

Su Blackwell

Pretty Maid Ibronka





THERE were, once upon a time, a king and queen who had only one daughter. Her beauty, her sweetness of temper, and her wit, which were incomparable, caused them to give her the name of Graciosa. 61

„Lijepa djeva Ibronka“ je mađarska bajka. Ova priča mi je privukla pažnju iščitavajući antologiju bajki, koju je priredila Angela Carter.

Bajke su ponikle iz usmene tradicije i često sadrže ustaljene riječi i fraze. Lijepa djeva Ibronka se u tom pogledu ističe opštim mjestima ustaljenog pripovjedačkog stila bajki.

U toku protekle dvije sedmice, obavljala sam jedan monoton, mehanički posao, koji se sastojao u sjeckanju djelova teksta iz knjige drevnih bajki, od čitavih 600 strana. Ovi djelovi teksta su hirurškom preciznošću isjekani skalpelom, a zatim spajani u formu ogromnih isječaka, koji su potom bili razasuti po galerijskim zidovima. Ostvareni vizuelni efekat ukazuje na formu uzburkanih morskih talasa.

Marie-Louise von Franz, zagovornik Jungove psihologije, jednom prilikom mi je napisala: „Bajke su za mene poput mora, dok su sage i mitovi nalik na valove koji ga talasaju“.

Isječene riječi su fizičko otjelovljenje ispisanih riječi u tekstu.

„Zatim prati nit i namotavaj je u klupko, prati trag i sigurno ćeš naći njegov dom“. (Lijepa djeva Ibronka)

Lijepa djeva Ibronka je interesantna priča, koja iako podražava tipičnu strukturu jedne bajke, u samom pripovijedanju sadrži elemente inovativnosti, oneobičavanja ovog stila:

„Bješe lijepo djevojče u selu ... Ali, šta sa tim, ako sve druge djevojke ... imahu momka, a ona baš nijednog.“
Ovaj stil nas pomalo zbunjuje, pošto u potpunosti iznevjerava naša očekivanja sa početka priče.

Prateći glavni ženski lik i njena životna promišljanja i promišljanja, otkrivamo univerzalnost tema, strahova i prijetnji s kojima se suočava.

Bajke često sadrže moć magične transformacije najobičnijih materijala, što uočavamo i u ovoj bajci: „Ugledao je ružu kako se podiže iz vaze, stresa se, a potom pretvara u najljepšu djevu koju je ikada vidio“ . (Lijepa djeva Ibronka)

Za poglavlje *Preobražaj* (Ruža), pronašla sam korišćenu spavaćicu, koju su nosile djevojčice u pred-pubertet-skom dobu, u 19. vijeku. Potom sam makazicama isjekla laticu, listove i trnje, i zašila ih, kako bih oblikovala ružu. Vješt看im baratanjem ruku, ruža je bukvalno iznikla iz materijala za haljine.

Ogledalo visi na zidu, signalizirajući izraz rastućeg samosvjesnog identiteta.

Uključivanje opreme za šivenje u rad, ukazuje na same začetke bajki, koje su generacije žena prenosile s koljena



na koljeno i to u dugotrajnim i sipljivim časovima u toku kojih se prelo, vezlo i šilo.

Priča završava tako što se Ibronki vraća izgubljena moć govora, nakon čega se ona obraća đavolu. Upravo u tom činu obraćanja, oglašavanja, đavo se potpuno potire i nestaje.

U dijelu naslovljenom *Ponavljanje*, fraza koju Ibronka koristi kako bi savladala đavola, nemarno, instinktivno i u više navrata je ispisana po galerijskim zidovima. Ona se prostire na desetak metara i bilo je potrebno dva dana da se ispiše. Vrhovi olovki su izloženi u podnožju, kako bi se na taj način ukazalo na prolaznost vremena i materije.

Moja inspirisanost bajkom „Lijepa djeva Ibronka“, jeste pokušaj da se stvore i opredmete „druga“ značenja povezana sa ovom pričom.

Su Blackwell



LIJEPA DJEVA IBRONKA

Nekada davno u selu živjale djevojke po imenu „Lijepa djeva Ibronka“, ali iako lijepa bješe, ovaj, svog voljenog nemaše. Kada bi se djevojke naveče okupile da predu i vezu, sve o svojim momcima pričahu, ali Lijepa djeva Ibronka, ćutaše, sve do jednog dana kada pomisli i reče:

„Bože, pošalji mi voljenog, bilo koga, pa čak i đavola samog!“

Te večeri sve djevojke dođoše kod Ibronke da predu, kad neko zakuca na vrata. Mladić sa ogrtačem od ovčje kože i kapom od ždralovog perja uđe u kuću. On priđe bliže Ibronki, sjede i poče sa njom razgovarati. Toliko je bila uznemirena i zadovoljna da ispusti svoje vreteno, pa se oboje sagnuše da ga podignu. Napipavajući pod da bi ga pronašli, Ibronka dotače mladićeva stopala i osjeti da to nisu ljudska stopala, već papci. A potom, te večeri, kada su se pozdravljali, zagrlili se i Ibronka primijeti da joj se ruka nije zadržala na njegovim leđima, već je utonula u njegovo tijelo, prošla kroz njega kao kroz koprenu.

