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QUALIFICATION PAPER

On Translation of the extract of the book "Farewell to Gulsary"

Written by Chingiz Aytmatov

(The features of translation of metaphor)

(pp.160-213)

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Introduction

The relevance of the research topic.

«Knowledge of the language - a priceless treasure». Islam Karimov President of the Republic of Uzbekistan.

Under the leadership of President Islam Karimov special attention is paid to education of harmoniously developed generation, creation of necessary conditions for knowledge and skills of young people in various professions.

Also, President Islam Karimov said that the «Youth - a time to achieve the noble aspirations and hopes». There is no doubt that boys and girls set for themselves the specific goals and striving for it, be sure to succeed.

Each language is unique and has its own peculiarities. The man who speaks any foreign language, uses a variety of lexical items, uses a variety of grammatical and phonetic laws of language. However, speakers are often helpless in the simplest speech situations that require linguistic behavior, corresponding to a specific communication strategy. There are paradoxes of speech communication: a man feels at times a complete inability to voice interaction with other members of the same linguistic community. And it is in ignorance of the language - it is usually in the inability to properly use it, that is, an inability to "place" yourself in a particular speech situation.

Relevance is determined by the ambiguity thesis presentation metaphor as a linguistic unit. Moreover, the metaphor is used in all works of art, but I think that a relatively small number of scientists involved in the release of metaphor in the works. Engaged in the study of metaphor, many linguists: Arutyunov, N.D, N.D Bessorabova, Efimov. AI, Chudinov A.P, V.K Kharchenko and others. Also represented in terms of such linguists as D.Devidson, T.Gobbs, A.Richards, A.Verzhbitskaya, M. Black, Dzh.Lakoff, M.Birdsli, E. McCormack, D.E Searle,

T.Dobzhinskaya. Their research, I took as a basis for the theoretical part of the thesis.

The metaphor as a linguistic phenomenon occurs not only in speech but also in writing. Of great importance is the use of metaphor in her fiction. There is no single author, who did not use a metaphorical transfer to describe in vivid colors of the characters, the various events and activities. No exception, and the story by Chingiz Aitmatov Torekulovich "Farewell Gulsary"

Interest in the extended metaphor of its scope and study, because it is a metaphor is the key to the knowledge of reality.

The degree of scrutiny.

As part of this qualification paper will attempt to prove the view that "the trail is the emergence of a new word in a familiar" voice ", and even in a literary text.

Metaphor and metonymy extends beyond the use of the word.

The aim of the study.

The aim of this qualification paper is to study the use of metaphors and metonymies in a particular translation. That is, its significance in works of art.

According to the study assumes the following tasks:

- 1) Determine the role of metaphor in the creation and understanding of the literary text.
- 2) To consider the concept of general linguistic metaphors of nature;
- 3) Determine the value and classification of metaphors and metonymies in stylistic theory.
- 4) To investigate the nature of metaphors and metonymies in the work of Chingiz Aitmatova in the novel « Farewell Gyulsary».
- 5) Identify cases of the use of metaphors and metonymies in the story.
- 6) Analyze the importance of contextual metaphors.

Objectives of the study.

Therefore, I must select the next task of the qualification paper: the presentation of evidence that metaphor in the story of Aitmatov is a secondary nomination.

To achieve the following objectives:

- 1) Define the basic functions and features of a metaphor;
- 2) Consider the main types of metaphors;
- 3) Find a metaphor in the story Aitmatov "Farewell Gulsary"

Theoretical and practical value of work.

The basis of the practical part of the qualification paper was taken Chingiz Aitmatov's novel "Farewell Gulsary." My choice was not accidental, since this product is rarely used in research. But the novelty of my topic lies in the fact that there are no studies in the literature for the presence of features of the translation of metaphor in this story.

The object of study: "Features of translation of metaphor".

The subject of the qualification paper is research a metaphor in the novel features of Chingiz Aitmatov "Farewell Gulsary".

The structure of the work.

This Qualification paper consists of an introduction, two chapters (the translation and the main text), analysis of the chapters, conclusion and bibliography.

In the introduction the choice of research topic and its relevance, formulate goals and objectives, outlines the scientific novelty, theoretical and practical importance of the work. In the first chapter, "Metaphor in Contemporary Linguistics" is defined by the concept of metaphor, its functions, types, and stylistic value. In the second chapter, "The analysis of metaphor in the story Chingiz Aitmatov" Farewell Gulsary "evidence is presented using the metaphor in the story, and a study of what a metaphor is a secondary nomination. The examples of metaphor as a secondary category.

Chapter 1

Translation extract (160-213) from book "Farewell Gulsary". By Chingiz Aytmatov.

Jaidar nodded, but Tanabai said nothing. He knew it himself and this was not the first time he was hearing Ibraim say it, for he never missed a chance to imply that a man should value his job as a herdsman. Tanabai wanted to say that there was nothing to be gained by people hanging on to soft jobs that provided milk and meat. And what about the others? How long more would people have to work for nothing? Was that how things were before the war? In those days each household would receive two or three wagon loads of grain in the autumn. But now everyone was running around with empty sacks. They were the ones who grew the wheat, but there was no grain for them. Was that how things should be? Meetings and promises alone would get them nowhere. Choro's heart had given out because he could give the people nothing except kind words for their hard work. But there was no use telling Ibraim of all that lay like a stone on his heart. Then again, Tanabai did not want to start a long discussion. He had to get rid of them, saddle the pacer and set off for town in order to return as quickly as possible. Why had they come? It was not polite to ask.

"I don't seem to recognize you," Tanabai said to Ibraim's companion, a young and silent youth. "Aren't you Abalak's son?"

"Yes, I am."

"How time flies. Do you want to have a look at the herds? Are you curious to see them?"

"Why no, we've...."

"He came along with me," Ibraim interrupted. "We've come on business, but we can discuss that later. Your kumis is excellent, Jaidar. What an aroma! Would you pour me another cup?"

Once again they talked of this and that. Tanabai sensed that something was wrong, but he could not guess what had brought Ibraim to his tent. Finally, Ibraim pulled a paper from his pocket.

"Here's what we've come about, Tanabai. Here's the paper. Read it."

Tanabai spelled it out slowly to himself, unable to believe his eyes. The bold writing on the sheet read as follows:

"An Order.

"For herdsman Bakasov.

"The pacer Gyulsary is to be transferred to the stable to be used as a saddle horse.

"Signed: Chairman of the Collective Farm (the signature was illegible). March 5, 1950."

Tanabai overcome by this unexpected turn of events, silently, folded the paper in four, put it in the breast pocket of his old army shirt and sat there with downcast eyes for quite a while. He had a funny feeling in his chest. Actually, there was nothing to be surprised about. It was his job to raise horses and then hand them over to others as work horses or riding horses. He had sent so many of them to the various teams over the years. But surrender Gyulsary! This was more than he could bear. He began thinking feverishly of a way to keep the pacer. He had to consider every angle. He had to get a grip on himself. Ibraim was beginning to fidget.

"This is the bit of business that brought us here, Tanabai," he said cautiously.

"Good," Tanabai replied, glancing at him calmly. "Your business won't run off. Let's have some more kumis and talk a while."

"Why, of course. You're a sensible man, Tanabai,"

"A sensible man! Don't think I'll swallow your foxy words!" Tanabai thought morosely.

Thus did Tanabai first come to grips with the new collective-farm chairman, or, rather, with his illegible signature. He had not yet set eyes on the man himself. He had been in the mountains for the winter when the new chairman had taken over Choro's job. They said he was a hard man to deal with and that he had held a high post somewhere before. At the very first meeting he had warned everyone that he would deal severely with the laggards and would take all those who did not fulfill their quotas to court, that all their troubles stemmed from the fact that the collective farms were too small, but that they would soon be enlarged and things would improve. He said that was why he had been appointed to their farm, and that it was his duty to run the farm according to all the rules of modern agro technics and zoo technics. That meant everyone had to attend the agro technical and zoo technical study groups.

Indeed, they soon had the study groups going, they put up posters and started the lectures. And if the shepherds fell asleep at the lectures that was their own business.

"It's time we got going, Tanabai," Ibraim said. He looked at Tanabai expectantly, and then began pulling up his boots, shaking and smoothing out his fox-skin hat. "Listen, farm chief, tell the chairman that I won't let Gyulsary go. He's my studhorse. He's covering the mares."

"Why, Tanabai, we'll give you five stallions for him, and all your mares will be covered. "That's no problem" Ibraim said in surprise. He had been pleased to

see things proceeding so smoothly and now suddenly. . . . If it had been anyone else and not Tanabai, he'd have made short shrift of the matter. But

Tanabai was Tanabai, he had not even spared his own brother, and that was something to be reckoned with. He would have to go easy.

"I don't need your five stallions!" Tanabai said, wiping his moist forehead. After a moment's pause he decided to speak his mind. "Doesn't your chairman have anything to ride? Aren't there any horses left in the stable? Why does he want Gyulsary?"

"Isn't that clear? The chairman's our chief that means he has to be respected. After all, he keeps going to the district center and people come here to see him. The chairman's in the public eye, he's out in front, so to speak."

"So to speak what? Won't they know who he is if he's on another horse? And if he's out in front, does it have to be on a pacer?"

"It's not whether he has to or not. Things are sort of supposed to be like that. You were a soldier during the war, Tanabai. Did you ride around in an automobile while your general rode around in a truck? Of course not. A general gets what's coming to a general, and a soldier gets what's coming to a soldier. Isn't that right?"

"This is different," Tanabai objected hesitantly. He did not explain why it was different and could not have explained it anyway. Feeling the circle tightening around the pacer, he added angrily: "I won't let you have him. And if I don't please you, you can transfer me back to the smithy. You won't take my sledge-hammer away, that's for sure."

"Why say that, Tanabai? We all respect you and value what you're doing. You're acting like a baby. It doesn't become you." Ibraim began fidgeting. It looked as if he had put his foot in it this time. He had promised so much, it had all been

his idea in the first place, he had volunteered to go, and now this stubborn ox was making a mess of everything.

Ibraim sighed heavily and turned to Jaidar: "What's one horse, Jaidar, you tell me, even if it is a pacer? There are all kinds of horses in a herd; you can take your pick. The chairman's just arrived, he's been appointed...."

"What's it to you?" Jaidar asked.

Ibraim spluttered, and then shrugged.

"Why, it's a matter of discipline. I'm nobody; I just do as I'm told. It's not for me. I can ride an ass. Here, ask him, Abalak's son has been sent along to ride the pacer in."

The youth nodded.

"It doesn't look nice," Ibraim continued. "They've appointed a new chairman, he's our guest, and the whole village can't even offer him a decent horse. What will the people say when they find out? Is that the way we do things in Kirghizia?"

"Good!" Tanabai said. "Let the village know about it. I'll go to Choro. Let him say who's right."

"Do you think Choro will tell you to keep him? He's agreed to it already. You'll only make things awkward for him. It'll be like sabotage. As if we don't recognise the new chairman and go complaining to

The old one Choro's a sick man. Why spoil his relationship with the new chairman? Choro's going to be the Party organizer; he'll have to work with him. Let them figure it out."

Now, when the talk had turned to Choro, Tanabai said nothing. No one said anything.

Jaidar heaved a sigh.

"Let them have him," she said to her husband. "Don't keep them waiting."

"Now that's sensible. You should have said so long ago. Thank you, Jaidar."

Ibraim had not been trying so hard in vain. A short while later he was promoted from head of the horse breeding farm to deputy chairman in charge of all cattle breeding.

Tanabai sat there in the saddle, his eyes downcast, seeing it all, though he did not look up. He saw Gyulsary caught and a new bridle put on him, for Tanabai would never have given them his own. He saw Gyulsary fight against being taken from the herd, straining at the reins held by Abalak's son, he saw Ibraim thrashing him, swinging his whip in a wide arch, riding at him now from the left, now from the right. He saw the pacer's eyes, the bewilderment in them, for he could not understand why these strangers were taking him away from the mares and the colts, from his master. He saw the steam rising up from the horse's open mouth when he neighed, he saw his mane, withers, rump, the streaks left by the whip on his back and sides, he saw his every point, even the small callus above the pastern on his right foreleg, he saw his gait, his hoof prints, everything down to the last hair of his golden coat, he saw it all and, biting his lip, he suffered in silence. When he finally raised his head the men who had come for Gyulsary were disappearing over the rise. Tanabai cried out and spurred his horse after them.

"Stop! Don't you dare!" Jaidar shouted, running out of the tent.

Suddenly a terrible thought dawned on him: his wife was taking revenge on the pacer for those nights. He turned his horse sharply and headed back, whipping it on. Pulling up beside the tent, he jumped down and ran over to his wife, his face pale and terrible in its wrath.

"Why'd you say that? Why'd you tell me to let them have him?" he hissed, staring at her.

"Don't shout. And put your hands down," she said, as always calm and collected. "Listen to me. Do you own Gyulsary? Is he your private property? What do you own? Everything we have we own in common with the farm. That's our way of life. And Gyulsary belongs to the collective farm, too. The chairman's in charge of the farm. Whatever he says, goes. That was the only reason I said it. As far as I'm concerned, you can leave whenever you want to. Go on. She's better than I am, she's younger and prettier. She's a good woman. I might have been a widow, too, but you came back. Oh, how I waited for you! But that doesn't matter now. You still have three children. What'll I do with them? What will you tell them later? What will they say? What will I say to them? It's up to you. You decide."

Tanabai rode into the steppe. He stayed with the herd till evening, for he could not calm down. The herd seemed orphaned. His very soul seemed orphaned. The pacer had taken everything with him. Nothing was the same any, more. The sun was not the same, the sky was not the same and he himself seemed to have changed.

It was dark when he returned. He entered the tent in silence, his face haggard. The girls were asleep. A fire blazed in the hearth. His wife poured water on his hands and served him his supper.

"I don't want to eat," Tanabai said. Then he added, "Play 'The Camel's Lament' for me on your temir-komuz."

Jaidar lifted the instrument to her lips, brushed her finger across the thin steel tongue, breathed on it, inhaled deeply, and the ancient music of the nomads filled the tent. It was a song about a mother camel who had lost her little white baby. She had roamed the desert for many days, searching for him, calling to him. She

grieved that never again would she lead him by the ravine in the twilight or across the plains in the hours of dawn, never again would they nibble leaves together, nor cross the shifting sands, nor wander through the fields in spring, nor would she ever nourish him with her white milk.

...Where are you, my dark-eyed baby? Answer me! The milk runs from her udder, from her overflowing udder, trickling down her legs. Where are you? Answer me! The milk runs from her udder, from her overflowing udder. Her pure-white milk...

Jaidar played well. Tanabai had fallen in love with the girl Jaidar for her playing many years ago.

He listened, his head on his chest, and once again he saw all, though he did not look up. Her hands, turned rough from many years of hard work in the heat and the cold. The grey in her hair, the wrinkles that now lined her neck, the corners of her mouth and eyes. Through those wrinkles a vanished youth reappeared: the olive-skinned girl with braids down her back and he, so very young, and their former intimacy. He knew that she was not aware of his presence now. She was lost in the music, in her own thoughts. And he saw half of his troubles and sorrows in her. She forever carried them within her.

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

The girls were sleeping with their arms around each other. The steppe, vast and impenetrable in the darkness of the night, lay outside the tent.

At that very moment Gyulsary was raging in the stable, keeping the grooms awake. This was the first time he had ever been put in a stable, that prison for horses.

Chapter 8

Tanabai's joy was great indeed the morning he saw his pacer in the herd. He was saddled, a ragged piece of the halter dangled at his side.

"Gyulsary! Hello, boy!" Tanabai shouted, cantering up to him. At close range he saw he had on a different bridle, a different bulky saddle with heavy stirrups. He was incensed at the sight of the plump velvet cushion on the saddle, as if it was intended for a broad-bottomed woman, not a man.

Tanabai spat in disgust. He wanted to catch the horse and throw the foolish harness off him, but Gyulsary eluded him. The pacer had no time for him now. He was after the mares. He had missed them so much that he took no notice of his former master.

"So you ran off after all. And broke your tether. Good boy! Go on, have a good time, I won't say a word," Tanabai thought and decided the herd needed some exercise. He wanted Gyulsary to feel at home while his pursuers were still far away.

"Kait-kait-kait!" Tanabai called. He rose up in the stirrups, cracked his whip and drove the herd off.

The nursing mares began moving, calling to their foals, the young mares pranced and shied as they started off.

The wind blew through their manes. The green earth sparkled in the sunlight. Gyulsary shook himself, arched his neck and began to strut. Then he took over the lead from the new stallion, forcing him into the back rows while he strutted in front

of the herd, snorted and pranced, circling round one side, then round the other. He was heady, from the smells of the herd: the smell of mares' milk, the smell of foals, the smell of the absinthe-laden wind. Little did he care about the foolish-looking saddle and the foolish-looking velvet cushion or the heavy stirrups that battered his sides. He had forgotten that only yesterday he had been tethered at the big hitching post in the district center, champing at the bit, shying away from the rumbling trucks. He had forgotten that afterwards he had stood in a puddle by a foul-smelling tavern and his new master had emerged with a group of his friends, all of them reeking of the same smell. His new master belched and wheezed as he clambered into the saddle. He had forgotten the stupid race down the muddy road they had had on the way back. He had carried his new master along at a racing pace, with the man bouncing in the saddle and then tearing at the bit and whipping him on the head.

The pacer forgot it all. He was heady from the smells of the herd: the smell of mares' milk, the smell of foals, the smell of the absinthe-laden wind.

Gyulsary ran on, never suspecting that his pursuers were on their way.

Soon after Tanabai brought the herd back two grooms rode up from the village. Once again they took Gyulsary away from the herd, back to the stable.

However, he soon reappeared. This time he had neither bridle nor saddle. He had managed to throw off the bridle and had bolted from the stable at night.

Tanabai laughed when he saw him, then he fell

silent and after some thought he threw his lasso over the pacer's neck. It was he who caught turn, he who slipped the bridle over his head and he who led him back to the village, asking the young herdsman from the neighboring camp to drive the pacer on from behind. On the way they met the grooms coming for the escaped horse. As Tanabai handed Gyulsary over to them he grumbled:

"Don't any of you have any hands? Can't you keep an eye on the chairman's horse? Try tying him up better next time."

When Gyulsary showed up a third time Tanabai said angrily:

"What's the matter, stupid? What the devil brings you here? You're crazy, that's what you are." He cursed, trying to lasso the pacer. Once again he dragged him back and once again he swore at the grooms.

But Gyulsary had no intention of getting any wiser; he kept coming back whenever he had the chance. The grooms were fed up, Tanabai was fed up.

One night Tanabai fell asleep late, for he was late coming back from the pasture. He left the herd close by the tent, just in case, and fell into a restless, disturbed sleep. He was exhausted by the day's work. He had a strange dream. He couldn't quite tell whether he was back at the front lines again or at a slaughterhouse. There was blood everywhere; his hands were covered with sticky blood. In his sleep he said to himself: "It's a bad omen to dream of blood." He wanted to wash his hands. But people were shoving him, laughing at him, screaming, and he could not make out who they were. "You're washing your hands in blood, Tanabai. There's no water here, Tanabai, there's nothing but blood! Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! He-he-he!"

"Tanabai! Tanabai!" His wife was shaking him. "Wake up! "

"What is it?"

"Hear the herd? The stallions are fighting. Gyulsary must have come back."

"Damn him! Can't he leave us alone!" Tanabai dressed quickly, snatched up his looped pole and ran to the hollow where the sounds of fighting came from. It was light outside.

When he approached he saw Gyulsary. But what was that? The pacer was jumping awkwardly, hobbled with an iron chain. The chains on his legs clanged, he spun and reared, moaned and cried in pain while that ass of a stallion, the herd's new stud, kicked and bit him unmercifully.

"Oh, you dog!" Tanabai raced over and hit the ass of a horse so hard he broke his pole in two. He chased him off. There were tears in Tanabai's eyes. "What have they done to you, boy? Whose idea was it to chain you? And what'd you come back for again, you poor silly creature!"

It was uncanny, he had hobbled back in his chains, covering such a distance, crossing a river, up hill and down dale, and had finally reached the herd. He had probably been jumping all through the night, hobbling back all through the night, all alone, to the clanging of his chains, like an escaped convict.

"Well!" Tanabai said, shaking his head. He began stroking the pacer, he brought his own face close to the horse's lips. Gyulsary nuzzled him, tickled his face with his lips and closed his eyes with pleasure.

"What'll we do, boy? Why don't you lay off, Gyulsary? You're in for trouble. You poor, silly thing. You don't know what it's all about, do you?"

