

40.

JALoviČKA LIKOVNA KOLONIJA/2017
JALOVIK ART COLONY



**JA
LOVI
KØRG**

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JALoviČKA LIKOVNA KOLONIJA/2017
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Jalovik Hits 40

Bio je vreo, malo preko 40°C, dan leta kada smo stigli u selo Jalovik koje je rasuto na skoro 40 brda i tačno 40 kilometara udaljeno od mesta Tuđin u kome ne poznajem nikoga, kao, uostalom, ni na 40. sazivu Jalovičke likovne kolonije na kojoj mi je pripala čast da budem kustos. Tu veliku nepoznanicu sazdanu od prostora, ljudi i duha nisam mogao da sustignem pogledom niti da joj pridem bliže sopstvenim koricima, već sam je osmislio na osnovu priča bivših učesnika, biografija umetnika koje ću uskoro upoznati i predrasuda. Predrasuda, projekcija i konstrukata kojih je bilo na sve strane. Samo su organizatori mudro čitali.

Prva grupa umetnika koja je stigla, sa mnom neumetnikom, jednoglasno je zaključila: „Nismo to ovako zamišljali!” Bilo mi je jasno da nisam usamljen i da će narednih deset dana biti zabavnih samospoznaja tokom međusobnog upoznavanja. Družina se polako okupljala, ispijala pića dobrodošlice, a da nije ni slutila šta je očekuje. Mislio sam da ćemo se naći na pustom ostrvu, kako tu već i jesmo kao kultur-radnici, međutim, našli smo se u centru jednog seoskog života, obitavali smo i radili u zgradi koja je mnogo puta ponela epitet bivši: bivši Kulturni centar, bivša Poljoprivredna zadruga, bivša Mesna zajednica. Sama zgrada (u kojoj je svakodnevno od 7–15h obitavao i jedan sreski matičar) i njen okoliš polako su nam se otkrivali kao arheološki lokalitet savremene umetnosti i intervencija koje su kontinuirano činile generacije klinaca iz Jalovika, inspirisanih umetnicima koji bi tokom desetak dana tu stvarali. I zaista, spisak autora iz prethodnih saziva Kolonije je sjajan i živi je dokaz da je kolonija u Jaloviku deo biografije mnogih stvaralaca za koje bi sa ponosom rekli da su naši, dokaz osmišljeno režirane interakcije različitih generacija i senzibiliteta. Stavljani u drugačije uslove za rad, oskudnije od mlitavih mehura na koje smo navikli u Beogradu ili u svakom drugom Beogradu, sa svim vremenskim i komunalnim nepogodama koje su nas zadesile, uspeli smo, grupno i individualno, da porazimo sebe i da se ponovo izgradimo. To je počelo odustajanjem od planova koje su učesnici doneli sa sobom u Jalovik, praćeno oklevanjem tokom nekoliko dana jer niko nije znao kako da počne sa radom, a rezultiralo je trijumfalnim saradnjama, izlascima iz poznatih okvira i spoznajom duha jedne sredine i zajednice u njoj. Sve kroz druženje i mnogo smeha i deljenja.

Želeo bih da se zahvalim Đenadiji Šujić, Milanu Ćosiću i Branislavu Nikoliću, našim organizatorima, na svim sjajnim razgovorima, izletu na meandar Save gde reka teče nizvodno a ide uzvodno, na tri obroka dnevno i spoznaji slobode koju smo izgubili, a kojoj sa nestrljenjem svakodnevno želimo da robujemo.

Umetnici 40. saziva Jalovičke likovne kolonije su: DK, Rok Bogataj, Mia Ćuk, Mihaela Vujnović, Danijela Mršulja Vasić i Milenko Vasić (Dim Tim), Robert Verch, Ilir Kaso i Branislav Nikolić.



Arheološko nalazište Jalovik iz doba Avgusta

Selo Jalovik je rasuto na više različitih brda koja u nekoj dvodimenzionalnoj projekciji na horizontu izgledaju kao da su nanizana jedno uz drugo, ali fizičkim ulaskom u taj horizont shvatite da vas je mozak prevario i da se ta brda pružaju po svim osama. Kako je donedavno bila praksa na Jalovičkoj likovnoj koloniji da umetnici borave u kućama meštana, rasutim po tim brdima, Brana je naveo da je određeni broj radova ostao na poklon tim domaćinstvima kao znak zahvalnosti umetnika na gostoprimstvu, a onda je otvorio jedna vrata i pokazao nam hodnik doslovno zatrpan 39-ogodišnjom istorijom Kolonije u Jaloviku. Nije mi bilo svejedno da vidim toliki broj nagomilanih radova (kakvi god da su), ali jedno „šta je – tu je“, jedan odlazak na bazen u varošicu Vladimirci i dolazak ostatka društva, u potpunosti su mi izbrisali postojanje te gomile. Tada mi još nije bilo jasno zašto je više nikada nisam primetio.

Moje jalovičko delo(vanje) problematično je za kategorizaciju. Najviše zbog toga što se ono svodilo na „praksu svakodnevnog života“ (Mišel de Serto) i koncentrisanog doživljavanja, pre nego na fokusirani projekat, unapred planiran i realizovan. (Mia Čuk)

Na jednoj od narednih stranica kataloga 40. jalovičke likovne kolonije pročit ćete ovu rečenicu koja mi se čini kao summa summarum ovog izdanja Kolonije, ali i svih prethodnih 39 i narednih 40. Boravak u Jaloviku je iz dana u dan poprimao oblike nepripremljenog performansa sa polupripremljenim akterima, gde nam je i to što je isplanirano više delovalo kao grč u procesu prepuštanja situaciji koju smo sasvim slučajno materijalizovali. Činilo mi se da je svakome sa planom cilj bio daleko, no niko nije bio isključen iz neizvesnosti performansa koji su pljuštali po nama – kao treće večeri kada je pala sva kiša sveta na naše porozno sklonište i sprala svu struju i vodu na neko vreme, ili kao kiša uboda obada tokom kupanja na meandru Save. I dok su kiše iznedrile svoje heroje, odsustvo istih je u prvim danima našeg boravka otvorilo pukotine u zemlji. Okruženje nam se otvorilo kao arheološko nalazište i oslobodilo duhove prošlosti, a nas nateralo da pojurimo duhove sadašnjosti među ostacima okruženim brdima. Ako zađeš malo po selu vrlo brzo se susrećeš sa intervencijama života tokom prethodnih inkarnacija Kolonije i shvatiš da te ne čini posebnim ono što u tebi raste kao osećaj, već nas akumulacija tih osećaja učini posebnim, barem na deset dana. Ne smem da izostavim ni intervencije života koji se odvija i van nas samih, poput kolonije osa u našoj sobi, pogreba na groblju, meštana koji u našoj sobi traže matičara u ranim jutarnjim časovima, omladine koja se okuplja u blizini ne bi li shvatila šta mi to radimo, ili ne radimo. A mi smo ležali ispod Sunca ne radeći ništa ili smo aktivno ležali pod Suncem, slušali sagovornika ili gledali kroz njega, čitali o umetnosti ili razgovarali o svemu ostalom, lutali selom u kakvom pohodu ili samo hodali.



