

Zoran Shekerov and
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Exercising Publicness in a Place
in a Time of Cut Trees

I reminisce sitting on the stairs near the river while gazing at a tree.
Respiring, its colors cleansed the air one breathed.

I try to memorize the walk I did, to recollect some images.
I find the dichotomy between seeing and remembering an interesting one.
While my eyes can trace every detail, my mind influences their capacity to
do so and allowing me to see nothing.

An encounter with photographs
from the path I walked brings out images from an early childhood and
recent ones.

We start a conversation.

We speak of feeling and gestures.

A sense of discomfort causes a gesture in me:
my palm hugs the thumb - as a baby which hugs the fingers those around
that are known to her. Creating a sense of security.

Consciously or unconsciously from time to time, I bend my head in an
attempt to protect myself from the view. But I remember an old saying:
“Наведната глава сабја не сече”.

Instinctively I raised my head. I read an unknown name on a blue back-
ground which creates spatial confusion in me, although its function is the
opposite.

We discuss fragments.

We exercise publicness in a place.



Lines of chairs.

Empty.

Waiting to be occupied, because a chair is not a chair if someone doesn't sit on it. Not because the chair's meaning comes from the function, but because each body that sits on it conveys a new meaning.

I am not sure whether I am allowed to sit on the empty chair.
Am I welcome?

The chair can protect somebody.



Gesture with a double meaning:
this shadow is for me or this tree will survive.





Square meters sheets of the metal block my view.

An improvised window opened to satisfy the curiosity of the impatient.

I don't know how much space is taken away.

Only the vertical elevation will expose.





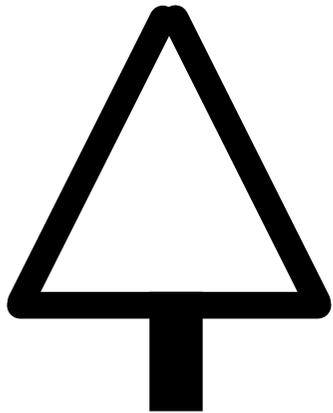
“.....The places where trees grew, those moments of quietness are now the reason for my claustrophobia. We use to walk amid trees, today we need to move between walls build so close that doesn't allow for a person to pass.

*Square meter after square meter occupied.
Little by little structures took away the public space from the people who inhabit the city... “*

A.P

Attack on the space, moment of self-help or a door leading to absurd.





New trees exchange those under whose shadows I walked in my childhood.

Plastic sheets should hold in the warmth for the crown and the trunk, but the roots are left to freeze.

One tree remains separated from the others.





A tape ties in strained hands.

A wooden beam introduced between
the tape and the hands' hints an imposed meaning.



Or, are they too heavy even as names on the metal blue plates.

Sitting near the river, after my walk, I think whether
I have encountered portraits of female characters throughout the city
among the masculinity which is present.

Was there space for them in the history?





