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TRAKYA UNIVERSITY
INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SCIENCES
FOREIGN LANGUAGES TEACHING DEPARTMENT
DIVISION OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE TEACHING
A MASTER'S THESIS



**CULTURAL TRANSFER THROUGH
TRANSLATION: THE EVALUATION OF
VIRGINIA WOOLF'S SHORT STORIES**

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EDİRNE 2010

In memory of my Father, Hüseyin İŞBECER
and my Grandmother, Hayriye GÜNGÖR

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Firstly I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my advisor Assist. Prof. Dr. Muhlise Coşkun ÖGEYİK for her invaluable support and encouragement to pursue my research in spite of my great losses, my dear father and grandmother, during the study.

I am deeply grateful to the Rector of Trakya University, Prof. Dr. Enver DURAN and vice-rector Prof. Dr. Timur KIRGIZ for their great support for realizing my M.A study which required a really hard work together with my administrative duties carried out in the Rectorate.

I also owe special thanks to my dear colleague and friend Inst. Alper ASLAN who never hesitated to help me and encouraged me in times that I was too tired to go further.

I would like to thank to all my instructors who have did their best for completing my undergraduate and graduate studies in METU and TU, and also my colleagues who are working at Trakya University in many different departments.

Last but not least, I am indebted to my mother Hanife İŞBECER and sister Gözde İŞBECER for their endless patience, invaluable enthusiasm and energy they gave throughout the study.

Başlık : Çeviri Yoluyla Kültür Aktarımı: Virginia Woolf Öykülerinin
Değerlendirilmesi

Yazar : Özge İŞBECER

ÖZET

Günümüzün modern dünyasında çeviri oldukça önemli bir etkinliktir. Uluslar ve toplumlar arasındaki giderek artan ilişkiler ile birlikte çeviri farklı kültürler arasındaki iletişimin bir yolu haline gelmiştir. Bu sebeple, bu çalışmanın amacı Virginia Woolf'un kısa hikâyelerindeki çeviri yoluyla aktarılan kültürel öğeleri belirleyerek çevirinin ne ölçüde kültürlerarası bir bildirişim aracı olduğunu ortaya koymak ve çevirinin İngilizce öğretimindeki kültür aktarıcı rolünü değerlendirmektir. Kültürel olarak farklı olan öğeleri belirlemek amacıyla Woolf'un en çarpıcı kültürel öğeleri içeren sekiz kısa hikâyesi kapsamlı okuma ve özgün metinleri Türkçe çevirileriyle karşılaştırmak suretiyle incelenmiştir.

Çalışmanın Giriş Bölümünde araştırma problemi tanıtarak, çalışmanın amacına ve önemine değinilerek çalışmanın sınırlılıklarına yer verilmektedir. İkinci bölümde çeviri ve kültür tanımları, çeviri ve kültür arasındaki ilişki, kültürel çeviri, çeviri tarihi, modern çeviri kuramları ve yaklaşımları, çeviri türleri ve çeviride karşılaşılan sorunlar, İngilizce öğretiminde kültürün yeri ile birlikte sunulmaktadır. Üçüncü bölüm araştırma modeli, veri toplanması ve toplanan verinin değerlendirilmesi ve yorumlanmasını içermektedir. Dördüncü bölümde, bulgular tartışılmakta ve öneriler sunulmaktadır. Son bölümde ise, çalışmanın özeti ve sonuç bölümü yer almaktadır.

Anahtar Kelimeler: Çeviri, Kültür, Kültür Aktarımı, Çeviri Kuramları

Title : Cultural Transfer Through Translation: The Evaluation of Virginia Woolf's Short Stories

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ABSTRACT

In today's modern world, translation is an activity of great importance. With the increasing relationship between the nations and the societies, translation has become a means of communication among different cultures. Therefore, the aim of this study is to find out to what extent translation is an intercultural tool and to evaluate the culture transmitter role of translation in English Language Teaching by identifying the cultural elements transferred through translation in the short stories of Virginia Woolf. So as to determine the culturally foreign units, Woolf's eight short stories which have the most outstanding cultural elements have been analyzed through extensive reading and comparing the original texts with the Turkish translations.

In the Introduction part, the problem; the purpose, the significance and the limitations of the study are presented. In the second chapter, definition of translation and culture, the relationship between culture and translation, cultural translation, history of translation, contemporary translation theories and approaches, types of translation, and specific problems of translation are presented as well as practicing culture in ELT. The third chapter includes research model, data collection and analysis, and the interpretation of the data. In the fourth chapter, the discussion on the findings and suggestions related to these findings are provided together with the limitations of the study. The last chapter presents the summary and conclusion of the study.

Key words: Translation, Culture, Cultural Transfer, Translation Theories.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

1.1. Background of the Study

Since the earlier periods of history, people have had an interest in translation either oral or written. With the development of communicational eases, such as computers and teleconferencing systems, the intercultural interaction between the nations is increasing day by day. The fact that nations are in need of learning about other nations and cultures brings the idea that the importance of translation cannot be neglected.

The question whether translation can be thought separately from culture is regarded as the core of many studies. Naturally, the results of these studies have shown that there is a reciprocal relationship between translation and culture. Alvares and Vidal (cited in Riccardi, 2003: 87) explain the relationship between culture and translation as not a production of one text equivalent to another, rather a complex process of rewriting running parallel to the overall view of language and influences of power between one culture and another.

The study of translation, an interdisciplinary field known as Translation Studies, has also developed enormously in the past twenty years. It interfaces with a wide range of disciplines from linguistics and modern languages to Cultural Studies. With an increasing interest of culture in translation, a great number of people in various countries are engaged in the subject and many scholars and translators beat their brains out on the questions: how culture is transferred through translation? Should culture be transferred, if so, in which ways? To what extent should culture be transferred? If the culture is tried to be transmitted through translation, does this distort the translation of the text or does it contribute to the translation process?

In this study, it is attempted to evaluate eight short stories of Virginia Woolf whose short stories are great examples in terms of depicting culture-specific items. The stories are translated by Alev Bulut and are published by İmge Kitabevi in the book “Pazartesi ya da Salı” in 1992. After the analysis of the original texts and Turkish translations of these texts, the cultural items transferred through translation are categorized. The findings obtained from the analysis of the short stories have presented a micro study as to the transfer of the cultural knowledge through translation.

Lastly, since the language of the thesis is English, Turkish texts in the citations used are translated into English by me and the original texts are given in the notes section at the end of the thesis.

1.2. Statement of the Problem

Since culture and translation are an inseparable pair, the relationship between the phenomena should be well understood and the process of translation should not be tackled without the culture issue.

In this study, the research has been carried out on the eight short stories of Woolf to discuss whether there exist translation problems while dealing with cultural issues in short stories and to evaluate cultural conveyor role of translation in English Language Teaching.

1.3. Purpose of the Study

This study aims to describe how cultural points were conveyed from source text into target culture through translation and to find out to what extent translation is an intercultural tool in English Language Teaching. The sample source texts were chosen among Virginia Woolf stories, and their Turkish translations were analyzed

keeping the idea in mind that whether there is any translator contribution to the Turkish translations of the stories.

1.4. Significance of the Study

One language cannot express the meanings of another; instead, there is a distinction between the meanings built in and the meanings that must be captured and expressed. In this sense, different languages predispose their speakers to think differently, by directing their attention to different aspects of the environment.

Translation is therefore not simply a matter of seeking other words with similar meaning but of finding appropriate ways of saying things in another language. Different languages, then, may use different linguistic forms. But these forms are only one of the aspects of the difference between the two language systems.

The cultural implications for translation may take several forms ranging from lexical content and syntax to ideologies and ways of life in a given culture. The translator also has to decide on the importance to certain cultural aspects and to what extent it is necessary or desirable to translate them into the TL.

This study, by identifying the cultural elements transmitted through the Turkish translations of Virginia Woolf's eight short stories regarding the role of the translator and with the perspective of contemporary translation theories, offers a new look in the translational criticism and this study may provide significant contributions for the students and instructors of translation courses while evaluating and translating literary texts.

1.5. Assumptions

In this study it is assumed that; the findings of translational criticism in this study will provide significant contributions for the students and instructors of translation while analyzing literary translations.

1.6. Restrictions

1. This analysis in this study is restricted to Turkish translations of Virginia Woolf's eight short stories; "A Haunted House", "An Unwritten Novel", "The String Quartet", "The Mark on the Wall", "The New Dress", "Lappin and Lappinova", "The Duchess and the Jeweller", and "Moments of Being", which are translated by Alev Bulut from the original book named "A Haunted House and Other Short Stories" and published by İmge Kitabevi in April 1992.

2. The stories chosen were analyzed not randomly but according to the cultural categories stated in CEF (2000:102). The categories in CEF are adapted since they depict a general framework for the cultural component of a society and an adaptation is carried out since the stories chosen required such an adaptation since some cultural elements in the stories cannot be put under any categories stated in CEF. An adapted version of CEF cultural categories is as follows: 1. Everyday Living, 2. Living Conditions, 3. Interpersonal Relations, 4. Values, Beliefs and Attitudes, 5. Literature, 6. Ritual Behaviour, 7. Appearance and Clothing, 8. Information about Country, 9. Multiculturalism

3. This thesis study will deal with only one author (Virginia Woolf) and her works.

1.7. Concepts

Translation: Translation is the action of interpretation of the meaning of a text, and subsequent production of an equivalent text, also called a translation, that communicates the same message in another language (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Translation>).

Translation Studies: Translation studies is the branch of the humanities dealing with the systematic, interdisciplinary study of the theory, the description and the application of translation, interpreting or both these activities (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Translation_studies).

Cultural Translation: Cultural translation is a concept used in cultural studies to denote the process of transformation, linguistic or otherwise, in a given culture (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cultural_translation).

Polysystem Theory: Itamar Even-Zohar's integral contribution is internationally known under the umbrella of Polysystem theory and the theory of Cultural repertoires, which gave rise to a line of research areas (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Itamar_Even-Zohar).

Target-oriented Approach: Target-oriented approach majors on the text of translation and target literature system (Egel, 1999: 17)¹.

Skopos Theory: Skopos theory lies within the realm of the Functional Linguistic approach to translation theory, that originated in Germany during the 1970s and 1980 (<http://www.translationdirectory.com/articles/article1542.php>).

Translation Criticism: Translation criticism is an essential link between translation theory and its practice, because it painlessly improves the competence as a translator, expands the knowledge and understanding of his own and foreign language and helps to sort out the ideas about translation (<http://www.myg-traduccion.com.ar/translation-criticism.asp>).

Short Story: The short story is a literary genre of fictional, prose narrative that tends to be more concise and "to the point" than longer works of fiction such as novellas (in the modern sense of the term) and novels (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Short_story).

1.8. Abbreviations

ST: Source text

TT: Target text

SL: Source language

TL: Target language

PT: Polysystem Theory

TOA: Target-oriented Approaches

SkT: Skopos Theory

CEF: Common European Framework

ELT: English Language Teaching

CHAPTER II

LITERATURE REVIEW

In today's world which is gradually becoming a global village, the importance of translation cannot be neglected. With the help of the developments in communication devices, nearly all of the nations on the world can interculturally interact with each other. Translation has an important role and aim for a society's not withdrawing into its shell and feeling alienated.

Beyond that translation helps individuals to learn about other cultures and to compare these cultures with theirs. More importantly, people can perceive the world with a different understanding via the "culture phenomenon".

2.1. Definition of Translation

Throughout the history, many scholars and theorists have defined the term "translation". Although their perspectives on the subject were different, each of them added a new dimension to the translation phenomenon.

Venti (1997:17) defines translation as a process by which the chain of signifiers that constitutes the source-language text is replaced by a chain of signifiers in the target language which the translator provides on the strength of an interpretation. Derrida defines translation as a differential and deferred entity which never represents an original entity due to the different relations among signifiers along an endless chain (cited in Venti; 1997:17).

According to Larson (1998: 3), translation is in fact a change of form in the surface structure which can be in the form of actual words, phrases, clauses,

sentences, paragraphs, etc. In translation the form of the source language is replaced by the form of the target language.

Newmark (1998: 5) explains translation as rendering the meaning of a text into another language in the way that author intended the text. It may be thought so simple, but this can only be achieved if one has the ability to tell something in one language as in another. On the other hand, it may be considered as confusing and counterfeit because you are pretending as if someone else you are not by using another language.

According to Duff (1989) translation is a communicative activity with a rightful place in the framework of a communicative approach in foreign language teaching.

Snell-Hornby defines translation as an operation that presents and makes the unfamiliarity of the alienated and different ways of thinking of different languages and cultures comprehensible (1995: 19).

R. Kloepfer (cited in Snell, 1995:20) defines translation as making the unknown apprehensible with the known. Also, according to Wills (1992:18) translation is the transfer of a text in one language into another in a deliberate, planned and controlled way by bridging over different languages and cultures.

If a general dictionary is searched for the term “translation”, it means:

(n) 1. the act or an instance of translating 2. a written or spoken expression of the meaning of a word, speech or book, etc, in another language (<http://oxforddictionaries.com>)

As noted in the dictionary definition, while the first explanation aims at the role of the translator in taking the original or source text (ST) and turning it into a text in another language (the target text, TT), the second explanation focuses on the concrete translation product produced by the translator.

This distinction is specified by the definition in the Dictionary of Translation Studies (Shuttleworth and Cowie 1997: 181) as follows:

“Translation: An incredibly broad notion which can be understood in many different ways. For example, one may talk of translation as a process or a product, and identify such sub-types as literary translation, technical translation, subtitling and machine translation; moreover, while more typically it just refers to the transfer of written texts, the term sometimes also includes interpreting.”

With this final definition, new variables such as audiovisual translation-reading a written product together with an image on screen- which has been created in the recent decades and the machine translation which is a sign that translation is no longer the uphold of human translator are added to the definition. More professionally, it is a process and product that brings the power of computers and the human’s ability to examine and determine the suitable forms in the other language.

The arguments stated above consider translation to be a process. This process has been achieved in the diagram of Larson (1984: 4).

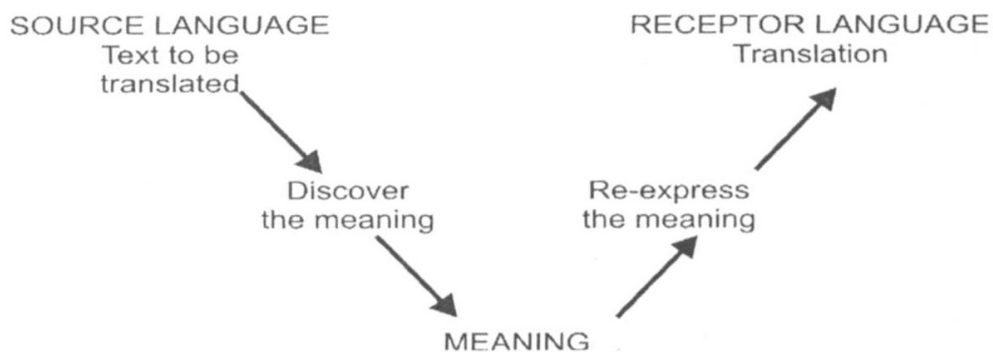


Figure 1: Translation Process

Whatever the definition is given related to the term translation, they have all looked into the phenomenon with a different perspective and throughout the centuries in one way or another translation has been one of the issues people are curious about.

2.2. Translation Theories

Both commercial and literary, translation is an activity that is growing in today's globalized world. Throughout the history, many scholars have contributed greatly to the translation becoming such a multidimensional phenomenon.

2.2.1. History of Translation

In its widest sense, translation includes the transformation of the objects into sounds, written symbols, pictures and dance in nature. The history of written translation started with the translation of "Odyssey" by Livius Andronicus around 240 B.C. In the West, the first studies of translation coincide with the Roman people starting to deal with the Greek texts dating from 300 B.C. From that time many theories and methods have been produced by the scholars involved in translation studies (Opperman, 1992: 56).

The place, role and function of translation have varied throughout the centuries. The first scholars who have examined word-for-word or sense-for-sense translation were Cicero and Horace, in order to develop the richness of the native languages. Consequently, sense-for-sense translation was highly accepted in explaining the meanings of a text better than literal translations. That is, the interpreting role of the translator has been created (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Translation>).

With the emergence of Christianity, Bible translations began to spread in Western Europe. These studies introduced the 'question of style' which is an important consideration. The role of translation changed in 15th century by gaining a new dimension which is the formulation theories for translation studies (Bassnett-McGuire, 1980:45).

In the 17th and 18th centuries, during the Renaissance, the theories prospered and as the first rule of Poetics, the 'imitation' idea of translation was accepted. As a result, increasing amount of translated classical texts raised the question of nature and essence of the works to be translated. At this point, Dryden (1680) cleared these confusions by putting three categories of translation "*metaphrase, paraphrase and imitation*" (cited in Venuti, 2004: 38).

However, the minds of the theorists had still been occupied with the problem of recreating the main spirit or nature of the translated works. In the 19th century theorists began to refuse the idea of imitation and turned their faces to the process of imagination as a recreational act. The creative power of the translator was highlighted. This led to the change of definition of the translation as a more creative process than a mechanical act. For that reason, the creative role of the translator was emphasized in this century more than in any other centuries (Newmark, 1981:38).

At that point a new problem rose: how were the meanings related to the different cultures transferred from one language to another? An answer to this problem was –as a translator- focusing primarily on the source language and examining it as closely as possible. In this way, the primary focus would be the direct communication of meanings in the source language and their cultural dimensions.

In the 20th century, by the advent of linguistic theories concerning language brought more complicated theoretical issues which highly contributed to the development of translation studies. The main trends in translation theory during this period were originated from German literary and philosophical traditions. The language is assumed not so much communicative as essential in its depict of thought and reality and for that reason translation was considered as interpretation which renovate and transforms the foreign text. At the beginning of twentieth century, the ideas of the previous century such as treating translation as a creative force were re-evaluated; and experiments with literary form were highly valued for the refreshment of the culture. Theoretical speculation and formal innovation were under the focus of translation studies in this period (Venuti, 2004: 72).

During 1940s and 1950s the theory of translation was dominated by the essential issue of ‘translatability’. Prominent figures in philosophy, literary criticism and linguistics considered whether translation can reunite the differences that separate languages and cultures. In this period, the deterrents of translation were stated clearly and the ideas were shaped by the disciplinary trends varying between philosophical skepticism and practical optimism (Venti: 1997).

1960s and 1970s were the periods when ‘equivalence’ was the controlling concept for most of the translation theories. By establishing a relationship of identity and similarity with it, translating was widely considered as a process of communicating the foreign text. Mounin (cited in Venuti 2004:147) argues that “equivalence is based on ‘universals of language and culture” questioning the notions of relativity that made translation impossible in previous decades. At the same time,

not only analytical tools but also standard to evaluate literature on equivalence are aimed to provide. During the 1970s, Itamar Even Zohar and Gideon Toury set out from the assumption that literary translations are facts of the target system. They theorize literature as a 'polysystem' of interrelated forms and canons that constitute 'norms' constraining the translator's choices and strategies (Venuti 2004: 149).

1980s was the decade which opened with the emergence of translation studies, overlapping with many other fields of science such as linguistics, literary criticism and philosophy as a separate discipline. Translation was known to assert its own procedures of indication of different linguistic and cultural contexts. In the mid 1980s, feminist and postcolonial theorists have given a lesson about being careful about trusting our intuitions or capture of cultural knowledge and cultural differences. In the late 1980s and 1990s several new trends in culturally oriented translation widened and took the place of descriptive translation studies to some extent (Robinson, 1999: 233).

The growth of translation studies as a separate discipline was a success story of the 1980s. In many parts of the world, the subject was developed and was obviously destined to continue developing as well as in the 21st century. Translation studies brought together work in a variety of fields including linguistics, literary study, history, anthropology, psychology and economics (Venti, 1997: vii).

In the light of historical change of the translation studies, it can be concluded that the interest in translation had started earlier in the history. Although, the emergence of religious texts, mainly Bible, was focusing on more strict type of translation, this strictness took the form of 'imitation in the 17th and 18th centuries. In this way, translations of literary texts became popular, which started to raise the question of artistry. In the 19th century, translators began to consider the process of imagination, and this brought a new dimension to translation studies. At the end of the nineteenth' a huge interest was rose related to the culture. Scholars and translator have recognized the culture factor and that translation cannot be realized without

cultural awareness. In this sense, the conclusion can be drawn related to the fact that translation and culture are closely related with each other; for that reason translation performed without caring the culture phenomenon becomes ineffective and awkward, most of the time.

2.2.2. Contemporary Translation Theories

Together with the greater need for and diffusion of translation at all levels of economic, cultural and social life; translations and their study have been the object of uninterrupted scholarly investigation since the mid-twentieth century. In the past, most translation studies or theories were the result of translators' reflections on their own activity, which was not a result of a systematic research on the topic.

Contemporary translation discourses have focused on two main, sometimes contrasting approaches. On the one hand, there was the linguistic approach to translation dominating the 1950s and 1960s which then shifted towards function-and culture-oriented approaches in the 1970s and 1980s while, on the other research has followed a more traditionally literary approach.

2.2.2.1. The Polysystem Theory

Polysystem Theory (PT) was suggested in 1969 and 1970, sub-sequently reformulated and developed in a number of later studies and improved, then shared, advanced, enlarged, and experimented with by a number of scholars in various countries. But, its foundations had already been solidly laid by Russian Formalism in the 1920s (<http://www.translationdirectory.com/articles/article1320.php>).

Even-Zohar (1978) states that translation plays an important role in the formation of national cultures and literary translation should be studied as a separate literary system (cited in Ertan: 2005:1).

In PT, a literary work is not studied in isolation but as part of a literary system. In other words literature is a part of social, cultural, literary and historical framework. A literary system can influence other ones. It's to say, the translated literature which is being imported to a country can influence the native writings (Even-Zohar, 1997:18).

In support of this argument, Even-Zohar (1997) also states that the most important pre-requisites of the development of Translation Studies are the careful investigation of culture and polysystem; and the translation studies should not be limited with linguistic and literary theories.

Another requirement needed by Even-Zohar (1997: 17) is creating a 'cultural repertoire' which can be achieved in two ways: adoption and transfer, which are not free from each other.

Yazıcı (2005: 129) states that:

*"This theory has shed light on the theories put forward after it in three ways. One of them is the interest related to descriptive studies has risen. On the other hand, the focus of investigation of translation studies has changed from source text and literature to target text and literature. Last of all; it has played a mediation role by analyzing translation studies in a dynamic system."*²

Above all, the principal contribution of this theory by Even-Zohar to the translation studies is bringing the concept of "system" in this discipline and being a pioneer in making it a general theory.

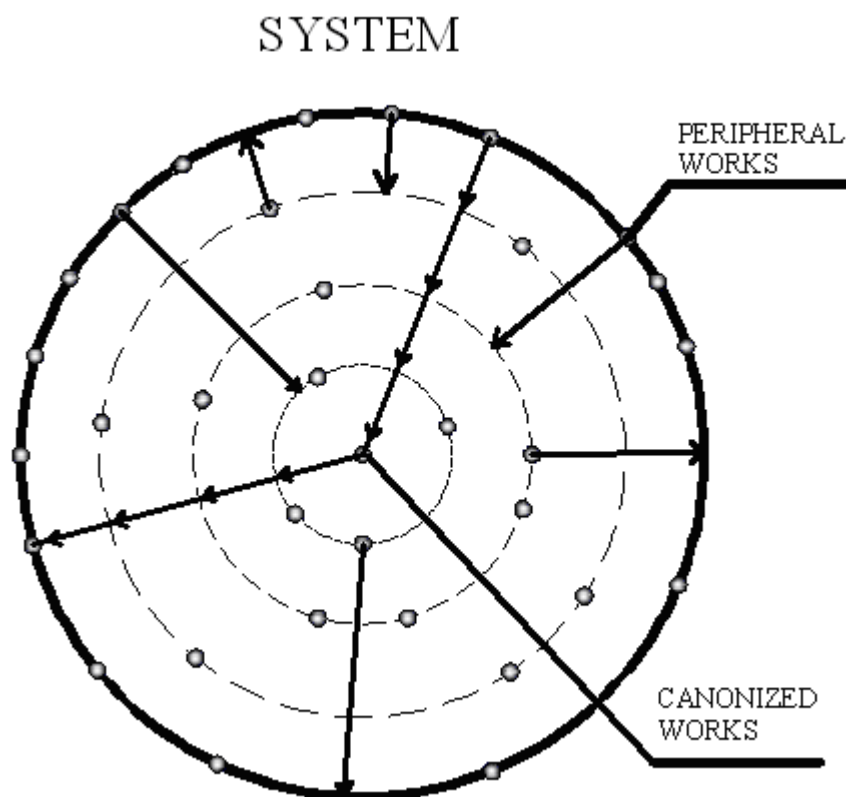


Figure 2: Polysystem Process

2.2.2.2. Target-oriented Approaches

Target-Oriented Approaches (TOA) major mainly on the text of translation and target literature system. Until these approaches have been put forward, most of the translation theories were source-text oriented or source language oriented.

According to Gideon Toury, the relation between source text and target text is called “equivalence” because translation is a linguistic text which has equivalence in another language. The translation of a literary text may be literary or not because in order for a text to be a literary translation the source text should be coded as a literature system equivalent to the linguistic code of the target language. Similarly, a text which is not a piece of literature can find a place in target literature system as a text of literature (1980: 7).

TOA starts by questioning what exists in the target language. According to this approach, there are two types of equivalence: 1) Theoretical: ideal connections, 2) Descriptive: concrete connections between concrete products. (Egel, 1999: 19)³. In the source text oriented theories if target text does not reflect the characteristics of source text, then this may not be considered as a translation, moreover, the translation is unfavourable or does not reach its aim.

“Inspired by Even-Zohar’s Polysystem Theory, Toury states that the translated texts have a place and function in a literary polysystem related to target literature and their relations with source text and literature in the target literature” (Yazıcı, 2005: 130)⁴. Although translated texts which are placed in target literature remain away from the center for a while in the target literature system, they may find a central position after a while when the dynamic structure of target literature is considered.

Toury supports the idea of “product and process”, in other words, “functional” research in translation studies (1985: 21). In short, while consolidating its theory scientifically by using “descriptive and explanatory” method, he takes the initiative of its theory being a “complete” and “general” one (Bengi-Öner, 1992: 18)⁵.

As was stated, TOA, developed by Toury by taking Even-Zohar’s Polysystem Theory as a basis, provides a wider perspective to the researchers and linguists in their endless search in translation studies.

2.2.2.3. Skopos Theory

Suggested for the first time by Hans J. Vermeer in 1978, Skopos Theory (SkT) follows in the footsteps of Katharina Reiss’ work which moves the concept of

“equivalence” away from the micro-level of the word or sentence to that of the macro textual level, in which translation options for different text types are proposed (Munday, 2001: 73-76).

The basic rules of the SkT as laid down by Vermeer and Reiss (Munday, 2001: 79) are:

- 1) *The final version of the TT is determined by its skopos and the role it will play in the target culture.*
- 2) *The role of the ST in the source culture may be different to the role of the TT in the target culture.*
- 3) *The TT must take into account the receiver’s situation and background knowledge – it must be “internally coherent”.*
- 4) *The TT must be faithful to the ST – “coherent with the ST”. Here the translator is the key, as the information provided by the ST must be determined, interpreted and relayed to the target audience.*
- 5) *These rules are in order of importance, so skopos has the prime position.*

According to this theory, the most important factor determining the translation of the source text is that while transferring a text into a target language a translator can take decisions by changing the text according to not necessarily the source text but to its aim. For that reason, SkT is considered as target-oriented translation theory.

The most distinctive feature of SkT among text-oriented theories is that it gives importance to the reader and the translator, which affects the translation process. The translator or the ones who demand the translation take some decision related to the realization of the aim/function by considering the target reader group. Similarly, a critic who will evaluate a translated text should determine the decisions taken by the translator before the translation process and then examine the consistency of these decisions and the product of translation (Yücel, 2007: 52).

Having looked the theories Polysystem Theory, Skopos Theory and Target-oriented Approaches related to the translation studies, it may be stated that historical, cultural and social conditions which affect the translation are in the forefront in all theories and approaches. This leads to descriptive approach's dominating on translation criticism.

What is supported in all is not the error resolution; the reason for that is that the underlying idea of target-oriented translation approaches is the differences of the translated text from the source text, but the reasons that lead to these differences.

While Skopos Theory tries to explain these differences related to the aim of the translation, the other two descriptive theories consider the function of translated texts which they have in the target culture.

Presenting an objective approach to the criticism of translation necessitates the consideration of some procedures containing both source text and target text. Various criticism models that have been put forward translation theorists till the middle of the twentieth century could only provide a restricted approach since they focused only on the linguistic indicators of the source text. For that reason, they could not go beyond 'error hunting' (Yücel, 2005: 129).

However with the target text's taking the stage in translation criticism like in translation theories, the functional features of the texts start to gain importance. In this context, the factors, different from the text, such as translator, cultural structure and differences have shown that translation criticism is really a complicated phenomenon.

2.3. Culture and Translation

Although the definition of culture is always thought to have been beyond the scope of translation theory, the trials that have been made by many linguists mainly contributed to the studies of translation.

2.3.1. Culture

When all the definitions made till today are closely examined, one thing clearly stands out; that is, there is a close link between the languages and the cultures in which languages are born and kept. This link can be likened to a shining coin with two sides: on one side the culture gleams and on the other side the language that reflects the culture gleaming on the other side glitters brightly.

Teppermann et al. (1994:1) defines culture as a humanly created environment for all our thoughts and actions. In the light of this definition, it can be mentioned that this is a common thing shared by all humans distinguishing us from the other creatures. Additionally, it is possible to talk about a particular time or group of people such as Roman culture or British culture.

Together with the observable signs of culture such as art, literature, customs and everyday life belonging to a group of people; culture has also unobservable sides like beliefs, values, norms, and attitudes. The New Encyclopedia Britannica offers a definition of culture combining these two aspects of culture (1991: 874):

“...behaviour peculiar to Homo sapiens, together with material objects used as an integral part of this behaviour; specifically culture consists of language, ideas, beliefs, customs, codes, institutions, tools, techniques, works of art, rituals, ceremonies, and so on.”

The Collins Cobuild English Dictionary (1998: 399) has a long list of the definitions on culture. Two of them are, 1. *A particular society or civilization especially considered in relation to its beliefs, way of life or art* 2. *The ≈ of a particular organization or group consists of the habits of the people in it and the way they generally behave.*

On the other hand, The Cambridge Advanced Learner's Dictionary (2008: 341) defines culture as *“the way of life, especially the general customs and beliefs, of a particular group of people at a particular time.”*

It is an undeniable fact that the world is becoming a global village and the curiosity about other cultures is also growing. In this sense, translation gains an unavoidable importance since most translations are aimed to serve as a substitute for original texts serving them to the people who cannot read the language in its original language. Robinson (1999: 224) states that *“Instead of looking for differentiated or distilled cultural essences, it could be fruitful to look at translations themselves in order to see what they have to say about cultural frontiers.”*

In the light of the definitions made above, that a translator, at least, has to be knowledgeable with are customs, traditional ceremonies, clothing, food, architecture, history, geography, literature, music, arts, family and social relationships, politics, economics and sense of humor; in short both visible and invisible sides of culture.

Since there is a close relation between culture and translation, the latter cannot be thought without cultural transfer. For instance, translation without considering different cultural features would be mechanical and most of the time awkward, similarly, different cultures need translation to interact with each other and become richer.

Alvarez and Vidal, (cited in Riccardi, 2003: 87) depict the relationship of culture and translation as follows:

“it is not the production of one text equivalent to another text but rather a complex process of rewriting that runs parallel to the overall view of language and of the other people have throughout the history and to the influences and the balance of power that exist between one culture and another.”

According to this definition and the ones previously stated, it is expressed that culture and translation is an inseparable couple. Apart from this perspective, Newmark (1998: 94) brings a new perspective by defining culture as the way of life and its manifestations that are peculiar to a community that uses a particular language as its means of expression.

More specifically, he distinguishes ‘cultural’ from ‘universal’ and ‘personal’ language. For example ‘die’, ‘swim’, ‘star’ and even almost virtually extensive objects like ‘mirror’ and ‘table’ are universals, and usually there occurs no translation problem accordingly. However, ‘Monsoon’, ‘steppe’, ‘dacha’, ‘tagliatelle’ are cultural words. Unless there is cultural overlap between the source and the target language (and its readership), there will be a translation problem. Universal words such as ‘breakfast’, ‘embrace’, and ‘pile’ often cover the universal function, but not the cultural description of the referent (Newmark, 1998: 94).

Distinguishing ‘cultural’ from ‘universal’ and ‘personal’, Nida (cited in Newmark, 1998: 95) categorizes culture and gives some examples to them:

1. Ecology:

e.g: Flora, fauna, winds, plains, hills: e.g: honeysuckle, sirocco, tundra, plateau, savanna

2. Material culture (artifacts)

- a) *Food: e.g: zabaglione, sake*
- b) *Clothes: e.g: anorak, kanga (Africa), sarong (South Seas)*
- c) *Houses and Towns: e.g: kampong, bourg, chalet, tower*
- d) *Transport: e.g: bike, rickshaw, cabriolet, tilbury*

3. Social Culture- work and leisure

e.g: ajah, amah, reggae, rock

4. Organizations, customs, activities, procedures, concepts

- a) *Political and administrative*
- b) *Religious: e.g: dharm, karma, temple*
- c) *Artistic*

5. Gestures and habits e.g: cock a snook, spitting

When a particular topic (this is usually called ‘cultural focus’) is focused by a community of speech, there exists an excess of production of words in order to design the special language, that is terminology - the English on sport, notably the crazy cricket words (‘a maiden over’, ‘silly mid-on’, ‘howzzat’), the French on wines and cheese, the Germans on sausages, Spaniards on bull-fighting, Arabs on camels, Eskimos, notoriously on snow, English and French on sex. As Newmark states (1998: 94) “*Frequently where there is a cultural focus, there is a translation problem due to the cultural ‘gap’ or ‘distance’ between the source and target languages.*”

Having similar concerns like many scholars, Common European Framework (CEF) (2000:102) puts forward a categorization of socio-cultural knowledge:

1. Everyday living, e.g.:

- *food and drink, meal times, table manners;*
- *public holidays;*
- *working hours and practices;*
- *leisure activities (hobbies, sports, reading habits, media).*

2. Living conditions, e.g.:

- *living standards (with regional, class and ethnic variations);*
- *housing conditions;*
- *welfare arrangements.*

3. Interpersonal relations (including relations of power and solidarity) e.g. with respect to:

- *class structure of society and relations between classes;*
- *relations between sexes (gender, intimacy);*
- *family structures and relations;*
- *relations between generations;*
- *relations in work situations;*
- *relations between public and police, officials, etc.;*
- *race and community relations;*
- *relations among political and religious groupings.*

4. Values, beliefs and attitudes in relation to such factors as:

- *social class;*
- *occupational groups (academic, management, public service, skilled and manual workforces);*
- *wealth (income and inherited);*
- *regional cultures;*
- *security;*
- *institutions;*
- *tradition and social change;*
- *history, especially iconic historical personages and events;*
- *minorities (ethnic, religious);*
- *national identity;*
- *foreign countries, states, peoples;*
- *politics;*
- *arts (music, visual arts, literature, drama, popular music and song);*
- *religion;*

- *humour.*

5. *Body language:* *Knowledge of the conventions governing such behaviour form part of the user/learner's sociocultural competence.*

6. *Social conventions, e.g. with regard to giving and receiving hospitality,*
such as:

- *punctuality;*
- *presents;*
- *dress;*
- *refreshments, drinks, meals;*
- *behavioural and conversational conventions and taboos;*
- *length of stay;*
- *leave-taking.*

7. *Ritual behaviour in such areas as:*

- *religious observances and rites;*
- *birth, marriage, death;*
- *audience and spectator behaviour at public performances and ceremonies;*
- *celebrations, festivals, dances, discos, etc.*

With this categorization CEF makes a classification of how culture can be put under different classes. Similar to Nida's categorization, CEF's classification has both visible and invisible categories related to the culture of one country.

The relationship among culture, language and perception is somewhat like the chicken-egg question: "*Which comes first?*" The way people perceive the world is closely attached to the language and of course language cannot be thought out of its particular culture. Languages and translation in this sense is a way of presenting

different cultures' ideas both within the same community and of exchanging ideas with the others.

No two languages are sufficiently similar to depict the same social reality. These languages belong to different worlds and societies, sometimes not merely the same world labeled differently. However, the fact that a language does not have the same range of words for particular distinctions as another language does not mean they do not value those things as much. This distinction also does not show that one culture is superior or inferior to the other. Each and every culture has its own characteristics and a way of expressing itself.

Accordingly Edward Sapir (cited in Newmark, 1998: 94) claims that language is a guide to social reality and that human beings are at the mercy of the language that he has become the medium of expression for their society. Experience is largely determined by the language habits of the community and each separate structure represents a separate reality.

Keeping all the definitions of culture and translation, and also their relationship in mind, it can be stated that culture is the mirror of one society and a translator who wants to reflect the features of a society through translating a text belonging to that society, he or she should be very meticulous about adding the 'culture' dimension to the translated texts.

2.3.2 Cultural Translation

Cultural translation is a concept used in cultural studies to denote the process of transformation, linguistic or otherwise, in a given culture. The concept uses linguistic translation as a tool or metaphor in analyzing the nature of transformation in cultures. For example, ethnography is considered a translated

narrative of an abstract living culture
 (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Translation_studies).

Translation, involving the transposition of thoughts expressed in one language by one social group into the appropriate expression of another group, entails a process of cultural de-coding, re-coding and en-coding. As cultures are increasingly brought into greater contact with one another, multicultural considerations are brought to bear to an ever-increasing degree (Karamanian, 2002: 1). Concordantly, while translating, expressions related to one society should be well resolved and then put in the forms of target culture, of course without denying the cultural differences and their interaction with each other.

Most ‘cultural’ words are easy to detect, since they are associated with a particular language and cannot be literally translated, but many cultural customs are described in ordinary language (‘topping out a building’, ‘mud in your eye’), where literal translation would distort the meaning and a translation may include an appropriate descriptive-functional equivalent. Newmark states that “*Cultural objects may be referred to by a relatively culture-free generic term or classifier plus the various additions in different cultures and you have to account for these additions which may appear in the course of the SL text*” (1998: 95). While Newmark gives importance to cultural perspectives while conducting translation, many other professionals also greatly contribute to the relationship between translation and culture by providing various definitions.

According to Riccardi (2003: 86):

“A text to be translated was originally written for people and readers of the same country. The translated text is well anchored in the target culture, and in transposing the original, the translator will often be confronted with culture-bound expressions or situations. The text to be interpreted is always

produced for a bilingual or even multilingual setting; cultural differences are not very marked and can be easily overcome because participants belong to an international community and have gathered to discuss common topics on a subject decided upon well in advance.”

Caught between the need to capture the local color and the need to be understood by an audience outside the original cultural and linguistic situation, a translator must be aware of both cultures (Thriveni, 2002:1). For that reason, inadequacy in one of the cultures, either source or target culture, would turn the translation process and also produce a simple, mode-to-mode type of translation.

Cultural meanings are intricately woven into the texture of the language. The creative writer's ability to capture and project them is of primary importance for, and should be reflected in, the translated work.

Since in translation ‘meaning’ is of particular importance, it follows that translation cannot be fully understood outside a cultural frame of reference. Those meanings are transmitted through translation, but if those meanings are transmitted without having necessary and needed cultural specialties of the target culture, some accidents may happen, for example if a translator translates the toothpaste company’s advertisement text as something like “*if you use it, brighter teeth you will have*”, he or she may have problems if the company sends its goods to some African countries whose people use a substance to darken their teeth, since their teeth are already the whitest around the world. In this context, the translator should have enough of knowledge of the target culture as well as its language.

If an example of what is mentioned until here is desired to be given, one of the famous stories of Virginia Woolf, “Monday or Tuesday” can be given. In this story, the author uses culture specific elements such as “*church, wheels (carriage), omnibuses, drinking tea, foggy weather*”. A translator who will translate such kind of

short story should also be knowledgeable about the significance of these cultural elements together with the requisites of literary translation and an author like Virginia Woolf.

2.4. Types of Translation

Throughout the centuries, the main problem of translating has always been whether to translate literally or freely. The reason for the differences in the translated versions of the same source texts translated by two different translators, is actually there is not one correct translation of a given text. A translator may stand somewhere on the continuum from literal translation to idiomatic translation.

There are various aspects of the communication situation that may determine the choice of type of translation produced. However, whichever way a translator chooses, the main goal of him is to produce a translation that will be acceptable to the receptor language audience.

According to Newmark (1998: 45) there are eight types of translation, which is put in a V diagram below:



Figure 3: Types of Translation

Word-for-word translation: The Source Language (SL) word order is preserved and the words translated by their most common meanings. Cultural words are translated literally. The main use of this type of translation is either to understand the mechanics of the source language or to explain a difficult text as pre-translation process.

Literal Translation: The SL grammatical constructions are converted to their nearest Target Language (TL) equivalents but the lexical items are again translated out of context. As a pre-translation process, it indicates the problems to be solved.

Faithful Translation: It attempts to reproduce the precise contextual meaning of the original within the constraints of the TL grammatical structures. It transfers cultural words and preserves the degree of grammatical and lexical deviation from SL norms. It attempts to be completely faithful to the intentions and the text-realization of the SL writer.

Semantic Translation: It differs from faithful translation only in as far as it must take more account of the aesthetic value of the SL text, compromising on meaning where appropriate so that no assonance, word play or repetition jars in the finished version. It does not rely on cultural equivalence and makes very small concessions to the readership. While 'faithful' translation is dogmatic, semantic translation is more flexible.

Communicative Translation: It attempts to render the exact contextual meaning of the original in such a way that both language and content are readily acceptable and comprehensible to the readership.

Idiomatic Translation: It reproduces the message of the original but tends to distort nuances of meaning by preferring colloquialisms and idioms.

Free Translation: It reproduces the matter without the manner, or the content without the form of the original. Usually it is a paraphrase much longer than the original.

Adaptation (Adaptive Translation): This is the freest form of translation mainly used for plays and poetry: themes/ characters/ plots preserved, SL culture converted to TL culture and the text is rewritten.

In the light of these distinctions it can be mentioned that the types of translation can either, traditionally, be 'literal' or 'free'. While in semantic translation the emphasis is on the meaning, or on the author's thought processes; communicative translation puts emphasis more on the message, reader, or utterance. On the other hand, in contrast with semantic translation, communicative translation is simpler, cleaner, more direct, more conforming to a particular register of language, however; semantic translation is more complex, detailed and concerning with the thought processes rather than the intention of the transmitter.

Different from Newmark's taxonomy, the Russo-American linguist Roman Jakobson (cited in Hatim and Munday, 2004: 5) makes a very important distinction between three types of written translation in his seminal paper 'On Linguistic Aspects of Translation'. These are as follows:

1. *intralingual translation: translation within the same language, which can involve rewording and paraphrase*
2. *interlingual translation: translation from one language to another*
3. *intersemiotic translation: translation of the verbal sign by a non-verbal sign, for example music or image.*

With these three types of Jakobson's, it is clear that there is a main problem in all three types, that is, while messages may serve as adequate interpretations of code units or messages, there is no full equivalence through translations. Because complete equivalence (in the sense of synonym and sameness) cannot take place in any of his categories, all poetic art is therefore technically untranslatable.

Catford (1978: 20) makes a broader distinction in terms of *extent* (Full vs. Partial Translation); *levels* (Total vs. Restricted Translation); and *ranks* of translation. Similar to the other classifications mentioned above, Catford's categorization also deals with the transfer of the ST into TL in with different choices considering the aim and the audience.

With a different perspective, translation is also categorized by Snell and Crampton (1983: 109):

- a) *Translation for pleasure*
- b) *Translation of promotional and instructional material*
- c) *Translation of advertising copy*
- d) *Translation of publicity and sales literature*
- e) *Translation of captions*
- f) *Translation of signs and notices*
- g) *Translation of instructional material*
- h) *Translation of instructions on forms*
- i) *Literary and book translation*

In short, different perspectives related to the categorization of translation have advantages such as; grouping the abstract knowledge in the field and also providing a useful tool in translation research, teaching translation and in the profession of translation. In this way, a homogeneous corpus for study may be created.

In the light of the explanations of different types of translation, what can be stated is that, after analyzing a text to be translated, a translator has to choose the most suitable type together with the aim and audience of that text according to his or her priorities. Considering each of the factors playing role in translation process into account, the translator tries to produce the most correctly translated version of a text by deciding on the most appropriate method that he or she will use while translating a text into another language.

Among many text types, literary texts require a special care while translating, since they have some features such as imagery, irony, tone, characters and idioms. Moreover, these texts have an artistic quality, so the translator should also be careful about producing an equally accurate and artistic text in the target language.

2.5. Literary Translation

Different from other text types, literary texts have some features that distinguishes them from the other texts. First of all, there lies an artistic feature in the literary texts. This artistry is conveyed through idioms, metaphors, symbols and irony. The translator has to be aware of them and produce a new text which is as influential in the target language as it is in the source language.

Considered as art texts; poem, novel, story, epic and drama necessitate a special attention to be paid in terms of form, style, sound, syntax and semantic while translating. Since literary language is different from any other type of texts, a different process has to be followed while translating them.

Aksoy (1999:25) makes the point clear effectively with the following words:

“Literal translation, at the same time; reproduce the original style of the writer in the text. Here the style is used as the usage of the language for a special purpose in the text. Every writer and every text have their own specialties. Translator has to show styles that are signs of literary, the words that the writer has chosen and how these words change the meaning and what kind of symbols and irony has been used.”

Translation is of course a rewriting of an original text. All rewritings, whatever their intention, reflects a certain ideology and a poetics and as such manipulate literature to function in a given society in a given way. Rewriting is manipulation, undertaken in the service of power, and in its positive aspect can help in the evolution of a literature and a society.

Rewriting can introduce new concepts, new genres, new devices and the history of translation is the history also of literary innovation, of the shaping power of one culture upon another (Venti, 1997: vii).

One of the main goals of literary translation is to initiate the target-language reader into the sensibilities of the source-language culture. The process of transmitting cultural elements through literary translation is a complicated and vital task. Culture is a complex collection of experiences which conditions daily life; it includes history, social structure, religion, traditional customs and everyday usage. This is difficult to comprehend completely. Especially in relation to a target language; one important question is whether the translation will have any readership at all, as the specific reality being portrayed is not quite familiar to the reader.

Obviously, literary translation needs some privileges since preserving the artistic quality, the tone and elements of the original text and producing a text which is as effective in the target language as it is in the source culture is not a simple job.

Trying to bridge the gaps not only between source and target language but also between the corresponding elements that constitute their respective cultures and societies, one should always keep in mind that language of the literary text is far from the ordinary language. Having the intelligence and capability of feeling and understanding the literary text, a translator is not the one who is faithful and close to the original text but the one who is closed to mentality and thinking as well as to the experience of the writer (Aksoy: 2000:3).

Among many literary texts which are more or less equally difficult to translate, the translation of fiction, in this context, short stories and novels, has a different place. Together with the concern to continue the artistic quality in the target culture, there is also a need to bridge the gaps between the source and the target culture. Since translation of fiction is different from non-literary texts, the translator should create the meaning of the original text together with examining the correspondents of all components that make a text literal such as metaphors, ironies, etc.

2.5.1. Translation of Fiction

Considered the second most difficult literary form to translate by many translators, fiction translation has a simpler structure than a poem and is easier to translate consequently.

Belloc (cited in Bassnett-McGuire, 1980: 116) lays down six general rules for the translator of fiction text:

1. *The translator should not 'plod on', 'word by word' or 'sentence by sentence'.*
2. *The translator should render 'idiom by idiom' and idioms of their nature demand translation into another form that of original.*

3. *The translator must render 'intention by intention' bearing in mind that the intention of a phrase in one language may be less emphatic than the form of the phrase, or it may be more emphatic.*
4. *The translator must be careful about les faux amis (bad friends); those words or structures that may appear to correspond in both SL and TL but actually do not*
5. *The translator is advised to 'transmute boldly' and the essence of translating is the resurrection of an alien thing in a native body.*
6. *The translator should never embellish.*

In the light of the six rules put forward by Belloc, it is obvious that there is a need for the translator to consider the prose text as a structured whole while keeping in mind also the stylistic and syntactical needs of the TL. Despite the challenges encountered in prose translation, the only way for a work of art to gain universality is translation, by means of which the gaps are bridged through the possibility of translation.

A distinguished linguist and translation theorist Anton Popovic (cited in Aksoy, 2000:3) believes that the aim of the translation is to transfer certain intellectual and aesthetic values from one language to another. Obviously, this transfer is not conducted directly; on the contrary, there are difficulties along with it. In the translation process, there appears some losses yet, Popovic (cited in Aksoy, 2000: 3) states that the act of translating is the most difficult and complex work of art.

To put Popovic ideas in other words, it may be stated that literary and linguistic norms and conventions of both the source text and target text belong to, are encountered in the translation process. The changes that occur in the process of translation are determined by the different features of the two languages, the two authors, the two cultures.

At this point, the importance of 'style' must be underlined, since in order to understand the linguistic and semantic content of the original text; the style of this text should be analyzed and understood well by the translator. What is more, this study must be realized in the context of the literature and the literary conventions.

2.6. Specific Problems of Translation

The differences between SL and TL and the variations in their cultures turn the translation process into a real challenge. As a result, the problem of translatability or untranslatability becomes closely related to the nature of language, meaning and translation.

Nord (1991:21) puts the problems encountered in four categories:

1. Pragmatic problems: They refer to the fact that there may be differences between the situations in the source culture and the target culture. These differences include time, place, etc. The receiver's lack of orientation may give birth to this kind of problems as well as text function.