Međutim, posebnu brigu smo vodili o rupi u zemlji koja se otvorila pred naš dolazak i koja je postala neka vrsta ognjišta i mesta okupljanja pošto je DK sa početkom kolonije započeo pravljenje odlivka te pukotine. Tek odskora mi je postalo jasno da je taj odlivak dokaz o veličini i obliku rupe koju smo tokom života provedenog tamo ispunjavali iskustvima hodočašća po mapi Jalovika, daru Brane u slučaju da se pogubimo po pogrešnim brdima. Mi smo naš doprinos arheološkom nalazištu Jalovik dali, ali nova rupa će se otvoriti da primi svoju vremensku kapsulu i nadam se da će se nastaviti tako u nedogled.

Da ne zaboravim, radovi su verovatno završili u hodniku ispred stepeništa koje vodi do galerije, dok za priče koje stoje iza njih nema mesta jer su mnogo veće i stoga su rasute uokolo.

Dušan Savić

Jalovik Hits 40

It was a hot day, little over 40°C, when we arrived to the village of Jalovik scattered over almost 40 hills and precisely at 40 kilometres from the place Tuđin where I know no one, same as I did not know anyone on the 40th convocation of the Jalovik Art Colony of which I had the honour of being curator. This great unknown made of space, people and spirit, I was not able to take in with my eyes, nor was I able to draw near it with my steps, but I had envisaged it on the basis of the stories of former participants, biographies of artists that I would soon meet and on the basis of preconceptions. Preconceptions, projections and constructs were all over the place. Only the organizers wisely kept silent.

The first group of artists arriving at the same time as I, a non-artist, unanimously concluded: "This is not what we expected!" It was clear to me that I was not alone and that in the next ten days I could look forward to fun self-insights during our interactions. The group was slowly forming, drinking welcome drinks not suspecting what was in store. I thought we would find ourselves on a desert island, as we are always on some such island as culture-workers, instead we found ourselves in the centre of a village life. We resided and worked in the building that could bear multiple adjective Ex: ex Culture Centre, ex Farming Cooperative, ex Local Community Centre. The building itself (where County Registrar resided on a daily basis from 7 to 15h) and its surrounding were revealing themselves to us slowly as archaeological site of modern art and interventions done by generations of kids from Jalovik inspired by the artists who would create there for a period of ten days. Indeed, the list of authors from the previous convocations of the Colony is an amazing and living proof that the Jalovik Colony is a part of biography of many artists that we could proudly call our own, proof of carefully staged interaction of different generations and sensibilities. Transposed into different working conditions, scarcer than the limp bubbles we are used in Belgrade or in any other Belgrade for that matter, with all natural and communal disasters that came our way, we have managed to defeat ourselves, individually and collectively, and then rebuild ourselves. This led to abandonment of the plans that the participants brought with themselves to Jalovik, accompanied by the peri-

od of hesitation over next few days, because no one knew how to start working, and eventually, it resulted in triumphant cooperation, stepping out of the familiar frame and getting into the spirit of the environment and its community. All this was taking place amidst communal spirit and a lot of laughter and sharing.

I would like to thank Đenadija Šujić, Milan Ćosić and Branislav Nikolić, our organizers, for their wonderful discussions, the field trip to the meanders of the River Sava where the river flows downstream and goes upstream, for three meals a day and experience of freedom that we lost but every day eagerly wished to become its slaves again.

Artists of the 40th convocation of the Jalovik Art Colony were: DK, Rok Bogataj, Mia Ćuk, Mihaela Vujnović, Danijela Mršulja Vasić i Milenko Vasić (Dim Tim), Robert Verch, Ilir Kaso and Branislav Nikolić.

Archaeological site of Jalovik from the time of August

The village of Jalovik is scattered over several different hills that look like a string of hills seen on the horizon in some two dimensional projection, but once you physically enter this horizon you realize that your brain has played trick on you and that those hills spread out along all axis. Since not so long ago, it was a custom of the Jalovik Art Colony for the artists to stay in the houses of villagers, scattered over the hills, Brana explained to us that a number of works stayed in those households as a token of gratitude of artists for the hospitality, and then he opened one door and showed us a hall literally packed with 39 years of Jalovik Colony history. It was hard for me to see a pile of works in such numbers (whatever their qual-

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ity), but one “what can you do” and one visit to the pool in the village of Vladimirci and arrival of the rest of the crew, completely erased the memory of that pile. At that time, I still did not understand why I had not noticed it ever again.

It is difficult to categorize my Jalovik work(ing). Mostly because it boiled down to the “practice of everyday life” (Michel de Certeau) and concentrated experience, rather than to a focused project, planned and realized in advance. (Mia Ćuk)

On the one of following pages of the 40th Jalovik Art Colony catalogue, you will read again the sentence that seems to me to be a summa summarum of this edition of the Colony, but also of all previous 39 and the following 40. The stay in Jalovik from one day to another took shape of unprepared performance with half-prepared actors, where even those things that were prepared seemed somehow stilted in the process of letting go in a situation that we quite accidentally materialized. It seemed to me that to every-

one with a plan, their goals seemed far away, but no one was excluded from the performance that poured over us – same as the deluge that fell on the third night on our porous shelter and washed away all electricity and water for some time, or as the rain of cleg bites during our bathing in the meanders of the River Sava. And while the rains have engendered their



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heroes, the absence of them in the first days of our stay has opened cracks in the earth. The environment opened up as an archaeological site before us and released the spirits of the past, and had us chase the spirits of the present among the remnants surrounded with hills. If you go down to the village you soon come across the interventions of life during the previous incarnations of the Colony and realize that it is not the feeling growing inside you that makes you special, but that the accumulation of those feelings makes us all special, at least for a period of those ten days. I cannot leave out the interventions of life that were taking place outside of ourselves, like the colony of wasps in our room, funeral

at the cemetery, villagers looking for the Registrar in our room in the early hours of the morning, youth gathering nearby in order to figure out what we are doing or not doing. And we were lying underneath the sun not doing anything or actively lying underneath the sun, listening to the speaker or looking through him, keeping silent about art or talking about anything else, roaming the village as if in some kind of quest or just walking.

