



Just to wash those cutleries off.
Foam is everywhere...

It's so quiet at home.

Hot water is so pleasant.
The kitchen is always cold.
Na, na, na, na...

Alone, again. All of them at work.



The cafe is ready.

Dishes from yesterday.
It was pizza for dinner

Aaaaa, disoriented.

I'm not sure how this gonna work actually.



I can't remember some exact flux of thoughts.
Anyhow, it's far away from some aim of this.

I like when the chair is already situated in the front of window.
Maybe I should dress up something more, or not.
I woke up recently, have to adapt to the temperature out of bed.
It seems so rainy today.

This seems to be quite different from that "text performance" on video "Prijeedor bus station – Banja Luka bus station".

The cafe is hot. I will leave it for a while.
It's good to have a cafe again, after a break of 5 days.



Huh, it's already December 09.
It seems dark outside, strange day.
26th b-day is coming soon. It almost makes me anxious.
There is so many things to prepare. I'm so slow Terrible.

This kind of window provides you good heat isolation.

To react on such a photo- strip is more relax in a way, than to textually react to video. To play it and pause it constantly taking a lot of concentration.

Lemonade.

Here, I feel it more slowly. There is more space to manipulate with.
Maybe to much.

Have to cut off my nails.
So it's banal to think of time passing.
Like some pathetic stream which disturbs the operative thought's flow.

But, so fast.
I mean, too fast.



Lucie is probably looking for a "green dot" on gmail.



Lattice.

Lattice of the landscape.

Ah, so pathetic Mladen.

Morning feeling is still there.

It's a sweet feeling in a way.

My "Parisian", new-born day.

What to do today.

What an ontological question.

Except to contemplate about the recent situation and try to find a solution for the next year.

I start to like this slippers a lot.

The favorite slippers of a Parisian sleeper.



I have talipes.

It looks nice... for a Bosnian cafe made in Paris.
Hehehehe.

A territorial joke.

Empty hole.

A sort of intellectual compensation for a “less-wanted world’s citizens”.



What is happening out there?
Every day the sight and feeling...
I feel especially absent and isolated from this place, watching those people running around.
And me, sitting here having no obligation, from day to day.
Being closed in a sort of voyeurism.
Yes, it's feeling of finite participation in life here.
What can I do to use this space in a way French people do.
Just go more out, hehe.



I think I'm demoralized a bit.
After these two months.
I really want to avoid those associations from Balkan.
I really can not harmonize myself with their identity.
Association of Bosniaks in Paris.
No. They will say go to your Serbs.
I can go to associations of Serbs in Paris but they work with citizens of Serbia.
I'm not that.

Or, should I go to "association of Bosnian Serbs in Paris"?
Huh, no, it seems to be too much classified and heliocentric.
But, I can't say anything, because I did not go to any of these associations.
Maybe because I know what kind of people I could expect there.
Maybe I'm too disappointed in my maternal mentality.

I would like to enjoy my roller-blades today, to refresh my mind and body a bit.

I'm falling in a strange mood.
It's sure now.

And, watching for too long in this empty park out there.



Paris is lost in fog and rain.

Now I see how all that Parisian poetical inspiration came to books and songs.
Melancholia is a bearable sadness of rich people.

I was thinking of it...

Have to Google it more.

Let's have sit down here.

Ah, the pillow is just at the right place.

If you sit down or lean on some pillow, it's crazy how sometimes it perfectly fits to your body and sometimes you have to set pillow additionally after you sat down, to have it comfortable.



It's not bad cafe at all.

Mmmm.

A bit "acid" taste.

Should I put some sugar inside?

Too lazy to go to the kitchen again.

Let's say, it's not too much acid taste, hehe.

I shall ask Lucie about heating system.

Actually, I was not wrong, it seems to be cold for real.

This chair is very good, I'm almost laying here.

Who could imagine this is the third time I'm coming to Paris this year.

In total, over then two and half month already spent in Paris.

It's quarter of a year.

No, less, less.

Anyhow, totally unexpected.



After Lucie and me met each-other in January, it was quite easy to come back one more time.
I was studding in Brno, had my residential, Czech visa.
But yes, I remember. I stopped to go out and spent money in bar, to gather some money for coming back to Paris.
So enthusiastic.
And great over all.

