

**Decisions, translation strategies and process in the Translation  
of Molohe's *Dancing in the Dust*: A critical analysis**

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## **Declaration**

I, the undersigned, hereby declare that the work contained in this thesis is my own original work, and that I have not previously, in its entirety or part, submitted it at any tertiary institution for a degree or a diploma.

## Abstract

This study has been a long journey to pursue the art and craft involved in a translation process. The indisputably differing natures of the languages at stake have been prominent in the translator's psychological frame throughout the process. The acknowledgement of the differing natures of languages often means knowing exactly what has to be transferred and in which manner it has to be transferred without compromising the demands of any of the languages at stake. The latter also speaks to the preservation of the message of the ST in the TL in the process of transition.

The translation of Molohe's *Dancing in the Dust* has given good ground for the exploration of the processes involved in a literary translation. Although the status of Molohe's novel in the publishing market appears to be relatively new, there are some good grounds to declare it as fairly translatable. It has been noted in the study that there has been a desire to consult her existing literatures with an intention to evaluate her dominant style of writing, or any of her translated works so that it becomes easier to determine the translatability of this novel. However, this only proved to be an unsuccessful business in the sense that this novel is the first of her works, ever.

Nevertheless, it has been stated simultaneously in this study that the expressiveness of Molohe's novel, especially in rooting out the main events of the 1976 Soweto Uprisings, ultimately convinced the translator that this art is worthy to be translated. The acknowledgement (by some legends) of Molohe's potential to probe into the main events of the struggle during that era has been another area the translator could rely on. This attempt has been done albeit Molohe's sometimes poignant style of writing (much of this has been said in the study), which sought to pose some problematic areas.

As has been declared in the hypothesis section, translatability is possible if the process of translation commences on a ST analysis, whereby problematic areas (or areas of interest thereof) are identified with an intention to select a suitable translation strategy. Suffice then to say that an attempt to answer the translatability question of this novel has been made in the chapter of annotation. Assembling a chapter of annotation is itself an attempt to demonstrate the translator's creativity in manoeuvring the ST material in order to produce what she assumes will suit the target readers.

The discussion of well-established translation literatures in Chapter 2 serves to give background to the random choice of particular translation strategies at particular points in time. Therefore, the literature which forms Chapter 2 of this study serves to substantiate both what appears in the chapter of annotation and the entire product thereof.

## Opsomming

Hierdie studie was 'n lang ontdekkingstog na die kuns en vernuf betrokke by die vertaalproses. Die uiteenlopende aard van die tale ter sprake was deurentyd 'n belangrike oorweging vir die vertaler. Die erkenning dat die betrokke tale onteenseglik van mekaar verskil, gaan gewoonlik gepaard met die besef van presies wat op watter wyse oorgedra moet word ten einde aan albei tale reg te laat geskied. Dit behels dus dat die boodskap van die bronteks (BT) in die oordragproses na die teikentaal (TT) behoue bly.

Die vertaling van Kagiso Lesego Molope se boek *Dancing in the Dust* (2004) het as 'n goeie vertrekpunt vir die ontdekking van die letterkundige vertaalproses gedien. Hoewel Molope se roman in die uitgewersmark as betreklik nuut beskou word, kan dit om 'n paar goeie redes as redelik vertaalbaar bestempel word. In die studie het dit duidelik geword dat 'n letterkundige vertaling hetsy vereis dat outeurs se bestaande letterkundige werke geraadpleeg word ten einde hulle oorheersende skryfstyl te bepaal óf dat enige van hulle reeds vertaalde werke bestudeer word om deur middel van vergelyking die vertaalbaarheid van die tersaaklike werk vas te stel. Aangesien hierdie roman egter Molope se heel eerste werk is, was sodanige vergelykende navorsing nie moontlik nie.

Die studie toon nietemin ook aan dat die beeldende aard van Molope se roman, veral met betrekking tot die hoofgebeure van die Soweto-opstand van 1973, die vertaler uiteindelik oortuig het dat die werk 'n vertaling waardig is. Die bevestiging (deur 'n paar legendariese figure) van die potensiaal wat Molope in hierdie ondersoek na die hoofgebeure van die vryheidstryd in daardie era openbaar, was nóg 'n faktor waarop die vertaler kon steun. Die vertaling is dus aangepak ofskoon Molope se uiters aangrypende skryfstyl (waaroor daar heelwat in die studie uitgewei word) 'n paar probleme opgelewer het.

Soos in die hipotese genoem, is vertaling slegs moontlik indien die vertaalproses met 'n BT-ontleding afskop waarin (moontlike) probleemareas uitgewys word ten einde 'n toepaslike vertaalstrategie te kies. Dit is dus voldoende om te sê dat die annotasiehoofstuk poog om die vraag oor die vertaalbaarheid van hierdie roman te beantwoord. Die saamstel van die annotasiehoofstuk is op sigself 'n poging om te toon hoe die vertaler skeppend met die BT-materiaal omgaan ten einde 'n gepaste teks vir die teikenlesers te skep.

Die bespreking van gesaghebbende, betroubare vertaalliteratuur in hoofstuk 2 dien as agtergrond vir die ewekansige keuse van bepaalde vertaalstrategieë op bepaalde tydstippe. Daarom dien die literatuur in hoofstuk 2 as staving van die inhoud van die annotasiehoofstuk sowel as die eindproduk van die studie.

## Isishwankathelo

Olu phando lwenziwe ngeenjongo zokuphicotha obona bucukubhede benzekayo xa kuguqulwa incwadi isisiwa kolunye ulwimi. Owona mba obusoloko uphambili engqondweni yomguquli ngethuba lolu phando kukuba kanene iilwimi ezi ziyahluka, into ethetha ukuthi ukuba ngaba siyavuma ukuba iilwimi ezi zahlukile masiyazi eyona ndlela ichanekileyo yokuhlaza oko kufuneka kuguqulwe, ukanti nendlela emasiguqule ngayo mayibonise ubugcisa ukuze singabhoxi indlela olusebenza ngayo ulwimi oluguqulwayo ukanti nolo kuguqulelwa kulo.

Ukuguqulwa kwencwadi kaMolope u-*Dancing in the Dust* isisiwa esiXhoseni kube negalelo elikhulu ekufundiseni umguquli wale noveli ngeyona-yona nto yenzekayo xa kuguqulwa incwadi. Nangona isentsha nje le ncwadi kwiimakethi zeli, zininzi kakhulu iimpawu ezinika umdla ngayo nezibangela ukuba kube lula ukuthi inako ukuguquleka.

Phambi koguqulo lwale noveli bekukhe kwakho umnqweno wokunga eminye imisebenzi ebhaliweyo yalo mbhali ingafumaneka. Loo mnqweno usungulwe ngumdlala wokunga isimbo salo mbhali singazeka ukuze singashiyelwa koko sibonwe njengesibonelo xa kuguqulwa le ncwadi. Ukhe wakho nomnqweno wokwazi ukuba ingaba sele ikho na eminye imisebenzi yoguqulo lwale noveli kwezinye iilwimi ngeenjongo zokubona awona manqaku aphambili ekuguquleni le noveli. Kodwa konke oko kuye kwafa namthanyana, kuba: kufumaniseke ukuba le yincwadi kaMolope yokuqala ngqa; kwaye imisebenzi eguquliweyo (kwezinye iilwimi) yayo ibisephantsi kohlolo ngethuba ibiguqulelwa esixhoseni.

Masincome isakhono sikaMolope sokuzoba izinto ngobunjalo bazo nesithe sanceda kakhulu ekuguqulweni kwale ncwadi. Iziganeko zezixholo-xholo zowe-1976 eSoweto zizotywe zathi gca kuyo. Zithethile ke neengcungela zababhali zimtyibela uMolope njengechule ekubhentsiseni izixholo-xholo zomzabalazo ngeminyaka yengcinezelo. Kulapho ke nomguquli aye wamfifitha ulwazi kanobom khona ukuze aqinisekise ukuba le ncwadi idlulisa umyalezo kaMolope njengoko naye enokuthanda

Kuba lula ukwenza uguqulo xa nawe uthe wazama kangangoko ukuhlalutya indlela ebhalwe ngayo incwadi leyo kufuneka iguqulwe. Ngaloo ndlela ufumana ithuba lokuchonga loo manqaku aphambili encwadi leyo. Kanti ke kukwalapho uya kufumana nethuba lokukhetha loo manqakwana angathi anike ingxaki ekuququlweni kwawo kuba besesitshilo sathi iilwimi ezi ziyahluka. Maxawambi ke ezinye zezo ngxakana zithi zibangwe nasisimbo sokubhala saloo mbhali uthile.

KwiSahluko sesi-2 solu phando idandalazisiwe indlela onokuthi uyihlalutye ngayo incwadi. Esi sisahluko esinguvimba wolwazi malunga nemiba yoguqulo. Kulapho ulwazi lwababhali ngababhali malunga nobucukubhede boguqulo lushukuxwe khona. Laa mizekelo yoguqulo ikwiSahluko sesi-5 isekelwe kulwazi oluphaya kwiSahluko sesi-2.

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**Addendum:**

**Source text – *Dancing in the Dust* by Kagiso Lesego Molope**



## Chapter1.

### INTRODUCTION

This chapter introduces the contents of the study in its entirety. The study is about the decisions, translation strategies and the process that the researcher followed in the translation of Molope's *Dancing in the Dust*. It also draws the readers to the background of the translation, that is, the motivation behind the need for the translation of this novel.

The background will therefore demonstrate such elements as the reasons for the choice of *Dancing in the Dust* for purposes of translation into isiXhosa. It will also raise such pertinent issues relating to either the translatability or un-translatability of this novel – and that is the ground on which the translator formulates the hypothesis that this novel is a translatable piece of art.

In this chapter, the researcher also commits herself to showcasing the manner by which she sought to carefully transfer Molope's message into the TT – basing her hopes to have achieved this commitment through demonstrating the careful employment of proposed translation strategies and literatures.

#### 1.1 Background

This study is an account of the work that the researcher did for Oxford University Press regarding the translation of Molope's *Dancing in the Dust* into isiXhosa's *Sijuxuza Eluthulini*. Molope is one of our youngest South African writers and she graduated for the Bachelor of Arts (University of Cape Town) only in 1996. *Dancing in the Dust* is her first published literary work. As highlighted above, the main objective of this study is to share the translation strategies that the researcher used in the translation of this novel. The study also identifies the possible gaps within the translation that future researchers can still focus on to improve its quality.

The novel deserves a wider audience in the sense that it is an undying political record of the life of all South Africans, with more focus given to the 1976 Soweto uprisings. It will benefit mostly younger generation, as it never really lived the struggle. The researcher believes that through reading this novel in their language of proficiency the young will hopefully get to understand their own history, as well as the history of this country.

The initiator of the translation somehow issued the translation brief, but the brief only came as a mere statement, with absolutely no serious issues clarified between the initiator and the translator. The call for the translation of this novel into isiXhosa is absolutely the kind of deal that was negotiated over the telephone and e-mail, with nothing necessarily binding as to how the translation was to be executed, for whom, for which purpose, with which boundaries, etc. The Skopos Theory has declared the importance of such questions, which are, indeed, of crucial necessity if one were to make one's own translation functional in the target language (TL) and the target culture (TC). But due to

time constraints, it was inevitable that the researcher had to skip some of the important stages of translation.

However, what was supposed to be a translation brief offered some freedom to change the names of characters, except Tihelo's, the young girl who happens to be the first person narrator in the novel, and who also assumes all features of a protagonist in this novel.

The knowledge about the act of translation and translating that the researcher had already acquired at the time of the mandate, that which allows one to draw some conclusions that the purpose of any translation is crucial, it appeared rather normal for her to cringe at some points in the process. Determining even such aspects as the age, the sex, as well as the education of the intended target readers for purposes of making a translation readable to its intended readers is also crucial. But at the time of the mandate, which also came under a lot of the researcher's personal constraints, it was not easy to channel all the necessities before the process even began. For that reason, the researcher (who is also the translator of *Dancing in the Dust*) is forced to refer even to such complexities as possible blockages to the fulfilment of the intended purpose in this study. Such circumstances also underpin the translation of this novel, and reference to them in this study functions as a warning to future researchers, so that even before they engage in a translation task they proactively undertake measures to deal with any element that is likely to block the flow of the process.

Initially, the impression was that the translation was intended for any isiXhosa speaking person who might lay a hand on its copy, as it might have been the assumption to any first time translator. But, it is only after the translation task had been completed (and after it had already been sent for editing) that the researcher was partially told that it is specifically intended for Grades 11 and 12 high school learners. For that reason – and of course, due to many other issues the researcher refers to in specific chapters of this study – the researcher makes an honest statement that, given a second chance to translate the book, some areas of the translation would definitely be done differently.

However, there are a lot of other interesting aspects of the novel that would make any person feel proud to be its translator. The writer of this novel is one of the youngest, assumed brilliant South African writers, and has demonstrated a unique talent to expressively and fearlessly communicate a dramatic section in our history that very few female black artists would be honest about.

## **1.2 Assignment analysis**

### **1.2.1 Source-text selection**

*Dancing in the Dust* has also been chosen on the basis of what other famous artists have to say about its unique talent:

- This work is the actual experiences of the youth in a township.

- It showcases the lifestyle of sharing, which characterises all South African black townships – the style which has been portrayed in two scenes that form the core of this novel: that of dancing in the dust at the wedding attended by everyone in the township; and the toyi-toying done by freedom fighters throughout the novel, doing their own kind of dance in the dust (Hlope, 2004).
- This novel can simply be labelled ‘South African *Nervous Conditions*’ (Malan, 2004).
- *Dancing in the Dust* is a moving story of growing up in a fearful, oppressive society, where the only comfort for the young is dream and romance, and the only free option – that of rebellion (Oxford University Press (blurb), 2004)

In the light of what these selected artists had to say about Molope’s work, *Dancing in the Dust* indeed deserves a bigger audience. The call for its translation into other languages can, therefore, be justified. What comes as the most crucial point amongst others is that this novel brings into perspective South African issues (both historical and current) which affect all citizens rather than just being specific to a particular population group, as it is normally reflected in other types of writing.

Since the source text (ST) is in English, this novel would mostly benefit the English mother-tongue speakers, and probably individuals from existing elitist groups in societies. The assumption is that some South Africans may be denied access to Molope’s message due to a lack of proficiency in English. Hence the translation of this novel into isiXhosa would ensure that the target readers (TRs) access this valuable information with ease.

*Dancing in the Dust* is the product that reflects diversity in all respects; its style, its form, and its medium (*i.e.* it is presented through the use of many languages). The latter is an aspect that reveals South Africa as a truly multilingual country. The aspect of multilingualism promoted in the ST might perpetuate assumptions that the ST is untranslatable. This view can be easily believed since the style of the ST involves frequent code-switching from one language into another, an aspect which may seem peculiar when a message has to be transferred.

Another aspect that is worth mentioning is that the ST features (see Chapter 3) were central in the process, as the aim of this researcher has been to produce a TT that would represent Molope’s message in its entirety. The initial close-reading has been done out of the desire to understand the inherent qualities of the ST in preparation for the selection of the necessary translation strategies.

Molope’s novel is very expressive. It artistically presents accounts of cultural, political, and historical issues of the South African population as a whole, through its manipulation of the lifestyle, customs, geography, kinship, characterisation, fauna and flora, and many other aspects that our society can witness.

Suffice it to commend her on her in-depth study of different people's diverse cultures and behaviours. She addresses such sensitive issues as to how the land was usurped from its rightful owners. This aspect (and many others) is taken further in Chapter 3.

Though initially the researcher regarded it as a handicap not to be warned about the intended target readers (TRs) in advance, it has not been an undoable job to translate a novel of this kind, especially given advanced literatures on translation. The only sessions one would be uncomfortable about are those relating to 'advanced political language' which characterise the ST. Such areas could have been dealt with through such options as the insertion of a glossary in the translation. Given the fact that today's learners have never been directly involved in the struggle, it might be difficult for some of them to comprehend some words or concepts used in the novel, for example, concepts like "State of Emergency". They did not really live the struggle and the deliberations of the struggle are merely narrated to them.

The analysis of the ST in Chapter 3 is an attempt to display the expressiveness of this novel. It is so impressive to notice that history can come back in such a lively manner. The researcher here also demonstrates the author's unique style of handling issues so provocatively so that the reader inevitably gets so taken up – an aspect which is likely to be caused due to an extent with which the readers identify with the experiences Molope is narrating about.

The biggest question for translators at this stage would then be about how they form a particular decision in order to make Molope's message readable, so that this novel can have an effect on the minds of TRs. Translators are set to convey messages and should transfer those messages with a good knowledge that they do so into another language and another culture: this view kept this researcher alert throughout the process.

### **1.2.2 Target Text Specifications**

The need for the translation of *Dancing in the Dust* into isiXhosa has already been declared earlier. The message of this novel had to be transferred appropriately to ensure that it befits the specifications of the TT. The biggest question for any first time translator would be about the selection of a model that would yield the desired outcome. The underlying reason for this fear is the knowledge that the source language (SL) and the target language (TL) belong to different linguistic and cultural domains. This is so true in the case of the two languages implicated in this study; the SL (which is mainly English) and the TL (which is isiXhosa). It is so obvious that these two languages are quite distinct; there are absolutely no similarities between them.

The use of more than one South African language in the novel has been an advantage, especially the constant use of seTswana. This phenomenon accounts for moments whereby the translator manipulated the similar idiom of these two sister languages, i.e. isiXhosa and seTswana.

Molope's choice of using seTswana for cultural concepts in the novel has been the greatest advantage, because isiXhosa culture identifies easily with that of seTswana. On

such occasions, the desire to either search for the proper equivalent of the concept in the TL, or to rather transfer the concept has been determined by the liberty of the researcher at a particular point in time.

1.4 lists different translation strategies and translation theories that were finally arrived at, for diverse purposes –after a supposedly careful analysis of the ST. These strategies and theories are discussed in depth in Chapter 2, and are revisited in Chapter 5 (with annotations, and where they feature spontaneously as devices to deal with special needs of particular chunks of translation for purposes of making *Dancing in the Dust* readable to its intended audience).

### **1.3 Research plan**

#### **1.3.1 Research question**

This study will basically focus on the justifications the researcher makes about the need for Molope's *Dancing in the Dust* to be translated into other languages, specifically isiXhosa. It is also a process whereby the researcher ponders such matters as to what exactly happens in the process of translation and translating. Matters relating to the translatability of this novel will be raised. The translation literature will be discussed and it will be shown later in the study how this literature was used and which strategies were thus employed in the translation.

During the process, the incorporation of several cultures within one given language is one aspect that the researcher had to deal with cautiously. English, Afrikaans and seTswana (and some isiZulu and isiXhosa) form part of the ST. This is quite a commendable feature of this novel as it presents the diverse cultures of South Africa. There is also an integration of the Northern cultures of the marketing of unique arts and crafts by our Northern sisters, as well as a reflection on their inability to communicate fluently in South African languages. This feature adds another version of communication in the novel. All these wonderful features surely needed to be transferred to the TT, while at the same time its idiom had to be retained. This study is therefore a platform through which the researcher addresses such crucial matters, and in this regard, 1.4 demarcates relevant chapters.

It also needs to be mentioned that during the process of the translation, the only viewer's feedback the researcher could rely on is based on the blurbs which were designed by a few legends of black literature (see 1.2.1). The blurbs might have been the only source of guidance, probably due to the fact that *Dancing in the Dust* is Molope's first novel, therefore little can be known about her generic style of writing. However, the blurbs themselves do not necessarily refer to issues of translatability, hence the researcher had to formulate her own devices based on personal justifications of what needed to be transferred and how it had to be transferred.

The fear to compromise Molope's distinctive style has been a reality throughout the process—and it constantly sent wonders whether the willingness to echo her objectives would match the demands of the TL.

The degree to which one possesses the right to turn the appearance of the ST so that it conforms to the demands of the TL has been another area of concern. One cannot be immune to such fears, especially given such translation literatures as the Anglo-American view of translation, that a translation becomes acceptable only when:

- It reads fluently;
- It gives the appearance that reflects the foreign writer's personality or intention, or essential meaning of the foreign text (Venuti, 1995: p1).

One even wonders about the boundaries in which the translator has the right to exercise such measures as dealing with redundancy, effecting trans-positional shifts, making decisions about cultural or functional equivalence, or selecting such methods as transferring, paraphrasing, naturalising, *etc.*

However, if we were to make the translation communicate to TRs, then the concern wouldn't necessarily be about translating chunks of the meaning of the ST, but would be about transferring the crux of its message to TL specifications. There have been feelings for taking aggressive decisions by aggressively reversing the Anglo-American view of translation, and instead adopt a more functional approach to translation. The choice of a particular translation strategy has really been determined by the extent of the demand of the TL at a particular point in time. The process has honestly been independent of the needs stipulated by Venuti's Anglo-American view of translation, namely, as a smoothly translated text misleading its readers to believe they are reading an original work.

All the fears sketched above, and certainly the closer analysis of the ST (with all the distinguished characteristics and qualities) can ultimately be labelled as engines in communicating either failures and/or strengths of the translation of *Dancing in the Dust* into isiXhosa's *Sijuxuza Eluthulini*. This study, therefore, serves as a vessel through which this process is channelled.

### 1.3.2 Hypothesis

Molope's poignant narrative style, together with her unique style of incorporating various cultures in one unit of art, might render the novel untranslatable.

However, Newmark's suggestion that one needs to begin each process of translation by analysing the ST was followed with an intention to make the novel translatable. Newmark mentions two purposes behind the analysis of the ST:

- To understand what the text is about;
- To analyse it from the translator's point of view and not necessarily from the linguist's, or critic's (1988: p11).

The issues raised above highlight the importance of the ST analysis for purposes of selecting a translation strategy, and also the importance of the translation literature as a backup force in the communication of the ST message in the TT. This is the material that the researcher followed in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*.

The hypothesis for this study therefore is: *Dancing in the Dust* can be successfully translated into isiXhosa. “Successfully” applies to the communicative value of the TT to its readers, as well as to the extent to which the ST author’s voice has been transferred.

#### **1.4 Arrangement of chapters**

This study consists of 6 chapters. Apart from Chapter 1, these chapters are listed in the following way:

#### **Chapter 2**

This is the chapter where the translation literature will be discussed for purposes of accountability in terms of the decisions that were made in the translation of Molope’s *Dancing in the Dust* into isiXhosa’s *Sijuxuza Eluthulini*.

The key concepts that will be discussed in this chapter comprise, amongst others, the following:

Models

- The linguistic models (Linguistic Approach; Text-linguistic Approach)
- The functionalist models (Functionalist Approach)
- The descriptive translation models (the process-oriented models; the product oriented models)

Literature on the role of translators

- Venuti and visibility
- Lefevere’s manipulation theory
- Nord and loyalty
- Steiner’s Hermeneutic View
- Newmark’s source text analysis
- Bellock’s six rules for translators

Throughout the process of the translation, the above-sketched models and literature were used to determine a translation strategy needed at a particular point in time, as shown in Chapter 5.

#### **Chapter 3**

The analysis of the ST will be taken further in this chapter. This chapter serves as the preparatory phase for the entire translation of this novel (which is given as a sample in Chapter 4). This is the chapter whereby the researcher introduces the readers into the actual story of the novel. It is also where the readers are introduced to the intentions of the ST. Chapter 3 is also where the researcher shows how she exercised Newmark’s suggestions on the analysis of the ST, with more reference given to such qualities of the text that she identified through general and close reading.

It is also in this chapter that the drama of the ST will be shown, and certainly where such strong qualities of Molope’s novel are demonstrated, those relating to: interesting

cultures; interesting issues (social, economic and political); interesting characters; impressive languages, *etc.* This analysis serves as a preparation for both Chapter 4 and Chapter 5, in the sense that it accounts for the product in Chapter 4, as much as it justifies the decisions that were taken in the process of the translation (shown in the annotations given in Chapter 5).

#### **Chapter 4**

This chapter is a sample of the actual product, and as such covers only 43 pages of the translation. The selected pages will be a shed whereby the researcher draws most of her annotations for purposes of demonstrating translation strategies which she employed in the process. In this way, we can also say that Chapter 4 serves as a shed for Chapter 5.

#### **Chapter 5**

This is a chapter of annotations. It functions as a 'body' of this study, because it is the actual place where everything begins to unfold: where all the translation theories have been applied; where the decisions have been reached; where the translation strategies have been selected. There are also relevant examples extracted from both the ST and the TT. The researcher demonstrates these examples in such a way that she accounts for making the final choice of a particular equivalent at a particular point in time, or explains results for choices she made where necessary.

Chapter 5 is also the place whereby the researcher identifies all the concepts she considered difficult for TRs to understand (*intercultural* translation problems). These concepts are shown in the form of a glossary in 5.4.2.

#### **Chapter 6**

This is the concluding chapter. It is a chapter where everything begins to wind up, as it is here where the researcher consolidates her work. It is also where the process of the actual translation is narrated.

Chapter 6 is, indeed, manifold; in the sense that it is also where the researcher shares her intentions to do future research on some unfinished business concerning the product itself, or to recommend new areas of research to other students. It is also where the theme of the entire research appears.

This is also the place whereby the researcher makes reference to her inability to insert a glossary in the actual translation. Although Chapter 5 demonstrates this glossary (see 5.4.2), the list merely appears as a wish rather than the proper annotation of the translation.



## Chapter 2

### LITERATURE REVIEW

#### 2.1 Background

This chapter is a review of a literature about: Translation, translating, translatability and non-translatability. It is also the ground where the expected nature of the product is debated. Feinauer (2005) draws the readers to the realisation of the importance of interaction between theory and practice in a study of this kind. Her description of theory as “an abstraction of the practical translation process” highlights an invaluable role that theory plays in the interpretation of what exactly happens in the translation process.

The annotation which appears in Chapter 5 of this study is an embodiment of a particular theory which was followed in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*. Therefore, the incorporation of both theory and practice in this study serves to acknowledge what Feinauer (2006) argues about; that theory supplies tools by which the translator makes decisions to translate chunks of information in a systematic manner.

It is therefore the intention of this researcher to give the overview of translation literature, beginning with the period where it surfaced from, through to its phenomenal stages of advancement. Both the marked differences and similarities amongst established translation literatures will be discussed, with the ultimate objective to market the plurality of voices that the translation literature sought to encompass.

The quote which featured mostly as the background in the process of the translation of *Dancing in the Dust* is Nord’s view that “both the ST and TT are determined by the communicative situation in which they serve to communicate the message” (1991: 4). The implication of this view is that there are coherent principles that govern the theory of translation and translating that need to be considered even before the actual process of translating takes place. Likewise, many other literatures have also shown that there are general conditions and constituents of the setting (in which translation itself takes place) that need to be taken into cognisance in the process. The assumption that this researcher is making is that these ‘conditions and constituents of the setting’ point to the need to ponder even such crucial elements as the culture and language specific to either the ST or the TT. It is also worth mentioning that the hypothesis this researcher is making out of Nord’s view is that the acknowledgement of the existing elementary diversity (she makes reference to) between languages at stake, can make the job of translators even easier.

Accompanying the background quote mentioned above is Nord’s (1997) conclusion about translation problems she identified in translation processes. In her study about linguistic diversities she was able to compile four types of translation problems that exist between two languages at stake, namely *pragmatic*, *intercultural*, *interlingual*, and *text-specific* translation problems. (Chapter 5 sketches how this translation device was exploited in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*). Both contributions were therefore

used as framework against which other literatures were studied and analysed in the interest of this study as a whole.

## 2.2 Introduction

Translation literature dates back to the period 3000 B.C in ancient Egypt. Then it was mainly in the form of interpreting. Interpreting thus paved the way for translation, a phenomenon which came about with the development of writing (Schaffner C. 2000:1). Translators at the time encountered specific problems with their translations, probably due to the fact that translation was presumably just about rewriting an original text in another language. Differences in the linguistic structures of the two languages at stake, that is, the source language (SL) and the target language (TL), became the major problem. In their search for a solution, translators often juggled between borrowing terms from the source language and introducing new syntactic structures.

Another aspect which appeared to be an issue was whether it was worth focussing on the content or form of the text, on the actual wording, or on the message of the text. The main concern of translators then was based on the need for a product that would be used in the place of the original without doing damage to the “holy original” (Schaffner: C. 2000: 1). In addition to this, translators were often caught up in a dilemma of having to produce translations that would not just please the readers, but would also conform to what was regarded as the “most acceptable” form of translation at the time.

This brief history regarding the problematic origins of translation seeks to account for the development of translation studies which characterised the second half of the nineteenth century. This period marked the appearance of institutions for translator training which meant that the professionalisation of translation was due to follow.

Unlike in the nineteenth century, wherein the concern of translators was mainly on specific problems they encountered on translatability, translation theorists – who constituted of translation scholars, teachers and researchers – focussed mainly on translation as an object of study (Nistal, *et al.* 1994: 2). The main aim of these translation scholars during this period was to establish the common ground theory by which the success or failure of these translations could be judged. Therefore, theoretical principles regarding translation became an integral part of the doctrines expressed by translation schools. It would therefore be proper to construe the translation setup during this period as the one which viewed translation itself as being of theoretical concern, and not necessarily about translatability.

It vividly appears that both schools of thought never really had a unified theory about translation. They appear to have disagreed on a number of central concepts of the discipline; for example, the earliest translation literature based its focus on the replacement or substitution of linguistic units in one language by equivalent units in another language, whilst the relatively modern one sought to move away from this traditional view and instead chose to focus on pragmatic aspects rather (social, cultural and communicative) of translation and on establishing translation as an object of study.

Out of the briefly sketched conflicting views on what translation is really about sprang different translation models, of which we can now argue that they shape the field of translation today: the linguistic models, the functionalist models, the process-oriented models and the descriptive-receptor oriented models (Naude: 2000:1).

For the benefit of this study, it would therefore be proper to revisit the theory of translation criticism by citing an overview of each of the said translation models. Later, a brief comparative critique of these models will be presented as a means to show how they were all inclusively incorporated in the account of decisions that were taken in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust* into *Sijuxuza Eluthulini*.

## **2.3 The Linguistic Models**

### **2.3.1 Linguistic Approach**

The Linguistic Approach came about in the 1960s and the main characters of this model were Catford, Nida and Wills (Feinauer: 2004). They were all linguists and therefore saw translation exclusively in linguistic terms. Throughout the translation literature, they nurtured the view that the “change of language” is the determining characteristic feature of a successful translation. In other words, they sought to maintain that translation is about a verbatim transferring of one language into another.

The striking element about this model is that its carriers explained the relationship between two languages at stake purely on linguistic terms. Catford categorically states that “the theory of translation is concerned with a certain type of relation between languages, and is consequently a branch of Comparative Linguistics (in Hermans, *et al*: 1994). This statement modifies Schaffner’s observation that “to the linguists, translation was simply about the substitution of the source language’s grammatical and lexical elements by the target language’s grammatical and lexical elements” Naude (2000).

Another aspect which relatively qualifies the linguistic approach is its emphasis on clinging to the source text for good results. The linguists regarded the source text as the yardstick against which translations should be judged, a view which came to mean that the success and failure of a translation could be determined only by its complete resemblance of the source text. This view explains Nistal’s observation that “Literal Studies...tended to look down on translations as second-rate products which were hardly worth serious attention...” (1994:11).

The key concept of this model, as it can be learnt even from above, is that of equivalence. Catford, Nida and Wills explained the relationship that exists between the source text and the target text in terms of complete equivalence. They strove for the promotion of equivalence (that is, similarity analogy and correspondence) as a means of bringing about accuracy that could result in good, right and faithful translations. Nida applied this type of relationship even to smaller units of texts, for example morphemes, words and phrases (Feinauer: 2004).

To beautify the term “equivalence”, Nida introduced the concept of “language shifts”. He drew the distinction between formal and dynamic equivalence. Formal equivalence is the concept that Nida used in the translation of the Bible, which promoted the resemblance of all features of the source text. As Leornadi (2000: 5) explains it, by formal equivalence, Nida referred to a correspondence that consists of a TL item representing the closest equivalent of a SL word or phrase.

However, in his explanation of this type of equivalence, Nida himself sounded confused. According to Fawcett (in Leornadi, 2000: 5), Nida did, in actual fact, observe that there are not always formal equivalents between language pairs. He observed that the use of formal equivalence might at times have serious implications in the TT because the product may not be easily understood by the target audience. Likewise, Leornadi (2000: 5) quotes Nida and Taber’s assertion that “Typically, formal correspondence distorts the grammatical and stylistic patterns of the receptor language, and hence distorts the message, so as to cause the receptor to misunderstand or to labour unduly hard”.

By dynamic equivalence Nida referred to a translation principle according to which translators seek to translate the meaning of the original in such a way that the TL wording will trigger the same impact on the target culture (TC) audience as the original did upon the source culture (SC) audience. Nida and Taber agreed that frequently, the form of the original text is changed, but as long as the change follows the rules of back transformation in the source language, of contextual consistency in the transfer, and of the transformation in the receptor language, then the message is preserved and the translation is faithful (Leornadi: 2000: 5). The summary of Nida’s dynamic equivalence would therefore be that the TT must have the same impact on the target readers (TR) as the ST did on its readers.

From above it can thus be concluded that, Nida’s theory of dynamic equivalence did show somehow that translation is not merely about replacement of ST elements by TT elements. He did show concern about the communication of ST information, with clear focus that it is done in another language and in another culture. We can thus also conclude that as much as he was a linguist, by dynamic equivalence he at least showed some concern about the correct communication of the message of the ST, or at least its semantic quality. He was concerned to make sure that the message still remained clear in the target text. But his clinging to reference to “rules of back translation on the source text” that needed to be satisfied (to guarantee the faithfulness of the translation) is somewhat confusing.

The linguistic models did not run without problematic relations. As they basically nurtured the view that the change of language is the determining characteristic feature of a successful translation, or that a successful translation is about transferring one language word-for-word into another, they became subject to lots of criticism. The main criticism was based on their definition of translation purely on linguistic terms, and the model itself was said to be rather too prescriptive.

Linguists themselves have been construed to have been aware of the limitations of their models. Translation critics like Naude (2000: 2) cites contrasting models which are said to have been formulated by linguists themselves, in the interest of redefining the concept of equivalence.

For example, Naude writes Will's contrasting model (of what translation is about) below:

- (i) A translation must reproduce the words of the original
- (ii) A translation must reproduce the ideas (meaning) of the original
- (iii) A translation should read like an original
- (iv) A translation should read like a translation
- (v) A translation should retain the style of the original
- (vi) A translation should mirror the style of the translator
- (vii) A translation should retain the historical stylistic dimension of the original
- (viii) A translation should read as a contemporary piece of literature
- (ix) In a translation, a translator must never add or leave out anything.
- (x) In a translation, a translator may, if need be, add or leave out something.

It is obvious from this model that the linguists attempted to redefine the concept of translation in various ways, and this marked the emergence of two different models; the text-linguistic approach and the functionalist approach.

### **2.3.2 The text-linguistic approach**

The text-linguistic approach emanated in the 1970s after the realisation of the limitations of the linguistic approach. The main role players in this category were Juliane House, Albrecht Neubert and Basil Hatim. Unlike the linguists, the text-linguists argued that the basic purpose of translation should not be about the translation of words or grammatical forms, but should be about producing texts with a specific communicative function. This approach could thus be viewed as a new subdivision in the area of applied linguistics (Feinauer: 2004).

However, there is an obvious link between the linguistic and the text linguistic models in that they both used the term "equivalence" in explaining the relationship between the ST function and the TT function. Unlike the linguists, the text-linguists located equivalence at a textual and communicative level, rather than on sentential and lexical level. They started using terms like ST and TT instead of SL and TL.

The starting point of the text-linguists was to define translation as a semantic and pragmatic reconstruction of the ST by a top-down approach: moving from text- to paragraph- to sentence- to word. They argued that there need be no correspondence, let alone equivalence between segments of the original and the translation. The texts as units of translation should correspond (Feinauer: 2004).

Another aspect that the text-linguists marketed was the importance of categorising texts for translation purposes. According to Schaffner (2000: 5), the first translation scholar to notice the indispensability of categorising texts was Reiss. Reiss sold the

idea that translation-oriented text-typology was to derive strictly objective criteria for assessing the quality of translation.

Feinauer (2004) cites three domains of language that the text-linguists motivated, namely logical, aesthetic and diagonal. The text types which were found to be corresponding to these language domains were aptly named as informative, expressive and appellative.

The text-linguists linked the above mentioned text types to translation methods because they believed that the translation of a particular text type would be captured in such a way that it identified with its style. For example, with regards to an informative text, the aim of translation would be invariant of the content and would be successful when the information has been transmitted in full.

However, critics argued that the text type approach was rather too rigid, and sounded too prescriptive as they felt it was impossible to interpret in the same way. They maintained that it would be naive to assume that all text types displayed clear-cut features (Schaffner: 2000: 5).

The limitations of the text-linguists soon became visible as reference to equivalence between languages (especially to its intended aim of producing a translated text with the mirror image of the function of the ST) was found to be difficult to ascertain. Therefore, both the articulated limitations of this view, and the suspected rigidity of the text type approach led to the development of yet another model, which became even more functional.

### **2.3.3 The functionalist approach**

The origins of functionalism are traceable in the early 1980s, and it sprang out of the desire to oppose the retrospective approach to translation that was promoted in the 1960s. The main advocates of the functionalist approach are three German theorists, namely Reiss, Vermeer and Nord (Feinauer: 2004).

The functionalist approach argued that the linguistic models held too prescriptive views about translation, basing their arguments on the fact that it is inevitable in translation that a certain amount of subjectivity and reformulation is involved. To them the idea of the mirror image that the linguists marketed was rather too rigid.

Reis introduced a functional category into her translation, and in the same breath Vermeer introduced his Skopos Theory in which the function, or aim were key concepts. The functionalists held a strong view that “it must be the intended function of the TT that must determine translation methods, and not necessarily the functions of the ST (Reiss and Vermeer: in Vermeer 1996). In this way Vermeer dethroned both the ST (as the norm) and the concept of equivalence, regardless of the views that either the linguists and/or text-linguists held about this concept. We may thus conclude that the functionalist category had also been established as an alternative to equivalence.

To counteract the concept of equivalence, Nord proceeded from the view that translations do not occur in a vacuum. To explain this view even more, she moved from an angle that sought to motivate that there is always a reason for translations to take place, and reasons for translation are usually independent of the reasons for the creation of a ST (Walker *et al*: 1995).

Nord provided more insight into the functionalist approach by observing that there is always a reason behind translations. The functionalists therefore argued that what matters the most in translation is the purpose, or the function, or the aim of a translation. This aim is what came to be known as the SKOPOS, a key concept in functionalism. According to the functionalists, it is the SKOPOS that determines which aspects of the ST should be transferred to the translation.

Obviously, the functionalist view was not necessarily about faithfulness or equivalence with regard to the ST, but about whether or not the translation has fulfilled the initiator's needs and can function as an independent text in the target culture.

Ideally, the functionalists usually needed a method to follow in order to execute translations based on the SKOPOS THEORY. More insight was then put into this functionalist need – when Nord introduced a systematic method of interpersonal and interaction relations in a translation process. According to Nord, in any translation task there is an initiator (who could be clients, companies, publishers, academic departments, authors, readers or users) and a translation function or SKOPOS. The SKOPOS is in the translation brief, and comes out in the form of a set of instructions. Then the translator begins the process by analysing the SKOPOS. The second step would then be to obtain the gist of the ST through its analysis in order to determine whether the translation is feasible (Nord 1991:1997).

Nord (1991) recommends that in the process of the analysis, there should be a continual loop back to the SKOPOS for purposes of determining which aspects of the ST can be preserved, and which elements will have to be adapted.

The summary we can make about the SKOPOS THEORY is that it is about finding the SKOPOS in the brief. The brief includes translation instructions, purpose of the TT, medium, and relevant questions to the client. Sager (1994: p151) defines the nature of the brief as an instruction that “entails parameters that a translator should employ when commissioned with a translation task”. He also refers to these parameters as “SPECIFICATION”.

Another interesting point about the functionalist approach is that the functionalists do not necessarily abandon the concept of equivalence. They do believe that the intertextual coherence should exist between the ST and the TT, but should be subordinate to the SKOPOS RULE, and not necessarily to the ST. The translator can therefore focus on some particular aspects and disregard others, if so required by the translation SKOPOS contained in the brief.

Within the context of the SKOPOS THEORY, Vermeer explains that “if the SKOPOS requires a change of function, the standards will no longer be inter-textual coherence with the ST. Hence Reiss chooses to substitute the concept of “equivalence” with “adequacy” or “appropriateness” with regard to the SKOPOS RULE. Thus Reiss (in Nord, 1997) describes “adequacy” as a “dynamic concept related to the process of translation action, and referring to the goal-directed selection of signs that are considered appropriate for the communicative purpose defined in the translation assignment”.

Obviously, the SKOPOS THEORY engages translators into more active roles, and gives them more freedom not only to design the TT in accordance with the agreed SKOPOS, but also allows them freedom to make their own, coherent interpretation of the ST. This is what makes them distinct from either linguists or text-linguist.

Functionalism can be viewed as ideal compared to the other two articulated approaches in the sense that its intentions manifest translation as involving more than one role player. Hence Vermeer chooses to label functionalism as Action Theory. Functionalism also assigns translators a higher status and encourages their subjectivity in making reformulations in the process.

However, one would be naive to assume that any of the three approaches are useless in the sense that the existence of each contributed to the emergence of the other. One can draw this conclusion from the manner in which the limitations of the linguistic approach, for example, had induced the interests of the text-linguists.

However, the functionalist approach might appear as attractive as it sounds, especially with its new found key concept of the SKOPOS. But what can we learn from the SKOPOS THEORY? As much as this question sounds rather rhetorical, but it is also raised in the interest of finding out how this concept can be drawn from mere prediction to more practicality. This question will be addressed in the progress of this study.

#### **2.4 The descriptive translation studies**

Regardless of the differing views of either the linguistic or functionalist models, there emerged a couple of translation criticism models which became more interested in translation as it occurs than on prescriptive approaches which mainly focused on formulating guidelines or rules for translation and translator training.

Translation Studies was established in 1972 by James Holmes as the most appropriate term in researching the descriptive phenomena of translation rather than establishing guidelines on what it really is. Holmes' main aim was to find a common ground for the academic study of translation and translating, that could encompass a variety of theoretical and applied aspects; and to establish translation as a discipline in its own right (Ulyrich, *et al*: 1999: p219; 221).



The descriptive translation studies (DTS) therefore, developed as “catalysts of an opposition” to those models that were often labelled as being prescriptive. The mission of these studies was based on the need to observe practical case studies in the context of particular social, historical and cultural situations without any evaluative goals. In other words, the intention of the DTS scholars has been to focus on the nature of the translated texts, of the processes that come into play in creating such texts, and on accounting for the ways by which function, process and product can determine each other (Toury, 1991: in Ulrych, *et al*: 1999).

By means of a poly-system theory, translation scholars were able to show that translated texts are worthy to be studied in their own right, as they can be considered as one out of many different types of texts that take on primary or secondary status, depending on their shifting fortunes within the literary poly-system. This system defines translations as “canonised models” and therefore rejects the view of translation as a derivative activity. Thus, it paved the way for significant areas of research: the status of the TT in relation to the ST (the comparative approach), the impact of the TT on the target culture, and the role played by the translator in the process (Ulrych, *et al*: 1999).

One other interesting aspect of the DTS is that the findings of diachronic investigations by DTS scholars on translations and translation prefaces were that: cultures tend to translate differently at different moments of history due to socio-cultural and ideological constraints prevailing at the time; and that according to the strategies that translators chose to implement, for example domesticating and foreignising, translation behaviour was proved as not being static. The implication of this finding is that the notion of correctness cannot remain static since it depends on correctional notions prevailing in particular historical and sociological settings (Hermans, 1991).

All the above concerns point to the need for a discussion of the three (relatively modern) models of TS; namely function-oriented, process-oriented and product-oriented. These sub-areas are all target-oriented in that they all focus on the translated text itself (and not necessarily on the ST) as the starting point of their investigations (Ulrych, *et al* (1999: 221).

