

from VEHICLE # 3 (1992)

JAVANT BIARUJIA

From: 'Hidden voices' – a dream
from the diary of Javant Biarujia

— 1974 —

Mepadesqesati, vamahusatta ye trahemoqa e *Abdeleslam*. Yodas pu boub esnuladiva e qancutis, go qancutis na canusyi yenda “uma abui amaqancutta” busai pamevanda. *Abdeleslam* das ga zasseda, qanbansyada, aisyanda yole nun vayole *falak*¹, esmab zalas, busai yantusqeratta jamesi nuri. Vavirda. Zau, valaguandi nuri qenja aqueuca, busai james uma sesqixada busai vaqaindi *Abdeleslam* jagugada au qepio, nuri cyaimoq yole yaisuidi ayoï sada. Nuris yenda: “Haulanio!” Yer avi yenda – beqa nu sotonda e mas avi qainda. Vayer das aircub libanda go qaindi *Abdeleslam*, quascye rah nu amasebovatta ye avi nouqa. Ayoï vasyenda, tusqeriaru yole bayada e tusqer yoca, busai go ayoï vajesda vaireubda yole ayoï qussada. Vasezoqda gon. Yobouain mas leboudi raucya, dus ibesyi pu yomanpeuda. Oubqendiyo.

Amahusatta, busai sezoqiaru duvondi aiban desqes.

This morning I awoke from a nightmare about *Abdeleslam*. He was accompanying his wife and me, when his wife said “I divorce you” three times, then left. *Abdeleslam* shrugged his shoulders, smiled, explained that it was *falak*¹, astrology, and moved away into a crowd. I waited. Then I heard a cry of excitement. The crowd dispersed and I saw *Abdeleslam* slumped on the ground with a bottle stuck in his back. Someone said: “Stop him!” He meant me – everyone turned to look at me. I wanted to scream when I saw *Abdeleslam* but nothing came out of my mouth. I ran to him, moving as though in slow motion, and when I reached him I cried out that I loved him. I cried. He tried to raise his head, but he was dying fast. I kissed him.

I woke up, and spent breakfast in tears. [1,357-58]

¹ *falak*, firmament (Arabic)

Taneraic is the langue close (hermetic language) invented by Javant Biarujia and employed in writing his secret thoughts. Numbers in square brackets refer to page numbers in the original diaries.