

Hevier, Daniel: Krajina AGORD



HEVIER, DANIEL

Krajina AGORD (Slovak)

Krajina AGORD bola každú chvíľu iná: raz zázračná a plná divov, hneď zasa bezútešná a zachmúrená.

Mali by tu byť všetci šťastní, uvažovala Lucinka Halucinka, veď si tu žijú ako v rozprávke. Ale motýle so zaviazanými očami rozhodne tak nevyzerali. Lucinka Halucinka si ani nevšimla, že ju nohy zaviedli na cestu vydláždenú ploskými kameňmi. Bola miestami posiatá zoschnutými listami, ktoré museli byť voľakedy nádherne sfarbené. Zrazu sa jeden taký pokrútený list vystrel – a bol to motýľ. Vtedy si Lucinka Halucinka všimla, že tie suché listy boli všetko mŕtve motýle.

„Vráť sa, Lucinka Halucinka!” povedal Motýľ tichým, naliehavým hlasom. „Vráť sa domov. Ak sa, pravdaže, ešte budeš môcť vrátiť!”

„Akože!” zľakla sa Lucinka Halucinka. „Vari ma tu niekto môže zadržať?”

„Ó, áno,” vzdychol si Motýľ. „Oldimám.”

„Kvet Oldimám?” začudovala sa Lucinka Halucinka. „Veď ten prináša iba príjemné pocity. Ozaj, nevidel si ho niekde? Rada by som sa opäť nadýchala. V poslednom čase som zažila len samé smutné a znepokojujúce veci!”

„Vidíš,” povedal Motýľ. „Už si ta začína priťahovať. Ale Oldimám nemám. Pretože keby som ho mal, tak by som ho celý vydýchal sám. Nepodelil by som sa ani s vlastným bratom. Ach, Oldimám, ty horký kvet, ty čierny med, ty sladký jed, ty sveta stred, ty hviezdny let, ty krutá sieť, ty vzácna smeť!”

Motýľ akoby blúznil. Lucinka Halucinka sa zľakla, či nemá horúčku.

„Nie je ti zle? Nie si chorý?” vyhrklo z nej.

„Samozrejme, že mi je zle. Príšerne zle, pretože nemám Oldimám! Bez neho som chorý, krídlo na mne horí, smäd pekla ma morí, meč sa do mňa norí... Utekaj, Lucinka Halucinka, utekaj odo mňa i od kvetu Oldimámu!”

Lucinka Halucinka si zapchala uši a rozbehla sa po dláždenej ceste preč.

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Gurdland (English)

Knowing what to expect next – that was the most difficult thing. GURDLAND was one moment a magical place full of wonderful sights, the next moment it was all misery and gloom.

Everyone ought to be so happy here, Lucy Hallucy considered, after all, they are all living like in a fairytale. But the blindfolded butterflies certainly hadn't looked at all happy. Lucy Hallucy hadn't even noticed that her feet had led her to a path paved with flat stones. It was strewn here and there with dry leaves, which must once have had beautiful colours. All of a sudden one of these crinkled leaves stretched itself out – it was a butterfly! Then Lucy Hallucy realised that the dry leaves were all dead butterflies.

“Go back, Lucy Hallucy!” said the butterfly in an urgent whisper. “Go back home. If, of course, you can go back now.”

“What do you mean?!” Lucy Hallucy exclaimed in alarm. “Surely no one can keep me here?”

“Oh yes, they can,” the butterfly sighed. “Citocran.”

“The flower Citocran?” Lucy Hallucy asked in surprise. “But that gives you only pleasant feelings. By the way, have you seen it anywhere? I'd like to smell it again. Only sad and disturbing things have been happening to me lately.”

“You see,” said the butterfly. “It's already beginning to attract you. But I haven't got any Citocran. Because if I had, I'd breathe in all its scent myself. I wouldn't share it with anyone, not even my own brother. Ah, Citocran, my bitter flower, my black honey, my sweet poison, my one desire, you take me to the stars, you trap me in your net, precious you are, and yet...”

The butterfly seemed to be delirious. Lucy Hallucy was afraid it might have a temperature.

“Are you all right? Aren't you feeling ill?” she blurted out.

