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QUALIFICATION PAPER

CHINGIZ AYTMATOV "THE WORLD ECHO"

(Pages 213-263)

**The Principles of Semantic Identification of Lexical and
Phraseological Units during the Translation of Belles–letter
Works from Russian into English**

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Introduction

No community can see the prospect without development and strengthening of spiritual potential and moral values in the consciousness of people.

Cultural values of people, their spiritual heritage throughout millennia were a powerful source of spirituality for the East people. Despite the rigid ideological pressure throughout the long period, the people of Uzbekistan managed to keep the historical and original traditions which were carefully transferred from generation to generation.¹

The Present qualification paper deals with the study of the translation problems of a passage from “Echo of the world” by Chingiz Aytmatov from Russian into English language which presents a certain interest both for the theoretical investigation and for the practical language use.

The actuality of the investigation is explained on one hand by the profound interest to the morphology of lexical and phraseological units and function of literature in different kind of sentences in the literary text and in speech, and, on the other hand by the absence of likeness in the system of semantic identification of lexical and phraseological units during the translation in Russian and English and widely approved analysis of the types of literature from the semantic, stylistic, structural and translational points of view.

The novelty of the Qualification Paper is defined by concrete results of the investigation. Special emphasis is laid on various types of rendering the structure, the stylistic features, and the translation of a passage from “Echo of the world” by Chingiz Aytmatov from Russian into English.

¹ Karimov I.A. Uzbekistan on the threshold of XXI century: threats of safety, conditions and progress guarantees", 1997

The aim of this Qualification Paper is to define the specific features of lexical and phraseological units during the translation of Ch. Aytmatov's book in the literary text and in speech and their rendering in Russian.

According to this general aim the following particular tasks are put forward:

1. to define the notion of the verb, morphology, especially in literature.
2. to reveal specific structural peculiarities of the categories of lexical and phraseological units in Russian and English.
3. to study specific semantic peculiarities of lexical and phraseological units in the process of translation.
4. to study stylistic peculiarities of the English translation of Ch. Aytmatov's "Echo of the world".

The methods of investigation used in this Qualification Paper are as follows: semantic, stylistic, structural and translation.

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, translation, comparative typology as well as can be used for practical lessons in translation, home reading, conversational practice and current events.

The material includes:

1. different types of dictionaries, both translational and explanatory;
2. scientific literature on translation theory, lexicology, stylistics, typology and Grammar.
3. short stories written by English and American writers.

The theoretical importance of the Qualification Paper is determined by the necessity of detailed and comprehensive analysis of the English translation of "Echo of the world" by Chingiz Aytmatov which is immensely important while forming extended sentences in the process of communication and writing, and making the speech enriched stylistically. This kind of sentences is very often used in literature fulfilling various stylistic or pragmatic functions.

The structure of work – the given Qualification Paper consists of introduction, 2 chapters and a conclusion which are followed by the lists of literature used in the course of the research.

Introduction tells about the aim of the research, methods used in the course of it, explains its actually, novelty, practical and scientific value.

The work itself deals with the problems of verb morphology as a scientific subject and reveals verb categories, deals with the semantic classification of the verbs, deals with the classification of the difficulties which we came across in the process of translation, which are used in different kinds of sentences, gives structural classification of the sentences according to the structural type of the language, gives ways of the translation of the sentences.

Conclusion presents the results of the investigations produced in 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 investigation of the specific features of translating from Russian in English and there functioning and usage with regard to different notional and cultural peculiarities;
3. the study of the use of verbs and their grammatical categories in different literary trends.

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 “Echo of the World” by
Chingiz Aytmatov (17-67 pages)**

Two riders left the village, heading towards the mountains. One rode a golden chestnut, the other a bay. The horses' tails were tied in knots, for the journey would be a long one. Clumps of mud and snow flew out from under the horses' hooves.

Gyulsary was pacing smartly against the tight reins. He had become stiff in the stable waiting for his master to recuperate. However, it was not his master who rode him now, but a stranger in a leather coat with a canvas cape over it. His clothing smelled of paint and rubber. Choro rode beside him on the bay. He had let important visitors from the district centre ride the pacer before. Gyulsary did not really care who rode him. Many men had ridden him since he had been taken from the herd and his first master. There had been all sorts, both kind and mean, those who rode well and those who rode poorly. Some had been show-offs. They lost their heads in the saddle. That kind would pull the pacer up on his haunches in a dead chase, then whip him on again and jerk him to a halt again. They didn't care what they did as long as everyone noticed they were riding a pacer. Gyulsary had become used to everything. The only thing he resented was languishing in the stable. His former passion was still alive within him: he wanted to run, run, run. He did not care who his rider was. It was the rider who cared about the kind of horse he was on. If he was given the golden chestnut pacer it meant he was respected and feared. Gyulsary was strong and beautiful. A rider felt secure in the saddle.

This time Segizbayev, the district procurator, was riding the pacer. He had been sent in from the district to check on how the collective farm was doing. The

fact that the farm's Party organiser was accompanying him was yet further indication of the respect they had for him. The Party organiser was silent, he was probably worried, for things were going poorly with the lambing. The situation was very bad. Well, let him be silent. Let him be afraid. There was no need for him to pester a procurator with idle talk, subordinates should be in awe of their superiors. Otherwise there would never be any order. There still were officials who were on a familiar footing with their subordinates, but these very same subordinates later knocked them so hard that the stuffing came out of them. Power was an important, responsible matter, not every man was equal to wielding it.

Such were Segizbayev's thoughts as he rode along, swaying in the saddle in time to the pacer's gait, and one could not say he was in a bad temper, though his mission was to check on the shepherds and he knew things were pretty bad. Winter and spring had clashed, neither would give way, and those to suffer most from the clash were the sheep: the lambs were dying off, the emaciated ewes were dying, and nothing could be done to stop it. It was the same story every year. And everyone knew it. But since he was an official representative, he would have to find someone he could hold responsible for it. And somewhere in the dark reaches of his soul he knew that the heavy losses of sheep in the district were even to his advantage. After all, it was not he, the district procurator and only one of the members of the District Committee Bureau, who was responsible for the state of affairs in the livestock breeding programme. The First Secretary was the one who would be held responsible. He was a new man in the district, well, let him worry about it. Segizbayev, for one, would be watching. And the people higher up might do well to watch him, too. Perhaps they'd begin to wonder whether they had been right in appointing an outsider. It had been a blow to Segizbayev, he resented having been by-passed for the job. He had been district procurator for many years and had proven time and again that he was a trustworthy man. No matter, he had faithful friends who would always support him. Indeed, it was high time he became a Party functionary, he'd been a procurator too long. The pacer was a fine horse, it was like rocking on a ship, and neither dirt nor slush could slow him down. The

Party organiser's bay was in a lather, while the pacer was just getting damp.

Meanwhile, Choro was thinking his own thoughts. He looked dreadful. His emaciated face had a yellow cast, his eyes were sunken. His heart had been bothering him for many years, it kept getting consistently worse. His thoughts, too, were depressing. Tanabai had been right. The chairman fussed and shouted, but all to no avail. He spent most of his time in the district centre, he always seemed to have business there. Choro felt they should discuss the matter at a Party meeting, but the people in the district centre told him to wait. What was there to wait for? There were rumours that Aldanov wanted to resign anyway, perhaps that was why? Well, why didn't he? And it was time he himself resigned. What good was he? He was always sick. When his son Samansur was home for the holidays he, too, advised him to resign. He could certainly do that, but what about his conscience? Samansur was a smart boy, he knew more about what was going on in the world than his father. He kept talking about farm management. They were taught well, perhaps things would one day be as their professors said, but by that time his father would most likely be dead. And he could not escape his burden. You could not escape and hide from yourself. What would people say? He had promised so much, he had raised their hopes, he had plunged the collective farm into terrible debt, could he say he was going to retire now? There'd be no rest for him, there never would, so he might as well stick it out to the end. Help would arrive, things could not continue as they were much longer. If only they'd hurry. And real help, not like this fellow here. "We're going to take you to court for the mess you've made," he had said. Let him! A court sentence wouldn't solve anything. Look at him scowling, as if the people up in the mountains were all criminals and he was the only one who cared about the farm. Actually, he didn't give a damn for anything, it was all a show. But you couldn't say anything.

The great mountains were shrouded in mist. Forgotten by the sun, they

towered gloomily on high like offended giants. Spring was out of sorts. Everything was damp and murky.

Tanabai was having a hard time. It was both cold and suffocating in the shed. Several ewes would lamb at once and there was no place to put the lambs. It was enough to drive you mad, the bleating and the jostling. They were all hungry, they were all thirsty, and they were dying off like flies. To top it all, his wife was still laid up with her back. She had tried to get up but could not. Well, things would just have to take their course. He had no strength left to fight.

He kept thinking about Bektai, and was choked by a feeling of helpless rage. It was not because Bektai had walked out, to hell with him, and not because he had deserted his flock like a cuckoo leaving its eggs in other birds' nests, they'd send someone around sooner or later to take over his sheep: no, it was because he had not found the words that would make Bektai cringe with shame and wish he was dead. That pup! That snot-nosed pup! And he, the veteran Communist who had devoted his life to the collective farm, hadn't found anything worthwhile to say. He had tossed his stick away and left, the pup. Could Tanabai ever have dreamed such a thing would be possible? Could he ever have dreamed anyone would laugh at his life's work?

„That's enough!" he would say to himself, but a moment later his mind returned to the same thoughts.

Another ewe lambed. It was twins, both fine lambs. But what would he do with them? The dam's udder was empty, and where was the milk to come from? So these two would also die. Oh, misery! And over there were cold dead lambs. Tanabai gathered up the little bodies and was about to carry them out when his daughter came running in breathlessly.

"Father, two riders are coming here."

"Let them come," Tanabai muttered. "Go look after your mother."

As he came out of the shed he saw them. "It's Gyulsary!" It was a happy sight. There was that same old pang in his heart. "It's been a long time! But look at him go, he hasn't changed a bit!" One of the men was Choro. He did not recognise the

man in the leather coat that was riding Gyulsary. It was probably someone from the district centre.

"Well, it's about time," he thought maliciously. Now was his chance to tell them what a time he'd been having, to get it all off his chest, but no, he wouldn't complain, let them feel ashamed. Was it right? Leaving him to battle alone and then coming round to have a look?

Tanabai did not wait for them to ride up, he turned the corner of the shed and threw the dead lambs on the heap. He returned slowly.

The men were there. The horses were breathing hard. Choro looked beaten, guilty. He knew he would have to face his friend's accusations. But the man on the pacer was angry and stern. He started shouting without even greeting Tanabai.

"It's outrageous! It's the same everywhere! Look at what's going on!" he bellowed, addressing his words to Choro. Then he turned to Tanabai. "What's the matter, Comrade?" and he pointed towards the heap where Tanabai had deposited the dead lambs. "How come you're a Communist and your lambs are dying?"

"They probably don't know I'm a Communist," Tanabai retorted and suddenly it was as if a main spring had broken inside him. There was an emptiness in his soul, he felt indifferent, bitter.

"What?!" Segizbayev turned purple. He paused. "Did you make a pledge?" he finally said, jerking the pacer's head up as a warning.

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"I don't remember."

"That's why your lambs are dying!" Segizbayev jabbed his whip in the direction of the heap again and stood up in the stirrups, inspired by the opportunity to teach this insolent shepherd a lesson. However, he began by attacking Choro. "What's going on? The people here don't even know their own pledges. They're wrecking the plan, they're letting the sheep die! What have you been doing? How are you educating the Communists? And what sort of a Communist is he? I'm asking you!"

Choro hung his head in silence. He fingered the reins.

"I'm just the kind I am," Tanabai was the one to reply calmly.

"Right, just the kind you are. Why, you're a saboteur! You're destroying collective-farm property. You're an enemy of the people. You should be in jail, not in the Party! You're mocking at our socialist competition."

"Right. That's where I should be, in jail," Tanabai agreed in the same calm voice as before. And his lips twitched from the overwhelming rage that exploded inside him, from the bitterness, the hurt, from all that had filled his cup to overflowing. "Well?" he said, staring at Segizbayev, trying to control his twitching lips. "What else do you have to say?"

"Why are you talking like that, Tanabai?" Choro interrupted. "What for? Why don't you explain everything?"

"Oh! So I have to explain things to you too? What'd you come here for, Choro?" Tanabai shouted. "What'd you come for? Answer me! To tell me that the lambs are dying? I know that myself! To tell me that I'm up to my neck in dung? I know that myself! That I've been a fool all my life, killing myself for the farm? Well, I know that myself!"

"Tanabai! What are you saying!" Choro turned pale and jumped down.

"Get away from me!" Tanabai said, shoving him aside. "To hell with my pledge, to hell with my whole life! Go away! I should be in jail! What'd you bring this new lord in a leather coat here for? So he could badger me? So he could put me in jail? Go on and put me in jail, you rat!" Tanabai spun around, looking for something to grab. He snatched the pitchfork that was leaning against the wall and rushed at Segizbayev with it. "Get out of here, you scum! And stay out!" Blind with rage, he began waving the pitchfork.

Segizbayev, half-dead with fright, jerked at the reins in confusion, pulling the pacer back and forth, the pitchfork came down upon the crazed horse's head and bounced off with a ring, then came down on his head again. In his wrath Tanabai could not understand why Gyulsary's head was jerking violently, why the bit was tearing at his hot red mouth, why the horse's rolling eyes were dazed and

frenzied.

"Get out of my way, Gyulsary! Let me hit that lord in leather!" Tanabai bellowed, bringing the pitchfork down again and again on the pacer's innocent head.

His young helper came running, she hung on his arms, trying to wrench the pitchfork from him, but he threw her to the ground. Choro managed to jump into his saddle.

..Let's go! Hurry! He'll kill you!" he shouted, riding between Segizbayev and Tanabai.

Tanabai swung his pitchfork at Choro as both riders galloped off. His dog pursued them, barking wildly, snapping at the stirrup and the horses' tails.

Tanabai ran after them, stumbling, snatching up clumps of clay, throwing them after them, shouting all the while:

"I should be in jail! In jail! Get out! Get out of here!"

Then he turned back, still mumbling breathlessly: "I should be in jail, in jail!" His dog walked alongside proudly, as one who has done his duty. He expected praise, but his master did not notice him. Jaidar, pale and frightened, was limping towards him, leaning on a stick.

"What did you do? What did you do?" "I shouldn't have."

"Of course not!"

"I shouldn't have hit Gyulsary."

"Are you crazy? Do you know what you did?"

"Sure. I'm a saboteur. I'm an enemy of the people," he said, overcoming his shortness of breath. Then he fell silent. Pressing his hands to his face, he doubled over and his body was wracked by sobs.

"Tanabai, Tanabai," his wife pleaded, weeping together with him, but he sobbed bitterly, swaying from side to side. Jaidar had never seen her husband weep before.

The Bureau meeting of the District Party Committee was held three days after this dramatic incident.

Tanabai Bakasov sat in the reception room, waiting to be summoned to the office in which his case was being discussed. He had thought long and hard in the interim but still could not decide whether or not he was to blame. He realised that his was a grave offence, that he had raised his hand against a government representative, but if this was all it amounted to it would be simple enough. He was ready to accept any punishment for his unworthy conduct. However, in a fit of rage he had tossed everything to the winds, all his anxiety and concern for the farm, he had discredited all his cares and thoughts. Who would ever believe him now? Who would understand him now? "Maybe they will understand after all?" A glimmer of hope appeared. "I'll tell them about everything, about the winter we've had, the shed, the tent, of the lack of fodder, my sleepless nights, and Bektai. Let them decide if that's the way to run things." He no longer regretted what had happened. "Let them punish me," he thought, "maybe it'll make things easier for others. Maybe this'll make them take a closer look at the kind of life the shepherds lead and at our troubles." But a moment later, recalling all he had been through, he would become embittered again, clench his fists between his knees and repeat stubbornly: "No, I'm not guilty, not one bit!" And then he would begin to have doubts again.

Unaccountably, Ibraim was also waiting in the reception room. "What's he doing here? He's like a vulture waiting for carrion," Tanabai thought angrily and turned away from him. Ibraim was silent. He sighed as he glanced at the shepherd's bowed head.

"What's taking them so long?" Tanabai wondered, fidgeting in his chair. "If I've got it coming to me, well, let me have it!" Everyone seemed to be assembled

behind the closed doors. Choro had been the last to enter a few minutes before. Tanabai recognised him by the bits of hair stuck to his boot tops. It was the yellow hair of the golden pacer. "He must have been in a big hurry if he drove Gyulsary to a lather," he thought but did not raise his head. And the boots with the trickles of horse's sweat and hair stuck to them stood near him, hesitated a few moments, then disappeared behind the door.

Time dragged on. Finally, the secretary opened the door and said:

"Come in, Comrade Bakasov."

Tanabai started, rose, deafened by the pounding of his heart, and entered the office to the incessant booming in his ears. Everything seemed dim. He could barely make out the faces of the people in the room.

"Sit down." Kashkatayev, First Secretary of the District Committee, indicated a chair at the far end of the long table.

Tanabai sat down and put his leaden hands on his knees, waiting for the haze to clear. Then he glanced down the table. Segizbayev, looking very arrogant, sat on Kashkatayev's right. Tanabai's hatred for the man was so great it dispelled the mist in front of his eyes. The faces of the men around the table stood out clearly. The darkest face belonged to Segizbayev, it was a dark purple. The palest face, completely drained of blood, was Choro's. He sat towards the end of the table and was closest to Tanabai. His thin hands twitched nervously on the heavy green cloth. Aldanov, chairman of the collective farm, sat opposite Choro, wheezing loudly, looking around sullenly. He did not conceal his attitude towards the case at hand. The others still seemed to be waiting. Finally, Kashkatayev looked up from his papers and said, accentuating each word:

"We will now discuss the case of Comrade Bakasov."

"You mean so-called comrade," someone said sarcastically.

"They're out for blood," Tanabai thought. "I can't expect mercy from them. But why should I expect mercy? What am I, a criminal?"

He did not know that in deciding his fate two forces competing secretly against each other would clash, each desirous of making the most of this

unfortunate incident. One side, represented by Segizbayev and his followers, wanted to test the strength of the new Party Secretary, to see whether he could be cowed from the start. The other side, represented by Kashkatayev, who sensed that Segizbayev had an eye on his job, was searching for a solution that would uphold his authority without straining his relations with these dangerous men.

The Party Secretary read Segizbayev's report. It enumerated every crime committed, both in words and in deeds, by Tanabai Bakasov, a shepherd of the White Stones Collective Farm. There was nothing in the report that Tanabai could deny, but its general tone and the way the accusations were worded drove him to despair. He broke out in a sweat when he realised how helpless he was in the face of this monstrous report. Segizbayev's report was far more vicious than the man himself. You couldn't attack it with a pitchfork. Everything Tanabai had intended to say in his defence collapsed in a heap, losing its significance in his own mind, becoming nothing more than a shepherd's trifling complaints against the usual hardships. Was he not a fool? What were all his excuses worth in the face of this terrible report?! Whom had he intended to fight?

"Comrade Bakasov, do you admit the truth of the facts described in the report by Comrade Segizbayev, a member of our Bureau?" Kashkatayev asked when he had finished reading.

"Yes," Tanabai replied in a hollow voice.

No one said a word. It seemed they were all petrified by the report. Aldanov looked at everyone with smug satisfaction, as if to say: see what's going on.

