

OUTLINE

An attempt at mapping Sarajevo

One of the first interesting conversations we had upon arriving in Sarajevo was, among many things, on the subject of experience versus analysis. Our then unfamiliar conversation partner - and now friend - told us an anecdote about the exchange of letters between the philosopher Slavoj Žižek and Nadezhda Tolokonnikova - a member of Pussy Riot - while she was in prison. In the letters, a clash between theoretical analysis and real experience can be sensed. Žižek notices this, as he marks: '...I feel guilty writing this: who am I to explode in such narcissistic theoretical outbursts when you are exposed to very real deprivations?'

At the time we started our project we did not realise the immense importance of the opposing poles of experience versus analysis for our little endeavor. We did not predict our place in Sarajevo, because we didn't want to think about it on forehand and because it's simply impossible. So we decided to take a plane to unknown territory with some idea of what we were going to do but absolutely no idea about the outcomes. Once we were there, we experienced things very rapidly - we went headfirst in a whirlwind we could almost physically feel. Sarajevo proved to be relentless in the best possible way. There was no room for analysis, for contextualisation, or for relativization, and it was beautiful. Back home, however, all of this was inevitable.

After one month in Sarajevo, organizing events, facilitating exchange between individuals and making new friends we found ourselves with a pile of fragments which symbolises our stay in the city. We think these are worth sharing, so this is why you are reading this publication.

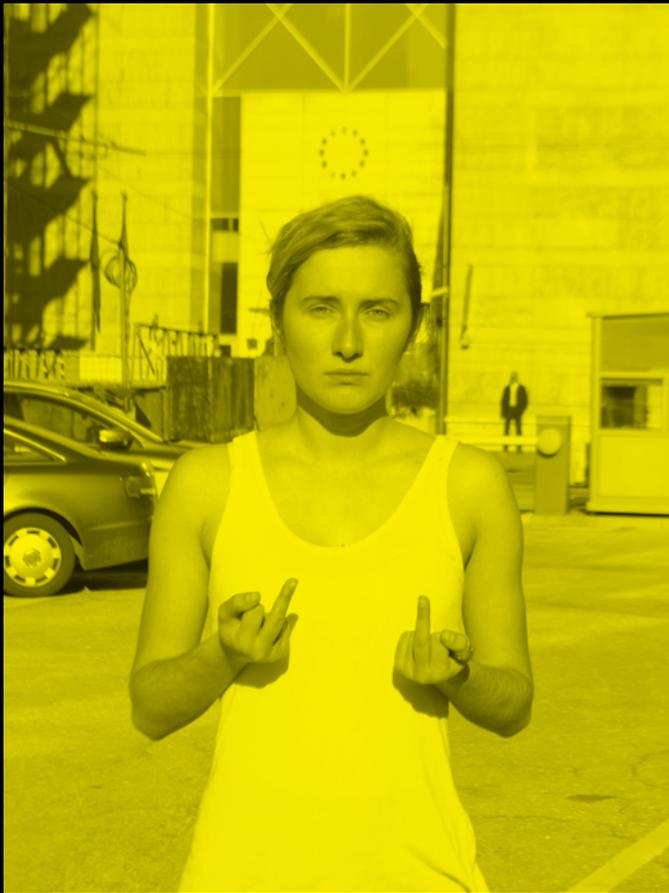
This publication collects bits and pieces of the cultural scene in Sarajevo. The ones we managed to pick up along the way, provided by the great individuals we met. This is not a conclusion, or a clear-cut story with a pretty structure and resolutions. We simply hope that this might be the starting point of dialogues and new collaborations.

Amsterdam, December 2017

**RICHKIDS
FROM THE
WEST**

**TALKING
ABOUT**

DEBORR



'Real art comes from real frustration'

by Smirna Kulenović

"Bosnian Girl 2" by Smirna Kulenović is a performative action that happened on 22/11/2017 - the day of the late verdict arrival for war criminal Ratko Mladić by the UN tribunal. The photograph was taken in front of the EU Delegation to BiH building in Sarajevo; as a reminder of the discrepancy between an ideal of Europe offered to the post-war youth in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and a reality in which no justice is served until all perpetrators and political participants involved in war crimes accept responsibility for their actions, until both old and new generations in the Balkans deal with their past honestly, together with international peace and security forces that remained silent and passive during war crimes, crimes against humanity and genocide in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The work holds a reference to the poster "Bosnian Girl" (2003) by Šejla Kamerić.

Real art comes from real frustration.

It's quite easy to be frustrated in this country. This is why I can't leave forever: it feels like I wouldn't be able to be frustrated enough anywhere else. I am only real when I'm frustrated to the edge, to the point of exploding, to the point of having just one survival choice: somehow let go of my stomach. And not in a romantic way. In a very human life shit way. Which usually runs on injustice, discrimination, poverty, extreme pain, complicated and unfulfilled potentials of love and drinking rakija while remembering how many people got killed for not having the right name in my neighbourhood.

There is an emptiness in perfection.

I would rather die from a heart attack while remembering how horrible the Dayton Peace Agreement is, than ending up being molded into a perfectly shaped perfectly passive blood diamond individual living in a system that runs on Airbnb accommodation with spoons,

killing others for oil and having a proper heating "system" in your gallery during winter. I rather freeze than ever make shapes and colors aimed at entertaining rich empty fascist smart Immanuel Kant perfections from the West, or the East, whatever, we are over geography by now. This is the time of genocidal geography. That's why I would rather count the dead from the mass graves and dream of their smell than make shiny lights shine even more on thousands of euros worth 3D renderings. For what, just be true like Princess Nokia. When it's inevitable to make money, at least make it with honesty. Make me shiver and I will pay, but I'll still go home feeling like something in my system was radically changed.

—Here they told me that an average reader would just think how this text was written by a frustrated person and stop reading by now. They also told me that they could fix it with some interesting design. Let's see how that works. I don't really think that graphic design can save the world, especially if you're not considering frustrated, boring, real-life forms. I also don't know what an average reader is.

Enough with systems. They're so present everywhere that even I just used this word without thinking, and my art and my life and my gallery all run on the radical non-existence of systems. Binarity terrorizes me, both in sexuality and while trying to explain myself to others. I wish my mom just told me to have enough courage to radically be myself, instead of telling me to clean my room all the time. If she told me I probably wouldn't listen, so thankfully I found it out alone. And what else is there to do in these wingless right-wing times (or any other)?

*What kind of times are these, when
to talk about trees is almost a crime
Because it implies silence about so many horrors?*

(Bertolt Brecht, To those born later, 1940)

Now that is a quote, and I usually don't like quotes because they repeat someone else's thoughts pretending they're more valuable than the ones created within

the scopes of your own mind. But this one is just true and I embrace it. I make compromises sometimes, I just need to make sure it's not fake and shiny, and this is exactly how I got to meet the Outline team.

Brodac gallery is a completely dirty space created by art enthusiasts who took shovels in their hands and removed 20 kg of empty bottles, strange underwear, fake condoms, suspicious needles and other peculiar items from an interior that once was a kafana, and some long time before that a jail for political prisoners. In the last year and a half it produced more than 25 exhibitions of both local and international contemporary artists.

On the other side, during the birth of Brodac - the National Museum of Bosnia and Herzegovina was closed for three years, after 124 years of existence. It was left without either electricity, heating, or payments to the employees. This is not even the worst thing that happened over here, but just one of the obvious triggers

also caused by the worst ever Dayton Peace Agreement failure Constitution of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

So as I was going through some new trash nudes by failed art students and trying to make promotional materials out of them, a group of unknown foreigners who I was told were Swedish entered our gallery. I really wasn't interested in what they wanted, since they usually want to make money on the fact that people got killed here in the war, or at least tell me how exotic my Muslim grandma is. We have all had enough of that, so even I started being full of prejudices towards hipster-looking blond youngsters.

But they weren't Swedish, the Swedish group of great individuals actually came later to help us raise 50 new books for our gallery library. They weren't either trying to make money and were really honest with an incredible awareness of the whole situation here, including the differences that shape our life contexts. Two events later I actually started liking them,

but the first meeting ended up surprisingly well - we had an agreement to let them create an event of sharing artistic practices in our gallery.

The event was a real success, they not only managed to make people talk about their artistic processes and share their latest work, but also connected the dispersed and egoistic hate-art community of Sarajevo in a single space. We even ended up staying too long and dancing on a pile of bricks, which resulted in yelling neighbours and me not being able to make any late-night gatherings in the gallery for a while. But it was worth it.

It was even more worth it during the last Outline Event. Again, the whole hate-art community in Sarajevo showed up in the same room, even though we're rotten and falling apart for reasons I'll try to elaborate later. The result: me dancing together with my ex who I avoided seeing for a year, a contemporary lover of an ex's ex talking to him again after months of being blocked on Instagram, me hug-

ging the ex of my ex with bubbles, and all of us laughing together after months of nothingness.

I concluded that this was the only possible method of achieving unification. Having someone honest and real to come from outside of Sarajevo, someone not involved in our tiny-huge love affairs, friendships that went wrong, social media blocks and other worthless issues. We needed someone to remind us that all we have left in here is each other and a failed government, so we better start cooperating again or otherwise both Brodac and Sklop and Duplex and ARS AEFI and JAVA will just remain empty and dead, constantly gathering the same three or four people coming from our small artistic family of non-lovers.

Sarajevo probably exists on a curse of being too small to actually be able to get over tiny human issues and artistically cooperate on a professional level, while at the same time remaining too big to understand that survival consists

of embracing each other and co-creating through mutual respect and solidarity.

Thank you Outline for reminding us of this.

—PS: They just told me to edit my text so that I don't end up with „a real noble positive thought“, but go back to being frustrated because that's more circular. I don't care about circles and I really don't want to fake it, so I will once again say **thank you Outline!** And stop trying to make me frustrated when you make me happy. I've just arrived from a beautiful mountain escape from all the pretentious art talks, and I'm currently drinking my coffee, thinking about rakija and sliding down the snowy hill on a plastic bag.