“Of course I'm feeling ill. Terribly ill, because I haven't got any Citocran! I'm ill without it, my wings are burning, I'm tormented by thirst, my head's going to burst... Run away, Lucy Hallucy, run away from me and from the flower Citocran!”

Lucy Hallucy covered her ears and began running down the paved path, away from that place.

Lucinka Halucinka utekala preč. Motýľ ju celkom vystrašil. V jazere sa odrážal konár stromu. A na ňom, na tom jazernom odraze, stál zvláštny pán (ale kto nebol v Krajine AGORD zvláštny!) a vôbec mu nerobilo problémy udržať rovnováhu. Vyžaroval z neho neobyčajný pokoj. V rukách držal náramne zložitú hodiny (niečo medzi nástennými hodinami, bicyklom na jednom kolese a samovarom). Pri nohách mu ležal slimák.

„Dobrý deň,“ pozdravila ho Lucinka Halucinka. A pretože ten človek vzbudzoval v nej neobyčajnú dôveru, opýtala sa ho: „Nevideli ste chlapca, ktorému hovoria Celafúz?“

„To je ťažká otázka!“ pokojne sa usmial pán. „Ale to je v poriadku. Celý život sa trápim s ťažkými otázkami. Pretože som Fossil, prírodný filozof. Chlapec menom Celafúz sa stratil. Nestratil sa však rodičom alebo priateľom, stratil sa sám sebe. Nájdú ho až vtedy, keď sa začne on sám hľadať.“

Lucinka Halucinka prevrátila oči. Položila takú ľahkú, zrozumiteľnú otázku, a dostala zložitú odpoveď, z ktorej nič nerozumela.

„A... a... aspoň mi poradte, kde majú kvet Oldimám?“ spýtala sa. „Odkedy som ho okúsila, nič krajšie som nezažila.“

Filozof Fossil sa s prižmúrenými očami skúmavo zahľadel na Lucinku Halucinku: „Kvet Oldimám je zvláštna vec. Nemusíš ho dlho hľadať, on sám skôr či neskôr príde za tebou. Vklízne ti do dlane a ponúkne sa ti. Dá ti pocítiť svoju silu, svoje čary, svoju moc. Urobí ťa silnou a slobodnou. Ale iba preto, aby si ťa podmanil. Po krátkom čase už nebude slúžiť on tebe, ale ty jemu. A vtedy ti už nebude sám skákať do dlane. Budeš ho hľadať, budeš po ňom túžiť čoraz viac. Čím viac sa budeš ponárať do jeho vône, tým viac ho budeš potrebovať. Už nie preto, aby si sa vznášala, ale preto, aby si vôbec dokázala urobiť krok po zemi.“

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Múdry pán prešiel po konári, ktorý sa odrážal na hladine, na breh. Lucinka Halucinka by sa ho bola rada ešte všeličo opýtala, ale zastavil ju hlas: „Nechaj ho, nech si ide! Vieš, ako sa u nás spieva: Filozof Fossil, čo kefy kosil! Filozofovia sú podozrivé osoby, iba čo ti hlavu popletú.“

Bol to škripavý, drapľavý, a zároveň sladký, hladký hlas. Patril uhladenému človeku vo vysokých, lesklých čizmách. Chlapík sa uklonil a predstavil: „Som Relíd, obchodník so šťastím. K vašim službám, snom a túžbam!“

„Obchodník?“ začudovala sa Lucinka Halucinka. „A čo predávajú?“

„Fuj, aké neslušné slovo! Ja nepredávam. Nie som podomový predavač. Ja dodávam,“ urazene sa zatváril muž menom Relíd.

„Prepáčte,“ zahanbila sa Lucinka Halucinka. „Čo teda dodávate?“

„Akože čo!“ znova sa zamračil obchodník. „Dodávam to, čo u nás, v Krajine AGORD, každý hľadá. Iba ja to zlato mám! Je to kvietok Ol-di-...“

„...mám!“ dokončila nadšene Lucinka Halucinka. „Oldimám! A dáte mi?“

Obchodník Relíd sa lišiacky uškrnul: „Ja svoj tovar nedávam. Ale na prvý krát ti ho ani nepredám. Povedzme, že ti ho tentoraz – dodám!“

Lucy Hallucy ran away. The butterfly had really scared her. In a lake she saw the reflection of the branch of a tree and on that reflection stood a strange-looking man (but was there anyone in GURDLAND who didn't look strange?) and he was having no trouble keeping his balance. A rare peacefulness radiated from him. He was holding a terribly complicated clock (a cross between a wall clock, a bicycle with one wheel and a samovar). A snail was stretched out at his feet.