Tanabai examined the horse. The bruises inflicted during the fight would heal, but the chains had rubbed the skin off his pasterns and fetlocks. His coronets were bleeding. The felt lining on the chain had rotted, it was moth-eaten. When the horse had hobbled through the water the lining had come off, baring the iron. And the iron had made his feet bleed. "I'm sure Ibraim got the chain from some old man. It looks like his work," Tanabai thought angrily. Who else could have done it? The padded chain was an ancient form of hobble. Each chain had its own secret lock, you could never open it without the key. In olden times the best horses were hobbled with padded chains to keep horse thieves from stealing them from a

pasture. A plain rope hobble could be cut easily enough with a knife, but you couldn't steal a horse that was hobbled with a chain. That was ancient history, nowadays a chain hobble was a rarity. Perhaps some old man might have had one as a remembrance of times passed. And someone had to go and tell him about it. They had chained the pacer to keep him from wandering away from the village pasture. Yet, he had escaped.

The whole family helped to take the chain off Gyulsary. Jaidar held the bridle and covered the pacer's eyes, Their daughters played nearby, while Tanabai lugged over his heavy tool box and sweated profusely as he tried to find a skeleton-key to fit the lock. His experience as a blacksmith came in handy, for though it took much hard work and he bruised his hands badly, he finally managed to get it open.

He tossed the chain as far away as he could. He put ointment on the pacer's bloody bruises and Jaidar led him over to the hitching post. His older girl hoisted her little sister onto her back and they set out for home.

Tanabai remained sitting on the ground, he was so tired. Then he gathered up his tools and went off to pick up the chain. He had to return it, he would be held responsible for it. He examined the rusty chain, admiring the smith's work. It was finely worked with great imagination, the work of the old Kirghiz smiths. The trade had been forgotten now, lost forever. There was no need for chain hobbles any more. But it was a shame that other things had also disappeared. What beautiful ornaments, what utensils of silver, copper, wood and leather they used to make! They had not been expensive, yet they had been beautiful. Each was unique. They didn't make things like that any more. Nowadays everything was being churned out of aluminum: cups and bowls, spoons, earrings and basins, no matter where you went everyone had the same things. How dull. And the last great saddle-makers were living out their days. What saddles they used to make! Each saddle had a history to it: who had made it, when it had been made, whom it had

been made for and what reward the craftsman had received for his labors. Soon everyone would be riding around in cars like they did in Europe. All the cars would be the same, you'd only be able to tell them apart by the numbers on the license plates. Meanwhile, the people were forgetting the skills of their grandfathers. They had buried the old handicrafts for good, yet a man's soul and eyes were in his hands.

Sometimes Tanabai would fall into this mood. He would philosophize about the folk crafts, becoming indignant, yet not knowing whom to blame for their disappearance. And yet, in his youth he too had been one of the gravediggers of the old ways. Once he had even spoken at a Komsomol meeting on the need to do away with the nomads' tents. He had heard someone say that the nomad's tent was a pre-Revolutionary abode that it should be done away with. "Down with the tents! We don't want to live in the past," he had said.

And so the tent was relegated to the past. They began building houses and tearing down their tents. The sheets of felt covering were cut up for various household needs, while the wooden frames were used for fences, paddocks and even firewood.

But then they discovered that mountain grazing was impossible without tents. Now Tanabai could only wonder at having been foolish enough to criticize the tent, than which nothing better had ever been invented for the nomad. How could he have failed to realize that the tent was a truly magnificent invention of his people, wherein every last detail had proven its worth through centuries of use?

Now he lived in a tattered, soot-blackened tent left to him by old Torgoi. The tent was very old and if it still held together he had only Jaidar's patience to thank. She spent days on end fixing and patching it, making it livable, but in a week or two the old felt would start falling apart again, there would be new holes through

which the wind blew, snow and rain came in. Once again his wife would begin patching, with no end in sight.

"How long will this go on?" she complained. "This isn't felt, it's dust, it crumbles in my hands. And what about the frame? You can't even call it a frame any more. Can't you make them give us some new felt? Are you the master of your home or not? Don't we have a right to live like human beings?"

In the beginning Tanabai pacified her and promised to see to it. However, when he mentioned the fact that he needed a new tent at the farm office he discovered that all the old tent-makers were dead and buried, while the young people had no idea of how a tent was made. Besides, the farm had no felt for the tents.

"All right then, give me the wool and we'll make the felt ourselves." Tanabai said.

"What wool? Are you crazy? All the wool we gather is sold in accordance with the plan, we're not supposed to leave a single strand for the farm," he was told. Instead, they offered him a canvas tent. Jaidar wouldn't even hear of it.

"I'd rather live in a tattered old felt tent than in a canvas one," she said.

Many of the herdsmen were forced to move to canvas tents at the time. But what sort of an abode were these? You could neither stand up nor move around nor make a hearth in them. They were scorching hot in summer and freezing cold in winter. There was no place for any belongings, no corner for a kitchen, it would never look like a home inside, and if you had visitors you did not know where to put them.

"Oh, no!" Jaidar said. "I don't care what you say, I'll never live in a canvas tent. They might do for single men and then only temporarily, but we're a family, we have children. They have to be bathed and looked after. No, I don't want it."

Soon after Tanabai met Choro and told him of his troubles.

"Why are things like this, Chairman?"

Choro shook his head sadly.

"We didn't think of it when we should have," he replied. "Neither did our higher-ups. All we can do now is write letters and wonder what the reply will be. They say wool's a valuable commodity. There's a shortage of wool. It goes for export. They say it's unprofitable to use it for our own needs."

Tanabai said no more. Was he not partially to blame also? And he laughed inwardly at his own stupidity. "Unprofitable! Ha-ha! It's unprofitable!"

He could not forget that harsh word for a long time.

And so they continued living in their patched and tattered tent which needed only some plain, ordinary wool to make it sound. Wool, which was gathered by the ton from the farm's flocks.

Tanabai carried the chain back to his tent. The tent looked so wretched, he was so mad at everything, at himself, at the chain that had mangled the pacer's feet, that he ground his teeth. It was just the wrong time for the grooms that were after Gyulsary to come galloping up.

"Go on, take him back!" Tanabai shouted. His lips twitched angrily. "And give the chairman this chain and tell him that if he ever dares chain the pacer again I'll crack his skull open with it! Don't you forget to tell him that?"

He should never have said it. Never! For he always paid dearly for his hot temper and frankness.

Chapter 9

It was a bright, sunny day. Spring squinted in the sun, curling out in new leaves, steaming in the fields, pushing grass up underfoot on the pathways.

Some boys were playing tip-cat near the stable. A quick lad would throw his cat into the air and bat it down the road as hard as he could. Then he'd measure off the distance with his stick: one, two, three ... seven ... ten ... fifteen.... The stern judges followed, close on his heels to make sure that he didn't cheat. Twenty-two lengths.

"Seventy-eight and twenty-two," the lad counted and, totaling up the sum, shouted gleefully: "makes a hundred! I've got a hundred!"

"Hurray! He's got a hundred!" the others joined in.

That meant he had hit it on the nose. Neither more nor less. Now the loser would have to "weep". The winner went back to the starting line and from there he batted his cat again. As hard as he could. Everyone ran to where it fell. He still had two more strikes. The loser was practically in tears, for he'd have to "weep" all that distance! But the laws of the game are ironbound. "What are you standing there for? Come on, start weeping!" The loser inhaled deeply and set off at a run, chanting as he ran:

Akbai, Kokbai, don't let the calves get by,

If you do, too bad for you, boo-hoo-hoo!

His head was splitting, but he had to keep on chanting. No, he didn't make it. That meant he had to go back and start all over again. He didn't make it the second

time, either. The winner was delighted. "You didn't make it! You have to ride me piggyback!" The winner got onto the weeper's back and loser had to ride him around like a donkey.

Come on, boy! Faster!" the rider said, digging his heels into the other one's sides. "Look, everybody! This is my Gyulsary! He's a real pacer."

Meanwhile, Gyulsary stood in the stable on the other side of the fence. He was becoming fretful. He had not even been saddled that morning. Nor had he been fed or watered. They had forgotten about him. The stable was deserted, all the carriages and saddle horses were out, he alone remained in his stall.

The grooms were cleaning the stalls. Boys were playing outside. How he wished he was with the herds in the steppe! He could see the wide open spaces, he could see the herds grazing on the plains. Grey geese were flying overhead, flapping their wings, beckoning to him.

Gyulsary jerked his head, he tried to break his tether. But the two chains attached to his bridle held him fast. Perhaps the herd would hear him? He raised his head to the window under the rafters and, shifting his weight on the straw, he neighed long and loud: "Where are you-ou-ou?"

"Hold still, you devil!" one of the grooms said, rushing over and swinging his spade at him. Then, addressing someone outside the door, he shouted: "Should I lead him out?"

"Yes!" came the reply.

The two grooms led the pacer out into the yard. How light it was! How clear the air! The pacer's sensitive nostrils quivered as they breathed in the heady air of spring. There was the bitter smell of leaves, the smell of damp clay. The blood raced through his veins. Oh, to have a run now. Gyulsary kicked up his heels.

"Hold still! Stop!" several men shouted at once.

Why were there so many people crowding round him today? With their sleeves rolled up, their muscular, hairy arms bared. One of them, in a grey smock, was laying out some bright metal objects on a piece of white cloth. They glittered in the sun, hurting his eyes. The others stood around with ropes. Ah, and there was his new master! He looked very pompous with his short, thick legs planted far apart in their ballooning breeches. He was frowning like everyone else, the only difference being that his sleeves were not rolled up. He stood there with one hand on his hip, while the other twisted a button on his tunic. He had reeked of the same foul smell again the previous day.

"Well, what are you standing around for? Go on! Shall we go ahead, Jorokul Aldanovich?" Ibraim asked the chairman respectfully. The chairman nodded.

"All right, everybody!" Ibraim said, bustling about. He hung his fox-skin hat hastily on a nail on the stable gate. The hat fell down and landed in a pile of manure. Ibraim shook it off squeamishly and hung it up again. "You'd better go off to a side, Jorokul Aldanovich," he was saying. "You never know, he might kick. A horse is a dumb animal. You never know what to expect."

The skin on Gyulsary's neck quivered when he felt the horsehair noose slip over it. It was prickly. They tied it in a slip-knot in his chest and threw the loose end up over his rump. What were they doing? Why were they putting the end towards his hind leg, why were they hobbling him? Gyulsary was getting nervous. He snorted, and rolled his eyes. What were they going to do?

"Hurry!" Ibraim shouted and then squeaked in a high falsetto: "Cast him!"

Two pairs of strong hairy hands jerked the rope. Gyulsary fell to the ground with a terrible thud. The sun turned a somersault, the earth shuddered from the blow. What had happened? Why was he lying on his side? Why were the men's

faces so strangely elongated, why were the trees towering up into the sky? Why was he lying so uncomfortably on the ground? No, that wouldn't do.

Gyulsary shook his head and strained every muscle in his body. The ropes cut into him like burning iron bands, pulling his legs up to his stomach. The pacer jerked, strained again and began kicking frantically with his free hind leg. The rope became taut, it started to crack.

"Come on! Get on him! Hold him down!" Ibraim shouted in alarm.

They all rushed at the horse, pressing him down with their knees.

"Press his head to the ground! Get the rope around him! Pull it! Good. Hurry! Once more around here. Come on now, pull it hard! Once again. Over here now, and knot it!" Ibraim kept up his screeching.

The rope was getting tighter and tighter around the pacer's legs until all four were brought together in a hard knot. Gyulsary moaned, still straining to free himself from the rope's mortal grip, throwing off those who pressed on his neck and his head. But they got their knees on him again. A shudder went through the pacer's sweating body, his legs became numb. And he surrendered.

"Got him!"

"He sure is strong!"

"He won't move now, not even if he's a truck!"

And then the one who was his new master rushed over to the cast pacer, crouched down by his head, breathed yesterday's stale vodka on him and smiled gloatingly, his hatred unconcealed, as if it were not a horse that lay on the ground before him but a man, his worst enemy.

Ibraim, sweating profusely and mopping his face, crouched down beside him. Thus, squatting side by side, they lit up their cigarettes in expectation of whatever it was that was to follow.

Meanwhile, the boys on the other side of the fence were playing tip-cat.

Akbai, Kokbai, don't let the calves get by,

If you do, too bad for you, boo-hoo-hoo!

The sun was shining as brightly as ever. And for the last time he saw the vast steppe, he saw the herds grazing on the plains. Grey geese were flying overhead, flapping their wings, beckoning to him. Flies were sitting on his head. He could not shake them off.

"Shall we start, Jorokul Aldanovich?" Ibraim asked again.

The chairman nodded. Ibraim rose.

Everyone started moving about, they pressed their knees and bodies down on the bound horse. They pressed his head still harder to the ground. He could feel someone's hands in his groin.

The boys had climbed the fence and were sitting there like sparrows.

"Hey! Look, everybody! See what they're doing!"

"They're cleaning the pacer's hooves."

"That's what you think! That's not what they're doing at all."

"What the hell are you doing here? Go on, get out of here!" Ibraim shouted, waving his hands at them. "Go on and play someplace else. This is no place for you."

The boys tumbled off the fence.

It became very still.

Gyulsary shuddered from a jolt and the touch of something cold. His new master crouched in front of him, staring at him expectantly. Suddenly a terrible pain made the whole world explode inside him. Oh! A bright-red flame scorched him. Then everything went black, as black as pitch.

When it was all over Gyulsary still lay bound on the ground. They were waiting for the bleeding to stop.

"Well, Jorokul Aldanovich, that takes care of that!"

Ibraim said, rubbing his hands together. "He'll never run off again. He's through running away now. And don't pay any attention to Tanabai. To hell with him. He was always like that. He didn't even spare his own brother, he dispossessed him and sent him off to Siberia. he has no feelings for anyone."

Ibraim, feeling quite pleased with himself, took his fox-skin hat off the hook, shook it, smoothed the fur and set it on his sweating head.

The children were still playing tip-cat.

Akbai, Kokbai, don't let the calves get by,

If you do, too bad for you, boo-hoo-hoo!

"You didn't make it! Now you've got to ride me piggyback! Come on, Gyulsary, let's go! Look at me, this is my Gyulsary!"

It was a bright, sunny day.

Chapter 10

It was night, the dead of night. There was an old man and an old horse. A campfire burned at the edge of the ravine. The flames fell and fluttered in the wind.

The hard, cold ground froze the horse's side. He felt an iron weight pressing against the back of his head. He was tired of throwing his head up and down as he had long ago when, hobbled with an iron chain, he had made his way back to the herd. Now, as then, Gyulsary could not break his shackles, he could not run. He wanted to move his legs freely, his hooves burning from the chase, he wanted to speed across the earth, inhaling lustily, he wanted to reach the pasture quickly, to whinny loudly, summoning the herd, he wanted the mares and colts to run along with him across the vast absinthe-drenched steppe, but his shackles held him back. He hobbled along to the clanging of the chain like an escaped convict, a jump at a time, all alone, a jump at a time. Everything was dark, deserted, and lonely. The moon appeared, and then disappeared on high in the wind-swept sky. It appeared when the pacer threw back his head as he jumped and came tumbling down when he dropped his head.

It was light and dark, then light and dark again. It hurt his eyes.

His chain clanged, rubbing the skin off his pasterns and fetlocks. One jump, then another, and another. Everything was dark, deserted. How long the road was when his legs were shackled, how difficult it was to hobble in his chains.

A campfire burned at the edge of the ravine. The hard, cold ground froze the horse's side.

Chapter 11

"In two weeks' time they would be moving to new pastures, into the mountains again. They would be gone all summer, all autumn and all winter, returning in spring. Moving from one house to another is a great upheaval. One wonders where all the junk comes from. Is that not why an ancient Kirghiz adage says that if you think you are poor, try moving.

It was time to get ready, there were a million things to do: he had to go to the mill, to the market, to the shoemaker's, to the boarding school to see his son, but Tanabai moved about in a cloud of gloom. His wife was at her wit's end. He was always in a hurry, he'd be off to the herd at dawn before she'd have a chance to speak to him. returning at noon, sullen and irritable. Withal, he seemed to be waiting for something, he was always on the alert.

"What's the matter?" Jaidar kept asking.

He would not reply, but one day he said:

"I had a bad dream a while back."

"Are you just saying that to stop me from asking?"

"No, I really did. I can't seem to get it out of my head."

"What next? Weren't you the first atheist in the village? Weren't you the one the old women cursed? You're getting old, Tanabai, that's what. You spend all your time with the herd and you don't seem to care about us having to pull up stakes soon. It's too much for me, what with the children and everything. You might at least go and visit Choro. All decent folk go to visit the sick before starting out."

"I'll have time for that later," Tanabai said brusquely.

"When? What's the matter? Are you afraid to go to the village? We can ride in together tomorrow. We'll take the children and go. I have things to do, too."

The next day, having arranged for their young neighbor to keep an eye on the herd, they all set off on horseback. Jaidar had the younger girl in front of her on her horse and Tanabai had the elder one.

They rode down the village streets, greeting passersby. Tanabai pulled his horse up outside the smithy.

"Wait," he said to his wife. He dismounted, then carried his elder daughter over to her, setting her down on the horse's rump.

"What's the matter? Where are you going?"

"I won't be long. You go on ahead. Tell Choro I'll be right over. There's something I have to see to at the office before they close for lunch. And I'll have to get extra horseshoes here at the smithy."

"It's not right for me to go alone."

"Don't worry. I'll be over soon."

Tanabai stopped neither at the office nor at the smithy. He headed straight for the stable.

He dismounted and entered quietly, not waiting to attract attention. His mouth went dry as he waited for his eyes to get used to the gloom. The stable was quiet, deserted. All the horses were out. Tanabai looked about and sighed with relief. He went out into the yard through a side door in search of a groom. And there he saw the very thing he had dreaded seeing all these days.

"I knew it. You bastards!" he muttered, clenching his fists.

Gyulsary stood in an open shed, his bandaged tail held up by a rope tied round his neck. A large inflamed swelling, the size of a pitcher, could be seen between his parted hind legs. The horse stood there motionlessly, his head drooping over a trough. Tanabai moaned, and bit his lip. He wanted to go over to the horse but did not dare. Icy fingers gripped his heart. He was terrified by the sight of the deserted stable, the deserted yard and the lonely, castrated pacer. He turned and staggered out. There was nothing anyone could do now.

When they returned to their tent that evening Tanabai said sadly to his wife:

"My dream came true."

"Tell me."

"I didn't want to say anything when we were visiting. Gyulsary won't ever run away again. Do you know what they did to him? Those bastards, they gelded him."

"I know. That's why I made you go to the village. Were you afraid to find out? What's there to be afraid of? After all, you're not a baby. It's not the first time and it's not the last that a horse was gelded. It's been done for ages. Everyone knows it."

Tanabai did not reply. Then he said:

"Our new chairman is a no good. I can feel it."

"Don't talk like that, Tanabai. If they've gelded your horse it doesn't mean the chairman's no good. Why say that? He's a new man here. And the farm's big, it's not an easy job. Choro says they'll put things straight now, there'll be help coming for farms. They've got some kind of a new plan. You make up your mind before you know the whole story. After all, there's a lot we don't know."

After supper Tanabai headed back to the herd and stayed there late into the night. He cursed himself, he tried to make himself forget, but the scene that had greeted his eyes in the stable that day haunted him. As he rounded up the herd, he wondered: "Maybe I am wrong in judging a man for that? It's stupid, of course. That's what comes from getting old, from spending all my time out here with the herd. I never see anyone and I don't know what's going on. But how much longer will we have to struggle so? If you listen to the speeches, everything's fine. All right, say I'm wrong. I hope to God I am. But I'm sure the others think the same way I do."

Tanabai circled round the steppe, thinking his thoughts, unable to resolve his doubts. He recalled the time long past when they had just organized the collective farm and had promised the people a happy life, he recalled their dreams and hopes. And how they had fought for those dreams. They had turned everything upside-down, they had torn down the old way of life. Indeed, life had become better at first. And it would have been better still if not for that accursed war. And now? The war had ended so many years ago, but they were still patching the farm like an old tent. They'd no sooner cover up one hole than something else tore.

Why was that so? Why was it that he no longer felt the collective farm belonged to him, as he used to, but that it was someone else's concern? Before, whatever the meeting decided was law. They knew they themselves had adopted the law and it was up to them to enforce it. But now a meeting meant a lot of useless talk. No one cared about what you had to say any more. It was as if the collective farm was no longer governed by the collective farmers, but by others from elsewhere. As if others from elsewhere had a better idea of what should be done, of how they were to work better and how they were to run the farm. They twisted and turned things this way and that, but no good came of it. He was afraid to meet people, for anyone might ask him: "Look here, you're a Party member, you were one of the farm organizers, you were the one who did all the shouting, tell us what's going on?" What could he say? If only they'd call a meeting and explain the situation to them. And ask each of them what was troubling him, what worried him, what he was thinking about. But no, the officials that arrived from the district center were not the same sort of people as before. In former times an official would go right to the people, anyone could see him and talk to him. But now they'd go straight to the farm office, shout at the chairman and never even bother to talk to the people in the Village Soviet. When an official spoke at a Party meeting it would be mostly about the international situation, as if to say the situation on the farm was sort of unimportant.

