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**DR. DAHESH'S ARABIC WORK, "MEMOIRS OF JESUS, THE NAZARETH":  
AN EDITED TRANSLATION AND AN INTRODUCTION**

*Middle Tennessee State University*

D.A. 1982

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Dr. Dahesh's Arabic Work, Memoirs of Jesus,  
the Nazareth: An Edited Translation  
and an Introduction

Fawzi A. Burgess

A dissertation presented to the  
Graduate Faculty of Middle Tennessee State University  
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for the degree Doctor of Arts

December, 1982

Dr. Dahesh's Arabic Work, Memoirs of Jesus,

the Nazareth: An Edited Translation

and an Introduction

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## Abstract

Dr. Dahesh's Arabic Work, Memoirs of Jesus,  
the Nazareth: An Edited Translation  
and an Introduction

by Fawzi A. Burgess

This dissertation involves a translation of Dr. Dahesh's Arabic work, Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth. It is also intended to be an introduction to Dahesh's philosophy as aesthetically expressed in his works. The significance of the Memoirs as well as the author's other literary works can be fully appreciated and understood only in the light of his philosophy. The author's philosophy asserts that life is everywhere in the universe, and the doctrine of hell and paradise is essentially true. In fact, as tangentially alluded to in the Memoirs, there is not only one hell and one paradise but countless billions of them, specifically as many as the number of planets and stars themselves. The planets and stars constituting the whole universe are divided into a finite number of celestial and infernal degrees, with each degree--whether celestial or infernal--containing numberless billions of planets and

Fawzi A. Burgess

stars. The world of earth belongs to a relatively low infernal degree, and life on it is a backward aspect of the different and countless manifestations of life in the universe. There are universal, moral laws that govern all these worlds. It is this belief in a transcendent reality and a moral universe which is operative in Dahesh's writings.

This dissertation consists of three introductory chapters in addition to the main translated text of the Memoirs. The first chapter consists of a general perspective of the author's philosophy and the central themes underlying his literary works. The second chapter, which is a critique of the Memoirs, shows that the Memoirs exhibits the elements of simplicity and intense passion for moral, transcendent truth which abound in the literature of the Bible. The third chapter focuses on the sociolinguistic approach to the problems of translation, showing the importance of the extralinguistic context of the utterance in translation. This chapter also discusses the differences in grammars and sociolinguistic differences between Arabic and English and the different problems encountered in my translation of the Memoirs as a result of these differences. Then, there is an editorial preface followed by the translated text.

To  
Dr. Dahesh  
The Master Poet, the Prophet, the Friend

## Acknowledgments

I am grateful to Dr. Reza Ordoubadian for his encouragement and advice throughout my stay in Middle Tennessee State University. My appreciation also goes to Dr. Charles Wolfe and Dr. Ronald Messier. I would also like to thank Mrs. Bernice Burns for her meticulous care in typing this dissertation.

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## Chapter I

### Dr. Dahesh: His Philosophy and His Literary World

For he answered well who, when asked in what qualities we resemble the Gods, declared that we do so in benevolence and truth.

Longinus, "On the Sublime"

The literary works of Dr. Dahesh<sup>1</sup> represent a high vista in the landscape of modern Arabic literature. As a quick glance at the literary scene of the Arab world clearly shows, these works constitute the first major effort by a modern Arab writer to write philosophically-oriented works of fiction. Dahesh's attempt to popularize his philosophy by clothing it in a literary guise has its obvious antecedent in the West in the recent past. The Nietzschean philosophy has exerted its influence on the modern mind through Nietzsche's literary masterpiece, Thus Spake Zarathustra. Also, today the Sartrean existentialism probably is mostly read through the literary works of Sartre rather than through

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Dahesh's real name is Salem Ashe. However, he is known only by his pen name, Dahesh, and by his title.

his L'Etre et le Neant.<sup>2</sup> Like these modern philosophies, Dahesh's philosophy--usually referred to as Daheshism--has been in the opinion of many critics successfully mediated through his literary works.<sup>3</sup>

The philosophy of Dahesh, like most modern secular philosophies, is born out of the question of man and his place in the universe. Daheshism challenges all modern assumptions concerning man and his place in the universe. It offers itself as a solution to the spiritual crisis of modern man, his alienation, and his ontological anguish and nihilism. Dahesh's cosmology provides a new orientation toward life and things, making in the process new and startling affirmation. Life envelops the universe with each planet or star having its own forms of life that derive their peculiarities from the nature of its constituent elements. Each of the stars and planets that constitute the whole universe is either celestial or infernal. Moreover,

<sup>2</sup> Graham Hough, The Dream and the Task: Literature and Morals in the Culture of Today (New York: Norton, 1964), p. 20.

<sup>3</sup> Some of these critics may be read in a book of collected essays about the writer's works. The reference is especially to two essays: "Al'adalah Al'ilāhiah min Khilāl Kusas Gharibah wā Asātīr 'ajībah" ("The Divine Justice in The Strange Stories and Wonderful Fables"), by Toni Sha'sha'; and "Khawātīr fī Adab Dr. Dahesh" ("Some Thoughts about the Literature of Dr. Dahesh"), by Elia Hajjar, in Tagyyīm Mu'alafāt Dr. Dahesh Al'adabyah (Evaluation of the Literary Works of Dr. Dahesh) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), pp. 47-55, 309-18.



each celestial or infernal world falls into one of a finite number of degrees; thus each degree whether celestial or infernal embraces millions of planets and stars.

Earth is a low world that belongs among millions of the worlds of the same level to one infernal degree. Man reincarnates on this planet or any other of infernal or celestial order based on his deserts. Man, though he is not the measure of life in the universe nor the apex of its evolution, is, in a sense, the master of his own destiny. He destines himself by his moral, ideal choices to higher forms of existence in celestial worlds or lower forms in infernal worlds of lower degrees traditionally called hell in the world's great religions. Hell is justified not only on the basis of justice as in the scholastic philosophy, but also on the basis of purification. There is always the possibility of spiritual transcendence whether on earth or in any other world, infernal or celestial. The last stage in this odyssey of spiritual transcendence is the return to the pure spiritual sphere which, being untainted with any trace of matter, is separate and apart from the material universe of the celestial and infernal worlds. At this stage, there is the end of temptation.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> This summary of Dahesh's philosophy is drawn from Yussef Al-Haj's Dr. Dahesh wā Alrouhānyah (Dr. Dahesh and Spiritual Life) (Beirut: n.p., 1946).

The transcendental values as presented in Dahesh's works are not a mere rhetorical locution nor, in an ethical sense, moral platitudes, but rather an integral part of a transcendent order of things: they are man's only way back to the pure bliss of his spiritual origin. The literature of Dahesh celebrates the existence of this transcendental universal scheme of things and renders the drama of human existence in relation to it.

Dahesh's preoccupation with a hierarchical, transcendent reality shows in the choice and treatment of his themes. The theme of ideal love appears in many of Dahesh's dramas and in his love lyrics. It associates itself in the author's writings with the presence of an ineffable transcendent beauty embodied in a higher reality. The sight of a beautiful woman offers the author a glimpse and reminds him of this transcendent beauty. It initiates him into a spiritual, perfect world where truth and beauty are one and the same. Dahesh introduces us into his concept of love. He says:

My heart throbs with the love of beauty; and the one who perceived the secret of beauty had made great strides toward the knowledge of the secrets of eternity and immortality. . . . Love opens the door to what is hidden from the understanding of men. Yes, it is love and nothing else.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Dahesh, Daj'at Almawt (The Sleep of Death) (Jerusalem: Syrian Publishing Co., 1936), p. 10. This and all the other literary pieces by Dahesh as well as pieces of criticism by Arab critics, quoted in this dissertation, are rendered into English by the writer of this dissertation.

In Dahesh's view, it is the love of beauty which opens our eyes to the transcendent aspects of things in life and nature. In one of his love lyrics, "Liman 'ahwāhā" ("To the One I Love"), Dahesh speaks of such love and the salubrious effects it has on him. The sight of the lady, who is addressed in the lyric, makes him recapture a vision of pure truth, absolute beauty, and perfect happiness. He says, "She revealed to me the secret of life and immortality. And I knew the meaning, the truth and the end of life, and the cause of our sad coming to this bad ephemeral world."<sup>6</sup> He later continues: "It is through her that I have touched with my spirit the happiness of the other world."<sup>7</sup> Dahesh goes on in the same lyric to describe his love for his lady. It is a love that is "stronger than wine." It transports him into a world of absolute beauty, the world of pure spirit. Thus, we hear him in the euphonious moment of vision supplicating God:

Your mercy is greater than my sins and transgressions. So don't avenge by taking away from me my spiritual half, the celestial, the holy, and pure, the divine and eternal that lives only in light: the divine light, the forever shining, forever burning, forever happy, the eternally eternal light.

<sup>6</sup> Dahesh, "Liman 'ahwāhā," in 'asrār Al'alihah (The Mysteries of Gods) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), I, 34.

<sup>7</sup> Dahesh, "Liman 'ahwāhā," p. 40.

<sup>8</sup> Dahesh, "Liman 'ahwāhā," pp. 34-35.

Dahesh asks for that moment of vision in which he sees the pure spirit to be transfixed forever. However, he realizes that he is asking the impossible. He says:

I have been forced to leave you, as I became sure that you are more sublime for me to stay by your side. For, you are living in a world other than our low world. You are a pure transparent spirit, immaculate and sublime. . . . I cannot be by your side as long as I am living in this petty garment of a body which I carry in spite of myself.<sup>9</sup>

Thus, by contemplating beautiful objects, Dahesh is transported into a world of absolute beauty. The mystical experience brings with it the perfect knowledge of spiritual truth. The following lyric, "'anā Taw'u Raghbatik" ("I Am at Your Desire's Bid"), repeats this theme:

My true goddess!  
 I was made infinite by you.  
 And this invites your pleasure and delight.  
 The sweet tones of this flute express its  
     gladness for your being nearby.  
 And this reed of the gentle knots  
 Made from the canes of the forest,  
 That are spread upon the banks of crystalline  
     water,  
 Produces in imitation of your voice its sweet  
     harmonies  
 And gets its jollity and glee from your jollity  
     and glee,  
 And it sends gratuitously its sweetest tones  
     modulating skillfully their vibrations  
 Till the souls of the listeners soar up into  
     the divine sphere.

<sup>9</sup> Dahesh, "Līman 'ahwāhā," p. 52.

And tread lightly the abodes of the immaculate  
 angels of heaven,  
 And take joy in the truth which is sought by  
 the sons of men  
 In their world which is filled with grief.<sup>10</sup>

The radiance of hallowness always surrounds the women in Dahesh's love lyrics. Dahesh sees in his women a glimpse of ineffably supernal beauty. This accounts for his intense passion of love and devotion towards his women as evident in the love lyric "Sa'aktubu 'smaki" ("I Will Draw Your Name") presented by him to a lady of his acquaintance whose name is Votah (see Appendix A). Dahesh's utterances of love in this lyric are couched in an epic style. His love is not an ordinary love. His woman is inseparable from the eternal truth for which she stands as a symbol. It is no wonder that his love is one which accepts no less than an annihilation in his beloved. In another lyric, whose title is only two question marks, he asks his beloved:

Queen of beauty and radiant light!  
 Who are you? Who are you? Tell me  
 Who you really are.  
 And would the hour come when the wish of  
 meeting you come true, O my angel?  
 For then I will carry you with deep longing  
 and burning desire and be annihilated in  
 your immortal love.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Dahesh, "'anā Taw'u Raghbatik," in Mudhakarāt Dinar (Memoirs of Dinar) (Beirut: n.p., 1946), pp. 106-07.

<sup>11</sup> Dahesh, "? ?," in 'asrār Al'alihah (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), II, 110-11.

Dahesh's attitude towards love is explained in Mary Haddad's introduction to her French translation of his long poem Ashtarūt wa Adonis (Astarte and Adonis). This poem is the author's re-creation of the myth of Adonis and Astarte. Mary Haddad says concerning Dahesh's writings in general and this poem in particular:

Il [Dahesh] nous soulève le voile d'un grand nombre de mystères quant à notre origine et à notre destinée, et il nous rappelle ce vers le Victor Hugo: L'homme est un dieu déchu qui se souvient des cieux.

Rien dans ce qu'il dit, ou ce qu'il écrit, qui n'ait un sens profond.

Et là où nous ne voyons que du profane, une vérité divine se cache à notre vue limitée, à notre intelligence embrumée.

Tout sera peut-être le cas pour Ashtaroth et Adonis, poème né sur les lieux mêmes de son histoire. . . .

Il y a dans ce poème une grande vérité: L'amour est d'origine divine; les hommes l'ont avili, ils l'ont souillé dans leur fange.

Sous le figure d'Ashtaroth, l'amour vivifie la terre, qui, sans elle, n'est qu'un désert en ruines.

C'est une Eve déjà purifiée.<sup>12</sup> (See Appendix B.)

In a later Arabic collection of essays on the works of Dahesh, Mary Haddad expatiates on Dahesh's treatment of the idea of love in his writings, saying, "As to love, he has raised it into a sublime degree of spirituality and holiness

<sup>12</sup> Mary Haddad, trans., Ashtaroth et Adonis par Dr. Dahesh (Beirut: Sadir & Rihani Publishing Co., 1944), pp. 5-6.

and freed it from every physical shackle. It is through love that he reaches godhead."<sup>13</sup>

Dahesh recognizes in beauty and love divine principles and treats them in his poems as such. He succeeds in unfolding before us the splendor of these eternal principles of beauty and love. In his descriptions, he uses sometimes powerful imagery which gives the reader a sense of the sublime. In the following lyric, "Haqīqa fī Khayāl" ("You Are a Truth in Imagination"), Dahesh describes his lady, and she takes on through his masterful use of imagery a divine aspect and becomes an image of the divine beauty:

As for your beauty; it is a legend.  
 And your tenderness exceeds the tenderness of the  
 virgins of heaven.  
 And your sweetness is the rectified nectar of the  
 angels.  
 And your speech is the wisdom veiled since eternity.  
 And your upright form is a straight branch from the  
 tree of life.  
 And the skin of your countenance is more finely  
 refined than the white of the eye.  
 And your finger is more delicate than the finger  
 of Jupiter's wife.  
 And your teeth are an ivory from the quarries of  
 Eden.  
 And your hair is one of the shadows of the lost  
 paradise.  
 And your breast is the dream of the sage, the ideal  
 state of the philosopher, and the refuge of the  
 true man of God.

<sup>13</sup> Mary Haddad, "Muqadamah" (Introduction), in Tagyyīm Mu'alafāt Dr. Dahesh Al'adabyah (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), p. 100.

And your bosom is the blessed gift of heaven  
 reserved for the virtuous and most pure.  
 And your soft voice is the whispering breeze  
 dallying the prettiest flowers. . . .<sup>14</sup>

No wonder Dahesh surrenders himself to the ecstasy of love: the result most often is a mystical experience of profound nature. His love lyric "Alfrāshah Al'āshiqah" ("The Lovelorn Butterfly") recounts one of such experiences (see Appendix C).

Dahesh introduces light touches of humor into some of his love lyrics, but most remarkable is the tender passion in these expressions of love. We find a good example of this in the following love lyric, "Wasīlah Lighāyah" ("A Means to an End"). This lyric is introduced by an explanatory note by the author.

(On January 22, 1980, I presented her with a bottle of perfume and a pocket radio; and on January 27, I presented her with a wrist watch. In the afternoon of March 16, 1980, she visited me and asked me: "What do you really mean by your presents?" I was astonished at her cleverness because I really meant something in my presents. And this is the meaning of my presents to her:)

#### A Means to an End

I have presented you with the radio as a symbol;  
 It is to assure you that I am ever anxious to  
 hear your news which I love always to hear.

<sup>14</sup> Dahesh, "Haqīqa fī Khayāl," in 'awātif wa 'awāsif  
 (Emotions and Commotions) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg  
 Publishing House, 1971), pp. 58-59.



And the bottle of perfume reveals my intention,  
 which is my desire that your days be sated  
 with sweet-scented perfume, bringing you great  
 happiness.  
 And the wrist watch means that I wish always to  
 live by your side,  
 And to see you by the number of seconds of this  
 small watch.<sup>15</sup>

Nature is another source of inspiration and the subject of many of Dahesh's prose pieces and poems. Dahesh's love of beauty finds its expression in his fond descriptions of natural scenery. He resembles Keats the most in his ability to evoke the sweet loveliness and beauty of natural objects and scenery. Some of his prose pieces consist of poetic evocations of famous places and landscapes. He never fails to capture the spirit of beauty in his graphic descriptions of such natural scenery. An example of this is found in his prose piece "Fī Mawtini Ashtarūt wa Adonīs" ("In the Land of Astarte and Adonis"), which is an account of his visit to "Afqa" cave in Lebanon and its ancient wood described in mythology as the place where the myth of Astarte and Adonis had occurred (see Appendix D).

Dahesh's philosophy determines his attitude toward nature. According to the author, every object in nature is an individual entity with its own inner life and mode of existence peculiar to its species. Thus a plant or a stone

<sup>15</sup> Dahesh, "Wasīlah Lighāyah," in Farādīs 'al'alihāt: Ghāb Albanafsaj (The Gardens of Goddesses: The Violet Dale) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), p. 57.

is simply another form of being with life experiences possibly different completely from ours. Our cognizance of any such experiences is subject to the limitations of our human perceptions. The romantic poets who saw in the rose many secrets hidden from the human eye are correct. The sublimity that a poetic eye is apt to see in a cloud, for instance, is, in Dahesh's view, an inherent quality of the cloud itself. Thus, the transcendental philosophers who saw in the splendor and glory of a cloud or of a rose an evidence of a transcendental reality hit, knowingly or not, on the truth. Dahesh's use of figures of speech in his descriptions of things in nature are not to be considered only poetic images but also expressions of an objective reality. In the following two poems, "Zahrat Allīnofār" ("The Lotus Flower") and "Alwardah Aljourīah" ("The Bengal Rose"), Dahesh means not only to describe to us a lotus flower or a rose but to offer us glimpses into the exultant life of a flower or a rose.

#### The Lotus Flower

O flower of the sacred lotus!  
 Your exotic beauty enchanted the quiet lake of  
     scenic beauty.  
 And the willow trees lowered their branches to  
     kiss your petals of exquisite colors.  
 And the droves of ducks swimming in the lake of  
     the beautiful dale felt your charm, O para-  
     disiacal flower!  
 And soon they nestled by your side and lay to  
     rest next to you.  
 And the colorful butterfly perched on your soft  
     leaves and kissed you with exceeding love.

The breeze was moved, and so the branches of  
 lofty trees stirred with a thrilling joy.  
 Oh, O you flower of fair charms!  
 I would that in my next life [I would] reincarnate  
 into a lotus flower of exquisite beauty  
 And thus live in a lake of silvery water  
 And rejoice in the singing of birds that warble  
 on the branches of trees in a dale adorned by  
 different sorts of flowers  
 There in that sacred dale which is filled with  
 infinite beauty, I soar in spirit to the divine  
 sphere and roam the land of paradise of strange  
 delights that is surfeit with the heavenly  
 elixir of immense pleasures.  
 And as I am surrounded by the maidens of the  
 bright-colored and rosy paradise,  
 The fairest, the one of perfect femininity among  
 them, plays to me on her tuneful lyre as the  
 elements listen and the galaxies stand still  
 enthralled by the sweetness of the heavenly  
 hymn.  
 By God, O lotus flower, how much you are surrounded  
 by riddles and mysteries!<sup>16</sup>

#### The Bengal Rose

O quaint flower, your smiling face is the beauty  
 incarnate; and your soft refreshing musk is  
 your transparent spirit!  
 And your language, my Bengal rose, is the perfect  
 poetry.  
 O my rose of paradisiacal beauty!  
 Pour your musk and let me smell the scent of the  
 gardens of paradise of infinite pleasures.  
 . . . . .  
 Tell me of your world adorned with the quaint  
 flowers!  
 Tell me of divine love!  
 Tell me of the stars and nebulae and galaxies!  
 Tell me of beauty, glory, and splendor,  
 And tell me of your fascinating world which no one  
 can reach except the one who purified his soul

<sup>16</sup> Dahesh, "Zahrat Allinofār," in Farādīs 'al'aliḥāt: Jabal Almasarāt (The Gardens of Goddesses: The Mountain of Pleasure) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuḥalleq Publishing House, 1980), pp. 299-300.

and uplifted his spirit and knew the meaning  
of ineffable beauty and splendor dazzling to  
the minds!  
Tell me, tell me my quaint rose, tell me, O my  
muse, tell me!<sup>17</sup>

Dahesh leaves no doubt about his preference of pastoral  
life in his drama Al'alihāt Alsit (The Six Goddesses). The  
poet in the person of his principal character, a disconsolate  
youth searching for the truth, talks to Venus thus:

O goddess of love! Listen to the song of brooks  
running down the meadows.  
Oh, listen carefully, don't you share my delight  
with the singing of the turtle doves air-dancing  
in the thickets!  
Look at that far away cloud like the colorful  
vision, how beautiful it is under the glow of  
the golden lights of sun!  
And there is the meadow filled with the aroma of  
blossoming flowers.  
There is a silver stream with its crystalline  
water flowing peacefully and quietly, and the  
washed-white pebbles echo its soft murmur.  
And that flock of peaceful sheep and bleating kids  
lies peacefully and in all quiet by its sides  
adorned by marigold.  
Oh, this is what my weary spirit desires, and this  
is what brings rest to my anxious, perplexed soul.  
And there is another scene that has its beauty  
unparalleled by any other beauty which is the  
simple shepherd carrying in his arms one of the  
small ewes and embracing her with kindly love  
and gentle tenderness.  
This is the perfect beauty.  
This is love untainted by falsehood, untouched by  
the hand of alteration.  
Here is the sweet life which I aspire to and  
desire, and which I wish to merge in it till  
the time I die.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>17</sup> Dahesh, "Alwardah Aljourīah," in Hadīqat Al'alihah: Dhukrayāt Almādī (The Garden of Gods: The Memories of the Past) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), pp. 8-9.

<sup>18</sup> Dahesh, Al'alihāt Alsit, 2nd ed. (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1979), p. 33.

Nature represents more than a means of escape for the author; it requites his passionate love for truth. The beauty of nature from the author's philosophic perspective is a manifestation of a higher transcendent truth. This is reason enough for the author to plunge himself with total abandonment into the arms of nature. It is the search for truth that provides him with a force of motivation and establishes his empathy with the transcendent aspects of life, whether it is spiritualized beauty of a woman or a scene in nature.

Truth is the dominant passion and seems to reign supreme in the author's writings. Dahesh's drama Al'alihāt Alsit is dedicated to truth with the introduction revealing a unique perception of truth. Truth reveals itself in the manifold manifestations of beauty around us. Its omnipresent spirit is ready to shed its happy influence on us if we purify ourselves and become deserving to receive it. The introductory presentation of the drama pleases us with its simple and direct approach. He paints to us a picture of truth in all its sublimity in a few sentences:

To the murmuring brook flowing gently with no one paying any attention to it.

To the divine eternal elixir which our coarse spirits do not want to taste.

To the transparent phantom roaming our world in order to guide us, but we refuse guidance.

To the bright light that disperses from around us the black darkness, but we don't change our ways.

To the powerful deep which we don't dare to go down into its bottom in the light of day.

To the edge-cutting sword that will behead all  
the deniers and unregenerate.

To the hero shooting his real light-rays, but  
we shoot him with the arrows of our lowly  
falsehood.

To the heavenly companion, the noble colleague,  
and true friend.

To the universal love and full hope in this  
dull world.

To the nightingale singing merrily with no one  
listening to its sweet songs.

To the one looking at us with sadness, pained  
at our ignorance and astounded at our conceit.

To the attractive wish desirous to unite with  
us but in vain.

To the guest cast out by all the nations of  
the earth and its tribes.

To the one covered with deadly wounds, pierced  
with the spears of the uncouth beasts of men.

To the one casting at the passing ages and  
centuries a look of scorn and contempt.

To the free spirit ranging freely in the  
radiant eternal planets.

To the divine blazing flame drawing its lights  
from God.

To purity, immaculate chastity, and glory.

To the truth rejected and wandering away in the  
desert of this corrupt, unhappy world,

I present this book.<sup>19</sup>

The author initiates us into an unusual conception of  
truth. One does not need to search or conduct abstruse  
philosophical arguments to find truth. Truth is in the  
transcendent moral acts and ideals: it is in the spiritual  
teachings of prophets and moral teachers as well as in the  
virtuous noble act and worthy effort or act of good inten-  
tion of any individual. It is in the sound of skylark  
"singing merrily." In a word, it is manifest in all

<sup>19</sup> Dahesh, Al'alihāt Alsit, p. 13.

transcendent aspects of life. Thus, truth is spiritual and of transcendent sublime nature. It is not circumscribed but all-inclusive in a transcendent sense.

In fact, truth is a leading theme not of one work but of all Dahesh's works in general. Dahesh's love lyrics and poems on nature on the deep level are hymns of praise and peans of joy in celebration of the spiritual transcendent truth. Dahesh's passionate love of truth gains sometimes religious intensity. God is viewed as the ultimate truth, and Dahesh's prayers betray an intense and deep religious feeling. Many of his prayers are written as prose poems. In these prayers, God is felt intensely as an omniscient living presence and ceases to be an abstract notion. There is the self-confession of the psalmist in his prayers. In the following prayer, "Du'ā'" ("A Prayer"), Dahesh uses concrete imagery to give shape to his innermost feelings:

O almighty Creator! I bow with reverent awe  
and kneel down before the footstool of your  
throne, imploring you to have mercy on my human  
weakness and to forgive my sins.

The desires battling within me are horrible.  
And the war of good and evil in my soul  
deprives me of sleep and troubles my days and  
nights.

The good triumphs, one time, and raises the  
banner of victory in rejoicing

And another time, the evil overpowers the good  
and leads the good captive in chains.

And I, between the two, am confused and  
bewildered;

So I turn to you to save me.

I am weak all the weakness, and in your divine  
power I find my strength.

Your mightiness and your greatness, Almighty Lord, are manifest in the mountains which you have elevated, and on the earth which your divine will brought into existence.

And in the oceans whose tidal waves clash against one another day and night singing loud the canticles of gratitude and praise to their sovereign Creator.

And the birds never sing their songs except for your praise and except to glorify your name.

And the sands of the deserts repeat the hymns of your divinity.

And the sun with its lights beating the earthly globe is nothing but a flicker of your shining glory and splendor.

Your majesty, my eternal Father, is feared by all your creatures:

The lions kneel down and rub their faces under your feet,

And the wild untamed tigers lower their brows to the ground before your heavenly splendor,

And all the creatures of the known and the unknown worlds are dazzled before your shining glory.

Your forgiveness, my Creator, is boundless; it is beyond the shores of the worlds which by your divine will were formed.

So forgive me, my God! Have mercy on me, my Creator!

And blot out my sins,

And let me after my release come to behold for ever your divine lights.<sup>20</sup>

It has been argued that there is "a paucity of descriptions of blessedness in contemporary literature."<sup>21</sup> Dahesh's writings have filled a gap in this regard in a rather singular manner. His three volumes of paradise strike any reader

<sup>20</sup> Dahesh, "Du'ā'," in Mukhtārāt (Selections) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1970), pp. 299-300.

