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QUALIFICATION PAPER

CHINGIZ AYTMATOV "THE WORLD ECHO"

(pages 7-57)

Cultural Aspects of Poetry Translation

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Introduction

The present qualification paper is devoted to the translation of the novel “Echo of the World” by well-known writer Chingiz Aytmatov from Russian into English and analyzing linguistic and cultural aspects of poetry translation in the text. Analyzing the process of translation in its development, learning to overcome translation problems, the ways of achieving adequacy when the text of the source language contains certain emotive estimation is the aim of the present paper. And **the main aim** of our research is define and investigate linguistic and cultural aspects of poetry used in the novel and its ways of translation.

The **actuality** of the investigation is explained on one hand by the profound interest to the function of poetry translation in the process of interpreting; and on the other hand by the absence of widely approved analysis of the poetry translation from Russian into English.

The relevance of the paper is defined by an attempt to find the ways of translation of poetry from Russian into English.

The novelty of the paper is determined by specific approach to translating poems from Russian into English though the linguistic and cultural aspects of poetry translation have been explored thoroughly. Poetry has not been investigated properly in terms of translation them from Russian into English. Translation aspect of poem is still actual nowadays.

In order to achieve the aim of the research the following **tasks** are to be solved:

- 1) to analyse the process of translation in its development;
- 2) to find the ways of overcoming translation problems related to poetry;
- 3) to determined the ways of achievement of adequacy in translation of Russian poems into English;

The following methods are used to achieve the tasks: method of

comparison, stylistic analysis, method of translation, contextual analysis and analysis of dictionary definitions.

The paper has both **theoretical and practical value**. Some of the theoretical points can be used in conducting lectures on translation theory and it can be also used in practically during the oral and written translation classes.

The **practical value** of the research is that the material and the results of the given qualification paper can serve as the material for theoretical courses of Lexicology, Stylistics, Grammar, Translation Theory and Comparative Typology, as well as can be used for practical lessons in translation, home reading, conversational practice and current events.

The material includes:

- 1) Monographs, dissertations, articles, textbooks, manuals on the Problems of Translation Theory and Stylistics.
- 2) Different types of dictionaries, both translational and explanatory.
- 3) Information taken from different Internet sites.

The **theoretical importance** of the qualification paper is determined by the necessity of detailed and comprehensive analysis of the poetry translation from Russian into English.

The qualification paper consists of Introduction, two chapters, conclusion and bibliography.

The examples of poems are taken from the novel and have been used as a material for the paper.

We would like to stress not only the specific and theoretical significance of the qualification paper, but also the practical value of this work, the results of which may be used in the academic course at the seminars on text interpretation, lexicology, translation

**CHAPTER I. Translation of the extract from the novel “Echo of the World”
by Ch. Aytmatov (7-57 pages)**

Here again, I stand in front of this unpretentious little picture in the frame. Tomorrow morning I have to go to the village, and I look at the picture long and hard, as if she could give me a kind farewell. This picture I have never exhibited at trade shows. Moreover, when they come to me from ail's families, I try to hide it away. There is nothing to be ashamed, but this is not a piece of art. It is simple, as simple land, shown on it. In the depths of the picture - the edge of the autumn sky faded. Wind drives over the distant mountain range fast speckled cloud. In the foreground is a red-brown wormwood steppe. The road is black, half wet from recent rains. Crowding the roadside dry, broken bushes encase. Along the track washed out stretch marks two travelers. The more, the less they show through on the road, and travelers themselves, seem to make one more step - and go beyond. One of them ...However, I'm getting a little ahead. It was at the time of my early youth. It was the third year of the war. In the distant fronts, somewhere near Kursk and Orel, fought by our fathers and brothers, and we then still young age of fifteen, worked on the farm. Hard work every day peasant went to our fledgling shoulders. Particularly hot we had in the days of harvest. For weeks we have not visited the house and the days and nights lost in the field, current, or on the road to the station, which was taken to the grain. In one of these hot days, when sickles seemed were heated from the harvest, I am returning to empty the cart from the station, I decided to wrap up home. Next to the ford, on the hill, where it ends Street, is two of the yard, surrounded by stout adobe. Around the mansion towering cottonwoods. This is our home. For a long time lived in the neighborhood of two of our family. I myself am from the Big House. I have two brothers, both older than me, both unmarried, both went to the front, and long gone from them no news.

My father, an old carpenter, made with the dawn prayer and went to the general

court, in a carpenter. He returned late in the evening. Houses were his mother and sister.

In the neighboring court, or, as it is called in the village, in the Small House, live our closest relatives. It's not our ancestors, our great-grandfather not has siblings, but I call their loved ones because we lived as one family. So we have the custom since the days of nomadic, when our forefathers broke camp together, along cattle. This tradition is preserved and we do. As to the village came to collectivization, our fathers have lined up in the neighborhood. And not only we, but the whole Aral Sea Street, stretching along ail the rivers - our nephews and cousins, we are all one family. Shortly after the collectivization of the owner died the Small House. His wife was left with two young sons. Under the old tribal custom, which was still held in the village, it is impossible to produce on the side of the widow and sons, and our nephews and cousins married to her of my father. By his obliged duty to the spirits of the ancestors - because he happened to be the closest relative of the deceased. So there we have a second family. Small House was considered a separate household: his estate, with his cattle, but, in fact, we lived together. Little House in the army, too, spent two sons. The elder, Sadiq, left shortly after getting married. From them we received the letter - though at long intervals.

The Small House were his mother, whom I called "Kichi-up" - the younger the mother, and her daughter - the wife of Sadiq. Both of them from morning to night work on the farm. My youngest mother, kind, good-natured, innocent woman, in the not far behind the young, whether it's digging ditches or irrigation - in short, tightly holding a hoe. Fate seemed to reward hard-working daughter sent her. Jamila has become a mother - a tireless, well behaved, except that the character a little bit different. I dearly loved Jamil. And she loved me. We were good friends, but did not dare to call each other by name. Whether we are from different families, I would certainly call her Jamila. But I called her "Jenny", as the wife of his elder brother, and she me, "Kichin Ball" - a little boy, although I was not small

and the difference we have in years is quite small. But so it opened in: daughter called her husband's younger brothers, "Kichin ball" or "my Cenozoic." Both houses of the household engaged my mother. She helped her sister, a funny little girl with pigtails strings in. I will never forget how hard she worked during those difficult days. It is grazed in orchards of lambs and calves of both houses, she collected firewood and dung that has always been in the house of the fuel, this is it, and my pug-nosed little sister brightened the lonely mother, distracting her from the gloomy thoughts of the sons who went missing. Consent and prosperity in our large family home must my mother. It is the sovereign mistress of both houses, the keeper of the hearth. Very young she came to the family of our grandfathers, nomads, and then faithfully honored their memory by controlling families in all fairness. In ail it considered as a most honorable, conscientious, and veteran hostess. Everyone in the house was in charge of his mother. Father, in truth, ail the inhabitants did not recognize the head of the family. Do not just have to hear people talking about something: "Oh, yes you better not go to usta aka - so we respectfully called artisans, - he knows that his ax. They have an older mother around the head - that's up to her and go, so it would be rather ... " I must say that I, despite his youth, often meddle in domestic affairs. This was possible only because the older brothers had gone to war. And I often jokingly and sometimes seriously called the horseman of the two families, the protector and provider. I'm proud of it, and a sense of responsibility never left me. In addition, the mother encouraged my independence. She wanted me to be an economic and savvy, but not like his father, who all day long silence shaved and saws. So, I stopped the cart next to the house in the shade under the palm had loosened the harness and headed for the gate, he saw in our yard foreman Orozmat. He sat on the horse, as always, with a bandaged to the saddle crutch. Beside him there was standing his mother. They were arguing about something. Coming closer, I heard the voice of his mother:

- Do not be that! Fear of God, where have you seen a woman drove bags on the cart? No, boy, leave my daughter alone, even if it works, how to work. And so the white light I do not see Come on, try to cope in two yards! Okay all, my daughter grew up ... Oh, I cannot straighten a week, lower back aches like a felt mat go ahead, and the corn out languishes - waiting for the water! - She said passionately, continually thrusting the end of the turban by the collar dresses. She did so usually when angry.

- What are you a man! - Said in despair Orozmat, jumping onto the saddle. - Yes, if I was a foot, but not this one stump, perhaps I would ask you? Yes, it would be better myself, as I used to, have thrown bags in the cart and drove the horses! .. No woman is the work I do, but where to get the men, then?.. So the decision to exhort the soldiers'. You forbid her daughter, and we are the bosses last words conceals ... The soldiers needed the bread and we plan to tear away. How is it where it fit?

I approached him, dragging his stick along the ground, and when the foreman saw me, he was extremely happy - you can see, he was struck by a thought.

- Well, if you're so afraid for my daughter, then it's Cenozoic - glad to have it on me - no one will come close to it. Oh, make no mistake! Seit have done. These guys here - our benefactors, but they come to the rescue ...

My mother did not let the foreman finish.

- Oh, to whom do you like, you bum! - She wailed. - A hair-is overgrown with all the locks ... Father of ours, too good to shave his head while his son did not find...

- Well, okay, let them spoil my son today in the elderly, the head - deftly caught Orozmat in the tone of the mother. - Geum, stay at home today, horses, additional forage, and tomorrow morning will give Jamila gig: I'll work together.

Look at me; you will be responsible for it. But do not worry, baibicha, Geum will not give it to the offense. And for that matter, send them Daniyar. Well you know it: a harmless little ... Well, the one that recently came back from the front. Here is three of the station to carry the grain, then who else would dare to touch your daughter? It is true indeed, Geum? Do you think so, here we want to put Jamil charioteer, but his mother does not agree. Do you persuade her? I'm flattered praise team leader, and that he consulted with me as an adult. Besides, I immediately imagined would be good to go along with Jamila at the station. And making a serious face, I told my mother:

- Do not become her. What do wolves eat it, or what? And as an inveterate driving, busily spitting through his teeth, I dragged him to a whip, gradually shaking his shoulders.

- Really! - His mother was surprised, and seemed to be happy, but then angrily shouted: - I'll show you now the wolves; you know something from, wise guy what was found!

- And who is to know how he does not, if you have two families of brave, be proud you can! - Stood up for me Orozmat, glancing warily at her mother as if she again became restive. But her mother objected to it not only at once drooped, and said with a heavy sigh:

- What is really there to brave a child again, and then day and night is very busy ...Horsemen are our beloved god knows where! Our yards were empty, as if abandoned camp...

I have walked away and did not hear what else to say his mother. In the course of the whip lashed corner of the house so that the dust is gone, and not responding even to smile sister, who, clapping palms, molded in the yard dung, was important in the shed. Then I squatted down and slowly washed his hands, pouring out a jug. Upon entering the room and then I drank a cup of sour milk, and

took second on the window sill and began to crumble the bread there. Mother and Orozmat were still in the yard. Only they are not arguing, but waged a calm quiet conversation. They must have talked about my brothers. The mother now and then wiped his eyes swollen sleeve dresses and thoughtfully nodding in response to the word Orozmat, which is seen consoling her misty eyes looked somewhere far, far away, over the trees, as if hoping to see their sons there. Succumbing to grief, the mother seems to have agreed to the proposal team leader. And he said, pleased that he got his way, lashed the horse whip and drove out of the yard fast amble. Neither the mother nor I have no idea what would happen.

I have no doubt that Jamila cope with two-horse chaise. Horses, she knew, because Jamila - the daughter of the mountain herdsman ail Bakair. Our Sadiq was also a herdsman. One spring day at the races, he seemed unable to catch up with Jamil. Who knows if it was true, but said that after that offended Sadiq kidnapped her. Others, however, claimed that they married for love. But be that as it may, as they have lived together for only four months. Then the war started, and Sadiq drafted.

I do not know how to explain, perhaps, because Jamila childhood with his father chasing herds, - she had had one, and a daughter and a son - but the character she manifested some male traits, something sharp, and sometimes coarse. And Jamila has worked aggressively with the male snap. Since she could get along with neighbors, but if it is touched in vain, no one gave way to the swearing, and there were times that some people dragged by the hair. Neighbors often came to complain:

- What have you for a daughter? No, the week since crossed the threshold, and the language and the Hammer! Neither you respect, not shame thee!
- That's good that she is! - Reply to this mother. - Daughter in law, we like to speak the truth in the eye. It's better than so secretive sly sting. Your demure pretend to

be, and are so demure - that rotten egg: the outside is clean and smooth and the inside - nose shut.

My father and mother, the youngest ever treated with Jamila with the rigor and picky, as it should in-law and mother in law. They treated her with kindness, love her and want only one thing - that she was faithful to God and to her husband. I understand them. After seeing the army of four sons, Jamila, the only daughter of two houses, they found solace and why it is so dear to her. But I did not understand her mother. Not such a person is just to love someone. My mother's overbearing, harsh character. She lived by the rules and never cheated on him. Each year with the arrival of spring, she put in the yard and fumigated with juniper our nomadic yurt, which shall cope the father in his youth. She brought us up in a strict diligence and reverence for elders. She demanded that all family members unquestioning obedience.

But Jamila from the first day, as has come to us, was not what is supposed to be daughter. True, she respected their elders, obey them, but never bowed before them, his head, but not cool whisper, turning to the side, like other young married woman. She always spoke directly what she thought and was not afraid to voice their opinions. My mother often supported her, agreed with her, but always leaves the last word for themselves.

It seems to me that his mother saw Jamila, her honesty and fairness of equal rights and secretly dreamed of one day putting it into place, make it as imperious mistress, the same baibicha, the guardian of the hearth. - Thanks to Allah, my daughter - her mother taught the Jamila - you came in strong, blessed the house. This is your happiness. Women's happiness is to give birth to children so that the wealth was in the house. And you have, thank God, will be all that amassed, we, the elderly - to the grave with him after not take. Only happiness - it lives from those who honor and conscience of his saves. Remember this, keep yourself! ..

But something still bothered Jamila in-law: too openly gay, it was like a small child. Sometimes, seemingly no reason at all started to laugh, and even so loudly, joyfully. And when returning from work, it was not included, and shot in the yard, jumping over the ditch. And for no apparent reason was assumed to kiss and hug in-law is one, then another.

And she loved to sing Jamil, it is always humming something, do not hesitate seniors. All this, of course, not in keeping with the well-established in the village notions about the behavior of the daughter in the family, but the two-in-law comforted ourselves with the fact that over time, Jamila settle down: in fact in all youth, they say, they are. And for me better Jamila was nobody in the world. We had a lot of fun together; we can laugh for no reason, and chase each other around the yard.

Jamila was pretty. A slender, stately, with straight coarse hair, braided in two tight, heavy braids, she deftly tied his white handkerchief, a little obliquely taking her on the forehead, and it went very nicely, and it set off a smooth dark skin person. When Jamila laughing, her blue-black almond-shaped eyes flashed with young enthusiasm, but when she suddenly began to sing verses salted, in her beautiful eyes appeared not girly shine. I have often noticed that the horsemen, especially veterans who have returned home, looked at her. Jamila and she loved to joke, but the truth, gave from hand to hand for those who forgot. Still, it's always hurt me. I was jealous of her as jealous of his younger brothers, sisters, and if you notice near Jamila young people, try some way to stop them. I huffed and looked at them with such fury that seemed to say his views: "You will not hurt here cackling. It is the wife of my brother, and do not think that there is no one to stand up for her!" At such moments I have with deliberate nonchalance, to the point and not to the point, get involved in conversation, trying to make fun of her suitors, and when it did not succeed, lose self-control, and frowned, nozzles. Guys sprayed with laughter.

- Oh, you just look at him! Yes she did it Jen, that's something fun, and we did not know!

I was attached, but I felt like I had betrayed lit up his ears and shedding tears of resentment over his eyes. But Jamila, my Jen, I understand. Barely holding tearing out laughing, she made a serious face.

- And you thought that Jen lying on the road? - Drawing himself up, she said jigits.- Maybe you have and roll, but we do not! Come here, my Cenozoic, well, you! - And, showing off in front of them, Jamila proudly tossed her head defiantly shrugging his shoulders and, going along with me, silently smiling. And the frustration and the joy I saw in that smile. Maybe, she thought then: "Oh, you silly! If only I want to let myself go, who I keep? Whole family stay - do not keep track!" I am in such cases, the guilty silence. Yes, I'm jealous of Jamila, adored her, proud that she is my Jen, proud of her beauty and independent, a free character. We had been most intimate friends, and anything not conceal from each other.

In those days there was little in the village men. Using this, some guys behave insolently with women and treated them disdainfully: Why, they say, with gimp, just beckoned - any run.

Once at the haymaking began to stick to Jamila Osmon, our distant cousin. He was also among those who believed that no one in front of them will not stand. Jamila hostility pushed his hand away and stood up from the stack, where it rested in the shade.

- Leave me alone! - She said the pain and turned away. - Although from what you have to wait, you herd stallions.

Osmon, lounging under a haystack, wet lips curled scornfully. - For the meat smelly cat that hangs high on a pole ... What is broken, probably before the death of the most desirable, but also - the nose undone. Jamila turned sharply.

- Maybe you want! Yes, we got only the fate of this, and you're a fool, laughing. One hundred years of soldier's will, and the like you will not want to spit disgusting. I would look if it were not for the war, who would talk to you!
- That's what I'm talking about! The war - and you get mad without her husband's whip! - Osmon grinned. - Oh, would you have me a woman, would you golyashom section, busty, and then would you not singing.

