

Hristina Ivanoska
Yane Calovski

WE ARE ALL
IN THIS
ALONE

Pavilion of the Republic of
Macedonia

to Teodor and Maya

*“Remembering does not only mean an act of reproduction.
It is an intellectual synthesis - a constructive act“.*

Ernst Cassirer

This would be the shortest definition of the trajectory of the subtle multidisciplinary concept by the authors Yane Calovski and Hristina Ivanoska entitled *We are all in this alone*, which is compatible with the theme of the 56th International Art Exhibition, La Biennale di Venezia, *All the World's Futures* of the curator Okwui Enwezor.

The investigatory project, developed in phases, is focused on the new relations, i.e. on the recontextualisation of the painting work by the anonymous artist in the church St. Gjorgi in Kurbinovo from the 12th Century.

Essentially, the project is reconsidering the question of faith, the personal emotional and intellectual condition, as well as the collective, which at the same time touches numerous questions of the human existence.

By bridging the rich, authentic Macedonian cultural and historical heritage, the authors associate their project with the current trends in the field of socio-economic, philosophical and aesthetic global processes that dominate the modern world.

**Maja Nedelkoska Brzanova, Comissioner
National Gallery of Macedonia**

Hristina Ivanoska
Yane Calovski



Pavilion of the Republic of
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WE ARE ALL
INTO IT
ALONE

chapter 1

We are all in this alone

Başak Şenova

We are all in this alone by Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski studies and questions the notion of faith in today's concurrent and multiple socio-political conditions. The project references a number of intricate sources: a fresco painting from the church of St. Gjorgi¹ in Kurbinovo painted by an unknown author in the 12th Century, as well as writings by Simone Weil, Luce Irigaray, and recently discovered personal notes by Paul Thek dating from the 1970s. While searching for political values in the representations of formal aesthetic and literary sources, the work carries a specific urgency to articulate ways we continuously engage and disengage the past and the present, questioning the notion of faith within socio-politics and economic realities.

Hristina Ivanoska's drawings and objects are inspired by the texts of Simone Weil and Luce Irigaray. While Weil questions her faith in God, considering it as a personal decision and path that one goes thought alone, Irigaray, in her text "La Mystérique" from the book *Speculum de l'autre femme* (1974), explains the emotional and inexplicable (love) relation toward God. Irigaray asks: *"But how does one tackle these things, even if one feels passionately about them, if there is no sense of vocation?"*

Yane Calovski's drawings and collages refer to recently discovered correspondences of Paul Thek, addressing the difficulty to survive while creating, producing and maintaining ones own work and keeping faith in the idealism of collaborative production. Addressing the value of hidden poetics in the details positioned well beyond the mundane clichés of one's own need to produce language, Calovski literally paints invisible (erased) icons, procured through the physical disposal of the image as a religious symbol.

The work also incorporates a short film as a prelude, which further addresses faith not only as an emotional and intellectual condition, but also as a contemporary socio-political anomaly.

¹ The name of the church is „Св. Ѓорѓи“ in Macedonian, or Saint George in English translation. In the book, however, for the sake of authenticity of the name transcribed in English, the version 'St. Gjorgi' was used when addressing the church.

11:15, restate my assumptions.

One: Mathematics is the language of nature. Two: Everything around us can be represented and understood through numbers. Three: If you graph the numbers of any system, patterns emerge. Therefore: There are patterns everywhere in nature.²

How can one talk about 'faith' with fixed and memorized techniques that have been internalized as opposed to religious dogma and even beliefs? Could this be an attempt to materialize the perception of belief in the mundane realm of life? Then, is it possible to seek hope for the future in the beauty of observance as the equations of patterns? What breaks repetitive patterns? What is the chance of the incomplete patterns to cumulate stories? Could 'faith' be traced with new tools derived from the past stories of incomplete patterns? Who completes patterns? Who detects patterns? Who navigates through patterns? Is the infinity of the numbers equal to the chances of faith?

...it is as if it seizes a handful of dice from chance-chaos so as to throw them on a table...throwing involves infinite movements that are reversible and folded within each other so that the consequences can only be produced at infinite speed by creating finite forms corresponding to the intensive ordinates of these movements: every concept is a combination that did not exist before.³

Two artists, driven by passion and curiosity, followed a narrow, forking road to the top of a hill and rediscovered a series of unique fresco drawings in a small church, guarded by a giant oak tree and staring at the lake below. It was 2012 and the subtlety of the church, at the edge of the old village of Kurbinovo, briskly enchanted them. With questions and feelings of different intensities, they traced the patterns of secrets beneath this beautiful treasure. With every move they made, they added another encounter that could be traced to their voyage: the writings of Simone Weil; an article by Luce Irigaray; personal notes by Paul Thek; the gallery space of Kunsthalle Baden Baden; and their inseparable yet unlikely stories. In 2015 they gathered together patterns of knowledge, desire, curiosity, resistance, beauty, melancholy and strength for the Pavilion of the Republic of Macedonia. Now, with an infinite number of associations, combinations and clashes, which will attempt to seduce the visitors of the pavilion, the voyage ends at Arsenale, Venice.

² Max Cohen (in *Pi*, a film by Darren Aronofsky, 1998)

³ Deleuze, Gilles and Felix Guattari. *What is Philosophy?* (Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Graham Burchell. Columbia University Press, 1994, p. 75)

Precarious Spirituality: Transfer and Continuum

Elke Krasny



Conventional historiographical narratives or theoretical analysis of abstract art, minimal art, conceptual art, or post-conceptual art leaves little room for consideration with regard to the dimension of the spiritual. For a long time the religious overtones of the spiritual prevented its entry into art theoretical discourse. Etymologically, spiritual shares a common root with spirit. The Latin word spiritus opens up a wide semantic field: breath, breathing, life, soul, mind, enthusiasm, courage, pride and poetic work. Via Medieval Latin's use of the word spiritualis, the semantic field of the spiritual was narrowed down and firmly connected with the religious, the sacred, the clerical or the ministerial. It is safe to assume that it is this firm connection with the religious that posed one of the main challenges for the spiritual's ascent in the artistic production of modernity, post-modernity, or even today's late modernity. Yet, *We are all in this alone*, the collaborative work of Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski presented at the Venice Biennale, knowingly and deliberately enters the complex potentialities of the spiritual. They open up the question of what it is that carries faith into art. They open up the question of what it is that carries faith into life.

For many years the two artists have been intrigued by the 12th Century church of St. Gjorgi in the village of Kurbinovo. During a visit to the church in 2008, one of Kurbinovo elders, an older woman serving as the holder of the key, entrusted the two artists with it. They were granted access, given time for contemplation and reflection in the space with the fresco. The spatial dimensions of the church, its simplicity, the conventions and techniques of fresco painting are part of their fascination. Yet, there is another dimension beyond the physical appearance of the church, which is of equal importance. As a built structure the church also tells a story of affective relations, of community, of trust, and of support. Were it not for the elders in the community, the church would be no longer. In this respect, there is a spiritual continuum. One can easily imagine generations after generations who took on the responsibility of care taking, of guaranteeing that the village's church would still be there in the future. Paradoxically, one might argue, that it is the

building that needs faith in its caretakers. Only by way of the unbroken chain of human support can the building become an enabler of encounters with spirituality. Therefore, there is a long-lasting complex entanglement between buildings, bodies and spirit(uality) at work in the Kurbinovo church and its fresco. Following an invitation to show their work together at 45cbm, a new exhibition space opened in 2012 on the ground floor of Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden, Ivanoska and Calovski approached the gallery space without a preconceived notion of how to work with it or what to show.

Paradoxically, one might argue, that it is a space that needs faith in the artists who usually experiment with it. In the case of Ivanoska and Calovski this is exactly what they set out to do. They realized the conceptual relation of the small gallery to that of a chapel, not only as an imaginable relation, but also as a physically, materially existing relation. By way of working out the connections between the small gallery to the chapel, they also developed an understanding of the different practices and meanings connected with dimensionality. The way the small experimental gallery space of 45cbm relates to the entire institution of the Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden closely resembles the way how a small church relates to the larger church building. It is this dimension of the smaller, more intimate space and its potentials within, and at times counter, the larger space of the art institution or the church, that they began to activate for their collaborative work. So, one could argue, what the chapel allows for as a more intimate, individual, experimental contemplative practice, the small gallery space allows emergent practices, but also in terms of more intimate, contemplative encounters for the visitors to the space. The dimensional relation between the Kurbinovo church and the 45cbm exhibition space of Baden Baden's Kunsthalle is expressed at the scale of approximately 1:2,5. At this scale the two artists realized a new wall drawing that transferred the contours of the church's fresco into the gallery. What is at stake in connecting the chapel and the gallery space, the fresco and the wall drawing, is both the movement of a transfer and the movement of a continuum. Even though transfer and continuum suggest very different types of movement, they are connected in Ivanoska's and Calovski's way of working. I will tease out this connection in more detail later.

Let me first introduce how transfer and continuum is understood in the context of Ivanoska's and Calovski's collaborative work. I want to suggest a spatial understanding of transfer, from here to there. I want to suggest a temporal understanding of continuum, from past to present. There are a number of different connections to be made between here, there, past, present. The work addresses them in all their different possible connections, both spatially and temporally. Therefore, one might argue, that there is both a spatial and a spiritual continuum, and equally a spatial and a spiritual transfer. Describing the relations between the church and the gallery, I consider the combined movements of transfer

and continuum to be expressions of both the affirmation of spirituality and the affirmation of a possible crisis of spirituality. Continuum speaks to the affirmation of spirituality. Transfer speaks to the crisis of, and in, spirituality. Yet, read from a different angle, one could also argue that continuum always already speaks to the looming crisis of spirituality. It is against the pending crisis of spirituality that faith persists, that the continuum is carried on. One could also argue, that transfer speaks to the affirmation of spirituality, that it is in fact possible to transfer the spiritual dimension attached to or embedded in a specific space to another space. These complex operations are the operations at work in *Chapel (We are all in this alone)*, the title for their installation at 45cbm.

I will now proceed with an analytical approach to establish the importance of transfer and continuum in previous works that the two artists had co-authored before they followed the curatorial invitation to work together at the 45cbm exhibition space. Looking back from the work *Chapel (We are all in this alone)* to their previous works, one can make out a clear conceptual lineage. This is constituted by their use of transfer and continuum. *Nature and Social Studies: Spiral Trip* was developed and realised between 2001 and 2003. In a conceptual move, the two artists continued Robert Smithson's *Spiral Jetty* (1970) by way of transfer, as a *Spiral Trip* through their country, Macedonia. Their following collaborative work was the *Spiral Swim Line* in 2004. This time, not only a work by Robert Smithson was the conceptual point of departure, but equally their own previous work *Spiral Trip*. Realized in Rincon, Puerto Rico, the two artists combined transfer and continuum by way of keeping the form and dimensions of the original *Spiral Jetty* and by using material that came from Rincon's public context. In 2007 the two artists realized *Oskar Hansen's Museum of Modern Art*. Again, there is a conceptual move that brings together transfer and continuum. Hansens's 1964 proposal for a new museum in Skopje serves as a starting point to connect the unbuilt project with its today's utopian potentialities. *Oskar Hansen's Museum of Modern Art* also manifested a belief that what has remained a sketch, a plan, an idea for a space yet to come, might have an impact on how we relate to spaces and how we think about the relations between spaces and art works today. The past's fragments are the future's potentials. In a similar vein, one could argue, that the fragments of the 12th Century church are being put to the test today. The two artists make room for new encounters within the fragments. Even though the church and the fresco have endured over centuries, their physical continuum is not untested. The fresco is clearly marked by the passage of time. It is not whole, it is clearly recognized as a fresco, yet much of it has disappeared. It is this very fragmentation of the fresco that allowed for the two artists to insert their own individual works, their drawings, their references to texts by philosopher, mystic, and political activist Simone Weil, by feminist philosopher, linguist, and psychoanalyst Luce Irigaray, and painter, sculptor, and conceptual artist Paul Thek. Hristina Ivanoska transferred

the following sentence, “Tell us godly Simone of the waiting till the savior come again”, into gold cut-out letters. The hand-made paper, out of which each single letter of the sentence has been cut individually, is another layer of transfer and continuum within the transfer and continuum of the whole work. The quote is transferred to a different medium, a different size, a different materiality, a different format. There is a continuum of reading it, yet again. Here, there, past, present, they all come together in the way the sentence has become a wall-piece. In a similar way, a sentence reflecting on Luce Irigaray, “Now I know and by knowing I love and by loving I desire”, is transferred and continued, takes on a new dimension through the big golden, yet delicate cut-out letters.

Let me return once more to fragmentation. It is fragmentation that carries through the transfer and the continuum and tests them temporally and spatially. It is the very fragmentation that allows for the insertion of new pieces, new art works and, equally, an emergent spirituality. Paradoxically, fragmentation at the same time clearly shows how strained, how fragile, how precarious transfers and continuum actually are. Therefore, the two artists’ work speaks to the intricacies of interdependences and support structures. Putting these to the test, Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski decided to allow *Chapel (We are all in this alone)* to become *We are all in this alone*, freed from the direct reference to its original context it emerged out of, yet still carrying an echo of its former life. The artists’ ‘faith’, that spirituality can in fact be transferred and continued in the space of the Arsenale at the 2015 Venice Biennale, clearly demonstrates the work’s capacity to express a notion of believing that there is agency within the constraints and precarious conditions of the given socio-politic and economic realities. The fragments taken from the works of Weil, Irigaray and Thek endure. The fresco’s fragmentation makes room for the endurance of the very process of inserting other fragments that can again be understood as transfer and continuum. Because of its compelling connection between transfer and continuum, the work of Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski mark spirituality’s endurance despite the historical materialist version of knowing better, always already having known better than to place trust in spirituality. Paradoxically, one could conclude by saying, “we are not alone in knowing that we are (not) alone in placing trust in spirituality, despite all odds.”

