Welcome!

Civil provision! stimulates the desire of people for exchange and production at Belgrade coldspots (rather than hotspots) through the heart-warming power of the artistic imagination. Rather than showing productions in a gallery space, the artistic services will give rise to provisions in the streets of Belgrade, providing transcending and poetic opportunities to the people's public wishes.

The gallery space is used as a command centre during production and will become an information centre for the duration of the show. At the opening of the exhibition the artists will officially hand over the authority over their work to the people. On site, artists and users will cut the ribbon to express the transfer symbolically.

This newspaper will be produced to spread the information, motivation and opportunities the project produces and distributes. The project therefore necessarily focuses on informal demands and social opportunities that remain hidden and, through this, hopes to give rise to artistic materialisations which infect the bottom-up awareness and foster actual provisions opening up for exchange and usage. Here, a locally situated exchange becomes the material basis of small economics in a wider immaterial field.

Effectively: writers will describe the Belgrade urban subject in general and relate this to wider currents, field workers will walk the streets in a quest for offbeat demands at public coldspots, the mappings will be condensed to focus on demands and to focus on sites, and in response artists will give rise to settings and modes for exchange. This will be captured in this newspaper and an exploratory exhibition in the former command centre.

I hope contributing to a people's exchange and imagination on creative dynamics and cultural circulation and am very happy to have the opportunity to get to know Belgrade better in the framework of this European exchange and production program!

Fostering the intrinsic capacity of informal demands and mobilising the application of the social opportune: exploring subjects predicating relational property.

Eindhoven, December 2013
Freek Lomme- Director Onomatopée & curator of the project
**Civil Provision... What are we doing?**

Reflecting on what and how: four days before the opening.

Freek Lomme, initiator of the project and director of Onomatopee, March 2nd 2014.

When I drafted the set-up of Civil Provision, it was announce to me by the project – overall to be labelled as “let’s set up the project and act democ(k)razy project information.” The project is about to see light. It has been in Eindhoven, Cluj, and will be filled in Rennes, La Criée, Rennes and La Criée, Rennes, in the present year. All the project related activities will provide a panorama of the space between different perspectives of life on Earth (the personal and the political –, that guide our everyday lives and in between which art is or not concretely at stake. It will also allow us to confront the word “democracy” and the variety of its intentions shared in the project’s motivation.

 Occupy UBB was an “ethnographic” exhibition at Onomatopee Eindhoven (NL), consisting of stories and personal events that most affected the respondents. 

Occupy of the Babes-Bolyai University of Cluj, Romania, created an exhibition of artists from Cluj. He set for a participatory curatorialship; the ethnographic character of the exhibition, which included personal and political stories of Belgrade (RS).

This very aspect: the intertwinement of social and cultural exchange and awareness, stimulated by the economic processes they produce. This project – overall to be labelled as “let’s act democ(k)razy.”

We try and aim to share personal stories, creative and political, to discover the dots they connect. We aim to connect your experiences to the stories from our exhibition, to understand better what Europe is and how it works. At least they pitch in, the way they pitch in, is very satisfying. It’s not foreign. I imagine that further collaborations will develop autonomously in parallel to A.C.T. and UBB.

Before the opening.

**25/05/2013, OCCUPY UBB**

On previous ACT exhibitions

Two Lines of Life (or why a rabbit likes weeds), an exhibition curated Marcus C. Atwood, Rennes (FR) by Zorana Djakovic Minoli and Mihaela Vidovic Baciu of the Cultural Centre Babes-Bolyai University of Cluj. This was a collective exhibition of 11 artists and 30 works from cities of former Yugoslavia.

The curators of the exhibition started to work on the idea of “two (crossing) lines of life,” the political and the personal. The participating artists were asked to identify themselves briefly, to list 5 personal events that most affected their lives, 5 personal events that most affected their lives and to provide a personal definition of democracy. This exhibition was very special for the artists; they were very satisfied about their cooperation with La Criée in Rennes (FR), that provided them a luxury of time and that it flourished locally, on the spot, and in the educational and students’ perspectives, not as a luxury nor a commodity, in socialist Yugoslavia.