Jamila was rushed to him, wanted to say something, but she said nothing, I realized that you should not mess with. She looked at him a long look of hatred. Then he spat contemptuously, lifted from the ground and walked away forks. I was on stacks of Mazhar. Seeing me, Jamila turned sharply to the side. She understood what I was in the state. I had a feeling that it is not, and I was offended by what I was disgraced. With deep pain I rebuked her:

- Why are you associated with, why do you talk to them? Prior to the evening went to Jamil, darkly frowning, said not a word to me and laughed, as before. When I drove to her Mazhar, Jamila, so as not to let me talk about the terrible insult, which she hid in himself, a swinging fork stuck in a mop, and once lifted it all, carrying in front of him, hiding her face. She threw off the hay with a jerk, and immediately rushed to the other pile of. Mazhara quickly filled. Away, I turned around and saw how dejectedly she stood for a minute or two, based on the fork stem, and in thought, and then, recollecting himself, once again took on the job. When we downloaded the latest Mazhar, Jamila, as if forgetting about everything for a long time staring at the sunset. There, across the river, on the other side of the Kazakh steppe, the hole burning tandoor¹ evening sun blazed heating reaping. It swam slowly over the horizon, the glow of stained loose a cloud in the sky and casting reflections on the recent purple steppe is covered by a bluish tint in the lowlands of early dusk. Jamila was looking at the sunset with such a quiet delight,

¹ Tandoor - arranged in the ground near the house of the furnace with a circular hole in which they bake cakes.

as if she was a fairy-tale vision. Her face glowed with tenderness, gentle child-like smile of her half-opened lips. Then Jamila, just answering my unspoken reproaches that are still asked me for a language, turned and spoke in a tone as if we continued the conversation:

- Do you not think about it, Kichin ball, well, him! Is it a man?.. Jamila was silent, watching the edge of the sun fading eyes and sighed, went on meditatively: - How did they know, such as Osmon, that man's soul? No one knows ... Maybe there are no such men in the world ...

While I was unfolding the horses, Jamila had already run to the women that were working away from us, and before I heard them loud cheerful voice. It is hard to say what happened to her - maybe brightened in her heart as she gazed at the sunset, maybe just cheered because he worked well. I sat on Mazhar, on a high pile of hay, and looked at Jamila. She pulled off his white head scarf and ran over girlfriend shadowed by a mown meadow with outstretched hands. The wind fluttered the hem of her dress. And I too, suddenly flew off the sadness: "Is it worth thinking about Osman chatter!"

- But, oh, let's go! - I hurried, whipping the horses. On that day, and I punished the foreman, I decided to wait for his father to shave his head, and meanwhile, began writing a response to a letter from Sadiq. And then we had the rules: the brothers wrote letters to his father, the postman handed ail's their mother read the letter and respond to them was my duty. Has not yet begun to read, I knew beforehand that he wrote Sadik. All his letters were like one another, like lambs in a flock. Sadiq always started with "The message of good health" and then consistently reported: "I am sending this letter in the mail my family, living in a fragrant, flowering Talas: inordinately dear, dear father Dzholchubay ..." Then there was my mother, then his mother, and then we are all in a strict sequence. After that followed the invariable questions about health and well-being

of elders kind of close relatives, and only at the very end, as if in a hurry, Sadiq attributed: "And as regards to my wife, Jamila ..."

Of course, when my father and mother were alive, when elders live in the village and close relatives to call my wife first, and especially to write letters in her name just uncomfortable, even indecent. This is the opinion not only Sadik, but every self-respecting man. Yes, there is nothing to interpret, and so too was brought up in the village, and it is not only non-negotiable, but we just did not think about it, and not before it. After each letter - a welcome and joyous event. My mother made me several times to re-read the letter, then, with devout affection took him into their chapped hands and was holding a piece of so awkward, like a bird that is about to drying. With some difficulty moving his stiff fingers, she added, finally, writing to a triangle.

- Ah, my dear, as a mascot, we will keep your letters! she kept trembling voice from weeping. - That's because the handle, as there is a father, mother, relatives ... But where we dress up, we have something after all in the village itself. And what it means for you? At least one word to let me know, alive, that I, and all - we no longer need...

My mother has long looked at the triangle, then hid it in a leather pouch where he kept all the letters, and locked in the trunk.

If at this time Jamil provided at home, and she was given to read the letter. Every time she took the hands of the triangle, I noticed, as she flashed. She read to herself, eagerly, hastily ran his eyes over the lines. But the closer to the end, the lower her shoulders dropped and the fire is slowly dying on the cheeks. She knitted her brows and stubborn, not having read the last lines, letter to his mother returned with the cold indifference, as if it gave that whole borrowing. The mother, apparently, in his own daughter understand the mood and tried to cheer her.

- What are you doing? - She said, locking the chest. - Instead of rejoice, drooped all! Or just the one you have the husband in the army? You're not the one in trouble - the mountain folk, the people and be patient. Do you think there are those that are bored, do not yearn for husbands for their ... Depression, but did not show, a Thai!

Jamila was silent. But her stubborn, wistful glance, it seems to say: "Do something you do not understand, Mother!"

Letter from Sadiq and this time came from Saratov. He lay there in the hospital. Sadiq wrote that, God willing, will return home in the autumn of injury. On this he wrote before, and we all rejoiced emergency meeting with him. I did not stay home that day and went to the current. There I slept normally. The horses took on the hesitated and confused them. The President is not allowed to graze cattle on alfalfa, but to the horse I had managed, I violated the ban. I knew one secluded place in the valley, to the same night, no one would notice, but this time I unharnessed the horses and led them, it turned out that someone is already taking on lyutsernik four horses. It angered me. Because I was the owner of two-horse chaise, which gave me the right to be indignant. Without thinking, I decided to drive away other people's horses, somewhere far away, to teach the insolent, invading into my possession. But suddenly I found two horses Daniyar, the man was talking about the day the foreman. Remembering that from tomorrow we will be together with Daniyar haul grain to the station, I left his horses at rest and returned to the current.

Daniyar, it turns out, was here. He had just finished grease the wheels of his carriage and tighten the nuts are on the axes.

- Danica, it's your horse in the valley? - I asked. Daniyar turned his head slowly.

- Two mine.

- And another pair?

- This is it, Jamila, is that it is her horse. It is brought to you by whom? Gene yours?

- Yes, Jen.

- The foreman then left them himself, and ordered to keep an eye ...

- It was good that I did not drive away the horses!

Night fell, lay evening breeze, blowing from the mountains. In the current ceased, too. Daniyar located near me in the stacks of straw, but after some time got up and went to the river. He stood nearby, over the precipice, and so it remained standing, his hands behind his back and a little bowed his head on his shoulder. He stood with his back to me. His long, angular figure, as if carved with an ax, stood out sharply in the soft moonlight. He seemed keenly listened to the noise of the river, all the more clearly the rising by night in the shallows. Or maybe he was listening to some more subtle for me rustling sounds and night. "Once he decided to spend the night near the river, that's queer!" grinned. Daniyar recently appeared in our ail. One boy ran to the hay and says to the village came to a wounded soldier, and who and whose he does not know. Oh, what's happened! Indeed, in the village, then as someone from the back of soldiers, so everyone, and old and small, look at the running herd arrived, the hand to say hello, ask not seen a close, listen to the news. Then a cry went up an incredible, everyone was wondering: maybe our brother back, and maybe in-law? Well, mowers and raced to find out what was wrong.

It turns out, was fundamentally Daniyar our countryman, a native village. It was said that in his childhood he was left an orphan, three years adjoins the yards, and then went off to the Kazakhs in the steppe Chakmakskuy - relatives on the maternal side he Kazakhs. Close relatives did not have to return the little boy back, and forgot about it. When asked how he lived after leaving home, Daniyar answered evasively. And yet one could see that he drank more than hotty, knew enough orphan. Life is chasing Daniyar like tumbleweed on different sides. He

herded sheep for a long time to lightening salt marshes, and when grown, dug canals in the desert; he worked in new cotton fields, then - on the Angren mine near Tashkent, and then went into the army. Returning to his native Daniyar ail the people met with approval. "No matter how much tossing it on the edges of a stranger, and came back - it means destined to drink water from the mother ditch. And do not forget their language, the Kazakh strays a little, and speaks clear!" "Tulpar² far away will find a jamb. Who does not own the road home, my people! Good to be back. And we are pleased with the spirits of your ancestors. Here, God willing, we will kill Germans, I'll live peacefully, and you, like others, obzavedeshsya family, and you will raise a puff of smoke over the fire! " - Said the old elders.

Remembering ancestors Daniyar, they just found out what kind it is. It appeared in ail our "new cousin" - Daniyar.

And the foreman Orozmat led us on a high hay round-shouldered soldier, limping on his left foot. His coat slung over his shoulder, he abruptly walked, trying to keep up with festinating amble stocky mare Orozmat. And the next team leader with a long Daniyar its small height and mobility resembled a troubled river sandpiper. The guys even laughed. Daniyar wounded leg, still not completely healed, not bent at the knee because of the mowers, he was not fit, and he was assigned to us, the guys on the mower. I'll tell you the truth; not very much we liked it. First of all we had to not liking it is closed. Daniyar said little, and if they say, it was felt that he thinks at this time about something else, an outsider, he had some of his thoughts, and do not understand, he sees you or not see, though, and looks straight you in the face with his thoughtful, dreamy eyes. - Poor guy, you see, still cannot come round after the front! Talking about it is very interesting.

But what's interesting - if that's a constant thoughtfulness Daniyar worked quickly,

² Tulpar - a fantastic horse.

accurately, and on the part of one would have thought that he was sociable and open person. It may be difficult orphan childhood taught him to hide his feelings and thoughts, has developed in him a self-restraint? Maybe it is so. Thin lips Daniyar solid wrinkles at the corners were always tightly closed, his eyes looked sad, quiet, and only a flexible, mobile brow revived his thin, always tired face. Sometimes, he picked up his ears, as if he heard something inaccessible to others, and then took off his brow and his eyes light up obscure delight. And then he kept smiling and happy something. We all seemed strange. And not only that, he had other oddities. In the evening our horses gathered at the hut and waited for the cook, cook food, and Daniyar guard climbed the hill and sat there³ dark. - What is he doing there, put on the watch, or what? - We laughed. Once I reached for the sake of curiosity Daniyar the hill. It would seem that nothing much was here. Widely extended neighborhood foothill steppe, immersed in the purple twilight. Dark, obscure field seemed to dissolve slowly in silence. Daniyar do not even pay attention to my arrival, he was buried in his knee, and looked away in front of pensive, but the bright eyes. And again it seemed to me that he intensely listens to some not reaching my ears sounds. Sometimes he pricked up his ears and froze wide-eyed. He was tormented by something, and I thought that now he would get up and fling his soul, not in front of me - I did not notice it - but of something huge, vast, unknown to me. And then I looked and did not recognize him, sadly and listlessly sitting Daniyar, if just relaxing after work. Hayfields our farm lands are scattered in the valley of the River Kurkureu. Not far from us Kurkureu pulled out of the gorge and rushes through the valley of the wild, mad flow. It's time to reaping - this time to flood the mountain rivers. In the evening began to come water turbidity, foam. At midnight I woke up in a hut by the river mighty shudder. The blue that defended the night the stars looked into the shed, gusts of cold wind blew, the land subsided, and only the roaring river,

³ Sentry hill - hill, from which are seen from the entire neighborhood. This name has stuck since the Kirghiz nomad raids.

seemed ominously bearing down on us. Although we were not very shore, at night the water was so close palpable fear that the attack could not help: a sudden sweep away, suddenly washed away a tent? My comrades were sleeping deep sleep mowers, but I could not sleep and went outside. Beautiful and terrible night in Kurkureu we had. Here and there in the darkened meadow hobbled horse. They have plenty of the dewy grass, and now, occasionally snorting, keenly awake. And next, bending wet willows, the raid on the shore, muffled rolls Kurkureu stones. Violent, menacing noise fills the night of ceaseless river. Ghastly takes up. It is terrible. On such nights I always thought of Daniyar. He usually slept in a haystack near the shore. Is it not terrible? As soon as he is not deaf from the noise of the river? Asleep or not? Why is he spending the night in a river? What he finds in it? A strange man, not of this world. Where is he now? I looked around no one in sight. Gently sloping hills go away shore in the dark appear the ridges of the mountains. There, in the upper reaches, the Stars and quiet. It would seem that it was time to have been in the village Daniyar friends. But he was still lonely, as if it was alien to the concept of friendship or hatred, sympathy or envy. But the brave one in the village in sight, who can stand up for themselves and for others who can do good and sometimes evil cause, who, not giving elders shall be disposed of at feasts and funeral - and these women in mind. And if people like Daniyar, carried away, without interfering in the daily affairs of ail, that some simply do not notice, but others say condescendingly: - No one from him neither harm nor good. He lives, I reckon, interrupted somehow, well, well...

Such a person, usually the subject of ridicule or pity. And we, the teenagers, who have always wanted to appear older than his age to be on equal footing with the true jigits, if not directly in the face, then with each other constantly mocked Daniyar. We even laughed about what he had washed his shirt in the river. Wash - and has not yet put on the wet: she had had one. But the strange thing - it would

seem, was quiet and inoffensive Daniyar, and we did not dare to do with it. And not because he was older than us - just think, three or four years, the difference with the way we do not stand on ceremony, and called them the "you" - and not because it was harsh or put on airs that often inspires semblance of respect, - no, something inaccessible lurked in his silent, sullen reverie, and it is holding us back, ready to raise a laugh anyone. Perhaps the reason for our reticence has served one case. I was very curious to small and often pestered people with questions, and ask about the war veterans was my real passion. When Daniyar appeared in our hayfield, I'm looking for a suitable case to find out something from the new front-line soldier. Here we sat one evening after work at a fire, ate and rested quietly. - Danica, can you tell anything about the war, yet did not lie down to sleep, - I said.

Daniyar at first remained silent, and apparently even offended. He stared at the fire, then raised his head and looked at us.

- About the war, you say? - He asked, as if answering his own thoughts, said dully:

- No, you'd better not know about the war! Then he turned, took a bunch of dry weeds and tossing it into the fire, began to fan the fire, not looking at anyone of us. More Daniyar said nothing. But even from this short phrase, which he said, it became clear that it is not so easy to talk about war, this tale will not be able to sleep. War of the blood clotted in the depths of the human heart, and tell about it is not easy. I was ashamed of him. And I never asked Daniyar about the war. But not only that, he won respect. That evening, quickly forgotten, just as quickly lost interest in the village itself Daniyar. He was unsociable and isolation have caused people indifferent or simply a feeling of pity.

- Homeless, the poor fellow, - talking about it. - It's good to feed on the farm, and then time to go ... Quiet it harmless, like a sheep!

Gradually, people got used to the strange nature of Daniyar, and then stopped to notice it. Perhaps the way it was supposed to be: if a person does not manifest itself, then slowly forget about him.

The next day early morning we brought the horses to Daniyar current, and by that time came and Jamil. From a distance, he saw us, she cried:

- Oh, Kichin ball, and well, lead my horses here! And where are my clips? - And, as if life had sled, began with a businesslike air to inspect the chaise, trying pushes his feet, a good fit wheel hub.

When we arrived Daniyar, we seemed to her kind of amusing. Long, thin legs dangling in Daniyar about ready to come off canvas boots with baggy tops. I urged on the horse barefoot, black heels up.

- What a couple! - Jamila fun tossed her head. And, without delay, began to command us: - Time will let us, to the steppe to the heat to drive! She grabbed the horse by the bridle, confidently led them to the cart and started to harness. And because she harnessed, once asked me to show you how to build up the reins. Daniyar she did not notice, if it had not been there. Determination and self-confidence, even calling Jamila, see Daniyar hit. Unfriendly, but at the same time, with a hidden delight, he looked at her estranged closed their lips. When he quietly picked up a sack of grain weights and carried it to the chaise, Jamil snapped at him:

- What is it, everyone will be so on its own to push? No, my friend, so do not go as well, let's hand here! Hey, Kichin ball that you look, climb on the cart, put bags! Jamila she grabbed his hand Daniyar, and when they are together, the serried arms, picked up the bag, he, poor fellow, blushing with embarrassment. And then every time they brought bags, clutching each other's hands and their heads almost touching, I saw how painfully awkward Daniyar how hard he bites his lips, like trying not to look in the face of Jamila. But Jamila though that she seemed not to

notice his partner, exchanging jokes with the something. Then, when his carriage was loaded and we took the reins in his hands, Jamila, a sly wink, and said laughing:

- Hey, you, like you, Daniyar, or what? You're the man with the mind, let's first open the way to go!

Daniyar again silently pulled the cart away. "Oh, you wretch, what have you to everything else, and shy!" - I thought.

The way we was coming long: twenty kilometers across the steppe, and then through the gorge to the station. One was good: You will leave both - to the very place of the road all the time going down the hill, the horses are not a burden. Our ail Kurkureu stretches of the river, on the slope of the Great Mountains, and stretches down to the Black Mountains. Until the sight in the gorge, with ail his darkening clumps of trees, always in sight.

During the day we had time to make only one trip. We went in the morning and arrived at the station in the afternoon.

The sun was beating down mercilessly, and the crush at the station, not break: the chaise, with bags Mazhar, who gathered from all over the valley, laden donkeys and oxen from the remote mountain farms. Drove them to the boys and the soldier, black, in the burnt clothes, with broken on the rocks with bare feet and the blood is cracked from the heat and dust lips.

At the gate, "Zagotzerno" banner hung: "Every ear of corn the front!" In the yard - the hustle, bustle, shouting drivers. Nearby, behind a low duvalom, maneuvering engine and tight throwing clubs hot steam, breathing carbon monoxide slag. Past with a deafening roar the train. Slavering jaws tearing, screaming angrily and desperately camels, not wanting to rise from the ground.

At the reception center under the iron roof, heated - the mountains of grain. The bags should be on the plank gangway upstairs to the roof. Thick bread stuffiness, breathing the dust spirals.

- Hey, man, look at me! - Yells at the bottom of the postmaster, with red eyes from lack of sleep. - Top drag on the top! - He shakes his fist and swearing bursts. Well, what he swears? After all, we already know where to drag and bunkers. After all, we carry the bread on their shoulders from the field, where the grain by grain grown and gathered his women, children and elderly, where now, the hot busy season, beating a combiner tortured, long end-of-age of the combine, where the bent backs of women ever over hot sickle, where small childish hands carefully collect each dropped by ear.