<sup>21</sup> Nathan A. Scott, Jr., Modern Literature and the Religious Frontier (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1958), p. 82.



as a bold undertaking attempted only by few artists, old or new. There is a singular sweetness in his descriptions of the beauty of holiness and beatitude in the celestial worlds. These descriptions of bliss and holiness are found in a number of prose poems written at different periods in his literary career. In these poems, he records the ecstasy as well as the content of his visions and dreams.

However, some of these visions acquire the gravity and moral tenor of a prophetic voice. The prose poem "Aldabāb" ("The Fog") shows the sense of moral indignation--prevalent in some of his other poems--at people turning away from truth; it rises to the level of apocalyptic vision (see Appendix E).

The author's keen sense that men have forsaken spiritual values increases his yearning for another world of perfect truth and happiness. Death becomes a welcome savior and deliverer. It associates itself often in the author's writings with Dahesh's yearning for a more perfect world. Dahesh calls passionately on death not only because death frees him of "the corrupt world" of earth, but also because it opens to him the secret door of eternity, bringing him before the face of the eternal truth. Many critics have praised the unusual and passionate yearning for death in his

writings.<sup>22</sup> In a prose poem dated January 7, 1935, Dahesh calls death "his beloved, and the best of friends."<sup>23</sup> One critic of this poem wonders how the author can write such a "strong and deeply passionate poem about death which most men fear even to mention its name."<sup>24</sup> But any wonder ceases when we know the author's deep conviction concerning the redemptive function of death. He says in a stanza on death:

O death! you are just, and you are mercy to the  
 sons of life.  
 Without you we would not have known the meaning  
 of eternal rest.  
 And without you, we would not have discovered the  
 secrets of the other world.  
 And without you, our eyes would not have seen the  
 face of the All-holy, the God of life and  
 death.<sup>25</sup>

In another place and at a certain point in a poem he says concerning death:

When the time comes for the soul to leave its  
 pretty-worn body,  
 Then the immortal, eternal secrets get unveiled,

<sup>22</sup> Some of these critics may be read in a book of collected essays and reviews of Dahesh's drama Daj'at Al-mawt. This book is 'aqwāl Al'udabā' wa Alshu'arā' wa Sahāfah fī Daj'at Al-mawt (The Words of the Writers, Poets, and Journalists in The Sleep of Death) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhallem Publishing House, 1980), pp. 6-18, 54-55.

<sup>23</sup> Dahesh, "'ayuhā Al-mawt," in Mukhtārāt, p. 61.

<sup>24</sup> Lutfi Rudwan, "Dahesh, Al'adīb Al'ajīb" ("Dahesh, the Wonderful Writer"), in Taqyīm, p. 41.

<sup>25</sup> Dahesh, "'adālat Al-mawt" ("The Justice of Death"), in Al'aliḥāt Alsit, p. 7.

Then appears the truth that man for ages has  
 sought in vain.  
 And man knows the reason he came into this  
 ephemeral world  
 And the secret of tears which he shed and of  
 the sufferings which he did go through.<sup>26</sup>

Besides, death is the author's actual means of escape into the world of his dreams. His longing for this world of his visions expressed in so many poems seems to be deep and real. The occasion of some of these poems sometimes is a passing cloud which he sees and asks to carry him far away from earth. Another time the occasion is a flight on a plane: he asks the plane not to return him to earth but to fly him heavenward to the isles of the blessed as seen in the following prose poem, "'ayatuhā Altā'irah 'asri 'ī Bī" ("O Plane Speed Me Away"):

O plane racing the impetuous winds!  
 Put on all your speed  
 And carry me into unknown worlds, into far away  
 worlds that are happy.  
 Transport me, O plane, into an enchanting world  
 whose inhabitants do not feel suffering nor  
 know the meaning of grief.  
 Carry me away!  
 For the toils of the earth and its tears weigh  
 heavy upon me.  
 This earth raised against me its host of afflictions  
 and encircled me with its dark clouds.  
 So speed me away, O gigantic plane, into the  
 island of happy dreams!  
 Where there is no mean and worldly desires  
 For the souls to wallow in their filth,

<sup>26</sup> Dahesh, "Rū'yah Wāqi'īyah" ("An Actual Vision"), in Hadīqat Al'alihah: Dhukrayāt Almādī (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), p. 35.

And for the spirits to tumble in their burning  
 hell.  
 Carry me away, beloved winged airship!  
 My soul has grown tired of this earth rampant in  
 filth  
 And aspires to another world distant and very far  
 away from our earth,  
 This abject earth infested with the sins that are  
 committed by all mankind.  
 Speed me away, my beloved, speed me away!  
 Till you approach the island of hope, the realm of  
 happiness, the city of tranquility, the land of  
 dreams, the oasis of peace.  
 Oh, how blissful is life in the sides of that  
 enchanting city!  
 And how miserable is life in our petty infernal  
 earth,  
 The earth of suffering and sorrow, and the home of  
 misery and grief.<sup>27</sup>

However, many elegies written by Dahesh reflect the  
 tragedy of death and the traumatic experience of separation  
 and loss caused by it. Dahesh mourns the death of some close  
 friends with elegies charged with emotion and deep sense of  
 loss. His elegies on the death of two friends, one a young  
 lady and another a physician of character and renown, were  
 published, each in a book titled respectively Rūh Tanūh  
 (A Spirit Mourns) and Nahr Aldumū' (The River of Tears).  
 These elegies are characterized by touches of deep melan-  
 choly as in one elegy when he says: "O beloved friend lying  
 in your eternal sleep, would that I be the bier which

<sup>27</sup> Dahesh, "'ayatuhā Altā'irah Asri 'ī Bī," in  
Mukhtārāt, pp. 297-98.

embraces your dear dead body,"<sup>28</sup> or as in another elegy when he asks the grave: "O awful grave . . . I beg you . . . to be kind to these bones dear to me and safeguard them from the chill of severe winter and the intense heat of summer."<sup>29</sup> In other elegies there are expressions of general but genuine grief:

Here comes the summer season of intense heat,  
The sky is not weeping you any more,  
For its tears have dried up.  
And the winds are no more blowing and howling  
And the thunder is not roaring in wail calling  
upon you for their voice has become hoarse  
from mourning  
During the past three months.<sup>30</sup>

One critic remarked in his introduction to the elegies in the Nahr Aldumū': "In truth, I have not read elegies either in Arabic or foreign languages that are more touching or have more truthfulness and depth than the elegies in this book."<sup>31</sup>

The horrors of death and the transience of life are constant motifs operating in many of his prose poems. In

<sup>28</sup> Dahesh, "Nirān Shawkī" ("The Fire of My Longing"), in Nahr Aldumū' (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1979), p. 60.

<sup>29</sup> Dahesh, "Nirān Shawkī," p. 121.

<sup>30</sup> Dahesh, "Rahbat Almawt" ("The Awe of Death"), in Qythārat Al'alihat (The Lyre of Gods) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), II, 83.

<sup>31</sup> Ghazi Brax, Introd., Nahr Aldumū', pp. 14-15.

"Turāb" ("Dust"), a contemplative poem, Dahesh registers his attitude towards death and the mockery of fate:

I have visited the tombs, and I have seen the  
 large beautiful eyes  
 Shrunk up into hollowed sockets,  
 And the rose-flushes of cheeks withered,  
 And the red-tinged cheeks changed to dead grey.  
 And in the city of silence, the monarch and the  
 woodcutter lay down together on a level ground.  
 And in the cold graves, the veil has fallen down  
 and ended the masquerade.  
 I looked in sorrow at the sleeping dead and said  
 to them:  
 Where are your hopes now, people of the city of  
 dead?  
 Your dreams have disappeared and vanished like  
 passing mist.  
 And I have read on the gravestone of a monarch so  
 many words of panegyric and praise,  
 So I addressed him: tell me where are your  
 retinue and all the attendants that used to  
 wait on your word?  
 Did you transfer your court here? To the kingdom  
 of death?  
 Have you deserted your gardens and groves and left  
 your palaces behind?  
 And have you replaced your fortified castles and  
 stately domes with an underground grave?  
 And what had come upon you that you came here  
 without your doughty and stout guards?  
 Aren't you the one that with his numberless army  
 roamed the earth?<sup>32</sup>

The author faces directly the naked horrors of death and renders his experience in the idiom of the prophet and the sage. He also in the same intensity talks of suffering and alienation. The earth is an infernal world; it is a vale of

<sup>32</sup> Dahesh, "Turāb," in Nibāl wa Nisāl (Arrows and Blades) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1971), pp. 54-55.

tears. The cause of suffering and tears is man's disregard for spiritual values. Dahesh takes little, if any, account of the dominant modern experience of the absence and distance of God. The author considers that the experience, though genuine, has no foundation in truth. There is only an alienation and distance of man from God and not the other way round. Dahesh echoes in some of his prose poems the old prophetic voice that the land is full of wickedness. Turning away from spiritual values is leading man down the inevitable road of destruction. The only way to avoid the "atomic Armageddon" is for men to turn to transcendent values. His usual manner of indirect preachment saves his style from unpalatable preachiness. Dahesh, the poet, wears the mantle of a prophet. He appeals to us not by abstruse philosophical argument but by the force of his deep conviction and the sincere ring of his words. One need go no further for an explanation than his book, Mudhakarāt Yassū' Alnāssirī (Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth).<sup>33</sup> As will be seen in the second chapter, Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth discloses the deep passion of a prophet for moral transcendent truth. It also shows Dahesh's mastery of the style of prophetic literature.

<sup>33</sup> Dahesh, Mudhakarāt Yassū' Alnāssirī (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980).

## Chapter II

### A Critique of Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth

Sublimity is the echo of a great soul.  
Longinus, "On the Sublime"

The literature of Daresh is immersed in the biblical tradition. Daresh's long poem Nashīd Al'anāshīd (Song of Songs), published in 1943, is a re-creation in a verse drama format of Solomon's Song of Songs. His two works, Kalimāt (Words) and Burūk wa Ru'ūd (Thunder and Lightning), published in 1939 and 1946 respectively, are moral reflections on life and human conduct; they sound the themes of the Ecclesiastes and the Book of Proverbs. Moreover, some of Daresh's lyrics of worship echo the world of the Psalms. Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth provides one more example of Daresh's strong affinity with the literature of the Bible. In fact, the significance of the Memoirs derives mainly from the fact that it allies itself in spirit and form with biblical literature. Thus, my critique of the Memoirs should involve in the first place its relation to the prophetic literature of the Bible.

In his study of the Bible as literature, Richard Moulton finds a lasting quality in biblical narrative. He



says: "The narrative is one of grand simplicity, like the epics of antiquity. A few touches create for us a whole picture of life and scheme of society."<sup>1</sup> The narrative of the Memoirs too has that epic quality of utmost simplicity. The Memoirs deals with the fundamental issues with a directness that cuts through all inessentials and bares everything to essence-like purity. In the Memoirs, Christ reveals his spiritual message in succinct manner. It is the message of good news and prophetic warning rendered in as simple a language as the one that Christ used with the fishermen on the shores of Galilee.

The elements of this simplicity may be seen in the use --in the Bible and the Memoirs--of parallelism, repetition, and concrete imagery. The most distinct characteristic of the biblical prose is the symmetry of clauses, known by the term parallelism. This is true as well of the prose of the Memoirs. Parallel phrases and sentences are in evidence in many of the scenes in the Memoirs. The whole scene entitled "Christ's Departure" is made up of parallel sentences. This use of parallelism adds a balance of form and clarity to the prose of the Memoirs.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Moulton, The Literary Study of the Bible: An Account of the Leading Forms of Literature Represented in the Sacred Writings (Boston: Heath and Co., 1899), p. 28.

Another characteristic of biblical prose is repetition either of cognate words or of phrases. The Memoirs shares with the literature of the Bible the use of this stylistic device of repetition. Many of the parallel sentences in the Memoirs incorporate into their syntax repetitions of the same words or of words of similar meanings. For example, there are such repetitions of the same words and use of semantic doublets when Jesus says of himself:

As for me, I have already taken an oath upon  
myself  
To walk in the way of truth,  
The way of divine love,  
The way of heavenly light;  
Whatever disasters and misfortunes befall me.  
However much I will be persecuted;  
However much I will be tormented;  
However much I will suffer;  
However much I will weep;  
However much I will meet with adversities  
and afflictions. . . .<sup>2</sup>

Beside the apparent repetition of words and phrases, there is the use of such semantic doublets as "disasters" and "misfortunes," "adversities" and "afflictions," as well as "persecuted," "tormented," "suffer," and "weep." All this creates exaggeration or dramatic intensity which is necessary to describe the lofty world of mythic literature.

<sup>2</sup> The reference here is to p. 81 of this dissertation which includes my translation text (pp. 70-159) of Dahesh's Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth (Beirut: An-Nisr Publishing House, 1980). All further references to the translation text of the Memoirs will be indicated in parentheses.

A third element of telling simplicity which is the distinguishing trait of the biblical language is the use of concrete imagery. One critic notes that the biblical language is "markedly realistic and concrete . . . and closely allied to the commonplace, sensory world."<sup>3</sup> The Memoirs is remarkably similar in its simple and direct language and concrete imagery. One example of the concreteness of style in the Memoirs is that of Jesus' explanation about heaven saying to Adom, his friend: "By your doing righteousness, the road to heaven looks clear to you. And then you would be able to follow this road till you stand before its marvellous doors" (p. 99). Sometimes the author uses the concrete language of personification to convey his meaning in simple terms. Peter, for instance, describes his weakness at the death of his son in these words: "The paternal passion came out on the top of my will and overpowered it" (p. 152). In reporting his argument with the doctors of Law, Jesus says that he "showed them the thick disguise with which they clothed their argument," and then he adds, "And as soon as the truth of their argument was laid bare, it disappeared bashful and abashed" (p. 82). In another instance, the author relies on the familiar language of idiom in which personification is used like the statement

<sup>3</sup> Leonard Thompson, Introducing Biblical Literature: A More Fantastic Country (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1978), p. 223.

about Christ that he was preaching to people, "calling them to cling . . . to the skirts of virtue" (p. 116)...

Another dynamic operating in the Bible other than the use of simple, direct, and concrete language is the insertion of songs and dreams into the dramatic narrative. The same dynamic operates also in the Memoirs. The song of Adom in celebration of Jesus' birthday, like some songs in the Bible, is introduced as an expression of joy at the divine deliverance. Another type of song peculiar to the literature of the Bible and incorporated into the dramatic structure of the Memoirs as well is the "Doom Song," which is defined by Moulton as "a prophetic utterance directed against some particular city, nation, or country."<sup>4</sup> There is a Doom Song in the scene entitled "Christ's Departure," in which Christ rails and prophesies against the city of Jerusalem.

Another literary device built into the structure of the biblical narrative is the introduction of dreams and their interpretation. The author in the Memoirs echoes the world of the Bible in his introduction of the dream of Adom into his story.

Still we have not considered the dramatic structure of the Memoirs. The setting of the Memoirs is the places of the biblical past. The author's descriptions of these

<sup>4</sup> Moulton, p. 390.

places and his presentation of the customs and ways of life in Jesus' days succeed in evoking the past days of Jesus' times. Also the night dreams of Jesus, the visions of Peter and Adom, the miracles, the sudden holy visitations of angels, and the supernatural music, all these create the proper atmosphere of wonder and awe in the Memoirs.

The plot is episodic, cast in relatively long and short scenes. It is designed, for the most part, in the form of journeys. The adventures of the journeys hold us always in expectation of the new. We are struck by surprise at the end of some episodes. In one episode, Jesus was told in a dream that he was going to meet in Jerusalem an old man called Jonas. He tells the story later to an old man only to discover that the old man is Jonas himself. Also there is a pleasant surprise in the incident of the rescue ship.

However, the main emphasis of the plot in the Memoirs is on the development of the principal character. The interest lies in the dynamic character of Jesus. The book is written in the first person in the form of memoirs. This is a useful approach, for it enables us to probe into the innermost of Jesus' thoughts. Jesus expresses his concerns, and they are reduced into the simplest terms exactly as in the New Testament. He has been sent from a world of resplendent light into the earth of darkness: he has been handed the torch of truth "to illuminate with it the sides of this world of immense darkness" (p. 81). The suffering

is inevitable, but he says he will resign to the imperative will of God. In the first scene, the tension is established between light and darkness and is maintained throughout the Memoirs. There is always in the Memoirs a gravitational tug between two opposite poles: light and darkness, Jesus and the world. In the first scene, "Resignation," Jesus, the boy of twelve, sums up his experiences in these years in few words, saying:

I have crossed by now the twelfth stage of my life;  
 Yet I did not meet except with every sin and with every vice.  
 There is not one good man.  
 Yes, no one does good except God, glorified be His name. (p. 80)

It is a world of vice and conceit; it is certain that this world will reject him. The stage of action is set in the first scene by the priests' plotting against him.

In the first and second scenes, Jesus reveals to us his inner life and makes us privy to his thoughts. He tells us of his loneliness and of his being alienated from this world and different from all others in his aspirations and desires. However, he prizes his loneliness above anything else. He declares his weariness and impatience with men and their petty, materialistic life. He says: "My soul, indeed, has become tired of every thing, and my spirit is wearied out by these degraded humans. The heavenly teachings avail nothing with them. . ." (p. 80). Jesus' loneliness and weariness of

this world are emphasized throughout the drama. In the scene "In the Streets of Beirut," he talks of himself as a "Stranger on this earth" and weary of life on it, far away from his heavenly home. His yearning for this heavenly homeland and his weariness of this world are so strong that he says to Peter, "I long very much, dear Peter, to pass away from the parts of this world in order to return to my true native place" (p. 138). Jesus emerges as a solitary figure. In the scene "In the House of Jonas and Peter," Jesus describes himself as sitting alone in the middle of the night, occupied with his thoughts of the triumph of virtue and the brotherhood of man.

Also, Jesus is portrayed in the Memoirs as one who embodies virtue. In the first scene, we know that Jesus' answer for salvation is virtuous conduct. His indictment against human beings is this: "None holds onto the rudder of virtue to arrive at the shore of peace" (p. 90). The account of Jesus' life in the Memoirs is so carefully constructed as to make us see in Jesus' conduct a perfect example of virtuous living. Jesus emerges in the Memoirs as the embodiment of all noble virtues. Chief among these virtues is self-renouncement. There is the episode of Jesus, the apprentice carpenter, plying the tools of his trade to make a money box into which to drop his savings for some needy families. In another scene, "Christ in His Fourteenth Year," Jesus prefers his birthday gift of a

fattened hen to be given to a sick man called Obediah. In a similar instance at the end of Jesus' fourteenth year, Peter had caught a large fish and offered it to Jesus on the occasion, and Jesus' answer to him was, "I accept it from you thankfully. But wouldn't it have been much better if you had put it for sale and offered its price to the needy?" (p. 142). The virtue of self-renouncement also characterizes the life and philosophy of Jesus in the gospels. Matthew Arnold recognizes the significance of self-renouncement in the Bible; he says "Self renouncement, the main factor in conduct or righteousness, is the secret of Jesus."<sup>5</sup>

Moreover, as viewed through the eyes of his disciples and his father, Jesus' life is surrounded with a halo of sanctity. Jesus' father in the Memoirs gives a glowing testimony of the holiness of the life of his son when he says to his still skeptical wife:

As for me, I believe in his talks and in his teachings.

Isn't he calling men to virtue?

Don't you see him how he spends his days in celibacy, holiness and devotion?

Is there in our village or the other villages any one who follows his example? (p. 120)

Besides, the miracles performed by Jesus in the Memoirs

<sup>5</sup> Matthew Arnold, Literature and Dogma: An Essay Towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible (New York: Macmillan, 1883), p. 188.



serve a useful function which is to reveal Christ, in word and deed, a bigger-than-life figure.

The other characters in the drama could be divided, exactly as it is the case in the gospels, into those who believe in Jesus and his spiritual message and those who oppose him and his message. Among these, the character of Peter is only slightly developed in the Memoirs. Peter draws our attention first by his many questions to Jesus concerning heaven. His persistent questions to Jesus on more than one occasion suggests an inquisitive spirit and an insatiable thirst in him for knowledge of divine matters. His steadfastness in his new belief stands a severe test. Being unjustly considered the cause for the incident of the sudden death of the Chief of Police, he serves a two-year jail term apparently without grumbling. Our perception of Peter later culminates into an angelic view of him. His report of a celestial journey in a night dream adds a dimension of spiritual eminence to his personality. However, Peter in the Memoirs is not the ethereal being, but the man like us who has his weakness and who experiences suffering. He was overwhelmed with grief for the death of his son, Adom. And he confesses his weakness, saying to Jesus: "The human passion overpowered me. The paternal passion came out on the top of my will and overpowered it" (p. 152).

There is also the opacity of Peter concerning the things of heaven. There is evidence of the opacity of the

disciples in the New Testament. Jesus more than once in the New Testament reprimands the disciples for not understanding the parables. The self-confessed opacity of Peter stands in sharp contrast in the Memoirs with the false pretense of knowledge of divine matters by the priests and doctors of the Law. The character of Peter in the Memoirs maintains all the devotion, spirituality, and humanity attributed to him in the New Testament.

Having thus in matter as well as in style many of the attributes of biblical literature, the Memoirs could be conceived as a mislaid book of the Bible. The reception of the book by the public and some critics has been enthusiastic.<sup>6</sup> Zinah Haddad wrote in her review which she entitled "Sīrah Jadīdah 'an Hayāt Alnassirī" ("A New Biography of the Life of Jesus, the Nazareth"):

I venture to write a word about Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth by Dr. Dabesh. The reader who has not known the author may think at first glance that this narrative is like all other ordinary books on the life of Jesus. . . . For two thousand years, the stories of the life of Jesus followed each other but have been similar because the available historical data on his life are limited. . . . But Dr. Dahesh was able to narrate to us an unknown period of Jesus' life. His descriptions of this hidden period and beautiful phase of Jesus' life are expressed in a style of grand simplicity. Dr. Dahesh, the man

<sup>6</sup> A personal communication from Ghazi Brax, a professor of Arabic literature and philosophy at the Lebanese University in Beirut and also a scholar of Dahesh's literature, July 15, 1981.

of literary fame and numerous writings, brings out a new manuscript entitled Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth. Dr. Dahesh in writing this book makes us feel he has been a part, an inseparable one, of the private life of the Master: he had been his friend in his treks, ever present with him that it may be true to say he had been the shadow of the Master following him every step of the way and had been a living witness of Jesus' life. . . . Upon reading the book; we enter an imaginative, fascinating world; nonetheless it is real, for it is a spiritual world that unveils the secrets of the other worlds. Dr. Dahesh tells us a real story that had happened two thousand years ago, but it also reminds us of the present. In this generation . . . we are facing an abyss which Dr. Dahesh is trying to fill its vacuum through the instrumentality of divine revelation. In his book, he reminds us of a divine voice hovering over us since the beginning of times. The author seems to be telling us that we have to call back into memory that a Christ had been born in that distant day and his life and words should not be relegated to our amnesia. It is for the sake of bringing to life this important event that Dr. Dahesh has described in his narrative the life of Jesus the Nazareth, presenting the events to the reader as if in a picture film. This is an invaluable book, after our reading it, Christ is going to live in our hearts forever.<sup>7</sup>

Another critic writes in his introduction of the Arabic edition of the Memoirs: "After I had read this book . . .

I wished it were a thousand pages."<sup>8</sup> In another introductory essay of the Arabic edition, a critic writes:

This book is not an ordinary biography: it is a hymn of a divine life, it is a hymn not invented

<sup>7</sup> Zinah Haddad, "Sirah Jadīdah 'an Hayāt Alnassirī," in Tagyyīm Mu'alafāt Dr. Dahesh Al'adabyah (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), pp. 263-64.

<sup>8</sup> Elia Hajjar, "A'jab Kitāb Tāla'tah" ("The Most Wonderful Book I Have Read"), in Mudhakarāt Yassū' Alnāssirī (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), p. 6.

by any imagination but is born by eternal life itself. Christ in his noble deeds, in his felicity of expression, in his sublime thoughts and the authority of his sayings, and the uniqueness of his character, and the wonder of his deeds is resurrected on the pages of this rare book.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Ghazi Brax, "Tawti'at" (Introduction), in Mudhakarāt, p. 10.

### Chapter III

#### Problems of Translation and of Translating

##### Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth

The translator and art of translating conjure up many images in the minds of many scholars. The translator is pictured as a "middle man." He is also compared to the pianist or violinist who re-creates "the form and content of thought and emotion" in order to render them accessible to some people.<sup>1</sup> However, the translator is not the artist in "the creative sense of summoning demons from the vast deep of mind and soul" but rather the conductor and the player of other men's musical pieces.<sup>2</sup> If the translator is a type of literary conductor, then, one scholar notes, the art of translating is to be viewed as the "literary equivalence of musical direction and execution."<sup>3</sup> Translation is also appropriately described as the "decanting of a liquid from

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Galantière, "On Translators and Translating," The American Scholar, 20 (1951) 442.

<sup>2</sup> Galantière, p. 442.

<sup>3</sup> Renato Poggioli, "The Added Artificer," in On Translation, ed. Reuben Brower (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1959), p. 139.

a vessel into another."<sup>4</sup> However, this image carries with it the warning of the possibility of spilling and thereby losing a part of the original content.

# 1. The Character of Translator and His Role

Here enters the character of a translator. The fidelity and faithfulness of the translator to the original text is not only desired but demanded. Apparently, however, faithfulness here could be a protean term that bears different if not opposite meanings. Bratcher, in "The Art of Translation," identifies faithfulness with textual translation. He remarks: "If, however, the textual translation results in obscurity, there must be an interpretation of the author's meaning, without any commentary."<sup>5</sup> This faithfulness to the original applies to the style as much as to the message of the author. Thus Bratcher warns us:

The translator who merely presents the idea of the author is presenting the reader with a ghost. The author's ideas are the soul of the literary personality, a soul which without its incarnation--that is, without the visible, objective and analyzable manifestation of his manner of writing--remains floating over the pages of the book, like the shadows of an apparition.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Poggioli, p. 140.

<sup>5</sup> Robert G. Bratcher, "The Art of Translation," Bible Translator, 9 (1958), 85.

<sup>6</sup> Bratcher, p. 85.

Bratcher is asking too much if not the impossible from the art of translation. The translator simply could not be true to the spirit and to the letter of the original text at the same time. The dictum "traduttore, traditore" is inescapable.

Fedorov subscribes to a different conception of faithfulness in translation. In "The Problem of Verse Translation," Fedorov confesses to the impossibility, indeed, the superfluity, of accuracy in translation. A translator, according to him, can only replace a total accuracy by "token accuracy in the form of appropriate rendering of at least a few facts from the system of the original."<sup>7</sup>

Fedorov states his position in clear terms: "The accuracy of a scholarly prose translation is accuracy from one particular point of view--the point of view of meaning; the verbal form is immaterial . . . its function is that of an auxiliary, incidental, concomitant element."<sup>8</sup>

Benson, in "Verse Translation," maintains a position similar to that of Fedorov. He does not measure fidelity by "the literal exactness of phrasing." The fidelity of the translator, according to him, "must be fidelity to the

<sup>7</sup> Andrej Fedorov, "The Problem of Verse Translation," Linguistics: An International Review, No. 137 (1974), 27-28.

