

**ავთანდილი და ტარიელი
(ვეფხისტყაოსნის მოყმე - ემოციური თუ
რაციონალური)**

რუსთველის *ვეფხისტყაოსნის* პერსონაჟთა გალერეა ძალიან ფართოა: ქალები და მამაკაცები, მეფეები და დედოფლები, პატრონები და ვასალები, რაინდები და ვაჭრები, მეომრები და მეკობრეები, ვეზირები და მსახურები... მათ შორის უმთავრესნი იდეალური მოყმე-რაინდები არიან. იდეალურნი არა მხოლოდ და იმდენად „საუკეთესო“ მნიშვნელობით, არამედ პოეტის ფანტაზიით შექმნილნი და ამდენად იდეალურნი; არა ცხოვრებიდან აღებულნი, რეალურ-ემპირიულად არსებულნი, არამედ ამქვეყნიურის, რეალურის ბაზაზე პოეტის ფანტაზიით, კერძოდ, ჰიპერბოლიზებისა და პირობითობის გზით რეალურის - ადამიანურის ამაღლებითა და გადააზრებით ავტორის წარმოსახვით შექმნილი პერსონაჟები. ამგვარი მხატვრული სტილით შექმნილ პერსონაჟთა საუკეთესო მეგობრული წყვილია ტარიელი და ავთანდილი.

რუსთველოლოგიური კვლევა-ძიებანი ამ პერსონაჟთა მხატვრული სახეების კომენტირებისას სხვადასხვა საკითხს წამოჭრის, მათგან ერთი უმთავრესია ხასიათების პრობლემა: როგორია რუსთველისეული ხედვა ამ იდეალური მოყმე-რაინდის მხატვრული სახისა; უფრო კონკრეტულად თუ ვიტყვით, რუსთველი იდეალური მოყმე-რაინდის სახეს ხატავს ერთის ხასიათში რაციონალურობის, ხოლო მეორეში ემოციურობის აქცენტირებით; თუ იდეალური მოყმის ერთ ხასიათს ქმნის, და მათ ხასიათში სხვადასხვა მიმართულებით აქცენტირებას გამოავლენს პერსონაჟების ცხოვრებისეულ სხვადასხვა პირობებში ლოკალიზების გამო? ამ კითხვაზე პასუხის გაცემა პოემის მთელი ტექსტის ინტერპრეტირების საფუძველზე უნდა მოხდეს; მაგრამ ამ ორი პერსონაჟის მიერ განხვავებულ პოზიციათა თეორიული მტკიცება ყველაზე გამოკვეთილად პოემის სწორედ ქვემოთ გამოქვეყნებულ მონაკვეთში ჩანს, რომლის ქართულ ორიგი-

ნალს დღეისათვის არსებულ ყველა ინგლისურენოვან
თარგმანთან ერთად ვაქვეყნებთ.

რედაქტორი

Avtandil and Tariel

*(The Knight in The Man in a Panther-Skin –
whether Emotional or Rational)*

Rustaveli's characters tend to be various: women, men, kings and queens, masters, vassals, knights, merchants, warriors, pirates, viziers and servants. The ideal knights being of the most significant amongst them. They are ideal not only from the “excellence” point of view but also as in terms of being created by the author through the fantasy. These aren't real-empirical heroes extracted from the reality but rather the characters produced//created through the fantasy of the author, based on conventionality and exaggeration, elevating and rethinking of a human nature, created through the author's imagination in particular. The best friendly couple, created through the similar artistic style is that of Avtandil and Tariel.

When studying the artistic images of Rustaveli characters, various issues arise, the revelation//formation of the nature of the characters being the most significant amongst them. There rises a question: How is the ideal artistic image of a knight seen by Rustaveli.

This question should be answered through the interpretation of the whole text of the poem. However, the theoretical assertion of different opinions by these two characters is very well provided in the following passage of the poem, being published in English translations along with the original version of the story.



პოვნა ავთანდილისაგან დაბნედილის ტარიელისა

Avtandil Finds Tariel

863. მივიდოდა, მიუბნობდა ყმა მტირალი, ფერ-შეცვლილი,
ქედსა რასმე გარდაადგა, ველი აჩნდა მზიან-ჩრდილი;
ნაზა, შავი შამბთა პირსა დგა სადავე-უკუყრილი;
თქვა: „უცილოდ იგიაო, არა უნდა ამას ცილი“.

Wardrop. 846. Weeping and pale, the knight went his way and spoke; he mounted a certain hill, the plain appeared in sunshine and shadow. He saw a black (horse) standing with the reins on his neck on the edge of the rushes. He said: “Undoubtedly it is he; of that there can be no doubt.”

Urushadze. 856. Once he came to a hill exhausted and haggard from weeping.
The hill overlooked a plain which lay in sunrays and shadows.
There on the edge of the rushes he beheld a raven-black courser.
“That is his horse”, he thought, “for no other horse can be like it”.