Come on, everybody, work hard, fulfill the plan--that was all there was to it.

Tanabai recalled one such who had recently visited the farm. He had spoken about linguistics, of all things. When Tanabai had tried to discuss conditions on the farm, he had looked at him strangely saying that he found Tanabai's ideas questionable. He had not approved of them. What was going on?

"As soon as Choro gets well I'll make him tell me the truth," Tanabai decided. "And I'll tell him what's on my mind. If I'm wrong, let him tell me. But what if I'm not? Then what? No, I must be. I'm mixed up, that's what. After all, who am I? A plain herdsman, a shepherd. The people up there are wise and educated."

Tanabai returned to his tent but could not sleep. What was it that was wrong? Once again he could find no answer.

In the end he did not manage to talk to Choro. There were too many things to do before moving.

Once again the camps headed into the mountains for the summer, the autumn and the winter, not to return until spring. Once again the herds and flocks headed along the river, across the flood-lands. There were caravans of pack horses. The air rang with voices and animal sounds, there were the women's gay shawls and dresses, young girls sang songs of parting.

Tanabai drove his herd across the big meadow, over the hills, past the village. The house, the yard, he had often stopped in, still stood on the outskirts. His heart ached. He had lost them both, the woman and the pacer Gyulsary. They were both a part of the past now, of the times that had winged by like a flock of grey geese in the spring.

... The mother camel roamed for many days, searching for her baby, calling to him. Where are you, my dark-eyed baby? Answer me! The milk runs from her

udder, from her overflowing udder, trickling down her legs. Where are you?
Answer me! The milk runs from her udder, her overflowing udder. Her pure-white
milk....

Chapter 12

In the autumn of that year Tanabai Bakasov's life was suddenly changed.

Having crossed the mountain pass he stopped shortly on the autumn grazing in
the foothills, intending to take the herds up into the mountains for the winter.

While he was there a messenger from the collective farm arrived.

"Choro sent me," he said. "You're to come to the village tomorrow. You're all
going to a meeting in the district center."

The next day Tanabai rode down to the farm office. Choro was there, in the
Party organizer's room. He looked much better than he had in the spring, though
his blue lips and his thinness bore evidence to the illness that had not left his body.
He seemed in good spirits, he was very busy, people crowded round him. Tanabai
was happy for his friend. It meant he had come back to life, he was back at work
again.

When they were finally alone Choro rubbed his sunken, bristly cheeks,
glanced at Tanabai and smiled.

"You know, Tanabai, you haven't changed a bit. You don't seem to be getting
any older. We haven't seen each other since spring, have we? It's the kumis and the
mountain air that does it. I'm beginning to slip, though. I guess it's about time." He
was silent for a while and then spoke of the business at hand.

"I know what you'll say, Tanabai: if you give a greedy man a spoon he'll take five
spoonful's instead of one. I have a favor to ask of you again. We're going to a

meeting of livestock-breeders tomorrow. Things are going very badly in this field, especially as far as sheep-breeding is concerned, and especially here, on our farm. Things have never been this bad before. The District Committee sent out an appeal to all Communists and Komsomol members, asking them to help out in the worst sections, caring for the flocks. You'll just have to help. You helped us before when you took over a herd, many thanks for that, and now you'll have to help us again. Take on a flock and be a shepherd."

"Not so fast, Choro," Tanabai said. He was thinking: "I've got used to the horses, but it'll be very dull tending sheep. I don't even know if I can do it."

"You'll have to do it anyway, Tanabai. We've no choice, it's a Party assignment. Don't be angry. Some day you can throw it all up to me. I'll take the blame for everything at once."

"Don't think I won't. Just you wait," Tanabai said and laughed, never suspecting that the time was not far off when he would hold Choro to blame for everything. "I'll have to think about taking on a flock, I have to talk it over with my wife."

"Do that. But make up your mind by morning, we have to report at the meeting tomorrow. You can talk it over with Jaidar later and explain it all to her. If I get the chance, I'll ride over and tell her myself. She's an intelligent woman, she'll understand. If not for her, you'd have broken your neck someplace long ago," he teased. "How is she? How are the children?"

And the conversation turned to their families, illnesses, this and that. Tanabai yearned to bring up that which troubled him most, but the shepherds who had been summoned from the mountains began arriving and then Choro looked at his watch and seemed in a hurry.

"Now then. Put your horse in the stable. Everybody is going by truck tomorrow morning. The farm has a truck, now, you know, and we're getting another one soon. There are good times ahead! I'm leaving now, I have to be at the District Committee by seven. The chairman is there already. I think I'll make it by evening on the pacer. He's as good as any truck."

"I didn't know you were riding Gyulsary," Tanabai said in surprise. "So the chairman's being nice to you."

"I don't know. It's not a matter of being nice or not, but he's given him to me. He couldn't manage him." Here Choro spread his hands and laughed. "Gyulsary has it in for the chairman. He hates his guts. He's a wonderful horse. You've trained him well. You know, sometimes I get a terrible pain in my heart, but the minute I mount Gyulsary the pain disappears. I'd be willing to be Party organizer for the rest of my life just for that. He really cures me!" Choro said merrily.

Tanabai did not laugh.

"I don't like him either," he said.

"Who?" Choro asked.

"The chairman."

Choro became serious. "Why don't you like him?"

"I don't know. I think he's stupid, stupid and mean."

"You certainly are a hard man to please. You've always accused me of being too soft, but you don't like him, either. I don't know what to say. I've just come back to work. I don't really know him yet."

They were silent. Tanabai had wanted to tell Choro about the iron chain that had hobbled Gyulsary, about him being gelded, but now all this seemed out of

place, unconvincing. He did not want the conversation to lag and so spoke of the pleasant news he had just heard:

"I'm glad to hear they've given us a truck. That means there'll be trucks for the collective farms now. There's a great need for them. It's about time. Remember, when we got our first small truck before the war? What a crowd there was. To think, we actually had a truck of our own. You stood up in the back of it and said: 'This, comrades, is the fruit of socialism!' And then it was taken away for army service."

Yes, there had been a time like that, a wonderful time, like the rising of the sun. Why speak of the truck! When the people returned after building the Chu Canal they brought back the first gramophones, and the entire village was swept up by the new songs. It was towards the end of summer. The people would gather at the houses of those who owned the gramophones, they would be brought outside and everyone listened again and again to the record about the girl in the red kerchief who worked best of all. These, too, were the fruits of socialism to them.

"Remember, Choro? After the meeting we all piled into the truck." Tanabai spoke with rising excitement. "I stood near the cab, holding the red flag as if it were a holiday. And we started off for the station just for the ride. And from there we rode along the railroad tracks to the next station, to Kazakhstan. We went to the park there and had beer. And we sang songs all the way there and back. But hardly any of the boys that were with us are living now. They were all killed in the war. Yes...."

And, you know, I didn't let go of that red flag even at night. Who could have seen it at night? But I held onto it. It was my flag. And I sang till I was hoarse. Why don't we sing any more, Choro?"

"We're getting old, Tanabai. We're too old to go around singing."

"That's not what I meant. Our time for singing is over. But what about the young people? I was over at the boarding school to see my son. God knows what he'll grow up to be like. He's already learned how to please the authorities. He said I should bring kumis for headmaster as often as I could. What for? He's not a bad pupil. You should hear them sing. When I was farmhand for Yefremov in Alexandrovka as a boy he took me to church one Easter. And there were our boys and girls, standing on the stage, their hands at their sides, their faces made of wood, singing like they do in Russian churches. And all their songs sound the same. I don't like it. And anyway, there's so much I can't understand these days. I want to talk things over with you. I must be falling behind, there's a lot I don't understand."

"All right, Tanabai. We'll find the time and talk it over," Choro said as he put his papers into a dispatch case. "But don't let it worry you. I, for one, have faith. I know that no matter how hard the times are, we'll make it to the top, we'll live to see our dreams come true."

He turned back at the threshold and added: "You know, Tanabai, I was riding down your street. Your house looks deserted. You're not taking care of it. You spend all your time in the mountains, and your house has no keeper. When Jaidar was alone here during the war she kept it up better than it is now. Go have a look. Tell me what you'll need. We'll try to help you with the repairs next spring. My boy Samansur was home on vacation last summer. He couldn't stand the look of it. So he took his scythe and said he'd go over and mow the weeds in the yard. The plaster's peeling, the windows are broken. He said sparrows were flying around inside just like it was a threshing-floor."

"I know. And thank Samansur for me. How's he coming along?"

"He's in his second year. I think he's doing all right. You're critical of the youth, but judging by my son I'd say the young people of today are not bad at all."

From what he tells me I can see the young people at his institute are a bright lot. Well, time will tell. They're educated; they'll be able to lookout for themselves."

Choro headed for the stable, while Tanabai went to have a look at his house. He walked around the yard. Dry, dusty weeds Choro's student son had mowed that summer crunched underfoot. He felt guilty about the house being untended. The other herdsmen left their relatives behind to look after their houses, or had someone take care of them. But his two sisters lived in other villages, he was not on speaking terms with his brother Kulubai and Jaidar had no close relatives at all. That is why the house was abandoned. And now again he would be gone with the flocks, this time as a shepherd. Tanabai had not yet made up his mind, but in his heart he knew that in the end Choro would talk him into it, that he would not be able to refuse him, that he would agree, as always.

The next morning they got into the truck and headed for the district center. Everyone liked the new three-ton GAZ truck. "We're riding like kings," the shepherds said. Tanabai was also pleased, he had not been in a truck for many years, not since the war. He had been all over Slovakia and Austria in American Studebaker trucks then. They were powerful three-axle trucks. "If only we had trucks like these," Tanabai had wished at the time. "Especially for getting the grain in from the foothills. These will never get bogged down." And he believed that as soon as the war ended they'd have them, too. They'd have everything after the war was won.

Conversation lagged in the open truck with the wind in their faces. They were silent most of the time until Tanabai said, addressing the young people:

"Why don't you sing? Don't wait for us old men. You sing and we'll listen."

The young people began to sing. It did not sound too good at first, but they were soon singing lustily. Everyone cheered up. "Fine," Tanabai thought. "It's

much better this way. But what's really good is that we're finally going to have a meeting. They'll probably explain what's going on and what's to be done about the farm. The higher-ups know that better than we do. All we know is what's going on our farm. They'll give us some good advice and before you know it, we'll be working better."

It was crowded and noisy at the district center. Trucks, wagons and a great number of saddled horses filled the square outside the club-house. Vendors selling shashlyk and green tea were everywhere, their coals smoldered and smoked as they called out their wares.

Choro was waiting.

"Hurry up, let's go, he said ". Take your places inside. The meeting's about to start. Where are you going, Tanabai?"

"I'll be right back," Tanabai said, making his way through the horses. He had noticed his own Gyulsary as he had stood in the truck and now headed for him. He had not seen him since spring.

The saddled pacer stood among the other horses, his golden chestnut coat, his broad, firm rump, his bowed nose and dark eyes singling him out from the rest.

"Hello, Gyulsary! Hello, boy!" Tanabai whispered as he squeezed through to him. "How've you been, boy?"

The pacer cocked an eye at him, recognized his old master and snorted, shifting his weight.

"You don't look bad, Gyulsary. See how broad your chest got. You must be getting a lot of exercise. You had a bad time then, didn't you? I know. But at least you're in good hands now. You are good and everything will be all right," he said,

fingering the remains of the oats in the saddlebag. Choro fed him well. "So long, Gyulsary. I have to be going."

The walls over the entrance to the club were hung with red banners. The slogans read: "Communists to the Forefront!", "The Komsomol Is the Vanguard of Soviet Youth!"

People were streaming into the hall and auditorium. Choro and Aldanov, the collective-farm chairman, stopped Tanabai as he passed through the door.

"Come over here for a minute, Tanabai," Aldanov said. "We've registered you in already. Here's a notebook for you. You'll have to speak. You're a Party member and you're our best herdsman."

"What am I supposed to speak about?"

"Say that as a Communist you've decided to ask for a transfer to one of the backward sections. That you want to take on a flock of breeding ewes."

"Is that all?"

"Of course not! Then you'll announce your pledge. You'll say that you promise the Party and the people to rear a lamb crop of one hundred and ten per cent and shear a fleece of three kilos each from the flock."

"How can I say that if I've never even seen the sheep?"

"Don't worry. You can choose the ones you want," Choro said amicably. "Oh yes, and say that you'll undertake to help two young shepherds, both Komsomol members."

"Which two?"

People were shoving and pushing. Choro looked through his list.

"Eshim Bolotbekov and Bektai Zarlykov."

"But I haven't spoken to them. What'll they say?"

"There you go again!" the chairman said with annoyance. "You're a strange man. Do you have to talk to them? What's the difference? It's not up to them anyway. We've appointed you as their sponsor, it's all been decided."

"Then what's the use talking to me if it's all been decided?" Tanabai turned to go.

"Wait," Choro held him back. "Is everything clear?"

"Yes, it's perfectly clear," Tanabai said irritably and walked off.

Chapter 13

The meeting lasted until evening. Shortly after the district center became deserted. The people had left, some to go to the mountain, to their flocks and herds, others to the farms, to the villages and towns.

Tanabai went back with the others in the truck, heading over the Alexandrovka Rise, across the steppe plateau. It was dark, the wind chilled him. Autumn had come. Tanabai found himself a corner and hid away with his thoughts beneath his raised collar. Well, the meeting was over. He had not said anything worthwhile himself, but he had had a chance to listen to others. So there was still a lot to be done before things improved. The one in the eye-glasses, the Secretary of the Regional Committee, was right when he said: "No one has paved any roads for us; we must blaze our own trails." Just think it had been like this from way back in the thirties: first up then down, up a hill, then something pulled you down again. No, a collective farm was not a simple matter. He was half-grey already, his youth had slipped by, he had seen so much and done so much; there had been foolish

mistakes, too, but he had always thought: here it is, we're close to our goal. And yet, there seemed to be no end to their troubles.

Well then, if they had to work, they'd work. The Secretary was right. Life would never roll along by itself like they thought it would after the war. You had to keep pushing it on for as long as you lived. Only every time you put your shoulder to the wheel you'd hit a jagged edge, and by now your shoulders were bruised and calloused. But who cared about the calluses as long as you were content in what you were doing, in what others were doing, and your toil brought you satisfaction.

How would he manage a flock? What would Jaidar say? He hadn't even had a chance to stop by a shop and get the girls some sweets. Making all those grand promises. It was easy to say a hundred and ten lambs from every hundred ewes and three kilos of wool per head. Each lamb had to be born and survive, with the wind and the rain, and the cold all against him from the start. And what about the wool? Take a strand of wool, you couldn't even see it with your naked eye, if you blew on it disappeared. Where was he to get those kilos? Indeed, they were worth their weight in gold. And there were probably people who never even knew where it all came from.

It was Choro who had got him into it. "You'll have to speak," he had said. "But be brief, speak only of your own pledge. Don't say anything else. Take my advice." And Tanabai had taken his advice. He had suddenly lost his nerve on the rostrum and had said nothing about all the things that were bothering him. He had mumbled his pledge and had returned to his seat. He was ashamed to even think of it. But Choro was pleased. Why had he become so cautious? Was it his illness, or because he was no longer top man on the farm? Why did he have to caution Tanabai? He had changed somehow, he was different. It was probably because, as

chairman, he had strained to keep the collective farm going all his life, and all his life the higher-ups had been at him. Had he finally learned to toe the line?

Just you wait, my friend, some day when we're alone I'll have it out with you," Tanabai thought, pulling his sheepskin coat closer around him. It was cold, the wind was sharp, it was still a long way to home. What would he find there?

Choro set out on the pacer. He was alone, he had not bothered to wait for a companion. He wanted to get home quickly, for his heart pained him. He let the horse have his head, and Gyulsary, who had been idle all day, now proceeded at a swift, even pace. The cadence of his hooves upon the evening road was like the steady clatter of a machine. All that was left of the former Gyulsary was his passion for racing. Everything else had died in him long ago. It had been snuffed out in order that he knew nothing but the saddle and the road. Gyulsary lived for racing. He ran effortlessly, tirelessly, as if he might catch up with that which humans had taken from him. He ran on and on, and could never catch up.

The wind and the ride made Choro feel better. The pain in his heart subsided. He was pleased with the meeting as a whole, and especially with the speech the Secretary of the Regional Committee made. He had heard a lot about the man, but this was the first time he had seen him. And yet, Choro, the Party organizer, was not really at ease. His conscience bothered him. After all, he wished Tanabai well. After all, he knew all these meetings and conferences inside-out, he knew what to say and when to say it, and what not to say. He had learned the hard way. Though Tanabai had taken his advice, he refused to understand this. He hadn't said a word to Choro after the meeting. He had taken his place in the truck and turned away. He was resentful. Ah, Tanabai! How naive you are. Life hasn't taught you a thing. You know nothing of what's going on, you see nothing. You're the same man you were in your youth. Straight from the shoulder, that's your way. But times have changed. Now what counted was the way you said a thing, whom you said it to,

making sure that what you said reflected the spirit of the times, like everyone else's words, and did not stand out, did not falter, but was as smooth as silk. Then all would be well. But if I'd let you have your way, Tanabai, you'd have started something and got us all in trouble. "How are you bringing up the members of your Organisation?" they'd say. "Where's your discipline?" Ah, Tanabai, Tanabai.

Chapter 14

It was still night, the night that had caught the two of them on the road. An old man and an old horse. The campfire burned at the edge of the ravine. Tanabai got up and once again tucked his sheepskin coat around his dying Gyulsary. And once again he sat down by Gyulsary's head. The events of his life passed before his eyes. Year after year, after year, like the steady gait of the pacer. What had happened that year, that late autumn and early winter when he had tended a flock?

Chapter 15

October in the mountains was dry and golden. There were only two days of rain in the beginning of the month when it turned cold and foggy. But the foul weather was dispelled in the night and when Tanabai emerged from his tent the next morning he caught his breath: the mountains had advanced towards him with fresh snow on their peaks. How the snow became them! They reached up to the heavens in their virgin white, etched clearly in the light and the shade, as if they had just been created. A boundless blue began at the point where the snow lay. In its depths, in that distant blue, lay the infinite mystery of the universe. Tanabai shivered at the abundance of light and fresh air and felt sad. Once again he thought of the woman he had rode Gyulsary to visit. If the pacer had been nearby he would have jumped into the saddle and shouting from joy and happiness would have appeared before her as this white snow in the morning.

But he knew this was only a dream. Well, half of one's life is spent in dreaming, perhaps that is why life is so sweet. Perhaps it is so dear because not everything one dreams of comes true. As he looked at the mountains and the sky he thought that not everyone could be equally happy. Each person had his own fate. It contained both happiness and grief, much as the light and shadows lying side by side on a mountain. That is what made life full. "I don't think she's waiting for me any more. But she may have thought of me when she saw this first snow on the mountains."

A man grows old but his spirit does not want to succumb, every now and then it will raise its head and speak up.

Tanabai saddled his horse, opened the sheepfold and shouted to his wife who was inside the tent:

"I'll take the sheep out, Jaidar. I'll be back by the time breakfast is ready."

The flock trotted off quickly, the stream of heads and backs moving up the slope. The other shepherds were also taking their flocks out to pasture. Here and there on the slopes and in the hollows the flocks began collecting the earth's eternal bounty: its grass. They wandered in grey-white clumps among the rust and dun-coloured grazing of the autumn mountains.

All was well so far. Tanabai had a good flock. The breeding ewes had all lambed previously, some twice. he had five hundred sheep. Five hundred cares and worries. After the lambing there would be more than twice that many. But it was still a long way to lambing time, the shepherds' time of trial.

Sheep were easier to manage than horses, but it took Tanabai a while to get used to them. Nothing was better than horses. However, they said that horse-breeding had lost its former importance. There were trucks and farm machines now. So that horses were not profitable any more. Sheep-breeding, wool, meat and

sheepskins were more profitable. Tanabai was offended by such cold reasoning, though he realized that it was only logical.

If you had a good herd led by a good stallion you could sometimes leave them for half a day or more and tend to your own affairs. But you were tied down to a flock of sheep. You had to be with them every minute of the day and guard over them at night. Each shepherd was supposed to have a helper, but there were none to be had. That meant he had no one to relieve him, he had no rest, day or night. Jaidar was on the payroll as a night-watchman for the flock. Sometimes she was able to take the girls along in the daytime and look after the sheep; she also guarded the sheep-fold, armed with a shotgun, until midnight, but after midnight he had to relieve her. Ibraim, who was now in charge of all livestock-breeding on the farm, had a ready answer for everything.