In that time, Lucie and me were not thinking to much about some further future.
Just to maintain regular, one month rhythm visiting each-other, expecting to realize what was happened to us actually.

I'm very thankful to my parents.
It's not easy to think about it.
Four of us, only father works for 500 euros per month.
And, giving 200 euros to his son to make him possible meet the girlfriend in Venice.
And, over all, it's a quite common in Balkan.

A touch of watercolor paper.

I think I could not be able to explain to my father what is value of 200 euros in Paris.
How much it's for French people, even the minimal salary is 1200 euros.
It's nothing to earn here, compare to Bosnian case, but to spend it or to give it, then it's a lot, much more than 200 euros given or spent in Bosnia, hehe.



Sweater.

Huh.

It's staying for a long time there.

Not sure to whom it belongs. Probably it's Samuel's.

Yeah, he got Paul in that Christmas lottery.

Blue.

Huge family, it's gonna be a special experience. I'm impatient a bit, hihi.

The towel still seems to be wet, I shall wait some more time, before taking shower.

I need acrylic varnish to finish my present to Lucie's grandma.

Where it is?

Yes, there.

It's time to clean up the floor.

Carefully Mladen with it.



Yes, this is something which gives me the feeling that I did some stuff here.

What a nice paradox.

Conceptual artist came to Paris and the only project he finished completely is an iconographic work, hehe. Finally, some benefits from that art school in Banja Luka.

But, maybe this kind of feeling comes with differences between iconographic and conceptual work. Perhaps there is not too much chance to finish certain conceptual work, at least as I understand some contemporary reading of idea of conceptual art.

The face is done nice.

What?

Reading, understanding, idea, conceptual, art. No way to make it clear.

Or yes, but in some phd study, hehe.

That is the blue-yellow pillow behind the icon.

But, yes.

There is a bit too much projects I started here, without any "haptic" epilogue.

Drops of rain.



That enthusiastic project about Belleville's Arabian market seems to have failed.
It was too risky to do it now.

I needed translator for the performance.
How to tell those policemen the first story from Arabian nights.
Even, it's amazing coincidence. It's "Merchant and the demon", that perfectly fits to the concept of the work.

The police arresting them every day, one by one, very similar tactic that king Shahryār used till the moment Scheherazade independently came to king to solve the problem.
And me, go to Arabian market, illegally sell the goods, when police come, I shall not escape like others, but allow them to arrest me. When they bring me to their headquarter, I will start with rewritten version of the first story Scheherazade told to the king.

Chemtrails petition.

They don't gonna listen to me, or maybe yes, they gonna stop with arresting poor merchants between Per Lachaise and Belleville.
What an utopian construction.

Between cemetery of famous leftists and multi-ethnic "beautiful city" there is situated a plot of contemporary Arabian nights...

But, what to do.
I can't speak in french with police.
I hardly want to expose friends of mine to police, who could record the performance.
I did not find interested Arabian actor to do it in stead of me. I mean, it should be the best option, but with those circumstances that's a bit utopian, like "Arabian nights" always were.



Yes. Let's delay it.
And friend of mine, Ali.
One of the most interesting personalities I met here.
I wanted to make a story about his living space.
That steel and glass "functionalistic" home.
I just would like to hear Mies van der Rohe on this case, using his famous "intellectual" argument, "less is more".

So, here we are.

Hey my Mies after functionalism is adopted by telephone box producers, your intellectual coin is shining extraordinary brightness, in actual neo-liberal society.

But, Ali.

He did not complain about architecture of his home at all.

He just misses a bit more privacy there, as he said.

And some close source of water during the winter, otherwise, neighbors are quite nice, and police protects and helps him.

Local french people in old fashion homes are ok with his contemporary steel and glass style home. They did not complain that his home harms to some unique historical identity of Gambetta.

His home is usually fool of bio-products from local supermarket, but the only time I managed to make a photo, "the fridge" was quite empty.

I did not tell him I took a picture of him, maybe it's better like it, since he told me he does not enjoy photographing.

He is great.



He told me he's going to do everything what is under his power, do bring me back to France.
Nobody told me such a thing.
Maybe he is the part of Freemasons. Or, maybe God itself. I hope so the second one!

