An Annotated Translation of Idiomatic Expressions in
Mary Stewart’s This Rough Magic

THESIS
Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirement of the Degree of
Sarjana Sastra

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FACULTY OF LANGUAGE AND ARTS
UNIVERSITAS KRISTEN SATYA WACANA SALATIGA
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AN ANNOTATED TRANSLATION OF IDIOMATIC EXPRESSION IN MARY STEWART’S *THIS ROUGH MAGIC*

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# TABEL OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>APPROVAL PAGE</td>
<td>i</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PERNYATAAN TIDAK PLAGIAT</td>
<td>ii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COPYRIGHT STATEMENT</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PERNYATAAN PERSETUJUAN AKSES</td>
<td>iv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PUBLICATION AGREEMENT DECLARATION</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TABLE OF CONTENT</td>
<td>vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ABSTRACT</td>
<td>viii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CHAPTER</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I  INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Background of Study</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Research Questions &amp; Objective</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. About the Selected Text</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Target Reader</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Theoretical Framework</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. About Translation</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. About of Idiom</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Strategies in Translating Idiom</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.4 Methodology</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II  TRANSLATION AND ITS SOURCE TEXT</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.1 Translation Text</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.2 Source Text</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III  ANNOTATION</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV  CONCLUSION</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V   REFERENCES</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI  ACKNOWLEDGMENT</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ABSTRACT

This study is entitled “An Annotated Translation of Idiomatic Expression in Mary Stewart’s This Rough Magic”. This study aims to explain the strategies that the translator used in translating idiomatic expression from the novel This Rough Magic. The writer adapted the method for the translation and the annotation from Larson (1998). Based on the analysis, the translator used strategies by Mona Baker (1992): Using Idiom of Similar Meaning and Form, Using Idiom of Similar Meaning but Dissimilar Form, Translation by Paraphrase and Translation by Omission. The strategies are used to fix the difficulty in finding the equivalence between the idiom in the source text and in the target text. The analysis is done by the writer and for the result, there are 13 out of 14 idioms are paraphrased by the translator. The reason why the translator mostly used the strategy Translation in Paraphrase is because lot of idioms in the source text do not have the equal idioms in the target text, therefore the translator should paraphrase the idioms with different words. From this study, the writer helps the reader to know the meaning of the idioms in the source text and to understand the story better.

Keywords: Translation, Idiomatic Translation, Annotated Translation, Translation Strategies, This Rough Magic.
CHAPTER 1
INTRODUCTION

A. Background

Translation in general is delivering meaning of words from one language to other language. Different from interpretation, translation usually translates words in writing. The language to be translated is called source language, and the language result of its translation is called target language. When two languages are involved, the translator should know not only both of the languages, but they also need to understand both of the cultures from the source and the target language. Especially these days, so many popular literatures come from western culture which are translated to Indonesian. Lot of literary works from western such as Harry Potter, The Twilight Saga, The Hunger Games, Percy Jackson, Lord of The Rings and many more are loved by literature readers in Indonesia. The hype for those literary works could not be felt without the translators who translate the source text into Indonesian. Behind the success of the translators in translating those literature works, there are challenges and difficulties during the process of translation. The challenges and difficulties are grammatical problem, lexical problem, stylistic problem, phonological problem and cultural problem, including the difficulties in translating idiom. Translating idiom is a hard work to do for a translator because the equivalence between source language and target language rarely happens. To face the difficulties, translators have different strategies in translating text. Here the researcher wants to dig out more the strategies in translating English Idiom into Indonesian Idiom.

Many translators are aware of the problems and difficulties in translating English Idiom to Indonesian Idiom as the equivalence between source language and target language is very hard to discover but very important in order to have good translations. Therefore, after facing several problems and difficulties in translating English Idiom to Indonesian Idiom, the translators should come up with their strategies in order to overcome it. By making this research, first, the translator eagers to have another experience in translating text especially in translating a novel. The translator also thinks the novel that will be translated is a good novel with a good storyline and very interesting diction. There are several idioms in the novel which are hard to translate, therefore the translator wants to analyze the strategies in translating those idioms. The translator decided to use the novel This Rough Magic by Mary Stewart as the annotated translation text in this research.
B. **Research Questions & Objective**

This research aims to answer the following questions:

1. What strategies used in translating idiom found in Mary Stewart’s *This Rough Magic*?
2. Why does the translator choose those strategies in translating the idioms?

The objective focused in this research is to identify the strategies that could be used in translating the idioms in Mary Stewart’s *This Rough Magic*.

C. **About the Selected Text and The Author**

The novel *This Rough Magic* by Mary Stewart was first published in 1964 by Hodder & Stoughto. In 1992, Thorndike Press published the large print edition by arrangement with William Morrow and Company, Inc. The translator used the Thorndike Press edition to do an annotated translation in this study. *This Rough Magic* tells about the narrator, Lucy Warrings, who has been dealing with her career as a theatre actress. Her sister Phyllida asked her to go to her place in Corfu for holidays. A big estate in Corfu was belong to Phyllida and her husband. There are three villas, one of them was Castello dei Fiori where a retired actor named Julian Gale lived. Lucy’s holiday in Corfu was not as fun as she has expected. In the middle of her holiday, there is a mysterious accident which involved her with Julian Gale and a photographer named Godfrey Manning.

Some contents in the novel are inspired by one of most popular literature works of William Shakespeare called *The Tempest*. The title *This Rough Magic* is taken from one of the most popular dialogue in *The Tempest* “This rough magic I here abjure, and, when I have required some heavenly music, which even now I do...”. The author also created the name of the character from *The Tempest*, Prospero and Miranda, into the story. The main character itself, Lucy Warrings, is known as the biggest fan of *The Tempest* play. Mary Stewart also used the Corfu Island from *The Tempest* as the setting place of the story. For this study, the translator translated the first 7000 words of the novel.

The author of the short story is a British writer, born on September 17th, 1916 in Sunderland, Country Durham, England, UK. Mary Stewart mainly wrote a romantic-mystery genre and she published her first novel in 1955 with *Madam, Will You Talk?*, following by the other books such as *Wildfire at Midnight, Thunder on the Right, Nine Coaches Waiting, My Brother Michael, The Ivy Tree*, and many more. In 1964, Disney made one of her popular
novel, *The Moon-Spinners*, into a movie which made her reached her top popularity as a novelist.

**D. Target Reader**

This novel is translated to the readers in Indonesia, especially for young adults, because it has high level of diction, same with the source text, which is probably hard for children or teenager to understand the whole story.

**E. Theoretical Framework**

1. **About Translation**

   Translation is important especially for people who do not know the other language in a movie, novel, or even in a song. Translation connects two different languages and their culture. The translator should be able to associate the languages according to its culture. The translator needs to know both of the two languages’ cultures in order to convey the meaning and the message in the target language.

   Experts divided translation into several types, such as for Larson (1998: 17), “There are two kinds of translation, *form-based*, translation that follows the form and grammatical structure of the source text that is known as literal translation, and *meaning-based translation* or *idiomatic translation*, a translation that focuses on carrying the same meaning of the source text and convert it into target language regardless of the sentence form.” Another expert is Newmark (1988) classified Translation into two types of translations; *semantic* and *communicative translation*. “Semantic translation —attempts to render, as closely as the semantic and syntactic structures of the second language allow, the exact contextual meaning, while communicative translation —attempts to produce on its readers an effect as close as possible to that obtained on the readers of the original.”

2. **About Idiom and Translating Idiom**

   According to Larson, idiom is “a string of words whose meaning is different from the meaning conveyed by the individual words” (Larson, 1998). Therefore, idiom is an expression whose meaning is different from the usual meaning that cannot be translated literally. As an example; *United we stand, divided we fall* defines as
People who join together as a group are much harder to defeat than they would be separately, according to The Free Dictionary. The word *stand* doesn’t define as literally “standing”, but it means *success*, same with the word *fall* doesn’t define as “falling” but means *failed*. The idiom is intended for people who work in a team because it means that a team will success when they are uniting, but they will fail if they are divided. Baker (1992) stated that “a person’s competence in actively using the idioms and fixed expressions of a foreign language hardly every matches that of a native speaker. The majority of translators working into a foreign language cannot hope to achieve the same sensitivity that native speaker seem to have for judging when and how an idiom can be manipulated.” Baker insists that rather than mastering the idiomatic expression of foreign language, translator better knows completely the idiomatic expression of his/her mother language to avoid the misinterpreted. Baker classified two cases when idiom can be easily misinterpreted, “Some idioms are ‘misleading’; they seem transparent because they offer a reasonable literal interpretation and their idiomatic meanings are not necessarily signaled in the surrounding text.” and “An idiom in the source language may have a very close counterpart in the target language which looks similar on the surface but has a totally or partially different meaning.” Because translating idiomatic expression is not easy – it cannot be translated literally, translators will face some problems or difficulties. According to Mona Baker (1992) the difficulties in translating idiomatic expressions are (1) an idiom may have no equivalence in the target language, (2) an idiom may have a similar counterpart in the target language, but its context of use may be different, (3) an idiom may be used in the source text in both its literal and idiomatic senses at the same time, (4) the contexts in which they can be used, and their frequency of use may be different in the source and target languages. To resolve all those problems and difficulties, the researcher want to discuss about the strategies that could be used in translating English Idiom to Indonesian Idiom from the novel *This Rough Magic*.

### 3. Strategies in Translating Idiom

According to Newmark (1988: 48), the purpose of any translation should be to achieve equivalent effect. While translating idiom, it is hard to find the equivalent
even for a single word. Mona Baker (1992) divided her strategies in translating idiom into four different strategies:

a. Using an Idiom of Similar Meaning and Form

This strategy involves using an idiom in the target language which conveys roughly the same meaning as that of the source-language idiom and, in addition, consist of equivalent lexical items.

Example:
SL: cold-blooded murderer
TL: pembunuh berdarah dingin

b. Using an Idiom of Similar Meaning but Dissimilar Form

It is often possible to find an idiom or fixed expression in the target language which has a meaning similar to that of the source idiom or expression, but which consist of different lexical items.

Example:
SL: beat about the bush
TL: berbasa-basi

c. Translation by Paraphrase

This is by far the most common way of translating idioms when a match cannot be found in the target language or when it seems inappropriate to use idiomatic language in the target text because of differences in stylistic preferences of the source and target languages.

Example:
SL: lie down on the job
TL: mengabaikan tugas

d. Translation by Omission

This strategy is not restricted to idiomatically or fixed expressions and may be used to make up for any loss of meaning, emotional force, or stylistic effect which may not be possible to reproduce directly at a given point in the target text.

Example:
SL: I kick my car again for good measure.
TL: Aku menendang mobilku lagi.
F. Methodology

a. Steps in Translating Project

The translator adapted the translation process by Larson (1998):

1. The translator reads the whole text first to understand the content including the author’s purpose and the text theme. The translator did this step for about three times.

2. The translator begins to translate the source text to the target text (English to Indonesian) and gives marks to the idiom parts, the difficult words or sentences that was hard to find the equivalent for the target language.

3. The translator checks the translation again to make sure there is no mistake such as grammatical mistake, etc.

4. The translator asks for the suggestions and advices to the supervisor and also to several friends.

5. The translator revises the text after the lecturer giving the suggestions and advices in some parts of the translation.

