



Cchaj Wentí


Osemnásť plačov hunskej píšťaly

Cai Wenji


Eighteen Cries of the Hun Whistle

Stredoveká čínska poetka. Narodila sa v r. 162 a zomrela okolo roku 239.

Medieval Chinese poet, born in 162 and died around 239.



我生之初尚無爲
我生之後漢祚衰
天不仁兮降亂離
地不仁兮使我逢此時
干戈日尋兮道路危
民卒流亡兮共哀悲
煙塵蔽野兮胡虜盛
志意乖兮節義虧
對殊俗兮非我宜
遭忍辱兮當告誰
笳一會兮琴一拍
心憤怨兮無人知



Môj život začal šťastne, blahobytné.
Môj život opäť končí šťastne, blahobytné,
a predsa Nebo preklínam
za všetku úzkosť, ktorú v duši prežívam!
A predsa aj Zem preklínam
za to, na čo stále bôľne spomínam!
Bojové časy cestu osudu mi splietli,
bojové časy v náruč barbarov ma vmietli.
Dym a prach, spálenisko, plač
a dupot koní.
Hun nectil môj mrav.
Hun mrav mal drsný, mrav mne pohoršlivý
Čo som však mala robiť v žitíia ohrození?!

Píšťalu beriem, citary sa chopím
a v clivých piesňach
hnev svoj, rozhorčenie, skrotím.

My whole life started happy, and in wealth,
My whole life ends in happiness and wealth,
In spite of it, I curse you, Heavens
For all the anxiety I suffered till now!
In spite of it, I curse you, Earth
For all the sorrows that are deep in my heart!

War times crossed the path of my fate,
War times thrust me into barbarian hands!
Smoke and dust, scorched earth and cries,
And herds of galloping horses.

The Hun didn't honor any of my rules,
The Hun's morals were repugnant and harsh,
But what could I've done - risk endangering my life?!

I take the whistle, I'll seize the sitar
In bitter songs and tunes
I'll tame my rage and cries!

Peter Čaplický

Po hunských chodníčkoch dnes

Moje spomienky z oblastí,
odkiaľ Huni pred 1 800 rokmi
odvliekli poetku Cchaj Wenťi.

Čarovné zvuky flauty v horách nad Čchanganom

Každá civilizácia má svoju pôvodnú kolísku. Čína si ju aj napriek obrovskej rozlohe vytvorila v povodí rieky Wej, na ktorej brehu sa nachádzali jej pôvodné, dnes už neexistujúce hlavné mestá: čchinský Siangjaang a čouský a chanský Čchangan, ktorý bol v 2. storočí aj rodiskom Cchaj Wenťi.

Podnebie je tu drsné a najmä v lete sa o tejto časti severozápadu historickej Číny hovorí ako o jednom z najhorúcejších miest, často takom horúcom ako juhovýchodný Wuchan či Čchangša.

Stojím na úpätí posvätnéj hory Chua šan, vzdialenej len pár desiatok kilometrov od niekdajšieho hlavného mesta dynastií Čou, Chan i Tchang – od Čchanganu, dnes známeho ako Si'an, ktorý bolo vo svojej dobe jedným z najväčších miest sveta.

Horúci vzduch preniká do pľúc a reže v nich ako rozžeravená píla. Cez oči sa tisnú kropaje potu a štípu tak, že už skoro vôbec nevidím. Konečne chápem, prečo mi miestni odporúčali ísť na tieto magické hory v noci. Lenže to by som z nich asi veľa nevidel. Teraz si musím vybrať, buď toto teplo, ale nádherný výhľad, alebo príjemný chlad, ale v temnote. No kocky sú už hodené. Oči mám však také spuchnuté, že chodník predo





Peter Čaplický

Walking along the Hun Paths Today

My memories of the places where Cai Wenji lived before she was kidnapped by the Huns 1,800 years ago.

A Flute's Magical Sounds in the Hills above Changan

Every civilization has its cradle and China, despite its enormous territory, created its origins in the valleys of the Wei River whose banks were the home of its original and no longer existing capitals: Xiangyang of the Qin dynasty, and Changan (which was in the 2nd century also the birthplace of Cai Wenji) of the Zhou and the Han dynasties.

The local climate there is harsh and the summers extremely hot, which is why this part of the historical Chinese northwest is talked about as one of its hottest places, often just as hot as Wuhan or Changsha in the southeast.

I am standing at the foot of the sacred mountain of Huashan, only a couple of dozen kilometers from the former capital city of the Zhou, Han and Tang dynasties, Changan (today known as Xi'an), which was one of the largest cities of the world in its time.

