

# **РТС** РАДИО

ЈМУ РАДИО ТЕЛЕВИЗИЈА СРБИЈЕ  
PUBLIC BROADCASTING SERVICE OF SERBIA

РАДИО БЕОГРАД – ДРАМСКИ ПРОГРАМ  
RADIO BELGRADE – DRAMA DEPARTMENT

**Rastko Petrović**  
*PUSTOLOV U KAVEZU*  
(adaptacija Vesna Perić)

**Rastko Petrović**  
*ADVENTURER IN A CAGE*  
(adaptation Vesna Perić)

PRIX MARULIĆ 2022

PROGRAM: RADIO IGRA

AUTOR: Rastko Petrović

ADAPTACIJA: Vesna Perić

UREDNIK: Melina Pota Koljević

PREVOD NA ENGLISKI: Ana Petrović

REŽIJA: Sabolč Tolnai

ULOGE: Radoslav Milenković, Branka Pujić i Marija Ćirić

UČESTVUJU: Članovi plesnog kluba „Zvezdice“ iz Umaga, zatim Aleksandar Lučić, Petar Mitrić, Predrag Vitner i radnici Eksim komerca iz Subotice

LEKTOR: Nataša Šuljagić

KOMPOZITOR: Marija Ćirić

TON MAJSTOR: Zoran Uzelac

STUDIJSKI PRODUCENT: Aleksandra Rajić Žikić

PREMIJERA: 13.1.2021.

TRAJANJE: 43'

PROGRAM: RADIO PLAY

AUTHOR: Rastko Petrović

ADAPTATION: Vesna Perić

PROGRAM EDITOR: Melina Pota Koljević

ENGLISH TRANSLATION: Ana Petrović

DIRECTED BY: Szabolcs Tolnai

CAST: Radoslav Milenković, Branka Pujić i Marija Ćirić

VOICES IN O-TONE: members of dancing club „Stars“ from Umag; Aleksandar Lučić, Petar Mitrić, Predrag Vitner and workers from Eskim commerce in Subotica

PROOF READER: Natasa Suljagić

COMPOSER: Marija Ćirić

SOUND DESIGN: Zoran Uzelac

STUDIO PRODUCER: Aleksandra Rajić Žikić

PREMIERED ON: 13.1.2021.

RUNNING TIME: 43'

## Sinopsis

Rastko Petrović (1898 – 1949) bio je jugoslovenski i srpski pesnik, prozaista, slikar i intelektualac, čija se dela pripadaju književnoj avangardi. Kao mladić, učestvovao je u Prvom svetskom ratu i svoje traumatsko iskustvo iscrpljujućeg povlačenja srpske vojske na jug opisao je u romanu "Dan šesti". Nakon rata, studirao je u Parizu, gde se susreo sa Apolinerom, Pikasom, Džejmsom Džojksom. U svojim pesmama, pokušao je da uhvati ambivalenciju primordijalnih slika života i destrukciju moderne civilizacije. Takođe ga je intrigirao kompleksni odnos muškog i ženskog principa.

Ova mozaična drama tematizuje različite vrste nevinosti koje je pesnik iskusio u različitim životnim dobima. Drama počinje pesnikovim refleksijama o nevinosti deteta koje je tek izašlo iz majčine utrobe. Nevinost dečjeg jezika i svest, kada pesnik izmišlja nove reči izrajući se maternjim jezikom na neki način predstavlja način za postizanje glavnog cilja i misije svakog pesnika, kada govorimo o stvaranju. Pesnik nastavlja svoju potragu za nevinošću i u ljudskom društvu kada putuje i upoznaje afrička plemena. On stapa svoju nevinost sa iskustvom, u potrazi sa suštinom stvaralaštva. Ovu radio dramu čine delovi poetskih dela Rastka Petrovića: pesama iz ciklusa "Otkrovenje", delovi romana "Dan šesti" i "Ljudi govore", putopisa "Afrika" i eseja "Mladićstvo narodnog genija". Korišćeni su i delovi studije Ota Ranka "Trauma rođenja".

"Pustolov u kavezu" je naslov jedne Petrovićeve pesme koja predstavlja suštinu njegovog nekonvencionalnog duha i čežnje za slobodom.

## Synopsis

Rastko Petrović (1898 – 1949) was a Yugoslav and Serbian poet, novelist, painter and intellectual whose works are considered literature avant-garde. As a young man, he fought in WWI and his traumatic experience of exhausting withdrawal south to the Mediterranean with the Serbian army is described in his novel “Day Sixth”. After the war, he went to study in Paris, where he had encounters with Apollinaire, Picasso and James Joyce. In his poems, he tried to capture the ambivalence of primordial powers of life and destructive modern civilisation. He was also intrigued by the complex relation between female and male principle.

This mosaic drama is dealing with different kinds of innocence, experienced through various periods of the poet's life, as found in his works. The drama starts with the poet reflecting on the innocence of a child who has just come out of its mother's womb. The innocence of the childhood language and conscience, when the poet invents new words while playing with his mother tongue, is a kind of recipe for the achievement of the main goal of every poet's mission, when we talk about creation. The poet continues his quest for innocence in the human society when he travels and meets natives from Africa. He blends this innocence with experience, eager to find out the essence of creation. This radio drama is composed of the following poetic works by Rastko Petrovic: songs from the REVELATION cycle, parts of the novel DAY SIX and PEOPLE SPEAK, the AFRICA travelogue and the essay YOUTHS OF THE PEOPLE'S GENIUS. Parts of Otto Rank's study, THE TRAUMA OF BIRTH, were also used. ADVENTURER IN A CAGE is the title of one of his poems which encapsulates his unconventional spirit and eagerness for freedom.

**Lica:**

**Rastko Petrović**

**Pesnikinja**

**Kučka**

I DEO  
ROĐENJA

RASTKO

Pitate, da li je još tada bila rođena ova knjižica u meni? Božiji sin je ipak, ma i samo meni rekao: Jedi ovaj kruh jer je to moje telo! I ja postah rad njega ljudožder. I pij ovo vino, jer je moja krv! I ja i radi njega postah krvopija. Sam takođe volim strasno oblik, miris, ukus, i lepotu hleba. Hteo bih da ceo ovaj spis bude kao hleb ili kao voda. To je jedno od temelja uživanja: u redu Rukovanja, Opštenja Osmehom, Odahnjivanja, Kijanja, Riganja, Odlakšanja – creva ili bešike, ili seksualnog, Uspavljivanja, Buđenja, Osvete, porođaja. ...

*Zvuci otkucaja srca embriona u materici.*

*Šumovi u tečnosti plodove vode.*

RASTKO (*nežno, vanvremenski, nestvarno*)

Ja sanjah na rubu proleća, a vi gde sniste

Nedirnuto?

Za njega bar znam da sanja taj san

U trbuhu svoje matere.

**Characters:**

**Rastko Petrović**

**Poetess**

**Bitch**

PART I  
BIRTHS

RASTKO

You want to know whether it was then that this little book was conceived in me? Yet, I am just one of those to whom the Son of God said: Eat this bread for it is my body! And for him I became a cannibal. And drink this wine for it is my blood! And I became a bloodsucker. I adore the shape, smell, taste, and beauty of bread. I would like this entire text to be like bread or water. It is one of the cornerstones of pleasure: like Handshaking, Smiling, Sighing, Sneezing, Vomiting, Relief – intestinal or sexual, Falling Asleep, Waking up, Taking vengeance, Giving birth. ...

*The sound of embryo heartbeats.*

*Humming of amniotic fluid.*

RASTKO (*gently, timelessly, magically*)

I dreamt at the brink of Spring,  
and where did you dream innocently?  
I know that *he* dreams this dream  
In his mother's womb.

Tako tesno obvijen kao da sanja o prostoru,  
O dubinama: o, da sna košmarske razmere  
I drhtanja!

