THE TRANSLATION OF LEXICAL COLLOCATIONS IN LITERARY TEXTS

A THESIS IN TRANSLATION AND INTERPRETING

(ENGLISH/ARABIC/ENGLISH)

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ABSTRACT

Collocations are a fascinating linguistic phenomenon in language and in translation. Collocations reflect the linguistic, stylistic and cultural features of texts. Therefore, the importance of collocations, generally in language and particularly in the translation of literary texts, as well as the way(s) in which they are translated, is investigated in this thesis. Within the process of translation, collocations are subject to different approaches opted for by translators when they transfer them for the source text into the target text.

The present thesis is a descriptive quantitative study of the translation of collocations in literary texts from English into Arabic. It makes use of the techniques of corpus linguistics to account for frequencies of occurrence and translation strategies. Four English literary works translated into Arabic are examined. The study attempts to shed light on how translators deal with collocations when transferring them to the target language, and whether the target text fulfils the linguistic and stylistic characteristics of the collocations or not. Three questions are investigated: What happens to collocations when they are translated? How do translators deal with collocations? And, what strategies do they adopt in translating collocations in literary texts? The study endeavours to answer these questions.

The study shows that calque translation seems to be the most frequent strategy in translating collocation in literary texts. Collocations are also modified in translation and therefore both marked and unmarked collocations have unmarked translations. In some cases, collocations end up as non-collocations in the target text.
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1 INTRODUCTION

1.1 Introduction

This chapter aims to introduce the main questions that this thesis tries to answer. It also highlights the significance of this study and provides an outline of the five chapters of this thesis.

1.2 Research Questions

According to Cowie (1981, p. 224), a collocation is defined as “a composite unit which permits the substitutability of items for at least one of its constituent elements (the sense of other element, or elements, remaining constant).” Collocations are a fascinating linguistic phenomenon in language in general and in translation in particular. They are usually used spontaneously in people’s speech as unmarked collocations, but marked ones, which have a creative element, are used generously in literary texts.

One of the problems that faces translators is how to translate collocations. Many collocations are sometimes misrepresented to the target audience due to a failure to recognize their linguistic, stylistic, and cultural aspects. Therefore, the importance of the translation of collocations in literary texts is investigated in this thesis.

The aim of the research is to shed light on how translators deal with collocations when transferring them to the target language, and whether the target text (TT) has fulfilled the linguistic and the stylistic characteristics of the collocations or not. Consequently, three questions will be investigated: What happens to collocations when they are translated? How do translators deal with collocations? And, what strategies do they adopt in translating collocations in literary texts?

This study is significant because answering these questions will shed light on a recurring phenomenon within the translation process and the translators’ methods in dealing with this aspect of language in a particular genre.

1.3 Thesis Outline

This thesis includes five chapters; apart from the present chapter, other chapters are summarized below.
Chapter Two reviews the studies and discussions that address collocations and the problems of their translation, especially in the context of literary texts.

Chapter Three includes an overview of the data as well as the methodology that were used in analyzing the translation of collocations in literary texts, and how they are collected and investigated.

Chapter Four provides a discussion and analysis and endeavors to answer the research questions raised above.

Chapter Five presents the conclusion and recommendations of the study.

1.4 Conclusion

This chapter has introduced the main questions that this thesis tries to answer. It has also indicated the significance of this study. In addition, the chapters that this thesis includes have been summarized. The next chapter will be a review of the literature on collocations and literary texts.
2 COLLOCATION & LITERARY TEXTS

2.1 Introduction

This chapter will introduce a general survey of the literature and main research areas on collocations. It includes a definition, structure, classifications, span, collocational range, collocation and register, metaphors and collocation, translating collocations in general texts and literary texts, and translation problems.

2.2 Collocations

Collocations represent a key constituent of the lexicon of natural language. They are a very interesting and important phenomenon in language, whose importance is perhaps farther-reaching than previously thought. Recent studies on translation have demonstrated that collocations are very important lexical constituents of texts and thus in translation.

Everybody uses collocations spontaneously in their speeches or writing, either from experience, dictionaries, from reading, or listening to native speakers, lectures, or conversations; indeed, collocations are a notoriously difficult area for language learners and, naturally, translators (see Stubbs, 1995, p. 245). Collocation occurs when two or more words combine, forming a lexical unit such as *to have a lunch*, or *extremely happy*.

Collocations play a vital role in the language: they are considered to be the mechanism that provides cohesion or *textuality* to the text. In addition, collocations are an essential organizing principle in the terminology of any language. The importance of collocations in the language is confirmed by Sarikas (2006, p. 36): “Collocations are important combinations of words that endow the language with natural sounding speech and writing.”

Collocations have many important functions in language, according to Sarikas (2006); one function is that collocations help people talk and write about any topic and communicate effectively, which means that by going through the procedure of having a productive collocation (to know which adjectives are used with which nouns
and vice versa), one develops one’s learning of linguistic rules as well as improves one’s linguistic ability and skills.

Another function, which is the most important one, is that “language that is collocationally rich is also more precise.” (Oxford Collocation Dictionary, cited in Sarikas, 2006, p. 36). This means that collocations make the text have a more precise meaning.

Many scholars give various definitions of collocations. Hatim (2001, p. 228) defines collocation as “the way in which words are found together conventionally.” He maintains that collocations exist together usually and naturally. For Singleton (2000, p. 58), a collocation does not only consist of two words; rather, it can gather more than two words or it can, as well, have restricted choices. The verb *carry*, according to Aisenstadt (1979, p. 72), can collocate with one word or more; but it enters the restricted range when “denoting being convincing” or “winning the argument” as in the following examples:

“Carry conviction
Carry persuasion
Carry weight”

In relation to collocation restrictions, Sinclair (1991, p. 109) argues that some “collocation patterns are restricted to pairs of words.” Although this argument is correct, he points out that there is no hypothetical restriction on the number of words concerned.

According to Cowie (1981, p. 224), a collocation is defined as “a composite unit which permits the substitutability of items for at least one of its constituent elements (the sense of other element, or elements, remaining constant),” which means that any collocation that has other alternatives which can substitute one or more of its elements is decided according to the situation in which it is used.

Moreover, Barnwell (1980, p. 55) contends that “collocation is concerned with the co-occurrence of words; with what other word(s) does a word usually occur? With what other words may it acceptably occur?” One word can have different meanings according to the word it collocates with, such as: *develop an area, develop a film,* and
develop a disease. This suggests the idea that the co-occurrence of the words in any collocation is very essential for the meaning of the word, as the changing of one word can affect the whole meaning of the collocation.

On the other hand, Benson (1989, p. 3) emphasizes that the relationship between the elements of a collocation is “not just as recurrent word combinations, but as arbitrary recurrent word combinations.” The arbitrary nature of collocations can be established when they are put together with parallel collocations in other languages, as he adds. For instance, while referring to a ‘strong tea’ in English, one says شاي قويم (heavy tea) in Arabic. So قويم is the translational equivalence of strong in English where they carry the same collocational meaning.

With regard to arbitrariness, Sarikas (2006, p. 34) does not believe in it. He agrees that producing a productive collocation requires “a greater degree of competence with language,” but the notion of arbitrariness is explained by predictability, wherein a native speaker of the language can predict these collocations while a learner of the same language finds it hard to collocate the words.

Maxwell and Heylen (1994, p. 299) observe that collocations consist of two parts, “the base and the collocate.” They give the example of “commettre un crime,” (in English commit a crime) where the noun (crime) is the base and the verb (commit) is the collocate.

Sinclair (1991, p. 109) provides a similar designation where the main word in the collocation pattern is called the node and the words that come either to the right or to the left of the node are called collocates. In relation to these collocates, Sinclair suggests that each collocation has its span; this is the distance between the collocation’s constituents. Although the span can be measured by the number of collocates, Sinclair suggests four words on each side of the node as a standard measurement of a span.

Collocational range commonly depends on the different meanings and senses of the word; a more generic word collocates with more words and thus its collocational range will be wider. However, more specific words collocate with fewer words and thus the collocational range is narrower, as is the case with bound and restricted collocations (see below).
Register is strongly connected to collocations in the sense that it can determine the type of collocation that is used. It is commonly known that collocations have two general classifications: 1- common collocations, which are used in everyday language; and 2- register-specific collocations, which are used in specialized subject fields. Sinclair (1991, p. 109) confirms the relation between register and collocation by stating that when a register choice is made, “all the slot-by-slot choices are massively reduced in scope or even, in some cases, pre-empted.” The following examples will illustrate this idea. Examples of general collocations are:

He will give me a call when he arrives at the hotel.

The student should leave early to catch the train.

Some other collocations are subject field specific. Collocations such as readme file, proxy server, and dummy object are IT-specific collocations.

Translators should bear in mind specificity when they deal with collocations, as the more specific a word is, the narrower its collocational range will be. Besides, choosing a correct collocation should be influenced by register and genre: as Baker mentions (1992, p. 52), collocations that occur in one area of discourse will not be so in another area.

Metaphoric expressions are related to collocations because some metaphors are created by using word combinations such as the sun sank (The Red Pony, 28), which is translated into غرقت الشمس. According to Berry-Rogghe (1970, p. 224), cited in Izwaini (2000, p. 24), the collocational theory appears to be the only “semantic theory that includes some clarification of metaphor generation.”

Collocations are classified respectively into grammatical and lexical collocations. Grammatical collocations are characterized by compounding with a preposition, where a preposition is used with a noun, verb, or an adjective: by mistake and depend on. Lexical collocations, which are the focus of this study, are the natural combinations between content words (nouns, verbs, adjectives, and adverbs).

Lexical collocations can be classified into three types. Idioms are closely related to one type (bound collocations) and therefore they will be discussed as well:
1. Open collocations are characterized by a combination of two words or more occurring together with no specific relation between them and they are freely combinable. This means that the word can cluster with a large range of other words. For instance, the verb catch collocates with bus, train, cold, and fire.

2. Restricted collocations are considered to be the most commonly used ones. That is, the word can collocate with limited and fixed words. Restricted collocations are defined by Aisenstadt (1979, p. 71) as “combinations of two or more words used in one of their regular, non-idiomatic meanings.” Restricted collocations differ from free combination collocations in that they co-occur with a small number of words. Evelyn, et al. (1986, p. 253) provide to commit a murder as an example where the verb collocates with a few nouns such as murder, crime and embezzlement.

3. Bound collocations are, as Cowie (1981, p. 228) describes them, “a bridge category between collocations and idioms.” The significant feature of this group is that one of the elements of the collocation is, as Emery states (1987, p. 9), “uniquely selective” of the other. One example is to shrug one’s shoulders.

- Collocations are found in various types of syntactic configurations (Emery, 1987, p. 8-9),
- Subject/-Verb, for example, the water freezes.
- Verb/-Object, for example, break a code.
- Adjective/-Noun, for example, best wishes.

Newmark (1978, cited in Sarikas, 2006, p. 35) points out that collocations are classified into eight groups: “1- Verb + verbal noun; Run a company/-do a favor, 2- Determiner + adjective + noun; A pretty girl/-a tall man, 3- Adverb + adjective; Bloody heart/-painfully honest, 4-Verb + adverb or adjective; Work hard/-feel well, 5- Subject + verb; The bell rings/-the dog barks, 6- Count noun + mass noun; A loaf of bread/-a drop of water, 7- Collective noun + count noun; a bunch of flowers/-a pack of cards, and 8- Idiom; pull one’s leg/-kick the bucket.”.
Idioms are a different group from collocations, as the elements of idioms are used together in specialized senses forming a single semantic unit (rigid expressions), which has a figurative meaning. According to Baker (1992, p. 63), idioms are “frozen patterns of language which allow little or no variation in form and […] often carry meanings which cannot be deducted from their individual components.” The meanings of the elements in the collocation *the water freezes* can be understood as individual semantic elements - the freezing of the water. However, the idiom *pull one’s leg* (خدع) does not connote the meanings of its parts *pull + one’s + leg*.

Besides, Sarikas adds that idioms “often have the same meaning as other lexical items in the language but carry certain emotive connotations not expressed in the others” (2006, p. 34), as in the idiom *kick the bucket*.

The line between idioms and collocations is not always very clear. In fact, there are some composite units such as *foot the bill* and *curry favour* that are considered, as Cowie (1981, p. 228) describes, as “a bridge category between collocations and idioms in the strict sense.” Mitchell (1975, p. 125), Cowie (1981, p. 224), Cruse (1986, p. 37), Evelyn et al. (1986, p. 253), Shakir, A. & Farghal, M. (1991, p. 1), Baker (1992, p. 63), and Sarikas (2006, p. 34) believe that an idiom is classified as a fixed combination that has a meaning as a whole but the meaning of its individual words are not the same as the meaning of the combination, e.g. *pull one’s leg*, as explained earlier.

On the other hand, the meaning of the combination of a collocation is the same as the meaning of its components, as in *commit a murder*, which is also explained above. In addition, Shakir & Farghal (1991, p. 1) state that collocations and idioms are more distinctive also when they are used in language. They note that collocations are “more communicatively useful” than idioms as they are more common in real speech and/or materials and “rarely replaceable” by other lexical substitutes. On the other hand, idioms are used more in informal conversation and thus they are used more in real speech and/or materials, as they are readily replaced by other lexical constituents.

Collocations in Arabic have not received a detailed treatment by Arab scholars. Arabic collocations are collected and documented by lexicographers such as Ibn Seedah, Al-Tha’aliby and Al-Yazijy, but were not studied in detail. Al-Sakkaky,
quoted in Izwaini (2010, p.25), was the first one who refers to collocations. He points out the notion of collocations within his theory of context of meaning: “Every word associates with another word in a specific context” (1937: 80), but he did not elaborate on it.” In modern times, there are few bilingual English-Arabic dictionaries of collocations, including as Dar El-Ilm’s Collocation Dictionary (Ghazala, 2008).

2.3 Translation of collocations

It is commonly known that the task of translation must involve some kind of loss of meaning due to many factors (poor word choices, words with extended meanings, the different lexical and grammatical systems between the two languages, etc.). Sarikas (2006, p. 36) states that the basic loss when translating “is reported to be on a continuum between overtranslation (increased detail) and undertranslation (increased generalization) in the translation task.” In our case, when translating collocations, the translator should be very careful in delivering the accurate equivalent in the target language (TL).

Translators should have a wide knowledge of both the source and target languages and their cultures, as well as the strategies and norms in translation that allow the translator to reproduce the writer’s imagery and style. Shakir & Farghal (1991, p. 4) maintain that translators should build their own memory bank of collocations which can be called up and activated when needed during the translation process.

It is generally known that exact equivalence in translation is almost impossible for several reasons, the most important one being that the English and Arabic languages are not from the same origin. The two languages have different lexical and grammatical systems, and there will always be a loss of meaning in translation.

One of the strategies proposed in translation studies literature is dynamic equivalence (Nida, 1964/2000), which seems to be a successful method of dealing with collocations in literary texts. Nida proposes two kinds of equivalence: formal equivalence and dynamic equivalence. Formal equivalence is “source-oriented; that is, it is designed to reveal as much as possible of the form and content of the original message” (p. 134). This means that a formal equivalent pays attention more to the
source text and message rather than the TT. The collocation *hard time* can be translated into **وقت صعب** as a formal translation.

In contrast, dynamic equivalence looks at the TT and makes it more natural for the receptor. As Nida states, the focus of a dynamic equivalence is directed to the receptor response where “the closet natural equivalent to the source-language message” is produced (p. 136). The collocation *hard time* can be translated into **وقت عصيب** as a dynamic equivalence.

Translating collocations is also a very difficult task in that it is not enough to translate the components of the collocation only but also the semantic and cultural characteristics as well. Another problem that can be faced when translating collocations is when the translator is, as Barnwell (1980, p. 56) calls it, “carrying over” the collocation from SL to the TL, which sounds unnatural and ambiguous for the receptor language.

Baker (1992, p. 46) believes that the main challenge which the translator faces while translating collocations, idioms, and fixed expressions consists of achieving an equivalence above the word level. In addition, translators should work hard to reduce translation loss to an acceptable minimum by knowing which feature in the SL should be valued and which can be ruled out.

One of the big mistakes translators tend to make is adopting several strategies while translating collocations such as using simplification, reduction, synonymy, and paraphrasing. As Asqlan (1991, p. 4) notes, “the higher the rate of these strategies, the less effective the translation is […] consequently, the less natural the intended communication will be.”

Shakir & Farghal (1991, p. 13) draw a good conclusion after studying thirteen M.A. translation students by giving them several collocations to translate, and they found that the following strategies were adopted by the students in translating collocations: “1- Reduction (generalization, deletion, and message abandonment), 2- synonymy, 3- compensation, 4- paraphrase, and 5- transfer/calquing.”

Bahumaid (2006, p. 145) conducted a study to identify the procedures that translators use in rendering collocations when they are not familiar with their equivalents in the target langue. He found that there are four procedures used: 1-
using a synonym or near-synonym of the collocation, 2- going for a literal translation, 3- avoiding translating the collocation at all, and 4- giving the meaning or explanation of the collocation. The most common procedure used is giving the meaning of the collocation (p. 145). Second comes the usage of a synonym, after that the literal translation, and finally, avoidance of the collocation.

Barnwell (1980, p. 56) warns against leaving the collocation as it is when transferring from the SL to the TL, as it may be unnatural in the TL. She also states that it is essential for any language learner to “be aware of the natural collocations of words in the language you are learning.”

According to Vinay and Darbelnet, cited by Munday (2008), some strategies can be adopted, such as the literal approach; however it does not always work as it may lead to an incorrect translation. As for transposition and modulation, they are considered good strategies to be adopted, since Arabic lexical combinations tend to be different than the lexical combinations of English.

Sarikas (2006) argues that translators should not disvalue the relationships between words as well as the varieties of collocations but instead have a good understanding of both items. They should use language competence while deciding which verb goes with which object and what its equivalent meaning is in the TL. In cases where the translators do not find the equivalent of the collocation in the TL, they should not translate it, thus avoiding misrepresentation and other problems. Instead, they should use the original in their translation.

2.4 The translation of literary texts

The pleasure of reading literary texts is something that many of us want to share with others. As translation is considered to be one of the main sources of communication, the need for translating literary texts has increased. However, the fact that nations have different cultures and languages leads to some restrictions and problems in translating these texts.

Literary texts, in general, are discerned from other non-literary texts in the sense that they include unique wording. ‘Literary’ vocabulary not only has denotative meaning (dictionary meaning), but also connotative meaning (intended meaning). Hebron (2004, p. 133) gives a good example in the word harvest. When you hear this
word, the first thing that will come to your mind is its dictionary meaning, which is the process of gathering the crops. However, if you think more about what this word implies, you will find that it has different meanings, such as the golden fields and payment.

Another feature of literary texts is the style. Writers of literature have their own writing style, which is the way they address a theme, and it is also considered one of the fundamental components of a literary text. Besides, style represents the writer’s voice, thoughts, and personality through their choices of syntax and wording. So the author uses various literary techniques to express their style such as irony, symbolism, tone, and word play. Since collocations are wording choices, they are one feature of style.

Literature, as is widely known, is rich with metaphors and associations (connotative and denotative). Literary translation is perhaps considered to be the most difficult kind of translation as it relies strongly on appreciating literature and trying to reflect the writer’s style and word choice. Thus, translators should be creative enough to deal with word choices and deviances, but how can they deal with it? Actually, translation is accomplished by choosing the appropriate and idiomatic equivalents rather than choosing literal and non-established equivalents.

Translators should be aware of the difference between the language and the culture: being familiar with not only the culture but also the language, with its specific components of syntax and vocabulary, enables translators to translate literary texts.

Translators should not only deal with literary texts’ words and ideas, however. They should also concern themselves with its culture as Landers (2001, p. 72) advocates: translators also deal with cultures as cited by Time magazine, which called literary translators “couriers of culture.”

Landers (2001, p. 8) also discusses the role of translating literary texts by mentioning some of the competences that a literary translator should control: “tone, style, flexibility, inventiveness…and ear for sonority, and humanity.” Besides, Lefevere (1992, p. 6) maintains that translating literature should take place in “the context of all the traditions of the two literatures.”
Jaber (2005, p. 23) points out that translators, through reading the text, should interact with the text’s words, which they examine to recognize their cultural and semantic function; to know their meanings, and points which need to be transferred. This is the situation that a translator has to face when dealing with literary texts: it is not subject to one interpretation or understanding, but interpretations could be different according to different perspectives.

The relationship between the creativity of a translator and the writer is demonstrated by Holman and Beier (1998) as one of the fundamental concerns of literary translation studies. They observe (p. 1) the fact that “the translator is subject to constraints which do not apply to the original author.” The process of translation is, of course, more restricted and less creative than writing an original work as it has many constraints which limit the translator in rewriting the original text. On the other hand, writing an original work is by nature more creative than translation due to the fact that the author is free from any restrictions and thus can unleash their thoughts and feelings and write as they wish. Consequently, Holman and Beier (1998, p. 6) maintain that restriction is seen as one main source of creativity, since creativity increases in response to restrictions present in the ST.

On the other hand, Lefevere (1992, p. 6) moves from concentrating on creativity by demonstrating the constraints that literary translators face. He argues that translators are constrained “by the times in which they live, the literary traditions they try to reconcile, and the features of the languages they work with.”

While translating literary texts, translators should determine what will be acceptable in a linguistic, cultural, moral, religious, and social sense to the target language (TL) reader. Therefore, their solutions for the problems, creativity, and deviances have to depend on their individual estimation according to the different levels of preparation and perception in source language (SL) and TL audiences. Sometimes translators reach a dead end; in such situations, they should overcome the constraints and apply greater creativity. Thus, a conclusion can be created, the constraint itself giving way to new creativity.

Although the earlier scholars agreed on how difficult the task of translating literary texts, poems and novels, for instance, is, many other people, as Bassnett (2002, p. 110-111) demonstrates, believe that translating novels is inherently less
difficult due to their simpler structure; however, she disagrees with this idea by showing some translated examples (the opening paragraphs) from novels done by translation students. She draws attention to the fact that students usually translate without reading the text or by just skimming it one time, which leads them to produce a translation that does not relate to the structure of the whole work. The big mistake these students made is that they considered the form as “separable” from the content. This is a good example that can prove the opposite of the general thought about a novel that it is the same as a poem and deserves the same treatment as other literary texts.