The hot air is entering my lungs and cuts inside like a hot iron saw. Like tears, drops of sweat make their way over my eyes and sting so much I can barely see anymore. Finally, I understand why the locals recommended me to climb these magical hills at night. But then I would see nothing of their beauty. Now I must decide – either choose this heat and the gorgeous vistas, or the pleasant cool air with everything around me covered in darkness. The dice was cast! My eyes are so swollen that the path in front me is nothing but blurry contours. Thousands of steps lead to the top and I have barely covered the initial couple of hundred. With every step I make, a drop of sweat falls off the tip of my nose. On the steps under my feet it creates a tiny dot that evaporates almost as fast as it hits the ground.

mnou už má úplne rozmazané kontúry. Na vrchol vedú tisíce schodov a ja mám za sebou len prvých pár stoviek. Pri každom kroku mi z končeka nosa spadne kvapka potu. Na každom schode vytvorí malú tmavú škvrnu, ktorá sa viac-menej okamžite vyparí.

Spočiatku som nasadil celkom svižné tempo, no teraz sa už vlečiem ako slimák. Podvedome hľadám každúčký kúsok tieňa, kde by som aspoň na chvíľku unikol žiare tej žeravej gule visiacej na blankytné belasej oblohe a spaľujúcej všetko dookola. Konečne sa mi zamarilo, že v rozsadline nado mnou sa klenie šípovito zalomené krídlo strechy pavilónu. Tam bude aspoň o trochu chladnejší vzduch, nádeja sa moja umorená duša i spotené telo. Rozhorúčený sa vtisnem do najtmavšieho kútika pavilónu a chrbtom sa pritom opieram o horúcu skalnú stenu. Aspoň som však mimo dosahu tej strašne žeravej gule. Privieram oči. Tma je taká príjemná, že by tento okamih mohol trvať aj večnosť, nielen zopár minút, kým sa znovu zdvihnem a budem pokračovať v martýriu výstupu.

Vtom mi zďiaľky začne do uší vnikať nebesky jemný zvuk flauty. Napadne mi, že sú to halucinácie z horúčavy. Zvuk je však stále silnejší a zreteľnejší. Z trilkov, ktoré sa nesú k oblohe, cítiť radosť zo života i pocit slobodného ducha. Ten, kto ich vyludzuje, ako keby do tejto hudby vdychoval neskutočne šťastný optimizmus a nadšenie.

Je vôbec možné, že ja idem v neľudsky hroznej horúčave takmer skapať a niekto je schopný vyhrávať na flaute a vyjadrovať svojou hudbou toľkú krásu?

Tľap, tľap, dopĺňajú hudbu rytmické zvuky pripomínajúce dopad bosých chodidiel na kamenné schody. Tľap, tľap, ozýva sa do zvukov flauty stále výraznejšie.

Zrazu stojí neskutočný hráč predo mnou. Najobyčajnejší nosič, na ktorého pleciach je prevesená pozdĺžne prerezaná bambusová tyč. Na jej koncoch sa hompálajú igelitové vrecia naplnené stovkami prázdnych plastových fľaš a hliníkových plechoviek. Tvár nosiča prerývajú hlboké vrásky od vyčerpávajúcej





I started out at quite a fast pace, but by now I am dragging my feet, as slow as a snail. Without being fully aware of it, I am on the constant lookout for the tiniest piece of shade in order to escape for the briefest while the heat of the fiery ball hanging in the brilliant blue sky, scorching everything around me. Finally, in the opening above me I catch a glimpse of the arrow-like bend of the roof on a small pavilion. 'It will be just a tiny bit cooler there!' so my suffering soul and melting body are hoping. In the sweltering heat, I squeeze myself into the darkest corner of the pavilion, leaning my back against the rock wall only to find out that it too radiates heat now. But, at least, I am out of reach of the hot ball in the sky. I close my eyes. The darkness is so pleasant that this moment could last all eternity rather than just a few minutes before I get going again to continue this arduous martyrdom.

Suddenly, from the distance my ears distinguish the heavenly, gentle sound of a flute. At first, I fear that I have started hallucinating from overheating. But the sound grows stronger and clearer. The tones rising up to the sky reveal a joy of life and the sensation of the freedom of the human spirit. The person playing seems to breathe an incredibly happy optimism and enthusiasm into his music.

But is it even possible that I am on the verge of death in this cruel and terrible heat while another man is capable of playing a flute and express such beauty with his music?!

Tap, tap – rhythmical sounds accompany the music, resembling the touch of bare feet on the stone steps. Tap, tap – I hear ever clearer the sound mingling with the tones played on the flute.

And then this unbelievable musician stands in front of me. He is one of the most common men, a porter with a lengthwise cut bamboo pole balanced on his shoulders. Dangling on each end are plastic bags filled with hundreds of empty plastic bottles and cans. His face is marked by deep wrinkles carved into his skin by exhausting work and the relentless, sharp, hot sunshine. And yet, he radiates contentment underlined by the music rising from his simple bamboo flute. The man's eyes, narrowed into thin slits, seem to emphasize a feeling of bliss when listening to his heavenly trills. Then he stopped – suddenly aware of the world around him. He could sense that he was no longer alone and that he is now sharing these beautiful moments with someone else. His half-closed eyes opened and he saw me there, a foreigner beaten by the heat to which my body was not accustomed at all! Our eyes met, and in that moment, I could feel that from his gaze flows some of his strength and energy into me. Then the man placed the flute back at his lips, closed his eyes and