2. Linguistic problems: They arise from differences of structure in the vocabulary and syntax of the SL and TL which are "caused by an inadequate translation when the focus is on language structures.

3. Cultural problems: They are the result of the differences in norms and conventions that guide verbal and non-verbal behavior in the two cultures involved as every culture has its own habits and convention.

4. Text-specific problems: They are the one that cannot be included in any of the other three categories. They refer to specific situations of communication that are unique and depend on a certain context.

A common fallacy is to think that all human beings use some type of language to represent their thoughts and exchange ideas and they all talk about the same world of reality. For that reason, translating from one language into another should not be a difficult process, which is easy to be carried out. Because of the fact that the translators are always confronted with a number of problems some of whose reasons stated in the categorization above, they have to deal with them consciously, consistently and accurately.

Since there is no one to one correspondence between two languages, the problem of translatability and untranslatability is one of the major concerns of the translators in the process of translation. While rendering texts, a translator may tackle with a number of problems caused by different ways. One of problems encountered may be the problem of the adequate comprehension of the original text with all its complexities. For that reason, a thorough survey of the original text should be conducted by the translator related to all characteristics of that text. In other word, the translator should decode the original text in a detailed way.

In consistent with the first problem, another problem may be the inefficiency of the translator's mastery of the target language. For that reason, it should be kept in mind that being a native speaker of a language is not enough to produce an equally well translated text.

Another problem related to the problems of the translation can be the procedures undergone between the two stages, that is, the stage of comprehending the source language text and manipulation of the target language. The differences related to the lexical, syntactic, semantic, pragmatic and cultural perspectives between the two languages slow down or block the process of correct translation.

In other words, no matter what causes the problem, the translator should be careful about the problems that may be encountered and should act according to the different essences of both the source and the target language.

2.7. Practicing Culture and Translation in ELT

Among literary texts, fiction is one of the most popular ones that are widely translated. Since these texts have specific features such as style, tone, metaphor, irony; the translation of these special texts also requires an attentive care.

When looked at translation from the teaching perspective, it can be concluded that translation is an effective way of teaching a foreign language. Despite an ongoing debate of the usage of translation in teaching and learning a foreign language, it is also widely agreed that the students find it easier to find correspondences between their native language and the language they are learning. This ease can, most of the time, be provided via translation activities, or sometimes comparing two versions of a text, both one in their own language and one in the target language. Moreover using literary texts in translation courses is another way of making students familiar with the target culture.

The role of translation in foreign or second language education is still under debate. Although some translation scholars think that translation is a separate scientific discipline, and for that reason should be studied separately; other scientists and educators argue that utilizing translation in foreign or second language education is very helpful; moreover this belief continues to spread each day.

Because of the continual rise in the international relations, it is very important to communicate through foreign languages. In this sense, knowing a foreign language has become a necessity no matter which occupational group a

person belongs to. For that reason, educators and scientists try to develop new approaches which are suitable to the needs of the century.

In the language classroom whose aim is not to train professionals, learners are helped to develop their knowledge of English. In other words, it is a means to an end, not an end to be reached.

Bantas (1989: 22) contributes to the idea by stating:

“[Soon it] was understood that translation has so much to give that it should be a part of foreign language teaching. Decreasing mother tongue interference, clarifying problem points, explaining vocabulary more clearly are only a few of many benefits translation has to offer.”

Contrary to common belief, translation can enhance focusing on meaning as well as raising the students' awareness in terms of similarities and differences between learners' L1 and L2. Atkinson (1993: 18) claims that translation makes learners concentrate on meaning, as opposed to mechanical grammar exercises which only focus on form.

Besides when students perform translation activities they have to compare their native language with the foreign language. In this way, they become more aware of the differences between the two languages.

Although it is a cognitively demanding process and which is believed to require a high level of proficiency, if properly designed translation activities can be successfully applied at all levels and ages.

According to Newmark (1991: 44):

“Translation can contribute to language teaching regardless of the proficiency level of the students. In the early stages, it can be useful in terms of using class time economically, and of making explanations about grammar and vocabulary. In intermediate stages, it enables teachers to remediate student errors through translation activities.”

He adds one dimension to his idea by stressing that at this stage translation might prove useful in terms of increasing students’ vocabulary in the target language. Finally, in advanced levels, translation into and from the target language can be introduced as a ‘fifth skill’, in which students make use of the four skills in the final and the most challenging skill since it requires an understanding of two different linguistic systems.

According to Prodromou (2001:6), *“the learner journeys back and forth within [the L1 and L2 cultures] in search of a ‘third place’ – in other words, the interaction between one culture and another.”*

Bilingual and second language educators most frequently conceive of culture in the categories of ideas, behaviors or products which are shared by members of a group. While behaviorists treat culture as observable actions or events, functionalists focus on the underlying structure or rules which govern and explain observable events.

Various definitions of culture different theoretical concepts about what culture is and what should be studied in the quest for cultural understanding and the most suitable methodology. As previously mentioned, translation activities need not to be pursued in isolation, but should rather be included in existing courses.

Awareness of cultural behaviors and underlying rules help people predict or at least anticipate how others are going to act and why. By combining concepts of culture and learning which therefore have been treated fairly independently, approaches to developing cross-cultural understanding in bilingual, second or foreign language instruction are likely to be more effective.

In the context of English as an international language, the bilingual/bicultural teachers are in a position to enrich the process of learning by using the mother tongue as a resource, and by using the culture which the mother tongue embodies they can facilitate the progress of their students towards the other tongue, the other culture. (Prodromou, 2001: 8).

Lastly, Obiliteanu (2003) states that:

“Several years ago the communicative approach was introduced in our country in ELT which meant that the tendency was to put emphasis on communicative skills. In view of this change the role of translation was drastically diminished as not being essential for successful communication. Every day classroom practice, however, urged teachers to re-examine the status of translation in ELT.”

Having examined the interwoven relationship of translation, culture and foreign language teaching, that is, English Language Teaching in this context, it can be concluded that the practice of translation together with culture in the foreign language classrooms is an essential component which helps student to learn the language, contributing to the developments of students’ cognitive abilities and analysis capabilities.

2.8. Relevant Research

Although translation and culture are among the mostly studied subjects, some of the studies will be given as examples in relation to the subject of this study.

In her master thesis study, Tuksal (2003) studies “*Over-Interpretation in the Translation of Cryptic Poetry*” with an aim to show how easily the difficulty in interpreting cryptic poetry leads to over-interpretation and explication in the translation.

Yılmaz (2004) conducts a study titled “*A Translational Journey: Orhan Pamuk in English*” with an aim to examine the factors instrumental in the translational journey of Orhan Pamuk into English.

Kaya (2006) conducts a study with a title “*A Source Text Analysis And Translator Decisions Through Three Different Turkish Translations Of Jane Austen's Pride And Prejudice.*” The aim of the study is conduct a descriptive translation criticism based on the target-oriented theory.

In another study, Mercan (2006) studies “*The Role of Translation in Culture Transfer-in Friedrich Rückert-Cemil Meriç Works*” with an aim to show the translation as means for communication of the cultures.

In a thesis study Erer (2006) conducts a study on “*Translation as an Integrated Approach in ELT.*” The aim of the study is to investigate the problematic areas in paragraph translation from Turkish into English and to examine the effect of interaction on group work while students translated from Turkish into English in translation courses.

In the thesis study, Sertkan (2007) studies “*The Ideology of Lexical Choices in the Turkish Translations of Oliver Twist*” with an aim to scrutinize the ideological aspect in five different abridged Turkish versions of Charles Dickens’ *Oliver Twist* published by different publishing houses in terms of the lexical choices made in the translation process.

In another thesis study, Yıldırım (2007) studies, “*Criticism of Edgar Allen Poe’s translations of short stories ‘The Black Cat’ and ‘The Fall of The House of Usher’ in the context of Gothic Literature.*” The aim of the study is to examine the features of gothic literature and the stories of Edgar Allan Poe and to compare the translations of two Poe stories in Turkish in terms of text types.

Sürücüoğlu (2007) conducts a thesis study with a title “*A Critical Look on the translations of Peter Hartling’s ‘Ben Liebt Anna’ and Christine Nöstlinger’s ‘Lollipop’*”. The aim of the study is to determine artistic language, target language or source language focused translation methods, preferences and attitudes that the translator adopts.

Koçak (2007) conducts a study titled “*Problematizing Translated Popular Texts On Women’s Sexuality: A New Perspective On The Modernization Project in Turkey From 1931 to 1959.*” The aim of the study is analyze the complexities underlying translations, which bear significant consequences for the study of Republican Translation history.

Ayluçtarhan (2007) studies “*Dr. Abdullah Cevdet’s Translations (1908-1910): the Making of a Westernist and Materialist “Culture Repertoire” in a “Resistant” Ottoman Context.*” with an aim to reflect specifically on the Turkish translation history of the Second Constitutional period within a modern paradigm of translation studies.

When some of the studies given above are closely examined, it can be mentioned that all of them try to deal with translation phenomenon from a different perspective, while some of them are looking this phenomenon as a cultural invasion, some of them compare two translated text of two different translators. On the other hand some studies deal with only one author and his or her translation adventures from English to Turkish or vice versa. At the end of their studies, most of them reach their aims. However, not many of them deal with the culture in translation.

In order to bring a new look into the translation and culture relationship, this study is designed and the short stories are analyzed. As can be seen in many studies, an example is chosen to conduct the analysis. In this study, one author is chosen and some of her short stories are chosen to evaluate as an example, as is seen in some studies stated above.

When all the translation process is considered, it can be concluded that translation is an important tool for intercultural communication. Via translation; the borders between the languages and cultures become invisible.

CHAPTER III

METHODOLOGY

3.1. Research Method

In this study descriptive method was used to identify the cultural elements conveyed through translation.

Descriptive is defined by McNabby, as “*a research involving gathering data that describe events and then organizes, tabulates, depicts, and describes the data. Descriptive method uses description as a tool to organize data into patterns that emerge during analysis*” Also this method often uses visual aids such as graphs and charts to aid the reader. (<http://www.slideshare.net/hamidehkarimy/descriptive-method-2163479>).

3.2. Data Collection

The data needed for this study was collected from Turkish translations of Virginia Woolf’s eight short stories: “A Haunted House”, “An Unwritten Novel”, “The String Quartet”, “The Mark on the Wall”, “The New Dress”, “Lappin and Lappinova”, “The Duchess and the Jeweller”, and “Moments of Being”, which were translated by Alev Bulut from the original book named “A Haunted House and Other Short Stories” as “Pazartesi ya da Sali” and published by İmge Kitabevi in April 1992.

The reason for choosing these stories among others is that they were the most striking ones in terms of including cultural elements from the source culture. Levy (2006) mentions about this in his article as “*There is a good deal to be learnt*

about multiculturalism from examining Woolf's early life" since her familial roots are so wide. In this sense, it can be concluded that the stories used for this study are rich in terms of cultural components.

3.3. Data Analysis and Interpretation

In this part, eight short stories of Virginia Woolf that have been mentioned so far were studied by comparing the original texts with their Turkish translations and analyzing these stories by regarding the role of the translator and contemporary translation theories. The data acquired as a result of such a descriptive may open a new way to the readers and researchers studying and dealing with translation and culture studies.

The cultural elements detected in the eight short stories of Woolf were categorized by the help of cultural categorization stated in CEF (2000:102). Other than the categories given in CEF (2000: 102), some other categories were added where needed since some cultural elements could not be put under any categories given in CEF. For that reason, an adapted version of the cultural categories was used for analyzing the stories.

The aim of such an evaluation is to determine that whether the mentioned stories transmit culture. If they transmit culture, "Is there any change of cultural elements or is there any localization implemented by the translator?" is another issue that is in need of determination.

3.3.1. Analysis of Virginia Woolf's Short Stories

Born into a distinguished literary family in 1882 in London, Virginia Woolf was recognized as one of the major figures of modern literature. In her short fiction,

she explored such themes as the elusive nature of storytelling and character study by using an innovative fiction technique-stream of consciousness (Urgan, 2004: 9).

Like her novels, these highly individualized, stylistic works are noted for their subjective explorations and detailed poetic narratives that capture ordinary experience while depicting the workings and perceptions of the human mind.

In her short fiction, Woolf typically focused on minute physical detail and experimented with stream-of-consciousness techniques, interior monologue, and symbolism to capture the subjective workings of human thought. (www.enotes.com/short-story-criticism/woolf-virginia)

In this study, stories which were described in terms of cultural transfer were taken from her only short story book: “A Haunted House and Other Short Stories” and translated into Turkish as “Pazartesi ya da Salı” by Alev Bulut.

For the analysis of the stories the categorization of CEF was used, but there appeared a need to adapt this categorization. An adapted version of the categories according to which the stories would be analyzed is as follows:

1. Everyday Living
2. Living Conditions
3. Interpersonal Relations
4. Values, Beliefs and Attitudes
5. Literature
6. Ritual Behaviour
7. Appearance and Clothing
8. Information about Country
9. Multiculturalism

3.3.1.1. Everyday Living

In the analysis of the stories, under each category, there will be a short introduction as to what this category is about. After the short introduction, the order of the analysis of the sentences will be; Sentence in English; Sentence in Turkish and explanation related to why these sentences were put under that specific category. Additionally, near the sentences taken from the stories, there will be Appendix numbers and page numbers (pages of the thesis were taken for the English versions of the stories; and original page numbers were taken for the Turkish versions of the sentences). The following two sentences are from the story “An Unwritten Novel” which have cultural elements such as a kind of cheese, napkins or a way of folding a napkin, referring to the daily lives of the people living in that society. The translator gives the elements exactly as they are in the source culture, so the reader of the target language may learn new cultural elements but he or she may have problems about what these cultural elements really refer to, or whether they have a special meaning or not.

- “...*yellow oblongs of cheese, white squares of biscuit...*” (App.1B, p. 122)
- “...*dikdörtgen şekilli sarı peyniri, beyaz kare bisküvileri...*” (App. 2B, p. 16)

This piece which was taken from the story “An Unwritten Novel” can be put under the category of Food and Drink because it gives information about the nutrition and the quality of the nutrition of people at that time.

- “...*napkin tucked diamond-wise...*” (App. 1B, p.126)
- “...*peçete dörtgen katlanmış...*” (App. 2B, p. 21)

This expression taken from the same story stated in the previous paragraph can be regarded under the category of Table Manners. That is, people use napkins while eating which is also a sign of high society as well as polite table manners.

3.3.1.2. Living Conditions

The sentences taken from the story “A Haunted House” have cultural items that necessitate their being regarded under the category of Living Conditions since they have references related to living standards or housing conditions of the people of that culture. Similarly in the previous category, the translator does not change any cultural item while translating; she just gives the Turkish equivalents of these items without providing information about their equivalences in the target language and culture.

- “*The candle burns stiff and still*” (App. 1A, p. 119)
- “*Mum sessiz sessiz yantıyor.*” (App. 2A, p. 8)

The sentence taken from the story “A Haunted House”; can be put under the category of Housing Conditions because it shows that the people use lamps and candles for being lightened up instead of electricity, which can limit the number of activities a person can perform at nights.

- “*...ornaments, curtains, trefoil china plate...*” (App. 1B, p. 122)
- “*...süslemeleri, perdeleri, yonca desenli porselen tabakları...*” (App. 2B, p.16)

The expressions taken from another story “An Unwritten Novel” can be put under the sub-category of Housing Conditions because in this excerpt information about the decorations of the house is given. It is clear that the owner of the house is a

tasteful person regarding the ornaments, curtains and plates. It can be understood that people use ornaments, curtains and special plates for decorating their houses.

- *“little bedroom looking out over the roofs of Eastbourne—zigzagging roofs like the spines of caterpillars, this way, that way, striped red and yellow, with blue–black slating.”* (App. 1B, p. 122)
- *“Eastbourne evlerinin damlarına bakan küçük bir yatak odası – tırtıl sırtı gibi bir o yana bir bu yana zigzaglı damlar, kırmızı-sarı çizgili, mavi-siyah ahşap kaplamalı.”* (App. 2B, p. 16)

In the same story, there is another piece of sentence which can be put under the category of Housing Conditions. The reason for that is it gives information about the appearances of the houses that people live in, they are colorful and have zigzag shapes which is a special feature of the houses in that region.

- *“So now I think of the fire; the steady film of yellow light upon the page of my book; the three chrysanthemums in the round glass bowl on the mantelpiece.”* (App. 1D, p. 134)
- *“Onun için şu an ateşi; sarı ışığın kitabımın sayfaları üzerindeki durağan yansısını; şöminenin üstündeki yuvarlak cam kasedeki üç krizantemi düşünüyorum.”* (App. 2D, p. 43)

In another story “The Mark on the Wall”, there is an excerpt. This sentence can make the reader of the target language aware that people use mantelpieces for keeping their houses warm, since there is no central heating system in those times.

- *“The rule for tablecloths at that particular period was that they should be made of tapestry with little yellow compartments marked upon them, such as you may see in photographs of the carpets in the corridors of the royal palaces.”* (App. 1D, p. 137)

- *“Masa örtülerinin kuralı üzerlerinde markalı küçük sarı bölmeler olan desenli duvar halılarından yapılmış olmakmış; şu fotoğraflarda gördüğümüz saray koridorlarındaki halılar gibi.”* (App. 2D, p. 47-48)

This sentence taken from the same story can be regarded under the category of History since what is transmitted to the reader of the target culture is that even table clothes in the royal palaces has a rule, they have to be produced out of a special cloth in those times. It is understood from the expression that the author sees this rule in the photographs; this is not valid for all times.

3.3.1.3. Interpersonal Relations

Considering the following sentences and their translations in the category of Interpersonal Relations, it is possible to say that the translator tries to depict the class structure of society, relation between sexes, generations or family structures of the source culture not changing their meaning or not trying to give the equivalents in the target culture.

- *“Well, well, with two children these days one can’t do more.”* (App. 1B, p. 122)
- *“Eh, tabii ya, bu zamanda iki çocuklu biri daha fazlasını nasıl yapsın?”* (App. 2B, p. 15)

This excerpt taken from the story “An Unwritten Novel” can be put under the sub-category of Family Structures and Relations. The reason for that is a family with two children has limited opportunities that for the sake of fulfilling the needs of the children parents sometimes may postpone their needs. It is clear that, similar to Turkish culture, having more than one child can be a problem in terms of fulfilling the needs of every member in the family.

- “one light low in the skylight of a drapery emporium; another high in a servant’s bedroom—this one goes out.” (App. 1B, p. 122)
- “Manifaturacı dükkanının çatı penceresinden görünen bir ışık, hizmetçilerin odasından görünen bir başka ışık-ama bu dışarı süzülüyor.” (App. 2B, p. 16)

The excerpt taken from the same story can be put under the sub-category of Social Class because it shows that the people have servants to help them at home, which is a sign of belonging to a high social class.

- “Also in jolly old fishwives, squatted under arches, oh scene old women, how deeply they laugh and shake and rollick, when they walk, from side to side, hum, hah!” (App. 1C, p. 131)
- “Su kemerleri altına tünemiş ağzı bozuk yaşlı kadınların, neşeli yaşlı balıkçı kadınların da öyle; bir yandan öbür yana yürürken nasıl da katılırcasına, sarsıla sarsıla keyifle gülüyorlar, hah, hah, ha.” (App. 2C, p. 30)

The sentence taken from the story “The String Quartet” can be put under the sub-category of Class Structure of Society and Relations Between Classes because this sentence shows kinds of people living in that society and also that there are different classes in the society.

- “...For all her dreams of living in India, married to some hero like Sir Henry Lawrence, some empire builder...” (App. 1E, p. 146)
- “Sir Henry Lawrence gibi bir kahramanla, bir imparatorluk kurucusuyla evlenip Hindistan’da yaşamak yolundaki tüm ümitleri...” (App. 2E, p. 60)

This fragment taken from the story “The New Dress” has a name of title given to important people in the society, like ‘Sir’. Although there is no explanation about the position of a ‘Sir’ in the society, it is clear that there are some different people in the society, and these people are different from others in terms of political power or richness and for that reason some special titles are given to these people in order to show their difference.

- “...when they wanted a gamekeeper, or a poacher or a Lord of the Manor, they amused themselves by distributing the parts among their friends.” (App. 1F, p. 150)
- “Bazen bir koru bekçisi ya da kaçak bir avcı veya Derebeyi gerektiğinde bu rolleri dostlarına paylaştırıp eğleniyorlardı.” (App. 2F, p. 79)

In the story “Lappin and Lappinova” there is a sentence including a title. Though there is no explicit information about who ‘the Lord of the Manor’ is, it can be inferred by the target reader that this title may be given to some people who have accomplished great successes and who may have important positions in the government of the country. The reason for this sentence being put under the category of Class Structure of Society is, it shows that there are many people belong to different groups in the society, very simply to the ones who govern the country and the ones who are being governed.

- “...he would rip his letters open with his long pointed nails and would extract thick white cards of invitation upon which the engraving stood up roughly from duchesses, countesses, viscountesses and Honourable Ladies.” (App. 1G, p. 156)
- “mektuplarını sivri tırnaklarıyla kendisi açacak, düşesler, kontesler, vikontesler ve Saygıdeğer Hanımefendilerin armalarıyla dikkati çeken davetiyeleri bir kenara ayıracaktı.” (App. 2G, p. 103)

The sentence taken from the story “The Duchess and The Jeweller”; has some culture-specific items such as ‘duches’, ‘countess’, ‘viscountess’, or ‘lady’ which all refer to some titles given to some specific people, ‘ladies’ in this context, in the country. The different names given to some women may be the result of the different status of these women in the society, although there is not enough information given on this differentiation. It is clear that there are classes in this society due to the different titles given to people for that reason this sentence can be regarded under the category of Interpersonal Relationships-Class Structure of Society and Relations between Classes.

- “...and Mademoiselle used to pick one every morning and stick it in his buttonhole.” (App. 1G, p. 157)
- “... Matmazel her sabah bir gül koparıp ceketinin yakasına iliştiriyordu.” (App. 2G, p. 104)

There is another cultural reference to the different classes of the society in those times. In this sentence taken from the same story stated in the previous paragraph the title ‘Mademoiselle’ is given without any further explanation as to who a mademoiselle can be, however, the target reader can easily understand that this is a title given to a woman who has an important position in the society in terms of wealth or prestige.

- “...ducal coronets...” (App. 1G, p. 158)
- “...dükalık taşları...” (App. 2G, p. 106)

The expression, taken from the story “The Duchess and The Jeweller”, related to the titles which are a characteristics of that culture, ‘ducal’ in this context, is again a sign that the society has some different classes and some people have some titles according to their positions and accordingly, the names or the titles given to them change.

- *“The Duchess of Lambourne waited his pleasure; the Duchess of Lambourne, daughter of a hundred Earls.”* (App. 1G, p. 158)
- *“Lambourne Düşesi onun paşakeyfini bekliyordu. Yüzlerce kontun soyundan gelme Lambourne Düşesi...”* (App. 2G, p. 107)

As can be understood from the title of the story; this expression ‘the Duchess of Lambourne’ is taken from the story “The Duchess and the Jeweller”. Without being provided with the identity of a duchess, the target reader can again understand that ‘duchess’ is a culture-specific title given to some privileged women in the society.

- *“And Oliver, rising, could hear the rustle of the dress of the Duchess as she came down the passage. Then she loomed up, filling the door, filling the room with the aroma, the prestige, the arrogance, the pomp, the pride of all the Dukes and Duchesses swollen in one wave.”* (App. 1G, p. 159)
- *“Oliver doğrulurken koridor boyunca ilerleyen Düşesinin elbisesinin hışırtısını duyabiliyordu. Derken Düşes göründü, önce kapı sonra odanın içi bir anda koskoca bir dalga halinde gelmiş geçmiş tüm Dük ve Düşeslerin kokusu, saygınlığı, kibiri, gösterişi ve gururu ile dolmuştu.”* (App. 2G, p. 108)

This long sentence which has titles specific to that culture such as ‘Duke’ or ‘Duchess’ was taken from the same story “The Duchess and the Jeweller”. Like in other sentences mentioning about the same titles, there is no explicit information as to these titles. The target reader may only learn that they are important people in the society; they wear extravagant clothes which can produce some sounds while they are walking and also they are respected when they enter a place.

3.3.1.4. Values, Beliefs and Attitudes

The sentences and their translations chosen for this category have cultural items related to social class, occupational groups, wealth, regional cultures, history, politics, arts, religion and humor, etc. Like in the previous categories, there is not much about the equivalences of the cultural elements with the target culture. These items are given as they are without references to the target culture.

- “*“But I do know,” I answered silently, glancing at the TIMES for manners’ sake.*” (App. 1B, p. 120)
- “*“Ben zaten biliyorum” dedim usulca görgü kuralları uğruna gözümü Times’dan ayırmadan*” (App. 2B, p. 12)

This excerpt which is taken from the story “An Unwritten Novel” can be put under the category of Regional Cultures. According to the manners of the society, it can be accepted rude to fold your paper and answer a question while you are reading a newspaper. Instead, a person can answer politely without ceasing reading the paper.

- “*“births, deaths, marriages, Court Circular, the habits of birds, Leonardo da Vinci, the Sandhills murder, high wages and the cost of living—oh, take what you like,” I repeated, “it’s all in the TIMES!”*” (App. 1B, p. 120)
- “*“doğumlar, ölümler, evlilikler, dava tutanakları, kuşların alışkanlıkları, Leonardo da Vinci, Sanhills cinayeti, yüksek ücretler ve hayat pahalılığı – evet ne isterseniz seçin,” diye yineledim, ‘hepsi Times’da!’*” (App. 2B, p. 13)

Similarly in the same story the excerpt give information about the main issues that the society is related to in that times and the problems of the people living in that society.

- *“Peace between Germany and the Allied Powers was yesterday officially ushered in at Paris”* (App. 1B, p. 120)
- *“Dün Paris’te Almanya ve Müteffikler arasında barış resmen ilan edildi.”* (App. 2B, p. 13)

This excerpt taken from the same story “An Unwritten Novel” can be put under the category of Politics. The reason for that is it gives information about a peace treaty signed by Germany and the allied powers in Paris yesterday, which may mention about the political issues of the country at that time.

- *“...and she may rub the pane too, as though to see God better; but what God does she see? Who’s the God of Minnie Marsh, the God of the back streets of Eastbourne, the God of three o’clock in the afternoon?...”* (App. 1B, p. 123)
- *“...pencere camını da temizleyebilir; sanki Tanrı’yı daha iyi görmeye çalışır gibi; acaba hangi Tanrı’yı görüyor? Minnie Marsh’ın Tanrı’sı hangisi, Eastbourne’ın arka sokaklarının Tanrısı mı, öğleden sonra saat üç’ün Tanrı’sı mı?...”* (App. 2B, p. 16-17)

Another excerpt from the same story; may give information how they live and accept religion, and this piece may show that they may see the Gods and may believe that there may be more than one God.

- *“...More like President Kruger than Prince Albert...”* (App. 1B, p. 123)
- *“...Prens Albert’dan çok Başkan Kruger...”* (App. 2B, p. 17)

This excerpt can be regarded in the category of Politics. They may be given intentionally to mention about the prominent names in the government at that time.

- “...for now the church door opens, the hard wooden pew receives her; on the brown tiles she kneels; every day, winter, summer, dusk, dawn (here she’s at it) prays. All her sins fall, fall, for ever fall.” (App. 1B, p. 123-124)
- “...şimdi kilise kapısı açılıp sert tahta sıra onu buyur ediyor; kahverengi döşeme üzerinde diz çöküyor; her gün kış, yaz, gün doğumu, gün batımı (işte orada) dua ediyor.” (App. 2B, p. 18)

This sentence taken from the same story stated above can be put under the category of Religion. From this sentence, information about the place of worship, the feelings of people while praying and how do perform praying can be learned.

- “Down the slopes of the Andes the white blocks of marble go bounding and hurtling, crushing to death a whole troop of Spanish muleteers, with their convoy—Drake’s booty, gold and silver.” (App. 1B, p. 125)
- “Andların eteklerinden aşağı mermer bloklar dökülüyor, bütün bir katırlı İspanyol birliğini yerle bir ederek, tümünü birden-Drake’nin yağmaladıkları, altın ve gümüş.” (App. 2B, p. 20)

This sentence taken from the same story can be regarded in the category of History. The reason for that is the scene described is a war scene which gives information about the history of that country.

- ““Did you see the procession?””
- “The King looked cold.” (App. 1C, p. 130)

- ““Töreni izlediniz mi?””
- ““Kral çok soğuktu.”” (App. 2C, p. 29)

This short dialogue taken from the story “The String Quartet” can be put under the category of Politics. This dialogue may be a depiction of how the country is governed and what the people’s perceptions about the people ruling the country are.

- *“Was it the sound of the second violin tuning in the ante-room? Here they come; four black figures, carrying instruments, and seat themselves facing the white squares under the downpour of light; rest the tips of their bows on the music stand; with a simultaneous movement lift them; lightly poise them, and, looking across at the player opposite, the first violin counts one, two, three”* (App. 1C, p. 131)
- *“Bu ses girişte akordunu yapan ikinci kemandan mı çıktı? İşte geliyorlar; dört kara silüet, ellerinde enstrümanları, yüzlerini ışığın altındaki beyaz karelere vererek oturuyorlar; yaylarını nota sehпасına dayıyorlar; hepsi aynı anda eline alıyor; yavaşça dik tutup karşıdaki kemancıya bakıyorlar ve başkeman sayıyor bir, iki, üç”* (App. 2C, p. 30)

Similarly, the sentence taken from the same story: can be put under the category of Arts-Music because this sentence gives a detailed description about the preparation of the musicians, instrumentalists in this context, before the performance.

- ““That’s an early Mozart, of course—”” (App. 1C, p. 131)
- “Bu Mozart’ın ilk yapıtlarından tabi-” (App. 2C, p. 30)

In the same story the sentence can be considered under the sub-category of Arts-Music, because it mentions about one of the most eminent musicians of that time and of all times.

- “...it must have been for a miniature—the miniature of a lady with white powdered curls, powder-dusted cheeks, and lips like red carnations.” (App. 1D, p. 134)
- “...olsa olsa bir minyatür içindi-bukleleri beyaz pudralı, yanakları fondöten içinde, dudakları kırmızı karanfilleri andıran bir bayan minyatürü.” (App. 2D, p. 43-44)

This sentence taken from another story “The Mark on the Wall” has an example of arts, for that reason should be under the category of Arts-Visual arts. It is clear that, one may come across miniatures of a lady, as a piece of art which is used in the decorations of the houses.

- “...look at the dust on the mantelpiece, for example, the dust which, so they say, buried Troy three times over...” (App. 1D, p. 135)
- “...şömine rafının üzerindeki şu tozdan, dediklerine göre Truva’yı üç kez gömüp örtecek tozdan da belli...” (App. 2D, p. 45)

Since this sentence has a historical reference: Troy, also a wooden horse full of enemy soldiers given as a present of peace, it can be put under the category of History. However, the reader of the target language may not know what Troy is and may be confused about why the author put this name in the story, since there is no reference regarding to the meaning of Troy.

- “The seed, I said, must have been sown in the reign of Charles the First. What flowers grew in the reign of Charles the First?” (App. 1D, p. 136)

- “*Tohumu dedim, I. Charles zamanında dikilmiş olmalı. I. Charles zamanında hangi çiçekler yetişiyordu?*” (App. 2D, p. 46)

The same story has another sentence. The historical reference which is Charles the first in this sentence refers to a prominent King in England in history. Although the translator does not make clear the issue about why she put this name there, it can be inferred that this person gives importance to the gardens around the country and the seeds and the flowers grown out of these seed in his time are different from the newly grown up.

- “*...which establishes Whitaker’s Table of Precedency...*” (App. 1D, p. 137)
- “*...Whitaker’in Öncelikler Listesi’ne (*) önayak olan...*” (App. 2D, p. 48)

The sentence taken from the same story “The Mark on the Wall” has a reference to a list which is not explained in the story but the star sign which comes after the translation of the list is given intentionally by the translator. At the end of the page, she puts a footnote and explains that this list is about religious precedencies of women and men. In that way, the target language reader can learn a culturally foreign issue. After reading the footnote it is thought that it would be better to put this sentence under the category of Religion.

- “*...which is now in the case at the local museum, together with the foot of a Chinese murderess, a handful of Elizabethan nails, a great many Tudor clay pipes, a piece of Roman pottery, and the wine-glass that Nelson drank out of---*” (App. 1D, p. 138)
- “*...şu an yöre müzesinde duran o okbaşı Çinli bir kadın katilin ayağı, Elizabeth devrinden bir avuç dolusu tırnak, Tudor zamanından bir*

yığın kil pipo, Roma çömlleklerinden bir parça ve Nelson'un içtiği kadehin yanında yerini almış...” (App. 2D, p. 49)

Another sentence from the same story can transmit some culturally historical elements to the target reader, for that reason it is classified under the category of History. Like in the other sentences which have cultural elements, there is no clear reference what these historical items refer to or who are the people who govern the states once upon a time.

- *“The Archbishop of Canterbury is followed by the Lord High Chancellor; the Lord High Chancellor is followed by the Archbishop of York.”* (App. 1D, p. 138-139)
- *“Lordlar Kamarası Başkanı Canterbury Başpsikoposu’ndan sonra gelir; York Başpsikoposu Lordlar Kamarası Başkanından sonra gelir.”* (App. 2D, p. 50)

This sentence from the same story; gives information about political ranking of the government, political positions and also how the country is governed in the source culture.

- *“...as if she were crossing herself ...”* (App. 1E, p. 142)
- *“...sanki haç çıkartıyormuş ...gibi...”* (App. 2E, p. 55)

Another sentence in another story “The New Dress” communicates the idea that crossing herself is a special movement while praying or making a wish that God saves the people from the evil souls, so this sentence has a cultural element which can be regarded under the category of Values, Beliefs and Attitudes-Religion.

- *“as Rose Shaw would have done—Rose would have looked like Boadicea—...”* (App. 1E, p. 143)

- “*Rose Shaw gibi (Rose, Boadicea (*) gibi görünürdü)...*” (App. 2E, p. 57)

Another fragment in the same story can be regarded under the category of Values, Beliefs and Attitudes-History. Interestingly, there is a star sign near the Turkish translation of the cultural item, Boadicea, pointing the footnote at the end of the page. With that footnote, what is desired to be given to the reader of the target culture, is Boadicea, a queen who is famous for her beauty and disdainfulness of an English tribe which fights against the Romans who invaded The Great Britain around A.C. 60. Without this footnote it is impossible for a person to know or understand who this person is or why the author chose to put this name there.

- “*But her present was only a little pinchbeck box pierced with holes; an old sand caster, an eighteenth-century relic, once used to sprinkle sand over wet ink.*” (App. 1F, p. 151)
- “*Onun armağanı ise sadece üzeri delikli altın taklidi küçük bir kutuydu; bir zamanlar ıslak mürekkebi kum serpererek kurutmada kullanılan, onsekizinci yüzyıldan kalma küçük bir kumluk.*” (App. 2F, p. 80)

In another story “Lappin and Lappinova” there is an expression pointing out a historical object whose origin dates back to the eighteenth century. In this expression, the translator transmits the date of the historical object exactly, but still there is no information about the features of that century.

- “*...trifles from eighteenth-century dressing tables...*” (App. 1F, p. 152)
- “*...onsekizinci yüzyıl tuvalet masalarından bir yığın tıvr zıvır...*” (App. 2F, p. 82)

In the same story there is also a similar expression: Similar to others, there is no explanation of the characteristics of this century. However, because of the reason that this expression has a historical reference, it is considered under the category of Values, Beliefs, and Attitudes-History.

- “...*the swords and spears of Agincourt...*” (App. 1G, p. 161)
- “...*Agincourt’un kılıç ve mızrakları...*” (App. 2G, p. 111)

In the story “The Duchess and The Jeweller” there is a fragment. The translator does not give information about the identity of Agincourt; however, because of the words; swords and spears, it is easy to understand that Agincourt may be a hero or heroine who took place on the stage of history. For that reason, this sentence is put under the category of Values, Beliefs, and Attitudes-History.

- “*The words gave her an extraordinary shock, as Miss Craye struck the last chord of the Bach fugue.*” (App. 1H, p. 162)
- “*Mrs. Craye’in Bach füğünüün son noktasında ettiğı bu sözler; Fanny’yi çok şaşırtmıştı.*” (App. 2H, p. 113)

In another story “Moments of Being” the sentence has a reference to a famous composer and for that reason can definitely be put under the category of Values, Beliefs, and Attitudes-Arts-Music.

- “...*to take one or two pupils at the and only consenting Archer Street College of Music (so the Principal, Miss Kingston, said) as a special favor to herself...*” (App. 1H, p. 162)
- “...*Sadece Archer Street Müzik Okulu’nda (Okulun müdüresi Miss Kingston’ın dediğine göre) sırf kendisine faydası olsun diye...*” (App. 2H, p. 113)

In the same story there is another fragment of sentence referring to a college of music, for that reason this fragment is put under the category of Values, Beliefs, and Attitudes-Arts-Music.

- *“Yes, she had been rather a tomboy; she had bounced in and set all those green Roman glasses and things jumping in their case.”* (App. 1H, p. 162)
- *“Evet, oldukça erkeksi tavırlı bir kız olduğu doğrudu; içeri lambur lambur dalıp Romalılardan kalma bütün yeşil bardak ve eşyaları dolaplarında şöyle bir zıplattırdı.”* (App. 2H, p. 114)

Another sentence from the same story “Moments of Being” can be put in the sub-category of Values, Beliefs, and Attitudes-History, since the sentence has a reference to some objects which depict the characteristics of the Roman time.

- *“They kept cats; the cats, one used to feel, knew as much about the Roman urns and things as anybody.”* (App. 1H, p. 162)
- *“Kedi beslerlerdi; insana sanki kedileri de Roma devri kapacak ve eşyaları konusunda herkes kadar bilgi sahibi gibi geliyordu.”* (App. 2H, p. 114)

Another sentence in the same story can be put under the sub-category of History.

- *“...had slammed the door and made the Roman vases jump...”* (App. 1H, p. 163)
- *“...kapıyı hızla çarpıp Roma vazolarını şöyle bir titrettiğinde...”* (App. 2H, p. 114)

Similarly in the same story there is one more reference to the Roman time, which makes the reader of the target culture think that this period of time must be famous for its vases.

- “*She saw the green Roman vases stood in their case...*” (App. 1H, p. 167)
- “*Vitrindeki yeşil Roma vazolarını gördü...*” (App. 2H, p. 121)

Once again in the same story there is another reference to the period of the Roman. This sentence, like the other related to the historical Roman culture is regarded under the category of Values, Beliefs, and Attitudes-History.

3.3.1.5. Literature

Although there is no class in the categorization of CEF, however, there emerged a need to put a new main category, since many of the stories have cultural elements related to ‘literature’ which can also be seen as a characteristic of the author Woolf.

- “*To steady myself, let me catch hold of the first idea that passes. . . Shakespeare. . .*” (App. 1D, p. 135)
- “*Bir dakika, önümden akan düşüncelerden ilkin tutunup durayım... Shakespeare...*” (App. 2D, p. 46)

This sentence taken from the story “The Mark on the Wall” provides the reader of the target language with the name Shakespeare who is a well-known author, poet and playwright. However, there is no explanation related to this name and the reader may be confused if he or she does not know this name by general culture.

- “...leaving the description of reality more and more out of their stories, taking a knowledge of it for granted, as the Greeks did and Shakespeare perhaps--” (App. 1D, p. 136)
- “Öykülerinde gerçeğin tanımına giderek daha az yer verecek, onu, Yunanlıların ve belki Shakespeare’in yaptığı gibi bir olgu olarak kabul edecekler.” (App. 2D, p. 47)

There is another reference to the famous playwright in the same story “The Mark on the Wall”. This second reference to the same cultural element in the same story is again not clear because the reader still cannot understand the reason why it is used for the second time since there is no additional explanation or local color.

- “And at once the misery which she always tried to hide, the profound dissatisfaction—the sense she had had, ever since she was a child, of being inferior to other people—set upon her, relentlessly, remorselessly, with an intensity which she could not beat off, as she would when she woke at night at home, by reading Borrow or Scott...” (App. 1E, p. 141)
- “Ve hep saklamaya savaştığı o bela, o büyük hoşnutsuzluk hissi-ta çocukluğundan beri taşıdığı herkesten aşağı olma duygusu- hiç vakit kaybetmeden acımasız, amansızca, silkip atamayacağı bir yoğunlukla üzerine çökiyordu, bazen gece evde uyanınca Borrow ya da Scott okuyarak atabiliyordu oysa...” (App. 2E, p. 53)

There is a sentence from the story “The New Dress” which can be regarded under the category of Literature since it has some referents of the names of the two famous writers, though the significance of these writers is not transmitted by the translator.

- “...Tags of Shakespeare...” (App. 1E, p. 142)

- “*Shakespeare’den alıntılar*” (App. 2E, p. 55)

There is an expression, in the same story “The New Dress”. This expression has the name of the famous playwright. Although there is no explicit explanation regarding the identity or the occupation of that person, it is easily understood by the target reader that this is a person who has written a piece of literature-for that reason this expression is put under the category of Literature and what is tried to be transmitted to the target reader is some parts of what he has written.

- “*They would come down in the summer; row her on the river; continue the argument about Browning by letter...*” (App. 1H, p. 165)
- “*Yazın gelip onu nehirde kayıkla gezdirmiş, Browning’i tartışmayı mektuplarında sürdürmüş...*” (App. 2H, p. 117)

Another fragment of sentence from the same story “Moments of Being” has a reference to a writer and it is not easy to understand his or her occupation without the word ‘argument’. By the help of this word, it may be inferred by the target reader that this person could be a writer whose piece of writings are subjects of arguments.

3.3.1.6. Ritual Behavior

The following sentences and their translations which have cultural items exemplifying the specialties of source culture, have such items that they are mainly related to religious observances and rites, birth, marriage, death, celebrations, festivals, dances, etc. The translator, like in the other categories, does not try to add anything to the target culture; she just depicts the situations as they are in the source culture.

- “*All her savings on the tombstone— wreaths under glass—daffodils in jars.*” (App. 1B, p. 123)
- “*Kenardaki tüm parası mezar taşına, camın altındaki çelenklere-vazodaki nergislere.*” (App. 2B, p. 17)

In the story “An Unwritten Novel” there is an excerpt and this sentence can be put under the category of Birth, Marriage and Death depicting how rituals are held while sending the beloved ones to the eternity.

- “*They would say she kept her sorrow, suppressed her secret—her sex, they’d say—the scientific people.*” (App. 1B, p. 123)
- “*Yasını tuttu, sırrını derinlere gömdü diyecekler-kadınlığını da diyecekler- şu bilgiç insanlar*” (App. 2B, p. 17)

Similarly, there is another sentence in the same story. This sentence can be regarded in the category Religious Observances and Rites because it is clear that people mourn, sometimes excessively, when somebody close is dead.

- “*what a passing bell for the souls of the fretful to soothe them and solace them, lap them in linen, saying, “So long. Good luck to you!”*” (App. 1B, p. 127)
- “*Sıkıntılı ruhları sakinleştirip avutmaya çalışan, onları ketenden bezlere sarıp ‘Güle güle gidin.’*” (App. 2B, p. 23)

Another sentence from the same story can be put under the category of Religious Observances and Rites because people generally perform the same rituals while making dead bodies ready for their voyage to the eternity.

- “...and there comes to the lips some prayer for the departed, some obsequy for the souls of those one nods to, the people one never meets again.” (App. 1B, p. 127)
- “...dudaklarda gidenler için dualar; insanın öylesine tanıdığı, bir daha da göremeyeceği insanların ruhları için bir çeşit gömme töreni.” (App. 2B, p. 24)

One other sentence from the story mentioned previously can be regarded, again, under the category of Religious Observances and Rites. The actions mentioned in this sentence give information about how people behave when someone has died.

- “The wedding march pealed out. The pigeons fluttered. Small boys in Eton jackets threw rice...” (App. 1F, p. 148)
- “Düğün marşı gürültüyle çalındı. Güvercinler kanat çırpı. Süslü ceketler giymiş küçük çocuklar pirinç attılar.” (App. 2F, p. 75)

In the story “Lappin and Lappinova”, the sentence transmits the ceremonial rituals of a wedding to the target reader, in that sense, it is clearer than other sentences including cultural elements; since the target reader may visualize this scene by the help of explanatory expressions.

- “One could have sworn, thought Fanny Wilmot, as she looked for the pin, that at parties, meetings (Miss Kingston’s father was a clergyman), she had picked up some piece of gossip, or it might only have been a smile, or a tone when his name was mentioned, which had given her “a feeling” about Julius Craye.” (App. 1H, p. 163)
- “Fanny Wilmot iğneyi ararken, insan bu kadının partilerde, ayinlerde (Miss Kingston’un babası rahipti” bir parça dedikodu, bazen sadece bir gülümseme ya da kendisine Julius Craye ile ilgili ‘bir fikir’

verecek bir konuşma yakaladığına yemin edebilir, diye düşündü.”
(App. 2H, p. 115)

In another story “Moments of Being” there is a long sentence which has a cultural element referring to a religious ritual. Although there is not a word explaining the situation, the translator gives this word as “ayın” in the Turkish translation and the target reader gets the idea that this is not an ordinary ‘meeting’.

3.3.1.7. Appearance and Clothing

In addition to the categories stated by CEF, there appeared to put a new category: Appearance and Clothing. In this category, the sentences and their translations were searched through according to their cultural items related with appearance and clothing. Although there is no local equivalence of the cultural items in the target culture, the translator tries to draw a picture of their appearance and the clothes they wear.

- “*Some methodical disposition of hat-pins.*” (App. 1B, p. 122)
- “*Düzgün hareketlerle şapkanı tutan iğneleri çıkar.*” (App. 2B, p. 16)

The excerpt taken from the story “An unwritten Novel” gives information about the fashion of that time. It is clear that people, especially women wear hats as a decoration to their clothes.

- “*The feathers in the hat next me are bright and pleasing as a child’s rattle.*” (App. 1C, p. 132)
- “*Yanıbaşımındaki şapkanın tüyleri bir çocuğun çingırağı kadar parlak ve hoş*” (App. 2C, p. 32)

This sentence can be categorized with Appearance and Clothing because in those times people were wearing hats with feathers and the quality of the feathers was showing the degree of their prosperity.

- “*And he sat down at his desk and looked at the heads of the Roman emperors that were graved on his sleeve links.*” (App. 1G, p. 158)
- “*Sonra masasının başına oturup kol düğmelerindeki kabartma Roma İmparatorluğu kafalarına baktı.*” (App. 2G, p. 107)

In the story “The Duchess and the Jeweller” there is a sentence including references as to the clothing of the people living that time, for that reason this sentence is put under the category of Appearance and Clothing. The reader of the target language may not have enough knowledge about why the author used the expression “sleeve links with Roman emperors since there is no explanatory sentence.

3.3.1.8. Information about Country

The cultural items detected in the following sentences and their translations are mainly related with the names of cities, towns, streets, stations, types of transportation, waterfalls, rivers, mountains, etc. Similar to other categories, the translator does not put a personal view with the aim of finding the Turkish equivalents of these cultural items or; does not at least try to give the local colors of these items.

- “*So we rattled through Surrey and across the border into Sussex....Here was Three Bridges station... talked of stations and holidays, of brothers at Eastbourne*” (App. 1B, p. 121)
- “*Böylece Surrey’e ve sınırın ötesine, Sussex’e dek sarsıla sarsıla yol aldık...İşte Üçköprü İstasyonundaydık... İstasyonlarından, tatillerden,*

Eastbourne'daki erkek kardeşlerden ...dem vurup durdu." (App. 2B, p. 13-14)

The sentence, taken from the story "An Unwritten Novel" has some special names of cities, towns, and stations. They are given on purpose for mentioning the special names in that geographical area.

- *"Passing down the streets of Croydon twenty years ago, the violet loops of ribbon in the draper's window spangled in the electric light catch her eye."* (App. 1B, p. 123)
- *"Yirmi yıl önce, Craydon sokakları'nda yürüyor, manifaturacının vitrininde elektrik ışığında parıldayan deste deste eflatun kurdele gözünü alıyor."* (App. 2B, p. 17)

This sentence has the special name of the street on purpose because it is one of the famous streets which have stores selling ribbons. In that way, an example of what is sold in the stores is given, which can be a slight sign of trade, around that time, in that city, Craydon.

- *"Well, here we are, and if you cast your eye over the room you will see that Tubes and trams and omnibuses, private carriages not a few, even, I venture to believe, landaus with bays in them, have been busy at it, weaving threads from one end of London to the other."* (App. 1C, p. 130)
- *"Evet işte geldik, camdan dışarı bir göz atarsanız Metro'yu tramvayları, otobüsleri, üç beş atlı araba ve hatta doğru görüyorsam içleri özel bölmeli landonları seçebilirsiniz; hepsi de Londra'nın bir ucundan diğerine ağ örmekle meşgul."* (App. 2C, p. 28)

In another story of Woolf, “The String Quartet”, there is a group of musicians who plays Mozart and in the story the fragmented sentences of the audience before the concert take place. This sentence gives information about the transportation and types of transportation used in that country at that time.

Similarly in this story, we have special names like “*Regent Street*” or “*Venice*.” The reason for mentioning the street is it is a popular street that everyone wants to take part in this street in one way or another. Moreover, Venice is given intentionally, because it is one of the centers of arts and music.

- “...*Niagara’s ahead*” (App. 1B, p. 128)
- “...*Niagara önümüzde.*” (App. 2B. p. 25)

Once again the same story has a sentence with a special name of a waterfall. This is again mentioned intentionally for giving information about the geographical elements.

