

Guban:Taxanaha tarjumada buugga GUBAN ee CabdiLadiif Cige

By Boodhari Warsame

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Foreword /Hordhaca Qoraha

I would just like to take a moment to revisit the time, and especially the context i.e. my mindset- around the beginnings of my encounter with Boodhari Warsame, the translator.

I had my own reasons for writing the work in English. Primarily, it was an attempt to critique, present, and to conceptually alter the global mainstream media's (state) caricature of the Somali being. Those of us, especially those who are out here (West), and throughout the world, are no strangers to the deluge of the hideous figures, otherworldly and rather anachronistically from a wasteland of the past (Warlords, Pirates, etc.). Today's continuum of barbarism , and mind you, not isolated to Islam, but encompasses the violent "moral " responses on the other "secular" kind, death, destruction are (what seems to be) the Banner of our times.

The work was also specifically intended for Africans who are hooked up to these systems (media). For example, the closest countries next to the Somali people are as bereft of nuance, when it comes to their neighbors or subjects (Kenya) as anyone else is.

The final group that has a private entitlement through the philosophical symbolism carried throughout Guban is all the wealth of those who understand the meanings of the Somali names etc. In the case of those who have been outside by birth or distance, there is a special panorama to behold in the functions of a state (alive); the people's evening walks in pastel glory of earth tones; the beautiful landscape of the hinterland; and the colorful characters that peopled this landscape.

I honestly did not think the older folks needed to be told about their living! But I did think of the ones around them, the Anglo (Africans included) speakers were more urgent, hence the conceptual battleground is global. Essentially this was a work of its time and place. Like the Somali poet of yore, whether responding to a clan slight or a colonial one, it was always to the figure of a poet or the colonial representative. In this day, my interlocutors are the Hegemonic apparatus, media etc. Of course-similarly today, I am responding for my clan the Somali people, and more importantly the African personality, (novels, films about: child soldiers, perpetually hungry people, and harrowing violence) . Somehow, the racist depictions continue in the Pirate, the Warlord, from a long history of such figures in the western media and film (the new Sambo).



This was the mindset when I received, out of the blue, a request from Sweden, of all places to translate Guban! I was more than skeptical, but open, very open to it indeed. I asked to see a preview sample, for I was inclined to focus on the complex entirety of the work. I was not sure Sweden would render it even in spirit. A short while later, I was intrigued by the Somali version. It was stunningly musical and actually better suited to the opening chapters, which have a glorious love affair with the geography. He has done quite a few things in Somali: from either Somali to English or vice versa. Surprisingly, none of his work is commissioned nor funded by anyone (Somalis included), other than a personal commitment by him. This we share in common spirit, because Guban is also a self published work. No machinery of agents, huge publishers of note or the goodwill of the mainstream media. This is quite fair. After all, the work is a response, one could suggest almost an antagonistic one to the mainstream's essentialized views of Somalis in general.

I am proud to know that my first translation is in Somali and I hope this heralds a new trend for African novels, whereby they are first translated into the author's mother tongue or any other African language.

I hope there will be a few more like Boodhari Warsame, then we might reach a great state of affairs.

Nabadey.

AbdiLatif Ega (Cige)
Harlem, USA, Fall.

GUBAN

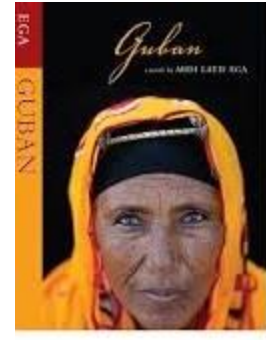
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DHAAMISO

