

ALEXANDER TANEVSKI

DODECOMANIA







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# ALEXANDER TANEVSKI DODECOMANIA



GALLERY 

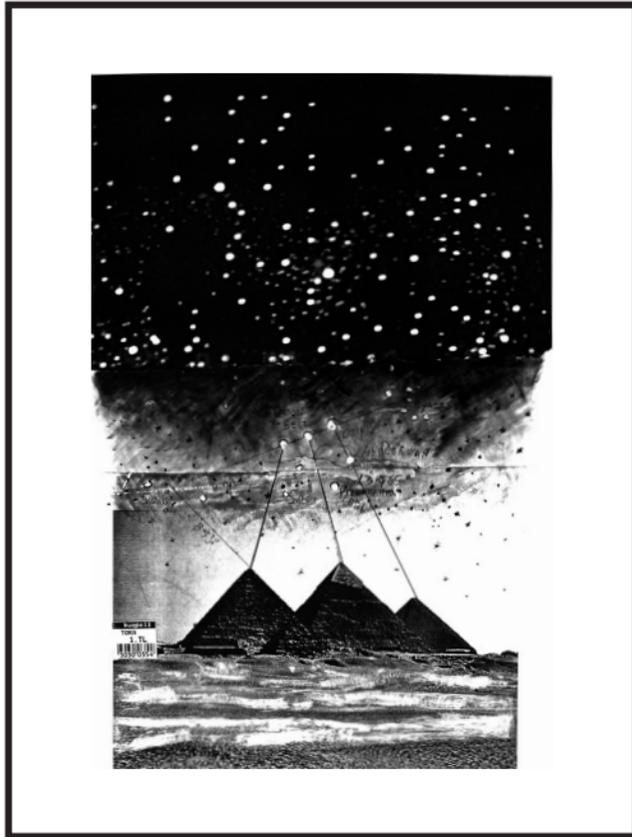
October, 2015  
Gallery MC, New York

## BLOOD AND SAND

And  
While  
the sky is being torn by screams  
of The excited crowd  
the sword is shining in the sun  
waiting for the sign  
to soak the sand  
with the gladiators blood

Explosion of joy!





## DOG STAR

And  
while  
the three pyramids in the desert  
were celebrating her 4580 years ago  
Today she shines forgotten  
over the eternal sand

Sirius...

## APOTHEOSIS

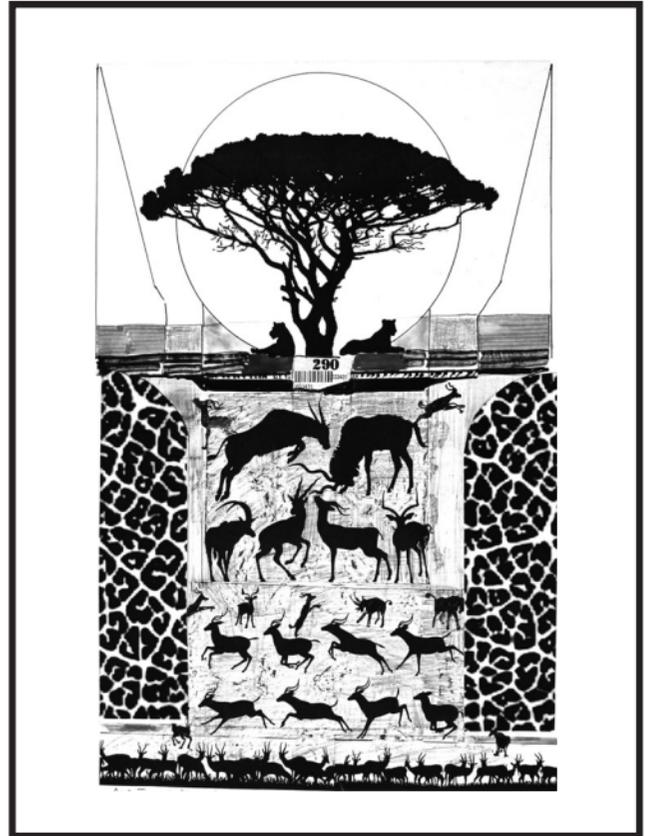
And  
while  
the dead body is in flames  
the eagles soar to the sky  
carrying the soul of the ruler  
The people must grieve

The blood dried in the sun...