So, that work is also blow with the wind.
Maybe it's better like it.
I have nice memories and new friend.
It's should be enough.

But, this is nice part of Paris.

I don't know what time is.
Agathe is probably coming soon for a lunch.
I don't like she sees me half lying in this chair, from day to day.
She probably considers I fell in light depression.
But I really can't go out today, weather is too demoralizing.



What else?

I was thinking to do something with Clement, even we are not in the same artistic mood, but he seems to understand the logic of contemporary art very well. I mean, he experiences it in a similar way like me.

Music.

I'm thinking about art issues too much.

It seems I have big problem with my artistic work.

I should play some of Samuel's blues albums.

Haiku monologue.

No, visually resonant textual monologue, done as a sort of performance art. Just the methodology is previously conceived, but the content is uncertain, up to actual mental context of the performer, who actually pretends to not feel as a performer.

Very strange work...

But, it's very relaxing to don't think too much about legitimacy or relevance of the content you type.

Cafe.

Bullshit.

The quantum physic fascinates me more than this anyhow.

The only attraction I found in contemporary art is some general amorphous, in the every single possible context, aspect of that context and layer of that aspect of that context. You just dive there, and if you previously learn rhetoric of presenting your work, it's like you get diving equipment, then you dive a lot and safe.



The only problem is, you get bored soon, in the case you are not controlled and blinded by this amorphous intellectual “principles” of acting in some cultural space.

Rikolet, Rekolet, Recollet...

What was the exact name of this artist in residency program I applied for?
Failed too.

But they say I was at the short list.

The recognition of a short list, very helpful.

And all others artist in residences I tried to get in, situated here in Paris.

At the most of them, even with some answer.

It's seems so hard to answer to email.

I hate people who do not answer to your emails, and they are “contact persons”.

Niels Van Tomme...

He wrote the letter of recommendation just like that. So simple.

I hope he got the drawing I sent him at the end.

Damir Nikšić, huh huh huh, what a complicate case of fakeism.

I'm not sure this word exists at all...

Nice, I have to check.

The Word does not know for that word.

Jeans.

What kind of small it is.



Love.

It's time to go to Vienna.

Yes, it seems as a crazy good thing.

Just to get my visa at the time. Maybe I should go earlier to Bosnia to fix it before?

I shall have just 10 days to finish it in Bosnia.

But, come on Mladen. There is too much bio-political waves that fuck you enough already.

If Lucie and I decided to spend our time here for the next Christmas since a long time, I simply reject to reorganize my "emotional" life, just to get my new-required visa, because Austria is one of countries who treat me as suspicious, unwanted, dangerous, poor and so on.

But, to be honest, when I am looking the most of Bosnian immigrants round the Europe, they are not the kind of people you want to share social ether with.

They reject to learn the language and adapt to local cuisine, what especially hurts local fascists. They are listening strange music, they are in the isolated groups, and they consider all Europeans males are gays. Bosnian males looks like Orcs with a lot of gadgets, who have a primary drive to violently demonstrate theirs "social status", in the case they have reached money. And, if they have no money, they do everything necessary to simulate opposite.

Europe Union needs Bosnian Legolas ans Galadriels, ahahaha.

My proposal to EU foreign policy is to classify Bosnian and Herzegovinian people on Orcs, Elves, Undead and Humans the first.



It's probably going to rain all the day.
Huh.
It always comes with a morning cafe.
Strange flux of thoughts, it's heavy a bit.

Does Manchester United plays tonight?
Have to check it.

Yes, I'm going to play that musician I discovered recently.
Billy Cardish, Childish...
The ex of Tracey Emin.



She seems to be snobbish.
You simply can't condemn someone who just likes to do paintings, of course Billy was teasing her.
Bla bla bla.

But actually I know more British soccer players than contemporary artist.
Shame.

What a shame for young Bosnian artist who is trying to express himself in "West"...

Going to read actually that book I got for cheap in Mona Lisait.

I should be really persistent and read to the end just one of chapters in that critical theory of art in 20th
century Germany .
Blind spots.

Ancient aliens.

Huh, this fart stink a lot.
It's so good to fart when you are alone.