Smirna Kulenović (1993, BIH), is an artist and curator at gallery Brodac, based in Sarajevo.

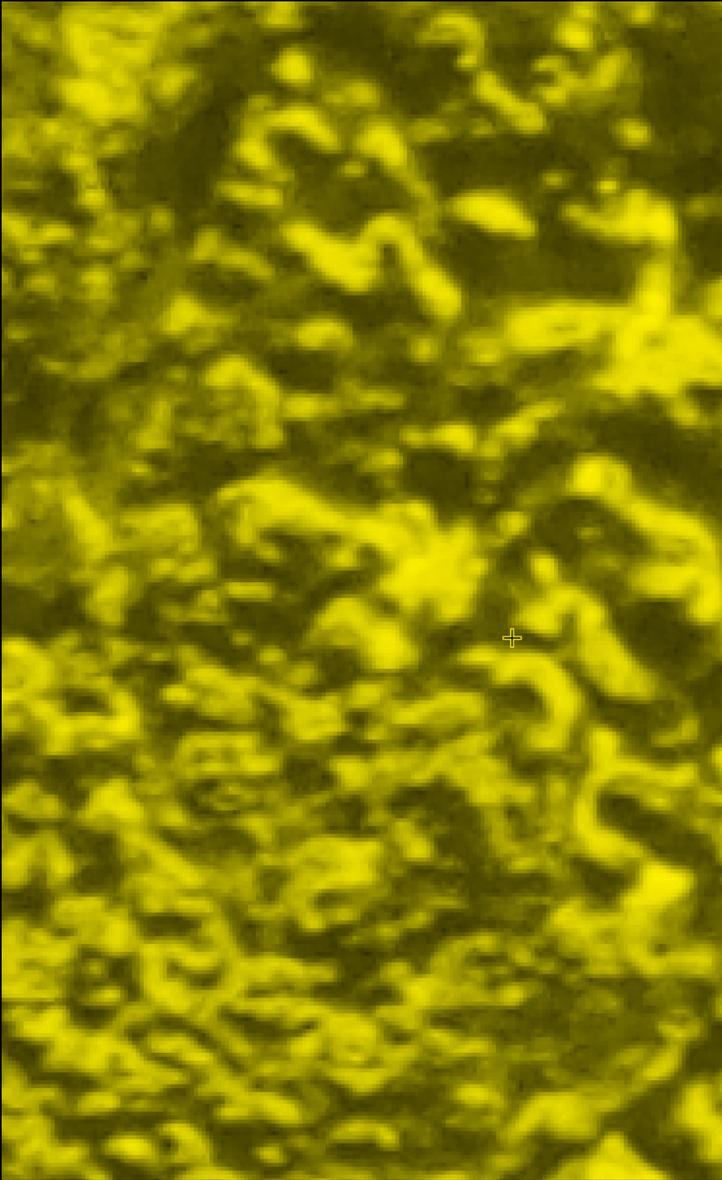
Gallery Brodac is a independent contemporary art gallery located in the center of Sarajevo since May 2016. Their main goal is to provide a space for young local and international artists to create and exhibit their work.

WHAT ARE
YOUR

PREJUDICES?

I ALWAYS THOUGHT,
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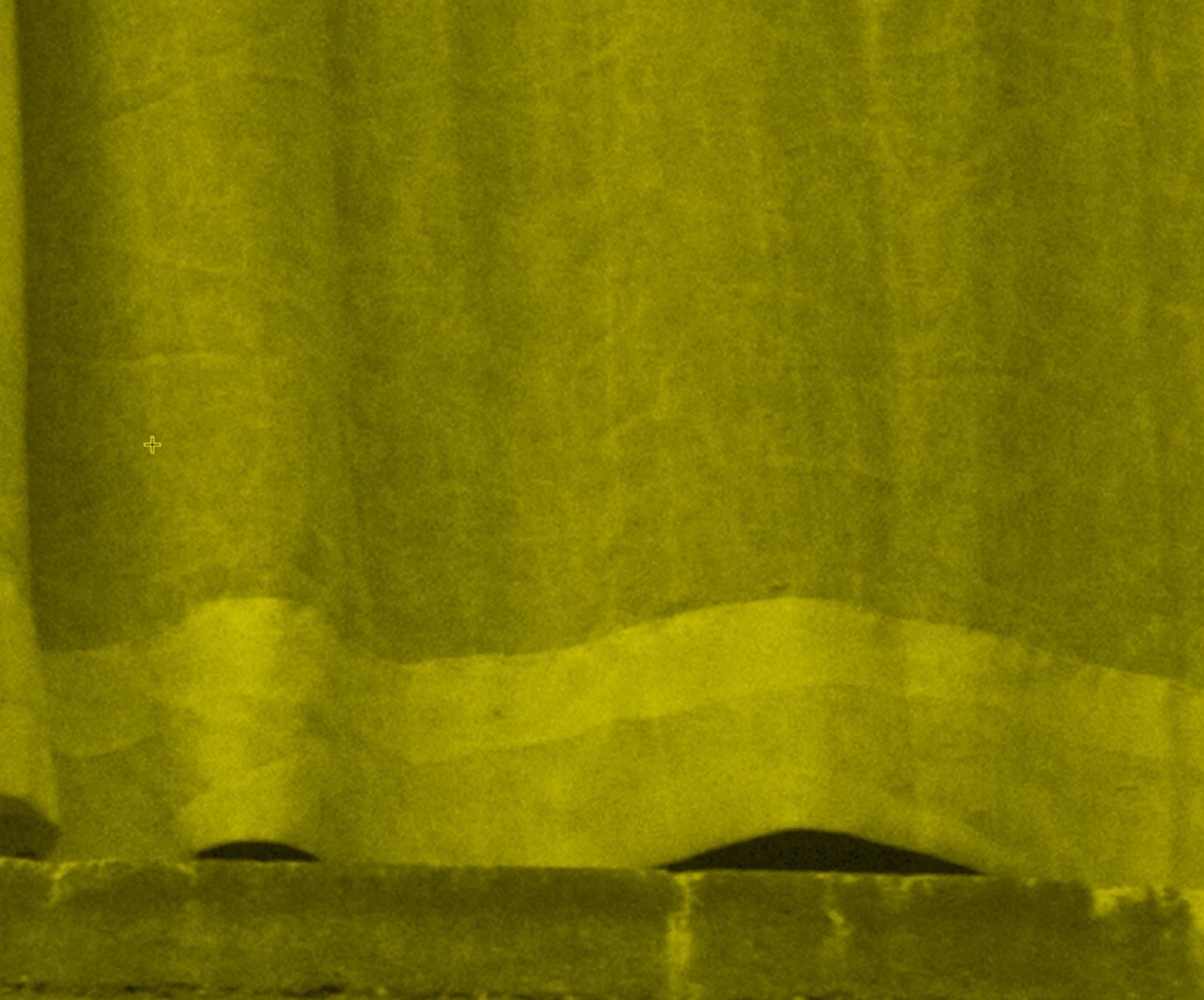


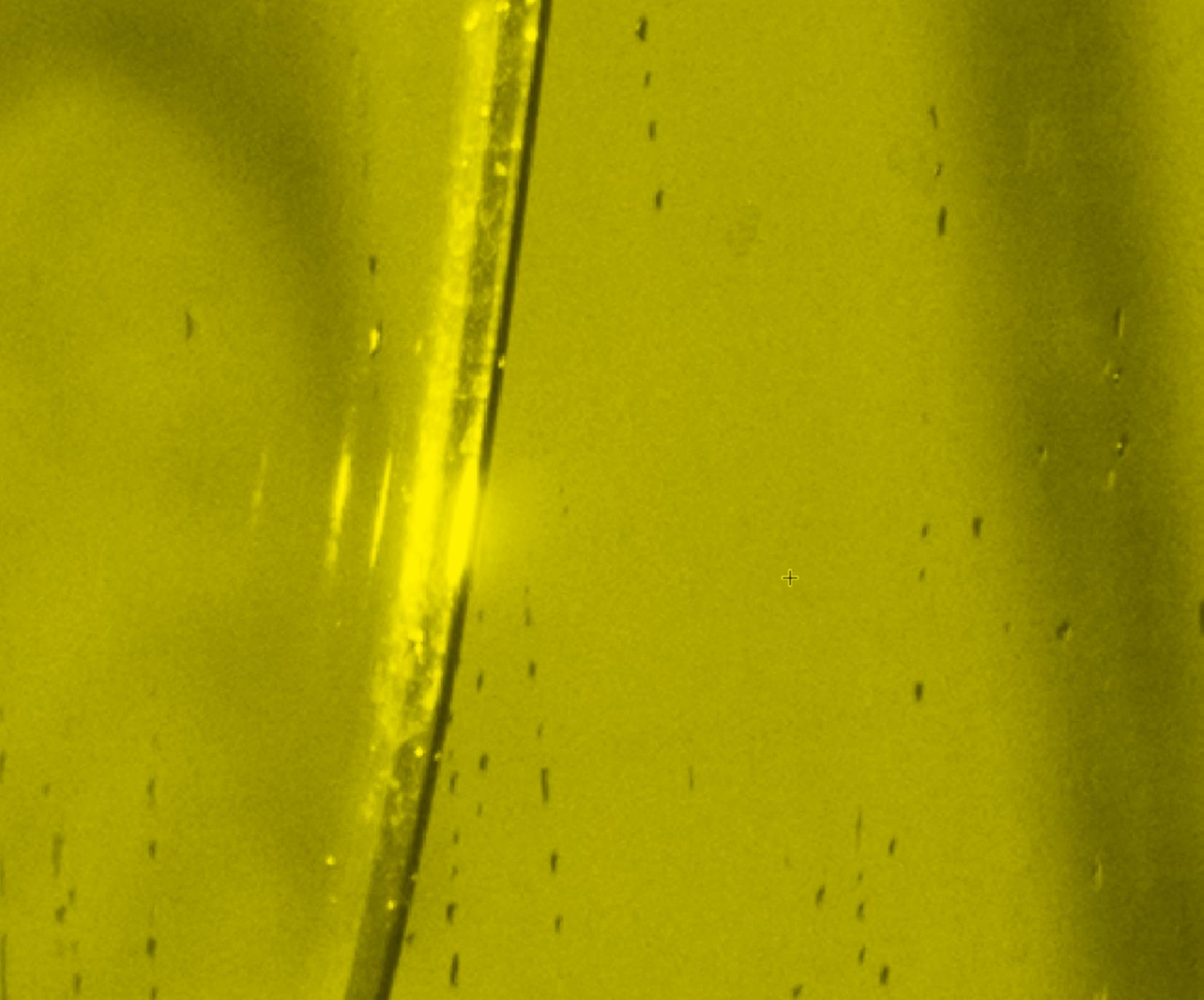
**Reduction (video work, 29:04 min.)
by Jan-Pieter 't Hart**