Sljedeće jutro pođe kod mudre starice u selu. Ona joj ispriča da je poželjela voljenog, pa makar i sam đavo bio, i da se u trenucima kada su djevojke prele, taj mladić i pojavio. Nosio je ogrtač od ovčje kože, kapu od ždralovog perja, sjeo kraj nje i počeo razgovarati, ali ona je u tom trenutku ispustila svoje vreteno i pokušavajući da ga napipa, dotače njegovo stopalo, koje nije bilo ljudsko, već papak. A kada ga je zagrlila, ruka joj je prošla kroz njegovo tijelo.

„I sada, draga moja“, Ibronka je upita: „Šta da radim?“

Mudra starica joj reče da pođe, ali ne kod istih djevojaka, već kod drugih, koje su takođe prele. Ibronka je poslušala njene riječi, ali gdje god je pošla, isti mladić bi se pojavio. Lijepa sluškinja Ibronka se ponovo vrati mudroj starici i reče:

„Ja se njega neću nikada otarasiti.“ Ko je on? I odakle on dolazi, isuviše se plašim da ga pitam.“

Potom je starica savjetova:

„Nauči trik mladih djevojaka koje ne umiju presti, već namotavaju predivo na kalem. Večeras, kada se budete pozdravljali, provuci iglu, predivom namotanu na klupko u njegov ogrtač od ovčje kože, a onda kada bude odlazio, odmotaj klupko dok bude imalo konca. Zatim, prati nit i namotavaj je u klupko, prati trag i sigurno ćeš naći njegov dom.“

Te večeri, djevojke dođoše u Ibronkinu kuću i kada stigoše začu se kako neko kuca na vrata, sve se trgoše u iščekivaju posjetioca. Pojavi se mladić i sjede kraj Ibronke. Kada se večer približi kraju i svi pođoše, Ibronka i mladić se približiše jedno drugom pričajući o svemu pomalo. Zagriše se, a Ibronka ubode iglu u njegov ogrtač od ovčje kože. Konačno se pozdraviše i on nastavi svojim putem, a Ibronka poče da odmotava klupko, koje se tako brzo odmotavalo, da se ona početi pitati koliko će još konca preostati, i upravo tada, konac se zategnu i otrže sa s kalema. Ona potom poče ponovo da namotava klupko, hodajući dok je namotavala konac, prateći trag i pitajući se gdje će je trag odvesti. Trag je odveo pravo u crkvu. „Dakle“, pomisli, „mora da je prošao ovim putem.“ Ali, konac je odveo dalje, pravo do crkve i vrata crkvenog dvorišta. Ibronka se nagnu, proviri kroz ključaonicu i pogodite koga spazi tamo? Njenog dragana? I šta je on radio? Dok ga je posmatrala, raspolutio je glavu čovjeka, razdvajajući ta dva dijela na isti način na koji se lubenica dijeli, a potom se gosti moždanom masom iz obje polovine. Vidjevši to, prekinula je konac i odjurila kući. Ali je njen voljeni krajičkom svoga oka spazi i hitro se uputi ka njoj. Ona ne stiže ni vrata da zaključa, kada joj se on obrati kroz prozor:

„Lijepa djevo Ibronka, šta si vidjela dok si virila kroz ključaonicu?“

„Ne vidjeh ništa!“

„Lijepa djevo Ibronka, šta si vidjela dok si virila kroz ključaonicu?“

„Reci mi ili će tvoja sestra umrijeti!“

„Ako umre, sahranićemo je!“

Ibronka čitavu noć oka nije sklopila, ali već sljedećeg jutra, njena sestra zaista bješe mrtva. Ibronka ponovo pođe starici.

„Mudra starice, potreban mi je tvoj savjet. Uradila sam što ste me savjetovali.“

„I šta se onda desilo?“

„Samo zamislite gdje me je odveo trag prediva. Pravo u crkveno dvorište.“

„Pa, kojim poslom on odlazi tamo?“

„Molim Vas, zamislite samo! Ne uđoh na vrata, već provirih kroz ključonicu. Raspolučivao je glavu čovjeku, a ja sam ga posmatrala kako se gosti moždanom masom raspolučene glave. Prekinula sam predivo i vratila se kući, ali mora da me je uočio, jer, dok sam stavljala rezu na vrata, obratio mi se kroz prozor: „Lijepa djevo Ibronka, šta si vidjela dok si virila kroz ključaonicu?“

„Ne vidjeh ništa!“

„Reci mi ili će tvoja sestra umrijeti!“

„Ako umre, sahranićemo je, ali zaista ne vidjeh ništa!“

„Sada me poslušaj“ – reče starica. „Poslušaj me i odnesi svoju sestru u podrum“

Ibronka je to uradila i iste te večeri, nije se usudila da izađe napolje da prede, već je ostala kod kuće, i šta je moglo da se desi osim da njen voljeni dođe do njenog prozora?



„Lijepa djevo Ibronka, šta si vidjela dok si virila kroz ključaonicu?“

„Ne vidjeh ništa!“

„Reci mi ili će tvoj otac umrijeti!“

„Ako umre, sahranićemo ga, ali zaista ne vidjeh ništa!“

Ibronka čitavu noć oka nije sklopila, ali već sljedećeg jutra, njen otac zaista bješe mrtav. Odnijela je oca u podrum i otrča, što je brže mogla do mudre starice.