Untitled (The Sovereign Republic of the Spirit), 2015

Sebastian Cichocki



We have no religion, signposts or zoos. Our hearts are cold. They bleed no more. It's all over for flagellation and repentance; the whip and the cane have been tossed aside. Years go by; the cold shells of temples stand empty, the carnival goes on. We are never tired. We make no demands. No cheating, no cheap tricks, no sweating blood. Enough fasting, enough arranging for a better life in a faraway place, perhaps, one day, in another world; enough bargaining, enough collecting brownie points for good deeds and noble thoughts.

We take no notice of others. We barely touch one another; if at all, it's no more than chance brushing against others, sometimes a gentle kiss, and the head snuggled into someone's belly, caressing someone's cheek. Physicality is not a forte of ours. Something poured into something shapeless. In our mouths, the taste of corroded steel and salt. We are relics.

The future lay hidden in the plotlines of tawdry 20th Century science fiction films that, as children, we watched in the shopping malls. In the absence of any other guidelines, we relied on what moronic film directors had dreamt up. We had no time to spin visions of our own. We don't have sufficient data from the outside on which we could now rely. There are many gaps in our ceremonies. The world is unfinished, some plots stop short for no reason, nothing is profound, nothing is forever.

Paul, interrupting: It seems that during our lives we all – or at least those of us who were artists with religious convictions – believed that the moment of death meant the ultimate encounter. We were all expecting it, but this condition remained unfulfilled. Crossing the boundary of death did not mean understanding the mysteries of the world, the yearning for metaphysic was not quenched; quite the contrary.

Be brave! We are not a hallucination as we have come to be considered. We do feel the warmth flowing over our bodies; we do experience a tingling in our hearts. On a regular basis, three times daily at the very least, we affirm our conviction that there is life before death. It is still possible to come across decaying copies of the Bible in hotel rooms. All the prisoners have been pardoned. We have forgiven them. We are the Good.

Mother Mutation has made our lives perfectly psychedelic. We dream our days. Our days dream us. Not much has been left to do. Time has stopped still. Although, and let me emphasise this point strongly: not forever. When it starts moving again, we will not be able to halt it. We are unemployed. We use no currency. Government agencies supply us with manna on a regular basis.

Angel number 3, interrupting: Do you know that Jerzy Ludwiński compared the development of art to a snowball rolling down a hill, always growing, collecting successive parts of reality, to finally become the globe itself? He outlined the development of art in six phases; we are presently only in the fourth phase, the stage of meta-art, which is collecting all of reality. We still have before us the total phase, which will then take us to the zero phase – art which we will no longer be able to display in a conventional manner, at an exhibition for example, and which can only be “suggested.” Members of the new civilization will communicate it through telepathy.

My thoughts are ebbing. In your eyes, spirals are spinning. We are one spirit. In our veins, the blood of Scottish spiritualists and Eastern-European queer concept artists; we are the children of the Universe. The new spirit returned as a big, fat ram. It brought salvation to nobody, it died for nobody. We are lying on its skin, inhaling its pungent smell which pierces our nostrils and our eyes. We scream in ecstasy. The next day, we fall into a black hole. There are still bits missing in our stage setting.

The Government of the United States of North America sends us good wishes for Christmas and Easter. I think they do this out of habit and a lack of any better ideas. We are The Sovereign Republic of the Spirit. What our constitution says is more or less this: do what you must, never cease in your endeavour to get to know your fellow humans, keep calm. We take things easy, nothing is hard. We know one another through and through. Each thought, each deed.

Jerzy, interrupting: I would like you to recall one thing from this journey we’ve shared. Most probably we won’t be making any art today. We’ve missed the moment when it turns into something else entirely, something we are unable to name. One thing is certain, however: what we will be doing today has greater possibilities.

Everything that has been good in us is flourishing. Base instincts, weak will and arrogance have finally died a death. Violence is an extinct species, on display in amusement parks. Yes, we do also have amusement parks. And swimming pools that stretch for miles, along woods. We have temples of meditation – small wooden huts on high stilts that rise above the fields. And we also have our art. We apply it brain to brain, eye to eye. We do not buy art, however; we do not hold it. Our houses are not for storing objects. But museums do still exist. They have a special mission, we cherish them. They are our temples, our arks of the covenant, and our chariots of fire. In small, round capsules we note all the glances that people have ever cast at objects. They contain lust and admiration. They contain love. One day we will shoot these capsules into space; they will go into orbit and grow in strength. And it is from them that new life will be born.

We have relinquished all our things to museums. We no longer need furniture, souvenirs (after all, we do remember everything), kitchen equipment or cages for domestic animals. Museums deal with material things. Our homes are where the spirit lives. The spirit has a name and a fiscal digit.

Andrzej, interrupting: I have a special relationship with death. I've long been accustomed to the idea. All of my art is a slow preparation for the final departure. All those libraries, mausoleums, gravestones, thesauruses, alphabets... Words are little deaths!

Our Republic has no borders. There are no border guard posts, no barbed wire, and no sniffer dogs. Migrants flow into the Republic in their masses. Alive or dead, here, they will all find a place for themselves. Our homes are their homes. They can set camp as much as they want in our hearts and our memory, in our spare rooms and kitchens. We celebrate their customs; we inhale the aroma of their cooking. If need be, we break open their fetters and babysit their children. We warm ourselves in their warmth.

We do not get older nor do we rejuvenate ourselves. We do not get tired, yet we do not rest. We are not hungry, even though we are never sated. Our bodies are simultaneously hot and cold. They pulsate. On summer nights, waves of hot air can be seen flowing towards the stars. We are one body. We have millions of eyes and hands. We feel the universe more strongly than the universe itself can presage our existence.

Besides, we now know that we are totally alone. There are no other civilizations. We shall never welcome to our planet any Others, any Visitors, any Star Travellers. We do not sin in our thoughts or in our words, in what we have done and in what we have failed to do. We are the thought. Our bodies are light. We move

graciously, soundlessly, we hover slightly above the ground. Happiness has come to us that have as yet no name. It sucks our bellies, it makes us dizzy. It gives us thought of our thought, spirit of our spirit, and an emperor in serpent's skin.

We have abandoned all fear. Fear is a vain, petty sentiment. We have eradicated it with Mother's help. Glory to the human gaze! It is from that gaze that new life shall be born, it is in that gaze that we shall be reborn without grief or regret.

All the angels, dead artists and the members of audience stand up and pray:

I believe in form that no-one restricts.

I believe in a just division of competence.

I believe in freedom given to the end user.

Let the world be our map, let it be filled with love.

Evil is revealed through ambition.

Pettiness is the devil incarnate that weakens our will.

Let critics perish forever and ever.

Let us pray that the art be the stage and backdrop for real life.

Let the good not fill the form but transcend it.

Let the artist not be a false god.

Let the body of work be our body.

Let us pray that we not judge our fellow man in haste, that we not flatter ourselves, nor close off the paths of development that shall lead us to a new, better world.

The form from the premise, the premise of good will, and in good will the spirit of the future shall manifest itself.

Truth in the material that shall be intangible and invisible.

Truth in the form that no-one and nothing shall constrain.

Truth in the function that we shall discover all together, following the light of love.

Amen.

A (reconstructed) conversation

Yane Calovski
Hristina Ivanoska
Başak Şenova

Başak Şenova: What is the driving force behind your will to collaborate?

Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski: Over the years we have developed a specific kind of collaborative dialogue that culminates from time to time with specific works based on shared research. Our projects animate multilayered conceptual possibilities though the intense associations questioning the dynamic of the practice inspired by accumulated knowledge, intuitive references, historical and present day political concepts. The logic of our collaborative practice is unusual in the sense that it is a result of a constant exchange of ideas and living and working together for a number of years.

Başak Şenova: How do you describe each other's artistic approach and working methodology?

Hristina Ivanoska: Yane's artistic practice comes from a very complex mindset. At first glance some of his constructions/installations might look simple because the things (object, drawings, prints, photographs, videos) are very carefully selected and organized in a way that makes you feel comfortable (at the beginning). When one goes deeper into the content to understand the meanings and the links between the things, one realizes that the creator of this set has a talent to twist the things in an unusual way. He is in a constant search for a new approach to tell a story, sometimes very personal and painful, at times a story that reflects our collective body. His concepts are never closed, his ideas always evolving. He is like an archivist dealing with one massy archive, persistent in his effort to keep things massy while finding something extraordinary that, at least for a moment, will shine a new light on an old story.

Yane Calovski: Hristina's concern with historical narratives of women, the undocumented histories of activism and solidarity, has lead to always discovering new forms of actions – drawing, sculpting, writing, filming, speaking, direct activism. So, her practice is multidimensional. She is very attuned to what is happening around her but also within her. Her art is very personal and powerful,

communicates with the audience who always seem to be engaged with her work. The works do not shy away from also being visual and are carried out with the confidence of someone who can draw, paint and sculpt.

Başak Şenova: Hristina, could you exemplify your interest and research with historical narratives by navigating through one of your recent works?

Hristina Ivanoska: The aspect of researching oral histories in relation to women's history has recently brought me back to the story of Rosa Plaveva (aka Deli Rosa, 1878-1970), a social democrat and women's rights activist that has been one of the main subjects I have researched over the years. The first time I started to study her life and work was ten years ago as I was working for the project *Naming the Bridge: Rosa Plaveva and Nakie Bajram* (2004-2006). This work is a research-based project that started in 2004 and it was concluded with a 3-channel video installation in 2006. From the collected materials in 2008, I developed a publication with limited edition posters.

The work presents my experience with the local authorities of the City of Skopje after submitting a proposal for naming the newly-built bridge with the names of two women protestors and fellow citizens. This initiative was provoked by the lack of gender sensitivity in the decision making body of its society and the more obvious division of the city between different etching and religious communities.

Başak Şenova: Yane, in relation to historical narratives, two of your works come to my mind: *Master Plan* (2008) and *Obsessive Setting* (2010).

Yane Calovski: The story of the unfinished modern urban plan project for the City of Skopje is based in the research of the winning proposal by Kenzo Tange Associates for the reconstruction of the City of Skopje following the earthquake of July 1963. This has always been a very personal narrative for me, compelling for many reasons, but mostly for the aspects of the story that have been lost in the official narrative and are non-existent in the official documentation and photography.

So, I started to dig into various kinds of both official and unofficial archives and discovered materials that shed a light on the personal and professional relations of the people that worked on the plan, as well as intricate cultural and political differences manifested in these relations. I discovered the discarded parts of the narrative, the missing limbs of this archival ghost. Both projects became large-scale installations that ultimately give us a sense of how sometimes the intended brilliance in the rational space of diagrams comes to overlap with the mystical space of illusions.

Başak Şenova: **What are the commonalities that bridge the gap between your individual research, ideas and the result as a production of art?**

Yane Calovski: First of all, for both of us exist very intimate, personal interests in particular issues that are regularly appearing in our artistic practice. We are both interested in literature, theory and art history, as well as current political organization of artists and cultural workers for self-identification in current post-communist society. Our active role in the cultural and political scene of Macedonia plays a role in the further shaping of our positions as artists.

Hristina Ivanoska: The research process is very important to both of us. However, we do not have a very systematic approach. Reading different things (recommended or self-discovered) are researched further and relate to ones own existence. Taking time and articulating the accumulation of information from different sources becomes a creative process, both as studio-based artists and as cultural/political activists.

Başak Şenova: **Bearing in mind the conventional scheme and the selection process of the Macedonian Pavilions, presented at the Venice Biennales, it was a deliberate and bold decision to work with a foreigner curator. Hence, such an act also underlines the nature and the operation logic of a relationship that has built between you as artists and me as a curator over the years. How do you see my role, significance and responsibility in this specific collaboration?**

Hristina Ivanoska: We have known you for more than ten years now and we have collaborated in many different projects over the years. For us you are more than a curator and a collaborator. You are a friend and a member of our family. During this decade each of us has gone through so many professional and private experiences that somehow have straightened our friendship and understanding of each other. Furthermore, being a curator of the Pavilion of Turkey six years ago, and having in mind our previous collaborations and projects, you were to be the right person for this challenge. We always wanted the three of us, to do a joint venture one day. So for us this was the right time to do that. For you have the capacity, the energy and mind-set for it. This is the first time that a foreign curator has curated the Macedonian Pavilion and it is obvious that we take this very seriously and professionally.

Yane Calovski: But just as important, if not more, is your broad interest in cultural, technological and social phenomena, which we experience as the key postulates in your curatorial work. You are a hard-working, internationally established curator with an impressive network of people. We knew you would relate to the mix of references we are working with: Luce Irigaray, Simon Wail, Paul Thek, a church in

Kurbinovo, an experimental gallery space from Kunsthalle Baden Baden, and our own personal narratives woven into it. We knew you would see this as a positive schizophrenia and would be supportive of its further development.