Waddadii Tusmo yaraanteedii marka ay dhaaminayso ceelka ugu aroori jirtay, waa ay dheerayd oo baqdin badnayd. Inta aanay qorraxdu soo bixin ayay dhaanka dhaqaajin jirtay, ceelkana waxa ay gaari jirtay gelin dambe. Waddadu waa baqdin, maxaa yeelay carrigu waa wada gudcur dam ah oo aan dhammaad lahayn. Ratiga ilaa saddexda mitir dhererka la'eg ee ay hoggaaminaysaa wax difaac ah ugu ma taro khataraha badan ee carrigaa laga fisho, sida dugaagga hororka ah ee raadinaya cad uun ay hamuunta isaga rogaan, inta aanay godadkoodii ku laaban. Sidaa ayay Tusmo waa hore, iyada oo da'daa curdanka ah jirta, u dareentay in iyada oo maro huwan waabberiga horti dhurwaayada mugdi loogu tuuray. Marka ay hawshaa adag ka labaalbidaba, waxa madaxeeda ka dhex yeera codkii hooyadeed oo si kulul ugu dhiirinaya in aysan hakan ee ka soo dhalaasho. Waxa ay hooyadeed ku boorrinaysaa in

hawshani ka mid tahay waajibaadka ay tolkeeda, qoyskeeda iyo reerkeeda mustaqbalkuba ku leeyihiin.

Dharaartu marka ay milicda kulul la soo baxdo, dhulku waxa uu yeeshaa baxaalli aan la kala garan. Geedba geedka kale lagama garto, dudumo kastaa tan kale u eg, jiho walbana waxaa daadsan kumannaan wadiyooyin dhuudhuuban ah oo cagta aad loogu duugay. Wadiiqooyinka yaryar ee dhulka ciidda ah iyo jaamaha cawska teelteelka ugu xardhan ee wali ku sii dambeeya, waxaa la moodaa sidii madax basaas ku raagtay darteed timuhu ka sii gurmayaan oo dhakadu muuqato. Dhirtu badanaa waa qodxaalay dhammaantood la il daran kuna hagaasay nafaqo yari ka soo gaadha roob marar dhif ah uun ku tiixa. Dhirta waxaa kale oo iyana dhibtan la qaba wax walba oo carrigan oommanaha qaxarka ka siman ah ku nool.



Deegaankani waa meelaha dunida ugu qallallan, wax walba oo ka baxaana waa in ay halgan adag u galaan jiritaankooda uun oo qura. Dhirtu sida bii'ada inteeda kale ayay iyana joogto u halgamaysaa. Qodxo ayaa ka soo wada taagan, si ay isugu difaacaan oo u sii noolaadaan. Qaabka dhulkani u yaallaayi waa *guban* aan wax jixinjix ah lahayn oo la moodo in uu wali la hulaaqayo foolkaanihii waayo hore ka qarxay. Cammuud siqaysa, ayaa wada gufaysay togaggii waayo hore biyuhu durduri jireen. Silsiladaha buuraha foolkaanka aan geedna ka bixin ah ee ku xeeran degaanka, ayaa iyana wax walba dul hoganaya oo soo kooba, iyaga oo aan wax war ahba u hayn noolaha iyo hawlaha maalmeed ee carriga oo dhan kala socda. Lamadegaan-xigeen bagac fidsan oo aan dhammaad lahayn ah, ayaa xaggan iyo xaggoo, waxaa firirsan cutubyo geed-qodxeed ah oo aad uga gaagaaban in gabbaad ama har midna cidi uga aydo. Dhirtaa qodaxda leh waxaa isna ku dhafan teelteelkii cawska ahaa ee madaxa timihu ka sii bidayaan u ekaa oo aad mooddo bal engegan oo dhulka ka soo kuday, malaha waa haraadiga wax caws dhadheer oo doog ah ahaa waagii carrigu dhulcawsaadka bacrinta ah ahaan jiray.

Ratigii daabbad-dheere ahaa Tusmo oo sandulle ku hoggaaminaysa, ayuu isaga oo hebed amran ah daba socdaa. Rati dheerahan xooggiisa la mahadiyay, xooladhaqatada carrigan iyo waayuhuna tababareen waxba kuma doorsadaan. Waxaa se kaliya ee doodi ka taagnayd oo la isku hayay waxay ahayd; ”midkee lama huraan u ah nolosha, ma biyaha mase geela?”