Hornby looks at literary texts from her own “integrated approach.” She attempts to incorporate many different linguistic and literary concepts into an overarching integrated approach to translation (Munday, 2008, p. 75). She uses the idea of prototypes to classify text types. All translations are classified in her diagram. One of these translations is literary translation; according to her diagram’s level, in level A is the area where the text falls, which in our case is literary translation. Level B is the prototype of the text types that falls under literary translation, which is modern literature. Level C is the area of study (non-linguistic discipline) which is literary studies. Level D covers the translation process of three sub-processes, as Munday (2008, p. 77) explains “including (i) understanding the ST, (ii) the TT focus and (iii) the communicative function of the TT.” Level E covers the specialized areas of linguistics relevant to translation. Level F (the last level) looks at the phonological features of stage translation and film dubbing such as speakability, sound, rhythm, and repetition.

2.5 Translation of collocations in literary texts

Jaber (2005, p. 158-168) observes that there are eight translational methods that deal with translating sentences and smaller units in literary texts. One of these methods is literal translation, i.e. translating word for word from the ST to the TT. It is not considered a perfect method, as Vinay and Darbelnet (1995) argue (cited in Munday, 2008, p. 57), because it could be “unacceptable,” giving conflicting or inadequate meaning to statements. This would lead to a fully different style of language. On the other hand, it could be helpful, as Newmark advocates that it could be a good method when literal translation means translating meaning for meaning.
Jaber (2005, p. 159) gives the example "I took the exam" where دخلت إلى الامتحان is not a good rendition of take because دخلت means to enter the examination room; however, Jaber translates it as word for word, not meaning for meaning. Meaning for meaning translation of collocations in literary texts proves to be a good method. *I had a dream* can be translated into رأيت مناما.

Literal translation (word for word) is not recommended in translating literature as it does not give the TT the artistic color and sublimity and effect of its original language. This is because translating literary texts is usually a special case since the literary text has special features that distinguish it from other kinds of texts.

Jaber (2005, p. 191-192) observes that collocations are widely used in literary texts, such as novels, and the translator has to deal with it in his/her translation task. He discussed the following categories:

- Collocations that contain a noun and an adjective, such as *a tall boy* in which the translator aims to find the accurate adjective in the target language, such as لد طويل.
- Collocations that contain a verb and an object, such as *run a company* in which the translator aims to find the equivalent verb in the target language, such as يدير شركة.
- Collocations that contain two nouns or adjunct and governed words, such as *mother tongue* in which the translator should know the intended meaning and then find the equivalent governed word, such as اللغة الأم.
- Collocations that contain a subject and a verb, such as *the bird chirps* in which the translator aims to find the accurate verb in the target language, such as العصفور يزقزق.
- Collocations that contain count nouns and mass nouns, such as *a piece of cheese* in which the translator aims to find the accurate count noun in the target language, such as قطعة من الجبن. It is an idiom and it can be a collocation only when it is used in the general sense.
- Collocations that contain a collective noun, such as *a flock of sheep* in which the translator aims to find the accurate collective noun in the TT, such as قطيع من الأغنام.
There is another kind of collocation that is formed by two synonyms or antonyms like الشجاعة والadecimal and good and evil. These kinds of collocations, which are also called irreversible binominals, are easier in translation when the translators find their equivalence in the TL; they should use it to provide the established TL collocation الخير و الشر Sometimes the word order of the collocation when it is transferred from the ST to the TT is not maintained and vice versa. In cases where the literary text includes some marked or deviated collocations, the translator should keep this creative deviation in the translation as this case is intended by the writer (Jaber, 2005, p. 193). For instance, a poisonous woman indicates how dangerous a woman is.

2.6 Conclusion

This chapter has introduced a general survey of the literature on collocations and the translation of collocations in literary texts. Relevant areas about collocations have been presented. The next chapter will introduce the data and methodology used in analyzing the translation of collocations in literary texts.
3 DATA & METHODOLOGY

3.1 Introduction

This chapter provides an overview of the data used in this study as well as the methodology that is used in analyzing the said data.

3.2 Data

This thesis aims at analyzing the translation of collocations in literary texts. Novels that are translated from English to Arabic were chosen to be the data. In choosing the data, an attempt was made to strike a balance between the origin/nationality and gender of the writers and the translators. Works that are translated by female translators are not as readily available as those by male translators, which made their representation less. Four English novels with their Arabic translations were selected. They are;

1. *The Red Pony*, by John Steinbeck (an American male writer); translated by Samir Ezzat Nassar, a Palestinian male translator. The novel consists of four chapters (235 pages). Chapter two was chosen for analysis (pages 94-133). This was published as parallel texts of the original and its translation in one volume.

2. *July’s People*, by Nadine Gordimer (a South African female writer); translated by Ahmad Hereidy, an Egyptian male translator. The novel consists of seven chapters (128 pages). Chapter one was chosen for analysis (pages 7-20).

3. *East Wind: West Wind*, by Pearl Buck (an American female writer); translated by Dr. Gibral Wahbe, an Egyptian male translator. The novel consists of ten chapters (262 pages). Chapter six was chosen for analysis (pages 137-154).

4. *The General’s Daughter*, by Nelson Demille (an American male writer); translated by Rasha Jamal, a female translator. The novel consists of seven chapters (439 pages). Chapter five was chosen for analysis (pages 50-61).

To have reliable findings and draw accurate and authorized conclusions, I have verified and analyzed 173 collocations.
3.3 Methodology

Collocations were specified in the chosen chapters (the source texts) and then verified by consulting *Cobuild Concordance and Collocations Sampler*. The site facility provides 100 collocates that are statistically the most significant ones of the queried words. In addition, *The BBI Dictionary of English Word Combinations* (Benson et al., 1997) was also used for checking and verifying the selected collocations.

The translations, i.e. the Arabic collocations, were also checked in *Dar El-ilm’s Dictionary of Collocations* (Ghazala, 2007) as well as the *ArabiCorpus*, which provides a list of collocates of the queried word. This corpus consists of 68,943,447 words from a number of sub-corpora such as newspapers (Al-Ahram, Hayat, Tajdeed, Thawra, Watan, Almasry Alyawm), the Quran, 1001 Nights, modern Arabic literature, postmodern writings, and non-fiction literature. One can query the entire corpus, or a sub-corpus.

As has been mentioned earlier, this study aims to examine various collocations along with their translations, and to see how the translators deal with them, how they represent them in the TT, and what kind of strategies they adopted. Thus, collocations are specified in the data to be examined along with their translations. Collocations and their translations were checked for their idiomaticity and stylistic and cultural features. Then, they were categorized according to the translation strategy that was used, i.e. whether they are translated literally, by claquing, or by any other strategy, using the strategies scheme proposed by Vinay & Darbelnet (1995). They identify two general translation strategies: direct and oblique translation. Direct translation includes borrowing, calque, and literal translation. Oblique translation consists of modulation, transposition, equivalence, and adaptation (Munday, p. 56-58).

The strategies that were used to translate the collocations were investigated by looking at the way the translator provided the translation in terms of markedness. For example, great mountains (The Red Pony, No. 4) is a marked collocation in that the writer chose great instead of high to give an element of creativity. On the other hand, the translator avoided this markedness and translated it literally into the unmarked idiomatic Arabic collocation الجبال الشاهقة. Another collocation is humming heat (The Red Pony, No. 50), which is an example of how marked collocations are translated by
marked collocation. The translator kept this markedness in the TT by using a metaphorical collocation طنين حرارة that reproduces the style used in the novel.

The number and percentage of collocations translated by each strategy identified are calculated to rank them according to their frequency. The most-used strategy is determined as the most frequent strategy used in translating collocations in literary texts. Finally, conclusions are drawn to provide a general and informative view of strategies used to translate collocations in literary texts as well as to provide recommendations for how to deal with them.
4 DISCUSSION & ANALYSIS

4.1 Introduction

This chapter aims at discussing and analysing the translation of collocations extracted from the data of this study as well as the translation strategies used. Examples are given with the ST between brackets along with the number of the collocation in the table provided in the Appendix.

4.2 Discussion

Translators deal with collocation in different ways, opting for different strategies to translate them. This seems to depend on the kind of the source text collocation and the kind of the target language collocation at the translator’s disposal. The choices made range from opting for literal or idiomatic rendition, to typical and atypical collocations. One hundred and seventy three (173) collocations were found in the data (see Chapter 3). I looked for the pattern prevailing in their translation, and a discussion is provided below.

4.2.1 Literal vs. idiomatic approach

A literal approach (word for word) tends to be used in dealing with many collocations and it is successful in some cases. The collocation *grabs her hand* (July’s People, 163) is translated into تقبض على يدها. This translation is successful because the context involves a motion, which allows the translation تقبض instead of تمسك where no motion is involved. The character suddenly saw a red traffic light and grabbed her friend’s hand. The translation of *grabs* as تقبض indicates the motion and gives the emotive meaning of this case. Another example of a literal approach is *the sun sank* (The Red Pony, 28) which is translated into غرقت الشمس. It shows that a literal translation of the elements results in a new marked collocation in the target language and reproduces the literary style of the writer.

Idiomatic translation means opting for a typical target language collocation that is chosen as an equivalent for the source language collocation. The collocation *high mountains* (The Red Pony, 29) is translated into الجبال الشاهقة. Idiomatic means that the chosen translation is an established target language equivalent. As the translation did not deviate from the standard target language collocation, it provides a target...
language typical collocation for an idiomatic source language collocation. Another example of idiomatic translation is *wild animals* (July’s People, 133). It is translated into الحيوانات البرية by using a calque.

4.2.2 Marked vs. unmarked collocations

Marked collocations are the ones that are unusual and do not follow the collocation pattern of the lexical items they include. They have a special meaning, which is different and more expressive than the unmarked ones. They are usually used in creative writing and therefore should be dealt with in a different way than the unmarked established collocations. In the case of literary texts, marked collocations play a vital role in the texture and style of the text. Some of the marked collocations can be translated into marked or even unmarked collocation according to the existence of an equivalent expression in the target language.

Some marked collocations are translated into unmarked ones; for instance, *great mountains* (The Red Pony, 4) and *big mountains* (The Red Pony, 5) were both rendered as جبال شاهقة; however, other unmarked collocations are translated into unmarked ones such as *high mountains* as جبال شاهقة. The way translators deal with collocation in terms of markedness can lead in some cases to leveling out the translations. As the examples above show, the three collocations *great mountains*, *big mountains*, and *high mountains* (The Red Pony, 29) were all translated into one unmarked collocation الجبال الشاهقة. Another example is translating both *bow head* (East Wind: West Wind, 105) and *bend head* (July’s People, 148) into الرأس أحنى although they have different meanings.

Moreover, normalization can result from translating markedness into unmarkedness. In the case of marked collocations, *big mountains* and *great mountains* were both translated into the unmarked atypical collocation الجبال الشاهقة.

One example of translating a marked collocation into a marked one is *resentful eyes* (The Red Pony, 32), which is translated as عينين مغتاظتين. This collocation is a new marked collocation that has been reproduced according to the source text style. It has been verified in the ArabiCorpus using the sub-corpora (modern literature and all newspapers). No results were found either in the nominative case عينين مغتاظتين (حالة الرفع) or the accusative case عينين مغتاظتين (حالة النصب) in both the modern literature and all newspaper sub-corpora. Moreover, the nouns عينان/عينان have
many collocates in both sub-corpora of modern literature and all newspapers, such as (جاحظتان، مغتاظتين، ) and collocates of (سوداوان، زرفوان، عسلبان، مغمضتان، جاحوظتان) مغتاظتين and مغتاظتان were not among them. See Figure 4.1.

Another example is "ranch house" (The Red Pony, 1), which is translated into "المزرعة منزل". This collocation is also a new marked collocation that has been reproduced in the TT according to the source text style. It has been verified in the ArabiCorpus too in both sub-corpora (modern literature and all newspapers). No results were found in either the modern literature or all newspapers sub-corpora. Also, the noun منزل has many collocates in both sub-corpora. In all the 16, 617 occurrences of منزل in both sub-corpora, the collocate المزرعة is not among its collocates.
Collocates include (سفير، العائلة، الشهيد، العائلة، الدكتور، الريفی). Figure 4.2 shows some collocates of منزل

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>word before</th>
<th>occurrences</th>
<th>word after</th>
<th>occurrences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>في</td>
<td>2,781</td>
<td>في</td>
<td>1,237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>من</td>
<td>1,047</td>
<td>من</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>في</td>
<td>816</td>
<td>الذي</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>إلى</td>
<td>761</td>
<td>من</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>إلى</td>
<td>675</td>
<td>على</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ربة</td>
<td>416</td>
<td>أو</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>بداخل</td>
<td>363</td>
<td>بعد</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>على</td>
<td>320</td>
<td>السفير</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>خارج</td>
<td>235</td>
<td></td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>نحو</td>
<td>215</td>
<td>إلى</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Figure 0-2: Top collocates of منزل in all newspapers sub-corpus of ArabiCorpus

Here is another example of translating an unmarked collocation into an unmarked collocation. Bent head (July’s People, 148) is translated into أجلت رأسها which is an unmarked collocation in the target language. In this case the translator chose to maintain the unmarkedness of the source text collocation, although he could have chosen the more idiomatic one طافلت رأسها instead of something preferable for literary style.

Another example where the translator maintained the unmarkedness in translating a collocation is by using a combination of more than one strategy. Pure chance (The General’s Daughter, 75) is translated into من قبل الصدفة البينة by using a
calque and the addition of من قبل من قبل. This enhanced the cohesion and the literary style of
the target text.

4.2.3 Collocation into non-collocation

There are six cases of translation decisions made by the translator where there was a change from collocation into non-collocation (one word). Translating into non-collocation is probably because of the kind of TL equivalent available, and thus the translation is basically one word rather than a combination of words (collocation). *Jagged edge* (The General’s Daughter, 77) is translated into ُعواھنھا, *lays the groundwork* (The General’s Daughter, 79) is translated into تتمھيد, *paid heed* (East Wind: West Wind, 109) is translated into اهتممت, *make connection* (July’s People, 114) is translated into التوفيق, and *caught a glimpse* (July’s People, 147) is translated into لاحظت.

Another reason that seemed to make the translators translate the collocation into one word is the context and how they used it to deal with the collocation. *To make contact* (The General’s Daughter, 97) is translated into مواجهة. Although a direct translation is لا يجري atau يجري انصالا (Ghazala, 2007, p. 327), the translation deviated from the established equivalent and the reason behind this is that the context is a military action where making contact with the enemy is a confrontation rather than actual contact. Therefore, the context and the structure of the text both prefer and allow this translation. This kind of translation can be called context-dependent translation.

4.2.4 Translation strategies

There is no doubt that the translation strategies opted for by the translator affect the meaning of the TT. Translation strategies play a vital role in delivering a complete and effective meaning in a way that maintains the cultural and stylistic features of the text. Translators play a major role in shaping the target text. The decisions they make as to which approach to adopt and which strategy to opt for contribute largely to the final product of the translation.

Here, strategies that are used in dealing with collocations in the data selected for this study are discussed starting from the highest frequency to the lowest. Table 1 below summarises the statistics of those strategies.
Table 0-1: Numbers and percentages of strategies used in translating collocations

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Calque</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>50.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modulation</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>12.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equivalence</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>12.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deletion</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>8.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literal</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Explicitation</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transposition</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paraphrasing</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2.3%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

4.2.4.1 Calque

Calque translation is rendering a collocation by direct translation of its elements. It means that the source language structure or expression is transferred by a literal translation (Munday, 2008, p. 56). An example is translating *living room* (The General’s Daughter, 59) into *蔦لة المعيشة*. This strategy is the first option for translators, as it is used in translating 50.8% (88) of the collocations. Calque translation provides a formal equivalence in the target text. This approach also produces new target language collocations and transfers the source text marked collocations, reflecting the style of the source text writer.

4.2.4.2 Modulation

Modulation can be at the lexical, syntactic, or message levels. In this study, the focus is on modulation at the lexical level. This strategy means to change the semantic and the point of view of the collocation. It can be obligatory as in case of *ranch hand* (The Red Pony, 1), which is translated into *عامل المزرعة*. The word *hand* is translated into *عامل* instead of *يد* by moving from the part to the whole in order to have a coherent target text. Non-modulation, i.e. the literal approach, would produce a target language collocation that can mean “hand of the ranch,” which is absurd, aside from being a mistranslation. On the other hand, optional modulation can be choosing one alternative out of two (or probably more) translations available in the target language. *Funny thing* (The Red Pony, 3) is translated into *المضحك في الأمر*. The translation could
also be the matter. Both translations are successful, but the former refers to one aspect of the matter whereas the latter describes the whole matter as funny. This goes back to the preferred structure in the target language, as this is the established expression in the target language. This strategy is used in translating 12.7% (22) of the collocations. Applying modulation can be a way to provide a dynamic equivalence in the target text.

In some cases, there is an intervention on the part of the translator. Intervention here means the conscious steps and changes made by the translator in dealing with collocations. These changes would otherwise be unnecessary or probably not resorted to by another translator. One example is the translation of *Christmas card* (The General’s Daughter, 94) into *الديني لعيد الميلاد* by changing the noun *Christmas* to an adjectival phrase as well as using explicitation in terms of adding *الديني* to the noun *عيد الميلاد*. The translation was carried out by moving from the specific (subordinate) to the general (superordinate), probably in order to make it open to all cultures. Although the translation could be *بطاقة عيد الميلاد*, a deviation took place probably to escape censorship in the publication or distribution of the book in some Arab countries. The suggested translation was probably looked at in some countries as promoting religious symbols and seasons.

4.2.4.3 Equivalence

Equivalence in translation studies has a different meaning than the one that is used here as a translation strategy. According to Kenny, equivalence is “the relationship between a source text (ST) and a target text (TT) that allows the TT to be considered as a translation of the ST in the first place” (1998, p. 77). Also, Jakobson discusses the notion of equivalence in meaning and states that when we translate from one language to another, we cannot get a full equivalence of what he called a “code-unit” (Munday, 2008, p. 37) in the other language. So equivalence means to achieve an equal level of meaning and structure between the two texts.

On the other hand, equivalence as a translation strategy refers to the selection of an established expression in the target language. Vinay and Darbelnet refer to this by stating that “the same situation can be rendered by two texts using completely different stylistic and structural methods.” (1995, p. 38). Equivalence can be said to seek dynamic equivalence for source text collocations. The collocation *take*
responsibility (The Red Pony, 6) is translated into يتحمل المسؤولية. This translation is the actual collocation used in the target language. This strategy is used in translating 12.1% (21) of the total number of collocations found in the data.

Equivalence can imply opting for a synonym included in a TL-established expression and thus moving away for the original meaning. One example is translating true friend (July’s People, 149) into the الصديقة الحميمة. Translating the adjective true into الحميمة produced the idiomatic target language collocation. However, this means ‘close friend’ which is not exactly the meaning of the source text collocation. Therefore, a better rendition could be الصديقة الوفية or probably الصديقة الحميمة to give the denotative meaning of the ST, as it is not a matter of how close the friend is, but how sincere she is. Moreover, الصديقة الحميمة is now used to translate girlfriend since a one-to-one corresponding translation for girlfriend is unavailable in Arabic due to cultural reasons. This makes the collocation الصديقة الحميمة have a different connotation than that of its original meaning in the TL.

Equivalence can also mean opting for a non-collocation in the target language. As discussed earlier (see 4.2.3 above) there are cases where the source text collocations are translated into one word that represents a target text equivalent of the source text word combination, e.g. lays the groundwork (The General’s Daughter, 79) which is translated into تمهيد.

4.2.4.4 Deletion

This strategy is used in translating 8.6% (15) of the collocations. Deletion is found to be of two types:

1. Full deletion, which means the whole collocation, is dropped, i.e. providing no translation. It seems that there is no apparent reason for opting for this procedure, but in the case of Holy Spirit (The General’s Daughter, 87), the translation is deleted from the target text probably to avoid its religious associations or to be able to get the translation licensed by authorities for distribution in some countries’ markets.

2. Partial deletion is when one element (or more) of the collocation is dropped while transferring the remaining elements, as the deleted part does not affect the whole meaning of the original collocation. The collocation pairs of socks (The Red Pony,
42) is translated into جوارب which is the translation of socks while pairs of is deleted.

4.2.4.5 Literal

Literal translation means to adopt the denotative meaning. It is also known as word for word translation which is one procedure under the direct translation category proposed by Vinay and Darbelnet (1995). It means to transfer the utterance from the source text into a syntactically and idiomatically appropriate target language utterance where the translator’s task is restricted “to observing the adherence to the linguistic servitudes of the TL” (Vinay & Darbelnet, 1995, p. 34). *Poked her finger* (The General’s Daughter, 91) is translated into وَخزت أصابعها. This strategy is used in dealing with 8 % (14) of the collocations. It is also used in combination with other strategies. Six collocations of these translations (43%) are translated literally along with another strategy such as explicitation, e.g. *carried the bags* (July’s People, 164) into حمل حقائب السفر, and transposition, e.g. *speak the truth* (East Wind: West Wind, 111) into أتكلم بصدق, where the noun is translated into an adverb. For the latter, the TT collocation is not an idiomatic TL expression since the established collocations are أقول الصدق/الحق أصدقك which are closer to the ST collocation.

Translating metaphorical collocations using literal translation produces metaphorical collocations in the target text. Literal translation can be a good procedure for translating figurative language as it can be creative by transferring the style of the source text. The collocation *a nameless sorrow* (The Red Pony, 33) is translated into حزن لا اسم له. It is a mistranslation, as nameless here means indescribable and thus can be more accurate. Literal translation can be a creative way to reproduce the style of the source text, *the sun sank* (The Red Pony, 28) is translated into غَرقت الشمس.

4.2.4.6 Explicitation

Vinay and Darbelnet define explicitation as “the process of introducing information into the target language which is present only implicitly in the source language, but which can be derived from the context or the situation” (Klaudy, 2001, p. 80). This strategy is regarded as some kind of addition, but it is a more specific concept since addition in general does not necessarily mean that what is added is implicit in the source text. One of the reasons that explicitation is used in translation is
to make up for the loss of meaning or to have a more target language-oriented structure.

