

Vladimir Nazor
novela / a story

ANĐEO U ZVONIKU
THE ANGEL IN THE BELL TOWER

Vladimir Nazor



novela

ANĐEO U ZVONIKU

a story

THE ANGEL IN THE
BELL TOWER



ANĐEO U ZVONIKU (Novele, 1926.)

Mali Vlado nikako ne može dokučiti tko to kuca u zvoniku prije zvonjave. Jednom mu se učini da se oblak pretvorio u anđela pa zaključi da to anđeo dolazi kucati po zvonima.

Htjuci zadovoljiti svoju znatiželju i dokazati odraslima da je u pravu, neopažen se uvuče u zvonik i počne penjati ljestvama prema zvonima.

No u mraku ga preplaše šišmiši pa ga zaplakanog i preplašenog skine zvonar i odvede pred župnika, koji ga, nakon što mu Vlado ispriča svoju priču o anđelu, vraća roditeljima.



THE ANGEL IN THE BELL TOWER (Collected Stories, 1926.)

Young Vlado is mystified by strange knocking in the bell tower before the bells start tolling. At one time he gets the impression a cloud has turned into an angel and that this very angel descends into the tower to knock on the bells.

In order to satisfy his curiosity, and prove to the adults that he was right, he manages to sneak into the bell tower and starts climbing the ladder towards the bells.

Scared by the bats in the dark, he is brought down, in tears, from the ladder by the bell-ringer, who takes him to the priest. After hearing Vlado's story about the angel, the priest takes the boy to his parents.

Anđeo u zvoniku

I

Rodih se u gradiću na žalu morskoga kanala.

Pred njime more s jedrenjačama i parobrodima koji prolaze a da – ponajviše - i ne ulaze u pristanište; s one strane vode daleko ljubičasto kopno s dugom gorskom kosom; za gradićem krševit kraj, našaran zelenilom vinograda i maslinika.

Ne vidjeh ga od svoje pete ili šeste godine, ali ga se i sada sjećam. Pamtim i koješta što sam u njemu doživio.

Nekoliko osamljenih, ali jasnih slika, nalik na svijetle trenutke mutna polu zaboravljena sna, niče iz mog pamćenja i leži na sivome moru zaboravi kao otočići obasjani suncem.

Vidim oleandre u dvorištu pokraj mora, pred starinskom kućom u kojoj sam se rodio, a dijete se u njemu igra.

Kupam se, još sitan kao crvić, na igalu “Vrila”, dok me majka gleda s prozora obližnje kuće i više ne znam da li ozbiljno ili od šale: Roni, Vlado! Roni!

Sjedim u nekoj ovećoj sobi, na klupici, uz drugu čeljad, i zanosim se igrom “marionetta” na maloj pozornici.

Arlekin je obukao odijelo sa šarenim kockama, Pantaloni nosi na sebi bijel plašt. Kolombina ima dugu plavu kosu i crvene obraščice, a kad govori, uzdiše, stavljajući ruku na srce. Ali je meni najdraži Frakanapa, čovuljak s krivim nogama i s glavurdom.

On miče neprestano nogama, lupajući njima o pod kao kozle papcima. Ruga se zaljubljenj Kolombini i Pantalonu, zbija svakojake šale s plahovitim no glupim Arlekinom.

A kad Frakanapa pripovijeda da mu je đon probušen ali da je on to me jadu doskočio napravivši na nonu i drugi otvor pa mu sada voda kroz jednu rupu ulazi ali kroz drugu odmah i odlazi, ja se tako glasno i od srca smijem da ljudi oko mene gledaju više u me no u Frakanapu.

A sjećam se i dviju kasnih večeri punih zvijezda ali ipak takvih da sam bio sav prožet zebnjom. Jednog puta gledamo kako tamo daleko, preko kanala, nešto plamsa u tami.

Vele da gori u velikom gradu lijepi, još novi teatar, i da će taj grdni požar zahvatiti možda čitav grad, progutati sve kuće. Vjetar duše, a nama se čak pričinja e je topao od

THE ANGEL IN THE BELL TOWER

I

I was born in a little town on the shore of a strait.

The town faced the sea with its sailers and steamers, the boats and ships passing by, not entering — for the most part — the port; on the far side of the straits, a violet stretch of the mainland, with a long mountain slope; behind the town, the craggy terrain, interspersed with vineyards and olive grove greenery.

I have not seen it since I was five or six, but remember it well to this day.

I also remember the various things I experienced there.

A few solitary, but clear images, like luminous moments of a hazy, half-forgotten dream, rise from my memory, floating on a grey sea of oblivion, resembling the sun-lit islets.

I can see the oleanders in the yard near the sea, in front of the old house where I was born, and a child playing there.

I am swimming, still tiny as a little grub, on Vrila beach, with my mother watching from the window of a nearby house, calling, seriously or in jest, I cannot tell: “Dive, Vlado! Dive!”