Colaaduhu badanaa waxa ay ka kici jireen oo dhiig aan loo kala aabayeelini ku quban jiray sidii biyo loogu heli lahaa meesiyada kala ah geela, riyaha iyo idaha; waa sidaa ay u kala horreeyaan e. Meesi mag gala oo lagu wada heshiyyaa, waxa uu ahaa uun geela kaliya, in kasta oo ay jireen qofaf dhif ah oo naf naf loo gooyo doorta. Xaalad walba oo wax-is-dhaafsi ah geela ayaa loo adeegsan jiray. Waxaa lagu bixin jiray yaradka, maaddaama guurku yahay waxyaalaha ugu muhiimsan nolosha iyo taranka Soomaal, isla markaana ah lafdhabarta jiritaanka reer guuraaga. Qallafsanaanta nolosha geel la'aantu leedahay, ayaa ruuxeedu sababaysa in loo baahdo guutooyin wiilal ah oo hantida iyo nabadgelyada guud ee reeraha ka jira weerarrada kaga iman kara reerayawga kale iyo waliba keligiduulka ba'an ee badanaa

gablonka ah. Waxa gablonka ka dhigay waa goldheeraha geel ee lacagta u dhigma, ayaanu wax badan ka hayn. Dunida dhankeedan marka la joogo, xoolo waa uun meesigaa iyo mid aan jirin. Geelu waa meesiga ugu qallafsan uguna adkaysiga badan xoolaha la dhaqdo, maalqabeenka carriganina waa tabtaa iyo mid aan ka dhicin. Sidaa awgeed, haddii uu kuu muuqdo nin maryo-calas caato godan ah oo boor leh, ha ku khatalmin, waxaa dhici karta in uu maalqabeen wayn oo geel iyo wiilal badan leh yahay e. In uu cayr fara maran yahay waa dhacdaa iyana! Tusmo waxay badanaa ka maqashaa Awowgeed oo tilmaamaya rag geel iyo wiilal badan leh. Markaa ayaa waxaa isu sawira oday ay naf silcaysaa ku jirto, taa oo ay ugu wacantahay gaajo ku raagtay oo uu isagu is baday.

Ka dib markii ay jid dheer kaligeed soo martay ayay Tusmo ceelkii timi, sida gabdho kale oo badan oo sideeda daal kax la ah, dhulkii dheeraa ee ay soo jareen dartii. Markaa ayay ragga sugaan gabdhuhu, siiba xigtadooda, si ay ceelka uga waraabshaan. Intaa nimanku ceel shubidda ku jiraan, ayaa gabdhaha waxoogaa nasiino ah u ahayd, ka hor inta ayan dib ula laaban waddadii dheerayd, iyaga oo markaan hoggaaminaya awr midkiiba konton liitar oo biyo ahi doc walba kaga rarantahay. Biyuhu waa midab maar calow ah oo aad mooddo casiir cas oo tufaax laga tuujay, waa midab carrigan wax walba ku dheehma e. Waa casaanka ciidda dhulkan oo maryaha, ciddiyaha iyo meel walba oo ay gaarto ku dhegta.

Marka ay Tusmo dhaanka ciddii geyso, waxaa iyaguna jiray hawlo kale oo sugaya. Awoowe ayay u adeegtaa oo ubbada weysada u soo biyaysaa, inta aan sallaadda cishaha la gaarin. Caano ayay u soo listaa oo shaahna u soo karisaa, inta aanu habeenkaa dhinaca dhulka dhigin. Xilligaa marka la joogo, Tusmo xoolihii waa ay xaraysay oo oodafada u xirtay, si ayan bahalladu ugu soo dhicin.

La soco cutubka xiga dhawaan.

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