

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 from 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 the 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 ثقيل (heavy tea) in Arabic. So ثقيل 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 “*commetre 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* (يخدع) 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-Yaziji, 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 closest 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 Asqan (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 language. 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* دخلت إلى الإمتحان” where دخلت 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 ولد 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 قطع من الأغنام.

There is another kind of collocation that is formed by two synonyms or antonyms like الشجاعة والاقدام 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. Gibril 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 حيوانات برية 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 أحنى الرأس though they have different meanings.

Moreover, normalization can result from translating markedness into non-markedness. 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 عينيّن 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 (حالة الرفع) عيناّن مغتاظتان or the accusative case (حالة النصب) عينيّن مغتاظتين in both the modern literature and all newspaper sub-corpora. Moreover, the nouns عينيّن/عيناّن have

many collocates in both sub-corpora of modern literature and all newspapers, such as (سوداوان، زرقاوان، عسلستان، مغمضتان، جاحظتان) and collocates of (مغورقتين، ) (سوداوين، حزينتتين، باسمتين) but مغمطانتين and مغتاظتين were not among them. See Figure 4.1.



Search results for cynAn | عينان in All Newspapers

words before and after

lists of before and after words occurring at least twice  
click on the word for citations including that word before or after

word before	occurences	word after	occurences
له	8	من	11
	5	في	4
لي	3	سوداوان	3
منها	2	اللتان	3
الكتفين	2	زرقاوان	3
الفصيلة	2	ثريان	3
لها	2	واحدة	3
الثانية	2	مغمضتان	3
تدراك	2	عسلستان	2
و	2	جاحظتان	2

Figure 0-1: Top collocates of عينان in all newspapers sub-corpus of the ArabiCorpus

Another example is *ranch house* (The Red Pony, 1), which is translated into منزل المزرعة. 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 (السفير، العائلة، الشهيد، العائلة، الدكتور، الريفي). Figure 4.2 shows some collocates of منزل



word before	occurrences	word after	occurrences
في	2,781	في	1,237
من	1,047	في	267
في	816	الذي	238
إلى	761	من	237
الى	675	على	170
ربة	416	أو	170
داخل	363	بعد	151
على	320	السفير	108
خارج	235		91
أمام	215	الى	87

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 أحنت 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 طأطأت 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 قبيل الصدفة البحتة by using a

calque and the addition of من قبيل. 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 عواهنها, *lays the groundwork* (The General's Daughter, 79) is translated into تمهيد, *paid heed* (East Wind: West Wind, 109) is translated into اهتمت, *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 مجابهة. Although a direct translation is يتصل or يجري اتصالا (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

Strategy	Number	Percentage
Calque	88	50.8%
Modulation	22	12.7%
Equivalence	21	12.1%
Deletion	15	8.6%
Literal	14	8%
Explicitation	5	2.8%
Transposition	3	1.7%
Paraphrasing	2	1.1%
Other	4	2.3%

#### 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 حجرة 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 الأمر المضحك. 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 العيد الديني by changing the noun *Christmas* to an adjectival phrase as well as using explicitation in terms of adding الديني to the noun العيد. 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 صديقتي 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 الوفية or probably صدوقة 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 وخزت اصبعها. 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 and أصدقك القول 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 حزن لا يمكن وصفه 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 غرقت 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 رفعت سماعة 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 سيراً على الأقدام. The translator added على الأقدام though سيراً implies walking rather than riding or using a form of transport. In this case مسيرة طويلة 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 طنين حرارة, 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 أزيز الحرارة 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 يركب 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 تعيش لوحدها. 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 النهار (a synonym of the calque الصباح الباكر) and *paper money* (July's People, 173) which is translated into الأوراق المالية (head and modifier exchange slots) whereas نقود ورقية 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 الخمريات. 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 تلتوك قطعة 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

Strategy	Number	Percentage
Addition	8	4.6%
Borrowing	2	1.1%

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 قبيل الصدفة البحتة where من قبيل 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 أكسر حاجز الصمت 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 موسيقى البوب. 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.

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

Number	ST Collocation	Arabic Translation
1	Ranch hand	عامل المزرعة
2	Loud noise	بصوت عال
3	Funny thing	المضحك في الأمر
4	The great mountains	الجبال الشاهقة
5	The big mountains	الجبال الشاهقة
6	Take responsibility	يتحمل المسؤولية
7	Little work	عمل بسيط
8	Little boy	الفتى الصغير
9	Ranch house	منزل المزرعة
10	Rat trap	فخ جردان
11	Cold water	الماء البارد
12	Old man	الرجل العجوز
13	Rocking-chair	كرسي هزاز
14	Last words	الكلمات الأخيرة
15	Big hands	اليدين الكبيرتين
16	Lower lip	شفتها السفلى
17	Milk a cow	أحلب بقرة
18	Dark skin	البشرة الداكنة
19	Mashed potato	البطاطا المهروسة
20	A piece of rope	قطعة حبل
21	Long time	مدة طويلة
22	Clear water	الماء الصافي
23	An impulse of cruelty	دافع قسوة
24	The wild grass	العشب البري
25	A lean man	رجلا هزيلا
26	The clogged holes	الثقوب المسدودة
27	Yellow teeth	أسنان صفراء
28	The sun sank	غرقت الشمس
29	The high mountains	الجبال الشاهقة
30	Flying heavily	تطير بثقل

31	Pieces of meat	قطعا من اللحم
32	Resentful eyes	عينين مغتاظتين
33	A nameless sorrow	حزن لا اسم له
34	The swallow's nests	أعشاش العصافير
35	Gentle voice	صوت لطيف
36	Country road	الطريق الزراعي
37	Screen door	باب الستار
38	Gentle wind	الريح اللطيفة
39	Older people	الناس الكبار
40	Hard time	وقت عصيب
41	Pair of jeans	بنطال جينز
42	Pairs of socks	جوارب
43	He looked secretly	إسترق النظر
44	Big pain	ألم شديد
45	Went to bed	إيوئك إلى الفراش
46	Young man	شاب
47	Big hands	يديه الملتويتين
48	Long walk	مسافة طويلة يقطعها سيرا على الأقدام
49	Ride a horse	ركوب حصان
50	The humming heat	طنين حرارة

### The General's Daughter (Chapter Five)

Number	ST Collocation	Arabic Translation
51	To risk lives	يضحوا بحياتهم
52	Saved one life	تحفظ دماء الجنود
53	Blood donor	حملة التبرع بالدم
54	Punctuation mark	علامة استفهام
55	Get a handle	أن أضع يدي
56	Enemy camps	صفوف العدو
57	Photo album	ألبوم صور
58	Price tags	ملصقات السعر
59	Living room	حجرة المعيشة
60	Ground floor	الطابق الأرضي
61	Criminal behaviour	السلوك الإجرامي

62	Documentary proof	دليلا موثقاً
63	Opposite sides	الجانب المقابل
64	National hero	بطل قومي
65	Hard work	عمل شاق
66	Light bulbs	مصابيح الإضاءة
67	Picked up this guy's scent	التقطت رائحة الجاني
68	Combs his hair	مشط شعره
69	High-priced	باهظة الثمن
70	Book titles	عناوين الكتب
71	The play button	زر التشغيل
72	News channel	قنوات إخبارية
73	War drums	طبول الحرب
74	Tyre marks	آثار الإطارات
75	Pure chance	من قبيل الصدفة البحتة
76	Make calls	تجري المكالمات الضرورية
77	Jagged edge	عواهنها
78	Plant doubt	زرع بذور الشك
79	Lays the groundwork	تمهيد
80	Break the silence	أكسر حاجز الصمت
81	Prepared breakfast	أعدت الإفطار
82	Picked up the phone	رفعت سماعة الهاتف
83	Take the rap	أتحمل المسؤولية
84	Self-assured	واثقة من نفسها
85	Grabbed your attention	تجذب انتباهك
86	Give a break	ها قد عدنا ثانية
87	Holy spirit	0
88	Powder room	الغرف
89	Off-color joke	دعابة
90	Turned my attention	حولت انتباهي مجدداً
91	Poked her finger	وخزت أصبعها
92	Roll her eyes	تقلب عينيها
93	Answering machine	جهاز تلقي للمكالمات الواردة
94	Christmas card	بطاقة العيد الديني
95	Single woman	فتاة تعيش لوحدها
96	Tip of tongue	لدي ما أرد به عليها



97	To make contact	مجابهة
98	Pink flesh	الخمريات

### Novel # 3 East Wind: West Wind (Chapter One)

Number	ST Collocation	Arabic Translation
99	A gentle woman	السيدة الفاضلة
100	Delicate foods	الاطعمة اللذيذة
101	My hot cheeks	احمرار وجنتي
102	Bearing of children	إنجاب الأطفال
103	Wise woman	امراة حكيمة
104	Wedding cakes	كعكات العرس
105	Bowed my head	أحنيت رأسي
106	Aristocratic life	الحياة الأرستقراطية
107	Foreign lands	بلاد اجنبية
108	Western books	كتب غربية
109	Paid heed	اهتمت
110	To submit yourself	ان تستسلمي
111	Speak the truth	أتكلم بصدق
112	Heard faintly	سمعت همسا

### Novel # 4 July's People (Chapter One)

Number	ST Collocation	Arabic Translation
113	Headed delegation	يرأس الجلسة
114	To make connection	التوفيق
115	Do shopping	الذهاب الى التسوق
116	Take a breath	يتنفسن هواء
117	Give the reason	قدم سببا
118	Took a pictures	التقط صوراً
119	To pour tea	تصب الشاي
120	White skin	بشرتها البيضاء
121	The white hand	يده البيضاء
122	Farming tools	أدوات الزراعة
123	The rainy months	الشهور الممطرة

124	The city center	وسط المدينة
125	Feeding their dog	تطعم كلبهم
126	The engraved lettering	الحروف المنقوشة
127	Long time	فترة طويلة
128	Young woman	امرأة شابة
129	Hot water	ماء ساخن
130	Wash your clothes	غسل ملابسك
131	Telephone calls	مكالماتهم التليفونية
132	Snow-covered mountains	جبال مغطاة بالثلوج
133	Wild animals	حيوانات برية
134	News bulletins	نشرات الأخبار
135	Fierce fighting	قتال عنيف
136	Master bedroom	حجرة نوم
137	Gold mines	مناجم الذهب
138	Migrant workers	العمال المهاجرين
139	Ballet dancers	راقصات باليه
140	Traffic light	إشارة المرور
141	To hold hands	ممسكة بيدها
142	Stored grain	حبوب مختزنة
143	First time	المرء الأولى
144	Crossed the road	تعبران الطريق
145	Mud bricks	قوالب من الطين
146	School bus	أوتوبيس المدرسة
147	Caught a glimpse	لاحظت
148	Bent head	أحنت رأسها
149	True friend	صديقتي الحميمة
150	Started fire	أشعلت فيها النيران
151	Out of reach	بعيدا عن متناول
152	Bare feet	0
153	High school	0
154	To post a letter	0
155	Next year	0
156	Camping kit	0
157	Battery lantern	الفانوس
158	Looked different	مختلفات

159	Frozen meat	اللحم
160	Toilet soap	صابون
161	Earth floor	أرضية الكوخ
162	Old woman	العجوز
163	Grabs her hand	تقبض على يدها
164	Carried the bags	حمل حقائب السفر
165	Pop music	موسيقى البوب
166	Chews gum	تلك قطعة لبان في فمها
167	Gave a kick	بضربة خفيفة
168	Left behind	تركها خلفهما
169	Find a solution	يجدون حلا
170	The savannah bush	السهل المعشب المنبسط
171	Feeding-bottle	زجاجة يتغذى منها طفل
172	Early morning	أول النهار
173	Paper money	الأوراق المالية

## APPENDIX 2: Chapter Two of *The Red Pony* and Its Translation

World Best Sellers Series

سلسلة روائع القصص العالمية

# *The Red Pony*

John Steinbeck  
Nobel Prize ( 1962 )



# المهر الأحمر

(عن النص الأصلي كاملاً)

جون ستاينبيك

جائزة نوبل ١٩٦٢



## THE GREAT MOUNTAINS

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 smacked, 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.'

