1. Around 6:30 the winter ended.

2. Have you heard the argument?
   Is there no offense in't?

3. MOTHER

   When you're anemic even the mosquitos won't bite you and
   your mother's not here gliding slowly across the sky, leaving a
   white trail in a big chair turned upside down while they're
   cleaning around you and you get a big marble...

   ... as the phone line is your umbilical cord.

   ...and they all talked about Joujou's orgasm.

4. Smells like summer
   mild soft draft
   in which small scent hovers
   Smells like summer

5. MOTHER

   When you're anemic even the mosquitos won't bite you and
   your mother's not here gliding slowly across the sky, leaving a
   white trail in a big chair turned upside down while they're
   cleaning around you and you get a big marble...

   ... as the phone line is your umbilical cord.

   ...and they all talked about Joujou's orgasm.

4. Smells like summer
   mild soft draft
   in which small scent hovers
   Smells like summer

5. MOTHER

   When you're anemic even the mosquitos won't bite you and
   your mother's not here gliding slowly across the sky, leaving a
   white trail in a big chair turned upside down while they're
   cleaning around you and you get a big marble...

   ... as the phone line is your umbilical cord.

   ...and they all talked about Joujou's orgasm.
Superman & Robin Hood are still alive in Hollywood.
_A folk song on Radio Ljubljana_
19-20. 6. 83

On October 21, 83, around 4 AM I had this morbid dream. It was so scary I woke up. There were some people from life after death. I was afraid to go back to sleep, but also to get up. I started reading a book. I read a chapter from “Belgrade for Beginners” by Bogdan Tirkonić. I knew it was an upbeat book and it would cheer me up. Then I fell asleep.

21. 10. 83

The object of war is not simply to kill, but to convince the survivors to submit.

He kissed her and said:
- “Politics”,
like the newspaper.

“The question is,” said Alice, “whether you can make words mean so many different things.”

“The question is,” said Humpty Dumpty, “which is to be master - that’s all.”
10.

UP TO 103

CONTENTS
Introduction VII
Acconci 2-7
Atkinson 8-21
Atkinson, Bainbridge, Baldwin, Hurrel 22-25
Bainbridge 26-31
Baldessari 32-33
Barry 34-41
Barthelme 42-43
Batcocks 44-45
Becher, B. and H. 46-49
Bochner 50-59
Buren 60-77
Burgin 78-87
Burgy 88-91
Burn 92-95

II.

TASTES OF ROOMS

Some strange tastes of rooms
come over me
and pull me back
to the childhood
of huge things.

ВКУСОВИ НА СОБИ

Некои чудни вкусови на соби
ме обземаат
и ме влечат назад
во детството
на огромни предмети.
&

ЗАБ, МОЛЕЦ,

Кој страх е толку голем да исполни цел стан?

&

TOOTH, MOTH

What fear is so big to fill up a whole apartment?

&

Зопего се која соба мора да има шифоньер-близници?

&

Why does every room have to have twin-wardrobes?

12.

Рокусај nije uspio, ali je обдукција дала занимљиве реzuлтате.

12.

The attempt failed, but the autopsy gave interesting results.

&

Голем број материја кој човекот предизвикува горчив вкус.

13.

Numerous substances provoke bitter taste in humans.

Од еден резерваритет прпенетиран на 22. Конгрес на Антрополошко-етнолошко друштво на Југославија

From a paper presented at the 22nd Congress of the Anthropological Society of Yugoslavia

13.

СУМЕРЊА УЛИЦА

Прозорци отворени нанадвор како крила од пеперути. И луѓе меѓу нив пливаат во крелнат воздух.

&

SUMMER STREET

Windows open outwards like butterfly wings. And people between them swimming in the hot air.
14. There are two sects in this religion. According to one there is no God, while according to the other there is no God.

15. THE MANIFESTO OF THE CONCEPTUALISTS

This is the manifesto of the conceptualists.

16. Precisely with deference to these higher goals, an exceptional, insightful, highly original psychoanalytic study by Hugo Klaín The War Neurosis of the Yugoslavians, in which the author analyzes the behavior of our veterans since 1943 and after the war had the bitter fate of most critical works:

17. With a shriek birds flee across the black sky, people are silent, my blood aches from waiting.

18. I SAW A NUN BEGGING
I saw a nun begging.
God, I saw a nun begging.

20. Nobody's young no more!

21. FEELING
Sometimes, at night, as I type in the empty apartment, my back to the door, I have a feeling there's someone behind me. Just like now.

22. I am different.
I can't stand pain.
Pain hurts me.

23. Bureaucracy is a new ruling stratum, 12-15% of the population. Its main concern is to preserve the Status Quo at home and abroad. It favors change only if necessary to preserve its powers.

24. NO POEMS
No poems for this world
on this day
of empty P.O. Boxes
and C.O.D. air.

5. 4. 81
- I like the image of the world as forgotten by all, as waiting for a message that someone/something cares about it.
- It leaves a lot to your imagination.
- I like its simplicity, more images perhaps.
- Good rhythm. More poetic tension.
- Very different, but creative/imaginative.
- Probably the weirdest poem in the world, but I can relate to it.
- It makes me want to tear you into a hundred pieces and mail you C.O.D.