6. The final manuscript.

b. Steps to Annotate

William and Chesterman (2002) stated that; “A translation with a commentary (or annotated translation) is a form of introspective and retrospective research where you your-self translate a text and, at the same time, write a commentary on your own translation process. This commentary will include some discussion of the translation assignment, an analysis of aspects of the source text, and a reason justification of the kinds of solutions you arrived at for particular kinds of translation problems.” (p.7) The translator does the steps of translation by Larson to produce the idiom translation:

1. The translator looks for the sentences that is qualified as an idiom by looking at online dictionaries such as Meriam Webster, Oxford Dictionary, etc. The translator does this step because sometimes the sentence thought to be an idiom is actually a phrase.

2. The translator looks for the meaning of the idiom in the idiom dictionary after obtaining certainty that the sentence is qualified as idiom. The
meaning of the idiom is important for the translator to understand. It can help the translator to translate the idiom to the target text easily.

3. The translator finds the equivalence of the idiom in the TL.

4. The translator identifies whether the idiom can be translated equally to the target text or not. If no one to one equivalence found in the TL, the translator mostly chooses the strategy by Mona Baker which is Translation by Paraphrase. The reason why the translator mostly uses this strategy to translate the idiom is because when there is no equal idiom found in the TL, the translator should express it with other word which is not an idiom. Therefore the translator paraphrased the idiom into different words that delivers the same meaning with the meaning of the idiom in SL.
CHAPTER II
TRANSLATION AND ITS SOURCE TEXT

A. TRANSLATED TEXT

SIHIR KASAR INI

BAB I

... sebuah relasi saat sarapan...


[1.5] “Penduduk asli di sini: mereka kembar.”

[1.6] “Astaga, ayah mereka pasti seorang sastrawan?”


[1.8] Ekspresinya membangkitkan rasa ingin tahu, seperti yang dikatakan orang lain bahwa dia memang bermaksud begitu; jadi aku, yang bisa menjadi sama menjengkelkannya dengan Phyllida ketika aku seperti itu hanya berkata, “Yah, dalam hal itu, bukankah kamu lebih baik
memiliki perubahan? Bagaimana dengan nama Caliban untuk nama anakmu yang belum lahir? Nama itu sangat cocok.”


[1.13] Aku bergidik, lalu meminum kopiku, bersandar pada kursi sambil menatap puncak pinus yang tertutup emas menuju laut yang berkilau, dan menyerahkan diriku ke dalam perasaan yang seperti mimpi, menandakan dimulainya liburan di tempat seperti ini ketika seseorang lelah dan dibawah semalaman dari bulan April yang dingin di Inggris sampai di bawah sinar matahari pulau ajaib di laut Lonia.


[1.15] Rumah kakakku berada sekitar 12 mil ke utara kota Corfu, di mana pantai mulai melengkung ke arah daratan, dan di mana kaki Gunung Pantokrator menyediakan tempat berlindung bagi sebidang tanah kecil kaya yang telah menjadi bagian dari harta keluarga suaminya selama bertahun-tahun.


[1.18] Tahun ini udara panas di Roma, yang tidak sesuai perkiraan, telah melanda Corfu lebih cepat. Phyllida, yang sedang hamil, merasa sangat kepanasan. Dia disarankan untuk
meninggalkan dua anaknya yang lebih besar (yang masa sekolahnya masih berjalan) bersama dengan nenek mereka, dan Leo telah membawa mereka pergi beberapa hari sebelum aku sampai, tetapi ia harus segera kembali karena bisnisnya di Roma, dengan janji untuk kembali ke rumah saat akhir pekan dan membawa anak-anaknya untuk merayakan Paskah. Saat mendengar bahwa aku sedang menganggur, Phyllida mengirimkan surat, memohon supaya aku datang ke Corfu untuk menemaninya.


Itu adalah tempat yang paling besar dan menyenangkan. Tidak ada suara selain suara burung; tidak ada yang dilihat selain pohon, langit dan lautan yang memantulkan sinar matahari.

Aku mendesah. "Yah, kalau ini bukan pulau ajaib Prospero yang seharusnya…siapa saudara kembar yang romantis ini"

"Spiro dan Miranda? Oh, mereka anak-anak dari wanita yang bekerja di sini untuk kita, Maria. Dia punya pondok di gerbang utama Castello – kamu melihatnya semalam dalam perjalananmu dari bandara."

"Aku ingat sebuah cahaya di sana… Tempat kecil, bukan? Jadi mereka adalah orang-orang Corfu – apa sebutannya? Corfusians?"


"Petani?" Karena agak tertarik, aku memberinya petunjuk yang aku pikir dia inginkan. "Itu terdengar sedikit aneh mengetahui nama-nama itu di sini. Lalu, siapa ayah mereka yang suka membaca sastra ini? Leo?"

"Leo," kata istri tercintanya, "setahuku hanya membaca Roman Financial Times selama delapan puluh tahun terakhir. Dia pikir ‘Prospero dan Miranda’ adalah nama kepercayaan investasi. Bukan, itu bahkan lebih aneh dari yang kau pikirkan, sayangku…" Dia melemparkan senyum manisnya, yang aku ketahui sebagai tanda untuk melanjutkan gosip yang lebih jauh, yang ia sebut "fakta menarik yang menurutku harus kamu ketahui."


"'penyewamu yang terkemuka'?” Ini jelas merupakan bonne bouche yang telah dia simpan untukku, tapi aku menatapnya dengan terkejut, mengingat deskripsi yang jelas yang pernah dia berikan kepadaku tentang Castello dei Fiori: "lupakan kata-kata semacam Wagnerian Gothic, seperti panggung untuk versi musikal Dracula.” Aku bertanya-tanya siapa yang bisa diminta untuk membayar keindahan opera ini. "Lalu seseorang menyewa Valhalla? Bukankah kamu beruntung. Siapa dia?”
“Julian Gale.”


“Seperbi biasa.” Kakakku terlihat senang dengan reaksi yang dia sebabkan. Aku sangatlah sadar sekarang, bahwa aku pasti tidak hadir selama recital panjang urusan keluarga kami sebelumnya. Tuan Julian Gale tidak hanya seorang aktor,” dia juga merupakan salah satu dari banyak aktor terkenal di panggung Inggris selama bertahun-tahun dari yang aku ingat… Dan, baru-baru ini, salah satu hal misterius itu.

“Baiklah!” kataku. “Jadi seperti itu ceritanya.”


“Aku tidak akan mengkhawatirkannya. Aku berpikir terlalu banyak tentang dia untuk hal itu. Aku kira kamu pasti sudah pernah bertemu dengannya. Bagaimana dia?”


[1.38] Dia tertawa. “Aku tidak yakin. Apakah kamu tahu dia seorang pribumi? Dia di sini selama perang, dan tampaknya tinggal selama beberapa waktu setelah perang selesai, lalu aku diberitahu, dulu dia membawa keluarganya kembali hampir setiap tahun untuk liburan, ketika anak-anak masih muda. Mereka tinggal di dekat Ipsos, sampai baru-baru ini, rumah itu dijual setelah istri dan anak perempuannya dibunuh. Tapi aku pikir dia masih memiliki… koneksi… di sini, jadi ketika dia berpikir untuk pensiun, dia teringat Castello. Kita belum bermaksud untuk menjual tempat itu, itu tidak benar-benar pantas dilakukan, tapi dia sangat ingin menemukan tempat yang cukup terpencil dan sepi, dan ini benar-benar terlihat seperti kiriman Tuhan bahwa Castello tidak ada yang menempati, bersama dengan Maria dan keluarganya tepat di sebelah; jadi Leo merelakannya. Maria dan si kembar kembali dan memperbaiki beberapa ruangan, dan ada sepasang suami istri yang tinggal di sisi jauh dari kebun jeruk; mereka menjaga tempat itu, dan cucu mereka merawat Castelo dan membantu di sekitar itu, jadi jika ada orang yang hanya menginginkan ketenangan dan privasi aku pikir itu tawaran yang cukup adil… Yah, itulah koloni kecil kami. Aku tidak akan berkata itu hanya seedar Orang Suci di puncak musim, tapi ada banyak yang kamu inginkan, kalau yang kamu inginkan hanya ketenangan, sinar matahari dan berjemur.”


[1.40] “Apakah kamu ingin ke bawah pagi ini?”


[1.43] “Aku pikir kamu berkata di sana ada papan peringatan itu.”

[1.44] “Oh, ya ampun, aku tidak bersungguh-sungguh, dan tidak dari pantai itu, lagi pula, itu hanya alasan. Kami tidak pernah membiarkan siapa pun memiliki teluk ini, itulah mengapa kami datang ke sini! Sebenarnya, cukup menyenangkan turun langsung dari sini di sisi utara tanjung tempat dermaga kecil kita berada, tapi ada pantai pasir di teluk itu, dan saat berbaring di sana akan terasa seperti surga, dan juga cukup pribadi… Yah, kamu melakukan apa yang kamu suka. Aku mungkin akan ke sana nanti, tapi jika kamu ingin berenang pagi ini, aku akan meminta Miranda untuk menunjukkanmu jalannya.”

[1.45] “Dia sedang di sini sekarang??”
“Sayang,” kata kakakku, “kau sedang seperti ayam bertelur di lumbung padi, ingat? Apakah kamu berpikir aku membuat kopi untuk diriku sendiri?”


Kataku terputus saat seorang gadis masuk ke teras dengan sebuah nampak untuk menyajikan sarapan. Dia menatapku penasaran, dengan tatapan orang Yunani yang tidak malu-malu itu yang sudah dia pelajari supaya menjadi terbiasa, itu hampir mustahil untuk membalasnya, lalu dia tersenyum padaku, senyumnya lebar berubah menjadi seringaian ketika aku mencoba berkata “Selamat Pagi” dalam bahasa Yunani – sebuah frase yang aku ketahui sejauh ini. Gadis itu bertubuh pendek dan berperawakan kekar, dengan leher tebal dan wajah bulat, serta alis yang hampir bertemu di antara hidungnya. Mata gelap cerah dan kulit hangatnya menarik bersama dengan daya tarik wanita muda yang sederhana. Rok merah pudar itu cocok untuknya, memberikannya kesan gelap, cahaya lembut yang sangat berbeda dari kilauan listrik orang asing ekspatriat perkotaan yang aku lihat barusan. Dia terlihat berumur sekitar tujuh belas.

Aku berhasil menyambutnya tanpa perlu membanjirinya dengan bahasa Yunani yang membuat kakakku tertawa.

“Dia tidak paham, Miranda, dia hanya tahu dua kata. Berbicaralah dalam bahasa Inggris. Bisakah kamu menunjukkan jalan ke pantai saat kamu sudah menyelesaikan tugasmu?”

“Tentu saja! Dengan senang hati!”

Dia terlihat lebih dari senang, dia terlihat sangat bahagia yang membuatku tersenyum, menganggap sinis bahwa dia mungkin senang karena bisa menikmati jalan-jalan pagi di tengah pekerjaannya. Tetapi ketika itu terjadi, aku salah. Aku belum bisa memahami kesenangan sederhana orang Yunani dalam melakukan pelayanan kepada siapa pun karena baru-baru ini aku masih merasakan depresi kelabu di London dan juga kegagalanku di belakang panggung.

