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JMU RADIO TELEVIZIJA SRBIJE

RADIO BEOGRAD – DRAMSKI PROGRAM

SERBIAN PUBLIC BROADCASTING SERVICE

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Vesna Perić

*ISIDORA SEKULIĆ – APOSTOLKA SAMOĆE*

*ISIDORA SEKULIĆ – APOSTLE OF SOLITUDE*

PRIX ITALIA 2020 nomination

PRIX NOVA 2019 nomination

**PRIX MARULIĆ 2021**



PROGRAM: ZVEZDANI ČASOVI

AUTOR: Vesna Perić

UREDNIK: Melina Pota

REŽIJA: Slađana Kilibarda

ULOGI: Tamara Krcunović, Ivan Tomić, Dubravko Jovanović, Petar Mihailović, Nenad Radović, Nebojša Kundačina i Bojan Žirović

LEKTOR: Olga Babić

MUZIČKI SARADNIK: Slađana Kilibarda

VOKALIZE: Marija Ćirić

TON MAJSTOR: Milan Filipović

PRODUCENT: Aleksandra Rajić Žikić

PREMIJERA: 23.11.2018.

TRAJANJE: 30' 10"

Vesna Perić

## **ISIDORA SEKULIĆ – APOSTOLKA SAMOĆE**

prevod Jasmina Ristić

### Sadržaj:

Ova drama sa biografskim elementima oslikava unutrašnji svet čuvene srpske književnice iz prve polovine 20. veka, Isidore Sekulić. Ona je bila intelektualka britkog uma, kosmopolitkinja, svetska putnica otvorena prema drugačijim kulturama, daleko ispred svog vremena. Bila je prva žena koja je primljena u Srpsku akademiju nauka i umetnosti. Njen spartanski, asketski i visokointelektualni život inspirisao je njene savremenike da je nazovu „apostolkom samoće“.

Radio drama je fragmentarne i nelinearne strukture i donosi motive Isidorinog književnog dela – iz prve zbirke intimnih i kontemplativnih priča „Bure“ koje je brutalno sasekao čuveni književni kritičar Jovan Skerlić, kao i njenih putopisa „Pisma iz Norveške“. Inspirisala se udaljenim i hladnim norveškim pejzažima. Ovaj narativ postavljen je iz Isidorine perspektive. Ona je patila od jakih glavobolja koje su često i izobličavale njenu vizuru. U imaginarnom nivou priče, junakinja komunicira sa piscima koje nikada nije srela (niti ih je mogla sresti) ali čijim delima se divila – sa Njegošem, Strindbergom i Hansom Kristijanom Andersenom. Ona komunicira i sa sobom kada je bila devojčica koja je pronašla svoje utočište u malom drvenom buretu u dvorištu porodične kuće.

PROGRAM: PIVOTAL MOMENTS

AUTHOR: Vesna Perić

EDITOR: Melina Pota

DIRECTOR: Slađana Kilibarda

CAST: Tamara Krcunović, Ivan Tomić, Dubravko Jovanović, Petar Mihailović, Nenad Radović,  
Nebojša Kundačina i Bojan Žirović

PROOFREAD: Olga Babić

MUSIC EDITOR: Slađana Kilibarda

VOCALS: Marija Ćirić

SOUND DESIGNER: Milan Filipović

LINE PRODUCER: Aleksandra Rajić Žikić

PREMIERED ON: 23.11.2018.

RUNNING TIME: 30' 10"

Vesna Perić

**ISIDORA SEKULIĆ – APOSTLE OF SOLITUDE**

translated by Jasmina Ristić

Summary

This fictional drama with biographical elements narrates the inner world of famous Serbian female writer from the first half of 20th century, Isidora Sekulich. She was a witty intellectual, a cosmopolite, a world traveller opened to different cultures, ahead of her time. She was the first woman ever admitted to Serbian Academy of Science and Arts. Her spartan and ascetic, highly intellectual life, motivated her contemporaries to name her „an apostle of solitude“.

This radio drama has a fragmented and non-linear structure, featuring some of the motives from Isidora's work – her first published collection of intimate and contemplative prose, unfortunately brutally massacred by a well known literature critic Jovan Skerlić, as well as her travelogue „Letters from Norway“. She took much inspiration from the remote and cold Norwegian landscapes. This narrative is told from Isidora's point of view. She suffered from severe headaches which sometimes distorted her perspective. In imaginary level of the story, the protagonist communicates with the authors she never (and couldn't have ever) met but whose work she admired – Njegoš, August Strindberg and Hans Christian Andersen. She also communicates to herself as a little girl who found her sanctuary in a small wooden barrel in the backyard of her home.

Lica:

ISIDORA SEKULIĆ

ISIDORA DEVOJČICA

OTAC

HANS KRISTIЈAN ANDERSEN

JOVAN SKERLIĆ

AUGUST STRINDBERG

P. P. NJEGOŠ

MILOVAN ĐILAS

GOSPODIN TOKUAGA – REŽISER NO DRAME

Characters:

ISIDORA SEKULIĆ

ISIDORA AS A CHILD

FATHER

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

JOVAN SKERLIĆ

AUGUST STRINDBERG

P. P. NJEGOŠ

MILOVAN DJILAS

MONSIEUR TOKUAGA – NOH DRAMA DIRECTOR

## PROLOG

*Apstraktne muzičke atonalne partiture.*

*Vokaliza.*

ISIDORA:

Struganje.

Kvrckanje.

Šavovi lubanje popuštaju.

Da se oduprem lubanjom o zid.

Da se oduprem.

Strano telo

Strano telo kroz

Kroz čvrste čestice

Lubanje

Kaleidoskopsko trzanje

Dva đuleta u mojim slepim očima

Bodu

*Naglo se prekida izgovaranjem molitve, sve brže i brže. I sve tiše i tiše.*

(Deo „Molitve prve iz Topčiderske crkve”)

Bože, pomози mi i danas. Kao reka sam, Gospode, kroz koju je prošao vihor s udarcima i srdžbama, s rukama i metlama. Sva je voda prekrivena mutnom penom, sve se sa dna diglo, s penom se valja ono što inače leži duboko na dnu reke. Po meni to, Gospode, juri mutna pena! I u peni celo moje dno! I evo, ništa neću da skrijem od ljudi, ako ko hoće da zastane i pogleda talog. A od tebe, Bože, ništa i ne mogu skriti. I nisam skrivala.

## PROLOGUE

*Abstract music - atonal scores.*

*Vocalize.*

ISIDORA:

Grinding.

Crackling.

Skull seams getting loose.

Should push the skull against the wall.

Resist.

Foreign body

Foreign body through

Through solid particles

Of the skull

Kaleidoscopic twitching

Two cannonballs in my blind eyes

Piercing

*Suddenly starts chanting a prayer, faster and faster as her voice fades away.*

(Segment from the "First prayer from the Topčider Church")

God, help me today. I am like a river, Lord, ravaged by an angry violent whirlwind, revolving with brooms in its hands. Entire river is covered with muddy foam, all the material that has risen from the bottom, the foam is rolling, carrying all the stuff otherwise buried deep down at the bottom. Lord, mucky foam is racing all over me! And in the foam all my sludge! There, I am not going to hide it from others, they can look at my sludge all they want. And from you, God, I cannot hide anything anyway. And I haven't been hiding.