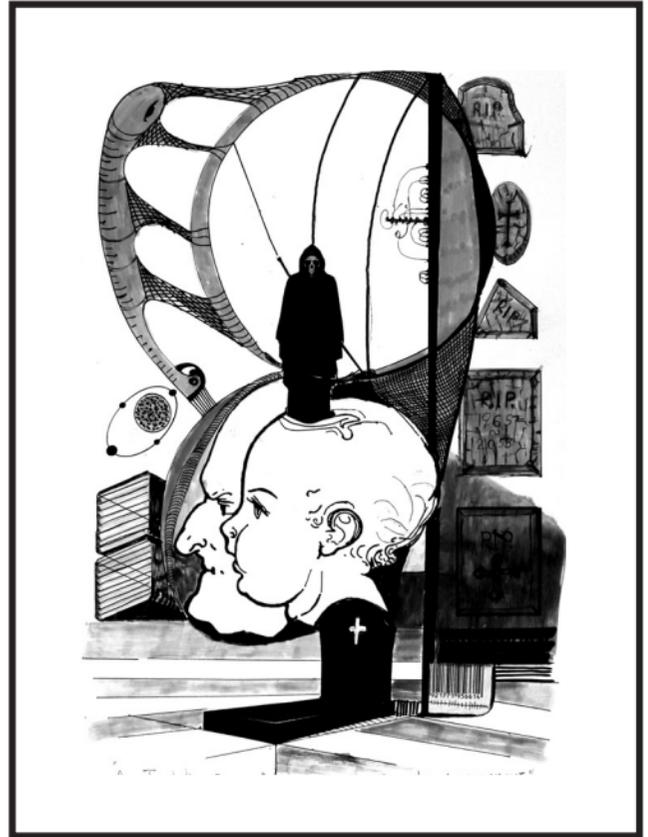
## SELF SERVICE

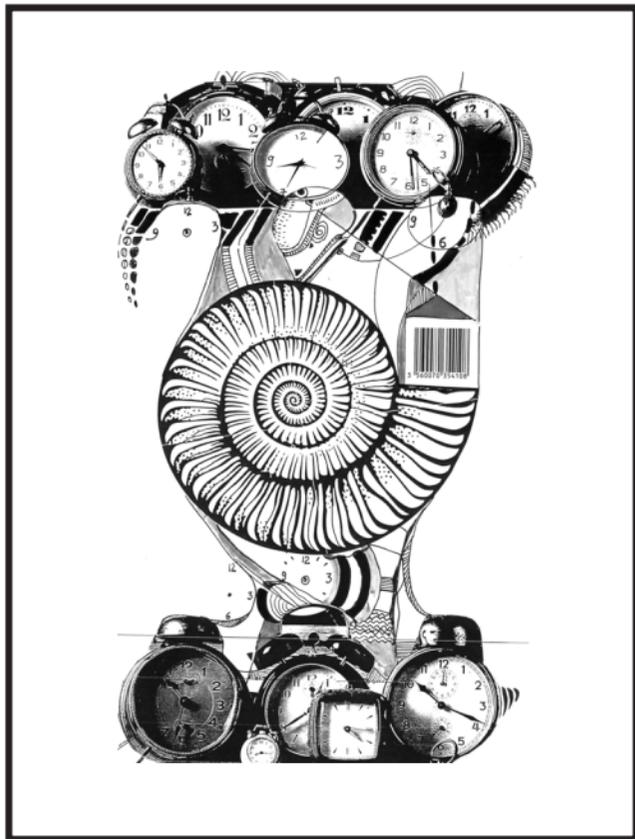
And  
while  
the lioness was digesting  
in the deep shade of the baobab tree  
The impalas bound foolishly  
near her  
It's a heat  
very big...



