

Biblioteka **Erato**



Urednik
ANA DRASLAR

Sanda Ristić Stojanović

ART
POESIE
POETRY

Traduit par Ljiljana Prošić Kraković
Translation Sanda Ristić Stojanović
Translation Sonja Asanović Todorović



ДРАСЛАР

POETRY

USAMLJENOST

Usamljena vatra pije
Usamljenost vode.
Usamljeno nebo preleti
Zagonetku ptica.
Usamljena šuma kljuca
Drvo večnosti
Poput detlića smrti.
Usamljena senka gradi
Iznova i uvek iznova
Svoju misao o svom telu.
Usamljena vatra imitira
Usamljenost našeg pepela.
Usamljena kuća ruši
Se u usamljenost grada,
Koji pregazi
Automobil izleteo iz psovke ulice

LONELINESS

Lonely fire drinks
Loneliness of the water.
Lonely sky flies over
Riddle of the birds.
Lonely forest is pecking
The tree of eternity,
Like the woodpecker of the death.
Lonely shadow is building
Again and again
Its thought about its body.
Lonely fire is imitating
Loneliness of ours ashes.
Lonely house is falling down
Into loneliness of the city,
And that loneliness
Crushed down,
By the car coming from
The oath of the street...

Avant-garde of eternity, Belgrade, 2018

SANDA RISTIĆ STOJANOVIĆ

PERSI BIŠ ŠELI
(OLUJA)

Noć pronalazi samo mene
U olupini dana.
Jutro slama svoj lik
I izmišlja mene kao oluju smisla,
Dokučivši krajnosti noći,
U iluziji vremena,
U nadgradnji sna
Na oluju mog postojanja
Koja ishitreno sebe stavi u ravan
Sa danima, noćima, vremenom
I osećanjima drugih ljudi.

SANDA RISTIĆ STOJANOVIĆ

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(THE STORM)

Night only finds me
In the wreck of the day.
Morning breaks its image
And invents me as a storm of meaning,
Having reached the extremity of the night,
In the illusion of time,
In the upgrade of the dream
At the storm of my existence
Which hastily puts itself in the same line
With days, nights, time
And the feelings of other people.

Translation Sanda Ristić Stojanović

AFRODITA III

Afrodita stoji u sred
Koncentracionog logora stvarnosti,
I kao dim puzi njena lepota
Po sprženim telima reči i ljudi,
Naričući za
Spektakularnim izjavama Lepote
I ostavkama prošlosti
I nevidljivim paradama sadašnjosti
U koncentracionom logoru reči
Koji pokušava pesmu da zameni
Njenom lepotom posrnulom
U svetski tok događaja.

APHRODITE III

Aphrodite stands in the middle of
The concentration camp of reality,
And her beauty crawls like smoke
over the scorched bodies of words and people,
Mourning for
Spectacular statements of Beauty
And the resignations of the past
And invisible parades of the present
In a concentration camp of words
Which is trying to replace the song
With her beauty stumbled
In the world's current events.

AFRODITA IV (NA NAFTANOJ PLATFORMI)

Afrodita na naftnoj platformi svih eksploatacija,
Na kojoj je noć i zvezde desetkuju
Istovetno kao civilizaciju,
Ostavljajući joj pamflet praznine o
Ortakluku Lepote sa njenim oblikom
Zarivenim u brzopletosti ipak muške stvarnosti.

Afrodita na naftnoj platformi svojih iluzija,
Kose slepljene od nafte sećanja,
Koja je ipak ogoli isto kao civilizaciju
Strpanu deo po deo u
Album dovitljivosti noći
Koja leškari na bazenu svoje sujete,
Varirajući Lepotu i Afroditu
Umesto zakočenosti jutra u samome sebi.

Ipak noć obavesti Afroditu
Da joj na bušotini nafte njene korisnosti,
Jutro opšiveno sopstvenim bogatstvom,
Cmizdreći popisuje , detaljno i njenu cenu i
njenu lepotu.

APHRODITE IV
(ON AN OIL PLATFORM)

Aphrodite on an oil platform of all exploitations,
Where the night and the stars decimate her
Identically as a civilization,
Leaving her a pamphlet of void on
A partnership of beauty with her shape
Burrowed in the rashness of yet male reality.