This very aspect: the intertwinement of economic processes. We are not promoting a specific economy: one that is determined by the workers’ proxy but would gradually, over time, replace the current one.

Getting to know each other and the main issues of the project, we shared individual and collective visions to understand better what Europe is and how it works. So far, it is some of the same, some of the different.

We shared individual and collective visions to understand better what Europe is and how it works. As in Eindhoven, we can notice that in Cluj, that was adapted to the local situation. Some parallel events originating from this linking were translated during – and in the framework of – the project, that was adapted in the doing to integrate these two processes.

Some practical terms to understand Belgrade (past, present and future)

Get Up (exhibition at Altart, Cluj Romania) curated by French curator Ann Stouvenel in March 2014, was an itinerant collective exhibition, that travelled to Rennes, France and artists and collective artists. The exhibition of 30 works was from the students of Cluj University of Art, France, Cluj Romania and Den Bosch, the Netherlands.

We are standing in front of a huge housing block, similar to the one we saw during our walk. It is 1974; we are standing in front of a huge housing block, similar to the one we saw during our walk. Let’s walk to see the points we pass in our walk.

This very aspect: the intertwinement of economic processes. This very aspect: the intertwinement of economic processes.

We are not promoting a specific economy: one that is determined by the workers’ proxy but would gradually, over time, replace the current one.

The neighbour on the third floor has transformed his small flat into a cheap studio to be able to paint only in expensive Belgrade (past, present and future) by putting glasses windows behind the railings. The two neighbours on the fourth floor, two more on the second and one on the fifth did the same. None of the interventions look alike, they are all the same purpose of extending the available living space by a few square meters. If we step back for a moment, we can see the building, we see the room where a common terrace used to be. The terrace is no longer there, it is no longer common. The strangest-looking extensions have been put up, people extended their living space by occupying parts of the roof that were meant for common use. After all, the block is a part of the Second World War’s rules, especially the one insisting on a flat roof covering the entire building as a terrace for sunbathing.

As we pass through some of the buildings, different long-term relationships outside of the specific project meet up with prophetic concepts (note I did not call it a project, we are not promoting a specific economy: one that is determined by the workers’ proxy but would gradually, over time, replace the current one.

One of the fundamental rights established by the self-management system was the right to housing. The housing of individual responsibility was of the society, based on solidarity. In practice this meant that appearances shared in the concept of solidarity, the surplus value created in socially owned self-managed enterprises would be redistributed to the flats among their workers.

In Yugoslavia the term ‘worker’ was not exclusively used for the factories’ workers. The basic premises of self-management were that to receive wages, one of the fundamental rights established by the self-management system was the right to housing. The housing of individual responsibility was of the society, based on solidarity. In practice this meant that appearances shared in the concept of solidarity, the surplus value created in socially owned self-managed enterprises would be redistributed to the flats among their workers.
had decided that the only way forward was to reject socialism and initiate a transition towards capitalism. One of the first principles of socialist Yugoslavia that was to go, was the right to housing: finding a house now became the responsibility of the individual who had to find himself in the market place. Furthermore, in 1992, all housing was privatized, meaning that everyone holding permanent tenant rights was offered a chance to buy the apartment they were living in. A vast majority of the people used this opportunity, causing homeownership in Serbia to over 90%. Once people owned their apartments, they became much more eager to transform them to fit their needs.

The large construction companies that used to build the huge complexes had a hard time adjusting to the new market system that developed in Serbia, especially at a time when wars and economic sanctions put huge strains on the whole economy. New home construction collapsed with hardly any permits issued in the official market. Yet, the wars meant that the demand for new housing in Belgrade especially remained as high as ever.