Dia mulai menumpuk piring hidangan sarapan di nampannya dengan diikuti suara gemerincing. “Aku tidak akan lama. Satu menit, hanya satu menit…”

“Ya, aku tahu,” kataku dengan kepuasan yang mendalam.

Jalanan ke pantai merupakan jalan teduh yang dilapisi jarum pinus. Jalanan tersebut berputar-putar di antara pepohonan, tiba-tiba menuju ke sebuah tempat terbuka yang kecil di mana ada sebuah sungai yang mengalir ke laut, terperangkap di kolam yang cerah di bawah tebing honeysuckle.

Di sini jalan bercabang, satu lintasan menanjak, lebih dalam ke hutan, yang lain menurun tajam melalui pinus dan pohon ek emas ke arah laut.

Miranda berhenti dan menunjuk lereng. “Kamu bisa pergi melewati itu. Jalan lain menuju ke Castello, dan itu sangat pribadi. Tidak ada yang melewati itu, itu hanya mengarah ke rumah, kamu mengerti?”

“Di mana vila lainnya? Termasuk milik Tuan Manning?”


“Aku percaya itu. Apakah ayahmu juga bekerja di perkebunan?”

Pertanyaannya tidak lebih dari bermalas-malasan; Aku benar-benar lupa omong kosong Phyllida, dan lagi pula aku tidak percaya itu, tetapi gadis itu menanggapi rasa maluku dengan ragu-ragu, dan dalam kengerian selama sedetik aku berpikir apakah selama ini Phyllida benar. Aku tidak tahu, saat itu, bahwa orang Yunani menerima pertanyaan personal yang paling intens dengan sangat tenang, hanya ketika dia bertanya kepada mereka, aku mulai tergagap, tetapi Miranda mulai menjawab:

“Beberapa tahun yang lalu ayahmu meninggalkan kami. Dia pergi ke sana.”

“Di sebelah sana” adalah saat di mana dinding pohon dipenuhi semak belukar, tapi aku tahu apa yang ada di balik itu: tanah suram, tanah komunis Albania yang sudah ditutup.
“Maksudmu, sebagai tawanan?” tanyaku ngeri.


“Kamu tidak pernah mendengar kabar darinya?”


“Apakah maksudmu, tidak ada yang bisa pergi ke Albania?”

“Ya.” Mata hitam itu tiba-tiba berkilau hidup, seolah-olah ada sesuatu yang muncul di balik mata tenangnya.

“Kecuali mereka yang melanggar hukum.”


“Apakah dia mirip kamu?”


Aku berbelok ke jalan curam di bawah pohon pinus. Ketika aku sampai di tikungan pertama, sesuatu membuatku menengok ke arah kliring.

Miranda sudah pergi. Tapi kupikir aku melihat sekelebat warna merah pudar, bukan dari arah Villa Forli, tetapi lebih ke atas hutan, di jalan terlarang menuju Castello.

BAB DUA

Tuan, aku marah....

Teluk itu kecil dan tersembunyi, pasir putih murni menahan laut aquamarine dan tertahan pada latar belakang tebing, pohon pinus yang menjulang tinggi dan pepohonan hijau keemasan. Langkahku menuntunku turun melewati seikat pohon ek muda, langsung menuju ke pasir. Aku mengganti bajuku dengan cepat, dan berjalan menuju sinar matahari.


Setelah rasa panas dari pasir, airnya terasa sejuk dan halus. Aku membiarkan diriku masuk ke air yang tenang seperti susu, dan mulai berenang santai sejajar dengan pantai, ke arah lengan selatan teluk ini. Angin sepoi-sepoi bertiup, aroma campuran bunga jeruk dan pinus yang memabukkan, manis dan tajam, berasal dari hembusan hangat melalui aroma garam laut. Tidak lama aku sudah di dekat tanjung, di mana batu putih berada di dalam air, dan hutan pinus berada, membayangi kolam hijau tua. Aku terdiam di bawah sinar matahari,
membalikkan punggungku dengan malas untuk mengapung, menutup mata dari cahaya cemerlang langit.

[2.5] Pinus-pinus bernafas dan berbisik; air yang tenang tidak bersuara sama sekali...


[2.8] Kali ini riak mengangkatku dari kakiku, dan ketika aku jatuh ke depan, riak yang lain mengikutinya, menjatuhkanku, sehingga aku berjuang tak berdaya selama satu menit, menelan air, sebelum menyerang, dan sekarang aku benar-benar khawatir.

[2.9] Di sebelahku, tiba-tiba, air berputar dan mendesis, Sesuatu menyentuhku – luka dingin sejenak di sepanjang paha – ketika sesuatu melewatiku di bawah air...

[2.10] Aku terkesiap ketakutan, dan satu-satunya alasan aku tidak berteriak adalah karena aku tersedak air dan tenggelam ke bawah. Aku melawan balik, ketakutan, ke permukaan, aku menggosok garam dari mataku dan menatap ke sekitar dengan was-was – teluk masih tetap kosong seperti sebelumnya, tetapi sekarang permukaannya ditandai oleh riak seperti panah oleh mahluk laut apa pun yang sudah tersapu olehku. Titik panah itu bergerak cepat, sejernih uap melintasi air teluk yang datar, membelah air, lurus ke laut terbuka... lalu melengkung ke dalam busur panjang, menuju ke belakang...


punggung melengkung seperti bulan sabit, lalu makhluk itu tenggelam lagi, sapuannya mengangkatku beberapa meter ke depan ke arah bebatuan. Aku menemukan pegangan, cepat-cepat memegang erat, terengah-engah, dan benar-benar ketakutan.


[2.15] Dia datang lagi, dalam lekukan yang besar, halus dan berkilau, punggungnya gelap dan perutnya terang, anggun seperti perahu balap. Kali ini dia keluar dari air, untuk berbaring di permukaan, menatapku.


[2.18] Lumba-lumba itu secara natural mengabaikan uluranku, tapi dia berbaring di sana dengan tenang dan tersenyum, bergoyang sedikit lebih dekat, dan memperhatikanku, sama sekali tidak takut.


[2.22] Jadi itu tadi. Dengan kekecewaan tajam yang terasa seperti kehilangan, aku menengok kepalaku melihatnya pergi ke laut, ketika tiba-tiba, tidak jauh dari batuku, lautan terbelah seolah-olah telah dibelah dan lumba-lumba itu melesat cepat ke atas di lereng curam yang membawanya keluar dari air dalam lompatan setinggi halaman dan turun lagi dengan bunyi ekor yang keras seperti tembakan meriam. Dia memeliharkanya seperti torpedo, mengambil semua yang berdiri dua puluh meter dari batuku dan memusatkan ke atas dengan mata yang cerdas dan lucu itu.


[2.24] Aku menurunkan kakiku ke dalam air, bersiap untuk turun dari batu. Lebah lainnya meluncur di atasku, menuju ke laut, dengan senandung penasaran yang tinggi. Sesuatu –
beberapa ikan kecil, pikirku – memercikkan air ke arah lumba-lumba itu. Bahkan seperti yang aku bayangkan, samar-samar, senandung itu datang lagi, lebih dekat… lalu semburan air lainnya, dan rengaskan tipis melengkung, seperti kawat bernyanyi.


[2.26] Itu berarti aku dalam bahaya dari peluru yang tadi tidak masuk ke kepalaku. Aku merasa geram, dan resah untuk melakukan sesuatu dengan cepat. Di sana lumba-lumba berbaring, tersenyum kepadaku di atas air, sementara beberapa “olahragawan” pembunuh tidak diragukan sedang membidik lagi…


[2.28] Tidak ada seorang pun, tentunya, yang akan menembak binatang ketika mereka bisa menembakkannya. Aku langsung terjun ke arah sinar matahari, dengan kikuk menyemprotkan air, berharap bahwa pendekatan kasarku akan menakuti lumba-lumba menjauh dari bahaya.


[2.31] Aku berbalik untuk menatap tebing itu.

[2.32] Hal pertama yang aku lihat, naik di atas pusat teluk, adalah apa yang seharusnya merupakan cerita awal Castello dei Fiori, menjaga menara-menara yang tidak cocok dengan latar belakang pohon holm, cedar dan pohon cemara Mediterania. Rumah itu terletak jauh di belakang, sehingga aku tidak bisa melihat jendela-jendela lantai dasar, melainkan balkon
yang luas, atau teras dengan batu birai, menjorok ke depan tepat ke tepi tebing di atas teluk. Dari pantai tepat di bawah teluk ini, tidak ada yang bisa dilihat melalui semak berbunga yang membatasi tebing yang curam dan rusak, tapi dari tempatku berdiri, aku bisa melihat seluruh birai dengan patung-patung yang ditumbuhi lumut di setiap sudutnya, satu atau dua guci batu penuh bunga di dalamnya yang menunjukkan warna cerah dengan latar belakang pohon cemara yang gelap, dan, agak jauh dari tangga pagar, sebuah meja dan kursi diatur di balik bayangan batu pinus.


[2.35] Aku sudah keluar dari air bahkan sebelum lumba-lumba itu bisa menyelam dua kali, aku telah mengambil sepatu dan membungkusnya, dan sedang melangkah melalui undak-undak dekat tebing yang aku duga mengarah ke teras.


[2.38] Aku naik ke tangga seperti roket meninggalkan landasan peluncurannya.


[2.43] Dia terlihat kosong seolah aku tiba-tiba menamparnya. “Mengapa aku melakukan apa?”


[2.45] “Ya Tuh-“ dia menenangkan dirinya sendiri, dan berkata seperti seseorang yang berurusan dengan orang gila, “Apa yang sedang kamu bicarakan?”


25

Dia mengerutkan alisnya, dan menatapku dengan cemberut, seolah melihatku pertama kali, dan bukan sekedar gangguan yang akan dilemparkan dari tebing secepat mungkin.

“Lalu kenapa kamu lompat ke dalam air di dekat lumba-lumba itu?”

“Yah, bukankah sangat jelas? Aku ingin menjauhkan lumba-lumba itu sebelum dia terluka!”

“Tapi kamu bisa saja melukai dirimu sendiri. Apakah kamu tidak tahu bahwa peluru menembus air sama seperti peluru menembus batu?”

“Tentu saja aku tahu! Tapi aku harus melakukan sesuatu, bukan begitu?”

“Gadis pemberani.” Suaranya yang kering membuat amarahku yang mendingin kembali mendidih. Aku berkata dengan marah:

“Anda tidak percaya kan? Aku memberitahumu kebenarannya! Terdapat tembakan, dan tentu saja aku melompat untuk menghentikannya! Aku tahu bahwa kamu akan berhenti menembak jika ada seseorang di sana.”


“Aku bertanya padamu,” kataku.