## IN A MOMENT

And  
while  
in the blink of an eye  
love turned into hate  
desire into repulsiveness  
The white changed to black  
The sunrise-sunset  
The child became an old man  
They cut your umbilical cord  
The next moment they throw dirt over  
your coffin  
In the blink of an eye...

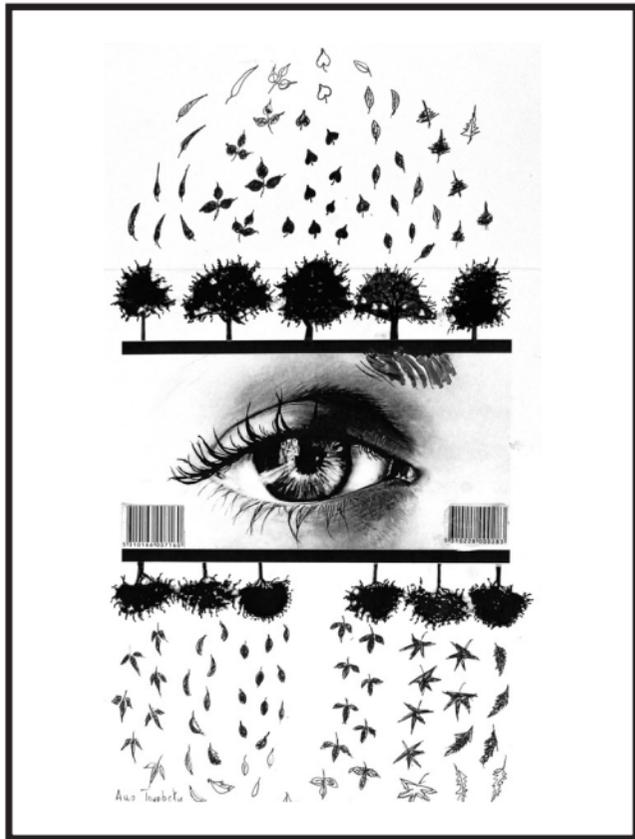




## STORY FROM THE SHELL

And  
while

I am listening a story from the great shell  
Time is slipping through my fingers  
If a day is just a wave  
life is but a storm  
The water erases the presence  
The sand swallows the existence  
ETERNITY!



## GAZE OF A WOMAN

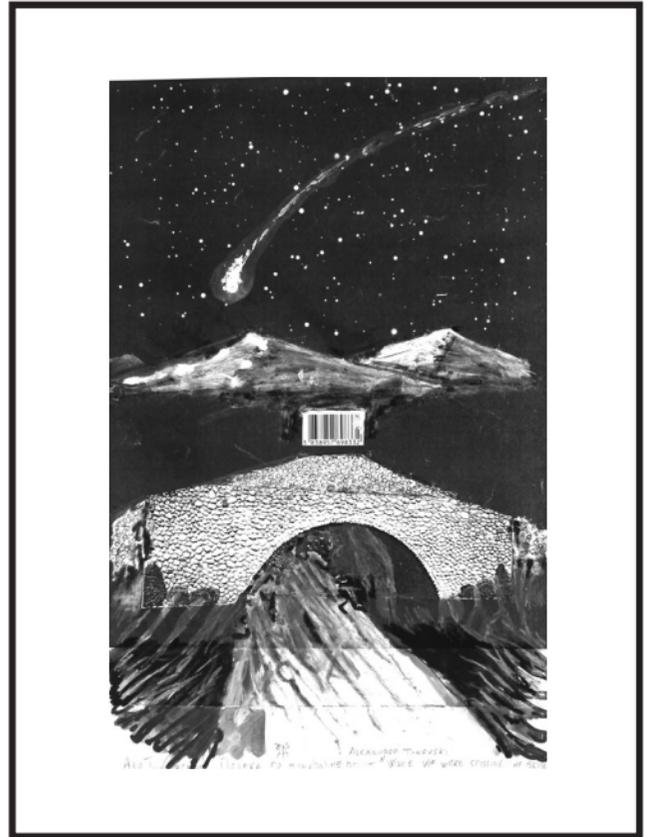
And  
while  
you walk by me  
every single morning  
I try to catch your eye  
that always dries the leaves  
pulls the trees from the ground  
freezes the windows

And the questions I meant to ask you...

