

PREKO PRAGA	OVER THE THRESHOLD
PORODIČNA PRIČA	FAMILY STORY
Miloš Crnjanski: „Duša je moja bogat seljak, Svet je prošla samohrana, U krvavom plaštu, seržana1, kao ubica.“	Miloš Crnjanski: "This soul of mine is a wealthy peasant, It crossed the world self-reliant, In a bloody cloak of a sergeant, like a murderer."
Spiker 1: DE-KONSTRUKCIJA	Presenter 1: DECONSTRUCTION
Spiker 2: STO GODINA SAMOĆE	Presenter 2: ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE
Spiker 1: NE	Presenter 1: NO
Miloš Crnjanski: "Oči su mi mutne od neke bolje, duge"...	Miloš Crnjanski: "My eyes are cloudy from a fine rainbow..."
Spiker 3: STO GODINA MELANHOLIJE	Presenter 3: ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MELANCHOLY
Spiker 2: "Rastuži li nas kakav bleđi lik..."	Presenter 2: "If we get sad over a pale figure..."
Spiker 1: DE- KONSTRUKCIJA	Presenter 1: DECONSTRUCTION
Spiker 2: „Rastuži li nas kakav bleđi lik Što ga izgubismo jedno veče..."	Presenter 2: "If we get sad over a pale figure, whom we have lost one evening..."
Spiker 3: M.C.	Presenter 3: M.C.
Spiker 1: „Tužan je život na svetu, svud" izuzev optimiste"!	Presenter 1: "Sad is the life in this world, everywhere, except for the optimist"!
Spiker 2: On nije bio optimista.	Presenter 2: He wasn't an optimist.

<p>Spiker 3: Ne.</p> <p>Spiker 2: M.C. je mlad, Vojvođanin. Živeo je po selima, gradovima, po moru i šumama, kao i svi drugi. Prevrtao je prašne knjige, ljubio žene, išao po grobljima...</p> <p>Miloš Crnjanski: "Duša je moja bogat seljak, Svet je pošla samohrana, U krvavom plaštu, šeržana, kao ubica. Stajaše tužno, zavejana, na straži, u kapijama...</p> <p>Spiker 3: M.C.</p> <p>Spiker 1: Majka mi kaže: - Zar ne vidiš da si oboleo i da je rat nekome brat, a nama rat... ? Ideš u nesreću, a mene ostavljaš samu"...</p> <p>Spiker 3: Proleće 1914.</p> <p>Glas: 1, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...</p> <p>Spiker 2: M.C. je student u Beču, bezuspešno uči medicinu, istoriju i filozofiju.</p> <p>Glas: 1, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...</p> <p>Spiker 2: Mobilizovan je u nekom vojničkom klubu, uz zvuke valcera... stigla je vest o atentatu u Sarajevu. Muzika je stala: šta bi to moglo da znači i šta bi moglo da donese.</p> <p>Spiker 3: M.C.</p> <p>Spiker 1: "Završila se era valca"</p>	<p>Presenter 3: No, he wasn't.</p> <p>Presenter 2: M.C. is a young fellow from Vojvodina. He lived in villages, towns, at the seaside, in forests, like anyone else. He rummaged through dusty books, romanced women, strolled around graveyards ...</p> <p>Miloš Crnjanski: "This soul of mine is a wealthy peasant, It crossed the world self-reliant, In a bloody cloak of a sergeant, like a murderer. It stood sorrowful, snowbound, keeping guard, at gateways...</p> <p>Presenter 3: M.C.</p> <p>Presenter 1: My mother tells me: - Can't you see that when rich wage war, it is us who die? You are putting your neck on the line, and leaving me here, all alone."</p> <p>Presenter 3: Spring 1914.</p> <p>Voice: 1, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...</p> <p>Presenter 2: M.C. is studying in Vienna, but is not making much progress as he switches from medicine, to history and then to philosophy.</p> <p>Voice: 1, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...</p> <p>Presenter 2: He was mobilized in a military club, while orchestra was playing waltz... News arrived of Sarajevo assassination. Music ceased: what could it mean and what might transpire.</p> <p>Presenter 3: M.C.</p> <p>Presenter 1: "The era of the waltz was over."</p>