Aphrodite on an oil platform of her illusions,
With hair glued together by naphtha of memories
Which, still, makes her bare like civilization
Stuffed piece by piece in an
Album of night's ingenuity
Loafing in the pool of her vanity,
Varyating the Beauty and Aphrodite
Instead of morning stiffness in itself.

Nevertheless, the night informed Aphrodite
That on the well of naphtha of her usefulness,
Morning, hemmed with its own wealth,
Like crybaby cites, in detail, her price and her
beauty.

OVO JE XXI VEK

II

Ovo je XXI vek
Sunce zapostavlja rodoskrvnuća
Dana i sumraka.
Noć razmišlja o svojim mračnim uzorima.
Dan me vidi predstavljajući se
Kao dotrajalo trajanje.

Ovo je XXI vek
Grad barata sa svim svojim
Činjenicama kao sa mnom.
Iluzije me snimaju na skeneru
Koji vodi dijaloge sa prolaznošću.
Moj dan se takmiči sa
Celokupnim mojim postojanjem.
Nebo promišlja slavu
I moje i svoje ptice veka.

THIS IS THE 21st CENTURY II

This is the 21st century
The sun is neglecting the incests of
Day and dusk.
The night is thinking about its dark role models.
The day sees me by presenting itself
As a worn-out duration.

This is the 21st century
The city handles well all of its
Facts like it does with me.
The illusions capture me on the scanner
Which dialogues with transience.
My day competes with
My entire existence.
Heaven is thinking of the glory
Both my and its birds of the century.

ANĐEO XXI VEKA

I

Stojiš u sopstvenoj dosetki trajanja
Pejzaž smrti te obori na kolena,
Pejzaž života nudi ti
Proglase neba o državotvornosti ptica,
Stojiš u pohabanoj koloni glasova
O vremenu koje imitira
Sve prethodne pejzaže propasti,
Ipak ostavljajući mali tunel nade,
Kroz koji protrča tvoj smeh,
Izbijajući na ledinu svakakvih sudbina,
Gde će tvoj anđeoski oblik biti naša noć, a tvoje
jutro.
Predstraže trajanja te učlaniše
U ovo vreme o koje
Si zveknuo kao privid
Čitavog ovog sveta.

THE ANGEL OF XXI CENTURY

I

You stand in your own witticism of duration
The landscape of death kneels you down,
The landscape of life offers you
Proclamations of heaven about the birds'
statehood,
You're standing in a worn-out column of voices
About the time that mimics
All previous landscapes of annihilation,
However, leaving a small tunnel of hope,
Through which your laughter ran,
Emerging on the wasteland of all fates,
Where your angelic shape shall our night, and
your morning be.
Headway guards of duration enrolled you
In the present time into which you
Banged like an illusion of
The whole world.

PTICA

Ona jedina lično zna pobeđe prostora
i nauči da leti sve što je prostor stekao
ona nebu daje deo svog odmora i
prislanja svoju pesmu i smrt
na sve što je prostor rekao.

Ona preleti i razlog što postoji
i svaki odlazak dana
i misli da je svaki odlazak slaba strana prostora
ona napravi vreme i čuvara svoje pesme od prostora
i uspe da se nametne prostoru više nego vreme.

Napravi predelu prečicu do naše muzike
svojom pesmom. Sazna koliko je cvetom
slika čoveka ka proleću pomena
i koliko je cvet svojih slika sveta ponudio vremenu.

Ona vide utiske neba o njoj sa drugom pticom
ubedi ugled prostora da procveta kad i sve ono što
se dogodilo između njenog let(a) i kretanja cveta
ona je izbor ne neba nego njegovog dometa.

THE BIRD

Only she personally knows the victories over space
and teaches how to fly everything gained by space
she gives the sky a part of her vacation and
leans her poem and death
on everything, what space had pronounced.

She even flies over the reason why she exists
and every departure of the day
and thinks that every departure is the weak side of
space
she makes the time and the guardian of her poem
out of the space
and succeeds in imposing herself more onto space
than time

With her song, she makes a short cut in the landscape
toward our music. She knew how much with flower
pictures of a man, toward spring, she was dislocated
and how much the flower of its paintings of the
world he offered to the time

She saw the sky's impressions about her with
another bird
she convinced the reputation of the space to
flourish when and even
all that happened between her flight (s) and the
motion of the flower
she is not the choice of heaven but of its range

OVO JE XXI VEK

I

Ovo je XXI vek koga
Lice samoće podeli
Kiksevima Sunca
Na pijadestalu našeg Savršenstva.