Even now I still remember how hard sacs, which I wore on his shoulders are. Such work has become a very strong man. I went upstairs, balancing the creaking, bending planks ladder firmly with his teeth biting edge of the bag, just to keep him, do not let it go. My throat tickle of dust on the edges of the severity of crushed before his eyes were fiery circles. And how many times, weakened halfway, feeling inexorably slipping from the back of the bag, I wanted to throw him and with him to slide down. But people go back. They, too, with bags, they are my peers, such as youths, or soldier; whose children are the same as me. If not for the war, would enable them to carry such weight? No, I had no right to retreat, when the same work performed by women.

Jamil Vaughn leads the way, tucked dress above her knees, and I can see how steep the muscles tighten its beautiful dark-skinned legs, see with what force it keeps your body flexible, springy bending under the bag. Sometimes it just stops Jameel, like feeling that I'm weaker with every step.

- Be strong, Kichin ball a little bit left!

And at the very voice of bell, strangled.

When we, spilling seed, came back, caught up to meet us Daniyar. He walked down the stairs, limping slightly, strong dimensional step, as always, alone and silent. As they passed us, Jamil Daniyar casts dark, burning eyes, and she stuck to her back straightening, were set crumpled dress. He looked at her every time, as if seen for the first time, and Jamila continued to ignore him. Yes, it so happened: Jamila, or laughed at him, or did not pay attention to him. It depended on her mood. Here we go down the road, suddenly likes her, she shouts to me: "Aida, let's go!" And icky and twisting the whip over their heads, chase the horses gallop. I'm for it. We overtook Daniyar, leaving him in the dense clouds of dust does not settle for a long time. Although this was done in jest, but not everyone has to endure this. But Daniyar did not seem offended. We sped past, and he looked at the grim admiration Jamila laughing, standing on the cart. I turned around. Daniyar looked at her, even through the dust. And there was something kind and forgiving in his eyes, but I guessed it stubborn, unexpressed longing. How to ridicule and indifference Jamila had never taken out a Daniyar. He seemed to have made a vow - to demolish it. At first I was sorry for him, and I spoke several times Jamila:

- Well, why are you laughing at him, Jen, because he's so innocent!
- Come on it! - Jamila laughing and waving. - I'm so easy, in jest, anything of this lone wolf does not happen!

And then I began to tease and laugh at Daniyar is not worse than the Jamila. I began to bother him a strange, persistent views. As he looked at her as she shouldered a sack on his shoulders! And, really, in this hubbub, crush, in the marketplace bustle of the court, among the restless, husky men Jamila conspicuous by their confident, precise movements, easy gait, as if all this was happening in the open.

And it was impossible not to gaze at her. To take on board the chaise bag, Jameel stretched, bent, to substitute his shoulder and threw her head so that bared her

beautiful neck from the sun and brown braids almost touched the ground. Daniyar, seemingly as an afterthought, pauses, and then followed her gaze to the door. Perhaps he thought that doing it quietly, but I notices everything, and I began to dislike and even seemed to be offended by my feelings: it really Daniyar something I could not be considered worthy of Jamila. "Just think, even he looks, and what we talk about the others!" - Resented my being. And the children's self-interest, from which I have not yet released, blazed a burning zeal. After all, children have always been jealous of their loved ones to a stranger. And instead of pity for Daniyar I felt now for him a feeling of resentment that gloated when he was ridiculed.

However, our antics with Jamila day ended very sadly. Among the bags in which we took grain, was a huge, seven pounds, made out of wool row. We usually managed together with him, one cannot do it. One day we decided on the current make fun of Daniyar. We piled up this huge bag in his cart, and on top of it overwhelmed the other. Along the way we ran into Jamila Russian village in someone's garden, plucked apples and laughing all the way: Jamila threw apples at Daniyar. And then we, as usual, ahead of him, raising a cloud of dust. He caught up with us for the gorge, the railway crossing: the path was closed. Hence we have arrived at the station together, and somehow it turned out that we have completely forgotten about it seven pounded bag and remembered it, when it ended their discharge. Jamila playfully nudged me in the ribs and nodded in the direction of Daniyar. He was standing on the cart, anxiously looking at the bag, and clear thinking about how to be with him. Then he looked around and noticed how Jamila choked laugh, blushed, he realized what was happening.

- Pants tighten, and then lose it halfway! - Jamila shouted. Daniyar hurled at us angry glance, and before we come to their senses, as he moved the bag on the bottom of the chaise, and set him on the edge of the board, jumped, holding a bag with one hand, and, putting him on his back, and went.

First, we pretended as if nothing special about it. And the other, and a fortiori did not notice - is a man with a bag, do not you all go. But when approached Daniyar ladder, Jamil caught up with him.

- Drop the bag, I'm joking!

- Get out! - Separately he said, and went up the ladder.

- Look, drags! - Seems to be apologizing, said Jamil.

She still laughed softly, but her laughter became somehow unnatural, as if she forced herself to laugh.

We noticed that Daniyar became more falls on the injured leg. And as we have not thought about this before? So far, I can not forgive myself for this stupid joke, it's me, you fool, this idea!

- Come back! - Jamila cried through the cheerless laugh.

But back Daniyar could not: the people were behind him. I do not really remember what happened next. I saw Daniyar, bending under the tremendous sack, his head bowed low, and touching lip. He walked slowly, carefully holding up his wounded leg. Each step can be seen, caused him such pain that he jerked his head and froze for a second. And the higher he climbed the ladder, the more swayed from side to side. His swaying was bag. And before I was scared and ashamed that even in my throat was dry. Stupefied with horror, all my being, I felt the weight of its cargo and the unbearable pain in his wounded leg. Here again, he rocked, he shook his head and in front of me rocking, dark, earth floated under his feet. I awoke from the stupor, when suddenly someone badly bruised to the bone, squeezed my hand. I did not immediately recognize Jamila. The white-and-white, with huge pupils in the wide-open eyes, and lips still quivering from the recent laugh. At this point, not only we, but everyone was, and is also postmaster, ran to the foot of the ladder. Daniyar took another two steps, would improve on the back

of the bag - and began to slowly sink to the knee. Jamila hid her face in her hands.

- Throw! Drop the bag! - She cried.

But for some reason Daniyar did not throw the bag, though for a long time it was possible to throw it sideways from the ladder to the side so he was not shot down coming back. Hearing the voice of Jamila, he lunged, straightened his leg, took another step, and again he shook her.

- Yes, can you throw, son of a bitch! - Cried the postmaster.

- Throw! - Shouted the people.

Daniyar and this time survived.

- No, he did not give up! - Conviction, someone whispered.

And it seems that everything - the ones that were followed by the ladder, and those that were at the bottom - understood: he did not throw the bag, if only he did not fall with him. There was dead silence. Over the wall from the outside, the engine whistled spasmodically.

A Daniyar, swaying as stunned, walked up under a hot tin roof, the deflection board ladder. After every two steps he pauses, losing balance, and again gathered strength, went further. Those that went back and tried to pet him, and also suspended. This exhausts the people, they are exhausted, but no one protested, no one cursed him. It was as if an invisible rope connected, people were walking with his burden, both on a dangerous, slippery path, where the life of one depends on the life of another. In their harmonious silence and monotonous rocking was a single heavy rhythm. Step, another step by Daniyar and another step. What kind of compassion and supplication, with clenched teeth, looking at him a soldier, that came after him! She wore at the very feet, but she prayed for him. Already there is not much, will soon be over sloping portion of the ladder. But

Daniyar again staggered, wounded leg is no longer subordinate to him. He slips that look, if you do not release the bag.

- Run! Support from behind! - I cried, Jamila, and she held out her hands helplessly, as if it could help Daniyar.

I rushed up the ladder. Squeezing between people and bags, I reached the Daniyar. He looked at me from under the elbow. In the darkened wet his forehead were swollen veins, bloodshot eyes burned with anger me. I would like to support the bag.

- Get out! - Croaked ominously Daniyar and moved forward. When Daniyar, panting and limping, went down, his hands hanging like vines. All silently made way before him, and the postmaster could not stand it and shouted: - What are you, lad, mad? Am I not a man, am I not allowed pouring out to you at the bottom? Why do you carry these bags?

- This is my business - quietly replied Daniyar. He spat aside and went to the cart. And we did not dare raise his eyes. I was ashamed, and evil was taking that Daniyar so close to my heart took our foolish joke.

All night we rode in silence. For Daniyar it was natural. Therefore, we could not understand, he hurt us, or have forgotten it all. But we had a hard time, tormented conscience.

In the morning, when we were loaded on the current, Jamil has this unfortunate bag, stepped on the edge and tore it with a bang.

- On his sacking! - She threw the bag at the feet of the astonished scales man. And tell the foreman, so a second time does not slip into these!

- What do you mean? What is it?

- Nothing!

All the next day Daniyar does not show his resentment, held smoothly and silently, just limping more than usual, especially when worn bags. We see strong yesterday irritate the wound. And all this time to remind us of our guilt before him. And yet, if he had laughed and joked, would be easier - on and we forgot to quarrel. Jamila is also trying to pretend that nothing unusual had happened. Proud, although she was laughing, but I saw that the day she was not alone. We later returned to the station. Daniyar went ahead. And the night was magnificent. Who does not know the August nights with their distant and at the same time, close, extremely bright stars! Each star on the mind. Won one of them, as if frosted on the edges, all in the blink of an eye, with naive surprise looking at the earth from the dark sky. We drove through the gorge, and I stared at her. Horses in were trotting to the house willingly, the gravel under the wheels creaked. Wind brought from the steppes of bitter wormwood pollen bloom, subtle flavor of ripe corn the cooling and all that, mingling with the smell of tar and a sweaty horse harness, gently circled his head.

On the one hand hovering over the road overgrown with wild roses shaded rocks, and on the other - far below in the thickets of willow and wild Toolkits Kurkureu restless breakers. Occasionally, somewhere behind a crash with a through train flew over the bridge and away, for a long time carried off the wheels. It was good to go on a cool, look at the swaying backs of horses, listen to the August night, inhaling her scent. Jamila was riding ahead of me. Throwing the reins, she looked around and softly humming something. I understood - it weighed our silence. On such a night cannot be silent on such a night you want to sing! And she began to sing. Singing, perhaps, also because I wanted to somehow return to the old spontaneity in our relationship with Daniyar, wanted to ward off feelings of guilt in front of him. Her voice was clear, provocative, and she sang songs like ordinary ayil "Silk Weave your handkerchief," or "In what way my dear." She knew

a lot of songs and sang them simply and sincerely, so it was nice to hear. But she suddenly interrupted the song and cried Daniyar:

- Hey, Daniyar, sung to anything! Djigit you or what?

- Sing, Jamila, Sing! - Shyly said Daniyar, withhold their horses. - I listen to you, both ears pricked up!

- Do you think we have, perhaps, no ears! Just think, you do not want - do not! - Jamila and sang again.

Who knows why she asked him to sing! Maybe just, maybe, would cause him to talk. Most of all she wanted to talk to him, because after some time she again cried out:

- But tell me, Daniyar you ever loved? - And laughed.

Daniyar is nothing. Jamila is also silent.

"I found someone to ask to sing!" - I laughed.

In rivers, crosses the road, horses, shoes on wet silver stones, slowed down. When we passed the ford, Daniyar spurred their horses, and suddenly began to sing constrained, jumping to the ruts voice:

Mountain mine, blue white mountains,

The land of my grandfathers, my father!

He suddenly paused, cleared his throat, but the following two lines brought a deep, throaty voice, though a little hoarsely:

Mountain mine, the blue-white mountains,

The cradle of my ...

Then he broke off again, as if afraid of something, and silence. I vividly imagined, as he was confused. But even in this fearful, intermittent singing was something unusually agitated, and his voice should be, it was good, just could not believe that it is Daniyar.

- You see! - I could not resist.

But Jamila even exclaimed:

- Where have you been before? Come sing, sing properly! Ahead delineated clearance - exit from the gorge into the valley. From there, the breeze blew. Daniyar again began to sing. He began as timid, hesitant, but gradually his voice gained strength, filled the valley, echoed in the distant rocks. What struck me most, what passion, what was burning itself is full of melody. I did not know what to call it, and now I do not know, or rather, I can not identify - only whether it is voice or something else more important, that comes from the soul of man, something that can cause the other is same excitement can enliven the most secret thoughts.

If only I could at least to some extent, play a song Daniyar! There was almost no words, no words of it revealed a great human soul. Neither before nor since - have I never heard such a song: it was not like anything, Kyrgyz, Kazakh any tunes, but it was both. Music Daniyar absorbed all the best tunes of the two native peoples in their own wove them into a unique song. This was the song of the mountains and steppes; the ringing takes off, like the mountains, Kyrgyz, the creeping far as the Kazakh steppe.

I listened and marveled: "So it turns out, what, Daniyar! Who would have thought!"

We were driving on the steppe with a soft, well-trodden road, and the melody Daniyar now unfolding in breadth and more new tunes with amazing flexibility

replaced one another. Is he so rich? What happened to him? As if he was waiting for his day, the hour!

And suddenly I began to understand his eccentricities, which caused the people and the bewilderment and derision - his reverie, the love of solitude, and its silence. I understand now why he would sit whole evenings at guard and why the hill was left alone at night near the river, why he is constantly listening to the subtle sounds for others, and why sometimes suddenly flashed in his eyes and took off normally wary eyebrow. He was a man deeply in love. And he was in love, I felt, not just another person, it was some other, a great love - for life to the land. Yes, he kept this love in himself, in his music, he lived it. Indifferent people could not sing well, whatever it had a voice. When it seemed extinguished the last echo of the song, it's like a new tremulous impulse awakened slumbering steppe. And she listened to the grateful singer's mother caressed her melody. Broad reaches of blue-gray waved ripe grain, waiting for the harvest and the early morning glare ran across the field. A mighty crowd of old willows rustled leaves in the mill, the brook dying fire field mill, and someone, like a shadow, quietly rode po-nad shore, toward the village, now disappearing in the gardens, then appearing again. Wind brought out the smell of apples, milk and nectar blooming pair of corn and a warm spirit of the drying soil dung. For a long time, enthusiastically sang Daniyar. Keeping silence, listened spellbound August night. Even the horses have long switched to cadence, as if afraid to disturb it a miracle.

And then at the very high, ringing note Daniyar cut the song and nodded, drove the horses into a gallop. I thought that Jamila rush after him, and also prepared, but she did not move. How sat with his head on his shoulder and sat there as though still listening to the soaring sounds somewhere in the air. Daniyar left, and we have until ail did not utter a word. And whether it is necessary to speak, because words are not always and not all wilt Thou express ...

On this day in our lives, it seemed, something changed. Now I'm constantly waiting for something good, desirable. In the morning we were loaded on the current, arrived at the station, and we could not wait to go quickly from here, on the way back to listen to songs Daniyar. His voice possessed me, he pursued me at every step with him in the morning I was running through the wet, dewy shaped to the hobbled horses, and the sun, laughing, rolled out over the mountains to meet me. I heard his voice and the soft rustle of the golden rain of wheat, to throw into the wind old dying and smooth, circling a lone kite flying heights in the steppe, - in all that I saw and heard my music was like a miracle for Daniyar. And in the evening when we drove through the gorge, every time I thought that I transfer to another world. I listened to Daniyar, eyes closed, and before me stood up remarkably familiar, native picture of a child: it floated in the cranes towering over the spring nomadic yurts tender, smoky-blue clouds that raced across the ground buzzing with stamping and neighing herds to summer pastures, and Young stallions with bangs and black uncut wild fire in the eyes of the proud and frantically runs around in the course of their queens, it unfolded in a quiet lava hillocks flocks of sheep, and then broke off a cliff falls, blinding whiteness of the eye disheveled boil, then in the desert beyond the river, gently sinking into the thicket ences the sun, and a lone rider on a distant horizon fiery fringe seemed to gallop after him - he close to the sun - and also drowned in the bush and dusk. Wide across the river Kazakh steppe. Spread it on both sides of our mountains, and is a harsh, desolate. But in that memorable summer, when the war broke out, lit fires in the wilderness, obscured her hot dust combatant herds of horses and galloped off messengers in all directions. And remember, as with the other side yelling galloping Kazakh shepherds, guttural voice:

- Sit down, Kirghiz, in the saddle: the enemy has come! - And raced on in waves, eddies, and the sultry haze.

Everyone looked up at his feet the steppe, and in a solemn and severe hum moved from the mountains and the valleys of our first cavalry regiments. Ringing thousands of stirrups, looked into the steppe thousands dzhigits ahead on the staffs waved red banners, behind the coffin of dust, fought on the ground, mournfully majestic weeping wives and mothers: "So help you steppe, so help you the spirit of our hero Manas!"

Where people go to war, remained bitter trail...

And this whole world of earthly beauty and anxieties revealed in front of me Daniyar in his song. Where he learned this, from which he had heard it all? I realized that this could love their land only to those who with all his heart yearned for her many years who have suffered this love. When he sang, I saw him, a little boy wandering the steppe roads. Perhaps, then, and were born in his soul the song of the homeland? And maybe when he walked on fire vests of war? Listening to Daniyar, I wanted to drop to the ground and firmly, in filial embrace him just for the fact that a person can both love her. The first time I felt then, as awakened in me something new, something I could not yet be called, but it was something irresistible, it was the need to express yourself, but to express, not only to see and experience the world, but also to convey to others their vision, their thoughts and feelings, to tell people about the beauty of our land as inspiration, as best I could do it Daniyar. I froze on the instinctive fear and joy of something unknown. But I still did not understand what I need to pick up a brush. I loved to draw since childhood. I rubbings pictures from textbooks, and the guys said that I get "exactly". Teachers at the school, too, praised me when I brought the pictures on our wall newspaper. But then the war started, the brothers went into the army, and I left school and went to work the farm, like all my peers. I forgot all about paint and brushes, and did not think it ever will remember about them. But the songs Daniyar startled my soul. I went like a dream, and looked at the world through the eyes of astonished, as if seen it all before.