"If the comrades will permit me to, I'd like to say a few words to clarify the situation," Segizbayev said resolutely. "I would like to warn the comrades from the start not to try to explain away the actions of Comrade Bakasov as a simple act of hooliganism. Believe me, if this were so I would never have brought the case to your attention. We have other means of dealing with hooligans. And, naturally, my own feelings have nothing to do with it. I represent the Bureau of the District Party Committee, and, if I may say so, I represent the Party as a whole in this case. I cannot permit its authority to be trampled upon. However, the main point is that

what has happened is further indication of the sorry state of the political and educational work being carried out among Communists and non-Communists, of the serious shortcomings in the ideological work of the District Committee. We are all to be held responsible for the political outlook of such rank-and-file members as Bakasov. We must determine whether he is alone in his way of thinking or whether there are others who share his views. Think of the significance of his words: 'A new lord in a leather coat!' Let us dismiss the coat. Now, according to Bakasov, it would seem that I, a Soviet citizen, a representative of the Party, am a new lord, an exploiter, an oppressor of the people! Indeed! Do you realise what this means, do you realise the significance of his words? I think there is no need for further comment. Now let us have a look at the other side of the case. I was very upset by the state of affairs at the White Stones Farm. When Bakasov declared he had forgotten his pledge, I called him a saboteur, an enemy of the people, and said he should be in jail, not in the Party. I admit that I insulted him and I was ready to apologise. But I'm convinced now that I was right. I do not take my words back but insist that Bakasov is a dangerous and hostile person."

Tanabai had been through much in his lifetime, he had been through the war, from beginning to end, but he had never suspected that his heart could cry out as it did now. And with this cry that was as an unending cannonade in his ears, his heart sank, rose, crawled upwards, slipped and tried to rise again, but the bullets were hitting it point-blank. "What's happened to everything that was the meaning of my life, the meaning of all my work?" Tanabai's head throbbed. "I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd be called an enemy of the people. And there I was, worrying about that lousy shed and those scouring lambs and that fool Bektai. But who gives a damn?!"

"Let me review the points made in my report," Segizbayev continued, setting up his words in iron rows. "Bakasov hates our system, he hates the collective farm, he hates socialist competition, he hates our entire way of life. He stated that much quite openly in the presence of Comrade Choro Sayakov, the Party organiser of the collective farm. Besides, his actions are also punishable under the penal code: he

attacked a government representative who was on official duty. I want you to understand me correctly. I demand that Bakasov be held legally responsible and that he be put under guard when he leaves this room. Article 58 makes provision for his crime. And there can be no question of Bakasov's right to remain within the Party ranks."

Segizbayev knew he was asking for too much. However, he hoped that in the event the Bureau found it unnecessary to institute criminal proceedings against Tanabai Bakasov, his expulsion from the Party would at least be guaranteed. Kashkatayev would not dare to oppose this demand, which fact would further strengthen Segizbayev's hand.

"What can you say for yourself, Comrade Bakasov?" Kashkatayev asked, becoming irked.

"Nothing. Everything's been said already," Tanabai replied. "It sounds like I've always been a saboteur, an enemy of the people. So who cares what I think? Do whatever you want to, you know best."

"Do you consider yourself a true Communist?"

"I can't prove that now."

"Do you admit your guilt?"

"No."

"Then do you think you're smarter than everyone else?"

"No, just the opposite, dumber than everyone else."

"May I have the floor?"

A youth with a Komsomol badge on his jacket rose. He was the youngest one present, thin of face, thin of body and still very much an adolescent.

Tanabai had not noticed him before. "Go on, boy, pour it on, don't spare the ammunition," he addressed him silently. "I used to be just like you, never sparing anyone."

"Yes, Kerimbekov?" said Kashkatayev.

"I don't approve of Comrade Bakasov's action. I think he should be punished accordingly by the Party Bureau. But I don't agree with Comrade Segizbayev,

either." Kerimbekov tried to sound calm. "In fact, I think we should discuss the case of Comrade Segizbayev as well."

"Well!" someone interrupted. "Is that the way you run things in the Komsomol these days?"

"We're all governed by the same rules," Kerimbekov replied, becoming more flustered and turning red. He stopped, searching for the right words, trying to overcome his constraint and then, as if in despair, he began to speak scathingly, angrily: "What right did you have to insult a collective-farm worker, a shepherd, a veteran Party member? I'd like to see you call me an enemy of the people! You said you did it because you were very upset by the state of affairs at the farm, but don't you think the shepherd was upset, too? When you got there did you ask him what his living conditions were like and how things were? Or why the lambs were dying? No. judging from your own report, the minute you got there you began shouting at him. Everyone knows what a hard time the collective farms are having now during the lambing period. I have to be in the mountains quite often and I'm ashamed, I'm terribly ashamed when I talk to the young Komsomol shepherds, because we place big demands on them but don't offer any real help. Did you see the kind of sheds they have? And what about the fodder? I'm a shepherd's son myself. I know what it means to lose newborn lambs. They go on in the old way, nothing like what they taught us at the agricultural institute. And it makes your heart bleed to see what's happening!"

Segizbayev interrupted him. "Don't try to arouse our pity, Comrade Kerimbekov. Emotions are a loose concept. What we need are hard facts, not feelings."

"I beg your pardon, but we're not trying a criminal, we're discussing the case of a comrade," Kerimbekov continued. "A Communist's fate is being decided. That's why we should stop to think why Comrade Bakasov acted the way he did. His actions should certainly be censured, but what made one of the farm's best cattlemen, as Bakasov certainly was, come to this?"

"Sit down," Kashkatayev said with displeasure. "You're leading us away from

the main problem, Comrade Kerimbekov. I think it's evident to all of us that Comrade Bakasov has committed a very grave offence. Think of what he did. Who ever heard of such a thing? We will not permit anyone to attack our representatives with pitchforks, we will not permit anyone to undermine the authority of our Party officials. I would suggest, Comrade Kerimbekov, that you worry about improving things in the Komsomol Organisation instead of engaging in useless arguments about bleeding hearts and emotions. Emotions are one thing, actions are another. Bakasov's willful action should alert us. Needless to say, there is no place for him in the Party. Comrade Sayakov, as Party organiser of the collective farm, do you corroborate the report?" he asked Choro.

"Yes, " Choro said, rising slowly. He was very pale. "But I'd like to explain...."

"What's there to explain?"

"In the first place, I think we should discuss Bakasov's case at a meeting of our own Party Organisation on the farm."

"That is not mandatory. You can inform the Party members of the Bureau's decision later. What else did you want to say?"

"I would like to explain.. .

"What is there to explain, Comrade Sayakov? Bakasov's anti-Party words and actions are self-evident. There's nothing more to explain. You, too, are responsible for what happened. And we'll hold you to blame for disrupting the educational work among the rank-and-file. Why did you try to dissuade Comrade Segizbayev from bringing the case to our attention? Did you want to cover it up? It's disgraceful! Be seated."

They began to argue the case. The director of the machine-and-tractor station and the editor of the district newspaper supported Kerimbekov. For a moment it seemed that they would succeed in defending Tanabai. However, he was so crushed, so confused, that he did not hear what was being said. He kept asking himself: "What's happened to everything I lived for? I don't think anyone here cares a damn for what's happening to the flocks and herds in the mountains. What a fool I've been! I've wasted my life for the collective farm, for those sheep and

lamb. And none of it counts now. I'm dangerous now. Well, to hell with you! Do whatever you want to. I won't be sorry if any good comes of it. Go on, kick me out. It's all the same to me now."

Aldanov, chairman of the collective farm, took the floor. Tanabai could see by his expression and gestures that he was raging about something, but it made no impact upon him until he heard the words: "chain-hobble ... the pacer-- Gyulsary...."

"And what do you think?" Aldanov was indignant. "He threatened for all to bear that he'd crack my skull, and all because we were forced to hobble the horse. Comrade Kashkatayev, members of the Bureau, as chairman of the collective farm I ask you to rid us of Bakasov. He really should be in jail. He hates every government official. There are witnesses waiting in the reception room, comrade Kashkatayev. They all heard Bakasov's threats. Should we ask them to come in?"

"No, that won't be necessary," Kashkatayev said with distaste. "Your statement is sufficient. Be seated."

He put the matter to a vote.

"It has been moved that Comrade Bakasov be expelled from the Party. All those in favour. ..."

"One second, Comrade Kashkatayev." Kerimbekov rose quickly to his feet. "Members of the Bureau, aren't we making a terrible mistake? I have another proposal: that we limit ourselves to a severe reprimand and warning. At the same time, I propose that we reprimand Segizbayev, a member of the Bureau, for insulting Comrade Bakasov's dignity as a Party member and a human being, and for Segizbayev's intolerable method of work as a District Committee representative."

"What demagogy!" Segizbayev shouted.

"I must call you to order, comrades," Kashkatayev said. "You're at a meeting of the District Committee Bureau, not at home, and I request that discipline be maintained."

Everything depended upon him now. And he did exactly as Segizbayev

expected he would. "I do not think it is necessary to institute criminal proceedings against Bakasov," he said, "but he certainly cannot be allowed to remain in the Party. Comrade Segizbayev is absolutely right about this. We will now put it to a vote. All those in favour of Bakasov's expulsion will raise their hands."

There were seven members of the Bureau. Three voted for expulsion, three voted against it. Kashkatayev had yet to vote. He paused, then raised his hand in favour of expulsion. Tanabai saw nothing of this. He discovered the outcome when he heard Kashkatayev say to his secretary:

"Enter the following in the minutes: 'By a decision of the Bureau of the District Party Committee, Comrade Tanabai Bakasov has been expelled from the Party'."

"That's all there is to it," Tanabai thought, feeling his body turn to ice.

"But I insist that Segizbayev be reprimanded," Kerimbekov persisted.

This did not have to be put to a vote, the motion might have been declined, but Kashkatayev decided they would vote on it. He had a secret reason for this, too.

"All those in favour of Comrade Kerimbekov's proposal will raise their hand."

Once again it was three to three. And once again Kashkatayev raised his hand to make it four, and thus saved Segizbayev from being reprimanded. "I wonder whether he'll understand and appreciate this favour?" he thought. "Who knows? He's cunning and treacherous."

Everyone began moving their chairs out, as if getting ready to leave. Tanabai decided it was all over. He rose and headed for the door without a word, without looking at anyone.

"Where are you going, Bakasov?" Kashkatayev said. "Surrender your Party card."

"What?" Now only did he realise what had happened.

"Leave it on the desk. You are no longer a member of the Party and have no right to carry a Party card."

Tanabai did as he was told. The card was under his jacket, under his sweater, in a little leather pouch Jaidar had made for it. He wore the pouch on a strap over

his shoulder. It took him a long time to extract it in the dead silence of the room. He finally pulled it out, took out his Party card, heated by his chest, and placed it, warm and smelling of his body, on Kashkatayev's cold polished desk. he shivered as if he, too, felt the cold touch of the wood. Then, still not looking at anyone, he worked the pouch back under his jacket and prepared to leave.

"Comrade Bakasov!" Kerimbekov's voice was sympathetic. "Haven't you anything to say? You haven't said a word. Perhaps it all happened because things were so difficult. We hope the door has not shut and that sooner or later you'll be able to return to the ranks. Do you want to say anything?"

Tanabai turned, feeling awkward in front of this strange youth who was still trying to soften the blow.

"What is there to say?" he said sadly. "I can't outtalk everyone. All I can say is that I'm not guilty in any way, even if I did raise my hand against him, even if I did speak badly. I can't explain it. So I guess that's all."

The silence was oppressing.

"So you have a grudge against the Party?" Kashkatayev spoke irritably. "Aren't you forgetting yourself? The Party is setting you right, it's kept you from being prosecuted as a criminal, yet you're still dissatisfied, you're still resentful! That means you really are unworthy of being a Party member. And I doubt whether the door back will ever open to you!"

When Tanabai left the District Committee building he seemed calm. Too calm. And this was bad. It was the end of a warm, sunny day. People were walking and riding in all directions. Children were running around in the square near the clubhouse. Tanabai found it unbearable to look at them. He was disgusted with himself, too. He had to get back to the mountains, back home. Before anything else happened.

Gyulsary was tied up beside his horse at the hitching post. He was big and strong, he shifted his weight when Tanabai approached and his dark eyes were calm and trusting. He had forgotten how Tanabai had battered his head with a pitchfork. After all, he was a horse.

"Forgive me, Gyulsary," Tanabai whispered. "I'm in bad trouble. Very bad trouble," he sobbed, throwing his arms around the horse's neck, but controlled himself, ashamed to weep in front of all these passers-by.

He mounted his own horse and headed home.

Choro caught up with him beyond the Alexandrovka Rise. As soon as Tanabai heard the familiar cadence of the racing pacer behind him he scowled. He did not bother to glance back. A feeling of hurt darkened his Soul, darkened his eyes. Choro was now a different man from the one he used to know. Take today, for example. No sooner had Kashkatayev raised his voice at him than Choro had sat down as obediently as a schoolboy. Now what? People had faith in him, but he was afraid to speak the truth. He was cautious, he chose his words carefully. Who had taught him to be like that? While Tanabai was just an ignorant man, a plain hard worker, Choro was educated, he knew everything, he had held important jobs all his life. Couldn't Choro see that things were not as Segizbayev, Kashkatayev and all the others like them said they were? That their words were pretty on the outside, but false and empty inside? Whom was he fooling, and what for?

Tanabai did not even turn his head when Choro caught up with him and fell in step beside him, reining in the heated pacer.

I thought we'd start out together, Tanabai, he said, "but when I looked around, you were gone."

"What do you want?" Tanabai muttered, still not looking at him. "Go on your own way."

"I want to talk to you. Don't turn away, Tanabai. Let's talk like friends, like Communists," Choro began and bit his tongue.

"I'm no friend of yours, and certainly no Communist any more. And you haven't been a Communist for a long time, either. You just pretend you are."

"You can't mean that," Choro said in dismay.

"Well, I do. I haven't learned how to choose my words yet. I don't know how to say the right thing in the right place. This is where I turn off. Good-bye."

Tanabai turned his horse off the road and headed across the fields to the mountains,

never glancing back, never once having looked his friend in the eye.

He did not see Choro become deathly pale, stretch his hand out to stop him and then suddenly grab at his chest convulsively and fall onto the horse's neck, gasping for breath.

"Oh!" Choro moaned, writhing from the terrible pain in his heart. "Oh!" he groaned hoarsely, turning blue. "Take me home, Gyulsary, hurry!"

The pacer carried him swiftly across the dark, desolate steppe. The man's voice frightened him, for there was something terrifying, something ghastly in the sound of it. Gyulsary laid back his ears, snorting in terror as he raced along. The man in the saddle writhed in agony, his hands and teeth clenching the horse's mane. The reins hung loosely from the horse's neck.

20

Tanabai was still on his way back to the mountains that evening when a man on horseback galloped up and down the village streets, rousing all the dogs.

"Anybody home? Come on out!" he called, stopping by the houses. "There's a Party meeting at the farm office."

"What's the matter? What's the rush?"

"I don't know," the messenger replied. "Choro sent me. He said to hurry."

Meanwhile, Choro was at the farm office. He was bent over, his chest against the desk, gasping, his hand tunder his shirt pressed hard against his heart. He groaned with pain, and bit his lip. Cold sweat broke out on his face, which had turned a ghastly green, his eyes had sunk deep in the hollow sockets. His gaze would become blank for a few moments, and then it seemed to him that the pacer was still carrying him across the dark steppe. He wanted to call to Tanabai, but Tanabai, after uttering those scorching words in parting, would not even look back. Tanabai's words scorched his heart.

24

Choro had been half-carried into the office from the stable where he had rested a while on a pile of hay. The grooms had wanted to take him home but he refused. He had sent a man to summon all the village Communists and was now awaiting them anxiously.

The watchwoman had lit the lamp and left Choro alone in the office. She busied herself at the stove in the front room, looking in through the half-open door occasionally, sighing and shaking her head.

As Choro awaited his comrades, time trickled away in drops. With each passing second the time he had on this earth was running out in painful, bitter drops and only now did he discover its worth, after having lived so many years. He had not noticed the days and years slipping away, and before he knew it, they had disappeared in toil and cares.

Not everything had come out as he would have wanted it to. he had failed in many things. He had tried hard, he had struggled, but had retreated at times to by-pass a sharp corner, to take the easier road. And yet, he had not by-passed them all. The force he had always avoided clashing with now had him up against the wall and there was no retreat. The road was ending. Oh, if only he stopped to think sooner, if only he had forced himself to look life in the eye before this.

And time was slipping away in bitter, hollow drops. Where was everyone? Why was it taking them so long?

"I have to make it!" Fear gripped Choro's heart. "I have to tell them everything." He tried to hold back the life that was ebbing away with a silent, desperate cry. He hung on stubbornly, readying himself for the final battle. "I'll tell them everything. How it all happened. What they said at the Bureau meeting, how they expelled Tanabai. Let them know that I disagree with the District Committee's decision. Let them know I'm against Tanabai's expulsion. I'll tell them what I think about Aldanov. They can see what he has to say after I'm through. Let the Communists decide. I'll tell them all about myself, just what I am. And about the collective farm and the people. If only I make it. Where is everyone?"

The first to arrive was his wife with some medicine. She wailed and wept at the sight of him.

"Are you mad? Haven't you had enough of these meetings? Let's go home. Look at you. My God, can't you ever think about yourself!"

Choro refused to listen. He waved her away as he gulped down the medicine. His teeth chartered against the glass, the water spilled down his chest.

"It's all right, I'm better now," he uttered, trying to breathe evenly. "Wait for me there, you'll help me home later. Don't worry. Go on."

And when he heard people arriving outside, he sat tip straight, suppressed the pain and mustered his strength to fulfil what he considered to be his last duty.

"What happened? What's the matter with you, Choro?" they asked.

"Nothing. I'll tell you as soon as everyone's here."

And time was slipping away in bitter, hollow drops.

When all the Communists had gathered, Choro Sayakov, the Party organiser, rose, took off his hat and called the Party meeting to order.

Tanabai reached home late at night. Jaidar came out to meet him with a lantern. She had been waiting for him, straining her eyes to see him.

One glance was enough to tell her how bad things were. He unbridled the horse in silence and took off the saddle while she held the lantern, and he said nothing to her. "I wish he'd have gotten drunk in town, it might have eased his heart," she thought. Still he was silent, and this silence of his was frightening. She had good news for him. They had been given some fodder, straw, and barley flour. It had been warmer today, they had taken the lambs out to pasture and they had nibbled the grass.

"They've taken Bektai's flock. They sent a new shepherd for it," she said.

"To hell with Bektai and the flock, and your new shepherd."

"Are you very tired?"

"Tired? They've expelled me from the Party!"

"Don't shout, the women will hear you."

"Why shouldn't I shout? What's there to hide? They kicked me out like a dog, it's as simple as that. It serves me right. And it serves you right, too. We deserve worse than that. Well, what are you standing there for? What are you looking at me like that for?"

"Go lie down."

"I don't need you to tell me that."

Tanabai went into the shed. He looked over the sheep. Then he went to the fold, wandered about in the darkness a while and returned to the shed. He was restless. He refused to eat and refused to talk. He dropped onto the straw that was piled in a corner and lay there motionless. Life, its worries and cares had all lost their meaning. Nothing interested him now. He didn't want to live, he didn't want to think, he didn't want to see anything at all.