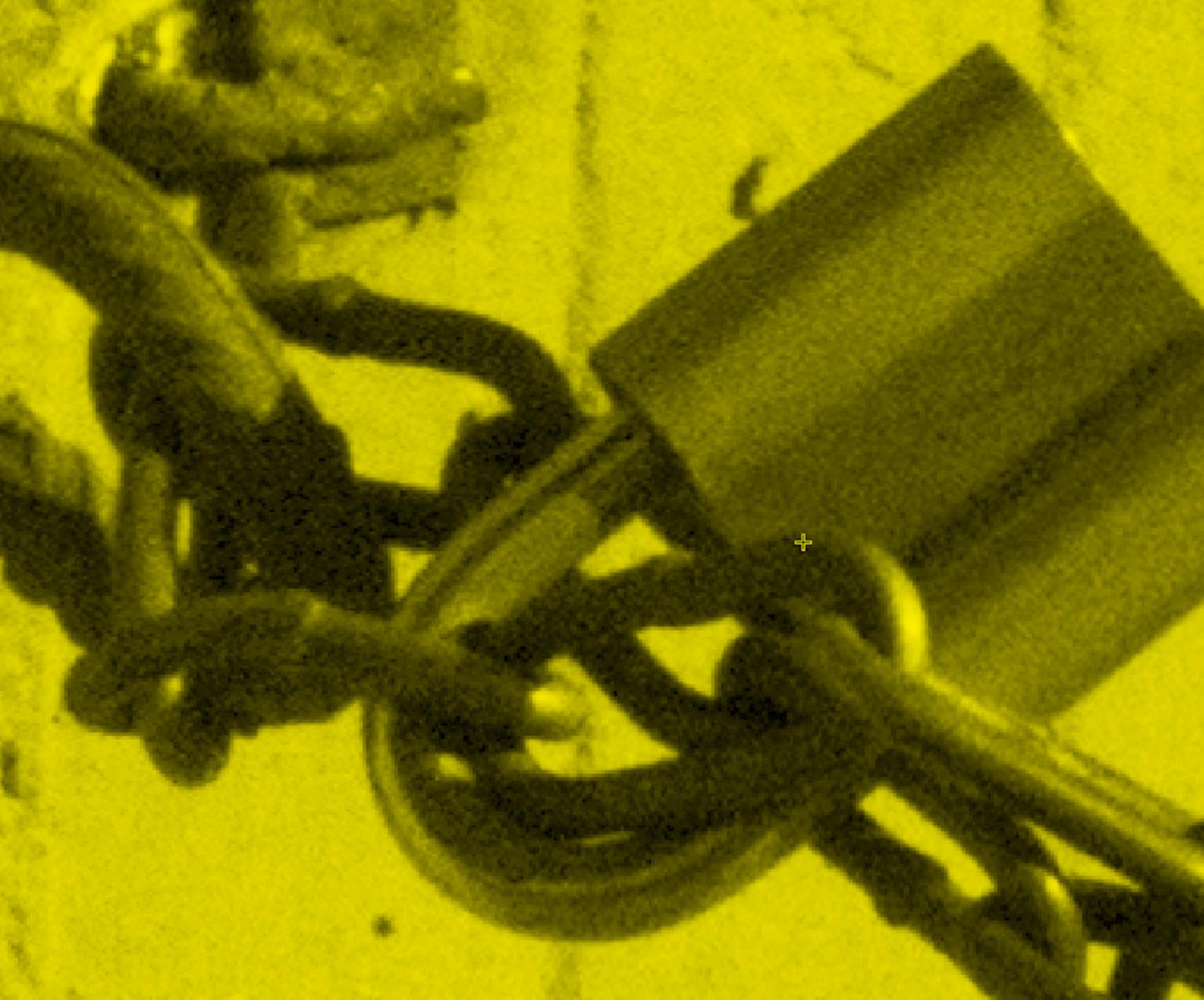
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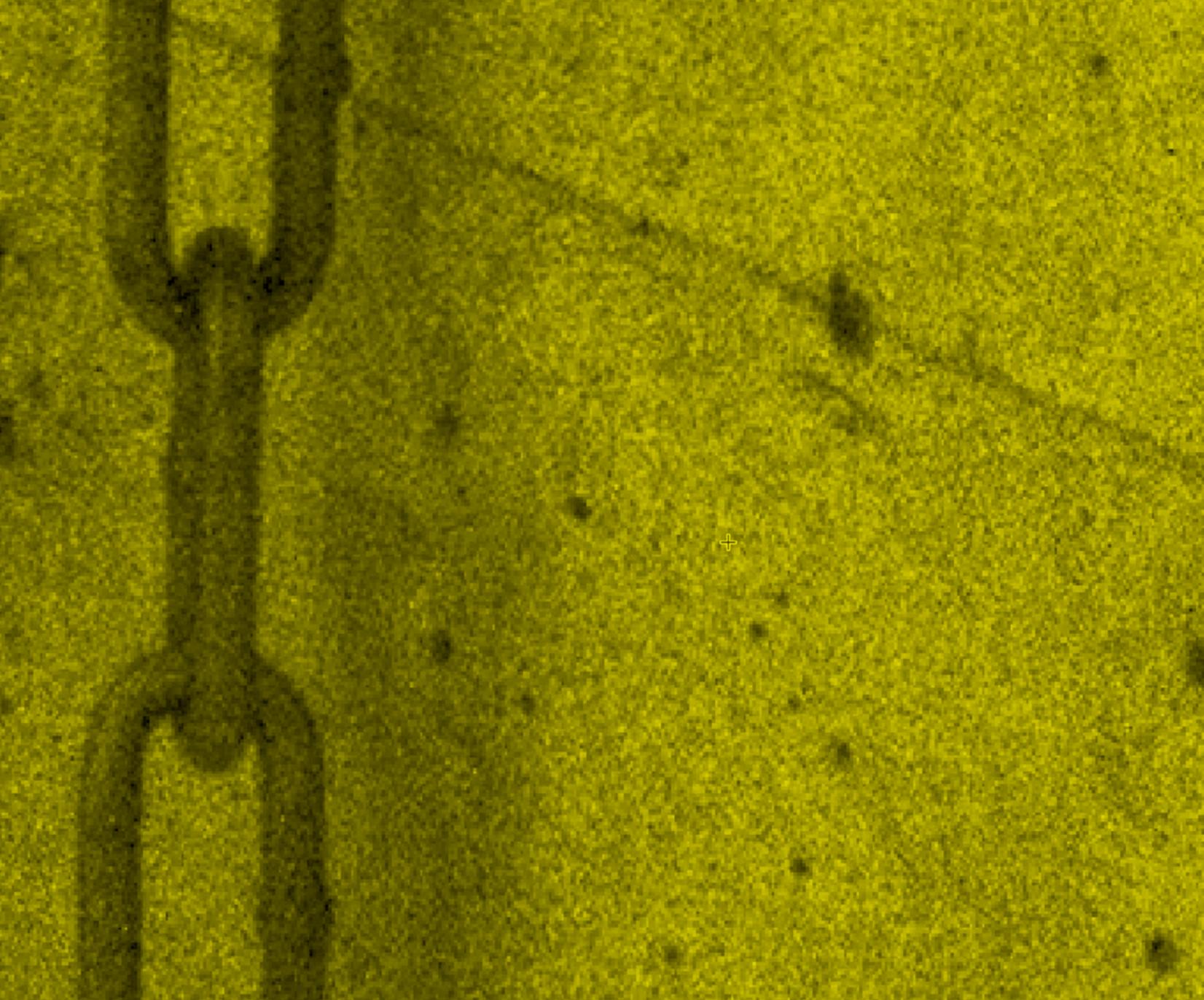


