

ODA JAJETU

Veliko ti je ovo jaje.

Nikola Vitković

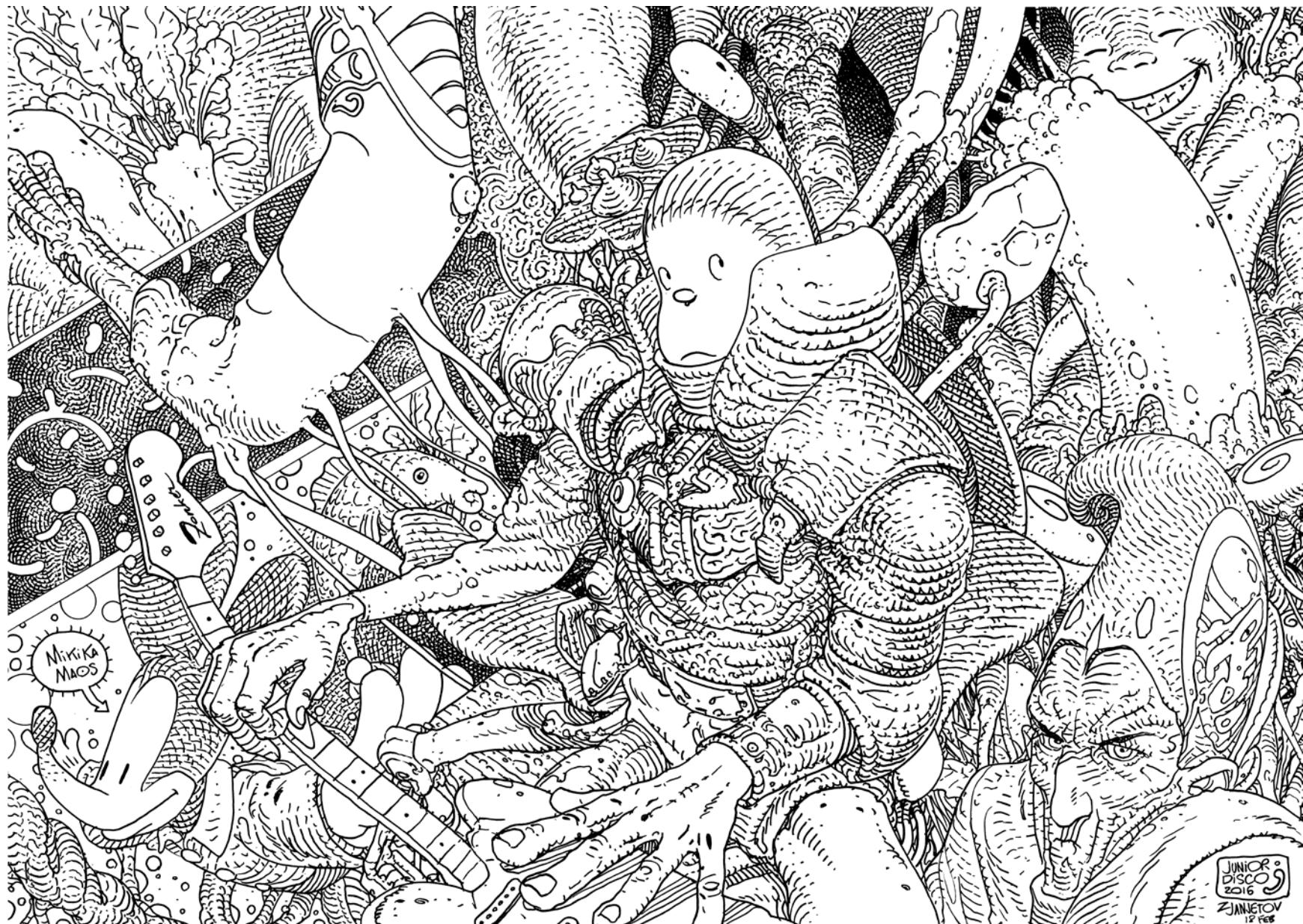
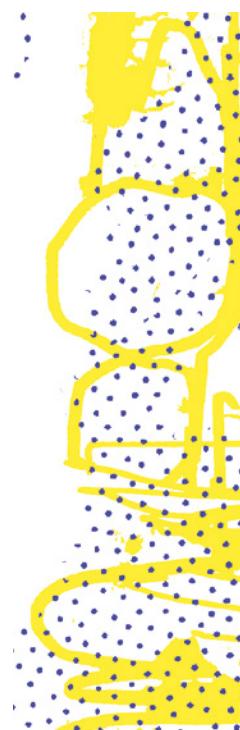
deseto novo doba! 10 godina inkubacije, 10 godina trenja, znojenja, povraćanja po jajetu i glancanja istog našim oteglim podočnjacima, potom spravljanja boje od jajčane emulzije i pigmenata struganih po čoškovima nehidrijenskih kafana, proces koji je zahtevao zanat koliko i školu života, a sve to da bi se o karton ili platno otisnule mrlje, o njih odbila ili upila svetlost i dodatno zašljili jajasti vrhovi sinusoida gravitacionih talasa kojima bismo uticali na jajastost nebeskih tela što bi njihovim rotacijama, usled decentralizacije težišta, obezbedilo dodatni ljudlj. makar koliko da potremo uticaj lepršanja krila onog kič leptira u kini kojeg stalno pominju a koji očigledno malo po malo sjebava celu vasionu.

univerzum kosmičke vasione svemira

naučno fantastični rad je antropološka spekulacija ili je ništa. stoga u sf-u svaki novum sadrži ovum [npr kao našu ili tuđinsku evoluciju, kao ljuštu nepoznatog sadržaja, kao poruku u boci iz fantastičnog izvora itd]. štaviše, jaje držim za primarni naučnofantastični motiv – vremeplov! šklopocija koja nas inkubira do željene stanice u budućnosti je isto što i odmrznuto jaje dinosaura – sačuvana poruka iz drugog vremena. mi, pupčani crvi, što gmižemo pod zemljom i po zemlji, opsednuti smo izgubljenim srodstvom sa dinosaurusima tij pticama i sanjamo o genetskom testamentu kojim ćemo, makar

kao pobočni čukununuci, naslediti gospodare neba i zemlje. želja za slobodom i sprovođenjem terora tinja kroz milenijume. jaje zato spada u osnovne sf arhetipe, zajedno sa straftom lasera i teleportom.

prizor jajeta, koliko god nam bilo toplo i milo, uvek podiže saspens; ta tišina pred eksploziju dok čekamo da otkrijemo nepoznati svet unutra i – da li je unutra prijatelj ili neprijatelj? ovde se mora odati počast wellsu, ne zbog kristalnog jajeta nego onog koje je sa marса doletelo na zemlju i u njoj se inkubiralo satima. kakav temelj za žanr, a? nenadjebitost rata svetova nije samo u genijalnom pripovedanju nego i u tome što su čuda u tom romanu bila jednakno nova za protagonistu [čovečanstvo],



Zoran Janjetov

pisca i čitaoce [opet čovečanstvo]. to 'neiskustvo' naratora koji se obraća nespremnoj publici, danas knjizi daje uverljivost i dramu za kakvom savremenim pisci mogu samo da uzdišu – publika je desenzitizovana. imaginacija viktorijanske publike je po tom pitanju bila tabula rasa. da ne govorim što ni zločine nad indijancima nisu kontali kada im je wells, smelo i pionirski, deflorisao interplanetarnu nesvest i, bome, dobro ih formatirao. danas, susret dece izgubljene u šumi sa jajetom iz svemira je već toliki folklor da bi bilo teško ikog ubediti kako se ta deca uopšte kolebaju da li im je jaje prijatelj. danas se saspens susreta sa vanjskom genetikom uglavnom svodi na ono – ko će da ispadne bad guy, ko će prvi da potegne pračku? mogućnosti daljeg zapleta se račvaju na ono što je čiča carpenter definisao kao dve grane horora: desničarski [zlo dolazi spolja] i levičarski [zlo je u nama]. kako god, obe se svode na agresiju – neko će nekog da smaže, mi jaje ili ono nas.

ipak, tvrdim da postoji i druga, manje pragmatičarska vrsta naučne fantastike, koja nas ne uzbuduje strahom nego čudnovatošću; svet jaja, imaginacije, topnih ameboidnih oblika, psihodelije bez adrenalina; gde iz ljske izlazi prijatelj, nežno nas usisava providnom surgom i ispljavava u kaleidoskop nepoznatog; gde radoznali hrlimo u otkrivanje novog i brisanje starog i нико се не gnjavi, kao što bi u klasičnom sf-u morao, sa tamo nekim zavodenjem komunalnog reda između nebeskih tela; svet где aluvijalnim ravnima vladaju amorfne vijuge više inteligencije i smirena jajastost. i ponekad proleti pufna ljubičaste izmaglice. [gde li ide? hajde da otkrijemo!]

iako ne umem da navedem nijedno ovakvo potpuno jajofilsko sf delo, kategorički branim podelu sf-a na militaristički i jajodelični, i favorizujem drugu kategoriju. e sad, pošto za nju nemam primere, još ču malo da opljunem po militarističkoj.

u pop kulturi, rodoslov sf-a bih skicirao ovako: sf je popularni oblik futurizma, futurizam je apologija kosmičkog programa, a kosmički program je samo podružnica hladnog rata. nije čudo što, od japana do amerike, sf-om dominiraju kopljasti, aerodinamični, balistički oblici – arhetip metka ispaljenog nasmejanom mesecu u oko. pa opet, čak je i takav agresivni imaginarijum osprednut jajetom: vojne i tehničke sile su uvek opterećene rasnom

čistotom i paranojama o nekakvoj biološkoj pretnji, invaziji, pošasti, trojanskom konju. devedesetih su čak i godzilu sveli na t-rexa koji podmeće kukavičja jaja. osim toga, mehanicistički digitalni hladni sf je naučio da, kao neki mačo u cvetnoj ili roze košulji, koristi tople majčinske motive poput polu jajastog broda u arrival. to mu samo podiže sleek hi tech ugodaj, oblina ga čini oštijim, ženstvenost muževnjim.

dok su metode opstanka i porodične vrednosti glavne pouke mejnstrim futurizma, unutar njega teče kontrakultura kao neka treća krajnost. subverzivna umetnost i horor, ni aerodinamični ni obli, prečesto se pale na motive koji su tribalni, nekonveksni, krakati i rogati. možda taj strah od kandži i kljova, strah od posekotina i nije toliko površan, s obzirom koliko smo iznutra prazni [o tome kasnije]. ipak, jaje je zajebanje... blisko koliko i zlokobno, oko bez zenice, osećamo da nas oseća al ne znamo da li nas nišani i iz koje pore. sa svojom podmuklom glatkoćom nam se može !flop! uvući odozdo da ga i ne osetimo, a onda tek kreće egzistencijalni užas iznutra.

osim wellsovog, izdvojio bih još neka znamenita sf jaja. pre svega svoje jaje, u stripu koji još uvek čeka dobar naziv i koji će biti objavljen u narednih godinu dve, ako da kokoš. napisao sam ga i nacrtao a sad ga farbam. šteta što se neće osušiti do novog doba. zatim kod žodoa, žiroa i žanžetofa smo imali jaje tame, najčešće sa tačkicom hajljata za zlehudu sluzavost, a katkad i kao apsolutno crnilo koje volumen nagoveštava kao ona rukavica kod degasa. pre tačno sto godina nam se putem hipnosinta javio profesor stanojević sa svog nepovratnog puta u oval i izvestio nas o susretu sa jajetom u kozmosu. zavod za istraživanje je 2003. u teleoptiku čistio suvišnu materiju iz jajeta, romba i elipse kako bi iz njih izdvojio praočlik [fig. 1]. u kasnijem radu zavoda su bile zastupljenije elipse kao polja osećaja. za diferencijaciju jaja i elipsi pogledati tabelu d. savovića u katalogu novog doba 2011, str. 71. na brzaka da pomenemo i paraseksualna jaja trampovog imenjaka pajje patka, koja on tobože leže i sam jede, zatim francusku etiketu egg sa famoznim kosmischen muzik izdanjima iz 'starog doba' i konačno nešto savremenije, mračni ženski hor koji se potpisuje crnim jajetom – kozmos jajastih zvijezda.

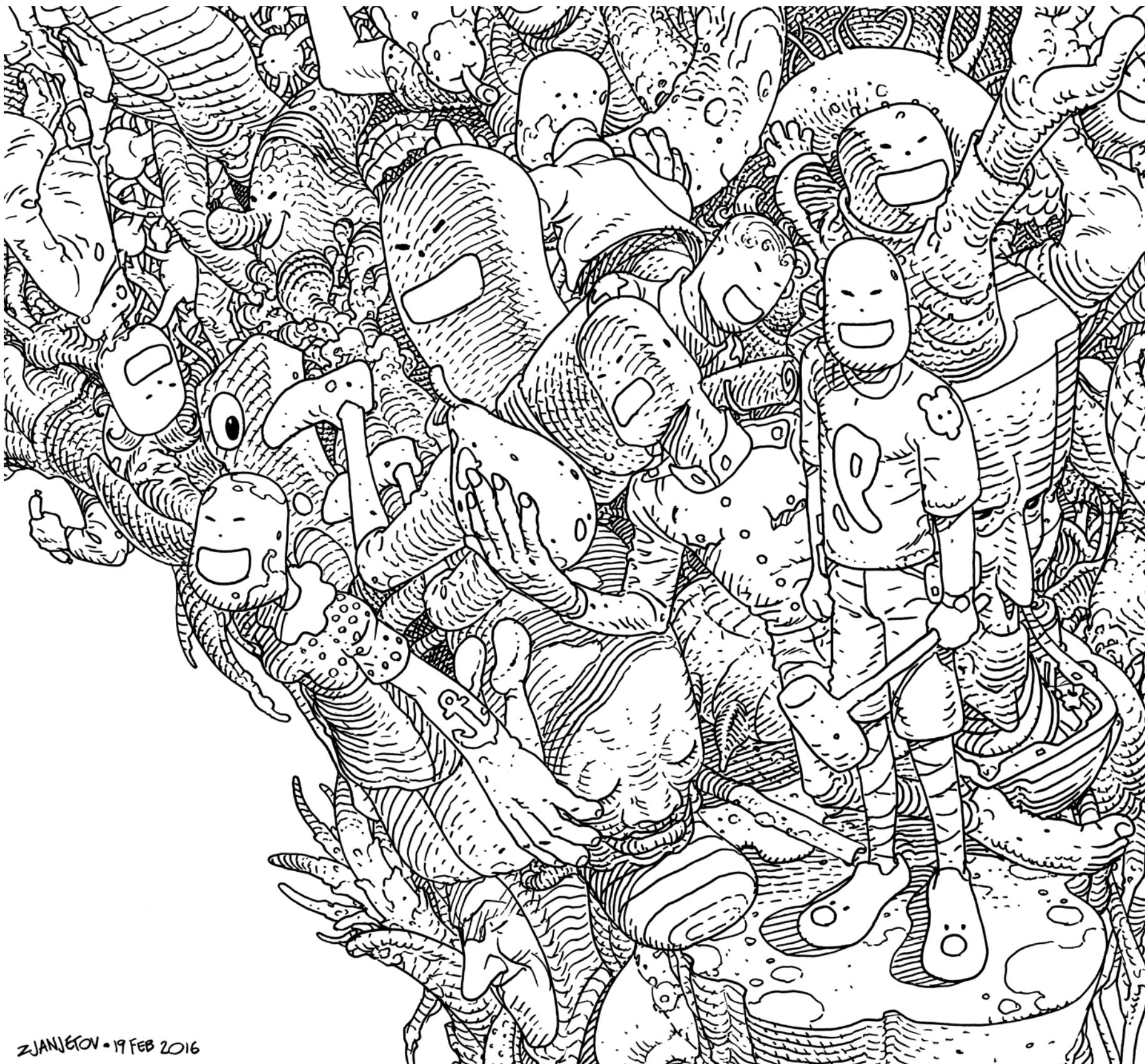


fig. 1

jaje, šta je to?

u spikama o umetnosti skoro da nema ničeg otužnijeg od metafore kruga. zatvorio si krug? zaokružio celinu? deluješ u sferi? blj. zatočio si se u polje, formalno i predvidivo i još se hvališ njegovom beskrajnom simetrijom tj dosadom koja se da svesti na dve tačke... deprimirajuće. konzervativni um nalazi utehu u ideji da nas kraj vraća na početak. za mene je to klastrofobični košmar. kružnice treba pokidati i iskriviti u spirale – i najprostija spirala nam daje putokaze u beskraj neistraženog mikro i makro kosmosa. a ako je već kompluzija za zatvaranjem linije tolika, onda je bar zajaji malo, izmesti težiste, lepše će se valcer vrteti kada je jedna strana jača ili guzatija. i gle! iako je kontura jajeta i dalje zatvorena, ipak je jaje beskrajan oblik – možda je zatvoreno u dimenzijama prostora, ali kroz dimenziju vremena, ono se radijalno širi, ka spolja i unutra.

jaje, bilo koje, svukud i svagda, ima dva centra. prvi je centar kokoške iz kojeg je jaje poteklo. profesor mića matriks je dlanom o dlan rešio enigmu 'kokoška ili jaje', zapravo je ukazao da enigma ni ne postoji – 'neko je to prvo jaje morao da napravi, dakle prvo je bila kokoška.' kapa dole. drugi centar je središte poslednjeg jajeta koje će nastati na kraju jajolucije, beskonačni zoom u budućnost, u molekul koji se tek planira. a u međuvremenu, na neki psihodeličan način, radijalno širenje jajeta se račva i od jedne postaje mnoštvo radijacija, primeraka i varijacija, tupljih šiljatijih debljih i duljih. kako bre iz istog centra može nastati više sfera koje se ne presecaju? to može samo jaje. i još lude: kako iz više radijacija može nastati jedna? jaje se dvosmerno



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račva-pa-sažima jer, vidite, iz nekog razloga postoje ti pogani mali spermatozoidi. čemu? otkud mudo, pa još u paru? dnk, MIDI poruke, jaje, knjigu ili fanzin možemo prosto fotokopirati [uz ugodne sitne defekte]. ali kako preklopom dve slike ili poruke nastaje nova, za mene misterija je.

u drevnom egyptu nije se znalo da mužjaci osemenjuju ženke. tajnu sperme je krila najuža sveštenička klika pod svojim suknjicama, ne samo kako bi među pučanstvom održali uverenje da njihove kraljice direktno plodi bog, nego da bi i sami smeli da svoje pogane spermoide uštrcavaju kome stignu. eto kako je čovek – jajetova samohodajuća

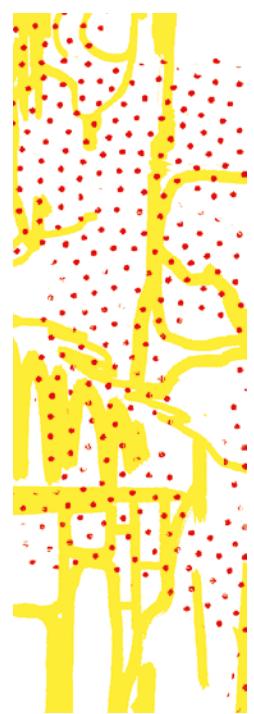
placenta – u večitom sukobu prioriteta između individualnog i opštег. ovamo traži povlastice, ima ambicije, želi da bude važniji od žumanceta koje nosi i da ga razmenjuje s kim god joj/mu se uhte; a onamo se kaje što je alav, što ne čuva žumance kao smerna kvočka. ne znam zašto se žumance uvek smatra važnijim od potrošnog čoveka. pa baš zato što smo potrošni, greota je da se odričemo poroka zbog žumanceta kome je svejedno – svakako će nas nadživeti.

i tako je civilizacija koja je poznavala radialno račvanje ali ne i sažimanje jaja, zidala piramide kao ugaona jaja 'sa one strane' lju[d]ske egzistencije. piramida je inkubator koji štiti

potrošeno, šuplje telo. konačno trijumf individualnog nad opštim. jer da, individua je ljuštura opštег. zagledamo li se u svoje jezgro, ne nalazimo ništa lično, samo opšte jaje. dakle – ja je, ono sam.

i trebalo bi da nas sve sahranjuju u piramidama. ne mora onim velikim keopsovim, može malim kefirovim, četvorouglim tetrapacima što se lako pakuju u one heksagonalne gajbice. ili barem pod obrnutim krstom – to su prečnici uspravnog jajeta, zato ga deca i vole.

za kraj, zdravica: da kokoš snosi jaja iz ljubavi a ne iz nužde, i da ponovo, posle mnogo vekova, svaka koka i petao dožive prirodnu smrt u dubokoj starosti i sa zasluženom penzijom.





ODE TO AN EGG

NIKOLA VITKOVIĆ

the tenth novo doba! 10 years of incubation, 10 years of friction, of sweating and puking on the egg and polishing it with saggy bags under our eyes, and then preparing a color from an egg yolk emulsion and pigments, which we had scraped off corners of unhygienic taverns, a process which required not just skill but also a school of life, and all this so that blots would be splashed on a piece of cardboard or a canvas, which would then bounce off or absorb the light and further sharpen the ovoid tips of gravitational sine waves by which we may influence the ovoidity of celestial bodies and thus, due to the decentralization of their respective centers of gravity, give additional spin to their rotations. at least enough to reverse the effects caused by the wing flaps of that corny butterfly in china which everyone mentions and which is obviously fucking up the entire universe little by little.

cosmic universe of space

a work of science fiction is either an anthropological speculation or it is nothing. hence, in sci-fi, every novum contains an ovum (for example, as our own or an alien evolution, like a shell of unknown contents, like a message in a bottle coming from some fantastic source, etc). what's more, i hold the egg to be the primary science fiction motif – the time machine! a decrepit vehicle which incubates us until we reach our desired stop in the future is the same as a defrosted dinosaur egg – a preserved message from another time. we, the umbilical worms, crawling beneath and upon the earth, are obsessed with our lost connection with the dinosaurs, i.e. birds, dreaming of a genetic testament which will help us, as their great-grandchildren, succeed those masters of land and sky. a desire to be free and spread terror burns through millennia. this is why the egg is one of the basic sci-fi archetypes, together with the laser beam and the teleport.

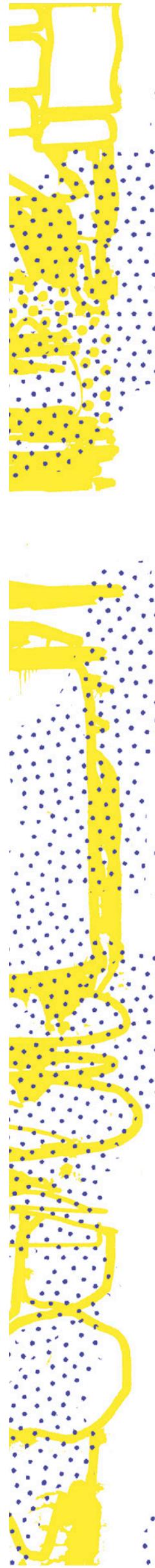
the sight of an egg, no matter how warm and pleasing it may be, always raises suspense; that silence before the explosion as we wait to discover the unknown world inside and – if a friend or foe awaits there. here we must honor wells, not for the crystal egg, but the one which flew to earth from mars and which incubated inside it for hours. talk about creating a genre, eh? war of the worlds is still unsurpassed not just because of its genius storytelling but also because the miracles in that novel were equally new to both the protagonist (mankind), the writer and the readers (again mankind). today, this “inexperience” of the narrator addressing the unprepared audience, gives the book credibility and drama that would leave the contemporary authors sighing – the audience has been desensitized. the imagination of the victorian audience had a clean slate in that respect. not to mention they couldn't even comprehend the crimes against the indians, when wells, boldly and brazenly, defiled their interplanetary unawareness and did a great job of formatting it too. today, a scene of children lost in the woods and coming face to face with an extraterrestrial egg had become folklorized so much it would be difficult to persuade anyone that those kids had any doubts whether the egg was friendly or not. today, the suspense of meeting alien genetics mostly comes down to this – who

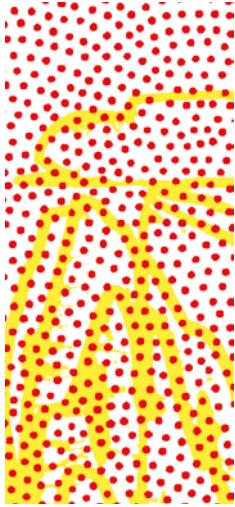
will turn out to be the bad guy, and who will draw the sling first? the possibilities of furthering the plot depend on what grandpa carpenter defined as the two branches of horror: right-wing (the evil comes from outside) and left-wing (the evil is inside us). either way, both boil down to aggression – someone will eat someone else, either we eat the egg or the egg eats us.

still, i claim there is another, less pragmatic type of science fiction, which thrills us not with fear but wonder; the world of eggs and imagination, warm amoeboid shapes, psychedelia without adrenalin; where it's always a friend that comes out of the eggshell, who then gently sucks us in with an invisible proboscis and spews us into the kaleidoscope of the unknown; where curiously we hurtle to discover the new and erase the old and no one is bothered, like they would have to be in classic sci-fi, to enforce some kind of communal law and order between celestial bodies; a world of alluvial plains ruled by the amorphous synapses of some higher intelligence and peaceful ovoidity. and occasionally a puff of purple mist flies by. [where is it heading? let's find out!]

and, even though i am unable to name a single entirely ovophilic piece of science fiction work, i categorically defend the categorisation of sci-fi as either militaristic or ovodelic, and openly favor the latter. now, since i lack examples of the latter, i will spend some more time pissing on the former.

the genealogy of sci-fi in popular culture can be sketched out a bit like this: sci-fi is a popular form of futurism, futurism is an apologia of the cosmic program, and the cosmic program is merely a subsidiary of cold war. no wonder then that, from japan to america, the science fiction is dominated by spear-like, aerodynamic, ballistic shapes – the archetype of the bullet fired into the laughing moon's eye. then again, even such an aggressive imaginarium is obsessed with the egg: military and technological forces are always obsessed with racial purity and paranoia about a biological threat, an invasion, an epidemic, a trojan horse. in the 90's, they even reduced godzilla to a t-rex planting its cuckoo eggs. besides, the cold digital mechanistic sci-fi has learned, like a macho guy in a floral or pink shirt, to use warm motherly motifs, such as the bisected ovoid spaceship from arrival. it only





elevates the sleek hi-tech feeling, its roundness makes it sharper, its femininity makes it more masculine.

while survival methods and family values seem to be the main messages of mainstream futurism, within it, there is a counterculture thriving as some kind of third extreme. subversive art and horror, neither aerodynamic nor round, are too often all about motifs which are tribal, non-convex, arthropodian and horned. perhaps this fear of claws and tusks, the fear of being cut, is not

so superficial, considering how empty inside we all are [more on that later]. and yet, the egg is way more scary... familiar as much as it's sinister, an eye without a pupil, we feel it senses us but we are not sure if it's aiming at us and from which pore. with its insidious smoothness it can flop! penetrate us from below without us even noticing, and only then the real existential horror begins from within.

beside wells's i would also like to point out several other honorable sci-fi eggs. first of all, my own egg,

in a comic book still waiting for a good title, which will probably get published in the next year or two, if chicken almighty permits. i have written and drawn it and now i am painting it. too bad it won't dry before the novo doba festival. next, jodo, giraud and janjetov had the dark egg, most often presented with a touch of highlight for added malicious ooze, and sometimes as absolute darkness which implies its volume, just like the glove of degas'. precisely one hundred years ago, we were contacted via hypnosynth by professor





stanojević from his one-way trip to the oval, who informed us about his encounter with an egg in *Cosmos*. in 2003, institute for research visited teleoptik to clean the extraneous matter from the egg, the rhombus and the ellipsis in order to extract the pre-form [fig. 1]. during the later stages of its work, the institute for research frequently used ellipses as fields of sensation. to differentiate between the egg and ellipsis look up 2011 novo doba catalog, pg. 71, a chart made by d. savović. we will also quickly mention the parasexual

eggs of trump's namesake donald duck, which he supposedly lays and eats himself, then the french label egg with its famous kosmische muzik editions from the 'old age' and, finally, something more contemporary, the dark female choir with its signature black egg – kozmos jajastih zvijezda.

the egg, what is it?

when we talk about art there is almost nothing more dull than the metaphor of a circle. you closed the circle? rounded the whole? you are operating within a sphere? yuck. you have locked yourself inside a field which is both formal and predictable, and then you brag about its infinite symmetry, i.e. boredom, which is essentially characterized by just two points... depressing. a conservative mind finds comfort in the idea that the end is bringing us back to the beginning. to me, that's a claustrophobic nightmare. all circles should be snapped and twisted into spirals – even the simplest spiral gives us directions into the infinity of unexplored micro and macrocosms. and if the urge to close the line is so intense, then at least make it more like an egg, move the center around, the waltz is ruined if one dancing partner's behind is not more rounded. lo and behold! though the contour of the egg is closed, still the egg is an infinite shape – perhaps it appears closed in the dimensions of space, but within the dimension of time, it expands radially, both toward the outside and the inside.

any egg, anytime and anywhere, has two centers. the first is the center of the chicken which the first egg came from. professor mića matrix single-handedly solved the 'chicken or the egg' enigma, actually, he pointed out there was no enigma whatsoever – 'someone had to make that first egg, therefore, the chicken came first.' kudos for that. the other center is the center of the last egg which will come at the end of evolution, an infinite zoom into the future, into a molecule yet to be conceived. in the meantime, in a certain psychedelic way, the radial expansion of an egg branches off and, what started as one, multiplies into many radiations, specimens and variations, duller pointier fattier and lengthier. how can multiple spheres share a single center, and yet not intersect with each other? only an egg can do that. and crazier still: how can multiple radiations merge into one? the egg branches off and then contracts in two ways, because, you see, for some

reason, there are these nasty little spermatozoids. why? how come we have balls, and a pair of them at that? dna, midi messages, an egg, a book or fanzine can simply be photocopied [with pleasant slight artefacts]. but how overlapping two images or messages can create a new one is a mystery to me.

in ancient egypt, no one knew that males impregnated females. the secret of the sperm was kept hidden by the innermost sanctum of priests under their skirts, not just to keep people believing that their queens were fertilized directly by gods, but also because they could squirt their filthy semen into whomever they so pleased. and here is a man, the egg's self-propelling placenta, in eternal conflict of priorities between the individual and the common. on one hand, he seeks privileges, has ambitions, wishes to be more important than the yolk he carries and to exchange it with whomever he/she pleases; on the other hand, he is sorry for being too greedy, for not keeping his yolk safe, like a devoted hen would. i don't know why a yolk is always considered more important than an expendable man. it is precisely because we are expendable, it would be a shame to give up vice for the sake of a yolk which doesn't even care – it will outlive us anyway.

and so, the civilization which knew radial expansion, but not contraction of eggs, built pyramids as angular eggs 'on the other side' of human egg-sistence. the pyramid is the incubator which protects the used up, hollow body. finally a triumph of individual over common. because, yes, the individual is the shell of the common. if we look down into the core of our being, we will find nothing personal, just a general egg. so – i is, it am.

and we should all be buried inside pyramids. not necessarily the big khufu ones, smaller kefir ones are also ok, rectangular tetra-paks that can easily be stacked in those hexagonal crates. or at least under an inverted cross – it represents the diameters of an upright egg, that's why kids love it.

and, lastly, a toast: may the chicken bear eggs out of love and not out of necessity and, again, after many centuries, may each and every hen and cock die old of natural causes, and may they enjoy their well-earned pension.

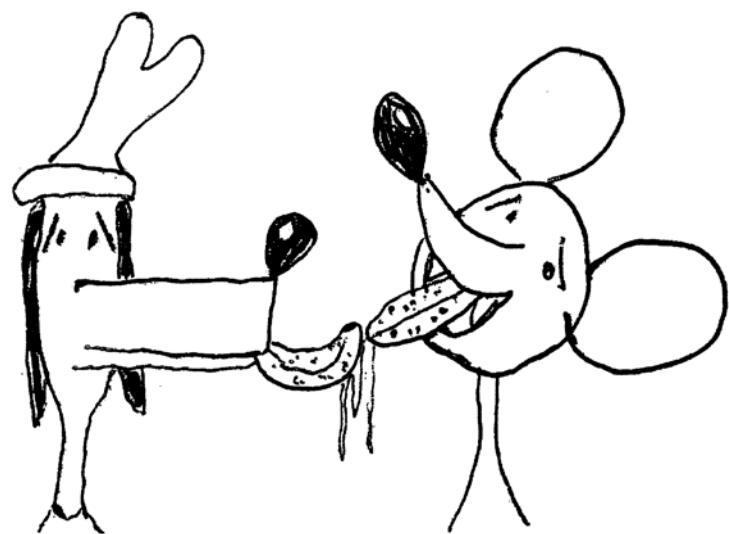
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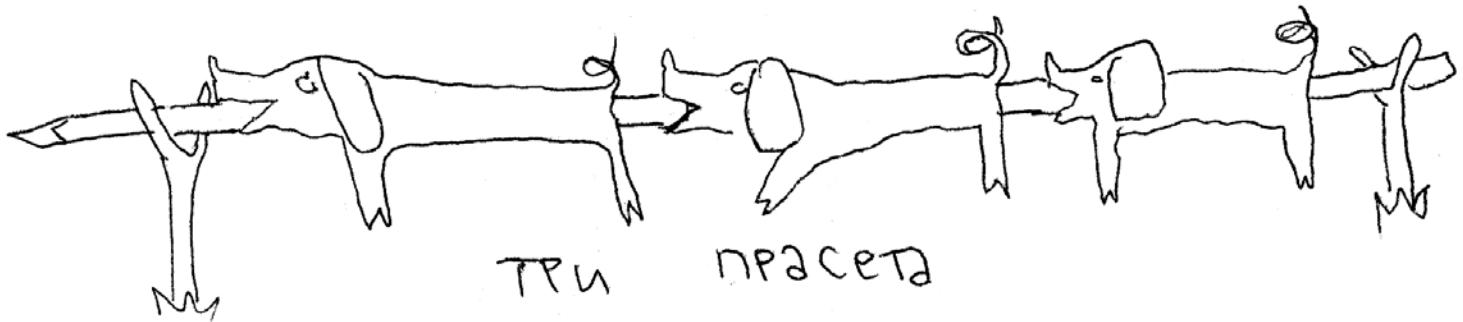
Radovan Popović

Ovo jaje je najstarije.