Vivian: On the third day, exhausted and disheartened, he rode to the top of a ridge which offered a broad view of the whole region. There he rested his horse and looked about him – and saw, near a clump of bushes at the foot of the incline, a black charger grazing with the reins loose on its neck.

Stevenson: Thus did Avtandil lament as, pale with weeping, he rode along: at last, looking out from a hill-top over a plain filled with sunshine and shadow, he described a black horse trailing its reins on the ground by a reed-bed. “That must surely be he!” he said.

Lyn Coffin. 875. Weeping and pale, the knight went his way, thinking all his thoughts aloud.
He climbed a hill. The plain appeared in sunshine and shaded by cloud.
He saw a black horse by the rushes, the reins on his neck, head bowed.
He said: “Undoubtedly it is he, my brother so tall and proud.”

864. რა შეხედნა, ყმასა გულმან გაუფეთქნა, გაუნათდა,
აქა ლბინი დაღრეჯილსა უათასდა, არ უათდა;
ვარდმან ფერი გაანათლა, ბროლი ბროლდა, სათი სათდა,
ვით გრიგალმან ჩაირბინა, არ მოსცალდა ჭკრეტად მათდა.

Wardrop. 847. When he saw, the heart of the knight leaped up
and was lightened; here to him, distressed, joy became not tenfold,
but a thousand fold; the rose (of his cheeks) brightened its colour,
the crystal (of his face) became crystal (indeed), the jet (of his
eyes) grew jetty; like a whirlwind he galloped down, he rested not
from gazing at him.

Urushadze. 857. When he beheld it his heart leapt for joy and
was
lightened.
The grief that gnawed at his heart was changed to a thousand
fold

gladness.
The jet of his jet and the glow of his crystal burst into radiance.
Then, with a beating heart, he dashed down the hill like a
whirlwind.

Vivian: His heart leapt for joy and warm colour flushed his
features, that had been pale with fatigue. He galloped like a
whirlwind down the mountain-side, without taking his eyes from
the black horse.

Stevenson: At the sight his heart bounded and was filled with a
radiance: joy flooded in on his melancholy – a joy as great as a
thousand! His cheek's rose reddened; yet more fair became his
crystal-bright countenance; the jet of his eyes shone. His eyes
fixed on the horse, he galloped down like a whirlwind.

Lyn Coffin. 876. When he saw this, the heart of the knight
leapt

up. He felt light and
bold.
To him, distressed, came joy at last, not ten-fold but a thousand-
fold.
His rosy cheeks brightened. His eyes' jet was blacker than can be
told.
Like the wind, he galloped on, as soon as the horse he did behold.

865. რა ტარიელ დაინახა, განაღამცა დაეღრიჯა:
ახლოს მყოფი სიკვდილისა ჯდა და პირი დაებღნიჯა,
საყელონი გარდებინეს, თავი სრულად გაეგლიჯა,
მას აღარა შეესმოდა, სოფლით გაღმა გაეზიჯა.

Wardrop. 848. When he saw Tariel he was indeed grieved;
(Tariel) sat with drawn face in a state near unto death, his collar
was rent, his head was all torn, he could no longer feel, he had
stepped forth from the world.

Urushadze. 858. When he approached the swordsman he saw
to his grief and surprise
Tariel, pallid and haggard, sitting like one who is lifeless.
His clothes were blood-stained and torn; his head was bleeding

profusely.
Ifeless he seemed as he sat there, unconscious of Avtandil's
presence.

Vivian: Then he saw Tariel, and sharply drew rein. The knight
was lying on the ground, his clothing torn and his hair dishevelled.
Only the tears streaming from his eyes showed that he was still
alive.

Stevenson: But when he beheld his friend, he fell into the grip of
fear. Tariel was lying near to death, his face torn, his collar rent,
his head covered with wounds. Sense was gone; he had stepped
beyond the bounds of this world.

Lyn Coffin. 877. When he saw Tariel, grief came upon
him; keen grew his despair.
Tariel sat with drawn face, in a state near death, beyond
repair.
His collar was badly torn, and he had wildly disheveled
hair.
It was as if he'd stepped beyond this world, sitting unfeeling
there.



869. ერთკე უც ლომი მოკლული და ხრმალი სისხლ-
მოცხებული,
კვლა სხვაგნით - ვეფხი უსულო, მკვდარი, ქვე-
დანარცხებული;
მას წყაროსაებრ თვალთაგან ცრემლი სდის გაფიცხებული.
მუნ აგრე გულსა უნთებდა ცეცხლი მცხინვარე, ცხებული.

Wardrop. 849. On one side lay a slain lion and a blood-smeared sword, on the other a panther stricken down a lifeless corpse. From his eyes, as from a fountain, tears flowed fiercely forth; thus there a flaming fire burned his heart.

Urushadze. 859. Near him there lay on the ground the corpse of a slaughtered lion. Tears in unceasing streams flowed from his eyes as from fountains, And by his side his sword, blood-smeared to the hilt and broken. His woe-stricken heart was writhing as it burned amongst ravaging fires.