Ovo je XXI vek koga
Usidri naša pometenost
U sred
Blaziranog osvrta Sunca
Na peščani sat naše nesigurnosti
Koga razbi
Sigurnost smrti da je
Najbolji maneken svih naših čežnji.

Ovo je XXI vek
Koga Lepota strpa u
Fioku svoje obesti,
Spremna da se dugo bavi
Maštom Savršenstva i instalacijama
Nesavršenstva,
Nama i smrću.

THIS IS THE 21st CENTURY I

This is the 21st century, which
by face of loneliness got divided
By lapses of the Sun
On the pedestal of our Perfection.

This is the 21st century which
Anchored by our bafflement
In the middle of
A blasé review of the Sun
on the hourglass of our insecurity
Which was smashed
By the certainty that death is
Best mannequin of all our longings.

This is the 21st century
Whose Beauty restrained it
Into the drawer of our recalcitrance,
Ready to take a long time deals
By the Imagination of Perfection and
Installations of Imperfection,
With us and death.

NARCIS XXI VEKA

Stvarnost ga umetnu u
Par veštačkih misli vremena.
Njegov lik prosi našu pažnju sa
Ivice solitera bezumlja.
Nebo izvuče lepotu ptice iz njega.
Sunce ga na rukama
Donosi ispovestima vazduha
I sna i nas.
Zemlja pažljivo osluškuje
Njegov lepi tren,
Uortačen sa bezumljem
Čitavog postojanja tame.
Savršenstvo ga svodi na
Kolone lepote u
Redu za isfabrikovane
Izjave jednog pomoćnog Sunca.

THE NARCISSUS OF 21st CENTURY

The Reality inserted him into
A couple of artificial thoughts of time,
His character pleads our attention from
The edge of a skyscraper's insanity.
The sky extracted the beauty of the bird from it,
The sun on its hands
Brings him to the confessions of the air
of a dream and of us.
The Earth listens carefully
His beautiful moment,
Merged with the madness of
The whole existence of darkness.
His perfection comes down to
Cortege of beauty
In the queue for fabricated
Statements of an auxiliary Sun.

AFRODITA XXI VEKA
(ISKLESANA)

Zemlja obija nebo i
Vadi nas,
Tovareći nas na neki muk stvarnosti.
Zemlja kleše stenu
Naše nepostojanosti,
Iz nje izvuče Afroditu,
Noć joj dodaje neku boju,
Dan je desetkova kao sebe,
Nebo iz njene nepostojanosti
Izvuče pticu kolebljivosti,
Koja preleće njene
Zborove lepote
Na čistini trajanja.

APHRODITE OF 21st CENTURY
(CARVED)

The Earth is breaking into heaven and
Get us
By loading us in some silence of reality.
The Earth carves the rock of
Our inconstancy
From it pulled out Aphrodite,
The night adds some color to her,
The day decimated her as itself,
Heaven out of its inconstancy
Pulled out a bird of hesitancy,
Which flew over
Her choirs of beauty
Onto the clearing of duration.

AFRODITA VII (NA TITANIKU CIVILIZACIJE)

Afrodita na Titaniku civilizacije,
Noć je na rukama nosi po palubi,
Dok jutro oriba kaos civilizacije,
Rastačući ujedno i lepotu i svoje belo
U minimalna nagađanja zvezda
Zašto na pučini haosa
Jedna slika Lepote
Drži svet u neizvesnosti,
Svet sastrugan sa jarbola
Najvećeg broda sudbine.

Afrodita na Titaniku civilizacije,
U kabinama sudbine, su svuda
Njene slike optočene svetom i
Pamfletima smrti i života
Gde treba tražiti
Požudu noći da hoda
Zavodljivo kao svet po
Snishodljivosti zvezde koja pokušava da bude
I ono što nisu i ono što jesu Lepota, svet i
katastrofa.

Afrodita na Titaniku civilizacije,
Noć je uzvera uz sopstveni glas
O uzaludnim pokušajima jutra
Da zamrzne Lepotu i svet
Na severnom polu pesme.

APHRODITE VII
(ON THE TITANIC OF CIVILIZATION)

Aphrodite on the Titanic of Civilization,
The night carries her in its hands through the deck,
Until the morning scrubbing the chaos of
civilization,
By dissolving at the same time the beauty and its
own white
Into minimal speculations of the stars
Why in the offshore of chaos
One picture of Beauty
Keeps the world in uncertainty,
A world scraped from a mast
The largest ship of destiny.

