

Like a balcony, I gaze upon whatever I desire.

I gaze upon my ghost approaching from afar.

Darwish, "I See My Ghost Coming From Afar"¹

*We, too, boarded the ships, entertained by
The radiance of the emerald in our olive at night,
And by dogs barking at a fleeting moon above the
church tower,*

Yet we were unafraid.

For our childhood had not boarded with us.

We were satisfied with a song.

Soon we'll go back to our house

When the ships unload their excess cargo.

Darwish, "The Kindhearted Villagers"²

Childishness

Throughout my childhood, I was always impressed by the size of the property owned by a mysterious figure whose name has been engraved in my memory as "Mr. Natush". Over the years, my father, who was a very successful farmer, together with my uncles, took care to lease thousands of dunams of olive trees from Mr. Natush. They would harvest its fruits in order to meet the family's needs for olive oil and sell the remainder.

The area of the groves owned by that same Mr. Natush was unusually large, far beyond the area of those owned by all the other villagers together. The groves were also distinguished by their neglect from the olive groves tended by the villagers. They were full of thorns and lacked any sign of even elemental agricultural activity, something that only added to their mysteriousness, but especially to the aura surrounding their owner, Mr. Natush, who, despite his wealth, had chosen to ignore them. All the while, I had believed that the mysterious Mr. Natush was too busy caring for his wealth and other properties to take interest in such trivial matters.

Because of the dimensions of the property owned by Mr. Natush, but also to simplify the cataloguing of its features, the members of my village had divided the land into smaller plots of dozens and sometimes hundreds of dunams; to each they attached a special name or nickname: *Abu Farsakh, Abual-Ajuz, Qasem Abed al-Khader, Fyad and Abu Rafeq al-Qatawi, el-Ard al-Beyda, el-A'nbarat* and others that I can no longer recall.

My childish innocence evaporated with the years; the strong impression made by the scope of that same mysterious gentleman's property came to be replaced

by acute bitterness once I learned the truth about him: *Natush* was simply the Hebrew epithet for "abandoned property", the state's term for the properties that, in the wake of the 1948 war, it had forcibly expropriated from its Palestinian owners, driven beyond the border by Zionist militias, to be transformed into penniless refugees! Ironically, the names given to the olive grove's plots were the sole "survivors" of those acts of dispossession; they had been incised into the memories of villagers personally acquainted with their owners. In the spirit of Darwish, the names on the plots were, to a considerable degree, the shadows remaining of the owners who had been flung into the abyss of exile.

The names were preserved in the villagers' daily conversation not for ideological reasons but from the force of habit, so deeply anchored in the organic relationships woven over hundreds and perhaps thousands of years between the local residents and their geographic surroundings. The names reflected these relationships. It appears that Palestinian site names are given according strict criteria, based on the morphology of the specific plot of land (e.g., *el-ard al-beyda* – white land – reflects its pale soil) or the official name of the owner, usually an aristocratic Palestinian or Lebanese family, or of the local family that had cultivated it for decades for the benefit of those same distant owners. Following the Nakba, the catastrophe of 1948, villagers who had remained within the borders of Israel continued to use these names, which they bequeathed to future generations, almost without change. The new situation was quite absurd: Farmers who had remained in their villages within Israel's borders soon found themselves leasing the land of their neighbors, now absentee owners, from the state, with which they had to share the profits, but did not view this arrangement as deviant or reprehensible!

Discovery of the truth about Mr. Natush destroyed some of the innocence that had previously swathed the olive groves and opened a window through which I could view the not-too-distant past. Suddenly, the thorns and wild flowers no longer represented an uninhibited eruption of nature but artificial and violent interference, an act that had shattered the daily pattern of the villagers' lives and left ruin in place of order. The neglected olive groves were, in effect, "negatives" of the normality that had been destroyed by an arrogant colonial power.

From my perspective, observation of the abandoned property was transformed from a naïve child's inspection into reflexive scrutiny, painful and tortured but also challenging and provocative. It had opened a wound that

1 Mahmoud Darwish, "I See My Ghost Coming from Afar", in: *Unfortunately, It Was Paradise, Selected Poems*, tr. and ed. by Munir Akash and Carolyn Forché (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, c2003), p. 63.

