

KOTAVA Tela Tamefa Golerava

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James Joyce

YON DUBLINIK ~ ARABY

Berpotam
(1914)

Kalkotavaks : Élisabeth Rovall (2015)

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Short story
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Dubliners ~ Araby	Yon dublinik ~ Araby
<p>NORTH RICHMOND STREET, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.</p> <p>The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: <i>The Abbot</i>, by Walter Scott, <i>The Devout Communicant</i> and <i>The Memoirs of Vidocq</i>. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.</p> <p>When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her</p>	<p>Darekeon. <i>North Richmond</i> vawila gitir vumeltafa nuda kir axoda vaxeon viele <i>Christian Brothers' School</i> bema isker da vayasikeem divlanir. Ayiskafa mona dem toloy vegem arte axoda keveon tigrir, moe lujoraf tawarn is tisa darkakirafa gu vegungaf kolneem. Kotara mona ke vawila, jiligasa va koeon walnaf blireem, va sint modisuked, ton merorelatcena beretrafa gexata.</p> <p>Daref lizukedusik va cinafa mona, i gertik, koe vadimef bontay mulufteyer. Gael, doniayas kir jontikedje kalsuyun koe kota olkoba ezar, ise emaxo kake burmotaxo tir kotrafo gu vilundesu guazafa mefavlafa eluxaxa. Vanmiauon va konaka neva dem abdafu is stimayanu bu kosmá : <i>Eceyik</i> gan Walter Scott, is <i>Tinefkas Abidik</i>, is <i>Namineva ke Vidocq</i>. Va tela bareafa albá lecen inaf bueem tir blafotaf. Jovleyena matela kadime mona va isteon pruva is konaka tcastafa amna dadir, ise valeve tana va drajebanapafi tolkrafolafi deesiki ke daref irubasik trasí. In tiyir sodikany ; va kota erba pu sodegas kizey is va monagutoeem pu berikya bafelason iskemayar.</p> <p>Viele afizam ke fentugal artstid, titawaltar abdida ten sielestuv. Viele ko nuda va sint katrasiv, pune mona koe orikacka ixam tigid. Keltki vamoe cin tiyir ton kadule dure betawese, ise vanon vawilaspur va sinafa gumkansa sotced. Fentaf gael va cin puiler nume vefav vieli alto di zo tuidulackar. Cinafu kizoyu koe amlitafa vawila va sint dulzed. Dilizera ke cinafa vefara moo yona diblafa is orikafa nuda tolke kadime moneem va cin dolizir, lize va yoromaf grelteem ke monajeem gibudav, kal tuvel ke tapedafa is abdafa matela lizu dakela va jontiko doritaxo ticustid, kal ebeltafe divdaakese okolxe lize lakiriremstasik va okol fibastar ise jebesir oke va wast dem yantakenda mamasir. Viele van nuda dimlaniv, afi rem dilk ke burmotaxo va kot kuskam koplir. Kotviele va jinape zivavikye awise kaku alava kozwiv, pune ko izga va int palsev vieli wiv da ine va mona loxe kolanir. Oke ede berikya ke Mangan mo tuvelpikay divlanir aze va berik ta yeladulira rozar, pune male cinafu tapedaxo va ina kaldisukesa va nuda enintepew. Kev witison kase ina di zavzagir oke di mallanir, nume viele mingar, pune va cinafa izga buluv aze va fogelom ke Mangan trobindason vanlaniv. Va cin ker, ton vola koafina kou fenkumuyun tuvel. Inafe berikye ginuger abdida veger, ise poke polku disukeson zavzagí. Inaf gem ba beta lizira ke alto sespawer ise zulwaf tronk ke inaf usuk</p>

dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a *come-all-you* about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "*O love! O love!*" many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to *Araby*. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she

vokon aliewer.

Kotrielon mo myeza ke vabduief bontay debanyá pitcatason va inaf tuvel. Boretca tir omayana vamo oralay vas tanoy *inch* lum kane me zo rowí. Kotviele ina mo pikay awir, pune jinafa takra welver. Va arlom vanvulté, va jinaf neveem konubá aze va ina radimelanir. Va inafa beretrafa brucka dun vidé, aze viele artlaniv liz kelda fu solpaked, pune nostatason va bora tuabrotcá. Batcoba kotrielon sodilizer. Pu ina al somepulví, vaxeon va dile kona vestafa ewa, wori inaf yolt sotir rozara va jinaf dagaf fortetyany.

