

Euros

Jugoistočni vjetar



„Selo Dužica se u dokumentima prvi puta spominje 1642. godine. Tamo se već pojavljuju Posavci. To su neki korijeni koje nikad nisam mogao prerezati. Svi smo bili tamo. Jedan je djed otišao u Ameriku, bio je u Pittsburghu, pa se vratio i umro od španjolske gripe 1918. Osim njega, ne znam nikoga tko se maknuo. A to je zapravo jedna tragedija. Kao da smo bili privezani sajlama. A to je katastrofa. Tamo se samo oralo, kopalo, ta se zemlja zalijevala znojem, a mi se od toga nismo micali. U mladosti mi je bila puna kapa toga. Mislio sam da ću ja to napraviti, u jednom trenutku mi se činilo da ja to mogu. A sada, kako sam stariji, sve mi je teže. Svaki put kada se moram vratiti u Zagreb, imam problem, u grlu mi je žganac, kao kad se rastaješ od nekoga koga voliš. Kao kad frajer mora otići od žene koju obožava. Idealna stvar je da dođe na brzinu, vidi kaj je, zatvori vrata i zбриše. Čim se malo sjedneš, opustiš, sranje nastaje. Ja ne mogu ni verbalizirati te emocije. Jer tamo je bilo i teških situacija. Tamo su generacije bile doslovno na robiji. Ta te zemlja zarobi. Danas mnogi ljudi na Zapadu brišu na selo, a nemaju pojma o čemu se tu radi. Lagodno zbrisati možeš samo ako imaš novca. Ali suština priče nije takva. Suština priče je žarko sunce, blato, godinama... Tu su konji, krave, svinje. Tako je za nas bilo od 1642. Imam jedan rad vezan za obrezivanje drveća. Uхвати me nervoza kad se počne obrezivati hrast. Postoji priča o hrastu i Beuysu, o hrastu i Germanima. A mi smo naše turopoljske svinje slali u šumu da jedu žireve. A ja živim u gradu i kad vidim da hrast obrezuju i kao 'kultiviraju', dođe mi da kažem 'pa daj, frajeru, pusti ga'. Putar je pisao o mom odnosu s asfaltom. Desio se pomak kada mi je trebao asfalt i pomak se dešava sada kada mi treba nešto drugo. Ti jebeni korijeni su duboki i nikada ih nisam uspio iščupati. Naprezao sam se, ali nije išlo.“

“The village of Dužica is first mentioned in documents in 1642. The Posavec family is already present. Those are some roots I just couldn't cut off. We were all already there. One grandfather went to America, he was in Pittsburgh, then returned and died of Spanish flu in 1918. Except for him, I don't think anyone else moved away. Which is, in fact, a tragedy. As if we're anchored. Which is a disaster. The only thing to do was to plough and dig, the soil was drenched in sweat, but we never moved away from it. When I was young, I was fed up with it. I thought I'd be the one to do it, at one point I thought I could. And now, as I get older, it gets harder and harder. Every time I need to return to Zagreb I feel a spasm in my stomach, like when you're saying goodbye to someone you love. Like when a guy has to leave the woman he adores. It would be ideal if you could just pop in, see what's up, close the door and run for the hills. As soon as you sit down and relax - here comes the shit. I can't even verbalise these emotions. There have been difficult situations, too. Generations were literally slaving. This land captivates you. These days many people in the West flee to the country without even the slightest idea what this is all about. You can flee carefree only if you have the cash. But the essence is not like that. The essence is scorching sun, mud, for years on end... Horses, cows, pigs. This is what it's been like for us since 1642. I have a piece about pruning trees. I get nervous every time they start to prune oaks. There is a story about oak and Beuys, about oak and Germans. And we used to send our pigs from Turopolje in the woods to eat acorns. And now I live in the city and when I see the oak pruned and 'cultivated', so to speak, I feel like saying, 'Come on, man, let it be.' Putar wrote about my relationship with the city streets. There was a shift when I needed the streets and another shift now when I need something else. These fuckin' roots are deep and I never managed to pluck them out. I tried, but it didn't work.“



Dvije nostalgične
Ivan Posavec
Dužica, 1975.
61 x 76 cm

Two Nostalgic
Ivan Posavec
Dužica, 1975
61 x 76 cm

Samo ću citirati Johnnya.