Aphrodite on the Titanic of Civilization,
In the cabin of destiny, there are everywhere
Her pictures plated with the world and
With pamphlets of death and life
Where one should look for
The lust of the night to walk
Seductive as the world over
The condescension of the star trying to be
What they are not but what are Beauty, the world,
and the catastrophe.
Aphrodite on the Titanic of Civilization,
The night had clambered her up to its own voice
About futile attempts of the morning
To freeze Beauty and the world
At the North Pole of the poem.

BDENJE

Lik počiva u noći
Zgasla je ruka dodirnutu senkom
Zastao je Mesec u očima
Oči utisnute u dan
Prezime zaspalog cveta dok
Zamišljena voda zove
Beži senka pesme od mene
Noć upamti svoje oči , različite od tame
Noć bdije kao svoje Sunce
Groznicu zvezde leći svoju krv
Pticu je stigao vetar-nebo
Moja senka greje Sunce
Pusta je krv u očima
Trezna je senka neba
Oglasila se noć u zamućenom cvetu
Zora se ogleda u rukama
Slepo je lice brže od vetra
Buka Meseca ranjava ptice
Cvet je zasadio tugu
Oči su dozvale dubinu moje vode
Bdenje koje se posvetilo nebu
Zavejan dan šupljinom reči
U senci noći luta uspomena
Zvezda je prestigla oči samoće
Vatra je zalutala u reči

Noć je izvajana od bdenja
Govori me Mesec u begu
Zahvalan cvet u samoći
Izrasta zvezda u sećanje
Beži senka reči od mene
Vatra me odbacuje, mojim pepelom
Luta cvet nemaštinom vode
Ptica sna je ganuta bdenjem

THE VIGIL

The face rests in the night
A spent hand is touched by a shadow
The Moon paused in the eyes
The eyes imprinted in the day
The surname of the sleeping one blossoms
while
The imaginary water is calling
The shadow of a song runs away from me
Night remembers its eyes, different from the
darkness
The night vigils as its own Sun
The fever of the star is treating my blood
The wind-sky caught up with the bird
My shadow warms the Sun
The forsaken blood is in the eyes
Sober is the shadow of the sky
The night trumpeted in a blurred flower
The dawn mirrored itself in the hands
A blind face is faster than the wind
The noise of the Moon wounds birds
The flower planted sadness
The eyes called the depth of my water
A Vigil dedicated to the sky
A day covered with the hollow of the words
In the night's shadow wanders a memory

The star overtook the eyes of loneliness
The fire has strayed into words
The night is sculptured by vigils
The Moon talks me on the run
A grateful flower in solitude
The star grows into memory
The shadow of words runs away from me
Fire rejects me, with my ashes
The flower wanders in the scarceness of water
The bird of a dream is touched by the vigil

BIOGRAFIJA 2019

SANDA RISTIĆ STOJANOVIĆ

Sanda Ristić-Stojanović pesnikinja i estetičarka rođena je u Beogradu 1974. Diplomirala je filozofiju na beogradskom filozofskom fakultetu. Autorka je 10. knjiga poezije čiji su izdavači Svetovi, KOV, Adresa, Presing i Gramatik i jedna od četiri autora u zajedničkoj zbirci poezije „ Iz senke stiha „ – Gramatik, 2012.

O njenim gimnazijskim pesmama govorio je Oskar Davičo za Treći program radio Beograda, urednik emisije Radmila Gligić, , ta emisija je emitovana i na radio Zagrebu zahvaljujući pesniku Danielu Dragojeviću.

Prva knjigu objavljuju joj Svetovi (Novi Sad, 2000) u ediciji Savremena književnost, urednik Jovan Zivlak.

Rumunski pesnik Petru Krdu je urednik četiri knjige koje su joj objavljene u Književnoj opštini Vršac - KOV, (2007 – 2011).

2019. godine izdavačka kuća Presing (glavni urednik Predrag Milojević) je u ediciji „ Pod Presom „ objavila njenu knjigu Osmatračnica dvadeset prvog veka.

Prevodi poeziju sa engleskog (Ted Hjuze, Filip Larkin, Lorens Ferlingeti...).

Pesme su joj prevedene na francuski i makedonski jezik.