I am sitting in a spacious room, on a little bench, along with other children, fascinated by the puppets play on a tiny stage. The Harlequin has put on a multicolored chequered costume, while Pantaloni has put on a white cape. Columbine has long blond hair and rosy cheeks, and sighs whenever she speaks, with her hand over her heart. But, of all the characters, I like the Fracanapa best: he is a little bow-legged man with a huge head. His feet are constantly moving, tapping the floor the way a young goat taps his hoofs. He mocks love-stricken Columbine and Pantaloni, making jokes with Harlequin who is effusive, but also silly. And when Fracanapa tells about the hole in his shoe, and that he found a solution by making another hole in it, so that now the water enters through one, but immediately flows out the other, I laugh so loudly and heartily that more spectators’ eyes are on me than on Fracanapa.

I also remember two late nights, full of stars, but still such nights that my whole being was filled with apprehension.

Once we watched how something, far away, on the other side of the straits, burned in the dark. They said a beautiful, new theatre in the city was on fire, they said the fire would perhaps engulf the whole city, swallow up all the

vatre i da nam nosi vonj po dimu i po paljevini. Druge smo večeri promatrali repaticu na vedrom noćnom nebu, baš iznad planine s one strane kanala. Ja sam mislio na zvijezdu što je vodila tri kralja k malome Isusu. Htio sam se veseliti repatici, ali su svi odrasli oko mene govorili o njoj kao o nečemu što nam naviješta jad i nevolju. Brodovi će nam donijeti kugu s Levanta; skakavci će idućeg proljeća poharati usjeve i vinograde pa će nastati glad; Rusija će dignuti vojsku na Turčina, i sedam će se careva zaratiti, i sve će se majke oviti u crninu.

Ja slušam zapravo sve i ne razumijem, ali neki strah prodire u me. Držim se sve čvršće majčina skuta; molim je da pođemo kući iako me ne spopada san. A kad legnem i zaspim, kao da se repatica prometnula pred mojim očima u sablju s koje kapaju krupne krvave kapi.

Takve me uspomene vežu i sada s gradićem gdje sam se rodio.

Sve su one nalik na bljeskove u sivoj noći. No ima i jedna koja, potpuna i jasna, sja i sada u mojem pamćenju. I njome hoću da otvorim ovo pričanje.



II

Bilo je to kratko vrijeme prije no smo se preselili odanle u očev zavičaj.

Stanovali smo onda nedaleko crkve što je stajala na poljanici iznad place u sredini mjesta. Ja sam često izlazio kradom iz kuće i šuljao se do samotna putića iznad poljanice da gledam zvonik, križ na njegovu vrhu i časovnik sa crnim kazaljicama na gornjem dijelu zida.

Kroz široke otvore, baš ispod krova, vidjela su se zvona koja su se katkad bliještala u zrakama sunca na zapadu.

Ništa nisam radije slušao do zvonjave tih zvona.

Poznavao sam odmah glas velikoga, srednjega i maloga ili - kako smo ih zvali - “Djeda”, “Oca” i “Unuka”. Vidio sam i konope što su micali zvonima, pa i vjerovao da krupnim i teškim “Djedom” zvoni samo neki sijedi starac, “Ocem” čovjek crne brade, a “Unukom” koji dječak, možda mojih godina.

Jer ih nisam nikada vidio, ja sam o njima mnogo maštao. Oni ne mogu stanovati ni u crkvi ni u onome tornju bez prozora i bez dimnjaka. Dolaze odnekuda da obave svoj posao, pa da ih opet nestane. “Unuk” zvoni svake

houses. The wind was blowing and we even had a sense of the warmth of the fire, could smell the odours of smoke and burnt things.

On another evening we were watching a shooting star in the clear sky, above the mountain on the opposite side of the straits. I was thinking of the star that led the three wise men to the baby Jesus. I wanted to feel joy, but all the adults around me talked of bad omens bringing trouble and misery. The ships are going to bring the plague from the Levant, the locusts are going to ravage the crops and the vineyards come next spring, causing famine, Russia is going to raise an army against the Turks, and seven emperors are going to wage wars against each other, leaving grieving mothers everywhere. I listen to all that, not understanding, but feeling a fear invading my being. I cling to my mother's skirts harder and harder, begging her for us to go home, though I am not sleepy. Finally, in bed, while trying to get some sleep, I feel the star has turned, right before my eyes, into a sabre dripping with huge drops of blood.

These are the memories still tying me to my native town. They all resemble flashes during a grey night. But one of them is complete and clear, still shining brightly in my mind. It is with that memory that I would like to begin this story.

II

It was a short time before we moved from there to the place where my father was born.

We lived near the church at the time, not far from a common above the central town square.

I often used to slip away from the house, sneak to the lonely lane above the common to watch the belfry, the cross at its top, and the clock with its black hands on the upper part of the wall. Through its wide openings under the roof, I could see the bells, sometimes shining from the rays of the sun from the West.

There was no sound in the world I liked more than the sound of those bells. Right off, I knew the sound of the huge one, the middle one, the small one — the Grandfather, the Father and the Grandson. I saw the ropes that moved them, and even believed that the heavy Grandfather was moved only by a grey-haired old man, the Father by a black-bearded man, and the grandson by a boy, perhaps of my age.

Since I never saw them, I often wondered about them and imagined them.

večeri poslije "Oca". Onaj mali dolazi dakle s bradatim čovjekom da zvone Zdravomariju. Ne boji se on ni kiše ni vjetra. Možda otac nosi malog sina na lenima ili u naručju, pa sve tako ide svojim redom, od dana u dan.