Sanjao, ne sanjao; psovao ti po drumovima:  
Oči će ti zauvek ostati zaražene  
Užasnim zbiljama koje si negde živeo.

Pa nijedan života san  
Nije tako čist  
I od svega čedan, kao da je u trbuhu neke matere

#### PESNIKINJA

Odvajanje novorođenčeta od majke kao prvobitnog libidoznog objekta, što se ponavlja u samom procesu analize, od ključnog je značaja. Fantazija materice predstavlja realnost. Strah nije samo prvi psihološki sadržaj kojeg čovek postaje svestan, već stoji u korenu svake neuroze - Oto Rank, *Trauma rođenja*.

#### GLAS PESNIKINJE ( u eh)

Trauma rođenja... Tajna rođenja... Trauma rođenja... Tajna rođenja...

*Stenjanje porodiljino i ječanje.*

*Ubrzano kucanje srca embriona u materici. Nisko-frekventni zvuci kao kod ultrazvučnog pregleda.*

*Sve glasnije ječanje.*

*Porodiljini krici.*

*Prodoran krik.*

*Plać novorođenčeta.*



Wrapped tightly, as if he dreamt of space  
And depths: oh, if he dreamt nightmares  
And trembles!

Whether you dream or not; curse or swear:  
Your eyes will forever be infected  
With horrible realities you lived somewhere.

No dream is so pure  
And Innocent  
As the one dreamt in mother's womb.

#### POETESS

The separation of a newborn from its mother as the primal libidinous object, which is repeated in the process of analysis, is of key importance. The fantasy of a womb represents reality. Fear is not just the primary psychological content a human being becomes aware of, but it also forms the basis of every neurosis - Otto Rank, *The Trauma of Birth*.

#### THE VOICE OF THE POETESS (as an echo)

The trauma of birth... The secret of birth... The trauma of birth ... The secret of birth...

*Moaning of a woman in labour.*

*Elevated heart rate of an embryo in a womb. Low-frequency sounds like in ultrasound scan.*

*Moaning gets louder.*

*The woman in labour starts screaming.*

*A loud scream.*

*A newborn crying.*

## RASTKO

O, crvenilo mi doteče iz matere  
Svetlost, čuj, iz doma gde se ne vraća  
Plameni zrak, čuj! kroz prebele šatore  
Za smešnog mladića

## PESNIKINJA

Čini se da prva posledica porođaja nije samo izraz fiziološkog poremećaja novorođenčeta (kratak dah – teskoba – strah

strah

strah);

usled prelaska iz veoma ugodne situacije u ekstremno neprijatnu, strah postaje prvi sadržaj percepcije, takoreći, prvi mentalni čin, koji je u suprotnosti sa i dalje veoma intenzivnom težnjom za povratak u prijatnu situaciju iz koje se tek izašlo.

## RASTKO

Ali pred zoru, preko svih gubera, ubiti treba  
Pesnika; da ne poteže ličnost svoju iz detinjstva:  
Kao slučajni, zamešeni, kanap iz hleba  
Kim neće nahraniti nikada sebe, kao ni zverstva!

Jer rođen posle sedam meseci trudnoće,  
PreTURIV sve nesreće, želi da se vrati majci;  
I, ne izlazeći više nikada, hoće  
Da izbegne – bar večno toj gnusnoj kazni, toj hajci.

## PESNIKINJA

Čovek pokušava da kreativno povrati to pravo prvobitno stanje, uspeva kroz društvene prilagodljive fantazije u umetnosti, religiji mitologiji ali sve više ponire u neurozu.

## RASTKO

Redness comes out of the womb,  
The light from a home with no return,  
Blazing ray through white sheets  
For a funny young man

## POETESS

It seems that childbirth causes more than physiological disorder in a newborn (shortness of breath – uneasiness – fear

fear

fear);

Due to the transition from a very pleasant into an extremely unpleasant situation, fear becomes the first contents of perception, the first mental act, which is in contrast with a burning desire to return into the pleasant situation one has just gone out of.

## RASTKO

But before dawn breaks, do whatever it takes  
To kill the Poet; for he pulls out his childhood self  
Like a kneaded rope from a bread  
And yet remains forever unfed!

Born after seven months of pregnancy,  
After all the hardship, he wants to return  
To his infancy; And never come out  
Eager to escape – forever, this hideous hunt.

## POETESS

Relying on his creativity, man is trying to return to this primal state, and succeeds in doing so through socially acceptable fantasies in art, religion, and mythology. However, neurosis often takes over.

RASTKO

Da li moj otac prema...  
da li moj otac prema tebi, majko, beše zver  
ta najdivljija, najdivnija, što je čovek?

...

Našto mi sav ovaj život i prolazna mu čar,  
majko, ako i ti – moja kolevko – ne beše zver!

..

Tu taj bol bez smisla sveg mesa, tvojih ruku, glave!  
Nikada, o, nikada neću izdvojiti košmare od jave!  
Nikada! Užas: ako je meni ovakvom apokalipsa poreklo!  
O, hoću da znam koliko je za mnom tad krvi isteklo...

Materice, ja bih da zderem sa tebe tu patnju.

## II DEO DETINJSTVO I IGRA

RASTKO

Ne ličim ni na hrast, ni na propeler,  
drukčije proždiru parobrodi  
okean, sunčane senke, modro granje.  
Da li ironiju ili osnaženje na život novi,  
proleće, sad mi donosiš?  
Neukrotljiva je tuga za mladošću, nesavladljivi drumovi;  
probuđena na košare skočila moja želja,  
čeka; roguši se, nigde nema nikoga.

RASTKO

Was my father...

was my father a beast to you, mother,  
that beautiful, savage beast called man?

...

What do I need this life for, and its fleeting charm,  
mother, if you, my cradle – were not a beast!

..

That pain without your arms, how strong it seems!  
I'll never distinguish between reality and dreams!  
Never! Oh, horror: if from apocalypse I come!  
How much blood did I cause to run...

Womb, I want to free you from you suffering.

## PART II CHILDHOOD AND PLAY

RASTKO

I do not look like an oak, or a propeller,  
steamboats devour the ocean, sun shadows  
and branches differently.

Spring, what do you bring,  
irony or strength for a new life?

Yearning for youth is unquenchable, roads insurmountable;  
my desire, suddenly awakened,  
waits and frowns, but there's no one around.

Meni i nije toliko baš stalo do supe moga detinjstva, koliko do divote da o njoj pevam i na jedan nov način se nahranim njom.

PESNIKINJA

Kada ste bili mali, voleli ste da se igrate rečima, izmišljali ste novi jezik...?

RASTKO

Svi smo mi u svom detinjstvu, svesno ili nesvesno bili frapirani izvesnom ritmičnom igrom fraza, čiji smisao apsolutno nismo razumevali, a koje smo primali jedan od drugog za vreme igre. Služile su nam za prebrojavanje, razbrojavanje i vučenje kocke, prilikom igara kao što su šuge, žmurke, mete, trule kobile itd. Željni da imamo jedan svoj specijalni jezik kojim bismo između samo sebe opštili, mi smo pronalazili neki svoj. Sastavljali smo slogove koji bi nam došli nadohvat u fantastične reči, pa ove u još fantastičnije rečenice, ne razumevajući nikako jedan drugoga, ali zamišljajući da to ipak na nekom nama nepoznatom jeziku nešto mora značiti.

PESNIKINJA

Menjali ste slogove, umetali slova?

RASTKO

To je bila neka vrsta govorne šifre, koja se dobijala umetanjem, sa svakim pravim slogom, jednog lažnog sloga sastavljenog od uvek istog suglasnika i samoglasnika istovetnog sa onim u prethodnom pravom slogu npr. reč: otac, izgovarana je kao ovotavac, ili opotapac, ili omotamac itd. Tako da je razgovor pri igri ovako tekao:

– Štopo topo kopopapaš?

Probajte...

