

**Me Ptolemy MKD
&
H.E. The Nothing**

STANKO PAVLESKI
2009



Biljana-Novı Sad

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to pavleskis@gmail.com
date Wed, Aug 13, 2008 at 8:43 AM

Respected, I couldn't resist not writing to you an email, when I found out the address and of course on my great disappointment that you had an exhibition in Novi Sad last year and I didn't know.

My name is Biljana (Popovic), now Kljajic, your former student and now I live in Novi Sad, please if it is possible to let me know when the next exhibition will be.

I'm sending you warm greetings and I hope I wasn't too boring but I would like to know what is happening... I'm still your big fan

—
Biljana Kljajic

My dear...

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana
Show details Aug 16, 2008

... I was pleasantly surprised by your calling, especially because the emotions towards my first graduate are multilevel.

Regarding my exhibition "Little Boat of Hard Letter" in terms of Balkan Art 2007, I didn't have an opportunity to let you know, but in Novi Sad I was asking Sava Stepanov – art historian – director of the Cultural centre "Golden pane" and art director of Balkan Art about you.

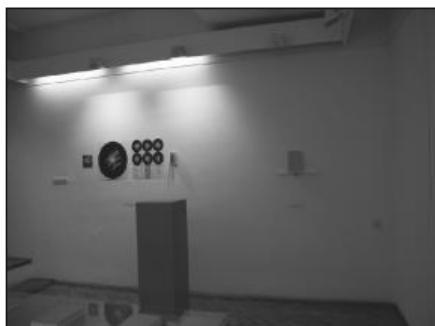
But that is not important now, but I will surely want to know more about you: about your life roads (regarding this, I would like to congratulate you for your marriage and I wish you could not raise your head from beauties) and professional engagements.

You will allow me to tell you something about me:... my son Bojan is 24 years old, since October he will be in the IV year at the cathedra for Peace studies in Skopje and he is intensively engaged in learning foreign languages and some political activities; my wife Biljana is a transition victim and is now leading a neighbourhood market for nutrition; my mother Bogdana to whom the home and children were always saints, is now fighting with her ages and televisions, and me to whom the art is a saint I still haven't learnt to work anything else so I make some art for which others consider it good, and that professor Pavleski is still trying to assign the love towards this ecstatic and seriously ill bummer called art to his students. Writing you this (about the big ordinary of mankind) I reminded myself of a letter that Malarme has sent it to his friend George Sand (I don't know from where it came), in which he is immeasurably jealous of her pure love she always had that she visually drills around herself and that selfish prisoner in the riddles of whiteness couldn't experience and feel the beauty of the living life. So it continues with:... How much my dear, how happy I was going to be if I had only one child, but also the love of yours. And I Biljana, I just wanted to assign the feeling that this Malarme is damn right,... it's ok, the man is right, but how does it touch the universe, isn't that what are you, my dear, asking yourself? I have so many things I would like to talk about, but writing an email is like the good black that is not a coffee so please give me a call when you'll be in Skopje (I hope you didn't throw a rock) because I don't know when I'll be able to come in Novi Sad, the city in which I'm in love.

I wouldn't resemble myself if I don't send some picture, this time I will annoy you with some pictures from the exhibition in Novi Sad, and the next call I won't miss to annoy you additionally through pictures.

Greetings to you, to yours (your mother, and brother, I met them, but I didn't have that opportunity with your father) and of course to your lucky one.

... P.S. I'm expecting you... Stanko Pavleski



PROJECT PREFACE 2¹

Aleksandra KRAJINOVIC²

*My apparition, in case there is an aspect as verity of the artistic piece
For the project "Little boat of hard letter" of the sculptor Stanko Pavleski*

At an exhibition (April 2002), I saw an ochre book placed on a Plexiglas shelf (as I should look thru it to find the content), on the wall next to it, the stone engraved name of the author is projected. Exiting relations: the name shown that way, as if the author is presenting his Art piece and the essences behind it on rechecking, but on the other hand - made of the material that you cannot manipulate with! Inside the book full with questions to the "Mediator" one part caught my attention: Not to be without a job, is a basic life philosophy – let's make Art. What is with that? Are the authors suffocating with the burden of other men's tasks told by the mediators: titles, ways of doing the job, the materials, and all kinds of other initiatives, so after all that, to give the artist free hands for the realization of his ideas?!

The book "Unwritten book to the mediator" is straightens me in front a new question – is there something that is unwritten but you can actually read it? Who is actually the "Mediator"? Looking for the answer, I had to look thru the book. Simple on the outside but with very strange content: questions and ascertains to the mediators – Art critics and theoreticians and their surroundings. That's how, they are becoming an object of the author's creative interest; it's becoming clear that his fields of rouse and project overview are equal. Is there "somebody" here who is trying to "teach" people how to do their job or the artist wants to put "borders" for spreading the Art against the "comments" written on the side of... the ones that are along the way, conditioned and concerned of the directions that the Art is taking on stretching itself. With the projects title "Wide open eyes", it's my insight that, giving objectivity for a booklet form cannot be achieved by the mediator and... we are back to the borders and distension of the frame tested by the author.

At another exhibition (November 2004), I was already familiar with the previous Art work of the artist; when I first got in touch with the Art piece, my impression

1 I love Art, but I love children more. I'm just picturing in short hand what I could have seen, felt and undergo. I'm writing for the first time with a goal to grasp and "interpret" something so serious: margin and slippery in its Artistic structure, and above all, my writings shattered through out the projections of the artist, with the state they are in, to become an Art?! Without a reference to my competency, I like this!

2 Graduated professor for preschool children

was: What are these thick books doing on the platform? Why would a sculptor write a book? Probably because he wanted to have 2 kg's of an object and essence in his hands, but in the Art piece too. Which category is the one that you can write for so much? Three books are placed on one orange platform with glass on it, and over every book there is a same one that's designated on top of it. We are simply getting an Art work from the book which is "built in" in a sculptural body of the Art piece. Her availability for review brings us back to its booklet's essence. The author is playing with these two dimensions of the book. Of course he is playing with us also, actually with our wish to touch the axis of the Art piece, but the book itself has a few axis; What is the matter here? To start reading from up, with assumption what is written below? I could sense possible answers from the title itself "Book over the binding – My anthology, Macedonian Art and critics 1954- 2004". The choice was made by the artist himself – the author had drudgery job, to collect that quantity of life and effort and place it in a single book that gives us not only a display but also directions, that in every artist (100 of them chosen) there are even more things that we don't see or read.

At the third exhibition (December 2005) there was a catalog of the artist Spase Perovski, packed in wrapped form like someone wanted to make a CD cover from a paper, inside it was the end of this voyage of three projects "Project preface – how to write a good Art review, as the Art critics do" packed in a booklet form which represents a entirety on its own. The author used the other colleague's offer to do this review for a "complete assumption" of the role of a "Mediator", because in the confusion of their writing-pens, he started to feel them as an impression or poetry. He "comments" Spase's piece from an author's and an artist's point of view that is a challenge for his "Art review" irony. The irony is evident in the author's "wish" to write as the Art critics do, because in the previous two projects he demonstrates dissatisfaction of the entire History's and Art Critic's practice. He actually writes like he feels that the artist would like to be interpreted: a little description, a little cause, a little historic contest, a little other stuff over the Art work...

I have a feeling that this is the way which the Art critics are using themselves, so where is the problem here? Aha, I remembered: they are lazy and lethargic to have permanent interpretative interest and permanent tight context with the subject and the object of their interpretation.

Today 2007, these projects from 2002, 2004, 2005 (but and few others from 2002, 2003, 2005 and 2006, that are not included in "Little boat of hard letter"), and definitely this text of mine about them, are encircling That Hard Text from which the author is shaping his imaginary little boat using it to over-swim and over-live.

Free translation from the author of the text

For with black coffee

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Wed, Aug 27, 2008 at 1:08 PM

I like the name of your exhibition and thank you very much for the pictures...

I've heard about Sava Stepanova and I think we have met once before but when I came in Novi Sad I enter in one completely different and less official circle of people.

I've met Ivana Indjin who was then conducting and I think she is still conducting the Chamber theatre music – Mirror – it is a non-governmental organization that organizes different artistic events, and in that time drama and education, working with children with disadvantages in their development were popular, and now she is working with the new NGO Sasa Asentich who has established –Per-Art-, he was a right hand of Ivana, I was working in an office and scene with children with dawn's syndrome, in fact everyone worked everything there. And also there is the music festival -Interzone- festival of new music, this festival was initiated by Boris Kovac, the father of Ivana's child, I can't say a husband, because he was never her husband... complicated. But each his performance, as well as his life, is an art. Ivana is a drama upon herself and she is completely dedicated to her work.

The whole story eye – Mirror – is evidence that art can be lived, but because of that it's hard to exist. I've stayed with them one year, I felt great and during one of their festivals I had my exhibition -Corn and rain-. Then I had to come to my sense and find a job from which I can pay my bills. I got employed in a Student centre, state enterprise that deals with student's accommodation, I was working with entering information and here and there I worked some graphic solutions for them, I stayed there more than 4 years. When I was 26, I “decided” to give a birth to a child until 27... I wanted to be Rain, one new corn... With 27, I gave birth to Milan, and so I got married, and Milan's father and my husband Borislav was my best friend. He is quite normal and good, comfortable like a favourite clothe you are wearing when you come home, but this system in which we live turns him into one family director and superior... should I say he works in a bank? I finally gave a dismissal in the Student centre and few months ago I've opened an art school for children. In order to avoid bureaucrat absurdity there is no name for the school or similar, so we call ourselves – small creative centre HeArt -, I still talk about this with fear, I don't know what will happen, but if I know it won't be

fun! Until now I have children up to 10 years and I'm thankful I have so much to learn from them, these days we are preparing their first exhibition. I hope I will be good for them, as you are to me and I can't say you were, because in my heart there is one Stanko that is telling a story further on... I'm so glad about Bojana, peaceful studies... it sounds nice, I hope our children will be our lighthouses on this shaken sea, I wish they have eyes for beauty and everything it creates but also great strength to fight against the garbage that can not burn. Regarding Biljana, women, I still think she is strong since she has succeed in struggling and she has a job, it's a success, miscarriage would be if she became anxious and weak, and I can see she is not that. And regarding you, and in that I believe and I know you always do the right thing, in fact edu care, the goal is educating and taking care of those who are given to us to educate them, great responsibility, but wise people have more responsibilities than privilege. Thank you for coming up in my life and that I have an opportunity again to talk to you. Now when we know the details :) we can talk about bigger things "Boat from hard letter", seams excellent to me, I feel sorry I couldn't smell it in life.

Ps. I will send you pictures after the exhibition... give greetings to Stefan and mom, and I would not greet myself...

:) B.

From where should I start?

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana
show details Aug 31, 2008

Start from the beginning Stanko, I tell myself (starting talking), even when you begin from the end, often, like it refers to the beginning, and even Biljana will have an understanding for your tough dilemmas, can you feel it, she senses you have more things you want to assign her for yourself, you are good at it, you know you are not good at other things!?! After this beginner practising, even your normal fear (ah those fears) whether HeArt will succeed to catch a root, and that sweet Corn I believe it gained the talent and beauty from mom, and the skills and dedication from dad. Otherwise, Corn and Rain sounds great to me, how beautiful traps lie in those two entities? You are calling me round to the Boat from hard letter, thank you, because in that Boat... and in public at Polubratska b.b. (Skopje, February-March 2008, Small Gallery) nice part of my artistic endeavours is embedded since 2002

till now through which I entered in another modified artistic film, if it is possible getting out from the own skin. Here some generals for Small Gallery, it's a personal project of the art historian Bojan Ivanov (his space and financial covertness), I think one of the little true concentrated historian and critical feathers in Macedonia. I would just like to wish Bojan to be more productive in the interpretation of our artistic present. His endeavours to give true completed personal contribution to the artistic scene are rare not only in Macedonia but abroad too. I wish him to continue (until now he realised 5 autonomous exhibitions) in fact to continue that not polluted beauty, because he has professional and financial opportunity, national – to do what he likes, making beside the other a contrapuntal to those who have a practise to dictate the author the initialities with which he has to work with. Allow me to go back to my last projects (still the last one is Marcus Garvey & Man Ray Theatre 1913: presents - New York via Dar es Salaam: Black - White trans perversions, June 2008, realised in the Macedonian Cultural Centre in New York as part of the common three part-time projects Projection Balcony: Paris – New York – Dar es Salam, with the colleagues T. Adziewski and J. Shumkovski) whom I want to bring closer to you and through the both texts that were issued in the catalogues for them, I'm sending you several photographs from "The Public on Step-Brotherly str.". Hey Stanko! You really started talking on a large scale. I'm sorry to bother you at one gulp with my work, as I want to collect everything in one drop.

Stanko



The Public on Step-brotherly Str. (without a house number)

With *The Public on Step-brotherly Str. (without a house number)*, I am closing my production which was exploring the relations about the art-work and the creativity. Actually, *The Public on Step-brotherly Str. (without a house number)* is a metaphor of what's relational and of situation resulting from it.

The Public on Step-brotherly Str. (without a house number) unites several projects of mine (2005-2007) that did not receive the necessary public attention (so that I could calmly put a closure on all this ...). And for the following reasons: partly because it is to do with site-specific projects, away from the exhibition format; next, there are some project that were executed and on display outside of Skopje (the Metropolis); some of the projects were not exhibited in Macedonia at all, while few had appeared in the magazines (a public medium but not enough for the artistic intent); finally, all these projects deserve to be seen anew, because the artistic production is insufficiently monitored and critically assessed.

In these projects I question and I tease with the circumstances of the art-work and the creation, as well as with the subjects of that circumstantial practice - the subjects that are caught in the zone of interests, dependences and provisos. *The Public on Step-brotherly Str. (without a house number)* stands for a location - a seat of alliances over the philosophy of that which is necessary. This necessity is a dimension of my interest - a point of intersection for the author and the institutions, for the author and the art critique, for the authors themselves, for the author and the artistic reality, for the author and the creative ambiance, for the author and the relativisms and for other situations similar to these.

In the projects I deal with the wish/wishing for. I wish to tame the vanity. I wish for more will for freedom. I wish for professionalism, and I wish for many of that which I/we are in a need of.

I wish there were writings on art, at least as much as there is some art produced: because of the interpretation and mediation, because of the detained piece of time and because of the contribution made to the survival of what's most personal creation; because of ourselves (and of those men of pen), striving to outlast with integrity the writings of our times - that ugly relativism of the values. In our parts, the writings on art are scarce, all the while there is much loose talk on the subject. How can one explain this quality of our traditional, idle ramblings over the matter, without (at the same time) getting soiled by this - mentioned in passing by the writers of calling - attitude: the art-work may have not existed at all, unless they have addressed its reality in writing. There is some truth in this statement

which brings up some more question marks. What if the art critics were writing (as they are already doing it too) under the duress of trivialities (embittered and impotent) - that would seal "the truth" of the work of art. The other side of this, ever so present, discursive coin (away from the theater of words/talking) is akin to the miracle of the theater of shadows which is constructed by the necessities (what is to be done in order to be) of the fully grown medium - interpretation of the work of art - as transformed into a false/topsy turvy image of some need of superintendence or rearrangement.

What I need is the beauty in the depicting properties of words.

Stanko Pavleski, 07.01.2008



New tenants at the old addresses... and the other way around

Once (and long ago), the artists were passing through the phases of their work as if they were some celestial bodies following a proper destiny of change. And yet today, instead of this one way journey across the various topics, artistic expressions and semiotic systems, the creative interest is migrating from one medium to another.

In view of the sculptor Stanko Pavleski (1959, Erekovci, Prilep), the space of Mala Galerija is but a passing address to those migrations, while the exhibited objects are a new life of his own documents and recollections on the fleeting creative instances. The date with the public is actually taking place at a phony address which is delivered as a ambiguous wordplay.

The themes of Pavleski are constantly rebuilding in the face-off with the other. The author's current context of explanation is the theme of misunderstandings between the fragile work of art and the social expectations. That is to say, as long as the characters and events from the passion play are not taken elsewhere.