During the nineties all basic infrastructures supporting everyday life were stretched to the point of rupture, most visibly public transportation. City buses broke down beyond repair one after the other and, rather than walking several kilometres every day to their schools or offices, people looked for alternative means of transportation. The more resourceful ones organized carpool schemes, offsetting the costs of petrol that was scarce and readily available only on the black market. The entrepreneurial ones found vehicles resembling city buses that they started to employ on the routes of public transport, charging fees. The system of public transport, resembling city buses that they started to introduce: while according to the construction law, it was illegal to build any new building without permits, the state decided to deal with this precarious situation by changing the law. From 1997 it introduced the possibility to legalize illegally built structures and loosened the complicated procedure of obtaining building permits. This drastically changed the intentions of the people involved in building party or entirely without permits; with the legalization procedures set out by the new law, it became safer for those willing to speculate to build more and profit more. All of a sudden, construction without permit ceased to be a last resort and safer for those willing to speculate to build more and profit more. All of a sudden, construction without permit ceased to be a last resort and literally building above their heads, layering their everyday lives while someone else is building above their heads, layering their everyday lives while someone else is literally building above their heads, layering brick and mortar. What we see in 2004, is the most obvious manifestation of how laws passed with the intention to curb the practice of semi-legal roof extension actually incentivized it.

At the beginning of the 1990s, any construction, whether from the ground up or as an addition to an already existing building, was illegal without the proper permits and the only hope such a building could have was to remain unnoticed. But as more and more people were living in homes built without permits, the state decided to deal with this precarious situation by changing the law. From 1997 it introduced the possibility to legalize illegally built structures and loosened the complicated procedure of obtaining building permits. This drastically changed the intentions of the people involved in building party or entirely without permits; with the legalization procedures set out by the new law, it became safer for those willing to speculate to build more and profit more. All of a sudden, construction without permit ceased to be a last resort and became a business strategy instead.

This was bluntly obvious in the case of the Russian Pavilions where developers, on a single reconstruction permit, kept adding floors to keep up with the demand for new flats. But it can also be deceivingly invisible, as is the case with any new building since the legalization was introduced: while according to the construction permit the last floor is usually designated for some type of common facilities for residents (storage, laundry, or even a gym), it is always being sold as an apartment on the market and legalized later, as an adaptation.

We have come full circle: what started, as an act of shelter provision became an act of more efficient profit extraction. The crucial moment was when space became a commodity. This is the most visible in the architecture of smaller flats. In the period of the right to housing, small flats were designed with their long side towards the facade providing more light, better quality apartments and more flexibility in future use. Today, any flat of the same size has its shorter side on the facade – as that side is the more expensive. It has fewer windows, less light and less flexibility. When housing is no longer considered a right and space has become a commodity, only those who can afford it deserve more comfort. But lets take a bus now, as we are running out of time. And don’t worry: you can still use the same ticket even if the bus is private because since 1994, any private companies large enough to comply with the rules were completely integrated into the system of public transport, making them half-private without most people even noticing.

It is March 2004, and we are in the city centre, close to the river Sava. The area between Gazela Bridge and Branko’s Bridge is now in the spotlight due to the proposed ‘Belgrade on the Water’ project that threatens to relocate the main train and bus stations to New Belgrade and supplant them with shopping malls, hotels and office space. And, of course, a tower.

Yugoslavian socialism claimed to politicize the entire society and came up with new political forms of participation, epitomized in the self-management principle. At the basis of the socialist self-management principle were individuals, free to express, connect and harmonize their particular interests with the general interests and goals of the community. The ultimate goal was for the state to gradually wither away as the members of society would take on an active role in managing the community, based on solidarity. For reasons far too complicated to discuss in the time we have left for our walk, self-management, as envisioned, never happened. And when the disappointment was at its peak, capitalism, hand in hand with nationalism, came with the promise that the state would disappear as the market would take over regulation.

At the end of this promise lies ‘Belgrade on the Water’ as a symbol of a state that, favouring capital, imposes on its inhabitants a future in which the only perspective the majority of them will ever have is to provide cheap service labour. The architectural challenge confronting us – not only in “Belgrade on the Water” but in Belgrade as a whole – is to remain concerned with aesthetics, whether the new construction is in tune with the landscape or stays in sync with traditional patterns, but with what kind of societies we want to create producing our everyday lives with the work we do every day.