Sve me to zanimalo, a nijesam se tome više ni čudio jer mi se bar činilo da sam koješta već doznao.

Ali nešto poče buditi u mene radoznalost; nešto o čemu prije nisam nikada mislio jer nisam na to ni pazio. Otkad dokad čuje se kucanje gore u zvoniku, a da se ni jedno od tih zvona ni najmanje ne miče.

- Kuc! Kuc! Kuc!

Kao da klatno udara jedan, ili dva, ili tri, pa čak i do dvanaest puta, po "Unuku". Zvono baš onoliko puta zvonko zveči, a da se ni konop ni što drugo ni najmanje ne miče.

Stojim i čekam.

Vrijeme prolazi. Htio bih već otići, kad najednom: opet onaj glas.

- Kuc! Kuc! Silazim pred zvonik, sjedam ispred zatvorenih vrata. Unutra je sve tiho.

Ne čujem no žagor ljudi dolje na placi i živkanje vrabaca na crkvenom krovu.

Da se ne igram kamenčićima, ja bih, tako čekajući, i zaspao na onome pragu, kad najedanput, iznad moje glave:

- Kuc! Kuc! Kuc!

Hitam natrag. Ali zvona opet sva nepomična.

I za prvi put u životu osjećam da ima i nešto što nam je u isto vrijeme i čudno i nekako nas plaši.

III

Pada prvi mrak, a otac je opazio da sam istom stignuo doma.

- Gdje si ti to bio? Marietta, pazi malo na tog skitalicu!

- Tata, kako to da su vrata zvonika zatvorena; i nikoga u njemu nema, i zvona se ne miču a ipak zvoni?

On me s početka ne razumije.

- Kako to? Zvoni?

- Da. Kuc! Kuc!

- A, da. To ne zvoni. Ure. Ure biju na zvoniku.

- A što su te ure?

I on mi nešto govori o crnom krugu na gornjem dijelu zvonikova zida.

O kazaljka ili crnim prstima koji se polagano miču.

They could not be living in the church, nor in that windowless and chimneyless spire. They had to come from somewhere to fulfill their duties, and then return. The Grandson rang every evening after the Father. It meant that the boy had to come with the bearded man for vespers. He feared neither rain, nor wind. Maybe the father carried his little boy on his back or in his arms, and so they went, in that order, day in and day out.

These questions intrigued me, and I didn't even wonder that much, since I had a feeling that I already knew much.

But curiosity began to stir in me, about something I had never thought about, since I had never paid attention to it.

Every now and then, one could hear knocking up there in the belfry, although no bell was being moved at all.

"Knock! Knock! Knock!"

As if the clapper were striking one, two, three, or even up to twelve times, striking the Grandson. It just tolled like that, although nothing moved at all, not even the rope.

I stood and waited.

Time passed. I would have liked to leave, but all of a sudden: that sound again.

"Knock! Knock!"

I went down, to the front of the spire, and sat in front of the closed door.

All was quiet inside.

I could only hear the murmur of people down at the square and the chirping of sparrows on the church roof.

I could easily have fallen asleep on the threshold had I not been playing with some pebbles, when all of a sudden, above my head, I heard:

"Knock! Knock! Knock!"

I rushed back there. But the bells were not moving.

And for the first time in my life, I could feel that there was something, something that was strange and scary at the same time.

III

It was getting dark and my father noticed that I had only just got back home.

"Where have you been? Marietta, keep an eye on the little vagabond!"

"Daddy, why when the spire door closed, with nobody in there, are the bells ringing?"

At first, he was at a loss.

"What do you mean? The bells, you mean?"

O minutama, o urama i četvrtima.

Ali ga ja ne razumijem.

- A tko ono udara zvečkom o "Unuka"?

- Nitko. Mehanizam. Batić. Vidiš ovako: Kuc! Kuc! po zvonu. Svakog idućeg sata po jedan udarac više. A onda 1, 2, 3, 4 udarca svakih 15 minuta. Jednog ćeš dana sve to bolje razumjeti. Ne misli sada na to.

No ja ne mogu da ne mislim. I da ne mislim na svoj način.

Od očeva tumačenja ostade mi samo to da neki čekić udara o malo zvono, o "Unuka", a u to i vjerujem.

A tko se to penje u onu visinu s čekićem u ruci? Tko bi to mogao ući kroz zatvorena vrata, penjati se po nekim stubama - ako ih zbilja i ima - u mračnom tijesnom zvoniku, sve do gore, do samog zvona koje visi ispod krova? Takvo što ne može uraditi ni starac, ni čovjek s crnom bradom, a još manje dječak.

A ja bih ih kroz one otvore jednom ipak vidio.

- Mama, tko bi to mogao biti?

- Al' reče ti sinoć tata. Čekić. Mehanizam.

- Mehanizam. A tko je to? -

Pitaj oca. Ne muči me više time.

A ja idem na putić. Gledam. Čekam.

Lijepo je proljetno jutro. Rijetke su voćke još u cvatu po vrtovima. Gradić je tih jer su gotovo svi ljudi u vinogradima ili u pristaništu. Ne čujem drugo no cvrkut ptica sve naokolo i zvižduk parobroda tamo dolje na gatu. Okolo crkve sve mirno. Samo se lastavice užurbale oko vrha zvonika, a preko poljanice lete dva leptira tražeći cvijetak.