Bojan Ivanov

Artistic Elevation Mark 615 (from the project Oraovdol II), 2005, a flag and a photo-object documenting the performance-art with the group of colleagues at the monastery of St. Archangel Michael in the village of Teovo-Veles





Initial debate AEM 615 (from the project Oraovdol II), 2005, a round table, ten table-sized flags and a map of photographs documenting the performance-art with the group of colleagues at the monastery of St. Archangel Michael in the village of Teovo - Veles





Award "Best Lazybones"
assigned to our colleague T. Adziewski



With Adziewski on the field-work, 2005, a photo-object documenting the visit to the monastery of St. Elias in the village of Vitolista – Mariovo



Project-Preface (How do I write a good review as art critics do?), 2005, wrapped poster-catalogue, two posters and a booklet in A6 - 35 pages, all objects referring to the Kinetic Painting project of Spase Perovski, Veles Art Gallery



ProgramStudy
TRILOGY-PROVINCE
 Again in Skopje - Macedonia

SUBJECT
CURRICULUM
ART THERAPY
 AGAINST EXHAUSTION FROM ART
 Specially for Exhausted LKAFO02

Б-р Валентина Калитанска
 -Министерство
 на културата
 137756
 Валентина

Tasks in the program:

Liberation of the courage to experience the freedom of art and her interpretation; purification from poisons from tutors type; instigation of love for the art; upbringing of the senses and intellectual capacity and potentials for the value in visually and art and nurturing sensitivity for art piece as an complex.

Purpose of the program:

Towards a true art critique

COURSE 1 – contents:

[24 classes – 8 terms of 3 classes (Wednesday and Saturday from 19 – 22 hour)
 or extra fast 24 classes - night and day (for half a price). The group can be from 7-12 listeners]

1. The view and visual stimulations
 - Relaxing massage from professional masseur
 - Homework 1
2. The view and mental stimulations
 - Relaxing massage...
 - Homework 2
3. The light – the darkness, the touch, the sound, the ether, the smell, the taste, the artistic and the content, and physical boundaries of the body and the intellectual effort as a stimulator for the thought.
 - Relaxation with cartoons
 - Homework 3
4. Meditation with open eyes
 - Meditation with closed eyes
 - Relaxation with cartoons
 - Homework 4
5. Workshop – material through hands
 - Relaxing massage...
 - Homework 5
6. Workshop – geometrical bodies through the hands
 - Relaxing massage...
 - Homework 6
7. ... to a creative idea
 - Presenting homework 1,2 and 3
 - Analysis and conversation
8. ... to a creative idea
 - Presenting homework 4,5 and 6
 - Analysis and conversation for seduction through art
 - Free mingling to an unpredictable ending

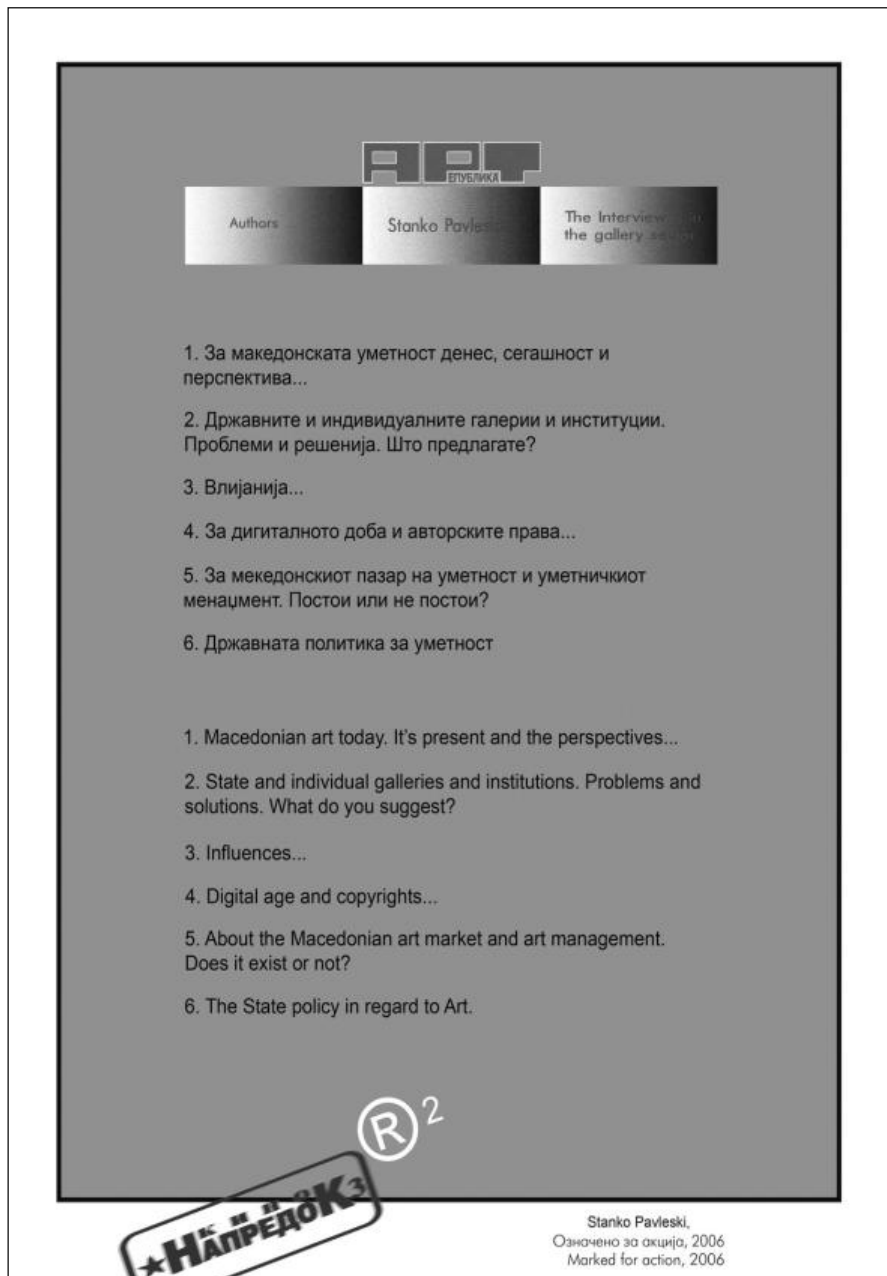
PROMOTIONAL PRICE
 149 €

The program is recommended for all of those that practice or showing interest for interpreting the complexness of the art piece and creation. The graduated art historians have privilege.

The contents from the Course 2, 3 and 4 will be published in the next editions of Art Republic.

Information and application on phone: 02 2044 002, 075 666 559 and 075 685 133

COMMERCIAL POLEMICS: Clean pages – not pamphlets, 2006
 Prof. Stanko Pavleski



Interview - marked for action, 2006, a photograph in A3 size, project in the Art Republika magazine No. 7 - CD Gallery

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Sep 4, 2008 at 11:12 PM

Oh yes... I can see clearly now.

I succeed in catching a rivet that is dragging through and what I tried to understand is that there is something very important happening.

At the part where "formulation book" is described, it made my heart dancing, I recognized Stanko but much further... commentaries of others about you and the way you give yourself onwards and spread good vibrations about yourself... how important is that... and I admit it is not so easy dealing with this problem, author-institution, author-critics, author and artistic reality... only superheroes can do that.

But I still believe that only the one who sells himself and his idea, knows how important is to understand (maybe it is not the right word to understand, it's more than pre understanding) the thing that is before the mind and thinking itself, place where the creation is waiting for us to choose the right language and way on which we will tell our story about the reality, until others are looking at inverted picture and order, and I can see that it is written in your text...

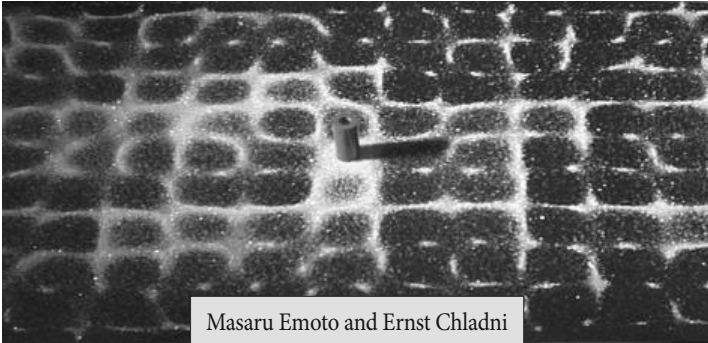
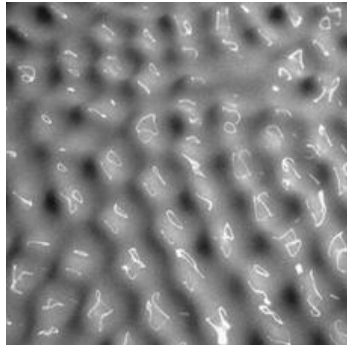
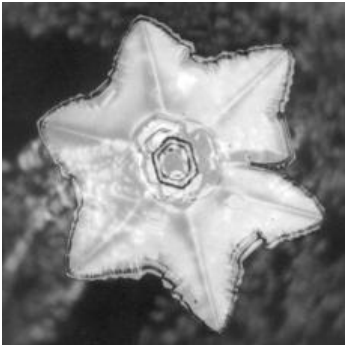
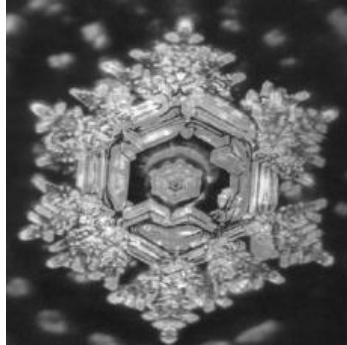
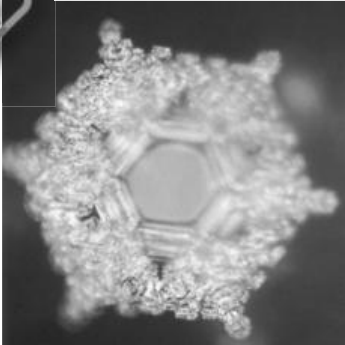
And everything I saw reminds of a cycle, nothing has stopped and nothing is closed and it seems it lasts or it lasts now only for me... I can't even say anything, because it really hurts... Reality first moved me deeply, then it shakes me up... and that is I guess good. In fact, about that "coming out from its own skin"... it can be good... although nothing deprives your skin. I'm asking myself for a long time why the artistic expression still attracts me, as it happened to me in life, why I can't just simply go to the hairdresser and solve all my problems... and I still yawn under my teeth... nothing is simple and clear in this world and nothing can make us complete, as that crazy game of creation, when a drop falls it happens again...

Sever thoughts are haunting me; I stood at one place where I ask myself what's so real! Fantastic trap for my mind. Masaru emoto fascinated me with water crystals, where he describes how our intent reflects the surrounding, what kind of shape the water takes when you send her a specific message and the shape can be seen when we freeze that water and see formed crystals. He gave an example of water which is pronounced "fool" and "thanks" and so many different words. As well as

the "Chladni patterns" an experiment in which the sound waves form geometrical pictures, that reminds a lot to the mandale so called pictures of completeness.

And nothing special came to my mind, then above all I have to allow myself to me, even my last step won't be really a smart thing to do, but to be with love and will :) in fact what moves us forward.

And yes... I like you to write me a lot... You always talk nice.



Masaru Emoto and Ernst Chladni

... Sep 6, 2008

Clear water...

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

show details 4:52 AM

For a moment you brought me back the experience of probably the most beautiful instrumental music of Bread and Salt, I haven't heard this beautifully played nature for a long time, and reminded me of several photographs I've seen from Emoto (I enjoy when the Latin overlays the Cyrillic), but because I'm not well known to the fullness and the entities, I've opened the internet... his researches for the Untouched Water were fascinating (my construction) and the paintings for her sensitivity, spite my dilemmas: whether the water freezes/crystallizes physical provoked by the sound/speakers waves (I would be disappointed if it only that) or the crazy one, whether it captures the own feeling in terms of our human dimensioning of the sensitivity. But the man is not the measure for everything in the cosmos, isn't he? Probably this strong alternative makes my interrogation in his studies and seminars more mysterious, but unfortunately I have only a white picture for that.

What is especially exciting for me is the deep look of Emoto, his initiality in the thought that the Water is not enough investigated material (and it is a source of life, isn't it?) and the other thing, his request of the answers in the musical and speaker's vibrations (maybe their importance and the provoked sensitivity) as agenses indicated to her two aggregated conditions. I don't know whether he made some researches with the vapour too and what can be captured in it or released, if the life doesn't stop there and whether it is some presumed condition. I'm glad I work with such presumes because it is silly to think (but still...) that the Guy could miss these things if not to something else but because of the completeness of the experiment.

Points of departure – Emoto's presume of contains the basic precondition (almost scholastic) and those are enough notional for the project: initiation and process of cause and consequence brought to materiality, a picture for what exists/existed, but should have been discovered.

In this context a sentence from Mishel Uelbek imposes on me which paraphrased (not to look for it) sounds like this: To write about what we believe that others don't even think about it is enough for literature.

But the both lie down good, but from Ludwig Vigdenstain from his Philosophical researches: For what can not be spoken, it better to keep quiet.

I turned each work towards the art because I work with the possibilities of extensibility of the artistic frames as you are involved in that "How much is that true". I like the part when your thought flees and that is worth to pay some time at, in fact allow yourself (in the spirit of your construction) it will surely throw you on some shore in a shape of some art. I can feel that being occupied with the doubts in our outlook and the stereotypes in the conception, if I hunt at least part of your wide complex of self-positioning towards this game of possible dualities, it can be an exciting experience. There is a wide space for free will and maximal madness in trimming of the material allegation and ultimate expression.

I owe you for the discovering of the Chladni, I've opened it, the guy in that time was dealing with the influence of the sound waves to the structuring of specific physical conditions – schedule of the motes towards the vibrating metal panes... impressionable...

You and these Two throw me in wonderful mental gymnastic, but we must sleep...

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sat, Sep 6, 2008 at 12:19 PM

I've reminded of one story that a friend of mine retold me, when we've talked about some ordinary domain things, we had dinner and his wife (my godmother) said, "I don't know what it is, but today the bread didn't succeed" and she bought some kind of machine in which you put all the ingredients and there is the bread, and he says "material remembers" and tells a story about some laboratory where some reagents were prepared, one laborant prepared it by hand, with time it restored that reagents is very good and everyone began to look for it, the man from the laboratory gave all precise measures and recaptures, the reagents was prepared on computerised machines, always in same measures, others tried to make it by hand and non of them succeeded to make such same reagents. When we'll give that man who used to make it, the reagents will always come out right. The material remembers, it stood in front of my face and smiled at me, it isn't so

important like when we create that so called artistic speech, I believe even more that between art and life there are no borders, but there is of course run of time. 70% water in us, aspires for clearness and that is how much it is important with what kind of thoughts we feed it, how we mould ourselves. Somehow art (*Art – skill*) approaches to *essence*. I think a similar case with the words at Emota, particular word as for example “THANKS”, assigns with itself something very important for communication between the people, this word is open towards other and admits his importance, his existence and confirms the person to whom it refers. So this reminded me... when you used texts in your analyses, it seemed like the WORD “indurate”, with her basic intention to transfer thoughts and attitude, you conversed it in exhibited subject, which again talks about essence and importance of communication and like the wave again impacted forward, but this time on one higher level, your intention (conscious action) definitely raised conscious on a level of artistic thinking.

I wrote a lot about it so I had to wipe half of it... now I don't know how to end... so I won't finish, but I can say Thanks!

... Sep 8, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

In one of the 70 pages of my A5 Calendar: Thomas Harlan Theatre: 10 September 1901 - Warhol Tauer's Calendar 2007, in fact the work under that title (three same Calendars exposed on post aments 40x120x40 sm.) presented in New York 2007, on the back of Google Earth focused on my house “sails” my sculpture “Sacrificial altar” stands the heading “The grave of Alexander the Great III is placed in my garden at Makedonska Prerodba 100, Gjorche Petrov – Skopje, Macedonia. The page is inspired from one “discovery” of American archaeologists who discovered the grave of Alexander somewhere in Illinois. Thomas Harlan is an American writer of science-fiction and creator of the internet game Lords of the Earth in which campaigns the participants suggest better world. In those campaigns Macedonia is mentioned several times even in rare contexts, through truths, half truths and total fictions. In Harlan's sense I also build the work, and the form of the calendar allowed me to throw everything in it. In a short sense, in the Calendar I make jokes with “the historic truths” (so tough truths I've read the last years) so that Bojan V Pavlevski IV Macedonian will abolish with decree the History in one more of the pages in the Calendar.