What has changed suddenly, Jamila! As if that was not brisk, sharp-tongued flirtatious. Spring light blanketed the sadness of her eyes were calm. On the way she is constantly thinking hard about something. A vague, dreamy smile flickered on her lips, she quietly glad something good about what she knew only one. Sometimes, putting a bag over his shoulders, and so it is enveloped by strange timidity, just in front of her raging torrent, and she does not know or do not go to her to go. Daniyar she eschewed, not looking into his eyes. Once on the current Jamil told him with a helpless, tortured annoyance: - I took off to you, perhaps, his tunic. Let's wash! And then wash in the river shirt, she laid it to dry, and she sat down beside a long and carefully smoothed her palms, the sun considered tired shoulders, shook her head and was taken back to smooth, quiet and sad.

Only once during this time Jamil loud, infectious laugh, and she, as before, his eyes shining. In the current noisy crowd turned casually to murmuring alfalfa young women, girls and horsemen - the former front-line soldiers. - Hey, bai, do not you have a wheat bread, treat, and not leave it in the river! - And the horsemen jokingly put a pitchfork.

- We will not be intimidated with pitchforks! I find their girlfriends than to entertain, but you do trades! - Jameel replied loudly.

- If so, all of you in the water!

And then grabbed the girls and boys. With a cry, scream, laugh, they pushed each other into the water.

- Grab it, drag! - Jamila laughing loudly, quickly and deftly dodging attackers. But strange to say, accurately and horsemen have seen only one Jamila. Everyone tried to grab it, press it to yourself. Here are three guys at once wrapped around her and brought on shore.

- Kiss, and not - throw!

- Let's rock the!

Jamila dodge, laughing, head thrown back, laughing and calling to the aid of friends. But the hectic walked along the beach, fishing in the river, his neckerchief. Under the friendly laughter dzhigits Jamil flew into the water. She came out with wet hair disheveled, but even more beautiful than it was. Wet cotton dress clung to the body is assured a strong rounded hips, girlish breasts, and she, noticing nothing, laughing, rocking, and her flushed face dripping gay streams.

- Kiss! - Harassing horsemen.

Jamila kissed them, but again flew into the water and then laughed; tossing nod heavy wet strands of hair.

Above all the young stunt on current laughed. Old men, having abandoned shovels, wiping tears, wrinkles on their faces shone with joy brown, and revived for a second youth. And I laughed heartily, forgetting this time of his zealous duty to protect the Jamila dzhigits.

No one laughed Daniyar. I happened to notice it and stopped. He stood alone at the edge of the threshing floor, legs spread wide. It seemed to me that he slips now, run and snatch from the hands of Jamil dzhigits. He looked at her, not looking up, sad, admiring eyes, in which between joy and pain. Yes, happiness and sorrow, and it was in the beauty of Jamila. When the horsemen pressed her to him, forcing each to kiss, he lowered his head, made a move to leave, but did not leave. Meanwhile, Jamil and noticed it. She immediately broke off laughing and looked down.

- Indulge yourself and that's enough! - She suddenly besieged dzhigits dispersed. Someone else tried to hug her.

- Leave me alone! - Jamila shoved a guy threw his head briefly threw a guilty glance at Daniyar and ran into the bushes to squeeze the dress. I'm still not been clear in their relationship, but I must confess, and was afraid to think about it. But somehow I was not myself when I noticed that Jamila is sad because she herself eschews Daniyar. It would be better so she still laughed and made fun of him. But at the same time, I covered the inexplicable joy for them when we returned at night to the village and listened to the singing Daniyar. Jamila was traveling through the gorge on the cart, and in the desert would be peeled back and went on foot. I also went on foot, so it's best - on the way to go and listen. First, we were each about his chaise, but step by step, do not notice that, getting closer and closer to Daniyar. Some unknown force drew us to him, I wanted to see in the dark expression on his face and eyes - is this he sings, unsociable, sullen Daniyar!

And each time I noticed how Jamila, shocked and deeply moved, slowly pulling hand to him, but he did not see it, he looked up somewhere far away, his head propped on his hand, and swayed from side to side, and his hand fell limply Jamila on a bed chaise. Then she shuddered, abruptly pulls back his hand and stopped. She stood in the middle of the road depressed, overwhelmed, a long time looking after him, and then walked again.

Sometimes it seemed to me that we are alarmed by a single Jamila, is equally incomprehensible feeling. Perhaps this feeling was long hidden in our souls, and now came to his day.

In Jamila has forgotten, but in those rare moments of our vacation when we were delayed on the current, it cannot find a place. She wandered around musicians, was taken to help them, high and strongly tossed to the wind a few shovels of wheat, then suddenly threw a shovel and went off to the stacks of straw. There she sat in the shade, and, as though afraid of being alone, she called me: - Come here, Kichin ball, sit down!

I've always waited for her to tell me something important, explains that she is worried. But she said nothing. Silently, she would put my head on his knees, staring into the distance, ruffling my hair is spiky and gently stroked my face with trembling fingers warm. I looked up at her, at a face full of vague anxiety and depression, and seemed to recognize it in them. It is also tormented by something, something was gathering and ripened in her mind, demanding release. And she dreaded it. She longed, and at the same time painfully did not want to admit to myself that love, just as I wished and wished that she loved Daniyar. After all, after all it is the daughter of my parents; she was the wife of my brother. But such thoughts are only momentarily pierced me. I drove them away. For me, if it was a real pleasure to see a child's half-open, sensitive lips, to see her eyes clouded with tears. How good, how beautiful she was, how bright and spiritualization of passion breathed in her face! Then I just saw it all, but not all understood. Even now I often ask myself: perhaps love - this is the same inspiration as the inspiration of the artist, the poet? Looking for Jamila, I wanted to run screaming into the steppe and screaming, asking the earth and sky, what do I do I overcome this in it incomprehensible anxiety and this incomprehensible joy. And one day I think I found the answer.

We are, as usual, drove from the station. Already down the night, in groups swarmed the stars in the sky, the steppe drowsy, and the song Daniyar, breaking the silence and the ringing faded into a soft, dark distance. We Jamila went after him.

But what happened this time with Daniyar - his melodies were so gentle, heartfelt longing and loneliness that tears rolled from his throat to the sympathy and compassion for him.

Jamil walked with his head, and firmly held on to a bed chaise. And when the voice began again Daniyar climb, Jamila threw back her head and jumped on the go in the cart and sat down next to him. She sat petrified, folding his arms. I

was walking, running slightly ahead, and looked at them sideways. Daniyar sang, seemed unaware of Jamila beside him. I saw her hands relaxed and she fell, clinging to Daniyar, gently leaned her head against his shoulder. Only for a moment, as the interruption instigated pacer, his voice trembled and sounded with renewed vigor. He sang of love!

I was shocked. Steppe has blossomed though, stirred, spread darkness and I saw in the vast steppe of two lovers. And they did not notice me like I was never here. I went and watched them, forgetting everything in the world, together swayed to the beat of the song. And I do not recognize them. It was the same Daniyar, in his unbuttoned, battered soldier's tunic, but his eyes seemed to burn in the dark. It was my Jamila, stretched to him, so quiet and shy, with a gleaming with tears on her eyelashes. It was a new, unprecedented happy people. Is not it bliss? After all his great love for his native land that gave birth to it that inspired the music, the whole Daniyar gave her, she sang for her, she sang about her. I again took possession of the very strange excitement that always came with songs Daniyar. And suddenly it dawned on me what I want. I want to paint them. I was afraid of his own thoughts. But the desire was stronger than fear. I will paint them as here, happy! Yes, that's the way they are now! But if I can? Breath away from fear and joy. I walked into a drunken stupor sweet. I was happy too, because we do not yet know how many difficulties in the future will bring me this bold desire. I told myself that we should see the earth as it sees Daniyar, I'll paint Daniyar song, I also will be the mountain, steppe, people, grass, clouds, and rivers. I even thought then: "And where will I get paint? The school will not give - they themselves needed!" As if the whole thing and just lay in it. Song Daniyar suddenly cut short. This Jamila impulsively hugged him, but immediately drew back, stood still for a moment, rushed to the side and jumped out of his carriage. Daniyar hesitantly pulled the reins, the horses stopped. Jamila was on the road, turning his back on him, then abruptly lifted her head, looked at

him half-turned, and, barely holding back tears, said:
- What are you looking at? - And, after a pause, added sternly: - Do not look at me, go! - And she went to his cart. - What are you looking at? - She pounced on me. - Sit down, take your reins! Oh, woe is me with you!
"And what is it suddenly?" - I wondered, driving horses. And guess what, it was not worth anything, it was not easy, because it has the lawful husband living somewhere in the Saratov hospital. But I really do not want to think about anything. I was angry at her and at himself and, perhaps, would have hated Jamil, if I knew that Daniyar will no longer sing, that I will never happen to hear his voice.

Deadly tired lomila body would soon reach the place and fell on the straw. Swayed in the darkness behind trotting horse chaise intolerable shaking, the reins slipped from his hands.

At current, I somehow pulled off collars, threw them under the chaise, and, after reaching the straw and fell. Daniyar this time he drove the horses to graze. But this morning I awoke with a sense of joy in my heart. I'm going to paint and Jamila Daniyar. I closed my eyes and imagined a very precise and Jamila Daniyar the way I portray them. Seemed to take a brush and paint and draw. I ran to the river and washed, and rushed to the hobbled horses. Wet cold alfalfa juicy quilted on bare feet, pinched, cracked, pimples in the foot, but it was good. I ran and marked on the move, what was going on around them. The sun stretched over the mountains and the sun stretched sunflowers that grew randomly over the ditches. Eagerly gathered around his white-Gorchakov, but he did not give up, caught, intercepted them by their yellow tongues of the morning rays, watered tight, dense basket of seeds. But the wheel turned upside move through the ditch, the water trickles of ruts. But the purple island dried out waist fragrant mint. I'm running on the native land, over my head, worn race swallows. Ah, would paint to paint, and the morning sun, white and blue mountains, and dewy alfalfa,

sunflowers, and this wilding that grew from the ditch. When I returned to the current mood of my rainbow soon clouded. I saw the gloomy, haggard Jamila. She probably did not sleep that night, the dark shadows lay under her eyes. To me she did not smile and started talking to me. But when the foreman came Orozmat, Jamil went to him and, without greeting him, said:- Take your gig! Send, anywhere, and the station will not go!- What are you doing this, Dzhamaltay, gadfly bite you, or what? - Kindly surprised Orozmat.

- Gadfly in calves under the tail! And I have not tried to find out! She said - I do not want, and that's it! The smile vanished from the face of Orozmat.
- Like it or not, and will carry the grain! - He banged his stick on the ground. - If those who have offended, tell me - a crutch on his neck broken off! And no - not dope: bread carrying soldier, near the husband there! - And, turning sharply, he hopped on his crutch.

Jamila was embarrassed, blushed all over and, glancing in the direction of Daniyar, quietly sighed. Daniyar stood a little way off, his back to her, pulling and jerking on the collar strap on. He heard the whole conversation. Jamil stood a little, pulling a whip in his hand, and then frantically waved her hand and went to his cart. On this day we came back earlier than usual. Daniyar drove all the way to the horses. Jamila was gloomy and silent. And I could not believe that lay before me a scorched, blackened desert. After yesterday, it was not like that. As if in a fairy tale I've heard about it and did not go out of my mind changed the course of my mind the picture of happiness. It seemed as if I grabbed a piece of the most vivid life. I imagined it in detail, and only it bothered me. And I did not calm down until then, until you stole from high madness thick sheet of white paper. I ran for the stacks with a heart pounding in my chest and put it on the wood, planed smooth shovel, which by the way stole musicians.

- Bless God! - I whispered, as once his father, the first landing on my horse, and touched a pencil paper. It was the first clumsy strokes. But when the worksheet

delineated features Daniyar, I forgot everything! I already thought that the paper went to the one August night steppe, I thought I heard a song Daniyar and see him, with head thrown back and bare-chested, and I see Jamil, stretching on his shoulder. This was my first independent picture: that's chaise, but both of them, that are reins thrown on the front, back, swaying in the dark horses, and then steppe, distant stars.

I have painted with such gusto, that did not notice anything around, and woke up when I have heard a voice:

- Are you deaf or something?

It was Jamila. I'm confused, blushed, and did not manage to hide the picture.
- Chaise long been loaded, do not cry for an hour! What are you doing here?
.. What is this? - She asked and took a picture. - Hm! - Jamila angrily shrugged his shoulders.

I was ready to sink into the ground. Jamila long time considered the picture, then looked up at me with sad, black eyes and said softly:

- Give it to me, Kichin ball ... I will hide in the memory ... - And, a sheet folded in half, she slipped it inside his jacket...

We have already gone on the road, and I could not recover. As in a dream all of this happened. I could not believe that I have drawn something like what he saw. But somewhere in the depths of the soul has taken up the naive glee, even pride, and dreams - the other daring one, one other tempting circling my head. I've wanted to write a lot of different pictures, but not a pencil, and paints. And I did not pay attention to the fact that we were going very fast. This is because Daniyar drove the horses. Jamila was not far behind. She looked around, smiled at times something - touching and blame. And I smiled then, it is no longer angry with us and if Daniyar ask you Daniyar sing today...

At the station we arrived at this time is much earlier than usual, but the horse had soared. Daniyar the move began to haul bags. Where he was in a hurry and that it happened, it was difficult to understand. When the train passed by, he stopped and watched them a long, thoughtful look. Jamila is also looking to where he, like trying to figure out what's on his mind.

- Come over here, horseshoe dangles, help tear - she called Daniyar. When Daniyar tore a horseshoe to the hoof, sandwiched between his knees, and straightened up, Jameel spoke softly, looking into his eyes:- Are you - or do not you understand? .. Or in the world I alone? ..

Daniyar looked away in silence.

- You think me easy? - Jamila sighed. Eyebrows shot up Daniyar, he looked at her with love and sadness and said something, but so quietly that I did not hear, and then quickly walked to his carriage, even somewhat satisfied. He went and stroked a horseshoe. I looked at him and wondered: What could soothe his words Jamila? How much consolation here, if a person speaks with a heavy sigh: "Do you think it's easy for me?"

We have already finished unloading and going to leave, when entered into the court of soldiers wounded, thin, and crumpled in a greatcoat, with a clothing bag on his back. A few minutes before the train stopped at the station. The soldier looked around and shouted:

- Who's in ail Kurkureu?

- I'm from Kurkureu! - I replied, wondering who it could be.

- And you who's going, mate? - A soldier was headed toward me, but then he saw Jamil and smiled with surprise and joy.

- Karim, is that you? - Jamila cried.

- Oh, Jamila, sister! - A soldier rushed to her and squeezed her hand with both hands.

It turns out it was a countryman of Jamila.

- That's the way-it! I knew came in here! - He said excitedly. After all, I'm just on Sadiq, together lay in the hospital, God willing, and he in a month or two back. When saying goodbye, he said, 'Write a letter to his wife, Sveza ... Here it is, get in safely. - Jamila and Karim handed triangle.

Jamila grabbed the letter, broke, and then turned white and carefully eyed the Daniyar. He stood alone near the chaise, as it was then at the threshing floor, legs wide apart, and eyes full of despair, looking at the Jamil. Then came running from all sides the people there were just a soldier and acquaintances, and relatives showered questions. But Jamil did not even had time to thank you for your letter, as it thundered past daniyar's chaise, escaped from the yard and bouncing on the bumps, dust on the road.

- He was crazy or something! - Shouted after him. Soldier is taken away, and we Jamila still standing in the middle of the yard and watched the receding clouds of dust.

- Come, Jane, - I said.

- Go, leave me alone! - Bitterly she said.

Thus, the first time ever, we drove separately. Hot stuffy burned dry lips. Cracked, scorched earth, scorching-hot day, it seemed, now cooled, covered with gray salt. And in the same salty whitish haze flickered in the twilight shaky, shapeless sun. There, above the dim horizon, going to orange-red dark clouds. Gusts of hot wind blew, the white scum settling on the horse muzzles, and throwing heavy mane, he was carried away, stirs in hillocks panicles of Artemisia. "For the rain or what?" - I thought.

How I felt homeless themselves, anxiety which gripped me! I spurred horses, seeks at all times to move a step. Anxious ran off into the beam long-legged, lean bustards. On the road endured withered leaves of desert mugs - these we do not have them brought from somewhere in the Kazakh side. Sunset. Not a soul around. Only a weary day steppe.

When I arrived at the current, it was already dark. Quiet, calm. I clicked Daniyar.

- He went to the river, - said the guard. - What a Duhotisch, everyone went home. Without the wind current and do nothing! I drove the horses to graze, and decided to wrap up the river - I knew a popular place Daniyar over a cliff.

He sat hunched over, his head bowed on his knees, and listened to the roaring river under the cliff. I wanted to come up, hug him and tell him something good. But what could I say to him? I stood a little to the side and back. And then for a long time lay on the straw, looking at the darkening clouds in the sky and thought, "Why is it so incomprehensible and difficult life?" Jamila has not yet returned. Where does it stopped? I could not sleep, though fatigue. Distant lightning flashed over the mountains, deep in the clouds.

When I came up to Daniyar, I have not slept. He wandered aimlessly through the current, and kept glancing at the road. And then fell over in the stacks of straw beside me. He will go anywhere; do not stay in the village now. And where should he go? A lonely, homeless, who needs it? And in my sleep I heard a slow thumping of approaching chaise. It seems that Jamila had come ... I do not remember how long I slept, only to suddenly have his ear in the straw rustling footsteps, as if wet wing is easy to hurt my shoulder. I opened my eyes. It was Jamila. She came to the river in a cool, pushed out a dress. Jamila stopped, looked around nervously, and sat down beside Daniyar.