## البيلال الضائعة

أثناء طنين حرارة بعد ظهر يوم من منتصف صيف، أجال الفتى الصغير جودي نظره في المزرعة يفور همه بحثاً عن عمل يقوم به. كان مستجيباً إلى الخطيرة، وقدر مى حجارة على أعشاش العصافير تحت الأطناف إلى أن انتفح كل منزل طين صغير وأسقط بطانة قشة ورشبه التقدر، ثم، وعند منزل المزرعة، وضع طعماً من جبن بانت في فم جرذان وأعدته في مكان يطبق فيه على أنف ذيل تري مط ذلك الكلب الضخم الطيب. لم يلمع جودي أي دافع قسوة لفعل ذلك؛ كان ضجراً من بعد ظهر اليوم الطويل الحار. وضع ذيل تري مط أنفه الغبي في الفم وأطبق عليه، فزعم متألاً أما صبراً وظلّ مبعداً والدم على منخريره. أينما تكون البقعة التي تُصاب بالأذى في جسم مط، يروح يطلع. إنها طريقته الخاصة ذات مرة حين كان صغيراً، انحشر في فم ذئب فيوض، وصار بعد ذلك يطلع دائماً، حتى حين يورخ.

حين نبح مط، نادى أم جودي من داخل البيت: "جودي! توقف عن تعذيب ذلك الكلب وابحث عن شيء تفعله."

Then he took his slingshot from the perch and walked up toward 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 vegetable patch, kicking his bare toes into the dust. And on the way he found the barest slingshot stone, round and slightly flattened and heavy enough to carry through the air. He fired it into the feather 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 got 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 dismembered 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.

احسن جوذي بخدرته حينئذ، فرمى حجراً على مضط. ثم أخذ ثقافته من شرفة الداخل، وصعد نحو خط الأجمة محاولاً قتل طائر. كانت ثقافته جيدة لها، مخاط اشتراه من الدكان، مع أن جوذي غالباً ما أطلق الثقافة علمي طيور. إلا أنه لم يصب أي منها أبداً. عبس أرض الخضار، وكلاً أصابع قدميه الخافيتين في التراب. وفي الطريق عثر على أخضر النعاسب ثقافته. حجر مستدير خفيف قليلاً وثقلاً يسبح له بالاندفاع في الهواء. وضعه في جرابه اخذني المخصص سلاحه وتابع "تسبر إلى خط الأجمة. ضاقت عينه، عمل فمه بنشاط متفاد؛ فلأول مرة بعد ظهر ذلك اليوم كان مصعباً. في ظل شجرة المربية كانت الطيور الصغيرة تعمل، حاككة نفسها بين أوراق الشجر، طائرة بلا استقرار بضع أقدام وحاكة نفسها مرة أخرى. جذب جوذي مخاط الثقافة إلى الخلف وتقدم حذراً. توقف طائر سمان صغير ساكناً ونظر إليه ثم جثم مستعداً للطيران. تسفل جوذي مقرباً أكثر، محرراً قدماً واحدة بعد الأخرى ببطء. حين وصل إلى بعد عشرين قدماً، رفع الثقافة بخنجر وسند. نزل الحجر؛ شمع السمان يعطو وطار نحو، ثامناً. إلى الأرض سقط الطائر الأخضر برأس مكسور. جرى جوذي نحووه والتقطه.

قال: "حسناً، أسكت بك".

بنا الطائر وهو ميت أصغر كثيراً عما كان وهو حي. احسن جوذي يأنم طفيف مزيج في معدته، لذلك فخرج سكين جيبه وقطع رأس الطائر. ثم أخرج منه أحشاءه، ونزع عنه جناحيه، وأخيراً رمى كل القطع في الأجمة. لم يهتم بالطائر، أربحيته، لكنه عرف ما سيقوله الناس الكبار لراهم زأوه يقتله؛ كان خجلاً ممن رأهم المنحتمين. قرر أن ينسى الأمر كله بأسرع وقت ممكن، ولا يذكره أبداً.

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 dumping 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 them 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, in a form of protest.

Before mounting, I guess. Why?

'And on the side of them?'

"More mountains, why?"

16 and filed with SECRETARY OF STATE.

Well, no. At last come to the ocean.

"But what's in the mountains?"

Just cliffs and brush and rocks and dryness.

Судья: Эдвард Мейер

2

كانت البلاد بحاجة إلى هذا التفصيل، والعشب البري ذهبية، لكن  
وحشاها بالأنجب البينوع الخيول، المحيط وقاضي، اعتدت بدهن  
عشب، الخضر والريح، عديمة وورقة، شرب جودها من  
الخيل من الطاهر، وغسل دم الطائر عن يده، بالذات البار، ثم تلد  
على ظهره في العشب وزرع نظره إلى سحب العشب القرمزية.  
ياغماض، إحدى عبيد وشحذ، النظرة، تطير، التي، تلك  
السحب إلى أسفل إلى متاون يده، حتى تمكن من أن يرفع أصابعه  
ويمسكها، سعاد، الريح، النظرة، على دفعها تنزل إلى أسفل  
السماء، بدلة أنه، تسرع لمساعدته لها، ساعد، سحابة سمينة يرفاه  
على الأسماء له حداثي الجبل، وضغطها بقوة لتدفع فوقه  
وتجاذبه، من الانتشار، فساد، حور، متعجباً، صمماً، كانت تراء  
حينذاك، اعتدل من الس، ليلقي نظرة أوضح على الجبال، المشاهدة  
إلى حيث، كانت تتركهم من الجبل، وتزداد إظلاماً ووحشية إلى أن  
تنتهي في ضل مشرق، الذي، وعرفه عنها.  
غريبة، فكر بالقليل الذي، وعرفه عنها.  
سأل، أباه، ذات مرة، "ماذا يروح في الجانب الآخر؟"  
- "جانب آخر، على ما أظن، ماذا؟"  
- "وفي الجانب الآخر عنها؟"  
- "جانب آخر، ماذا؟"  
- "جانب آخر، بدنها ودهاها؟"  
- "نعم، لا أنجب أوصل إلى المحيط."  
- "لكن، ماذا يوجد في الجبل؟"  
- "عند دجوق، وأجمت، وصخور، جفاف."  
- "هل وصلت إلى هناك؟"  
- "لا".



"Has anybody ever been there?"

"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 proud that this should be so.

"And at last the ocean!"

"At last the ocean!"

"Well," the boy insisted, "but in between? No one knows."

"Oh, a few people do, I guess. But there's nothing there to get. And no water, just rocks and cliffs and gorsewood. Why?"

"It would be good to get."

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

"I ain't likely," Billy said. "There'd be nothing to eat unless a kind of people that can eat rocks live there."

"دخل وصل أي إنسان إلى هناك؟"

"قليل من الناس، على ما أظن. إنها خطيرة بجزر فيها وأشبانها. لماذا، قرأت بأن في جبال مقاطعة مونتريري أكثر غير مستكشفة أكثر من أي مكان في الولايات المتحدة." بدأ أبوه غموراً في أن يوضح لأنه أن يكون كذلك.

"وأخيراً البحر؟"

"أخيراً البحر؟"

"البحر انتهى! لكن، لكن فيها ينهار؟ لا أحد يعرف؟"

"أوه، قليل من الناس يعرفون على ما أظن. لكن ليس هناك أي شيء مجده، ولا أكثي من الماء. مجرد صخور وجروف وغابات أشجار شوكية. لماذا؟"

"سيكون حسناً أن نذهب إلى هناك."

"ما الذي لا يوجد شيء هناك؟"

تعرف، جودي بأن هناك شيئاً، شيئاً مدهشاً جداً لأنه لم يكن معروف، شيئاً سريراً شامطاً. إنه يحس إحساساً داخلياً بأن الأمر كان كذلك. قال لأبيه، "هل تعرفين ماذا يوجد في الجبال المشاهرة؟"

نظرت إليه ثم إلى الجبال، إلى سلسلة الجبال الوحشية، وقالت:

"الذهب فقط، على ما أظن."

"أي ذهب؟"

"الذهب الذي صعد الجبل ليرى ما يمكن أن يراه."

"سأل جودي بيلي بكثافة، عامل المزرعة، عن احتمال وجود مدن قديمة ضاعت في الجبال، لكن رأي بيلي اتفق مع رأي أبي جودي. قال بيلي: "ليس هذا محتملاً. لا يوجد ما يترك هناك إلا إذا عاش هناك نوع من البشر يأكلون الصخور."

... was an 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 Boone 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 cy-press trees by the buckhouse 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

تلك كانت كل المعلومات التي حصل عليها جودي ضيلة حياته، فحسبت إليه الجبان وجعلتها رهينة. فغالباً ما ذكر بأفكار من متى جيل ورد متى جبل إلى أن يصل إلى حيث يقع البحر أخيراً. حين تكون الشمس وردية في الصباح تدعوه بينها، وحين تختفي الشمس وراء حافة الجبان في المساء وتصبح الجبان بأساً شبيهاً بالأرجواني، يخاف جودي منها، كما تصبح حينئذ عديدة الشخصية، وتعالية جداً إلى درجة أن هدوءها يصبح تهديداً.

أدار رأسه الآن نحو جبال الشرق، جبال جابيلان، كانت جبالاً مريحة تمتد في شواطئ مزارع تلال، وتمتد على قممها أشجار صنوبر، عاشت ثمر هناك، ونشبت معارك ضد المكسيكيين على منحدراتها، التفت إلى الخلف ونظر إلى الجبل، الشفقة للحظة فارتعش قليلاً عند التهاين. كان حوض منحدر تلي مزرعة يتهم المسند لحته شمساً وآمناً. توهج المنزل بنور أبيض وكانت الخطيرة بنية ودافئة. التهمت الأبقار الحمرء على التل الثاني العشب مكونة طريقاً وهي توجه نحو الشمال ببطء. حتى شجرة السرو الذائبة، انتصبة قرب مبنى موقد العدال كانت عديدة وآمنة. تبش الدجاج تراب ساحة المزرعة فأقرأ قفزات سريعة مهتجة.

عندئذ اجتذب جسم منحدر، نظر جودي. سار رجل ببطء فوق مقدمة التل على الطريق من ساليناس، وكان يشبه نحر نزل، نهض جودي وألقى وتقدم نحو المنزل أيضاً، فإن كان هناك شخص قادم، فهو يريد أن يكون هناك ليراه، ففي الوقت الذي وصل فيه

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 chodhopper shoes and an old flattened Stenson 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. That 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. 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 flattened a tube and a salt impersonal came from between

جودي إلى المزن. كان الرجل الماشي قديماً وصل إلى منتصف الطريق، كان رجلاً عريلاً، مسخياً، الظاهر عند الكنتين. عرف جودي أن الرجل كان عجيراً لأن عقبيه كانتا يتوسيان الأرض بوجبات قاسية. حين اقترب أكثر، رأى جودي بأنه يرتدي بطلال جينز أزرق ومغطاً من نفس القماش. التحمل حذاء رقيقاً فضخماً غليظاً واعتمر قبعة ستينسون قديمة متسقة الخلق. فوق كتفه حمل كيس خشبي ثقيل، وحوله، بغير خطرات، تهادي عشياً إلى هذه أماكن معدة من رتبة وجوب. وكان وجهه داكناً كالعصا بشر وجهه. وحاشى ضارباً بيض موزق عني البشرة الداكنة. فوق فمه، وكان شعراً أبيض أيضاً، حيث بان عند رقبته. انكسرت بشرة وجهه على جسمه إلى أن أظهرت عظامه، بلا لحم، بهذا الأنف والذقن والحنين وعشرين. كانت الشبان كسبرلين وعصياتين وداكنين، وقد امتد الختان فوقهما بأحكام. كانت الخطفتان باليونان شياً واحداً، وهي سوداء قداماً، لكن مقلي العينين كانتا عسائين. لم تكن في الوجه تقصصات إطلاقاً. ارتدى هذا الرجل العجوز مغطاً من كمالي مليم عوزر. حلقه بأزوار نحاس؛ كما كان يعمل كل الرجل الذين لا يرتدون قمصاناً. من الكنتين بوز مصصان عظميات قويا وبران كثيراً كغيرنا العند، رصصان صلابة فروع أشجار خوخ. كنت الأظافر متسقة، وكبيلة ولاسة.

اقترب الرجل العجوز من البركة ورسمي كيسة عني الأرض من ولبه جودي. ارتجفت لشفاه قليلاً وصارت من بينهم صوت غير مميز الشخصية.

"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 *pasano* 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. Tiffin 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."

"هل تعيش هنا؟"

ارتبك جودي. ثم التفت ونظر إلى المنزل، والتفت إلى الخلف وظهر نحو الحظيرة حيث كان أبوه وبيلي بك. قال حين لم تحصل أية نجدة من أي من الاتجاهين، "نعم."

قال الزر رجل العجوز: "لقد عدت. أنا جيتانو، وقد عدت."

لم يستطع جودي أن يتحمل كل هذه المسؤولية. استدار فجأة وبجرى داخل المنزل طالباً المساعدة، فأنصفت باب الستار خلف يقوه. كانت أمه في المطبخ تكشر الشقوب المسدودة في مصفاة الطهي بـشبه من شعر لفتحها، عاضة شفها السفلى وهي تركك.