*Muzički prelaz .*

*Aplauz. Žamor.*

ISIDORA:

Mesje Tokuaga, čitajući ove materijale koje ste nam svima podelili o japanskoj no drami... i nakon ove predstave koju ste nam upriličili, ovde, u Savojskim Alpima, dalekim i za vas i za mene... primetila sam obrnutu hronologiju događaja: najpre smo videli prizore stradanja nakon junakovog greha, pa zatim sam greh – prvo ide posledica a zatim uzrok. Ne mogu da se otmem utisku da u no drami ne postoji logika vremena baš zato što su u pitanju božanski zakoni.

GOSPODIN TOKUAGA:

Tako je, madam Sekulik.

ISIDORA:

Sekulić...

GOSPODIN TOKUAGA:

Sekulić, pardonnez moi ... Obični, svakodnevni sukobi nikada nisu predmet no drame.

ISIDORA:

Mene je posebno dirnuo taj tok jednog stradanja i očišćenja duše.

GOSPODIN TOKUAGA:

Junak, videli ste, postaje izgnanik iz onog što mu je darovano kao moć, a on je u tome grešio.

*Music transition.*

*Applause. Murmur.*

ISIDORA:

Monsieur TOKUAGA, having read these papers on Japanese noh drama you have handed out... and having seen the performance you were kind enough to arrange for us here in the Savoy Alps, so distant both for you and me ... I noticed that the chronology of events has been reversed: first we saw the scenes of suffering that ensued after hero's sin, then the sin itself. It is as if the consequence precedes the cause. I am under the impression that the concept of time in noh drama defies logic because it rests on divine laws.

MR. TOKUAGA:

You are right, Madam Sekulic.

ISIDORA:

Sekulich ...

MR. TOKUAGA:

Sekulich, pardonne moi ... Ordinary, everyday disputes are never the subject of noh drama.

ISIDORA:

I was particularly touched by that stream of suffering that cleanses the soul.

MR. TOKUAGA:

As you could see, the hero was exiled from that place of power, where he was in the wrong.

ISIDORA:

Ljubavnik bude lišen ljubavi, heroj slave, a pesnik izgubi talent! Nema tu lakih iluzija, nema jeftine pobožnosti.

GOSPODIN TOKUAGA:

Ono što se zbiva na pozornici, to je natprirodna realnost.

ISIDORA:

Znate, kod nas, Evropljana, toliko se insistira na tom ličnom, na licu, na grimasi. Kod vas u japanskoj drami u svim najvažnijim prizorima glumac je pod maskom, toliko krutom, toliko bezizraznom. Vaša realnost je realnost spiritualnog sveta!

### **SLIKA 1.**

*Imaginarna scena koja se dešava u Isidorinoj radnoj sobi, dok kontemplira nad stvaralaštvom Hansa Kristijana Andersena.*

ISIDORA:

Bajka o ružnom pačetu... pretila je da bude tragedija male, dečje duše. Čuškane od strane onih koji u tu dušu ne mogu da proniknu. Onih, koji sude po kljunu, perju, po trapavom, nezgrapnom hodu. Pače koje traži svoje mesto pod suncem dok mu se drugi nemilice rugaju samo zato što je drugačiji. Poznat mi je taj osećaj. To mučno stanje odbacivanja nekoga, ta dečja surovost. Crtala su deca moje karikature, ostavljali mi u školskoj torbi. Ispadalo je da se ja pravim važna, da zabijam nos u knjige. A ja sam se povlačila u sebe... Uverena sam da je ova bajka Hansa Kristijana Andersena jedna od najoriginalnijih autobiografija na svetu.

ISIDORA:

A lover is deprived of his love, a hero of his glory, and the poet is left without his talent!  
There are no illusions, no cheap devotion.

MR. TOKUAGA:

What happens on the stage is a supernatural reality.

ISIDORA:

You know, in Europe, we insist on the personal aspect, on the face, on the expression. And in Japanese drama, actor's face is covered with a mask in major scenes, the mask that is so rigid and unexpressive. Your reality is the reality of the spiritual world!

### SCENE 1

*Imaginary scene taking place in Isidora's study, as she is contemplating Hans Christian Andersen's work.*

ISIDORA:

The *Ugly Duckling* fairy tale... on the verge of turning into a tragedy for a tiny children's soul. Smacked around by those who cannot discern their souls. By those who base their judgment on the shape of the beak, on the color of the feather, on the awkward clumsy walk. A duckling that is seeking its place under the sun while others are mocking him just because he is different. I know that feeling. That agonizing feeling of being rejected, children's cruelty. There was a time when children drew caricatures of me. They would leave them in my school bag for me to find. They mocked me for my love of books, called me pretentious. And I would withdraw into myself... I am of the opinion that this fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen is one of the most authentic autobiographies in the world.

H.K. ANDERSEN:

Lepo je, ali i teško znati da neko deli slična sećanja na detinjstvo, poštovana Isidora.

ISIDORA:

Gospodine Andersen, ostavimo na trenutak sećanja u nekim dubljim fiokama. Ono što mene fascinira je kako vi, kao i svi severnjaci koji žive u teškim okolnostima, čini mi se, rešavate svoje probleme tako što ih sve sabijete u jedan, sve sitnije potčinite tom jednom velikom i glavnom, to je za vas problem od kojeg načinite krst života i pitanje časti. Vi kao da ste svoj problem formulisali tako da se sve neljubavi ovog sveta mogu pokriti ljubavlju, mogu se smanjiti ljubavlju, mogu se uništiti ljubavlju!

H.K. ANDERSEN:

Koji je vaš problem, vaš glavni problem, Isidora, ako tako otvoreno mogu da pitam?

ISIDORA:

Moj problem? Moj problem...

H. K. ANDERSEN:

Da, vaš krst i vaše pitanje časti.

*Isidora uzdahne duboko.*

ISIDORA:

Moj problem.... (*trgne se*) Gospodine Andersen, vaša „Bajka o majci“... čudesna bajka o tome kako se majka za tren odmakla od detetove kolenke i smrt je zgrabila to dete i utekla sa njim.

H.K. ANDERSEN:

Pogodili ste, to je priča za odrasle, to nije bajka.

H. C. ANDERSEN:

It's nice to hear that someone else has similar memories of their childhood, my dear Isidora, even if they are distressing.

ISIDORA:

Mr. Andersen, let's leave our memories in deeper drawers for a moment. What fascinates me is how Northerners like you, living in unfavorable weather conditions, resolve your problems by focusing on just one, big problem. You turn that problem into a cross you have to bear, it becomes an honorable thing to do. You formulate your problem in such a way that it seems as if all the hatred in this world can be covered by love, can be diminished by love, can be annulled by love!

H. C. ANDERSEN:

Isidora, and what would be your problem, your major problem, if I may ask?

ISIDORA:

My problem? My problem...

H. C. ANDERSEN:

Yes, your cross and your honorable plight.

*Isidora takes a deep sigh.*

ISIDORA:

My problem .... (twitching) Mr. Andersen, your fairy "The Story of a Mother " ... a wondrous tale about the mother who stepped away from the child's cradle just for a second and death came and grabbed the child, running away with it.

H. C. ANDERSEN:

You are perceptive, it's a story for grownups, it is not a fairy tale.

ISIDORA:

To je pričica, pa u priči pesma, pa u pesmi zrno dinamita, a usred dinamita – hrišćanska ljubav!

H.K. ANDERSEN:

Ona koja sve pobeđuje.

ISIDORA:

Znate, nisam imala prilike iskusiti majčinu ljubav... moja je majka rano umrla... Elem... Majka se u ovoj bajci nagoni sa smrću, herojski prelazi razne prepreke, ali kad je sustigne, kad oseti da smrt drži život njenog jedinog deteta kao stručak kakve biljčice...