- “*But the waters of the Rhone flow swift and deep...*” (App. 1C, p. 131)
- “*Fakat Rhone’un suları sert ve derinden akıyor.*” (App. 2C, p. 30)

Similarly in the story “The String Quartet”, the sentence mentions the name of the river which is one of the important geographical features of that region.

- “...*the Queen Anne coal–scuttle...*” (App. 1D, p. 135)
- “...*Kraliçe Anne devri kömür kovaları...*” (App. 2D, p. 144)

The sentence taken from the story “The Mark on the Wall” can give the idea that people used to have a kind of coal scuttles which are special to Queen Anne time, most probably because these scuttles were started to be produced at her time.

- *“I said how I’d seen a flower growing on a dust heap on the site of an old house in Kingsway.”* (App. 1D, p. 136)
- *“Ben de Kingsway’de eski bir evin çevresinde, tozlu bir tepeciktegördüğüm çiçekten söz ettim.”* (App. 2D, p. 46)

The same story has another sentence. Although there is no clear explanation, it may be understood that Kingsway which is obviously a region in England, is a special place with its gardens.

- *“As we face each other in omnibuses and underground railways...”* (App. 1D, p. 136)
- *“Otobüslerde, metro raylarında yüzyüze geldikçe...”* (App. 2D, p. 47)

This sentence taken from the same story “The Mark on the Wall” gives examples to the transportation at that time in the country.

- *“Generalizations bring back somehow Sunday in London, Sunday afternoon walks, Sunday luncheons...”* (App. 1D, p. 137)
- *“Genellemeler nedense Londra’da Pazarları, Pazar öğle sonrası yürüyüşlerini, Pazar öğle yemeklerini...”* (App. 2D, p. 47)

In the same story there is another sentence referring to the source culture. With the help of this sentence, it can be understood that it is a tradition of Sunday and Sunday afternoons to have walks and have lunch with the acquaintances.

- “...a smooth tumulus like those barrows on the South Downs which are, they say, either tombs or camps.” (App. 1D, p. 137)
- “...hani Güney düzlüklerinde mezar ya da karargah olduğu söylenen tepeciklere benzeyen yumuşak bir tümsek gibi.” (App. 2D, p. 48)

Similarly in the same story this sentence gives information about the geographical features of the South parts of the country.

- “...fashion meant cut, meant style, meant thirty guineas at least...” (App. 1E, p. 141)
- “...şıklık kesim demekti, şekil demekti, en azından otuz gine demekti...” (App. 2E, p. 54)

This fragment from the story “The New Dress” has a culture-specific item, guinea, which is a form of currency in that culture. However, there is no explicit information about the worth of this currency in the target culture.

- “...as if it were a halfpenny when it ought to have been a pound...” (App. 1E, p. 145)
- “bir pound olması gerekirken bir peni gelmiş gibi şüphyle” (App. 2E, p. 59)

Similarly there is another reference to the currency of the source culture in the fragment of sentence. As is stated before, there is no clear information about how much a halfpenny or a pound is.

- “...or down by the sea on the sand in the sun, at Easter...” (App. 1E, p. 146)
- “ya da Yortu’da güneş altında deniz kıyısındaki kumlara uzanışı...” (App. 2E, p. 61)

In another expression in the same story “The New Dress”, the reader of the target culture reads the word ‘Yortu’ however he or she cannot learn about it in detail. The reader may only think that this can be some kind of holiday that people can lay on the beach by the sea.

- “...carving the mutton for Sunday_lunch...” (App. 1E, p. 146)
- “...Pazar öğle yemeklerine eti keserken...” (App. 2E, p. 61)

In another piece of sentence in the same story: provides the target reader with the information that Sundays are the days that people come together and eat meals. Most probably, this is a popular kind of meeting around the people living in that country.

- “She would go to the London Library to-morrow” (App. 1E, p. 146)
- “Ertesi gün Londra Kütüphanesi’ne gitmeye karar verdi.” (App.2E, p. 62)

Here, there is another sentence from the same story “The New Dress”. Regarding the special name of the country, it can be inferred by the target reader that this library may be one of the famous ones in that country and this fame may come from its size in terms of books owned.

- “...or she would walk down the Strand...” (App. 1E, p. 147)
- “...ya da Strand boyunca yürüyüp...” (App. 2E, p. 62)

By the help of another fragment of sentence in the same story mentioned in the previous paragraph, what is provided to the reader of the target culture is a name of a street. The reader may also think that it is one of the mostly preferred ones to have a walk on, although there no reference to it.

- “...*steel engravings of the Prince Consort with his family...*” (App. 1F, p. 148)
- “...*Prens Consort ailesinin çelik üzerine kabartma resimlerini...*” (App. 2F, p. 75)

In another story “Lappin and Lappinova” the title, Prince, provides the target reader with the idea that ‘prince’ should be somebody in a higher position in the country so that his pictures are engraved on steel. In addition, if the reader was supplied with more information related to the identity of ‘prince’ or what kind of people could take the title ‘prince’, it would be better for the reader to understand this cultural element which is specific to the source culture.

- “*The name suggested...her mother-in-law’s dining-room in Porchester Terrace in short.*” (App. 1F, p. 148)
- “*İsim ... tek bir kelimeyle kayınvalidesinin Porchester Terrace’teki yemek odasını çağrıştırıyordu.*” (App. 2F, p. 75)

By the help of this sentence it is clear that ‘Porchester Terrace’ is a place where people have a house, that is, it is a residential area. Like in many sentences, the translator does not give any detail about the environment of that stated name ‘Porchester Terrace’. For that reason, the target reader could only think that this place may be a region, a street, etc. on which people prefer to live, most probably a famous one.

- “...*born at Porchester Terrace, educated at Rugby...*” (App. 1F, p. 149)
- “...*Porchester Terrace’da doğmuş, Rugby’de okumuş...*” (App. 2F, p. 77)

As a continuation of the previous fragment of sentence, by the help of this sentence taken from the same story “Lappin and Lappinova”, the reader of the target culture can only understand that ‘Rugby’ is a famous school or college which people prefer to be educated there. It would be better to give the type or maybe a summary of admission rules to that school in order to show that why it is so popular or hard to be admitted.

- “...now a clerk in His Majesty’s Civil Service.” (App. 1F, p. 149)
- “...şimdi de Majestelerinin Devlet Hizmeti’nde memurluk yapan bir İngilizdi.” (App. 2F, p. 77)

There is another sentence in the same story which has a culture-specific element which mentions about the government of the country. Though, the identity, the duties or responsibilities of the Majesty is not mentioned whether implicitly or as a footnote, it may inferred by the target reader that he is an important or the top executive person of the country since people work for him as clerks.

- “...or when John, Ernest’s sporting brother, told them what price rabbits were fetching that autumn in Wiltshire, skins and all.” (App. 1F, p. 150)
- “...ya da Ernest’in av meraklısı kardeşi John o güzel Wiltshire’da ada tavşanlarının derileriyle filan kaç para ettiklerini anlatırken...” (App. 2F, p.

Another fragment of sentence in the same story “Lappin and Lappinova” has a name of a place about which the translator does not mention explicitly. Different from other sentences, the translator translates the word ‘sporting’ as ‘avcılık’ regarding the context and this type of contribution to the translation provides the reader of the target language with the idea that Wiltshire is a place where people go for hunting and it is a famous pastimes in those times in that culture.

- “*And then she looked at her mother-in-law—whom they dubbed The Squire.*” (App. 1F, p. 152)
- “*Onu geçip omzuna kılıç dokundurulup Soylu ilan edilmiş kayinvalidesine baktı.*” (App. 2F, p. 82)

In the same story “Lappin and Lappinova” the sentence; has two cultural elements; the verb ‘dub’ and the title ‘the Squire’. The translator transmits the culture-specific title ‘the Squire’ and she gives explanatory information about the identity of a Squire and how a person may become a Squire, which is touching the sword on the shoulder and being declared as a Squire, keeping the context of the story in mind.

- “*They had a nice little home; half a house above a saddler’s shop in South Kensington, not far from the tube station.*” (App. 1F, p. 153)
- “*Küçük şirin bir evleri vardı; Güney Kensington’da metro istasyonuna yakın bir saraçhanenin üstünde ufak bir ev.*” (App. 2F, p. 83)

Similarly in the same story; the *sentence* has a name of a place “South Kensington”. This is again a culture-specific name in that city and again the reader of the target culture is not supplied with the environment of that place and why the author chose to mention this place. It can only be thought by the target reader that this place is one of the suitable places to live since transportation to the center can be provided by the Tubes, another characteristic of the culture, which is near to the house mentioned.

- “*She walked along the Cromwell Road...*” (App. 1F, p. 154)
- “*Cromwell Yolu boyunca yürürken...*” (App. 2F, p. 85)

Another fragment of sentence from the same story “Lappin and Lappinova” is the one which has a special road name. The target reader is, once again, provided with a road name, “Cromwell Road”, without any further information as to what kind of road this is, or why it is a preferable road to walk on.

- “*At last she reached the Natural History Museum*” (App. 1F, p. 154)
- “*Derken Doğa Tarihi Müzesi’ne vardı.*” (App. 2F, p. 85)

In this sentence in the same story “Lappin and Lappinova” the target reader comes across with the special name of a library ‘Natural History Museum’; actually this is a special name and, in this case there is localization in the name of the museum. The reason for localizing the name of the museum may be the concern of the translator who wants to emphasize that this is a museum similar to the ones in the source culture. However there is no further information about the specialty of that museum. It would be better if the target reader was provided with the information why the person mentioned in the story went to that library especially, instead of localizing the name of the museum.

- “*Oliver Bacon lived at the top of a house overlooking the Green Park.*” (App. 1G, p. 156)
- “*Oliver Bacon Green Park’a bakan bir binanın en üst katında yaşıyordu.*” (App. 2G, p. 103)

In another story “The Duchess and the Jeweller”, what is come across is another place name ‘Green Park’. However, the translator transmits only the name of the park mentioned, but there is no information as to the characteristics of that park and what kind of feeling it is to live in a building facing ‘Green Park’.

- “*And from the middle window he looked down upon the glossy roofs of fashionable cars packed in the narrow straits of Piccadilly.*” (App. 1G, p. 156)
- “*Oliver ortadaki pencereden aşağıya, Picadilly’nin dar sokaklarına yığılmış son model arabaların parlak tepelerine baktı.*” (App. 2G, p. 103)

In the same story “The Duchess and the Jeweller”, the translator provides the reader of the target language with a name of a place ‘Picadilly’ which is one of the famous regions of the city. Though there is no explicit information about the fame of this region, the target reader can get the idea from the context which mentions about the fashionable cars parked on the streets of that region ‘Picadilly’.

- “*He had once thought that the height of his ambition—selling stolen dogs to fashionable women in Whitechapel.*” (App. 1G, p. 156)
- “*O zamanlar Whitechapel’deki zengin hanımlara çalıntı köpek satmak idealiydi.*” (App. 2G, p. 104)

Similarly in the same story stated in the previous paragraph, the sentence has a reference to a place name as ‘Whitechapel’ whose informative explanation is not provided by the translator. The significance of this place can only be understood from the context given, that is, this is a well-known, popular place especially for women who want to own a dog.

- “*After that he went into the private room behind the shop in Hatton Garden; the room with the scales, the safe, the thick magnifying glasses.*” (App. 1G, p. 156)
- “*Ondan sonra Hatton Garden’daki dükkanın arkasında terazileri, kasası, kalın camlı büyüteçleri ile özel bir odası olmuştu.*” (App. 2G, p. 104)

In the same story “The Duchess and the Jeweller” the sentence; has a cultural element, a place name ‘Hatton Garden’. Although the reader is not provided with the information as to the significance of this place, it can be understood from the context that this is a place where many shops can be found and a suitable environment for shopping, maybe a one of the centers of shopping in those times in the city.

- “*And he had a villa at Richmond, overlooking the river, with trellises of red roses...*” (App. 1G, p. 157)
- “*Richmond’da nehre bakan, etrafı güller içinde bir villa almıştı.*” (App. 2G, p. 104)

Another sentence in the same story has again a culture-specific place name ‘Richmond’ with which information the target reader is not supplied. The target reader can infer the information about what kind of place this can be only by the help of the context which tells that this is a place where one can see villas, so this is a place in which rich people who can afford to buy a villa can live in.

- “*...he was the richest jeweller in England...*” (App. 1G, p. 157)
- “*...İngiltere’nin en zengin kuyumcusuydu...*” (App. 2G, p. 105)

Similarly in the same story “The Duchess and The Jeweller” there is a sentence with a reference to the name of the country ‘England’ and since in most of the stories the target reader is provided with culture-specific items only with the names not with their detailed information; it is still the same in this sentence. The target reader can only learn that England has many shops selling jewels, and the jeweller mentioned in this sentence is one of the richest ones.

- “*So Oliver snuffed always in the rich earth of Mayfair another truffle, a blacker, a bigger further off.*” (App. 1G, p. 157)

- *“İşte Oliver da Mayfair’in zengin topraklarında hep derinlerdeki daha siyah, daha büyük bir mantarın kokusunu alıyordu.”* (App. 2G, p. 105)

In the same story “The Duchess and The Jeweller” there is another sentence referring to a place name ‘Mayfair’. The significance of ‘Mayfair’ is not stated either implicitly or with a footnote, but the target reader can get the idea that this place has productive soils so that people deal with agriculture in that region.

- *“The cries of Bond Street came in; the purr of the distant traffic.”* (App. 1G, p. 158)
- *“Bond Caddesinin gürültüsü, uzaktaki trafiğin uğultusu içeri doldu.”* App. 1G, p. 106)

Another sentence in the same story; has again a street name ‘Bond Street’, a culture-specific name which is foreign to the reader of the target culture. The only thing which can be learned about this street is the one which can be learned out of context, that; this street is one of the most crowded streets.

- *“...a cigar costing one guinea...”* (App. 1G, p. 158)
- *“...bir ginelik purolardan”* (App. 2G, p. 107)

In the expression taken from the same story “The Duchess and The Jeweller”, the currency of that country is given without the worth of that amount in the target culture, for that reason, though the target reader learns about the currency used in that country, he or she will not be able to learn the equivalence of a ‘guinea’ in the target culture.

- *“From the Appleby cincture,” she mourned. “The last . . . the last of them all.”* (App. 1G, p. 159)

- “*Appleby kemerinden,*” diye üzgün üzgün söylendi “*Kalanlar...son kalanlar.*” (App. 2G, p. 109)

In the same story “The Duchess and the Jeweller”, there is an expression including a culture-specific place name ‘Appleby’. The target reader is not supplied with the significance of this place, but it can be inferred from the context that this place may be ruins of a historical structure, and the character is sad because of the destruction occurred within time.

- “*...a Cheque for twenty thousand pounds with his signature...*” (App. 1G, p. 161)
- “*...onun imzasını taşıyan yirmi bin poundluk çek*” (App. 2G, p. 111)

Once again in the same story “The Duchess and the Jeweller”; the expression has a form of currency ‘pound’. Although the reader of the target culture does not know what is the equivalence of a ‘pound’ in his or her culture, he or she learns that ‘pound’ is one form of the source culture’s currency.

- “*Oh, they used to have such lovely things, when they lived at Salisbury...*” (App. 1H, p. 162)
- “*Ah, Salisbury’de yaşadıkları günler ne güzeldi...*” (App. 2H, p. 114)

In another story “Moments of Being”, the author mentions another name of a place ‘Salisbury’ in a sentence and there is no explicit information about the features of this place. It can only be inferred by the target reader that this is a nice place to live because the context mentions that the character in the story remembers the old good days they have lived in ‘Salisbury’.

- “*My family had always known them—they were regular Canterbury people,*” *Miss Kingston said*” (App. 1H, p. 162)

- “*Ailem onları eskiden beri tanırđı-Canterbury'nin köklü ailelerindendiler' diyordu Miss Kingston.*” (App. 2H, p.114)

Another sentence in the same story has a similar reference as to place names, ‘Canterbury’. The reader of the target culture may not know the significance of this city since there is no explicit information. He or she can only infer that there are many noble families living there and it’s a famous city of that country.

- “*Much the nicest part of London—Kensington (I'm speaking of fifteen or twenty years ago),” she had said once.*” (App. 1H, p. 165)
- “*Kensington,' demiřti bir keresinde 'Londra'nın en güzel yeri (tabii onbeř yirmi yıl öncesinden söz ediyorum.*” (App. 2H, p. 117)

Another similar reference in the same story “Moments of Being” is the sentence including a region name ‘Kensington’ which is well-known in that culture but not transmitted to the target reader. It can only be inferred by the target reader that ‘Kensington’ is one of the most famous and nicest parts of London.

- “*Here she broke off, to denounce acridly the draughts in the Tubes.*” (App. 1H, p. 164)
- “*Sözünün burasında durup kızgınlıkla Metro'daki hava akımından yakınmıřtı*” (App. 2H, p. 117)

In the same story the expression ‘the Tubes’ supplies the target reader with the culture-specific knowledge that this city is famous with its Tubes. There could be more information related to the transportation system, or the Tubes in this context, so as to show that this city is famous with its subway.

- “*She had attracted them first, and then her brother's friends from Oxford or Cambridge.*” (App. 1H, p. 165)

- “Öncelikle onları cezbetmiştir, sonra da kardeşinin Oxford ya da Cambridge’den arkadaşlarını” (App. 2H, p. 117)

There is another sentence in the same story “Moments of Being”, similar to the one stated in the previous paragraph. This sentence has also some special names of some parts of London, ‘Cambridge’ or ‘London’ whose specialties or differences from the other parts are not given clearly. What is also not clear here is whether these names are given as parts of London or name of the famous colleges.

- “...and arrange perhaps, on the rare occasions when she stayed in London, to show her—Kensington Gardens?” (App. 1H, p. 165)
- “Londra’da kaldığı zamanlar ona Kensington Bahçeleri’ni gezdirmeyi planlamışlardır.” (App. 2H, p. 117)

Again in the same story “Moments of Being”, there is a sentence including a special name of gardens ‘Kensington Gardens’. Although this is not mentioned clearly, it can be understood by the target reader that this part is famous with its well-cared gardens.

- “They compared it with the Avon.” (App. 1H, p. 165)
- “O nehirle Avon’u karşılaştırmışlardır.” (App. 2H, p. 118)

Another similar reference related to the country’s geographical features in the story “Moments of Being” is the name of the river ‘Avon’. Although the reader does not have enough knowledge of the river Avon, he or she can think that it is also comparably important river in the country.

- “It might be Ravenna; or Edinburgh, where she had kept house for her brother.” (App. 1H, p.165)

- “*Ravenna’da ya da kardeşi için bir ev aldığı Edinburgh’da olabilirdi.*” (App. 2H, p. 118)

Similarly in the same story “Moments of Being”, the sentence has country-specific elements such as ‘Edinburg’ or ‘Ravenna’ that is transmitted to the reader of the target language, but it would be better to supply the target reader with more information about these cities or places to get the significance of these places.

- “*When, therefore, from time to time, she managed her forces adroitly and brought off a visit to Hampton Court the week the crocuses—those glossy bright flowers were her favourite—were at their best, it was a victory.*” (App. 1H, p. 166)
- “*Bu nedenle zaman zaman gücünü toplamayı başarıp çiğdemlerin en göz alıcı olduğu hafta Hampton Court’a gezmeye çıkabilse bu bir zafer oluyordu.*” (App. 2H, p. 120)

Once again in the same story “Moments of Being”, what is come across is a name of a place ‘Hampton Court’ about which the reader of the target language has no information. What can overtly be understood by the reader of the target culture is that Hampton Court is a nice place where people prefer to go for walking, or a place which is famous for its glossy bright flowers.

- “*So she had gone off to Waterloo on her great undertaking—to visit Hampton Court—alone.*” (App. 1H, p. 166)
- “*Demek ki tek başına Waterloo’ya-Hampton Court’a gezmeye gitmişti.*” (App. 2H, p. 120)

In the same story “Moments of Being”, there is another sentence referring to a special place name ‘Waterloo’ which is specific to that country. Again there is no

clear explanation as to where ‘Waterloo’ is or what the most important features of that part of the city are that the author chose to mention about it.

- “*She lived in a little house off the Brompton Road entirely alone.*” (App. 1H, p. 166)
- “*Brompton Yolu’nun aşağısında küçük bir evde yapayalnız yaşıyordu.*” (App. 2H, p. 120)

The sentence taken from the story “Moments of Being”, the target reader is provided with only the name of the road without the importance of that road. If the target reader would be given a little bit more information on the features of ‘Brompton Road’ it would be easier to draw the picture of that road in mind in terms of understanding the general atmosphere of the story.

- “*...heard the choristers playing cricket...*” (App. 1H, p. 167)
- “*...korodaki çocukların kriket oynayışını duydu...*” (App. 2H, p. 121)

In the same story “Moments of Being”, the expression ‘playing cricket’ is a country-specific type of sports which was a well-known and famous sports in those times. Without being supplied with the necessary information about this sport, the reader of the target culture may wonder about what kind of sports it is, what the rules are, how it is played. For that reason a footnote summarizing the most basic rules of ‘cricket’ could be given for clarifying the target reader

3.3.1.9. Cultural elements related to Multiculturalism

- “*And, getting up, she had taken that old fashion book of her mother’s, a Paris fashion book of the time of the Empire...*” (App. 1E, p. 141)
- “*Kalktı, annesinin eski moda dergisini, ta İmparatorluk zamanından kalma Paris moda dergisini aldı.*” (App. 2E, p. 54)

This is the second time of this sentence, taken from the story “The New Dress”, being put under a category, other than History. This time this sentence was put under the category of Multiculturalism because with a cultural element, like Paris, this sentence goes one step further and gives an example of French culture and with this sentence, it is clear that Paris is one of the centers of fashion, although there is no clearance by the translator.

- “...which was blue like a smooth china egg...” (App. 1E, p. 146)
- “...bir Çin yumurtası denli sıkı, katı, masmavi...” (App. 2E, p. 61)

In the same story “The New Dress” this expression refers to an item ‘a smooth china egg’ which can be regarded as a sign of multiculturalism. The reason for that is, although the source and target cultures are different, the author mentions about a third culture which is different from both the source and target languages in order to bring a new dimension to culture aspect.

- “...and wrapped herself, round and round and round, in the Chinese cloak she had worn these twenty years.” (App. 1E, p. 147)
- “... ve yirmi yıldır üstünden çıkarmadığı Çin işi pelerine sıkı, sımsıkı sarındı” (App. 2E, p. 63)

Another sentence in the same story gives a similar example of multiculturalism which is ‘Chinese cloak’. Although it is something contributive for the reader of the target culture to learn about a new cultural item different from the source culture of the original story, it would be more illuminating to the target reader to learn about what the specific features of a ‘chinese cloak’ is.

- “Then he had gone behind a counter; had sold cheap watches; then he had taken a wallet to Amsterdam...” (App. 1G, p. 156)

- *“Derken tezgah başına geçip ucuz saatler satmış, ardından Amsterdam’a mal kaçırmıştı...”* (App. 2G, p. 104)

In the story “The Duchess and The Jeweller”, the sentence has a name of a city which adds something more to the reader of the target culture. Having not much knowledge about ‘Amsterdam’, the target reader may only learn that there is a kind of smuggling between London and Amsterdam in those times. As different from the others, the translators translates the expression “take a wallet” as “mal kaçırmak”, in that way the target reader can understand the type of relationship between these two cities.

- *“When he passed through the knots of jewellers in the hot evening who were discussing prices, gold mines, diamonds, reports from South Africa...”* (App. 1G, p. 156)
- *“Sıcak akşamüstleri fiyatları, altın madenlerini, elmasları, Güney Afrika’dan gelen haberleri tartışan kuyumcuların önünden her geçişinde...”* (App. 2G, p. 104)

In the same story mentioned in the previous paragraph, there is a name of country ‘South Africa’. With this expression what is provided to the reader of the target culture is the name of a different country than England, which may make the target reader curious about this new country. In this sense, he or she can only get the idea that this country is a place in which important events are happening so that people are eager to learn about the news from that country.

- *“...that was famous in France, in Germany, in Austria, in Italy, and all over America...”* (App. 1G, p. 157)
- *“Fransa, Almanya, Avusturya, İtalya ve Tüm Amerika’da tanımayan yoktu bu dükkanı...”* (App. 2G, p. 106)

The story “The Duchess and The Jeweller” has sentence which can be regarded as the most suitable example of multiculturalism among other sentences in the stories, because this sentence has the many names of the countries in Europe, ‘France’, ‘Germany’, ‘Austria’, ‘Italy’ and different from others, name of a continent and country ‘America’. In this way the reader of the target language are provided with the names of the countries which are different from the source culture.

3.4. Findings and Interpretation

It is a known fact that Virginia Woolf is such a writer that she uses so many cultural elements in her novels and short stories. In that sense, using elements that are reflecting the features of her own culture is like a piece of her artistic writing. She has many novels and short stories that play the role of a transparent glass showing the culture-specific items. However, in this study only eight of her short stories which have numerous cultural items in them were analyzed. Although all of her short stories have sentences and expressions that point out some characteristics of the source culture, the ones which have many of them were chosen and analyzed.

In the scope of this study, so far, eight Virginia Woolf short stories which have the most prominent culture-specific elements have been analyzed. Consequently, it has been found that these stories have cultural elements that can be put under nearly all categories. The categories which have most examples were Everyday Living (e.g: yellow oblongs of cheese), Living Conditions (e.g: zigzagging roofs), Interpersonal Relations (sub-category: class structure of society and relations between classes (e.g: Lord, Duchess)), Values, Beliefs and Attitudes (sub-category: history, politics, arts, religion (e.g: Easter, church)), and Ritual Behaviour (e.g: wedding ceremony). In addition to these categories, there emerged a need to add four more categories; which are Literature (e.g: Shakespeare), Appearance and Clothing (e.g: hat pins), Information about Country (e.g: Kensington, Canterbury) and Multiculturalism (Chinese cloak).

Because of the reason that the translations of the stories were produced by only one translator, the comparison between different translators did not take place. Instead of this, the role of the translator in terms of localizing, changing or giving explanations in the translated text or as a foot note of the culture-specific items were considered. Consequently, it is found that, although the author uses so many cultural elements, the translator does not change the cultural figures nor does she localize them or give explanatory information about them. The reader of the target language can only learn the new culture-specific units; however, except one or two footnote explanation, he or she cannot understand the significance of these elements. If he or she was given more detailed explanations as to why the author used them specifically in her stories, it would be more helpful for the target reader to understand the general atmosphere of the story he or she is reading with the aim of learning about a culture different from his or hers.

CHAPTER IV

DISCUSSION AND SUGGESTIONS

Since no two languages are the same and it is impossible for a language to express the meaning of another, a distinction lies between different languages. For that reason, translation is not a matter of changing the words by finding their equivalents in the target language. On top of this, it is a multi dimensional phenomenon because each language is born in a new culture and has the characteristics of its own. With the help of translation, people learn about other cultures and learn that the world is not only composed of their own place in which they live.

What gains importance in this process of translation is transferring cultural items in such a way that the reader of the target language is able to understand the special cultural elements. Robinson (1999: 224) states that *“Instead of looking for differentiated or distilled cultural essences, it could be fruitful to look at translations themselves in order to see what they have to say about cultural frontiers.”*

In order to find out whether there is cultural transfer through translation in the short stories of Virginia Woolf, eight stories, rich in terms of cultural elements, of hers which are “A Haunted House”, “An Unwritten Novel”, “The String Quartet”, “The Mark on the Wall”, “The New Dress”, “Lappin and Lappinova”, “The Duchess and the Jeweller”, and “Moments of Being”, translated from the original book named “A Haunted House and Other Short Stories” by Alev Bulut were analyzed.

Since the translations of the short stories were a product of only one translator, this study was not a comparative one among different translators. On the other hand, this study was comparative in terms of comparing the original texts with their Turkish translations.

In the first story “A Haunted House” telling about a dead couple who turn back to the house they were leaving centuries ago. They turn back to the house to find the meaning of life. In this poetic story, there are some cultural elements some of which are related to living conditions of the society in those times. Although the translator does not change any cultural elements or give explanation related to these items, the target reader can draw a general picture of living conditions of the source culture, roughly though.

Compared to “A Haunted House”, another story “An Unwritten Novel” has a little bit more culture-specific items related to the category “Everyday Living” such as ‘*yellow oblongs of cheese*’, ‘*napkin tucked diamond-wise*’, related to the category “Living Conditions”, such as ‘*ornaments, curtains, trefoil china plate*’, ‘*zigzagging roofs of Eastbourne*’, related to the category “Interpersonal Relations-Family Structures”, and sentences such as “a person with two children cannot do much”. With regard to other categories this story has cultural items more in the Values, Beliefs and Attitudes category. With its sub-categories, the target reader can have information about one of the newspapers ‘*TIMES*’ in that culture or s/he learns about the current issues that are being discussed in the country in those times. Under the same category, target reader can learn about the Politics of that country as depicted in the sentence “*Peace between Germany and the Allied Powers was yesterday officially ushered in at Paris*”. A reader of the target culture may also learn about the social classes of that society as depicted in the sentence “*one light low in the skylight of a drapery emporium; another high in a servant’s bedroom—this one goes out.*”. There are also references to the religion of that society in this story as depicted in the sentence “*for now the church door opens, the hard wooden pew receives her; on the brown tiles she kneels; every day, winter, summer, dusk, dawn (here she’s at it) prays*” A cultural item, mentioning about *troop of Spanish muleteers*, so that related to History, can be found in the same story. Other references are related to ritual behaviors such as ‘*tombstones*’, ‘*daffodils*’, ‘*lapping the dead bodies in linens*’ and ‘*prayers*’. Some other cultural elements are related to Appearance and Clothing such as ‘*hats and pins*’, ‘*hats with feathers*’. And, of course, there are some special names

which are specific to the country such as ‘Sussex’, ‘Surrey’ or ‘Craydon’. Consequently, although the story “An Unwritten Novel” is full of culture-specific items from many different categories, it can be said that the story is a good example in terms of depicting the target culture. The translator translates the cultural items as they are without changing them according to the target culture to ease the understanding pain of the target reader. Since there is no localization, the target reader may only learn about the specific cultural items superficially. Only s/he can understand the significance of a culture-specific item from the content if it is given. Otherwise, there is no help provided to the target reader.

In another story of Woolf, “The String Quartet”, there is a group of musicians who plays Mozart and in the story the fragmented sentences of the audience before the concert take place. Like the previous two stories, this story has also cultural elements related to Interpersonal Relation-Class Structure of Society such as ‘*a scene old women, squatted under arches*’; related to Interpersonal Relations-Relations Between Sexes such as ‘*exchange of compliment now culminating in a sob of passion*’; related to Values, Beliefs and Attitudes-Politics such as ‘King’, related to Values, Beliefs and Attitudes-Arts such as ‘Mozart’. In addition to these; there is country knowledge transmission such as ‘*Tubes, trams, omnibuses, private carriages*’, ‘*Regent Street*’, ‘*Niagara*’, or ‘*the River Rhone*’. In the light of these cultural items translated into Turkish, it can easily be said that there is a cultural transfer from the source culture. However, the target reader is not certain about why the writer chose these elements or what the importance of these culture-specific items is, since translator does not localize any of these items and transfer them as they are in the original text. There is not one single footnote given in this story and also the style of context makes the reader uneasy about understanding the referent of these culture-specific items.

Another story that was analyzed was “The Mark on The Wall”. In this story, a woman sees a stain on the wall above the mantelpiece and she tries to remember when it happened. With so many ideas in mind, she gets lost in the ideas, till her

husband comes and tells her that it is a snail. This story has also, like previous two stories, cultural elements that are aimed to be transferred to the target reader. Some of them are related to Living Conditions-Housing Conditions like *'mantelpiece'*; some of them are related to Values-Beliefs and Attitudes-Arts such as *'miniature'* or *'Shakespeare'*; or related to Values-Beliefs and Attitudes-History such as *'Troy'*, *'Charles the First'*, *'historical table manners'*; related to Values-Beliefs and Attitudes-Religion such as *'Whitaker's Table of Precedency *'*, *'Elizabethian nails'*, *'Quenn Anne coal scuttle'*; related to Values-Beliefs and Attitudes-Politics such as *'The Archbishop of Canterbury'*, *'Lord High Chancellor'* or *'the Archbishop of York'*. Apart from these, this story is also full of culture-specific items mentioning about the country knowledge of that country such as *'Kingsway'*, *'omnibuses'*, *'underground railways'*, *'Sundays in London'*, *'Sunday afternoon walks'*, *'Sunday luncheons'* and *'South Downs'*. For most of the cultural items, there is one to one translation, without illuminating the target reader. As an exception the translator gives a footnote for one of the culture-specific item which is the one given for *'Whitaker's Table of Precedency *'*. The translator puts a footnote at the end of the page and explains this list of precedence and in that way, the readers of the target language can easily understand what kind of list it is easily, can put this item under the category of Religion since s/he is given a clear explanation by a footnote; or if it is possible it would be beneficial for the reader to get an access to the original table of Whitaker's Precedency which is supplied by the translator.

Similar to the previous stories, another short story that was evaluated in terms of cultural items was "The New Dress". This story has also culture-specific items related to Interpersonal Relation-Class Structure of Society such as *'Sir'*; related to *'Values-Beliefs and Attitudes-Arts'* such as *'reading Borrow or Scott'*, *'Shakespeare'*; related to Values, Beliefs and Attitudes-Religion such as *'crossing herself'*; related to Values, Beliefs and Attitudes-History such as *'Boadicea*'*; related to Country Knowledge such as *'guinea (currency)'*, *'pound (currency)'*, *'Easter'*, *'Sunday lunch'*; *'London Library'*; *'Street Strand'*; related to Multiculturalism such as *'Paris fashion book'*, *'china egg'* or *'Chinese cloak'*. By the help of these cultural

elements in mind, it can be mentioned that this story is also full of cultural elements depicting some characteristics of source culture. However, as was in the previous stories, the reader of the target culture is not provided with enough information related to the culturally foreign elements except one in this story. It is the Boadicea, a historical queen who is famous for her beauty and disdainfulness of an English tribe which fights against the Romans who invaded The Great Britain around A.C. 60. Without this footnote the reader of the target culture will not be able to understand who she is, since it is really hard from the context to understand the identity of that woman. Giving footnote in such kind of translations which are rich in cultural items is such a helpful way to help the target reader.

Woolf's another story that was analyzed in this study was "Lappin and Lappinona". In this story two lovers; Ernest and Rosalind gets married and in order to protect themselves from the ugliness of the real life, they start to play a game by giving themselves the names of animals. After a couple of happy years, Ernest cannot continue the game and they broke up. Similar to other short stories this story has also many cultural elements related to Interpersonal Relation-Class Structure of Society such as 'the Lord of the Manor'; related to Values, Beliefs and Attitudes-History such as '*an eighteenth-century relic*', '*trifles from eighteenth-century dressing tables*'; related to Ritual Behaviour-Marriage such as '*The wedding march*' and '*Small boys... threw rice*'; related to Knowledge of Country such as '*Prince Consort*', '*Porchester Terrace*', '*Rugby(college)*', '*Majesty's Civil Service*', '*sporting* (hunting)', '*The Squire*', '*South Kensington*', '*Cromwell Road*', and '*Natural History Museum*'. Different from transmitting other cultural elements, in this story, the translator gives the meanings of the two elements 'sporting' and 'the Squire' as 'avcılık' and 'Soylu'. In this way, without giving a footnote, the translator gives the meanings of these two cultural words in the story by the help of context. Thus, the reader of the target language can easily understand the aim of the author by choosing and using these two culturally different words.

In another short story which was analyzed in this study was “The Duchess and The Jeweller”. Oliver Bacon who is a rich jeweller was earning his life by giving back pet dogs which he stole from them in exchange for money. He wants to earn more money and Duchess of Lambourne is one of his clients. One day the Duchess comes to his shop again because she wants to sell a pearl necklace. Although Oliver realizes that this necklace is fake; he gets it and pays much money to the Duchess because he is in love with one of the Duchess’s daughters. In such a story it is normal that there are so many cultural elements some of which are related to Interpersonal Relation-Class Structure of Society such as ‘*duchesses, countesses, viscountesses and Honourable Ladies*’, ‘*Mademoiselle*’, ‘*ducal coronets*’, ‘*The Duchess of Lambourne*’, ‘*Dukes and Duchesses*’; related to Values, Beliefs, and Attitudes-History such as ‘the swords and spears of Agincourt’; related to Appearance and Clothing ‘*sleeve links with Roman emperors*’ and lastly the ones related to Knowledge of the Country such as ‘*Green Park*’, ‘*Picadilly*’, ‘*Whitechapel*’, ‘*Hatton Garden*’, ‘*Richmond*’, ‘*richest jeweller in England*’, ‘*Mayfair*’, ‘*Bond Street*’, ‘a cigar costing one guinea’, ‘*Appleby*’, ‘*Cheque*’. One of the most outstanding stories of Woolf in terms of cultural items, The Duchess of the Jeweller is rich especially items pointing to Knowledge of Country. Like in the other stories, the reader of the target language is not supplied with the significances of these special items; instead, they are supplied with the titles that are given to men and women, or place names. If the target reader were given explanatory information on these items, then it would be easier for the reader to get the general atmosphere of the story told.

In the last story studied for in this thesis was “The Moments of Being”. Fanny Wilmot is a student of Julia Craye, a famous pianist. Fanny regards Miss Craye as a musical genius and one day she plays Bach for Fanny. On this exact moment Miss Craya says an absurd sentence such as ‘Slater’s pins have no points’ and Fanny got shocked since she can’t imagine such a woman to make such an ordinary sentence. In this last story the general picture is not different from the other stories in terms of being rich in cultural elements, being fine with cultural transfer and being poor in explanatory information. The cultural elements transferred through

translation in this story are related to Values, Beliefs, and Attitudes-Arts such as '*Bach fugue*', '*Archer Street College of Music*', '*Browning*'; related to Values, Beliefs and Attitudes-History such as '*Roman glasses and things*', '*Roman urns and things*', '*Roman vases*'; related to Ritual Behavior such as 'meeting (ayin), and lastly related to Knowledge of Country such as '*Salisbury*', '*Canterbury*', '*Kensington*', '*the Tubes*', '*Oxford or Cambridge*', '*Kensington Gardens*', '*Avon*', '*Ravenna*', '*Edinburgh*', '*Hampton Court*', '*Waterloo*', '*Brompton Road*', '*playing cricket*'. Like the previous short story 'The Duchess and The Jeweller', this short story is also rich in cultural elements reflecting the source culture and the country which the story takes place in. Only for one of the cultural items, 'meeting', the translator gives explanatory-like expression 'ayin'. By the help of the context it can be understood that the meeting is not an ordinary one but a religious one for praying. However, for the others, although there are many special names of places, towns, streets, roads, parks for example, there is not enough illuminating idea to clear the obscurities being formed in the minds of the reader of the target language.

In the light of the analysis of each of the eight stories of Virginia Woolf, it can easily be stated that, the short stories chosen and their translations accordingly have numerous cultural elements transmitted through translation.

This analysis of the short stories in terms of cultural transfer through translation brings new dimensions to the students and instructors dealing with translation while analyzing literary works.

In a world that multiculturalism and plurilingualism is on the increase, translation plays an important role in conveying the different cultures. In one way or another, each person on the earth makes use of translation. Similarly, the need emerges as to learning about other cultures, which in turn brings the necessity of communicate interculturally.

Since culture is a shared system of symbols, beliefs, attitudes, values, expectations, and norms of behavior. There should be some principles guiding the process of exchanging information across the cultural boundaries. With the aim of providing accurate translated texts, the translators should be careful about the specialties of intercultural communication so that the people on the both ends of intercultural communication process are equally understood. In this sense, the translators may provide the reader with a preface at the beginning of their translated works explaining the roots of their knowledge of culture and how he or she deals with the cultural elements in that specific translated work. For that reason, what is easily thought is that if the translator is deprived of the cultural knowledge, the translation he or she produced would be barren.

Translation is one of the most frequently referred ways of communication in an intercultural context. In this sense, it is not necessary to change the meanings of words in one language into another, but to bridge the gaps between two cultures considering the methods, principles and importance of intercultural communication.

4.1. Suggestions

The analysis of the short stories indicated relevant results since all of the stories chosen were found to be rich in cultural items to be transferred through translation. Although there was no problem in terms of culture-specific items to be transmitted, the translator's color cannot be seen as there was no localization or changing the cultural elements to help the readers understand the significance of these cultural elements. Apart from some footnotes given and some explanation via context, the rest of the cultural elements were just transmitted without being understood fully, with their importance in the source culture.

For that reason, in some cases the translator may provide the reader of the target language with much more clarifying explanations, either via footnotes, or inserting the indirect explanation into the context. In that way, both the translator and

the target reader would share the same experiences because the translator could translate not only the word but also the cultural significance and meaning of those items and also the reader could learn about the source culture in an effective way.

In addition to these, it can also be suggested that to see a big picture of cultural transfer through translation, other short stories and also novels that were translated into Turkish by different translators may be analyzed in detail to see the process of cultural translation.

4.2. Limitations

In order to conduct such a study it is thought that, out of many works of Virginia Woolf, only some examples should be chosen. With this idea in mind, only eight stories of Woolf were chosen, they are “A Haunted House”, “An Unwritten Novel”, “The String Quartet”, “The Mark on the Wall”, “The New Dress”, “Lappin and Lappinova”, “The Duchess and the Jeweller”, and “Moments of Being”, which were translated by Alev Bulut from the original book named “A Haunted House and Other Short Stories”, translated as “Pazartesi ya da Sali” and published by İmge Kitabevi in April 1992.

The stories were chosen regarding their cultural elements which clearly reflect the characteristics of the culture in which they were produced.

In addition, only one author’s (Virginia Woolf) works were studied and also the translations of only one translator were being analyzed due to the limited time of the study.

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION

The main aim of this study is to identify whether there are cultural elements existing in the Turkish translations of the eight short stories of Virginia Woolf as samples, and to find out to what extent translation is an intercultural tool and also to evaluate the culture transmitter role of translation in ELT by keeping the question in mind whether there is any translator contribution to the Turkish translations of the stories.

In the Introduction chapter of the present study, the background of the study presented together with the problem, purpose and significance of the study. For that reason, eight short stories which are rich in cultural elements, of Virginia Woolf were chosen. After determining the short stories which are “A Haunted House”, “An Unwritten Novel”, “The String Quartet”, “The Mark on the Wall”, “The New Dress”, “Lappin and Lappinova”, “The Duchess and the Jeweller”, and “Moments of Being”, the Turkish translations of these stories were read and they were compared with the original texts.

In the second chapter, definition of translation and culture, the relationship between culture and translation, cultural translation, history of translation, contemporary translation theories, types of translation, and specific problems of translation were presented together with practicing culture in ELT.

In the Methodology Chapter, the chosen stories and their translations into Turkish were compared by determining cultural items one by one. After that, the transfer realized by the translator was evaluated.

In the Fourth Chapter, the findings of the evaluation was considered and found that there was not much contribution of the translator since she just translated the cultural items without providing the reader of the target language with necessary illuminating explanation related to the significance of the culture-specific items. Additionally, some suggestions were presented for further research.

In the light of the analysis conducted by evaluating the eight short stories of Virginia Woolf, regarding the contemporary translation theories and the role of the translator, in terms of cultural elements of the source culture, it can be concluded that translation is not an easy task which involves the transformation of the words in one language into another.

Translation from one language to another is not a mechanical activity but it also means translating the culture of the source language. Considering the importance of culture in translation especially in literary texts, since they are the most fruitful resources in terms of cultural elements, it can be stated that short stories of Woolf is a good example in terms of including the culture-specific items.

Analysis of such kind of literary texts in terms of cultural transfer through translation provides an opportunity for not only the students but also the instructors who deal with translation and culture to learn about the other cultures. By the help of such an evaluation, the readers of the target language can make inferences about the source culture, although, except one or two footnotes, they were not given enough information about the source culture in this example. In these cases, it should be kept in mind that the existence of the translator must be more distinctive since the target reader is not supplied with necessary information as to the source culture. This necessary, explanatory, illuminating information can be provided in different ways by the translator, either via footnotes or inserting this detailed information into the translated text in the target culture.

Since the role of the translator was found to be so important for the target reader to learn about the source culture, it can be thought in the same way that teaching and learning culture is so much related to the teacher in ELT. Putting the role of the teacher aside for a while, among other lectures, translation courses can be one of the best ways to teach and learn about other cultures, and especially the culture whose language the students are trying to learn. In addition, teaching of culture should be integral and systematic component. For that reason, students' intercultural understanding and communication can be developed through different tasks and activities aiming at enhancing cultural awareness.

Consequently culture should not be neglected while learning and teaching a foreign language since they are inseparable. For that reason in the future, culture teaching should be given more and more importance and the syllabuses, course contents and materials should be arranged accordingly. In this sense, teaching culture efficiently means bringing a range of resources together. These include text books, surveys, histories, interviews, biographies, photos, maps, adverts, television programmes, music, songs, films, literature, and the Internet. Cortazzi and Jin (1999:198) maintain that EFL and ESP textbooks are expected to reflect a range of cultural contexts and include intercultural elements. These, consequently, raise learners' awareness of intercultural issues and enable them to communicate effectively and appropriately in a variety of communicative contexts.

In this context, using translation in learning and teaching a foreign language, in other words, learning the culture of a new language has an important role. Although the role of translation on the ELT stage is discussed incessantly, it is an undeniable fact that translation eases the pains of the students who have difficulties in comprehending a new language and on top of this, culture of this new language. At this point, translation becomes one of the best assistants that is widely used in language teaching and learning institutions.

As a last remark it can be stated that this study would give an overview to the people, either students, or, lecturers while they are reconsidering their ideas about translation, and culture, and also placing these two units into ELT. The idea behind that is it is impossible to learn a language separate from its culture and translation, the best conveyor of culture.

NOTES

1. Erek odaklı yaklaşım çevri metnin ve erek edebiyat dizgesi üzerinde yoğunlaşmaktadır.
2. Bu kuram, çeviribilim açısından kendinden sonra gelenlere üç noktada ışık tutmuştur. Bunlardan birincisi, sistemi tanımak açısından betimleyici incelemelere ilgi artmıştır, ikincisi, çevirilerin sistemdeki rolünü anlamak açısından çeviribilimin inceleme gerecinin odağı, kaynak ekin ve kaynak metinden erek ekin ve çevirilere doğru kaymıştır, üçüncüsü ise, çeviribilim araştırmalarının devingen bir sistem içerisinde ele alınarak bu disiplinin durağanlıktan kurtulup dinginlik kazanmasına aracı olmuştur.
3. Bu yaklaşıma göre iki çeşit eşdeğerlilik vardır: 1-Kuramsal: ideal bağlantılar, 2-Betimleyici: somut ürünler arası somut bağıntılar. Kaynak metin odaklı kuramlarda erek metin özelliklerini yansıtmıyorsa sonuçta çeviri sayılmaz çünkü eşdeğerlik sağlanmamıştır.
4. Bu durumda, Toury'nin Even Zohar'ın Çoğul Dizge Kuramından yola çıkarak çevirilerin erek ekine özgü yazınsal çoğul dizgede bir konumu ve işlevi olduğunu öne sürdüğü görülür.
5. Kısaca, betimsel ve açıklayıcı metodu kullanarak yaklaşımı bilimsel olarak desteklerken, yaklaşımın bütün ve genel bir yaklaşım olmasına öncülük etmiştir.

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APPENDICIES

**APPENDIX 1: EIGHT SHORT STORIES OF VIRGINIA
WOOLF**

Appendix 1.A.

A HAUNTED HOUSE

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure—a ghostly couple.

“Here we left it,” she said. And he added, “Oh, but here too!” “It’s upstairs,” she murmured. “And in the garden,” he whispered “Quietly,” they said, “or we shall wake them.”

But it wasn’t that you woke us. Oh, no. “They’re looking for it; they’re drawing the curtain,” one might say, and so read on a page or two. “Now they’ve found it,” one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with

content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. “What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?” My hands were empty. “Perhaps it’s upstairs then?” The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The window panes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling—what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. “Safe, safe, safe,” the pulse of the house beat softly. “The treasure buried; the room. . .” the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burnt behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us; coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. “Safe, safe, safe,” the pulse of the house beat gladly. “The Treasure yours.”

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

“Here we slept,” she says. And he adds, “Kisses without number.” “Waking in the morning—” “Silver between the trees—” “Upstairs—” “In the garden—” “When summer came—” “In winter snowtime—” The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come; cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken; we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. “Look,” he breathes. “Sound asleep. Love upon their lips.”

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

“Safe, safe, safe,” the heart of the house beats proudly. “Long years—” he sighs. “Again you found me.” “Here,” she murmurs, “sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure—” Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. “Safe! safe! safe!” the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry “Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart.”

Appendix 1.B.**AN UNWRITTEN NOVEL**

Such an expression of unhappiness was enough by itself to make one's eyes slide above the paper's edge to the poor woman's face—insignificant without that look, almost a symbol of human destiny with it. Life's what you see in people's eyes; life's what they learn, and, having learnt it, never, though they seek to hide it, cease to be aware of—what? That life's like that, it seems. Five faces opposite—five mature faces—and the knowledge in each face. Strange, though, how people want to conceal it! Marks of reticence are on all those faces: lips shut, eyes shaded, each one of the five doing something to hide or stultify his knowledge. One smokes; another reads; a third checks entries in a pocket book; a fourth stares at the map of the line framed opposite; and the fifth—the terrible thing about the fifth is that she does nothing at all. She looks at life. Ah, but my poor, unfortunate woman, do play the game—do, for all our sakes, conceal it!