Furthermore, explicitation is used to make implicit information in the ST explicit in the TT. Klaudy calls it “Amplification” (2001, p. 81). An example of explicitation is the translation of *picked up the phone* (The General’s Daughter, 82) into رفع ساعة الهاتف. The underlined word is needed to provide a coherent target text as it is the target language established expression. This strategy is used in translating 2.8% (5) of the collocations.

Explicitation can indicate the translator’s intervention by deciding to add one word or more to the collocation. This is probably to make the context and situation clear. *Long walk* (The Red Pony, 48), for example, is translated as مسافة طويلة يقطعها سيرا على الأقدام. The translator added الأقدام despite يراس اقتطع.implies walking rather than riding or using a form of transport. In this case المسيرة الطويلة can be more accurate.

4.2.4.7 Transposition

Transposition involves changing the word class in a way that does not change the meaning of the message (Vinay & Darbelnet, 1995, p. 36). This strategy is used in dealing with 1.7% (3) of the collocations. Transposition can be of two types;

1. **Obligatory transposition**, where a change in the word class is needed to maintain the actual meaning of the ST message and to provide a collocation that has more target language character. One example is translating humming heat (The Red Pony, 50) into حرارة طنين, where the source text adjective is translated into a noun. This seems to be an obligatory transposition since maintaining the structure of the original collocation would produce an awkward TT. The word طنين does not qualify as an equivalent for humming since the latter denotes having a continuous low sound, and the Arabic word refers to a loud sound. It also collocates with words other than الحرارة, and therefore the collocation provided in the TT is a deviation from the TL established pattern. The collocation الحرارة أزيز is more successful.

2. **Optional transposition** is where changing or not changing the word class does not affect the meaning. The collocation ride a horse (The Red Pony, 49) is translated into ركوب حصان, where the verb ride is translated into the noun ركوب rather than the verb يركوب though this can be an acceptable and successful translation.
As transposition tends to provide a grammatically and syntactically adapted collocation in the target language, it can be said to be a procedure aiming at producing a dynamic equivalence in translation.

4.2.4.8 Paraphrasing

This strategy means to give an explanation of the utterance in the target language in order to produce the actual meaning of the statement in the source language expression. *Single woman* (The General’s Daughter, 95) is translated into فتاة تعش لوحة. The translation gives a meaning according to the context and the ST events. This strategy is used in translating 1.1% (2) of the collocations.

4.2.4.9 Other

This section discusses translations that do not belong to any category of the above strategies; they deviate from the strategies already discussed, since the context determines the translation or a synonym of a calque is provided as a translation. This category includes 2.3% (4) of the collocations. One way is when a collocation is translated into a non-collocation depending on the context, for example *to make contact* (The General’s Daughter, 97) is translated into مجابهة.. Other collocations are early morning (July’s People, 172) which is translated into أول الفجر (a synonym of the calque الليل البكر) and *paper money* (July’s People, 173) which is translated into نقود ورقية (head and modifier exchange slots) whereas *paper* is a direct translation (the head and modifier keep their slots in the translation). One more collocation, *pink flesh* (The General’s Daughter, 98), is mistranslated into خمريات. The original text describes women, and خمريات is not exactly *pink flesh*.

4.2.4.10 Combination of strategies

To deal with collocations, translators resort in some cases to using a combination of strategies by utilizing more than one strategy. *Chews gum* (July’s People, 166) is translated into تلوك فطعة لبان في فمها, using both literal translation and addition. This approach is used in translating 11.5 % (20) of the collocations. The most common strategy used in combination is addition (8 occurrences), literal (7 occurrences), transposition, deletion and calque (5 occurrences each), explicitation (4 occurrences), borrowing (2 occurrences) and equivalence and adaptation (1 occurrence each).
The most common combination of strategies is literal and addition (used three times), and calque and addition (used twice).

### Table 0-2: Strategies that are used only in combination with other strategies

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Addition</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Borrowing</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1.1%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Addition is the process of introducing target language elements in the translation. It is regarded as the more generic strategy in comparison with explicitation (Klaudy, 2001, p. 80). The collocation *pure chance* (*The General’s Daughter, 75*) is translated into *من قبل الصدفة البحتة* where *من قبل* is added to maintain the target language collocational pattern and to enhance the cohesion of the target text as well.

Furthermore, this strategy helps in providing more idiomatic TL expressions by adding an element that has no ST corresponding element. For instance, *break the silence* (*The General’s Daughter, 80*) is translated into *الصمت حاجز أكسر* where the underlined word is the added element. This strategy is used in translating 4.5% (8) of the collocations. These occurrences, however, are all in combination with other strategies. Addition is the most commonly used strategy in combination with other strategies found to be used in dealing with collocations.

Borrowing is one of the direct translations where the word in the source text is transferred directly into the target language due to a gap in the lexical system of the target language, e.g. *pop music* (*July’s People, 165*) is translated into *البوب موسيقى*. Borrowing is used in dealing with 1.1% (2) of the collocations.

### 4.3 Conclusion

This chapter has discussed and analyzed collocations according to the ways in which they are translated and the strategies used to deal with them. As has been demonstrated, eight strategies are opted for when translating collocations. Calque translation is the most common strategy used followed by modulation and equivalence. In some cases a combination of two strategies is used.

Using calque translation clearly shows that translators opt for a formal equivalence in the target language. Since this strategy is the most-used strategy (about
50% of the collocations) with a large gap between it and the second top strategy, it is safe to conclude that formal equivalence seems to be the prevailing approach adopted by translators in dealing with collocations in literary texts. However, using equivalence, modulation and transposition indicates a tendency to provide dynamic equivalence as well. The total number of collocations translated by these strategies is 26.2% of the translations; however, this figure still puts seeking dynamic equivalence second in rank, which by no means competes with formal equivalence.
5 CONCLUSIONS & RECOMMENDATIONS

5.1 Introduction

This chapter provides the conclusions of the thesis as well as its findings, and the answers to the three main questions (see Abstract). It also gives recommendations with respect to the translation of collocations in literary texts, and provides suggestions for future research.

5.2 Findings

As mentioned earlier, this thesis aims at investigating the translation of lexical collocations in literary texts. The data of this study was collected from four different chapters of English novels that are translated into Arabic. Collocations were extracted and checked using the BBI dictionary as well as the Corp website. Collocations were then analyzed according to their markedness, cultural and stylistic aspects, and translation strategies.

The study endeavored to answer the three questions of this research. The answer to question 1 (what happens to collocations when they are translated?) is that they are mostly reproduced literally in translation, and thus they retain their markedness if they are marked in the source text. They are also modified using modulation, transposition or equivalence and therefore both marked and unmarked collocation have unmarked translations. In some cases, collocations end up as non-collocations in the target text.

The answer to question 2 (how do translators deal with collocations?) is that translators deal with collocations in different ways, opting for different strategies to translate them. This depends on the kind of the source text collocation and the kind of the target language collocation at the translator’s disposal. The choices made by the translator range from opting for literal to idiomatic rendition, and typical to atypical collocations.

The answer to question 3 (what strategies do translators adopt in translating collocations in literary texts?) is that they adopt many strategies, including calque, modulation, equivalence, deletion, literal, explicitation, transposition, and
paraphrasing. They also resort to a combination of strategies, or synonyms of a target language calque.

The findings of this research suggest that calque translation is the most frequent strategy adopted by translators. The second top strategies are modulation and equivalence. Hence, formal equivalence seems to be the first choice of translators in dealing with collocations in literary texts.

5.3 Recommendations and suggestions for future research

Translation requires meticulousness on the part of the translator so as to avoid delivering an awkward collocation and potentially an incorrect meaning to the target audience. It is recommended that the translation of collocations in literary texts avoid calque translation as much as possible and opt for other strategies that help in producing dynamic equivalence to produce texts with literary style in the TL. Calque translation should be used only in dealing with marked collocations to reflect the source text style, since it tends to provide TL collocations with less literary color.

Collocations are a fascinating phenomenon in all genres. Other kinds of texts such as business, sports reporting, legal language, and science and technology can be investigated.
REFERENCES


**REFERENCES IN ARABIC**


APPENDIX 1: Collocations identified in the source texts and their Arabic translations

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>ST Collocation</th>
<th>Arabic Translation</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Ranch hand</td>
<td>عامل المزرعة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Loud noise</td>
<td>بصوت عال</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Funny thing</td>
<td>المضحك في الأمر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>The great mountains</td>
<td>الجبال الشاهقة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>The big mountains</td>
<td>الجبال الشاهقة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Take responsibility</td>
<td>يتحمل المسؤولية</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Little work</td>
<td>عمل بسيط</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Little boy</td>
<td>الفتى الصغير</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Ranch house</td>
<td>منزل المزرعة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Rat trap</td>
<td>فخ جرذان</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Cold water</td>
<td>الماء البارد</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Old man</td>
<td>الرجل العجوز</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Rocking-chair</td>
<td>كرسي هزاز</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Last words</td>
<td>الكلمات الأخيرة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Big hands</td>
<td>اليدتين الكبيرتين</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Lower lip</td>
<td>شفتها السفلى</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>Milk a cow</td>
<td>أحلب بقرة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Dark skin</td>
<td>البشرة الداكنة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Mashed potato</td>
<td>البطاطا المهروسة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>A piece of rope</td>
<td>قطعة حبل</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Long time</td>
<td>مدة طويلة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Clear water</td>
<td>الماء الصافي</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>An impulse of cruelty</td>
<td>دافع قسوة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>The wild grass</td>
<td>العشب البري</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>A lean man</td>
<td>رجل هزيل</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>The clogged holes</td>
<td>القباب المسدودة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Yellow teeth</td>
<td>أسنان صفراء</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>The sun sank</td>
<td>غرف الشمس</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>The high mountains</td>
<td>الجبال الشاهقة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Flying heavily</td>
<td>تنطير بتناقل</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number</td>
<td>ST Collocation</td>
<td>Arabic Translation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Pieces of meat</td>
<td>قطعًا من اللحم</td>
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<td>32</td>
<td>Resentful eyes</td>
<td>عينين مقئطعتين</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>A nameless sorrow</td>
<td>حزن لا اسم له</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>The swallow’s nests</td>
<td>أعشاش العصفور</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Gentle voice</td>
<td>صوت لطيف</td>
</tr>
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<td>36</td>
<td>Country road</td>
<td>الطريق الزراعي</td>
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<td>37</td>
<td>Screen door</td>
<td>باب الستار</td>
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<td>38</td>
<td>Gentle wind</td>
<td>الريح اللطيفة</td>
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<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Older people</td>
<td>الناس الكبار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Hard time</td>
<td>وقت عصيب</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Pair of jeans</td>
<td>بنطال جينز</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Pairs of socks</td>
<td>جوارب</td>
</tr>
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<td>43</td>
<td>He looked secretly</td>
<td>استرق النظر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Big pain</td>
<td>الألم شديد</td>
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<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Went to bed</td>
<td>إيذالك إلى الفراش</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Young man</td>
<td>شاب</td>
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<td>47</td>
<td>Big hands</td>
<td>يديه المتلويتين</td>
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<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Long walk</td>
<td>مسافة طويلة يقطعها سيراً على الأقدام</td>
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<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Ride a horse</td>
<td>ركوب حصان</td>
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<td>50</td>
<td>The humming heat</td>
<td>طنين حرارة</td>
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The General’s Daughter (Chapter Five)

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<th>Number</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>To risk lives</td>
<td>يضحوا بحياتهم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Saved one life</td>
<td>تحفظ دماء الجنود</td>
</tr>
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<td>53</td>
<td>Blood donor</td>
<td>حملة التبرع بالدم</td>
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<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Punctuation mark</td>
<td>علامة استفهام</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Get a handle</td>
<td>أن أضع يدي</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Enemy camps</td>
<td>صفوف العدو</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Photo album</td>
<td>اليوم صور</td>
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<td>58</td>
<td>Price tags</td>
<td>ملصقات السعر</td>
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<td>59</td>
<td>Living room</td>
<td>حجرة المعيشة</td>
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<td>60</td>
<td>Ground floor</td>
<td>الطابق الأرضي</td>
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<td>السلوك الإجرامي</td>
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<td>62</td>
<td>Documentary proof</td>
<td>موثقاً موثقاً</td>
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<td>Opposite sides</td>
<td>الجانب المقابل</td>
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<td>64</td>
<td>National hero</td>
<td>بطل قومي</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Hard work</td>
<td>عمل شاق</td>
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<td>66</td>
<td>Light bulbs</td>
<td>مصابيح الإضاءة</td>
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<td>67</td>
<td>Picked up this guy’s scent</td>
<td>التقتن رائحة الجاني</td>
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<td>68</td>
<td>Combs his hair</td>
<td>مشط شعره</td>
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<td>Book titles</td>
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<td>The play button</td>
<td>زر التشغيل</td>
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<td>News channel</td>
<td>قنوات إخبارية</td>
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<td>War drums</td>
<td>طبول الحرب</td>
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<td>Tyre marks</td>
<td>آثار الإطارات</td>
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<td>75</td>
<td>Pure chance</td>
<td>من قبل الصدفة البحتة</td>
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<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Make calls</td>
<td>تجري المكالمات المشتركة</td>
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<td>77</td>
<td>Jagged edge</td>
<td>عواجانها</td>
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<td>78</td>
<td>Plant doubt</td>
<td>زرع دوز الشر</td>
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<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Lays the groundwork</td>
<td>تمهد</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Break the silence</td>
<td>أكسر حاجز الصمت</td>
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<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>Prepared breakfast</td>
<td>أعدت الإفطار</td>
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<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>Picked up the phone</td>
<td>رفعت سماعة الهاتف</td>
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<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Take the rap</td>
<td>تحمل المسؤولية</td>
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<td>84</td>
<td>Self-assured</td>
<td>واقفة من نفسها</td>
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<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>Grabbed your attention</td>
<td>تجذب انتباهك</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>Give a break</td>
<td>قد عدنا ثانية</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>Holy spirit</td>
<td>الغفر</td>
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<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>Powder room</td>
<td>دعاة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>Off-color joke</td>
<td>دعاة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>Turned my attention</td>
<td>حولت انتباهي مجدداً</td>
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<td>91</td>
<td>Poked her finger</td>
<td>وخلت أصابعها</td>
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<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Roll her eyes</td>
<td>تقليب عينيها</td>
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<td>93</td>
<td>Answering machine</td>
<td>جهاز تلقى المكالمات الواردة</td>
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<td>94</td>
<td>Christmas card</td>
<td>بطاقة العيد الميلادي</td>
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<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>Single woman</td>
<td>فتاة تعيش وحدها</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>Tip of tongue</td>
<td>لدي ما أرد به عليها</td>
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</table>
### Novel # 3 East Wind: West Wind (Chapter One)

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Number</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>99</td>
<td>A gentle woman</td>
<td>السيدة الفاضلة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Delicate foods</td>
<td>الأطعمة اللذيذة</td>
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<td>101</td>
<td>My hot cheeks</td>
<td>احمرار وجهتي</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102</td>
<td>Bearing of children</td>
<td>إنجاب الأطفال</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103</td>
<td>Wise woman</td>
<td>امرأة حكيمة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104</td>
<td>Wedding cakes</td>
<td>كعكات العرس</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105</td>
<td>Bowed my head</td>
<td>أحنيت رأسي</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>106</td>
<td>Aristocratic life</td>
<td>الحياة الأرستقراطية</td>
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<td>107</td>
<td>Foreign lands</td>
<td>بلاد أجنبية</td>
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<tr>
<td>108</td>
<td>Western books</td>
<td>كتب غربية</td>
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<tr>
<td>109</td>
<td>Paid heed</td>
<td>اهتمت</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>110</td>
<td>To submit yourself</td>
<td>أن تستسلمي</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>111</td>
<td>Speak the truth</td>
<td>أنكمل بصدق</td>
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<tr>
<td>112</td>
<td>Heard faintly</td>
<td>سمعت همسا</td>
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### Novel # 4 July’s People (Chapter One)

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<td>113</td>
<td>Headed delegation</td>
<td>يرأس الجلسة</td>
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<tr>
<td>114</td>
<td>To make connection</td>
<td>التوفيق</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115</td>
<td>Do shopping</td>
<td>ذهبوا إلى التسوق</td>
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<tr>
<td>116</td>
<td>Take a breath</td>
<td>يتنفس الهواء</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>117</td>
<td>Give the reason</td>
<td>قدم سببا</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118</td>
<td>Took a pictures</td>
<td>انظف صورا</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>119</td>
<td>To pour tea</td>
<td>نصب الشاي</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120</td>
<td>White skin</td>
<td>يشربها البيضاء</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121</td>
<td>The white hand</td>
<td>يده البيضاء</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122</td>
<td>Farming tools</td>
<td>أدوات الزراعة</td>
</tr>
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<td>123</td>
<td>The rainy months</td>
<td>الشهور الممطرة</td>
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<tr>
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APPENDIX 2: Chapter Two of *The Red Pony* and Its Translation
World Best Sellers Series

The Red Pony

John Steinbeck
Nobel Prize (1962)
In the humming heat of a midsummer afternoon the little boy Jody listlessly looked about the ranch for something to do. He had been to the barn, had thrown rocks at the swallows' nests under the eaves until every one of the little mud houses broke open and dropped its lining of straw and dirty feathers. Then at the ranch house he baited a rat trap with stale cheese and set it where Doubletree Mutt, that good big dog, would get his nose snapped. Jody was not moved by an impulse of cruelty; he was bored with the long hot afternoon. Doubletree Mutt put his stupid nose in the trap and got it smashed, and shrieked with agony and limped away with blood on his nostrils. No matter where he was hurt, Mutt limped. It was just a way he had. Once when he was young, Mutt got caught in a coyote trap, and always after that he limped, even when he was scolded.

When Mutt yelped, Jody's mother called from inside the house, 'Jody! Stop torturing that dog and find something to do.'
Then he took his slingshot from the porch and walked up to the brush line to try to kill a bird. It was a good slingshot, with store-bought rubbers, but while Jody had often shot at birds, he had never hit one. He walked up through the vegetable patch, kicking his bare toes into the dust. And on the way he found the perfect slingshot stone, round and slightly flattened and heavy enough to carry through the air. He fitted it into the leather pouch of his weapon and proceeded to the brush line. His eyes narrowed, his mouth worked strenuously; for the first time that afternoon he was intent. In the shade of the sagebrush the little birds were working, scratching in the leaves, flying restlessly a few feet and scratching again. Jody pulled back the rubbers of the sling and advanced cautiously. One little thrush paused and looked at him and crouched, ready to fly. Jody sidled nearer, moving one foot slowly after the other. When he was twenty feet away, he carefully raised the sling and aimed. The stone whizzed; the thrush started up and flew right into it. And down the little bird went with a broken head. Jody ran to it and picked it up.

'Well, I get you,' he said.

The bird looked much smaller dead than it had alive. Jody felt a little mean pain in his stomach, so he took out his pocket-knife and cut off the bird's head. Then he disemboweled it, and took off its wings; and finally he threw all the piece into the brush. He didn't care about the bird, or its life, but he knew what older people would say if they had seen him kill it; he was ashamed because of their potential. He decided to forget the whole thing as quickly as he could, and never to mention it.

"حسد جودي بحقارته حينذاك، فرم جحا على مطر. ثم أخذ نقادته من شرفة المدخل وصعد نحو خط الأزمة المحاولة قتل طائر. كانت نقادته جيدة ل أنها مقاطع أشارت من الذكاء، مع أن جودي غالبا ما أطلق النقادة على طيور، إلا أن لم يصب أبا منها أبدا. عبّر أرض الخضار، فر لاحقا أصاب قدمه الحافيتين في التراب. وفي الطريق عبر الحجر الماسب لنقادته، حجر مستديرًا مسيطاً قليلاً وفتشا ثمانياً يسمح له بالاندفاع في الهواء. ووضعه في جراحه الجلدية المخصصة لسلاحه وتابع السير إلى خط الأزمة. ضاقت عيناه، عمل فمه بنشاط متقدم؛ فلاول مرة بعد ظهر ذلك اليوم كان مصمماً. في ظل شجيرة المريحة كانت الطيور الصغيرة تعمل، حاكة نفسها بين أوراق الشجر، طائرة بلا استقرار، تضع أقدم وحالة نفسها مرة أخرى. جنب جودي مقاطع النقادة إلى أخيل وتفقد حذرًا. توقف طائر سمان صغير ساكناً ونظر إليه ثم جمع مساعدًا للطيران. سلّ جودي مقتربًا أكثر، محركًا قادماً واحدًا بعد الأخرى ربطًا. حين وصل إلى بعد عشرين قدماً، رفع النقادة يمرر وسداً. آثر الخضر، شرع السمان يعلو وطير نحوه تمامًا إلى الأرض سقط الطائر الصغير يرأس مكسور. جرى جودي نحوه والنقادة.

قال "حسناً، أمسكت بك."
The hills were dry at this season, and the wild grass was golden, but where the spring-pipe filled the round tub and the tub spilled over, there lay a stretch of fine green grass, deep and sweet and moist. Jody drank from the mossy tub and washed the bird's blood from his hands in cold water. Then he lay on his back in the grass and looked up at the dumpling summer clouds. By closing one eye and destroying perspective he brought them down within reach so that he could put up his fingers and stroke them. He helped the gentle wind push went faster for his help. One fat white cloud he helped clear to the mountain rims and pressed it firmly over, out of sight. Jody wondered what it was seeing, then. He sat up the better to look at the great mountains where they went piling back, growing darker and more savage until they finished with one jagged ridge, high up against the west. Curious secret mountains; he thought of the little he knew about them.

'What's on the other side?' he asked his father once.
'More mountains, I guess. Why?'
'And on the side of them?'
'More mountains. Why?'
'More mountains on and on?'
'Well, no. At last come to the ocean.'
'But what's in the mountains?'
'Just cliffs and brush and rocks and dryness.'
'Were you ever there?'
'No.'
A few people, I guess. It's dangerous, with cliffs and things. Why, I've read there's more unexplored country in the mountains of Monterey County than any place in the United States.' His father seemed pround that this should be so.

'And at last the ocean?'

'At last the ocean.'

'But,' the boy insisted, 'but in between? No one knows?'

'Oh, a few people do, I guess. But there's nothing there to get. And not water. Just rocks and cliffs and greasewood. Why?'

'It would be good to go.'

'What for? There's nothing there.'

Jody knew something was there, something very wonderful because it wasn't known, something secret and mysterious. He could feel within himself that this was so. He said to his mother, 'Do you know what's in the big mountains?'