These models are discussed below:

#### **2.4.1 The function-oriented model**

This model has been dealt with extensively in the “Theoretical Approaches” section (see 2.3.3 above). The assumption that this researcher is making is that its second inclusion under this category might have stemmed from its willingness to move way from a prescriptive approach to translation, to a more functional approach. The functionalist approach, as has been shown, focuses its attention to the functions of a particular translation in the target culture rather than on the fidelity status that the product must have with regard to the ST. This marks a crucial shift in the interest of

the process-oriented models in the sense that the main aim of these models is “to reach an understanding of the processes undertaken in the act of translation and not, as it is so commonly understood in linguistic models, to provide a set of norms for effecting the perfect translation. The functionalist models can therefore be viewed as premises from which the process-oriented models move.

#### **2.4.2 The process-oriented models.**

Feinauer (2006) writes that the main aim of the process-oriented models is to establish the manner by which translations are done. The starting point here is to investigate what exactly happens in various phases of the act of translation, and what exactly happens in the translators’ little black boxes in the process of translating. This is a psycholinguistic approach which basically studies the translation process as it occurs in order to identify the characteristic features of creativity in the translation process.

The process-oriented models manifested in the form of: Translators requested to verbalise every action and every thought while translating a text; translation scholars systemising the strategies employed (both at macro and micro levels), and ultimately setting up a list of recommended translation strategies; the video-taping of the translation process; and the discussion forums of team translators (Schaffner, 2000: 1).

This model was also used by translation scholars as means to see how source texts are analysed and split up into translation units, and how these units are ultimately transferred to the target language in order to produce the TT.

#### **2.4.3 The product-oriented models**

These models are about the comparative analysis of the ST and the TT. The main aim of these studies is to establish norms of translation by finding the characteristics of translated texts which make these texts differ from original ones. Therefore, the relationship between two texts may be described in terms of shifts and manipulations that have occurred in the process of translating, rather than on equivalence.

The product-oriented translation scholars worked with corpora that aimed to investigate the nature of translation itself rather than the confrontation of the specific linguistic terms. They became interested in the analysis of different types of corpora, ranging from **Mono-lingual Comparative texts** (two separate but comparable texts in one language – one an original and the other translated into it; to **Bilingual Comparative texts** (two or more versions of texts translated into the same language, by different translators, or different diachronic versions by the same translator) (Ulrych, *et al* :1999: 233).

The mission of translation scholars for working with the specified types of corpora has been to work out the comparability criteria such as finding out similar domain,

variety and time span, with the purpose of investigating which features are particularly characteristic of translated texts versus originals. The findings of this investigation unveiled the existence of translation universals (in translated texts) that come in features of simplification, explicitation, normalisation, levelling out, disambiguation and standardisation in translated texts (Laviosa, 1998).

Ulrych, *et al* (1999: 233-235) gives an account of each notion in the following manner:

**Simplification**: The tendency (on the part of translators) to subconsciously simplify the language or message, or both in the TT.

**Explicitation**: The tendency to spell things out rather than leaving them implicit, including the practice of adding background information. The empirical study conducted by proponents of DTS also points out to instances of identified shifts in cohesion and word order in translated texts to have been indicative of explicitation to have occurred. In simpler terms, explicitation is marked by changes that expand on the original text in order to make things clearer in the translated text.

**Normalisation**: The tendency to conform to, or even exaggerate patterns and practices which are typical of the target language as revealed by unmarked grammatical structures, collocational patterns and practices. This is the term that Laviosa explains as referring to “the translator’s sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious rendering of idiosyncratic text features in such a way as to make them conform to the form and norm of the target language and culture.

**Levelling out**: The tendency of the translated text to gravitate towards the centre of a continuum of written and spoken modes, and to shift away from the two extremes.

Ulrych, *et al*: 1999: 233) describes the above-sketched notions as consisting of regularly occurring patterns of translation behaviour generated by the process of mediation by means of a type token ratio, average sentence length and lexical density (these patterns actually indicate the extent of deviation during mediation).

Ulrych also found value in these notions as he observed them to have pointed to: 1) a conscious or subconscious attempt to simplify language; 2) a tendency to make texts more accessible to target audiences; 3) the manipulation or rewriting of texts in the interests of normalisation, naturalisation, and standardisation.

It can thus be concluded that DTS view the phenomena of translation as the recreation of new texts, and this conclusion foregrounds yet another crucial aspect within its context – that of the role which translators play in the act of recreation of those texts, that is, in the process of translating. Hence the visibility of translators has also made a key issue in the broader translation framework, reflecting on such crucial aspects as accountability. Their role in translation is therefore discussed below.

## 2.5 The role of translators

Literatures which specialise on the role of translators in the process of translating are those expressed by Venuti (1995) with his “visibility” stand, Nord (1991) with her “loyalty” stand, Lefevere (1985) with his “Ethics” stand, Newmark (1988) with his “source text analysis” stand, and Stein with his “Hermeneutic view” stand, Bellock with his “six rules for translators”, and so on. In the interest of this study, the plurality of voices which point to the accountability of translators is sketched below:

### 2.5.1 Venuti’s “visibility”

Venuti’s work (1995) has been prompted within the twentieth century Anglo American translation discourse with its prevailing attitude to translation of valuing “fluency and transparency” in translated works. The implication of this view is that translators should remain invisible to allow easy readability whilst it also promote the idea that translation is, in fact, not a translation but an original.

Shapiro, as in Venuti (1995), had a way of explaining these “fluent and transparent” styles by comparing a good translation to a pane of glass of which its existence you only measure once you see little imperfections on its scratches and bubbles. This, as Shapiro argues, should not be the case. According to him therefore, a good translation should never call attention to itself, in other words it should remain invisible as much as possible. We can therefore learn from this view that personal styles and decisions of translators are not needed, which automatically means they are expected to be invisible.

Venuti’s visibility theory springs out of this view of translation, and emerges as an opposition which simply construes the American translation discourse as sheer political agenda. His invisibility theory therefore surfaces as a back up force to make translators more visible than American translation discourse seeks to imply.

The account that Venuti gives about the American’s “fluency” discourse” is that it is an entire translation tradition that has evolved in the West to serve the imperialistic goals abroad, and the xenophobic values at home...” (in Hatim, 2001: p45).

The crucial point that Venuti raises in his visibility quest is that the invisibility of the translator discourse is the way by which the Anglo American culture needed to expand itself such that other cultures get fully assimilated into it. Venuti therefore, criticises such positions and shows the impossibilities of fluent styles, especially if one were to consider that the ST and TT are ruled by cultural materials which are diverse and even conflicting in the first place. He instead views the role of the translator as being broader than just simply about producing transparent or fluent translation, and according to him fluent styles put translators in difficult positions; because the implication of such views is that translators are forced to have a task of rewriting the text, and an added task to make sure that their work is invisible.

Venuti's visibility theory has therefore come to demystify the transparency theory, and instead labels this theory as just masking an insidious domestication of foreign texts, rewriting them in the transparent discourse that prevails in English. He criticises such styles as just effacing the work of translation, and views them as just a contribution to the cultural marginality and economic exploitation that English translators have long suffered. He therefore views fluent styles as just carrying illusionism about translation.

One major twentieth century American translator, Willard Trask, explains Venuti's projected theory of "illusionary effect" even further. As a starting point he draws a clear distinction between authoring and translation. He compares a translator to an actor and attributes a potential similarity between the two because each of them takes something of someone else's and put it over as if it is their own.

Trask defines authoring as a talent that allows individuals to essentially express themselves, whereas when you translate you are not expressing yourself but acting on stage. He thus concludes this explanation by insisting that any sense of authorial presence in a translation is an "illusion" (Venuti, 1995: 7)

Venuti in his *Invisibility of the translator* observes how negative the conception of authorship impact on the general view of translators. According to this conception, the author "freely expresses his/her thoughts and feelings in writing, which is thus viewed as an original and transparent self-representation unmediated by trans-individual determinants (namely linguistic; cultural; social) that might complicate authorial authenticity" (1995: 7). Venuti sees two disadvantageous implications of this idea of authorship, that:

1. Translation is the second order representation. Only the ST can be original, can be an authentic copy, true to the author's personality or intention, whereas translation is the derivative fake, and potentially a false copy;
2. Translation must produce the illusion of authorial presence so that it can be accepted as an original (1995: 7).

Venuti's first step to make translators visible, has been to establish a theoretical basis from which translations can be read as translations, as texts in their own right, and as discursive texts amongst others. He wanted translators to refrain from participating in a psychological relationship with the author in which they suppress their own emotions from finding outlet.

Venuti's definition of translation as "a process by which a chain of signifiers that constitute the source language text is replaced by a chain of signifiers in the target language" reveals an undisputed role that translators play in the process. Hence he becomes critical of such styles that seek to reduce translation to "a derivative work" "an adaptation", together with such references as "work for hire" – that seek to thwart the visibility of translators (1995: 8).

In addition to his visibility theory, Venuti has also made a comprehensive contribution to translation with two translation strategies; the domesticating and foreignising translations. Domesticating translation is a translation in which a transparent, fluent style is adopted to minimise the strangeness of the foreign text. Venuti derives this term from Schleimacher's description of a translation strategy that leaves the reader in peace as much as possible, and moves the author towards him (Munday, 1997: 146).

On the other hand, foreignising translation is a translation which deliberately breaks target cultural conventions by retaining something of the strangeness of the foreign text. Venuti relates this term to Schleimacher's description of a translation strategy where the translator leaves the writer alone as much as possible and moves the reader towards the author (Munday, 1997: 147).

Venuti has argued against the idea of domesticating translation for apparently excluding the very difference that translation is called on to convey. He crushes this phenomenon on the grounds that it involves an ethnocentric reduction of foreign text to Anglo American target language cultural values. He also interrogates the existence of a fluent translation that appears as true semantic equivalence, when in fact, it inscribes the foreign text with a partial interpretation, partial to English values (1995: p21).

Venuti also explains the implications of domestication in relation to Nida's advocacy of dynamic translation. He shows how Nida, the American Bible translator, used missionary work in order to win mankind into his own understanding and personal agendas. The relationship between dynamic equivalence and domestication can be seen in Nida's own explanation of the aim of dynamic equivalence: "A translation of dynamic equivalence aims at complete naturalness of expression" (1964). Another aspect that links Nida to domestication is his view of the role of translators: "a translator is a person who can draw aside the curtain of linguistic and cultural differences so that people can see the relevance of the original message". Venuti therefore sees Nida as imposing the transparent discourse on the foreign culture in order to ensure full assimilation of other cultures into his.

On the other hand, Venuti reveals his preference for foreignisation. He explains this translation strategy as "a strategic cultural intervention in the state of world affairs. He also simplifies this strategy as "resistance" in the sense that it enacts its own ethnocentric violence on the foreign texts and resists dominant cultural values by directing the translator to matching many powers, many voices, and many stresses of the source text by making its own (1995: 24).

One can now conclude that Venuti's visibility theory befits the objectives of translation studies as it focuses on translations as texts in their own right.

However, both domesticating and foreignising translations have been used sparingly in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*. Regardless of how Venuti explained each of

these strategies, and how sentimentally attached he is to any of these theories, the translator personally felt at liberty to manipulate each of them in areas of relevance (see Chapter 5), especially in the wake of the need for translators to succumb to the needs of the target language and target culture.

### **2.5.2 Lefevere's "manipulation theory"**

Lefevere (1985) has also established the mediating role that translators play between two cultural realities, but confirmed this role to be always subject to pressures of ideology. In collaboration with Bassnet, Lefevere (1990: in Ulrych (1999) defines translators as either the "witting and the willing manipulators of ST to make it serve their own ends, or unwitting and unconscious manipulators simply because their source culture and language contain and conceal ideology".

In order to reveal how ideological components influence translations Lefevere (in Ulrych, *et al*: 1999: 227) introduces a concept of "refracted and reflected texts" to refer to all types of re-writing, where texts are processed for a particular audience. Refraction, according to him is about the processing of texts for a particular audience, which in the end marks changes of perception, while reflection evokes the idea of mirroring, of sameness and thus refers to clinging to the original. The same reference to "refracted and reflected texts" that according to Lefevere characterises translation points yet to another role of translators – their mediating role will never run unbiased.

The act of turning one writing into another, and for a particular audience, points to rewriting of texts in different settings, and as Lefevere argues, rewriting means writing in a different linguistic and cultural frame of reference. That is where the role of a translator will be seen.

Lefevere complements this explanation by even predicting the nature of the product that will show as a complete version: an autonomous, target orientated text; a manipulated text; with change in cultural and political allusions, in river names, in proper names and in place names; with language full of idioms, regional inflections, songs, *et cetera* (in Ulrych, *et al*: 1999: 227)

### **2.5.3 Nord's "loyalty"**

Nord (2001) begins her stand by defining loyalty as "an ethical concept that governs the translators' responsibility to their partners in a cooperative activity of translation; that works beyond 'fidelity' as a relation between texts". Nord also defines loyalty as operating "within the frame of functionalism, under a set of strategies and as giving priority to the intended purpose of the TT".

Given the fact that Lefevere (in Ulrych *et al*: 1999) made reference to the mediating role of translators as an activity that will never run unbiased or innocent, Nord's loyalty stand finds relevance in the sense that it will ensure adherence to the intended

function (and therefore in favour of functionalism) regardless of whatever subjectivity the translator might be tempted into.

As Nord points out, the concept of loyalty was incorporated in the SKOPOS THEORY in 1989 (Nord: 1997), in order to account for cultural specificity of a translation concept. Nord continues to explain that loyalty was basically intended to set an ethical limitation on the otherwise unlimited range of purposes that any particular source text has.

Loyalty also, according to Nord (1997), marks special responsibilities that translators have with regard to other participants, namely, the source text producer (author or writer), the source text sender (the initiator or client, or commissioner) and the target text recipient. Nord's loyalty stand can therefore be seen as a substitute to traditional intertextual relationships of faithfulness that linguistic models favoured. Contrary to faithfulness or fidelity (which referred to an intertextual relationship whereby the target text is rigidly made to stay faithful to the source text) loyalty commits the translator bilaterally to both the source and the target texts.

The summarised definition of loyalty that Nord gives therefore is that it is about "translators taking into account the intentions and expectations of all the partners in the communicative interaction named translation" (1997: p125). But Nord explains more about the phrase "taking into account" as she objects to quick implications which may seek to define this phrase as in "doing what others expect you to do". In actual sense, she argues, this quick implication would lead to insoluble dilemma if the participants expect divergent forms of behaviour.

In cases whereby translators may find themselves inclined to behave in a way that would be contradictory to expectations of other participants, Nord suggests that translators therefore must assume the role of explaining their translation purposes and methods to their partners. In the same breath, Nord also acknowledges the moral obligation of translators to even justify the strategies by telling the readers what they did and why they did it, in the interest of loyalty.

The degree of loyalty that Nord refers to culminates even to the use of gender differentiations. An example of disloyalty she makes is her reference to traditional translations of biblical texts that "did not take into account that Christian communities did not consist merely of brothers, but included also sisters, or that some of Jesus' followers were women, for example Mary of Magdala" (1997: 125). The implication of this view is that translators should attend to detail so as not to put loyalty at stake. They will have to read notes and then make up their own minds as to which interpretation is more suitable for them.

All in all, Nord's loyalty approach means a moral category which permits the integration of culture specific conventions into the functionalist models of translation. It also means that translators have to take the conventions of a particular translation



into account. Nord (1997) also mentions that conventions are not binding, as norms do, which means translators may decide to flout existing conventions.

#### **2.5.4 Steiner's Hermeneutic View**

Steiner 1975 (in Silke E. 2004) expresses a translation strategy based on how translators interpret the ST. He identifies the stages that the translator has to undertake even before the actual translation takes place. The initial phase of this strategy is for translators to extract nuances of meaning from the ST and interpret them, then develop criteria by which they transform those nuances into the TT, so that the TT befits the TL idiom in which the target readers (TRs) are able to comprehend.

The four stages that Steiner identifies can be summarised as follows:

- **Trust:** Trust is seen on the part of translators with regard to their belief that there is something in the ST that is worthy to be transferred to the TT
- **Aggression:** Aggression refers to the method by which the translator selects from the ST that which is worthy to be transferred to the TT. The belief here is that, whatever the translator was able to select at first reading becomes authentic when it is interpreted first, and then manoeuvred in preparation for proper transference. Steiner therefore explains this process as being “invasive and exhaustive”.
- **Incorporative movement:** this process involves the incorporation of the packages of the processed ST elements into the TC. However, Steiner warns that in the process of incorporation the ST may be consumed, and he says this with the belief that translations do not occur in the vacuum (1975: 299).
- **Reciprocity:** a compromise is reached here “to restore balance”, as Steiner puts it, where the ST, of which its elements and forms were compromised somehow during transition (incorporation), is compensated by its enhancement in the TL. Its enhancement can be explained in the manner by which all the elements which were only implicit in the ST have been made explicit in the TT (through insertion, deletion, repositioning, curbing for semantic gaps, rewriting passages at times, and so on).

#### **2.5.5 Newmark's “source text analysis”**

Newmark (1988) suggests that the role of the translator should begin with the analysis of the ST through both general and close reading. General reading, according to Newmark, involves the reading of encyclopedia, text books, specialist papers, *et cetera*, in order to get full comprehension of the subject and its concept. Close reading involves: Studying the words in and out of the context; gazing at everything that does not make good sense; identifying figurative, technical and colloquial language, and so on. All this must be done in search of possible non-equivalence, and in preparation for the selection of a suitable translation strategy.

Newmark also suggests that translators find even the intention of the ST, which can be seen in the way by which the SL is written; for example words selected, language used, grammatical structures used (passive voice, impersonal verbs used, and so on).

One other aspect by which Newmark activates the role of translators is his view on transference. According to him transference occurs on the following occasions and under the following circumstances:

- In the translation of geographical terms, periodicals and newspapers, films, companies, and institutions, street names and addresses, titles of untranslated literary works. (NB The question of transferring Erf. Numbers is still rhetoric;
- In regional novels, essays and advertisements, cultural words are transferred to give sense of intimacy between the text and the reader (12).

However, Newmark brings to the attention of translators the inherent problem that comes with the transference of semi-cultural words; that is, abstract words which are associated with a particular period, country or individual, for example *enlightenment*. But he also suggests that such words should first be translated with the transferred word, and then the equivalent must be added in brackets until the translator feels at ease that readers will understand that particular word.

#### **2.5.6 Bellock's "six general rules for translators" (Ntwana, 2005).**

Bellock's rules for translators also show that translators are performers rather than mere tools in translation. He explains the role of translators in his formulation of the following six general rules for translators:

- The translator should not "plod on" word by word or sentence by sentence, but should always "block out" his work. Bellock here warns about the time ineffectively used on attempts to substitute a single item of the ST with a single item of the TT, as if different languages were signs of commonality. The suggestion he therefore makes is that the work must be spread out into sections, with an intention to find out the sense that has to be rendered.
- The translator should render idiom by idiom and should take note that some idioms demand translation into another form from that of the original. The implication of this rule is that translators have the responsibility (if not capability) to identify an idiom, find out its nature and transfer it accordingly with awareness of rules on transference of idioms in mind.
- The translator must render "intention by intention", bearing in mind that the intention of a phrase in one language may turn out to be less emphatic in the other. Translators must have the ability to even weigh the strength of phrases as this exercise determines the extent to which words must be added or subtracted in the TT until the product conforms to the idiom of the target language.
- Translators should always be on the lookout for false friends. False friends are words or structures between languages that appear to correspond morphologically but are actually semantically different.

- The translator should transmute boldly.
- The translator should not embellish.

The literature discussed above assigns the translator many roles than just a single one of inscribing one language into another. Given the fact that in a given translation two cultures are implicated it means that translators have to be even bi-lingual. For them to be able to produce a TT that will be coherent with the receiver's situation they will have to be able to compare two implicated cultures. Vermeer (in Nord 1997) observes that translators do this because they want to "transmit a message to hetero-cultural recipients". Therefore, to make oneself understood, as Vermeer observes, is more important than to faithfully imitate another text, written for other recipients.

Vermeer also recommends that translators must know what is culturally specific to their own experiences. By so doing they are able to understand that what they observe to be different from their own cultures is specific to others, and vice versa. Over and above Vermeer's suggestions, translators have a duty to make an attempt to identify potential translation difficulties created by cultural specificity. They must be able to make decisions about possible strategies for resolving these difficulties.

In view of the literature above, one can make conclusions of the actual role of translators: The role of translators, as Nord (1997) puts it, is to receive the ST and then proceed to inform another audience, located in a situation and under offer of information made by the ST. Nord assigns translators yet another role; that of assuming a responsibility to offer the new audience a TT based on their own assumptions about their needs, expectations, previous knowledge, and so on. She also warns that there is greater possibility that the assumptions of translators will indefinitely differ from those made by the author of the original, because, as she puts it, the ST audience and the TT audience belong to different cultures and language communities.

From the view of the advocates of the role of translators one concludes that translators have to be competent in all grammatical structures and cultural domains of languages at stake. Translators must even be more competent in their mother tongues so that they are able to identify what is culturally specific to each of the languages at stake, as Nord (1997) suggested.

## **2.6 Conclusion**

### **2.6.1 A brief critique of translation theory**

The current notion that translation has taken another footing in the evolving world of communication is quite true. Ulyrich, *et al* (1999) acknowledges that the plurality of voices that this discipline currently encompasses is what seemed unthinkable in the past. This plurality of voices is vested in paradigm shifts with regard to what different theorists conclude about the manner in which translations manifest. The simplest model one can make out of the translation literature discussed above, especially taking it from Hermans's view (1985), is that translation has metamorphosed "from a normative and

prescriptive approach to translation criticism that points towards either a functional approach or a descriptive approach”.

Different approaches to translation since the 1960s, as discussed above, range from linguistic-based to process-based approaches. The clear-cut difference between the linguistic models and the process models is that the former has “goals which are linguistic in nature, and that the tools that are evoked to describe, compare, analyse language elements within texts aim at improving the linguistic knowledge, whilst the latter starts from the premise that translations can be observed as autonomous entities that constitute a genre of their own, and also investigates translation as the phenomena in its own right without necessarily referring to the ST” (Ulrych, *et al.* 1999: 233).

Ulrych, *et al.* also observes the efforts of the linguistically oriented scholars and translator trainers were geared towards establishing rules that could better govern the theory and practice of translation based on abstract notions of what constitutes some ideal form of translation, but today greater account is taken of real life socio-cultural factors that come to bear on each and every act of translation. From the perspective of each of the approaches discussed above one can conclude that they are interdependent: in the sense that linguistics were, in actual fact, instrumental in scouting a better picture of the phenomenon of translation.

Whilst the distinction between the objectives of the linguistic scholars and that of translation scholars is undisputable, the ultimate vibe in the translation field is that; amongst such distinct disciplines, an interdisciplinary thinking in the field of translation becomes eminent. In the same breath, Newmark (1988: 1981) has effectively demonstrated the pertinence and significance of various areas of linguistics to the translator’s task, as much as process-oriented models have done, for example by even fathoming the black boxes of the translator’s minds in order to see how the ST is analysed and split up into translation units, and how it is actually transferred into the target language to produce the TT (Ulrych, *et al.* 1999: 233).

The crucial role of linguistics in translation has also been acknowledged by Fawcett, (1997), who also realises that linguistics do have much to offer the study of translation as he notes that “without proper grounding in linguistics, a translation theorist, practitioner and trainer alike could be compared to somebody working with an incomplete toolkit”. Likewise, Ulrych, *et al.* (1999) also observes that comparing and contrasting of texts by DTS scholars (as discussed in Laviosa 1998) for purposes of determining a translation norm “can often open up new vistas only on existing linguistic knowledge, and thus lead to the formulation of new hypothesis”. This points to how interdependent these contrasting disciplines are.

However, whilst this is the case, Ulrych, *et al.* warns that complementing the role of linguistics in translation studies must not be the whole story, as DTS has shown that translation cannot be reduced to a purely linguistic activity. It is therefore worth noting that acknowledging and complementing this interdependence is no way of forging ties of similarity between disciplines at stake. It is one way of saying that the DTS scholars have

moved away from the traditional view that translation is a replacement or substitution of linguistic units in one language, and instead focus their attention on taking into cognisance even the pragmatic aspects of the receiving culture: for example, social, cultural and communicative practices.

The researcher discussed the distinguished translation disciplines above with an intention to account for the translation devices that were used in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*. The incorporation of the section on the role of translators in this chapter sparked from the desire to show that their visibility has also made a key issue in the broader framework of translation studies, with Venuti's visibility theory reflecting on such crucial aspects as accountability of translators. All this explains the confidence that the translator of *Dancing in the Dust* had in the process, with reassured power put in her hands by such literatures.

Interesting enough, the literature on the role of translators runs across different translation approaches and criticisms, for example, Newmark is a linguist, Nord is a functionalist, Venuti is a translation scholar, to mention a few. This profound similarity points to the undisputable, indispensable role that translators play in re-creating new texts, texts that would qualify as autonomous texts in the receiving culture and that would, from a target-reader perspective, be seen as original.

It is also worth mentioning that seemingly, this section has been discussed under DTS (if not immediately after) due to the fact that the DTS key concept of the "recreation of texts" has enticed the conscience of the researcher into realising the profound role that translators play in the process. This stimulation of the conscience has had an influential effect in the sense that it has also drawn the researcher into realising the role of translators, which essentially has been acknowledged elsewhere in the translation arena but otherwise darkened by such analogues of translations as "adaptations" or "derivative works". These concepts have sought to undermine the existence, or rather the visibility of translators, as has been argued earlier.

Emerging from the overview of the literature above one can conclude that translation is, indeed, a multifaceted discipline:

- It encompasses different theories and different perspectives from a wide range of sources.
- The DTS has declared it an area of specificity, and has awarded it an autonomous status as an object of study in its own right. The DTS has drawn elements from its surrounding disciplines to back up this innovation.
- Forms of re-writing have been extensively suggested with an intention to either help translators resolve problems presented by linguistic differences associated with the ST and the TT, or to at least attend to needs of the receiving culture: This ranges from application of macro and micro structure; analysis of proper names, key word repetition, terminology and idiomatic expression; to employment of the main categories of translation universals where necessary (see 5.3.1.1 – 5.3.1.6).

The above-sketches findings have been contextualised in various decisions the researcher took in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust* (see Chapter 5). It also needs to be noted that in Chapter 5, the translator adopts a free style in the sense that annotations do not necessarily come in a particular sequence – they are contextualised at random. However, the selection of translation strategies has been done carefully, especially with regard to the use of translation universals in the interest of what Lefevere (1998:291) warns about, that “there is a need for further research of the topic for fear of generalisation on the basis of a limited corpus, limited research or limited language”. Nevertheless, it is in the interest of this researcher to acknowledge that the findings of any type of research have to be tested in a particular study for purposes of testing either its limitations, or workability.

Suffice it to say that the theory reviewed above is a restoration of the stylistic devices that were used in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*.

## Chapter 3

### REVIEW: *DANCING IN THE DUST*

#### 3.1 Introduction

This wonderfully perceptive novel is based on Tihelo, a little girl aged 14, who is just about to initiate into womanhood. She is the first person narrator in this novel, sharing her experiences of the 1976 Soweto Uprisings in the Apartheid South Africa.

As young as she is, the book opens up in her watching all the dramatic features of township life during Apartheid: the looting on Government trucks by angry youth; the pacing up and down of vigilant hippos full of police on the streets; the unbearable noise caused by actions of defiance interspersed with screams of fear; while the shooting of bullets in the air has its own version of noise. All such dramas mark an obvious violent and often merciless tone of township life, which constantly leaves passive occupants traumatised, and certainly tentative as to whether to participate or not in political activities. But their fear of police locks them indoors and therefore they watch some of these dramas only through their windows.

More and above that, Tihelo has her own inner battles, which are perpetuated by unanswerable flaws pertaining to her light complexion, which seems quite distinct from anyone else's; either at home, or in the whole of black societies. This is probably one of the reasons – alongside her seclusion from the scenes due to age, let alone her female status – which keep her secluded from either active social life or active political scenes. Her extreme attachment to family finds herself suppressing her emotions in order to keep a good relationship with her mother Kgomotso, and her only sibling, Keitumetse.

But her constant mixing with Thato and Tshepo (a younger brother to famous political activist, Mohau) is determined to change her perceptions of the struggle. Tshepo and Thato count as her best friends as they are of the same age, and probably because they happen to be her schoolmates as well. But to her surprise, Tshepo flippantly knows the deliberations of the struggle: from burning police stations to making petrol bombs. Thato on the other hand questions the manner in which white people have to live better lives as opposed to their black counter-parts. Her conclusion of this is based on the family visit (to Durban) they had, where the beach front setting was enough to convince her of this conclusion. But, at this stage Tihelo and Thato seemingly share the view that the three of them are still under-age to engage in such things, while their fellow brother Tshepo is determined to lure them to view the struggle differently.

At some stage, Tshepo seems to win, as Tihelo slowly and tentatively joins the struggle. She chooses to participate in a very discreet manner, without her mother or sibling's knowledge and consent. She shows to have converted as a young activist as she begins to operate in dangerous occasions at SASO with some more mature comrades; preparing political tapes, designing protest flags and protest drawings, *etc.*

During these political upheavals, the dramatic features of a true black South African classroom seem to range from demotivated teachers; demoralised learners; to biased syllabi; rebuke of teachers by learners due to contained anger. This classroom set up, together with general odd conditions in townships, sends her toy-toying on the streets. She then becomes one of the young learners for whom it has become a norm to have their legs covered with a muddy-like appearance due to Vaseline they apply and then go toy-toying in the dust.

The dramas of the story expose her to a series of other painful experiences which comprise the following:

- Her mother constantly suffering rebuke from the police for no valid reason
- Her betrayal by friend Thato, either because she (Tihelo) converted to political activism, or due to Thato's sudden acquired status of attending a Model C School
- The trauma she suffers due to her sister's pregnancy, and the paranoia she suffers from having taken a leading role in attempts to terminate this pregnancy, which nearly cost her losing her beloved sister
- The anxiety she suffers due to detainment of friends Tshepo and Mohau
- Her permanent loss of fellow comrades; Dikeledi, Thabang and Peter (and the rest of her schoolmates) in a bloody massacre which came as a result of a mass protest march by school children
- Her own detainment, with mother Kgomotso and sister Keitumetse, and the torture she suffers (as she is accused of being one of the dangerous terrorists)
- The breaking news that she happens to be a hybrid product of a black man and a white woman, and subsequently coming to a realisation that mother Kgomotso and sister Keitumetse are, in fact, not her biological family.

Nevertheless, the deeply rooted anger (which can be traceable from any of the above listed experiences) amazingly translates into her being self-motivated in the struggle. Unlike before, she suddenly feels that she must assume the responsibility of a sole political SASO activist in the unfortunate absence of others. This role ultimately lands her and her family in prison, where she is detained and tortured. The torture she suffers in detainment painfully sends her to being hospitalised in an impoverished hospital, where she is soon to learn of her true identity.

The new, otherwise shocking identity she learns about through Mma Kleintjie sends her to confront her history, where she even goes to an extent of invading the premises of her acclaimed biological, white family.

From a little co-operative otherwise arrogant white woman, she learns of her biological mother, who ironically enjoys life in Canada, while her estranged daughter seems struggling in the dusty streets of the township. The culmination of her long eagerness to confront her true identity is revealed in her sending of a very expressive communiqué to her white mother by mail. The contents of the letter are interspersed with her interest to know how the white mother enjoys life in Canada in the wake of having mothered a black-fathered daughter whom she never saw in the first place.



The novel ends with her expressively reconciling with her true identity by proclaiming the joy a 'white mothered' but a 'black fathered' township girl has amidst her family she considers her 'real family'.

### **3.2 Features of the source-text**

*Dancing in the Dust* is a well-rounded novel, an art someone would call a 'universal story' because it is about the narration of a story that could have happened elsewhere in Africa. It is an accurate reflection of our history in South Africa. Written by a black artist, the general assumption would be that this book is pure fiction that would seek to showcase black propaganda. But to the surprise of everyone, it demonstrates innocent, yet vocal narration of the true happenings of the Apartheid South Africa.

*Dancing in the Dust* portrays such expressive literary qualities, and this strong point is revealed on many occasions in the novel. Various scenes in the novel demonstrate Molohe's ability to root up features that depict a true South African Society: The lifestyle, characterisation, kinship, geography, architecture, fauna and flora, *etc.*

The **lifestyle** demonstrated in the novel is quite broad: It consists of issues that can be classified in three major groupings: Social, economic and political.

#### **3.2.1 Social**

The novel portrays a typical South African social life in many instances. These units of lifestyles comprise childhood; adolescence; forms of worship; kinship; recreational activities; education; gender relations; spoken languages; and many other habits of African people.

##### ***Childhood***

The enjoyable moments of childhood are quite visible in Molohe's novel. For some reason, Molohe has chosen to show this period as excelling in ecstasy, comparably speaking. This is probably due to the reason that there seems to be no standing job for children, and instead they tend to be casual on many aspects: be it beauty, issues affecting societies and almost anything that happens around them.

Children spend most of their time on kicking football on the streets; laughing aloud, or just enjoying themselves; telling stories to themselves using stones; or simply getting together to lie to one another about the achievements of each's own families. Molohe presents even such interesting aspects about black societies as children pacing about in people's gardens stealing fruit of all kinds (and the excitement this habit goes with, which is strengthened by the fact that they seldom get caught). This drama of stealing from others (and its possible results) is one aspect of brevity which ironically prepares a black child to take calculated risks, an interesting aspect that obviously prepares them for potential risks in the life ahead of them – and a means of survival thereof. It is also

amazing to realise that, at a later stage, such memories are often used as stimulants of longed happiness when life begins to take its toll.

### *Adolescence*

Generally, this is a stage where everyone begins to realise their existence amongst others. This is normally shown in such aspects as: a sudden willingness to stay beautiful; feelings for the opposite sex; frequent absence from home while in places known to you only; and the development of inevitable, cheeky behaviours. In this novel, mini-conferences of adolescents are held under the trees with fellow brothers and sisters. The overt protocols of these meetings involve mouths held wide open probably because someone cracked a joke, and endless licks of ice lollies bought at a nearby spaza with money stolen from parents.

While there are numerous happy moments at this stage, there are also a couple of bad moments. Some fellows may begin to question issues they were really casual about in childhood: for instance, to Tihelo, her light complexion suddenly becomes a gnawing factor once her adolescence starts.

Physical changes may also impact differently on adolescents during this stage. While to some girls it might be exciting to see their first periods, to some sisters it might be quite a horrible experience. It becomes more horrible when the incidence happens in places where, as an adolescent, you least expect them. Tihelo regards the moment as a nightmare when her first periods come in detainment, where no one helps her take care of that dirty mess. In fact, even the first act of her tight breasts caressed by stupid policemen is likely to send her cursing adolescence.

Molope also presents adolescence as a period whereby there is occasional conflict between parents and their teenagers. This aspect is prompted by the dire need to find your own identity as an adolescent. Molope showcases moments of wishes whereby adolescents would love to undertake this quest for identity without the help of their parents. Failure of these wishes usually results in heated debates between parents and their teenagers, as parents in their own right are so determined to hold their ropes as tight as they would like to remain 'rams in their own houses'.

This aspect, on one hand, is shown in the character of Keitumetse, who suddenly becomes very cheeky and inevitably backchats her single mother. On the other hand, her mother cannot swallow this behaviour 'in her house'.

*"You do nothing but talk nonsense under those trees," she said irritably, wrinkling her forehead. "I spoke to your aunt in Johannesburg and she and I will see to it that you spend these holidays doing something useful." Keitumetse, who was gaining furious boldness, demanded, "And what would you have us to do then? I am not doing anything with the relatives this year."*

*My mother almost dropped the iron on the coal stove. She put her fists on her hips and I began to move towards the door.*

*"Keitumetse, there are three women in this house and only one of us is a mother. Are you the mother?"*

*To my horror I thought I saw my sister's eyes roll all the way up to her eyebrows. While my mother and I watched in horror, Keitumetse did not say a word and was obviously not feeling my fear.*

*"I said are you the mother?" My mother repeated herself, moving closer to Keitumetse, who sat straightening her hair with a hot comb.*

*Oh, no! I thought. I had one foot outside the kitchen door and my body was headed towards the bedroom.*

*"I will decide what to do and don't do this summer, and it won't be sitting and talking about non-of-your-businesses under large trees, or holding hands with Mohau..." (p39)*

### **Teenage Pregnancy**

It is a pity to note that, regardless of the caution given by parents to their teenage daughters, teenagers still fall victims of unwanted pregnancies. This irony is seen in the case of Keitumetse, who falls pregnant – regardless of mother Kgomotso's persistent warning that 'Boys will make you dirty, "they'll get you in the worst kind of trouble...."' (p76).

Teenage pregnancy is also shown in the novel to involve such risky business wherein teenagers succumb themselves to taking dangerous measures of terminating unwanted pregnancies, including:

- Drinking dangerous solutions;
- Inserting wires in the womb;
- Deliberately falling on their stomachs, *etc.*

It is often interesting to note how teenagers tend to blame parents for falling into this trap. Surprisingly, mothers tend to accept the blame, regardless of their words of caution for all those years. It might be because black mothers do not really get direct about their over-saying of 'troubles caused by boys'. Black mothers tend to get confrontational rather than to get open enough about such issues. The reason might be because there is this black-homestead norm of regarding it as 'taboo' for parents to discuss sexual matters with their children.

*In the mid-eighties, having a baby before you finished school meant letting go of everything you had hoped for... Yet there was no way we could have known how not to fall into this trap. Mothers valued the wide gap between generations. They saw it as something that kept our respect of them strong. They could not see themselves sitting and talking to us about intimate relations because, to them that meant acknowledging that we had those kinds of feelings, and they felt that admitting it would only make us more comfortable with our sexuality. And that, they thought, could only encourage us to have sex (p76).*

Mma Kgomotso does not have a choice but to regret when her daughter Keitumetse claims "*Mama, I didn't know...*", and is left sad, so flippantly! This 'I didn't know' can

also be justified by Keitumetse's assumption that if you 'do it only once' you won't have to fall pregnant. Tihelo narrates this case so innocently:

*I listened to her as she kept swearing that she had "only done it once", and could not understand what could have happened.* (p74)

Mma Kgomo's acceptance of this accusation can be detected in her confession:

*"You didn't choose this, it was a mistake...."* (p85)

Her mini-conference with her girls, in an attempt to caution them on such matters, comes rather a little later for it to achieve its intended purpose:

*"I want to make one thing clear. Womanhood is not for girls with dreams. It is for those of us who forget what we dream of..."* (p84)

Another striking element about teenage pregnancy is that there will always be a girl who normally escapes it. The culprit will always be a girl from an unstable home, who through some mishaps seems to have lost trust in her parents. As a result, such teenagers tend to make their own means of survival; risky or not, but they bet to escape the attention of others. This is revealed in the case of Lebo, who is a daughter in a single-parented home run by a one-armed man who is an alcoholic, and has lost his wife due to his abusive behaviour.

Young girls or boys from such homes will always make means for survival. Girls will always seek to beautify themselves by money obtained from sleeping with men. They might also engage in activities which might not be too risky (like dancing for money), but usually they engage in such activities without the supervision of parents. Lebo is that case in this novel as she freely participates in all dancing balls and earns money from this activity.

Such girls are quite lovable in the society: either because they stay beautiful, yet grounded, while their care free talks make them easily approachable – let alone in times of trouble. Hence Tihelo – in a battle to save her sister from becoming a victim of unwanted pregnancy – she finds it easy to talk to Lebo, who has escaped pregnancy through several, dangerous acts of abortion. Lebo cooperates, and offers a solid plan that will help Tihelo terminate her big sister's unwanted pregnancy.

But surprisingly, though this plan is executed in private, the results are revealed in public, and the victim escapes death. Can't we, indeed, make some conclusions that this plan fails, and Keitumetse cannot runaway with it, because she is coming from a stable home, with, at least, a caring mother and a loving sister?

### ***Kinship***

Generally, the way the Elders and the Young relate to one another reflects the culture of a true black South African society. It shows politeness which is assumed to exist in black societies. *Moholo, Koko, Mama, Ausi, Mma* – all these titles are cultural terms by which the children address the elderly, who in turn will call the young *ngwanake*, or simply by a name, or by a name combined with *ngwanake*. This culture does not end at home, but

extends even to other homesteads, whereby a child is expected to address a woman from next door as *mama* as if she were her own mother.

### *Gender relations*

Another aspect that Molope attends to in the novel is the way by which men and women behave towards one another in black societies. Culturally, it is expected of a man and a woman to respect one another, and to care for one another above all situations. This is depicted in the relations between Moholo and Koko (Mohao and Tshepo's grand parents), who are earnestly responsible for the good running of such a big family, and bet to stand by their children in times of need.

However, Molope has also rooted the irresponsibility that characterises behaviours of some black men towards their wives. We have the case of Ausi Martha, who is estranged because her husband co-habits with another woman in one of the hostels. We can be able to realise the silent abuse that such women suffer, such that they become paranoid in their actions because they cannot be sure what needs to be done in life to please a man.

Ausi Martha takes all the pains when her man pays her a visit; by wearing the best of her dresses; by buying a bottle of Sprite to cover for this irresponsible man; and by wearing endless, unreturned smiles for this irresponsible man. All those pains do not necessarily make her feel better because during those short visits, her man chooses to stay at a distance with other men, while Ausi Martha assumes the guilt for apparently having caused all the trouble. Her 'special teas' do not necessarily work because her man usually brings his own bottle of beer and stays aloof with other men.

The other version of women abuse is the way by which policemen relate to women; the way by which they enforce their stupid laws in torturing women, let alone young women like Tihelo; the continuous trauma they put imprisoned women into, which culminates even in cases of attempted rapes; and the humiliating beating-up of women which we witness Mma Kgomotso (and many others) subjected to in trains, everyday.

On the other hand, Tihelo (in prison) becomes a victim of attempted rape by two policemen who are years older than her. The screams of women resonating from other cells are also likely to indicate a case of attempted rape, if not rape itself. Generally, the whole prison setup does not show respect for women, and it is, usually, a setup perpetrated by male police. When Tihelo experiences her first period in jail— where precautions regarding this biological right are not necessarily taken—it becomes obvious that it is, indeed, a man's agenda to abuse women and children.

Tihelo, as the narrator of the story, is in a battle against women abuse. It is so unfortunate for her because she fights this battle only passively, without anyone listening to her inner voice. But she fights a strong silent fight, a strength which is revealed by her refusal to cry, no matter in what situation she finds herself to be. She endures each unfavourable moment like a man. Perhaps this aspect justifies Molope's own sexual status, as she is a lesbian in real life.

## *Languages*

There are three spoken languages that characterise Molope's *Dancing in the Dust*: English, Afrikaans and seTswana. English functions as the medium by which Molope presents this story, and also as the mother tongue of some few characters, hence it dominates the scenes of this novel. The remaining two, and a bit of isiXhosa, is used interchangeably, depending on the needs of a particular speaker, at a particular point in time.

English is spoken largely by the population in English homes, but is also used by middle class families as a sign of higher status. To middle class families, English is a sign of prestige as they afford to acquire even such nasally-effected accents – which, to some extent, make them feel like they are white. Distancing themselves from their black mates adds some status, because they have to hang around folks where much practice has to be taken. Slowly, but surely, they will ultimately become part of the white community. This is how they begin drifting away from the use of their own mother tongues.

The English part in the novel also features an English home, where Mma Kgomotso works as a domestic worker. It also features an English home which happens to be the home of a white lady who got impregnated by a black man out of love, and gave birth to Tihelo. This black man was just a garden boy in this home.

Another interesting aspect about English in this novel is that, the need to bite your tongue as a black person and speak a language you are not familiar with will always come when there is obviously a problem. On the night of the nightmare, when Mma Kgomotso had not returned from work, her children (Keitumetse and Tihelo) are likely to have a tough time, enquiring about their missing mother in English. From the arrogant English family they learn that the person with that name (Kgomotso) does not exist in an English home. It is so fortunate for these children to remember that their mother might be known only in her English name to her *bosses*. The decision they take to enquire about 'Gladys' seems to work very well, as some directive response is given at last.

Tihelo also confronts her identity by calling an English home, from where her biological mother is likely to be traceable. One thing that is likely to amuse readers is Tihelo's eagerness to fake an English accent in the hope that she would be easily welcome in an English home. This is generally a habit of any second language speaker of English, especially when English has to be communicated to its mother tongue speaker.