2 Ibid., "The Kindhearted Villagers," p. 62.

would not heal and refused to be left alone. This reflexive view of the bleeding wound of expropriation, whether of the lives of banished villagers or of those who had remained on their land, burrowed into the wound and refused to leave, not from masochism, and certainly not from any captivation by the role of the victim, but due to the hope of someday touching the past that had been obliterated under the ruins of the present.

As to this itinerant view, wandering from the Palestinian past to its alienated present, we should focus on the formative event in the lives of the Palestinian intellectuals among whom we find the inventors of culture, the artists and the poets. The artist's roaming gaze interrogates, it questions, it does not accept the present as a finished product ready to be reflected in art but as a "silenced subject" requiring encouragement before submitting to the role of an active witness, endowed with the ability to tell a story.

In some of the artist Durar Bakri's paintings, we find the figure of a ship abandoned in Jaffa's port. One painting contains three ruined and abandoned hulks, whose shadows are clearly reflected in the sea surrounding their anchorage. To the viewer's eye, these neglected and rusty ships appear as negatives of a vibrant, living past. The past echoes between the ships' walls; the intense quiet shrouding them at any given moment seems nothing else than an unnatural silence, recently forced upon them. For the Palestinians who remained in Israel after the Nakba, the abandoned ships symbolize shadows of the past, immune to confiscation by others. Even if the ships are moved from their present location, their anchor will remain intact.

Shadows as Social Beings

Similar to the fire in Bachelard's writings³, shadows are to be found at the center of cultural production. They invite interpretations similar to those ascribed to fire, that is, the numerous social and psychological meanings that contribute to the creation of a paradoxical "social being." In Jungian psychology, the shadow is an archetype housing human repressions, especially regarding the self's otherness or strangeness; it is the vessel into which people thrust those drives they dislike or find unacceptable. It follows that the shadow is a depository for attributes that the ego attempts to conceal or deny. In folk cultures, the shadow is treated as something mysterious that arouses fears and tensions. Children's television programs and adult suspense films likewise use shadows to arouse a sense of mystery, fear and sometimes terror.

Yet, together with its mysteriousness, shadows are considered intimate, embracing and calming entities. People rest in a tree's shade, which protects them from the sun's rays; poetry is written in the shadow of words rephrased until they reach their poetic heights, whereas children transform their own shadows into playmates, enthused by their form and dimensions; they run after them in the hope of catching them – but in vain! After all, a slippery shadow can always avoid being caught; it is always present but only in terms of its absence.

Consider the difference between a shadow and a ghost. Derrida⁴ argues in his book *Specters of Marx* that ghosts are paradoxical beings because they exist yet do not exist, given that they hover between the real and the imaginary, between the worlds of life and of death. We cannot be confident of their existence, but we cannot prove their non-existence. Ghosts arouse primary feelings, mixed of discomfort, fear and terror before the unknown. Shadows, in contrast, have evasive non-corporeal but real effects; although located within our world, they are never within reach. In his poem "Praise for the Lofty Shadow" (1982), Darwish describes Yassir Arafat as a towering shadow that the Israelis were unable to obliterate despite their endless efforts. We see shadows, recognize them, but cannot experience them directly (we can never become a veritable shadow), nor touch them. This is how Darwish describes his own shadow:⁵

*Shadow is neither male nor female
Gray, even if you inflame it with fire...
It follows me, grows bigger, then shrinks back
I walk, it walks
I sit, it sits
I run, it runs
I said: I'll fool him, and take off my navy-blue coat
He imitated me, and took off his gray coat...*

Shadows are, however, their possessors' most loyal and constant companions. Their existence is independent of their will; they rely on the laws of physics that make the corporeal real by non-corporeal means. They decisively and diligently accompany their possessors throughout their lives, and stubbornly insist on copying their movements. It is impossible to release them, impossible to deceive them and impossible to dupe them.

Shadows somewhat resemble mirror images but are not quite identical to them. Whereas a mirrored reflection more or less duplicates the possessor's contours, shadows, being gray and lacking in any detail, only project

3 Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Reverie: Childhood, Language and the Cosmos* (Boston 1969).