PESNIKINJA

Rupupupu.

RASTKO

Štapa ćepe tipi rupupapa?

I don't care that much about the soup of my childhood. But I do love to sing about it and feed myself with it in a new way.

POETESS

When you were a child, you liked to play with words and create your own language...?

RASTKO

During childhood, we were all consciously or subconsciously fascinated with these games of rhythmic phrases, which we did not understand, but we still learned them from each other while playing. We used them when counting out, playing dice, in games such as tag, hide and seek, leapfrog, precision games, etc. We wanted to have a special language only we could use, so we invented our own. We mixed the syllables that came to our mind and turned them into fantastic words, from which we made even more fantastic sentences. There was no way we could understand each other, but we imagined it meant something in a language we didn't know.

POETESS

You replaced syllables and inserted letters?

RASTKO

It was a kind of code. We would insert a non-existing syllable, made of a consonant and a vowel contained in the previous syllable of the given word. For example, the word "father" was pronounced as fatather, or fafather, or something like that. So, the conversation went something like this:

– What are you digigigging?

Have a try...

POETESS

A holeole.

RASTKO

Whyay do youyu need a holeole?

PESNIKINJA

Dapa lopožipim vapatrupu.

RASTKO

Štapa ćepe tipi vapatrapa?

PESNIKINJA

Dapa puputipim tvopojepe pipilipićepe.

RASTKO

Štapa tipi čipinepe mopojipi pipilipićipi?

PESNIKINJA

Jepedupu mipi proposopo.

RASTKO

Cela poezija podsvesti, asocijacija, automatizma približavala se i nehotice više narodu, našim brojnicama. Igra je svakako jedno merenje snaga kojima se raspolaže, a čim se duh oslobodi, počinje igra stvaraoca, analogna svim stvaranjima; građenje po istim zakonima ritma po kojima se izgrađivao ovaj svet. Otuda te tajanstvene kombinacije ritmike, jezika i fantazije u mladalačkoj svežini naše narodne umetnosti, na samim vratnicama naše velike epopeje. Mislimo da najčistije građenje, što se tiče same mehanike građenja (ne lepote smisla, ni zahvatanosti značenja) nalazi se baš u ovoj lirici: razbrojnica.

Čičak, čemerika,

Zejtin, varenika,

PESNIKINJA

Olovo, sokolovo,

Soko pade na livade,



POETESS

To lalight a fafire.

RASTKO

Why do you nened a fafire?

POETESS

To chase away your chichickens.

RASTKO

What did my chichickens dodo to yuyou?

POETESS

They are eatiting my mimillet.

RASTKO

The whole poetry of the subconscious, of associations and automatism, was unintentionally coming closer and closer to our folklore and counting-out rhymes. Every game is a kind of competition where contestants compare their strengths. When you set your spirit free, the game of creator may begin, a game analogous to all creations; the rhythm which we used to build words is the same rhythm used to build this world. That is why the youthlike freshness of our folklore art, from the very beginning of our great epopee, features these mysterious combinations of rhythm, language and fantasy. The purest creation, when we talk about the mechanics of creation (not the beauty of the sense or the range of meaning) is found in counting-out rhymes.

Birch, berry tree,  
larch, bumblebee,

POETESS

Goose, hen, chicken, duck,  
pluck her feather, she will quack.

RASTKO

Oj, mene kobile,  
Kud ste mene vodile?

PESNIKINJA

U čičke doline,  
Šta u čičkom rade?

RASTKO

Kora koplje kuju.  
Za koga ga kuju?

PESNIKINJA

Za Osmana rosmana.  
Bjež' Osmane rosmane,  
Eto babe na kokotu!  
Nosi bilje na ramenu,  
Gdje te stigne da te šine,  
Gdje staneš da laneš.  
Gdje počineš da pogineš.

RASTKO

Edinana, bedinana,  
Tutun benum kadinana  
Altun, bentun  
Talkin, tičkin.....

RASTKO

Oh, little bee  
where are thee taking me?

POETESS

To the meadows fresh and fair,  
What are they doing over there?

RASTKO

They are forging a spear.  
Who do they forge it for?

POETESS

For Osman the Rosman.  
Run Osman the Rosman,  
Here comes the old dame!  
She brings fury and flame,  
If you stop, you will drop,  
If you get caught, you will rot.  
You'd better run, or you are done.

RASTKO

Edinana, bedinana,  
Tutun benum kadinana  
Altun, bentun  
Talkin, titkin.....

### III DEO

#### PUTOVANJA I EKSTAZE

RASTKO

Od svega najviše volim da se opijem a posle toga još da putujem!

Pravi putnici su oni koji odlaze da bi otišli!

*Afrička muzika, tam tamovi.*

RASTKO

Ovdašnja tamna Eva je izraz ovdašnje tamne prirode; njena okrugla ramena prelivaju se kao jake voćke, a vrhovi grudi jako nabubreli vuku grudi naviše. Zamisliti takva tela, ramena, bedra, noge, u Evropi, nemoguće je. Volim njen jedinstveni dah tela i ulja kojim se mažu, ambre i trava, što sve odiše kao neko divlje voće. Sada još čuvam stvari koje nose na sebi taj dah.

PESNIKINJA

Sasvim su nage; oko bedara nose samo jaku tkaninu od belih i plavih pruga koju su same tkale. Trepavice neobično duge; oči boje vrlo tamnih šljiva; beonjače boje ćilibara.

RASTKO

Fotografišem najpre jedno selo od pruća, na koljima, u udubljenju između šume i vode, zatim jedan kut Raja: jedan sasvim nagi par koji se kupaju.

PESNIKINJA

Devojka i mladić stoje u reci do kolena; u rukama im trave koje sapunjaju.

PART III  
TRAVELS AND ECSTASIES

RASTKO

Getting drunk and travelling are the two things I love most!  
True travellers are the ones who go away for the sake of going away!

*African music, tam-tams*

RASTKO

Dark Eve of this continent is the embodiment of its dark nature; her round shoulders are like ripe fruits, and the protruding tips of her breasts pull her breasts upwards. It is impossible to see that kind of body, shoulders, hips, and legs anywhere in Europe. I love the unique scent of their bodies and the oil they apply to their skin – amber and grass. The smell of wild fruit. I still keep the things that smell that way.

POETESS

They are completely naked; the only thing they wear is a piece of cloth tied around their hips, with white and blue stripes, which they knit themselves. Their eyelashes are unusually long; their eyes have the colour of dark plums; their eyeballs are like amber.

RASTKO

I photographed a village with houses made of cane, in a valley between the forest and the water, and a piece of Paradise: an entirely naked couple bathing.

POETESS

A girl and a young man are standing up to their knees in water; in their hands, they have some herbs used for washing.

## RASTKO

Njino vidno, jako i mirno disanje, primetno je kao u životinja koje stoje u polju i čine se kao da misle. Istim ritmom, ujednačeno, i grudni koš mladića i grudni koš devojke širi se i skuplja. Oboje izgledaju tom tišinom i tim mirnim ritmom: tako prostrani i tako večiti, da bi čovek i nesvesno zamislio kako se njine tamne pleći produžuju u raširena anđelska krila.

## PESNIKINJA

Kad čovek živi sa Belima on više ne primećuje koliko ljudi i žene žive udruženo, kao parovi, kao ljubavnici, kao porodica i kao društvo. Međ Crnima, oni su potpuno odvojeni jedni od drugih.

## RASTKO

Postoji čovečanstvo ljudi, i postoji čovečanstvo žena. Ta dva čovečanstva, savršeno različita jedna od drugog, žive nužno zajedno, kao naprimer one ptice što žive sa stadima, pomažući se uzajamno, saradjući ka održanju sila međusobnih plemena.

## PESNIKINJA

Čovek je odvojen od žene zasebnom mađijom, zasebnim fetišima, tatuažama, tajnom seksa, načinom življenja; čak zasebnim jezikom. Sve razdvaja čoveka od žene a jedino ga susret seksova za nju vezuje.