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<p>Spiker 2: Postao je austrougarski vojnik... Podkamien. Galicija, 1915.</p> <p>Crnjanski: "Čuj, plače Mesec mlad i žut. Slušaj me, draga, poslednji put. Umreću, pa kad se zaželiš mene, ne viči ime moje u smiraj dana. Slušaj vetar sa lišća svelog, žutog. Pevaće ti: da sam ja ljubio jesen..."</p> <p>Spiker 3: M.C.</p> <p>Spiker 1: "Vidim sebe u lejama rascvetanog krompira kod Podkamijena, kako ležim sa nosom zabodenim u zemlju i kad dignem glavu, one kojima su potiljci odvaljeni i krvavi... Visoki jablanovi duž drumu u Podmanijenu i borovi posmatrali su nas nemo. Ja sam pomenutoj devojci sernadirao"...</p> <p>Spiker 3: Da li je tad rođena Ida Lotringer?</p> <p>Glas: 1, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...</p> <p>Crnjanski: Idi Lotringer... Pesma nosi naslov: MIZERA</p> <p>Spiker 3: 1918.</p> <p>Spiker 4 i 5 zajedno: "Kao oko mrtvacu jednog sjaje oko našeg vrta bednog, fenjeri. Da l' noć na tebe svile prospe? Jesi li se digla medj' gospe? Gde si sad ti?"</p> <p>Crnjanski: Gde si sad ti?!</p> <p>Spiker 3: M.C.</p>	<p>Presenter 2: He became an Austro-Hungarian soldier... Podkamien. Galicia, 1915.</p> <p>Crnjanski: "Listen, as the moon young and yellow weeps Listen to me, darling, for the last time. I will die, so when you think of me Don't call out my name at dusk. Listen to the breeze from the withered yellow leaves. It will sing to you: that it was the autumn that I was in love with..."</p> <p>Presenter 3: M.C.</p> <p>Presenter 1: "I see myself lying in the potato patch, with my nose stuck in the soil, and when I raise my head I see those who've had the top of their head blown off, all covered in blood.... Tall poplar trees along the road and pine trees were watching us silently. I was serenading the girl..."</p> <p>Presenter 3: That is the year Ida Lotringer was born?</p> <p>Voice: 1, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...</p> <p>Crnjanski: Idi Lotringer... Poem is entitled: MISERY</p> <p>Presenter 3: 1918.</p> <p>Presenters 4 and 5 together: Like around a corpse unknown, the lanterns shine around our miserable lawn. Does night cover you with silky spreads? Have you risen to the ladies? Where are you these days?</p> <p>Crnjanski: Where are you these days?!</p> <p>Presenter 3: M.C.</p>
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<p>Spiker 1: Ostajem sam u svom stanu, bez novaca i rasprodajem stvari da bih imao da platim hranu i kiriju. Skupoća raste. Stidim se međutim, da priznam svojim poznanicima i poznanicama šta me je snašlo i sklanjam se u okolinu Beča...</p> <p>Glas: 1, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...</p> <p>Spiker 4 i 5: "... Voliš li još noću ulice..."</p> <p>Spiker 2: "... Mi smo se vratili, ali mi smo senke. Ali zar je život više nego senka? Ne...</p> <p>GLAS: 1...</p> <p>Spiker 2: "Senka je više nego život..."</p> <p>Spiker 3: M.C.</p> <p>Spiker 1: U zimu 1918. ja sam u Zagrebu ... Najzad me odvođe u neku zgradu univerziteta gde za oficire ima besplatnih kreveta. Neki nose trikolorku na mestu rozete Habsburga, drugi crvene somotske šapke, a za kokardu zlatom izvezena slova SHS. Na mojoj crnoj oficirskoj kapi ... rupa.</p> <p>Spiker 4: "Da nisi sad negde nasmejana, bogata i rasejana, gde smeh vri? O, nemoj da si topla, cvetna o, ne budi, ne budi sretna, bar Ti, mi, Ti."</p> <p>Spiker 5 i Crnjanski: ...bar Ti, mi, Ti."