



The background of the poster features abstract geometric shapes in orange, blue, and white, set against a dark background.

SEMI — SILENT

ORANGO
A POEM BY COSMINA MOROŞAN

Author: Manja Ristić
Production Company: SEMI SILENT
Short form, 8m05s

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Radio art piece composed in the frame of **POLYPHONIC ECHOES**, a multilingual collaboration, a project organized by SEMI SILENT in 2020.

Sonic voices, meaningful voices, object-voices, a multitude of possible voices assembling in a polyglot, virtual atrium. POLYPHONIC ECHOES is a sound art & poetry project, using translations in multiple languages as independent sonic objects, each with their own individual modes of discourse.

Manja Ristić (1979), born in Belgrade. Violinist, sound artist, published poet. Finished postgraduate studies at the RCM, London (2004). As a classical solo / chamber musician, composer and improvisational musician Manja performed across Europe and in the US. In her recent work, Manja is active in the field of instrumental electro-acoustics, soundscape composition, field recording & interdisciplinary sound related research. She is founder of the Association of Multimedia Artists „Auropolis“ (since 2004), that by her guidance developed distinctive number of cultural events, international projects and educational modules in the fields of contemporary scene and multimedia arts. She works and lives between the island of Korčula (Croatia) and Belgrade (Serbia). www.manjaristic.blogspot.com

Cosmina Moroşan (1989), born in Dorohoi, România, text/ performance. She works stubbornly-chaotic, in the shadow of some conceptual presence/ under the spell (-the white vapor from a dream-) of some voices of women writers, friends-authors and the serene echoes of others, „scooping“ the life of its fears. 2017, Beatitudine (political essay), poetry, published by Nemira/ Performance at ODD, CNDB, Tranzit, Anca Poteraşu.

All sounds (recorded, played, composed, edited) by Manja Ristić for SEMI SILENT

Voices: Manja Ristić, Jakov Vilović

Mixing: Mara Mărăcinescu

POLYPHONIC ECHOES, a multilingual collaboration

Poems selected by V. Leac from *Hotel Cosmos*, a 2019 anthology of sci-fi poetry published by FrACTalia.

Authors: Manja Ristić (RS/HR), Cristian Fierbințeanu (RO), Anna Kravets (UA), Ana Teodora Popa (RO), Ivan Palacký (CZ)

Poems by Cosmina Moroșan, Valentina Chiriuță, Dmitri Miticov, Gabi Eftimie, V. Leac
Translations to English, Czech, Ukrainian, German, Serb-Croatian: Andrew Davidson-Novosvitschei, Jiřina Vyorálková (CZ), Manja Ristić (RS/HR), Anna Kravets (UA), Florin Bican, Alexandra Păun, Gabriela Fierbințeanu, Alexandra Găujan, Bogdan Perdivară
Artistic direction and general coordination: Anamaria Pravicencu

Production company: SEMI SILENT

Photographs: Sorin Nainer

Graphic design: Alice Stoicescu

Communication: Iris Opris

Website: Marius Weber / Next Hype

A project by Jumătatea plină through the podcasting platform SEMI SILENT.

Partners: Czech Center and the National Museum of Romanian Literature. With the support of the Administration of the National Cultural Fund.

The sound compositions were published in November and December 2020 on www.semi-silent.ro. Available on Apple Podcasts, Google Podcasts, and Spotify.

orango (Cosmina Moroșan)

În relieful porno
infectăm bunkere.
Fața înjumătățită de insolație e celălalt mai emoționant
în bucuria dincolo de orice.

Se prăjesc în amintiri,
e necesar să inventezi un joc
(nu sunteți la limita supraviețuirii, dar și se pare că totul
duce într-acolo)
recolectând impresii
cu fața unui pilot care își va pierde capul
pentru că peisajul de o secundă
e prea frumos.

Toate-s spulberate în ochii tăi
ca-n focurile unei lupte nocturne.

Curcubeau ce-amestecau cruciați/
ca prin cărți personajul însuși e salvarea lui;
fetițele râd încă,
băieții atribuie câmpului dume.

O bătălie când nu câștigă nimeni

sub pleiade, pleiade de lumini:
o mare răscoală ce surprinde orașul
și-o fracțiune-a diferenței: cât scăpasem ocropuri,
(îngreunați și de dorul prânzului)
ne mângâia

nebunul.

orango (Cosmina Moroșan)

We're infecting bunkers
in the porn landscape.
The face halved by sunstroke is the other, more touching
in the joy beyond all.

They get fried in memories,
inventing a game is a must
(you are not at the edge of survival, but to you it seems everything
leads that way)
recollecting impressions
with the face of a pilot who'll lose his head
'cause the one-second landscape
is too lovely.

Everything is shattered in your eyes like
in the fires of a night fight.

Rainbows that shuffled crusaders,
as in the books, the character itself is its salvation,
the little girls are still laughing,
the boys assign jests to the plain.

A battle where no one won

under the Pleiades, pleiades of lights:
a great rebellion taking the city by surprise;
and a different fraction: while dropping chalices,
heavy with the longing for lunch
others caressed

the fool.

orango (Cosmina Moroșan)

Inficiramo bunkere
u porno pejzažu.
Lice raspolučeno zrakom Sunca je nešto drugo, dirljivije
i u radosti iznad svega.

Prže se u sećanjima,
izmišljanje igre podrazumeva se
(ti nisi na ivici opstanka, iako ti sve izgleda kao da vodi ka tome)
prebiranje utisaka
sa licem pilota koji gubi glavu
'jer je pejzaž zbijen u trenu
suviše divan'.

U tvojim očima sve je skrhano
kao u buktinji noćne borbe.

Duge su isprevrtale osvajače,
kao u knjigama, lik je sam sopstveni spas,
devojčice se još uvek smeju,
dečaci se rugaju u prazno.

Bitka u kojoj niko nije pobedio

ispod Plejada, Plejada svetlosti;
velika pobuna osvaja grad iz nebuha;
a dok druga frakcija: prosipa pehare,
teške i čežnjive za jelom
treći miluju

budalu.

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