## RASTKO

Mladić koji nam se od maločas pridružio i koji pomalo zna francuski, reče, da bi pagajeri pevali, ali da ne znaju, i da ne mogu da se slože o čemu će. Rekli su im da je belac (ja) - griot.

## PESNIKINJA

Pesnik?

## RASTKO

Ako im griot da reči oni će ih rado ispevati.

Igra mi se dopade. I kao što crnci prvo zamisle bilo kakav događaj, pa ga onda objave slušaocima i otpevaju, rekoh im da će moje reči biti o jednoj devojci.

RASTKO

Their strong and peaceful breathing is visible like on animals that stand in a field, as if they are contemplating. The chests of the boy and girl are expanding and shrinking in the same rhythm, evenly. They both seem so vast and timeless in that silence and peace, as if their dark chests are about to transform into the wings of an angel.

POETESS

When you live among Whites, you no longer notice that men and women live together, as couples, lovers, families and society. However, among Blacks, they are separated from each other.

RASTKO

There is a humanity of men, and a humanity of women. These two humanities, perfectly different from one another, live together, like those birds that live with animal herds. They help each other and cooperate in order to support their mutual tribes.

POETESS

Men are unlike women. They have their own magic, fetishes, tattoos, way of living, they attribute a different meaning to sex; they even have their own language. Men are different from women in all aspects. The only thing that binds the two is a sexual encounter.

RASTKO

A young man who has just joined us speaks a little French; he said that paddlers would gladly sing, but they could not decide what to sing about. They were told that the white man (me) - was a griot.

POETESS

A poet?

RASTKO

If griot would give them words, they would be happy to sing.

I liked the game. And as blacks first picture the story in their head, and then announce it to their audience and sing, I told them that my words would be about a girl.

PESNIKINJA

Neka se zove Me.

RASTKO

Njen zaručnik je bio tako dugo na putu, da kada je došao da je vidi, zatekao je na umoru.  
Mladić im prevodi prvu pesmu. Oni udaraju veslima o vodu i pažljivo ga slušaju; zatim pevaju.  
— Me, hoćeš li biti mojom?

PESNIKINJA

Do ove godine,  
Do ovog dana, možda,  
Do ovog časa.

RASTKO

Me, Me, čuješ li, ja te zovem?  
Moja je reč: Hodi!

PESNIKINJA

Do ovog časa htela sam u tvoju kolibu;  
Sada me pusti da mirno idem u svoju;  
Moja je koliba u zemlji.

*Fabe, faba, Me, moa*

*Me fefe, Hiti Metafa*

*Amflembe gu, anem*

*batove, vuali*

*Nanaga Me, Nikerenana Me*



POETESS

Let's call her Mey.

RASTKO

Her fiancé had been away for so long that when he came back to see her, he found her on her deathbed.

The young man was translating the first poem. They were paddling and listening carefully; then they started singing.

— Mey, will you be mine?

POETESS

Until this year,

Until this day, perhaps,

Until this hour.

RASTKO

Mey, Mey, can you hear me calling?

I say: Come!

POETESS

Until this hour, I wished to live with you;

Now let me live alone,

For my home is in the ground.

*Fabe, faba, Mey, moa*

*Mey fefe, Hiti Metafa*

*Amflembe gu, anem*

*batove, vuali*

*Nanaga Mey, Nikerenana Mey*

RASTKO

Crnim mladićima dopala se pesma i hteli su da saznadu šta je bilo dalje:

PESNIKINJA

Pogledaj, moje je telo skoro mrtvo  
A još je uvek crno!

RASTKO

Mogla si biti mojom radošću!

PESNIKINJA

O ja ću otići u kuću u kojoj nikoga nema;  
Ostavi me da umrem, da odvedem svoj bol u  
zemlju,  
U grob! Misliću uvek na tebe, u zemlji,  
Svojoj kući.

*Na fala nu iga be a aha katasfi.  
Jiha nima ne pa riju noi je  
Sa hajiva maju laila tanake leba  
Badira sa haji uaje mani niju si  
Rejaje!...*

PESNIKINJA

Kada je Me umrla  
I ptice sa nje odletele,  
Kada je sišla u svoj dom,  
Ona ga je sama vodila;  
Nije mogla ni da se miče,  
Nije imala sa kim da govori.

RASTKO

The black boys liked the song and wanted to know what happened next:

POETESS

Look, my body is almost dead  
And it is still black!

RASTKO

You could have been my joy!

POETESS

I am going to an empty home;  
Let me die, and take my pain into the ground,  
Into the grave!  
I'll always be thinking of you,  
In the ground - my new home.

*Na fala nu iga be a aha katasfi.  
Jiha nima ne pa riju noi je  
Sa hajiva maju laila tanake leba  
Badira sa haji uaje mani niyu si  
Rejaje!...*

POETESS

When Mey died,  
And birds flew away from her,  
When she descended to her home,  
She was there alone;  
She couldn't move,  
She had no one to talk to.

RASTKO

Onaj za kim je najviše žalila,  
Išao je korakom nesigurnim.

*Moama Me, moama blenfelo moro ani Me,  
Narana anu blima  
Aluma fara kama Me, nsega Me ne harera harera.  
Akareli tiri mabadi mani fareju n'segamene  
Harera!*

RASTKO

Pokriveni svojom mađijom kao senkom,  
Izgledaju crni.  
Idu jedan za drugim kroz visoku goru,  
Probijaju se kroz lijane.  
To je jedina veza sa beskrajnim granama  
Što žubore do neba.  
Njine stope takođe ne znaju za zemlju već za  
paprati.

Oni i umiru tako, ruku zamršenih u lijane.

Zatim oni istim tužnim glasom pevaju opet veslajući:

*Aude sa na Me Auide, o' i Auide, o nareble,  
iha blama, ma ikel makuja Me!*

Šta kaže njina pesma?

RASTKO

The one she grieved for the most,  
Walked with unsteady steps.

*Moama Mey, moama blenfelo moro ani Mey,  
Narana anu blima  
Aluma fara kama Mey, nsega Mey ne harera harera.  
Akareli tiri mabadi mani fareju n'segamene  
Harera!*

RASTKO

Covered with their magic, like with shadows,  
They look black.  
They walk one after another across the hill,  
Pushing through the lilies.  
It is the only bond with endless branches  
That stretch all the way to the sky.  
Their footprints know not the ground,  
but the fern.

That is how they die, with their arms entangled in lilies.

In the same, sad voice, they paddled and sang:

*Aude sa na Mey Auide, o' i Auide, o nareble,  
iha blama, ma ikel makuja Mey!*

What does their song say?

PESNIKINJA

Kažu da kada je devojka Me umrla, i zaručnik video kako je odnose, kroz noć, doviknuo je plačući: "Da, da, odlaziš, a ne vidim više, kao nekada, stražnjicu samo tvoju iz daljine!"

#### IV DEO

#### (AUTOPOETSKA) PROMIŠLJANJA

RASTKO

Stihovi, nosite me daleko od ove zemlje:  
u mukama me za bolji život rađala majka,  
radi višega otac je sa ushićenjem plodio;  
život mora da je drag, a ljubavnom da se stremilje  
kada sam se kao Magbet u tolikoj žurbi rodio;  
nad rekom a pod nebom lovcu na domet leti čajka:  
za njom, o, za njom, stihovi moji, budimo hajka!  
Budimo hajka! ...

PESNIKINJA

Da li je za pisanje potreban razlog?