It is 2004, and I am hesitant to continue our walk around the city, because I do not want to give up hope that by now, society has come to realise that space, everyday life, and city are so much more than a commodity marketable for profit.
3-STEP mapping Belgrade

44°48'N 20°28'E
Belgrade (RS)

- City border
- Outdoor Toilets
- Money Transfer Points
- Roma settlements
- Constructions boards
- Street vendors
- Car wrecks
- Illegal Dumps
- Camerica

ACT: DEMOCRACY

CIVIL PROVISION

ONOmatOpee ReSearch ProjeCt
CIVIL PROVIsION a.c.t. DemOc(K)RacY
Matthijs Bosman

Personal remarks during visit in Belgrade

14/02/2014

First and second thoughts on Belgrade:

I find the time to write anything about this project before going to Belgrade. I meant to, but I just couldn’t focus. I felt I had no thoughts on it worth mentioning. The only difference with any other art project or exhibition I’m involved in, was that countless, probable expectations, predictions of a public interest or knowledge of local behavior were out the door. I would go to Belgrade to do an artistic intervention in public space, that was all I knew. Together with curiosity came so much uncertainty that I simply stopped thinking about the whole thing. In the weeks after confirming my participation some ‘flashback-forward’ did come to me in the shape of fragments of possible projects. I’m not going to say what they were because I might just fall back on those strange scraps of ideas, afterwards claiming it was all based on my extensive local research, of course.

Because of my lack of knowledge of the sheer basics of Serbian society and inability to judge any of the available information, I felt I could really do to prepare was to get on a plane and go to Belgrade. So I did. I wanted to find out in advance what the city is like, and with that, buy myself about 48 hours to completely focus on the project. Also I don’t want to have to be in Belgrade for weeks to work on the project. My stays will have to be short and worthwhile. Just like that.

So this morning I got up, packed a bag, printed a ticket, kissed my wife and kids and left for Belgrade from Eindhoven Airport. I’m in Belgrade now; I’m sitting in a restaurant writing in a little booklet. I feel like a food critic.

My hotel is very close to Knez Mihailova, a high-end, pedestrianized shopping street. Before going on this trip I attended the presentation of the findings of Jozua and Franciosa. What I see here now has nothing to do with what they showed me. For now, I feel like I could do all the same be in Bordeaux or Amsterdam. For now I find myself in the middle of what I feel Belgrade wants to radiate towards the rest of the world. But I’m just now starting studying it, to come back here in a couple of weeks carrying plans for an intervention. Perhaps I’ll find some answers to the questions that are pleasantly flooding my mind right now: ‘Do I want to do a project that is Belgrade or to what I truly see? Can I leave behind all of the preconceived notions (my own and those of others)? And, not in the least; what artistic gesture in public space can compete with what is already there? And does it have to? Who am I talking to for whom? Which language do I use, if any?’

I’m not used to not be able to talk to locals, or understand at least a bit of what they say. My Spanish gets me around, my French is all right, my English a little better. But Serbian, nope. Luckily my airport taxi driver spoke a little English so he could explain to me perfectly that he was pretty much deaf. He was pretty much deaf. He was pretty much deaf. P.s. I was at the Cultural Centre of Belgrade. It looked as if there had just been a Serbian wedding. I liked it.

Can you explain your motivation to take part in the project?

16/02/2014

While visiting the city for the first time, I noticed that to my outsider’s perspective there seems to be a constant effort both to build and to battle against decay of buildings and public space. There are many examples of those efforts being left unused or remaining unfinished, leading to impressive settings of deterioration. The Netherlands lack a certain negligence, which is why so many of us feel freed when stumbling upon it at a safe distance from home. Could there be room for this exotic order of priorities that leads to abandoned under-passages, frozen escalators and broken marble?

This intellectual approach being sinners, it still remains hard to advocate when one is confronted with people who have next to nothing. Nonetheless this project will imply the possibility of an unexpected approach and form no harsh opinion on current ones.

