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Article



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RADIO PLAY AS DRAMATURGICAL NARRATIVE (ZURAB KANDELAKI'S RADIO PLAYS)

Abstract: The excellent playwright of the radio play, Maia Sarishvili, refers to it as a chamber genre. Critic Nana Kutsia writes that the genre excludes the show/visual element and ultimately relies on and trusts the word, the voice, the uniqueness of which was noted by Marina Tsvetaeva in the era of the interrupted project (modernism) - *Голос, самый внутренний из наших внутренностей, недаром по-французски - Organ (Цветаева М., 2, 1988: 167)* (The voice is the most internal of our innermost feelings, it is no coincidence that the French name for the voice is organ/organic).

Radio play is a relatively new field of dramaturgy, the abundance of expressive means of which has aroused the interest of such great masters of dramatic narratives as S. Beckett, H. Böll, B. Brecht, F. Dürrenmatt, M. Frisch, I. Bachmann, and J. Cocteau, as noted by the famous Georgian writer-dramatist and director Zurab Kandelaki.

Key words: radio, critic, dramatic.

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Introduction

In the era between the spaces of socialist realism and postmodernism, which replaced modernism, Guram Rcheulishvili noted in his notes that it is not mandatory for a play to be staged. It should be read like a novel. That is why it should also be written [Jaliashvili M., 2020: 220].

Zurab Kandelaki is a titled, world-famous playwright, winner of numerous international competitions, and Grand Prix winner, whose plays have been staged with great success in Germany, Poland, Belgium, Slovenia, Slovakia, Serbia, Iceland, Hungary, Estonia, and Russia....

In addition to radio plays, Zurab Kandelaki is the author of the novel "The Still Wind" (which was discussed at Rostom Chkheidze's Literary Tuesdays) and the short stories (published separately as collections) "Lord, Lead Me to the End of the Hall" and "A Lot's Happening, Horatio..."

The collection of plays was published in 2010 (editor - Rostom Chkheidze). The characters on the accompanying CD are voiced by famous actors: Nineli Chankvetadze, Darejan Kharshiladze, Murman

Jinoria, Ramaz Ioseliani, Gizo Sikharulidze, Zurab Tsintsikiladze, Levan Berikashvili....

The title of the collection is taken from the title of one of the plays - "Just One Minute, Dear Executioner..." The collection consists of four plays:

1. "Just a Minute, My Lord, the Executioner" (fantasy on the theme of the guillotine, taking into account the past and present. Note: The play uses quotes from the works of William Shakespeare, Marina Tsvetaeva, James Joyce, and Thomas Stearns Eliot;

2. "Kaleidoscope, or Before the Exam"

(Epigraph: We are all crazy in the world (unknown author, "Notes of a Psychiatrist"). No one knows how anyone will behave before that great, real test. A dream-fantasy on the theme of Cortázar);

3. "A Lot's Going On, Horatio" (radio play);

4. "Unfinished Play".

As the excerpt verified above confirms, the first two of the plays are actually accompanied by explanatory material, and even inspirational material, the third is accompanied by a laconic statement of the

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genre, and the fourth play is presented with only the title.

It is worth emphasizing that the author does not use quotations for literary purposes - they are necessarily necessary inclusions in the artistic fabric of the texts, an imprint and expression of the characters' worldview and aspirations. The editor, Rostom Chkheidze, writes in the preface that the author's literary and directing talents would harmoniously merge when creating radio plays, and the Georgian cultural space would become a full-fledged part of the Western radio play. The successes that our literature has to achieve in the international arena were already fitting for Zurab Kandelaki, and it seems that the first swallow will soon appear in this regard, as without our writings, a comprehensive discussion and proper assessment of European-American literary processes would be unthinkable [Chkheidze R., 2010: 3].

In the third play of the collection, one of the characters (it is symptomatic that a DJ - one of the most sought-after professions of the era) laconically (even with a grotesque overtone) explains the features of the radio play (as a new dramaturgical genre): The expressive means of the radio play give the author complete freedom - he is not limited by time and space, he can use all literary techniques - be it the stream of consciousness or the associative method of organizing the material [Kandelaki Z., 2010: 201].

The editor emphasizes that the essential feature of Zurab Kandelaki's plays is tragicomic, confirming Thomas Mann's words that the spirit of the contemporary era can be defined as tragicomic. Taking into account these words of the editor, critic Nana Kutsia refers to the space of Zurab Kandelaki's plays as a tragicomic phantasmagoria and chooses the same phrase as the title of her review of the writer-playwright's texts, noting that the synthesis of the realistic and the phantasmagoric gives the dramatic narrative a special charm and wisdom, that Shakespeare's boundless sadness, Dostoevsky's gloomy colors, Joyce's tragic-ironic worldview, Tsvetaeva's terrible fate, Eliot's nerve, Cortázar's spiritual studies (quotations from these authors are repeated in the plays - M.T.) create the world of Zurab Kandelaki, assuring us that, despite the eternal change of generations, there is nothing new under the sky [Kutsia N., 2013: 252], the critic quotes - "Whoever acquires knowledge acquires psalms" (Ecclesiastes 1, 18) - increasing knowledge is also increasing psalms.