This starting digression covers under the lines of the perception – our views and angles – and in fact everything is in illusion, everything is piece and everything is transparent – I fear that we don't even see. You are writing to me with special amorosness in the three important points that are basis in your expression: the Material Remembers; Life-Art-Life; Art-Skill/Art-Skill and Word-Amount-Transfer. I like that I gain impression for sound in the expression like it touches/ derives from the categories.

The Material Remembers... after yours one there is nothing I can add but that brought me back to the days when we restrains ourselves with the metal in which, and you know, I usually express myself. As young and strong, is it as I believe that the persuasiveness of the idea and strength are enough with which it will be realised but later I realised as if it – the strength is insufficient, so I entered with prayers, with respect and some kind of magic and tricks, maybe Zenovski - who knows, I didn't allow the resistances, moaning and folding under my hands, and I could communicate in live with the results – with their natural/ truth and aesthetic impressiveness. And how I even torture myself with the hammer in my hand, until inanition, so that from somewhere shines to me that I should permit love a bigger space. I'm thankful to God (... and don't mention him so often...) that allowed a space to my sensitivity... and something about my relation to work and desiring (maybe I haven't talked to you during the studies, still I don't know what I was talking to you), look, in the beginning working in non adequate, let me say not normal conditions and with humble means for work, I believed that all the actual and possible negative energy I can convert into positive and all of that only with my faith in the creative intentions... thus far it was true but unreal. From this I usually got out burnt in my face and red in the eyes, with deep consequences, please God I don't want to have rippers, but I still believe that there is something even from the above mentioned.

The pen flew a little bit, as it stretched in more lines... and here I'm in this Zen story – the Goose is outside. One Zen master shows his students a wonderful Chinese vase in which a little goose is captured. He retells them the story and puts them in dilemma, what can be done: whether to break this exceptionally rare vase inherited with generations, or to let the goose die. The students standing vertical in front of the conflict are trying to come up with a justified answer, at the same time offering most different solutions at which they leave the teacher with no comment. A difficult atmosphere is created in which the weak passive mind prevails. The silence is disturbed by one quiet boy who says: But teacher, the goose is outside... Oh, how necessary is any kind of comment...

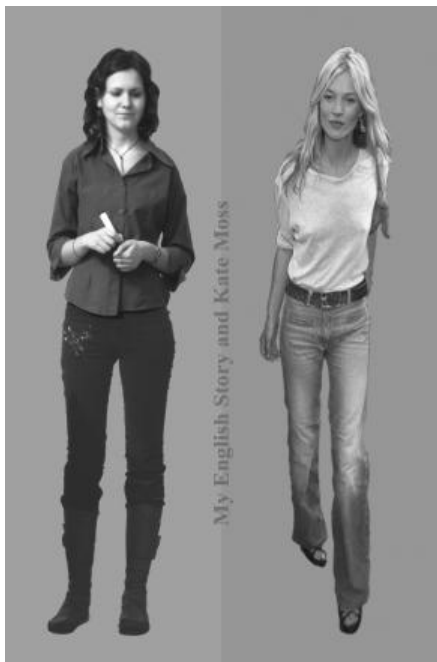
Come on one more... but a Tansanian legend – the shirt of Dziha. In another way, this year I dedicated myself completely to Africa in the search for material for the project in New York that I've realised this year, but also the one that follows at the beginning of the next in Dar es Salam for which I will tell you in other occasion.

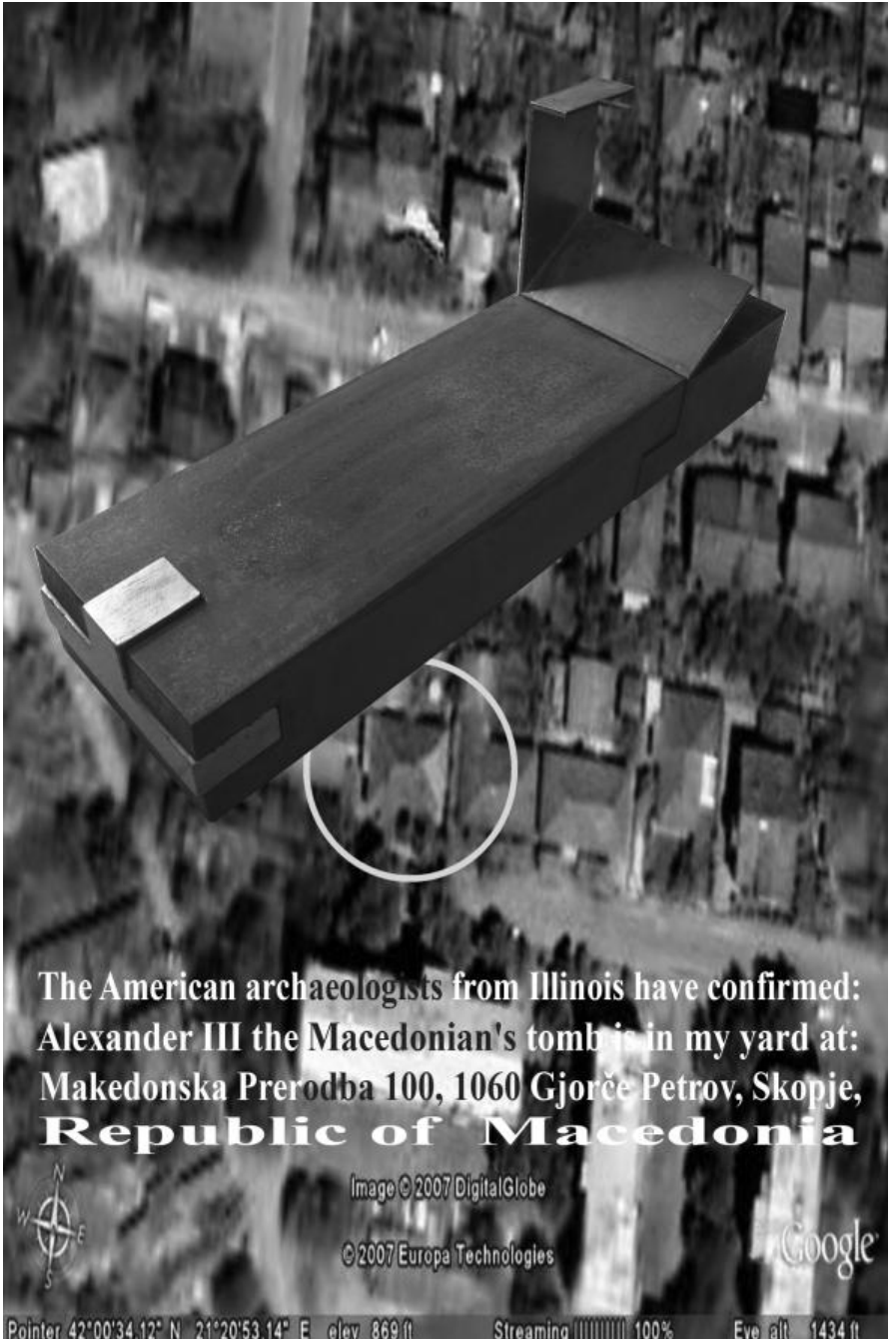
... Dziha is a poor boy that lives with his mother in one cottage from rods and mud. The poor boy tortures him in providing food so that they can maintain their lives, but also thinks about how to improve the situation and their life. The boy, poor, hungry and undressed, has only one shirt and one day before he goes hunting decides to leave it to his mother to wash it. He goes as usual, leaves, and his mother bended above the wooden trough, crying with tears, rubs the shirt, gently as she hugs her only child and her only hope. She shakes the washed shirt several times and hangs it for drying. From somewhere a strong storm comes, strong winds that from the other mass and mischief will blow the shirt, the only shirt of Dziha. He, astrayed somewhere far, succeeds in finding a shelter from the storm and save and sound returns home, happy seeing his cottage being still there standing firmly on the place. His mother welcomes him upset and worried and immediately without preparing him with some conversation (like the one... a cat climbed on the roof...) without waiting tells him about the accident with his shirt. And Dziha with some strange smile knees, touches his hands gently as if he wants to measure whether they are same and starts thanking God that the shirt wasn't on him, because the winds will blow him with it.

I really like these kinds of displaced points and permuted meanings, and I know you like them too.

... I guess I'm awkward my dear, but I can't be awkward so much (I wish I can), I guess it has some strange thought, maybe a structure too...

P.S. You can look some photographs from the above mentioned project, which is in fact a decent picture for what that project is true.





The American archaeologists from Illinois have confirmed:
 Alexander III the Macedonian's tomb is in my yard at:
 Makedonska Prerodba 100, 1060 Gjorče Petrov, Skopje,
Republic of Macedonia



Image © 2007 DigitalGlobe

© 2007 Europa Technologies

Google

Pointer: 42°00'34.12" N, 21°20'53.14" E, elev. 869 ft

Streaming: [|||||] 100%

Eye alt: 1434 ft

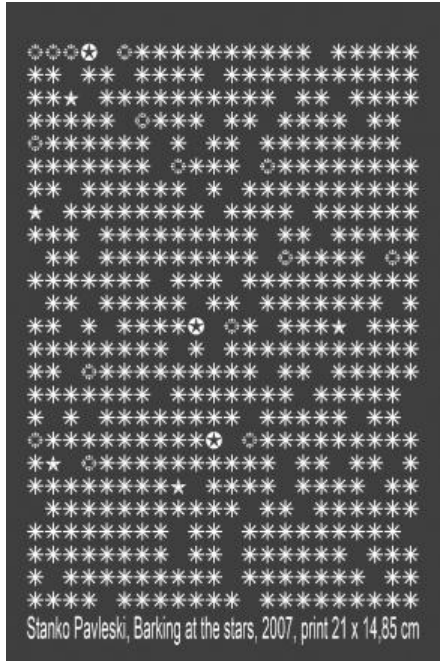


600 000 000 € Alexandroses

The most expensive funeral in the future was the ceremonial for
Alexander VI Bojan V Pavleski IV Macedonian,
in Salonica the Capital of PLANETMACEDONIA.



12 September 2001 Post Christ



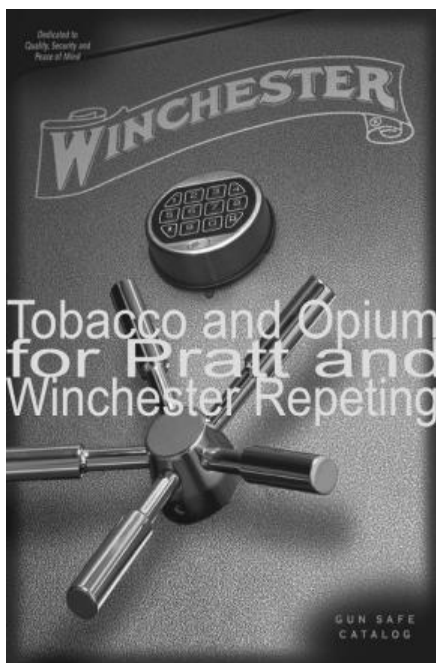
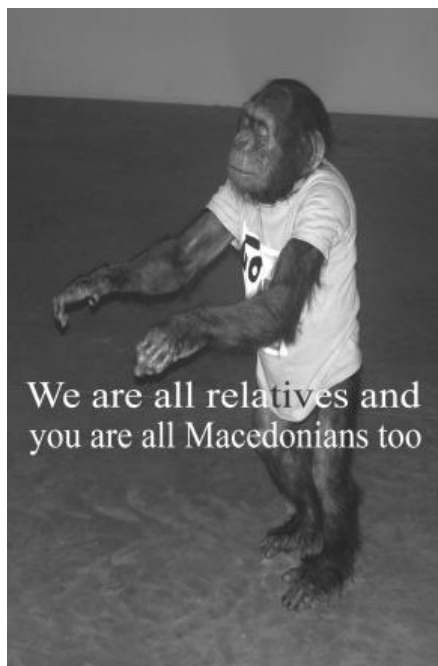
Stanko Pavleski, Barking at the stars, 2007, print 21 x 14,85 cm



Macedonian Hand



Me on Ellis Island, 1916



:) **Mmmmm Fantastic!**

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Tue, Sep 9, 2008 at 9:17 PM

Your first letter made me cry... from this one I'm laughing all day!

I like "Calendar" a lot and the mail accorded with the latest news from the world on BBC and I don't know why we are worried, we will soon know everything... tomorrow the physicians will automatically make an experiment at -271.25 C and will put protons in LHC (Large Hadron Collider), big hadron's clash, that is placed beneath Geneva, and for about one year they say we will know, how the UNIVERSE ORIGINATED!

They say a small black hole will become, but that is meaningless because they cannot swallow anything, they say the holes are too small for any kind of alert.

http://www.boston.com/bigpicture/2008/08/the_large_hadron Collider.html

I'm like a material with mistake, I have always wanted unconnected things, but that LHC really looks great! It reminded me of Kapoor's installation in Tate from 2002. I could never understand science and spirituality separated, and in the least art. Mind separates, it's its nature, distinguishing it's its job, but only understanding without taking an attitude brings to knowledge, that gives us enough distance where we can view our journey endlessly, easy and without baggage.

Goose reminded me on:

The form is a space / space is a form (buddhism) and only illustration works

Positive form is that kind of space that the sculpture undertakes from the whole space, and negative form is the surrounded space, a gleam that drags in the sculpture (sculpture and space, space and sculpture). (Wikipedia)

Everything you can see (understand) like something else is definite, like the attitudes that mind bring, taking an attitude and if we are by chance any lucky (not to bring discredit) leave it. If we perceive that the space is a form and the form a space, we are not dividing, but subliming and we gain endlessly. The only misfortune is that we can not understand the endlessness (mind) but perceiving on this way as well as the story about the Goose is teaching us to acclimate on the broadening a little bit, understanding, love expansion... until we receive an explosion from the mind, so I'm going to let it pasture...

If LHC doesn't blow us... it will all be clear to us very soon!



LHC - Large Hadron Collider

... Sep 11, 2008 (one of the missing mails)
 Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

LHC - SPS - NICE Calendar

- * 10.09.2008 Post Christ period
- * God remember all of this
- * I don't want a new son
- * or my toaster! Or 75 % HCL!
- * I like the end
- * I want to die as a nigger at least three days later
- *
- *

Day after the Great Explosion, on the Day of the first one from which the Americans started counting the time, and all of us crazy, I'm unhappy being still here...

I looked at the photographs, it really looks fascinating – the man will definitely make himself again. I wished to be only a small particle from all that so I can retell to the following monkeys, or to my beautiful Eva... Afrodita, Elhacea, Eldzisiana, Biljana or maybe Spasena.

I'm so glad that I – dark as a night managed to make you smile...

Although the attitudes you are writing to me about are not as destructive as habits are usually passive and estimated and as boring as the pragma. The beauty in the attitudes is their uncompromise and constance because it abolishes necessary. None of the attitudes stands alone, the personality gravitates through most of those axes. We should be happy if we form more gravitating fields because they amortize by themselves and waste till abolishment, and their place is taken by others of course. Through time, after long stretching (we the artists have a tough life) I start practising bowling, but until the first temptation of newformed attitudes – maybe I have a chance to save myself. I want to save myself, if nothing else but because of Biljana or the lucky Spasena, my dear, you know I'm not selfish.