Vivian: The carcasses of a lion and a panther lay near him and beside them was his sword, unsheathed and stained with blood.

Stevenson: On the one hand lay a slaughtered lion, with beside it a blood-stained sword; on the other a panther that had been dashed to its death on the ground. Tears gushed from his eyes as thought from a fountain; the flames of a fire were consuming his heart.

Lyn Coffin. 878. On one side lay a slain lion and a sword with blood on its blade. On the other side, a panther stretched a lifeless corpse in the shade. From Tariel's eyes, tears flowed fiercely, as if by a fountain made, Coming from a heart in torment, where all-consuming fire stayed.



870. თვალთა ახმადცა ზარ-ედვა, სრულად მიჰხდოდა
ცნობასა,
მიახლებოდა სიკვდილსა, მოჰშორებოდა ნობასა.
ყმა სახელ-დებით უყვის, ლამის სიტყვითა კრთობასა,
ველარ ასმინა, გარდიჭრა; ძმა გამოაჩენს ძმობასა!

Wardrop. 850. He could not even open his eyes, he had wholly lost consciousness, he was come nigh to death, he was far removed from joy. The knight calls him by name, he tries to rouse him by speech; he cannot make him hear; he leaped about; the brother shows his brotherliness.

Urushadze. 860. Oblivious to all around him, he sat staring before him.
Darkness had spread over his eyes and the gloom of death was upon him.
Avtandil called him by name, tried to arouse him by shouting. Swiftly he leaped from his horse and used all endeavours to stir him.

Vivian: He was lying open-eyed and staring, and Avtandil called to him by name; but Tariel, near to death, seemed neither to see nor hear. 'It is Avtandil, your friend – don't you know me?' he urged, but there was no response.

Stevenson: Understanding had fled, he could not even open his eyes; he was near to death, he had reached the uttermost bounds of endurance. Avtandil called him by name to arouse him, but failed to: forward he hastened, full of fears for his brother.

Lyn Coffin. 879. He had wholly lost consciousness, could not even open his eyes.
His will was gone. He was close to death, without the power to rise.
The knight calls him by name; to rouse him with words, he uselessly tries.
Then like a true brother, he dismounts and rushes to where he lies.

871. ხელითა ცრემლსა უწურავს, თვალთა ავლებდა
სახელსა,
ახლოს უზის და უზახის მართ სახელ-დებით სახელსა;
ეტყვის: „ვერ მიცნობ ავთანდილს, შენთვის გაჭრილსა და
ხელსა?“
მას არა დია შეესმის რეტსა, თვალ-დაუფახელსა.

Wardrop. 851. He wipes away (Tariel's) tears with his hand,
he cleansed his eyes with his sleeve; he sits down near by and
only calls him by name; he says: "Know'st thou not me,
Avt'handil, for thy sake wandering and mad?" But he heard
little, staring with fixed eyes.

Urushadze. 861. Gently he wiped from his eyes the tears that
were flowing
profusely.
Again he called him by name, again he strove to arouse him.
"Tariel", he cried, "do you hear me? I have come as I promised,
dear

brother".
But he heard not a word and sat staring like one who is senseless.

Vivian: Avtandil continued talking while he smoothed the hair
from Tariel's eyes and with his own sleeve wiped the sweat and
tears from his face. All that a brother could do he did for Tariel,
until at last he brought him back to some degree of consciousness.

Stevenson: He wiped away Tariel's tears and dried his eyes with
his sleeve; he sat down beside him and called him by name once
again. "Do you not know me, Avtandil," he cried – "I have left
hearth and home for you!" But Tariel did not hear him; his eyes
were still quite closed, he was wholly bereft of his senses.

Lyn Coffin. 880. He wipes away the knight's tears with his
hand, dries his eyes with his
sleeve.
He sits down and calls him name. He does not think to leave.
He says, "Don't you know me, who for your sake wandered
without

reprieve?"
But Tariel seemed at first not to hear, causing the knight to grieve.

872. ესე ყველაი ასრეა, რაცა აწ ჩემგან თხრობილა.
ცრემლნი მოსწურნა თვალთაგან, ცოტად-რე
მოაცნობილა.

მაშინლა იცნა, აკოცა, მოეჭდო, მოემშობილა.
ვიმოწმებ ღმერთსა ცხოველსა, მათებრი არვინ შობილა!

Wardrop. 852. This is all thus, even as related by me. He wiped away the tears from his eyes, he somewhat recalled him to consciousness; then only he knew (Avt'handil), kissed him, embraced him, treated him as a brother. I declare by the living God none like him was ever born.

Urushadze. 862. All I have told you is true; now hear the rest
and

marvel.

Tariel by now had recovered and at once knew his brother,

Avtandil

Whom he embraced and kissed as fondly as one would a brother.

Truly, by Heaven, his like has never been born of mortal.

Vivian: Then the knight recognized Avtandil, kissed him and embraced him like a brother. Truly, two such knights have no equal among men!