صاح جودي متفعلاً: "إنه رجل عجوز. إنه بابيسانو عجوز!" ويقول إنه عاد.

وضعت أمه مصفاة الطهي وبشزت شمس الشعر خلف لوح حوض الخفي. سألت بصوت: "ما الأمر الآن؟"

"إنه رجل عجوز في الخارج. تعالي إلى الخارج."

"حسناً، ماذا يريد؟" حلت خيرة طمئنتها ومهدت شعرها بأصابعها.

"لا أعرفه. جاء عابثاً."

مستات أمه غماتها وخبرتها، وتبعها جودي. ثم يكن جيتانو قد غرق.

سألت السيدة تيفلين: "نعم؟"

خرج جيتانو قبضته السوداء القديمة وأمسك بها بكف يديه أمامه. كرر القول: "أنا جيتانو، وقد عدت."

"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 hut 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."

Body'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 Body. "Run down to the barn and call your father."

Body dashed away, and he returned with Carl Tiffin 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.

"عدت؟ عدت إلى أين؟"

التفت جسم جيتانو المستقيم كله إلى الأمام قليلاً. رست يده على الحقول المنحدرة والجبال. وأنهت يده إلى بيته. "عدت إلى البيوت التي ولدت فيها، وأبي وأمي ولدوا هنا."

سألت: "هنا؟ ليس هذا مكان قديم."

قال جيتانو إلى مشرق الجبل الغربي: "لا، هناك. على الجانب الآخر هناك، في بيت اختي."

أخيراً فهمت. "بيت الذين أقدمهم الذي الحرف والاختار تهرينا، ذلك ما تعنيه؟"

- "نعم يا سينيورا. حين أقدمت المزرعة لم يخصصوا المريد من الكس على الذين، فجوزته الأعطار ودمرتهم."

صمتت أم جودتي قليلاً، وشارت تفكار جيتانو إلى الوطن في ذهنها، لكنها سارعت في إبعادها. "وماذا تريد هنا يا جيتانو؟"

قال بهدوء: "سأبقى هنا إلى أن أموت."

- "لكن لا تحتاج إلى عامل آخر هنا."

"لم أجد أستطيع العمل عملاً كافياً يا سينيورا، يمكنني أن أحلب بقرة أو أقطع دجاجاً، وأقطع قليلاً من الخشب؛ ليس أكثر من هذا. سأبقى هنا. أشاء إلى الكس المستقر على الأرض. إلى جانيه. ها هي أشيائي."

التفت إلى جودتي: "اجري إلى الخظيرة وادأ بابك."

تقدم جودتي مبتعدة ثم عدت وكارنت تيفلين وييلي بك وراءهم. كان الرجل، المجهوز يقف كماً كان يقف في السابق، لكنه كان مستريحاً الآن. كان جسمه كله قد اتاح. في وثقة مستريحة لا يحددها زمن.

"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 Adobe house over the hill. It was all one ranch 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 want to die with strangers."

سأل كارل تيفلين: "ما الأمر؟ ما الذي أثار انفعال جودي إلى هذه الدرجة؟"

أشارت السيدة تيفلين إلى الرجل العجوز. "إنه يريد أن يبقى هنا. يريد أن يقوم بعمل بسيط ويبقى هنا."

"حسناً، لا يمكننا قبوله. لا نحتاج إلى عمال آخرين. إنه عجوز جداً. ويلي يقوم بكل ما نحتاج إليه."

ظلاً يتكلمان عنه كأنه لم يكن موجوداً، فجأة، تردداً كلاهما الآن ونظراً إلى جيتانو فارتبكاً.

سلك حلقه. "شخت على العمل. أنا أعود إلى حيث ولدت."

قال كارل بحدة: "أنت لم تولد هنا."

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

"في بيت اللين الذي ذاب كله وسوي بالأرض؟"

"نعم. أنا وأبي. سألني الآن هنا في المزرعة."

قال كارل بغضب: "أقول لك إنك لن تبقى هنا. أنا لا أحتاج إلى رجل عجوز. هذه ليست مزرعة كبيرة. ليس بإمكانني دفع ثمن طعام وفواتير طبيب لرجل عجوز. لا بد أن يكون لديك أقرباء وأصدقاء. اذهب إليهم. إنه أشبه بشحاذة مسجيتك إلى غريباً."

قال جيتانو بصبر ودون أن يلين: "ولدت هنا."

لم يرغب كارل تيفلين في أن يكون قاسياً، لكنه شعر أنه يجب أن يكون كذلك، قال: "يمكنك الأكل هنا الليلة. يمكنك النوم في الغرفة الصغيرة في مبنى مرقد العمال القديم. سنقدم إليك طعام الإفطار في الصباح، ومن ثم يجب أن تتابع طريقك. اذهب إلى أصدقائك. لا تأت لتتحدث مع غريباً."

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قال جيتانو بصبر ودون أن يلين: "ولدت هنا."

Citano 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.'

Citano looked questioninglly 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. Citano 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?'

Citano 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 toward on the years that were living in Citano'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?'

اعتبر جيتانو قبعته أسوداء وانحنى على كيسه. قال: 'ها هي أمتياني.'

استنداز كارل مبسكاً. 'نمار يا بيني، سنهجي عملنا في الحظيرة. أره يا جودي الغرفة الصغيرة في مرقد العمال.'

استنداز هو ريبي وحناء إلى الحظيرة. دخلت السيدة تيفلين المنزل، قائلة من فوق كتفها: 'سأرسل بعض الأغطية.'

ألقى جيتانو نظرة تساؤل على جودي. قال جودي: 'سأريك أين تقع.'

كان في الغرفة الصغيرة في مرقد العمال فرشاة قش على سرير ستري. وعندما في قفاح عليه قنديل صغير ذو كرسي، غراز بلا ظهر.

وضع جيتانو كيسه بجانبه على الأرضية وجلس على السرير. وقف جودي في الخفة فجأة، مدبراً في مقابلة الغرفة. أخيراً،

قال: 'أجل، جيتا، من الجبال الصغيرة؟'

هو جيتانو رأسه يبدد: 'لا، المتخلفت في وادي ساليناس.'

ما كان سيستريح تفكير بعد الظهور في أن يغادر جودي الغرفة. 'هل ذهبت إلى الجبال الصغيرة هناك؟'

ثبتت العبدان. كانا كمنان المعجوزان، وتحوّل نورهما إلى الدخان ونور كذا على السنين. لم يكن كالكس تيبس في رأس جيتانو. 'مرة واحدة - حين كنت ولداً صغيراً ذهبت مع أبي.'

'إلى هناك، إلى الجبال، نعم؟'

'نعم.'

صاح جودي: 'ماذا كان هناك؟ هل رأيت أي ناس أو أي منازل؟'



"No."

"Well, what was there?"

Gitano's eyes remained inward. A little wrinkled smile came between his brows.

"What did you see in there?" Jody repeated.

"I don't know," Gitano said. "I don't remember."

"Was it terrible and dry?"

"I don't remember."

In his excitement, Jody had lost his shyness. "Don't you remember anything about it?"

Gitano's mouth opened for a word, and remained open while his brain sought the word. "I think it was quiet—I think it was nice."

Gitano's eyes seemed to have found something back in the years, for they grew soft and a little smile seemed to come and go in them.

"Didn't you ever want to?"

But now Gitano's face became impatient. "No," he said in a tone that told Jody he didn't want to talk about it any more. The boy was held by a curious fascination. He didn't want to go away from Gitano. His shyness returned.

"Would you like to come down to the barn and see the stock?" he asked.

Gitano stood up and put on his hat and prepared to follow.

— "لا" —

— "حسناً، ماذا كان هناك؟" —

ظلَّ جيتانو حينئذٍ ينظر إلى داخله، وتكونت تغمضٌ مشورت طفيف بين حاجبيه.

كرر جودي السؤال: "ماذا رأيت هناك؟"

قال جيتانو: "لا أعرف. لا أتذكر."

— "هل كان رهيباً وجافاً؟"

— "لا أتذكر."

أثناء انفعالات جودي، تخطى عنه سحاب. "ألا تتذكر شيئاً منها؟"

انفتح فم جيتانو ليكنكم، ظلَّ ومتموجاً بينما بحث عقله عن كلمات. "أظن أنها كانت هادئة — أظن أنها كانت رائعة."

بدأ أن يعبرني جيتانو عثرتاً على شيء في السنين الماضية، فقد رقتا وبدأ أن ابتسامته صغيرة لئلا فيهما وتخرج منهما.

ألح جودي بالسؤال: "هل عدت مرة أخرى إلى البقال؟"

— "لا" —

— "ألم ترد أن تذهب إليها؟"

لكن وجه جيتانو أصبح زائد السبر. قال بلهجة أنهمت جودي بأنه لا يريد العودة إلى الخلف في هذا الموضوع. "لا، كان معي عجب. بأسر اللقي. ثم برغب في الاستعداد من جيتانو. عاد

إلى البيت.

سأله: "هل تريد أن تذهب إلى الخطيرة ونرى الماشية؟"

نهض جيتانو واقفاً واعتصر قمحه واستعد أن يتبعه.



watering trough while the horses sauntered in from the hill-sides 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 spears, 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. 'I'd save him a lot of pains and rheumatism.' He looked secretly at Gitano, to see whether he noticed the parallel between 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.'

كان الوقت مساءً تقريباً ، وقف قرب كنا: الري بينما خطرت الحيل داخلة المزرعة من مستعمرات الدلائل أشرب في فترة المساء ، أراح جيتانو يديه المتوترتين على قمة حاجز السياج ، هبطت خمس خيول وشريت ، ثم وقفت في الجوار ، قاضية ما تجمع من أوساخ ، وحائكة جنوبها على خشب السياج المصقوف ، بعد فترة طويلة من الانتهاء شربها ، ظهر حصان عجوز في مقدمة التل وهبط متأنثاً . كانت له أسنان طويلة صفراء ، وكانت حوافرة منبسطة وحادة كرفرش ، ونشأت أضلعها وعظام ردفه من تحت جلده ، طلع متقدماً من قناة الري وشرب الماء بصوت ماض عال .

أوضح جودي : ' ذلك هو إيستير العجوز ، إنه أول حصان حصل عليه أبي ، إنه في الثلاثين من عمره ' . رفع نظره إلى عيني جيتانو المعجزين بحثاً عن اجالة .

قال جيتانو : ' ثم بعد نافعاً ' .

خرج أبو جودي ويبي بك من الحظيرة وحشياً وهو همة .

كرر جيتانو : ' أكبر سناً من أن يعمل . يأكل فقط ويسرعان ما يموت ' .

التفتت أدنا كارل تيفلين الكلمات الأخيرة ، كرهه فحسب أنه على جيتانو ، لذلك قسا عليه مرة أخرى .

قال : ' من العذر ألا تطلق النار على إيستير . ستقلده الرصاصه من الكثير من الآلام والرؤماتزم ' . استرق النظر إلى جيتانو يبري إن كان قد لاحظ النشأه ، لكن اليبدين العظيمين الكبيرين لم تتحركاً ، ولم تبعد العينان الداكستان نظراً تهماً عن الحصان ، تابع أبو جودي : ' يجب أن تخلص الأشياء كبيرة السن من تعاسها . طليقة واحدة ، وضجة كبيرة ، وربما ألم شديد في الرأس ، وذلك كل شيء ، ذلك أفضل من تعسب الشرايين وتقرح الأسنان ' .

Billy Buck woke m. 'They got a right to rest after they worked all of their life. Maybe they like to just walk around.'

Cari had been looking steadily at the skinny horse. 'You can't imagine 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.

'He'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 shoeing Easter. He likes Easter. That was the first horse he ever owned.'

تدخل يعني تمامًا. "من حقها أن تستريح بعد أن عملت طيلة حياتها، كد لكسب أن تستقل دون مكانة أخرى، آخر فقط."

ظن كارل يشتر إلى التخصصان التحصيل بشبهات. فقال برفقة: "لا يمكنك تحميل كيف، كان منظر إيسير في السابق، رتبة عالية، صلب عريض، جذع يديع، كان باستطاعته القفز عن بوابة مصنوعة من خمسة قضبان بقفزة واحدة، لقد أثبت به في سباق حين كنت في الخامسة عشرة من حمري. كان يمكنني الخصول على ماتي دولار فمياً له في أي وقت، لا يمكنك تحميل كم كان جسيماً حينذاك".

كبح جراح نفسه، فقد كان يكره اللين، قال: "لكن، يجب أن نطلق عليه النار الآن".

أصر بيلى بكسب عن رأيه: "من حقها أن تستريح".

خطرت ببال أير جودي فكرة مريحة، التفت إلى جيتانو. قال: "لو أن لحم الخنزير والبيض ينمو على منحدر تل، أسمعنا نك بالانطلاق لمرعي أيضاً، لكن، ليست لدي إمكانية السماح لك بالمرعي في مطبخي".