"Where can I find you a helper, Tanabai?" he would say, looking mournful. "You're a sensible man. All the young people are busy studying. And those that aren't don't even want to hear about sheep. They go off to the city; they find jobs on the railroad or even in the mines someplace. I don't know what to do. All you have is one flock, and listen to you complaining. But what about me? All the farm's livestock is my worry. I'm sure to end up in jail. I never should have taken this job. You try to work with people like that Bektai of yours. He says I'm supposed to provide a radio, films, newspapers, a new tent and a mobile shop that comes up into the mountains every week. And if I don't he says he'll leave. He'll just pick up and go. I wish you'd talk to him, Tanabai."

Ibraim was telling the truth. He was sorry now that he had set his sights so high. And what he said about Bektai was also true. Tanabai tried to find time to see the two young shepherds he was supposed to help. Eshim Bolotbekov was easy to get along with, though he was not a very efficient fellow. Bektai was a handsome,

well-built youth, but there was a mean glitter in his dark, slanted eyes. He would scowl at the sight of Tanabai and say:

"Don't kill yourself, Tanabai. You'd be better off spending your time with your family. There's enough people checking on me as it is."

"It's no skin off your back."

"That's not it. I don't like men like you. You were always killing yourself, you were that eager. Running around shouting hurray! But you never had a decent life and you won't let us live decently."

"Take it easy, boy," Tanabai muttered through his teeth. "It's none of your business. It was us who killed ourselves on the job, not you. And we're not sorry. We killed ourselves for your sake. I'd like to have seen you now if we didn't. Why, you wouldn't even know your own name, to say nothing about newspapers and films. The only name you'd answer to would be kul--slave!"

Tanabai did not like Bektai, though in his heart he respected him for his straightforwardness. A strong, bold man was being lost in him. Tanabai was sorry to see the boy heading in the wrong direction. Later, when their paths had parted and they met by chance in town he would say nothing to him, nor would he stop to hear what Bektai had to say, either.

Winter was early that year.

It came thundering in on its wild white she-camel, whipping the shepherds on for their carelessness.

October was dry and golden. Then winter was upon them in a flash in November.

Tanabai brought the flock in that evening and locked them in the sheep-fold. Everything seemed to be in order. His wife awakened him at midnight.

"Get up, Tanabai. I'm frozen stiff. It's snowing."

Her hands were cold, she smelled of wet snow. The shotgun was wet and cold.

The night was milky-white outside. It was snowing heavily. The sheep were restless in the fold. They lay there, moving their heads back and forth, coughing, shaking the snow off, but it kept coming down. "Just wait, things will get much worse for all of us," Tanabai thought, pulling his sheepskin coat tightly around him. "You've come very early this year, winter. Will it be for good or for bad? Maybe you'll let up

a bit towards the end? If only you take off by lambing-time. That's all we ask of you. Meanwhile, do whatever you have to. It's your right; you don't have to ask anyone's permission."

The newly-born winter was silent, busy at work in the darkness to make everyone gasp in the morning, then hurry and scurry about.

The mountains loomed icily, dark crags in the night. They cared naught for winter. Let the shepherds and their flocks worry about hard times. The mountains would lower on high as they always had.

Thus did that memorable winter begin, though as yet no one knew what lay in store for them?

Snow covered the ground. Several days later it snowed again, then again and again until it drove the shepherds from the autumn grazing's. The flocks began to wander, seeking cover in the ravines, in sheltered spots where there was little snow. Then did the age-old skill of the shepherds come into play: finding grass for their flocks where another would have given up, saying there was nothing there but

snow. But they were not shepherds for nothing. From time to time one of the farm heads would appear for a quick look around, ask a host of questions, make great promises and then hurry back to civilization. And once again the shepherd was left to face the winter alone.

Tanabai kept trying to find the time to go down to the collective farm and see what the plans for the lambing period were, whether stores had been put in, whether everything was in readiness. It was a vain hope. He had no time to catch his breath. Jaidar rode in once to visit their boy at the boarding school but did not stay long, for she knew Tanabai could not manage without her. He had to take his daughters along while he tended the flock. He had the little one up in front in the saddle under his coat. She was warm and content, but the older girl was cold, for she sat behind her father. Even the fire in the hearth burned differently, forlornly.

What joy there was the following day when their mother returned! The girls hung on her neck and had to be pulled away. A father is a father, but he can never take a mother's place.

Thus, time passed. The winter was changeable, it would get very cold and then let up, two blizzards were followed by thaws. This worried Tanabai. If the lambing period coincided with a warm spell all would be well, but what if it didn't?

The ewes' stomachs were getting bigger. The ribs of those that were carrying a large lamb or twins stuck out. The pregnant ewes walked heavily, cautiously, they had become much thinner. Their spines protruded. And no wonder, the lambs were growing within their wombs, gaining strength and weight from their mother's body at a time when each and every blade of grass had to be hunted for under the snow. The shepherds should have fed the ewes in the morning and evening, grain should have been brought up into the mountains, but the collective-farm granaries were empty. There was nothing but seed grain and oats for the work horses.

As Tanabai let the flock out of the fold each morning he examined the breeding ewes, feeling their stomachs and udders. He thought that if all went well he would fulfill his pledge as far as the lamb crop was concerned, but he'd probably be short of wool. The fleeces grew poorly in winter, while some sheep had even begun to shed, and all for the lack of food.

Tanabai was glum and angry, but there was nothing he could do. He cursed himself bitterly for having listened to Choro and made all those promises. About what a grand fellow he was, right up there in the front ranks, and promising the Party and his country so much. At least if he hadn't said! What had?

The Party and his country to do with it? It was an ordinary farm matter. But no, that's what you were supposed to say. Why was it that everyone was forever throwing these words around?

Well, there was no one to blame but himself. He had not thought it over. He was living at someone else's prompting. What did they care, they'd get themselves off the hook. He was sorry for Choro, though. The man had no luck. He'd be well a day and sick two. He'd spent his whole life worrying, persuading people, promising, but what was the use of it? He was becoming cautious now, choosing his words. If he was sick, well, wasn't it time he went on pension?

Meanwhile, winter was taking its course, first encouraging, then threatening the shepherds. Two breeding ewes in Tanabai's flock died of starvation. The two young shepherds he was to help also lost several sheep. That was to be expected. It was not unusual to lose ten dams in a winter. The main battle lay ahead, at the approach of spring.

Then suddenly, it began to thaw. The ewes' udders began filling out instantly. The animals were as thin as skeletons, they could barely support their stomachs, yet their teats were turning pink, swelling rapidly. Where did they get the strength?

Word passed round that several ewes in another flock had already dropped their lambs. That meant carelessness at topping time. That was the first signal. In another week or two the lambs would be dropping like pears from a tree. You'd have to be quick to receive them all. Then would the shepherd's terrible time be upon them! He would worry over each lamb, cursing the day he had ever become a shepherd, and his joy would know no bounds if he reared his lambs, if they stood up and wagged their tails when winter came.

Oh, if only everything turned out well, if only it did! So that he wouldn't have to hide his face in shame.

They sent him two helpers from the collective farm. These seasonal helpers were usually old or childless women who could be persuaded to leave the village for the lambing period. The two women that were sent to Tanabai arrived with their own bedding, belongings and canvas tent. Things began to look up. Actually, he needed at least seven helpers. Ibraim said he'd definitely have them when the flocks moved to the lambing shed in Five Trees Valley, but that two helpers were enough for now.

The flocks began to move to the lambing stations in the foothills. Tanabai asked Eshim Bolotbekov to help the women move and set up their tent at their new camp while he brought the flock down. He sent them off early in the morning, a regular caravan, then gathered the flock and headed them down at their own speed, slowly, so as not to tire the pregnant ewes. He would have to traverse the same path to Five Trees Valley twice more to help the two Young shepherds.

The sheep moved slowly, but he could not hurry them. His dog became bored and started running off on side trips of his own.

The sun was setting, but it was warm. The lower the flock descended into the foothills the warmer it became. There was fresh grass in sunny spots.

They had to stop on the way when the first ewe lambed. It should not have happened. Tanabai was upset as he blew the mucus from the newborn lamb's nostrils and ears. The first lambs should not have been born until a week later. But here was the first one!

What if they'd begin lambing on the way? He examined the other ewes. No, it did not seem likely. He calmed down, his spirits rose. The girls would be happy to see the first lamb. The first one was always

the sweetest. It was a fine lamb, white with black eyelashes and tiny black hooves. There was several coarse-fleeced sheep in the flock and it was one of these that had dropped her lamb. These lambs are usually born strong and woolly, unlike the fine-fleeced sheep whose lambs are born nearly naked.

"Well, since you were in such a hurry, have a look at the world," Tanabai said gently. "And bring us luck. Bring us many more like you, so many that there won't be room to move, make our ears ring with the sound of your voices, and help them all to live!" He raised the lamb over his head. "Here he is, Protector of Lambs, the first one! Help us!"

The mountains crowded in. They were silent.

Tanabai tucked the lamb under his coat and started off, driving the flock on ahead. The darn followed him, bleating anxiously.

"Come on, come on!" Tanabai said to the mother. "He's right here, he's safe and sound." The lamb dried off and became warm under Tanabai's coat.

Tanabai brought the flock to the lambing station towards evening.

Every one was settled, smoke curled up from the big tent. The two women helpers were pottering around outside their canvas tent. That meant everything was

in order. Eshim was nowhere in sight. Yes, he had taken the pack-camel back to move down with his flock the next day. Everything was in order.

But the sight that met Tanabai's eyes a few moments later staggered him. He had not had any illusions, but he had never expected the lambing shed to have a rotted, collapsed roof of rushes, holes in the walls, no doors or windows and the wind whistling inside. There was hardly any snow on the ground outside, yet there were snowdrifts inside the shed.

The sheep-fold, originally made of stones, was in ruins. Tanabai was so upset he didn't even stop to watch the girls exclaim over the new lamb. He merely thrust it into their hands and went off to inspect things. No matter where he looked he saw unbelievable mismanagement. It seemed that nothing had been mended here since the war. Each year the shepherds had managed to get through the lambing period somehow and then moved on, leaving everything to the winds and the rain. There was a lopsided pile of rotted hay and scattered clumps of straw on the roof. This was all the food and all the bedding there was for the flock's lambs and the ewes, not counting two half-filled sacks of barley flour and a crate of salt in one corner. Several lanterns with broken panes, a rusted pail of kerosene, two shovels and a broken pitchfork were piled up in the same corner. Tanabai's one desire was to splash kerosene over everything, burn the whole place down to blazes and leave.

He stumbled over frozen heaps of last year's dung and snow. Words failed him. He kept repeating the same phrase over and over like a madman: "How could they do it? How could they do it? How could they do it?"

He dashed out of the shed and grabbed up his saddle. His hands shook as he saddled his horse. He'd ride down at once, get everyone up in the middle of the night and then he'd do he knew not what! He'd get his hands on Ibraim's neck, on that chairman Aldanov and Choro. there'd be no mercy for any of them! If that's what they were doing to him, he'd repay them in kind! This was the last straw!

"Wait!" Jaidar cried, as she managed to grab hold of the reins. "Where are you going? Don't you dare! Get down, do you hear!"

It was useless. You could not stop Tanabai.

"Let go! Let go!" he shouted, yanking at the reins, pushing the horse against his wife, whipping it on. "Let go, I say! I'll kill them! I'll murder them!"

"I won't let you go! Do you want to kill someone? Kill me.

The two women helpers came running to Jaidar's aid. The girls joined them and began to wail.

"Don't, Father! Don't!"

Tanabai cooled off, though he still tried to get started. "Don't hold me back! Can't you see what the place is like? Can't you see the pregnant ewes? Where'll we put them tomorrow? Where's the roof? Where's the grain for them? They'll all die. And who'll be responsible? Let me go!"

"Wait! Listen to me. All right, say you go down and yell at everybody and make a row. So what? If they haven't done anything till now, it means they can't. If they had the lumber, wouldn't the farm build a new shed?"

"They could have fixed the roof, couldn't they? And what about the doors? And the windows? Everything's falling apart, the shed's full of snow, they haven't cleaned it for years! And how long do you think that rotten hay will last? Is that the kind of hay you give lambs? And where'll we get straw for bedding? Let the lambs die in the dirt, is that it? Is that what you want? Let me go!"

"That's enough, Tanabai. Do you think you're better than everyone else? We'll manage just like everyone else does. What sort of a man are you?" his wife shamed him. "Try to see what can be done before it's too late. Never mind them. We're

responsible; it's up to us to fix things. There's a thicket of sweetbrier near the hollow. It's prickly, but we can patch the roof with it and hold it down with dung. And we can mow weeds for bedding. We'll manage somehow if the weather holds out."

The two helpers urged Tanabai to listen to his wife. He gave in finally, slid out of the saddle and headed for the tent. He sat down inside, his head drooping as after a long illness.

Everyone was quiet. They were afraid to speak. Jaidar took the kettle off the coals, brewed the tea strong and brought her husband some cold water to wash his hands. She spread a clean cloth, unearthed some candies and put little yellow pats of boiled butter on a plate. She invited the two women to join her and they sat down to tea. Oh, those women! They sat there, sipping tea from their bowls, chatting pleasantly, as if they were at a tea party. Tanabai was silent. When he finished his tea he went out and began laying the scattered stones of the sheep-fold in place. The amount of work to be done was staggering. But they needed something to serve as a fold for the night. The women joined him. Even the girls tried to carry the stones.

"Go on back home," their father said to them.

He felt ashamed. He worked without raising his eyes. Choro had been right: if not for Jaidar, Tanabai would have broken his wild neck long before.

Chapter 16

The next day Tanabai went off to help the two young shepherds move their flocks; then he worked all week till he was ready to drop. He couldn't remember working like that before, perhaps only at the front lines when they had dug trenches round-the-clock. But there it had been a regiment, a division, an army

setting up fortifications. Here there were only himself, his wife and one of the women helpers. The other was out with the flock nearby.

The hardest jobs were cleaning the filthy shed and chopping sweetbrier. The thicket was a mass of thorns. Tanabai tore his boots to ribbons there; his only army greatcoat gave up the ghost and hung in shreds. They tied the sweetbrier in bunches and dragged it to the shed, for it was too thorny to be carried or loaded on a horse. Tanabai cursed Five Trees Valley in which you couldn't even find the five stumps of the original trees. The sweat ran down them as they dragged the cursed brambles along, bent over double, plugging a deep track to the shed with them. Tanabai felt sorry for the women but there was nothing he could do. He worked under tension: every minute counted, he had to keep an eye on the sky. Was it changing? If it began to snow their work would be in vain. He kept sending his older girl to the flock to see if the lambing had begun.

Cleaning the shed was worse still. It would take a year to carry out the dung. When dry hard-packed sheep manure is protected by a good roof it's a pleasure to clean it. An axe would break it into large chunks. These were stacked outside to dry. The heat of burning sheep-dung is as pleasant and pure as gold. Shepherds use it for firewood in winter. But if it was left out in the rain and the snow, as it was here, nothing could be worse than getting it out. It was backbreaking work. And time did not stand still. All through the night, by the light of the smoking lanterns, they kept carrying out the cold, heavy, sticky mess on a wooden stretcher. They had been at it for two days and two nights.

A huge mound of dung now rose in the back yard, but there was no end in sight. They were trying to clear at least one corner of the shed for the expected lambs. But what was one corner if the large shed itself was too small to accommodate all the ewes and their lambs, expected at a rate of twenty to thirty a day! "What'll we do?" this thought was uppermost in Tanabai's mind as he piled

dung on the stretcher, helped carry it out, then returned, and so on endlessly until midnight, until dawn. He felt nauseous. His arms were numb. As if that were not enough, the wind kept blowing out the lanterns. Fortunately, his two helpers did not complain, they worked as hard as Tanabai and Jaidar did.

A day and a night passed, then other, and another. They kept carrying out dung and stuffing up the holes in the walls and the roof. Then one night, as Tanabai was carrying out a load of dung, he heard a lamb bleat in the fold and its dam stamp and bleat in reply. "It's begun!" His heart sank.

"Did you hear that?" Tanabai said, turning to his wife.

They dropped the heavy stretcher, grabbed up their lanterns and rushed to the sheep-fold.

There they swung the flickering lanterns back and forth. Where was he? Over there, in the corner! The dam was licking the tiny, shivering body of the newborn lamb. Jaidar bundled it into the bottom of her skirt. Luckily, they had been in time to prevent him from freezing to death outside. Another ewe had lambed nearby. She had twins. Tanabai wrapped them in his cape. Five more ewes were in labor, grunting softly. Yes, it had begun. These five would drop their lambs by morning. They called to the helpers. They led the ewes that had lambed out of the fold and into the corner of the shed they had about cleared.

Tanabai spread some straw along the wall, placed the lambs on it after this and covered them with a sack. It was cold. He led the dams to them. He bit his lip thoughtfully. But what was the use of thinking? All he could do was hope for the best. There was still so much to be done, so much to see to. At least if he had enough straw, but no, there wasn't even that. Ibraim Would be sure to find an answer to that one, too. He'd say: "You try to get straw into the mountains when the roads are washed out."

Well, he'd have to take things as they came! He went into his tent and returned with a can of ink. He drew a figure "2" on one lamb's back and a "3" on each of the twins' backs. Then he numbered their dams accordingly. You'd never get them straight otherwise when there were hundreds of them milling about. The time was close at hand, the shepherd's hectic time had come!

And it had begun cruelly, unmercifully, as in war, when tanks advance upon you and you have nothing to defend yourself with. And so you stay in your trench and do not retreat, because there is no place to retreat to. It's either, or: either you survive the battle by a miracle, or you perish.

In the morning, before the flock was taken out to pasture, Tanabai stood in a hillock, looking about in silence, as if reviewing his positions. His defense line was dilapidated, worthless. But he would have to stand firm. There was no place to retreat to. The small winding valley with its shallow stream lay between two hills. Higher mountains rose beyond them, and farther still were the highest, snow-capped peaks. Bare cliffs loomed black above the white slopes and winter lay on the ice-bound ridges. Winter was only a stone's throw away. It had only to move a bit, to toss the clouds down, and the little valley would be plunged into darkness, lost to the world.

The sky was grey, enveloped in a cold grey mist. There was a ground wind blowing. Everything was desolate. They were hemmed in by mountains. Anxiety chilled his heart. The first lambs were bleating in the tumble-down shed. He had just culled another ten ewes from the flock, for they would soon lamb.

The flock moved off slowly in search of meager grazing. You could not leave them alone for a moment on the slopes. Sometimes a ewe would be down behind a bush and drop her lamb without warning. If no one noticed, the lamb would get chilled on the damp ground. It would not live long after that.

However, Tanabai had been standing on the hillock too long. It was no use. He headed towards the shed. They had only scratched the surface; they would have to get as much done as they possibly could.

A while later Ibraim brought up some flour. The man had no shame. "Don't expect me to get you a palace," he said. "These are the lambing sheds the farm has always had. There aren't any others. We're not living under communism yet."

Tanabai felt like knocking him down and barely managed to restrain the impulse.

"You picked the wrong time to joke. Something's got to be done. I'm responsible, you know."

"Don't you think I'm worried, too? All you're responsible for is your flock. I'm responsible for everything: for you, for all the others, for every head of cattle. Do you think it's easy?" And then, to Tanabai's amazement, the wily Ibraim burst into tears, covering his face with his hands, mumbling:

"They'll send me to jail, that's what they'll do. I can't get anything any place. Nobody even wants to come here as temporary help. Go on, kill me, tear me to pieces, there's nothing else I can do. And don't expect anything else. I'm sorry I ever took this job!"

And so he rode away, leaving Tanabai, the simpleton, feeling rather embarrassed. And that was the last anyone saw of him at the lambing station.

The first hundred ewes had delivered their lambs. The flocks of Eshim and Bektai, located higher up along the valley, had not begun lambing yet, but Tanabai sensed the disaster awaiting them. All of them, the little band of three adults, not counting the old woman helper who was constantly out with the flock and his elder, six-year-old daughter, did nothing but receive the lambs, dry them put them

on to the ewes, try to keep them warm with whatever was at hand, carry out dung and bring in dry weeds for bedding. They could hear the hungry bleating of the lambs now. There was not enough milk for them, for the ewes were in poor condition, and no wonder, there was no grain for them. What lay ahead?

The shepherd's days and nights became a dizzy whirl. The lambs were coming hard and fast, they had no time to catch their breath.

How the weather had frightened them the day before! It had suddenly become very cold, dark clouds obscured the sky, a hard, granular snow beat down upon them. Everything browned in the murk, all was darkness.

But soon the clouds were dispelled, it became warmer. There was a smell of spring in the air, of dampness. "Maybe spring has come to stay. If only it were here for good. There's nothing worse than changes back and forth," Tanabai thought as he carried watery after-births out on a pitchfork of wet straw.