RASTKO

Evo, ja pišem pesme zato što između tri i četiri časa ne osećam ni za čim drugim potrebu no baš za tim. U jedanaest i po sam gladan, i ni po koju cenu ne bih mogao pevati; potom varim. Ja imam tako mnogo zanosa; ali imam tako mnogo raznovrsnih elementarnih (ili drugih) potreba, koje treba njim da zadovoljim. Građenje pesama je jedan od najnužnijih trenutaka moga života: jedna od njegovih funkcija: to je kao koračati ili zadrhtati... I kad velim sebi da ne ostvarujem veliku umetnost već samo veliku ekstazu, razumem vrlo dobro; i zadovoljan sam što sam napisao ovo nekoliko pesama, i što pišem još uvek ovu knjižicu, koje možda neće odgovarati ni važnim ni mojim pojmovima o umetnosti, – ali koje su veličanstvene. Govorim tako banalne stvari s tako važnim osmehom. ...

POETESS

They say that when Mey died, and her fiancé saw her being carried away through the night, he shouted in a weeping voice: "Yes, you're going away, and I can no longer see, like before, your bottom from a distance!"

PART IV  
(AUTO-POETIC) REFLECTIONS

RASTKO

Verses, take me far from this soil:  
for a better life mother brought me in suffer and toil,  
for a greater aim my father sowed the seed;  
life must be dear; love must have sweet taste,  
when I was born, like Macbeth, in such a haste;  
evading the hunt, the boat flies across the stream:  
my verses, after him, let's chase after him!  
Chase after him! ...

POETESS

Does one need a reason to write?

RASTKO

Well, for example, I write poems because somewhere between three and four o'clock, I don't have the need to do anything else but that. At half past eleven, I get hungry, and there is no way I could sing; then I digest the food I ate. Inspiration often comes to me; but I do have many other basic (and non-basic) needs I have to satisfy. The need to write poems is one of the basic necessities in my life: one of its basic functions: like walking or trembling... Even when I don't create great art, but merely experience a great ecstasy; I am satisfied with the few poems I wrote and this book that I am writing, which might not be considered art, in my own opinion, or in accordance with the general conception of art. But they are still magnificent. I pronounce such banal things with such an important smile on my face...

## PESNIKINJA

Ako biste ostali sami na svetu?

## RASTKO

Ako bih taj nestanak mogao podneti, ne bih ipak više pevao rečima: izvesne svoje zanose bih kreštao i derao u prostor. ... I ti ljudi koji su svojim prisustvom uneli toliku pustolovinu u moj život! I što bi ljudi bili krivi za moju patnju čak kada su zli; kao da i oni sami sa svoje zloće ne pate! ...Hoću da kažem da ono što se zove životom unutarnjim i životom spoljašnjim, ili duhovnim i telesnim, jednog čoveka, samo su dve krajnosti jednog istog nerazlučnog i besprimernog mehanizma u ovom životu.

Život duhovni, dakle, neizdvojiv od života našeg fiziološkog, i naša večnost, valjda, zavisiće time od našeg života sadašnjeg: ti i ne znaš sa koliko opasnosti nosiš svoje večno bivanje u pokretima svojih ruku, na primer, ili u želji da zadovoljiš svoju strast za pevanjem.

## PESNIKINJA

Proći će kroz život misao

Zalogaj presni mesa kroz telo,

Čoveka koji je toliko pio i disao

Dok svariti je nije uspeo:

I to divno preobraženje hrane,

I taj zanosni trbuh što je mašina;

Dočekaće u drhtanju Otkrovenja dane,

Kada će mu svaki ud zazvučati kao violina

A on sam biti početak svih muzika.



POETESS

What if you were the last man on Earth?

RASTKO

If I could bear such a thing, I would no longer use words to sing: I would scream and let my inspiration leave a mark in space. ... There were people who brought adventure to my life. They are not guilty for my suffering, even when they are evil; They also suffer, despite their evilness! ...What I want to say is that what we call internal and external life, or rather spiritual and material life, are merely two ends of the same, inseparable and unparalleled mechanism of this life.

Spiritual life is therefore inseparable from our physiological life, and our eternity depends on our present life: we have no idea that the eternity depends on the movements of our arms, for example, or our desire to quench passion for singing.

POETESS

A thought will pass through life,  
Like through body a bite of meat,  
Of a Man who drank and breathed  
Till he finally digested it:  
That delightful food transformation,  
That ravishing stomach like a machine;  
Will in tremble await Revelation,  
When every limb will sound like a violine  
And he will be the cradle of all music.

V DEO  
POVRATAK

RASTKO

Čovek je nepreglednosti životinja, to jest zver čije su čeljusti razjapljene prema beskrajnosti. Otud, za razliku od običnih zverova, on je nezadovoljan. Uzroke njegovih oboljenja treba tražiti ne u njegovoj prošlosti već na jednoj pravoj liniji između njega i bezgraničnog.

PESNIKINJA/KUČKA

Zatvorio je oči i odmah je video kučku kako sedi nad njim: grdna životinja, koja diše spokojno velikim prostranim ritmom. Oči su joj bile crvene, zapaljene neuporedljivim plamenom. Telo crno. Samo su oči bile zapaljene plamenom i čeljusti, s kojih je kapala zapaljena pena, kao da se tek najela mesečine. Grozna i grdobna životinja! Tako ogromna, zaklanjala je celu noć sobom. On se nje bojao, toliko se bojao i toliko je teško disao. Kučka je sedela uporno nad njim, njene su oči blistale same u pomrčini. Sa njenog seksa, takođe, slivala se mesečina.

RASTKO

Ostavi me, hoću da spavam! O, kako sam grdno izmoren. Povređen, strašno povređen.

PESNIKINJA/KUČKA

Ne mogu da te ostavim!

RASTKO

Zašto ne možeš da me ostaviš?

PESKINJA/KUČKA

Volim te.

PART V  
RETURN

RASTKO

Man is an incomprehensible animal, a beast whose jaws strive to devour eternity. That is why he is always dissatisfied, unlike common beasts. We shouldn't look for the causes of his illnesses in his past, but on the straight line between him and the eternity.

POETESS/BITCH

The minute he closed his eyes he saw a bitch sitting above him: the nasty animal was breathing peacefully in a wide, regular rhythm. Her eyes were red, like a blazing fire. Her body was black. A flame was burning from her eyes. A burning foam was dripping from her jaws, as if she had just eaten the moon. A hideous and nasty animal! It was so big that you couldn't see the night behind her. He was afraid of her, he was so much afraid, he breathed heavily. The bitch was sitting above him, her eyes were the only lights in the darkness. The moonlight shined upon her genitals.

RASTKO

Leave me alone, I want to sleep! I am so weary. And hurt, so badly hurt.

POETESS/BITCH

I can't leave you!

RASTKO

Why can't you leave me?

POETESS/BITCH

I love you.

RASTKO

Treba da ideš ... odatle ... neću da me voliš.

PESNIKINJA/KUČKA

Ne mogu da te ne volim, ja ne mogu da te ne volim. Kako ne vidiš da ne mogu više da te ne volim! Kako ne vidiš da je to zauvek, zauvek, zauvek...

RASTKO

Pogledaj, pogledaj, vidi kako mi dršću ruke. Od onoga dana još, od onoga dana one dršću. A to je samo ono što možeš da vidiš! Ti ne znaš kako je u meni! Ostavi me, ostavi me!... Pogledaj kako sam bedan, nesrećan. Tako sam strašno umoran! I te ruke, strašno je kako neprestano dršću te ruke!

PESNIKINJA/KUČKA

Volim te, zauvek, zauvek, zauvek...

RASTKO

Neću više da me voliš. Ja te se bojim sada. Ja neću više da me voliš! *(za sebe)* Kada me je to već jednom volela? Kada sam joj to, u užasu, pokazivao ruke i kad sam je čekao da dođe a ona nije došla.

*Dahtanje kučke.*

RASTKO

Šta činiš sa mnom?

PESNIKINJA/KUČKA

To je poljubac, to je poljubac, zar ne vidiš da je to poljubac, da je to moj poljubac, poljubac, poljubac...

RASTKO

You should go ... go away ... I don't want you to love me.