ضحك بيلى بكسب على "الفكرة وهما يتابعان سيرهما نحو المنزل. "سيكون الوضع رائعاً بالنسبة، إلينا كلما نرغم لحم الخنزير والبيض على منحدرات التلال".

هرط جودي بأن أياه كان يتحسسن المكان الذي يمكنه إيداء العجوز فيه. كثيراً ما فعل أبوه هذا معه. فقد عرف أبوه كل جزء من الصبي، حيث ترعجه كلمة.

قال جودي: "إنه يتكلم فقط، إنه لا يعني قرون عن إخطائي آثار، علير إيسير، إنه يحب إيسير، فقد كان ذلك أول شخصان ملكه".

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.

"Come running, Jody. Come in to supper, Gitano."

Carl and Billy Buck had started to eat at the long calicoth-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.

غرقت الشمس خلف الجبال الشاهقة وهما يثقلان هناك، وزان السكون على المزرعة. بدا أن جيتانو يألف المكان أكثر في المساء. أطلق صوتاً جاداً غريباً من شففيه وبما إحدى يديه فوق السياج. سار إيستير العجوز متصلياً نحوه، فريث جيتانو على الرقبة الأنحنية تحت العرف.

سأل جودي بركة: "نحية؟"

- نعم - لكنه ليس ذائق على الإطلاق -

تردد صوت اللث في بيت المزرعة. صاح جودي: "ذلك هو العشاء، تعال العشاء."

فيما هما يسيران، مقتربين من البيت، لاحظ جودي أن جسم جيتانو كان متصبباً كجسم شاب. من احتراز حركاته وجرجرة أعقابته على الأرض فقط كان يمكن أن ترى أنه كان عجوزاً.

كانت الديوك الرومية نظير يتناقل على الفروع البواطنة من شجرة السرو قرب دئبي. مر قد العمال. عبرت قطعة مزرعة سمينة قرية الطريق حاملة جرداً كبيراً جداً إلى درجة أن ذيله تجر جر على الأرض. بينما ظلت ضيوز السمسمان على منحدرات السلال تطلق صوت نداء المذا الصافي.

وصل جودي وجيتانو إلى الدراج الخلفي ونظرت السيدة تيفلين من خلال ستارة الباب إليهما.

- "أجر واتخل يا جودي. ادخل للعشاء يا جيتانو." كان كارل وبيلي قد شرعا يكالان وهما يجلسان إلى الطاولة نظرية المظانة تسمع. ان لقي جودي جالساً على كرسيه دون أن يحركه، لكن جيتانو وقف ممسكاً بشففه إلى أن رفع كرسيه نظره وقال: "إجلس، إجلس، يمكنك أن تلبطك قليل أن توأصل سيرك." كان كارل يخشى أن يلين ويسمح لرجل العجوز في أن يقدم معهم، فوأصل تذكره بأن ذاته لن يكون.

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 washed potato on plate.

The situation would not stop worrying Carl Tiffin. '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. Tiffin.

'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.

وضع جيتانو قبضته على أرضية الغرفة وجلس على الكرسي بحياء. لم يكن يمكنه الوصول إلى الطعام. كان لا بد أن يدفعه كارل نحو. 'خذ. املأ بطنك.' أكل جيتانو بطء شديد، قاطعاً قطعاً صغيرة من اللحم وراضعاً قليلاً من البطاطا المهروسة على طبقه.

لم يفتح الموقف شيئاً لتناق كارل تيفين. سأل: 'أليس لديك أثر بناء في هذه الأرجاء من البلاد؟'

أجاب جيتانو ببعض الفخر: 'صهري في مونتريري. ولدي أبناء عم هناك أيضاً.'

من حسن، يمكنك أن تذهب وتعيش هناك إذن.'

قال جيتانو بتريخ لطيف: 'ولدت هنا.'

دخلت أم جودي من المطبخ حاملة طبقاً كبيراً من حلوى

تريخ تايبوكا.

فهمه كارل ضاحكاً لها. 'هل أخبرتكم بما قلته لكم؟ قلت لو أن لحم الخنزير والبيض ينمو على متحدرات التلال لسمحت له بالعيش هناك، مثل إيستر المجهوز.' حدث جيتانو بي مليئة دون أن يحول نظره عنه.

قالت السيدة تيفين: 'من التمتع جداً ألا يتيم هذا.'

قال كارل بترق: 'الآن، لا تبدأي بأي شيء.'

حين أنهوا الأكل، دخل كارل وبيلي بك وجودي غرفة المعيشة ليجلسوا لوحدهم لكن جيتانو، نوره كنعمه وضع أو شكر، مشى خارجاً المطبخ ثم خرج من الباب الخلفي، جالس جودي وراقب أباه خلسة. كان يعرف مدى النذاعة التي يشعر بها أبوه.

سأل كارل تيفين بكاء: 'هذه البلاد مليئة بـ *پاسنوس*، أليس كذلك؟'

بأيسنانوس العجائز.'

"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 Gitano 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 Fink 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 Montevideo. 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.

دافع بيلى بك عنهم: "إنهم رجال عظيمون جداً. إنهم يستطيعون العمل وهم أكبر سناً من الرجال البيض. لقد رأيت رجلاً بلغ عمره مائة وخمسة سنوات، وظل قادراً على ركوب حصان، أنت لا ترى رجلاً أفضل في عمر جيتانو وبشي قاطعاً عشرين أو ثلاثين ميلاً."

وافق كارل على ذلك: "أوه، إنهم شجعون جداً. قل، هل تثق أنت معه أيضاً؟ أصغ يا بيلى، أنا أمر بما يكفي من وقت عصيب لإبقاء هذه المزرعة بعيداً عن تلك زبغالبا بعدم قبول أي شخص آخر لإخطائه. أنت تعرف ذلك يا بيلى."

قال بيلى: "أكيد، أعرف. لو كنت غنياً، لاختلّف الأمر."

- "ذلك صحيح، ولا يبدو الأمر كذلك ليس لديه اقرباء يذهب إليهم. صهر وأبناء عم في مونتيري. لماذا أقلق عليه؟"

جلس جودي هادئاً مصغياً، وبدأ أنه يسمع صوت جيتانو اللطيف وجملته التي لا يمكن الإجابة عليها: "لكنني ولدت هنا". كان جيتانو غامضاً كالجبال. كانت هناك سلاسل منها تمتد إلى أقصى مسافة يمكنك رؤيتها، لكن، خلف سلسلة الجبال الأخيرة الشامخة قبالة السماء، كانت هناك بلاد مجهولة. وكان جيتانو رجلاً عجوزاً، إلى أن تصل إلى العينين الناكنتين الكامدتين، فخلقهما يستقر شيء مدهش. إنه لم يقل أبداً ما يكفي من كلمات حتى يمكنك تخمينها. ما كان داخله، تحت العينين، أحس جودي بأنه يجذب نحو مرقد العمال على نحو لا يقاوم. انزلق نازلاً عن كرسيه بينما كان أبوه يتكلم ويخرج من الباب دون أن يصدر أي صوت.

The night was very dark and far-off noises carried in clearly. The hanebells 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 backhouse. Because the night was soot he walked quickly 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 deer-skin, 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 deer-skin 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?"

كان الليل حالك الظلمة في صلات أصوات الضججة واضحة. تردد صوت أجراس حولي قريب قطع الأوتساب من مسافة بعيدة على التلال وهي تدير على الطريق الزراعي. سلك جودي طريقاً عبر القضاة الخضم. رأى فيرمانس بخلاف نافذة الغرفة الصغيرة في مرفق النصال. لأن الليل كان سرياً. سار بهدوء متوجهاً إلى النافذة ونظر إلى الداخل. جلس جيتانو في كرسي عزاز وظهوره للخافلة. تنقلت يده اليمنى أمامه يبطء إلى الخلف والأمام. دفع جودي الباب ونكحه ودخل. ارتج جيتانو معتدلاً، وفيما هو يمسك قطعة جلد غزال، حاول أن يرمي بها على الشيء في حجره، لكن الجلد ارتد بعيناً عنه. وقف جودي متجنباً إلى الشيء الذي في يده جيتانو. سرياً، سقوله رفيع وحده بل يشفق شبيبي على شاك سلك. كان النصل مثل شعاع ليل، مقامم رفيع. كان القبط مشقوباً ومنحوتاً - مثلاً معتدلاً.

سأله جودي: "ما هذا؟"

نظر إليه جيتانو بعينين متساظتين، وانقلب جلد الغزال المسافط. رآه النصل الجميل به لثاً محكمات.

عنه جودي يده. "ألا يمكنك أن تراه؟"

الضجج منها جيتانو غضباً وهو رأسه.

- من أين حصلت عليه؟ من أين جاء؟"

نظر إليه جيتانو الآن نظرة عميقة الغرور. كما أنه كان يشعشع به.

"أخبرني من أيها؟"

- "حسناً من أين حصل عليه؟"

Girano 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?'

Girano 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 rupier. 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. T. Gir looked in from the kitchen.

هبط جيتانو ينظر إلى صرة الجلد الطويلة المستقرة في يده. "لا أعرف."  
 "ألم يخبرك بذلك؟"  
 "لا."  
 "ماذا تفعل به؟"

بدأ جيتانو مندهشاً قليلاً. "لا شيء. أبقيه معي فقط."

"ألا يمكنك أن آراه ثانية؟"

حل الرجل العجوز النصل اللامع وأخرجه من لفافته وترك نور المصباح يتلوى عليه للحظة، ثم عاود لفه ثانية. "أخرج الآن، أريد أن أوي إلى الفراش." نفض على النصل وأطفأ قبل أن يغلق جودي الباب.

بينما جودي يعود نحو المنزل، عرف شيئاً واحداً على نحو أوضح مما عرف أي شيء آخر من قبل. يجب ألا يخبر أحداً عن سيف الغول. سيكون أمراً رهيباً إخبار أي شخص عنه، فسيحطم هذا بنية حقيقة هشة. كانت حقيقة قد تتأثر متحطمة بنشرها بين الناس.

في الطريق عبر الفناء المظلم، مر جودي ببيني بك. قال بيلي:

"إنهما يتساءلان مستغربين أين أنت."

تسلل جودي داخل غرفة النعيسة، ألقت أبو إليه. "أين كنت؟"

"خرجت لأرى إن كنت اصطدت أي جسدان بنسخي الجليد."

قال أبو: "حان وقت إيوائك إلى الفراش."

كان جودي أول من يجلس إلى مائدة الإفطار في الصباح. ثم دخل أبو بعده، أخيراً دخل بيلي بك. نظرت السيدة تيفلين من المطبخ.

"Where's the cat man, Billy?" she asked.

"I guess he's out walking," Billy said. "I looked in his room and he wasn't there."

11-11-2014

For a long while.

"No," Budy explained. "His sack is in the little room." After breakfast Jody walked down to the bunk-house. Piles were flashing about in the sunshine. The crowd seemed especially quiet this morning. When he was sure no one was watching him, Jody went into the hide 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. Tuffin.

we (him come down in water with the other horses.

to one hundred of the morning less Taylor from the bridge each rode down.

You didn't ask that gray crow bait of yours, did you?

No. of copies kept, 30,000-2

"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."

1. 2. 3.

سأكتب: "أين الرجل المجهول يا بلقيس؟"  
والربيعي: "أظن أنه خرج من هنا، بحثاً، فهو ضائع، وأنا أبحث  
عنك."

[illegible][illegible]

قال: اني انا نفسي لم يجرى لي في ذلك شيء

1998

في قنصلية الطنجة، طرابلس، ليبيا

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1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.

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at's old Gitano, 'Carl Tiffin said, 'I'll see if any game are missing.' He stepped into the house for a second. Nope, all here. Which way was he heading, leg?

'Well, that's the funny thing. He was heading to climb 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 buying that horse. I wonder where he got the gun. I wonder what he wants back there.'

Jody walked up through the vegetable patch, upward the brush line. He looked searchingly at the low-lying mountains-ridge after ridge until at last there was the ocean. For a moment he thought he could see a black speck crawling up the furthest ridge, suddenly 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 agony.

قال كابلو اليميني: "ذاك هو جيفانيو اليميني. سأأكله، مما إذا كانت إحدى يداي عطفون". "نحننا نحننا المثل مرة ثانية". "لا، كابلو هنا. أي طرفي كان يفتح يديه يا جيفانيو؟"

- "حسناً، ذاك هو المصباح في الأسفل. كان منحنياً شامخاً إلى

الجبال."

فصاحك كابلو، قائلاً: "إنهم لا يشعرون أبداً أعلى. ليس قد. أطلق

أذن سوارق. أيسمير العرجون."