However, it becomes more interesting to notice that, regardless of efforts to fake the English accent, the mother tongue speaker will still catch you: like in the case of Tihelo, who, regardless of strictly pressing her nasals down, gets caught so easily by an English woman, who instead confuses her with 'a *girl* from next door'

*"Has she been back to South Africa lately?"*

*"No," she says, and then pauses awhile so that I feel really regretful about having asked her. "She doesn't like to. Who are you again?"*

*"We are old friends..." "Hmmm. Well, did you use to be the neighbour's girl? I know she used to be friends with the neighbour's girl. She always liked them."*

*"No. But thank you." I hang up, angry with the woman for calling me a 'girl' just because of my accent...."p180*

Once you get caught, this incidence will determine the mood by which the English person will treat you, which is often colder. This aspect is seen when the old woman gets occasionally impatient due to the manner in which Tihelo presents herself – and her faked accents.

*I am trying to speak kindly and fluently in a language I have come to associate only with punishment. So I have to keep deep breaths before I speak. I can hear the woman on the other side is impatient but does not say a word."p180*

On the other side, Afrikaans has been presented as the language of oppression, in that, in every traumatic situation of the novel, whenever the troublesome *kaffir* (pp170-172) has to be dealt with, Molope will choose to use Afrikaans. This aspect will be featured in only two situations of the novel:

- During the night, when Mma Kgomotso and her two daughters become victims of the police door-to-door raids (*"Kom! Kom! They said. "...Someone got sick of my mother's screams and hit her with a handle of a large pistol. She arched her back and almost fell face down, but they were quick to catch her. "Uit! Uit! Kom" they pushed us out...."p154*);
- In the interrogation room, where Tihelo suffers a rebuke from two large men, who have been ordered to torture her with an electronic shock (*"Listen here," he said in Afrikaans. "Don't waist my time here. You tell the truth, we let you go. End of story...."p163*  
*"Listen to me. I've had it with your little kaffir lies...."p170*  
*All the while he cursed and yelled at me for looking 'vuil'. p171*  
*"You kaffirs never know how to take care of yourselves. Your mother never taught you how to wash?" p172).*

SeTswana is used as the language spoken in the townships, and also as the medium by which Molope retains cultural concepts (see Chapter 5: 5.3). isiXhosa (and/or isiZulu) have been used sporadically, especially where freedom songs and slogans feature (*...and we all joined in a hushed chorus of "Senzeni na, Senzeni na eSouth Africa?" What have we done in South Africa? p126*

*"Amandla!" I whispered. "Power!"*

*"Awethu...Awethu! The person whispered back. "To the people!" p110)*

### **Education**

There is a clear imbalance regarding this aspect in this novel. Molope makes a clear distinction between education in the township and education in Model C Schools.

Township education is characterised by sarcastic relations between learners and their educators. These relations include the following:

- Endless schemes to deal with troublesome teachers (by learners), which is normally shown by way of deliberate reluctance to abide by the rule;
- Non-observance of tuition time by both learners and educators: Learners, on one hand, make an excuse that teachers are lazy, while teachers, on the other hand, blame the status quo;
- Politically aware and outspoken learners;
- Classrooms which have been turned into structures of gossip due to unattended learners

Model C Schools in the novel have been associated with prestige, where everyone would like to attend, given the chance. Unfortunately, it is only middle class families that can afford to send their children to such premises because these schools are quite expensive.

As most of these schools operate far away from the forever dusty townships, it is unlikely that learners in these schools can be shaken from their civilised behaviour: it is not likely that they can mingle easily with lazy, good-for-nothing township learners, for whom it has become a norm to go on the streets for “no apparent reason”.

### ***Social Recreations***

#### **Weddings**

Such cultural gatherings are attended by everyone in the township. This social aspect is one way of showing togetherness amongst African families, in both good and bad times. Weddings are very joyful occasions where each member feels a responsibility to go and play an active role in the home of the ‘blessed’ family. Every resident participates in preparations until the day of the wedding, where they will seal their interesting role by ensuring that they dress to kill. The dance on these occasions becomes so prominent that, when men and women are on the floor, you could see a huge cloud of dust in the air. This aspect marks one of the scenes around which the title of the book has been worked to symbolise the endless trace of dust in townships.

However, in the township, such occasions could not be enjoyable for longer during the period of the struggle because of the forever idling, vigilant hippos full to capacity of police who came to attend such occasions either to shield the low potential, white attendance from troublesome *kaffirs*; or to arrest yet another *kaffir*.<sup>1</sup>

#### ***The existence of other races in black townships***

The existence of coloured races in black townships is typical of all black townships in South Africa. While it is assumed that, by normal life standards, their origins and existence would not be questionable (due to the fact that we all possess the same colour of blood in the first place), it becomes of particular interest that peculiar aspects about them will always be visible. Despite names and distinct light complexions, which are

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<sup>1</sup>For the use and format of the word “kaffir”, see Molohe, (2004): pp170-171).



more extrinsic with such people, there is a more intrinsic kind of behaviour that will always remain questionable about them.

While it appears that the elderly will always be discreet about the origins of these people, it also becomes obvious that, regardless of their attempts to normalise the situation, the curiosity that the adolescents have at this stage conquers all. The power to question almost every little detail in the society that adolescents possess sends them on a journey to investigate the cause. The culmination of such quests can be symbolised by such attributes of which their tone sounds rather blunt, especially to intended recipients.

In *Dancing in the Dust*, this aspect is shown in the character of Mma Kleintjie who, for some reason, receives such titles as *lekhalate*, or *a witch* by some adolescents who won't really understand her behaviour.

On her side, Mma Kleintjie is embedded in historical, political signs of our South African society. In the novel she features to have suffered the consequences of some gruesome Acts which were passed during apartheid South Africa: the Segregation Act; the Inter-marital Act; and the Group Areas Act. Mma Kleintjie's agony is revealed by one of the elderly women in the township, Ausi Martha, who is tricked by Tihelo into revealing the truth about the existence of a coloured woman in a black township. The narration that Ausi Martha makes reveals Mma Kleintjie to have broken all the three Acts: she was once married to a white man being a *lekhalate*; she had a white offspring; and she once lived in white areas. She had therefore suffered the consequence of all the said acts because her husband had been snatched away from her; she had suffered forced removal from white areas; and she had been dispossessed of her white daughter, who seemingly had passed all the aptitude race tests.

The paranoia that Mma Kleintjie holds regarding Tihelo (presumably because of her light complexion) can be associated with her willingness to close the huge gap in the heart which opened up when her only child got snatched away from her.

Her existence in the novel can also be convincing to all of us in terms of the origins of coloured families that still exist even today in black societies. One striking aspect about these families is a fearless instinct to tell what is assumed to be a secret, like Mma Kleintjie does in the case of Tihelo's history.

### 3.2.2 Economic

The means of living in this novel can be divided into three categories: the working class, the middle class, and the upper class.

The **Working Class** includes men and women who work as domestic workers and garden boys in *missies'* apartments. These men and women solely depend on trains as a means of transport to work.

This is the class of people that cannot have full supervision of the progress their children have in schools because everyday they leave at dawn and get back very late when their children either have already retired to bed, or are at least assumed to be sleeping already.

This situation becomes pathetic when we learn that parents, in their long hours of absence, have their children engaging themselves in forced, otherwise unsavoury activities which include the following:

- Learning to operate in risky behaviours in the name of politics;
- Hanging freely with the opposite sex;
- Inevitably dropping out of schools on uncontrollable political accounts.

In this novel, there is only one option in which Mollope allows parents to somehow harness their children in their absence, that is, by commanding a woman from next door to be a watchdog to their children. The feedback they usually get from these occasions usually ranges from “I saw Keitumetse intimately holding hands with Mohau, to “I saw Tihelo going around the corner very early this morning – with some controversial youth”. The feedback of this kind allows the implicated parents to engage these children into performing economic activities (or something ‘useful’) that are believed will complement their parents’ meagre wages. This arrangement is seen in the case of Keitumetse and Tihelo, who get very strict instructions from Mma Kgomo to sell ice lollies, because there will be either a stay-away or school holidays sooner. Selling ice lollies, opening ‘Spaza Shops’ and selling vegetables in town (like Koko Diile) are generally means of generating extra income in this novel.

The **Middle Class** operates higher up on the hill because of their affordability to buy nice, big houses as opposed to their fellow black men and women who remain stuck in four-roomed houses of the dusty township. The fortunate have every reason to afford these houses because of their acquired middle class status as they are either nurses, or teachers, or policemen – or people who simply operate in syndicate games.

In this novel, Mama wa Thato (who is a nurse) and Papa wa Thato (who is a policeman) are an example of a middle class family. Besides their big, burglar-barred house, their status is confirmed even by their sending of Thato to an expensive Model C school in town.

There are many other luxuries that middle class families enjoy in this novel: visiting cool places and enjoying life by the beach side; driving nice cars; or at least affording an extra wage for a domestic worker. People from this class (and their children) normally behave like white families: the way they relate to less advantaged fellow blacks, which is different from how they would normally relate to a white person; the way they view the struggle; and so on. Take the case of Thato’s family: during mass political meetings, they are not there; when they have to deal with a troublesome black person, or to expose the filthy activities of black young *kaffirs* – they suddenly avail themselves. They choose to distance themselves from all the stupid actions of toy-toying, apartheid victims as they cannot see the point.

Thato herself suddenly changes her behaviour and attitude once she begins attending a Model C School: she no longer plays with friends she grew up with in the township and,

seemingly of late, she cannot even pronounce their names perfectly (Tihelo becomes T-hey-low) and begins to question their participation in the struggle.

The **Upper Class** is portrayed to have been naturally advantaged in this novel. This class appears to exist in areas far away from the dusty townships, that is, in town. These are the families whom men and women from the townships work for; as either garden-boys, or *girls*. It is in this way that men and women from the townships generate income for survival.

Seemingly, nothing affects these areas: there is no toy-toying; no sounds of guns, no mass funerals, no mass weddings, no State of Emergency declared – it is quite peaceful here.

The Upper Class homes are quite ideal to young boys and girls living in the dusty township. Tihelo confirms this view when she suddenly becomes reminiscent of herself, when she was still a little girl, visiting her Mama's workplace. One thing she remembers is that it was so quiet there. She remembers how her Mama had taken all pains making her (Tihelo) to remain silent, and to stop pacing up and down – in the *missies*'s house.

Model C Schools operate in these white areas, and boys and girls from middle class families move daily from the townships to attend these schools. Tihelo, as a child, had so wished to be a learner in a Model C School as long as she can remember. Now that she is a big girl she realises that had it been the case that she attended such schools she would be free (and would feel welcome) to visit her white schoolmate. She is so sure that there wouldn't be endless orders for her to remain silent, or to sit in one place, as she would be freely expressing herself in a language and accent known in these homes.

### 3.2.3 Political

*Dancing in the Dust* presents a series of critical political scenes, which become visible even from the very first scene of this novel, where young freedom fighters are looting a Government truck and are running for their lives from the dreaded police, while their parents are watching in fear through their windows. It is so obvious that the people in this novel are kept at a distance from their government, and in turn they engage themselves in risky behaviours of defiance. Defiance is normally shown by their reluctance to co-operate with the procedures of the government. The ruthless procedures of the government in this novel include, amongst others, the following:

- Forced, otherwise, unattractive means of education
- Imbalanced treatment of racial groups, to the detriment of Black people
- Unfair detainment of the so called troublesome *Kaffirs*
- Daily police raids in the township, which usually result in the detainment of people
- Brutal killing of people, *etc.*

As a result of such sagas sketched above, it has become a norm in the township to live a noisy life of toy-toying (by either learners or people from the working class)

characterised by the chanting of protest slogans; the use of abusive language; and the throwing of loose stones directed to police and their vans. This drama is normally followed by another one of shooting; dodging of bullets; or frequent banging of activists on other people's doors in search of safety from bullets, especially on days after the State of Emergency has been declared.

It becomes obvious that the response of people to unfair treatment by government in this novel is driven by their passion to manoeuvre power, while this acquired behaviour tends to drive their counterparts to degrees of pure anger!

The oppressors in the novel have set forth solid strategies to deal with daily havoc perpetuated by 'troublesome *kaffirs*', and they are so determined to deal with young *kaffirs* (pp170 -172). To execute their well planned dirty job, the oppressors have even developed a strategy of 'using a fish to catch another fish', which is phrased as 'ukufunzainja ngenye' in isiXhosa. This expression in the novel qualifies all the acts whereby a black person is put on the forefront to deal with another black person, and the setup is usually created by a white authority. This expression is seen in the actions of:

- *Ntate waThato*, who is always in the forefront in rebuking the toy-toying learners, and who seems to be the first one to pull the trigger on fellow black South Africans;
- Black policemen, who rebuke the traumatised crowds of black families on the night of the nightmare of the missing working men and women due to alleged shootings in trains after *shayile* time;
- Andries, whose role is to carry Tihelo in and out of the office of torture, and who is also a participant in Tihelo's attempted rape

One other interesting aspect about the police in this novel is their capability to let each other do what they are really good at, in terms of job division. Black police are not just submissive to their white counterparts, but also occupy lower ranks in the police structure. Their continued willingness to please their white bosses only translates into their superficiality on issues. Perhaps, this view accounts for people's loss of confidence in black police, followed by little respect for them. This habit exists even today.

### 3.3 Concluding remarks

The source-text analysis provided in this chapter presents an extent to which the translator interpreted the main events of this novel. It also determines the level in which the translator understood the intentions of the ST. This interpretation has been done in the interest of Newmark's view that the translator begins the process of translating by applying close reading for two purposes: to understand what the text is about; and to analyse the text from the translator's point of view, and not from the critic's or linguist's (see Chapter 2: 5.5). Newmark (1988) also raises another important view: that the ST analysis is about determining the way the ST has been written for purposes of selecting a translation strategy.

From the exercise of initially selecting the main events of the ST, the translator was able to determine Moloche's intentions. With this broader picture of the intentions of the writer, translating *Dancing in the Dust* would ideally not be a plod-on exercises whereby the SL's grammatical features would simply be replaced by the TL's grammatical features. An ideal situation of this willingness would be for the TT to have the same effect on TRs that the ST has on the SRs. However, the latter does not necessarily mean that the TT form must resemble the ST form, but an arrangement should be made in such a manner that the ST is enhanced instead, through the recognition of the uniqueness of the TT form and the TT culture.

Although it is so ideal that, for the purpose of this study, all the identified events in this chapter could appear in the chapter of annotations, it is quite impossible to do so, due to the fact that Moloche deployed these events in different sections (like any literary work would demand). However, the selected portion of the translation (which appears as Chapter 4 in this study), together with Chapter 5 of this study, represents the style of the whole translation.

## Chapter 4

### TRANSLATED TEXT

#### **Molope K L: *Dancing in the Dust***

Ngenye intsasa ndinkcenkceshela ingca, ndandihleli noTshepo sincokola ngemizobo yakhe awayeyizobile. Wandibonisa incwadana nje encinci, inengqokelela yemisebenzi ezotyweyo. Ndaziva ndimangalisiwe kukubona italente engaka. Umntu wayo wayekonwabela kakhulu ukundibalisela ngayo yonke into enxulumene nemizobo. Waye ndichazela ngabo bonke ubucukubhede bobuchule bakhe, izinto ezifana nokuchitha ubusuku bonke ezoba umfanekiso kaYesu eludongeni lwecawe yakowabo. Kuloo mfanekiso wawuseludongeni lwecawe yakowabo uYesu wayengqongwe sisiqhu sabantwana. Lo ngumfanekiso awayewenze kuba wayethenjise imali ngumfundisi wale cawe yakowabo. Yonke loo ncoko yaphela sele ndikruqile kukumamela la mabali angaye nemizobo yakhe, ndaza ndamcela ukuba siye kudlala omnye umdlalo. Kodwa wayengananzanga nto yamdlalo ngaphezu kokuba wayesoloko engathi ngumntu lo ufuna ukude andixelele into ethile.

“Uyakwazi ukwenza ibhombu yepetroli?” wavela nje wadlabhuka watsho.

Ndithe ke mna ukuphendula, “Hayi andikwazi, futhi ndiyazi ukuba nawe awukwazi.”

Wayekwazi ke yena ukuwenza amabali kanye ngale ndlela wayekwazi ngayo ukuzoba. Kwangoko ndazile ukuba uyawaza kwenza elinye ibali lokuzigwagwisa efuna ukuzenza umntu othile.

“Ndiyakwazi ndafundiswa ngubhuti. Uyayikhumbula laa nqwelo wayeyiqweqwedisile?”

Nje ukuba athi “ubhuti” ndavela ndazi ukuba eli liza kuba lelinye lala mabali “angoobhuti bakhe abangamagorha”. Kwangoko ndaphelelwa ngumdla.

UTshepo wayemhloniphe kakhulu ubhuti wakhe. Yayisuke ibe ngathi loo mkhuluwa wakhe kukuphela komntu owakhe wabaluleka ebomini – nto leyo yayisuke indenze ndibe nomsindo ngamanye amaxesha. Kusakuba njalo ndandivele nam ndibe sele ndikulungele ukubalisa amabali amathandathu abonisayo ukuba nodadewethu wayeyimpongo kwelakhe icala. Ngelo xesha uTshepo wayesele ezibeke phantsi phezu kwelitye elibomvu ecaleni kwakhe iincwadi zakhe waza wasondela kum, kubonakala ukuba unebali elishushu aza kulibalisa.

Kweso sithuba ke ndithe “Akakhange ayiqweqwedise inqwelo yobisi ubhuti wakho. Ubezigodukela ukwenzeka kwale nto. Nangoku ke uthathe nje ikhreyithi wabaleka wagoduka.”

“Ewe! Ewe! Uyiqweqwedisile – yena edibene noomakazi bam! Ndibabonile, bendikhona ukwenzeka kwale nto!”

“Ke ngoku? Itrakhi yona ayikhange ifakwe bhombu nje, kutheni undibuza ngebhombu?”

“Hayi,” waqalisa watsho, ilizwi lakhe sele libutshothoza. “Kodwa abantu ababekunye nabo – ndixela amaqabane – bayakwazi ukuzenza iibhombu. Sele iyiminyaka bezenza ngoku. Bayamfundisa ubhuti kuba ungomnye wamaqabane ngoku. Liqabane elipheleleyo,” watsho uTshepo eyisebeza le nto, waza woleka ngelithi, “kodwa bona abazali bam abayazi le nto.”

“Uthetha ukuba notatomkhulu wakho akayazi loo nto?”

Ndatsho ndikhwaza kwaye ndibonisa umothuko ngaphezu kokuba ndandifuna ukwazi.

“Hayi, akukho namnye ekhaya oyaziyo loo nto ngaphandle kwam. Oomakazi abayazi nokuyazi into yokuba mna ndiyayazi loo nto. Ubhuti wathi ndingaze ndibaxelele kuba bona bacinga ukuba ndisemncinci kakhulu.”

Ndaqalisa ukutsala-tsalana nento eyayikhangeleka okokhula lukhula apho phakathi kweentyatyambo.

Yayindicaphukisa iyonke le nto kuba ndandisele ndiqalisa ukumkholelwa; yayicacile into yokuba eli yayingelilo elinye laloo mabali wayethanda ukuwaqamba ngezinto azaziyo. Yandenza umona into yokuba ndifumanise ukuba uTshepo unesakhono esinika umdla nesikwanobungozi olo hlobo. Ndandicinga ukuba akukho namnye kuthi onokuba nawo loo mandla okwazi izinto ezinobungozi kangako.

“Ngoko ke,” waqhubekeka, engaphazanyiswa nakancinci ziinzame zam zokubonisa ukuba andinamdla kuyo yonke loo nto. “Uyafuna ndikubonise ukuba yenziwa njani loo nto?”

Ndashukumisa nje amagxa, waza yena wathatha ngokuba inokuba ndinomdla. Sahamba nje umzuzwana saza sachola ibhotile eyayilahlwe nje embindini wesitalato, igcwele wonke loo vobe wasenkunkumeni.

UTshepo wayithatha le bhotile wayingxala ngesiqingatha nje somhlaba. Sahamba kwakhona umzuzwana sikhangelela ilatshana nje esasinokulibhaqa. Walifumana ilaphu waza walithi nyenge nje apha ngaphandle komlomo lo webhotile.

“Asinayo ipetroli okwangoku, kodwa ke xa usenza le bhombu uthatha nje isixa sepetroli usigalele ebhotileni phambi kokuba ulifake ilaphu eli, ze untumeke incam yelaphu elivele ngaphandle, uhlukhle ibhotile ngamandla, wandule uyijule phaya.

Ndasuka ndanemincili kodwa ngaxalinye ndisoyika. Ndaqonda ukuba nabani onakho ukuyenza loo nto unamandla angummangaliso – kuba ezi bhombu zepetroli zazisele ziwise phantsi izakhiwo ezikhulu.

“Sisebenzise le ke xa besitshisa iposi kwezi veki zimbini zidlulileyo,” watsho esebeza uTshepo.

“Wena?”

“Ewe, mna nobhuti nabanye abafana abaninzi abaziintanga zikabhuti.”

Ndasuka ndanamasikizi, yangathi ndiyambona selethathwa yiveni isimka naye, echitha ubusuku esisiseleni etshutshiswa ngamapolisa. Yena ke yayimvuyisa yonke le nto, ebonakala enebhongo ngesiqu sakhe, kangangokuba zange aqaphele nokuba kukho into endidlayo ngaphakathi.

Emva koko, kanye ngokungathi uyayibona ingqondo yam iphala, woleka eqinisekile ngelithi, “Abasayi kuze basifumane! Uyazi ukuba senzani? Sahamba ngobusuku sasaba



apho phambi kokuba kubizwe amapolisa. Unangoku akukabikho namnye owaziyo ukuba ngubani kanye-kanye owatshisa iposi.”

Wonke umntu kakade wayesele evile ngokutshiswa kweposi. Eso yayisisakhiwo sikarhulumente, phezu kokuba zazimbalwa kakade ezazime kule ndawo. Kodwa ke kunokuba wothuswe sesi senzo wawunokuse umangale ukuba esisaseleyo kutheni zesibe sona asikatshatyalaliswa. Ukutshiswa kwazo zonke izakhiwo ezithi rhulumente yayisele isesona simbo saziwayo ngaloo maxesha. Yonke nje into ethi rhulumente yayitshatyalaliswa kunye neengcambu zayo. Amaqabane ayesele esonakalisa nje kwanto, phofu eso isisikhalo sokufuna uncedo ukanti nendlela awayewuthumela ngayo umyalezo wokuba urhulumente makakhulule abantu emakhamandeleni. Yayisel’icace nje mhlophe ukuba abafundi basesinaleni babesele beyiqonda into yokuba ukuqhankqalaza nje esitalatweni akwanelanga. Babesele beyiqonda into yokuba siya kusuka siphelele emakhitshini ngenxa yemfundo engasayi kusisa ndawo. Yayikwangabo nabo babezimisele ukumenza unxwe, bebila yimisindo, bezamana nokunqandana naloo ngozi yokubopheleleka emakhitshini.

Kodwa ke ndicinga ukuba mna noTshepo noThato, kanti nezinye iintanga zethu – sasingekazi nto ngelo xesha. Yona laa ncoko sasikhe sanayo noTshepo yandibonisa nje ukuba kwakusemnyama tu kum. Yasuka yandenza lusizi loo nginga, ndaziva ndibuhlungu kakhulu yile nto. Izixholo-xholo zona zazisele zibangele ukuba ndiphulukwe ngabantu abaninzi endandibathanda, ezinye zazo zindizela ndizihlelele eyadini ekhaya.

“Ingaba uyazi ukuba ngabantu abangaphi abafa mihla le kwezi jele ngenxa yokwaphula le mithetho yobubhanxa?” Watsho uTshepo kabuhlungu.

Wayeyithetha le nto ekhombwe emsebenzini wakhe, nditsho loo mizobo yakhe iqhankqalazayo.

Kanye ngelo thuba kwafika uThato waza kuhlala nathi apho phantsi esitya isakhasi enencasa yediliya. Wasibalisela wathi, “Ngoku besiy eDurban, ndiye ndathi ndiziwakela nje ebhitshini ndafumanisa ukuba wonke umntu undithe ntshoo endiqolozele, kodwa

andamfumana unobangela woko, de kweza ndoda ithile yomlungu kum yathi, “Asilolakho eli icala. Jika wena uye phaya. Naliyaa elakho icala.” Ndandisele ndidlwenguleke umxhelo kukubona ulwandle olucoceke olo hlobo, de loo mlungu wabe undixelele loo nto. Kunyanzeleke ukuba ndijike ndiye kwelinye icala eliya lomda, apho kwakuthe saa nje amaphepha neeglasi ezophukileyo. Beniyazi into yokuba aninakuhamba kwicala elinye nabelungu elwandle?”

Ndandingayazi ke le nto uThato wayethetha ngayo kuba ndandingazange ndakha ndaya elwandle ngaphambili, kodwa ndandingade ndisifumane ncam isizathu sokuba uThato asibalisele ibali elinjalo. Mhlawumbi ke leyo yayiyindlela nje yokubonisa ukuba ayingo Tshepo yedwa owayeyazi into eyayiqhubeka ngaphandle kwamasango aloo lokishi, okanye ke mhlawumbi ezama ukubonisa ukuba naye wayesazi nokuba zizinto zimbini okanye zintathu ngomthetho. Nokuba ke yayisesiphi na isizathu kwezo zimbini, ndiyacinga ukuba uThato weza nebali lakhe ngethuba elingafanelekanga, kuba endaweni yokuba elo bali lakhe liwucime umlilo lasuka lawukhwezela ngakumbi engqondweni kaTshepo, ekubeni mna ndandisazamana necebo lokumthibaza kuloo meko wayekuyo.

“Ngubani ke ococa icala labelungu?”, wabuza uTshepo ebindekile, kodwa engabonisi kumangaliseka.

“Mhlawumbi kaloku bona abalahli mfungu-mfungu nje kwelabo icala,” ndangenelela ndatsho.

“Ingaba khange ubabone besitya abo belungu ngeli lixa ubuphaya?”, wabuza kwakhona uTshepo, ebhekisa kuThato owayenemilebe eyayisele ide yajika yaba mfusa ngenxa yesakhasi leyo wayeyifunxa.

“Ewe ndababona besitya,” waphendula watsho uThato.

“Ke ngoku bawajula phi amaphanga eebhotile neeplastiki?”

“Mhlawumbi emigqomeni kaloku.”

“Ibikhona imigqomo kweli cala labantu abamnyama kolu lwandle?”

“Hayi, njengoko ingekho imigqomo yenkukuma *nalapha elokishini*, isezidolophini kuphela,” waphendula uThato.

“Yhazi, umalum’uJoseph ucoca izitalato edolophini. Lowo ngumsebenzi wakhe wemihla ngemihla.” Ilizwi likaTshepo lalisele lingcangcazela ngumsindo ngoku. “Ucinga ukuba aba belungu abanabo abantu ababacocela icala labo?”

Ndandiqala ngqa ukumva uTshepo ethetha engenabhongo ngomalume wakhe. Kuqala, ngokuya wayesakuthetha ngomalume wakhe osebenza *edolophini* wayemncoma kakhulu, kanye ngolwaa hlobo abanye abantu babedla ngokuncoma ngalo amadoda nabafazi ababesebenzela abantu abamhlophe.

Ndasuka ndaziva ndinxunguphele kakhulu emphefumleni. Kwasuka kwangathi kukho isigaqa apha emqaleni naxa ndandisazi ukuba andizi kukhala, kuba ndandingafane ndiyenze kakade loo nto. Ndaziva ndingakhululekanga mpela ndakuva le nto ngomhlobo wam osenyongweni, endaweni yokuba ndiyive ngomntu omdala oliqabane, okanye ngomntu ondingenabudlelwane naye.

Ndandiyicinga yona into yokuzibona sele ndithatha inxaxheba emzabalazweni, kodwa ndandingekayithatheli ngqalelo into enjalo. Ndandinga ndingahlala nje ndingazi nto ngeli lizwe, nto leyo yayiya kundenza ukuba ndingabe ndicingana nomntu endimthandayo sele ethathwa yiveni yamapolisa ngobusuku. Into eyayisele indikhathaza ngamandla kukuba, uTshepo wayesenokuvakala ngokomntu olinganisa nje omnye umntu – kuba ke leyo into yayifana naye – kodwa into eyayindoyikisa ngamandla kukuba avakale ngokungathi wayesele ecinge nzulu kangako ngayo yonke le nto sasithetha ngayo.

Wayesele engengombukeli nje ngoku, kodwa ekwalilo neqabane le-ANC uqobo. Asikuko nokuba yayindoyikisa into yokufumanisa ukuba umntu oselula olo hlobo ungene uthe zwabha kwezo zinto zinjalo. Kwakunzima kakhulu kum ukufumana esona sizathu sokuba ngeqbuliso ndimbone sele etshintshe olo hlobo uTshepo.

...Ekhaya ndafika uKeitumetse ehleli esitupini sangasemva esitya isonka esinepinabhatha, elumela ngeti.

“Iti?” Ndatsho ndizama ukuthi, “Iti kushushu kangaka?”

“Ke ngoku?”

Udade wethu, ngexesha lakhe lokufikisa, wayesele enento eyayisele ingaphaya kwaloo-

“Ke ngoku?” nalo-“Hay’ wethu ndiyeke mna”. Amaxesha amaninzi bendiye ndingamhoyi xa esenza ezo zimbo zakhe, ndisuke ndizixelele ukuba mandiye kuthetha nabantu abanamagila kunaye. Kodwa ngale mini, ndandimfuna ngamandla. Ndandifuna ukukhe ndifumane iimpendulo ezithile phaya kuye.

“Uyayazi into endiyiboniswe nguTshepo namhlanje?” Zange libe nampendulo elo, kodwa ndazinga. “Undibonisile ukuba yenziwa njani ibhombu yepetroli!”

“Uyazela phi yena loo nto?” Wabuza enganakanga nokunaka.

“Uthi ufundiswe nguMohau.”

Kunyaka odlulileyo uKeitumetse ukhe wanento yokuthanda ukuhlala noMohau, loo nto ibe ngabo bobabini kuphela kuloo ndawo bakuyo. Ukubizwa nje kwegama likaMohau bekuye kumenze abe nomdla, futhi akhangeleke onwabile yiloo nto. Ndiphants’ukuqiniseka ukuba nangale mini wayezama ukulufihla uncumo awayenalo ndakuba ndibize igama likaMohau.

“UMohau?” Watsho ngeliphantsi.

“Yha. UTshepo uthi ngabo aba babhombisha iposi.”

Yasuka yakhangeleka imvuyisa le nto udade wethu, endaweni yokuba imothuse. Wahlafuna nje umthamo wokugqibela wesonka esinepinabhatha waza waguquka wandijonga.

“Nyhani? Shee uMohau!”

“Uyingozi lo Mohau!” Ndasuka ndaya ndinxunguphala ngokunxunguphala. Andizange ndiyilindele ke le yona impendulo. Into endandiyifuna kukuba uKeitumetse alilisane nam, ayibone into yokuba siya kuphulukana nezihlobo singaqondanga xa kunje, ayiqonde nento yokuba simele ukuba ze siyithathele ingqalelo xa sisonke loo nto.

“Ndazi yonke into malunga nokutshiswa kwendlu yerente. Bendingekazi nto ke ngeposi leyo.”

“Indlu yerente?” Ndasuka ndaziva ndingcatshiwe. Ndingathini ukungazazi zonke ezi zinto?

“Zola, Tihelo. Uya kuthini ukwenza ngokungathi batshise indlu yakho, he!”

“Kodwa uTshepo usemncinci nje. Yinkwenkwana nje encinci, hayi iqabane!” Ndaqhankqalaza ndisitsho.

“Ewe kakade. Seyingamakhwenkwe amancinci nje atshisa ezi ndawo kule mihla. Leyo into ayindimangalisi konke-konke. Kodwa yena kuya kufuneka ukuba alumke kuba wona amakhwenkwe amancinci abethelwa oogqirha nezicaka ngamapolisa. Kaloku zona izinja azikhathali nokuba umntu kuthiwa mncinci kangakanani na.”

Olu hlobo lweempendulo lwalundenza ndixhalabe ngakumbi. Ndandingafuni nokuyazi into yokuba kanti abantu bayabethwa ezitalatweni. Iyonke le nto yayindenza ndizive ndixhalabe kakhulu. Yayiziiimbumbulu ebusuku, iziiveni zamapolisa emini, kwaye icace gca into yokuba ndim ndedwa owoyikayo. Ke bona UTshepo noKeitumetse babekhangeleka bengahlutshwa nakanye yile nto.

Kanye ngelo xesha ndiye ndee gwiqi ndiphumela ngaphaya kweyadi, ndaza ndazamana nento eyayinokundixolisa kuloo meko ndandikuyo. Ndahlala phantsi egeyithini ndazidlalela ngamatye. La matye ndawabeka azizicukwana ezimele iintsapho ezithile ukuze ndibe nakho ukubalisa amabali ngezi ntsapho.

UMama uLitye: *Yindlu yam le. Uya kuthetha ngolo hlobo kweyakho indlu, hayi ngoku usahlala kulo wam umngxunya!*

INtombi yelitye: *Mama, ndimdala ngoku. Ndingenza nantoni na endiyifunayo, kwaye ukuba unengxaki lolu hlobo ndithetha ngalo ndixolele ukuhamba!*

UMama uLitye: *Hamba khona ngoku! Phuma uphele apha endlwini yam. Uze ubuye wakuqweba isimilo!*

“Usoleloko uselangani na?” Ndeva ilizwi elandimangalisayo njengoko ndandisele ndingene nzulu ebalini lam. Isandla sam sasuka soma nko, sabanda ceke, saza saxhathisa sabambelela ntshi apha kumama uLitye. Ndandisoyika ngendlela engathethekiyo kuba zange ndaliva ilizwi elinjalo ngaphambili. Lalirhabaxa lilikhulu, kodwa ke ndandiliqonda ukuba lelomfazi kuba iimbadada zofele ezaziphambi kwesandla sam yayizezomfazi.

Kancinci nje ndawanyusa amehlo am ngomlenze owawukhangeleka wome nko, ilokhwe eluhlaza ime nje apha entla kwamadolo, nesisu sithande ukuthi qhukru kancinci. Amehlo am akhe ema apho umzuzwana nje, suka umama ulitye waphuncuka ezandleni zam, wee nka phantsi. Asuka amadolo am abusuka apha phantsi, waza umzimba lo wam wee

folokohlo eli lixa mna ndisiya kuwa bhaxa ngeempundu phantsi. Wayesenzani apho, eme kufuphi olu hlobo nje? Umama wam wayenokucaphuka xa wayenokufika kanye ngelo xesha. Mandibaleke – hayi mandimgxothe... kodwa ke uthethile! Ngubani owakhe wamva ethetha ngaphambili? Ndaqalisa ukusuka apho, ndabuya umva ndihamba ngeentende zezandla zam.

“Uyeza umama kanye ngoku!”

“Owakho umama? Umama wakho? Ha-a!” Watsho ngentsini-menyo.

“Ewe umama. Wathi masingaboze sithethe nawe,” ndamlumkisa ndisitsho. Kodwa yena wasuka wathi:

“Kakade watsho!”

“Tihelo!” Wakhwaza watsho uKeitumetse emva kwam. “Ngena! Yiba sendlwini ngoku!” Umama uKleintjie wasebeza wathi, “Andimoyiki unyoko,” wema apho ejamele udadewethu, owayemjamele yena kuqala. Ndaphakama ndabaleka ndangena endlwini. Ndiyacinga ukuba bema apho bejamelene benjalo, kungekho uthetha nomnye, de mhlawumbi uKeitumetse wakhumbula ukuba kanene wayengamelanga kujamelana nomntu omdala, waza wangena endlwini.

Ngobo busuku andizange ndizive ndonwabile. Ubushushu obabulapho benza kwanzima ukulala. Inqondo yam yayithatha ibeka, ndithi ndisoyikiswa yindlela umama uKleintjie andothuse ngayo nokuthi gqi qhaphu kwakhe kwindawo endingayaziyo kweli cala, ndibe kweliya ndidaniswa nakukuba ndingadanga ndambona kakuhle ebusweni. Ndandimana ndizibuza ukuba uthetha ukuthini xa esithi “Kakade watsho” yabe mna ndibe ndisazi ukuba umazi kakuhle umama. Ndaziva ndizisola ngokumbonisa ukuba ndiyamoyika, nto leyo ndiqonda ukuba yayisoloko isenzeka kakade kubantu abathe badibana naye. Yiloo nto kanye le yayimenza ukuba asoloko ezivalele endlwini. Enye into, xa wayekwazi ukusuka athi nyubelele okwenyoka ebantwini yayingenakundimangalisa into yokuba abe kanti ngumntu ongaqondakaliyo eluntwini.

Yeyona mini yakhe yande le ke kum. Kuqala ibe yincoko yam noTshepho, ngoku ngumama uKleintjie. Le yona imeko yandishiya ndinemibuzo engaphendulekileyo.

Ndasuka ndaziva ndisiya ndiba nguhata mpela ke ngoku. Ndandisuke ndanamasikizi nguMohau noTshepo, ndithandazela oku kokuba balubukele olu qhankqalazo bethe qelele, kanye le nto nam ndandiyenza.

Ndandisoloko ndicinga ukuba ndakuthi ndakuba mdala, sendigqibile nokufunda ndimkile naselokishini, ndibe yintatheli. Ndandifuna ukulijikeleza lonke ilizwe ndihambe ndifota abantu neendawo abahlala kuzo. Ndandiya kubhala amabali abo ndivele kumabonakude, ndibika ngendikubonileyo nendikuvileyo. Ndandisoloko ndimxelela umama ngephupha lam rhoqo emva kokuba ebuyele ekhaya ukusuka emsebenzini. Wayedla ngokubuya ngetreyini, ze afike apho endlwini ngongcwalazi, emva kokuma ixesha elide kwikhaliitshi lesithathu yonke loo ndlela isuka kwisikhululo iMarabastad ukuya kwisikhululo iMabopane. Olo yayiba luhambo oluthatha iyure yonke! Wayedla ngokundibalisela ngempumlo yakhe eyayisoloko isithi nca phantsi kwekhwapha lomntu othile yonke loo ndlela kwelo khalitshi lalisoloko licukene. Ngangendlela elaligcwala ngayo, kangangokuba abanye abantu babede bajinge ngaphandle kwezo ngcango zivulekileyo zetreyini.

Besiye sichithe injikalanga ke sihleli phandle sobathathu esituphini. Umama ubedla ngokolula imilenze yakhe lo gama udadewethu eyiqaba ngamafutha apholisayo. Besidla ngokuhleka kubebuhlungu iintumbu, sibuzo kumama ukuba leliphu ikhwapha athe wawongwa ngokulijoya ngaloo njikalanga ithile. Maxa wambi saside sibuze ukuba akakhange alilibale na itikiti itikiti, ze kubonakale ukuba makathubeleze engena esitishini ngomngxuma omkhulu oselucingweni ukuze abe ukhwele etreyinini.

Bekuye kuthi cwaka kuzole ngezi njikalanga. Xa kusehlotyeni besiye sihlale kwisituphu sangaphambili sibalekana nobushushu bangaphakathi endlwini. Thina noKeitumetse besiye simxelele umama ukuba siya kuba ziintoni xa sele sikhulile. UKeitumetse wayeyakuba ngumongikazi, kanye le nto wayeyifuna umama. Mna ke ndandikhala ngokuba ndiya kuba yintatheli ephume izandla.

“Yintoni ke oya kubhala ngayo?” Wayesakubuza atsho umama.

“Ndiza kuvela kumabonakude!”

“Ke ngoku yintoni oya kusasaza ngayo?”

“Ngamabali. Izinto ezinjengokuba kunjani ukufumana inkululeko njengaseKenya. Okanye yintoni abayenzayo abafazi bamanye amazwe ukuzenzela imali. Baphila njani abantu abamnyama eMelika, njalo-njalo. Ndifuna ukubona neBrazil. Ndifuna nokuya kuzo zonke iindawo!”

*“Ke, hamba kaloku! Ubuye undixelele ukuba batya ntoni na eBrazil, okanye ke banjani abantu abamnyama eMelika. Ubuye undixelele yonke into. Siya kube sesinaye umabonakude ngelo xesha. Mna ke ndiya kubiza bonke abamelwana bam baze kubona umntwan'am kumabonakude. Ndiya kuthi, 'Lowaa ke ngumntwana wam. Ubon'amazwe!’”*

*Wayeye ahambe nam ke ukuya kule Brazil yam yamaphupha, okanye ke asipheleke siye kwezo zibhedlela nezo kliniki zamaphupha zikadadewethu. Sasiye siye kunye apho, ubusuku emva kobunye, sihleka sitsiba-tsiba. Yayiba bubusuku obuhlwabisayo nobukhuthazayo obu, sicingana nezo ndawo sasingenakuthanda ukuzishiya.*

### **Isahluko sesine**

Kuloo mabonakude wamaxesha akudala wakuloThato kwakungasasazwa nophawu lwaloo qulukubhode sasimphila. Umnu. T no-Team A wakhe wayesele ezenzele udumo olungummangaliso kuba inkqubo yakhe neqela lakhe elisoloko liphumelela yayiyeyona sasiyonwabela kumabonakude. Sasiye sivuyisane naye ubusuku bonke. Ngosuku olulandela olu besiye sibuye sizibhakaxe ngo-*Dimillione tsa Keriri*, umboniso-bhanya-bhanya apha weSepedi wakwa-TV3 ongeqela lamadoda awashiya amakhaya awo aza ahamba malunga neekhilomitha ezilikhulu esiya kwindawo ebizwa ngokuba yiKeriri, apho ayesithi adimbaze ekhangela ityesi egcwele izigidi ngezigidi zeerandi – mali leyo yayisaziwa ngokuba yashiywa kuloo ndawo kwiminyaka emininzi eyadlulayo.

Umabonakude wayelelona lizwe lethu ledinga. Yayilizwe nje elalisenza umona kuthi babengenaye nelalibubuncwane kwabo babenaye. Elo lizwe ke leli sasikhule sicinga ukuba siya kuze sibe nalo. Nokuba ke sasikholelwa nyhani, okanye ke siziqhatha, sonke sasiyilindele into yokuba sisaya kuze singene kwelo zwe phambi kokuba siguge.

Nokuba wawusewudlule kangangeeyure ezingakanani loo mboniso sasihe sawonwabela kumabonakude sasiye sithethe singayeki ngawo, siphinda-phinda izinto esasisele



sizibonile, omnye komnye, ngokungathi sithetha nomntu ongazange wawubona loo mfanekiso uthile.

Emva kosuku olulandela olo ndandincokola noTshepo ngalo, nolulusuku olulandela loo njikalanga yodumo lweTeam-A, mna noThato sakhe sazipha ithuba sashukuxa le nyewe kaTshepo otshintshe buphuthuphuthu. UThato wayebhideke oku kwakhe. Sisobabini sasifunisela ukuba ingaba waqala nini na ngoku ukuzibandakanya kwizinto zokulwela inkululeko. Noko ndaye ndaziva ngcono ndakufumanisa ukuba noThato kuthe kanti yayimtya naye le nto. Mna noThato ke yayiyinto yethu ukucinga ukuba singoo-Solwazi noo-Nolwazi baloo ngingqi ngamanye amaxesha. Sasiye sihlale phantsi sixoxe ngento esicinga ukuba iyasifuna, side sivumelane ukuba siya kuyilungisa kunjalonje. lintlanganiso zethu zazibaluleke kakhulu. Yayisuke ibe ngathi urhulumente simthwele emagxeni ethu. Yonke nje imicimbi edla umzi sasiyithathela kuthi.

Emva kokuba sixoxe ngendaba kaTshepo, ndabona ilithuba elihle lokuba nam ndingaphalaza eyam imbilini apho kuThato

“Umama uKleintjie uthethile nam izolo!” ndaqalisa ndisitsho.

“He! Uthini na apha kum!” UThato wabamba ongezantsi. “Uthethe wathini?”

“Indlela abesoyikeka ngayo, kanye oku kukamam’uSenyoro,” ndatsho ndibhekisa kumlinganiswa okomnye umboniso weSepedi, igqwirhakazi apha elalisenza ngathi limpelesela abantu kuloo ngingqi, kanti lithetha ukuba liya kusuke libabe abo bantwana bakuba bephangele abazali. Umama wakhe wandixelela into yokuba into yokudyobha umntu ngobugqwirha yayiyenye yeendlela nje zokonyelisa abafazi babantu abamnyama ezilokishini, kodwa ke ndandiyicinga nento yokuba akanakukhathala xa eso sonyeliso ndisisebenzisa kumntu naye awayengamginyi kakuhle konke-konke.

