

Insulting anarchy

I wanted to make an anarchical exhibition including works that differ stylistically and thematically, but no matter how I place the works, I always seem to get a structure far from being anarchical. That is the reason why this exhibition is entitled Insulting the anarchy. This title is of course an alibi for all of mine insanities and impertinences, for my artistic »freedom«. My aim is to have many voices, not just one voice, but the main initiative comes from the love of garlic, bread and butter.

Economy is a parody of economy. Media is a parody of media. Art is a parody of art. Etc... is a parody of etc... Parody can not be parodied. That's why there are so many obvious stupidities that are obvious stupidities and not a parody.

I work from a position of a dead ant. Even though I am dead, I still fight for the disintegration of the system, of grammar. 'Let him fight, don't you see he's dead', you are saying, the art is saying.

Who knows, who can tell, certainly not me. If my work is modern, postmodern, post mortem, something old, something new? There is hardly a person who after an afternoon nap, raises her/his head and asks: «What's new?», as if the rest of the human race was standing on guard for him.

For supper I will eat Podravka chicken soup letter by letter, that's it.

You lie like the Bible.

*In this text the words of H.D. Thoreau, Podravka factory and a Roma woman from the market are used.

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