Jednog dana nema me
da nikada ne dodjem,
prijatelje koje znam
ne poznajem kad prodjem.

Kao da me nikada
na svijetu nije bilo,
kao da me njezino
tijelo nije htilo.

Moja pjesma miruje
a furala bi furke,
lepe dekle moderne
ne padaju na zurke.

Brijem bradu brkove
da licim na pankrte,
još da imam Fendera
vidio bi svirke.

Balkane Balkane Balkane moj,
budi mi silan i dobro mi stoj.

Mi smo ljudi cigani,
sudbinom prokleti,
uvijek netko oko nas
dodje pa nam prijeti.

Ni bendovi nisu vise
kao sto su bili,
moj se amaterski
priprema da sviri.

Balkane BalkaneBalkane moj,
budi mi silani dobro mi stoj.

Balkan, Branimir Štulić, 1979.

Nostalgija
Mio Vesović
Kozari bok, Zagreb, 1978.
28,5 x 90 cm

Nostalgia
Mio Vesović
Kozari Bok, Zagreb, 1978
28,5 x 90 cm

One day I am gone away
Never to return again
If you see a friend of mine
I'll just ask you who's that man

As if I had never walked
The streets of this old town
As if her gorgeous body
Had never turned me down

And now my song is silent
Though I miss it here and there
For nice girls of modern times
Would't fall just for your hair

Off with beard and moustache
Punk we want is what they say
Give me Fender, my guitar
Like the devil I shall play

My Balkans, my Balkans, Balkans my land,
Stay stubborn and mighty to the world's end

Like a Gypsy in his cart
We are doomed by fate
To live like some people do
For that is now late

Today the bends are no more
What they used to be
Now this poor bunch of mine
Waits that I count to three

My Balkans, my Balkans, Balkans my land,
Stay stubborn and mighty to the world's end

Balkan, Branimir Štulić, 1979



„Pojam Europe, njezinu konturu i kartografiju sam eksploatirao u mnogim svojim radovima. Ona je stalno prisutna kao prostor koji ne mogu lako definirati. Koristio sam puno i prostor Jugoslavije i Hrvatske, teritorij unutar kojega sam mogao jezično djelovati. U jednom trenutku Europa mi se nametnula, pa sam pomislio da bi ona mogla biti potpuno pozitivna činjenica. Naravski da sam se prevario. Ali, kad se sjetim Amerike, o kojoj imam vrlo slabo mišljenje, automatski se Europa nameće kao nešto pozitivno, kao čuvar starih vrijednosti. Ipak, kada odem u velike europske gradove, uviđam da se ni ondje ne čuva ono što se ni ne može očuvati, osim u tragovima. To je pozivanje na univerzalne vrijednosti. Umjesto toga vlada nietzscheovski perspektivizam i nihilizam u kojem Amerika plovi. Moj rad iz 1983./84. se pozivistički odnosi prema Europi, zbog toga što je za mene Europa bilo otići u Veneciju i kupiti Samson duhan, koji se nije moglo kupiti u Jugoslaviji, i alternativa lošim stvarima kod nas. Moj slogan i ime rada *Daleko je Europa* sugerirao je nešto što se smatralo pozitivnim, nedostižnim i dalekim. Ako promotrimo Europu kao područje estetike i tradicije na kojoj se može graditi, tada možemo reći da nam je ona daleko. Ja sam žižekovski svjestan svih iluzija o Europi, ali živim u homerskom svijetu okrutnosti, u kojem su glavni negativni junaci. Ako je Europa nešto pozitivno, onda je to posebno stanje duha koje kod nas ne postoji. Kod nas vlada tribalizam. Mi smo potomci Morlaka, pripadnici homerskog doba, koje ovdje još uvijek traje. U tom smislu je daleko Europa, jer u njoj ipak vladaju neki urbani običaji.

Poigravam se s pozitivnim i negativnim značenjem Europe i na kraju mogu reći da nemam čvrsto mišljenje o njoj. Mogao bih izreći floskule poput 'mi smo uvijek i bili Europa' i slično.

Život nikada ne bih mogao riješiti na politički način. Internacionalizam mi se nametnuo po samoj prirodi stvari, kao studentu filozofije i literature. Mi konceptualci smo bili internacionalni tipovi, jer konceptualizam oslobađa od tradicije. U vrijeme nacionalne euforije i komprimiranja, internacionalizam mi se spočitavao kao nešto negativno. Međutim, ja nisam bio internacionalist u geografskom smislu, nego po tradiciji Duchampa, Kosutha, koji su vjerovali da je umjetnik univerzalno biće po načinu sagledavanja stvari.