Nevertheless, we kept great care of the hole that opened up in earth before our arrival and which became some kind of hearth and the place around which we gathered since DK started making cast of that crack from the first day of his arrival to Jalovik. Only recently did I realize that this cast was the proof of the size and shape of that hole that we filled in with our experiences of pilgrimage over the map of Jalovik during our stay there, the gift of Brana in case we got lost on the wrong hill. We have given our contribution to the archaeological site of Jalovik, but the new hole will open up to take its own time capsule, and I hope that the process will repeat itself indefinitely.

Not to forget, the works have probably ended in the hall underneath the staircase leading to the gallery, which cannot house the stories behind those works because they are much bigger and therefore are probably scattered around.

Dušan Savić

Rok Bogataj / Robert Verch



Mogao bih da opišem svoje iskustvo u Jalovičkoj likovnoj koloniji na sledeći način: neobično mesto i neobični ljudi i proces rada. Nikada ranije nisam iskusio situaciju u kojoj su radovi stalno u toku, gde se radi bez ikakvih obaveza, potpuno oslobođeno od vremena i prostora. Konačan rezultat je bio sjajan, jedinstven i doveo je do velike lične satisfakcije.

Moja izvorna ideja bila je da za vreme boravka u Jaloviku radim na nosećoj strukturi za točkove za potrebe instalacije *Vatromet točkova*. Svaka struktura je trebalo da bude napravljena od točkova bicikla i drvene strele dužine oko tri metra. Jednog dana, kada me je Robert Verch posetio u ateljeu, spontano je naslonio jednu strelu na zid. Zajedno smo došli do otkrića da ta dugačka strela savršeno odgovara njegovom projektu *Jalovik, o čemu se to ovde radi*. Naravno, odlučili smo da pokrenemo zajednički projekat koji bi kombinovao moj rad i njegov konceptualni pristup, uz performans.

Ekstrakcijom grafičkog znaka na trodimenzionalni objekat kojim se može lako rukovati, strela postaje objekat koji se može fizički naznačiti. Sveprisutni oblik strele sa uvećanim dimenzijama usmerava gledaoca na ironično posmatranje.

Vatromet točkova sastoji se od četiri točka bicikla postavljena na osi između dva potporna elementa i niza vatrometa koji su postavljeni na točkove. Snagom vatre, točkovi se okreću i pozivaju na žurku i proslavu četrdeset godina Jalovičke likovne kolonije.

Rok Bogataj

I can describe my experience in Jalovik Art Colony like: an unusual place, unusual people and unusual working process. I never before experienced a situation of a work constantly in progress without any obligations and a total freedom of time and space. The final result was amazing, unique and produced a huge personal satisfaction.

My original idea for the residence was to work on a wheel support structure for the *Wheels' Firework* installation. Each one of these structures was to be composed of a bicycle wheel and a wooden arrow approximately three meters long. One day, when Robert Verch came to visit me at the studio, he spontaneously placed one of the arrows against the wall. Together we realized that this long arrow was also the perfect match for his project *What's Your Point, Jalovik*. As follows, we decided to embark together on a common project that would combine my work and his conceptual approach, along with performance.

With extraction of graphic sign to a three-dimensional object that can be handled comfortably, the arrow becomes an object that can be indicated physically. The omnipresent form of arrows in enlarged dimension direct spectators to ironic representation.

The *Wheels' Firework* consists of four bicycle wheels placed on an axis pending between two support elements and a series of party fireworks attached to them. With the power of fire, the wheels turn around and indicate the party time and celebration of the forty years of the Jalovik Art Colony.

Rok Bogataj



Od 1978. godine umetnici redovno dolaze da rade u Jalovičkoj likovnoj koloniji. Inspiraciju pronalaze kolektivno. Pored umetničkih refleksija, razmišljao sam i o tome kako meštani doživljavaju njihovo rodno mesto. Da bih odgovorio na to pitanje, zamolio sam meštane da mi obeleže na mapi najzanimljivija i najuzbudljivija mesta u kraju. Sva obeležja su ukazivala na mesta koja se nalaze izvan okvira mape. Mišljenja su bila jednoglasna – samo mesto je ok, ali lepo i zanimljivo je negde drugde.

Zato smo Rok Bogataj i ja pokazali sve nevidljive znamenitosti Jalovika u zajedničkoj intervenciji i performansu.



Odigrali smo performans uveče, na otvaranju izložbe, duž puta koji ka njoj vodi

Robert Verch

Since 1978 artists regularly come to visit and work at Jalovik Art Colony. They find inspiration en masse. Besides the artistic reflections I was wondering: What image of their hometown do the locals have? To find out I asked the residents to mark the most interesting and most exciting places in the village on a map. All marks made pointed beyond the paper margin. The opinion was unanimous – the place was quite okay, but really nice and interesting was only elsewhere.

Therefore Rok Bogataj and I showed many invisible sights of Jalovik in a joint intervention and performance.

Our performance took place on the opening evening along the access road to the exhibition.

Robert Verch

RADOVI/WORKS

„Strele”, performans, drvene letve, šrafovi, dimenzije promenljive

„Točkovi”, vatromet, točkovi od bicikla, dimenzije promenljive

“Arrows”, performance, hardwood lumber, screws, dimensions variable

“Wheels”, fireworks, bicycles wheels, dimensions variable







Robert Verch

Born 04. 04. 1985 in Berlin. Lives and works in Chemnitz, Germany.

Works contextbased recently for Griesbadgalerie, Ulm, Stiftung Bauhaus, Dessau and Cynetart Festival, Dresden. Studied at Bauhaus University, Weimar – Diploma 2011.