Sejenak aku berpikir aku sudah keterlaluan. Bibirnya ditekan, dan matanya tampak marah. Ada keheningan singkat, sementara dia menatapku dengan marah dan kami menilai satu sama lain. Aku melihat seorang lelaki bertubuh kekar berusia sekitar tiga puluh tahun, mengenakan celana panjang dan kemeja Sea Island tanpa lengan yang memperlihatkan dada dan lengan yang mungkin milik para kuli Yunani yang aku lihat sedang membangun jalanan dengan tangan kosong. Seperti mata mereka juga, rambut dan mata laki-laki itu sangat gelap.
Tetapi sesuatu yang sensual dan sensitif sekaligus tentang mulut yang bertentangan dengan kesan kepribadian fisik semata; di sini, yang terasa, adalah seorang pria dengan dorongan agresif, tetapi orang yang membayarnya dalam mata uang pribadinya sendiri.


[2.63] “Bukan tukang kebun?”

[2.64] “Bukan.”

[2.65] “Atau penyewa di Vila Rothe?”


[2.70] Dia bertanya dengan cepat, “Kita?”


[2.75] “Kami agak repot dengan orang-orang yang datang belakangan ini, dan ayahku… dia sakit, dan dia berada di sini untuk memulihkan diri, jadi bisa kau bayangkan dia lebih suka dibiarkan sendiri.”

[2.76] “Apakah aku terlihat seperti pemburu tanda tangan?”


Jalan keluarku dari tempat itu hancur oleh kenyataan bahwa pakaianku tersangkut di semak duri dan membuatku harus membersihkannya. Butuh tiga menit yang mengerikan bagiku untuk melepaskannya dan pergi.


Aku yakin aku sudah dilupakan.

Bab III

Kegagahan ini yang kamu lihat

Berada di bangkai kapal; dan, tapi dia sesuatu yang ternoda

Dengan kesedihan (itu adalah kebusukan yang cantik) kamu mungkin memanggilnya

Orang yang baik.

Setelah aku selesai mandi dan berpakaian, aku merasa lebih tenang, dan sangat siap untuk memberitahu Phyllida tentang semua itu, dan kemungkinan aku akan mendengar komentarnya yang tajam tentang Tuan Gale yang tidak menolong itu. Tapi ketika aku pergi ke teras dia tidak ada di sana, hanya ada setengah meja yang diletakkan untuk makan siang, dengan perak terlempar ke bawah, seolah-olah tergesa-gesa, di tengah kain. Tidak ada tanda-tanda Miranda atau ibunya.
[3.6] Lalu aku mendengar pintu dibuka dan ditutup dari dapur, dan langkah kaki kakakku yang cepat menyeberang ruangan ini, memasuki ruang tamu yang besar yang dia sebut the salotto.


Ada sebuah meja di ujung ruangan itu, sarat dengan botol-botol. Seorang pria berdiri membelakangi kami, memercikkan soda ke gelas. Dia berbalik ketika kami masuk.

Kesan pertamaku adalah topeng kendali yang agak dingin menahan emosi yang kuat. Kemudian kesan itu memudar, dan aku sadar aku salah: kontrolnya bukan topeng; itu adalah bagian dari manusia dan diciptakan oleh emosi itu sendiri ketika rem Westinghouse dihempaskan secara otomatis oleh kepala uap. Di sini ada sesuatu yang sangat berbeda dari Tuan Gale. Aku menatapnya dengan penuh minat dan sedikit belas kasihan.

Dia tinggi, dan berperawakan tangguh, dengan rambut cokelat dikilapkan oleh matahari, wajah kecil, pintar, dan mata abu-abu yang tampak lelah ditarik turun seolah-olah dia tidak tidur. Aku menebak usianya di pertengahan tiga puluhan.

Phyllida memperkenalkan kami, dan Tuan Gale dengan sopan mengenaliku, tapi semua perhatiannya tertuju pada kakakku. “Kau sudah memberitahu mereka? Apakah itu sangat buruk?”


“Jika di dalam teko itu jus buah, boleh aku minta itu? Apakah ada es?”
“Tentu saja.” Tuan Gale memberikanku minuman. “Dengar, Phyl, haruskah aku pergi dan berbicara dengan mereka sekarang? Akan ada hal-hal yang ingin mereka tanyakan.”

B. SOURCE TEXT

THIS ROUGH MAGIC

Chapter One

… a relation for a breakfast

[1.1] "And if it's a boy," said Phyllida cheerfully, "we'll call him Prospero."

[1.2] I laughed. "Poor little chap, why on earth? Oh, of course… Has someone been telling you that Corfu was Shakespeare's magic island for The Tempest?"

[1.3] "As a matter of fact, yes, the other day, but for goodness' sake don't ask me about it now. Whatever you may be used to, I draw the line at Shakespeare for breakfast" My sister yawned, stretched out a foot into the sunshine at the edge of the terrace, and admired the expensive beach sandal on it. "I didn't mean that, anyway, I only meant that we've already got a Miranda here, and a Spiro, which may not be short for Prospero, but sounds very like it."

[1.4] "Oh? It sounds highly romantic. Who are they?"
"A local boy and girl: they're twins."

"Good heavens. Papa must be a literary gent?"

Phyllida smiled. "You could say so."

Something in her expression roused my curiosity, just as something else told me she had meant to; so I—who can be every bit as provoking as Phyllida when I try—said merely, "Well, in that case hadn't you better have a change? How about Caliban for your unborn young? It fits like a glove."

"Why?" she demanded indignantly.

"'This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,'" I quoted. "Is there some more coffee?"

"Of course. Here. Oh, my goodness, it's nice to have you here, Lucy! I suppose I oughtn't to call it luck that you were free to come just now, but I'm awfully glad you could. This is heaven after Rome."

"And paradise after London. I feel different already. When I think where I was this time yesterday… and when I think about the rain…"

I shuddered, and drank my coffee, leaning back in my chair to gaze out across pine tops furry with gold towards the sparkling sea, and surrendering myself to the dreamlike feeling that marks the start of a holiday in a place like this when one is tired and has been transported overnight from the April chill of England to the sunlight of a magic island in the Ionian Sea.

Perhaps I should explain (for those who are not so lucky as I) that Corfu is an island off the west coast of Greece. It is long and sickle-shaped, and lies along the curve of the coast; at its nearest, in the north, it is barely two miles off the Albanian mainland, but from the town of Corfu, which is about halfway down the curve of the sickle, the coast of Greece is about seven or eight miles distant. At its northern end the island is broad and mountainous, tailing off through rich valleys and ever decreasing hills into the long, flat scorpion's tail of the south from which some think that Corfu, or Kerkyra, get its name.

My sister's house lies some twelve miles north of Corfu town, where the coast begins its curve towards the mainland, and where the foothills of Mount Pantokrator provide shelter
for the rich little pocket of land which has been part of her husband's family property for a good many years.

[1.16] My sister Phyllida is three years older than I, and when she was twenty she married a Roman banker, Leonardo Forli. His family had settled in Corfu during the Venetian occupation of that island, and had managed somehow to survive the various subsequent "occupations" with their small estate more or less intact, and had even, like the Vicar of Bray, contrived to prosper. It was under the British Protectorate that Leo's great-grandfather had built the pretentious and romantic Castello dei Fiori in the woods above the little bay where the estate runs down to the sea. He had planted vineyards, and orange orchards, including a small plantation (if that is the word) of the Japanese miniature oranges called koûm koyàt for which the Forli estate later became famous. He even cleared space in the woods for a garden, and built—beyond the southern arm of the bay and just out of sight of the Castello—a jetty and a vast boathouse, which (according to Phyllida) would almost have housed the Sixth Fleet, and had indeed housed the complicated flock of vessels in which his guests used to visit him. In his day, I gathered, the Castello had been the scene of one large and continuous house party: in summer they sailed and fished, and in the fall there were hunting parties, when thirty or so guests would invade the Greek and Albanian mainlands to harry the birds and ibexes.

[1.17] But those days had vanished with the first war, and the family moved to Rome, though without selling the Castello, which remained, through the twenties and thirties, their summer home. The shifting fortunes of the Second World War almost destroyed the estate, but the Forlis emerged in postwar Rome with the family fortunes mysteriously repaired, and the then Forli Senior—Leo's father—turned his attention once more to the Corfu property. He had done something to restore the place, but after his death three years ago his son had decided that the Castello's rubbed and faded splendours were no longer for him, and had built a pair of smallish modern villas—in reality twin bungalows—on the two headlands enclosing the bay of which the Castello overlooked the centre. He and Phyllida themselves used the Villa Forli, as they called the house on the northern headland; its twin, the Villa Rotha, stood to the south of the bay, above the creek where the boathouse was. The Villa Rotha had been rented by an Englishman, a Mr. Manning, who had been there since the previous autumn working on a book ("you know the kind," said my sister, "all photographs, with a thin trickle of text in large type, but they're good") The houses were connected with the road by the main drive to the Castello, and with one another by various paths through the woods and down into the bay.
This year the hot spring in Rome, with worse promised, had driven the Forlis early to Corfu, Phyllida, who was pregnant, had been feeling the heat badly, so had been persuaded to leave the two older children (whose school term was still running) with their grandmother, and Leo had brought her over a few days before I arrived, but had had to go back to his business in Rome, with the promise to fly over when he could at weekends, and to bring the children for Easter. So Phyllida, hearing that I was currently at a loose end, had written begging me to join her in Corfu and keep her company.

The invitation couldn't have been better timed. The play I was in had just folded after the merest face-saver of a run, and I was out of a job. That the job had been my first in London—my "big chance"—accounted partly for my present depression. There was nothing more on the cards: the agencies were polite, but evasive; and besides, we had had a dreadful winter and I was tired, dispirited, and seriously wondering, at twenty-five, if I had made a fool of myself in insisting against all advice on the stage as a career. But—as everyone knows who has anything to do with it—the stage is not a profession, but a virus, and I had it. So I had worked and scraped my way through the usual beginnings until last year, when I finally decided, after three years of juvenile leads in provincial rep., that it was time to try my luck in London. And luck had seemed at last to be with me. After ten months or so of television walk-ons and the odd commercial, I had landed a promising part, only to have the play fold under me like a dying camel, after a two-month run.

But at least I could count myself luckier than the other few thousand still fighting their way towards the bottom rung of the ladder: while they were sitting in the agents' stuffy offices, here was I on the terrace of the Villa Forli, with as many weeks in front of me as I cared to take in the dazzling sunshine of Corfu. The terrace was a wide tiled platform perched at the end of the promontory where wooded cliffs fell steeply to the sea. Below the balustrade hung cloud on cloud of pines, already smelling warm and spicy in the morning sun. Behind the house and to either side sloped the cool woods where small birds flashed and twittered. The bay itself was hidden by trees, but the view ahead was glorious—a stretch of the calm, shimmering gulf that lies in the curved arm of Corfu. Away northward, across the dark blue strait, loomed, insubstantial as mist, the ghostly snows of Albania.

It was a scene of the most profound and enchanted peace. No sound but the birds; nothing in sight but trees and sky and sun-reflecting sea.
I sighed. "Well, if it isn't Prospero's magic island it ought to be… Who are these romantic twins of yours, anyway?"

"Spiro and Miranda? Oh, they belong to the woman who works for us here, Maria. She has that cottage at the main Castello gate—you'd have seen it last night on your way in from the airport."

"I remember a light there… A tiny place, wasn't it? So they're Corfu people—what's the word? Corfusians?"

She laughed. "Idiot. Corfiotes. Yes, they're Corfiote peasants. The brother works for Godfrey Manning over at the Villa Rotha. Miranda helps her mother here."