Stevenson: All that a brother could do he did for Tariel, until at last he brought him back to some degree of consciousness. Then the knight recognized Avtandil, kissed him and embraced him like a brother. Truly, two such knights have no equal among men!

Lyn Coffin. 881. This is exactly how it was, as I have related
the tale:

He wiped away Tariel's tears, brought him back to this earthly

vale.

Then Tariel kissed him, embraced him like a brother without fail.

By the living God I swear, no other man born was of their scale.



873. უთხრა: „მშაო, არ გიტყუე, გიყავ, რაცა შემოგფიცე,
გნახე სულთა გაუყრელმან, ფიცი ასრე დავამტკიცე;
აწ დამეხსენ, სიკვდილამდის ვიტურო და თავსა ვიცე.
მაგრა გვედრებ დამარხვასა, მხეცთა საჭმლად არ მივიცე“.

Wardrop. 853. He said: “Brother, I was not false to thee, I have done what I swore to thee; unparted from my soul I have seen thee, thus have I kept my vow; now leave me; till death I shall weep and beat my head, but I entreat thee for burial, that I be not yielded to the beasts for food.”

Urushadze. 863. “Brother”, he said to Avtandil, “think not I
tried to deceive
you.
You find me alive and waiting – thus have I kept my promise.
Therefore now leave me alone, leave me to mourn my sorrow.
Grant me one favour, my brother, leave not my corpse unburied”.

Vivian: ‘Brother, I have kept faith with you,’ Taniel said, ‘and waited as long as life remained in me. Now that I have seen you again my oath is discharged. It is only left for me to die – and for you, I beg, to bury my remains and preserve them from the wild beasts.’

Stevenson: Taniel said, “Brother, I have not been false to you, I have honored the oath that I swore. I have looked on you again, with my soul still in my body; thus have I kept faith. Now leave me to weep and beat my breast until death comes.... But I beg you to give me burial, that beasts may not eat me.”

Lyn Coffin. 882. Taniel said, “Brother, I was not false; I have
done what U
swore.
I stayed alive, thus I kept my vow to you. I can do no more.
Now leave me; let me weep and beat my head until I reach
death’s
shore.
But I ask you burial. Let me not be food for beasts who roar.”



874. ყმაძან უთხრა: „რას შიგან ხარ, შენ საქმესა რად იქმ
აგსა?

ვინ მიჯნური არ ყოფილა, ვის სახმილი არა სწავსა?
ვის უქმნია შენი მსგავსი სხვასა კაცთა ნათესავსა?
რად სატანას წაუღიხარ, რად მოიკლავ ნებით თავსა?

Wardrop. 854. The knight replied: “What ails thee? Why doest thou an evil deed? Who hath not been a lover, whom doth the furnace not consume? Who hath done like thee among the race of other men! Why art thou seized by Satan, why kill thyself by thine own will?

Urushadze. 864. Avtandil said: “What ails you? Why think of evil, my brother? Who has not ever known love, who has not burned in love’s fires? Yet who has done as you have among the race of men? Why do you kill yourself? Why are you seized by Satan?

Vivian: ‘How can it have entered your mind to think of dying by your own hand?’ Avtandil protested. ‘To take one’s own life is an act of Satan! Do you think you are the first to have been in love or to suffer its pains?

Stevenson: “What is this?” Avtandil replied. “Why have you surrendered yourself thus to sin? Who has not been a lover, who has not been consumed in the furnace of longing? But which among humankind has ever acted like you? Why have you fallen into Satan’s clutches, why would you destroy yourself?

Lyn Coffin. 883. The knight said: “What ails you? Why would you do yourself this evil deed? Who has not been lover, and on whom does the furnace not feed? Who’s done your like among the race of men, among the earthly breed? Why kill yourself by your own will? You must be paying Satan heed!



875. თუ ბრძენი ხარ, ყოვლნი ბრძენნი აპირებენ ამა პირსა:

ხამს მამაცი მამაცური, - სჯობს, რაზომცა ნელად ტირსა.
ჭირსა შიგან გამაგრება ასრე უნდა, ვით ქვიტკირსა.
თავისისა ცნობისაგან ჩავარდების კაცი ჭირსა.

Wardrop. 855. "If thou art wise, all the sages agree with this principle: 'A man must be manly, it is better that he should weep as seldom as possible; in grief one should strengthen himself like a stone wall.' Through his own reason a man falls into trouble.

Urushadze. 865. "If you are wise forget not the wisdom taught by the sages:
Firmness of mind and spirit sinks not beneath afflictions
But like a rock stands firm amidst all misfortunes and troubles.
Many through lack of fortitude sink down in a sea of disaster.

Vivian: 'All wise men are agreed that a brave man should show courage and be sparing of his tears. In time of misfortune he should stand steadfast as a wall of stone.

Stevenson: "Remember, if you are wise, that all the sages are agreed upon this; that a man should bear himself like a man, and weep as seldom as may be. In grief we should strive to show the strength of a wall of stone; it is the workings of their own minds that bring sorrow to mortals.