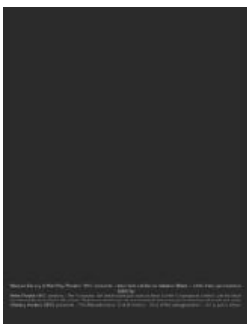
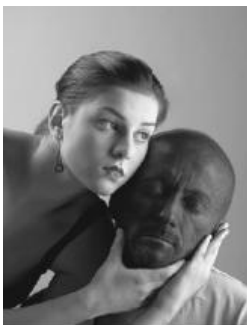
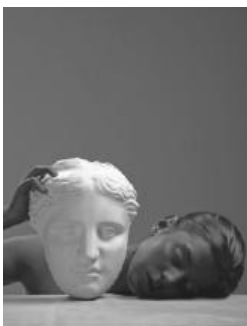
In the context of the space you ate occupying, the sculptures of Raichel Whiterit (her surname is difficult for writing and I don't have any catalogue beside me) which in fact are outfalls from that negative space/form, that negative that the objects visually designs. My colleague, from what we all know, but didn't take into account as something important, made a carriere, and the sculptures really excited me with their ordinariness of occasions. Reichel's occupying for the ordinary as an own initiality, makes the sentence of Uelbek a little bit a matter of argument (I've

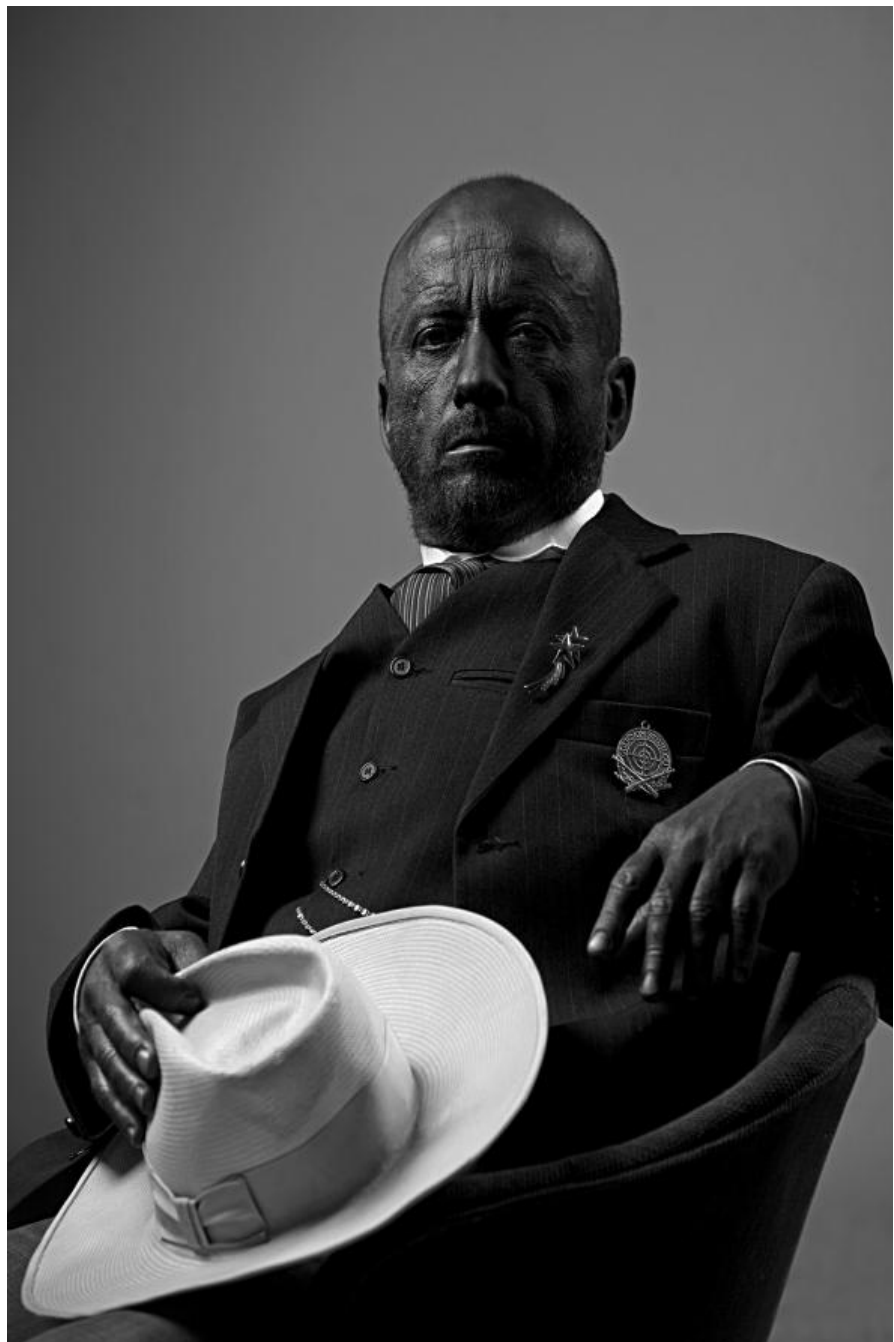
mentioned it in the mail – Clear water...)... To explore the one you believe others don't even think about it..

Do you think about Kapoor's instalation of the sculptures in casted mirror inox or the one of ultraplast, to make myself an adequate film? I'm not quite sure what he exhibited in Tate 2002, but in that time he was concentrated (and he still is – I saw him in NYC in two autonomous editions) on those researches in mirror inox, in fact the sensations of highreflexiveness that soaks the space. And in his solutions of small ultraplast and inside the lightened forms, the esence is somehow same, but is quiet and according to me more subtle impression. The guy is great, but I can see that the machinery exhausts him (no matter how sweet the situation is...) because very soon that Indian soul will have to go back to the meditation and obviously the volition will be necessary to him, also the desire and a little time for Full coming back. With God in front Generation, maybe in your meditations you will touch the essence of one slave of the overview of Macedonia and of one beauty from Vojvodina that doesn't want to go to the hairdresser.

Why I want to die as a Nigger - Marcus Garvey &... (you have the heading and the context of the work in the mail – From where should I start?) please look at the photographs – a result of a beautiful photo session with models and make up men, in the studio of Robert Jankulovski.

Marcus Garvey & Man Ray Theatre 1913: presents – New York via Dar es Salaam: Black – white trans perversions
Starring:
 Hehe Theatre 1813: presents – The Europeans: We, the Africans walk even on head, but the Europeans do not think with the heart
 Tomo Niyrenda Marana Leso Theatre 1925: presents – The Americans: The Americans will come and banish the white people, then the white women will serve the black women
 History theatre 2013: presents – The Macedonians: End of history – End of the categorization – Art is just a décor









Something came on my mind

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Sep 11, 2008 at 12:54 PM

I put one concept and an attachment, if you wish to look at it! Biljana. I stand 10 minutes to the one send... 123

Landscape

1

Landscape:

Placed black and white pictures (me) horizontally (Landscape), describing completely vertical sense of understanding, like the Landscape that describes my auto portrait. Nor one or the other or the one and the other.

Through my pictures Landscape is written with big letters, on the place of the letters there is a mirror that reflects the viewers, and the letters are written in the zone of my breasts (the high of the pedestal in the space). That's you or you are how much love I have for you, and in the letters I only have your reflection, nothing else.



2

Game:

The game presents the duality of the mind, the glass presents the mind. The glass for writing and two crayons in the middle of the space so that the left and right side can the same misenscene? Everyone can play... draw or write something...

3

Here:

Black dot on the floor and text in front of the wall. The text will be written so that if you stand in the dot you can see it correctly (I must see how I will do it)

Text:

HERE

*In one point
you stand only
and only me.*

*In only one point of the standing,
on the place
of not moving.*

*The truth is stopped by the turning,
in only one point.*

*I stop the time for us so I can tell you all about us,
and I stretch each moment,
so I can show you a picture of us.*

*I wanted to tell you, so I stopped.
I wanted to show you and I quit.*

*Every time I step out of the point, the picture depraves and turns gray.
Every time I begin talking to you, love plays under my teeth.*

I forgot the moment of lasting and pinned the picture up of us.

*Somewhere the three of us are missing,
all of me is somewhere missing,
and somewhere the colors melted in one and all sounds in one tone.
We stand in one
point.*

*In only one place of remaining,
on the corn of striving and on the place of not moving,
in only one point,
here.*



1 Landscape would be placed on the left side, like “female side” like in church,
2 Game/mirror... in the middle
3 Here- frontally, I leave the right side empty, I would like to say I’m not complete (perfect).

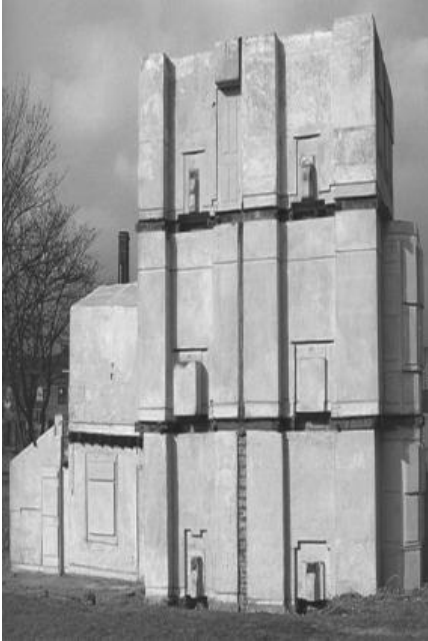
(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to pavleskis@gmail.com
date Thu, Sep 11, 2008 at 9:04 PM

... I was thinking about three metal rings connected to PVC (I attached you the picture), but it was an association rather than something really essential, when I looked that LHC first that came on my mind was the gigantic installation...

The one that you’ve sent me I’ve seen it on the internet but only a piece, I tried to find something more, but I found You, so I bother you now, but I know you are not selfish... so I can...), THANK YOU!

We will write when you will take a bath... have a great time



Rachel Whiteread and Anish Kapoor

... Sep 14, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

THE HIGH LOW...

maybe: The Low High; the High Horizontal; the High Earth; the High Low Point; the Low High Point or other possible and enough sonorous permutations... I don't use conjunction and that makes me dilemmas because I think that is becoming important to you... but I use an article in the first word that makes the statement so close and logical... I don't know weather I'm on a good direction...

Don't take the previous as a suggestion for a title (it will be a bad colleague) but as my need to check in my hunches for possible entities and contents that are hiding in your concept.

I've seen the project – I'm used to see from the beginning or I first see what can be seen, then I enter, and in there it exists (elementarily exists in each work, but in some that kind of structure is so uncontrolled that is not worth looking it) and in the end I'm trying to see what can not be seen: that separated grey *e/i* in the heading stands good, the placement of the three segments in the work will divide the exhibit space in locations in which the two presences of FULL and EMPTY exist. In my picture for the real picture that I create in front of me, I think the central successive overlay of the second and third in a row will stand good – in front we have the MIRROR – GAME, and in the back follows the POINT – PIEDESTAL and more forward we have SPACIOUS PAUSE, but viewable relation with the treated TEXT ON THE WALL with which the central line in the space is closing. Regarding the dimension of the elements between themselves and in regarding the space, of course, additional considerations and examinations will follow because the size and sensations that result from them will have an impact to the excitement in the assumption and adventure of the visual, entities of the statement itself and the aesthetic expression; for the elements itself or the segments **1, 2 and 3 - in the LANDSCAPE**, I think what would happen if you treat a full figure and logically vertically and even horizontally as interesting solutions are hiding. I always want to see the things openly until there is a reality for possible thought and research and thus understand my scrapings in your material and everywhere through the text where you get an impression of imperative overtone and effect. In the **Game**, the decision for the size and the placement of the glass remain (maybe even the possibility to write on the both sides) but the element/elements on which the crayons will be placed too. The **Point** I think has to be seen as a low pedestal, not like a

spot on the floor. In the scheme, that rounded ring stands great, which makes its existence in the exhibit important. Gaining the pedestal the need is emphasis that one must stand in the point... the TEXT sounds convincing and gives a dimension to your intentions and necessity in the relation Point – Text.

I tried to create an additional picture (beside the one you are describing to me) and through the description of my sight I hope I've touched a part of the art in the project, and probably some of the contents/sub contents, maybe dilemmas, instabilities and patience, and there is no art work that didn't pass through strong excitement and trembling, even in the most rational author accesses... this is still just one sight but surely not the bright one...

I wish you a strong will, patience and wind in the sail...

P.S. I'm sending you an invitation for one artistic event that will be held in Novi Sad at which a part of the new Macedonian production will be presented. Among the three authors is Slavco Spirovski too who graduated at me, but he knows something about you so it can be a nice occasion for an artistic friendship with the colleagues.



THE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART VOJVODINA

20TH SEPTEMBER - 4TH OCTOBER 2008

SPACE FOR NEW DIALOGUE

(residence/presentations/international exhibition/publication)
The project author: Sanja **Kojić Mladenov**, MoCAV curator

SATURDAY, 20TH SEPTEMBER 2008

19:00 opening

The Museum of Contemporary Art
of Vojvodina, Dunavska 37, Novi Sad

20:00 artistic happening

The Manual Forgotten Arts Museum
and the *Chinese Quarters*
Bulevar despota Stefana 5, Novi Sad

Dan **Mihălțianu** (Berlin), Dan **Perjovschi** (Bucharest), Ion **Grigorescu** (Bucharest), Lia **Perjovschi** (Bucharest), Atanas **Botev** (Skopje), Slavčo **Spirovski** (Skoplje), Aleksandar **Stankovski** (Skopje), international project **Glocal**, project **Picture-Text**, Artgroup **RGB**, Robertina **Šebjanić**, Andraž **Beguš**, Uršula **Berlot** (Ljubljana), Željko **Badurina** (Zagreb), Ivica **Malčić** (Zagreb), Mitar **Matić** (Rijeka), Ines **Matijević** (Osijek), Toni **Meštrović** (Kaštel Gomilica), international art group **OKUP**- Agnès **Bourgeois** (Strasbourg), Audrey **Cavelius** (Lausanne), Ivana **Cerović** (Strasbourg-Noví Sad), Carole **Deltenre** (Strasbourg), Natalia **Grabundžija** (Paris), Danijela **Jović** (Brussels), Marion **Rinaudo** (London-Jerusalem-Strasbourg), Jean-Grégoire **Spaeth** (Brussels-Strasbourg), Pauline **Squelbut** (Strasbourg-Paris), Marie **Storup-Canabié** (Barcelona) i Marie **Szersnovicz** (Brussels), Stevan **Kojić** (Novi Sad), Maja **Josifović** (Belgrade), Dimitrije **Tadić** (Belgrade), **Art klinika** (Novi Sad), Nenad **Mikalački** (Novi Sad), Ileana **Pintilie Teleaga** (Timișoara), Nebojša **Vilić** (Skopje), Ksenia **Orelj** (Rijeka), Vasja **Nagy** (Koper), Svetlana **Mladenov** (Novi Sad), Sarita **Vuković** (Banja Luka), Sylvia **Grace Borda** (Vancouver-Belfast) i J. Keith **Donnelly** (East Killbride)

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Mon, Sep 15, 2008 at 9:52 AM

Maybe: The Low High; the High Horizontal; the **High Earth**; the High Low Point; the Low High Point or other possible and enough sonorous permutations... I don't use conjunction and that makes me dilemmas because I think that is becoming important to you... but I use an article in the first word that makes the statement so close and logical... I don't know weather I'm on a **good direction**...

First I have to thank You for the walk through my fragile and sensitive space, it means a lot to me, because I know I'm tiresome to you I will make you a _____ space to have a rest from me, so I won't write about it...

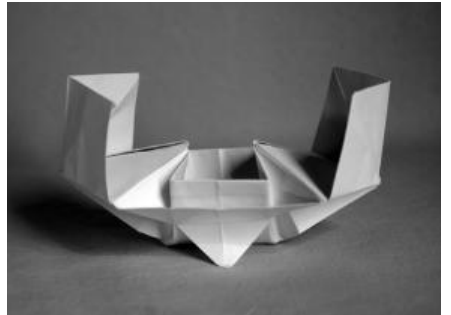
I had a time to collect my impressions from everything you've sent to me, I saw Rachel Whiteread <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DzvladmKTY4>, I added her in my list, there are some nice videos where you can see more than the information about the author. I put you in two small films and two power point presentations, it's easier to me to compile everything, I enjoyed in *Black-White trans perversions*...

It reminds me a lot to the song i.e. more music from the song by Toma Waits "Jockey full of bourbon" <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7WNZ8jXKpZI> from the film by Jim Jarmush "Down by Law". I'll try to send you a link from You Tube, you have your own Calendar and also a film from the first HeArt exhibition, the one who glued himself at the beginning of the film... it's my Milan.

<http://www.youtube.com/user/kbilja>

Thanks for the invitation, I'm so glad!

Black-White tp SP.wmv 1897K [Download](#)



The result of my hypnotic need for material in the hends of, 22.03.2009

... Sep 19, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

I give a camel for a wise word.