- Daniyar, I came, she came - she said softly. Around was silence, silently slid down the lightning.

- Are you offended? It hurt, right?

Again silence, only broken with a soft splash into the river podmyta block of land.

- Is it my fault? And you're not to blame ...

Over the mountains in the distance thunder rumbled. Profile Jamila lit by lightning. She looked around and fell at Daniyar. Her shoulders were heaving convulsively under his hands Daniyar. Stretched out on the straw, she lay down next to him. Broken-winded wind passed over the steppe, whirled like a whirlwind straw hit the shattered tent, which stood on the edge of the floor, and lopsidedly like a top on the road. Again, dash blue flashes in the clouds, with a dry crackling thunder broke over their heads. Creepy and happy now - impending storm, the last summer storm.

- Do you think I traded you for it? - Jamila whispered hotly. - No, no, no! He never loved me. Even the bow, and then at the end of the letter attributed. I do not need it with his late love, let them talk! My dear, alone, does not give you to anybody! I have long loved you. And when you do not know - loved and waited for you, and you came, if I knew what I'm waiting for you!

Blue Lightning, one after another, breaking, pierced by a break in the river. Rustled in the straw slanting icy rain.

- Jamila, my love, my dear Dzhamaltay! - Daniyar whispered, calling it the most tender Kazakh and Kyrgyz names. - I, too, love you long time ago, I dreamed about you in the trenches, I knew that my love of the homeland, it's you, my Jamila!

- Turn around, let me look in your eyes!

Storm broke out.

Clogged, flapping their wings, like a wounded bird, torn from the tent felt. Violent gusts, as if kissing the ground, poured rain, spurred from below by the wind. Diagonally through the sky rolled the mighty thunder of avalanches. Spring Tulips Pal lit on the mountains of bright flashes of lightning. Buzzing in the ravine raging wind.

The rain fell, and I lay buried in the straw, and felt the beating of the heart close at hand. I was happy. I had the feeling that I got the first time since the disease to look at the sun. And the rain and lightning light reached under my straw, but it was good, I fell asleep, smiling, and did not know whether it is whispered Daniyar and Jamila, whether it rustled in the straw rain subsides. Now the rains will soon fall. The air is maintained in a wet autumn, and the smell of wormwood soaked straw. But what awaited us in the fall? This for some reason I thought.

That fall, after a two-year break, I went back to school. After school, I often went to the river and sat on the steeper near the old barn, now deserted and got deaf. Here I wrote my first schoolboy sketches colors. Even by then my notions, I have not all succeeded.

"Colors of Belial! That would be true colors!" - I said to myself, but had no idea what they should be. Only much later I happened to see the real oil paints in lead tubes.

Paints, inks, and all the teachers seem to have been right: that we must learn. But the study did not have to dream about. Where there when his brothers did not have any news, and my mother would not let go to me, his only son, "horseman, and survivor of two families," is what I dared not speak. A fall, as luck would have stood out so beautiful, just write it. Shoaled Kurkureu icy, exposed boulders in the shallows are covered with dark green and orange moss. Flushed by early frost tender bare willows, but still preserved Toolkits thick yellow leaves. Smoked, washed by rain in the tent were black herdsmen were wearing rusty on

the aftermath, and over the blue-gray smoke curled holes odorous streams. In the autumn noisy lean horses neighing - wandered the uterus, and now until the spring they will be hard to keep jambs. Scott, who returned from the mountains, herds wandered through the stubble. Dry resistant brownish steppe along and across the trail was crossed till its end. Soon blew Stepniak, dizzy sky, went cold rain precursors snow. One turned out to be tolerable day, and I went to the river - very much liked me in the shallows bush fire mountain ash. I sat near the ford, in the willow.

Night was falling. And suddenly I saw two people who apparently crossed the river ford. They were Daniyar and Jamila. I could not tear my eyes from their harsh, disturbing people. With the glove bag over his shoulder, strode abruptly Daniyar, floors unbuttoned overcoat whipped by tarpaulin tops of his well-worn boots. Jamila fling a white shawl, knocked on the head now, she was wearing her best flowered dress, which she loved to show off the bazaar, and on top of it - quilted corduroy jacket. In one hand she carried a small bundle, and the other held on to the strap of the bag of Daniyar. They were talking about something on the go. So they went on the trail through the thickets of the log encase, and I looked after them and did not know what to do. Maybe to call? But the language is exactly dried out to the sky. The last crimson rays slipped on a fast train of piebald Tucek along the mountains, and immediately began to darken. A Daniyar and Jamila, not looking back, went in the direction of the railway siding. Once or twice even a glimpse of their heads encase in the bush, and then disappeared.
- Jamila-ah! - I cried it was power.

- Ah-ah-ah-ah! - Homeless answered the echo.

- Jamila-ah! - I shouted again, and, beside him, ran after them across the river, right on the water.

Clouds of spray ice flew in my face, wet clothes, and I ran on, not looking the way, and suddenly, with all his strength fell to the ground, caught on something. I lay

there, without raising his head, and tears flooded my face. Darkness fell upon me like the shoulders.

Thin, flexible stems whistled mournfully ences.

- Jamila! Jamila! - I sobbed, choking with tears.

I parted with the most expensive and the people close to me. And only now, lying on the ground, I suddenly realized that he loved Jamil. Yes, it was my first, even children love. For a long time I lay buried in the wet elbow. I parted not only with Jamila and Daniyar - I parted with my childhood. When I bought the dark house, the yard was a stir, stirrup rang, someone saddled horses, and a drunken Osmon, prancing on horseback, screaming at full throat: - I have had to be driven out of ail this stray dog-Blood Prince! Shame, shame on the whole family! I run into it, kill on the spot, let the judge - do not let that every tramp led away our women! Aida, sit down, horsemen, he was not anywhere to go, catch up on the station!

I went cold: where will they ride away? But, convinced that the chase went on the high road to the station, and not on patrol, I quietly sneaked into the house and wrapped his head in his father's coat, so that no one saw my tears. How many conversations and gossip in the village was! Women vied condemned Jamila.

- Fool she is! Gone from a family trampled his happiness!

- What are coveted, one wonders? After all, he has only good overcoat so worn-out boots!

- Oh, of course, full of cattle yard! Rootless wanderer, a vagabond - which it then as well. Do not worry, babe come to his senses, but too late to be.

- That's just it. A man is not what Sadik than not the owner? The first horseman in the village!

- A mother in law? Such in-law is not everyone God gives! Go and have a syschi baibicha! She killed herself, a fool, for no reason at all! Maybe only I did not blame Jameel, his ex Jen. Let the Daniyar old overcoat and worn-out boots, but I then knew that he was the soul of us all richer. No, I did not believe me that Jamil will be unhappy with it. Just a pity I was a mother. It seemed to me that with Jamila left her erstwhile power. She is depressed, thinner and, as I now understand, could not be reconciled with the fact that sometimes life is so cool to break the old foundations. If the inversion of the mighty tree of the storm, it will not rise. Previously, no one's mother asked her to thread a needle, my pride would not allow. But once I came back from school and saw his hands trembling mother, she does not see eye needles and crying.

- On, the day thread! - She said, and sighed heavily. - Jamila lost ... Oh, what will it be the mistress of the family! Gone ... Renounced ... And why should she go? Or bad she was with us? ..

I wanted to hug, reassure the mother and tell her what kind of person Daniyar, but I did not dare, I would have insulted her entire life.

Still, my innocent part in this story is no longer a secret ... Soon he returned Sadiq. Of course, he lamented, while talking to drunk Osmon: - Gone - go to her and the road. Will die somewhere. And in this age of the women had enough. Even the golden-haired woman should not be the most that on is worthless guy.

- This is true! - Posted Osmon. - Just a pity he is not caught me then, would have killed - and that's it. And her hair but to a horse's tail! I suppose you have moved to the south, in cotton, or Kazakhs went, he was not the first time, then wander! Only here will not take an expert, as everything was, and knowing no one knew, and thought no one could. This is all a vile, she arranged! I used it! ..

Listening to such talk, I wanted to say and Osmon, "You cannot forget how you lectured her on the hayfield. Mean You little soul!"

And then once I sat at home, drew something for the school wall newspaper. His mother was busy at the stove. Suddenly, the room burst into Sadiq. Pale with anger with narrowed eyes, he rushed up to me and shoved under my nose sheet of paper.

- Is that you drew?

I was stunned. This was my first drawing. Living Daniyar and Jamila glanced at the moment for me.

- H.

- Who is that? - He pointed his finger at the paper.

- Daniyar.

- The traitor! - Shouted in my face Sadiq.

He tore the picture into small pieces and went out with a bang slamming the door. After a long silence, oppressive mother asked:

- Did you know?

- Yes, he knew.

With what reproach and bewilderment she looked at me, leaning against the stove. And as I said, "I'll draw them again!" - It is sadly and shook her head helplessly.

And I looked at pieces of paper lying on the floor, and an intolerable insult choked me. Let me say a traitor. Who I've changed? Family? Our family? But I did not change the truth, the truth of life, the truth of these two men. I could not tell anyone about it; even his mother would not have understood me. In front of me blurred, scraps of paper seemed to be whirling across the floor, as if alive. In memory of both crashed the moment when Daniyar and Jamila glanced at

me with a picture that I suddenly felt as if I hear a song Daniyar, which he sang on that memorable August night. I remember how they left the village, and I wanted to go terribly on the road, get out, as they boldly and decisively, in the difficult path of happiness.

- I'm going to learn ... Tell my father. I want to be an artist! - I am the mother said firmly.

I was sure that it will begin to reproach me, and cry, remembering the war dead brothers. But to my surprise, she burst into tears. Just sad and said softly:

- Go ... Fledged, and you are waving their wings ... But how do we know whether a high take off? Maybe your right. Go on ... Maybe there is come to its senses. Do not trade it - but to paint daub ... To learn - you learn ... Do not forget your house ...

From that day on Little House was separated from us. But I soon left to study. That's the whole story.

In the academy, where I was sent after art school, I presented my thesis - it was a picture, which I had long dreamed of.

It is not hard to guess what this picture depicts Daniyar and Jamila. They are going to fall the way of the steppe. Before them a wide shines in the distance. And let's not perfect my picture - not just the skill comes in - but she told me the road is infinite, it is my first conscious creative restlessness. And now come I have failed, there are those difficult moments when I lose faith in themselves. And then I was drawn to this picture of my mother, to Daniyar and Jamila. A long time I look at them and each time is chatting with them: "Where are you now, on what road step? We now have many new roads in the desert - all over Kazakhstan, the Altai and Siberia! Many brave people working there. Maybe you have moved in that region. You left my Jamila on the vast steppe, not looking back. Maybe you're tired, may have lost faith in them? Lean to Daniyar. Let him sing you a song about love, land of the living! Let stir and

sparkle with all the colors of the steppe! keep in mind how you is the August night!
Go, Jamil, no remorse, you found her hard luck! "

I look at them - and hear the voice of Daniyar. He calls me on their way then it's time to get ready. I will go over the steppes in his village; I find there is new paint. Suppose that in each smear my melody sounds Daniyar! Suppose that in each smear my heart beats Jamila!

I open the windows wide. The room flows into the flow of fresh air. In yasneyuschem bluish twilight I look at sketches and sketches I started painting. There are many, many times I started all over again. But the overall picture is still too early to judge. I have not found yet its chief, that comes so suddenly, inevitably, with the increasing clarity and inexplicable, elusive sound in the soul, as these early summer dawns. I go to the pre-dawn stillness, and keep thinking, I think, I think. And so every time. And every time I am convinced that my picture - yet the idea.

I do not advocate that speaking in advance and alert, even close friends of unfinished things. Not because I'm too jealous attitude to their work - simply, I think, it's hard to guess how to grow a child, which is today still in the cradle. It is also difficult to judge the unfinished, not written down the product. But this time I change my rule - I want to speak out, or rather - to share with people their thoughts on the film has not yet written.

This is not a whim. I cannot do otherwise, because I feel - I is not one on the shoulder. The story rocked my soul, history, has induced me to take up the brush, it seems to me so great that I am not able to grasp it. I fear not to bring, I'm afraid to spill a full cup. I want people to help me board, prompted the decision to at least mentally, they were beside me at the easel, so they were worried with me. Take the heat of their hearts, come closer, I am obliged to tell this story ...

our ail Kurkureu located in the foothills on a wide plateau, where the run off of the many ravines noisy mountain streams. Ail lower stretches Yellow Valley, a huge Kazakh steppe framed by mountain ridges of the Black Shadow but a dash of the railway, leaving the horizon to the west across the plain. And over on the hill ail are two large poplars. I remember them as long as I can remember. By anyway our Kurkureu primarily see these two poplar, they are always on the mind, like beacons on the mountain. Do not even know how to explain - whether because of childhood experiences are particularly dear to man, whether it is related to my profession of the artist, but every time I came down with a train ride through the steppe to my village, I the first duty of looking from a distance through the eyes of my native poplars.

CHAPTER II. Linguistic and cultural aspect of poetry translation

2.1. Theoretical Problems of poetry translation

Translation of poetry is known as a very hard and somehow impossible point in some translators' minds. As if those who take steps to translate poetry especially versified translation are real successful translators. But there are critical comments on some of these translators' writings. Although translating poetry sounds hard, some translators work on it. The outcome sometimes seems nice and gets good mark; however, it faces some literary criticisms later.

Translation used to be considered an inter-language transfer of meaning, which is the point of departure for research and study. Many earlier definitions demonstrate this, using source language and target language as their technical terms. Moreover, translation theories strictly confined themselves within the sphere of linguistics. For many years the popular trend in the translation circles had been perfect faithfulness to the original both in content and in form and it had been regarded as the iron criterion as if from the holy Bible for translators to observe. The godly status and the impossible idealistic belief were not altered until new thoughts arose with the respect of consideration of target readers, the unavoidable translator subjectivity and the purpose and function of translations. This thesis, starting to look from new angles such as the accommodation to target cultural conventions, the translator's consciousness of linguistic and cultural adaptations to make it easy for readers to understand translated works without too much pain and effort, and translation as a purposeful endeavor. Translation is then understood as a much more complicated activity with a much broader scope.

Studying the history of translation helps those who are interested in translation, literature, and cultural studies to better understand the contribution of translation to civilization and to the development of all cultural and intellectual life. Translation is closely related to progress in that all the awakening periods in

the history of nations have started with translations. Translation introduces nations to various perspectives on their paths to modernization and intellectual advancement.

In order to justify translation as an independent discipline, it is necessary to first construct a history of translation. By doing so, we bring to light how the cultural and intellectual interactions between people and civilizations took place throughout history. Regarding this, French theorist Antoine Berman wrote: "The construction of a history of translation is the first task of a modern theory of translation."

The ancient Greek word for translator-interpreter is **Hermêneus**, directly related to the name of the god *Hermes*. The verb **Hermêneuō** means to *interpret foreign tongues, translate, explain, expound, put into words, express, describe, and write about*. The many further meanings of the Greek word for translator-interpreter (*mediator, go-between, deal-broker, and marriage-broker*) suggest that interpreters almost certainly had to exist during prehistory - the period before writing was even invented. In ancient times, ideas and insights used to be transferred from culture to culture primarily through travelers and tradesmen. Gradually, translation began to play, and continues to play, a key role in the development of world culture. For example, translation has played a major part in the movement of knowledge from Ancient Greece to Persia, from India to Arab nations, from Islam into Christianity, and from Europe to China and Japan. There have been two great historical examples of how translation introduced one culture to another. One is the translation of the Buddhist scriptures from various Indian languages into Chinese. The second is the translation of Greek philosophical and scientific works from Greek and Syriac into Arabic, thereby introducing them to the Islamic world. A history of world culture from the perspective of translation reveals a constant movement of ideas and forms, and of cultures constantly absorbing new influences because of the work of translators. It dispels the assumption that

everything starts in the West and undermines the idea of rigid boundaries between East and West.

Major periods in the history of translation tend to coincide with eras when a major differential or inequality exists - or is perceived to exist - between two cultures or two peoples speaking different languages. One of these peoples perceives the need to absorb greater or higher knowledge from another, whether this knowledge is conceived in political, religious, or scientific terms. All throughout history, the task accomplished by translators has acquired an extraordinary importance in the development and transmission of the cultural heritage of humankind. European culture, with all of its great wealth of knowledge, could not have been possible without the significant translation efforts of just a handful of countries: China, Greece, Iran, India, Iraq, Spain, and Ireland.

Translation is a fundamental human activity; literary translation forms the basis of most readers' acquaintance with world literature. This course will combine theory and practice to approach translation in its full complexity as both an art and a science. In reading, discussion and practice we will draw on the points of view of creative writing, linguistics, and literary theory.

Merely translating literal meaning from one language to another can prove difficult. Translating literature, however, from its native language to some target language is, in some senses, impossible. Literature is an art that utilizes words as its tool--words that are confined to the language in which they exist. Thus, translating a piece of art work that owes its being to one language into some other language removes it from what it "is." Translation is the process of changing something into what it is not so that it will be itself--but for another audience, in another time.

Literature exists not only within a language, but also within a culture. And thus to translate literature is often to translate culture, probably often improperly.

Translators must choose whether to imitate ancient techniques, though they may not affect modern audiences in the same way they affected ancient audiences, or whether to simulate an analogous experience using modern poetic techniques since the ancient authors' techniques were modern when they wrote. Translation should maintain the poets' basic literal meanings.

A translation must stand in a responsible relation not only to its original but also to the literary situation of the translator's own day. There is, of course, no rule that translation must be 'modern' . . . How far the resources of modern poetry are to be used is a matter for each translator to settle for himself; but that he should ignore them altogether and still succeed is almost unthinkable.

In order to render impact into other languages, translators must first decide what gives literature "impact" in its native language, and then find some analogous way to translate that into the intended language. Rarely, or possibly never, can translators convey every aspect of impact in their translations? Once again, decisions must be made. Translators of Latin poetry might choose to convey any of a host of poetic elements, including word order, word choice, rhythm, structure, alliteration, assonance, tone, humor, succinctness, suspense. Indeed, much of a translation's outcome depends on how the translator understands and values certain aspects of the original work and the work as a whole in its original language.