Ja gledam u nebo.

Oblačić lebdi visoko iznad zvonika. Sunce ga obasjava samo s jedne strane pasu mu rubovi kao od zlata. Mijenja se polagano. Postaje dulji; pruža se uvis; sve je više nalik na odrasla dječaka s bijelim krilima.

- Anđeo!

Gledam u nj. A on se spušta naniže, postajući manji i bjelji. Sunce mi udara uoči pa mi smeta gledanju. Ipak vidim da se spustio iza vrha zvonika pa ga ondje i nestalo.

- Kuc! Kuc! Kuc! - odjeknulo je zvonko i veselo u proljetnom jutru, i jato je vrabaca pobjeglo s krova.

Ovog puta ona tri glasa odjeknuše duboko i u meni.

Zakucalo mi nešto u prsima. Poslije čuđenja spopada me zanos i radost.

Trčim kući; banem pred majku.

"Yes. Knock! Knock!"

"Ah, yes. It is not the bells. It's the clock. The clock is chiming at the spire."

"And what are these clocks?"

And he started telling me something about the black dial on the upper part of the spire wall. About the hands or black fingers, moving ever so slowly. About the minutes, and hours, and quarters.

But I did not understand.

"But who is striking the Grandson then?"

"Nobody. A mechanism. A hammer. Like this: Knock! Knock! Upon the bell. Every hour a knock more. And then one, two, three, four knocks every fifteen minutes. One day you will understand more. Do not think about it now."

But I couldn't help it. I couldn't help seeing it in my own way.

Out of everything my father said, I remembered only that a hammer was striking the little bell, the Grandson, and this is something I believed.

But who would climb such great heights with a hammer in his hand? Who would be able to enter the closed door, climb some steps — if there are any — within the dark and cramped space inside the spire, up and up there, getting to the bell itself, the bell hanging under the roof? This is something nobody can do, not the old man, not the black-bearded man, let alone the boy. Besides, I would have seen them, at least once, through those openings.

"Mommy, who could it be?"

"But your father told you that last night. A hammer. A mechanism."

"A mechanism. But who is this mechanism?"

"Ask your father. Stop annoying me with this."

And I sneaked away to the lane. Watching. Waiting.

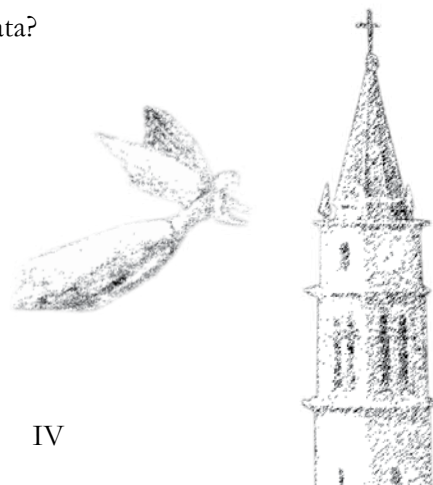
It was a beautiful spring morning. A few fruit-trees in the gardens were still in bloom. The town was quiet: almost all the people were in vineyards or in the port. I could hear nothing but the chirping of birds all around me and the whistle of a steamer down at the pier. Everything was calm around the church. Only the swallows were flying restlessly around the belfry, while two butterflies were crossing the common, looking for flowers.

I watched the sky.

A little cloud was floating up above the belfry. The sun was shining only on one side of it, so that its edges seemed like they were made of gold. Slowly it transformed. Becoming longer, growing and becoming taller, more and more resembling a grown boy with white wings.

"An angel!"

- Mama! Sad znam! Vidio sam sve.
 - Što to, sinko?
 - Anđela! Silazi u zvonik, udara čekićem po "Unuku".
 - Jesi li baš vidio kako udara?
 - Nisam. Al' sam...
 - Šuti. Okani se anđela i zvonika. Ne skitaj se okolo.
 Da mi se nisi više ni makao odavle!
 Ali je majka preveć zaposlena da bi me mogla čuvati,
 a one njene riječi pobudiše u meni novu želju.
 E, da. Valjalo bi ga vidjeti... ali izbliza. Gledati kako udara po zvonu.
 A kakav je? Jesu li mu vlasi kao plamen?
 A krila od pravog perja?
 A onaj njegov čekić je li baš od zlata?



IV

I ja izlazim kradom i z kuće.
 Neko vrijeme čekam mirno na putiću.
 Sve je tiho i pusto.
 Silazim na poljanicu; prilazim k vratima zvonika, a ona - gle! - pritivorena.
 Stojim, neodlučan.
 Čega bih se bojao? Ta to je anđeo, koga dobri bog šalje s neba na zemlju.
 Zar se ne molim svake večeri svome anđelu čuvaru?
 I mene nije više strah.
 Šuljam se u zvonik. U njemu je tako mračno da bih htio odmah pobjeći.
 Ali nešto svjetla pada odozgor i s okna na strani, pa već vidim kamene
 stube što se svijaju vodeći sve naviše. Penjem se hitro prema onoj svjetlosti
 ostavljajući za sobom tmicu. Sve je tiho; ne čujem no cvrkut lastavica, i to
 baš onda kada proljeću pred otvorima na vrhu tornja.