She looked at him and then back at the ferocious range, and she said, 'Only the bear, I guess.'

'What bear?'

'Why the one that went over the mountain to see what he could see.'

Jody questioned Billy Buck, the ranch hand, about the possibility of ancient cities lost in the mountains, but Billy agreed with Jody's father.

'It ain't likely,' Billy said. 'There'd be nothing to eat unless a kind of people that can eat rocks live there.'
That was all the information Jody ever got, and it made the mountains dear to him, and terrible. He thought often of the miles of ridge after ridge until at last there was the sea. When the peaks were pink in the morning they invited him among them; and when the sun had gone over the edge in the evening and the mountains were a purple-like despair, then Jody was afraid of them; then they were so impersonal and aloof that their very imperturbability was a threat.

Now he turned his head toward the mountains of the east, the Gabilans, and they were jolly mountains, with hill ranches in their creases, and with pine trees growing on the crests. People lived there, and barrels had been fought against the Mexicans on the slopes. He looked back for an instant at the Great Ones and shivered a little at the contrast. The foothill cup of the home ranch below him was sunny and safe. The house gleamed with white light and the barn was brown and warm. The red cows on the farther hill ate their way slowly toward the north. Even the dark cypress tree by the bunkhouse was usual and safe. The chickens scratched about in the dust of the farmyard with quick waltzing steps.

Then a moving figure caught Jody's eye. A man walked slowly over the brow of the hill, on the road from Salinas, and he was headed toward the house. Jody stood up and moved down toward the house too, for if someone was coming, he wanted to be there to see. By the time the boy had got to the house the

**Translation:***

... كان تلك كل المعلومات التي حصل عليها جودي طيلة حياته، فحية الليلي الجبال وجعلها رهيبة. غالبًا ما كفر بالمياه من جبل وراء جبل حتى أن يصل إلى حيث يقع البحر أخيرًا. حين تكون الشمس وردية في الصباح تدعو بهما: حين تخفي الشمس وراء حافة الجبال في المساء وتصبح الجبال أساً شبيهاً بالأرجواني، يخف جودي منها؛ كما تصبح حتى مدبة الشخصية ومعنائية جدًا إلى درجة أن هدوءها يصبح تهديداً.

أدار رأسه الآن نحو جبال الشرق، جبال جابيلان، كانت جبالاً مرحہ تمتند في شنوائها مزارع تلال، وتنمو على قممها أشجار صنوبر. عاش الناس هناك، ونشبت معارك ضد المكسيكيين على منحدراتها. أتلت إلى الخلف، ونظر إلى الجبال الشاهقة للحظة فارغة قليلاً عند البداية، كان حوض متحدر تل مزروعة بهم المنتدحت منه مشمساً وأماناً. توجه المنزل نحو أبيض وكانت الخضرة بينة ودافئة. التهمت الأبقار الحمراء على النهار العشب مكونةً طبقاً وهي تتجه نحو الشمال ببطء. حتى شجرة السرو الدائمة المتضببة قرب منزلاً مركض العمال كانت عادية وأمانة.

الدراج تراب ساحة المزرعة قافراً فيّرذات سريعة مهتاحة.
The old man was only halfway down the road, a lean man, very straight in the shoulders. Jody could tell he was old only because his heels struck the ground with hard jerks. As he approached nearer, Jody saw that he was dressed in blue jeans and in a coat of the same material. He wore clodhopper shoes and an old flatbrimmed Stetson hat. Over his shoulder he carried a gunny sack, lumpy and full. In a few moments he had trudged close enough so that his face could be seen. And his face was as dark as dried beef. A mustache, blue-white against the dark skin, hovered over his mouth, and his hair was white, too, where it showed at his neck. The skin of his face had shrunk back against the skull until it defined bone, not flesh, and made the nose and chin seem sharp and fragile. The eyes were large and deep and dark, with eyelids stretched tightly over them. Irises and pupils were one, and very black, but the eyeballs were brown. There were no wrinkles in the face at all. This old man wore a blue denim coat buttoned to the throat with brass buttons, as all men do who wear no shirts. Out of the sleeves came strong bony wrists and hands gnarled and knotted and hard as peach branches. The nails were flat and blunt and shiny.

The old man drew close to the gate and swung down his sack when he confronted Jody. His lips fluttered a little and a soft impersonal came from between them.
'Do you live here?'

Jody was embarrassed. He turned and looked at the house, and he turned back and looked toward the barn where his father and Billy Buck were. 'Yes,' he said, when no help came from either direction.

'I have come back,' the old man said. 'I am Gitano, and I have come back.'

Jody could not take all this responsibility. He turned abruptly, and ran into the house for help, and the screen door banged after him. His mother was in the kitchen poking out the clogged holes of a colander with a hairpin, and biting her lower lip with concentration.

'It's an old man,' Jody cried excitedly. 'It's an old paisano man, and he says he's come back.'

His mother put down the colander and stuck the hairpin behind the sink board. 'What's the matter now?' she asked patiently.

'It's an old man outside. Come on out.'

'Well, what does he want?' She untied the strings of her apron and smoothed her hair with her fingers.

'I don't know. He came walking.'

His mother smoothed down her dress and went out, and Jody followed her. Gitano had not moved.

'Yes?' Mrs. Tiflin asked.

Gitano took off his old black hat and held it with both hands in front of him. He repeated, 'I am Gitano, and I have come back.'
Come back? Back where?"

Gitano's whole straight body leaned forward a little. His right hand described the circle of the hills, the sloping fields and the mountains, and ended at his hat again. 'Back to the rancho. I was born here, and my father, too.'

'Here?' she demanded. 'This isn't an old place.'

'No, there,' he said, pointing to the western ridge. 'On the other side there, in a house that is gone.'

At last she understood. 'The old 'dobe that's washed almost away, you mean?'

'Yes, senora. When the rancho broke up they put no more lime on the 'dobe, and the rains washed it down.'

Jody's mother was silent for a little, and curious homesick thoughts ran mind, but quickly she cleared them out. 'And what do you want here now, Gitano?'

'I will stay here,' he said quietly, 'until I die.'

'But we don't need an extra man here.'

'I can not work hard any more, senora. I can milk a cow, feed chickens, cut a little wood; no more. I will stay here.' He indicated the sack on the ground beside him. 'Here are my things.'

She turned to Jody. 'Run down to the barn and call your father.'

Jody dashed away, and he returned with Carl Tiflin and Billy Buck behind him. The old man was standing as he had been, but he was resting now. His whole body had sagged into a timeless repose.
'What is it?' Carl Tiflin asked. 'What's Jody so excited about?'

Mrs. Tiflin motioned to the old man. 'He wants to stay here. He wants to do a little work and stay here.'

'Well, we can't have him. We don't need any more men. He's too old. Billy does everything we need.'

They had been talking over him as though he did not exist, and now, suddenly, they both hesitated and looked at Gitano and were embarrassed.

He cleared his throat. 'I am too old to work. I come back where I was born.'

'You weren't born here,' Carl said sharply.

'No. In the 'dobe house over the hill. It was all one rancho before you came.'

'In the mud house that's all melted down?'

'Yes. I and my father. I will stay here now on the rancho.'

'I tell you you won't stay,' Carl said angrily. 'I don't need an old man. This isn't a big ranch. I can't afford food and doctor bills for an old man. You must have relatives and friends. Go to them. It is like begging to come to strangers.'

'I was born here,' Gitano said patiently and inflexibly.

Carl Tiflin didn't like to be cruel, but he felt he must. 'You can eat here tonight,' he said. 'You can sleep in the little room of the old bunkhouse. We'll give you your breakfast in the morning, and then you'll have to go along. Go to your friends. Don't come to die with strangers.'

رالف كارل نيوفيلدن: "ما الأمر؟ ما الذي أثار انتفاضتي جودي إلى هذه الدورة؟ "

أشتاق السيد تيوفيلين إلى الشرج العجوز. "إلى ما الذي أثار انتفاضتي هنا؟ "

"حسنًا، لا يمكننا قولك. لا تحتاج إلى عمال آخرين. إنه عجوز جداً، وربما يكون بكل ما تحتاج إليه. "

ظاناً يتكلمان عنه كان لم يكن موجوداً، فجأة تردداً كالها سلك حلقه. "نشتخت على العمل. أنا أعود إلى حيث ولدت. "

قال كارل بحجة: "أنتم لم تولد هنا."

"لا، في بيت اللين فوق التل. كانت كلها مزرعة واحدة قبل أن تعرضوا."

"في بيت اللين الذي ذاب كله وسوي بالأرض؟ "

"نعم، أنا وأبي. سأبقى هنا في المزرعة."

قال كارل بغضب: "أقول لك إنك لن تبقى هنا. أنا لا أحتاج إلى رجل عجوز. هذه ليست مزرعة كبيرة. ليس بإمكانى دفع ثمن طعام وفواتير طبيب لرجل عجوز. لا بد أن يكون لديك أقرباء وأصدقائك. إذا كنت تذهب إليهم. إنه أشبه بشحادة جداً.

قال جيانو بصبر ودون أن يلم: "ولدت هنا."

لم يرغب كارل تيوفيلين في أن يكون قاسياً، لكنه شعر أن يجب أن يكون كذلك، قال: "يمكنك الأفضل هنا الليلة. يمكنك النوم في الغرفة الصغيرة. في منى مرقد العمال القديم. سنقدم إليك تطعام الإفطار في الصباح. ومن ثم يجب أن تتابع طريقك. إذاذهب إلى أصدقائتك. لا تأت لتفاجأ مع غريب."
Gitano put on his black hat and stooped for the sack. 'Here are my things,' he said.

Carl turned away. 'Come on, Billy, we'll finish down at the barn. Jody, show him little room in the bunkhouse.'

He and Billy turned back toward the barn. Mrs. Tiffin went into the house, saying over her shoulder, 'I'll send some blankets down.'

Gitano looked questioningly at Jody. 'I'll show you where it is,' Jody said.

There was a cot with a shuck mattress, an apple box holding a tin lantern, and a backless rocking-chair in the little room of the bunkhouse. Gitano laid his sack carefully on the floor and sat down on the bed. Jody stood shyly in the room, hesitating to go. At last, 'Did you come out of the big mountains?'

Gitano shook his head slowly. 'No, I worked down the Salinas Valley.'

The afternoon thought would not let Jody go. 'Did you ever go into the big mountains back there?'

The old dark eyes grew fixed, and their light turned inward on the years that were living in Gitano's head. 'Once-when I was a little boy. I went my father.'

'Way back, clear into the mountains?'

'Yes.'

'What was there?' Jody cried. 'Did you see any people or any houses?'
Follow.

giro to stood up and put on his hat and prepared to
the shock. He asked,
Would you like to come down to the barn and see

Shyness returned.

curious. He didn’t want to go away from Giano. His
about it any more. The boy was held by a curious face-
said in a tone that told Jody he didn’t want to talk
But now Giano’s face became impenetrable. No, he

Didn’t you ever want to

seemed to come and go in them.

smile back in the years, for they grew soft and a little smile
Giano’s eyes seemed to have found something
quite I think it was nice;

open while his brain sought the word. I think it was
Giano’s mouth opened for a word, and remained
you remember anything about it?

Was it terrible and dirty?

I don’t know, Giano said, I don’t remember.

What did you see in there? Jody repeated.

smile came between his brows.
Giano’s eyes remained inward. A little winked
Well, what was there?

No...
It was almost evening now. They stood near the watering trough while the horses sauntered in from the hillsides for an evening drink. Gitano rested his big twisted hands on the top rail of the fence. Five horses came down and then stood about, nibbling at the dirt or rubbing their sides against the polished wood of the fence. Long after they had finished drinking an old horse appeared over the brow of the hill and came painfully down. It had long yellow teeth; its hooves were flat and sharp as spades, and its ribs and hip-bones jutted out under its skin. It hobbled up to the trough and drank water with a loud sucking noise.

'That's old Easter,' Jody explained. 'That's the first horse my father ever had. He's thirty years old.' He looked up into Gitano's old eyes for some response.

'No good any more,' Gitano said.

Jody's father and Billy Buck came out of the barn and walked over.

'Too old to work,' Gitano repeated. 'Just eats and pretty soon dies.'

Carl Tiffin caught the last words. He hated his brutality toward old Gitano, and so he became brutal again.

'It's a shame not to shoot Easter,' he said. 'It'd save him a lot of pains and rheumatism.' He looked secretly at Gitano, to see whether he noticed the parallel, but the big bony hands did not move, nor did the dark eyes turn from the horse. 'Old things ought to be put out of their misery.' Jody's father went on. 'One shot, a big noise, on big pain in the head maybe, and that's all. That's better than stiffness and sore teeth.'
Billy Buck broke in. "They got a right to rest after they worked all of their life. Maybe they like to just walk around."

Carl had been looking steadily at the skinny horse. 'You can't imaging now what Easter used to look like,' he said softly. 'High neck, deep chest, fine barrel. He could jump a five-bar gate in stride. I won a flat race on him when I was fifteen years old. I could of got two hundred dollars for him any time. You wouldn't think how pretty he was.' He checked himself, for he hated softness. 'But he ought to be shot now,' he said.

'The's got a right to rest,' Billy Buck insisted.

Jody's father had a humorous thought. He turned to Gitano. 'If ham and eggs grew on a side-hill I'd turn you out to pasture too,' he said. 'But I can't afford to pasture you in kitchen.'

He laughed to Billy Buck about it as they went on toward the house. 'Be a good thing for all of us if ham and eggs grew on the side-hills.'

Jody knew how his father was probing for a place to hurt in Gitano. He had been probed often. His father knew every place in the boy where a word would fester.

'He's only talking,' Jody said. 'He didn't mean it about shooting Easter. He likes Easter. That was the first horse he ever owned.'
the bank behind the high mountains as they stood there, and the ranch was hushed. Gitano seemed to be more at home in the evening. He made a curious sharp sound with his lips and stretched one of his hands over the fence. Old Easter moved stiffly to him, and Gitano rubbed the lean neck under the mane.

'You like him?' Jody asked softly.

'Yes-but he's no damn good.'

The triangle sounded at the ranch house. 'That's supper,' Jody cried, 'Come on up to supper.'

As they walked up toward the house Jody noticed again that Gitano's body was straight as that of a young man. Only by a jerkiness in his movements and by the scuffling of his heels could it be seen that he was old.

The turkeys were flying heavily into the lower branches of the cypress tree by the bunkhouse. A fat sleek ranch cat walked across the road carrying a rat so large that its tail dragged on the ground. The quail on the side-hills were still sounding the clear water call.

Jody and Gitano came to the back steps and Mrs. Jody. 'Come running, Jody. Come in to supper, Gitano.'

Carl and Billy Buck had started to eat at the long oilcloth-covered table. Jody slipped into his chair without moving it, but Gitano stood holding his hat until Carl looked up and said, 'Sit down, sit down. You might as well get your belly full before you go on.' Carl was afraid he might relent and let the old man stay, and so he continued to remind himself that this couldn't be.
Gitano laid his hat on the floor and diffidently sat down. He wouldn't reach for food. Carl had to pass it to him. 'Here, fill yourself up.' Gitano ate very slowly, cutting tiny pieces of meat and arranging little pats of mashed potato on plate.

The situation would not stop worrying Carl Tiflin. 'Haven't you got any relatives in this part of the country?' he asked.

Gitano answered with some pride, 'My brother-in-law is in Monterey. I have cousins there, too.'

'Well, you go and live there, then.'

'I was born here,' Gitano said in gentle rebuke.

Jody's mother came in from the kitchen, carrying a large bowl of tapioca pudding.

Carl chuckled to her, 'Did I tell you what I said to him? I said if ham and eggs grew on the side-hills I'd put him out to pasture, like old Easter.'

'It's too bad he can't stay,' said Mrs. Tiflin.

'Now don't you start anything,' Carl said crossly.

When they had finished eating, Carl and Billy Buck and Jody went into the living-room to sit for a while, but Gitano, without a word of farewell or thanks, walked through the kitchen and out the back door. Jody sat and secretly watched his father. He knew how mean his father felt.

'This country's full of these old paisanos,' Carl said to Billy Buck.
'They're damn good men,' Billy defended them. 'They can work older than white men. I saw one of them a hundred and five years old, and he could still ride a horse. You don't see any white men as old Gitanos walking twenty or thirty miles.

'Oh, they're tough, all right,' Carl agreed. 'Say, are you standing up for him too? Listen, Billy,' he explained, 'I'm having a hard enough time keeping this ranch out of the Bank of Italy without taking on anybody else to feed. You know that, Billy.'

'Sure, I know,' said Billy. 'If you was rich, it'd be different.'

'That's right, and it isn't like he didn't have relatives to go to. A brother-in-law and cousins right in Monterey. Why should I worry about him?'

Jody sat quietly listening, and he seemed to hear Gitano's gentle voice and its unanswerable, 'But I was born here.' Gitano was mysterious like the mountains. There were ranges back as far as you could see, but behind the last range piled up against the sky there was a great unknown country. And Gitano was an old man, until you got to the dull dark eyes. And in behind them was some unknown thing. He didn't ever enough to let you guess what was inside, under the eyes. Jody felt himself irresistibly drawn toward the bunkhouse. He slipped from his chair while his father was talking and he went out the door without making a sound.
The night was very dark and far-off noises carried in clearly. The hamebells of a wood team sounded from way over the hill on the county road. Jody picked his way across the dark yard. He could see a light through the window of the little room of the bunkhouse. Because the night was secret he walked quietly up to the window and peered in. Gitano sat in the rocking-chair and his back was toward the window. His right arm moved slowly back and forth in front of him. Jody pushed the door open and walked in. Gitano jerked upright and, seizing a piece of deerskin, he tried to throw it over the thing in his lap, but the skin slipped away. Jody stood overwhelmed by the thing in Gitano's hand, a lean and lovely rapier with a golden basket hilt. The blade was like a thin ray of dark light. The hilt was pierced and intricately carved.

'What is it?' Jody demanded.

Gitano only looked at him with resentful eyes, and he picked up the fallen deerskin and firmly wrapped the beautiful blade in it.

Jody put out his hand. 'Can't I see it?'

Gitano's eyes smoldered angrily and he shook his head.

'Where'd you get it? Where'd it come from?'

Now Gitano regarded him profoundly, as though he pondered. 'I got it from my father.'

'Well, where'd he get it?'
Gitano looked down at the long deerskin parcel in his hand. 'I don't know.'
'Didn't he ever tell you?'
'No.'
'What do you do with it?'
Gitano looked slightly surprised. 'Nothing. I just keep it.'
'Can't I see it again?'

The old man slowly unwrapped the shining blade and let the lamplight slip along it for a moment. Then he wrapped it up again. 'You go now. I want to go to bed.' He blew out the lamp almost before Jody had closed the door.

As he went back toward the house, Jody knew one thing more sharply than he had ever known anything. He must never tell anyone about rapier. It would be a dreadful thing to tell anyone about it, for it would destroy some fragile structure of truth. It was a truth that might be shattered by division.

On the way across the dark yard Jody passed Billy Buck. 'They're wondering where you are,' Billy said.

Jody slipped into the living-room, and his father turned to him. 'Where have you been?'
'I just went out to see if I caught any rats in my new trap.'
'It's time you went to bed,' his father said.

Jody was first at the breakfast table in the morning. Then his father came in, and last, Billy Buck. Mrs. Tiflin looked in from the kitchen.

He asked Jody what he was going to do with it. 'I don't know.'

Jody, looking at the blade, asked, 'How do you know?'

'Can't I see it again?'

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Jody was first at the breakfast table in the morning. Then his father came in, and last, Billy Buck. Mrs. Tiflin looked in from the kitchen.
"Where's the old man, Billy?" she asked.
'I guess he's out walking,' Billy said. 'I looked in his room and he wasn't there."
'Maybe he started early to Monterey,' said Carl.
'It's a long walk.'
'No,' Billy explained. 'His sack is in the little room.'
After breakfast Jody walked down to the bunk-house. Flies were flashing about in the sunshine. The ranch seemed especially quiet this morning. When he was sure no one was watching him, Jody went into the little room, and looked into Gitano's sack. An extra pair of long cotton underwear was there, an extra pair of jeans and three pairs of worn socks. Nothing else was in the sack. A sharp loneliness fell on Jody. He walked slowly back toward the house. His father stood on the porch talking to Mrs. Tuflin.
'I guess old Easter's dead at last,' he said. 'I didn't see him come down to water with the other horses.'
In the middle of the morning Jess Taylor from the ridge ranch rode down.
'You didn't sell that old gray crow bait of yours, did you, Carl?'
'No, of course not. Why?'
'Well,' Jess said. 'I was out this morning early, and I saw a funny thing. I saw an old man on an old horse, no saddle, only a piece of rope for a bridle. He wasn't on the road at all. He was cutting right up straight through the brush. I think he had a gun. At least I saw something shine in his hand.'
It's old Gitano,' Carl Tiftin said. 'I'll see if any guns are missing.' He stepped into the house for a second. 'Nope, all here. Which way was he heading, Jess?"

'Well, that's the funny thing. He was heading straight back into the mountains.'

Carl laughed. 'They never get too old to steal,' he said. 'I guess he just stole old Easter.'

'Want to go after him, Carl?'

'Hell no, just save me burying that horse. I wonder where he got the gun. I wonder what he wants back there.'

Jody walked up through the vegetable patch, toward the brush line. He looked searchingly at the towering mountains-ridge after ridge after ridge until at last there was the ocean. For a moment he thought he could see a black speck crawling up the farthest ridge. Jody thought of the rapier and of Gitano. And he thought of great mountains. A longing caressed him, and it was so sharp that he wanted to cry to get it out of his breast. He lay down in the green grass near the round tub at the brush line. He covered his eyes with his crossed arms and lay there a long time, and he was full of a nameless sorrow.

قال كارل تيفلين: "ذلك هو جيتانو العجوز. سأتأكد ما إذا كانت إحدى بنادقنا مفقودة." خطأ داخلاً المنزل مرة ثانية. "لا، كلها هنا. أي طريق كان يتجه إليه يا جيس؟" - "حسناً، ذلك هو الضاحك في الأمر. كان متجهاً مباشرة إلى الجبال".

ضاحك كارل. قال: "إنهم لا يشيخون أبداً على السرقة. أظن أنه سرق إيرسترا العجوز".