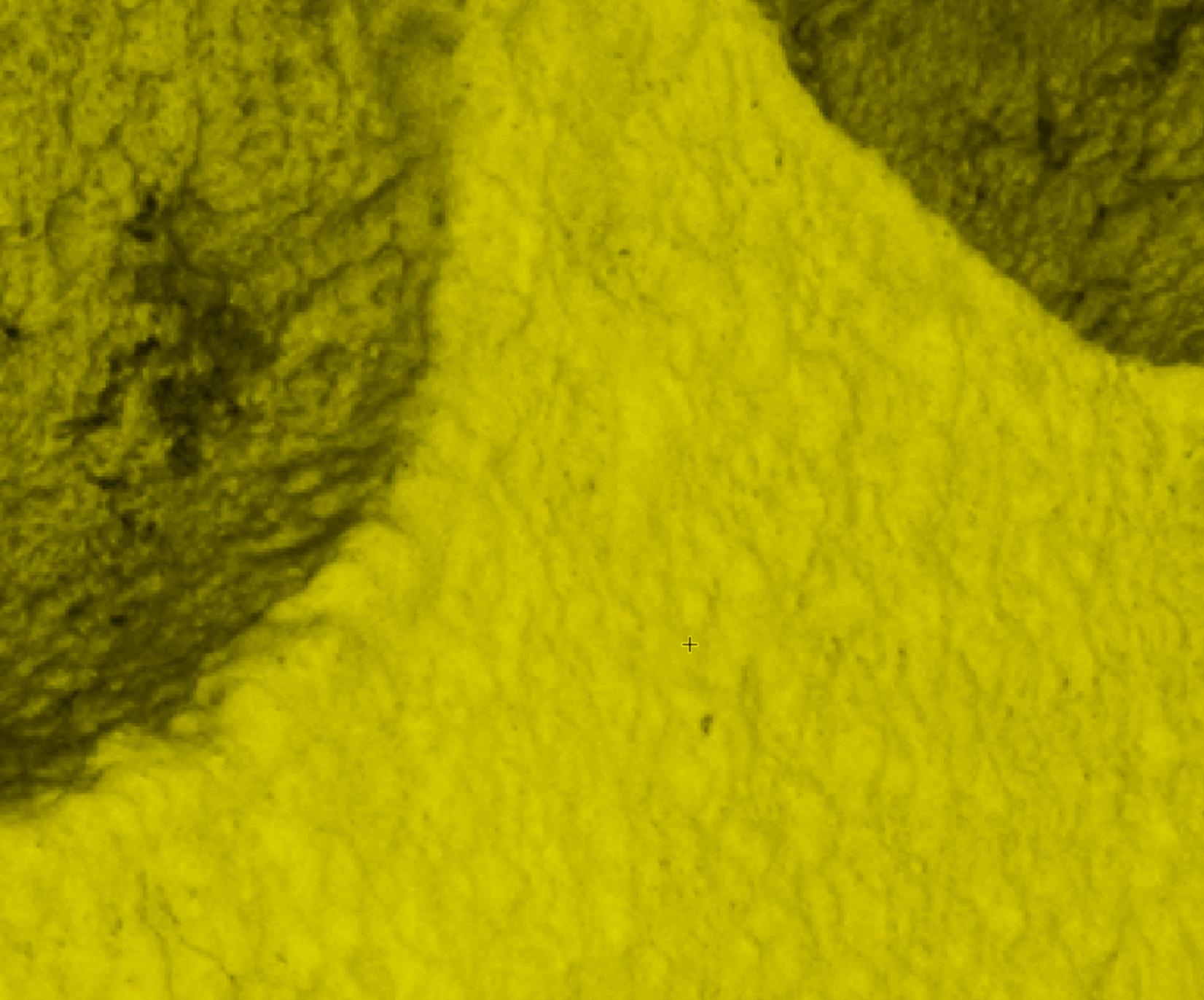


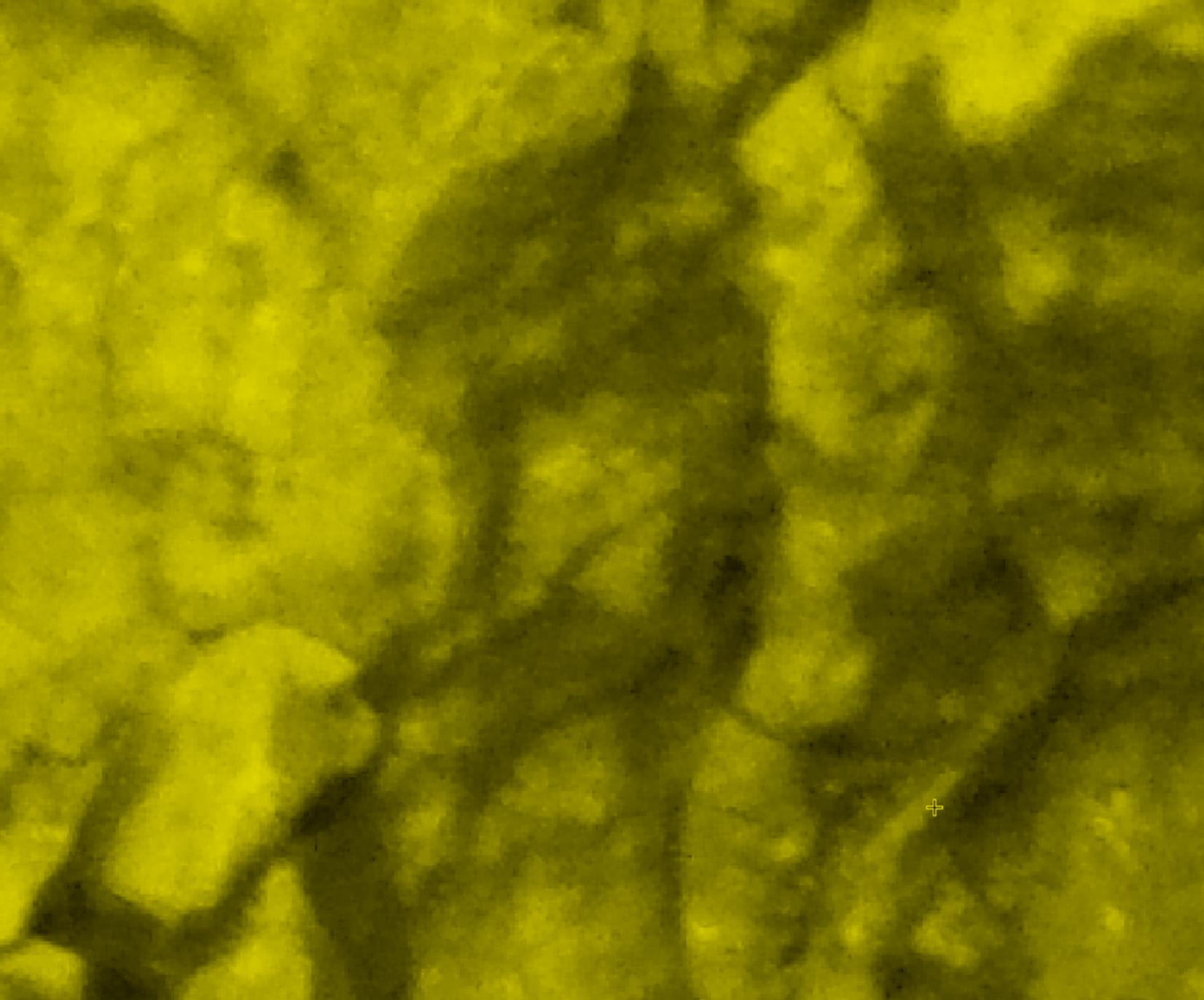












In the film *Solaris*, Andrej Tarkovski hovers his camera over a famous painting by Bruegel. We can see the painting, which depicts a scene in which hunters return from their endeavors in a snowy landscape, from scene to scene. We see a close-up of dead plants in the snow, a group of hounds standing next to it. We levitate into the distance; people ice-skating on a frozen lake; a small village right behind it; a bird in the sky; a bird sitting on a bare branch. Images fading into each other. All the while, an eerie soundscape is playing in the background. Tarkovski adds layers of meaning, by boldly zooming in, by adding sound, and by integrating this piece into his own narrative.

One month ago, I walked through the city of Sarajevo. I made photographs. Now I'm back in my studio space. White walls, bright fluorescent light. I look back at the photographs I made, I try to analyse them, and I don't know what to do with them. Going back to the mental place I was while pressing the shutter, all my reasons for aiming my camera at a certain direction feel banal, trivial. In a place where everything is so directly and unabashedly political, my being there feels out of place and uncomfortable.

What attracted me to this place in the first place, the complexity, the - dare I say - rawness, now only feels like a burden. Art has the tendency to romanticize every subject which falls prey to it, and I have the feeling that this is exactly what I shouldn't be doing, and don't want to do.

So there I am. White walls and fluorescent light. While browsing through my photographs, I notice my tendency to zoom in on everything, to eliminate the context, so the disinterested surface of the digital image remains. To reduce the grandness of the modernist multi-story buildings to mere textures. To neutralize it all. The more I zoom in, the faster the surface seem to move. The cursor becomes a random element in the composition I once carefully constructed. This cursor is much like me, walking through the city; random, out of place.

Jan-Pieter 't Hart (1995, NL), is a photography student based in Amsterdam

SHOULD
WE TALK
ENDLESSLY

ABOUT
WHAT
DIVIDES US?

MEN CAN SEE
NOTHING AROUND
THEM THAT IS NOT
THEIR OWN IMAGE;

EVERYTHING
SPEAKS TO THEM OF
THEMSELVES.
THEIR VERY
LANDSCAPE IS
ALIVE.

'Dear Smirna'

by Maite Vanhellemont

Dear Smirna,

When we read your essay out loud someone thought it was written by a man. I felt proud to say that it wasn't.

A strong woman like yourself often makes me emotional these days - because let's be honest, we still don't get to see them as much as we should. For a long time, I never thought of myself as an activist. I thought it just wasn't for me. But you - and all the others I fail to mention right now - made me realize that it is, or at least, it should be.

"Real art comes from real frustration."

I think you're right about that and that's why I'm quoting you now. But in this country, this city, this art school - we're not nearly frustrated enough. One of my best friends always tells me that we like each other because we hate the same things - I think she's right as well - but we currently live in a society where we

rather complain on the internet than demonstrate for the things we believe in. Only Donald made me do that.

We are privileged and it makes us lazy. It makes us think that we have the right to edit your text, while really; *what do we know?*

I went to art school because I felt like I belonged there, because I thought it would suit me. Not because I felt the urgent need to make art, the things we make here hardly really change anything. Or at least, not on a scale that seems to matter. But the thing is - I don't know if I mind, I don't know if I want to.

They teach us that our work must arise from our own fascinations. But being fascinated and being frustrated are two entirely different things - *So what does that mean for all the real art I want to make?*

During our last event - with your ex and my Bosnian fling in between us - you asked me what my personal reason was to go to Sarajevo. At the time, I didn't really know what to answer, but I do now.