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Rok Bogataj

Born in 1974 in Ljubljana (Slovenia). He graduated in 2002 at the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice. His work is expressed through different mediums such as sculpture, photography, video, sound and drawing. He is currently working on the traces, both as a form to investigate, and a proof of a more or less recent origin that we should remember. His work was presented in various solo and group exhibitions since 1997 (Slovenia, Serbia, Croatia, Italy, France, Finland, Brazil, Lithuania, Switzerland, Japan). He lives and works between Ljubljana and Paris.

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Heroji u oluji – u 64 slike

Moje jalovičko delo(vanje) problematično je za kategorizaciju. Najviše zbog toga što se ono svodilo na „praksu svakodnevnog života” (Mišel de Serto) i koncentrisanog doživljavanja, pre nego na fokusirani projekat, unapred planiran i realizovan. Rad koji je bio izložen u galeriji Doma kulture nije projekat, već „zamah”, „brzopeti odgovor” i „manifest trenutku”.

U Jaloviku sam realizovala jedan nadrealan sedmodnevni život sa još trinaest ljudi sa kojima mi je stanak pao teško kao masivno kamenje iz dvorišta Doma kulture na kojem smo sušili peškire, ostavljali flaše i voće, podupirali alat, radove i misli, u razgovorima se naslanjali. To monolitno kamenje je zapravo rad, koliko se sećam, italijanskog skulptora i predstavlja fragmente jednog stopala. To ovekovečeno stopalo je verovatno najsrećnija nepoznata skulptura u istoriji.

Problem sa Jalovikom bilo je vreme kojeg smo imali na pretek (ponekad uvodeći popodnevne sijeste kao poseban oblik rada), ali koje je počelo tajno da nas izdaje, svakim danom se ubrzavajući, do trenutka mog preranog odlaska. Jedna mala drama sa početka kolonije – iznenadno nevreme, poplava i nestanak struje, jedno savršeno nepredviđeno, označila je ono što je bezbroj puta i u bezbroj oblika kroz istoriju pokušano da se definiše – želju da trenutak ne prođe. Razbiti fotografiju nastalu u sekundi takvog dešavanja na 64 fragmenta je ništa drugo do neuspeli trik da se vreme zavarava, pomalo oduži, zamoli za milost, produži rok trajanja, znajući da je takav zahtev više nego sulud.

Autor fotografije i prvog dela naziva instalacije je Branislav Nikolić.

Ako su neke od nas umetničko obrazovanje, institucije, galerije, rezidencije, akademije, aplikacije, odbijene aplikacije, prihvaćene aplikacije, teorije, samoteoretizovanje, školovanje, doškoloavanje – sistematski porobili, izdajući se kao lažni vidovi samospoznaje, onda nas je likovna kolonija u Jaloviku sasvim sigurno oslobodila.

Kao fantastična nepredviđena oluja desio se JLK 40.

RADOVI/WORKS

„Heroji u oluji – u 64 slike”, prostorna instalacija,
dimenzije promenljive
„Glass Grass”, fotografija u boji, 60 × 40 cm

“Heroes in the Storm – in 64 frames”, space installation,
dimensions variable
“Glass Grass”, color photograph, 60 × 40 cm



Heroes in the Storm – in 64 frames

It is difficult to categorize my Jalovik work(ing). Mostly because it boiled down to the “practice of everyday life” (Michel de Certeau) and concentrated experience, rather than to a focused project, planned and realized in advance. The work that was exhibited in the gallery at the Culture Centre of Jalovik therefore was not a project, but a “swing”, a “hasty response” or simply a “manifest of the moment”.

Still, in Jalovik I have lived one surreal seven day’s life with thirteen other people, with whom I had hard time parting, hard as those massive stones in the yard of the Culture Centre, on which we dried our towels, on which we kept our bottles and fruit and which supported our tools, works in progress and thoughts and on which we leant in existential conversations. Those monolithic stones are actually a piece of art, by an Italian sculptor, as I recall, and represent fragments of a human foot. This immortalized foot is probably the happiest unknown sculpture in history.

The problem in Jalovik was that of Time, which we had in abundance (sometimes practicing an afternoon siesta as a specific form of activity), but which had secretly started betraying us, accelerating with every new day, to the point of my premature departure. One small drama at the beginning of the colony – a sudden rain storm, flood and power shortage, one perfect unforeseen event, signifying that fatalistic feeling which – in countless art forms and on countless occasions throughout history has been described, but never fully grasped – desire that the present moment never comes to pass. Therefore, to break the photograph created in an instance of such a grandiose event into 64 fragments is nothing more than a failed attempt to cheat the time, to negotiate with it, beg for little mercy, extend the expiration date of joy, knowing that it is all futile.

The author of the photograph and of the first part of my work’s title is Branimir Nikolić.

If some of us have been systematically enslaved by artistic education, institutions, galleries, residencies, academies, applications, rejected applications, accepted applications, theories, self-theoretisation, disciplined schooling, further education, routine and order – then Jalovik certainly liberated us.

JLK 40 struck us as a fantastic unforeseen storm.





Mia Ćuk

Rođena je 1988. godine u Novom Sadu, gde trenutno živi i radi.

Osnovne diplomske studije završila je na Akademiji umetnosti u Novom Sadu, a master studije fotografije na Univerzitetu Vestminster u Londonu 2013. godine.

Njena praksa može se posmatrati kao „skoro fotografska“ u kojoj medij fotografije koristi za viđenje previđenog pre nego za dokumentovanje vidljivog. Skorašnja istraživanja usmerava ka materijalnosti fotografskih prikaza i sadržaja, sa posebnim interesovanjem za gestove brisanja i nestajanja slika. Koristi amatersku tehnologiju i vernakularne fotografske materijale kao što su slajdovi i nađene fotografije, a često svoje radove prikazuje u formi fragmenata i nedovršenih instalacija.