As if she heard me, she looked up, shifted slightly in her seat and sighed. She seemed to apologise and at the same time to say to me, "If only you knew!" Then she looked at life again. "But I do know," I answered silently, glancing at the *TIMES* for manners' sake. "I know the whole business. 'Peace between Germany and the Allied Powers was yesterday officially ushered in at Paris—Signor Nitti, the Italian Prime Minister—a passenger train at Doncaster was in collision with a goods train. . .' We all know—the *TIMES* knows—but we pretend we don't." My eyes had once more crept over the paper's rim. She shuddered, twitched her arm queerly to the middle of her back and shook her head. Again I dipped into my great reservoir of life. "Take what you like," I continued, "births, deaths, marriages, Court Circular, the habits of birds, Leonardo da Vinci, the Sandhills murder, high wages and the cost of living—oh, take what you like," I repeated, "it's all in the *TIMES*!" Again with infinite weariness she moved her head from side to side until, like a top exhausted with spinning, it settled on her neck.

The *TIMES* was no protection against such sorrow as hers. But other human beings forbade intercourse. The best thing to do against life was to fold the paper so that it made a perfect square, crisp, thick, impervious even to life. This done, I glanced up quickly, armed with a shield of my own. She pierced through my shield; she gazed

into my eyes as if searching any sediment of courage at the depths of them and damping it to clay. Her twitch alone denied all hope, discounted all illusion.

So we rattled through Surrey and across the border into Sussex. But with my eyes upon life I did not see that the other travellers had left, one by one, till, save for the man who read, we were alone together. Here was Three Bridges station. We drew slowly down the platform and stopped. Was he going to leave us? I prayed both ways—I prayed last that he might stay. At that instant he roused himself, crumpled his paper contemptuously, like a thing done with, burst open the door, and left us alone.

The unhappy woman, leaning a little forward, palely and colourlessly addressed me—talked of stations and holidays, of brothers at Eastbourne, and the time of year, which was, I forget now, early or late. But at last looking from the window and seeing, I knew, only life, she breathed, “Staying away—that’s the drawback of it—” Ah, now we approached the catastrophe, “My sister-in-law”—the bitterness of her tone was like lemon on cold steel, and speaking, not to me, but to herself, she muttered, “nonsense, she would say—that’s what they all say,” and while she spoke she fidgeted as though the skin on her back were as a plucked fowl’s in a poulterer’s shop-window.

“Oh, that cow!” she broke off nervously, as though the great wooden cow in the meadow had shocked her and saved her from some indiscretion. Then she shuddered, and then she made the awkward angular movement that I had seen before, as if, after the spasm, some spot between the shoulders burnt or itched. Then again she looked the most unhappy woman in the world, and I once more reproached her, though not with the same conviction, for if there were a reason, and if I knew the reason, the stigma was removed from life.

“Sisters-in-law,” I said——

Her lips pursed as if to spit venom at the word; pursed they remained. All she did was to take her glove and rub hard at a spot on the window-pane. She rubbed as if she would rub something out for ever—some stain, some indelible contamination. Indeed, the spot remained for all her rubbing, and back she sank with the shudder and the clutch of the arm I had come to expect. Something impelled me to take my glove and rub my window. There, too, was a little speck on the glass. For all my rubbing it remained. And then the spasm went through me I crooked my arm and plucked at the middle of my back. My skin, too, felt like the damp chicken’s skin in the poulterer’s

shop-window; one spot between the shoulders itched and irritated, felt clammy, felt raw. Could I reach it? Surreptitiously I tried. She saw me. A smile of infinite irony, infinite sorrow, flitted and faded from her face. But she had communicated, shared her secret, passed her poison she would speak no more. Leaning back in my corner, shielding my eyes from her eyes, seeing only the slopes and hollows, greys and purples, of the winter's landscape, I read her message, deciphered her secret, reading it beneath her gaze.

Hilda's the sister-in-law. Hilda? Hilda? Hilda Marsh—Hilda the blooming, the full bosomed, the matronly. Hilda stands at the door as the cab draws up, holding a coin. "Poor Minnie, more of a grasshopper than ever—old cloak she had last year. Well, well, with too children these days one can't do more. No, Minnie, I've got it; here you are, cabby—none of your ways with me. Come in, Minnie. Oh, I could carry YOU, let alone your basket!" So they go into the dining-room. "Aunt Minnie, children."

Slowly the knives and forks sink from the upright. Down they get (Bob and Barbara), hold out hands stiffly; back again to their chairs, staring between the resumed mouthfuls. [But this we'll skip; ornaments, curtains, trefoil china plate, yellow oblongs of cheese, white squares of biscuit—skip—oh, but wait! Half-way through luncheon one of those shivers; Bob stares at her, spoon in mouth. "Get on with your pudding, Bob;" but Hilda disapproves. "Why SHOULD she twitch?" Skip, skip, till we reach the landing on the upper floor; stairs brass-bound; linoleum worn; oh, yes! little bedroom looking out over the roofs of Eastbourne—zigzagging roofs like the spines of caterpillars, this way, that way, striped red and yellow, with blue-black slating]. Now, Minnie, the door's shut; Hilda heavily descends to the basement; you unstrap the straps of your basket, lay on the bed a meagre nightgown, stand side by side furred felt slippers. The looking-glass—no, you avoid the looking-glass. Some methodical disposition of hat-pins. Perhaps the shell box has something in it? You shake it; it's the pearl stud there was last year—that's all. And then the sniff, the sigh, the sitting by the window. Three o'clock on a December afternoon; the rain drizzling; one light low in the skylight of a drapery emporium; another high in a servant's bedroom—this one goes out. That gives her nothing to look at. A moment's blankness—then, what are you thinking? (Let me peep across at her opposite; she's asleep or pretending it; so what would she think about sitting at the window at three o'clock in the afternoon? Health, money, bills, her God?) Yes, sitting on the very

edge of the chair looking over the roofs of Eastbourne, Minnie Marsh prays to Gods. That's all very well; and she may rub the pane too, as though to see God better; but what God does she see? Who's the God of Minnie Marsh, the God of the back streets of Eastbourne, the God of three o'clock in the afternoon? I, too, see roofs, I see sky; but, oh, dear—this seeing of Gods! More like President Kruger than Prince Albert—that's the best I can do for him; and I see him on a chair, in a black frock-coat, not so very high up either; I can manage a cloud or two for him to sit on; and then his hand trailing in the cloud holds a rod, a truncheon is it?—black, thick, thorned—a brutal old bully—Minnie's God! Did he send the itch and the patch and the twitch? Is that why she prays? What she rubs on the window is the stain of sin. Oh, she committed some crime!

I have my choice of crimes. The woods flit and fly—in summer there are bluebells; in the opening there, when Spring comes, primroses. A parting, was it, twenty years ago? Vows broken? Not Minnie's! . . . She was faithful. How she nursed her mother! All her savings on the tombstone—wreaths under glass—daffodils in jars. But I'm off the track. A crime. . . They would say she kept her sorrow, suppressed her secret—her sex, they'd say—the scientific people. But what flummery to saddle her with sex! No—more like this. Passing down the streets of Croydon twenty years ago, the violet loops of ribbon in the draper's window spangled in the electric light catch her eye. She lingers—past six. Still by running she can reach home. She pushes through the glass swing door. It's sale-time. Shallow trays brim with ribbons. She pauses, pulls this, fingers that with the raised roses on it—no need to choose, no need to buy, and each tray with its surprises. “We don't shut till seven,” and then it is seven. She runs, she rushes, home she reaches, but too late. Neighbours—the doctor—baby brother—the kettle—scalded—hospital—dead—or only the shock of it, the blame? Ah, but the detail matters nothing! It's what she carries with her; the spot, the crime, the thing to expiate, always there between her shoulders.

“Yes,” she seems to nod to me, “it's the thing I did.”

Whether you did, or what you did, I don't mind; it's not the thing I want. The draper's window looped with violet—that'll do; a little cheap perhaps, a little commonplace—since one has a choice of crimes, but then so many (let me peep across again—still sleeping, or pretending sleep! white, worn, the mouth closed—a touch of obstinacy, more than one would think—no hint of sex)—so many crimes aren't your crime; your crime was cheap; only the retribution solemn; for now the

church door opens, the hard wooden pew receives her; on the brown tiles she kneels; every day, winter, summer, dusk, dawn (here she's at it) prays. All her sins fall, fall, for ever fall. The spot receives them. It's raised, it's red, it's burning. Next she twitches. Small boys point. "Bob at lunch to-day"—But elderly women are the worst.

Indeed now you can't sit praying any longer. Kruger's sunk beneath the clouds—washed over as with a painter's brush of liquid grey, to which he adds a tinge of black—even the tip of the truncheon gone now. That's what always happens! Just as you've seen him, felt him, someone interrupts. It's Hilda now.

How you hate her! She'll even lock the bathroom door overnight, too, though it's only cold water you want, and sometimes when the night's been bad it seems as if washing helped. And John at breakfast—the children—meals are worst, and sometimes there are friends—ferns don't altogether hide 'em—they guess, too; so out you go along the front, where the waves are grey, and the papers blow, and the glass shelters green and draughty, and the chairs cost tuppence—too much—for there must be preachers along the sands. Ah, that's a nigger—that's a funny man—that's a man with parakeets—poor little creatures! Is there no one here who thinks of God?—just up there, over the pier, with his rod—but no—there's nothing but grey in the sky or if it's blue the white clouds hide him, and the music—it's military music—and what they are fishing for? Do they catch them? How the children stare! Well, then home a back way—"Home a back way!" The words have meaning; might have been spoken by the old man with whiskers—no, no, he didn't really speak; but everything has meaning—placards leaning against doorways—names above shop-windows—red fruit in baskets—women's heads in the hairdresser's—all say "Minnie Marsh!" But here's a jerk. "Eggs are cheaper!" That's what always happens! I was heading her over the waterfall, straight for madness, when, like a flock of dream sheep, she turns t'other way and runs between my fingers. Eggs are cheaper. Tethered to the shores of the world, none of the crimes, sorrows, rhapsodies, or insanities for poor Minnie Marsh; never late for luncheon; never caught in a storm without a mackintosh; never utterly unconscious of the cheapness of eggs. So she reaches home—scrapes her boots.

Have I read you right? But the human face—the human face at the top of the fullest sheet of print holds more, withholds more. Now, eyes open, she looks out; and in the human eye—how d'you define it?—there's a break—a division—so that when

you've grasped the stem the butterfly's off—the moth that hangs in the evening over the yellow flower—move, raise your hand, off, high, away. I won't raise my hand. Hang still, then, quiver, life, soul, spirit, whatever you are of Minnie Marsh—I, too, on my flower—the hawk over the down—alone, or what were the worth of life? To rise; hang still in the evening, in the midday; hang still over the down. The flicker of a hand—off, up! then poised again. Alone, unseen; seeing all so still down there, all so lovely. None seeing, none caring. The eyes of others our prisons; their thoughts our cages. Air above, air below. And the moon and immortality. . . Oh, but I drop to the turf! Are you down too, you in the corner, what's your name—woman—Minnie Marsh; some such name as that? There she is, tight to her blossom; opening her hand-bag, from which she takes a hollow shell—an egg—who was saying that eggs were cheaper? You or I? Oh, it was you who said it on the way home, you remember, when the old gentleman, suddenly opening his umbrella—or sneezing was it? Anyhow, Kruger went, and you came “home a back way,” and scraped your boots. Yes. And now you lay across your knees a pocket-handkerchief into which drop little angular fragments of eggshell—fragments of a map—a puzzle. I wish I could piece them together! If you would only sit still. She's moved her knees—the map's in bits again. Down the slopes of the Andes the white blocks of marble go bounding and hurtling, crushing to death a whole troop of Spanish muleteers, with their convoy—Drake's booty, gold and silver. But to return—

To what, to where? She opened the door, and, putting her umbrella in the stand—that goes without saying; so, too, the whiff of beef from the basement; dot, dot, dot. But what I cannot thus eliminate, what I must, head down, eyes shut, with the courage of a battalion and the blindness of a bull, charge and disperse are, indubitably, the figures behind the ferns, commercial travellers. There I've hidden them all this time in the hope that somehow they'd disappear, or better still emerge, as indeed they must, if the story's to go on gathering richness and rotundity, destiny and tragedy, as stories should, rolling along with it two, if not three, commercial travellers and a whole grove of aspidistra. “The fronds of the aspidistra only partly concealed the commercial traveller—” Rhododendrons would conceal him utterly, and into the bargain give me my fling of red and white, for which I starve and strive; but rhododendrons in Eastbourne—in December—on the Marshes' table—no, no, I dare not; it's all a matter of crusts and cruetts, frills and ferns. Perhaps there'll be a moment later by the sea. Moreover, I feel, pleasantly pricking through the green

fretwork and over the glacies of cut glass, a desire to peer and peep at the man opposite—one's as much as I can manage. James Moggridge is it, whom the Marshes call Jimmy? [Minnie, you must promise not to twitch till I've got this straight]. James Moggridge travels in—shall we say buttons?—but the time's not come for bringing them in—the big and the little on the long cards, some peacock-eyed, others dull gold; cairngorms some, and others coral sprays—but I say the time's not come. He travels, and on Thursdays, his Eastbourne day, takes his meals with the Marshes. His red face, his little steady eyes—by no means. altogether commonplace—his enormous appetite (that's safe; he won't look at Minnie till the bread's swamped the gravy dry), napkin tucked diamond-wise—but this is primitive, and, whatever it may do the reader, don't take me in. Let's dodge to the Moggridge household, set that in motion. Well, the family boots are mended on Sundays by James himself. He reads Truth. But his passion? Roses—and his wife a retired hospital nurse—interesting—for God's sake let me have one woman with a name I like! But no; she's of the unborn children of the mind, illicit, none the less loved, like my rhododendrons. How many die in every novel that's written—the best, the dearest, while Moggridge lives. It's life's fault. Here's Minnie eating her egg at the moment opposite and at t'other end of the line—are we past Lewes?—there must be Jimmy—or what's her twitch for?

There must be Moggridge—life's fault. Life imposes her laws; life blocks the way; life's behind the fern; life's the tyrant; oh, but not the bully! No, for I assure you I come willingly; I come wooed by Heaven knows what compulsion across ferns and cruets, table splashed and bottles smeared. I come irresistibly to lodge myself somewhere on the firm flesh, in the robust spine, wherever I can penetrate or find foothold on the person, in the soul, of Moggridge the man. The enormous stability of the fabric; the spine tough as whalebone, straight as oaktree; the ribs radiating branches; the flesh taut tarpaulin; the red hollows; the suck and regurgitation of the heart; while from above meat falls in brown cubes and beer gushes to be churned to blood again—and so we reach the eyes. Behind the aspidistra they see something: black, white, dismal; now the plate again; behind the aspidistra they see elderly woman; “Marsh's sister, Hilda's more my sort;” the tablecloth now. “Marsh would know what's wrong with Morrises. . .” talk that over; cheese has come; the plate again; turn it round—the enormous fingers; now the woman opposite. “Marsh's sister—not a bit like Marsh; wretched, elderly female. . . You should feed your hens.

. . . God's truth, what's set her twitching? Not what I said? Dear, dear, dear! these elderly women. Dear, dear!"

[Yes, Minnie; I know you've twitched, but one moment—James Moggridge].

"Dear, dear, dear!" How beautiful the sound is! like the knock of a mallet on seasoned timber, like the throb of the heart of an ancient whaler when the seas press thick and the green is clouded. "Dear, dear!" what a passing bell for the souls of the fretful to soothe them and solace them, lap them in linen, saying, "So long. Good luck to you!" and then, "What's your pleasure?" for though Moggridge would pluck his rose for her, that's done, that's over. Now what's the next thing? "Madam, you'll miss your train," for they don't linger.

That's the man's way; that's the sound that reverberates; that's St. Paul's and the motor-omnibuses. But we're brushing the crumbs off. Oh, Moggridge, you won't stay? You must be off? Are you driving through Eastbourne this afternoon in one of those little carriages? Are you man who's walled up in green cardboard boxes, and sometimes has the blinds down, and sometimes sits so solemn staring like a sphinx, and always there's a look of the sepulchral, something of the undertaker, the coffin, and the dusk about horse and driver? Do tell me—but the doors slammed. We shall never meet again. Moggridge, farewell!

Yes, yes, I'm coming. Right up to the top of the house. One moment I'll linger. How the mud goes round in the mind—what a swirl these monsters leave, the waters rocking, the weeds waving and green here, black there, striking to the sand, till by degrees the atoms reassemble, the deposit sifts itself, and again through the eyes one sees clear and still, and there comes to the lips some prayer for the departed, some obsequy for the souls of those one nods to, the people one never meets again.

James Moggridge is dead now, gone for ever. Well, Minnie—"I can face it no longer." If she said that—(Let me look at her. She is brushing the eggshell into deep declivities). She said it certainly, leaning against the wall of the bedroom, and plucking at the little balls which edge the claret-coloured curtain. But when the self speaks to the self, who is speaking?—the entombed soul, the spirit driven in, in, in to the central catacomb; the self that took the veil and left the world—a coward perhaps, yet somehow beautiful, as it flits with its lantern restlessly up and down the dark corridors. "I can bear it no longer," her spirit says. "That man at lunch—Hilda—the children." Oh, heavens, her sob! It's the spirit wailing its destiny, the spirit driven hither, thither, lodging on the diminishing carpets—meagre footholds—

shrunk shreds of all the vanishing universe—love, life, faith, husband, children, I know not what splendours and pageantries glimpsed in girlhood. “Not for me—not for me.”

But then—the muffins, the bald elderly dog? Bead mats I should fancy and the consolation of underlinen. If Minnie Marsh were run over and taken to hospital, nurses and doctors themselves would exclaim. . . There’s the vista and the vision—there’s the distance—the blue blot at the end of the avenue, while, after all, the tea is rich, the muffin hot, and the dog—“Benny, to your basket, sir, and see what mother’s brought you!” So, taking the glove with the worn thumb, defying once more the encroaching demon of what’s called going in holes, you renew the fortifications, threading the grey wool, running it in and out.

Running it in and out, across and over, spinning a web through which God himself—hush, don’t think of God! How firm the stitches are! You must be proud of your darning. Let nothing disturb her. Let the light fall gently, and the clouds show an inner vest of the first green leaf. Let the sparrow perch on the twig and shake the raindrop hanging to the twig’s elbow. . . Why look up? Was it a sound, a thought? Oh, heavens! Back again to the thing you did, the plate glass with the violet loops? But Hilda will come. Ignominies, humiliations, oh! Close the breach.

Having mended her glove, Minnie Marsh lays it in the drawer. She shuts the drawer with decision. I catch sight of her face in the glass. Lips are pursed. Chin held high. Next she laces her shoes. Then she touches her throat. What’s your brooch? Mistletoe or merry-thought? And what is happening? Unless I’m much mistaken, the pulse’s quickened, the moment’s coming, the threads are racing, Niagara’s ahead. Here’s the crisis! Heaven be with you! Down she goes. Courage, courage! Face it, be it! For God’s sake don’t wait on the mat now! There’s the door! I’m on your side. Speak! Confront her, confound her soul!

“Oh, I beg your pardon! Yes, this is Eastbourne. I’ll reach it down for you. Let me try the handle.” [But, Minnie, though we keep up pretences, I’ve read you right—I’m with you now].

“That’s all your luggage?”

“Much obliged, I’m sure.”

(But why do you look about you? Hilda don’t come to the station, nor John; and Moggridge is driving at the far side of Eastbourne).

“I’ll wait by my bag, ma’am, that’s safest. He said he’d meet me. . . Oh, there he is! That’s my son.”

So they walk off together.

Well, but I’m confounded. . . Surely, Minnie, you know better! A strange young man. . . Stop! I’ll tell him—Minnie!—Miss Marsh!—I don’t know though. There’s something queer in her cloak as it blows. Oh, but it’s untrue, it’s indecent. . . Look how he bends as they reach the gateway. She finds her ticket. What’s the joke? Off they go, down the road, side by side. . . Well, my world’s done for! What do I stand on? What do I know? That’s not Minnie. There never was Moggridge. Who am I? Life’s bare as bone.

And yet the last look of them—he stepping from the kerb and she following him round the edge of the big building brims me with wonder—floods me anew. Mysterious figures! Mother and son. Who are you? Why do you walk down the street? Where to—night will you sleep, and then, to—morrow? Oh, how it whirls and surges—floats me afresh! I start after them. People drive this way and that. The white light splutters and pours. Plate—glass windows. Carnations; chrysanthemums. Ivy in dark gardens. Milk carts at the door. Wherever I go, mysterious figures, I see you, turning the corner, mothers and sons; you, you, you. I hasten, I follow. This, I fancy, must be the sea. Grey is the landscape; dim as ashes; the water murmurs and moves. If I fall on my knees, if I go through the ritual, the ancient antics, it’s you, unknown figures, you I adore; if I open my arms, it’s you I embrace, you I draw to me—adorable world!

Appendix 1.C.**THE STRING QUARTET**

Well, here we are, and if you cast your eye over the room you will see that Tubes and trams and omnibuses, private carriages not a few, even, I venture to believe, landaus with bays in them, have been busy at it, weaving threads from one end of London to the other. Yet I begin to have my doubts—

If indeed it's true, as they're saying, that Regent Street is up, and the Treaty signed, and the weather not cold for the time of year, and even at that rent not a flat to be had, and the worst of influenza its after effects; if I bethink me of having forgotten to write about the leak in the larder, and left my glove in the train; if the ties of blood require me, leaning forward, to accept cordially the hand which is perhaps offered hesitatingly—

“Seven years since we met!”

“The last time in Venice.”

“And where are you living now?”

“Well, the late afternoon suits me the best, though, if it weren't asking too much——”

“But I knew you at once!”

“Still, the war made a break——”

If the mind's shot through by such little arrows, and—for human society compels it—no sooner is one launched than another presses forward; if this engenders heat and in addition they've turned on the electric light; if saying one thing does, in so many cases, leave behind it a need to improve and revise, stirring besides regrets, pleasures, vanities, and desires—if it's all the facts I mean, and the hats, the fur boas, the gentlemen's swallow-tail coats, and pearl tie-pins that come to the surface—what chance is there?

Of what? It becomes every minute more difficult to say why, in spite of everything, I sit here believing I can't now say what, or even remember the last time it happened.

“Did you see the procession?”

“The King looked cold.”

“No, no, no. But what was it?”

“She's bought a house at Malmesbury.”

“How lucky to find one!”

On the contrary, it seems to me pretty sure that she, whoever she may be, is damned, since it's all a matter of flats and hats and sea gulls, or so it seems to be for a hundred people sitting here well dressed, walled in, furred, replete. Not that I can boast, since I too sit passive on a gilt chair, only turning the earth above a buried memory, as we all do, for there are signs, if I'm not mistaken, that we're all recalling something, furtively seeking something. Why fidget? Why so anxious about the sit of cloaks; and gloves—whether to button or unbutton? Then watch that elderly face against the dark canvas, a moment ago urbane and flushed; now taciturn and sad, as if in shadow. Was it the sound of the second violin tuning in the ante-room? Here they come; four black figures, carrying instruments, and seat themselves facing the white squares under the downpour of light; rest the tips of their bows on the music stand; with a simultaneous movement lift them; lightly poise them, and, looking across at the player opposite, the first violin counts one, two, three—

Flourish, spring, burgeon, burst! The pear tree on the top of the mountain. Fountains jet; drops descend. But the waters of the Rhone flow swift and deep, race under the arches, and sweep the trailing water leaves, washing shadows over the silver fish, the spotted fish rushed down by the swift waters, now swept into an eddy where—it's difficult this—conglomeration of fish all in a pool; leaping, splashing, scraping sharp fins; and such a boil of current that the yellow pebbles are churned round and round, round and round—free now, rushing downwards, or even somehow ascending in exquisite spirals into the air; curled like thin shavings from under a plane; up and up. . . How lovely goodness is in those who, stepping lightly, go smiling through the world! Also in jolly old fishwives, squatted under arches, oh scene old women, how deeply they laugh and shake and rollick, when they walk, from side to side, hum, hah!

“That's an early Mozart, of course—”

“But the tune, like all his tunes, makes one despair—I mean hope. What do I mean? That's the worst of music! I want to dance, laugh, eat pink cakes, yellow cakes, drink thin, sharp wine. Or an indecent story, now—I could relish that. The older one grows the more one likes indecency. Hall, hah! I'm laughing. What at? You said nothing, nor did the old gentleman opposite. . . But suppose—suppose—Hush!”

The melancholy river bears us on. When the moon comes through the trailing willow boughs, I see your face, I hear your voice and the bird singing as we pass the osier bed. What are you whispering? Sorrow, sorrow. Joy, joy. Woven together, like reeds

in moonlight. Woven together, inextricably commingled, bound in pain and strewn in sorrow—crash!

The boat sinks. Rising, the figures ascend, but now leaf thin, tapering to a dusky wraith, which, fiery tipped, draws its twofold passion from my heart. For me it sings, unseals my sorrow, thaws compassion, floods with love the sunless world, nor, ceasing, abates its tenderness but deftly, subtly, weaves in and out until in this pattern, this consummation, the cleft ones unify; soar, sob, sink to rest, sorrow and joy.

Why then grieve? Ask what? Remain unsatisfied? I say all's been settled; yes; laid to rest under a coverlet of rose leaves, falling. Falling. Ah, but they cease. One rose leaf, falling from an enormous height, like a little parachute dropped from an invisible balloon, turns, flutters waveringly. It won't reach us.

"No, no. I noticed nothing. That's the worst of music—these silly dreams. The second violin was late, you say?"

"There's old Mrs. Munro, feeling her way out—blinder each year, poor woman—on this slippery floor."

Eyeless old age, grey-headed Sphinx. . . There she stands on the pavement, beckoning, so sternly, the red omnibus.

"How lovely! How well they play! How—how—how!"

The tongue is but a clapper. Simplicity itself. The feathers in the hat next me are bright and pleasing as a child's rattle. The leaf on the plane-tree flashes green through the chink in the curtain. Very strange, very exciting.

"How—how—how!" Hush!

These are the lovers on the grass.

"If, madam, you will take my hand—"

"Sir, I would trust you with my heart. Moreover, we have left our bodies in the banqueting hall. Those on the turf are the shadows of our souls."

"Then these are the embraces of our souls." The lemons nod assent. The swan pushes from the bank and floats dreaming into mid stream.

"But to return. He followed me down the corridor, and, as we turned the corner, trod on the lace of my petticoat. What could I do but cry 'Ah!' and stop to finger it? At which he drew his sword, made passes as if he were stabbing something to death, and cried, 'Mad! Mad! Mad!' Whereupon I screamed, and the Prince, who was writing in the large vellum book in the oriel window, came out in his velvet skull-cap and

furred slippers, snatched a rapier from the wall—the King of Spain’s gift, you know—on which I escaped, flinging on this cloak to hide the ravages to my skirt—to hide. . . But listen! the horns!”

The gentleman replies so fast to the lady, and she runs up the scale with such witty exchange of compliment now culminating in a sob of passion, that the words are indistinguishable though the meaning is plain enough—love, laughter, flight, pursuit, celestial bliss—all floated out on the gayest ripple of tender endearment—until the sound of the silver horns, at first far distant, gradually sounds more and more distinctly, as if seneschals were saluting the dawn or proclaiming ominously the escape of the lovers. . . The green garden, moonlit pool, lemons, lovers, and fish are all dissolved in the opal sky, across which, as the horns are joined by trumpets and supported by clarions there rise white arches firmly planted on marble pillars. . . Tramp and trumpeting. Clang and clangour. Firm establishment. Fast foundations. March of myriads. Confusion and chaos trod to earth. But this city to which we travel has neither stone nor marble; hangs enduring; stands unshakable; nor does a face, nor does a flag greet or welcome. Leave then to perish your hope; droop in the desert my joy; naked advance. Bare are the pillars; auspicious to none; casting no shade; resplendent; severe. Back then I fall, eager no more, desiring only to go, find the street, mark the buildings, greet the applewoman, say to the maid who opens the door: A starry night.

“Good night, good night. You go this way?”

“Alas. I go that.”

Appendix 1.D.**THE MARK ON THE WALL**

Perhaps it was the middle of January in the present that I first looked up and saw the mark on the wall. In order to fix a date it is necessary to remember what one saw. So now I think of the fire; the steady film of yellow light upon the page of my book; the three chrysanthemums in the round glass bowl on the mantelpiece. Yes, it must have been the winter time, and we had just finished our tea, for I remember that I was smoking a cigarette when I looked up and saw the mark on the wall for the first time. I looked up through the smoke of my cigarette and my eye lodged for a moment upon the burning coals, and that old fancy of the crimson flag flapping from the castle tower came into my mind, and I thought of the cavalcade of red knights riding up the side of the black rock. Rather to my relief the sight of the mark interrupted the fancy, for it is an old fancy, an automatic fancy, made as a child perhaps. The mark was a small round mark, black upon the white wall, about six or seven inches above the mantelpiece.

How readily our thoughts swarm upon a new object, lifting it a little way, as ants carry a blade of straw so feverishly, and then leave it. . . If that mark was made by a nail, it can't have been for a picture, it must have been for a miniature—the miniature of a lady with white powdered curls, powder-dusted cheeks, and lips like red carnations. A fraud of course, for the people who had this house before us would have chosen pictures in that way—an old picture for an old room. That is the sort of people they were—very interesting people, and I think of them so often, in such queer places, because one will never see them again, never know what happened next. They wanted to leave this house because they wanted to change their style of furniture, so he said, and he was in process of saying that in his opinion art should have ideas behind it when we were torn asunder, as one is torn from the old lady about to pour out tea and the young man about to hit the tennis ball in the back garden of the suburban villa as one rushes past in the train.

But as for that mark, I'm not sure about it; I don't believe it was made by a nail after all; it's too big, too round, for that. I might get up, but if I got up and looked at it, ten to one I shouldn't be able to say for certain; because once a thing's done, no one ever knows how it happened. Oh! dear me, the mystery of life; The inaccuracy of thought! The ignorance of humanity! To show how very little control of our possessions we

have—what an accidental affair this living is after all our civilization—let me just count over a few of the things lost in one lifetime, beginning, for that seems always the most mysterious of losses—what cat would gnaw, what rat would nibble—three pale blue canisters of book-binding tools? Then there were the bird cages, the iron hoops, the steel skates, the Queen Anne coal-scuttle, the bagatelle board, the hand organ—all gone, and jewels, too. Opals and emeralds, they lie about the roots of turnips. What a scraping paring affair it is to be sure! The wonder is that I've any clothes on my back, that I sit surrounded by solid furniture at this moment. Why, if one wants to compare life to anything, one must liken it to being blown through the Tube at fifty miles an hour—landing at the other end without a single hairpin in one's hair! Shot out at the feet of God entirely naked! Tumbling head over heels in the asphodel meadows like brown paper parcels pitched down a shoot in the post office! With one's hair flying back like the tail of a race-horse. Yes, that seems to express the rapidity of life, the perpetual waste and repair; all so casual, all so haphazard. . .

But after life. The slow pulling down of thick green stalks so that the cup of the flower, as it turns over, deluges one with purple and red light. Why, after all, should one not be born there as one is born here, helpless, speechless, unable to focus one's eyesight, groping at the roots of the grass, at the toes of the Giants? As for saying which are trees, and which are men and women, or whether there are such things, that one won't be in a condition to do for fifty years or so. There will be nothing but spaces of light and dark, intersected by thick stalks, and rather higher up perhaps, rose-shaped blots of an indistinct colour—dim pinks and blues—which will, as time goes on, become more definite, become—I don't know what. . .

And yet that mark on the wall is not a hole at all. It may even be caused by some round black substance, such as a small rose leaf, left over from the summer, and I, not being a very vigilant housekeeper—look at the dust on the mantelpiece, for example, the dust which, so they say, buried Troy three times over, only fragments of pots utterly refusing annihilation, as one can believe.

The tree outside the window taps very gently on the pane. . . I want to think quietly, calmly, spaciouly, never to be interrupted, never to have to rise from my chair, to slip easily from one thing to another, without any sense of hostility, or obstacle. I want to sink deeper and deeper, away from the surface, with its hard separate facts. To steady myself, let me catch hold of the first idea that passes. . . Shakespeare. . .

Well, he will do as well as another. A man who sat himself solidly in an arm-chair, and looked into the fire, so—A shower of ideas fell perpetually from some very high Heaven down through his mind. He leant his forehead on his hand, and people, looking in through the open door,—for this scene is supposed to take place on a summer's evening—But how dull this is, this historical fiction! It doesn't interest me at all. I wish I could hit upon a pleasant track of thought, a track indirectly reflecting credit upon myself, for those are the pleasantest thoughts, and very frequent even in the minds of modest mouse-coloured people, who believe genuinely that they dislike to hear their own praises. They are not thoughts directly praising oneself; that is the beauty of them; they are thoughts like this:

“And then I came into the room. They were discussing botany. I said how I'd seen a flower growing on a dust heap on the site of an old house in Kingsway. The seed, I said, must have been sown in the reign of Charles the First. What flowers grew in the reign of Charles the First?” I asked—(but, I don't remember the answer). Tall flowers with purple tassels to them perhaps. And so it goes on. All the time I'm dressing up the figure of myself in my own mind, lovingly, stealthily, not openly adoring it, for if I did that, I should catch myself out, and stretch my hand at once for a book in self-protection. Indeed, it is curious how instinctively one protects the image of oneself from idolatry or any other handling that could make it ridiculous, or too unlike the original to be believed in any longer. Or is it not so very curious after all? It is a matter of great importance. Suppose the looking glass smashes, the image disappears, and the romantic figure with the green of forest depths all about it is there no longer, but only that shell of a person which is seen by other people—what an airless, shallow, bald, prominent world it becomes! A world not to be lived in. As we face each other in omnibuses and underground railways we are looking into the mirror that accounts for the vagueness, the gleam of glassiness, in our eyes. And the novelists in future will realize more and more the importance of these reflections, for of course there is not one reflection but an almost infinite number; those are the depths they will explore, those the phantoms they will pursue, leaving the description of reality more and more out of their stories, taking a knowledge of it for granted, as the Greeks did and Shakespeare perhaps—but these generalizations are very worthless. The military sound of the word is enough. It recalls leading articles, cabinet ministers—a whole class of things indeed which as a child one thought the thing itself, the standard thing, the real thing, from which one could not depart save

at the risk of nameless damnation. Generalizations bring back somehow Sunday in London, Sunday afternoon walks, Sunday luncheons, and also ways of speaking of the dead, clothes, and habits—like the habit of sitting all together in one room until a certain hour, although nobody liked it. There was a rule for everything. The rule for tablecloths at that particular period was that they should be made of tapestry with little yellow compartments marked upon them, such as you may see in photographs of the carpets in the corridors of the royal palaces. Tablecloths of a different kind were not real tablecloths. How shocking, and yet how wonderful it was to discover that these real things, Sunday luncheons, Sunday walks, country houses, and tablecloths were not entirely real, were indeed half phantoms, and the damnation which visited the disbeliever in them was only a sense of illegitimate freedom. What now takes the place of those things I wonder, those real standard things? Men perhaps, should you be a woman; the masculine point of view which governs our lives, which sets the standard, which establishes Whitaker's Table of Precedency, which has become, I suppose, since the war half a phantom to many men and women, which soon—one may hope, will be laughed into the dustbin where the phantoms go, the mahogany sideboards and the Landseer prints, Gods and Devils, Hell and so forth, leaving us all with an intoxicating sense of illegitimate freedom—if freedom exists. . .

In certain lights that mark on the wall seems actually to project from the wall. Nor is it entirely circular. I cannot be sure, but it seems to cast a perceptible shadow, suggesting that if I ran my finger down that strip of the wall it would, at a certain point, mount and descend a small tumulus, a smooth tumulus like those barrows on the South Downs which are, they say, either tombs or camps. Of the two I should prefer them to be tombs, desiring melancholy like most English people, and finding it natural at the end of a walk to think of the bones stretched beneath the turf. . . There must be some book about it. Some antiquary must have dug up those bones and given them a name. . . What sort of a man is an antiquary, I wonder? Retired Colonels for the most part, I daresay, leading parties of aged labourers to the top here, examining clods of earth and stone, and getting into correspondence with the neighbouring clergy, which, being opened at breakfast time, gives them a feeling of importance, and the comparison of arrow-heads necessitates cross-country journeys to the county towns, an agreeable necessity both to them and to their elderly wives, who wish to make plum jam or to clean out the study, and have every reason for

keeping that great question of the camp or the tomb in perpetual suspension, while the Colonel himself feels agreeably philosophic in accumulating evidence on both sides of the question. It is true that he does finally incline to believe in the camp; and, being opposed, indites a pamphlet which he is about to read at the quarterly meeting of the local society when a stroke lays him low, and his last conscious thoughts are not of wife or child, but of the camp and that arrowhead there, which is now in the case at the local museum, together with the foot of a Chinese murderess, a handful of Elizabethan nails, a great many Tudor clay pipes, a piece of Roman pottery, and the wine-glass that Nelson drank out of—proving I really don't know what.

No, no, nothing is proved, nothing is known. And if I were to get up at this very moment and ascertain that the mark on the wall is really—what shall we say?—the head of a gigantic old nail, driven in two hundred years ago, which has now, owing to the patient attrition of many generations of housemaids, revealed its head above the coat of paint, and is taking its first view of modern life in the sight of a white-walled fire-lit room, what should I gain?—Knowledge? Matter for further speculation? I can think sitting still as well as standing up. And what is knowledge? What are our learned men save the descendants of witches and hermits who crouched in caves and in woods brewing herbs, interrogating shrew-mice and writing down the language of the stars? And the less we honour them as our superstitions dwindle and our respect for beauty and health of mind increases. . . . Yes, one could imagine a very pleasant world. A quiet, spacious world, with the flowers so red and blue in the open fields. A world without professors or specialists or house-keepers with the profiles of policemen, a world which one could slice with one's thought as a fish slices the water with his fin, grazing the stems of the water-lilies, hanging suspended over nests of white sea eggs. . . . How peaceful it is down here, rooted in the centre of the world and gazing up through the grey waters, with their sudden gleams of light, and their reflections—if it were not for Whitaker's Almanack—if it were not for the Table of Precedency!

I must jump up and see for myself what that mark on the wall really is—a nail, a rose-leaf, a crack in the wood?

Here is nature once more at her old game of self-preservation. This train of thought, she perceives, is threatening mere waste of energy, even some collision with reality, for who will ever be able to lift a finger against Whitaker's Table of Precedency? The Archbishop of Canterbury is followed by the Lord High Chancellor; the Lord

High Chancellor is followed by the Archbishop of York. Everybody follows somebody, such is the philosophy of Whitaker; and the great thing is to know who follows whom. Whitaker knows, and let that, so Nature counsels, comfort you, instead of enraging you; and if you can't be comforted, if you must shatter this hour of peace, think of the mark on the wall.

I understand Nature's game—her prompting to take action as a way of ending any thought that threatens to excite or to pain. Hence, I suppose, comes our slight contempt for men of action—men, we assume, who don't think. Still, there's no harm in putting a full stop to one's disagreeable thoughts by looking at a mark on the wall.

Indeed, now that I have fixed my eyes upon it, I feel that I have grasped a plank in the sea; I feel a satisfying sense of reality which at once turns the two Archbishops and the Lord High Chancellor to the shadows of shades. Here is something definite, something real. Thus, waking from a midnight dream of horror, one hastily turns on the light and lies quiescent, worshipping the chest of drawers, worshipping solidity, worshipping reality, worshipping the impersonal world which is a proof of some existence other than ours. That is what one wants to be sure of. . . Wood is a pleasant thing to think about. It comes from a tree; and trees grow, and we don't know how they grow. For years and years they grow, without paying any attention to us, in meadows, in forests, and by the side of rivers—all things one likes to think about. The cows swish their tails beneath them on hot afternoons; they paint rivers so green that when a moorhen dives one expects to see its feathers all green when it comes up again. I like to think of the fish balanced against the stream like flags blown out; and of water-beetles slowly raiding domes of mud upon the bed of the river. I like to think of the tree itself:—first the close dry sensation of being wood; then the grinding of the storm; then the slow, delicious ooze of sap. I like to think of it, too, on winter's nights standing in the empty field with all leaves close-furled, nothing tender exposed to the iron bullets of the moon, a naked mast upon an earth that goes tumbling, tumbling, all night long. The song of birds must sound very loud and strange in June; and how cold the feet of insects must feel upon it, as they make laborious progresses up the creases of the bark, or sun themselves upon the thin green awning of the leaves, and look straight in front of them with diamond-cut red eyes. . . One by one the fibres snap beneath the immense cold pressure of the earth, then the last storm comes and, falling, the highest branches drive deep into the

ground again. Even so, life isn't done with; there are a million patient, watchful lives still for a tree, all over the world, in bedrooms, in ships, on the pavement, lining rooms, where men and women sit after tea, smoking cigarettes. It is full of peaceful thoughts, happy thoughts, this tree. I should like to take each one separately—but something is getting in the way. . . Where was I? What has it all been about? A tree? A river? The Downs? Whitaker's Almanack? The fields of asphodel? I can't remember a thing. Everything's moving, falling, slipping, vanishing. . . There is a vast upheaval of matter. Someone is standing over me and saying—

"I'm going out to buy a newspaper."

"Yes?"

"Though it's no good buying newspapers. . . Nothing ever happens. Curse this war; God damn this war! . . . All the same, I don't see why we should have a snail on our wall."

Ah, the mark on the wall! It was a snail.

Appendix 1.E.**THE NEW DRESS**

Mabel had her first serious suspicion that something was wrong as she took her cloak off and Mrs. Barnet, while handing her the mirror and touching the brushes and thus drawing her attention, perhaps rather markedly, to all the appliances for tidying and improving hair, complexion, clothes, which existed on the dressing table, confirmed the suspicion—that it was not right, not quite right, which growing stronger as she went upstairs and springing at her, with conviction as she greeted Clarissa Dalloway, she went straight to the far end of the room, to a shaded corner where a looking-glass hung and looked. No! It was not RIGHT. And at once the misery which she always tried to hide, the profound dissatisfaction—the sense she had had, ever since she was a child, of being inferior to other people—set upon her, relentlessly, remorselessly, with an intensity which she could not beat off, as she would when she woke at night at home, by reading Borrow or Scott; for oh these men, oh these women, all were thinking—“What’s Mabel wearing? What a fright she looks! What a hideous new dress!”—their eyelids flickering as they came up and then their lids shutting rather tight. It was her own appalling inadequacy; her cowardice; her mean, water-sprinkled blood that depressed her. And at once the whole of the room where, for ever so many hours, she had planned with the little dressmaker how it was to go, seemed sordid, repulsive; and her own drawing-room so shabby, and herself, going out, puffed up with vanity as she touched the letters on the hall table and said: “How dull!” to show off—all this now seemed unutterably silly, paltry, and provincial. All this had been absolutely destroyed, shown up, exploded, the moment she came into Mrs. Dalloway’s drawing-room.

What she had thought that evening when, sitting over the teacups, Mrs. Dalloway’s invitation came, was that, of course, she could not be fashionable. It was absurd to pretend it even—fashion meant cut, meant style, meant thirty guineas at least—but why not be original? Why not be herself, anyhow? And, getting up, she had taken that old fashion book of her mother’s, a Paris fashion book of the time of the Empire, and had thought how much prettier, more dignified, and more womanly they were then, and so set herself—oh, it was foolish—trying to be like them, pluming herself in fact, upon being modest and old-fashioned, and very charming, giving herself up,

no doubt about it, to an orgy of self-love, which deserved to be chastised, and so rigged herself out like this.

But she dared not look in the glass. She could not face the whole horror—the pale yellow, idiotically old-fashioned silk dress with its long skirt and its high sleeves and its waist and all the things that looked so charming in the fashion book, but not on her, not among all these ordinary people. She felt like a dressmaker's dummy standing there, for young people to stick pins into.

“But, my dear, it's perfectly charming!” Rose Shaw said, looking her up and down with that little satirical pucker of the lips which she expected—Rose herself being dressed in the height of the fashion, precisely like everybody else, always.

We are all like flies trying to crawl over the edge of the saucer, Mabel thought, and repeated the phrase as if she were crossing herself, as if she were trying to find some spell to annul this pain, to make this agony endurable. Tags of Shakespeare, lines from books she had read ages ago, suddenly came to her when she was in agony, and she repeated them over and over again. “Flies trying to crawl,” she repeated. If she could say that over often enough and make herself see the flies, she would become numb, chill, frozen, dumb. Now she could see flies crawling slowly out of a saucer of milk with their wings stuck together; and she strained and strained (standing in front of the looking-glass, listening to Rose Shaw) to make herself see Rose Shaw and all the other people there as flies, trying to hoist themselves out of something, or into something, meagre, insignificant, toiling flies. But she could not see them like that, not other people. She saw herself like that—she was a fly, but the others were dragonflies, butterflies, beautiful insects, dancing, fluttering, skimming, while she alone dragged herself up out of the saucer. (Envy and spite, the most detestable of the vices, were her chief faults.)

“I feel like some dowdy, decrepit, horribly dingy old fly,” she said, making Robert Haydon stop just to hear her say that, just to reassure herself by furbishing up a poor weak-kneed phrase and so showing how detached she was, how witty, that she did not feel in the least out of anything. And, of course, Robert Haydon answered something, quite polite, quite insincere, which she saw through instantly, and said to herself, directly he went (again from some book), “Lies, lies, lies!” For a party makes things either much more real, or much less real, she thought; she saw in a flash to the bottom of Robert Haydon's heart; she saw through everything. She saw the truth. THIS was true, this drawing-room, this self, and the other false. Miss Milan's little

workroom was really terribly hot, stuffy, sordid. It smelt of clothes and cabbage cooking; and yet, when Miss Milan put the glass in her hand, and she looked at herself with the dress on, finished, an extraordinary bliss shot through her heart. Suffused with light, she sprang into existence. Rid of cares and wrinkles, what she had dreamed of herself was there—a beautiful woman. just for a second (she had not dared look longer, Miss Milan wanted to know about the length of the skirt), there looked at her, framed in the scrolloping mahogany, a grey–white, mysteriously smiling, charming girl, the core of herself, the soul of herself; and it was not vanity only, not only self–love that made her think it good, tender, and true. Miss Milan said that the skirt could not well be longer; if anything the skirt, said Miss Milan, puckering her forehead, considering with all her wits about her, must be shorter; and she felt, suddenly, honestly, full of love for Miss Milan, much, much fonder of Miss Milan than of any one in the whole world, and could have cried for pity that she should be crawling on the floor with her mouth full of pins, and her face red and her eyes bulging—that one human being should be doing this for another, and she saw them all as human beings merely, and herself going off to her party, and Miss Milan pulling the cover over the canary’s cage, or letting him pick a hemp–seed from between her lips, and the thought of it, of this side of human nature and its patience and its endurance and its being content with such miserable, scanty, sordid, little pleasures filled her eyes with tears.

And now the whole thing had vanished. The dress, the room, the love, the pity, the scrolloping looking–glass, and the canary’s cage—all had vanished, and here she was in a corner of Mrs. Dalloway’s drawing–room, suffering tortures, woken wide awake to reality.

But it was all so paltry, weak–blooded, and petty–minded to care so much at her age with two children, to be still so utterly dependent on people’s opinions and not have principles or convictions, not to be able to say as other people did, “There’s Shakespeare! There’s death! We’re all weevils in a captain’s biscuit”—or whatever it was that people did say.

She faced herself straight in the glass; she pecked at her left shoulder; she issued out into the room, as if spears were thrown at her yellow dress from all sides. But instead of looking fierce or tragic, as Rose Shaw would have done—Rose would have looked like Boadicea—she looked foolish and self–conscious, and simpered like a schoolgirl and slouched across the room, positively slinking, as if she were a beaten

mongrel, and looked at a picture, an engraving. As if one went to a party to look at a picture! Everybody knew why she did it—it was from shame, from humiliation.

“Now the fly’s in the saucer,” she said to herself, “right in the middle, and can’t get out, and the milk,” she thought, rigidly staring at the picture, “is sticking its wings together.”

“It’s so old-fashioned,” she said to Charles Burt, making him stop (which by itself he hated) on his way to talk to some one else.

She meant, or she tried to make herself think that she meant, that it was the picture and not her dress, that was old-fashioned. And one word of praise, one word of affection from Charles would have made all the difference to her at the moment. If he had only said, “Mabel, you’re looking charming to-night!” it would have changed her life. But then she ought to have been truthful and direct. Charles said nothing of the kind, of course. He was malice itself. He always saw through one, especially if one were feeling particularly mean, paltry, or feeble-minded.

“Mabel’s got a new dress!” he said, and the poor fly was absolutely shoved into the middle of the saucer. Really, he would like her to drown, she believed. He had no heart, no fundamental kindness, only a veneer of friendliness. Miss Milan was much more real, much kinder. If only one could feel that and stick to it, always. “Why,” she asked herself—replying to Charles much too pertly, letting him see that she was out of temper, or “ruffled” as he called it (“Rather ruffled?” he said and went on to laugh at her with some woman over there)—“Why,” she asked herself, “can’t I feel one thing always, feel quite sure that Miss Milan is right, and Charles wrong and stick to it, feel sure about the canary and pity and love and not be whipped all round in a second by coming into a room full of people?” It was her odious, weak, vacillating character again, always giving at the critical moment and not being seriously interested in conchology, etymology, botany, archeology, cutting up potatoes and watching them fructify like Mary Dennis, like Violet Searle.