- "نعم، ألى عشارته يا كابلو."

"ألى الجحشوم لا، لقد رفضتني دفري ذلك المصباح أنا

المصباح من ألى مصباحي إلى المصباح. وأتساءل ما الذي يريد من

جودته إلى هناك."

صاح جودته إلى ألى المصباح. فصرخ جودته إلى جودته. نظرت بجانبا

لتي الجبل العذراء - قسمة رداء قسمة وراء قسمة إلى أن تصل إلى

المصباح العذراء. فكر الجبل إلى يرى المصباح العذراء. ثم صعد مصباحه

إلى أعلى قسمة. فكر جودته إلى مصباح المصباح وجيفانيو. وفكر بالجبل

المصباح. وأبعد شوقه. وكان شوقاً عذراً جداً إلى درجة أنه رفض

تحي إلى مصباح جودته. فصرخ جودته. فصرخ جودته إلى المصباح إلى المصباح

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فصرخ جودته.

## APPENDIX 3: Chapter Five of *The General's Daughter* and Its Translation

# THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER

Many thanks to my *consiglieri*,  
Dave Westerman, Mike Tryon,  
Len Ridini, Tom Eschmann, Steve Astor,  
John Berets, and Nick Edison.  
*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 distasteful. 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 Sunhull 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 classroom - 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

sibum 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 completely 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 hightech 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. 'Pabium,' 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 Sunhall, '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 wall-paper. 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 pushed the drawer shut. 'Keep me informed,' I said. 'You too,' she snapped.

مكتبة ابن خلدون  
1430

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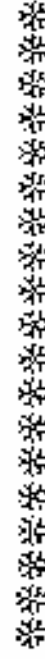


#### APPENDIX 4: Chapter One of *East Wind: West Wind* and Its Translation





*A Chinese Woman Speaks*



I

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 truly people. If I heard funny, 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 how the day has come when I watch eagerly these strange creatures—these modern women—seeing 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 dared to be a child and become a maiden, she said to me these words:

"A woman before men should maintain a flower-like silence and should withdraw herself as the

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## EAST WIND: WEST WIND

earliest moment that is possible without collision."

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. For oh, I fear he finds my silence still

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 deliciously beautiful things: to say to him, I will tell him how I love him. Now, you mind, in the brazen words copied from the repulsive West. But in hidden words like these,

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

On this, when he calls upon the Lagoon Lake in the evenings

"What if the pale water were should never feel how the moon drives there? What if the wave

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# EAST WIND, WEST WIND

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

Then often we come in, wearing the strange face  
sign that I cannot meet these things. Can it be  
that I am married to a stranger? His words are few  
and carelessly spoken, and his eyes slide unheeding  
over me, even in sleep I wear my peach-colored satin  
and loose pearls in my freshly bound hair.

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

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These 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 gen-  
erations of women who found favor in the eyes of  
their lords? There have been none looking in beauty  
for a hundred years save only one, and that one  
K'wei-mei in the age of Sung, who was pitted with  
swallow in the age of three years. Yet it is written  
that even she had eyes like black jewels and a voice

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# EAST WIND, WEST WIND

which shook men's hearts like wind in the banyan  
in spring. My husband held her as 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 Fung-shan who  
lived upon her wit a white bird-held the very  
emperor in the vented palms of her hands, since the  
emperor, the Sun of Heaven, was roused 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 left  
you I see that there are others less fair than I. I see  
that my eyes are closely 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 are  
gold clasp close. I see that my mouth is small and  
and makes me approved even in the eyes of my  
lord. I wish only that I were not so pale, and that  
the line of my knees were carried on gleams of an  
rich further toward the crown. I cannot my price

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# EAST WIND: WEST WIND

ness with a touch of rose upon my palms rubbed against my cheeks. A brush dipped in black perfumes my brows.

I see fair enough then, and compared for him. But the instant his eyes fell 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!

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When the gentleman had set the day for my marriage, when the red lacquered boxes were packed to the him, 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 on 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

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# EAST WIND: WEST WIND

my very heart through the silence. At last she laid me sit. She layed with a sternness akin to a discipline on the table beside her, her face, quiet in its accustomed expression of fraternal sadness. My mother was wise.

"Remember, my daughter," she said, "you are about to marry the man on 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 but six years of age. You were born within the week 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. At 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 to advice while an elder speaks without in praise or blame, in all things I have taught you to submit yourself as a *daughter* slave to earth and rain alike.

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# EAST WIND: WEST WIND

"For you, husband I have taught you how to deprecate your person, how to speak on 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 gentleman. The preparation of sweetmeats and delicate foods you understand, so that you may tempt your husband's appetite and set his thoughts upon your virtue. Never cease to beguile him with your ingenuity in different dishes."

"The readiness and elegance of aristocratic life—how to enter and leave the presence of your superior, how to speak to your inferiors, how to enter your estate, how to greet his mother in the presence of official—these things you know. The behavior of a lady is, the variety of smiles, the art of her decoration with jewels and flowers, the pinning of your hair and fragrantia, the use of scent upon your person, the coming of shoes upon your little feet—oh, yes, these too of yours and all the tears they have shed. But I know of none so small in your generation. And you were scarcely more tiny at your age."

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I only hope that the family of the noble lord in my images and have bound as closely the heart of their daughter, the betrothed of your brother, my son. But I am fearful of it because I hear also is learned in the Four Books and learning has never accompanied beauty in women. I must and more as the go-between again regarding the matter."

"As for you, my child, if my daughter-in-law equals you, I shall not complain overmuch. 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

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## EAST WIND: WEST WIND

father had these concubines whose sole interest was in the excruciating and boring of children, was too ordinary to contain any mystery. Yet the thought of this too reveals—but my mother did not even see my last child. She sat absorbed in meditation and felt no living again with the warmest seeds.

"There is only one thing," she said finally, "he has been absorbed in 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 woman's environment 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 noted it since that in her youth before she was wed, she possessed the great beauty of north eyes and the lips of the delicacy of the coral-colored buds of the quince tree. Given yet her face, fleshless though it is, preserves the clear oval of the paintings of the ancient woman. As for her eyes, the Fourth Lady has a clear tongue, and she said of them once.

"The First Lady's eyes are old jewels, black pearls, diving from overmuch knowledge of sorrow."

Ah, my mother!

[ 13 ]

# رياح الشرق يروح الغرب

EAST WIND . WEST WIND

روايات جائزة نوبل

محمدة قطيبي



دار النشر

روايات جائزة نوبل

محمدة قطيبي

الدم المصرية اللبنانية

عبد الرحمن منعم . محمد رشيد

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عبد الرحمن منعم . محمد رشيد





هذه الحوائط ... لقد تزوجت منذ سنين عشت خلاله في عزلة . ولكني  
نسيت حبيبة لي عتيبة .

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أخبرني أنني أفكر الآن ملياً طوال ثلاثة أيام . يجب أن استعس بالشكر .  
وأبديت عن وسيلة لحذير نفسي ( زوجي شعبي ) . في نسيت من سلافة الجبال  
حين التفتت لأتذكر استعجابنا في عهد الزواجرين : لم تكن هناك واحدة  
تقتظر إلى الجبال طوال حياة عدم مفضت سوى واحدة فقط تدعى « كواي »  
- ماري ، التي عاشت في عصر « سوني » وأصبحت بالجدري وهي في  
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تسرع زواجرها . فلما بد أن نه لغيره تسرع في عروته . وعطفت من  
عنانهم .

لقد تحدثت عن زواجي ( صراحي لغير وزيجة ، ذا من أبطر . ولكن من

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APPENDIX 5: Chapter One of *Juŋjŏ'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 Smiles family—liberal whites—are rescued from the terror by their servant, July, who leads them to refuge in his village. What happens to the Smileses and to July—the shifts in character and relationships—gives us an unforgettable look into the terrifying, back 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*

"Nadine Gordimer writes more knowingly about South Africa than anyone else." —Anatole Broyard, *The New York Times*



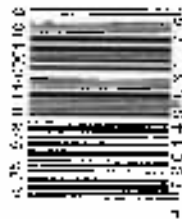
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U.S. \$14.00  
CAN. \$17.50



# JULY'S PEOPLE

## NADINE A NOVEL GORDIMER

Winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature

"So flawlessly written that every one of its events seems chillingly, ominously possible." —Anne Tyler, *The New York Times Book Review*

The black children who watched the hut from afar and solicited, as if her glance were a stone thrown among them, re-informed 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 *adules 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, matted hair 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.—

Now go! the blaze going —I assure you, they've been drinking water whenever they find it, already...it's impossible to stop them. —

—What are 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 hull, 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 chirping voice, awayed, 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—

Just like 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 earrings 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 silk 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, on 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 earned the money from the bank. His town woman was a respectable office cleaner who wore crumpled 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 soldier was usually a son being put through high school in connection on his mother's earnings; it was understood July's respectability was to his own family, far away. The town women had no children fathered by her lover; once had put a hand under her breast with the gesture with which women declare themselves in conscious control of their female destiny. —It's all finished—? in sterilized at the clinic.— In introduction 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 fuzzy 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.

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 throb 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 every-where 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.

**W**hy 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, he borrowed a Primus for them; watched him, in the morning, like 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 end of the wall trixed 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.

—No, no don't understand. Nowhere else to go. I've told you.—

His wife jerked her chin in exaggerated parody of accord.

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 need to write and say how you were looking after the heaven by yourself—tending 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, overcast, didn't he—

The English word broke the cadence of their language. *Chersens*. The concept was as unfamiliar to his wife as the shaping of the word by her tongue, but he had carried the haze 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 overcast? 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 women was impatient with him. —I've seen those planes, they was 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 Mocambique, our people have got some special kind of guns or bombs. They travel very far and very high. They've even got more things in Daveyton and KwaThema and Soweto now—right near town. They hit the plane and it burst in the air. Everyone was burned to death—

This thunder made the stylized, gobbling exclamations that each word off disaster and surmount 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 town... But I don't know what it's all about.—

He called back. —Exactly, *Mbani*, 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 peasies 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,vasive and self-absorbed. —The face—I don't know... not a nose, pretty face. I always thought they had beautiful features. 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 outthunkily round the soft membranes, awkwardness of the small body was still as part of her own. The man was excluded. She flicked the chalky paste off his 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.

—No, I mean it. If we can get hold of a bag of cement, we can make a foundation. I saw some old piping lying somewhere...? You could have quite a decent rain-water supply all through the rainy months. It's a waste. The women won't need to go to the river. It'll be much better to drink than river water.—

There was no bag of cement; but they worked together more or less as they did when Bam expected July to help him with the occasional building or repair jobs that had to be done to maintain a seven-roomed house and swimming-pool. Bam made do with stones for a foundation. He kept the radio near and at the hours when news bulletins were read she would appear from wherever she might be. They stood and listened together. There were other radios in the community, bellowing, chattering, twanging pop music, the sprightly patter of commercials in a black language; the news reader's garbling-talk voice spoke English only to the white pair, only for them. They didn't comment and each watched the other's face. But whatever each hoped to find, of a sudden new decision made, or dreaded to find, of new grounds for fear, did not appear. There was fierce fighting round Jan Smuts Airport; the city centre, under martial law, had been quiet last night, but mortar fire was heard and confused reports had been received of heavy fighting in the eastern and northern suburbs. The Red Cross appealed for blood. The gas works had been attacked and the explosion had started a fire that spread to suburban houses; Bam's eyebrows flew up and exposed his gaze—only across the valley, the freeway, from the house they had chosen to build in a quiet suburb. U.S. Congress was debating the organization of a United States government airlift for American nationals. It was not known from where it would operate; Cape Town, Durban and Port Elizabeth airports were closed, and their ports bombed and blockaded. Maureen looked away where a young boy was

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 reams 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 contrived 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).



carrying 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 laws 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 Smiles 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 straggled and burned-off patches which were the lands—the buttack-bola 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 asked; 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 tracking through the undergrowth, and the stillness of wild animals—all not to be seen. Space, so confining in its intimacy, her children did not know it was there. Royce headed a delegation:—Can't we go to a place 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 tugged 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 his of paper, in this place; did not represent, to her, the refrigerator full of

beaten meat and ice-cubes, the newspapers, water-borne sewage, beside large money could not provide here. But its meaning was not dissociated, for July's villagers. She saw how when she or Barn, who were completely dependent on these people, had nothing but bits of paper to give them, not even clothes—so perished 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 means seven home-leaves), many things that bits of paper could be transformed into, from the bicycle Barn 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 twiggly dead branches staved into the earth in a rough cross-cross of loops, the pig-pen enclosed by the fashion of organic and aorganic barriers—thorny aloes, bearded hut-rags salvaged from wrecked cars, plates of courtoisening tin, mud benches; 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 her moment something bought years ago and never read, perhaps it was meant for this kind of situation; Manu's *Promessi Spesi*, a 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 taboos 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 insignnia, 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 commemorated 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 anti-plaque: BOSS BOX.