H.K. ANDERSEN:

Majka pripreti da će iščupati i druge biljke, druge male živote, ako joj smrt ne vrati dete. Je li to sebična ljubav? Jeste, svakako jeste! Majka bi postala ubica!

ISIDORA:

Majka oseća da je dete po srcu njeno. Ali dete nije ničija svojina, gospodine Andersen, ničija! Dete ima razne odnose, ne samo sa majkom, ono ima odnose prema smrti, prema Bogu prema večnosti! Sme li majka reći da je odnos sa njom najvažniji? Ne sme. Majka oseti tu hrišćansku ljubav, i to svakako nije povlačenje pred smrću, to nije kapitulacija.

H.K. ANDERSEN:

U svemu, draga Isidora, ima mesta za ljubav. Nije lako živeti u ovom svetu, ali mi Danci ipak verujemo da je jedna od mogućnosti sreća.

ISIDORA:

It is a short story, and in it - a poem, and in the poem - a grain of dynamite, and in the middle of the dynamite - Christian love!

H. C. ANDERSEN:

Love that conquers all.

ISIDORA:

You know, I was deprived of mother's love ... my mother died young ... Hence ... Mother in this fairy-tale is battling death, bravely overcoming all sorts of obstacles, but once she finds herself face to face with death that is holding her only child in its clutches as if it was a tiny plant...

H. C. ANDERSEN:

Mother threatens to pluck other plants, wreck other little lives, unless death returns her child. Is that selfish love? Yes, it certainly is! Mother might have become a murderer!

ISIDORA:

In her heart mother feels that child belongs to her. But child is no one's property, Mr. Andersen, no one's! Child establishes different relationships, not just with its mother, but with death, with God, with eternity! Should a mother say that child's relationship with her is the most important? She shouldn't. Mother feels that Christian kind of love, and that doesn't mean she is surrendering, it doesn't mean she is defeated by death.

H. C. ANDERSEN:

You'll find love if you make it your priority. It is not easy living in this world, but we Danes still believe that happiness is attainable.



ISIDORA:

Čini mi se, dragi Hanse Kristijane, da vi, kao ni ja... dugo niste videli sreću.

H.K. ANDERSEN:

Svi mi sreću poznajemo. Neki je vide svakodnevno. Neki tek u izvesnim godinama. Drugi pak samo jednog dana u životu. Ali nema osobe koja baš nikad nije poznala sreću.

ISIDORA:

Vi ste znali, dragi gospodine Andersen, da životnu svirepost pretvorite u bajku i snove. A moji su saputnici, dragi Hanse, Čežnja, Samoća, Nostalgija, Umor, Tuga, Ironija, Lutanje... i Glavobolja... Čini mi se večna, neposustajuća glavobolja...

*Vokalize*

ISIDORA:

Dva đuleta u mojim slepim očima

Bodu

Buše

Pale

Zubi škripe

Rane

Rane peku

Težak valjak na kolenima

*Nagli muzički prelaz*

ISIDORA:

It seems to me, dear Hans Christian, that just like me, you haven't seen happiness for quite a while.

H. C. ANDERSEN:

We all know what happiness is. Some people see it on a daily bases. Some only at a certain age. And there are those who see it only once in their lifetime. However, there is no one who has never known happiness.

ISIDORA:

Dear Mr. Andersen, you were quite masterful in turning life's cruelties into fairy tales and dreams. And my companions, dear Hans, are Longing, Loneliness, Nostalgia, Fatigue, Sorrow, Irony, Wandering ... and Headache ... a seemingly never ending, persistent headache ...

*Vocalize*

ISIDORA:

Two cannonballs in my blind eyes

Piercing

Burning

Teeth clenching

Wounds

Wounds tingling painfully

Heavy roller on the knees

*Sudden music transition*

## SLIKA 2.

*Škerlić i Isidora nisu u komunikaciji.*

*Govore iz različitih registara. Isidora kontemplira.*

*Čuje se nervozno kuckanje po pisačkoj mašini, sve brže i brže.*

*Škerlić podrugljivo govori, na početku malo sriče dok kuca, a onda sve furioznije.*

JOVAN SKERLIĆ:

Kome je 1913. godine, u jednoj od najsudbonosnijih godina cele naše istorije, u trenutku kada se, otkako nas ima na svetu, najviše prolilo srpske krvi, u ovom strahovitom vrtlogu događaja – kome sada može biti do neurasteničarskih kriza, obrtanja i prevrtanja jednog malog ja i artističkog raspređivanja paučina fraza!

ISIDORA:

Vi, gospodine Škerliću, ta vi ste rekli i da u svakom ženskom talentu ima po jedna promašena sreća....

SKERLIĆ:

„Saputnici” Isidore Sekulić jesu knjiga ličnog nadahnuća i vrlo intimnog tona.... ali sposobnosti za samoposmatranje su zloupotrebjene, u literatorskom egocentrizmu otišlo se odveć daleko, u suv intelektualizam, nerazumljivost, bizarnost, nešto usiljeno i knjiško...

ISIDORA: *(tiho)*

Antun Gustav Matoš je moj stil nazvao „plesom riječi”.

## SCENE 2

*Skerlich and Isidora are not communicating.*

*They are speaking in different registers. Isidora is contemplating.*

*Sound of nervous typing on the typewriter, escalating in pace.*

*Skerlich is talking in a mocking tone, initially reciting syllable after syllable as he is typing, and then more furiously.*

JOVAN SKERLICH:

Year 1913, one of the pivotal years in our history, Serbian blood being shed like never before, and in that horrible whirlwind of events there are those who have the audacity to bother us with their neurasthenic outbursts, their egoistic charades and artistic juggling of empty phrases!

ISIDORA:

Mr. Skerlich, you were the one who said that in every female talent there is an unattained happiness ...

SKERLICH:

"Traveling Companions" by Isidora Sekulich is a book of personal inspiration written in a rather intimate tone ... but she goes too far in her self-observing tirades, slipping into literary egocentrism, into dry intellectualism that is hard to grasp, into something bizarre, superficial and stuffy ...

ISIDORA: *(in a subdued voice)*

Antun Gustav Matosh described my style as a "dance of words".

SKERLIĆ:

....Ali sedamnaest fraza o jednoj – glavobolji?! U doba krvi, rovova i nacionalnih ratova, neko ide u tamo neku Norvešku! Niču nam „skandinavstvujušči”! Magla u glavi, magla u izrazu!

ISIDORA:

Magla u glavi.... Gospodine Skerliću, to je vaša poslednja reč, jer vi pišete razložno, ne sumnjam. Laku noć, gospodine Skerliću, spavajte mirno. Vi, vođo nacionalne omladine. Tužno je što i posle toliko decenija, kad čujem reč „magla”, ja pomislim na Skerlića i stresem se....

SKERLIĆ:

I njeno ime, Isidora – kakvo je to ime? Tako nenacionalno, tako kosmopolitsko! Prosto – nesrpsko!

ISIDORA:

To nije bilo elegantno od vas, gospodine Skerliću... Nimalo. Pocrvenela sam bila do kose. I osećala: kako je odvratno kad čovek već imenom svojim provocira negodovanje.

### **SLIKA 3.**

DEVOJČICA ISIDORA:

Oče... šta znači moje ime?

OTAC:

Isidora, to je žensko ime poreklom iz grčkog jezika. Ako prevedemo malo slobodnije tu složenicu – „Isidoros”– „Isis” i „doron” – to je onda...