“Uyazi, andizange ndayithetha ngaphambili le nto ndiza kuyithetha kuwe ngoku, kuba ibiya kusuke isoyikise kakhulu ngoko: uyayiqonda phofu ukuba zininzi izimbo ezifanayo phakathi kukamama uKleintjie nomam’uSenyoro? Bobabini bayabacaphukela abantwana kodwa basoloko begadene nabo, futhi ingulowo kubo bobabini uhlala yedwa, kwaye bobabini abathethi namntu.”

“Hmmm. Kodwa yena umama uKleintjie akakhe athethe namntu kwaphela. Noko yena umama uSenyoro ukhe ajikeleze ecela imisebenzi yokumpelesa,” ndazingela nje njalo.

“Kanene, uthi uthethe nawe – iyho-o-o! U-u...Ndiyacinga kufuneka umxelele umama wakho ukuze axelele umama uKleinjie ukuba aphume aphele apha kuwe.”

“Andiqondi ukuba ubethetha nam kuba efuna ukundenzakalisa.”

“Mhlawumbi kaloku ufuna nje ukukufaka emgibeni, ze ethubeni akube akufake phantsi kwebhedi ukuze ube sesinye sezithunzela zakhe,” watsho uThato. Yayisakunditsho ndibande iyonke le nto.

Ndandiya kuyithini into yokuba ithi kanti umama uKleintjie ufuna nyhani ukunditshixela andenze omnye wamakhoboka akhe? Le yona into yayisongeza elinye ikhasi kuloyiko endandinalo.

Kufuneka umxelele umama wakho. Awukade undixelelise le nto... uthi uye wathini?”

“Uthe, “usoloko uselangeneni na? Ndabe sele ndisiya kuwa folokohlo ngomqolo emva koko.”

“Iyho-o,”uThato wayevakala esoyika ngaphezu kwam. “Ubekade ekujongile lonke eli xesha.”

“Hayi. Usigade sonke! Ndiyamazi ukuba undigadile...gxebe, usigade sonke, kodwa khange ndiyicinge into yokuba angade asondele kangakaya. Le nto indenza ndifune ukumazi ngakumbi.”

“Myeke, kuba xa kunjalo uya kusuka akuxhwile singaze siphinde sikubone.”

Sasuke saxhumelana sangana saqinisena. Esi yayisisimbo sethu xa siziva sisoyika, kanye oku kwabantu abakhuselanayo.

“Kulungile ke,” watsho endiyeka uThato, “Masithethe ngenye into ngoku ukuze singoyiki kangaka.”

“Kulungile,” nditshilo, ndiziva ndihlaziyekile noko emva kokuba sangene. Kwesi sithuba ndicebise ukuba sikhe sithethe ngezinto zonyaka ozayo nangokuba siza kuya esinaleni.

Sasisele singxamele ukude sizibone sisesikolweni esinye sinoThato. Ndandifuna ukuba sikhe sithethe ngokuya kubhalisa esinaleni. Sasiza kube siyaqala ke ukubhalisa ngaphandle koncedo lwabazali bethu.

Ngeli thuba lale ncoko ke sasingqengqe kwizitulo zasesitiyeni kuloThato, kanye apha phambi kwengca eluhlaza yaka sisela isiselo ebandayo. Sasisenzelwe ngumama kaThato esi siselo, wasinika neebhisikiti ukuze silumele ngazo. Ndasuka ndaziva nditefisiwe, kanye oku komntwana omncinci, nto leyo yasuka yandonwabisa ngolona hlobo.

Ndandiyiqonda into yokuba simele ze senziwe imincili yinto yokuba siza kuya kuzibhalisa kuba kakade le yinto esasihleli siyinqwenela, maxawambi side sibe nomfanekiso wamaxa sesiziphilela nje ngaphandle koncedo lwabazali, nditsho mna sisekwibanga eliphambi kweli lokugqibela kwisikolo samabanga aphantsi.

“Umama uthi iMatseke sesona sikolo asothulela umnqwazi kuba inqununu yakhona iyakwazi ukuqeqesha abantwana. UKeitumetse ukwesaa sikolo kwaye uthi uyaziwa umthetho apho,” ndatsho, intloko le yam ibukroba apha elangeni, neso siselo sisihla kamnandi apha emqaleni. UThato yena wayezihlelele kamnandi emthunzini womthi we-aprikosi owawume esizikithini sengca le.

“Abazali bam bathi mandiye kwesaa sikolo nam, kodwa utata uthi ebekhe weva ngesikolo samaRoma esiza kubathatha nabantwana babantu abamnyama kunyaka ozayo. Mhlawumbi ke ndiza kuya apho mna, ukuba kunyanisiwe phofu. Ayimnandanga xa injalo?”

Ndasuka ndaziva ndonakele emphefumleni. Nangaphandle nje kwento yokuba ndandingazange ndayicinga into yokuba singaze siye kwizikolo ezahlukeneyo noThando, yayingekho indlela yokuba umama angaze abe nakho ukundithumela kwisikolo esisedolophini. Leyo into yayingenakwenzeka.

Ingenzeka njani into enje ngaleyo? Ndazibuza. Nale glasi yesi siselo yasuka yaba nzima kweso sandla sam sasingcangcazela, kodwa kwesi sithuba ndiba ndamva uThato esithi: “Kushushu kodwa namhlanje, akunjalo?” apho ndiye ndaphendula ndingafuni – emva kokuba ndiyibeke phantsi iglasi – “Ewe kushushu.”

Eneneni wena, ukuba kwakukho umntu ekwakufuneka aye kwezi zikolo, yayinguThato. Wayengomnye wabo bantu bafemeli zabo zixwayi ezimalini, kangangokuba isizathu sokuba abe kanti wayekwezo zikolo zabantu abamnyama yayikukuba wayenyanzelekile. Ukuba izikolo zabantu abamhlophe zazivulelekile kuthi wayeya kuba ungena apho. Leyo into andiyithandabuzi nakancinane.

Ndazixelela ukuba mandixole, noko into yokuvulwa kwezikolo yayisathe qelele. Lalingekafiki nexesha leKrisimesi. Iintsuku zam zehlobo nazo zazisende, kwaye ndizimisele ukuba ndizonwabele ngalo lonke ixesha. Kodwa ke, into eyandimangalisayo, kukufumanisa ukuba uThato lwalumvuyisa umingi-mingi lokuba angaya kwizikolo zabantu abamhlophe endaweni yokuba lumkhathaze. Kwakungekho nento ethi thiki kuye

malunga nokuba wandikhumbula xa singekho kunye kunyaka ozayo, engazange atsho nelimdaka malunga nezinto ebesinokuzilindela ngomnye komnye. Ndazibhaqa seyingathi ndim ndedwa onxubileyo yile nto. Yayisiya phi kanye-kanye le nto? Kuqala ibinguTshepo oye wavukwa zizimbo zokufuna ibe ngathi mna andimazi, ngoku nguThato ofuna ukundishiya enyanyeni. Ndandisafuna ukukhe ndiyivisisise ke le nto, ndikhe ndiqonde naphaya kuye ukuba akasenalo nesuntswana losizi lokuba eza kungena eziklasini yonke le mihla engandiboni mna. “Thato mfondini, uthetha ukuba ayinakwaphuka intliziyo yakho xa ungasandiboni egeyithini yakowenu yonke imihla kusasa ndikulindile, ndinxibe iyunifom efana neyakho, ndixwaye ubhaka ofana nowakho, ndizimisele nokuhamba nawe?” Ndaqhubeka ndicinga njalo.

Zange ndide ndibuze ke kuba ndaqaphela ukuba uThato wayesathabathekile ukuba angandihoya, njengoko kwakufanelekile kakade. Nabani na apha kuthi wayenokukhetha ukusiwa ngemoto edolophini kunokuba ahambe ngezihlangu ezipolishiweyo kwindlela enothuli yonke le mihla kaNkosi. Ngubani owayenokungafuni ukwazi ngezinto ezenzekayo xa uphakathi kwabelungu: Ukuthetha ulwimi lwabo uhleka nabo, ubatyelela nasezindlwini zabo? Mna ke, ndaya kwakanye jwi endlwini yabelungu, nakhona ndandineminyaka emine nje kuphela. Umama wayehambe nam sisiya ehesiniawayesebenza kulo ngelo xesha. Ndikhumbula indlela eyayintle ngayo loo ndlu: inamagumbi amaninzi, nepuli enkulu phandle.

Ndikhumbula ndifuna ukujikeleza ndingene kuloo magumbi kuba ndithabathekile, kodwa ndingena kukwazi kuba umama wayendiyale kakhulu ukuba ze ndidlale phandle ndingangxoli, ndidlale ndodwa de kufikelele ixesha lokuba sigoduke. Zange ndonwabe ngohlobo endandicinga ukuba ndiya konwaba ngalo apho. Xa sele ndiphinda ndiyicingisisa le nto ndifumanisa ukuba umama wayezondelele ukuba ndihlale ndilulamile kuba ndingafuneki nganto apho kuloo masango. Phofu ke, ndiyacinga ukuba kwakungena kuba njalo ukuba ndandiye ngokutyelela umntwana walapho kwelo hesi. Ndiyacinga ukuba umntu wayenokwamnkeleka lula xa enxibe iyunifom enye naleyo yomntwana walapho, nifunda iincwadi ezinye, nithetha nolwimi olusetyenziswa nakumabonakude njengabantu baloo ndlu. Ibiya kuba yinto emnandi nokuhleka kamnandi kulaa miboniso inabaphulaphuli abahlekayo phaya ngasemva. Besele ndicinga ke ngoku xa ezo zinto zisenzeka kuThato, ndibe mna ndingekho apho. Umhlobo wam

osenyongweni wayeza kuqala ubomi obutsha ngaphandle kwam. Inggondo yam yayisuke yema ngxi ndicingana nekamva lam, ndisuke ndaloyikisela. Zange ndiqonde nokuba ndandisele ndithule olo hlobo, de uThato wandishukumisa apha engalweni.

“Tihelo!” Wakhwaza watsho uThato. “Nankuya uTshepo.”

“Phi?” Ndatsho ndihlala kakuhle esitulweni.

“Nankuya esiya kuthenga isakhasi. Masimbize.”

“Tshepo!” Sakhwaza ngexesha elinye, waza wabheka nje esenza izangqa eziliqela ngomnwe wokukhomba emoyeni – uphawu lwaselokishini olubonisayo ukuba uyabuya kungekudala.

Emva kwemizuzu nje emihlanu, wabe sele ephuma kuloo ndlu kweso siphazashophu, emunca igaqa lesakhasi e-orenji. Wangena apha eyadini, weza ngqo apho kuthi, waza waya kuchopha ekupheleni kwesitulo esasihleli uThato.

“Beniyazi ukuba yi-Black Christmas kulo nyaka?” watsho ngentshisakalo enkulu.

“Yintoni ke leyo?” ndabuza ndatsho.

“I-Black Christmas ithetha ukuba siyayikwaya idolophu. Akukho namnye oya kuthenga kwiiivenkile zabelungu. Kuza kuthengwa kwiiivenkile ezilapha ezilokishini, into etheth’ukuthi ke akazi kubakho amabhaso eKrisimesi. Siza kube simvalile uhola wendlela oya edolophini ukusukela ngomhla wamashumi amabini anesithathu ukuya kutsho kusuku olulandela olweNyibidyala.”

Thixo wam! ndacinga njalo. Akazi kubakho amabhaso eKrisimesi? Wonke umntu mhlawumbi uya kube ekwimo edakumbileyo. Ngasiphi isizathu? Yonke le nto yayiseyidika ke ngoku. Ndandisuke ndaphakuzela, ndisoyika kakhulu. Ndandiyicinga nento yokuba amaqabane akasobe ayinikele umva ingcamango yawo yokwayo.

Inggondo yam yabuyela kwilizwi likaThato.

“Tshepo, kufuneka uyiyeke le nto yokuzifaka kwizinto zomzabalazo. Amapolisa aya kusuka akubethe kakhulu, akuvalele akugqiba,” watsho endijonga uThato, efuna ukuba ndimxhase.

“Ewe,” ndatsho ndityhafile. “Ayawabetha kakhulu amakhwenkwe angangawe. Ndiyive ngoKeitumetse loo nto.”

“Tshepo, usenokwenzakala futhi kule nto yalo mzabalazo. Kutheni ungaziyeki nje ezi tshomi zikabhuti wakho? Awusezi nokuza kudlala nathi mvanje.”

UTshepo wayengayinzanga nganto yonke le nto sasiyibhuda. “Esengaphandle kwamasango eli lizwe amaqabane: UMandela, uTambo noSisulu beseseluvalweni, thina bantu...”

Wayesel’eqalisa kwakhona, evakala ngathi uphinda amazwi omnye umntu xa eqala, aphinde avakale ngathi la mazwi aphuma entliziyweni yakhe.

Ndandifuna ukuba ayiyeke yonke le mfitshi-mfitshi, athethe kuphela ngemizobo leyo yakhe, okanye izinto nje ezinika umdla ababesakuzenza nooPeter namanye amakhwenkwe, ezingasenzekiyo ngoku.

Ngolo hlobo ndandizama ukubuyisela iingqondo zakhe kulaa nto ndandifudula ndimazi eyiyo. Ndazama ukumphazamisa mpela, ndaza ndaqalisa ukuthetha ngebhola ekhatywayo yasesitratweni, nomdlalwana apha obizwa njengorawundazi, nangamaxesha apho besiyekhwele emacingweni abantu sifuna ukufikelela kwimithi yeelamuni neyama-apile.

Ndazama kangangoko ndifuna ukumbuyisela ebuntwaneni kwakhona. Elo yayiliqhinga nje lam lokubaleka laa mcimbi woyikisayo wawusowugubungela impilo yethu.

Kwakucaca nje mhlophe ukuba uTshepo wayengeva nanye into kwezazisixhalabisa thina. Endaweni yoko wayesuka athethe angayeki ngezicwangciso zabo zokutshisa amatayara phakathi endleleni, ukwenzela ukuba kungabikho nanye imoto enokuhamba kuloo ndlela. Sasisiva ngokubhombishwa kwezakhiwo ezidolophini, nangendlela eyayisele icwangcwiswe ngayo into yokuba nathi siphile olu hlobo babephila ngalo abamhlophe. Sasixelelwa nangokuba – ukuba phofu sasiyazi eyona ndima yethu noThato emhlabeni – singancedisa njani kwezo zicwangciso.

Ekugqibeleni saye sancama noThato sayeka ukumbonisa, saza samcela ukuba akhe asiphe umtyhi kuba sifuna ukuzithethela izinto zobuntombi bethu.

Okunene wahamba, esithi ujonge nokuya entlanganisweni yamaqabane ngaloo njikalanga. Sasiziinkukhu ezisikwe umlomo noThato ngenxa yendlela esasisoyika ngayo.

### **Isahluko sesihlanu**

AMAQONDO OBUSHUSHU AYESIYA enyuka ngokunyuka neemini zithande ukuba nde. Iimvula zazisomba imingxunya ezindleleni ebusuku, ilanga lona liwugcada umhlaba

emini. Iinyawo zethu zazisitsha ukuba sikhe sathi cakatha nje endleleni sidlala, ngoko ke sasiye sizikhusele ngokuthi sidlale phantsi kwemithi emikhulu ngasemva eyadini. Uninzi lwethu lwaluqokelelana emthunzini lubalise amabali lusebenzisa amatye, okanye lusuke lulale nje apho lugobhoza, luxoxa ngeziganeko zaselokishini zakutshanje, okanye luthetha ngeendawo ezikude esasiya kuzihambela sakugqiba esinaleni, apho sasijonge ukuzakhela ubomi bethu khona.

Kwasisaqala nje ukwazana sasizazela singakhange sixelelane ukuba asinakuze sibuchithele ezilokishini ubomi bethu. Wonke umntu wayethetha ngamanye amazwe xa ebalisa izinto aya kuzenza akukhula.

Abantu babebokisana ngokuya kuthenga iisakhasi. Wawude unyibilikele kanye apha ezandleni zomthunywa loo mkhenkce de afike apho kuthi. Ke thina besiye sizixhiphule apha kuye ngokungxama ezo sakhasi zithontsiza zinjalo, kuba singxamele ukuba side sipholise imiqala yethu. Xa sele ziphelile besiye sihlale silinde nabani na ke onokuza necebo lemali yokuya kuthenga ezinye. Maxawambi umntu ubeye abe neesheleni ezimbini aziphiwe mhlawumbi ngumalume wakhe otyelele kowabo, okanye ngumhakhulu wakhe owamkela inkam-nkam – nkam-nkam leyo yayisiza emva kwexesha elide, ze aphinde loo mhakhulu ayifolele phandle emgceni omde kwii-ofisi zikarhulumente.

Umama kaKarabo wayenesirhoxo sevenkile egaraji apho wayethengisa isonka, iziselo, iitoti zeembotyi, ispagethi nenyama enkonkxiweyo, iilekese neetshipshi. Xa esemsebenzini edolophini, esi sirhoxo sasiye sivulwe ngumakazi kaKarabo. Xa uKarabo ethe wancedisa phaya ethilini ubedla ngokuzithathela iisheleni ezintlanu. Kwiisheleni ezintlanu kwakuphuma iisakhasi ezintlanu ezazisonela phantse sonke, kuba ingulowo kuthi ubeba nalo isuntswana lakhe. Ezi yure zokuba sihleli nje phantsi komthi we-aprikosi zazisele zifikelela esiphelweni kum nodadewethu.

Ngobunye ubusuku bangecawe umama esa-ayina iyunifomu yakhe yomsebenzi – ilokhwe epinki enemigca emhlophe kunye nefaskoti yayo – wasixelela elinye icebo abanalo yena nomakazi wethu owayehlala eRhawutini ngam noKeitumetse.

“Ayikho into eniyenzayo ngaphandle kokuthetha ububhanxa phaya phantsi kwalaa mithi,” watsho bucaphukarha umama, efinye neentshiya. “Ndithethe nomakazi wenu lo

useRhawutini, kwaye sisobabini naye lowo siza kuqinisekisa ukuba nizichitha nisenza into ebambekayo ezi holide.”

UKeitumetse, owayesele efudumala kakade ngumsindo, wagadlela esithi, “Yintoni ke leyo nifuna ukuba siyenze? Akukho nto ndiya kuyenza nezihlobo mna kulo nyaka.”

Umama waphantsa wayiwisa esitovini samalahle loo ayini wayeyiphethe. Wabambelela esinqeni ndabe sele ndisondele ngasemnyango.

“Keitumetse, kukho abafazi bathathu kulo mzi, yabe ke mnye kuphela phakathi kwawo ongumama. Ingaba nguwe ke loo mama?”

Ekumangalisweni kwam, ndiba ndambona udadewethu ebhedulula amehlo. Sithesajonge leyo nomama, uKeitumetse akathetha nelimdaka, kucaca nje mhlophe ukuba akoyiki ngokoyikiswa njengoko ndandinjalo mna.

“Ndiyabuza. Ingaba nguwe umama kule ndlu?” waphinda watsho umama esondelela kufutshane kuKeitumetse, owayehleli phantsi esolula iinwele zakhe ngekama yokolula.

Hay’bo! Ndacinga njalo. Lwaluselungaphandle komnyango wekhitshi kakade olunye unyawo lwam, umzimba lo wam ujongene negumbi lokulala.

“Yhe mama...,” waqhankqalaza watsho uKeitumetse.

“Ndim oza kubona ukuba wenza ntoni okanye awenzi ntoni kweli hlobo, kwaye loo nto ayizi kuba kokwaa kuhlala phantsi kwemithi emikhulu nithetha izinto ezinganifuniyo, okanye nibambana noMohau ngezandla.”

Loo mazwi amtsho wayinkukhu esikwe umlomo udadewethu. Kona kona wayengenakho ukukhanyela ukuba wayenento yokwenza noMohau, kwaye loo nto wayengafuni kuyiva iphuma emlonyeni kamama.

“Nina nobabini nichitha ixesha elininzi nijikelezana nala makhwenkwe. Amakhwenkwe ke aza kunitha umoya omdaka, anifake kweyona yakhe yankulu yona ingxaki.”

Phofu kwa-mna ndandiyazi ukuba yeyiphi loo ngxaki. Ndingathi, ndandingayichani ncam ukuba ayeyenza njani into yokufaka umntu engxakini amakhwenkwe, kodwa ndandisazi ukuba inkulu indima awayeyidlala ekwenzeni ukuba iintombi zithunyelwe koomakazi bazo ezilalini, ahlale ke apho ixesha elide.

Ezinye iintombi bezisaziwa ngokuphuma esikolweni kangangonyaka ngenxa yaloo ngxaki inye. Kwakufuneke ziphinde iiklasi ukubuya kwazo kwabo makazi bazo. Mna



noThato besiye sithethe ngokuba asifuni nto yakwenza nezo ngxaki zinjalo. UKeitumetse, kwelakhe icala, wayengakhangeleki eyoyika loo ngxaki.

Le nto imdibanisa noMohau yiyo kanye le yayimenza ukuba achithe intsasa le yonke ezijonge esipilini phambi kokuba aphume endlwini.

Ngamanye amaxesha bekufuneke ndimazisile xa uMohau elapho esitratweni, phambi kokuba azikhethela into yokunxiba. Wayeye ke awunduze etshayela loo yadi inothuli enxibe enye yezo mpahla zakhe zintle xa esiya apho kuMohau esitratweni. Yayindimangalisa ke le nto kwaye yayindicaphukisa kakhulu. Eyona nto yayindidika ngakumbi kukuba yonke le nto yayivele ibe sisiquphe nje. Ndisuke ndixakwe ndingamazi kakuhle uKeitumetse, abe ngathi utshintshe ngobusuku.

Ngenye imini wasuka wangumntu ongathi akazihoyanga ncam, akawakhathalela amadolo akhe agruzukileyo, edlala enganxibanga nezihlangu ezi. Wonke umntu wandithembisa ukuba ndiza kumazi kungekudala unobangela, kodwa ndithe nje ukuba ndicinge ngomama sele endijongele oko kumangaliseka kwam, ebonisa ukuba akavumelani nam kule nto, ndarhoxa.

Icacile into yokuba umama wayebamba iingqunquthela ezithile zabucala nabamelwane, kuba noxa wayechitha iintsuku zonke zeveki esemsebenzini, wayesazi kakhulu ngendlela esizichitha ngayo iimini ezi lo gama esemsebenzini yena.

“Tihelo, nawe kufuneka ungaphinde uzidibanise nala makhwenkwe. Andisoze ndiyivumele into yokuba abantwana bam bafunde ukwenza iibhombu zepetroli. Andinalo ixesha lokuya kukroba abantu eziseleni.”

“Khangen denze bhombu yapetroli mna,” ndatsho ngelobuntwana.

“Ungaphinde uye kulaa paki,” watsho endijonga ngohlobo elandenza ndaqonda ukuba ethethile nje uthethile.

Ndandisathi makhe ndizamle suka uKeitumetse weza ngelithi, “Umama uKleintjie waye weza apha ngenye imini. Wathetha noTihelo ndaza mna ndamgxotha, kodwa wasuka wema phaya wa-”

Kwesi sithuba ndiyaqonda ukuba iminwe kamama yasuka yathamba yaza yayekelela, kuba ndive nje isandi se-ayini ibetheka phantsi, yabe ke ndandisazi ukuba ayijulwanga ngamabom. Zange ibetheke ngamandla phantsi. Loo ntsimbi ishushu yaya kulala ngecala kude kufuphi nonyawo lukamama.

“Intoni...Wayeze kwenza ntoni apha? Tihelo!! Wathini kuwe? Wena waza wathini kuye? Andizange nditsho kuwe ukuba ungaze uthethe nalaa mfazi? Ungaze!”

“Ndamxelela ukuba wena uyeza. Ndamxelela ukuba wena akufuni ndithethe naye.”

Ndacenga ndisitsho, ndiziva ndimonyanya umama uKleinjtie ngokusondela kum.

“Wathini? Ndixelele. Ndixelele yonke into.”

“Mama, akukho nto wayithethayo. Wathi nje mandisuke elangeni kuphela.”

Wathi nqumama wandilozela. Ndandicinga ukuba ucaphuka nyhani, kanti ngasizathu esithile wasuka wakhangeleka okomntu obindekileyo kunokuba ecaphuka ebusweni.

Wabe sele endiyalela ukuba ndilungiselele ukulala, nelizwi eli lakhe sele libuye lathamba noko kunakuqala.Ndavuyela nje ukuba ndide ndaphuma kwelo khitshi.

Ngeli xesha ndisebhedini ndiba ndamva umama enqonqozisa uKeitumetse ukuba andigade.

“La mfazi angaze wathetha naye nomnye apha kuni. Asingowokuthenjwa tu. Undincede nje ngaloo nto.”

Emva kweentsuku ezintathu kwathi gqi ndoda ithile esingazange saba nakuyinakana. Yangena ngomnyango wangasemva iphethi iiplastikhi ezimbini zigcwele ziidoli.

“Zezenu ezi zinto,” yatsho isinika iiplastikhi ezimthubi zakwaCheckers. Ndayipha amanzi ngeglesi. Yandibulela ngembeko enkulu, yaza yathi yakuba ibhabhayisile yemka ngokukhawuleza.

Makube elo yayilelaa cebo umama wayekhe wasithela tshuphe ngalo malunga nokuchitha iiholide kwethu sisenza into ebambekayo. Kwathi kanti umama benomakazi baye benza amalungiselelo okuba sithengise iidoli, nto leyo yayithetha ukuba kwakuya kufuneka sihlale endlwini imini yonke ukulungiselela abantu abeze kuthenga. Ngobo busuku wabeka imiqathango: kwakungafunekanga sihanjelwe ziitshomi ezingaphezu kwesibini ngexesha; kwakungafunekanga simnke endlwini nanini na; Sasimele ukuthenga isonka nobisi kwakusasa ukwenzela ukuba singabe sisiya ezivenkileni apha ekuhambeni kwemini; kwakufuneka siyivalile igeyithi siyeke ukuthengisa lakutshona ilanga; Mna ke lo mzuzu, ndacelwa ukuba ndenze uphawu oluya kuxhonywa egeyithini ukubonisa ukuba sivulile.

Eli ke yayiliqhinga lokusisusa esitratweni ngezo holide side sibuyele esikolweni kunyaka olandelayo. UThato yena, ngokwemiqathango kamama, wayenokuza kudlala yonke

imihla. Kodwa ke ngokunokwethu kwakufuneke ukuba uThato akhe asishiye ngamanye amaxesha, aye kuqonda ukuba benza ntoni phi abanye abantwana, kuba wayeya kusuke adikwe kukuhlala endaweni enye engenzi nto, yonke le mihla. Ndasuka ndaziva ndimcaphukela kakhulu umama ngale nto, ndiqonda ukuba usikhonkxe, wasithathela inkululeko yethu.

Noko kunjalo, ndandingafuni kumtshikilela kuba ndandisoyika ingqumbo yakhe. Ndandimxabise kakhulu, nditsho nangaphezu kokumunca isakhasi xa ilanga likhupha iintlanzi emanzini.

### **Isahluko sesithandathu**

KWATHI KUFIKA IXESHA leKrisimesi yabe ilucwangco ezitratweni. Wonke umntu wayesele evile ngesicelo samaqabane sokuba iivenkile zabelungu mazikwaywe. Sisonke ke sasesihleli emakhaya sisoyikela into embi eyayinokusehlela. Le yayiyeyona Krisimesi yakhe yambi kwendakhe ndaziva: kwakungekho ziyolo, kungekho zimpahla zintsha, kungakhangeleki nokuba ukho owayephumile ukuya konwabela iiholide kwezinye iindawo. UThato wayendibalisele ngokufika kwamaqabane athile amathathu kowabo eze kulumkisa abazali bakhe ngokuba bangaphumi batyelele ezindaweni, bechithana neemali zabo kumashishini abelungu. Umama kaMohau noTshepo wayebuyile, eza kukhe ahlale iiveki ezimbini nosapho lwakhe, kuba elo yayikukuphela kwexesha awayefumana ngalo ikhefu emsebenzini wakhe wasemakhitshini. Kaloku *umissies* wakhe wayefuna ukuba asoloko elapho ehesini ukuze acoce, apheke nokupheka nangaliphi na ixesha befuna bona.

Ndandiyincoma kwale nto yokuba umama yena ekwazi ukubuya yonke imihla, nokuba na loo nto yayithetha ukuba masimbone ixeshana nje ngemini – ukuba saside simbone ke phofu.

Ngaloo mini umama wapheka inyama yenkukhu nerayisi. Ezo ndidi zimbini zokutya zazixela nje into yokuba kukho into ethile ebalulekileyo eyenzekayo ngaloo mini. Sasingafane siyitye inyama yenkukhu phakathi evekini. Sasiyitya ngeeCawe kuphela. Yona ke irayisi yayikwenza ubonakale okomntu unemali kuba yona yayibiza kunomili-

mili. Le meko yalapho ezilokishini yayindigulisa – yayiba ngathi kuziliwe ngeCawe. Abantu babehlala phandle bephulaphule iindaba zangeCawe ezinomdintsi koonomathotholo abavulelwe phantsi kakhulu.

IKrisimesi ke lelona xesha belisoloko libaluleka kakhulu ebomini bam – kodwa ke yayiza kuba yi-Black Christmas ke ngoku – ndiza kuqala ngqa ukuthi nditya yona kuloo nyaka. . Ndasuka ndacinga ngezihlobo zam endandiza kuphulukana nazo, kuba uThato noTshepo babeza kuthatha khondo limbi, kude lee kum: uThato yena wayeza kufunda kwesinye isikolo, ukanti uTshepo yena wayeselethinjwe yile nto yakhe intsha yalo mzabalazo . Iminyaka yethu yobuntwana neyayisekelwe ebunyulwini ndandiyibona isimka namangabangaba aselwandle ngequbuliso.

Umama wayiqaphela into yokuba andonwabanga, waza wazama kangangoko ukundonwabisa ngokuthi uza kusenzela ikhastadi nepudini. Zazisinqabele kakhulu ke ezo zimuncu-muncu ekhaya. Ngale mini ke sasihleli sobathathu: indim ingumama noKeitumetse, etafileni yasekhithshini simamele umculo nokukhala kwamacephe ethu nje kuphela. Akukho namnye kuthi owayenento eninzi yokuthetha: gqaba-gqaba nje abe mabini mathathu omnye komnye, ibe ke iphelele apho incoko.

Yathi iqina loo mini kwabe kuvakala ngathi leyo iya kuba yenye yezo mini zazinokujika zibe mbi kakhulu okanye zisuke zibe mnandi kakhulu. Ngelo xesha ndandiziva ndidakumbe ngeyona ndlela, kangangokuba ndandingasakhathali nokuba iye yaphela njani na loo mini. Yayikho itoyi-toyi evakala kude kufuphi apho ekhaya, kodwa ke amaqabane zange ade aze kufikelela kwesi sethu isitrato. Into esasiyiva ludlwabevu lwegwijo, kodwa kuba thina kwakufanele sihlale ekhaya silinde abantu abaze kuthenga, zange side sibone ukuba loo mazwi ayephuma koobani na.

Babesele bebaninzi abantu ababanjiweyo, kangangokuba kwathi kufika usuku lweNyibidyala sabe siqikelela ukuba isiqingatha sonke sabazali asazi ukuba abantwana babo baphi na. UMohau yena wayesejele ngaphandle kwamathandabuzo, kuba wayekho umntu othi wawabona amapolisa esimnka naye. UTshepo yena wayekowabo kuba wakwazi ukuqhawula kuloo mbhodamo, kodwa wayegruzuze kanobom enemikrwelo

nalapha emilenzeni. Ubuso bakhe babugcwele ingqumbo nentiyo. Wawungenakuze ukwazi ukumjonga ungawabalekisinga amehlo. Yayiseyingathi yiminyaka emininzi eyagqithayo ukugqibela kwethu ukudlala elangeni kuloThato. Ukumbona ekuloo meko uTshepo kwandenza ndaye ndiyicaphukela ngakumbi le nto intsha wayesele enomdla kuyo. Wayesiya ekhula ngokukhula, esiya eba yindoda ekhohlakeleyo, eli lixa mna ndandifuna ahlale eyilaa nkwenkwana ndandikhule nayo.

Unyaka omtsha wokuvulwa kwezikolo wakhawuleza ngeyona ndlela imangalisayo ukufika. UThato wazigqiba iinyanga zokuqala engafuni ukubiza nelinye igama lesiTswana kuba esithi akavunyelwa ukuba athethe ulwimi lwakhe e-Ascension Convent, isikolo sakhe sitsha. SisiNgesi kuphela esasivunyelwa apho, kwaye oonongendi babengahleki kwicala lokohlwaya abo babengayithobeli imithetho.

Ndandingakwazi tu ukumelana naye encokweni kuba isiNgesi sam sasinqabile, babe ke buyaqala ukupotyalaka ubuhlobo bethu ngolo hlobo. Wayede awabize ngokwesilungu namagama ethu, esithi xa endibiza “T-hay-low,” yena ezibiza “T” qha. Wayebizwa “T-girl” lelo hlokondiba leetshomi zakhe zintsha. Ndandingenamdlawazo tu kwaphela, nto leyo yayisuka indenze ndiye ndibhekela ngokubhekela kuloThato – kuba kwelinye icala ndandingakwazi ukuthetha nazo, kwelinye zindicaphukisa ngale nto yazo yokuthetha ngeempumlo.

Enye into ndandidiniwe kukuva ngempakamo yabantwana abaya kwezi- “Multi-racial Schools.” Loo nto yayindenza ndizeye. Ndandingasakwazi nokuthetha ngeefestile zesikolo sethu ezaphukileyo; ngokucoca amagumbi ethu okufundela ngokwethu; okanye ngokuba saza sahlala endlwini asaya esikolweni ngenxa yokwayo oluqhubekayo.

Ezi zikolo zabelungu zazahlukile kwezi zethu, kuba thina sasisohlwaywa ngoswazi. Ndandisendiqhelile ukuva izithonga zemipu apha emini, ndisoyika nokoyika – kangangokuba ndandisele ndisiva nesintywizisi xa sinuka, nokuba sekusithiwa sikude kangakanani na.

UThato wabe sele ekhawuleza esithi “siyabhoxa”, “asifuni kuya sikolweni”. Ndandinga ndingaya apho wayesiya khona yonke le mihla, kuba loo nto yayimenza angayiva le nto sasiyiva thina apha ezilokishini. Loo nto yade yamenza walibala mpela ngento

eqhubekayo apha ekuhlaleni. Yayisele indidike mpela le ndawo ndandihlala kuyo, kangangokuba ndandisithi xa sele ndidiniwe zezo zixholo-xholo, ndidikwe nayiloo nto yokumana ndizimela emva kwezindlu zabantu. Ndandiye ndizibone sele ndivumelana noThato ngamanye amaxesha. Ndandiye ndizixelele ukuba abafundi bayabhoxa nje kuba bengafuni kungena emagumbini okufundela.

Yayingekho into endinokuthi yayingena esikolweni. Into endandisoloko ndicingana nayo sisikroba sokuphumela esikufuphi negumbi lam lokufundela; okanye ngowuphi undlela-mfutshane obuyela ekhaya endinokumsebenzisa xa sele isina loo mvula yezintywezisi. Akukho bani ndinokuthi ndandiqhogene naye ngelo xesha, kuba iitshomi zazisanditshikilele okwelo xeshana. Kwakusisithukuthezi esingummangaliso apho esinaleni. Ngephanyazo ndaziva sendiphila isintw'esidala, kwaye oko kwakungaginyisi mathe kwaphela!

Ngenye imini uTshepo – owayesele efunda kweso sikolo ndandikuso ngelo xesha – waza nengcamango yokuba sisebenze kunye sisenza izikipa namaphepha, zinto ezo zaziza kunceda amaqabane ekubhengezeni iintlanganiso nee-rali zawo. Ngelo xesha ndandisele ndilangazelelze ukwenza kwanto endicinga ukuba ibhadlile. Zazisele ziqengqelekile neeveki singasafumani misebenzi yasekhaya kootitshala. Ngoko ke ndasithakazelela esi sicelo sikaTshepo, ndisithi ndingathabatha inxaxheba nakuyiphi na into eyenziwayo, kodwa ndanqonqozisa ukuba angaze ayive umama loo nto.

Nam ndandisele ndiziva ndilangazelela ukusoloko ndikufutshane noTshepo emva kwalo lonke elo xesha singasabonani kakuhle. Sasisele singezotshomi kangako noThato, kwaye ndisazama ukuzitshomanisa noKarabo. Ngoko ke ndaqala ndayibeka imeko yam kuTshepo phambi kokuba ndivume ukuncedisa ezintweni zamaqabane. Kwacaca ukuba sinoTshepo kufuneke sibe kwiphulo elithile lokuzama ukujika indlela endiwubona ngayo umzabalazo kuqala.

Ngentsimbi yesithandathu rhoqo kusasa, nomama sele emkile ukuleqa itreyini yecala emva kwentsimbi yesihlanu, uTshepo wayeza kub sele emi komnyango elindele ukundithatha andise kwii-ofisi zamaqabane. Utat'omkhulu wakhe wayeza kusazi

njengabantu abangena isikolo seBhayibhile rhoqo kusasa, njengoko sasiqhele ukwenza njalo kakade sisekumabanga aphantsi. Naxa ebuza umama ndandiza kucula loo ngoma inye. Ndiyacinga ukuba umama waba nalo urhano oluthile, kuba wayemana ukundilumkisa ngokuthi angaze afumanise ukuba ndiyaxoka ngoku kuhamba kwam isikolo seBhayibhile rhoqo ngenj'ixukuxa, kodwa ke emveni kwethuba akazange abuye abuze nto.

Ngosuku lokuqala leli phulo lethu sinoTshepo sahamba kangangesithuba samashumi amabini emizuzu sisiya kwindlu eyayimelene nelokishi eyayifana nje nabanye oo-*four room*. Ndandilindele ukuba noko le ndlu ibe nophawu oluthile ngaphandle, okanye ke kubekho into nje evakalayo exelayo ukuba ufikile ke ngoku kundlunkulu wombutho wabafundi we-ANC, i-South African Student's Organisation, i-SASO ke ukutsho. Kwakukho iloni eluhlaza yaka, ibonisa ukuba ikhathalelwe. Kwakungekho donga luphakamileyo, kungekho nantoni na ke ebonakalisa ukuba abanini-ndawo bahoye izinto zokukhuselwa ezintshabeni. Eneneni wawunokude ucinge ukuba yindlu nje yefemeli ethile le, apho kukho nje ucwangco.

UTshepo wandixelela sisesendleleni eya apho kundlunkulu ukuba ngahle amaqabane angazi ukuba siyeza, njengoko kwakungafane kufike mntu engafowunanga apho, okanye ke ukuba kuthe kwakho abantu abaze bengafonanga babeye babize ikhowudi ethile. Ke yena uTshepo wayengayazi naloo khowudi. Kodwa ke, ukho lo mntu wayesoloko egadile apho, ngoko ke saba nethemba lokuba noko yena uya kusibona.

SinoTshepo sasisakungena kundlunkulu sinxibe mnyama-namhlophe (iyunifomu yazo zonke izikolo zaselokishini). Emnyango sasiye sihlangeane nenkwenkwe ende neyayikhangeleka ikule ntanga kadadewethu. Yayisoloko inxibe isikipa esibhalwe "Release Mandela" ngaphambili, esinomfanekiso webanjwa phezu kwaloo mbhalo. Rhoqo xa singena yayisakuthi, "Viva ANC viva!" ze thina bangenayo siphendule sithi, "Viva!"

Zange ndakhe ndaziva ndikhululekile xa ndikule ndlu. Ngamanye amaxesha ndandide ndiphathwe ngumvandedwa, ndisuke ndoyike. Wonke umntu walapho wayenobubele de nawe uzive ukhululekile.

La maqabane ayesithatha njengoomancane thina noTshepo, esibiza busiteketisa, esithi “maqabanana ethu”. Yayingekuba andiwathandi wona. Ndandiyiqonda into yokuba ndandiwathanda kona ukuwathanda oku.

Ndandiye ndiqaphele nto ngeentombi ezi zalapha: zona zazixatyiswe kakhulu ngabafana aba. Nazo ke zazisoloko ziququzela zilungiselela izinto ezibalulekileyo eziya kwenziwa, kwaneentlanganiso eziya kubizwa.

Enye into endandiyithanda apha kundlunkulu ngamavumba amnandi ezonka ezibhakwayo naweekofu asuka ekhitshini. Amaqabane ayeye asiphe nathi ezi zibiliboco.

Eyona nto ndandingayithandi ncam ngale ndlu kukuba apha ngaphakathi kwakungafani naphaya ngaphandle. Kwakungade konwabeke ncam. Ndandisoloko ndibambe igazi ngenxa yolwazi lokuba kusoloko kukho into ethile enobungozi ekufuneka siyenzile. Ndandibanamaxesha okuba ndibone ngathi sibeka nje ubomi bethu esichengeni. Wonke umntu wayesebeza xa ethetha apho. Amaqabane ayesiyalela ukuba sizame ukwehlisa amazwi xa sesingaphakathi apho endlwini. Ndandisoloko ndibambe amazinyo ndicinga ngamapolisa awayesenokufika nangawuphi na umzuzu agqogqe loo ndlu. Kum yayisuke ibe ngathi sizinqikela nje ilitye elineembovane.

Ndandimadolw’anzima ukusivuma isicelo samaqabane sokuba sibe lapho kundlunkulu kangangeenyanga ezintandathu phambi kokuba ibe ziiholide zeyeSilimela – sibhala izibhengezo noTshepo.

Ke yena uTshepo wayezihombisa ezi zibhengezo esebenzisa izakhono zakhe zokuzoba. Owam ke umsebenzi yayikukubhala uluhlu lwezinto ezazisele ziqhubekile, kanti ke nezazisaya kuqhubeka. Ngamanye amaxesha ndandiye ndincedise uThabang – laa nkwenkwe yayidla ngokuma emnyango inxibe isikhipha esinoMandela – ngokubhala iileta zeendaba. Kwezi leta, okanye kwezi zibhengezo kwakufuneka siveze ukuba ngubani olahlekileyo, ingubani ovalelweyo oliqabane. Inani labantu ababeduka okanye bebanjwa lalisenyuka ngendlela engummangaliso okoko ndabalapho kundlunkulu.

Kwathi kubetha eyoMdumba wabe uMohau sele ekhululwe ejele, kodwa endaweni yokuba agoduke wasuka waya elubhacweni. Noxa uTshepo wayemkhumbula nje umntakwabo, amaqabane zange amvumele ukuba amazi apho asiwe khona. Ikho phofu le



ntombi igama layo linguDikeledi imana ukumzisela iindaba malunga nemeko yakhe apho akhoyo uMohau. UDikeledi wayemana esiza nezibhilitivana ezisuka kuMohau zisiya kuTshepho noKeitumetse. Kodwa ke, kwakuya kuba yingozi egqithileyo ukubhala ngamanqakwana angoMohau .

Kwathi kuziinyanga nje ezimbini ndilapho kundlunkulu ndabe ndiqonda ukuba uloyiko lona luya lundongamela. Kwanyanzeleka ukuba ndifikelele esigqibeni sokuba ndiyaqhubeka na ngokuya apho rhoqo, okanye ke ndiye nokuba ziintsukwana nje ezimbalwa apha evekini. Ingxaki yayikukuba wawumninzi kakhulu umsebenzi ekufuneka wenziwe, kwaye ndandisele ndisenzile isibhambathiso sokuba ndiya kuba lapho de kufike ixesha lasebusika.

Koko kudideka kwam ndigqibe kwelokuba ndimazise uKeitumetse ngehambo yam kundlunkulu. Ndisakube ndimxelele, wasuka wakhupha izoyikiso zokuba ukuba mna andimyeki aphumele ngaphandle kweyadi – nto leyo ithetha ukuthi ndimyeke angazithengisi iidoli ngeempela-veki – uya kusuka axelele umama ngalo lonke elo bali lam nondlunkulu. Wayekhangeleka engayinanzanga nganto loo meko ndandikuyo, nto leyo yandenza ndaqonda ukuba makube nam ndizikhathaza nje ngento engekho. Kodwa ke, le nto yokuba ndandide ndamxelela yandenza ndaziva ndifuna ukuthi, “qabu uNoqolomba efile nje”, kuba ndicinga ukuba noko ngoku ukho umntu owaziyo ukuba ndiphi na ngenene ngezo ntsasa, iiyure ezimbini phambi kokuba ndiye esikolweni.