<sup>8</sup> Fedorov, p. 24.

spirit and essential quality of the original."<sup>9</sup> No doubt, this concept of liberal translation is necessary if the translator is to preserve the natural idiom of the receptor language. The natural form of expression should be inviolate as much in the receptor language as it is in the source language. Consequently, the translator is asked to be faithful not only to the spirit of the original but also to the idiom of the receptor language. J. B. Philips echoes the same idea, saying: "The test of a real translation is that it should not read like translation at all."<sup>10</sup> A liberal translation, however, requires also honesty and humility of a translator. A translator should always remember that "he is not the co-author and must resist the temptation to become one."<sup>11</sup>

Other virtues of a good translator are a knowledge of the author and an affinity with his works. A true translator must not only be on familiar terms with the biography and the ideology of the writer, but also he must be "acquainted with the historical, traditional and social environment that are imbibed in the original work."<sup>12</sup>

<sup>9</sup> A. G. Benson, "Verse Translation," Cornhill, 57 (1924), 597.

<sup>10</sup> Quoted by Eugene Nida in Toward a Science of Translating (Leiden, Netherlands: E. J. Brill, 1964), p. 163.

<sup>11</sup> Bratcher, p. 88.

<sup>12</sup> Brother Basil, "Mind Reading and Translating," Modern Language Journal, 53 (1951), p. 153.



Needless to say, the translator should have a comprehensive knowledge of both the source and receptor languages and their corresponding cultures.

Although we could find many ideal translators, an ideal translation is impossible. Total accuracy in translation is virtually unattainable. Any translation is at best a forced compromise. However, it is not the total accuracy but rather the degree of approximation that actually matters in translation. One criterion for the evaluation of translation shared by all the authorities on the subject is the "equivalence of response." T. H. Warren notes, "The aim of a translation should be to produce an impression similar to that produced by the original."<sup>13</sup> Lewis Galantière echoes this view, saying: "The author ought to produce a work which would make upon the reader of his translation the same impact as that made by the original text upon its reader."<sup>14</sup> According to Leonard Forster, a good translation is "one which fulfills the same purpose in the new language as the original did in the language in which it was written."<sup>15</sup>

<sup>13</sup> T. H. Warren, "The Art of Translation," in Essays of Poets and Poetry Ancient and Modern, 2nd ed. (London: Kennikat, 1970), p. 103.

<sup>14</sup> Galantière, p. 441.

<sup>15</sup> Quoted by Eugene Nida in Toward a Science of Translating, p. 42.

Another concomitant criterion for the evaluation of a translation concerns the ability of a translation to bring out the spirit and stylistic peculiarities of the original work without doing violence to the idiomatic form of the receptor language.

## 2. Types of Translation

The above criteria could be considered as the ultimate goals of an aesthetic translation. However, there are different types of translations other than the aesthetic. There is pragmatic translation which is oriented solely toward the message and which involves the translation of technical materials. There is the literal translation which concentrates on the formal features of the source language and serves an instructional purpose rather than a reading-for-pleasure purpose. There is also, as indicated above, the aesthetic translation or "dynamic translation," the term given to it by Eugene Nida. Moreover, it should be noted that the dynamic theory of translation provides a rationale to other derivative translation theories: Nida's explanation of his theory of dynamic translation leads us into the sociolinguistic theories of translation. Nida explains his dynamic theory, saying: "The production of equivalent measures is a process not merely of matching the parts of an utterance, but also of reproducing the total

dynamic character of communication."<sup>16</sup> Thus, language, according to Nida, is not merely a code but also a "communicative event." Since linguistic structures should be viewed vis-a-vis their function in communication, this paves the way to sociolinguistic theories of translation. These sociolinguistic theories of translation are based on the new developments in the area of semantics concerning the interrelations of language and culture.

### 3. A Sociolinguistic Approach to Translation:

#### A Historical Perspective

The relationship between language and culture is discussed by many modern linguists. Wilhelm Von Humboldt called attention to the strong relationship between language, on one hand, and thought and culture on the other.<sup>17</sup> Cassirez, who also like Humboldt holds the view that the speaker uses the language with already defined concepts and terms, sums up the position of Humboldt thus: "The difference between languages derives in his [Humboldt's] view less from differences in sounds and signs than from differences in world

<sup>16</sup> Toward a Science of Translating, p. 120.

<sup>17</sup> Wilhelm Von Humboldt, "The Character of Language," in Linguistic Variability and Intellectual Development, trans. George C. Buck and Frithjof A. Raven (Coral Gables, Fla.: Univ. of Miami Press, 1971), pp. 126-59.

view."<sup>18</sup> Then Benjamin Lee Whorf advanced his thesis of linguistic relativity, asserting that the structure of language determines our perception of reality and cultural patterns.<sup>19</sup> Edward Sapir too called the attention to the important effect language has on our ways of thought.<sup>20</sup> Language, as Whorf and Sapir maintain, directs the perception of its speakers, providing for them their "habitual models of analyzing experience into significant categories."<sup>21</sup> The Whorf-Sapir hypothesis which essentially says that language determines the native speaker's views of the nature of the universe succeeded in generating further studies and debates on the subject. Some linguists supported the above hypothesis in their findings. Capell expresses the opinion of this group, saying:

It may be granted that by the time adulthood is reached, every member of society is emically

<sup>18</sup> Quoted by Joseph H. Greenberg in "Concerning Inferences from Linguistic to Nonlinguistic Data," in Language in Culture: Conference on the Interrelations of Language and Other Aspects of Culture, ed. Harry Hoijer (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1954), p. 3.

<sup>19</sup> Benjamin Lee Whorf, "Grammatical Categories," in Language, Thought and Reality: Selected Writings of Benjamin Lee Whorf, ed. John B. Carroll (Cambridge: Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press, 1956), pp. 87-101.

<sup>20</sup> Edward Sapir, "On the Psychological Reality of Phoneme," in Selected Writings of Edward Sapir, ed. David Mandellabaum (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1949), pp. 46-60.

<sup>21</sup> Robert Lado, "The Sapir-Whorf Hypothesis," in Language in Culture, p. 94.

structured to a set of habitual responses to social situations. This social training that the individual gets in his earlier years expresses itself in linguistic terms and these linguistic terms both set and in turn stimulate the speaker's attitude.<sup>22</sup>

Other linguists recognized the basic relationship between language and culture. Steiner agrees that every language to a certain extent offers its own "reading of life."<sup>23</sup>

However, some attacked Whorf's and Sapir's position. S. S. Praver ridicules the exceptional role given to language, saying: "It would take a good deal of hindsight to 'deduce' Hitler's Reich from the shape of the German sentence."<sup>24</sup> Gerard Weiss views language as a feature of culture. He explains his point thus:

Each individual human being is genetically coded to learn a language--any language--as a genus specific form of communication, and during the appropriate period of childhood will absorb language like an eager sponge; but the language itself, is part of the cultural information that the linguistic code transmits.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>22</sup> A. Capell, Studies in Sociolinguistics (The Hague: Moulton, 1966), p. 42.

<sup>23</sup> George Steiner, After Babel: Aspects of Language and Translation (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1975), p. 473.

<sup>24</sup> S. S. Praver, Comparative Literary Studies: An Introduction (New York: Harper and Row, 1973), p. 17.

<sup>25</sup> Gerald Weiss, "A Scientific Concept of Culture," American Anthropologist, 75 (1973), 1392.

#### 4. The Sociolinguistic Approach: Implications to Translation Theory

These different arguments with their basic assumption of a definite relationship between language and culture are among the many arguments that have supplied the theoretical framework for a systematic study of the relation of lexical items and social meanings. Sociolinguists in conducting such sociolinguistic studies have "found social features continually central to linguistic descriptions."<sup>26</sup> The sociolinguistic theories with their study of the systematic covariance of linguistic structures and social meanings have, of course, significant implications to translation theory. Translation is considered as much a sociolinguistic as it is a language problem. The translator has to be aware of the cultural situation reflected in language use in the two linguistic systems. Accordingly, he should employ in his translation linguistic constructions that convey the closest cultural pattern in the receptor language. The translator, as well, should be concerned with the extra-linguistic context of the utterance. Firth remarks that "the most important modifiers of words are things and events."<sup>27</sup> Thus Firth finds it necessary that "the

<sup>26</sup> Richard W. Brislin, ed., Translation Application and Research (New York: Gardner Press, 1976), p. 31.

<sup>27</sup> J. R. Firth, Selected Papers of J. R. Firth, ed. F. R. Palmer (Bloomington: Indiana Univ. Press, 1968), p. 90.

translator . . . introduce in the target language specific references to the situation." He goes on to say, "Indeed, he [the translator] may have to describe some of it, though in the source language these references would not appear."<sup>28</sup> The life of the author and all the relevant material concerning the composition of the text are considered a part of the social setting of communication. So, the translator has to furnish the reader with the relevant facts concerning the life of the author and the background material of the text. A knowledge of these facts leads to the proper understanding of the work of translation and will help elicit a similar response to the one intended by the author in the original work. Thus, a sociolinguistic approach to the problem of translation is useful at effectively communicating a message across the gulf of two linguistic systems. Needless to say, the difficulties encountered in translation are due first and foremost to the differences between the source and the receptor languages. The differences are more noticeable in languages that belong to different language families as is the case in Arabic and English. Our case study in this dissertation is the two languages, Arabic and English; and the work of translation is the Arabic work Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth.

<sup>28</sup> Firth, p. 91.

## 5. The Arabic Language: General Features

A general review of the basic characteristics of the Arabic grammar will be enough to underline the kind and extent of differences in the structures of these two languages. It is appropriate to start first with the roots of words in Arabic. The roots from which most of the words in Arabic are derived are purely consonantal, consisting of three radicals, sometimes four radicals. Each of these consonantal roots carries the primary conception or conceptions of the word. The triconsonantal root /ktb/, for instance, expresses the kernel idea of writing. The radicals of the root combined with the vowel pattern of the third person masculine singular of the perfect form /qataba/ are used as the citation form. Words are produced by using these roots, and by varying the vowels and adding prefixes, infixes, and suffixes according to certain fixed patterns. A word like /kitāb/ (a book) is formed from the triconsonantal root /ktb/ and the surrounding vowels according to a specific pattern,  $C_1iC_2\bar{a}C_3$ , where  $C_1$ ,  $C_2$ ,  $C_3$  represent the positions of the consonants in a word. Many nouns and verbs with the general meaning of writing can be derived from the triconsonantal radicals /ktb/. These are, for instance, some of the derivations of the root /ktb/: /maktūb/ (a letter) of the pattern  $maC_1C_2\bar{u}C_3$ , /maktab/ (writing desk) of the pattern  $maC_1C_2aC_3$ , /kātib/ (a writer) of the pattern



$C_1\bar{a}C_2iC_3$ , /mukātabah/ (correspondence) of the pattern  $muC_1\bar{a}C_2aC_3ah$ .<sup>29</sup> It is to be noted that the roots in the Indo-European languages appear in a syllabic form that uses vowels as basic components. The vowels in Arabic are added to the root serving only derivational purposes.<sup>30</sup> In fact, the short vowels in Arabic are not usually represented in the writing system.

Another characteristic feature of Arabic is that Arabic, like Latin, is an inflectional, a synthetic language, as compared to English, which is predominantly analytic. As an example, Arabic has three cases: nominative, accusative, and genitive or prepositional; most of the nouns have inflectional endings for each of the three cases. The verb inflects for the various persons, numbers, genders, derived forms, moods, and tenses. In case of the words in English, some of these morphological and syntactical relationships, for instance, have to be indicated by a separate word form or by the position of the word in the sentence.<sup>31</sup> In the Arabic word /almū'minah/ (believing woman), the inflection

<sup>29</sup> Mary Catherine Bateson, Arabic Language Handbook (Washington, D.C.: Center for Applied Linguistics, 1967), p. 1.

<sup>30</sup> Afif A. Bulos, The Arabic Tri-literal Verb: A Comparative Study of Grammatical Concepts and Processes (Beirut: Khayats, 1965), p. 3.

<sup>31</sup> Farhat Ziadah and R. Bayly Winder, An Introduction to Modern Arabic (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1957), p. 20.

/ah/ signifies the female gender. In English, a separate word form "woman" is needed to render the full meaning of the word. Also, the position of the word in the sentence in English is one of the most important signals affecting meaning. The matter is different in Arabic. In the following two sentences in Arabic, it is the inflections "u" and "a" of the nouns, not the positions of the nouns, which determine the meanings of these sentences:

- (1) Sā'ada alwaladu alrajula  
       helped / the boy / the man  
       (The boy helped the man)
- (2) Sā'ada alwalada alrajulu  
       helped / the boy / the man  
       (The man helped the boy)

Thus, the difference of meaning in the two sentences in Arabic is effected not by the positions of the nouns but by the nominative or accusative inflection of these nouns.

Another aspect of language is the class of words. Arab grammarians recognize only three classes of words: verbs, nouns, and particles. As to the verb, there are ten derivative forms of the verb--including the simple verb as a first form--in actual use in Arabic. Each verb by systematic morphemic changes or additions could expand into any one of nine derived forms. The semantic relationship of each of the nine derivative forms to the simple verb is evident: the

kernel of an idea is expressed as a simple verb root, and the derived forms of the verb imply one or another of such concepts as intensives, causatives, factives, estimatives, reciprocals, etc.<sup>32</sup> The second Form of the simple verb /qatala/ (killed), for example, is /qattala/ (slaughtered). Thus, this second Form denotes what might be called intensity of action. Similarly, the third Form of the same verb is /qātala/ (fight one another). The significance of this third Form is that of reciprocity. The English verb is traditionally described only in relation to such categories as tense, gender, voice, mood, number, government, and agreement. Some dictionaries of the English language indicate subtle differences of meanings and general use among synonyms, showing one term to be more general or more intense than another. However, the concepts of generality, reciprocity, or intensiveness do not belong to verb form of a specific pattern as in Arabic. Further, the Arabic verb has only two tenses, the perfect, known in Arabic as almādī, and the imperfect, known as almudāri'. The distinction between the perfect and imperfect is rather one of aspect than of time. The perfect signifies a completed action and the imperfect signifies incomplete action, irrespective of time. Afif Bulos finds a distinction in

<sup>32</sup> Anwar G. Chejne, The Arabic Language: Its Role in History (Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1969), p. 33.

the concept of time that is implied in the English and Arabic verbs. He says:

The basic difference between the conjugation forms of the Arabic verb and those of the English verb lies in the fact that the former makes distinction in processes which are independent of the speaker, whereas the notion of tenses as expressed in English has a subjective character; the English speaker conceives of time in an abstract manner, as a sort of a line which he divides into sections in relation to himself: that which lies behind him at the time of speaking i.e. the past; that which lies ahead of him i.e. the future; and that which is before him precisely that moment. Time conceived in this manner is spatial, subjective, abstract. It is localized time.

The Arabic verb, on the other hand, expresses the degree . . . of realization of a process, the realization of an event. It is concerned with the completion or incompleteness of action, and this gives us the perfect/imperfect opposition though there are other nuances of aspect--namely, resultative and iterative.<sup>33</sup>

However, this is not to suggest that there are no equivalents in Arabic to all kinds of expressions of time in English.

Bulos goes on in that same statement to say:

It must not be supposed, however, that the Arabic native speaker lives outside the realm of time. On the contrary, he knows how to specify time in his speech, but he resorts to syntactical devices, so that the notion of time emerges from the context, more specifically from such elements as include the use of adverbs, adverbial phrases, and participles. Time is thus signified in its broader division, the present, the past and the

<sup>33</sup> Bulos, p. 35.

future, without the finer divisions of time as expressed by the English tense forms.<sup>34</sup>

This lack of fine distinctions of time in the Arabic verb could be considered by some sociolinguists as a reflection of the Arab's apparent disregard for time and punctuality.

As to the noun, a large number of nouns in Arabic can easily be formed from the root. Many nouns, for instance, can be derived from the root of the simple verb /kataba/ (write); some of these are the following: /kātib/ (a writer), /kitāb/ (a book), /maktūb/ (a letter), /kitābah/ (writing), /maktab/ (an office), /maktabah/ (library), /mukātabah/ (correspondence). This relation of many words to one origin is a phenomenon that is, according to Ziadah, "though much less widespread is not unfamiliar in English, for we are accustomed to analogous affixation, as for example: writing, writer, writable, write off, write up, unwritten, rewrite."<sup>35</sup>

Arabic, like all Semitic languages, operates according to what is called "the root and pattern system." Thus, in Arabic, the nouns and adjectives are derived according to regular patterns. Many noun patterns lend themselves to

<sup>34</sup> Bulos, p. 35.

<sup>35</sup> Ziadah and Winder, p. 21.

the dual noun-adjective usage. Thus, adjectives are not formally distinct from nouns and are traditionally classified as nouns. The adjective used as an epithet has the same inflection as the noun it describes. The ambivalent nature of the adjective in Arabic could be seen in the following two sentences:

- (1) katala alrajulu alfaqiru  
 killed / the man / the poor  
 (The poor man killed. . . .)
- (2) katala alrajulu alfaqira  
 killed / the man / the poor one  
 (The man killed the poor one)

In the first sentence, the word /alfaqiru/ has the nominative inflection "u" the same as the noun /alrajulu/, and thus it is considered an adjective. In the second sentence, the word /alfaqira/ is inflected in the accusative, and thus it is considered a noun whose function is a direct object of the sentence.

Most of the English adverbs are formed by adding the suffix -ly to the adjectives or participles. In Arabic, the process is not much different. The bulk of the adverbs are formed by nouns and adjectives in the accusative case; for example, the noun /alyawm/ (the day) becomes an adverb by adding the inflection of the accusative case "a," and thus we have the adverb /alyawma/ (today). Also, the adjective

/sari' / (swift) becomes an adverb by adding the inflection in the accusative "ān" and thus we have /sari'ān/ (swiftly). Whereas in English it sometimes takes a prepositional phrase to explain an adverbial idea, in Arabic, a noun in the accusative will suffice: for example, the Arabic adverb /ṣabaḥān/ is composed of the noun /ṣabāḥ/ (morning) plus the inflection for the accusative case "ān."

As to syntax, there are simply two basic types of sentences in Arabic: verbal and nominal. The verbal sentence--so called because it is introduced by a verb--is the commonly used type. Its basic structure is thus:

Verbal S	VP + NP
VP	Vi
	Vt + Np
Verbal S	Vi + NP
	'ibtasama alṭiflu
	smiled / the child
	(The child smiled)
Verbal S	Vt + Np <sub>1</sub> + NP <sub>2</sub>
	daraba alrajulu alwalada
	struck / the man / the boy
	(The man struck the boy)

This type of sentence, the same as in English, requires a subject and a verb (with or without object or predicate adjective); however, the only important difference is that the verb in Arabic always precedes its subject. The nominal

sentence is introduced by a noun or pronoun and has the following basic structure: nominal sentence  $\longrightarrow$  NP + VP. Arabic has no verb corresponding to the English verb "to have." Also, equational clauses use no copula. The absence of copula in clauses seems to be a positive quality; Charles Ferguson comments on the presence as compared to the absence of copula in a pair of clauses, saying, "speakers will generally rate the one [clause] without the copula as simpler and easier to understand."<sup>36</sup> Any complex sentence in Arabic could be considered as a transform of these two basic types of sentences. There are distinct differences between these transforms in Arabic and their corresponding counterparts in English. A case in point is the passive transformation. The passive transformation in English reads like this:  $NP_1 + V + NP_2 \longleftrightarrow NP_2 + \text{Tense-be-en} + V + (\text{by} + NP_1)$ . However, the passive transformation in Arabic is like this:

$$V + NP_1 + NP_2 \longrightarrow V + NP_2$$

ḍaraba alrajulu alwalada  $\longrightarrow$  ḍuriba alwaladu

struck / the man / the boy  $\longrightarrow$  struck the boy

(the man struck the boy)                      (The boy was struck)

It should be noted that the formative pattern of the passive verb form in Arabic is a separate morpheme quite distinct

<sup>36</sup> Charles A. Ferguson, Language Structure and Language Use (Stanford: Stanford Univ. Press, 1971), p. 285.



from that of the active form. Also, as shown above, the Arabic passive verb--aptly called /almajhūl/ (the unknown)--cannot have as the English passive verb a stated agent.

## 6. The Process of Translation

The differences of structure between Arabic and English that are discussed above obviously translate themselves into problems in the process of translation. So now we should discuss the process of translation itself and the various problems of correspondence and adjustment encountered in my translation of Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth.

The process of translation starts with the decoding of the message. This decoding process takes within its sweep all aspects of the message from the sound component to the semantic component. However, in order to interpret the total meaning of the message, the translator has not only to be aware of the contextual, cultural situation but also has to use, as Firth suggests, intuition. It is by means of intuition that the translator senses the intention of the author and all that goes beyond formal analysis. Next comes the actual translation. The translator is now the encoder whose task is to adjust the form of the message to the requirements of the linguistic code of the receptor language. However, at the same time, he is the pseudo-artist who has to provide equivalent stylistic appropriateness.

Besides, he has to be careful that the message carries equivalent semantic information and equivalent communication load.

The aspects of translation at the encoding stage gain the solidity of actual problems. A discussion of these problems which confronted me in the process of my translation of the Memoirs provides an example of the dynamics at work in translation. It also sheds light on the object of our principal inquiry, which is the stylistic features of the Memoirs.

The translator faces the first impossibility of exact translation when he discovers the total lack of correlation between the two languages on the phonemic level. The only possibility of reproducing similar sounds in another language is by means of transliteration, which is for all practical purposes a "zero degree translation." It is almost impossible to produce alliterative prose and onomatopoeic words, which depend for their meaning on sound effects. However, this problem is most acute in verse translation, especially songs that more than any other literary form depend on auditory images for their appeal. Nida says in this regard:

There is little possibility of reproducing various types of sound effects, for languages differ in the types of sounds they use and the values they tend to attach to these uses, and it is largely a matter of chance if a sound

effect in a language can be duplicated by an equivalent, though not identical sound effect in the other.<sup>37</sup>

Arabic language has been praised for its phonetic beauty, which more often than not cannot be duplicated in English. The praise has some of its supportive evidence in the root and pattern system of Arabic. Gibb says in this regard concerning Arabic:

Since the verbal scheme is invariable and admits of no exception, and since roots are all of three consonants, there exists in Arabic an enormous number of words whose vowel-schemes are exactly alike. . . . Inevitably, therefore, rhyme and assonance play a very large part in Arabic literary style.<sup>38</sup>

Therefore, it is no wonder that in addition to its two major divisions of prose and poetry, Arabic literature has a third genre called /saj'/, that is, rhymed prose. This type of art prose in which individual prose phrases are held together by rhyme hovers on the borderline between prose and poetry. The elevated diction of /saj'/ is used less sparingly in certain literary works than in others, but seldom a whole work of art is written in /saj'/. It is natural in Arabic for the prose to lapse into rhyming words and phrases. Thus, the reader passes without sense

<sup>37</sup> Toward a Science of Translating, p. 177.

<sup>38</sup> H. A. Gibb, Arabic Literature: An Introduction (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1974), p. 8.

of incongruity from ordinary prose to embellished prose in a literary work. In the Memoirs, Dahesh uses only in few instances the rhyming words and phrases of /saj'/; but those are not reproduced in my translation. However, they have no bearing on the meaning and have only marginal stylistic significance.

Another stylistic element which is impossible to reproduce in English is the use of onomatopoeic words. Arabic, according to Ziadah, has many words "indicating repetition of sound movement."<sup>39</sup> Dahesh makes much appropriate use of this stylistic device in such words as /shakshakat/ (prattle--said of tongue), /zamzamat/ (screeching howl), /balbalat/ (confusion), /sabāsib/ (deserts), /mahmah/ (maze), /kafkaf/ (wipe--said of tears). No doubt, the original flavor of such words was to a certain extent lost in the translation.

However, the difficult problem was in the translation of the "Song of Adom" in the Memoirs. It was possible to produce only similar, not identical, rhyming and metrical structures. However, it is not surprising that my translation of the song did not succeed in reproducing the flow of rhythm characteristic of the original. The translator of songs, it should be confessed, "toils in a straitjacket."<sup>40</sup>

<sup>39</sup> Ziadah and Winder, p. 162.

<sup>40</sup> Quoted in Toward a Science of Translating, p. 177.

Another point of consideration in a discussion of the translation process is the morphological structure of the source and receptor languages. The first problem that faces the translator of a literary work from Arabic into English regarding the morphological structure is the difficulty to find one-to-one correspondence between Arabic and English morphemes. In my translation of the Memoirs I have often been confronted by the necessity of substituting one grammatical form in Arabic with a different grammatical form in English. An adverb of time in Arabic may be rendered by a verb in English. Arabic verbs sometimes have to be rendered by nouns and phrases in English. Moreover, a verb form in Arabic sometimes turns out to be a self-sufficient expression in English because the demarcation line between morphology and syntax sometimes is not clearly drawn in Arabic. The verb /satantaliq/ (will fly) in the Memoirs is a complete sentence in Arabic and thus it is changed in the English translation into the sentence "you will fly away." Verbs sometimes have to be rendered by nouns or phrases. An adverb of time in Arabic may be rendered by a verb in English. Passive forms in Arabic have to be most often substituted with active constructions in English, as the use of passive constructions in Arabic is more frequent than in English; thus, a translation of every passive form in Arabic into a corresponding passive in English unduly disturbs the proper load of the communication channel.

Another morphologically significant difference between Arabic and English arises from the inflectional character of Arabic language. Being a synthetic language, Arabic has nouns, adjectives, and verbs inflected for gender and number. This and other types of redundancy should be compensated in some way in a literary translation. The result is a complete grammatical restructuring of the message in English; in the Memoirs, for example, we read the clause /humā ya'īshān ma'a 'ikhwatī/ (both of them live with my brothers).<sup>41</sup> The pronoun /humā/ (both of them) is inflected for dual number. Also, the verb /ya'īshān/ (live) is inflected for dual number. The word /'ikhwatī/ (my brothers) is inflected for number, case, and gender. In my translation of this clause to English, the inflection of the pronoun /humā/ for number could be substituted by the words "both of them," but I opted for the word "they," instead. However, the inflection for dual number in the verb /ya'īshān/ (live) is substituted by the use of the words "together along." Thus, a little amount of redundancy is preserved. So, this clause in my translation reads "they live together along with my brothers."

The culminating point of the translation process, however, is a translation of a unit by the size of a clause or

<sup>41</sup> Dahesh, Mudhakarāt Yassu' Alnāssirī (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhallem Publishing House, 1980), p. 19.

sentence. A syntactic unit by the size of sentence often admits more than one possible translation. The translator sometimes has to choose between using a verbal or nominal style in English. A very long sentence in Arabic may need to be broken up in certain cases into more than one sentence in order to avoid formal overloading of the communication channel. As to the choice of one type of clause rather than another, it has to do with the frequency of occurrence of a clause in the receptor language. In Arabic, there is a preference for the use of paratactic clauses--clauses that, although related semantically, have no formal markers.<sup>42</sup> So, in Arabic, coordinate constructions occur more frequently than in English. Thus, in order to avoid overloading the communication channel, the translator from Arabic into English has to substitute whenever appropriate a coordinate construction with a subordinate one.