25.

PORTRETOT NA MARKUS

Мразам сентиментални романчиња, ама мајка му на Маркус стварно умре.
У напата кућа се влегуваше од кадвор, по дрењени скали кон вода да мини-тераса и низ животна врата у претседбје, па у две соби од кон едната беше премала, а другата на пат кон клозетот.
Маркус живееше у соседната кућа. Ни даваше да земеме филцани од неговата гараж. Татко му беше славен оти ги направил скулптурите пред библиотеката, на ридното, кај кон фотографираше и без да знам дека се од татко му на Маркус. Маркус ми помагаше да ја напишам смислата на мојот филм - ја пишувах како графити на задната фасада од куќата со лъжлив крео, а после ја наврив, за најпосле да не ја употребам, сакав непшто помазно.
Маркус сликаше, а и не се бавевме со салто. Тука имаше и еден манијак кој ги следеше женските и им смиркаше, а и дома им влегол, чак и ја еднав го видов. Куката беше крпата. Имаше ствари од сите нас. У претседбјето спиеа двајца, у малото собе уште двајца со куче, а иве двајца у собата што беше на патот кон клозетот. Се разбудив и го видов со бледо лице на вратата. Мислев дека спиеа, па се кутнах во кревет, ама така се дигнах. Беше отиден, ама знаев дека бил тука.
Маркус сликаше портрет на мајка му. Мене не ми се свргаше портретот. Маркус ни даваше да се јавуваме од куј него по телефон. Кога го барав изгубениот пасош се утешав

25.

MARCUS’ PORTRAIT

I hate sentimental novels, but Marcus’ mother really died.
The entrance to our place was on the outside, up wooden stairs leading to a mini-porch, and through a screen door to a living room, then into two rooms, one of which was too small, and the other one on the way to the bathroom.
Marcus lived next door. He was letting us borrow coffee cups from his garage. His father was famous because he’d made the sculptures in front of the library, on the little hill, where I was taking pictures, not even knowing they were by Marcus’ father. Marcus was helping me write the credits for my film – I wrote them with purple crayon on the back of the house like graffiti, then shot them, but didn’t use them, I wanted something slicker.
Marcus was painting, and we were doing all kinds things.
There was also this lunatic who was following the girls and whistling after them, plus got inside their place. Even I saw him once. The house was packed. There was stuff belong to all of us. Two slept in the living room, two with a dog in the little room, and the two of us in the room on the way to the bathroom. I woke up and saw his pale face at the door. I thought I was sleeping, so I fell back to bed, but I got up right away. He was gone, but I knew he been there.
Marcus was painting his mother’s portrait. I didn’t like the portrait. Marcus was letting us use his phone. When I was looking for my lost passport, I used Marcus’ phone a lot. Once
Just how serious this activity can be is seen from the Black Happening of the poet Josef Honys (1919-1969), who arranged a fake funeral for himself as a "Mystification Event," invited his friends, and then in fact committed suicide unknown to the friends (23).
27. Dialectical materialism, in the heat of the day, draws a pickax from its raincoat.

28. SPIRALNI NASIP
Rad "Spiralni nasip", koji je danas pod vodom, stecko je mitski status. Sam nasip predstavlja umetnicki rad, dok su film i esej koji idu uz njega dokumentarno-kritički radovi. Njihovim postojanjem stvara se kontekst za "Nasip", i na jedan opsirniji nacin izlazu mogucnosti funkcionisanja ovog rada kao umetnickog.

18. 6. 84

29. Eternity's a Five Year Plan:

27. Dialectical materialism, in the heat of the day, draws a pickax from its raincoat.

28. SPIRAL JETTY
The work "Spiral Jetty," which is under water today, achieved mythical status. The jetty represents a work of art, while the film and the essay accompanying it are documentary-critical works. Their existence creates the context for "Jetty," and in a broader sense opens up the potential for this piece to function as a work of art.

18. 6. 84

29. Eternity's a Five Year Plan:
30.

LOVE

I get up in the afternoon and light a cigarette which I’d quit long ago, while still in Skopje. It’s some kinda midnight. I smoke and get high in half an hour. I watch MTV, All I want is to watch MTV. I smoke and get high. I’m most active after midnight. My life’s dream is to watch MTV. I watch MTV best when I get high and at night. Sometimes I drink. Beer or gin. Instead of smoking, MTV remains. A constant. I love MTV. Sometimes, somewhere in the background, a desire to describe my love for MTV sparkles. Fortunately, that’s where it remains. Huh!

17. 6. 1984, Skopje

31.

NIGHT MISSION

Around the battery there was barbed wire, and a guard behind it. The leader signaled, and a partisan ran out of the column. With a knife, he accurately hit the German, who fell down without a sound. With quick strides, they ran to the wires, cut them and entered. Suddenly, a machine gun sounded. After the general surprise, and after a few comrades’ deaths, everyone ducked. The machine gun was mowing down.

17. 6. 1984, Skopje