Translator's inference of the poem he reads affects the output, for sure. In other words, translator's knowledge about the poem and his understanding of it can be considered as the most important factor in translating poetry. Being familiar with both source and target language can help translator in rendering the poem. Although a translator may be knowledgeable enough for his task, we can't ignore the role of interpretation during rendering. It may be proper to say that some poems need to be interpreted in order to be more understandable for the target language readers, because they make no sense in readers' minds. Literal translation in some

cases has such problems. But interpretation should not be so far from the main point presented by poet. Translator should not change the poem in his own taste. He have to be faithful to the source text, however, he may be authorized to write valid and reliable interpretation at times.

Dr. Saeed Saeedpoor believes that Fitzgerald's rendition is not quite exact and faithful. Many of his quatrains do not correspond with anyone of the rubai's and cannot be identified with it. He had studied cycle of rubai's as a whole and then adapted them in his own inert-related stanzas.

He thus changed the form and style of most rubai's .Whereas, in literature (as in all art) form and content are not distinct separate entities, but organically crystallized into each other. This is the fact established half a century ago by, among other, Stanley Burn Shaw in the poem itself. As a result of such adaptations Fitzgerald's quatrains often fall short of the powerful paradoxical impact of the originals. Some of them lack the sweetness of the despair and exude too much and air of decadence and nostalgia (much to the taste of his contemporary pre-Raphaelites) to create the fin balance of melancholy and felicity. The Rubaiyat in general warns against grief, urging the audience to seize the fleeting chance of life and delight in its beauties, usually women, wine and nature.

Translating poetry has many beautiful features, however, some translators made some real mistakes by presenting their own tastes and interpretations during translation. Interpretation can be used only for difficult concepts, but in that case translator whether refers to a reliable and valid source or inserts his own interpretation in his translation. As a matter of fact, interpretive translation may lead translator to go far from the real meaning of the original text. Because of this literary translation in translating poetry seems necessary. Although interpretive translation can be more useful than literal in the case of transferring the sense of poetry.

2.2. linguistic and cultural aspects of poetry translation

Translation used to be considered an inter-language transfer of meaning, which is the point of departure for research and study. Many earlier definitions demonstrate this, using source language and target language as their technical terms. Moreover, translation theories strictly confined themselves within the sphere of linguistics. For many years the popular trend in the translation circles had been perfect faithfulness to the original both in content and in form and it had been regarded as the iron criterion as if from the holy Bible for translators to observe. The godly status and the impossible idealistic belief were not altered until new thoughts arose with the respect of consideration of target readers, the unavoidable translator subjectivity and the purpose and function of translations. Here, starting to look from new angles such as the accommodation to target cultural conventions, the translator's consciousness of linguistic and cultural adaptations to make it easy for readers to understand translated works without too much pain and effort, and translation as a purposeful endeavor. Translation is then understood as a much more complicated activity with a much broader scope.

Translation of poetry was, and still is by some, believed as impossibility for any unfaithful elements would have been taken as failure, be it content or form. The arguments include linguistic elements and cultural elements. Most importantly the myth of untranslatability looks upon poetry as beauty itself which is untouchable for once it is touched it is destroyed. But as translation of poetry has never been stagnant though sometimes vigorous and sometimes not, there is strong evidence in both translation history and present day practice that poetic translation, a literary form as distinguished from fiction, drama, and prose, is translatable. Poetry itself serves a purpose, be it an elusive matter, and aesthetics can be reproduced in another language and culture if accommodation is made. It would be highly likely that the target readers would obtain rather similar if not the same aesthetic pleasure reading the translation as would the source readers reading the

original poem. And this is, I believe, the only criterion in evaluating and assessing what is a successful piece of translation. Of course there are other functions of poetry like informative, didactic, cognitive, practical and even entertainment functions. The aesthetic function stays at the top of the list, though.

In other words, if a translation fails to perform the aesthetic function it is in my eyes a bad translation, no matter how well the form is preserved. A word-for-word translation may be judged faithful in form, but it is failure in terms of the performance of functions. As aesthetics of one people influences them with different elements from that of another, accommodation in translation is of urgent necessity. Often loss or addition is made to achieve that end and sometimes only some elements are preserved while other elements are neglected. This is inevitable or there will be no translation, which means if one fears any loss or addition, one should learn to read the original always instead of reading the translated version. But how many of us can do that?

"Traduttore-traditore." (Translator = traitor.), says the well-known Italian phrase. "Poetry is what gets lost in translation," Robert Frost says.

Western tradition and culture is founded on untranslatability. This may sound like a paradox, if one thinks of the long tradition of *translatio studii* or *translatio imperii* in the culture, or if you just ponder the very word *tradition*. Tradition, from Latin *tradere* ('hand over'), implies a process of communication, transmission, and transference that necessarily allows for the transformation, whether in terms of "losses" or "gains," usually associated with what we consensually mean by translation. To translate is not to say the *same* thing in another tongue, but to make manifest a *different* thing. This may sound close to what we used to call "the impossibility of translation'.

Croce (quoted in Carravetta, 1997) holds that poets cannot be compared, as each is unique. Translation is impossible; it is only a pedagogical necessity. The

responsibility of the interpreter is to capture "the mood or state of being (*stato d'animo*) of its author."

In modern times some scholars have come to realize that something in a language cannot be fully translated into another, in other words, there is an inevitable loss of meaning. Catford (1965), a celebrated translation scholar of the linguistic school, raises the issue of untranslatability with a new perspective. He argues that linguistic untranslatability is due to the difference in the Source Language (SL) and the Target Language (TL), whereas cultural untranslatability is due to the absence in the TL of relevant situational features. Dabeluet and Viney (quoted in Wilss, 2001), in the fruitful book *A comparative French and English Stylistics* have analyzed in detail the points of linguistic difference between the two languages, differences that constitute areas where translation is impossible. Popovic (quoted in Wilss, 2001) also has attempted to define untranslatability without making a separation between the linguistic and cultural factors. Nida (1984) presents a rich source of information about the problems of loss in translation, in particular about the difficulties encountered by the translators when facing with terms or concepts in SL that do not exist in TL. Newmark (1982) has also once briefly talked about the deviation in translation.

In Chinese translation history, in contemporary and modern day translation circles, many experts and scholars have also discussed the problem to some extent in their empirical assertions and research papers.

As early as the flourishing period of Buddhist scriptures, the problem of untranslatability was mentioned and a rather strong expression was used to criticize certain versions as 'feeding others what one has munched in his own mouth' (嚼饭与人, my translation), not mentioning translation of poetry.

Zhu Guangqian (Zhu, 1987: 113) says that the reason why poetry translation poses more difficulty than prose translation lies in that poetry stresses more on its musical quality while prose emphasizes more on meaning. Translating meaning is apparently easier than translating the musical quality (my translation). Chinese, unlike English, uses characters which are all single syllables, namely, one character as one syllable. So phrases and clauses are easily arranged into even number phrases and neat even number couplets, if the need arises for comparison or contrast. However, the western languages have strict grammatical rules, requiring fixed structures that forbids free inversions or disorders. If translating literally according to the Chinese form, confusion emerges. (Ibid: 201) (my translation) Poetry can not only be translated into a foreign language nor can it be translated into another style or another historical period of the same language because the sound and meaning of the language change with the times. Modern syllables and rhythms can not replace those needed in ancient language and modern associated meaning can not replace the ancient associated meaning (Ibid: 223) (my translation).

Chen Shuxin (Chen, 2000) proposes that poetic untranslatability mainly lies in the transference of the beauty of the original sound. If put in order, the transference of sound stays at the top of the list, then form and style, lastly meaning (my translation).

Wen Yiduo (Zhu, 1925: 149) exemplifies untranslatability as follows: “Li Bai stands between the ancient style and contemporary style. His *wul ù*, which consists of five characters in each line and eight lines altogether, has the soul of ancient style and the body of the contemporary which is characterized with abundant embellishment. The embellished style may be translatable but not the poetic power. Nevertheless Li Bai without his tremendous power is no longer himself”. (my translation) For example, the lines 人烟寒橘柚，秋色老梧桐 was translated as :

(1.1)

The smoke from the cottages curls

Up around the citron trees,

And the hues of late autumn are

On the green paulownias.

“What is the matter?” Mr Zhu asks, “The glorious beauty of the Chinese poem, once transformed into English should become so barren and mediocre! Such precious lines as these are untranslatable for they are too subtle and too refined. If one has to translate it anyway, it is doomed to be destroyed. Beauty is untouchable. If it is touched, it dies.”

But Zhu later has to admit in another book that translation is not intended for the original author or those who understand the source language. It should not intend to compare with the original. It is impossible and unnecessary to please the reader who understands the source language with one's translation.

In summary, I find that those who stick to untranslatability are but two kinds of people. Some strictly believe the holiness of the original text and others the absoluteness of the unity of meaning and form in a certain language. And they, idealistically, do not allow any addition or loss of meaning in the transferring process as in translation, which is actually inevitable and is a rule rather than an exception.

2.3. Specific features of poetry translation

„*The poetry is the untranslatable element*“, Robert Frost said. The greatest translator's loss is in poetry, since it uses all resources of language. According to

the poetic transformation we put the case for 'poem to poem' against 'plain prose' translations. We should emphasize the importance of poetic translation as a key to the understanding of thought, meaning, language, communication and comparative linguistics. Language is the central subject of any discussion about translation. However, there are certain elements involved in the process of translation which go beyond this conventional area. This is especially true for literary translation in general and translation of poetry in particular. Literary translation is a translational species in itself, but it —differs in many important respects from the kind of translation practiced in a language class. He contends that, on the one hand, literary translation involves a good deal of interpretation about intent and effect. On the other hand, the literary translator is often not as much interested in literal —transliteration as in finding a corollary mood, tone, voice, sound, response, and so forth. The poetry —loses in translation or poetry is —untranslatable, there are others with the opposite standpoint that it can be preserved, illustrated and illuminated if a good job is done, because poetry is in large part found again and re-painted by the translator. Of course, many of the original poetical touches of color cannot be transposed and —they must be arranged; yet these new arrangements may be even more luminous than the original. Thus a good translation discovers the —dynamics of poetry, if not necessarily its —mechanics. The point to be noted here is that as Newmark states, literary translation is "*...the most testing type of translation...*". It can further be claimed that translation of poetry is the acid test showing the challenging nature of the task. Good poetry, ranging from the most modern to the most traditional types, is one which would sediment totally or partially in the memory of serious readers of poetry. Translator as a poet brings the high style down to the understanding of the masses, but without sacrificing either purity or elegance.

The style of poetry can be associated with elegant simplicity, where poems are not devoid of the artificial aids of such figures of speech as puns, allusions, and metaphors, but nevertheless there is a tight rein upon exuberant fancy. Poetry

should not be precious and obscure, it should avoid the pitfalls. Thus, it seems that one who wants to translate poetry would not have to tread a ‘_thorny’ road. The availability of different English translations will help us to examine it through a comparative analysis, with the purpose of coming up with a clear understanding of the rhetorical diversities involved in translating poetry. Most translation authorities believe in some sort of stylistic loss in translating poetry into prose, let alone for rendering a poem into its equivalent verse. Although faithful to the meaning of the original poem, this rendering has not been able to create its aesthetic effect. The rhymed translation can be named an acrobatic performance of —setting an elephant to walk a tightrope.¶ This statement alone might suffice to show the difficulty inherent in performing such a task. The following translations are in verse, and in order to show whose elephant walked the tightrope of translation more successfully, a comparative line-by-line analysis of each will be given. Brief as this study was, it was aimed at showing some problematic issues to be tackled in the translation of poetry. Based on the findings of the present study, it is assumed that though the translation of literary texts in general and that of poetry in particular seems a far-fetched challenge and, in rare cases, only possible with partial semantic and stylistic loss, it is by no means totally impossible. The evidence of past masterly achievements indicates that a skilled translator with a poetic taste can achieve this end with the necessary literary features and devices of the source text kept intact.

Omar Khayam was one of the most famous and beloved Persian poets of middle ages. The Robaiyat of Omar Khayam is among the few Persian masterpieces that have been translated into most languages, including English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Chinese, Hindi, Arabic, and Urdu. The most famous translation of the Robaiyat from Persian into English was undertaken in 1859 by Edward J. Fitzgerald. He has tried his utmost to adhere to the spirit of the original poetry.

Yarmohammadi (1995) studied the rhetorical organization of Khayam's Robaiyat (quatrains) and compared it with its English translation by Fitzgerald. His study revealed that the macro-structure of all Khayam's Robaiyat included three components, namely, "description," "recommendation," and "reasoning" which can be used as a criterion to distinguish between the real Khayam's Robaiyat and those erroneously attributed to him. Based on his analysis, Yarmohammadi came to the conclusion that the reason for Fitzgerald's successful translation of Khayam's Robaiyat is that he was able to reconstruct the same macro-structures in English and then apply appropriate sentence structures and lexis. The following is an example of one of the Khayam's quatrains as translated by Fitzgerald.

Fitzgerald: And this delightful Herb whose tender Green Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean— Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen! ***Literal:*** The grass that grows by every stream Like angelic smiles faintly gleam Step gently, cause it not to scream For it has grown from a lover's dream.

All texts may be regarded by the translator as an amalgam of standardized and non-standardized language. The distinction between them is that for *standardized language*, when it is used as such (but technical terms often *melt into ordinary language*—e.g. 'fail-safe', 'parameter'), there should be only one correct equivalent, provided one exists, provided it is used in the same situations by the same kind of person, and that is the 'science' of translation. Whilst for *non-standardized language*, of whatever length, there is *rarely only one correct equivalent*, and that is the art or *craft of translation*. Standardized language consists partly of *terminology*. The terms need attaching to pictures and diagrams, collecting in lexical fields, as in a thesaurus, as well as in cognate groups, with frequency, formality etc. Whilst many terms are *internationalisms*, other are *polysemous*. A translator must look up every word, especially the ones he knows best. However, standardized language goes beyond technical terms. It includes any commonly used metaphor, idiom, proverb, public notice, social phrase, expletive,

the usual ways of stating the date or time of day, giving dimensions, performatives expressed in accepted formulae. False friends units may lead to failures in translation. Preferably, words should be looked up only to confirm knowledge, and every time one *consults a bilingual dictionary* the word should be checked in half-a-dozen source and target language *monolingual dictionaries and reference books*. Any target language word found in a bilingual, but not in a monolingual, dictionary must be rejected. Bilingual dictionaries often have obsolete, rare or one-off words invented through interference.

Cross-cultural training having been a common practice in many countries now is gaining its force on. Language and culture go together, not dissociated from each other. This makes a translation process (both oral and written) valid and crucial. Training of translators is constructed on major categories: grammar and discourse, sociolinguistic and strategic into that. These components make a main stream of translation. The first two (grammar and discourse) mirror the language at work – its inner laws, substance and function, efficiency of its units, intersentential relationship. Sociolinguistic and strategic subcategories refer to communicative parameters – social context, interaction of participants, goals, strategies, intentions. Sociolinguistic factor is gaining stronger and stronger position in the training process of translators. Nowadays cross-cultural aspects are on the par with contrastive studies of languages, they both feed back training process, make it efficient. Cross-cultural aspects permit translation and interpretation: sociolinguistic competence works wonders with actualization of goals. A translator faces a great problem with cultural disparity of source and target languages. Cultural differences impact on language forms and functions. In this condition a translator is to be aware of verbal and nonverbal behavior of a language community – beliefs, values, manners, feelings, paralinguistic phenomena like gesture, posture, facial expression, movement. In a nutshell he is to be on the alert with acceptable or unacceptable things. Communicatively relevant choices

encourage people to act likewise. Words like garments clothe the ideas, make them go. Enormous or microscope effect depends on the proper usage of words, their explicit and implicit adequacy, cultural sources. Culture being rooted in ethnic identity lives in ideas, values, behaviour of community individuals and can't be ousted from language acquisition. Translators and interpreters are to be exposed to intercultural aspects let alone interlingual relating to their would-be profession. They are to be conversant with the contexts of utterances (narrow and broad, linguistic, cultural, situational boundaries). A translator is to be equipped both with declarative and procedural knowledge. Obvious bilingual environment of a translator requires efficient acquisition of linguistic and cultural skills. Broad-based education of translators requires the appropriate level exposure to culturally-oriented form of authenticity and language adequacy. The notions of script, scheme and frame facilitate comprehension of human cognition, communication, activities. These provide translators with structures of expectation. Knowledge structures represented in the language are either of universal, or ethnographic or individual nature.

It's obvious a translator is to be in the know of many things focusing much of his attention on ethnographic character. Cultural aspects constitute a major part in translator training, for they provide adequate comprehension of ethnographic peculiarities. Special cultural models are taken-for-granted, presupposed to be dealt with the process of translation for the efficiency. Many scripts are mostly acquired via cultural norms subconsciously in contrast to knowledge which is gained mostly consciously. Special discourse patterns and culturally predetermined expectations are badly needed on the part of a translator / interpreter to fulfill his task adequately, faithfully.

2.4. The Structural and Semantic Analysis of linguistic and cultural aspects of poetry translation

The authors of the publications on the theory of translation stress the specific nature of the poetic genre in comparison to other types of writing. Suffice it to say that it differs considerably from the formal documents' translation but it also departs from the translations of other literary works such as prose (de Beaugrande 1978: 15). According to Wojtasiewicz, the general assumption considering literary translations is that the original version is believed to be of better quality and more value than its counterpart in another language (Wojtasiewicz 1996: 21) as many of the described notions as well as some lexical items are language specific, Afrikaans words such as "lokasie" or "pass" being a case in point. The special nature of the poetry translation lies in the role of the translator him or herself. For the process of translation is based on the interpretation of a poem. This is the first step of creating the translation strategy he or she will follow (Baluch 2007: 24). Thus, the choice of what is the most important part of the poem and should be the priority in the fatefulness of the translation. As a translator interprets a poem influenced by his or her knowledge and cultural background (de Beaugrande 1978: 18), some expressions or even whole stanzas may result as being to some extent untranslatable (Wojtasiewicz 1966: 23) and in this case the lexicon will have to be shifted so that the foreign readers do not get confused by the unknown data or expressions.