I looked at it. And he was descending, becoming smaller and whiter. The
 sun was directly behind him, so it was hard to see well. Still, I could see that
 he had descended behind the top of the belfry and had vanished there.
 "Knock! Knock! Knock!" the sound echoed strongly and merrily that spring
 morning, and a host of sparrows flew away from the roof.
 This time the three sounds echoed deep inside of me. I felt something beat
 strongly inside my chest. Having felt wonder, I now felt rapture and joy.
 I ran back home, almost bumping into my mother.
 "Mommy! Now I know! I've seen it all."
 "What have you seen, my son?"
 "An angel! He descends into the belfry and hits the Grandson with a ham-
 mer."
 "Have you actually seen him hitting the bell?"
 "No, but..."
 "Be quiet. Stay away from angels and from belfries. Do not wander around
 like that. Do not even think of going anywhere!"
 But my mother was too busy to keep an eye on me and her words just stirred
 a new desire in me.
 Yes, I wanted to see the angel, somehow... but not from a distance. Watch
 it hitting the bell.
 What was he like? Did his hair look like flames? Were his wings made of real
 feathers? And his hammer... was it really made of gold?

IV

So I sneaked out of the house.
 I calmly waited in the lane for a little while.
 Everything was quiet and deserted.
 I was going down, to the common. I approached the spire door. And look
 — it was ajar!
 I hesitated.
 Why should I be afraid? It was an angel our gracious God had sent us from
 heaven. Was it not true that every night I prayed to my guardian angel?
 I no longer feared.
 I sneaked into the spire.
 It was so dark inside that I felt like running away.
 But there was some light descending from above, and from a side win-
 dow, and now I could see the stairs already, winding up and up. I quickly



Eto me već visoko, na podu od dasaka.
Tri debela konopa vise odozgo. E, sad vidim. Dovle se penju Starac, Sin i Dijete pa se laćaju konopa i potežu.
A vidim i zvona. Imadu široka okrugla usta sa klatnima što su nalik na debele jezike. Ona se sjaju na suncu, dok sam ja još uvijek u polumraku.
- Tik! Tak!... Tik! Tak!
To je ura. Kuca kao i ona u našoj jedaćoj sobi, na zidu, ali mnogo jače i muklije.
A što ću sada?
Čekam mirno dok On dođe.
Čut ću šum njegovih krila, vidjeti kao neki plamen, ugledati ga iznad sebe. Sve će se u zvoniku zasjati. I on će me vidjeti. Spustiti se do mene. "Znaš, ja sam onaj mali koji ti se moli svake večeri".
- "Znam. Dobro si ti dijete. A što bi htio?"
- "Da vidim kako kucaš čekićem od zlata. Da i mama dozna što je i kako je. A i tata..." Onda će me on uzeti za ruku; dignuti me kao da sam kakvo pero ili slamčica. Naći ću se pred "Unukom".
"Drži!" reći će mi On i pružiti čekić. Ja ću ga zapitati: "Smijem li?" On će kimnuti glavom. Dignut ću onda ruku, udariti... Oh, veselja!
Gledao sam uvis, gotovo nestrpljivo ali sav sretan, kad se iznenada trgnuh, prožet strahom.
- Kuc! Kao da je zagrmjelo u onoj polutami. Odjeknuo je gvozden hrapav glas od kojega se meni pričinilo da zadrhta čitav toranj.
- Kuc! Kuc! Htio bih zaplakati, ali je moj strah tako velik da se i toga bojim. Strah me je sići dolje, niz mračne stube, u tamu na dnu zvonika.
Lastavice opet cvrkuću. I sve se opet smiruje. Duskora je tiše no prije. I moje je srce prestalo da onako lupa. Počinjem iznova misliti.
Niti sam vidio Njega, ni On mene.
Morao bih se popeti još naviše. Gore! Gdje su zvona i gdje sunce sijal! Tražim očima naokolo. Vidim, u sjeni, baš uza zid, neke drvene ljestve. Razmaci su na njima nešto previsoki za moje noge, ali se držim čvrsto rukama; mučim se i napinjem; dižem se polagano.
Sad su mi zvona još bliža. U mraku sam, ali je preda mnom mnogo svjetlije.
Bojim se gledati podu se u ponor nad kojim kao da lebdim. Osjećam da neću dugo izdržati na strmim ljestvicama, pa dižem oči i šapćem:
- Anđele! Anđele!
Nešto crno i šutljivo proleti okolo mene; zapišti kao miš.