Notwithstanding the many changes caused by the formal differences between source and receptor languages, it is the lexical items that bear the earmarks of most violence in the translation process. Nida says in this regard, "Without doubt the problems of equivalence and adaptation

<sup>42</sup> As-Sayyid Ya'qūb Bakr, Dirāsāt fī Faḡh Allughah Al'arabyah (Studies in Arabic Philology) (Beirut: Librairie Du Liban, 1969), p. 14.

between languages are greatest in the lexical items."<sup>43</sup>

In my translation of the Memoirs, there are many lexical items whose different layers of meaning of sociolinguistic significance have been lost in the process of translation. The traditional expressions of welcome extended to Simon Peter's brother upon his visit to Jesus' home are translated to their cultural equivalent in English. The first of these expressions in Arabic is /Ahlān . . . wā marhabān/, loosely translated into "most welcome to our home," but which actually means according to Lane's Arabic-English Lexicon: "Thou hast come to an ample, or a spacious, or roomy, place, and to (people like thine own) kinsfolk." The other expression of welcome used by Jesus /'alā alrahbi wāl si'at/ translated into "you have come to your home" reflects more or less the same dictionary meaning given above. Such words of welcome could be illustrated basically in light of the social habits of the oriental people of the Near East and their hospitality. Renan in his book Life of Jesus explains the rules of hospitality in the East, saying: "the guest in the East has much authority; he is superior to the master of the house, who puts the greatest confidence in him. . . .

<sup>43</sup> Eugene Nida, "Linguistic and Ethnology in Translation Problems," in Dell Hymes, Language in Culture and Society: A Reader in Linguistics and Anthropology (New York: Harper and Row, 1964), p. 96.



Remove Oriental hospitality and it would be impossible to explain the propagation of Christianity."<sup>44</sup>

Another lexical term expressing a wish in the Memoirs embodies certain presuppositions impossible to render in grammatical English. The verb in /'āfāk Allah/ (may God keep you in health) is used in the perfect in Arabic. This use of a verb expressing a wish in the perfect has a definite connotative force and significance in Arabic as pointed out by Ziadah:

For wishes, the perfect is used instead of the imperfect to give the wish, prayer, or curse the character of definiteness or actual happening by implying that it has already been realized.<sup>45</sup>

Other terms of specific value pertaining to language and culture used in the Memoirs are names and units of money and time. The proper names of some characters in the Memoirs, such as the names of the sisters of Jesus, Fadiyah and Daniah, have, as many names usually do, etymological meanings in Arabic. The definite overtones of these etymological meanings cannot be but lost in transliteration. Units of time and temporal reckoning used in the Memoirs present no problems because of the familiar historical setting of the narrative. In order to tell the specific

<sup>44</sup> Ernest Renan, Life of Jesus (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1923), p. 296.

<sup>45</sup> Ziadah and Winder, pp. 172-73.

time of the night, Jesus uses in the Memoirs the expression "in the second watch of the night." This expression of Roman time-keeping in the New Testament refers historically to a designated set of hours for the replacement of the guards at night. Another expression of temporal reckoning used in the Memoirs is that of counting the years by the number of springs. Peter says in the Memoirs that Adom's age is "fourteen springs." However, these terms used in the past to segment time are rather poetic expressions today, having more of an aesthetic than a purely informational function.

On the syntactic and semantic levels, Arabic and English differ in the emphasis they place on the frequency and type of various categories. Sex differentiation in Arabic can be assumed to be important because of the masculine and feminine inflection of verbs, nouns, and adjectives, and even prepositions. In English, on the other hand, there is more emphasis on time and its apportionment. Thus, in my translation of the Memoirs, it was impossible for me to produce this emphasis on sex differentiation because gender is not a marked category in English. However, since the English verb is generally capable of finer distinctions of time than the Arabic verb, the specificity of time was more obvious in the translated version than in the original.

An area of meaning which requires great adaptation and adjustment in translation is that of the semantically

exocentric expressions. The language of metaphor and idiom in a culture exhibits highly specialized meanings pertaining to that culture. In my translation of the Memoirs, some of such lexical units presented a problem in translation. The idiom used to describe insolent behavior of the Pharisees is /mā kān alhaya' liyatruqa bāb wajhihim/, which literally translates into "Shame did not knock at the door of their faces." In order to make any sense in English, this idiom has been changed into the semantically endocentric expression "they showed no bashfulness." However, some figures of speech used in the Memoirs required only slight adjustment in translation. Jesus speaks of the anger of the Pharisees against him, saying: "/ḥarakū al'iram/," which literally means "ground their moral teeth"; it is translated into the similar English expression "gnashed their teeth." The act of gnashing the teeth as an expression of psychological state of anger seems to be universal or at least common to both Arabic and English cultures. So, we see it reflected in a similar way in the language of metaphor in Arabic and English.

Despite these various problems between Arabic and English, there is no doubt that the Memoirs survives in translation into English. The Memoirs loses some of its original flavor in the process of translation, but its overall impact remains intact by a proper use of the genius of the English language.

THE TRANSLATION TEXT

Memoirs of Jesus,  
the Nazareth

MEMOIRS OF JESUS,  
THE NAZARETH

by  
Dr. Dahesh  
Beirut  
1980

Translated from Arabic  
by  
Fawzi Burgess

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## Editorial Preface

Dr. Dahesh's Arabic book, Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth, attempts to illuminate a historically dark corner in the life of the saintliest figure who ever lived, Jesus of Nazareth. Drawing on the scant details recorded by the four evangelists in the New Testament concerning the boyhood years of Jesus, the author dramatizes for us in the Memoirs these unknown years of Jesus' life. The result is a type of book that lingers in the memory long after reading it; and the memory of reading it is heavenly sweet. The boy Jesus that we meet in the Memoirs inspires in us the same devotions as those belonging to the accounts of Jesus' life in the gospels; thus, it is not strange that the Memoirs will have on us the same pleasant effect of a sacred scroll unearthed from the crypts of history.

Furthermore, the reason for the expected appeal of such a book is the same as for all the great books of the classics. The Memoirs, along with Dahesh's other similar writings, falls within the definition of great literature. It has the power to move its readers and awaken in them a belief in sublime ideas. Superior ideas, as it is rightly assumed, do not necessarily get accepted on their own merits. They usually get accepted when they are presented



in an inspired and telling simplicity. The Memoirs shares with the great books of the classics that inspired, telling simplicity and the sustained grandeur of noble sentiment.

Dahesh was born on June 1, 1912, in Jerusalem. His parents moved four years later to Beirut, the capital of their country of origin. However, Dahesh returned to Jerusalem, living part of his boyhood and youth from 1923 to 1937 in the holy land. Meanwhile, his literary ability seemed to have blossomed at the age of 18; for in 1927, he wrote the first of his love lyrics, which actually sets up the tone and themes of much of his later writings. In this lyric, entitled "To My Beloved," Dahesh addresses an actual lady, but his descriptions of her are so idealized that she becomes a symbol of spiritual beauty, the Beatrice of heavenly visions, divine love, and mystical beauty. This and other love lyrics in the manner of Solomon's Song of Songs and many verse plays written between 1927 and 1933 were collected in four volumes and published in 1980. Then, in 1935, he published his much-acclaimed verse drama, The Sleep of Death. This play, like The Paradiso of Dante's Divine Comedy, is an affirmation of immortal life and celestial beauty and a celebration of ideal love. The book is quite appropriately dedicated to death. Death, as it could be inferred from the drama, is not the terrible shadow of the eternal pit but the moment of fulfillment of the

person's wildest dreams of happiness. The drama is essentially a revelation concerning a meeting of a dying youth and his lady in a celestial world and a description of the moments of their life together. The revelation is a result of a mystical experience reported by the dying youth himself to a stranger. The happy vivid images, the proper choice of words, and the hymns of love interspersing the scenes make the celestial journey to the reader a pleasant, not an arduous one. Another drama, The Six Goddesses, by the author, published in 1942, dramatizes a person's honest search for truth. It is another Pilgrim's Progress, with the conclusion that immortal happiness in a celestial world is the reward of a sincere person searching for truth.

Then, in 1943, Dahesh wrote another of his literary masterpieces, Memoirs of Jesus, the Nazareth. The idea of the Memoirs, it seems, suited his purposes well. The author found in the character of Christ the perfect personification of all his ideals. Thus, the Memoirs was a dramatic channel to communicate his beliefs and express the intense passion of his heart.

The moral, transcendental philosophy of the author contributes much to the elements of wonder and sublime sentiment in all his literary works. It also provides the recurrent themes in most of his writings. The two verse dramas, The Inferno, published in 1945, and The Paradise,

each in three volumes, provide a panoramic description of the aspects of life on some of the low worlds and celestial worlds. His eighty-five short stories entitled The Strange Stories and Wonderful Fables, published in 1980 in two volumes, could be critically viewed as parables or examples drawn from real life to corroborate the author's philosophical beliefs. In the words of one reviewer of this work, this type of short story "constitutes what might be called 'a living philosophy.'" However, despite the mystical nature of his metaphysics, rarely if ever did the language of the author dissolve into mysticism. He writes in a language which is the quintessence of clarity.

It is difficult in a short editorial preface to take note of, much less comment on, all of Dahesh's writings. Dahesh is a prolific as well as a diversified writer. He has written in many genres. He has written travel literature, recording his travels around the world in twenty volumes; he has also written in such genres as the novel, Memoirs of Dinar; science fiction, The Life of the Living on the Moon; myth, Astarte and Adonis; elegies, The River of Tears; wisdom literature and love lyrics, which we find in the two series The Gardens of Gods and The Paradise of Goddesses, ten volumes each.

It should be noted that the writings of the author seem to be intricately bound with his personality. Besides being a prolific writer, Dahesh is viewed as a holy man.

The more than half a dozen biographies written about him by biographers and eminent men of letters in the Arab world agree in their portrayal of Dahesh as a sage and prophet. Thus Dahesh's relationship with the moral reformers and the prophets of old is that of kindred spirits. His perfect empathy with them is natural. It is no wonder that Dahesh, in writing about Jesus in the Memoirs, is in his most eloquent vein. In the process, the author has exploited to the hilt the richness and the special genius of the Arabic idiom. Besides, the absolute faith and idealism of the East manifest in the literatures of the Bible, the Koran, the writings of Imam Ali, Hafiz, and as recently as the writings of Kahlil Gibran, break in upon us again in the Memoirs with all the force of a spiritual new awakening. Here lay the challenge for any translator of this work. It is a pleasant challenge, however, since the quarry is not one of ordinary but of precious stones.

So there is no need in translating the Memoirs from Arabic into English to improve on the original, as this would be like "gilding the gold" or "painting the lily." My work in translating the Memoirs consisted of trying to reproduce in English a similar response to the one that the author intended to create in the original work. Aided by my admiration of the author's works and by my knowledge of the peculiarities of his style, I have tried to transfer

into my English translation the simplicity and the grandeur of sacred passion characteristic of the original work. It is only by doing this, I felt, that I could recapture the original response and thus be true to the author's implicit intent of trying to reinforce in the reader's mind a belief in a higher reality. The Memoirs in Arabic holds our interest and inspires in us a belief in the sublime and the ideal. Thus a faithful rendering of it into the English tongue, I believe, should strive to accomplish the same.

Fawzi Burgess

October 20, 1982.

## Resignation

It is the will of my heavenly Father;  
Else, I won't be living now in the world of deception  
and lies.

My soul, indeed, has become tired of every thing,  
And my spirit is wearied out by these degraded humans.  
The heavenly teachings avail nothing with them,  
And the sermons, dictated to them by a revelation from  
heaven, fade soon from their memories that are in feverish  
love of this ephemeral world.

It is only the poor, the miserable, and the afflicted  
who listen to me when I speak.

As for the rich, they worship only money without God.  
Woe to them when their dreadful hour of reckoning strikes;  
At then, they will wail and mourn, but all to no avail,  
For the raging storms will dissipate their supplications,  
Blowing away their supplications in the winds.

\*\*\*

I have crossed by now the twelfth stage<sup>1</sup> of my life;  
Yet I did not meet but with every sin and with every vice.  
There is not one good man.  
Yes, no one does good except God, glorified be His name.

<sup>1</sup> The expression "the twelfth stage" is a literal translation; it means "the twelfth year."

As for me, I have already taken an oath upon myself  
 To walk in the way of truth,  
 The way of divine love,  
 The way of heavenly light;  
 Whatever disasters and misfortunes befall me.  
 However much I will be persecuted;  
 However much I will be tormented;  
 However much I will suffer;  
 However much I will weep;  
 However much I will meet with adversities and afflictions;  
 I will not lay down from my right hand the torch of truth  
 handed over to me by my heavenly Father to illuminate with  
 it the sides of this world of immense darkness.

\*\*\*

My Father has ordered me to descend to this ignorant world  
 And I did.  
 Soon I have come to face enormous obstacles;  
 But I have never faltered,  
 Nor my feet tripped.  
 Yesterday I was in the Great Temple arguing with doctors  
 of the Law, the learned Rabbis of the Jews, countering their  
 arguments with mine.  
 I demolished their flimsy arguments, for their arguments  
 were dictated by self-interest and worldly matters.  
 I showed them the thick disguise with which they clothed  
 their argument.

And as soon as the truth of their argument was laid bare, it disappeared bashful and abashed.

But as to the Rabbis, these wicked Rabbis, their impudent faces did not show any bashfulness.

They have gnashed their teeth and attempted to lay their hands on me; for I have soundly defeated them--though they are the ones that are very well deep into the secrets of the Talmud, that have the mastery of the Talmud and the knowledge of its fine secrets, as they say.

But their fear of the crowd who were counting on them their breath, and my years, for I am still under age, prevented them from revenge, that revenge burning like living ember deep in the bottom of their hearts.

\*\*\*

However, I am sure that my day of suffering is very near, I will be treated ill at their hands.

And I will be persecuted.

And finally, I will be hanged on the wood of the cross.

But this is what my beloved Father had ordered me to do.

And I came down in submission to His heavenly will.

So let the days pass;

And let the years go by;

And let my last hour draw near,

For, to that last hour, I long very much.



The Train of Life Marches On

Today, the last leaf of my twelfth year falls.  
And I am in the city of Jerusalem walking in its markets  
And following its narrow roads,  
But no one walks with me;  
For I am alone and lonely.  
I am different in my opinions and my beliefs.  
I am different in my longings and aspirations.  
I am different in my aims and desires.  
However, I am happy all the happiness in this loneliness  
of mine, and so in my convictions.

\*\*\*

My feet already drag wearily from so much walking,  
And I do feel my entrails pinched with hunger.  
And thirst burns me in the bowels.  
But I don't have any money  
To buy a piece of bread  
With which to break my fast and appease my hunger.  
But let it be the will of God.  
And when I have reached the utmost degree of fatigue,  
hunger, and thirst,  
I repaired to the temple where I was yesterday.  
And there I prostrated myself in front of its doors,  
For I was out of breath from thirst and fatigue.

Whereupon a keen eye took notice of me.

The old man of the keen eye immediately came forward towards me.

While looking at me with genuine tenderness and love, he said to me:

"No doubt, you are a stranger, my son!"

"It is what you say."

"I see you hungry; may I beg you to share me my meal?"

I did not refuse, for I felt a great love for this man speaking to me.

And the knot of the humble bag was loosened up.

And from inside the bag was pulled a handful of the bright green olive,

In addition to a piece of cheese and then a delicious onion.

But before tasting any crust of bread, I turned towards heaven and raised a prayer of warm-hearted thanks to God, my Father and the Father of creation.

\*\*\*

"Who are you, my son? And what are you called?"

"Jesus, the Nazareth."

"But, oh God! Have you come by yourself from that distant village?"

"Yes, good old man."

"Why, young lad?"

"In order to do the will of the One who sent me."

"And who is the one who sent you? And what did he send you for?"

"My heavenly Father. And He has sent me to destroy an old order and build upon its ruins a new order."

"Alas, my son! Are you touched? Or are you raving?"

"Not this and nor that. I am telling you the truth."

"You surprise me, little one, with your unusual speech and with the power of eloquence in your strange words. So may I ask you about your parents whether they are still alive?"

"You will have your wish. The name of my earthly father is Joseph, and he is a carpenter known in the city of Nazareth.

"And the name of my mother is Mary.

"And they live together along with my brothers: Jacob, Joses, Simon, and Judas, and with my two sisters: Fadiyah and Daniah."

"Had you come by yourself to the city of Jerusalem? Or were you accompanied by one of your brothers?"

"I alone came to Jerusalem, as my views and inclinations differ from those of my brothers. And no one of them cares for me except my two sisters."

"Oh, heaven! Then your parents don't now know of your whereabouts!"

"You are right. My parents had left Nazareth a week ago and came to the city of Jerusalem in search for me. And upon their arrival to the temple, they saw me debating with the priests and doctors of the Law. And then my mother approached me and said, 'And now let us go to Nazareth.'

"So I returned back with them. And in our company there was a long caravan heading towards our precinct.

"And when the evening of that journey-day came upon us, all sought sleep.

"By that time we had reached a broad plain filled with the wild flowers. And there stood scattered upon its sides a few huge trees which carried no fruit.

"And in the second watch of the quite dark night, I was told in a dream to return back at once to the city of Jerusalem; for there is waiting for me certain events bearing upon the divine message concerning which my Father sent me.

"And I was told that I would come to meet with a pious man called Jonas, whose son will be a solid rock upon which will be built the true religion of God, exalted be His power.

"So at once, I rose from my place and looked around, but saw all surrendering into a deep sleep.

"And in an urgent haste, I cast a glance at my parents and took their leave by a nodding sign of my head.

"Then I hit the road in the darkness of that black night."

No sooner I finished telling my story than I saw the honorable old man kneel humbly before me and bend on my hands, kissing them with infinite devoutness, and cry, saying:

"You! You are the Son of God! And I am, my beloved Master, called Jonas."

In the House of Jonas and Peter

The night is quiet and serene,  
And the singular moon with its soft silvery beams  
embraces the landscape,  
And the glittering stars, spread over the face of the  
blue firmament, are like rare rubies:  
They are taking a long look at the full moon wandering  
in the plains of the vast sky.  
Nature is in a reverie, enraptured by the glory and  
splendor of this exquisite scene.  
And the hour has now reached two o'clock after midnight,  
And all have surrendered themselves to the mighty rule of  
a sovereign sleep.  
As for me, I sat down, rested my head upon my hand, and  
gave the reins to my imagination.  
Then I spoke, saying:  
I wonder when people would overcome their evil desires  
and false hopes!  
And when they will turn to the high ideals and be able  
to crush by the spirit of faith the weakness of their  
hearts!  
When all men would be one heart and one soul!  
When the angel of the Lord would sound his eternal  
trumpet, saying:  
"O let the angels jubilate

"And let the pure ones rejoice!

"For the sons of men have now crushed every weakness and every frailty and have overcome the malevolent powers of evil.

"And for this, it has been to them given the greater happiness."

As it is, the second angel will then immediately sound his sweet trumpet.

And Lo and behold! The earth will be destroyed, and it will disappear.

And all of a sudden, all of those who did the will of God are transported into a luminous world, everlasting in its exceeding happiness.

They will come to shade themselves under its trees

And to pluck its unknown fruits:

And when they taste them,

Their spirits feel refreshed.

And they will praise God for his divine gifts;

As they are but tasting the fruit of knowledge.

Aye, my heavenly Father!

When is it that this happy hour would come?

When would this golden dream come true?

I am certain that this day is very far,

Because human beings are weak all the weakness.

And every one of them has drowned in the ocean of his desires and greediness.

And none holds into the rudder of virtue to arrive at the shore of peace.

So aid me, my Father! That I may be able to rescue the drowned, and they are many.

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While I was in these contemplations,  
I came to feel a hand softly touching my shoulders.  
Turning around, I saw the old man, Jonas, and his son  
Peter humbly standing before me,  
And they begged me to return back to my bed.

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"Sit down, my two friends, please, sit down.  
"And let us talk about what is for my Father.  
"For in a little while, I will lie down for very  
long,  
"And centuries shall pass before I wake up again."

Peter:

"O young saint, and the one that our humble room  
has been honored by your coming to our house and your  
acceptance to be our guest.

"I have crossed the thirty-fourth year of my life,  
"But I am still ignorant of all that is regarding  
heaven.

"Would you enlighten my dark mind

"And open the locks of my sealed heart!"



"Lend me your ears, my dear Peter,

"Look up there far in the high tabernacle of the sky

"And behold that wonderful glittering star."

"I see it, my guide:

"Its luster, twinkling, undulates in dazzling speed.

"I wonder what is this star?"

"If you keep the commandments of my Father

"And do His will,

"Subdue your inordinate desires

"And renounce some of your gratifications,

"You will come to reach this happy star.

"And at then it will be revealed to you its secrets.

"And you will immensely enjoy its fascinating lights."

"Oh, God! And are there on this star living creatures like to us,

"Or are they the souls of those of us who depart from this life?"

"They are but living creatures who have kept the commandments and lived by them without having stumbled.<sup>2</sup>

"And you will get there if you have obeyed my words.

"Nay, but you will be exalted from one planet and into another

<sup>2</sup> This is a passing reference to the author's belief of life on other planets. For a real understanding of this and other points in this drama, one may refer to the summary of the author's philosophy in this dissertation on pp. 2-3.

"Till you attain the degree of absolute perfection.

"At then you would have gone beyond the bounds of the stars and far from their grounds.

"As then the time of the temptation will come to an end,

"And you will see yourself in the spiritual sphere,

"And there the lights of God, the Creator of all things, overwhelm you.

"And it will be then revealed to you His deep secrets.

"And you will see through the eye of your spirit every hidden thing.

"And along with those immaculate pure ones who once walked the way you will be walking

"And reached before you there where yourself shall reach,

"You will together sing praise to God."

"For mercy's sake! Pray, help me get to the summit of this glory."

"This is within your reach; if you want to."

"I will give up my wife Salome, tomorrow.

"And I won't ever get together with her again.

"Yes, I will renounce this worldly desire

"For the sake of purifying and the mortification of my guilty soul."

"No, don't do that, my dear,

"For you have married your wife,

"And it was a legitimate marriage according to what it came in the Law and the Commandments.

"And know, Peter, that the people of this world marry and get married

"In order to beget sons that come from their loins.

"But when the hour of their purification and the end of their sins come,

"They will have no need any more for marriage.

"Then they will fly away into another planet, and into another world,

"Where there is nothing so called marriage or daughters and sons.

"As for now, my advice to you is that you care for planting the spirit of God in the heart of your son.

"And be sure, my dear Peter, that if your son fell in sin,

"You will be affected a great deal,

"Since he did come from you,

"And because of you, he came into this world.

"So if you took care of giving your son a true education

"Based on the awe and fear of God,

"Then you would have actually taken care of your own soul and of your own spirit."

"Son of God, I am indebted to you for all these divine teachings.

"Would you reveal to me the secret of the prophet's grave fall in sin?

"For prophets like David and Solomon, the wise king, and many others have come to have illicit relationships with women,

"Although they are prophets who have the truth been revealed to them,

"And through inspiration they even touched the truth with their own hands."

"My dear! The prophet David, and Solomon, the Wise, and the like did not sin at all in what they did.

"But the matter was quite contrary to what all had thought.

"They were prophets,

"And inspiration was used to come down on them

"Telling them of the matters they should do.

"In the matter of the concubines who filled the chambers of king Solomon's palace,

"They had benefited a great spiritual benefit in living with the wise prophet.

"But this is a matter whose mysteries will be revealed to you

"Once you reach a high degree of spiritual maturity.

"And speaking of David, the prophet,

"Who now maintains an exalted rank among the sublime ranks of heaven,

"Didn't the Holy Book mention that his heart was examined and found spotless, pure?

"Then how do you reconcile this heavenly testimony with his blameworthy action

"When he took to himself the wife of Uriah, the Hittite,

"And not saying that he was duty-bound, doing only what he was told to do?

"And be sure, my dear Peter, that the wife of Uriah, the Hittite, is herself the wife of the prophet David

"In a former life and a previous birth."

\*\*\*

And while I was explaining to Jonas and Peter the mysteries of reincarnation and the justice in this,

There appeared before us dazzling lights  
And was heard very joyful spiritual songs  
That refreshed our souls.

And at once, we knelt and raised a prayer of thanks and praise to God, that nothing but He can do.

And when these sweet singings stopped,  
We all kissed one another.

And the father, son, grandson, and the wife of Peter made  
a pledge

To walk together in the way of truth and faith,  
So long as there is some life pounding in their veins.

A Peaceful and Quiet Sleep

"Salome, don't wake him up;

For sleep was not his guest all night yesterday.

"We were dipping into the fountain of his spiritual wisdom all night long.

"And so before us loomed vast horizons of hidden secrets

"Not yet known to any man."

"Peter, look at him, how comely and winning he is!"

"He is the growing boy of God who has assumed a body in our world tumultuous with vice.

"The hour has now reached four in the afternoon, but he has not waken up yet.

"He is soaring in spirit among the fair stars

"To scan their great secrets. O what a happiness!

"Who could ever imagine that our room will really come to receive this divine, eternal glory.

"May the angels of God guard you, young boy.

"And may His immaculate spirits protect you from every evil."

### The Awakening

"Peace be with you, brothers."

"The Providence-eye watch over you, the dearest  
of all!

"Have you got a good sleep?"

"I feel a vibrant strength run in my veins.

"Thanks and praise be to God!

"Come here, dear Peter,

"Where is your son, Adom?"

"He went out to play with the boys."

"Alas! How old he is?"

"He is fourteen springs old."

"He is older than me by two years and still spends  
his time in worldly sports!"

"Master, have you forgot that you are the Son of  
God?"

"Hush, hush, my dear Peter,

"Tell this to no one; for the hour did not come yet."

"Salome, send for Adom."



Adom Enters in Haste

"God be with you, Jesus!"

"God be with you, too! What were you doing?"

"I was playing with the young boys, my friends, in the vineyards.

"And when we ran in a foot-race contest, I beat them all and won the race."

"O what a straying deer, you are! And what did you gain from your coming in first?"

"I won the wager according to which I will be their leader for two weeks.

"I order them to do whatever I wish, and they willingly and dutifully carry it out."

"Then order them to come here every morning. And I will guide them to the way of heaven."

"As you wish, but has heaven a road?"

"If so, where it is?"

"It is in your heart and in the heart of every person living upon this earth.

"And by your doing righteousness, the road to heaven looks clear to you.

"And then you would be able to follow this road till you stand before its marvellous doors.

"And you will enter with a heart surfeit with gladness and joy."

Jesus and the Young Boys

"Listen to me, my dears!

"Is there any one of you who had not have heard of the Creator of heavens and of the One who spread the earth?"

"All of us have heard of Him, but we did not see him."

"God is a spirit, and therefore it is impossible for you to see him

"So long as you are in your material bodies."

"But the one of you who does perfect righteousness and turns wholly towards God, would then be able to see his ever shining lights,

"And that after he departs from this earth

"And be released from his body with the many desires."

"We promise you that we will walk according to your teachings;

"For we are all desire to see the God of the heavens and earth."