POETESS/BITCH

It is impossible for me not to love you. Can't you see that not loving you is not an option anymore! Can't you see that it's forever and ever...

RASTKO

Look at the way my hands are shaking. They have been shaking ever since that day. And it's just what's on the surface! You don't know how I feel inside! Leave me, leave me!... Look how miserable and wretched I am. I am so weary! And these hands are shaking terribly!

POETESS/BITCH

I love you, forever and ever and ever...

RASTKO

I don't want you to love me anymore. I am afraid of you now. I don't want you to love me! *(to himself)* Was there a time when she loved me? When I showed her my hands, in horror, waiting for her to come, and she didn't come.

*The sound of the bitch breathing.*

RASTKO

What are you doing to me?

POETESS/BITCH

It's a kiss, a kiss, can't you see? It's a kiss, my kiss,  
a kiss, kiss...

## RASTKO

Rastrgnućeš me, a ja hoću da živim, sada; sada hoću da živim!...  
Kada to nisam hteo da živim? Kada to nisam nikako hteo da živim?

## EPILOG

### SPIKERKA RADIO BEOGRADA

Rastko Petrović je snažna mlada lađa, koja je i jedrila razapela, i vesla spustila, i čekrke navila, pa i leti kao galeb, i seče kao strela, i krči u dubini kao gladno crevo... čije pesme baš zato i plevimo što talenat i sila jarko iskaču iz kaprisa i mode... I još je Rastko Petrović temperament nad svakim temperamentom cele naše poezije: temperament jedan, da za tili čaš u šačicu pepela sažeže svoje lude učitelje koji ga gone da sablažnjuje sve što je Bogu i Lepoti odgovorno za opšti čovečanski smisao, temperamenta, koji će, ako ostane ovako kako jeste, jednoga dana, tuđ i neožaljen 'umreti od prskanja damara' – Isidora Sekulić.

## RASTKO

Neću da mislim. Neću da mislim i evo više ne mislim. Ne žalim više nikoga. Ne žalim više ništa. Živim samo svojim ćelijicama, samo ćelijicama. Kao biljka... Moja misao takođe više ne radi. S vremena na vreme ona pokušava da poleti. Udara se o sve oko sebe kao slepa ptica. Zatim ostaje mirna i zadihana. To nije jezero na kome sam, već jedan grdan splet zakona i sila; i moj život u tome gori kao plamičak. Noć je bezmerna.

## PESNIKINJA

Šta to čuh, šta to čuh! Sluh, suh, kruh... suh, plug... puh, sluh... njih... čuh, njuh, buh, truh, duh... suv, vuuh, kluh, sluh, duh, duh, duh... čuh... čuh... buh, vuh, duh, guh, đuh, zuh, žuh, kuh, luh, muh, nuh... nuh jedan, nuh dva, nuh tri, nuh četiri, nuh peti, nuh šesti, nuh šest hiljada, nuh milion, nuh bilion. Bilion! Bilio, bilion; nuh bilio. Zvezda koja pada? NE! Nuh, nuh. Šta to, šta to?

RASTKO

You'll tear me apart, and I want to live, now; I want to live now!...  
Was there a time when I didn't want to live? Was there a time when I didn't want to live  
anymore?

## EPILOGUE

RADIO BELGRADE PRESENTER

Rastko Petrovic is a strong, young boat, which has spread its sails, put down the paddles, winded the pulley, and now flies like a gull, cuts through the air like an arrow, and grumbles in the depth like a hungry stomach... whose poems we cherish because his talent and strength defy every whim and trend... In all our poetry, there's nothing like Rastko's temperament: with such temperament, he is able to shred his teachers into pieces, the same teachers who accuse him of scandalizing everything that God and Beauty hold accountable for the general purpose of mankind, the temperament which, if it doesn't change, will someday die alone and unmourned 'from a ruptured artery' – Isidora Sekulic.

RASTKO

I don't want to think. I don't want to think and there - I think no more. I don't mourn anyone anymore. I don't mourn anything. I live through my little cells only, through my little cells. Like a plant... My thoughts no longer function. From time to time, they try to fly. They crash into everything around them, like blind birds. Then they calm down and breathe heavily. It is not the lake on which I dwell, but an intricate network of laws and forces and my life burns within like a little flame. The night is endless.

POETESS

What have I heard, what have I heard! What word, bird, gird, turd... what have I heard...them... them...I heard... a cry, pry, fry... I heard... heard... heard... turd one, turd two, turd three, turd four, turd five, turd six, turd six thousand, turd million, turd billion. Billion! Billio, billion; A shooting star? NO! Turd... What was that?

RASTKO

Ah, da; šta to čuh, šta to čuh? Šta sam čuo? Možda je bila vidra ili kuna. Ima li ovde kuna? Da, da šta to čuh? Možda je bila vidra ili kuna. Ima li ovde kuna? Noć je bila bezmerna. O tome sam mislio. Kad je noć bila bezmerna? Umoran sam. Još malo.

PESNIKINJA

Čuh, sluh, duh! Koliko je mozak glup, glup; lup, stup, krup, ćup, lup, lup, lup, rup, rup, rup, rup!

RASTKO

Mora da je pod stalnom kontrolom. Mozak. Pod stalnom.

PESNIKINJA

Čijom?

RASTKO

Celoga tela, pažnje, valjda života!

Odjednom, strahovit krik. On je oštar, čeličan, ljubičast i vreo, mirisa na sumpor. Sve je u njemu mehaničko, električno i neumitno. U njemu ima ipak nečega strahovito bolnog, ljudskog, čovečanskog i vapijućeg; u tome krik, električnom i mehaničkom koji dolazi iz ljudskog grla.

PESNIKINJA

Neko ko je u ropcu, čije je telo rascepano, koji gubi krv. Neko ko umire, koga ubijaju. To je krik koji je izišao iz krvi, kao kakva zvučna eksplozija iz susreta krvi, vazduha i prostora. .. To može isto tako biti žena kao i čovek. Snažno stvorenje. I mora biti čovek ili žena koji umiru, jer se inače ne viče ovako, ljudski i mehanički, i telom i duhom silovito.



RASTKO

Oh, yes; What have I heard? What have I heard? It might have been an otter or a marten. Are there martens over here? What have I heard? It might have been an otter or a marten. Are there martens over here? The night was endless. That was the thing I was thinking about. When was the night endless? I am tired. A little more to go.

POETESS

I heard, a word, bird, turd! The brain is so dull; null, lull, lull, gull, gull!

RASTKO

The brain has to be controlled constantly. All the time.

POETESS

By whom?

RASTKO

By the entire body, consciousness, life, I guess!

All of a sudden, a loud scream. It was sharp, steel-like, purple and hot; it smelled of sulphur. There was something mechanical, electrical, inevitable about it. Yet, it was somehow severely painful, human and sad; that scream, electrical and mechanical, which came out of a human throat.

POETESS

Someone is in agony, his body is torn apart, losing blood. Someone is dying, being murdered. That kind of scream stems from blood, like a sound explosion that takes place when blood, air and space collide... It could be a man or a woman. A strong creature. And he or she must be on their deathbed. Otherwise, it is impossible to scream like that, mechanically and humanly at the same time, with your entire body and soul.

## RASTKO

Nema više želje, već da izbrišem postojenje,  
da ispunim sve sobom, sve razmake, sve šupljine,  
nema više ni duboko plavog ni planine,  
samo: krkati, hrkati, čmavati i groktati,  
biti gnusna, ogromna, drhtava plazma:  
a time prestaje ova pesma i nastaje krvavo otupljenje.

## PESNIKINJA (*nežno, majčinski*)

Tako zaspi, meseče,  
Nad toplom supom detinjstva:  
Iz mene će prečiti tuga doveče,  
Kao iz čanka mladog životinjstva  
To je doticalo bogatstvo iz matere  
Kroz kraterstvo tanjirnog kruga,  
I sav će, sav će sklad da razdere  
Ogromnost njena i tuga.