I had in mind this African proverb when I was writing the lines for your project. I will write once again about what you are doing, because I really enjoy in that no matter you being tiresome. I'm walking along the artistic material with pleasure so I can reach secret meanings and visual.

I wanted to write you a completely human letter, but I use once again counting and lining...

In some sense I remember the time when my friend Konca Pirkovska (you know the librarian at FA) was preparing the book about the Macedonian sculptor Vlase Nikoleski (1948) who educated himself in Australia and works and lives in Kambera. Konca entered that in a really serious way, and I was acquainted with her work in a great sense – sometimes she was reading me pieces from her text – interpretations in which she used to invoke herself on the physics, chemistry, sound – music, memories, old civilizations, mystics and sometimes cybernetics. Through those readings and wide discussions I entered in her system of thinking and structuring of the expression but somehow I'm sick, feeling that the opinion for the object – sculpture becomes opinion by its own and it becomes distant to the eye and its visual reactions of the sensations so I couldn't keep quiet: but Konca, I said, you should primarily show that you can seem, right? Look, write about what you see, about your presentiments from which you can not set free without trying to find them words, no matter whether we know that the word does not reach everywhere.

In this context – Demjan Hirst sold his Golden calf for 10,35 million pounds but also the other 218 works estimated in Sothby for total 111 millions... he is now only 10 times better than Picasso... the price has its own numbers regarding the Spanish Bull who is turning over in his grave and roars desperately...

People need concrete captured, Hirst understood that very well that Vorhol didn't... A friend of mine from the art historians (you had a chance to meet him in Novi Sad...) in one occasion told me that he wants to read the artistic work at first because there is no time. I know him enough so to believe that he means that all the way, but how much are my sub questions worth in here: What about the works that are offered at first?... but we, the artists are looking persistently for inventive, provocative, ironical artistic answers of that insufficient excited condition



Jeff Koons, Damien Hirst and Olafur Eliasson

deduced to black and white. But the human nature is really strange. In the end, but not least important (better from the middle) thank you for the honour that you set me at yours kbilja, which makes me happy, and also the fact that you like Marcus Garvey... I also believe in that work. Thank you also for the list of videos by Rachel Whiteread, and especially for Jockey full of bourbon... Down by Law and some performances of Clear water.

And just at the end, (the most important position) Milan looks just like you, and the heart on the lips promises that he will step on some artistic stone. The space looks great and enough spacious as I could notice, great nook for the children. The children are talented only with the thing that they are children, and their need and will to express something from themselves through drawing, we should stimulate and not encumber it with too much rules – let the organizing of their mutual game stay as a “rule” and it’s ours to help them as we can to feel pleasant, active and proud in the Game through Expression / Expression through Game. The results from the exhibition are great and I believe it will reduce your fear that your HeArt will work.

At the end, but not most important, I’m sending you more photographs from my last project (Marcus Garvey.. it’s not the last although in some of the previous mails I announced him as that). Every day piece of art 3 as it was realised in terms of the Artistic friendship on the mountain Kadiica – Veles since 29.07 - 07.08. 2008, and named Authorial through the occurrence 3. The material I’m sending to you is from the work Sun and Moon which is one part of the project, and I will send you photographs from the other work Near My Line and Probe in the next mail. We are organizing Authorial through the occurrence for the third time – the first in 2004, the second in 2005 and after an interval of several years, it happened this year. The beauty in these friendships is that authors from the other arts are also taking part and beside them we even had a philologist, theologian, historian and Macedonian language professor. The authors don’t have a responsibility to create something, only the friendship is dimensioned but amazingly (not for me) it creates more even from those happenings where it is a condition. It creates on the location but even later as a result of the impression from the stay or using the photo, video or audio material foreseen in the project, until the exhibition that we are doing at the end of the year in Veles, and in the first half of the next year in Skopje.

P.S. Have a great time in the Space for new dialogue in the Museum... and around him.







Solo project "Every day a piece of art 3" - "The Sun and the Moon", 2008,
a part of the project "Artistic through the emerging 3", Oraov Dol - Veles

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Fri, Sep 19, 2008 at 11:05 AM

Where are you?

At the top or at the bottom of Vizantia... maybe where history didn't leave a trail?

Your Son warms me nicely!

In April my grandmother died, my favourite grandmother (from Macedonia), I dreamt about her several times and once exactly at this place (as it is in your pictures), part of a dream...

... we are walking and talking about life from the other side (sometimes I usually philosophize, and she is nodding with her head as usual) and behind us... a "person" is standing dressed in black, the clothes were old that isn't even a black anymore but something like brown or muddy, my grandmother told me not to look at Him, but he was looking at me all the time and that scared me a lot, when I realized I was scared about my life, I ran towards Mister Death and when I reached Him I kissed Him.

But it was not even a Mister, it was a boy about 14 years old, with black hair combed on a side, with a look on his face that everyone has when you loose a beloved person, dull and empty look, without emotions, full with deep respect.

He didn't say anything to me... he was just here.

Yesterday was my grandmother's birthday, and your pictures carried me in the past and half of my blood froze.

I didn't say to you anything nice, I won't get a camel with guarantee.

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sat, Sep 20, 2008 at 10:01 AM

Can I have a help from a friend in the quiz – camel for wisdom-?

When was it recorded?

3+3+3+3+3+3+3+3

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sun, Sep 21, 2008 at 2:07 PM

Camel - silver Star – Moon, num. value 3

“Wisdom” elaborating Vavilon mythology, the other part is elaborating history of Mesopotamia until the legendary flood until the reign of Assyrian king Pula i.e. Tigladpalasara III and the third part until the conquest of Alexander the Great. The work is not preserved in the original; there are parts at some other writers, Eusebia, Aleksandra Polihistora, Josifa Flavija and Julija Afrikanca.

... Sep 22, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

The beautiful tiny stones

I made a mistake – I’m giving a camelarabian not an African proverb.

I want to know which is your true connection with Macedonia (... smart and beautiful like this...) and from where is your favourite grandmother who obviously left nice traces over you... I don’t know to interpret dreams, but please stay away from Ga.

There is no help/friends for wisdom, my dear... timeless and endless as 3+3+3... and ordinary as poppies by the traces... The daylight comes without a cock too, says one Macedonian proverb...

I remembered one ancient Macedonian wisdom (most recently heard from our extraordinary pianist Simon Trpceski who inherited from his grandparent) – Don’t let the tiny stones stumbling you. You obviously NO... Me? I don’t know and I’ll never learn, but more often I use bigger sieve – I’m on my way to open a separation.

But here, I want to offer you two who already have a separation and to which I want to be a colleague:

Ludwig Vigdenstain: With the “observation” you can not produce the observe.
 Or: I do not observe the one that becomes with the observation. The subject of the observation is something else.

Or Bogomil Gjuzel: Finally the song wasn't barrel, or container which can contains everything, but – vehicle with which you could transfer everything: from dreams or reality, into the verse, stanza or beyond the song in the cycle, poem...

Your dream inspired me to retell one of mine from 27.08.2001-17 o'clock, primarily published in my book Unwritten book to the intermediary.

DREAM No.1

I'm in Belgrade together with Biljana (my wife) and some friends. I don't know who are those friends (grey zone) but I know we are staying in quarters distant far from each other. I'm in Belgrade on occasion of some professional meeting for “The role of the public media, culture and art in the social life”.

I'm encumbered with the question – I remember and recall but I can't find out who called me and why me. I reject that, I'm taking it for not important, I'm there and I'm accepting it with large excitement – I'm so excited. Suddenly I'm on the scene, talking and I have an impression that the thing I'm talking about has sense, as I was preparing myself – it means I'm not here by accident. The colleagues are probably nodding with their heads seriously and in a sign of approving, but I have a feeling that no one is following me carefully.

I conclude: people are hard to listen “deeply thoughtful” and original perceptions for which additional sensors are needed and not only professional.

I'm pleased because “I found” the reasons for that hard situation but what is incomprehensible, impudently and of course funny is that I came at that meeting naked, covered with only one shirt with red flowers. I felt tight and of course unpleasant because my buttock was peeking and I wasn't sure for my front too under that easily fastened shirt, but I was acting slowly and with elegance in order to hide the things that could be hidden. I was wearing a huge cap as an umbrella, under which shadow my face was hiding. I told myself: take care of the face Stanko and so the genitalies don't have a name and surname except for the intimate experts of our corporal geography. Thus I was probably strange to the others and beside everything I was talking nonsense. I don't know and I can't find the true reasons why I was naked, if there could be found some reasons for being naked. Probably I was late so I put something on me in order to get there on time to announce that

important question in front of these gentlemen. They were rude, without patience to listen to me and in the middle of my exposure they started talking, one woman even turned on the TV – commercials for her wanted shopping. Somehow I loved her rude gesture and selection of paintings but I succeed in doing my job to very end and I had a feeling I beat them. The fact that I won, a friend of mine allocated it to me with whom after the end we left this funny meeting.

When we went out, I was lost, I didn't know where I was in Belgrade nor did I know where my home is. Encouraging myself that my memory will come back I accepted the invitation of the colleague (NN) to hang out, of course urbanely – in a coffee.

I told him I didn't have money. The man just smiled at the same time with me, pointing on his empty wallet. He suggested going to his house in order to take money for our hanging. On the way, we were laughing because only that satisfaction remained. Finally we arrived to one alley and one wide mutual garden. It's already night. On one of the corners of the object a small lightened hole could be seen, according to the height like it was a window but actually it was an entrance – door. The man was crawling to that hole through some metal stairs and entered in, in the light. I came after him but not like him. At first, I opened one wooden white door in the ground floor, under that light hole. Behind the door there wasn't a hole or door but just a brick and in those bricks there were grates which were opening just like that door. I opened it and climbed the stairs. I peek and I witness a drama. The man was furious like a bull and he attacked his seedy wife who held her two bended legs tight in her knees like two nicely modelated white and smooth pieces between which her blush was gaping. Nice sight, from which I teared out, but I Came to my senses seeing that the man, was busy. Climbing down this fantastic construction, I thought, which sculptor could have thought – how can a beautiful sculpture come out of this. The thought of the beautiful sculpture left me immediately because there was something black and scary in the garden. Several shadows were approaching me from the darkness, some suspicious guys to which I was even more suspicious. They were like the death in that dark night, but I answered calmly to their babbling. I explained the situation to the two guys next to me and I pointed my look up, towards what was happening on the sky in order to tear out their attention to what was happening down – to this earthly situation. They looked at the sky. Somehow I came to my senses – suddenly I cought their heads and stronglu\y hit them one with each other and I smashed their faces. They were yawning from pain. They run away. From their yawning, I yawn myself. I awake.

The pictures I mentioned you in the previous mail are following.





Solo project "Every day a piece of art 3" - "Beside my Line and the Probe", 2008, a part of the project "Artistic through the emerging 3", Oraov Dol - Veles



Simon Trpcheski and his grandfather Jon, who from a long time ago had a separation for the values of the life journey

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Tue, Sep 23, 2008 at 9:21 PM

My first connection with Macedonia... my mom is pure Macedonian, her father Stevan Davchevski and her mother Persida were born on Vodno, but my grandfather Stevan was a true adventurous but strongly connected to his family. After several years working on sea, after the earthquake '63, he is taking his wife and children in Rijeka and after that in Opatija where I was born. My father was a Serbian who has never lived in Serbia, but he stood still to tradition and religion. When the war begun in '91, my mom, brother and me moved to Skopje... for several days until the war stops, ha, ha... (where my grandfather built a house and went back to Macedonia) and my father stayed in Opatija and tried to sale the house, after two years he managed that and transferred our home in Novi Sad but we fell in love with Skopje and didn't want to go to Novi Sad. So we stayed separated. I was coming to Novi Sad often but after I graduated I came to Novi Sad and stayed... but let me go back to Macedonia... we were from those "fools" who were instead of staying at sea in summer, going to Macedonia for two months and in Ohrid together with grandma and grandpa. I don't know whether you can see that but Macedonia is really human and soft, people are openhearted and always excited with the strangers. When you are in Macedonia, and you are the only stranger in the company, everyone is trying to speak on your language that in other case is not like that. I'm really connected with my grandmother; she taught me everything I know in terms of the house. She woke up every morning with a smile; always with a smile... first she would kiss me and then will make me a coffee and she was the only one to send me to school or faculty. The day when my grandmother died, I was making bread... crying and singing her favourite Macedonian song, and in that time in Macedonia close to when my grandmother died from hard brain stroke... she was laughing and singing as I was... The doctor that was watching that couldn't believe that such patient is singing. Last year I took her to Ohrid to St. Stefan where she wanted to spend the summer with grandpa, I saw her there for the last time, but I really wanted to do some kind of small thing for her, because she was doing everything for me. My grandpa's birth brother Blazho M. Davchevski wrote a book "The thirteen", it's a biography of my grandpa, my grand grandma Sanda had 15 children and she used to talk to me about the Arabian camels in Macedonia. She had 103 years when she died. Because of that I thought that camels have some connection with the history.

Regarding Africa, I like her just like India and no their history is not divided from themselves. I had a chance to see that in India and no matter how much is their art arty or funny to us, their women every day are putting flowers to their balconies, they are bowing in front of their idols and a spite everything that we, the westerns are smiling at, they know it very well about the shapeless Brahman, that is their absolute God and they know very well that the prayer is a sound and a rhythm (vibration) and after that it is a word. They respect a lot the determination of the other people and they smile very nice even when they have nothing. If someone stands on your foot, he will apologise to you by touching your leg and by putting his hand on your forehead and heart. But only when Macedonians say I love you, they put the others in front of you... I love you and so you bought me forever.

B.

PS. That dream is like in a movie, and to me art is somehow naked. I always thought that smart people have uncommon invisible hats above their heads that are whispering to them wisdom, I can hardly grow up... those people are like listening... everything is just like that... By the way, I was at that exhibition, really great event, bravo for Novi Sad, but none of the Macedonians recognized me (I'm old) and I didn't see anyone but I looked everyone closely... Slavco was vaccine!



APEL!

Za prestanak korišćenja
tvrdavoslikarstva kao
ultimnog cilja i sredstva za
zaradivanje hleba od strane
novosadskih miljeista čije
slike NE nadilaze estetske
potrebe dnevne sobe
mladog bračnog para.



Slavcho Spirovski – Pyramids in the H - 0

... Sep 24, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

The camels of Sanda D. Ptolemy

Rich journey is your family experience upon blood and upon generation which of course had an influence on your softness and generosity connected in you.

Davcevski!? Suddenly it sounds familiar and close even though I didn't have any contact, but surely there are a lot of things in the vibrations of the past and the ancestors melted in your intergenerational family meta - materia that through you touches me deeply...

I believe in the cult of the ancestors, cult towards the earth, cult towards the rain, cult towards the animals and plants, cult towards those who have populated the land - territory even before my ancestors... that settles down the forces outside and inside because of the own fullness, peace and balance with the cosmic entirety. I believe to believe that there is a materia for all of that in us.

The headman of Hehes in Tansania (beginning of 20 century) will give a statement to a group of diplomats: We love the Europeans but we don't trust them, they on the other hand, don't love us but they trust us. Turn around and you will see what will happen from that.

The context of the entire statement is the need of the African man from the traditional values, in which the white man should believe if he wants the peace. The egocentric and rational Europe should, the least it can, to apologise to the traditionals... I don't know how Africa would look like if Europe didn't happen to her but surely it would have been more beautiful than it is today, but the art would still be the life, not hard work for cheap souvenir or raw material for the voyeuristic white men...

Did you know that there are lions in Macedonia? Yes, yes, the real ones.

But, let me go back to my dear camels (it sounds really macedonian) that lived in Macedonia (land of the sun) thanks to the close trade and other relations with Egypt and Near East from the time of the Famous Alexander, but even after him, through generations of two of his generals who together with their followers went in two different directions (beside for Macedonia) and established royal dynasties of Ptolomeys in Egypt (Cleopatra VII is the last famous ancestor - direct geneological origin from the general Ptolemy) and Selefkids in Izrael. The modern history knows and notes facts that until the beginning of the last century several Egyptian kings have Macedonian blood but also indicates to other artefacts, toponims and ethnic originalities of the communities located especially on the relation Egypt - Izrael that indicates to the Macedonian roots. Especially in the 18 and 19 century the relations of Macedonia with Egypt are really close, more individuals stayed there in the interest of the work (as well as Egyptians in Macedonia... do you know that in Macedonia there are people that claim themselves as Egyptians - they even have a political party) but there are also families that decided to change their place of living permanently.