Zurab Kandelaki's radio plays contain both great knowledge and a reflection of great wisdom, as the texts are dedicated to the most difficult, tragic facts and events of Georgia's recent history - the tragedy of the plane boys, the Abkhazian episode of the undeclared Russian-Georgian war. The texts are written with great tact and high literary taste.

Rostom Chkheidze also specifically notes the peculiarity of the plays, that these radio plays, which

are completely different in terms of form, are related to the Dzvelberdznu drama (the line is ours - M.T.) and once again convinces us of the eternity and inevitability of pain intertwined with universal human aspirations [Chkheidze R., 2010: 5].

Comparing and matching with the pinnacle of dramatic narratives - ancient Greek drama - is the highest assessment, and the editor is certainly not exaggerating in his assessment, because Zurab Kandelaki's plays contain every component necessary for classical drama, first of all - conflict as the axis of drama, the foundation of foundations.

In the first play, these are the tragedies that took place in Georgia in 1983, and in the third and fourth - in 1992-1993, and their echoes, reflections and receptions.

The tragic motif and overtones are detected by the reader not only in the artistic fabric of the plays, but primarily in the title of the first play itself - the title is Jeanne Dubar's plea to Sanson - Just one minute, dear executioner. According to critic Nana Kutsia, the omission of the expected exclamation mark is conceptual - the character probably uttered these most difficult words in a whisper [Kutsia N., 2013: 256].

The writer-dramatist will successfully use the natural method of dramaturgy, a play within a play, a performance within a performance (this method is still recorded with Shakespeare).

Critic Maia Jaliashvili, in her analysis of Tamaz Badzaghua's plays, specifically cites an excerpt from Shakespeare's chrestomathy text, a passage in which Hamlet clearly expresses his intention: I have heard that when sinners/ See something similar to their sin in the theater, They are moved to anger, and immediately reveal this sin themselves! Although speech is inferior to man's sin, / But sin itself creates a miracle in the form of a cry.... This representation reveals to me the king's conscience [Shakespeare U., 2004: 85].

In the first text, the artistic method (play within a play) describes, emphasizes the stage/stage space - a special plank is being made, workers/craftsmen are preparing the stage for the supposed performance, they are busy, they are in a hurry. From their remarks, it becomes clear that they are installing a guillotine on the stage.

The guillotine is perceived as a metaphor for the era.

That the craftsmen were once thoughtful, literate people is revealed by the quotes they throw at each other (we repeat - phrases from Shakespeare, Eliot, Tsvetaeva, Joyce), which makes their activities in the present all the more horrifying - the reader of Shakespeare is beheaded by the guillotine, while the consultant, who is referred to in the play as the Beethoven of his profession, stretches the shaft of a terrible machine like the body of a beloved woman - a typical postmodernist monastery, an oxymoron of snobbery and disgust.

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The "lighting" of the guillotine (the phrase - the guillotine will light up - is another oxymoron in the text) seems to hint to the reader at a completely different era, the cruelty of the late Middle Ages or modern times, however, it is also a fact that in one of the conceptual films of French cinema, "Two in the City" (in which Jean Gabin and Alain Delon brilliantly play their most difficult roles), the guillotine is still on the agenda and performs its terrible work even in the seventies of the twentieth century.

Despite the above, for the reader/spectator, the guillotine on stage is still associated with the cruelty of the past until the conceptual phrase is uttered in the text, "What's the point of the guillotine? The hijackers were shot, right?" The phrase does not end here, it continues - "Tell me in which century the action takes place" [Kandelaki Z., 2010: 37].

The mention of the hijackers of the plane immediately specifies the time and fact - the tragedy of 1983, and the verb "to shoot the hostages" - the harshest sentence of the era.

The era of executions did not end in the thirties of the twentieth century, nor is the tragedy of 1983 a recurrence. Executions (metaphorically - the destruction of those who think differently) are not only a feature of the Soviet empire's governance.

Every tyranny, authoritarian regime destroys not only the differently, but also the thinker, which we talked about in the episode presented above in the qualification paper, in which we discussed the play dedicated to Nero (Tamaz Badzaghua's "Eternal Slaves"), and in which the protagonist character openly says, cynically and with a hint of irony, with the impudence natural to an authoritarian, "I will not die, I will live in each of you. You are my eternal slaves" [Badzaghua T., 2013: 246].