I wanted to go abroad because I felt like I wasn't challenged enough and the options my art school provided just sounded boring to me. I wanted someone, something to shake me up, wake me up - and luckily we ended up meeting all of you.

Being called a rich kid from the West straight to my face was exactly what I needed. It's what everybody needs. Of course, on a political level we all know what's going on - but on a personal one, no one does anything about it. In our case, it's a choice not to know and being naive is a tool.

I'm not writing this because I want to excuse myself for being born in one of the richest - and apparently happiest - countries in the world. For being raised

in a very hippy-like family with parents that encourage me to reach my goals and all I ever want in life. For being able to choose my studies and profession based on my interests. For having a mother that never told me to clean my room - She taught me to be myself - it was a mess in there.

These are the results of a couple of decades of individualism, democracy and not having to deal with any kind of war - and I'm grateful for that. But I am sorry for our lack of activism. Because I realize now that with privileges also comes responsibility.

You write about graveyards and I remember myself as a kid, being fascinated with them. Every holiday, in every small village, I wanted to visit one. We would play hide and seek and tried calculating how old or young people were - a perfect example of how our different contexts shaped us.

But of course, I feel frustrated as well. Frustrated about me, as a young single woman being treated differently compared to when I still had a boyfriend - and not always having the courage to do anything about it or making up excuses when I do, because God forbid, people might think of me as a too-emotional-man-hating-person.

Frustrated about how the managing team of my art school is deciding on what an exhibition should look like instead of the teachers and students that actually know what they are talking about, meanwhile trying to tire us out with endless conversations, constantly avoiding the actual topics that need to be discussed - but if they think they can tire me, they don't know me at all.

Frustrated about many things - politics and how I often don't take it seriously anymore.

Frustrated with myself not knowing what to say when someone asks me what the whole point of Outline is, while really - this is it.

I do believe in circles, but more in a what-goes-around-comes-around-kind-of-way - *we like each other because we hate the same things* and shared frustrations make for great connections.

Corny - but corny things are often true.

Sarajevo woke me up - I never felt stronger - and I want to thank you for that.

X Maite

Maite Vanhellemont (1990, NL), is a photography student and gallery assistant based Amsterdam.

WHY DID
YOU GUYS
COME HERE?

WHAT DO
YOU HAVE
TO OFFER?

A MAP

IS JUST

A STORY

TOLD BY

SOMEONE

ELSE

SESTRE
SESTRE
CECTPE

Ehlimana Elma & Aida
Ehlimana Elma & Aida
Ехлимана Елма & Аида



Sestre/Sestre/Cestpe (Sisters) is an audio-visual project from Sarajevo. The project was started by the two friends Ehlimana Elma (b.) and Aida (b.). Formed during the fall of 2015, the idea behind the creation of the slightly notorious but humorous project was an effort to continuously question the hetero-patriarchal social paradigm through the promotion of queer-feminist values and policies.

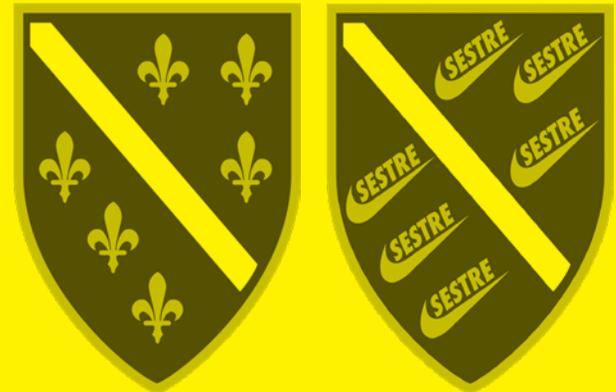
POST-ALIJA

The so-called “Post-Alija” aesthetic represents the nationalist legacy of the first president of Bosnia and Herzegovina – Alija Izetbegović. His legacy is a country which is all but inclusive because war criminals are hailed as heroes. Alija himself is considered the father of the (Bosniak) nation, whose current leaders (following the nationalist footpaths of their Croatian and Serbian counterparts) prefer to pretend that ethnic minorities, the LGBTIQ population and persons with disabilities do not exist.

The coat of arms of Bosnia and Herzegovina (from 1992 – 1998) is based on a design found on a few Medieval stamps and coins. The primary intention behind the re-using of this coat of arms was to connect the newly independent Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Kingdom of Bosnia, to symbolize the revival of its statehood. It does at the same time not represent any ethnic group within Bosnia and Herzegovina in its design. Therefore, it was decided that the new symbol of Bosnia and Herzegovina should be the so-called “Golden Lily” - dating back to the times of the Kingdom of Bosnia.

The original version of the 1992-1998 Bosnia and Herzegovina coat of arms is replaced by a version in which the famous Nike logo takes the place of the Golden Lily. The Golden Lily (*Lilium bosniacum*), apart from being a flower native to Bosnia, was the highest military decoration of the Army of Bosnia and Herzegovina during the war. Today, it is still appropriated by many nationalist political organizations.

So Post-Alija draws a parallel between the Nike logo and the Golden Lily. The Nike logo represents speed and efficiency, but in the context of our age, it represents one of the most notorious companies when it comes to capitalist exploitation, sweatshops and child labor. Nike employees are currently facing extreme poverty - their rights as workers are not respected. Nevertheless, Nike still treats the sweatshop question only as a PR disaster, and not as a serious question of human rights violations. The Golden Lily, a symbol of militarism and national pride with which not all people living in Bosnia and Herzegovina can identify with is ironically replaced by the Nike Swoosh. The Nike Swoosh, as being the famous trademark of this brand is the Golden Lily of our time. We cannot identify with the Swoosh in the



same manner we cannot identify with the Golden Lily. Precisely because we grew up in post-war Bosnia and Herzegovina and it's patriarchal society. Considering that we have full right to appropriate everything and anything which is connected to the system of values being shoved in our faces during our entire lives. In this system, which hails militarism, war heroes and masculinity. The system whose language is patriarchal and binary.

ЕΥΡΟΤΡΕШ (Eurotrash)

Eurotrash is based on the concept of mocking the meaning of 'European values' and the social gentrification being imposed on the people living in Bosnia and Herzegovina. There is a connection between the majority of the LGBTIQ community and the average homophobe. Both populations usually see salvation in the European Union and the capitalism of the West - due to the lack of understanding the real reasons behind the country's problems (such as privatization and the lack of good legislation). The idea that anyone, only with a little bit of luck, could tomorrow wake up as a millionaire CEO is sold through the many entrepreneurship conferences being organized, year after year. It is an absurd idea - given the fact that the average Bosnian and Herzegovinian citizen has access to very little capital. Such selling of an ideology serves to shift the blame for the large numbers of unemployment from the political system to the individual.

Recently Sestre released their first demo track called "Eurotreš I" and a teaser for their new track "Socialist Night Out". Both can be can be streamed on their Soundcloud profile.

BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA LANGUAGE POLITICS

Sestre choose to use a logo in the Cyrillic script, so as to address the language policies in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where language is continuously being connected with the identity of one ethnic group. Both Latin and Cyrilic are official scripts of BiH and are seen as equal in the eyes of the constitution, but in real life, they come with heavy sets of political and national connotations and are never perceived in a vacuum. School curriculums are also biased when it comes to learning and studying in both scripts. Nationalist parties use language as a power tool, and language as such serves the powerful political elites in their aim to highlight differences, rather than similarities, between the members of the three constituent peoples.



Ehlimana Elma (1993, BiH) & Aida (1994, BiH) are both studying at the Faculty of Philosophy in Sarajevo – the Department of English Language and Literature.



Sestre/Sestre/Сестре je audio vizuelni projekat iz Sarajeva koji čine Ehlimana Elma i Aida. Formirane tokom jeseni 2015., Sestre su došle na ideju stvaranja gotovo zloglasnog ali i humorističnog projekta koji se temelji na nastojanju da kroz audio-vizuelni identitet dolazi do konstantnog ispitivanja hetero-patrijarhalne društvene paradigme i promicanja kvir-feminističkih vrijednosti i politika.

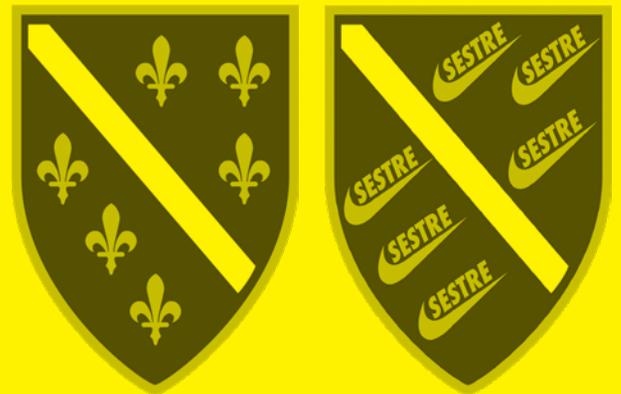
POST-ALIJA

Se bavi tkzv. Post-Alija estetikom koja predstavlja ostavštinu prvog predsjednika Bosne i Hercegovine – Alije Izetbegovića. Ostavština nekadašnjeg predsjednika se sačinjava od države koja je sve osim inkluzivna i u kojoj se i dalje ljudi koji su učestvovali u ratu veličaju kao heroji, a Alija himself smatra ocem nacije. Međutim, da li se Alija zaista smatra ocem cjelokupne nacije? Nacije koja uključuje i ostala dva konstitutivna naroda, nacionalne manjine, LGBTIQ osobe, invalide, etc. Da li je Alija otac samo bošnjaka i heteronormativnih principa?