Ne treba biti previše mudar i široko obavešten; zna se gde je On. Suština je Ta, a žanrovska određenost njegove priče, On bi rekao telenovele, je nebitna, i gravitira ka tragediji, baš ka onom centru težišta vrtloga i uzajamno uslovljene konstrukcije tragikomedije oko koga se vrte ostali žanrovi. Drama, porodična. Triler, psihološki. Horor, čist. Njega od sveta dele godine, ubitačna i nemilosrdna samoća, pojačana prisustvom oca, koga je kasnije ipak izbacio iz kuće i majke, poslednjeg zida, ključara i čuvara, žene žrtve, nasledne bolesti ove porodice. Ona čuva svojim telom taj njegov prostor, između četiri niska, memljivo bela zida, mali prozor, guste rešetke i pogled. Osim njih, godina, njega, beskraja i nje praznine, povremeno se pojavljuju, obrisi, prikaze i aveti, maske i likovi sa obe strane sećanja, u ovoj prići koja jeste možda fikcija, jedna pretpostavka koja je uzrok svih nesporazuma, ali od nečeg se mora početi ova priča koja verovatno ima elemenata istine, laži takođe, namerne, da bi se zavarao trag i one druge, koja nastaje sama, razvija se i živi kroz ovaj život. Prozor je visoko i gleda u susednu zgradu, zid, ili još gore, gore u nebo. U toj kocki On sedi, ređe, uglavnom leži. Ne kupu se, zubi su mu propali, prljavština skupila po čoškovima njegovih usana. Ne jede skoro ništa ili se prežderava pomijama koje se služe u takvim institucijama. Zavisi od uzajamnog uticaja količine i dijapazona hemikalija kojima je možda verovatno nasilno podvrgnut. Ne čita, nema pažnju, ne seća se, ne vidi i ne čuje... U svakoj ovoj rečenici, možda svakoj drugoj, krije se laž. Nije besmislena nego, iako već sakrivena opskurnošću ovog lista koji držite, predstavlja odraz jedne pragmatične neistine, postoji i momenat tajne u funkciji zaštite. Kriptičnost, opsena, misterija, sve je u funkciji. On nije ni heroj ni antiheroj, nije ni simbol, nekog otpora, prezira, mladalačkog bunda srednjih godina koje su ga napale već na kraju puberteta. Sve je

video i doživeo, osetio i preživeo. Sa druge strane tog osmougaonog prostora, o njemu se prepričavaju događaji koji se nisu desili, za njim kukaju oni koji ga nisu nikad ni videli, počeli su da ga cene u krugovima pakla koji ga je zarobio. Onakav, kakav je, mrcina, snažnog tela i teških kostiju, prokletstvo superiornih gena, dobro će mu doći, da se našalimo, u budućim danima, noćima pogotovo, živeće sto godina, a on je hteo nešto drugo. Treba biti lud, zaljubljen u ljubav i život, da ga citiram, ili izmislim nešto, možda neki tračak romantike, osmeха ciničnog ili ne, humoreske, pa neka i teške, treba biti lud i slep, umišljen i zamišljen, hodati bos po snegu i pevati, zviždati i uživati u svakoj mrvici života, da bi ovu njegovu priču, ovu lažnu biografiju, priveo, sveo na neki, nenesrećan, svršetak, mali neki cvet koji mrzne u preranom, lažnom proleću koje ga je zavelo, sad ga zima polako, ceo život, jer cvet živi kratko, nisu to iste razmere, nisu to priče koje se tek tako pričaju i prepričavaju, lagano hлади и смрзава. Pokazali smo se svi, najviše mi, njegovi najbliži, znači svi, drugovi, u ovoj nesreći, prokletoj nepravdi, a ustvari jednom običnom nesrećnom životu, njegovom, i našem. Teško je ostati imun na njegove poslanice, kratke skaske i basne, krvave bajke i nezavršene priče besmrtnika na doživotnoj robiji. Žitije Vladimirovo, učenje, životna škola, nadriuniverzitet, njegov dekanat, profesura i katedra, asistencija i studija; njega, jednog, samog sebe protiv sebe i svih ostalih protiv njega i njegovih protivnika. Razvijaju se zastave, štampaju se njegove kićanke, milje i ornamenti, uče se deca na njegovom primeru, teorije se razvijaju; misterija u marketingu, minimalizam u estetici, cinizam u humanistici, ironija u suštini, postsarkastičke vizuelne prakse omladinske supkulture devedesetih... Uticaj pradedova, majke, rodbinski odnosi, naselje i nasilje, okolina, uticaj lokalnih i globalnih udruženja, prvobitna plemena, teorija zavereništva





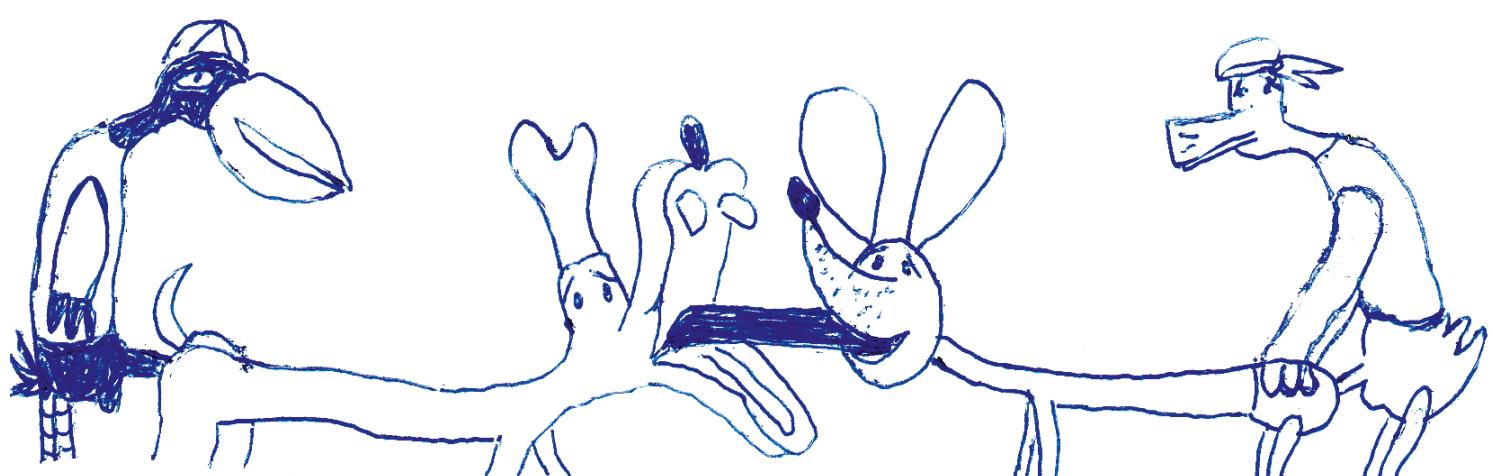
u monaštvu ateizma na ivici pokajanja, na ulazu u novovremenski manastir... pa uvek oštar, bistar i britak, presek anegdotom... je sećaš kad se ono Seljak posr'o na temenje hrama, e da, ma nije to ništa, sećaš se ti, ti nisi bio, nisi ga ti još poznavao, pa se napije Seljak ko dupe pa ide, gazi, razbija, skače sa automobila na automobil, ma znam bio sam, ma bio si.

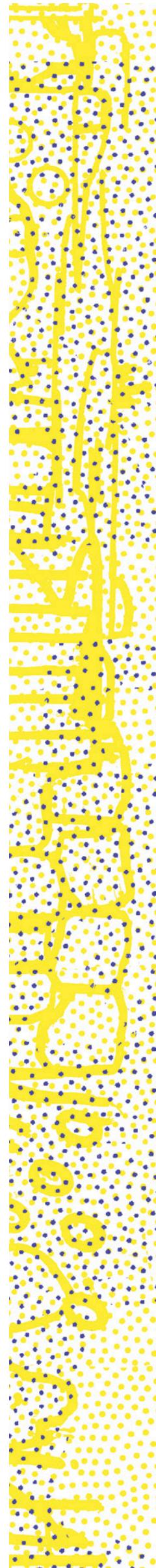
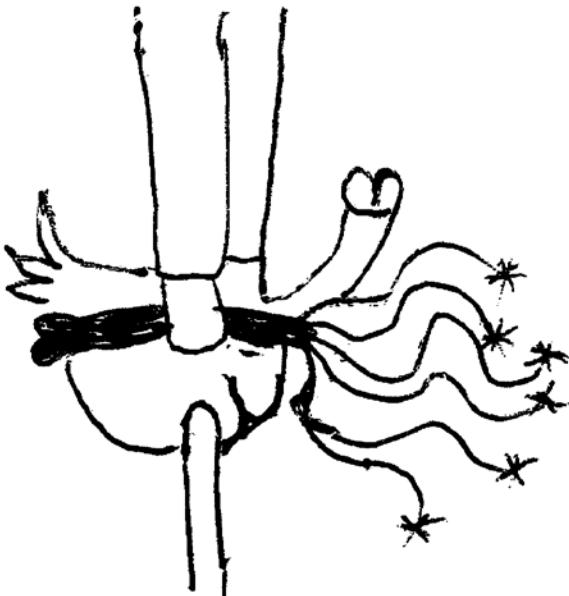
Kada bi se, slučajno, a to ne postoji; slučajnost u životu, ili je matematička koincidencija koja se, kao i fenomen dežavua, preterano transponuje sa prošlog na sadašnje vreme, i ima svoju naučnu bazu, opravdanost i objašnjenje, tako se i slučajnost u životu deli na matematički tačno predviđenu koincidenciju, po akademiji, dok ova druga škola, crkva dakle, insistira na sudbini, u ovom ili onom smislu, u zavisnosti od težine, starosti, rasprostranjenosti crkve, pa sve do šizmi, dogmi i tumačenjima.

Zamisliti da se V.V.Seljak, u daljem tekstu NJKVVVS, iz više razloga, zbog ove i one strane zakona, postojanja i postanja, života i smrti, pojavio na svojoj već ko zna kojoj izložbi, trećoj samostalnoj, dakle kad bi se pojavio na toj svojoj izložbi, zaista ne mogu da predvidim ni kako bi se osećao a još manje šta bi uradio. Pokojnik na svojoj sahrani. Ali ako bih morao da ga predvidim, okrenuo bi se i otiašao, namah zaboravio, a ostatke reminescencija satro bi autosugestijom, usled teškog osećaja neprijatnosti, koja bi, da se prebacimo na pitanje šta bi uradio, već dala neke šire opcije, od,

dakle potpune nezainteresovanosti, preko opet totalno razočaravajuće slike izgrađene u čarsiji o njemu, pa sve do eventualnog akta nasilja, jer, ne zaboravimo, on jeste birao neprijatelja, ali je na sopstvenom primeru pokazao koliku kolateralnu štetu može da napravi, sebi najviše, što je i uzrok ove priče, crnje hronike, namenskog, nenovinskog teksta, edukativnog karaktera usmerenog mlađima, da paze šta rade, kad, kako, zašto i zašto je bolje da ne. Dakle, ne daj bože da se pojavi, bolje ni da ne zna. Nema on ništa od toga, on je otiašao i ne postoji ta oprema, sklop elektrotehnike, hemijsko sajedinjenje i interval, vremenski prekidač i iskliznuće koje bi njega zainteresovalo za bilo šta što ima veze sa ovom paradom besrama u njegovo ime. Da se ne nerazumemo, ovi pokušaji revitalizacije njegovog opusa i dela, ljudi koji su učestvovali i učestvuju u tome, to su sve dobromerni saputnici nekog od njegovih kratkih intervala prisustva, općinjenici njegovim, prijatelji. Sporadični pokušaji, prirodan sled jednog ne tako komplikovanog arhetipa ako baš hoćete, jedne možda neveštete, no ne i neiskrene želje saučestva i saučesništva sa budućim pogledom u prošlost, sadašnjost nenaklonjenoj ama baš nikome, njemu najmanje, što je i razlog ovog teksta; ta morbidna, protopaganska, prelestjanska, a bogočovečna strahopošt prema jednom od nas, izabranom, no da li? Jedan od nas. Ko smo mi? Ko si ti i ko smo ti i ja. Čovek je sam, pa rođen, u životnom ropcu agonije postanja, iz savršeno

udobne okoline, sklupčan i bezbedan, svih potreba namirenih, naglo, bolno i vizuelno zastrašujuće, iz bilo koje perspektive gledajući, uz urlik užasa koji ga je snašao, izlazi i suprotstavlja se samom sebi. Ako je do tog trenutka išao, zatvorenih očiju putovao predelima punim topnih boja i oblih pejsaža, sačekaće ga skalpelima naoružani, uniformama maskirani neznanci, neovozemaljski urlik majke, koji nikada zapravo neće zaboraviti i tada u tom trenutku počinje njegov put, svačiji, u smrt. Put koji se putuje sam, dakle ni majka, otac, brat blizanac, sijamski blizanac, niko. Niko ne zna ništa ni o sebi, a kamoli o bližnjem, nekmoli dalnjem. I tako možda i treba prihvatići, živeti sa tom, potencijalnom, no nedokazanom teorijom puta koji je izabrao Vladimira, a ne on njega. Nije jedini. Rođen na raskrsnici, pod punim mesecom, 13. petak, u jednoj običnoj, ne mnogo surovijoj porodici, od oca ne manjeg psihopate nego što je bilo koji, majke, koju ceo život gleda i trpi, a koju nije upoznao... i tako dalje; odakle su njegovi, čime su se bavili, na kojoj strani... Samo još jedna krivulja loše izabranih pravaca i pogrešnih odluka predaka, još jedno beskonačno staro, suvo a trulo porodično stablo sa ovih nekih naših i ničijih prostora; poseci stablo i broj, naićićeš na god, na džombu, naletećeš na ime urezano, naziv ili znak, u krstu, nekom simbolu, a ne u srcu. Na rupe od mrtvog kama, ogrebotine, tragove proboda oštih ali i tupih kopalja, većeg od većeg bola, strela umočenih u otrovno bilje, sačme u so uvaljane, tragova belog



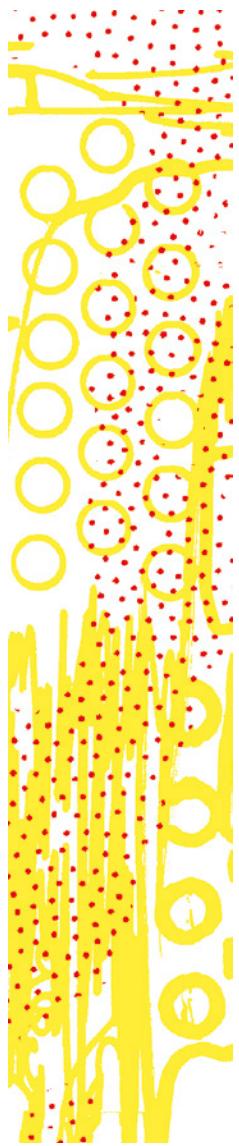


baruta, metaka iz svih devet ratova i ovog poslednjeg, koji još traje, kao i Imperija koja nikada nije prestala. Eto, na Seljaku se prelomilo to stablo, sad da li su ga isekli, iščupali, da li ga je grom spržio, zluradi komšija ili dalji rođak prosuo mazuta u koren, to ne znamo. Da li ga je neko presadio, preneo u toplije krajeve, eksperimentalne staklene bašte... Nije jedino. Znamo da ovakvih stabala, jako starih, no sve mlađih, ima ovde kod nas, pa da ne lažem, pod pretpostavkom nekoliko miliona. I kada tih nekoliko miliona, uglavnom jalovog, beskorisnog, podcenjenog i bezvrednog drveta, jer najbolje je još generacijama unazad sasećeno, uporediš sa isto toliko ljudi, koji bilion manje ili više; brojevi gube na značaju u ovim tektonskim pomeranjima življa, ne u prostoru nego u broju, njihovih sudbina, a kad se kaže sudbina, obično se misli na zlu; nesreću. Tako da će da preskočim nekoliko redova koje sam obrisao i završim veselo, kako sam i počeo; dosta više tih suza i tuge i radosti, crnih kapljica koje se slivaju sa namaskarenih očiju i vlaže od hladnoće rumene obraze. A više i taj Seljak, ispade sad neko takmičenje u andergraundu, ko će gore, niže, ko će prljavije, a da vidiš tu ekipu, gomila štrebera, pomislio bi čovek kad sluša te legende i ruralne, za ovu priliku, urbane inače, mitove tih bašibozluka i ugursuza, mufljuza i probisveta, da jednom fali oko, drugi kuku umesto ruke ima pa njom crta i to, ni više ni manje, andergraund stripove, sito grafike, svi ko jedan, pa ne znam ovaj se sekao žiletom, pa pao sa petog sprata, na glavu, ovaj nema ruke nego crta jezikom, sa pigmentom od paprati, sere u boji pa onda ovaj drugi maže po platnima, a treći će na to. Tetovirani, prevale ruže i naopaki krstovi, zmije i lobanje, čelavi i pročelavi, žene još gore, sad ih je i više, jel broj neko? A

svi piče po renesansi, nema oval/j kujundžija, ona/j bojadžija ili bonbondžija, ne; prvo, svi su muzičari, nema strip autora, andergraund pogotovo, a da nije zatalambasao po bubenjevima; udara se u bas sve u šesnajst, solira se na stratokasteru, a od kad su se pojavili kompjuteri, e tu je počela totalna jeres; svi snimaju filmove, režiseri montažeri, video art i animacija u tri frejma. Pa grupe, znači na deset autora, ili umetnika, dvanaest grupa, kako, lepo izračunajte, moguće je, pa podgrupe, udruženja, kulturni centri, sabirni, sabori i svebori, viteške igre, vašari i festivali, grrr, bang, zvrr, pft...ili NSP, USUS, USRUS, BUMČAKA, SZP; CDC i tako dalje, ne manjka mašte u naših imenitelja, subjektoida, proletera, aktera i volontera. Svi su naravno volonteri. I sve je to Seljak prošao, od onakvog stripa, neuhvatljivog broja autorskih fanzina, tv šoua Oktobarfest, elektro pop dua Novi maturanti, grupa Studiostrip i Kosmoplovci, radionice Šlic, do njegovog praoca, Wostoka, sa istoka, odakle najhladnije duva, koji ga je, kao i svi ovde nabrojani, sa mnom na začelju, a roditeljima na čelu, upoznalo sa životnim principima i socijalnim praksama; dakle tu se već razvija jedna kultura solidarnosti, ne mogu (...), odmerene retorike u svakodnevnom govoru, svakojake ravnopravnosti, pa Seljak bi prosto rascvetao cveće po cvetnim organima svojim od toliko entuzijazma, poleta, pozitive koja je ustvari bila njegov alter ego, iako Seljak nije imao ego, ne. On je bio čovek bez egoa, kao i svaki veliki umetnik sa ovih prostora, dakle, živeo je teško, živeo je tvrdo, bilo mu je hladno, ali leti se kuvalo, ponekad i kupao, u kadi, na adi, u onoj njegovoj plavoj jakni, koju nije skidao ni kad spava. Da, spavao je uvek obučen, jer nikad se nije znalo kad će morati da izleti iz kuće, da pobegne, napravi

mesta putniku namerniku... Setimo se samo stripa u krevetu sa Zahidom, neću vam naravno prepričavati ceo strip, ne; ali uglavnom, budi se on jednog jutra i u krevetu pored sebe zatiče kevinog švalera Zahida. Vedra i vesela priča, pa onda njegovog grafički narativnog eksperimenta u formi grafičke mini novele; Jeleni umiru sami, gde jednostavnom vizuelnom manipulacijom, igri samo dvaju kadrova, postavljenih obrnuto proporcionalno, on otvara te yin/yang jungovske predele beskonačnosti i večnog tematskog u korpusu njegovih dela; **Jeleni**, pošto je mnogo voleo životinje, više i od ljudi, bio je zakleti vegan, ali nikad nikom to nije rekao, dalje; **umiru**, dakle smrt, koja se kao zmija otrovnica, neveštrom oku nevidljiva, provlači kroz njegove ne samo stripove već i grafički bogatije, svojevrsne vizuelne zavrzlame; i na kraju, sami, Jeleni umiru **sami**, ako je bilo stripa koji je na najslikovitiji i najneposredniji način mogao da se nazove biografskim, to je bio taj strip. Ne brini...

Ne bih želeo da se ovim tekstrom, sada već osrednjim štivom, mislim na gabarit, bavim samo njegovom ličnošću, prirodom njegovog Jastva, njegovim pozamašnim korpusom, kako minimalističkim stripom, jer ne zaboravite, količina njegovih stripova satkana je od neretko samo jednog kadra, te se u postkuloarima avangarde još uvek živo raspravlja o prirodi samog medija kojim se izražavao, a to jeste bio, uglavnom strip, jedan kadar, dva, kompresovan roman, studija, masterklas magnum opus tema kojih se nije ni stideo ni plašio. Ali je prestao, ne slučajno, upravo u trenutku kad je, kako to crtači kažu „slomio ruku“, dakle procrtao, kao dešnjak koji odjednom najzad prestaje da crta levom rukom



i u tom momentu dešava se nešto što bi bilo jako teško opisati, lako objasniti, pa neću zamarati.
Što se tiče njegovog pseudonima, Seljak, uveren sam da u celoj ovoj priči nema veće ironije. Nit je on sebe smatrao seljakom, nit je znao o selu i seljačkom životu išta, osim ono malo što je pročitao, a čitanjem se nije bavio; zašto; zna on zašto; a o ruralnom, kao takvom, životnom iskustvu, sela, znao je i previše, vođen onim po čemu je bio i najkvalitetnije obdaren, jednom strahovito raskošnom, do detalja tačno ispriovedano ili bilo kako narativno iskaljenom - *intuicijom*. Vidovitošću, halucinogenom instinktu, empiriji istorije budućnosti... To je bio njegov krst od trnja koji je go, krvavog tela nosio ovim gradom u kome se čistom igrom slučaja zatekao. Prerano, preko reda, ishitreno, no ne protiv sebe i svojih shvatanja i ubeđenja, čitao je jedno, gledao drugo, pamtio treće, razumeo i shvatao sve. Nije njegova, pa zaista zla sudbina bila ta koja ga je protivprirodno mučila preranim shvatanjem sistema kao takvog, per se; video je u kapi rose okean, u očima proroka video je

strah, okačio je kopačke o klin a da ih ni jednom nije obuo. Nije on ničije dete, naslednik i produkt. Šaram ovim slovima put kojim se ne ide, pokušavam da mu zatrem trag, da ga suprotno ovim preteranim, naizmeničnim, vrućehladnim, ambivalentnim koliko je moguće, pričicama od kojih je pola laž, čista kao suza, pola je neistina, prljava i mutna, pola žuč popijena, a pola šarcu, prosjaku, prijatelju u nevolji. Novac nije čak ni prezirao. Kao i sličnorodne koncepte, video je malo dalje, to je ono što brine. Nije bio optimista. Šta posle Seljaka? Šta sad, za vreme Seljaka? Kakve će se još izložbe, tekstualne bravijere, postprehumusne litije, sahrane besmrtnika, kakve će festivalе urušavati svojim nedostatkom, ili ne daj bože prisustvom, sajmovi bez njega biće posela matorih drkadžija, svake neparne godine, prazan prostor na srpskom štandu, na tezgi venecijanskog bijenala, ne; biće zaboravljen. doći će, jednom, možda i ostane, da nas razočara, da nas postidi i zavara trag. Svaka mu je maska bila mala, tu glavudžu i kovrdžu, pa to je bila umetnost sakriti, u oči gledati i lagati a istinu govoriti, pljavati sebe drugog u

oko, rušiti jer je trulo, kidati suvo, a masku ne zaboraviti, jednu od njegovih filmskih uloga, u nikada završenom filmu, teškom hororu, glumi naravno masovnog ubicu, juri Gucunskog sekirom po Avali; seli da odmore, a on ne zna šta će sa sekirom, kaže mu režiser zabodi je u drvo, ne, kaže Vlada, i spusti sekiru mekim pokretom u mladu travu. Prečastivi, vrač, u haljinu prljavih džakova krompira, kojima se uglavnom, kao i čovek slon, hranio, a i odevao; i motkom tvrdom, već izlomljenom od udaraca, da vatru raspiri, da nevernike razjuri, da zapali sve kapije i sruši mostove, posere se u temelje. Jer sve je laž, samo laž, reći će nam sutra, kad se pojavi u izmaglici, u kontra-svetlu sunca, njegovog vernog pratioca. Videćemo samo obrise odraza njegovog antropomorfognog prikaza, glas njegov čućemo u sebi, reći nećemo čuti, samo ćemo znati. Strah i nada, lepota i porok, porok i prorok, igra reči, dete na poljani, to je bio san, jer evo, ne može da se prepriča.

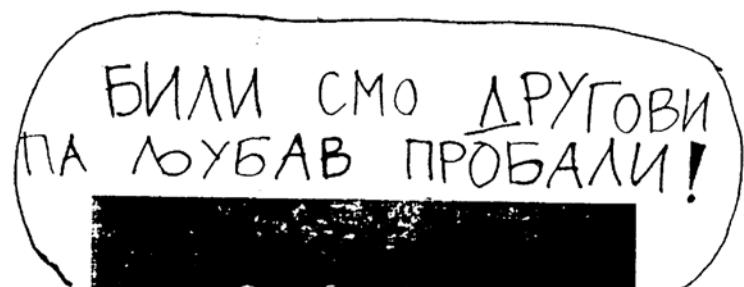
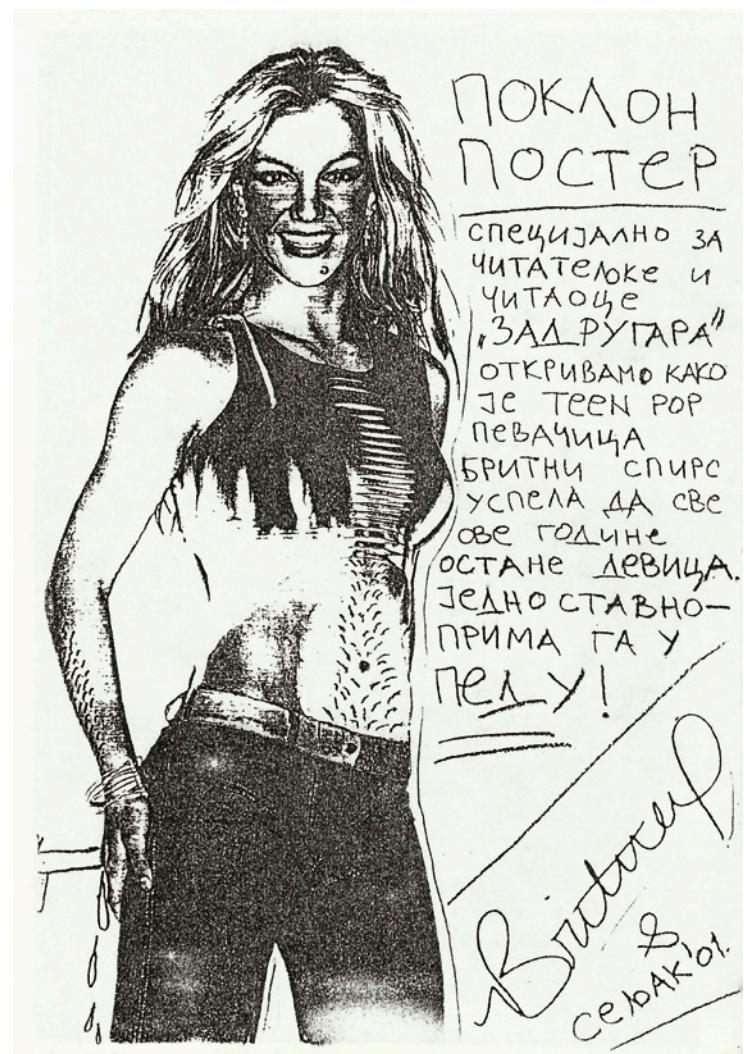
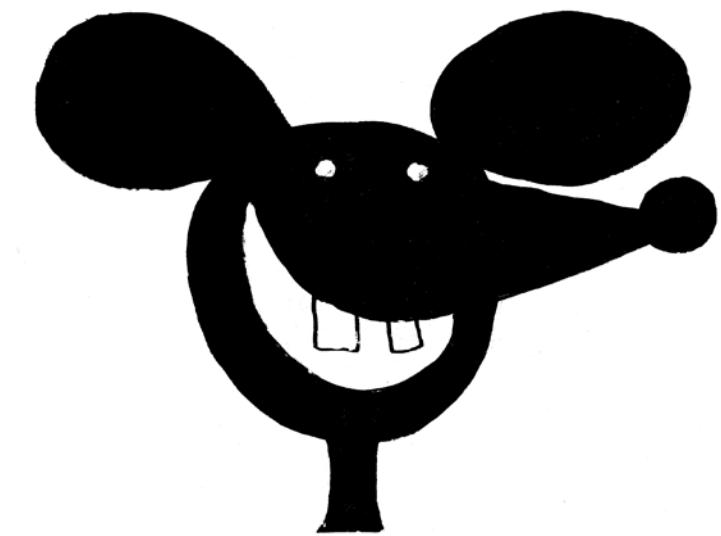


YOU CAN'T TELL A STORY THAT CAN'T BE TOLD

RADOVAN POPOVIĆ

We don't have to be too wise and widely informed; we know where He is. The point IS, and the specific genre of his story, He would say a telenovela, is irrelevant and it gravitates towards tragedy, the same center of the vortex and mutually conditioned tragicomic construction most other genres fall into. Drama, family. Thriller, psychological. Horror, pure. What sets him apart from the rest of the world is the years of debilitating and relentless loneliness, amplified by the presence of a father, whom he later kicked out of the house, and a mother, the last wall, the guardian and the keyholder, a victimized woman, the hereditary disease of this family. She guards with her body this space of his, between four short damp white walls, a small window, iron bars and a view. Except for them, the years, him, infinite, and her, void, there are occasional silhouettes, apparitions and ghouls, masks and characters from both sides of memory, in this story which may be fictional, an assumption which is the cause of all misunderstandings, but it has to start with something, this story, with possible elements of truth in it, lies too, intentional, to cover up the tracks, and those other ones, fermenting on their own, growing up and living their life. The window is high up and it overlooks the wall of the adjacent building or worse, the sky. In this cube He sits, seldom, but most often lies down. He does not bathe, his teeth have decayed, and filth is gathering in the corners of his mouth. He either barely eats or stuffs himself with whatever kind of garbage they serve in such institutions. It depends on the cumulative effect of the quantity and the spectrum of chemicals which he is probably forcefully exposed to. He's not reading, his attention is gone, he can't remember, he sees nothing and hears nothing... In each of these sentences, or maybe half of them, a lie is hiding. Not a pointless lie, but though it may be hidden by the obscurity of this paper you're holding, it represents a reflection of a pragmatic non-truth, and there is also that thing where the function of the secret is to protect. Being cryptic, vague, mysterious, it all serves the same function. He is not a hero or an antihero, nor is he a symbol of some kind of resistance, hatred, or middle-aged teenage

angst which hit him already in his late puberty. He saw everything and experienced everything, he felt it all and survived it all. On the other side of this eight-cornered space, there are people spinning stories about him that never took place, people who had never even seen him crying for him, he was starting to get recognition in the circles of hell that imprisoned him. Such as he was, a lazy ass, with a powerful body and heavy bones, the curse of superior genes, which will serve him well, in the days to come, nights especially, he will live to be a hundred, and yet he wanted something else. One should be crazy in love, enamored with love and life, to quote the guy, or maybe I should make something up, perhaps a glimmer of romance, a cynical smile, or no, a humoresque, perhaps even a difficult one, one ought be mad and blind, arrogant and conceited, to walk barefoot in the snow and sing, to whistle and enjoy every crumb of life, in order to bring this story of his, this fake biography, to some kind of a not unhappy ending, a small flower trembling in the early spring which had seduced it, and now the winter is slowly claiming its whole life, and it is a short life, it can't be compared to us, these are not easy stories to tell, until it finally freezes and dies. All of us have proved ourselves, mostly us, his closest friends, all of them, in this unfortunate, damned injustice, but actually an ordinary miserable life, his and ours. It is hard to stay immune to his epistles, short stories and fables, bloody fairy tales and never finished stories of an immortal man imprisoned for life. Vladimir's biography, his teachings, his life's school and arch-university, his deanery, professorship and tenure, the story of himself, alone against himself and everybody else against him and his adversaries. Flags are being designed, his headdress, crochets and ornaments made, children are being taught according to his example, theories are being developed; mystery in marketing, minimalism in esthetics, cynicism in human sciences, irony in essence, postsarcastic subcultural visual practices of 90's youth... The influence of great-grandfathers, mother, familial relations, residence and violence, environment, the influence of local and global associations, the first tribes, conspiracy theory among atheist monks on the verge of repentance, at the entrance to the monastery of the new age... and, then, the always sharp, clean and piercing anecdotal



ФК „Раденци“ 1970. године

cut... do you remember when Seljak took a dump in the foundations of the temple, right, that was nothing, remember, you weren't there, you didn't even know each other then, and then he got drunk as a skunk and started stomping and smashing, jumping from one car to the next, I know, I was there, oh right, you were.