Tyranny does not kill eternal slaves, but it always physically destroys those who think differently, only physically, because no tyranny, no authoritarianism can encroach on an idea, a thought - an idea is immaterial and eternal, and, if we recall Robakidze's syntagm, the title of the conceptual novel is not the slain, but the battle of the unslain soul.

The play is a pre-rehearsal chaos, with epochal voices and comments (which the author offers to the reader without punctuation marks, not with the expected-natural horizontal lines, but as a vertical narrative (we quote the passage in its natural order and, when quoting, we will also observe the punctuation marks: cars, trains, airplanes, skyscrapers are exploding, Christians, Muslims, Jews, Arabs, Europeans, Americans, Asians, Protestants, Catholics, Shiites, Sunnis, they are killing each other [Kandelaki Z., 2010: 28]) - the playwright offers the fact to the reader without any comment, remark or lyrical digression/intermezzo, as a reflection of the ongoing processes, a statement, and entrusts the reader/spectator to draw their own conclusions.

The epochal noise is the background of the events, but the conceptual layer in the plays is created by the musical accompaniment - we emphasize that the musical background of Zurab Kandelaki's plays is a research area for specialists in the field. The writer-dramatist creates a special energy of the dramaturgical narrative with the musical puzzle of Beethoven's symphony, Rossini's "The Magpie Thief", Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake", "La Marseillaise", a gypsy romance, and the hum of church bells.

Unfortunately, even in the guillotine space, eternal slaves (we will repeat Badzaghua's syntagma when analyzing Zurab Kandelaki's play) live happily, not caring about the fate of the worthy and distinguished.

For example, the sound engineer of a play (we repeat, a natural stylistic method for modernism and postmodernism) proudly says that he made the sound of the guillotine falling (the severed head - M.T.), it's real candy (all that's missing is for Ilia to lick his fingers like an officer), yesterday's intellectuals, readers of Shakespeare-Joyce-Eliot, agree to the enormous task of building a guillotine in order to somehow brush their teeth (we are also reminded of Faulkner's Anne Bundren from the novel "The Soul Went Out of Me"), and the executioner, after cutting off the "criminal's" head, visits a tavern or some restaurant.

Kandelaki, in fact, offers the reader/listener a postmodern continuation, a sample of the drama of the absurd borrowed from Ionesco, Camus, and Sartre.

The character, ported from play to play, is the personification of eternal slavery, eternal modernity, the opposite character is director Sandros, who creates all these chaotic decorations in order to make the reader/viewer hear not the evil taunts of executioners, nor the carefree nicknames of eternal slaves, but - the voice of every tyranny, authoritarian regime (be it the tyranny of Nero or the Bolshevik-Soviet system), whose only crime is that it can never accept the oppression, trampling, and killing of free thought of a person created in the image and likeness of God, regardless of era and space, because the love of freedom (like eternal slavery) is a universal category and is not considered a national trait.

As proof of the above, we will verify the fact that the name of Federico Garcia Lorca is not mentioned in the play by chance - the name only flashes, but the ghost of the great poet, playwright, and thinker who dedicated himself to the freedom of Spain and the totalitarian regime ("The House of Bernarda Alba" was successfully staged on the Georgian stage - M.T.), does not give rest to the executioner (this executioner, the ephemeral character of the play, is the collective face of every executioner of all times) - the executioner always knows who he is harming - an embodied idea, to which he himself can never be loyal, can never defend due to his repeatedly stated eternal slavery, and therefore (in order to escape his

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own conscience) he refers to it with contempt, not Lorca, Gorka. The executioner's arrogance is also evident in the laconic phrase, although, we repeat, he is a coward from the executioner. The aforementioned carpenters, the masters of the guillotine - the ancient readers of Shakespeare, Joyce, Tsvetaeva, Eliot - are not much different, and perhaps their crime is even greater, because education, first of all, should determine the correct moral orientations for a person.

The aforementioned director Sandro, himself a writer-playwright, will be understood as a literary double, and we will share the view that the lofty desire to fly is never forgiven - from the time of Icarus to the present day [Kutsia N., 2013: 260].

The quintessence of the play is the lyrical narrative - the unabashed confession of a girl and a boy in love (of course, the tragic love story of Gega Kobakhidze and Tinatin Petviashvili is meant here), the unabashed overtones make it clear that the totalitarian system can never be worth love, love for the white (color here has a conceptual meaning) ship(s), which give meaning and significance to the murky sea of the world.