The unfinishing (of Belgrade) decay as a unique selling point will aim for generating a suspicion of a third option, encouraging to look at overdue maintenance not as a shortcoming, but an expression of local priorities, mindset and circumstances. Taking probe in something like decay is unique in itself and might prove to be a wise denial of the most common definition of progress.

THE UNFINISHING (OF BELGRADE)

Save us from ruthless renovation

02/03/2014

Let’s take pride in a weathered city. Let’s attain dignity in bearing time and tide. Allow memories to roam the site of our lives; acknowledge the full spectrum of life.

After empirically researching the urban planning and architectural dynamics of the city of Belgrade and comparing their imprints of origin with those in crises in the Netherlands, Bosman uncovered voids full of opportunities; urban gaps of high potentiality both in regard to single prospects as in regard to a further symbolic diffusion of effective transfer.

In these gaps an unthought of cultural synergy produces initiatives of widespread cost-means coverage with great surplus value that create eye-opening parcels for positions of – and for – acknowledged nobility. These visionary ideas are now available through Bosman’s ambassadorship. His consult is offered at flat rates or at a percentage fee.
Jeroen Doorenweerd

In 1986 I travelled through Yugoslavia with my girlfriend in an old peugeot 504. I was interested in orthodoxicons and wallpaintings and we visited many small churches. It was before the civil war with all its atrocities and it was still a very poor communist satelite state. I have not been back there since. Flying into Beograd now, the peugeot long ago shipped to Africa. I wonder how this trip will relate to the memories. How are people living there now. Will it be much more like everywhere else? The wounds are not there any more. How does art fit in, do people relate to contemporary art somehow? How is it possible to do things there that are impossible to do in Holland due to regulations? Are there specific skills?

I propose to make a little ‘sweatshop’ to work in for five days. The material to be used will be waste plastic brought in by a team of Roma scavengers.

The plastic is to be colour sorted by the scavengers in transparent, yellow, orange, pink, brown, blue, white. In the sweatshop I will wrap the plastic waste in shrink foil thus turning it into a beautiful abstract sculptural form. These very light sculptures are easy to carry around. They will be positioned in specific places throughout the city by a team of local graffiti artists and photographed. The photographs will be uploaded to the project site and social media.

TRASH WRAP

In his “sweatshop”, Doorenweerd situates a production line that facilitates a new, cyclic mode of production and distribution. Starting out with raw materials – plastics assembled by colour that are delivered directly by those who collect them – he wraps them in shrink foil and adds the units to stock. These units equal the value of the material plus the added value of its processing. When returned to the place of material origin outside the sweatshop, they become benchmarks for further processing among those indirectly assisting in the conception of their respective sum. By tagging them they become even more redistributable, attracting interest of stakeholders beyond the people originally involved. This cyclic production contains and generates a cumulated historic value carried by the material itself, indicating its past and present handling and its surplus. Meanwhile, rare colours might increase in value and strengthen, over time, their tie to the formula, increasing the formula’s extracted values. The course of action might set off a tendency to withdraw the material from circulation and to expand its value in immaterial directions as it extracts itself from a real economy. This artificial probability allows for higher speculations upon the relationship between matter, its economic development and economic result.
Can you explain your motivation to take part in the project?

Going abroad to unknown locations to make unknown new works seems to need little explanation to me. First there is challenge. What is possible when all is improvisation, communication - or lack of communication - and speedy deadlines. You’ll have to be sharp, think fast, act fast. It might be considered a self test. Second there is the other challenge, which is the hard nut to crack: can I achieve something in this context that makes any sense? Something that is not just my little personal success of achieving ‘something’ but that actually connects in some way to the environment, the people, the city and all that lays behind it? That is not to say the ‘crash’ or crash wouldn’t be a valuable contribution, on the contrary. But even when something alien lands in the city there should be a connection, even if it means a negative. And then there’s the question of communication. Can you communicate to the people in the city, on the streets, in the shop? Can you avoid cheap solutions to self defined problems? Can you avoid becoming the samaritan nobody is actually waiting for? The clever Dutch Designer bumping into the scene? And can you consider all these thoughts and still make a work that is ruthless? I guess the artist job often consists actually waiting for? The clever Dutch Designer. Whenever constructions did not align or just barely fitted, Sacha would look me in the eye with a serious look and make the signal by kissing the tip of his fingers: this was going to be something special.