The softness and the indigestible tolerance till stupidity of the Macedonians towards the others and the foreigners (for which you ask for my opinion) I recently interpreted as our tough stupidity but because it is "unhuman" or beyond human, I ask myself, even I know it has to be from some special feeling for size, simply no feeling for endangerousness in fact, some kind of cosmopolitism that is build in us in the genetic code, as inheritance, and from who if it not from the ancestors.

I know you are proud to be a Macedonian, but I know a lot why the Greeks, and also there are some other reasons connected around Macedonia... You see how far we went with our camels, through a simple nomad need for other contents...

I envy your grandmother Sanda for her long memory, but I'm unhappy that not even her, but we too, don't live in the time of our lions.

I'm afraid, when my arm turns into stone and the head a house of winds and fire.

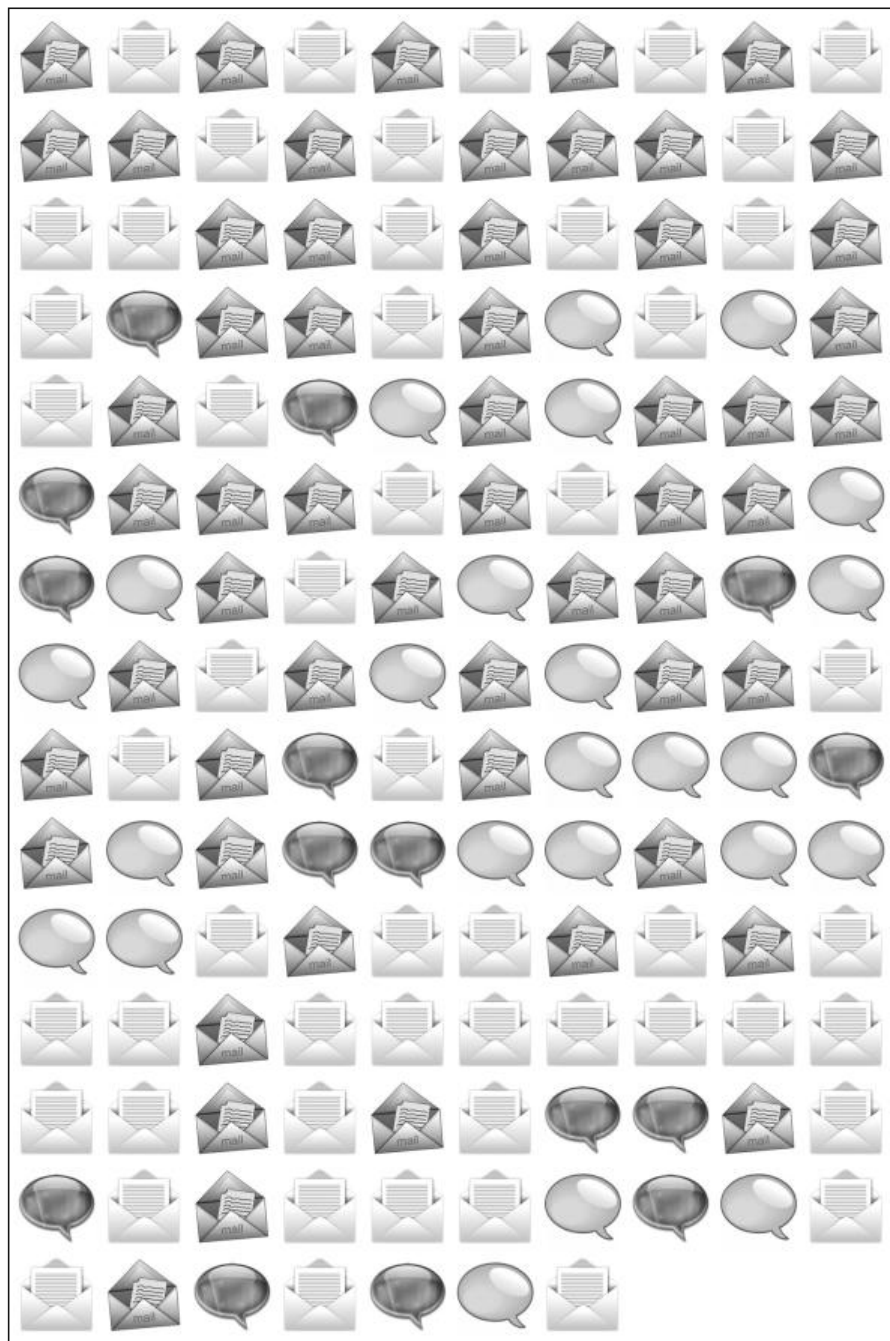
I'm sorry you didn't meet Slavco, and I emphasised him to approach the most beautiful (I like this replacement for beautiful) woman at the exhibition and that he won't miss you for sure, but sometimes the authors are encumbered from themselves, the event and the event, I think there are the very centre of the world. His loss is that he missed you...

P.S. I haven't written so many letters in my life (half century on 14. 01. 2009) and with that concentration (a man should be afraid) even from the months spent in the army (May 85-May 86, Belgrade, Banjica - across VMA, VP 4589) the time when the thoughts don't outbrave and are open for standard human dimensions, that means even writing letters - army letters. Writing letters is new for me, new dimension that I didn't know it.

Thank you for finding my e-mail address...



Me Ptolemy I Soter



PLEASE... As for a small party

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana
25.09.2008, 18:10

THE GREEKS DISAPPOINTED, THE SWISS INSTITUTE CLAIMS THAT WE ARE ANCESTORS OF THE ANTIC MACEDONIANS

The researches of the Swiss Institute IGENEA frustrated the Greeks. The Institute that is dealing with genetic researches of the European people and that is said to be one of the leading in the area of DNA analysis, claims that the present Macedonians are ancestors of the antic.



On the question asked by the Greek citizen: which are the roots of the Slavic Macedonians, the Institute on their official forum answers -

- First of all, they are Macedonians and not Slavic Macedonians as you are calling them because of the political reasons. Most of the Macedonians are direct ancestors of the antic, and only few of them have Slavic origin. Such information, the Institute supports with evidence.

For the Greek disappointment to be bigger, IGENEA discovers only 32% of the Greeks that actually have Hellenic, Macedonian and even Arabian origin.

The rest 32% have Celtic roots, 12% German and Slavic, and 11% of the Greeks have their origin from the Illyrians.

For the Albanians, a spite from what they believe IGENEA claims that they have at least the Illyrian origin. According to the genetic researches, only 20% of the Albanians have Illyrian origin. 40% of the people living on the territory of Bosnia and Hercegovina are direct ancestors of the Illyrians.

In the last period, the official forum of the Swiss Institute was overrun with questions coming from the Greek citizens who are interested more of the Macedonian than of their own origin.

In its researches IGENEA beside the DNA analysis, uses historic, anthropological and archaeological resources.

snezana.jovanovska@sitel.com.mk

<http://www.sitel.com.mk/default.asp?ItemID=1AE04E349417AF43935FAA0CE301B1A6>

Look under the key word: GREEKS DISAPPOINTED – there are also videos of IGENEA that arguments their researches.

PS. You write quicker and better than it works for me... I'm thinking the sentences very slow in difference to you that the Swiss citizens came to me as ace to ten (gambling life) but I will compensate to you for your dreams, honesty, trues and especially for that... to obtain real fight!

From camels to lions

From Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sat, Sep 27, 2008 at 1:26 PM

So, if you didn't mention me about Ptolemy in Egypt, I wouldn't know that they established the first most complicated bank system set in Alexandria... ha, ha so we know who is responsible that my husband is now at a review meeting in Belgrade.

What could Aristotel and Alexandar tell themselves and which Gods were protecting them, it's a sweet secret, but as you have well written everything is already written in us and crystalises only itself till obviousness... Oh if I could only knew that you would mention naive goodness of the Macedonians till stupidity, but the conclusion with which you are finishing... you surprised me well... special feeling for size or not having a sense for endangerousness... it's such a nice feeling.

The thing with the lions made me laugh and surprised me because last night I was dreaming about an unusual dream, I was in a ZOO and inside were only lions, and the thing that scared me was that all the cages were open, they could have eaten me if they wanted. In that same dream, I was dreaming... it's unusual for me to write you this... My own God (even as a little girl I accepted the form of One to have it for life and when something important is happening I always dream about Him). After I ran away from the ZOO in a real sense of the word, I found myself at a carnival in Opatija that is held in February and among the people I saw him, oh I was so happy, and He with a group of doctors were going and examining all the young people, I was standing in front of him and bowed, and when I finished bowing He and doctors were examining me too, first my throat, ears and in that very dream I realised what was hapenning and I told Him, ooo I know what is all of this... you are examining my troat in order to see whether I'm telling the truth, and I'm telling you those lions were probably the symbols of my

low passions (although what I said sounded strange because lions were not low passions, but the tigers, lions were keepers of the house of God) so if I can't change myself I will confess everything I will start yawning and without shame I confess about my feelings. He wasn't surprise at all, as always, and he didn't even judge me, although I didn't expect it... I hope my throatache will now be cured, because I have never been so sincere. Otherwise when I start with some work - process, I always dream about Him like we are "both" dancing, I hope we will soon dance again. Just as everything is a rhythm and just as everything flows like a reversing river we are going back to our source... with a great sense you are writing about how inheritance in us or maybe like a sum of all experiences together from near and far past and space, and space - materia and we - materia, so how it would be different, everything around us and everything in us is made from something and is constantly getting complicated and getting perfect, why is it odd for all the children to be intelligent and for the world to fastly go forward, so this is obvious, but what leaves in me a question mark is the consciousness about us being a human beings, like we didn't respect it enough, thinking about all the conflicts and wars, all those stomachs with teeth that are eating our inner world - world in us - just a faded picture. That's why I'm looking around me and watching those countries that weren't going deep in the technological development, hoping that I would still find a trace that will lead me to a pure water... and so I'm looking at you at those pictures in the nature, all those people around you, and I think, here what is important, hanging around and be good with those who you are meeting with, working what you like and be honest, learning to communicate nicely, and the art is talking loud enough for those who have sense of hearing and for those who have courage to grant it all your time. Thank you for giving me your time, it's nice that you exist! P.S. Soldier you write very well, you should write something for your hard covers and to fight a right battle!

Very good party!!!

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Wed, Oct 1, 2008 at 9:21 PM

Celebrated with Macedonian wine!

... finally...



... Oct 2, 2008 (one of the missing mails)
 Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

THE CAMELS, THE LIONS and THE TIGRES NATURALLY...

What kind of animal would come in Macedonia if the camel and the lion have a baby, my dear? Will we get big, working, submissive and good willing Lion Cams or maybe small, lazy and unpredictable Cam Lions or maybe some other strange, but anyway hardworking new species at this long chain of survival which will undertake the commodity to be loved...do you remember, not long time ago there was discovered a Zeroed (not a giraffe, not a zebra, who knows) which is put at the natures bill. I would like to know what we would get if the tiger lady fell in love with the lion male or the lion lady loves the tiger male, but I know that the Tsar will suffer at the hard battle with the relativity of his creativity, his love, beauty, elegancy, passion- fidelity, pride- obedience, vanity- humility, commitment- discernment and enough of other ties to keep his crown.

I want dreams like yours where some of the main roles, maybe side roles, but those ones which are the skeleton of the contents and even then when they are just a few and sequent ional (as Hitchcock at Hitchcock's). Maybe like at the fables or maybe more than that? Than at the stage we have a full drama of mixed emotions which are beating the fears – our main hosts in our dreams. I want to dream and “totally nice” things and if the fears mixed with the sweet emotions sometimes could be delightful balancing some irritants and liquids in our cells. Let it go Stanko, you ever said that you would choose balance instead flying, dark instead Hawaii noon, pappy and lubricous for attractive liquid plasticity...

At one of his plays Bogomil Gjuzel through the mouth of one Gipsy who is comforting his new friend will say at some pleasant and pride way to his new discovered wisdom: *Every time (SVAKAD Serbian – the strange Serbian influence BATKA) my friend, there are two exits (IMA BAR DVA IZLAZA Serbian, with the accent at the second syllable)*..And in your dream very reach with symbols there are so many open doors, but also the lions, let the Lord save you from them. Trust your Lord (I do not doubt at that) because He understands your emotions although He knew it even before they were born (He is everywhere, isn't He?) and He gives His support you into your courage to let yourself the commodity of the emotions and honesty...I began like the Gipsy from the beginning of this story, i believed that I know to interpret the dreams (i have read Jung, but..) I went so far that I tried to interpret the God himself.

I have no idea of interpreting the dreams, but I know to enjoy at the strange ambient, stories and the scenic into it as in the novels – I am fascinated by that short literature form, as you (but also and me) Your God (although The Big Essence is not ever connected to the short form) – at fact your acceptance of form to have Him for the only one in your life.. this comparison I made is little bit strange and if it is refusing for you or if you can hardly accept it, accept this as a fact, that I would like you to remember of that (although you already wrote it) accepting the risk that I didn't find the right place. I like the novels exactly because of that they are concentrated non-stretched with a lot of descriptions which has intention to take out our strength of multilayer, hermetic and seducing at putting it out.

I do not know at all...but I am really close to the human things at youth dreams including also the bad free lions and tigers, also not to forget that there are standing in front of the pain – the truth...or my hyperactive powers for pretending are too strong...very often I take the strange ways at the paranoiac fixations in my big desire to touch the things...

I promised you that I am going to send you photos about everything that I've made not because I have to keep my promises but the reason is that I want to share them with you. This time that is:

Theatre Sarah Bernardt- October 25th 1903:

Omages de Jean Georges – modified *:

Pro Kurdistan and Baskia and

Memory items and digressions by album of Stojko Makedon Belomorski.

That is the first part of Balkon Projection (I missed to send to you the second and the third part) what we have realized in Paris 2006 and including this you have the complete image of these three projects; of course there is one more – that one from Dar Es Salaam. Those photos are taken at the opening ceremony and from the exhibition. Other photos I will send to you with the next e-mail messages.

P.S. Have a nice dreams, it is a so beautiful when you talk about them.

P.P.S. At 02:15 am I opened my e-mail address to send this message and I liked the wine that you have been sent to me, but I still more like rakija (I am used to it) and trust me it's not worse than your wine; Cheers, my dears...



OMAGES DE JEAN GEORGES – MODIFICATED®:

Pro Kurdistan and Baskia and
Memory items and digressions by album of Stojko Makedon Belomorski,

Omage de Jean Georges - Modified®: Pro Kurdistan and Baskia is a piece which exists in its' hermetecy. At the gallery's wall there is a sentence: *Theatre Sarah Bernardt-25 October 1903* which relates to the event in Paris which happened three months after the Ilinden Uprising and the Krusevo Republic.

The curiosity and projective of the recipient, questions and forms which are coming from, the passion at discovering, all of them are input into the time machine of events, images and meanings connected with France and the Macedonian question.

The performance and the discovering of the piece is the same piece in fact.

It is like hole in the part:

The socialist Jean Georges as a President of Communist party of France, the year 1900 is establishing the Movement Pro Armenia and Macedonia.

At the second part of the image (folder with photos and files, the specific register of multilayer French attendance in Macedonia, exceptions from French excellent literature pieces, author pieces and interventions and...), as a contrapuntal or confirmation for the black-white picture of the French relation to the Macedonian question, there are pictures at the *Memoir Items and Digressions – From the Album of the "Crazy" Stojko Makedon Belomorski* who is travelling through the times; he registers, he makes affirmations, permutations, perversions, digressions, projections, ironically he reminds that Macedonia has its' own sea.

The man performs like an artist and he thinks that he is laminating the lines at the rectangle of his expression.

At the extended meaning in relation of the central axis of the piece, the files into the folder are touching the aspects of the overweight of the French society with the recidivism of the colonial imperialistic society, problems with the settlement, in fact the species of the difference and the intolerance which I have found and I pull them out from the eight novels (in these last 25 years) wrote by the Goncourt price winners, translated into Macedonian.

Stanko Pavleski, 25.03.2006



Wise... wise...