Ja volim spomenuti Sienkiewiczovu izjavu "Svaki umjetnik ima dvije domovine, jedna je ona u kojoj se rodio, a druga je Italija". Italija je metafora ljepote. Ondje se razvilo moderno ophođenje, trubadurski odnos prema ženama. Ako je Europa Italija, ja kažem da. Ali, ako je ona Njemačka, ja kažem ne. Stilinović je rekao 'rad je bolest', a ja 'rad je sramota'. Pretjerao sam da bih pokazao kako je protestantski duh Njemačke, Engleske, skandinavskih zemalja nešto što umjetnik organski ne podnaša. *Dolce far niente* Španjolske, Italije i Grčke... Osjećam da je život kao takav Mediteran. Mediteranski narodi mogu biti neoprezni, pa se zaduživati i propadati. Ali, mediteranski duh će ipak pobijediti.

Imam jedan rad kojim poručujem "Tri puta godišnje mijenjam mišljenje o sebi", pa ću parafrazirati samoga sebe i reći da tri puta godišnje mijenjam mišljenje o Europi. Ja sam 1991. napravio dva rada *Muškarac nije ratnik* i *Dobar tata, loš rodoljub*, što ne znači da sam pljuvao po rodoljublju, nego se pitao što je prioritet. Ja ne mogu biti ratnik, ne pristajem na muško svađanje oko plijena, ne pristajem na ikakve granice. Za mene postoji zemlja, rijeke koje idu kroz puno država. Za mene ne postoji Balkan u geopolitičkom smislu, za mene postoji ovaj dio Europe. Ja nisam ratnik, jer za mene ne postoji takav sustav vrijednosti po kome bih se za nešto borio. Ja jedino mogu biti trubadur, koji se bori za ženu koja mu se sviđa. Muškarac nije ratnik. Pa se stoga ne bih borio ni za Europu. Što je Europa? Imam puno radova na tu temu. Npr., balkanske države sam u jednom radu prekrstio, pa se jedna zove Cohen, druga Dylan, treća Brel, četvrta Neil Young. Na jednoj pozivnici za izložbu iz 1991. europske države sam etiketirao prema umjetnicima koje sam poznavao, Demuru, Trbuljaku, Vlasti Delimar... Uvijek sam pokušavo brisati geopolitičke pojmove. U jednom radu je Pariz Mallarmé, Marseilles Jacques Brel, Manchester John Donne. London je Shakespeare, naravno. Riječ London je inače samo sklop slova, što nije vrijednost, a Shakespeare jest. U jednoj grafici sam Trst prozvao Spinoza. Zašto? Zbog toga što je Spinoza bio među prvima koji su pisali traktate o toleranciji, a Trst je bio pojam univerzalnog grada, u kojem se sastaju germanski, romanski i slavenski svijet. Za mene je Osijek Kožarić, Knifer Split, a Zagreb Vaništa. Što to znači Mostar? Neka to bude A. B. Šimić. To je pretjerivanje, a bez pretjerivanja nema umjetnosti."

"I exploited the notion of Europe, its outline and cartography in many of my works. It is perpetually present as a space that I cannot define easily. I also often used the space of Yugoslavia and Croatia, the territory where I could act linguistically. At one point Europe imposed itself on me so I thought it might be a completely positive fact. Naturally, I was wrong. But, when I remember America, of which I have a very poor opinion, automatically Europe presents itself as something positive, as a guardian of old values. Still, when I go to large European cities, I don't see that they preserve what cannot even be preserved, except in traces. This is claiming universal values. Instead, there is Nietzschean perspectivism and nihilism America floats through. My work from 1983/84 has a positivist attitude to Europe; for me, Europe meant going to Venice and buy Samson tobacco, which couldn't be bought in Yugoslavia, and an alternative to all bad things we had. My slogan and the name of the work *Europe is Far* evoked something considered a positive, unattainable and distant thing. If we take a look at Europe as an area of aesthetics and tradition to build on, then we can say it is far.