Učestvovala je na brojnim izložbama, rezidencijalnim boravcima i projektima u zemlji i inostranstvu, a neke od skorijih izložbi uključuju: *Brod je iznutra potonuo*, galerija Artget, Kulturni centar Beograda, *To Die Out Laughing*, 23. internacionalno bijenale humora i satire, Gabrovo, *Material Light*, Srishti Outpost, Koči Muziris bijenale, Indija, *Gif i gradovi*, galerija Podroom, Kulturni centar Beograda, *Drugačiji svetovi – mlada savremena fotografija*, galerija Photon, Ljubljana, *Eikaiwa*, Gradska galerija, Požega, Izložba finalista nagrade „Dimitrije Bašičević Mangelos“, galerija Remont, Beograd, *Where I am Not/Unaddressed*, Dom omladine Beograda, *One night show(s)*, galerija Fakulteta likovnih umetnosti, Beograd, *Opipljiva svetlost*, galerija Podroom, Kulturni centar Beograda, *The One Who Became The Color on a Flag*, galerija Anya & Andrew Shiva, Njujork, *Light Chronicles*, Obsolete Studios at The Old Lookout, Broadstairs, Kent, *Psychogeography*, ArtHub Gallery, London.

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Umetnička kolaborativna grupa Dim Tim

JLK kolonijalni eksperiment je na prepad u naše živote uveo vanredno stanje, postali smo takoreći skvo-teri (squatters) u prvom post-socijalističkom art squat-u Srbije. To iskustvo na ruinama katedrale kolektivizma ostavilo je konverzacioni kontekst, zapise i tragove koje često evociramo, ostavilo je i vrednost novih poznanstava i dve dobre izložbe, u Jaloviku i Beogradu. Rado se setimo tih dana i pričamo o JLK, o selu u kome najbolje rastu umetnici... pričamo o tome i u dalekom Vijetnamu. Čosino i Đenino prisustvo je bilo „neprimetno“... uvek su bili tu, na pravom mestu i u pravom trenutku. Friendly atmosfera je bila autentična i sa dimenzijom humaniteta koji je nažalost danas sve ređi.

Rad *Continuum* čini multipl od sedam elemenata, akrilika na platnu ukupne dimenzije 100 × 600 cm. Bave se prevođenjem trodimenzionalnih predstava i objekata u dvodimenzionalna rešenja sa ciljem da konstruišu vibrantne prostore transformacije vizuelnih elemenata. Ta za oko agresivna rešenja u sebi kriju optičke zamke.

Multiplikovana *Mebijusova traka* je ovde metafora za *post truth* fenomen.

Neki komentatori tvrde da živimo u post-truth eri, eri umetnosti laganja i naknadne istine, a prema Oksfordovom rečniku post-truth je 2016. bila reč godine. Da li smo kao slobodni ljudi odlučili da želimo da živimo u post-truth svetu sa pretpostavkom da je sama istina postala irelevantna, u svetu u kome se u beskonačnom nizu vrte lažne vesti baš kao što se Mebijusova traka poigrava sa posmatračem koji pokušava da pronikne gde je njen početak a gde kraj i šta je tu lice a šta naličje.

Causis forensibus – *Forenzik* je akrilik na papiru, smešten u drveni ram košnice za pčele dimenzija 41,2 × 50,4 × 24,2 cm koji predstavlja forenzički nalaz o učinjenom delu. Tom priklikom je nastao i kratki animirani film.

U potrazi za alternativnim javnim prostorima Dim Tim kroz različite medije, promoviše i svoj novi umetnički diskurs. U parku skulptura u Jaloviku realizovan je rad *Solis horologium 44° 37' 09" N 19° 50' 00" E*, funkcionalni sunčani sat sa metalnom konstrukcijom postavljenom na grubo klesanom kamenu dimenzija 130 × 100 × 50 cm.

Poigravajući se i ovog puta sa semantičkom kontekstualizacijom i ambivalencijom crvene boje, kao i posledicama redefinicije preuzetih istorijskih modela, Dim Tim koristi crveni kvadrat (Maljevič), crveni forenzički otisak desne ruke i dve tkanine spuštene sa oronulog balkona nekadašnjeg Doma kulture u Jaloviku. To je scenski okvir za re-enacting proslava godišnjica rođenja i/ili smrti, početaka i/ili krajeva, pobeda i/ili poraza, dakle svega što se slavilo i još uvek slavi na ovim prostorima pa i jubilej 40 JLK.





RADOVI/WORKS

„Continuum“, poliptih, akrilik na platnu, 100 × 600 cm

„Causis forensibus – forenzik“, akrilik na papiru, drvo,
41,2 × 50,4 × 24,2 cm

„Solis horologium 44° 37' 09" N 19° 50' 00" E“, sunčani
časovnik, kamen, metal, 130 × 100 × 50 cm

„Dve crvene tkanine“, satenske trake, 400 × 150 cm

“Continuum”, polyptych, acrylic on canvas, 100 × 600 cm

“Causis forensibus – forensic”, acrylic on paper, wood,
41.2 × 50.4 × 24.2 cm

“Solis horologium 44° 37' 09" N 19° 50' 00" E”, sun clock, stone,
metal, 130 × 100 × 50 cm

“Two red fabrics”, satin ribbons, 400 × 150 cm



JLK colonial experiment out of the blue instituted emergency situation in our lives, we became some kind of squatters in the first post-socialist art squat in Serbia. This experience on the ruins of the cathedral of collectivism left behind conversational contexts, often evoked records and traces, it left behind the value of new friendships and two good exhibitions in Jalovik and Belgrade. We evoke with fondness those days and talk about Jalovik, about the village that best grows artists... we talk about it even in the far Vietnam. Ćosa's and Đena's presence was "seamless"... always in the right place at the right time. Friendly atmosphere was authentic and contained the dimension of humanity that is nowadays unfortunately becoming scarcer.

The work *Continuum* is a multiple of seven segments, acrylics on canvas total dimension of which is 100 × 600 cm. It deals with transposition of three-dimensional representations and objects into two-dimensional solutions with a view of constructing vibrant spaces for transformation of visual elements. This aggressive-on-the-eye solution hides optical traps inside.

Multiplied *Möbius strip* represents here the metaphor for *post truth* phenomenon.

Some commentators claim we are living in the post-truth era, era of the art of lying and of post-truth, and in accordance with the Oxford dictionary post-truth was the word of the year in 2016. Have we, as free individuals, decided to live in the post-truth world on the assumption that the truth itself has become irrelevant in the world in which fake news are endlessly repeated just like Möbius strip plays with the eye of the beholder trying to find out where it begins and where it ends and what is the inside and what is the outside.

Causis forensibus – Forensic is acrylic on paper placed inside the wooden frame of the beehive, dimensions $41.2 \times 50.4 \times 24.2$ cm representing forensic findings about perpetrated act. A short animated movie was prepared on that occasion.