</p> <p>Spiker 3: DE-KONSTRUKCIJA:</p>	<p>Presenter 1: I remain alone in my flat, with no money. I am selling things so that I could pay the rent and buy some food. Prices are soaring. However, I am ashamed to admit to my acquaintances what has befallen me, so I am taking cover somewhere in the vicinity of Vienna...</p> <p>Voice: 1, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...</p> <p>Presenter 4 and 5: "... Do you still love the streets at night ..."</p> <p>Presenter 2: "... We are back, but we are shadows. And life, is it anything more than a shadow? No...</p> <p>VOICE: 1...</p> <p>Presenter 2: "Shadow is more than a life..."</p> <p>Presenter 3: M.C.</p> <p>Presenter 1: In winter 1918 I was in Zagreb... I was finally taken to a university building where they had set up beds for officers free of charge. Some are wearing tricolor order in the place of Habsburg rosette, others red velvet caps with the cockade in the shape of golden embroidered letters SHS. On my black officer cap... a hole.</p> <p>Presenter 4: "Aren't you now somewhere radiant, absentminded and affluent, where laughter bursts? Oh, don't be warm, blossomy, oh, don't be, don't be happy, you, at least you!"</p> <p>Presenter 5 and Crnjanski: ... you, at least you."</p> <p>Presenter 3: DECONSTRUCTION:</p>
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<p>Spiker 2: "Rastuži li nas kakav bleđi lik, Što ga izgubismo jedno veče, Znamo da, negde, neki potok, Umesto njega, rumeno teče!"</p> <p>Spiker 4: "O, da l' se sećaš kako smo išli, sve ulice noću obišli, po kiši..."</p> <p>Spiker 2: MC: je čekajući voz za povratak kući, na stanici u Zagrebu, sreo svog dobrog druga, koji se vraćao iz rata. Taj mladić mu je ispričao svoje doživljaje i uspomene tokom putovanja nazad u otadžbinu. Spomenuo je i neku ženu koju je voleo pod padinama Urala, a koja je ostala negde sama, u nekoj planinskoj kućici u snežnom Tobolsku...</p> <p>Crnjanski: "I, tako, bez zvuka, smeh će moj padati, sa nebeskog luka. I, tako, bez vrenja, za mnom će život u trešnje da se menja."</p> <p>Spiker 3: STO GODINA MELANHOLIJE STO GODINA</p> <p>Crnjanski: „Da l' noć na tebe svile prospe? Jesi li se digla među gospe? Gde si sad ti? Voliš li još noću ulice, kad bludnice i fenjeri stoje pokisli? A rage mokre parove vuku, u kolima, ko u mrtvačkom sanduku, što škripi. Da nisi sad negde nasmejana, bogata i rasejana, gde smeh vri? O, nemoj da si topla, cvetna, O, ne budi, ne budi sretna, bar ti mi, ti.</p> <p>Spiker 3: 1919. M.C.</p>	<p>Presenter 2: If we get sad over a pale figure, whom we have lost one evening, we know that, somewhere, a little creek, instead of it, all in red, is flowing!</p> <p>Presenter 4: "Oh, do you remember how we walked, and all the streets at rainy nights rounded?"</p> <p>Presenter 2: Waiting for the train at Zagreb train station, to get him home, MC met his good friend who was returning from war. That young man told him about his exploits and recollections as they traveled back to their homeland. He mentioned a woman he loved under the slopes of Urals, a woman who remains alone somewhere, in a mountain cabin in snowbound Tobolsk...</p> <p>Crnjanski: "And thus, soundless, my laughter will fall from the heavenly arch. And thus, without brewing, life will change into cherries after me."</p> <p>Presenter 3: HUNDRED YEARS OF MELANCHOLY HUNDRED YEARS</p> <p>Crnjanski: "The night covers you with silky spreads? Have you risen to the ladies? Where are you these days? Do you still like the streets at night, when whores and lanterns stand wet in rain? And the nags drag couples in a cart, like in a creaking coffin? Aren't you now somewhere radiant, absentminded and affluent, where laughter bursts? Oh, don't be warm, blossomy, oh, don't be, don't be happy, you, at least you!</p> <p>Presenter 3: 1919. M.C.</p>