Enye into eyayindixolisa kukuba noko yayikho into ebalulekileyo endandiyenza kundlunkulu. Ndandisoloko ndisemfuthweni wolwazi ngeetoyi-toyi neerali ezaziya kuqhubeka, nto leyo yayimana ukundithomalalisa umsindo, ndingasenakho nokwaa kuphakuzela ndandikhe ndanakho ngaphambili.

Kanye kweso sithuba sezo zehlo zintsha ebomini bam ndaqalisa ukutshomana noLebo, intombazana apha eyayintle kakhulu endandihlala nayo edesikeni. Kwakungekho nto ingako eyayisidibanisa sobabini, ngaphandle nje kokuba ndandimthandela ukusoloko endihlekisa oku. Wayeyingcungela yomjuxuzi, kungekho nto iyenye ayikhathaleleyo ngaphandle koko kujuxuza kwakhe.

Umama wayengamthandi kangako uLebo, eyithetha nento yokuba imenza ixhala into yokuba ndibe ndiqhogene nomntu owayesoloko ememela amakhwenkwe kowabo xa uyise engekho. Nam bonanje yiloo nto qha eyayindihlupha ngoLebo, kodwa ke ndandingazi kungqina loo nto kumama. Ndandimthanda kanye eseso sikhebereshe sinjalo – igama apha elisisiphoxo elisetyenziswa ebantwini abathanda amadoda, bengenazo neentloni zokusoloko bephakathi kwawo. Ndiyaqonda ukuthandana nokuhoyana namadoda kwakundidika kakhulu; amadoda ndandisoloko ndiwathatha njengabantu abanokundonakalisela amaphupha. Ndandifuze umama ke ngaloo nto. Ndatsho ndakhumbula indlela awayethanda ngayo ukuthi, “Akukho namnye kule ndlu oya kuze akhuphe isisu.”

Ndandiye ndicinge ngam sele ndinzima, ndihleli nje ndiphupha ngento engendiyiyo ebomini. Le nto yokungakwazi ukuzikhethela ikamva eliqaqambileyo yayikhe indifikele kwiimeko ezininzi nezahlukileyo apha ebomini bam. Le nto yayiye indicaphukise kakhulu ngamanye amaxesha, kodwa ngamanye ndandiye ndifumanise ukuba ndizoyikisa nje ngenyoka efileyo. Nditsho mna izinto nje ezingenamsebenzi –ezifana nokuzibuza ukuba ndiyafuna na okanye andifuni ukuphuzana nenkwenkwe – zazindenza ndicinge nzulu ngazo. Loo nto yayisenza kuthi qatha engqondweni yam ukuba kanene iintanga zam ezazicinga ukuba zingaze zimke elokishini zasuka zakhulelwa, ze loo mabhongo azo okuyishiya ilokishi aphelela eluhayini. Ukuzikhethela ikamva eliqaqambileyo ngexesha lethu kwakungeyo ndlwana iyanetha. Wawungena kukwazi ukufunga uthi wena uya kuba naye okanye akuyi kuba naye umntwana. Umthetho wawungabavumeli abafazi ukuba babe nakho ukuzikhethela malunga nocwangciso-nzala – komnyama, komhlophe – kwakufana nje.

Sasingenalo ulwazi, nditsho ngemizimba le yethu, nkqu isini esi sethu, singazi kwaphela nangezinto ezi zokukhulelwa. Sasingaxelelwa nto malunga nezinto ezifana nezo ngabazali bethu. Kwakungekho kwanto ekuthiwa lithala leencwadi ezilokishini zethu, wawungenakuze ulifumane nditsho nakwisithuba seekhilomitha ezilikhulu ukusuka apho ezilokishini.

Ukulala nendoda kona ndiyaqonda ukuba kwakungumbulali-maphupha. Ndandingazange ndeva ngokuthandana kwendoda nomfazi. Eyona nto sasiyiva thina ngamadoda nabafazi kukuba babewatshabalalisa njani amakamva abo xa bathe babelana ngesondo. Kumantombazana afana nam intetho engokulala nendoda yayisoyikisa kakhulu, kanti kwamanye le nto yayisuka idale umdla wokufuna ukwazi ngakumbi ngalo mcimbi. Ndandizoyika kakhulu izinto ezidibene nesondo, kodwa yena uLebo wayewonwabela kakhulu lo mcimbi. Iihambo zakhe zazindenza ndingamginyi kakuhle ngamanye amaxesha, ngoko ke ndenza into ekwakusoloko kulula ukuyenza; ndakhetha ukumbiza ngegama elithi sisikhebereshe. Nam kaloku ndandifuna ukude ndanele nguloo mntu ndandinguye.

Kwakungekho nto wayeyazi uLebo ngokuya kwam ezi-ofisini zeSASO yonke imihla. Leyo into yayiyindaba yakwamkhozi kwaye kwakunyanzelekile ukuba ndiyibambe njalo. Enye into uLebo ndandingamthembanga ngolwaa hlobo ndandimthembe ngalo uThato. Ubutshomi bethu babusebutsha kakhulu, ngoko ke ndandingekazithethi izinto ezininzi phaya kuye. Ndandisuke ndikhethe ukuzigcina ngaphakathi kum. Loo nto ke yayindenza ndisoloko ndithiwe mbende sisithukuthezi. Maxawambi kwakuye kube nzima, ndive ukuba ndiyasindeka zezo zinto zininzi ndingazithethiyo. Ndiyacinga ukuba yayiya kundothulela umthwalo noko into yokuba kubekho umntu endinokuzityanda kuye igila, kodwa ndandingakwazi ukugqiba ndithi ngubani loo mntu.

Ndandisamlilela uThato, ndinqwena ngaphakathi ukuba anga angeza ankqokqoze emnyango ngenye imini. Amaxesha amaninzi ndandisoloko ndihleli ndodwa, ndiwabona amagqabi entshintsha eNtlakohlaza nelanga litshona msinya. Ngalo maxesha bendiye ndinqwenele ukuthi kanti elo xesha bendilichitha noyena mhlobo wam osenyongweni endakhe ndanaye. Ngamanye amaxesha ndandiye ndithethe noKeitumetse ngobutshomi bethu noThato, kodwa yena wayesuka acaphuke athi uThato akandifanelanga. Mhlawumbi ke wayendikhusela entweni ethile, kodwa ke yayingandincedi tu loo nto.

Intliziyo yam yayisoloko ibuhlungu, ndithanda nokulala xa ndibuya esikolweni. Oko kusoloko ndilele kwakusenza ukuba ndingafane ndimbone umama, ukuze ndihlale

ndincokole naye. Naye wayesele endikhumbula kakhulu ngoku, ede wanento yokumana endivusa rhoqo ngentsimbi yesine ekuseni phambi kokuba aphangele ukuze achithe nje nokuba nguloo mzuzwana nam. Wayekucaphukela ukusivusa, kodwa ngaxeshanye engayithandi into yokuba angazi ukuba ndiqhuba njani ngokwasempilweni. Leyo yona into yayimkhathaza kakhulu.

Ngenye intsasa sakhe sahlala sathetha ixesha elidana kunelesiqhelo. Ndamxelela ukuba kunzima esinaleni, ndimxelela nokuba eyona nto yayindigqiba kukumka phakathi esikolweni ngenxa yezixholo-xholo. Ngelo xesha ke ndandiqala apha esinaleni ukuva ubuhlungu obubangwa zizixholo-xholo, kuba zazichaphazela ikakhulu abafundi basesinaleni. Eneneni zange zandichaphazela oluyaa hlobo ngokuya ndandisekumanga aphakathi.

“Noko ngoku ndazi ngcono ngomzabalazo, kodwa ke into engandonwabisiyo kukuba kube nzima ukuba sesikolweni. Iititshala azisakhathalelanga kusinika misebenzi,” ndakhalaza ndatsho.

“Bendinokukukhupha esikolweni ukuba bendinakho. Nawe uyayazi loo nto. Kodwa ke andinamandla wokuyenza loo nto.” Wasuka wandijonga ngamehlo agcwele imfesane.

“Ndiyayazi loo nto, mama. Akwaba bekungenje. Eyona nto indigqibayo kukuba sisoloko singekho ziklasini.”

“Uyazi, into eya kukwenza uzive ngcono yile; jonga apha, ukuba naningazange niyilwe i-Bantu education, ngeba nisesebugxwayibeni, futhi ke obugqithileyo, nanamhlanje. Kodwa ke ngoku noko izinto azimnt’akaNgqika kuba noko niyakwazi ukuthi, “sifuna le, kuba ingcono kunale le” namhlanje. Masiyijonge ngolo hlobo yonke le nto, awuqondi?”

“Kulungile,” ndatsho ndiziphosa emqamelweni. Ndiya kuyibona ngolo hlobo, ze ndibone ke ukuba loo nto iya kundenza ndizive ngcono na, ndazicingela njalo.

Yandineda noko le ncoko, yakhe yandenza ndaziva ndingendodwa okomzuzwana. Kodwa ke ndandisacinga ngam sele ndisishiya isikolo kuba ndisithi ndiya eYunivesithi,

yangaphandle kwesikolo. ULebo ndandisele ndimthathe njengentombi ephuma kwikhaya elimileyo ngokwasezimalini, kuba wayesiya esaluni rhoqo ngeveki.

Wayesoloko eluphumelela ukhuphiswano lomjuxuzo apho elokishini, ade aye kukhuphisana nakwezinye izikolo, ngoko ke ndandicinga ukuba inokuba uxwayi umthetho wakhe.

Ngamanye amaxesha kunzima ukuyazi imeko abayiphilayo abanye abantu kuba badla ngokuyifihla, beqamba amabali angakholelekiyo ngezinto abazenzayo xa besezindaweni zabo. Ungade ubamonele xa sele uyotywe ngamazwi abo, intsini yabo, isakhono sabo ekubaliseni ibali eliminandi, njalo-njalo. Awunakuze uyazi into yokuba kuthe kanti baphila isihogo esithile, kuhleliwe nje.

Indlu yakuloLebo yayikhangeleka imfiliba, ingacacanga. Kwakungekho mihombiso, kungekho sitiya, kungekho nesituphu esi sembala. Yayingathi yindlu le isengxingweni, ingathi akuhlali bantu kwaphela kuyo.

Ndandisele ndiyiqonda into yokuba kungaqhuma kubasiwe, ngoko ke ndabe sele ndicinga ukuya kutyelela uSisi Martha endlwini yakhe. Yena ke wayesoloko egobhoza ngentlalo abayiphilayo abanye abantu. Wawungenakuze ulichithe ishumi lemizuzu naye ungakhange uve ukuba ngubani ogulayo ngoku, ngubani ofayo ngoku, ngubani obanjiweyo ngoku, ingubani oqhekezileyo okanye otakileyo ngoku. Kakade ke, yayisele iyiminyaka emininzi ndimazi, kodwa ndingazange ndeva kwaphela ngelakhe siqu ikhaya. Ndiyaqonda ukuba wayeyenza ngamabom loo nto kunjalonj'oku!

Yena ke yayingumntu okhangeleka esifa ziintloni. Mna ke ndandingakhululeki tu phakathi komntu oneentloni. Loo nto yayindenza ndingahlali xesha lide endlwini kaSisi Martha, kuba ndafumanisa ukuba ezakhe iintloni ziya zimkhulela ngokuya ekhula naye.

Yayingeyo nto intle ukungemi kwizindlu zabamelwane nokuba kukanye ubuze nje oku kwempilo, mhlawumbi uve ukuba kwelo khaya balala kakuhle na, okanye batya kakuhle na. Ngoko ke ukubuya kwam kuloLebo ndabe sele ndisiya ngasesitratweni sam ukuya kubulisa kuSisi Martha, ndinethemba lokuba ndakuva nto ithile ngoLebo noyise.

*Lo mama unyuka esehla ngesitrato ethengisa imithshayelo. Uza namabali aphaya endulo, amabali abunzima bawo bungaphezulu nakobu bale mithshayelo ayithengisayo idityanisiwe. Uyeza angene apha eyadini, lo gama mna ndizidlalela upuca libe lona ilanga lihlababa kabuhlungu apha entloko, intamo le yona isitsha kanobom... Ndineminyaka elishumi ubudala kwaye ndilangazelela ukuva ngamabali abantu bakudala. Ndifuna ukuva ngamadoda asebenza emigodini, neembali ngabafazi.*

*Lo mama uyangena acele amanzi, aze abeke imithshayelo apha ecaleni kwakhe, andule aze kuhlala apha ecaleni kwam anabe. Ndimamele mna lo gama yena abalisayo. Izolo uke wabalisa ngomfazi owaphulukana nendlu yakhe ngenxa ye-Group Areas Act, umthetho apha owawusaziwa ngokucalucalula abantu ngokwebala ukuze bahlale kwiindawo ezahlukeneyo.*

*Wayekhe wanephupha lokuba angahlala endlwini enkulu, olu hlobo lwendlu lunamagumbi amathandathu ukuze yonele nabantwana bakhe abathandathu. Enye indlu efakelelweyo yayiya kuba yindlu yokubalisa amabali. Loo mama wayengumbalisi owaziwayo kule lokishi. Abantu babesuka kufutshane abanye besuka kude ukuza kutyelela yena. Aba bantu babeye bahlale apha ezinyaweni zakhe ukuze bave amabali ngama-Afrika kulo lonke jikelele.*

*Wayebalisa amabali achazayo ukuba zehla njani izicuku zezinyanya zethu zisiya eMzantsi zivela eMntla-Mpuma. Ezinye izicuku zasuswa njani ukuze zicande ulwandle ngeenqanawa zamadlagusha. Amabali akhe ayebahlekisa abantu, kanti amanye ayebalilisa, kodwa ikakhulu esazisa abantu ngembali yabo. Leyo yayiyindlela yokwenza ukuba abantu bazazi izinyanya zabo.*

*“Wayebiza iisenti ezintlanu ngebali ngalinye, aze ayigcine kwindawo enqabileyo loo mali yakhe. Kwiminyaka elandelayo wazakhela indlu yamaphupha akhe, egqibekileyo yona, inalo negumbi lokubalisa. Abantu baqhubeka besiza, behlala emigangathweni enekhaphethi, bephumle emiqamelweni, bemamele kamnandi.*

*Ngenye imini, ezinzulwini zobusuku elele lo mama, kwangena dyulukudu iqela lamadoda awayenxibe iyunifomu eluhlaza, ephethe imipu, enxibe iibhutsi ezinde endlwini yakhe.*

Zange abe nandlela yakwala lo mama. Athi la madoda kuye, "Siye savuma ngamxhelo mnye ukuba wena awunalungelo lakuhlala apha. Wena naloo mabali akho nifanelwe yenye indawo. Thatha konke okwakho uhambe, kuba lo ngumhlaba wethu ngoku." Yaba ke kuphelile ngaye nendlu yakhe.

La madoda akha idolophu entsha apho kuloo ndawo: apho lo mama nabantwana bakhe babesakuhlala khona; apho abanye abantu abavela phi phi phi babesiza kumamela yena ukuze ababalisele imbali yooyisemkhulu. Kwakuloo mhlaba, la madoda emisa ezawo izindlu ngokungathi yayiyindawo entsha leyo, ngokungathi ayebonisele umhlaba apho kungazange kwabakho mntu khona. Ayenza ikhaya lawo loo ndawo kuba ayenakho, kwaye yayingumthetho omisiweyo lowo. Ayezixelele nje ukuba ngowawo loo mhlaba, kwaye ayeze kuwuthatha kubaphambukeli, ngolo hlobo oko koxuthwa komhlaba wethu akubona njengoloyiso, aze ayibiza loo ndawo ngokuba yi-Triumph.

"Loo mfazi nabantu bakhe balahlelwa kude lee kwesinomhlwa, kwimiqwebedu yeendawo apho kungenakukhula nditsho nesityalo. Balahlekelwa ngamakhaya abo nako konke ababenako. Ukuba yena nabantu bakhe babethe banomnqweno wokuba banga bangayihambela loo ndawo, kwakufuneka baphathe amaphepha emvume."

"Kwenzekani ebantwaneni balo mama?" ndabuza, ndikuhla amatye amabini budlala.

"Ingaba wahamba kunye nabo?"

"Senzani isikhukukazi xa usondela ecaleni kwamantshontsho aso?" uyaphendula, esenza ithamo lakhe lokugqibela lamanzi. Uyaphakama, alungise imitshayelo yakhe entloko angekelele, andule ahambe indlela yakhe.

### **Isahluko sesixhenxe**

NDANDICHANE UCWETHE! Akukho nto wayengayazi uSisi Martha ngekhaya likaLebo. Utata wakhe wayesele esebenze iminyaka emininzi kwifekhtri yeentsimbi, apho waphulukana nengalo yakhe ngokuthi asikwe yisarha ebukhali. Wayeneminyaka

engamashumi amabini anesixhenxe ukwenzeka kwale nto, nto leyo yabe sele ithetha ukuthi uwutyile ke umsebenzi. Wabuyela ekhaya emfazini nasebantwaneni wakhe emva koko.

Olu sapho lwakhe lwaluphila nguloo mvuzo wakhe udityaniswe nowenkosikazi. Le nkosikazi yona yayiwufumana umvuzo ngokuthi icoce izindlu zabantu abazizityebi ababehlala phaya endulini kuloo lokishi. Utata kaLebo kwanyanzeleka ukuba abuyele ekhaya egcwele ingqumbo engathethekiyo ngenxa yeso sehlo sokwenzakala kwakhe.

Ngangendlela awayegcwele intiyo ngayo lo bawo! Wayeyikhuphela emfazini le ntiyo, emswantsulise kuyo yonke loo lokishi emnkula. Inkosikazi yona yayisele iyiloo nto igcwele izivubeko ebusweni nasezingalweni. Ukuzama ukuzenza mhle emyeni wakhe kwakungamncedi nganto umama kaLebo, ngaphandle nje kokusuka kumombele ingcwaba ephila.

“Inye into awayikhuthazayo kulaa mntwana; kukudanisa qha. Yonke enye le wayeyipotya,” watsho emana esithi qhuzu-qhuzu kancinci uSisi Martha. Yena ke wayengumntu onjalo. Yayimonwabisa kakhulu into yokubalisa amashwangusha abanye abantu, kangangokuba wayede ahleke kubemnandi. Mhlawumbi ke leyo yayiyindlela yokuzithuthuzela kweyakhe intlungu awayenayo ekhayeni lakhe.

Kanye kweso sithuba ndicinge ukusebenzisa elo thuba ukuze ndivuse nje into ekukudala ingundaba-mlonyeni, into endandihlala ndiyicinga kuzo zonke ezo yanga.

“Uyazi Sisi Martha, umama uKleintjie ubekhe wathetha nam kwezi nyanga zimbilwa ezidlulileyo,” ndaqala ngelitshoyo.

“Ndiyabona,” watsho ngelizwi eliphantsi, engabonisi mdla.

“Uyazi wathini kum?”

“Andiqondi ukuba ikhona into omawuyimamele ephuma kulaa mfazi.”

“Yandimangalisa nyhani ke laa nto wayenzayo, bonanje,” ndaqhubeka, ndingakunanzanga nganto oko kungabinamdla kwakhe. “Wasuka wathi nje gqi phambi kwam, ndixela ukuthi zange ndimbone nokumbona xa esiza. Umzuzu waba mnye nje ndidlala, kolandelayo wabe selapho.”



“Jonga ke, uyabona, uyintombi endala ngoku. Ke, kufuneka uyeke ukudlala amatye.”

“Bendiminyaka ilishumi elinesithathu kuphela ukwenzeka kwale nto,” ndatsho ndizikhusela. “Nditsho nangoku mna, ndisathanda ukubalisa amabali am ngamatye. Loo nto iyandithuthuzela. Phofu ke andikakuxeleli ukuba wathini kanye-kanye.”

“Umama wakho wandixelela ukuba wathini. Nangaphandle kokuba ndimcaphukela nje laa mfazi, wayenyanisile yena. Akufunekanga uhlale elangeni. Unethamsanqa njengokuba umhlophe nje ngebala wena. Abanye bethu bade bachithe iimali ezinkulu bezamela ukuba njengawe.”

“Andikufuni ukuba mhlophe kangaka mna. Akukho mntu ufana nam kuyo yonke le ndawo!”

“Tihelo!” Wakhwaza watsho, imvakalo-zwi le yakhe igxininisayo indixelela ukuba mandibe neentloni ngezo ngcamango zam.

“Phofu ke kutheni esuke waziduba ngam nje yena? Usoloko egadene nam.”

“Akazidubi ngawe kuphela, unjalo kubo bonke abantwana.”

“Zange wasondela olwaa hlobo wayenze ngalo kum kwabanye abantwana. Uyabacaphukela abantwana.” Ndandisazithatha njengomntwana noxa ndandisele ndisesinaleni, kuba ke nyani, ayikho enye indlela onokuzibiza ngayo. Akukho gama lilelanye ababizwa ngalo abantwana abadlana okanye abancincanana. Sasifana nje nomgubo wengxowa enye phambi kwabantu abadala.

“Phofu ke nyani, kufuneka ungasondeli kwindawo enaye.”

“Ingaba ikho into oyaziyo endingayaziyo mna? Kutheni le nto anomdla kangaka kum? Ingaba uyasazi isizathu?”

“Mhlawumbi ke unikwa umdla yile nto umhlophe njengaye. Akabathandi abantu abamnyama, yiyo loo nto ekuthanda wena. Mhlawumbi ufumanisa kulula ukujonga wena kunabanye abantu.”

“Hmmm. Iyavakala. Mhlawumbi ke ndimkhumbuza umntu othile amaziyo, okanye nantoni na ke... izinto ezinjengefemeli... mhlawumbi.”

“Mhlawumbi. Ligqwirhakazi eliya kaloku. Nawe uyayazi loo nto nje,” waye wasebeza xa ethetha le into.

“Ungaboze usondele tu ecaleni kwakhe,” walumkisa watsho.

Leyo yayiyinkcazelo eyaneleyo neyandithomalalisayo malunga nelo gongo lingumama uKleintjie.

Saqhubekaka sithetha ngomgosi waselokishini noSisi Martha... Umama uMotsei ohlala ngentla apha esitratweni wayesele edikwe kakhulu kukubethwa yindoda yakhe. Yiloo nto wasuka wayigalela ngembiza yonke yamanzi abilayo. Ngoku ke le ndoda yayisesesibhedlele. Abantwana bayo babesele bedikiwe nabo yiyo, ngoku ke bethathe icala likanina. Noko kunjalo, bayaya bonke esibhedlela ukuya kuyibona, oku kanye kwefemeli emileyo ethandanayo.

Umfazi wayo wayeyiphathela ukutya kwasekhaya. Lo mfazi nabantwana bale ndoda babedla ngokuhlala apho ecaleni kwale ndoda de iyure ezintathu zokutyelela ziphele ngqu. Yonke imihla babeyifundela iphepha okanye bayazise ngento eqhubeka ngaphandle. Kwakungekho ngqumbo, kungekho nakudandatheka tu kolu sapho. Yayiyiminqweno yolu sapho xa lulonke ukuba le ndoda ide ibesempilweni entle, nayo ke ibabulela ngexesha labo nothando ababelubonisa.

...Kwicango lesithathu ukwehla apho kwakuhlala uThebe, eyona ndoda yayithule ngokumangalisayo kweso sitrato. Wayezenzela iimali ezinkulu ngokuthi abiyele (ngeengcingo ezinde) izindlu zabantu abazizityebi abahlala endulini phaya , ebafakela negeyithi. Kungekudala, njengoko uSisi Martha wayesitsho, naye ngokwakhe yena Thebe wayeza kuba sele ehlala nazo ezo zigwili, phaya phezulu endulini. Yayisinika umdla sisonke le talente yakhe kuba yinto angazange wayiyela nasesikolweni okwa kubiyela. Wayedibanisa le nale ukuze aphile ebomini. Ngethuba wayeseyinkwenkwe eseyiqinile wakhe wanduluka waya edolophini esiya kusebenzela indoda yomlungu eyayisenza kwale nto ayenzayo. UThebe wayesithi wasiphucula ngelo xesha isakhono sakhe sokubiya. Wayejonga indlela eyayisenza ngayo le ndoda yomlungu, waza wasuka wayeka emsebenzini emva kwenyangana nje ezimbalwa, waya kuziqalela elakhe ishishini ekhaya.

Abazali bakaThato babeqeshe yena ukuze abafakele ucingo negeyithi enkulu yentsimbi emnyama.

UThebe wayesahlala nabazali bakhe ngelo xesha, ezakhele igumbi elinye elinendlu yokuhlambela emva ko-*four-room* wabazali bakhe. USisi Martha wayenqwena ukuba uThebe anga angatyelela apho endlwini yakhe, ukuze yena Martha amenzele iti ekhethekileyo, ze abe nakho ukumfunza kwenye yezo ntombi zakhe. Kodwa ke, okwangoko wayesafe namthanyana, kuba iminqweno yakhe yayingekade ifezekiswe.

Ngaphaya kwesitrato, uSisi Martha wayecinga ukuba *ugogo*, okanye umakhulu uDiile wayesemdala kakhulu ukuba angaqhubeka ethengisa imifuno edolophini iveki yonke. Yena *ugogo* wayesele eyicingile into yokunyenyisa kancinci kuloo msebenzi wakhe...mhlawumbi aye nje apha evekini ze aphumle ngeempela-veki.

“Uyazi, oko wathi waswelekelwa ngumyeni wakhe lo gogo uthi akayiboni imfuneko yokuhlala kakhulu ekhayeni,” watsho endixelela njalo uSisi Martha. “Eyona nto ke ufumana imali eninzi kwaCheckers, kodwa akoneli, usawufuna apho ubukho umsebenzi. Uyazi ndikuxelele, abafazi abanamadoda awayesebenza kwezi venkile zokutya basafumana iimali ezininzi zamadoda abo.”

“Umyeni kaGogo Diile wabulawa sisifo seswekile ndisenza unyaka ophambi kwalo wokugqibela kwisikolo samabanga aphakathi.

Wazila kangangesithuba seenyanga ezintandathu kuphela, enxiba ke ezo mpahla zimnyama,” – uSisi Martha waye wabala kwesi sithuba – “endaweni yokuba awugqibe unyaka ezilile ngokwesithethe. Wabangela ukuba abantu bamakhele umkhanyo. Kodwa yena wayengayihoyanga yonke loo nto yabo, asuke azibethe zigcwale ntli iingxowa zakhe yimifuno yasemarikeni, andule angene eteksini rhoqo kusasa ukuya edolophini.”

Ngokokutsho kukaSisi Martha lo gogo wayesiya eBlood Street, apho wayefika ahlale ecaleni lendlela kuloo ndawo inye, ethengisela amadoda nabafazi abasebenza edolophini iitumato neetapile. Wayengaboni mfuneko yakucacisa mntwini ngaloo nto yokungazili ngokweemfanelo, engazange abone namfuneko yakucela xolo mntwini ngaloo nto.

Sahlala apho ke sigobhoza noSisi Martha, sibuzana ngentlalo yabanye abantu kodwa eyam neyakhe iyindaba yakwamkhozi. Kwade kwafikelela ixesha lokuba ndigoduke.

Andizange ndiyiphathe ke le ndayixelelwa nguKeitumetse ngoSisi Martha. Udadewethu wakhe wandixelela into yokuba umyeni kaSisi Martha wayengekho Rhawutini njengokuba yena wayefuna sicinge njalo. Wayehlala kwityotyombe elingu-*one-room* e-A Block, ngaphaya nje kwesaa sitrato sikhulu. Wayenomnye umfazi. Bobabini nalo mfazi baberenta ityotyombe kwenye iyadi eyayigcwele amatyotyombe ngemva. La matyotyombe ayokhiwe ngamazinki.

Lo myeni kaSisi Martha wayefika kube kanye enyakeni, abe sele exokisela uSisi Martha esithi usuka ezifekhtri, elo xesha uthathe nje imizuzu engamashumi amabini wajikela nje ekoneni ukuya kuthengela abantwana bakhe izinto zeKrisimesi.

Wayedla ngokuchitha imini yonke ehleli emthunzini, engathathi nenye into esuka kuloo mfazi wakhe wamshiya kudala unguMartha.

Wonke umntu wayesele ezazi ezo ti zikaSisi Martha zikhethekileyo, kuba wayesoloko eqhayisa ngobugqi bakhe ekwenzeni iti. Ke, loo myeni wakhe wolahleko wayengafuni kuzidibanisa nezo ti zakhe. Wayesuka aziphathele iibhotile zakhe zebhulanti zibe ntathu, ahlale apho ke esela esenza ngathi uzonwabele, lo gama yena uSisi Martha ehleli kwelinye icala, enxibe ezona mpahla zakhe zantle kuye. Wayedla ngokuziminca ngeelitha ezimbini zeSprite, awayesuka azithi qongqololo azigqibe kwangoko. Wayefanele! Wayengaziva ziintloni, engaqondi kwaphela ukuba yayingenguye owayemele kuba neentloni. Ikakade ke, yayiziintloni zantoni ezo, kuba yiloo ndoda yakhe eyashiya abantwana bayo ingashiyanga nesenti emdaka, lo gama yena wayehleli nabo enyamezele zonke izilingo zokuba ngumzali yedwa?

...Ekhaya ndafikela endlwini emnyama, engakhanyiswanga, ngentsimbi yesithandathu entloko emaxesheni. Kodwa ke, ndandingalazanga ishwangusha eliya kusehlela ngoloo rhatya lwangoMgqibelo...

Ndafika uKeitumetse ehleli phandle efunda ileta eyayivela kuMohau. Ndiyaqonda ukuba leyo yayiyileta yokuqala okoko wathi waya elubhacweni ngeyoMdumba uMohau. UKeitumetse wayekhangeleka okomntu owayenyunjazwa imini le yonke. Wayengaqapheli nokuba oko kubuya kwam ngelo xesha kwakuthetha ukuba isidlo

sangokuhlwa siya kutyiwa emva kwexesha elide. Ndavala amalaphu efestile, ndaza emva koko ndakhanyisa. Ndabe sele ndithatha imifuno ndalungiselela ukupheka waza yena wathatha ngokuza kundihlalisa apho ekhitshini.

“Uthi usoloko ecinga ngam ubusuku nemini... Lonke nje ixesha. Uthi ingathi akasabuyi,” wandixelela njalo uKeitumetse lo gama mna ndandimi apho ndichuba iitapile, ndinqunqa namatswele.

“Ke ngoku uthi uya kubuya nini? Ingaba uyayazi yena loo nto?” Ndabuza ndatsho.

“Hayi, eneneni, akazi,” waphendula watsho. “Amapolisa ayamfuna, inguye nenye i-ou awayebanjwe nayo. Uya kuhlala apho elubhacweni de aqonde ukuba amapolisa ambone njengomntu ongasenabo ubugrogrisi, nditsho yena Mohau.”

“La mapolisa acinga ukuba uza kusuka enze ntoni na uMohau?”

“...Uza kuphemelela udushe kaloku, ndicinga njalo. Ingaba yintoni enye abayoyikelayo?”

“Uyazi Keitumetse, ndiyalibala ukubuza,” ndatsho ndisithi nqumama okomzuzwana.

“Yintoni kanye le bambona esenza yona uMohau ngeKrisimesi? Babebaninzi abantu kulaa ndawo babekuyo, kodwa baphela besimka neqaqobana nje labantu kunesiqhelo.”

UKeitumetse wacacisa wathi, “Kaloku yena wayekrokrelwa njengomntu owabiza yonke laa nginginya yalaa rali. Amapolisa acinga ukuba nguye bonanje okhokela ezi rali. Andiqondi ukuba ayayiqonda into yokuba akukhe kubekho mntu ozikhokela eyedwa ezi zinto. Amaqabane aziququzelela xa ewonke ezi rali, ze ke ngoku umntu ngamnye abe nendima eyahlukileyo ayidlalayo apho kuzo.”

“Kodwa ke, abafundi abadalana ngabo abadlala indima ephambili kunaba bancinci,” ndatsho ndisebeza ukuze ibe nguye yedwa ondivayo. “Ndizama ukuthi, nase-ofisini bayasixelela into emasiyenze. Akukho mntu ungangathi ungaze akhokele apha.”

“Ndiyayazi loo nto. Mhlawumbi ke wayengahlelanga nje esonge izandla. Leyo ke into ayifani naye,” watsho buzingca uKeitumetse.

Udadewethu ke wayesincoma kakhulu esi sithandwa sakhe. Wayesoloko endixelela ukuba uMohau yindoda emadodeni, hayi inkwenkwe. Xa sele ndithetha inyaniso, lo Mohau wayezingca kakhulu, ethanda nokusoloka esongamela apho akhoyo; phofu ke, ndiyazi ukuba ndandinjalo nam.

Lonke eli xesha ndiphekayo uKeitumetse umana ukufunda-funda loo leta yakhe, encume eyintlekevu, wena wakhe wambona umntu okhwele itreyini erongo! Kwanyanzeleka ukuba mandimilisele ingqondo yam kuloo nto ndandiyenza, ndiyekane nemincili kaKeitumetse ngoMohau neleta yakhe, kuba ndayifumanisa indicaphukisa iyonke le nto.

Itreyini eyayisuka kwisitishi iPretoria – isitishi sabamnyama kuphela – yaphuma ngecala emva kwentsimbi yesithandathu ngorhatya, yaza yafika kwisitishi iMabopane ngecala emva kwentsimbi yesixhenxe. Emva kokuba ehlile etreyinini uMama wayedla ngokubamba iteksi ukusuka esitishini, ze abe sele efikile ekhaya noko ngentsimbi yesibhozo. Kodwa, ngolo rhatya lwalubanda gqitha lwangoMgqibelo kweyoKwindla, zange abuye umama.

Okoko ndathi ndaqala esinaleni iinkxwaleko zam zasuka zaba ngumkhosi. Nangona nje kwisikolo samabanga aphakathi ndandidla ngokuthi xa ndiziva ndikhathazekile ndingqengqe phantsi, ze ndizame kangangoko ukubeka ingqondo yam kwenye into ndakuva ulwamvila, kodwa ngoku ndisesinaleni ndandisuke ndiphakuzele ndingqunge, ndingazi nokuba ndingathini na.

Ngaloo njikalanga yangoMgqibelo satya simile nodadewethu, sigqiba indlu le yonke, singayazi ncam eyona nto iqhubekayo. UKeitumetse waza nelokuba sifowunele *umissies* kodwa mna ndaziva ndimadolw'anzima. Ndandisoyika ukuya kuthetha isiNgesi *nomissies* efowunini.

Ngelo xesha umama wayesebenzela abantu ababethetha isiNgesi. Wayedla ngokuthi abantu bakhe abayithandi into yokuba abantu bathethe isiBhulu nabo – olona lwimi lwabelungu ndiqonda ukuba ndandiluthetha nje kakuhle. Ke yena udade wethu wayezithembe kakhulu esiNgesini, ngoko ke waqubula ifowuni wafona. Mna ke ndema apha ecaleni kwakhe, indlebe le yam ithe nca apha embokweni ukuze ndibe nokuyimamela iyonke le ncoko.

*"Hello, can I speak with Kgomotso?"* wakhumsha watsho uKeitumetse yakuba icholiwe ifowuni.

*"Who?"*

"Kgomotso. Please," watsho ekhwaza uKeitumetse, kuba ecinga ukuba akeviwanga.

*"This is an English household. There is no one by that name here. Goodbye"*

"Sorry!" ndangenelela ndatsho ngokukhawuleza.

Kwaye kwathi qatha nto ithile engqondweni yam, ndaza ndathatha umboko lo wefoni.

*"Gladys!"* ndabe sele ndisitsho.

*"What? Oh Gladys. No, sorry. Gladys has gone home already. Why are you calling at this hour? Gladys doesn't work at night, she leaves very early."*

Lo mfazi wayebambe ifowuni kwelaa cala wayevakala evutha ngumsindo. Kanye ngelo thuba kwabe sele kuvakala ilizwi lendoda phaya ngasemva efowunini:

*"Why are Gladys's friends calling here? She is not supposed to use the phone when she's here, is she?"*

Waphendula ecaphuka umfazi: *"Steven, it's not so bad if she uses the phone once or twice."*

Kwakukhangeleka ngathi aba belungu balibele ukuba sisekhona kweliyaa cala lomnxeba. Yandikhathaza le ncoko yabo imfutshane kuba yasuka yandenza ndakhubeka ngakumbi. Ngelishwa ndandingenawo amazwi okuphendula, ngoko ke ndawunikezela kudade wethu umnxeba ukuze abaxelele ukuba siziintombi zakhe, hayi iitshomi zakhe. UKeitumetse wawuthatha umnxeba kwakhona wayifumana le nkosikazi ithetha isithi: *"Is that all now? Hello? Hello?"*

UKeitumetse waphendula wathi: *"She is my mother. She is not home. Do you know what time she left?"*

*"She left the same time as usual. I'm sure she'll be home soon? Bye now"*

## Chapter 5

### ANNOTATION

#### 5.1 Introduction

This chapter serves to restore all the devices that were used in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*. The researcher focuses here on the translation strategies that were employed to resolve the problems presented by both linguistic and cultural differences associated with the ST and the TT. It is therefore a chapter that comments on the process, and also gives an account of the decisions and strategies that were undertaken, in the form of annotations selected from areas of interest in *Dancing in the Dust*.

The researcher has chosen most of her examples from the sample of the translation presented in Chapter 4 of this study. It is also worth mentioning, however, that at the time of this study the translation of this novel was still undergoing the process of final editing in preparation for publication by Oxford University Press. Therefore, it is likely that, by the end of this study, some of the annotated pages (or content) of the product will have changed, depending on the type of changes the publisher might have suggested.

The theory in Chapter 2 is revived and activated in this chapter. The four categories which Nord (1997) identifies as the main types of translation problems have been used as a framework within which the translation strategies that were used have been explained. The main categories of translation problems as identified by Nord are *pragmatic*, *intercultural*, *interlingual* and *text specific*. It is not always possible to distinguish these categories clearly. Quite often the categories overlap. In this study, the examples will be placed inside the category to which they primarily belong from the translator's perspective.

The strategies that were used in the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*, and which will be discussed in this chapter of annotations, have been used out of the willingness to ensure that the product befits the target language norms, target culture and target language standards in a given translation task. Lefevere (1985) writes about translation ethics for translators, wherein the bottom line is for translators to assume the role of "witting and willing manipulators of ST to make it serve their own ends, or unwitting and unconscious manipulators simply because their source culture and language contain and conceal ideology". The power of translators vested in Lefevere's ethics for translators – and in many other literatures on the role of translators – has afforded the translator a wide liberty to manoeuvre both the grammatical and cultural aspects of the ST into chunks of messages that should ensure readability in the TL settings.

Lefevere complements the above hinted explanation by even predicting the nature of the product, that it "will show a complete version" (see 2.5.2). In the interests of their commitment to producing a complete version translators therefore should recognise the structure and language appropriate for intended audience and medium, which means that they should be able to recognise and clarify ambiguous vocabulary and syntax, and most



importantly, should be able to suggest deletions, additions and rearrangements where there are gaps in content, omissions, or unclear transitions; and also should be able to enhance, or at least preserve, appropriate stylistic and dramatic devices, while minimising inappropriate ones.

The above points fall parallel to what Lambert & Van Gorp (in Naude (2000): 11) suggest, that as a first step (of a translation process), the researcher should probe details such as the shifts on the phonic, graphic, syntactic, stylistic, and elocutionary levels, for example selection of words, grammatical patterns, modality...". Lambert and Van Gorp refer to this group of shifts as the micro-structural features. These two theorists also suggest even the probing of macro-structural features, which "may include the scrutiny of various divisions of the text, the titles of various divisions, the internal narrative structure, the dramatic intrigue, comments by the author, or other directions and explanations".

It is for this reason that this chapter probes into both the micro and macro structures (marked as **A** and **B** respectively in this Chapter), with special focus on the manner by which the two structures were scrutinised in the workout of the translation, for its intended purpose. The citing of both structures in this chapter includes various decisions that are shown to have been reached in the process, and these decisions are shown to have been informed by various literatures discussed in Chapter 2 of this study.

## **A. THE MICRO STRUCTURE**

### **5.2 Pragmatic translation problems**

According to Nord (1997:59) the case of a pragmatic translation problem occurs when the communicative situation of a Source Language (SL) differs from that of the Target Language (TL). This category mainly focuses on names of people, animals, objects, and names pertaining to kinship and geography (for example, plants and surroundings.)

#### 5.2.1 Names of People

According to the brief, the researcher was given a choice to translate the names of other characters, except Tihelo, who is the main character in the novel. It would not be a difficult task to translate names of characters of the novel because they are mainly seTswana names, and because seTswana is a sister language of the TL, there is a common manner in which these names are created. But, the researcher chose to retain the seTswana names for the sake of authenticity, and probably in favour of Venuti's foreignising translation. It came to the translator's mind that Molope had some reason by choosing to retain the seTswana concepts in an English novel, therefore she did not want to interfere with the seTswana tone that Molope probably set with inherent reasons.

To make an example, the following few seTswana names could have been easily translated into isiXhosa names, but were retained:

#### *Examples*

Keitumetse - Sivuyile

Thato – Ntando  
Dikeledi – Nonyembezi  
Tshepo – Themba  
Thabang – Vuyani/Gcobani

Besides the reason cited above, the seTswana names were retained for the following other reasons:

- The inability to consult the writer so as to negotiate whether the translator really needed to translate names she herself chose to retain in an English setting;
- The fear that if the translator decides to translate the traditional seTswana names to traditional isiXhosa names the authenticity of the translation would be challenged in the sense that the setting of the story is in Soweto (where the 1976 Sowetho Uprisings took place), in Johannesburg, a place that is predominantly inhabited by batswana/ basotho and amazulu. So, for this kind of setting the seTswana names would be more justifiable than the isiXhosa ones.

There was also an intermittent temptation to write the sounds of the SL names in the TL. This feeling sparked from the desire to stick to the isiXhosa spelling rules. The most problematic names were Tshepo, Mohau and Kgomotso. The translator was tempted to write the “tsh” of Tshepo as “ths”, the “mo” of Mohau as “mu”, and the “kg” of Kgomotso as “rh”, so that at the end of the day we have Thsepho, Muhawu and Rhumutso. Venuti’s foreignising method found relevance here, for one simple reason, namely authenticity. The translator felt it would be proper to retain the spelling of names in seTswana, especially in the light of the fact that the writer herself made seTswana preferences to English ones, in an English domain.

### 5.2.2 Kinship names

Generally, the culture in which the kinship concepts have been written in the novel is a sister culture to the TL. The very two related cultures have one thing in common: All people in a particular society are relatives to one another. There are common words used to express this relationship, for example *Ausi*, *Mama*, *Koko*, *Moholo*, and so on. As a result it was not a hassle to translate such concepts, with an understanding that their use in society maintains that relationship, be it to your own biological parent or any other individual (in a given society) that qualify for such attributes.

But again, the researcher had a morphological difference to contend with in the process of transferring the seTswana kinship terms into isiXhosa, and, that is, inserting the prefixes (which do not really exist in the SL).

#### *Examples*

Ausi – *usisi*  
Koko – *ugogo*  
Mama – *umama*  
Moholo – *utatomkhulu*

One other aspect of the above-stated transition is that the upper-cases that are visible in the SL have been removed in the TL, otherwise their continued use would interfere with the orthography of the TL.

The researcher also decided to remove the *ka* in *Mamaka*, so that instead of *umama wam* in the TL we have just *umama*, because the milieu seldom allows the use of *wam* in this case, because *wam (ka)* has already been accommodated in the word *umama*.

(Please note that the desire to retain proper names of characters in the SL does not apply here, for one reason: the idiom of isiXhosa would have been distorted somehow. One cannot imagine the case whereby we would have u-Ausi Martha, u-Koko Diile, u-Moholo, uMamaka, and so on). Therefore in this case, Venuti's domestication found relevance.

### 5.2.3 Names of plants

There is a particular type of vegetation which grows solely in Gauteng, and it is not likely that it can grow anywhere else because of the differing climatic conditions in South Africa. With that knowledge, the researcher was reluctant to translate anything to do with plants. There has been that intermittent desire to translate what needed to be translated, but again for the sake of consistency, as the willingness to retain the seTswana terms has been pledged, the researcher had to retain *mupudu*.