4 Jacques Derrida, *Specters of Marx, the State of Debt, the Work of Mourning, and the New International* (London 1994).

5 Mahmoud Darwish, *La ta'tazer 'amma fa'alt* (*Don't Apologize for What You Did*) (Beirut 2004), p. 83-84, tr. Roaa Translations.

their possessors' general "negative" image. Sometimes those deformed outlines also follow the laws of nature: They change according to the sun's location, the light's quality and weather conditions, among others. Hence, their interpretation must be carried out in relation to the physical conditions surrounding them and with respect to their complements: their possessors.

In vernacular Arabic, the term *khayal* is a synonym for *thel* (shadow), but the free translation of *khayal* is, literally, "imagination": the similar and the imagined. This means that *khayal* – shadow – is not only a reflection of its possessor; it is also an "engine" that activates his or her free thoughts, reveries, waking dreams and fantasies.

The Shadow's Shadow

What would happen were the roles of a shadow and its possessor to be reversed? What would happen if, for instance, a shadow were to be transformed into a corporeal being, and its possessor into a non-corporeal part of him or her self? What would happen were the homeowner to become a refugee, leave his familiar world and begin to wander, poverty-stricken, in a strange world that ignores and isolates him? The doings of a refugee's shadow are different from those of a homeowner's shadow, especially if the refugee is none other than the Jungian shadow of that same homeowner. A shadow concurrently symbolizes and denotes all that the homeowner wishes to disregard; as stated, it instantaneously transforms itself into a form of storage bin to hold those fears and anxieties: the negatives of what are considered normal, just prior to the refugee's falling into the void. But this shadow does not follow the same rules as an ordinary shadow, just like a refugee's shadow does not follow the rules of the ordinary homeowner's shadow, because the negative of terror is peace whereas the negative of forced departure is nothing more than survival. Hence, the negative of refugee status is nothing other than a frozen moment of security "there," felt immediately upon his exit from his home or fields:⁶

And they took you out of the fields. But your shadow never followed and never fooled you; he was mesmerized and petrified there, and then turned green like a green sesame plant in the day, and blue like a blue one in the night. It grew larger with grace like a willow tree, green in day and blue at night.

The shadow of the farmer in his field is a social being, whose existence is mediated by the social reality of its possessor while in his fields; the moment that the farmer loses his social world, his shadow is transformed and is no longer able to adjust to his possessor's new role; it remains forever in the fields, comatose, like Sleeping Beauty awaiting the life-restoring kiss. Like the shadow,

time also stops; the days pass, as if glued in place, bereft of progress; the moment that the frozen shadow begins to thaw, its life continues exactly from the moment it stopped. Continuing this image, we can understand the place of the past as a victorious and redeeming future in the Palestinian experience. Darwish was to phrase this as follows:⁷

Now, as you lie alone over the words, wrapped up with lilies, and green and blue, I realize what I had not realized:

*Ever since, the future
Is your coming past!*

But what is the past, asks Emile Habiby in his novella *At Last the Almond Blossoms*,⁸ with the response uttered by one of his heroes:

Past is not a time. Past is you and everyone else and all friends [...] our past which I want to come back as spring returns after every winter.

The Palestinian's past is the negative of his alienated and alienating present, his life before the catastrophe: the house before it became a tent, the peasant before he became a refugee, the ship anchored in Jaffa's port before it became a wreck and the cultivated olive groves before they became Mr. Natush's field of thorns.

The future as found within the past represents a spiritual shelter that Palestinians return to diligently and insistently in order to experience its warmth, violated once Palestine became Israeli territory in 1948. We can continue: The present of the state established on the homeland's ruins is a malicious, estranged present because it projects a colonial vision of the native's existence as undesirable, at most sufferable, so long as survival continues under specific conditions, reflected in the designation of Palestinians as citizens in a "Jewish and democratic state!"

The Present as the Shadow of the Past

Palestinian culture's producers, artists and poets alike, tend to employ the shadow motif as a subversive metaphor for delineating the negative of the Palestinian's expropriated current reality. A ship's wreckage represents the fisherman's shadow together with his animated past, remnants of ruined houses are only shadows of the dynamic villages that existed prior to their destruction, whereas the thorns that spread throughout an olive grove are simply shadows of the cultivated and protected field before it was "abandoned." From the Palestinian's point of view, the story of the shadow's life is the story of his homeland, captured within his critical and reflexive view of the present as a shadow of the past. Raef Zreik expressed this position in his article on Wadi Salib:⁹

6 Darwish, *fi hadrat el-gheyab*, in:

The Presence of Absence (Beirut 2006), p. 14, tr. Roaa Translations.