Grb Republike Bosne i Hercegovine, temeljen je na izgledu sačuvanom na nekolicini srednjovjekovnih kraljevskih pečata i kovanica. Provbitni cilj grba je bio povezati Bosnu i Hercegovinu sa srednjovjekovnom Kraljevinom Bosnom kako bi se simbolizirala obnova njezine državnosti, ali tako da novi grb bude lišen nacionalnih simbola. U skladu sa tim je određeno da novi bosanskohercegovački simbol bude ljiljan iz vremena Kraljevine Bosne koji ne predstavlja ni jednu nacionalnost u Bosni i Hercegovini. Originalna vezija grba Republike Bosne i Hercegovine od 1992. do 1998. je zamijenjena sa verzijom u kojoj –swoosh- znak mijenja zlatni ljiljan. Zlatni ljiljan (lat. *Lilium bosniacum*) koji, osim što je endemični cvijet karakterističan za predjele Bosne, je bio najveće vojno odlikovanje Armije Bosne i Hercegovine za vrijeme rata u Bosni i Hercegovini. Dodjeljivan je vojnicima i oficirima za najsmjelije i najhrabrije podvige protiv agresora.

Post-Alija povlači paralelu između između loga kompanije Nike - 'swoosh' i zlatnoga ljiljana. Simbol zlatnoga ljiljana na grub Bosne i Hercegovine je zamijenjen swoosh znakom koji predstavlja brzinu i efikasnost, ali u kontekstu našega vremena, predstavlja kompaniju koja važi za jednu od najsloglasnijih po pitanju fabrika koje izrabljuju radnu snagu. Zaposlenici Nikea, između ostalih kompanija, vrlo vjerovatno i u ovom trenutku, suočavaju se sa siromaštvom, uznemiravanjem, otkazom i nasilnim zastrašivanjem.

Bez obzira na sve, Nike kompanija je i dalje tretira cijelo pitanje fabrika koje izrabljuju radnu snagu kao jednu od mrlja u njihovom odnosu sa javnošću, a ne kao ozbiljno pitanje ljudskih prava. Zlatni ljiljan, simbol militarizma i nacionalnog ponosa sa kojim ne mogu da se poistovijete svi ljudi koji žive u Bosni i Hercegovini je ironično zamijenjen sa swoosh znakom. Swoosh je zlatni ljiljan našega vremena. Ne možemo da se poistovijetimo sa swoosh znakom kao što ne možemo da se poistovijetimo sa zlatnim ljiljanom. Zbog činjenice da smo odrasle smo u poslijeratnoj Bosni i Hercegovini, sa patrijarhalnom ostavštinom prvoga predsjednika smatramo da imamo puno pravo da uzimamo i subjektivno oblikujemo sve što je vezano za sistem vrijednosti koji nam se nameće cijeloga života. Sistem u kojem se veliča militarizam, ratni heroji i maskulnitet. Sistem u kojem je jezik patrijarhalan i binaran.



EYPOTPEIII

Se bazira na ismijavanju koncepta značenja europskih vrijednosti i gentrifikaciji koja se nameće ljudima u Sarajevu. Ono što ne razlikuje LGBTIQ zajednicu i tipičnog homofoba je to da obje skupine, zbog nedostatka formnog obrazovanja i nerazumijevanja pravih uzroka problema u državi kao što su privatizacija i nedostatak dobrog zakonodavstva, uglavnom vide spas u Europskoj Uniji i kapitalu zapada. Ideja da svako može da postane CEO se prodaje na agresivan način kroz mnogobrojne CEO konferencije koje se održavaju svake godine. Na jako malu količinu kapitala koju ostvaruje prosječni građanin, to je apsurdno, ali takvo prodavanje ideologije u isto vrijeme služi da bi se krivici za nezaposlenost tražili u pojedincima a ne u političkom sistemu države.

JEZIČKA POLITIKA U BOSNI I HERCEGOVINI

Sestre biraju natpis na ćirilici i samim tim adresiraju fašistoidnu jezičku politiku u Bosni i Hercegovini u kojoj jezik uporno pokušava da se poistovijeti sa identitetom jednoga naroda. Zvanična pisma u BiH su latinica i ćirilica. Iako Ustav garantuje njihovu ravnopravnu upotrebu, što se javnih natpisa tiče - u Federaciji BiH ćirilice gotovo da i nema, kao što nema latinice u Republici Srpskoj. Školski programi takođe nisu naklonjeni učenju i upotrebi oba pisma. Nacionalne stranke koje su na vlasti koriste jezik kao sredstvo moći, i jezik na takav način sam po sebi služi služi interesima političkih elita koje žele naglasiti razlike, a ne sličnosti, između pripadnika tri konstitutivna naroda.

Ehlimana Elma (1993, BiH) i Aida (1994, BiH) obje su trenutno studentice Filozofskog fakulteta u Sarajevu, na Odsjeku za engleski jezik i književnost.



~~2011/12~~

VELIKI BRAT
VAS GLEDA

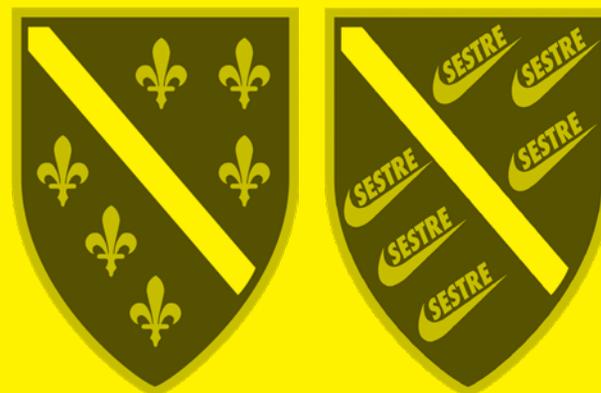


Sestre/ Sestre/ Сестре је аудио визуелни пројекат из Сарајева који чине Ехлимана Елма и Аида. Формиране током јесени 2015., Сестре су дошле на идеју стварања готово злогласног али и хумористичног пројекта који се темељи на настојању да кроз аудио-визуелни идентитет долази до константног испитивања хетеро-патријархалне друштвене парадигме и промицања квир-феминистичких вриједности и политика.

ПОСТ-АЛИЈА

Се бави ткзв. Пост-Алија естетиком која представља оставштину првог предсједника Босне и Херцеговине – Алије Изетбеговића. Оставштина некадашњег предсједника се сачињава од државе која је све осим инклузивна и у којој се и даље људи који су учествовали у рату величају као хероји, а сам Алија сматра оцем нације. Међутим, да ли се Алија заиста сматра оцем цјелокупне нације? Нације која укључује и остала два конститутивна народа, националне мањине, LG-ВТИQ особе, инвалиде, итд. Да ли је Алија отац само бошњака и хетеронормативних принципа?

Грб Републике Босне и Херцеговине, темељен је на изгледу сачуваном на неколицини средњовјековних краљевских печата и кованица. Првобитни циљ грба је био повезати Босну и Херцеговину са средњовјековном Краљевином Босном како би се симболизирала обнова њезине државности, али тако да нови грб буде лишен националних симбола. У складу са тим је одређено да нови босанскохерцеговачки симбол буде љиљан из времена Краљевине Босне који не представља ниједну националност у Босни и Херцеговини. Оригинална везија грба Републике Босне и Херцеговине од 1992. до 1998. је замијењена са верзијом у којој –свуш (swoosh) знак мијења златни љиљан. Златни љиљан (лат. *Lilium bosniacum*) који, осим што је ендемични цвијет карактеристичан за предјеле Босне, је био највеће војно одликовање Армије Босне и Херцеговине



за вријеме рата у Босни И Херцеговини. Додјеливан је војницима и официрима за најсмјелије и најхрабрије подвиге против агресора.

Пост-Алија повлачи паралелу између између лога компаније Nike - 'свуш' и златнога љиљана. Симбол златнога љиљана на груб Босне и Херцеговине је замијењен свуш знаком који представља брзину и ефикасност, али у контексту нашега времена, представља компанију која важи за једну од најзлогласнијих по питању фабрика које израбљују радну снагу. Запослени у Nike-у, између осталих компанија, врло вјероватно и у овом тренутку, суочавају се са сиромаштвом, узнемиравањем, отказом и насилним застрашивањем.

Без обзира на све, Nike компанија и даље третира цијело питање фабрика које израбљују радну снагу као једну од мрља у њиховом односу са јавношћу, а не као озбиљно питање људских права. Златни љиљан, симбол милитаризма и националног поноса са којим не могу да се поистовијете сви људи који живе у Босни и Херцеговини је иронично замијењен са свуш знаком. Свуш је златни љиљан нашега времена. Не можемо да се поистовијетимо са свуш знаком као што не можемо да се поистовијетимо са златним

љиљаном. Због чињенице да смо одрасле смо у послијератној Босни и Херцеговини са патријархалном оставштином првога предсједника, сматрамо да имамо пуно право да узимамо и субјективно обликујемо све што је везано за систем вриједности који нам се намеће цијелога живота. Систем у којем се велича милитаризам, ратни хероји и маскулнитет. Систем у којем је језик патријархалан и бинаран.

ЕУРОТРЕШ

се базира на исмијавању концепта значења еуропских вриједности и гентрификацији која се намеће људима у Сарајеву. Оно што не разликује LGBTQ заједницу и типичног хомофоба је то да обје скупине, због недостатка форманог образовања и неразумијевања правих узрока проблема у држави као што су приватизација и недостатак доброг законодавства, углавном виде спас у Еуропској Унији и капиталу запада. Идеја да свако може да постане СЕО се продаје на агресиван начин кроз многобројне СЕО конференције које се одржавају сваке године. На јако малу количину капитала коју остварује просјечни грађанин, то је апсурдно, али такво продавање идеологије у исто вријеме служи да би се кривици за незапосленост тражили у појединцима, а не у политичком систему државе.