„Molim Vas recite mi šta da radim“ – reče „Utješite me u ovim teškim trenucima. Šta će biti sa mnom?“

„Ti ne možeš ništa uraditi. Zar ne vidiš kuda sve ovo vodi? Umrijećeš. Sada, reci svojim prijateljicama da budu blizu tebe kada umreš. I kada se to desi, pošto će se to sigurno desiti, ne smiju iznijeti kovčeg niti kroz vrata niti kroz prozor. Moraju napraviti otvor u zidu i progurati kovčeg kroz njega. Ali ne bi trebalo da ga nose putem, već kroz bašte i stazice, niti da te sahrane na groblju, već u jarku kraj crkvenog dvorišta.“

Nakon toga, Ibronka pođe kući i pozva prijateljice da im to saopšti. Naveče, njen voljeni priđe prozoru:

„Lijepa djevo Ibronka, šta si vidjela dok si virila kroz ključaonicu?“

„Ne vidjeh ništa!“

„Reci mi ili ćeš i ti umrijeti!“

„Ako umrem, sahranite me, ali zaista ne vidjeh ništa!“

Porazgovarala je sa svojim prijateljicama i one konačno zaspale. Ali kada se probudiše, ugledaše mrtvu Ibronku. Nedugo potom, donesoše kovčeg, napraviše otvor u zidu i provukoše kovčeg kroz njega, noseći ga ne ulicama, već baštama i sporednim stazicama, a potom je sahraniše u jarku kraj crkvenog dvorišta.

Sljedeće večeri, Ibronkin dragi pođe njenoj kući i upita:

„Vrata i prozori, pitam vas, da li je kroz vas iznešena Ibronka?“, a vrata i prozori odgovoriše: „Ne, nije.“ Zatim pođe do ulice i upita „Da li je niz vas odnešen kovčeg?“, a ulice odgovoriše: „Ne, nije.“ Otišao je do crkvenog dvorišta i upita: „Groblje, reci mi da li je na tvom tlu sahranjena Lijepa djevo Ibronka?“, a groblje odgovori: „Ne, nije.“

Ali, kako ništa nije saznao ni od vrata ni od prozora, ni od ulice, niti od crkvenog dvorišta, sam sebi reče:

„Vidim da to moram sam da saznam. Nabaviću gvozdene sandale i tražiću je sve dok mi se sandale ne istanje.“

Na groblju ukraj crkvenog dvorišta, izrasla je predivna ruža, i jednog dana princ je projahao kraj ruže u svojoj kočiji, ugledao je i ubrao. Kada je stigao kući, stavio je vazu, zalio vodom i postavio je ispred ogledala na trpezar-

rijski sto, tako da je mogao gledati tokom obroka. Za večerom se najeo, a hrane je još preostalo, pa onda reče svom sluzi:

„Ostavi hranu na stolu, pošto ću se vratiti kasnije i pojesti je.“

Narednog jutra, hrane nije bilo, mada je ni sluga ni princ nijesu pojeli. Ovo se desilo nekoliko puta, sve dok princ ne odluči da osmotri šta se dešava sa ostacima hrane. Te se večeri sakrio u trpezariji, i dok je mirovao u potaji, ugledao je ružu kako se podiže iz vaze, stresa se i pretvara u najljepšu djevu koju je ikada vidio. Posmatrao je, ustao iza stola i baš kad se djevojka pripremala da se protrese i ponovo pretvori u ružu, izašao je iz svog zaklona uzeo u naručje i rekao joj:

„Moraš se udati za mene, jer sam se zaljubio u tebe.“

Djevojka je uporno odbijala, ali on je još više pritiskao, govoreći joj da mora pristati sve dok ona nije i pristala, ali pod jednim uslovom. Rekla je:

„Nikad ne smiješ tražiti od mene da zajedno idemo u crkvu“. Princ joj reče: „Nećemo ići zajedno u crkvu, mada ponekad mogu sam tamo poći.“

I tako se oni vjenčaše i živješe u miru i slozi. Nakon nekoliko godina, Lijepa dijeva Ibronka rodi sina, i par godina kasnije rodi još jednog. Suprug odvede djecu u crkvu sa sobom, ali Ibronka nikada ne pođe sa njima. Sve bi ovo bilo lijepo, da neko od ljudi u crkvi ne upita princa:

„Zašto uvijek sam dovodiš djecu u crkvu, a tvoja supruga nikada ne dolazi sa vama.“

On bi smislio poneko opravdanje za nju, ali to pitanje ga je počelo opterećivati, i pošto je uvijek izmišljao poneki novi razlog, počela su ogovaranja, dok jednom ne reče svojoj ženi:

„Zar nećeš sa nama poći u crkvu?“

„Pristao si da me to nikada ne pitaš,“ ona ga podsjeti.

„Moramo li se zauvijek držati tog dogovora?“ reče. „Hajde, pridruži nam se.“

„U redu,“ reče ona. „Ali, ovo neće izaći na dobro.“

Pošla je sa njima, a ljudi su se zaista obradovali ugledavši ih zajedno. „To je prava stvar“, složiše se.