7 *Ibid.*: p. 23, tr. Roaa Translations.

8 Emile Habiby, "At Last the Almond Blossoms," (1969), reprinted in *The Six Day War Sextet* (Nazareth 1987). In Arabic, tr. Roaa Translations.

9 Raef Zreik, "In Arab Eyes," 20 April 1999, *Haaretz*. In Hebrew

Wadi el-Salib, houses made of stone and glass, houses where doors remain locked. Fifty years ago they were closed shut and have remained so, to become bits of incidental evidence of the crime's perpetration. Houses that do not open their gates until a word entices them to do so, seemingly saying: We have been abandoned. Abandoned houses, with no one knowing who abandoned them. Whatever the case, an abandoned house resembles its brother, property abandoned [Hebrew: rehush natush-HG] under conditions of war, with both part of the family of absentees' property [expropriated property, Hebrew: nichsay nifkadim-HG].

When passing shadows of the past, winding through the locked houses in Wadi Salib or, alternatively, walking next to Arab houses that have been repopulated by Jewish immigrants, Palestinians experience the present in the form of a shadow from a suppressed past. They have come to believe that the present's sole purpose is to provide an alibi for the violence that so cruelly differentiated the signified from the signifier and wove a warped, non-organic relationship between the two. In his description of Safed [*Tzfat*] after the Nakba, Salem Jubran chose to illustrate the strangeness that had stricken the city:¹⁰

*A stranger am I in Safed... Houses say welcome
[Yet] its people order me away.
Why do you wend your way across the streets, Arab!
What for?*

The moment in which a house is separated from its residents is the moment in which shadows are severed from their possessors to become frozen in place. This is the same moment in which a shadow's possessor begins to form a new identity, that of the divided, dispossessed refugee, who wanders about in a state of fundamental insecurity, between the past as the source of welcome and the present as the source of alienation, between the relentless return to the past as a harmonizing spiritual anchor and the refusal to accept the wretched, disaffecting present. The refugee experiences the present only as the negative of the past, and the past – as a moment of safety, peace and normality.

In those paintings by Ismail Shammout dealing with life before the Nakba, we are confronted with a world full of color, carnival-like and celebratory, a depiction of what was lost. At the opposite pole we find the paintings of Abed Abdi, which relate to the moment of becoming refugees and the departure from home. In one of these works Abdi depicts, in charcoal, the moment of banishment; he shows a long line of human yet faceless shadows, walking in the desert under the blazing summer sun. The place where the refugees are walking is also drawn as if faceless, a

metaphor for the refugee's descent toward an unknown future.

In his poem "From a Fugative to His Mother," Rashid Hussein describes the wretched life of a Palestinian refugee as it was revealed to him upon entering a tent in a refugee camp:¹¹

*The fiftieth tent on the left, that is my life
Don't you know what's in it? Orchards of memories
A memory that speaks to me of a painted house
A memory of my brother Sami and of the chaos
of pleasures
A memory of an apricot's fragrance and of grain*

The act of raising memories has two important purposes: First, the vanished aromas and moments of happiness are the sole indicators upon which the poet bases his argument that his life might have been different today had these moments not been destroyed in the past. Second, the refugee's world is slowly filled with denial: denial of his right to return home, denial of the Arab leadership's responsibility and perhaps even their guilt, whether direct or indirect, for the part they played in the Nakba and the loss of home. Denial winds its way primarily across a horizontal axis, with the past becoming the sole connection from which the refugee can achieve some dual recognition: The past knows who I am and what I am. The refugee's appeal to the past essentially assumes a shared experience. And yet, this awareness implies death because it assumes that the partner in this conversation has been buried, the past thus becomes the catastrophe's tombstone. In his poem "The Owl's Night,"¹² Darwish writes:

*There is, here, a timeless present, and here no one can
find anyone.
No one remembers how we went out the door like a
gust of wind,
And at what hour we fell from yesterday, and then
Yesterday shattered on the tiles
In shards for others to reassemble into mirrors
Reflecting their images over ours.*