Inafa ewava va jin kotliz dositar, dace ko pestakevansafo xo. Sielon pereavieleon, kotviele ziavikya ko dolexo lanir, bureteson va eruilt godositá. Moo yona jebesa nuda laniv, ladavan gan izkik ik flidesikya, vanmiae vogadara ke dodelik, is vucafa kizoyura ke doltapapleketik sues poke yona verila dem buloltaka, is yon pezpulvin mamolk ke nudadankasik dankagas va sanefa evluba icde O'Donovan Rossa ok wikluba icde arge dene vo. Kotbat lor ko tanoya blirapestaba ke jin vanmilenidad : va fromta vanmiao volnafi tari vavelon foburé. Inaf yolt ton divulafa blikera va jinaf kutceem dile ticfir, is ton siskera dace jinon megildana. Fereon, ikuza va jinaf iteem tukotrad (vol rokalí dume) ise dere arviele tec rust va jinafa takra malnir aze ko mou plewer. Va direkeugal trakunsú. Me grupé kase pu ina konviele ok meviele pulvití ; ede co pulvití, pune kane va jinafa gojafa sontera bam co muxatá. Vexe jinafo alto tir dum fwak ; inyon ravlem isu zatca tid dum gelt vultes moe wazdel.

Lansielon va vadimef bontay kolaní lize gertik al mulufter. Tir orikas is muvas siel ise mek lor koe mona. Rem tan ralpaklor va muva klantasa va tawa gildé, i va yon lavaveelam dure vefas mo perdoen arbuz. Moneon gum ok koafin dilk valeve jin jeber. Tí muntaf kire rowinsí. Kota jinafa pesta va int cwe djumitalkar, ise riwe krezeson va jinaf texeem xuvá, prejason : « Ey rena ! Ey rena ! » konakviele.

Adim lanviele ina pu jin pulvir. Ba taneafa ewa pesté skaltepen eke vol rodedulzé. Erur kase ko Araby di lapí. Al vulkú kase al enkalí oke vol.

— Nuve tir wafafo sodegaxo, ~ kalir, ~ nume

would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word *Araby* were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I felt the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my

co djulanipí.

— Voxe tokdume me rolanil ? ~ erú.

Pulvison, va dilgavaf mak aname nubask dun tacer. Me di rolapir, ~ kalir, ~ kire resafton zavzagira koe inafa xida fu dilizer. Inafe berikye is toloye rumeikye ta intaf atsot va sint revulon mijed ise kake polku tí antaf. Va tan oblay altogir ise van jin takablagar. Afi mal gum lente cinaf tuvel va batakafa livoda ke inafa berga ebidur, ise va inaf usuk tuafiar, ise mo inafa nuba bene polku koafison luber. Ise dere va bat kril ke gem uzar, ebiduson va batakafa friona ke gratcot, i va biwe rowina larde ina altogimir.

— Vode di lanil, ~ kalir.

— Ede lanití, ~ dulzé, ~ pune va koncoba tori rin denuon vanbureté.

Manote mali bat siel kotafizon is kotvielon oviskaca va jinafa trakura troked ! Va tankomaf waluk co djuvanmecobá. Bemafa kobara va jin zuner. Kotmielon koe mawa is kotafizon koe bema ewava va ina wal jin is labelinu bu va int plekur. Asanka ke *Araby* ravlem va jin remi amlit artfid, i remi amlit lize jinafa gloga tapegon ezar, kevkabuson va teca taltekafa vecara anam jin. Va novera erú enide ko sodegaxo ba direpereaviel sielon lanití. Ziavikya zo akoyer ise pokoler da batcoba me tir kona *freemason* katanara. Remi bemugal vugote dulzé. Va gexata ke tavesik disuké, i va gexata grineciawesa az tuboksawesa ; battel pokoler, ~ kalir, ~ da me fu tuvungawé. Va intaf gondules rieteem vol rokabelcá. Larde re gu jinafa djumera va int walplekur, pune lente gorestafa kobara ke bli mea unká nume batcoba sedme jin re sotir rumeafa vefara, i evakafa is sitafa vefara.

Ba repereaviel rielon pu ziavikye kimbá da ko sodegaxo resielon djulapí. Ine poke rako tegulawer, aneyason va edjinujna, aze madjon dulzer :

— Gue, rumeje, grupé.

Larde koe arlom tigr, pune ko bontay me rolaní nume rem dilk me rodisuké. Va volaflica koe mona pestalé aze van bema vion laní. Gael tir durulon zakaf nume jinafa takra ixam tuaxawer.

Viele ta estura dimlaní, ziavikye deneon men tigr. Vexe oxam waveon. Debanyá aze va varla konakedje modisuké ; tere inafe nolie va jin zuner nume va mawa bulú. Va fogelom ticlaní, kal monaticak. Fentafa is vlardafa is tapedafa vaticefa olkoba va jinafa gloga tunuyad, nume dankason mawamawon laní. Male dilk ke lentor va jinyon palik vefas koe valeveon nuda wí.

companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the hall-door. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know *The Arab's Farewell to his Steed*. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the

Kizoyura ke sin va jin tuaxanon is mesolwion artstid, ise ton jo altogiso va fentafa ralpa, va orikafa mona lenton disuké liz ina blir. Batlize tanbartivon ranyé, anton wison va beretrafa brucka gestana, i va tela dem livoda ke kapray is nuba bene oblay is friona ke gem, i va tela tixolon koafina gan gum.