Then spring arrived, but not as Tanabai had expected it. It was suddenly upon them in the night, carried in by rain, fog and snow. It came crashing down upon the shed, the tent, the sheep-fold and everything else in all its chilly wetness. Streams and puddles made the frozen, muddy earth buckle. It seeped through the rotted roof, washed away at the walls and began flooding the shed, chilling its inhabitants to the bone. It got everyone to their feet. The lambs stood in the water, pressing close together, the ewes bleated wildly as they delivered their lambs standing up. Spring christened the newborn in streams of cold water.

Three people in rain capes carrying lanterns rushed back and forth. Tanabai was everywhere at once. His large boots dashed through the puddles, the dung wash, like two cornered beasts in the dark. The edges of his cape flapped like the wings of a wounded bird. He shouted hoarsely at himself, at the others:

"Get me the crowbar! Give me a shovel! Pile the dung here! Block the water!"

He had to divert the streams of water that were pouring into the shed. He chopped away at the frozen ground, hacking out ditches.

"Give me some light! Over here! Don't just stand there!"

Fog choked the night. It snowed and rained. And nothing could stop it.

Tanabai ran into the tent. He turned on the lamp. It was dripping everywhere. But not as bad as in the shed. The girls were sleeping, their blanket was getting wet. Tanabai scooped them up together with their bedding and moved them into a corner, clearing as much space as possible. He threw a piece of felt on the girls to keep the blanket dry and, running outside, he shouted to the women in the shed:

"Get the lambs into the tent!" and rushed in to help them.

But how many lambs could they take into the tent? Several dozen, no more. And what about the others? Oh, if only they could save as many as possible.

Dawn had broken. But there was no end to the torrents. It would let up for a while and then rain again or snow, or rain or snow again.

The tent was jam-packed with lambs. They were all bleating. The stench was unbearable. They had piled their belongings in a heap under a piece of canvas and had moved in with their two helpers. The girls were cold in the canvas tent, they whimpered wretchedly.

The shepherd's black days were upon them. He cursed his fate. He cursed everyone and everything. He neither slept nor ate, working feverishly among the drenched sheep, among the freezing lambs. Death was already mowing them down in the icy shed. It found easy entry here, there were holes enough. It could come in through the rotted roof, through the gaping windows and doorways. And in it came, cutting down the lambs and the weak dams. The shepherd carried out the tiny blue bodies and dumped them, several at a time, behind the shed.

Out in the open, in the sheep-fold exposed to the rain and the snow, stood the big-bellied, pregnant ewes. They would soon deliver. The rain beat down on them; their jaws were locked from the cold. Their wet fleeces hung in dripping strands.

The sheep refused to leave the fold. Where could they graze in such cold and dampness! The old woman helper, a gunnysack thrown over head, chased them out, but they ran back again, as if the sheep-fold was heaven. The woman wept, she herded them together and chased them out again, but they only turned back. Tanabai ran out in a rage. He could have broken a stick over their stupid backs, but they were all pregnant. He called to the other women and together they managed to get the flock out to graze.

From the moment disaster had struck Tanabai had lost count of time, count of the lambs that were dying left and right. There were so many twins and even triplets. And all this wealth was being lost. All their labors were for nothing. The lambs were born and died in the mud and dung wash the same day. Those that survived coughed and choked, they had the scours and dirtied each other. Ewes whose lambs had died bleated, scurried about, jostled each other, trampled those that were in labor. There was something unnatural, something monstrous about it all. Oh, how Tanabai wished that the lambing-time would hold back a bit!

But the ewes seemed to be in a conspiracy: they kept delivering one after another, one after another, and one after another!

And a terrible, dark wave of anger rose up within him. It rose up, filling his eyes with black hatred for everything that was happening here, for this rotten shed, the sheep, himself, his life, and for everything he was struggling for so desperately here.

His senses became numbed. He would become sick from his thoughts, he drove them away, but they would not retreat, they bored into his soul, into his

brain. "Why is it like this? Why should it be like this? Why do we breed sheep if we can't raise them? Who's to blame? Who? Tell me who's to blame? It's you, and other blabbermouths like you. Why, things will pick up, we'll catch up, we'll overtake, we pledge. Fine words, aren't they? Well, you can go and pick up the dead lambs now and carry them out. Drag out that dam over there, the one that died in a puddle. Go on, show us what a fine fellow you are."

At night more than ever, as he waded knee-deep in dung wash and urine, Tanabai's bitter, scorching thoughts all but suffocated him. Oh, those sleepless nights of the lambing period! There was a sea of dung wash underfoot and rain coming down through the roof. The wind whipped through the shed as through a field, blowing out the lanterns. Tanabai felt his way along, stumbled, crawled on all fours so as not to trample the new-born lambs, and then found the lantern, lit it, and by its light saw his dirty, swollen hands covered with manure and blood.

He had not seen himself in a mirror for a long time. He did not know that he had turned grey and had aged terribly. And that forever after now he would be known as an old man. He couldn't care less; he had no time to think of himself. He had no time to eat or wash. He drove himself and the women mercilessly. Faced with complete disaster, he told the younger of his two helpers to saddle his horse.

"Go find Choro. Tell him to come at once. If he doesn't tell him I never want to see him again!"

She came galloping back towards evening, slid out of the saddle, drenched to the skin, blue from the cold.

"He's sick, Tanabai. He's in bed. But he said he'd come in a day or two even if he dies on the way."

"I hope he never gets up!" Tanabai raged.

Jaidar wanted to stop him but did not dare, it was better to leave him alone.

The weather began to clear on the third day. The clouds crept off grudgingly, the fog rose higher into the mountains. The wind subsided. But it was too late. The pregnant ewes had become so thin by now that it was frightening to look at them. They were living skeletons with bloated bellies. How could they ever suckle their young! And what about those that had lambed and whose lambs were still alive, how many of them would live till summer and gain strength from the green grass? Sooner or later sickness would fell them. Even if it didn't, they would yield neither fleece nor meat.

No sooner did the sky clear than another misfortune befell them: the ground began to freeze. It would soon be ice-crust. However, it thawed by noon. Tanabai heaved a sigh of relief. Perhaps they'd be able to save some of the flock. Once again they took up their spades, the pitchfork and the wooden stretcher. They had to make paths in the shed, for the slush had become impossible. However, they had little time for this. They still had to put the orphaned lambs on to the lamb less ewes. But the ewes butted, they did not want to suckle strange lambs. The lambs bleated for milk, each cold little mouth searched for a teat, grabbing at your fingers, sucking them. You shoved them off and they sucked at the dirty hems of the rain capes. They were hungry. They followed you about in a crying little band.

It was enough to make you scream, to go crazy. How much farther could he drive these women and his little daughter? They were ready to drop. Their capes had not dried for days. Tanabai said nothing. Once only did he lose his temper? The old woman brought the flock back to the fold at noon, thinking she would help Tanabai. He ran out to check the sheep. One look made the blood rush to his head: the

sheep were eating each other's fleece. That meant death from starvation was imminent. He screamed at the woman:

"What's the matter with you? Can't you see what they're doing?! Why didn't you say anything? Go on! Get them moving! And don't let them stop. Don't let them eat fleece. Keep them on the move. Don't let them stop for a minute. I'll kill you if you do!"

Then another blow fell. A ewe that had twins disowned them. She butted them and kicked them and would not let them suckle. The lambs pushed close, falling and bleating piteously. Such things happen when the brutal law of self-preservation comes into force and a dam instinctively refuses to feed her young in order to survive herself, since her system cannot nourish another. This action is like an infectious disease. No sooner does one ewe set an example than the others follow suit. Tanabai was alarmed. He and his daughter drove the hunger-maddened ewe and her lambs into the yard towards the sheepfold and here they tried to make her accept her suckling. First Tanabai held the ewe while his daughter put the lambs on to it. But the dam twisted and turned and butted. The child could not manage it.

"They can't suck, Father."

"Yes they can, you're too dumb to help them."

"No, see, they keep falling." She was close to tears.

"You hold her, I'll do it myself!"

But how much strength did the child have? No sooner had he put the lambs onto the ewe, no sooner had they begun to suck than the ewe broke free, knocked the child over and ran away. Tanabai exploded. He slapped his daughter across the face. He had never hit his children, but now his temper flared. The girl began to cry. Tanabai stalked off. He cursed everything and stalked off.

He walked off his anger and returned wondering how to ask his daughter's forgiveness, but she came running up to him herself.

"She's feeding them, Father. Mother and I put them on to her. She's not butting them any more."

"That's fine, dear. Good for you."

He felt much better. Perhaps things were not as bad as they seemed. Perhaps they'd still be able to save some of the flock. And look, the weather was improving! What if spring had really come to stay and the shepherd's black days were over? Back to work again. Work, toil, it was their only salvation.

A youth on horseback rode up, it was a boy from the farm office. He asked how things were going. Tanabai was about to tell him where he could go, but the boy was not to blame.

"Where were you all this time?"

"Checking the flocks. It's hard, there's no one to help me.

"How are things in the other flocks?"

"The same as here. These last three days killed a lot of sheep."

"What do the shepherds say?"

"They're all cursing. Some won't even talk to me. Bektai chased me away. He's so mad you can't get near him."

"So. And I haven't had a minute to spare for him. Maybe I'll manage to get over there. What about you?"

"Me? My job is keeping the records straight."

"Is there any help-coming?"

"Yes. They say Choro's back at work. He sent out a string of wagons with hay and straw. They cleaned out the stable, he said he didn't care if all the horses died. But they say the wagons got stuck on the way. The roads are all mud."

"Mud! Why didn't they think of it before? It's always like that. And what good will the wagons do now? Wait till I get my hands on them!" Tanabai raged. "Don't talk to me. Go and see for yourself, count the heads, write it down. I don't give a damn any more!" Cutting the conversation short he headed back to the shed to receive the new lambs. Another fifteen ewes were lambing.

As Tanabai walked back and forth, picking up the lambs, the youth came over and thrust a sheet of paper at him.

"Here, sign the report on your losses."

He signed without looking at it. And he wrote so savagely he broke the pencil.

"Good-bye, Tanabai. Do you want me to take back a message?"

"I've got nothing to say." But then he called the boy back. "Stop off at Bektai's place. Tell him I'll try to be there by noon tomorrow."

Tanabai needn't have worried. Bektai forestalled him. He came himself, and in a most unlikely manner.

That night the wind blew up again, it began to snow, not heavily, but enough to make the ground white by morning. It covered the sheep in the fold. They had stood up all through the night. They did not lie down now. They would huddle together and stand there motionlessly, listlessly. They had been hungry too long, spring had battled winter too long.

It was cold in the shed. Snowflakes drifted through the holes in the roof made by the rain, they circled in the dim light of the lanterns and settled gently on the

chilled ewes and lambs. But Tanabai worked on, performing his duties like a soldier of a burial detachment on a battlefield after a slaughter. He had become used to his terrible thoughts; his indignation had turned to sullen anger. His soul was impaled on it, gripped by a throbbing pain. As his boots slopped through the mire, as he did his job, through the long hours of the night, the past would come back to him in snatches.

As a child he had been a herds boy. He and his brother Kulubai had tended a relative's flock together. When the year was up they discovered they had been working for no more than their food. Their master had cheated them out of their pay. He did not even wish to discuss the matter. And so they had left empty-handed. They had on torn sandals, and each carried his meager belongings in a little bundle slung over his back. In parting Tanabai had warned the man: "I'll get even with you when I grow up!" Kulubai had said nothing. He was five years older than Tanabai. He knew that words would not frighten the

Master. What you aimed at was becoming a master yourself and owning a flock and land. "When I have my own land I'll never cheat my workers," he would say. That is how the brothers parted that year. Kulubai became another rich landowner's shepherd, while Tanabai went off to Alexandrovka to work as a hired hand for a Russian settler named Yefremov. He was not a very rich farmer; all he had was a pair of oxen, a pair of horses and his own field on which he raised wheat. He took the wheat to the rolling-mill in the town of Aouliye-Ata. He slaved from sun-up to sun-down, while Tanabai's job was to look after the oxen and horses. Yefremov was strict, but you couldn't deny that he was just. He paid the wages agreed upon. In those days poor Kirghizes preferred hiring out to Russian masters than working for their kinsmen who always skinned them. Tanabai learned to speak Russian. Working as a carter he saw the town of Aouliye-Ata and a bit of life as well. And

then the Revolution was upon them. Everything turned upside-down. The time of the Tanabais had dawned.

Tanabai returned to his village. A new life had begun. It swept him up and carried him along, making his head whirl. Everything came to him at once: land, freedom, civil rights. He was elected to the local Committee of Poor Peasants. That was when he met Choro. Choro was literate, he taught the young people to read and write. Tanabai had to learn, after all, he was a member of the Committee. He joined a Komsomol cell. And here he and Choro also worked together. They joined the Party at the same time. Things were moving fast, the poor making their way to the top. When the campaign for establishing collective farms began. Tanabai threw himself into it heart and soul. Who, if not he, was to fight for the peasant's new life, for making everything--the land, the cattle, their efforts and dreams--the common property of all? Down with the kulaks!

It was a time of drastic measures, of harsh winds blowing. He would be in the saddle all day and at meetings and conferences far into the night. They drew up lists of kulaks. The landowners, the mullahs and the rich were pulled up by the roots like weeds in a field. The field had to be cleared to make way for new crops. Kulubai's name was put on the list of kulaks. At the time Tanabai was busy riding up and down to meetings and conferences his brother had already made his own way in life. He had married a widow and had a house of his own. He owned some cattle: a cow, some sheep, a pair of horses, a milking mare and her colt. He had a plough, several harrows and other equipment. He hired field hands at harvest time. You couldn't say he was wealthy, but he was not poor. He lived well and worked hard.

When Kulubai's name came up for discussion at the meeting of the Village Soviet, Choro said:

"We have a problem here, comrades. Should we dispossess him or not? The collective farm could use men like Kulubai. After all, he comes from a poor family. He has never been hostile to the Soviet Government."

There were various opinions. Some agreed, some disagreed. Tanabai alone had as yet said nothing. He sat there sullenly. Though only a half-brother, Kulubai was still his brother. And he would have to go against his brother. They had always been on good terms, although they rarely saw each other lately. Each was busy with his own affairs. He might say: "Don't touch him." But what would they do about the others then, for each would find a relative to defend him. He might say: "You decide." Then they would think he was a coward.

They were waiting for him to speak. And the very fact that they were waiting made him bristle.

"You're always like that, Choro," he said, rising. "They write about people with learning in the papers, what is it they call them--intellectuals. Well, you're an intellectual, too. You can never make up your mind, you're always afraid things will turn out wrong. What's stopping you? If he's on the list, it means he's a kulak! And there can't be any mercy for him! I wouldn't spare my own father to protect Soviet power. And don't worry about him being my brother. If you can't do it, I'll dispossess him myself."

Kulubai came to see him the next day. Tanabai met his brother coldly. He did not offer him his hand.

"What do you want to dispossess me for? Didn't we hire out as farm-hands together? Didn't the landlords cheat us and kick us out together?"

"That doesn't count now. You've become a rich landlord yourself."

"I'm not rich. I worked for everything I have. I'm willing to give it up. You can have it all. But what do you want to make a kulak of me for? Have you no conscience, Tanabai?"

"It doesn't matter. You're an alien class. And we have to liquidate you in order to build a collective farm. You're standing in our way and we have to get you out of the way.

That had been their last talk. In the twenty years that followed they had not spoken to each other. The village had been full of talk and gossip when Kulubai was exiled to Siberia.

There were few who spoke up for Tanabai then. Most people censured him. "Pray to God you never have a brother like him. It's better to have no kin at all." Some said it to his face. Yes, people renounced him then. It wasn't done openly, but when it came to re-electing him, they abstained. Thus, he was gradually removed from every office. He justified his actions to himself by saying that kulaks were burning down collective farms and murdering farmers, but most important, that the collective farm was gaining strength, that things were improving from year to year. A different way of life had come to the village. No, what had been done had not been done in vain.

Tanabai recalled it all to the last detail. It was as if his entire life had remained behind in that wonderful time when the collective farms were gaining strength. Once again he recalled the songs of the time, he recalled the farm's first small truck and the way he had stood in the back of it holding a red flag in the night.

Tanabai stumbled about the shed that night, carrying out his bitter job, thinking his bitter thoughts. Why was everything falling apart now? Perhaps they'd made a mistake, perhaps they'd taken the wrong road? No, it couldn't be, it just couldn't! The road had been right. But what was wrong then? Had they lost their

way? Gone off the road? How and when had it happened? Take their pledges, for example. All they did nowadays was write them down in a book, and no one cared less about how you were making out. Before they used to have a red bulletin board and a black bulletin board. Each day they all talked and argued about those on the black board and those on the red board. It mattered then. Now they said that was all ancient history. But what did they offer instead? Nothing but empty talk and promises. But nothing real. Why was it so? Who was to blame?

These bleak thoughts exhausted him. He was overcome by a weary indifference, a state of torpor. He couldn't apply himself to anything. His head ached. He wanted to sleep. He saw his young helper lean against the wall. Her inflamed eyelids closed as she battled sleep, then she began slipping down slowly and finally sat on the ground and fell asleep, her head resting on her knees. He did not waken her. He, too, leaned against the wall and also began slipping down slowly. He could not resist, he could not throw off the terrible weight that was pressing upon his shoulders, forcing him farther and farther down.

He awoke from a muffled cry and a heavy thump. The sheep scattered in fright, trampling over his feet. He jumped up in a daze. It was getting light.

"Tanabai! Help me!" his wife called.

The two helpers ran to her, he followed. Jaidar was lying beneath a fallen rafter. One of the ends had slipped off the crumbling wall, then the rafter had come crashing down under the weight of the rotted roofing. Sleep vanished from his eyes.

"Jaidar!" he cried. He got his shoulder under the rafter and lifted it with a jerk.

Jaidar crawled out and began to moan. The women wailed over her. They felt her bones. Tanabai, frightened to death, shoved them aside; his trembling hands felt his wife's body under her sweater.

"What is it? Where does it hurt?"

"It's my back! Oh, my back!"

"Here, help me!" He tore off his cape; they put Jaidar on it and carried her out of the shed.

They examined her in the tent. There weren't any visible bruises, but the blow had been a bad one. She was unable to move.

Jaidar began to weep.

"What'll you do now? What a time I picked. What'll you do?"

"My God!" Tanabai thought. "She should be thankful she's alive. But look at what she's worried about. I don't care if the whole place goes to blazes! If only you get well, my poor dear."

"Everything will be all right, Jaidar," he said aloud, stroking her hair. "You just worry about getting well. Nothing else matters. We'll manage."

Now all three of them, having recovered from the first shock, tried to calm Jaidar. She brightened at their words and smiled through her tears.

"All right. But don't be angry at me. I won't be in bed long. You'll see, I'll be up in a day or two."

The women made her bed and started a fire in the hearth, while Tanabai went back to the shed, still unable to believe that disaster had passed them by.

It was a white morning; everything was covered with soft new snow. Tanabai found a dam crushed to death beneath a rafter in the shed. They had not noticed her in the excitement. Her suckling lamb was nuzzling the dead ewe's udder. Tanabai became still more frightened and still more relieved that his wife had been spared. He picked up the orphaned lamb and went to look for a foster mother. Later, as he

set a support under the rafter and reinforced the wall with a post, he kept thinking that he should go and see how his wife was.

As he emerged from the shed he saw a flock of sheep approaching slowly through the snow. A shepherd was driving them towards him. Whose flock was it? Why was he driving it here? The two flocks would get mixed up, how could he do such a thing? Tanabai went forward to warn the stranger that he was in someone else's territory.

When he got closer he recognized Bektai.

"Is that you, Bektai?" he called.

He received no answer. Bektai was driving the flock towards him in silence, whacking his stick across the sheep's backs.

"He's crazy! They're pregnant ewes!" Tanabai was appalled.

"Where are you coming from? Where are you going? Hello," he said.

"I'm coming from where you won't find me again. And you can see where I'm going," Bektai said, approaching him. A rope was tied tightly around his waist; his mittens were stuck under his cape on his chest.

Holding the stick behind his back, he stopped within several feet of Tanabai but did not return his greeting. He spat angrily and ground the spittle out viciously in the snow. He threw back his head. His features were darkened by the black beard that seemed pasted to his young, handsome face. His sullen, wild-cat eyes were full of hate and challenge. He spat again, and waved the stick at the flock.

"Here. They're yours. You can count them if you want to. There's three hundred and eighty-five heads."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm leaving."

"What do you mean? Where to?"

"I don't know."

"But why me?"

"Because you're my sponsor."

"So what? Wait! Where do you think you're going?" Now only did the situation dawn on Tanabai. The blood rushed to his head, choking him, making him hot. "How can you do such a thing?" he mumbled helplessly.

"Just watch me. I've had enough. I'm sick of this lousy life."

"Do you know what you're saying? Your ewes will begin lambing in a day or two! How can you do such a thing?"