climbed towards the light, leaving the darkness behind. All was quiet. I could only hear the swallows chirping while flying by those openings at the very top of the tower.
I had gone up high already to a wooden platform.
Three thick ropes hang from high above.
Now I saw it all.
This is where the Old Man, the Son and the Child climbed to, this is where they took the ropes and pulled.
And I could see the bells now. They had such gaping round mouths with clappers, resembling thick tongues. They were shinning in the sun, and I was still in half-darkness.
"Tick-tock... Tick-tock!"
It was a clock. Ticking like the one in our dining-room, only much stronger and more resounding.
Now what?
I calmly waited for him to come. I was going to hear the swoosh of his wings, see some kind of flame, see him above me. Everything was going to shine. And he was going to see me. Descend and stand by me. "You know, I am the boy that prays every evening." "I know. You are a good child. What would you like?" "I would like to see you knocking with your golden hammer. So that my mother can know how it really works. And my father, too..." He would take me by the hand then, lift me up as if I were a feather or a straw. I would be in front of the Grandson. "Here," He'd tell me, giving me the hammer. And I would ask: "May I?" He would nod. I would lift my hand and strike... Oh, the joy of it!
I was looking up, almost impatiently, but happily, when I winced, all of a sudden, gripped with fear.
"Knock!"
It was like a thunderclap in that semi-darkness. An iron, coarse sound echoed all about and I had the feeling that the whole tower shook because of it.
"Knock! Boom!"
I felt like crying, but so great was my fear that I was afraid even to do that. I am afraid to go down, down those dark steps, go to the darkness at their bottom.
The swallows were chirping again. And everything was getting calm again. A few moments later it was even quieter than before. And my heart was not beating so wildly any more. My thoughts were returning.
I had not seen him, nor had he seen me.
I should go higher still. Up there! Where the bells are, where the sun was shining!

Uznemirio sam crne, malene životinje što se drže zida, iza mojih lena. Opet suprhnule uz moju glavu; dotaknuše me nečim golim i hladnim. Spopade me strah. Pružam nogu da sinem, ali kao da je razmak postao sada još veći pa ne mogu naći prečku.

- Mama! One gadne ptice lete oko mene, a ja više ne mogu ni gore ni dolje. Plač me već guši. Ne znajući više šta bih, hvatam se jednom rukom konopa koji visi baš ispred mene, pa drmam i potežem.

A zvono zazvoni.

Glas mu bruji u zvoniku; pričinja mi se i prejak, ali je tako zvonak - a meni i poznat - da mi je odmah nešto lakše.

- Don, don, don - glasa se "Unuk", a meni je kao da mi veli: "Samo ti tako vuci i poteži, pa ću ti ja već pomoći! Dok ja zvonim, ne može ti nitko ništa."

- Ali ni to mnogo ne potraje. Konop mi se najedanput ote iz ruku, i zvonjava prestade.

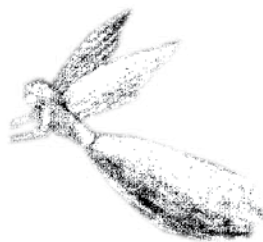
Neki je čovjek stajao poda mnom, na podiću od dasaka, držao u ruci donji kraj konopa i gledao u me.

-Tko si ti? Što tu radiš? Odmah dolje!

Ja udarih u plač.

On se pope na ljestve, skinu me dolje. Stade me koriti i ispitivati. Ja sam samo grcao. Onda me on dignu u naručaj i ponese napolje.

Uze me za ruku. Povede me preko poljanice u jednu od najbližih kuća.



My eyes were searching. In the shadow, beside the wall, I saw a wooden ladder.

The rungs were a bit too high for my legs, but I was holding fast with my hands. I was straining and doing my best. I was slowly ascending.

The bells were even closer to me now. I was in the darkness, but it was much brighter in front of me. I was afraid to look down, into the abyss above which I seemed to be floating. I could already feel that I was not going to be able to hold on much longer on this steep ladder, so I looked up, whispering:

"Angel! Angel!"

Something black and mute flew around me, squeaking like a mouse.

I had upset those small black animals clinging to the wall, behind my back. They flew around my head, touching me with something bare and cold.

I felt fear gripping me. I stretched my leg, to go down, but the space between the rungs had somehow become wider, and the footing escaped me.

"Mommy!"

The hideous birds were still flying around me and I couldn't go up and couldn't go down. I was choking on my tears. Feeling totally lost, I reached and took the rope with one hand, the rope directly in front of me, and I shook it and pulled it.

The bell tolled.

The sound reverberated throughout the spire. It seemed somehow too loud, but so resounding — and so well-known to me — that I already felt some comfort.

"Dong, ding-dong," I could hear the Grandson now and I felt like it was telling me: "You just keep on pulling like that and I will help you eventually! While I'm ringing, nobody can harm you."

But it did not last long.

All of a sudden, the rope has wrung from my hand and the bell grew silent.

A man was standing beneath me, on that wooden floor, holding the end of the rope and watching me.

"Who are you? What are you doing there? Get down, now!"

I was crying already.

He climbed the ladder, took me down. He was angry and asking me questions.

I started crying.

And then he took me in his arms and went outside.

After that, he lowered me to the ground and took my hand. Took me across the little common and into one of the nearby houses.

U prizemnoj sobi sjedio je za stolom stari župnik s naočarima na nosu i čitao iz debele knjižice s crnim koricama i s pozlaćenim rubovima.

- Što je bilo, zvonaru? - upita on gledajući u me.

- Pa eto vidite! Dok sam radio u crkvi, ušuljao se u toranj, popeo se na ljestve i dočepao se konopa malog zvona.

Da pade, ubi se.

A čije je to dijete?

- Ja ga pitam, al' ono samo plače. A i našao sam ga prestrašena. Možda od šišmiša.

Župnik me uze k sebi; namjesti me između svojih koljena; pogladi po glavi.

- Umiri se, mali. Ne plači. Gle ove knjige. Sva je zlatna.