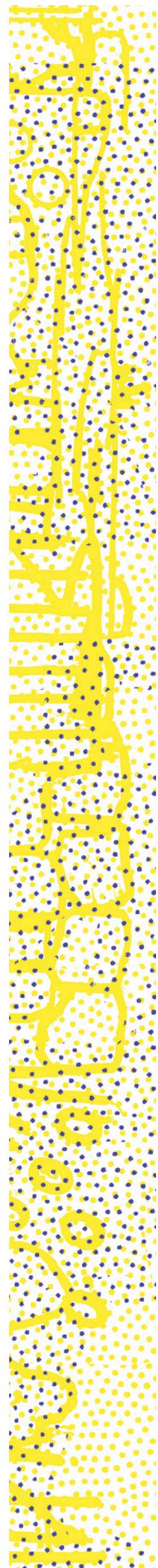
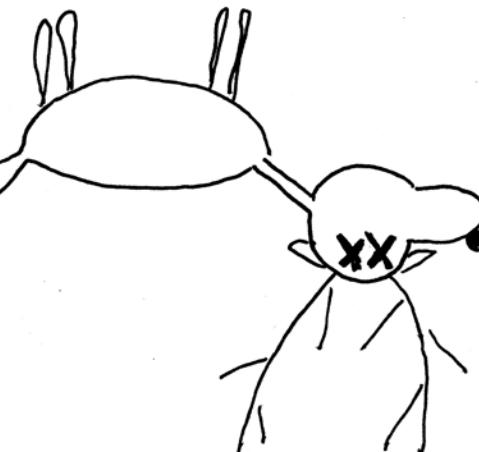
When by accident, and there are no such things; accidents in life, are either mathematical coincidences which, just like the phenomenon of déjà vu, overly transpose from past to present tense, and which have their scientific basis, justification and explanation, so are coincidences in life divided into ones that are strictly and mathematically determined and academic, while the other school, the church then, insists upon fate, in this form or the other, depending on the weight, age and distribution of the church, all the way to schisms, dogmas and interpretations. To imagine that V.V.Seljak, hereinafter referred to as HRHVVS, due to several reasons, because of this or that side of law, existence and provenance, life and death, would appear at this, his own third solo exhibition, I honestly can't predict how he would feel and even less what he would do. A dead man attending his own funeral. But if I had to predict, he would probably turn around and leave, and for a moment forget, murdering the rest of his reminiscences with

autosuggestion, he would feel hugely embarrassed, which, to answer the question of what he might do, would offer us a wide array of options, from becoming completely uninterested, to, again, being totally disappointed with the image of him painted by all the rumours, and all the way to the inevitable act of violence, because, let's not forget, he did choose the enemy, but he also showed how big a collateral damage he can make, mostly to himself, which is the reason for this story, a darker criminal report, a commissioned, but not widely distributed, educational text aimed at young people, so they can see what to do, when, how, why and why it's better not to do it. So, god forbid he showed up, it's better he never knew about it. He has no use for it, he is gone, and there is no special equipment or electrical gadget, a chemical concoction and interval, a time switch and displacement that would make him interested in anything that has to do with this shameful parade happening in his honor. Now, let's not mis-misunderstand each other, these attempts at revitalizing his opus and ouvre, the people who have participated or are still participating in them, these are all well-intentioned concomitants of some of his short intervals of presence, his enthusiasts, friends. Sporadic attempts, a natural course of one not so complicated archetype if you will, a blundering maybe, but not a

dishonest wish to aid and conspire with future view into the past, and the present that is not inclined to anyone, him the least, which is the reason for this text; this morbid, protopagan, prelestian, yet godmanly awe for the one of us, the chosen one, but is he? One of us. Who are we? Who are you and who are you and me? A man is first alone, then born, in the life rattle of existential agony, coming from a perfectly comfortable environment, all cuddled up and safe, with all his needs met, then suddenly, painfully and visually horrifying, whichever way you look at it, with a scream of horror for what's upon him, he comes out and comes head to head with himself. Up until that moment, he travelled with his eyes closed and saw landscapes full of warm colors and round shapes, but, on the other side, he was met by men armed with scalpels, strangers obscured by their uniforms, the unearthly roar of the mother, which he will actually never forget, and then and there begins his, and everybody else's, voyage towards death. The road one travels alone, so, no mother, father, twin brother, or Siamese twin, no one. No one knows anything about oneself, let alone their relatives, and not to mention acquaintances. And so maybe we should accept it as such, and live with this potential, yet unproven theory of a road that chose Vladimir, and not the other way around. He is not the only one. Born on the crossroads, under the full

ЈЕЛЕНИ УМИРУ САМИ

СЕЛЯК '02.



moon, on Friday the 13th, in a regular, not much crueler family, from a father who was no less a psychopath than most others, and a mother, who he had to watch and endure his whole life, and who he never got to know... and so on; where do his parents come from, what did they do, on whose side... Just another curve of poorly chosen directions and wrong choices made by their ancestors, just another infinitely old, dry and rotten family tree from our man's and no man's lands; cut the tree and count, you will find the rings, and a dent, and a name that was cut in it, a signature or a sign, within a cross, or some other symbol, just not the heart. You will find holes made of dead rock, scratches, traces of cuts made by sharp but also blunt spears, bigger than the biggest pain, of arrows dipped in poisonous plants, of buckshot rolled in salt, traces of white gunpowder, bullets from all nine wars including this last one, which is still ongoing, just like the Empire which never ceased. Here, at last, his tree was broken, now, whether they cut it, pulled it out, or if lightning burned it to a cinder, or an evil neighbour or a distant relative poured crude oil in its roots, we don't know. Maybe somebody transplanted it, took it to a warmer climate, or an experimental greenhouse... Probably not. We know that in these parts these kinds of trees, which are very old but also getting younger, number in millions, assuming I'm not overestimating. And when these millions of mostly fruitless, underestimated and worthless trees, because the best of them had been cut generations ago, are compared to the same number of people, a few billion less or more; numbers lose meaning during tectonic shifts of people, not shifts in space but in number, the number of their fates, and when one says fate, one usually means the ill one; misfortune. So I will skip a few lines that I've deleted and will end on a happy note, just as I began; no more of these tears and sorrow and joy, the black drops running down painted eyes that wet the cold rosy cheeks. When will this Seljak nonsense stop, it's almost like a competition within the underground, who will stoop lower, or higher, who will be dirtier, and when you see this crew, this bunch of geeks, one might think when one listens to these legends and rural, but, otherwise, and for this occasion, urban myths of these misfits and freaks, losers and outsiders, that one was missing an eye, the other

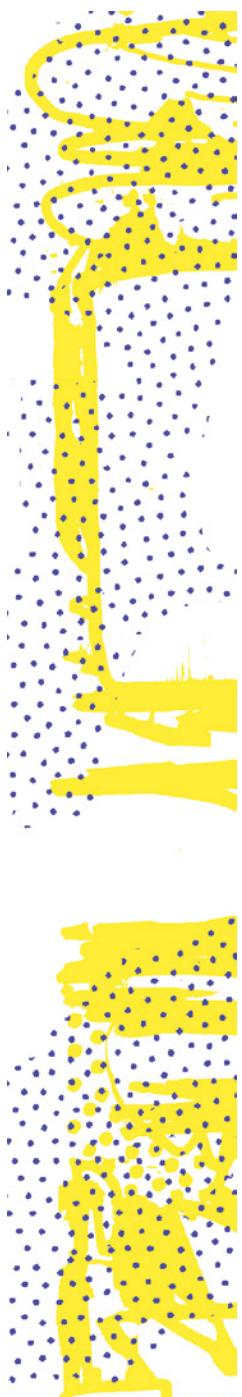
used a hook instead of a hand and then drew with it, can you imagine, underground comic books, serigraphy prints, all as one, and then, I don't know, one used to cut himself with a razor, one fell from the fifth floor, on his head, one had no hands and drew with his tongue, using a pigment made of ferns, one shat his color and then the other one smeared it on the canvas, and yet another. Tattoos of overgrown roses and inverted crosses, snakes and skulls, bald and semi-bald, and, even worse, women, now there's even more of them, is anyone counting? And all of them riding the renaissance wave, all of them artisans and masters of their trade, no; first, they are all musicians, there is not one comic book author, especially in the underground, who hasn't hit up drums; the bass is also being slapped vigorously, guitar solos are squeezed out of Stratocasters, and, ever since computers hit the scene, that's when utter heresy ensued; now everyone is making movies, directors, editors, video art and three-frame animations. And then all the groups, ten authors or artists, twelve groups, how, well figure it out, it's possible, and then the subgroups, associations, cultural centers, collection centers, assemblies and assemblages, knight games, fairs and festivals, grrr, bang, zvrr, pft... or NSP, USUS, USRUS, BOOMCHAKA, SZP; CDC and so on, there is no shortage of imagination when it comes to our denominators, subjectoids, pioneers, managers and volunteers. Of course, all of them are volunteers. And Seljak has been through it all, from comic books, a head-spinning number of fanzines, Oktobarfest tv show, the electro pop duo New Graduates, Studiostrip and Kosmopolci groups, Šlic workshop, all the way to his forefather, Wostok, who came from the east, where the wind is coldest, who, along with all the other people I had named, with me in the back, and his parents in the front, introduced him to the principles of life and social practices; here, we can already see the development of a culture of solidarity, I can't (...), of balanced rhetoric in everyday speech, all sorts of equalities, which would cause Seljak to tear out flowers from out of his flower organs due to so much enthusiasm, energy, and positivity, which was actually his alter ego, even though he had no ego, no. He was a man without an ego, like all great artists from these parts, he lived rough, he lived hard, but, in the



Seljak

summer, he would swelter, sometimes even bathe, in that blue jacket of his, which he never took off, even when he was sleeping. Yes, he always slept with his clothes on, because he never knew when he'd have to flee the house, to run away, to wake up the wanderer inside... Let us remember his comic book *In bed with Zahid*, I will of course not tell you what the comic book is about, no; but, anyway, he wakes up one morning and finds his mother's lover Zahid in bed with him. A joyful and gay story, and then his graphic and narrative experiment in the form of a graphic mini novel; *The deer die alone*, where by using simple visual manipulation, a play with only two frames, set inversely proportional to each other, he opens these yin/yang Jungian scenes of infinity and eternal themes which adorn the body of his work; the **deer**, since he loved animals so much, more than people, he was a sworn vegan, but he never said it, then; **die**, well, death, which, like a venomous snake, invisible to an untrained eye, slithers through not only his comic books but also graphically more rich, unique visual conundrums; and, lastly, **alone**, the deer die alone, if there ever was a comic which most graphically and directly could be called biographical, it was that comic book. Worry not...

I don't want this text, already a mediocre read, at least in terms



of its size, to deal only with his personality, the nature of his Self, his extensive body of work, especially his minimalist comics, because we mustn't forget, the bulk of his comics are often made of only one frame, which still creates heated debates in the post avant-garde couloirs about the nature of the very medium he expressed himself in, and that was, most often, the comic, one frame, two, a compressed novel, a study, a masterclass of magnum opus topics which he was neither ashamed or afraid of. But he quit, and not by accident, precisely when, as fellow artists call it, he "broke his arm", or started to actually draw, like a right-handed person who suddenly finally stopped drawing with his left hand, and in that moment something happens which would be very difficult to describe, or easy to explain, so I will not tire you with it.

As far as his pseudonym, Seljak¹, is concerned, I am certain there is nothing more ironic in this story than him being called that. He neither considered himself a peasant, nor did he know anything about villages and village life in general, except for what little he has read, and he didn't really read that much; why; he knows why; and everything he knew

about the rural life experience, as such, he knew only too much, guided by his most characteristic quality, a formidably prodigal intuition, which he used to spin minutely detailed stories or any other narratives. He had the sight, the hallucinogenic instinct, the empire of the history of the future... This was his cross made of thorns which he carried naked, his body covered in blood, around this city which he had found himself in purely by accident. Too early, by cutting in lines and being rash, but never against himself and his beliefs and convictions, he would read one thing, see the other, and remember the third, but he understood and kept figuring out everything. It was not his, we dare say, evil fate which tortured him unnaturally with understanding all too early the system as such and per se; he saw an ocean in a dew drop, he saw fear in the eyes of the prophet, he hanged his football boots without once trying them on. He was nobody's child, heir and product. I am using these letters to carve up a slippery path, I am trying to cover his tracks, to hide him against these increasingly exaggerated hot-and-cold stories, as ambivalent as possible, half of which are a lie, as pure as a tear, and the other half a non-truth, filthy and murky, like the bile we drink and then share with our horse, a beggar, and a friend in need. He didn't even hate money. The same goes for other similar concepts, he saw a bit further into the future, that's the

worrying part. He wasn't optimistic. So, what comes after Seljak? What happens now, during his time? What other exhibitions, written bravados, post and prehumous litanies, burials of immortals, what festivals would perish because he failed to show up or, god forbid, because he actually did, fairs without him would turn into boring bazaars full of aging wankers, every other year, an empty space at the Serbian stand, and the booth at the Venice biennale, no; he will be forgotten. One day he may come, perhaps he would even stay, to disappoint us, to embarrass us and cover his tracks again. Each mask was too small for him, with his big head and those curls, concealing them was an artform, to stare in the eye and lie, yet tell the truth, to spit the other self in the eye, to destroy something because it's rotten, to tear up what's dry, and never forget his mask, one of his film roles, in a movie never completed, a hard-core horror, where naturally he played the mass murderer, chasing Gucunski with an axe around Avala mountain; at one point, they sat down to get some rest, he had no idea what to do with the axe, the director told him to dig it into a tree, no, he said, and put the axe gently down on the fresh grass. The cleanest spirit, the medicine man, wearing a dress made of filthy potato bags, which was the staple of his diet, much like the elephant man's; and a hard stick, already chipped from being hit, from beating the flames to keep the fire going, from chasing infidels, from burning all the gates and bridges down, and taking a dump in a building's foundation. Because everything is a lie, and only a lie, he'll say to us tomorrow, when he shows up inside the mist, in the counter light of the sun, his faithful companion. We will see only traces of reflection from his anthropomorphic image, we will hear his voice inside us, we will hear no words, we will just know. Fear and hope, beauty and decay, decay and delay, and a little wordplay, a child standing in the green, it was only a dream, because, in the end, it cannot be explained.

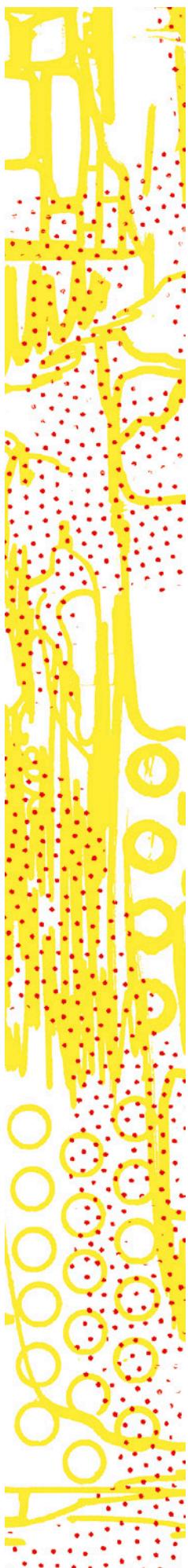
1. Literally translated as peasant or village dweller, but it can also denote a crude, unpolished person, lacking finesse



SELJAČKA BUNA

Još jaja.

Daniilo Milošev Wostok



Početkom februara 2001. godine dobio sam jedno pismo za koje tada nisam mogao ni da prepostavim koliko će značiti u mom životu. Pismo je napisao tada sedamnaestogodišnji Lazar Bodroža koji je rekao da se javlja i u ime svojih prijatelja Vladimira Vukovića zvanog Seljak i Gorana Vasića zvanog Burek. Zajedno sa pismom dobio sam i njihove fanzine „Titov Zabavnik“, „Zadrugar“ i „Debilanu“. Već prvi pogled na njihove radove izazvao je kod mene puno smeha, oduševljenja i entuzijazma. Njihovi stripovi su bili crtani na primitivan i infantilan način, a bili su prepuni nadrealnog crnog humora koji nije štideo nikoga i kojem apsolutno ništa nije bilo sveto i nedodirljivo! Prava divlja misao u srcu našeg, uglavnog, racionalnog i predvidljivog stripa tog vremena...

Par nedelja kasnije smo se dogovorili da se nađemo u Beogradu i da crtamo strip „Gusle u kosmosu“ zajedno. Kad smo se sreli, sa iznenadenjem su konstatovali da, uprkos tome što sam ja čitave dve decenije stariji od njih, ne osećaju nikakvu distancu između nas i da im se čini kao da smo ustvari ista generacija! Onda su mi objasnili kako je tekao njihov razvojni put u mediju stripa - njihovo detinjstvo se odvijalo u senci međunarodnih sankcija kojima je naša zemlja tada bila izložena, više nije bilo novih strip izdanja, pa su uglavnom čitali stare stripove objavljene još u vreme SFRJ. A onda su nekim čudom došli do prvih par brojeva mog fanzina „Krpelj“ i u ekstremizmu stripova koje su tu videli oni su prepoznali sebe i rešili da i oni ne samo crtaju takve, pa i radikalnije stripove, nego i da počnu da kreiraju i izdaju sopstvene fanzine. To je bila generacija mladih autora koja je, sticajem okolnosti, kreativno odrastala uglavnom na domaćem undergraund stripu.

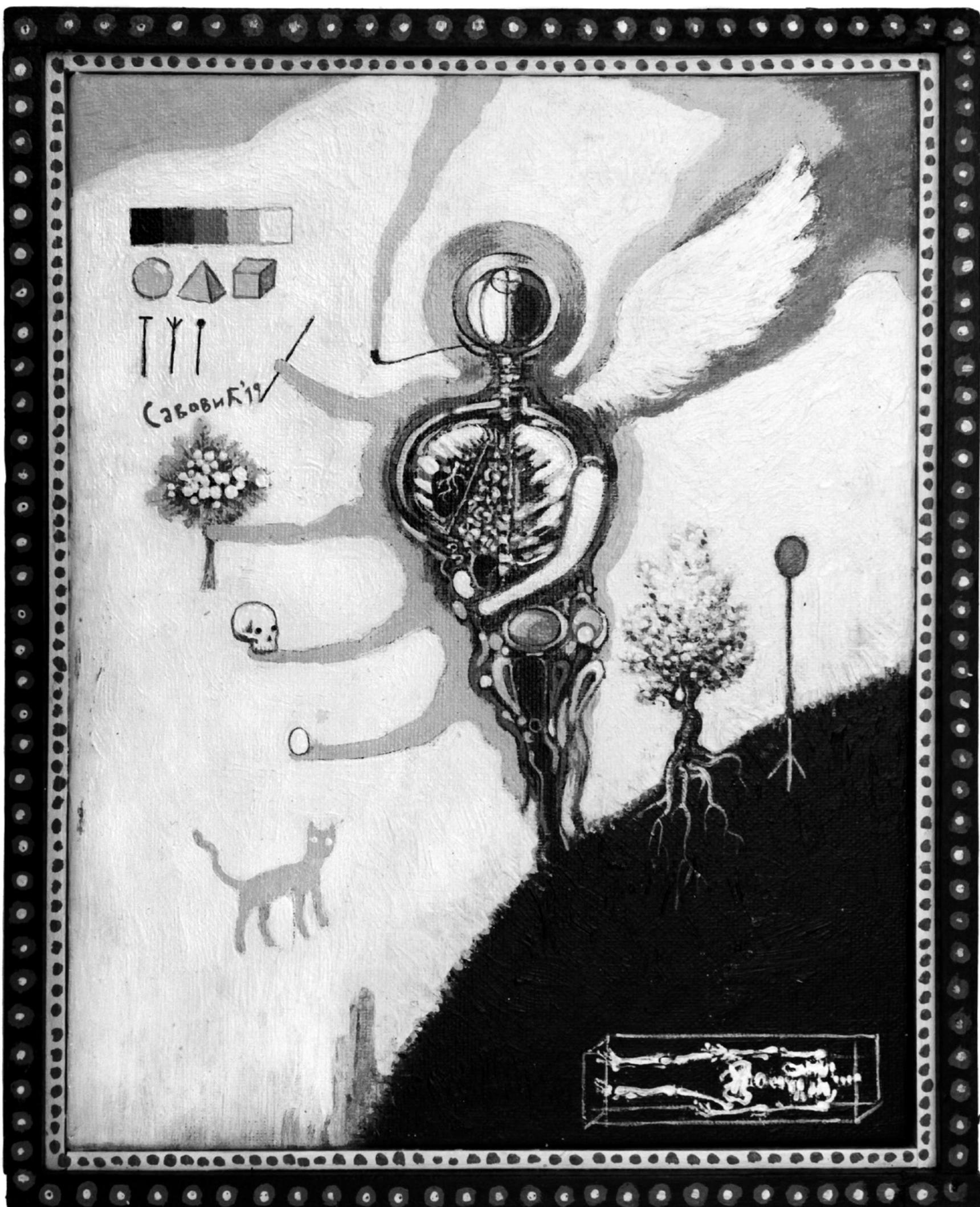
Sledeće dve godine bile su period neverovatnog bujanja njihove kreativne delatnosti na polju stripa, filma i fanzina i moram reći da je to, možda, i najlepši i najsrećniji

period u mom dugotrajnom bavljenju stripom. Ubrzo su njihovi radovi iz fanzina prešli i na stranice tiražnog magazina „Naša Krmača“ i tada je izgledalo da je ovo tek početak, da prave stvari tek treba da se dese... Ali, ispostavilo se da je njihova furiozna kreativna energija istom onom brzinom i intenzitetom kojim je planula, ubrzo i zgasnula i sva trojica su prestala da se bave stripom... Lazar Bodroža je u međuvremenu napravio karijeru čuvenog dizajnera i cenjenog filmskog režisera, Burek se povukao u potpunu osamu iz koje je, tu skoro, malo izvirio sa svojim neobičnim literarnim pokušajima, a Seljak je nestao i нико не зна где je niti šta se uopšte desilo sa njim.

Ispostavilo se da je, u situaciji dugotrajnog socijalnog i ekonomskog kolapsa našeg društva, koje je kao jednu od posledica imalo i faktički nestanak strip izdavaštva kakvog smo nekada znali, ova generacija strip autora ipak, na kraju, ispalala samo još jedna „Generacija bez budućnosti“ sa kojom ćemo, na žalost, jedino još moći da se sretнемo u nekoj od nas sve daljoj prošlosti koja se nalazi pohranjena u onim neuglednim, a u svoje vreme toliko značajnim fotokopiranim sveščicama zvanim „Fanzini“.

U Vršcu, 7. februara 2019.





VRATITI SE KUĆI

Zemlja čuda

Uzmi, imam ja još jaja.

Jona Andersona

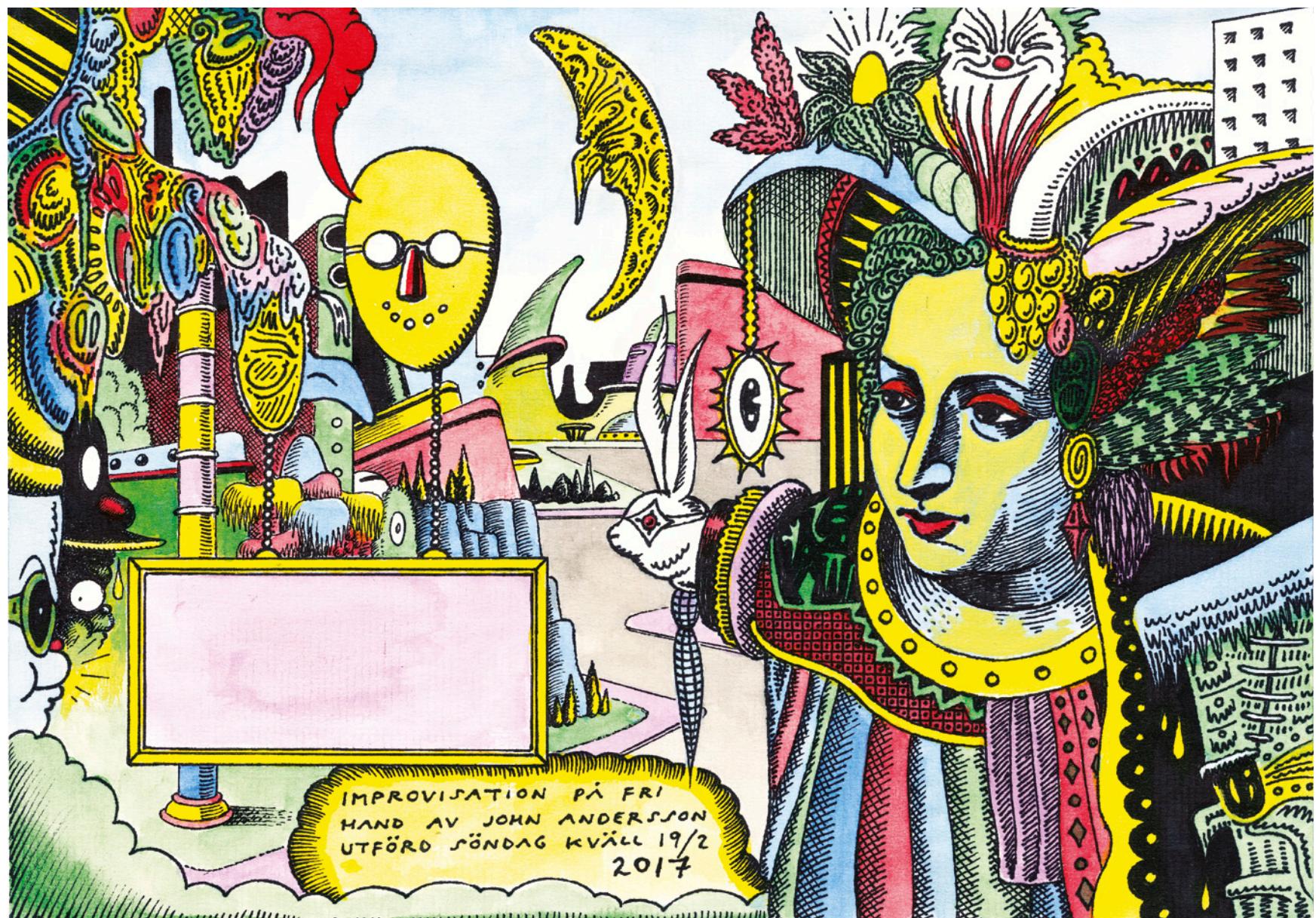
Anna Ehrlemark

Istovremeno, kasnije, ranije tog dana, ubrzo nakon, u tom trenutku, 20 godina ranije, 20 spratova naviše, 20 sekundi kasnije, kroz sledeća vrata, sledeće nedelje, sledeći izlaz, na drugoj strani ulice, iza ugla, niz stepenice, u centru grada, niz reku, nakon nekog vremena, posle doručka, kad izađemo iz tunela, kad malo razmislimo, iznenada, na drugoj strani grada, u drugoj galaksiji, dok trepneš, u noćnom vozu, ispod kreveta, iza zavese, ispod poda, kroz ogledalo, u odrazu, iznad krova, u isto vreme, u poslednjem minuti, ali opet, i iznova, na početku: Kraj.

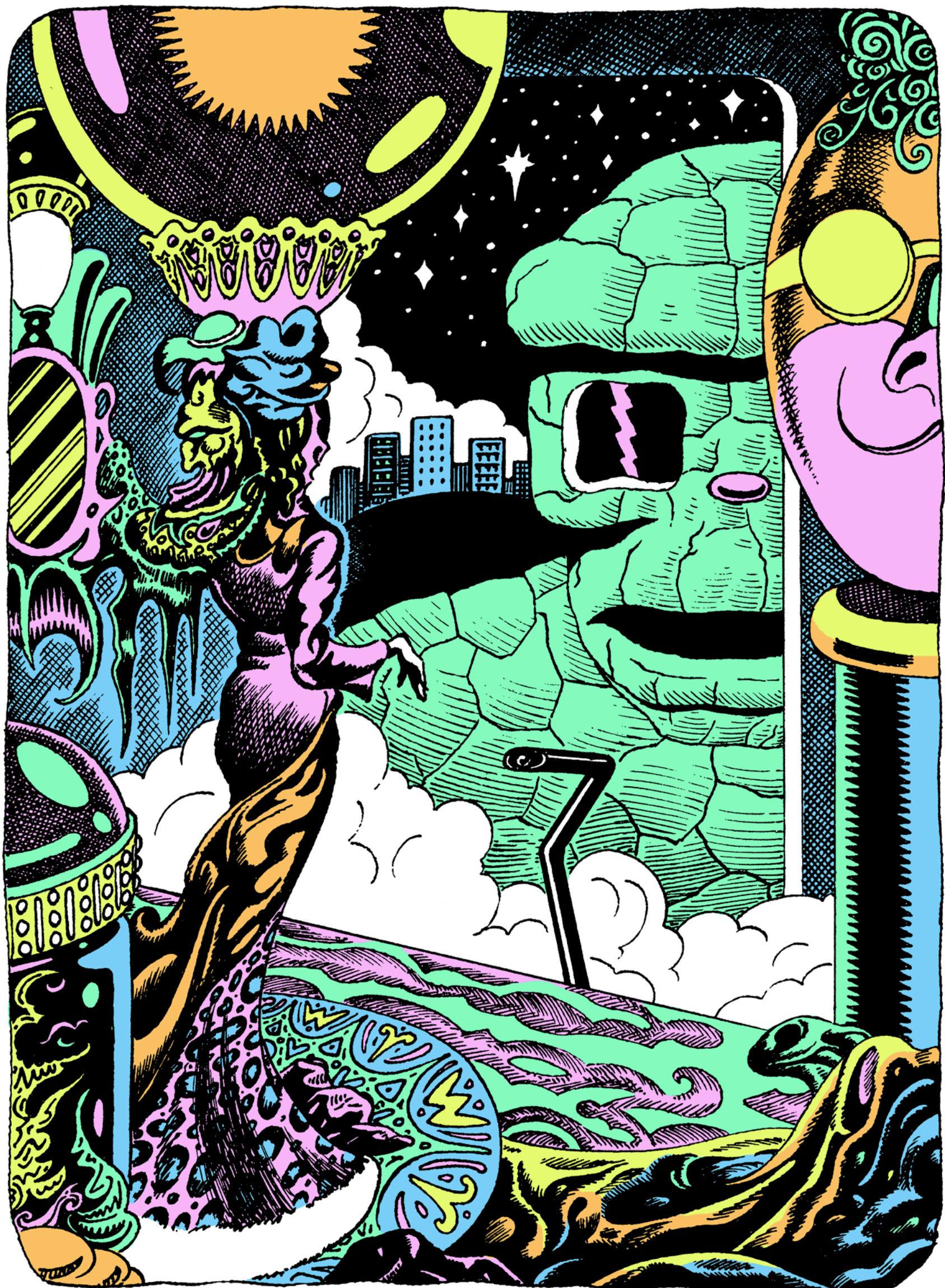
Jon Anderson vidi stvari koje drugi ne vide. Slike ga preplavljaju. Bez obzira koliko brzo crta, ne može sve da ih sustigne. Jon Anderson je neka vrsta kanala za nezaustavljivu bujicu slika pop kulture XX veka naslikanih u ambijentu dosadne arhitekture predgrađa iz zlatnog perioda švedskog socijalizma. Koliko god te slike bile čudne i prodirale daleko i duboko, korenji njegovih vizija su uvek kod kuće: poslednja stanica južne zelene metro linije, centar jednog Štokholmovog satelita, okružen visokim stambenim zgradama, trgom i nekolicinom radnji – bakalnica, prodavnica duvana, cvećara, frizerski salon, kafić i restoran koji ima dozvolu točenja alkohola. Dom sa spektakularnim pogledom na južna predgrađa, arhitekturu

iz pedesetih boje lososa, zelene parkove i betonske spomenike. To je jedno magično mesto u kojem se nalazi portal do treće dimenzije. *Budućnost nije što je nekad bila*, kaže Jon Anderson. *Previše je distopijska u poslednje vreme.* Nekada je budućnost bila natopljena slatkom nostalgijom.*

Jon Anderson noću sedi kraj svog prozora. Bilo na proleće kada su večeri lagane i pune vazduha i feromona, ili na jesen kad je asfalt lepljiv, a predgrađa mirišu na kafu i mokro lišće. Utešno ga osvetljava neonski znak „Högdalen Centrum“ sa vrha višespratnice prekoputa parka. Jednostavna melodija kreće da svira u njegovoј glavi. Nedugo zatim, violina počinje da popunjava rupe u melodiji dok se na kraju čitav



John Andersson



EN IMPROVISATION PÅ FRI HAND AV JOHN ANDERSSON
BIG BEN BOING MUSIC

2011

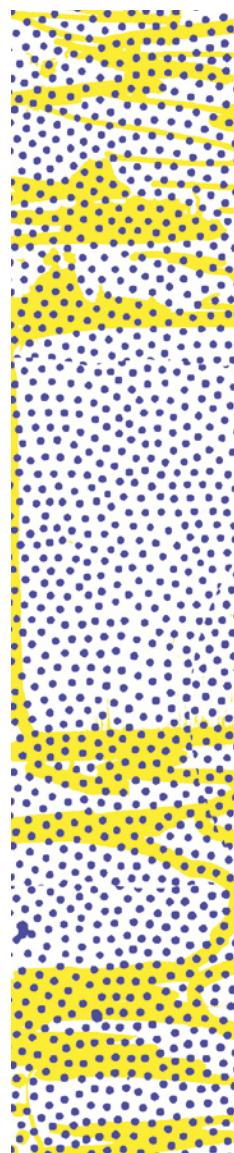


orkestar bombastično ne priključi na refrenu. Ispred njegovih nogu počinje da se odmotava put od žute cigle. Fred Aster nabaci osmeh od milion dolara i odleprša ka stanici metroa udarajući ritam svojim štapom za hodanje. Alisa u zemlji čuda oslikava latice džinovske ruže, dok Mia Farou ulazi u lift. Klark Kent sa svojim dvojnikom odlazi kod psihijatra, Betmen čeka nekog na trgu ispod sata, a sićušni duh delfina po imenu Dik ulazi u kadu. Tu su i italijanski čempresi u bajkovitoj bašti prepuno rastinja, mermerna fontana sa skulpturom sirene i srednjovekovni zamak na vrhu kamene litice. Iz zemlje iskaču građevine ruskih futurista, džinovska hobotnica maše preteći svojim preteškim pipcima iznad sumornog predgrađa, crna mačka sa maskom Zoroa prelazi ulicu, dok četiri majušna božanstva plutaju iznad te scene tiho se diveći svojoj kreaciji. Na klupi u parku, ispred radnje za popravku radio aparata, Pentagon Paulina uživa u svom sladoledu. Pećina od somota nije otvorena večeras. Iznenada! Sokolar na klizaljkama u fantomskom kostimu iskoči iz tajnog tunela ispod stanice metroa i kao furija proleti na svojim klizaljkama

pored stambenih blokova, oko parka, preko pešačkog mosta i pravo u tržni centar u čijem se izlogu probudiše tri lutke u detektivskim mantilima. Scene i likovi se brzo smenjuju, naleću jedni na druge i zaboravljuju odakle dolaze. Endi Vorhol obučen kao limeni čovek, nos Romana Polanskog, Major Tom na krovu zgrade, Mandrakov šešir, Tintin, Popaj, Orson Vels, Norman Bejts, Džudi Garland, čovek sa glavom u obliku šišarke... Džin Keli susreće devojku iz Japana. Lebde na letećem madracu kroz labyrinšku zgradu sa ogromnim dvoranama i dugačkim popločanim hodnicima punim vode. Vodopad zavesa, fontane koje se prelivaju, soba prepuna veš-mašina, mokri peškiri po zidovima, vitrina sa lekovima, mermerni sapun... Tiho lebde uz stepenice, šćućureni jedno uz drugo. Džin puši cigaretu za cigaretom i ostavlja trag od opušaka u vodi dok se lebdeći madrac polako provlači ispod avenije palmi. Sada je ostao bez cigareta, a i devojka je nestala. Zavesa od plavog pliša.

Jon Anderson uvek crta. On gleda filmove, čita knjige, sluša ploče. Naslovna strana nekog retkog strip izdanja ga ne samo čini srećnim,

već mu pruža osećaj radosne ekstaze koji traje nekoliko nedelja. Ploča nekog muzičkog pionira iz osamdesetih može da mu promeni život. Trebalo bi da zavidite njegovom postojanju – kada ste poslednji put osetili da univerzum vibrira smislom? *Doživljavati taj svet vizija u Tehnikoloru je predivno osećanje*, kaže Jon Anderson. *To je stanje ekstremne inspiracije i maksimalnog uživanja u životu.** Taj svet je toliko intenzivan da Jon mora da pazi da ne sagori. Nekada je odlazio predaleko, pre nego što je shvatio da tolika količina sreće može da bude opasna po čoveka. Ali, sada je stariji, naučio je kako da kontroliše tok. Jer to nisu snoviđenja, niti su halucinacije, to su vizije koje lebde ispred njegovih očiju kao na ekranu, film koji teče kroz sobu, zemlja čuda u visinama jednog predgrađa. Priče koje zapisuje u svojim stripovima su ponekad toliko haotične da početak i kraj izgledaju nasumično izabrani, kao film koji neprestano teče a mi smo se uključili na pet minuta. Počinju negde sa upečatljivim naslovom, povedu nas na jednu uzvišenu vožnju i završavaju se pre nego što se sve narativne niti raspletu. Ali sve ima smisla. Ima smisla u najstrožijem



nadrealističkom smislu – sve je povezano, ne postoje slučajnosti, lanac asocijacija se ne završava ako su vam čula otvorena i mogu da primete skrivene tragove. Oni pokušavaju nešto da vam kažu, da se probiju kroz buku, žele da se nađete negde sami, bez rukavica i štapova, bez urednika i rokova, bez morala i poente, bez cilja ili ideologije. To je jedno mesto u kojem možete da se vratite kući, ako uopšte tražite takvo mesto. Mesto u kojem se najbolje uživa u miru i tišini daleko od danas, sutra i juče. Mesto u kojem se ne beži od stvarnosti, već u kojem se stvarnost baš i ne voli previše. Jedno mnogo bolje mesto.