- "ترديد أن نطارده يا كارل؟"
- "إلى الجحيق لا، لقد وفر علي دفن ذلك الحصان. أنا أتساءل من أي حصل على البندقية. وأتساءل ما الذي يريده من عودته إلى هناك".

سار جودي في أرض الخضار نحو خط الأغماجم. نظر باحثاً في الجبال العالية - قمة وراء قمة وراء قصة إلى أن تصل إلى المحيط آخرها. فكر للحظة بأنه يرى بقعية سوداء تخف صاعدة إلى أعلى قصة. فكر جودي بالسيف المغول وجيتانو. وفكر بالجبال الشاهقة. داعبه شوق، وكان شوقاً عارماً جداً إلى درجة أنه رغب في أن يخرج حتى يكون هناك قرب الخوض المستدير عند خط الأغماجم. غطى عينيه بذراعيه المتصلبة وظل مدمراً هناك مدة طويلة، وكان مفعماً بحزن لا اسم له.
APPENDIX 3: Chapter Five of The General’s Daughter and Its Translation
Many thanks to my consiglieri,
Dave Westermann, Mike Tryon,
Len Ridini, Tom Eschmann, Steve Astor,
John Betts, and Nick Ellison.

Mille grazie.
acrobatics, I knew that if there was anyone up there with a gun who wanted to use it, I’d be dead by now. But you have to go through the drill. So I spun back against the hallway wall and glanced inside the door that had been open. I could see a large bedroom and another door that led to a bathroom. I motioned Cynthia to come up the stairs and handed her the Smith & Wesson. ‘Cover me,’ I said, and entered the large master bedroom, keeping an eye on the sliding doors of the closet, and the open bathroom. I picked up a bottle of perfume from the dressing table and threw it in the bathroom, where it shattered. Reckon by fire, as we used to say in the infantry, but again I did not provoke a response.

I gave the bedroom and bathroom a quick look, then rejoined Cynthia, who was in a crouched firing stance off to the side, covering all the doors. I half expected, half wanted someone to be in this house so I could arrest him – or her – wrap the case, and get the hell back to Virginia. But that was not to be.

Cynthia looked into the large bedroom and commented, ‘She made her bed.’
‘Well, you know how those West Pointers are.’
‘I think it’s sad. She was so neat and orderly. Now she’s dead and everything will be a mess.’

I glanced at Cynthia. ‘Well, let’s begin in the kitchen.’

Chapter Five

Indeed, there is something sad and eerie about intruding into a dead person’s house, walking through rooms they will never see again, opening their cabinets, closets, and drawers, handling their possessions, reading their mail, and even listening to the messages on their answering machine. Clothes, books, videotapes, food, liquor, cosmetics, bills, medicine . . . a whole life suddenly ended away from home, and no one left behind, and a house filled with the things that sustain, define, and hopefully explain a life – room by room with no living guide to point out a favourite picture on the wall, to take you through a photo album, to offer you a drink, or tell you why the plants are dry and dying.

In the kitchen, Cynthia noticed the bolted door, and I informed her, ‘It leads to the basement. It’s secure, so we’ll check it out last.’

She nodded.

The kitchen yielded very little except for the fact that Ann Campbell was for sure a neat-freak and ate the kind of healthful foods – yogurt, bean sprouts, bran muffins, and such – that make my stomach heave. The refrigerator and pantry also held many bottles of good wine and premium beer.

One cupboard was crammed with hard liquor and cordials, again all high-priced, even at post exchange prices. In fact, by the price tags still stuck on some of the bottles, the liquor did not come from the PX. I asked, ‘Why would she pay civilian prices for liquor?’

Cynthia, who is sensitive, replied, ‘Perhaps she didn’t want to be seen in the PX liquor store. You know – single
woman, general's daughter. Men don't worry about that.'
I said, 'But I can relate to that. I was once spotted in
the commissary with a quart of milk and three containers
of yogurt. I avoided the O Club for weeks.'
No comment from Cynthia, but she did roll her eyes. Clearly, I was getting on her nerves.

It occurred to me that a junior male partner would not
be so disrespectful. And neither would a new female
partner. This familiarity obviously had something to do
with us having once slept together. I had to process this.

'Let's see the other rooms,' she said.

So we did. The downstairs powder room was immaculate, though the toilet seat was in the up position, and
having just learned a thing or two from that colonel at the
O Club, I concluded that a man had been here recently.
In fact, Cynthia commented on it, adding, 'At least he
didn't drip like most of you old guys do.'

We were really into this gender and generation thing
now, and I had a few good zingers on the tip of
my tongue, but the clock was ticking and the Midland
police could show up any minute, which would lead to a
more serious difference of opinion than that which was
developing between Ms Sunhill and me.

Anyway, we searched the living room and dining area,
which were pristine, as though they were sanitized for
public consumption. The decor was contemporary but, as
with many career military people, there were mementos
from all over the world – Japanese lacquers, Bavarian
pewter, Italian glass, and so forth. The paintings on the
walls would have been appropriate in a geometry class-
room – cubes, circles, lines, ovals, and that type of thing,
in mostly primary colours. They conveyed nothing, which
was the point, I suppose. So far, I couldn't get a handle
on Ann Campbell. I mean, I remember once searching
the home of a murderer, and within ten minutes I had a
grip on the guy. Sometimes it's a small thing like a record
album collection, or paintings of cats on the walls, or dirty
underwear on the floor. Sometimes it's the books on the
shelves or the lack of them, a photo album, or, eureka, a
diary. But here, in this place, so far, I felt I had mistakenly
broken into the realtor's model unit.

The last room on the ground floor was a study lined
with books, in which sat a desk, sofa, and armchair. There
was also an entertainment console that held a TV and
stereo equipment. On the desk was a telephone answering
machine with a blinking light, but we left it alone for the
moment.

We gave the study a thorough search, shaking out the
books, looking in and under the desk drawers, and finally
reading book titles and CD titles. Her taste in books ran
to military publications, a few cookbooks, health and
fitness books, no fiction or literature whatsoever. But
there was a complete collection of Friedrich Nietzsche,
and a large collection of titles on psychology, which
reminded me that we were dealing with a person who not
only was a psychologist but worked in a very arcane
branch of this field, to wit: psychological warfare. This
might develop into one of the most relevant aspects of
this case, or the least relevant.

Heart and hormones aside, all crimes and criminal
behaviour begin in the mind, and the call to action comes
from the mind, and the concealment of the crime com-
pletely occupies the mind afterwards. So we eventually
had to get into the minds of a lot of people, and that's
where we would learn about the general's daughter, and
learn why she was murdered. With a case like this, when
you knew why, you could usually figure out who.

Cynthia was flipping through CDs and announced,
'Elevator music, a few golden oldies, some Beatles and
classical stuff, mostly Viennese guys.'

'Like Sigmund Freud playing Strauss on the oboe?'
'Something like that.'
I turned on the TV, expecting that it would be tuned to a fitness or news channel. But instead it was on the VCR channel. I rummaged through the videotape collection, which consisted of a few old black-and-white classics, a few exercise tapes, and some hand-labelled tapes marked ‘Psy-Ops, Lecture Series.’

I put one of them in the recorder and pushed the play button. ‘Take a look.’

Cynthia turned around and we both watched as Captain Ann Campbell’s image filled the screen, dressed in battle fatigues and standing at a rostrum. She was, indeed, a very good-looking woman, but beyond that she had bright and alert eyes that stared into the camera for a few seconds before she smiled and began, ‘Good morning, gentlemen. Today we are going to discuss the several ways in which psychological operations, or psy warfare, if you wish, can be used by the infantry commander in the field to decrease enemy morale and fighting effectiveness. The ultimate objective of these operations is to make your job as infantry commanders somewhat easier. Your mission – to make contact with and destroy the enemy – is a tough one, and you are aided by other branches of the Army, such as artillery, air, armour, and intelligence. However, a little-understood and too-little-used tool is available to you – psychological operations.’

She went on, ‘The enemy’s will to fight is perhaps the single most important element that you must calculate into your battle plans. His guns, his armour, his artillery, his training, his equipment, and indeed even his numbers are all secondary to his willingness to stand and fight.’ She looked out over her offscreen audience and let a moment pass before continuing. ‘No man wants to die. But many men can be motivated to risk their lives in defence of their countries, their families, and even an abstraction, or a philosophy. Democracy, religion, racial pride, individual honour, unit and interpersonal loyalty, the promise of plunder, and, yes, women . . . rape. These are among the historical motivators for frontline troops.’

As she spoke, a slide projection screen behind her flashed images of ancient battle scenes taken from old prints and paintings. I recognized ‘The Rape of the Sabines’, by Da Bologna, which is one of the few classical paintings I can name. Sometimes I wonder about myself.

Captain Campbell continued, ‘The objective of psychological warfare is to chip away at these motivators, but not to tackle them head-on, as they are often too strong and too ingrained to be changed in any significant way through propaganda or psy-ops. The best we can hope to do is to plant some seeds of doubt. However, this does not crack morale and lead to mass desertions and surrender. It only lays the groundwork for stage two of psy-ops, which is, ultimately, to instill fear and panic into the enemy ranks. Fear and panic. Fear of death, fear of grotesque wounds, fear of fear. Panic – that least understood of all psychological states of mind. Panic – a deep abiding, free-floating anxiety, often without any reason or logical basis. Our ancestors used war drums, war pipes, bloodcurdling shouts, taunts, and even breast beating and primal screams to induce panic in the enemy camps.’

The image on the screen behind her now looked to be a depiction of a Roman army in full flight, being chased by a horde of fierce looking barbarians.

She continued, ‘In our pursuit of technical excellence and high-tech solutions to battlefield problems, we have forgotten the primal scream.’ Ann Campbell hit a button on the rostrum and a high-decibel, bloodcurdling scream filled the room. She smiled and said, ‘That will loosen your sphincter.’ A few men in the classroom laughed, and the microphone picked up some guy saying, ‘Sounds like my wife when she climaxes.’ More laughter, and Captain Campbell, reacting to the remark, laughed too, an almost bawdy laugh, completely out of character. She looked
down a moment, as if at her notes, and when she looked up again, her expression had returned to business and the laughter died down.

I had the impression she was playing the crowd, getting them on her side the way most male Army instructors did with an off-colour joke or an occasional personal comment. Clearly, she had reached out and touched the audience, had shared a moment of sexual complicity and revealed what was beneath the neat uniform. But only for a moment. I turned off the VCR. ‘Interesting lecture.’

Cynthia said, ‘Who would want to kill a woman like that? I mean, she was so alive. So vital and so self-assured...’

Which may be why someone wanted to kill her. We stood in silence a moment, sort of in respect, I suppose, as if Ann Campbell’s presence and spirit were still in the room. In truth, I was quite taken with Ann Campbell. She was the type of woman you noticed, and once seen, was never forgotten. It wasn’t only her looks that grabbed your attention, but her whole demeanour and bearing. Also, she had a good command voice, deep and distinct, yet feminine and sexy. Her accent was what I call Army brat—a product of ten or twenty duty stations around the world, with an occasional southern pronunciation taking you by surprise. All in all, this was a woman who could command the respect and attention of men, or drive them to distraction.

As for how women related to her, Cynthia seemed impressed, but I suspected that some women might find her threatening, especially if their husbands or boyfriends had any proximity to Ann Campbell. How Ann Campbell related to other women was, as yet, a mystery. Finally, to break the silence, I said, ‘Let’s finish this business.’

We went back to our search of the study. Cynthia and I both went through a photo album we found on the shelf. The photos appeared to be entirely en famille: General and Mrs Campbell, a young man who was probably the son, shots of Daddy and Ann in mufti, uncle and aunt types, West Point, picnics, Christmas, Thanksgiving, ad nauseam, and I had the impression her mother put the album together for her daughter. This was documentary proof positive that the Campbells were the happiest, most loving, best adjusted, most socially integrated family this side of the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit, with Mary taking most of the snapshots. ‘Pablum,’ I said. ‘But it does tell one something, does it not?’

‘What?’ asked Cynthia.

‘They probably all hate one another.’

‘You’re being cynical,’ she said. ‘And jealous,’ she added, ‘because we don’t have families like this.’

I closed the album. ‘We’ll soon find out what’s behind their cheesy smiles.’

At this point, the enormity of what we were doing seemed to hit Cynthia and she said, ‘Paul... we have to question General Campbell... Mrs Campbell...’

I replied, ‘Murder is unpleasant enough. When it’s rape and murder and it doesn’t appear random, and the victim’s father is a national hero, then the idiots who are going to examine the victim’s life had better know what they’re getting into. Understand?’

She contemplated this a moment and informed me, ‘I really want this case. I feel... you know... some affinity for her. I didn’t know her, but I know life wasn’t easy for her in this man’s Army.’

‘Spare me, Cynthia.’

‘Well, really, Paul, how would you know?’

‘Try being a white man these days.’

‘Give me a break.’

‘Now I remember what we used to fight about.’

‘Neutral corners.’

We walked to opposite sides of the room, though not the corners, and continued our search. I looked at the
framed things on the wall – Ann Campbell’s West Point diploma, her Army commission, training certificates, commendations, and a few other Department of the Army and Department of Defense certificates, including one that recognized her contribution to Operation Desert Storm, though the nature of the contribution was not specified. I cleared my throat and said to Ms Sunhill, ‘Did you ever hear about Operation Bonkers during Desert Storm?’

She replied, ‘Not that I recall.’

‘Well, some smart cookie in psy-ops had this idea of dropping hard-core porno photos on the Iraqi positions. Most of those poor bastards had not seen a woman in months or years, so this psy-ops sadist wants to bury them in photos of hot, pink flesh, which will drive them bonkers. The idea goes all the way up to the joint command, and it’s a definite winner, a go, until the Saudis hear about it and go ballistic. You know, they’re a little tight and not as enlightened as we are about bare tits and ass. So the thing was squashed, but the word was that the idea was brilliant and could have shortened the ground war from four days to fifteen minutes.’ I smiled.

Cynthia replied frostily, ‘It’s disgusting.’

‘Actually, I agree in theory. But if it saved one life, it might have been justified.’

‘The means do not justify the ends. What’s the point?’

‘Well, what if the idea of the porno bombardment had come from a woman instead of some male pig?’

‘You mean Captain Campbell?’

‘Certainly that idea came out of the Special Operations School here. Let’s check it out.’

Cynthia went into one of her contemplative moods, then looked at me. ‘Did you know her?’

‘I knew of her.’

‘What did you know of her?’

‘What most everyone else knew, Cynthia. She was perfect in every way, made in the USA, pasteurized and homogenized by the Public Information Office, and delivered fresh to your doorstep, creamy white and good for you.’

‘And you don’t believe that?’

‘No, I don’t. But if we discover that I’m wrong, then I’m in the wrong business and I’ll resign.’

‘You may wind up doing that anyway.’

‘Most probably.’ I added, ‘Please consider how she died, how bizarre it was, and how unlikely it would be for a stranger to have got the drop on a soldier who was alert, bright, armed, and ready to shoot.’

She nodded, then said as if to herself, ‘I have considered what you are suggesting. It’s not uncommon for a female officer to lead two lives – public rectitude and private . . . whatever. But I’ve also seen women, rape victims, married and single, who led exemplary private lives and who wound up as victims by pure chance. I’ve also seen women who lived on the jagged edge, but whose rape had not a thing to do with their promiscuity or the crazies they hung out with. Again, it was pure chance.’

‘That’s a possibility, and I don’t discount it.’

‘And don’t be judgemental, Paul.’

‘I’m not. I’m no saint. How about you?’

‘You know better than to ask.’ She walked over to where I was standing and put her hand on my shoulder, which sort of took me by surprise. She said, ‘Can we do this? I mean together? Are we going to screw this up?’

‘No. We’re going to solve it.’

Cynthia poked her finger in my stomach, sort of like I needed a punctuation mark for that sentence. She turned and walked back to Ann Campbell’s desk.

I turned my attention back to the wall and noticed now a framed commendation from the American Red Cross in appreciation for her work on a blood donor drive, another commendation from a local hospital thanking her for her
work with seriously ill children, and a teaching certificate from a literacy volunteer organization. Where did this woman find the time to do all that, plus her regular job, plus volunteering for extra duty, plus the mandatory social side of Army life, plus have a private life? Could it be, I wondered, that this extraordinarily beautiful woman had no private life? Could I be so far off base that I wasn’t even in the ballpark?

Cynthia announced, ‘Here’s her address book.’

‘That reminds me. Did you get my Christmas card? Where are you living these days?’

‘Look, Paul, I’m sure your buddies at headquarters have snooped through my file for you and told you everything about me in the past year.’

‘I wouldn’t do that, Cynthia. It’s not ethical or professional.’

She glanced at me. ‘Sorry.’ She put the address book in her handbag, went over to the telephone answering machine, and pushed the play button.

A voice said, ‘Ann, this is Colonel Fowler. You were supposed to stop by the general’s house this morning after you got off duty.’ The colonel sounded brusque. He continued, ‘Mrs Campbell prepared breakfast for you. Well, you’re probably sleeping now. Please call the general when you get up, or call Mrs Campbell.’ He hung up.

I said, ‘Maybe she killed herself. I would.’

Cynthia commented, ‘It certainly couldn’t be easy being a general’s daughter. Who is Colonel Fowler?’

‘I think he’s the post adjutant.’ I asked Cynthia, ‘How did that message sound to you?’

‘Official. The tone suggested some familiarity, but no particular warmth. As if he was just doing his duty by calling his boss’s forgetful daughter, whom he outranks, but who is nevertheless the boss’s daughter. How did it sound to you?’

I thought a moment and replied, ‘It sounded made up.’

‘Oh . . . like a cover call?’

I pushed the play button again, and we listened. I said, ‘Maybe I’m starting to imagine things.’

‘Maybe not.’

I picked up the phone and dialled the provost marshal’s office. Colonel Kent was in and I got him on the line. ‘We are still at the deceased’s house,’ I informed him. ‘Have you spoken to the general yet?’

‘No . . . I haven’t . . . I’m waiting for the chaplain . . .’

‘Bill, this thing will be all over post in a matter of hours. Inform the deceased’s family. And no form letters or telegrams.’

‘Look, Paul, I’m up to my ass in alligators with this thing, and I called the post chaplain and he’s on his way here –’

‘Fine. Did you get her office moved?’

‘Yes. I put everything in an unused hangar at Jordan Field.’

‘Good. Now get a bunch of trucks out here with a platoon of MPs who don’t mind hard work and know how to keep their mouths shut, and empty her house. I mean everything, Colonel – furniture, carpeting, right down to the light bulbs, toilet seats, refrigerator, and food. Take photos here, and put everything in that hangar in some semblance of the order that it’s found. Okay?’

‘Are you crazy?’

‘Absolutely. And be sure the men wear gloves and get forensic to print everything that they’d normally print.’

‘Why do you want to move the whole house?’

‘Bill, we have no jurisdiction here, and I’m not trusting the town police to play fair. So when the Midland police get here, the only thing they can impound is the wallpaper. Trust me on this. The scene of the crime was a US military reservation. So this is all perfectly legal.’

‘No, it’s not.’

‘We do this my way, or I’m out of here, Colonel.’
There was a long pause, followed by a grunt that sounded like ‘Okay.’

‘And send an officer down to Dixie Bell in town and have Ann Campbell’s number forwarded to a number on post. In fact, get it forwarded to a line in that hangar. Plug her answering machine in and put in a new incoming message tape. Hold on to the old tape. It’s got a message on it. Mark it as evidence.’

‘Who do you think is going to call after the headlines are splashed all over the state?’

‘You never know. Did forensic get there yet?’

‘Yes. They’re at the scene. So is the body.’

‘And Sergeant St John and PFC Robbins?’

‘They’re still sleeping. I put them in separate cells. Unlocked. Do you want me to read them their rights?’

‘No, they’re not suspects. But you can hold them as material witnesses until I get around to them.’

‘Soldiers have some rights,’ Kent informed me. ‘And St John has a wife, and Robbins’s CO probably thinks she went AWOL.’

‘Then make some calls on their behalf. Meantime, they’re incommunicado. How about Captain Campbell’s medical and personnel files?’

‘Got them right here.’

‘What are we forgetting, Bill?’

‘The Constitution.’

‘Don’t sweat the small stuff.’

‘You know, Paul, I have to work with Chief Yardley. You guys are in and out. Yardley and I get along all right, considering the problems –’

‘I said I’ll take the rap.’

‘You’d damn well better.’ He asked, ‘Did you find anything interesting there?’

‘Not yet. Did you?’

‘The grid search hasn’t turned up much beyond a few pieces of litter.’

‘Did the dogs find anything?’

‘No more victims,’ He added, ‘The handlers let them sniff inside the jeep, and the dogs beelined right to the body. Then the dogs went back to the humvee, across the road, past the bleachers, and right out to the latrines in the trees. Then they lost the scent and doubled back to the humvee.’ He continued, ‘We can’t know if the dogs picked up this guy’s scent or just her scent. But somebody, maybe the victim and the perpetrator together, or one or the other, did go out to the latrines.’ He hesitated, then said, ‘I have the feeling that the murderer had his own vehicle, and since we see no tyre marks in the soil anywhere, the guy never left the road. So he was parked there on the road before or after she stopped. They both dismount, he gets the drop on her and takes her out to the range and does it. He then goes back to the road . . .’

‘Carrying her clothes.’

‘Yes. And he puts the clothes in his vehicle, then . . .’

‘Goes to the latrine, washes up, combs his hair, then goes back to his vehicle and drives away.’

‘Kent said, ‘That’s the way it could have happened. But that’s just a theory.’

‘I have a theory that we’re going to need another hangar to hold the theories. Okay, about six trucks should do it. And send a sensitive female officer to supervise. And send someone from community affairs who can cool out the neighbours while the MPs empty the place. See you later.’ I hung up.

Cynthia said, ‘You have a quick and analytical mind, Paul.’

‘Thank you.’

‘If you had a little compassion and heart, you’d be a better person.’

‘I don’t want to be a better person.’ I added, ‘Hey, wasn’t I a good guy in Brussels? Didn’t I buy you Belgian chocolates?’
She didn’t reply immediately, then said, ‘Yes, you did. Well, should we go upstairs before upstairs winds up at Jordan Field?’

‘Good idea.’