He tossed and turned, trying to fall asleep, to blot out his thoughts, but he could not run away from himself. He saw Bektai walking away again and the trail of black footprints in the white snow, and remembered how he could think of nothing to say to him; he could hear Segizbayev shouting again as he sat upon the pacer, the harsh words raining down upon him, and the threat to put him in jail, then he saw himself at the Bureau meeting, presented as a saboteur and an enemy of the people, and this marked the end of everything, the end of his life. And once again he wanted to grab the pitchfork and rush off shouting into the night, shouting for the whole world to hear, until he tumbled into a ravine and broke his neck.

As he dropped off to sleep he thought that it would be better to die than to go on living like this. Yes, it would be better to die.

He awoke with a heavy head. At first he did not know where he was or what had happened. Sheep were coughing nearby, lambs were bleating. That meant he was in the shed. Dawn was breaking. Why had he awakened? What for? He wished

he had never woke up. There was nothing for him but death. He would take his own life.

Later he drank handfuls of water from the stream. It was ice cold, there were thin slivers of crunchy ice in it. The water rushed out between his shaking fingers and he scooped more up and drank spilling it over himself. After a while he came to his senses and then realised the absolute stupidity of his intention to commit suicide, the stupidity of doing away with himself. How could he deprive himself of life that was given only once to man? Was Segizbayev and his like worth it? No. Tanabai would go on living, he would move mountains in his lifetime yet!

Returning to camp, he hid his gun and bandoleer and worked hard all day. He wished he could be more gentle towards his wife, his daughters and his helpers, but he restrained himself to keep the women from suspecting anything. They worked as always, as if nothing unusual had happened, as if everything was as it should be. Tanabai was grateful to them for that. He said nothing and kept on working. Later he went to the pasture and helped drive the flock home.

That evening the weather took a turn for the worse. It would either rain or snow. The mountains were lost in mist, the sky was heavy with clouds. Once again they would have to think of ways to protect the lambs from the cold. Once again they would have to clean the shed and spread clean straw to keep the animals from dying off. Tanabai looked grim, but he tried to forget what had happened and not lose heart.

It was dark when they heard a rider outside. Jaidar went out to greet him. They exchanged a few words. Tanabai was working in the shed.

"Come out for a minute," Jaidar called. "There's someone here to see you." The very tone of her voice told him it was bad news.

He came out and greeted the man. It was a shepherd from the neighbouring camp.

"Hello, Aitbai. Come on down. What brings you here?"

"I've just come from the village. I was there on business. They asked me to tell

you that Choro's very sick. They said you're to come."

"Choro again!" he thought. The hurt that had subsided blazed anew. He did not want to see him.

"What do you think I am, a doctor? He's always sick. I have enough to do here without worrying about him. And the weathr's changing again,"

"It's up to you, Tanabai. Do whatever you want to. I gave you the message. I'll be going. It's getting late. Good-bye."

Aitbai started off, then checked the horse.

"Think it over. He's really bad this time. They've called his son home from college. They've gone to meet him at the station."

"Thanks for giving me the message. But I'm not going."

"Yes, he is," Jaidar said, mortified by his words. "Don't worry, he'll be there."

Tanabai said nothing, but when Aitbai was gone he turned on his wife angrily.

"Stop talking for me. I know my own mind. if I said

I'm not going, it means I'm not going."

"Think of what you're saying!"

"There's nothing to think about. I've had enough. I've been thinking so much they finally kicked me out of the Party. I don't have a friend left. I don't want anyone to come and see me if I get sick. I can drop dead by myself!" He sliced the air angrily and headed towards the shed.

But he could not calm down. As he assisted the ewes to lamb, as he carried the lambs into the corner, cursing at the bleating sheep, shoving them aside, he kept mumbling:

"If he'd left his job long ago he wouldn't be so badly off now. He's been sick all his life, moaning and clutching at his chest, but he spent all his days in the saddle. Some chief. I never want to see you again after what's happened. I don't care if you mind or not, but I mind what you did to me. And nobody gives a damn."

It was night and snowing lightly. The silence was so complete one could hear the soft rustle of the snowflakes as they fell to the earth.

Tanabai stayed away from the tent, reluctant to face his wife, and she did not come over to him either. "Go on, stay there," he thought, "you won't make me go anyway. I don't care about anything any more. Choro's no friend of mine. He's gone his way, I'm going mine. We used to be friends, but not any more. And if I'm his friend, where was he all this time? Well, I don't care about anything any more."

In the end, Jaidar did approach him. She brought him his cape, his new boots, his belt and mittens and the hat he wore on special occasions

"Get dressed," she said.

"You're wasting your time. I'm not going anyplace."

"Don't *you* waste time. You don't want to be sorry all your life."

"I won't be sorry. And nothing's going to happen to him. He'll be up again soon. This isn't the first time, you know."

"I've never asked you to do anything for me, Tanabai. But I am now. Give me your hurt, give me your grief. Go. Don't be so hard-hearted."

"No." Tanabai shook his head stubbornly. "I'm not going. Nothing matters now. All you're thinking about is manners and duty. What will people say? But I don't care what they say any more."

"Please go, Tanabai. I'll have a look at the fire, I don't want the coals to fall on the felt."

She walked away, leaving him his clothing, but he did not move. He sat there in a corner, unable to overcome his own resistance, unable to forget what he had said to Choro. What was he supposed to do now, come up and say: "Hello, I've come to see how you're getting along. Is there anything I can do for you?" No, he could never do that, it was too unlike him.

"Haven't you dressed yet?" Jaidar said, returning.

"Stop nagging. I said I'm not going."

"Get up!" she shouted angrily. To his utter surprise he rose at her command like a soldier. She took a step towards him, and in the dim light of the lantern her eyes were full of torment and indignation. "If you're not a man, if you're not a human being, if you're nothing but a snivelling old woman, I'll go instead of you,

and you stay home and feel sorry for yourself! I'm leaving this minute. Go saddle the horse for me!"

He went off obediently to saddle the horse. It was snowing lightly. Darkness seemed to be circling silently in a slow merry-go-round, like water in a deep whirlpool. You couldn't see the mountains for the darkness. "Bother! How will she get there in the middle of the night?" he wondered anxiously as he threw the saddle over the horse's back in the darkness. "No use trying to talk her out of it. She'll never go back on her word, not for anything in the world. What if she loses her way? Well, she'll have no one to blame but herself."

As he saddled the horse he began to feel ashamed of himself. "I'm a dog, that's what I am. I've lost my senses after what happened. What am I parading my feelings around for, so everyone can see how miserable I am? What am I torturing Jaidar for? What's it got to do with her? I'll have to pay for it. I'm good for nothing. I'm a beast, that's what I am."

Tanabai hesitated. It was hard to go back on his word. He returned looking sullen, his eyes on the ground.

"Is it saddled?"

"Yes."

"Then get ready to go." Jaidar handed him his cape.

Tanabai began dressing in silence, pleased that his wife had taken the first step. Still, his pride made him say:

"Maybe I'd better start out tomorrow morning?"

"No, go now. You'll be too late tomorrow."

Night swirled over the mountains like water in a stream. Large flakes of the last spring snow settled softly on the ground. Tanabai rode on alone among the dark slopes, heeding to the call of the friend he had disowned. Snow clung to his head, his shoulders, his beard and his hands. He sat upright in the saddle, unmindful of the snow. It was easier for him to think if he did not move. His thoughts were of Choro, of all that had bound them together those long years when Choro first taught him to read and write, when they had joined the Komsomol

together and then joined the Party. He recalled the time they had worked on the canal. Choro had been the first to bring him the newspaper with his picture in it and an article about him. Choro had been the first to congratulate him, to shake his hand.

Tanabai's heart was softening, it was thawing out. Then a gnawing feeling of anxiety came over him. "How is he? Maybe he's really bad this time? They wouldn't have called his son home otherwise. Or maybe he just wants to tell me something? To talk things over?"

Dawn was breaking. The snow still circled in the air. Tanabai urged his horse on. The village would soon come into view in the valley beyond the hills. How was Choro? If only he were there already.

Then, in the stillness of the morning, a distant muffled voice reached him from the village. It had been a cry that had risen and suddenly stopped. Tanabai reined in his horse and turned his ear into the wind. All was quiet. He must have imagined it.

The horse carried him onto the rise. The streets of the village, deserted at this early hour, lay before him among the snow-white gardens and bare trees. There was not a soul in sight. Then he saw the black crowd outside one of the houses, with saddled horses standing under the trees. It was Choro's house. Why were there so many people outside? What had happened? Could it be....

Tanabai rose up in the stirrups, gulped a burning mouthful of icy air and stood stock-still. Then he spurred his horse on. "No! It can't be! It just can't be!" He felt as wretched as if he were personally responsible for what had probably happened down there. Choro, his only friend, had asked him to come for a last word before parting forever, but he had nursed his hurt feelings stubbornly. No name was base enough for him. Why hadn't his wife spat in his eyes? What is there in this world that deserves greater respect than a dying man's last wish?

Once again Tanabai recalled the road in the steppe and Choro overtaking him on the pacer. What had he said to him then? Could he ever forgive himself?

Tanabai rode along the snow-covered streets in a trance, bent under the weight of his guilt and shame. Suddenly he sighted a large group of men on horseback

beyond Choro's house. They were approaching in silence and then suddenly they all began to wail, swaying back and forth in their saddles:

"Oibai, baurymai! Oibai, baurymai!"

"The Kazakhs have come," Tanabai said to himself and he knew now there was no hope left. The neighbouring Kazakhs had come from beyond the river to mourn Choro as a brother, as a neighbour, as a man close to their hearts and known throughout the region. "Thank you, brothers," Tanabai thought. "We've always been together in sorrow and in joy, at our weddings and games, since the time of our fathers and grandfathers. Weep with us now!"

And then he, too, raised his voice in a heart-rending cry which echoed through the quiet village.

"Choro-o-o! Choro-o-o! Choro-o-o!"

He trotted on, swaying now to the left, now to the right, weeping for the friend that had departed this world.

Here was the house, here was Gyulsary, a black saddle-cloth on his back. The snow settled on the horse and melted. The pacer had lost his master. Thus was he to stand with an empty saddle.

Tanabai buried his face in his horse's mane, raised his head and fell against the horse again. All about were blurry faces and weeping. He did not hear someone say:

"Help Tanabai down. Take him to Choro's son."

Several hands reached up, helped him dismount and led him through the crowd.

"Forgive me, Choro, forgive me!" Tanabai wept.

In the yard, standing with his face to the wall of the house, was Choro's son, the student Samansur. He turned to Tanabai with tears in his eyes. They embraced and wept.

"Your father is no more, my Choro is no more! Forgive me, Choro, forgive

me!" Tanabai sobbed.

Then Tanabai saw her standing among the women nearby. It was Biubiujan. She gazed at him and tears ran down her cheeks. Sobs shook Tanabai.

He wept for all he had lost in life, for Choro, for his guilt, for the fact that he could never take back the words he had hurled at Choro on the road, he wept for her who now stood beside him like a stranger, for their love, for that stormy night, for her being alone in the world and getting older, he wept for his pacer Gyulsary standing by in mourning, for his hurts and suffering, for all he had kept pent up inside him.

"Forgive me, Choro, forgive me!" he repeated. It was as if he were asking her forgiveness, too.

He wished Biubiujan would come up to him and comfort him, but she did not. She simply stood there and wept.

Others consoled him.

"Come now, Tanabai. Tears won't help him now. Get hold of yourself."

But this only made things worse.

22

They buried Choro in the afternoon. The sun's hazy disc appeared faintly through the pale layers of overhanging clouds. Soft damp flakes of snow still circled in the air. The funeral procession was as a black, silent stream cutting across the white field. The stream seemed to have appeared from nowhere, and to be carving out its bed. At the head of the column a truck with lowered sides carried the deceased Choro, bound tightly in a white felt winding sheet. His wife, children and relatives sat beside him. Everyone else followed on horseback. Two men walked behind the truck: his son Samansur and Tanabai, who led his dead friend's horse, the pacer Gyulsary carrying an empty saddle.

The road beyond the village was covered by a blanket of soft snow. It appeared in the wake of the procession as a broad dark strip, churned up by the horses' hooves. It seemed to mark Choro's last journey. The road led to the cemetery on the hill. And here it ended for Choro forever.

As Tanabai led the pacer on he addressed him silently: "Well, Gyulsary, we've lost our Choro. He's dead. Why didn't you shout at me then, why didn't you stop me? Ah, God has not given you a tongue to speak with. But here I am, a man, and I'm unworthy of you, a horse. I left my friend in the middle of the road, I never looked back, I never realised what I was doing. I killed Choro, I killed him with my words."

All the way to the cemetery Tanabai begged Choro's forgiveness. When he and Samansur climbed down into the grave to place Choro's body to rest eternally in its earthen bed, he said: "Forgive me, Choro. Farewell. Do you hear me, Choro? Forgive me!"

First earth fell into the grave by the handful, then it poured down by the shovelful from all sides. It filled the grave and rose up in a fresh mound on the hill.

"Forgive me, Choro!"

After the funeral repast Samansur called Tanabai aside and said:

"There's something I must tell you, Tanabai."

They crossed the yard, away from the people, the smoking samovars and the campfires, out the back way to the orchard. They walked along the edge of the irrigation ditch and stopped beyond the village by a fallen tree. They sat down on the trunk and were silent, each lost in his own thoughts. "Such is life," Tanabai thought. "I remember Samansur as a boy, but look at him now. Grief has made him a man. He's taken Choro's place in the family. We're equals now. And that is how it should be. Sons take their fathers' places. Sons carry on the family name, they carry on their fathers' work. May he be worthy of his father. May he go farther still, rising above us in wisdom and knowledge, bringing happiness to himself and others. Yes, we are fathers and we bring forth sons, hoping they will be better than us. That is the meaning of it all."

"You're the eldest in the family, Samansur," Tanabai said, smoothing his beard as old men do. "You've taken Choro's place now, and I'll listen to what you say as I would have listened to Choro."

"There's something Father told me to tell you, Tanabai."

Tanabai started.

The son's way of speaking reflected the father's voice and intonation. He realised for the first time how greatly the boy resembled his father, the young Choro his son had never known but whom Tanabai had known and remembered well. Is that not why people say that a person does not die as long as others live who remember him.

"Yes, my son?"

"Father was still alive when I got home, Tanabai. I arrived last night, an hour before he died. he was conscious to the very end. He was waiting for you so. He kept asking: 'Where's Tanabai? Hasn't he come yet?' We kept saying you were on the way, that you'd be there any minute. He wanted to tell you something. And then it was too late."

"I know, Samansur. We had to see each other. It was very important. I'll never forgive myself. It's my fault. It was me who was too late."

"He asked me to tell you this. He said, 'My son, tell my Tanabai that I beg his forgiveness. Tell him not to be angry at me and ask him to take my Party card in to the District Committee. Tell Tanabai to hand in my Party card personally. Don't forget to tell him this.' Then he closed his eyes. He was in great pain. And he wept, but we couldn't make out what he was saying. And when he died he looked as if he were waiting for someone."

Tanabai was shaken by silent sobs. Choro was gone. Choro had carried off half of Tanabai, he had carried off part of his life.

"Thank you for telling me, Samansur. And thanks to your father, too," Tanabai finally uttered, gaining control of his emotions. "There's something that bothers me, though. You know I've been expelled from the Party, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I've been expelled, how can I take Choro's Party card in to the District Committee? I have no right to."

"I don't know, Tanabai. You'll have to decide. It's my duty to tell you Father's last wish. And I ask you to carry out his last wish."

"I want to, with all my heart. But this terrible thing has happened to me. Won't it be better if you take it in yourself, Samansur?"

"No. Father knew what he was doing. If he trusted you, why can't I? When you get to the District Committee, tell them it was the dying wish of my father, Choro Sayakov."

It was still dark the next morning when Tanabai left the village. Gyulsary, that grand pacer Gyulsary, reliable both in sorrow, and in joy, now cantered along, his hooves shattering the frozen lumps of clay on the rutted road. This time he carried Tanabai, on a mission for his dead friend, the Communist Choro Sayakov.

Dawn was slowly breaking far ahead, above the invisible edge of the earth. A new day was being born in dawn's womb. It was growing there, inside the grey haze.

Gyulsary was running towards the dawn, towards the lonely bright star that still shone on the horizon. The sharp tattoo of the pacer's even gait resounded on the deserted ringing road. Tanabai had not ridden him in a long time. As always, Gyulsary's pace was swift and reliable. The wind ripped at his mane, hitting the rider's face. Gyulsary was a grand horse, he was still in his prime.

On the way Tanabai kept wondering why Choro had chosen him of all people to carry out his last wish and take his Party card in to the District Committee, him, who had been expelled from the Party. What was the meaning of it? Was this a test? Or was this Choro's way of saying that he disagreed with Tanabai's expulsion from the Party? Tanabai would never know now, he would never find the answer. Choro would never speak again. What terrifying words these were: "Never again!" All words failed after that.

Once again memories rushed at him, once again all he had tried to forget, to

cast away forever, came back to life. So everything was not over, after all. He was carrying, he was conveying Choro's last wish. He would take the Party card in and tell them about him, about Choro, he'd tell them everything: the kind of person Choro was to everyone, the kind of person he was to Tanabai. And he'd tell them about himself, for Choro and he were inseparable, like two fingers of a hand.

Let the people know what they were like in their youth, let them know what their lives had been like. Perhaps then, they would realise that Tanabai did not deserve to be separated from Choro, either in life or in death. If they'd only listen to him, if they'd only let him have his say.

Tanabai visualised himself walking into the District Committee Secretary's office, putting Choro's Party card on his desk and telling him everything. He would admit his guilt, he would apologise, if only they let him rejoin the ranks, for life was unbearable outside the Party, for he could not imagine himself outside it.

But what if they asked him what right he, a man expelled from the Party, had to bring in a Party card? "You had no right to touch a Communist's Party card, you should never have undertaken this. Someone else could have brought it in," they'd say. But this had been Choro's last wish! He had said so in front of everyone before he died. His son Samansur would bear him out. "So what?" they'd say. "A dying man, delirious or half-conscious might say anything." What would he say then?

Meanwhile, Gyulsary trotted along the frozen, ringing road, across the steppe to the Alexandrovka Rise. The pacer had got Tanabai to town quickly. Before he knew it, they were there.

The office day had just begun at the district centre when Tanabai arrived. He stopped nowhere, but headed his sweating pacer towards the District Party Committee building, tied him up at the hitching post, brushed the dust from his clothes and entered, his heart pounding loudly. What would they say to him? How would they receive him? The corridors were empty. People on business from the villages had not yet arrived. Tanabai entered Kashkatayev's reception room.

"Good morning," he said to the secretary.

"Good morning."

"is Comrade Kashkatayev in?"

"Yes."

"I've come to see him. I'm a shepherd from the White Stones Collective Farm. My name is Bakasov," he said.

"Yes, I know you," she said with a strange smile.

"Would you tell him that Choro Sayakov, our Party organiser, died. He asked me on his death-bed to bring his Party card in. That's why I've come."

"All right. Wait a minute."

The secretary was gone but a few minutes, yet Tanabai was in agony as he waited impatiently for her to return.

"Comrade Kashkatayev is busy," she said, closing the door firmly behind her. "He said you're to hand Sayakov's card in at the Registration Office. It's along the hall on the right."

"The Registration Office ... along the hall on the right." What could it mean? Tanabai was confused. It all came to him in a flash, like a crushing blow. Was it possible? Was it all that simple? And here he had thought....

"I have to see him. Would you please tell him? There's something very important I have to see him about."