Ogromnost njena i tuga.

## RASTKO

Ali umrli već dom gde se ne vraća  
Odvući će me tajnom do mesta smrtnog košmara,  
I neće mi reći niko tad – koja je staza najkraća  
Do spasenja: No umreću, vidim, od prskanja  
Damara.

KRAJ

RASTKO

I have no more wants, but to erase existence,  
to fill with my being every void and distance,  
there are no more mountains or blue seas,  
only: eating, snoring, napping, snorting,  
being a hideous, trembling substance:  
thus ends this poem and starts numbness.

POETESS (*gently, motherly*)

Go to sleep, dear Moon,  
Over the hot childhood soup:  
Sorrow will flow out of me soon  
Like from a cup of youth,  
That wealth which came out of the womb  
Through a craterlike hollow,  
And all the joy will be crushed  
By the depth of my sorrow.

The depth of my sorrow.

RASTKO

The dead home I cannot go back  
Will drag me to the place of my final nightmare,  
And no one will show me the shortest track  
To salvation: Instead, I'll die  
from a ruptured artery before I ever get there.

THE END

**dr Vesna Perić, (Beograd, 1972)**

Dramaturg, dramski pisac, filmski kritičar i autor.

Diplomirala na Fakultetu Dramskih umetnosti u Beogradu 2003. na odseku Dramaturgija, gde je stekla zvanje magistra umetnosti a zatim odbranila doktorsku tezu "Teorija narativnih konstrukcija u post-jugoslovenskom filmu" na odseku za Studije filma i medija 2016.

Od 2002. radi kao filmski kritičar na Drugom programu Radio Beograda a od 2010. kao odgovorni urednik redakcije Dramski program. Kao predstavnik Radio Beograda na festivalu PRIX ITALIA bila je član žirija u kategoriji Radio drama 2010. i 2019. godine, a 2021. u kategoriju Dokumentarna drama i reportaža.

Autorka je 13 radio drama u produkciji Dramskog programa Radio Beograda.

Objavljivala je filmske kritike i eseje u Kulturnom dodatku lista Politika (2007 – 2012). Piše scenarija za TV sitkome, pozorišne drame kao i kratke priče koje su objavljivane u domaćim i inostanim časopisima. Njena drama „Šta je ona kriva nije ništa ona kriva“ nagrađena je na regionalnom konkursu fondacije Hartefakt 2012. i premijerno je izvedena 2015. u Bitef teatru. Trenutno je kao odgovorni urednik redakcije Dramski program zadužena za godišnju produkciju oko 60 radio drama koje se emituju na Radio Beogradu..

**Vesna Perić, PhD (Belgrade, 1972)**

Dramaturge, playwright, film critic and author.

Graduated from Faculty of Dramatic Arts in Belgrade (Dramaturgy Department) and won her PhD “Theory of Narrative Construction in Post-YU Cinema“ from the same Faculty (Film and Media Studies Department) in 2016. From 2002 works for Radio Belgrade 2 and from 2010 as a head of Drama Department of Radio Belgrade.

She authored 13 radio plays and one documentary piece produced by Radio Belgrade Drama department. She acted as a member of PRIX ITALIA Radio Drama Jury in 2010 and 2019 and in 2021. in Radio Documentary Jury.

Her film reviews and essays were published in „Politika“ cultural supplement (2007 – 2012). She also writes TV scripts for sitcoms, theatre plays and short stories (published in local and international lit magazines). Her theatre play „What Has She Done She Hasn't Done Nothing Wrong“ won the regional Heartfact Fund contest in 2012. and has been staged in Bitef Theatre in 2015.

Currently she is the Head of Drama department at Radio Belgrade and is in charge of yearly production of about 60 radio pieces in various thematic and genre series broadcast on Radio Belgrade.

**Szabolcs Tolnai (1971)**, scenarista, redatelj i producent. Diplomirao je filmsku i pozorišnu režiju u Novom Sadu, doktorirao u Budimpešti i trenutno drži akademska predavanja. Autor je i redatelj igranih, kratkih i dokumentarnih filmova, kao i više pozorišnih i radijskih predstava.

Filmografija:

Peščanik (2007) – dobitnik nagrade za specijalno umetničko dostignuće na festivalu u Solunu

Čudna šuma (2014)

**Szabolcs Tolnai (1971)**, writer, director and producer. He holds a degree in film and theater directing and is currently holding academic lectures. He is the author and director of feature, short and documentary films, as well as several theatrical films and radio shows.

Filmography:

Hourglass (2007) - winner of Special Artistic Achievement in Thessaloniki Film Festival

Strange Forest (2014)

**Mr Melina Pota Koljević**, scenarista, urednica i reditelj u Dramskom programu Radio Beograda

1987. Diplomirala na odseku za Svetsku književnost sa teorijom književnosti na Filološkom fakultetu u Beogradu, na kojem je magistrirala.; 1995. diplomirala na odseku za Pozorišnu i radio režiju Fakulteta dramskih umetnosti u Beogradu.

#### FILM

2006. Koscenarista filma "KLOPKA, reditelj Srdan Golubović

2007. Premijera filma na BERLINALU

2007. Tri nacionalne nagrade za scenario uključujući i nagradu FIPRESCI žirija

2008. Film nominovan među 9 najboljih internacionalnih filmova za Oskara

2010. Koscenarista filma „KRUGOVI“ reditelj Srdan Golubović

2010. Prva nagrada za scenario u razvoju na pičing forumu Atelier, KAN

2013. SANDENS, JUTA, SAD, Prva nagrada u sekciji stranih filmova

2013. BERLINALE, Nagrada ekumenskog žirija u programu Forum

2013. Tri nacionalne nagrade za scenario, uključujući i nagradu FRIPRESCI žirija

2014. Glavna nagrada za scenario na FAJR filmskom festivalu u TEHERANU, IRAN

2015. Godišnja rezidencijalna NIPKOW stipendija za scenario „Porodica“

2015. Član EFA (Evropske Filmske Akademije)

2017. Koscenarista slovenačkog filma IVAN, Janeza Burgera premijera na TALIN FILM FESTIVALU, prva nagrada za scenario na festivalu slovenačkog filma u Portorožu.

2019. Rezidencijalna stipendija u Finskoj od strane Kone fondacije za razvoj scenarija „Od Božića do Uskrsa“

2020. Scenarista kratkog igranog filma „Kada sam kod kuće“ Ivane Todorović Bruklin Film Festival, Specijalno priznanje filmu na SEE Film Festival u Los Andjelesu

2020. Scenarista kratkometražnog filma „Porodični odmor“ Katarine Koljević, premijera Sarajevo Film Festival

#### RADIO DRAMA

1996-2002 Asistent na predmetu radio režija na Fakultetu dramskih umetnosti u Beogradu .

2009-2012 Gostujući profesor za predmet radio režije na Akademiji Umetnosti u Novom Sadu.

Od 2003 urednica i reditelj u Dramskom programu Radio Beograda

2002. Reditelj projekta « Dunavske Švabice » u produkciji Gete instituta

2006. Reditelj drame « Švabica » s kojom učestvuje na festivalu PRIX EUROPA

2012. Reditelj drame « Jerma » s kojom učestvuje na festivalu PRIX ITALIA

2015. Reditelj drame « Neprijateljevo Sveto pismo », s kojom učestvuje na festivalu PRIX EUROPA

**Melina Pota Koljević**, MA, screenwriter and program editor at Radio Belgrade Drama Department

#### EDUCATION

1987. Graduated WORLD LITERATURE AND THEORY OF LITERATURE, FACULTY OF PHILOLOGY, Belgrade, where she received M. A. degree.