Pogledaj malo i sličice. Tako! Evo još jedna.

Bit će tvoja.

Hoćeš li?

- Hoću.

Onda župnik dignu glas.

- Katina, dođite amo!

Une starija žena, čisteći krpicom veliku žlicu.

- Znete li vi ovo dijete?

- Kako ga ne bih znala? Ta krstili ste ga baš vi, Don Rocco, bit će možda pet godina.

- E, kad bih ja pamtio svu djecu što ih krstim! - nasmija se on.

- To vam je šjor-Pijerov sin. - Vlado!

I župnik me posadi na svoja koljena.

- A što si ti, sinko, tražio u zvoniku?

Ja sam baš promatrao sličicu nekog anđela s velikim krilima i s plamenim mačem u ruci. Oči su mi bile još pune suza i još sam pokatkad grcao, ali mi jena srcu bilo već lakše. Osjećao sam se sasvim dobro na župnikovim koljenima.

- Anđela - rekoh ja.

- Kakva anđela?

- Onoga koji silazi s neba sa zlatnim čekićem i kuca njime po "Unuku".

Zvonar i žena udariše u smijeh i navališe na me pitanjima. Ali samo župniku uspije da dozna sve od mene.

- Pa kažite mu od čega to kucanje. Imate novu budilicu sa zvončetom i s

In a room on the ground floor, the old bespectacled parish priest was sitting at the table, reading a thick black-bound book, with gilded page edges. "What is it, my bell-ringer?" he asked, looking at me.

"You can see for yourself! While I was at work in the church, he sneaked into the bell-tower, scaled the ladder and got hold of the rope to the little bell. He would have gotten killed, had he fallen."

"Whose child is it?"

"I asked him, but he just keeps on crying. And he was very scared. Maybe because of the bats."

The priest reached for me and drew me to him. He patted my head.

"Calm down, little fellow. Do not cry. Look at this book. It is made of gold. Look at the pictures. You see! Here's another one. It'll be yours. Do you want it?"

"I do."

The priest raised his voice then.

"Katina, come over here!"

An elderly woman entered the room, drying a large spoon with a kitchen towel.

"Do you know this child?"

"Of course I do! You were the one who christened him, don Rocco. It's been five years or so."

"How could I remember all the children I have to christen?" said he, laughing.

"It is signor Pijer's son."

"Vlado!"

The priest sat me in his lap.

"And what were you looking for in the spire, my son?"

At that moment I was looking at a picture of an angel with huge wings and a fiery sword in his hand. My eyes were still filled with tears and I was still sobbing from time to time, but I felt my heart was already a bit lighter. I felt fine sitting on the priest's knees.

"An angel," I said.

"What kind of an angel?"

"The one who descends down from the sky with a golden hammer and to strike the Grandson."

The bell-ringer and the woman burst out laughing, peppering me with

čekićem. Mali će možda razumjeti.

- Da je donesem? - reče žena župniku.

- Ne! - odgovori joj on.

Onda mi reče:

- A jesi li ga i vidio?

- Jesam. Jedanput samo. Izdaleka. Kad je silazio u zvonik. A zašto On dolazi? I zašto kuca?

- Da javi ljudima što im je raditi preko čitavog dana.

- Kako to?

- Eto, sad će doskora podne. On će doći i udariti dvanaest puta zlatnim čekićem o zvonce. I ljudi će znati da je objed gotov. Vratit će se s polja i s pristaništa u kuću. Otac, majka i djeca stajat će oko stola.

I pomoliti se Bogu. I objedovati.- Jest. Tako i mi molimo.

Svaki dan.

- A znaš li kako je predveče?

- E, sad znam. Onda on opet kuca. Pa večeramo i idemo spavati.

- Vidiš, dijete, zato On dolazi. I kuca. I sve ide kako dobri Bog hoće.

- A zašto zvone ona druga zvana: ujutro, u podne, predveče?

- Jer anđeo dolazi i kuca. A ovaj naš zvonar čuje, pa trči i zvoni da zvono javi nadaleko i naširoko što nam je učiniti u taj čas.

- Tako je! To ću ja reći i tati i mami. Sad će vidjeti da imam ja pravo. Nema ništa bez Božjih anđela!

A stari se župnik sav raznježi. Dade mi sve sličice što ih je mogao naći, a ona mi žena natrpa nečim džepiće.

- A sada da ga povedem kući? - upita zvonar.- Ne! Idem ja sam! - odgovori župnik. I mi iziđosmo.

- Što je to, velečasni, opet uradio? - zapita moja majka netom nas ugleda.

A kad joj on reče što je sve bilo, ona se stade tužiti.

- Čudno vam je to dijete. Sve hoće da vidi i da dozna. I ne igra se bezbrižno kao druga djeca. Sve se bojim da će jednom zastraniti. Vele, da baš takova djeca udare kasnije kojekakvim stranputicama.

A župnik njoj:

- Ne bojte se za nj, gospođo. Ma i što se s njim desilo, on će uvijek biti jedan od onih koji vjeruju u Boga i u njegove anđele.

Vladimir Nazor

questions. But the priest was the only one who managed to get it all out of me.

“So tell him, then, where all this knocking comes from. You have a new clock with a bell and a hammer. He might understand. Shall I bring it?” said the woman to the priest.