She seemed uncertain, then went back into the inner office. She came out and repeated:

"He's very busy." And then she added with a note of sympathy, "There's nothing more to discuss." And still more softly. "He won't see you. It's no use waiting."

Tanabai walked down the hall and turned right. A sign on a door read "Registration Office". There was a window cut in the door. He knocked. The window opened.

"Yes?"

"I've come to hand in a Party card. Our Party organiser, Choro Sayakov, died. I'm from the White Stones Collective Farm."

The clerk waited patiently while Tanabai pulled the leather pouch from under

his jacket, the very one on the strap in which he had carried his own Party card until so recently and in which he had now brought Choro's Party card. He handed the card in at the window. "Farewell, Choro!"

He watched her enter the number of Choro's card in a ledger, then Choro's name and the year he had joined the Party. It was the last remembrance of him. Then she asked him to sign the ledger.

"Is that all?" Tanabai asked.

"Yes."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye." The window slammed shut.

Tanabai went out. He began untying the pacer.

"That's all, Gyulsary," he said to the horse. "That's it."

And the tireless pacer carried him back to the village. The boundless spring steppe rushed towards them with the wind, to the pounding of the horse's hooves. Tanabai's aching heart was soothed by the swiftness of his pace.

That very evening Tanabai returned to his camp in the mountains.

His wife met him in silence. She took the reins. She helped her husband dismount.

Tanabai turned to her, embraced her and buried his head on her shoulder. She embraced him and wept.

"We buried Choro. He's no more. I've lost my friend, Jaidar!" Tanabai said and once again gave vent to his tears.

Later he sat in silence on a large stone outside the tent.

He wanted to be alone, he wanted to watch the moon rising, appearing slowly from beyond the jagged crest of the white mountain range. His wife was putting the girls to bed inside. He could hear the fire cracking in the hearth. Then the humming string of her *temir-komuz* began its heart-rending song. It was as if the wind were howling anxiously, as if a man were running across a field weeping, singing his plaintive song, while all else was silence, waiting with bated breath,

while all was soundless, and only the lonely voice of human sorrow and grief kept running on. It was as if it ran on, not knowing where to find shelter for its grief or how to find consolation in the silence and wilderness, and not a soul called out to him. And so it wept and harkened to its own grief. Tanabai knew his wife was playing "The Old Hunter's Song" for him.

...In times long past an old man had a son, a brave young hunter. The father had taught his son the difficult skills of hunting. And the son had surpassed him.

He never missed. No living creature could escape his sure and lethal shot. He killed off all the game in the nearby mountains. He had no mercy for pregnant dams, he had no mercy for the newborn. He killed off the herd of Grey Goat, mother of all goats. None remained save old Grey Goat and old Grey Billy Goat. She begged the young hunter to spare old Billy Goat so that they might multiply. But he did not heed her words, he felled the great Billy Goat with a single shot. Billy Goat tumbled over the edge of the cliff. Then Grey Goat began to moan, she turned sideways to the hunter and said: "Shoot at my heart, I will not move. But you will miss and it will be your last shot!" The young hunter laughed at the words of the mad old Grey Goat. He took aim. He fired. But Grey Goat did not fall. The bullet had only grazed her foreleg. The hunter was startled, nothing of the kind had ever happened before. "See?" Grey Goat said to him. "Now try to catch me, lame as I am!" The young hunter laughed. "Fine! Try to run away from me. But if I catch you, don't expect any mercy. I'll slit your old throat for bragging!"

And so lame old Grey Goat ran off, with the hunter close behind. The chase continued for many a day and many a night, over cliffs and across gorges, through the snow and over the rocks. But he could not catch Grey Goat. The hunter had cast away his rifle, his clothing hung in tatters. He did not realise that Grey Goat had led him to the sheer cliffs from which there was no escape, up or down. This was where Grey Goat left him. And this is the curse she put on him before she left: "You shall never leave here, and no one can rescue you. May your father weep for you as I weep for my murdered children, for my vanished herd, may your father howl here, alone among the cliffs, alone among the cold mountains as I, old Grey

Goat, mother of all goats, howl. I curse you, Karagul, I curse you. And Grey Goat ran away weeping, jumping from rock to rock, from mountain to mountain.

The young hunter remained there on a narrow ledge at a dizzying height, his face pressed against the cliff, afraid to look around, unable to step up or down, left or right. He could see neither the sky nor the earth.

Meanwhile, his father searched everywhere for him, he climbed every mountain. When he found his son's rifle on a path he knew that an accident had befallen his son. He ran along the deep gorges, through the dark crevices. "Where are you, Karagul? Karagul, answer me!" In reply the stony mountains rumbled in stony laughter, flinging his own words back at him: "Where are you, Karagul? Answer me!"

"Here I am, Father!" he suddenly heard a voice calling to him from above.

The old man looked up and saw his son on a high, sheer cliff standing like a baby crow at the edge of the precipice. He stood there, his back to the world, unable to turn round.

"How did you get there, my unhappy son?" his father asked anxiously.

"Don't ask, Father. I am here as a punishment for my sins. Old Grey Goat led me here and put a terrible curse on me. I've been standing here for many a day and cannot see the sun, or the sky, or the earth. And I will never see your face, Father. Have pity on me, Father. Kill me. Relieve me of my suffering, I beg of you. Kill me and bury me."

What could the father do? He wept, he rushed about, and all the while his son kept pleading. "Hurry, kill me.

"Shoot, father! Have pity on me. Shoot!" The father had not the heart to do it. Finally, just before the sun went down, he took aim and fired. Then he broke his rifle on the rocks and sang a song of mourning over his son's dead body.

I have killed you, my son Karagul.

I am all alone in the world now, my son Karagul.

Fate has punished me, my son Karagul.

Fate has smitten me, my son Karagul.

*Why did I teach you, my son Karagul,
The hunters' trade, my son Karagul.
Why did you kill, my son Karagul,
All the game, every living thing, my son Karagul.
Why have you destroyed, my son Karagul,
All that was to live and multiply, my son Karagul.
I am all alone in the world now, my son Karagul.
No one weeps with me, my son Karagul,
In my sorrow, my son Karagul.
I have killed you, my son Karagul,
I have killed you with my own hands, my son*

Karagul....

Tanabai sat outside the tent, listening to the ancient Kirghiz lament, watching the moon rise slowly over the dark and silent mountains, then hang suspended over the jagged, snow-capped peaks and the towering cliffs. And once again he begged his dead friend for forgiveness.

Inside the tent Jaidar still played the lament for the great hunter Karagul:

*I have killed you, my son Karagul.
I am all alone in the world now, my son Karagul.*

23

It would soon be dawn. As old Tanabai sat by the fire by the head of his dying pacer he recalled all that followed.

No one knew that he had gone to the regional centre soon after. It was his last

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attempt. He wanted to see the Secretary of the Regional Committee. He had heard him speak at that conference at the district centre and he wanted to tell him about his trouble. He believed that this man would understand him and help him. Choro had spoken well of him, and others had praised him, too. It was not until he arrived at the Regional Committee, however, that he discovered the Secretary had been transferred to another region.

"Didn't you know?"

"No."

"Well, if it's very important I'll speak to our new Secretary, perhaps he'll be able to see you," the secretary in the reception room said.

"No, thank you. It's a personal matter. You see, I knew him and he knew me. I would never have bothered him otherwise. Thank you, anyway. Good-bye." He left the building, sincerely believing that he had known the former Secretary well and that the man had also known him, the shepherd Tanabai Bakasov. And why not? They might have known and respected each other, he did not doubt it, that is why he said what he did.

Tanabai walked down the street towards the bus stop. Two men were loading empty beer barrels on a truck outside a beer stall. One was standing in the truck. The one on the ground who was rolling a barrel up a board turned by chance, looked at Tanabai as he passed, and froze. It was Bektai. He balanced the barrel on the inclined board as his narrow wild-cat eyes stared with hatred, waiting to see what Tanabai would say.

"What's the matter, are you sleeping?" the man in the truck said irritably.

The barrel was rolling down, Bektai tried to steady it, holding it back with an effort, his eyes never leaving Tanabai. But Tanabai did not greet him. "So this is where you are. Some place. No doubt about it. Right close up to the beer," Tanabai thought as he continued on his way. "The boy'll come to no good here," he then thought, slackening his step. "He could have been a fine man. What if I have a talk with him?" And he wanted to turn back, he was sorry for Bektai, he was ready to forgive him everything if only he came to his senses. However, he did not turn. He

realised that if Bektai knew he had been expelled from the Party there would be no real conversation. Tanabai did not want to give this sharp-tongued youth a chance to deride him, his life, the cause to which he remained faithful. No, he did not turn back.

He picked up a ride home on a truck and kept thinking of Bektai. He could not forget how the boy had tried to steady the slipping barrel, staring at him expectantly.

Later, when the collective farm took Bektai to court,

Tanabai was a witness. All he said, however, was that Bektai had abandoned his flock and gone off. He did not want to say anything else. He so wanted Bektai to realise he had been wrong and repent. But Bektai had no intention of repenting.

"When you're out, come over to my place. We'll see what we can do about the future," Tanabai said to him. Bektai did not even answer. He never raised his eyes. Tanabai walked off. He had lost his self-confidence since he had been expelled from the Party, he was forever feeling guilty. He had become timid. He never thought things would come to this. No one threw anything up to him, still, he avoided people, he avoided conversation and kept to himself.

The pacer Gyulsary lay motionlessly by the campfire, his head on the ground. Life was slowly leaving his body. Something was gurgling and wheezing in his throat, his eyes widened and dimmed as he stared unblinkingly at the flames, his legs, straight as poles, were becoming stiff.

Tanabai was bidding his pacer farewell, it was the last time he would be talking to him. "You were a great stallion, Gyulsary. You were my friend, Gyulsary. When you go you will carry away the best years of my life, Gyulsary. I will never forget you, Gyulsary. You're still alive now, but I'm thinking of you as

of one dead already, because you are dying, my wonderful horse Gyulsary. Some day we'll meet in the hereafter. But I won't hear the sound of your hoofbeats. There are no roads there, no earth, no grass, there is no life there. But as long as I live you will never die, because I will always remember you, Gyulsary. To me the sound of your pacing gait will always be the song I love best."

Such were old Tanabai's thoughts. He was sad, for time had sped by like a cantering pacer, they had both become old so quickly. Perhaps it was too soon for Tanabai to think of himself as an old man. And yet, it is not the weight of his years that makes a man old quite as much as the realisation that he is old, that his time has passed, that he is living out his days.

Now, on this night, as his pacer lay dying, Tanabai looked back once again, more keenly, more intently at the past, regretting that he had yielded to old age so soon, that he had not followed the advice of the man who had not forgotten about him after all, who had discovered his whereabouts and had come to see him.

It had happened seven years after he was expelled from the Party. At the time Tanabai was the warden in charge of the collective farm's holdings in Sarygou Gorge where he lived in a cottage with his wife Jaidar. First his daughters left for school, then they married. His son, who had graduated from a technical school, was working in the district centre and had a family of his own.

One day in summer Tanabai was mowing the grass along the river bank. It was a fine day for mowing, hot and bright. It was very still in the gorge. Cicadas were chirruping. Tanabai, wearing his shirt over his wide, white, old man's trousers, followed the ringing scythe, cutting down a thick, close mane of grass with each swinging movement. His work gave him infinite pleasure. He did not notice a jeep pull up nearby, two men get out and head towards him.

"Hello, Tanabai! Allah be with you!" The voice was but a few feet away. He looked round and saw Ibraim. He was still the same: quick in his movements, round-cheeked and round-bellied. "See, we've found you after all, Tanabai," he continued, grinning from ear to ear. "The District Committee Secretary himself has come to see you."

"You old fox!" Tanabai thought with grudging admiration. "You always land on your feet. Look at you bowing and scraping. Aren't you the kindest soul, ready to do anyone a favour. And to serve anyone!"

"Hello," Tanabai said, shaking their hands.

"Don't You recognise me, *aksakal*?" the man who had come up with Ibraim asked warmly, still holding Tanabai's hand in his firm grip.

Tanabai could not place him. "I know I've seen him before," he thought. The man seemed very familiar, yet he must have changed markedly. He was young, healthy, sunburned, with a frank and confident gaze, dressed in a grey linen suit and a straw hat. "Must be a city fellow, Tanabai decided.

"Why, it's Comrade... ." Ibraim began, but Tanabai interrupted him.

"Wait, I know myself," and he chuckled inwardly. "I recognise you, my son. How could I mistake you! Hello again. I'm glad to see you."

It was Kerimbekov. The former Komsomol Secretary who had boldly defended Tanabai at that memorable Bureau meeting when Tanabai had been expelled from the Party.

"Well then, since you've recognised me, I'd like to talk to you, Tanabai. Let's walk along the bank here. You can do some mowing for him meanwhile," Kerimbekov suggested, addressing Ibraim.

Ibraim, eager to please, began unbuttoning his jacket hastily.

"Why, certainly. With pleasure, Comrade Kerimbekov." Tanabai and Kerimbekov crossed the meadow and sat down on some stones by the river.

"You've probably guessed why I'm here, Tanabai," Kerimbekov said. "You look as strong as ever, and if you're mowing, it means you're in good health. I'm glad you are."

"Yes. And I'm happy for you, my son."

"Well, to make a long story short, you know that much has changed. Many things have been put in order. You know that as well as I do."

"I do. It's true enough. I can see that on our own farm. Things seem to have picked up. Sometimes I can't believe it. I was down at Five Trees Valley a while

ago, that's where I had such a hard time the year I was a shepherd. I envied them. There's a new shed. A good one, with it a slate roof. It'll take five hundred head easy. There's a house there for the shepherd and his family. And a barn and stable next to it. Not at all like it used to be. And it's the same at the other winter camps, too. And the people in the village are putting up new houses. Every time I go down there's a new house some place. I only hope it keeps up."

"It's up to us to see that it does. A lot of things still need changing. But we'll get to them. And now, as to what brought me here. Come back to the Party, Tanabai. We'll review your case. We spoke of it at a recent Bureau meeting. As they say better late than never."

Tanabai said nothing. He was confused. He was both happy and bitter. The past returned, his hurt was very deep. He did not want to stir up those memories, he did not want to think of the past.

"Thank you, that's very kind of you," he said. "Thank you for remembering an old man." He paused, then spoke his heart: "I'm too old now. What good can I be to the Party? What can I do for it? I'm no good for anything much any more. My time has passed. Don't take offence. Let me think it over."

For a long while after Tanabai could not make up his mind. He kept putting it off, telling himself he'd go tomorrow, or the day after, while time kept slipping by. He had become sluggish.

One day he actually made up his mind to go, saddled his horse and set out, but turned back after he had gone half-way. Why? He knew it was his own foolishness that had made him turn back. He told himself he was a fool, a baby. He realised it all, but could not do a thing about it.

He had seen a pacer raising a trail of dust in the steppe. He recognised Gyulsary immediately. He rarely saw him nowadays. The pacer was chalking a white trail across the dry steppe of summer. As Tanabai watched him from afar his face darkened. The dust raised by the pacer's hooves never used to catch up with the horse. He had always raced onward like a swift, dark bird, leaving a long billowing trail of dust behind him. Now the dust engulfed him. He would surge

ahead, but a moment later the clouds of dust he himself was raising enveloped him. He could not break away. It could only, mean he had aged, had got weak and was giving in. "You're in a bad way, Gyulsary," thought Tanabai watching him with a heavy heart.

He imagined how hard it was for the horse, choking as he was on the dust, with the angry, rider whipping him on. He could see the pacer's confused eyes, he sensed how frantically he was straining to break away from the billowing dust, yet could not. And though the rider could not possibly have heard Tanabai, for the distance between them was too great, he shouted: "Stop! Don't ride him so hard!" and set out at a gallop to intercept him.

But he stopped before he ever reached them. If the man understood him, fine, but what if he did not? What if he'd say: "What damn business is it of yours? And who are you to teach me? I'll ride him as I see fit. Get out of my way, you old fool!"

Meanwhile, the pacer was getting farther away, his gait uneven and laboured, disappearing, then reappearing from the dust cloud. Tanabai watched him for many long minutes. Then he turned his horse and headed back. "We're through running, Gyulsary," he said. "We've gotten old. Who needs us now, the way we are? I'm no runner any more, either. All that's left to us now, Gyulsary, is to live out the rest of our days."

A year later Tanabai saw the pacer harnessed to a wagon, and it wrung his heart again. He could not look at the old racing horse gone to seed, whose lot it was now to wear a moth-eaten collar and pull a wretched cart. Tanabai turned away, he could not bear the sight.

He saw the pacer once again after that. A boy of about seven, dressed in shorts and a torn undershirt, was riding him down the street. His bare heels spurred the horse on, he was so proud and excited to be riding a horse all by himself. It was probably his first ride, and that is why he had been given the gentlest, slowest nag, the former pacer Gyulsary.

Look at me, Grandpa!" the child shouted triumphantly. "I'm a general! I'm

going across the river now!"

"That's fine. I'll watch you. Go on!" Tanabai said encouragingly.

The boy rode boldly into the river, slapping the reins, but as the horse was clambering up the far bank he lost his seat and slipped in.

"Mamma!" he cried, wet and frightened.

Tanabai fished him out and carried him towards the horse. Gyulsary was waiting patiently on the path, holding now one leg now the other suspended in the air. "His bones ache," Tanabai thought. "He's really sick." He set the boy on the old pacer.

"Off you go, and don't fall again.

Gyulsary wandered slowly down the road.

And now, for the very last time, after the pacer had been returned to Tanabai and after he had seemed to have put him back on his feet again. now, for the very last time, Gyulsary had taken him to town and was now dying on the roadside.

Tanabai had been visiting his son and daughter-in-law, who had just had a son, their second child. He had brought them a gift of a lamb, a sack of potatoes and home-made bread and other goodies Jaidar had prepared. Jaidar had not come along, saying she was ill. Though she never spoke about it, she did not like her daughter-in-law. Their son was a weakling, and the wife he had chosen was hard and despotic. She stayed at home, ruling her husband with an iron hand. There are people who think nothing of hurting or insulting others just to get the upper hand, just to show who's the boss.

This was the case now. His son was to have been promoted but was by-passed for the job and another man got it. Now she flew at her innocent old father-in-law.

"What was the use of your joining the Party if you never got above being a shepherd or herdsman? They kicked you out in the end anyway, and now your son can't get ahead because of you. He'll spend his whole life in his job now. You live up there in the mountains. You don't care, but we have to suffer because of you."

And so on, and so forth.

Tanabai was sorry he had come. He tried to calm her by saying uncertainly:

"Well, if that's how it is, maybe I'll ask them to let me join the Party again."

"As if anyone wants you! Do you think they're sitting around waiting for you? That they can't do without an old wreck?" she said scornfully.

If it were anyone else and not his daughter-in-law, the wife of his own son, Tanabai would not have stood for it. But there's nothing you can do about your own kin, good or bad. The old man said nothing, he did not argue, he did not say that it was not he who was keeping her husband down, but it was because his son was worthless, and the wife he had chosen as the kind of woman any man in his right senses would run away from. The old saying was very true: "A good wife will make a middling husband of a bad one, a good husband of a middling one, and will bring glory to a good one." But the old man did not want to shame his son in front of his wife. Let them go on thinking he was to blame.

That is why Tanabai was in such a hurry to leave. He could not bear staying with them.

"What a fool you are!" he scolded his daughter-in-law as he sat by the campfire now. "Where do people like you come from? You've neither honour nor respect, nor a kind word for anyone. All you think about is yourselves. You judge everyone else by yourselves. But you won't have it your way. They still need me. I can still be of use."