Bila je urednik u izdavačkoj kući „ Beletra „ i glavni urednik književnog časopisa „ Kovine „ (KOV, Vršac).

Objavila niz filozofskih eseja u zbornicima Estetičkog društva Srbije (filozofski eseji u sledećim zbornicima Estetičkog društva Srbije : Uticaj estetike na umetnost, Estetika i obrazovanje, Problem kreativnosti, Problem ukusa, Kriza umetnosti i nove umetničke prakse, Problem forme, Homo aestheticus, Estetska kultura, Estetsko i stvarno ...). U knjizi „ Estetika u doba anti-umetnosti „ filozof Sreten Petrović analizirao je na str. 411- 413 jedan njen tekst.

Njene pesme i kratke priče objavljene su u brojnim zbornicima savremene književnosti i u nekoliko antologija poezije dvadesetprvog veka.

Priredila je izbor poezije – Avangarde će uvek postojati. Gramatik 2018 (pesnici osobenih poetika, početak 21. Veka).

Član je Srpskog književnog društva, Udruženja književnika Srbije i Estetičkog društva Srbije.

SANDA RISTIĆ STOJANOVIĆ
– AVANTURISTIČKA I INSPIRATIVNA
BIOGRAFIJA

Rođena 1974. Godine u Beogradu. U detinjstvu boravila kod bake Dragice Bene u Australiji. Sa devet godina posetila Atinu i slušala o antičkim filozofima od porodičnog prijatelja Branka Kojića šetajući se sa njim po Akropolju.

U detinjstvu i mladosti putovala po čitavoj Evropi.

Zbog brojnih sukoba sa profesorima književnosti u osnovnoj i srednjoj školi, okrenula se filozofiji koju je diplomirala na Filozofskom fakultetu u Beogradu.

Veruje da pravi pesnik jeste revolucionar, bilo u jeziku bilo u stvarnosti.

U tinejdžerskom uzrastu slušala je Punk muziku i zavolela avangardne pokrete u književnosti i slikarstvu.

U kabinetu svog profesora Mladena Kozomare na prvoj godini studija Filozofije zapazila je sliku Če Gevare.

Objavila je preko deset knjiga poezije (Svetovi, KOV, Adresa, Gramatik, Presing, Draslar) i napisala i objavila niz filozofskih eseja u zbornicima Estetičkog društva Srbije.

Ponosna je što je u knjizi Sretena Petrovića „ Estetika u doba antiugetnosti“, Dereta, 2016, sa još 10 kolega, estetičara o čijim je tekstovima na liniji odbrane umetnosti pisao filozof Sreten Petrović.

Omiljeni pesnici i pisci su joj Rembo, Apoliner, Lotreamon, Šeli, Kits, Meri Šeli, Virdžinija Vulf, Edgar Alan Po, Rene Šar, Blez Sandrar, Kami, Sartr, Gabrijela Mistral....

Više ne šalje knjige na konkurse za nagrade. Slaže se sa Sartrom po pitanju nagrađivanja u književnosti. Smatra u duhu Sartrovih razmišljanja da je poezija umetnost a proza nije umetnost.

Kada drži svoje književne večeri uglavnom prebacuje broj od 9 prisutnih u publici koliko je bilo na Bodlerovim književnim večerima. Svesna je da Remboa i Bodlera publika nije volela.

Voli putovanja i posetila je brojne evropske zemlje i gradove o kojima je i u kojima je pisala pesme (Milano, Đenova, Komo, Trst (Italija), Lugano (Švajcarska), Beč (Austrija), Atina, Patras, Solun, Kilkis, Kufalija (Grčka),Budimpešta, Segedin (Mađarska), Temišvar, Arad (Rumunija).....

Udata je za profesora univerziteta koji je rođen u Rusiji, kome je majka ruskinja, a sa sinom koji je uspešan teniser putuje (kao menadžer i trener) po turnirima u Srbiji i u Evropi.

BIOGRAPHY 2019

SANDA RISTIĆ STOJANOVIĆ

Sanda Ristić-Stojanović is a poetess and aesthetic born in Belgrade in 1974. She graduated in philosophy at the Belgrade Faculty of Philosophy. She is the author of 10 poetry books published by Svetovi, KOV, Address, Presing and Gramatik and one of four authors in the joint collection of poems "From the Shadow of the Verse" - Gramatik, 2012.