ЈЕЗИЧКА ПОЛИТИКА У БОСНИ И ХЕРЦЕГОВИНИ

Сестре бирају натпис на ћирилици и самим тим адресирају фашистоидну језичку политику у Босни и Херцеговини у којој језик упорно покушава да се поистовијети са идентитетом једнога народа. Званична писма у БиХ су латиница и ћирилица. Иако Устав гарантује њихову равноправну употребу, што се јавних натписа тиче - у Федерацији БиХ ћирилице готово да и нема, као што нема

латинице у Републици Српској. Школски програми такође нису наклоњени учењу и употреби оба писма. Националне странке које су на власти користе језик као средство моћи, и језик на такав начин сам по себи служи служи интересима политичких елита које желе нагласити разлике, а не сличности, између припадника три конститутивна народа.



Ехлимана Елма (1993, БиХ) и Аида (1994, БиХ) обје су тренутно студентике Филозофског факултета у Сарајеву, на Одсјеку за енглески језик и књижевност.



IGNORING
ARTIS

SENSOR-
SHIP

**THIS
IS NOT
AVAILABLE
IN YOUR
COUNTRY**

DÉRIVÉ

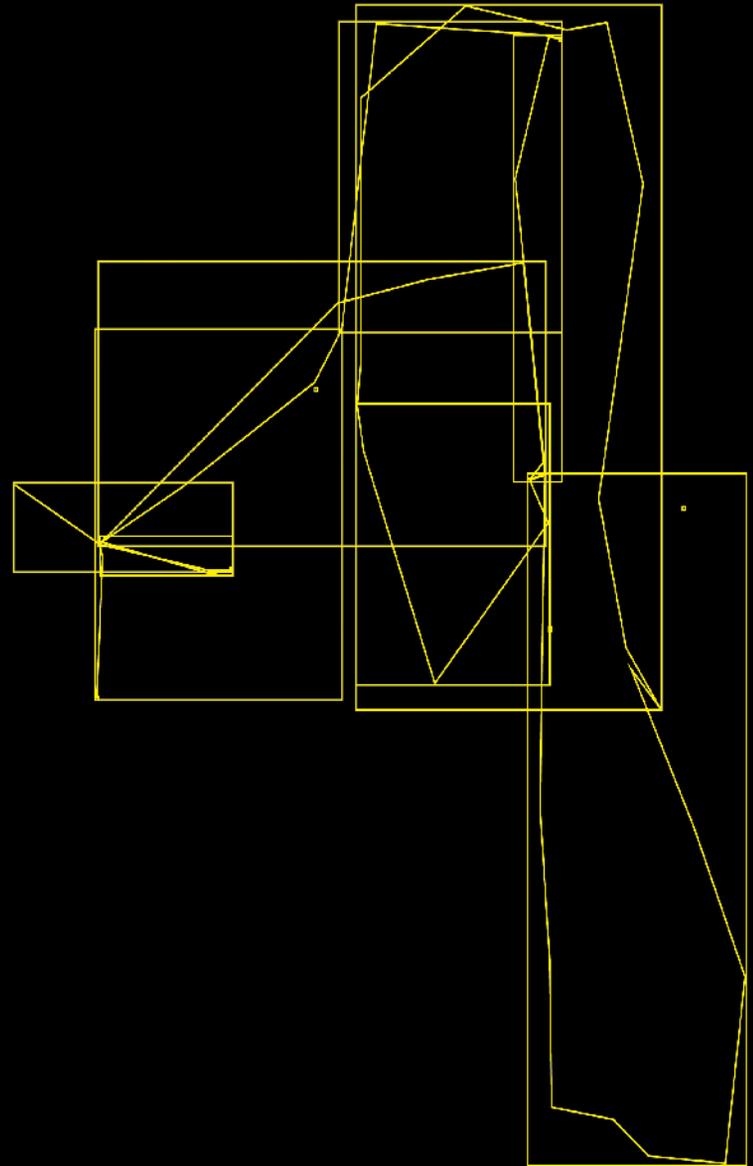
by Wouter Stroet

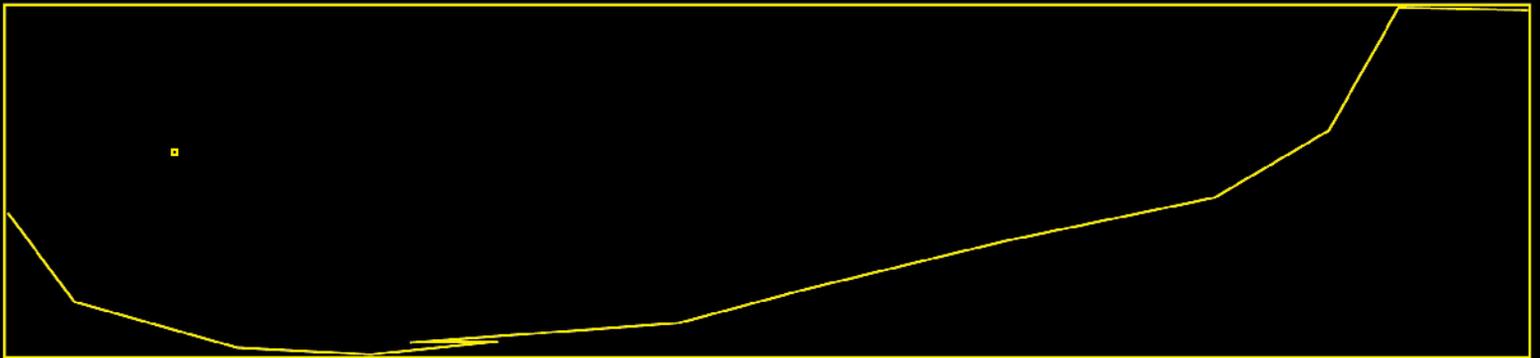
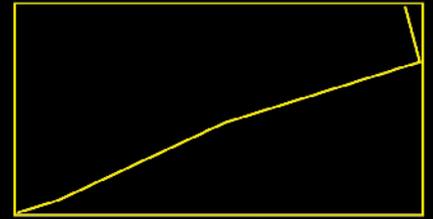
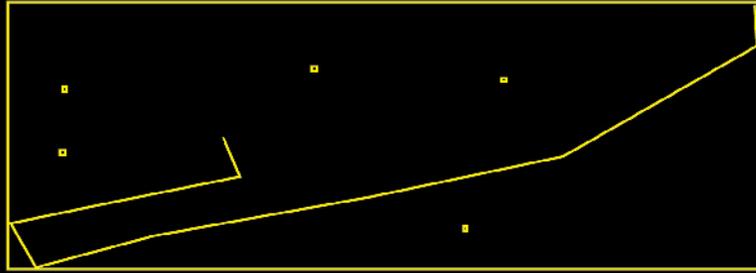
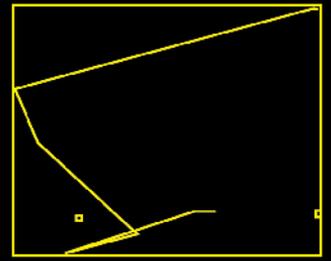
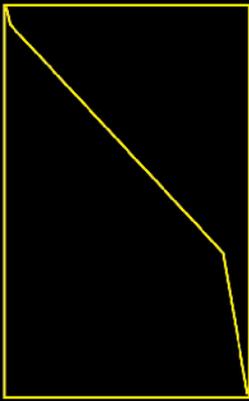
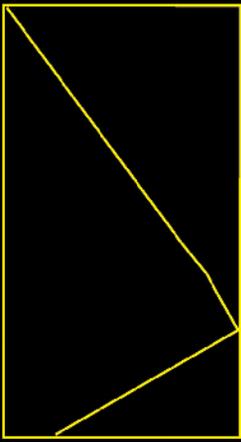
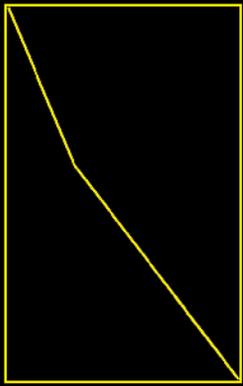
Experience reduced to statistics, no smell, no sunlight shining in our eyes, not the cacophony of city sounds, not the dialogue about what fascinated us, no pointing at the juxtaposition of the unknown; these streets of Sarajevo.

But these lines and dots, they do tell us something; about the decisions to go left here and right there, sometimes fluent, sometimes rigid, in need of different scenery. About our eagerness to walk as far away as possible, or to return to our starting point. They are honest in their dogmatic factuality.

These are the traces of two *dérive* (French: “drift”) walks through the urban environments of Sarajevo, based on the essay *Theory of the Dérive*, by French Situationist Guy Debord.

Wouter Stroet (1995, NL), is a graphic design student based in Amsterdam.





DÉRIVE

WOUTERSTROET

DID YOU

SUCCEED?

I DECIDED
I SHOULD MAKE
THE STRUCTURE AS

VISIBLE AS THE
DANCING

An-
xiety
Of
The
Refe-
rence

by Zulfikar Filandra

If I feel like there are so many things I don't know –
then I can't do anything.

But I want to. I want to make many things and do a lot in my life.

Then - I will have to stop.

Although I haven't been doing anything much for the past 27 years but eating information from the internet and devouring television and books and media, I will have to stop doing that - and make something.

The amount of things to know is overwhelming.

The amount of references is overwhelming.

We are visited by a group of nice Dutch people. They hail from nice art schools. I feel like I have to rise up to the conversation. I don't want to embarrass my city or my school.

We will introduce ourselves through references.

I know my references.
There are not so many.

Yes. We all love *Sonic Youth*.
We are brothers.

But.
What is the degree, the amount, the quantity of the required visibility - for something to turn into a reference?
For something to become a Reference.

So, the problem (the frustration) is:

David Bowie is a reference. *Hito* is.
Hans is. *Eno* is. But why *Mak* isn't?
Or *Saidin*?

Isn't his pain enough?
Mine.

But - time flows equally everywhere.
At equal speed. The key to.

And I am only getting older.
And more older. This time creates
anxiety. As references do. The refer-
ences that there was no chance I could
master. Actually, yes, I do want to rise
to the conversation. But there are so
many experiences, refer-enc-es, that
I carry with me that you cannot com-
municate with – our experience of:
war, siege, war, brutality, mass kill-
ing, rape, hate, war, transition, then
again war, poverty, transition, fam-
ine, Yugoslavia, communism, East,
transition, Islam, periphery.