The Lying Priests as Now as Ever

"Peter, Peter! A policeman in the door wants to see you."

"A policeman! Why? Let him come in."

"Are you the one called Simon?"

"Yes, I am he."

"Then, I must serve you this notice: you have to come with me to the police station for interrogation."

"The interrogation of me! No doubt, you are wrong."

"Aren't you Simon, the son of Jonas?"

"Yes, it is as you said."

"Then, you are wrong, and I am right."

"Quick, let us go."

And the fist of the evil policeman fell on the shoulder of the righteous man. So he hurried along.

At the Police Station in Capernaum

"You, deceiving man,

"Why did you bring us the unhappy troublemaker to this peaceful area?"

"What troublemaker do you mean? Make your meaning clear."

"The child that you harbor in your house and among your kinsmen."

"Ah, yes, now I understand. He is the man of God, Chief officer, and not a troublemaker."

"Alas! Keep silent or else, woe to you!"

"Policeman Foujan, go at once and bring the youth here."

And after waiting for half an hour, Foujan returned accompanied by the wonderful youth.

Jesus and the Chief of Police:  
The First Miracle

"What is your name, little one?"

"Jesus, the Nazareth."

"Do you know, Jesus, that you have stirred up mental agitations in Capernaum with your childish teachings which you preach to the young boys, your friends?"

"And do you know that these small boys, that are trying to follow you every day rather every minute of the day, have rebelled against their parents."

"And those parents point the finger of blame at you and your teachings."

"And do you know too that your age has interceded for you."

"If it were not for your age, we would have arrested you and thrown you into the empty darkness of the prison"

"Till you come back to your senses."

"And now tell me, my little boy, what one of the villages are you from?"

"I am from the village of Nazareth; I had left it two weeks ago."

"And do your parents know of your place here?"

"No, they know nothing of my whereabouts."

"But how is that? Did you rebel against them?"

"I don't rebel except against oppressors like you."

"You wretch, hold your tongue."

"You are the wretch."

"As for me, I implore my Father to draw against you the cutting, sharp-edged sword of His truth,

"And you will see who of us shall hold his tongue."

And in the instant, before opening his lips, the Chief of police fell to the floor.

There followed noise and confusion.

But when all realized that he is dead, they fell silent;

As if the place has changed in one moment to a silent city of the dead.

And then all the men of the police cried out:

"He is from God!

"He is from God's pure spirit.

"He is the sword of his justice."

### An Order of Extradition

The order of extraditing Jesus to his village was issued by the Governor General of Capernaum.

And in company with Jesus went two men of the police who were charged in this task.

And upon reaching Nazareth, they proceeded towards the house of his father, Joseph, the carpenter, and told him all that had happened.

So Joseph thanked God very much for the return of Jesus.

And his mother wept for joy for the return of her son to her.

And his two sisters, Fadiyah and Daniah, rejoiced at seeing him.

But his four brothers were very much grieved at heart for his return.

### The Story of the Flight to Egypt

And the mother of Jesus sat down to relate to her son the accounts of the foregone days of his childhood.

She said to him:

"You hadn't been then fifty days of age

"When I and your father carried you with us into Egypt.

"And this was according to a revelation from heaven

"That came down on your father in a dream, with the angel of the Lord appearing to him

"In fear of your life from king Herod, the man of blood.

"And in the city of Egypt, to the full number of three months we stayed as guests in the house of a man

"Who had heard from one of the Magi

"About the news of your birth in a manger.

"And this man was very much eager to see you.

"And thus he had his desire fulfilled by having you under the roof of his house.

"And many of those who had read the prophecies of the day of your coming came and visited you in his house.

"When the angel of the Lord ordered us to return back after informing us of Herod's death,

"All of them came and kissed your hands for a blessing.



"And thus we left Egypt behind us and returned back as you see, my son, to the place of your birth.

"And now I call on you by the God of heaven not to leave me ever again.

"For you know how miserable our conditions are,

"And how much we suffer from privation and from bitterness of life.

"I have tried to search for you during the couple of weeks that you had been away from us.

"But our narrow means prevented me from making true my intention.

"For we don't have money enough

"To hire a donkey that shall carry me on its back

"In search for you in the villages of Palestine.

"As for your father, no matter how hard he worked,

"The little money he earns is barely enough for the subsistence of our family of eight persons not counting yourself."

"Mother! Don't be worried for what you shall eat or drink;

"For the Father who is in the high heavens knows what He should give to every one of His sons.

"Aye, Mother! I ask you earnestly to concern yourself with other matters

"Which rise above this earthly life and its abundant misery and grief.

"For then your soul be at peace,

"And your perplexed spirit feels content."

## Simon Peter's Brother

"Most welcome to our home, dear guest."

"I want to meet with Jesus."

"Jesus! Jesus!"

"Yes, Mother."

"A man at the door wants to see you."

"Here I am. What, O man, are you after?"

"I am the brother of Simon Peter."

"You have come to your home, dear friend."

"What are the news of the good man, your brother?"

"He was arrested, and it was placed on him the responsibility for the death of the Chief of police."

"The criminals! And what they did with him?"

"They sentenced him to one full year in prison."

"What a horrid injustice!"

"Don't be sadly grieved nor dejected!"

"For these evil men will receive the utmost punishment."

"Let your faith in God be steadfast;

"For this happened only as a trial by which to be tested the firmness of Simon's faith."

"For if he were importunate and grumbled, he will be a company to utter loss."

"But if he were patient and surrendered to the will of the Creator, the Most High,

"Triumph will walk in his heels.

"And how great is then his happiness!

"Mother, serve the food to our guest."

And a board of omelet of the profuse, sweet smell was  
fetched,

And on it was sliced some cheese, white as snow,

And on one side of the board were added various  
kinds of the green herbs of the field.

\*\*\*

After prayer, Jesus spoke to his guest humoring him and  
said:

"The son of Jonas, this is the debt of your good  
father, I pay it now to you with the interest;

"For I was hungry at the door of the temple,

"And no body cared for me:

"If not for your honorable father who came to me and  
let me share his food."

\*\*\*

And they passed the night with different conversations,  
In which they have touched on all different kinds of  
subjects, spiritual and mundane.

And when sleep hung heavy on the eyelids,

All of them surrendered to its powerful sway

And were carried away into its fabulous paradisiacal  
gardens.

Christ as a Carpenter

"My son, here take this plank of wood and let your tool give a smooth finish to its rough surface."

"I hear and obey, my father."

And the hands of Jesus set to working on the plank, finishing its both surfaces till it showed a glossy polish.

And in his youthful hand, he took the saw.

And began sawing the plank into two halves, then into quadrant pieces.

And when he had secured quartering the plank of wood, he seized the hammer and started hammering the nails into the pieces.

And after a while, the pieces of wood made a gentle box that has a square shape.

"This box is for me, my father."

"You may take whatever you want, my son. But what are you going to do with it?"

"I will drop in it what money I can save

"In order to offer it to some needy families.

"And one of those is the family of the lady Raida;

"For the breadwinner of her home had died two weeks ago, as you know."

"Then take the money of this day work;

"I give it to you to put it in your noble box."

"Be sure, my father, that your name has become  
recorded in heaven since this moment;

"For you have given away what you most sorely need."

And the days passed racing one another, followed by the  
weeks and months; until all made one full year.

## Christ in His Fourteenth Year

"Get up from your bed, my son; this fat hen is for you.

"I prepared it to you on this occasion of your spending thirteen years of the days of your life in the parts of this world."

"I swear in truth, I won't let my mouth taste it, my mother;

"For you should rather offer it to the sick old man, the poor Obediah."

"You are in the right, the best of sons.

"And I should thank you in his name."

"Mother!

"Call out my brothers and sisters

"And also come yourself and my father

"In order to raise a prayer of thanks to the raiser of the skies,

"For his keeping us safe

"Throughout the past year and until this morning."

And so when all came, Jesus knelt down

And around him knelt humbly the members of his family.

And he beseeched God in great passion and said:

A Warm Prayer of Thanks

"Eternal Father!

"I kneel before you in supplication and awe,

"Raising to you my noblest feelings of deep respect,

"Thanking you for your mercies concerning what you  
have showed me of exceedingly loving care

"All round the past year and to this hour,

"Asking you to look upon all with the eye of your  
Providence which never sleeps.

"And to direct my course and the course of others  
towards the way of guidance.

"And to pluck out from the depths of every one of  
us the thorns of deadly avarice.

"And to let the direction of our face be towards  
heaven;

"There! Where avarice vanishes and desires perish.

"And to give me strength and guide me to the right  
way.

"And to give courage to the faint hearted, the weak  
willed.

"And to enlighten the dark hearts with rays from  
your ever shining lights.

"And to confirm every body in the love of the justly  
truth.



"And to lift up the veil of ignorance from the eyes  
of all men

"That they may see the meadows of enlightenment that  
are very fertile.

"So they glorify you and sing your praises for  
everlasting ages."

And when Jesus concluded his worshipful prayer,  
All came forth to congratulate one another,  
And after which every one of them left to his day work.

### Simon Peter Leaves the Prison

And at the end of one year, Simon Peter left prison.  
He was in jail not for any crime he had committed,  
But because of the oppression encamping over the ranges  
of this world of so many evils.

And the first thing Simon Peter did was that he had  
hastened with his brother Andrew to the city of Nazareth  
where Jesus lives.

The meeting was filled with conversations all of amity  
and devotion.

And the two brothers listened in reverence to the words  
of wisdom which the young Jesus came to drop in their ears.

And when the hour of farewell drew near,

The two believers were being provided during their stay  
with all the instructions and advice which they very much  
need.

\*\*\*

After which many weeks came to pass.

Their threads were cut short, not to return.

And meanwhile Christ was preaching the people of his  
village,

Calling them to cling themselves to the skirts of virtue,  
but in vain.

For they used to mock him and denounce him, calling him  
"a madman."

And also they used to jeer at his parents and persecute his brothers.

And in a family night-gathering,  
While he was exhorting his family and teaching them forgiveness,

Because they were persecuted in the morning of that day,  
Josef and Judas started to insult him saying to him:

"How long will we have to put up with the insults  
and persecutions of the sons of our village for your sake?

"Haven't you had enough raving, O man?

"Won't you stop your false calling and foul  
fabrications?

"And won't you rest yourself and let us rest?

"Quick, and leave out this village.

"In the morning as in the evening troubles follow at  
our heels.

"And all this is because of you.

"And even the Roman authorities began to look askance  
at us because of your silly teachings."

And Jacob added, saying:

"Listen, you Christ!

"I have heard today from a friend, an official in  
the division of secret police,

"That the authorities are keeping a close and very  
careful watch on you.

"They believe that a foreign hand is pushing you to say what you are saying of calling people to overthrow the tyrannical power.

"And they believe that you mean them by your words,

"So beware, you conceited, or woe, and then woe to you!"

And at this moment, his brother Simon joined in, saying:

"This is the last warning that we are going to repeat to you.

"If you have understood it and accepted it, then stay with us, because you are one of us,

"Or elsewhere in God's vast country is enough room for your message.

"We just have had enough of the persecutions that are brought upon us every day for your sake."

\*\*\*

So I answered them in a composed and quiet voice:

"My dear brothers:

"Blessed are you if they persecuted you for the sake of the just word of God.

"And blessed be your spirits, if they put your earthly bodies to suffering.

"For I tell you the truth, my brothers, that your reward then will be very great in heaven.

"Blessed are you if you were patient;

"For the one who has endured to the end will be saved."

\*\*\*

And in the instant, they raised up their voices together, saying:

"We leave that reward of heaven to you;

"For we wash our hands of it and don't want it.

"So enough of your tongue-prattle, O man!"

And I looked around me very much distracted only to see my two young sisters shedding the hot tears,  
Because they could not do anything for me.

\*\*\*

And my mother was supporting at times my brothers,  
But only to come to my support another time.  
She is a mother who does not want to see her sons quarreling.

For this, she resorted to this device.

But when she found herself powerless to do anything,

She turned to my earthly father, Joseph,

And she said to him:

"What is the matter that you are silent and don't talk?"

And he answered her in sadness:

"I am truly confused. I don't know what to say!

"And anyhow, you know the reasons more than I do."

"But don't you also know them?"

"No. No. I don't know them as much as you do."

"Now, don't you want to talk to your son?"

"But he is the son of heaven and not my son."

"No, he is but your son."

"He is the gift of God to us and to all men."

"He is not from earth,

"And since he is not from this earth, his teachings too, no doubt, are from heaven,

"Then how can I prevent him,

"And he is the messenger of guidance?"

"Forgive me, Joseph, if I say to you that I don't believe in him,

"Because his talk is extremely strange."

"As for me, I believe in his talks and in his teachings.

"Isn't he calling men to virtue?"

"Don't you see him how he spends his days in celibacy, holiness, and devotion?"

"Is there in our village or the other villages any one who follows his example?"

"Isn't in this the sure evidence that he is not a human?"

"If he is as you say, then he won't have come in the human way!"

"And how is that! Don't you remember when the angel of the Lord came in a dream, saying to me:

"Don't be afraid, Joseph,

"For your wife has conceived him from the Holy Spirit."

"Yes, I remember this, and I am in extreme wonder,

"Because till this hour, I haven't been able to interpret this strange riddle."

And promptly Jesus answered:

"But it is in vain, my mother, that you try to solve this riddle.

"So stop your search into this,

"And know that I am not from your earth.

"I am the messenger of heaven to the earth.

"And the One who holds us all in His hand had sent me down from a happy abode of everlasting brightness to save the inhabitants of your world.

"The truth which you should take into consideration is the matter of my presence among you,

"Not the manner by which I was formed,

"For no matter how much you and others try,

"No one would be able to arrive at this knowledge.

"Not until I return again after my departure.

"For then the truth will be revealed to those who should know it,

"Each according to his desert."

### Christ's Departure

I'll return to you, O city of Nazareth, at the end of many years.

I'll return to you, but again you will reject me.

I'll return to you when the hour of the revelation of the truth draws near.

Yes, I'll return to you, but you will be then sunk in the mire of your iniquities.

And you will not listen to me just as you are not listening to me now.

And woe to you if you were to persist in your tyranny and oppression.

O city of Nazareth!

I will fly away from your inhabited places

After my last hour draws near,

But only to return to you after twenty generations.

And then I will see your name has spread far into the east and west of the earth.

And every dweller beneath the stars of the firmament will know you and call you blessed.

And your soft earth will receive, after these twenty generations, one of my disciples,

Whom I have not chosen up to this hour.

As for you, you will stay as you are.



And you will carry the name of the Nazarene while the  
true faith has not had adopted you.

And woe, then woe to you, if you stayed the way you are.

Farewell O village that I grew up in its soil

And drank of its water

And tasted its fruits

And lay myself under its shades,

And rejoiced in its sun.

And fare you well, the sons of my father and mother!

Farewell.

## Into Sidon

The black-deep darkness of the night spreads across the distant plains and the vast seas.

And the humming of the angry squall at sea splits the ears  
As it beats the surface of the water with a stern unmitigated force.

And the roaring of the waves clashing against one another sends into the souls a silent awe.

And the continuous rumblings of the thunder are driving away sleep from the heavy eyelids and the haggard hearts.

And the flashes of the highly-charged lightning confound the wits and stir a trembling fear in the souls.

And the rain, pouring down like rivers, pierces the ears with its heavy, violent raps.

And the stormy hail does its cruel work on the bodies.

And the masted ship was sailing past these natural obstacles with extreme difficulty.

As for me and Simon Peter and his son, Adom, we have retired to our beds trying in vain to sleep.

"What a long, dark night, my dad!"

"Yes, Adom, it is a dreadful night drenched with storms, lightning, and rain."

"My father, our ship has become like a plaything in the hands of the terrible storms."

"It is as you say, my son. But the mercy of God is great, and so have courage."

"And do you think that I fear the elements, and the Son of God is here with us!"

"May God keep you in good health, my dear. You are a blessed son."

"Father! Father! What is this? Don't you see? Don't you hear?"

"My son, oh God! The uproaring waves have battered the sides of the ship, shattering them into splinters and pieces.

"And here is the water rushing into the bottom of the ship which is about to sink.

"The darkness is intense:

"And there is no glimmer of light to guide our way to safety."

The alarm-bells are madly ringing to warn the passengers of the ship of the great danger.

And the voices of panic rise from the breasts to be mixed with the wailings of the angry storm.

And the passengers are running in every direction and stumbling over one another.

On their faces are drawn the signs of horror in their most profound and clear expression.

And the wailing cries rise up from the breasts of the appalled women

As they rush from their sleeping corners.

And the ship is being swallowed up little by little by the deep.

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"Jesus, may I ask some mercy,

"Not only for me or for my son, but for the sake of the innocent children, too, Master!"

"And do you believe that this is in my power?"

"All the faith. Just say one word, and it will be answered."

"Then, don't you have any fear at all Simon. None will be hurt."

"To you is the praise and holiness!"

"Peter, look right ahead of you and tell me what you see."

"Master! What is this! It is a miracle."

"And what is this miracle, my dear?"

"These are the lights of a ship passing near us."

"Do you see that God is with us,

"And He won't leave us."

"I believed since the first time I have seen you.

"I have no more need for increase."

\*\*\*

And the operation of rescue began from the ship in peril  
to the other ship which chanced to be passing nearby  
Bound for the shores of Lebanon.

\*\*\*

The ship cast anchor in the port of Sidon.

And the three of us left it without having any laid-out  
plan for us to follow.

## Into Beirut

We have tarried in Sidon for a whole month.

And we have strolled in its sole market.

And we slipped into its narrow alleys and measured with  
our steps the bends of its roads.

And we digged into every hidden aspect of its life,

Till there is nothing new which we don't already know.

It had arrested our notice and commanded our attention  
the finely-woven linen dresses;

The workers dyed these dresses with the bright and pretty  
crimson color, a dye for which the city of Sidon and its  
neighbor Tyre were famous,

And then they shipped them to the kings, and princes, and  
the men of wealth.

And in the morning of the day in which we decided to  
leave Sidon,

Peter woke up and told us a strange vision that he had  
seen in the night,

And which is still vivid before his eyes.

He said:

"I have seen myself as if walking in an endless  
desert,

"Its sands burning

"And its water dried up.

"And its water dried up.

"The red-hot sun meanwhile is scorching me with its  
infernal fiery flames.

"So I collapse into the sands from extreme exhaustion.

"And the thirst also is killing me to death.

"So I search for water,

"But it is like searching for the truth in wonder-  
land.

"I raise up a handful of dust

"And suck at it that it might cool up my throat,

"But it blisters the skin of my mouth with its very  
fatal heat.

"I, then, because of my strong thirst, turn once  
again to rolling upon the pitiless sand.

"And I rave from the killing fever inflaming my  
nerves.

"And while I was drawing my last breath

"In this horribly waste and barren desert,

"A phantom of light revealed itself to my eyes.

"He came down carrying in his hand an exquisite cup  
brimful of water

"More pure than the bright light of the dawn.

"He sat and made me sit down.

"Then he had my head lean on his beautiful shoulder,

"And he held up that divine cup to my mouth.

"I drank, and drank, and drank till my thirst was quenched.

"And so it was that every time I emptied up the cup,

"It overflowed again with that wonderfil elixir.

"And at then I saw myself separated and apart from my outworn earthly body.

"And I soared up with the angel in the glorious blue space.

"And it was then revealed to me a truth of which I was ignorant,

"And all the sons of earth are ignorant too of this truth.

"I have seen thousands and myriads of the spirits divested of the garment of matter.

"As then they surrounded me and the angel and began soaring high with us.

"And we went into treading lightly the regions of the worlds

"That know no meaning for grief,

"That have no fear or paint come near them,

"And that have no worries or grief, nor troubles or tears.

"There envy perishes and all hatred vanishes.

"The thorns don't grow in their fair gardens.

"And their birds sing the songs of eternal delight, to those happy ones



"Whom the Son of God wipes away every tear from  
their eyes

"And is ever present with them.

"There to me was revealed the truth of my existence

"When I was upon the lowly earth.

"And from the place I reached,

"I looked down to the desert which I had left behind;

"I saw my petty body lying upon the sands like dump  
waste.

"So I despised the earth and all those creeping  
upon it.

"And I walked among the roses of these wonderful,  
luxuriant meadows

"And then have tried to pluck a golden rose I felt  
enamored with its paradisiacal color.

"But the hand of my faithful companion prevented me.

"And he said:

"'Peter! Your hour has not come yet.

"'If I were to let you now pluck this flower,

"'And you have then come to smell its fragrance,

"'The doors of perfect knowledge would have opened  
up before you;

"'And you would have ascended to another world  
different from this one

"'That I now walk in your company in its luxuriant  
meadows.

"'But I say to you, that day will come,

"'And you will pluck this golden flower,

"'And I will be then in your company.

"'So don't precipitate, my dear, the events.'

"And I have asked the angel of the Lord:

"And what does the desert which I have seen mean?

"And what the strong thirst and the parching fatal  
heat signify?

"Also how did you come down to my rescue and why?

"The angel answered me:

"'As to the desert, it is the corrupt world of  
earth.

"'And the burning sun is the compulsive and base  
human desires

"'Which melt the spirit of righteousness from the  
hearts.

"'And as to the handful of dust which you thrust  
into your mouth,

"'It is the desires which contend in the souls of  
the sons of earth.

"'For men as such rush eagerly and lustfully into  
all that is ignoble and disgraceful.

"'And so they satisfy their earthly selfish desires;

"'Although they surely know what they are doing is  
against the divine laws.

"'But men are still the same since Adam and till  
this day, my dear,

"'As for the reason of my presence with the cup of  
life in my hand,

"'It is to save those who did righteousness and  
deserved upon this to be saved, each according to his  
deserts.

"'And you, Peter, through your good works and your  
belief in the Master of glory have deserved this paradise

"'Which you find yourself now treading it in my  
company.

"'So my dear:

"'My advice to you is to increase in the works of  
righteousness.

"'Walk in the way that will be drawn to you by the  
purest one living on your earth

"'Who had descended for your sake all

"'And for your deliverance from the abyss of a  
certain perdition.

"'And now, be ready, my dear.

"'The time for your return has come.

"'Keep my commandments and you will be one of the  
happy immortals.'"

\*\*\*

"Then by a heavenly signal from the angel,

"I saw myself crossing the formidable distances  
bound toward the earth.

"So my cries rose loud, and my mourning increased.

"Mercy, mercy, O angel!

"Let me stay near you that I may enjoy the bliss of  
your love.

"But in vain were my supplications.

"And when I suspected that I will hit the solid  
ground,

"And that my spirit is going to crush, and my soul  
fly to pieces,

"I again suddenly saw the angel of mercy and  
compassion by my side.

"He extended his hand and held me with exceeding  
tenderness.

"Then he pointed with his finger to my body,

"And thus I suddenly found myself mix with my body

"Like I was before my heavenly journey.

"Then after a moment, I was awake.

"And I wasted not one moment; for I knelt and then  
raised an ardent prayer to the Creator of all creation

"And I asked His aid that I cross the stages of  
this miserable life and guide others.

"And so by this, I would have done a work

"That satisfies my conscience and be accepted by heaven."

\*\*\*

After Peter had finished his rather strange vision,  
We made preparations for travel.

As for Adom, by this time he had already tidied up the  
clothes and packed up the mattress.

And the caravan was waiting in the outside.

So we mounted the backs of the donkeys and rode on our  
way spurred by the desire to hurry

In order to see a new city.

And after seven whole hours, interrupted only by short  
periods of rest,

We reached the beautiful city of Beirut.

And so we entered it.

And the companions of the road dispersed each to the  
point of his destination.

As for us, we have stopped to rent a room in the same day.

And since we were exhausted from our walk this day for  
seven complete hours,

We lay down on our beds to take some rest from the toil  
of travel.

In the Streets of Beirut

We are now in the city of Beirut,  
Walking down its roads which vary between narrowness and  
wideness,  
Looking long into the windows of its trade shops.  
The city of Beirut is attractive and gracious.  
It has beauty and charm.  
Its gardens are gentle. And they have thick trees.  
And for the one walking in its roads,  
His eyes meet beautiful carriages driven in its streets  
And carrying the vacationers into its suburbs.  
And upon his entering this historical city,  
The stranger notices the great wall  
Which surrounds the city like a bracelet surrounding the  
wrist of the hand.  
We were walking and distracted for what we see.  
Here is a youth carrying in his hands a cage of domestic  
fowls.  
And he is crying his wares in his sonorous voice.  
And that naive villager is walking behind his bleating  
sheep,  
While playing upon his gentle musical reed.  
And there a crowd of Lebanese women have gathered round  
the peddler of earthenware jars  
And went on to haggle with him over the price.

And he is swearing to them the most forcible oaths  
That his bargain with them is losing  
If he has consented to their price.

And the hubbub and rising voices are coming from some  
of those narrow markets

That their sidewalks are stacked with boxes filled with  
the sweet fruits of the mountain.

And we came to stop in every place

And to take a long look at every thing that we have come  
to see before us or arrested our attention.

\*\*\*

"Adom, are you happy for what you see?"

"Yes, father! How different are these scenes from  
the barren Capernaum!"

"And you, my Master, Jesus! Do you prefer it to  
your hometown Nazareth?"

"I am not a stranger except here, Peter;

"For heaven is my homeland.

"And I tell you the truth that my soul is very much  
weary of these scenes repeating themselves every morning.

"And my ears are tired out and bored from the many  
noises and loud cries.

"Truly, the ways of these men are rather strange,  
very strange.

"They go about doing every thing in their power to amass and hoard very much money.

"And thus they deprive themselves and their sons as much as possible from this money.

"And in a fleeting moment, the shears of death reap their souls.

"And so they go down to the sufferings of eternal fire,

"Because they did not do as they are commanded by the Creator of the creation.

"Instead, they clinged to very flimsy reasons,

"Holding fast to the love of money

"Which was upon them in the end an evil bane.

"I long very much, dear Peter, to pass away from the parts of this world

"In order to return to my true native place."

"You are a philosopher, wise Master, and I am before you a dud."

"May God open your mind's eye, my dear,

"And make you a good example for others to follow your guiding light.

"And now won't we return back to the house;

"For our feet are way-worn from too much walking in the roads of Beirut of the many bends."



### Jesus Studies the Different Sciences

"I'll turn to my studies and apply myself to them with dedication, my dear Peter."

"It will be indeed a very good thing to do, Master;

"For this is the age in which you can make use of time,

"And time fast slips by."

\*\*\*

And Jesus completed one full year,  
While staying away from everything else except his studies.  
And in the end of the one year,  
He was very easily able to read, write, and speak the  
Arabic language.

And also during this year, he has mastered to a perfection  
the play upon lyre.

So he started to play upon his lyre every evening sweet  
spiritual songs.

And sharing him in the singing were Peter and his son,  
Adom.

And in one of these evenings,  
After Christ, the Master, had played a piece of music:  
One of fine composition, of heavenly harmonies and sublime meanings,

Peter asked him, saying:

"Oh, how beautiful is this heavenly piece which you have just played upon your lyre!

"What are the reasons which made you want to learn playing upon a musical instrument, Master?"