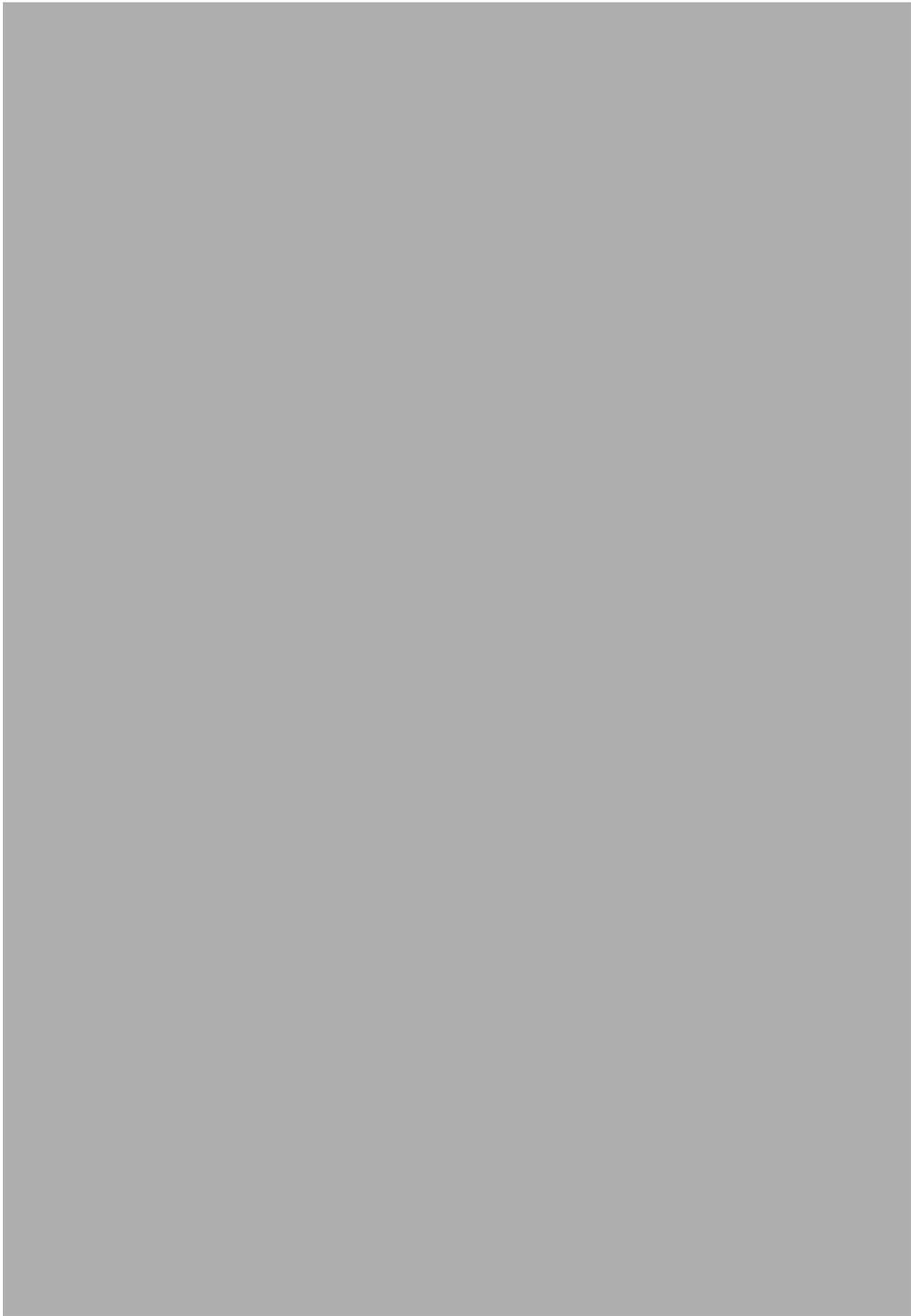
Подрачјето е под видео надзор

HUNGRY?
...we will feed you!
THIRSTY?
...we will get you a Drink!
LONELY?
...we will get you a Drink!

СПОДЕЛИ ДОЖИВУВАЊА







I attest to figure appearing in front of the palace of justice with a knife in the left and pistol in the right hand. Another gun peeks into the background as if the other two are not enough.

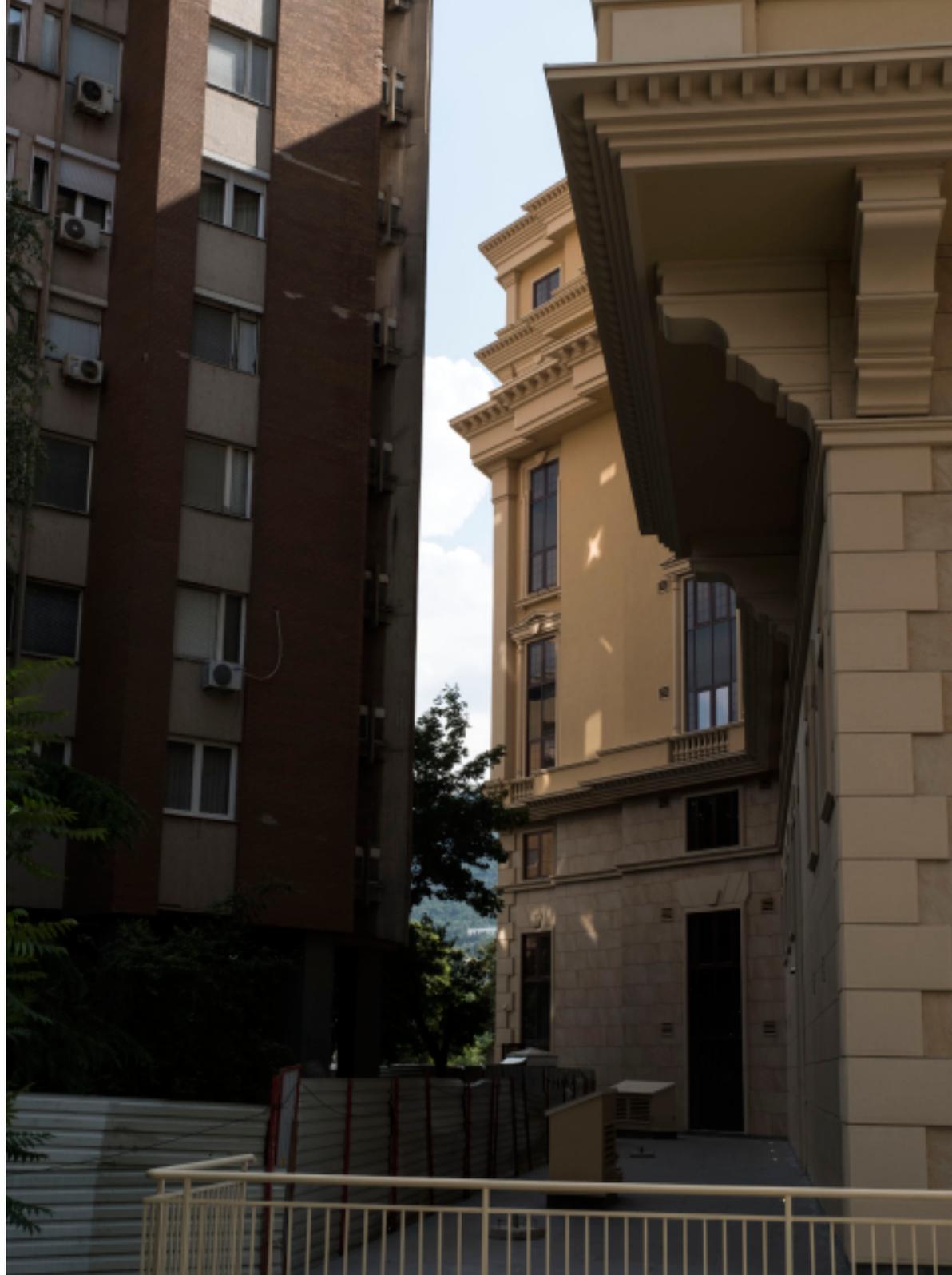
Giving a message different from the one of the blind Justicia.











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