Na kraju procesije, dok su odlazili, neki muškarac se uputi prolazom, noseći par istrošenih gvozdenih sandala i gvozdeni štap u ruci. Udario je štapom o tlo i polomio ga od siline udarca, a zatim je rekao:

„Lijepa djevo Ibronka, zakleo sam se da ću obući par gvozdениh sandala, ponijeti gvozdeni štap sa sobom, i krenuti u potragu za tobom, čak i kada bih bos hodio. I, konačno, te sada nalazim. Večeras ću ti doći.“

Na putu kući, princ upita svoju suprugu „Šta je on time mislio?“, a ona na to odgovori: „Ne brini, vidjećeš.“

Ali Lijepa djeva Ibronka više nije bila mlada dama koja se osjećala nevoljenom. Imala je muža koji joj je govorio „dušo moja“ i dva sina koji su je zvali „mama“, tako da ona više nije željela ni da čuje pitanje, za koje je znala da će je ponovo pitati.

Kada je on te večeri prišao njenom prozoru i upitao je:

„Lijepa djevo Ibronka, šta si vidjela kada si provirila kroz ključaonicu?“

Ibronka odgovori:

„Bijah najljepša djevojka u selu, ali momka nemah. Jednom, zaželjeh da mi Bog pošalje momka, pa makar i samog đavola! Mora da se zbog zaista posebnog načina na koji sam mu se obratila, to i desilo, jer iste večeri, kada smo se sakupili da predemo, pojavi se mladić sa ogrtačem od ovčje kože i kapom ukrašenom ždralovim perjem. Pozdravio nas je i sjeo kraj mene, i kada sam ispustila vreteno, rukom sam slučajno napipala njegovo stopalo, ali to, zapravo, nije bilo ljudsko stopalo, već papak! Zatim sam ga zagrlila, a ruka mi je prošla kroz njegovo tijelo, ALI, TO JE UPOKOJENA, A NE ŽIVA DUŠA KOJOJ SE SADA OBRAĆAM.“

Cijelo vrijeme, stajao je on kraj prozora, vičući iz sveg glasa, nadglavavajući njene riječi:

„LIJEPA DJEVO IBRONKA, ŠTA SI VIDJELA KAD SI PROVIRILA KROZ KLJUČAONICU?“

„Potražio sam savjet od mudre starice u selu, a ona mi reče da pođem u drugu kuću da predem, ali on nastavi da me prati, a mudra starica me savjetova da provučem iglu sa predivom kroz njegovu kapu, i da odmotam predivo kada krene, i tako prateći predivo, pronađem put do njegove kuće. Ja to i uradih i pratih ga do crkve, crkvenog dvorišta i groblja.“

Dok je ona izgovarala ove riječi, on je bio napolju vičući gromoglasno:

„LIJEPA DJEVO IBRONKA, ŠTA SI VIDJELA KADA SI PROVIRILA KROZ KLJUČAONICU?“

„Ali, mora da me je vidio, pošto me je pratio do kuće i tražio da mu kažem šta sam vidjela.“

„KADA SI PROVIRILA KROZ KLJUČAONICU?“

„Skamenjena od straha, izazvala sam smrti svoje sestre, svoje majke i oca moga, ALI, TO JE UPOKOJENA, A NE ŽIVA DUŠA KOJOJ SE SADA OBRAĆAM.“

„LIJEPA DJEVO IBRONKA, ŠTA SI VIDJELA ...“

„Ali, sada da ti kažem da sam pogledala kroz ključaonicu, a potom u mjesečinu.“

„KADA SI PROVIRILA KROZ KLJUČAONICU?“



„Vidjela sam ga kako raspoluđuje glavu leša.“

„...ŠTA SI VIDJELA?“

„I kako obije polovine naslanja na svoje usne ...“

„...PROVIRILA SI KROZ KLJUČAONICU?“

„Dok ne proguta moždanu masu obije polovine, ALI, TO JE UPOKOJENA, A NE ŽIVA DUŠA KOJOJ SE SADA OBRAĆAM.“

Kada to začu, vrisnu, a od siline vriska zamak se zatrese od vrha do dna i on se sruši u dno prozora. I kad Lijepa djeva Ibronka baci pogled na mjesto na kojem je stajao, ne vidje ništa osim oprljenog parčeta zemlje. Odmače se od prozora, okrenu se i u tom trenutku ugleda muža i sinove, a iza njih sestru, oca i majku. Konačno, svi na okupu, zbačenih čini bijahu.

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living one to whom I am speaking
It is a dead soul and not a living
one to whom I am speaking

Pretty Maid Ibronka is a Hungarian fairy tale. I first came across the story in an anthology of fairy tales compiled by the brilliant Angela Carter.

Fairy tales were born from an oral tradition and often contain repetitive words and phrases. Pretty Maid Ibronka is an especially boringly repetitive tale.

Over the course of two weeks, I have been involved with a repetitive and monotonous task, cutting lines of text from an entire 600 page book of old fairy tales. The lines of text are meticulously cut out with a scalpel blade and then pasted together to form vast strips of text, which are strewn across the gallery walls. The effect suggests the form and motion of waves in the sea.