"The reason is the spiritual and prayerful psalms

"Which the prophet David used to strike on his lyre,

"Pleading forgiveness from God, may He be exalted, for the grievous crime which he had committed in one of the hours of grave temptation when he knew the wife of Uriah, the Hittite.

"For after committing this terribly guilty act,

"The prophet David felt such a great contrition

"That his heart was crushed with sorrow.

"So he covered his head with hot ashes

"And put on sackclothes.

"And he poured the contrition of his sad heart before the footstool of the Most High

"That He may forgive his crime,

"In which he deserved to stand condemned."

"Christ, my Master, I would that I could understand."

"What? Are there any riddles or mysteries in my words to you?"

"Forgive my weakness and assist my lack of understanding.

"For I am a human:

"My knowledge is limited.

"Remember, Master, that you had before told me that the prophet David and Solomon, the Wise, and other prophets like them did not sin as a result of having relationships with some of the women!

"As this happened only for spiritual reasons

"That no body could understand

"Except the one that his soul was purified, and his spirit uplifted, and who reached the rank of prophets.

"And then you mentioned to me that the hour of the revelation of these secrets has not come yet;

"But this hour will come in a time very far off."

"Yes, Peter, what I had told you at that time is the very truth.

"For, in fact, the great crime which made the prophet David fall in that grave sin is only his sending away Uriah into the battlefield, and then his secret order

"That Uriah be put in front of the fighting lines

"To be a target of the poisoned arrows.

"And all came to happen exactly as he wanted.<sup>3</sup>

"But later he was contrite

"And raised to the Eternal the full contrition of his heart and soul.

<sup>3</sup> A reference to this biblical story is in 2 Sam. 11.

"And his lyre came to express what was going through his mind and heart of great contrition.

"As for Solomon, the Wise king,

"He was told by revelation of those women whom he should deliver.

"But he fell into temptation

"Because of his attachment to some of them

"And of his having favored their false views, especially in his old age."

"Thank you, my beloved Master, for this invaluable information,

"Which I have recorded on my heart with a writing ink of divine light.

"And now here is my present to you.

"For in this evening you have completed the fourteenth year of your presence here in our world."

"Truly it is an exciting fish.

"How were you able to catch a fish by this size?"

"In my net, Master!"

"But how is this fish being big to this degree did not tear up the net?"

"Mine is a clever, tightly-woven net, Master."

"May God bless you.

"I accept it from you thankfully.

"But wouldn't it have been much better if you had put it for sale and offered its price to the needy?"

"I was paid a price of twenty caesareans<sup>4</sup> for it.

"But I did not accept.

"Even if I were paid a price of a thousand caesareans,

"I would have refused.

"We could always see the needy

"And offer them whatever we can afford.

"But as to you! You!

"Who could warrant your stay with us?"

"God may reward you according to your faith, my  
dear Peter.

"And now, quick, let us eat our supper."

"Truly, it has a delicious taste, my father."

"Do you believe the words of Adom, Master?"

"And I add to them too.

"It is a fish which is one of its kind.

"You have spent this whole year,

"Bringing us in most evenings all kinds of fish,

"But I tell you the truth,

"I did not taste one more delicious than this fish  
of tonight."

"It is the grace of my God

"And also because you will enter tomorrow your age  
of fifteen."

<sup>4</sup> The caesarean is equal to a Syrian half-lira [half a dollar] in current money (The Author).

The Beginning of Jesus' Fifteenth Year

A Spiritual Hymn: Composition and Music by Adom  
Simon Peter and His Son, Adom, Sing this Hymn

1

Sing for joy! Sing for joy! O Beirut!  
The cradle of nations is you, Beirut.  
You have had since the ancient past  
The glory of the one, most great, of Christ,  
Our beloved Jesus.

2

And carol and carol  
O virgins of the temple,  
This is the place of the Master,  
The Lord of glory, of sublimity celestial,  
Our beloved Jesus.

3

And O people rejoice!  
And sing with a trilling voice,  
In this day of joyfulness,  
The Christmas Day of the redeemer of souls,  
Our beloved Jesus.

## 4

Lebanon! Your Master has appeared.  
He is the redeemer; and he is the guide.  
From his light, the dawn donned  
His immemorial, immortal weed,  
Our beloved Jesus.

## 5

The child is in no time growing,  
Smiling and stopping at nothing.  
In his shadow as one we are walking;  
So all of us, he will be redeeming,  
Our beloved Jesus.

## 6

This lad! This lad!  
To the Cedar of Lebanon sojourned;  
For gathering together to him a people scattered  
That longed for him and to him turned,  
Our beloved Jesus.

## 7

To you, our congratulations, our congratulations,  
O Beirut, the dwelling place of our aspirations.  
Jesus in you has dwelt,  
And the people of him here are ignorant,  
Our beloved Jesus.

## 8

Our beloved Jesus!  
Accept our congratulations.  
Body forth our aspirations.  
You are our redemption,  
Our beloved Jesus.

## 9

And be our supporter.  
And be our comforter.  
You are our savior.  
By the spirit, you give us a new life.  
Our beloved Jesus.

## Refrain

Sing for joy! Sing for joy! O Beirut!  
The cradle of nations is you, Beirut.  
You have had since the ancient past  
The glory of the one, most great, of Christ,  
Our beloved Jesus.

Adom



Jesus Is Adom's Intimate Friend

"Blow the repressed sighs from your lyre, Adom!

"And give a free reign to it!

"For our souls have got weary of the evils of this  
ephemeral world.

"Strike on the strings!

"And raise the voice in your heavenly hymn!

"For then I will touch with my soul that lost  
paradise

"Which I had left behind since fourteen springs."

"When would be the time of your return to it, dear  
good friend?"

"It won't be very long, Adom."

"I wonder, would I be the first to go there,

"Or will you outrun me into that paradise?"

"This is a secret which I could not reveal.

"But listen to me, Adom;

"I will tell it to you.

"Keep it only to yourself.

"You will fly away soon, and be the first to go.

"However, we will not meet there, but here and on  
this plane.

"That paradise you will not be able to enter yet;

"Not until a long time shall pass during which you  
will atone for sins

"You have done all willing and by your free choice.

"The divine justice requires that you pay your dues.

"For what you sow, dear Adom, so shall you reap.

"This is the spiritual justice

"Not influenced by silly, earthly considerations.

"And it is thus different from the justice

"That we know here upon this earth,

"The earth to which I have especially come

"In order to lay down a divine law for it to follow.

"But this it should accept to do by its purely free  
choice,

"Or else, woe to the sons of earth!

"You will fly away, Adom!

"Afterwards you will return from your place to  
communicate with us.

"But your return will be spiritual

"And not by the body which you touch now with your  
hands.

"You will fly away, Adom!

"Then, not so many years will pass,

"After which I will fly away in my turn to my lost  
paradise.

"And I will proceed into another planet and then  
into another one

"Till I complete the round of the planets.

"And at then the time of my return again to the earth draws near.

"As for you, you would have been then exalted in the spirit.

"And prompted by your longing not to be away from me,

"You will return to communicate with me.

"Aye, Adom! Keep this secret and don't talk about it at all, not even to yourself.

"You are my intimate friend.

"And I pray that you reach the place to which I will be going.

"And despite my love for you,

"The spiritual justice refuses to execute but the right judgment.

"So do your utmost to reach that paradise sooner."

"My Master, Jesus, how sweet it is what you have just said!

"And how terrible it is!

"May God write my lasting fortune to be in your company

"Whether it is in life or in death."

### The Death of Adom

The fever is attacking the nerves of Adom and utterly devastating them.

And the violent coughs are tearing up the breast of the dying invalid.

And the father was looking on his only son with the look of one surrendering to the will of God.

As for me, I was turning my eyes between the father and his son without saying a word.

And after a while, the fevered patient raised his voice, saying:

"I think my last hour has drawn near."

"No harm will come to you, my dear Adom.

"Don't be afraid."

"Does any one, being with you, have fear enter into his heart?

"By no means, no. But only I fear the divine justice and stand in awe before it,

"For it did not extend the rope of my life

"In order for me to be able to reform my soul."

"It is the will of God, Adom.

"Submit to his will; for he has granted you these years known to him

"According to your past deeds.

"And be assured, for you are going to have a standing in the world of spirits.

"Else, you won't have been with me now.

"So glorify God!"

"All praise be to Him!

"It is enough happiness for me being near you all the past year.

"My Master, Jesus! What do I see?

"What are these bright lights?

"O God! They are the angels of God

"Singing in joy and chanting the sweet hymns of heaven and saying:

"'Glory be to you, the incarnate Son of God!'

"Don't you hear their sweet hymns?

"Aren't you seeing their bright faces?

"They are more bright than the lights of the shining sun.

"And more splendid than all that come before the human eye.

"They are greeting you.

"They are kneeling down before you, O Christ!

"Oh God! How happy I am now!

"And how peaceful is my passing away from the transient home of man into the eternal home."

(He closes his eyes and falls into his eternal sleep.)

## Peter Mourns

"What is this weakness, Peter?

"Do you oppose the will of God?

"Wipe out those tears.

"And let it be steadfast your faith in God.

"And don't grieve!"

"My Master, Jesus, O Christ, the Son of God!

"The human passion overpowered me.

"And the paternal passion came out on the top of my  
will and overpowered it,

"And hers was the victory.

"But Master, how I would not mourn,

"And I am the one who led him to his death!

"I took him along with me to the sea to train him  
in catching fish.

"And when we dragged the net to the dry land and  
unseamed it,

"A fish darted off the net and tumbled on the sands  
of the shore.

"So he grasped at the fish trying to put it back  
into the net.

"And as it seems, his index finger came too close  
to the mouth of the fish,

"And the fish nipped it.

"And this caused the poisoning incident which happened, as you know, three weeks ago."

"Know, Peter, that you were not the cause of what happened,

"But you were merely an instrument executing a known spiritual will.

"You have been prompted by a spirit, whom you will know later on, to take Adom with you to the sea.

"Then the fish was directed by the same spirit.

"And so it opened up its mouth nipping his finger.

"And what came to pass is that which should come to pass."

"Then, let it be His will.

"And may God forgive me in the vastness of His boundless mercies."

### The Burial of Adom

And in the second day, the wooden casket was bought with all the money that we have had.

And in it the dead body of Adom was laid.

Then, his body was put in a carriage which drove him to a place a few miles far from Beirut,

This place looks out on the sea outstretched before it;  
While in the rear stands an elevated mountain.

And he was buried in that remote and isolated spot

According to an inspiration that came to me two weeks before his death.

And after the burial, we gave the name "the field of Adom" to the piece of land which embosomed his body.

Concerning this piece of land, I had preceded and told dear Peter in advance of the necessity of buying it.

And he had bought it four months before the incident of death.

That night we lay down near the grave of the departed,  
And in the next day, we returned to the city of Beirut,  
While both of us have come to feel a real need for spiritual consolation.

Beirut, 1943



## Appendices

## Appendix A

The following selection is a poem entitled "Sa'aktubu 'ismaki" in Dahesh's Qasā'id Mujanahah (Winged Poems) (Beirut: An-Nisr Almuhalleg Publishing House, 1980), pp. 59-61:

## I Will Draw Your Name

I will draw your pretty name on the shore of the sea  
That the waves may come by clashing and rushing forward  
To kiss it with great infatuation and love.

And I will draw it on the boughs of the trees of the thick  
tender leaves

That the birds may light on these green boughs  
And sing then beautifully their wonderful songs.

And I will draw it on the wings of the colored and speckled  
butterflies

That these butterflies of the wonderful colors may add more  
to their exquisite beauty

And then wander away overwhelming with kisses the flowers of  
the luxuriant meadows.

And I will etch it on the solid rocks  
That they may become tender soft after their iron hardness;  
For your sweet name softens the solid bodies,  
And so they sense and feel and worship God, their Creator.

. . . . .

And I will draw it on the face of the sky  
 That the rain may fall giving life to crop and beast,  
 So there will be aplenty; and the poor rejoice  
 And rest their minds after their fruit ripen.

And I will adorn with your name the rosebuds  
 That they may blossom, opening up their petals, and come  
     out of their buds  
 And smell profusely, having your name added to their scent.  
 And overjoyed with your name, your strange, wonderful name,  
 The roses then smile, and the Jasmine flowers laugh, and the  
     violets become more humble, and the chamomile flowers  
     dance.

And I will embellish your name on the horns of the antelopes  
     and the foreheads of the fawns  
 That they may spring lightly in their virgin forests  
 Filled with great joy and boasting with great pride the  
     beauty of your beloved name.

And I will write down your name on the doors of the bereaved,  
     and the windowsills of the widowed, and the beds of the  
     terribly sick  
 That their grief may turn into joy and their sorrows into  
     cheer

So they praise God, the Creator of men and all things.

And I will draw it on the surface of the seas and broad  
oceans

That the wandering ships be guided safe into their shores.

And I will draw it on the lyre

That its tones may become more melodious and its harmonies  
more charmingly sweet.

And I will suspend it in the mazes of the supergalaxy

That the billions of stars, moving in their orbits since  
the beginning of time, do gaze at it

And add on brightness to their brightness and resplendence  
beyond compare to their shining lights.

## Appendix B

Here is rendered into English a French quotation inserted in this dissertation on page 8. This quotation is drawn from an introduction by Mary Haddad to her French translation of Dahesh's poem, Ashtaroth et Adonis:

Dahesh unveils a great number of the mysteries surrounding our origin and destiny and reminds us of Victor Hugo's words: "Man is a fallen god remembering the heavens."

This is perhaps the case in Astaroth et Adonis, the poem composed in the same places where the myth had occurred.

Everything Dahesh says or writes has a profound meaning.

While we don't see but the ordinary, there is a divine truth hidden from our limited view and befogged mind.

There is a great truth put forth in this poem: love has a divine origin, but man has defiled it.

Love in the person of Ashtaroth rejuvenates the earth which is but a waste desert without it.

Ashtaroth is Eve purified.

## Appendix C

The following selection is a prose poem entitled  
 "Alfrāshah Al'ashiqah" in 'awātīf wa 'awāsif (Beirut:  
 An-Nisr Alluhalleg Publishing House, 1971), pp. 116-118:

## The Lovelorn Butterfly

Oh you! That I am enamored of her celestial, eternal  
 beauty;

I am jealous of you against my sister and against my  
 mother.

And the deadly jealousy eats me up when the gentle  
 slumber fondles to sleep your divine eyes.

And the killing pain preys on me when the gentle breeze  
 of spring greets you,

The spring diffused with the fragrance of pure lilies of  
 the field and of the marigold flowers dancing in the air  
 with rapturous joy.

Yesterday, I saw the wood nymphs bending their knees  
 before your sanctuary in a silent worship of your beauty.

And the moon was covering with her visionary beams the  
 beautiful charms of your majestic godly form.

Nature swayed in a thrill of joy intoxicated by the wine  
 sacrament offered in worship of your great beauty.

But my lovelorn heart did not bear to see all these many lovers flying to you with so mad a fondness to pay homage to your divinely fair youth.

And so my heart, O you, my living heart, stopped dead.

And my soul, O you, my dear soul, soared heavenward into the paradisiacal gardens.

And my spirit, O you, who is my hidden spirit, fled to stand before the throne of the just God.

Then I knelt before my Creator and raised a prayer, a warm and deep prayer, one that I have raised from the deepest depths of my soul suffering in your far yet intimately close love.

And I implored with a passion very deep that God may bring me together with you forever.

And the cherubim touched me with heavenly tenderness, infinitely soft, and said to me: "Your prayer has been answered."

Then he pointed out to me in his fingers to the eternal garden of Eden, indescribable in the infinitude of her exotic beauty.

I looked and saw you, my worshiped love, wandering in the ranges of paradise, in search of your lover who took his life to listen to you in the silence of his heart.

I saw you, and like the fleeting gleam of lightning,

I hurried to you to enfold you in a warm embrace to my spirit, O you, who are my beloved spirit since eternity!

And then suddenly you changed into a red purple flower  
from the flowers of the wonderful paradise,

And I found myself transformed into a colored transparent  
butterfly standing upon the lips of this fragrant flower,

And this butterfly fell into kissing the lips of the  
flower and sucking its sweet wondrous nectar, and breathing  
the sweet savor of its divine fragrance,

And it will never cease sucking the nectar of this  
paradisiacal flower over the immeasurable time of eternity.



## Appendix D

This selection is an introduction by Dahesh to his long poem, Ashtarūt wa Adonis (Beirut: Sadir & Rihani Publishing Co., 1943), pp. 8-11:

## In the Land of Astarte and Adonis

I am now in the land of Adonis and Astarte, walking in this historic region of exceeding charm and beauty, and training my eyes on this dreamy spot. I am taken in with the many fascinating scenes before me from the waterfalls of sweet water cascading down, generously playing loud their eternal music, to the dense thickets of the evergreen fir trees standing as witnesses since hundreds of years in this dreamy spot to remind us of the adventures of Astarte with her fair lover, Adonis. From this spurting fountain bubbling with its snowy foams, Adonis hastened and filled his palms with its fresh water to slake the thirst of his beloved one, the daughter of the gods. Yes, it is the goddess, Astarte, who left her divine happy place in order to be by the side of her fair young lover. And under that huge land-colored rock, the two young lovers sat down flirting with one another. And under the boughs of this leafy oak, the two infatuated lovers lay down

embracing one another with deep affection and strange love. And into that cave of wide opening and eerie crevices, the two lovers trod only to see the captivating scenes that the hands of nature etched on its walls. And in those thick woods extending beyond the lofty mountains, rising like towers in the sky, the two lovers sought shade to escape the burning heat of the sun of Tamuz [July]. And this singing bird is warbling now in singular sweetness like his ancestors did to the two strange lovers. And these flat ruins and the heaping piles of huge stones are the remains of that magnificent lovely palace that Astarte had built for the one that her young heart had chosen. I have envied Adonis his death in this spot of land: it is the land of visionary dreams, the land of beauty and wonder. . . .

## Appendix E

This selection is a prose poem entitled "Aldabāb" in Mukhtārāt, pp. 268-273:

## The Fog

Fog!

A very thick fog enfolds my soul

And ties me up with its chains.

A densely arrayed fog in the sky of my life surrounds me  
like a bracelet surrounding the wrist of a maiden.

A beautiful fog gathers only to scatter up once again.

Aery phantoms and apparitions show themselves through  
the fog,

And thousands of fiery eyes glare at me.

And this densely grey fog dissipates only to foregather  
once again, its white now tinged with a yellowish color like  
the fluffs of teased cotton.

And through this fog appears unto me: soft voices but  
very sad,

And half-opened eyes that seem like begging affection  
from those they are looking at,

And hands impossible to know their numbers for their  
multitude.

Some of these hands are opened,

And others show tightly closed fists;

The fingers of the hands are convulsive,  
And their nerves are jittery and tense like rough,  
knotty ropes;

But some other hands are idle, restful, and impassive  
And seem to have no sign of life, if not for some  
struggling movements from one time to another.

This fog now scatters up over again  
And then gathers up in different colors and formations,  
very strange to behold.

And I was staying up in my place,  
Turning my eyes on these scenes.  
Suddenly a thick cloud appeared to me.  
It gathered upon itself  
And blended with other pieces of fog travelling the sky;  
As soon as all merged together,  
It was formed out of this fog a mighty giant begirt with  
clouds.

And he was putting in the place of his eyes two stars  
whose lightning-flash strikes blind the sights and insights.

And he cried at me, saying:

"The son of man:

"Give my message to the sons of earth,

"The tiny earthlings who think they have reached all  
there is of knowledge and wisdom.

"Tell them, the son of nature, what I am now giving  
unto you."

And his voice roared out like falling water clashing down  
the silent valleys.

Then he said:

"Sons of earth!

"Since tens of thousands of years,

"I have been viewing your works, and listening to  
your words,

"And witnessing your deeds,

"And reading the inner thoughts of your minds:

"And all is still the same. Nothing has changed.

"You still lose yourselves in the love of women.

"And fight to death for money.

"And worship authority.

"And deify power.

"And encroach upon the poor.

"And blaspheme against heaven.

"And misrepresent the real truth.

"And practice upon one another.

"Your strong exploit the weak.

"And your mischievous plot against the secure.

"Your priests affect piety and they are the devils  
incarnate.

"You trampled the commandments underfoot.

"And scoffed at the divine laws.

"And you desecrated heaven.

"And consecrated falsehood.

"You scorned the heavenly teachings

"And served the base desires of your hearts.

"You have read the admonitions of the Master of the  
immaculate ones,

"But because of a harshness in your hearts

"And of an unbelief deep inside you,

"You did not live according to what is said in these  
sacred teachings.

"You did not live even by some of them.

"Nay, but your thoughts never turned except over  
crimes and vices, base desires, and lust.

"And I watched you for very long.

"And I waited showing the good patience, the aeons  
and long ages.

"Perhaps you may turn back and mend your ways.

"And perhaps repentance may find a place in your  
hearts.

"But my waiting has been all in vain.

"The tedious generations have passed and receded  
back into the endless past.

"And you are still the very same.

"Nay, but your sins have increased and multiplied,  
and outnumbered the sins of your fathers and forefathers.

"For this:

"I have decided this day to have my order which can  
never be revoked.

"And which decrees the destruction of your petty world that which you have polluted with your crimes, avarice, and lust.

"And I tell you the sons of earth:

"My spirit has become weary of every thing existing in your world.

"I have become tired of your sun and moon, your space and stars . . .

"And of all that the eye can see, and the mind comprehend in your contaminated world, which is infected with your base deeds and profane thoughts.

"I will annihilate your world and blot it out of existence and of the records of time;

"For experience has taught me:

"It is impossible for your souls living in vice to know the happy life of virtue,

"And that you are going from bad to worse.

"Therefore, my will has decreed to turn your earth very soon to void

"And cover it again with fog.

"And this fog will reign over this world.

"And I will roam its far ends in the coming generations, without allowing for any of the elements known to you in your world to share me in existence.

"As for the children yet undefiled by the sins of earth and its filthy desires,

"I will touch their foreheads with my magical  
fingers,

"And they will sleep a deep sleep.

"And when they wake up, they will find themselves  
in another place better than their mundane world.

"As for their tender innocent bodies,

"I will turn them to fog."



## Appendix F

The Arabic texts for the translated poems and prose pieces in this dissertation are shown on the following pages. Also included are excerpts from the Arabic text of Memoirs.

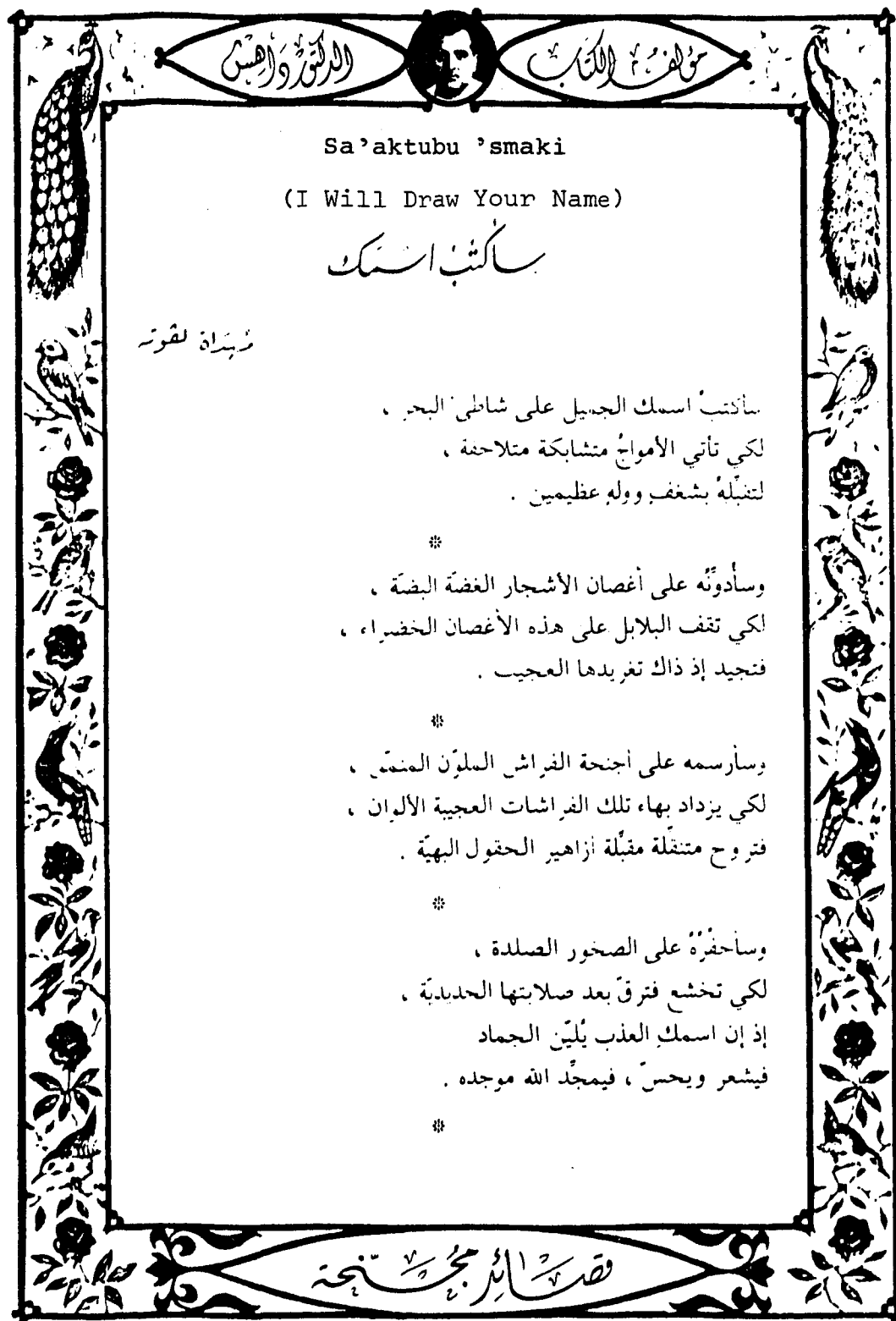
These Arabic texts are arranged consecutively as they appear in the dissertation. Typed on each one is the Arabic title with the English title given in parentheses.

'ana Taw'u Raghbatik

(I Am at Your Desire's Bid)

## أنا طوع رغبتك

يا معبودة الروح !  
 بك أصبحت لائماً  
 وهذا يثير رغبتك وسرورك .  
 أن أنغام هذا الناي العذبة  
 تعبر عن غيظتها لقربك  
 وهذا الناي اللطيف قد  
 المصنوع من قصب الغاب  
 المنتشر على ضفاف الأنهار الباورية المياة  
 يستمد طربه وبهجته من طربك وبهجتك .  
 فيهب اروع انغامه ومجيد اهتزازاته  
 فتترفع نفوس المصغين الى الملاء العلوي  
 وتجووس مواطن ملائكة السماء الانقياء  
 وتستمع بالحقيقة التي ينشدها أبناء البشر  
 في دنياهم المشبعة بالاتراح ،



الرَّكُورُ وَالْهَبْنُ

سُورَةُ الْكَافِ

وعندما تنشبُ الحروبُ وتطلقُ الحممُ الرهيبةُ ،  
وكأنَّها الشياطينُ الموبسةُ ،  
فإنَّها تحصدُ برصاصِ بنادقها وفولاذِ دباباتها المربعةِ  
الآفَ الشبانَ في ساحةِ الوغى الجهنميةِ ؛  
لكنَّ المتحاربينَ ما يكادونَ يشاهدونَ اسمكُ الإلهيَّ ،  
حتى يصمتُ أزيزُ رصاصِ الرشاشاتِ ،  
ويخرسُ دويُّ القنابلِ المزلزلةِ ،  
وتمتدُّ الأيدي المتباغضة متصافحةً ،  
فيعمُّ السَّلامُ وتطمئنُّ النفوسُ التلقَّةُ .