Lyn Coffin. 884. "If you are wise, with this teaching of the sages, you will agree:
To be a manly man, it is better to weep infrequently.
One should strengthen himself like a rock when he meets adversity.
Through his reason, a man comes to trouble, whoever he may be.



876. „ბრძენი ხარ და გამორჩევა არა იცი ბრძენთა
თქმულებ,
მინდორს სტირ და მხეცთა ახლავ, რას წადილსა
ასრულებ?
ვისთვის ჰკვდები, ვერ მიჰხვდები, თუ სოფელსა
მოიძულე,
თავსა მრთელსა რად შეიკრავ, წყლულსა ახლად რად
იწყლულებ?

Wardrop. 856. “Thou art wise, and (yet) knowest not to choose according to the sayings of the wise. Thou weepest in the plain and livest with the beasts; what desire canst thou thus fulfil? If thou renounce the world thou canst not attain her for whose sake thou diest. Why bindest thou a hale head, why openest thou the wound afresh?

Urushadze. 866. “Wisdom is yours, yet, my friend, you know not what is true wisdom.
If you renounce the world can you ever fulfil your desire?
Can you attain your desire by weeping and roaming the forests?
Why do you open a scar or bind a sound head with a bandage?

Vivian: ‘You are of the Wise – yet you take no account of what the Wise have said. What is there to gain from roaming the plains among wild beasts, away from the habitations of men? Is it in this way that you can hope to find some trace of her for whose sake you have come near to dying?’

Stevenson: “You have a good understanding, but do not let the sayings of the wise give you guidance. Shedding tears on the plain, consorting with the beasts of the field – what can this lead to? Turning your back on the world will not win you your lady; why bind up a head that is whole, why reopen your wound?

Lyn Coffin. 885. “You are wise and yet you don’t know how to live as the wisest will.
You weep in the plain, live with the beasts. What desire can you fulfill?
If you leave the world, you can’t attain her, for whom you’re dying
still.
Why beat a head unhurt, reopen a wound and make your blood spill?

877. „ვინ არ ყოფილა მიჯნური, ვის არ სახმილნი
სდებიან?
ვის არ უნახვან პატიჟნი, ვისთვის ვინ არა ზნდებიან?
მითხარ, უსახო რა ქმნილა, სულნი რად ამოგხდებიან?
არ იცი, ვარდნი უეკლოდ არავის მოუკრებიან!

Wardrop. 857. “Who hath not been a lover, whom hath the
furnace not consumed? Who hath not seen pains, who faints not
for somebody? Tell me, what has been unexampled! Why should
thy spirits flee! Know’st thou not that none e’er plucked a
thornless rose!

Urushadze. 867. “Who has never known love, who has not
burned in its fires?
Who has not seen affliction, nor languished and swooned for
one’s loved
one?
Why should your spirit forsake you when all this is life and
living?
Know that a rose without thorns has never been plucked, my
Tariel.

Vivian: Avtandil went on: ‘Where is the man who does not know
what it is to sigh and suffer for the love of a fair one?’

Stevenson: “Who has not been a lover, who has not burned in
the furnace, who has not suffered, who has not swooned away?
What, tell me, is there that is strange in your lot – why has your
spirit fled? Do you not know that the rose without a thorn has
never been picked yet by any?

Lyn Coffin. 886. Whom has the furnace not consumed, and
who was not a lover born?
Who has not seen great torment? And who was not from
somebody torn?
Tell me, what has not already been? Why should your spirit be
worn?
Don’t you know now that no one every plucked a rose without
a thorn?

878. „ვარდსა ჰკითხეს: „ეგზომ ტურფა რამან შეგქმნა ტანად,
პირად?
მიკვირს, რად ხარ ეკლიანი? პოვნა შენი რად-ა პირად?“
მან თქვა: „ტკბილსა მწარე ჰპოვებს, სჯობს, იქმნების რაცა
ძვირად:
ოდეს ტურფა გაიფდეს, არღარა ღირს არცა ჩირად“.

Wardrop. 858. “They asked the rose: ‘Who made thee so lovely
in form and face? I marvel why thou art thorny, why finding thee
is pain!’ It said: ‘Thou findest the sweet with the bitter; whatever

costs dear is better; when the lovely is cheapened it is no longer worth even dried fruit.'

Urushadze. 868. "They asked the fair rose: 'In face and in form who made you so lovely? Why have you thorns, sweet flower, why is it painful to pluck you?' 'You find the sweet with the bitter; loveliness cheapened is worthless'. Thus speaks the rose that is only a soulless, inanimate flower.

Vivian: 'When they asked the rose how it is that in all her beauty she is set among thorns, so that without pain she cannot be possessed, she gave answer: "It is best that sweet should be mixed with bitter, and dearly come by: beauty is little valued that is gained at little cost."

Stevenson: "They said to the rose, 'Who made you so fair? – Strange that you should bear thorns and be won only with pain!' "The bitter leads to the sweet,' it answered; 'there is virtue in rarity; beauty, made common, has not the worth of a fig.'