The Afrikaans verb *soek* which means to seek/ look for is translated into English as *try to find*. Thus, there appear two extra words in the stanza however there is no significant change in the meaning resulting from this shift of words.

The English translation inserts a word that is not present in the original version perhaps. The first reason for doing so is to keep a proper length of that stanza. Otherwise, it would be too short (to run away) and not fitting the rhyming pattern with the previous line (*highway- away*). This insertion has a significant influence on the meaning of the poem. It introduces a circumstance of modality which suggests the reader the hesitation of the writer. It also implies that the author

looks for the highway but does not exactly know why, that she only sees the possibility of using it as a way to escape, while in the Afrikaans version without the hesitation mark- perhaps, she seeks the road with intention of running away with it. So in the original version the author is more sure of what she will do.

The insertion of the word but in English translation. From this insertion the stanzas 7,8 and 9 present a lot of differences compared with the original. The but here suggests that the indented escape suggested in the previous line ended up with a failure. The translator implies that the impediments in the form of his words cannot be overcome and they make her escape impossible, while in the original- oral draai die paadjies van sy woorde af the reader is only informed of sy woorde that are everywhere however, they are not provided with an information whether she manages to break through them or not, as the word but is not present at all. The word order is changed in the stanzas 7,8,9 to this extent that the verb draai is moved two stanzas down and its meaning is to a great extent changed. Draai af literally means turn/ twist while in the English translation it is replaced by the phrasal verb lead 39 astray. Firstly, the verb in the original version refers to paadjies which is its inanimate subject while the English verb is a predicator of me, an animate subject that is inserted to the poem in the English version and not present in the original one. This insertion is a strong implication and self-interpretation of the translator of the strophe. He or she suggests, by using a verb that although used in a different position is similar in meaning to the Afrikaans one, that the poetic I is being tricked by the „he” protagonist of the poem. While, the original although similar in general meaning informs the readers of sy woorde only as an impediment for her. However, instead of a notable change in the form and construction the overall meaning is maintained and by the use of a verb lead astray that presence of rhymes from the original version is kept (away- astray). The enjambment of the noun footpaths is an interesting process applied in the English translation. It is done in order to keep the length of the stanza in check and not to

impede the clarity of the away-astray rhymes. However, creating a separate stanza out of it also gives the word a more powerful meaning, it emphasizes the significance of the footpaths being a serious impediment for the protagonist, such emphasis of this element is not present in the original version, thus, again the translator imposes on the reader his interpretation of the poem due to his or her superior knowledge of the poem (they already know the end so there are advantaged towards the reader). This insertion however, is a distortion of the structure of the whole poem that is in the original version constructed out of four line strophes. In the English version this order is broken by three cases of enjambments which change the four line pattern into the five line one in in three strophes hence, the English version loses the original's regularity of stanzas and rhymes (mostly crossed rhymes bitterbessie dagbreek bitterbessie son`n spieel het gebreek tusen my en hom). The English version lacks any kind of reference to the Afrikaans diminutive of the word paad. In the translation a footpath is not preceded by any adjective that would suggest the diminutive character of the word like small or little. Such insertion would disturb the composition of the strophe and the pattern of single enjambment word repetition that is present in the translation. The lack of such indication does not interfere in the meaning either. The Afrikaans noun herinnering is replaced by the English verb remember. This process changes also the function of the repeated word dennebos which in the original version is an adjective or a noun, it may be literally translated as Pinewood's remembrance or the recollection of the pinewood. In the English translation pinewood is a noun and is connected with a verb that carries a function of the imperative and the pinewood is personified. The Afrikaans ook (too, as well, also) is translated into English as however much. This change was necessary in this case as it would not be grammatically correct to use a direct translation of ook into English and it would not carry a proper if any meaning at all, however, the insertion of one extra word to this stanza as a result of the previously mentioned process, makes the line long enough to require another enjambment of the word way. This noun is added to the

English translation too as a consequence of the translation of the verb *verdwaal*. The verb which means to get lost is translated into a whole clause in English- I lose my way. Which maintains the meaning of the original version and makes a structural and semantic reference to the previous strophe, where such enjambment was also applied changing the four line pattern of the strophes into a five line one. It also emphasizes the rhymes of forget-regret visually and refers to the previously enjambed noun *footpath*. Strengthening the meaning of the word *way* the translator introduces his or her own stylistic feature to the poem by inserting the repetitions of the variations of the notion of the road, way or path. Such emphasis is not present in the Afrikaans version and *paadjies* is the only word referring to the notion mentioned above. The Afrikaans noun *leed* (pain, sorrow) is translated into English as *regret*. It mainly serves the purpose of preserving the crossed rhyme pattern like in the original version (*vergeet- leed*). However, although the translation maintains the stylistic features from Afrikaans, the semantic consequence of such translation is quite significant. The translator suggests that the poetic I has got some regrets about the past. In the original version the author suggests only her suffering. Thus, the translator introduces a certain degree of ambiguity in the meaning of the strophe. The Afrikaans adjective *bedroe* is transformed into a verb *turn beguiled* in the English version. This change however does not have an influence on the meaning. The English verb refers to a similar condition as the Afrikaans adjective. However, the verb in the English translation extends its meaning and structure to the following stanza to retrieve the mocking song. The whole line is almost totally different in structure than its Afrikaans counterpart. The verb *To retrieve* is a translation of two words in Afrikaans *weer* and *kry* (again and get). Thus, one English verb perfectly maintains the meaning of an Afrikaans verb and adverb. The Afrikaans noun *koggel* (mockery) is translated with the use of two words into English. The noun *koggel* is changed into an adjective *mocking* and a noun *song* is inserted into the line. The translator did not use a single word direct translation of the Afrikaans words in order to preserve the

rhyme pattern of the original version, thus (my- kry) is maintained in English as (on- song). The Afrikaans verb *is* is translated into English *gives*. The process has no stylistic purposes and its reason is not the lack of the same construction in English. Perhaps *gives* sounds better in English in this context, however the change has no stylistic nor semantic significance here.

The translation of the Afrikaans *alom* (constantly, everywhere) into English *everyone*, shifts the functions of the words in the stanza. An adverbial (*alom*) changes into an object of the verb *antwoord*. And the semantic sense of *alom* that emphasized the overwhelming presence of the male protagonist of the poem is not maintained in the English version. Thus, again the translator introduces a certain semantic ambiguity. However, translating the word into *everyone* was perhaps the only possibility of preserving the rhyme structure of the original, so *alom- son* becomes *everyone- son*. As the word *son* could not be changed being a repeating refrain of the poem. Thus, the crossed rhyme of the original is preserved in the translation. And the rigid structure of four lines in each strophe is partially maintained with the exception of two strophes using enjambment. The anaphoras are also preserved in the English translation as well as the repetitions (*tricks me tricks me on*) (in the English translation the repetition is even double. These are two words *tricks me* that are repeated while in the Afrikaans poem only one *kierang* is the subject of this process.)

2.5. The Ways of Translation of linguistic and cultural aspects

Translating literary works is, perhaps, always more difficult than translating other types of text because literary works have specific values called the aesthetic and expressive values. The aesthetic function of the work shall emphasize the beauty of the words (diction), figurative language, metaphors, etc. While the

expressive functions shall put forwards the writer's thought (or process of thought), emotion, etc. And the translator should try, at his best, to transfer these specific values into the target language (TL). As one genre of literature, poetry has something special compared to the others. In a poem, the beauty is not only achieved with the choice of words and figurative language like in novels and short stories, but also with the creation of rhythm, rhyme, meter, and specific expressions and structures that may not conform to the ones of the daily language. In short, the translation of poetry needs 'something more' than translating other genres of literature. This simple writing will present in brief some considerations in translating poetry and the eight-stage procedure to translate a poem.

In general, there are a lot of methods in translating a text, but not all of them are appropriate to use in translating a poem. Andre Lafevere (in Bassnett-McGuire, 1980: 81-82) noted seven methods adopted by English translators in translating Catullus's poems: phonemic translation, literal translation, metrical translation, verse-to-prose translation, rhymed translation, free verse translation, and interpretation.

Phonemic translation attempts to recreate the sounds of the source language (SL) in the target language (TL). And at the same time the translator tries to transfer the meaning. According to Lafevere, in general the result sounds awkward and sometimes leaves some parts of the original meaning behind.

Literal translation means word-for-word translation. This method will not be able to transfer the original meaning; while the phrase and sentence structures tend to fall by the wayside in the TL.

The metrical translation emphasizes the reproduction of the original meter into the TL. And because each language has its own specific stressing and pronunciation system, this method will result in the inappropriate translation in terms of meaning and structure.

Verse-to-prose translation has also some weaknesses. The outstanding weakness is the loss of the beauty of the original poem.

The next method is rhymed translation which emphasizes the transferring of the rhyme of the original poem into the translation in TL. The result will be appropriate physically but tend to be semantically inappropriate.

The sixth method is free verse translation. With this method the translator may be able to get the accurate equivalents in the TL with a sound literary value of the result. On the other hand, the rhyme and meter tend to be ignored. So, physically the result is different from the original, but semantically it seems the same.

The last method noted by Lafevere is interpretation. According to him there are two types: version and imitation. A version of a poem in the TL will semantically be exactly the same with the original, but physically totally different. Further, an imitation is exactly a different poem, but the title, topic, and starting point are the same with the original poem.

Lafevere's explanation of the above methods seems to reemphasize Cluysenar's opinion that the weaknesses of the poetry translation methods are due to the emphasis given to one or some of the poetic components in the process of translating. The literal, metrical, and rhymed translation seem to emphasize the "form" or "poetic structure" of the poem; while the rest emphasize on the transferring of the precise meaning into the TL. It seems no methods described above will cater the poetry translators' needs appropriately.

According to Suryawinata (in Aminuddin, 1990: 140), among several translation methods proposed by experts the communicative and semantic translation are worth noting. The two are even said to be the only methods that fulfill the two main aims of translation: accuracy and economy (Newmark, 1981: 22, 1988: 47).

The term communicative and semantic translation themselves are proposed by Newmark (1981: 38-56, 62-69). Communicative translation attempts to render the exact meaning of the original in such a way that the readers may not find difficulties in understanding the message of the translated text. In communicative translation, therefore, the translator can generously transfer the foreign element in the SL into the culture of the TL where necessary. This type of translation is best used for general argumentative and scientific texts, which are also called informative and vocative texts by Newmark.

The semantic translation, on the other hand, attempts to reproduce the precise contextual meaning of the original by taking more account of the aesthetic values and expressive component of the original poem, such as peculiar choice of words, figurative language, metaphors, sounds, etc. This type of translation is best used for imaginative literatures, which are also called expressive texts by Newmark. The writer, however, agrees with Suryawinata (in Said, 1994: 41-42) stating that a poetry translator, in fact, frequently functions as the mediator of the communication between the poet and the reader. Therefore, the translator should take the readership into account. In short, he should try to make the content and the beauty of the original poem ready for readership.

Realism and attention to details in simple stark style characterize most of Zefzaf's stories and this aspect poses no problems to the translator. In some of his stories, however, Zefzaf is more experimental in his use of literary styles. *The Nests*, for example, stylistically makes use of free direct style as a narrative technique. Congruent with this narrative style, Zefzaf probes into the character's multifarious thoughts and feelings without paying much attention to a narrative sequence since the emphasis is not so much on the external events as it is on the character's thought-events at a single moment. Particularly challenging from the translation point of view is handling the extensive use of free direct speech merged

with the narration without any overt indication by a reporting clause or a switch to indirect speech. The following quote illustrates this point:

"He threw the letter under his feet and started to cry. How many nests were built and destroyed! *My* God! What can a man do with himself?"

Here we have a descriptive sentence prefaced by the narrator's third person pronoun 'he' whereas the next exclamatory statement can be an expression of the character's consciousness or a commentary on this consciousness. The following question, however, starts with the first person possessive 'my' in an exclamation phrase, an indication that the utterance represents the subjectivity of the narrated subject. In other words, two different subjects of consciousness are present at the same time, but how do we know whose perspective or subjectivity is represented at a specific point in the discourse? This is a question that the translator of this literary style has to face throughout the story.

The translation of this kind of literary style has to pay particular attention to certain linguistic uses. For example proximal deictic adverbs and demonstratives such as *now, here, there, this, these*, etc. invite the inference of a speaking subjectivity. Other features like the use of third-person pronouns and past tense suggest the presence of another voice (Wright, 1995, p.153). Zefzaf relays some of the subjective impressions of his nameless character through the consciousness of that character, and, at the same time by using the latter features, he manages to maintain the narrator's perspective. Here is another example that illustrates this interaction or tension between the two perspectives:

"He picks up radish roots, takes a drink and looks from behind the window at the vases of flowers and the couple of doves flying together in return to their place over the roof. *Maybe they have a nest there. Every couple above or under the earth builds some kind of nest for themselves, but it might get destroyed before they leave each other or after their deaths. Every nest is destined to be destroyed and*

people fight with all possible means to destroy their nests. But he is not positive what the two doves have on the roof, a nest, a hen, a cock or nothing. Whatever is hidden, no one else can know when it is hidden behind walls or barriers."

The initial narrator's stance is indicated by the use of the third person pronoun in the first descriptive two lines. In the following italic part, this presence is dominated by the character's perspective, at least in terms of the explicit features of narration. The passage, then, can be understood as expressing the narrated subject consciousness. However, the experience is not just narrated but also mediated by the narrator's didactic and intrusive presence. As typical in this style, in many parts of the story the author portrays the subjectivity of his character from the vantage perspective of the reporting narrator and, through a process of empathy, identifies himself with the character (see Brinton, 1995; p.173-175).

2. Semantic Prosody

Another area of sensitivity in the translation of this story is semantic or discourse prosody (Baker, 2000; Stubbs, 2001). This is the aura of meaning acquired by a lexical item "through its repeated association with other items in the language (Baker, p.24) or "a feature which extends over more than one unit in a linear string" (Stubbs, p.65). The pivotal word *nest/s* in the translated story for example occurs 27 times and interacts with a number of different mainly positive collocates such as the adjective *happy* (5 times) and the verb *build* or *rebuild* (8 times). By looking at the textual environment of this word, however, we find that the author skillfully conveys a negative attitude towards its content by infusing it with irony and casting doubt on its traditionally pleasant connotations. Examples:

"Keeping his nest so people could say he has a happy nest...What matters is that the nest is believed to be happy. Cheers to all, all is well...How many nests were built and destroyed."

The overall effect is that the idea of the nest is a mythical construct that people tenaciously believe in when they know that it is not true. The challenge of the translation here is to capture the tone, the discourse coherence and the attitudinal meaning served by this semantic prosody.

3. Syntax and Punctuation

Zefzaf's use of Standard Arabic throughout his stories is a feature of his writing that facilitates the task of the translator. In spite of the standard Arabic prose style, however, he could be a quirky writer especially in the areas of syntax and punctuation.

The original literal arrangement of the clausal elements in the opening of the story reads as follows:

[He] sits by the window. [He] lonely looks at that bright sky. The sky might not be clear later. Some clouds or flocks of black birds might pass by. But he got used to all that.

In the translation, these five sentences were compressed into two to produce an acceptable English text with flow:

"Lonely, he sits at the window looking at the bright blue sky. The sky might not be clear later when clouds or flocks of black birds pass by, but he got used to all that."

In many cases, for the sake of clarity, I needed to shorten and simplify without sacrificing the deliberately repetitive quality of the style. At different places in the story, moreover, there was a need to sacrifice some stylistic idiosyncrasies since these peculiarities were sometimes hard to preserve. Calquing too reverently or following the distinctive syntax too closely would impede comprehensibility and yield unidiomatic results.

Another challenging task is the less standardized and more fluid nature of Arabic punctuation compared to English. The uses of commas, periods, and paragraphing in Arabic are more subject to the writer's discretion and do not necessarily have a one-to-one relationship with English. Moreover, a series of question marks and a combination of a question mark and an exclamation point is possible in Arabic to produce a dramatic effect. These conventions, or lack thereof, are capitalized on in Zefzaf's writing but they were normalized in the English translation so as not to violate the norms of the target language.

4. *Grammatical Gender*

Finally, there is the issue of grammatical gender, which is more marked in Arabic, and how to render it into English. Gender distinctions operate massively and persistently in the Arabic language with the masculine being the unmarked form as opposed to the neutrality, or at least the apparent neutrality, in English. In reference to people, Zefzaf uses *man* and the generic *he*, as is the convention in Arabic. However, he makes a nod to the feminine pronoun in the following passage:

"They try to give the impression that they live in happiness. They lie to themselves until the time people say God bless *his or her* souls."

This unusual nod, however, was not taken up after that and the Arabic text reverted back to the regular use of the he-language. All the italicized references in the immediate following passage contained overtly masculinized singular references. In the English translation, it was deemed appropriate and consistent with the spirit of the story to de-genderize and pluralize these references. Even though the pronoun 'them' in the third line as a reference to the antecedent 'deceased' in the second line might sound ungrammatical from a prescriptive point of view, (that is if we consider the antecedent singular) , it was considered a safe option:

"If *they* were well off, *they* would have a small obituary on a newspaper page written by a poor journalist reading: "The deceased [man] (May he[or she] rest in peace) departed this world to be with God." But who gave *them* rest or peace? Only the One who can give rest and peace and grant protection to the human soul knows why the lie of grieving the dead [man] is over few days after *their* death, just as the lie of conjugal happiness becomes revealed in time."