Jon Anderson je neočekivani pobednik, veličanstveni starac, legenda, kuriozitet, uvaženi vizionar švedske strip scene još od ranih devedesetih, kada su po prvi put objavljena njegova izdanja, ili čak od ranih osamdesetih kada je počeo da crta stripove. Njegov stil je nepogrešivo prepoznatljiv i jedinstven, ali je i dalje veran pravilima klasičnog strip priповедanja. Prepoznatljiv i čudan, neprihvatljiv ali privlačan. Nadživeo je bučni, distopijski, crno-humorni andergraund osamdesetih, kao i snažan talas političkih, autobiografskih i smešnih stripova koji od tad dominiraju švedskom strip scenom. Njegove nadrealističke vizije imaju trajan kvalitet i grade jedan lični univerzum koji vremenom dobija sve više detalja. Zemlja čuda Jona Andersona je mesto kojem se stalni čitaoci uvek vraćaju ne bi li ponovo doživeli tu magiju. Likovi, stvorenja, zgrade, spomenici i objekti se ponovno pojavljuju i remiksuju dok se čitalac ne oseti opušteno šetajući kroz scene kao statista koji se šeta po setovima Jonovog filma. Jon Anderson je uvek bio tu, sam na vetrometini ili u toploj kancelariji njegovog urednika. Mnogi njegovi radovi su samizdati, a Galago, Kapten Stofil, Tago i drugi švedski strip izdavači objavili su mnoge druge. Sa ostatkom sveta komunicira preko kućnog telefona u njegovom stanu na devetom spratu višespratnice koja nam je poznata iz njegovih crteža. Jon ima obožavatelje koji, kao i mi, zvone na njegova vrata i ulaze u njegovu tajnu pećinu sa iskrama u očima. Njegov stan je obično malo mesto, diskretno ušuškano u vremenu zajedno sa predgrađem u kojem se nalazi; blede tapete, čipkane zavese, nameštaj od tikovine i zidovi prekriveni Andersonovim ogromnim, neverovatnim slikama. On će vas povesti u obilazak, napraviće jaku kafu, pokazaće vam vredne artefakte,

otvorice svoje fioke, izliće svoje slike po stolu i, ako imate vremena da ga slušate, razgovaraće sa vama na široko. Plaši se da ih pusti da putuju, ali ipak želi da ih svi vidimo. Serija hipnotišućih ilustracija koje je radio slobodnom rukom kaligrafskim mastilom. Novi radovi u kojima je narativ sažet na nivo pojedinačnih kadrova, a svaka zamrzнутa scena povezana mirisnim paukovim nitima sa matičnim brodom zvanim *Zemlja slatkih snova*. Naslovi pojedinačnih priča govore sve: *Lovac na leptire*, *Gospodin i gospođa Nevidljivi*, *Misterija i melanholija jedne ulice*, *5000 prstiju doktora T*, *Vanzemaljski izviđač*, *Tamni konj se krije*, *Duh Florijana Šnajdera*, *Rano ujutru*, *Dan kada je Zemlja stala*, *Plavi put*, *Ljubav*, *Ružičaste čokolade*...

Slika pod nazivom *Vratiti se kući* prikazuje leđa jedne žene sa kišobranom koja ulazi u neku napuštenu oronulu metropoli. Tiho je, svi su već otišli, muzika je sve tiša, uskoro će početi i odjavna špica. Prepoznatljivi centar predgrađa ima pukotine u betonskim zidovima i sve radnje su zatvorene. Na zemlji leže mokre novine sa starim vestima.

Znamo ovu ženu od ranije, pojavljuje se u mnogim njegovim slikama, uvek okrenuta leđima, uvek na istoj razdaljini, razdaljini koju zauzima detektiv dok prati osumnjičenog. Pratimo je kako ulazi u grad. Na nebu iznad dalekih nebodera nazire se silueta slepog miša, jedini znak preostalog života. Kakvo je ovo mesto, pitamo se, gde li se nalazi, gde su nestali svi ljudi, gde je orkestar i gde su ostala dešavanja? Jon Anderson kaže da je to umetnikov dom iz snova. Nije li divno.

*Citati iz dokumentarnog filma *Svet Jona Andersona* autora Luvea Jonasona (2015), dostupnog na Youtube-u sa engleskim titlovima.

I dalje je bolje biti negde nego nigde. / Fred Aster u stripu Džin, Fred i Džudi (1992)

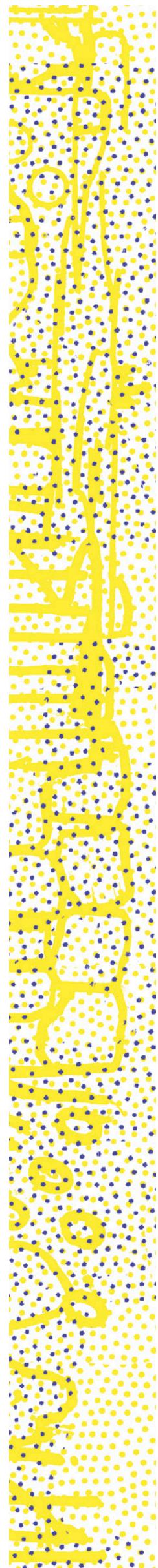
Osećam se kao mešavina Julija Cezara i Dejvida Birna / čovek u stripu Bole Sole (1994)

Jon veruje da će, ako me otvorite, unutra naći samo svetlo plavo nebo / doktorka u stripu Atlas Peruk (1994)



EN IMPROVISATION PÅ FRI HAND 2/6
DRACULAS BORG

JOHN ANDERSSON 2012



TO COME HOME

John Andersson's Wonderland

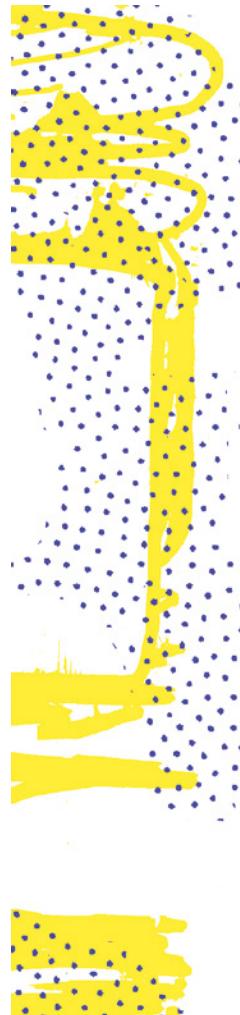
ANNA EHRLEMARK

Simultaneously, later, earlier that day, soon after, just then, 20 years before, 20 feet under, 20 floors up, 20 seconds later, next door, next week, next exit, on the other side of the street, around a corner, downstairs, downtown, downstream, after a while, after breakfast, after the tunnel, after a moment's thought, suddenly, on the other side of town, in another galaxy, in the blink of an eye, on the night train, under the bed, behind the curtain, between floors, through the looking glass, in the reflection, over the roof, at the same time, last minute, but then, and again, at the beginning: The End.

John Andersson sees things. He is flooded by images. No matter how fast he can draw, there is no way he can catch up. John Andersson is the medium for an unstoppable stream of visions of 20th century pop culture

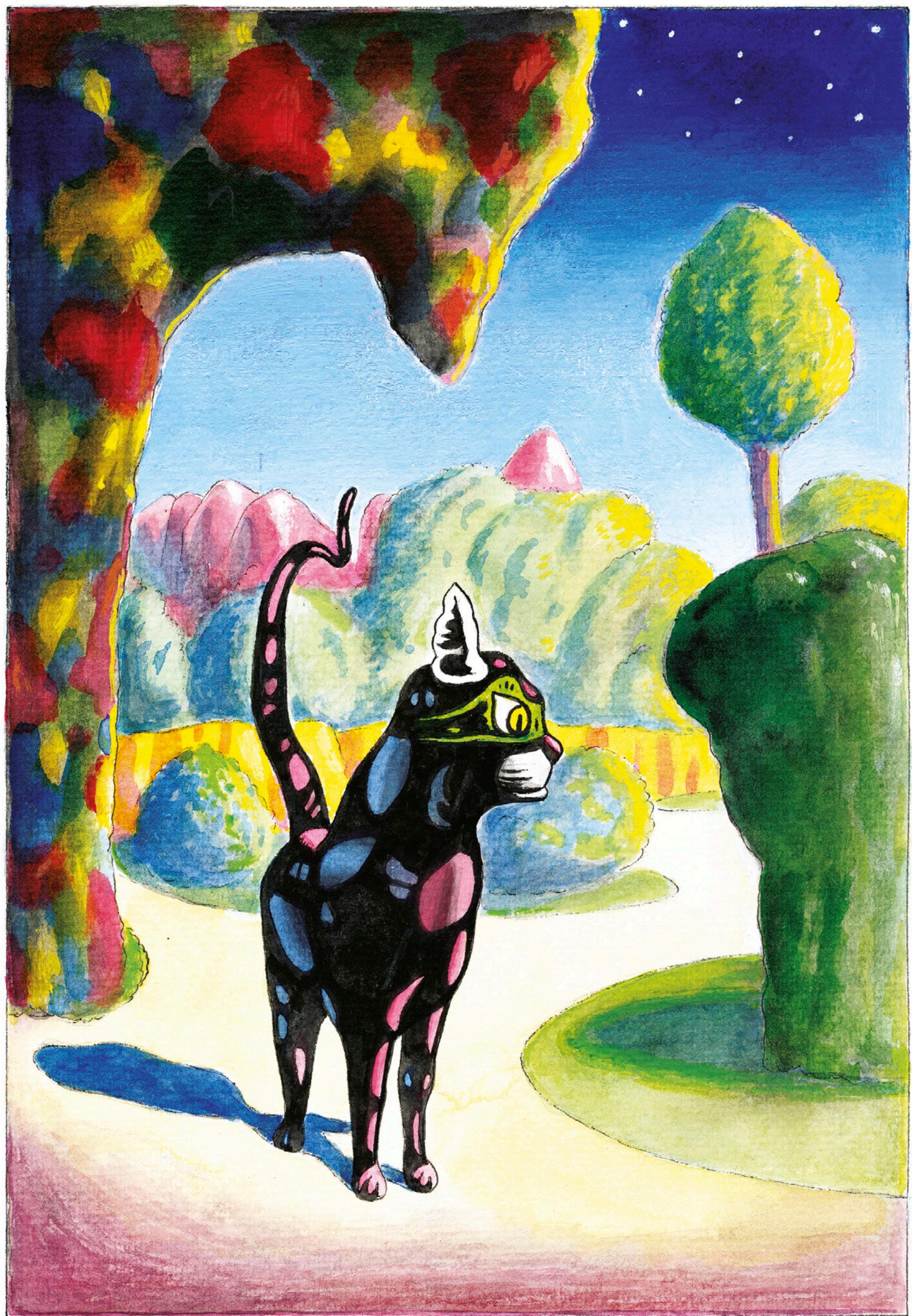
against a backdrop of dull suburban architecture from the golden era of Swedish socialism. No matter how strange or far or deep the visions go they are always rooted at home: the last stop on the green subway line south, a Stockholm satellite center surrounded by tower blocks, a square and a few shops – groceries, tobacco, flowers, hairdresser, a cafe and a restaurant with alcohol license. A home with a spectacular view over the southern suburbs, salmon colored 50's architecture, green parks and concrete public art. A magical place with a portal to a third dimension. *The future is not what it used to be*, says John Andersson. *It's too dystopian these days.** Once the future used to be soaked in sweet nostalgia.

Centrum" glows reassuringly from the top of a high-rise across the park. A simple melody starts playing in his head. Soon a violin fills in the gaps and an entire orchestra bombastically repeats the chorus. The yellow brick road is rolled out under his feet. Fred Astaire smiles a million dollar smile and swirls away towards the subway station with his walking stick tapping the pace. Alice in Wonderland is painting the petals of a gigantic rose and Mia Farrow enters the elevator. Clark Kent with a doppelgänger on the way to his shrink, Batman waiting for someone at the square under the clock, and a tiny ghost dolphin called "Dick" moves into the bath tub. Italian cypresses in a dreamy, overgrown garden, a marble fountain with a mermaid sculpture and a medieval castle on top of a rocky cliff. Russian futurist buildings spring from the ground, a monster octopus is waving his heavy tentacles over the gloomy suburb, a black cat with a Zorro-mask is crossing the street, and four tiny gods are floating above



ECUADOR (DEN KNOTTRIGA AMBASSADENS
PERSONAL)

JOHN ANDERSSON 2016



BLACK CAT, GOLDEN CAVE 2

JOHN ANDERSSON 2013

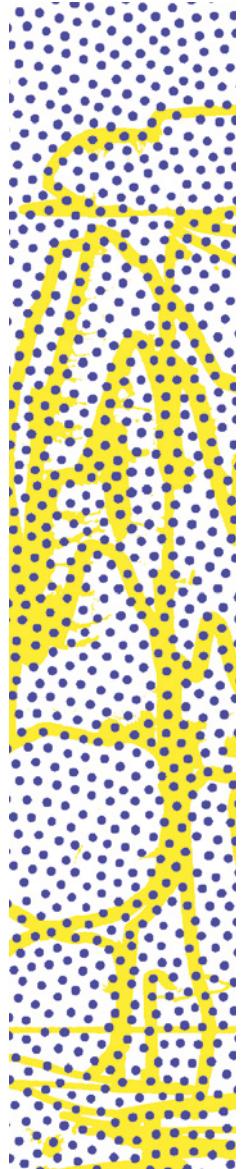
the scene quietly observing their creation. On a park bench in front of the radio repair shop Pentagon Pauline is having an ice cream. The corduroy cave is not open tonight. Suddenly! The Ice Skating Falconeer in a phantom costume slides out from a secret tunnel under the subway station, skates furiously past the tenant blocks, around the park, over the pedestrian bridge and into the shopping mall where three mannequins in detective coats wake up in a display window. Scenes and characters flash by, walk into each other and forget where they came from. Andy Warhol as the tin man, Polanski's nose, Major Tom on the roof, Mandrake's hat, Tintin, Popeye, Orson Wells, Norman Bates, Judy Garland, the man with the pine cone head... Gene Kelly meets a Japanese girl. They float away on an air mattress through a maze-like building with big halls and long tiled corridors flooded by water. Waterfall curtains, dripping fountains, a room full of washing machines, wet towels on the wall, a medicine cabinet, a marble soap... They are quietly floating upstairs, curled up together side by side, Gene chain smoking and leaving a trail of cigarette butts

in the stream as the air mattress slides under an avenue of palm trees. Now he's out of cigarettes and the girl is gone. Blue velvet curtains.

John Andersson is drawing all the time. He is watching films, reading books, listening to records. A rare comic magazine cover can make him happy, no, give him an ecstatic feeling of joy for several weeks. An LP-record with a forgotten 80's pioneer can change his life. You should envy his presence – when was the last time you felt the universe vibrate with meaning? *Experiencing this world of Technicolor visions is so wonderful*, says John Andersson. *It's a condition of extreme inspiration, of maximum enjoyment of life.** It's so intense that he has to be careful not to burn out. There were times when he took it too far, before he knew that so much happiness can be bad for you. But he's older now, he's learned how to channel the stream. These are not dreams, nor hallucinations, these are visions that appear in front of his eyes like a floating screen, a film that flows through the room, a wonderland on top of the suburb. The stories he writes down, the

comics that we read, are sometimes so chaotic that the beginning and end feel random, as if the film was endlessly rolling and we just turned on the television for five minutes. They start somewhere with an arresting title, take us for a sublime ride and end before any of the loose threads have been tied. But it all makes sense. It makes sense in the strictest surrealist way – everything is connected, there is no such thing as coincidence, the chain of associations never ends if you open your senses to the hidden clues. It's trying to tell you something, it's trying to break through the noise, it wants to meet you alone, without gloves and stick, without editors and deadlines, without morals and punch lines, without agenda or ideology. It's a place to come home to, if you are looking for such a place. Best enjoyed in peace and quiet far away from today, tomorrow and yesterday. Not avoiding reality, just not liking it that much. This is so much better.

John Andersson is an underdog, a grand old man, a legend, a curiosity, a distinguished visionary on the Swedish comics scene since the early 90's when he



THE GOLDEN CITY ON MARS

JOHN ANDERSSON 1/6 2017



UR 18

JOHN ANDERSSON 2013

was first published or the early 80's when he started drawing comics on his own. His style is unmistakable and inimitable, still true to classical rules of comic book storytelling. It's familiar and strange, unacceptable but alluring. He outlived the noisy, dystopian, dark humored underground of the 80's and the strong wave of political, autobiographical, funny comics that has dominated the Swedish scene since. His surrealist visions have a lasting quality, they build up a personal universe with more and more detail over time. John Andersson's wonderland is a place where the constant reader returns for more of the same magic. Characters, creatures, buildings, monuments, objects reappear and remix until you feel at ease moving through the scenes like an extra on the set of his motion picture. John Andersson has always been there, out in the cold or invited into the editor's office. Many of his works were self-published, just as many were picked up by Galago, Kapten Stofil, Tago and other Swedish comics publishers. He keeps in contact with everybody from the house phone in his flat on the ninth floor of the tenant tower we know from his drawings. He has admirers

who, like us, ring his door bell and enter the bat cave with sparks in our eyes. It's an ordinary little place, discretely stuck in time together with the suburb; pale wallpaper, lace curtains, teak furniture and walls covered with Andersson's large, incredible paintings. He will give us the tour, brew strong coffee, show precious artifacts, open up the drawers, pour out images on the table, and talk if you have time to listen. He's afraid to let the images travel, yet he wants us to see them all. A series of mesmerizing free-hand illustrations in clear calligraphy inks. New work where the narrative is condensed down to single frames, each frozen scene hooked up to the mother ship with soft scented spider thread: Jona Blund Nation. The titles will give you an idea: *The butterfly catcher, Mr. and Mrs. Invisible Man, The mystery and melancholy of a street, Dr. T's 5000 fingers, Extraterrestrial boy scout, The dark horse is hiding, The ghost of Florian Schneider, Early in the morning, The day the earth stood still, Blue road, Love, Pink chocolates...*

The painting with the title *To come home* shows the back of a woman with an umbrella walking into a deserted crumbling metropolis. It's quiet, everybody else has left,

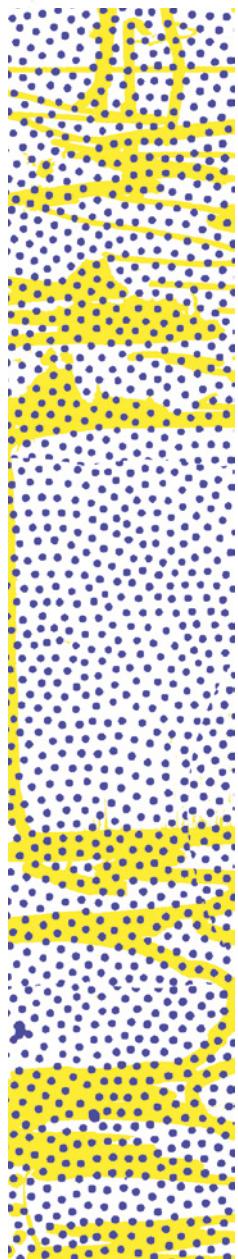
the music is fading out, soon the closing credits will start rolling. The familiar suburban center has cracks in the concrete walls and all the shops are closed. A wet newspaper with old news on the ground. We know this woman from before, she appears in many of the paintings, always with her back turned, always at the same distance, the distance a detective would keep if he was trailing a suspect. We follow her into the city. On the sky above the distant skyscrapers the silhouette of a bat is the only sign of life remaining. What is this home, we ask, where is it at, where did all the people go, where is the orchestra and the action? This is the artist's dream home, says John Andersson. Isn't it wonderful.

*Quotes from the documentary feature *The World of John Andersson* by Love Jonasson (2015), available on Youtube with English subtitles.

It's still better to be somewhere than nowhere. /Fred Astaire in Gene, Fred & Judy (1992)

I feel like a mix between Julius Ceasar and David Byrne/A man in Bole Sole (1994)

John believes that if you open me up all you will find is light blue sky / Female doctor in Atlas Peruk (1994)



ĐIKI KOLAŽI

Milena Điki Janošević

Vidi se da je ovo jedno mlado jaje.



Iz bogate tradicije sec-lep gnezda kolektiva Mubareć, kolaži su poleteli u vidu Điki kolaža, i ponašaju se i dalje kao ptići, nezbrinuto i raspušteno.

Međutim, njima je ok, dok god ih se ne pita šta je starije, impuls ili namera? Ali vi to morate znati kako biste uopšte razumeli umetnost koja je samo sada, ekskluzivno, pred vama, a ako slučajno imate odgovor, molimo vas, zadržite to za sebe.

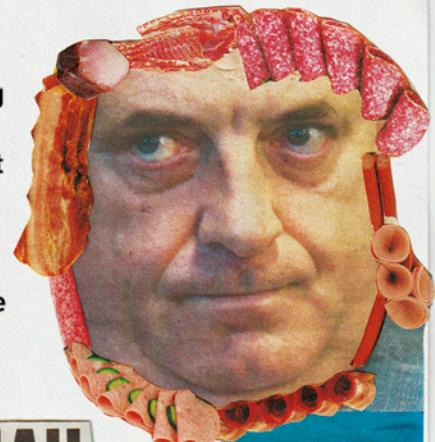
Ovo pred vama je the best off godinu dana sporadičnih radionica kolaža u MKC

Kombinatu, a teme su bile sledeće: 'Kupuješ mi sandale landare', 'Bila je tako lijepa', 'Ćetnici i voče', 'Ona me blokira', 'All Memories Clear', 'Otvorи mi svoja vrata', 'Rat svetova', 'Srndači i stres' i 'Svi moji koraći'.

...O lepoti



From the rich cut-paste tradition of Mubareć collective, Điki collages have spread their own wings and they're still acting like young chicks, abandoned and wild. However, they're ok, as long as you don't ask them which is the oldest, impulse or intent? But after all you would have to know this in order to understand the art, which is now exclusively before you, so in case you do have an answer, please, keep it to yourself.



СИНОЋ У БЕОГРАДУ

СВАКИ ДАН
ЈЕ 8. МАРТ

MNJAU-MNJAU



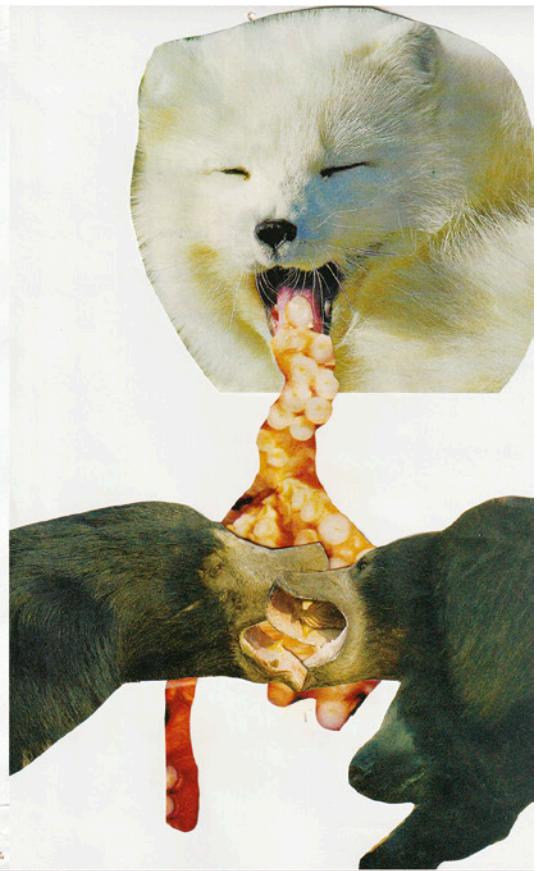
This exhibition will present only the best collages made at sporadic collage workshops at MKC Kombinat during the previous year. The themes of the workshops were the following: You're buying loosey-goosey sandals for me, She used to be so pretty, Chetniks and fruit, She's blocking me, all Memories Clear, Open your door to me, War of the Worlds, Fawns and stress, and All my Korać's.



ЛИЧКЕ



ЛИЧКЕ



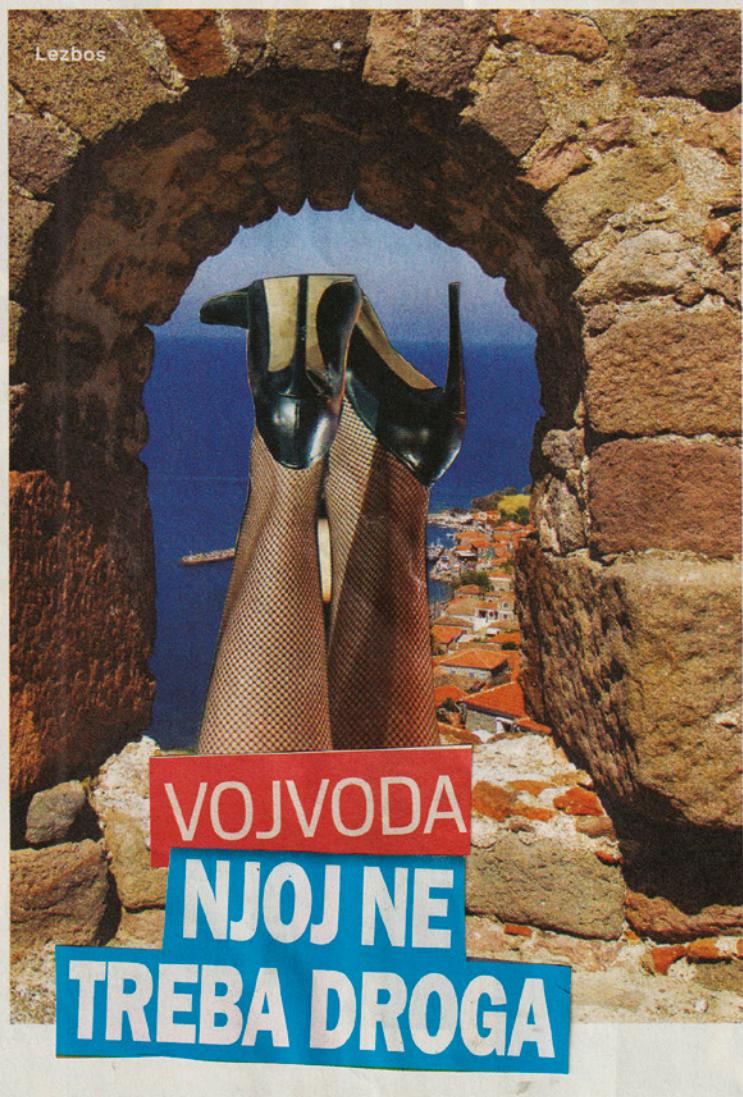
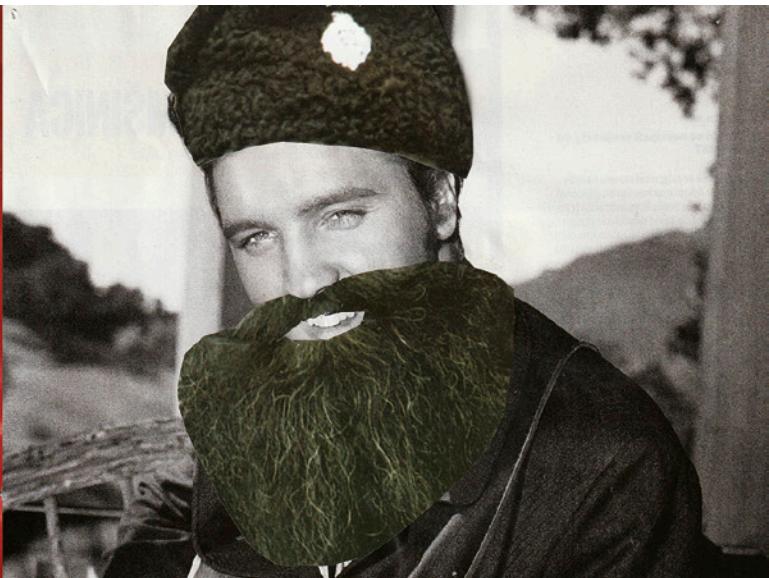
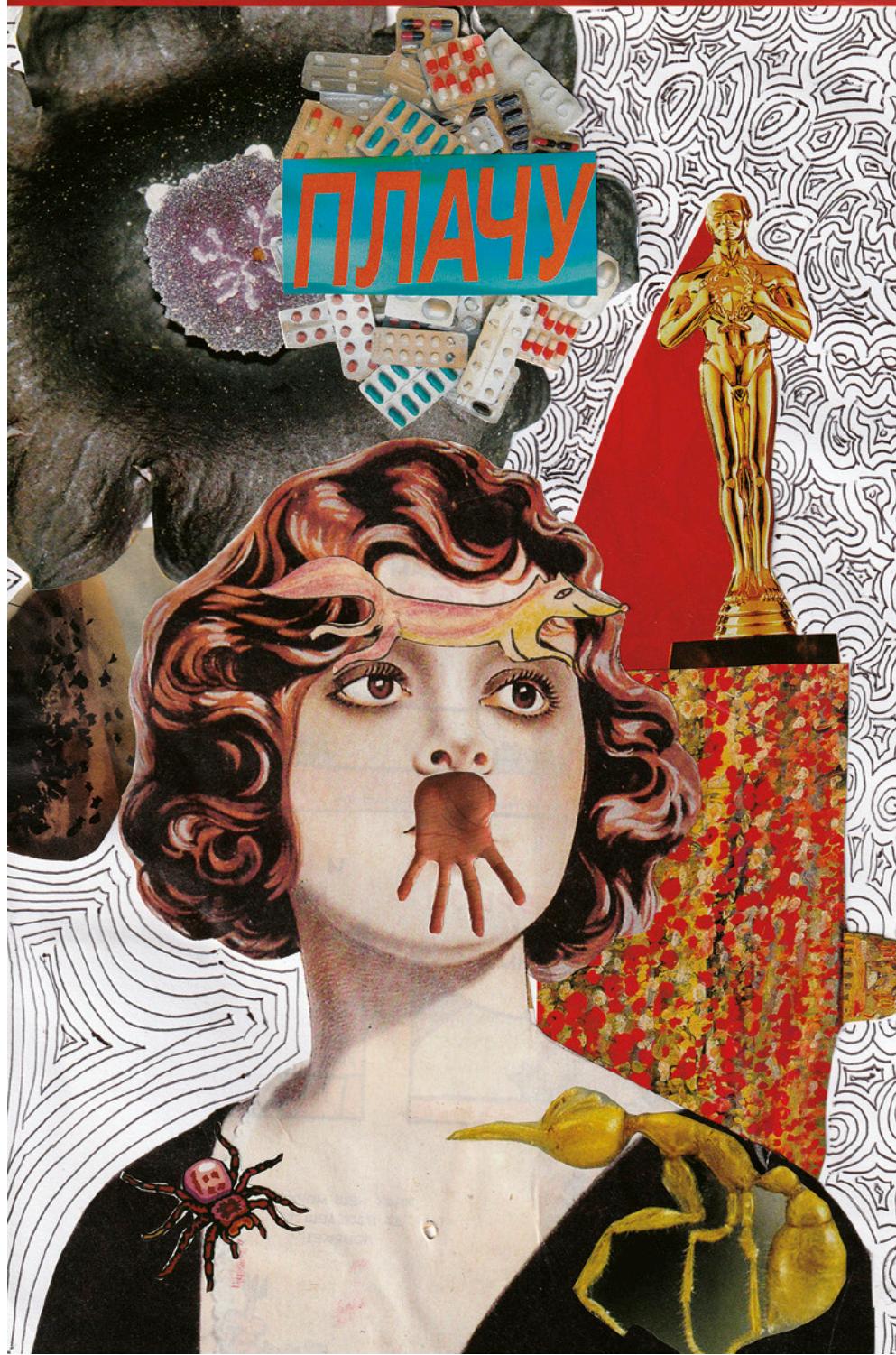
POTREBNO JE VIŠE ŽENA







ВОДИЧ ЗА НЕЗАПОСЛЕНЕ



»ТИТОВА РУКА ЈЕ СВУДА«

PAKLENO JAJCE

Jovana Lutovac

Odbijam da platim ovakvo jaje.



(ilići jajce sa satnim mehanizmom)

U početku beše Ništa. Pa jedna tačka. A ta tačka još i nije zametak nego tek prelaz ni iz čega u nešto. A onda iz tačke na sve strane kao vatromet prskaju mogućnosti – hoće li zametak biti fiksiran u žutom suncu na belom oblaku na masti u tiganju kao kakvo jaje na oko? Ili će postati crta, krug, kocka, mrav, gusenica, leptir, nula ili jedan, ili beskrajni niz ništica i kukica? Binarni jezik unutar opne. Jaje sa mehanizmom časovnika. Čist pakao.

Boris Pramatarov je bugarski umetnik rođen 1989. godine, koji živi i stvara u Belgiji. Ne prestaje da radi i verovatno ne bi umeo da stane ni kada bi htio. Skoro opsativno plete svoje slike i crteže boreći se sa praznocom papira. To je istina u jednom svetu. U nekom drugom svetu star je par hiljada godina u bilo kom pravcu od sadašnjosti. Poznat je u intermolekularnim galaksijama kao tvorac eksplozivne naprave iz koje se po aktiviranju oslobađa beskrajna imaginacija.

Borisova izložba **Pakleno jajce** je jako precizan mehanizam, jedna ravnoteža, po svojoj prirodi savršena, belanceta i žumanceta, svetla i tame. Ovo filigransko jaje nije progutalo kočije, kraljeve i krune, a njegova spoljašnjost nije oslikana hrišćanskim aluzijama. Ovo jaje nama daje primalne slike nerazdvojene realnosti i imaginacije, tačnosti i nepredvidivosti, životinje i mašine.

Pramatarov je izvukao svoj unutrašnji tlocrt i izvrnuo sve niše i krivudave hodnike prekrivene blatom i vrevom insekata i zglavkara, koji se sada usporeno meškolje pred nama na suncu. Kroz ovaj izbor radova sa nama komuniciraju najdublje autorove sumnje i pitanja.