Başak Şenova: My thoughts and dreams are mutual and for sure, I see this as a big opportunity and responsibility to share this schizophrenia.

There are four main references, which belong to different periods in time and paradigms, that designate not only the starting point of the project, but also the segments that are being processed in each work that cultivates the project as a whole: the traces of the fresco paintings in St. Gjorgi church located in the village of Kurbinovo; the writings of Simone Weil; the text ‘La Mystérique’ by Luce Irigaray; and the recently discovered production notes and letters of Paul Thek.

Could you elaborate on them by explaining the links between them?

Hristina Ivanoska: The links between all the references are intuitive. They relate to a basic premise that faith is the necessity for self evaluation, evaluation of one’s beliefs and ideas about society and processes of emancipation, growth, desire, relevance or political stance and inquire into the work one creates and subsequently leaves behind. The conscious political idea of all the authors are what binds them. At the beginning of every research they are subjective reasons why some authors mean something to us. For example, I discovered Simone Weil while doing research on the personal letters of Rosa Luxemburg. I immediately become interested in her as a person and in her writings. She is very complex and interesting, unusual and determined. Through her writings I became interested in faith, belief, God, issues that were not that important in my lmy artistic practice. She was addressing those very philosophical and abstract matters in a very provocative and original way. On one side, she sounds so simple, so easy to understand, but on the other side she is ready to question what should not be asked. And this is what I like about her.

Now if I should point to a believer that I can trust, she is the one. What was missing in her writings was the feminine side of her. She was a virgin and she didn’t like physical contact. But she was full of love. Crazy love. And she was definitely perceived as mysterious in her time and even today. And then, when I started reading this beautiful text, like poetry in prose, “La Mystérique” by Luce Irigaray from her book “Speculum of the other woman”, I knew that I had found the missing voice. It fitted perfectly. Inspired by their texts I could now create my own little sentences, my own paper constructions, very simple and beautiful, like signs of faith.

Yane Calovski: For us at the beginning it was individual research without the intention of becoming a base for a collaborative work. Then over the course of the research phase, by speaking to each other about what we were working on, what we discovered from our sources was that faith has become something imbedded in an evolutionary process regardless of religion. Faith, it seems, was something we had before we had anything else. Before the links were shaped we shaped our definition of the need to believe and how slowly this has become miss-constructed in current socio-politics. We started to sketch a possible narrative, a script even, in which three characters and one site converse on the concept of faith on the margins of society.

Başak Şenova: Speaking of subjectivity, how do you route your approach to ‘religion’?

Hristina Ivanoska: We find the basic idea of religion as some form of self-identification that is constituted in all of the sources. How we are illustrating belief when not using religious generalization of imagery and verse has been one of the key issues. To paraphrase Duchamp, art becomes the religion of the individual who believes in science. It is interesting to think if in this statement we accept with certain faith or do we remain reluctant. There is a very strong connection between all of them. Faith, saintliness, belief, procession, God, art, those are the issues that concern all of them on different level that are expressed/elaborated in different mediums (frescos, texts, objects, installations etc.).

Yane Calovski: Religion is less of an issue in the work. I do not associate my faith with that of the dogma of a given religion. What is fascinating for me in the church of Kurbinovo is the faith of the painter who worked on the fresco; his strong sense of purpose and its manifestation. I think that religion for me is a filter that taints the experience we are out to have with faith and God. I tend to believe in the work we do to make sense outside of the comfort of some narrative. Narratives that are dogmatic and preconceived by nature have never swayed me.

Başak Şenova: In the meantime, from a totally different point of view, Thek has always been an inspiration for you Yane, both through his writing and his art. How did it start and how has your relationship with his work evolved?

Yane Calovski: Paul Thek was someone I discovered very early in my studies in Philadelphia, in the mid 1990s. It influenced me right away; I was falling hard for what I thought I understood of the work and the man behind it. There was something toxic and sexy and honest and strange and foreign and God knows what else in there that stirred my interest and made believe in his iconography, his positions, his attitude, his work ethic and manifestation of solidarity in practice.

There was a lot to admire and appreciate, not to copy as style, but basically to remember. Early on he became the most important figure for me and there were works I did about some discoveries as early as 1999. He was also being rediscovered by the art world following his death and the market interest in his work made it possible for new travelling exhibitions, catalogues, books, etc to appear and be available. The more I learned about him the more I understood about my insecurities and myself.

Strange, but to me he has been a sort of interlocutor. So, any chance to dig up some personal archive of a collector, I ask for anything on Paul Thek. I was lucky to discover one folder in the Egidio Marzona collection that belonged to his art gallery and handler in Paris ARTSERVICE. In it there were letters and notes written back and forth between Thek and Benedicte, the gallery manager. They are so informative about his whereabouts during 1971-74, his state of mind and the purpose of his work during this time. It is a small find, that only die-hard fans of Thek may care about, but on the other hand, for me it is an art history find, something really important in teaching us what faith has to do with social and collaborative aspects of current art production. How are the institutional settings changing our attitude towards what we make and how we present it? How hard is it to trust one another and keep belief in the same process we call art making? What are we doing when we are trying to survive? How are we generous to each other? What is the value of money?

These found notes open a new set of questions that remind me of Thek's famous questionnaire given to his students at Cooper Union in the foundation class. These questions have become a classic read now. My interest in intimacy, poetry, society, comes from knowing something about my world and myself by having found him in the time of my life when I did.

The prolific writer that he was, the amazing texts he has produced is some of the best-unrecognized literature of the last century. How can we ever forget his words: *I said I was. I never said I was.* It is exactly this duality, this escapism and falling into your own trap.

Başak Şenova: Succeeding the research process of this project, you reflected on all these questionings and findings with the act of producing. While your artistic production merges with other lines of reading, you also create potential fields of further stories, sentences, records, and perceptions of the notion of 'faith' that are all connected –even if sometimes they convey contradictory thoughts- with the physicality of your production. How do you conceive this physicality?

Hristina Ivanoska: You offer some interesting analysis inside this question and, in a way, the physicality of the work is manifold, a result of all the experiences with the resource materials and the experience of various architectures. We are cultivating a process that suggests housing a thought process, reflecting, containing and keeping the knowledge of the initial installation, while at the same time adding new insight into the work as it continues to manifest itself in a new site, in context of a different spatial and also contextual logic.

Yane Calovski: The physicality is also a result of conceptual consideration of the architecture of the project. As drawing is a process of articulating a visual language to illustrate ideas, we undertook a careful consideration of what these words can mean and how they can build an experience. It is also indirectly an aural experience as we considered the act of reading and humming words, the near-silence that exists on a written page. That is why, for the most part, our drawings resemble text works to be comprehended in the language in which they have been found. But the physicality of our production at the end is a sum of many parts, many considerations and intuitive conceptualization of space and history.

Başak Şenova: **Last but not least, how do you locate this project in the context of being presented in the Sala de Armi of the Arsenale?**

Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski: Since it was important for us from the start to have the project evolve in contextualization, having it in the Arsenale brings it in context with the history of reclaimed spaces, readdressed environments. It is important that in some way it feels anchored in the context of this particular building that is redesigned to service various installations. So, the dynamic is different, we can rest the historical connotation this dialogue may bring and focus on having the project articulated as a concept and a build environment. Furthermore, it is interesting for us that in some way we are returning to the word Chapel, something that got dropped following the show in Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden. But here we feel the space closely resembles these small chapels for contemplation, for prayer or religious service, very often as part of nonreligious institutions or can be part of a big structure or complex (military objects for example).

Our room for contemplation on one side can be seen as such in the context of Arsenale, having in mind the historic background of this complex environment and its current meaning and purpose. On the other hand, our project should not be perceived only as such. The created space *We are all in this alone* has its own history and identity that goes further and deeper into the meaning of faith; the faith in art, practicing art, living art, and art as an artist's path to infinity.

WE ARE ALL
INTO IT
ALONE

chapter 2

Are we all in this alone?

Dirk Teuber

If you consider the translucent, golden, irregularly contoured wall surfaces that with their gable form insinuate an originally different architectural context, formed by artistic accuracy, the kind of arbitrariness found in nature as well as human carelessness, it doesn't seem easy to become fully aware of the frescos from the church St. Gjorgi in Macedonian village of Kurbinovo, originally from 1191 (the church's patron saint, also landed on the Macedonian currency's 50 Denar note); these are frescoes, therefore, that have announced until today the realization of a Christian-based imagination of redemption. In these mystical dimensions the panels line up as nothing other than wooden blocks with white grounding and a slightly elevated rim that, as concrete objects, seem ready to keep up the rich tradition of Orthodox icon painting. Or are they, as holy images, a bit extinguished, eliminated? It doesn't even seem easy to decipher the amalgam of aphorisms condensed with golden capital letters by Simone Weil, a Christian mystic with Jewish roots, and the reflections of Luce Irigaray, who analytically devotes herself to conditioned role assignments based on language creation and societal conditions conceived as legality of physical bonds. This is done so as to explore the transcendental entity which is upheld as true and effective not only in Western civilization, even if the names of the authors are not disclosed.

And it seems then, perhaps rather disconcerting at first, that transcriptions of a correspondence and a catalog text produced on a mechanical typewriter, discovered in the archive of the art collector Egidio Marzona in October 2013, have been integrated into the presentation. This is about the preparation of an exhibition, the development of projects and the exchange of experiences with galleries, the day-to-day or practical things which define the public view of an artist. It is the correspondence by Paul Thek, the only artist whose name appears in this installation. It is the artist who in order to understand his work recommends in the handwritten booklet *Required Reading* (Kolumba Museum, Cologne) authors such as the historian Jacob Burckhardt; psychiatrists like Ronald D. Laing and C.G. Jung; the Greek-Armenian writer Georges I. Gurdjieff; the poets Friedrich Hölderlin and Horace; the theologian Salvian of Marseille; the mystical preacher Meister Eckhart, but also Saint Augustine as mandatory reading material, based on sanguine voluntary trust.

Yane Calvoski and Hristina Ivanoska act as sedulous, cautiously profound prospectors and treasure hunters in the archives of the world and the history of the Judaeo-Christian West. They are on the hunt for artistic as well as conceptual valuables in images and words, in order to lift them up to today as instruments of human ordered thinking and its interpretational capacity. In these the artists find again and again a beginning trapped in constant perspectival change, life plan, and the need for transcendence, which if nothing else, manifests in the iridescently illuminating shade of gold, which is found in all of the leading world religions. *We are all in this alone* even beyond an all-encompassing sustainability of a vision which never offers itself as total solution but as the curiosity around the wonderful, around the attempt at truthfulness discovered by mankind himself, carried by an always-distrusting confidence in whatever the understanding of the respective present might be. Didn't T.S. Eliot see in the climate of New Criticism the basic conditions for any relevance within, that every artistic positing newly adjusts the view of the past and leads to a new understanding, which is an imaginary, if not virtual, museum? And this may also be deeply full of hope, according to Albert Camus, you find the fortune Sisyphus found in the freedom of the measured length of the descent to the stone. "To believe because you want to believe - to give thanks" notes Paul Thek.