The Jungian psychologist 'Marie-Louise von Franz' wrote 'to me, the fairy tale is like the sea, and the sagas and myths are like the waves upon it'.

The words cut out, are a physical manifestation of the words on the page.

'Then follow the thread and wind it up, and in this way, you will find where he lives'. (Pretty Maid Ibronka)

Pretty Maid Ibronka is an interesting story, and while it conforms to the typical structure of the fairy tale, it deviates slightly in its telling.

'There was a pretty girl in the village...But what of it, if all the other girls...had a lover and she had none'. Our assumptions then, are confuted straight away.

With its focus on the female protagonist and her dilemmas, the range of threats and themes are resonant, possibly universal.

Fairy tales often involve the magical transformation of the most ordinary materials, and 'Pretty Maid Ibronka' makes no exception.

He saw the rose arise from the vase and shake itself and transformed into the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. (Pretty Maid Ibronka)

For the piece 'Transformation; (Rose)', I sourced a second-hand 19th Century night gown, which could have been worn by a pre-pubescent girl. Using a little pair of scissors I cut out the shapes of petals, leaves and thorns, then stitched them together to form the shape of a rose. Through a sleight of hand, the rose literally folds out from the material of the dress.

A mirror hangs on the wall, signalling an expression of identity and growing self awareness.

The incorporation of stitch and sewing paraphernalia in the work, makes reference to the origins of fairy tales,



which were passed down through generations of women, who were involved with tedious tasks of spinning, weaving and sewing.

The story ends with Ibronka finding her voice, and speaking out to the devil. It is through the act of speaking out, which finally vanquishes the devil once and for all.

In 'Repetition', the phrase that Ibronka uses to defeat the devil, is scrawled along the length of the gallery wall, repeated over and over again. It stretches 10 metres, and took two days to complete. The stubs of the pencils used are displayed on a plinth, as a record of the passing of time, and physicality.

By taking my inspiration from 'Pretty Maid Ibronka', I am attempting to create 'other' meanings associated with the tale.

Su Blackwell

PRETTY MAID IBRONKA

Years ago in a village there lived a girl named »Pretty Maid Ibronka,« but pretty as she was, she had no lover. When the girls gathered to spin and sew in the evenings, the other girls all had sweethearts, but Pretty Maid Ibronka did not, until at last one day she said

»Oh, if only God would give me a sweetheart, even if one of the devils own he were!«

That night, all the girls came to Ibronka's house to spin, when there came a knock at the door. In walked a young man wearing a sheepskin cape and a cap with crane feathers. He came to Ibronka's side and sat and began talking to her. So nervous and pleased was she, that she dropped her spindle, and he and she both leaned over to pick it up. In feeling about to find it, Ibronka's hand chanced upon the young man's foot, and she felt that it was not a foot at all but a cloven hoof. And then, that night, when they were saying goodnight, they embraced in the way of the young, and Ibronka noticed that her hand did not hold to his back, but crossed right through his body.

The next morning she went to see a wise old woman of the village. She told her that she had wished for a lover, even if he be one of the devils own, and that when the girls were at her house spinning, a young man came. He was wearing a sheepskin cape and a cap with crane feathers, and he sat by her and talked with her, but that she had dropped her spindle, and in reaching for it, her hand happened upon his foot, but it was not a foot at all, it was a cloven hoof. And later, when she embraced him, her hand had passed right through his body.

»And now, kind mother,« Ibronka said: What should I do?«

So the wise woman told her to go, not with the same circle, but to another spinning group, and that she did, but wherever Pretty Maid Ibronka went, the young man appeared. So, Pretty Maid Ibronka returned to the wise old woman.

»Old woman« she said. »I shall never get rid of him'. Who is he? And where does he come from, for I am too afraid to ask him.«

»Well, then,« said the old woman, »Learn a trick from the young girls who cannot yet spin but wind the thread in a spool. Tonight, when you are saying goodnight to him, run a needle threaded to a spool of thread into his sheepskin cape; then as he leaves, unwind the spool until it stops. Then follow the thread and wind it up, and in this way, you will find where he lives.

That night, the girls were meeting at Ibronka's house, and when the girls had arrived and another knock came at the door, they all stopped in silence and expectation. In walked the young man and sat at Ibronka's side. And when the evening was over, and they all had left, Ibronka and the young man drew close to each other, and talked about this and that. As they embraced, Ibronka sewed her needle into the back of his sheepskin cape. At last they said good night, and he went his way, and Ibronka began to unwind the spool. Fast did the thread unwind, and Ibronka began to wonder how much more there could be, and just then, the thread stopped and no more came off the spool.

Then Ibronka began to rewind it, walking as she wound, wondering where the thread could be leading her? It led her straight to the church.

»Well,« she thought, »he must have passed this way.« But the thread led her further on, straight into the church and to the door that opened to the churchyard. Ibronka bent down and peeped through the keyhole, and whom does she behold there? Her own sweetheart? And what was he doing? As she watched, he sawed the head of a man in two, separating the two parts, just the same way one might cut a melon in two, and then she saw him feasting on the brains from the halves. Seeing that, she broke the thread, and in great haste made her way back to the house.