"Peasants?" Mildly intrigued, I gave her the lead I thought she wanted. "It does seem a bit odd to find those names here. Who was this well-read father of theirs, then? Leo?"

"Leo," said his loving wife, "has to my certain knowledge read nothing but the Roman Financial Times for the last eight years. He'd think 'Prospero and Miranda' was the name of an investment trust. No, it's even odder than you think, my love…" She gave her small cat-and-canary smile, the one I recognized as preceding the more farfetched flights of gossip that she calls "interesting facts that I feel you ought to know."… "Actually, Spiro's officially called after the island Saint—every second boy's called Spiridion in Corfu—but since our distinguished tenant at the Castello was responsible for the christening—and for the twins as well, one gathers—I'll bet he's down as Prospero on the parish register, or whatever they have here."

"Your 'distinguished tenant'?" This was obviously the bonne bouche she had been saving for me, but I looked at her in some surprise, remembering the vivid description she had once given me of the Castello dei Fiori: "tatty beyond words, sort of Wagnerian Gothic, like a set for a musical version of Dracula." I wondered who could have been persuaded to pay for these operatic splendours. "Someone's rented Valhalla, then? Aren't you lucky. Who?"

"Julian Gale."

"Julian Gale?" I sat up abruptly, staring at her. "You can't mean—do you mean Julian Gale? The actor?"
"As ever was." My sister looked pleased with the effect she had produced. I was wide awake now, as I had certainly not been during the long recital of our family affairs earlier. Sir Julian Gale was not only "an actor," he had been one of the more brilliant lights of the English theatre for more years than I could well remember... And, more recently, one of its mysteries.

"Well!" I said. "So this is where he went."

"I thought you'd be interested," said Phyl, rather smugly. "I'll say I am! Everyone's still wondering, on and off, why he packed it in like that two years ago. Of course I knew he'd been ill after that ghastly accident, but to give it up and then just quietly vanish... You should have heard the rumours."

"I can imagine. We've our own brand here. But don't go all shiny-eyed and imagine you'll get anywhere near him, my child. He's here for privacy, and I mean for privacy. He doesn't go out at all—socially, that is—except to the houses of a couple of friends, and they've got TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT plastered at intervals of one yard all over the grounds, and the gardener throws all callers over the cliff into the sea."

"I shan't worry him. I think too darned much of him for that. I suppose you must have met him. How is he?"

"Oh, I—he seems all right. Just doesn't get around, that's all. I've only met him a couple of times. Actually, it was he who told me that Corfu was supposed to be the setting of The Tempest." She glanced at me sideways. "I, er, I suppose you'd allow him to be 'a literary gent'?"

But this time I ignored the lead. "The Tempest was his swan song," I said. "I saw it at Stratford, the last performance, and cried my eyes out over the 'this rough magic I here abjure' bit. Is that what made him choose Corfu to retire to?"

She laughed. "I doubt it. Didn't you know he was practically a native? He was here during the war, and apparently stayed on for a bit after it was over, and then, I'm told, he used to bring his family back almost every year for holidays, when the children were young. They had a house near Ipsos, and kept it on till quite recently, but it was sold after his wife and daughter were killed. However, I suppose he still had... connections... here, so when he thought of retiring he remembered the Castello. We hadn't meant to let the place, it wasn't
really fit, but he was so anxious to find somewhere quite isolated and quiet, and it really did seem a godsend that the Castello was empty, with Maria and her family just next door; so Leo let it go. Maria and the twins turned to and fixed up a few of the rooms, and there's a Couple who live at the far side of the orange orchards; they look after the place, and their grandson does the Castello garden and helps around, so for anyone who really only wants peace and privacy I suppose it's a pretty fair bargain… Well, that's our little colony. I won't say it's just another Saint-Trop. in the height of the season, but there's plenty of what you want, if it's only peace and sunshine and bathing."

[1.39] "Suits me," I said dreamily. "Oh, how it suits me."

[1.40] "D'you want to go down this morning?"

[1.41] "I'd love to. Where?"

[1.42] "Well, the bay, of course. It's down that way." She pointed vaguely through the trees.

[1.43] "I thought you said there were notices warning trespassers off."

[1.44] "Oh, goodness, not literally, and not from the beach, anyway, only the grounds. We'd never let anyone else have the bay, that's what we come here for! Actually, it's quite nice straight down from here on the north side of the headland where our own little jetty is, but there's sand in the bay, and it's heaven for lying about, and quite private… Well, you do as you like. I might go down later, but if you want to swim this morning, I'll get Miranda to show you the way."

[1.45] "She's here now?"

[1.46] "Darling," said my sister, "you're in the lap of vulgar luxury now, remember? Did you think I made the coffee myself?"

[1.47] "Get you, Contessa," I said crudely. "I can remember the day—"

[1.48] I broke off as a girl came out on to the terrace with a tray, to dear away the breakfast things. She eyed me curiously, with that unabashed stare of the Greeks which one learns to get used to, as it is virtually impossible to stare it down in return, and smiled at me, the smile broadening into a grin as I tried a "Good morning" in Greek—a phrase which was, as yet, my whole vocabulary. She was short and stockily built, with a thick neck and round face, and heavy brows almost meeting over her nose. Her bright dark eyes and warm skin were
attractive with the simple, animal attraction of youth and health. The dress of faded red suited her, giving her a sort of dark, gentle glow that was very different from the electric sparkle of the urban expatriate Greeks I had met. She looked about seventeen.

[1.49] My attempt to greet her undammed a flood of delighted Greek which my sister, laughing, managed at length to stem.

[1.50] "She doesn't understand, Miranda, she only knows two words. Speak English. Will you show her the way down to the beach when you've cleared away, please?"

[1.51] "Of course! I shall be pleased!"

[1.52] She looked more than pleased, she looked so delighted that I smiled to myself, presuming cynically that it was probably only pleasure at having an outing in the middle of a working morning. As it happened, I was wrong. Coming so recently from the grey depressions of London and the backstage bad tempers of failure, I wasn't able as yet to grasp the Greek's simple delight in doing anyone a service.

[1.53] She began to pile the breakfast dishes on her tray with clattering vigour. "I shall not be long. A minute, only a minute…"

[1.54] "And that means half an hour," said my sister placidly, as the girl bustled out. "Anyway, what's the hurry? You've all the time in the world."

[1.55] "So I have," I said, in deep contentment.

[1.56] The way to the beach was a shady path quilted with pine needles. It twisted through the trees, to lead out suddenly into a small clearing where a stream, trickling down to the sea, was trapped in a sunny pool under a bank of honeysuckle.

[1.57] Here the path forked, one track going uphill, deeper into the woods, the other turning down steeply through pines and golden oaks towards the sea.

[1.58] Miranda paused and pointed downhill. "That is the way you go. The other is to the Castello, and it is private. Nobody goes that way, it is only to the house, you understand?"

[1.59] "Whereabouts is the other villa, Mr. Manning's?"

[1.60] "On the other side of the bay, at the top of the cliff. You cannot see it from the beach because the trees are in the way, but there is a path going like this"—she sketched a steep
zigzag—"from the boathouse up the cliff. My brother works there, my brother Spiro. It is a fine house, very beautiful, like the Signora's, though of course not so wonderful as the Castello. That is like a palace."

[1.61] "So I believe. Does your father work on the estate, too?"

[1.62] The query was no more than idle; I had completely forgotten Phyllida's nonsense, and hadn't believed it anyway, but to my intense embarrassment the girl hesitated, and I wondered for one horrified second if Phyllida had been right. I did not know, then, that the Greek takes the most intensely personal questions serenely for granted, just as he asks them himself, and I had begun to stammer something, but Miranda was already answering:

[1.63] "Many years ago my father left us. He went over there."

[1.64] "Over there" was at the moment a wall of trees laced with shrubs of myrtle, but I knew what lay beyond them: the grim, shut land of Communist Albania.

[1.65] "You mean as a prisoner?" I asked, horrified.

[1.66] She shook her head. "No. He was a Communist. We lived then in Argyrathes, in the south of Corfu, and in that part of the island there are many such." She hesitated. "I do not know why this is. It is different in the north, where my mother comes from." She spoke as if the island were four hundred miles long instead of nearly forty, but I believed her. Where two Greeks are gathered together, there will be at least three political parties represented, and possibly more.

[1.67] "You've never heard from him?"

[1.68] "Never. In the old days my mother still hoped, but now, of course, the frontiers are shut to all, and no one can pass in or out. If he is still alive, he must stay there. But we do not know this either."

[1.69] "D'you mean that no one can travel to Albania?"

[1.70] "No one." The black eyes suddenly glittered to life, as if something had sparked behind their placid orbs.

[1.71] "Except those who break the law."
"Not a law I'd care to break myself." Those alien snows had looked high and cold and cruel. I said awkwardly, "I'm sorry, Miranda. It must be an unhappy business for your mother."

She shrugged. "It is a long time ago. Fourteen years. I do not even know if I remember him. And we have Spiro to look after us." The sparkle again. "He works for Mr. Manning, I told you this—with the boat, and with the car, a wonderful car, very expensive!—and also with the photographs that Mr. Manning is taking for a book. He has said that when the book is finished—a real book that is sold in the shops—he will put Spiro's name in it, in print. Imagine! Oh, there is nothing that Spiro cannot do! He is my twin, you understand."

"Is he like you?"

She looked surprised. "Like me? Why, no, he is a man, and have I not just told you that he is clever? Me, I am not clever, but then I am a woman, and there is no need. With men it is different. Yes?"

"So the men say." I laughed. "Well, thanks very much for showing me the way. Will you tell my sister that I'll be back in good time for lunch?"

I turned down the steep path under the pines. As I reached the first bend something made me glance back towards the clearing.

Miranda had gone. But I thought I saw a whisk of faded scarlet, not from the direction of the Villa Forli, but higher up in the woods, on the forbidden path to the Castello.

Chapter Two

Sir, I am vex'd...

The bay was small and sheltered, a sickle of pure white sand holding back the aquamarine sea, and held in its turn by the towering backdrop of cliff and pine and golden-green trees. My path led me steeply down past a knot of young oaks, straight on to the sand. I changed quickly in a sheltered corner, and walked out into the white blaze of the sun.
The bay was deserted and very quiet. Two either side of it the wooded promontories thrust out into the calm, glittering water. Beyond them the sea deepened through peacock shades to a rich, dark blue, where the mountains of Epirus floated in the clear distance, less substantial than a bank of mist. The far snows of Albania seemed to drift like cloud.

After the heat of the sand, the water felt cool and silky. I let myself down into the milky calm, and began to swim idly along parallel to the shore, towards the southern arm of the bay. There was the faintest breeze blowing off the land, its heady mixture of orange blossom and pine, sweet and sharp, coming in warm puffs through the salt smell of the sea. Soon I was nearing the promontory, where white rocks came down to the water, and a grove of pines hung out, shadowing a deep green pool. I stayed in the sun, turning lazily on my back to float, eyes shut against the brilliance of the sky.

The pines breathed and whispered; the tranquil water made no sound at all…

A ripple rocked me, nearly turning me over. As I floundered, trying to right myself, another came, a wash like that of a small boat passing, rolling me in its wake. But I had heard neither oars nor engine; could hear nothing now except the slap of the exhausted ripples against the rock.