Lyn Coffin. 887. They asked the rose: 'Who made you so lovely and left you standing there? I marvel at your thorns: the pain of finding you makes one beware!' It said: 'Sweet is found through the bitter; that which is better is rare. When the lovely is cheapened, it is not worth a fig anywhere.'

879. რათგან ვარდი ამას იტყვის უსულო და უასაკო,
მაშა ლხინსა ვინ მოიმკის პირველ ჭირთა უმუშაკო?
უბოროტო ვის ასმია რაც-ა კარგი საეშმაკო,
რად ემდურვი საწუთროსა? რა უქმნია უარაკო?!

Wardrop. 859. "Since the soulless, inanimate rose speaks thus, who then can harvest joy who hath not first travailed with woe? Who hath ever heard of aught harmless that was the work of devilry? Why dost thou murmur at Fate? What hath it done unexampled?

Urushadze. 869. "Can a man ever harvest joy without the ordeals of labour? He who is tempted by Satan can never aspire to be happy. Tell me has sin been rewarded or the deeds of the devil commended? Why do you murmur at fate? What has it done unusual?

Vivian: As with the rose, that has no soul, so it is with greater joys. First come the toil and the anguish, before we can attain to the reward. Likewise, nothing good can come out of what is evil: why complain of the workings of Fate?

Stevenson: Since the rose, which has no soul and is but the thing of a day, speaks in such fashion, who can hope to harvest joy without struggle and sorrow? Who ever heard of devil's work without any harm in it? Why would you complain of Fate, what has it done that is strange?

Lyn Coffin. 888. "If even the short-lived and soulless rose
speaks to us in this
way,
Who then can reap joy who has not worked for it as hard for it
as hard as they may?
Who has seen this world without the Devil's deeds for which
we must pay?
Why protest Destiny? Nothing has not seen an earlier day.



880. „ისმინე ჩემი თხოვნილი, შეჯე, წავიდეთ ნებასა,
ნუ მიჰყოლიხარ თავისსა თათბირსა, გაგონებასა,
რაცა არ გწადდეს, იგი ქმენ, ნუ სდევ წადილთა ნებასა,
ასრე არ სჯობდეს, არ გეტყვი, რად მეჰყვასა რასაცა თნებასა!“

Wardrop. 860. “Hearken to what I have said, mount, let us go at ease. Follow not after thine own counsel and judgment; do that thou desirest not, follow not the will of desires; were it not better thus I would not tell thee, mistrust not that I shall flatter thee in aught.”

Urushadze. 870. “Listen to what I have said, and now let us
mount and go riding.
Yield to the will of your steed and fling to the wind your
frenzy.
Be not enslaved by the maddened desires of the will of your
judgment.
Follow the counsel I give you, it is wise and judicious”.

Vivian: ‘Listen to what I say to you! Mount your horse – we will go gently – and do not at this time follow your own counsel or act upon impulse. You should rather do the contrary, and not best for you, believe me, I should not say it – I am not speaking for my own satisfaction.’

Stevenson: “Listen to what I advice: mount now and ride quietly. Do not heed your heart’s promptings; do what you ought, and not what you would. If this were not for the best I would not press it upon you – I speak in all frankness!”

Lyn Coffin. 889. “Hearken to what I have said. Mount, and
let us proceed at our ease.
Don not follow your own counsel and the judgments that seem
to please.
Do what you desire not. What your desire wills, do not seize.
I say this because it’s wise, not to lead you astray, or to tease.”



881. მან უთხრა: „ძმაო, რა გითხრა, ძრვაცა არ ძალ-მიც
ენისა,
ძალი არა მაქვს ხელ-ქმნილსა შენთა სიტყვათა სმენისა;
რა ადვილად გიჩს მოთმენა ჩემთა სასჯელთა თმენისა?
აწ მივსწურვივარ სიკვდილსა, დრო მომეახლა ლხენისა.

Wardrop. 861. (Tariel) said: “Brother, what shall I say to thee?
Scarce have I control of my tongue; maddened, I have no strength
to hearken to thy words. How easy to thee seems patience of the
suffering of my torments! Now am I brought close to death; the
time of my joy draws nigh.

Urushadze. 871. Tariel said: “My tongue strives in vain to
express my emotions.
Anguish has pillaged my mind and I am powerless to hear you.
He who feels not my grief can easily say: ‘Be patient!’
The time of my joy draws near for, brother, death now
approaches.

Vivian: Avtandil ended his appeal, and Tariel answered:
‘Brother, I have hardly strength to move my tongue or even to
listen to you, distraught as I am. How lightly you speak of the
fortitude that I ought to show! Obey the prompting of your desires.
If this were not I am near to death, the hour of my deliverance,

Stevenson: “Brother,” replied Tariel, “What can I say to you? I
have lost the use of my tongue; I am crazed; for me your words
carry no meaning. – Do you think then that my torture is no such
great thing to bear? But now I am near to death, the hour of joy is
at hand for me.