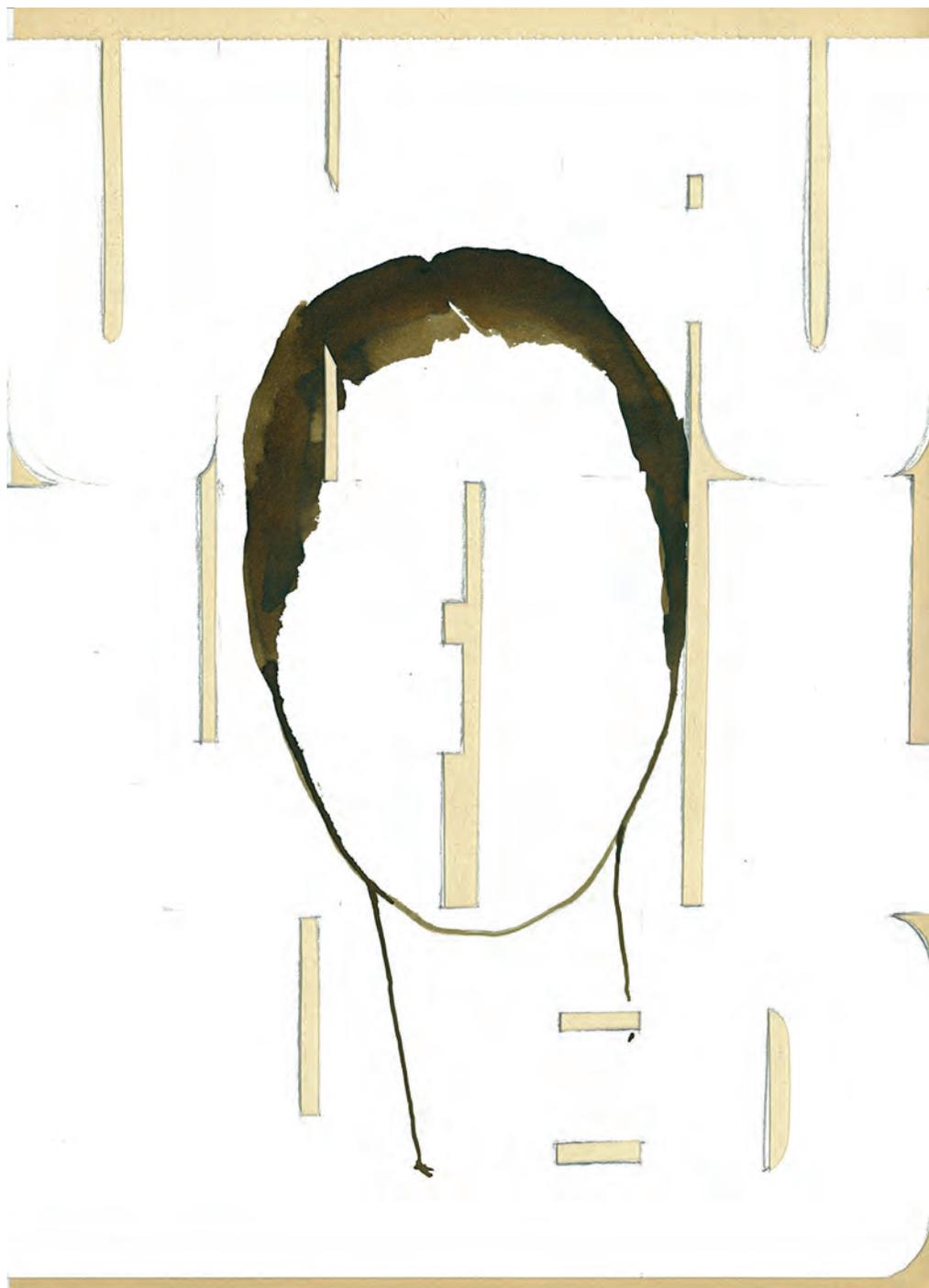
Faith, Me and the Rest

Branko Franceschi

I was baptised discretely in 1959, a few months after my birth in the ancient church of St. Simon in my hometown of Zadar, Croatia. The hushed discretion of the sacrament of my admission into the Catholic Church was due to the communist rule at the time, and it seems to have determined my relationship with faith for life. For me it was always a private matter, the very essence of some of the fondest family memories vaguely made up of profane sensations: sounds, visions, and aromas of cod fish brodetto, roast turkey and stuffed cabbage; the ceremony of decorating the Christmas tree and exchanging gifts, painting Easter eggs and carefully laying them on bed of green grass; eating scones consecrated at the midnight mass the night before: the scenes of the entire family enjoying the lavish meals, everybody laughing and singing. Outside this household intimacy it took a form of chime frenzy echoing over roofs and stone paved piazzas, harmonious stone edifices of churches, coolness of their interiors in summer and freezing humidity in winter, solemn paintings, stillness, intensity of incense, powerful sounds of organs, sonorous chanting and murmur of the praying crowd.

The blessing of being young and focused on hedonistic aspects of life to a certain extent muffled the tremors of tense cohabitation of the socialist state and religion during my formative years. The ups and downs of their perpetual clandestine struggle for hearts and minds of people and the Church's victorious identification with national identity within the multi-confessional Yugoslavia, powered by the country's incessant interior centrifugal forces, were resolved with the third consecutive war-cum-revolution in our 20th Century. When the war was over and democracy at long last was being introduced in the resulting national states, the Church claimed its long denied position in the focus of political power. The humble, intimate realm of faith transformed into the public populist spectacle of power, while the Church's solemn opposition stance of the past was replaced with the rigid, omnipresent immaculate authority and calculated real-estate pragmatism. Alas.

Nevertheless, watching the elegant beauty of two church stone bell towers framing the skyline outside my office window, I still feel quite comforted by the spiritual verticality they embody. For me, faith is still a private affair.



I don't believe in life after love

Omar Kholeif

How to make something: This is a question that has always mystified me.

We instil so much of our faith:

In Art
In Objects
In Value
In Rarity

Everything is a fabrication, an emotional one.

A longing, a desire, we reach out. To-

Tinder
&
Grindr

We find our way out of the digital debris, yearning for material authenticity.

We instil belief in the practice of:

Archaeology
The possibility of ruins
Practices borne purely out of romanticism

We evade the truth: Through research.

Pouring over books in libraries begins to be about something, but are we searching for anything at all?

We write a thesis for 6 years that no one will read.

We smile, and convince an exam committee of our commitment to the ultimate project.

We are merely together, alone.

The Internet has made us all believers.

I was a machine, but now I am human.

The ultimate revenge story

The anthropocene

We have created, supposedly.

The atmosphere is enveloping me.

The circle unfolds.
Google schnoogle.
My brother is now building brands.
Search.
Search.
Search is a commodity.

Escape the over code!
The human age
Art and Revolution, viva revolution!

I am not cynical.
I slide across migrant images.
Ethnography printed and bound as a fetish object.

In a coffee table book
In a museum
In a biennial

We are:

Beyond Good and Evil.
Beyond Digital Resistance

I sit here in the shallow water.
In a mess of my own doing.

It is Sunday.
The sea is close by.
Or is this a river?
A choirboy who my roommate fucked last night is singing for us.
He chastises us gently with his eyes for our collective sins.

I am thinking past terror.
I am burning my diaries.
Unpretentiously invoking Genet.
I skate across Gibraltar.

I hanker for sleep. Money. Discipline. Emptiness.

I have no desire anymore. There is nothing to engage with this consciousness.
My libido has been eaten by emotion; the resulting frustration is circling around
me forming pools of anguish that manifest physically as vanity.

I am swallowed.

An addendum.

Light pierces through the skylight.

A supplement.

A weight loss supplement

A vitamin replacement

A delicious non sequitur

Adrift

Smothered now:

In polyester

Nylon

Floating 9 and a half inches off the ground.

A continuum of possibilities.

The wired world makes us scared.

Terror is everywhere.

Make provisions.

We are our own provisions.

We are all Good Wives and Husbands.

Even if we are all too ideologically afraid to admit to the bounds of plain ole patriarchy

I believe that children are our future.

If we treat them well

They will never lead the way

Look at poor Bobbi Kristina. RIP.

I believe that Greg Bordowitz is sexy

Did you see that image of natural disaster circa 1986?

I am building a collection of artifacts.

Of things

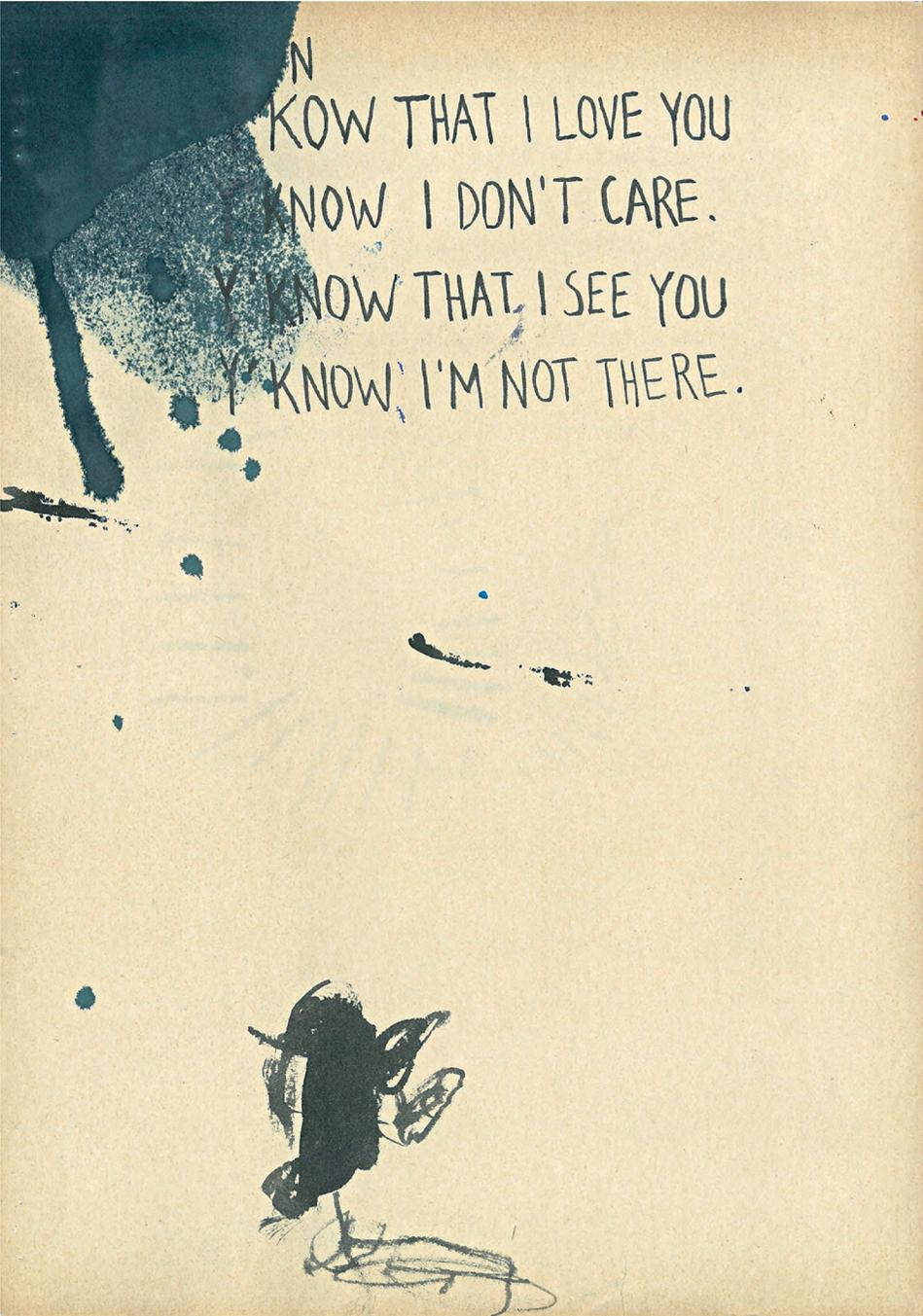
Of art

Of fossils

Of dreams

I will bury it with me when I die

So that you can never have what's inside my head.



KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU
KNOW I DON'T CARE.
KNOW THAT I SEE YOU
KNOW I'M NOT THERE.

Faith to negotiate Photographs for the better world

Anna-Kaisa Rastenberger

A friend said to me: “I’m losing my faith in people because of photography. Photographs are all about suffering people; executions, terror attacks and wars. What is this world of images? Sometimes I feel that the horrors are done only to be photographed. But on the other hand I want to know to be able to make things better...”

Photographs, ever since their onset, have had a role in arousing human empathy and faith for the better future. They are a powerful means when portraying cruelty and awakening compassion but also speaking about human rights. In fact, the practice of visual representation of human suffering and injustice in the world can be traced back to times before photography. For example, in the Age of Enlightenment it was believed that if people could visually perceive the suffering caused by wars, they would want to end all wars. The idea of the relationship between images of pain and people’s ability to feel empathy has, in other words, lived amongst us for centuries. Photographs of the persecution of Jews and concentration camps during the Second World War have been associated with the birth of the principle of universal human rights and the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The photographs of the Vietnam War, now practically iconic, are said to have led to the emergence of the anti-war atmosphere in the US in the late 1960s. Humanitarian organizations have also throughout their history used photographs of suffering in their communications and fundraising efforts.

The relationship between photographs and faith is in the focus in the tradition called humanistic photography, of which the best known names are French Robert Doisneau and Henri Cartier-Bresson. Humanistic photography played an important part in dealing with the traumas caused in Europe by the Second World War. One of the heaviest causes perhaps, was that ordinary people had turned against each other and acted like inhumane monsters. Following a war during which people had betrayed each other and turned into monsters, the task of post-war photography was to give people faith for the better future and restore aspirations towards the ideals of good and humane. Photographs showed that life in Europe was still full of everyday, universal emotions: caring and love, joy and sorrow, worry and hope.



After the Second World War in 1955, the museum of Modern Art (MoMA) in New York organized the touring exhibition, *The Family of Man*. The curator, Edward Steichen, wished to highlight through the works the unity and equality of humankind. The exhibition featured 508 works by 273 photographers from 68 countries. Steichen wanted to visually showcase the universality of human experience and the capacity of photography to document it. Both humanistic photography, with its “pursuit of goodness”, and Steichen’s *The Family of Man* exhibition, with its “endeavor of universality”, faced similar critique as that experienced by photographers and artists today, which still calls for reflection. Roland Barthes wrote in 1956 that although the exhibition seemingly sketched a picture of a humankind rich in diversity, it at the same time falsely underlined the notion of a homogeneous human community. The Western way of life presented itself as the norm of real and good life, typecasting cultures outside the Western world into the role of “noble savage”.

In his book, *Human Rights and Empire: The Political Philosophy of Cosmopolitanism*, Costas Douzinas has pointed out the conflict between depicting injustice and exercising influence. On the one hand, human rights are based on the idea that all people are equal and the same rights pertain to us all regardless of cultural, geographical or socioeconomic background. On the other hand, if human rights really were something universally self-evident and easy to understand, why is humankind in a situation where they need to be overseen and protected? Douzinas remarks that the world is by no means united and people are not equal; the world is in fact extremely divided. Therefore photographs depicting injustice do not only portray victims, they also portray the global inequality between Western welfare and the rest of the world. Paradoxically, the roles of victim and helper give birth to each other, regardless of whether the problems are far away or in our own society.