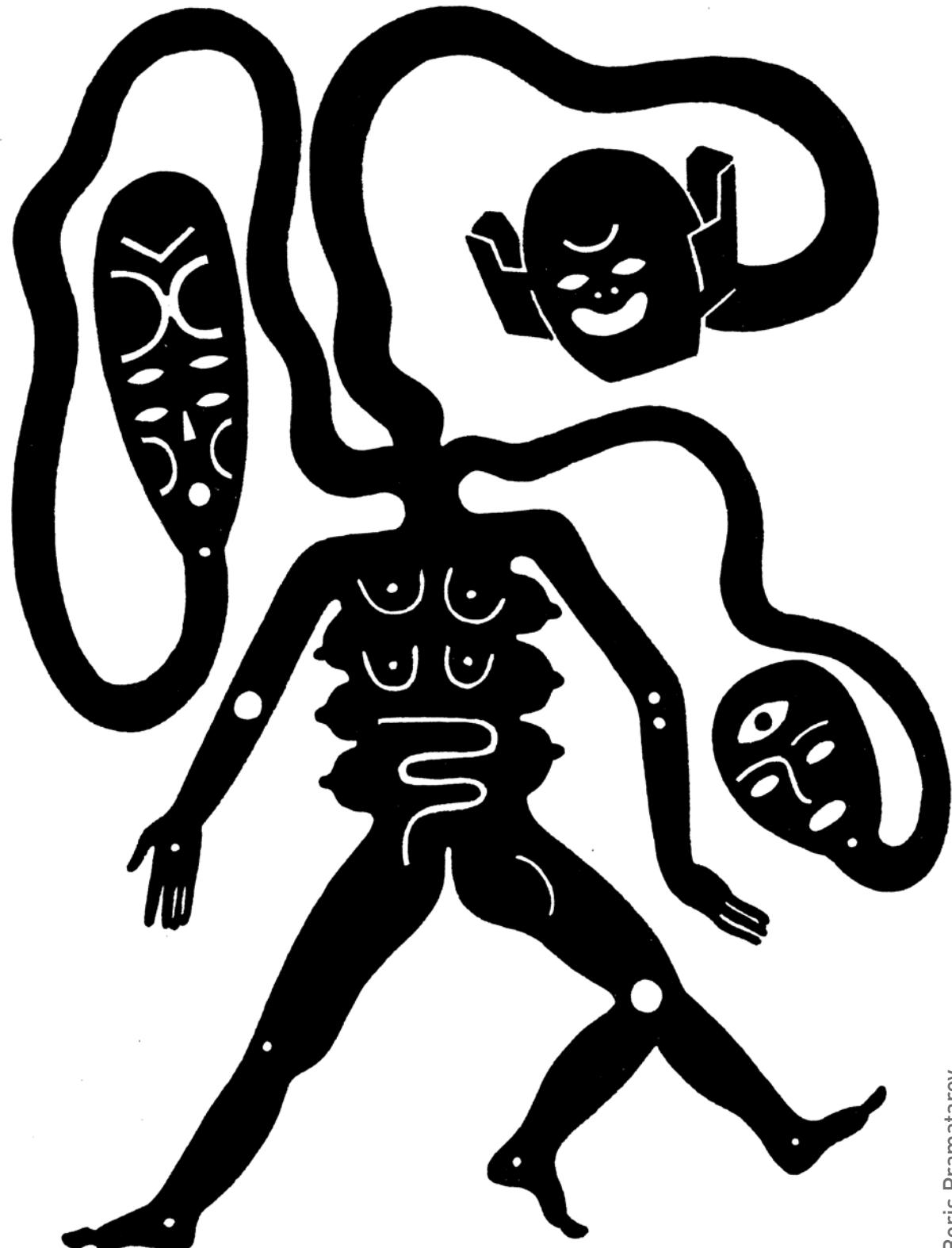
I tu je sve, ceo svet sa svojim pojedinostima, opsativno-kompulzivno naslagen unutar ljske. Nema razlike da li je realan ili zamišljen, da li je ličan ili svačiji. On je svakako sveobuhvatan i

potentan. Da je pravde izazivao bi strahopštovanje. Ali trenutno nas samo plaši, jer smo jajare.

A strah rađa agresiju...

Majušnost čoveka pred nepomično uzavrelom prirodom oduvek je u njemu izazivala strah, a on nikada nije mogao da podnese svoju nebitnost i potčinjenost. Nasilno je

opšto sa njom i sadistički uživao mrcvareći manje od sebe. Jer ima pravo, jer je njemu teško, jer je svestan svoje smrtnosti. Jer ga ona plaši. Jer je civilizacija nasilnik, a individua žrtva i ona trpi, trpi dok više ne može da izdrži, već se odriče ljudskog zarad životinjskog, greškom zamenivši pojam ljudskog sa onim civilizacije i pojam životinjskog ili prirodnog sa pojmom nasiљa.



Boris Pramatarov

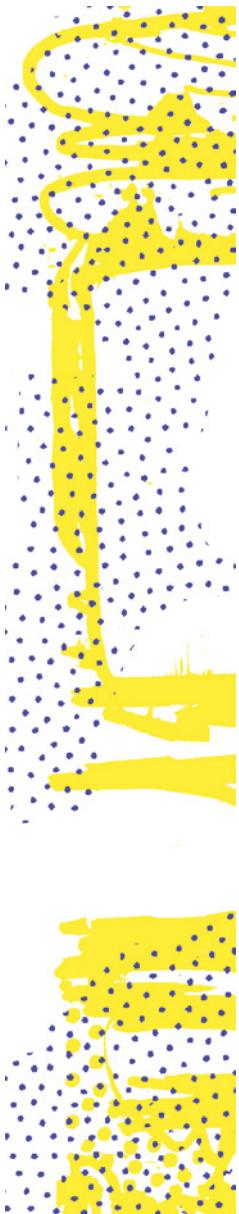
„РУКЕ С ЧАСОВЫМ КОВ
“Механизъм“ *

* “A clock work egg”

Борис Праматаров
Street gallery, Belgrade
OCTOBER 11th, 2019 8PM



10th festival of non-aligned Comics
Novo Doba, "The Egg" OCTOBER 9th - 13th, 2019



Gledajući ove arhetipe, posmatraču bi se moglo desiti da vikne: „Bori se, Borise!”, jer borba svetlosti i mraka ne prestaje. Sve se menja i sve prolazi osim promene i prolaznosti, osim same borbe i same nestabilnosti. Belance i žumance su u savršenoj harmoniji tako krhkoj, kao ljska jajeta ili kula od karata. Potpuno je idealno neuništivo ako ne znaš gde da čukneš, koju kartu da izvučeš, koji šraf da odšrafiš. A razum zna. Razum ume. Bar kajganu da napravi. Racio kontroliše, polira i uređuje haos našeg unutrašnjeg sveta.

9 slika, 9 uzoraka – Hamti Damti vreme pamti

Boris fiksira svoje unutrašnje borbe kroz niz devet crno-belih prikaza čoveka-mašine ili čoveka-boga, boga mehaničkih buba, buba izleglih iz vanzemaljskih jaja, prikaza plemenskih maski u obliku jaja... To je spiralna istorija pokušaja da se utvrdi šta je bilo pre jajeta. Pre ovog sveta. Kao da bi postojanje nekog prethodnog sveta dovelo do bilo kog drugog pitanja osim tog istog.

Pred našim očima poglavice započinju kosmogonijski ples, i bogovi se smeštaju u poredak. Kroz vekove ubrzane do samo

nekoliko sekundi treperi postojanje. Pokretne trake i nauženi lanci prenosnici i ponavljači, pokretači tenkovskih gusenica zaglibljenih u crno blato, suviše moćnih da bi bile zaustavljene, iniciraju pokret tihim zloslutnim *klik*. Progres se ne zaustavlja, gazi sve pred sobom i sjediniuje u lepljivu crnu masu, u zli kavijar novih svetova. Da, ima ih mnogo i svi su zli. Jer i dobri su zli, kao što jedna crvljiva jabuka upropasti stotine. I tenkovska gusenica postaje tenk-leptir, kao što se iz crnog jajeta izleže mehanički zmaj. Čuju se hladni tupi zvukovi kako bruje u mnoštvu. *Tik – tak*. Hej, Pramatarov, ti li jašeš tog zmaja?

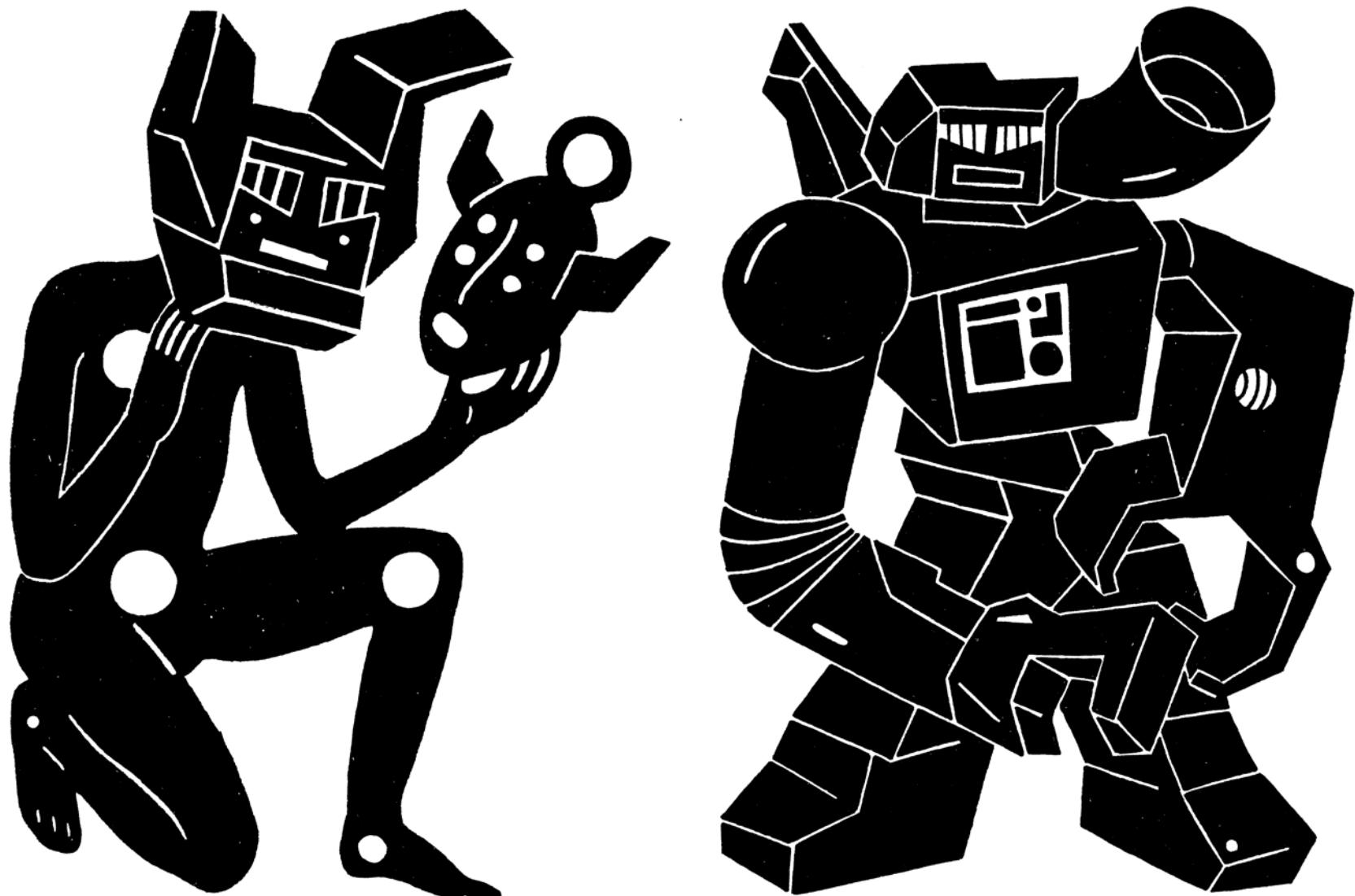
Kao Gregor sâm sam, kao buba sat sam.

U njegovoj izloženoj kolekciji insekata-vanzemaljaca, promaljaju se plemenski bogovi dok uzdižu žrtveno jaje, uzvikuju plodnost i ponovno rođenje, grme kao gromoglasni motor hiljade kerberskih snaga koji prede tačno u takt. Susret domorodaca i belih čudovišta iznova i iznova, uvek sa istim bednim krajem. Sudar svetova uvek rezultira krajem jednog od njih. Jedna majušna vaška uništava svet po svet. Ali ne nazire se kraj. Ne pobeduje jedna strana, jer nema

kraja i nema pobede. Ni poraza. Ni početka. Nema ničega i ima svega. Jaje je prvo i poslednje, jedno i mnoštveno, liči onom do sebe kao jaje jajetu. Ovo jaje je čudno jaje, jer ovo jaje muda daje.

Svet postoji i u smrti nestaje da bi se ponovo rodio bolji, gori ili isti. Uzdižemo u vis bogovima plodnosti i obnovljenog života i ovo crno jaje, abortus večnog ciklusa. Živeo konačni kraj! „Nek narodi dođu u dolinu Josafatsku! Jer ču onde svim narodima sud otvoriti” (JOIL 3:12). Vidimo se brzo u Josafatskoj dolini, kad se otvari taj sud u kome će se sigurno služiti crni omlet sa tartufima, tim gadostima od crnog zlata.

Vatra više ne gori na ognjištu, a figure su crne i u kontra-svetlu, ritual je zamrznut u trenutku bleska munje. Svi su prekriveni finom ugljenom prašinom. Nemani iz podsvesti zaustavile su se na momenat i predaju se laserskom preseku svesti, snopu svesnog uma. Kvrc. Opna puca, a jaje otkriva svoj unutrašnji mehanizam, svet se razotkriva i budenje odnosi moru. Uspavani razum stvara čudovišta. Bistri um im daje nadimke.





**DEVIL'S EGG
(or Clockwork Egg)
JOVANA LUTOVAC**

In the beginning there was Nothing. And then a single dot appeared. And this dot wasn't even an embryo of a dot but only a transition from nothing into something. And then, from this dot, a firework of possibilities exploded into being – will the embryo be fixed within the yellow sun on a white cloud on some grease in a pan, like a sunny-side-up egg? Or will it become a line, a circle, a cube, an ant, a caterpillar, a butterfly, a zero or a one, or an infinite string of noughts and ones? A binary language hidden within the shell. A clockwork egg. Sheer hell.

Boris Pramatarov is a Bulgarian artist born in 1989, who lives and works in Belgium. He works ceaselessly and would probably not even know how to stop even if he wanted to. He weaves his paintings and drawings obsessively fighting the emptiness of space. This is the truth in one world. In some other, he is couple of thousands-years old in any direction from the present. He is known in intermolecular galaxies as the creator of an explosive device which when activated releases an infinite amount of imaginaria.

Boris's exhibition The Devil's (Clockwork) Egg is a very precise mechanism, a naturally perfect balance of egg white and egg yolk, of light and dark. This filigree egg did not swallow the chariots, the kings and the crowns, and its exterior is not covered in Christian allusions. This egg gives unto us primal images of intertwined reality and imagination, accuracy and unpredictability, animals and machines.

Pramatarov has exposed his inner layout and revealed all the niches and the snaky corridors covered in mud and the flurry of insects and arthropods and now they're all slowly writhing and wriggling in the sun in front of all of us. This selection of works is trying to communicate with us the author's deepest doubts and issues.

And everything is there, the whole world with all of its details, obsessively and compulsively assembled within the shell. It makes no difference if it's real or imaginary, if it's personal or public. It is most definitely radical and potent. If there were any kind of justice, it would inspire awe. But, at the moment, it

only inspires fear, because we are chicken.

And fear bears aggression...

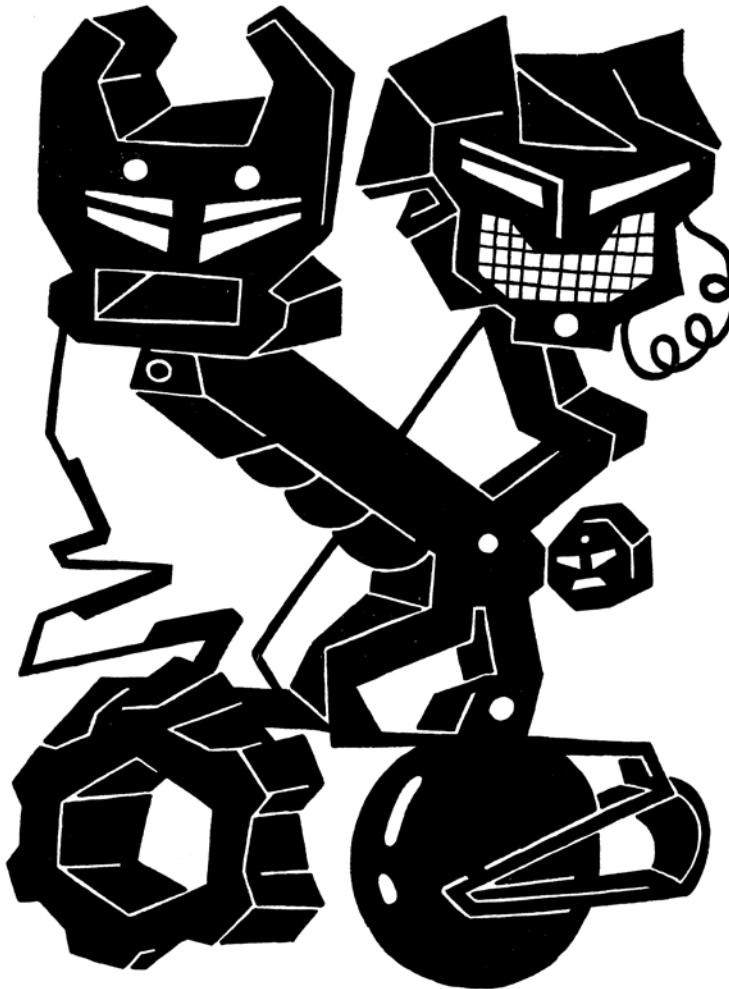
The insignificance of man in the face of immovable and raging nature had always instilled fear in him, and he could never bear his unimportance and subjugation. He violently defiled it and sadistically enjoyed torturing those beneath him. Because he has a right, his life is difficult, because he is conscious of his mortality. Because it scares him. Because civilization is the violator, and individual a victim and the individual suffers, until it can't take it anymore, and then it trades what's human for what's animal, mistakenly confusing the notion of human with that of civilized and the notion of the animal or natural with that of violent.

Seeing these archetypes an observer might yell: "Bori se, Borise!"!, because the battle between light and dark is unending. Everything changes and progresses except for change and progress, except for the struggle itself and imbalance itself. An egg white and egg yolk are in perfect harmony but it's as fragile as the eggshell or the house of cards. It is completely ideally indestructible, if you don't know where to hit it, which card to pull out or which screw to loosen. And the mind knows. The mind knows how. At least how to make scrambled eggs. Its reason controls, polishes and manages the chaos of our inner world.

9 portraits, 9 samples – Humpty Dumpty, time will not forget

Boris is focusing his inner struggle through a series of nine black-and-white portraits of man-machines or man-gods, the god of mechanical bugs, the bugs which hatched from alien eggs, depictions of tribal masks shaped like eggs... It represents a spiral history of attempts to ascertain what came before the egg. Before this world. As if the existence of a previous world would not beg that exact same question.

In front of our eyes, tribal chiefs are starting their cosmogonic dance and the gods are put in order. Centuries of existence flicker in a couple of fast-forwarded seconds. Conveyor belts and greased up roller chains and sprocket gears, the drive behind the tank's caterpillar tread stuck



in black mud, too powerful to be stopped, initiate movement with a silent and ominous *click*. Progress does not halt, it crushes everything in its path and blends it into a gluey black mass, the evil caviar of new worlds. Yes, there are many of them and all of them are evil. Because even the good ones are evil, just like one maggoty apple ruins hundreds. The tank's caterpillar turns into a tank-butterfly, the same way a mechanical dragon hatches from a black egg. Cold, dull sounds can be heard humming and buzzing en masse. *Tick – tock*. Hey, Pramatarov, is that you over there riding a dragon?

Like Gregor Samsa's cock, the cockroach is a clock

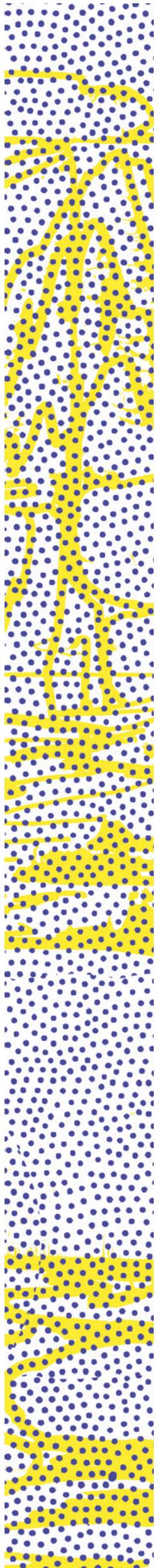
On display in his collection of insect-aliens, tribal gods can be seen raising the sacrificial egg, howling for fertility and rebirth, thundering like thunderous engines

of motorcycles with thousands of cerberus powers, purring like clockwork. The encounter of natives and white monsters on endless repeat, and always with the same miserable ending. A clash of worlds always results in the destruction of one of them. One tiny louse which conquers one world and then the next. And there is no end to it in sight. One side never wins, because there is no end and no victory. Nor defeat. Nor beginning. There is nothing and there's everything. The egg is the alpha and the omega, the one and the many, a spitting image of the egg next to it. This egg is an odd egg, because this egg is a bald egg.

The world exists and perishes so that it can be reborn as better, worse or the same. We would also like to gift the gods of fertility and restored life this black egg, the abortion of the eternal cycle. Long live the ultimate end! "Let the nations be

roused and advance into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, for there I will sit to judge all the nations on every side" (Joel, 3:12). See you soon in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, when they open this tribunal, which will surely serve a black omelette with truffles, those black gold monstrosities.

The fire in the hearth has been extinguished, and the figures are black and in counter light, the ritual is frozen in the moment the lightning struck. Everyone is covered in fine charcoal dust. The subconscious monsters have ceased for a moment and they have surrendered to the laser beam of consciousness, a jolt of the conscious mind. *Crack*. The membrane has burst and the egg revealed its inner mechanism, the world is coming into focus and waking up releases us from our nightmares. Listless reason creates monsters. A bright mind gives them nicknames.



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Laetitia Brochier



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СУБОТА 11.10.19. РЕМОНТ 19 Ч КВАКА 22Ч

Fredox, Laetitia Brochier & Samplerman

ČEKAJUĆI ASPARTAMSku MLADOST ČOVEČANSTVA Milica Ivić

Jaje bez dlake.

O Fotošoku

Bolje šok nego šop!

Na udaljenom pašnjaku uplašeno lane striže ušima. Slatko lane preživa, zelena mesnata trava koja obiluje sokovima ga hrani iznutra, pod kopitancima šuškaju opale liske, a budnim okom mama srna, oprezno, ali ipak spokojno prati njegovu igru. Pčele računaju na svoja staništa, svoje zalihe hrane i svoje nektare, u vevericama srce kuca i može da ga čuje ko poželi da sluša. Sa druge strane, na portretima finih dama u plavičastim odorama sa kožom boje mekotne breskvice, omiljenim medaljonom

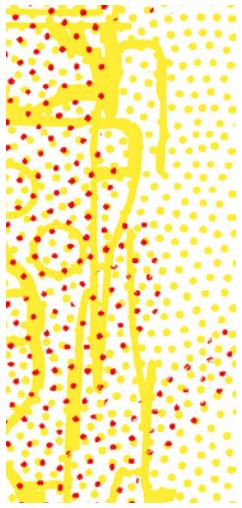
među plahim grudima, pobegne kovrdžica ili dve. I onda puf! Nastupi temeljna demontaža. Sve prirodno i dāto, zeleno i bujno, netaknuto i nenataknuto – puf! Kao i sve te antropocentrične pizdarije, sve boje, palete, tonovi i polutonovi, simetrije, porcelanski premazi, glazurni gvaševi i odsjaji odlaze u vis. Kao i izbalansirani metabolizmi, stabilne vizure, da ne govorimo o razumu i osećanjima – puf! Sve podrazumevano kao prirodno i ljudsko raspičkano u sitnim partikulama se uskovitlalo da se preuredi, pokupi usput u svoju pijavicu usputni otpad i zaustavi ko

zna gde u bogtepita kakvom poretku.

U ovoj nejasnoj fazi evolucije između dva razvojna stupnja, u pomenutoj pijavici, dok još uvek moramo da se hranimo vlaknima, da apsorbujemo minerale i transmasti, dok moramo da dišemo mešavine koje uključuju kiseonik, da brinemo o hidrataciji i detoksikaciji, u ovoj ponizavajućoj mučnoj međusmeni kada smo, nedorasli novini koja dolazi, vezani za prošlo, a ljudsko, dok sanjamo srećno novo doba pesticida i homicida, ostaje nam da se radujemo budućnosti koju će živeti neki novi, drugi, evolutivno prilagođeniji od nas. Onoj budućnosti u kojoj se džigerica ostavljena da prenosi u omiljenom pićencetu ne razgradi u dronjke nego očvrsne i produži naš život kao i svaki život. U kojoj ćemo prestati da sramotnim cikličnim meditacijama i matičnim ćelijama održavamo humanoidni status quo. U kojoj će sve toksično konačno postati hranljivo, toksični maskulinitet pre svega. I u kojoj ćemo otkloniti stid zbog svojih ljudskih ograničenja koje smo ustoličili kao snagu i pravilo.

Fotošok govori u ime svih nas koji jedva čekamo da vidimo šta će meso moći da podnese. Kad prostruje i zahuču tim nekim novim venama aspartami, emulgatori, lecitini, etileni, amonijumi, sulfati i sodijumi, parabeni, polietileni, sintetički mirisi, a i kokamidopropil betaini, sorbati i polisorbati, potassium triklosani, nitrati, sulfiti, azodikarbonamidi, bromati, monosodium glutamati, disodium inosinati, disodium guanilati, bisfenoli, policiklični aromatični hidrokarboni, svo to ukusno divotno, a zabranjeno (metaforično) voće na koje nam curi vodica uglavnom na usta, pljuvačne žlezde luduju, naše izmenjeno meso već žudi za njihovim upijanjem, ali mora da se uzdržava. I sve zakuvane čorbice, pilulice i sličice, sve slatki neprijatelji nejake jetrice, da nas oslobođe beta karotena, antioksidanata i ostalih biogenih elemenata. Da svi mi mučenici međuevolutivnih





faza razvoja, nedorasli novom, onemogućeni da žive u starom, što gajimo naivno oduševljenje zbog mogućnosti poboljšanja humanog materijala, slobodno proslavimo aspartamsku mladost novog čovečanstva i novu internacionalnu mutirane genetike. Kada ćemo ojačani i usidreni u novom telotvoru znati bar na čemu smo.

Kada bude gotov, ovaj evolutivni skok završće naš sentimentalni šok nostalgije za ljudskim koje samo

sebe izjeda i modifikuje. Najava i naznaka tog novog doba ima mnogo i svuda, eventualno ih možemo ignorisati i praviti se ludi dok dišemo duboko, čuvamo leđa, spavamo mirno i dovoljno, bivamo odgovorni i brinemo pre svega o sebi. Ali to nam neće pomoći, kao što jasno poručuje Fotošok. Fotošok može da bude edukativno pomoćno sredstvo za obrađivanje nekoliko tema: šta sve može biti strip, šta sve može biti kolaž, šta sve može biti šok i šta nas sve očekuje posle antropocene.



WAITING FOR THE ASPARTAMIC YOUTH OF MANKIND

On Fotoshok

MILICA IVIĆ

Better shock than shop!

On a distant meadow, a scared fawn is wiggling its ears. The sweet fawn is ruminating, the green succulent grass feeds it from the inside, fallen leaves rustling from under its little hooves, while the wary eye of momma deer, cautiously, yet peacefully, oversees its play. The

bees are counting on their homes, their food supply and their nectar, while the sound of squirrels' hearts a-beating can be heard by anyone who wish to hear it. On the other side, the portraits of fine ladies in bluish dresses, with skin the color of the softest peach, and their favorite medallion on top of their shy bosoms, lose a curl or two. And then poof! A thorough démontage occurs. All that is natural and given, green and luscious, unspoiled and unspiked – poof! As well as all the anthropocentric bullshit, all the colors, palettes, tones and halftones, symmetries, porcelain coatings, glazed gouaches and reflections – they are all blown to bits. But, also, balanced metabolisms, stable visions, not to mention sense and sensibilities – poof! Everything considered natural and human fucked up into tiny particles, all swirling to reorder themselves, sucking into its vortex all the remaining debris only to stop god-knows-where and in what order.

In this ambiguous phase of evolution, between two stages of development, in the aforementioned vortex, while we still have to feed on fiber, absorb minerals and trans fats, breathe a mixture of gases which includes oxygen, worry about hydration and detoxification, in this humiliatingly loathsome middle shift, which caught us unprepared for all the things to come and tied us to what has passed, but what is still human, while we dream of a happy new era of pesticides and homicides, the only thing we have left is to feel happy for the future inhabited by some new, other, more adapted life form. The future in which the liver put to rest over night in your favorite drink does not turn to shreds but hardens and expands our life just like any other life. The future in which we will cease to maintain the humanoid status quo with our shameful cyclic meditations and stem cells. The future in which everything toxic will finally become edible, especially toxic masculinity. The future in which we will get rid of the shame caused by human limitations which is now the only rule and law.

Fotoshok speaks for all of us who can't wait to see what the flesh can take. When all the aspartame, emulgators, lecithins, ethylenes, ammonias, sulphates and sodiums, parabens, polyethylenes, synthetic odors, but, also, cocamidopropyl betaines, sorbates and polysorbates, potassium, triclosans, nitrates, sulphates, azodicarbonamides, bromates, monosodium glutamates, disodium inosinates, disodium guanylates, bisphenols, polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons begin coursing and rumbling through those new veins, all those deliciously joyful, and forbidden (metaphorical) fruit, which make mostly our mouths water, the salivary glands to run wild, and our changed flesh to crave its absorption, yet it has to abstain. And all the boiling spoons, little pills and sunshine tabs, all sweat enemies of our frail livers, to help set us free from beta carotenes, antioxidants and other biogenic elements. For all of us martyrs of inter-evolutionary phases of development, unfit to face what's new, and deprived of living in the old, who treasure naive excitement when it comes to the possibility of improving the human material, let us freely celebrate the aspartamic youth of the new mankind and the new International of mutated genetics. When, more powerful and anchored in our new body-beings, we shall at least know where we stand.

When it's over, this evolutionary leap will end with our sentimental shock of nostalgia for the human, which eats out and modifies itself. The omens and signs of this new era are many and they are everywhere, we can only ignore them and pretend they are not there while we breathe deeply, watch our backs, sleep soundly and sleep enough, become responsible and take care mostly of ourselves. But this will not help us, as Fotoshok so clearly suggests. Fotoshok can be seen as an educational tool for processing several topics: what can be considered a comic, what can be considered a collage, what can be considered shocking and what is it all of us can expect after the anthropocene.



LA CHARTE DU TRAVAIL UNIT



Laetitia Brochier

MONTAŽA KAO DEMONTAŽA

molim, imam samo jedno pitanje – je l' ovo strip – ne ovo je kolaž – a od čega kolaž – pa od stripa – a što onda nije strip – a da jeste zaboravio sam – dobro nema problema dakle strip – pa i nije to je crtež ali crtež od kolaža – aha aha

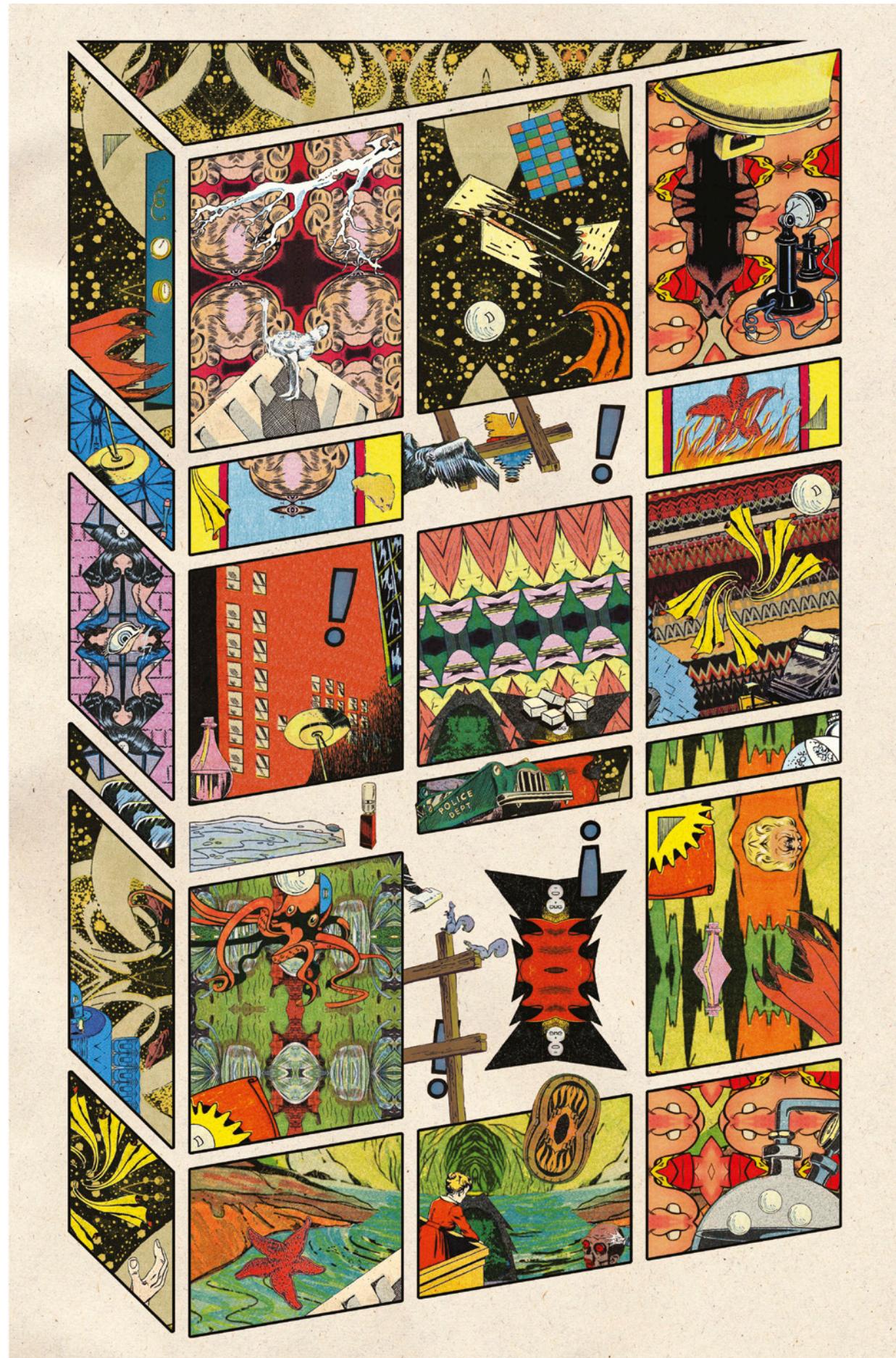
Montaža je jedan od osnovnih mehanizama mišljenja koji se pojavio još onomad, kako to pokazuju kerber, kentaur, himera, kiklop, gorgona, grifon, harpija i hidra, minotaur, scila i haribda. Za razliku od začetaka primenjivanja ove tehnike, kada su na raspolaganju bila snažna tela bogova, tri četvrt' bogova, heroja i sličnih, jedno jako telo psa, jedna jaka glava konja i tako dalje, na ovom našem kraju vremena, montaža barata onim što je ostalo, pa i kljakavim i raspalim polu telom polu mašinom, ispalih zuba i zupčanika. Naravno, i kiborg je kolaž.

Demontirani su antropomorfni elementi i svi ostali da bi se dobila jedna vremenski tačna mešavina anatomsко-društveno-ljudskog, mehaničko-tehnološkog i šire flore i faune. Rezultat su bube-mašine i ljudi-reljefi. Na tom sadržinskom nivou, stvar je prilično jasna ili nejasna, ali taman toliko koliko smo navikli da mešamo slike brzinama u sekundi po milimetru retine. Važniji skok koji se dešava nije na nivou sadržaja nego neantropomorfne vizure u kojoj nestaju boje, polutonovi i simetrije. Nije više pitanje da li će nam pogled biti muški ili ženski, već muvlji ili mačji – kroz jedno oko ili mnogo njih, u tehnikoloru ili bez boja, u izmešanim stepenima senzornih funkcija. Da li ćemo videti raznobojne ali nedefinisane slike ili kroz osam pari očiju u visokoj i bočnoj rezoluciji svega par takozvanih boja? Pauk koji skače već vidi više boja na latici od nas. To mi, to smo istovremeno i mi ovi koji jesmo i oni koji nikad nećemo biti, savršeniji, toksičniji, tačniji. Fotošok je i za nas i za njih. Nas da podseti na nadolazeće, ako se od njega krijemo, njima da stoji na zidu umesto zavodljivih pejzaža, florala i portreta naše mladosti.