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Oct 2, 2008 at 10:50 PM

..My Lord... (Since I was child I accepted the form of the Only One to have Him in my life...)... Yes I realised finally what you were trying to tell me. It looks so confuse. I am going to tell you a story – there are so few people knowing this.

As a young child it happened that by influence of the circumstances and by my assessment at that time I was embraced in front of lot of cousins of my father who wanted to be real parent and he slap me to my face so hard because I said ugly words to one of my close relatives who was teasing me all the time...It wasn't painful, but I was hurt because no one knew how much my cousin assaulted me, but he was very wise and he did it when nobody saw him and I was so intact...

Never in my life I wasn't so unhappy and I stood at the balcony and I screamed loudly...i want the truth...and it lasted...it lasted...and I was screaming as I am drowning, and suddenly I calm down, something calm me, and I was so angry. so much so at one moment I think that I saw something what is so possible because in that moment i could see all the stars playing round my head * :) After that I met the Face and I recognised that peace of the balcony which took my all being... and His name...when I translated to my language meant The Truth.

My...every human in his life has and authority which he respects, the power with which he loves or admires someone is the same with that one with which he loves his God, if we have some idol, no matter who is it we put him at that place where in fact should stay the real clear Authority who can lead us towards the truth, but very often it could be the person...a need... very often it can be a desire (even a desire for a God), so it is a question how much do we believe or we are just letting ourselves?

It can be changed even in one day many times, that because our mind is like hungry monkey, it is good sometimes to throw him some candy to play with, and when the monkey is still, our mind is clearing like a crystal and it let us to the knowledge to be established and then we start playing our game...

So I think, the people that we call them Atheists, are very important people and I have to appreciate them very much because they believe in themselves with so big strength what is not bad at all, they are persistent and mulish but their creative strength is so big; one thing in their case is their big ego and constant need for self

confirmation, but exactly this big ego makes the big things, big ego is powerful and hard and it is excellent when they are using it for something good.

...I accepted the form of the Only One. I wanted to say that he will never come at no one form never. if that form firstly we do not accept by ourselves, through my experience he is very tolerant and unobtrusive, even then when we choose Him and maybe recognise Him it is very important moment, because that we can not describe by words it is that we are deep inside awarded of that relation or maybe need. I chose the form of the Only One thinking of the absolute subjectivity, presented everywhere and included everywhere through His form of one existing Person (although this is funny because I didn't took him as some special person), which I have it for life, because of the sad knowledge that one day eve that form of adoring i have to leave, recognizing myself in that size. He says so... But the reason that I couldn't love myself more than that He enjoins me, He destroys me and He shows me all my weak points and bad foundations and then He builds inside me The Love and The Insight with a very strong ties.

It is clear now that in my life through some important connections by which other people are relating to me is a very important sign, and it is clear picture of me and my weakness, but that made it very important and I am thankful for that knowledge that it is very important what my behaviour to the others is. I was also touched by one of His sentences which go something like... *if many of the scientists believed in God they would never achieve many of their discoveries, because in that moment when they discover something important that they couldn't solve or understand they will say. So it was a God's will...!*

Somehow that thing and that knowledge calm down inside me my confuse Biljana, who never felt close to some systems, no even religious, so I ever knew that I am not religious and that I can not follow something that is not on my trace and when I heard that the religion is just a vehicle which takes us to our spirituality, I thought that I am really fine and OK even the things came to me by some reverse order. And yes...why I am telling you all these things...and why is this important to me, that this is very important part of my life, repainted image...from the first moment I knew that You are worth of valuation and that You are very important in my life, although I didn't know why? When I heard that You will teach The science of sculpture in than very moment I wanted to change my studies of painting and to continue to the sculpture although I knew that I will be the only one at the class...I didn't succeed to make my decision, it was really that way...

And really... all my illusions you ruined so elegant (of course that can be done only by those who knew the hard material very well) and he built me from the valuable and important things by the way that makes only the real Teacher. I do

not have an idea what You are believing in... i don't even know how much are you awarded... how good you play the game! And I am standing at this place and I am looking to this from my strange round perspective, I do not see any difference and less I know what you are meaning to me...but it is not important to me...and I still believe that this is good! And if it is the truth that we are that other can see us... and if exists his reflection to me, I hope that you are seeing all this very Nice!

P.S. Once when you came into the atelier I was working at some stupid thing which I consider very important and it was so pity and unstable, you came and you screamed to the sculpture, what is this...God...you succeeded to name some of them! I was frozen...I thought: Biljana, you are missed case and you will never be something.

When you get out I crashed the thing and I through it. That night I dreamed the strange dreams where the pigeon flied over my head and he stand on it, so real that I could felt his smell and the feeling of his wings touching my head...and suddenly one big right hand felt over the pigeon who changed itself into my funny sculpture...and that hand stood over the sculpture and I could hear...maybe it's better this way to be told. And when the hand lifted there was the pigeon again. Or this way...!

Someone wanted to tell me something...the Substance or the Life... Life or the Substance...? The Substance is a Life too, I do not know, but when I graduated I wouldn't forget what did you said about the art, I do not remember about the context, but I remember every word...*there is one Big hand over All*...and I had one more big question mark over my head big as a mountain...and I asked myself if I will say this to you ever, in that time I couldn't, but now I am the old lioness (17.08.1976) and I am not feared :)



... Oct 3, 2008... (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

... BUT ALSO THE FIRE...

those who believe in themselves so much they are building temples inside by concentrated big built elements: those connection ones, the fruit of some givenness touched by God; those with the experience and real to be touched; those with sense and thoughtfully performable... of course including the religion which all together are building the inspirable building... and the other ones (if I divide the people by black and white system) are making the same thing, but with other order of the building material. Believing in His God (the highest pick in those temples) whatever form has that "face" which reflection we see, in fact the main axis of the multidimensional thing that we would like to build as own too.

With my first sentences in. but naturally and the tigers... I wanted once more to make you laugh with extra minded constructions which I find out in my cerebellum, but obviously I am not good in it, although when I read them again before to send the mail to you I laughed very loudly, I make insinuations in that part and in other parts of the text willing for a small elegant freedom through forms which are taking in self the things which I can not explain good to me- like a small pirouette at the desire. That will make my text more interesting and more acceptable for reading without losing the meanings and information of itself.

My insinuation with... *My God...I accepted one form of the Only One to have it in my life...* besides the essence of insinuation (by some readings) it makes it full of doubts the naturality of construction of some frames through which we pass in our lives, but I also accept the possibility of misunderstanding of it by myself and that is the point of my hyperactive imaginations which are freaked away.

To the Thought as the most free category in our nature there are immanent excavating and moving to provide the necessary additional oxygen which is necessary... following this the Thought is not connected to the reality or to some species of the frame reality.

When I put my head on the pillow it is like I am waking because a huge number of worlds are flying in my mind and they look like life or like weakness. When I am awake as I begin to dream and as I start to convert my reality to those worlds of the pillow and at their crossroads my reality is happening. Of course, this is too far from the exclusivity; more or less it happens to all of us. That same stirred moved away reality...

Please forgive me and don't be mad on me about the insinuations which like a contradictory reality dreaming are interpreted into my metaphors, because I really expected they to rise the Lioness inside you (I thought also to the Tigress, no-yes-no) so you start to wring yourself and to laugh on it wildly. not so clear as you do, but I am succeeding to turn back the picture of the things that happened at Sculpture classes in (not so long ago) 1997/1998 and I am thankful because you remembered me about it and I am trying to explain myself what happened then, because I am turning the pages and the photos of your graduation masterpiece (from different reasons and causes) I am turning back to that picture inside my mind, probably because also I have to big reasons to talk about it.

I think that in that atelier were opposed the funny sculpture (according you) which was screaming that is a sculpture (that didn't mean that it have to be destroyed-there were good chances to survive), yours 21 age (not decisive but not less important) and my methods, desires and plays with those meanings at studying of the multilayer substance of the sculpture and all of this versus your momentary power for absorption about which power I am very often not aware. Even the losing head and other things that have role now (but necessary stylish) can bring the good result. Of course there have to be enough media where we could cross those teacher's walks through the values of the piece and inside the same process of the approach to the creativity. You, Biljana was so conscious about yourself and you had so much capacity, but also enough media by my sense of media, so you could determine when the teacher is broken when you realised that he is not functioning with his full capacity, but let it go... you eyes were screaming by pain in front of your result with many prothesys etc...

In that moment you could resist that punch by the teacher who had a less style, and the dream that come out from your question marks and your logical anger and all of that resulted with a reconcilable metaspeech – I can...

Let me try other way. Maybe that night the atelier was a crossroad of three separate energetic circles and in that point of crossing the explosion turned into the turnover; that was catapulting the essential which was looking for your receiver at which it will collect itself and it will become visible-maybe like a painted picture, sculpture or maybe the truth. It is very similar like to Tesla, but he talks about two energetic circles: inside-earth circle and around-earth circle which at their interference point could swallow everything that will be found at that area and at the same time (no time distance) to be send to the receiver anywhere in the Space. Even today the science hardly understands Tesla; I do not understand him less than anyone, but I am enjoying the moment when in unchanged unit of time from here, writing the mail I could find myself in Novi Sad, Ohrid, New York, Sidney or maybe Erekovci.

I have to mention that your graduation file was one of the best (also my colleagues thought the same) at The University of Paint arts in Skopje and that is good enough for you, as well for me?

Regarding that one... *There is one big hand over all of it...* I can not remember, of course you have a better memories to that big day for you, but that thing that I can not remember to this beautiful sentence which looks like it was not said by me, that much more confirms the essence of the sentence, in that very moment maybe I was touched by that hand too. And after all you are still well after all that you passed because of me and you are successful at the HeArt (is it satisfactory for you I would like to know) and do not mind about the following - and if you would like to be an artist just remember yourself about you in 1998/1999 and the crashes of the Landscape, that is a good project. You may become mad and angry, but be prepared about the continuously practicing of art, because you know that it is like a jealous woman – she wants day by day to be told that she is loved...

I do not know if during your studies I mentioned or told about beautiful novel of Bogomil Gjuzel – Typewriting machine? (There is no special reason, it's a real pearl and there is no student which didn't hear about it from my mouth, some of them maybe more than once). I think that you didn't have that beautiful opportunity, so I will try to tell ten of great pages to put in few sentences of mine: Worried young writer was telling to his colleagues about his pain about the terrible pain made by his typewriting machine which was so loud and it has a lot of unnecessary machine pieces, bolts and shape pieces which were refracting the light so strange. All those things were taking out his mind and he was too weak for everything; he can not imagine how he should put a life into the white essence of the pages.

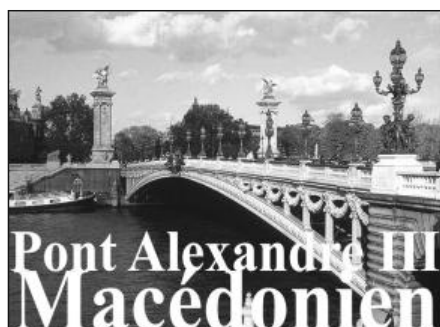
So weak and unhappy he was trying to find suitable machine, but unfortunately he couldn't find anything even close to that. Our desperate writer once met his colleague who had a real understanding for the pain of his friend and he wanted to help him. As the Lord sent him suddenly he remembered that there is such machine at his house in the loft. They drank one rakija both in order to be prepared for the meeting with the machine locked into the case filled with the dust of historical deposits, with the machine waiting for a historical moment when it will type the truth again.. They found a case, they cleaned the dust very carefully and they tried to unlock the sub case. They tried couple of times, but nothing happened. The sub case left locked. But at the forth try the precious thing saw the daylight and it was ready to tell the truth which stayed in the young writer's head so long. Filled with happiness he grabbed the sub case so hard to eliminate the smallest risk to lose it and all its content to be crached at the asphalt and every letter, every bolt, every gear or anything to be lost at the street. So carefull he was

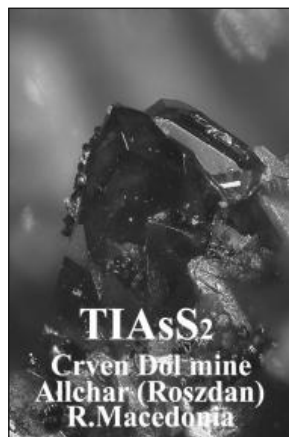
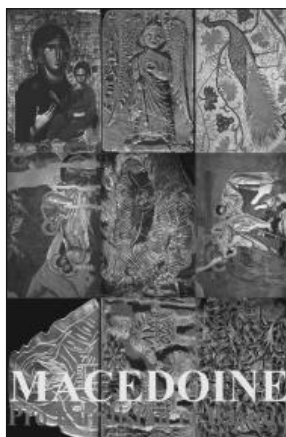
crossing the streets, especially to the dangerous points where he cut his way to get the time... the time that he needed so badly and he couldn't stop until he put his machine at the desk.

And finally that moment comes that glorifying moment of excitement – he puts the paper into the machine and he starts: *One spring full day..* so it comes the usual pause... crucial moments of expectation to explode every dam and all the contents which was teasing him so strong to jump into the flow... but the pause becomes an eternity... maybe the reason is the major desire because everything it was in his head, but... he remember that... hm... maybe he could wrote all that by pen. But no, no... this man do not likes synthetics...But after long thinking he decides that is the best to do it with pencil, because it is a beautiful writing and hard substance so hard captured into its wooden courses. He takes a paper and he starts once again: One spring full day, but again the same painful pause, long as an eternity... He thought on everything, our young writer with the truth in his head and finally he decided that the truth has not to be written and it can lay down in his mind in one piece, protected and safe.

P.S Please check some of the photos (there are totally 137 at A4 format of the page) used at the Project Theatre Sarah Bernhardt..., and by the following mails I will attach some of the prints (there are totally 124 at A4, A3 and A5 format)...







Starting with the letter O...

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sun, Oct 5, 2008 at 11:53 AM

Sorry that I couldn't write everything to you, I started to explain the details...

The story that you sent me... great. I liked it very much. Of course I laughed very well and I saw my mad mind creates mixed images and once again I remembered that without passion there is no art, I still think that the creativity is the same force as libido and that is the only way by which many things come true. So The Landscape, I didn't stop... I just left you talking. You are the reason that this piece was born, you are my rain""... because of the lion and the tiger I have a new part which I've been missing to warm my hands... (Here is so cold these days)... And this time I don't want to think too much about it... I want to see what the love could do... I have just one dilemma: How I will sign my exhibition **SBTIALJNAKNOA PKALJVALJEISCKI?**

Of course I miss myself, it is clear that nothing more fulfils me then a silent speech of my small world... but at the start I had to take care of my environment, to change a lot of diapers, to cook many lunches,

to iron many shirts, not to sleep 101 night because of the temperature and child diseases, to let my husband to succeed in his career making myself as foundation. The years has passed...27.08.2008 :)

It was so nice description of the teacher's hit, that was my point and I didn't think bad when I mention that, that was my sign that you care about me as a professor... it hurts when the child is born, so you love it so much...you never hurt me.. you just turn me inside up a little bit, I think you are great teacher and not just a teacher, sculptor or behind all, the man who can sculpt the character too, I am still with so few knowledge about it... in HeArt I am meeting children which has a great idols from the cartoons, I am happy that they are looking for heroes, but it also disturbs me, so I have to play on the top of my toes, not to hurt them and I could still take a drop of their clear and pure picture about their world. Until we play together I just mention some author, I tell them a story of "starry night" and some man called Van Gogh...it is fascinating when you mention to them that that person lived since... they don't want to reconcile with the dead of that person. They are finding the ways that person to live to the nowadays... And I think. he lives and he will live, but it is important to know something about them and their works,

because we are at that point where the art put a mirror in front of us to recognize ourselves, I could make love with this thought... but then I went out into the world where for example my mother-in-law says that the artists shouldn't have a children, because they can not feed them... there the people know all the possible stories of the yellow pages. How I wish this to be changed just a little bit.

P.S. I didn't ask you about the pieces that you send to me, I want to check them one by one.