25

Morning was upon them. The mountains rose above the earth, the steppe was coming into view, stretching away into the distance. The ashes of the dead fire at the edge of the ravine barely smouldered. A grey-haired man stood beside it, his coat thrown over his shoulders. There was no need to cover the pacer with it now. Gyulsary was in the next world, running with Allah's herd.

Tanabai looked at the dead horse and could not believe it was his Gyulsary. He

lay there on his side with his head thrown back in a last convulsion. There were deep ridges on his cheeks left by the bridle. His legs were stiff, extended, the shoes were worn thin on his cracked hooves. Never again would they carry him anywheres, never again would they leave their marks on the roads.

It was time for him to go. He bent over the horse for the very last time. closed his cold lids, picked up the bridle and walked off without a backward glance.

He was crossing the steppe to the mountains. And as he walked he picked up his unhappy trend of thought. He was thinking that old age was upon him, that his days were numbered now. He did not want to die as a lonely bird that has dropped behind its swift-winged flock. He wanted to die on the wing, he wanted those with whom he had shared the nest and life to circle over him, to hear their farewell cries.

"I'll write to Samansur," Tanabai decided. "I'll write and say: 'Do you remember the pacer Gyulsary? You must remember him. I rode him when I took your father's Party card to the District Party Committee. You were the one who sent me on that mission. Well, I was returning home from town last night and my fine pacer died on the way. I sat by him all through the night, I had time to review my whole life. Soon my time may come, and I will die along the way like the pacer Gyulsary. My son Samansur, you must help me return to the Party. I have not long to go. I want to be as I was always. I know now that there was a reason why your father Choro's last wish was for me to take his Party card in to the District Party Committee. You're his son and you know old Tanabai Bakasov well.' "

Tanabai walked through the steppe bridle slung over his shoulder. Tears ran down his checks, wetting his beard. He did not wipe them away. He was weeping for the pacer Gyulsary. The old man looked at the new morning through his tears, at the lonely grey goose flying swiftly over the foothills. The goose was hurrying, it was catching up with the flock.

"Hurry! Catch up with your kin before your wings give out," Tanabai whispered. Then he sighed and said, "Farewell, Gyulsary!"

As he walked along an ancient, haunting melody came to his ears.

...The mother camel roamed for many days, searching for her baby, calling to him. Where are you, my dark-eyed baby? Answer me! The milk runs from her udder, from her overflowing udder, trickling down her legs. Where are you? Answer me! The milk runs from her udder, her overflowing udder. Her pure-white milk....

1966

THE SKEWBALD DOG, RUNNING SEA EDGE

Pitch-dark(impenetrable), immemorial, unrestrained struggle of two elements went the sated flying moisture and a cold of seaside night, on all extent of Ohotsky coast, on all front of a land and the sea - the land interfered with sea movement, the sea did not get tired to attack a land.

The sea in darkness hooted and toiled, running and hurting on rocks. Hoarsely crashed, reflecting sea blows, the stone-firm earth.

And here so they in an antagonism from creation - since day was conceived in the afternoon, and night was conceived at night, and henceforth to be to that, all the days long and all the night long, while the earth and water stay in never-ending time.

All the days long and all the night long...

One more night proceeded. Night is on the eve of going out to the sea. He did not sleep at that night. The first time in his life he did not sleep, the first time in a life he has experienced an insomnia. He really desired, that day has come somewhat quicker to rush in the sea. He also heard, lying on seal's skin as hardly audible shook the earth under him from blows of the sea toiled and as roared and toiled waves in a gulf. He did not sleep, listening attentively in night...

And after all once all was differently. Now such it is impossible even to imagine, now anybody the nobility does not know about it, does not guess even, that not be in that ancient time of a duck the Louvre, the world could be arranged

absolutely in another way - the land would not resist to water, and water would not resist more chilly. After all right at the beginning - at first origin (start, source) - the earths were not in the nature at all, even specks of dust. Water, only water around was stretched. Water has arisen from itself, in whirl - in black chasms, in immense gulfs. And waves on waves also slid, waves extensively spread outside that light: from anywhere to anywhere.

And the duck the Louvre, that, ordinary wild duck, that is carried by to this day in flights over our heads, the only one flied to that time over the world, and there was no place it to take down egg. In whole light there was nothing, except water, even thin reed was not, that a nest to make.

The duck the Louvre flied with shouting - it was afraid, will not keep, was afraid, will drop egg in abyss bottomless. And wherever the duck Louvre went wherever she flied - everywhere and far and wide lapped under wave wings, great Water - water without coast, without the beginning, endlessly around laid. The duck the Louvre has got exhausted, was convinced: in whole light there was no place where to arrange a nest.

And then the duck Louvre sat on the water, has picked at random feathers from the breast and has built a nest. Here from that nest floating the earth also has started to be formed. The earth little by little expanded, the earth creatures was little by little occupied by the different. And the person of all has surpassed among them - was accustomed on Shegu to ski, on water to float by a boat. It began to extract an animal, it began to catch fish, that fed also a sort multiplied the.

Yes if only the duck knew the Louvre as it becomes difficult in this world with occurrence repeat among a continuous kingdom of water. After all since there was an earth, the sea cannot calm down; since then fight the sea against a land, a land against the sea. And sometimes it is necessary the person very hardly between them - between a land and the sea, between the sea and a land. Sea does not love him that he is more adhered to the earth...

Morning came nearer. One more night left, one more day arose. In a brightening grayish twilight gradually appeared, as a lip of a deer in a grey cloud of breath,

storming contact of the sea with coast. The sea breathed. On all boiling contact of a land and the sea cold steam of a flying drizzle, and at all coast curled, on all his extent there was a persistent roar of surf.

Waves persisted on it: a wave behind a wave mighty ran up land storm upwards on the cold And to a rigid ice crust washed sand, upwards through brown, slimy blockages of stones, upwards-how many forces and scope sufficed, and a wave behind a wave died away, as an exhalation, on last line of splash, leaving on itself momentary foam by the way a rotten smell of the shaken up seaweed.

From time to time together with surf were swept on coast fragments of the ice floes goodness knows where from brought by spring movement of ocean. Crazy ice floes, threw out on sand, turned at once to ridiculous helpless pieces of the frozen together sea. The subsequent waves quickly came back and carried away them back, in the elements.

The haze has disappeared. Morning was more and more poured by light. Earth outlines gradually appeared, the sea gradually cleared up.

The waves disturbed by a night wind, still (.....) at the bank white running ridges, but in depth, in a lost distance the sea already was pacified, calmed down, свинцово gleaming in that party a heavy ripple.

Clouds from the sea crept away, moving more close to coastal hills.

In this place, near a bay of the Skewbald dog, the most perceptible hill-rock towered on mountainous peninsula, obliquely acting in the sea, indeed reminding have published the huge skewbald dog running on the affairs by edge of the sea. Became overgrown from sides by tufted (ragged) shrubby diverse forest and keeping till the most hot summer a white stain of snow on a head as the big hanging down ear, and still the big white stain in a groin in the shaded hollow, the hill the Skewbald dog always far was seen around - both from the sea and from wood.

From here, from a bay of the Skewbald dog, in the morning, when the sun has risen in height on two poplars, has sailed away in the sea нивхский a kayak. In a boat was three hunters and with them the boy. Two men that is younger and

stronger, rowing in four oars. On a forage, correcting a wheel, the senior from them, sedately sucking at a wooden tube, - brown-faced, thin, Adam's apple old man, very wrinkled - especially a neck sat, all cut up by deep folds, and hands were a match - large, knobby in the joints, covered hems and cracks. It is already grey-haired. It is almost white. On the brown person grey-haired eyebrows were very much allocated. The old man habitually screwed up running, reddish eyes: all life after all it was necessary to look at the water smooth surface reflecting solar beams, - and, he seemed blindly directed a boat course on a gulf. And on other end of a kayak, having settled down, as sandpiper, on nose, continually for a moment glancing at adults, with great work kept himself on a place less to turn not to cause displeasure of the gloomy elder, the black-eyed boy of eleven-years-old.

The boy has been excited. From excitation his nostrils were inflated elastic, and on his face the latent freckles appeared. He has it from mother - she has too when she rejoiced so much there were on her face such latent freckles. To the boy was to worry paternal. This leaving in the sea intended to him, his communion with the hunting business. And consequently Кириск twisted a head on the parties as кулик, looked everywhere with not decreasing interest and impatience. For the first time during lives went Кириск to the high sea with the present hunters, on the present, big extraction, in the big patrimonial kayak. The boy was anxious to half-rise from a place, to hasten oarsmen, desired to get the paddle in the water, work harder on his forces, to sail faster to the islands where was coming the big hunting for a sea animal. But such childish desires could seem to serious people are ridiculous. Being afraid of it, he tried not to give out himself in every way. But it was not absolutely possible. It was difficult to hide his happiness - the hot flush distinctly appeared on swarthy strong cheeks. And the main thing, the shining, pure, spiritualized eyes boyish, could not conceal pleasure and pride, overflowing his exulting soul. Ahead the sea, ahead the big hunting!!!

The old man Organ understood him. Looking after screwed his eye a direction on the sea, he noticed also boy's mood fidgeting from impatience. The old man get warm eyes - oh, childhood, childhood, - but a smile in corners of the sunk down

mouth suppressed in time by strengthened suction of semiquenched away tube. It was impossible to open a smile. The boy was with them in a boat not for the sake of entertainments. It should begin a life of the sea hunter. To start to terminate it sometime in the sea, - such is destiny of the sea getter for is not present on light of more difficult and dangerous business, rather than hunting in the sea. And to get used it is required from one's childhood. Former people used to say to that: «Mind from the sky, skill from the childhood». And still used to say: «The bad getter - burden of a sort». Here also leaves: to be the bread-winner (supporter), the man should comprehend his craft since early-years. Such turn and Кирикю has come, it was time to train the boy, to accustom him to the sea.

Everybody knew about it, all settlement of Fish-woman's clan at a hill of the Skewbald dog knew, that the today's leaving to swimming was undertaken for the sake of him, Кирика, the future getter and the bread-winner (supporter). So it is got: everyone, who is born the man, is obliged to fraternize with the sea from the early childhood that is the sea knew him and he respected the sea. Therefore the elder of a clan the old man Organ and two best hunters - the boy's father Emrajin and father's cousin Mylgun went to swimming, obeying a treasured debt of seniors before younger, this time before him, the boy Ki-risk to which it was coming henceforth and to pursue for ever by the sea, henceforth and for ever, and in days good lucks and failures.

Let him, Кирик, now the boy, let still milk parent on lips, also is not known, whether there is a sense him but who undertakes to tell, may be, when they will depart from affairs, turning (transforming) into ailing aged men, just him, Кирик will be the bread-winner and a sort support. So it is necessary to be, so it and goes in generations, from a knee to a knee. On that the life costs.

But nobody will tell about it aloud. The person thinks about it oneself, and speaks about it seldom. Because there, at coast of the Skewbald dog, anybody from people of Fish-woman has not given special value to this event-first going out of Кирика on extraction. On the contrary, fellow tribesmen have tried not to notice

at all as he left in the sea together with the big hunters. They would not take seriously this invention.

Only mother saw him off, and that, not having told aloud words about forthcoming swimming and not having reached to bay, have said goodbye. «Well, go to wood!» - she has deliberately distinctly told to the son, thus not looking on the sea, and looking towards wood: «Look, that fire wood was dry, and do not lose the way in wood himself!» She spoke this to confuse traces, protect the son from кинров - from evil ghosts. And about the father mother has not uttered words. The father would not be exact Эмрайин, is exact not with father Кириск went to the sea, and with casual (random) people. She held back again that's why кинры have not visited, that Эмрайин and Кириск - the father with the son. Evil ghosts hate fathers and sons, when they are together on hunting. They can ruin one of them to take away the force and will from another, that has sworn one of them with grief not to go to the sea, not to enter wood. Such they, insidious кинры, only look out, only wait a case what harm to make to people.

Кириск is not afraid of malicious кинров, he is not already small. And mother is afraid, especially for him fears. You, speak, still small. To confuse you, to ruin very simply. And that the truth! Oh, these evil ghosts, how many they bring troubles in the early childhood - different illnesses or harm what will send, will cripple the child that the hunter did not leave it. And whom such person is necessary at that time! Therefore it is very important to be careful of evil ghosts, especially in the early childhood, while one has not grown up. And when the person will rise to the feet, when becomes by oneself then any кинры are not terrible. Then they do not control, they are afraid of strong people.

In this way and mother to the son have said goodbye. Mother has stood silently, having concealed in that silence and fear, and entreaty, and hope, then has gone back, not having looked back never aside exhausting, not having mentioned a word about the father, like she and really did not know, where her husband went with the son, and after all the day before she collected them in a way, she prepared meal with a stock - for three days of swimming, and now has pretended to be

knowing nothing so she was afraid for the son. She was so afraid, that she has given out nothing her alarm that evil ghosts have not guessed how she fears at heart.

Mother has left, not reaching to a bay, and the son, winding on bushes, confusing a trace, disappearing from hidden кинров, as well as punished mother, - he would not like (desire) to afflict her in such day, - he was started to catch up the men who have left far forward.

CHAPTER II. The Principles of Semantic Identification of Lexical and Phraseological Units during the Translation of Belles-letter Words from Russian into English

2.1. Theoretical Problems of Lexical and Phraseological Units

By phraseology I mean the branch of linguistics dealing with stable word-combinations characterized by certain transference of meaning.

Despite differences of opinion, most authors agree upon some points concerning the distinctive features of phraseological units, such as:

1. Integrity (or transference) of meaning means that none of the idiom components is separately associated with any referents of objective reality, and the meaning of the whole unit cannot be deduced from the meanings of its components;

2. Stability (lexical and grammatical) means that no lexical substitution is possible in an idiom in comparison with free or variable word-combinations (with an exception of some cases when such substitutions are made by the author intentionally). The experiments conducted in the 1990s showed that, the meaning of an idiom is not exactly identical to its literal paraphrase given in the dictionary entry. That is why we may speak about lexical flexibility of many units if they are used in a creative manner. Lexical stability is usually accompanied by grammatical stability which prohibits any grammatical changes;

3. Separability means that the structure of an idiom is not something indivisible, certain modifications are possible within certain boundaries. Here we meet with the so-called lexical and grammatical variants. To illustrate this point I shall give some examples: "as hungry as a wolf (as a hunter)", "as safe as a house (houses)" in English, «как (будто, словно, точно) в воду опушенный», «оседлать своего (любимого) конька», «раскидывать умом (мозгами) Раскинуть (пораскинуть) умом (мозгами)» in Russian.

4. Expressivity and emotiveness means that idioms are also characterized by stylistic colouring. In other words, they evoke emotions or add expressiveness.

On the whole phraseological units, even if they present a certain pattern, do not generate new phrases. They are unique.

Interlanguage comparison, the aim of which is the exposure of phraseological conformities, forms the basis of a number of theoretical and applied trends of modern linguistic research, including the theory and practice of phraseography. But the question of determining the factors of interlanguage phraseological conformities as the main concept and the criterion of choosing phraseological equivalents and analogues as the aspect concepts is still at issue.

The analysis of special literature during the last decades shows that the majority of linguists consider the coincidence of semantic structure, grammatical (or syntactical) organization and componential (lexeme) structure the main criteria in defining the types of interlanguage phraseological conformities/disparities with the undoubted primacy of semantic structure.

Comparing the three approaches discussed above (semantic, functional, and contextual) we have ample ground to conclude that have very much in common as, the main criteria of phraseological units appear to be essentially the same, i.e. stability and idiomaticity or lack of motivation. It should be noted however that these criteria as elaborated in the three approaches are sufficient mainly to single out extreme cases: highly idiomatic non-variable and free (or variable) word-groups.

Thus red tape, mare's nest, etc. According to the semantic approach belong to phraseology and are described as fusions as they are completely non-motivated. According to the functional approach they are also regarded as phraseological units because of their grammatical (syntactic) inseparability and because they function, in speech as word-equivalents. According to the contextual approach red tape, mare's nest, etc. make up a group of phraseological units referred to as idioms because of the impossibility of any change in the 'fixed context' and their semantic inseparability.

The status of the bulk of word-groups however cannot be decided with certainty with the help of these criteria because as a rule we have to deal not with

complete idiomaticity and stability but with a certain degree of these distinguishing features of phraseological units. No objective criteria of the degree of idiomaticity and stability have as yet been suggested. Thus, e.g., to win a victory according to the semantic approach is a phraseological combination because it is almost completely motivated and allows of certain variability to win, to gain, a victory. According to the functional approach it is not a phraseological unit as the degree of semantic and grammatical inseparability is insufficient for the word-group to function as a word-equivalent. Small hours according to the contextual approach it is literal meaning. If however we classify it proceeding from the functional approach is a word-groups which are partially motivated is decided differently depending on which of the criteria of phraseological units is applied.

There is still another approach to the problem of phraseology in which an attempt is made to overcome the shortcoming of the phraseological theories discussed above. The main features of this new approach which is now more or less universally accepted by Soviet linguists are as follows:¹

1. Phraseology is regarded as a self-contained branch of linguistics and, not as a part of lexicology.
2. Phraseology deals with a phraseological subsystem of language and not with isolated phraseological units.
3. Phraseology is concerned with all types of set expressions.
4. Set expressions are divided into three classes: phraseological units (e.g. red tape, mare's nest, etc.), phraseomatic units (e.g. win a victory, launch a campaign, etc.) and borderline cases belonging to the mixed class. The main distinction between the first and the second classes is semantic: phraseological units have fully or partially transferred meanings while components of, phraseomatic units are used in their literal meanings.
5. Phraseological and phraseomatic units are not regarded as word-equivalents but some of them are treated as word correlates.
6. Phraseological and phraseomatic units are set expressions and their phraseological stability distinguishes them from free phrases and compound words.

7. Phraseological and phraseomatic units are made up of words of different degree of wordness depending on the type of set expressions they are used in. (cf. e.g. small hours and red tape). Their structural separateness, an important factor of their stability, distinguishes them from compound words (cf. E.g. blackbird and black market).

Other aspects of their stability are: stability of use, lexical stability and semantic stability.

8. Stability of use means that set expressions are reproduced ready-made and not created in speech. They are not elements of individual style of speech but language units.

9. Lexical stability means that the components of set expressions are either irreplaceable (e.g. red tape, mare's nest) or partly replaceable within the bounds of phraseological or phraseomatic variance: lexical (e.g. a skeleton in the cupboard – a skeleton in the closet), grammatical (e.g. to be in deep water – to be in deep waters), positional (e.g. head over ears – over head and ears), quantitative (e.g. to lead smb a dance- to lead smb a pretty dance), mixed variants (e.g. raise (stir up) a hornets' nest about one's ears- arouse (stir up) the nest of hornets).

10. Semantic stability is based on the lexical stability of set expressions. Even when occasional changes are introduced the meaning of set expression is preserved. It may only be specified, made more precise, weakened or strengthened. In other words in spite of all occasional phraseological and phraseomatic units, as distinguished from free phrases, remain semantically invariant or are destroyed. For example, the substitution of the verbal component in the free phrase to raise a question by the verb to settle (to settle a question) changes the meaning of the phrase, no such change occurs in to raise (stir up) a hornets' nest about one's ears.

11. An integral part of this approach is a method of phraseological identification which helps to single out set expressions in Modern English.