Images can misunderstand the relationship between people and societies and pass these mistakes on. They could not have influence if it were impossible to lie or misstep through them. The societal role of photography means raising questions, forcing people to reflect, and recognizing humanness both in developing countries, in ones’ own society and in Western nests of conservatism, which a socially conscious Western citizen easily tends to deny. When striving towards a better world through images, one has to have faith to negotiate about what is good and what a good life is like.

The Future of Faith

Slavcho Dimitrov

One has to have faith. It is the necessity, impossible yet indispensable, in order to open oneself to a being otherwise than being – to time and a future-to-come as the very becoming of being. Faith is the necessity as the Law that announces the promise of an event that cannot be calculated in advance, an event that goes beyond reason, beyond economy and expectation, excessive and indeterminable, yet one that dislodges us from the confines of the prison house of our present, and tears it apart from its inside, making impossible any enclosure, dis-enclosing the movement of hope as the movement towards the open.

The risky business of faith invests hope that the totalizing orchestration of the present and reality can be broken down and opened for a (radically) different future. And isn't this the very place where critique becomes possible? Critique, as Foucault has argued, involves the movement of 'voluntary insubordination', whereby a subject contests the politics of truth. This same gesture would inevitably involve a critique of what we are, of our political ontology as subjects, and therefore, a desire for becoming otherwise than what we are now and here, what we never were before. Whether this movement is related to the faithful commitment, trustworthiness and bond, with the promise of the Good, Justice, the Other, Love, Democracy, Salvation or God, it is always a matter of having faith in an unconditional alienation, in opening in the world we live in, in what we are.

And isn't this the unavowed story of Christian faith, with whose heritage and traces, in whose language we still talk about faith? Does not the Christian miracle of faith speak exactly about this possibility of a radically new beginning, a revolutionary reinvention of ourselves, starting from a zero point where Eternity changes itself¹? And yet we have to break with the religious in order to have faith. If faith necessitates a future, well then, God must be made finite and deprived of his prerogatives of fullness and self-presence, of being the unified premise of the world as totality. If God is to remain the object of faith, he must withdraw; remain a void - emptiness that is absented of any being as the ground of beings. When God becomes an-anarchical, faith begins. Or even better, wherever there is faith, God is no more an origin and destination, neither dogma nor commandment. The only commandment comes from the future and the absolutely radical alterity of the event to come, the event that promises and exposes us to its own impossibility

as the ever clinging possibility of perjury. This commandment would thus be the commandment of faith/to have faith in a world deprived of any transcendent or immanent power that would guarantee its unity and totality, deprived of a power that assembles the world and assures and destines its sense². And yet, one has to have faith. If God is the figure of an ungraspable alterity that defies any knowledge, if God is the name for the wholly other, then every other is wholly, totally, absolutely, inaccessibly other (*tout autre est tout autre*)³. Our relation to every other imposes on us the commandment to act as the 'knights of faith', whereby every other is approached, touched upon the surface without touching, as wholly other, as transcendent singularity that defies and goes beyond any intention of my ego, beyond any comprehension and knowledge. Faith thus becomes a constitutive necessity of every relation with the other, and implies certain blindness. Not only because this is an ethical imperative that moves us beyond violence, but because the possibility of every social bond is already inscribed in the experience of faith, trust and covenant with someone. I venture in the act of faith as I venture into blindness, the blindness as the stroke of time that prevents me of any certainty of what the other with whom I am bonded will become, and whether s/he will stand up to the promise or perform a perjury. The credit granted, the trust, the confidence, the faith invested in the other might always turn out to be deceived, violated or become ruinous. Betrayal is inscribed in every performative force of faith as the beginning and the impossibility of every social bond. In relying in the other, I always rely in faith that is unreliable in the very beginning.

Faith in the O/other, whether as the divine-in-absence or every other as wholly other, quakes the grounds of the political ontology on which I stand and opens me to the risk of the future in a movement of unconditional hospitality and love. What this logic opens itself is the perhaps as the very arrival, as the un-visible, un-audible, "totally new experience", as the very eventfulness of the event. And isn't this experience of faith beyond an principle and being as the ground of beings, beyond any origin and destination of our being-in-common, faith beyond knowledge, faith in blindness that brings the possibility of the good as much as its impossibility as the possibility of radical evil, faith in the other that ties me, that binds me to the other with no guarantee for re-cognition in the future, the very source of democracy?

And yet one has to have faith so that critique would be possible. One has to have faith if responsibility is to be possible. One has to have faith for democracy-to-come.

1 Žižek, Slavoj. *On Belief* (Routledge: New York and London, 2001), 148

2 Nancy, Jean-Luc. *Dis-Enclosure: The Deconstruction of Christianity* (Fordham University Press, New York: 2008)

3 Derrida, Jacques. *The Gift of Death* (University of Chicago Press, Chicago and London: 2008)



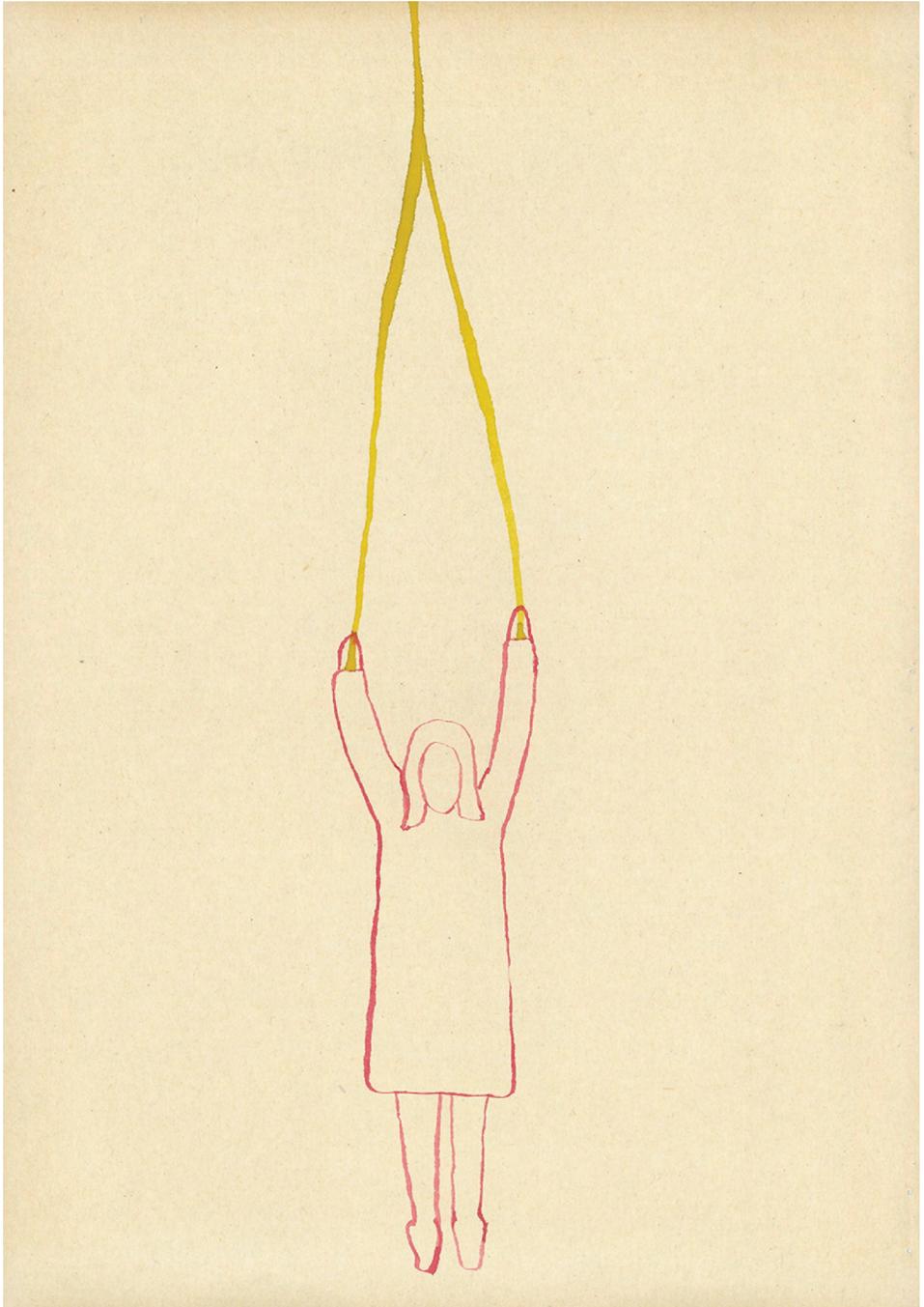
Faith in the Annunciation of the Angel Who Didn't Arrive

Jalal Toufic

He jotted down “The angel was in front of the mountain” and realized that his words were inaccurate. He found himself revising the sentence to: “The angel was before the mountain.” It then became clear to him that the angel was not only in front of the mountain but also prior to it, and not merely historically, but also in the present he shared with it. We, humans, wait for the angel in the temporality of chronological time, yet when he, eternal, shows up, he has always been before us in the present.... While the angel may be indescribable, as the one who glimpses him quickly averts his look in awe, he is master of description because he is prior to us in the present we share with him, and because he does not arrive, therefore does not interrupt or alter anything in the situation. Who indeed has seen an angel arrive? We wake up from a nightmare, and there he is. We wipe our weeping eyes, only to discover that he is already with us. Is it surprising that no one announces the angel? For it not to lead to an infinite regression, every structure of annunciation requires one whom no one announces, who does not arrive, whose showing up reveals that he was already present: the annunciator of the arrival does not arrive....

There is a harbinger to every real arrival. How can an arrival be announced and remain an event? By being impossible one can thus define any eventful arrival: it is foreshadowed but as impossible, as the impossible to happen. It is impossible that the Word become flesh (John 1:14), that a virgin give birth (“How will this be,” Mary asked the angel, “since I am a virgin?” [Luke 1:34]) and that divine nature and human nature coexist in the same person. The angel brings with him a double surprise: he was already here (!), and what he announces is impossible or revealed to be impossible. The event oscillates between not being announced, prior to us even in the present we share with it, and being announced but as the impossible to happen. The event: the angel and the messiah. We are taken by surprise not only by the angel, but also by the messiah notwithstanding that we invoked him for the longest time. If the angel, who is in constant viewing of God (“their [these little ones] angels in Heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in Heaven” [Matthew 18:10]), is nonetheless very much bound with faith, it is because the good news he announces makes what seemed prior to such annunciation extremely difficult but possible now impossible but bound to happen. Every angel is terrifying not least because faith is terrifying.

Jalal Toufic, (*Vampires*): *An Uneasy Essay on the Undead in Film*, revised and expanded edition (Sausalito, CA: Post-Apollo Press, 2003; <http://www.jalaltoufic.com/downloads.htm>, 203–204.



Faith as a middle name

Faith, Hope and Charity

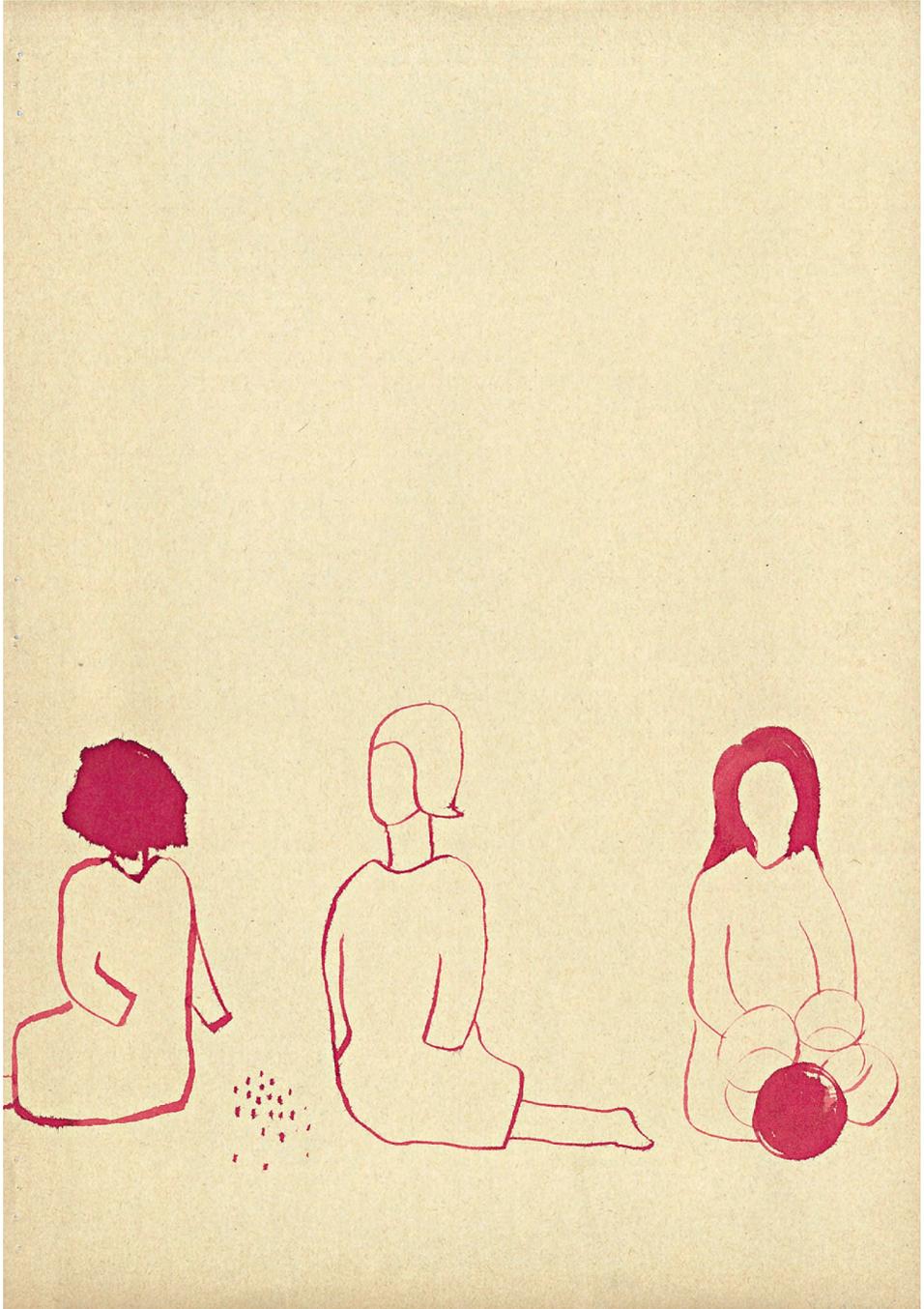
November Paynter

I often wondered when young whether the next child in our family would be given the middle name Charity. It seemed to me that this would by far represent the most serious responsibility of the three saintly gifts and I worried for that potential child. As the first-born I was given the rather less ethically aligned, and not even saintly, Grace. Then my sister arrived and was adorned with the far more profound and complex Faith. With her name and our then frequent bible lessons, I often thought of Corinthians 13:13 “And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”

Grace could be acted upon and felt like a happy evasion of duty. Charity was a worrying future proposition, but one that had yet to be realised. And so there was only Faith to truly consider. In childhood the meaning appeared natural and instinctive. It was a feeling beyond belief; it was a symptom of trust without the need of evidence; faith was pretty much there because it just was: it was bestowed upon us as a gift, one that we shared and took life from.