Like Žižek, I am aware of all the illusions about Europe, but I live in a Homeric world of cruelty when main protagonists are the bad guys. If Europe is something positive, then it's a special state of mind that doesn't exist here. We are governed by tribal culture. We are descendants of Morlachs, we belong to the era of Homer, which has never truly ended here. In that sense, Europe is far, because it nurtures urban customs.

I play with the positive and negative meaning of Europe and finally I cannot say I have a firm opinion on it. I could say trifles like 'we have always been a part of Europe' or the like. Life could never be solved politically. Internationalism imposed itself by its very nature; I studied philosophy and literature. We conceptualists have always been international types because conceptualism liberates from tradition. In the times of national euphoria and compression, internationalism was frowned upon as a negative thing. However, I was never an internationalist in the geographic sense, but in the tradition of Duchamp and Kosuth, who believed as artist was a universal creature in how he or she perceives things.

I gladly remember Sienkiewicz's statement, "Every artist has two countries, the first is the one he was born in and the second is Italy." Italy is the metaphor of beauty. It is the breeding place of modern conduct, of the troubadoursque treatment of women. If Europe is Italy, I say yes. But, if it is Germany, I say no. Stilinović said 'work is sickness', and I say 'work is shame'. I crossed the line to show that the protestant spirit of Germany, England and the Scandinavian countries is something an artist organically cannot bear. *Dolce far niente* in Spain, Italy and Greece... I feel life, as such, is the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean peoples can be careless, go into debt and go bust. Nevertheless, the Mediterranean spirit will still win.

One of my works says, "Three times a year I change my mind about art." To paraphrase myself, three times a year I change my mind about Europe. In 1991 I created two works, *A Man Is Not a Warrior* and *Good Father, Bad Patriot*, which were not meant to denigrate patriotism, but challenge the priorities. I can't be a warrior, I don't accept male fighting over prey, I don't consent to any boundaries. For me there is land and rivers that flow through many countries. For me there is no Balkan in the geopolitical sense, for me there is this part of Europe. I'm not a warrior, because for me there is no value system that might make me fight for something. I can only be a troubadour who fights for a woman he likes. A man is not a warrior. For instance, in one work I changed the names of Balkan countries so one is called Cohen, the other Dylan, Brel or Neil Young. On one invitation for a 1991 exhibition opening I labelled European countries by the artists I knew: Demur, Trbuljak, Vlasta Delimar... I have always tried to erase geopolitical terms. In one work Paris is Mallarmé, Marseilles Jacques Brel, Manchester John Donne. London is Shakespeare, of course. The word London is only a cluster of letters, which is not a value, but Shakespeare is. In one print I called Trieste Spinoza. Why? Because Spinoza was among the first to write essays on tolerance and Trieste was the epitome of a universal city, a meeting place of Germanic, Roman and Slavic worlds. For me Osijek is Kožarić, Knifer Split, and Zagreb Vaništa. What is Mostar? Let's make it A.B. Šimić. It's exaggeration and without exaggeration there is no art."

„Ja sam se našao pred mjestom koje je istodobno povijesno mjesto i filmska ikona. Kada dođeš pred te stepenice, doživiš neku komunikaciju s njima. Meni je prva bila njihov broj i spoznaja da stanujem u kući koja ih ima skoro toliko, a ja stanujem na petom katu bez lifta. To je dovođenje na istu ravan. Manje važan, ali zanimljiv detalj je to da sam tim stepenicama hodao 2005. godine, točno sto godina od revolucije, odnosno masakra koji se dogodio na tim stepenicama. Eizenštejn je na njima snimao dvadeset godina kasnije, 1925. Jedna od boljih referenci na te stepenice je scena iz spota Serbus Zagreb moj Zločeste djece. Vinko Grubišić je niz stepenice na Dolcu pustio dječja kolica.

Marginalci smo samo po tome kako sami sebe tretiramo. Prije dosta godina sam rekao Anti Babaji, 'To je sve tako, jer smo mi mali,' a on mi je odvratio, 'Ne, i Atena je bila mala, ali nije bila provincija.' Naš je problem što jesmo provincija, a još se tako i ponašamo. Nismo imali samosvijest. Mi smo sami sebi dovoljni i sve što radimo, radimo za vlastitu sredinu, bez uvjerenja da je ono što radimo ravnopravno svijetu.