A literary translation is a device of art used to release the text from its "dependence on prior cultural knowledge" (Herzfeld, 2003; p.110). However, it is not an easy task to transplant a text steeped in one culture into another. Particularly demanding from the translator's point of view is the use of culturally specific metaphors and allusions.

Zefzaf's use of metaphors or similes is sparing and the few used pose no significant problems in translation. The italic noun phrase at the end of the following quotation might not be crystal clear but it is connotative and, therefore, was literally translated:

"Always he sits there in the same place smoking, drinking, and trying to remember many things that might take him back to the *naked childhood*."

Other than that, Zefzaf's metaphorical language seems to be affected by the western idiom. And no more is this point well illustrated than in the following italicized simile from the ending of the story:

"In a moment, he fell off his chair near the window bumping his head against the wall. The sky remained bright while he was grunting *like ahog in a sty*."

Such transparent similes pose no problems in understanding to the western reader.

The occurrence of allusions, however, is more challenging. Not only does the translator of Zefzaf have to cope with the usual linguistic difficulties of

translating from such a foreign language as Arabic, but he also has to handle different references and allusions. In some of its parts, the text of this story is interspersed with diverse references: Qu'ranic, historical and cultural. The following excerpts illustrate this point:

"How many strange things the human body carries without our being aware of them! There are two angels for example, one on the right shoulder recording the good deeds and the other on the left recording the bad deeds. The human body may also be inhabited by devils, and in this body there is also a spirit whose essence we cannot know since it is from a command of the Lord."

In this excerpt, there is more than one allusion. The reference to demons possessing human bodies is almost a universal superstitious belief shared in many cultures and is in no need of explanation. The other two references to the angels and the spirit, however, are more Islamic in their nature and the English reader needs to be made aware of their scriptural origins: "When the twin keepers [angels] receive him, the one seated on his right, the one on his left, each word he utters shall be noted down by a vigilant guardian" (Surah 50, verse 17). And "They ask you about the spirit, say: "The spirit is from a command of my Lord and I have only given you [people] a small amount of the knowledge" (Surah 17 verse 85); Qu'ran (trans) Dawood 2000).

These references, and other similar in nature, are part of the prior cultural knowledge taken for granted by the author writing for a predominantly Muslim Arab audience. To give the closest approximation of the source language, therefore, it was necessary to opt for 'glossing' or using explanatory footnotes. Here is another example with an historical reference that also requires the use of a footnote:

"When they divorced, he didn't think she would do that, but he soon knew that a woman is capable of doing anything. Didn't she cause Adam to be dismissed from Eden and waged a war against Ali (May God be pleased with him)?"

The first reference to Adam and Eve in Eden is a biblical one and needs no commentary to the western reader. The second allusion, however, derived from Islamic history, might be a vague one to the western reader. It refers to A'ishah, one of prophet Muhammad's wives and daughter of his first caliph (successor). She played a significant role in supporting those who were fighting against the fourth caliph Ali—a revered figure in Islamic history especially for the Shiite sect. These cultural and historical allusions give a certain density to the language and need to be explicated in the translation to bring forth the richness of the text for the new readers. Footnotes, however, can be rather intrusive, and, therefore, their uses were minimized as much as possible. Sometimes, explanatory notes were deemed unnecessary or were integrated into the body of the text. The following citation is an example:

"His wife was pretty, and he used to buy her glasses, pottery, sweets and rabbits slaughtered and live. And sometimes he even preferred her to his two young children. But she used to hit him, beat her cheeks and thighs [as some women do when they mourn their dead]."

The cultural reference to a husband buying pottery and rabbits slaughtered and live as gifts to his wife are indicators of the local culture. Keeping this reference adds a foreignizing fidelity and gives the original flavor of a different culture. The reference does not need a footnote, however, since it is clear from the contextual surroundings. The second reference is to the custom of some women in the Middle East who beat their cheeks and thighs as an ultimate sign of sadness when they are mourning their dead. The bracketed note was inserted in the text to ensure that the

significance of this humiliating act on the part of the wife is not lost to the western reader.

2.6. The Difficulties in the Translation of linguistic and cultural aspects of poetry translation

The structural peculiarities of the language are the main factors that show us the worldview and the culture of the native speakers. The very famous American linguistic theorist B. Jofr wrote that «the native speakers of different languages perceive different facts and phenomena in the different ways because they are expressed differently in each peculiar language». [14, p. 87] For interpreters it is important to know that «the grammatical structures of the language (unlike the lexical structure) predetermine the aspects of the thing or phenomenon this language expresses». For example in the Russian sentence «я нанял работницу» we can see the sex of the employer and the employee, and the tense of this action. However it is impossible in the English sentence «I hired a worker», here the tense of acting must be defined by choosing a tense form of a verb – hired or has hired. In the simple example «Я нанял работницу» we can clearly see that the grammatical forms have a great impact on the semantic structure of the phrase.

As one of the famous modern linguists of Russian origin N. Jacobson emphasized: «the native speaker concentrate their attention on the aspects which are necessary for word-coding of their native language». [8, p. 79] It makes a lot of difficulties for translating from one language into another when there is a range of definite words in one of the languages and there are no such words in the other or vice versa. So in the Russian language there are no articles and compound tenses of the verb but in the English language there are no case endings and verbal prefixes as in Russian. В русском языке английский артикль заменяется такими словами, как

In the Russian languages English articles are usually translated as

«ОДИН» or «ТОТ»:

Тот мужчина, который только что вошел, – ее брат.

The man who just came in is her brother.

Один его друг сказал мне это.

A friend of his told me that.

The native speakers of Russian name the range of things by the same word, however in English the words are different. In the English language for instance there are several naming units for each part of the thing that in Russian it is only one word: *рука* consists of *hand* and *arm* (рука от плеча до кисти); *нога* – of *leg* and *foot* (ступня до щиколотки); *пальцы на руках* – *fingers*, а на ногах – *toes*.

On the other hand, there are no words in the English language to show the difference between *свекровь* and *теща*, and both these notions are translated just as *mother-in-law*. The same with verbs *жениться* and *выйти замуж*: they are translated in the same way – *to marry*.

When the unique phenomena in the culture are translated into another language verbally there can be grammatical mistakes or just incorrect phrases. *The struggle for detente and friendship among nations got a considerable support* was published in the Moscow News February 5, 1989. Or other sentence:

По праздникам и воскресеньям мой муж работает в гараже. [19, p. 56]

To translate the last to words as *In a garage* – means to receive impression that husband of this woman on output and holiday works up in some garage, but meantime she bears in mind that at free time her husband is busy with his machine in their garage.

The more specific and unique this or that phenomenon on the source language the more difficult is to decide the problems the famous American translator R. Lurie considered choosing «equivalents of cultural realia». The translator loses his courage when he sees such words as *коммуналка* knowing that he has to translate it as *communal apartment*. He is ready to lose all verbal associations of this Russian word – this not pure Russian word «КОММУН» as in the word *коммунист* is softened by the suffix – *ка* which shows the meaning of some sad feeling of devotion. The English term *communal apartment* puts in remembrance a kitchen in the town of Berkley, California, where a band of hippie enjoys cooking some rice for vegetarian lunch while the Russian word *коммуналка* recalls in memory a lot of big rooms coloured in a gloomy brown colour, the whole family lives in each room, they have a very small stuffy kitchen because you cannot say what you want you or you has just done it.

The same thing Shweicer emphasized in his theoretical works: «Translation is not only intercommunication between languages but also between cultures... The process of translation «crosses» not only the edge of the language but also the edge of cultures». [18, p. 66]

A good example of such mutual misunderstanding serves the experience of an American professor, he spoke Japanese perfectly. At the time of mass student disorders in Japan he was in one of its towns at the meeting in the university. They discussed what to do with this situation. When the teacher had finished the main point of the agenda the American thought that the consensus was reached and told this Japanese colleague about this. «Yes, yes, you are right» answered he, «However you are mistaken. The decision was right the opposite you thought. You have understood all the words in the right way but you haven't understood the pauses between them». Achieving its apogee at soviet period, problem intercultural communication still creates to difficulties and in Russian-American

relations. In its эссе about semantics of such problems American psycholinguist E. Glenn brings for illustration interesting example:

The frequent use of the word or notion «неправильное» by the representatives of the USSR created the impression for English diplomats that their Russian partners were obstinate and pragmatic. On the other hand the American prescription that it is necessary to look at both sides of the question was explained by the Soviet people as an attempt to take an indirect position or to hide the real intentions. Without explaining Hegel's philosophy the interpreters said to the audience *we disagree* or *just no* instead of *that's wrong* or *that's incorrect*. Simply saying they just retold the Soviet position in the western cultural linguistic terms.

However knowledge of the language and culture of some people and personal attitude to them are the two different layers in the mind of an interpreter and he has to divide them in his work. This is especially necessary during the diplomatic negotiations. Sometimes the interpreter works for one party on the negotiations but he sympathizes the other one. However he has no right to say his own opinion while interpreting one or the other party and also to tell proprietary information to no party.

In order to realize its professional mission an interpreter from Russian into English should not only be aware of their way of living, political situation and philosophy but also know their cultural realities. First these are such notions that do not exist in the west and to which there are no English equivalents. For example the words «субботник» and «застолье» bewildered the majority of American translators and interpreters. Besides there exist a lot of phenomena to which there are equivalents in both cultures but they can be used in different contexts. One of such notions is «*пафос создания*». It would not be clear to an American without detailed commentaries. When saying «*идеализм*» a Russian speaker usually means philosophy which is opposite to American materialism, but an American means the priority of high ideals over practical considerations.

The Russian *лимонад* turns out to be not the same as *lemonade* in America where it is not aerated water with some sugar and lemon juice (in Russian there exist two types of lemonade both aerated and not).

To translate both this words at the same way means to name Chinese «*рис*» English «*хлеб*». For Russian citizen «*общественная жизнь*» means different activities of social and state life while in America according to an expression of one Russian interpreter *social life* means any relationships with people including visiting theatres and restaurants. The Russian phrase «*общественная работа*» strongly differs from an American *social work*, which mainly means charity sponsored be local authorities.

In a number of features of Russian culture establishments cost also and services for which there are no faultless analogues in the English-speaking West and which cause to search for roundabout ways for translation. However it sometimes gives to a simultaneous interpreter an opportunity not only to extend, but also to reduce phrases. To transfer sense of the sentence «*Они решили пожениться, и пошли в ЗАГС*», in stead of saying *Registration Bureau* or *Palace of Weddings* reformulate the main sense: *they took out a marriage license, they signed the register*, or just say *they got married*. It is needless to say, that not all specific in Russian culture is a subject to by all means pedantic explanation.

«*Он получил путевку в дом отдыха*» – *He got a voucher for his vacation trip/center*.

Rest home is, as N. Strelkova emphasized, «*учреждение для пожилых людей или для больных, как дорогое заведение для людей, которые восстанавливают силы после длительной болезни...*» in America [19, p. 107]. If an interpreter does not have enough time, it is possible to omit some words. He can just say: *He went off on vacation*. The English variant of the sentence «*Мы долго стояли в очереди на квартиру*» took place in the history of ill-translations:

We stood on line for a long time for an apartment. At listeners the impression as if someone long stood in a queue in the street in hope was made to receive an apartment. Adequate translation would be, certainly: *For a long time we were on a waiting list.*

Without the authentic and preliminary analysis of realities it is impossible to interpret quickly them in English. A woman saying:

«У нас две комнаты и общая кухня с соседями»,

does not matter *a common kitchen*. Otherwise they appear an ambidextrous phrase as *common* may mean **«простой, вульгарный»**. In English it should be like this:

We share the kitchen with the other people in our communal apartment.

«Соседи» – is also the false friend of translator as for English-speaking the word neighbors means the people living not in different rooms of same apartments, and in separate apartments (or houses), being beside or nearby from each other. In the first years of reorganization during one of greater space bridges «USSR-USA» where problems of both countries were compared, the Soviet doctor has complained, that *«у нас низкая культура противозачаточных средств»*. In this saying the last three words were translated as *The culture of contraceptives*, that sounds very unusual in English as these «means» can not have there own «culture». The orator meant bad quality of contraceptive means and lack of knowledge of them. As a result – in a populous American audience there was bewilderment because of translation which should sound absolutely differently: *Our problems with birth control devices.*

Such word as *«коллектив»* also needs some explanation. When you say: *«коллектив нашей школы»* in can be, depending upon a context *a class or a sports team*; *«коллектив нашего института»* – *the staff*, and *«коллектив*

нашего завода» – the employees. Otherwise the word «коллектив» has so many meanings that it can be *group, personnel, staff, colleagues, co-workers или associates.* And similar realities make long enough number for G.V. Chernov's which part offers descriptive translations:

рабочий поселок – industrial settlement, workers' community

стаж – seniority, period of service

детская консультация – child welfare center

медалист – honor student

вредная профессия – hazardous occupation

поликлиника – health center, outpatient clinic

ЗАГС – civil registry office

курсы повышения квалификации – refresher courses, advanced training courses

субботник – an unpaid/weekend/stint/volunteer effort/community effort/donation of a day's work [2, p. 68]

Needless to say, that translation listed above the phenomena assumes, that they are already rethought and expressed in English directly or by explanations:

Они пили чай из пиалок.

They drank tea from small china cups with no handles/small Central Asian china teacups.

In the rare cases when the interpreter has got enough time he can say a Russian word and give a description to it in English:

They drank tea from pialki, Central Asian china teacups with no handles.

The other word that means nothing to an American is «автореферат». It can also be explained in English:

«Он объяснял эти идеи в своем автореферате» – He explained these ideas in his автореферат, the published summary of this thesis/dissertation.

L. Chernyakhovskay gives some interesting examples in her works on English syntax:

Они надеются, что недалек тот день, когда в стране будут открыты крупные залежи.

They hope that-large deposits will soon be discovered in Kazakhstan.

This phrase is taken from performance in an audience where to listeners it is absolutely clear, that the orator speaks about Kazakhstan. As if to the receiver the name of concrete republic is perceived by them easier and more clearly, than a word «страна». «Недалек тот день» can be translated word by word *the day is not far off that*, but the English translation should be much simpler. L. Chernyakhovskay suggests *they hope eventually to discover...* But the shortest and the closest to the word «недалек», that is in the final translation is an English word *soon*. [8, p. 69]

Or another example:

22 июня он ушел добровольцем на фронт.

On June 22, the day Nazi Germany attacked, he went to/volunteered for the front. [19, p. 96]

In this sentence the decision of an interpreter how to translate the sense of the phrase depends upon his audience. If the people are historians he should not add *on the day Nazi Germany attacked*. However he can not say just *On June 22* to the American farmers because it means to lose the main idea of the speaker. At the

same way it is possible to change pure Russian terms on the terms that more frequently occur in the west countries: especially «*Великая Отечественная война*» is translated as *World War II*.

Changing the sense of realias is necessary not only when speaking about the historical events.

Наши курорты функционируют круглый год.

Our health resorts are/stay open all year round/year round.

Our resorts function the whole year, – this word by word translation sounds bad in English

Эти три года дали нам главное, что необходимо для молодых людей – поле для активной деятельности.

These three years gave us what (the) young people needed most/what was most important for young people, a chance to do big/important/great things/to build the country/to make full use of their abilities/gave young people a chance to work and grow.

A word by word translation: *a field for active activity* with the repetition of active sounds ridiculously in English. Expressions which are absolutely normally perceived by Russian listeners, can seem English-speaking grandiose or rather strange. And for elimination of such stylistic distinctions in perception of Russian realities the translator in essence should семантически reinterpret each concept, which nonequivalent English. Otherwise «false friends» turn for the translator to traps where it is possible to get continually, especially translating word by word. Here are some translator's false friends that occur frequently and make a mess for an interpreter:

Аргумент, артист

авантюра

декада

декорации

диверсия

экономный фальшивый характер

характеристика

конкретный

курьезный

манифестация

митинг

момент

нормально

оперативный

пафос

персонаж

перспективный

поэма

претендовать: Он претендовал своего соседа

адресный (адресные рекомендации, санкции)

targeted, specific

topical, pressing, relevant, immediate,

important

reasons, convictions (not disagreement)

any performing artist

a shady or risky undertaking

ten days, not ten years

stage sets

military diversionary tactic, subversion,

sabotage

thrifty, frugal, practical

artificial, forged, imitation, counterfeit

nature, disposition (a character in a work of

literature is a персонаж)

description, a letter of recommendation

actual, specific, positive, definite

amusing, odd, intriguing, funny

public mass demonstration

mass public demonstration, rally (never a

get-together of a few people)

period of time, element, point, aspect (один

из моментов его выступления)

well, properly (он вел себя нормально)

effective, quick, practical, current, timely

excitement, inspiration, enthusiasm, emotion,

thrill

character in a literary work

promising, future, long-range

a long epic poem, not short verses (смуху)

metaphorically – something wonderful:

этом морм – поэма

на искусство lay claim to, have pretensions to:

nice, pleasant, sweet

title for the nobility (e.g. duke, count)

crude, shameless, ruthless, amoral [19, p. 136]

From the list of words given above it becomes clear how the cultural realia differ from each other and how it is difficult to find the right equivalent.

Conclusion

Having analysed the structural-semantic, functional properties of poetry translation in Russian and its correspondences in English we have come to the following conclusions.

1) The present graduation paper presents the results of the investigation produced in the course of working on the Qualification Paper. As the perspectives for the further investigation in this field there can be named the following:

1. the broadening of the specific language material;

2. the detailed investigation of the problems of the structural semantic features of translation of poetry from Russian into English and their functioning and usage with regard to different national and cultural peculiarities;

3. the detailed study of the use of translation of poetry and their correspondences in different literary trends.

2) We would like to stress not only the specific and theoretical significance of the qualification paper, but also the practical value of this work, the result of which may be used in the academic course at the seminars on text interpretation, lexicology, translation.

Further detailed analysis of poetry translation may give much to understand inner process of language functioning and translation process.

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