

DAVID ALBAHARI

Translated from the
Serbo-Croatian by
Ammiel and Klara Alcalay

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SB ...and then I thought to myself, opening my eyes and seeing just grey, since I sleep on my back, still like a corpse, that words are also like that, that speech is shapeless, and there's nothing we can really do to distinguish between them, to know which is which. Later on, as I cleared the film from my eyes, I could see the window frame and I realized I was wrong, since if there's already a frame, you can fit whatever you want into it.

SB Something like that happened to me. I came home, went into the room without turning on the light and then, in the dark, I couldn't find the bed. I fell asleep standing up, leaning against the wall.

SB I believed in dreams once too.

(Pause)

SB Have you ever seen rain?

SB What?

SB Have you ever seen rain?

(Pause)

SB I wasn't expecting such difficult questions.

(Pause)

No, I never have. Actually—

(Pause)

(Pause)

Maybe once, I'm not sure, maybe once...

(Pause)

Then, of course, I was considerably younger.

(Pause)

Or older?

(Pause)

At any rate, my hair was thicker.

(Pause)

I don't remember.

(Pause)

Because that night when I got to the end of the pier there was an awful wind blowing, I'll never forget it, and I saw it all, almost the whole thing, if you can see in the dark, you can, and I knew what it would have to be like, a monologue, even if it seemed like a dialogue, always between silence and shadow, shadow and silence, until not a single unvisited place remained in my memory, until my whole self became my work.

(Pause)

Some think I am a good man.

(Pause)

Not all.

(Pause)

Not all. *(Starts crying)*

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(Pause)

All I managed was to upset the balance, nothing else. *(Still cries)*. We'll have to erase this part, it shouldn't be on the air.

(Wipes his nose)

(Pause)

I'm emptiness.

(Pause)

I'm empti—

[End of tape]