Ja mogu konstatirati da s obzirom koliko nas ima, ovdje je prisutna tolika količina energije, radova i autora, koja je potpuno ravnopravna bilo kojoj sredini. Jedino što fali jest tržište, galerije i mecenatsvo, koji ne postoje. Važan je i generacijski kontinuitet, koji je ovdje prisutan. Na Zagrebačkom salonu devedesetogodišnjak izlaže pored studenta likovne akademije. Takav kontinuitet je stalno prisutan, bez pauze. Ali mi smo scena koja ima vlastiti život i nema potrebe za iskorakom. Rijetki su oni koji se odlučuju 'odlijepiti'. Malo smo samozadovoljni i sami sebi dovoljni. Nisam sasvim siguran je li to mjerilo provincije. Često inferiorni znaju biti samozadovoljni, a naša je scena ipak superiorna. Pitanje je hoće li se s ulaskom u EU naši kompleksi umnožiti ili ćemo ih se uspjeti osloboditi."



390 stepenica
Goran Trbuljak
Odessa, 2005
video, 18'

390 steps
Goran Trbuljak
Odesa, 2005.
video, 18'

"I found myself in a place which is both a historical site and a cinematic icon. When you reach those steps, one experiences some sort of communication with them. My first was the number of them and the realisation that I live in a house with just as many, and I live on the fifth floor with no elevator. It means reaching the same level. Less important but still interesting detail is that I walked these steps in 2005, exactly 100 years after the revolution, i.e. the massacre that took place on them. Eisenstein made his film there twenty years later, in 1925. One of the references to these steps is a scene from the Serbus my Zagreb video by Zločesta djece. Vinko Grubišić dropped a baby stroller down the Dolac steps.

We are marginal by how we treat ourselves. Many years ago I said to Ante Babaja, 'It's like that because we're small,' and he replied 'No, Athens was also small, but it was never a province.' We did not have self-confidence. We are self-sufficient, everything we do we do it for our own environment, without belief that what we are doing is equally worth as the rest of the world.

I can say that, regarding how many we are, here we have such a huge amount of energy, works and authors, equal to any other environment. The only thing missing is the market, galleries and patronage, which don't exist. Another important thing is generational continuity, which we do have. At Zagreb Salon a ninety-year-old exhibits alongside art academy students. This kind of continuity is always present, continuously. But we are a scene with a life of its own and there is no need for stepping out. Those who decide to 'cast off' are rare. We're a bit self-complacent and self-sufficient. I'm not sure if this is a merit of provincial thinking. The inferior are often self-complacent, and our scene is still superior. The question is if joining the EU will increase our complexes or liberate us."



„Ako me pitaš za osjećaj pripadnosti ili pojam domovine sigurno je jedino da se moja domovina ovisno o tome koliko sam joj blizu ili daleko smanjuje i povećava. Pripadnost je zapravo pitanje nostalgije i neostvarenih želja. To shvatiš kada otputuješ jako daleko ili kada ti je kretanje ograničeno.

Svaki put kada odredim granice svojoj pripadnosti ona se prelije preko svojih rubova ili uteče sama u sebe i onda shvatim da se radi o nečemu drugom, nečemu duboko intimnom, a ne o pukim granicama.

A pitanje Europske unije je za mene pitanje globalnih ekonomskih previranja i nema trenutno nikakve veze s mojim osjećajem pripadnosti.”

Fotografije su nastale na snimanjima Documentinog projekta “Osobna sjećanja na rat”



Okučani, 26.4.2012.
18x27 cm



Split, 26.9.2012.
29 x 43 cm



Dubrovnik, 7.2.2012.
24x36 cm

“If you ask me about the feeling of belonging, one thing is certain: my homeland shrinks and expands depending on how far or close I am to it. Belonging is, in fact, a matter of nostalgia and unfulfilled desires. That’s what you realise when you go very away or when your movement is limited.

Every time I set the limits of my belonging, it spills over the lines or flows into itself and then I realise it is something else, something deeply intimate, not just boundaries.

The European Union issue for me is a matter of global economic turmoil and currently has nothing to do with my feeling of belonging.”

The photographs were made at the shooting of Documenta’s project “Personal Memories of War”



Palrac, 7-1.2012.
24x35 cm



Lika, 14.12.2011.
35x53 cm



Glina, 26.4.2012.
19x 29 cm

„Šećem ja tako Art Baselom i ugledam Beuysa kako otužno visi na zidu, s izraženom visokom cijenom. Nesreća je što sam ga ugledala prvog, odmah s vrata, i to mi zadalo ozbiljan poremećaj percepcije ostalih umjetničkih radova. Difesa del Capitale!“

Citat iz zapisa *Art Basel diaries*, 15. lipnja 2011.