SKERLICH:

.... But using seventeen phrases to describe a single headache!? At the time when people are dying, fighting for their homeland, someone finds it appropriate to travel to Norway! Someone is turning into "scandinavische"! Haze in the head, haze in the expression!

ISIDORA:

Haze in the head ... Mr. Skerlich, that's your last word, because I have no doubt that you are lead by reason when you write. Good night, Mr. Skerlich, sleep well. You, who are the leader of nation's youth. It is sad that after so many decades, when I hear the word "haze," I think of Skerlich and I shiver...

SKERLICH:

And her name, Isidora - what sort of a name is that? There is nothing national in it, it is so cosmopolitan! Or, to put it bluntly, there is nothing Serbian about it!

ISIDORA:

You were everything but refined, Mr. Skerlich ... I blushed all the way to my hairline. And I felt: how horrible it is to provoke disdain just by bearing a name.

### **SCENE 3**

ISIDORA AS A CHILD:

Father ... what does my name mean?

FATHER:

Isidora is a female name originating from Greek. If we were to translate two words it is made up of - "Isidoros" - "Isis" and "Doron" - then it would mean...

DEVOJČICA ISIDORA:

To je dar?

OTAC:

Dar boginje Isis. To je dar od boga, poklon ocu i majci.

#### **SLIKA 4.**

*Imaginarni dijalog Isidore i Strindberga.*

*Isidora kuca na pisaćoj mašini svoj esej o Strindbergu. Prekida s vremena na vreme, govori, misli...*

ISIDORA:

Vi, gospodine Strindberg, tvrdite da nema nijedne žene koja sebe može da mrzi. Još jedan razlog više da mrzite ženu. Vi ste mrzac, mizantrop. Tačnije, vi ste mizautik – samomrzac! I vi se svojom mržnjom gotovo ponosite.

STRINDBERG:

Žena! Žena je naoružana paklenim čarima, sebična, lažljiva....

ISIDORA:

I ljubomorna.

STRINDBERG:

I sensualna!

ISIDORA AS A CHILD:

A gift?

FATHER:

A gift from goddess Isis. A gift from God, a gift to the parents.

#### **SCENE 4.**

*Imaginary dialogue between Isidora and Strindberg.*

*Isidora is typing her essay on Strindberg on her typewriter. She pauses from time to time, speaks, thinks ...*

ISIDORA:

You, Mr. Strindberg, claim that there isn't a single woman who hates herself. Another reason for you to hate women. You are a hater, a misanthrope. Or, to be more precise, you are a "misanself" - you hate yourself! And you almost take pride in your hatred.

STRINDBERG:

Women! They are armed with hellish charms, they are selfish, deceptive...

ISIDORA:

And jealous.

STRINDBERG:

And sensual!



ISIDORA:

I divlja!

STRINDBERG:

I prostačka!

ISIDORA:

Vi ste, gospodine Strindberg, isuviše boravili u sensiblnom svetu jer ste i sami toliko sensiblni i sensualni.

STRINDBERG:

Šta o sensualnom zna jedna žena, jedna književnica?! Hej, žena – književnica! Žena koja je izmislila muža? Veoma imaginativno, veoma. Brak ste izmislili, muža ste izmislili.

ISIDORA:

Izmislila? Sedela sam u hotelskom salonu u Nici... Svirala sam Baha... Prišao mi je doktor Emil Stremnicki, koji je, kao i svi Poljaci, živeo za svoju romantiku, jer Poljaci su najistaknutiji romantičari... Upoznali smo se, i... Znae, za mene je brak imao smisla samo zbog dece...

STRINDBERG:

A pošto ih vi, zbog svoje bolesti, niste mogli imati, onda ste se ipak udali za nekog ko je bolestan od srca i ko je blizu smrti?

ISIDORA:

Da!

ISIDORA:

And wild!

STRINDBERG:

And banal!

ISIDORA:

Mr. Strindberg, you have extensively dwelt in the sensitive world because you are so sensible and sensual yourself.

STRINDBERG:

What does a woman, a female writer know about sensuality?

Hey, a woman writer! A woman who invented her husband? Very imaginative, indeed. You have concocted your marriage, you have invented your husband.

ISIDORA:

Invented? I was sitting in a hotel cocktail lounge in Nice ... I started playing Bach on the piano... Dr. Emil Stremnický, a romantic soul, and we know that most prominent romanticists are Poles, approached me... We started talking... You know, for me, marriage made sense only because of the children ...

STRINDBERG:

And since you could not have children due to your illness, you married someone who had a heart condition and was not going to live for long?

ISIDORA:

Yes!

STRINDBERG:

Kakva imaginacija! Je li neko od vaših prijatelja video tog doktora Stremnickog?

ISIDORA:

Mi, nažalost, nismo stigli u Srbiju. Ali, ja sam objavila čitulju u „Politici”, pa proverite!

STRINDBERG:

Čitulja je, dakle, dokaz?

ISIDORA:

Mislite da bih izmislila i čitulju?!

STRINBERG:

Čak ste i njegovu smrt romantizovali! Gospodin je ispao iz voza dok ste putovali za Berlin?! Ne, vi niste kao druge žene... Druga žena bi zaista iz voza izbacila svog nemoćnog, matorog muža. Ali, ne, vi ste i muža i njegovu tragičnu pogibiju izmislili. Kakav fantazam!

ISIDORA:

Gospodine Strindberg, poznato je šta vi mislite o braku, ove vaše insinuacije me i ne čude. Vi odnos muškarca i žene opisujete kao lov i borbu između mužjaka i ženke od prvog susreta klica. Govore vaši junaci da je toliko već blata među njima da im preostaje samo brak!

STRINDBERG:

Budite srećni što ste pobjegli u jedan imaginarni brak, a ne u inferno.

ISIDORA:

Možda sam iz inferna tako želela da izađem...

STRINDBERG:

What an imagination! Have any of your friends seen Dr. Stremnicky?

ISIDORA:

Unfortunately, we never made it to Serbia, but I posted an obituary in "Politika" daily. You can look it up!

STRINDBERG:

So the obituary is the only proof?

ISIDORA:

You think I would invent an obituary as well?!

STRINDBERG:

You romanticized his death! The gentleman fell out of the train on your way to Berlin?! No, you're not like other women ... Another woman would actually throw her helpless old husband from the train. But not you, you invented your husband and his tragic death. What a phantasm!

ISIDORA:

Mr. Strindberg, knowing your attitude towards marriage, I am not surprised by your insinuations. You describe the relationship between a man and a woman as a pursuit, as a struggle between a male and a female that never subsides. In your heroes' words, they are rolling in mud from the very start, and marriage is their last resort!

STRINDBERG:

Luckily for you, you escaped into an imaginary marriage, and not into the inferno.

ISIDORA:

Maybe that was my way out of the inferno...

## SLIKA 5.

*Vokaliza.*

ISIDORA:

Vazduh se zgušnjava.

Pritiska mi glavu.

Struganje.

Kvrckanje.

Šavovi lubanje popuštaju.

Da se oduprem lubanjom o zid.

Da se oduprem.

Strano telo

Strano telo kroz

Kroz čvrste čestice

Lubanje

Kaleidoskopsko trzanje

Dva đuleta u mojim slepim očima

Bodu

Buše

Pale

Zubi škripe

Rane

Rane peku

## SCENE 5

*Vocalize.*

ISIDORA:

The air is thickening.

Putting pressure on my head.

Grinding.

Crackling.

Skull seams getting loose.

Should push the skull against the wall.

Resist.