It is noteworthy that the girl refers to the sea with an ancient, Homeric epithet - wine-colored, in the son's monologue (the dialogue is actually perceived as a monologue, it is no coincidence that the phrase that he should play Hamlet is heard in the son's narrative) the era is condensed, the essence of totalitarianism and a person unscathed by totalitarianism is reflected:

I dreamed of a ship, a white-sailed ship... God, how beautiful it was...

It seems to me that you and I are dancing in the hall of a white ship.

Suddenly the wind blew, the waves roared, and my ship was lost in the dirty, foamy waves, I was lost from my dream...

I wanted to play Hamlet. I dreamed of Hamlet. Denmark is a prison. No, Denmark, my country is a prison. God, I never thought I would be sentenced to death...

I've felt guilty all my life - it's a crime to have been born, to have breathed, to have lived, to have dreamed...

A leaf plucked from a tree falls to the ground so beautifully, flapping, accepting its surroundings with such calmness.... You can't feel the pain.... Like a leaf.... flapping....

Oh my God (steps approaching, the sound of a cell door opening).

Father, help me... Where are you, father, father... [Kandelaki Z., 2013: 71].

The lyrical passage of the tragedy (this is precisely the definition given to the dramaturgical narrative) precisely with its lyricism emphasizes the tyrannical, totalitarian nature of the era, just like washing the tiles of the cell (actually, the bathroom), an attempt to wash away the blood after the punishment of the "criminals".

Just like in Kafka's conceptual "The Trial", in Zurab Kandelaki's play everyone is guilty, because totalitarianism is based on the guilt of everyone and everyone (more precisely, on the conviction that everyone and everyone is guilty). Only individuals dare, like Icarus, to break through the boundaries of grounding, totalitarian gravity, which is the spirit of the doomed everywhere and always, but it is precisely and only this spirit that is beautiful (the madness of the brave - Gorky), and not eternal slavery and the dish of this slavery - the pig's lard.

We share the point of view of critic Nana Kutsia: the [real] victim (Gega/Germane Kobakhidze) and the executioner (a fictional character in the play) have the same name - if this were a coincidence, it would be perceived as unheard of cynicism, but it is a deliberate method - every murder is a suicide, the executioner of others is, first of all, the executioner of himself" [Kutsia N., 2013: 262] (the critic also draws a parallel with the characters of Varlam Aravidze and Arkhipo Seturi from the conceptual works of Georgian postmodernism).

The executioner's monologue also reflects the essence of totalitarianism: "The main thing is the final goal. Do you think I'm not a person, I don't have feelings, do you think I enjoy shepherding you?! (The archpriest also adds himself to his unfortunate flock - M.T.), I don't enjoy it, but if this is my mission, what can I do?!" [Kandelaki Z., 2010: 46].

The first sentence of the above quote redirects us to Machiavelli's Chrestomathic maxim - the end justifies the means.

Nero (in Tamaz Badzaghua's play) also specifically outlines his fateful (in reality - fatal for Rome) mission, without the fulfillment of which, it turns out, the empire will perish, the eternal slaves believe the usurper's hypocritical tirade.

In Zurab Kandelaki's play, it is precisely the psychology of the crowd that is revealed as the reason, the basis for the supremacy of authoritarianism - the faceless mass, obsessed with orgiastic passion, not only does not/cannot understand (or does not want to understand) the essence of tyranny/tyrant, but on the contrary, it almost sings Hosanna to, glorifies the pseudo-messiah, who, it turns out, speaks languages, plays many instruments (first of all, he plays the drum and even makes the preference of the drum over the piano a subject of admiration).

It is symptomatic for a well-wisher to warn the director (we repeat, the author's alter ego) not to put himself in danger by writing and staging such plays, saying, "What a white ship, what a white ship, if we let it go, others would want it too," and cynically adding that they would live just fine without the white ship.

In the director's imagination, a majestic white ship sailing in a wine-colored sea appears, which must save the character/generation, but, unfortunately, this is only an imagination, ephemeral, the image of the

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white ship is replaced by the guillotine, which reappears in the finale of the play.

According to Nana Kutsia, great literature never ends with a happy ending, nor does Zurab Kandelaki's dramatic narrative, distinguished by its profound psychologism, but it is precisely great literature that gives names to facts and events, which, unfortunately, historical narrative rarely or very late manages to do.

The second text in Zurab Kandelaki's collection of plays is a work titled "A Lot's Happening, Horatio," which directly redirects the reader to the conceptual text of world dramaturgy, creating allusions and reminiscences to once again remind them that Denmark is a prison, as well as the conceptual phrase of the play discussed above - not Denmark, but my homeland is a prison.

Critics believe that these plays are united in counterpoint and, despite being autonomous texts, are closely connected to each other in terms of meaning and ideology - according to Rostom Chkheidze, both reflect the communist era.