In quest for alternative public spaces, Dim Tim is also promoting his new artistic discourse through different media. In the sculpture park in Jalovik, the work *Solis horologium 44° 37' 09" N 19° 50' 00" E* was realized, functional sundial with metal construction set up on a carved stone, dimensions $130 \times 100 \times 50$ cm.

Playing again with the semantic contextualization and ambivalence of red colour as well as with redefinitions of co-opted historical models, Dim Tim uses red square (Malevich), red forensic print of the right hand and two cloths hanging from the decrepit balcony of the former Culture Centre in Jalovik. This is a scenic frame for re-enacting of the celebrations of birth and/or death, beginnings and/or endings, victories and/or defeats, that is, all that was celebrated and is still celebrated in these regions, as well as the celebration of the 40th jubilee of Jalovik Art Colony.

Umetnička kolaborativna grupa Dim Tim

Danijela Mršulja Vasić i Milenko Vasić, vizuelni umetnici koji rade zajedno u različitim medijima (slika, skulptura, fotografija i instalacija), spojili su 2011. godine svoje poetike i iskustva u Umetničku kolaborativnu grupu Dim Tim.

Jedanaest samostalnih, jedanaest grupnih izložbi, devet murala/zidnih slika i skulpture u javnom prostoru, realizovali su u Srbiji, Crnoj Gori, Bosni i Hercegovini, Austriji, Italiji, Nemačkoj, Francuskoj i Vijetnamu.

Izgradili su sve svoje reprezentativne cikluse *Metamorfoze* (Alibi za retoriku utopijske arhitekture), *Cripto*, *Post War*, *Clone*, *City* i *Echo*, na, i oko jednostavnog oblika kocke kao aksioma i operativnog modula, vektora za utopijsku arhitekturu. Najbliže određenje za formalne uzore Dim Tima i moguću plastičku apropijaciju elemenata je umetnost međuratne avangarde kao i interdisciplinarna komunikacija aktera i dela delotvorno organizovanih oko institucije Bauhauusa.

U svojoj umetničkoj praksi Dim Tim se bavi utopijom, istorizacijom umetnosti i mogućnostima komunikacije među ljudima i različitim kulturama u vreme brze individualizacije koje je podstaknuto novim tehnologijama, društvenim mrežama i virtuelnim svetovima. Oni komentarišu nove odnose i ponašanje u modernim aglomeracijama, analiziraju otuđenje prostora u habitatima, tražeći alternativne javne prostore za izlaganje različitih umetničkih praksi, i promovišu nove umetničke diskurse.

U tom smislu, Dim Tim je autentični analitičar mnoštva procesa u svetu i unutar kulturne sredine u kojoj se kreće i na taj način evocira kreativnost, mišljenje i sve ono što je podsticajno u protivrečnostima društvenih prilika u kojima živimo.

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Moja draga jalovička porodico!

U autobusu sam na sedištu pored prozora.

Putujem sa puno lepih utisaka. Pun mesec mi pravi društvo, a tamna linija pejzaža služi mi kao podloga da iscrtavam divna lica iz Jalovika. Vidim nas sve kako radimo pod jarkim suncem, kako se smejemo i plešemo pod magičnim svetlom crvenog meseca. Mogu da dozovem naša lica niz koja se slivaju blistave suze zajedno sa kišnim kapima nakon oluje. Uživao sam u svakom trenutku sreće koju sam doživeo sa svakim od vas. Zato sam odlučio da krenem na put autobusom i da se ponovo nađem sa vama u Beogradu. Srećan sam što sam to uradio, sada se vraćam kući pun dobre energije i divnih uspomena.

Recikliranje propagandnog materijala je bio projekat koji sam imao na umu za Jalovik. Ali uslovi rada na tom mestu ruše bilo kakav prethodno pripremljen koncept.

Instalacija pod imenom *Zvanična veličina i težina* ima za cilj da sruši predstavu o prihvaćenom sistemu jedne međunarodne igre. Promenom težine lopte i udaljenosti koša, dobija se metafora utopije.

Voleo bih da mogu da provedem više vremena sa vama, ali Vjosa (moja ćerka) me čeka, očekuje da čuje par priča pred spavanje, a ovog puta mogu da joj ispričam jednu predivnu priču.



Nekada davno, u malom selu pod imenom Jalovik, generacijama je postojala jedna umetnička kolonija. Ova kolonija još uvek obitava tamo i svake godine okuplja umetnike iz celog sveta. Ljudi ih nazivaju Sanjarima...

Doviđenja svima, nadam se da ćemo se uskoro ponovo sresti.

Iilir

My dear Jalovik family!

I'm in the bus now at the window seat.

I have a lot of beautiful memories. A full moon accompanies me and a dark line of the landscape allows me to draw the beautiful faces of Jalovik. I can see all of us working under the glowing sun, smiling and dancing under the beautiful light of the red moon. I can see our faces with shiny tears mixed with raindrops after the storm. I enjoyed every moment of happiness with every one of you. That's why I decided to take the bus and meet you again in Belgrade. I'm happy I did that, now I'm going back home full of good energy and some beautiful moments to remember.

Recycling propaganda material was the project I had in mind before coming at Jalovik Art Colony. But working conditions there break any topic you prepared before.

The installation called *Official size and weight* tends to break the formal system of an international game. By changing the weight of the ball and distance of the basket, it gives us a metaphor of utopia.

I wish I could spend more time with you but Vjosa (my daughter) is waiting for me, she wants to hear some tales before going to sleep and this time I have a beautiful one to tell.

Once upon a time, in a small village called Jalovik, there was an Art Colony during generations. This colony still lives there and every year assembles artists from all over the world. The people call them The Dreamers...

Goodbye to all of you, hope to see you soon.

Iilir

RADOVI/WORKS

„Manifesto“, ručno izrađeni papir, 51 × 34 cm

„Zvanična veličina i težina“, košarkaška lopta, beton, koš, lanac, dimenzije promenljive

“Manifesto”, hand-made paper, 51 × 34 cm

“Official size and weight”, basket-ball, concrete, basket, chain, dimensions variable



Ilir Kaso

Born in 1982 in Përmet, Albania. He graduated in 2005 from the Academy of Arts in Tirana. He is a multimedia artist, refining his own visual and conceptual vocabulary that emerged through his focus on a triangle between art, anthropology and activism. For Kaso, the introspective experience of labor becomes both his process and his subject. His creativity is merely a continuous bridge towards the “small” family world and the big consumers' one of unclear values.

