

A nem-lefordíthatatlan szójáték és a fordíthatatlan nyelvi szerkezetek
részletek A. L. Kennedy *So I am Glad* c. regényéből (1995)

0. p. 73-4. /83

“...And I don’t even like her. We don’t speak. Except for ‘Any more cones there, Arthur?’ She doesn’t even say that nicely.”

“I’d never really seen you as the baker type.”

“Well I’m mad as a baker.”

“Mad as a hatter.”

“No, mad as a baker. I’d have to be. I am going to pack it in soon, though. A couple of people want murals for their kid’s bedroom. I might have another go at doing that” etc.

1. p. 107. / 119

For Jennifer, My Dearest Friend,

Already irredeemably in your debt, I must make one final demand, that you should lend me enough of your language to hold my thanks. You should be warned that as my thanks are infinite, this will be no small request.

Be sure I am a thief at heart, for there I shall keep hidden every good effect of your connaissance. Your patience and welcome restored me no less to myself than to my health. Your own and your household’s numbrous kindnesses leave me a guerrier defeated for I have not the slightest means to repay you, other than by removing the source of any further depense, the man who remain always,

Your Servant,

DC DB.

2. p. 171. /189-190

“...My mother, at least, made me feel like her son. She would rest a glance upon me and I would know who I was at once, if I had pleased, or disappointed. Father was the kind of man you would want to... to insult very badly, to steal from, you understand?”

“I think so.”

“Factually, I must say that I did insult him very badly and steal from him... ah... but he did make this as though it was his fault.”

/.../ p 172.

“Remember that my story will be very ugly, but you are please to not mind it. The whole of this is over now, do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“I will not return to it.” He gave a small wince. “You know, I used to imagine from the time when was I a boy that I would make wonderful voyages and in my mind I did. I really did go away from all of those faces, all of those looks and those impacts in the street, all of myself. I broke off the earth and lifted beyond it daily, daily, daily and I saw paradise. I promise you, I ate and drank in paradise.”

/.../ p. 173.

“Of course, yes. I already have lain dying once, on my deaths’s bed, and told anyone who would hear that I had wasted everything.”

3. p. 175. /193

“If I may furnish an example, I have held a man with my arms around him and my body over him to press his life back in, to hold it within his frame once a bullet has let it out and this has been all to no purpose.”

4. p. 192-3. /209-10

“... They would just run away, shouting in a language I could barely understand, and the children would cry, only because we were come. We were intended to be on their side We were their countrymen and still they expected us to do terrible things always.”

/.../ 193.

“I just want to know why this way to go is the one we choose? Why are there no better ways? Think of it, I see a Gascon, a good fellow with an excellent mind trying to run into a wood. Now he is unable for this because he has only one leg. He is trying to run and he cannot properly comprehend that his leg is shot away below the knee. This man does not work properly any more and all of us that morning, we watch and watch him. He is no longer our friend, now he is something interesting.”

“I’m not sure.”

“I was there.”

He moved slightly ahead of me, rubbing at his neck, his shoulders rounding.

“Have you tried to write?” When he didn’t answer, I thought he hadn’t heard.

“Have you tried to write?”

“Tried? No I haven’t tried. What I have done is to fail. I have failed to write.”

“It’ll come back.”

“Why? Why should it? I am made the way I am made. I can’t get out. I am here for no reason and I have no use. Allow me to say so, please. This is black thinking and if I speak it out this makes it, eventually, willing to go from me.”

“Whatever you say.”