Chapter Six

The master suite, as I indicated, was neat and clean, except for the shattered perfume bottle on the bathroom floor that now stunk up the place. The furniture was functional modern, sort of Scandinavian, I suppose, with no soft touches, nothing to suggest that it was madam’s boudoir. It occurred to me that I wouldn’t want to make love in this room. The carpet, too, was unsuited for a bedroom, being a tight woven Berber that left no footprints. Something, however, did stand out: twenty bottles of perfume, which Cynthia said were very expensive, and the civilian clothes in the closet, which she said were equally overpriced. A second, smaller closet – what would have been ‘his’ closet if she had a husband or live-in – was filled with neat Army uniforms for the summer season, including greens, battle dress, combat boots, and all the necessary accessories. More interesting, in the far corner of the closet was an M-16 rifle with a full magazine and a round in the chamber, locked and loaded, ready to rock and roll. I said, ‘This is a military issue – fully automatic.’

‘Unauthorized off post,’ Cynthia observed.

‘My goodness.’ We rummaged around a while longer, and I was going through Ann Campbell’s underwear drawer when Cynthia said, ‘You already looked in there, Paul. Don’t get strange on me.’

‘I’m looking for her West Point ring,’ I replied with annoyance. ‘It wasn’t on her finger, and it’s not in her jewellery box.’

‘It was taken off her finger. I saw the tan line.’

I pressed the drawer shut. ‘Keep me informed,’ I said. ‘You too,’ she snapped.
THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER
لا شك في أن شعرًا عميقًا مرنا يراود المرء حينما يتحلى خليفة داخل منزل شخص متقن، وينتبه عبر العرف أن يراها أصابها بعد ذلك أبداً، ففيتقوم دواليبه وأدراجهم، وخرجهم، وقف في ممتلكاته، وقراً برغمهم، بل يستعيد إلى الرسائل التي ورثهم على جبهة تسجيل الكلامات، كتب ورسائل، وشرطة فيديو وأطعمة ومشروعات وأدوات تصميم وفواتير، أشياء كاملاً تنتهي فجأة بعيدًا عن المنزل، ولم يبق أحد، وأصبح هذا المنزل الذي يعيز الحياة المترفة لا صاحب يضيفه عبر أرجاءه، لا يفوق إلا أنيق تلحنه لوحات المفضلة المعلقة على الجدار، ويعتبر معك بكم أبوة صورة، أو ينفق تلك شرارة، أو يخلصه إلى البسيط الذي يجمع هذه اللجان حافة ذائبة، وفي المطبخ مسئولتة (سبيتة) باب المطلع بالزجاج، فأشارته بأنه يؤدي إلى القبو، والقنوء مؤمن، وسوف تستكشفه في النهاية.

أولى منتمية.

ليس آخر نقد يتلخص لنا بالمطبل الكبير، فيما يوجد أن (أاسم) منظمة جداً وتنبأ الطعام الصحي فقط - كالذيكي والبقوليات ومخلوطات الزرادة وقدماً ذلك - وهو طعام لا تستعينه معتنقة، كما أن عملية خزان المطبخ يتوحى من عدة جزءيات من قبل.

المشروبات المفضلة القمية الأسماح.

وجدنا أن أحسن ملء للمشروبات المفضلة القمية الباطنة السليمة، حتى بالنسبة لأسعارها داخل الجرائم، وحقًا أنه يتبرع من خلال سدفع الضرع على بعض القنينات أجل أن نتذكرون أن شرب هذه المشروبات بالإلحاد المباح.

أجابنا (سبيتة) في كلامه: "أنا لا تريد أن في أتى واحد هو في تجربة من متاجر الجنرال، فهي تتكفل، وعندما، كنا بدأنا أبداً يعني، أما الرجل، فلهالمة ذلك، فليست تذكر مثل هذه الأمور، ذات مرة رأي زميلنا وأنا يتعقب قنينة حليب وثلاث عدد من الثمذارد، فلم يتسع من الباب إلى دهشة ألسام أي.

لا تتعلق (سبيتة)، إلا أنها أتقطت تلقينا فيها في مل من سكريات فيما يبدو، من الواضح أنها لم تعد تبتين تعلقات.
والمصادر والخبايا ما يجعل لكما إجراء الهواء، والراعي في كتب المكتبة، قبل ذلك الأدبي، ويدخل في الروايات.

وانتظرت القاعدة: كنواك الزاوية في المكتبة، أما أسلحته في مسامعك، ودموعه في وجوبك. وعندما ي🍹ك بالهوى، فإنك معك، وذاتك في النور.

لا يوجد ما يصبح جديداً في حجرة المكتبة، قبل الكتاب، ويدخل في أدراج المكتبة، وتعمل، وتعمك، وتعمل.

وما نحن كن لا من الباب والهروب المحدود، لو أننا نستطيع أن نطبع الكلب الإحرازي هو الحب، فهو الذي يتناول الأمر بالفعل، كما أننا نعمل في إجابة الجرافة، لتشمل ما تفضل.

وقد يكون هذا في أجمل الجوانب التي لها بيئة صلبة، أو الاقتران في الجملة، بها.

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استهلكت الطبق (كمايبل) في الصرخ: إن هذه الحرب النفسية، ليست فيها الدوافع، بل تلهمك النور. معها، هناك أننا فهم أننا أن نتيمها، بدءاً من أننا أنهي الرغبة في المعتادة، أو الاقتران في الجملة.

وقد يكون هذا في أجمل الجوانب التي لها بيئة صلبة، أو الاقتران في الجملة، بها.
هذا علل الضحكات ومعها ضحكتي القديم (كامل)، ضححت بدت متناقضة مع شخصيتها، تنبت وكأنها تردد أرواحها، حينما رفعت عليها إلى الحضور ثانية، كانت الجديـة قد غارت على واجيدها.

تُنـوـل لديّ اطعـام بأنها تتلاعب بالحضور، وتكسبهم في صفها بالطريـقة التي يتبعها معظم العلماء الرحـال في حين دعاء أو تعليق شقيق من خير آخر، ومن الواضح أنها قد أثرت في الحضور، فقد شاركتما لهذه الطريقة بكتف الفطرة عما يبغضها الزي العسكري، أعاقت جهاد القبود وأن أعلق بالقول: "محافظة شبه." قالت (سبيـتا): «مـبـير في قـلب امـرأة مثلها؟ أـصد أـنها كانت مـمـتعة بالحـوبية،... تشتيت وواطئا من نفسها...».

ربما لـهذا كانت رفعها أـحـدهم في أن ابتزت، وفقاً في صمت انتبة، بدت نوعاً من الاحتضار فيما يبدو، وكأنما كانت (كامل) لم تزل حاضرة بجسدها وروحها في الغرفة، ورغم فقد أعنت بشخصية (أنا، كاـميل)، فقد كانت نورًا للنساء الذي لم أـلتظه لو لم تشرد إلى ليس الأمر يتعلق بفطرسها التي تجذب الابتسامة الكبار، بما أنها تستعطف بصوت أمر قوي، عبق مميز، إلا أنها مكملة للطابع الأدبي البسيط في ذات الوقت، وكانت نسمة من النوع الذي بينهما تطبيـعية، وهي نهـة لا يكشفها العسكري إلا أنه لا تقـر عن عصرة إلى الأبد في الحضور في مختلف المواقف العسكرية حول العالم، ويزعج مسـننها بـاـين الحين والآخر نوع مـهـد مـهـن بـنـجـوـي الطـابـع، فـلـك امـرأة يمكنها أن تكسب احترام إـنـتـبـة، أو أن تـشـتـبـه الأـشياء.

أما فـرفـن ممـتعة بالطريـقة التي تجذـب بها ولاジـدـات، إلا أنـه لـكـيـف في أن تحتفظ بها هناك طريق، وبالإضافة، تأمل الإطارات المعلقة على الجدار، لـهـادة البوتيك (باسم (كامل)، لـهـادة الاحتفال بالحـيـ، شهادات ترـبية، شهادات تقدير، ومن شهادات أخرى من وزارة الدفاع والقوات المسلحة، من بينها واحدة تعود عن التقدير لذكورها في حرب عاصفة الصحراء. تحدثت لأوسمة (صنّول): "هـل سبق لك ما سمعت عن العمالة المنتظمة (السهر الجنسي) خلال حرب عاصفة الصحراء؟"

("لا، لا تكرهت ثماً من هذا القول.

لقد كان لدى البعض من القائمين على الحرب النفسية فكرة، وهي أن يلقوا بصور بوريس على العالم العسكري العربي، فجعلهم هذه الجهد المكسيكي لم يكن قد رأي على الطبيعة أن مرأة على مدى شهر أو سنوات، مما أدى إلى بعضهم بخصوص الحضور المدثر، مما سلهم إلى مجموعة من المحسنين جنسياً، وصلت الفكرة إلى العيد، وكانت فكرة متميزة، حتى سمع

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ليس بوسع من الضحايا بالصدفة البينة. كما رأيت من قبل نساء كن يعفن حياتهن على عواطنها، إلا أن اغتصابهن لم يكن له علاقة بأن كن على صلة بهن من أشخاص، بل كان الأمر من قبل الصدفة البينة. تلك احتمالات لا تُستبعد.

"وإليك لا تُحكم على المظاهر يا (بول)." 

"لا، لا تسيرات. كن في مستوى. وماذا عندك أنتم؟" 

"أنت ما هذا السؤال؟ ما الذي تعنيه تلمذك هذا السؤال؟ ما الذي تعنيه تلمذك هذا السؤال؟" 

"هذا ما نحن نحتاجه، قلناً" قلناً "هل يمكننا إنجاز هذه المهمة؟ هل يمكننا إنجاز هذه المهمة؟" 

"لا، بل نحن نستقبل القصة معاً. " 

خسنت "سيسينيا" بطلّت بإعجابها، وكأنّها تضعف علامة استفهامهم في نهاية عبارة الأخيرة، واستعادت عادةً إلى مكتب "آن كامبل".

حتوى انتهازي معدّاً إلى الجدار ولاحظت الآن بروازاً يحمل شهادة تقدير من الصليب الاحمر الأمريكي، تقديرًا لعملها المخلص في محلة التحرير بالدم، وشهادة تقدير أخرى من منظمتي مدني يشكرها على رعايتها الأطفال من أصوات الأمراض المعرفية، وشهادة تقدير تدريسية من هيئة متنوعة نحو الأمية. من أتّل تلك القدّاة، أووفق العالم كافّ للكثير، هذه بالإضافة إلى عملها الإنساني، والاستمرار في قلّة خدمة إضافية، والدورات الاجتماعية داخل القوات المسلحة، هذا جنبًا إلى جنبًا حياتها الخاصة؟ هل يمكن أن نتحقق كل هذا، وهل يمكننا أن تكون هناك حياة خاصة لمثل هذه القادة القادة الجامعي؟ هل يمكن أن نأتّل في حياتنا العملية ندرة ألا تكون لدينا أيّة حياة خاصة؟

دانتي "سينيا" معلقة: "ها هي مقدمة المناخات خاصّة! " 

"لذلك الآن، هل وصلت إلى الطلب الذي أرسلتها في العيد الدني؟ أو أن أعلم أن

"تعيشين في هذه الأيام؟ " 

"نسمع يا (بول)، أنا متأكد أن من اصدقائي في مقر إدارتنا قد تجسوا على ملقي وأخبروني بكل شيء حدث في خلال العام الماضي؟ " 

"لا أستطيع أن يفعل هذا يا (سينيا)، فهو أمر غير أخلاقي أو مهني. " 

"فممكن نحن نستطيع أن نفعل؟ "، ومع ذلك تقوم حركة المتعاونين في حقيقة بما، ثم انتهت إلى جهاز الردجتماع الباكر، وضعت رمز التشفير.

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"نعم صوتي يقول: "آن"، هكذا يكون" (فيفيل). كان من المفترض أن نتوري مست-flight والدك هذا الصباح بعد انتهائنا من نوبة الحمّدة، كانت نيرة صوت الكولونيل
لا يخفى، ولكنك من أن يريدي جميع الأفراد قناعات وأطلب من رجال البحر الجنائي أن يفهموا جميع المسائل.

ولذا تريد أن تصل المصلح بالأمر؟

تحسن أيها السادة الصحة الاقتصادية، وأنا لا أثق في رغبة شرطة هذه البلدان في أن يُعاملوا في هذه الطريقة. لا، فأنا بيد من أن أجاجي سوء ورق الحائط، ففي ما أطلبه. مخطط معروف تابع للجيش الولايات المتحدة، مما فعله كان عملي تماماً.

كلا، ليس كذلك.

إذا أن قلعت ما أطلبه هناك أو أن أنتخبي عن هذه المهمة أبا الكولونيل؟

حتى صمت طويل، ولكننا واقف في النهاية بكل حق.

وعليك أن ترسل ضابطاً إلى شركة (ديكي بيل) في هذه البلدان لكي يتم تحويل المكالمات الواردة على هاتف (كابيل) إلى هاتف بالقاعدة. وإذا كان أن يكون إلى خط في نفس ذلك الهاتف. كما عليه أن يوصل له جهاز الود الأني، وأن يضع به جهاز شرطة تسجيل جديد، مع وضع علامة على الشريط القديم بصبغة داكنة.

من تتحمل تفسير على ذلك الركن بعد أن تتصرف أداء الجريمة جميع صحف الواجهة؟

من يعر، هل حضر رجال البحر الجنائي؟

هنا، إنه في موقع الجريمة. وكذلك الجهة.

واللقب (ساينت جون) (ماري روبيترز)؟

لا يزال الآن مازم، لقد وضعتهما في زنزانتين متصلتين، مفتوحتين. هل ترى مني أن أقرأ عليهم حقوقهما القانونية؟

كلا، إنني ليس من بين المشتبه بهم، لكننا نفهمهما بصفتهم شاهدين، فليخبروا أيهما.

تكهنى (كينست) قائلًا: للجند بعض الحقوق. ولدى (ساينت جون) زوجة، وربما تتعلق سرية (روبيترز) أنها متعبة من دون إذن.

عليك إذن أن تجري المكالمات الشخصية أو غيرها، فيما الآن متنوع.

عن مباشرة أي شيء. لما أن الملتو الشخصي والعقل للمثل (كابيل)؟

لقد أخبرتهم.

هل هناك ما نسيان يا بيل؟

لم يبق سوى الدستور نفسه.

مفتتحة. لقد أعدت تلك السيدة (كابيل) الإهانة من أجلها. حسنًا، ربما كنت ناضجة الآن.

فأرجو أن تذكر بالحالتها عندما تشكفي، أو التمسك بالسيدة (كابيل). ثم أغصل الخط.

قلت: لو كنت لمماها قلت هذه.

قلت (سينات): إن المؤكد أن كونها لينة الجرائم لم يكن أمرًا سهلاً من الكولونيل (فايرر) هذا.

أعتقد أنه ساعد الجرائم... ما رأيك في هذه الرسالة؟

رسالة رسمية. ونيبرته بعض الاعتبار، ولكن لا يسمح إلى درجة صعبة.

وناكمل يوماً بعد يوم وهو أن تصل بابية رئيسه ليذكرها بما أنه يعتقد أنها ربتها إلا أنها في النهاية لينة رئيسه، وما رأيك أنت؟

فكرة للحظة ثم قلت: بالأ ديد لمختلفة.

أوه... تقبع معالجة وتمرينة للموقف.

من ضعفت زر التنشيط مجدداً، وأصرنا. ثم قلت: ربما بدأت أفهم أن شيء لا أساس.

لها.

وقد تكون محظة.

رفعت سماعة الهاتف وانحنثت بكتب قيادة العامة. كان الكولونيل (كينس) موجوداً، أخبرته قائلًا: لا رأينا في منزل السجن عليها، لم تتحدث مع الجرائم بعد.

كل، لم أجد معنا أنا في انتظار أن يحضر القسط.

تقبل. إن السما سطاع في كافية أرواء القاعدة خلال ساعات، عليك أن تبلغ عائلة المتوفاة، وتم ترسل لها خلفاً أو برقية.

"سجع يا (بول) إن معظم حساس ومهار ما يصورني بالتوتر الآن، وقد اتصلت بالفس.

الصواريخ وهو في طريقه إلى هنا...".

حسنًا، هل نقلت مكتبات؟

أرجو أن وضعت كل شيء في هانجر غير مستخدم في (جوردن فيلد).

"جديد. علقيك أن ترسل مجموعة من عربات الفن إلى هنا مع فرقة من الشرطة العسكرية تكون على استعداد لأداء عمل شاق مع الاحتكاف بسرية مهتمتهم، حتى تفرغ مسؤولتها، هنا سوف نقل كل شيء، الأثاث والمجمل وحتى مصابيح الإضاءة، ومحاذار المحمية، والأشجار، والأثاث، وستلقف صوراً لل مكان، ثم نضع كل شيء في المخزن نفس الترتيب الذي كانت عليه. موفوق.

هل جئت؟"
لا تهزل في الحد أرجوك:
الفراق يا (بول)، إنني أتعامل بصفة مستمرة مع (باردني) رئيس الشرطة، وأنتم المحكومون تحيوتون وتهربون، تبقى مشاكي معه...؟
قلت لك أنه يتحمل المسؤولية.
ساني: بالتأكيد، هل وجدت أي شيء جنب الكلاب؟?
ليس بعد، وأنت؟؟
لم ينتج عن البحث الدقيق لمكان الجريمة أيًا مما يحقق الذكر.
هل وجدت الكلاب شيئاً؟
لم تجد مزيدًا من الضحايا. وقد تركوها تتنقش داخل الجبل، وبعدها تتممت الجلبة.
ثم عادت الكلاب إلى الجبل، عبر الطريق، فيما وراء مدرجات المقاعد، وحتى الحمامات وسط الأنقاض، وبعدها فجّدت الراحة، فعادت إلى السيارة الجبل، ثم تابع قائلًا: ثم نبطّط
الحقوق، ما إذا كانت الكلاب قد التقاطت رائحة الجاني أم أنها كانت رائحة الإجرامي عليها.
إلا أن أحدهما - الجاني والمحني عليهما - أحدهما يشك منفصلًا - قد ذهب بالتأكيد إلى الحمامات، بدأ على صوته العريض، ولكنه تابع قائلًا: أين حذر! شعور بأن الجاني كان بمستقل سيارته الخاصة، وربما إذا لم نجد أي آثار لإطارات على التراب، فإن سيارته لم تغادر الطريق المائلة أيضاً إذا فالم قبّل أو بعد أن توقفت هي، وترجح
كلاهما من سياراتهما، وبعدها تصرّب عليها واقتادها إلى ساحة الرماية حتى أرتكب فعلته.
وبعدها عاد إلى الطريق...؟
واصل ملاسها معه.
أجل، وضع ملاسها في السيارة، ثم...
ذهب إلى الحمامات، واختبأ، ومشط شعره، ثم عاد إلى السيارة وابتدع عن المكان.
قال (كنتي): لقد يكون هذا ما حدث، إلا أنه مجرد أفكار.
بسبب ما أن النظريات من فكرة بحيث تحتاج معها إلى أن تكون مطلقة، خاصة لها، حيثًا، لاحظ هذا إلى ست عريشين تلف، وآمر معها ضابط سيدي حتى شرف
على تلك العملية. وآمر شخصًا من الآشوري الاجتماعي ليحماه، على إكمال قضو
الجرمًا فيما تغرر الشرطة العسكرية المكان. أرك بما بعد، وأطلق الخط.
قائلاً (سينيا): تشتنع بعقل تحتي سريعاً يا (بول).
شكركم.
APPENDIX 4: Chapter One of *East Wind: West Wind* and Its Translation
Other Novels by Pearl S. Buck

All Men Are Brothers (translated)
Dragon Seed
The Good Earth
A House Divided
The House of Earth: A Trilogy
Imperial Woman
Kinfolk
Living Reed
Mandala
The Mother
The Pavilion of Women
Peony
The Promise
Sons
Three Daughters of Madame Liang

East Wind:
West Wind

Pearl S. Buck

Moyer Bell
Kingston, Rhode Island & Lancaster, England
These things I may tell you, My Sister. I could not speak thus even to one of my own people, for she could not understand the far countries where my husband lived for twelve years. Neither could I talk freely to one of the alien women who do not know my people and the manner of life we have had since the time of the ancient empire. But you? You have lived among us all your years. Although you belong to those other lands where my husband studied his western books, you will understand. I speak the truth. I have named you My Sister. I will tell you everything.

You know that for five hundred years my revered ancestors have lived in this age-old city of the Middle Kingdom. Not one of the august ones was modern; nor did he have a desire to change himself. They all lived in quietness and dignity, confident of their rectitude. Thus did my parents rear me in all the
EAST WIND: WEST WIND

honored traditions. I never dreamed I could wish to be different. Without thinking on the matter it seemed to me that as I was, so were all those who were really people. If I heard faintly, as from the distance outside the courtyard walls, of women not like myself, women who came and went freely like men, I did not consider them. I went, as I was taught, in the approved ways of my ancestors. Nothing from the outside ever touched me. I desired nothing. But now the day has come when I watch eagerly these strange creatures—these modern women—seeking how I may become like them. Not, My Sister, for my own sake, but for my husband's.

He does not find me fair! It is because he has crossed the Four Seas to the other and outer countries, and he has learned in those remote places to love new things and new ways.

My mother is a wise woman. When at the age of ten I ceased to be a child and became a maiden, she said to me these words,

"A woman before men should maintain a flower-like silence and should withdraw herself at the earliest moment that is possible without confusion."

I remembered what she said, therefore, when I stood before my husband. I bowed my head and placed my two hands before me. I answered him nothing when he spoke to me. But oh, I fear he finds my silence dull!

When I examine my mind for something to interest him, it is suddenly as barren as rice-fields after the harvest. When I am alone at my embroidery, I think of many delicately beautiful things to say to him. I will tell him how I love him. Not, you mind, in the brazen words copied from the rapacious West. But in hidden words like these,

"My lord, did you mark this day how the dawn began? It was as if the dull earth leaped to meet the sun. Darkness. Then a mighty lift of light like a burst of music! My dear lord, I am thy dull earth, waiting."

Or this, when he sails upon the Lotus Lake in the evening,

"What if the pale wan waters should never feel how the moon draws them? What if the wave [4]
EAST WIND: WEST WIND

should never again be touched to life by its light? Oh, my lord, guard thyself, and return to me safely, lest I be that pale wan thing without thee!"