But gradually, questions of faith started to arise in every aspect of life. While we can choose whether or not to trust someone and in turn decide when to forgive, faith is a noun and it cannot be analytically contemplated in the same way. Certain failed relationships led to a loss of faith in broader terms, and in particular the predetermined, repetitive and linear approach required when following and participating in a church service.

I think of my sister, our family, our adult relationships: if questioned faith has to make a difficult choice – doubt is such a struggle that eventually one has to reposition perspective, a repositioning that is akin to a loss of childhood innocence. It is wrong to say that once trust is broken it can never be regained; but faith has been repositioned and it has become something private, cherished and unspoken; while in our shared human state it is lost, and its loss is a fracture at the core of the diminishing morality of our contemporary society.



Jerusalem*

Eyal Weizman

...

Subterranean Jerusalem is at least as complex as its terrain. Nowhere is this truer than of the Temple Mount/Haram al-Sharif.

The Haram al-Sharif compound is built over a filled-in, flattened-out summit. On it are built mosques and Muslim holy sites, including the Al-Aqsa Mosque (the third holiest Muslim site in the world), and the Dome of the Rock. It is supported by retaining walls, one of which is the Western Wall, whose southern edge is known as the Wailing Wall. The Western Wall is part of the outermost wall of what used to be the Second Temple compound. Jewish faith has it that the Haram al-Sharif stands precisely above the ruins of the ancient Temple.

Since East Jerusalem was occupied in 1967, the Muslim religious authority (the Wakf) has charged that Israel is trying to undermine the compound foundations in order to topple the al-Aqsa Mosque and the Dome of the Rock, and to clear the way for the establishment of the Third Jewish Temple. The opening of the 'Western Wall Tunnel' was wrongly perceived as an attempt at subterranean sabotage, fuelled by memories of a similar event: in December 1991 another tunnel recently excavated below the Haram collapsed, opening a big hole in the floor of the Mosque of Atman ben-Afan.

The ascent of the present Prime Minister Ariel Sharon to the Temple Mount in 2000 and the bloodshed during the Intifadah that followed that visit were not unique. The Temple Mount/ Haram al-Sharif has often been the focal point of the conflict.

...

Most archaeologists believe that the Wailing Wall was a retaining wall supporting the earth on which the Second Temple stood at the very same latitude as today's mosques. But the Israeli delegation argued that the Wailing Wall was built originally as a free-standing wall, behind which stood the Second Temple; and therefore that the remains of the Temple are to be found underneath the mosques.



The most original bridging proposal at Camp David came from former US president Bill Clinton. After the inevitable crisis, Clinton dictated his proposal to the negotiating parties. It was a daring and radical manifestation of the region's vertical schizophrenia.

The border between Arab East and Jewish West Jerusalem would, at the most contested point on earth, flip from the horizontal to the vertical – giving the Palestinians sovereignty on top of the Mount while maintaining Israeli sovereignty below the surface, over the Wailing Wall and the airspace above the Mount. The horizontal border would have passed underneath the paving of the Haram al-Sharif. A few centimeters under the worshippers in the Mosque of al-Aqsa and the Dome of the Rock, the Israeli underground could be dug up for remnants of the ancient Temple, believed to be “in the depth of the mount”.

Barak accepted the proposal in principle. To allow free access to the Muslim compound, now isolated in a three-dimensional sovereign wrap by Israel, he suggested “a bridge or a tunnel, through which whoever wants to pray in al-Aqsa could access the compound”. But the Palestinians, long suspicious of Israel's presence under their mosques, rejected the plan flatly. They claimed, partly bemused, that “Haram al-Sharif ... must be handed over to the Palestinians – over, under and to the sides, geographically and topographically.”

Extracted from Politics of Verticality www.opendemocracy.net

Briefly on Belief

Anders Kreuger

Yane Calovski and Hristina Ivanoska have found a way to make a built space appear as a flat monochrome image. St Gjorgi Church in Kurbinovo is of modest external proportions, but its interior is enlarged to infinity by the figures living in the plaster that still sticks to the walls. These late Byzantine frescos, painted in the spring of 1191, embody the so-called Macedonian Renaissance: pictorial doctrine distilled into razor-sharp painterly invention.

Although they show us only the compromised colour field that this window onto a vision of faith has now become, with its crumbled outlines and fissures, and areas left unpainted to indicate 'real' windows, Calovski and Ivanoska are not turning the frescos into an abstraction. The matte gold paint they use is not reductive; it does not silence the promise of sovereign action – in the image – that the frescos make every time we look at them, even in reproduction. To be able to shine, the gold needs to rest on solid grey. Every part of this faithful portrait, which is also a chronicle and a commentary, has therefore been painted twice.

I am a non-believer. At least I believe I am. When I was nine or ten years old I got into a spot of trouble at school because I refused to sing the 'negro spirituals' that our Pentecostal music teacher made all the children perform in Swedish translation. Since I did not believe in God, I reasoned, I should not voice the phrase 'He's got the whole world in his hands'. This teacher wore her long hair in an elaborate, faux-conservative chignon, kept in place with a multitude of mother-of-pearl pins. At least I remember them as a multitude and as mother-of-pearl.

To this day, among the most unappealing things I can think of, both aesthetically and ideologically, are the mannerisms and firmly held convictions of protestant sects. By extension, I have allowed myself to cultivate a dislike for any form of religion founded on regulated group behaviour. Yet I see now, 40 years later, why the precocious child's insistence on being treated as a fully-fledged atheist would be regarded as, well, childish.

If belief is a passion for truth that holds what we are searching for dearer than the 'mere' desire or possibility to find it that the search lets us experience, then perhaps I am not being shallow if I have more passion for abstractions other than truth: meaning, knowledge, beauty. And if I also have a passion for always-incomplete processes such as understanding, interpreting or judging, with their crumbled outlines and fissures and windows onto various visions, then perhaps I am not just trying to avoid clear thinking and the conclusions, or firmly held convictions, that it might lead to.

I wanted to say something more about painting the same things twice, as it somehow felt illustrative of the difference between looking for an answer and believing it has been found, but I do not want this text to become longer than it should be.



The notion of faith nowadays

Ksenija Cockova

In the exhibition *We are all in this alone*, the two renowned contemporary Macedonian artists Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski are dealing with the idea of faith and their view on the modern society and the way of living nowadays, which cause a lack of belief in anything that could matter. The main questions that they are asking themselves and the audiences are: What do we believe in the 21st Century? Do we find the time to think about ourselves, our lives and the things that surround us? Through their individual artistic works that coexist in this project, Ivanoska and Calovski are not giving answers to the visitors, but a motivation to think about their beliefs. The joint work in the exhibition is a sort of translation of the iconographic works from the Macedonian Church St. Gjorgi in Kurbinovo, made by an unknown zograph in the begging of the 12th Century. The work of the two artists should be observed as one piece of mural that is following the traces of what today has been perceived from the painted icons, and is intended to be an allusion of a secret place where one can be alone with his/her thoughts. By alluding to a church and creating a similar atmosphere the artists refer to the collective component of faith and religion, namely the uniting of the people in religious communities and the church as a pure place where we can more strongly feel the spirit of God. But as the title of the project *We are all in this alone* refers, the topic of the exhibition is not about collective religion but more about personal faith. Taking that into account, the artists are inviting visitors to spend time reflecting faith and thinking about their personal beliefs that not necessarily have to be of a religious kind. Ivanoska's works are text-based on the ideas of two female philosophers Simone Weil and Luce Irigaray, about their notions of faith, whether in God or in the human kind, while Calovski's engagement with Paul Thek's thoughts about the artist and his work should be perceived as an inspiration for the visitors to think about their own belief in themselves and in the things that they are doing.

It seems like nowadays, while being in a daily run for the material things, we are less and less in touch with our spiritual side, almost intentionally avoiding to think or rethink our own values. The big question that rises from this way of living is do we believe in anything nowadays and do we find the time to critically think about things? Is maybe the lack of time only an excuse? The exhibition might bring someone to questions such as: Is religion offering a way to find again the faith? Can art play that role as a sort of liturgy? The project *We are all in this alone* offers the visitor a needed surrounding as well as impulses to take some time and ask himself/herself those questions and find potential answers.

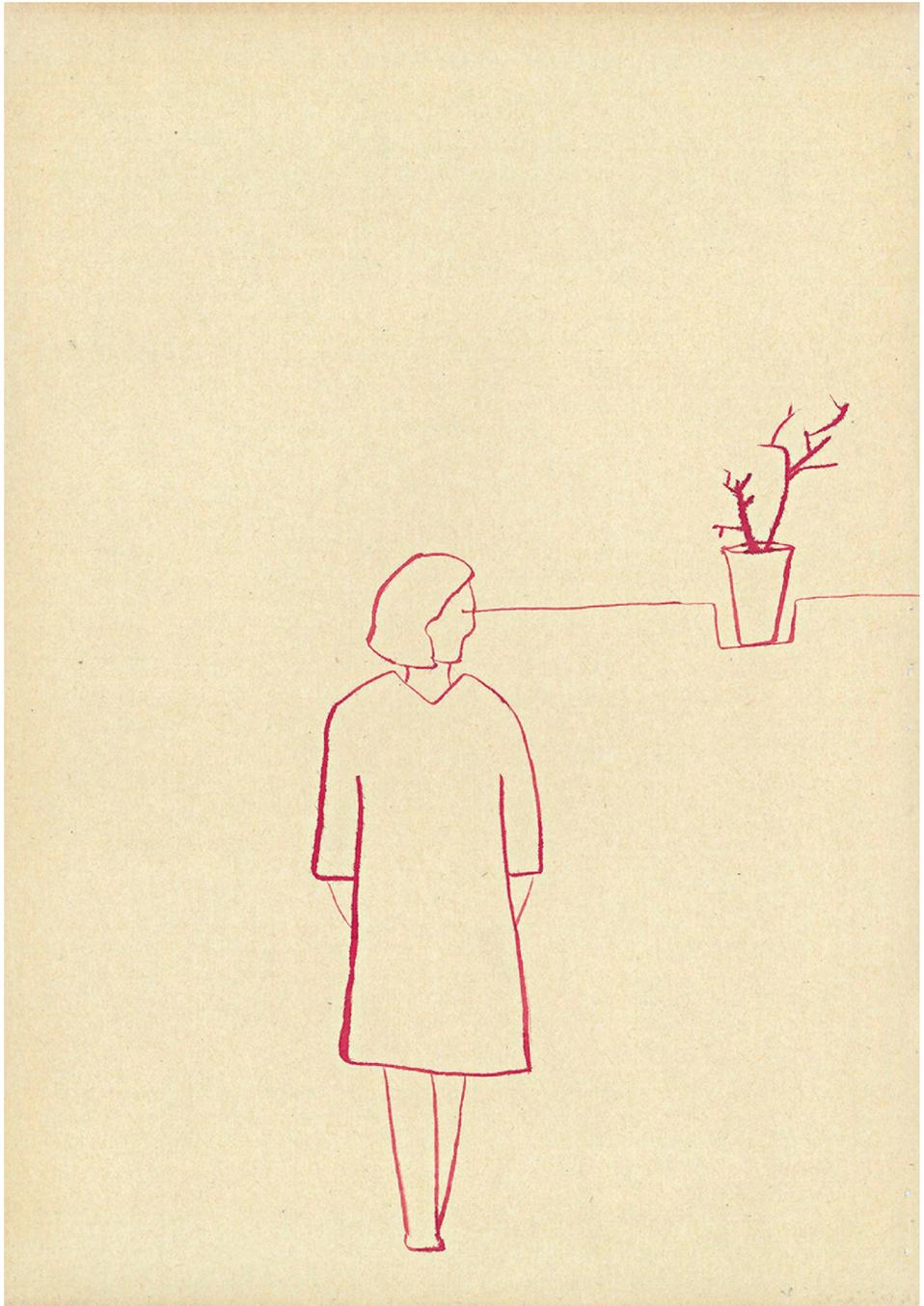
On Faith

Anne Barlow

The title of Yane Calovski and Hristina Ivanoska's project, *We are all in this alone*, is an expression of acceptance and finality, and yet it is in itself a paradox: combining in one phrase both a collective and individual state of being. The idea of the individual "alone" suggests a condition of isolation and fragility, but perhaps also of accountability. In the end, we are responsible for, and are ultimately left to reconcile, the motivations behind, and consequences of, our behaviors, beliefs and actions as individuals within "this", the larger world that we occupy.