But her sweetheart must have caught sight of her and briskly set out after her. No sooner had she reached home and bolted the door safely on the inside, than her sweetheart was calling to her through the window:

»Pretty Maid Ibronka, what did you see when you put your eye to the hole for the key?«
»Nothing did I see!«
»Pretty Maid Ibronka, what did you see when you put your eye to the hole for the key?«
»Tell me, or your sister will die!«
»If she dies, then we'll bury her''

Ibronka did not sleep that night, but the next morning, her sister was dead. Ibronka went to the old woman.

»Wise woman, I need your advice. I did what you advised me to do.«
»What happened then?«
»Oh, just imagine where I was led in following the thread. Straight to the churchyard.«
»Well, what was his business there?«
»Oh, just imagine! At the door, I did not enter but looked through the keyhole. He was sawing a dead man's head in two, and as I watched he feasted on the brains of the severed head. I broke the thread and made my way back home, but he must have caught sight of me because as soon as I had the door safely bolted on the inside he was calling me through the window:



»Pretty Maid Ibronka, what did you see when you put your eye to the hole for the key?«

»Nothing did I see!«

»Tell me, or your sister will die!«

»If she dies, then we'll bury her, but nothing did I spy.«

»Now listen,« said the old woman, »Take my advice and put your sister in the cellar.«

Ibronka did that, and that evening, she did not dare to go out to spin, but stayed at home, and what should happen but that her sweetheart came again to the window?

»Pretty Maid Ibronka, what did you see when you put your eye to the hole for the key?«

»Nothing did I see!«

»Tell me, or your mother will die!«

»If she dies, then we'll bury her, but nothing did I spy.«

That night, Ibronka did not sleep, but in the morning, her mother was dead. Ibronka put her mother in the cellar.

That night, as she waited fearfully at home, her sweetheart came again:

»Pretty Maid Ibronka, what did you see when you put your pretty eye to the hole for the key?«

»Nothing did I see!«

»Tell me, or your father will die!«

»If he dies, then we'll bury him, but nothing did I spy.«

That night, Ibronka did not sleep, but in the morning, her father was dead.

She took her father to the cellar, and then went as fast as she could to the wise old woman.

»Oh, what should I do,« she said. »Give me some comfort in my distress. What is to become of me?«

»There is nothing you can do. Can't you see where this is leading? You are going to die. Now, go and tell your friends to be there when you die. And when you die, because die you will for certain, they must not take the coffin out either through the door or the window. They must cut a hole in the wall and push the coffin through that hole. But they should not carry it along the road but cut across through the gardens and the bypaths. And they should not bury it in the cemetery but in the ditch beside the churchyard.«

Well, Ibronka went home and sent word to her friends, and they appeared when she called and sat with her.

In the evening, her sweetheart came to the window:

»Pretty Maid Ibronka, what did you see when you put your pretty eye to the hole for the key?«

»Nothing did I see!«

»Tell me, or you shall die!«

»If I die, then they'll bury me, but nothing did I spy.«

For a while, she and her friends kept up conversation. At last they fell asleep. But when they awoke, they found Ibronka dead. They were not long in bringing in a coffin and cutting a hole in the wall and passing the coffin through it and carrying it off, not on the roads, but cutting across the gardens and bypaths, and they buried her in the ditch beside the churchyard.

The next night, Ibronka's sweetheart went to the house, and he asked »Doors and windows, was it through you that they carried Ibronka?« and the doors and windows answered »No, it was not.«

He went to the road and said »Was it over you that they carried her coffin?« and the road answered »No, it was not.«

He went to the churchyard and asked »Tell me churchyard, was it in your ground that they buried Pretty Maid Ibronka?« and the churchyard answered »No, it was not.«

So, as he did not get any wiser from doors and windows, the road, or the churchyard, he said to himself, »Well, I see I shall have to find out for myself. I shall get myself some iron sandals and a staff, and I shall search for her until I wear them out.«

Now, it happened that over her grave in the ditch beside the churchyard, there grew a beautiful rose, and one day a prince was riding by in his coach and saw it and went to pick it. When he arrived home, he placed it in a vase of water in front of a mirror on a sideboard of his dining room, so that he might look upon it even as he ate. That night, he became full before he finished his supper, and he said to his servant:

»Leave the food on the table; as I may come back and eat it later.«

Next morning, the food was gone, but neither the prince nor his servant had eaten the food

This happened several times, until the prince decided to watch to see what was happening to the leftover food. He hid himself in the dining room that night, and, when all was still, he saw the rose arise from the vase and shake itself and transformed into the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. He watched her eat, then she stood from the table and, just as she was about to shake herself and become a rose again, he came out of hiding, and held her with his arms and said to her :

»You must marry me, for I have fallen in love with you.«

The girl insisted that she could not, but he pressed her further, saying that she must do so until she agreed but set one condition.

She said »You must never ask me to go to church with you.«

The prince said »There will be none of that, though I may go by myself sometime.«

And so they were married and lived quietly. After a few years, Pretty Maid Ibronka had a child, a son, and after a few more years, she had another. Her husband took the boys to church with him, but Ibronka never went with them.

Now this might have been fine, but it happened that some of the people in the church said to the prince

»Why is it that you bring your sons to church with you, but your wife never comes with you.«

He would make some excuse or other for her, but the question began to wear on him, and, as there was always some new reason, tongues began to wag until one day he said to her

»Won't you come to church with me and our sons?«

»You agreed that you would never ask me to do that,« she said.