“And so I walk around Art Basel and I see Beuys hanging sadly on a wall, with a prominently placed high price. The bad thing was that it was the first thing I saw right when I walked it, which caused quite a serious perception disorder regarding other artwork. Difesa del Capitale!”

Excerpt from *Art Basel diaries*, 15 June 2011

Ljuta Opaka Zla

Branka Cvjetičanin

Krbava, 2013.

instalacija: tri staklene boce,

domaća šljivovica Made in Lika 1989. godišta

ručno izrađen vuneni čep

Crazy Vicious Mean

Branka Cvjetičanin

Krbava, 2013

installation: three glass bottles,

homemade plum grappa Made in Like in 1989,

handmade wool cork



„Jedna od ideja koja me prati od samog početka umjetničke prakse razmišljanje je o realnosti i njezinoj reprezentaciji, a na tragu tih razmišljanja nastao je *Vanishing Book*.”

Instalacija *Vanishing Book* sastoji se od dva dijela: videa napravljenog iz fotografija, te knjige metapodataka istih fotografija korištenih u videu. Početkom 2000. godine kupio sam digitalni fotoaparati i počeo snimati svakodnevne situacije. Obzirom na prirodu medija i moj opsesivni način rada, u tijeku jedne godine snimio sam približno 30000 fotografija. Cijele dane bih snimao, a navečer arhivirao prethodno snimljene materijale.

Od fotografija sam napravio video. Radi se o fotografijama koje su snimane pojedinačno i onda povezane i dinamizirane, odnosno pretvorene u video. Video zapis (sastavljen od 25 sličica u sekundi) u ovom slučaju sadrži, umjesto povezanih sekvenci, različite fotografije. Kako sam se koristio arhivarskim softverom i očaran idejom sustavnog organiziranja podataka, osim narativne strane fotografija, pažnju su mi zaokupljali i metapodaci. Knjiga *Vanishing Book* ispis je metapodataka kolekcije tih tridesetak tisuća digitalnih fotografija napravljenih 2000-te godine. Brojevi koji su nosioci informacija govore o stanju tehnologije u okruženju u kojem se to događa, o strukturi arhiva, podaci o vremenu i načinu snimanja i arhiviranja. Pogled na drugo lice fotografije. Bez vizualne naracije. Iz metapodataka te kolekcije može se iščitati izuzetno precizno gotovo sva moja aktivnost za vrijeme dok sam bio budan i to u trajanju od godine dana. Izuzetno precizan opis mog privatnog prostora, intime.

Paradoks takve preciznosti je da se od mnoštva podataka više ne može sagledati totalitet, nešto poput Borgesovog kartografa koji je, pokušavajući biti precizan, na kraju nacrtao mapu u mjerilu 1:1. Svijest o vlastitom izvoru misli i motivaciji za ovakvo opsesivno ponašanje uslijedila je znatno kasnije, razmišljanjem o vremenu obilježenom kolektivnim zaboravom, općom amnezijom naročito u smislu recentne društvene prošlosti, radikalnom remapiranju kulturnog pejzaža i vlastitom pokušaju da zadržim barem mali fragment svog osobnog svijeta zabilježenog u izvornom obliku.”

005_018_Vanishing Book_2001

dio projekta Arhiva (arch_0001_068_2006)

Sandro Đukić

2001.

instalacija: knjiga (uvez: koža, svila, 614 str.), stolica, stol, postolje, TV monitor, video (19'02", loop)



“One of the ideas following me from the very beginning of my art practice has been considering the reality and its representation. *Vanishing Book* was made in the wake of these considerations.

The *Vanishing Book* installation consists of two parts: a video made of photographs, and a book of metadata about the very same photographs used in the video. Early in 2000 I bought a digital camera and began capturing everyday situations. Given the nature of the medium and my obsessive working methods, during the course of a year I made approximately 30000 photos. I shot during the day and at night I archived the previously made materials.