“No!” he said.

And then he turned to me and said: “Have you seen him?”

“Yes. But only once. From afar. While he was descending and entering the belfry. But why does he keep coming? And why does he toll?”

“To tell people what they are supposed to do during the day.”

“What do you mean?”

“You see, it is almost noon now. He is going to come and strike the bell twelve times with the golden hammer. And the people will know that their lunch is ready. They will come back from the fields and from the port, and go back to their houses. The father, mother and children will stand around the table. And pray. And eat.”

“True. That’s how we pray. Every day.”

“And do you know how it is in the evenings?”

“Now I know. He tolls again. And then we have dinner and go to sleep.”

“You see, my child, that is why he comes. And tolls. And everything proceeds as the good Lord intends.”

“And what is the purpose of the other bells: in the morning, at noontime and in the evening?”

“The angel comes then and knocks. And this bell-ringer hears that, so he runs and tolls, so that the bell can proclaim, loudly and far away, what we’re supposed to do at that time.”

“That’s it! That is what I am going to tell my father and my mother. Now they’ll see I was right. Nothing happens without God’s angels!”

These words mellowed the old priest.

He gave me all the pictures of the saints he could find, and the woman filled my pockets with something.

“Shall I take him home now?” asked the bell-ringer.

“No! I’ll do it!” said the priest.

And so we went out.

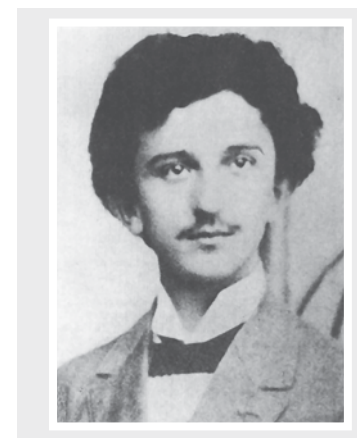
“What has he done again, father?” asked my mother as soon as she saw us. After he had told her everything, she started complaining.

“A strange child this is. He wants to see everything, to know everything. He never plays happily like the other children do. I am afraid he is going

to stray sooner or later. They say it is precisely children like him that go astray later on.”

And the priest told her: “Don’t worry, madam. Whatever happens to him, he’ll always be someone who believes in God and His angels.”

Vladimir Nazor



Vladimir Nazor

„U području duhovnog života Nazor osjeća praiskonsko nesuglasje tijela i duha. U unutarnjem dijalogu s vlastitom dušom osjeća prirodenu ideju, da Bog postoji kao predsubstancijalna osnova cjelokupne zbiljnosti, kao stvarateljski uzrok, kao prvo počelo i posljednji cilj (Nevidljivi). Na tome putu spoznaje apsolutnog Bitka, duboko u sebi osjeća onaj kantovski kauzalitet i kategorički imperativ o »zvjezdanom nebu nad nama i moralnom zakonu u nama«. Sluša u sebi one tajanstvene glasove što ih je spoznao u susretu s Anđelom u zvoniku. Pronalazi toliko božanskih tragova koji ga upućuju na ontički apsolutni Bitak, na transcendentalnost.

Osjeća da ga religiozno čuvstvo odvlači u sferu imaginacije i u podneblja tajanstvenog života svemira. U tome neomeđenom svijetu spoznaje izbija njegova vjera, koja mu pomaže u prevladavanju vlastita stanja tjeskobe i da se uzvisi iznad svega stoje prolazno i smrtno.“

(Dr.Nedjeljko Mihanović – predgovor „Ja vjerujem“ Zagreb 2014.)

NAZOR – POSTIRA

Njemu u čast 1996. godine utemeljena je Prosvjetno-kulturna manifestacija „NAZOROVİ DANI“

koja se svake godine, u svibnju, održava u rodnim mu Postirima.

Osnovna škola Vladimira Nazora – Postira zove se njegovim imenom od 1966.godine.

IZDAVAČ
*Osnovna škola
Vladimira Nazora - Postira
Polježice 12, 21410 Postira otok Brač*

ORGANIZACIJSKI ODBOR „*Nazorovi dani*“ – *Postira*
Polježice 12, 21410 Postira otok Brač

ZA IZDAVAČA
*Andrija Biličić
e-mail: ravnatelj@nazor-postira.br*

FOTOGRAFIJE IZ ARHIVE
OŠ VLADIMIRA NAZORA - *Postira*

IZRADIO
Ivo Klčinović

GRAFIČKI DIZAJN
“*UDRUGA Rural kreativ promo*”
Katija Gospodnetić

LEKTORICA
Mirjana Ostoja

OVITAK
*Vasilij Josip Jordan
Zvonik crkve „*Sv. Ivana Krstitelja*“, *Postira**

PRIJEVOD NA ENGLESKI JEZIK
Damir Biličić

ISBN: 978-953-98931-6-1

NAPOMENA IZDAVAČA

U ovom II. dopunjenom izdanju novele “ANĐEO U ZVONIKU” izvršene su ispravke na stranicama 1., 3., 5., 7. i 22. gdje je kod opremanja teksta i prijevoda u I. izdanju došlo do tehničkih pogrešaka koje nije skrivio prevoditelj.



9 789539 893161

WWW.NAZOR-POSTIRA.HR