"If that's how they treat us, that are how we treat them. Good-bye!" Bektai swung the stick over his head, sent it sailing off as far as he could and walked away.

Tanabai froze. Words failed him. Meanwhile, Bektai kept on walking without a backward glance.

"Wait, Bektai!" He ran after him. "You can't walk out. Think of what you're doing! Do you hear me?"

"Leave me alone!" Bektai spun around. "You do the thinking. I want to live like other people. I'm no worse than they are. I can work in the city, too, and get wages. Why do I have to waste my life here with these sheep? No grain, no shed, no felt tent. Leave me alone! Go on, kill yourself, go drown in dung."

Have a look at yourself, see what you look like. You'll drop dead here soon, but even that's not enough. You'll still be shouting slogans. You want others to follow your example. Well, not this boy! I've had enough!" And he stalked off, stamping through the white, virgin snow so fiercely that his footprints filled with water and turned instantly black.

"Bektai! Listen to me!" Tanabai caught up with him. "I can explain everything."

"Do your explaining someplace else. Maybe some fools will listen to you."

"Stop, Bektai! I want to talk to you."

But Bektai kept on walking.

"You'll be arrested!"

"I'd rather go to jail than live like this!" Bektai muttered and did not turn back again.

"You're a deserter!"

Bektai kept on walking.

"Deserters like you were shot at the front!"

He kept on walking.

"Stop! Do you hear me?" Tanabai grabbed his sleeve.

Bektai wrenched free and kept on walking.

"I won't let you go, you've no right to!" Tanabai gripped his shoulder and spun him around. Suddenly, the snow-capped peaks lurched and dissolved in blackness. An unexpected blow on the jaw had knocked him out.

When Tanabai raised his spinning head Bektai had disappeared beyond the rise.

A forlorn string of dark footprints followed him into the distance.

"What'll become of him?" Tanabai moaned, raising himself on all fours. He stoop up. His hands were covered with mud and snow.

He caught his breath, herded Bektai's flock together and drove it dejectedly towards the sheep-fold.

Chapter 17

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

Gyulsary was pacing smartly against the tight reins. He had become stiff in the stable waiting for his master to recuperate. However, it was not his master who rode him now, but a stranger in a leather coat with a canvas cape over it. His clothing smelled of paint and rubber. Choro rode beside him on the bay. He had let important visitors from the district center ride the pacer before.

Chapter II The analysis of scientific topic.

«Features of translation of metaphor».

1.1 Overview of the text.

In the story "Farewell to Gulsary" thoroughly investigating difficult, full of dramatic and even tragic moments of the fate of the peasant, Kirghiz Tanabai, Chingiz Aitmatov for the essential aspects of social development of our country. He does not hide, through which enormous complexity, the difficulties and obstacles have to go, what errors, mistakes, infamy encountered on the way, difficult and unexplored, the builders of the world's first state of workers and peasants. But the same forces that deprived life pacer, cause, one heavier than the other way of collective farms, deep wounds, tying the initiative of farmers, depriving them of the master's rights, reducing everything to the bare administration. "Farm did not seem to control the farmers themselves, and someone from the outside. Similarly, if from the outside should know better what to do, how best to work out how to farm. Twist, twirl, agriculture is the case, then some sort, and no good there. «Twist, twirl, such as the kolkhoz chairman Aldanov, the District Attorney Segizbaev - "new Manama in leather coats." By joining with them in battle, Tanabai defeated. Suffers not because wrong but because they go against him unworthy means. "I told the author - I love these characters as the story of Tanabai" Farewell, Gulsary ", which are fundamental not only in the main, but also in the details. This is very important, because life is just the sum of small things, and "inattention" to them - is the beginning of unscrupulousness. Man, going to a compromise in the details, unprincipled in the main - it is already there was a revaluation of values, in which the principal and the principal becomes for him the very "small change", because of which "do not communicate."

These are the enemies Tanabai. Accusing him of nominative sheep, they sought an exception from the shepherd's party. Personal revenge is covered by high-sounding phrases about the protection of collective goods. Picture of the District Committee meeting, discussing "the case Tanabai Bakasov" sustained in the dark, tragic tones. Only Secretary of the Communist Komsomol Kerimbekov stood up for the shepherd, confused old friend, party organizer farm Choro Sayaka. Since then the world has lost its color in the eyes Tanabai. Chaban fast aged, timid once, was not confident. Day after day he returned to his past, asks himself whether the right was organizing collective farm life, giving her all the power. And he himself says that still, despite everything, he was right. So in this impenetrable night, homeless and dreary steppes of stone sitting beside the dying pacer, "the old horse, very old," he says foolish reproach her daughter: "Look at that, why would join the party, if the life of shepherds but in the herdsman passed, kicked in his old age ... "- and says:" What was expelled, it is not you touch me! This is my sorrow, sister! It's not you touch me! "And, link by link, into the cold February night, sorting out his life in detail, and the world says to himself:" I need more, will be necessary ... "

Absorbing a focus and expertise of the national historical work, which involved Tanabai and subtle psychological feelings developing personality and philosophical generalizations, and the exact signs of the real world, the writer depicted in the guise of an ordinary peasant's typical hero of the Kyrgyz-time, complex and strong character. In the story "Farewell to Gulsary" created a powerful epic background, has become another important sign of creativity Aitmatov, used motifs and themes and the Kyrgyz epic Karagul Kodzhodzhan.

The fate of the protagonist, the Kyrgyz peasant Tananbaya, as is typical, as the fate of the top heroes of the "village prose". Tananbay participated in

collectivization, not sparing with his brother, then he became a victim of party careerists. An important role in the novel was played by Gulsary pacer, who was accompanied by Tananbaya for many years. The image is a metaphor of the essence of human life, in which the inevitable suppression of the individual, non-natural being. G.Gachev called Gulsary characteristic of Aitmatov's "dual-head manner centaur" of the animal and man.

Aitmatov wrote such a man the village, who held and holds her on his shoulders. All the difficulties faced by Tanabai, struggling, suffering, suffering, - this is just what is the meaning, purpose and joy of his existence. The writer also likes to resort to direct analogies, symbols, and because they are easy to grow in the poetic generalization, and because often create a subtext (see story artfully introduced into a lament for the great hunter Karagul). The ancient Kyrgyz songs, laments, "the old hunter Karagul" and "camel that has lost his white camel," artfully interwoven with the sorrowful thoughts of the protagonist, reinforce the tragic coloring serious moments in the life of Tanabai. At the same time, along with numerous repetitions of key words, phrases, similes deployed, give the narrative a musical sound, stunning epic melodiousness.

Often inextricably merged reflections, the internal monologue of the hero with the author's speech. And not only the hero's inner monologues with the author's speech, but the crucial moments in the life of the hero. Where due to these arguments Tanabai solves various tests of endurance, patience, courage, struggles with the fact that he is what it's worth. The same author has shown us in the story "Farewell Gulsary" as Tanabai true not only fighting for their cause, but the pacer Gyulsary. Much had to meet the hero of the story in my life love, respect, betrayal, fall, new achievements, family pride and joy for Gyulsary. Strengthens the role of folk elements in the story, woven into lyrical song.

§-1.Theoretical problems of metaphor.

1.1 "Definitions of the main functions and features of a metaphor."

Subject analysis is the " Features of translation of metaphor." What is appropriate in the work of Chingiz Aitmatov Goodbye Gyulsary. So in the novels of Aitmatov intertwined images of space and time. Thoughts and feelings of the characters are born harmoniously. And the metaphor became necessary in our age, not only because of the invasion of scientific and technological achievements in the area of fiction, but rather because it is controversial and disharmonious world in which we live. The question that I would like to consider for the "transfer characteristics of metaphor," the word "metaphor" and other words with similar meaning.

METAPHOR, type the path, is the use of words not in the literal meaning of them, but in a figurative sense. In metaphor, this is achieved by moving to a given object (phenomenon) of the characteristic features inherent to another object (phenomenon). Metaphor - One of the most powerful means of visual language. She fills the spoken language, and the metaphorical language may not even be felt. But the most significant role of metaphor in literature.

Metaphorical use is one of the possibilities of creating an expression for it is usually associated with semantic shifts, leading to more expressive richness of the text as a whole - this is due to the relevance of the chosen topic by me.

The phenomenon of metaphor draws attention to the researchers by chance. This is due, above all, a common interest in the study of the text in the broadest sense of the term, the desire to study the linguistic and stylistic interpretation of the various techniques that create expressive text. Attract researchers and the problems associated with expressive language and speech. In the present approach, the facts are studied not in isolation but in context, since the figurative expression of VV Vinogradova, it occurs in the context of "saturation semantic word radiation" (Vinogradov, 1963).

Of particular importance to researchers is to work with samples of fiction, a special

analysis which will assess their artistic value, not on any expressive, intuitive, and based on the conscious perception of expressive language.

In another metonymy is formed. If the light bulb, and in real life can never be together (they are connected only because of the similarity form of the metaphor), then the value of metonymic transfer of one word to another, these two words always be together in real life. For example, the entire evening reading Shakespeare. Someone did not read most of Shakespeare, and the works they wrote. This metonymy, because between the author and his works have a connection, adjacency, intersection point, they do not like each other, like a pear, and light, but they are always connected. Metonymy - a transfer of value from one word to another by contiguity, respect. In the table you can see the basic methods of forming metonymy.

Synecdoche - it's very easy to understand pathways. This kind of metonymy based on what is called instead of the whole, at least - a whole instead of parts. For example, a bear in the woods not found. It is understood that it is not a bear is not usual, but in general this type of animal in the forest there. Berry this year freak. It is not about just one cherry and in general all the berries: cherries, currants, strawberries, etc. Harvest, they say, is good. Student what are literate! I do not mean a student and all students.

You can call him a man of one thing, body parts, etc. For example: I stand behind the red coat, that is, a man in a red coat. A classic example of Gogol - Hey, the beard! And how to get from here to Plyushkin?

Here are a few literary examples:

Where vigorous walking and sickle fell spike,
Now there empty all space everywhere.

F. Tyutchev.

- упрятался в поднятый воротник с мыслями своими. Это явный пример метафоры (она может рассматриваться двусмысленно) То есть тот смысл который она несет и под смысл. «ушел в себя, задумался» или воспринимать буквально то есть «упрятался в поднятый воротник с мыслями своими». Ч.Айтматов.

- a corner and hid away with his thoughts beneath his raised collar. This is a clear example of a metaphor (which may be considered ambiguous) That is the meaning which it bears, and a meaning. "Left to himself, thinking," or taken literally meaning "hidden within the raised collar of his thoughts." Ch.Aytmatov.

Type of adjacency	Example
Between the author and his works	All night reading Bunin could not tear myself away. Teach Lermontov. I hear Chopin.
Between the subject and the material from which it is made	Fashion on the crystal was (For products made of crystal) He is not on silver - on gold tasted!
Between the object and its color	Go to the table filed greens. In crimson and gold-clad wood.

	Turn a blue spot (on computer)
Between the object and its content	I ate three plates. The kettle boiled. Dressed up over a casket. Two cans I do not have enough (of the jam).
Between the object and its name	I forgot your Tolstoy in train. I have a "Spark" and two "Murzilki."
In the premises, places and people that are there	Cottage snoring. Hall was buzzing. I responded to the second window (on hand). The right flank had the transfer.

Synecdoche - it's very easy to understand pathways. This kind of metonymy based on what is called instead of the whole, at least - a whole instead of parts. For example, a bear in the woods not found. It is understood that it is not a bear is not usual, but in general this type of animal in the forest there. Berry this year freak. It is not about just one cherry and in general all the berries: cherries, currants, strawberries, etc. Harvest, they say, is good. Student what are literate! I do not mean a student and all students.

You can call him a man of one thing, body parts, etc. For example: I stand behind the red coat, that is, a man in a red coat. A classic example of Gogol - Hey, the beard! And how to get from here to Plyushkin?

§-2.The definition of metaphor

1.1 Metaphor as an effective means of expression of artistic ideas of the writer

Metaphor - figure of speech - use of words and expressions in a metaphorical sense, by analogy, similarity, congruence (Ozhegov, 1990).

Metaphor - is creativity, creativity - it's a metaphor. For all that is under the text - metaphorically, all that is devoid of subtext - is banal, and so - do not work.

Understanding a metaphor is the result of creative effort, it is as little subject to the rules. To create a metaphor there is no instruction, no manuals to determine what it "means" or "as reported". The metaphor is recognized only by the presence in it of art began. It suggests the need for some degree of artistry. The mechanism of formation of metaphors is best illustrated in the table. As the saying goes, where the tale, where the show.

That compares	Comparative union	to compare	Sign by which are compared
bulb	as	pear	form
sunflower	as	sun	shape, color
lilac flower	like	stud	shape
drops	exactly	pea	shape
rowan berries	as though	bonfire	color
		metaphor	

The table shows that if we make the comparison complete, that is, remove "that compares the" alliance and the comparative, it will be "compared with what." This is a metaphor. For example: "Don't any of you have any hands?" The implication here is inept.

Metaphorical use is one of the possibilities of creating an expression for it is usually associated with semantic shifts, leading to more expressive richness of the text as a whole - this is due to the relevance of the chosen topic by me. Of particular importance to researchers is to work with samples of fiction, a special analysis which will assess their artistic value, not on any expressive, intuitive, and based on the conscious perception of expressive language. In the novel A Farewell to Gulsary created a powerful epic background, has become another important sign of creativity Aitmatov, used motifs and themes and the Kyrgyz epic Karagul Kodzhodzhan.

It is well known that the word can change its meaning and semantic shift occurs when the word gets to him in an unusual context.

For example: What the devil brings you here? You're crazy, that's what you are.(И чего ты притащился сюда, болван разнесчастный)"Dragged" - rode, ran, he came ... "crazy" violently statement such as idiot.

"Methods of changing the basic meaning of a word are called tropes" (Tomaszewski, 1937). Paths (from the Greek. Tropos) - sales - usage of the word in a figurative sense to describe it any phenomenon with secondary shades of meaning inherent in that word, and have directly related to its principal value. Correlation of the literal and figurative meanings of words based on the similarity of the compared phenomena, or contrast, or contiguity them - hence there are various kinds of tropes, which are classified in detail in the ancient theories of rhetoric and literature, although the significance of such a classification does not matter. The main types of tropes - metaphor, based on the similarity or contrast of phenomena, metonymy, based on contiguity and synecdoche based on the ratio of part and whole.

In essence, to include trails as various kinds of transfer values, as well as an epithet, comparison, hyperbole, litotes, irony.

Metonymy Greek. metonymia, from the meta, and onoma, name. Rhetorical figure in which the cause is taken as a consequence, part of a whole, which contains the contents of. For example: hanging bag. (That is to be tired). Болтаясь мешком (то есть быть уставшим).

Танабай налетел вихрем, (налетел с большой скоростью). Cantering up to him (collided at high speed)

he bruised his hands badly (Here we have in mind has turned out, tire out). руки сбил (мозоли наработал, натрудил).

1.2 A simple metaphor is expressed in one way, but not necessarily one-word.

Life would never roll along (A metaphor that has a meaning. That is, labor, and the bread had not itself find you). «жизнь, она никогда не покатится сама собой». (То есть труд, и хлеб никогда сам по себе не добудится).

He began thinking feverishly (unambiguous interpretation of the meaning and significance are similar) – «лихорадочно соображать» (соображать возбужденно, взволнованно)

“Your business won't run off”(in this case as a transfer and the value of “your case it will not run away”)- «Дело это никуда не ускачет»(в данной фразе метафорой является «ускачет» так как дело- не «скачет» а убегает или испаряется.

Pathways is a general phenomenon of language is extremely expands the use of the word, using the set of its secondary colors.

Metaphor is considered by many the most important trope, and so characteristic of poetic language that the word is sometimes used imagery as a synonym of speech as an indication that the words are not here to live, and in a figurative sense.

Metaphorical language often means "allegorical" or "figurative" language.

Metonymic, - containing metonymy, which is a metonymy

For example:- «Take a strand of wool, you couldn't even see it with your naked eye, if you blew on it disappeared». «Возьми шерстинку, глазом не различить, дунешь — и нет ее». (not rewarding work.) In this example, the author clearly shows how difficult and not easy to work with Tanabai. The expression is understood as a metaphor.

As a metaphor, one or more properties are transferred to an object or phenomenon with another object or phenomenon, but the latter does not appear in the path directly, but only implied. "Metaphor - a hidden comparison. In contrast to a simple comparison, which has two members, the metaphor has only the second" (Abramovich, 1965).

Even in ancient times resorted to the language of metaphor. Initially the "shoot" meant only one thing: to let an arrow from a bow. But then the verb began to be used according to the similarity of its actions and goals with respect to firearms, but for the sake of accuracy should be a verb "bullet." The words "Nimrod" and "imp" originally were also metaphorical: the mobility of the child is compared with the speed of a flying arrow. But this metaphor once fresh and effective has faded from long use. Fade metaphor not only of ancient origin, and never. For example, the metaphor of "Wing House" became a technical term and everyday speech.

"Boiling in his soul" in this example, we clearly see that this is a complete sentence, so metaphoric.

- In the novel "A Farewell to Gulsary" song laments, "the old hunter Karagul" and "camel that has lost his white camel" artfully interwoven with the sorrowful thoughts of the protagonist Tanabai. All this makes the work of Chingiz Aitmatov romantic, despite their realistic basis.

Such metaphors are called the erased, because they do not have on our aesthetic and emotional impact, do not remind us of the originally planted in them

than as a metaphor to cause just such a reaction. They can not in fact be called metaphors, metaphors, they are only historically.

- I'm nobody (is a metaphor meaning the position and status of the person) я человек маленький.(здесь имеется в виду «статус»)

A general gets what's coming to a general, and a soldier gets what's coming to a soldier — (in this case refers to every man his place, the case ...) Генералу — генеральское, а солдату — солдатское.(у каждого свое место)

- his eyes downcast, feel guilty or helpless. потупив глаза (то есть почувствовать вину)

A metaphor is a comparison of the undifferentiated. In addition to verbal metaphors, so common in works of art are metaphorical images or metaphors are deployed. Sometimes all product of the whole metaphor.

In this case, the only possible sense, as in the text all the time emphasized the motive to stay isolated, unnecessary loss of a loyal friend, a void. This example is also an artistic metaphor. It is a metaphorical sense.

The main type of metaphor is personification, which is sometimes called personification. The essence of impersonation is that the signs of a living being transferred to something inanimate, lifeless, and acts as an animate being. Often personifying abstract concepts. For the allegorical expression of abstract concepts is an allegory, which is their symbol-based, however, on only one similarity between abstract concepts and concrete phenomenon or object.

The boundaries between the individual tracks are not always possible to clearly and accurately. For example, a true artistic epithet should occur in a figurative sense. This epithet is metaphorical as it is often a metaphor in an abbreviated form. So, there is one within the tropes of the permeability: a trail goes into another, mixed with it and makes it difficult to determine which of tropes

before us. Ability to create new meanings portable enormous. The whole point in the skill of the author, the ability to find new, unexpected comparisons. The metaphor is an effective means of expressing artistic ideas of the writer.

«trying so hard in vain». «рассыпался в благодарностях». Here we see a clear example of the word metaphor « hard in vain » can not be combined with gratitude. « hard in vain (a fit of generosity)». Expression of « hard in vain » can be taken literally and metaphorically as the preceding context, both read.

Here is another clear example of metaphor. — «Don't shout». «Уймись. ... как всегда спокойно, осадила она его». «Don't shout.» so calm down, calm down, chill out. «as always calm and collected.» in this phrase the word besieged, is the main metaphor. Precipitate, that is, to fight back, to put in place.

Often inextricably merged reflections, the internal monologue of the hero with the author's speech. Strengthens the role of folk elements woven into the narrative lyric songs ("Farewell, Gulsary!"), Legends, myths, legends ("White Ship", "Spotted Dog Running at the Edge of the Sea"). From this images are particularly symbolic, deepened the philosophical orientation of the works.

1.3 The linguistic approach to the consideration of metaphor

Two basic semantic properties of language arts - painting and allegory - define specific cognitive role of metaphor in artistic speech. Metaphor - the most important feature of the literary text. In this regard, before proceeding to the metaphor, let us consider the main points of the current state of the general theory of metaphor.

Review of the literature on the theory of metaphor, which is in the works of Arnold IV, Arutyunova ND, Baranov AN, Bakhtin, M. Black, Vinogradov VV, Nikitin MV, Vovk VN . and so on, shows how wide the range of opinions on all major points of the theory. It should be noted immediately that the differences in

approaches are not the result of "incorrect" understanding of the issue. Of course, the positions of many researchers have disputed provisions, but the main thing that determines the fundamental differences of opinion - is the complexity of the subject of research. The scientists, writing about metaphor - Black, M., AN Baranov, recognize that they are dealing with a figurative comparison (Tolochin, 1996). So defined, and the metaphor of Aristotle. However, the understanding of this definition may be different. The differences relate primarily to the interpretation of the mechanism of comparison.