»Must we abide by that bargain forever?« he said. »Come with me.«

»Very well,« she said. »But no good can come of this.«

She went with them, and it made the people rejoice to see them. »That is the right thing to do,« they said.

At the end of the mass, as they were leaving, a man came up the aisle wearing a pair of iron sandals worn to holes, carrying an iron staff in his hand. He pounded it on the floor and it broke, and he said

»I pledged myself, Pretty Maid Ibronka, that I would put on a pair of iron sandals, and take an iron staff, and go out looking for you, even if I should wear them to naught, and at last I have found you. Tonight, I shall come to you.«

And on the way home, the prince said to his wife »What did he mean?« and she said »Never mind, you shall see.«

But Pretty Maid Ibronka was no longer that young maid who felt unloved. She had a husband who called her »my dear,« and two sons who called her »mother,« and she did not wish to hear the question which she knew would be put to her again.

That night, when he came to her window and asked:

»Pretty Maid Ibronka, what did you see when you put your eye to the hole for the key?«



Ibronka said:

»I was the prettiest girl in the village, but I had no sweetheart. Once, I let it out that I wished God would give me one, even if one of the devil's own he were! There must have been something in the way I said it, for that evening when we gathered to do our spinning, myself and my friends, there appeared a young man in a sheep-skin cape with a hat graced with the feather of a crane. He greeted us and took a seat at my side, and when I dropped my spindle, my hand chanced to touch his foot, but it was not a foot at all, but a cloven hoof! Then when I embraced him, my hand passed right through his body, BUT IT IS A DEAD AND NOT A LIVING SOUL TO WHOM I AM SPEAKING.«

And all the while, he stood outside her window, shouting at the top of his voice, drowning her words:

»PRETTY MAID IBRONKA, WHAT DID YOU SEE WHEN YOU PUT YOUR EYE TO THE HOLE FOR THE KEY?«

»I sought advice from a wise woman in the village, and she told me to go to a different house to spin, but he followed me still, then she told me to pass a needle with thread through his cape, and unwind the thread as he left and to follow it and rewind it to find out where he lived. I did that and followed him to the church and into the churchyard, the cemetery.«

And he was outside shouting to her:

»PRETTY MAID IBRONKA, WHAT DID YOU SEE WHEN YOU PUT YOUR EYE TO THE HOLE FOR THE KEY?«

»But he must have seen me, for he followed me home and demanded I tell him what I saw,«

»WHEN YOU PUT YOUR EYE TO THE HOLE FOR THE KEY?«

»And through my fear, I brought about the deaths of my sister and my mother and my father, BUT IT IS A DEAD AND NOT A LIVING SOUL TO WHOM I AM SPEAKING!«

»PRETTY MAID IBRONKA, WHAT DID YOU SEE ...»

»But now I tell you that I looked through the keyhole, and in the moonlight,«

»WHEN YOU PUT YOUR PRETTY EYE TO THE HOLE FOR THE KEY?«

»I saw him cut in half the head of a corpse,«

»...WHAT DID YOU SEE?«

»And place each half to his lips. . .«

»... PUT YOUR EYE TO THE HOLE FOR THE KEY?«

»And he drank the brains, BUT IT IS A DEAD SOUL AND NOT A LIVING ONE TO WHOM I AM SPEAKING!«

And when he heard this, he uttered a cry which shook the castle to its bottom, and he collapsed beneath the window. And when Pretty Maid Ibronka looked to where he had been standing, there was nothing but a patch of scorched earth. She turned away from the window, and there saw, standing behind her, her husband and sons, and behind them, her sister, her father her mother, the spell broken at last.

[The text in this image is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a dense, curved band of light gray lines against a white background. It likely represents a large volume of text, possibly a list or a document, that has been scanned at a low resolution or is otherwise obscured.]



THE
OLD, OLD
FAIRY
TALES

THE OLD, OLD
FAIRY TALES

THE PULL
LIBRARY

E. WARD & CO.



... and the ... of









Datum rođenja: 1975. Šefild, Engleska
Živi i radi u Londonu.

Kvalifikacije i obuka:

01-03 Master Tekstil, Kraljevski umjetnički koledž, London
97-00 Bečelor Umjetnosti i Dizajna, Bredford koledž za umjetnost i dizajn

Samostalne izložbe:

12 'Lijepa djeva Ibronka', Fakultet likovnih umjetnosti, Crna Gora
11 Bishop Faculty Fellow 2011, 'Izabrani radovi', The Center for Book Arts, New York
10 'Happily Ever After', Long and Ryle, London
10 'Remnants', The Bronte Parsonage Museum, Haworth, UK
09 'All the Things I love are going to Disintegrate' The Scottish Gallery' Edinburgh
08 'To Take Us Lands Away', Long and Ryle, London

Selektovane grupne izložbe:

12 The First Cut, Manchester Art Gallery, UK
11 Ghosts of Gone Birds, Liverpool School of Art
09 Can Art Save Us? Millenium Gallery, Sheffield
09 Slash: Paper under the Knife, Museum of Modern Art and Design, New York
08 8th East Wing Collection, The Courtauld Institute of Art
06 Mostyn Open 2006, Oriel Mostyn Gallery, Llandudno