The diachronic aspect of phraseology has scarcely been investigated. Just a few points of interest may be briefly reviewed in connection with the origin of phraseology has scarcely been investigated. Just a few points of interest may be

briefly reviewed in connection with the origin of phraseological units and the ways they appear in language. It is assumed that almost all phrases can be traced back to free word-groups which in the course of the historical development of the English language have acquired semantic and grammatical process of grammaticalization or lexicalization.

Cases of grammaticalization may be illustrated by the transformation of free word-groups composed of the verb *have*, a noun (pronoun) and Participle II of some other verb (e.g. *h3 hīfde hine*) into the grammatical form- the Present Perfect in Modern English. The degree of semantic and grammatical inseparability in this analytical word-form is so high that the component has seems to possess no lexical meaning of its own.

The term lexicalization implies that the word-group under discussion develops into a word-equivalent, i.e. a phraseological unit or a compound word. These two parallel lines of lexicalization of free word-groups can be illustrated by the diachronic analysis of, e.g., the compound word *instead* and the phraseological unit *in spite (of)*. Both of them can be traced back to structurally¹ identical free phrases.² (cf. OE. *In spede* and ME. *In despit*.)

There are some grounds to suppose that there exists a kind of interdependence between these two ways of lexicalization of free word-groups which makes them mutually exclusive. It is observed, for example, that compounds are more abundant in certain parts of speech, whereas phraseological units are numerically predominant in others. Thus, e.g., phraseological units are found in great numbers as verb-equivalents whereas compound verbs are comparatively few. This leads us to assume that lexicalization of free word-groups and their transformation into words or phraseological units is governed by the fewer phraseological units we are likely to encounter in this class of words.

Very little is known of the factors active in the process of lexicalization of free word-groups which results in the appearance of phraseological units. This

² The process of lexicalization may be observed in Modern English too. The noun *yesterday*, e.g., in the novel by Thomas Hardy occurs as a free word-group and is spelled with a break *yester day*.

problem may be viewed in terms of the degree of motivation. We may safely assume that a free word-group is transformed into a phraseological unit when it acquires semantic inseparability and becomes synchronically non-motivated.

The following may be perceived as the main causes accounting for the loss of motivation of free word-groups:

a) When one of the components of a word-group becomes archaic or drops out of the language altogether the whole word-group may become completely or partially non-motivated. For example, lack of motivation in the word-group *kith and kin* may be accounted for by the fact that the member-word *kith* dropped out of the language altogether except as the component of the phraseological unit under discussion. This is also observed in the phraseological unit under discussion.

b) When as a result of a change in the semantic structure of a polysemantic word some of its meanings disappear and can be found only in certain collocations. The noun *mind*, e.g., once meant 'purpose' or 'intention' and this meaning survives in the phrases *to have a mind to do smth.*, *to change one's mind*, etc.

c) When a free word-group used in professional speech penetrates into general literary usage, it is often felt as non-motivated. *To pull (the) strings (wires)*, e.g., was originally used as a free word-group in its direct meaning by professional actors in puppet shows. In Modern English, however, it has lost all connection with puppet-shows and therefore cannot also be observed in the phraseological unit *to stick to one's guns*, which can be traced back to military English, etc.

Sometimes extra-linguistic factors may account for the loss of motivation, to show the white feather - 'to act as a coward', e.g., can be traced back to the days when cock-fighting was popular. A white feather in a gamecock's plumage denoted bad breeding and was regarded as a sign of cowardice. Now that cock-fighting is no longer a popular sport, the phrase is felt as non-motivated.³

d) When a word-group making up part of a proverb or saying begins to be used as a self-contained unit it may gradually become non-motivated if its connection

³ See sources of English idioms in: Logan Smith. *Words and Idioms*. London, 1928.

with the corresponding proverb or saying is not clearly perceived. A new broom, e.g., originates as a component of the saying new brooms sweep clean. New broom as a phraseological unit may be viewed as non-motivated because the meaning of the whole is not deducible from the meaning of the components. Moreover, it seems grammatically and functionally self-contained and inseparable too. In the saying quoted above the noun broom is always used in the plural; as a member-word of the phraseological unit it is mostly used in the singular. The phraseological unit a new broom is characterized by functional inseparability. In the saying new brooms sweep clean the adjective new functions as an attribute to the noun brooms, in the phraseological unit a new broom (e.g. Well he is a new broom!) the whole word-group is functionally inseparable.

e) When part of a quotation from literary sources, mythology or the Bible begins to be used as a self-contained unit, it may also lose all connection with the original context and as a result of this become non-motivated. The phraseological unit the green-eyed monster (jealousy) can be easily found as a part of the quotation from Shakespeare "It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on" (Othello, II, i. 165). In Modern English, however, it functions as a non-motivated self-contained phraseological unit and is also used to denote the T.V. set. Achilles heel - 'the weak spot in a man's circumstances or character' can be traced back to mythology, but it seems that in Modern English this word-group functions as a phraseological unit largely because most English speakers do not connect it with the myth from which it was extracted.

1. The final criterion in the semantic approach is idiomaticity whereas in the functional approach syntactic inseparability is viewed as the final test, and in the contextual approach it is stability of context combined with idiomaticity of word-groups.

2. The concept of idiomaticity is not strictly defined. The judgement as to idiomaticity is passed sometimes within the framework of the English language and sometimes from the outside - from the point of view of the mother tongue of the investigator.

It is suggested here that the term idiomaticity should be interpreted as an intralingual notion and also that the degree of idiomaticity should be taken into consideration since between the extreme of complete motivation and lack of motivation there are numerous intermediate groups.

3. Each of the three approaches has its merits and demerits. The traditional semantic approach points out the essential features of all kinds of idiomatic phrases as opposed to completely motivated free word-groups. The functional approach puts forward an objective criterion for singling out a small group of word-equivalents possessing all the basic features of words as lexical items. The contextual approach makes the criterion of stability more exact.

4. All the three approaches are sufficient to single out the extreme cases: highly idiomatic phraseological units and free word-groups. The status of the bulk of word-groups possessing different degrees of idiomaticity cannot be decided with certainty by applying the criteria available in linguistic science.

5. The distinguishing feature of the new approach is that phraseology is regarded as a self-contained branch of linguistics and not as a part of lexicology. According to this approach phraseology deals with all types of set expressions which are divided into three classes: phraseological units, phraseomatic units and border-line cases.

2.2. Principles of Semantic Identification

The development and change of the semantic structure of a word is always a source of qualitative and quantitative development of the vocabulary.

All the types discussed depend upon some comparison between the earlier (whether extinct or still in use) and the new meaning of the given word. This comparison may be based on the difference between notions expressed or referents in the real world that are pointed out, on the type of psychological association at work, on evaluation of the latter by the speaker or, possibly, on some other feature.

The order in which various types are described will follow more or less closely the diachronic classifications of M. Breal and H. Paul. No attempt at a new

classification is considered necessary. There seems to be no point in augmenting the number of unsatisfactory schemes already offered in literature. The treatment is therefore traditional.

M. Breal was probably the first to emphasize the fact that in passing from general usage into some special sphere of communication a word as a rule undergoes some sort of specialisation of its meaning. The word *case*, for instance, alongside its general meaning of 'circumstances in which a person or a thing is' possesses special meanings: in law ('a law suit'), in grammar (e.g. *the Possessive case*), in medicine ('a patient', 'an illness'). Compare the following:

One of Charles's cases had been a child ill with a form of diphtheria. (C. P. SNOW) (*case* = a patient).

The Solicitor whom I met at the Holfords' sent me a case which any young man at my stage would have thought himself lucky to get. (Idem) (*case* = a question decided, in a court of law, a law suit)

The general, not specialized meaning is also very frequent in present-day English. For example: *At last we tiptoed up the broad slippery staircase, and went to our rooms. But in my case not to sleep, immediately at least.* (Idem) (*case* = circumstances in which one is)

This difference is revealed in the difference of contexts in which these words occur, in their different valency. Words connected with illnesses and medicine in the first example, and words connected with law and court procedures in the second, form the *semantic paradigm* of the word *case*.

The word *play* suggests different notions to a child, a playwright, a footballer, a musician or a chess-player and has in their speech different semantic paradigms. The same applies to the noun *cell* as used by a biologist, an electrician, a nun or a representative of the law; or the word *gas* as understood by a chemist, a housewife, a motorist or a miner.

In all the examples considered above a word which formerly represented a notion of a broader scope has come to render a notion of a narrower scope. When the meaning is specialized, the word can name fewer objects, i.e. have fewer referents. At the same

time the content of the notion is being enriched, as it includes -a greater number of relevant features by which the notion is characterized. Or as St. Ullmann puts it: "The word is now applicable to more things but tells us less about them." The reduction of scope accounts for the term "narrowing of the meaning" which is even more often used than the term "specialization". We shall avoid the term "narrowing", since it is somewhat misleading. Actually it is neither the meaning nor the notion, but the scope of the notion that is narrowed.

There is also a third term for the same phenomenon, namely "differentiation", but it is not so widely used as the first two terms.

H. Paul, as well as many other authors, emphasizes the fact that this type of semantic change is particularly frequent in vocabulary of professional and trade groups.

H. Paul's examples are from the German language but it is very easy to find parallel cases in English. So this type of change is fairly universal and fails to disclose any specifically English properties.

The best known examples of specialization in the general language are as follows: OE *dēor* 'wild beast' > ModE *deer* 'wild ruminant of a particular species' (the original meaning was still alive in Shakespeare's time as is proved by the following quotation: *Rats and mice and such small deer*); OE *mete* 'food' > ModE *meat* 'edible flesh', i.e. only a particular species of food (the earlier meaning is still noticeable in the compound *sweetmeat*). This last example deserves special attention because the tendency of fixed context to preserve the original meaning is very marked as is constantly proved by various examples. Other well-worn examples are: OE *fuzol* 'bird' (cf. Germ *Vogel*) > ModE *foal* 'domestic birds'. The old meaning is still preserved in poetic diction and in set expressions, like *fowls of the air*. Among its derivatives, *fowler* means 'a person who shoots or traps wild birds for sport or food'; the shooting or trapping itself is called *fowling*; a *fowling piece* is a gun. OE *hund* 'dog' (cf. Germ *Hund*) > *hound* 'a species of hunting dog'. Many words connected with literacy also show similar changes: thus, *teach* < OE *tæcan* 'to show', 'to teach'; *write* < OE *wrītan* 'to write', 'to scratch', 'to score' (cf. Germ *reißen*) < writing in Europe

had first the form of scratching on the bark of the trees. Tracing these semantic changes the scholars can, as it were, witness the development of culture.

In the above examples the new meaning superseded the earlier one. Both meanings can also coexist in the structure of a polysemantic word or be differentiated locally. The word *token* < OE *tāce*, || Germ *Zeichen* originally had the broad meaning of 'sign'. The semantic change that occurred in it illustrates systematic interdependence within the vocabulary elements. Brought into competition with the borrowed word *sign* it became restricted in use to a few cases of fixed context (*a love token, a token of respect, a token vote, a token payment*) and consequently restricted in meaning. In present-day English *token* means something small, unimportant or cheap which represents something big, important or valuable. Other examples of specialization are *room*, which alongside the new meaning keeps the old one of 'space'; *corn* originally meaning 'grain', 'the seed of any cereal plant': locally the word becomes specialized and is understood to denote the leading crop of the district; hence in England *corn* means 'wheat', in Scotland 'oats', whereas in the USA, as an ellipsis for Indian corn, it came to mean 'maize'.

As a special group belonging to the same type one can mention the formation of proper nouns from common nouns chiefly in toponymies, i.e. place names. For instance, *the City*,— the business part of London; *the Highlands* — the mountainous part of Scotland; *Oxford* — University town in England from *ox+ford*, i.e. a place where oxen could ford the river; *the Tower* (of London) — originally a fortress and palace, later a state prison, now a museum.

In the above examples the change of meaning occurred without change of sound form and without any intervention of morphological processes. In many cases, however, the two processes, semantic and morphological, go hand in hand. For instance, when considering the effect of the agent suffix *-ist* added to the noun stem *art-* we might expect the whole to mean any person occupied in art, a representative of any kind of art, but usage specializes the meaning of the word *artist* and restricts it to a synonym of *painter*.

The process reverse to specialisation is termed generalisation

and widening of meaning. In that case the scope of the new notion is wider than that of the original one (hence widening), whereas the content of the notion is poorer. In most cases generalisation is combined with a higher order of abstraction than in the notion expressed by the earlier meaning. The transition from a concrete meaning to an abstract one is a most frequent feature in the semantic history of words. The change may be explained as occasioned by situations in which not all the features of the notions rendered are of equal importance for the message.

Thus, *ready* <OE *ræde* (a derivative of the verb *rīdan* 'to ride') meant 'prepared for a ride'. *Fly* originally meant 'to move through the air with wings'; now it denotes any kind of movement in the air or outer space and also very quick movement in any medium.

The process went very far in the word *thing* with its original meanings 'cause', 'object', 'decision', 'meeting', and 'the decision of the meeting', 'that which was decided upon'. (Cf. Norwegian *storting* 'parliament'.) At present, as a result of this process of generalisation, the word can substitute nearly any noun, and receives an almost pronominal force. In fact all the words belonging to the group of generic terms fall into this category of generalization. By *generic terms* we shall mean non-specific, non-distributive terms applicable to a great number ; of individual members of a big class of words. The grammatical meaning of this class of words becomes predominant in their semantic components. Notice the very general, character of the word *business* in the following: "*Donald hasn't a very good manner of interviews.*"—"All this good-manner business," *Clun* said, "*they take far too much notice of it now in my opinion*" (A. WILSON) ,

It is sometimes difficult to distinguish the instances of generalization proper from generalization combined with a fading of lexical meaning ousted by the grammatical or emotional meaning that take its place. These phenomena are closely connected with the peculiar characteristics of grammatical structure typical of each individual language. One observes them, for instance, studying the semantic history of the English auxiliary

and semi-auxiliary verbs, especially *have, do, shall, will, turn, go*, and that of some English prepositions and adverbs which in the course of time have come to express grammatical relations. The weakening of lexical meaning due to the influence of emotional force is revealed in such words as *awfully, terribly, terrific, smashing*.

"Specialization" and "generalization" are thus identified on the evidence of comparing logical notions expressed by the meaning of words. If, on the other hand, the linguist is guided by psychological considerations and has to go by the type of association at work in the transfer of the name of one object to another and different one, he will observe that the most frequent transfers are based on associations of similarity or of contiguity. As these types of transfer are well known in rhetoric as ; figures of speech called *metaphor* (Gr *meta* 'change' and *phero* 'bear') and *metonymy* (Gr *metonymia* from *meta* and *onoma* 'name') and the same terms are adopted here. A metaphor is a transfer of name based on the association of similarity and thus is actually a hidden comparison. It presents a method of description which likens one thing to another by referring to it as if it were some other one. A cunning person, for instance, is referred to as *a fox*. A woman may be called *a peach, a lemon, a cat, a goose*, etc. In a metonymy, this referring to one thing as if it were some other one is based on association of contiguity. Sean O'Casey in his one-act play "The Hall of Healing" metonymically names his personages according to the things they are wearing: *Red Muffler, Grey Shawl*, etc. Metaphor and metonymy differ from the two first types of semantic change, i.e. generalization and specialization, inasmuch .as they do not originate as a result of gradual almost imperceptible change in many contexts, but come of a purposeful momentary transfer of a name from one object to another belonging to a different sphere of reality.

In all discussion of linguistic metaphor and metonymy it must be borne in mind that they are different from metaphor and metonymy as literary devices. When the latter are offered and accepted both the author and the reader are to a greater or lesser degree aware that this reference is figurative, that the object has another name. The relationship of the direct denotative meaning of the word and the meaning it has in

the literary context in question is based on similarity of some features in the objects compared. The poetic metaphor is the fruit of the author's creative imagination, as for example when England is called by Shakespeare (in "King Richard II") *this precious stone set in the silver sea*, or when A. Tennyson writes: *What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?/ To view each loved one blotted from life's page.*

In a linguistic metaphor, especially when it is dead as a result of long usage, the thing named often has no other name. In a dead metaphor the comparison is completely forgotten, as for instance in the words *gather*, *source* and *shady* in the following example dealing with some information: *I gathered that one or two of their sources were shady, and some not so much shady as irregular in a most unexpected way.* (SNOW)

The meaning of such expressions as a *sun beam* or a *beam of light* are not explained by-allusions to a tree, although the word is actually derived from OE *beam* 'tree' || Germ *Baum*, whence the meaning *beam* a long piece of squared timber supported at both ends' has also developed. The metaphor is dead. There are no associations with hens in the verb' *brood* 'to meditate' (often sullenly), 'though the direct meaning is 'to sit on eggs'.

There may be transitory stages: *a bottleneck* 'any thing obstructing an even flow of work", for instance, is not a neck and does not belong to a bottle. The transfer is possibly due to the fact that there are some common features in the narrow top part of the bottle, a narrow outlet for road traffic, and obstacles interfering with the smooth working of administrative machinery.

Metaphors, H. Paul points out, may be based upon very different types of similarity, for instance, similarity of shape: *head of a cabbage*, *the teeth of a saw*. This similarity may be based on a similarity of function. The transferred meaning is easily recognized from the context: *the head of the school*, *the key to a mystery*. The similarity may be supported also by position: *foot of a page*, *of a mountain*, or behaviour and function: *bookworm*, *wirepuller*. The word 'whip' a lash used to urge horses on' is metaphorically transferred to an official in the British Parliament appointed by a political party to see that members are present at debates, especially

when a vote is taken, to check the voting and also to advise the members on the policy of the respective party, etc.

In *the leg of the table* the metaphor is motivated by the similarity of the lower part of the table and the human limb in position and partly in shape and function. Anthropomorphic metaphors are among the most frequent. The way in which the words denoting parts of the body are made to express a variety of meanings may be illustrated by the following: *head of an army, of a procession, of a household; arms and mouth of a river, eye of a needle, foot of a hill, tongue of a bell* and so on and so forth. The transferred meaning is easily recognized from the context: ... *her feet were in low-heeled brown brogues with fringed tongues.* (PLOMER)

Numerous cases of metaphoric transfer are based upon the analogy between duration of time and space, e.g. *long distance :: long- speech; a short path :: a short time.* The transfer of space relations upon psychological and mental notions may be exemplified by words and expressions concerned with understanding: *to catch (to grasp) an idea; to take a hint; , to get the hang of; to throw light upon.*

This metaphoric change from the concrete to the abstract is also represented in such simple words as *score, span, thrill.* *Score* comes from OE *scoru* 'twenty' from ON *skor* 'twenty' and also 'notch'. In OE time notches were cut on sticks to keep a reckoning. As *score* is cognate with *shear*, it is very probable that the meaning developed from the twentieth notch that was made of a larger size. From the meaning 'line' or 'notch cut or scratched down' many new meanings sprang out, such as 'number of points made by a player or a side in some games', 'running account', 'a debt', 'written or printed music', etc. *Span* from OE *spann* 'maximum distance between the tips of thumb and little finger used as a measure of length', came to mean 'full extent from end to end' (of a bridge, an arch, etc.) and 'a short distance'. *Thrill* from ME *thriven* 'to pierce' developed into the present meaning 'to penetrate with emotion'.