Fotošok kao izložba su dve izložbe. Ni ne zna se koliko autora, na dve lokacije, sa kolažima i montažama, a u osnovi svega stoji kolektiv Le Dernier Cri, koji već 25 godina zagovara i praktikuje mešanje stripa u strip kroz kolaž, do crteža na kojem je kolaž, do sito grafike ili animacije. Zasnovano na

semplu, ponavljanju, namernom negiranju sinteze, ali i afirmaciji nemogućih sinteza. Sve su to elementi poznati, da izvinete, još od istorijskih avangardi: citat i selekcija i kombinacija i kontrast, kao i šok. Poznate mogućnosti montažne atrakcije ili intelektualne konstruktivistički nastrojene montaže – sve je tu, metodološki različite prakse, ali ono što je najvažnije u vremenima koja dolaze – u osnovi je usvajanje toksičnog kao domaćeg. Dok Samplerman polazi od komponenata stripova

(američkih, određenih kvaliteta boja i papira) i remiksuje ih u svoje nenarativne stripove, Fredox radi sa započetim strip tablama drugog autora (Leo Kivru) i na njima kolažiranjem kreira ubernarativnu situaciju sa razbijanjem linearne, čiste logike, prelazi put ka nemogućem, dok Bolino dobijeni kolažni strip koristi dalje za predloške svojih crteža. Elegantni noir pa raskošni pičvajz, ako nije šokantno onda je kaleidoskopski upitno. Ima svega, samo izvolite.





MONTAGE AS DÉMONTAGE

please, I only have one question – is this a comic book – no, it's a collage – collage made of what – well, out of comic books – then why isn't it a comic book – oh, right, it is, I forgot – OK, no problem, it's a comic book then – well, not really, it's a drawing, but a drawing made of collages – I see, I see

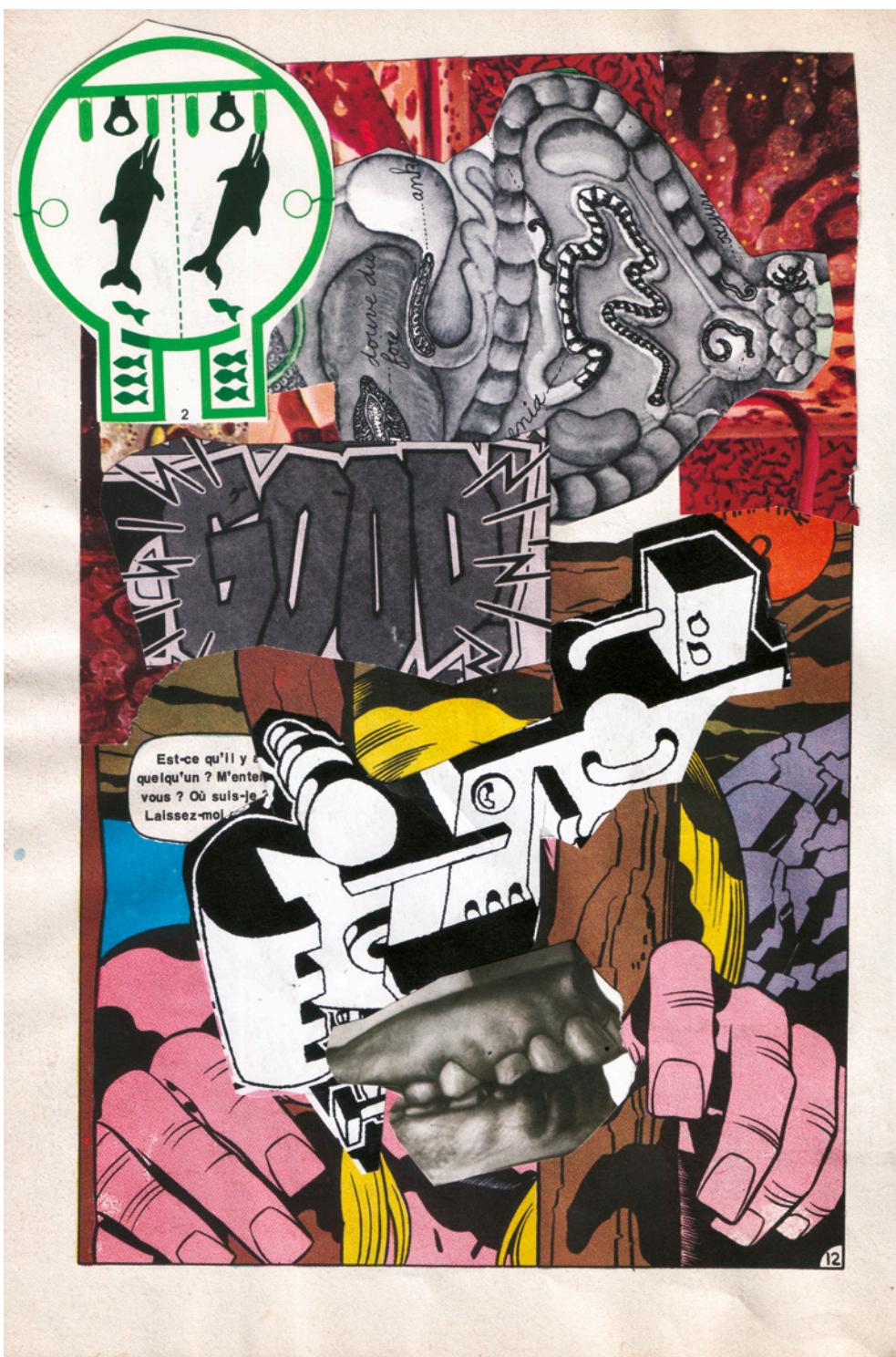
Montage is one of the fundamental mechanisms of thinking which appeared way back when, as shown by the cerberus, the centaur, the chimera, the cyclops, the gorgon, the gryphon, the harpy and the hydra, the minotaur, scylla and charybdis. Unlike the beginnings of application of this technique, when one had at one's disposal the strong bodies of gods, three-quarter gods, heroes and the like, one strong body of a dog, one strong head of a horse and so on, at this end of our time, montage uses what's

left of it, including the decrepit and dismembered half body half machines, with their teeth fallen out and screws missing. Of course, the cyborg is also a collage.

All the anthropomorphic elements, and all the other elements, suffer démontage, in order to produce a single temporally precise mixture of anatomical-social-human, as well as mechanical-technological and other flora and fauna. The result is bug-machines and human-reliefs. At the level of content, the thing is pretty clear or unclear, but only to the extent that matches our speed of shuffling images over our retinas in seconds per millimeter. A more important leap is not on the level of content at all, rather a non-anthropomorphic vision which absorbs all colors, halftones and symmetries. It is no longer a question of whether our views will be male or female, but will they be

that of a fly or a cat – will they be produced in one eye or a multitude of them, in Technicolor or with no color, in mixed degrees of sensory functions. Will we see multicolored but blurry images or will we see just a handful of so-called colors through eight pairs of eyes, in both lateral vision and high resolution? A jumping spider already sees more colors on a flower petal than us. These us are, at the same time, the us who are those that are and those we will never be, more perfect, more toxic, more precise. Fotoshok is for both us and them. It is made for us to remind us of what's to come, in case we're hiding from it, and for them so they can put it on a wall to hang instead of dreamy landscapes, florals and portraits from their youth.

Fotoshok as an exhibition are two exhibitions. God knows how many authors, on two locations, with collages and montages, and behind it all – Le Dernier Cri, a collective which for 25 years has promoted and practiced mixing comics and collages, drawings and collages, screen printing or animation. Based on sampling, repetition, intentional negation of synthesis, but also an affirmation of impossible syntheses. All of these elements are well-known since, pardon me, the historical avant-garde: quoting and selecting and combining and contrasting, as well as shocking. The known possibilities of montage attraction or intellectual constructivist montage – it's all there, methodologically different practices, but, what's most important for the times to come – is basically adopting toxic as familiar. Samplerman starts with comic book components (American ones, with a certain quality of color and paper) and remixes them into his non-narrative comics, Fredox works with comics that were began by another author (Leo Quevrioux) and using collage creates in these unfinished comic strips an über-narrative situation, which breaks the linear, pure logic, traversing the road toward the impossible, while Bolino uses the collaged strip further as a template for his drawings. The elegant noir and then the extravagant turmoil, if it isn't shocking then it's kaleidoscopically questionable. You can see anything, feel free to look around.





SAMPLERMAN – SUPERHEROJ U AKCIJI AUTOPSIJA STRIPA

I samo ime Samplerman je uzeto od nekog španskog DJ-a, a u njegovom umu to je superheroj u odelu sačinjenom od različitih dezena i materijala, a nije baš ni super heroj. Uglavnom, ta slika dosta dobro prikazuje pristup stripu koji Samplerman praktikuje. On je otkrio, što se kaže, pod stare dane, beskrajna prostranstva američkog stripa i, kada bi mogao, sve bi skinuo izvrteo, prežvakao i iskolažirao u nešto novo. Kao dete koje ne ume da čita, a okruženo je gomilom stripova – oslobađajuća proždrljivost oslobađa ga ograničenja žanra.

Koristeći odbačene scene iz stripova, uglavnom nađene na besplatnim sajtovima, kao što su Digital Comics Museum i Comic Book Plus, Ivan Gijo stvara sjajne vibrante kaleidoskopske slike koje su do sada uglavnom bile ograničene na net. Njega zanima tenzija koja nastaje iz činjenice stvaranja stripova od elemenata koje nije on proizveo, u pokušaju da se približi što je više moguće koherentnoj priči. U tome naravno ne uspeva, a rezultat koji je međufaza, svedoči o njegovim namerama i o neuspehu da se jasno i jednostavno ispriča jedna priča. Zbog toga što se prevrćemo zajedno sa kravama i krovovima u pijavici sa početka priče.

On voli kada smisao nije jasan, kada je oslobođen pozicije u kojoj mora nešto da kaže pa može da pusti kompozicije da proizvedu evokaciju priče. Samplerman ponekad zamišlja da su njegovi stripovi živi organizmi, na primer, osobe koje je upoznao nekad koje se raspravljuju i razgovaraju u igri formi i boja. Priča postoji, ali u tragovima, u reminiscencijama. U tom vrtlogu, iznenadenje i slučaj su najvredniji sastojci.

Uzima pozadine od starih američkih stripova, za postizanje organskih i (retro) tonaliteta. Jeftin papir, svetle primarne boje, crteži i konvencionalne reprezentacije pejzaža, jednostavnost linija. Uzima jednobojne plohe koje su bile zid ili nebo, pa ih učini većim pa ih umnožava ili zrcali da bi napravio mozaike. To je otprilike priča o njegovom otkriću kako se prave kaleidoskopi.

Otkidanje dela od celine, lica od tela, drveta od šume, balona teksta od konteksta, pa dupliranje, rotiranje, proizvoljno seciranje, dok se ne



dobije dinamična i živa celina. To se teško čita, to su apstraktni stripovi bez likova, bez scenarija, kao paralelni univerzum sa svojim zakonima. Samplerman dosledno vrši obdukciju starih stripova, a ako bude prestao da radi sa stripovima okrenuće se srednjovekovnim manuskriptima.

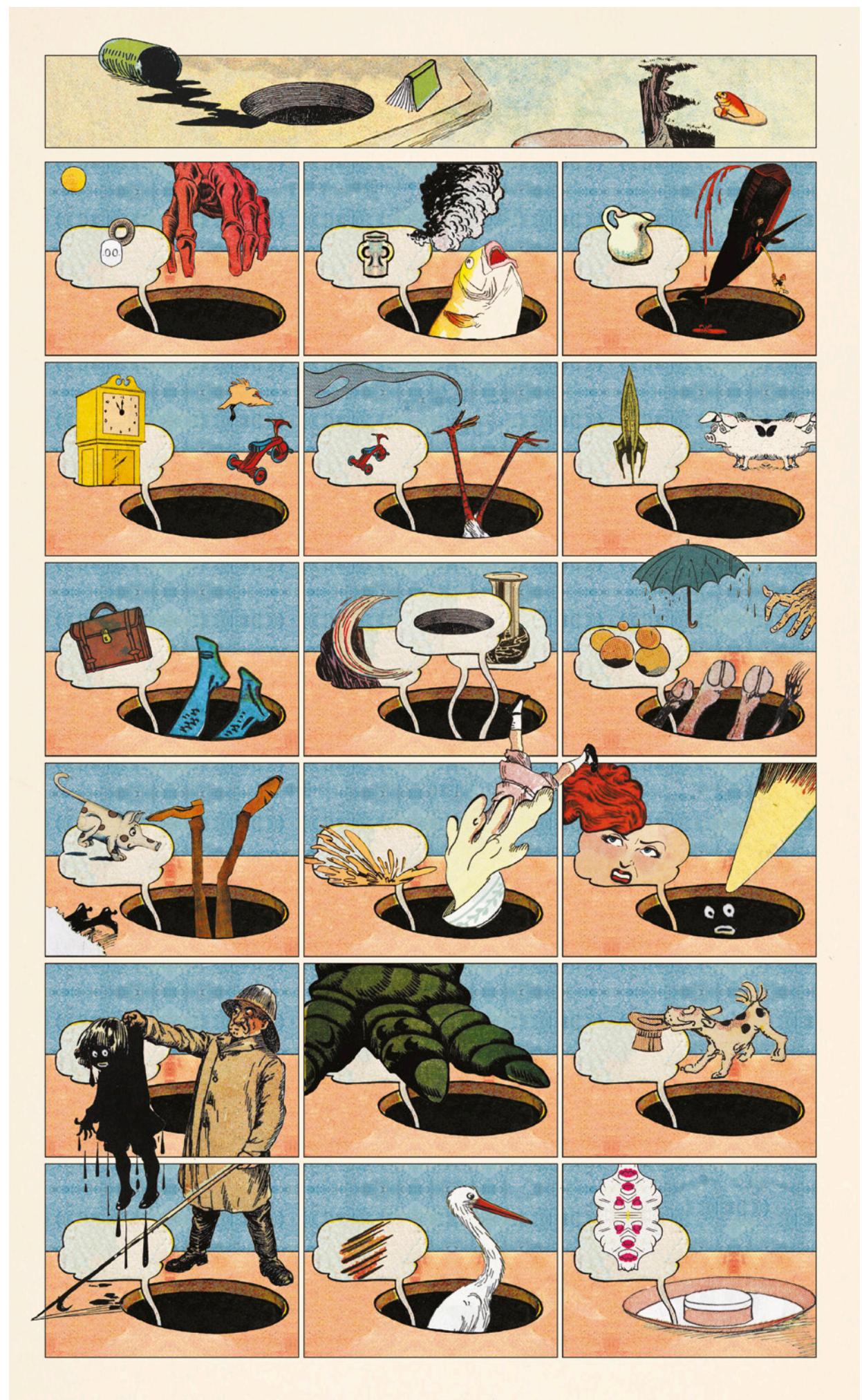
SAMPLERMAN – A SUPERHERO ON A MISSION CALLED THE COMIC BOOK AUTOPSY

The very name Samplerman was taken from a Spanish DJ, while in his mind the Samplerman is a superhero in a suit made of various designs and fabrics, and he's not really a super hero. Anyway, that image shows rather well the approach to comics the Samplerman practices. He discovered rather late in his career the endless expanse of the American comic book and if he could he would take all of them and spin them around, chew on them and then collage them into something new. Like a child who can't read, yet is surrounded by a plethora of comic books – the liberating voracity releases him from genre limitations.

By using discarded comic book scenes, mostly found on free websites, such as Digital Comics Museum and Comic Book Plus, Yvan Guillo creates splendid and vibrant kaleidoscopic images, which so far have only existed online. He is interested in the tension that is produced by creating comic books using elements originally produced by someone else, in the attempt to come as close as possible to a coherent story. Of course he does not succeed and the result, which is only an interim phase, represents a testimony to his intentions and the failure to clearly and simply tell a story. Because we are tumbling together with cows and rooftops in the vortex that I mentioned earlier.

He likes it when the meaning of the story is vague, when he's set free from the position that forces him to say something, so he can let the compositions produce an evocation of the story. Samplerman sometimes imagines that his comic books are living organisms, for example, people he had met at some point in his life, arguing and talking in a play of forms and colors. The story exists, but only in traces, in reminiscences. In that vortex, surprise and coincidence are the most valuable ingredients.

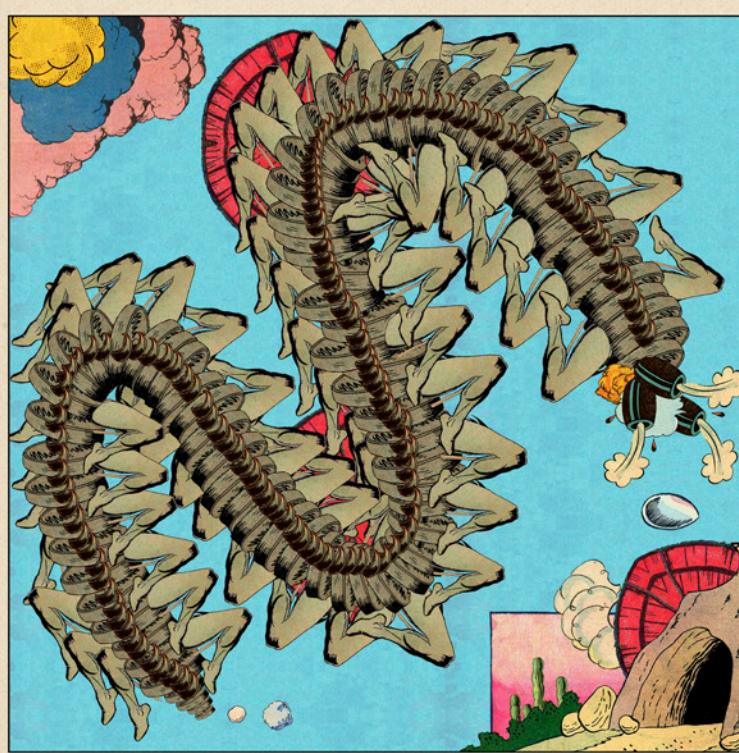
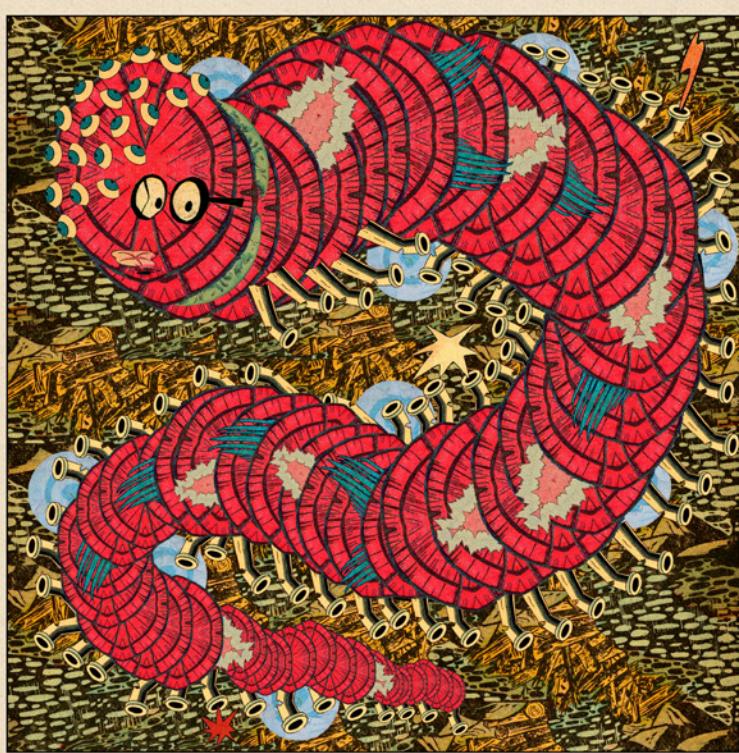
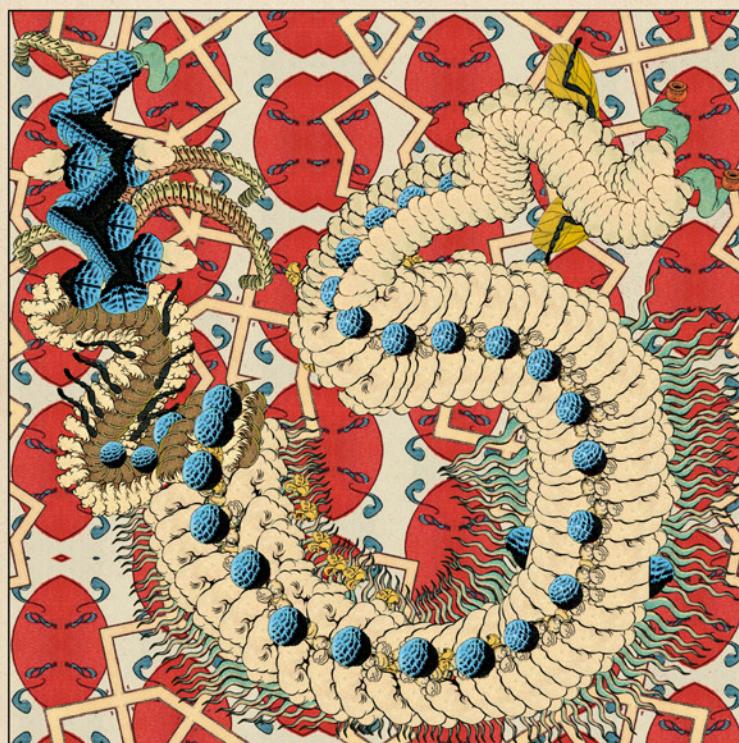
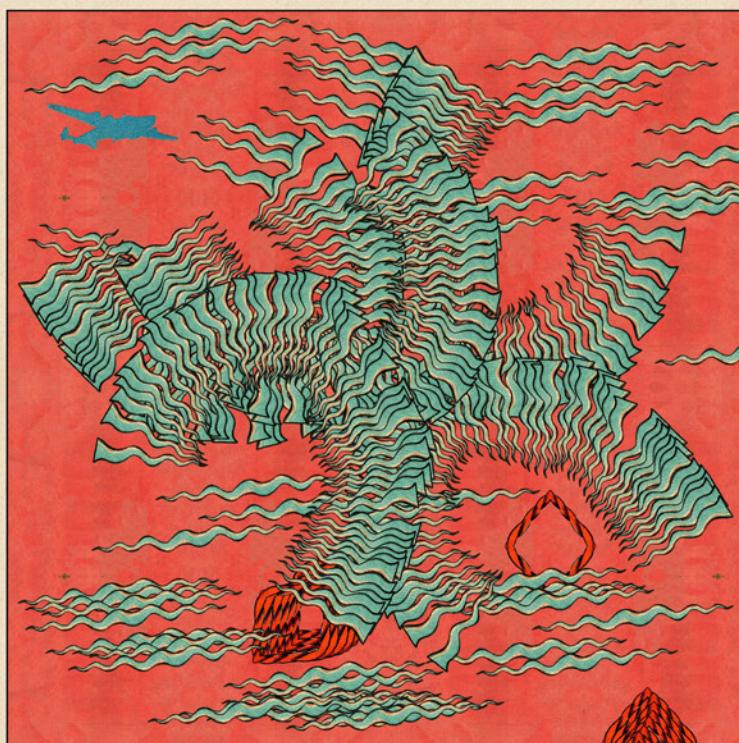
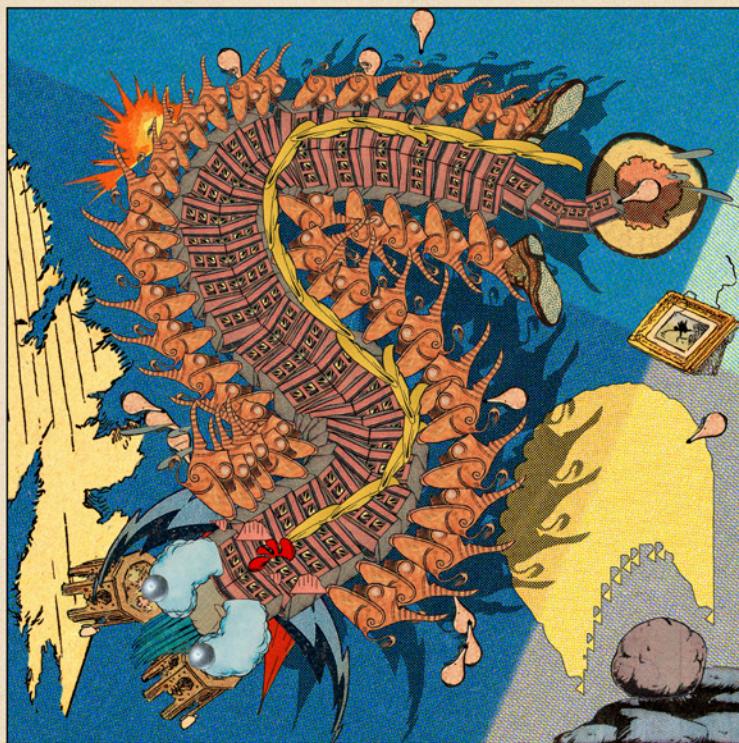
He takes the backgrounds of old American comic books to achieve organic and retro tones. Cheap paper, light primary colors, drawings and conventional representations of landscapes, the simplicity of lines. He takes single-colored surfaces which used to be a wall or the sky and then makes them bigger by multiplying or mirroring them to create mosaics. It is essentially



a story of him discovering how to make kaleidoscopes.

By ripping the part from the whole, the face from the body, the tree from the forest, the speech bubble from the context, and then duplicating them, rotating and arbitrarily cutting them, until he gets a dynamic and living whole. It is difficult to read, these are abstract comic books

with no characters, no screenplay, like a parallel universe governed by its own laws. Samplerman has diligently performed comic book autopsies, and if he ever stopped working with comics he would turn to medieval manuscripts.







LJUBITELJI DOBROG UKUSA, LIKOVNE UMETNOSTI I SKLADA, PREĐITE NA DRUGU STRANU ULICE

U epicentru Fotošoka nalazi se Le Dernier Cri, kolektiv iz Marseja, a u stvari aktivna i tvrdoglava mreža umetnika i mikro-izdavača. Od Gane do Meksika, preko Indonezije i Japana, stotine autora, 25 godina, oko 400 knjiga i još nekoliko arheoloških slojeva koji se ne mogu kvantifikovati. Le Dernier Cri je grafička infekcija čiji je rezultat postojanja kontradiktorno jedinstvo kancerogenih efekata i estetskog jedinstva.

Teško da negde sedi neki zaboravljeni rođak koji nešto crta u miru da ga nisu otkrili, privukli, ugostili i uvrstili u bandu. Od svih zvezdica iz Le Dernier Cri sazvežđa, na Fotošoku će zasijati: Žan-Kristo, Kosuke Kavamura, Kolin Raf, Endi Bolus, Vinston Smit, Dejv 2000, Fredoks, Letisia Brošije, Laura Holdein, Samplerman.

Fredoksove fotomontaže su uglavnom rađene na fotošop mašini tipa Džek Trbosek i zato su kao bolesna ikonografska fuzija propagande i elektronskih insekata, blatnjavih ratova i atomskih sekti, tehno-naučnih psihoza i nezdrave pornografije, devijantnog industrijsko-medicinskog korpusa i tetoviranih puževa. Dosta uznemiravajući prikaz, no

istovremeno živahan i često smešan. Objavljivao je grafzin Stronx tokom devedesetih, a zatim pristupa hramu Le Dernier Cri, čiji je i predsednik poslednjih 15 godina. Objavljivao je u „Bonjour Bonheur“ i „Les Dossiers Noirs de l’Histoire“ (2004), „Kawaï 731“ (2010), „Hôpital Brut“ i učestvovao u izradi animiranih filmova Le Dernier Cri, Hôpital Brut, Les Religions Sauvages, Mondo DC.

Letisia Brošije radi u jednom modnom studiju u Parizu preko dana, a noću, noću je divlja zver koja pravi kolaže od štampanih reklama, medicinskih časopisa i popularnih novina iz Francuske i inostranstva. Sa Fredoksom je osnovala grafzin Stronx 1991. i doprinela svakom izdanju kolektiva Hôpital Brut u okviru Le Dernier Cri (Stronx, Goto Production, Muy Fragil, Crachoir, Comix, Le Dernier Cri, Hôpital Brut, Ultimo Grito ½, Photoshok i animirani filmovi Le Dernier Cri (2000), Hôpital Brut (2004), Religions sauvages (2007) Mondo DC (2018)).

Njena knjiga „Swastika Massala“ nastala je od znakova i murala, plakata na zidovima, natpisnih ploča, fotografija oslikanih kamiona i cisterni toksičnih materijala, ilustracija iz dečijih knjiga, udžbenika ili verske propagande,

ambalaža, igračaka ili drugih industrijskih predmeta, prikaza bogova u svim oblicima ljudi ili životinja. Svega što svakodnevni život nudi zapadnjačkom i znatiželjnom pogledu.

Laura Holdein pravi kolaže kao istorijske slike na platnu, sjajne scene u kojoj su akcije istovremeno simultane, ali se ne događaju u isto vreme. Kaleidoskopski unutrašnji pogled koji nam omogućava da vidimo sve kontradikcije koje žive unutar tela i spoljašnji pogled koji širi količinu mogućnosti sagledavanja iste slike. Uzimajući teme kao što su zastupljenost žena u medijima, tela žena kao reproduktivne mašine, tenzije u društvu između religije i nauke, tranzicije i razvoja, kolaži postaju reprezentacije sačinjene od delova stvarnosti koji su postali nešto sasvim drugo. Jedva prepoznajemo oblike likova koji se neprestano tope između njih u sledećem scenariju: „ljudsko meso kao proizvod farmaceutske industrije * naučno-fantastične seks mašine za meso * bolest i raspadanje civilizacijskih portreta“





FANS OF GOOD TASTE, ART AND HARMONY, PLEASE CROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

At the epicenter of Fotoshok is Le Dernier Cri, a collective from Marseille, but in fact an active and stubborn network of artists and micro-publishers. From Gana to Mexico, from Indonesia to Japan, hundreds of authors, 25 years of work, around 400 books and several other archaeological layers that can't be quantified. Le Dernier Cri is a graphic infection which has resulted in a contradictory unification of cancerogenic effects and aesthetic unity.

It is hard to find a forgotten relative drawing peacefully in his solitude somewhere who they haven't already discovered, attracted, hosted and made a member of the gang. From all the stars in the constellation of Le Dernier Cri, illuminating the Fotoshok exhibition, the brightest ones include: Jean-Kristau, Kosuke Kawamura, Colin Raff, Andy Bolus, Winston Smith, Dave 2000, Fredox, Laetitia Brochier, Laura Höldin, Samplerman.

Fredox's photomontages are mostly done on Jack the Ripper-type machines which makes them look like some kind of sick iconographic fusion of propaganda and electronic insects, muddy wars and atomic sects, techno-scientific psychoses

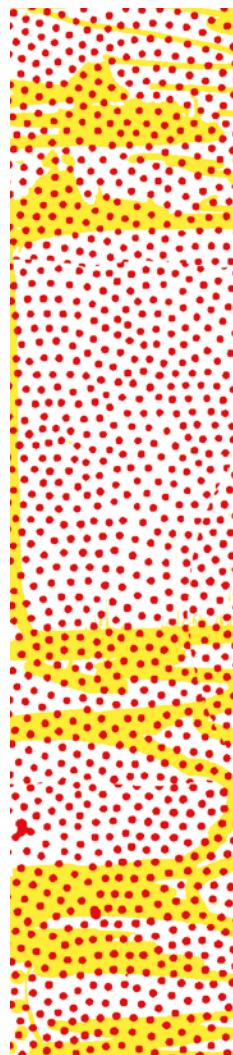
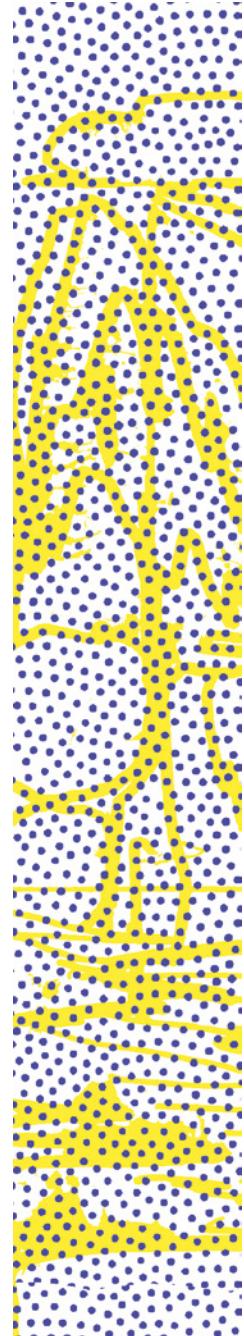
and unhealthy pornography, deviant industrial-medical corpus and tattooed snails. Quite a disturbing sight, but at the same time lively and often funny. During the 90's, he published the graphzine Stronx, and soon after joined the temple that is Le Dernier Cri, which he has been the president of for the past 15 years. He has published his work at Bonjour Bonheur and Les Dossiers Noirs de l'Histoire (2004), Kawaï 731 (2010), Hôpital Brut and participated in the making of Le Dernier Cri animated films – Hôpital Brut, Les Religions Sauvages, Mondo DC.

Laetitia Brochier works in a fashion studio in Paris during the day, while at night she becomes a wild beast creating collages out of printed advertisements, medical magazines and popular newspapers from France and abroad. In 1991, together with Fredox, she launched the graphzine Stronx and has contributed to each edition of Hôpital Brut collective operating within Le Dernier Cri (Stronx, Goto Production, Muy Fragil, Crachoir, Comix, Le Dernier Cri, Hôpital Brut, Ultimo Grito ½, Photoshok and animated films Le Dernier Cri (2000), Hôpital Brut (2004), Religions sauvages (2007) Mondo DC (2018)).

Her book Swastika Massala was made from signs and murals, posters on walls, tombstones,

photographs of painted trucks and cisterns full of toxic materials, illustrations of children's books, school books or religious propaganda, product packaging, toys or other industrial objects, depictions of gods in all forms of human or animal. All the things everyday life offers to the western and curious view.

Laura Höldin makes collages that look like historical paintings on a canvas, glorious scenes that depict actions which are at the same time simultaneous, but which don't happen at the same time. A kaleidoscopic inner view which allows us to see all the contradictions that reside within the body and the outer view which expands the number of possibilities of viewing the same image. By using themes such as the representation of women in the media, female bodies as reproductive machines, the tension in society between religion and science, transition and development, her collages become representations made up of bits of reality that became something else. We can barely recognize traces of characters that melt incessantly between them in the following scenario: "the human flesh as a product of the pharmaceutical industry * science-fiction sex machines for the flesh * disease and decay of civilizational portraits"









ОД ВИСТИНАТА НЕМА БЕГАЊЕ

Martin Poggtiilović

Jaje ili jajce.