Radovi u javnim kolekcijama:

The Burns Museum, Alloway, National Trust Scotland
Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield
The Bronte Parsonage Museum, Haworth, West Yorkshire

Projekti i narudžbe:

12 Illustrations for The Fairy Tale Princesses for 'Thames and Hudson' (Thames and Hudson Books, 2012)
11 Set Design for The Snow Queen, Rose Theatre, Kingston Upon Thames

Selektovani komercijalni projekti:

12 Campaign for British Airways, UK
11 Campaign for Fairmont Hotels, Worldwide

10 Window Display for Nicole Farhi, London Stores
10 Campaign for Crabtree and Evelyn, Worldwide
10 Campaign for Pilsner Urquell, The Bank, Worldwide
10 Animation for Volvo, Acne Productions, Sweden

Selektovana predavanja:

10-11 Visiting Lecturer, Jewellery, Central St. Martin's School of Art
09-10 Visiting Lecturer, Communications, Canterbury School of Art

Blackwell je magistrirala Tekstil na Kraljevskom umjetničkom koledžu u Londonu 2003.

Ona radi uglavnom sa papirom, naročito sa korišćenim knjigama, koje siječe, cijepa, savija i oblikuje u trodimenzionalne skulpture.

Blackwell je počela raditi sa knjigama 2003. godine, nakon putovanja kroz jugoistočnu Aziju. 'Mirni Amerikanac' je polovna knjiga koju je kupila u knjižari na Tajlandu, i od nje je nastala prva knjiga – skulptura koju je napravila po povratku sa putovanja.

Ova knjiga je fotografisana za britansko izdanje Voga, a zatim i prodana. Od tada je Blackwell napravila mnogo knjiga – skulptura.

Knjige inspirišu njen rad. Privlače je bajke i evropski folklor, i njeni radovi najčešće su izloženi u drvenim kutijama sa osvjetljenjem.

Njen rad teži malim i intimnim dimenzijama, ali ona takođe radi na većim projektima gdje saraduje i sa drugim kreativnim disciplinama.

Za izradu svojih knjiga – skulptura umjetnica koristi jednostavan alat: skalpel, podlogu za rezanje i lijepak.

Date and Place of Birth: 1975 Sheffield U.K
Lives and Works in London

Qualifications & Training:

01-03 MA Textiles, Royal College of Art, London
97-00 BA (Hons) Art & Design, Bradford College of Art and Design

Solo Exhibitions:

12 'Pretty Maid Ibronka', Faculty of Fine Arts, Montenegro
11 Bishop Faculty Fellow 2011, 'Selected Works', The Center for Book Arts, New York
10 'Happily Ever After', Long and Ryle, London
10 'Remnants', The Bronte Parsonage Museum, Haworth, UK
09 'All the Things I love are going to Disintegrate' The Scottish Gallery' Edinburgh
08 'To Take Us Lands Away', Long and Ryle, London

Selected Group Exhibitions:

12 The First Cut, Manchester Art Gallery, UK
11 Ghosts of Gone Birds, Liverpool School of Art
09 Can Art Save Us? Millenium Gallery, Sheffield
09 Slash: Paper under the Knife, Museum of Modern Art and Design, New York
08 8th East Wing Collection, The Courtauld Institute of Art
06 Mostyn Open 2006, Oriel Mostyn Gallery, Llandudno

Work in Public Collections:

The Burns Museum, Alloway, National Trust Scotland
Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield
The Bronte Parsonage Museum, Haworth, West Yorkshire

Projects and Commissions:

12 Illustrations for The Fairy Tale Princesses for 'Thames and Hudson' (Thames and Hudson Books, 2012)
11 Set Design for The Snow Queen, Rose Theatre, Kingston Upon Thames

Selected Commercial Projects:

12 Campaign for British Airways, UK
11 Campaign for Fairmont Hotels, Worldwide

10 Window Display for Nicole Farhi, London Stores
10 Campaign for Crabtree and Evelyn, Worldwide
10 Campaign for Pilsner Urquell, The Bank, Worldwide
10 Animation for Volvo, Acne Productions, Sweden

Selected Teaching:

10-11 Visiting Lecturer, Jewellery, Central St. Martin's School of Art
09-10 Visiting Lecturer, Communications, Canterbury School of Art

Blackwell gained an MA in Textiles at the Royal College of Art in London in 2003.

She works predominantly with paper, and in particular, with second-hand books, which she cuts, tears, folds, and sculpts into three-dimensional sculptures.

Blackwell began working with books in 2003, after travelling through South East Asia. 'The Quiet American' is a book bought in a second-hand book-shop in Thailand, and is the first book-sculpture she made, when returning from her travels.

The Quiet American was photographed for the British Edition of Vogue magazine, and consequently sold. Since then, Blackwell has made many book-sculptures.

The books inspire the work. Often drawn towards books of Fairy Tales and European Folklore, her works are displayed in wooden boxes, which have lights inside.

Blackwell's work tends to be on a small, rather intimate scale, but she also works on larger projects and on collaborations within other creative disciplines.

The tools used for making her book-sculptures are simple; she uses a craft-knife, cutting mat, and glue.



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