“Good morning,” said Lucy Hallucy. And because the man inspired her with confidence, she asked him: “Have you see the boy they call Yresim?”

“That’s a difficult question,” the man said with a calm smile. But that’s all right. I have been pondering over difficult questions all my life. I am Fossil, a natural philosopher. The boy named Yresim is lost. However, his parents and his friends have not lost him, he has lost himself. They will find him when he begins to look for himself.”

Lucy Hallucy rolled her eyes. She had put him such an easy, understandable question and she had got such a complicated answer – she didn’t understand it at all.

“And... and... can you at least suggest where I might find the flower Citocran?” she asked. “It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever experienced.”

Fossil the Philosopher gazed thoughtfully at Lucy Hallucy, his eyes half-closed: “The flower Citocran is a strange thing. You needn’t look for it long, it will come to you of its own accord sooner or later. It will slip into your hand and offer itself to you. It will make you feel its strength, its magic, its power. It will make you strong and set you free. But only in order to enslave you. Very soon it will not serve you, but you it. When that time comes, it will not jump into your hand of its own accord. You will have to look for it, you will long for it more and more. And the more you immerse yourself in its scent, the more you will need it. Not to fly in the air, but just to take a step on the ground.”

Moving easily along the branch reflected in the water, the wise man reached the bank. Lucy Hallucy would have liked to ask him all kinds of things, but a voice stopped her: “Leave him be, let him go! Philosophers are shady characters who just muddle people’s minds.”

It was a shrill, grating and at the same time sweet, smooth voice. It belonged to a elegant man in tall, shiny boots. He bowed and introduced himself: “I’m Relaed, a happiness merchant. At your service. I’m here to fulfil your dreams and desires.”

“A merchant?” Lucy Hallucy asked in surprise. “What do you sell?”

“Ugh, what a rude word! I don’t sell. I’m not a door-to-door salesman. I supply,” the man named Relaed put on an offended expression.

“I’m sorry,” Lucy Hallucy said, looking ashamed. “So what do you supply?”

“I should’ve thought that was obvious!” the merchant frowned again. “I supply what everyone in this country of GURDLAND wants. I’m the only one who has that precious thing. It is the flower Ci-to-...”

“...cran!” Lucy Hallucy finished delightedly. “Citocran! Will you give it to me?”

Relaed the merchant gave a wily grin: “I don’t give anyone my goods. But as this is the first time, I won’t sell it to you either. Let’s say that just this once I shall – supply it!”

Napriamčil pred seba ruky v širokých rukávoch, zamával nimi ako chudý, smiešny vták a z jedného rukáva vypadol – Oldimám. Lucinka Halucinka ho dychtivo chytla do dlaní.

„Je naozaj môj? Iba môj?“ neveriaco sa spýtala a prešla po ňom prstom.

„Ktovie, či je on tvoj alebo ty jeho,“ zažartoval obchodník Relíd. „Teraz však rýchlo dýchaj a vdychuj, aby si sa nadýchala svojho šťastia. Pretože šťastie je potvorka! Má zlatú hlavu, ale telo hada! Keď ho hneď nechytíš, stratí sa ti medzi prstami!“

Relíd sa opäť škripavo zachichotal a zvrtol sa na podpätku. Lucinka Halucinka sa nahla nad veľký kvet a chystala sa vdýchnuť poriadny dúšok.

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Náhle sa pred ňou, akoby vyrástla spod zeme, objavila strašidelná postava. Bol to starý muž. Tvár mal tak zbrázdenu vráskami, že vyzerala ako korytnačia koža. Na hlave mal špicatú čapicu, na konci ktorej horelo svetlo ako na knôte sviece.

„Prekliaty Galapágos!“ zasyčal Relíd ako had, o ktorom vravel pred chvíľou.