I made a video out of these photographs. They were snapped individually and then connected and dynamised, i.e. turned into a video. The video record (consisting of 25 frames per second) in this case, instead of linked sequences, has different photographs. As I was using archiving software and as I was enthralled with the idea of systematic data organisation, in addition to the narrative side of the photographs I was also occupied by the metadata. *Vanishing Book* is a record of the metadata about a collection comprising these 30000 digital shots made in 2000. The numbers which carry the information speak about the condition of technology in the given surrounding, about the archive structure, time and manner of photographing and archiving. A view on the other side of photography. Without visual narrative. The collection metadata portrays with utmost precision almost all of my waking-time activity during the course of one year. An extremely precise description of my private, intimate space.

The paradox of such precision is that the multitude of data disables us from seeing the big picture, something like Borges's cartographer who tried to be minute and ended up drawing a 1:1 map. The awareness of my own source of thoughts and motivation for such an obsessive behaviour came significantly later, thinking about the time marked by collective oblivion, a general amnesia especially in the sense of recent social past, radical remapping of cultural landscape and my own attempt at keeping at least the slightest fragment of my personal world captured in the original form.”

005_018_Vanishing Book_2001

part of the Archive project (arch_0001_068_2006)

Sandro Đukić

2001

installation: book (binding: leather, silk, 614 pages), chair, table, stand, TV monitor, video (19'02", loop)

Filename	Path	Extension	win	Short	Filename	win	Description	Volume	Created	Last
File Type	Mac	Creator	Mac	Zone	Thumbnail	Size	Color	Mode	Horizontal	Resolutio
DSCF1324.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_001\DSCF1324.JPG									
C:	18.3.2001 0:40:42	2.12.2000 15:09:52	18.3.2001 0:41:12	18.3.2001 0:41:12						
112	RGB	1600	1200	1	Not watermarked					
DSCF1329.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_001\DSCF1329.JPG									
C:	18.3.2001 0:40:43	2.12.2000 15:28:04	18.3.2001 0:41:13	18.3.2001 0:41:13						
112	RGB	1600	1200	1	Not watermarked					
DSCF1366.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_001\DSCF1366.JPG									
C:	18.3.2001 0:40:43	2.12.2000 15:36:08	18.3.2001 0:41:14	18.3.2001 0:41:14						
112	RGB	1600	1200	1	Not watermarked					
DSCF0001.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0001.JPG									
C:	18.3.2001 0:39:15	12.12.2000 1:46:38	18.3.2001 0:41:35	18.3.2001 0:41:35						
RGB	1280	960	1	Not watermarked						
DSCF0002.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0002.JPG									
C:	18.3.2001 0:39:15	12.12.2000 1:47:22	18.3.2001 0:41:36	18.3.2001 0:41:36						
RGB	1280	960	1	Not watermarked						
DSCF0003.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0003.JPG									
C:	18.3.2001 0:39:15	12.12.2000 5:37:02	18.3.2001 0:41:37	18.3.2001 0:41:37						
112	RGB	1280	960	1	Not watermarked					
DSCF0004.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0004.JPG									
C:	18.3.2001 0:39:15	12.12.2000 5:37:20	18.3.2001 0:41:37	18.3.2001 0:41:37						
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DSCF0005.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0005.JPG									
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RGB	1280	960	1	Not watermarked						
DSCF0007.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0007.JPG									
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DSCF0009.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0009.JPG									
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DSCF0010.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0010.JPG									
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DSCF0011.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0011.JPG									
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RGB	1280	960	1	Not watermarked						
DSCF0012.JPG	C:\Documents and Settings\Administrator\Desktop\TEMP_000\100_FUJI_002\DSCF0012.JPG									
C:	18.3.2001 0:39:16	12.12.2000 15:08:26	18.3.2001 0:41:42	18.3.2001 0:41:42						
RGB	1280	960	1	Not watermarked						

„Ja sam putovao Europom i nitko me nije u tome sprečavao, niti je to bila neka naročita čast. Moje europske prijatelje, fotografe, nije zanimalo odakle je netko. Dio obitelji je živio u Innsbrucku, Grazu i Zürichu.