Lyn Coffin. 890. Tariel said, “Brother, I scarcely have the
strength to wield my tongue.
Maddened, I’ve no strength to hearken to the words that from
thee have sprung.
It seems easy to you to endure the torments by which I’m stung!
The time of deliverance is near. At the feet of death, I’m flung.

882. ამას მოკვდავი ვილოცავ, აროდეს ვითხოვ, არ, ენით:
აქა გაყრილნი მიჯნურნი მუნამცა შევიყარენით,
მუნ ერთმანერთი კვლა ვნახეთ, კვლა რამე გავიხარენით!
მოე, მოყვარეთა დამმარხეთ, მიწანი მომაყარენით!

Wardrop. 862. “Dying, for her I pray; never shall I entreat (her)
with my tongue. Lovers here parted, there indeed may we be
united, there again see each other, again find some joy. Come, O
friends, bury me, cast clods upon me!

Urushadze. 872. “Dying for her I pray that God have mercy
upon me.
Though we are parted on earth God grant we again meet in
Heaven.
There, in eternal joy, we will be united forever.
Only one favour I ask: when I die, bury and mourn me.

Vivian: as I wait for the end I have only one prayer – that lovers
parted on this earth may find each other in the world to come. Let
my friends come and lay me to rest beneath the earth.

Stevenson: “The prayer of a dying man – the rest will be silence:
may lovers parted on earth be reunited hereafter; may we see each
other again, may we once more find joy. – Come, friends, put me
in my grave and heap earth upon me.

Lyn Coffin. 891. “For death, I Pray; and never shall I entreat
God, but with my
heart.
In Heaven, we lovers may be united; here, we live apart.
There we may see each other, and again find joy as at the start.
Come, friend, and bury me. Cast clods upon me with a grave
man’s art!



883. „საყვარელმან საყვარელი ვით არ ნახოს, ვით
გაწიროს!

მისკე მივალ მზიარული, მერმე იგი ჩემკე იროს,
მივეგებვი, მომეგებოს, ამიტორდეს, ამატიროს.
ჰკითხე ასთა, ქმენ გულისა, რა გინდა ვინ გივაზიროს!

Wardrop. 863. “How shall the lover not see his love, how forsake her! Gladly I go to her; then will she wend to me. I shall meet her, she shall meet me; she shall weep for me and make me weep. Inquire of a hundred, do what pleaseth thine heart, in spite of what any may advise thee.

Urushadze. 873. “How can a lover know joy when absent from her whom he worships?

Therefore I gladly die for death puts an end to one’s sorrows. There will we welcome each other with tears of joy and devotion. Listen to hundreds for counsel but do as your own heart tells you.

Vivian: How can a lover abandon his love, or fail to seek the beloved? I go to meet her in joy, as she will come to me – joy so great that it will overflow in tears. Ask a hundred for their counsel but whatever they tell you, do as your own heart dictates.

Stevenson: “How can a lover forsake and abandon the loved one? I shall go to my lady in gladness; she will come likewise to meet me. I to her, she to me; she will weep, and make the tears flow too from my eyes. – Ask a hundred for counsel, but be ruled by your heart, whatever any advise.

Lyn Coffin. 892. “How shall the lover forsake his love, and how abandon his sweet? Joyfully, we’ll come together. Tearfully, we’ll each other greet. I shall meet her, she shall meet me: the two of us shall surely meet! Though you may ask a hundred men, do what makes your own heart complete.



884. „მართ გარდაწყვედით იცოდი, გეტყვი მართალსა
პირასა:

სიკვდილი მახლავს, დამეხსენ, ხანსალა დავჰყოფ
მცირასა;
არ ცოცხალ ვიყო, რას მაქმნევ? რა დავრჩე, ხელსა მხდი

რასა?
დამშლიან ჩემნი კავშირნი, შევჰრთვივარ სულთა სირასა.

Wardrop. 864. “But know thou this as my verdict, I speak to thee words of truth: Death draws nigh to me, leave me alone, I shall tarry but a little while; if I be not living, of what use am I to thee? If I survive, what canst thou make of me, mad? Mine elements are dissolved; they are joining the ranks of spirits.

Urushadze. 874. “All I have said, O brother, is the truth my heart has prompted. Leave me, for death is approaching; soon I will yield up my spirit. Of what avail will I be if I live thus distracted and maddened? Freed from dissolving matter my spirit will fly up to Heaven.

Vivian: As for myself, I am fixed in my resolve. I look to the happiness that death alone can bring, and ask you to leave me until then in peace. It will not be long. What can I achieve as I am now, scarcely half alive? Indeed, in this love-madness I have come to detest the world and long for death to release me. May it come soon – already my elements are dispersed and I go to join the community of spirits.

Stevenson: “Give ear to what I have resolved; it is truth that I speak. Death is close upon me; leave me; only a short time remains now. What can you do if I die? If I live, can you guide my madness?... I am taking leave of this mortal frame to join the ranks of the spirits.