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<p>Spiker 1: Majka mi kaže: - Ne idi u Beograd...</p> <p>Spiker 2: Ipak M.C. je došao u Beograd. Naselio se na Dorćolu, hranio se u jednoj pivari u Dunavskoj ulici... Njegove pesme već su odjeknule, naročito među mladima.</p> <p>Spiker 3: M.C.</p>	<p>Presenter 1: Mother tells me: - Don't go to Belgrade...</p> <p>Presenter 2: Nevertheless, M.C. came to Belgrade. He rented a place on Dorćol, he ate at a brewery in Dunavska Street... His poems were already popular, especially among the young people.</p> <p>Presenter 3: M.C.</p>
<p>Spiker 1: Kad bih prolazio ulicom, dešavalo mi se da mi se nepoznati mladići i devojke dovikuju: - Tužno je biti muško. To je refren iz mog Gardiste sa tri pitanja... Imam 26 godina.</p>	<p>Presenter 1: As I walked down Belgrade streets, young men and women would holler at me: "It is sad being a male." It is the refrain from my "Guardman and Three Questions!" ... I am 26 years of age.</p>
<p>Spiker 5: "Ne voli ništa, ni knjige, ni pozorišta ko učeni. Kažeš li nekad, iznenada, u dobrom društvu, još i sada, na čijoj strani si?"</p>	<p>Presenter 5: "Oh, don't love, don't love anything, books or theatres, like educated. Do you say sometimes, suddenly, still being in a good company, who do you side with?"</p>
<p>Spiker 2: Prošle su decenije do povratka u Beograd. Ne zna se je li njegova verna Vida ponela ijednu lutku od onih koje je pravila u Londonu. Zna se da je doneo dva stara svećnjaka koja su mu svetlela kroz ceo život...</p>	<p>Presenter 2: Decades have passed before he returned to Belgrade. We don't know whether his faithful Vida took with her any of the dolls she made in London. We know that he brought back two old candlesticks that have shone to him his entire life...</p>
<p>Crnjanski: "lutam još..."</p>	<p>Crnjanski: "I am still wandering..."</p>
<p>Spiker 2: ... od Beograda do Berlina i Rima</p>	<p>Presenter 2: ... from Belgrade to Berlin and Rome</p>
<p>Crnjanski: ... vitak, sa srebrnim lukom..."</p>	<p>Crnjanski: ... slender, with a silver bow..."</p>
<p>Spiker 2: Madrida, Lisabona i Londona pa ponovo do Beograda.</p>	<p>Presenter 2: Madrid, Lisbon and London and to Belgrade again.</p>
<p>Crnjanski: "... rascvetane trešnje, iz zaseda mamim,</p>	<p>Crnjanski: "... cherries in blossom I am luring in ambush,</p>

<p>ali, iza gora, zavičaj već slutim, gde ću smeh, pod jablanovima samim, da sahranim..." Lutam, još, vitak, sa šapatom strasnim i otresam članke, smehom prelivene, ali, polako, tragom svojim, slutim: tišina će stići...</p> <p>Spiker 3: Kraj.</p> <p>Crnjanski: ... kad sve ovo svene...</p> <p>Spiker 1: Jesmo li sad bezbrižni, laki i nežni?</p> <p>Crnjanski: ... i mene, i mene.</p> <p>Spiker 1: Pomislimo li kako su tihi, snežni, vrhovi Urala..."</p>	<p>but, beyond mountain tops, I can already sense my fatherland, where I will bury the laughter beneath the poplar trees..." I am wandering, still slender, with a passionate whisper shaking off my ankles awash with laughter, but slowly, in my tracks, I bode: silence will descend ..."</p> <p>Presenter 3: The end.</p> <p>Crnjanski: ... when all this withers...</p> <p>Presenter 1: Are we carefree, airy and gentle now?</p> <p>Crnjanski: ... me too, me too.</p> <p>Presenter 1: Do we think about the quiet snowy peaks of the Urals.</p> <p>Translation Jasmina Ristić</p>
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