Then Mrs. Holman, seeing her standing there, bore down upon her. Of course a thing like a dress was beneath Mrs. Holman’s notice, with her family always tumbling downstairs or having the scarlet fever. Could Mabel tell her if Elmthorpe was ever let for August and September? Oh, it was a conversation that bored her unutterably!—it made her furious to be treated like a house agent or a messenger boy, to be made use of. Not to have value, that was it, she thought, trying to grasp something hard, something real, while she tried to answer sensibly about the bathroom and the south

aspect and the hot water to the top of the house; and all the time she could see little bits of her yellow dress in the round looking-glass which made them all the size of boot-buttons or tadpoles; and it was amazing to think how much humiliation and agony and self-loathing and effort and passionate ups and downs of feeling were contained in a thing the size of a threepenny bit. And what was still odder, this thing, this Mabel Waring, was separate, quite disconnected; and though Mrs. Holman (the black button) was leaning forward and telling her how her eldest boy had strained his heart running, she could see her, too, quite detached in the looking-glass, and it was impossible that the black dot, leaning forward, gesticulating, should make the yellow dot, sitting solitary, self-centred, feel what the black dot was feeling, yet they pretended.

“So impossible to keep boys quiet”—that was the kind of thing one said.

And Mrs. Holman, who could never get enough sympathy and snatched what little there was greedily, as if it were her right (but she deserved much more for there was her little girl who had come down this morning with a swollen knee-joint), took this miserable offering and looked at it suspiciously, grudgingly, as if it were a halfpenny when it ought to have been a pound and put it away in her purse, must put up with it, mean and miserly though it was, times being hard, so very hard; and on she went, creaking, injured Mrs. Holman, about the girl with the swollen joints. Ah, it was tragic, this greed, this clamour of human beings, like a row of cormorants, barking and flapping their wings for sympathy—it was tragic, could one have felt it and not merely pretended to feel it!

But in her yellow dress to-night she could not wring out one drop more; she wanted it all, all for herself. She knew (she kept on looking into the glass, dipping into that dreadfully showing-up blue pool) that she was condemned, despised, left like this in a backwater, because of her being like this a feeble, vacillating creature; and it seemed to her that the yellow dress was a penance which she had deserved, and if she had been dressed like Rose Shaw, in lovely, clinging green with a ruffle of swansdown, she would have deserved that; and she thought that there was no escape for her—none whatever. But it was not her fault altogether, after all. It was being one of a family of ten; never having money enough, always skimping and paring; and her mother carrying great cans, and the linoleum worn on the stair edges, and one sordid little domestic tragedy after another—nothing catastrophic, the sheep farm failing, but not utterly; her eldest brother marrying beneath him but not very much—there

was no romance, nothing extreme about them all. They petered out respectably in seaside resorts; every watering-place had one of her aunts even now asleep in some lodging with the front windows not quite facing the sea. That was so like them—they had to squint at things always. And she had done the same—she was just like her aunts. For all her dreams of living in India, married to some hero like Sir Henry Lawrence, some empire builder (still the sight of a native in a turban filled her with romance), she had failed utterly. She had married Hubert, with his safe, permanent underling's job in the Law Courts, and they managed tolerably in a smallish house, without proper maids, and hash when she was alone or just bread and butter, but now and then—Mrs. Holman was off, thinking her the most dried-up, unsympathetic twig she had ever met, absurdly dressed, too, and would tell every one about Mabel's fantastic appearance—now and then, thought Mabel Waring, left alone on the blue sofa, punching the cushion in order to look occupied, for she would not join Charles Burt and Rose Shaw, chattering like magpies and perhaps laughing at her by the fireplace—now and then, there did come to her delicious moments, reading the other night in bed, for instance, or down by the sea on the sand in the sun, at Easter—let her recall it—a great tuft of pale sand-grass standing all twisted like a shock of spears against the sky, which was blue like a smooth china egg, so firm, so hard, and then the melody of the waves—"Hush, hush," they said, and the children's shouts paddling—yes, it was a divine moment, and there she lay, she felt, in the hand of the Goddess who was the world; rather a hard-hearted, but very beautiful Goddess, a little lamb laid on the altar (one did think these silly things, and it didn't matter so long as one never said them). And also with Hubert sometimes she had quite unexpectedly—carving the mutton for Sunday lunch, for no reason, opening a letter, coming into a room—divine moments, when she said to herself (for she would never say this to anybody else), "This is it. This has happened. This is it!" And the other way about it was equally surprising—that is, when everything was arranged—music, weather, holidays, every reason for happiness was there—then nothing happened at all. One wasn't happy. It was flat, just flat, that was all.

Her wretched self again, no doubt! She had always been a fretful, weak, unsatisfactory mother, a wobbly wife, lolling about in a kind of twilight existence with nothing very clear or very bold, or more one thing than another, like all her brothers and sisters, except perhaps Herbert—they were all the same poor water-veined creatures who did nothing. Then in the midst of this creeping, crawling life,

suddenly she was on the crest of a wave. That wretched fly—where had she read the story that kept coming into her mind about the fly and the saucer?—struggled out. Yes, she had those moments. But now that she was forty, they might come more and more seldom. By degrees she would cease to struggle any more. But that was deplorable! That was not to be endured! That made her feel ashamed of herself!

She would go to the London Library to-morrow. She would find some wonderful, helpful, astonishing book, quite by chance, a book by a clergyman, by an American no one had ever heard of; or she would walk down the Strand and drop, accidentally, into a hall where a miner was telling about the life in the pit, and suddenly she would become a new person. She would be absolutely transformed. She would wear a uniform; she would be called Sister Somebody; she would never give a thought to clothes again. And for ever after she would be perfectly clear about Charles Burt and Miss Milan and this room and that room; and it would be always, day after day, as if she were lying in the sun or carving the mutton. It would be it!

So she got up from the blue sofa, and the yellow button in the looking-glass got up too, and she waved her hand to Charles and Rose to show them she did not depend on them one scrap, and the yellow button moved out of the looking-glass, and all the spears were gathered into her breast as she walked towards Mrs. Dalloway and said “Good night.”

“But it’s top early to go,” said Mrs. Dalloway, who was always so charming.

“I’m afraid I must,” said Mabel Waring. “But,” she added in her weak, wobbly voice which only sounded ridiculous when she tried to strengthen it, “I have enjoyed myself enormously.”

‘I have enjoyed myself,’ she said to Mr. Dalloway, whom she met on the stairs.

“Lies, lies, lies!” she said to herself, going downstairs, and “Right in the saucer!” she said to herself as she thanked Mrs. Barnet for helping her and wrapped herself, round and round and round, in the Chinese cloak she had worn these twenty years.

Appendix 1.F.**LAPPIN AND LAPPINOVA**

They were married. The wedding march pealed out. The pigeons fluttered. Small boys in Eton jackets threw rice; a fox terrier sauntered across the path; and Ernest Thorburn led his bride to the car through that small inquisitive crowd of complete strangers which always collects in London to enjoy other people's happiness or unhappiness. Certainly he looked handsome and she looked shy. More rice was thrown, and the car moved off.

That was on Tuesday. Now it was Saturday. Rosalind had still to get used to the fact that she was Mrs. Ernest Thorburn. Perhaps she never would get used to the fact that she was Mrs. Ernest Anybody, she thought, as she sat in the bow window of the hotel looking over the lake to the mountains, and waited for her husband to come down to breakfast. Ernest was a difficult name to get used to. It was not the name she would have chosen. She would have preferred Timothy, Antony, or Peter. He did not look like Ernest either. The name suggested the Albert Memorial, mahogany sideboards, steel engravings of the Prince Consort with his family—her mother-in-law's dining-room in Porchester Terrace in short.

But here he was. Thank goodness he did not look like Ernest—no. But what did he look like? She glanced at him sideways. Well, when he was eating toast he looked like a rabbit. Not that anyone else would have seen a likeness to a creature so diminutive and timid in this spruce, muscular young man with the straight nose, the blue eyes, and the very firm mouth. But that made it all the more amusing. His nose twitched very slightly when he ate. So did her pet rabbit's. She kept watching his nose twitch; and then she had to explain, when he caught her looking at him, why she laughed.

"It's because you're like a rabbit, Ernest," she said. "Like a wild rabbit," she added, looking at him. "A hunting rabbit; a King Rabbit; a rabbit that makes laws for all the other rabbits."

Ernest had no objection to being that kind of rabbit, and since it amused her to see him twitch his nose—he had never known that his nose twitched—he twitched it on purpose. And she laughed and laughed; and he laughed too, so that the maiden ladies and the fishing man and the Swiss waiter in his greasy black jacket all guessed right;

they were very happy. But how long does such happiness last? they asked themselves; and each answered according to his own circumstances.

At lunch time, seated on a clump of heather beside the lake, "Lettuce, rabbit?" said Rosalind, holding out the lettuce that had been provided to eat with the hardboiled eggs. "Come and take it out of my hand," she added, and he stretched out and nibbled the lettuce and twitched his nose.

"Good rabbit, nice rabbit," she said, patting him, as she used to pat her tame rabbit at home. But that was absurd. He was not a tame rabbit, whatever he was. She turned it into French. "Lapin," she called him. But whatever he was, he was not a French rabbit. He was simply and solely English-born at Porchester Terrace, educated at Rugby; now a clerk in His Majesty's Civil Service. So she tried "Bunny" next; but that was worse. "Bunny" was someone plump and soft and comic; he was thin and hard and serious. Still, his nose twitched. "Lappin," she exclaimed suddenly; and gave a little cry as if she had found the very word she looked for.

"Lappin, Lappin, King Lappin," she repeated. It seemed to suit him exactly; he was not Ernest, he was King Lappin. Why? She did not know.

When there was nothing new to talk about on their long solitary walks—and it rained, as everyone had warned them that it would rain; or when they were sitting over the fire in the evening, for it was cold, and the maiden ladies had gone and the fishing man, and the waiter only came if you rang the bell for him, she let her fancy play with the story of the Lappin tribe. Under her hands—she was sewing; he was reading—they became very real, very vivid, very amusing. Ernest put down the paper and helped her. There were the black rabbits and the red; there were the enemy rabbits and the friendly. There were the wood in which they lived and the outlying prairies and the swamp. Above all there was King Lappin, who, far from having only the one trick—that he twitched his nose—became as the days passed an animal of the greatest character; Rosalind was always finding new qualities in him. But above all he was a great hunter.

"And what," said Rosalind, on the last day of the honeymoon, "did the King do to-day?"

In fact they had been climbing all day; and she had worn a blister on her heel; but she did not mean that.

"To-day," said Ernest, twitching his nose as he bit the end off his cigar, "he chased a hare." He paused; struck a match, and twitched again.

“A woman hare,” he added.

“A white hare!” Rosalind exclaimed, as if she had been expecting this. “Rather a small hare; silver grey; with big bright eyes?”

“Yes,” said Ernest, looking at her as she had looked at him, “a smallish animal; with eyes popping out of her head, and two little front paws dangling.” It was exactly how she sat, with her sewing dangling in her hands; and her eyes, that were so big and bright, were certainly a little prominent.

“Ah, Lapinova,” Rosalind murmured.

“Is that what she’s called?” said Ernest—“the real Rosalind?” He looked at her. He felt very much in love with her.

“Yes; that’s what she’s called,” said Rosalind. “Lapinova.” And before they went to bed that night it was all settled. He was King Lappin; she was Queen Lapinova. They were the opposite of each other; he was bold and determined; she wary and undependable. He ruled over the busy world of rabbits; her world was a desolate, mysterious place, which she ranged mostly by moonlight. All the same, their territories touched; they were King and Queen.

Thus when they came back from their honeymoon they possessed a private world, inhabited, save for the one white hare, entirely by rabbits. No one guessed that there was such a place, and that of course made it all the more amusing. It made them feel, more even than most young married couples, in league together against the rest of the world. Often they looked slyly at each other when people talked about rabbits and woods and traps and shooting. Or they winked furtively across the table when Aunt Mary said that she could never bear to see a hare in a dish—it looked so like a baby: or when John, Ernest’s sporting brother, told them what price rabbits were fetching that autumn in Wiltshire, skins and all. Sometimes when they wanted a gamekeeper, or a poacher or a Lord of the Manor, they amused themselves by distributing the parts among their friends. Ernest’s mother, Mrs. Reginald Thorburn, for example, fitted the part of the Squire to perfection. But it was all secret—that was the point of it; nobody save themselves knew that such a world existed.

Without that world, how, Rosalind wondered, that winter could she have lived at all? For instance, there was the golden-wedding party, when all the Thorburns assembled at Porchester Terrace to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of that union which had been so blessed—had it not produced Ernest Thorburn? and so fruitful—had it not produced nine other sons and daughters into the bargain, many themselves married

and also fruitful? She dreaded that party. But it was inevitable. As she walked upstairs she felt bitterly that she was an only child and an orphan at that; a mere drop among all those Thorburns assembled in the great drawing-room with the shiny satin wallpaper and the lustrous family portraits. The living Thorburns much resembled the painted; save that instead of painted lips they had real lips; out of which came jokes; jokes about schoolrooms, and how they had pulled the chair from under the governess; jokes about frogs and how they had put them between the virgin sheets of maiden ladies. As for herself, she had never even made an apple-pie bed. Holding her present in her hand she advanced toward her mother-in-law sumptuous in yellow satin; and toward her father-in-law decorated with a rich yellow carnation. All round them on tables and chairs there were golden tributes, some nestling in cotton wool; others branching resplendent—candlesticks; cigar boxes; chains; each stamped with the goldsmith's proof that it was solid gold, hall-marked, authentic. But her present was only a little pinchbeck box pierced with holes; an old sand caster, an eighteenth-century relic, once used to sprinkle sand over wet ink. Rather a senseless present she felt—in an age of blotting paper; and as she proffered it, she saw in front of her the stubby black handwriting in which her mother-in-law when they were engaged had expressed the hope that “My son will make you happy.” No, she was not happy. Not at all happy. She looked at Ernest, straight as a ramrod with a nose like all the noses in the family portraits; a nose that never twitched at all.

Then they went down to dinner. She was half hidden by the great chrysanthemums that curled their red and gold petals into large tight balls. Everything was gold. A gold-edged card with gold initials intertwined recited the list of all the dishes that would be set one after another before them. She dipped her spoon in a plate of clear golden fluid. The raw white fog outside had been turned by the lamps into a golden mesh that blurred the edges of the plates and gave the pineapples a rough golden skin. Only she herself in her white wedding dress peering ahead of her with her prominent eyes seemed insoluble as an icicle.

As the dinner wore on, however, the room grew steamy with heat. Beads of perspiration stood out on the men's foreheads. She felt that her icicle was being turned to water. She was being melted; dispersed; dissolved into nothingness; and would soon faint. Then through the surge in her head and the din in her ears she heard a woman's voice exclaim, “But they breed so!”

The Thorburns—yes; they breed so, she echoed; looking at all the round red faces that seemed doubled in the giddiness that overcame her; and magnified in the gold mist that enhaloed them. “They breed so.” Then John bawled:

“Little devils! . . . Shoot ’em! Jump on ’em with big boots! That’s the only way to deal with ’em . . . rabbits!”

At that word, that magic word, she revived. Peeping between the chrysanthemums she saw Ernest’s nose twitch. It rippled, it ran with successive twitches. And at that a mysterious catastrophe befell the Thorburns. The golden table became a moor with the gorse in full bloom; the din of voices turned to one peal of lark’s laughter ringing down from the sky. It was a blue sky—clouds passed slowly. And they had all been changed—the Thorburns. She looked at her father-in-law, a furtive little man with dyed moustaches. His foible was collecting things—seals, enamel boxes, trifles from eighteenth-century dressing tables which he hid in the drawers of his study from his wife. Now she saw him as he was—a poacher, stealing off with his coat bulging with pheasants and partridges to drop them stealthily into a three-legged pot in his smoky little cottage. That was her real father-in-law—a poacher. And Celia, the unmarried daughter, who always nosed out other people’s secrets, the little things they wished to hide—she was a white ferret with pink eyes, and a nose clotted with earth from her horrid underground nosings and pokings. Slung round men’s shoulders, in a net, and thrust down a hole—it was a pitiable life—Celia’s; it was none of her fault. So she saw Celia. And then she looked at her mother-in-law—whom they dubbed The Squire. Flushed, coarse, a bully—she was all that, as she stood returning thanks, but now that Rosalind—that is Lapinova—saw her, she saw behind her the decayed family mansion, the plaster peeling off the walls, and heard her, with a sob in her voice, giving thanks to her children (who hated her) for a world that had ceased to exist. There was a sudden silence. They all stood with their glasses raised; they all drank; then it was over.

“Oh, King Lappin!” she cried as they went home together in the fog, “if your nose hadn’t twitched just at that moment, I should have been trapped!”

“But you’re safe,” said King Lappin, pressing her paw.

“Quite safe,” she answered.

And they drove back through the Park, King and Queen of the marsh, of the mist, and of the gorse-scented moor.

Thus time passed; one year; two years of time. And on a winter's night, which happened by a coincidence to be the anniversary of the golden-wedding party—but Mrs. Reginald Thorburn was dead; the house was to let; and there was only a caretaker in residence—Ernest came home from the office. They had a nice little home; half a house above a saddler's shop in South Kensington, not far from the tube station. It was cold, with fog in the air, and Rosalind was sitting over the fire, sewing. "What d'you think happened to me to-day?" she began as soon as he had settled himself down with his legs stretched to the blaze. "I was crossing the stream when—"

"What stream?" Ernest interrupted her.

"The stream at the bottom, where our wood meets the black wood," she explained.

Ernest looked completely blank for a moment.

"What the deuce are you talking about?" he asked.

"My dear Ernest!" she cried in dismay. "King Lappin," she added, dangling her little front paws in the firelight. But his nose did not twitch. Her hands—they turned to hands—clutched the stuff she was holding; her eyes popped half out of her head. It took him five minutes at least to change from Ernest Thorburn to King Lappin; and while she waited she felt a load on the back of her neck, as if somebody were about to wring it. At last he changed to King Lappin; his nose twitched; and they spent the evening roaming the woods much as usual.

But she slept badly. In the middle of the night she woke, feeling as if something strange had happened to her. She was stiff and cold. At last she turned on the light and looked at Ernest lying beside her. He was sound asleep. He snored. But even though he snored, his nose remained perfectly still. It looked as if it had never twitched at all. Was it possible that he was really Ernest; and that she was really married to Ernest? A vision of her mother-in-law's dining-room came before her; and there they sat, she and Ernest, grown old, under the engravings, in front of the sideboard. . . . It was their golden-wedding day. She could not bear it.

"Lappin, King Lappin!" she whispered, and for a moment his nose seemed to twitch of its own accord. But he still slept. "Wake up, Lappin, wake up!" she cried.

Ernest woke; and seeing her sitting bolt upright beside him he asked:

"What's the matter?"

"I thought my rabbit was dead!" she whimpered. Ernest was angry.

"Don't talk such rubbish, Rosalind," he said. "Lie down and go to sleep."

He turned over. In another moment he was sound asleep and snoring.

But she could not sleep. She lay curled up on her side of the bed, like a hare in its form. She had turned out the light, but the street lamp lit the ceiling faintly, and the trees outside made a lacy network over it as if there were a shadowy grove on the ceiling in which she wandered, turning, twisting, in and out, round and round, hunting, being hunted, hearing the bay of hounds and horns; flying, escaping . . . until the maid drew the blinds and brought their early tea.

Next day she could settle to nothing. She seemed to have lost something. She felt as if her body had shrunk; it had grown small, and black and hard. Her joints seemed stiff too, and when she looked in the glass, which she did several times as she wandered about the flat, her eyes seemed to burst out of her head, like currants in a bun. The rooms also seemed to have shrunk. Large pieces of furniture jutted out at odd angles and she found herself knocking against them. At last she put on her hat and went out. She walked along the Cromwell Road; and every room she passed and peered into seemed to be a dining-room where people sat eating under steel engravings, with thick yellow lace curtains, and mahogany sideboards. At last she reached the Natural History Museum; she used to like it when she was a child. But the first thing she saw when she went in was a stuffed hare standing on sham snow with pink glass eyes. Somehow it made her shiver all over. Perhaps it would be better when dusk fell. She went home and sat over the fire, without a light, and tried to imagine that she was out alone on a moor; and there was a stream rushing; and beyond the stream a dark wood. But she could get no further than the stream. At last she squatted down on the bank on the wet grass, and sat crouched in her chair, with her hands dangling empty, and her eyes glazed, like glass eyes, in the firelight. Then there was the crack of a gun. . . . She started as if she had been shot. It was only Ernest, turning his key in the door. She waited, trembling. He came in and switched on the light. There he stood, tall, handsome, rubbing his hands that were red with cold.

“Sitting in the dark?” he said.

“Oh, Ernest, Ernest!” she cried, starting up in her chair.

“Well, what’s up now?” he asked briskly, warming his hands at the fire.

“It’s Lapinova . . .” she faltered, glancing wildly at him out of her great startled eyes.

“She’s gone, Ernest. I’ve lost her!”

Ernest frowned. He pressed his lips tight together. "Oh, that's what's up, is it?" he said, smiling rather grimly at his wife. For ten seconds he stood there, silent; and she waited, feeling hands tightening at the back of her neck.

"Yes," he said at length. "Poor Lapinova. . ." He straightened his tie at the looking-glass over the mantelpiece.

"Caught in a trap," he said, "killed," and sat down and read the newspaper.

So that was the end of that marriage.

Appendix 1.G.**THE DUCHESS AND THE JEWELLER**

Oliver Bacon lived at the top of a house overlooking the Green Park. He had a flat; chairs jutted out at the right angles—chairs covered in hide. Sofas filled the bays of the windows—sofas covered in tapestry. The windows, the three long windows, had the proper allowance of discreet net and figured satin. The mahogany sideboard bulged discreetly with the right brandies, whiskeys and liqueurs. And from the middle window he looked down upon the glossy roofs of fashionable cars packed in the narrow straits of Piccadilly. A more Central position could not be imagined. And at eight in the morning he would have his breakfast brought in on a tray by a man-servant: the man-servant would unfold his crimson dressing-gown; he would rip his letters open with his long pointed nails and would extract thick white cards of invitation upon which the engraving stood up roughly from duchesses, countesses, viscountesses and Honourable Ladies. Then he would wash; then he would eat his toast; then he would read his paper by the bright burning fire of electric coals.

“Behold Oliver,” he would say, addressing himself. “You who began life in a filthy little alley, you who . . .” and he would look down at his legs, so shapely in their perfect trousers; at his boots; at his spats. They were all shapely, shining; cut from the best cloth by the best scissors in Savile Row. But he dismantled himself often and became again a little boy in a dark alley. He had once thought that the height of his ambition—selling stolen dogs to fashionable women in Whitechapel. And once he had been done. “Oh, Oliver,” his mother had wailed. “Oh, Oliver! When will you have sense, my son?” . . . Then he had gone behind a counter; had sold cheap watches; then he had taken a wallet to Amsterdam. . . . At that memory he would chuckle—the old Oliver remembering the young. Yes, he had done well with the three diamonds; also there was the commission on the emerald. After that he went into the private room behind the shop in Hatton Garden; the room with the scales, the safe, the thick magnifying glasses. And then . . . and then . . . He chuckled. When he passed through the knots of jewellers in the hot evening who were discussing prices, gold mines, diamonds, reports from South Africa, one of them would lay a finger to the side of his nose and murmur, “Hum—m—m,” as he passed. It was no more than a murmur; no more than a nudge on the shoulder, a finger on the nose, a buzz that ran through the cluster of jewellers in Hatton Garden on a hot afternoon—oh, many

years ago now! But still Oliver felt it purring down his spine, the nudge, the murmur that meant, “Look at him young Oliver, the young jeweller—there he goes.” Young he was then. And he dressed better and better; and had, first a hansom cab; then a car; and first he went up to the dress circle, then down into the stalls. And he had a villa at Richmond, overlooking the river, with trellises of red roses; and Mademoiselle used to pick one every morning and stick it in his buttonhole.

“So,” said Oliver Bacon, rising and stretching his legs. “SO . . .”

And he stood beneath the picture of an old lady on the mantelpiece and raised his hands. “I have kept my word,” he said, laying his hands together, palm to palm, as if he were doing homage to her. “I have won my bet.” That was so; he was the richest jeweller in England; but his nose, which was long and flexible, like an elephant’s trunk, seemed to say by its curious quiver at the nostrils (but it seemed as if the whole nose quivered, not only the nostrils) that he was not satisfied yet; still smelt something under the ground a little further off. Imagine a giant hog in a pasture rich with truffles; after unearthing this truffle and that, still it smells a bigger, a blacker truffle under the ground further off. So Oliver snuffed always in the rich earth of Mayfair another truffle, a blacker, a bigger further off.

Now then he straightened the pearl in his tie, cased himself in his smart blue overcoat; took his yellow gloves and his cane; and swayed as he descended the stairs and half snuffed, half sighed through his long sharp nose as he passed out into Piccadilly. For was he not still a sad man, a dissatisfied man, a man who seeks something that is hidden, though he had won his bet?

He swayed slightly as he walked, as the camel at the zoo sways from side to side when it walks along the asphalt paths laden with grocers and their wives eating from paper bags and throwing little bits of silver paper crumpled up on to the path. The camel despises the grocers; the camel is dissatisfied with its lot; the camel sees the blue lake and the fringe of palm trees in front of it. So the great jeweller, the greatest jeweller in the whole world, swung down Piccadilly, perfectly dressed, with his gloves, with his cane; but dissatisfied still, till he reached the dark little shop, that was famous in France, in Germany, in Austria, in Italy, and all over America—the dark little shop in the street off Bond Street.

As usual, he strode through the shop without speaking, though the four men, the two old men, Marshall and Spencer, and the two young men, Hammond and Wicks, stood straight and looked at him, envying him. It was only with one finger of the amber—

coloured glove, wagging, that he acknowledged their presence. And he went in and shut the door of his private room behind him.

Then he unlocked the grating that barred the window. The cries of Bond Street came in; the purr of the distant traffic. The light from reflectors at the back of the shop struck upwards. One tree waved six green leaves, for it was June. But Mademoiselle had married Mr. Pedder of the local brewery—no one stuck roses in his buttonhole now.

“So,” he half sighed, half snorted, “so——”

Then he touched a spring in the wall and slowly the panelling slid open, and behind it were the steel safes, five, no, six of them, all of burnished steel. He twisted a key; unlocked one; then another. Each was lined with a pad of deep crimson velvet; in each lay jewels—bracelets, necklaces, rings, tiaras, ducal coronets; loose stones in glass shells; rubies, emeralds, pearls, diamonds. All safe, shining, cool, yet burning, eternally, with their own compressed light.

“Tears!” said Oliver, looking at the pearls.

“Heart’s blood!” he said, looking at the rubies.

“Gunpowder!” he continued, rattling the diamonds so that they flashed and blazed.

“Gunpowder enough to blow Mayfair—sky high, high, high!” He threw his head back and made a sound like a horse neighing as he said it.

The telephone buzzed obsequiously in a low muted voice on his table. He shut the safe.

“In ten minutes,” he said. “Not before.” And he sat down at his desk and looked at the heads of the Roman emperors that were graven on his sleeve links. And again he dismantled himself and became once more the little boy playing marbles in the alley where they sell stolen dogs on Sunday. He became that wily astute little boy, with lips like wet cherries. He dabbled his fingers in ropes of tripe; he dipped them in pans of frying fish; he dodged in and out among the crowds. He was slim, lissome, with eyes like licked stones. And now—now—the hands of the clock ticked on, one two, three, four. . . . The Duchess of Lambourne waited his pleasure; the Duchess of Lambourne, daughter of a hundred Earls. She would wait for ten minutes on a chair at the counter. She would wait his pleasure. She would wait till he was ready to see her. He watched the clock in its shagreen case. The hand moved on. With each tick the clock handed him—so it seemed—pate de foie gras, a glass of champagne, another of fine brandy, a cigar costing one guinea. The clock laid them on the table

beside him as the ten minutes passed. Then he heard soft slow footsteps approaching; a rustle in the corridor. The door opened. Mr. Hammond flattened himself against the wall.

“Her Grace!” he announced.

And he waited there, flattened against the wall.

And Oliver, rising, could hear the rustle of the dress of the Duchess as she came down the passage. Then she loomed up, filling the door, filling the room with the aroma, the prestige, the arrogance, the pomp, the pride of all the Dukes and Duchesses swollen in one wave. And as a wave breaks, she broke, as she sat down, spreading and splashing and falling over Oliver Bacon, the great jeweller, covering him with sparkling bright colours, green, rose, violet; and odours; and iridescences; and rays shooting from fingers, nodding from plumes, flashing from silk; for she was very large, very fat, tightly girt in pink taffeta, and past her prime. As a parasol with many flounces, as a peacock with many feathers, shuts its flounces, folds its feathers, so she subsided and shut herself as she sank down in the leather armchair.

“Good morning, Mr. Bacon,” said the Duchess. And she held out her hand which came through the slit of her white glove. And Oliver bent low as he shook it. And as their hands touched the link was forged between them once more. They were friends, yet enemies; he was master, she was mistress; each cheated the other, each needed the other, each feared the other, each felt this and knew this every time they touched hands thus in the little back room with the white light outside, and the tree with its six leaves, and the sound of the street in the distance and behind them the safes.

“And to-day, Duchess—what can I do for you to-day?” said Oliver, very softly.

The Duchess opened her heart, her private heart, gaped wide. And with a sigh but no words she took from her bag a long washleather pouch—it looked like a lean yellow ferret. And from a slit in the ferret’s belly she dropped pearls—ten pearls. They rolled from the slit in the ferret’s belly—one, two, three, four—like the eggs of some heavenly bird.

“All’s that’s left me, dear Mr. Bacon,” she moaned. Five, six, seven—down they rolled, down the slopes of the vast mountain sides that fell between her knees into one narrow valley—the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth. There they lay in the glow of the peach-blossom taffeta. Ten pearls.

“From the Appleby cincture,” she mourned. “The last . . . the last of them all.”

Oliver stretched out and took one of the pearls between finger and thumb. It was round, it was lustrous. But real was it, or false? Was she lying again? Did she dare? She laid her plump padded finger across her lips. "If the Duke knew . . ." she whispered. "Dear Mr. Bacon, a bit of bad luck. . ."

Been gambling again, had she?

"That villain! That sharper!" she hissed.

The man with the chipped cheek bone? A bad 'un. And the Duke was straight as a poker; with side whiskers; would cut her off, shut her up down there if he knew—what I know, thought Oliver, and glanced at the safe.

"Araminta, Daphne, Diana," she moaned. "It's for THEM."

The ladies Araminta, Daphne, Diana—her daughters. He knew them; adored them. But it was Diana he loved.

"You have all my secrets," she leered. Tears slid; tears fell; tears, like diamonds, collecting powder in the ruts of her cherry blossom cheeks.

"Old friend," she murmured, "old friend."

"Old friend," he repeated, "old friend," as if he licked the words.

"How much?" he queried.

She covered the pearls with her hand.

"Twenty thousand," she whispered.

But was it real or false, the one he held in his hand? The Appleby cincture—hadn't she sold it already? He would ring for Spencer or Hammond. "Take it and test it," he would say. He stretched to the bell.

"You will come down to-morrow?" she urged, she interrupted. "The Prime Minister—His Royal Highness . . ." She stopped. "And Diana . . ." she added.

Oliver took his hand off the bell.

He looked past her, at the backs of the houses in Bond Street. But he saw, not the houses in Bond Street, but a dimpling river; and trout rising and salmon; and the Prime Minister; and himself too, in white waistcoat; and then, Diana. He looked down at the pearl in his hand. But how could he test it, in the light of the river, in the light of the eyes of Diana? But the eyes of the Duchess were on him.

"Twenty thousand," she moaned. "My honour!"

The honour of the mother of Diana! He drew his cheque book towards him; he took out his pen.

“Twenty—” he wrote. Then he stopped writing. The eyes of the old woman in the picture were on him—of the old woman his mother.

“Oliver!” she warned him. “Have sense! Don’t be a fool!”

“Oliver!” the Duchess entreated—it was “Oliver” now, not “Mr. Bacon.” “You’ll come for a long weekend?”

Alone in the woods with Diana! Riding alone in the woods with Diana!

“Thousand,” he wrote, and signed it.

“Here you are,” he said.

And there opened all the flounces of the parasol, all the plumes of the peacock, the radiance of the wave, the swords and spears of Agincourt, as she rose from her chair. And the two old men and the two young men, Spencer and Marshall, Wicks and Hammond, flattened themselves behind the counter envying him as he led her through the shop to the door. And he waggled his yellow glove in their faces, and she held her honour—a Cheque for twenty thousand pounds with his signature—quite firmly in her hands.

“Are they false or are they real?” asked Oliver, shutting his private door. There they were, ten pearls on the blotting-paper on the table. He took them to the window. He held them under his lens to the light. . . . This, then, was the truffle he had routed out of the earth! Rotten at the centre—rotten at the core!

“Forgive me, oh, my mother!” he sighed, raising his hand as if he asked pardon of the old woman in the picture. And again he was a little boy in the alley where they sold dogs on Sunday.

“For,” he murmured, laying the palms of his hands together, “it is to be a long week-end.”

Appendix 1.H.**MOMENTS OF BEING****“SLATER’S PINS HAVE NO POINTS”**

“Slater’s pins have no points—don’t you always find that?” said Miss Craye, turning round as the rose fell out of Fanny Wilmot’s dress, and Fanny stooped, with her ears full of the music, to look for the pin on the floor.

The words gave her an extraordinary shock, as Miss Craye struck the last chord of the Bach fugue. Did Miss Craye actually go to Slater’s and buy pins then, Fanny Wilmot asked herself, transfixed for a moment. Did she stand at the counter waiting like anybody else, and was she given a bill with coppers wrapped in it, and did she slip them into her purse and then, an hour later, stand by her dressing table and take out the pins? What need had she of pins? For she was not so much dressed as cased, like a beetle compactly in its sheath, blue in winter, green in summer. What need had she of pins—Julia Craye—who lived, it seemed in the cool glassy world of Bach fugues, playing to herself what she liked, to take one or two pupils at the and only consenting Archer Street College of Music (so the Principal, Miss Kingston, said) as a special favour to herself, who had “the greatest admiration for her in every way.” Miss Craye was left badly off, Miss Kingston was afraid, at her brother’s death. Oh, they used to have such lovely things, when they lived at Salisbury, and her brother Julius was, of course, a very well-known man: a famous archaeologist. It was a great privilege to stay with them, Miss Kingston said (“My family had always known them—they were regular Canterbury people,” Miss Kingston said), but a little frightening for a child; one had to be careful not to slam the door or bounce into the room unexpectedly. Miss Kingston, who gave little character sketches like this on the first day of term while she received cheques and wrote out receipts for them, smiled here. Yes, she had been rather a tomboy; she had bounced in and set all those green Roman glasses and things jumping in their case. The Crayes were not used to children. The Crayes were none of them married. They kept cats; the cats, one used to feel, knew as much about the Roman urns and things as anybody.

“Far more than I did!” said Miss Kingston brightly, writing her name across the stamp in her dashing, cheerful, full-bodied hand, for she had always been practical. That was how she made her living, after all.

Perhaps then, Fanny Wilmot thought, looking for the pin, Miss Craye said that about “Slater’s pins having no points,” at a venture. None of the Crayes had ever married. She knew nothing about pins nothing whatever. But she wanted to break the spell that had fallen on the house; to break the pane of glass which separated them from other people. When Polly Kingston, that merry little girl, had slammed the door and made the Roman vases jump, Julius, seeing that no harm was done (that would be his first instinct) looked, for the case was stood in the window, at Polly skipping home across the fields; looked with the look his sister often had, that lingering, driving look.

“Stars, sun, moon,” it seemed to say, “the daisy in the grass, fires, frost on the window pane, my heart goes out to you. But,” it always seemed to add, “you break, you pass, you go.” And simultaneously it covered the intensity of both these states of mind with “I can’t reach you—I can’t get at you,” spoken wistfully, frustratedly. And the stars faded, and the child went. That was the kind of spell that was the glassy surface, that Miss Craye wanted to break by showing, when she had played Bach beautifully as a reward to a favourite pupil (Fanny Wilmot knew that she was Miss Craye’s favourite pupil), that she, too, knew, like other people, about pins. Slater’s pins had no points.

Yes, the “famous archaeologist” had looked like that too. “The famous archaeologist”—as she said that, endorsing cheques, ascertaining the day of the month, speaking so brightly and frankly, there was in Miss Kingston’s voice an indescribable tone which hinted at something odd; something queer in Julius Craye; it was the very same thing that was odd perhaps in Julia too. One could have sworn, thought Fanny Wilmot, as she looked for the pin, that at parties, meetings (Miss Kingston’s father was a clergyman), she had picked up some piece of gossip, or it might only have been a smile, or a tone when his name was mentioned, which had given her “a feeling” about Julius Craye. Needless to say, she had never spoken about it to anybody. Probably she scarcely knew what she meant by it. But whenever she spoke of Julius, or heard him mentioned, that was the first thing that came to mind; and it was a seductive thought; there was something odd about Julius Craye.

It was so that Julia looked too, as she sat half turned on the music stool, smiling. It’s on the field, it’s on the pane, it’s in the sky—beauty; and I can’t get at it; I can’t have

it—I, she seemed to add, with that little clutch of the hand which was so characteristic, who adore it so passionately, would give the whole world to possess it! And she picked up the carnation which had fallen on the floor, while Fanny searched for the pin. She crushed it, Fanny felt, voluptuously in her smooth veined hands stuck about with water-coloured rings set in pearls. The pressure of her fingers seemed to increase all that was most brilliant in the flower; to set it off; to make it more frilled, fresh, immaculate. What was odd in her, and perhaps in her brother, too, was that this crush and grasp of the finger was combined with a perpetual frustration. So it was even now with the carnation. She had her hands on it; she pressed it; but she did not possess it, enjoy it, not entirely and altogether.

None of the Crayes had married, Fanny Wilmot remembered. She had in mind how one evening when the lesson had lasted longer than usual and it was dark, Julia Craye had said “it’s the use of men, surely, to protect us,” smiling at her that same odd smile, as she stood fastening her cloak, which made her, like the flower, conscious to her finger tips of youth and brilliance, but, like the flower, too, Fanny suspected, made her feel awkward.

“Oh, but I don’t want protection,” Fanny had laughed, and when Julia Craye, fixing on her that extraordinary look, had said she was not so sure of that, Fanny positively blushed under the admiration in her eyes.

It was the only use of men, she had said. Was it for that reason then, Fanny wondered, with her eyes on the floor, that she had never married? After all, she had not lived all her life in Salisbury. “Much the nicest part of London,” she had said once, “(but I’m speaking of fifteen or twenty years ago) is Kensington. One was in the Gardens in ten minutes—it was like the heart of the country. One could dine out in one’s slippers without catching cold. Kensington—it was like a village then, you know,” she had said.

Here she broke off, to denounce acridly the draughts in the Tubes.

“It was the use of men,” she had said, with a queer wry acerbity. Did that throw any light on the problem why she had not married? One could imagine every sort of scene in her youth, when with her good blue eyes, her straight firm nose, her air of cool distinction, her piano playing, her rose flowering with chaste passion in the bosom of her muslin dress, she had attracted first the young men to whom such things, the china tea cups and the silver candlesticks and the inlaid table, for the Crayes had such nice things, were wonderful; young men not sufficiently

distinguished; young men of the cathedral town with ambitions. She had attracted them first, and then her brother's friends from Oxford or Cambridge. They would come down in the summer; row her on the river; continue the argument about Browning by letter; and arrange perhaps, on the rare occasions when she stayed in London, to show her—Kensington Gardens?

“Much the nicest part of London—Kensington (I'm speaking of fifteen or twenty years ago),” she had said once. One was in the gardens in ten minutes—in the heart of the country. One could make that yield what one liked, Fanny Wilmot thought, single out, for instance, Mr. Sherman, the painter, an old friend of hers; make him call for her, by appointment, one sunny day in June; take her to have tea under the trees. (They had met, too, at those parties to which one tripped in slippers without fear of catching cold.) The aunt or other elderly relative was to wait there while they looked at the Serpentine. They looked at the Serpentine. He may have rowed her across. They compared it with the Avon. She would have considered the comparison very furiously. Views of rivers were important to her. She sat hunched a little, a little angular, though she was graceful then, steering. At the critical moment, for he had determined that he must speak now—it was his only chance of getting her alone—he was speaking with his head turned at an absurd angle, in his great nervousness, over his shoulder—at that very moment she interrupted fiercely. He would have them into the Bridge, she cried. It was a moment of horror, of disillusionment, of revelation, for both of them. I can't have it, I can't possess it, she thought. He could not see why she had come then. With a great splash of his oar he pulled the boat round. Merely to snub him? He rowed her back and said good-bye to her.

The setting of that scene could be varied as one chose, Fanny Wilmot reflected. (Where had that pin fallen?) It might be Ravenna; or Edinburgh, where she had kept house for her brother. The scene could be changed; and the young man and the exact manner of it all, but one thing was constant—her refusal, and her frown, and her anger with herself afterwards, and her argument, and her relief—yes, certainly her immense relief. The very next day, perhaps, she would get up at six, put on her cloak, and walk all the way from Kensington to the river. She was so thankful that she had not sacrificed her right to go and look at things when they are at their best—before people are up, that is to say she could have her breakfast in bed if she liked. She had not sacrificed her independence.

Yes, Fanny Wilmot smiled, Julia had not endangered her habits. They remained safe; and her habits would have suffered if she had married. “They’re ogres,” she had said one evening, half laughing, when another pupil, a girl lately married, suddenly bethinking her that she would miss her husband, had rushed off in haste.

“They’re ogres,” she had said, laughing grimly. An ogre would have interfered perhaps with breakfast in bed; with walks at dawn down to the river. What would have happened (but one could hardly conceive this) had she had children? She took astonishing precautions against chills, fatigue, rich food, the wrong food, draughts, heated rooms, journeys in the Tube. for she could never determine which of these it was exactly that brought on those terrible headaches that gave her life the semblance of a battlefield. She was always engaged in outwitting the enemy, until it seemed as if the pursuit had its interest; could she have beaten the enemy finally she would have found life a little dull. As it was, the tug-of-war was perpetual—on the one side the nightingale or the view which she loved with passion—yes, for views and birds she felt nothing less than passion; on the other the damp path or the horrid long drag up a steep hill which would certainly make her good for nothing next day and bring on one of her headaches. When, therefore, from time to time, she managed her forces adroitly and brought off a visit to Hampton Court the week the crocuses—those glossy bright flowers were her favourite—were at their best, it was a victory. It was something that lasted; something that mattered for ever. She strung the afternoon on the necklace of memorable days, which was not too long for her to be able to recall this one or that one; this view, that city; to finger it, to feel it, to savour, sighing, the quality that made it unique.

“It was so beautiful last Friday,” she said, “that I determined I must go there.” So she had gone off to Waterloo on her great undertaking—to visit Hampton Court—alone. Naturally, but perhaps foolishly, one pitied her for the thing she never asked pity for (indeed she was reticent habitually, speaking of her health only as a warrior might speak of his foe)—one pitied her for always doing everything alone. Her brother was dead. Her sister was asthmatic. She found the climate of Edinburgh good for her. It was too bleak for Julia. Perhaps, too, she found the associations painful, for her brother, the famous archaeologist, had died there; and she had loved her brother. She lived in a little house off the Brompton Road entirely alone.

Fanny Wilmot saw the pin; she picked it up. She looked at Miss Craye. Was Miss Craye so lonely? No, Miss Craye was steadily, blissfully, if only for that moment, a

happy woman. Fanny had surprised her in a moment of ecstasy. She sat there, half turned away from the piano, with her hands clasped in her lap holding the carnation upright, while behind her was the sharp square of the window, uncurtained, purple in the evening, intensely purple after the brilliant electric lights which burnt unshaded in the bare music room. Julia Craye, sitting hunched and compact holding her flower, seemed to emerge out of the London night, seemed to fling it like a cloak behind her, it seemed, in its bareness and intensity, the effluence of her spirit, something she had made which surrounded her. Fanny stared.

All seemed transparent, for a moment, to the gaze of Fanny Wilmot, as if looking through Miss Craye, she saw the very fountain of her being spurting its pure silver drops. She saw back and back into the past behind her. She saw the green Roman vases stood in their case; heard the choristers playing cricket; saw Julia quietly descend the curving steps on to the lawn; then saw her pour out tea beneath the cedar tree; softly enclosed the old man's hand in hers; saw her going round and about the corridors of that ancient Cathedral dwelling place with towels in her hand to mark them; lamenting, as she went, the pettiness of daily life; and slowly ageing, and putting away clothes when summer came, because at her age they were too bright to wear; and tending her father's sickness; and cleaving her way ever more definitely as her will stiffened towards her solitary goal; travelling frugally; counting the cost and measuring out of her tight shut purse the sum needed for this journey or for that old mirror; obstinately adhering, whatever people might say, in choosing her pleasures for herself. She saw Julia——

Julia blazed. Julia kindled. Out of the night she burnt like a dead white star. Julia opened her arms. Julia kissed her on the lips. Julia possessed it.

"Slater's pins have no points," Miss Craye said, laughing queerly and relaxing her arms, as Fanny Wilmot pinned the flower to her breast with trembling fingers.

APPENDIX 2: VIRGINIA WOOLF'UN SEKİZ HİKAYESİ

Appendix 2.A PERİLİ EV

PERİLİ EV

Né zaman uyansanız kapanan bir kapı duyardınız. Elele odadan odaya dolaşan, orayı kaldırıp burayı açan hayalet bir çift.

'Burada bırakmıştık' derdi kadın. Erkek eklerdi, 'Evet ama burada da.' 'Yukarıda', diye mırıldanırdı kadın. 'Ve bahçede', diye fısıldardı erkek. 'Yavaş,' derlerdi, 'yoksa uyandıracağız.'

Oysa uyandırdığınız filan yoktu. Kesinlikle. 'Onu arıyorlar; perdeyi çekiyorlar,' deyip bir iki sayfa daha okunabilirdi. 'İşte buldular,' denilebilirdi emin, kalemi satır bitimine dayayıp. Sonra okumaktan yorulunca insan kalkıp gözleriyle görebilirdi, bomboş evi, açık kapıları; keyifle guruldayan güvercinleri ve çiftlikten gelen harman döğme makinesinin uğultusu dışındaki sessizliği. 'Peki, ben buraya niçin girmiştim? Ne bulmak istiyordum?' Ellerim boştu. 'Belki de yukarıdadır?' Elmalar tavan arasındaydı. Yeniden aşağıya; bahçe her zamanki sessizliğinde, yalnızca kitap çimenlerin üzerine düşmüş.

Fakat oturma odasında bulmuşlardı onu. Kimse görememişti doğal olarak. Camlardan elmalar, güller yansırđ; tüm yapraklar yeşil görünürdü camda. Oturma odasında dolandıklarında elma yalnızca sarı yüzünü gösterirdi. Bir an sonra, kapı açılrsa, yerlere yayılmış,

duvarlarda asılı, tavadan sarkıyor olurdu -ne? Ellerim boştu. Halidan bir ardıç gölgesi süzülürdü, güvercin gurultusunu sessizliğin en derin kuyularından çekip çıkarırdı. 'Bir şey yok, bir şey yok, bir şey yok,' diye atıyordu evin yüreği usul usul. 'Gömü sakli; oda...'; yürek soluk soluğa duruyordu. Yoksa, gömü bu muydu?

Bir an içinde ışık soluklaşmıştı. Öyleyse dışarıda, bahçede mi? Ağaçlar güneşin kol gezen ışınlarını gölgeliyordu. Öylesi güzel, öylesi eşsiz ve dingin derinlere gömülmüş, aradığım ışık aslında hep camın ardında yanıyormuş. Ölüm camdı; ölüm aramızdaydı; önce kadına gelmiş, yüzlerce yıl önce tüm pencereleli sürgülererek evden ayrılmış; odalar karanlıkta kalmıştı. Erkek evi terketti, kadını da, Kuzey'e gitti, Doğu'ya gitti, Güney semalarında yıldızların gezinişini izledi; evi aradı, onu Büyük Otlağın derinliklerine atılı buldu. 'Bir şey yok, bir şey yok, bir şey yok' diye atıyordu evin yüreği coşkuyla. 'Gömü serin.'

Rüzgâr sokakları dövüyor. Ağaçlar bir o yana bir bu yana yalıyor. Ayışığı, yağmurda rasgele dökülüp saçılıyor. Fakat lambanın ışığı tam pencereden geliyor. Mum sessiz sessiz yanıyor. Hayalet çift evin her köşesinde dolanıp, camları aralıyor, bizi uyandırmamak için fısıldaşarak mutlu gümlerini arıyor.

'Burada yatardık,' diyor kadın. 'Sayısız öpüşlerle,' diye ekliyor erkek. 'Sabah uyanınca-' Ağaçlar arasındaki gümüş-' Yukarıda-' Bahçede-' Yaz gelince-' Kışın karda-' Uzakta kapılar bir yüreğin atışı gibi hafifçe çarpılarak kapanıyor.

Yaklaşıyorlar; kapının eşliğinde duruyorlar. Rüzgâr esiyor, yağmur camdan gümüş damlaklarını süzüyor.

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Gözlerimiz kararıyor; yanımızda ne adım sesleri duyuyoruz, ne de hayali pelerini savuran soylu kadını görüyoruz. Erkek ellerini fener ışığına siper ediyor. 'Bak,' diyor soluk soluğa. 'Derin uykudalar.' Dudaklarında sevgi.

Duralayıp gümüş lambalarını üzerimize tutarak uzun uzun bize bakıyorlar. Öyle bir vakit kalyonlar. Rüzgâr yine geziniyor; alev cılız, titrek. Ayışığının inatçı demetleri yeri, duvarı geçiyor ve donuk yüzleri; düşünceli yüzleri; uyuyanları gözleyen, onların gizli mutluluğunu arayan yüzleri bulup gölgeliyor.