The play presents a terrifying organization, whose name-abbreviation - Asel - is interpreted as an experimental laboratory of the human soul, which reminds Nana Kutsia of Kafka's correctional colony, and the director of the second play, Iliko, is a partner and associate of Sandro, the director of the first play.

The play uses two types of sounds - one is the chirping of a cricket, soothing, pastoral-idyllic, the other - the sound of a whistle - an alarm characteristic of civilization. This oxymoron creates not only a musical background for the text, but also prepares the reader for the perception of an epochal tragedy - in this text, the eternal German performs the same mission (as he himself calls his terrible craft) as in the play discussed above.

Despite the constant confusion and alternation of eras, the 1930s of the twentieth century stand out most sharply, the era of the Red Terror, when a cruel social experiment killed millions.

In the Comedy of Masks, Georges Danton, Georges Bizet, and Georges Pompidou alternate, characters who have only a name in common.

In the mentioned text (as in the one discussed above), a play within a play will be played out, existential questions will be asked, some of which (why is the untalented called talented, why does the shameless preach morality...) will redirect us to the concept of Shakespeare's sixty-sixth sonnet, as well as the main existential question - why was I born? - to Vazha's question, what created him as a human being, why did he not come as rain.

We mentioned the thirties of the twentieth century above. The play presents the most difficult situation of the era in a laconic manner - the characters say that some of them had their mothers shot, others their fathers, but, despite this, they still swear by the mustache/mustache and the mother who breastfed the mustache.

The grotesque monastery describes an epochal tragedy.

In analyzing the passage, Nana Kutsia quotes Natia Megrelishvili's essay - it is impossible to eliminate a problem with the same way of thinking that created it.

In the text itself, the director says, "For some reason I believed that some people still believed in the leaders, and I was afraid." It is an absolutely natural, even justified fear, because, unfortunately, in every era and in every space, people always believe in the leaders - eternal slaves."

It is precisely the immutability of the way of thinking, Bolshevik idolatry, that is the reason for the existence of the secret organization ASL (Experimental Laboratory of the Human Soul) denounced in the play, which aims to cultivate eternal slaves (to borrow Tamaz Badzaghua's phrase again) as its supreme goal.

Text Structure - Play In the play, the writer-dramatist has no need to present the tragic fate of Olya Okudzhava and Galaktion Tabidze as an overtone or a parallel layer, as a reflection of the era.

Galaktion wrote about his era, "A hellish paradise is being built." The poet and his wife's impeccable correspondence, a chamber space, only accentuates the era's relentless, brutal energy, which even a tired peach branch cannot escape.

The quote by Olya Okudzhava is conceptual - I love silence, but it's so hard to always talk to silence.

Speaking to silence (silence over an epochal evil) is a transparent allusion.

For the playwright, 1959 is as tragic a date as 1937 or 1983. The essence of the play, the main point of which is concentrated around the personality of Galaktion, sounds like an epochal verdict: he had been preparing his whole life for that leap that some people thought was from a height down. He dared to take the leap, which was considered by some to be from a height down. He was old, surprisingly beautiful, when no one expected him anymore, they thought he was worn out, exhausted - oh my! They would see him drunk, disheveled, and disheveled on the street, they would force him to drink a glass of wine in the cellars, but they would quickly get rid of the drunken vagrant, while some thought completely differently - he was God, God [Kandelaki Z., 2010: ...].

The final part of the quote is particularly impressive, in which the playwright summarizes what he said, presents the tragedy of the Georgian genius in a universal human perspective, in the context of the biographies of other outstanding thinkers of the world, tells how many were driven to suicide, how many were physically destroyed, because they could not be broken spiritually. Tsvetaeva's diary entry is impressive, no one sees her, no one knows, for more than a year I have been looking for a hook for the rope to hang myself, I used to write poems, now I have given up. The parallelism of the great poet's moving

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note with the fate of Galaktion makes it clear that tyranny and authoritarianism do not destroy people on the basis of nationality - for a tyrant, a thinker is a threat to any nationality, in any era or geographical space, therefore the authoritarian regime must suppress dissent at any cost, which is carried out with special, insidious subtlety: the same thing continued, it continued endlessly - they killed, captured, and stabbed those who did not break through in duels, they were made to pay, people were hired and they were secretly shot in the head, we read in the play.

The fate of Titian Tabidze and Evgeni Mikeladze will be remembered in the longest line of those sacrificed to tyranny - the reader, of course, understands that "Tite, my dear!" is an appeal to Titian Tabidze, who was abandoned by the regime, somewhere, near Soganlugh, and whose grave has been lost. Just as the phrase "Quick, spit!" reminds us of the cruel sentence of Evgeni Mikeladze, when the chief conductor of the Opera and Ballet Theater was spit in the ear by the executioner because the blinded musician recognized the executioner.