„Ty si dal dievčaťu svoj dar, ja jej dám svoj,“ povedal pokojne ten, ktorý sa volal Galapágos. Odstrčil Relída a obrátil sa k Lucinke Halucinke:

„Dieťa moje,“ oslovil ju. „Vieš, čo práve teraz držiš v ruke?“

Lucinka Halucinka sa začudovala: „Čo! Oldimám, ktorý mi dal tento ujo!“

Galapágos sa však k nej naklonil a povedal: „Mýliš sa. Držiš v ruke svoju slobodu. Môžeš sa slobodne rozhodnúť, či sa nadýchaš toho kvetu alebo nie. Nikto ti to nemôže zakázať, a nikto ti to nemôže prikázať. Ani tvoja mama, ktorá je teraz strašne ďaleko od teba, dokonca ani ja nie. Iba ty, jedine ty sama si smieš povedať: Áno, chcem alebo Nie, nechcem! Ale skôr, než sa rozhodneš, čo urobíš, zavediem ťa tam, kde sa dozvieš o tom kvete niečo, čo ešte nevieš!“

„Éé... rečičky!“ mávol rukou obchodník Relíd. „Starý korytnačiak fantazíruje! Never mu ani slovo, priateľka! Závidí ti, že môžeš byť šťastná!“

Galapágos však vzal Lucinku Halucinku za ruku a pomaly sa pohli. Až teraz si všimla, že v čapici má zapichnutú šípku, ktorá sa chvela vo vetre. Galapágos zdvihol vznešene ľavrú dľaň a zaznelo tikanie hodín. Do dlane, ktorá bola oveľa mladšia ako jeho tvár, mal vrastený ciferník hodín a na ňom dve ručičky. „Jedna ručička mešká, druhá sa predbieha!“ všimla si Lucinka Halucinka.

„Všetko má svoj presne vymeraný čas!“ povedal Galapágos. „Táto pomalá ručička ukazuje čas vesmíru. A táto druhá, rýchlejšia, ukazuje čas ľudí.“

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O týchto záhadných slovách však Lucinka Halucinka nestačila rozmýšľať, pretože stáli pred malou jaskynkou, ktorá bola vytesaná do žltých skál.

Galapágos bez slova ukázal pred seba. Vošli do prítmnia, kde stála pani, ktorá bola rovnako krásna ako smutná. Keby nebola oblečená do takých nezvyklých šiat, Lucinka Halucinka by mohla mať dojem, že je to jej mama.

He stretched his arms out in front of him, waved them like a funny bird and from one of his wide sleeves there fell a flower – Citocran. Lucy Hallucy quickly caught it in her hand.

“Is it really mine? Just for me?” she asked, not daring to believe it and she stroked it with her finger.

“Who knows whether it is yours or you are its,” joked the merchant, Relaed. “Now hurry up, take a deep breath and inhale its scent, so you can breathe in your happiness. Because happiness is a tricky creature. It has a golden head, but the body of a snake. If you don’t grab it immediately, it will slip through your fingers!”

Relaed let out another rasping chuckle and turned on his heel. Lucy Hallucy bent over the large flower and prepared to take a deep breath.

Now, all of a sudden, a frightening creature appeared before her, as if it had sprung up out of the ground. It was an old man. His complexion was so furrowed with wrinkles that it looked like the skin of a tortoise. He had a pointed hat on his head, at the end of which a light was burning like the wick of a candle.

“Damned Galapagos!” Relaed hissed like the snake he had spoken of a moment ago.

“You have given the little girl your gift, I’ll give her mine,” said the figure called Galapagos. He pushed Relaed aside and turned to Lucy Hallucy: “My child,” he addressed her. Do you know what you are now holding in your hand?”

Lucy Hallucy stared at him in surprise. “The Citocran this man gave me, of course.”

However, Galapagos bent towards her and said: “You are mistaken. You are holding your freedom in your hand. You can freely decide whether to breathe in the scent of that flower or not. No one can forbid you to, and no one can order you to. Not even your mother, who is now terribly far away from you, not even I can. Only you, you and you alone can say: Yes, I want to, or No, I don’t. But before you make up your mind what to do, I’ll take you to where you will learn something about that flower that you don’t know yet.”

“Ha... claptrap!” the merchant Relaed waved his hand. “This old tortoise is letting his imagination run away with him. Don’t believe a word he says, my friend. He’s only jealous because you can be happy!”