In modern works on the metaphor of IV Tolochin identifies three main views on its linguistic nature:

- metaphor as a mode of existence of the word;
- metaphor as a phenomenon of syntactic semantics;
- metaphor as a way to convey meaning in communication.

In the first case seen as a metaphor lexicological phenomenon. Such an approach is the most traditional, as closely associated with notions of language as a relatively autonomous from speech activity and stability. Accordingly, the representatives of this approach believe that the metaphor is realized in the structure of the linguistic meaning of the word.

In the second approach focuses on the metaphorical significance arising from the interaction of words in the structure of phrases and sentences. It is the most common: a metaphor for him borders are wider - it is considered at the level of syntactic combinations of words.

The third approach - the most innovative, imaginative as regards the comparison as a mechanism for the formation of meaning in the expression of different functional varieties of speech. For this approach - it is functional - the communicative phenomenon is realized in an utterance or text.

GN Sklyarevskaya in his book "metaphor in the language system", published in 1993, describes the first approach of the study. The author examines the metaphor of language, contrasting it in many ways a metaphor of art. By Sklyarevskaya, language metaphor - a ready vocabulary item (Sklyarevskaya, 1993). Describing the structure of the language of metaphor, GN Sklyarevskaya included within the scope of his understanding of the structure of the lexical meaning of words with metaphorical imagery. During the analysis compares this and the word that has a literal meaning and metaphorical meaning of the word. Metaphorical meaning the author defines as "a doubling of denotatum and redistribution of this and between the denotative and connotative parts of the lexical meaning" (Sklyarevskaya, 1993: 15). Figurative language of metaphor is recognized only by researchers, but at the level of speech perception, it is not identified. The language metaphor can not be perceived as such by ordinary native speakers (Sklyarevskaya, 1993).

There is another tradition - seen as a metaphor for the phenomenon of syntactic semantics. This position is most clearly reflected in the works, ND Arutyunova, M. Black and A. Richards. This approach allows to obtain interesting information about the impact of the semantic compatibility of the words in the process of metaphor. The mechanism of formation of metaphors supporters semantic - syntactic approach, see the categorical shift. Metaphor "offers a new distribution of items into categories and then letting him down" (Arutyunov, 1990). The essence of metaphor - "a transposition of identifying (and semantically diffuse descriptive) language, designed to indicate the object of speech, within the scope of predicates that are intended to refer to its characteristics and properties" (Arutyunov, 1990).

The semantic and syntactic approach gives a lot to understand the nature of metaphor. The main value of this is that the revealed mechanism of metaphorical meaning based on the categorical characterization given by the structure itself.

The third approach - a functional-communicative - the most important for the linguistic areas, studying various aspects of the theory of speech. This approach is seen as a metaphor for the text element. The functional-communicative approach to metaphor provides a methodological framework for the study of metaphors in real texts, and allows you to analyze the specific function of metaphor, depending on the orientation of communicative speech. The inclusion of a pragmatic and cognitive aspects of metaphor in the study opens the possibility to analyze the uniqueness of the operation of metaphor in different functional styles of speech, including artistic.

In this story "Farewell Gulsary" the author very clearly describes the internal state of the hero through metaphor. Using various periods of his life and the situation for example:

Everything else had died in him long ago. It had been snuffed out in order that he knew nothing but the saddle and the road. Gyulsary lived for racing. He ran effortlessly, tirelessly, as if he might catch up with that which humans had taken from him. He ran on and on, and could never catch up.

The author shows the reader is clearly a difficult and hard life Tanabai Gulsary through, so the horse can not tell all the bitterness and pain that he had to suffer throughout their lives. But there was such a hard life for our hero. Not just some people with their feelings and thoughts, and man in general is becoming the focus of the writer. He understands the laws of existence, the meaning of life.

1.4 Stylistic theory of metaphor

Metaphor - figure of speech - use of words and expressions in a metaphorical sense, by analogy, similarity, congruence (Ozhegov, 1990). Metaphor can be expressed by a verb ("time flies" T.Aytmatov Ch), an adjective ("strangers" Charles T. Aitmatov.), A noun ("eternal sleep" - in the sense of death). It can be condensed to one word ("flourishing" - meaning the highest stage of

development) or expanded ("the cool dampness of the night a bonfire of vexation," block), or even extended to the whole work ("The wagon of life", a poem, "A C . Pushkin).

"The metaphor is usually defined as a hidden comparison, carried out by applying the name of one object to another, and thus identifies some important feature of the second" (Arnold, 1960). A simple metaphor is expressed in one way, but not necessarily one-word: - the personification of the spirit of a herd environment, hands-knocked down condition of fatigue, hard work, it is also a simple metaphor.

A simple metaphor may be monomials and binomial. The metaphor is based on exaggeration, said to be hyperbolic: For example:

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

...Бежит верблюдица много дней, ищет, кличет детеныша. Где ты, темноглазый верблюжонок? Бежит молоко из вымени, из переполненного вымени, струится по ногам. Где ты? Отзовись! Бежит молоко из вымени, из переполненного вымени Белое молоко... Excerpt from the folk song as a metaphor as the author of this story is not just trying to emphasize how lonely and how empty my soul hero.

The expanded, or extended, a metaphor consists of several metaphorical uses of words, creating a single image, that is, from a number of interrelated and complementary simple metaphors that enhance motivation by way of re-connection of the same two parallel plans and their operation:

It was a bright, sunny day. Spring squinted in the sun, curling out in new leaves, steaming in the fields, pushing grass up underfoot on the pathways.

Щурилась на солнце весна, курчавилась новой листвой, дымилась на пашне и лезла травой на тропы, прямо под ноги.

1.5 The value of metaphors for understanding the reader of a literary text

Understanding (and creating) the metaphor is the result of creative effort: it is as little subject to the rules.

Are you crazy (i.e., ignorance of the elementary) This metaphor can not be divided, or that it abated since is held. «Ты что с луны свалился?».

The specified property does not release the metaphor of the number of other uses of language: any communication - the interaction of thought and spoken thoughts, extracted from the speech. The only question is the degree of discontinuity. It increases the metaphor that uses in addition to the usual mechanisms of non-semantic language resources. To create a metaphor there is no instruction, no manuals to determine what it "means" or "as reported" (Aristotle, 1957). The metaphor is recognized only by the presence in it of art began. D. Davidson argues that the metaphors mean only that (or more), which means their constituent words, taken in its literal meaning (Davidson, 1990). Since this thesis is contrary to the well-known contemporary points of view, much of what he said, carries with it the critical charge. Metaphor for free from all interference and confusion looking at it is not less but more interesting phenomenon.

«He had a funny feeling in his chest» «- Под ложечкой неприятно холодило». This phrase is also a metaphor. Deep under the meaning of artistic metaphor, expressed profound phrase. «Что подразумевается под ложечкой?» В данном случае «ложечкой» является неожиданный удар, то есть страх.

«Don't think I'll swallow your foxy words»- «Черта с два поддамся на твои лисьи слова». Зацепка в этом предложении лисьи то есть хитрые,

лукавые, лживые и т.д. Черта с два поддамся на твои лисьи слова это означает, что нет веры твоим словам или действиям. Лиса в этом случае обозначает хитрый, скользкий человек. В данном случае мы видим подтекст метафоры, он заключается в следующем: Я не верю, твоим словам или я не подамся твоим хитрым словам. Хитрость, лукавость, присуща не только человеку по и животному. В нашем случае сравнение человеческого характера с животным.

First, Davidson tried to dispel the mistaken belief that metaphor, along with the literal meaning or value is endowed with more and some other meaning and value. This misconception is common to many. The idea of semantic duality of metaphor takes many forms - from relatively simple from Aristotle to the relatively complex in M. Black. It is shared by those who admit the literal paraphrase of a metaphor, and those who deny this possibility. Some authors have emphasized that the metaphor, in contrast to ordinary usage, gives an insight - it penetrates into the essence of things.

«He felt an iron weight pressing against the back of his head.»- «Затылок сводит чугунной тяжестью». the meaning of this metaphor is that it reveals the very essence, in spite of the word "iron". This simple metaphor means "burden."

And one more sentence, but a metaphorical sense. Consider the following example (metaphor) given in the text of Chingiz Aitmatov "Farewell Gulsary: «Double-edged sword». «палка о двух концах «двойной смысл». It immediately catches the eye contrast stick (this is not referring to myself as a stick of animate object, but as a business which has a double meaning) metaphorical statement.

A look at the metaphor as a means of communicating ideas, even unusual, Davidson seems to be as wrong as lying at the basis of this view the idea that metaphor is of particular importance. Davidson agrees with the view that the

metaphor can not be paraphrased, he believes that this is not because they add that the metaphor - something completely new to the literal expression, but because they simply have nothing to rephrase. Paraphrase, regardless of whether it is possible or not, refers to what is said, we're just trying to convey is the same thing in other words. But if Davidson's rights, the metaphor does not report anything other than their literal meaning.

In the past, those who denied that the metaphors in addition to the literal meaning of a particular cognitive content, often in every way sought to show that the metaphor makes it to the emotions and confusion and that it is not suitable for serious scientific or philosophical conversation. Davidson does not share this view. The metaphor is common not only in literature but in science, philosophy and jurisprudence, it is effective in praise and insult, prayer and a promise, description and prescription. Davidson agrees with Max Black, Paul Henley, Nelson Goodman, Monroe Beardsley and others on the functions of metaphor. However, it seems that it is in addition to the above also serves an entirely different kind. Davidson does not agree with the explanation of how the metaphor works its wonders. It is based on the distinction between the meanings of words and their use, and believes that metaphor belongs entirely to the sphere of consumption. The metaphor is associated with the use of figurative words and sentences and depends entirely on the ordinary or literal meaning of words and, therefore, consist of these proposals.

For example: But it was a shame that other things had also disappeared. What beautiful ornaments, what utensils of silver, copper, wood and leather they used to make! They had not been expensive, yet they had been beautiful. Each was unique. А вот другие вещи исчезли — это жаль. Какие украшения, утварь какую из серебра, из меди, из дерева, из кожи умели делать! И не дорогие вроде, а красивые вещи были. Каждая сама по себе, особая. Теперь таких нет. Теперь из алюминия лепят все подряд: кружки, чашки, ложки, серьги и тазы

— куда ни придешь, все одно и то же. The author shows that times are changing, and changing values and needs. This example is also a metaphor.

The metaphor draws attention to some similarities between two or more objects. It is trite and true observation leads to conclusions about the meaning of metaphors. The ambiguity of the word, if it occurs, due to the fact that in the context of the word normally means one thing, but in the metaphorical sense - other, but in the context of the metaphorical is not binding fluctuations. Of course, you can fluctuate on the choice of a metaphorical interpretation of the number of possible, but we always distinguishable from the metaphor is not a metaphor. In any case, the effect of metaphor does not end with the cessation of oscillations in a metaphorical interpretation of the passage. Consequently, the strength of the impact of the metaphor can not be associated with this kind of ambiguity. If a metaphor, like the ambiguous word, had two meanings, one would expect that it will be able to describe the special, metaphorical meaning, we need only wait a metaphor erased: the figurative meaning of metaphors should live forever imprinted in the literal sense of the dead.

You can learn about many interesting metaphors, if we compare them with the comparisons, for comparison, just say something that we just push the metaphor. Here we must take into account the complexity of the process of selection of comparisons that would exactly match a particular metaphor.

"Gyulsary! Hello, boy!" Tanabai shouted, cantering up to him. «Гульсары, Гульсары, здравствуй! — подскочил наметом» Танабай. The expression should be understood literally, because, " cantering up to him /He ran on emotions", only with this understanding of the hidden content of the expression correlates with more information.

«He felt an iron weight pressing against the back of his head». Preparation for the "run" the sequence of actions Gulsary (which is described by the time he

could not run) in this case the metaphor is illustrated here as a subtext. «Хочется ему свободно махать ногами, чтобы копыта горели от бега».(в данном случае метафора служит здесь как иллюстрированный подтекст).

The metaphor actually makes note that otherwise might go unnoticed. No theory of metaphorical meaning or metaphorical truth can not explain how the metaphor. Language of metaphor is not different from the language offers a very simple form. What really distinguishes metaphor is not its value, and use, and in this speech is like a metaphor for action: approval, hint, lies, promises, grievances, etc.

... «Tanabai moved about in a cloud of gloom». « Танабай ходил как в воду опущенный». An explicit example of metaphor sentence «ХОДИЛ КАК В ВОДУ ОПУЩЕННЫЙ» You can not change or remove the word is full and its value to "walk without the mood, sad, to be thoughtful».

According to the point of view, M. Black, the metaphor makes to make "the system accepted association" associated with the metaphorical word to the subject of metaphor. Black says that "the metaphor implicit in the form includes such judgments about the main subject, which are usually attached to an accessory to the subject. This metaphor selects, organizes and selects one, it certain characteristics of the main subject and eliminates the other" (Bdek, 1990). According to Black, paraphrases almost always fail, not because metaphors have no special cognitive content, but because they "received approval nemetaforicheskie and half do not have clarified and informing power of the original

«running around with empty sacks». «Бегают с пустыми мешками» (poor, and hungry)

«Choro's heart had given out» spoiled Health) (. «подорвал свое сердце» (подпортил здоровье)

«How time flies». «О, как время идет» (unambiguous metaphor). These examples are of course a metaphor for each of these phrases has its own meaning. But the essence of metaphor is not finish and did not clarify the strength and essence of the original.

Metaphor creates or implies a certain view of the subject, but does not express it openly. Aristotle, for example, says that the metaphor helps to notice the similarities. Black, following Richards notes that the metaphor is a reaction: the listener by taking the metaphor, building a system of implications. Metaphor, making a literal statement, forcing us to see an object as if in the light of another, which leads to "enlightenment" of the reader.

§ -3. Collection of translation of metaphor.

Without the metaphorical richness of a literary text can not create association of artistic images in the reader, without which, in turn, can not achieve a complete understanding of the meanings of the text. Associative image usually arises as a result of unexpected combinations of distant concepts, so has a high metaphorical and subjectivity, which in principle is very important not only in the poetic text, but also in prose. In a series of expressive language and stylistic devices metaphor is particularly expressive, since it has unlimited potential in bringing together often - in an unexpected likeness of different objects and phenomena, essentially a new way to make sense object.

Individual author's metaphor always has a high degree of informative art as prints the word (and object) of the automatism of perception: «Hung in the air discordant, blossomed shawls and dresses of women, girls singing about the

separation». «В воздухе повисло разноголосье, запестрели платки и платья женщин, пели девушки о расставании».

Metaphor, in contrast to the comparison, where there are both members of the comparison, is hidden by comparison, that is what is likened to an object and the properties of the object are not in their quality of separateness, and given a new undifferentiated unity of the artistic image: «The war had ended so many years ago, but they were still patching the farm like an old tent». Сколько лет уже прошло после войны, а все латаем хозяйство, как старую юрту. Перевернули все, перелопатили старое.

However, when the metaphorical expression is taken literally, and it is the further deployment of the literal, the phenomenon of the implementation of the metaphor - a technique often causes a comic effect. For example, a poem by Vladimir Mayakovsky, "That's how I became a dog" is constructed in such harping colloquial expression "angry as a dog": first "from the lips Fang" and "out of his jacket razveerilsya hvostische," and finally "became on all fours and barked. "Aitmatov has no desire to create a comic effect when he describes the difficult life of a man on the farm: «No one cared about what you had to say any more. It was as if the collective farm was no longer governed by the collective farmers, but by others from elsewhere. As if others from elsewhere had a better idea of what should be done, of how they were to work better and how they were to run the farm». Никому нет дела до тебя. Колхозом вроде не сами колхозники управляют, а кто-то со стороны. Точно бы со стороны виднее, что делать, как лучше работать, как вести хозяйство. Крутят, вертят хозяйство то так, то эдак, а толку никакого. И вспомнилось ему, как начинали они когда-то колхоз, как обещали народу счастливую жизнь, какие мечты у всех были. И как бились за те мечты.

In a series of expressive language and stylistic devices metaphor is particularly expressive, since it has unlimited potential in bringing together often - in an unexpected likeness of different objects and phenomena, essentially a new way to make sense object.

The author makes extensive use of the product such stylistic devices and language tools such as simile, personification, epithets, and many others.

These artistic means, in collaboration with the author of a metaphor to help create the atmosphere of the real, to make the reader's imagination to work and think through what the author did not say, allows you to experience their own fears and paint the whole picture (in whole or in part) by the - to create their own world.

When the author uses hyperbole, he wants to emphasize that the speaker's feelings and emotions are so thrilled that he unintentionally exaggerates the quantitative or qualitative aspects of what he says. If you are using hyperbole often used such words and phrases as all, every, everybody, a million, a thousand, ever, never, and others:

«was accessible to all». «ВСЕМ ДОСТУПНЫЙ БЫЛ» (open to all),

«you were the one who did all the shouting». «БОЛЬШЕ ВСЕХ ГЛОТКУ
драл(shout. grub)

These examples are identified from the text of "Farewell Gulsary."

§ -4. The structures of metaphors

The structural and semantic analysis of translation of metaphor.

Semasiological direction, who is studying a circuit structure of language metaphor, semantic processes that form the metaphorical meaning, the ratio of the family in the original and metaphorical meanings, mechanisms of metaphor, language

specific detonates metaphor, connotative elements of nature. Onomasiological direction, examining the metaphor in terms of object relatedness, in terms of the relation of linguistic units to extra linguistic objects.

Epistemological direction. Shaping the missing values, and language encouraging them to "remain without designation," the language metaphor thus, together with other lexical resources involved in the partitioning of the world and in the representation of reality - this is primarily manifested cognitive functions of linguistic metaphors. From this point of view of metaphor as an object of study proved to be extremely attractive not only for linguists and philosophers, but because it is one way of organizing the cognitive

activity. (Gusev, Science and metaphor) In this case recognize that the language of the various scientific theories based on metaphors, and no knowledge can be organized without the participation metaphor (Gusev, science and metaphor). It was felt that the study of metaphor may be the key to understanding many of the problems of modern science, in particular the problem of representation of new knowledge [(Velichkovsky BM, 1982).

Логическое направление, who is studying the theory of reference. The basis of this direction is marked by Aristotle property metaphor to combine the two concepts. In the modern interpretation of this property is treated as already described above, the interaction of "focus" and "frame" metaphor. In general, the object of studying the language of metaphor from the perspective of the theory of reference is a mismatch between the semantic constraints of linguistic metaphors and obvious logical connections that exist between objects and phenomena of reality.

Linguistic area, which is engaged in the identification and classification of linguistic metaphors properties (morphological, derivational, syntactic). Especially studied in detail the syntax of the language of metaphor.

Linguistic and stylistic direction.

Psycholinguistic direction, who is studying the language metaphor in the aspect of the theory of speech production and speech perception.

Expressionist direction - the direction of the study of metaphors associated with the description of its expressive qualities.

Linguistic and literary direction, describing the linguistic properties of the artistic metaphor.

Lexicological direction, which is associated with the description and design of the language of metaphor in terms of vocabulary practice.

The word metaphor, like many literary terms, came to us from Greece. Literally, it means the transfer. Especially just revealed the essence of metaphor philosopher Aristotle, who wrote:

The metaphor "is the transference of the name or kind to look at, or with the form at the genus or species to species, or similar ... to compose a good metaphor - then notice the similarities (in nature)."

In the metaphor can distinguish four "elements":

- category or context,
- an object within a particular category,
- a process which performs the function of this object, and
- the application of this process to real situations, or crossing them.

Metaphors are widely used in literature, especially poetry. But can poetry do without metaphor? I believe that as through the use of metaphors by a wide spectrum can raskvasit, imaginative and open-minded their own works of art. Metaphor gives beauty a fiction and poetry.

The metaphor is organically linked with the poetic vision of the world. Poetry is often defined in terms of metaphors characteristic of the author and the author understands and accepts these definitions.

Akbai, Kokbai, don't let the calves get by,

If you do, too bad for you, boo-hoo-hoo!

Акбай, Кокбай,

Телят в поле не гоняй.

А погонишь — не догонишь,

Будет тебе нагоняй — ду-у-у!

With what gravity is related to the metaphor of poetry? With that first of all, that the poet is repelled from the everyday view of the world, he does not think in terms of large classes. The metaphor is not only much reduced compared as opposed to short. In the metaphor lies and lies and truth, and the "yes" or "no."

So in the metamorphic expression can be seen abbreviated comparison, but it can be seen in the reduced contrast. Metaphor tends to respect the principle of singularity. Outputting the essence of the subject, the metaphor escapes pluralism.

Metaphor as an effective means of expression of artistic ideas of the writer: In this work, Chingiz Aitmatov very clearly expresses the metaphor, emphasizing the state of the characters and the situation at that time.