The shift boss's gang earn recognition and advancement. He is proud of his BOSS BOX; 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 they 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 taper 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 house-work 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 Fab-Fab 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.

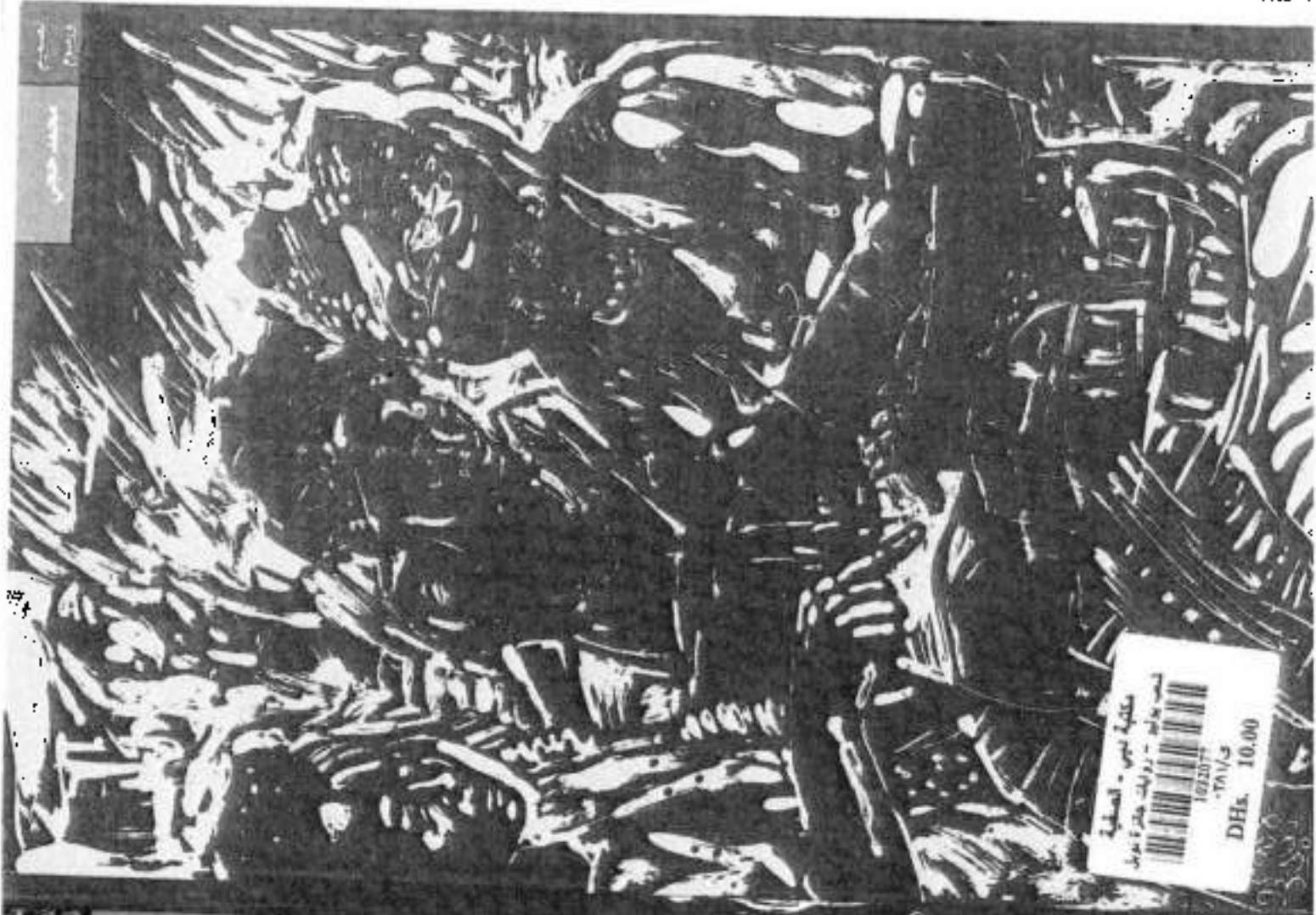
One afternoon a photographer took a picture of Maureen and Lydia. They saw him dancing about on bent legs to get them in focus, just there at the shops while they crossed the road. When he had taken his photographs he came up and asked them if they minded. Lydia was in command; she put her hands on her 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?





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الكتاب المصرية اللبنانية

برحب

احمد شريدي

903

5

روايات جازة نوبل

نادين جوردن

شهي رول

- عندك أن ترسل لنا واحدة . . . نحب أن نحفظ بالصورة .

بعد هما ، وليخ فورة ثانية وهما تتابعان سيرهما . لم يكتب عنوانها : ٢٠ :  
مارييد كيايز ، المنطقة الغربية ، مناجم الذهب . . . فكيف تحصلان على  
الصور ؟ . . . سموات مرث . . . ليأتى أحد الأشخاص إلى « مورين » ليرى  
الصورة في كتاب مصغور بعنوان « لاف » حول جنوب إفريقيا وسياساتها .

« مواقف بيضاء وأساليب للحياة » . . . صورة جميلة لتلميذة مدرسة  
بيضاء ، « صورة سيدهاء تضع الحقيبة المدرسية للفتاة على رأسها .

لماذا حممت ، ليدى ، الحقيقة ؟ . . . هل أدرك المصور ما رآه عندما كانتا  
نعززان الطريق بهذه الكيفية معاً ؟ . . . والكتاب هل وضعها الاثنين في  
السياق العام ، وقدم سياقاً لها ، وليدبا ، وهما في حديثهما تلك من العاطفة  
واللهي . . . أكانوا يعرفون ؟



**1** دولاب خشبي مصنوع من أنواع الصنوبر الخشبية ، على الفين نفسها التي تراها في منزل ريفي . أرضية الأرض مغطاة بأوراق

تدلي عند الحافة في المكانين ريفية ترينها فراغات متكررة من وجبات ،  
المنبت والدائرة . أكواب زجاجية وألوان فوق أحد الأرض .

قدمها لا يوليوي لا إلى زيجته . . . وجه أسود فاحم صغير مغلق . فخذنا  
كيريلان وعجيرة منخدة كومة على عينيها تويح جسدها . في جنتها بأرضية  
الكويش . تمديد بنصفها الأعلى يحمي ويسر . آخذة الخلاية من فوق ، شرف  
القدر الشجيرة بالوقد تنصب الشاي في وعاء خداني تمسك به عرجو . . .  
ويجعل من وضع زجاجة يتلقى منها طفل تدلي مرحلة الفضة . يتألم  
الريم على نكتها . قفبت جنيها عند سرعتها صوت لا يوليوي لا ، في صوت  
خفيف غير واضح تململت شبيهة .

- تقوينا لها مسرورة لوجودك في بيتها ، وكان سمعها أن نراك منذ  
طويلة هنا حيث ذهب لا يوليوي لا .

ثم تقلي شيبا . . . هلت لا فوردين ، يده مصقولة زوجته والعجيرة التي  
رما كانت أم لا يوليوي لا وأم زيجته . العجيرة ترينها تقوينا تتدلي من عالية  
ملعبة ، وعقلها من أحجار زجاجية حراء . وكانت نسأل لا يوليوي لا مددنا .



غليلة متحشجة تصدر من الحلق قبل كل سؤال ، ولقطة من رأسها . في حين كانت المرأة البيضاء تبسم وتحس رأسها عمية  
 الخوف كاترا في الكوخ ، امرأة شابة ، وفتيات صغيرات ، أخته ، أخت  
 زوجته ، واحدة من بناته . . . قدمهن إليها بصفة القراية التي تربطن به ،  
 وليس بأشياءهن . الصغير الذي أثر الاختفاء ، كان آخر طفل تركه في  
 أحشاء زوجته في واحدة من إجازاته بالكوخ ، وخرج إلى الحياة وهو غائب  
 عنه ، كما هو الحال مع بقية أطفاله .

ضنا أخطت ، مورين ، هدايا لإرسالها لعائلته بالنيابة عنها مع كل خبر  
 بولادة طفل له ، وإلى هذه الزوجة ، زوجة « يوليو » التي لم ترها ولم تتخيلها  
 قط . « ليست هذيانها للأطفال وضيض نوم وحقية يد لها ، اعتقدت  
 « مورين » أنها ذات فائدة لأية امرأة ، أبداً كانت . . . وعند عودة « يوليو » من  
 الإجازة كان يحضر معه في المقابل حلبة من القماش كهدية من امرأته وقرينة  
 المجهولين لها . في واحدة من هذه الحفلات حلت مورين أوراقها المالية  
 من البنك

عاشت النظافة بكتيب كبير في المدينة ، وهي المرأة التي يستقبلها « يوليو »  
 في غرفه يوم الإجازة الأسبوعية ، كانت ترتدي في إجازتها ثوباً من قطعتين ،  
 يتكون ملابسه بسكوة « مورين » التي تتبادل معها الحديث عند التقائهما في  
 فناء المنزل . عادة كان موضوع حديثها حول ابنها الذي يدرس في « سويسرا »  
 على ثقافتها . مرة واحدة وضعت امرأة ألمانية يدها أسفل صدرها في حركة  
 تعبر عن تزيين الأم للخاص . انتهى كل قائم بعد أن أكرت عملية  
 جراحية في العيادة لطيفة جعلتها عقياً . لو أنها الأسود والإنجليزية اللبينة

وتعقد مفرداتها ، كان هي صلة وثيقة بهذا النوع من الحياة التي عاشتها .  
 كان الوقت أول النهار ، لكن السوء في قرونها كثر بغالب الشمس .  
 كما لو كثر في نعر الليل . . . وبطل السرير الخبيث المفضي بعبارة ذلك  
 نقوش مربعة الشكل وأعداد جلست ، واحدة من التغيرات الصغيرة في نفسه  
 شعر فتاة أخرى أخت رأسه . ربما كان كثر في الخديج مثل التناقض أول خبره  
 بحبل الأختساب أو يعمل في الحقل . لم تكن « مورين » في حالة من الأذى  
 تسمح لها بمعرفة المكان والزمان ، وموقع اليوم من بقية الأيام .



استمعت الفتيات الصغيرات الموجودات، دوماً في كوخها إلى حديث الحديث.

- كان عليهم أن يخرجوا . . . أن يذهبوا . . . اسم يخرجون تلك المنازل . . . تلك المنازل الكبيرة . . . لا يمكنك تحمل هذه المنازل . البيض يُشغرون في منازلهم . أنا رأيت هذا . . . النار تشعل في كل شيء ، في الخوازيق والأسقف

نعم يندفقت . . . الأطفال رأوها وهو يحفظها في سكب النخوخ .

بندقية واحدة لا تفيد في شيء مع تلك القلاقل والأخطاريات . . . إذا لم تكن قد عايشت ما يحدث هناك ، فلن يمكنك فهم حقيقتهم الأمر .  
لكننا أنه بهذا اللحظة

- البيض هم البيض أمثالهم في مكان ما . . . اليسوا يعيشون في كل مكان في هذا العالم ؟ . . . لا خير مستنون لهم ، ويا كيب تاون ، أنت عشت في أماكن كثيرة يا بني . اليسوا يذهبون إلى أي مكان يريدون ؟ . . . أنهم يستجودون على القنود .

- الشيء نفسه في كل مكان . أنهم يضرعون البيض من منازلهم والبيض يخوضون المعركة معهم ويحدث الشيء نفسه في كل المدن . أين يمكنكم القرار بعائلته ؟ أصدقائه أيضاً يفرّون . إذاً هو أراد أن يندفقا . في صديق في مدينة أخرى . فلن يجد الصديق هناك ، صحيح أنه استعاض عن الأعداء إلى أي مكان يجده ، لكن عند وصوله هناك ربما ينفق مصدقه .  
استمعوا إليه ، لا أحد يمكنه معرفته ، إذا قد تموا قد اقتنعوا بها بقرل .

- لماذا قديموا إلى هنا ؟ . . . لماذا نحن هنا ؟

2

زوجته قبلت قوله عندما وصل تلك الليلة في عربة رجل أبيض ، وخمسة وبعده بيضاء تتحرك في الظلام . أنت لم بسرير وموقد غازي ، وشاهدته في الصباح وهو يأخذ لهم الأكواب الزجاجية التي أحضرها غلام من المكان الذي يعيش فيه حياته الأخرى . أمه أعطتهم كوخها الذي شيدت جدرانها من جذوع الأشجار والطين . المراتان كانتا تنفذان أوامره بغضب نقاشي . . . لكن ذلك لم يكن نهاية الأمر . عرف أن الأمر من يقف عند هذا الحد .