A foreign body

A foreign body through

Through solid particles

Of the skull

Kaleidoscopic twitching

Two cannonballs in my blind eyes

Piercing

Drilling

Burning

Teeth clenching

Wounds

Wounds tingling painfully

Težak valjak na kolenima

Mraz pomrčine probija lubanju

Oštre iglice nasrću

U nos

U uši

Broj tri

Tri

Tri

Skače u zenicu

Skače

Zapeta

Deset decimala

Iza zapete

Iza za

Iza za....

Grdan pauk

Jedan

Silesija nogu

Supraorbitalni živac

Moždana pokožica

Pluća se žure

Žure

Žure

*Teško disanje, puls srca, najednom sve staje.*

Heavy roller on the knees

The frost of the darkness penetrating the skull

Sharp needles pricking

In my nose

My ears

Number three

Three

Three

Propelling into the apple of the eye

Propelling

Comma

Ten decimals

After the comma

After the co...

After the co...

A huge spider

One

Multitude of legs

Frontal nerve

Brain membrane

The lungs are racing

Racing

Racing

*Sound of heavy breathing, heart beating, and all of a sudden, the sounds stop.*



## **SLIKA 6.**

*Na zemunskom groblju, na Uskrs. Čuju se uskršnja zvona.*

*Isidora je na očevom grobu.*

ISIDORA:

Ne brini, oče. Sve ide po svome. Znam, život je kratak, ali trag od života može dugo trajati. Razumem možda tek sada zašto se u našoj kući majka nije pominjala.

OTAC: (*eho*)

Hteo sam da te zaštitim. Od smrti, od ideje smrti, a znao sam da to ipak nije moguće.

ISIDORA:

I, da, ja jesam postala monaški tvrda. To je bila moja pretgrnuta mladost. Kaluđerstvo i pretgrnuta mladost. Sve je vodilo samo ka njemu, ka vladici Radu. Samo ka njemu. Pustinja i samoća. Tako poznat kraj. I tako poznato vreme.

*Pretapanje*

## **SLIKA 7.**

*Kliktaj orla*

ISIDORA:

Penjem se na Lovćen. Penjem. Sama. Do kripe vladike Njegoša. Preplavi me jedno veoma složeno uzbuđenje. Jer ja gledam isto nebo, iste zvezde koje je on gledao. Ovo nije ni grob. Ovo nije kapela. I ovo nije ni spomenik. Jer Njegoš je Prometej. Ovde treba da plamti vatra, vladiko.

## SCENE 6

*At the Zemun cemetery, on the Easter day. Church bells are ringing. Isidora is at her father's grave.*

ISIDORA:

Don't worry, father. Life is unraveling. I know, life is short, but if you leave a mark behind you, your name will be remembered. It is only now that I realize why mother's name was not mentioned in our home.

Father: (*echo*)

I wanted to protect you. From death, from the idea of death, but I knew it was not possible.

ISIDORA:

And, yes, I attained the resilience of a monk. My disrupted youth. Ascetism and disrupted youth. It was all leading me to him, to Bishop Rade. Only to him. To eremitic life, to solitude. Such a familiar place. Such a familiar time.

*Overlapping*

## SCENE 7

*Sound of an eagle chirping*

ISIDORA:

I'm climbing Mount Lovcen. Climbing. Alone. I am heading to the crypt containing the remains of bishop Njegosh. I am overwhelmed by a rather complex feeling. Because I'm looking at the same sky, the same stars that he used to look at. This is not a grave. It is not a chapel either. And it is not a monument. Because Njegosh is Prometheus. There should be an eternal flame here, bishop.

NJEGOŠ:

Nisi volela moju bistu, Meštrovićevu.

ISIDORA:

Nisam, vladiko. Bista nije tačna.

NJEGOŠ:

Kako nije tačna?

ISIDORA:

Lepo. To nije shodno tvom liku. To nije suštinski Njegoš!

NJEGOŠ:

Kako to, Isidora?

ISIDORA:

Figura Meštrovićeva je nekako neprijatno pognuta. Dodao ti je neku evropsku aristokratiju u držanju. Ti si... Ti si dinarski rasan, vladiko! Sav u vatri, sav u iskrama misliš i pišeš. Ti vatrom spajaš i materijalno i duhovno. Vatra je simbol velikih, najvećih.

NJEGOŠ:

Vatra jeste sve što imamo i što jesmo, Isidora. I heroizam. I rad. Ali i eros. I poljubac. I poezija!

ISIDORA:

Vladiko...

NJEGOŠ:

You never liked the bust Mestrovic made of me.

ISIDORA:

Never. It was not right.

NJEGOŠ:

What do you mean?

ISIDORA:

It doesn't depict you correctly. It doesn't capture the essence of Njegosh!

NJEGOŠ:

How come, Isidora?

ISIDORA:

Mestrovic's figure is somehow unpleasantly bent. The posture he gave you has something of European aristocratic mannerism. And you are ... Bishop, you are a full-blooded Dinaric! Fired up, your thoughts sparkle. With that flame of yours, you combine the material and the spiritual. Fire is the symbol of the great, of the greatest.

NJEGOŠ:

Fire is all we have, all we are, Isidora. And heroism. And work. But eros as well. And the kiss. And poetry!

ISIDORA:

Bishop ...

NJEGOŠ: (*iz posvete Simi Milutinoviću, početak „Luče mikrokozma”*)

*Duša ljudska jeste besamrtna,  
mi smo iskra u smrtnu prašinu.*

ISIDORA:

Mi smo luča tamom obuzeta!

NJEGOŠ

Ali, luče su u nama, Isidora. Kao i eros, kao i strasti.

ISIDORA:

Vladiko...

NJEGOŠ:

Govoriš... govoriš da moje ljubavi nisu bile neke ljubavne veze, nego...

ISIDORA:

Kurjačka glad i zasićenje!

NJEGOŠ:

Nezasito gledam ljepotu, kažeš.

ISIDORA:

Halapljivo uzimaš ljubav i kradeš je.

NJEGOŠ:

Ljubav je i uzimanje i davanje, nema tu nikakve krađe!

NJEGOŠ:

*Human soul is immortal,  
we are a spark in the mortal dust.*

ISIDORA:

We are the light consumed by darkness!

NJEGOŠ

But rays of light are in us, Isidora. Just like eros and passions.

ISIDORA:

Bishop...

NJEGOŠ:

You're saying ... you're saying that my loves were not relationships, but ...

ISIDORA:

Dubious insatiability!

NJEGOŠ:

You are saying that I am insatiable in perceiving beauty.

ISIDORA:

You are insatiable when you take love, when you steal it.

NJEGOŠ:

Love implies taking and giving, there is no stealing there!

ISIDORA:

U jedinoj ljubavnoj pesmi tvojoj, ti ljubav zoveš „noć”? Žena je lepotica, vila, ona je nestvarna, ona je vizija, te žene i nemaju imena. Ja hoću imena, hoću prezimena, znake prepoznavanja!!!

NJEGOŠ:

Pa, sjeti se samo „Pjesme nad pjesmama”, Isidora.

ISIDORA:

„Noć skuplja vijeka” jeste pesma velikog pesnika, ali to je pesma monaha. Monaha! Ti znaš, vladiko, da moja duboka odanost koju gajim prema tebi izlazi iz divljenja prema junačkom „Gorskom vijencu” i „Luči mikrokozma”. Ne prema ljubavnoj poeziji.

NJEGOŠ:

Znam, Isidora, znam. I možda ću se složiti da je tvoja knjiga pomalo idealistička.

ISIDORA:

Vladiko!!!