'Bir şey yok, bir şey yok, bir şey yok,' diye atıyor evin yüreği gururla. 'Uzun yıllar-' diye iç geçiriyor erkek. 'Yine buldun beni.' 'Burada' diye mırıldanıyor kadın, 'uyurken, bahçede okurken; kabbahalar atar, tavanarasında el-malarla oynarken. Gömümüzü buralarda bırakmışız.' 'Yaydıkları ışıktan gözkapaklarını aralamıyor. 'Bir şey yok! Bir şey yok! Bir şey yok!' diye atıyor evin yüreği hızla. Haykırarak uyanıyorum. 'Ah, bu muydu sizin gömünüz? Yürekteki bu ışık.'

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Appendix 2.B YAZILMAMIŞ BİR ROMAN

YAZILMAMIŞ BİR ROMAN

İnsanın gözlerini okuduğu gazeteden ayırıp zavallı kadının yüzüne çevirmesi için böylece bir mutsuzluk ifadesi yeterliydi- olmadığında harcalem, olduğunda ise sanki insan kadının sembolü yapan o ifade. Hayat insanların gözlerinde gördüklerimizdir; hayat onların görüp geçirdikleridir, gizlemeye çalışsalar da bilmezden gelirler de saklayamadıkları-neyi peki? Hayat işte böyle bir şey galiba. Yüzyüze beş kişi-beş görmüş geçirmiş yüz- ve her yüzde birşeylerin bilgisi. Tuhaf, nasıl da saklamaya çabalyorlar bunu! Bu yüzlerin hepsinde ağzı-kalık kol geziyor; dudaklar mühürlü, gözler yarı kapalı, her biri bildiğini ele vermeye -ya da boş çıkarmaya- yarayacak bir şeyler yapıyor. Biri sigara içer; diğeri okuyor; üçüncüsü bir not defterine harcamalarını yazıyor; bir dördüncü karşıda duran yol haritasına bakıyor ve beşinci bir kadın -ışın kötüsü onun hiçbir şey yapmıyor olması. Yaşamı izliyor. Vah benim zavallı talihsiz kadımm, sen bu oyunu oynayadur- hepimiz adına yap bunu, sezdirmeden!

Beni düşünmüş gibi bakındı, yerinde şöyle bir doğrulup iç geçirdi; öür diler, bir yandan da bana 'Ah bir bilseniz' der gibi bir hall vardı! Sonra yine yaşamı izlemeye koyuldu. 'Ben zaten biliyorum' dedim usulca, görgü kuralları uğruna gözümü *Times*'dan ayırmadan. Herşeyi bili-

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yorum. "Dün Paris'te Almanya ve Müttefikler arasında barış resmen ilan edildi-İtalyan Başbakanı, Sinyor Nit-ti-Doncaster'da bir yolcu treni ile yük treni çarpıştı..." Hepimiz biliyoruz -aslında *Times* biliyor- fakat bilmiyormuş gibi yapıyoruz. 'Cözlerim tekrar gazetesinin ucundan öteye kaydı. Kadın şöyle bir ürpermiş, kolumu tuhaf bir hareketle sırtının ortasına seğirtmiş başımı sallıyordu. Tekrardan yaşam bilgileri kaynağıma döndüm. 'Ne isterseniz seçin' dedim; doğumlar, ölümler, evlilikler, dava tutanakları, kuşların alışkanlıkları, Leonardo da Vinci, Sanhills cinayeti, yüksek ücretler ve hayat pahalılığı -evet, ne isterseniz seçin,' diye yineledim, 'hepsi *Times*'da! Yüzünde bir bıkmıklıkla başımı yine iki yana salladı, ta ki hareket etmektен yorulmuş gibi kapak gibi boynuna oturtana dek.

Times onun çektiklerine nereden çare bulacaktı? Bazıları da ilişkiyi yasaklamakla meşguldü. Yaşama verilebilecek en iyi yanıt gazeteyi şöyle tam kare katlayıp kaldırmaktı, yaşam karşısında kat kat, buruşuk, yine de dayamıklı. Ben de öyle yaptım, sonra da görünmez bir kalkan ardında etrafa hızla göz gezdirdim. Ama kadın kalkanımı delip geçiverdi; sanki derinliklerinde işleyebileceği cesaret tortuları arar gibi uzun uzun gözlerine baktı. Ama o seğirme yok mu, bütün ümitleri boş çıkarıyor, gizli anlaşmamızı bozuyordu.

Böylece Surrey'e ve sınırın ötesine, Sussex'e dek sarsıla sarsıla yol aldık. Ben gözlerimi yaşamın ta kendisine düküğünden diğer yolcuların bir bir inip çıktıklarını, okuyan adamı saymazsak, tümüyle yalnız kaldığımızıza fark etmemiştim. İşte Üç Köprü istasyonundaydık. Yaşaşa platforma yanaşıp durduk. Adam bizi bırakıp gide-

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cek miydi? Her iki ihtimal için de dua ettim- sonunda kalması için dua ettim. Tam o sırada ayağa kalktı, gazetesini kibirli bir edayla artık işe yaramaz bir şey gibi buruşturup kapıyı hışımla açtı ve bizi yalnız bırakıp gitti.

Mutsuz kadın biraz öne eğilip, bitkin, solgun benimle sohbetle başladı-istasyonlardan, tatillerden, Eastbourne'daki erkek kardeşlerden, yılm hangi bölümünde olduğumuzdan, başı mıydı sonu mu, şimdiki hatırlamıyorum, dem vurup durdu. En sonunda pencereden bakıp, eminim sadece yaşamı götörek soluklandı. 'Uzakta olmak-ışte bunun kötülüğü de bu.' Eyvah işte felâket gelip çatmıştı, 'Yengen' -sesimin keskin tonu soğuk çelik üzerinde bir limon damlası gibiydi, aslında benimle değil kendi kendine konuşarak mırıldanmayı sürdürdü, 'duysa saçma derdi-zaten herkes öyle diyor ya,' konuşurken kıvrık kirdi, vücudunu saran deri soyulup da tavukçu vitrinine koyulmuş bir kümes hayvanınmki gibiydi.

'Ah şu inek!' dedi sinirle, sanki çayrdaki koca gövdeli inek çok dikkatini çekmiş, böylece de onu olası bir boşboğazlıktan kurtarmıştı. Sonra şöyle bir ürperip önceden de gördüğüm o tuhaf kaba hareketi yaptı, sanki bir sinir kasılmasının ardından omuzları arasında bir yer yanyor ya da kaşınıyor gibiydi. Sonra yine dünyanın en mutsuz kadını oluverdi, ben de bir kez daha kızverdim ona, her ne kadar o ilk hislerimle olmasa da: çünkü bir neden varsa ve ben bu nedeni biliyorsam izler yaşamdan silinmiş oluyordu.

'Yengeler,' dedim-

Dudakları söyleyeceği kelimeyle birlikte ağızından zehir dökülecektiçşesine büzülürdü, öyle kaldı. Tüm yaptığı

eldivenimi alıp cam üzerinde bir noktaya sert hareketlerle sürtmek oldu. Sanki bir lekeyi, izi çıkmaz bir pisliği temizlemeye çalışıyormuş gibi sürüyordum. Aslında, onun tüm sürütüşlerine karşın leke çıkmıyordu; tekrar bir ürperiş ve artık alıştığım o kol hareketiyle yerine gömüldü. Bir şey beni de eldivenimi alıp penceremi ovalamaya zorladı. Benim tarafındaki camda da küçük bir leke vardı. Tüm oğuşurtmalarına karşın çıkmadı. Sonra vücudumda bir sinir kasılması oldu; kolumu kıvrıp sırtım ortasına götürdüm. Benim derim de tavukçunun vitrinindeki yeni soyulmuş piliç derisi gibi olmuştu; omuzlarım arasında bir nokta kaşındı ve bu soğuk soyulmuş deri hissi beni sinir etti. Oraya ulaşabilir miydim? Sezdirmeden denedim. Fakat kadın gördü. Derin bir alay ve acı dolu bir gülüş yüzünde belirip kayboldu. Fakat iletmişim kurmayı başarmış, gözünü paylaştım, zehirini bana geçirmişti. Artık konuşmasa da olurdu. Tekrar köşeme gömülüp gözlerime onun gözlerine karşı kalırdım; sadece yamaçları, vadileri, grileri, morları, kısa alt yerçekillerini izledim, artık mesajımı almıştım, bakışlarının ötesini okuyup gözünü çözmüştüm.

Yengenin adı Hilda. Hilda? Hilda? Hilda Marsh-tapta-ze açan Hilda, koca yürekli, anaç. Araba yaklaşıırken Hilda elinde bozuk paralarla kapıda bekliyor. Zavallı Minnie, nasıl da çekirgeye benziyor, her zamankinden de çok-yine geçen seneki eski mantosu. Eh, tabii ya, bu zamanda iki çocuklu biri daha fazlasını nasıl yaparın? Dur, Minnie, ben veririm, işte buyrun şoför bey-ben verim izin vermem. İçeri gel Minnie. Sepet ne kelime, seni bile taşırım! Böylece yemek odasına girerler. Çocuklar Minnie halanuz geldi.

camını da temizleyebilir; sanki Tanrı'ya daha iyi gör-meye çalışır gibi; acaba hangi Tanrı'ya görüyor? Minnie Marsh'ın Tanrı'sı hangisi, Eastbourne'ın arka sokakla-rının Tanrı'sı mı, öğleden sonra saat üçün Tanrı'sı mı? Ben de görüyorum damları, göğü ben de görüyorum- fakat şu Tanrı'ya görme işi! Prens Albert'dan çok Başkan Kru-ger'i görmek gibi mi?-bundan iyisini de söyleyemem; onu bir sandalyeye oturmuş görüyorum; siyah redingotlu; öyle çok yükseklere değil; belki oturması için bir iki bu-lut ayarlayabilirim; sonra bulutlar arasından görünen eline de bir değnek, yoksa bir çömek mi?-siyah, kalın, budaklı-yaşlı, acımasız bir zorba-şu Minnie'nin Tanrı'sı! Kaşınuyu, yanma ve ürpertiyi o mu gönderdi? Onun için mi dua ediyor Minnie? Pencereden çıkarmaya ça-lıştığı şey bir günah lekesi. Bir suç işledi demek ki!

Suçlar arasından seçmek bana kalıyor. Dört bir yan ağaç dolu-yazın çanççekleri, şurada girişte, baharda çuha çiçekleri. Yirmi yıl önceki bir ayrılık mı? Ya da tu-tulmamış sözler? Minnie'ninkiler değildir... O saduktur. Annesine ne kadar iyi bakmıştı! Kenardaki tüm parası mezar taşına, camın altındaki çelenklere-vazodaki ner-gislere. Fakat galiba konudan sapıyorum. Bir suç... Ya-sını tuttu, sırrını derinlere gömdü diyecekler-kadınığı-mı da diyecekler-şu bilgiç insanlar. Ne saçmalk ona cin-siyet yüklemek. Hayır-ya da böyle bir şey bulmalı. Yirmi yıl önceki, Craydon sokaklarında yürüyor, manifatura-cının vitrininde elektrik ışığında parılayan deste deste eflatun kurdele gözünü alıyor. Amaçsız dolanıyor-saat altı buçuk. Koşarsa hâlâ eve yetişebilir. Sallanan cam kapıyı itip açıyor. Ucuzluk zamanı. Gösterişsiz tezgâhlar kurdele dolu. Durup birini çekiyor, büyük güllü bir diğ-e-rine parmaklarıyla dokunuyor-seçmeye gerek yok, al-

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Bıçaklar, çatalar usulca tabaklara daldırılıyor. Bir-den ayaklanıyorlar (Bob ve Barbara) elleri kolları hava-da, tekrar sandalyelerine oturtulup ağızları dolu kaldık-ları yerden devam ediyorlar. (Biz bunları atlayacağız, süslemeleri, perdeleri, yonca desenli porselen tabakları, dikdörtgen şekilli sarı peyniri, beyaz kare bisküvileri at-layacağız, ah durun o da ne! Öyle yemeğinin ortalarına doğru yine o kaşınılardan biri; Bob kaşığı ağzında ona bakıyor. "Tatlımı bitir Bob". Hilda çok ayıplıyor. "Niye kaşınıyor ki?" Allayalım, atlayalım üst kata kadar olan herşeyi; pirinç kenarlı, muşamba kaplı merdivenleri, ah işte! Eastbourne evlerinin damlarına bakan küçük bir yatak odası-turlu sırtı gibi bir o yana bir bu yana zigzaglı damlar, kırmızı-sarı çizgili, mavi-siyah ahşap kapla-malı.) Evet Minnie, kapı kapandı. Hilda tüm haşmetiyle aşağı inerken sen sepetimin iplerini çöz, yatağın üstüne şöyle gösterişsiz bir geçelik çıkar, tüylü terliklerin ya-nında kal. Ayna-hayır, aynadan uzak dur. Düzgün hare-ketlerle şapkanı tutan tokaları çıkar. Belki deniz kabuğu şeklindeki kutuda bir şey vardır? Şöyle bir salla; geçen seneki ince iğne-hepsi o kadar. Sonra burun çekiş, iç çe-şeklindeki kutuda bir şey vardır? Bir aralık öğlen sonra-kış, pencere kenarında oturmuş. Bir aralık öğlen sonra-nının çatı penceresinden görünen bir ışık, hizmetçilerin odasından görünen bir başka ışık-ama bu dışarı süz-ülüyor. Bunlar ona bakma isteği vermiyor. Bir anlık boş-luk-sonra, ne düşünüyorsun? (Durun arkasına geçip ba-kayım; uyuyor ya da uyur gibi yapıyor; öğleden sonra saat üçte pencere kenarında oturmaya ne der acaba? Sağlık, para, tepeler, Tanrı'sı?) Evet koltuğun tam kena-rına ilişmiş Eastbourne'ın damlarını seyreden Minnie Marsh Tanrı'ya dua ediyor. Buraya kadar iyi; pencere

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maya da, her tezgâh sürprizlerle dolu. Yediye kadar açgız', saat yedi oluyor. Telaşa eve koşuyor, varıyor ama çok geç. Komşular-doktor-küçük kardeşi-kaynayan çaydanlık-hastane-ölü-ya da sadece olayın şoku, suçlama mı?- İyi de ayrıntıların ne önemi var! Üstünde taşıdığı bir şey önemli olan; bir leke, bir suç, cezası çekilecek bir şey, her zaman orada omuzları arasında. 'Evet', diye rek onaylıyor sanki beni, 'işlediğim bir suç'.

İşledin ya da işlemedin umurunda değil, benim istediğim bu değil. Manifaturacının vitrini eflatunlara bulanmış-bu iyi; belki biraz ucuz, biraz beylik ama-insanın suçlar arasından seçme şansı varsa, öyle de çoklar ki (durun yine kolaçan edeyim-hâlâ uyuyor, ya da numara yapıyor! Solgun, bitkin, ağzı kapalı-inatçı bir ifade, tahminimizden de fazla cinsiyet belirtisi sıfır)- suçların çoğu sana uymuyor; senin suçun hafifti, ne ki bedeli ağırdı; şimdi kilise kapısı açılıp sert tahta sıra onu bu yur ediyor; kahverengi döşeme üzerinde diz çöküyor; her gün, kış, yaz, gün doğumu, gün batımı (işte orada) dua ediyor. Tüm günahlarından arınıyor, sonsuza dek arınıyor. Bir nokta onları çekiyor. Büyük, kırmızı, yanan bir nokta. Sonra yine o ürperti. Çocuklar işaret ediyor. 'Bob bu gün öğle yemeginde' -En kötüsü de yaşlı kadımlar.

Şimdi gel de duaya devam et. Krüger bulutlar arasına gömülmüş-bulutlar, bir ressamın bir parça siyahlık katığı gri yağlıboya fırçasıyla boyanmış gibi-artık değneğin ucu da görünmez oldu. Hep böyle olur zaten! Tam onu görüp hissedersen, biri araya girer. Bu seferki Hilda.

Nasıl da nefret ediyorsun ondan! Eminim gece banyo kapısını bile kapayacak, aslında istediğin sadece soğuk su, bazen gece kötü geçmişse bir banyo iyi gelir. Kalval-

tda ise John-çocuklar-en kötüsü öğle ve akşam yemekleri-bazen arkadaşları da oluyor-egretiltleri tümünden gizleyemiyor-onlar da farkında bunun; sonra ön taraftan dışarı çıkıyorsun; dalgalar gri burada, kağıtlar uçuyor; yeşilimsi cam hava akımını tutuyor, sandalyelerin her biri iki peni-etmez ya-kumsal boyunca vazirler olmalı. Aa, bir marsik-şu da komik bir adam-Şunun da papağanı var-zavallı küçük yaratıklar! Kimse yok mu burada Tanrı'yi düşünen?- orada, yukarıda, iskelenin üstünde, elinde değneği-ama durun-gökte griden başka renk yok, mavimsi de beyaz bulutlar onu gizliyor olmalı, derken müzik-askeri marşlar-ne balığı avlıyorlar acaba? Yakalayabilecekler mi? Çocuklar nasıl da izliyor! Pekala öyleyse eve geri marş-marş- 'Eve geri marş-marş' Kelimeler anlamlı; şu favorilli yaşlı adamın ağzından çıkmış olabilir-hayır, hayır o hiç konuşmadı; fakat her şeyin anlamı var-kapı girişlerindeki ilanların-mağaza vitrinlerinin üzerindeki isimlerin- sepetlerdeki kırmızı meyvelerin-kuaförlerde kadın kafalarının-hepsi 'Minnie Marsh!' diyor. İşte bir münasebetsiz 'Ucuz yumurtaların var!' Hep böyle oluyor! Onu şelaleye doğru çekiyor-dum, tamgaz deliğe, rüyadaki koyun sürüleri gibi öte yana dönünce parmaklarının arasından kayıverdi. Ucuz yumurtalar. Dünya kıyılarında yaşayan zavallı Minnie Marsh'a suçların, acıların, heyecan veya deliliklerin hiçbirini uymaz; öğle yemegine hiç geç kalmamış, asla yağmurluksuz yağmura yakalanmamış, yumurtaların ucuzluğuna hiç ligisiz kalamamış. Derken eve varır-çizmelerini çıkarır.

Seni çözebilmiş miyim? Aslında insan yüzü en ayrıntılı, basılmış sayfalardan da kapsamlı, insan yüzü çoğu ifadeyi taşıyor, pek çoğunu da saklıyor. Şimdi gözleri

açık dışarı bakıyor; insan gözünde-nasıl demeli?- bir çatlak- bir bölme var-öyle ki yakalıyorsun ama kelebek uçuveriyor-akşam karanlığında sarı çiçek üstündeki pervane-hareket et, elini kaldır, uzağa, yükseğe, öteye. Elimi bile kıpırdatmam. Öyle asılı kal, titre yaşam, ruh, duygu, Minnie Marsh'a ilişkin her neyin varsa-ben de kendi çiçeğimde-atmaca tepeler üzerinde-tek başına, yoksa zaten değeri nedir ki yaşamın? Yükselmek; akşam asılı kalmak; öğlen; tepeler üstünde dolanmak. Bir elin hareketi-aşağı, yukarı! sonra tekrar havada asılı. Tek başına, görünmeden, aşağılardaki her şeyi çok sessiz, çok güzel görmek. Kimse görmez, kimse aldurmazken. Başkalarının gözleri hapishanelerimiz, düşünceleri par-maklıklarımız. Üstümüzde hava, aşağıımızda hava. Ve ay ve ölümsüzlük... Aman, durun çimenlere düşünüyorum. Sen de mi aşağıdasın, köşedeki, adın ne senin-kadın- Minnie Marsh; böyle bir ad mı? İşte orada tomurcuğuna sıkı sarılmış; çantasını açıp içinden boş bir kabuk çıkarıyor- bir yumurta-kimdi yumurtalar ucuz diyen? Sen mi, ben mi? Ah sizimiz tabii, eve dönerken, hatırlıyor musunuz, yaşlı adam ansızın şemsiyesini açarken-yoksa hapsür-ken miydi? Her neyse Kruger gitti, siz de 'marş marş' eve geldiniz, çizmelerinizi çıkardınız. Şimdi de dizlerinizin üzerine içine küçük, köşeli kabuk parçalarını düştüğü mendilimizi yayıyorsunuz-harita parçaları-bir boz-yap oyunu ya da. Onları tekrar birleştirebilmeyi isterdim! Şöyle kıpırdamadan otursanız. Dizlerini oynattı-harita tekrar dağıldı. Anıların eteklerinden aşağı beyaz mer-mer bloklar dökülüyor, dağılıyor, bütün bir katırı İspanyol birliğini yerle bir ederek, tümünü birden-Dra-ke'in yağmaladıkları, altın ve gümüş. Neyse geri döne-lim -

Neye nereye? Kapıyı açtı, şemsiyesini yerine koydu-söylemeye gerek yok; aşağıdan gelen et kokusunu söyle-meye de; nokta, nokta, nokta. Fakat atamayacaklarım, başım öne eğik, gözlerim kapalı, bir taburun gözüpüklüğü ve bir boğanın körüğü ile saldımp dağıtılan gerekenler eğreltiotlarının gerisindekilerdir, gezgin tüccarlar. Yani şu ana kadar kuşkusuz nasılsa giderler hatta daha iyisi ortaya çıkarlar diye değinmişim onlara, hep böyle olur çünkü, öykü zengin ve tımtırlıklı sözlerle, kader ve trajedi konularıyla devam edince, üç olmasa bile iki gez-gin tüccar ve bir kuru yıldızalkaan da gelir pe-ginden. Yıldızalkaan yapıkları gezgin tüccarı yarım-yamalak güzilyordu-'Fundalık olsa tümünden güzlerdi onu, üstelik açlığını duyduğum kırmızı ile beyazı da sunardı bana. Fakat Eastbourne'da- Aralık'da- Marshların ma-sasında fundalıklar-hayır, hayır, buna cesaret edemem; bu bir sarap ile sirke, fırır ile eğreltiotu sorunu. Belki ileride, gün gelir deniz kıyısında kullanırım. Dahası içimde, yeşil oymaları ve kırık camı tatlı tatlı delip geçen bir şey hissediyorum; karışık adama bakma, onu gözleme isteği bu-yapabiliyimce. Marsh'ların Jim-my diye çağırduğu James Moggridge mi? (Minnie, bunu bi-tirene kadar kaşınmayacağına söz vermişim). James Moggridge düğmeler içinde seyahat eder mi desek?- fakat daha onlardan söz etme zamanı gelmedi-uzun bir karton üzerinde irili ufaklı, kimi tavus gözlü, kimi mat altın rengi kimi taş benzer, bazıları mercan serpime- fakat dediğim gibi daha zamanı gelmedi. Gezer durur Jimmy, Perşembeleri Eastbourne günü, Marshlarla yemek yer. Kırmızı yüzü, ufak donuk gözleri - sıradan denemez ama müthiş iştahı (bu iyi; ekmeğiyle salçayı temizleyene ka-dar Minnie'ye bakamaz) peçete dörtgen katlanmış - iyi de

bu çok ilkelce ve, hadi ben neyse, okurda ne etki bırakır bilemem. Şimdi Moggridge'in evine girip orayı canlandıralım. Evet, evdeki çizimleri Pazar günleri kendisi onarır. Truth okur. Özel merakına gelince. Güller - karısı emekli hemşire - ilginç - Tanrı aşkına bırakın bir kadının adı da benim beğendiğim bir şey olsun! Ne gezer; o da zihnimin doğmamış çocuklarından biri, yasaklanmış ama yine de sevdiğim, fundalıklarım gibi. Yazılan her romanda kaç kişi ölüyor - en iyiler, en sevilenler ölüyor Moggridge yaşar. Bu yaşamın hatası. İşte Minnie şu an karşıda yumurtasını yiyor, sıranın öbür ucunda ise Lewes'u geçtik mi? - Jimmy olmalı - yine niye ürpriyor bu kadın?

Moggridge olmalı - yaşamın hatası. Yaşam kurallarını kabul ettirir; yaşam yolları kapatır; yaşam eğretilerinin gerisinde; yaşam bir tiran; ama zorba değil! Hayır, inanın ben kendi isteğimle buradayım; Tanrı biliyor ya, eğretiler ve şişelerin, ıslak masanın ve lekeli şişelerin ötesinde bir şey çekiyor beni. Engel olunamaz bir güçle kendimi sağlam bir gövde üzerine bir yere, güçlü bir sırt üzerine. Moggridge'in ruhumda, gövdesinde girip ayak basabileceğim nerisi varsa oraya yerleşmeye geliyorum. Vücut çatısındaki inanılmaz denge; belkemiği, bir balınamınki kadar sert, meşe kadar düz; kaşçılar, boğuz boğum; kaslar, gemici muşambası kadar sık; kırımızı oyuklar; kalbin açılıp kapanışı; et parçaları düşüyor yukardan, bira geliyor çagıl çagıl, kana karışacak gözlerle varıyoruz böylece gözlerle geldik. Yıldızkalkanların gerisinde bir şey görüyorlar; siyah beyaz, donuk; sonra tekrar tabak; yıldızkalkanların ardında yaşlı kadını görüyorlar; 'Marsh'ın ablası, Hilda daha benim tipim', gözler şimdi masa örtüsünde. 'Marsh Morrislerin

ne derdi olduğunu hemen anlardı...' bunu tekrar söyle; peynir geldi, tekrar tabak; çevir - tombul parmaklar; şimdi karşıdaki kadın. 'Marsh'ın ablası - Marsh'a hiç benzemiyor; perişan, yaşlı bir kadın... Tavukları doyurmalısın... Asıl konuya gelince, onun böyle kaşındıran ne? Söylediğim şey değil herhalde? Ah, ah, ah! Şu yaşlı kadınlar yok mu? Ah, Ah!

(Evet, Minnie; kaşındığımı biliyorum, fakat biraz dayan - James Moggridge).

'Ah, ah, ah! Ne güzel bir ses! Tahtaya vurulan plastik bir sopanın sesi gibi, denizler kabarıp ortaklık bulutlarına yaşlı bir balina avcısının kalbinin atışı gibi. 'Ah, ah!' Sıkıntılı ruhları sakinleştirip avutmaya çalışsan, onları ketenden bezlere sarıp 'Güle güle gidin. Hepsinize bol şans!' diyen sonra da Moggridge'e güllerinden birini onun için koparacağımı bilse de 'Özel merakınız nedir?' diye soran, işte bitti, artık bitti. Sırada ne var? 'Bayan, treninizi kaçıracağsınız', trenler beklemez.

Bu adam böyle işte, yankılanan ses de bu; Azız Paul'un ve otobüslerin sesi. Fakat ayrıntıları atacaktık. Moggridge biraz daha kalmaz mıydınız? Demek gitmek zorundasınız? Bugün öğleden sonra şu küçük arabalardan biriyle Eastbourne'dan mı geçeceksiniz? Şu yeşil karton kutular arasında kaybolmuş, bazen bir taş anıt gibi kası, her en bir mezar, daha çok da bir mezarçı, bir tabut, at ve sürücünün olanca kasvetini taşıyan adam siz değil misiniz? Söyleyin bana-fakat kapılar kapandı. Bir daha hiç karşılaşamayacağız Moggridge, elveda!

Tamam, tamam geliyorum. Evin ta tepesine. Bir dakika geçikeceğim. Bellekteki balık nasıl da fırdönüyor - bu canavarlar nasıl bir burğu burakıyorlar arkalarında,

sular dalgalanıyor, yosunlar bir yerde yeşil, bir yerde siyah, kuma vura vura dalgalanıyorlar, zerrecikleri tek- tek birleşene dek, herşey bir elekten geçiyor gibi, yine de göze berrak ve durğun görünüyor; dudaklarda güldenler için dualar, insanın öylesine tanıdığı, bir daha da göremeyeceği insanların ruhları için bir çeşit gömme töreni.

James Moggridge yok artık, sonsuza dek. Evet, Minnie- Artık buna dayanamayacağım'. Tabii böyle dediyse - (Durun bakayım ne yapıyor. Deniz kabuğunu en ince kıvrımlarına kadar fırçalıyor). Evet, evet böyle dedi, yatak- odası duvarına dayanıp şarap rengi perdenin küçük top- larını çekştirerek. İnsan kendi kendine konuşurken, kim konuşuyor acaba? - gömülen ruh, yerim ta dibine, en dibine itilen ruh; örtüsünü çekip dünyadan ayrılan ben- lik - belli korkak fakat yine de karanlık dehlizlerde elinde feneri huzursuz huzursuz bir aşağı bir yukarı do- lanırken bir güzelliği var. Artık buna dayanamayaca- ğım' diyor ruhu. Öyle yemeğindeki şu adam - Hilda - ço- cuklar. 'Aman Tanrım şimdi de hıçkırığı! Kaderime ya- nan ruh olmalı bu, bir oraya bir buraya itilip kakulan ruh, ufala ufala kılm kadar bir yere sığmış - belli belir- siz ayak izleri - tümünden yokolan bir evrenin küçülen di- limleri - sevgi, yaşam, inanç, koca, çocuklar, genç kızlık- ta ne harikalar, ne görkemli hayaller görülür bilmeni. 'Benim için değil - benim için değil'.

Derken - pandispanyalar, tüyleri dökülmüş yaşlı kö- pek? Hayal etmeye çalıştığım boncuk işli minderler ve iç çamaşırlarıyla oyalanmak. Minnie ezilip hastaneye gö- türülse, hemşireler ve doktorlar da şaşırarlardı... Gerçek- ler ve hayaller - aradaki uzaklık - sokağın sonundaki ma- vi teke, çay enfes, pandispanya sıcak ya yeter, bir de

köpek - 'Benny, sepetine dön ve bak bakalım ammen sana ne getirmiş!' Eldivenin sökülük başparmağını eline alıp şışı surayla her deliğe meydan okur gibi daldırıp gri yün- le bir ters bir düz örmeyi sürdürmekle sanki kendini ka- nıtlamaya çalışıyorsun'.

Bir ters, bir düz, geçirmeler, atmalar bir ağ örer gibi, içinden Tanrı'nın geçeceği - şşt, Tanrı'yı karıştırmal il- mekler ne kadar sıkı atılmış! Örüştünle gurur duyuyor ol- malısın. Hiç bir şey ona engel olmamalı. Işık usulca üstüne düşsün, bulutlar hani o ilk yeşil yaprağın ince da- marlarını bile gösterecek şekilde kenara çekilsin. Kur- langıç dala tüneyip ucundan sarkan yağmur damlasını düşürsün... Neden başını kaldırdın? Bir ses, bir düşünce mi? Ah, tabii! Yine şu eski hikaye, camın ardındaki mor- desteler değil mi? Aman Hilda geliyor. Eyvah aşağıla- malar, bağırs, çağırış! Çabuk çek ilmeği.

Minnie Marsh eldivenini onarıdıktan sonra çekme- ceye koyuyor. Çekmeceyi kaparken kararlı. Tabaktan yansıyan yüzünü görüyorum. Dudaklar büzüldü, çene yu- karıda. Şimdi ayakta bularını bağlıyor. Sonra boğazını tutuyor. Broşun neden yapılmış? Ökseotu mu, lades ke- miği mi? Neler oluyor? Yanılmıyorsam nabız hızlandı, vakit geliyor, ağlar örülüyor, Niagara önümüzde. İşte kriz geliyor! Tanrı yardımcın olsun! Aşağıya sürekle- niyor. Cesaret, cesaret! Dayan, göster kendimi! Tanrı aşkına bırak paspasın üstünde durmayı bırak! İşte kapı! Ben yanındayım. Konuş! Karşı koy ona, yık onu mahvet!

'Ah, özür dilerim! Evet, Eastbourne'a geldik. Ben aşağıya uzattım. Durun sapından tutayım.' (Evet Minnie birbirimize rol yapmamıza karşın seni çok iyi tanıyo- rum - içini biliyorum).

'Tüm eşyanız bu mu?'

'Çok teşekkürler',

(İyi ama neden etrafına bakmıyorsun? Hilda istasyona gelmeyecek, John da; Moggridge ise Eastbourne'ın uzak köşelerine doğru yol alıyor).

Çantamın yanında durayım bayan, en güvenlisi bu. Karşularım demişti... Ah, işte gelmiş! Oğlum!

Ve birlikte yürüyüp giderler.

Aklım öyle karıştı ki Minnie... Evet, Minnie, sen daha iyi biliyorsun ya. Yabancı bir genç... Dur! Ona söyleyeceğim - Minnie! - Miss Marsh! - Adı bu mu onu da biliyorum ya. Mantosunun inip kalkışında tuhaf bir şey var. Bu doğru olamaz, hayır, hiç hoş değil... Bakın kapiya vardıklarında nasıl da kadına yol veriyor. Biletini buluyor. Şaka mı bu? Uzaklaşıyorlar, yol boyu yan yana... Evet kurgum yıkıldı. Neye dayanıyorum? Ne biliyorum? Bu Minnie değil. Moggridge diye biri hiç olmadı. Ben kimim? Hayat taş gibi katı.

Ya o son görünüşleri - genç adam kaldırma çıkmış, kadın da beni hayrete düşürerek - baştan ayağa yeni duygularla doldurarak - büyük yapının dibinden onu izliyor. Ne gizemli tipler! Anne ile oğul. Siz kimsiniz? Neden cadede yürüyorsunuz? Bu gece nerede yatacaksınız, ya sonra, ya yarın? Ah, her şey nasıl da karmakarışık fir dönüyor - beni almış sürüyor - Peşlerine düşüyorsunuz. Her yönde insanlar gidiyor geliyor. Beyaz ışık donuklaşmış dökülüyor. Dökme cam vitrinler. Karanfiller, krizantemler. Karanlık bahçelerde sarmaşıklar. Kapıda süt arabaları. Nereye gitsen sizi görüyorum, gizemli ikili, köşeyi dönüyorsunuz, anneler ve oğullar; siz, siz, hep

siz. Hızlanıp peşlerine takılıyorum. Bu deniz olmalı. Her yer gri, küller gibi boz bulanık; su şırl şırl akıyor. Dizlerimin üzerine yığılıp, o eski tuhaf törenlerle göçüp gitsem de hayranım size, siz, tanımadığım insanlar; kollarımı bir açsam hepimizi kucaklarım, bağırma basarım - tapılası dünya!

APPENDIX 2.C YAYLI ÇALGILAR DÖRTLÜSÜ

çünkü insan ilişkileri böyle gerektirir - insan ağızını açmadan başkası erken davranıp söze girse bu, arada bir sıcaklık doğurur, hele bir de elektrik düğmesine basılırsa; her şeyi söylemek insanda tüm o pişmanlık, sevinç, boşluk ve isteklere karşın sözü sürdürme, geliştirme ihtiyacı uyandırıyor; yani hep gerçekler, şapkalar, yılan derileri, beyefendilerin uzun kuyruklu frakları, ince kravat iğneleri çıkıveriyorsa ortaya - geriye ne şans kalıyor?

Ne şans? Her geçen dakika neden şu an herşeye karşın bunu söyleyecek, hatta en son ne zaman olduğunu hatırlayacak durumda olmadığımı açıklayabilmek güçleşiyor.

'Töreni izlediniz mi?'

'Kral çok soğuktu.'

'Yok canım, hayır. Fakat ne olmuştu?'

'Malmesbury'de bir ev aldı.'

'Bulduğu için ne kadar şanslı!'

Oysa tam tersine sözettileri kadının, her kimse, bütün derdi evler, şapkalar ve martılar olduğu için kınandığına adım gibi eminim, ya da buradaki giyimli kuşamlı, kürklere bürünmüş insanların gözünde öyle; bakmanın siz yine de, yaldızlı bir koltuğa oturduğuma göre kendimle iftihar edecek halim yok. Benim yaptığım, aslında hepimizin yaptığı gibi yaşamı geçmiş anılar üzerine kurmak; yapılıyorsa hepimize bir şeyleri hatırlatan, gizli gizli aratan işaretler vardır. Neden mutsuzuz? Neden paltoların üzerimize oturup oturmadığı, düğmeleri ilikleyip iliklemememiz gerektiği böylesine huzursuz ediyor bizi? Kara perdeye dönük şu yaşlı yüze bir bakın -

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YAYLI ÇALGILAR DÖRTLÜSÜ

Evet, işte geldik, camdan dışarı bir göz atarsanız Metroyu, tramvayları, otobüsleri, üç beş atlı araba ve hatta doğru gürüyorsa içleri özel bölmeli landonları seçebilirsiniz; hepsi de Londra'nın bir ucundan diğerine ağ örmekle meşgul. Yine de şüphelenmeden edemeyeceğim-

Gerçekten, dedikleri gibi, Regent Caddesi ileride, Antlaşma imzalanmış, hava yılın bu zamanı için oldukça sıcak, hatta bu paraya kiralık ev bulmak zor, gribin en kötü yanı da sonradan ortaya çıkan etkileri ise; kilderdeki sızıntıdan sözetmeyi unuttuğumu, eldivenlerimi trende bıraktığımı hatırlarsam; kan bağlarım belki de karsızlıkla uzatılan bu eli kıbarca eğilip içtenlikle sıkı mamı gerektiriyorsa-

'Görüşmeyeli yedi yıl oldu!'

'En son Venedik'te'

'Şimdi nerede oturuyorsunuz?'

'Aslında en çok akşam üzerleri uyar bana, çok şey mi istiyorum.'

'Sizi hemen tanıdım ama!'

'Savaşın beri görüşmüyoruz.'

İnsanın kafasına böyle okçuklar saplanıyorsa ve -

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daha bir dakika önce nasıl da kibar ve havalyıdı, oysa şimdi gölgede kalmış gibi mutsuz duruyor. Bu ses girişte akordunu yapan ikinci kemandan mı çıktı? İşte geliyorlar; dört kara silüet, ellerinde enstrümanları, yüzlerini ışığın altındaki beyaz karelere vererek oturuyorlar; yarılamı nota sehpasına dayıyorlar; hepsi aynı anda eline alıyor; yavaşça dik tutup karşıdaki kemancıya bakıyorlar ve başkeman sayıyor bir, iki, üç-

Çiçekler, bahar, goncalar, çiçeğe duruş! Dağın tepesindeki armut ağacı. Çeşmeler gürldüyor; damlalar akıyor. Fakat Rhone'un suları sert ve derinden akıyor, kemerler altundan dört nala suyun bıraktığı izleri silerek geçiyor, gümüş renkli balıkların üstündeki gölgeleri yıkıyor, benekli balık suyun sert akışıyla aşağı sürüklendi, şimdi de tüm balıkların bir havuzcuk içine kümelendiği bir anafora girdi - ne zor bir durum; suları sıcrata zıplaya, sert solungaçlarını vurup duruyor; sarı çakıl taşlarını evire çevire, evire çevire, evire çevire sallayıp atan bir akıntı - neyse kurtuldu, aşağıya iniyor, inerken havada zarif helezonlar bile çiziyor; havadaki uçağın altında uçuşan talaşlar gibi, yukarı, yukarı... Şu uçar adımlarla keyifle dünyayı turlayan şeylerin ne müthiş bir güzelliği var! Su kemerleri altına tünemiş ağız bozuk yaşlı kadınların, neşeli yaşlı balıkçı kadınların da öyle; bir yandan öbür yana yürürken nasıl da katılrçasına, sarsıla sarsıla keyifle gülüyorlar, hah, hah, ha.

'Bu Mozart'ın ilk yapıtlarından tabii -'

'Fakat genel havası, diğer eserleri gibi, insana hüznün hissi veriyor - yani ümit. Ne demeye çalışıyorum? Bu müziğin yüz karası! Ben dansetmek, gülmek, pembe, sarı pastalar yemek, güzel keskin bir şarap içmek istiyorum.

Ya da açık saçık bir hikaye - işte şimdi bu hoşuma giderdi. İnsan ahlaklıktan ne kadar hoşlanırsa o kadar büyür. Hah, hah! Güliyorum. Neye? Hiçbir şey demediniz, karşıdaki yaşlı beyefendi de öyle... Fakat bir düşünün - düşünün - Şışşı!

Hüzün urmağı götürüyor bizi. Ay söğüt dalları arasından süzülürken yüzümü görüyorum, sepetçi söğütlerinin yanından geçtiğimizde senin ve öten kuşun sesini duyuyorum. Ne fısıldıyorum? Acı, acı. Sevinç, sevinç. Ayışığının huzmeleri gibi içiçe geçmişler. Çözülmesi imkansız bir şekilde içiçe girmiş, örülmüş, kaynaşmış, acıyla kellenmiş, kederle bezemmiş - çatırtı.

Kayıp batıyor. Burnu dışarıda, insanlar gömülüyor, şu an bir yaprak denli ince, inceldikçe incelen, yangınınu yüreğinden alan, kızgın uçlu bir tayf halinde artuk. Şarkılarını bana söylüyor, acımı tazeliyor, merhametimi eritip güneşsiz dünyayı sevgiyle suluyor, güzel duygularını yok ediyor, bir içe bir dışa büyük bir ustalık ve çeviklikle bu yapıyı dokuyor, sonuna, yarımınlar birleşene dek; yücel, hüçkar, dinginliğe, acıya ve sevince gömül.

Öyleyse üzülme neden? Ne istiyoruz? Veden hep doyumsuzuz? Her şey yoluna girdi diyorum; evet; düşen gül yapraklarından bir örtü altında dinlenmek üzere uzandı. Düşen. Fakat o da ne? Durdular. Korkunç bir yükseklikten düşmekte olan bir gül yaprağı görünmez bir balondan atılmış küçük bir paraşüt gibi dönüyor; havada çırpıp debeleniyor. Yere ulaşamayacak.

'Hayır, hayır, dikkatimi çekmedi. Berbat bir müzik bu - şu saçma hayaller yok mu? İkinci keman geç mi kaldı dedin?'

'Yaşlı Bayan Munro bu kaygan zeminde el yordamıyla dışarı çıkmaya çabalyor - zavallı kadıncağz her yıl biraz daha körleşiyor.'

Görmeyen bir yaşlı, gri başlı bir Sfenks. Kaldırımında durmuş, büyük bir ciddiyetle otobüse el ediyor.

'Ne güzel! Ne kadar güzel çalıyorlar! Ne kadar - ne kadar - ne kadar!'

Dil bir yağcıdan başka nedir ki? Sadeliğin ta kendisi. Yanbaşındaki şapkanın tüyleri bir çocuğun çıngrağı kadar parlak ve hoş. Çınar ağacındaki yaprak perdedeki yarıktan yeşil yeşil görünüyor. Ne ilginç, ne heyecan verici.

'Ne kadar - ne kadar - ne kadar! Şşş!'

Bunlar çimenlerdeki aşıklar.

'Bayan, eğer elimi tutacak olursanız.'

'Bayım, size bütün kalbimle güveniyorum fakat, bedenlerimizi ziyafet salonunda bırakmıştık. Bu çimenler üzerindeki sadece ruhlarımızın gölgesi.'

'Öyleyse bu da ruhlarımızın kucaklaşması.'

Limon ağaçları da sallanarak onu onaylıyor. Kuğu kıydan ayrılıp akıntının ortasına rüya gibi süzülüyor.

'Dönsek iyi olur. Beni koridor boyunca izledi, biz köşeyi dönerken jüponumun danteline bastı. 'Ah!' diye bağırarak ve durup dokunmaktan başka ne yapabilirdim ki? Bunun üzerine o da kılıcını çekip sanki bir şey yaplayıp öldürüyormuş gibi hamleler yaptı. 'Çığgın! Çığgın! Çığgın!' diye bağırdı. İşte ben de onun üzerine basım çığığ, cumbalı pencerede oturmuş parşömenine bir şeyler yazan Prens kadife başlığı ve kürklü terlikle-riyle dışarı fırladı; duvardan kılıcını - hani şu İspanya

Kralı'nın hediyeye ettiğini - aldı, hemen kaçtım, eteğimdeki delikleri saklamak için de bu pelterini kaptım kaçarken - saklamak için... İşte, duyuyor musunuz? borular!'

Genç adam kadına o kadar hızlı cevap veriyor, o da teraziyi öyle akıllıca komplimanlar göndererek dengede tutuyor ve sonunda öyle arzulu bir huçkukla sarsılıyor ki, kelimeler anlaşmıyor ama anlamları açık - aşk, kabkaha, kaçış, kovalayış, ilahi mutluluk; her biri yumuşak, sevgi dolu anlamların en gamsız dalgalarında süzülüyor - ta ki gümüş boruların sesi, önce çok uzakta, sonra yavaş yavaş daha yakında, saray teşrifatçıları şafağı selamlıyor ya da aşıkların kaçışını uğursuzca duyuruyormuş gibi duyulana dek... Yeşil bahçe, ayışığıyla aydınlanan havuz, limonlar, aşıklar ve balıklar, borulara katılan trompetler ve onlara yardımına gelen klarinetler çalarken, hepsi mermer sütunlar üzerine oturtulmuş beyaz taklar üstünde yükselen opal renkli göğe dağılıyor... Adım ve trompet sesleri. Gürültüler, tıkırtılar. Köklü kuruluşlar. Hızlı atılımlar. Her cinsten şeyin geçidi. Dünyayı adım adım saran karışıklık ve karmaşa. Oysa geldiğimiz bu şehirde ne taş, ne mermer var; herşeye katlanıyor, yerinden kımıldamıyor; selamlayan, karşılayan ne bir yüz var, ne de bir bayrak. Öyleyse ümitlerinden vazgeç gitsin; coşkumu çöllere at; çirliçiplak ilerle. Sütunlar çıplak, çatıktaşlı, gölgesiz; görkemli, katı. Derken geriye gidiyorum, artık hevesim yok, sadece girmek, sokağa çıkmak, yapılara bakmak, elmacı kadını selamlamak, kاپیyı açan hizmetçiye: 'Ne yıldızlı bir gece' demek istiyorum.

'İyi geceler, iyi geceler. Bu tarafa mı gidiyorsunuz?'

'Hayır, ne yazık ki şu tarafa!'

APPENDIX 2.D DUVARDAKİ LEKE

DUVARDAKİ LEKE

Duvardaki lekeyi galiba ilk defa bu yılın Ocak ayı ortalarında farkettim. Bir tarihi kesinleştirmek için insanın o an gördüklerini hatırlaması gerekir. Onun için şu an ateşi; sarı ışığın kitabımın sayfaları üzerindeki durağan yansısını; şöminenin üstündeki yuvarlak cam kasedeki üç krizantemi düşünüyorum. Evet, mevsim kıştı büyük olasılıkla, çaylarımızı yeni bitirmiştik, çünkü duvardaki lekeyi ilk gördüğümde sigara içiyordum. Dumanların içinden bakmıştım, gözüm yanan kömürlere dalmış, kale gönderinde dalgalanan kırmızı bayrak geçmişti bir hayal gibi canlanmıştı, kırmızı şövalye alanının siyah kayanın yanından dolu dizgin geçişini hatırlamıştım. Allah'tan lekeyi görmemle hayal dağılmıştı, zaten eski bir hayaldi, kanıksanmış, belki de ta çocukluğumda yarattığım bir hayal. Şömine rafının bir karış kadar üstünde beyaz duvarda siyah, küçük, yuvarlak bir lekeydi bu.

Düşüncelerimiz yeni bir cisim üzerine hazırmış gibi nasıl da çabuk üşüşür, tıpkı karıncaların bir saman çöpünü hararetle taşıyıp sonra da oracıkta bırakıvermeleri gibi... Bu leke çivi yeriye bir tablo için kullanılmış olamazdı, olsa olsa bir minyatür içindi - bukle-

leri beyaz pudralı, yanakları fondöten içinde, dudakları kırmızı karanfilleri andıran bir bayan minyatürü. Şüphesiz sahnesi, çünkü evin bızden önceki sahipleri benim öyle resimler seçmişlerdir - eski odalara eski resimler. Bu da onların zevkimiş - ne ilginç insanlar, böyle ilgisiz yerlerde öyle sık aklıma geliyorlar ki, herhalde artık onları görmek, ne olduklarını bilmek imkansız da ondan. Mobilyalarını değiştirmek için bu evden ayrılmak istemişler, böyle demişti adam ve tam sanatın fikirle yüklü olması gerektiğini söyleyecekti ki kopuverdik ondan, insanın trende son hız giderken çay koyan yaşlı kadından ve şehir dışında bir villanın arka bahçesinde tenis topuna vurmaya hazırlanan genç adamdan ayrılıp koptuğu gibi.

Oysa şu leke var ya, pek emin değilim ondan; aslında çivi izi olduğundan kuşkuluyum; öyle olamayacak kadar büyük ve yuvarlak. Kalkabilirim, ama kalkıp baksam da, bire on iddiasına, kesin bir şey söyleyemeyeceğim; çünkü bir şey bir kez yapıldı mı, nasıl yapıldığını sonra kimse bilemez. Tanrım, nedir bu yaşamın gizi, düşünce-lerin yanlış, yetersiz kalışı! İnsanoğlunun acizliği, bilgisizliği! Sahip olduğumuz şeyler üzerinde ne kadar az kontrolümüz olduğumu - tüm gelişmişliğimize karşın şu yaşamın ne şans eseri bir şey olduğunu - göstermek için durum size yaşam yolunda kaybedilenlerden şöyle bir ikisini sayayım; kayıpların en gizemlisi gibi görüldüğü için bunlarla başlıyorum - kediler ne dişler, fareler ne kemirirdi - üç uçuk mavi teneke kutu dolusu kitap ciltleme malzemesi mi? Sonra kuş kafesleri, demir kasnaklar, çelik patenler, Kraliçe Anne devri kömür kovaları, ıvır zıvır panoları, küçük orglar vardı - hepsi şimdiki tarihe karıştı, mücevherler de öyle. Opaller, zümrütler şal-

gam köklerinin yanına düştü. Emin olmak ne kadar kızıp deşmeyi gerektiren bir iş! Şu an sırtındaki giysilerin varlığı, mobilyaların kaskatı gerçekliği ile çevrili oturuşum bile soru götürür. İnsan yaşamı illa bir şeye benzecekse Metro'da saatte elli mil hızla - indiginizde saçınızda tek bir toka kalmamışasına - gitmeye benzetimci! Tanrı'nın ayakları dibinden anadan doğma şutilanmış! Fulya tarlasında başsağı olmak, tıpkı pastanede kutuya tepeli taklak bırakılmış kahverengi ambalaj kağıtları gibidir. Evet, bunlar yaşamın hızını, sonu gelmez tükeniş ve oluşları açıklar gibi, hepsi çok basit, çok gelişigüzel...