- لن لا تقصص . . . ليس هناك مكان آخر يذهبون إليه . . . قلب

ذلك . . .  
البيض هنا ؟ لم نخبرنا عدة مرات كيف يعيشون هناك ؟ حجرة نوم ، وأخرى للجووس ، وحجرة للكتب . . . لا أعرف كم مرة تحدثت عن حجرة بها العديد من الكتب . . . مئات المرات ، وماء ساخن ، وأضواء . . . ثلج هذه الأشياء التي لم أرها . وأطفال لم يروها . . . حجرة للاستحمام . . . حتى أنت لمك حجرة وحمّام في قفص منزلم . . . ثم تقهر بغسل ملابسك فهداك مكيته في حجرة أخرى تقوم بذلك . . . الآن تقول لي ليس هناك مكان آخر ؟

ابنها الذى شاهد المرأة البيضاء وأولادها الثلاثة يزعمون من الخوف في أرضية العربة ، والذى قاد بخطوات أقدامه الوجه الأبيض خلف عجلة القيادة في طريقة الذى هو الطريق الوحيد ، فجاءه ارتك شينها ثم يكن قد أدركه من قبل .

- لا يمكنهم عمل شيء . . . لا شيء . بعد الآن .  
- المستوطنون البيض . . . إنهم أقوياء جداً يا بني . . . أذكياها جداً .

لن نخطط أبداً بالأشياء التى يمكنهم عملها .

كان وهو في صحبة النسوة كأنه في محكمة . . . تدفعت النساء إلى الخارج يتنفسن هواء حيث الحيل القليلة بجدران تُشيد إلى الأوتاد ، والدراخات المستندة إلى جذوع الأشجار . الآن بعدد ثانية إلى قاعة المحكمة . زوجته سألت النيات الصغيرة عما إذا كنَّ يرونها مستقر يعملها دون منه طوط . اليوم ، وإلى متى يثرون ونسكعون - إحدى تقنيات كانت أكثر جرأة .

- تاتلى . . . هل صحيح أن لك حجرة لامتصحام هناك مثل الخبز التى لهم .

- نعم .  
يضحكن . كيف يمكنهم تحمل مسكنه الذى ليس كبيره مثلاً الخراج المجاور ، وداخل حجرة سجادة جميلة تروية بعض الشيء ، كانت في الأصل في حجرة نوم السيد .

- لا يزال البيض في أحسنه الدجاجة . . . كانت مستنفاً بالبيض ثنية .

- كثيراً ما كتبت وتحدثت عن كيف ترعى شئون المنزل ، وتطعم كلهم ، وقطنهم . في ذلك الوقت عندما كنت نائماً بالمنزل واللصوص همشوا نافذة إحدى الحجرات . لا أدري . . . كان قد سافر إلى الخارج . « أوفوسيز » .  
أليس كذلك ؟

الكلمة الإنجليزية كسرت إيقاع اللغة التى يتحدثونها . . . « أوفوسيز » . مفهوم الكلمة لم يكن مألوفاً لزوجته مثل غرابة الكلمة على لسانها . لكنه حمل حقائب السفر ووصلت إليه بطاقات بريدية مرسومة عليها ناطحات السحاب ، وجبال مغطاة بالثلوج ، وأجاب على مكالماتهم التليفونية من بلاد نوفيها الزماني مختلف .

هل تعرفين المطار الكبير الذى تغلق منه الطائرات إلى الخارج ؟ لا .  
يعني . . . وقيل إن قاذفة أصابت طائرة البيض الذين يحاولون الفرار .

- من أطلق القاذفة ؟ المواطنون السود ؟ مواطنونا ؟ . . . كيف يمكنهم عمل ذلك ؟

العجز نقد صبره .

- رأيت . تلك الطائرات تطير عالياً في السماء . . . حتى تخفى خلف السحاب . . . تسمح صوته بعد أن تكون قد اختفت ولا يمكنك رؤيتها .

- هناك في « موزين » ، مواطنون حصلوا على بعض الأنواع الخاصة من البنادق والقذائف بعيدة المدى . حصلوا على هذه الأشياء في « ديفتون » ، « كوشيا » ، « سويتو » الآن بالقرب من المدينة . إنهم يسقطون الطائرة ، وتنفجر في الهواء ، ويموت حرقاً كل الموجودين على متنها .

- ماذا سيفعل البيض بنا ؟ الله يحفظنا .

الزجاجة للزائرين يشربون فيها الشاي . معنا هم مشايخنا ، لا يستأكلون شئاً شامياً .

بعدة ألفت اللوم على الطفل الصغير كثير الحيلة فوق حجرها  
أسك يزيل الدجاج ولطخ به فيه . بدون تفكير . إلا زواركه أن الجسد  
الصغير جزء منها - راحت تمسح عنه المكافئ والزيت ، وألف بالهات ، في  
أصابعها جانباً .

- النقود ما عادت تأتي كل شهر .

أصبح بغير عائلته البيضاء هناك ونعيم المنزل الكبير الذي عمل فيه  
لديهم . لن تصل إليها تلك الخطافات التي كانت تأتي منه وهو يعمل في  
هؤلاء القابعين هنا . وليس في إمكانهم اللحاق به هناك . . . ليس في إمكانهم  
... وليس الآن ، بعد أن شاهدت عائلته البيضاء .

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

المرأة المعجزة كانت تصيح من داخل الكوخ :

ما الذي تريد ؟

أنت ، فبعت الدجاجة التي تعطي بيضا .

صحيح . هذه الدجاجة لا تزال صغيرة .

عندما وقفت المرأة البيضاء ومدت يدها ، كانت المرة الأولى التي يلمس  
بشرها البيضاء . . . وعندما كانت زوجته تذهب أحياناً إلى القرية مع أم  
زوجها لتبيع الدرة والكائنات التي تصنعها المعجزة بالقرب من السوق  
الهدى ، حدث أن أحد رجال البوليس البيض اشترى منها قناديل الدرة  
وتساقطت العملات الفضية من بين أصابع يده البيضاء إليها . . . لكنها لم  
تلمس هذه البشارة من قبل .

كانت تجذبه وتشجعه وتغريه وهي شابة ، لكن بعد سنواته الطويلة في  
المدية كنت طريقتها في إمالة رأسها جانباً ، تجد الصد والمراوغة

والانسحاب داخل الذات .

لوجه . . لا أعرف . . . ليس جميل . . . كنت دائماً أفكر في ثيابهن

الأنيقة ، والشعر غريب وغير جميل . . . ماذا يفعلون حتى يبدو هذا الشكل

لم تخننها بهذا الصورة . . . المرأة البيضاء الغنية

- من مختلفات هناك . . . يجب أن تروى الثياب في دولابهن والكثير من



حدث من قبل عندما كان «يام» يجتهد مساعدة من «يوليوس» في البناء أمر في أعمال الإصلاح التي أجريت لتهيئة حجرات النوم. التمس وحام السباحة. استعان «يام» بالأشجار لبناء قاعدة الصهريج. وحافظ على وجود جهاز الراديو الصغير قريب منه، وفي الثغرات التي كانت تقرأ فيها نشرات الأخبار، تظهر زوجته ليققا حباً إلى حب يستندان معاً.

كان هناك أكثر من راديو: واحد بجوار بالهوت، والآخر في بيتي، وثالث يصطخب بأنغام موسيقا «ليوب»؛ ورابع يعلم في حيوية من محطة إذاعة تجارية تتحدث بلغات السود. قارئ أخبار الحرائق والأصطرابات وأعمال الشغب يتحدث بالإنجليزية للزوجين الأثريين، هي فقط. لم يُحذر أي منهما على شيء وكل واحد ينظر في وجه الآخر، لكن الشيء الذي يامل كل منهما أن يحدث هو إصدار قرار جديد مفاجئ، يزيل أسباب الخوف، لكنه لم يظهر.

كان يجري قتال عنيف حول مطار «جان سمنس» بوسط المدينة تحت قانون الأحكام العرفية. هذا الليلة الماضية، تكون طنترات مدافع القنابل كانت فضل إلى الأسفل. دق دق القنابل في الليلتين تلو بامتداد في القنال في انقضوحى المرقية والشالية... الصليب الأحمر أصدر نداءات لتوزيع بالدم، مصانع إنتاج الغاز أشعلت فيها المبرق التي التفتت حتى وحشت إلى منازل الضاحية الفاخرة.

الرفق حرجياً، يام، وهي تجدف النظر في إيرادى الذي يمدد إلى حرجت القنابل التي شديدة في تلك القضاحية الفددة:

أعطف. الكونجوس الأمر يكي. طالبوا امتياز. احتكارية هناك يفتح بصر

وتسببه

«يام» يمكنه مساعدة «يوليوس» في إصلاح أدوات الزراعة القليلة التي يمتلكها هو والقرويون في الجوار. دعائم وحبال تحولت إلى محراث، يخفف به في كوخ غير مأهول... سلاسل ثقيلة مكمومة في الأرضية... فارس يتأمل من السقف. حبوب عطنة مخزنة في سلال، فوق حصر كان أحد القرويين يجمع حبوب الفاصوليا الجيدة بعيداً عن أناسه. صور ولوحات من حياة الإنسان الأول كما يجب أن يقدمها متحف للتاريخ الطبيعي.

«هقد» يام، عزومه على تجهيز صهريج المياه الذي لم يتشغل قط منذ تم منحها في مظلة الأشجار الكثيفة. ضحك «يوليوس» وبمازحه بضمرة خفيفة من يده كما لو أنه فكور. بعد أن أتم حماره الساخن.

أنا أعني ما أقول. إذا استطعنا أن نأتي بملء جوار استمت يمكننا عمل فائدة صهريج المياه في مكان قريب من هنا... يمكنك الحصول على حصر طيب المياه الأمطار طينة أشهر المطرة... والنساء لن يكن في حاجة إلى الذهاب إلى النهر... وسوف يكون من الأفضل استعمال هذه المياه للشرب.

لم يكن في مفاوضات ملء جوار من الأسمنت، لكنها عملاً بعد مثلاً

جوى لنقل الرعايا الأمريكيين ... لم يكن من المعلوم أين يُقام هذا الجسر ... مطارات « كيب تاون » و « دوربان » ، و « بورت اليزابيث » مغلقة ، والموانئ أطلقت عليها القذائف وحوصرت .

نظرت « مورين » بعيداً إلى ابنها الصغير وهو يقوم بتفريغ السلة الممتلئة عن آخرها بالأحجار ، كتعليقات « يوليو » .

من حسن الحظ أنهم أحياء ، وأنى منهما لا يتوقع من الآخر أن يجزئه بما سوف يأتي به الغد ، أو بما سوف يفعلان بعد ... قام هو بتنظيم عملية جلب الأحجار للبناء الذى انهار فور الانتهاء منه . هذا هو حاقم هنا ... يعيدون تشكيل مواردهم حسب قانون الطبيعة الذى يدع حواطط الطين تغرق لترجع إلى الطين ثانية ، ثم يستخدم هذا الطين من أجل حواطط جديدة .

لا أحد يتذكر من أين جاء صهريج الماء ، و « يوليو » يقول : إنه سوف يسأل المعجوز ، لكنه لم يفعل برغم جلوسها خارج الكوخ طيلة النهار على الأرض تصنع الكائنات من أعشاب تجمعها النسوة ... صهريج الماء في مكانه مثل عائلة « سميلز » البيضاء وأولادها .

أكواخ وزرائب ماشية ... أشجار كثيفة استوصلت جذوعها ... والنهر هناك ، آخر ما يقع عليه البصر . وبعض أشجار متناثرة في السهل المغطى المبسط الذى كونه أو أعادت تكوينه تغيرات في المناخ . وساء غامضة لا تفصح عن شئ ...

مئات من الطرق المجهولة التى لا تنتهى تسلكها مهاجرون قدماء قبل عائلة « مورين » التى لن تكون الأخيرة ، ومستوطنات متناثرة أقيمت تدل

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عليها نباتات الغريبيون ، وسياج من أغصان كثيفة ، وأخشاب « زماشية » وحيوانات برية ... وقضاء عند حائق .

« روس » يرأس الجلسة .

- ألا يمكننا الذهاب إلى السينما اليوم أو غداً ؟

وبرغم أن « جينا » و « فيكتور » يعلمان جيداً أن السينما قد تزعجهم خلفها ، فإنها لم يقوما بمنع « روس » من اللقاء الأسئلة ... أو العيوس ... وجهه أو الشجار معه بعد ذلك في ، الكوخ ، وفوق حفاقد العريرة التى تحولت إلى أسيرة تخر بالبراغيث التى تلبغ أجسادهم .