Moj pradjed Aleksandar Sarnavka je kao geometar stigao u Sarajevo iz Poljske, kada su se po Bosni gradile željezničke pruge. Ondje je stigao sa svojom ženom. Njihova kći Marijlka, moja baka, udala se za Slovenca Pogorelca, koji je stigao u Sarajevo kao činovnik i ondje postao ministar financija austrougarske vlade. Taj moj djed je rođen kao Janez, živio je kao Johann, a umro u Zagrebu kao Ivan. Iza sebe je ostavio zapise koje započinju s 'Die schönsten Jahren meines Lebens hab Ich in Bosnia und Herzegovina verbracht mit ständigen Wohnsitz in Sarajevo.' 'Najljepše godine svoga života proveo sam u Bosni i Hercegovini sa stalnim sjedištem u Sarajevu.' Dio te obitelji potječe iz Slovačke. Obitelj moga oca, Dabci, potekli su iz sela Dabci kraj Bjelovara. Prema pričama mojega oca, pleme Dabaca je stiglo iz Hercegovine 1605., bježeći pred Turcima. U blizini Nove Rače dobili su komad zemlje za obrađivanje uz uvjet da krenu ratovati kada turska vojska navali.

Ove fotke koje sam snimio hodajući Zagrebom, kojim, naravno, ne hodam zatvorenih očiju, imaju veze s onim što se pojavljuje u novinama. Mada ne mogu reći da ih čitam, jer bi to bilo prestrašno, ipak ih svaki dan prelistam i dovoljno je da vidim naslove. To što hrvatske novine već godinama daju ljudima jest strah. To se nikada ranije nije događalo, a to je nešto što karakterizira ovo vrijeme i suvremenu politiku, ne samo našu, nego i svjetsku. Ljude se plaši umjesto da im se ulije optimizam.“

“I often travelled across Europe and nobody stopped me, nor was it a particular honour. My European friends, photographers, weren't interested in where people came from. Some family members lived in Innsbruck, Graz and Zurich.

My great-grandfather Aleksandar Sarnavka arrived in Sarajevo from Poland as a land surveyor, when railroad was being constructed. He came there with his wife. Their daughter Marijlka, my grandmother, married a Slovenian named Pogorelec, who arrived in Sarajevo as a clerk and became a minister of finance in the Austro-Hungarian government. My grandfather was born as Janez, lived as Johann, and died in Zagreb as Ivan. He left behind a journal beginning with 'Die schönsten Jahren meines Lebens hab ich in Bosnia und Herzegovina verbracht mit ständigen Wohnsitz in Sarajevo.' 'I spent the most beautiful years of my life in Bosnia and Herzegovina, with a permanent residence in Sarajevo.' That part of the family is Slovakian. My father's family, the Dabac people, came from Herzegovina in 1605, running away from the Turks. Near Nova Rača they got a plot of land to cultivate under the condition that they fight the Turkish army when they rush.

I took these pictures walking around Zagreb. Naturally, I don't walk with my eyes closed so these reflect what appears in the paper. Although I can't quite say I read them, that would be terrible, but still I browse through them every day and it's enough for me to see the titles. What Croatian papers have been giving people for years is fear. This never happened before, and now it characterises this age and contemporary politics, not only ours, but global too. People are scared instead of filled with optimism.“

Life is joy
Who brings a new member to the
funeral service association can
participate in a prize draw.

European anti-capitalism action day



I lust after art.

Communism as evil, evil as art

Before use, read the medication
instruction carefully. For information
about indications, precaution
measures and side-effects, refer to
your doctor or pharmacist.

Ministry of Culture and Education
of the Republic of Croatia
announces a public tender for
permanent make-up

Croatian sovereignty street
1ABC

Merry Capitalism!

EU-tanasia



Got any money?

Everyone out in the streets

Why not having your cake
and eating it too

Up with the world,
down with Croatians

„Kopam rupu na rubu Europe. To je kvadratična rupa nerazriješene dublje povijesti, rupa sadašnjice u kojoj zaborav gazi svakodnevnu zbilju. Rupa je duboka.“

“I am digging a hole on the margins of Europe. It is a square-shaped hole of unsolved deeper history, a hole of the present in which oblivion tramples over everyday reality. The hole is deep.”

K16
Zlatko Kopljár
2012.
HD video, 10'42"

K16
Zlatko Kopljár
2012
HD video, 10'42"



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Daleko je Evropa

Vlado Martek

1983./84.

tempera i pozlata na kartonu

25,5 x 20,9 cm

Kolekcija Darko Šimičić, Zagreb

Europe is Far

Vlado Martek

1983/84

tempera nad gilt on cardboard

25,5 x 20,9 cm

Darko Šimičić Collection, Zagreb