Treading water, I looked around me, puzzled and a little alarmed. Nothing. The sea shimmered, empty and calm, to the turquoise and blue of its horizon. I felt downwards with my feet, to find that I had drifted a little farther out from shore, and could barely touch bottom with the tips of my toes. I turned back towards the shallows.

This time the wash lifted me clear off my feet, and as I plunged clumsily forward another followed it, tumbling me over, so that I struggled helplessly for a minute, swallowing water, before striking out, thoroughly alarmed now, for shore.

Beside me, suddenly, the water swirled and hissed. Something touched me—a cold, momentary graze along the thigh—as a body drove past me under water…

I gave a gasp of sheer fright, and the only reason I didn't scream was because I gasped myself full of water, and went under. Fighting back, terrified, to the surface, I shook the salt out of my eyes and looked wildly round—to see the bay as empty as before, but with its surface marked now by the arrowing ripples of whatever sea creature had brushed by me. The arrow's point was moving fast away, its wake as clear as a vapour trail across the flat water of
the bay. It tore on its way, straight for the open sea… then curved in a long arc, heading back…

[2.11] I didn't wait to see what it was. My ignorant mind, panic-stricken, screamed "Sharks!" and I struck out madly for the rocks of the promontory.

[2.12] It was coming fast. Thirty yards off, the surface of the water bulged, swelled, and broke to the curved thrust of a huge, silver-black back. The water parted, and poured off its sides like liquid glass. There was a gasping puff of breath; I caught the glimpse of a dark bright eye, and a dorsal fin cusped like a crescent moon, then the creature submerged again, its wash lifting me a couple of yards forward towards my rock. I found a handhold, clung, and scrambled out, gasping, and thoroughly scared.

[2.13] It surely wasn't a shark. Hundreds of adventure stories had told me that one knew a shark by the great triangular fin, and I had seen pictures of the terrible jaws and tiny, brutal eye. This creature had breathed air, and the eye had been big and dark, like a dog's—like a seal's, perhaps? But there were no seals in these warm waters, and besides, seals didn't have dorsal fins. A porpoise, then? Too big…

[2.14] Then I had the answer, and with it a rush of relief and delight. This was the darling of the Aegean, "the lad who lives before the wind," Apollo's beloved, "desire of the sea," the dolphin… the lovely names went rippling by with him as I drew myself up on to the warm rock in the shade of the pines, clasped my knees, and settled down to watch.

[2.15] Here he came again, in a great curve, smooth and glistening, dark-backed and light-bellied, and as graceful as a racing yacht. This time he came right out, to lie on the surface watching me.

[2.16] He was large, as dolphins go, something over eight feet long. He lay rocking gently, with the powerful shoulders waiting curved for the plunge below, and the tail—crescent-shaped, and quite unlike a fish's upright rudder—hugging the water flatly, holding the big body level. The dark-ringed eye watched me steadily, with what I could have sworn was a friendly and interested light. The smooth muzzle was curved into the perpetual dolphin smile.

[2.17] Excitement and pleasure made me light-headed. "Oh, you darling!" I said foolishly, and put out a hand, rather as one puts it out to the pigeons in Trafalgar Square.
The dolphin, naturally, ignored it, but lay there placidly smiling, rocking a little closer, and watching me entirely unafraid.

So they were true, those stories... I knew of the legends, of course—ancient literature was studded with stories of dolphins who had befriended man; and while one couldn't quite accept all the miraculous dolphins of legend, there were also many more recent tales, sworn to with every kind of modern proof. There was the dolphin called Pelorus Jack, fifty years ago in New Zealand, who saw the ships through Cook Strait for twenty years; the Opononi dolphin of the fifties, who entertained the holiday-makers in the bay; the one more recently in Italy, who played with the children near the shore, attracting such large crowds that eventually a little group of businessmen from a nearby resort, whose custom was being drawn away, lay in wait for the dolphin and shot her dead as she came in to play. These, and others, gave the old legends rather more than the benefit of the doubt.

And here, indeed, was the living proof. Here was I, Lucy Waring, being asked into the water for a game. The dolphin couldn't have made it clearer if he'd been carrying a placard on that lovely moon's-horn fin of his. He rocked himself, watching me, then half turned, rolled, and came up again, nearer still...

A stray breeze moved the pines, and I heard a bee go past my cheek, travelling like a bullet. The dolphin arched suddenly away in a deep dive. The sea sucked, swirled, and settled, rocking, back to emptiness.

So that was that. With a disappointment so sharp that it felt like a bereavement, I turned my head to watch for him moving out to sea, when suddenly, not far from my rock, the sea burst apart as if it had been shelled and the dolphin shot upwards on a steep slant that took him out of the water in a yard-high leap and down again with a smack of the tail as loud as a cannon shot. He tore by like a torpedo, to fetch up all standing twenty yards out from my rock and fix me once again with that bright, humorous eye.

It was an enchanting piece of show-off, and it did the trick. "All right," I said softly, "I'll come in. But if you knock me over again, I'll drown you, my lad, see if I don't!"

I lowered my legs into the water, ready to slide down off the rock. Another bee shot past above me, seawards, with a curious high humming. Something—some small fish, I suppose—splashed a white jet of water just beyond the dolphin. Even as I wondered,
vaguely, what it was, the humming came again, nearer... and then another white spurt of water, and a curious thin, curving whine, like singing wire.

[2.25] I understood then. I'd heard that sound before. These were neither bees nor fish. They were bullets, presumably from a silenced rifle, and one of them had ricocheted off the surface of the sea. Someone was shooting at the dolphin from the woods above the bay.

[2.26] That I was in some danger from the ricochets myself didn't at first enter my head. I was merely furious, and concerned to do something quickly. There lay the dolphin, smiling at me on the water, while some murderous "sportsman" was no doubt taking aim yet again...

[2.27] Presumably he hadn't yet seen me in the shadow of the pines. I shouted at the top of my voice, "Stop that shooting! Stop it at once!" and thrust myself forward into the water.

[2.28] Nobody, surely, would fire at the beast when there was the chance of hitting me. I plunged straight out into the sunlight, clumsily breasting the water, hoping that my rough approach would scare the dolphin away from the danger.

[2.29] It did. He allowed me to come within a few feet, but as I lunged farther, with a hand out as if to touch him, he rolled gently away from me, submerged, and vanished.

[2.30] I stood breast-deep, watching the sea. Nothing. It stretched silent and empty towards the tranquil, floating hills of the mainland. The ripples ran back to the shore, and flattened, whispering. The dolphin had gone. And the magic had gone with him. This was only a small—and lonely—bathing place, above which waited an unpleasant and frustrated character with a gun.

[2.31] I turned to look up at the enclosing cliffs.

[2.32] The first thing I saw, high up above the bay's centre, was what must be the upper stories of the Castello dei Fiori, rearing their incongruously embattled turrets against a background of holm oak and cedar and Mediterranean cypress. The house was set well back, so that I could not see the ground-floor windows, but a wide balcony, or terrace, edged with a stone balustrade, jutted forward right to the cliffs edge over the bay. From the beach directly below nothing of this would be visible through the tangle of flowering shrubs that curtained the steep, broken cliff, but from where I stood I could see the full length of the balustrade with its moss-grown statues at the corners, a stone jar or two full of flowers showing bright
against the dark background of cypress, and, a little way back from the balustrade, a table and chairs set in the shadow of a stone pine.

[2.33] And a man standing, half invisible in the shape of the pine, watching me.

[2.34] A moment's study convinced me that it would not be Sir Julian Gale. This man was too dark, and even from this distance looked quite unfamiliar—too casual in his bearing, perhaps, and certainly too young. The gardener, probably; the one who threw the trespassers over the cliff. Well, if Sir Julian's gardener had the habit of amusing himself with a bit of shooting practice, it was high time he was stopped.

[2.35] I was out of the water before even the dolphin could have dived twice, had snatched up shoes and wrap, and was making for a dilapidated flight of steps near the cliff which, I assumed, led up to the terrace.

[2.36] From above I heard a shout, and looked up. He had come forward to the balustrade, and was leaning over. I could barely see him through the thick screen of hibiscus and bramble, but he didn't look like a Greek, and as I paused he shouted in English, "That way, please!" and his arm went out in a gesture towards the southern end of the bay.

[2.37] I ignored it. Whoever he was—some guest of Julian Gale's, presumably—I was going to have this out with him here and now, while I was hot with temper; not wait until I had to meet him at some polite bun fight of Phyllida's… "But you really mustn't shoot at dolphins, Mr. Whosit, they do no harm…" The same old polite spiel, gone through a thousand times with stupid, trigger-happy men who shot or trapped badgers, otters, kestrels—harmless creatures, killed because some man wanted a walk out with his dog on a fine day. No, this time I was white-hot, and brave with it, and I was going to say my piece.

[2.38] I went up those steps like a rocket leaving the launching pad.

[2.39] They were steep and crooked, and wound up through the thickest of the wood. They skirted the roots of the cliff, flicked up and round thickets of myrtle and summer jasmine, and emerged into a sloping glade full of dappled sunlight.

[2.40] He was there, looking annoyed, having apparently come down from the terrace to intercept me. I only realized when I stopped to face him how very much at a disadvantage I was. He had come down some fifty feet; I had hurtled up a hundred or so. He presumably had a right to be where he was; I had not. He was also minding his own business, which was
emphatically none of mine. Moreover, he was fully dressed, and I was in swimming costume, with a wet wrap flying loose round me. I clutched it to me, and fought for breath, feeling angrier than ever, but now this didn't help at all, as I couldn't get a word out.

[2.41] He said, not aggressively but not politely, "This is private ground, you know. Perhaps you'd be good enough to leave by the way you came? This only takes you up to the terrace, and then more or less through the house."

[2.42] I got enough breath to speak, and wasted neither time nor words. "Why were you shooting at that dolphin?"

[2.43] He looked as blank as if I had suddenly slapped his face. "Why was I what?"

[2.44] "That was you just now, wasn't it, shooting at the dolphin down in the bay?"

[2.45] "My dear g—" He checked himself, and said, like someone dealing with a lunatic, "Just what are you talking about?"

[2.46] "Don't pretend you don't know! It must have been you! If you're such death on trespassers, who else would be there?" I was panting hard, and my hands were shaking as I clutched the wrap to me clumsily. "Someone took a couple of potshots at it, just a few minutes ago. I was down there, and I saw you on the terrace."

[2.47] "I certainly saw a dolphin there. I didn't see you, until you shouted and came jumping out from under the trees. But you must be mistaken. There was no shooting. I'd have been bound to hear it if there was."

[2.48] "It was silenced, of course," I said impatiently. "I tell you, I was down there when the shots came! D'you think I'd have come running up here for the fun of the thing? They were bullets all right! I know a ricochet when I hear it."

[2.49] His brows snapped down at that, and he stared at me frowningly, as if seeing me for the first time as a person, and not just a nuisance to be thrown down the cliff as quickly as possible.

[2.50] "Then why did you jump into the water near the dolphin?"