## **SCENA 8.**

MILOVAN ĐILAS:

Napisaćete drugarici Isidori Sekulić sledeće pismo: „*Diskutovaćemo časno i otvoreno, na moj članak možete staviti primedbe ukoliko vas nešto vređa i ukoliko mislite da je u pitanju politički napad na vas.*”

ISIDORA:

In the only lyric poem you have written you identify love with "nighttime"? Woman is a beauty, a fairy, she is unreal, she is a vision, those women have no names. I want names, I want surnames, signs of recognition!!!

NJEGOŠ:

Have you forgotten the "Song of Songs", Isidora?

ISIDORA:

"A Night More Precious Than a Century" is a poem of a great poet, but it is the poem of a monk. A monk!

Bishop, you know that the deep devotion I feel for you stems from my admiration for the heroic poem "Mountain Wreath" and "The Ray of Microcosm". Not for your lyric poetry.

NJEGOŠ:

I know, Isidora, I know. And maybe I'll have to agree that your book is a bit idealistic.

ISIDORA:

Bishop!!!

## **SCENE 8**

MILOVAN DJILAS:

I am going to dictate a letter to comrade Isidora Sekulich: *"We are going to discuss the matter honorably and openly, you can comment on my article if you find it insulting in any way and if you perceive it as a political attack."*



## *Kucanje pisaće mašine*

ISIDORA:

Ja sam pošten čovek, prenesite drugu Đilasu, a ovo je napad na mene. Najbolje bi bilo ponovo da zavedemo cenzuru, jer ja ne mogu pod stare dane da se odričem idealizma.

ĐILAS:

„Njegošu knjiga duboke odanosti” pisana je malograđanski, u malograđanskom romantičarskom zanosu prema prošlosti. Naši ljudi, komunisti i marksisti, nisu uspeli da pomarksiste razne sitnoburžoaske ideologe. Mi danas živimo i pevamo drugom idejom, A Njegoševe ideje, one nacionalne, jesu odraz onog vremena i zadatka onog vremena. Isidora Sekulić je koncentrat i pad sveg onoga što je srpski idealizam rekao o Njegošu. Ona, kao i vladika Nikolaj Velimirović, Njegoševim pesimizmom obrazlažu svoj reakcionarni idealizam. Tačka!

ISIDORA:

Spaljujem drugi deo rukopisa. I sebe bih spalila. Ćutim. I strahujem. Pamtim. I ćutim. Gospodin Đilas je uzeo sekiru. I ubio jednu staricu. Napisao je celu knjigu da dokaže da sam mračnjak.

## *Prelaz*

ISIDORA:

Skače u zenicu

Skače

Zapeta

Deset decimala

*Sound of typing on a typewriter*

ISIDORA:

You can tell Mr. Djilas that I am an honorable person, and this is an attack on me. Maybe we should introduce censorship again, because I can't give up idealism in my old age.

DJILAS:

"A Book of Deep Devotion Dedicated to Njegosh" was written in a provincial manner, romantically pining for the times past. Our people, communists and Marxists failed in their attempt to open the eyes of various petty-bourgeois ideologists to the Marxist doctrine. Today, we are living and celebrating a different idea. Njegosh's ideas, the national ones, are a reflection of the time and the prevailing sentiment. Isidora Sekulich personifies the failure of Serbian idealistic thought and its discourse on Njegosh. Just like Bishop Nikolai Velimirovich, she justifies her reactionary idealism with Njegosh's pessimism. That's it!

ISIDORA:

I burned the second part of the manuscript. I feel like throwing myself into the fire as well. I am keeping my mouth shut. I'm scared. I won't forget. And I'm silent.  
Mr. Djilas raised the ax. And he killed an old woman. He wrote the entire book in order to prove that I am clinging to obsolete ideas.

*Transition*

ISIDORA:

Propelling into the apple of the eye

Propelling

Comma

Ten decimals

Iza zapete

Iza za

Iza za....

Grdan pauk

Jedan

Silesija nogu

Supraorbitalni živac

*Zvonjava telefona. Duga.*

ĐILAS:

Drugarice Sekulić, želim da dođem i da vam se lično izvinim.

ISIDORA:

Za vas, gospodine Đilas, nisam kod kuće.

*Prekid veze*

## **EPILOG**

ISIDORA:

Svoju biblioteku, slike i nameštaj zaveštavam Univerzitetnoj biblioteci. Zidni sat, lampu sa srpskim vezom, radio „Kosmaj”, svoj sekreter. Slike Zore Petrović, Milana Konjovića, Jovana Bijelića, Emanuela Vidovića. I Njegoševu fotografiju.

Volim tišinu.

Ako nešto vredim, neka kažu posle moje smrti.

After the comma

After the co...

After the co...

A huge spider

One

Multitude of legs

Frontal nerve

*Phone is ringing. And ringing.*

DJILAS:

Comrade Sekulich, could I come by and apologize in person?

ISIDORA:

For you, Mr. Djilas, I'm not at home.

*Call disconnects*

## **EPILOGUE**

ISIDORA:

I am leaving my personal library, paintings and furniture to the University Library. Along with the wall clock, a lamp with the traditional Serbian lampshade, "Kosmaj" radio tuner, working desk. Paintings by Zora Petrovich, Milan Konjovich, Jovan Bijelich, Emanuel Vidovich. And the photo of Njegosh.

I love silence.

If I am worth anything, let them acknowledge it after my death.

(iz Testamenta):

Umiranje i smrt, poslednja borba koju svako mora sam izdržati. Posle izdisaja što ostane, to više nije niko, i zato nad najprostijim pogrebom treba da vlada najpotpunija tišina. Molim stoga, da se moj leš zavije u čaršav iz mog domazluka, da se položi u najprostiji čamov sanduk i spusti u sirotinjsku raku, po redu na groblju. Bez ikakve aranžirane sahrane, bez govora i venaca, bez novinskih članaka. Sveštenik će me ispratiti i očitati nad grobom dragu mi i prostu molitvu Gospodnju. Sem sveštenika, moji najbliži prijatelji koliko mogu i htednu.

*Muzički prelaz. Post-mortem sekvenca.*

*Krckanje drveta.*

*Glas devojčice i odrasle Isidore se smenjuju i prepliću. Oba glasa kao da odjekuju iz nekakvog bureta.*

ISIDORA i ISIDORA DEVOJČICA:

Bure. Jedna grdna, razdrmana kaca. Moj dvorac! Rasklimatan i stari. Ispitaću ga! Prodreću u njega i osvojiti ga kao Robinzon.

Zemlja vlažna i crna kao grob... sitne gljivice kao bolesne ospe... Biće mesta za jednu stoličicu... taaaaako.... Za nekoliko saksija sa fikusima... i za drvene kutije od cigara... i za jednu staru englesku istoriju sa crtežima egipatskih grobova, moreplovcima i galijama...

(from Isidora's Last Will):

Dying and death, the last fight that everyone has to endure. That what remains after the last breath, is no one, and therefore every burial should be held in utmost silence. It is my wish that my corpse be wrapped into the linen from my homestead, then laid in the simple fir-wood coffin and lowered into a pauper's grave, following cemetery schedule. No deliberate funeral event, no eulogies and no wreaths, no newspaper articles. The priest is going to bid me farewell and read the Lord's Prayer I love so much. Beside the priest, my closest friends as much as they can and wish to.