The transference of *mupudu* to isiXhosa might have had problems of its own, because the target readers (TRs) might fail to understand this term for reasons raised above. Hence the researcher looked into other possibilities like the insertion of a glossary list at the end of the translation. Nevertheless, in the insertion of a glossary list could be the solution, basing the definition of this tree on the mini-research the researcher conducted about this particular term. But this strategy has not been taken up in the translation itself. Chapter 5 of this study showcases this glossary list, though. Because this concept has been transferred into the ST itself, the translator indecisively carried on with transferring it into isiXhosa.

#### *Examples*

ST Mohau's grandfather was sitting at his usual spot under the *mupudu* tree.

TT Utatomkhulu kaMohau wayehleli endaweni yakhe yesiqhelo phantsi komthi *imupudu*.

Transference has occurred above, and in the process of incorporation a target prefix has been affixed to the transferred term as per the needs of the TT.

### 5.2.4 Geography

#### *Regions and mountains*

The names of regions, mountains and retailers have been retained for consistency's sake, and because they are generally known in the language of the ST here in South Africa.

#### *Examples*

## Regions

Soweto – iSoweto

Marabastad – iMarabastad

Mabopane – iMabopane

## Mountains

Drakensberg – iDrakensberg

Andries – i-Andries

Rockies – iRockies

Himalayas – iHimalaya

Kilimanjaro – iKilimanjaro

Some names noted above are translatable, for example according to McLaren (1915: 194), Drakensberg may translate as *iNtaba yoKhahlamba*, but for consistency's sake the researcher chose to transfer all of these terms. Also, the researcher domesticated the spelling of each by inserting a noun prefix.

### 5.2.5 Retailers and Companies

OK – kwa-OK

Checkers – kwaCheckers

Shoprite – kwaShoprite

SASO – i-SASO

SASO offices – kwaSASO

The researcher domesticated the spelling of each by inserting either a noun prefix, or a locative prefix.

### 5.2.6 Climate

The seTswana concepts that are used to express a particular season have been very impressive; probably due to Malope's style of choosing to write the weather concepts in seTswana, and to simultaneously explain those concepts in English (p95). Again, due to the fact that the whole explanation of this kind of weather became reminiscent of how the researcher's own grandmother used to call and praise-sing about such phenomena in the TL, it was not difficult to translate these concepts into isiXhosa .

#### *Examples*

Kgogolammoko – izikhukula

Matlakadibe – isaqhwithi

Medupe – isiphango

(For English explanation of these types of rain see 5.4)

## **5.3 Inter-lingual translation Problems**

There have been cases whereby the ST demonstrated exclusively how its form differs from that of the TT. This phenomenon has been visible in cases whereby the syntactic and semantic structures of the ST failed to perform the communicative function in the

TT. As Baker (1992) points out, this problem occurs mostly as a result of restrictions on word order that exist between languages, and if this restriction is not observed in the process of translating, then the product is likely to show linear styles which may interfere with the interpretative function on an utterance. On such occasions, the linguistic view that the change of language is the determining characteristic feature of a successful translation would be put to a test whereby the fail results would be anticipated. As observed by Schaffner in Naude (2000), the prescriptive view of the linguists is that translation is simply about the substitution of the SL's grammatical and lexical elements by target language's grammatical and lexical elements (see 2.3.1).

At times the ST created tension due to gaps in content, and some missing steps in argument have been identified. This problem appeared to have been the result of inappropriate deployment of (inter alia) clauses, longer sentences, foreign punctuation, impersonal referencing, inconsistencies in facts, omissions and unnecessary jargon in the ST).

The researcher had to deal with these problems using recommended literatures where necessary, otherwise the message could have been misinterpreted in the TT.

On occasions such as mentioned above, the resulting tension between the syntactic and communicative functions may have also been created due to a writer's personal style of writing, given the fact that writers are good at presenting ideas, but are not necessarily editors of their own work.

Baker (1992), quoting linguists like Johns (1991) and Papegaaaj and Schubert (1998), suggests a variety of strategies to deal with the tension between syntactic and communicative function, namely voice change, change of verb, nominalisation and extraposition. 'Voice of change' refers to taking a decision to deal with a syntactic and communicative function by changing the passive into active voice; 'change of verb' refers to dealing with the syntactic and communicative tension by deciding to change a particular verb altogether, and replace it with one that has a similar meaning but can be used in the different syntactic configuration ; nominalisation refers to dealing with the syntactic and communicative tension by replacing the verb with a nominal one, for example, *describe: description* (accompanied by an empty verb like *give* or *take*; extraposition involves changing the entire clause in the sentence.

Various decisions regarding the kind of tension Baker refers to above were reached, and were undertaken to deal with issues ranging from semantic redundancy (with compensations made where necessary), longer sentences; omissions; impersonal referencing; problematic paragraphs, run on sentences within paragraphs, punctuation gaps, and so on. Recommended translation strategies were therefore used to avoid ambiguity and to ensure coherence in the transition of ST message into the TT.

Laviosa (1998) see 2: 4.3), has also established a set of translation universals in her study of the nature of translated texts. Four translation universals out of this set have been randomly used as translation strategies in dealing with issues related to lack of coherence.

Venuti's domesticating and foreignising policies were also manipulated in areas of relevance.

### 5.3.1 Explication

This is a translation strategy that Laviosa (1998) explains as the process of introducing information into the target language what is present only implicitly in the source language, but which can be derived from the context of the situation. It is about additions, subtractions and alterations needed in the process of translation.

Mona Baker (2002: 223) refers to this method as the Explanatory Coherence, which he defines as a notion of how we come to understand something more than it is actually said. It is a notion which establishes, and justifies the continuity of senses.

From both explanations, one deduces that explication is about inserting, deleting, omitting and repositioning nuances of information in an attempt to make clear in the TL what is otherwise taken for granted in the SL. The following annotations translate the meaning of this strategy:

#### **5.3.1.1 Inserting**

The assumption that the researcher makes here is that the decision to insert something sparks from the feeling that some valuable information (whether a word or a phrase or a full sentence) has been omitted, and as a result a semantic gap occurs, or the utterance does not become expressive enough in the TL.

#### *Examples*

(ST) Whatever the reason was, I thought she brought her story at a most inopportune time (p27).

(TT) Nokuba ke yayisesiphi na isizathu **kwezo zibini; kukho ukuthi wayefuna ukubonisa ukuba naye uyazazi izinto, okanye ke wayefuna nje ukubonisa ukuba naye kukho into ayaziyo ngomthetho**, ndiyacinga ukuba uThato weza nebali lakhe ngethuba elingafanelekanga (p31).

(Whatever the reason was **between her wanting to show Tshepo that he was not the only one who knew what was going on outside of the township, or her knowing about a thing or two about the law**, but I think Thato brought her story at a most inopportune time).

The bold information is needed in the TL to avoid confusion that could occur as to which reason Tihelo is referring to in the context of many possible reasons presented in the story.

(ST) "Malome Joseph cleans streets in town, that's his job."(p27)

(TT) "Umalum'uJoseph ucoqa izitalato edolophini. Lowo ngumsebenzi wakhe **wemihla ngemihla**. (p31)

(Malome Joseph cleans streets in town. That is his **daily** job)

The adjective **daily** is needed in the TL so that the sentence becomes expressive enough.

(ST) "You didn't see them eating?" Tshepo asked Thato, whose lips and tongue were turning purple from the grape ice. "They ate," she responded. (p27)

(TT) “Ingaba khang ubabone besitya **abo belungu?**” Watsho ebuza kuThato uTshepo, **Thato lowo** wayesele enemilebe eyayisele ide yajika yaba mfusa ngenxa yomkhenkce lowo wediliya **wayewutya.**

(Didn't you see **those whites** eating? Tshepo asked Thato, **the very same Thato** whose mouth was already turning purple because of the ice **he was sucking**)

Some confusion could have been created regarding the manner in which the ice affected Thato's lips: could it be because Thato was sucking the purple ice, or because it was icy where they were, and therefore Thato felt so cold that even her lips turned purple?

ST “I knew about the rent office, I didn't know about the post office.” (p28)

TT “Ndazi yonke into malunga **nokutshiswa** kwendlu yerente. Bendingekazi nto ke ngeposi leyo.”

(I know about **the burning** of the rent office. I was still not aware about what happened to the post office)

The ST omitted one part of the object phrase and left a semantic gap that could leave readers wondering *what is it about the rent office?* The TT closes this gap through the restoration of the omitted item of the object phrase (shown in bold in the TT).

ST So far she **had had no luck.**

TT **Kodwa ke,** okwangoko wayesafe namthanyana, **kuba iminqweno yakhe yayingekade ifzekiswe.** (P63)

(**But then,** she was like a dead corpse with a mouthful, **because her wishes had not been fulfilled then.**)

The ST sentence may cause ambiguity because some useful information has been omitted. Therefore, the conjunction “kodwa” has been inserted in the TT to at least link this sentence with a preceding one. To complement this move, an adverbial clause of reason (**kuba iminqweno yakhe**) has been inserted to express what is actually said. The context of the story helped the researcher to search for a relevant adverbial clause to avoid either ambiguity or obscurity of the message.)

### 5.3.1.2 Dealing with redundancy: Omitting/ deleting/ eliminating)

Newmark (1998) writes that omission occurs either because there is no equivalent in the TT, or because the word has become unnecessary because it has been explained somewhere in the text. An addition to this category would be that omission is also used in cases whereby the presence of a particular article causes tension between syntactic and communicative functions, as Baker (1992) puts it. Another type of omission is the one given in the South African Pocket Oxford Dictionary, “the action of leaving something out”. An addition to this dictionary explanation would be “something you know will be inappropriate for the intended audience, or will cause confusion”.

On some occasions this strategy has been used out of the desire to make shorter, readable sentences by deleting words or phrases the researcher thought were used unnecessarily, resulting in repetitions and circumlocutions which, in the process, would possibly make the message obscure in the TL.

### Examples

(ST) Mohau and Tshepo's mother was back for two weeks, **her only break from the kitchens** and the only time she spent with her family all year, because her *missies* wanted her there to clean and cook whenever they needed her assistance. (p42)

(TT) Umama kaMohau noTshepo wayebuyile, eza kukhe ahlale iiveki ezimbini nosapho lwakhe, **kuba elo yayikukuphela kwexesha awayefumana ngalo ikhefu emsebenzini** wakhe. Kaloku *umissies* wakhe wayefuna ukuba asoloko elapho ehesini ukuze acoce, apheke nokupheka nangaliphi na ixesha efuna yena. (p48)

(Mohau's mother was back, and was going to stay for at least two weeks with her family **because that was the only break she got from her work all year...**)

Besides other major changes made here, the bold object phrase in the ST has been deleted in the TT and has been compensated for through conversion of the phrase 'her only break from the kitchens' into an adverbial clause of reason (in bold in the TT), otherwise we would have two phrases indicating time frames for one and the same occasion. Basically, the whole ST sentence displays instances of circumlocutions (repetitions), incomplete sentences, and it is generally a long sentence. Therefore, it has been paraphrased through omission in the TT)

ST Around that time I began making friends with Lebo, the girl I shared a desk with in class. We had very little in common, but I thought **she was very funny and smart**. The best thing about her was that **she made me laugh really hard** all the time. (P46)

TT Kanye kweso sithuba sezo zehlo ndaqalisa ukutshomana noLebo, intombazana apha **eyayintle kakhulu** endandihlala nayo edesikeni. Kwakungekho nto ingako eyayisidibanisa sobabini, ngaphandle nje kokuba ndandimthandela ukusoloko endihlekisa.

(Just around that time I began making friends with Lebo, **a very beautiful girl** I shared a desk with in class. We had very little in common, but I liked the way she used to make me laugh.)

"She was very funny and smart" has been deleted in the TT because it carries the same message with "she made me laugh", otherwise a semantic redundancy would result. Instead, the "smart part" of Lebo has been compensated for in the non-defining relative clause of the preceding sentence (see the bold item in the TT).

#### 5.3.2.3 Dealing with impersonal referencing: Searching for and finding relevant antecedents.

Impersonal referencing has happened if a particular pronoun (or any other type of referent) has been used such that it becomes difficult to identify its antecedent. The use of impersonal passives, for example, may at times confuse readers in the sense that readers may not be sure of who or what is referred to. This tendency may also be intensified by the use of a particular pronoun where the text has many nouns in its context, of which the intended message could just conform to ambiguity. The ST sporadically possessed this feature. The researcher had a concern that the identified gap could even be worse in the



TT because the TRs could easily feel discouraged by having to guess about who is expressing the view, or what is being done, to whom, and where, and thus the message could just fail to get across immediately.

### Examples

**ST** Television was a world we escaped into, it was the **enviable**, luxurious world of other people. (p32)

**TT** Umabonakude yayilelona lizwe lethu ledinga. Yayilizwe nje elalisenza umona **kuthi thina babengenaye**, nelalibubuncwane kwabo babenaye. (p36)

(Television was our promised land. It was a land enviable to those like us who didn't have it, but a luxurious world to those who had it.)

The communicative tension could occur because of the impersonalised adjective ('enviable') in the ST. In the TT this gap has been closed by the use of the bold object phrase which functions as an antecedent). Otherwise, there would be confusion as to whom or to where this adjective is actually referring – to those who had TV, or those who did not have TV?

**ST** Mama had taken me to the house of the family she worked for. I remember how grand **it** was. (p 35)

**TT** Umama wayehambe nam sisiya emzini wefemeli awayeyisebenzela ngelo xesha. Ndikhumbula indlela eyayintle ngayo **loo ndlu**. (p39)

(Mama went with me to visit the family she was working for at that time. I remember how beautiful **their house** was.

The pronoun *it* has been replaced by its antecedent (in bold) in the TT to avoid confusion. Otherwise, there would be confusion as to which noun becomes the relevant antecedent, *the house* or *the family*?

**ST** **She** was slightly suspicious and gave me a lecture about how she hoped never to find out that I had not told the truth, but after that she never said another word about **it** (P44).

**TT** Ndiyacinga ukuba umama wayenalo urhano oluthile, kuba wayemana ukundilumkisa ngokuthi angaze afumanise ukuba ndiyaxoka, kodwa ke emveni kwethuba akazange abuye athethe nto **ngoku kuhamba kwam isikolo sebhayibhile rhoqo ngenj'ixukuxa** (p51).

(I think mama was somehow suspicious because she gave me numerous warnings about her never to find out that I was lying, but after that she never said anything **about my attendance of a bible school every morning**)

Besides the pronoun *she* that has been replaced by the antecedent *umama* in the TT, the pronoun *it* has been replaced by the bold object phrase (which functions as its antecedent in this case). This has been done to avoid the confusion of finding the relevant antecedent, because *it* (as a pronoun in its own right) could stand in the place of *lecture* or *truth* or *word*, and in the context of the story, none of these mentioned nouns serve as the antecedent. Instead, the context of this particular paragraph, together with the content of a certain chapter in the story provided the researcher with means of searching for the exact antecedent. In this particular annotation this strategy has also served as means of 'dealing with inconsistent facts'.

ST Three days later a strange man appeared at our back door with two large bags filled with ice lollies.

“This is for you”, he said, handing my sister and me the yellow Checkers bags... So, **this** was the plan. (41)

TT Emva kweentsuku ezintathu kwathi gqi ndoda ithile esingazange saba nakuyinakana. Yangena ngocango lwangasemva iphethe iiplastiki ezimbini zigwele zithe qhu ziidoli.

“Zezenu ezi zinto”, yatsho isinika iiplastiki ezimbini ezimthubi zakwaCheckers... Makube ke eli yayilelaa **cebo umama wayekhe wasithela tshuphe ngalo malunga nokuchitha iiholide sisenza into ebambekayo.** (P45)

(Three days later a man we could not really know appeared. He entered through the back door with two plastic bags full of ice lollies)

“This is for you, he said handing the yellow Checkers bags to us... So this must be the plan **that mom once hinted to us about us spending holidays doing something tangible**).

*This*, which is written in bold in the ST, has been replaced by a defining relative clause, accompanied by the adverbial clause of purpose, and these two clauses (written in bold in the TT) jointly work as the proper antecedent to the impersonal reference *this*. A particular context of the story has been used in search of this antecedent.

#### 5.3.1.4 Dealing with punctuation errors

Advocates of Plain English recommend that writers should put accurate punctuation at the heart of their writing (Cutts, 2004: 97). Cutts continues to warn that a good command of punctuation helps one to say something more interestingly and exactly, and be understood at first hand. Given her role quite vividly by the literature reviewed in 2: 5.1 – 2.5.6) the researcher viewed this strategy as part of the essential tool-kit to make the product readable. So, to avoid ambiguity and misinterpretation of the intended message the translator had to attend even to punctuation issues of the ST to ensure full use of correct punctuation in order to achieve clarity in the TT.

#### Examples

ST I was especially upset about the mood around me –it was like collective mourning. (p42)

TT **Le meko yalapho elokishini yayisuke indigulise. Yayiba ngathi kuziliwe, kanye apha ngeecawe isikakhulu.** (p48)

(The mood in the township made me sick. It was like collective mourning, especially on Sundays.)

The dash that is used in the ST has been replaced by a full stop in the TT because what comes before is a full sentence. The researcher observed the new sentence (after the dash) in the TT by replacing the sound which begins this sentence with an uppercase. In short, two full sentences have been observed in the TT through the use of correct punctuations (as shown in bold in the TT), and the message has been enhanced.

ST “Tihelo!” I said, there’s Tshepo.” (p36)

TT “Tihelo!” Wakhwaza watsho uThato. “Nankuya uTshepo.”(p40)  
 (“Tihelo!” Thato shouted. There’s Tshepo.”

Besides the issue of the content attended to in this annotation, the researcher has removed the comma which appears in the ST because it has been functionally dislocated. “I said” is a full sentence on its own, and “There’s Tshepo” is another full sentence. The researcher has therefore replaced the comma with a full stop, and the lower case *t* of *there* has been replaced by uppercase *T* to mark the beginning of a new sentence.

**ST** “No one buys anything from the white stores, only from the stores around here. So no big Christmas present.” (p36)

**TT** “Akukho namnye oya kuthenga kwiiivenkile zabelungu. Kuza kuthengwa kwezi zalapha elokishini, into ethetha ukuthi ke akuzi kubakho mabhaso aKrisimesi. (p41)

(No one will buy from the white stores. We will buy from the shops around here, which simply means there won’t be Christmas presents.)

A comma in the ST has been replaced by **a full stop** in the TT because what comes before that comma is a full sentence. A new full sentence has been created in the TT to complement the ST one which sounds incomplete (because there is no predicate). **Correct punctuation rules** have applied (e.g. an uppercase at the beginning of a new sentence has been effected). Another incomplete sentence of the ST has been incorporated into the second one in the TT, and **a comma** has been used to accommodate it.

**ST** Oh God, I thought. No Christmas presents? (p36)

**TT** Thixo wam! Ndacinga njalo. Akazi kubakho amabhaso eKrisimesi? (p41)

(My God! I thought. Won’t there be any Christmas presents?)

The comma of the ST has been replaced by **an exclamation mark** (expressing shock) in the TT to show that “Oh God” is an exclamation rather than being a mere vocative, as it would appear if the punctuation style was left unattended to (or if the comma was retained).

**ST** We also heard about how, if Thato and I knew our place in this world, we would participate in the plan. (P 37)

**TT** Sasixelelwa nangokuba –ukuba phofu sinoThato sasiyazi eyona ndima yethu emhlabeni –sasinokuncedisa njani na kwezo zicwangcwiso.

(We also heard about how – if in fact Thato and I knew our role on earth – we would participate in the plan.)

The commas of the **ST** have been replaced by **dashes in the TT** to indicate that the writer is shifting a bit from what she is expressing, or to denote a sudden break from what she is expressing, and after the **closing dash** the researcher shows that the initial thought continues. This strategy has been done to avoid ambiguity, as some readers could assume that, what is put in between these commas is part of the list of things the speaker says she heard about, which would simply create a communicative tension in the TT, or would make it difficult to assemble the meaning.

### 5.3.1.5 Dealing with structural inconsistencies

There have been inconsistencies pertaining to the content of the whole story. To convince the TRs of the powerful message that Molope is sending out there would mean that the translator attends to every single detail of the ST, searching for gaps. Newmark's ST analysis is relevant here. He recommends that a role of the translator should begin with the analysis of the ST through both general and close reading. Close reading involves studying the words in and out of the context; gazing at everything that does not make good sense, *etc* (see 2.5.5). Searching for everything that does not make good sense must be done in search of possible non-equivalence, and in preparation for the selection of a suitable translation strategy, as Newmark (1988) argues.

#### *Examples*

**ST** One day Tshepo, who was now in the same school as I, suggested that we work together on making T-shirts and fliers to help the comrades publicize their meetings and rallies. *I wanted something to do that would bring results, having had no homework for weeks, and so I made it clear to Tshepo that I would not participate in any of the events* and that *under no circumstances was my mother to know what was going on. I also desperately wanted to stay closer to Tshepo after all this time.* Thato and I were hardly good friends anymore and I was still only half-interested in being very close to Karabo. *So I set some conditions before I agreed to help and we began a project that was to change my perspective of the riots.*

*At six o'clock every morning, after Mama had left to catch the five-thirty train, Tshepo would be at my door waiting to take me to the comrades' offices.* (P45)

**TT** Ngenye imini uTshepo, owayesele efunda kweso sikolo ndandikuso ngelo xesha, weza nengcamango yokuba sisebenze kunye sisenza izikipa sibhala namanqaku athile emaphepheni, zinto ezo zaziza kuncedisa amaqabane ekubhengezeni iintlanganiso neerali zawo. Ngelo xesha ndandisele ndilangazelela ukwenza nje kwanto ebhadlileyo eyayinokundenza ukuba ndizive ndinexabiso. Yayisele iliqela leeveki singasafumani misebenzi yasekhaya kootitshala. Ngoko ke ndasithakazelela esi sicelo sikaTshepo, ndisithi **ndingathabatha inxaxheba kuyo nayiphi na into eyenziwayo**, kodwa ndanqonqozisa ukuba angaze wayiva umama loo nto.

Nam ndandisele ndiziva ndilangazelela ukusoloko ndikufutshane noTshepo emva kwalo lonke elo xesha singasabonani kakuhle. Sasisele singezotshomi kangako noThato, ndisazama ukuzitshomanisa noKarabo. Ngoko ke ndaqala ndayibeka imeko yam kuTshepo phambi kokuba ndivume ukuncedisa ezintweni zamaqabane. Yacaca nje mhlophe into yokuba sinoTshepo kufuneke siqale sibe kwiphulo elithile lokuzama ukujika indlela endandiwubona ngayo umzabalazo.

Ngokwesivumelwano, ngentsimbi yesithandathu rhoqo kusasa, nomama sele emkile ukuleqa itreyini yecala emva kwentsimbi yesihlanu, uTshepo wayeza kube sele emi phambi komnyango elindele ukundithatha siye kwii-ofisi zamaqabane (p50).

The problem with this paragraph is that it lacks coherence due to misinterpretation of the message created by the statement written in bold in the ST. This statement has been

mistakenly put in the negative form, and as a result it clashes with the other one written in italics in the same sentence (in fact with all those points written in italics throughout that paragraph). As a result there is loss of coherence throughout this paragraph.

The topic sentence there is about Tshepo proposing that they (together with Tihelo) should consider going to SASO Offices to give comrades a hand in publicizing their meetings and rallies by writing notices and making T-shirts, and Tshepo declining the request (See the sentence marked bold in the ST) when the context actually wants him to **conditionally** agree to it).

So, the writer obviously made a negative/positive type of error in terms of the content of this sentence. The sentence marked bold in the ST, which reads, “So I made it clear to Tshepo that **I would not participate** in any of the events”, is supposed to read like, “So I made it clear to Tshepo that **I would participate** in the events only if (or on condition that)...” (The researcher has rectified the error in the TT by turning the sentence in the negative form into a sentence in the positive form, and a conditional clause has been added as the context of this sentence demands so).

**ST** We walked for twenty minutes to a house on the outskirts of the township that looked like any other four room. I had expected it to have some sort of sign, or at least a detectable aura around it that let you know you had reached the headquarters of the ANC student movement, the South African Student’s Organization or SASO. There was a very well kept lawn in the front yard and no high wall or anything that looked liked the owners needed tighter security. In fact, you would have thought that it was just another quiet family home. **Tshepo told me on the way that they would know we were coming as no one ever dropped by without calling first and if they did, they would have to say a code word, which even he did not know.**” (p45)

**TT** Ngosuku lokuqala leli phulo sahamba kangangesithuba samashumi amabini emizuzu sisiya kwindlu eyayingqamene nelokishi, eyayifana nje nabanye oo-fourroom. Ndandilindele ukuba ibe nophawu oluthile ngaphandle, okanye ke kubekho into nje evakalayo, exelayo ukuba ufikile ke ngoku kundlunkulu wombutho wabafundi we-ANC, I-South African Student’s Organization, i-SASO ke ukutsho. Kwakukho ingca eyayiluhlaza yaka, ibonisa ukuba yayikhathalelwe. Kwakungekho donga luphakamileyo, kungekho nantoni na ebononakalisa ukuba abanini-ndawo bahoye izinto zokukhuselwa ezintshabeni. Eneneni, wawunokude ucinge ukuba le yayiyindlu nje yefemeli ethile, apho kukho nje ucwangco.

**UTshepo wandixelela sisesendleleni ukuba ngahle amaqabane angayazi into yokuba siyeza,** njengoko kwakungafane kufike mntu engafowunanga apho, okanye ke ukuba babeye babekho abantu abaze bengafowunanga babeye babize ikhowudi ethile. Ke yena uTshepo wayengayazi naloo khowudi. (p51)

There is an error that the writer has made here (see the sentence marked in bold in the ST). This time, the type of error made is a positive form/negative form error. The bold sentence is in the positive while the context (marked in italics in the ST) demands that

this sentence should be in the negative, for example, it reads as “Tshepo told me on the way that they **would know** we were coming”, while it should actually read as “Tshepo told me on the way that they **would not know** we were coming”.

The thing is, Tshepo would not tell Tihelo that the comrades would know that they were coming to SASO, whereas he says it is the rule that no one comes there without calling the office first to warn of their visit, and in fact, they never warned the office prior to their visit. Tihelo herself would not be apprehensive of the fact that Tshepo did not know the word code if comrades “knew that they were coming”. The error has been corrected in the TT (the sentence has been put in the negative form (see the area marked bold in the TT).

**ST** I thought I would go to Martha’s house. She was always ready to divulge information about other people’s lives – you could never spend more than ten minutes with her without finding out who was sick, dying, imprisoned, broke, or cheating. Of course, I had also spent some years with her and knew nothing about what was going on with her own home, information she obviously deliberately withheld. She carried so much shame, and I spent less and less time at her house because hers seemed to be growing with age.

**I went over for a few minutes that day.**

**TT** Ndabe sele ndicinga ukuba ndiye kutyelela uSisi Martha endlwini yakhe. Yena ke wayesoloko egobhoza ngentlalo abayiphilayo abanye abantu – wawungenakuze ulichithe ishumi lemizuzu naye ungakhange uve ukuba ngubani ogulayo ngoku, ngubani oswelekayo ngoku, ngubani obanjiweyo ngoku, ngubani oqhekezileyo ngoku, ingubani otakayo ngoku. Kakade ke, yayisele iyiminyaka ndimazi, kodwa ndingazange ndeva kwaphela ngelakhe siqu ikhaya. Ndiyaqonda ukuba wayeyenza ngamabom loo nto kunjalonj’oku!

Yayingumntu owayekhangeleka esifa ziintloni. Mna ke ndandingakhululeki phakathi komntu oneentloni. Loo nto yayindenza ndingahlali xesha lide endlwini yakhe, kuba ndafumanisa ukuba ezakhe iintloni zazisiya zimkhulela ngokuya ekhula naye.

Reading from the context of this paragraph, where Tihelo would not endure being in Ausi Martha’s company for longer because of her (Ausi Martha’s) personality, we are able to make some justifications here. And, the last bold sentence in the ST about Tihelo going over for some **few minutes** to see Ausi Martha is quite understandable. But, the context of the story shows that Tihelo was actually at Ausi Martha’s home for quite longer than the sentence wants to claim (see pp52-55 of the novel). Therefore the sentence marked in bold in the ST twists the message somehow and results in a contradiction as you read along. The researcher found this sentence redundant, and therefore decided to discard it in the TT.

### 5.3.1.6 Vocabulary

This aspect basically shows how the researcher – because of the differing grammars of the two languages at stake – sought to make translation devices to reach a compromise

where necessary. This has been done in the sense that, while the researcher constantly had this intention to maintain the crux of the SL message, she would not at any rate try to compromise the grammatical needs of the TL. Given the fact that the TL has unique expressiveness and beauty, which are both embedded in the use of ideophones, idioms and expressions, the researcher manipulated this uniqueness to express nuances of the ST that would otherwise turn out to be less emphatic in the TT, as Bellock argues (see Chapter 2: 5.6, or to at least preserve stylistic and dramatic devices of the ST).

### The use of ideophones

Comparably speaking, isiXhosa is very rich in ideophones. Ideophones beautify the language and, as Mlonyeni (2004: 108) puts it, they are expressive, appealing and provide a minute vivid description. Their use in the TT does not merely bring about natural beauty of the TL, but they also functioned as strategies whereby the researcher lacked an equivalent she thought would match the richness expressed in the ST. Such cases depict the kind of compromise that was reached; to let the conventions of the TL take course while maintaining the richness of the source text.

### *Examples*

**ST** “Don’t you ever get out of the sun?” I heard a voice that startled me as I was getting **more absorbed** in my story. My hand **froze** and **clenched** on to the Mother rock. I was too afraid to look up because I had never heard that voice before. It was scratchy and deep but I knew it was a woman because the leather sandals in front of my hand were women’s shoes.

Slowly, I looked up the legs with the **dry** skin, the green dress just above the knees, and the slightly **protruding** stomach. My eyes stopped there for a second, Mother rock slipped from my wet palms and **hit** the ground. My knees gave way and my body **dropped** suddenly as I **fell** back on my buttocks. (P29)

**TT** “Usoloko ugcakamele ilanga na?” Ndeva ilizwi elandimangalisayo njengoko ndandisele ndingene **zwabha** ebalini lam. Isandla sam sasuka soma **nko**, sabanda **ceke**, saza saxhathisa sabambeleva **ntshi** apha kumama uLitye. Ndandisoyika ngendlela engathethekiyo kuba zange ndaliva ilizwi elinjalo ngaphambili. Lalirhabaxa kwaye lilikhulu, kodwa ke ndandiliqonda ukuba lelomfazi kuba iimbadada zofele ezaziphambi kwesandla sam yayizezomfazi.

Kancinci nje ndawanyusa amehlo am ngomlemze owawukhangeleka wome **nko**, ilokhwe eluhlaza ime nje apha entla kwamadolo, nesisu sithande ukuthi **qhukru** kancinci. Amehlo am akhe ema apho umzuzwana nje, suka umama uLitye waphuncuka ezandleni zam, wee **nka** phantsi. Asuka amadolo am abusuka apha endleleni, waza umzimba lo wam wee **folokohlo** eli lixa mna ndisiya kuthi **daxa** ngeempundu phantsi (p33).

The verbs marked bold in the ST have been given lucidity through the use of ideophones marked bold in the TT. As much as these verbs do carry some weight in the ST, translating them literally would just result in a shortfall in the TT and thus the researcher would have failed to capture the vitality of the ST. Therefore, the use of these ideophones in the TT plays a major role in drawing a line between the languages in question, that is, while these verbs are simple and remain semantically logical in the ST, the TT demands

some additions on those verbs for them to carry the message which is as vibrant as it was in the ST. An explanation we can make here is that English and isiXhosa have different grammatical and syntactical domains, and translators should always observe that in order to make translations readable, or for translations to at least assume the “reciprocity stage” of Steiner’s Hermeneutic View (see 2.5.4).

To do a direct back translation of the above TT would be an impossible mission, as ideophones (which appear bold in the TT) are xhosa-specific. Suffice it therefore to say that their use in the TT is the strategy that the researcher adopts to retain the lucidity of the message of the ST.

#### Using one word for a collection of words

There are words that are called “oomalibeline” in isiXhosa which literally mean “all in one”. These are words that play an economic role as they brood a collection of words in just one word. Words like these play a crucial role in cases whereby the ST does not seem to have (or has been written as if there is no) one-word equivalent, and therefore a desire to award a TT-specific title becomes a necessity.

#### *Examples*

##### **TT-specific terms**

**ST** Even the simple choice of whether or not I wanted to kiss a boy was something that took a lot of thinking. It brought to mind pregnant **women my age** who had let go of the possibility of leaving the township. (p47)

**TT** Nditsho mna izinto nje ezingenamsebenzi – ezifana nokuzibuza ukuba ndiyafuna na okanye andifuni ukuphuzana namakhwenkwe – zazindenza ndicinge nzulu ngazo. Loo nto yayisuke yenze kuthi qatha engqondweni yam ukuba kanene **iintanga** zam ezazicinga ukuba zingaze zimke elokishini zasuka zakhulelwa, ze loo mabhongo azo aphelela eluhayini. (p54)

The phrase marked bold in the ST has been translated by one word marked bold in the TT. Otherwise, the literal translation would be “abafazi abakobu budala ndikubo”, which does not only appear longer, but also marks words that could have been used unnecessarily where a more precise one would do. In this case, Molohe wrote it as if there is no one-word equivalent in the ST, whereas “women my age” could be simple written as “my peers”

**ST** I suppose intimacy and affection with men intimidated me; I thought of men as people who could very easily be the end of my dreams. That was something **I had got from** my mother. (p47)

**TT** Ndiyaqonda ukuba ukuthandana nokuhoyana namadoda kwakundidika kakhulu; ndandisoloko ndiwacingela kakubi amadoda, kanye njengabantu ababenokundonakalisela amaphupha am. **Ndandifuze** umama ke ngaloo nto. (p54)

Even in this case, instead of translating the bold ST phrase as ‘ndandiyithathe kumama’ the researcher chooses to use a more direct word (in bold) in the TT.



### ST-specific terms

However, the ST presents a case whereby there are also ST-specific terms, of which their literal translation would serve no purpose in transferring the desired message. On such occasions, the use of a literal, one-word equivalent would just cause the message to sound rather unnatural and unconventional.

#### *Examples*

**ST** One day in school Lebo suggested I may only be Keitumetse's **half-sister**, and I found myself unable to disagree. (p116)

**TT** Wakhe wathi uLebo ngenye imini kum esikolweni mna ngahle **ndingudadeboKeitumetsi ongagqibanga ncam**, *ethetha ukuba ngahle ndandinomzali omnye owayengengokaKeitumetsi; iyonke loo nto ithetha ukuthi, noxa sasingoodade sasingagqibanga ncam.* (p124)

The term marked bold in the ST does not seem to have a one word equivalent in the TT. It is therefore ST-specific. The researcher offers an equivalent through the use of the phrase marked bold in the TT. But then, the bold phrase does not necessarily result in the improvement of the message either, hence the researcher resorts to complementing the phrase with yet another explanatory text (marked in italics in the TT).

The TT could have a one word equivalent for “half-sister in this case, for example “Umgqakhwe”, instead of the use of that bold phrase. The researcher had to consider the fact that this is a literary translation, therefore the use of Umgqakhwe” in the context whereby learners are just teasing one another in a happy classroom mood would be a bit heavier, and therefore would just make the message sound unrealistic. It is for that reason that an option of using a mild phrase was selected, and perhaps out of willingness to attend to issues of tone and register as per the cultural needs of the TT. This strategy could be linked to Euphemism.

### Figurative Language

The fair use of figurative language in the ST has been reciprocated with the use of figurative language in the TT. This is whereby the translator has tried to reproduce the same vividness in the TT as in the ST. However, there are also cases whereby ST simple language has been translated with a figurative language in the TT to make the message more expressive.

### ***Translating with idioms and expressions***

Idioms and expressions beautify a particular language, and can be manipulated in cases where a particular language lacks an equivalent, or if an equivalent falls short of the intended ST message. Idioms and expressions exist in all languages.

In the process of translating, a translator has a wide choice to deploy these idioms and expressions the way s/he chooses, depending on how artistic and how natural s/he chooses to be without doing any harm to the message (Ntwana (2005). For example, there are cases whereby a ST may use simple language and completely lack these aesthetic aspects. But, the very same cases of the ST may present the translator with situations that demand translating that simple language with an idiomatic equivalent.

There are also cases whereby the ST may use an idiom, and as a translator you will have to render the idiom that follows the same axis with that of the ST, that is, translating an idiom with an idiom. Some academics in translation programmes explain this method as cultural equivalence (Gouws: 2004). However, Molohe has used very little idioms or rather none at all, and most of the time the translator had to, instead, translate simple language with an idiom; or a figurative language with idiom/expression.

### ***Translating simple language by an idiom***

The translator manipulated this aspect in cases whereby the message of the ST would not be clear if plain language was translated by means of corresponding plain language. Therefore, a proper communicative function would demand that ST plain language has an equivalent that is either an expression, or an idiom.

Newmark (1998: 47) gives a better explanation of this method when he describes an idiomatic translation as “a method that reproduces the message of the original but tends to distort nuances of meaning by preferring colloquialism and idioms where these items do not exist in the original”.

### ***Examples***

**ST** This lack of choice came up, leaving me angry, but most of the time **I was just fearful.** (p47)

**TT** Le nto yayiye indishiye ndicaphuka kakhulu ngamanye amaxesha, kodwa ngamanye ndandiyi ndifumanise ukuba **ndizoyikisa nje ngenyoka efileyo.** (p54)

(This lack of choice came up, leaving me angry, but most of the time I was just **terrifying myself with a dead snake**)

The bold plain language in the ST has been translated by the bold idiom in the TT. Otherwise, the message would have been partially conveyed. The use of the bold idiom in the TT paints a clear picture (to the TR) of the narrator's perceptions on the matter that she relates about.

**ST** So far she **had had no luck.**

**TT** Kodwa ke, okwangoko **wayesafe namthanyana,** kuba iminqweno yakhe yayingekade ifezekiswe. (p63)

(But then, she was still like a dead corpse with a mouthful, because her wishes had not been fulfilled then)

The ST sentence has been expanded in the TT. The simple language marked bold in the ST has been translated through the use of an idiom in the TT, because had it been literally translated, the message would have been obscure.)

### ***figurative language translated by a figurative language/ an idiom/ an expression***

As shown earlier, there have been cases whereby the use of figurative language in the ST has been reciprocated with the use of a figurative language/an idiom/expression in the TT. This is usually a case whereby the researcher seeks to reproduce the same vividness in the TT as in the ST.

### Examples

**ST** I heard a voice that startled me as I was **getting more absorbed** in my story. (P29)

**TT** Ndeva ilizwi elandimangalisayo njengoko ndandisele **ndizifake zatshona iinzipho** ebalini lam. (P33)

(I heard a very strange voice as I had already stuck my nails into my story)

“More absorbed” in the ST is figurative and, at the time of translation, the researcher did not have an equivalent that would match the intensity implied in the ST. So, the researcher decided to translate the intensified verb with an expression in the TT (marked in bold) to preserve the lucidity of the message of the ST.

**ST** We felt **utterly exhausted** with fear (p37)

**TT** **Sasiziinkukhu ezisikwe umlomo** sinoThato ngenxa yendlela esasisoyika ngayo. (p42)

(We were just like chickens with their mouths cut because of the fear we had.)

“Utterly exhausted” is figurative and the closest equivalent the translator could get is an idiom marked in bold in the TT.

**ST** It brought to my mind pregnant women my age who had **to let go of the possibility of** leaving the township. (p47)

**TT** Loo nto yenza kwathi qatha engqondweni yam ukuba kanene iintanga zam ezazinga ukuba zingaze ziyishiye ilokishi zasuka zakhulelwa, ze loo mabhongo azo **aphelela eluhayini**. (p54)

(It brought to my mind that by the way my peers who once thought they would leave the township sooner unfortunately fell pregnant and all those dream ended up to nowhere.)

Besides other amendments done to the ST, an expressive language like “let go of the possibility of” has been replaced by an idiom (marked bold) in the TT to help transfer a clear message, which would have been otherwise compromised if word-for-word translation was made.

**ST** I **reluctantly consented** to the comrades’ request that for six months before the winter holidays in June I would go there every morning with Tshepo to make fliers. (p45)

**TT** **Ndandimadolw’anzima** ukusivuma isicelo samaqabane sokuba sinoTshepo sibe lapho kundlunkulu kangangeenyanga ezintandathu phambi kokuba ibe ziiholide zeyeSilimela, sibhala izibhengezo. (p52)

(My knees were a bit heavier to accept the comrades’ request that for six months before the winter holidays in June I would go there every morning with Tshepo to make fliers.)

The verb modified by an adverb (marked bold in the ST) has been translated with an idiom (marked bold) in the TT to maintain a vivid message of the ST.

**ST** It was **as if we were treading through a minefield** (Simile). (p45)

**TT** Kum yayisuke **ibe ngathi sizinqikela nje ilitye elineembovane**. (p52)

(To me it was like we were just opening a can of worms)

The simile in the ST has been translated by an idiom to make the message more vivid to TRs.

**ST** Mr T and the A-team were building a fabulous reputation **as the men who saved the day** (Simile). (P32)

**TT** UMnu. T neqela lakhe elikwinqanaba-A babesele bezenzele udumo kanye **njengabosuli beenyembezi mihla le** (Simile).

(Mr T and the A-team were building a fabulous reputation as wipers of tears.)

**ST** Television **was the world we escaped into** (Metaphor), it was enviable, **luxurious world** of other people. (P32)

**TT** Umabonakude **yayilelona lizwe lethu ledinga** (Metaphor). Yayililizwe nje elalisenza umona kuthi babengenaye, **nelalilelobisi nobusi** kwabo banenaye.

(The Television was a promised land. It was enviable to those who didn't have it, but was a land of milk and honey to those who had it).

All bold items which are not accompanied by a bracket which confirms the figurative language status should be noted as just simple language. Unlike the first few examples in this category (where a Figurative language is translated by either an idiom or an expression) the last two examples display cases of a Figurative Language translated by a Figurative Language (marked in brackets).

### *Simple Language translated by a figurative language*

The researcher has taken a decision to translate a simple language by a figurative one in cases whereby the simple language of the ST would just fall short of the intended message were it translated by same simple language in the TT.

### *Examples*

**ST** I **was vacillating** between being frightened at how Mama Kleintjie had surprised me and appeared out of no where, and being disappointed that I had not got a good look at her face. (p30)

**TT** **Ingqondo yam yayithatha ibeka** (Personification), ndisithi ndisoyikiswa yindlela umama uKleintjie andothuse ngayo nokuthi gqi qhaphu kwakhe kwindawo endingayaziyo kweli cala, ndibe kweliya ndidaniswa nakukuba ndingadanga ndambona kakuhle ebusweni. (p34)

(My mind was taking something and putting it back, as I was frightened at how Mama Kleintjie shocked me this side and the fact that she appeared out of no where that side).

**ST** **We would laugh** about whose armpit she had had the privilege of smelling that evening. (p30)

**TT** **Besidla ngokuhleka kube buhlungu iintumbu** (Hyperbole), sibuzwa ukuba leliphu ikhwapha athe wawongwa ngokulijoja ngaloo njikalanga ithile. (p35)

(We would **laugh until our intestines burn with pain** about whose armpit she had had the privilege of smelling that evening.)

The simple verb 'laugh', with 'would' as a modal, is translated with a hyperbole to make the message sound more impressive in the TT than it really is in the ST (the same process has happened in the case of simple verb 'vacillating' translated by means of personification above). Perhaps these two cases explain what Laviosa (1998) partly refers to in his explanation of *normalisation* as a translation universal with a tendency to "even exaggerate patterns and practices which are typical of the target language as revealed by unmarked grammatical structures, collocational patterns and practices. According to Laviosa, the translator applies normalisation sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, in order to render idiosyncratic text features in such a way as to make them conform to the norm of the target language and culture (see 2.4.3).

## **5.4 Intercultural translation Problems**

### 5.4.1 Introduction

Silke (2004) cites Nord's understanding of the heading "intercultural translation problems". According to Nord (1997:59), intercultural translation problems arise from the difference in conventions between two cultures involved. A heading of this kind therefore needs one to spell out ST cultural issues which to some extent sought to make it difficult to explain issues in the TC.