But when he comes in, wearing the strange foreign dress, I cannot speak these things. Can it be that I am married to a foreigner? His words are few and carelessly spoken, and his eyes slide too hastily over me, even though I wear my peach-colored satin and have pearls in my freshly bound hair.

This is my sorrow. I have been married a bare month, and I am not beautiful in his eyes.

※

Three days have I pondered now, My Sister. I must use cunning and seek for a way to turn my husband's eyes to me. Do I not come of many generations of women who found favor in the eyes of their lords? There have been none lacking in beauty for a hundred years save only one, and that one Kwei-mei in the age of Sung, who was pitted with smallpox at the age of three years. Yet it is written that even she had eyes like black jewels and a voice

[ 6 ]

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which shook men's hearts like wind in the bamboos in spring. Her husband held her so dear that though he had six concubines suitable to his wealth and rank, none of them did he love so well as he loved her. And my ancestress, Yang Kwei-fei—she who bore upon her wrist a white bird—held the very empire in the scented palms of her hands, since the emperor, the Son of Heaven, was mad with her beauty. I, therefore, the least of these honorable ones, must yet have their blood in my blood, and their bones are my bones.

I have examined myself in my bronze mirror. It is nothing for my sake but only for his when I tell you I see that there are others less fair than I. I see that my eyes are clearly defined, the white from the black; I see that my ears are small and delicately pressed to my head, so that the rings of jade and gold cling close; I see that my mouth is small also, and makes the approved curve in the oval of my face. I wish only that I were not so pale, and that the line of my brows were carried an eighth of an inch further toward the temples. I correct my pale-
ness with a touch of rose upon my palms rubbed against my cheeks. A brush dipped in black perfects my brows.

I am fair enough then, and prepared for him. But the instant his eyes fall on me I perceive that he observes nothing, neither lips nor brows. His thoughts are wandering over the earth, over the sea, everywhere except where I stand waiting for him!

*=*

When the geomancer had set the day for my marriage, when the red lacquered boxes were packed to the brim, when scarlet flowered satin quilts were heaped high on the tables, and the wedding cakes piled like pagodas, my mother bade me come to her room. I washed my hands and smoothed my hair freshly and entered her apartments. She had seated herself in her black carved chair and was sipping her tea. Her long, silver-bound bamboo pipe leaned against the wall beside her. I stood before her with my head drooping, not presuming to meet her eyes. Nevertheless I felt her keen gaze covering my face, my body, my feet. Its sharp warmth penetrated to

my very heart through the silence. At last she bade me sit. She toyed with watermelon seeds from a dish on the table beside her, her face quiet in its accustomed expression of inscrutable sadness. My mother was wise.

"Kwei-lan, my daughter," she said, "you are about to marry the man to whom you were betrothed before you were born. Your father and his were brother-friends. They swore to unite themselves through their children. Your betrothed was then six years of age. You were born within the circle of that year. Thus you were destined. You have been reared for this end.

"Through these seventeen years of your life I have had this hour of your marriage in mind. In everything I have taught you I have considered two persons, the mother of your husband and your husband. For her sake I have taught you how to prepare and to present tea to an elder; how to stand in an elder's presence; how to listen in silence while an elder speaks whether in praise or blame; in all things I have taught you to submit yourself as a flower submits to sun and rain alike."
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“For your husband I have taught you how to decorate your person, how to speak to him with eyes and expression but without words, how to—but these things you will understand when the hour comes and you are alone with him.

“Therefore, you are well versed in all the duties of a gentlewoman. The preparation of sweetmeats and delicate foods you understand, so that you may tempt your husband’s appetite and set his thoughts upon your value. Never cease to beguile him with your ingenuity in different dishes.

“The manners and etiquette of aristocratic life—how to enter and leave the presence of your superiors, how to speak to your inferiors, how to enter your sedan, how to greet his mother in the presence of others—these things you know. The behavior of a hostess, the subtlety of smiles, the art of hair decoration with jewels and flowers, the painting of your lips and fingernails, the use of scent upon your person, the cunning of shoes upon your little feet—ah, me, those feet of yours and all the tears they have cost! But I know of none so small in your generation. My own were scarcely more tiny at your age.

[ 10 ]

EAST WIND: WEST WIND

I only hope that the family of Li have paid heed to my messages and have bound as closely the feet of their daughter, the betrothed of your brother, my son. But I am fearful of it because I hear she is learned in the Four Books, and learning has never accompanied beauty in women. I must send word to the go-between again regarding the matter.

“As for you, my child, if my daughter-in-law equals you, I shall not complain over-much. You have been taught to play that ancient harp whose strings have been swept by generations of our women for the delight of their lords. Your fingers are skillful, and your nails are long. You have even been taught the most famous verses of the old poets, and you can sing them sweetly to your harp. I cannot see how even your mother-in-law will find anything lacking in my work. Unless you should bear no son! But I will go to the temple and present the goddess with a gift, should you pass the first year without conception.”

My blood rose to my face. I cannot remember when I did not know of birth and motherhood. The desire for sons in a household like ours, where my
EAST WIND: WEST WIND

father had three concubines whose sole interest was in the conceiving and bearing of children, was too ordinary to contain any mystery. Yet the thought of this for myself—but my mother did not even see my hot cheeks. She sat absorbed in meditation and fell to toying again with the watermelon seeds.

"There is only one thing," she said finally, "he has been abroad to foreign lands. He has even studied foreign medicines. I do not know—but enough! Time reveals all. You are dismissed."

[12]

II

I could not remember when my mother had spoken so many words, My Sister. Indeed, she seldom spoke, except to correct or to command. This was right, for no one else in our women's apartments was equal to her, the First Lady, in position or native ability. You have seen my mother, My Sister? She is very thin, you remember, and her face seems carved from ivory for its pallor and its calm. I have heard it said that in her youth before she was wed, she possessed the great beauty of moth eyebrows and lips of the delicacy of the coral-colored buds of the quince tree. Even yet her face, fleshless though it is, preserves the clear oval of the paintings of the ancient women. As for her eyes, the Fourth Lady has a clever tongue, and she said of them once,

"The First Lady's eyes are sad jewels, black pearls, dying from over-much knowledge of sorrow."

Ah, my mother!

[13]
د. م. ه. و. ف. أو. و. ل. و. ه. م. 4861
ش. ل. م. 077...
هذه الأشياء يمكن أن أرويها الله يا أختاه، لا يمكنني أن أتحدث هكذا إلى واحدة من بنات وطني أو إلينا، إذ إنها لن تفهم البلدان البعيدة حيث عاش زوجي أثنا عشر عاماً، كما لا يمكنني أن أتكلم بصراحة إلى واحدة من النساء الأجانب اللائلي لا يعرفن شعبينا، وأسلوب الحياة التي افلتنا منذ عصر الإمبراطورية القديمة، ولكن أنني، لقد عشتي بيننا كل سيّب عمرك وعلل رغم من أنك تنتمين إلى تلك البلدان الأخرى التي تدرس فيها زوجي كتبه الغربية، فإنك ستفهمين، إنني أتكلم الصدق، لقد أسيئت إختي، وسأخبرك بكل شيء.

إليك تعلمين أن أسقاف المجلين قد عاشوا في هذه المدينة القديمة إبان المملكة الوسطى التي استمرت طوال خمسمائة عام. لم يكن هناك أحد من أبناء ذلك العصر ذو نزعة حديثة، أو له رغبة في تغيير نفسه. لقد عاشوا جميعًا في هدوء وسكون ووقار، والثروتين من استقامتهم وصحة رأيهم، وهكذا نشأنا والدائي في ظل كل تقاليد الشرق. لم أحلم قط
الشيء عقيم فارغ، كحقول الأرز بعد الحصاد. وحين أكون وحدي
منشغلا بالتطريز، فإنني أفكر في كثير من الأشياء الجميلة الرفيعة
لأنها بعثتني. سافرت له، صمت – كما تذكرني – كلمات وفقة
أناكون فيها الغرفة الجماع الضارى، ولكن بكلمات مستمرة، مثل هذه:
"سيدي، هل لا تخف كيف يزغ الفجر في هذا اليوم؟ لقد كنت كما لو
أن الأرض المتبلدة قد فزعت لتنير بالشمس. كان الظلام جائماً، ثم
أشرق ضوء رائع كمسيحيي عذبة تنسب فجأة: يا سيدى العزيز، إنني
أرضَت المتبلدة التي تنتظر...
أو أقول له عندما يبحر فوق بحيرة اللوتس في النهار:
"ماذا لو أن الليالي الواهنة الشاحبة لم تعد تشعر كيف يثير القمر
انتباهها؟ وماذا لو أن الموجة لم تبعث فيها ضوئهما الحياة مرة أخرى؟
أوه يا سيدى كن حذرًا، ودعو ليس بسألياً، محاكاة أن أكون ذلك الشيء
الواهن الشاحب دونك!"

بيد أنني لم أقول على التفوق بكل الأشياء حينما يجيء مثيراً بملايس
اجنبية غيري.. أو يرجع ذلك إلى أني تزوجت أجنبيًا؟ إن كلماته قليلة،
ويتحدثها بلاعيبات، وتنزلق عيناه فوقه بتعمل، على الرغم من أنني
أرتدي ثوبًا من الساتان بلون الخوخ، وزينت شعرى المعقود حديثًا
بالألبستر.

بأتي إنني يمكن أن أرغب في أن أكون مختلفة مهما. ويدون أن أفكر في الأمر
بُدأ في أنني كنت، فإن جميع الناس الحقيقيين كانوا مثل. وكن إذا ما
سمعت همساً من نساء لا يقهون من أنجح نائية خارج أسوار فناء
الدار، وأنهن يرتفحن ويجتنبن بحرية مثل الرجال، لا أنظر إلينه بعين
الاحتقار. وكما تعلمت سرت على الارض الذي رأى لأسلافاً. ولم أكثر
قطنً على شيء من الخارج، ولم أرغب بذلك في شيء على الإطلاق، ولكن
ها قد جاء الآن اليوم الذي صرت أتلهف فيه على مراقبة هذه المخلوقات
الغريبة – أولئك النسوة المصرية – وأنا أنشد كيف أصبح مثلهن. ولم
يكن يا أختاه من أجل، ولكن في سبيل زوجي،
يتم ينسجم معي! وهذا لأنه سير البحار الأربعة إلى بلدان أخرى في
الخارج، وترمّب في تلك المواطن النائية أن يحب أشياء وعادات جديدة.
والدتها، امرأة حكيمة، ففي العاشرة من عمري لم أعد طفلاً،
وأصبحت فتاة عذراً، فرأت تلك الكلمات:
"إن المرأة في حضرة الرجال يجب أن تحتفظ بسمات الزهرة، وعلى
أن تنحسر مبكراً في اللحظة المكتوب دون أرتباك.
وعلم ذلك تذكروه ما قالته لي حين وقفت أمام زوجي: أحسنت رأسي،
ومدتهُ كتبليه بدمي أمامي. ولم أنسى ببنت شفقة حين تحدث معي، ولكن
أوه! لقد خفخت أن يجد في صمتي تبديلاً في جسدي!
وعندما أبحث عن شيء يثير شوقه، كنت أفضل بأن ذلك
أحذروني، إنني أفكر الآن مليًا طوال ثلاثة أيام. يجب أن استعمل المكر، وأبحث عن وسيلة لجذب عيني زوجي نجحت. أو لست من سلالة أجيال من النساء لافتة استحصاناً في أعين أزواجهن؟ لم تكن هناك واحدة تفتقر إلى الجمال طوال مائة عام مضت سوى واحدة فقط تدعى "كوكا - ماي" التي عاشت في عصر "سونج" وأصبحت بالبدري وهي في الثالثة من عمرها، فخملت التمليه ذوبًا وحفرًا في وجهها. ومع هذا فقد دون في السجلات أنها عن الرغم من ذلك كانت ذات عينين سودا دين، تبدوان كلاوين، وصورت كان يهرب أقلاة الرجال، كما تفعل الرياح بالغاب في الربيع. وقد أعزز زوجها إغراقًا كبيرًا، فعل الرغم من وجود مشاكل لا يُمكن التفرج عنه وطيفته، فإنه لم تحتر واحدة منهم مثل الحب الذي كان يكتب لزوجته. وكانت "يانج كواري - قاي" إحدى جداتي في سلسلة أسلافنا، التي كان منقوش على معصمها طرًا أبيض. كانت تسيطر على الإمبراطورية براحتي يديها المطريرتين منذ أن فتح الإمبراطور - ابن السما - بجمالها. ولَّا كنت أحد أولئك البنين. الشريفات المجلات، فلا يلد أن نماهن تسري في عروفي، وعظامي في عظامي.

لقد تفحصت صورتي في مرآتي البرونزية، لا من أجل، ولكن من...
كان غليونها المصروع من الغاب المطمع بالفضة يستد إلى الهدار بجوارها. وقعت أمها خلفاً ترقبها الحادة تحدث في وجهي، وتجمعت جسديّ وقمتي. وقد نقفت دفعتها فجأة إلى أعماق عميّّ من خلال الصمت. وأخيراً أمرتني باللمس، وواحت تتسيل بصرفته بذر الريح من طبق على المنضدة على مقربة منها. وكان وجهها حاداً بتعبير الحزن الغامض المالف. كانت أمي حكيمة.

قالت لي: "وأي – لا! يا بنتي! إنك على وشك أن تتزوجي الرجل الذي خطفته من قبل أن تولد. كان والدك ووالدها صديقين حميمين كما لو كانا شقيقين. لقد أعجبنا عليك أن يرتبطا معاً من خلال أنتاحما. كان خطيبيه حينذاك في السادية من عمره. وقد ولدنا اثنتين في غضون ذلك العام. وهكذا شاء القدر أن يكون ذلك تصبيح. لقد ذهبت من أجل تلك الحياة.

وطلاب السبعة عشر عاماً من حياتك كانت ساحة زواجك هذه في ذاكرتي. ومن كل شيء علمتك أيها أخذت بعدك التعبير شخصين: والدة زوجه، وزوجه، وإكراماً لها علمتك كيف تعيد الشئ وتقدمه من يذكر سنداً، وكيف تحقين في حضرتها، وكيف تنصستين في صمت عندما يتحدى، سواء بالماجد أو اللمد، وف كل تلك الأشياء علمتك أن تستسلم كما تتسامى الزهرة ممتهنة للمشمس والهار على حد سواء.

ومن أجل زواجك علمتك كيف تجعل نفسك، وكيف تتحدث إليه.
لا استطيع يا أختي أن أتذكر مثلي تحدثت والدتي بمثل هذا الكم من الكلمات، فهي في الواقع نادراً ما تكلمت إلا لتصحح أو لتلمس. وهذا حقاً، فلم تكن هناك امرأة أخرى في جناح النساء الخاص بنا تضامنها، فقد كانت السيدة الأولى في إمكانية قدرتها الفطرية.

لقد رأيت والدتي يا أختي... إنها - كما تذكرني - سفينة جدها، وبيدها ووجهها كما لو كان متحونًا من العناية لاصطراره وشحوبه ولهروته. لقد قبل - كما سيُصَعب - إنها كانت في شبابها قبل أن تتزوج ذات حاجبين كحابيب الفراشة في جمالهما الأخاذ، وشغفتي في رقة براعم أشجار السفرجل بلونها الفرمليل الغامق الذي يحاكي لون هياكل المرجان. بل إن وجهها - على الرغم من عدم اكتنازها باللحم - ما زال يحتفظ بشكل البيتزا الواضح كذلك الذي نرى في لوحات النساء من القدماء. وبالنسبة لعينيها فإن السيدة الرابعة، وكانت ليست، قالت عندما ذات مرة: 

إن غيبي السيدة الأولى جهوتر حزينتان، ولؤطتان سودوان، خدمتني من فرقة ما خبرتها من مأس ومحن!»

أو يا أمهاء!

لم يكن أحد يماثلها، عندما كنت في طفولتي كانت تفهم أشياء كثيرة، وتتحرك بوجوه فتى هادئ، جعل المحظيات وأنا بانحر، برهوني جميلاً، وبوترينها حينما يكونون في حضرتيها. غير أن الخدمة كانوا يكرهونها،

امرأة من جهتك يا بنيتي، إذا كانت زوجة ابنى تضاميك، فإنك تكثر كثيرا، فانه قد تعلمت العنز على الهارب الذي طالب سستة أوتاره برشاقة أشياء من نسانا لمبهدن ازواجهن. إن أناكك مايرة، وأوفرك طولية. وقد تعلمت أيضاً أشهر قصائد قطامي الشعراء، ويمكن أن تنشد هذه غناءً هادباً واثن تعزفون على آلة الهارب. وإنني لا يمكن أن أرى حماتك، ستجد شيئاً قد قالتني فربك، إذا لم تنجب ليهم ولدًا. بيد انني سأتوجه إلى المعبد، وأقدم للإلهة قربانًا إذا انقضى العام الأول دون أن تحمل.»

صعد الدم إلى وجهي، لا يمكنني أن أتذكر مثلي كنت لا أعلم شيئًا عن الوالدة والأموات؟ إن الرغبة في إنجاب الأولاد في أمرة مثلنا تشمل ثلاث محظيات لأبي، جل فيهم يحرص في الحلم، وإنجاب الأطفال كان شيئًا عاديًا لا يكتنفه أي سر أو غموض، حتى التفكير في ذلك من أجل لم يجعل والدي ترى أضرار وجانتي. لقد جعلت مستقرة في التأمل، وعاودت التسلل مرة أخرى بقرفة لب الطبيخ، واخيرًا قالت:

هناك شيء واحد فقط... لقد كان في الخارج في بلد أجنبية، ودرس طمها وادويتها، إنني لا أعرف... ولكن كفي! فالمنك تفضل بإظهار كل شيء... انصرف.

* * *
APPENDIX 5: Chapter One of *July's People* and Its Translation
"Gordimer knows this complex emotional and political territory all too well and writes about it superbly." — *Newsweek*

**FOR YEARS, IT HAD BEEN WHAT IS CALLED A**
deteriorating situation." Now all over South Africa the cities are battlegrounds. The members of the Smales family—liberal whites—are rescued from the terror by their servant, July, who leads them to refuge in his village. What happens to the Smaleses and to July—the shifts in character and relationships—gives us an unforgettable look into the terrifying, tacit understandings and misunderstandings between blacks and whites.

"Gordimer's art has achieved and sustained a rare beauty. Her prose has a density and sparsity that one finds in the greatest writers." — *The New Leader*

The black children who watched the hut from afar and scuttled, as if her glance were a stone thrown among them, re-formed a little way off.

—But tell them they mustn’t touch it. I don’t want my things messed up and broken. You must tell them.—

She laughed as adults did, in the power they refuse to use.
—I tell them? They don’t understand our language.—

The boy said nothing but kicked steadily at the dented, rusted bath used for their ablutions.
—Don’t. D’you hear me? That’s July’s.—

The demijohn of water was empty. Royce, the littlest, kept asking for Coca-Cola: —Then buy some. Go to the shop-man and buy some.— She put paraffin tins of river water on the fire. She would cool the boiled water overnight; —It’s madness to let them drink that stuff straight from the river. They’ll get ill.—

Bam got the blaze going. —I assure you, they’ve been drinking water wherever they find it, already...it’s impossible to stop them.—

—What’re we going to do if they get ill?—

But he didn’t answer and she didn’t expect him to. There lay between them and all such questions the unanswerable: they were lucky to be alive.

The seats from the vehicle no longer belonged to it; they had become the furniture of the hut. Outside in an afternoon cooled by a rippled covering of grey luminous clouds, she sat on the ground as others did. Over the valley beyond the kraal of euphorbia and dead thorn where the goats were kept: she knew the vehicle was there. A ship that had docked in a far country. Anchored in the khakiweed, it would rust and be stripped to hulk, unless it made the journey back, soon.

A dresser made of box-wood in imitation of the kind whose prototype might have been seen in a farmer’s kitchen had shelf-edgings of fancy-cut newspaper and held the remainder of the set of pink glass cups and saucers.

July presented her to his wife. A small, black-black, closed face, and huge hams on which the woman rested on the earth floor as among cushions, turning this way and that as she took a tin kettle from the wisp of hearth ashes to pour tea, silently, over the mug an old lady held, and adjusted the feeding-bottle in the hands of a child past the age of weaning whose eyes were turning up in sleep on her own lap. She frowned appealingly under July’s chivvying voice, swayed, murmured greeting sounds.
—She say, she can be very pleased you are in her house. She can be very glad to see you, long time now, July’s people—
But she had said nothing. Maureen took her hand and then that of the old lady, who was somebody’s mother—July’s or his wife’s. The old lady wore gilt drop ear-rings and a tin brooch with red glass stones pinned her black snail-shell turban. Thin bare feet soled with ash stuck out from the layers of skirt in which she squatted. She demanded something of July, growling a clearing of the throat before each question and looking, her head cocked up, at the white woman who smiled and inclined herself in repeated greeting. There were several others, young women and half-grown girls, in the hut. His sister, wife’s sister-in-law, one of his daughters; he introduced them with a collective sweep in terms of kinship and not by name. The small child was his last-born, conceived, as all his children were, on one of his home-leaves and born in his absence. Maureen provided presents for him to send home on her behalf, at the news of each birth. And to this woman, July’s wife, never seen, never imagined, had sent toys for the children and whatever it seemed surely any woman, no matter where or how she lived, could use: a night-gown, a handbag. When July returned from leave he would bring back with him in return a woven basket as a gift from his unknown wife, his home—in one of these baskets she had carried the money from the bank. His town woman was a respectable office cleaner who wore creimple two-piece dresses on her days off. She ironed his clothes with Maureen’s iron and chatted to Maureen when they met in the yard. The subject was usually a son being put through high school in Soweto on his mother’s earnings; it was understood July’s responsibility was to his own family, far away. The town woman had no children fathered by her lover; once had put a hand under her breasts with the gesture with which women declare themselves in conscious control of their female destiny: —It’s all finished—I’m sterilized at the clinic.— In confidence: her black, city English sophisticated in the vocabulary relevant to the kind of life led there.