Such details abound in the dramatic narrative, which, like a puzzle, pieces together the most difficult picture of the era, creates the harshest, most brutal panorama of Bolshevism, the terrible social experiment and its recurrences - the absurdity of the construction of socialism and communism, line by line (in some episodes - without any hesitation) presented to the reader/listener/spectator - to everyone who delve into Zurab Kandelaki's multi-layered plays (it is absolutely natural why foreign viewers pay such close attention to these narratives - the writer-dramatist revives the incredible tragedy of the ghetto covered by the Iron Curtain, the bestial essence of Bolshevism, socialism, communism).

The horse enigma is interesting, which also takes us back to antiquity (the emperor's introduction of a horse into the Senate) and the esteeming of horses over humans, and moreover, humans are called horses or donkeys (the same detail is also found in Chabua Amirejibi's novel - the father-provider of the people, Archipho Seturi, openly voices his own doctrine of governance - if you call people donkeys and horses, they believe it, and they are happy, otherwise, if they believe in their own humanity, we can govern, they believe that too).

The same concept is reflected here as in Orwell's conceptual "Animal Farm" - it is revealed that the mechanisms of management are, in fact, the same everywhere - considering society as a herd. It is noteworthy that this concept also intersects with Dostoevsky - the naming of the area of action as skotoprygonievskaya is a transparent reference to the above.

The writer says that the era no longer recognized man as the supreme value, as, say (if we borrow one of the chrestomathy texts of Georgian literature - "The Torture of Habos"), although in an era of political

instability (Arab expansion), but - the high quality of faith of the supreme authorities of the country (Nerse Eristavi). This is how the hagiographer addresses the man/parishioner/reader (more precisely, he quotes biblical wisdom) - you are the temples of God and the Holy Spirit is established among you.

Throughout the twentieth century, churches were destroyed, looted, and worshipers were physically abused, replacing heavenly domination with demonic domination. Worship of leaders was perceived as a celebration of idolatry (what's the point of even resting in the mausoleum of Lenin's mummy!).

Hamlet's address to Horatio (which is the title of the play) explains to the reader that although there are indeed many things in the world that even philosophers have not imagined and, even more so, have not been able to explain, it is clear that the basis of the foundations of tyranny is determined and conditioned only by the inertia of the masses. Tyranny knows how to rule the plebs - some - physically destroy, some - intimidate, some - bribe.

It is especially tragic that the part of society that is morally obligated to be a moral guide for the entire society, to give the country examples of dignity and self-sacrifice (if we take into account Vazha's expression, to give the community and village the right thoughts), on the contrary, gets involved in the impermissible game proposed by the powerful in this country, in order to enjoy as many privileges as possible.

The play demonstrates the constant encouragement of representatives of the artistic sphere by the ruling circle - the special laboratory (the aforementioned Asel) knows that artists in Venice, Karlovy Vary, Canberra... must travel in order to create a closed system, covered by an iron curtain, and keep an eye on the "enemy" outside and the lover inside (the same function is performed by Greg Riccio in Guram Dochanashvili's conceptual novel).

The reference is transparent, redirecting the reader to Goethe's "Faust" - Faust, the seeker of unlimited wisdom, makes a blood pact with Mephistopheles, and in Zurab Kandelaki's play (in the first act of the Carnival episode), they demand just three drops of blood from the artists, along with silence (which is a conscious failure to see the existing evil, deafness).

We mentioned above that great literature, a great text, in fact, never ends with a happy ending, but great writers, despite the open ending, always leave hope, revealing the outline of the path.

In the second text of Zurab Kandelaki's collection of plays, the sound of bells humming inspires hope.

The third text in Zurab Kandelaki's collection of plays is "Unfinished Play," in which the spirit of the

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plays discussed above continues and the most difficult things to say are intensified with new nuances.

The epithet fixed in the title - unfinished - immediately indicates to the reader/listener/viewer that the world does not know the phenomenon of a point - nothing ends, everything continues in the consciousness of others, in memories, analysis, reflections, is reinterpreted and replayed - begins/gains a new life.

In the exposition of the present passage of the work, when we were talking about the genre characteristics of the radio play, we quoted a short excerpt from the third play, where the character (DJ) says that the stream of consciousness or the associative flow of organizing the material is important for the genre, which leads the character to a kind of conclusion that it is the stream of consciousness or the associative way of organizing the material that evokes the theme of dictatorship in the author's/narrator's subconscious, which is a pervasive motif for all four texts, which is completely natural considering which facts and events of the twentieth century the text reflects (we repeat, these are reflections from the 1930s, 1959 (Galaktion's suicide), 1983, 1992-93).