لم يكن في استطاعة « مورين » أن تسير عبر ذلك الامتداد اللانهائى ، غير أنها تمشى ومعها الكلب حول مجموعة الأكواخ : ونادراً ما تأملت تفصل إلى النهر . لم تكن تعتقد أن في خروجها خاطرة ، وأن الأفضل لها ألا تفعل ذلك .

جاء « يوليو » في طلب ثياب عائلتها ، لكن تقوم النسوة بنسائها .

قالت :

- أستطيع عمل ذلك بنفسى .

إن في حوزتهم القليل من الثياب ، وقد هجر الأطفال أحلبتهم ، فلا مجال هنا لحذاء نظيف لامع أو حورب كل يوم .

لكن « يوليو » يقف . هيته تدل على أنه يذهب بدون ما جاء من أخته .

- إذن على أن أحل تلك الله تساخن .

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عرفت أنها لا يمكن أن تتوقع هنا تدليلاً .

- هل يمكن لزوجتك أن تفعل ذلك ؟ سأدفع لها .

كان هذا عمل النساء في بيته . ضحك ضحكة قصيرة وقال :

- يمكنك الدفع .

- والصابون ؟

تحتفظ بقالب من الصابون ، تحفظه بعناية بعد كل استعمال ، وتضعه في مكان مرتفع بجدار الكوخ بعيداً عن متناول الأطفال .

- سأحضر الصابون .

الصابون الذي لم ينش أن يأخذه من دولاب منزله ... ملابسه النظيفة تنش بالصابون الذي اشتريته له وليقية الخدم ... وهو لم يقل شيئاً عن ذلك ، ربما لا يريد الإعلان عن بُعد نظره ... كانت على وشك أن تسأله ، ولم تستطع .

- ادفع لك .

رزم الأوراق المالية في هذا المكان مجرد قصاصات من ورق ، لا تعنى بالنسبة لها ثلاثة ممثلة باللحم ومكعبات الثلج ، لكن هذه الأوراق نفسها لم تكن كذلك بالنسبة للقرويين من مواطني « يوليو » .

رأت « مورين » كيف أنها و « بام » ، في الوقت الذي لا يملكان فيه شيئاً غير قصاصات من ورق يعطونها لهم نظير اعتمادهم التام عليهم ، يجدونهم هم يخفون هذه الأوراق المالية في خرق معقودة ، وأكياس غريبة يحفظونها

حول أجسادهم ، وكان في استطاعة هؤلاء القرويين التوفيق بين ما هو مجرد وما هو محسوس . و « يوليو » مثله مثل الآخرين الذين ذهبوا بعيداً للمسعى وكان يبعث بالأوراق المالية لعائلته لوقت طويل . وكان يحضر معه في إجازاته على مدى خمسة عشر عاماً أشياء كثيرة تستطيع هذه الأوراق أن تحول إليها .

كان كوخ زوجة « يوليو » - كوخه - أحد ثلاثة أكواخ لعائلات صغيرة تنفخ من داخل العائلة ، به « زريبة ماعز » وأقفاص للدجيجات عذبة من أخصان جافة تُقطع على الأرض وتُشكل في خطوط متقاطعة ومكعبات وزربية خنازير مطوقة بسياج من ركام أشياء ومخلفات : تنجز صبار شائك ، إطار مهشم من حطام عربة ، رقائق من الصفيح الصدئ . قوالب من الطين ... مفردات صورة حياة يومية في متناول النظر الجدير المجرد . تنقلت « مورين » بين مفردات النظر بغير عمل تقوم به ذلاًخج بين ، وغير قادرة على فعل شيء .

كتاب واحد معها ، كانت قد اشتريته منذ سنوات ولم تقرأه ... ربما عذا وقته ، ولم ترد أن تبدأ في قراءته ، فإذا سوف يحدث عندما تفرغ منه ؟ كتاب واحد لا غير ، إذا هي لم تقرأه فربما يجدون حلاً سريعاً . وإذا لم يقرأه في قراءته فسوف تجد نفسها عندما تنتهي منه لا تزال حبيسة هنا . طردت الزبالة التي أحضرها « يوليو » للأطفال بعيداً ، وهي تنظر إلى مساحات العشب والأشجار المتناثرة ، وشرعت في القراءة ، لكن أن تنخليل كوكتها في زمن آخر وفي مكان آخر وفي حياة أخرى مختلفة وهي النعة التي تجدها في لقراء زبانية لم تكن ممكنة . كانت هي بالفعل في زمن آخر ومكان آخر . وبث شعر وأحاسيس غريبة تضغط عليها وتقلوها ، مثل شخصين يحملان ألقاباً بالولة



وجدت هذه المناجم وعلى السطح الصدى. للميدالية قرأت « بوس بوى »



رئيس الوردية الذى له كل التقدير وعلو المنزلة يفاخر برئيس عماله « بوس بوى » ومع كل رئيس وردية جديد ، يتم تجنيد بعض العمال المهاجرين من القرى والأكواخ للعمل بمقد مدته تسعة أو ثمانية عشر شهراً لدى صاحب المنجم الذى يقطن المنطقة الغربية ، وبناته الصغيرات يكبرن طامعات لى أن يصبحن راقصات باليه .

تلميذه بيضاء بالقرب من السوق التجارى عند مفترق الطرق تلوك قطعة ليان فى قمها ، وتتحرك على إيقاع لحن من الألحان . وعلى مسافة خطوة منها امرأة سوداء فى منتصف المسافة بين مرحلة الشباب والمرحلة التى تتسم بثقل فى الندى والأداف ويساق مكسرة . المرأة السوداء تلوك قطعة ليان فى قمها أيضاً ، وبعثتها الصوفية تغطى إحدى أذنيها ، وتحمل فوق رأسها حقيبة مدرسية مكتوباً عليها بالأزرق « مودين هيلز نجتون » .

عندما تشرع المرأة السوداء فى عبور إشارة المرور فجأة تحول الضوء إلى الأحمر . تقبض التلميذة البيضاء على يدها لتوقفها وتظل ممسكة بيدها فى انتظار تغير الضوء ، ثم يعبران معاً فى موج . « لبيدا » فى غير حاجة لى يدها الأخرى لتثبت الحقيبة الثقيلة . الاثنان تشاهدان كذلك عند مفترق الطرق وفى الطريق المختصر الموصول بالمنجم والمار بشجيرات متناثرة - ( هذا الطريق أصبح مؤخراً منطقة صناعية . . . بها مصنع للصناديق المعدنية ومعدة لإنتاج شرائح البطاطس الجافة ) - وبالقرب من منازل رؤساء الوردية التى تقع خلف منزل « الإبداع » الذى تُعقد فيه دروس البالية .

الآن لم تكن كما كانت . لا قصة خيالية يمكنها أن تبارى ما شاهده ، ولم تحمله تفسيراً ، وليس فى مقدور أية قصة أن تحول خيالاً ينافس ما مر بها من أحداث وصور .

لا شئ يمتلكونه فى بيوتهم . . عليك أن تمكث فى ظلام الكوخ فترة طويلة حتى تتبين بعض الأشياء الموجودة على الحائط . . . فى كوخ الزوجة قطعة نسج عريضة بيضاء ، وأربعة حمراء شاحبة . فى أكواخ أخرى - حيث لم تتبين « مودين » ما إذا كانت تلقى ترحيباً وهم مخفون ويظهرون طوال اليوم نهاره وليله - لاحظت دائرة وحيدة ملونة تشبه رسماً لعين إنسان . فى كوخ آخر دُعيت لدخوله كان هناك ذيل حيوان وجمجمة لأخر من فصيلة القوارض ، يتلوى من أبعاد البوص الجاف . . . ومرة صغيرة جداً ، لا يتخلو كوخ منها ، تنوق إلى شعاع من الضوء وحيد ضال . لا شئ يمكن للمرأة أن تمكسه . فى الكوخ ، قفزت إلى مخيلتها صورة ثور ومجراث وشكل العلاقة بينهما . لاحظت إشارة تشبه ميداليات الحرب على يسار المدخل المظلم مثبتة بمسار . . . زخرفها على شكل صليب أحمر به ندوب ملطخة بالروث ، والخروف المنقوشة على سطحها امتلات بالصدأ . صاحب الميدالية عامل منجم أسود ، من المرجح أنه نجح فى امتحان علاج الجروح والكسور التى تحدث تحت الأرض . واحد ذهب لى مناجم الذهب وعاد بهذا التذكار لى بيته . أوريا أرسله ولا يزال هو هناك .

لكن أين مالك النجم ؟ . . . بالقطع لم يعش فى هذا الكوخ . . هو صاحب الممتلكات والثروات . ذهب عامل النجم ليعمل بعيداً أو مات . . طواه النسيان ، وبقيت الشارة المعلقة بمسار فى جدار الكوخ تحمى ذكره . منذ وقت طويل جاء لى المناجم عمال من الأنحاء البعيدة . . . جاءوا منذ أن

يعتدل مزاجها فتتحول إلى ناحية الفتاة قائلة :  
 - « موريين » والدك على وشك أن يصر ، هل تريدان أن تخسري هذا الشيء ثانية مثل آخر مرة : الفانوس الذى أخذته من ورشة الحراج للعرض المسرحى فى المدرسة ... لماذا تأخذين الوسادات من فراشك وتضعين أصداقائك يلوثنونها على العشب ؟ ... والدتك سوف تصرخ فى وجهى عندما تلاحظ ذلك عند الغسيل ... « أقدام الكلب أيضاً » ؟

ردت عليها قائلة :

- حبيتى لاتنلقى ... سوف آخذها ، إن الكلب أتى وقرر فوق سريرى ... سوف أرجع كل شىء مكانه ... أعدك .

فى تملق تتعلق بمنقها الذى كان أقل سواداً من بقية جسدها ... ( لكن كيف تبدو عارية ... هى مفرطة فى الاحشام ... لم تظهر من جسدها أثناء ارتدائها لثيابها إلا القليل ) . العنق تفوح منه رائحة شواء السمك . وأثر من رائحة ترتفع من عرق قدميها فى « شيبش » البلاستيك . فى العنق المتدل ثلاث سلاسل من الخرز ... كانت امرأة فى أواخر العشرينيات أو أوائل الثلاثينيات .

بعد ظهر أحد الأيام التقط مصور فوتوغرافى صوراً لـ « موريين » و « ليديا » شاهداً وهو يترقص من حولها على قدمين منحنيين لكى يضعهما داخل إطار المنظر هناك فى السوق التجارى ، وهما تعبران الطريق ، وبعد أن انتهى من التقاط صوره جاءهما ليسألها إن كانتا لا تأمانان . بادرت « ليديا » ووضعت يديها حول وسطها من غير أن تفقد توازن الحقيبة فوق رأسها

قالتا له :

« ليديا » تحمل معها مفتاح الباب الخلفى للمنزل ... وزوجة رئيس البوردية تعمل فى مكتب سمسار أراضٍ وغير موجودة بالمنزل طوال اليوم ... وتذهب « ليديا » إلى السوق لتأتى بها تحتاج إليه ، وتتحدث مع من يقابلها فى طريقها من السود ، وغالباً ما تقابلها « موريين » مصادفة هناك وهى فى طريقها إلى المنزل آتية من المدرسة . تتوقع « ليديا » مقابلة « موريين » ، ربما وهى تشق فى الذهاب إلى السوق فى الوقت تنزل فيه « موريين » من أوتوبيس المدرسة ... مرة تقابلنا فى وضوح النهار ولم تكونا فى عجلة من أمرها ... جلست « ليديا » على حقيبة « موريين » واستمرت فى حديثها الذى بدأت قبل ظهورها . تذهب « موريين » إلى المتجر اليونانى لتحضر زجاجة « كوكاكولا » كانتا تقاسماتها « أحياناً » وهما ترسلان ضحككات عالية ، وعندما ترجع « موريين » من المدرسة مع زميل لها خلقه فوق الدراجة - بدلا من الأوتوبيس - كانت تطلب من « ليديا » عدم إخبار من فى المنزل بذلك .

وكانت ترد على ذلك قائلة :

- عزيزتى ، كيف يمكننى أن أخبرهم ١٩ أنت صديقتى الحبيبة ،

اليس كذلك ؟

فى أحيان أخرى لا يكون مزاج « ليديا » معتدلاً ، فتجرى مشاجرات ومعارك بسبب المراهقات والجمعية المصرفية التى تشترك مع أعضائها فى دفع مبلغ من النقود كل شهر ، وتذهب الحقيبة لعضو بعد آخر شهراً بعد شهر حسب الترتيب المتفق عليه .

- تلك المرأة قالت لها : عندما يكون صندوق الجمعية معك ، لماذا لا

تقومين بصرف النقود بعد تحصيلها مثل الآخرين ؟