Izložba kojom se predstavlja strip izdanje Noeva Karma

Autori: Goran Dačev i Aco Stankoski
(Makedonija)

Ne možemo više da se prepiremo ovako, ne vredi to više. Moraćemo da se okrenemo, i salto da napravimo, nego šta. Glave žustro i neočekivano da okrenemo kao kad se pleše tango, pa opet žustro unazad, da pogledamo daleko i u oba pravca, istovremeno, da se i izlaktamo ako treba, do jedne bolje tačke gledišta, možda čak i strip neki da pročitamo!? Da prihvatimo i odbijemo setnu pesmu semena i plemena, roda i gena, jezika i urluka, hropca i šmrca. Boli kad si tako ostavljen u procepu, ali to je ono što je tvoje, što si od zlikovca odbranio. Procep. Oko tebe je, i levo i desno, i gore i dole. To je Makedonija,

severna, južna Jugoslavija, neka Grčka, lepša i starija. Oko tebe je, i levo i desno i gore i dole. A bila je najveća...

To je tvoj svet, zemlja i region, teritorija i karta, crtež - strip. Čudesni svet stripa. Nekome jug, nekome sever. Južnije tužnije, severnije nevernije. Tu tumaraju rame uz rame radni narod i drevni narod - božji narod, a svuda oko njih zabrađeni masoni, luzeri i oportunisti, kauboji, umetnici na safariju, gipsani lavovi koji mudro zbole, nemi kipovi i glasni soroševi glasnogovornici, pa zatim vizantijski čuvari, crni šamani koji opipavaju osvetljeni globus, klošari zlatnog glasa koji govore istinu, Nju Jork Seraton, Brod Pot i Đavolina Đavoli...

Hm, Đavolina...



Evo tu da se na momenat osvrnemo pošto je možda korisno baš ta epizoda da se dočara kratkim sinopsisom:

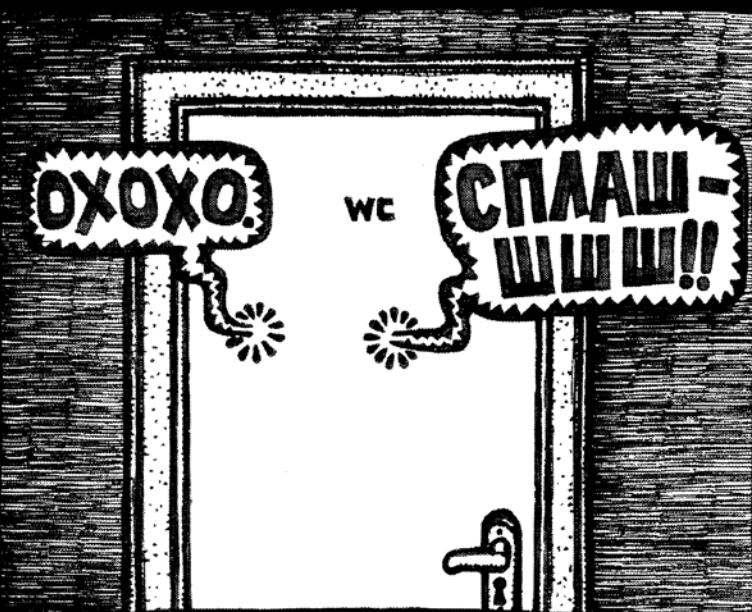
Aleksandar – znate već koji, proganjen, optužen za "anticizam" i rezigniran nad sudbinom svojom, svoje zemlje i svojih ljudi, beži iz svoje domovine i nalazi se u tuđem Holivudu. Tu negde susreće Đavolinu Đavoli, stupa sa njom u ljubavni odnos, vanbračnu vezu, da ne kažem neveru, te ju serijom galantnih komplimenata dovodi do erotskog ludila. Sve to se dešava dok njen prevareni muž, Brod Pot, kreše mlade starlete negde u Africi. Đavolina je van sebe, orgazme više ne broji. Redaju se u rafalu, ne zna im se broj. Zatim ona leži van sebe i pita Aleksandra – „Pa, dobro čoveče, jesu li ti čovek ili si neki vanzemaljac!“ Na šta Aleksandar, sa setom u očima, odgovara – „Pa, pravo da ti kažem... Ja sam samo jedan Makedonac...“

Đavolina: „Makedonac? Zar taj narod uopšte postoji?“

Aleksandar: „Postoji, ali jedva...“

Pos'moderan je vajb u regionu i biće vazda. Mi ćemo da ga pazimo, a vi ne brinite, idite gde ste krenuli pa povremeno svratite na piće da vidite kako smo vam ga lepo sačuvali.





THERE IS NO ESCAPING TRUTH MARTIN POGRMILOVIĆ

Exhibition presenting the comic book
Noah's Karma

Authors: **Goran Dačev** and **Aco Stankoski** (Macedonia)

We can't argue like this anymore, it's pointless. We would have to turn around and do a backflip even, you betcha. To turn our heads vigorously and unexpectedly much like when we dance the tango, and then another swift turn back, to see far and in both directions, at the same time, to push our way through if we have to, to find a better vantage point, maybe even read a comic book or two!? To accept and reject the sad song of the semen and the tribe, the ancestry and the genes, the language and the roar, the rattle and the sorrow. It hurts when you feel all alone and stuck in a vice, but at least it's yours, you have defended it from the villains. The vice. It's all around you, both left and right, both up and down. And this is Macedonia, the northern one, south Yugoslavia, an older and more beautiful Greece. It's all around you, both left and right, both up and down. And it used to be the greatest...

This is your world, country and the region, a territory and a map, a drawing and a strip. The wonderful world of strips. To some it's south, to some it's north. The more south, the more sad, the more north, the more bad. And there, wandering arm in arm with the working people and the ancient people – god's people, and everywhere around them bearded masons, losers and opportunists, cowboys, artists on a safari, gypsum lions with words of wisdom, silent statues and loud spokesmen of Soros, and then the Byzantine guards, the black shaman who feel the lighted globe, golden-voiced vagabonds telling the truth, New York Sheraton, Brod Pot and Devillina Diavoli...

Hm, Devillina...

It might be useful for us to hear this story or at least a brief summary of the episode:

Aleksandar – you already know which one, haunted, accused of being a "classicist" and resigned to his own fate, the fate of his country and its people, flees his homeland only to find himself in someone else's Hollywood. Somewhere over there, he meets Devillina

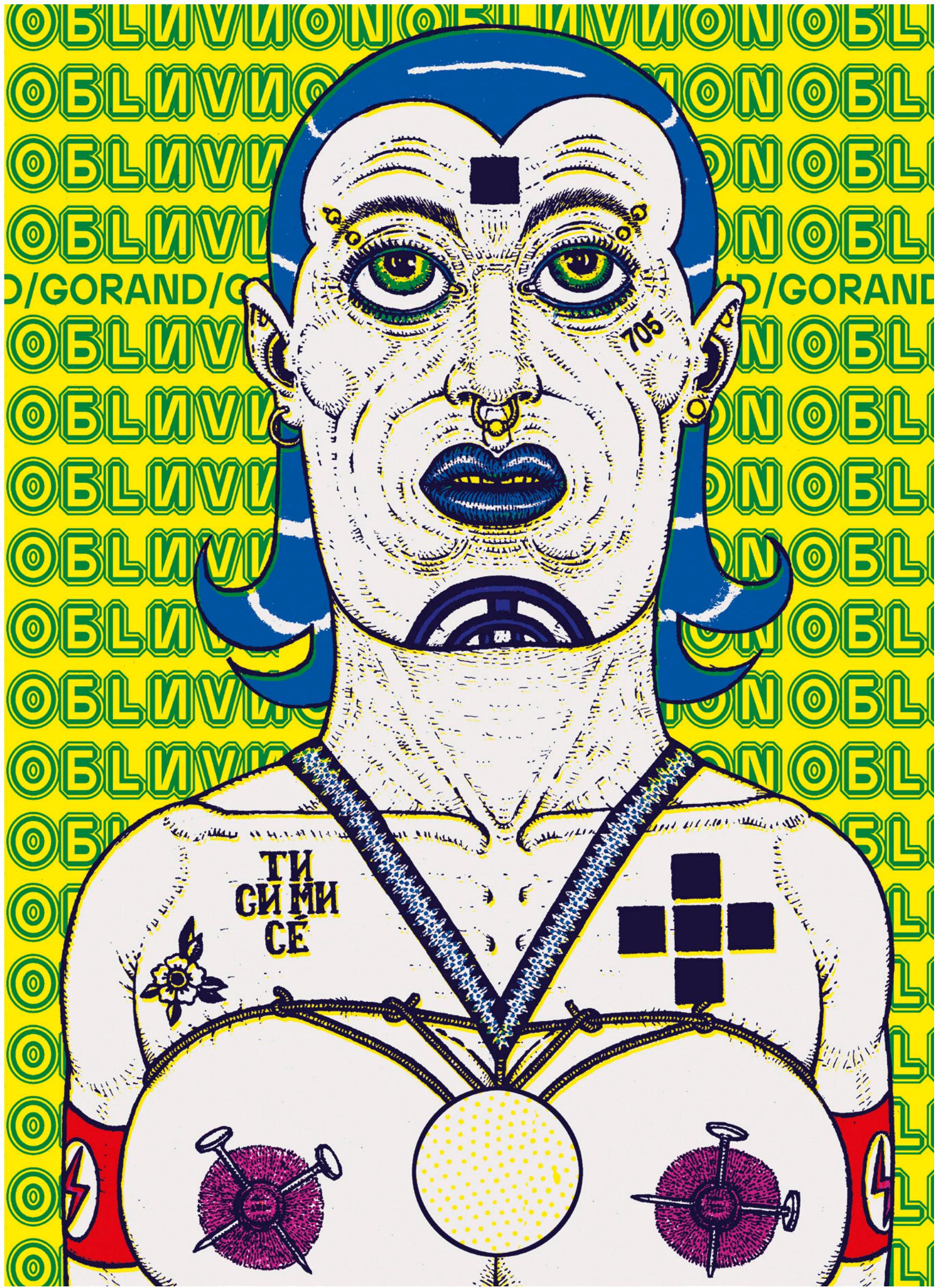
Diavoli, begins an affair with her, an extramarital relationship, I almost dare say, infidelity, inducing in her complete erotic madness using a series of bold compliments and maneuvers. And all of this is happening while her cheated husband, Brod Pot, is screwing young starlets somewhere in Africa. Devillina is beside herself, she's not even counting her orgasms anymore. They follow one another in rapid succession. Next, she's lying there delirious and then she asks Aleksandar – "Goddamn it man, are you a man or an alien!?" To which Aleksandar responds, with grief in his eyes – "Well, to tell you the truth, I'm just an ordinary Macedonian..."

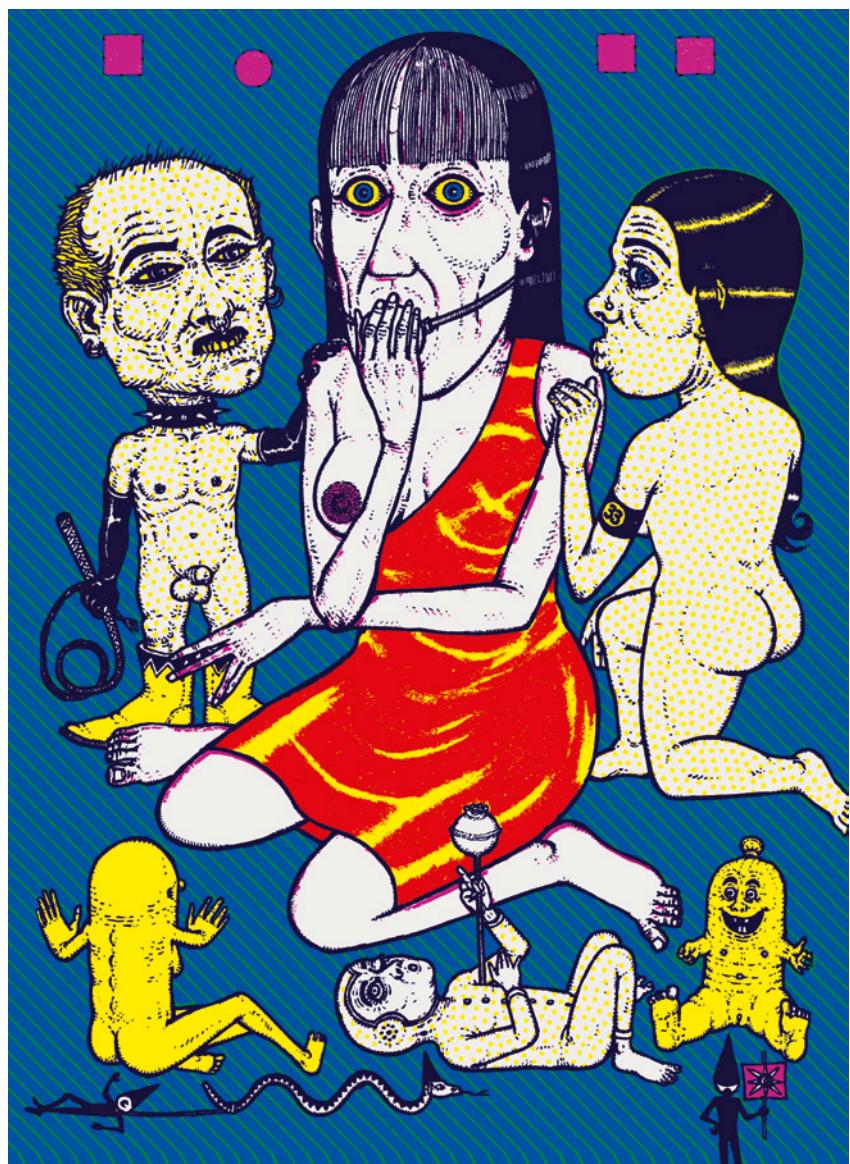
Devillina: "Macedonian? Does such people even exist?"

Aleksandar: "They exist, but barely..."

The vibe of that region is and will continue to be pretty much postmodern. We will take care of it, and you don't need to worry, go wherever it was you were heading and come back from time to time to have a drink with us and see how well we have preserved it.







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KAFANA "TREĆA KUĆA"

Ognjen Lopušina

Udobno mi je u jajetu.

Ako je verovati glasu naroda, a nema razloga da prema njemu budemo sumnjičavi, naše društvo u kakvoj-takvoj stabilnosti održavaju radnici jednog sportskog društva, novinsko-izdavačko preduzeće i neprofitno udruženje akademskih velemajstora. Ubeden sam da ovaj svojevrsni civilizacijski tricikl ima i jedan pomoćni točak koji služi da dâ dodatnu stabilnost državnoj navigaciji.

Taj točak ne služi da se tricikl kreće, on s vremena na vreme daje povratnu informaciju sa terena koja pomaže da konstrukcija ide u optimalnom pravcu. Taj tandrčući točkić zove se – **kafana**. Složiće se oko ove saobraćajne parabole i sportisti sa Topčiderskog brda, Politikini slovoslagaci iz Krnjače, Isidora Žebeljan, Ivan Klajn, Noam Čomski, ali i svi ostali lideri iz polja menadžmenta u kulturi, održivog razvoja i veb dizajna.

To je prosto tako, kažeš ka-fa-na i prostorija se ispuni žućkastim sjajem prohujalih bel-epok vremena. Vremena kada su, tako bar kažu, stvari bile mnogo autentičnije nego danas. Tu je za jednim astalom Branislav Nušić, ljubim ruke, tu je veličanstveni Tin Ujević, trabunja nešto o urbanizaciji, uopšte sve pršti od intelektualizma, talenta i duševnosti koju smo izgubili. Ono što je nekad bilo narušavanje javnog morala, ciroza jetre, traćenje života, danas je lekcija iz etike.

Tako je to sa istorijskom džentifikacijom. Kafane predratnog Beograda odavno su postale simbol nematerijalne kulture koliko i Teslini pronalasci. Ma šta bre... Čak i poratna soorealistička kafana postaje simbol nekih boljih vremena. Kockasti stolnjaci, Branko Miljković sa čašicom vinjaka, Šurda koji igra sirtaki, Bermudski trougao, Toma Zdravković... Sve to polako ali sigurno obavlja pozlata istorijskog pamćenja. Spremni za ovu vrstu

istorijske alhemije su i Kvaka, Tozovac i, bože me prosti, čak i Haris Džinović.

Kafana „Treća kuća” je na istom istorijskom zadatku, ali na potpuno drugačiji način. *Po meni se ništa neće zvati* rekao je jednom jedan akademik i zaista svoje mesto u mlitavim i impotentnim prisećanjima na stara dobra vremena „Treća kuća” će ustupiti nekim drugim kafancima i nekim drugim kafanama. Nije to razlog za žalopojku. Pa ni o Meridian kladionici neće se sa suzom pripovedati kao o Agori XXI veka u kojoj velikani propadaju finansijski i mentalno, sa Darušafakom na usnama, ne bi li sugrađanima ukazali na besmisao pozognog kapitalizma.

Društvo ište da ima jedan zvanični okoštali pristup, tu neku kafanu kosku, kafanu gled. Kafanu koja ima dugo trajanje, poštovanje, ali koja ne zaseca duboko u meso. Gde se piye rujno vino i tuguje zbog lepih žena.

Sa druge strane, autentična narodna potreba je i kafana mekog tkiva. Kafana limfe, krvi i nadasve kafana gnoja. Te limfne kafane poput gljiva rastu u blizini drugih ekosistema (pijaca, preduzeća, autobuskih stanica...). „Treća kuća” je upravo takva mirotočiva ustanova. Nije za boeme koji vole vickasto da naglase da im je kafana druga kuća, ha ha ha. Ne... namenjena je svima koji imaju potrebu za utehom u trećoj astralnoj kući. Ljudima koji nemaju nijednu kuću, ili naprotiv imaju pet, ali im treba i ta treća.

Šta drugo može da bude egzorcistički hepening kafane „Treća kuća”, ako ne gnojenje rana koje svako od nas ima? Dolazeći u „Treću kuću” donosimo i rane, stafilokokne bakterije i gnojna telašca. Uz malu pomoć magije i zvučnih talasa dešava se organski proces koji upravlja kafanom. Kao i kod stresnog, ali lekovitog gnojnog procesa, i ovaj zvučno-alkoholni galimatijas za rezultat ima osnaženo telo i duh.





Uprkos ovom kvazinaučnom objašnjenju, teško je in vitro stvoriti uslove za uspešnu kafanu „Treća kuća”, pa se zato ona i ne održava svaki dan ili u nekom drugom čoveku razumljivom ritmu. Naprotiv, njena organizacija prati opskurne kalendare, lunarne mene, nepravilne menstrualne cikluse ili neke četvrte nepoznate ritmove. Kao tartuf raste čas ovde čas onde.

„Treća kuća“ je bremenita kvalitetnim inspicijentima, kelnerima, šankericama, tribunima, tabutima, oratorima, kenjatorima, kavagadžijama, higijeničarima, muzičkim urednicama, toncima, tonkinjama, ali i vidžejevima, intelektualkama, marketing menadžerima, postdoktorantima, developerima, Stojama i drugim autsorserkama...

Ali to nije njen tajni sos. Sve te uloge dale bi se komodifikovati, multiplicirati i eksplatisati, što se i dogada u bezbrojnim sličnim pokušajima. U pitanju je prisustvo neke više sile, bakterije, čestice iz CERN-a ili kvasca koji od đubreta pravi hranu.

Rame uz rame sa ovom božijom česticom stoje ipak i dva heruvima na kapiji kafanskog vrta uživanja. Mega Denke i Maestro Denić kaldrmišu put kojim se ulazi duboko u sfere astralnog. Njihova misija

nije davanje novog smisla ili, ne daj bože, čitanja narodnog stvaralaštva. Ne, njihova pasija je šmirgланje, peskiranje i poliranje baštine od svega što ju je kontaminiralo u sitnim tragovima.

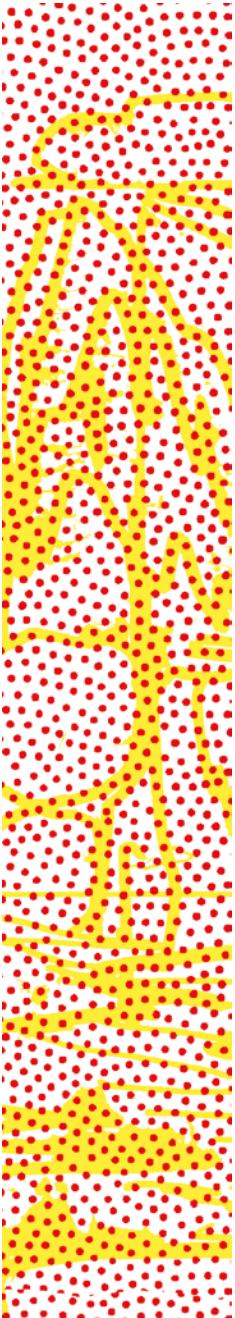
Denić nije, kao što naivnima može da zaliči, pogled na Kemala Malovčića kroz bifokalne naočare XXI veka. Denić jeste Kemal, autentičniji nego što je Kemal ikada bio. Slušajući Denića biće vam jasnije o čemu su zapravo božanske pesme koje ste do sada slušali. Denke je, sa druge strane, i Kemal i Šaban i Rizo, arhimandrit i imam, vidar i hećim ove narodnjačke farmacije. Retko ko je u stanju da proštepa taj zlatni konac kroz različite epohе, stilove, polove i emotivne registre kao on.

Što nas dovodi do suštine. Ako vas put navede pobliže kafane „Treća kuća“, budite sigurni da je to put kojim se neće ide, put koji vam se nije bez razloga ukazao. Ne zazirite od onoga što vam racio kaže i u kafanu uđite sa sve svojim strahovima, nadama, strepnjama i gresima. Sve će se u toj plavoj noći pretvoriti u emotivno gnojivo koje je neophodno za rast poštenog društva i klijanje pravdoljubivih vrednosti.

Iako se zove treća, ova kafana sprečava da se sruši naša prva i jedina kuća.



Dejan Golić



KAFANA "TREĆA KUĆA" OGNJEN LOPUŠINA

If one should believe the voice of the people, and there is no reason one shouldn't, the moderate stability of our society is currently being held together by a football club, a newspaper publishing company and a non-profit association of academic grandmasters¹. I am certain that this unique civilizational tricycle has another spare wheel which it uses to provide additional stability to our country's navigation.

This wheel does not help the tricycle move, it just occasionally provides feedback from the field which aids the movement of this construction in an optimal direction. And this rattling wheel is called – **kafana**². This transportation parable would surely be endorsed by everyone from local football players, suburban typesetters working for Politika newspapers, Isidora Žebeljan, Ivan Klajn, Noam Chomsky³ and all the other leaders in the field of cultural management, sustainable development and web design.

It is simply so, one just utters the word ka-fa-na and the room is instantly filled with a creamy glow of past belle époque times. The times when, according to rumours, things used to be much more authentic

than today. Sitting behind one table, there's Branislav Nušić⁴, civilized and suave, and, at the other, the magnificent Tin Ujević⁵, ranting and raving about urbanization, all in all, everything is saturated with intellectualism, talent and soulfulness that we had nowadays lost. What used to be seen as a violation of public morality, cirrhosis of the liver, or a waste of life, is today's lesson in ethics.

But that's just the story of gentrification. Pre-WWII kafanas of old Belgrade have long become the symbol of non-material culture as much as Nikola Tesla's inventions. To hell with it, even the post-WWII socialist kafana has become a symbol of better days. The checkered table cloths, Branko Miljković⁶ with a glass of vinjak⁷, Šurda⁸ dancing to sirtaki, the Bermuda triangle of Belgrade kafanas⁹, Toma Zdravković¹⁰... all that has slowly but surely been enveloped by the gilding of historical memory. All set to go through this type of historical transformation are the likes of Kvaka, Tozovac, lord forgive me, even Haris Džinović¹¹.

Kafana "Treća kuća" (*Third house*) is on that same historical mission but in a completely different way. An accomplished academic once said *Nothing will be named after me*¹² and, to be fair, the Third house would proudly give its place in the flimsy and impotent chronicles of the good old days to some other kafana-goers and some other kafanas. But that is no reason to sing a sad song. Even Meridian Bet¹³ will not be written about with enough pathos as the Agora of 21st century where great men went to meet their financial and mental downfalls, cursing Darüşşafaka¹⁴ along the way, in order to show to their fellow citizens all the absurdity of life in late capitalism.

Our society tends to congregate around one official dog-tired approach, a kind of kafana made of bones, a kafana made of enamel. A kafana with a long shelf-life and respect but one which does not cut too deep into the meat. Where you drink rosy wine and pine for beautiful women.

On the other hand, there is an authentic popular demand for soft-tissue kafanas. Kafanas made of lymph, blood, and, above all, pus. These lymphatic kafanas grow like mushrooms in the vicinity of other



1. There is a popular saying which claims the pillars of Serbhood (Serbian national essence) are the football club Red Star, newspaper company Politika and Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts

2. A type of tavern popular throughout the Balkans, which serves food and alcohol and often has live folk music performances. It has a very rich history, dating back to the Ottoman rule, and its evolution is ongoing

3. I. Žebeljan is a Serbian composer, I. Klajn is a Serbian linguist and language historian, and N. Chomsky is an American linguist and philosopher. All are members of the Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts

4. Early 20th century Serbian playwright and satirist

5. Early 20th century Croatian poet

6. 20th century Serbian poet and bohemian, who hanged himself at age 27 in Zagreb, the capital of Croatia

7. Cheap, caramel-colored, iconic brand of brandy made by Serbian company Rubin

8. Early 80s iconic TV character, played by one of the most revered Serbian actors Ljubiša Samardžić in the TV show *Vruć vetr* (Hot wind), famous for his carefree approach to life and his sirtaki dancing

9. The three famous kafanas of post-WWII downtown Belgrade – Šumatovac, Pod lipom and Grmeč, located in close proximity to each other forming a triangle, jokingly dubbed the Bermuda triangle because one could easily disappear in it

10. One of the most iconic Serbian troubadours and bohemians of the latter half of 20th century

11. Kvaka and Tozovac are superstars of the 1970s folk scene while Haris is the master of contemporary easy-listening folk.

12. A reference to a song whose lyrics were written by Duško Trifunović and performed by Goran Bregović's *Bijelo Dugme*. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jrEkUcbhZ3M>

13. One of the most ubiquitous sports betting companies in Serbia

14. Turkish basketball club, the staple of basketball betting.





Aleksandar Denić



Dejan Golić

thriving ecosystems (the street markets, state-owned companies, bus stops, etc). The Third House is definitely one of these miraculous establishments. It is not aimed at bohemians who like to emphasize jokingly how kafana is their second house, ha-ha-ha. No... It is intended for all those who seek solace in the third, astral house. To people who don't have a house or, quite the opposite, to people who have five but want to own this Third house as well.

What is this exorcistic happening transpiring within the walls of the Third House if not the collective festering of old wounds. By coming to the Third House we are bringing our injuries, our staph infections and other pus-inducing life forms. With a bit of magic and the power of sound waves an organic process takes place inside the kafana and slowly takes control over it. And just like the stressful but also healing infectious process, this galimatias made of sound and alcoholic vapors invigorates one's body and spirit.

Despite this quasi-scientific explanation, it is difficult to create the conditions that make a successful Third House kafana in vitro, which is why it is not open every day and does not seem to operate according to a discernible rhythm. On the contrary, its organization follows obscure calendars, lunar phases, irregular menstrual cycles or some other unknown rhythms. Like truffles, it springs up in all sorts of unexpected places.

The Third House has top-notch stage managers, bartenders, waiters, tribunes, dark corners, orators, assholes, brawlers, hygienists, music editors, sound experts, but also VJs, intellectuals, marketing managers, PhD graduates, developers, Stoyas and other outsourcers...

But that isn't its secret ingredient. All these roles are prone to commodification, multiplication and exploitation, which we see on a daily basis in countless other establishments. It is the presence of a higher power, a bacterium, a CERN particle or a type of yeast which turns trash into food.

And hand in hand with this divine particle are two cherubim standing at the gates of the garden of kafana delights – Mega Denke and Maestro Denić, paving the cobblestone road which takes you deep into the astral sphere. Their mission is not to give new meaning or, god forbid, a new twist on folk. No, their passion is to sand, wax and polish the folk musical legacy from even the most minute traces of contamination.

Denić is not, as a layman may think, a view of Kemal Malović¹⁵ through 21st century bifocals. Denić IS Kemal, more authentic than Kemal has ever been. Listening to Denić sing Kemal's songs, the divine nature of these songs that we used to listen to countless times before suddenly becomes clearer. Denke, on the other hand, is both Kemal and Šaban

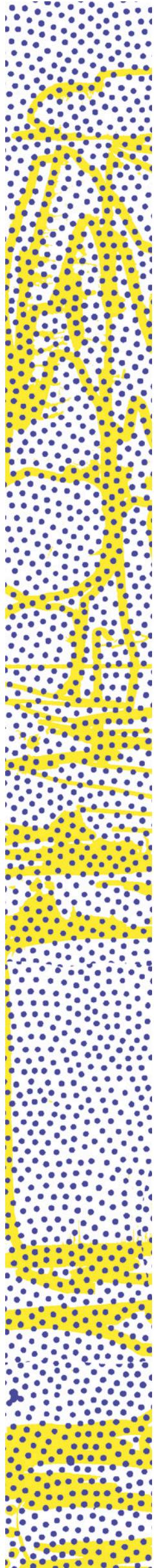
and Rizo¹⁶, the Archimandrite and the Imam, the healer and the doctor of this folk pharmacy. Not many people are able to weave that golden thread and stitch together all those different epochs, styles, genders and emotional registers as elegantly as he can.

Which brings us to the gist of it. If the road ever takes you near this kafana, be certain that this would be the road that brought you somewhere, the road that you didn't take in vain. Don't mind what your reason is telling you, enter it with all your fears, hopes, doubts and sins. All of it will be turned in that blue night into emotional fertilizer necessary for the development of a decent society and cultivation of righteous values.

And even though it's called the Third House, it's the house that keeps our first and only house from collapsing.

15. Bosnian folk singer, revered for his mastery of the Oriental thriller, who reached the pinnacle of his career during his collaboration with the legendary Južni vetar (Southern wind) production

16. Šaban Šaulić and Rizo Hamidović, two gods of the Serbian folk pantheon



NOVO DOBA PROGRAM FESTIVALA

9. OKTOBAR

CZKD

18h Projekcija

**Seljak- Generacija bez budućnosti
Wostok i Zlata VK, 2019**

<https://youtu.be/EaKfp-NFmh8>

<https://dmwostok.wixsite.com/wostok>

19h Projekcija i izložba

Oktobarfest - sabrana dela

Projekcija do sada neviđenih epizoda kultne serije Oktobarfest, autora Lazara Bodrože, Ivana Gucunskog, u saradnji sa kolektivom Kosmoplovci, Aleksandrom Spasov i drugim autorima.

U glavnim ulogama: Lazar Bodroža i Vladimir Vuković Seljak

[www.youtube.com/
watch?v=GHhmNKYXXTE&list=PL20242](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GHhmNKYXXTE&list=PL20242)

(...) Parafraza je najšira definicija još jednog upečatljivog projekta koji je incirao tim Bodroža/Seljak/Gucunski: radi se o serijalu Oktobar fest, opisanom i kao "internet serija – melodrama o odrastanju i inicijaciji". Vrlo brzo, Oktobar fest postao je jedan od najposećenijih/najgledanijih radova Kosmoplovaca na njihovom sajtu.

(...) Rad je dobio ime po jednom od "generacijskih" filmova osamdesetih. Na osnovu opšte mitologizacije "zlatnog doba" osamdesetih – filmske, književne, muzičke i usmene; a izuzetno prisutne i u svakodnevnom diskursu – autori serijala, rođeni između '80. i '85. godine, bez ikakvih problema mogli su da reaktuelizuju ovu mitsku baštinu i skoro instinkтивno rekonstruišu atmosferu i žargon. Neveštvo prozirnim citatima i parafrazama pokazali su komični nesklad pročitanog patosa iz korpusa ove mitologije i sopstvenog iskustva, čime su ukazali i na problematičnu poziciju onih koji su im tu sliku prenosili. (...)

Aleksandra Sekulić „Uvod u Kosmoplovce“ (2006), časopis Reč, ed. Dejan Ilić, Beograd;

Fabrika knjiga, str. 221-

Cartodromo



10. OKTOBAR

UMETNIČKA GALERIJA STARA KAPETANIJA

16h Radionica stripa

19h Izložba

Jon Anderson - Iz najdramatičnije zone stratosfere - izložba Jona Blund Nacije

<http://johnanderssonsvarld.blogspot.com>

Jon Anderson vidi stvari koje drugi ne vide. Slike ga preplavljaju. Bez obzira koliko brzo crta, ne može sve da ih sustigne. Jon Anderson je neka vrsta kanala za nezaustavljivu bujicu slika pop kulture XX veka nastikanih u ambijentu dosadne arhitekture predgrađa iz zlatnog perioda švedskog socijalizma. Koliko god te slike bile čudne i prodirale daleko i duboko, korenji njegovih vizija su uvek kod kuće: poslednja stanica južne zelene metro linije, centar jednog Štokholmovog satelita, okružen visokim stambenim zgradama, trgom i nekolicinom radnji – bakalnica, prodavnica duvana, cvećara, frizerski salon, kafić i restoran koji ima dozvolu točenja alkohola. Dom sa spektakularnim pogledom na južna predgrađa, arhitekturu iz pedesetih boje lososa, zelene parkove i betonske spomenike. To je jedno magično mesto u kojem se nalazi portal do treće dimenzije. Budućnost nije što je nekad bila, kaže Jon Anderson. Previše je distopijska u poslednje vreme. Nekada je budućnost bila natopljena slatkom nostalгијом.

MKC KOMBINAT

21h Izložba

Điki kolaži

Điki kolaži: Which Came First?

Iz bogate tradicije sec-lep gnezda kolektiva Mubareć, kolaži su poleteli u vidu Điki kolaža, i ponašaju se i dalje kao ptiči, nezbrinuto i raspušteno. Međutim, njima je ok, dok god ih se ne pita šta je starije, impuls ili namera? Ali vi to morate znati kako biste uopšte razumeli umetnost koja je samo sada, ekskluzivno, pred vama, a ako slučajno imate odgovor, molimo vas, zadrižite to za sebe.

Ovo pred vama je the best off godinu dana sporadičnih radionica kolaža u MKC Kombinatu, a teme su bile sledeće: 'Kupuješ mi sandale landare', 'Bila je tako lijepa', 'Ćetnici i voće', 'Ona me blokira', 'all Memories Clear', 'Otvori mi svoja vrata', 'Rat svetova', 'Srndaći i stres' i 'Svi moji korači'.

21.30h Koncerti

NW aka Nurdin William (Francuska)

Prirodno nekontrolisani akcident? Brutalistička akcija bez žica. Razvijanje feedback manipulacija, bukalnih osnova i reči, uz pomoć mikrofona na slušalicama i kontaktog mikrofona koji su prikačeni na fuzz pedale, povezani preko bežičnog sistema i nošeni na kaišu zbog slobode kretanja.