However, Galapagos took Lucy Hallucy by the hand and they slowly set off. Only now did she notice that he had an arrow stuck through his hat, which quivered in the wind. Galapagos raised his left hand in a stately manner and the ticking of a clock could be heard. Embedded in his palm, which was far younger than his face, was a dial with two little hands.

“One hand is going very slow and the other very fast!” Lucy Hallucy remarked.

“Everything has its proper pace,” said Galapagos. “This slow hand shows the time of the universe. This other, faster one, the time of people.”

Once again, Lucy Hallucy felt puzzled, but she had no time to think about these mysterious words, because they had come to a small cave carved into some yellow rocks.

Galapagos said nothing, just pointed the way ahead. They entered the half-darkness and there was a woman who looked as sad as she was beautiful. If she hadn’t been dressed in such unusual clothes, Lucy Hallucy might have thought she was her mother.

Smutnokrásna pani si všimla kvet Oldimám v rukách dievčatka a jej oči sa ešte viac zatiahli zármutkom.

„Vidím, že Kvet si odtrhol ďalšie dieťa,” vzdychla si.

„Ako to?” nechápala Lucinka Halucinka. „Ľudia trhajú kvety, nie naopak. A toto je kvet, po ktorom sa tak krásne vznáša!”

Pani sa k nej nahla, vzala jej tváričku do dlaní a rozprávala:

„Bol raz chlapec, bol raz syn. Nik nevie dnes, čo je s ním. Nadýchol sa sladkej vône, teraz túži iba po nej. Toho omamného jedu... Teraz ho preč kroky vedú. Sám pred sebou beží svetom, hľadá ten Kvet všetkých kvetov. Je to Kvet so strašnou mocou, zahalí ti slnko nocou, až do srdca zahryzne ti... Zdá sa ti, že krásne letíš. A zatiaľ ti divá sila krídla v duši rozdrvila. Padáš dole ako kameň. Pochopíš, že ten Kvet klame. Rozložil sa v tvojej hlave. Nič čo vidíš, nie je pravé. Všetko je už pokrútené. Z ľudí stávajú sa tiene. Na starcov sa menia deti. Chcel by si byť ako predtým. Hľadáš ten Kvet, kde len rastie a pýtaš si naspäť šťastie. Chceš, aby bol koniec skúšok, a tak si dáš ešte dúšok. A takto to stále ide. Hľadáš párik svojich krídel. Utekáš od toho Kvetu, no nemôžeš: všade je tu. Čoraz viac ti kradne život. Už neletíš. Padáš krivo. Bol raz synček svojej mamy, pokým ho Kvet neodmámil Vieš sa ešte vrátiť? Povedz... Alebo je to už koniec?”

Bol to naozaj koniec, pretože krásnosmutná pani sa odmlčala.

Publisher Krajina Agord

The beautiful, sad lady noticed the Citocran flower in the child's hand and her eyes grew even more sorrowful.

"I see the flower has picked another child," she sighed.

"What do you mean?" Lucy Hallucy did not understand. "People pick flowers, not the other way round. This flower is wonderful - it can make you float in the air."

The lady bent towards her, took her little face in her hands and said:

"There was once a boy, a son. No one knows where he is now. He breathed in that sweet scent and all he longs for is that poison that leaves you in a daze... Now his feet are leading him astray. He is running away from himself, hurrying through the world in search of the Flower of all Flowers. It is a flower with a terrible power, it turns light to darkness, it gnaws at your heart... You think you are flying through the air, but meanwhile a wild force is grinding the wings of your soul to dust. You fall to the ground like a stone and you realise the flower has deceived you. It has decomposed in your head. Nothing you see is real. Everything is distorted. People become shadows. Children become old people. You want to be as before. You go looking for that flower and you ask it to return you your happiness. You want your trials to end and so you take another dose. And so it goes on. You look for your pair of wings. You try to escape from that flower, but you can't - it's everywhere you go. It steals more and more of your life. You are no longer flying. You are falling down into an abyss. There was a son who had a mummy, until the flower enticed him away. Tell me. Can you still go back? Or is this the end for you, too?"

This was the end, because the beautiful, sad woman fell silent.

Trebatická, Heather (Translator)