It is in the interest of the researcher to note that there is very little comment on 'intercultural translation problems' which surfaced in the process. The reason is that though *Dancing in the Dust* has been written in English, it is not really about the lives of English people per se. All events narrated in this novel reflect everyday lives of baTswana (besides the political aspect and the period in which the novel has been shaped). Since the target culture (TC) has a lot in common with the seTswana culture, the majority of (if not all) the cultural events presented in the novel are known in the TC. This form indicates an "inverse translation situation" because the TTRs may be familiar with the cultural aspect of the ST even better than the STRs. For example, the culture of *igazi*, an occasion whereby the host sells beer to fellow Africans the whole night as a cultural fundraising method, is familiar to all black societies, particularly rural areas.

The slight difference can be detected in the sense that in rural areas of the TC this event is done during the day and is culturally known as *ipotsoyi*. It is done mostly by elderly, traditional women and men than church going women and men as presented in the novel. However, the translator has chosen to retain the *igazi* cultural concept because of the uncertainty of how it is known in urban areas of the TC, especially at the time of translation, and probably because of the author's own choice of retaining some of these Tswana cultural terms in an English domain.

A cultural aspect that also needs some reinforcement is the one which was initiated earlier in this chapter (see 5.2), regarding the translation of kinship names, names of plants and geographical names, food names, forms of greeting, and the ST concepts that were used to denote climatic conditions.

As said earlier, the seTswana cultural concepts have been retained for reasons. It is interesting to note that the willingness to opt for foreignising translation in this case has had an effect such that the researcher had a moment of being disloyal to her own commitment to TR – the role of re-writing texts in different settings, which simply means, as Lefevere (1985) argues, writing in a different linguistic and cultural frame of reference with a commitment to prioritise the purpose of informing the TRs.

The researcher realises that a compromise between foreignising and domesticating translation strategies in terms of all seTswana cultural concepts could have at least been reached. If the choice to retain all cultural concepts in seTswana throughout the translation (foreigning) was at least accompanied by the insertion of a glossary at the end of the translation (domesticating) this arrangement could have reflected a compromise reached between the said translation strategies in the interests of the easy flow of the message for TRs.

Domesticating translation could have been used through the explanation of seTswana terms in both English and isiXhosa (the TT) to make the translation more convenient for TRs, through a wider medium. It is therefore in the interest of the readers of this particular research that the researcher demonstrates herewith how this strategy could have appeared:

#### 5.4.2 Glossary

seTswana	English	isiXhosa
Age	good Day – though it is supposed to show that it is a response to someone who has greeted, it stays the same as how the greeting is in English	ewe! Le yindlela yokuvuma xa umntu ekubulisa
Areng	what did he say?	wathini? Lo ngumbuzo onokuwubuz xa unomdla wokuva ukuba umntu othile uye wathini xa ethetha ngento ethile.
Bana	children	abantwana
Bogobe	Stifpap	umqamanzi
<i>Dimilione tsa Keriri</i>	<i>the millions of Keriri</i> . In the novel this phrase refers to a TV programme.	<i>izigidi zeeRandi zaseKeriri.</i>
Ditloutlwane	zombies – in the novel this noun has been used to mark corps believed to have been brought back to life by witchcraft so that they become messengers of the	izithunzela

	witches	
Dumelang	good Day – this is the way by which people greet one another	molweni
Gab o lefyega ga go lliwe	an idiom, meaning don't hide in the corner	kulogwala kuyahlekwa, kulokroti kuyalilwa
Gazi	a party where people sell beer (from their houses) to their guests	ipotsoyi
Hae	at home (locative)	ekhaya
Ha-e	no!	hayi
a hao	yours	eyakho
Iyoo	oh, no!	yhoo
Jaanong	and then? / So what? – this is an explanation which shows that you don't see anything as a big deal)	ke ngoku
Ke eng	what is it?/ What happened	yintoni/ kwenzekeni
Kgogolammoko	the first rain in Spring. The type of rain that cleans the dust.	imvula yokuqala entlakohlaza
Koko	grandmother	Umhakhulu, ugoro
Lekeishene	in the township	elokishini
Lekhalate	a coloured person	iqheya, igongo, umntu webala
Lela	cry (verb)	lila
Malome	uncle	umalume
Mama	mother	umama
Matlakadibe	the Rain known as “the bearer of evil” because it is loud and stormy, it drills the potholes on the ground and leaves convoluted grooves that do not allow cars to enter.	Isiphango
Medupe	the slow drizzling rain. It goes on all day and takes its time to leave.	umvimbi
Missies	madam. The domestic employer.	umedem. umisisi
Moholo	grandfather	utatomkhulu
Mpimpi	a spy	impimpi
Mupudu		
Ngwanake	my child	umtwanam
Sekhebereshe	a slut	isikhebereshe

Sho!	ouch	shu!
Tlaa kwano	come on here!	yiz'apha
Tee	tea	iti
Ting	maze-meal	umili-mili. Umgubo
Thuntsa lerole	shooting the dust	ukuqhumisa uthuli
Tsamaya ka kagiso	go well	uhambe kakuhle
Wena	you	wena

The insertion of this glossary is a way of acknowledging that the task of translating all the above listed seTswana concepts into the TL would be simplified in the sense that all the instances of culture embedded in each of these concepts are familiar in the TC.

#### 5.4.3 The occurrence of the Northern cultures in *Dancing in the Dust*

The occurrence of the Northern cultures in Molope's novel adds some taste in the portrayal of the real South African society, probably because of another English version these brothers and sisters brought into South Africa: for example, broken English and "improper" accents. However, the Northern brothers and sisters are not verbally active in the novel. Their means of communication has been either narrated or described in the novel.

The annotations of these sections, whereby the culture of selling arts and craft is verbally articulated in the book, would be an interesting activity to listen to. Scenes in the ST whereby the researcher could have aggressively changed the structure of the ST for an enhanced structure of the TT could have been manipulated. The creation of dialogues (depicting the translation of these cultures) which did not exist in the ST could have shown how "invasive and how exhaustive" translators should be in the process, as per Steiner's Hermeneutic View of translation (see 2.5.4).

The level of assimilation of Steiner's Hermeneutic View of translation was still low during the process. With its four articulated stages, namely trust; aggression; incorporative movement and reciprocity, anything worthy to be transferred and how it could be transferred would be possible.

## B. THE MACRO STRUCTURE

### 5.5 Text-specific translation problems

As stated earlier, the macro structure relates to global features that may influence the novel as a whole. It includes a scrutiny of the various divisions of text, the titles of the various divisions, the internal narrative structure, the dramatic intrigue, comments by the author... (Lambert & Van Gorp (in Naude, 2000: 11).

#### 5.5.1 Title

Someone helped with the translation of the title of the novel. To the researcher, *Sijuxuza Eluthulini* sounds so absolute; there is absolutely no message that has been lost in it. However, if the researcher was the first hand receiver of the ST, she would have loved to relive the kind of dance we normally have in black societies in the title, so that it becomes



*Sixhentsa Eluthulini* (which literally means doing traditional dance in the Dust). But then, *Sijuxuza Eluthulini* sounds more impressive; it sounds more modern and is quite flaggy. It will keep readers attracted to the novel, always. Because *Sijuxuza Eluthulini* also accommodates one of the striking phenomena about black townships – the trace of dust – this title features as the best choice for marketing purposes.

A debate about the grammatical aspect of this title also surfaced during the course of translation. *Dancing in the Dust* sounds syntactically incomplete (*i.e.* it is a phrase). Had it been a full sentence it would read as *We are Dancing in the Dust*. This aspect sought to confuse the researcher with regard to its morphology, that is, whether its prefix in the TT should be the collective pronoun *Si* (We); or the infinitive morpheme *Uku-* (To) so that the title becomes *Ukujuxuza Eluthulini*. Whatever the case would be, each of these articles would still be semantically correct. But then, according to the context of the story the *Si* became more representative<sup>2</sup>, and thus became a perfect fit.

Equally essential, the question about the proper grammatical aspect of the title is still rhetoric. The title *Dancing in the Dust* becomes more rhetoric in the TT because there emerges an uncertainty as to whether it is in the Declarative Mood or in the Subjunctive Mood. As much as this aspect would not necessarily interfere with the message of the novel, TRs are likely to read it in different tones: one tone will be higher (and on such an occasion readers would be confirming that the title is in the Indicative Mood); and the other one will be lower (and on such an occasion readers would be confirming that the title is in the Subjunctive Mood). Whichever way it may be, its message remains unaffected.

### 5.5.2 Various divisions of the ST

As pointed out earlier, Molope's tendency to suddenly breakaway from particular subjects and enter completely new zones (with completely new styles) sought to shift the attention of the translator somehow at the expense of the progress of the process. Having to think about italicising the font or changing the tense of these sections is another challenge the researcher had to contend with. However, during such moments the researcher would consistently remind herself of the mediating role she had to play, taking into consideration what Huck, *et al* (1997) had to conclude about the role of translators; that "translators are readers who are always translating for their readers, the future readers of the translation, who are beneficiaries of the whole translation..." It is during such moments that the researcher would realise another invaluable role translators have – that of attending even to such idiosyncratic elements in a bid to inform the TRs of what is worthy to be transferred.

To some extent, these sections could be offering some valuable background to some of the pertinent issues of the novel, or could perhaps be demonstrating Molope's strategic style of wanting to fit all features of apartheid South Africa in only one piece of art.

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<sup>2</sup> The actual dancing in the dust involves everyone in black townships; and in the novel, this phenomenon becomes visible during protest marches by either learners or residents or both. Thus the concord *Si* becomes more representative, hence the researcher had to reach a compromise by preferring *Si* to *Uku-*.

During such moments, Newmark's free style view that "The central problem of translating ...has always been whether to translate literally or freely... (1988: 46-47)" was constantly revisited. A decision to echo the author's style as much as possible was therefore unwittingly seen as a strategy to push forward what became obvious was this particular Molope's deliberate point of view. However, this strategy was used with caution, that is, to not let it result in some awkwardness or a lack of clarity.

### Examples

**ST** I went over for a few minutes that day, however, because it was very impolite to not stop by the homes of neighbours every once in a while, and ask how they are keeping, and see if they are sleeping and eating well. So, from Lebo's house I started walking towards our street to give my greetings to Ausi Martha, hoping to see what I could learn about Lebo and her father.

*The woman walking up and down the street selling the brooms she carries on her head comes with stories from afar. She carries those stories that are harder and heavier than the ten solid wooden brooms she bears delicately on her head. She comes into my yard when I'm sitting on the ground playing with my stones, the sun pressing onto the centre of my head, my neck burning...She comes in for a glass of water, puts her cane brooms down on the ground next to her body, and then sits on my side. Her legs stretched out. I listen, she tells. Yesterday she came with one about the woman who lost her home to the Group Areas Act, the law that says people have to leave separate from those of a different skin colour.*

**TT** Yayingeyonto intle ukudlula nje kwizindlu zabamelwane ungemanga ubuze oku kwempilo, mhlawumbi ke uve nokuba balala ngantoni na kwelo khaya. Ngoko ke endleleni ebuya kuloLebo ndabe sele ndijolisa umbombo ngokwasisiMartha ndinethemba lokuba ndakuva nto ithile ngoLebo noyise.

*Lo mama unyuka esehla ngesitrato ethengisa imitshayelo. Uza namabali aphaya endulo, amabali abunzima bawo bungaphezulu nakobu bale mitshayelo ayithengisayo idityanisiwe. Uyeza angene apha eyadini, lo gama mna ndizidlalela upuca libe lona ilanga lihlaba kabuhlungu apha entloko, intamo le yona isitsha kanobom...Lo mama uyangena acele amanzi, aze abeke imitshayelo apha ecaleni kwakhe, andule aze kuhlala apha ecaleni kwam anabe. Ndimamele mna lo gama yena abalisayo. Izolo uke wabalisa ngomfazi owaphulukana nendlu yakhe ngenxa ye-Group Areas Act, umthetho apha owawusaziwa ngokucalucalula abantu ngokwebala ukuze bahlale kwiindawo ezahlukeneyo.*

The above ST extract, together with its translation, marks a sudden change in tense and format: The first paragraph of each of the texts is narrated in the past tense and has a regular font while the second paragraph of each text suddenly changes into a simple present tense and assumes an italic font. The strategy to just retain the style of the ST simplified the task of this translator because had she attempted to, for instance, retain the

tense of the mainstream narration (in the changed section) for the sake of consistency, there would have been a confusion of issues in the message. From such rather eccentric occasions it can thus be seen that there is relevance in the rhetoric question of translators in general: “What are the criteria of a good translation?” (Ridge, 2006).

There are two crucial points that Ridge mentions with regard to the proposed criteria for a good translation, and they are:

- Translation should be true to the substance (e.g. plot, characterization, setting and flavor of the original work, and should retain the view point of the author.
- The reflection of the style of the author and that of the original language are assets unless in the translation these reflections result in awkwardness or lack of clarity for intended audience (Ridge, 2006).

The two points that Ridge makes here resemble the linguistic point of view of translation, especially Nida’s Dynamic Equivalence theory (see 2.3.1). Perhaps this could be the means by which the researcher reconciles the differing translation approaches and literatures, to say that they will always be interdependent (as also mentioned earlier in this research), and thus will always offer flexible options for translators to ensure correct communication of the message of the ST, with clear focus that this act is done in another culture.

### 5.5.3 Untitled chapters of the ST

The lack of the use of titles for different chapters of this novel also, somehow, surfaced as a translation problem. It is the belief of the researcher that the generic inclusion of titles at the beginning of each chapter plays a major role in introducing the key points, and also helps in linking the different chapters of a novel.

The strategy that the researcher used here is to apply the Top-down approach in all of the chapters, *i.e.* reading the contents of the whole chapter first in order to get a full understanding of its objectives. This process meant moving from the biggest unit to the smallest unit of the text. This motion would be done repeatedly, depending on the level of technicality or even the capacity of a particular chapter. While to a certain extent this strategy seemed workable, the use of titles could have helped in fast-tracking the process. However, delayed missions tend to work the better in ensuring fully grasped messages of the ST, and hence more proper transference into the TT. While this case is indisputable, the combination of the two strategies could have worked even better, *i.e.* the Top-down approach combined with the theme derived from a particular title.

## **5.6 Concluding remarks**

In this Chapter, Nord’s four categories of the main types of translation problems serve as a framework in which the annotations have been made, those being *pragmatic*, *interlingual*, *intercultural* and *text-specific* translation problems. The *interlingual* translation problems occupy a bigger space than the rest because of the vast structural differences between English and isiXhosa, and also probably due to Molohe’s tendency to get carried away by some pertinent issues, this tendency affecting her own style of writing.

To give flesh to the said framework, both micro and macro structures of the novel have been scrutinised, and the identified gaps have been filled through the use of strategies offered by various literatures reviewed in Chapter 2. As said before, the annotated texts in this chapter feature as a sample of the whole translation. The pattern presented in this chapter is running throughout the product (*Sijuxuza Eluthulini*).

Some literal translation has been done where necessary. This has been adopted as a strategy by which this research, particularly this chapter, is made to accommodate all readers for purposes of review.

## Chapter 6

### CONCLUSION

As has been said in Chapter 1, this chapter is a consolidation of the whole study. The extent to which the translation has either succeeded or failed will be shown in this chapter. A brief review of the translation will also be presented and then the evaluation of the study will follow.

This chapter also explores obstacles which, somehow, sought to impede the progress of this study. The inclusion of the portion of obstacles is aimed at informing translators in general that one's personal life can affect performance in the process, which (if left unattended) may retard the progress of the task at hand. And in such cases, tools of the day will need to be exercised: *i.e.* inspiration and patience.

#### 6.1 The process

Translating Molope's work has been exciting because the setting she presents is quite familiar: for example; the black township life, suburban bliss and the political flavour of the 1976 Soweto uprisings. Therefore, the conclusion that this researcher makes is that the closer you are to the subject the easier it can be to transfer what has to be transferred.

However, the potential danger of this 'familiar subject' business is that: you embrace it in the existence of the pending fear driven by the fact that you are set to inform an audience which might be familiar with the subject even far better than you are as the translator.

It is likely that in any given society there are terms you might be unfamiliar with as the translator. These terms might vary from province to province, for example, terms known to be specific in the Western Cape might be completely unknown in the Eastern Cape. In reference to such unforeseen situations, the translation of the term *hippo* has been quite problematic. This term is known as *ihagu* in Western Cape Xhosa communities, but this term does not really exist in Eastern Cape Xhosa communities. The reason for this could be because the 1976 Soweto Uprisings had an effect more in the Western Cape than it had been the case in the Eastern Cape; Also, because the authenticity of a new term is usually informed by sociolinguistic forces surrounding its creation. This is to say that a new term will semantically function where there is direct action leading to its creation.

While the obstacle highlighted above can be overcome through researching such matters on the one hand, research prospects usually demand ample time on the other. And very often, time constraints will only lead to superficial solutions on some translation problems.

#### 6.2 Background literature

The choice of a translation literature that can be used as background really varies from translator to translator, given the fact that there are lots and lots of literature on translation

and translating. The selection of a particular thematic approach depends on how readable, and also on how appealing that particular literature is to a particular translator, at a particular point in time. However, this view is made out of sober awareness that focussing on particular literatures while missing out on others has its own flaws, because it is easy to make assumptions and conclusions (or even queries) about matters as if they were first-time-raised, whilst they may have already been discussed elsewhere. And certainly, it is impossible to have access to all literature, especially given the prescribed 'mandate' schedules. The overall point one is making here is that; for one to do justice in translating a literary work, ample time is needed. However, the problem remains, 'how do we measure enough time for a successful literary translation?'

In this study, the researcher has shown how she used the well established translation literature in the translation of Moloche's *Dancing in the Dust* (see Chapter 5). The literature that mostly features as background research in the translation of this novel is Nord's (1997), Venuti's (1995) and Steiner's (in Silke 2004). On the more practical side, Newmark (1988) has been chosen on the basis that his view on the 'source text analysis' offers a wide range of tools that translators can easily comprehend regardless of their age in the profession; and Baker (1992) has been chosen on her specialisation on what is considered a communicative tension and its causes, while also offering options for proper transference of the ST message.

Newmark's literature is likely to appeal more to the first time translator, who, at the beginning of a translation process, is likely to battle with fear due to confusion on the manner in which to begin.

As has been shown in preceding chapters, Newmark's literature cited the importance of general and close reading as the starting point. His literature sends the translator straight to the task that has to be done even before the actual process of translation begins. It is not prescriptive, instead it works like a stimulant because it allows the translator to form own opinions regarding the task at hand. Newmark's suggestions on the interpretation of the ST deposit some prestige to translators as owners of translations, because their own interpretation of the ST encompasses even their own objectives about such pedagogies. Given that mentality of ownership, translators are likely to propel with content throughout that lengthy process.

To consolidate Newmark's point of view on source text analysis Baker (1992) warns us on the manner by which we interpret the writer's point of view. She observes that in order to make sense of any piece of information given in a text, the reader/hearer has to be able to integrate it into some model of the world, whether real or fictional. In other words, Baker acknowledges that the information presented by the text will make sense only if we relate it to what we already know or have. It rests upon the translator therefore whether to confirm, contradict, modify, or extend a particular point of view in interpreting text-presented information.

However, Baker also warns of the possibility to misinterpret the writer's view because of the probability that the translator might not be as knowledgeable as the writer on a

specific subject matter, and therefore in such cases the translator's judgement may be hampered further by his/her lack of knowledge.

Baker also urges translators to be conscientious on how they continue to inform readers, who might also be as ignorant as they are. To minimise such flaws, Baker recommends that the translator should do research in order to access the relevant background knowledge on the subject at stake, but also warns that this is not always feasible. Baker explains this potential infeasibility of research prospects as resulting from the quality of research facilities which she observes vary tremendously among different settings, be they countries or institutions.

On the other hand, Nord's literature has been chosen as background literature on its own distinctive merits. Her literature appeals in the sense that it offers the framework of the actual feature of translation problems. There are four translation problems that form the content of this framework: namely *pragmatic*; *interlingual*; *intercultural*; and *text specific* (Nord, 1997: 58). This framework has been used as a tool by which all the problem areas were identified during the translation process, and thereby offering an easy mechanism to employ relevant translation strategies in relevant venues.

Other salient literature for this study has been discussed in Chapter 2, and thus has been used as the basic research in search of translation strategies demonstrated in Chapter 5.

### **6.3 Evaluation of the study**

#### **6.3.1 Content**

As it has been noted earlier in the study, Moloape is still new in the publishing industry. The desire to consult her existing literature, with an intention to evaluate her dominant writing style only proved to be an impossible mission. At the time of the mandate her published works only included *Racism and Globalisation (October 2001)*, and *Let us Talk about Racism (July 2001)*, which themselves are just articles appearing in *Issues Magazine (Canada)*, and therefore would show very little of the features one would want to analyse in preparation for a project of this kind. *Dancing in the Dust* is her very first literary work. Also, at the time of the mandate, translations of the same novel into other languages had just been released, so it was still pre-mature to consult translators, for either tips or techniques in relation to the translatability of Moloape's works, in preparation for the translation of *Dancing in the Dust* into isiXhosa.

In addition to the above, I should mention that the translation of this novel is the researcher's first attempt, and the theory of translation was still not fully assimilated at the time of the mandate. It is therefore likely that some level of superficiality can be sporadically detected in the translation. Some translated portions may even surface as free styles because no particular theory was followed, or if it appears like there is though, then the researcher might have done that subconsciously.

Newmark had this to conclude about the role of the translator, "Usually, the intention of the translator is identical with that of the source text writer (1988: 12)". Therefore, it

becomes crucial for translators to probe the objectives of the ST writer out of every identifiable feature of the ST, no matter how inconvenient it might look. This is done solely to ensure that the translator's intention aligns with that of the ST writer. The subject on the awkwardness posed by Moloche's style of writing has been talked about in the chapter of annotation (see 5.5.2).

The hypothesis declared in Chapter 1 of this study states that "the potential assumptions that *Dancing in the Dust* might not be translatable can be proved otherwise". Possible references to the untranslatability of Moloche's novel (as has been assumed earlier) could be due to her poignant narrative style, together with her unique style of attaching various cultures in one discourse.

The product (the translation) is a tangible attempt to substantiate this hypothesis. For some reason, one is hesitant to blow her own trumpet by declaring her own translation successful. A successful translation is immeasurable in the first place. Feedback from others will confirm the degree to which the translation succeeds or fails to put the message across.

Suffice it then to say that an attempt to answer the translatability questions raised in the research plan section has been made in Chapter 5. Assembling this chapter is itself only about demonstrating the extent to which the creativity of the researcher can be seen in manoeuvring the ST material in order to produce what she assumes will best suit the target readers. It is not necessarily referring to successful translation or translation proper.

The portion of the TT (which appears as Chapter 4 in this study) has been chosen on its dramatic nature: As the body of the novel, it roots out the key events of the novel, and also demonstrates potential areas where the translator willingly released her creativity through the use of ideophones and idioms (and some figures of speech) in an attempt to allow the target reader access to Moloche's art. The majority of the annotations have been selected from this section. It will therefore be very convenient for critics to utilise this section for purposes of studying the nature of a particular annotation made, reading from its context.

The reference to untranslatability in the infancy stage of this study has been aggressively translated into translatability through exploitation of various strategies in the transition of ST material into TT material. The linguistic point of view of equivalence between the ST and the TT has been put on a large scale and has been proved mostly unworkable. Inserting, omitting, repositioning, the use of ideophones, the use of idioms, the use of figurative language, and so on and so forth – all this has been means to make explicit what the ST is only implicit about. The product is therefore a confirmation that the TT has its own flair, and by no way it can be a mirror image of the ST.

To some extent though, the preservation of the status of the ST has been acknowledged in the sense that in some portions of the translation, Venuti's foreignising policy has been used as an option.



The omission of some interesting aspects the researcher thought she would include in the chapter of annotations can be observed. The occurrence of the Northern culture in Molope's novel adds some taste in the portrayal of the real South African society, probably because of another English version these brothers and sisters brought into South Africa. But this aspect has been omitted in Chapter 5 due to the fact that these brothers and sisters are not verbally active in the book: their means of communication is just narrated and described in the novel.

The annotation of sections of translation whereby the culture of selling arts and craft is relived in the book would be an interesting activity to showcase. But, due to the said reason, and probably due to the deployment of these sections in the novel, the researcher was faced with a dilemma of having to unwittingly omit them (for example, these aspects do not fall within the section randomly selected as the sample of the TT (Chapter 4).

Perhaps this explains that a chapter of annotation does not necessarily encompass all the interesting events in the book, but for purposes of the study of this kind is meant to indicate observed translation problems, or areas to celebrate. In addition, a chapter of annotation features as an account of the creativity of a translator in dealing with translation problems, and subsequently demonstrating suitable translation strategies adopted in the process. Any need for reference to any considered crucial aspect of the ST may still be found in the copy of the whole translation.

It is not the intention of this researcher to be discreet about any condition which she considers impacted somehow on her performance in the process. The ultimate goal is to allow even first time translators to learn, analyse and then correct what needs to be corrected during the process. This goal can never be achieved if some situations and circumstances are shovelled underground. This supposed honesty is a transparent move towards improving translations in general.

### 6.3.2 Theme

Both the acts of translating *Dancing in the Dust* and engagement in this study have taught me that the translator has to be highly competitive in both the grammatical and cultural structures of the languages at stake. The lesson that can be learnt from both courses is that; as much as translators know the meaning of conventional words and conventional expressions in their own mother tongues, they have to know how to strike the balance in relation to the second (other) language at stake. For example, translators must be able know when words have been used literally or non-literally in the other language, as much as they would know this idiomatic aspect in their own mother tongues. The danger that Baker warns about regarding this aspect is when the word or an expression was used as an implicature in the ST, but was translated literally in the TT. Translating without observing such aspects could easily get the message distorted.

Also within this study, the researcher has been exposed to different literatures on idioms and expressions, as well as on correct usage of citations (see Ntwana, T. 2005: 38-45; see

also Baker, M. 1992: 63-81). Detailed definitions of different types of idioms and expressions are also given in both literatures.

### 6.3.3 Recommendations

Experience gained in this study allows this researcher to urge translation programmes within institutions to ensure the availability of basic grammar material in all the concerned languages, especially at first year level. This material must be a lifetime companion of any language practitioner interested in both Translation and Editing fields. This material must range, for example, from basic grammatical terminology, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs; to correct syntax; correct punctuation and spelling; and issues on words and phrases which are frequently misused, for example common errors like confusion of *effect* with *affect*, or *quite* with *quiet*, and so on.

Learning some elementary principles regarding the above grammatical aspects will equip translators with tools by which it can be easier to identify errors in the ST that will need to be rectified in the TT; or any structure that will need to be adjusted even in the TT in order to achieve a clean communicative function. The translator may need to change the word order of the ST by rearranging words where a communicative tension has been detected.

The aggressive action of transferring the elements of the ST into an independent TT may vary from repositioning clauses or introducing them, to effecting transposition shifts. For example, a word which is singular in the ST may need to be put into the plural in the TT; or a verb in the ST, may need to be converted into a noun in the TT. This will depend on how knowledgeable translators are about the demands of their own TLs, while creativity to manoeuvre a particular type of error of the ST in order to achieve a communicative function in the TT would also be essential. Most importantly, translators must be able to account for whatever action they engage in.

Translation needs a lot of experience: Understanding what it is; thinking about readers and their culture; squeezing yourself in speech communities (in an attempt to gain insight into their specialised habits to ensure full representation; developing means to assess quality; dreaming about better tools; pondering two distinct languages at stake, while ensuring proficiency in each; stressing about accreditation; sometimes wondering about internationally accepted standards, and so on and so forth – all these areas need ample time. They are potential tools to make translations authentic.

To have assimilated all the above stated ‘must-dos’ must be taking you half of your whole life. Perhaps this view consolidates Baker’s that “This profession is based on knowledge and experience. It has the longest apprenticeship of any profession. Not until thirty do you start to be useful as a translator, not until fifty do you start to be in your prime” (Baker, 1992: 3).

Literary translation marks the beginning of new dawn in understanding what translation is really about. Translating a book is a long interesting quest-like journey, which

sometimes gives you the urge to just go for it without consulting any literature. No wonder when others claim that the ability to translate is a gift: you either have it or you do not. But given all the literatures alluded to in the development of this study, one will need to be fully aware of: what you do; and when do you do it, for accountability purposes.

The potential discrepancy arising from time constraints and other unforeseen events regarding this study has been partially referred to earlier. As a result of such flaws, there might be traces of superficiality on some issues (or omission thereof) in the overall study. Such matters are left to critics. But also, it will be crucial to bring critics to the attention that: it would not be enough to just point out on what they think qualifies as a discrepancy in someone else's study. Critics should think about bringing forth their own suggestions, whether in the form of this study or otherwise. Through such processes much can be learnt about translation and translating. This is how growth and development is achieved in any discipline.

#### 6.3.4 Obstacles in the course of this study

A lot of awful circumstances sought to impede the researcher's vision in the course of translation. These circumstances include the following:

- The offer to translate a 273-paged novel was a very short notice, with only one-month deadline. The close reading of the ST was a scary rush;
- The period of the mandate coincided with the researcher's observation of a new job offer in Mafikeng. The transition was not really easy, as she was moving from a teaching post to occupying a Language Practitioner position in the North West Legislature. As much as this transition impacted on the reading schedule (of the ST), it occasionally impacted somehow on the mood to carry out the job. The biggest package of this transition was homesickness, which almost killed the morale;
- The sustained pressure due to the overwhelming desire to graduate for a Master's Degree. This condition has been perpetuated even by the knowledge that the graduation for this study depends solely on the completion of the translation of *Dancing in the Dust*;
- Severe depression due to fatal loss of my two beloved nephew and niece in the process of this study.

Sharing the above experience is not necessarily out of personal willingness to attract attention to oneself but out of the desire to acknowledge Berman's theory that translators sometimes inevitably and inherently engage in ethnocentric forces which determine even the desire to translate (1985: 287). Acknowledging this important point by rooting out challenges which impacted somehow on my performance in the process of translating authenticates the setting on which this novel has been translated: an existing ethnocentric force which could have surely influenced a translation failure is if such matters were left unnoticed.

The act of revealing even the obstacles which sought to stand on the researcher's way in finalising this study sends strong messages even to prospective translators, whom it is hoped that after reading this study will be cautious of, or rather avoid some situations where possible. This could be a move by which we make translators realise that it is only after the human mind has been cleaned of emotional baggage that creativity in translation can be achieved, like in any discipline.

### 6.3.5 Future Plans

According to communication with Oxford University Press, the translation of *Dancing in the Dust* is due to function in black township high schools, Grades 11 and 12. As has been said earlier, non-specification of the target audience might result in some form of discrepancy in terms of relevance in communicating the message to learners.

More creativity could have been explored in terms of the usage of even existing informal linguistic varieties to accommodate communication style in a black South African classroom. For example, the following few, right-hand side vocabulary could have been used instead of the left-hand-side one:

Ikhaladi - igongo

Icawe – *ikerk*

Elokishini – *ekasie*

Ititshala – *uteach*

Amapolisa – amarhata

However, writing a study guide that will aim to assist learners and teachers in isiXhosa teaching schools is topping the list of priorities after this study. The study guide could be a means to bridge the gap that may result from the above stated discrepancy. It could also be a means by which we help learners comprehend better the main events of the novel.

The content of this guide may incorporate the following: the analysis of the ST (which appears as Chapter 3 in this study); the glossary of the seTswana terms retained in the TT; and some alternative informal terms in a bid to make the novel interesting to learners. It could also include some reviewed material where possible.

Perhaps another route would be to get in touch with translators of Molope's same *Dancing in the Dust* but into various other languages, and find out more about the translatability status of this novel. Hopefully, after the feasibility of such contacts it may be easy to come up with a normative guide in translating Molope's novels. However, it is too soon to assume that Molope's novels will show clear-cut styles.

It has also been elicited earlier that at the time of this study, *Sijuxuza Eluthulini*<sup>3</sup> is still undergoing some tests, which means by the time it gets published the pages quoted (or even the style that was followed) in the chapter of annotations might have shifted, depending on the needs of the Commissioning Editor. Hopefully, this will open some other avenues to explore. The potential opportunity is for translators to make a follow up on this study, basing their suggestions on the final edition of *Sijuxuza Eluthulini*.

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<sup>3</sup> The title of the translation

## 6.4 Concluding remarks

Translating literary work is about growth and development. It grants translators better understanding of what they do, more especially how they do it. This opportunity is due not to be missed by anyone who wants to make a career in this field. It is of honest advice that the entrance requirements of existing translation programmes should be reviewed so that they include even experiences in translating literary work, remunerated or not, with the hope that the insight gained in the process would be very useful in understanding abstract concepts of translation even quicker. Then the translation school builds on what the prospective translator is already familiar with.

This suggestion of course does not necessarily undermine non-literary translations that entrance tests in institutions offer currently. But these short forms of assessment are likely to bring about short sighted translators, who will take time to understand what they do. At least the combination of the two prerequisites, that is, literary and non-literary translations, would work towards bringing a wider scope of this career for translators. Had I not been given the opportunity to translate Molope's *Dancing in the Dust*, I would probably be still stuck between trying to memorise themes and concepts in translation, and thus continue producing literal, unreadable styles that resemble the ST at all costs. The intensive knowledge of a translation theory is necessary, but has to be applied and tested on a long piece of writing rather than just on short genres – for desired results.

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One morning as I was watering the lawn, I sat with Tshepo talking about his mural and all the other drawings he had done. He had a small notebook, a collection of his work, which he showed me. I admired his talent and he enjoyed telling me the stories behind the sketches. He described many of his creative processes, such as spending an evening painting an image of Jesus surrounded by children on the wall of the church his family went to. It was something he had done because the priest had offered him money for it. Eventually I was tired of hearing about him, so I suggested we go and play another game. But he was not interested in a game, he was only anxious to reveal something to me.

"Do you know how to make a petrol bomb?" he said out of the blue.

I said, "No, and neither do you." He could create stories as well as he could draw, so I knew he was about to lie and show off.

"I know how because my brother showed me. Remember the milk truck he hijacked?"

As soon as he said "my brother" I knew it was another one of his "my brother the hero" stories and I was already losing interest. Tshepo had such high admiration for his brother; he made it seem like the single most important person to have in one's life was an older male sibling – which of course had me feeling annoyed and sometimes even defensive. At those times I was all ready to tell six different stories about the greatness of my sister. But he had put his notebooks down on a red rock next to him and come closer to me, so it was beginning to look like he had quite a story coming.

"He didn't hijack the milk truck, he was on his way home when he saw that happening. He just picked up a crate and ran home," I said.

"Ja! Ja! He hijacked it – he and my aunts! I saw them, I was there!"

"So? The truck wasn't bombed, why are you asking about bombs?"

"No," he began, his voice dropping to a whisper. "But the people they were with – the comrades – they know and they've been making them for years. They were teaching my brother because he is one of them now. He's a comrade," Tshepo whispered the revelation and then added, "but my parents don't know."

"Even your grandfather doesn't know?" I said this raising my voice and meaning it more as an expression of shock than a question.

"No, no one in my house knows except for me. My aunts don't even know that I know. My brother said I shouldn't tell them because they think I'm too young."

I began pulling out something that looked like weeds growing around some flowers. I was feeling annoyed because I believed him; it was clear this was not going to be one of his made up stories about what he knew. It made me both jealous and somewhat nervous that Tshepo had a skill so intriguing and dangerous. I would have thought none of us would ever possess such power.

"So," he continued, despite my attempts at showing no interest, "do you want me to show you how?"

I shrugged and he took it as enthusiasm. We walked around for a minute and picked up a beer bottle that had been thrown in the middle of the street along with everything else that belonged in a rubbish bin.

Tshepo took the bottle and half filled it with some soil. We went around again for a minute or two looking for a piece of cloth, which he stuffed in the bottle so that a little bit of it was sticking out.

"We don't have petrol now, but what you do is pour in half before you put the cloth in, then you light up the end of the cloth that's sticking out, shake the bottle really quickly and then throw!"

I was fascinated and afraid at the same time. I thought, anyone who can do that can hold so much power in their hands – petrol bombs have brought down whole buildings.

"That's what we used to burn the post office two weeks ago," Tshepo said in a whisper.

"You?"

"Yes, me and my brother and a whole lot of boys my brother's age."

I could not have been more afraid for him, of watching him being taken away in a van and spending nights being tortured in a police station. He seemed so pleased and proud of himself that for a minute he took no notice of my concern. Then, as if he had been hearing my mind racing, he added confidently:

"They'll never catch us. You know what we did? We went at night and just flew out of there before anyone had a chance to call the police. No one knows who did it."

Everyone, of course, had heard about the burning of the post office. It was a government building and there were few of them standing at this point, so instead of being shocked by the news you would be surprised that it had not been demolished earlier. It was just a sign of the times – everything owned by the government was up for complete destruction. The comrades were damaging everything around them as a cry for help, a way of sending a message to the government telling them to get us out of there. It had become clear that the high-school students – the ones who were at that point feeling that the streets were not enough for them, the ones who had begun to understand how trapped we all were in the *makeisbenes* – were the ones screaming and seething. But I thought that we – me and Tshepo and Thato and everyone else our age – were still caught up in our own innocence; that conversation pointed out that I was wrong, and this was deeply saddening and painful. The riots were now taking someone away from me, they were coming right into my own backyard.

Tshepo said bitterly, "Do you know how many people are being killed in prisons everyday for breaking stupid laws?"

He was pointing to his work, his defiant drawings. Just then Thato joined us. She sat down eating a grape-flavoured ice-lolly and said, "When we went to Durban, I went walking down the beach and everyone was staring and staring at me, but I didn't know what was wrong until this White man walked up to me and said, 'This is not for you, turn around and walk that way, that side is for you.' I had been excited to have found a clean beach until he said that and I saw that he meant for me to go on the other side of the boardwalk, the side littered with paper cups and broken glass. Did you know you can't walk on the same side of the beach as White people?"

I did not know that because I had never been to a beach. But I had no idea why Thato had brought up that story. Maybe she just wanted to show Tshepo that he was not the only one who knew what was going on outside of the township, maybe she was saying

she also knew a thing or two about the law. Whatever the reason was, I thought she brought up her story at a most inopportune time because all it did was fuel Tshepo's mind when all I wanted was for him to calm down and change the subject.

"And who cleans their side?" Tshepo asked, sounding bitter and not at all surprised.

"Maybe they don't throw glass and dirt on their beach," I said.

"You didn't see them eating?" Tshepo asked Thato, whose lips and tongue were turning purple from the grape ice.

"They ate," she responded.

"So where did they throw their bottles and plastic containers?"

"Maybe in the rubbish bins."

"Were there rubbish bins on the Black side of the beach?"

"No, just like there are no rubbish bins *here*, only in town," Thato answered.

"*Malome* Joseph cleans streets in town, that's his job." Tshepo's voice was agitated. "Do you think they don't have cleaners on the beaches?"

This was the first time Tshepo had not spoken about his Uncle Joseph with pride. Before, when he spoke of how his uncle was working in *town*, it was with that same admiration that some people had for men and women who worked for White people.

I felt a rush of distress. There was a lump in my throat even though I knew I was not about to cry, because I hardly ever did. I felt very uneasy hearing this from a close friend instead of an older comrade with whom I had no personal relationship. I could fantasize about being involved in the riots, but I was not ready for it to be so real. I still wanted it to be a world I knew very little about so that I could not think of someone I loved being that person the police came looking for in the middle of the night. Worst of all, Tshepo could have sounded like he was repeating someone else's speech, which would have been typical of him. But what scared me was how he sounded like he had given all this a lot of thought. He was not just an observer, but an ANC comrade himself. It was unnerving that someone so young could be in the middle of all that. It was hard for me to make sense of the sudden change in him.

At home I found Keitumetse sitting on the back stoep eating bread with peanut butter and drinking tea.

"Tee?" I said, meaning, "Isn't it too hot for that?"

"Jaanong?" My sister, in her teenage years, said little more than "Jaanong? So?" and "Leave me alone". Usually I would ignore her and go to speak with someone more interesting, but today I needed her too much. I needed answers.

"You know what Tshepo showed me?" No response to my question, but I persisted. "He showed me how to make a petrol bomb!"

"How does he know?" she asked without a hint of interest.

"Mohau taught him."

A year before that Keitumetse had become interested in spending time alone with Mohau. The mention of his name always caught her interest and seemed to make her very excited. I could have sworn she was suppressing a smile.

"Mohau?" she said softly.

"Ja, Tshepo said they were the ones who bombed the post office."

My sister seemed impressed instead of appalled. She chewed the last bit of her peanut butter sandwich and turned to face me.

"Really? *Iyooo!* Bo-Mohau."

"He's dangerous!" I was getting frustrated; this was not what I had been hoping for. I wanted her to share my sadness, to see that we were losing friends here and that meant we all had to be afraid.

"I knew about the rent office, I didn't know about the post office."

"The rent office!" I felt betrayed, how could I not have known any of this?

"Relax, Tihelo. You'd think they'd burnt your own house, eh!"

"But Tshepo is so young. He's a boy, not a comrade!" I protested.

"Ja ... but it's the young boys who are burning places these days, I'm not surprised. But he should be careful, they're beating them all the time, the dogs don't care how old you are."

Her response only made me feel worse. I didn't want to know they were being beaten on the streets. It was all just going from bad to worse. There were more gunshots at night, more police vans during the day, and I seemed to be the only one who was still afraid. Both Tshepo and Keitumetse were very calm about all this. So I

walked out the yard and did what comforted me the most at that time. I sat on the ground at the gate playing with rocks, grouping them into little families and telling stories to myself:

*Mother rock: This is my house! You can use that kind of language when you have your own house, but not while you're living under my roof!*

*Teenage rock: Mama, I am a woman now, I can do whatever I want, and if you don't let me speak the way I want I will leave!*

*Mother rock: Then leave! Get out of my house and you can come back when you've learnt some manners.*

"Don't you ever get out of the sun?" I heard a voice that startled me as I was getting more absorbed in my story. My hand froze and clenched on to the Mother rock. I was too afraid to look up because I had never heard that voice before. It was scratchy and deep but I knew it was a woman because the leather sandals in front of my hand were women's shoes.

Slowly, I looked up at the legs with the dry skin, the green dress just above the knees, and the slightly protruding stomach. My eyes stopped there for a second, Mother rock slipped from my wet palms and hit the ground. My knees gave way and my body dropped suddenly as I fell back on my buttocks. What was she doing here, standing so close? Mama would be furious if she were to come at this moment. I should run away - no, I should tell *her* to go away ... but she had spoken! Who had heard her speak before? I started to move further away, walking backwards on my palms.

"Mamaka will be here very soon!"

"Mama *hao?* Your mother? Ha!" she said with a sarcastic laugh.

"Yes, she said not to speak to you," I warned her. But she replied: "Of course she did!"

"Tihelo!" Keitumetse called from behind me. "Come inside, get in the house now!"

Mma Kleintjie whispered, "I'm not afraid of your mother," and stood there staring at my sister, who of course stared right back. I got up and ran into the house. I think they both stood there and just stared at each other with neither one of them saying a word, until

Keitumetse must have realised she was not supposed to be staring at an adult and walked back into the house.

That night I was uncomfortable. The heat made it impossible to sleep and I was vacillating between being frightened at how Mma Kleintjie had surprised me and appeared out of nowhere, and being disappointed that I had not got a good look at her face. Part of me wanted to go back and talk to her some more, look at her face. I kept asking myself what she had meant by "of course she did" because after all, she hardly knew my mother. I also felt guilty about appearing to be so afraid of her, because I imagined that she got that a lot with everyone around her and it probably didn't help her get out of the house. Then again, if she sneaked up on people like that all the time I was not surprised that she was considered to be a dubious figure around here.

It had been a full day. First the conversation with Tshepo and then Mma Kleintjie. It left me with too many questions. Most of all, I felt younger and younger. I was really afraid for Mohau and Tshepo, wanting them to watch all the rioting and boycotting from a distance, the way I preferred to.