Structurally, the third text is identical to the first two - here too, a play is played out within a play, that is, a real story unfolds in the mind. The space of action is again closed - a radio studio, where actors working for pennies voice the TV series (as Lia Sturua would say, the long lie of the TV series).

Like the two texts discussed above, the third one also has its own melody, which, in reality, is not even a melody - it is the sound of fighter jets bombing Sukhumi, which makes it clear that although the war is supposedly over, in the minds of the displaced actors it has not ended and will never end - the tragedy is eternally present.

What is tragic for cultured, educated, older actors is not funny to the younger generation, for whom the main thing is completely different values, or rather - the lack of values. For example, a young studio assistant is annoyed by old actors quoting Shakespeare - the assistant has not read Shakespeare and takes "strange" expressions (for example, the quote - "Why doesn't this body break me, it's so cool?!") as a personal insult.

Modern radio broadcasts have their own standards, which the playwright speaks about with irony (obviously, through the characters), one of the most grotesque manifestations of which can be considered the special definition of the share of speech and music - music should be given sixty-eight percent of the airtime, and speech - only thirty-two percent.

If music were meant as the musical opuses of Bach, Beethoven, Bizet, Tchaikovsky (the author mentions these composers and we will also list them), no one would have any complaints - great music, like great literature, heals and grows the soul, but the

author emphasizes that music is replaced by cacophony, noise everywhere, in the whole world and, of course, in the radio studio/radio airwaves. If this is also music, the character in the Bizet mask (and this detail is important) from the second play of Zurab Kandelaki's collection of plays would think with disgust.

The play's artistic fabric is interwoven with a refrain, a question that, given the context of the era, is rhetorical - do we need Shakespeare today?!

The answer to the question posed in the postmodern era was predicted back in the era of modernism - Shakespeare - no! [Kutsia N., 2013: 272], which, of course, is another reflection of an era devoid of spirituality.

The grotesque spirit of the era is also manifested in the abundance of interactive elements (interactive is a word with an enigmatic meaning in Zurab Kandelaki's third radio play and is perceived as a metaphor for the opinion of the masses, or more precisely, the lack of opinion, just like, say, a quote from Otar Chiladze's prose - a sheep, overcome by animal freedom, grazed on grass towards the abyss).

The third and fourth plays ("Kaleidoscope") are actually perceived as a single whole and leave the impression of a diology, a diptych, rather than two autonomous texts - the overarching theme of both plays is the tragedy of Abkhazia, the most difficult history and footage of the Abkhaz episode of the undeclared Russian-Georgian war.

We did not mention the last word by chance - the author of the radio play, no matter how unexpected it may seem, seems to resort to the method of framing facts and events - through the memories of various characters, he recreates the events that happened in Sukhumi not only in 1992-93, but also much earlier.

In the third play, Sukhumi comes to life in the memories of elderly displaced actors working in a Tbilisi radio studio, effectively locked up to earn a living. These memories extend not only to the recent, but also to the distant past.

In her analysis of the text, Nana Kutsia notes that the Sukhumi of Zurab Kandelaki's plays is not just the scent of coffee that has been noted a thousand times, nor just the grayness of the buildings and the green palm trees, nor a huge ship moored in a cold port without a break, with a charming captain hanging over the actor, who filled the cozy city with his laughter, but - stories that have scattered into unfinished plays or unwritten stories, because those who have been through hell avoid narration - narration is a re-experience of the experienced, a re-entry into the depths of hell [Kutsia N., 2013: 273].

In the story/memories of actress Lisa, the essence of the system is once again revealed - long before the Abkhazian war, the charming captain of the white ship disappeared (the word is conceptual - M.T.) (the ship here is also white, as in the first play, and not - the black cruisers of the empire, in Leo Kiacheli's

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conceptual story at the beginning of the century, and at the end of the century - when it actually arrived in Sukhumi. Although it is also noteworthy that Kiacheli also describes a real story in "Haki Adzba").

The disappearance of a person is the handwriting of a totalitarian state; we would call the disappearance of the beautiful Lara from Boris Pasternak's conceptual novel "Doctor Zhivago" a classic literary example.

The question that the elderly actor, the character-protagonist, seems to be asking himself, but in reality to the reader/listener, in general, to the future generation, will sound absolutely logically and legitimately: "Maybe everything started back then (in the 30s-40s-50s - M.T.) and this nightmare (1992-93 - M.T.) was a continuation of what had already begun, something that had been thought out in advance, carefully planned long ago?!" [Kandelaki Z., 2010: 128].