✽

وسارسه على صفحاتِ الفضاءِ ،  
فينهمرُ الغيثُ فيحیی الزرعَ والفسحَ ،  
وتعمُّ الخيراتُ ويبتهجُّ الفقراءُ ،  
بعد أن تُنزع ثمارُهم وتطمئنُّ أفكارُهم .

✽

وسأزین باسمكُ أفوافَ الورودِ ،  
كي تنفتحَ براعمُها وتخرجَ من أكسامها ،  
ويزداد عبْقها عبْقاً وأريجها أريجاً ،  
ويبتسمُ الوردُ ويضحكُ الفلّ ،  
ويتواضعُ البنفسجُ وترقصُ البابونیا ،  
لغبطتها باسمكُ ، اسمكُ العجيبُ الغريبُ !

✽

قصيدة الأبرمجية

الدُّرُودُ وَالْهَيْسُ

سُؤَالُ الْكُتَّابِ

وسأزجرفُ اسمك على قرون العوالم وجباه القلباء ،  
لكي تنطلق في غاباتنا البكر ،  
والفرح يملأ أعطافها ،  
فتزدهي وتشمخُ كبرياء لجمال اسمك السشود .

❖

وسأدبجُ اسمك على أبواب الحزاني  
ونوافذ الأيام ، وأسرة اليائسين المودين ،  
فتتحول أحزانهم إلى أفراح وأتراحهم إلى انشراح ،  
فيُمجّدون باري البرايا وموجد الكائنات .

❖

وسأدوّنهُ على صفحات البحار وعرض الأوقيانوسات ،  
لتهتدي بواسطته السفن الضالة فتبلغ مرفأها الأمين .

❖

وسأدوّنهُ على القيثارة لتزداد نغماتها سحراً ،  
وإيقاعها روعة فائقة .

❖

وسأعلّقهُ في مناهات المجرة الجبّارة ،  
لتشاهدهُ بلايين نجومها السابحة في أفلاكها منذ الأزل ،  
فيزداد بريقها بريقاً ، واشعاعها إشعاعاً لا مثيل له .

❖

قصيدة البريج مستحبة

لقد كنت دافس



مؤلف الكتاب

Haqīqa fī Khayāl  
(You Are a Truth in Imagination)

## حَقِيقَةُ فِي خَيَالٍ

أما جمالك - فأسطورة !  
ورقتك - تعصف برقة عذارى السماء !  
وعذوبتك - شهد الملائكة المصفى !  
وحديثك - الحكمة المكنونة منذ الأزل !  
وقوامك - فنن من ( شجرة الحياة ) العجيبة !  
وبشرتك - أنقى من بشرة الحور العين !  
وبنانك - أدق من بنان زوجة ( جوبيتر ) !  
وأسنانك - عاج من غابة النعيم المقيم !  
وشعرِك - ظل من ظلال الفردوس المفقود !  
وصدرِك - أمنية الحكيم ورجية الفيلسوف وضالة المؤمن !  
ونحرك - بركة السماء الموهوبة للأنقياء الأنقياء !  
وهساتك - مداعبة النسيم لأروع الأزهار الفتانة !  
وصمتك - سكون الطبيعة المغناج في ساعة حلمها الهنيء !  
فيا لله ! ما أشقاني بحبك إذا لم تعطني على فتاك ،  
وقتيل صدك المفتتن بهواك !  
فهل تسمعين ؟  
وهل ترحمين ؟

بيروت ، ١٧ حزيران ، ١٩٤٣

Alfrāshah Al'āshiqah  
(The Lovelorn Butterfly)

## الفراشة العاشقة

يا من نذلّهُتُ بفنتنك<sup>١</sup> الفردوسية الخالدة ،  
أغارُ عليك من أخني وأمي .  
وتأكلني الغيرة المبيدة عندما يداعب الكرى مقلتيك الإلهيتين .  
ويستبدُّ بي الألم المبيت عندما يحييك نسيمُ الربيع اللطيف ،  
الربيع المضووع بأريج زنابق الحقول  
وأقاحها الراقصة بشمل عجيب .  
بالأمس شاهدت حوارِي الغاب  
يسجدن أمام محراب حسنك الباهر ،  
وكان القمر يغمر بأشعته الشعرية مفاتنك السحرية ،  
فترنحت الطبيعة ، لعظيم غبطتها ،  
وغلّت براح حسنك الخلّاب .

ولم يستطع قلبي المدنف بحبك أن يشاهد هؤلاء العشاق الكثر ،  
 وهم يتسارعون بشوق ولهف عظيمين  
 للتمتع بشبابك الريان وصباك الفتان ؛  
 وإذا بقلبي - يا قلبي الحبيبة - يقف عن الخفقان .  
 وإذا بنفسي - يا نفسي الهنية - تحلق بعيداً بعيداً في الجنان .  
 وإذا بروحي - يا روحي الخفية - تطير نحو الديان .  
 سجدت لخالقي ورفعت صلاة حارة عميقة كلّ العمق ،  
 صلاة افتلذتها  
 من أعماق أعماق روحي المعذبة بحبك المحيي الميت ،  
 وطلبتُ بحرارة سحيفة الأغوار  
 أن يجمعني بك إلى ما لا انتهاء .  
 ولمسني ( الكارويم ) بلطف سماوي لا حدّ لرقته ،  
 وقال لي : لقد استجيبَت ضراعتك .  
 ثمّ أشار بإصبعه نحو جنة النعيم الخالدة بمفاتيحها السرمديّة ،  
 فشاهدتُك يا معبودة روحي تهيمين في أرجاء الفردوس  
 وأنتِ تبحثين عن حبيبك المفقود .  
 إذ انتحرتُ  
 بعدما قضى عليّ حبُّك الذي طغى على فؤادي فأوقف ضرباته .



وكومضة البرق الخاطفة أسرعُ إليك وضممتُكِ إلى روحي ،  
 يا روحي الحبيبة منذ الأزل .  
 وإذا بكِ تستحيلين إلى زهرة قانية نادرة  
 من أزهار الجنة العجيبة .  
 وإذا بي أستحيل إلى فراشة شفافة ملونة .  
 تقف على أفواف هذه الزهرة النديّة العطرة الرائحة .  
 وتقبل هذه الفراشة فمّ الزهرة .  
 وترشف من رحيقها السحريّ العجيب ،  
 وتتنسّم عبق عبيرها الإلهيّ المحيي الحبيب .  
 وستمكث راشقةً رحيق زهرتها الفردوسية  
 مدى الأحقاب والأدهار .

بيروت ، ٣١ ك ١ ، ١٩٤٣

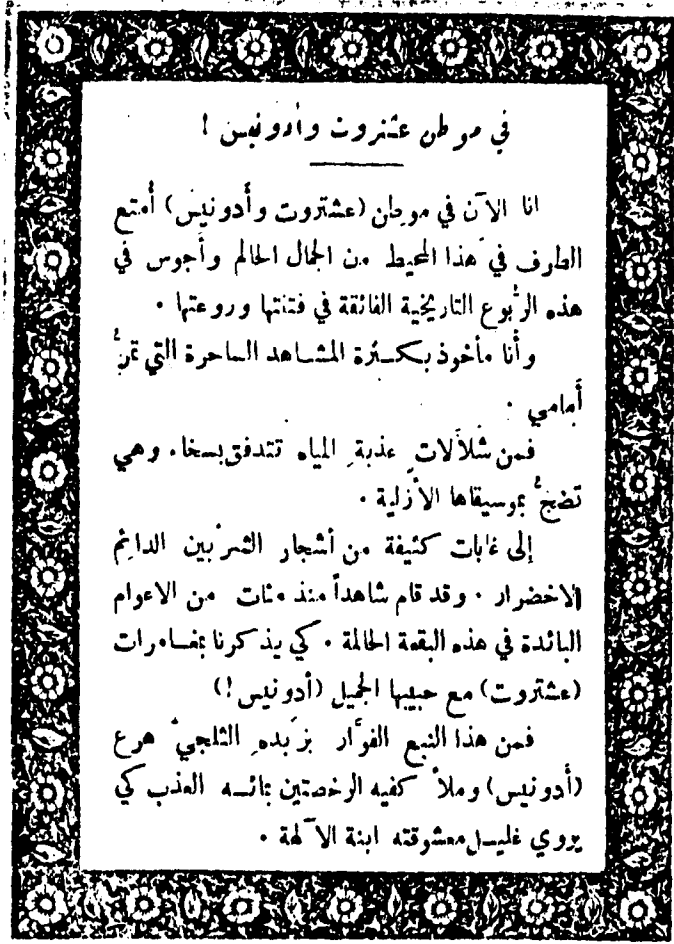
Wasīlah Lighāyah  
(A Means to an End)

بتاريخ ٢٢ كانون الثاني ١٩٨٠ أهديتها زجاجة عطر وراديو جيب؛  
وفي ٢٤ منه أهديتها ساعة يدوية؛ وبعد ظهر ١٦ آذار ١٩٨٠ زارتني  
وسألتني: «ماذا تعني بهداياك؟» فدهشتُ لذكائها إذ كنتُ فعلاً أقصد لغاية.  
وها هي غايتي من هديتي المتواضعة إليها:

## وسيلة لغاية

أهديتك الراديو كرمز  
لِيؤكدَ لكَ أنني بشوق لا نهائي  
لسماع أخبارك التي أتوق لسماعها.  
وزجاجة العطر  
تكشف ما أرمي إليه،  
وهو: رغبتني أن تكون أياؤك  
مضمخة بالعطور العبقرة  
لتضفي عليكِ سعادة كبرى.  
والساعة تعني  
أنني أتمنى أن لا أفارق لكِ ظلاً،  
وأن أشاهدك دوماً  
بعدد ثواني هذه الساعة الصغيرة.

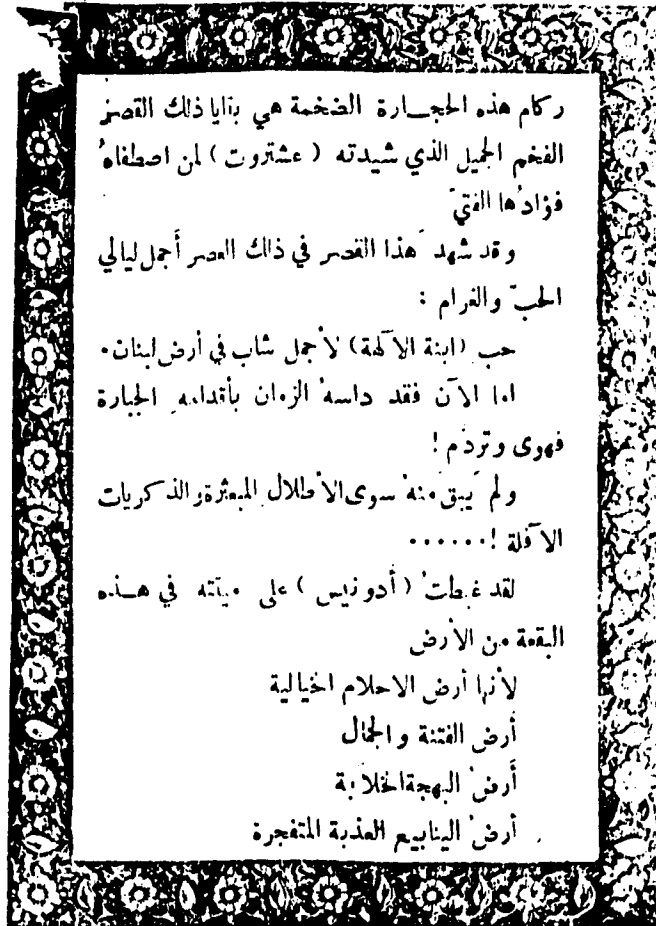
Fī Mawtini Ashtarūt wa Adonīs  
(In the Land of Astarte and Adonis)



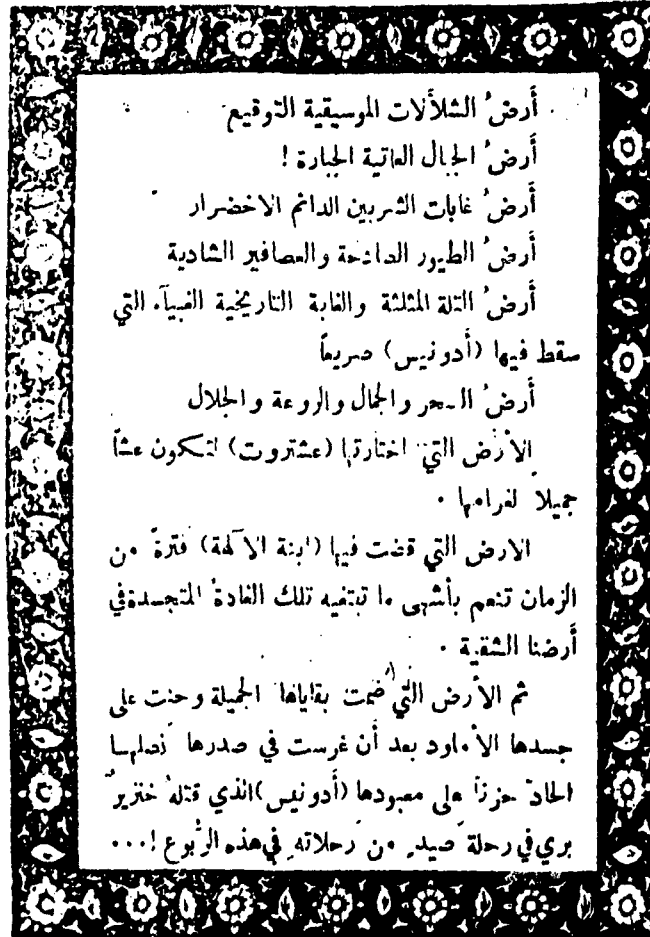
(continued on page 182)

نعم . ابنة الآلهة (عشتروت) التي غادرت . قمرها  
 الالهى السميد كي تنعم بقرب فتاها الفتان . وتذوق  
 جمال مجيئه الريان . ونحت تلك الصخرة الجبارة  
 ارضها صيقة للون جلس الحبيبان الفتيان . يفتانان .  
 ويتطارحان أحاديث الحب والهوى . والحنان والجوى .  
 ونحت أغصان هذه الجزيرة الفضة رقد المد الحان وقد  
 احتضن بعضها البعض بهلف عجب . وحزن عجب .  
 وفي هذه المسارة الجبارة الفوهة . القريبة  
 الشقوق . داف المحبان كي يستمتعا بالمشاهد الاخاذة  
 التي حفرتها يد الطبيعة والزمان . في تلك الجدران .  
 وفي الأحراش الكثيفة الممتدة وراء الأطلال  
 من الجبال الجبارة الصاعدة في بروج الفضاء استظل  
 المدفان هرباً من حرارة شمس قوز المحرقة !  
 وهذا العصفور النريسد برح فريسد قد سبق  
 وغرقت أجداده للماشية العجيبين .  
 وهذه الأطلال الدارسة . والأسمداس من

(continued on page 183)



(continued on page 184.)



Zahrat Allinofār  
(The Lotus Flower)

## زهرة اللينوفار

يا زهرة اللينوفار المقدس  
إن فتنتك المذهلة  
سحرت البحيرة الرائعة بجملها المفرى .  
وأشجار الصفصاف انخفضت أغصانها  
لتقبل تلاتك العجيبة الألوان  
والبط الذي تجوب سرائه آفاق بحيرة الغاب الفنان ،  
سحر بك ، أيتها الزهرة الفردوسية  
وإذا هيجتم بجوارك يحيط رجاله جيش تقيمين .  
والفراسخ الملون حوم حوايك  
أيتها الزهرة العجيبة  
ثم جثمت فراشة فتانة على أوراقك الناعمة  
وقبلتك بشوق بالغ .  
وطرب النسيم فاهتزت أغصان الدفوح نشوة وجورا !  
آه أيتها الزهرة الباهرة المحاسن !  
ليستني ، في دوري القادم ،  
أتمتع لزهرة لينوفار عجيبة الفتنة ،  
فأجوب بحيرة ماؤها بجيتني  
يطربني فيها شدو الأطيار ،

وحى تغرّد على أفنان الأشجار ،  
 فى غابب توشية مختلف أنواع الأزهار .  
 وهناك فى ذلك الغاب المقدس  
 الذى تهيم عليه فشة لانهايسة ،  
 أخلق بروحي للعلماء العلوي ،  
 وأجوس ربوع السجدة العجيب المسرات ،  
 المترع بالأكسيرة السماوية والجافل باللذات  
 تحيط بين صبايا الفردوس المزدحم الزاهر ،  
 وأفشنه جمالا وأخلمن أنوشة  
 تغرف يلى على قيثارها الشجي ،  
 فتصفي الغناصرو تكتين المجرات  
 لزوعة أنغام أوتارها النشوية ،  
 ولعذب نشيدها السماوية المبدع !  
 وأزهار اللينوفار العجيب الألوان  
 تملأ صفحة البحيرة السحابة ،  
 فيزداد سحرها سحرًا ،  
 وفنتشتها فنتشة ، وبهاؤها بهاء !  
 تانبه يازهرة اللينوفار  
 كم أنت محاطة بالغاز وأسرار !

بيروت ٢٠ الساعة ٧ و ٢٧ دقيقة

من مائة ١٧ / ١٠ / ١٩٧٩



الروزدة والجوريات



سورة الكتاب

Alwardah Aljouriah

(The Bengal Rose)

## الروزدة الجوريات

أيتها الوردة العجبة ! إن وجهك الضاحك هو الجمال المتجسد .  
 وعينك الناعمة النعش هو زوحك الشفاف .  
 ولغتك يا وردة كسنة السجوريات هي الشعر المنقوش .  
 إن يد الله هي التي كونت رذاذك السماوي !  
 والنسيم الشفاف يطربك قريبك ،  
 لهذا ترين أبداً يترشح أمامك معبد جمالك المذهل للعقول .  
 والشمس تتجعد عند ما تراك أبداً تبسmin لها ،  
 فتحبك بدورها إذ تفرك بأنوارها الإلهية المحيية .  
 وعند ما تنفتح براعمك الدقيقة ، يفرح فرح عجيب  
 للشاهد التي كونت ما يند البدرع الثمين .  
 فيا ملكة الأذهار ،  
 أنت قبوس الروج ،  
 وجبهة الشموس .  
 بل عشقة الأقار .  
 أنت تمنحين على غضبك الأملود جمال فائق  
 وافتخار من خلف بالانقصار .  
 لقد خلقت وزدة بهيتة ، ولكن وأسفاه !  
 سر نياما يطالك الموت يا مايتك الرياحين .  
 وإذ ذاك تحزن الروج لفراقك .

الناشر: عبد الحليم

الدكتور داهشن

سورة الكهف

وتنبؤ أسدائقك بغيرك المرحى ،  
 وتنبؤ شقائق النعمان غيابة المرحى ،  
 وتنبؤ الأبطال أغاريد السحران لفراقك المشجي ،  
 وأوراقك الخضراء الغضة تتطاير متناثرة ،  
 مؤغلة بعيدا بعيدا مع الزناج الغضوب ،  
 وأربحك العجيب ، وبغيرك الغريب يتضوع في الأرجاء الصبيح ،  
 وهكذا تتجدين في عالم آخر وزدة سماوية  
 تفرسها قنوس على شرفها الإلهي العجيب  
 كرمز لها يشتمل الجمال الخالد .  
 فإنا وزدتي ذات القننة الفردوسية !  
 استكني على عبيرك لا تنتم من راحة جنات السحله  
 المشرقة بالذات اللانهاية .  
 حذيتني عن عالمك الموشى بالازهار العجيبة  
 حذيتني عن اسحب الإلهي ،  
 حذيتني عن الكواكب والتشدم والمجرات ،  
 حذيتني عن الجمال والفتنة والزوجة ،  
 حذيتني عن عالمك السحري الذي لا يبلغ إليه  
 الاكل من صفت نفسه وسمت روضة ،  
 وعرف معنى الجمال السحلاب والفتنة التي تصل فيها القنول  
 حذيتني ، حذيتني يا وزديتي العجيبة  
 حذيتني يا ربسة شعري حذيتني !

الدكتور داهشن

الناشر عبد الله

لشكر والهنس

مؤلف الكتاب



From the Al'alihāt Alsit (The Six Goddesses)

## الشاب

رَبَّةُ أَحِبُّبْ أَنْصَتِي جَيِّدًا، أَوْلَسْتَ تَسْمَعِينَ أُنْشُودَةَ الْجَدَاوِلِ  
وَمِى تَسِيرِينَ الرِّيَاضِ؟

أَوَهُ، أَرْهَفِي السَّعْ بِأَنْعَامٍ ...  
أَوْلَسْتَ تَطْرِبِينَ مَعِي لِشَدِّ الْقَارِي الرَّاغِبَةِ بَيْنَ الْغِيَاضِ؟  
انْظُرِي! انْظُرِي تِلْكَ الْغَيْثَةَ الْبَعِيدَةَ كَالْتَصَوُّرَاتِ الْمَلَوْنَةِ  
تَحْتَ وَجْهِ أَنْوَارِ الشَّمْسِ الذَّهَبِيَّةِ، يَا مَآ أَجْمَلُهَا!  
وَهَنَّاكَ فِي الْمَرْجِ الْفَوَّاحِ بِعَيْقِ الْأَزْهَارِ الْمُقَطَّعَةِ الْأَكْثَامِ  
نَهْرٌ يُجَنِّفُنِي، يَنْسَابُ مَآؤُهُ الْبَلُورِيُّ بِهَدُوءٍ وَسَكِينَةٍ،  
وَأَحْضِي النَّاصِعَ الْبَيَاضِ، يَرْدُّ غُرْبَهُ السَّحَرِ.  
وَذَلِكَ الْقَطِيعُ مِنْ الْأَخْرَافِ الْوَادِعَةِ، وَالْجَدَارُ الشَّائِغِيَّةِ،  
وَمِى تَضَطُّعُ بِسُكُونٍ وَسَلَامٍ عَلَى ضَفَّتِهِ الْمَرْوَانَةُ بِالْأَقْوَانِ.  
أَهْ هَذَا مَا تَرْغَبُ فِيهِ نَفْسِي الْمَتْعَبَةِ،  
وَبِشَلِّ هَذَا تَسْتَرِجُ رَوْحِي الْعُلْمَةَ الْحَاوِرَةَ.  
وَتَمَّةَ مَنْظَرٍ آخَرَ لَمْ رُوِّعْتُهُ وَلَوْ جَالَهُ الَّذِي لَا يُعَادِلُهُ أَيْ جَمَالٍ،  
إِنَّ ذَلِكَ الرَّايِ السَّافِرَ يَضُمُّ إِلَيْهِ أَحَدِي النُّعَاجِ الصَّغِيرَةِ  
وَيَحْنُو عَلَيْهَا بِعُطْفٍ غَرِيبٍ، وَخُنُوٍّ عَجِيبٍ.  
هُنَا الْجَمَالُ التَّامُّ، هُنَا الْحُبُّ الَّذِي لَا يَشُوبُهُ رِيَاءٌ، وَلَا تَعَبٌ فِيهِ يَدُ الْفَنَاءِ.  
هُنَا الْحَيَاةُ الْعَذْبَةُ الَّتِي أُطْعِمُ إِلَيْهَا وَأَمْتَاها، وَأَوْدُ الْأَمْتَرَجَ بِهَا حَتَّى أَقْضِي.



لله الحمد والفضل

مؤلف الكتاب

From the  
Al'alihāt Alsit(The Six  
Goddesses)

## إهداء الكتاب

الى المجدد الرقراق المديني بلطف دون أن نغيره اهتماماً .  
الى الأكسيرة الإلهي الخالد الذي لا تريد أن تنزوقه أرواحنا الخشنة .  
الى الطيف الشفاف الذي يجوب عالمنا في بيدنا فلا ننتدب .  
الى النور الساطع الذي يبدد عت الظلمات الداجية فلا نزعوي .  
الى الخفصة البهار الذي لا نجو أن نخوض أعماق في وضع النمار .  
الى المعند البستار الذي يهيم رويس كاذة النجار والكفار .  
الى البطل السلط عليتنا أشعة الحقيقة ، ففقدنا نبال باطلنا الدينية .  
الى الرقيق العلوي ، والصديق الأني ، والخل الويتي .  
الى المحب الشايل ، والأمل الكامل ، في هذا العالم الخاسل .  
الى السبل الصالح برج ، دون أن نصفي الى انفسنا العذبة .  
الى الناظر البسنا بحزن ، التالم بحفنا ، المنهمل لغورنا .  
الى الأنسية الجذابة ، الرافضة في الاندماج بنا عشتا .  
الى الضيف المطرود من جميع أرم الأرض قبل الحما .  
الى المثير بالحساح الميته ، والمطعون بحراب وحش البشر الفلظاء .  
الى النساء الى القرون والأجيال الزاحية ، نظمة هزيرة وزراية .  
الى الروح الطابق الساج في الكواكب المتأله الخالدة .  
الى الشعلة الإلهية الملتبة ، السبعة أنوارها من لدن الله .  
الى الصفاء ، والتقاء ، والطهر والبهاء .  
الى الحقيقة المنبوذة التائمه في صمرا ، هذا العالم القاس القاسد  
أهدي هذا الكتاب .