The past in Darwish's lyric description somewhat resembles the past echoed in Assam Abu-Shakra's paintings of cacti, where the past is torn from its natural place, to be replanted in rusty tins. Alternatively, in the painting that appears to be a framed fresco, Abu-Shakra's cactus challenges the Israel appropriation of this plant as a national symbol. Synonymous to the abandoned house populated by Jewish immigrants, the cactus is a real as well as symbolic element. It, too, has been uprooted from the fabric of life maintained by the Palestinian villagers who raised it in the proximity of their homes and used it for food and medicinals. Its place within a rusty tin is more

10 Abed al-Rahaman al-Kayaly, *al-shea'r al-falasteny fe nakbat falasten* (Palestinian Poetry on the Nakba) (Beirut 1975), p. 389, tr. Roaa Translations.

11 Rashid Hussein, *Poems* (Taybe 1990), p. 166.

12 Darwish, "The Owl's Night," in: *Unfortunately, It Was Paradise, Selected Poems*, tr. and ed. by Munir Akash and Carolyn Forché (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, c2003), p. 63.

than unnatural, to put it mildly; its location transforms the cactus into an alien, foreign substance within this environment. The story of the confined and framed cactus is thus the story of the house resettled by the conquering immigrant. By being uprooted from its normal context, the cactus encapsulates yesterday's – the past's – story as a tale of banishment and expropriation. The past as belonging to the alienated present is the ultimate objective of the Palestinian's longing: the longing for completion, warmth, harmony. The cactus prior to its uprooting, the refugee prior to his banishment, become the Palestinian's citadel, where he settles, encourages, and experiences the warmth of the place that was preserved in his memories of smells and names. As Darwish writes in his poem "The Kindhearted Villagers":¹³

*I do not yet know my mother's way of life,
nor her family's, when the ships came in from the sea.
I knew the scent of tobacco in my grandfather's aba,
and ever since I was born here, all at once, like a
domestic animal,
I knew the eternal smell of coffee.*

What was left to Darwish, who experienced the present as a descent into an unknown abyss, was the past as a symbol of awareness, as a protected container of dreams. Raising such memories of the past is like remembering the childish dreams composed in its wake.¹⁴ With respect to Darwish, remembering the smell of tobacco or coffee is not to be equated with a child's objective memories but with its subject – the past or the dream.

If Darwish dreamt of returning to the past in order to experience a lost dream, then Taha Muhammad Ali experienced memories of the past as the possibility of rebelling against his dismal future: The past may perhaps have provided him with a sanctuary and shelter from present and future misery. Taha thus writes in his poem "Foiling the Killers":¹⁵

*Qasem
Where are you... really?!
I haven't forgotten about you
Through all these long
Years
Long, like walls of graveyards.
I ask the grass
And the piles of dust about you,
I always do,
Are you alive,
Have you a cane, a figure and memories?
Have you got married?
And have you got a tent and children?
Have you gone on pilgrimage?
Or have they killed you,*

*At the entrances to the tin mounds?
Or have you not grown up,
Qasem,
And hide in the hideaway of age ten?
And remained Qasem
The same boy
Who runs and laughs
And jumps over chains,
Who loves almonds,
And seeks birds' nests?*

Qasem, 10 years old, apparently did not leave his village; he was able to deceive the killers and remain there. In the spirit of Darwish, Qasem is the shadow's substitute, who does not leave the village but remains there as an anchor and escape from the future, jumping over the stone fences, searching for birds' nests. Qasem the child will always remain a child, he will protect youthful possibilities and his home as well as wait for the return of the other half of his divided self, which detached itself at the moment of banishment.

Qasem will therefore never grow up, never grow old. He – the native's childhood – will remain in Palestine and refuse to leave. His power to "foil the killers" hinges on his power to change into a shadow, or even into a non-corporeal trace. He will resemble the effect made by a butterfly, appearing to be invisible, but not disappearing and remaining forever, absorbing his strength from his place, as Darwish wrote:¹⁶

*The butterfly trace, can never be seen
The butterfly trace, can never be gone
It is the fascination of the mysterious
That stimulates the meaning, and leaves*

In some sense, the butterfly's traces are like the marks left by the Palestinian in the various places where he lived; they are used by him to weave his memories, like the steps along the road taken by Darwish in Haifa before his self-exile: his friends' laughter and his young love, the smell of the sea and his thoughts on the destroyed house in al-Barwe. Like a nimble shadow, the butterfly's traces are light, barely felt; it is this lightness that endows it with the heroic capacity to evade real, corporeal weight and go beyond the shadow of the present's power. The shadow's elusiveness endows it with the undisputed ability to act as its possessor's loyal, constant protector. Darwish wrote about this in "My Shadow as a Faithful Hound":¹⁷