## WHILE WE WERE CROSSING THE BRIDGE

And  
while  
we were crossing the bridge quietly,  
her attention was drawn  
by a shooting star  
and mine by her bosom  
under the snow white shirt  
Now or never!

The star disappeared behind the hill  
And I behind the white shirt...



## LATE NIGHT

And  
while  
the shadows are trading places  
The wraiths walk the streets  
The stars rule peacefully

Silence...  
The night is a wonderful time!





## THE CRY OF THE SILENCE

And  
while  
the night holds us captives  
in her black claws  
I stand by the window  
and with great pleasure  
I listen to the cry of the silence

The time is darkness  
The city quietly is getting old...



FORREST GUMP, memory

And  
while  
without a particular reason  
I was watching the sunset in the desert  
one day I stopped running  
and went fishing shrimps.  
This is all I had to say  
about that.

## THE GREEN MILE

And  
while  
the pain every night plunges  
in my head like pieces of broken glass  
and the years pass by like miles  
Mr. Jingles finally found Mouseville

I will go to sleep, boss  
Awful tired now,  
Dog-tired



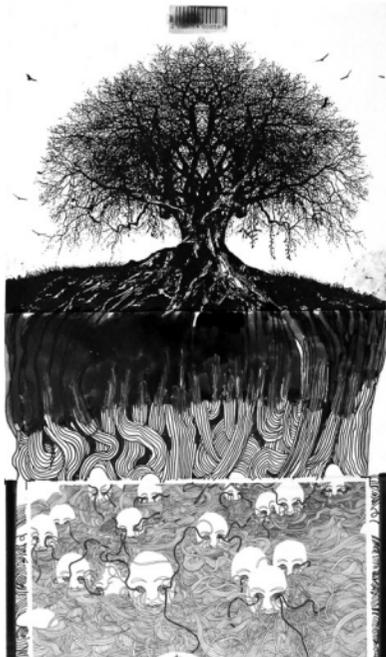
## BLACK CAT

And  
while

I was walking home one day  
I found a dead cat by the road  
And while I was carrying it  
by the tail to the waste container  
one of her eyes dropped  
hanging by the eye nerve

Don't they have 9 lives?

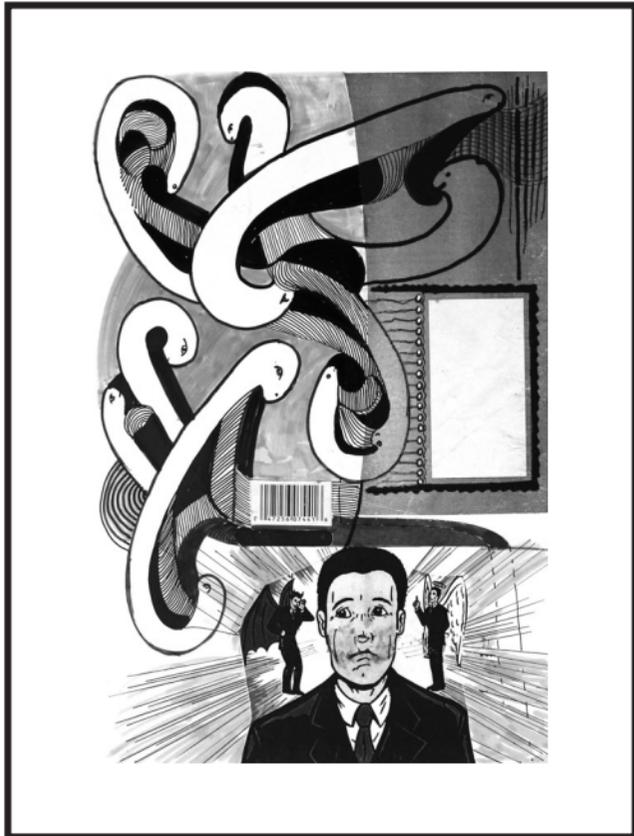




## ON THE HILL BY THE VILLAGE

And  
while  
dirt falls on the coffin  
the wind carries out the moaning  
To the weeds it's all the same  
if the marble is black or white  
(On the hillside is always autumn)  
Life is a strange thing