«We're riding like kings» (that is, free)«Едем, как цари», — шутили
СКОТОВОДЫ.

«The pacer cocked an eye at him». «Иноходец скосил яблоко глаза»
looked at the eye.

It is well known that the word can change its meaning and semantic shift occurs when the word gets to him in an unusual context.

«It is reasonable?».Резонно? То есть Верно? , Правильно? This metaphor is used in nowadays. Although it is already outdated.

But the metaphor is focused on one single word, which is the reason metaphorical. When we talk about metaphor, we give as an example of simple sentences or phrases, in which some of the words employed metaphorically, and the rest - in its usual meaning. The desire to produce a proposal is entirely composed of words, metaphors, leads to the creation of proverbs, riddles, or allegories.

However, more than twenty years after Black's declaration of his standpoint on the categorization of metaphors, Newmark (1988b) was still a faithful believer in the dead/live metaphor classification, as he distinguishes six types of metaphors, beginning with dead metaphors:

1. dead metaphor: this type of metaphor "frequently relates to universal terms of space and time, the main part of the body, general ecological features and the main human activities". Dead metaphors have lost their figurative value through overuse and their images are hardly evident. Some examples of a dead metaphor include 'at the bottom of the hill', 'face of the mountains', and 'crown of glory'.

2. cliché metaphor: this type of metaphor is known to have outlived its usefulness, and is "used as a substitute for clear thought, often emotively, but without corresponding to the facts of the matter" (ibid, p. 107). Some examples include 'a jewel in the crown', 'to make one's mark', and 'backwater'.

3. stock or standard metaphor: this type of metaphor is defined by Newmark (1988b, p.108) as "an established metaphor, which in an informal context is an efficient and concise method of covering a physical and/or mental situation both

referentially and pragmatically." He also states that stock metaphors, in contrast to dead metaphors, are "not deadened by overuse" (ibid). Examples of this type also mentioned by Newmark are: 'to oil the wheels', 'he's in a giving humour', and 'he's on the eve of getting married'.

4. adapted metaphor: this type of metaphor is actually a stock metaphor that has been adapted into a new context by its speaker or writer, for example, the stock metaphor 'carrying coals to Newcastle' can be turned into an adapted metaphor by saying 'almost carrying coals to Newcastle'.

5. recent metaphor: this type of metaphor is produced through coining and is spread in the SL rapidly. Examples of this kind are 'spastic', meaning stupid, and 'skint', meaning without money.

6. original metaphor: this type of metaphor is "created or quoted by the SL writer", and in the broadest sense, "contains the core of an important writer's message, his personality, his comment on life".

§-5. The ways of translation of metaphor

1.1 "A variety of artistic and linguistic metaphors"

However, in some papers devoted to linguistic analysis of metaphor, language and artistic metaphor, as a rule, treated as a single object of study. Known and theoretical justification of this approach, in particular, the rationale given in the V.N.Teliya "Types of linguistic meanings. The associated value of the word in the language. "In terms of research, I was faced with the famous question, what comes first - language or artistic metaphor? Based on the statements of Cicero - the language, on the other hand, many examples of support - a good art experience

mastered the language and eventually loses the author. Apparently, the answer to this question implies a certain correlation between synchrony and diachrony. On the synchronic level, of course, is an artistic metaphor (in the broadest sense of the term, including nonfiction) is a powerful source of language development.

For example: The sun turned a somersault, the earth shuddered from the blow. What had happened? Why was he lying on his side? - Солнце кувыркнулось, дрогнула от удара земля. Что это? Почему он лежит на боку? Почему странно вытянулись вверх лица людей, почему деревья поднялись ввысь? Почему так неудобно лежит он на земле? Нет, так не пойдет. This example is a text-tion metaphor for the author is trying to show us that Gulsary or rather his soul and character has changed.

The juxtaposition of the poetic language of metaphor was first performed by Charles Bally. Currently, there are two types of metaphors - the language and art - deemed indisputable. There are several terms used to describe artistic metaphorical category (fiction, poetry, tropeicheskaya, individual, individual-author, creativity, speech, occasional, metaphor and style, etc.). However, the traditional term artistic metaphor is the most universal, since it includes all the features reflected in other terms (individual and creative, as the occasional originality, belonging to a particular type of tropes).

Consequently, the fact that the linguistic and artistic metaphors differ in their semantic and communicative nature and the fact of their mutual transitions and interaction does not show the destruction of this difference.

The profound differences between the linguistic and artistic metaphor also found at the level of semantic structure of metaphorical meaning. The language metaphor for the complexity of the device is still amenable to structuring and summarizing a typical scheme. With regard to the lexical meaning of the artistic devices of metaphor, in this field of research, I share the view according to which each

recognizes the unique artistic metaphor, incomparable in its semantic structure with other artistic metaphors.

But there are other views on the classification of metaphors. For example, George Lakoff and M. Johnson are two types of metaphors, considered with respect to time and space: the ontological, that is, metaphors that allow to see the events, actions, emotions, ideas, etc., as a kind of substance (the mind is an entity, the mind is a fragile thing), and oriented, or orientation, that is a metaphor, not a defining concept in terms of another, but the whole system of organizing concepts in relation to each other (happy is up, sad is down; conscious is up, unconscious is down).

George Lakoff in his work «The Contemporary Theory of Metaphor» tells about how to create metaphors and the composition of the means of artistic expression. Metaphor, by Lakoff's theory, is a prose or poetic expression, where the word (or several words), which is a concept used in the indirect sense, to express a concept like this. Lakoff writes that in prose or poetic metaphor for speech lies outside of language, thought, imagination, referring to Michael Reddy, his work «The Conduit Metaphor», in which Reddy notices that the metaphor lies in the language of everyday speech, and not only in poetry or prose. Reddy also says that "the speaker puts ideas (objects) into words and sends them to the listener that extracts the idea / objects out of words." This idea is reflected in the study of Lakoff G. and M. Johnson's "Metaphors We Live By."

So, include a proposal to the rank of metaphorical - to say something about its meaning, and not about spelling, phonetics, intonation and grammar. (As part of a well-known distinction between syntax and semantics of metaphor is to be attributed specifically to the field of semantics and, of course, not to research the physical aspect of the language.) Metaphor - a word, at best, with an uncertain value, and should not be limited to the use of more stringent rules than those that exist in practice. It is clear that a person called a 'you're like a little' - means to use

a metaphor, and for that we do not need to know who have used this expression, under what circumstances and with what intentions. The rules of our language is given, that some expression should be seen as a metaphor: the speaker can not change anything here, as well as he could not establish that the cow was called a sheep. But at the same time we must recognize that the rules of the language left scope for variation, individual initiative and creativity. There are an infinite number of contexts (and almost one of them belong to all the interesting cases), where the value of a metaphorical expression should be reconstructed in view of the speaker's intentions (and other particulars), as the use of standard rules are too broad to provide us with the necessary information.

It is worth emphasizing that in general there are no standard rules for determining the degree of weight (weight) or force (emphasis - emphasis), which should be attributed to a particular use of the expression. In order to understand what the speaker has in mind, we need to know how "seriously", he refers to the focus of metaphor.

In the living speech of great help to us may have of emphasis and intonation. But in a written or printed text, not even these minimum targets. Yet this elusive "power" is of great practical importance in the interpretation of metaphor.

«Don't shout»- Уймись (успокойся).

«she said, as always calm and collected». - осадилa она его(«осадила»
имеется в виду поставила на место).

The metaphor may be hyperbolic, metonymical, ironical, there are metaphorical comparisons, metaphoric periphrasis.

Tanabai very hard going through all that is happening with the pacer Gulsary this is clearly reflected in the statements of the author: «He saw Gyulsary caught and a new bridle put on him, for Tanabai would never have given them his own.

He saw Gyulsary fight against being taken from the herd, straining at the reins held by Abalak's son, ... He saw the pacer's eyes, the bewilderment in them, for he could not understand why these strangers were taking him away from the mares and the colts, from his master. ... he saw it all and, biting his lip, he suffered in silence. »
Видел, как Гульсары был пойман и как на него надели новый недоуздок — свой Танабай ни за что не отдал бы. Видел, как не хотел Гульсары уходить из табуна, как рвался он на поводу у сына Абалака, Видел глаза иноходца, смятенный взгляд их, не понимающий, куда и зачем уводят его незнакомые люди от маток и жеребят, от его хозяина, ... — все видел и, прикусив губу, молча страдал.» And more than once, I encountered when I was studying the text of such heavy moments.

Degradation of human cruelty, intensified in the treatment of nature, other people become the cause of all misery and understandings, experiences Tanabai he repeatedly tried to talk about the hard life farm, but alas ... the people: For example: « Gulsary stood under a canopy with a bandaged tail tied with a rope to the neck. Between the hind legs raskoryachennymi loomed huge, with a pitcher, tight sore swelling. The horse stood motionless, his head down dejectedly in a manger. Tanabai moaned, biting her lips, I go to pacer, but dared not. He felt terrible. Terribly from this desolate stables, yard and lonely desert, emasculated pacer. He turned and silently walked away. The case was irreparable.» Гульсары стоял под навесом с забинтованным хвостом, подвязанным веревкой к шее. Между задними раскоряченными ногами темнела огромная, с кувшин, тугая воспаленная опухоль. Конь стоял неподвижно, понуро опустив голову в кормушку. Танабай замычал, кусая губы, хотел подойти к иноходцу, но не посмел. Ему стало жутко. Жутко от этой пустынной конюшни, пустынного двора и одинокого, выхолощенного иноходца. Он повернулся и молча побрел прочь. Дело было непоправимое.

Yet side by side within a single text of the research, linguistic and artistic metaphors in contrast to more clearly reveal their inherent differences. Artistic metaphor fundamentally unable to make a number of metaphorical language nomination - with the well-known, commonly understood lexical means, easily found among other whenever they appear in the communicative needs. In contrast, linguistic, artistic metaphor can not be made anonymously.

For example: «but Tanabai moved about in a cloud of gloom». «А Танабай ходил как в воду опущенный» .(that is, to walk without a mood , то есть без настроения)

On the Unity of copyright and general language of metaphor, seems to be saying to the effect that the substrate (starting material) in both cases is the same for all (as for the average native speaker and a writer) language. Thus, we presume that the language and the art of metaphor as a phenomenon of a common language are complex and contradictory relationships and relationships common to them is a psycholinguistic and psychological transference of the property with the name of one object to another based on similarity.

With regard to the relation of language and artistic metaphors in linguistic terms (for semantic, nominative, communicative and other properties), there is between them are found profound differences of principle.

«A bright-red flame scorched him». «И вдруг острая боль взорвала свет в глазах». (The word «scorched» refers to – Sparks appeared in the eyes of the pain).

The language is metaphorical nomination systematic, objective, reflects the collective subject-logical connections, performs a communicative function, "anonymous" is reproducible. Art is a metaphor for systemic, subjective, reflecting the individual views of the

world, performs an aesthetic function, and retains the "author" has a maximum syntagmatic conditioning, unique and produced.

1.2. «The functions of metaphor».

The metaphor as a linguistic unit, to use in speech, language carries its load. Consequently, it is advisable to identify the main functions of metaphor in order to determine its role in language.

(1) A metaphorical proposition has two different subject - the main and auxiliary.

«Tanabai circled round the steppe».» Кружил по степи Танабай» (In this case, you can use one example of a double meaning which is metaphorical, and if his word) «circled round» in this example is to dangle, and t fuss etc.

(2) These entities are often seen as a profitable "systems" (systems of things), rather than as global objects (things).

«Before the migrations of the case stuck (there were many cases)».Перед кочевкой дела заели(было много дел)

(3) The mechanism of metaphor is that the subject is attached to the main system of "associated implications" associated with a subsidiary subject.

«if you give a greedy man a spoon he'll take five spoonful's instead of one».
«дай нахальному ложку, так он вместо одного раза пять раз хлебнет» (A metaphor is no longer used, it refers to a dead metaphor, a modern twist can be characterized in different ways but the point is that the boundless impudence,).

(4) This implication is there is usually nothing more than a common association in the minds of speakers connected to the auxiliary subject, but in some cases it may be unusual implication established by the author.

(5) The metaphor implicit in the form includes such judgments about the main subject, which are usually attached to an accessory to the subject. Through this metaphor selects, organizes and selects one, it certain characteristics of the main subject, and eliminates others.

(6) This leads to shifts in the meaning of words belonging to the same family or system as a metaphorical expression, and some of these changes, although not all may be metaphorical translations. (Secondary metaphors should, however, read by at least "emfaticjno.")

(7) There is generally no "requirements" with respect to mandatory shifts value - no general rule that would explain why some metaphors go, while others do not. Comparing objects, metaphor contrasts. Metaphor not only reduces the comparison, but the opposition, except from him containing a denial of a term such as:

- «He would have to go easy». (He should be easier). «Тут приходится помягче стелить». The meaning of the proposal to find the right solution, a contact, a common language that is common to come to a compromise.

1.3. «The value and classification of metaphors in stylistic theory».

A simple metaphor may be monomials and binomial. The metaphor is based on exaggeration, said to be hyperbolic: For example;

«Spring squinted in the sun, curling out in new leaves, steaming in the fields, pushing grass up underfoot on the pathways».

«Щурилась на солнце весна, курчавилась новой листвой, дымилась на пашне и лезла травой на тропы, прямо под ноги».

The expanded, or extended, a metaphor consists of several metaphorical uses of words, creating a single image, that is, from a number of interrelated and

complementary simple metaphors that enhance motivation by way of re-connection of the same two parallel plans and their operation.

§-6. The difficulties in the features of translation of metaphor.

The difficulties that I faced when writing the theory. The topic of my qualification paper was "Features of translation of metaphor". Studying the metaphor I was faced with a huge amount in the first place literature, and secondly with different views and opinions of the authors of the metaphor. I can say that for me a metaphor is- the art of subtly emphasizing the nature of the characters, circumstances, emotions, etc. The art in this case, the metaphor of this comparison is limitless, it all depends on the imagination, thinking of the author. That is, the author expresses his idea of a fine or a comparison of the metaphor. In this passage, Chingiz Aitmatov "Farewell Gulsary" I was faced with many deep under the phrases, thin and crisp statements, of the author. Initially it was difficult to identify a metaphor for me of this story. But more acquainted with the works of Chingiz Aitmatov and his point of view, I became more clearly understand the meaning of copyright metaphors and artistic expressions (metaphors) in general. As for the passage story "Farewell Gulsary" then the text was a lot of different complexities of translation. First, many words can be attributed to the archaisms such as:

Ukruk (Укрук)- a long stick with a loop on the end to catch the horses.

Duldul (Дулдул)- a fantastic horse.

Arbaki(Арбаки) - the spirits of their ancestors.

Kerege-uuk(Кереге-уук) - collapsible wooden frame of the yurt.

Kerege-uuk(Кереге-уук) - collapsible wooden frame of the yurt.

Koshma(Кошма) - a large piece of felt.

Bayuami(Байями) (Bai-wealthy cattleman and farmer in Central Asia).

Chaise (Брички) - easy carriage road.

Secondly the value and meaning of this metaphor to me. Translating statements (metaphor) from one language in this case, from Russian into English, I can say with certainty that many of the phrases translated into English did not carry that spark the emotions that a meaning which was given to me in this text.

The metaphors used by the author Chingiz Aitmatov in the Russian language and its meaning.	Metaphors are translated into English and its value.
Под ложечкой неприятно холодило. глубокий под смысл художественной метафоры выраженный глубокой фразой « Что подразумевается под ложечкой? В данном случае «ложечкой» является неожиданный удар то есть страх.	He had a funny feeling in his chest. “У него было странное чувство в груди”. Here's another translation but the meaning is the same. This statement is a metaphor
Черта с два поддамся на твои лисьи слова (не верю твоим словам). Это означает, что нет веры твоим словам или действиям. Лиса в этом случае обозначает хитрый, человек	Don't think I'll swallow your foxy words. «Не думайте, что я буду глотать ваш хитрый слова». Here, the literal translation but also a metaphor
Генералу — генеральское, а солдату	A general gets what's coming to a

— солдатское. .(в этом случае имеется в виду у каждого человека свое место, дело...)	general, and a soldier gets what's coming to a soldier. The meaning of the same
Сколько лет уже прошло после войны, а все латаем хозяйство, как старую юрту	The war had ended so many years ago, but they were still patching the farm like an old tent. The meaning of the same. This statement is a metaphor.
Ты что с луны свалился?.(то есть незнание элементарного, ты, что с ума сошел?).	Are you crazy? «Ты что с ума сошел?» The meaning of the same
острая боль взорвала свет в глазах. (взорвала свет имеется ввиду –искры появились в глазах от боли).	Terrible pain made the whole world explode inside him. «страшные боли заставил весь мир взрывается внутри его». Literal meaning of this phrase.

These words can be attributed to the history of the people as the only in Central Asia can understand the meaning of these words.

Thebet (Тебетей) - hat, trimmed with fox fur, or lambskin.

Temir-komuz (Темир-комуз) - stringed musical instrument in the form of iron with steel staples in the middle of the language.

Оубауау, баурьмау!(Ойбайай, баурьмай) - Funeral cry, mourn the dead.

Flocks (отар), large flock of sheep on mountain pastures.

Portable Yurt-dwelling (Юрта) tent, Kyrgyz yurt.

Koumiss (Кумыс) -fermented drink from mare's milk.

Shashlyk (шашлык) -The Uzbek national, hot, meat dish.

Conclusion.

This qualification paper was devoted to Chingiz Torekulovich Aitmatov's (1928-2008) novel excerpt "Farewell Gulsary" written in 1966, the Kyrgyz novelist. Chingiz Aitmatov is a Kyrgyz writer. The qualification paper is divided into two main parts of the first translation from Russian to English second part is devoted to the analysis. The analysis of this work is to "Features of translation of metaphor."

In this text, I was considered very deeply devoted to the topic of metaphor. They also touched upon the metaphor, not only from a theoretical point of view but from a practical as clearly identified examples from this text.

I want also to note that this topic is about metaphors which are often found in fiction, not only among foreign writers but also in everyday life. What is appropriate in the work of Chingiz Aitmatov Goodbye Gyulsary. . "The most brilliant images in the works of Aitmatov - Tanabai and his horse Gulsary a remarkable story," Farewell, Gulsary

"This work - the whole saga of the life of Kyrgyz shepherds." Consider the main feature of metaphor - its semantic ambiguity. Working on this topic, I identified the most basic kinds of metaphors that are found in the literature. What is, in fact, a metaphor?

A metaphor is a comparison. This art is succinctly and correctly express the thought.

It is also in the process I was faced with a huge amount of literature, articles, President of the Republic of Uzbekistan Islam Karimov. Where the President is very clearly stated and revealed the presence of a large development in education. Since the future depends on a highly educated skilled workers.

"Knowledge of language - a priceless treasure". So said Islam Karimov. Under the leadership of President Islam Karimov special attention is paid to education of harmoniously developed generation, creation of necessary conditions for knowledge and skills of young people in various professions.

Aitmatov used in his novel "A Farewell to Gulsary" thoroughly investigating difficult, full of dramatic and even tragic moments of the fate of the peasant-Kirghiz Tanabai, Chingiz Aitmatov for the essential aspects of social development of our country. He does not hide, through which enormous complexity, the difficulties and obstacles have to go, what errors, mistakes, infamy encountered on the way, difficult and unexplored, the builders of the world's first state of workers and peasants.

In the work of Chingiz Aitmatov has repeatedly emphasized the plight of a pacer Tanabai Gulsary.

Looking more deeply I can clearly say that it is not easy Aitmatov had a hero in his work, because Tanabai faced with various difficulties in his life but the most important challenge was communication, belief in people. That is his oppression and his people, it was not a hero, a defender, he just wanted to live peacefully but throughout the story he broke off the wings that are not allowed to live peacefully.

As for the analysis of the topic, I can say that the topic was very interesting and often meet in fiction and more. In our modern world we are confronted with a metaphor throughout. In my opinion, the metaphor will never disappear, only to be still more to flourish. Generates a lot of wisdom sadness - the ancients said. Do not pass it and Chingiz Aitmatov.

Beginning with the story "Farewell to Gulsary" at all, I would say the militant pathos, approving of his work, it is shocking drama combined with a sharp conflicts in life, the stunning twists in the fates of the characters - sometimes tragic lives, in the sublime meaning of these words, when death itself is the rise man, awakening him to the hidden resources of the good. Complicated, of course, and the principles of narrative, a story from the author through the combined extrinsic-direct speech of the hero with a confession, often passing into the inner monologue, again quietly shimmering in the speech of the author, drawing a vivid picture of life restored peoples, especially the Kazakhs and Kyrgyz, among whom he grew up.

The actual current reality in the works richly connected with the legends, superstitions, and customs of centuries-old poetic.

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