Ya yaşamdan sonrası. Kalın yeşil sapların yavaştan bükülüştü, çiçek çanağı döndüğünde insanı mor - kırmızı bir ışık selme bulasın diye. İnsan burada olduğu gibi orada da doğamaz mı, yardımı muhtaç, konuşamaz, önünü göremez, devlerin ayakları dibinde ot köklerine tutunmaya çalışır herhalde? Hangileri ağaç, hangileri erkekler ve kadınlar ya da gerçekten böyle şeyler var mı? - Bunun cevabına gelince, insan elli yılda bile bunu söyleyebilecek yavaşlanmaz. Kalın çubuklar halinde kesişen aydınlık ve karanlık noktalar, daha yukarıda ise, belli belirsiz bir renkte - bulanık pembeler, maviler - gül biçimini karartılar dışında hiçbir şey kalmayacak geriye. Zaman aktıkça bunlar da daha bir belirginleşti, daha bir... - ne olacaklar bilmiyorum.

Fakat duvardaki şu lekenin bir delik olmadığı kesindi. Yazdan kalma küçük bir gül yaprağı gibi yuvarlak, siyah bir şeyden kalmış bile olabilir. Ben öyle titiz bir ev sahibi sayılmam - şöhne rafının üzerindeki şu tozdan, dediklerine göre Truva'yı üç kez görmüş örtecek tozdan da belli, tahmin edebileceğiniz gibi sadece çanak çömlek

parçaları yokalmaya sonuna dek diremiyor.

Pencerenin dışındaki ağaç usul usul camı tıklatıyor... Sessiz, sakin, ağır ağır, hiç rahatsız edilmeden, sandalyemden kalkmak zorunda kalmadan, hiçbir karşılık ve engelleme görmeden bir şeyden diğerine kolayca süzülerek düşünmek istiyorum. Derine, daha derine dalmak, yüzeysel kaskatı gerçeklerden kurtulmak istiyorum. Bir dakika, önümden akan düşüncelerden ilkinde tutunup durayım... Shakespeare... Tabii, ha o, ha başkası fark etmez. Koltuğuna sağlam kurulmuş ateşi seyreden bir adam - en tepelerden, Göklere zihnime sürekliliği bir fikir sağanağı yağıyor. Alnım avuçları arasına almış, açık kapıdan içeri bakan insanlar var - kapı açık çünkü bu sahnenin bir yaz akşamı geçtiğini varsayıyoruz - Aman ne sıkıcıdır şu tarihsel yazın. Hiç mi hiç ilgilmi çekmiyor. Şöyle keyifli bir düşünce akışı yakalayabilişem, şöyle çaktırmadan kendimi yücelten bir akış, zaten en keyifli düşünceler de bunlar değil midir? Övüldüklerini duymaktan gerçekten hoşlanmayan en alçak gönüllü, sade insanların zihinlerinden bile çok geçerler. Doğrudan kişiyi öven düşünceler değildirler; güzellikleri de buradadır ya; şöyledirler:

'Derken odaya girdim. Botanikten sözediyorlardı. Ben de Kingsway'de eski bir evin çevresinde, tozlu bir tepelikte gördüğüm çiçekten söz ettim. Tohumu, dedim, I. Charles zamanında dikilmiş olmalı. I. Charles zamanında hangi çiçekler yetiyordu? 'Sordum - (Yanıtı anımsamıyorum). Mor püsküllü uzun çiçekler belki de. Ve böyle sürer gider. Düşüncelerimde vücudumu sürekliliği yapıyor, gizliden gizliye severek, öyle açık bir hayranlıkla değil. Zaten öyle olsa, kendime hemen bir ihtar verip raftan öz - savunma üstüne bir kitap çekmem gere-

kir. İnsanın kendi görünümünü içgüdüyle tapınılmaktan ya da komik duruma düşürecek, inanılmayacak derecede aslından farklı bir şeyden koruduğunu görmek ilginç. Yoksa o kadar da ilginç değil mi? Çok önemli bir konu. Diyelim ayna parçalansın, görüntü dağılsın, orman kuytularının yeşilliğine bürünmüş o romantik karakter yokolsun, yerine sadece insanın dışarıdan görülen kabuğu kalsın - dünya o zaman ne boğucu, yüzeysel, açık ve gizsiz olur! İçinde yaşamamaz bir dünya. Otobüslerde, metro raylarında yüzüze geldikçe aynaya bakmış gibi oluyoruz; gözlerimizdeki o anlaşılmazlık, o camı pırıldı işte bundan. Gelecekte romancılar bu yansımaların önemini daha iyi anlayacaklar: çünkü sadece bir yansıma olmadıkları kesin, sayıları neredeyse sonsuz, işte gelecekte romancıların keşfedeceği derinlikler, peşine düşeceği hayatlar bunlar olacak. Öykülerinde gerçeğin tamamına giderek daha az yer verecek, onu, Yunanlıların ve belki Shakespeare'in yaptığı gibi bir olgu olarak kabul edecekler - aslında bu genellemelerin hiç değeri yok. Sözümüzün kendisi bile insana askerliği çağırıyor. Baş yazıları, kabinedeki bakanları - gerçekten de insanın çocuklukta aştığı, en ideal şekli, gerçeğini düşündüğü bir dizi şeyi - çağırıyor. İnsanın çağırışını bir kez yitirse bir daha ismini koyamama belasına düşeceği şeyler. Genellemeler nedense Londra'da Pazarları, Pazar öğle sonrası yürüyüşlerini, Pazar öğle yemeklerini ve ölmüşleri, giysileri, alışkanlıkları (kimse bir zevk almazsa da bir odada belli bir saate kadar birlikte oturmak gibi alışkanlıkları) aklı getiriyor. Her şeyin bir kuralı varmış bir zamanlar. Masa örtülerinin kuralı, üzerlerinde markalı küçük sarı bölmeler olan desenli duvar halılarının yapılmış olmaları; şu fotoğraflarda gör-

düğümüz saray koridorlarındaki halılar gibi. Bunun dışındaki örtüler gerçek masa örtüsü sayılmazmış. Gerçek denen şeylerin, Pazar öğle yemeklerinin, Pazar yürüyüşlerinin, kır evlerinin ve masa örtülerinin aslında tümünden gerçek olmadıklarını keşfetmek hem şaşırtıcı, hem de güzel; gerçekte yarı yarıya hayal olduklarını, kendilerine inanimayınım düşüştüğü lanetin de yasak özgürlük hissinden başka bir şey olmadığını keşfetmek. O şeylerin, o gerçek ideal şeylerin yerini şimdi neler aldı merak ediyorum? Erkek olmak belki de, kadınsanız tabii; yaşamımızı yöneten, kurallar, koyan, Whitaker'ın Öncelikler Listesi'ne(*) önyak olan erkek üstünlüğü; gerçi Whitaker'ın listesi savaş sonrası pek çok erkek ve kadının gözünde yarı hayaletleşmişti, umalım çok yakında da hayaletlerin atıldığı çöplüğü boylasın, maun vitrinlerin, Landseer baskuların, Tanrıların, Şeytanların, Cenetin ve daha pek çok şeyin boyladığı çöplüğü, arkalarında bize başdöndüren bir yasak özgürlük hissi-özgürlük diye bir şey varsa tabii- bırakarak...

Leke, bazen ışığın da yardımıyla duvarda bir çıkıntı gibi duruyor. Öyle tümünden yuvarek bir şekli de yok. Emin değilim ama gözle görülür bir gölgesi var gibi; neredyse parmağımı duvar yüzeyinde gezdirsem bir noktada yükselip alçalan küçük bir tümsek halinde elimle geleceğim, hani Güney Düzleklerinde mezar ya da karargah olduğu söylenen tepeliklere benzeyen yumuşak bir tümsek gibi. Bana sorarsanız bunların mezar olmalarını yeğlerim, pek çok İngiliz gibi bir yürüyüş sonunda otlar altında yatan kemikleri düşünmeyi doğal bulduğum,

(*) İngiliz Yavınca Joseph Whitaker (1820-1895), Dini yayınları vardır. Whitaker's Table of Precedency (Whitaker'in Öncelikler Listesi) (Ç.N.).

hüzünden kaçmadığım için belki de... Bu konuda yazılmış bir şeyler olmalı. Antikacının biri bu kemikleri kaçırmış, isimlerini bulmuştur... Antikacılar nasıl insanlardı merak ederim? Çoğu Emekli Albaydır sanırım, yaşlı çiftçileri buraya, tepeye, getirir, taş ve toprak örtüsünü incelerler. Kâhvaltı zamanı açılan civar kilise-dekilerle de sohbetleri iyidir, çünkü gözlerinde bu önemli bir ilişkidir. Okbaşları üzerine yaptıkları incelemeler ülkeyi kasaba kasaba dolaşmalarını gerektirir, bu hem kendileri hem de erik reçel yapmaktan ya da çalışma odasını toplamaktan başka bir şey düşünmeyen yaşlı karıları için geçerli bir gerektirir, bu kadınlar her an bu tepelik bir karargah mı, mezar mı sorusunu baltalayacak bir neden yaratmada ustadırlar. Bu sırada Albay ise bir filozof edasıyla sorunun her iki yönüne ilişkin kararlar toplamakla meşguldür. Sonunda gerçekten karar-gah olduğuna inanamaya başlar; tepki görünce de kulübün üç ayda bir yapılan toplantısında okuyacağı, bildireceği ka-lime almak üzereyken felç gelip yatağa düşüverir. Bilin-cini yitirmeden son düşündüğü şey öyle karısı, çocuğu fi-lan değil, karargah ve okbaşı olmuştur; şu an yöre mü-zesinde duran o okbaşı Çınlı bir kadın katilim ayağı, Elizabeth devrinden bir avuç dolusu tırmak, Tudor za-manından bir yığın kıl pipo, Roma çömlerinden bir parça ve Nelson'ın içtiği kadehin yanında yerini almış - ne içtiğini gerçekten bilmediğim kesin.

Yok canım, kesin olan ne var ki, ne biliniyor ki? Şim-di ben yerimden kalkıp duvardaki şu lekenin aslında - ne diyelim? - ta iki yüz yıl önce çakılmış kocaman eski bir çivi başı - hizmetçilerin nesiller süren sabırlı aşun-durmalarından boya tabakasının dışına taşmış, ateşin ışığında beyaz duvarlı bu odada modern yaşama ilk

bakışını atan bir çivi başı - olduğunı kanıtılasam ne kazanırım? - Yüce bir bilgi mi? Daha fazla araştırmak için konu mu? Ayağa kalkmaya ne gerek var, oturarak da düşünեbilirim. Hem bilgi nedir ki? Şimdiki bilgiler mağazalarda, ormanlarda tüneyip ot kaynatan, uzun burunlu fareleri sorgulayıp yıldızların dilini yazan cadı ve keşiflerin torunları değil de ne? Batıl inançlarımız zayıflayıp, akıl sağlığı ve güzelliğine duyduğumuz saygı artıka daha da az hürmet eder olduk onlara. Evet, insan bambaşka güzellikte bir dünya düşleyebilir. Kırlarında kapkurmuzı, masmavi çiçekleriyle sakin, ferah bir dünyaya. Profesörsüz, uzmanız, polis kılıklı ev sahiplerinden uzak bir dünya, nilüfer saplarından atıştıran, beyaz yumurtalarla dolu kovuklar üzerinde boşlukta gezinen balıkların suyu yarışı gibi insanın düşüncelerini yarabildiği bir dünya... Derinlerde her şey ne kadar da huzur verici, dünyanın merkezine çakılı bir halde yukarıya, grı suların, ansızın gelen ışık demetlerini ve yansımaları izlemek; bir de Whiteaker'in Almanak ı(*), Öncelikler Listesi olmasa!

Bir hamle yapıp duvardaki şu lekenin aslında ne olduğunu gözlerimle görmeliyim - çivi mi, gül yaprağı mı, duvardaki bir çatlak mı?

İşte Doğa kimbilir kaçınıcı kez o eski, kendini zamana karşı koruma oyununda. Önünden geçen şu düşünce treni, boşa çabalaıyış, hatta gerçekle çarpışma tehlikesi ile karşı karşıya, Whiteaker'in Öncelikler Listesi karşısında kim parmağını olsun oynatabilir ki? Lordlar Kamarası Başkanı Canterbury Başpiskoposu'ndan sonra gelir; York Başpiskoposu Lordlar Kamarası Başkanı'ndan sonar gelir. Herkes birinden sonra gelir. Whiteaker'in felsef-

(* Whiteaker's Almanack (1868) (Ç.N).

si böyle; işin en büyük yanı da kimin kimden sonra geldiğini bilmek. Whitaker biliyor ya, diyor Doğa, sinirlenmeyin o halde, sakin olup; sakin olamyorsanız, şu anın huzurunu bozacaksanız duvardaki lekeyi düşünün.

Doğa'nın oyununu anlıyorum - heyecan ya da acı getirebilecek her türlü düşünceye son verme çaresi olarak insanı hareket etmeye yöneltişini. Bence eylem adamlarını - düşünmeyen adamları diyelim - hafiften hor görüştümüz de işte bundan. Yine de insanın tatsız düşüncelerine bir nokta koymak için duvardaki bir lekeye bakmasında hiçbir sakınca yok.

Gerçekten de gözlerimi ona diktğimden beri denizde bir tahta parçasına tutunmuş gibiyim; iki Başpiskoposuda, Lordlar Kamarası Başkanı'na da bir anda gölgelerin hayaline döndüren haz dolu bir gerçeklik duygusu içindedim. Sonunda kesin olan bir şey, gerçek bir şey işte. İnsan geçeyanı korkulu bir rüyadan uyanınca telaşla işığı açar, hareketsiz yatar, çekmeceli dolaplara şükreder, gerçekliğe şükreder, iç dünyalarımız dışında herkese ait bir dünyanın da oluşuna şükreder durur. İşte insanın emin olmak istediği bu... Tahtayı düşünmek güzel. Ağaçtan elde edilir; ağaçlar büyür ama nasıl büyürler bilmiyoruz. Yıllar, yıllar boyu büyürler, bize hiç aldırmadan, kırlarda, ormanlarda, nehir kıyılarında - hepsi de insanın düşünmekten hoşlanacağı şeyler. İnekler sıcak öglen sonlarında kuyruklarını onların altında şaklatırlar; nehirleri de öyle yeşil bir renge boyarlar ki, karabatağın biri dalınca insan yukarıya tüm tüyleri yeşil olarak çıkacak sanır. Akıntıya karşı bayraklar gibi dalgalanarak dengede giden balıkları, nehir yatağını kaplayan çamur tepeciklerini hafiften oynatan su böceklerini düşünmek hoşuma gđüyor. Ağacı düşünmek de hoşuma

gidiyor: Önce o kuru tahta hissini yakından duymak, ardından fırtınanın bıraktığı izler, derken özsuynunun o dingin, nefis akışı. Bunu düşünmeyi seviyorum, kış gecelerinde boş tarlalarda tüm yaprakları sımsıkı kenetli duruşu; ayın demir kurşunları hiçbir dokunuşa izin vermezken gece boyu toprağın bir köşesinde bir çıplak kozalak yuvarlanır. Kuşların şarkıları Haziran'da çok gürültülü ve tuhaf geliyor olmalı ona; üzerinde böceklerin ayakları nasıl da üşüyordur, ağaç kabuklarının oyuklarında ilerlemeye çalışırken ya da elmas kesimli kırmızı gözleri önlerine dikili, yaprakların ince yeşil güneşliğinde ısınırken... Lifler toprağın o korkunç soğuk bas-kısı altında çatlayıp kırılıyor, derken son fırtınanın gelişi ve çöküş, en uzun dallar tekrar toprağın derinliklerini boyluyor. Yine de yaşam bitmiyor; bir ağaç için hâlâ milyonlarca uzun, güzel yaşam şekli var, dünyanın her yerinde, yatak odalarında, gemilerde, kaldırımlarda, kadınların, erkeklerin çaydan sonra oturup sigara içtikleri odalarda. Huzur verici, mutlu düşüncelerle dolu bu ağaç. Her birinden tek tek sözetmeliyim - ama araya bir şey giriyor... Neredeydim? Neden sözediyordum? Ağaçtan mı? İrmaktan mı? Kırlardan mı? Whitaker'ın Almanak'ından mı? Çirişotu tarlalarından mı? Bir tek şey bile hatırlayamıyorum. Herşey hareket ediyor, düşüyor, kayıp yokoluyor... Herşey ayaklanmış gidiyor. Biri başımda durmuş, 'Gazete almaya gidiyorum' diyor.

'Ne?'

'Gerçi gazete alıp da ne oluyor ya?... Hiçbir şey olduğu yok. Lanet olsun şu savaşa; Tanrı savaşın belasını versin!.... Yine de, şu salyangozun duvarda ne işi var Allah-aşkına?'

Tabii ya, duvardaki leke! Salyangozmuş.

APPENDIX 2.E YENİ ELBİSE

YENİ ELBİSE

Mabel birşeylerin yolunda gitmediğine ilişkin ilk ciddi kuşkuya pelerinin çıkarırken kapıldı, ona aynayı tutan, fırçalara dokunan, böylelikle belki de dikkatini çok açık bir şekilde tuvalet masasının üzerindeki saç, cilt, giysi düzeltmeye, şıklaştırmaya yarayan ıvır zıvıra çeken Mrs. Barnet da kuşkuyu daha bir pekiştirmişti - yukarı çıkarken daha bir güçlenen, kendini Clarissa Dalloway'le selamlaşırken düşündüğünde ise üzerine saldıran o kuşku, yakışmadığı, oraya hiç yakışmadığı kuşku; odanın ta öteki ucuna, ayna asılı gölgelik bir köşeye gitti, baktı. Hayır! Uygun değildi. Ve hep saklamaya savaştığı o bela, o büyük hoşnutsuzluk hissi - ta çocukluğundan beri taşıdığı herkesten aşağı olma duygusu - hiç vakit kaybetmeden acımasız, amansızca, silkip atamacağı bir yoğunlukla üzerine çöktüverdi, bazen gece evde uyanınca Borrow ya da Scott okuyarak atabiliyordu oysa; evet, şu erkeklerin kadınların hepsi de onu görünce 'Mabel ne giymiş? Ne çirkin görünüyor! Ne iğrenç bir elbise!'- diye düşünüyordular gözkapaklarını önce kırpıştırıp sonra sımsıkı kapayarak. Hep kendi korkunç acizliği, korkaklığı, sinirini bozan o bayağı, su katılmış kanı yüzündendi. Bir anda ufak tefek terzi ile saatler, saatler boyu nasıl olacağını planladıkları oda tümüyle adi, itici gelmeye başlamıştı; kendi oturma odası da iğrenç

Hepimiz tabağın kenarında yürümeye çalışsan sinek-ler gibiyiz diye düşündü Mabel ve sanki haç çıkarmış, derdine çare olacak, bu acıyı dayanılır kılacak bir büyü arıyormuş gibi tekrarlardı bu cümleyi. Acı içindeyken ansızın Shakespeare'den alıntılar, yıllar önce okuduğu kitaplardan satırlar canlandı gözlerinde. 'Yürüyen sinekler' diye tekrarladı. Bunu yeterince sık söyleyebilse, sinekler bir canlanırsa hissizleşecek, donup kalacak, dili tutulacaktı. Kanatları birbirine yapışık halde bir süt tabağından yürüyerek ağır ağır çıkan sinekler görür gibiydi şu an; aynanın önünde durmuş Rose Shaw'u dinlerken onu ve oradaki herkesi birşeylerin dışına çıkarmaya ya da içine girmeye çabalayan, güçsüz, basit, bitkin sinekler olarak görebilmek için beynini zorladı. Fakat onları, diğer insanları öyle görmedi bir türlü. Kendini ise öyle görüyordu - bir sinekti, oysa diğerleri, o bir başına kendisini kabın dışına çekmeye çabalarlarken danseden, kanat çırpan, keyif çatan yufukluklar, kelebekler, güzel böceklerdi. (Kötü huyların en fenaları olan kin ve kıskançlık Mabel'in en büyük kusurlarıydı).

'Kendimi derberder, halsiz, korkunç kirli, yaşlı bir si-nek gibi hissediyorum' dedi. Robert Haydon'ı sırf bunları duysun diye durdurup zavallı bir cümlecigi abartarak güvenimi tazelemek ve böylece ne kadar farklı, o ölçüde de kendini hiçbir şeyin dışında hissetmeyecek denli akıllı olduğunu göstermek için. Tabii Robert Haydon oldukça kibar, samimiyetsiz bir cevap geveledi, Mabel anında sezmişti bunu, adam gödünce hemen yalanlar, yalanlar, yalanlar!' dedi kendi kendine, yine bir kiptan aldığı sözlerdi bunlar. Partiler olayları olduğundan ya az ya çok gerçek gösteriyor diye düşündü; bir anda Robert

görünüyordu, kendisi de tabii, dışarı çıkarken koridor-daki masada duran mektupları ellerken şişine şişine ol-layıp 'Ne sıkıcı!' diye gösteriş yapışı da - şu an herşey an-latılmaz derecede boş ve bayagi görünüyordu. Mrs. Dallo-way'ın konuk odasına adını attığı an ise darmadağın olmuş, maske düşmüş, ardındaki açığa çıkmıştı.

O gece çay masasının başında otururken Mrs. Dallo-way'ın davet notu geldiğinde ilk düşündüğü şık olamaya-cağı olmuştu. Olmaya çalışması bile saçmaydı - şıklık kesim demektir, şekil demektir, en azından otuz gine de-mektir - öyleyse neden hiç olmazsa özgün olmaya çalış-masındı? En azından kendisi olmaya çalışmasındı? Kalktı, annesinin eski moda dergisini, ta İmparatorluk zamanından kalma Paris modası dergisini aldı, kadın-ların o zamanlar çok daha güzel, ağırbaşlı ve kadınsı ol-duklarını düşündü, onlar gibi olmaya çalıştı - aptallığı aslında bu ya-ağırbaşlı, eski moda ama çok çekici ol-duğuna inanarak böbürlenip durmalar, kendini açık açık, gerçekte kınanması bir kibir alemine kapturmalar, işte kendini böyle allayıp pulladı durdu.

Yine de aynaya bakma cesaretini bulamadı. Bu iğ-rençliği görmeye dayanamazdı - moda dergisinde uzun eteği, uzun kolları, belinin oturuşu ve herşeyi ile çok ca-zip görünen uçuk sarı, modası çoktan geçmiş ipek elbise kendi üstünde, hele şu bir örnek giyimli insanların için-de, hiç de iyi durmamıştı. Gençler iğne saplasın diye kon-muş bir terzi mankeni gibi hissediyordu kendini.

'Ah, şekerim, çok göz kamaştırıcı!' dedi. Rose Shaw beklediği gibi hafif alaylı bir dudak bütüyle onu tepeden turnağa süzerek - Rose'un üstünde ise en son moda şeyler vardı, orada herkeste her zaman olduğu gibi.

Haydon'un kalbinin ta içini gördü, herşeyi. Gerçeği gördü. *Buydu* gerçek olan, bu oda; bu benlik gerçektir, diğeri ise sahte. Miss Milan'in küçük atölyesi gerçekten müthiş sıcak, darmadağın ve kirliydi. Elbise ve pişen lahana kokularıyla doluydu; yine de Miss Milan aynayı eline tutuşturup bitmiş elbisesi üstünde kendine baktığında, kalbini akıl almaz bir mutluluk doldurmuştu. Her yanını ışıklar sarmış, yeniden doğmuştu. Tasalardan, kırıklıklardan uzak, düşlediği haliyle - güzel bir kadın - oradaydı işte. Bir an (daha uzun bakmaya cesaret edemedi, Miss Milan eteğin boyu nasıl, diye soruyordu) kır saçlı, gizemli gülüşlü, çekici bir kız, kendi özü, kendi ruhu, oradan oymalı maun çerçeveden ona bakıyordu; bunun iyi, güzel ve doğru olduğunu düşünmesini sağlayan kibir ve kendi kendine duyduğu sevgi değildi sadece. Miss Milan etek daha uzun olursa iyi durmaz dedi; hatla etek, dedi Miss Milan alnını kırıştırıp, tüm zekâlılığını takınarak, daha bile kısa olmalı; birden Miss Milan'ı gerçekten çok sevdiğini, dünyadaki herkesten çok, çok daha fazla sevdiğini hissetti ve onun böyle ağzı iğne dolu, yüzü kıpırmızı, gözleri şiş yerde sürünüştüne, bir insanın bir başkası için bunu yapmak zorunda oluşuna acıyıp ağlamak geldi içinden ve herkesi yalnızca insan, kendini de partiye giden biri olarak, Miss Milan'ı kanarya kafesinin üstünü örtter ya da kuşa dudaklarının arasına koyduğu kendiri yedirirken gördü; bunu, insan doğasının bu yönünü, sabrını, sebatını, dert, yokluk, pislik içinde böyleli küçük şeylerle mutlu olabildiğini düşününce gözleri yaşlarla doldu.

Fakat hepsi bir anda kayboldu gitti. Elbise, oda, sevgi, merhamet, oymalı ayna, kanarya kafesi - hepsi kaybolmuştu, sırf kendisi, Mrs. Dalloway'ın salonunda acılar

çinde, gerçeğe uyanmış kalakalmıştı.

Ne kadar basit, aciz ve bayağı biriydi şu yaşında, hem de iki çocukla herşeye bu kadar aldırma, hâlâ insanların yargılarına derinden bağimli, kendi ilkeleri, kararları olmayan biri olmak, başka insanlar gibi inandığı şeyleri söyleyememek, işte Shakespeare! İşte ölüm! Bizler bisküvideki buğday bitlerinden başka neyiz ki diyememek!

Aynada kendisi ile yüzyüze geldi; sol omuzuna dokundu, sarı elbisesine dört bir yandan mızraklar saplandı, yormuş gibi bir hisle odanın içine süzüldü. Rose Shaw gibi (Rose, Boadicea*) gibi görünürdü) katı ya da hüznünlü değil, aptal ve utangaç görünüyör, küçük bir öğrenci kız gibi boş boş sırtıyor, kocamış, zavallı bir mongrel köpeği gibi odada zorla sürünerek ilerliyor, bir resme ya da oymaya bakıyordu. Sanki insan bir partiye resim bakmak için gidirmiş gibi! Herkes neden böyle yaptığını çok iyi biliyordu - utançtan, aşağılık duygusundan.

'Şu an tabaktaki sinek,' dedi kendi kendine 'tam ortada ve dışarı çıkamıyor; süt kanatlarını birbirine yapıştırmıyor' diye düşündü sonra gözlerini resimden ayırmadan.

'Modası geçmiş' dedi Charles Burt'e, adamcağıza tam başka biriyle konuşmaya giderken durdurarak (Charles nefret ederdi böyle durdurulmaktan).

Modası geçmiş derken elbisesini değil resmi kastettiğine kendini inandırmak istiyor ya da inandırmaya çalışıyor gibiydi. Charles'dan gelecek övgülü bir söz, bir güzel söz şu an gözünde herşeyi değiştirebilirdi. Mabel,

(*) M.S. 60 yıllarında Britanya'yı işgal eden Romalılara karşı çıkan bir İngiliz kavminin güzelliği ve mağrurluğu ile ünlü kraliçesidir. (Ç.N.).

bu gece harika görünüyorsunuz!' deyiverse hayatı değişecekti. Oysa hemen gerçeğe dönmesi gerekti. Charles böyle bir şey söylememişti elbette. Kötü bir adamdı zaten. İnsanın özelliklerle zavallı, zayıf ya da kafasının dağılmış olduğu anları yakalamada üzerine yoktu.

'Mabel'in elbisesi yeni!' dedi Charles, demestiyle de zavallı sinek kelimenin tam manasıyla yeni baştan ta-bağın ortasına kürendi. Aslında boğulsa çok hoşuna giderdi. Mabel buna kalıbını basabilirdi. Kalpsiz, iyilikten nasibini almamış, dostluğu göstermelik biriydi bu adam. Miss Milan ondan çok daha dürüst, çok daha iyiydi. İnsan bunu bir hissedebilse ve hep inansa. Neden' diye sor-du kendi kendine - aslında Charles'a artık iyice öfkelen-diğini, onun deyimleriyle 'oynatmış'; gösterecek küstah bir yanıt olmak üzere ('Oynatmış mı ne?' demişti Charles ve şuradaki kadınlarla gülüşmüştü) - 'Neden', diye sordu kendine 'hep aynı şeyi hissedemiyorum, Miss Milan'ın iyi Charles'ın kötü olduğuna bir kez kesin karar verip hep öyle düşünemiyorum, kanarya konusunda, merha-met ve aşk konusunda kararlılık gösteriyorum fakat bir oda dolusu insan içine girince neden bir anda karar de-ğiştirmek zorunda hissediyorum?' Bütün suç yine o adı, zayıf, dönem, en önemli anlarda yan çizen, deniz kabuk-ları, sözcüklerin kökleri, botanik ve arkeoloji konula-rına ciddi bir ilgisi olmayan, Mary Dennis ya da Violet Scarle gibi patatesleri ortadan kesip filizlemelerini iz-lemekten hiç anlamayan karakterindeydi.

Derken Mrs. Holman onu öyle durur görünce yanına yaklaştı. Evinde sürekli merdivenlerden düşen ya da kızıla yakalanan birleri olan Mrs. Holman'ın doğal ola-rak elbiseye filan dikkat edecek hali yoktu. Mabel ona Karağağaçların Ağustos'a, Eylül'e dek canlı kaldığından

mi sözetseydi acaba? Öyle sıkıcı bir konuşma oluyordu ki! - el altında, ihtiyaç duyulunca akla gelen bir emlak komisyoncusu ya da ulak yerine konmak çok sinirine gitmişti. Değersiz olmak, bunun adı buydu, dedi içinden şöyle katı, gerçek bir şeye tutunmaya çalışarak, bir yan-dan da banyonun güneyde olmasının etkisi ve evin üst katına sıcak suyun çıkışı konusunda mantıklı cevaplar vermeye çalışıyordu; gözü sürekli sarı elbisesinin yuvar-lak aynadaki görüntüsüne takılıyordu, bağcık deliği ya da iribaş büyüklüğünde parçacıkları yakaladığı; nasıl oluyordu da şu üç kuruş boyundaki şey tüm bu aşağılık duygusu, acı, kendinden nefret, çabalama, ateşli duygu iniş çıkışlarını taşıyabiliyordu? Daha tuhafı ise bu şe-yin, yani Mabel Waring'in, herşeyin dışında ve uzak gö-rünmesiydi; Mrs. Holman (kara düğme) ona doğru eğil-miş büyük oğlunun kalbini koşarak nasıl zorladığını anlatıyordu anlatmasına ama aynada onun da herşey-den uzakta olduğunu görebiliyordu; öne eğilen, el kol hareketleri yapan kara noktanın, sessiz, kendi içine ka-panmış oturan sarı noktaya hissettiklerini aktarabil-mesi mümkün değildi, ikisi de rol yapıyordu.

'Erkek çocukları sessiz oturttuklar imkansız' - gibi bir şeyler dedi biri.

Hiçbir zaman beklediği anlayışı bulamayan, hakkı olduğuna inanarak, bulduğu kadarına saldıran Mrs. Hol-man (aslında çok daha fazlasını da hak ediyordu, çünkü küçük kızı daha bu sabah diz eklemelerini incitmişti) su-nulan azıcık şeyi alıyor, bir pound olması gerekirken yarım peni gelmiş gibi şüphyle, kınle bakıp çantasına atıyordu, onunla idare etmek zorundaydı, insafsızlığı bu, yazıktı fakat böyleydi, zaman katı, çok katı bir za-mandı; kalbi kırılan Mrs. Holman kulak tırmalayıcı se-

siyle devam etti eklemi zedelenen kızımı anlatmaya. Ah insanların şu hırsları, yaygaraları ne acınası şeylerdi, tipki ilgi çekmek için gıklayan, kanat çırpan karabataklar gibi - çok acıklıydı, insan bunu hissedince sadece hissetmekle kalabilir miydi?

Oysa bu gece sarı elbisesi içinde bir damla daha olsun yıpranmaya niyeti yoktu, herşeyi kendisi için istiyordu (Aynaya bakmaya devam etti, müthiş gösterişli bir mavilikler denizine daldı gitti). Aşağılandığını, hor görüldüğünü, akıntısız sulara bir başına bırakıldığını biliyordu, sırf böyle zavıf, sallantıda bir yaratık olduğu için; sarı elbisesi şimdi gözüne çarptığı bir ceza gibi görünüyordu, kaldı ki Rose Shaw gibi kuğu kanadı kırmalı, tatlı canlı yeşil bir şey giymiş olsa da başına yine aynı şey gelecekti; kendisi için hiç hem de hiç bir kaçış olmadığını düşündü. Yine de tümünden onun suçu sayılmazdı bu. Asıl neden on kişilik bir aileden geliyor olmak, hep parasızlık çekmek, hesap yapıp durmaktı; annesi hep te-neke ve eskimiş merdiven muşambası toplardı, evlerinden küçük fakat ciddi tüzüntüler hiç eksik olmazdı - öyle tam felaket gibi değil, örneğin koyun ağlının çökmesi fakat öyle temelinden değil; en büyük ağabeyinin kenedinden aşağı biriyile evlenmesi fakat öyle çok da aşağı değil - hayatlarında macera namına hiçbir şey, hiçbir aşırılık yoktu. Yazın tatil yerlerinde sıfır tüketirdi; ön cephesi tam deniz görmeyen fakat kıyıda sayılabilecek her köşede bir hala ya da teyzeleri bulunurdu. İşte böyleydiler - her şeye uzaktan bakmak zorundaydılar. Mabel de öyle yapmıştı - teyzelerinin kopyasıydı. Sir Henry Lawrence gibi bir kahramanla, bir imparatorluk kurucusuyla evlenip Hindistan'da yaşamak yolundaki tüm ümitleri (hala başı sarılı bir yerli görünce duygu-

lanırdı) yıkılmıştı. Mahkeme'de sabit, emin bir işi olan Hubert isimli bir memurla evlenmiş, küçükçe bir evde doğru dürüst hizmetçileri filan olmadan, yalnızken kumasız yemekler ya da sadece yağ ekmeğe yiyerek geçinip gidiyorlardı, fakat bazen - bu arada Mrs. Holman onun şimdiye dek gördüğü en kuru, en anlayışsız küçük olduğuna karar vererek çekip gitmişti, ha bir de o kalıksızlığı, herkese anlatacağı Mabel'in tuhaf giysisini - bazen diye düşündü Mabel Waring mavi divanda yalnız başına siktundan yastığı muncıklayarak otururken, yalnızdı çünkü şöhmine başında geveze saksaganlar gibi gülüşüp duran Charles Burt ile Rose Shaw'a katılmıyordu - bazen geçen geceki gibi yatmakta okuyuşu ya da Yortu'da güneş altında deniz kıyısındaki kumlara uzanışı - bırakan kalım hatırlasın - gibi zevk dolu anları da yok değildi; bir Çin yumurtası denli sıkı, katı, masmavi duran göğün altında mızrak darbeleri yemişçesine ayrıntı, solgun otlar, derken dalgaların melodisi - 'Şşt, şşt' diyorlar, ardından kürek çeken çocukların bağırışları - evet, ilahî bir andı bu, kendini orada uzanmış hissediyor, kilisenin ayın masasına uzatılmış küçük bir kuzu gibi dünya denen Tanrıça'nın avuçları içinde, bir Tanrıça ki güzel fakat o denli de acımasız (insan böyle aptalca şeyler kurabilirdi, kimseye söylemedikçe bir zararı yoktu bunun). Bazen Hubert'in yanında da - Pazar öğle yemeklerinde et keserken, yerli yersiz anlarda, bir mektup açar ya da odaya girerken -böyle beklenmedik ilahî anlar yaşadığı oluyordu, kendi kendine (çünkü bunu başka kimseye söyleyemezdi), 'İşte bu kadar. Oldu işte. Bu kadar!' diyor-du. Aynı derecede ilginç bir başka şey daha oluyordu - herşeyin hazır olduğu durumlarda hem de - müzik, hava, tatiller, mutlu olmak için her neden hazır beklerken - o

zaman da hiçbir şey olmuyordu. Bir türlü mutlu olunamıyordu. Herşey sıradan, son derece sıradan geliyordu.

Yine o alçak benliğinin işiydi şüphesiz! Her zaman huysuz, zayıf, yetersiz bir anne, bir alacakaranlık kuşuğında dolanan sallantıda bir eş olmuştu; hiçbir şeyin çok net, açık seçilemediği, belki şunun bundan biraz fazla seçildiği bir alacakaranlık kuşuğunda, tıpkı diğer kız ve erkek kardeşleri gibi, Herbert'i sayamayabiliriz - hepsi de hiçbir şey yapmayan, kendisi gibi kamı sulanmış, zavallı yaratıklardı. Derken tüm bu sürünen, can çektişen yaşamın orta yerinde kendisini bir dalğanın tepesinde buluveriyordu. Birden o sefil sinek - aklından bir türlü çıkmayan şu sinek ile tabak hikayesini nerede okumuştu acaba?- içinden çıkıverdi tabağın. Evet, böyle anlar oluyordu. Fakat kırkına basalı daha seyrek oluyordu. An be an silkinişler azalacak, bir gün gelecek son bulacaktı. Acınası bir haldi bu! Dayanılmaz bir şeydi! Kendinden utanmasına neden oluyordu!

Ertesi gün Londra Kütüphanesi'ne gitmeye karar verdi. Şansı yaver giderse bir din adamı ya da ismi hiç duyulmamış bir Amerikalı tarafından yazılmış şöyle harika, işe yarar müthiş bir kitap bulacaktı; ya da Strand boyunca yürüyüp şans eseri kendisini bir madencinin ocağına bulacağını anlatmış bir kahvede bulacak ve bir anda bambaşka bir insan oluverecekti. Baştan ayağa değiştirecekti. Sırtına bir üniforma geçirecek; Falan Hemşire diye çağırılacak; bir daha giysilere hiç aklını takmayacaktı. Bundan sonra Charles Burt, Miss Milan, bu oda ya da şu oda konusunda son derece kesin yargıları olmayacaktı ve hep, her gün, sanki güneşte yatıyormuş, et kesiyormuş gibi olacaktı. Hep öyle olacaktı!

Mavi divandan kalktı, aynadaki sarı düğme de kalktı, Charles'a ve Rose'a onların tek bir iğnesine bile ihtiyacı olmadığını vurgularcasına el salladı, sarı düğme aynanın dışına çıkmıştı artık, Mabel Mrs. Dalloway'e doğru ilerleyip 'iyi geceler' derken tüm muzraklar göğsüne sapsanmıştı.

'İyi ama henüz çok erken' dedi Mrs. Dalloway, her zamanki alımlı haliyle.

'Gitsen iyi olacak' dedi Mabel Waring. 'Fakat,' diye ekledi güçlendirmeye çalıştıktıça daha bir komik çıkan zayıf, titrek sesiyle, 'öyle iyi vakit geçirdim ki'.

'Çok iyi vakit geçirdim' dedi merdivenlerde karşılaştığı Mr. Dalloway'e de.

'Yalanlar, yalanlar, yalanlar!' dedi içinden merdivenlerden inerken, 'Doğru tabağa geri!' dedi kendi kendine Mrs. Bamet'e yardımları için teşekkür ederken ve yirmi yıldır üstünden çıkarmadığı Çin işi pelerinine sıkı, sımsıkı sarındı.

APPENDIX 2.F LAPPİN İLE LAPİNOVA

LAPPİN İLE LAPİNOVA

Artık evliydi. Düğün marşı gürültüyle çalındı. Güvercinler kanat çırpı. Süslü ceketler giymiş küçük çocuklar pirinç attılar; teriye cinsi bir köpek yol boyunca gezindi; Ernest Thorburn sonunda çiçeği burnunda eşini hiç tanımadık yüzlerle dolu meraklı küçük kalabalık arasından geçirip arabaya götürdü. Londra'da hep toplanırdı böyle başkalarının mutluluk ya da mutsuzluklarını izlemeyi iş edinmiş tipler. O olması gerektiği gibi yakışıklı, kız ise utangaçtı. Biraz daha pirinç atıldı, araba hareket etti.

Bunlar salı günü olup bitti. Şimdi cumartesiydi. Rosalind hâlâ alışamamıştı artık Mrs. Ernest Thorburn olduğu gerçeğine. Belki de bu Mrs. Ernest Herkimse olma işine hiç alışamayacaktı, gölün ötesindeki dağlara bakan otelin ön tarafında oturmuş kocasının kahvaltıda inmesini beklerken böyle düşünüyordu. Ernest de alışması zor bir isimdi doğrusu. Ona kalsa böyle bir isim seçmezdi. Timothy, Antony ya da Peter'ı yeğlerdi. Kocası da Ernest ismine ne yakışıyordu ya. İsim Albert anıtını, maun vitrinleri, Prens Consort ailesinin çelik üzerine kabartma resimlerini - tek bir kelimeyle kayınvalidesinin Porchester Terrace'deki yemek odasını - çağırıyordu.

İşte gelmişti. Tanrı'ya şükür Ernest, ismine benzemi-

yordu - şükürler olsun. İyi ama neye benzetilebilirdi? Ona öyle bir göz attı. Tamam, tostunu dışırken tam bir tavşana benziyordu. Başka biri belki tutup da bu küt burunlu, mavi gözlü, son derece ciddi ağzılı, yapılı genç adamı şu haliyle öyle ufak, ürkek bir yaratığa benzetmezdi. Ne ki işin keyfi de bura daydı. Yerken burnu hafiften seğiriyordu. Bir zaman evde beslediği tavşanmı gibi. Burununun seğirişini izlemeye koyuldu; izlerken ya kalamınca da niçin güldüğünü açıklamak zorunda kaldı.

'Çünkü tavşan gibisin Ernest' dedi. 'Yaban tavşanı' diye ekledi gözlerini ayırmadan. 'Av tavşanı; tüm tavşanlar alemine yasalar koyan bir Kral Tavşan'.

Ernest'in bu tür bir tavşan olmaya itirazı yoktu, hem madem burununun seğirdiğini görmek karısını eğlendiyordu - hiç bilmiyordu aslında burununun seğirdiğini - o da bu kez bilerek seğirtti. Rosalind güldü, durmadı güldü; kendisi de güldü, o kadar güldüler ki genç hanımlar, balıkçı ve yağlı siyah ceketli İsviçreli garson herşeyi şıp diye anlayıverdiler; çok mutluydular. Fakat böylece bir mutluluk ne kadar sürerdi? Akıllarından bu geçiyordu; herbirinin cevabı kendine göre oldu.

Öğle yemeği için göl kenarında çimler üstüne oturduklarında Rosalind haşlanmış yumurtalarla yenir diye koydukları marulu gösterip sordu: 'Marul ister misin tavşan?'. 'Gel elimden al' dedi ardından, o da uzanıp marulu kemirdi, burununu seğirtti.

'Akıllı tavşan, güzel tavşan' dedi eskiden evdeki tavşanını okşadığı gibi okşayarak. Fakat saçmalıyordu. O herşey olabılırdı ama evcil bir tavşan değildi. Fransızca'ya çevirmeyi denerdi. Ona 'Lapın' adını taktı. Yine de ne olursa olsun Fransız tavşanı da değildi o. Sadece ve

baştan avaya - Porchester Terrace'da doğmuş, Rugby'de okumuş; şimdi de Majestelerinin Devlet Hizmeti'nde memurluk yapan bir İngilizdi. Sonra 'Bunny' demeyi denedi; fakat bu daha beterdı. 'Bunny' tonton, saf, komik birine denebilirdi; oysa kocası, zayıf katı ve ciddiye. Burunu hâlâ seğiriyordu. 'Lappin,' deyiverdi ani bir bağırışla ve tam aradığı kelimeyi bulmuş gibi küçük bir çığlık koyuverdi.

'Lappin, Lappin, Kral Lappin' diye tekrarladı. Ona tam uymuş görünüyordu bu; Ernest değildi, Kral Lappin'di. Neden? Doğrusu ya bilmiyordu.

Artık sık sık zihninde Lappin soyunun hikayesini geliştirmekle oyalanır olmuştu, kah herkesin yağmur yağacak diye uyardığı ve yağdığı başbaşa uzun yürüyüşlerde konu sıkıntısı çekince, kah soğuk gecelerde, hizmetçi kızlar ve balıkçı gidip zille çağırabilecekleri bir tek garson kaldığında, şömine başında. Ellerin arasında - o dikiş dikiyor; kocası ise okuyordu - son derece gerçek, canlı ve eğlenceli tipler olup çıkmışlardı. Ernest gazeteyi kenara bırakıp yardımına geldi. Siyah ve kırmızı tavşanlar vardı; dost ve düşman tavşanlar. İçinde yaşadıkları koruluğu, uçsuz bucaksız kırları ve bataklığı da kurduklar. Kral Lappin'in yeri en tepedeydi; günler geçtikçe sadece o meşhur numarası, burun seğirtisi ile değil, her yönüyle çok gelişmiş bir hayvan halini alıyor. Rosalind onda her an yeni bir özellik buluyordu. Tabii en başta iyi bir avcı oluşu geliyordu.

'Evet, bugün,' dedi Rosalind balaylarının son günü, 'Kralımız neier yaptılar?'.

Aslında gün boyu tirmanmışlardı; kendisi su toplayan topuguna bant yapıştırmıştı; fakat kastettiği bu

lerini birlikte tüm dış dünyaya karşı çok daha güçlü hissetmelerini sağlıyordu. İnsanlar tavşanlardan, ormanlardan, tuzaklardan ve avlanmaktan söz açınca çokluk birbirlerine kus kus gülerken göz ediyorlardı. Yine, Mary Hala tabağında tavşan görmeye hiç dayanmadığını, tavşanın o haliyle ufaklık bir bebeğe benzediğini söylerken; ya da Ernest'in av meraklısı kardeşi John o güzel Wiltshire'de ada tavşanlarının derileriyle filan kaç para ettiklerini anlatırken masada gizlice birbirlerine göz kırıyorlardı. Bazen bir kuru beğenisi ya da kaçak bir avcı veya Derebeyi gerektiğinde bu rolleri dostlarına paylaşıp eğleniyorlardı. Sözgelimi Ernest'in annesi Mrs. Reginald Thorburn toprak sahibi soylu rolü için biçilmiş kaftandı. Tabii bunlar hep gizliydi - işin ince-liği de buradaydı zaten; kendileri dışında kimse böyle bir dünyanın varlığını bile bilmiyordu.

Bu dünya olmasa, merak ediyordu Rosalind, o kişi nasıl çıkaracaktı? Diyelim tüm Thornburnlar o çok kut-sal beraberliğini - Ernest Thorburn da bu beraberliğin meyvesi değil miydi? Sürekli üreten, çoğu evli ve yine üretken dokuz kız ve erkek çocuğa can verip yaşam sa-vaşına salan da o değil miydi? - ellinci yılını kutlamak için Porchester Terrace'da altın yıldönümü partisinde biraraya geldiklerinde. Bu parti tüylerini ürpertiyordu. Fakat kaçış yoktu, olacaktı. Üst kata çıkarken orada za-vallı bir çocuktan, bir yetimden başka bir şey olmadığını acı acı hissetti; parlak saten duvar kağıtlı, her yanı görkemli aile portreleriyle dolu büyük salonda toplan-muş bütün şu Thornburnlar arasında zavallı bir damla-cık. Yaşayan Thornburnlar portrelerdekilere çok ben-ziyorlardı; tek farkla, yağlıboya dudaklar yerine onların gülüp söyleşen gerçek dudakları vardı; okulla, öğret-

değildi.

'Kendileri bugün,' dedi Ernest purosunun ucunu kopa-rırken burnunu seğirterek, 'bir yaban tavşanı kovala-dılar'. Durdurdu; bir kibritle çaktı, yine burnunu oynattı.

'Dişi yaban tavşanı' diye ekledi.

'Beyaz bir yaban tavşanı!' dedi heyecanla Rosalind sanki bunu bekliyormuşçasına. Şöyle küçük, gümüş ren-gi, parlak gözlü bir yaban tavşanıydı değil mi?

'Evet' dedi Ernest karısının bakışlarına karşılık vere-rek, 'yuvalarından fırlayacakmış gibi gözleri, havada duran iki küçük ön ayağı ile ufak tefek bir dişi'. O an karısı da elinde dikişti tam böyle oturuyordu; o son derece ırlı parlak gözleri de gerçekten biraz ileri fırlamıştı.

'Ah, Lapinova,' diye mırıldandı Rosalind.

'Onu-gerçek Rosalind'i- böyle mi çağıracağız?' dedi Er-nest. Karısına baktı. Ona deli gibi aşık olduğunu düşün-dü.

'Evet böyle diyeceğiz,' dedi Rosalind. 'Lapinova', O gece yatmadan önce bu konu karara bağlanmıştı. Erkek Kral Lappin'di; dişi ise Kraliçe Lapinova. Birbirlerine hiç ben-zemiyorlardı; erkek cesur ve kararlı; dişi tedbirli, kuş-kucu. Erkek, tavşanların hareketli dünyasına hükmedi-yordu; dişinin dünyası ise çoklukla ayışığında ortaya serdiği ıssız, gizemli bir alem. Yine de toprakları bir yerde kesişiyordu, ne de olsa Kral ve Kraliçeydiler.