Lyn Coffin. 893. “But know – this is my verdict. I speak the truth, so do as I bade. Death draws close to me. Leave me. The days of my life are almost had. Id I’m dead, what use am I? If I live, what use, since I am mad? My elements dissolve. To the ranks of the spirits, I will add.

885. „რა სთქვი, რას იტყვი, არ მესმის, არცა მცალს სმენად

ამისად,
სიკვდილი მახლავს ხელ-ქმნილსა, სიცოცხლე არის
წამისად;

აწ გამიარმდა სიცოცხლე მეტად ყოვლისა ჟამისად,
მუნ მეცა მივალ, ცრემლისა მიწად სად გამდის ლამი,
სად.

Wardrop. 865. "What thou hast said and what thou speakest I understand not, nor have I leisure to listen to these things. Death draws nigh me maddened; life is but for a moment. Now the world is grown distasteful to me – more than at any time (heretofore). I, too, go thither to that earth whereon the moisture of my tears flows.

Urushadze. 875. "What you have I conceive not, nor have I
leisure to hear it.
Leave me, for death is approaching, short is the time allowed me.
There do I go where my tears have flowed in the night of my

sorrow.

There do I go where my tears have flowed in the night of my

sorrow.

Stevenson: "I have not understood your words, nor have I time to give ear to them: death has drawn near my distraction, life will last but a moment more. My existence is now utterly hateful; I will go to that earth which is soaked with my tears.

Lyn Coffin. 894. "What you've said, I don't understand. Your
words sound like surf on the
shore.

Death draws close to me, a love-crazed man. Life is a moment, no
more.

The world's grown distasteful to me, more than at any time
before.

I, too, go thither to that earth, moistened by the tears I let pour.



886. „ბრძენი? ვინ ბრძენი, რა ბრძენი? ხელი ვითა იქმს

ბრძნობასა?

ეგ საუბარი მაშინ ხამს, თუცაღა ვიყო ცნობასა;
ვარდი ვერ არის უმზეოდ; იყოს, დაიწყებს ჭნობასა;
მაწყენ, დამეხსენ, არა მცალს, არცაღა ვახლავ თმობასა".

Wardrop. 866. "Wise! Who is wise, what is wise, how can a madman act wisely? Had I my wits such discourse would be fitting. The rose cannot be without the sun; if it be so, it begins to fade. Thou weariest me, leave me, I have no time, I can endure no more."

Urushadze. 876. "What is true wisdom? Who are the wise?
Can a madman act wisely?
Had I my wits and my reason then such words would be
fitting.
Even the rose deprived of the sun droops low and withers.
Go now and leave me: I am tired unto death by your discourse".

Vivian. The Wise – who are they, and what is wisdom? What does wisdom mean to someone who is out of his mind – how can a madman act like a sage? You weary me with such talk, when I have little time to live. Go now and leave me in peace.'

Stevenson. " 'The wise!' – Who is wise, what is wise? Can a madman act wisely? If my mind were not darkened such talk would do well enough. But the rose cannot live without the sun, it begins to fade if denied it. You plague me – I have no time – leave me – I will hear no more."

Lyn Coffin. 895. "Wise! How can one who is mad act wisely?
Who is wise? What is wise?
Had I wits, talk with me would be fitting. I would applaud
your tries.
A rose can't be without the sun. It fades when the sun leaves
the skies.
You weary me. I've no time left. Go away while your comrade
dies."



887. კვლა ეუბნების ავთანდილ სიტყვითა მრავალ-
ფერითა,
ეტყვის: „თუ მოჰკვდე, გერგების სიტყვითა რა ოხერითა?
ნუ იქმ, არა სჯობს საქმითა, ნუ ხარ თავისა მტერთა!“
ვერ წაიყვანა, ვერა ქმნა სიტყვითა ვერა-ვერითა.

Wardrop. 867. Avt'handil spoke again with words of many kinds. He said: "By my head! by these empty words I shall do thee some good! Do it not! It is not the better deed. Be not thine own foe!" But he cannot lead him away: he can do nothing at all by speech.

Urushadze. 877. Avtandil strove once again to persuade him with even more fervour.
"Tell me of what avail is death to you or loved one?
Why be a foe to yourself? Why be the doer of evil?"
But all in vain! No entreaties nor force could persuade or move him.

Vivian. Avtandil renewed his protests, seeking with a variety of arguments to dissuade Tarel from allowing himself to die. 'What good can come from such an evil deed? Do not become an enemy to yourself!' he urged, but his words had no effect and Tarel was unmoved by all his pleading.

Stevenson. Avtandil spoke again, trying every means of persuasion. "What good will dying do?" he said. "Hold back – this is the wrong course – do not be your own enemy!" But he was unable to move him; his words availed nothing.

Lyn Coffin. 896. Avtandil replied. He let words of many different kinds flow.
He pleaded with him, "If you die, what words can help you?
Do you know?
Do not do it! It is not the better deed. Be not your own foe!"
No matter what he said, he couldn't change his mind or make him
go.