[2.51] "Well, obviously! I wanted to drive it away before it got hurt!"
"But you might have been badly hurt yourself. Don't you know that a bullet ricochets off water the way it does off rock?"

"Of course I do! But I had to do something, hadn't I?"

"Brave girl." There was a dryness in his voice that brought my cooling temper fizzing to the boil again. I said hotly:

"You don't believe me, do you? I tell you it's true! They were shots, and of course I jumped in to stop you! I knew you'd have to stop if someone was there."

"You know," he said, "you can't have it both ways. Either I did the shooting or I don't believe there was any shooting. Not both. You can take your pick. If I were you, I'd choose the second; I mean, it's simply not credible, is it? Even supposing someone wanted to shoot a dolphin, why use a silencer?"

"I'm asking you," I said.

For a moment I thought I had gone too far. His lips compressed, and his eyes looked angry. There was a short silence, while he stared at me frowningly and we measured each other. I saw a strongly built man of about thirty, carelessly dressed in slacks and a sleeveless Sea Island shirt which exposed a chest and arms that might have belonged to any of the Greek navvies I was to see building the roads with their bare hands and very little more. Like theirs, too, his hair and eyes were very dark. But something at once sensual and sensitive about the mouth contradicted the impression of a purely physical personality; here, one felt, was a man of aggressive impulses, but one who paid for them in his own private coinage.

What impression he was getting of me I hated to think—damp hair, flushed face, half-embarrassed fury, and a damned wrap that kept slipping—but of one thing I could feel pretty sure: at this very moment he was having one of those aggressive impulses of his. Fortunately it wasn't physical... yet.

"Well," he said shortly, "I'm afraid you'll have to take my word for it. I did not shoot at the beast, with a rifle or a catapult or anything else. Will that do? And now if you'll excuse me, I'll be obliged if you would—"

"Go out by the way I came in? All right. I get the message. I'm sorry, perhaps I was wrong. But I certainly wasn't wrong about the shooting. I don't see any more than you do why
anyone should do it, but the fact remains that they did." I hesitated, faltering now under his indifferent eye. "Look, I don't want to be any more of a nuisance, but I can't just leave it at that… It might happen again… Since it wasn't you, have you any idea who it could have been?"

[2.62] "No."

[2.63] "Not the gardener?"

[2.64] "No."

[2.65] "Or the tenant at the Villa Rotha?"

[2.66] "Manning? On the contrary, if you want help in your protection campaign I suggest you go to the Villa Rotha straight away. Manning's been photographing that beast for weeks. It was he who tamed it in the first place, he and the Greek boy who works for him."

[2.67] "Tamed it? Oh… I see. Well, then," I added lamely, "it wouldn't be him, obviously."

[2.68] He said nothing, waiting, it seemed, with a kind of neutral patience for me to go. I bit my lip, hesitating miserably, feeling a fool. (Why did one always feel such a fool when it was a matter of kindness—what the more sophisticated saw as sentimentality?) I found that I was shivering. Anger and energy had drained out of me together. The glade was cool with shadows.

[2.69] I said, "Well, I imagine I'll see Mr. Manning sometime soon, and if he can't help, I'm sure my brother-in-law will. I mean, if this is all private land, and the shore as well, then we ought to be able to stop that kind of trespasser, oughtn't we?"

[2.70] He said quickly, "We?"

[2.71] "The people who own the place. I'm Lucy Waring, Phyllida Forli's sister. I take it you're staying with Sir Julian?"

[2.72] "I'm his son. So you're Miss Waring? I hadn't realized you were here already." He appeared to be hesitating on the brink of spine apology, but asked instead, "Is Forli at home now?"

[2.73] "No," I said shortly, and turned to go. There was a trail of bramble across my shoe, and I bent to disengage it.
"I'm sorry if I was a little abrupt." His voice had not noticeably softened, but that might have been due to awkwardness. "We've had rather a lot of bother with people coming around lately, and my father… he's been ill, and came here to convalesce, so you can imagine that he prefers to be left to himself."

"Did I look like an autograph hunter?"

For the first time there was a twitch of amusement. "Well, no. But your dolphin has been more of an attraction even than my father: the word got round somehow that it was being photographed hereabouts, and then of course the rumour started that a film was being made, so we got a few boatloads of sightseers coming round into the bay, not to mention stray parties in the woods. It's all been a bit trying. I wouldn't mind, personally, if people wanted to use the beach, if it weren't that they always come armed with transistor radios, and that I cannot stand. I'm a professional musician, and I'm here to work." He added dryly, "And if you're thinking that this gives me the best of reasons for wanting to get rid of the dolphin, I can only assure you again that it didn't occur to me."

"Well," I said, "it seems there's no more to be said, doesn't it? I'm sorry if I interrupted your work. I'll go now and let you get back to it. Good-bye, Mr. Gale."

My exit from the clearing was ruined by the fact that my wrap caught on the bramble and came clean off me. It took me some three horrible minutes to disentangle it and go.

But I needn't have worried about the threat to my dignity. He had already gone. From somewhere above, and alarmingly near, I heard voices, question and answer, so brief and idle as to be in themselves an insult. Then music, as a wireless or gramophone let loose a flood of weird atonal chords on the still air.

I could be sure I was already forgotten.

Chapter Three

This gallant which thou seest
By the time I had showered and dressed I felt calmer, and very ready to tell Phyllida all about it, and possibly to hear her barbed comments on the unaccommodating Mr. Gale. But when I looked on the terrace she was not to be seen, only the table half laid for lunch, with the silver thrown down, as if hastily, in the middle of the cloth. There was no sign of Miranda or her mother.

Then I heard the door from the kitchen premises swing open and shut, and the quick tap of my sister's steps crossing the hall, to enter the big living room she called the salotto.

"Lucy? Was that you I heard?"

"I'm out here." I made for the french windows as I spoke, but she had already hurried out to meet me, and one look at her face drove all thoughts of my morning's adventure from my head.

"Phyll What's the matter? You look ghastly. Is it Caliban?"

She shook her head. "Nothing so simple. There's been bad news, an awful thing. Poor Maria's boy's been drowned: Spiro, the boy I told you about at breakfast."

"Phyll Oh, my dear, how frightful! But—how? When?"

"Last night. He was out with Godfrey in the boat—Godfrey Manning, that is—and there was an accident. Godfrey's just come over with the news, and I've been breaking it to Maria and Miranda. I—I've sent them home." She put a hand to her head. "Lucy, it was so awful! I simply can't tell you. If Maria had even said anything, but she didn't, not one single word... Oh well, come on in. Godfrey's still here; you'd better come and meet him."

I drew back. "No, no, don't you bother about me: I'll go to my room, or something. Mr. Manning won't want to have to do the polite. Poor Phyl; I'm sorry... Look, would you like me to take myself right away for the rest of the day? I'll go and get lunch somewhere, and then—"
"No, please, I'd rather you stayed." She dropped her voice for a moment. "He's taking it pretty hard, and quite honestly I think it might do him good to talk about it. Come on in... God! I could do with a drink! Calibani'll have to lump it, for once." She smiled a bit thinly, and led the way in through the long window.

The salotto was a long, cool room, with three big windows opening on the terrace with its dazzling view. The sun was tempered by the wistaria that roofed the terrace, and the room was cool and airy, its duck-egg-blue walls and white paint setting off to perfection the gilt of the Italian mirrors and the pale gold polished wood of the floor. A calm room, with the kind of graceful simplicity that money and good taste can produce. Phyllida had always had excellent taste. It was a good thing, I sometimes reflected, that she, and not I, had married the rich man. My own taste—since I had outgrown the gingham-and-Chianti-bottle stage—had been heavily conditioned by the fact that I had lived for so long in a perpetual welter of junk-shop props picked up cheaply and licked into stageworthiness for the current show. At best, the effect was a kind of poor man's Cecil Beaton; at worst, a cross between sets designed by Emmett and Ronald Searle for a stage version of Samuel Beckett's Watt. That I enjoyed my kind of life didn't stop me from admiring my sister's undoubted talent for elegance.

There was a table at the far end of the room, laden with bottles. A man stood with his back to us, splashing soda into a glass. He turned as we came in.

My first quick impression was of a mask of rather chilly control held hard down over some strong emotion. Then the impression faded, and I saw that I was wrong: the control was not a mask; it was part of the man, and was created by the emotion itself, as a Westinghouse brake is slammed on automatically by the head of steam. Here was something very different from Mr. Gale. I looked at him with interest, and some compassion.

He was tall, and toughly built, with brown hair bleached by the sun, a narrow, clever face, and grey eyes which looked tired and dragged down at the corners, as if he had had no sleep. I put his age somewhere in the middle thirties.

Phyllida introduced us, and he acknowledged me civilly, but all his attention was on my sister. "You've told them? Was it very bad?"

"Worse than bad. Get me a drink, for heaven's sake, will you?" She sank into a chair. "What?... Oh, Scotch, please. What about you, Lucy?"
[3.21] "If that's fruit juice in the jug, may I have that, please? Is there ice?"

[3.22] "Of course." He handed the drinks. "Look, Phyl, ought I to go and talk to them now? There'll be things they'll want to ask."

[3.23] She drank, sighed, and seemed to relax a little. "I'd leave it for now, if I were you. I told them they could go home, and they didn't say a word, just picked up their things. I suppose the police'll be there to see them… Later on they'll want to hear every last detail from you, but just at the moment I doubt if Maria's fit to take anything in at all, except that he's dead. As a matter of fact, I don't think she even took that in, I don't think she believes it, yet." She looked up at him. "Godfrey, I suppose… I suppose there couldn't be any doubt?"

CHAPTER III
ANNOTATION

This chapter explains how to translate idiomatic expression using the strategies by Mona Baker from the novel This Rough Magic.
1. **Translation by paraphrase**

   This strategy is often used when no equivalent idiom can be found to translate an idiom.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SOURCE TEXT</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>As a matter of fact</em>, yes, the other day, but for goodness’ sake don’t ask me about it now.*</td>
<td><em>Sebenarnya, ya, baru-baru ini, tapi demi kebaikan jangan bertanya padaku tentang itu sekarang.</em></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

According to NTC’s American Idioms Dictionary by Richard Spears, the idiomatic expression of *as a matter of fact* defines as *in addition to what has been said; in reference to what has been said*. There is no Indonesian idiom that has equal meaning and lexical items like the idiom in the source text. Therefore, the translator has to express the idiom with different words. The word *sebenarnya* is not an idiom, but it is acceptable because it conveys the same meaning with the idiom in the source text. The word *sebenarnya* in Indonesian is an addition to what the character has been said in the story. The translator has to make the translation sounds natural so the readers can easily understand the intention, therefore the translator used paraphrasing to translate the idiom above.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>SOURCE TEXT</th>
<th>TARGET TEXT</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Whatever you may be used to, <em>I draw the line at Shakespeare for breakfast.</em></td>
<td>Apapun kebiasaanmu, aku <em>tidak ingin berbicara tentang</em> Shakespeare saat sarapan.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The idiomatic expression of *draw the line at* is defines as *to set a limit at something; to decide when a limit has been reached*. The meaning of the idiom above has nothing to do with drawing and a line as a literal translation. In the context of the story, the character said that she wants to set a limit at Shakespeare for breakfast. In other words, she *doesn’t want to talk about* Shakespeare anymore for breakfast. In the target language, it is paraphrased into *tidak ingin*
berbicara tentang because there is no Indonesian idiom that has the equal meaning and lexical items with the source language. Tidak ingin berbicara tentang is not an idiom, however it delivers the same meaning with doesn’t want to talk about as it is the literal translation of the meaning itself. Therefore, the translator decided to use the third strategy, translation by paraphrase, to translate the idiom.