1995. Graduated THEATER AND RADIO DIRECTING on FACULTY OF DRAMATIC ARTS, Belgrade

#### FILM SCREENPLAY

2007. Co-screenwriter for the film “TRAP”. Director Srdan Golubović. BERLINALE, Forum. Three first national prizes for the screenplay including annual FIPRESCI prize. Shortlisted among 9 best foreign films nominated for OSCAR 2008.

2013. co-screenwriter for the film “CIRCLES”. Director Srdan Golubović. First award, Atelier, pitching screen-writers session, Cannes Film Festival 2010,.SUNDANCE, USA, Main prize, INTERNATIONAL PROGRAM 2013. Ecumenical Jury Prize, BERLINALE, Forum 2013. Three first national prizes for the screenplay including annual FIPRESCI prize 2013. Main prize for screenplay, FAJR FILM FESTIVAL, TEHRAN IRAN 2014

2015. Member of EFA (European Film Academy)

2015. NIPKOW residential grant in Berlin for her screenplay “Family”

2017.Co-screenwriter for the Slovenian movie “IVAN”, TALLIN film festival. First prize for the scenario at Slovenian Film Festival Portorož.

2019. KONE FOUNDATION residential grant in Finland for developing her script “From Christmas to Easter”

2020. Screenwriter, Serbian short film “When I’m at home”, director Ivana Todorović, Brooklyn film festival, Special mention at SEE Film Festival, LA, USA

2020. Screenwriter , Serbian short film “Family Vacation”, director Katarina koljević, premiere at Sarajevo Film festival

#### RADIO DRAMA

1996-2002 ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, Radio Directing, Faculty of Dramatic Arts, Belgrade.

2009-2012 GUEST PROFESSOR, Radio directing, Faculty of Arts, Novi Sad.

From 2003 PROGRAM EDITOR and DIRECTOR, Drama Department, Radio Belgrade

2002. Director for “Danube German Women”, produced by Goethe Institute Belgrade.

2006. Director for “The German Girl” in competition at PRIX EUROPA

2012. Director for “Yerma”, in competition at PRIX ITALIA

2015 Director for “The Foe’s Holy Scripture”, in competition at PRIX EUROPA

**dr Marija Ćirić** (1969), vanredni profesor i šef studijskih programa katedre za Muziku u medijima na Filološko-umetničkom fakultetu Univerziteta u Kragujevcu.

Zvanje doktora nauka stekla je na Univerzitetu umetnosti u Beogradu u oblasti Teorija umetnosti i medija.

Zvanje doktora umetnosti stekla je takođe na Univerzitetu umetnosti u Beograd, u oblasti Višemedijska umetnost.

Objavljen joj je značajan broj naučnih radova (*Teme, New Sound, Musicology, Nasleđe, Kultura, Muzički Talas, Pro femina...*). Redovno izlaže na naučnim skupovima posvećenim umetnosti i medijima (Univerzitet umetnosti u Beogradu; Univerzitet u Kragujevcu, Muzikološki institut SANU, Kadir Hass University, Istanbul; Universität Wien; University of Athens...).

Autor je radiofonijskih dela kao i muzike za radio-drame i kratki/animirani film. Iskustvo u medijima rezultiralo je učešćem na internacionalnim festivalima (Prix Italia, Prix Europa, Premios Ondas, Birds Eye View, Grand Prix Nova, Rose D'Or...).

Dobitnica je priznanja *Vitomir Bogić* za izuzetan doprinos radiofoniji (nagradu dodeljuje RTS - Dramski program Radio Beograda).

Marija Ćirić je koscenarista televizijskog filma *Binički* (produkcija Radio Televizija Srbije), koji je pobednik u kategoriji Muzičkih programa (Music Programme) na festivalu Prix Circom 2016.

Muzički je kritičar nedeljnika NIN.

Član je Udruženja kompozitora Srbije, Udruženja novinara Srbije, Pedagoškog društva Srbije i NECS - European Network for Cinema and Media Studies.



**Marija Ćirić** (1969), PhD, associate professor and chief of study programmes for Music in Media at the Faculty of Philology and Art at the University of Kragujevac.

She received her PhD from the University of Arts in Belgrade in the field of Art and Media Theory.

Marija Ćirić also received the title of Doctor of Arts in the field of Polymedia Art from the University of Arts in Belgrade.

A number of scientific works have been published (*Teme, New Sound, Musicology, Nasleđe, Kultura, Muzički Talas, Pro femina...*). She regularly takes part at scientific assemblies dedicated to the arts and media (The University of Arts in Belgrade, University of Kragujevac, The Institute of musicology SANU, Kadir Has University, Istanbul; Universität Wien; University of Athens...).

She is the author of radiophonic works as well as music for radio dramas and short/animated films. Her experience in media provided her participation in international festivals (Prix Italia, Prix Europa, Premios Ondas, Birds Eye View, Grand Prix Nova, Rose D'Or...).

She received the *Vitomir Bogić* award for her exceptional radiophonic contribution (an award given by RTS - The Drama Program of Radio Belgrade).

Marija Ćirić was a co-scriptwriter for the television film *Binički* (Produced by RTS), that was awarded first prize in the music program category at the Prix Circom festival, 2016.

Marija is also a music critic for the weekly paper NIN.

She is member of the Composer's Association of Serbia, Serbian Musicological Society, Pedagogic Society of Serbia, Journalist's Association of Serbia and NECS – European Network for Cinema and Media Studies.

**Zoran Uzelac**, dizajner zvuka (Beograd, 1967)

Diplomirao 2006. godine na Fakultetu dramskih umetnosti u Beogradu, smer snimanje i obrada zvuka. Od 1993. radio u Radio Politici kao snimatelj zvuka a od 2004. u Radio Beogradu.

Od 2002. godine saradivao sa najpoznatijim kompozitorom primenjene muzike Zoranom Simjanovićem. Kao snimatelj muzike u Dolby Digital 5.1 sistemu učestvovao u filmovima „Kordon“ Gorana Markovića (2002), „Sjaj u očima“ Srđana Karanovića (2002), „Pad u raj“ Miloša Radovića (2003), „San zimske noći“ Gorana Paskaljevića (2004), „Turneja“ Gorana Markovića (2009), „Besa“ Srđana Karanovića (2010), kao i u mnogobrojnim domaćim i stranim pozorišnim i televizijskim ostvarenjima za koje je Zoran Simjanović komponovao muziku.

Kao dizajner zvuka radio je u dokumentarnim filmovima „Jedinica“ TV B92 (2006) i „Pad krajine“ RTS (2007). Komponovao je i originalnu muziku za pomenute filmove, kao i za dokumentarne filmove „Atentat“ RTS (2008), „Bombardovanje“ RTS (2009) i „5. oktobar – konačni obračun“ RTS (2010).

Za Dramski program Radio Beograda radi od 2013. godine.

**Zoran Uzelac**, sound designer (Belgrade, 1967)

Graduated in 2006. from Faculty of Drama Arts (Recording and Sound Design Department). Worked as sound designer in Radio Politika from 1993. and started working in Radio Belgrade from 2004. as a sound designer and sound recorder.

Collaborates with most prominent Serbian composer of applied music, Zoran Simjanović, from 2002. As a music recorder in Dolby Digital 5.1 system he took part in feature films “The Cordon” by Goran Marković (2002), “Loving Glances” by Srdjan Karanović (2002), “Falling in Paradise” by Miloš Radović (2003), “Midwinter Night’s Dream” by Goran Paskaljević (2004), “The Tour” by Goran Marković (2009), “Besa” by Srdjan Karanović (2010) and numerous local and international theatre and TV productions in which Zoran Simjanović worked as a composer.

He worked as a sound designer in documentary films “The Unit” produced by TV B92 (2006) and “The Fall of Krajina” produced by RTS (2007). Also composed original music for the aforementioned films as well for the docu-films “Assassination” (2008), “Bombing” (2009) and “October the 5th – Final Count” (2010) – all produced by RTS.

Works for Radio Belgrade Drama Department from 2013.