

— Una volta iera grandi quartieri.

— *Once it was a huge apartment.*

— Indiferente. Vardè che, in antico, anca i Comandanti iera assai sacrificadi, el maritimo xe sempre stado sacrificado. Cossa volè, lui no godeva la famiglia. Me ricordo sempre che el Comandante Nacìnovich diseva: " Cossa xe vita 'sta qua? Navigar, carigar, scarigar, avaria, l'armator che fa sempre osservazion se se fala el nolo, come se nualtri se divertissimo a falar el nolo, po' ancora in tavola che bisogna esser schiavo del passegger che xe obligo de invitarlo in tavola: passeggeri, passegere, sampagna e vini fini e tuto. Che po' tra una roba e l'altra, bisogna star su de sera per far i conti de bordo, che gnanca la sodisfazion de andar in tera no se ga. Che un'Alessandria che xe un'Alessandria, cossa go visto mi de Alessandria? E anca Kobe: solo el muso de quel che vien a far el manifesto, che invezze sarìa tanto bel veder un poco de Giapon. Trieste no se parla e Fiume po', giusto co' vien la moglie, andar a dormir là in quela caponera dela moglie del defonto Okretich, " el diseva. E invezze iera un bel quartier grandioso. E cussì el rugnava dela vita del maritimo che xe assai sacrificio.

— *Don't matter. Look, back then, the Comandanti sacrificed a lot too, them seamen were always havin' to make sacrifices. However much you might want to, you couldn't enjoy the family life. I'll always remember Comandante Nacinovich sayin', "What kind of life is this? The sailin', the loadin' and unloadin', damages to the ship, the shipowner always watchin' to see if the rent is being made, as if he enjoys nothin' more than collectin' rent, and then after all that you gotta be at your table like a slave to the passengers, who you're obligated to invite to your table, men passengers, women passengers, with the champagne and fine wine and all that. And then between one thing and another, you gotta be up all evening doin' the bills for the captain's log, so there's never the chance of goin' on land. Like in Alessandria, what is there in Alessandria, what've I seen of Alessandria? And Kobe too, only the guy that comes to do the manifest; how nice it'd be to see some of Japan instead. Nevermind Trieste and then Fiume, naturally when your wife comes along, you gotta go sleep down in that tiny cabin of the wife of the deceased Okretich," he said. And really it was a huge, beautiful apartment. And that's how he'd be grumblin' bout the life of a sailer bein' such a sacrifice.*

— El defonto Okretich?

— *The deceased Okretich?*

— Cossa el defonto Okretich. El defonto Okretich ve iera in tomba oramai de ani anorum. E la moglie, ve go dito fitava le camere a 'ste istriane, a 'ste dalmate, a 'ste piranesi, co' ghe rivava el marì. El Comandante Nacinovich el rugnava a casa che xe sacrificio la vita del maritimo. E insoma, che ve contavo, i ga dieci ani de matrimonio.

— What d'ya mean, the deceased Okretich? The deceased Okretich who's been in the ground for years. And the wife, I told ya she was rentin' her rooms to them Istrians, them Dalmations, them Piranese, when her husband arrived. *Comandante* Nacinovich was complainin' at home how the life of a sailer's a sacrifice. And so, as I was tellin' ya, they were married ten years-

— I maritimi?

— The sailors?

— Come, i maritimi? Ve disevo che el Comandante Nacinovich e sua moglie, che nasseva Dùndora, sorela del Capo Machinista Dùndora, i gaveva dieci ani de matrimonio, e capitava propio l'ocasion che lui vigniva col " *Cherca* " a Fiume un mercoledì, giovedì e venerdì. E alora, come che i iera dacordo, ela ve xe andata a Fiume.

— What sailors? I was tellin' ya the *Comandante* Nacinovich and his wife, maiden name of Dùndora, sister of Head Engineer Dùndora, married ten years they were, and the opportunity came up that he'd go to Fiume on the *Cherca* on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. And so, like they agreed, she came along to Fiume...