He lives in Tirana and works as a lecturer at the University of Arts of Tirana.

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Jalovik mi je pružio ono za čim sam žudeo toliko dugo da sam zaboravio da to uopšte postoji. Za samo nekoliko trenutaka sam se prepustio tom čudesnom mestu i svi prethodno smišljeni planovi pali su u vodu. Neokaljan društvenim diktatima, bezvremenski i bezprostorni, omogućio mi je da se odmorim od predumišljaja, oživeo me za intenzitet trenutka i za razigrani tok koji se hranio interakcijom sa novim kolegama, sav u osećanju za ovo mesto koje se krije pročišćeno meditacijom generacijama unazad ispod svoje oronule fasade.

Sećanje na 40. jalovičku koloniju će uvek izmamiti blagi osmeh na mom licu.

Moja umetnička praksa u Jaloviku najbolje se može tumačiti kao „beleške iz Dnevnika“.

Odmah nakon dolaska po vrelom danu, smatra se da je to leto bilo najtoplije u novijoj istoriji, spaljena zemlja me je „zamolila“ da zabeležim njenu nemu žeđ. U fotografskom maniru, počeo sam da radim na negativnom/praznom prostoru i „pretvorio“ ga u pozitivan/trodimenzionalni prostor skulpture – grafikon koji sam nazvao *Žeđ antropocena*.

Naša je kolonija provodila srećne dane među monumentalnim kamenim skulpturama, koje su nam jalovički preci ostavili tamo da bdiju nad nama. Budući da je moj prvi rad bila skulptura, pitao sam se da li bih mogao da preokrenem metod i da iskoristim postojeću skulpturu i ponovo je izvajam uz pomoć fotografije? Rezultat su bili *Nilski konji*. Oni su stidljivi. Preobražaj se dešava samo noću. Pokretač transformacije je svetlost.

Činilo se da je jedino što Jalovik deli sa spoljnim svetom – nebo, koje nas je uvodilo u toliko različitih raspoloženja koliko je to bilo moguće za tako kratko vreme. Doživeli smo zastrašujuće vrućine, divlje vetrove, poplave i temperature koje bi naglo padale za 20 stepeni da bi opet ponovo rasle. Jednog jutra dok sam jeo sardine, iznenadila me je spoznaja šta (je to što) mi svi znamo. U maniru antropocena, ukazujem na to šta je rečeno ali, nažalost, toliko puta da se pretvorilo u šalu. Nazvao sam je *Ozbiljna šala*.



Jalovik gave me what I was longing for so long I forgot it existed. In matter of minutes I was immersed in this wondrous place and all premeditated plans fell apart. Unstained with social dictate, indeed eluding time and space themselves, it allowed me pause from premeditated work, revived me to intensity of the moment and therefore playful flow, nourished by interaction with new colleagues, all feeling for the place that behind its ruinous camouflage seemed purified with meditation of generations.

There will always be tiny smile on my face when I remember JLK 40.

My artistic practice in Jalovik is best read as "Dairy notes".

Immediately at the arrival on a hot day of, they say, the hottest summer in recent history, sun scorched earth "asked me" if I could record her silent thirst. In photographic practice I started to work on the negative/empty space and "developed" it into the positive/three dimensional space of sculpture – diagram I call *Thirst of the Anthropocene*.

Our colony spent it's happy days among monumental stone sculptures, left to watch over us by our Jalovik ancestors. Since my first work happened to be a sculpture, I wondered if I could reverse the method and use existing sculpture and re-sculpture it with photography? The result were *Hippos*. They are shy. The metamorphosis takes place only at night. The transformational force is light.



RADOVI/WORKS

„Žed antropocena“, beton, 130 × 24 × 18 cm

„Nilski konji“, digitalna fotografija, 70 × 50 cm

„Ozbiljna šala“, limena konzerva, udica, konac, 10 × 6 × 3 cm

“Thirst of the Anthropocene”, concrete, 130 × 24 × 18 cm

“Hippos”, digital photograph, 70 × 50 cm

“Serious Joke”, metal can, fish-hook, thread, 10 × 6 × 3 cm

It seemed that the only thing Jalovik shared with the outside world was the sky, which introduced us to as many different moods as it can possibly muster in such a short time. We were shown scorching heat, wild wind, floods and temperature plummeting for 20 degrees just to rise back again. One morning while having sardines I had a quick notion about what (do) we all know. In the Anthropocene manner I am pointing to what was said, to no avail, so many times that it turned into a joke. I call it a *Serious Joke*.



Damjan Kocjančič

DK (1970) works mainly in the field of photography. He uses the medium to investigate what remains unseen, hidden beyond apparent reality. In his recent work he meditates on dispassion, loss of memory/identity and the ambivalence of failure. In pursue of those points of interest his practice transforms the gesture of looking into an empty gaze, allowing him to resort to language of emotional and direct experience resulting in what can be seen as "undisclosed" photographs.

His work was presented internationally at many solo and group exhibitions.

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Svojom vremenski ograničenom izolovanošću Jalovik na mnogo načina pruža umetnicima poseban osećaj slobode, dinamičnosti i jednostavnosti. Prepustivši se punoj slobodi Jalovika, otvorila su mi se vrata jedne (ne)realnosti, kako u radu tako i u svakodnevnom životu kolonije, a sticaj različitih osećaja i iskustava u saživotu sa ostalim umetnicima pružio mi je poseban podsticaj i energiju za rad. Skica koju sam donela u Jalovik, sa planom da je tokom boravka realizujem, izgledala mi je na prvi pogled sasvim neostvarivo, imajući u vidu da je predstavljala objekat sačinjen od više različitih materijala. Nakon što sam odustala od te ideje, većina potrebnog materijala je sasvim spontano našla put do mene...