Was he sick of something?



## IN THE MIRROR

And  
while I see the face  
in my big mirror  
The knife waits in my hand  
The angel at my right  
sheds red tears  
And the devil at my left  
Plays with my mind  
And snicker...

## SANATORIUM

And  
while  
the medics are taking me out in the yard  
The sun melts the bars  
White coats, dark looks  
White walls, black fates  
Nobody knows about the dragon  
in my room.

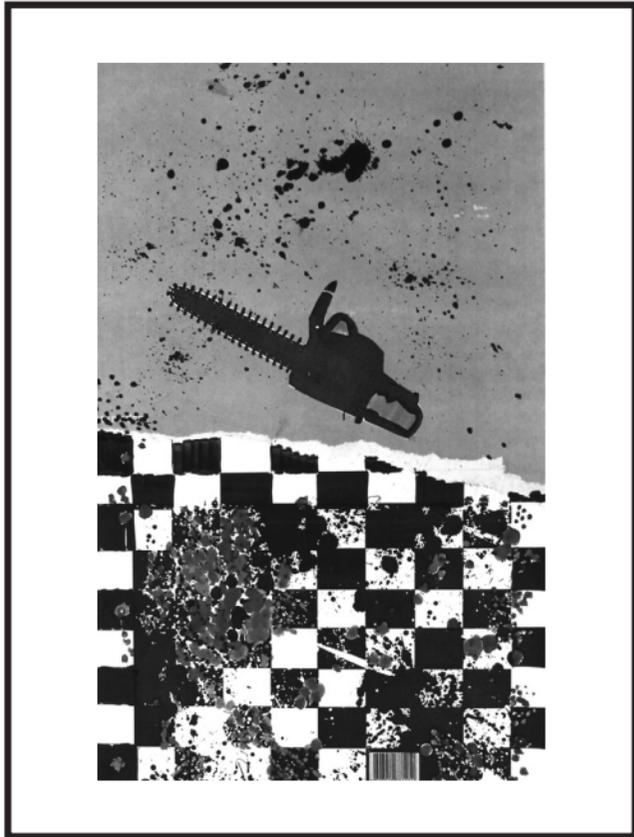
While longer...



## BLOODY DILEMMA

And  
while  
I was thinking where to hide  
and was wondering whether  
a bullet to the head  
was killing vampires or werewolves  
Wobbling they surrounded me  
Salvation is called  
Good old hand grenade  
Oh, those zombies!