We have noted and repeated above that the events described in the third and fourth plays coincide, sometimes exactly, word for word, with what has already been described - the characters change, but the scenario does not [Kutsia N., 2013: 273].

The most difficult episodes of the play are real footage that Georgian television channels broadcast on the anniversary of the fall/surrender of Sukhumi - a continuous column of tortured refugees coming along the Chuberi road, who saw Golgotha with their own eyes and many of whom could not even make it over the pass - in the writer-playwright's description, a road covered in snow and slush that never ended, an endless road, crowded with hungry, exhausted people, strewn with frozen corpses... half-dug graves, dead children buried in their hearts... drop by drop, sin - on top of sin... a country of sinners... even exhausted, cursed horses are killed! The sea will never be so rough again, corpses will float there, ownerless corpses" [Kandelaki Z., 2010: 128].

The same scenes are described with similar drama by the Sokhumi writer Guram Odisharia in "The Pass of the Displaced."

No less tragic and dramatic are the images of post-war Sukhumi - burnt palm trees, unburied bodies that were bulldozed into a common grave, and then the grave was leveled (unlike memory, the ground is easily leveled).

The playwright sees the Abkhazian war as the final chords of the totalitarian regime's agony - a brutal confrontation between the interests of the empire on the one hand and Georgia's dream of reviving national statehood on the other [Kutsia N., 2012: 168].

The doctrine of empire is stated in the text without any elaboration. It is noteworthy that even without translation, in the fourth play (which, we repeat, is a continuation of the third, or at least the second part of the text organized as a diptych), it is stated in Russian:

"What is our Russian Empire?! Our Russian Empire is a geographical unity, which means a part of the known planet. And the Russian Empire includes: Great, Small, White and Red Russia and Georgia (the line is ours - M.T.), the Polish, Kazan kingdoms and others and others and others" [Kandelaki Z., 2010: 131]. It is noteworthy that of the listed spaces, only Georgians are not genetically part of the Slavic space, but for some reason, we did not get into the long list of "and others".

Every Georgian remembers that Europe's reaction did not go beyond Genscher's (as before - Adenauer's) concern (which is laconically, although specifically mentioned in the plays), from which the characters' tragic skepticism stems - will we never return?

The conflicts of the third play, as we have repeatedly noted, deepen in the fourth. The central character of the play - young Anna - is the personification of the generation that went through the war - Anna escapes reality into a fictional world.

Ana's actions remind critic Nana Kutsia of the transformation of characters in Mikheil Javakhishvili's "Rabbit" and Julio Cortázar's "The Exam" - an attempt to endure reality by exile in a phantasmagoric space. For Cortázar, Dr. Menta's medical institution appears as a model of the world. A quote from Cortázar serves as an epigraph to the fourth play in the collection - no one knows how he will behave before that great, main test.

It is this main test that the man dear to Anna once failed. The only excuse we can give is that it happened in childhood - the child is forced to play at a class concert, while his most beloved teacher, the Greek Electra, and the teacher's elderly father (due to the "unreliability" of the Greeks) were exiled the night before.

The child internally protests what has happened, but he succumbs to his mother's pleas, saying that if he doesn't play, we too will be put on the list of undesirables, and they will deport us too.

Years later, when the ethnic cleansing of Georgians took place in Abkhazia, one thinks that it was then that a rabbit settled in my soul.

Society perceives Anna's self-reflections as madness, but Anna's "madness" is just as much a mask as, say, Hamlet's - Anna cannot indifferently look at the tragedy of a torn country and not think about what she thinks about: "The sea. Calm. Transparent as crystal. Pure as snow without feet. Large, webbed, umbrella-shaped jellyfish. God, what colors were they, what colors?! Was it really clean, really transparent?! Tell me, was it, was it?! Why don't you answer me, was it?! God, why do I hear the sound of the sea so constantly?! Why was the sea so choppy then?! What happened?! Did something really happen?! Isn't this a dream?! Has the choppy, innocent sea like snow without feet disappeared forever?! Is this how the fairy tale should end?!"

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As with the other plays in the collection, the finale of the last play is open, not happy, but not hopeless either - hope is brought to the last word - a fairy tale - and the end of a fairy tale (based on the canons of the genre) is always good.

The final words of Zurab Kandelaki's play express this hope.

In the finale of the passage, we will mention a few words about another radio play, Lasha Bughadze's

"Navigator" - like Zurab Kandelaki's radio plays, Lasha Bughadze's dramatic narrative - the play "Navigator" - has aroused great interest in the European space and earned worthy assessments, which, we believe, is one of the most interesting and important reflections on the inner world of modern man. It is no coincidence that the play won an international competition in Great Britain, was successfully staged and aired on the BBC.

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