What about them?
What about these experiences?

What should we do with them?
How do we carry them?

Where do we drop and leave them?

It seems that, It seems like:

We are not equal.



Is there a perspective from which
being here matters?

*How does it feel to be from
Papua New Guinea?*

*Do you scroll and dream about
things that you cannot have?*

You cannot be white.
And we cannot understand each other.

Where is the centre?

Within.

Cosmic scale.

I do understand the riots in London
2011 and brothers burning Tesco's.
It's frustrating not to be white and
not to be able to fuck *Cheryl Cole*.

I feel for my brothers.

No one is equal.

Kim Kardashian is white.

Bosnia is small. Europe is big.

The small is always anxious in the presence of the big.

However, if you would observe the planet from a distance, if you were to hold it in your hand and throw it like a ball, maybe Bosnian would be more beautiful than English.

The Centre Cannot Hold

Brotherhood of the screwed-up.

Ben Frost.

What is the centre?

Where is it, under-brothers?

There would be no racism if there was no centre. And there would be no fascism.

ATWT:

You know, over the last few years there's been a lot of attention paid to this notion that you're somewhat of an outsider amongst documentarians.

Werner Herzog:

I'm dead center. I have always felt like I am standing in the centre and all the others are outsiders.

Hito, to hear about you I had to meet a student of yours at a gay wedding in Vienna. You know there could be no gay wedding parties where I come from.

Hito is so important.

Hito matters.

Hito was married to a Croatian guy. Does that make Balkan more important? She often quotes and names artists from Yugoslavia.

Proud?

*Kim Gordon:
People pay to see others believe in themselves*

They indeed do.

*We were driving in an old bus from
our homeland to our capital and you
were telling me about an artist who
decided to stop trying to catch-up
with everything and to move into
woods. He is probably right.*

Fuck Hito

Does it matter what his name is?

I am only 28

Let's build something together.

!

*p.s.**

Sanjala sam jedan san. Veliko more koje nas je progutalo. Ako ne sanjam rat onda sanjam vodu i ti snovi sa vodom su uvijek uzbudljivi ali prelijepi. U njima nikada ne osjećam strah jer znam da će da se završe pobjedom iz koje ljudi izlaze sretni i kao takvi savršeni.

Sarajevo, 22.12.17

Zulfikar Filandra (1989, BIH) is a film and theatre maker based in Sarajevo

*

p.s.

I had a dream. A great sea devouring us. If I don't dream (about) war then I dream water. And these dreams with water are always breathtaking but beautiful. I never feel fear in them because I know that they will end with a victory from which people emerge jubilant and like that, perfect.

PIRATE BAY

SAVED

MY

LIFE

WHAT ARE
YOUR

PREJUDICES?

ECHO

CHAM

BER

by Tjobo Kho

There is no edge

There are no borders

Ended up at this border

Leaving

Thinking of taking risks

Thinking of taking advantage of privileges

Thinking of 500 art school students graduating, ready to throw their art at the accumulating pile of existing artworks

Thinking of the definition of activism

Thinking of completing modern life

Thinking of mountains vs dunes

Thinking of fame

Thinking of exploding paradoxes

Thinking of narrative identities

Thinking of altered states

Thinking of when what happen

Thinking of new friends

Thinking of new interpretations

Thinking of jenever vs rakija

Thinking of graphic design saving the world

Thinking of my moms' memory of her holiday in Sarajevo

Thinking of the white cube

Thinking of choice

Thinking of stretching time

Thinking of exchanging lifes

Thinking of every image as an event

Thinking of foreigners

Thinking of tradition

Thinking of coming back

Thinking of being back home

Thinking of me as a metaphor

Thinking of memory issues

Thinking of choreographies I never had to perform

Thinking of losing

Thinking of winning

Only leaving an impression and some books

To think about

And still thinking

Sarajevo, December 2017

Tjobo Kho (1993, NL) is a graphic design student based in Amsterdam

IS THIS A

GENERATION
THINGS?

WHAT ARE YOUR
PERSPECTIVES?

HOW IMPORTANT
ARE THEY?

Sarajevo

*...and what are we
going to do now?!*

by Pierre Courtin

A group of young, enthusiastic people from Amsterdam asked me to write a short text about contemporary art in Bosnia and Herzegovina today. I have only 48 hours to write it before it will be published. To write well, I will need at least a few weeks because the art scene in BiH is one of the most complex I know in Europe. I will deliberately leave aside a long explanation of the political and economic context of this country; others will explain this better than me.

Let us just remember that Bosnia was recognized as an independent country by the international community on March 6th 1992. This was followed by an atrocious war against the genocidal reek that we thought would never be seen again in Europe. For us Western Europeans, it was happening right next to us, only a few hours travel from most of our capital cities. We have done nothing or almost nothing. We watched them die. Finally, after years of absurd international diplomacy, the war ended in 1995 with the Dayton Peace Agreement that left no chance for Bosnia to rebuild itself properly.

Like many countries, Bosnia was born in war and in the suffering of people who live there. These people have always been committed to living together and defending universal values. The current borders are like the scars of old fights, and let's be honest, we are still living in a divided country.

And yet during the war, right after the war and also today, the cultural scene of Bosnia and Herzegovina is active and inventive. Music, cinema, theatre, visual arts, poetry and writing; the country is full of interesting and inno-

vating creative persons who are fighting for the arts. It is very hard for most of them but things are happening, more than we think.

Let's go back to the topic that interests us; contemporary art in Bosnia and Herzegovina today. It is a personal point of view, but I feel that today we are part of a double-edged movement: on one hand, we have the desire to forget nothing of the past. On the other hand we feel the urgent need to think of something else and build the future.

Since I work in BiH, I am particularly interested in memory issues and in artists who explore the complex issue of individual and collective memory. These phenomena summon artists whose sense of belonging to a country is an issue: some of them have had to migrate at some point, physically or mentally. Besides, Bosnia as a country remains an unresolved issue. Personal and collective memory are the point of convergence where questions are raised, where certain answers confront each other, where words, images and ideas are born, where the meaning of memories surfaces, the meaning of concrete documentation material comes to life and emerge as the building blocks of a metaphorical balance sheet on the current state of affairs. Memory is like a second nation that overlaps with the real country. It offers multiple angles of refraction. Most of the artists I am working with were hit by the 1992-1995 war in Bosnia and Herzegovina during their childhood or their youth. They are going back to it mentally, both by remembrance and by projection; memory is also a thing which informs the present and determines the future.

So here we are in a sense making a “gesture of remembrance”, which is necessarily manifold and fragmentary, and gives birth to works produced during a post-war era, where the country’s institutions are barred from studying history, doing justice, reconciling memories, and building a shared future. Artists are unquestionably part of the avant-garde of a civil society determined to shoulder these tasks, taking the lead ahead of the ruling powers and administration, but they do so with tools that extend far beyond politics. Their task is to offer new ways of perceiving reality by exploring what shapes it: its memory, its persistence, and the elements it suppresses.

The gesture of remembrance obeys the same principle of collective singularity and fractal realism. The artworks gathered are not judgements, they are not monuments to the dead, nor are they hackneyed statements on things past. With their sharp focus, and by building a close-knit network of essential, sensitive elements, they testify to a nationwide work-in-progress. They explore places of memory which also serve as fields of self-projection, public and private spaces, archetypal and mediated images, the body of the artist, random objects, ghosts, and symbols of the recent past.

Today, however, it seems that a young generation of artists from Bosnia and Herzegovina have the desire to get away from these issues, to put the war aside, and to think about its future.

This is something that seems new to me, and today it seems essential to support. It is necessary to leave the young Bosnians the possibility of inventing themselves. They are the masters of their destinies, and it belongs

only to them to succeed. And of course, they will. To conclude, let’s remind ourselves that the great Yugoslav writer Ivan Andric rightly said that the Balkans produce more stories than we can consume. He was right, and he is undoubtedly even more right today.

We’ll see what the future holds for us. Do not passively expect it, but invent it the way we want it to be! The future depends only on us; there is no reason to complain, it is a too easy position!

Pierre Courtin, 2017

Pierre Courtin (1976, FR) has run Duplex100m2, an exhibition space in Sarajevo, from 2004 to 2017. Duplex focussed on supporting the art scene of BiH; they hosted numerous artists and enabled them production, exhibition and presentation of their works.

SARAJEVO

IS

COOL

OUTLINE is a continuously evolving platform, which is currently focused on Sarajevo, for exchanging stories and references from people all over the world. The project is initiated by two graphic designers and two photographers; Tjibo Kho, Wouter Stroet, Maite Vanhellemont & Jan-Pieter 't Hart, but also consists of a dynamic mix of individuals who participated, shared and contributed.

IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER:

Thanks to everyone who came to our events and participated, to Marit Weerheijm, Ben Thorp Brown, Medina Rešić, Jacob Dwyer and Ena Sendijarević for letting us show your work on a big screen, including Mateo Vega coming all the way to Sarajevo to join us for an artist talk and a nice walk the day after, Katarina Bošnjak and Selma Dokara for being the one and only guests at our very first event, Selena Kučević for translating to Cyrillic, Nadza Kemura for always showing up, Zulfikar Filandra for putting your doubt aside and becoming our friend, Kriterion Sarajevo, Gallery Brodac and SKLOP for letting us host several events, Šejla Lajlani for being so new age, Smirna Kulenović for reminding us of the importance

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Tjobo Kho

Wouter Stroet

Maite Vanhellemont

Jan-Pieter 't Hart

***Seven events
gathered a pile
of fragments,
connected to the
present and history of
Sarajevo, to the point
of realization that the
light you deliver only
shines on top of the
iceberg, getting lost in
a city you don't know
is still relative, but
friendships will last
and fragments remain.***