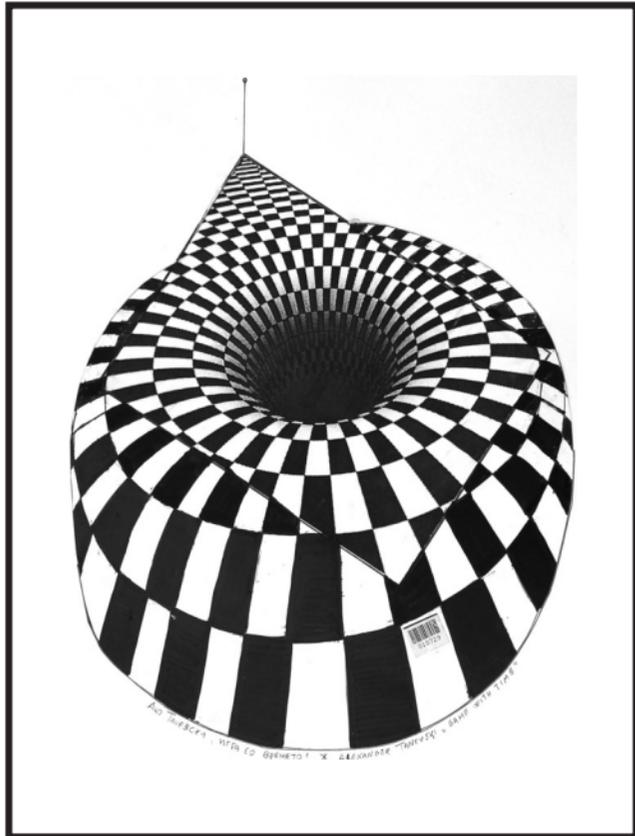


## CHAINSAW MASSACRE

And  
while

he waves his hands in the air  
the chainsaw shreds his skull  
the blood sticks to his face

The ceiling spits out pieces of brain  
The thirsty rug drinks death  
Mutilated bodies all around  
Who is next?



## GAME WITH TIME

And  
while  
finally I parted from my dream,  
the galaxy had made another circle,  
round it's black hole  
I see new stars are born  
Many old worlds had died.  
Beautiful, frightening space!  
Eternity is a passing state...

## LAST DAY

And  
while  
animals roar  
people dig holes in the ground  
The prayers are smothered in tears  
Watery eyes towards the sky  
Comet strikes earth

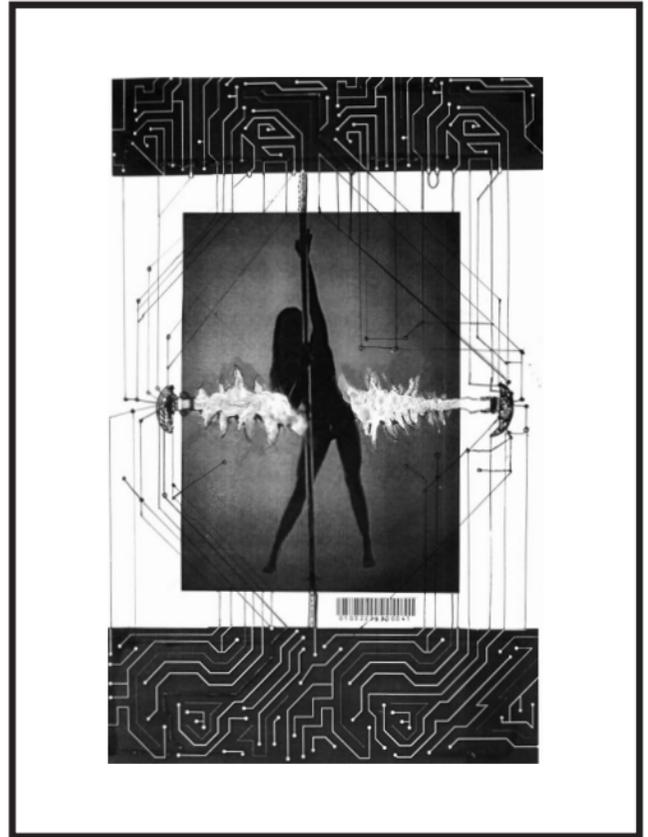
It is over...



## STRIP CLUB 2025

And  
while  
I was watching spellbound  
by her erotic dance  
spinning her wet body  
round the metal bar  
Pink fluid flow out of her ear

Cursed slimy androids!  
You can't recognize them!