Another subgroup of metaphors comprises transitions of proper names into common ones: *an Adonis, a Cicero, a Don Juan*, etc. When a proper name like *Falstaff* is used referring specifically to the hero of Shakespeare's plays it has a unique reference. But when people speak of a person they know calling him *Falstaff* they make a proper name

generic for a corpulent, jovial, irrepressibly impudent person and it no longer denotes a unique being. Cf. *Don Juan* as used about attractive profligates. To certain races and nationalities traditional characteristics have been attached by the popular mind with or without real justification. If a person is an out-and-out mercenary and a hypocrite into the bargain they call him *a Philistine*, ruthlessly destructive people are called *Vandals*.

If the transfer is based upon the association of contiguity it is called *metonymy*. It is a shift of names between things that are known to be in some way or other connected in reality. The transfer may be conditioned by spatial, temporal, causal, symbolic, instrumental, functional and other relations.

Thus, the word *book* is derived from the name of a tree on which inscriptions were scratched: ModE *book* < OE *boc* 'beech'. ModE *win* < OE *winnan* 'to fight'; the word has been shifted so as to apply to the success following fighting. *Cash* is an adaptation of the French word *caisse* 'box'; from naming the container it came to mean what was contained, i.e. money; the original meaning was lost in competition with the new word *safe*. Spatial relations are also present when the name of the place is used for the people occupying it. *The chair* may mean 'the chairman', *the bar* 'the lawyers', *the pulpit* 'the priests'. The word *town* may denote the inhabitants of a town and the word *house* the members of the House of Commons or of Lords. *Cello*, *violin*, *saxophone* are often used to denote not the instruments but the musicians who play them.

A causal relationship is obvious in the following development: ModE *fear* < ME *feere* < OE *fær*, *fēr* 'danger', 'unexpected attack'. States and properties serve as names for objects and people possessing them: *youth*, *age*, *authorities*, *forces*. The name of the action can serve to name the result of the action: ModE *kill* < ME *killen* 'to hit on the head', ModE *stay* || Germ *schlagen*.. Emotions may be named by the movements that accompany them: *to frown*, *to start*.

There are also the well-known instances of symbol for thing symbolized: *the crown* for 'monarchy'; the instrument for the product: *'hand* 'handwriting'; receptacle for content, as in the word *kettle*, and some others. Words for the material from which an article is made are often used to denote the particular article: *glass*, *iron*, *copper*, *nickel*

are well known examples. The *pars pro toto* where the name of a part is applied to the whole may be illustrated by such military terms as *the royal horse* for 'cavalry' and *foot* for 'infantry', and the expressions like *I want to have a word with you*. The reverse process is observed when OE *cēol* 'a ship' develops among other variants into *keel* 'a barge load of coal'.

A place of its own within metonymical change is occupied by the so-called *functional change*. The type has its peculiarities: in this case the shift is between names of things substituting one another in human practice. Thus, the early instrument for writing was a feather or more exactly a quill (OE *pen*, from OFr *penne*, from It *penna*, from Lat. *penna* 'feather'). We write with fountain-pens that are made of different materials and have nothing in common with feathers except the function, but the name remains. The name *rudder* comes from OE *roper* 'oar' || Germ *Ruder* 'oar'. The shift of meaning is due to the shift of function: the steering was formerly achieved by an oar. The steersman was called *pilot*; with the coming of aviation one who operates the flying controls of an aircraft was also called *pilot*. For more cases of functional change see also the semantic history of the words: *filter, pocket, spoon, stamp, sail*.

Common names may be derived from proper names also metonymically, as in *macadam and diesel*, so named after their inventors.

Many physical and technical units are named after great scientists: *volt, ohm, ampere, watt*, etc.

There are also many instances in political vocabulary when the place of some establishment is used not only for the establishment itself or its staff but also for its policy: *the White House, the Pentagon, Wall Street, Downing Street, Fleet Street*.

Examples of geographic names turning into common nouns to name the goods exported or originating there are exceedingly numerous, e.g.

astrakhan, bikini, boston, cardigan, china, tweed.

Garments came to be known by the names of those who brought them into fashion: *mackintosh, raglan, wellingtons*.

Following the lead of literary criticism linguists have often adopted terms of rhetoric for other types of semantic change, besides metaphor and metonymy. These are:

hyperbole, litotes, irony, euphemism. In all these cases the same warning that was given in connection with metaphors and metonymy must be kept in mind: namely, there is a difference between these terms as understood in literary criticism and in lexicology. Hyperbole (from Gr *huperballō* 'exceed') is an exaggerated statement not meant to be understood literally but expressing an intensely emotional attitude of the speaker to what he is speaking about. The emotional tone is due to the illogical character in which the direct denotative and the contextual emotional meanings are combined.

A very good example is chosen by I. R. Galperin from Byron, and one cannot help borrowing it:

When people say "I've told you fifty times," They mean to scold and very often do,

The reader will note that Byron's intonation is distinctly colloquial, the poet is giving us his observations concerning colloquial expressions, So the hyperbole here is not poetic but linguistic.

The same may be said about expressions like: *It's absolutely maddening, You'll be the death of me, I hate troubling you, It's monstrous, It's a nightmare, A thousand pardons, A thousand thanks, Haven't seen you for ages, I'd give the world to, I shall be eternally grateful, I'd love to do it, etc.*

The most important difference between a poetic hyperbole and a linguistic one lies in the fact that the former creates an image, whereas in the latter the denotative meaning quickly fades out and the corresponding exaggerating words serve only as general signs of emotion without specifying the emotion itself. Some of the most frequent emphatic words are: *absolutely! awfully! terribly! lovely! magnificent! splendid!* and so on.

The reverse figure is called litotes (from Gr *lītos* 'plain', 'meagre') or understatement. It might be defined as expressing the affirmative by the negation of its contrary: e.g. *not bad* or *not half bad* for 'good', *not small* for 'great', *no coward* for 'brave'. Some understatements do not contain negations: *rather decent; I could do with a cup of tea*. It is, however, doubtful whether litotes should be considered under the heading of semantic change at all, because as a rule it creates no per-

manent change in the semantic structure of the word concerned. The purpose of understatement is not to deceive but to produce a stronger impression on the hearer.

Also taken from rhetoric is the term *irony*, i.e. expression of one's meaning by words of opposite meaning, especially a simulated adoption of the opposite point of view for the purpose of ridicule. One of the meanings of the adjective *nice* is 'bad', 'unsatisfactory'; it is marked off as ironical and illustrated by the example: *You've got us into a nice mess!* The same may be said about the adjective *pretty*: *A pretty mess you've made of it!*

Changes depending on the social attitude to the object named, connected with social evaluation and emotional tone, are called *amelioration* and *pejoration* of meaning. *Amelioration* or *elevation* is a semantic shift undergone by words due to their referents coming up the social scale. For instance OE *cwen* 'a woman' > ModE *queen*, OE *cniht* 'a young servant' > ModE *knight*. The words *steward* and *stewardess* (the passengers' attendant on ships and airliners) have undergone a great amelioration. *Steward* < OE *stigweard* from *stigo* 'a sty' and *weard* 'a ward', dates back from the days when the chief wealth of the Saxon landowner was his pigs, of whom the *stigweard* had to take care. The meaning of some words has been elevated through associations with aristocratic life or town life. This is true about such adjectives as *civil*, *chivalrous*, *urbane*.

The reverse process is *pejoration* or *degradation*; it involves a lowering in social scale connected with the appearance of a derogatory and scornful emotive tone reflecting the disdain of the upper classes towards the lower ones. A *knave* < OE *cnafa* || Germ *Knabe* meant at first 'boy', then 'servant', and finally became a term of abuse and scorn. Another example of the same kind is *blackguard*. In the lord's retinue of Middle Ages served among others the guard of iron pots and other kitchen utensils black with soot. From the immoral features attributed to these servants by their masters comes the present scornful ' meaning of the word *blackguard*. A similar history is traced for the words *boor*, *churl*, *clown*, *villain*.

Euphemism (Gr *euphemismos* from *eu* 'well' and *pheme* 'speak') is the substitution of words of mild or vague connotations for expressions rough, unpleasant

or for some other reasons unmentionable.

Within the diachronic approach the phenomenon has been repeatedly classed by many linguists as *taboo*. This standpoint is hardly acceptable for modern European languages. With primitive peoples taboo is a prohibition meant as a safeguard against supernatural forces. Names of ritual objects or animals were taboo because the name was regarded as the equivalent of what was named. S. Ullmann returns to the conception - of taboo several times illustrating it with propitiatory names given in the early periods of language development to such objects of superstitious fear as the bear (whose name originally meant 'brown') and the weasel. He treats both examples as material of comparative semantics. The taboo influence behind the circumlocutions used to name these animals becomes quite obvious when the same phenomenon is observed in similar names in various other languages. There is no necessity to cite them here as they are given in any book on general linguistics. It should be borne in mind that taboo has historical relevance. No such opposition as that between a direct and a propitiatory name for an animal, no matter how dangerous, can be found in present-day English.

With peoples of developed culture, euphemism is intrinsically different, has nothing to do with taboo and is dictated by social usage, moral tact and etiquette. Cf. *queer* 'mad', *deceased* 'dead', *perspire* v 'sweat'.

From the semantical point of view euphemism is important because meanings with unpleasant connotations appear in words formerly neutral, as a result of their repeated use instead of other words that are for some reason unmentionable.

The material of this chapter shows that semantic changes are not arbitrary. They proceed in accordance with the logical and psychological laws of thought, otherwise changed words would never be understood and could not serve the purpose of communication. The various attempts at classification undertaken by traditional linguistics, although inconsistent (and often subjective), are useful, since they permit the linguist to find his way about an immense accumulation of semantic facts. However, they say nothing or almost nothing about the causes of these changes.

2.3. The Principles of Semantic Identification of Lexical and Phraseological Units during the Translation of Belles-letter Words

In comparison with classifications of semantic change the problem of their causes appears neglected. Opinions on this point are scattered through a great number of linguistic works and have apparently never been collected into anything complete. And yet a thorough understanding of the phenomena involved in semantic change is impossible unless the whys and wherefores become known. This is of primary importance as it may lead eventually to a clearer interpretation of language development. The vocabulary is the most flexible part of the language and it is precisely its semantic aspect that responds most readily to every change in the human activity in whatever sphere it may happen to take place.

The causes of semantic changes may be grouped under two main headings, linguistic and extralinguistic ones. Of these the first group has suffered much greater neglect in the past and it is not surprising therefore that far less is known of it than of the second. It deals with changes due to the constant interdependence of vocabulary units in language and speech, such as differentiation between synonyms, changes taking place in connection with ellipsis and with fixed contexts, changes resulting from ambiguity in certain contexts, and some other cases.

Semantic change due to the differentiation of synonyms is a gradual change observed in the course of language history, sometimes, but not necessarily, involving the semantic assimilation of loan words. Consider, for example, the words *time* and *tide*. They used to be synonyms. Then *tide* took on its more limited application to the periodically shifting waters, and *time* alone is used in the general sense.

Another example of semantic change involving synonymic differentiation is the word *twist*. In *OE* it was a noun, meaning 'a rope' whereas the verb *throwan* (now *throw*) meant both 'hurl' and 'twist'. Since the appearance in the Middle English of the verb *twisten* ('twist') the first verb lost this meaning. But *threw* in its turn influenced the development of *casten* (*cast*), a Scandinavian borrowing. Its primary meaning 'hurl', 'throw' is now present only in some set expressions. *Cast* keeps its old meaning in such phrases as *cast a glance*, *cast lots*, *cast smth. in one's teeth*.

Twist has very many meanings, the latest being 'to dance the twist'

Fixed context may be regarded as another linguistic factor in semantic change. Both factors are at work in the case of *token*. When brought into competition with the loan word *sign*, it became restricted in use to a number of set expressions such as *love token*, *token of respect* and so became specialized in meaning. Fixed context has this influence not only in phrases but in compound words as well. OE *mete* meant 'food', its descendant *meat* refers only to flesh food except in the set expression *meat and drink* and the compound *sweetmeats*.

No systematic treatment has so far been offered for the syntagmatic semantic changes depending on the context. But such cases do exist showing that investigation of the problem is important.

One of these is ellipsis. The qualifying words of a frequent phrase may be omitted: *sale* comes to be used for *cut-price sale*, *propose* for *to propose marriage*, *to be expecting* for *to be expecting a baby*. Or vice versa, the kernel word of the phrase may seem redundant: *minerals* for *mineral waters*. Due to ellipsis *starve* which originally meant 'die' (cf. Germ *sterben*) came to substitute the whole phrase *die of hunger*, and also began to mean 'suffer from lack of food' and even in colloquial use 'to feel hungry'. Moreover as there are many words with transitive and intransitive variants naming cause and result, *starve* came to mean 'to cause to perish with hunger'.

English has a great variety of these regular coincidences of different aspects, alongside with cause and result, we could consider the coincidence of subjective and objective, active and passive aspects especially frequent in adjectives. E.g. *hateful* means 'exciting hatred' and 'full of hatred'; *curious*—'strange' and 'inquisitive'; *pitiful*— 'exciting compassion' and 'compassionate'. Compare the different use of the words *doubtful* and *healthy* in the following: *to be doubtful* :: *a doubtful advantage*, *to be healthy* :: *a healthy climate*.

The extralinguistic causes are determined by the social nature of the language: they are observed in changes of meaning resulting from the development of the notion expressed and the thing named and by the appearance of new notions and

things. In other words, extralinguistic causes of semantic change are connected with the development of the human mind as it moulds reality to conform with its needs.

Languages are powerfully affected by social, political, economic, cultural and technical change. The influence of those factors upon linguistic phenomena is studied by sociolinguistics. It shows that social factors can influence even structural features of linguistic units, terms of science, for instance, have a number of specific features as compared to words used in other spheres of human activity.

The word being a linguistic realization of notion, it changes with the progress of human consciousness. This process is reflected in the development of lexical meaning. As the human mind achieves an ever more exact understanding of the world of reality and the objective relationships that characterize it, the notions become more and more exact reflections of real things. The history of the social, economic and political life of people, the progress of culture and science bring about changes in notions and things influencing the semantic aspect of language. For instance, OE *eorpe* meant 'the ground under people's feet', 'the soil' and 'the world of man' as opposed to *heaven* that was supposed to be inhabited first by Gods and later on, with the spread of Christianity, by God, his saints and the souls of the dead. With the progress of science earth came to mean the third planet from the sun and the knowledge of it was constantly enriched.

The word *space* from the meanings of 'extension' or 'intervening distance' came to mean 'the limitless expanse in which everything exists' and more recently came to be used especially in the meaning of 'outer space'. *Atoms* (Gr. *atomos* 'indivisible' from *a* 'not' and *tomos* 'cut') were formerly thought to be indivisible smallest particles of matter and were usually associated in layman's speech with smallness. The word could be metaphorically used in the meaning of 'a tiny creature'. When atoms were found to be made up of a positively charged nucleus round which negatively charged electrons revolve, the notion of an atom brought about connotations of discrete (discontinuous) character of matter. With the advances made since science has found ways of releasing the energy hidden in the splitting of the atomic

nucleus, the notion is accompanied with the idea of immense potentialities present, as, for instance, in the phrase *Atoms for peace*. Since the advent of the atomic bomb the adjective *atomic* distinctly connotes in the English language with the threat of a most destructive warfare (*atomic bomb, atomic warfare*).

The tendency to use technical imagery is increasing in every language, thus the expression *to spark off in chain reaction* is almost international. Some expressions tend to become somewhat obsolete: the English used to talk of people being *galvanized into activity*, or *going full steam ahead* but the phrases sound out dated now.

The changes of notions and things named go hand in hand. As they are conditioned by changes in the economic, social, political and cultural history of the people, the extralinguistic causes of semantic change might be conveniently subdivided in accordance with these. Social relationships are at work in the cases of elevation and pejoration of meaning discussed in the previous section where the attitude of the upper classes to their social inferiors determined the strengthening of emotional tone among the semantic components of the word.

Euphemisms may be dictated by publicity needs—hence *ready-tailored* and *ready-to-wear clothes* instead of *ready-made*. The influence of mass-advertising on language is growing; it is felt in every level of the language. Innovations possible in advertising are of many different types. A kind of orange juice, for instance, is called *Tango*. The justification of the name is given in the advertising text as follows: *Get this different tasting Sparkling Tango. Tell you why: made from whole oranges. Taste those oranges. Taste the tang in Tango. Tingling tang, bubbles— sparks. You drink it straight. Goes down great. Taste the tang in Tango. New Sparkling Tango*. The reader will see for himself how many expressive connotations are introduced by the salesman in this commercial name in an effort to attract the buyer's attention.

Economic causes are obviously at work in the semantic development of the word *wealth*. It first meant 'well-being', 'happiness' from *weal* from OE *wela* whence *well*. This original meaning is preserved in the compounds *commonwealth* and *commonweal*. The present meaning became possible due to the role played by money both in feudal

and bourgeois society. The chief wealth of the early inhabitants of Europe being the cattle, OE *feoh* means both 'cattle' and 'money', likewise Goth *faihu*; Lat. *pecu* meant 'cattle' and *pecunia* meant 'money'. ME *fee-house* is both a cattle-shed and a treasury. The present-day English *fee* most frequently means the price paid for services to a lawyer or a physician. It appears to develop jointly from the above mentioned OE *feoh* and the Anglo-French *fe, fie, fief*, probably of the same origin, meaning 'a recompense' and 'a feudal tenure'. This modern meaning is obvious in the following example: *Physicians of the utmost Fame/Were called at once; but when they came/ They answered as they took their fees,/ "There is no cure for this disease."* (BELLOC)

As we know, proverbs do not function as mere optical phrase mongering. As a rule, they are used for some practical, pragmatical purposes in various circumstances of everyday communication. With the aid of a proverb on poetic adornments of speech; neither are they used, normally, to meet man's needs for philose can aim to provide an endorsement to his statements and opinions, forecast something, express doubts, reproach someone with something, accuse someone of something, justify or excuse somebody, mock somebody, comfort somebody, jeer at somebody's misfortune, repent something, warn against something, advise something or interdict somebody from doing something, and so on, and so forth. It is unthinkable to consider the proverb apart from such pragmatic functions.

Unfortunately, paremiologists have so far only some vague ideas of the functions of proverbs. "Moreover, the proverb lies just somewhere on the borderlands between language and folklore, and shares its functions with both of them, and one cannot say there is a notable agreement between the conception of different authors on the functions of language or folklore, neither is there a notable unity in the terminology used by different authors who have written on these matters. We accept here a more simple and widespread scale, namely the set of three degrees:

Statement → evaluation → prescription

We suppose, however, this scale should fit in with the nature of the proverb, and it has, incidentally, the virtues that it operates with concepts general enough, and allows to consider the set of its subfunctions (or functional aspects) as a unified system. The functional aspects mentioned are in certain relationship with grammatical moods of the sentence. Hence the illusion may arise that proverbs can be classified functionally straight on the ground of their "superficial" grammatical moods, so that the proverbs with stating (designative, informative) function were represented with indicative sentences, and those with normative (prescriptive, evocative) function, respectively, with imperative sentences. This illusion, however, would be immediately shattered against two complications:

1. The evaluative, (emotive, expressive) function has no separate or distinct manifestation (or "surface equivalent") in the shape of any grammatical mood;

2. As affirmed by several authorities, every verbal utterance fulfills not only one function, e.g. that corresponding to its grammatical mood, but all its main functions (or at least several different functions) simultaneously; otherwise, a context-free proverb, like any other utterance, is functionally indefinite.