*Music transition. Post-mortem sequence.*

*Sound of wood crackling.*

*The voice of Isidora as a child and a grown person are intertwining. Both voices sound as if they are echoing from some kind of a barrel.*

ISIDORA and ISIDORA AS A CHILD:

Barrel. A hideous, decaying cask. My castle! Ramshackle and old. I'm going to explore it! I am going to penetrate it and conquer it as Robinson Crusoe.

The soil is moist and black like a grave ... tiny fungi causing an itch ... There is enough space for a little stool ... theeeere .... And several pot plants ... and for wooden cigar boxes ... and for an old English history book with drawings of Egyptian graves, seafarers and galleys ...

OTAC:

Isidoraaaaaa! Isidoraaaaaa!

ISIDORA:

Od sada, ako me neko bude tražio, znaće da sam u buretu. U bure sam se uselila! Zavoleda ono što ne vidim, ono što nemam i ono što mora da prođe. Poznaju se odmah ona deca koja su rano ostala bez majke, koja posle škole dolaze u praznu kuću...

OTAC:

Dolazi ovamo!

Ne može se više ovo bure popraviti, dete moje, ne može. Hajdemo u kuću.

ISIDORA:

Dete jeca nad drvenom lešinom. Mrtva stvar je našla svog pesnika... A odrasli pesnik? Odrasli pesnik bi nekako kupio i kuću koje više nema, i dvorište koga više nema, i sve to uzidao u jednu bezvremenu kulu i zaključao sa devet ključeva. Samo da se može ponovo zatvoriti u nju.

KRAJ

FATHER:

*Isidoraaaaaa! Isidoraaaaaaa!*

ISIDORA:

From now on, if someone asks for me, he'll know I'm in the barrel. I've moved into the barrel! I've come to love that which I can't see, that which I do not have and that which eventually has to pass. It is easy to spot a child who was left without a mother early on, a child that is returning to an empty home after school ...

FATHER:

Come here!

This barrel is beyond repair, my child. Let's go in.

ISIDORA:

The child is sobbing over a wooden carcass. The dead thing has found its poet ... And the grown up poet? The grown up poet would love to buy the house that is no longer there, and the missing yard, and make an everlasting tower out of it, locking it with nine keys. Only if she could lock herself in it again.

THE END





Vesna Perić - Autorka/ Author



Slađana Kilibarda – Rediteljka/ Director



Milan Filipović – Ton majstor/ Sound Designer



Melina Pota Koljević – Urednica emisije/ Editor

**Vesna Perić** (Beograd, Jugoslavija, 1972.) dramaturškinja, scenaristkinja, filmska kritičarka, teoretičarka i prozna spisateljica..

Diplomirala je na Fakultetu dramskih umetnosti u Beogradu 2003. godine na Katedri za dramaturgiju. Magistrirala je na FDU na Grupi za studije filma i medija 2009. godine, a doktorirala 2016. s tezom *Teorija narativnih konstrukcija u postjugoslovenskom filmu od 1994. do 2008. godine*

Od 2002. radi kao filmska kritičarka i novinarka na Drugom programu Radio Beograda, gde je od 2010. na poziciji odgovorne urednice Redakcije Dramskog programa.

Učestvovala je kao članica žirija na festivalu Prix Italia 2010. i 2019. u kategoriji radio drama.

Autorka je 11 radio drama emitovanih na Radio Beogradu. Autorka je dramskog teksta „Šta je ona kriva nije ništa ona kriva“ nagrađenog na Hartefakt konkursu za najbolju angažovanu dramu 2012. (praizvedba 2015. u Bitef teatru).

Priče su joj objavljene na engleskom – časopis *Hourglass* („Besa“ ) i publikacija *Best European Fiction 2019* („What has she done“), Dalkey Press, kao i na nemačkom jeziku – časopisi *Keine Delikatessen* („Play it again, Cage“) i *perspektive* („Wir sind hier auf diese Erde“).

**Vesna Perić, PhD** (Belgrade, YU, 1972)

Graduated from Faculty of Dramatic Arts in Belgrade in 2003. at Dramaturgy Department. Won her MA from the same Faculty at Film and Media Studies Department and defended her PhD thesis *Theory of Narrative Construction in Post-Yugoslav Cinema from 1994 to 2008* in 2016.

From 2002 worked as film critic and journalist at Radio Belgrade 2 and from 2010 till present works as chief editor of Drama Department at Radio Belgrade.

She acted as a member of PRIX ITALIA Radio Drama Jury in 2010 and 2019.

She authored 11 radio plays and one documentary piece produced by Radio Belgrade Drama department.. Her stage play “How's It Her Fault None of It Is Her Fault” won regional Heartefact Fund competition for the best play in 2012 and has been staged in 2015 in Bitez theatre in Belgrade.

Her short stories were published in English - *Hourglass magazine* (story „Besa“ ) and publication *Best European Fiction 2019* („What has she done“), Dalkey Press as well as in German - magazines *Keine Delikatessen* („Play it again, Cage“) i *perspektive* („Wir sind hier auf diese Erde“).

**Sladana Kilibarda** (Zagreb, 1968), pozorišna, radio i televizijska rediteljka.

Nakon gimnazije diplomirala je na zagrebačkom PMF-u biologiju. Pozorišnu i radio-režiju diplomirala je na Fakultetu dramskih umetnosti u Beogradu, u klasi profesora Egona Savina i Ivane Vujić. Bavila se savremenim plesom, a kao članica Zagrebačkog glumačkog studija uz pomoć braće Vajevec upoznala je Li Strazberg glumačku metodu koju je primenjivala u radu s glumcima.

Potpisuje i scenografije za devet predstava, a nagrađena je za scenografije predstava *Zbogom žohari*, *Moje bivše, moji bivši* i *Ko nema u vugla, gugla*.

Od 2011. do 2015. obavljala je funkciju umetničkog savetnika u NP „Toša Jovanović” u Zrenjaninu.

Godine 2016. nagrađena je Poveljom „Vitimir Bogić” za doprinos radiofoniji (Dramski program RTS-a).

Pozorišne režije (izbor)

- Dušan Cvetić, *Priča o Džipsiju Trolmanu*, Atelje 212, 2004.
- Maja Pelević: *Ler*, Narodno pozorište/ kazalište/ Népszínház, Subotica, 2005.
- Pjer Marivo, *Rasprava i tako te stvari*, SNP, Novi Sad, 2006.
- Hasan Džafić, *Nevakat* (Derviš Sušić), BNP, Zenica, 2008.
- Vladimir Đurđević, *Zbogom žohari ili Balada o Pišonji i Žugi*, NP „Toša Jovanović” Zrenjanin, 2010.
- Tena Štivičić, *Ne moš pobeć od nedelje*, NP „Toša Jovanović” Zrenjanin, 2011.
- D. K. Džekson, *Moje bivše, moji bivši* (My Romantic History), Knjaževsko srpski teatar, Kragujevac, 2012.
- Jelena Kajgo, *Realisti*, NP „Toša Jovanović” Zrenjanin, 2013.
- Miroslav Krleža, *Leda*, NP „Toša Jovanović” Zrenjanin, 2014.
- Trejsi Lets, *Kolovoz u okrugu Osage*, Dramsko kazalište „Gavela”, Zagreb, 2015.
- Elen Marfi, *Malo blago*, Gradsko pozorište „Jazavac”, Banja Luka, 2016.
- Miro Gavran, *Kako je tata osvojio mamu*, dramatisacija Ana Prolić, Gradsko kazalište „Žar ptica”, Zagreb, 2017.
- Erland Lu, Milena Depolo, *Nekoj neka mi kaže kolku sum važen*, Teatar za deca i mladinci Skopje, Sjeverna Makedonija, 2020. godine
- Ana Đorđević, *Stranci u noći*, NPRS Banja Luka, 2021.g.