The emphasis on isolation stands in contrast with much religious doctrine that is built around the belief that no-one is ever really alone, but is part of a wider community, united through a faith that has the capacity to transcend even the most unpredictable or adverse circumstances. In many cases faith can be reflective of a lifelong search for structure and meaning, whether through a belief in specific religious ideologies, social and political systems or institutional practices. Depending on their specific contexts, such structures can provide guidance, strength in community and a sense of belonging, but conversely, may prove confining, or even oppressive in nature.

It is the complex and at times mutable connections between societal and personal relationships to faith that are of interest to Calovski and Ivanoska, whose individual practices have explored topics such as the failed utopias of the modern age, fractured and incomplete narratives of history and challenges to the social norms established by prevailing social and political systems. Inspired in this instance by the work of writers and artists who have undertaken a personal re-examination of faith, or who have experienced a conflicted relationship to religion over the course of their lives, Calovski and Ivanoska question the role and relevance of faith in contemporary society. This focus on individual experience suggests that one of the strongest manifestations of faith might be in the reflection and action around one's own values and beliefs—in essence, assuming personal responsibility for one's faith within a larger societal context. For some, this may mean participating in a communal faith, while for others this might involve taking a different path, questioning and perhaps ultimately rejecting the very structures of the society and culture that they are part of.



WE ARE ALL
INTO IT
ALONE

chapter 3









GOD IS MEDIATION
BETWEEN GOD AND GOD
BETWEEN GOD AND MAN
BETWEEN GOD AND THINGS
THINGS & THINGS
AND EVEN BETWEEN
EACH SOUL & ITSELF

WE POSSESS
JUST THE POWER
TO SAY I
THIS IS WHAT
WE SHOULD
YIELD UP TO GOD
AND DESTROY

GOD HAS CREATED
THE SOUL TO
FLARE & FLAME
IN DESIRE

PRODIGALTY &
MADNESS
SWEETNESS &
BITTERNESS
HYSTERTIA
& MYSTERY

DEAR Paul,

I do know

Paul Thak
c/o Oakley
Box 103
Ocean Beach, Fire Island
NY, USA

5th September, 1972

Dear Paul,

I don't know what happened with the letter enclosed from Elaine Gauthier, dated July 24..... which I just found when coming back from vacations.

I feel so bad for all this time lost.....

I hope you can still make plans for the Fall.

I went to Documents, in fact, I met with de Cunchy there and we had talk regarding your plans for the Cartoucherie and all the questions of sep- your July letter. I should have written you then but I was exhausted..... Forgive me!

I just hope that you can work something out with Jean Christophe Aman of the Kunstmuseum Lucerne.

Shall I try and get in touch with him?

You know I am sure that he was one of the organisers of Documents.

I go back to Paris I have a feeling the project is postponed for a long time because there is a real problem of space in the city..... private or public. The CNAC was trying to get a hand in la Cartoucherie and lost apparently.

I will try to find more about the future.

Let me know about your program.

Love,
Benedicte

NOV 31ST 72

Dear Benedicte,

So here I am still wondering about Cartoucherie, having to delay making other plans, etc. I am sure its just that Paris must be completely closed this month, but won't you please LET ME KNOW as soon as you-see possible can.

I am well and happy, my best to all of you there... a friend g hello to Marga,

Love, PAUL X

May 8th '73

Dear Benedicte,

Sorry, Italian Postal strike of 1 month has really confused everything. I know NOTHING of you on IDLAS check, sent or unsent?--if sent, sent where?

I've had no word from you other than LUCERNE phone.

IF the check sent - when, where?
IF not - DO NOT SEND IT!

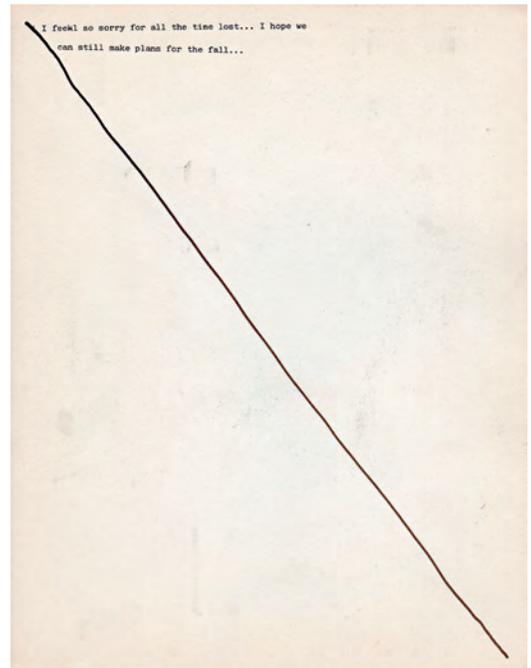
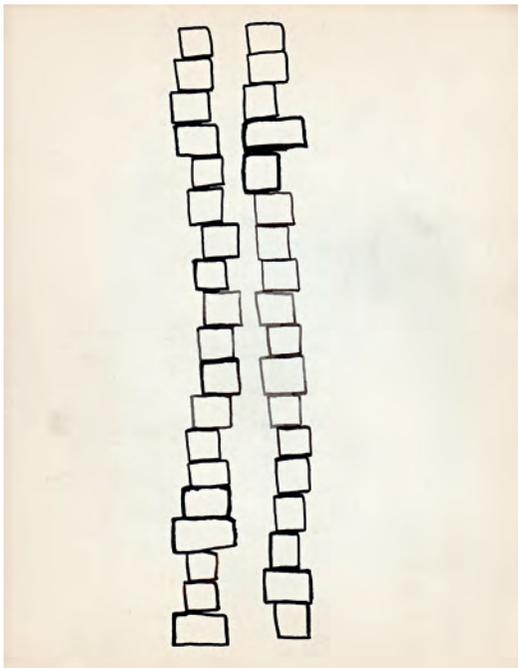
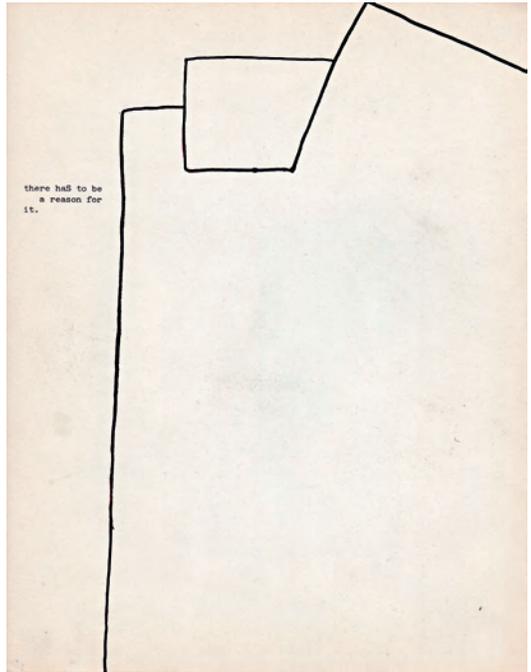
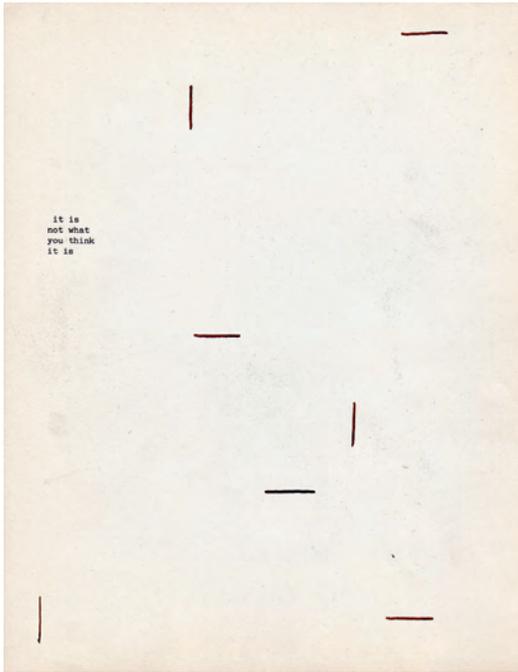
Leave Pongas soon & will pass Paris en route U.S.

Here I have been ~~be~~ BORROWING money for one month, very very awkward unable to work because of this. It could have been so easy.

Sorry the Stahli Gallery involved Art Services, no reason for him to do so, his idea.

If you have already written etc. many thanks. Please at least let me know what is happening. I wait.

All LOVE and Thanks,
Paul







WE ARE ALL
INTO
ALONE

chapter 4















NOW KNOW
& BY KNOWING
I LOVE
& BY LOVING
I DESIRE



GOD IS MEDIATION
BETWEEN GOD AND GOD
BETWEEN GOD AND MAN
BETWEEN GOD AND THINGS
THINGS & THINGS
AND EVER BETWEEN
EACH SOUL & ITSELF



WE ARE ALL
INTO
ALONE

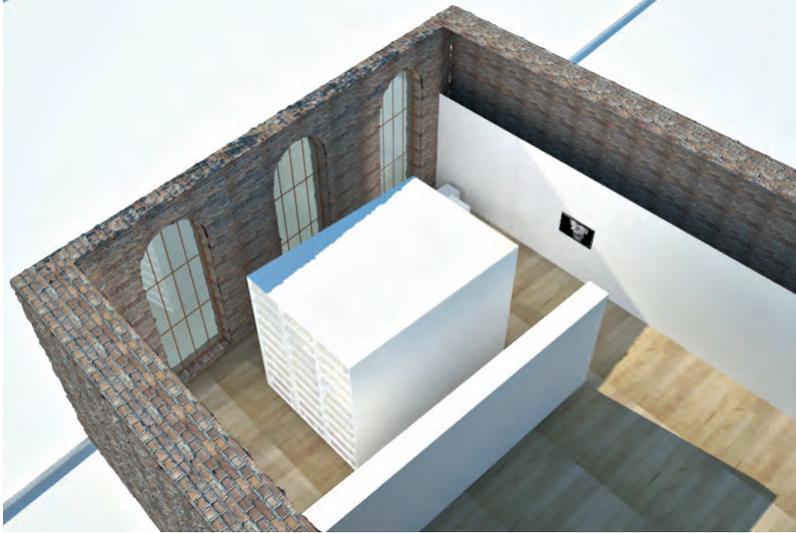
chapter 5

the works and the space

Başak Şenova

Thorough research and studying historical references are the key processes for both Hrisitna Ivanoska's and Yane Calovski's working methodology. Their artistic practice covers diverse works that range from drawings, objects and photographs, to moving images, site-specific installations and performances. They both process the findings and missing links in an archive of any kind; sometimes the work is embodied in personal archives and narratives, and sometimes the work is set up in the public realm. Calovski's research resonates between these acts of concealing and revealing; thus, his work enchants with the alchemy of turning lapses of memory and missing links into ephemeral sequences of events, situations, feelings and objects. Ivanovska manifests a view on question-based historical analysis by producing as an artistic reaction and reflecting on the findings by unfolding a feminist approach. Their collective working process becomes even deeper, complex and layered, since both artists re-contextualize and address the function of ideas in responsive forms of presentation, production, research and analysis. During the developmental stages of *We are all in this alone*, our collaboration followed a metabolic pathway, which was structured as modules of co-expressed individual research findings, thoughts, writings and drawings that co-accumulated over a wide range of experimental production phases. Therefore, the real challenge for us was to represent the outcome as a compact space that contains an expanded set of art production without any compromise or incomplete links.