It was early morning but in their hut the women were dreamy, as at the end of the day; a furry plank of sunlight rested from a single pane-sized aperture in the walls across the profile of a young girl, the twitching, hump-knuckles of the old lady, the fat spread legs of the sated child. On an iron bedstead tidily made up with fringed plaid blankets one of the half-grown girls was plaiting the hair on the bent head of another. Perhaps they had been out since first light gathering wood or working in their fields—Maureen was aware, among them in the hut, of not knowing where she was, in time, in the order of a day as she had always known it.
Why do they come here? Why to us?—

His wife had accepted his dictum, when he arrived that night in a white man’s bakkie with a visitation of five white faces floating in the dark. Given up the second bed, borrowed a Primus for them; watched him, in the morning, take the beautiful cups he had once brought her from the place of his other life. His mother had given up her hut—the trees for the walls and roof-poles felled and raised by him, the mud of the walls mixed and built up by his mother and herself, that was due to have a new roof next thatching season. Both women had moved about under his bidding without argument. But that was not the end of it. He knew that would not be the end of it.

—You don’t understand. Nowhere else to go. I’ve told you,—

His wife jerked her chin in exaggerated parody of accord.

She hung her head to her hunched shoulder as she had done as a girl. —White people here! Didn’t you tell us many times how they live, there. A room to sleep in, another room to eat in, another room to sit in, a room with books (she had a Bible), I don’t know how many times you told me, a room with how many books... Hundreds I think. And hot water that is made like the lights we see in the street at Vosloosdorp. All these things I’ve never seen, my children have never seen—the room for bathing—and even you, there in the yard you had a room for yourself for bathing, and you didn’t even wash your clothes in there, there was a machine in some other room for that— Now you tell me nowhere.—

She had her audience. The young girls who were always in her hut with her tittered.

—They had to get out, they had to go. People are burning those houses. Those big houses! You can’t imagine those houses. The whites are being killed in their houses. I’ve seen it—the whole thing just blow up, walls, roof.—

His wife rubbed a forefinger up and down behind her ear.

—He has a gun. The children saw there’s a gun, he keeps it in the roof.—

—When they come, one gun is no use. If he could chase them away one day they would come back the next. There’s trouble! Unless you’ve been there, you can’t understand how it is.—

His mother’s hands were never still. The four finger-tips of each beat ceaselessly at the ball of the thumb—the throbb of an old heart exposed there, like the still-beating heart in the slit chest of a creature already dead. —White people must have their own people somewhere. Aren’t they living everywhere in this world? Germiston, Cape Town—you’ve been to many places, my son. Don’t they go anywhere they want to go? They’ve got money.—

—Everywhere is the same. They are chasing the whites out.
The whites are fighting them. All those towns are the same. Where could he run with his family? His friends are also running. If he tried to go to a friend in another town, the friend wouldn’t be there. It’s true he can go where he likes. But when he gets there, he may be killed.—

They listened; with them, no one could tell if they were convinced.

—You used to write and say how you were looking after the house by yourself—feeding their dog, their cat. That time when you were even sleeping inside the house, thieves came and broke the window where you were sleeping—I don’t know, one of those rooms they have... He went away, overseas, didn’t he.—

The English word broke the cadence of their language. Overseas. The concept was as unfamiliar to his wife as the shaping of the word by her tongue, but he had carried the bags of departure, received postcards of skyscrapers and snow-covered mountains, answered telephone calls from countries where the time of day was different.

—You know about the big airport where the planes fly overseas? It wasn’t working. And before that they shot down a plane with white people who were running away.—

—Who shot? Black people? Our people? How could they do that.— The old woman was impatient with him. —I’ve seen those planes, they pass over high in the sky, you even see them go behind clouds. You can hear them after you can’t see them any more.—

—Over in Mozambique, our people have got some special kind of guns or bombs. They travel very far and very high. They’ve even got those things in Daveyton and Kwa Thema and Soweto now—right near town. They hit the plane and it bursts in the air. Everyone was burned to death.—

His mother made the stylized, gobbling exclamations that both ward off disaster and attribute it to fate. —What will the white people do to us now, God must save us.—

Her son, who had seen the white woman and the three children cowered on the floor of their vehicle, led the white face behind the wheel in his footsteps, his way the only one in a wilderness, was suddenly aware of something he had not known. —They can’t do anything. Nothing to us any more.—

—White people. They are very powerful, my son. They are very clever. You will never come to the end of the things they can do.—

When he was in the company of the women it was like being in the chief’s court, where the elders sitting in judgment wander in and out and the discussion of evidence is taken up, now where they drift outside to take a breath of air or relieve themselves among their tethered horses and bicycles hitched against trees, now back in the court-room at whatever point the proceedings have moved on to. His mother went out to pluck a chicken whose neck he’d just wrung. His wife asked the young girls whether they thought she was going to do without water all day? How much longer were they going to hang about with their mouths open? One of the girls was bold but respectful: —Tatani, I want to ask, is it true you also had a room for bathing, like the one they had?—

—Oh yes, bath, white china lavatory, everything.—

They could only laugh, how could they visualize his quarters, not so big as the double garage adjoining, with in his room the nice square of worn carpet that was once in the master bedroom.

—There are eggs in the belly—it would still have given us eggs! You should have taken the white one with the broken foot, I told you.— The old woman was shouting from beyond the doorway.

—What is it she wants?—

—You killed the wrong fowl... But I don’t know what it’s all about.—

He called back. —Exactly. Mhani, that one with the bad
foot is a young one. It will lay well next year, even.—

The white woman's hand, when she stood there and offered it—the first time, touching white skin. His wife went with her mother-in-law sometimes to the dorp to hawk green mealies or the brooms the old lady made, outside the Indian store; it had happened that a white from the police post had bought from her sack of cobs, and cents had dropped from the white hand to hers. But she had never actually touched that skin before.

She fell again into the mannerism of holding her head to one side that had been bashful and that he had found so attractive, inviting him and escaping him, when she was a young girl, and that had become, in the years he was away in the city, something different, a gesture repelling, withdrawing, evasive and self-absorbed. —The face—I don't know... not a nice, pretty face. I always thought they had beautiful dresses. And the hair, it's so funny and ugly. What do they do to make it like that, dark bits and light bits. Like the tail of a dirty sheep. No. I didn't think she'd be like that, a rich white woman.—

—They looked different there—you should have seen the clothes in their cupboard. And the glasses—for visitors, when they drink wine. Here they haven't got anything—just like us.—

She sharply reproached the baby who, staggering around on legs braced wide for balance, had picked up fowl droppings and successfully conveyed the mess to its mouth. Her forefinger hooked unthinkingly round the soft membranes, awareness of the small body was still as part of her own. The man was excluded. She flicked the chalky paste off her fingers. —There'll be no more money coming every month.—

Without his white people back there, without the big house where he worked for them, she would not be getting those letters (yes, she had been to school, he would not have married a woman who could not read their own language) that came from his other life, his other self, and provided for those who could not follow him there. Not even in dreams; not even now, when she had seen his white people.
Bam could help July mend such farming tools—scarcely to be called equipment—as he and his villagers owned. The span of yokes and traces they shared, taking turns to plough, was kept in a special hut where no one lived. The heavy chains trailed across the floor. Hoes hung from the roof. There was the musty, nutty smell of stored grain in baskets. Someone had been there, picking over beans on one of the mats used as table-tops or bowls: Maureen saw the arrangement as broken beads set aside from good ones, choices made by someone momentarily absent—the dioramas of primitive civilizations in a natural history museum contrive to produce tableaux like that.

Bam was determined to rig up a water-tank, the round, corrugated tin kind, that had somehow been lugged that far into the bush but never installed. July laughed, and gave it a kick (as Victor had the bath).
emptying a basket head-load of stones as July directed; she had been for trying to get to the coast.

Lucky to be alive. Neither could expect the other to say what would come next; what to do next; not yet. He arranged the stones brought from some other attempt to build something that had fallen into ruin. That was how people lived, here, rearranging their meagre resources around the bases of nature, letting the walls of mud sink back to mud and then using that mud for new walls, in another clearing, among other convenient rocks. No one remembered where the water-tank came from. July said he would ask the old woman but never did, although she sat outside the women’s hut most of the day, on the ground, making brooms out of some special grasses the women collected. The water-tank was from back there, like the Smales and their children; the white man was the one to make a place for it here.

Beyond the clearing—the settlement of huts, livestock kraals, and the stumped and burned-off patches which were the lands—the buttoc-k-fold in the trees indicated the river and that was the end of measured distance. Like clouds, the savannah bush formed and re-formed under the changes of light, moved or gave the impression of being moved past by the travelling eye; silent and ashy green as mould spread and always spreading, rolling out under the sky before her. There were hundreds of tracks used since ancient migrations (never ended; her family’s was the latest), not seen. There were people, wavering circles of habitation marked by euphorbia and brush hedges, like this one, fungoid fairy rings on grass—not seen. There were cattle cracking through the undergrowth, and the stillness of wild animals—all not to be seen. Space; so confining in its immensity her children did not know it was there. Royce headed a delegation:—Can’t we go to a film today? Or tomorrow?— (The postponement an inkling, the confusion of time with that other dimension, proper to

this place.) Even though Gina and Victor were old enough to know cinemas had been left behind, they did not stop him asking, and sulked and quarrelled afterwards on the car-seat beds in the hut, scratching flea-bites. Maureen could not walk out into the boundlessness. Not so far as to take the dog around the block or to the box to post a letter. She could go to the river but no farther, and not often. When she did go she did so believing it better not to go at all than risk being seen, now.

July came to fetch her family’s clothes for the women to wash down there.

—I can do it myself.—They had so few, they wore so little; the children had abandoned shoes, there was no question of a fresh pair of shorts and socks every day.

But he stood in the manner of one who will not go away without what he has come for. —Then I must carry water for you, make it hot, everything.—

She saw she could not expect to be indulged, here, in any ideas he knew nothing about.

—Will your wife do it? I must pay.—

It was women’s business, in his home. His short laugh ruffled tight with his fingers at the ends of the loose bundle she had made. —I don’t know who or who. But you can pay.—

—And soap?—She was cherishing a big cake of toilet soap, carefully drying it after each use and keeping it on top of the hut wall, out of reach of the children.

—I bring soap.—

Soap he had remembered to take from her store-cupboard? His clean clothes smelled of Lifebuoy she bought for them—the servants. He didn’t say; perhaps merely not to boast his foresight. She was going to ask—and quite saw she could not.

—I’ll pay for it.—Bundles of notes were bits of paper, in this place; did not represent, to her, the refrigerator full of
frozen meat and ice-cubes, the newspapers, water-borne sewage, bedside lamps money could not provide here. But its meaning was not dissociated, for July’s villagers. She saw how when she or Bam, who were completely dependent on these people, had nothing but bits of paper to give them, not even clothes—so prized by the poor—to spare, they secreted the paper money in tied rags and strange crumpled pouches about their persons. They were able to make the connection between the abstract and the concrete. July—and others like him, all the able men went away to work—had been sending these bits of paper for so long and had been bringing, over fifteen years (that meant seven home-leaves), many things that bits of paper could be transformed into, from the bicycle Bam had got for him at a discount to the supermarket pink glass teacups.

July’s wife’s hut, his own hut, the huts of three or four other families within the family, their goat- kraal, the chicken-coops made of twiggy dead branches staved into the earth in a rough criss-cross of hoops, the pig-pen enclosed by the fusion of organic and inorganic barriers—thorny aloe, battered hub-caps salvaged from wrecked cars, plates of crumbling tin, mud bricks; the hut where the farming implements were kept—these were the objectives and daily landmarks available. She moved between them neither working as others did nor able to do nothing as others did. She did have one book—a thick paperback snatched up in passing, until that moment something bought years ago and never read, perhaps it was meant for this kind of situation: Manzoni’s I Promessi Sposi, in translation as The Betrothed. She did not want to begin it because what would happen when she had read it? There was no other. Then she overcame the taboo (if she did not read, they would find a solution soon; if she did read the book, they would still be here when it was finished). She dragged the lame stool July had supplied “for

the children” out where she had a view of the bush and began. But the transport of a novel, the false awareness of being within another time, place and life that was the pleasure of reading, for her, was not possible. She was in another time, place, consciousness; it pressed in upon her and filled her as someone’s breath fills a balloon’s shape. She was already not what she was. No fiction could compete with what she was finding she did not know, could not have imagined or discovered through imagination.

They had nothing.

In their houses, there was nothing. At first. You had to stay in the dark of the hut a long while to make out what was on the walls. In the wife’s hut a wavy pattern of broad white and ochre bands. In others—she did not know whether or not she was welcome where they dipped in and out all day from dark to light like swallows—she caught a glimpse of a single painted circle, an eye or target, as she saw it. In one dwelling where she was invited to enter there was the tail of an animal and a rodent skull, dried gut, dangling from the thatch. Commonly there were very small mirrors snapping at the stray beams of light like hungry fish rising. They reflected nothing. An impression—sensation—of seeing something intricately banal, manufactured, replicated, made her turn as if someone had spoken to her from back there. It was in the hut where the yokes and traces for the plough-oxen were. She went inside again and discovered insignia, like war medals, nailed just to the left of the dark doorway. The enamel emblem’s red cross was foxed and pitted with damp, bonded with dirt to the mud and dung plaster that was slowly incorporating it. The engraved lettering on the brass arm-plaque had filled with rust. The one was a medallion of the kind presented to black miners who pass a First Aid exam on how to treat injuries likely to occur underground, the other was a black miner’s badge of rank, the highest open to him. Someone
from the mines; someone had gone to the gold mines and come home with these trophies. Or they had been sent home; and where was the owner? No one lived in this hut. But someone had; had had possessions, his treasures displayed. Had gone away, or died—was forgotten or was commemo-rated by the evidence of these objects left, or placed, in the hut. Mine workers had been coming from out of these places for a long, long time, almost as long as the mines had existed. She read the brass arm-plaque: **BOSS BOY**.

The shift boss’s gang earn recognition and advancement. He is proud of his **BOSS BOY**; some among the succession of incumbents have been recruited again and again from the kraals, the huts, repeating the migrant worker’s nine- or eighteen-month contract for the whole period of **My Jim**’s own working life; on Western Areas, while his girls are growing up ambitious to be ballet dancers.

A white schoolgirl is coming across the intersection where the shops are, chewing gum and moving to the tune of summer-afternoon humming. In step beside her is a woman of the age blacks retain between youth and the time when their sturdy and comfortable breasts and backsides become leaden weight, their good thick legs slow to a stop—old age. The black woman chews gum, too; her woollen cap is over one ear and she carries on her head a school case amateurishly stencilled in blue, MAUREEN HETHERINGTON. When the black woman makes to move against the traffic light suddenly gone red, the white girl grabs her hand to stop her, and they continue to hold hands, loosely and easily, while waiting for the light to change. Then they caper across together. Lydia scarcely needs to put up the other hand to steady the heavy case; she does so as one jaunties the set of a hat.

The pair are to be seen going like this, over the intersection at the local shops and the short-cut through the open veld (later there was an industrial area established there, the metal box factory and the potato crisps plant) to the mine married quarters. The shift bosses’ houses are behind the recreation centre where ballet classes are held. Lydia has the back-door key of the house—shift boss My Jim’s wife works in an estate agent’s office and is out all day. Our Jim cleans the shoes and digs in the garden. Lydia has her time to herself, her housework is varied by frequent saunters to the shops where she goes to pick up a loaf, starch for the washing, or simply to meet and talk to other black people on similar errands. Maureen often bumps into her there, on her way home from school. Lydia expects her; maybe she sets out to do some shopping at the time she knows Maureen will be coming off the school bus. Once met, they are in no hurry; it is a hot time of day. Lydia sits on Maureen’s case, continuing the long conversations she was engaged in before the girl was sighted, and Maureen goes into the Greek shop to get a Coke, which they share, mouth-about, and—if she has the cash—some gum or chocolate. Lydia swings the case—it contains a blazer, gym shoes as well as a load of books—onto her head. Sometimes they giggle and are in cahoots —Don’t tell you saw, hey Lydia—(When she has come from school on the back of a boy’s bicycle instead of safely by bus.) —Darling, how can I tell? You are my true friend, isn’t it?— At other times Lydia is in a chastising, critical mood. It is directed first at ‘those people’: anyone with whom she has been wrangling over Fah-Fee bets or the complicated ethics of the ‘club’ to which she belongs, into whose funds each member pays part of her wages every month so that each in turn may have a bonus month when she is the recipient of the sum of all the others’ contributions. —That woman! The sister-in-law of Gladys, she’s holding the money, but I’m telling her, why if you holding you not paying in like everybody? Why you must
get your month, but I'm short—Then the mood is turned on the girl, brooding over buried misdemeanours. —Maureen, you know your father he's getting cross if you going lose that thing again like last time—(The battery lantern, from the camping kit in his garage workshop; she promised it as a spotlight for the school nativity play.) —Maureen, why you take the pillows from your bed, let your friends make them dirty on the grass? Then your mother she's going shout me when she sees those marks in the washing, the dog with his feet and everything—

—Lovey, don't worry. I'll tell ma the dog came in and jumped on my bed. I'll put everything back, I promise you— Hanging wheedlingly round her neck, that was lighter than the rest of her (but how was she, naked; she was very prudish about the body and the functions of the body, had never revealed herself in a stage of undress further than her nylon bloomers and bare, lifted underarms, dingy purplish). The neck smelled of clean ironing, fish-frying, and the whiffs that came up from her feet that walked and sweated in plastic-soled slippers. The plump neck had three ‘strings of pearls’, the graceful lines of a young woman; she must have been only in her late twenties or early thirties.

One afternoon a photographer took a picture of Maureen and Lydia. They saw him dancing about on bent legs to get them in focus, just there at the shops while they crossed the road. When he had taken his photographs he came up and asked them if they minded. Lydia was in command; she put her hands on her hips, without disturbing the balance of the burden on her head. —But you must send us a picture. We like to have the picture.— He promised, and aimed at them again as they went on their way. He had not written down the address, Number 20, Married Quarters, Western Areas Gold Mines, so how could they get the photograph? Years later someone showed it to Maureen Smales in a Life coffee-table book about the country and its policies. White herren-volk attitudes and life-styles; the marvellous photograph of the white schoolgirl and the black woman with the girl's school case on her head.

Why had Lydia carried her case?

Did the photographer know what he saw, when they crossed the road like that, together? Did the book, placing the pair in its context, give the reason she and Lydia, in their affection and ignorance, didn't know?
دولاب خشبي مصنوع من ألواح الصناديق الخشبية، على الهيئة نفسها التي نراها في منزل رفيق. أرضية الأرفف مغطاة بأوراق تتدلي عند الحافة في أشكال خزفية تزينها فراغات متكررة من وحدات المثل والدائرة. أكواب زجاجية وأطباق فوق أحد الأرفف.

قدمها "يوليو" إلى زوجته. وجه أسود فاحم صغير مغلق. فخذان كبيرتان وعجيبة ضخمة كوسادة عليها تريح جسدها في جلساتها بأرضية الكوخ. تتحول بنصفها الأعلى إلى مرآة، آخذة الغلافية من فوق كومة القش المشتعلة بالوقود لتصب الشاي في وعاء خزفي مسمك به عجوز.

وتعتدل من وضع زجاجة تبغي منها طفل تعود مرحلة الفطام، يغلي البنوم على فخذها. فلقت جبينها عند ساعتها صوت "يوليو"، في صوت خفيض غير واضح غامض مخيفة:

- تقول إنها مسورة لوجودك في بيتها, وكان يسعدها أن تراك منذ فترة طويلة هنا حيث شعب "يوليو".

لم تقل شيئا. مدتها "مورين" بدلاً من مباشرة زوجه والعجوز التي رباها كانت أم "يوليو" أو أم زوجه. العجوز تندب قطعاً تدلي منه حلقة مذهبة، وجذبت من أحجار زجاجية حمراء. وكانت تسأل "يوليو" بدمدة
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي من الصورة المقدمة. إذا كنت بحاجة إلى المساعدة في شيء آخر، فأخبرني بذلك.
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي من الصورة.
لا يمكنني قراءة المحتوى العربي من الصورة.
الزجاجية للرئيدين يشربون فيها النبيذ. مناهم مثلنا تماماً، لا يمتلكون أي شيء.

بدرة ألقى الليل على الطفل الصغير كثير الحركة فوق حجرها.

أمسك يذبح الدجاج وألقه به فمه. بدون تفكير - إلا إدراكها أن الجسد الصغير جزء منها - راحة تمسح عنه المخاط والزبل، وألقت بالعائلق في أصابعها جانباً.

النقد ما عادت تأتي كل شهر. أصبح بغير عائلته البيضاء هناك وغيفر المنزل الكبير الذي عمل فيه لديهم. لن تصل إليها تلك الخطابات التي كانت تأتي منه وهو يعمل مع هؤلاء القبائنين هذا، وليس في إمكانهم الالتحاق به هناك. ليس في الحال، وليس الآن، بعد أن شاهدت عائلته البيضاء.

وكان من الواجب - كما قلت لك - أن تذهب الدجاجة البيضاء ذات الساق المكسورة.

الزجاجة العجوز كانت تصنع من داخل الكوخ:
- ما الذي تريد؟
- أنت ذهبتي الدجاجة التي تعطي بيشا؟

تصبح... هذه الدجاجة لا تزال صغيرة.

عندما وقفت المرأة البيضاء وتحدثت، كانت ليلتها الأولى التي يلمسها في بشرتها البيضاء. وعندما كانت زوجته تذهب أحياناً إلى القرية مع أم زوجها تحت الذرة والمكانس التي تحملها العجوز بالقرب من السوق، اقتبى، حذرت أن أحد رجال البلدية البيضاء أشترى فيها قدام الذرية وتساقطت العملات القاسية من بين أصابعه البيضاء إليها. لكنها لم تلمس هذه البشرة من قبل.

كانت تتجذب وتستمع وتعكي، وهي شابة، لكن بعد سنوات العزلة في المدينة كانت طريقتها في إماة رأسها جانباً، تحت الصد والماروغة والانسحاب داخل الذات.

الوجه... لا يعرف... ليس جيداً... كنت دائماً أفكر في ترابين الأثيرة... والشعر غريب وغير جميل... ماذا يفعلون حتى يبدأ هذا الشكل... لم أغتنمي بها، هذه الصحيرة... المرأة البيضاء الجنية.

هنا ملاحظات هناك... يجب أن ترتب الأشياء في دولايين والكون...
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.