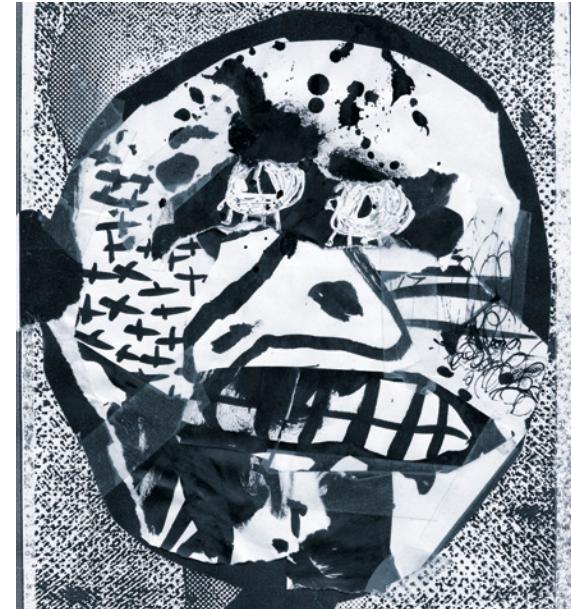
<https://vimeo.com/273341937>

<https://youtu.be/GDuhC5eZRx8>

BIKER BONTON SOUNDSYSTEM (Srbija)

Nove mutacije starih bradatih jaja poznatih kao KBB.

<https://konvojbontonbajkera.bandcamp.com>



Vasja Lebarić

11. OKTOBAR

ULIČNA GALERIJA

20h Izložba

Boris Pramatarov – Јајце с часовников механизъм (Bugarska)

Boris Pramatarov je bugarski umetnik rođen 1989. godine, koji živi i stvara u Belgiji. Ne prestaje da radi i verovatno ne bi umeo da stane ni kada bi htio. Skoro opsessivno plete svoje slike i crteže boreći se sa praznoćom papira. To je istina u jednom svetu. U nekom drugom svetu star je par hiljada godina u bilo kom pravcu od sadašnjosti. Poznat je u intermolekularnim galaksijama kao tvorac eksplozivne naprave iz koje se po aktiviranju oslobara beskrajna imaginerija.

Borisova izložba Pakleno jajce je jako precizan mehanizam, jedna ravnoteža, po svojoj prirodi savršena, belanceta i žumanceta, svetla i tame. Ovo filigransko jaje nije progutalo kočije, kraljeve i krune, a njegova spoljašnjost nije oslikana hrišćanskim aluzijama. Ovo jaje nama daje primalne slike nerazdvojene realnosti i imaginacije, tačnosti i nepredvidivosti, životinje i mašine.

Pramatarov je izvukao svoj unutrašnji tlocrt i izvrnuo sve niše i krivudave hodnike prekrivene blatom i vrevom insekata i zglavkara, koji se sada usporeno meškolje pred nama na suncu. Kroz ovaj izbor radova sa nama komuniciraju najdublje autorove sumnje i pitanja.

<https://borispramatarov.tumblr.com>

21h Koncert

Vasja Ris Lebarić (Slovenija)

Iz svemirske stanice Czentrifuga, iz dalekog svemira, preko galaksije Grejpfrut, preko sedam hemisfera, kroz crne rupe i zvezdanu prašinu dolazi Vasijona i predstavlja Svemirsku tišinu.

Šta se to čuje? Neko zujuće? Vasijona se skuplja u jednu tačku i sprema se da eksplodira! Jedan novi veliki prasak! Drugačiji zvuk iz svemira! Opasne frekvencije! Početak jedne nove priče. U prostoru sve zveči – slike vrede više od hiljadu reči.

www.ljudmila.org/grejpfrut/ AUDIO/space radio

KLUB IMAGO

17h

Fijuk sajam SAJAM - VAŠAR - KIRBAJ

Narodno veselje za mase, da se ljudi provedu i da kupe nešto lepo za sebe i svoje. Mi smo najjeftiniji, mi imamo šta nema niko. Velika zabava festivala Novo doba. Dodite, ne bojte se, vratićete se. Od 22h ulaz 200 din.

www.facebook.com/FIJKPRODAVNICA

23h Koncerti

Nike Eyes (Srbija)

Paganski pop duo. Lo-fi dionizijska tragedija. Dadaistički industrijal synth-punk par iz snova. Polomljena muzika. Svaki susret sa grupom Nike Eyes na Internet strming platformama nije ništa u poređenju sa nuklearnom silom koju proizvode kada nastupaju uživo.

www.youtube.com/channel/UCKpbGHNUmM4en995GcXU-Q

ZALET (Srbija)

Nastao kao umetnički pokret 2004. u Zaječaru, sastavljen od ljudi koji žele da probude uspavanu i pasivnu sredinu u kojoj se nalaze, i naredne 2005. godine pokreću jedinstveni ZALET festival koji ima za cilj da kvalitetne, avangardne i inovativne umetnike učini što vidljivijim.

ZALET ekipu će ove godine na Novo Doba festivalu predstavljati:

Prženo

Tradicionalna hrana sa jugoistoka Srbije. Šou program sastavljen od muzike, mirisa i plesa. Dolazimo iz Zaječara da dobro upržimo vaše sirove potisnute emocije i onda kreće prava gozba. Kad zamiriše Prženo, noge same zaigraju u ritmu seckanja paprika, paradajza i luka, želudac zapeva našu pretposlednju pesmu, pitamo Vesnu kako se zoveš? Kako bre ne znaš? Prijatno!

Fokus i Jić iznose na uvid romantičnu priču o jeftinoj radnoj snazi sa ukusom najfinijeg, rafiniranog turbo folka uvijenog u elektronsku oblandu sa rep glazurom, po recepturi starih mrmota.

www.facebook.com/zaletfestival
soundcloud.com/przeno
www.facebook.com/fokusking

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12. OKTOBAR

REMONT

19h Izložba

Fotošok (prvi deo)

Fotošok kao izložba su dve izložbe. Ni ne zna se koliko autora, na dve lokacije, sa kolažima i montažama, a u osnovi svega stoji kolektiv Le Dernier Cri, koji već 25 godina zagovara i praktikuje mešanje stripa u strip kroz kolaž, do crteža na kojem je kolaž, do sito grafike ili animacije.

Zasnovano na semplu, ponavljanju, namernom negiranju sinteze, ali i afirmaciji nemogućih sinteza. Sve su to elementi poznati, da izvinete, još od istorijskih avantardi: citat i selekcija i kombinacija i kontrast, kao i šok.

Poznate mogućnosti montažne atrakcije ili intelektualne konstruktivistički nastojene montaže – sve je tu, metodološki različite prakse, ali ono što je najvažnije u vremenima koja dolaze – u osnovi je usvajanje toksičnog kao domaćeg.

www.lederniercri.org/catalog.html

20h Koncert

Anatomia Humana Desmontable (Španija)

Anatomia Humana Desmontable je solo muzički projekat Laure Holdein, koja pravi naučno fantastičnu muziku sa preklapajućim slojevima sintisajzera i glasova, u kojima istražuje granice muzike od 2013. godine. Na pola puta između nojza i popa, tamnog talasa i industrijala, njeni stihovi, na španskom ili francuskom jeziku, ponekad su pesme-kolaži ili su nadahnute literaturom i post-apokaliptičnom atmosferom. Uredila je četiri albuma na kasetama, prvu ANATOMIA HUMANA DESMONTABLE (Demonodrome, 2014), od kojih je druga split sa duetom Magmadam pod nazivom MEDUSA ELECTRICA (Demonodrome, 2016), zatim PASAJERA PAUSA (Conjunto Vacío, 2017). U julu ove godine izdala je KVANTVM KVATRO (Demonodrome, 2019), njen najnovije delo koje će prezentovati prvi put uživo u Beogradu u okviru festivala Novo Doba.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=Oy91l53YyV4

KVAKA 22

22.30h Izložba

Fotošok (drugi deo)

Fotošok je izložba kolaža i fotomontaža brojnih autora okupljenih oko marsejskog kolektiva Le Dernier Cri. Prvi deo izložbe počinje u galeriji Remont od 19h, a drugi deo nastavlja ovaj šokantni niz i obuhvata i projekciju filma MONDO DC. Demontirani su antropomorfni elementi i svi ostali da bi se dobila jedna vremenski tačna mešavina anatomsко-društveno-ljudskog, mehaničko-tehnološkog i šire flore i faune. Rezultat su bube-mašine i ljudi-reljefi. Na tom sadržinskom nivou stvar je prilično jasna ili nejasna ali taman toliko koliko smo navikli da mešamo slike brzinama u sekundi po milimetru retine. Važniji skok koji se dešava nije na nivou sadržaja nego neantropomorfne vizure u kojoj nestaju boje polutonovi i simetrije.

Samplerman polazi od komponenata stripova (američkih, određenih kvaliteta boja i papira) i remiksuje ih u svoje nenarativne stripove, **Fredox** radi sa započetim strip tablama drugog autora (Leo Kivru) i na njima kolažiranjem kreira ubenarativnu situaciju sa razbijanjem linearne, čiste logike, prelazi put ka nemogućem, dok **Bolino** dobijeni kolažni strip koristi dalje za predloške svojih crteža. Elegantni noir pa raskošni pičvajz, ako nije šokantno onda je kaleidoskopski upitno. Ima svega, samo izvolite.

www.lederniercri.org/catalog.html
<https://sampleman.tumblr.com/post/180900705181/comic-stripes>

23h Koncerti

MONDO DC (Francuska)

Projekcija + uživo improvizacija Satanox, Letisia Brošije i Samplerman

Feberdröm (Švedska)

Spaja minimalne ritmove i abrazivne

distorzirane lupove s malo mekšom apstraktnom elektronikom u nekakvu mešavinu mračne psihodelije i apokaliptičnog industrijala.

www.facebook.com/feberdrom

Lenhart Tapes (Srbija)

Etno noise semplovi se vraćaju korenju, idu tamo gde ih niko neće, u pogrešno vreme na pogrešnom mestu. Iznenadenje. Sudbina. Susret s bogovima i robovima. Sneg u proleće, u zimu lista drveće, ptice selice ne idu na jug. <https://soundcloud.com/lenhart-tapes>



13. OKTOBAR

MATRIJARŠIJA

20h Izložba

Goran Dačev i Aleksandar Stankoski: Noeva Karma (Makedonija)

Ne možemo više da se prepiremo ovako, ne vredi to više. Mi smo već krenuli pa hajte vi lepo sa nama u Matrijaršiju, u Zemun, da zajedno pogledamo Gorana/Kopilja/Goranda i Acu; Aca, Aleksandra Stankoskog i šta su to oni uradili, napisali, nacrtali. Oni su iz Makedonije, severne, iz južne Jugoslavije neke Grčke, lepše i starije i rekli su nam nešto o ovome šta nam se dešava. Izdali su knjigu i ta knjiga kaže: više nije isto, nije levo i desno nego je gore i dole, nije politika nego je strip nije teritorija nego je karta, nije andergraund nego overgraund. Nisu neznani junaci nego su gipsani lavovi i naslednici svetskih bogatstava, kauboi. Crnci šamani. Strip safari. To je to, hajde da pogledamo da vidimo gde smo, gde ćemo, šta ćemo.

komikaze.hr/issue_attachment/17-gorandacev

22h Koncerti

MUZIČKA RADIONICA - ZAVRŠNI KONCERT

Finalni rezultat radionica koje će se održati u petak 11. oktobra i subotu 12. oktobra u AKC Matrijaršija.

Bernadet Breščanski je učestvала u raznim muzičkim projektima, između ostalog u bendovima Wooden Ambulance, ili Lábos Electric Orchestra. Trenutno svira sa Avgustom Klaunom i ima svoju novu formaciju sa bliznakinjom, zove se: November Six. Od

klasičnih muzičkih formi, fuzije i improvizacije, do elemenata dekonstruktivne pop muzike sve se može pronaći na repertoaru. U poslednje vreme se bave i komponovanjem muzike za teatar. Prvi autorski album je izdala sa sestrom zajedno, pod nazivom Hybrid PealM. Izdao je Symposion u 2015, miksan u Studiju 11.

Bernadet je održala radionice u raznim gradovima (Budimpešta, Segedin, Vodnjani, Minhen, itd.) sa lokalnim muzičarima. U Beogradu će na radionici učestvovati razni lokalni autori. Tokom radionica se preko improvizovanih formi, intuicije i asocijativnog razmišljanja grade muzičke numere.

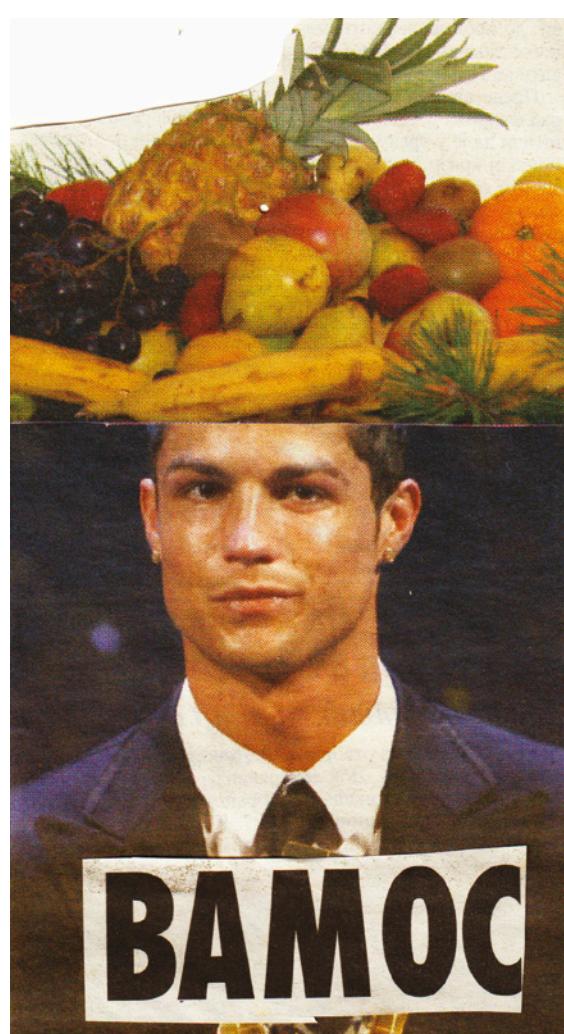
<https://hybridrealm.bandcamp.com>

00h

Kafana „Treća kuća”

Dva heruvima na kapiji kafanskog vrta uživanja. Mega Denke i Maestro Denić kraljmišu put kojim se ulazi duboko u sfere astralnog. Njihova misija nije davanje novog smisla ili, ne daj Bože, čitanja narodnog stvaralaštva. Ne, njihova pasija je šmirgланje, peskiranje i poliranje baštine od svega što ju je kontaminiralo u sitnim tragovima. lako se zove treća, ova kafana sprečava da se sruši naša prva i jedina kuća.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=eYLQR7bSzvc



Johanna Marcadé-Mot

FESTIVAL'S PROGRAM

OCTOBER 9th

CZKD

6 PM Screening

**Seljak – Generation without a future
Wostok and Zlata VK, 2019**

<https://youtu.be/Eakfp-NFmh8>

<https://dmwostok.wixsite.com/wostok>

7 PM Screening and exhibition

Oktobarfest – collected works

The screening of yet unseen episodes of the cult series Oktobarfest, authored by Lazar Bodroža and Ivan Gucunski in collaboration with collective Kosmoplovci, Aleksandra Spasov and others.

Featuring Lazar Bodroža and Vladimir Vuković Seljak

[www.youtube.com/
watch?v=GhmnKYXXTE&list=PL20242](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GhmnKYXXTE&list=PL20242)

(...) Paraphrase is the widest definition of another remarkable project initiated by the team Bodroža/Seljak/Gucunski: a lo-fi video series titled Oktobarfest, also described as a “net show – a melodrama on initiation and growing up”. Very soon, Oktobarfest became one of the most visited and watched video works on Kosmoplovci’s website.

(...) It was named after the famous “generational” film of the 80s. Based on the common mythology of the “golden age” of the 80s, in film, literature and music, which was extremely present in everyday parlance, the authors of the series, all born between 1980 and 1985, had no trouble re-actualizing this mythological legacy and almost instinctively reconstructing the atmosphere and the jargon. By paraphrasing and using vaguely concealed quotes they reveal a comical incongruity between the pathos of this mythology and their own experiences, which also showed the problematic position of the ones who transmitted this image. (...)

Aleksandra Sekulić „Introduction to Kosmoplovci“ (2006), magazine Reč, ed. Dejan Ilić, Belgrade;

Fabrika knjiga, pg. 221

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OCTOBER 10th

STARA KAPETANIJA ART GALLERY

4 PM Comics workshop

7 PM Exhibition

John Andersson (Sweden)

From the most dramatic zone of the stratosphere - an exhibition set in Jona Blund Nation.

John Andersson sees things. He is flooded by images. No matter how fast he can draw, there is no way he can catch up. John Andersson is the medium for an unstoppable stream of visions of 20th century pop culture against a backdrop of dull suburban architecture from the golden era of Swedish socialism. No matter how strange or far or deep the visions go they are always rooted at home:

the last stop on the green subway line south, a Stockholm satellite center surrounded by tower blocks, a square and a few shops – groceries, tobacco, flowers, hairdresser, a cafe and a restaurant with alcohol license. A home with a spectacular view over the southern suburbs, salmon colored 50s architecture, green parks and concrete public art.

A magical place with a portal to a third dimension. The future is not what it used to be, says John Andersson. It's too dystopian these days. Once the future used to be soaked in sweet nostalgia.

<http://johnanderssonsvarld.blogspot.com>

MKC KOMBINAT

9 PM Exhibition

Điki collages

Điki Collages: Which Came First?

From the rich cut-paste tradition of Mubareć collective, Điki collages have grown their own wings and they're still acting like young chicks, abandoned and wild. However, they're ok, as long as you don't ask them which is the oldest, impulse or intent? But after all you would have to know this in order to understand the art, which is now exclusively before you, so in case you do have an answer, please, keep it to yourself.

This exhibition will present only the best collages made at sporadic collage workshops at MKC Kombinat during the previous year. The themes of the workshops were the following: Buy me a pair of squeaky sandals, She used to be so pretty, Chetniks and fruit, She's blocking me, all Memories Clear, Open your door to me, War of the Worlds, Fawns and stress, and All my Korać's.

9.30 PM Concerts

NW aka Nurdin William (France)

An accident naturally uncontrolled? Brutist wire-less action. Developing manipulation of feedback, buccal basics and words, with the help of a headset-mic and contact-mic, plugged into a homemade fuzz pedals, connected into a wireless system, worn with a belt to be free to move all around everything...

<https://vimeo.com/273341937>

<https://youtu.be/GDuhC5eZRx8>

BIKER BONTON SOUNDSYSTEM

New mutations of old bearded eggs also known as KBB.

<https://konvobjontonbajkera.bandcamp.com>



Les plus beaux mouchoirs de Paris





Merieme Mesfioui

OCTOBER 11th

STREET GALLERY

8PM Exibition

Boris Pramatarov (Bulgaria) Exhibition A Clockwork Egg

Boris Pramatarov is a Bulgarian artist born in 1989, who lives and works in Belgium. He works ceaselessly and would probably not even know how to stop even if he wanted to. He weaves his paintings and drawings obsessively fighting the emptiness of space. This is the truth in one world. In some other, he is couple of thousands-years old in any direction from the present. He is known in intermolecular galaxies as the creator of an explosive device which when activated releases an infinite amount of imaginaria.

Boris's exhibition The Devil's (Clockwork) Egg is a very precise mechanism, a naturally perfect balance of egg white and egg yolk, of light and dark. This filigree egg did not swallow the chariots, the kings and the crowns, and its exterior is not covered in Christian allusions. This egg gives unto us primal images of intertwined reality and imagination, accuracy and unpredictability, animals and machines. Pramatarov has exposed his inner layout and revealed all the niches and the snaky corridors covered in mud and the flurry of insects and arthropods and now they're all slowly writhing and wriggling in the sun in front of all of us. This selection of works is trying to communicate with us the author's deepest doubts and issues.

<https://borispramatarov.tumblr.com/>

9 PM Concert

Vasja Ris Lebarič (Slovenia)

From the space station Czentrifuga, from beyond the known universe, across the Grapefruit galaxy and over the seven hemispheres, through black holes and star dust, comes the Vasjaverse to present the Space Silence. What's that sound? Some kind of hum? The Vasjaverse is shrinking to a singularity and is about to explode! A new Big Bang! A different sound of the universe!

Dangerous frequencies! The beginning of a new story. In space everything rings – images are worth more than a thousand words.

www.ljudmila.org/grejpfrut/_AUDIO/space_radio

CLUB IMAGO

5 PM

Fijuk Fair FAIR - BAZAAR - FESTIVAL

Public merriment for the masses, an occasion made for people to visit and have a good time but also buy something nice for themselves or their dearest. We are the cheapest, we have what others only dream of. A huge party of the Novo Doba festival. Come, don't be afraid, you'll get out alive. After 10PM, there will be an entrance fee of 200 dinars.

www.facebook.com/FIJKPRODAVNICA

11 PM Concerts

Nike Eyes (Serbia)

Pagan pop duo. Lo-fi dionysian tragedy. Dada industrial synth punk power couple. Broken music. Any encounter with Nike Eyes on Internet streaming platforms is nothing in comparison with the nuclear they produce when performing live.

www.youtube.com/channel/UCKpibGhNUmM4en995GcXU-Q

ZALET (Serbia)

Founded as an art movement in 2004 in the city of Zaječar and made of people who dreamed of waking the listless and passive environment around them, so, in 2005, they launched the unique ZALET festival, which aims to make quality, avant-garde and innovative artists more visible to the public.

ZALET crew will be represented at this year's Novo Doba festival by:

Prženo

Traditional food from the southeast of Serbia. A show made up of music, smells and dance. We come from the city of Zaječar to stir your raw suppressed emotions well and to enjoy the ensuing feast. When you take a whiff of Prženo, your legs start to dance immediately to the rhythm of paprika, tomatoes and onions being chopped, your stomach belches out our next-to-last song, while we ask Vesna what is your name? What do you mean you don't know? Eat up!

Fokus and Jić are bringing a romantic story about cheap labor with a taste of the finest, most refined turbo folk, wrapped in an electronic wafer covered in rap glaze, as per the recipe of old marmots.

www.facebook.com/ZALET-FESTIVAL-233831770187
soundcloud.com/przeno

www.facebook.com/fokusking

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OCTOBER 12th

REMONT

7 PM Exhibiton

Fotoshok (first part)

Fotoshok as an exhibition are two exhibitions. God knows how many authors, on two

locations, with collages and montages, and behind it all – Le Dernier Cri, a collective which for 25 years has promoted and practiced mixing comics and collages, drawings and collages, screen printing or animation.

Based on sampling, repetition, intentional negation of synthesis, but also an affirmation of impossible syntheses. All of these elements are well-known since, pardon me, the historical avant-garde: quoting and selecting and combining and contrasting, as well as shocking. The known possibilities of montage attraction or intellectual constructivist montage – it's all there, methodologically different practices, but, what's most important for the times to come – is basically adopting toxic as familiar.

www.lederniercri.org/catalog.html
<https://samplerman.tumblr.com/post/180900705181/comic-stripes>

8 PM Concert

Anatomia Humana Desmontable (Spain)

Anatomia Humana Desmontable is the solo musical Project of Laura Höldein. She makes science fiction music with overlapping layers of synthesizers and voice, where she's explored the limits of music since 2013. Halfway between noise and pop, dark wave and industrial, her lyrics, in Spanish or French, are sometimes poems-collages or inspired by literature, and post-apocalyptic atmosphere.

She has edited four references in cassette, the first ANATOMIA HUMANA DESMONTABLE (Demonodrome, 2014), the second a Split with the duo Magmadam titled MEDUSA ELÉCTRICA (Demonodrome, 2016), then PASAJERA PAUSA (Conjunto Vacío, 2017). In July of this year she released QVANTVM QVATRO (Demonodrome 2019), her last work that will come to present live for the first time in Belgrade.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=Oy91l53YyV4

KVAKA 22

10.30 PM Exhibition

Fotoshok (second part)

Fotoshok is an exhibition of collages and photomontages of numerous authors gathered around Marseille-based collective Le Dernier Cri. The first part of the exhibition starts at 7PM at Remont gallery, while this second part continues the shocking display which will be accompanied by the screening of the film MONDO DC.

All the anthropomorphic elements, and all the other elements, suffer démontage, in order to produce a single temporally precise mixture of anatomical-social-human, as well as mechanical-technological and other flora and fauna. The result is bug-machines and human-reliefs. At the level of content, the thing is pretty clear or unclear, but only to the extent that matches our speed of shuffling images over our retinas in seconds per millimeter. A more important leap is not on the level of content at all, rather a non-anthropomorphic vision which absorbs all colors, halftones and symmetries.

Samplerman starts with comic book components (American ones, with a certain quality of color and paper) and remixes them into his non-narrative comics, **Fredox** works with comics that were began by another author (Leo Quevrieux) and using collage creates in these unfinished comic strips an uber-narrative situation, which breaks



the linear, pure logic, traversing the road toward the impossible, while **Bolino** uses the collaged strip further as a template for his drawings. The elegant noir and then the extravagant turmoil, if it isn't shocking then it's kaleidoscopically questionable. You can see anything, feel free to look around.

11 PM Concerts

MONDO DC (France)

Screening + live improv Satanox, Laetitia Brochier & Samplerman

Feberdröm (Sweden)

Feberdröm mixes minimal rhythms and abrasive loops and a bit softer abstract electronics into a mixture of dark psychedelia and apocalyptic industrial.

www.facebook.com/feberdrom

Lenhart Tapes (Serbia)

Ethno noise samples are going back to their roots, in places no one wants them, in the wrong time and place. Surprise. Destiny. Encounter with gods and slaves. Snow falling in spring, trees budding in winter, migratory birds don't fly south anymore.

<https://soundcloud.com/lenhart-tapes>

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OCTOBER 13th

MATRIJARŠIJA

8 PM Exibition

Noah's Karma by Goran Dačev and Aleksandar Stankoski (Macedonia)

We can't argue like this anymore, it's pointless. We are already on our way to Matrijaršija in Zemun to see together the exhibition by Goran/Kopilj/Gorand and Aca; Aca, Aleksandar Stankoski and what they had done, wrote and drawn. They are from Macedonia, the northern one, the southern Yugoslavia, an older Greece, more beautiful and older and they've told us something about what was going on. They've published a book and this book says: it is no longer the same, it is no longer left and right but up and down, no longer politics but a comic book, no longer a territory but a map, no longer an underground but overground.

No longer unknown heroes but gypsum lions and heiresses of the world's wealth, cowboys. The negro shamans. The comic book safari. This is it, let's have a look and see where we are, where we're going and what we will do.

https://komikaze.hr/issue_attachment/17-gorandacev

10 PM Concerts

MUSIC WORKSHOP – FINAL CONCERT

The final result of workshops which will take place on Friday, October 11, and Saturday, October 12, at the autonomous cultural center Matrijaršija.

Bernadett Brestyánszki has participated in various music projects, among others in bands such as Wooden Ambulance or Lábos Electric Orchestra. Currently, she's playing with August Clown, and has formed a new project with her twin sister – November Six.

Bernadett has held workshops in various cities (Budapest, Szeged, Vodnjan, Munich, etc.) with local musicians. Many local authors will participate at the workshop in Belgrade. During the workshops, musical numbers will be built around improvisation, intuition and associative thinking.

hybridrealm.bandcamp.com

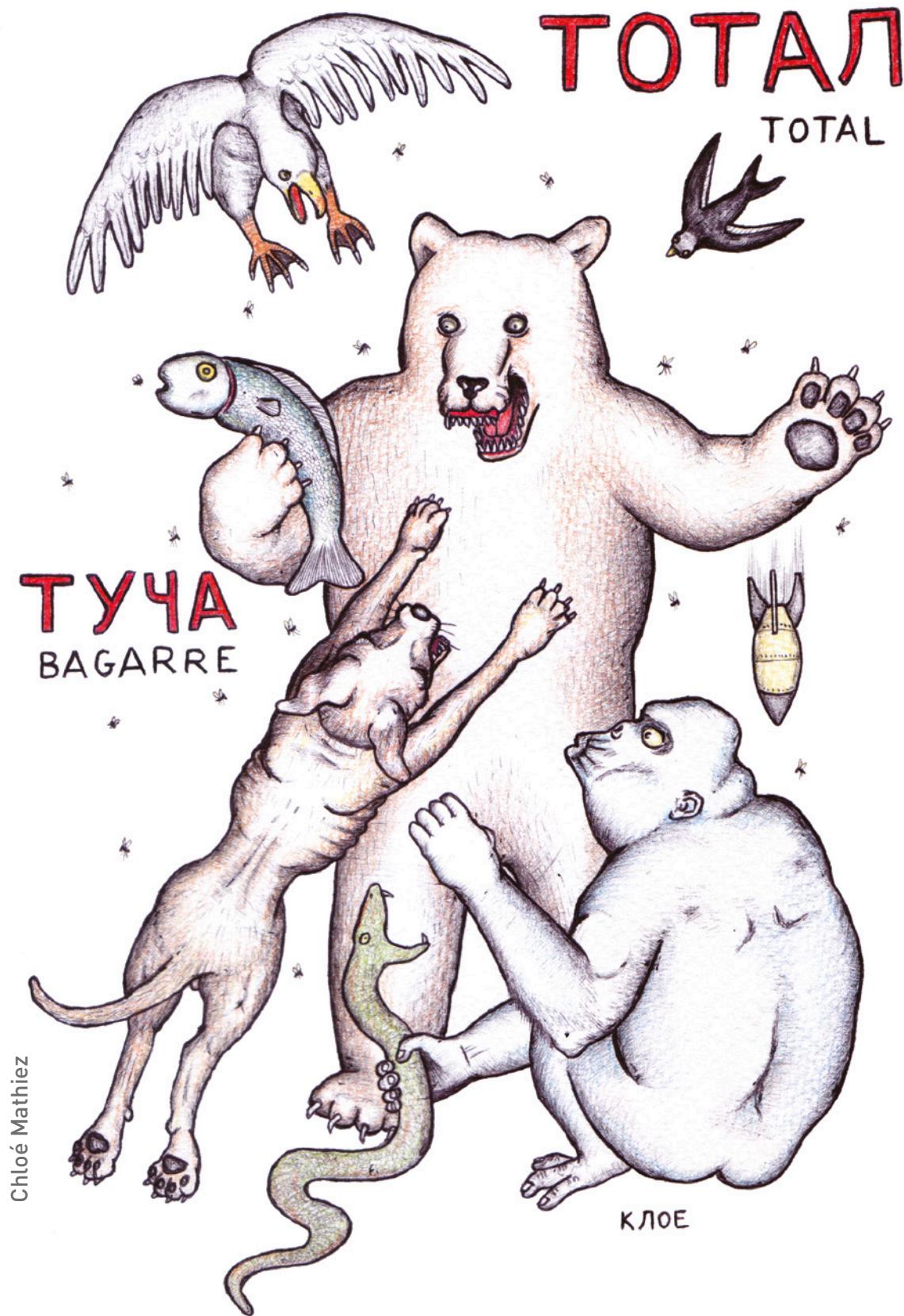
12 PM

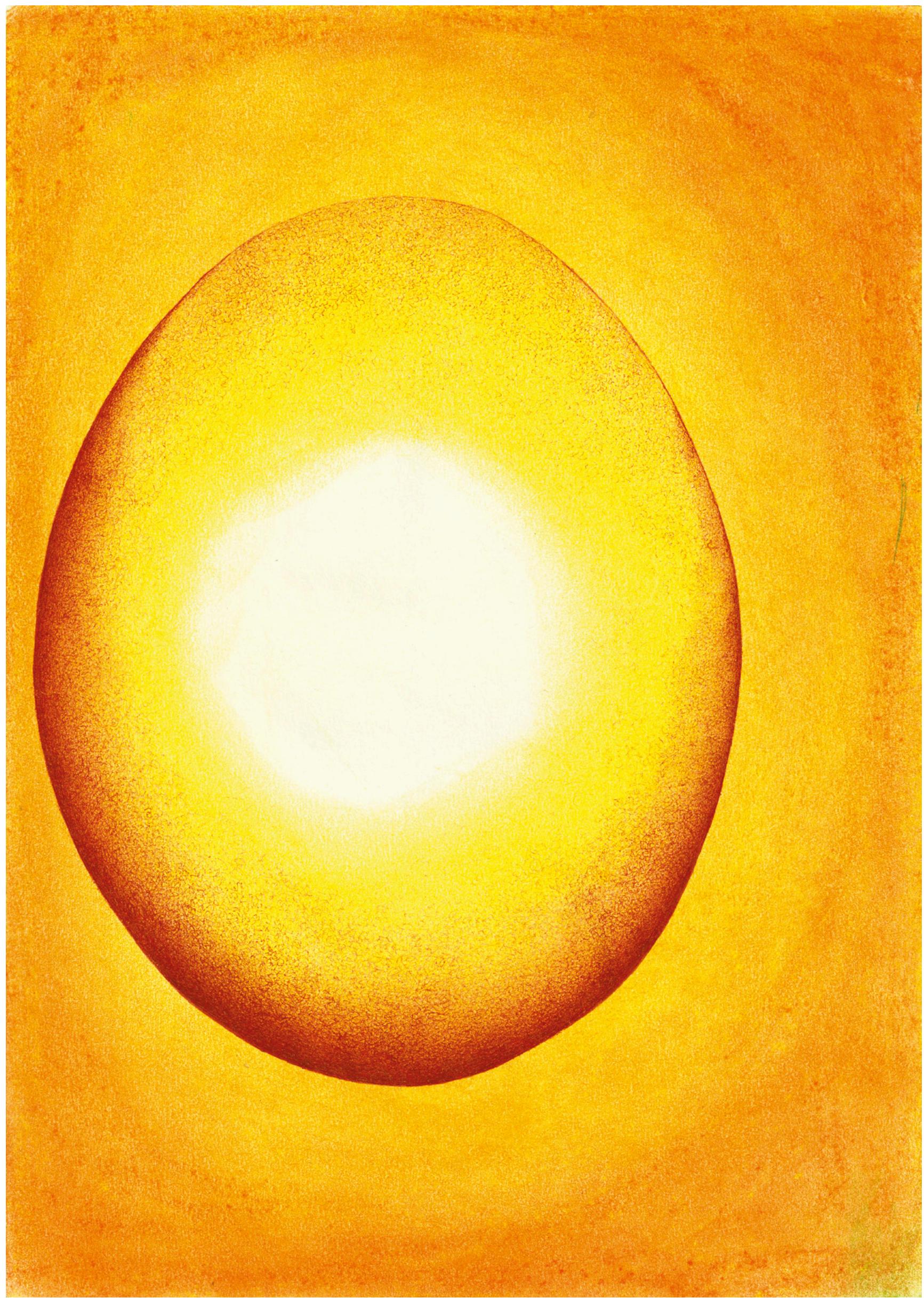
Kafana "Third house"

Two cherubim standing at the gates of the garden of kafana delights – Mega Denke and Maestro Denić, paving the cobblestone road which takes you deep into the astral sphere. Their mission is not to give new meaning or, god forbid, a new twist on folk. No, their passion is to sand, wax and polish the folk musical legacy from even the most minute traces of contamination.

And even though it's called the Third House, it's the house that keeps our first and only house from collapsing.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=eYLQR7bSzvc





JAJE

10. festival nesvrstanog strip-a Novo Doba

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10th festival of non-aligned comics

Novo Doba

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