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*It fits like a glove* defines as *to fit very well; to fit tightly or snugly* according to NTC’s American Idiom Dictionary by Richard Spears. The idiom explained how the name Caliban is as compatible for the unborn young as how gloves fit in people’s hands. There is no Indonesian idiom of *it fits like a glove*, however in Indonesian, it is simply expressed as *itu sangat cocok* which is the literal translation of *to fit very well*.

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>He even cleared space in the woods for a garden, and built—beyond the southern arm of the bay and just <em>out of sight</em> of the Castello…</td>
<td>Dia bahkan membersihkan tempat di hutan untuk membuat taman, dan membangun – di bagian luar selatan teluk dan tidak bisa dilihat dari Castello</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

According to NTC’s American Idiom Dictionary by Richard Spears, *out of sight* have three different meanings; *not visible, (for a price to be) very high, and figuratively stunning, unbelievable, or awesome*. In the context of the sentence in source text, *out of sight* means *not visible* because it tells how the garden cannot be seen from the Castello. In Indonesian, there is no idiom with the equal
meaning so the translator expressed the words of *out sigh* as *tidak bisa dilihat* which has the equal meaning with *not visible* or cannot be seen.

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<th>SOURCE TEXT</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>So Phyllida, hearing that I was currently <em>at a loose end</em>...,</td>
<td>Saat mendengar bahwa aku baru-baru ini <em>menganggur</em>,...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The idiomatic expression of *at a loose end* means *restless* and *unsettled*; *unemployed* according to NTC’s American Idiom Dictionary. Therefore, *at a loose end* is a condition where you have nothing to do, or you do not have a job. Collins Dictionary explained when you are *at a loose end*, “you are bored because you do not have anything to do and cannot think of anything that you want to do.” so the idiom has nothing to do with a loose and an end as the literal translation. In Indonesian, people who do not have anything to do is called *pengangguran*, so the translator used the word *menganggur* because there is no idiom of *at a loose end* in the target language but it delivers the same meaning with the meaning of the idiom itself.

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<th>SOURCE TEXT</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>and I was <em>out of a job</em>.</td>
<td>…dan aku <em>pengangguran</em>.</td>
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</table>

According to Merriam Webster, the idiom *out of a job* means *to no longer have the job one has had*. Bahasa Indonesia does not have the idiom with the equal form and lexical item with the source text, however in Indonesia people called someone who no longer have a job as *pengangguran* which conveys the meaning of the idiom itself. Therefore the translator decided to paraphrase the idiom as *pengangguran* in the target text. The idiom *out of a job* has the connection with the idiom *at a loose end* because the meaning of both idioms is similar. The meaning of both idiom is the situation where people do not have nothing to do or do not have a job. Therefore the translator also paraphrased the idioms into *menganggur* and *pengangguran* which both the meaning also similar.
In the NTC’s American Idiom Dictionary by Richard Spears, the idiom *cried my eyes out* defines as *to cry very hard*. The idiom is not translated literally because the word *out* has different meaning with the literal meaning. Indonesian has the expression for someone who cry his/her eyes out which is *menangis tersedu-sedu* but does not have the equal idiom. However, because *menangis tersedu-sedu* delivers the exact same meaning of *to cry very hard*, it is acceptable that the translator paraphrased the idiom into *menangis tersedu-sedu*.

According to idioms.thefreedictionary, *lay/lie beyond (someone or something)* means *to be located on the other side of someone or something*. The word *lay* cannot be translated as “laying” as the literal translation. In the context of the sentence, the idiom shows the location of the object. It tells something at the back of the walls. The translator did not find the Indonesian idiom of *lay beyond*, however it can be paraphrased as *yang ada di balik* since the words also indicate the location of the object in Indonesian. The words *yang ada di balik* means *which is behind*, and it has the same meaning of *to be located on the other side of someone at something*. Therefore, the translator decided to paraphrase the idiom *lay beyond* into *yang ada di balik*. 
<table>
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<th>SOURCE TEXT</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I shouted <em>at the top of my voice</em></td>
<td>Aku <em>berteriak dengan keras</em></td>
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</table>

Merriam Webster defines the idiom *at the top of one’s voice* as *as loudly as one can*, it means the character in the story *scream as loud as she can*. In the target text, there is no equal idiom of *at the top of my voice* so the translator paraphrased the idiom to *berteriak dengan keras* which conveys the meaning of *to scream as loud as she can*.

<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I'm afraid you'll have <em>to take my word for it.</em></td>
<td>Aku khawatir kamu harus <em>percaya kata-kataku tentang ini.</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The definition of the idiom *take someone’s word for it* as what Merriam Webster explained is *to believe that what someone says is true*. The word *take* has nothing to do with “taking” as it is the literal translation of that word. As the translator searched for the idiom, it does not have the idiom in the target text which has the equal form and lexical text. Therefore, the translator has to paraphrase the idiom to *percaya kata-kataku tentang ini* as it delivers the meaning of *to believe that what someone says is true*. *Percaya kata-kataku* is the literal translation of *to believe that what someone says is true*.

<table>
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<th>SOURCE TEXT</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Go out by the way I came in? All right. <em>I get the message.</em></td>
<td>Menyuruhku pergi? Baiklah. <em>Aku paham maksudmu.</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*I get the message* is an informal idiom whose meaning is *to understand something that is not being said directly*, according to Merriam Webster. In the context of the story, the character named Mr. Gale was about to cast out Lucy, however before Mr. Gale told her about it, Lucy already knew what he meant, so Lucy said that she knew what Mr Gale was about to say to her by saying “I get the
message”. After checking on the kamus peribahasa, the translator did not find the Indonesian idiom of *I get the message*. The translator has to express the idiom with different word but same meaning. In Indonesian, the idiom simply translated as *aku paham maksudmu* as the words indicate that Lucy knows what Mr. Gale meant.

<table>
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<tr>
<td><em>the word got round</em> somehow that it was being photographed hereabouts…</td>
<td>…<em>entah bagaimana berita itu tersebar</em>..</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

According to idiom.thefreedictionary, the idiom *the word get round* defines as *news about something or someone inevitably reaches other people*. In other words, from the context of the story, the idiom says the news that Mr. Gale’s Father was in town is already heard by other people. The idiom cannot be translated literally because the word *round* does not mean *circle*. In Indonesian it simply translates as *berita menyebar* as the translation of the meaning *news about something or someone inevitably reaches other people* because there is no idiom in Indonesia for *the word get round*.

<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>…<em>the best of reasons for wanting to get rid of the dolphin</em>…</td>
<td>…<em>memberiku alasan terbaik untuk menyingkirkan</em> lumba-lumba…</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Merriam Webster defines the idiom *get rid of as to do something so as to no longer have or be affected or bothered by (something or someone that is unwanted)*. In other words, the idiom means *to remove, to omit, to relieve, or to throw away something or someone that is no longer needed*. There is no Indonesian idiom which has the same meaning and form with the idiom in the source text. However, the translator decided to paraphrase the idiom to *untuk menyingkirkan* as it is the literal translation of the meaning *to remove*.
2. Using an Idiom of Similar Meaning but Dissimilar Form

Translator is allowed to use different lexical items to translate idiom as long as the meaning remains the same.

<table>
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<th>SOURCE TEXT</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>you're in the lap of vulgar luxury now, remember?</td>
<td>kau sedang seperti ayam bertelur di lumbung padi, ingat?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

According to Merriam Webster, the idiom in the lap of vulgar luxury defines as in a situation of great ease, comfort, and wealth. The word the lap in the idiom does not mean people’s lap, but it means the situation. In the context of the story, Phyllida reminded Lucy that she was in a situation of great ease, comfort, and wealth. There is Indonesian idiom who have the equal meaning of in the lap of vulgar luxury, but it has different form and lexical items. The Indonesian idiom is seperti ayam bertelur di lumbung padi which defines as seseorang yang menyenangi hidup senang dan nyaman. The meaning seseorang yang menyenangi hidup senang dan nyaman has the equal meaning with in a situation of great ease, comfort, and wealth so it is acceptable for the translator to use the idiom seperti ayam bertelur di lumbung padi as the translation of in the lap of vulgar luxury.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION & SUGGESTIONS
In translating idiomatic expression, it is hard to find the equivalence for both languages. This challenges the translator to find the equivalence in order to deliver the message from source language into target language. The translator should come out with her strategy in translating idiomatic expression.

This study focuses on annotating the idiomatic translation. In translating idiomatic expression, the translator found the strategies that are helpful in translating the novel *This Rough Magic* by Mary Stewart. There are four strategies in translating idiomatic expression according to Mona Baker. First strategy is *Using an Idiom of Similar Meaning and Form*, second strategy is *Using an Idiom of Similar Meaning but Dissimilar Form*, third strategy is *Translation by Paraphrase*, and last strategy is *Translation by Omission*. The most used strategy in translating idiomatic expressions found in Mary Stewart’s *This Rough Magic* is *Translation by Paraphrase*. There are 13 out of 14 idioms which are paraphrased into Indonesian. While the least used strategy is *Using an Idiom of Similar Meaning and Form* and *Translation by Omission*. The reason why the translator mostly paraphrased the idiom and not translate the equal idiom in the target text is because there are a lot of idiom in the source text which do not have the equal idiom in the target text, however the translator need to express the idiom in different words. Those strategies by Mona Baker are chosen by the translator to translate the idiomatic expression because those strategies are the easiest way for the translator to follow while translating the idiomatic expression in the novel *This Rough Magic*.

The translators need to understand the meaning of idiom first before translating the idiomatic expression. The writer wants to give some suggestion for people who are studying translation especially those who are studying idiomatic translation. First, every translator needs to understand both source language and target language in order to have a good translation. Secondly, they should have knowledge about idiom and idiomatic translation. One of problems for the translator in translating idiomatic expression is to distinguish whether the sentence or the word is qualified as an idiom or not. The writer suggests that the translators should always look up at the idiom dictionary to obtain certainty whether the words or the sentence that they are going to analyze is qualified as an idiom or not.
CHAPTER V

REFERENCES


CHAPTER VI

AKNOWLEDGMENT

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CHAPER VII

GLOSSARY

*Bonne Bouche*: an aged goat’s milk cheese made by Vermont Creamery of Websterville, Vermont, United States.

*Cecil Beaton*: a portrait and war photographer from 20th Century

*Holm tree*: an evergreen broadleaf tree native to the Mediterranean region

*Myrtle*: a deciduous, small to medium sized shrub or small tree with the variable, moderately dense habit, often multi-stemmed form.

*Roman Financial Times*: articles about Ukrainian Political Group (online)

*Sea Island*: a brand shirt

*The Salotto*: home to DC’s only Amaro Library, showcasing an extensive collection of vintage and contemporary Amari, alongside small-batch apertivi and digestive sourced from around globe.