About her high-school poems spoke Oskar Davico for the Third Program of Radio Belgrade, which editor was Radmila Gligić, and it was broadcast on Radio Zagreb too, thanks to the poet Danijel Dragojević.

Her first book was published by Svetovi (Novi Sad, 2000) in the edition of Contemporary Literature, editor Jovan Zivlak.

Romanian poet Petru Krdu is the editor of her four books which were published in the Literary Municipality of Vršac - KOV, (2007 - 2011).

In 2019, the publishing house Presing (editor-in-chief, Predrag Milojević) published her book "The Observatory of the Twenty-First Century" in the edition "Under Pres".

She translates poetry from English (Ted Hughes, Philip Larkin, Lorenz Ferlinghetti ...).

Her poems are translated into French and Macedonian.

She was an editor in the publishing house “Beletra” and editor-in-chief of the literary magazine “Kovina” (KOV, Vršac).

She published a series of philosophical essays in the collections of the Aesthetic Society of Serbia (philosophical essays in the following collections of the Aesthetic Society of Serbia: The Impact of Aesthetics on Art, Aesthetics and Education, The Problem of Creativity, The Problem of Taste, The Crisis of Art and New Art Practice, Problem of Form, Homo Aestheticus, Aesthetic culture, Aesthetic and real ...). In the book “Aesthetics in the Age of Anti-Art”, the philosopher Sreten Petrović analyzed one of her texts on pages 411- 413.

Her poems and short stories were published in numerous collections of contemporary literature and in several anthologies of the poetry of the twenty-first century.

She made a selection of poetry - Avant-garde will always exist, Grammatik 2018 (poets of particular poetics, the beginning of the 21st century).

She is a member of the Serbian Literary Society, the Association of Serbian Writers and the Aesthetic Society of Serbia.

SANDA RISTIĆ STOJANOVIC
– AN ADVENTUROUS AND INSPIRING
BIOGRAPHY

She was born in 1974 in Belgrade. In her childhood, she was staying with her grandmother Dragica Bene in Australia. At nine years of age, she visited Athens and listened about ancient philosophers from her family friend, Branko Kojić, while walking with him on the Acropolis.

In childhood and youth, she had traveled throughout Europe.

Due to numerous conflicts with professors of literature in elementary and high school, she turned to the philosophy she graduated from the Faculty of Philosophy in Belgrade.

She believes that the real poet is the revolutionary, either in language or in reality.

In her teens, she listened to Punk music and loved avant-garde movements in literature and painting.

In the cabinet of her professor Mladen Kozomara, in the first year of the Philosophy study, she saw the picture of Che Guevara.

She has published over ten books of poetry (Worlds, KOV, Address, Gramatik, Presing, Draslar) and has written and published a series of philosophical essays in the collections of the Aesthetic Society of Serbia.

She is proud to be included in Sreten Petrović's book "Aesthetics in the Age of Anti-Art", Dere-

ta, 2016, together with 10 colleagues, aestheticians whose texts on the line of art defense were elaborated by philosopher Sreten Petrović

Her favorite poets and writers are Rimbaud, Apollinaire, Lautreamont, Shelley, Keats, Mary Shelley, Virginia Woolf, Edgar Allan Poe, Rene Shar, Blaise Cendrars, Camus, Sartre, Gabriela Mistral...

She no longer sends her books to competitions for prizes. She agrees with Sartre on the issue of rewarding in literature. She considers, in the spirit of Sartre's thought, that poetry is art and prose is not art.

When she holds her literary evenings, she mostly overpasses the number 9 of people present in the audience as it was during Baudelaire's literary evenings. She is aware that Rimbaud and Baudelaire were not loved by the audience.

She loves traveling and visited a number of European countries and cities about which and in which she had written the poems (Milan, Genoa, Como, Trieste (Italy), Lugano (Switzerland), Vienna (Austria), Athens, Patras, Thessaloniki, Kilkis, Kufalia (Greece), Budapest, Szeged (Hungary), Timisoara, Arad (Romania)

She is married to a university professor who was born in Russia, whose mother was Russian. She travels (as a manager and coach) with her son who is a successful tennis player to tournaments in Serbia and Europe.

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Sanda Ristić Stojanović
ART POESIE POETRY

Izdavač
DRASLAR
Dalmatinska 47, Beograd
tel: 011 275 98 08, 275 90 75
www.draslar-partner.rs

Za izdavača
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