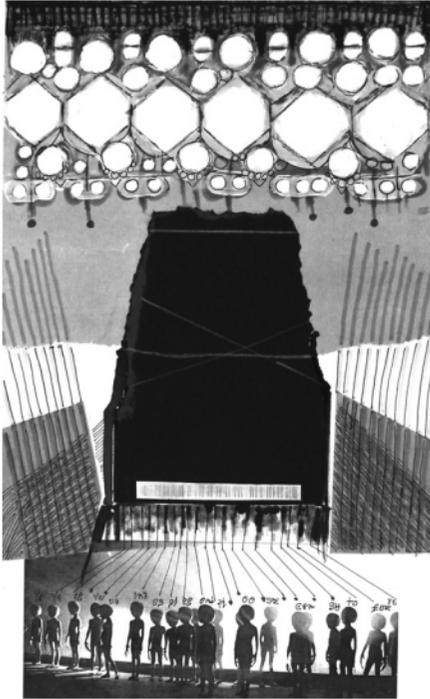




## TEARS IN THE RAIN

And  
while  
the rain flow down the body  
Crossed hands are hiding a dove  
No one knows  
how long one android can last  
White bird soars to the black sky

It's time to die...



## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE III KIND

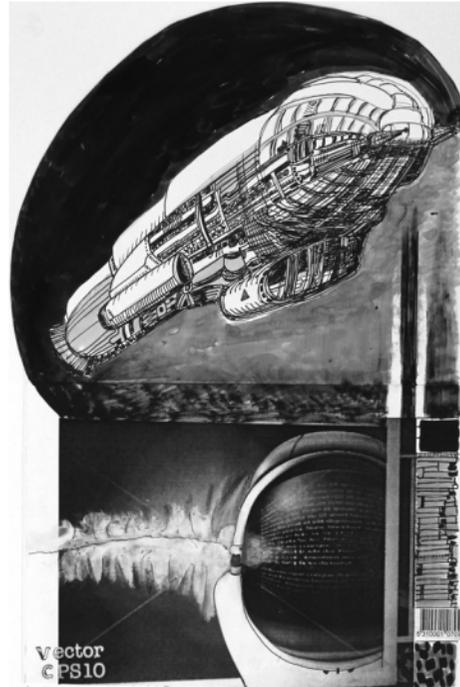
And  
while

Waiting for something to happen  
the lights were illuminating the mountain  
the siren echoed  
The vapor disappeared  
they occurred...  
small aliens alike children

First contact...

## THE BIG GREEN SCREEN

And  
while  
in a hurry I put on my space-suit  
on the big green screen  
with loud alarm blinks:  
ATTENTION! RADIATION LEVEL I !  
Across the ship resonates a female  
voice:  
Explosion of the core in 30 seconds  
The evacuation button!  
It's stuck...  
5,4,3,2,1...



## MEMORIES IN FLAMES

And  
while  
I was throwing the old faint photo-  
graphs  
in the fire  
they were telling me about the past,  
Shouting!  
Strange...  
When you reach out for the memories  
You don't feel the heat...



## FINAL SONG

And  
suddenly  
without a particular reason  
The urge for writing poetry  
totally disappeared  
Life is like a day  
If childhood is like a morning  
Then dusk came...

It is peaceful...



“And while” Aco Tanevski in his artistic activity was creating art in purely artistic and sometimes non-classical art design concepts, with Dodecomania he created conceptualized and thoughtful intermedia creative project, a blend of artistic and poetic expression, close encounter between image and song, blend of two artistic languages, contextualities/textualities, symbolic and semantic practices.

Dodecomania unites in one place about forty songs and as many visual representations - collages. In another context the artistic element would be an illustration of the poetic work, but here these two media are perceived each separately, i.e. they complement each other, since they represent completed and personally marked units, which could also be read as subtle, symbolic and culturally coded parallels. Perhaps the poetry itself inspired by the everyday life of the author, in his nascent contains the visual element turned into an image by Tanevski. The bar code that is present in all the works is a new historical story about numbering of the products as well as the people, and is an expression of the author's protest against dehumanization of man, sending a message that man is not a figure, but a person with name and surname...

“And suddenly without any particular reason”, Tanevski with this exhibition shapes the need for new forms of creative expression and creates new artistic - poetic artifact - fluid between image and poetry, and in this case it is not a dialogue between two artistic media, but author's monologue which begets a third intermediate, intertextual and artistic world and language of expression.

Gorancho Gjorgjievski

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