The church, as the point of departure and inspiration, has a perfect rectangular shape that is filled with exceptional fresco paintings following a sense of symmetry and order. When the project was enriched and shaped with the writings of Simone Weil; an article by Luce Irigaray; personal notes by Paul Thek; personal narratives and art production by the artists, it was first translated and applied to the 45m² gallery space of Kunsthalle Baden Baden. With the continual expansion of the project, the challenge this time was to translate and locate the project to a bigger space at Sale d'Armi, Arsenale, while being loyal to the former stages of the project. The utmost important aspect of the spatial design was to communicate the capacity of the project to achieve metabolic inter-conversions of its segments to the audience in a compact way. Therefore, an exact-sized room was located at the centre of the gallery space, allowing the audience to walk around and discover the physicality of this mathematical process. Hence, it is also important to acknowledge that the gallery space welcomes the audience with the film *Detail* (1999-2015) as a prelude to the project, which was a revisiting and reprocessing of Calovski's first work on Paul Thek. Presenting this specific work is a humble gesture, to keep things open, suspended in the way of closure as in form and content in the context of this collective work of the artists. Furthermore, the backside of the room was designed to function as a library to contain the books of the project. The spines of the books, which extract white and gold texture from the installation, form new fresco-like sceneries in the space. The foreword and backward looping scene in the video support and stimulate the circular and linear body movements of the audience in the gallery space.





the artists and the curator

Hristina Ivanoska (1974, Skopje) completed her BFA (1997) and MFA (2013) at the Faculty of Fine Arts in Skopje. Currently she is a PhD-in-Practice candidate at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. Ivanoska works with objects, texts, drawing, video and installation, often interdisciplinary and as a critical investigation into the experience of present-day social and political systems and their relationship to theory and history. Ivanoska has exhibited at Abbaye aux Dames (Salle des Abbesses), Caen, France (2015), National Gallery of Macedonia, Skopje (2014), Künstlerhaus, Halle für Kunst & Medien, Graz (2013), National Museum of Contemporary Art (MNAC), Bucharest (2013), State Museum of Contemporary Art, Thessalonica (2012, 2004), Museum of Contemporary Art, Skopje (2014, 2012, 2011), Slovak National Gallery, Bratislava (2011), Neue Gesellschaft für Bildende Kunst, Berlin (2011), Open Space – Zentrum für Kunstprojekte, Vienna (2010), <rotor> Association for Contemporary Art, Graz (2009), Konsthall C, Stockholm (2008), Magazin4 - Bregenzer Kunstverein (2008), Museum of Contemporary Art, Belgrade (2007), Foundation for Women's Art, London (2006), Spaces Gallery, Cleveland, Ohio (2005), and other venues. Ivanoska has been an artist-in-residence at Flutgraben e.V. Watchtower Schlesischer Busch, Berlin (2014), Cité International des Arts, Paris (2011), IASPIS, Stockholm (2008), ArtsLink Residency Program, New York (2004), The Corporation of Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, New York (2001), and Stiftung Künstlerhaus Boswil, Switzerland (1998).

Yane Calovski (1973, Skopje) studied sculpture at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, (1992-1996) and earned a BA from Bennington College (1997). He participated in the post-graduate studio programs at both the CCA Kitakyushu (1999-2000), and the Jan van Eyck Academy (2002-2004), and holds a Masters degree in media and culture production from Linköping University in Sweden (2010). Calovski's practice is concerned with tradition of research and translation, relating empirical ideas to art historical reference analysis leading in work situated in the site-specificity of a new cultural and political geography. He often deals with places of history, and collects local vernacular culture, such as objects; stories and songs, for re-creation, showing that contemporary conceptual art could create new and innovative scenarios and surfaces for indigenous knowledge to interact with history and society. Calovski has exhibited, screened and published his context-oriented and drawing-based work internationally

including: Bauhaus Foundation Dessau, Kunsthalle Baden-Baden, Kunsthalle Bregenz, Salzburger Kunstverein, Akbank Art Center, Tate Britain, European Kunsthalle, The Nederland Media Art Institute, Kronika – Bytom, Konshallen Brandts, Baltic Art Center, Contemporary Art Center Vilnius, AR/GE Kunst, The Drawing Center, Museum of Contemporary Art - Skopje and others venues. He has also shown at the Helsinki Photography Biennial 2014, 2nd Project Biennial D-0 ARK Underground 2012, SpaPort International 2010, Manifesta 7 (2008), PR 04, Manifesta 3 (2000). He has also been presented at the FRIEZE London, Art Basel, Vienna Art Fair, Istanbul Contemporary and ARCO Madrid. For his practice, he has been awarded ORTung 2012 Fellowship, Allianz Kulturstiftung 2004 Fellowship, the Pew Fellowship in the Arts 2001, among other recognitions.

Hristina Ivanoska and **Yane Calovski** are collaborating since 2000. In 2004 they co-founded the art and curatorial research platform 'press to exit project space' in Skopje. Their projects have been presented at a various international contexts and institutions including Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden (2014), HDLU-Croatian Association of Artists, Zagreb (2009), ŽAK | BRANICKA Gallery, Berlin (2008), Kronika Gallery, Bytom, Poland (2007), and other venues. Their individual and collaborative works are part of a number of public and private collections, including Deutsche Bank Collection, Art Telekom Collection, Van Abbe Museum, Museum of Contemporary Art Skopje, and others.

They are represented by **ŽAK | BRANICKA** in Berlin.

Basak Senova (1970, Istanbul) is a curator and designer. She studied Literature and Graphic Design (MFA in Graphic Design and PhD in Art, Design and Architecture at Bilkent University) and attended the 7th Curatorial Training Programme of Stichting De Appel, Amsterdam. She has been writing on art, technology and media, initiating and developing projects and curating exhibitions since 1995. Senova is the editor of *art-ist 6*, *Kontrol Online Magazine*, *Lapses* book series, *UNCOVERED*, *Aftermath*, *Yane Calovski. Obj'e'ct and Scientific Inquiries* among other publications. She is an editorial correspondent for *ibraaz.org* and *Flash Art International* and one of the founding members of NOMAD, as well as the organizer of *ctrl_alt_del* and *Upgrade!Istanbul*. Senova was the curator of the Pavilion of Turkey at the 53rd Venice Biennale. As an assistant professor, she lectured in various universities in Istanbul such as Kadir Has University, Bilgi University and Koç University. At the moment, she is lecturing at Bilkent University. She curated Zorlu Center Collection for two years (2011-2012). She co-curated the *UNCOVERED* (Cyprus) and the 2nd Biennial of Contemporary Art, D-0 ARK Underground (Bosnia and Herzegovina). In 2014, she acted as the Art Gallery Chair of (ACM) SIGGRAPH 2014 (Vancouver) the curator of the Helsinki Photography Biennial 2014 and the Jerusalem Show VII.

the contributors

Anne Barlow (MA Hons, History of Art) Director of Art in General, New York; formerly held curatorial positions at the New Museum, New York, and Glasgow Museums, Scotland.

Maja Nedelkoska Brzanova Curator and art historian. Director in the National Gallery of Macedonia. Lives and works in Skopje.

Ksenija Cockova Curator, cultural manager and translator. She works with different institutions on freelance bases, such as Cultural Center CK in Skopje, E-Werk Freiburg, Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden. Works and lives in Baden-Baden.

Slavcho Dimitrov (MPhil in Multi-disciplinary Gender Studies) Cultural studies and queer theory researcher and activist. Works at the Coalition for Rights of Marginalized Communities, Skopje and IPAK.Center, Belgrade.

Branko Franceschi Art historian and curator. Director of the Museum of Fine Arts in Split, Croatia. Lives and works in Split.

Elke Krasny Curator, cultural theorist, and urban researcher. Professor at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna.

Omar Kholeif (PhD in Art) Curator and writer. Works as Curator at Whitechapel Gallery. Lives and works in London.

Anders Kreuger Curator at Muhka, the Museum of Contemporary Art Antwerp, and one of the editors of *Afterall*. Lives and works in Antwerp.

November Paynter Associate Director of Research and Programs, SALT. Lives and works in Istanbul.

Anna-Kaisa Rastenberger (PhD in Art History) Curator and photography researcher. Works as the Chief Curator at the Finnish Museum of Photography. Lives and works in Helsinki.

Dirk Teuber (PhD in Art History) Art historian and curator at the Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden until 2014. Permanent member of the state commission Art at Public Buildings Baden-Württemberg. Lives and works in Baden-Baden.

Jalal Toufic Thinker and a mortal to death. He was born in 1962 in Beirut or Baghdad and died before dying in 1989 in Evanston, Illinois.

Eyal Wiezman Academic. Professor of Spatial and Visual Cultures at Goldsmiths University and director of Forensic Architecture. Lives and works in London.

the credits and CIP

page 33 Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Reluctant)* (2015). Tempera and pencil on paper.

page 37 Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Unfulfilled)* (2015). Ink and pencil on paper.

page 41 Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Need)* (2015). Ink on paper.

page 43 Hristina Ivanoska, *Untitled (Spectral)* (2015). Pencil on paper.

page 47 Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Spoken)* (2015). Ink and pencil on paper.

page 49 Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Relic)* (2015). Ink on paper.

page 51 Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Sister)* (2015). Ink on paper.

page 53 Hristina Ivanoska, *Untitled (Annunciation)* (2015). Pencil on paper.

page 57 Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Search)* (2015). Ink and pencil on paper.

page 59 Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Equal)* (2015). Ink and pencil on paper.

page 61 Yane Calovski, *Untitled (Continuum)* (2015). Ink on paper.

page 64-65 12th Century St. Gjorgji Church (2015), village of Kurbinovo, photo by Bašak Šenova

page 66-67 Fresco (details), 12th Century St. Gjorgji Church (2015), village of Kurbinovo, photo by Yane Calovski

page 68 left top *Untitled (God is mediation between God and God, between God and man, between God and things, things and things, and even between each soul and itself)* (2014). Acrylic on handmade paper.

page 68 left bottom *Untitled (We possess just the power to say I. This is what we should yield up to God and destroy)* (2014). Acrylic on handmade paper.

page 69 right top *Untitled (God has created the soul to flare and flame in her desire)* (2014), Acrylic on handmade paper.

page 69 right bottom *Untitled (Prodigality and madness, sweetness and bitterness, hysteria and mystery)* (2014). Acrylic on handmade paper.

page 70-71 Extracts: Yane Calovski *The Paul Thek Drawings* (2013).

page 72-73 Screenshots: Yane Calovski, "Detail" (1999-2015). Video.

page 76-83 Installation shots: Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski *Chapel (We are all in this alone)* (2014), 45 cbm, Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden, photo by Michael Belogour.

page 88-89 Renders: Installation plans of *We are all in this alone* (2015) at Sale d'Armi Arsenale by Ivan Peshevski

All works, courtesy of the artists and ŽAK | BRANICKA

CIP - Каталогизација во публикација

Национална и универзитетска библиотека "Св. Климент Охридски", Скопје

141.44(047.53)

IVANOSKA, Hristina

We are all in this alone : pavilion of the Republic of Macedonia,
56th International Art Exhibition, La Biennale di Venezia / Hristina
Ivanoska, Yane Calovski. - Skopje : NI National gallery of
Macedonia, 2015. - 96 стр. : илустр. ; 21 см

ISBN 978-608-4693-58-1

1. Calovski, Yane [автор]

а) Религија - Современи аспекти - Атеизам - Интервјуа б) Модерни
општества - Филозофски аспекти - Интервјуа

COBISS.MK-ID 98395402

We are all in this alone

Pavilion of Republic of Macedonia
56th International Art Exhibition, La Biennale di Venezia

Sale d'Armi Arsenale

Artists: Hristina Ivanoska and Yane Calovski
Curator: Bašak Šenova

Commissioner: Maja Nedelkoska Brzanova, National Gallery of Macedonia
Deputy Commissioner: Olivija Stoilkova
Deputy Curator: Maja Chankulovska-Mihajlovska
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Technical Drawings: Ivan Peshevski
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Pavilion Coordinator: Giada Pellicari

This project was realised with the support of the **Ministry of Culture of the Republic of Macedonia** and additional support of the **Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Macedonia** and the **Consulate of the Republic of Macedonia in Venice**.



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National Gallery of Macedonia

ŽAK | BRANICKA, Berlin also contributed to the realisation of the pavilion.

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Pavilion of Republic of Macedonia

56th International Art Exhibition, La Biennale di Venezia

Editor: Başak Şenova

Authors: Anne Barlow, Maja Nedelkoska Brzanova, Yane Calovski, Sebastian Cichocki, Ksenija Cockova, Slavcho Dimitrov, Branko Franceschi, Hristina Ivanoska, Elke Krasny, Omar Kholeif, Anders Kreuger, November Paynter, Anna-Kaisa Rastenberger, Başak Şenova, Dirk Teuber, Jalal Toufic, and Eyal Wiezman

Editorial Assistant: Danche Chalovska

Proofreading: Jamie Silbery

Graphic Design: Erhan Muratoğlu

Photography: Michael Belogour, Yane Calovski, Başak Şenova

Publisher: National Gallery of Macedonia

Pre-press, Print and Binding: Mas Matbaa, Istanbul

First edition: April 2015

3000 copies printed

ISBN: 978-608-4693-58-1

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Hristina Ivanoska, Yane Calovski and Başak Şenova would address special thanks to Erbil Arkin, Monika Branicka, Asia Zak, Katarzyna Lorenc, Egidio Marzona, Andrea Bonafacio, Stephane Ackermann, Rainald Schumacher and Nathalie Hoyos. **Thanks to** Iskra Geshoska, Fatih Aydoğdu, Emre Ekinci, Hera Büyüктаşçıyan, Bengi Boyadgian, Wolfgang Scheppe and Marie Letz, Jane Da Mosto, Stefan Giese, Johan Holten, Ufuk Şahin, Renate Lorenz, Anette Baldauf, Lale Ülker, Cem Kahyaoğlu, Angelika Stepken, as well as Forte Marghera, Villa Romana, and press to exit project space. **For their ongoing support, special thanks to** Biljana and Todor Chalovski, Marija and Ljuben Ivanoski, Aleksandra Ivanoska Dacić, İlhan and Işık Senova, Funda Şenova Tunalı and Erhan Tunalı.

This book was produced with the support of **Art Rooms**, Kyrenia, a member of The Arkin Group.