*I always thought that when I got older, when I had finished school and left the township, I would be a journalist. I wanted to travel around the world and take pictures of people and the places they live in. I would write their stories and appear on television, reporting what I saw and heard. I always told Mama my dream on those nights when she came home long after the sun had set, having just got off the train. After she had been standing in the third class carriage all the way from Marabastad train station to Mabopane train station. A journey of about an hour. She would tell me about standing with her nose in some man's armpit all that way in a carriage so packed that people were hanging out the open doors of the train. Some nights the three of us would sit outside on the stoep while she stretched her legs and my sister rubbed them with soothing oil. We would laugh about whose armpit she had had the privilege of smelling that evening or how she had forgotten her train ticket*

*and had to sneak into the station through a large hole in the fence to get onto the train.*

*Those nights were calm and tender. If they were summer nights we would be sitting on our front stoep to escape the indoor heat. Keitumetse and I would tell our mother who we would become. Keitumetse would be a nurse, just like Mama had wanted to be, and I would speak of being a journalist.*

*"What are you going to write about?" Mama would ask.*

*"I'm going to be on television!"*

*"Then what are you going to report?"*

*"Stories. Like what achieving independence feels like in Kenya. Or what women do for money in other lands. How Black Americans live, maybe. I want to see Brazil. I want to go everywhere!"*

*"Then go! Come back and tell me what they eat in Brazil or what Black people are like in America. Come back and tell me everything. We'll have a TV and I'll call all the neighbours to come and see my child. I'll say, 'That's my child right there, she's seeing the world.'"*

*She would come with me to the Brazil of my imagination, or the hospitals and clinics of my sister's fantasies. We would go there together, night after night, laughing and hoping. They were so warm and welcoming, those places, you would never want to leave.*

## FOUR

ON THE BLACK-AND-WHITE television at Thato's house there were no signs of the turmoil we were living in. Mr T and the A-team were building a fabulous reputation as the men who saved the day. We would enter their world for the exhilaration and inspiration that lasted an entire evening. The next day we would return for an hour of *Dimilione Tsa Kiriri* (The Millions of Kiriri), a TV3 drama in Sepedi about a group of men who leave their homes and travel for hundreds of kilometres to a place called Kiriri, where they search for a trunk full of millions – money that had supposedly been left there for decades. Television was a world we escaped into, it was the enviable, luxurious world of other people. A world we had grown up to think was someday coming our way. Whether consciously or subconsciously, all of us expected to walk into that world before getting too old. For hours after we watched a show we would talk incessantly about it, recounting what we had seen to each other as if we were speaking to someone who had not seen any of it.

The day after my conversation with Tshepo, the day after an evening of *The A-Team*, Thato and I were discussing the change we both saw in Tshepo. She was just as mystified as I was, both of us wondering when he had started becoming so involved in the freedom fighting. I was relieved that Thato seemed just as concerned as I was, and we agreed that we would speak with him about it. She and I thought of ourselves as the know-it-all girls of the township sometimes. We would sit and discuss something we thought needed our attention and then agree to go and make it right. Our meetings were crucial, it was as if the state of the world depended on our actions and opinions. We took a lot of matters very seriously. After discussing the Tshepo issue, it was time for me to bring up my more intriguing news.

"Mma Kleintjie spoke to me yesterday!" I started.

"Ah!" Thato covered her mouth with her hand. "*A reng?* What did she say?"

"She was so terrifying, like Mma Senyoro," I said, referring to a television character from another Sepedi drama, an evil woman who had gone around her township babysitting for people and then stealing babies after their parents had gone to work. Mama had told me it was really an insulting portrayal of Black women in the townships, but I thought that she would not mind me using it about someone she disapproved of so much anyway.

"You know, I never said so before because it would have frightened us too much at the time, but I think there are similarities between Mma Senyoro and Mma Kleintjie. They both hate children but they are always watching them, and they both live alone and don't talk to people around them."

"Hmmm. But Mma Kleintjie never ever speaks to anyone and Mma Senyoro goes around looking for babysitting jobs," I was thinking out loud.

"Well, she spoke to you – *iyoooo!* Did you ... I think you should tell Mama *hao* so that she can tell Mma Kleintjie to stay away from you."

"I don't think she spoke to me because she needed anything."

"Maybe she needs to trap you and hide you under her bed like all her *ditloutlwane*," Thato said. It was all too chilling for me. What if Mma Kleintjie really did want to lock me up like one of her slaves? This was beginning to add a whole new dimension to my fear.

"You should tell Mama *hao*. You still haven't told me, what did she say?"

"She said, 'Don't you ever get out of the sun?' and I fell on my back."

"*Iyooo,*" Thato was sounding more afraid than I was. "She's been watching you."

"*Ha-e,* no. She watches all of us! I know she watches me ... us, but I didn't think she would come so close. I'm becoming curious about her again like I was before."

"Leave her alone, she could take you and we would never see you again."

At this we jumped onto each other and hugged tightly. We did that often when we were both afraid, as if to protect each other.

"OK," Thato said as she let go of me, "let's talk about something else so we won't be so scared."

"OK," I said, feeling calmer from the hug. So I suggested we talk about the upcoming year and the transition into high school. We had been looking forward to going into the same school and I wanted to talk about going to register – the first time we would be doing it without our parents. We were lying on Thato's garden chairs on her front lawn sipping cold Oros. Her mother had mixed it up for us and given us some biscuits to go with it and I was feeling pampered and pleased as ever. At least, I thought, this is bound to get us excited because it was something we had been looking forward to and fantasizing about since our second-last year in primary school.

"Mama says Matseke is the best school because the principal really keeps students in order. That's where Keitumetse is and she says it's really strict," I said, head in the sun and feeling the cool of the juice down my throat. Thato was sitting completely in the shade of the apricot tree that stood in the middle of the lawn.

"My parents think I should go to Matseke too, but my father just heard something about the White Catholic schools being opened to Black people and maybe I'll go there if it's true. Isn't that exciting?!"

I was devastated. Not only had I never imagined going to a different school than Thato, I knew there was no way that Mama could afford to send me to a school in town. It was just impossible. How could this be happening? I asked myself. The glass of juice was becoming too heavy for my shaking hand, but I tried to sound like she had just said: "It's sunny, isn't it?" to which I lazily replied – after placing the glass on the ground – "Yes it is!"

The reality of it was that if anyone could have gone to those schools, it was Thato. She was one of those people whose families were doing so well financially that the only reason she was in a Black school was because she had to be. If the White schools were opening up for us then that was where she would go – there was no "maybe" about it.

I told myself to calm down, the beginning of the year was still weeks away. We were not even at Christmas yet, my summer days would be long and I would savour every minute of them. However, to my horror, Thato seemed more excited about the prospect of going to a White school than she was sad. There was no mention of how she would miss me, not a single word about our unwritten and unspoken expectations of each other. I felt like I was the only one who felt upset. Where was all this change going anyway? First Tshepo was beginning to sound like I had never known him and now Thato was leaving me here, alone and afraid. I wanted to probe some more, to ask her if she felt the slightest bit of sadness at the thought of going into class every day and not seeing my face. I kept thinking, won't it break your heart not to have me waiting at your gate every morning, wearing the same uniform, carrying the same kind of school bag and ready for us to walk together?

I did not ask because I felt like she was too excited to care, as she should have been. Any of us would choose being driven into town every morning over walking with polished shoes on a dusty road. Who was not curious about what it meant to be around White people everyday? To speak their language and laugh with them and go into their houses? As for myself, I had only ever been in a White home once and that had been when I was about four years old and Mama had taken me to the house of the family she worked for at the time. I remember how grand it was, with many rooms and a large swimming pool outside. I remember wanting to run around and go into every room because I was so excited, but Mama had kept me sitting and playing quietly outside, playing alone until it was time to go home. I did not enjoy it as much as I would have liked to because in retrospect, Mama seemed too determined to keep me quiet and polite and that must have meant that my presence there was making everyone uncomfortable. However, I imagined that it would be a whole different feeling if you were going in with one of the children. It must feel more welcoming if you were wearing the same school uniform, if you read the same books and understood the language on the television as much as they did. It must be fun if you could laugh and laugh at one of those shows where there is an audience laughing

in the background. I could hardly contain my distress just thinking about it all happening without me. My best friend would start a new life and share it with someone other than myself. My mind was stuck on the future, dreading it. I had not realised how quiet I had become until Thato shook my arm.

"Tihelo! I said, there's Tshepo."

"Where?" I sat up straight on the chair.

"There, going to buy ice. Let's call him."

"Tshepo!" We shouted in unison, and he turned around to make continuous circles with his forefinger, a township sign that meant he would be back in a minute.

Five minutes later he walked out of the house where they sold ice, sucking on an orange ice-block, and headed our way. He walked in and sat at the end of Thato's chair.

"Did you know it's Black Christmas this year?" He began enthusiastically, as he sucked on his ice.

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Black Christmas means we boycott town. No one buys anything from the White stores, only from stores around here. So no big Christmas presents. We're blocking the highways to town from the twenty third to the day after New Year's."

Oh God, I thought. No Christmas presents? Everyone's mood would probably be so sullen. And for what? This was really getting to be too much. I was apprehensive and fearing the worst. I could not imagine the comrades being quiet about their boycott either. My mind came back to Thato's voice.

"Tshepo, you have to stop being so involved in riots and boycotts. The police will beat you and lock you up," She looked to me for support.

"Ja," I added weakly. "They beat boys your age a lot. Keitumetse told me."

"Tshepo, you could get hurt. Why don't you just stay away from your brother's friends? You haven't come to play with us lately."

Tshepo was obviously not taking any of this in. "As long as there are comrades in exile, as long as Mandela, Tambo and Sisulu are still in jail, we the people ..."

He was doing it again, sounding like he was repeating someone else's words at first and then sounding like they came from his heart. I wanted him to stop, to just sit there and talk about his drawings or forbidden adventures that he and Peter and all the other boys had had before. So I tried to bring back the side of him I knew better. I interrupted him and started talking about street football, rounders, and the times we had climbed over other people's fences to reach their lemon and apple trees.

I tried and tried to remind him of being a child again, which of course was my own attempt at escaping the horrors unfolding in our lives. It was obvious that Tshepo was feeling none of our fears. Instead, he spoke over and over again about the plans to burn tyres in the middle of the road so that no one would be able to drive. We heard about the bombing of buildings in town, about how it was all part of a plan to have us living the lives that White people were living, and about how, if Thato and I knew our place in this world, we would participate in the plan. Eventually Thato and I gave up trying and told him we wanted time alone to talk about girl things. He then left saying he had a meeting to go to that evening, and we felt utterly exhausted with fear.



THE TEMPERATURES WERE rising higher and the days getting longer. The rains dug holes in the streets at night, and the sun scorched the earth during the day. Our feet got scalded if we walked or attempted to play on the streets, so we sought refuge under large trees in our backyards. Most of us would gather together in the shade to tell stories with small stones or would just lie there together sharing gossip, discussing the latest township events or even talking about far-away lands we would visit after high school, those places we were planning our lives in. From the time we had known each other, we had understood without saying anything that none of us were planning our lives in the township. Everyone spoke of other places when they talked about growing up. It was like an unspoken agreement that we were born believing in other, far away worlds.

People would take turns going to buy ice blocks, which would be melting all over the messenger by the time he or she got back to the meeting place. We would hold the dripping treats with desperation as they temporarily cooled our throats and then we would sit and wait for someone to come up with an idea to get more money for buying more ice. Sometimes someone would have got twenty cents from a visiting uncle or a grandmother who had just spent an entire day sitting and waiting outside some government office for her pension money. Karabo's mother had a tuck shop, a little convenience store in her garage where she sold bread, cool drinks, cans of baked beans, spaghetti and meatballs, as well as sweets and potato chips. While she worked in town, her sister – Karabo's aunt – ran the tuck shop. If Karabo helped her behind the till, she would get about fifty cents, which bought ten pieces of ice – enough for almost all of us to each have our own piece.

For my sister and me, the lazy hours under apricot trees were coming to an end. One Sunday night when Mama was in the kitchen ironing her work uniform – a pink and white striped dress and a matching apron – she announced that she had other plans for us.

"You do nothing but talk nonsense under those trees," she said irritably, wrinkling her forehead. "I spoke to your aunt in Johannesburg and she and I will see to it that you spend these holidays doing something useful."

Keitumetse, who was gaining furious boldness, demanded, "And what would you have us do then? I'm not doing anything with the relatives this year."

My mother almost dropped the iron on the coal stove. She put her fists on her hips and I began to move towards the door.

"Keitumetse, there are three women in this house and only one of us is a mother. Are you the mother?"

To my horror, I thought I saw my sister's eyes roll all the way up to her eyebrows. While Mama and I watched in horror, Keitumetse did not say a word and was obviously not feeling my fear.

"I said, are you the mother?" my mother repeated herself, moving closer to Keitumetse, who sat straightening her hair with a hot comb.

Oh, no! I thought. I had one foot outside the kitchen door and my body was headed towards the bedroom.

"Mama ...," she protested.

"I will decide what you do and don't do this summer, and it won't be sitting talking about none-of-your-business under large trees or holding hands with Mohau."

That zipped my sister's lips right up. There was no way she was going to deny that she had something going on with Mohau and she certainly did not want to hear about it from Mama's lips.

"The two of you are spending too much time around those boys. Boys will make you dirty, they'll get you in the worst kind of trouble."

Even I knew what kind of trouble that was. I mean, I had no idea how exactly they got you into it but I knew that they had a major role in making girls have to go to their aunts' homes in the rural areas for a long time. Some girls around here had been known to miss a whole year of school because of that kind of trouble. They

had to repeat classes when they got back from their aunts. Thato and I had talked about how we wanted nothing to do with that kind of trouble. Keitumetse, on the other hand, seemed not so afraid. Something about Mohau made her spend an entire morning in front of the mirror before she would dare to step out of the house. Sometimes I had to tell her if Mohau was on the street before she would decide what to wear. She would sweep the dusty yard in some of her best clothes if he was out there. It was very strange and annoying. Worst of all, all of it seemed sudden. It felt as if Keitumetse had changed overnight. One day she could not care less about bruised knees and playing barefoot. Everyone told me I was soon to know what she was feeling, but the thought of Mama ever looking at me with that much disapproval made me cringe.

Obviously Mama was having long conversations with the neighbours, because for someone who spent every day of the week working in town, she knew a lot about how we were spending our days.

"Tihelo, you should also stay away from those boys. I won't have my children learning to make petrol bombs. I have no time to go looking for people in prison."

"I didn't make a petrol bomb," I said with as much innocence as I could manage to work into my voice.

"Stay away from that park," Mama said, giving me a look that made the discussion final. I was about to let out a sigh when Keitumetse added, "Mma Kleintjie came here the other day. She was talking to Tihelo and I told her to leave but she just stood there and -"

This time my mother's fingers must have gone limp and given way because from the sound of the iron hitting the floor, I knew it was not deliberately thrown. It was a lazy and slow clank! The hot metal landed on its side and only a few inches away from Mama's foot.

"What ... What was she doing here? Tihelo!! What did she say to you? What did you say to her? Did I not tell you never ever ... ever to speak to that woman? Ever!"

"I told her you were coming. I told her you didn't want me talking to her." I was pleading, angry with Mma Kleintjie for coming close to me.

"What did she say? Tell me. Tell me everything."

"Mama she didn't say anything. She just told me to get out of the sun - that's all."

She paused and stared at me. I thought she was really angry but for some reason her face looked more hurt than angry. She told me to go and get ready for bed, her voice much calmer. I could not have been happier to leave that kitchen.

In bed I thought I could hear Mama telling Keitumetse to watch me.

"That woman should never speak to either one of you. She's not to be trusted. Just do me that favour, please."

Three days later a strange man appeared at our back door with two large bags filled with ice-lollies.

"This is for you," he said, handing my sister and me the yellow Checkers bags. I gave him a glass of water. He thanked me politely, said goodbye, and was quickly on his way.

So this was the plan. Mama had arranged for us to sell ice-lollies, which meant that we had to stay home all day in case someone came to buy. That night she set the rules: we were not to have more than two friends over at a time. Under no circumstances were we to leave the house. Bread and milk were to be bought at the beginning of each day so that we would not be running to the shops in the middle of the day. We had to close the gate and stop selling after dark. Meanwhile, I was asked to make a sign for the gate letting everyone know that we were now in business. It was a plan guaranteed to keep us away from the streets until we got back to school. Thato would come and play every day, but sometimes she had to go and see what everyone else was up to since you could only do so much playing in the same yard day after day. I resented my mother and felt like she had locked us up, taken away our freedom. Still, I did nothing against her rules because I feared her wrath more than I valued sucking on an ice block in the shade.

BY THE TIME Christmas came around the streets were quiet and eerie. Everyone had heard about the comrades' call for a boycott of White stores, and all of us had stayed home to avoid peril. It was the least festive Christmas I had ever had: no parties, no new clothes, and it seemed like hardly anyone had gone away on holiday. Thato told me that three comrades had come to her house to warn her parents against going away and spending their money at White people's businesses. Mohau and Tshepo's mother was back for two weeks, her only break from the kitchens and the only time she spent with her family all year, because her *missies* wanted her there to clean and cook whenever they needed her assistance.

I appreciated the fact that Mama came home every day, even if we really only saw her briefly each day – if we saw her at all. That Christmas she cooked chicken and rice, which were just about the only two things that let you know there was something special about the day. We rarely had chicken, except for Sundays, and rice usually meant you had some money to spare because it was a lot more expensive than mealie meal. I was especially upset about the mood around me – it was like collective mourning. People sat outside and listened to slow Sunday blues on the radio at relatively low volume. It was my first Black Christmas, a very significant time in my growing up. I thought of friends I was losing, since both Thato and Tshepo would be taking different routes from myself. Our years of childhood innocence were coming to an abrupt end that year.

Mama could sense that I was feeling unhappy, and she tried to cheer me up by promising to make us custard and pudding, another rare and special treat in our house. I sat with her and Keitumetse at our kitchen table, listening to music and the sound of our spoons hitting the plates. None of us said more than two words to each

other. Later in the afternoon it began to feel like one of those days that are sure to turn either sour or exhilarating, and at that point I was feeling so sad and upset that I was ready for it to go either way. Sure enough, a riot broke out and there was a long march on the main road, but the comrades never made their way to our streets. All we heard was the singing, but because we had to stay at home and wait for customers we never got to see the faces from which the voices were emanating.

So many arrests were made that by the time New Year's Day came around, it felt like only half the parents on our street knew where their children were. Mohau was definitely in jail, someone had seen him taken away. Tshepo was home because he had apparently managed to escape, but he was covered in bruises and had minor cuts on his legs. His face betrayed so much fear and loathing, it was hard to look at him without feeling uneasy. One would have thought years had passed since our day in the sun at Thato's house. Seeing him like that only made me resent his newfound interest more. He was growing up and becoming a very bitter man, while I still wanted him to be the boy I had grown up with.

The new school year could not have come around fast enough. Thato spent the first few months refusing to say a word in Setswana because she said she was forbidden to speak her language at Ascension Convent, her new school. Only English was allowed, and the nuns never ran out of punishments for those who did not obey this rule. I could not keep up with her in conversation since my English was very limited, so our friendship began quickly to slide downhill. She would even pronounce our names with an English accent, calling me "T-hay-low", and herself just "T". She was known as "T-girl" in her new circle of friends. These were friends I had no interest in, and I stayed away from her house more and more – partly because I could not communicate with them and partly because they sounded extremely annoying speaking from their nasal passages.

I also tired of hearing about the perks of being in the so-called "multi-racial" schools. It made me feel small. I said nothing about how our school's windows were broken, how we cleaned our own

classrooms, or how the constant boycotts kept us at home. Unlike the "multi-racial" schools, we still had corporal punishment. I had got used to hearing the sound of gunshots in the middle of the day and was constantly terrified – that, and I could smell tear gas miles away. Thato suddenly called us "disruptive" and "unwilling" to go to school. I wished that I could go where she went every day, because it took her far enough away from my reality that she was able to have a very distorted idea of what went on around here. I hated where I lived, so that whenever I was angry with riots and tired of hiding in people's backyards, I agreed with her. At those times I thought the students were disruptive and that they never wanted to spend any time in the classroom. I was learning very little in school, apart from what exit was closest to my classroom and the fastest way to get home from school when it was raining tear gas. I did not feel close to anyone and had not made any friends yet. High school was very lonely. Life was suddenly very adult-like, and adulthood was taxing.

One day Tshepo, who was now in the same school as I, suggested that we work together on making T-shirts and fliers to help the comrades publicize their meetings and rallies. I wanted something to do that would bring results, having had no homework for weeks, and so I made it clear to Tshepo that I would not participate in any of the events and that under no circumstances was my mother to know what was going on. I also desperately wanted to stay close to Tshepo after all this time. Thato and I were hardly good friends any more and I was still only half-interested in being very close to Karabo. So I set some conditions before I agreed to help, and we began a project that was to change my perspective of the riots. At six o'clock every morning, after Mama had left to catch the five-thirty train, Tshepo would be at my door waiting to take me to the comrades' offices. His grandfather thought we had Bible class in the morning, like we used to in primary school, and when my mother asked, I repeated the same story. She was slightly suspicious, and gave me a lecture about how she hoped never to find out that I had not told the truth, but after that she never said another word about it.

We walked for twenty minutes to a house on the outskirts of the township that looked like any other four-room. I had expected it to

have some sort of sign outside, or at least a detectable aura around it that let you know you had reached the headquarters of the ANC student movement, the South African Students' Organization, or SASO. There was a very well kept lawn in the front yard and no high wall or anything that looked like the owners needed tighter security. In fact, you would have thought it was just another quiet family home. Tshepo told me on the way over that they would know we were coming as no one ever dropped by without calling first and if they did, they would have to say a code word, which even he did not know. Also, whoever was in the house would spot us long before we approached the house. Someone was always standing guard.

Every morning Tshepo and I would walk in wearing black and white, every township school's uniform. At the door we would meet a tall boy who looked to be about my sister's age. He always wore a yellow T-shirt that said "Release Mandela" on the front, with the face of the prisoner above the words. Every morning he would say, "Viva ANC viva!" and we would respond, "Viva!"

I felt very uneasy in that house. Sometimes I was even terrified. Everyone was so warm and welcoming, and they all treated us like their younger siblings, affectionately calling Tshepo and me "fellow comrades". It was not that I did not like them, because I did. I looked up to the women, who seemed to command a lot of respect from the men, and who were equally busy planning events and meetings. I also liked the kitchen aromas of baked bread and coffee, which the comrades always offered us. It was just that unlike the outside, the inside of the house felt uncomfortable because I was always aware that we were in the middle of something precarious. It was as if we were jumping up and down at the edge of a cliff. Everyone spoke in very low tones. People would ask us to keep our voices reasonably low once we were in the house. I always feared that at any minute the police would burst in and raid the house. It was as if we were treading through a minefield.

I reluctantly consented to the comrades' request that for six months before the winter holidays in June I would go there every morning with Tshepo to make fliers. He would decorate them, using his drawing skills, and I would write what events were taking place

as well as what had taken place at the previous event. Sometimes I would help Thabang – the boy with the “Release Mandela” T-shirt – with the newsletter. We would have to mention any lost or jailed comrades on every flier, and the number of people who disappeared or who were imprisoned increased tremendously in the time that I was there. By February Mohau had been released from prison, but instead of going home he went into hiding. Tshepo missed him sorely but was never allowed to know where his brother was, although a woman called Dikeledi occasionally brought news of how Mohau was doing, as well as little messages for Tshepo and Keitumetse. Writing notes would have been too risky.

Over the first two months I admitted to myself that my fear of going to the headquarters was becoming a little too overwhelming. I had to decide if I was going to continue going there every morning, or if I was only going to go every few days. The problem was that there really was a lot of work to be done, and I had made a commitment by agreeing to be there until the winter. I decided to tell Keitumetse where I had been going. She would not tell Mama as long as I let her go out and not help sell ice-lollies on weekends. She did not seem as concerned as I had expected, which made me think I may have been a little bit paranoid, but it also made me feel somewhat safer to think that someone at home knew where I was every morning for two hours before school. I also realized that one good thing about working at the headquarters was that I was always up to date on what march or rally was coming up, and it made me feel less on edge and apprehensive.

Around that time I began making friends with Lebo, the girl I shared a desk with in class. We had very little in common, but I thought she was very funny and smart. She was a dancer and cared about little else. The best thing about her was that she made me laugh really hard all the time. Mama only sort of liked her and said it made her uneasy that I was getting close to a girl who invited boys into her home when her father was not there. It was something that also bothered me about Lebo, but I was not about to share that with my mother. I thought of her as *sekheberesh*, a derogatory word used for women who love the company of men openly and shamelessly.

I suppose intimacy and affection with men intimidated me; I thought of men as people who could very easily be the end of my dreams. That was something I had got from my mother.

She would say, “No one in this house will have an abortion.”

I would imagine myself pregnant, sitting and dreaming about the person I could have been. This lack of choice came up in many different areas of my life, sometimes leaving me angry, but most of the time I was just fearful. Even the simple choice of whether or not I wanted to kiss a boy was something that took a lot of thinking. It brought to mind pregnant women my age who had let go of the possibility of leaving the township. None of us had different options. You could not decide whether you would have or not have a baby. The law allowed no reproductive choices for women, Black or White.

We also did not have much information about our bodies, sex, or pregnancy. None of this information was available to us through our parents, and there was no such thing as a library in the township, or even within a hundred kilometres of where we lived. Sex was the killer of dreams. I had never heard about a man and a woman loving each other. All you heard about men and women was how, when they encountered each other, they found a way to sabotage each other's futures. In some girls, like myself, this kind of talk brought out fear, and in others it brought out curiosity. I was frightened of my sexuality, but Lebo relished hers. Her attitude made me uneasy about her, so I did what is always easiest to do and chose an offensive word to call her in my mind. This was in an effort to feel better about myself.

Lebo knew nothing about me going to the SASO offices every day. I kept it secret because I was obliged to do so, but also because I did not have the same amount of trust in her as I had had in Thato. She was a very new friend, and for that reason I held back a lot. I kept all kinds of things to myself in those days. It was lonely and hard, because I felt so many things that seemed to weigh me down. It may have made it just a little bit easier to have had someone to talk to, but I could not decide who that could be. I was still pining over Thato, secretly wishing she would come knocking at my

door and ask how my life was going. I would sit for hours by myself, watching the leaves turn in autumn and the sun set earlier, all the while wishing I was spending time with the only best friend I had ever had. Sometimes I would speak with Keitumetse about my friendship with Thato, but she would just be irritable and tell me Thato did not deserve me. Perhaps she felt a need to protect me, but it did not help. My heart was heavy and I always fell asleep as soon as I got home from school, which meant that I never got any time with Mama. She missed me so much she started waking me at half past four in the morning before she left for work, just so she could have a minute with me. She had always hated waking us up, but she said it was beginning to feel like she never knew how I was, and that bothered her.

One morning I sat up and spoke to her for a few minutes longer than usual. I told her that high school was difficult and that I was finding it hard to constantly have to leave school in the middle of the day because of the riots and demonstrations. Because these activities involved mostly high school students, I had never felt it to the same extent when I was in middle school.

"I have a better idea now why people are rioting, but I find it hard to keep up in school. The teachers don't even demand anything from us any more," I groaned.

"I would take you out of there if I could. You know that. We just don't have that choice, just like with everything else." She gave me a very apologetic look.

"I know, Ma. I just wish it wasn't so hard. I feel like we're hardly ever in class any more."

"You know, it might make you feel better to think that if you didn't choose to rebel against Bantu education you would probably be resigning yourself to a life of despair. At least this way you're saying you want it to be better than this. Maybe look at it that way, okay?"

"Okay," I said, lying back on the pillow. I will think of it that way and see if that helps a little, I thought.

It helped a little bit and made me feel less alone for about two, maybe three hours. But I was still worried about the prospect of

eventually leaving school without good enough marks to make it into journalism at a good university.

That day I decided to try and let my friendship with Lebo grow a little bit more, partly because I was desperate and there was really no one else to talk to. So I went to visit her at her home. I went to SASO in the morning and then walked up to her house later, which was closer to the office than it was to my house. She was surprised to see me, maybe even less than thrilled. It was never a problem to just drop by someone's house and say hello, so I didn't really understand what her problem was. Instead of inviting me inside she started to walk me out to the gate, saying she was busy cooking for her father.

"You know, I've never met your father," I said, hinting that maybe this was the time to do that.

"I know, but he's sleeping now so you'll see him another time," she said.

"Okay." I was just about to make a quick exit when a man came growling around the corner. He had a beer can in one arm and his other arm ended in a round, ball-like shape below his elbow.

"So where's my food?" he demanded angrily.

"Dumelang," I greeted him respectfully, but he paid no attention to me.

"I'll see you Monday<sup>\*</sup> in school," Lebo said and quickly ran towards her father, who stood there staring at her bitterly. He still did not seem to have seen me.

I left their home and started walking back to mine, unsure of what to make of that encounter. It was the first time I had ever seen Lebo look so unhappy and disturbed. I felt sorry for her, but more than that I felt curious and wanted to know what was going on in her life outside of school. I must have assumed that she had a lot of money because she visited the hair salon at least once a week. She had also won dance competitions around the township and gone on to compete in big events with different schools, so I thought she was doing very well. Sometimes it is hard to know what people are living through because they mask it so well, telling hilarious stories of what they do when you are not around. You might even go as far as envying them, if you were mesmerized by their voices and their

laughter, their fabulous ability to tell a good story. You could never tell that they were living in utter despair.

Lebo's house looked and felt gloomy. There were no decorations, no garden, not even a stoep. It looked desperate, almost like no one lived there. Always thinking there was a story behind everything, I thought I'd go to Ausi Martha's house. She was always ready to divulge information about other people's lives – you could never spend more than ten minutes with her without finding out who was sick, dying, imprisoned, broke, or cheating. Of course, I had also spent years with her and knew nothing about what was going on in her own home, information she obviously deliberately withheld. She carried so much shame. I could never feel comfortable around shame, and I spent less and less time at her house because hers seemed to be growing with age.

I went over for a few minutes that day, however, because it was very impolite to not stop by the homes of neighbours every once in a while and ask how they are keeping, and see if they are sleeping and eating well. So from Lebo's house I started walking towards our street to give my greetings to Ausi Martha, hoping to see what I could learn about Lebo and her father.

*The woman walking up and down the streets selling the brooms she carries on her head comes with stories from afar. She carries those stories that are harder and heavier than the ten solid wooden brooms she bears so delicately on her head. She comes into my yard when I am sitting on the ground playing with my stones, the sun pressing onto the centre of my head, my neck burning. I am ten years old and I crave stories of people who have been here much longer than I have. I want to know about the men in the mines, and the women's histories. She comes in for a glass of water, puts her cane brooms down on the ground next to her body, and then sits at my side, her legs stretched out. I listen, she tells.*

*Yesterday she came with one about the woman who lost her home to the Group Areas Act, the law that says people have to live separate from those of a different skin colour.*

*"For years she had this dream of living in a big home, the kind with rooms for all her six children and an extra one she would use as a story room. She was the town's storyteller, people came from near and far and sat down at her feet to hear stories of Africans from all over. Tales of how groups of our ancestors moved down south from the north-eastern lands. Of how many others were taken away across the ocean on White men's ships. Her stories made people laugh, sometimes they made them cry, but most of all, they told people about their own history, they were a way of getting to know their ancestors.*

*"She charged about five cents a story and saved the money in a secret place. Years later she finally built the house of her dreams, complete with the story room. People kept coming, sitting on the carpeted floor, resting their heads on the pillows, listening. Then one day, in the middle of the night as she slept, a storm of men in blue uniforms with guns and large boots came in with a force she had no way of resisting. They told her, 'We got together and decided, you're not fit to be here. You and your stories belong elsewhere. Take what you can and go, this is now our land.' And so it came to pass. They built a new town where her people had lived. Where many had come from all over to hear her tell the history of their foremothers. On that very land, they erected their own homes, as if the place was all new, as if they had discovered a new land where no one had lived before. They made it their home because they could, because it was the law. They had convinced themselves that it belonged to them and that they had come to take it from trespassers, so they saw the removals as a victory. They called the place Triumph.*

*"The women and her people were thrown onto foreign ground. Barren lands where no crops could grow. They lost their homes and everything that went with them. And if she or any of her people ever wished to walk that ground again, they had to carry papers that allowed them to do so."*

*"What happened to her children?" I ask, playfully rubbing two stones together. "Did she leave with them?"*

*"What does a hen do when you come near her chicks?" she responds, taking her last sip of water. She gets up, balances the brooms steadily on her head, and goes on her way.*

## SEVEN

I WAS RIGHT, Ausi Martha knew a lot about Lebo's house. Her father had worked in a steel factory for years and lost his arm to a fast-moving saw. He was about twenty-seven when this happened and it automatically meant losing his job. He came home days later to his wife and child, both of whom had been subsisting on his wages in addition to the mother's salary, which she earned cleaning rich people's houses up on the hill in the township. He came home burdened with bitterness. He carried so much hate it drove his wife right out of the township marked with bruises on her face and limbs. Tiptoeing around him had brought her nothing except closer to her death.

"The only thing he let that child keep was her dancing. He took away everything else," Ausi Martha told me, with a slight hint of laughter in her voice. This is how she was, it was such a pleasure and so easy for her to tell of other people's misfortunes that it almost made her laugh. Perhaps it made her think less about what was going on in her own home.

While on that subject, I decided to take a chance and bring up an old topic that I had been thinking about on and off for months.

"You know, Mma Kleintjie spoke to me a few months ago," I started.

"I heard," she said in a cool, disinterested voice.

"Do you know what she said to me?"

"I don't think you should be listening to anything that woman has to say."

"I was really startled, you know," I continued, despite her obvious lack of interest. "She just appeared right in front of me, I mean I didn't even hear her coming. One minute I was playing and the next minute she was right there."

"Well, you know, you're a big girl now, you should stop playing with rocks on the ground."

"I was thirteen," I said defensively. "Still, I like telling my stories, it's soothing. Anyway, I haven't told you what she said yet -"

"Your mother told me what she said. And as much as I hate that woman, she was right, you should stay out of the sun. You're lucky you're so light-skinned. Some of us have to spend a lot of money on creams just to look like you."

"I don't want to be so light, I don't look like anyone else!"

"Tihelo!" she exclaimed, her emphatic tone telling me I should be ashamed of such thoughts.

"Why is she so interested in me anyway? She's always watching me."

"She's not just interested in you, she's like that with all the children."

"She has never come that close to any other child. She hates children." I was still calling myself a child even in high school, mainly because you cannot call yourself anything else. There is no term for older or younger children. We were all the same in the eyes of adults.

"You should stay away from her anyway."

"What do you know? Why is she so interested in me? Do you know why?"

"She's probably interested in you because you're as light-skinned as her and she doesn't like Black people, that's why. She probably finds it easier to look at you than to look at everyone else."

"Hmmm. That makes sense. I probably remind her of someone she knows or something. Like family, maybe."

"Maybe. She is a witch, you know about her," and she was whispering as she said this. "Don't go anywhere near her," she warned me.

That was enough information to suppress my interest in *Lekhalate* for a very long time. We went on to do a round of neighbourhood gossip. Mma Motsei up the street had got tired of her husband beating her, so she had splashed him with a pot full of hot water and he was now in the hospital. Her children were sick of him too, they were on her side. But still all of them went to visit him in the hospital like a good loving family. His wife brought him the



food she cooked at home, and she and the children all sat by his side for three visiting hours every day reading him the newspaper and telling him what was going on in the outside world. No hard feelings, no distress. They wished him well and he was grateful for their time and love.

Three doors down, Thebe, who was probably the quietest and most mysterious man on our street, was making a lot of money from building large steel fences and gates and selling them to the rich people up on the hill. Soon, Ausi Martha was saying, he would be living right up there with them. We were all really fascinated by his talent, something he had never gone to school for. He had been putting things together his whole life. When he was in his mid-teens he had gone to town and worked for a White man who did the same thing, and he said that's how he perfected his skill. He watched how the White man was doing it for a while, quit his job after a few months, and went on to start his own business at home. Thato's parents had had him build their fence and large black steel gate. Thebe still lived with his parents and had built a room and a bathroom behind the parents' four-room. Ausi Martha thought it would be good to get him in her house, maybe make him some special tea and get him to notice one of her daughters. So far she had had no luck.

Across the street, Ausi Martha thought *Koko*, or Grandma, Diile was getting a little old for selling vegetables in town every day of the week. She thought she should cut down a little bit, maybe go only on weekdays and stay home on weekends.

"You know, since her husband died she feels like there's no reason to be home so much," Ausi Martha told me. "They gave her a lot of money at Checkers, but she still feels strongly about working. Women whose husbands worked at grocery stores get a lot of money."

*Koko* Diile's husband had died of diabetes when I was in my second last year of middle school. She had worn her black mourning clothes for a total of six months – Ausi Martha had counted – instead of doing the customary year of mourning. She raised a few eyebrows and had a lot of tongues wagging, but she filled her bags

with vegetables she bought from the market and got in a taxi every morning to go to town. She went to Blood Street, where she sat on the sidewalk at the same spot and sold potatoes and tomatoes to men and women who worked in town. She never explained herself or apologized to anyone.

We sat and gossiped, asked questions about everyone else's lives except each other's, until it was time for me to go home. I never mentioned it to Ausi Martha, but I had heard from Keitumetse that her husband was not actually in Johannesburg as she would have had us believe, but living in a one-room shack in Block A, just across the main road. He had a new wife and the two of them were renting a space in a yard full of "tin houses", shacks made from corrugated iron. Once a year he visited and Ausi Martha talked about how he had come back from the factories, but in fact he had just taken a twenty-minute walk across the main road to bring his children their Christmas presents. He would spend the day sitting on a one-person bench in the shade, where he would accept nothing to drink or eat from his estranged wife. Everyone knew about Ausi Martha's special teas, because she bragged about her magic, and he wanted nothing to do with that. He would bring his own three bottles of beer and sit there drinking and pretending to have a good time, while Ausi Martha sat across from him wearing her best clothes. She would work her way down to the bottom of two litres of Sprite, completely unaware that she was not the one who ought to be carrying the shame. After all, the man had left his children without a cent while she had stayed and endured all the trials of single parenthood.

I arrived home to a dark, unlit house that Saturday evening at six o'clock, not suspecting the doom that was about to befall us. I found Keitumetse sitting outside, reading a letter from Mohau, the first one she had received since he had gone into hiding in February. She looked as if someone had been tickling her all day, not even aware that my arrival at that hour meant that it would take a while before she would have supper. I closed the curtains and turned on the lights. I found vegetables to cook and my sister came to the kitchen to keep me company.

"He says he thinks about me all the time. All the time. He can't wait to get back," Keitumetse told me as I stood there peeling potatoes and slicing onions.

"So when is he coming back? Does he know?" I asked. "No, actually, he doesn't," she replied. "The police are looking for him and a group of other comrades he was arrested with. He will remain in hiding until he thinks they've decided he's not a threat any more."

"What do they think he'll do?"

"Start a riot, I think. What else can they be afraid of?"

"You know, I never asked," I said, stopping for a moment. "What did they see him do at Christmas exactly? There were so many people but they arrested only a small group, much smaller than usual."

Keitumetse explained, "He was suspected of organizing the whole rally. The police see him as a leader now. I don't think they understand that there is no one leader at any given point, that people organize together and everyone has a different role."

"But the older students definitely have more prominent roles than the younger ones," I said, dropping my voice to a little whisper so that only she could hear me. "I mean, even at the office they tell us what to do. No one our age would ever be a leader."

"I know. He probably wasn't just sitting and taking orders from anyone. That just isn't his style," she said approvingly.

My sister really admired her boyfriend; she kept telling me that he was a man, not a boy. Frankly, I thought he was arrogant and bossy, but that was just me. The entire time I was cooking she was rereading his letter with a large grin and I had to concentrate hard on what I was doing because I found her excitement over Mohau very annoying.

The train that left Pretoria station – the Blacks-only station – at half past six in the evening got to Mabopane station at half past seven. Mama would take a taxi from the station after stepping off the train and would be home by eight o'clock at the latest. But that unusually chilly April evening, my mother never came home.

Since starting high school my worry level had increased twofold. Whereas in middle school I could lie down and put my mind on something else when I felt uneasy, in high school I would panic and

fidget, constantly looking outside for something reassuring. We ate standing and pacing around the house, wondering what was going on. Keitumetse suggested that we call Mama's *missies* but I felt uncomfortable doing that. I did not want to get on the phone and start speaking English. The people she worked for at the time were English-speaking and Mama said they really did not appreciate it when people spoke to them in Afrikaans, the only White language I felt I could speak somewhat well. My sister was really confident in her English as she was in just about everything she had learned in school, so she picked up the phone and I stood next to her with my ear touching the receiver so that I could listen to the conversation.

"Hello, can I please speak with Kgomotso?" she started after someone picked up the phone.

"Who?"

"Kgomotso. Please," Keitumetse said, raising her voice a little because she thought she was not clear.

"This is an English household. There is no one by that name here. Goodbye –"

"Sorry!" I interrupted quickly, remembering something and taking the receiver. "Gladys!" I said.

"What? Oh! Gladys. No, sorry, Gladys has gone home already. Why are you calling at this hour? Gladys doesn't work at night, she leaves very early." The woman on the other end of the line sounded very irritated. Just then a man's voice piped up in the background: "Why are Gladys's friends calling here? She's not supposed to use the phone when she's here, is she?"

The woman yelled back: "Steven, it's not so bad if she uses the phone once or twice." She seemed to have forgotten that we were on the other end of the line. I was really upset by their brief conversation because it made me more anxious. Unfortunately, I did not have the words to respond so I gave the phone to my sister and told her to tell them we were her daughters and not her friends. Keitumetse took the phone again and found the woman on the other end saying: "Is that all now? Hello? Hello?"

Keitumetse said, "She is my mother. She is not home. Do you know what time she left?"

"She left the same time as usual. I'm sure she'll be home soon, okay? Bye now." Click.

We stood there stunned, Keitumetse still holding the phone. She and I stared at each other in desperation. She held the phone while I held her hand. We were dumbfounded that the woman did not seem to have a clue what we were feeling and that she was not even a little bit concerned. A tear rolled down my sister's cheek and fell on my hand. She could always cry when she felt that bad, but I just never could. I felt heavy all over and held her hand really tightly. We sat down together, unsure of what to think. It was almost eleven o'clock and still there was no sign of our mother. I kept going over the voices on the other phone: "Why are you calling at this hour ... she's not supposed to use the phone." Anger was a little more bearable than worry and fear. "I hate it when they call her that. They don't even know her real name," I said.

"I didn't even remember," Keitumetse said.

"I know. I never think about it. When she leaves here she has one name and when she is at work she has a different name." I tried smiling at my sister, but she was beginning to sob. I had to come up with something else because sitting in the house was only making us both feel a lot more frustrated. After giving it some thought, I suggested to Keitumetse that we go down the street and see if Karabo's mother was there, because the two of them always took the same train.

We decided that I should go since one of us should stay home in case Mama came or someone called. So I hurried down the street towards Karabo's house, constantly looking behind me for signs of my mother and to see that there was no one coming after me. We rarely walked outside after dark, there was too much going on for us to feel safe on the streets at night. So I was running with my eyes darting from side to side, and then I would turn my head back until I was almost running backwards. I ran into a woman, my shoulders crashing into her breasts.

"Aaah!" I shrieked. To my horror, Mma Kleintjie was standing there. I could not have seen her anyway because only one streetlamp was lit and I had been running too fast to see who was on the street.

I stood there, my mouth wide open, my heart threatening to burst through my chest, and my throat getting hotter and drier by the second.

"Go back home, you won't find her there," she said.

"Are you everywhere I go?" I spoke out of complete and unguarded anger. As soon as I said it I felt really guilty and apologetic for having spoken that way to someone older.

"I don't want children getting hurt. Don't go outside your home alone at night." She responded without a discernible expression on her face. Either that or it was just too dark to see if she was smiling or frowning. I tried to search her face in the dark. I remembered that last time I had been too afraid to look, so I wanted to remember her that night.

"I'm looking -"

"For your mother, I know. She won't be back for a while. Run back home and someone will tell you what's going on."

My face felt hotter, my limbs got weaker, until I thought I needed something to balance my body before I fell. "Tell me, tell me, please!"

"Tihelo! Tihelo!" Ausi Martha's voice came out from somewhere behind me. "Go home. Go home now. I'm going to get Karabo and we will meet you at your house."

God, Mma Kleintjie is really crazy, I thought to myself as I hurried back home.

Keitumetse was sitting on the stoep waiting anxiously. "*Ba re eng?* Did they tell you anything?"

"Ausi Martha said I should come home, she knows something but she's coming with Karabo to tell us."

My sister broke down and sobbed. I stood there trying to say something to make her stop because she was only making me more nervous, but my own mind was racing too fast for me to think straight. I sat down and put my arm around her for a minute, until I had to wrap my arms around myself for comfort. We waited silently together. Of course, we assumed the worst - we knew all too well what could happen to people between the town and the township, or what could happen to workers in White people's homes.