Za Dramski program Radio Beograda režirala je 15 radio drama, među kojima Šniclerovu *Vrtešku*, Marivoovu *Raspravu* i biografske drame o Džonu Apdajku i F. F. Ficdžeraldu.

Njene predstave i radio-drame učestvovala su na 35 festivala, a sveukupno nagrađene sa 36 nagrada (19 za glumu, devet za najbolju predstavu, tri za najbolju scenografiju, te po jedna za najbolju režiju, kostim, scenski pokret, doprinos razvoju pozorišne umjetnosti i doprinos radiofoniji).

**Sladana Kilibarda** (Zagreb, 1968), theatre, radio and TV director.

Graduated biology from Faculty of Natural Sciences in Zagreb, Croatia. She also graduated directing from Faculty of Drama Arts in Belgrade, Serbia, mentored by Egon Savin and Ivana Vujić. She got acquainted with Lee Strasberg acting method while taking part in Zagreb Drama Studio (brother Vajavec) and applied the method in her further work with actors

She also worked as a stage designer in 9 theatre shows.

Since 2011. till 2015 she acted as an artistic advisor in National Theatre „Toša Jovanović” in Zrenjanin, Serbia.

In 2016. she was awarded „Vitomir Bogić” prize or annual contribution to radiophony by Radio Belgrada Drama Department.

Theatre directions (selection)

- Dušan Cvetić, *Priča o Džipsiju Trolmanu*, Atelje 212, 2004.
- Maja Pelević: *Ler*, Narodno pozorište/ kazalište/ Népszínház, Subotica, 2005.
- Pierre de Marivaux, *Matters of Dispute*, SNP, Novi Sad, 2006.
- Hasan Džafić, *Nevakat* (Derviš Sušić), BNP, Zenica, 2008.
- Vladimir Đurđević, *Zbogom žohari ili Balada o Pišonji i Žugi*, NP „Toša Jovanović” Zrenjanin, 2010.
- Tena Štivičić, *Ne moš pobeć od nedelje*, NP „Toša Jovanović” Zrenjanin, 2011.
- D.C. Jackson, *My Romantic History*, Knjaževsko srpski teatar, Kragujevac, 2012.
- Jelena Kajgo, *Realisti*, NP „Toša Jovanović” Zrenjanin, 2013.
- Miroslav Krleža, *Leda*, NP „Toša Jovanović” Zrenjanin, 2014.
- Tracy Letts, *August: Osage County*, Dramsko kazalište „Gavela”, Zagreb, 2015.
- Helen Murphy, *Little Treasure*, Gradsko pozorište „Jazavac”, Banja Luka, 2016.
- Miro Gavran, *Kako je tata osvojio mamu*, dramatisacija Ana Prolić, Gradsko kazalište „Žar ptica”, Zagreb, 2017.
- Erlend Loe, Milena Depolo, *Let Someone Tell Me How Important I am*, Teatar za deca i mladinci Skopje, Sjeverna Makedonija, 2020. godine
- Ana Đorđević, *Stranci u noći*, NPRS Banja Luka, 2021.g.

She directed 15 radio pieces for Radio Belgrade Drama Department, including Arthur Schnitzler’s *La Ronde*, Pierre de Marivaux, *Matters of Dispute* and biographical radio dramas on John Updike and F.F. Fitzgerald.

Her theatre shows and radio dramas took part in 35 festivals and received 36 prizes (19 for acting, 9 for the best show, 3 for the best stage design, and one for directing, costume, stage coreography, and contribution for theatre and radiophonic work).

## **Milan Filipović (Beograd, 1963)**

Počeo rad na Radio Beogradu 1983. kao dizajner zvuka a za Dramski program radio od 1996. do danas. Koordinator je studija 8 Dramskog programa.

Do sada je radio na preko 400 radio drama koje su učestvovala na brojnim međunarodnim festivalima među kojima se ističe radio dramatizacija priče Ive Andrića „Pismo iz 1920. godine“ u režiji Nađe Janjetović koja je osvojila specijalnu nagradu na festivalu u Teheranu 2008. godine.

Takođe je učestvovao na regionalnom festivalu dizajna zvuka Taktos u Novom Sadu osvojivši nekoliko nagrada u kategoriji radio drame.

**Milan Filipović (Belgrade, 1963)**

Started working in Radio Belgrade from 1983 and as a sound designer and works for Radio Belgrade Drama Department from 1996 till now. He is a chief coordinator of Radio Drama sound studio.

His work covers over 400 radio pieces which took part in various international festivals among which stands radio dramatization of Ivo Andrić's prose „Letter from 1920“ directed by Nađa Janjetović which won a special prize at Tehran Radio Festival in 2008.

He also took part in regional sound design festival „Taktos“ in Novi Sad, winning several awards in radio drama category.



**Melina Pota Koljević**, scenaristkinja i urednica u Dramskom programu Radio Beograda

## **OBRAZOVANJE**

1987. diplomirala Svetsku književnost sa teorijom književnosti na Filološkom fakultetu u Beogradu gde je i magistrirala

1995. diplomirala Pozorišnu i radio režiju na Fakultetu dramskih umetnosti u Beogradu

## **FILMSKI SCENARIO**

- 2007. koscenaristkinja filma “Klopka” prikazanog na programu Forum na Berlinu, film je osvojio tri prve nagrade na nacionalnim festivalima za scenario uključujući i godišnju FIPRESCI nagradu. Bio je u jžemizboru od 9 filmova za Oskara 2008.
- 2013. koscenaristkinja filma “Krugovi” koji je osvojio prvu nagradu na pičing sesijama u Kanu, glavnu nagradu međunarodnog programa na Festivalu u Sandensu (SAD), nagradu Ekumenskog žirija na Berlinu, tri nacionalne nagrade za najbolji scenario u godišnju FIPRESCI nagradu 2013. kao i nagradu festivala Fajr u Teheranu 2014.
- 2015. postala je članica Evropske filmske akademije
- 2017. koscenaristkinja slovenačkog filma “Ivan” koji je učestvovao na festovalu u Taljinu, a osvojo prvu nagradu za scenario na Festivalu slovenačkog filma u Portorožu.
- 2020. scenaristkinja srpskog kratkog filma “Kada sam kod kuće” koji je učestvovao na Bruklinskom festivalu i osvojio specijalnu nagradu na SEE festivalu u Los Anđelesu

## **RADIO DRAMA**

1996-2002 asistent na predmetu Radio režija na Fakultetu dramskih umetnosti u Beogradu

2009-2012 gostujući profesor predmetu Radio režija na Fakultetu umetnosti u Novom Sadu

2003 do sada – urednik i reditelj u redakciji Dramskog programa Radio Beograda

2002. režira “Dunavske Švabice” u koprodukciji Goethe Instituta u Beogradu

2006. režira “Švabicu” u selekciji na Prix Europa

2012. režira “Jermu” u selekciji na Prix Italia

2015 režira “Neprijateljevo sveto pismo” u selekciji na Prix Europa

**Melina Pota Koljević**, 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”. 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”.First award, Atelier, pitching screenwriters 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 European Film Academy
- 2017.Co-screenwriter for the Slovenian movie “IVAN”, TALLIN film festival. First prize for the scenario at Slovenian Film Festival Portorož.
- 2020. Screenwriter, Serbian short film “When I’m at home”, Brooklyn film festival, Special mention at SEE Film Festival, LA, USA

## **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