*On the road to nothingness, soft drizzle covered me
From the clouds, it fell upon me like an apple
That looked nothing like Newton's. I reached out my
hand to catch it
My hand couldn't find it, neither could my eyes see it.*

13 Darwish, "The Kindhearted Villager," *Ibid.*, p. 61.

14 Bachelard, p. 54.

15 Taha Muhammad Ali, *Poems* [Tel Aviv: Andelus, 2006], p.183. In Hebrew & Arabic, tr. Roaa Translations.

16 Mahmoud Darwish, *The Butterfly's Burden*, tr. [Beirut 2008], tr. Roaa Translations.

17 *Ibid.*, tr. Roaa Translations.

*I stared at the clouds and saw fragments of wool being
lifted north
By the wind, away from water tanks
That crouch on the buildings' roofs.
Away from a pure light, flowing over cement
That grows and laughs at the few pedestrians and
cars...
And maybe, at my vagrant steps.
I wonder: Where is the apple
That fell on me? Could it have been my imagination
That separated it from me, that kidnapped it and ran
away?
I said: I'll follow it to the home in which we live
together
In two adjacent rooms. There, I found a note
On the table, written in green ink,
Saying in one line: "An apple fell upon me from the
clouds",
So, I knew my imagination is a faithful hound!*

Summary

The shadow is a powerful motif in Palestinian cultural production. Some have used this motif to construct an alternative map for Palestine following the Nakba; others have portrayed it as an eternal sentry watching over the homeland, while still others have stressed its constant presence as an explanation for a past that was interrupted by the forces of Israeli colonialism. Here I have tried to describe the various meanings associated with the shadow's use in the context created after 1948. I have done so as an attempt to understand the motif of the shadow as a real effect, capable of transforming itself into a metaphysical entity that can neither be sensed nor dismissed.

One issue worthy of exploration in the future is the construction of the Arabs in Israel as if it they were

Palestine's shadows, shadows guarding the homeland but also observers of the far-reaching transformations that Palestine is experiencing at the very moment of distancing itself from its fixed image in Palestinian memory. It should be especially interesting to explore this issue in light of Ghassan Kanafani's story "Returning to Haifa,"¹⁸ in which Kanafani describes the growth and development of the Palestinian *khaldon*, forgotten by his family in the whirlwind of the war and taken in by a Jewish family who raised him to be a proud Israeli soldier. Study of the motif of the shadow, that, according to Jung, operates as a protective shield but also as a trigger of anxiety may shed light on the complexity of the lives of Palestinians who remained in the homeland after the Nakba, to become citizens of Israel. The fate of these Palestinians was to drift between compelling experiences and desires: painfully observing the past, experiencing anger over their "abandonment" by the Arab world, frequently vilified as collaborators, adopting an "Arab-Israeli" identity, which Emile Habiby so aptly described in his novel *The Pessoptimist*,¹⁹ or, alternatively, stressing their Palestinian character and affiliation with the Arab world.

Within this political and national turbulence, the motif of the shadow may help us understand what it is to be a Palestinian in Israel, especially the meaning of a life lived with feelings of alienation and estrangement in one's own country, a condition that unites individual experiences. This condition is described by the poet Suleiman Masallha in his poem "A Final Answer to How You Define Yourself":²⁰

*This is the land that I knew
For its paths would lead me to the suspended light
Suspended like springs on the mountain.
I was the rock on the mountainside,
I was the remaining olive tree.
The whole land was a home, and in it I was a stranger.*

18 Ghassan Kanafani, "Returning to Haifa" in *Palestine's Children*, trs. Barbara Harlow and Karen E. Riley (Boulder, CO: L. Rienner, c2000).

19 Emile Habiby, *The Secret Life of Saeed: The Pessoptimist*, trs. Salma Khadra Jayyusi and Trevor LeGassick (London: Zed Books, 1985).

20 Suleiman Masallha, "Amalid," in *Someone from Here* (Tel Aviv 2004), tr. Roaa Translations.