And then night fell. My shack so far barely more than a wooden box with an old mattress on pallets while the wind was lifting it. It is hard to describe the change of scenery, like it is hard describing some weird surreal dream. The landscape literally seemed to melt into the night. The rustling sounds of plastic all around, rats, barking dogs, cats… nightcrawlers. It was quiet, but everything seemed to move. Walking around between these bizarre sculptural shacks with ample light powered by stolen electricity, the smell of burning rubber from their stoves producing black smoke from the chimneys transported me straight into another planet.

Another Time, Another Place.

ACT Democracy! Civil Provision! Bottom up! ANOTHER PLACE.

ON THE PROJECT 04/03/2014

Coming from the Netherlands and living in a “poor” neighbourhood that houses a variety of different people from different nationalities of primarily lower social status, I was interested in the reality of the real dystopia. The crisis we experience is real but, to most people, bears as only consequence the consideration of selling their 2nd car or skipping a holiday in the sun. What if I actually couldn’t pay rent, would be left without a house and had no running water or electricity, just to sum up a few options? What if the shit really hit the fan? Could I manage to feed my family, find solutions to the most basic problems? Going into one of the many settlements in Belgrade would be a mental test, a personal case study, just to get even a glimpse of the life outside society; were even democracy would not reach out.

My motivation for building a shack in a Roma settlement on the outskirts of town and living there for a couple of days therefore were not based on any political concepts. Neither were the social conditions a specific target at first. Rather, it was a fascination and engagement with human life’s broad forms of existence and the awareness of the potential sliding scales that always motivate my work.

A photo of a Roma settlement made by Francois Lombarts, who was mapping the city of Belgrade for Civil Provision, triggered me. It seemed like something “totally out of this world”. Another time, another place. I went there to see it myself. After first impression the thought of being beyond Mad Max came to mind: a landscape made of trash: the remnants of a consumer society after the markets went down and the factories closed. A wavy ocean, consisting of factories closed. A wavy ocean, consisting of plastic. A place beyond the end of everything. The contact was made, the money paid, the safety guaranteed. Getting in was one thing, making actual contacts another. Breaking into the together unites, and building my shack together with Sacha – my illegal landlord – broke the ice and the distrust from both sides. It was going to be a good shack, according to Sacha. So after my habituated circular saw for a borrowed hatchet, my power tools for hammer and nails. The moment when someone is judged upon his appearance decides whether the alien is considered dangerous or just lost. I was there myself, undergoing the eyes of the barkeeper and all the others.

Whenever constructions did not align or just barely fitted, Sacha would look me in the eye with a serious look and make the signal by kissing the tip of his fingers: this was going to be something special.

And then night fell. My shack so far barely more than a wooden box with an old mattress on pallets while the wind was lifting it. It is hard to describe the change of scenery, like it is hard describing some weird surreal dream. The landscape literally seemed to melt into the night. The rustling sounds of plastic all around, rats, barking dogs, cats… nightcrawlers. It was quiet, but everything seemed to move. Walking around between these bizarre sculptural shacks with ample light powered by stolen electricity, the smell of burning rubber from their stoves producing black smoke from the chimneys transported me straight into another planet.

Sacha and his family would tell us their stories around the stove while burning old shoes. They would make us coffee and offer up their beds for our comfort. They are good people, in a very bad situation. Outsuits in life. Parallel systems of civil life are crossing the city without touching or seeing each other.