The place of proverbs, sayings and familiar quotations with respect to set expressions is a controversial issue. A proverb is a short familiar epigrammatic saying expressing popular wisdom, a truth or a moral lesson in a concise and, imaginative way. Proverbs have much in common with set expressions because their lexical components are also constant, their meaning is traditional and mostly figurative, and they are introduced into speech ready-made. That is why some scholars following V. V. Vinogradov⁴ think proverbs must be studied together with phraseological unities. Others like J. Casares² and N. N. Amosova⁵ think that unless they regularly form parts of other sentences it is erroneous to include them into the system of language because they are independent units of communication. N. N. Amosov⁶ even thinks that there is no more reason to consider them as part of

⁴ V.V. Vinogradov

⁵ N.N. Amosova

⁶ N.N. Amosova

phraseology than, for instance, riddles and children's counts. This standpoint is hardly acceptable especially if we do not agree with the narrow limits of phraseology offered by this author. As to the argument that in many proverbs the meaning of component parts does not show any specific changes when compared to the meaning of the same words in free combinations, it must be pointed out that in this respect they do not differ from very many set expressions, especially those which are emotionally neutral. Another reason why proverbs must be taken into consideration together with set expressions is that they often form the basis of set expressions. For example; the last straw breaks the camel's back: the last straw; a drowning man will clutch at a straw: to clutch at a straw; it is useless to lock the stable door when the steed is stolen: to lock the stable door 'take precautions when the accident they are meant to prevent has already happened'. Both set expressions and proverbs are sometimes split and changed for humorous purposes, as in the following quotation where the proverb. All is not gold that glitters combines with an allusion to the 'set expression golden age: It will be an age not perhaps of gold, but at least of glitter.

Taking a familiar group of words: A living dog is better than a dead lion (from Ecclesiastes) and turning it around, a fellow critic once said that Hazlitt was unable to appreciate a writer till he was dead" that Hazlitt thought a dead ass is better than a living lion. A. Huxley is very fond of stylistical, mostly grotesque, effects achieved in this way. So, for example, paraphrasing the set expression marry into money he says about one of his characters, who prided herself on her conversation, that she had married, into conversation.

Lexicology does not deal more fully with the peculiarities of proverbs created in folklore, they are studied by folklorists, but in treating units introduced into the act of communication ready-made we cannot avoid touching upon them too.

As to familiar quotations, they are different from proverbs in their origin. They come from literature but by and by they become par and parcel of the language, so that many people using them do not even know that they are quoting

and very few could accurately name the play or passage on which they are drawing even when they are aware of using a quotation from Shakespeare.

For example: Something is rotten in the state of Denmark; Brevity is the soul of wit.

Quotations from classical sources were once a recognized feature of public speech 'times change, and we change with them'; I fear the Greeks, even when bringing gifts'. Now they are even regarded as bad form because they are unintelligible to those without a classical education. So, when a speaker ventures a quotation of that kind he hastens to translate it. A number of classical tags nevertheless survive in educated speech of many countries, in Korean no less than in English. There are the well-known phrases, such as for this special reason'; 'in good faith'.

In giving this review of English set expressions we have paid special attention to the fact that the subject is a highly complex one and that it has been treated by different scholars in very different ways. Each approach and each classification have their advantages and their drawbacks. The choice one makes depends on the particular problem one has in view and even so there remains much to be studied in the future. It is likely unreasonable to imagine that the proverb could have its say, about the matters which have no social relevance or topicality, or in situations including no alternatives, or that it could state something with entire indifference, or put forward statements which let no strategic (prescriptive) advices or hints to be derived from them. It also appears to be obvious that a proverb cannot order, interdict, advise anything without qualifying previously as good or bad (or axiologically irrelevant) either the suggestable or forbiddable activity or attitude itself or something linked to this activity or attitude, e.g., its end, means, degree of intensity, speed, time, place, etc.; and if the proverb puts forward appraisals, these appraisals are, in turn, likely to be founded on some cognized truths, laws and, regularities (or current opinions, beliefs or at least prejudices).

The problem of defining a proverb appears to be as old as man's interest in them. People who consciously used them or began to collect them in antiquity obviously needed to differentiate proverbs from other gnomic devices such as apothegms, maxims, aphorisms, quotations, etc. Jan Fredrik Kindstrand⁷ reviewed some of these early definition attempts in his fascinating paper on "The Greek Concept of Proverbs," and Bartlett Jere Whiting⁸ had already in 1932 assembled dozens of definitions from ancient times to the modern age in his remarkable essay on "The Nature of the Proverb." The last fifty years since Whiting's detailed study have* witnessed highly scholarly articles, monographs and even books which all seek to come to terms with a universal proverb definition. Scholars around the world continue to find their own so-called "working definitions," of which some of the most recent attempts in the English language are those by Shirley Arora, Nigel

Barley, Otto Blehr, Margaret Bryant, David Cram, Alan Dundes, Galit Hasan-Rokem, George Milner, Peter Seitel, etc⁹. And yet, despite their erudite and important new definitions based on structural, semiotic or linguistic insights, all must eventually agree with the contention of the old master proverb scholar Archer Taylor that "an incommunicable quality tells us this sentence is proverbial and that one is not." The newer definitions might in fact fit those sentences which we know already to be proverbial, but, again in the words of the insightful Taylor, "no definition will enable us to identify positively a sentence as proverbial." A definition cannot deal with such aspects as currency, tradition and familiarity which certainly are necessary ingredients for a true proverb.

The following tentative typology draws of the material of Korean proverbs. The classification criteria are as follows:

- (1) the "normality" versus the contradictory or "broken" nature of the literal sense of the proverb text;
- (2) the presence versus absence of semantic transformation (trope);
- (3) the totality versus partiality of the semantic transformation.

⁷ Jan Fredrik Kindstrand

⁸ Bartlett Jere Whiting

⁹ Shirley Arora, Nigel Barley, Otto Blehr, Margaret Bryant, David Cram, Alan Dundes, Galit Hasan-Rokem, George Milner, Peter Seitel

The classes will represent different combinations of those alternatives. The result is not an exhaustive typology but rather a list of predominant combinations that is bound to get us into a scrape in more complex cases, being unable to decide between competing alternatives while trying to classify certain concrete proverbs.

Proverbs in traditional Korean society differ from those of western societies, in that they are a cultural heritage of the lower class of society and therefore they are not shared by the upper class, who had for their cultural vehicle the "sijo" poetry, the three-lined, forty-five syllabled form of vernacular language. Though there are some proverbs borrowed from Chinese and Korean classics, the majority of Korean proverbs were made by the common people as lessons and guidelines of life for themselves. This explains why the language is vulgar and coarse in most cases. The Korean word for proverb, "sokdam", in fact, means a vulgar saying of the common people.

Proverbs often have scatological and abusive references, reflecting the crude and uncouth pattern of life. The common people used the proverbs to describe the inner « thoughts of their hardship, to warn against the dangers of life, to vent their grievance against the oppressions of the ruling upper class, and to express the joys of life. In short the proverbs disclose most revealingly the realities of lower class life. The proverbs in this sense function as important social documents. What is mirrored in these proverbs show how poor the common people were who these poor vulgar people were, how they struggled to survive in tough circumstances, and what their philosophy of life was. These are random selections from Korean proverbs which typically portray the life of the common people. They show a picture of a poor man, who does not like rich men, and who hates the noble, ruling' class. Although he is always victimized, he is secretly longing for the days when he can have his revenge. Meanwhile he has to be quiet and careful not to make mistakes. All he can do is to help educate his children for a future opportunity.

In this paper I try to describe who the poor people were, what their identities were, how they lived, and what they regarded as the most important purpose of

life. In so doing I aim at defining the core of the common culture of the traditional society of Korea.

As that trend goes on, English proverbs which are part of traditional culture lose their conventional significance. The proverb used to be a form of collective consciousness and has evolved in its language based on traditional experiences. Transmission of proverbs was an essential part of culture and a prerequisite for education and the formation of self. Those past proverbs, however, have been driven away from education. What is more, the proverb is even on the verge of extinction. The proverb has been left as mere information which is individualistic, but not imperative or social at all.

2.4. The Structural and Semantic Analysis of Phraseological and Lexical units

Separability means that the structure of an idiom is not something indivisible, certain modifications are possible within certain boundaries. Here we meet with the so-called lexical and grammatical variants. To illustrate this point I shall give some examples: "as hungry as a wolf (as a hunter)", "as safe as a house (houses)" in English, «как (будто, словно, точно) в воду опушенный», «оседлать своего (любимого) конька», «раскидывать умом (мозгами) Раскинуть (пораскинуть) умом (мозгами)» in Russian.

Expressivity and emotiveness means that idioms are also characterized by stylistic colouring. In other words, they evoke emotions or add expressiveness.

On the whole phraseological units, even if they present a certain pattern, do not generate new phrases. They are unique.

Interlanguage comparison, the aim of which is the exposure of phraseological conformities, forms the basis of a number of theoretical and applied trends of modern linguistic research, including the theory and practice of phraseography. But the question of determining the factors of interlanguage phraseological conformities as the main concept and the criterion of choosing phraseological equivalents and analogues as the aspect concepts is still at issue.

The analysis of special literature during the last decades shows that the majority of linguists consider the coincidence of semantic structure, grammatical (or syntactical) organization and componential (lexeme) structure the main criteria in defining the types of interlanguage phraseological conformities/disparities with the undoubted primacy of semantic structure.

Comparing the three approaches discussed above (semantic, functional, and contextual) we have ample ground to conclude that have very much in common as, the main criteria of phraseological units appear to be essentially the same, i.e. stability and idiomaticity or lack of motivation. It should be noted however that these criteria as elaborated in the three approaches are sufficient mainly to single out extreme cases: highly idiomatic non-variable and free (or variable) word-groups.

Thus red tape, mare's nest, etc. According to the semantic approach belong to phraseology and are described as fusions as they are completely non-motivated. According to the functional approach they are also regarded as phraseological units because of their grammatical (syntactic) inseparability and because they function, in speech as word-equivalents. According to the contextual approach red tape, mare's nest, etc. make up a group of phraseological units referred to as idioms because of the impossibility of any change in the 'fixed context' and their semantic inseparability.

The status of the bulk of word-groups however cannot be decided with certainty with the help of these criteria because as a rule we have to deal not with complete idiomaticity and stability but with a certain degree of these distinguishing features of phraseological units. No objective criteria of the degree of idiomaticity and stability have as yet been suggested. Thus, e.g., to win a victory according to the semantic approach is a phraseological combination because it is almost completely motivated and allows of certain variability to win, to gain, a victory. According to the functional approach it is not a phraseological unit as the degree of semantic and grammatical inseparability is insufficient for the word-group to function as a word-equivalent. Small hours according to the contextual

approach it is literal meaning. If however we classify it proceeding from the functional approach is a word-groups which are partially motivated is decided differently depending on which of the criteria of phraseological units is applied.

There is still another approach to the problem of phraseology in which an attempt is made to overcome the shortcoming of the phraseological theories discussed above. The main features of this new approach which is now more or less universally accepted by Soviet linguists are as follows:¹

1. Phraseology is regarded as a self-contained branch of linguistics and, not as a part of lexicology.

2. Phraseology deals with a phraseological subsystem of language and not with isolated phraseological units.

3. Phraseology is concerned with all types of set expressions.

4. Set expressions are divided into three classes: phraseological units (e.g. red tape, mare's nest, etc.), phraseomatic units (e.g. win a victory, launch a campaign, etc.) and borderline cases belonging to the mixed class. The main distinction between the first and the second classes is semantic: phraseological units have fully or partially transferred meanings while components of, phraseomatic units are used in their literal meanings.

5. Phraseological and phraseomatic units are not regarded as word-equivalents but some of them are treated as word correlates.

6. Phraseological and phraseomatic units are set expressions and their phraseological stability distinguishes them from free phrases and compound words.

7. Phraseological and phraseomatic units are made up of words of different degree of wordness depending on the type of set expressions they are used in. (cf. e.g. small hours and red tape). Their structural separateness, an important factor of their stability, distinguishes them from compound words (cf. E.g. blackbird and black market).

Other aspects of their stability are: stability of use, lexical stability and semantic stability.

8. Stability of use means that set expressions are reproduced ready-made and not created in speech. They are not elements of individual style of speech but language units.

9. Lexical stability means that the components of set expressions are either irreplaceable (e.g. red tape, mare's nest) or partly replaceable within the bounds of phraseological or phraseomatic variance: lexical (e.g. a skeleton in the cupboard – a skeleton in the closet). grammatical (e.g. to be in deep water – to be in deep waters), positional (e.g. head over ears – over head and ears), quantitative (e.g. to lead smb a dance- to lead smb a pretty dance), mixed variants (e.g. raise (stir up) a hornets' nest about one's ears- arouse (stir up) the nest of hornets).

10. Semantic stability is based on the lexical stability of set expressions. Even when occasional changes are introduced the meaning of set expression is preserved. It may only be specified, made more precise, weakened or strengthened. In other words in spite of all occasional phraseological and phraseomatic units, as distinguished from free phrases, remain semantically invariant or are destroyed. For example, the substitution of the verbal component in the free phrase to raise a question by the verb to settle (to settle a question) changes the meaning of the phrase, no such change occurs in to raise (stir up) a hornets' nest about one's ears.

11. An integral part of this approach is a method of phraseological identification which helps to single out set expressions in Modern English.

The diachronic aspect of phraseology has scarcely been investigated. Just a few points of interest may be briefly reviewed in connection with the origin of phraseology has scarcely been investigated. Just a few points of interest may be briefly reviewed in connection with the origin of phraseological units and the ways they appear in language. It is assumed that almost all phrases can be traced back to free word-groups which in the course of the historical development of the English language have acquired semantic and grammatical process of grammaticalization or lexicalization.

2.5. The Ways of Translation of Lexical and Phraseological Units

The term idiomaticity is also regarded by some linguists as requiring clarification. As a matter of fact this term is habitually used to denote lack of motivation from the point of view of one's mother tongue. A word-group which defies word by word translation is consequently described as idiomatic. It follows that if idiomaticity is viewed as the main distinguishing feature of phraseological units, the same word-groups in the English language may be classified as idiomatic phraseological units by Russian speakers and as non-idiomatic word-groups by those whose mother tongue contains analogous collocations. Thus, e.g., from the point of view of Russian speakers such word-groups as *take tea, take care, etc.*, are often referred to phraseology as the Russian translation equivalents of these word-groups (*пить чай, заботиться*) do not contain the habitual translation equivalents of the verb *take*. French speakers, however, are not likely to find anything idiomatic about these word-groups as there are similar lexical units in the French language (cf. *prendre du the, prendre soin*). This approach to idiomaticity may be termed interlingual as it involves a comparison, explicit or implicit of two different languages.

The term idiomaticity is also understood as lack of motivation from the point of view of native speakers. As here we are concerned with the English language,, this implies that only those word-groups are to be referred to phraseology which are felt as non-motivated, at least synchronically, by English speakers, e.g. *red tape, kick the bucket and the like*. This approach to idiomaticity may be termed intralingual. In other words the judgement as to idiomaticity is passed within the framework of the language concerned, not from the outside. It is readily observed that classification of factual linguistic material into free word-groups and phraseological units largely depends upon the particular meaning we attach to the term idiomaticity. It will be recalled, for example, that habitual collocations are word-groups whose component member or members possess specific and limited lexical, valency, as a rule essentially different from the lexical valency of related

words in the Russian language.¹⁰ A number of habitual collocations, e.g. heavy rain, bad mistake, take care and others, may be felt by Russian speakers as peculiarly English and therefore idiomatic, whereas they are not perceived as such by English speakers in whose mother tongue the lexical valency of member words heavy, bad, take presupposes their collocability with rain, mistake, care.

3. The criterion of stability is also criticized as not very reliable in distinguishing phraseological units from other word-groups habitually referred to as phraseology. We observe regular substitution of at least one of the lexical components. In to cast smth in smb's teeth, e.g. the verb cast may be replaced by fling; to take a decision is found alongside with to make a decision; not to care a twopenny is just one of the possible variants of the phrase, whereas in others the noun twopenny may be replaced by a number of other nouns, e.g. farthing, button, pin, sixpence, fig, etc.

It is also argued that stability of lexical components does not presuppose lack of motivation. The word-group shrug cue's shoulders, e.g., does not allow of the substitution of either shrug or shoulders; the meaning of the word-group, however, is easily deducible from the meanings of the member-words, hence the word-group is completely motivated, though stable. Idiomatic word-groups may be variable as far as their lexical components are concerned, or stable. It was observed that, e.g., to cast smth in smb's teeth is a highly idiomatic but variable word-group as the constituent member cast may be replaced by fling or throw; the word-group red tape is both highly idiomatic and stable.

It follows that stability and idiomaticity may be regarded as two different aspects of word-groups. Stability is an essential feature of set-phrases both motivated and non-motivated. Idiomaticity is a distinguishing feature of phraseological units or idioms which comprise both stable set-phrases and variable word-groups. The two features are not mutually exclusive and may be overlapping, but are not interdependent.

¹⁰ Word-Groups and Phraseological Units', § 1, p. 64.

Stability of word-groups may be viewed in terms of predictability of occurrence of member-words. Thus, e.g., the verb shrug predicts the occurrence of the noun shoulders and the verb clench the occurrence of either fists or teeth. The degree of predictability or probability of occurrence of member-words is different in different word-groups. We may assume, e.g., that the verb shrug predicts with a hundred per cent probability the occurrence of the noun shoulders, as no other noun can follow this particular verb. The probability of occurrence of the noun look after the verb cast is not so high because cast may be followed not only by look but also by glance, light, lots and some other nouns. Stability of the word-group in clench one's fists is higher than in cast a look, but lower than in shrug one's shoulders as the verb clench predicts the occurrence of either fists or teeth.

It is argued that the stability of all word-groups may be statistically calculated and the word-groups where stability exceeds a certain limit (say 50%) may be classified as set-phrases.

Predictability of occurrence may be calculated in relation to one or more than one constituent of the word-group. Thus, e.g., the degree of probability of occurrence of the noun bull after the verb take is very low and may practically be estimated at zero. The two member-words take the bull, however, predict the occurrence of by the horns with a very high degree of probability.

Stability viewed in terms of probability of occurrence seems a more reliable criterion in differentiating between set-phrases and variable or free word-groups, but cannot be relied upon single out phraseological units.

2.6. The Difficulties in the Translation of Lexial and Phraseological units in the extract from “Echo of the World” by Chingiz Aytmatov from Russian into English

We have dialled in detail with various types of semantic change. This is necessary not only because of the interest the various cases present in themselves but also because a thorough knowledge of these possibilities helps

one to understand the semantic structure of English words at the present stage of their development. The development and change of the semantic structure of a word is always a source of qualitative and quantitative development of the vocabulary.

The constant development of industry, agriculture, trade and transport bring into being new objects and new notions. Words to name them are either borrowed or created from material already existing in the language and it often happens that new meanings are thus acquired by old words.

The causes of semantic changes may be grouped under two main headings, linguistic and extralinguistic ones. Of these the first group has suffered much greater neglect in the past and it is not surprising therefore that far less is known of it than of the second. It deals with changes due to the constant interdependence of vocabulary units in language and speech, such as differentiation between synonyms, changes taking place in connection with ellipsis and with fixed contexts, changes resulting from ambiguity in certain contexts, and some other cases.

CONCLUSION

Having analysed the structural-semantic, functional properties of lexical and phraseological units 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 lexical and phraseological units from Uzbek into English and their functioning and usage with regard to different national and cultural peculiarities;
3. the detailed study of the use of lexical and phraseological units 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.

It is necessary to distinguish some special intermediate cases, which research connects with some research of questions.

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

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