دامش

بروت ٦٥ تشرين الثاني ١٩٤٢

الالهات الست

الدُّرُودُ وَرَافِقَاتُهَا



سُورَةُ الْكَافِرَاتِ

Du'ā'

(A Prayer)

دُعَاءُ

أَيُّهَا الْخَالِقُ الْجَبَّارُ !  
 إِنِّي أَنُحْنِي بِخُشُوعٍ أَمَامَ سُدَّتِكَ الْإِلَهِيَّةِ ،  
 ضَارِعاً إِلَيْكَ بِأَنْ تَرْحِمَ ضَعْفِي الْبَشَرِيَّ ، فَتَمَحُوْا ثَامِي .  
 إِنَّ الرِّغْبَاتِ وَالْمَيُولِ الَّتِي تَتَصَارِعُ فِي دَاخِلِي لِرَهْبِيَّةِ .  
 وَاصْطِرَاعِ الْخَيْرِ وَالشَّرِّ فِي نَفْسِي يُورِقْنِي وَيَكْدِرُ أَيَّامَ حَيَاتِي ،  
 فَأَنَا يَنْتَصِرُ الْخَيْرُ وَيَرْفَعُ رَايَاتِ نَصْرِهِ مَبْتَهْجاً ،  
 وَحِيناً يَبْطِشُ الشَّرُّ بِهَذَا الْخَيْرِ وَيَقُوْدُهُ مَكْبَلاً أُسِيراً !  
 وَأَنَا بَيْنَهُمَا حَائِزُ تَائِهِ ،  
 فَاسْرِعْ لِأَسْتَجِيرَ بِكَ كَيْ تَنْقِذْنِي .  
 أَنَا ضَعِيفٌ كُلُّ الضَّعْفِ يَا اللَّهُ ،  
 وَمَنْكَ أَسْتَمِدُّ قُوَّتِي .  
 إِنَّ جَبْرَ وَتَكَ وَعَظَمَتَكَ يَدُوَانِ فِي الْجِبَالِ الَّتِي كُوْنَتْهَا ،  
 وَفِي الْأَرْضِ الْمَمْتَدَّةِ الَّتِي بَارَادَتَكَ أَوْجَدَتْهَا ،  
 وَفِي الْمَحِيْطَاتِ الَّتِي تَتَلَاظِمُ أَمْوَاجُهَا مَصْطَفَقَةً لَّيْلِ نَهَارِ ،  
 مَنَشْدَةً نَشِيدَ الشُّكْرِ وَالْإِمْتِنَانِ لَخَالْقِهَا الْمَهِيْمِ !  
 وَالطُّيُورُ مَا تَغَارِيْدُهَا إِلَّا لِحَمْدِكَ وَالتَّسْبِيْحِ لِقُدْرَتِكَ !  
 وَرِمَالُ الصَّحَارَى تَشْدُو وَتَرْدَدُ أَغَارِيْدَ الْوَهْمِيَّتِكَ !  
 وَالشَّمْسُ الضَّارِبَةُ بِأَنْوَارِهَا كَرْتَنَا الْأَرْضِيَّةَ

النَّارُ تَسْتَعِيْدُ شَائِبَتِهَا

الكتاب والرسالة

مؤلف الكتاب



إن هي إلا ومضة من وميض مشيتك الإلهية العجيبة !  
 إن جلالك أيها الخالق السرمدي تهابه جميع مخلوقاتك !  
 فالأساد تجشو بخشوع فائق ، وتعقر وجوها تحت أقدامك !  
 والتمور الضارية تعنو بجباها للحضيض أمام جلالك !  
 وجميع مخلوقات العوالم المعروفة والمجهولة  
 يبهرون حيال سنائك !  
 إن عفوك ، يا خالقي ، لا نهاية له ،  
 وحلمك يشمل جميع العوالم التي نعرفها والتي نجهل كل شيء عنها ،  
 ومراحمك لا تحدّها شيطان العوالم التي كونتها الوهيتك ،  
 فاعف عني يا الله ، وارحمني أيها المكون وامح اثماني ،  
 ودعني ، بعد انطلاقي ، أتمتع بانوارك الإلهية ،  
 حتى أبد الأبدين .

جنيف ( سويسرا ) . في ٧ تشرين الأول ١٩٦٩  
 والساعة ٨،٣٠ صباحاً

الناسير عبد الحاشي

Aldabāb  
(The Fog)

## الضباب

ضباب !  
ضبابٌ كُثيفٌ يُحيطُ بنفسِي ... ويكبِّلُها بقيوده !  
ضبابٌ مُتلبِّدٌ ! في سماءِ حَيَاتِي !  
يحتاطُنِي مثلاً يَحْتَاطُ السَّيَّارُ مَعْصَمَ الحِمْيَاءِ !  
ضبابٌ جَمِيلٌ ! يَتَجَمَّعُ ليعودَ ثَانِيَةً فيتبدَّدُ !  
خَيَالَاتٌ ، وطُيُوفٌ غُرُوبِيَّةٌ تَتَرَاءَى لِي مِنْ خِلَالِ الضَّبَابِ ...  
وآلَافٌ مِنَ العَيُونِ النَّارِيَّةِ تَرْمُقُنِي !  
ويتبدَّدُ هَذَا الضَّبَابُ المَكْفَرُ ليعودَ ويتجمعُ بِالْوَانِ بِيضَاءِ  
مَشُوبَةٍ بِالصُّفْرِ كَالْقَطَنِ المُنْدُوفِ !  
وَمِنْ خِلَالِهِ تَظْهَرُ لِي وَجُوهٌ نَاعِمَةٌ ! وَلَكِنَّهَا حَزِينَةٌ ! ..  
وَعَيُونٌَ ذَابِلَةٌ كَأَنَّهَا تَسْتَجِدِي العُطْفَ مِمَّنْ تَنْظُرُ إِلَيْهِ ! ..  
وَأَيَادٍ ... لَا يُمْكِنُ مَعْرِفَةَ عَدَدِهَا لكَثْرَتِهَا !  
بَعْضُهَا مَنبَسِطُ القَبْضَةِ !

والآخر مُقفل !  
وأصابع متشنجة ، والأعصاب ثائرة ،  
وهي متوترة كالحبال الغليظة !  
وأيدٍ أخرى هادئة ، وادعة ، مستكينة ، لا يبدو عليها  
أي أثر للحياة ... لولا بعض الرعشات بين الفترة والفترة !  
ويعود هذا ( الضباب ) فيتبدد !  
ليعود إلى التجمُّع بصُور وألوان أخرى : غاية في الغرابة !  
وأنا باقٍ في مكاني ! .. أنعمُ النظر في هذه المشاهد الغريبة !  
وفجأة تراءت لي سحابةٌ كثيفةٌ تجمعتُ واتحدتُ ...  
مع قطعٍ من ( الضباب ) الدابح في الفضاء ! ..  
حتى إذا ما أتلف الجميع تكوّن من هذا ( الضباب ) جبار  
رهيب ، وهو متمنطق بالغيوم !  
ويضع مكان عينيه كوكبين يخطف بريقهما البصائر  
والأبصار ! ..  
وصاح بي قائلاً :  
يا ابن الأرض !  
بَلِّغْ رسالتي هذه لِأبناء قومك ،  
هؤلاء الأقزام الذين يظنُّون أنهم بلغوا من المعرفة والحكمة  
الغاية التي ينشدونها !



قلْ لهم يا ابن الطبيعة ما أعطيكهُ الآن .  
 ... ودوى صوته كهدير المياه وهي تتدافع في الأودية  
 الصامتة ! ..

ثم قال :

يا أبناء الأرض الساكنين !  
 منذ عشرات الآلاف من السنين ،  
 وأنا أشاهد أعمالكم ، وأسمع أقوالكم ،  
 وأراقب أفعالكم ،  
 وأقرأ ما يحول في أفكاركم .  
 وإذا هي هي لا تتغير  
 فانتم تفتنون في حبّ ( المرأة ) !  
 وتتهالكون على ( المادة ) !  
 وتعبُدون ( السلطة ) !  
 وتقْدسون ( السطوة ) !  
 وتعتدون على ( الضعفاء ) !  
 وتكفرون ( بالساء ) !  
 وتؤْهون ( الحقائق ) !  
 وتُخادعون بعضكم بعضاً ! ...  
 قوْيُكم يعتدي على ضعيفكم !

وخبيثكم يعتدي على آمينكم !  
 قُسُّكُمْ يتظاهرون بالتقوى وهم الأبالسة المتجسّدون !  
 دُسُّكُمْ على الوصايا !  
 وهزأتم بالشرائع الإلهية !  
 وكفرتكم بالسواء !  
 وقدسُّكم الأباطيل !  
 هزأتم بالتعاليم السّامية !  
 واتَّبعتُم شهوات قلوبكم الدنيئة !  
 قرأتُم ما أوصاكم به سيّدُ الأطهار !  
 ولكنكم ... لفلاظة في قلوبكم ، ولعدم إيمان في أعماقكم ،  
 لم تفعلوا بما جاء في هذه التعاليم السّامية ! ...  
 حتى ... ولا يبعثها ! ...  
 لا . بل كانت أفكاركم لا تدور إلّا حول الجرائم والشهوات ،  
 والأمانى الساقطة والنزوات ! ...  
 وقد راقبْتُكم طويلاً !  
 وصبرتُ عليكم صبراً جيلاً ! ... أجيالاً وآجالاً ! ...  
 علَّكم تعودون وتصلحون خطاكم !  
 وعلَّ ( الندم ) يجدُ له مكاناً في قلوبكم !  
 ولكن عبثاً كان انتظاري هذا ! ...

[illegible]

أن تلاشيَ ( أرضكم ) لتعود فتغمرها ( بالضباب ) .. !  
 ( الضباب ) الذي سيسود هذا ( العالم ) ، وساجول أنا في  
 ( عُبابه ) طوال الأجيال القادمة ، من دون أن أدعَ لأيّ عنصرٍ  
 من العناصر المعروفة الآن عندي .. أن يشاركني البقاء .. !  
 أمّا ( الأطفال ) .. !! هؤلاء الذين لم يُلوثوا بعدُ بأوزار هذه  
 ( الأرض ) وشهواتها الدنيئة ، فسألمس ( جباههم ) بأناملِي  
 ( السحرية ) .. ! . فيرقدوا رقاداً عميقاً .. ! . حتى إذا ما  
 ( استيقظوا ) .. ! وجدوا ( أنفسهم ) في ( مكان ) آخر اسمي  
 من ( عالمهم ) القاسي !  
 أما ( أجسادهم ) الغضة ، البريئة ،  
 فسأحوّلها إلى ( ضباب ) .. !

بيروت في ١٠ أيار سنة ١٩٤٢

لَقَدْ كُتِبَ وَرَاسِي



تُؤَلِّفُ الْكِتَابَ

'adālat Almawt  
(The Justice of Death)

## عَدَالَةُ الْمَوْتِ

أيتها الموتُ... أنتَ عَادِلٌ وَأَنْتَ رَحِيمٌ لِلْأَبْنَاءِ الْحَيَاةِ  
فَلَوْلَاكَ... لَمَاعَفْنَا معنى لِلرَّاحَةِ السَّرْمَدِيَّةِ  
وَلَوْلَاكَ... لَمَاتَذَوَّقْنَا نِعْمَةَ الْغَبْطَةِ الْأَبَدِيَّةِ  
وَلَوْلَاكَ... لَمَاطْمَأْنَيْتُ قُلُوبَنَا السَّخَّارَةَ فِي هَذَا الْعَالَمِ الْفَاقِي  
وَلَوْلَاكَ... لَمَاكْشَفْنَا أَسْرَارَ ذَلِكَ الْعَالَمِ الثَّانِي  
وَلَوْلَاكَ... لَمَارَأَتْ عَيْنُونَا وَجْهَ الْحَقِّ رَبِّ الْحَيَاةِ وَالْمَمَاتِ

دَاهِشٌ



الرؤية والخيال



سورة التوبة

Ru'ayah Waqi'iyah  
(An Actual Vision)

ووددتُ لو يكشف لي الأبد عن أسرارهِ الخفية فأسعد ،  
ولكن أتى لهذه الأمنية أن تُحقّق ،  
وأنا ما زلتُ أرزح تحت أثقال جسدني الماديّ التبعي ؟  
ولكنّ الروح ساعة مغادرتها لجسدها الباليّ الحقيق ،  
تتكشّف لها هذه الأسرار المنجّهولة ،  
وتبدو الحقيقة التي نشدها البشر أجالاً عبثاً ،  
فيعرف كلّ لم أتى إلى هذه الحياة الفانية ،  
وما سرّ الدموع التي كان يسفحها  
والآلام التي كان يعانيتها .  
فمتى تحين الساعة الخالدة ،  
ساعة انطلاقي من عالم الأسر إلى فضاء الحرية ؟

القدس ٦ نيسان ١٩٣٣

وفايات النسيان

الدكتور زهير



سوف نلهم الكتاب

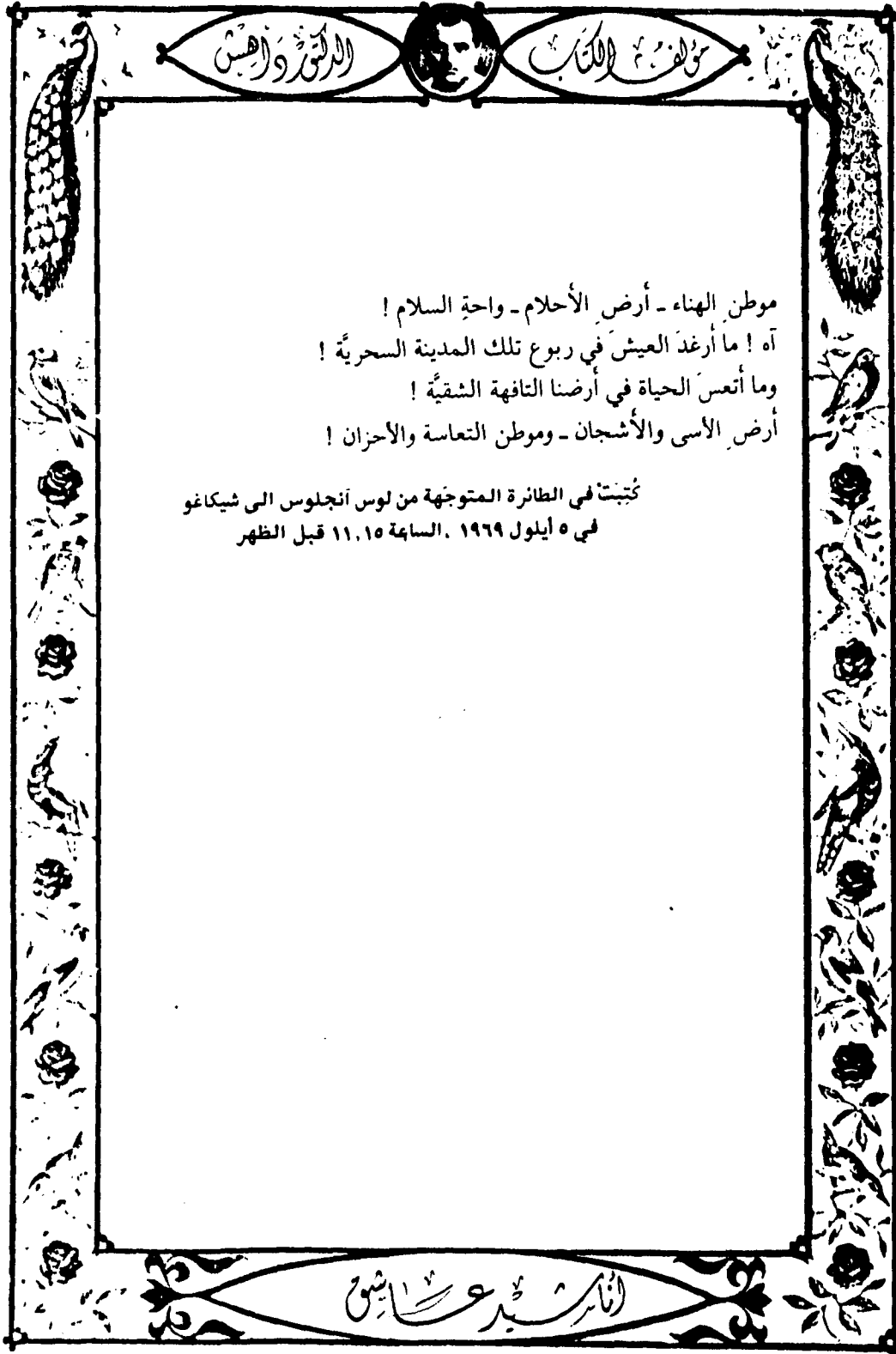
'ayatuha Altā'irah 'asri 'ī Bī

(O Plane Speed Me Away)

## أيتها الطائرة اسرعي بي

أيتها الطائرة المسابقة للرياح الجامحة !  
 أسرعي بي قدّر استطاعتك .  
 أسرعي بي الى عوالم مجهولة ،  
 عوالم بعيدة ، ولكنها سعيدة سعيدة !  
 أنقليني الى عالم سحري ،  
 لا يعرف قاطنوه الأحزان ، ويجهلون معنى الأشجان .  
 أنقليني ، فقد أثقلت كاهلي متاعب الأرض وهمومها ،  
 وأطلقت عليّ جيوش مآسيها ، وطوّقتني بغيومها .  
 فأسرعي بي ، أيتها الطائرة الجبّارة ،  
 الى جزيرة الأحلام السعيدة ،  
 هناك حيث لا توجد رغبات أرضية منحلّة ،  
 تنغمس في أقدارها الأرواح ، وتتقلب في جحيمها النفوس .  
 أنقليني أيتها الحبيبة المجنحة ،  
 فقد تعبّت روحي من قذارات الأرض الناعسة ،  
 وباتت تنشدُ عالماً آخر بعيداً كلّ البعد عن الكرة الأرضية ،  
 هذه الكرة الحفيرة المفعمة بالآثام التي يرتكبها جميع الأنام .  
 أسرعي بي ، أيتها الحبيبة ، أسرعي ،  
 وابلغي بي الى جزيرة الأمل - مدينة السعادة ،

زاهر زهير





Turāb

(Dust)

# تراب

من روائع  
الأدب  
الروائي

درتُ المقابر فشاهدتُ نُجُلَ العيون . وودَّ بَدَتْ منها الأوقاب .  
وذوت ناضرات الوجنات وزال منها حسنُ الحلاب .  
واستوى في مدينة الصمت الرهيب صاحب التاج مع الخطاب .  
وفي أجداثها الباردة تمزَّق ذلك البرقع وعنه الغطاء قد انجاب .  
تأملتُ الراقدين بحسرة وقلت لهم : أين الآن أمانكم أيها الطلاب .  
لقد انقضت أحلامكم وتلاشت مثلما يتلاشى السحاب .  
وقرأتُ على رخامة قبر عاجل ، ما فيه الكثير من المديح والإطباب .  
فخطبته : أنبئي أين من كان يحاط بك من الحجاب ؟  
وهل وُضع بينهم وبينك اليوم حجاب ؟  
وهل غادرت رياضك وقصورك وخلقت وراءك الهضاب ؟  
وهل نفخت يديك من الصروح الضخمة ذات القباب ؟  
وماذا دهاك حتى انطلقت دون جنودك الأبطال الصلاب ؟  
وأنت الذي كنت ترود الدنيا مع جيشك اللجب ، أيها الجواب ؟

Title page of  
Memoirs of Jesus,  
the Nazareth

لَهُ كَوْنٌ وَهَيْئٌ

مَذَكَّرَاتِ  
يَسُوعَ النَّاصِرِيِّ

الجزء الأول

دار النشر المحقق للطباعة والنشر

بموت ١٩٨٠

A painting of Jesus  
(from the Memoirs)

الله أكبر واليه  
الرجوع



مذكرات  
يسوع الناصري

A photograph of the author  
(from the Memoirs)



الدكتور داهش مؤلف الكتاب

A Presentation of the Book  
(from the Memoirs)

## أَيُّهَا السَّيِّدُ الْمَسِيحُ

مُنْذُ الْفَتَى عَامَ صَلْبُوكَ بِالظُّلْمِ لِأَجْلِ تَعَالِيكَ  
وَهُمْ حَتَّى الْيَوْمِ يُنَاصِبُونَ الْعَدَاوَةَ كُلَّ الصَّاحِبِينَ  
فَرَأَاهُمْ عَلَيْهِمْ ثَائِرِينَ صَاحِبِينَ لِأَعْيُنٍ رَاجِمِينَ  
لَا خَيْرَ يُرْجَى مِنْ هَذِهِ الْبَشَرِيَّةِ الضَّالَّةِ الْمَذْجِيَّةِ  
فَنِي غَرِيقَةً بِالْأَثَمِ وَمِنْ مُسْتَنْقَعَاتِ النَّتَنِ لَيْسَتْ بِنَاجِيَّةِ  
لَقَدْ عَبَسُوا بِوَصَايَاكَ وَهَزَأُوا بِنَصَائِحِكَ وَسَخَرُوا بِقَوَائِمِكَ

الدكتور داهش

The first page of the scene "Resignation"  
(from the Memoirs)

## الاستسلام

هذه هي إرادة أبي السماوى .  
والأما كنت لأحيا . الان . فى عالم الرياء والأناذيب .  
لقد شعبت نفسي من كل شئ .  
وعافيت روجي هؤلاء البشر الأدنى .  
إنّ التعاليم السماوية لا تجدى فيهم نفعا .  
والمواعظ التي تلقى عليهم بوحى من السماء .  
لا تلبث حتى تبدد من مخيلاتهم  
المحسومة بحسب هذا العالم الفانى  
الفقراء . والبؤساء . والمصابين  
هم وحدهم الذين يصغون لى مدما الكلام .  
أما الأغنياء هؤلاء . . . فأنهم يعدون المال حده دون الله .  
فالويل لهم عندما تاق ساعة حسابهم الرهيب .  
سيعولون . وسينوحون . ولكن دونما جدوى .  
إذ سيبدد هوج الرياح نوسلاتهم . وتعصف بها عصفها .

\*\*\*

ها قد قطعت اثنتي عشرة مرحلة من مراحل حياتي .  
وأنا لا استظدم سوى بكل نقيصه وكل رذيلة .  
ليس من صالح واحد !  
نعم . ليس من يعمل صلاحا سوى الله جل اسمه .

The first page of the scene  
 "The Train of Life Marches On"  
 (from the Memoirs)

## قافلۃ الحیاة تجری

اليوم تسقط الورقة الأخيرة من عامي الثاني عشر ،  
 وها أنا في مدينة القدس اتجول في أسواقها ،  
 وأتخلل دروبها الضيقة ،  
 وليس من يسير معي ،  
 إذ إنني وحيد فريد :  
 وحيد في آرائي وفي معتقداتي ،  
 وحيد في ميولي واتجاهاتي ،  
 وحيد في أهدافي ورغباتي .  
 ولكنني سعيد كل السعادة  
 في وحدتي هذه ، وفي اتجاهاتي تلك .

\*\*\*

لقد كنت قدماي من كثرة السير ،  
 وها إنني أشعر بالجوع يترصر أمعائي  
 وبالظما يحرق أحشائي .  
 ولكنني لا أملك نقوداً ،  
 كي أبتاع كسرة من الخبز أتبلغ بها ،  
 وكي أروي أوامي .  
 فلتكن مشيئة الله ...

The first page of the scene  
 "A Peaceful and Quiet Sleep"  
 (from the Memoirs)

## نوم هكاري هاني

- لا توقظيه ، يا سالمة ،  
 فان النوم لم يكن ضيفه طوال ليلة البارحة .  
 لقد كنا ننهل من ينبوع حكيمته الروحية الليل بطوله .  
 فتكشفت لنا آفاق شاسعة من أسرار مكنونة  
 لم يعرفها بعد أي مخلوق بشري .  
 - انظر إليه ، يا بطرس . كم هو فتان ، وكم هو جذاب !  
 - إنه غلام الله المتجسد في عالمنا الصنّاع بالمعاصي .  
 ها قد بلغت الساعة الرابعة بعد الظهر ولما يستيفظ بعد .  
 إنه يحلّ بروحه بين الكواكب الفشانة  
 كي يستجلي أسرارها العظيمة . يا للسعادة !  
 ومن كان يظن أن غرفتنا ستنال هذا المجد الإلهي الخالد ؟  
 لتحرّسك ملائكة الله أيها البافع ،  
 وليشحمك أرواحه الطاهرة من كل شر .



The first page of the scene  
 "The Story of the Flight to Egypt"  
 (from the Memoirs)

## قصة الذهاب إلى مصر

وجلسَتُ والدَةُ يسوع تقصُّ عليه أخبارَ طفولته المنصرمة .  
 فقالت له :

لم تكن لتتجاوزَ خمسينَ يوماً من عمرك .  
 عندما ذهبتُ والدك بكَ إلى مصر ،  
 وذاك بايخا، من السماء .

هَبَطَ على والدك بصورة حلمٍ أتاه من ملاك الرب ،  
 خوفاً على حياتك من هيرودس السفّاك .

وقد مكثنا في مدينة مصر . ثلاثة أشهرٍ كاملة .  
 بضيافة رجلٍ كان قد سمع من أحد المجوس  
 بقصة مولدك في المِزود .

وكان هذا الرجل نواظراً لشهادتك .  
 وهكذا نال بُغيته بوحودك تحت سقف منزله .

وقد زارك في منزله كثيرون من الذين فراوا النجرات عن يدهم مجيئك .  
 وعندما أمرنا ملاكُ الرب بالعودة مُخبراً إيانا بسوت هيرودس .  
 أتى الجميع ولثموا يديك تَبَرُّكاً .

وهكذا خَلَفْنَا مصر ورائنا .  
 وعدنا إلى مسقط رأسنا .  
 كما ترى يا بُنَيَّ .

The first page of the scene  
 "Christ's Departure"  
 (from the Memoirs)

## رَسُولُ السَّحَابِ

سأعود إليك يا مدينة الناصرة بعد أعوام كثيرة .  
 سأعود إليك ، ولكنك ستعودين فترفضيني .  
 سأعود إليك ، عندما تكون ساعة إظهار الحقيقة قد دنت .  
 سأعود إليك ، ولكنك ستكونين غارقة في حماة ، ذانك .  
 ولن تُصغي لي ، مثلما لم تُصغي لي الآن !  
 فالويل لك إن دابت على عسفك وطغيانك ،  
 يا مدينة الناصرة !  
 سأنتقل من ربوعك بعد ذلك ،  
 عندما تدنو ساعتى الأخيرة ،  
 لأعود إليك بعد عشرين جيلاً .  
 وإذ ذاك ، سأرى أن أسسك قد امتد في مشارق الأرض ومغاربها .  
 وسيعرفك كل قاطن تحت نجوم السماء ،  
 وسيغبطك .  
 وسيضم ثرائك ، بعد هذه الأجيال العشرين ، أحد تلامذتي  
 الذين لم انتخبهم بعد حتى ساعتى هذه .  
 أما أنت فستبقى كما أنت .  
 وستحملين اسم الناصري ، دون أن يكون الإيمان الصحيح قد تبشرك  
 فالويل ثم الويل لك إذا بقيت مثلما أنت .

The first page of the scene  
 "In Beirut"  
 (from the Memoirs)

## في شوارع بيروت

نحن الآن في مدينة بيروت .  
 نسيرُ في دروبها المختلفة بين الضيق والسعة ،  
 ونُطيل النظر الى واجهات محلاتها التجارية .  
 مدينة بيروت جذابة ، خلابة ،  
 ذات بهاء ورُواء .  
 حدائقها لطيفة ، ذات أشجار كثيفة ،  
 والساير في طرقاتها يصطدم بصره بعربات حسيلا تسير في شوارعها ،  
 تنقل طُلابَ الزهة الى ضواحيها .  
 والغريبُ يلاحظ ، حال دخوله الى هذه المدينة التاريخية ،  
 السور الكبير الذي يُحيط بالمدينة إحاطة السوار ببعضهم البعض .  
 كنّا نسير ونحن مأخوذون بما نشاهد .  
 فهنا يافع يحمل بين يديه قفصا من الدجاج ،  
 وهو يصبح على سلعته هذه بصوته الجهوري .  
 وذلك القروي الساذج يسير وراء نعائه الناعية ،  
 وهو يعزف لها على مزماره المصبي اللطيف .  
 وتلك جمهرة من النسوة اللبانيات  
 وقد اجتمعن على بائع الجرار الحزقيّة ،  
 وجعلن يساوينه على الثمن ، بينما هو يقسم لهنّ أغلظ الأثمان

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