We will have to say goodbye soon. I’ll be off to my house and family. I will take the alien with me, to walk through my city together… to see what will be happening.
Anthony Kleinepier
Spatial design exhibition
Kleinepier creates objects that are combined into landscapes, questioning the obviousness of our standardised world. A respectful approach to the integrity of the utilised materials and a purpose-dissociating craftsmanship, deriving overall from a tactile, direct relationship to a makeable world, bring forth earthy looking artefacts, cast of carpet, sit-in dickies and décors that disenchantedly stimulate the cultivation of our surroundings.
Kleinepier delivers the object from its tendentious Western / modernistic / industrial relationship to functionality. Driven by a sculptural creative urge he creates an autonomous work field thus designing a scenographic: pure, obsessive and seclude. The work manifests itself between the physical and the psychical domain, between empiricism and cognition.
Motivating objects are predominantly found in cultural issues like the impact of technological culture on our original nature. Kleinepier rehabilitates functionality ordained in a post-Fordist era, he does so by designing from a primal urge, by contrasting this with design itself thus releasing the primal urge in man, by turning the exclusive into something inclusive…To emphasise the reach of redemption, he presents his work as some kind of décor: ready for the actors, ready for any projection; fixed and settled, slick and fake. In a unique way this makes use of strategies derived from installation art - encapsulating a visitor entirely by confronting him with the atmosphere of the room - and values found in experience design, logistics, and deliberately positioning them in a diffusely natural way.
The fact that truly cultural production is so hard to grasp is mainly because truly cultural perspectives are hard to understand, as he challenges the status quo we are familiar and comfortable with. In spite of this, the vision of a truly cultural producer can only be understood through what he presents.
Civil Provision
6–29/03/2014

Seminar
The final symposium aims at a synthesis around main issues that were at stake during the whole project, such as Education, Poetics and Urbanism in their relations to art. Its specificity relies also in the fact that it sets the issue of the means of action, asking simple the question "How to ACT?" as a way to oppose a passivity that threatens the European democracies as well as those who take advantage of a growing ignorance and misunderstanding of the other to feed social fragmentation and distrust.

Symposium: "How to ACT?"
6th & 7th /03/2014, 10:30a.m.– 6p.m. at Kulturni Centar Beograda

The roles of education, poetics and urbanism in democratic criticism and constructions will be at the heart of discussions. The issue of the means of action will be the thread connecting discussions, backed up by examples of artistic and cultural stands and activism in the European political context. It will gather, in addition to artists and art thinkers, multidisciplinary researchers concerned with contemporary stakes around Democracy: architects, designers, philosophers, writers, sociologists, town planners.

With, among others, Maziar Afrassiabi (NL), IRWIN (SI), Tanja Ostojić (RS), Roxana Pencea (RO), Nenad Romić aka Marcell Mars (HR), Biljana Srbljanović (RS), Mara Ratiu (RO) , Emmanuel Wallon (FR) and Joëlle Zask (FR) and a screening of "The Pixelated Revolution", 2012 by Rabih Mroué (LE)

COLOPHON
Printed at the Onomatopee risograph by Gabriela Baka & Nolwenn Salaün
keynote text: Dubravka Sekulić
informal mappers: Jozua Zaagman & Francois Lombarts
Artworks in public space: Matthijs Bosman, Jeroen Doorenweerd & Paul Segers
spatial designer: Anthony Kleinepier
graphic design: Gabriela Baka brought together by Freek Lomme coordinated by Zorana Djakovic & Freek Lomme

Made possible thanks to: The European Cultural Foundation, The municipality of Eindhoven and all project partners!

ONOMATOPEE 86.3 RESEARCH PROJECT

Belgrade

On the first of March, Francois Lombarts organised a workshop in the framework of the "Vulnerable Belgrade" research project. Participants in the workshop, students from Serbia, Romania and the Netherlands, set off in pairs to walk a straight line through Belgrade. One leading, trying to follow the straight line as it is drawn on the map beforehand as closely as possible. The other following taking photos to capture how the leader is navigating, and his or her relation to the space around him during the walk.

Students of the Art School s’Hertogenbosch (AKV): Isabelle van Lieshout, Amanda van Wijk and Susan El-Janie