Viele gin titlaní, va Mercer W^{ya} debanyesa kabdue tey kevlaní. Ina tir guazaf kanespik, i nyobrik ke bemiazilisik, is vanbedes va gre ta kona lorbaca. Va ginelara aname yeladaxazega goneké. Estura loon tanbartivon wanuwer, voxe zivikye men arlakir. Mercer W^{ya} bulutuson ranyar: mibuer voxe loedje mea roker lecen anyuste bartiv kaikion tir ise ina ezeon gaverson me djukatigir, lecen sielgael toveon sotir rotaf. Moi inafa mallanira, va olkoba rontalton toz exulé, nubalicason. Zivikya kalir:

— Kivá da va rinafa sodegara fu gonebgal, bal bat miecek ke Minaf Jiomik.

Ba larde bartiv va marna ke zivikye ko ludot ke monatuvel gildé. Va ine ant pulvise gildé ise va rako pastano gan aldo ke ebriz gildé. Va batyona sugda roremgrupé. Isti inafa estura, va zilira va erba ta lapira ko sodegaxo erú. Ine al vulkur.

— Cugtan koe ilava tigid ise sinafa taneafa modara mea tir, ~ kalir.

Me kicé. Zivikya pu ine votcukon kalir:

— Va erba pu in rozilil aze di mallapir, mex? Jontikedje ae ker.

Zivikye dulzer da parapar kire al vulkur. Kalir da va guazaf plast folir, i va: « Anton kobara is mekon puve va Jack gu argasik sokartazukad. » Erur liz djulapí, azon moi toleon dulzera erur kase va « *Donera ke arabik pu inaf okol* » ezla. Viele va burmotaxo bulú, va taneaf food ke drunta pu zivikya toz negar.

Kenlanison va Buckingham vawila van golda, va tanoy talolk koe nuba gí. Wira va nuda kotrafa gu lustesik is afijebesa va mukot ke jinafa koyara kimbar. Va bareapulafa runda ko vldardaf impadimak rundanyá. Arti merogindena kera impadimak va recela vion malnir. Va yona rawafa mona kenonir aze va jebesa kuksa vamoornir. Koe Westland Row recela, tari kev bridtuvel tander; vexe buresik va korikeem dimelagdad, kalison da bat impadimak tir manaf tori sodegaxo. Koe

porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Café Chantant* were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

"O, I never said such a thing!"

"O, but you did!"

"O, but I didn't!"

"Didn't she say that?"

"Yes. I heard her."

"O, there's a ... fib!"

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

"No, thank you."

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar.

vlardafe omaze ant zavzagí. Arti konaka wexa impadimak kabdu intazekos luwiyin ta bat goaspil vukir. Mo vawa artlaní ise kan afifa xutava ke bartivela wí da vula tir larde bartiv is alub-sana. Lente jin xepe dem tel stokewes diolaf yolt tigrir.

Va meki lipi vas tevoy *penny* talolk, nume kivason da gard fu budewer, va tacesiki kalion remlaní aze va tanoy *shilling* talolk pu korik nutis cues sotcé. Koe gardap dem anamefa ginsa iste ride tigí. Cuga dolta tid budeyena ise lok ke gijaxe koe orika tigrir. Inaf amlit tir dum tel ke uja radimi tujbora. Kal istak ke gard vazon laní. Konaktan aname yona dolta ware dolesa dositon tigid. Kabdue marwida lize vamoeon *Café Chantant* ravlem tid suteyen ton ukagum, toloye korikye va erba mo azekot patad. Va lubes talolk terektá.

Wavdon setikeson dume batliz tigí, va tana dolta vanlaní aze va konak rigelaf trig isu imwakiraf yeladaxaf zanuk rindé. Moe pikay ke dolta yikya do toloye yikye flider ise kiper. Va sinafa englavafa pulvirinda katcalá ise va prilara terektamá.

— Ox, va mancoba meviele kaliyí !

— Ox, volgue, askiyil !

— Ox, volgue, arse !

— Va batcoba kaliyir, mex ?

— Gue. Va ina gildeyé.

— Ox, man... krandesik !

Battanya kozwison va jin vanlanir aze erur kase va koncoba djulusté. Kom ke puda me koldar ; yoke anton goni pu jin nuve pulvir. Va yona rumelapa nutigisa voke orikafo kolanixo ke dolta bro ronekaf pitcasik dulkon disuké aze prejá :

— Volgue, grewá.

Yikya va tirka ke tan trig betar aze van toloye yikye dimlanir. Va mile detce gin pulvid. Vamo epita va jin tanon ok tolon disuker.

Kabdue inafa dolta respú neke va voldulap ke tigira grupé, enide va jinafa dulaperacka va kona muka lafolir. Azon vion mallaní aze va istak ke gard kallaní. Va toloy *penny* talolk kev tel vas

I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

teva koe ucom noliesí. Va puda kaiku ginsa gildé, i va puda iegasa da afi mea tir runkafi. Ticak ke gard re tir orikapaf.

Takamadason van orika va int wí, i va sagama aloyana is tuforgana gan greciuca ; nume jinaf iteem ton pola is riyoma teyedar.