RADOVI/WORKS

„Bez naziva I“, ugljen, tuš i pastel na papiru,
100 × 70 cm

„Bez naziva II“, ugljen, tuš i pastel na papiru,
100 × 70 cm

„Bez naziva III“, ugljen, tuš i pastel na papiru,
100 × 70 cm

„Važno je biti iskren“, kamen, metal, plastika,
100 × 50 × 30 cm

“Untitled I”, charcoal, ink and pastel on
paper, 100 × 70 cm

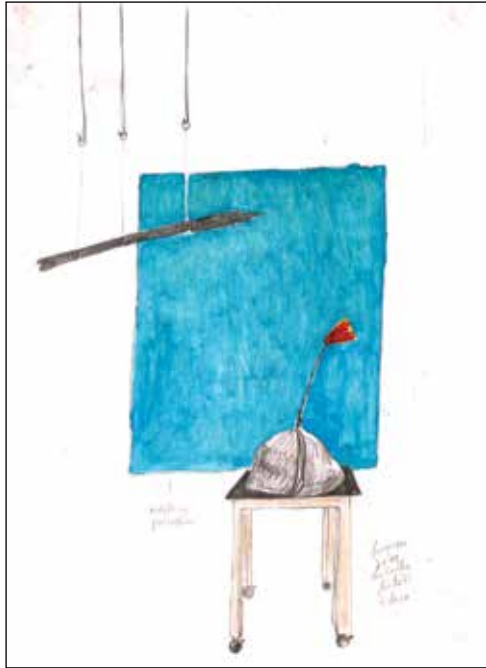
“Untitled II”, charcoal, ink and pastel on
paper, 100 × 70 cm

“Untitled III”, charcoal, ink and pastel on
paper, 100 × 70 cm

“The Importance of Being Honest”, stone,
metal, plastic, 100 × 50 × 30 cm



With its isolation limited in time, Jalovik offers to artists a special feeling of freedom, dynamicity and simplicity in many different ways. By indulging in this total freedom of Jalovik, I ended up in some sort of (un)reality both in my work and in my everyday life in the colony, and the combination of different feelings and experiences that came from sharing life with other artists, gave me special motivation and energy for work. A sketch that I brought with me to Jalovik and that I planned to work on during my stay, seemed at first glance completely unrealistic to me, because it represented an object for which I needed different materials. Soon after I gave up on this idea, most of the material I needed, spontaneously found their way to me...



Mihaela Vujnović

I was born in Croatia, grew up in Belgrade and was educated in art in Serbia and France. These diverse experiences have had a profound effect on my development as an artist and the central thread that runs through my whole practice is the idea of diversity both in terms of the mediums I use and with respect to the manner of expression. For that reason, my works convey their meaning in a language of pure art, they rely on dealing with creatural issues and completely disregard the concepts of theme and object. In my works I aim to create an atmosphere of pulsation whereby I seek to bring together the rational and the perceptive, the concrete and the intimate in work, ultimately inviting the spectators to reassess the repetitive nature of our everyday lives.

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Branislav Nikolić

U seriji radova *Mape*, Branislav Nikolić koristi mape sa Gugla (Google Maps) kako bi odredio tačne konture geografskog pojma (grada, sela, države, kontinenta, ili samo određenog kvarta) koji za njega ima značaj ili određuje njegov život na neki način. Zatim te konture prenosi na pripremljeni drveni reljef i ise-ca njihov oblik testerom, turpija ih, šmirgla, sređuje, sve dok ne dobije željenu formu. Reljefe pravi pretežno od drvenog materijala pronađenog na ulicama upravo tog kvarta, sela, grada, kontinenta...



RAD/WORK

„Mapa (Jalovik)”, drvo, 110 × 180 × 6 cm

“Map (Jalovik)”, wood, 110 × 180 × 6 cm

In the series of works *Maps*, Branislav Nikolić uses Google Maps in order to define precise contours of the geographical concept (town, village, continent or particular district) which has a special meaning for him or determines his life in some way. Then, he applies those contours to the already prepared wooden reliefs and cuts their shape with a saw, works on them with flat file and sand paper, until he achieves the desired form. He makes the reliefs mostly from wooden material found on the streets of a neighborhood, village, town, continent...



Branislav Nikolić

Rođen je 1970. godine u Šapcu.

Diplomirao je na Akademiji umetnosti u Novom Sadu na odseku slikarstva 1996. godine. Magistrirao je na postdiplomskim studijama na akademiji Dutch Art Institute, Enschede, Holandija, 2001. godine. Magistrirao je na Akademiji umetnosti u Novom Sadu 2002. godine. Imao je brojne samostalne i kolektivne izložbe u zemlji i inostranstvu.

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DEČJA RADIONICA/CHILDREN'S WORKSHOP



Postoji jedno mesto koje, i kada nas u avgustu iznenade oluja i kiša, ostaje vedro. Mesto gde se razvija dečja kreativnost, ukrštaju fine linije, kroje nežne konture, mešaju topli i hladni tonovi boja. To je Dečja likovna radionica u Jaloviku.

Ovog avgusta su deca, inspirisana svetom životinja, stvarala svoj veseli svet. Druženjem, učenjem, kombinovanjem različitih likovnih tehnika, nastajala je prava umetnost.

Posetioci dečje izložbe bili su ozareni, sa osmehom i sjajem u očima. Posmatrali su okačene radove u prirodi, uz cvrkut ptica, zvuk gitare i divne stihove Branke Banić. Ni kiša ni vetar ne bi mogli da pokvare tu oazu satkanu od mašte mališana, iskrenosti, talenta...

Učesnici likovne radionice su nam potvrdili to da je umetnost univerzalna, spontana, jača od svakog nevremena i plemenita u svako vreme.

Još jedan avgust je prošao, ostali su vedri dečji radovi i poziv da se okupimo i narednog avgusta u Jaloviku.

Ana Gemaljević, koordinator Dečje radionice



There is one place that remains bright, even when surprised with the storm and rain in August. It is a place where child's creativity is developed, where fine lines intersect, gentle contours are shaped, warm and cold hues mix together. It is Children's Workshop in Jalovik.

Inspired by animal world, the children created their own merry world this August. While they were hanging out, studying, combining different techniques, the real art was coming into being.

The visitors of the children exhibition were smiling with radiant faces and glowing eyes. They were watching pieces hung in nature, with the chirping of the birds, sounds of guitar and wonderful verses of Branka Banić in the background. Not even rain or wind could spoil this oasis weaved of children imagination, honesty, talent...

Participants of this art workshop have confirmed for us that the art is universal, spontaneous, stronger than any tempest and noble in any hour.

One more August has passed, what remained were children artwork and invitation to get together next August in Jalovik.

Ana Gemaljević, Children's Workshop co-ordinator







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