Böylece balayı dönüşü içinde bir tek beyaz tavşan dışında hep ada tavşanlarının yaşadığı bir dünyaları ol-muştu. Kimse böyle bir yerin varlığını aklına getiremez-di, tabii bu da herşeyi çok daha keyifli kılıyordu. Kendi-

gözlere öntüne dikili bir buz parçası gibi kaskatı duruyordu.

Yine de yemek ilerledikçe oda sıcaktan buharlanır gibi oldu. Erkeklerin alınlarında boncuk tanesi terler toplandı. Kendi buzunun da suya dönüşmekte olduğunu hissetti. Eriyor; yok oluyor, hiçliğe çözülyordu; az kalın bayılvirecekti. Derken kafasındaki müthiş dalgalanmanın ve kulaklarındaki uğultunun arkasından bir kadın sesi duydu:

'Öyle hızlı ürüyorlar kı!'

Thornburnlar-eyet; hızlı ürüyorlar' diye tekrarladı, başının dönmesiyle birlikte iki misil büyük gördüğü yularlak kırmızı suratlara, ortahğı saran altın buğusu yüzünden kocaman görünen o kırmızı yüzlere bakarak. 'Çok hızlı ürüyorlar'. Derken bağırılmaya başladı:

'Küçük şeytanlar... Hepsini vurmali! Koca çizmelerle üstlerinden geçmeli! Onlarla başatmenin tek yolu bu... ah şu tavşanlar!'

Bu kelime, bu büyütlü kelime onu canlandırdı. Krizantemler arasından bakınca Ernest'in burmunun seğırdiğini gördü. Dalga dalga açılıyor, ardi ardına seğırip duruyordu. İşte o an Thornburnların üstüne açılanamaz bir felaket çöktü. Altın masa üzeri açmış katırtmakiyla dolu bir çimenlik oluverdi; uğuldayan sesler bir tarlasunun göklerden çnlayarak gelen gürültülü kahkahasına dönüştü. Gökyüzü maviydi - bulutlar ağır ağır hareket ediyordu; Hepsi değışmişti - tüm Thornburnlar. Kaynipedirine baktı, bıyıkları boyalı, ufak tefek sinsî bir adam. Tek merakı birşeyler toplamaktı - karısı görme-sin diye çalışma masasının çekmecelerine sakladığı mü-

menin altından nasıl sandalye çektikleriyle ilgili, kurbağalarla ve onları nasıl bekar genç kızların el değermiş çarşafı arasında koyduklarıyla ilgili şakalar döken dudaklar. Kendisine gelince, hayatında yatağa bir şey koymayı düşünmemişti bile. Armağam elinde, sarı satenler içinde göz kamaştıran kayınvalidesine; bir yılın sarı karanfil içinde kaybolmuş kayınpedirine doğru ilerledi. Dört bir yan, masaların koltukların üzeri altın armağanlarla dolu, kimi yünlü pamuklu dokumalar arasına gömülmüş, kimi tüm pırlıtsıyla etrafa yayılmış - herbiri sarrafın 'saf altın' damgasını taşıyan yüksek ayar halis şamdanlar, sigara kutuları, zincirler. Onun armağamı ise sadece üzeri delikli altın taklidi küçük bir kutuydu; bir zamanlar ıslak mürekkebi kum serperek kurutmada kullanılan, onsekizinci yüzyıldan kalma küçük bir kumluk. Ne anlamsız bir armağan diye geçirdi - şu kurutma kağıdı devrinde; ve tam sunarken gözünün önünde nişanlarında kayınvalidesinin 'Oğlum seni mutlu edecekler' dileğini ifade ettiği siyah, kısacık elyazısı beliriverdi. Hayır, mutlu değildi. Hem de hiç. Ernest'e baktı, aile portrelerindeki gibi aynı bir burunla, hiç seğırmeyen bir burunla çakı gibi dımdıktı.

Ardından akşam yemeği için alt kata inildi. Kırmızı, yaldızlı yapraklarını kocaman sıkı toplar halinde kıvrılmış krizantemler vücudunun yarısını gizliyordu. Herşey altındandı. İçice altın harflerle işlenmiş yaldızlı bir listede birbiri ardına önlere gelecek yemeklerin adları bulunuyordu. Kaşığı tabaktaki altın rengi şeffaf sıvıya daldırdı. Dışarıdaki bulanık beyaz sis, odanın ışıklarıyla tabak kenarlarını görünmez kılan, ananaslara yaldızdan kalın bir kabuk oturtan bir altın yumanağına dönüşmüştü. Sadece kendisi beyaz gelinliği içinde,

hürler, mineli kutular, onsekizinci yüzyıl tuvalet masalarından bir yığın ivir zivir. Şimdi onu gerçek yüzüyle görebiliyordu - küçük izbe kulübesindeki sacayak tence-resine gizlice götürdüğü sülin ve kekliklerin ağırbaşlıdan paltosu sünmüş, kimseye görünmeden ilerleyen kaçak bir avcı. İşte kayınpederi buydu - kaçak bir avcı. Cella - burununu hep başkalarının sırtlarına, gözlemek isterenç bir merakla toprağa daldırıp çıkardığı burnu çamura bulanmış pembe gözlü beyaz bir kır sansarı olmuştu. Tuzağa düşmüş, ağ içinde avcuların omuzlarına asılı kalakalmıştı - acınacak bir yaşandı onunki, bu onunun suçu değildi tabii. İşte böyle görünüyordu Cella gözüne. Onu geçip omuzuna kılıç dokundurulup Soylu ilan edilmiş kayınvalidesine baktı. Kırmızı yüzü, kaba saba, küstah biriydi - orada durmuş kutlamaları kabul ediyordu; ama Rosalind, yani Lapinova, onun ruhunu biliyordu, bu kadının ardında çürümeye durmuş aile malikanesini, duvarların dökülen boyalarını görüyor, sende ince bir huçkırkla (onu hiç sevmeyen) çocuklarına artık olmayan bir dünya için teşekkürler yağdığını duyabiliyordu. Birden sesler kesildi. Herkes kadehi havada bekliyordu; hep birlikte içtiler; bitmişti.

'Ah, Kral Lappin!' dedi kocasına sisler içinde evlerine dönerlerken, 'burnun o anda seğirmemiş olsaydı düşmüşüm tuzağa!'

'Neyse iyisin ya' dedi. Kral Lappin karısının patisini tutarak.

'Oldukça iyi' diye cevapladı.

Park boyunca yürüyüp döndüler, bataklığın, sislerin, katurmağı kokulu korunun Kral ve Kraliçesi.

Derken zaman aktı, gitti; bir yıl, iki yıl geçti. Ve rastlanı bu ya altın yıldönümü partisinin dönümüne gelen bir kış gecesi - bu arada Mrs. Reginald Thornburn ölmüş; ev kiraya verilmişti; içinde sadece bir bakıcı kalıyordu - Ernest işten eve dönmüştü. Küçük şirin bir evleri vardı; Güney Kensington'da metro istasyonuna yakın bir saraçhanenin üstünde ufak bir ev. Hava soğuk ve sisliydi, Rosalind ateşin başında dikiş dikiyordu.

Kocası yerine yerleşip ayaklarını ateşe uzatır uzatmaz, 'Bil bakalım bugün başıma ne geldi?' diye söze başladı.

'Tam dereyi geçiyordum ki.'

'Ne deresi?' diye kesti Ernest sözünü.

'Aşağıdaki, bizim koruyla kara korunun birleştiği yerdeki,' diye açıkladı.

Ernest bir an bomboş baktı.

'Tanrı aşkına neden sözediyorsun sen?' diye sordu.

'Benim sevgili Ernest'im!' dedi endişeli bir sesle. 'Kral Lappin' diye devam etti küçük ön patilerini ateşe doğru sallayarak. Kocasının burnu seğirmemişti. Elleri - tekar el olmuşlardı - tuttuğu şeyt sıkıca kavramış; gözleri yarı yarıya yuvalarından fırlamıştı. Ernest Thornburn'dan Kral Lappin'e dönmek en azından beş dakikasını aldı; karısı onu beklerken boynunun gerisine sanki biri tutup büküymüşçasına bir ağırlık çökürmüştü. Sonunda Kral Lappin'e dönüştü; burnu seğirdi; akşamı her zamanki gibi korulukta dolaşarak geçirdiler.

O gece Rosalind çok kötü uyudu. Gecenin bir yarısı sanki başına tuhaf birşey gelmiş gibi bir duyguyla uyan-

di. Her yanı tutulmuş, üşümüştü. Işığı açıp yanında yatan Ernest'e baktı. Derin bir uyukdaydı. Horluyordu. Horladığı halde burnu hiç kıpırtısız duruyordu. Daha önce hiç seğirmemişti sanki. Onun gerçekten Ernest olduğu, kendisinin de onunla evli olduğu doğru muydu? Kayınvaldesinin yemek odası canlandı gözlerinin önünde; işte orada oturuyorlardı, o ve Ernest, oymaların altında, vitrinin önünde, ikisi de yaşlanmış... Şimdi de onların altın yıldönümüydü. İşte buna dayanamazdı.

'Lappin, Kral Lappin!' diye fısıldadı; bir an burnu kendiliğinden seğirir gibi oldu. Aslında hâlâ uyuyordu. 'Uyan Lappin, uyan' diye bağırdı.

Ernest uyandı, onu tepesinde durur görünce 'Ne oluyor?' diye sordu.

'Tavşanım öldü sandım!' diye inledi Rosalind. Ernest kızdı.

'Burak öyle saçmalamay! Rosalind' dedi. Yat, uyu'. Arkasını döndü. Bir an içinde yeniden derin bir uyukuya dalmıştı, horluyordu.

Karısı ise uyuyamıyordu. Yatağın kendine ait bölümünde bir tavşan gibi kavrulmuş yatıyordu. Işığı söndürdü, yine de sokak lambası tavanı belli belirsiz aydınlatıyor, dışarda ağaçlar üzerinde dantelimsi bir ağ oluşturuyordu. İçinde dolaştığı, döndüğü, bir oraya bir buraya tortop yuvarlandığı, avladığı, avlandığı, tazıların sesini, avcı düdüklarını duyduğu, uçtuğu, kaçtığı gölgeli bir koruluk olmuştu tavan... ta ki hizmetçi perdeleri açıp sabah çaylarını getirene dek.

Ertesi gün hiçbir yere sığamıyordu. Sanki birşey kaybetmişti. Gövdesini çekmiş, küçülmüş, kararık kaskatı

olmuş hissediyordu. Eklemleri de kaskatı tutulmuştu, aynaya bakınca (evin içinde gün boyu defalarca yapardı bunu), gözleri başının dışına fırlayacakmış gibi göründü, tıpkı üzümlü bir çörekteki fırlak üzüm taneleri gibi. Oda da küçülmüş gibiydi. Lenduha gibi mobilyalar tuhaf açılarla yerlerinden öne oynamışlardı, o da etrafı çarpıp duruyordu. Sonunda şapkasını takıp dışarı çıktı. Cromwell Yolu boyunca yürürken önünden geçtiği, içine baktığı her oda insanların gümüş oymalar, maun vitrinler ve kalın sarı dantel perdeler altında oturup yemek yedikleri odalar gibi görünüyordu. Derken Doğa Tarihi Müzesi'ne vardı; çocukken burayı çok severdi. Fakat içeride gözüne ilk çarpan şey pembe cam gözleriyle yapma karlar içine oturtulmuş doldurma bir tavşan oldu. Nedense birdenbire baştan ayağa ürperdi. Karanlık bir an önce çöксе iyi olacaktı. Eve dönüp ışığı yakmadan ateşin başına oturdu ve kırık bir yerde yalnız başına ateşin hayal etmeye çalıştı, gürtüldeyen bir dere vardı, derenin ötesinde de karanlık bir kuru. Ama dereden öteye gidemiyordu. Derken kıydaki ıslak çimenler üzerine çömeldi, elleri havada bomboş sallanır, gözleri ateşin ışığında cam gözler gibi parlarken koltuğuna iyice gömülüp sindi. Derken bir patlama duyuldu... Sanki vurulan ken-disiymiş gibi sıçradı. Oysa yalnızca Ernest gelmişti, anahtarını kilitte sokuyordu. Titreyerek bekledi. İçeri girip ışığı yaktı, işte upuzun, yakışıklı, soğuktan kızarmış ellerini oğuşturarak karşısında duruyordu.

'Neden karanlıkta oturuyorsun?' diye sordu.

'Ah Ernest, Ernest!' diye bağırarak koltuğunda doğrularak.

'Yine ne oldu?' diye sordu sert bir sesle, ellerini ateşe

uzatmıştı.

'Sorun Lapinova...' diye kekeleydi, korkudan irileşmiş gözlerle ona dik dik bakarak. 'Gitti, Ernest! Onu kaybettim'.

Ernest sinirle kaşlarını çattı. Dudaklarını sınımsı kenetledi. 'Ya, demek tüm sorun bu, ha?' dedi karısına acımasız bir gülüşle. On saniye kadar orada sessiz durdu; karısı ise beklerken boynunda ellerin kenetlendiğini hissediyordu.

'Evet,' dedi sonunda soğuk bir sesle. 'Zavallı Lapinova...' Şöminenin üstündeki aynada kravatını düzeltti.

'Tuzığa düşmüş' dedi. 'Ölmüş' ve oturup gazetesini okudu.

İşte evlilikleri böyle bitti.

APPENDIX 2.G DÜŞES İLE KUYUMCU

DÜŞES İLE KUYUMCU

Oliver Bacon Green Park'a bakan bir binanın en üst katında yaşıyordu. İçinde uygun köşelere yerleştirilmiş deri kaplı koltukları, pencere boyunca goblen örtülü divanları olan bir dairesi vardı. Pencere, yani, üç geniş pencere, gösterişsiz desenli saten tül perde ile örtülüydü; maun büfe en iyi marka brendi, viski ve likör şişelerinin ağırlığıyla gösterişsizce bel vermişti. Oliver ortadaki pencereden aşağıya, Piccadilly'nin dar sokaklarına yığılmış son model arabaların parlak tepelerine baktı. Bundan daha merkezi bir yer olamazdı. Sabah sekizde uşak kahvaltısını tepside getirecek; yine uşak koyu kırmızı robdöşambrını tutacak; mektuplarını sivri tırnaklarıyla kendisi açacak, düşesler, kontesler, vikontesler ve Saygıdeğer Hanımefendilerin armalarıyla dikkati çeken davetiyeleri bir kenara ayıracaktı. Ardından yıkanacak; sonra tostunu yiyecek; daha sonra da elektrikli şöminenin parlak ışığında gazetesini okuyacaktı.

'İşte, Oliver', diyecekti içinden. 'Yaşama dar bir sokak arasında gözlerini açan sen, sen...' ardından güzelim pantolunu içinde son derece düzgün duran bacaklarına, çizmelerine, kısa tozluklarına bakacaktı. Hepsi birbirinden şık, pırlıl pırlıl; Savile Row'un en iyi makasları, en

iyi kumaşlardan hazırlanmış. Fakat o fırsat buldukça bu görüntüyü bozup tekrar karanlık bir sokak arasındaki küçük çocuk oluveriyordu. O zamanlar Whitechapel'daki zengin hanımlara çalınmış köpek satmak idealiydi. Bir defasında da aldatılmıştı. 'Ah Oliver', diye feryatlar etmişti annesi. 'Ah Oliver! Oğlum sen ne zaman aklınlanacaksın?...' Derken tezgah başına geçip ucuz saatler satmış, ardından Amsterdam'a mal kaçırılmıştı... Bunu hatırlayınca hep keyifle gülerdi yaşlı Oliver. Evet, o üç elması iyi halletmişti; bir de zümrütlerden aldığı komisyon vardı tabii. Ondan sonra Hattton Garden'daki dükkânın arkasında terazileri, kasası, kalın camlı büyük teçeleri ile özel bir odası olmuştu. Sonra... sonra... yine keyifle güldü. Sıcak akşamüstleri fiyatları, altın madenlerini, elmasları, Güney Afrika'dan gelen haberleri tartışan kuyumcuların önünden her geçişinde içlerinden biri parmağıyla burmunun kenarını sıvazlayıp manalı bir 'Hum-m-m.' çekerti. Bir mirustandan, şöyle bir dürtüşten, buruna götürülen bir parmandan, sıcak bir öğle sonrasında Hattton Garden'da kuyumcular arasında dalga dalga yayılan bir fısıltıdan başka hiçbir şey yoktu ortada, yıllar yıllar önceydi bu. Oliver yine de her dürtüşün, fısıltının 'Bakın, bakın genç Oliver, genç kuyumcu - işte geçiyor' anlamına geldiğini hissediyor, her murultu bedenini temelinden sarıyordu. O zamanlar gençti. Giderek giyimi düzeliyordu; önce gösterişli bir araba kiralamış, sonra bir tane almıştı; tiyatroya gider olmuş, pilyesleri önceleri balkondan izlemiş, sonra ön sıralara kurulmuştu. Richmond'da nehre bakan, etrafı güller içinde bir villa almıştı, Matmazel her sabah bir gül koparıp ceketinin yakasına iltişiriyordu.

'İşte böyle,' dedi Oliver ayaklarını esneterek. 'İşte

böyle...'

Sonra şömine üzerindeki yaşlı kadın resmi altında durdu, ellerini kaldırdı. 'Sözümü tuttum' dedi avuç içleri birbirine yapışık, sanki ona ayinsel bir saygı gösterisinde bulunuyordu. 'Dediğimi yaptım'. Doğruydum; İngilizlerin en zengin kuyumcusuydu. Oysa bir fil hortumunu andıran uzun, kıkırdaklı burun deliklerindeki o tuhaf titreme (titreyen sadece delikler değil, tüm burundu sanki) hiç de öyle demiyordu; henüz doymadığım, yerin daha da derinliklerinden yeni kokular aldığımı söylüyordu. Mantar kaynayan bir otlakta koca bir domuz düşünün; bir o mantarın bir bunu eşeleyip çıkardığıktan sonra bile aramır, ilerlerde yerin derinliklerinde daha büyük, daha siyah bir mantarın kokusunu alır. İşte Oliver da Mayfair'in zengin topraklarında hep derinliklerdeki daha siyah, daha büyük bir mantarın kokusunu alıyordu.

O sırada kravatındaki inciyi düzeltti, şık mavi paltona sarıdı; san eldivenlerini ve bastonunu aldı, salınarak merdivenlerden indi, Piccadilly'e çıkınca uzun, duyarlı burunıyla etrafı şöyle bir koklayıp iç geçirdi. Çünkü her ne kadar dediğini yapmışsa da hâlâ mutsuz, doymamış, gizli birşeylerin arayışı içinde olduğu bir gerçek değil miydi?

Salına salına yürüyordu; hani hayvanat bahçesindeki develer ellerindeki parlak ambalajlardan birşeyler atıştıran, bitince de kağıtları parça parça edip yerlere atan kadımlı erkekli ahalinin iki yandan çevirdiği asfalt yol boyunca salına salına yürürler ya, aynen öyle. Develer izleyenlere tepeden bakar; yerinden hoşnut değildir; mavi gölü ve eteğindeki sıra sıra palmiye ağaçlarını düşler.

Büyük kuyumcumuz, dünyanın bu en büyük kuyumcusu da o şık giysisine, eldivenlerine, bastonuna karşın hâlâ doyumsuz, Piccadilly boyunca sallana sallana Bond Caddesi'ndeki küçük karanlık dükkana yürüdü - Fransa, Almanya, Avusturya, İtalya ve tüm Amerika'da tanımayan yoktu bu dükkani.

Çalışanların dördü 'de, yaşlı Marshall ile Spencer, genç Hammond ile Wicks ayakta dimdik gıpta ile onabaktıkları halde her zamanki gibi hiç konuşmadan dükkandan içeri girdi. Onların varlığından haberdar olduğunu gösteren tek şey kehribar sarısı eldiveninın sallanan bir parmağıydı. Odasına girip kapıyı arkasından kapadı.

Sonra pencere kafesini açtı. Bond Caddesi'nin gürültüsü, uzaktaki trafiğin uğultusu içeri doldu. Dükkanın arka tarafındaki lambaların gür işi yukarı vuruyordu. Tek bir ağaçta altı yeşil yaprak sallanıyordu, çünkü Haziran'da. Matmazel bölgedeki bira imalathanesinden Mrs. Pedder'la evlenmişti - yani artık ceketinin yakasına gül iliştiren kimse yoktu.

'İşte böyle,' dedi yarı iç geçirip, yarı homurdanarak, 'işte böyle.'

Duvardaki bir noktaya dokundu, tahta kaplama yavaş yavaş kayarak açıldı, hepsi pırlı pırlı cilalı, beş, hayır altı çelik kasa ortaya çıktı. Bir anahtar soktu, birini açtı, sonra bir diğerini. Herbiri koyu kırmızı kadife kaplıydı; hepsi mücevher doluydu - bilezikler, kolyeler, yüzükler, taşlar, dükalık taşları, cam kutularda işlenmiş taşlar; yakutlar, zümrütler, inciler, elmaslar. Hepsi güvenli, pırlı pırlı, soğuk ama yine de güzel, kendi küçük ışıklarıyla sonsuza dek alev alev.

'Cözyaşları' dedi Oliver incilere bakıp.

'Yüreklere kan!' dedi yakutlara bakıp.

'Barut!' dedi ardından elmasları parlayıp ışık saçınlar diye oğuşturarak.

'Mayfair'i havaya uçurmaya yetecek kadar barut - göğene tepeye, tepeye, tepeye! Bunu söylerken başını geriye atıp kişner gibi bir ses çıkardı.

Telefon masasının üstünde kısık, hürmetkar bir sesle vızıldadı. Kasayı kapadı.

'On dakika sonra,' dedi. 'Daha önce olmaz'. Sonra masanın başına oturup kol düğmelerindeki kabartma Roma İmparatorluğu kafalarına baktı. Derken yine o anki varlığından sıyrılıp, bir pazar günü çalını köpeklerin satıldığı sokak arasında bisyeleriyle oynayan küçük çocuğa dönmüverdi. Tekrar o ıslak kiraz dudaklı, haylaz, kurnaz küçük çocuk oluverdi. Parmaklarını işkembe parçalarına sokup çıkarıyor, onları balık kızartılan tavalara daldırıyor; kalabalığa girip çıkıyordu. Cılız ama çevikti, gözleri küçük taşları andırıyordu. Şimdi - evet şimdi - saatin tiktakları duyuldu, bir, iki, üç, dört.... Lambourne Düşesi onun paşakeyfini bekliyordu. Yüzlerce Kontun soyundan gelme Lambourne Düşesi. Tezgaahın yanındaki koltukta on dakika bekleyecekti. Onun keyfinin gelmesini bekleyecekti. O kendisini görmeye hazır olana kadar bekleyecekti. Beyimiz sağrı kenarlıklı saatte baktı. Saat her vuruşuyla sanki ona birşeyler - kaz ciğeri ezmesi, bir kadeh şampanya, bir başka kadehte brendi, bir ginelik purulardan sunuyor gibiydi. On dakika dolduğunda saat bunların hepsini önündeki masaya sermişti. Derken koridorda tıkırtılar, usul usul yaklaşan ayak

sesleri duydu. Kapı açıldı. Hammond duvara yapıştı.

'Sayın hanmefendi!' diye gelişini duyuyordu.

Ve duvara dayalı öylece bekledi.

Oliver doğrulurken koridor boyunca ilerleyen Düşes'in elbisesinin hişirtisini duyabiliyordu. Derken Düşes göründü, önce kapı sonra odanın içi bir anda koskoca bir dalga halinde gelmiş geçmiş tüm Dük ve Düşeslerin kokusu, saygınlığı, kibiri, gösterişi ve gururu ile dolmuştu. Otururken tıpkı bir dalğanın kıyıda patlayıp dağılışı gibi Oliver Bacon'un, büyük kuyumcunun, üstünde gürlütle kırıldı, kırılmasıyla da onu kvilecimler halinde parlak renklere, yeşillere, pembelere, morlara, kokulara, yarı nardönerlere, parmaklarının üstündeki tüylerden yayılan ve ipekte parlayan ışılara buladı. Düşes pembe tafa sıkı sıkıya sarıldı, çok iri ve şişmandı, gençlik yıllarını çoktan geride bırakmıştı. Zengin firfurlu bir güneş şemsiyesinin kapamış, bol tüylü bir tavuskuşunun tüylerini içeri çekmiş gibi o da kendini kapamış, sönmüş tüy deri koltuğa gömülürken.

'Günaydın, Mr. Bacon,' dedi Düşes. Beyaz eldiveninden çıkardığı elini uzattı. Oliver bu eli sıkarken iyice eğildi. Elleri birbirine değdiğinde aralarında tekrar bir bağ oluştu, lehimlenmiş gibiydiler. Dosttular, aynı zamanda düşmandılar; biri beyefendi, diğeri hanmefendi; birbirlerini aldatıyor, birbirlerinden korkuyor, birbirlerine ihtiyaç duyuyorlardı; şu an dışarıdaki beyaz ışık, altı yaprağı kalmış ağaç ve uzakta caddenin sesleri arasında, arkalarında kasalar, bu karanlık küçük odada ellerinin her birbirine değişinde bunu bir kez daha hissediyor, anlıyorlardı.

'Söyleyin Düşes, bugün-bugün sizin için ne yapabilirim?' dedi Oliver yumuşak bir sesle.

Düşes yüreğini, herkesten gizlediği yüreğini araladı, sonuna dek açtı, hiç konuşmadan içini çekerek çantasından ince soluk bir deri kese çıkardı - sarı cilız bir sarı andırdıyordu. Sonra sansarın karnındaki bir yarıktan inciler çıktı, tam on inci. İlahi bir kuşun yumurtaları gibi bir, iki, üç, dört diye sırayla yarıktan yuvarlanıp saçıldılar.

'İşte elimde kalanların hepsi bu sevgili Mr. Bacon,' diye söylendi. Beş, altı, yedi - bir bir aşağı, dizleri arasındaki dar vadiye açılan geniş dağ yamacının eteklerinden aşağı yuvarlandılar; sekizinci, dokuzuncu ve onuncu. Orada, şeftali çiçeği rengi taftanın parlısı içinde duruyorlardı. On inci.

'Appleby kemerinden,' diye üzgün üzgün söylendi. 'Kalanlar.... son kalanlar.'

Oliver uzanıp incilerden birini işaret ve baş parmakları arasına aldı. Yusuvarlak, pırlı pırlı. Fakat gerçek miydi, yoksa sahte mi? Yine yalan mı söylüyordu? Cesaret edebilir miydi buna?

Düşes yumuşak tombul parmağını dudaklarına götürüp, 'Dük bilse...' diye fısıldadı. 'Sevgili Mr. Bacon talih-sizlik işte....'

Yoksa yine kumar mı oynamaştı?

'Ah o serseri! O yankesici!' diye soludu.

Çökük elmacık kemikli adam mı acaba? Serserinin teki. Uzun favorileri ile o çakı gibi Dük benim bildiklerimi bilse onu kapatır, diye geçirdi Oliver kasaya bakıyor, anlıyorlardı.

rak.

'Araminta, Daphne, Diana,' diye inledi Düşes. Hep onlar için.'

Araminta, Daphne, Diana hanımlar - kızları. Onları tanırdı, hepsine de hayrandı. Fakat o Diana'ya aşıkı.

'Tüm sırlarımı bilirsiniz,' diye yan gözle süzdü Oliver'i. Kiraz çiçeklerini andıran yanaklarının çıkıntularından süzülen o elmas gibi yaşlar pudraları kümeleyerek aşağı döküldü.

'Eski dostum,' diye mırıldandı, 'eski dost'.

'Eski dostum,' diye yineledi Oliver, kelimelerle oynuyormuş gibi, 'eski dost'.

'Ne kadar?' diye sordu kuşkuyla.

'Kadın incileri eliyle örtüp, 'Yirmi bin' diye fısıldadı.

Şu elinde tuttuğu gerçek miydi yoksa sahte mi? Appleby kemeri - onu çoktan satmamış mıydı? Spencer'i ya da Hammond'u çağıracaktı. 'Şunu alın inceleyin' diyecekti. Zile uzandı.

'Yarın geleceksiniz değil mi?' diye sıkıştırarak lafa girdi Düşes. 'Başbakan-Majesteleri ...' Duraladı. 'Ve Diana...' diye ekledi.

Oliver elimi zilden çekti.

Bakışları kadını aşıp Bond Caddesi'ndeki evlerin aralarına yöneldi. Ama gördüğü Bond Caddesi'nin evleri değil, çukurda kalmış bir dere, zıplayan bir alabalık, bir som balığı, Başbakan, beyaz yeleği içinde kendisi ve derken Diana'ydı. Yeniden elindeki inciyi baktı. Gerçek olup olmadığını nasıl anlayacaktı; nehirin pırlıtısında

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mi, Diana'nın gözlerinin pırlıtısında mı? Düşes'in gözleri ise üzerindeydi.

'Yirmi bin,' diyordu inliyle. 'Tüm şerefim!'

Diana'nın annesinin şerefi! Çek defterini önüne alıp kalemini çıkardı.

'Yirmi' yazdı. Derken durdu. Resimdeki yaşlı kadının gözlerini üzerinde hissetti- yaşlı kadının, annesinin.

'Oliver!' diye uyarıyordu kendisini. 'Aklımı başına top-la! Aptallık etme!'

'Oliver!' dedi Düşes yalvarıncasına - şimdi Mr. Bacon değil 'Oliver' olmuştu. 'Hafta sonunda kalmaya geleceksin değil mi?'

Koruda Diana'yla başbaşa! Ağaçlar arasında Diana'yla ata binmek!

'Bin' yazdı, imzaladı.

'İşte buyrun' dedi.

Düşes koltuktan kalkarken güneş şemsiyesinin tüm fırırları, tavuskuşunun tüm tüyleri, dalganın ışıltısı, Agincourt'un kılıç ve mızrakları tekrar açılıverdi. Yaşlı Spencer ile Marshall, genç Wicks ile Hammond Oliver'in kadim dükkânın kapısına kadar geçişini tezgahın gerisinde gıpta ile izlediler. Oliver sarı eldivenini yüzlerine sallıyor, kadın ise şerefini - onun imzasını taşıyan yirmi bin poundluk çeki elinde sınıksız tutuyordu.

Oliver odasının kapısını kaparken 'Sahte mi, gerçek mi?' diye kendi kendine sordu. İşte hepsi oradaydı. Masadaki kurutma kağıdının üzerinde on inci. Alıp pencere kenarına götürdü. Hepsini bir bir büyütecinin altında ışığa tuttu... Demek toprağın altında aradığı mantar buy-

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du! İçten içe çürümüş!

'Ah, bağışla beni anneciğim!' diye elini sanki resimdeki kadından özür diler gibi kaldırdı, içini çekti. Yine pazarları köpeklerin satıldığı sokak arasındaki küçük çocuk oluverdi.

'Çünkü', diye mırıldandı avuççıklarını birleştirip oğuşturarak,' uzun bir hafta sonu olacağı benziyor.'

APPENDIX 2.H VAROLUŞ ANILARI

VAROLUŞ ANILARI 'SLATER'IN İĞNELERİNİN BAŞI YOK'

'Slater'in iğnelerinin başı yok- Hiç dikkatini çekti mi?' dedi Miss Craye. Fanny Wilmot'ın elbisesindeki gül yere düşünce arkasına dönmüştü. Fanny de kulakları müzikle dolu iğneyi aramak üzere yere eğilmişti.

Mrs. Craye'in Bach füğünün son noktasında ettiği bu sözler; Fanny'yı çok şaşırtmıştı. Fanny Wilmot bir an donup kalmış, kendi kendine acaba Miss Craye gerçekten Slater'a gidip iğne mi alıyor, diye düşünmüştü. Tezgahın önünde sıradan biri gibi bekliyor, bakır iğnelerin sarılı olduğu kağıdı alıp cüzdanına atıyor, bir saat sonra da tuvalet masasının başında durup iğneleri çıkarıyor muydu? İğnelere ne ihtiyacı olabilirdi ki? Öyle ahım şahım giyinmezdi, kabuğuna büzülmüş bir kınkanat böceği gibi kışın mavi, yazın yeşile bürünürdü. Bach füğlerinin serin, donuk dünyasında yaşar görünen, kendi kendine ne isterse çalan ve sadece Archer Street Müzik Okulu'nda (okulun müdüresi Miss Kingston'ın dediğine göre) sırf kendisine faydası olsun diye lütfen bir ya da iki öğrenci kabul eden, 'kendine her yönden hayran' Julia Craye'in iğneye ne ihtiyacı olabilirdi ki? Miss Kingston'a

bakılırsa Miss Craye erkek kardeşinin ölümünden sonra çok perişan olmuştu. Ah, Salisbury'de yaşadıkları günler ne güzeldi, erkek kardeşi Julius tartışmasız çok ünlü bir adamdı, tanınmış bir arkeologdu. Onlarla birlikte oturmak büyük bir ayrıcalıktı Miss Kingston'ın dediğine göre (Ailem onları eskiden beri tanırdı - Canterbury'nin köklü ailelerindendiler' diyordu Miss Kingston) yine de bir çok çocuk için bu o denli de ürkütücüydü; insanın kapıları çarpmamaya ya da odaya lambur lumbar gir-memeye özen göstermesi gerekiyordu. Miss Kingston sözünün burasında durup gülümsemişti; bu küçük karakter analizlerini ders yılının çekleri alıp faturaları yazdığı ilk gününde yapıyordu. Evet, oldukça erkeksevi tavrılı bir kız olduğu doğrudu; içeri lambur lumbar daları Romalılardan kalma bütün yeşil bardak ve eşyaları dolaplarında şöyle bir zıplattı. Crayeler çocuklara alışkın değillerdi. İkisi de bekarı. Kedi beslerlerdi; insana sanki kedileri de Roma devri kap kakak ve eşyaları konusunda herkes kadar bilgi sahibi gibi geliyordu.

'Benden çok daha fazla bilgilidiler!' dedi Miss Kingston neşçyle; pulun karşısına kıvrak, canlı, cüsseli eliyle adımı yapıyordu, her zaman böyle pratikti. Ne yapсын hayatını böyle kazanıyordu.

Fanny Wilmot igneyi ararken belki de Miss Craye şu 'Slater'in ignelerinin başı yok' lafını demin öylesine söyleyiverdi, dişe düşündü. Crayelerin ikisi de bekarı. Kadın igneler hakkında birşey - hem de hiçbir şey bilmiyordu. Sadece evin üzerinde dolaşan büyüğü bozmak; kendilerini diğer insanlardan ayıran camı kırıp atmak istemişti. O küçük kız, Polly Kingston, kapıyı hızla çarpıp Roma vazolarını şöyle bir titrettiğinde Julius hiçbir zarar olmadığını görür ilk düşündüğü bu olurdu, ama do-

lap pencereye yerleştirildiği için vazolar zarar görmezdi) evden kırlara kaçan Polly'e ablasının sık sık yaptığı, gibi gözlemlerini dikip sert bir bakışla bakardı.

'Yıldızlar, güneş, ay, çimler üstündeki papatyaya, alevler, pencere camındaki kırığı gönülüm size akıyor,' der gibiydi bakarken, bir yandan da cama sen kırıyor, kaçıyor, gidiyorsun, diyordu sanki. Bakışı hem istek hem düşünküklüğü ile söylenmiş 'Sana yetişmiyorum - seni yakalayamıyorum' sözleri içinde her iki ruh halinin yoğunluğuna da sahipti. Yıldızlar sönmüş, çocuk gitmişti. İşte sözünü ettiğimiz büyü, Miss Craye'in, en gözde öğrencisine (Fanny Wilmot Miss Craye'in, en gözde öğrencisine nu biliyordu) ödül olarak güzel güzel Bach çalarken kendisinin de tüm diğer insanlar gibi ignelerden anladığını göstererek kırmak istediği cam yüzey böyle bir şeydi. Slater'in ignelerinin başı yoktu.

Evet, 'ünlü arkeolog'da tıpkı böyleydi. 'Ünlü arkeolog' - çekleri onaylayıp tarih atarken neçeli ve samimi bir sesle bunu söylediğinde sesinde tuhaf birşeyler vardı Miss Kingston'ın, Julius Craye'de bir tuhaflık sezen, be-timlemesi zor bir hava; belki Julia'nın tuhaflığı da bunun aynıydı. Fanny Wilmot igneyi ararken, insan bu kadının partilerde, ayınlerde (Miss Kingston'ın babası rahipti) bir parça dedikodu, bazen sadece bir gülümseme ya da kendisine Julius Craye'le ilgili 'bir fikir' verecek bir konuşma yakaladığına yemin edebilir, diye düşündü. Şüphesiz bunu kimseye söylememiştir. Belki kendisi de bundan ne kastettiğini pek bilmiyordu. Fakat ne zaman Julius'dan sözetsen ya da sözdediğini duysa aklına ilk bu geliyordu; insanın aklı yatmıyor değil mi bu düşünceye; Julius Craye'de bir tuhaflık vardı.

Piyanonun taburesinden şöyle gülümseyerek yarım döndüğünde Julia'da da aynı şey vardı. Kirlarda, camda, gökyüzünde-güzellik; bense ona ulaşmıyorum, elde edemiyorum - ardından da ekler gibiydi o tümüyle kendine özgü el hareketleriyle - güzelliğe böylesine hayran, sahip olmak için tüm dünyayı feda edebilecek olan ben! Fanny için ararken o da yere düşmüş olan karanfil elne aldı. Fanny onun çiçeği inci üzerine suluboya desenli yüzüklerle dolu ince damarlı parmakları arasında şehvetle ezdiğini farkettiler. Parmaklarının tüm gücü çektiki o en gözalıcı öğeyi büyütme; ortaya çıkarmaya; daha gösterişli, taze ve kusursuz kılma koyulmuş gibiydi. Belki de kardeşinin ve onun tuhaflığı işte parmağın bu eziş ve kavrayışının sonsuz bir umarsızlıkla içiçe oluşuydu. Karanfil de böyle olmuştu. Onu eline almış sıklıkla fakat bir türlü herşeyiyle sahip olamamış, tadına varamamıştı.

Crayelerin ikisi de bekarlı diye düşündü Fanny Wilmo. Bir akşam ders her zamankinden çok uzayıp hava karardığında Julia Cray'e'nin nasıl 'erkeklerin işlevi şüphesiz bizleri korumaktır' deyiverdiğini anımsadı. Ayağa kalkmış pelerinin önüne kapatırken yüzündeki o hep aynı tuhaf gülüşle söylemişti bunu; o haliyle Fanny'ye tıpkı çiçek gibi parmaklarının ucuna dek taze ve gözalıcı görünüyordu; ama ne yapacağımı bilmez gibiydi, yine, tıpkı çiçek gibi.

'Ama ben korunmak istemiyorum' diye gülmüştü Fanny. Julia Cray'e o kendine özgü bakışını yüzüne dikip bundan pek emin olmadığım söylediğinde Fanny onun gözlerindeki hayranlık ifadesinin etkisiyle esaslı kızarmıştı.

Erkeklerin tek işlevi bu, diyordu. Fanny gözlerini yere kaçırmış, acaba bunun için mi hiç evlenmemiş diye geçirmişti. Aslında tüm hayatı Salisbury'de geçemişti. 'Kensington,' demişti bir keresinde Londra'nın en güzel yeri (tabii onbeş - yirmi yıl öncesinden sözediyorum). On dakikada varıyordunuz Bahçeler'e- kirların göbeği gibiydi Bahçeler. İnsan ayağında terliklerle soğuk almaktan dışarıda yemek yiyebilirdi. Tabii o zamanlar Kensington bir köy gibiydi' demişti.

Sözünün burasında durup kuzgunlukla Metro'daki havaya akımından yakınmıştı.

'Erkeklerin işlevi buydu,' demişti ardından tuhaf, anlamsız bir buruklukla, Bu neden evlenmediği sorusuna bir ışık tutabilir miydi? İnsan gençliğini düşününce ona her türlü macerayı yakıştırabilirdi; belki de güzel mavi gözleri, düz, ciddi ifadeli burmu, güvenli seçkin havası, piyano çalışı, muslin elbisesinin göğsünde temiz arzu-larla açan gülü ile o zamanlar Crayelerin evindeki o güzelim şeylerin, porselen çay fincanları, gümüş şamdanlar ve işlemeli masaların büyüüne kapılan delikanlıları daha ilk bakışta cezbetmişti. Bu delikanlılar yeterince seçkin olmayan, katedral kasabasının hayal peşinde koşan delikanlılardı. Özellikle onları cezbetmişti, sonra da kardeşinin Oxford ya da Cambridge'den arkadaşlarını. Yazın gelip onu nehirde kayıkla gezdirmiş, Browning'i tartışmayı mektuplarında sürdürmüştü, belki de, çok seyrek olmakla, Londra'da kaldığı zamanlar ona Kensington Bahçeleri'ni gezdirmeyi planlamışlardı.

'Kensington Londra'nın en güzel yeri (tabii onbeş - yirmi yıl öncesinden sözediyorum)' demişti bir keresinde.

On dakikada varyordunuz Bahçeler'e kırların göbeğine. Fanny Wilmot, insan istediğini yapmaz mı böyle bir durumda, diye düşündü, sözcüğü şü eski arkadaşları Mr. Sherman'ı seçip güneşli bir Haziran günü ağaçlar altında çay içmeye davet ettirmez mi kendisini? Hani insanın soguk alma korkusu olmaksızın terliklerle dolaşabildiği şu partilerden birinde tanışmışlardı. Onlar Yılanataşına bakarken teyzesi, ya da yaşlı bir akrabası, her kimse, orada beklemek zorunda kalmıştı. Yılanataşına bakmışlardı. Belki de adam onu kayıkla karşı kıyıya geçirmişti. O nehirle Avon'u karşılaştırmışlardı. Julia kızmıştır bu benzetmeye. Onun gözünde önemli olan nehirlerin görünüşleriydi. Sırtını biraz kamburlaştırıp eğilmiş kayığı kullanıyordu; o haliyle bile güzeldi. O önemli anda - adam artık konuşması gerektiğine karar vermişti - bu onu yalnız yakalayabileceği tek fırsattı, başı alakasız bir yere dönük, omuzunun üzerinden konuşuyordu, çok heyecanlıydı - işte tam o anda Julia sözünü sertçe kesti. Köprü'ye sürükleniyoruz, diye bağırmuştu. Bu her ikisi için de hayal kırıklığı ve gizli her ne varsa ortaya dökmeye anıydı. Julia, elde edemiyor, bir türlü sahip olamıyor, diye düşünüyordu. Adam ise, böylese neden benimle gelmeyi kabul etti, diye geçiriyordu aklından. Küreği suya genişçe daldırıp kayığın yönünü değiştirdi. Sırf kendisini böyle aşağılamak için mi? Julia'yı kıyıya çıkarıp elveda dedi.

Fanny Wilmot bu sahnenin geçtiği yer isteğe göre değiştirilebilir diye düşündü (Şu iğne de nereye düşmüştü?). Ravenna'da ya da kardeşi için bir ev aldığı Edinburg'da da olabilir. Genç adam ve sahnenin genel havası da değiştirilebilirdi, fakat değiştirilemeyecek bir şey vardı - Julia'nın reddedişi, çatık kaşları, sonra kendi

kendine kızışı, bağırıp çağırışı ve rahatlayışı - evet kusuz o müthiş rahatlayışı. Belki de hemen ertesi gün saat altıda kalkacak, pelerini giyip Kensington'dan nehre kadar tüm yolu yürüyecekti. Henüz insanlar uyanmadan, herşey en güzel görünümündeyken gidip seyretme hakkını kullandığına öyle memnundu ki - isterse o da yatığında kahvaltı edebilirdi. Oysa özgürlüğünü feda etmemişti.

Evet, Julia alışkanlıklarına hiç zarar getirmemiş, diye gülmüşü Fanny Wilmot. Hepsi yerli yerinde; evlenmiş olsaydı alışkanlıkları çok zarar görecek. Bir akşam yeni evlenmiş bir kız öğrencisi ona kocasının merak edeceğini söyleyip telaşla evinin yolunu tuttuğunda yarı gülererek 'Onlar insan yiyen canavar gibidir' demişti.

'İnsan yiyen canavar gibiydiler' demişti acımasız bir gülüşle. Böyle bir canavar belki yatakta edilen kahvaltılara, şafakta nehre kadar yapılan yürüyüşlere bile karışırdı. Bir de çocukları olsa (düşünmesi bile zor ya) ne yapardı? Soğuga, yorgunluğa, ağır yiyeceklerle, yanlış beslenmeye, hava ceryanına, çok sıcak odalara, Metro yolculuklarına karşı akıl almaz önlemleri vardı, çünkü bunlardan hangisinin hayatını bir savaş alanına çeviren o korkunç başağrıların gerçek nedeni olduğunu hiç bilemiyordu. Akıl fikri düşmanlarını alt etmekteydi, öyle ki an geliyor bu kovalamaca başlı başına çekicilik kazanıyordu; sonunda düşmanı yenebilse bu sefer de hayat biraz sıkıcı gelmeye başlayacaktı. Durum buydu, bu halat çekme oyununun sonu yoktu - bir yanda tutkula sevdiği bir bülbul ya da bir manzara - gerçekten de manzaraya ve kuşlara duydukları tutku derecesindeydi; öte yanda ise ertesi gün mutlaka keyfini kaçırarak, o

başarılarından birine neden olacak ıslak bir patika ya da dik bir yamacın tepesine korkunç uzun bir turmanış. Bu nedenle zaman zaman gücünü toplamayı başarıp çiğdemlerin en gözahacı olduğu hafta Hampton Court'a gzmeye çıkabilse bu bir zafer oluyordu. Hep hatırlayacağı, sonsuza dek önemini yitirmeyecek bir şeydi. Öğleden sonrayı anılar kolyesine geçiriyordu. Kolye şunu ya da bunu, şu manzarayı, bu şehri hatırlayamayacağı, her bir anıyı eşsiz kılan şeye dokunup, hissedip iç geçirerek tadına varamayacağı kadar uzun değildi.

'Geçen cuma hava öyle güzeldi ki oraya gitmem gerektiğine karar verdim'. Demek ki tek başına Waterloo'ya - Hampton Court'a gzmeye gitmişti. İnsan kendini, aslında belki de aptalca bir duyguyla, ona acınmasını hiç istemediği bir konuda acımaktan alamıyordu (gerçekten de çok ketum bir yapıdaydı, sadece sağlığından, o da bir savasının düşmanından sözedeşi gibi sözederd) - insan ona her zaman herşeyi yalnız yaptığı için acıyordu. Erkek kardeşi ölmüştü. Kızkardeşi astımlıydı. Edinburgh ikliminin ona iyi geleceğini duymuştu. Julia için çok sertti. Belki de erkek kardeşi, ünlü arkeolog, orada öldüğü için üzücü şeyler geliyordu aklına. Brompton Yolu'nun aşığıında küçük bir evde yapayalnız yaşıyordu.

Fanny Wilmot ıgnevi gördü; yerden aldı. Miss Craye'e baktı. Çok mu yalnızdı Miss Craye? Hayır, Miss Craye sadece o an için bile olsa haz dolu, mutlu bir kadındı. Fanny onu bir coşku anında basmıştı. Orada piyanodan yarım dönmüş, karanfil sınıksı kavrayan elleri kucağında kavuşmuş öylece oturuyordu. Arkasında ise perdesiz, geceleri mora çalan, eşyası az müzik odasında gölge bırakmadan yanan parlak elektrik ışığında daha bir morlaşan pencerenin köşesi kare şeklinde görünüyordu.

Çiçek elinde, tortop oturan Julia Craye Londra gecesinin içinden çıkıp gelmiş, geceyi de bir pelerin gibi arkasına takmıştı sanki; gecenin çıplaklığı ve yoğunluğu ruhunun akıp gidişi ile birleşip bedenini çepeçevre saran birşey oluşturmuş gibiydi. Fanny bakakalmıştı.

Bir an için Fanny Wilmot'ın gözüne herşey saydam göründü; Miss Craye'ın içini seyrediyor gibiydi, varlığını saf gümüş damlalar akıtan kaynağına kadar görüyordu. İyice geride geçmişinin derinliklerini, ta derinliklerini görüyordu. Vitrindeki yeşil Roma vazolarını gördü; korodaki çocukların kriket oynamışını duydu; Julia'nın kavitsli merdivenlerden usulca bahçeye inişini gördü; derken sedir ağacının dibine çay döktüğünü gördü; yaşlı babasının ellerini kendi elleriyle yumuşacık sarımsı, yaşadıkları o eski Katedral'in koridorları boyunca elinde marka işlenecek havlularla gidip geldiğini de görebiliyordu; yol boyu günlük hayatın sıradanlığından, gün be gün yaşanmaktan, yaz gelince bazı giysileri giymekten - çünkü onun yaşında giyilmeyecek denli afil-lydiler - yakınıyordu. Hasta babasına bakışını; tüm benliği ile o tek hedefine yönelmiş, yoluna çıkabilecek herşeyi daha bir kararlılıkla küreyip temizleyişini; ucuza çıkardığı gezileri, sıkı sıkıya kapalı cüzdanından bu yolculuk ya da şu eski ayna için ne kadar çıkacağını hesaplayışını; insanlar ne düşünürse düşünsün aldırmandan kendi zevklerine sıkıca bağlı kalışını görüyordu. Julia'yı görüyordu kısacası.

Julia alevlenmişti. Julia tutuşmuştu. Gecenin içinde sönmüş beyaz bir yıldız gibi yanıyor. Julia kollarını açtı; geldi kendisini dudaklarından öptüverdi. İşte Julia sonunda elde etmişti o şeyi.

'Slater'ın iğnelerinin başı yok' dedi Miss Craye tuhaf bir gülüşle kollarını gevşetirken. Çiçeği göğsüne iğnelerken Fanny Wilmot'ın parmakları titriyordu.