... Oct 5, 2008... (еден од исчезнатите мејлови)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

In the name of the rain

I like the title...which you are proposing to me and it is not necessary to make its' structure visible, because with the description it will lose the power of the clearness of its readiness. It sounds great something like South American or African and... let it seduce everything with its' mysticism because he grows from it...digression for a moment (I hardly walk out of me)... it is so small dedication to the simple human things and it is normal that the life's recapitulate to deliver me the bill (I still have his credit), but that is not concerning me, but the feeling for missed chance hidden in the untouched imaginations of the real life and of course into the possibility to more than this to give to the others I love, and unfortunately I didn't learn enough simply human to say it and to practice it – so small things, but... the artists? They are like a clear air but the kids understand too late how much all that was important and decisive for them... exactly from 17 to 27.08 this year I was in Stenje – Prespa, tourist non-polluted and beautiful place for enjoying... I will send to you some photos...

P.S. Unnecessary commentary... but take care about your career...

P.P.S I am sending you the material which I announced in the previous mail and once more my short text about the Project. the photos and the prints although they are so independent finally they belong to that folder at the table and that is the place where they should be... one more thing... At the printed mail to the French Embassy you will notice that there is one name repeating SLAVCO SPIROVSKI (by the way he is my nephew – from my dear sister) in the name of the author of the project, because I was scared to make the Frenchmen mad so they wouldn't give me a VISA – who knows how sensitive are those guys from the Big Four. This material is a little bit bigger for forwarding, but please use your patience enough to keep you wake.



MICHEL HOST

Vallet de la nuit

Partout des faces jaunes, fermées. Sur le quai une main a écrit: JE SORT DE PRISON, JE N'AI PAS DE TRAVAIL... Une annonce, parmi les dessins sur les murs, était écrite des lettres noires: IL Y A 20.000 ANS VOS ANCETRES ONT ETE DES NEGRES. A Vitry je me suis monté en colère. Les mêmes couleurs tombaient des nuages. Peu de circulation dans les rues. Les mains étonnées sur les volants. Villeneuve le Roi, avenue Maréchal Joffres, rue Liotien, rue Général De Gaulle. Le profit des guerres, de la colonisation, dans la toponymie urbaine...

Baton d'Abonos

YANN QUEFFELEC

Les noces barbares

...On n'était pas encore chez les nègres, à Peilhats. A propos de nègres, il y en avait deux à l'hotel de la plage, et pas aux cuisines, hein dans la clientèle s'il vous plait. Un couple marié soi - disant, et qui avait fait le voyage de la basse vallée de la Garonne pour se reposer...

Baton d'Abonos

AMIN MAALOUF

Le Rocher de Tanios

"Qui porte en cette affaire la responsabilité la plus lourde? Le pacha d'Egypte très certainement, qui a dressé les Montagnards les uns contre les autres. Nous aussi, Britanniques et Français, qui sommes venus prolonger ici les guerres napoléoniennes. Et les Ottomans par leur incurie et leurs accès de fanatisme. Mais à moi aussi, parce que j'aurais pu venir à aimer cette terre, comme si j'y étais né, seuls sont impardonnables les hommes de ce pays, chrétiens ou druzes..."

Baton d'Abonos

TAHAR BEN JELLOU

La nuit sacrée

- Il faut que j'y aille; les gosses sont terribles. J'essqie de leur faire apprendre le Coran somme je l'aurais fait avec une belle pose, mais ils posent des questions embêtantes, du genre: "c'est vrai que les chrétiens iront tous en enfer?" Ou alors: "puisque l'islam est la meilleure des religions, pourquoi Dieu a attendu si longtemps pour la faire répandre?" Pour toute réponse je répète la question en levant les yeux au plafond: "Pourquoi l'islam est arrivé si tard?"... Petite le que vous, vous connaissez la réponse?...

Baton d'Abonos

Extracts from four books, from the eight Goncourt awards (in all of them the burden of the French literature with the problem of the colonialism is visible) that are translated on Macedonian in the period 1981 - 2006 (my first and last stay in Paris).

Dangerous eight!

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Mon, Oct 6, 2008 at 3:25 PM

I tried to complete the “balcony” into my presentation, to overview it lightly, but it blocked. First of all... I like the ambient, I am sure that is pretty nice... placed interesting in relation to the window. but also it was working atmosphere for the visitors too... I thought about my message to you: “to win the right battle”, but I can see that you are doing the same...

I like the way by which the history is compared and has it's settle into the time, so it is clear! Just like a time... coincidence, but I can feel my emptiness in my knowledge about it, so I miss something all the time.

I can see that there is a lot of work input into it and a lot of worth thinking, so I should have to watch the things from that distance... sitting at the balcony. If I want to make one close enough picture or to close it to myself as much I can, I do not know when I neglected some things of the politics or from the history, maybe also from the culture, so I feel brakes now.

I didn't know that Slavco is your cousin...I just check the exhibition catalogue...

We also own some place at Prespa... I have never been there and I am sorry about it. I hope I will go there before it is sold.

P.S. Thank You for your support!

I know that I do not have a right to say this; all I got from you is a present... but... please do not repudiate that funny Stanko, I miss him...

(_____ I screw up something always, don't I? _____)

... Oct 7, 2008...

Until the new hole in our heads..

Stanko Pavleskii to kljajic.biljana
 show details 2:54 AM

... at one text by Rasa Teodosijevic there is a piece of geniality where he describes the characters of the artists and the critics what could sound like this: both groups have holes in their heads which holes are whistling- their holes are whistling and

they are becoming bigger and bigger.. When I find a new hole like this in my head (the same as Rasa's; the artists have them very often, don't they?) than again my hole starts to whistle stupidities, my dear, and this maybe will make you laugh? I will try to make you not to miss my follies as much as I can not be nonserious and mad (God...What could we do). When I mentioned Rasa, I do not know why but I remembered to Tanas Lulovski (let he rest in peace, we were friends)... actually I remember to one event in New York when couple of artists had an exhibition at former Yugoslav Culture Centre, I am not sure if that was there – it doesn't important: walking through the New York crowd Tane caught a butterfly (and he loved those gentle creatures) and with big surprise more for himself he said: "There are butterflies in New York too?"

I love very much this honest and rear comment... it is a beautiful art whistle from the head-hole, and the artists whatever kind they are they have a holes whistling... I noticed that I am so attached to these holes – that is the consequence of interpreting the Rasa's film...

Good bye my dear Rasa, these nonsences of yours are very interesting to me and they are so good for my mind gymnastics, but I also have more serious things in my life... I should send this e-mail as soon possible to Biljana, you know her... it is that beautiful colleague from Novi Sad and a little bit from Skopje, you know her, do not pretend to me my friend, you also know that she waits for me very anxious. Do not worry, I will call you, and I will tell you about it of course... although I can not be like you because your powers of telling stories are much more developed than mine.

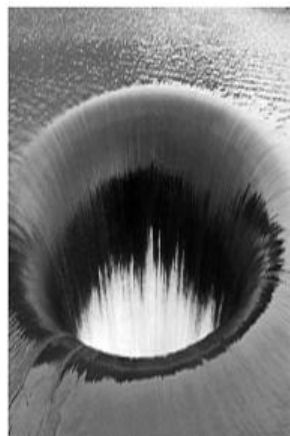
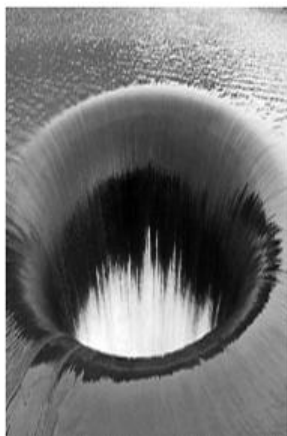
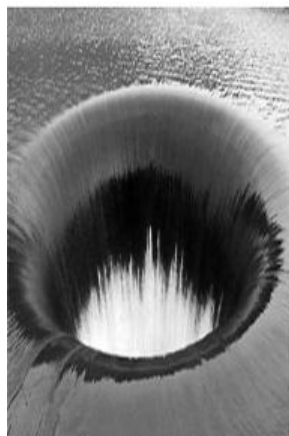
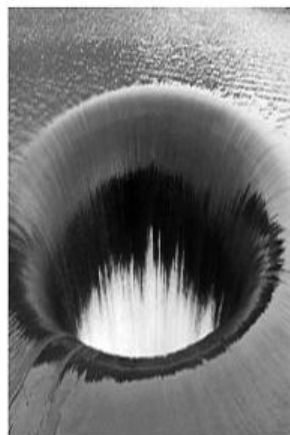
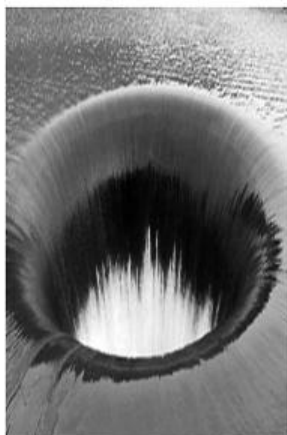
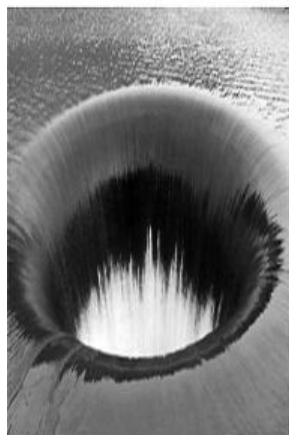
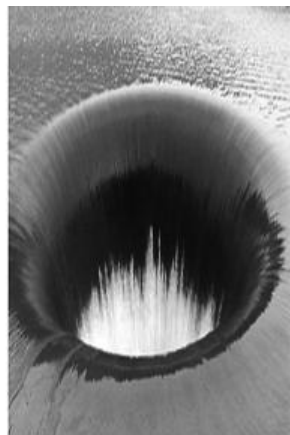
I have no other choice..

Sorry Biljana, here I am again... Prespa is beautiful and think a little bit what you can do with that piece of land of yours. It is great that you have that land and it is great that this piece of land still connects you phiscally here. About the Paris exhibition? It was placed at one of the seven galleries (every etage is a gallery) in one part of the cubic space of Cite Internationale des Arts. At this space Republic of Macedonia hired an attellier for 40-years and it is a great opportunity for the artists (two by two) continously by two months to feel Paris and some of them to realise some projects. Serbia has also its space, so you could ask where and how you should place your will for this event (here we do it at the Ministry of culture). That could be very useful to you, if the little Milan and the He-Art not become to jelous think about it... When you decide about it I will tell you in details about it.

Preparations for my new project (but also for the other two from the...Balcony) were really hard and existing, it was necessary to check one big List of historic

literature, but all of that showed as a beautiful experience. Besides the hard things to organize and make arrangement all of it, I was enjoying at meeting close all that institutions and people, which made me reacher with knowledes and persons. The good parts of the projects that I made them close to you are sharing that exploring site, or at least that exploring is determining them. The Project moves the distance which the Western European people are expecting from our artists and that is the reason that the view from the VIP balcony (the one who looks from the height he has a better view, but it is also said that who flies too high he fells too low, or as we converted who flies too high he fells too high). Whatever I was making a joke at some elegant and serious way telling the othr truth or maybe the same one... I would be really embraced if these sentences of mine are looking too selfpromoting, because I am trying to watch over my expressions and sometimes I am really good in that.

P.S. At the moment when I tried to catch you on Chat I just finished reading this text before I send it to you (I enjoy checking the construction of the thought) and I wanted to send you some photos from Prespa – Stenje and Konjsko (which is the nearest to the Island of Golem Grad, but I see that the time is going over me and probably tomorrow my students wouldn't have an understanding about that their professor stucked at e-mail...



Chat with kljajic.biljana@gmail.com

from **kljajic.biljana@gmail.com** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Wed, Oct 8, 2008 at 1:17 AM

1:02 AM me: What are you doing here my darling at these late hours?

1:07 AM You escaped me...

1:09 AM I will catch you next time

1:14 AM You turned into green at the moment when I was finishing my e-mail to you, but now I will not send it to you because I am searching for some photos that I've been doubting to attach to this message.

1:17 AM I was hoping that you will turn on to green once again, but obviously you slept...

1:18 AM Good night and sweet dreams.

The Moon raises the high tides...

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Wed, Oct 8, 2008 at 10:30 AM

Hey my darling! I didn't notice that it is possible to make myself green... The young Moon and The Landscape are waking me up from my bed, and I do not know how you feel when you are working and here I can ask you about that... And that was my question last night... while I was reading your text about the Land... mmm... I forget to tell you that I also like using the name without colouring the letters **SBTIA**...

Once again I have a sence that the moments of coincidence are fulfilling themselves and I am trying to explain where and why everything stands as when I am cooking although I know that the main Cook is keeping me on fire...

...suddenly i remembered that when I go to some exhibition I do not like the impression of the coldness into the space, too much rational... or whatever...

You eve knew to input the right quantity of warmness at your pieces, even into those ones which are too serious, everytime better and better.. Although in my

eyes you are perfect Stanko...i have those eyes and I can not help myself, probably they watched from the Opatia balcony too long and the sea water attached to them some unusual spaces and the sea itself is so much connected to them..

There are two things from your text that are still ringing in my head...One is the cristalisation of the text...The other is filled figure...That is what I wanted to ask you, but I have to wait a little bit to see better what will become that what you are saying and that what I wrote..Althoug approximately I already know what you want...so if you really want then I will send this sketch again to you...

Because of the reason that i called this work as my small Zen, and then i met the coincidences as for ex.that Japanese women were writing a gentle novels by the new Japanese letters and in while Japanese men were writing by old traditional Chinese letters, I was fascinated that I wrote this text looking like a poem, as well this messaging too... Everything is connected, attached, sublimated and like it is pulling everything at one point from the many other ones...Probably this idea about the form hughed me warmly...

I had to walk through the Budism a little bit...it is crazy when you are surprising yourself... wow... this now remembered meto your story about Tanas and the Butterfly... I did'nt know that he left us... the great creature... as a child...

...and imagine the characteristics of the form according the Budism..It is crazy when you are out yourself..There is no sterility into the form... but opposite!

From the four basic elements Earth-Fillness, Fire-Heat,
Water-Connection, Air-Movement
there are outcomming... the eyes, the ears, the nose,
and more interesting...

feminity, male fertility, life-vitality, heart or heart basis, physical intent, vocal presence, element of space, zip, plastics, physical strength, grouping, resistance or survival, food...

There are some important books and novels, there is a whole science about it, but I will go further by intuition, wherever I come, it is more loveful, it is more interesting...

...again without connection, but I do not know if I have told you sometime that people are more prepared to struggle the hate or accidents then to be under the big love or beauty... This gray option is somehow closer to us, so we could pass it more easier, until with the love and the beauty we do not know what to do...This is getting me back to Prespa... I really don't want to be sold that part of land...

P.S. How are you? How it's going at the University?

Alert message WARNING!

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sat, Oct 11, 2008 at 9:50 AM

BECAUSE OF THE NEW SITUATION... "Macedonian ambassador in Belgrade Aco Vasilevski left Belgrade. AND STANKO PAVLESKI HAS STOPPED THE COMMUNICATION/REANIMATION HEART TO HEART WITH BILJANA KLJAJIC IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE NEW SITUATION BETWEEN THESE TWO COUNTRIES.

He already assigned consultations to the Minister of Foreign Affairs Mr. Antonio Milosevski.

Republic of Macedonia is following the situation very carefully, we had a communication with the Serbian Government and they were informed before Macedonia took its' decision. Macedonia didn't make nothing but it recognised one reality which is existing some time at the Balkan Peninsula" – said Mr.Bocevski...

...AND UNTIL BILJANA DOES HER WOMEN ART IRONING, CLEANING ETC AND SHE ASKS HERSELF... WHAT HAPPENED?

... Oct 12, 2008... (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

FROM TONI'S PLACE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, MFA

We talked about lot of important world issues and a little bit about our Balkan issues. Besides that I didn't miss to ask him about the most important: Why did you need to make that thing my young man? How could you assault our friends from the North and you did it exactly one day after they great victory over the UN bandits? How could you do it Toni? Of course I wouldn't hang you, but I do not understand... as you said they were so close to recognise our Mother Church as their Mother and their Church as daughter? How could you do it my Toni, when we were just a step away from the bright Western European Future? I said everything to him so I was sorry after that. And Toni was resigned as the Rodin from Paris and after a long pause he replied somehow: *It was unavoidable Piggy... like that thing at Tetoviranje movie...do you understand?* He started to telling me

stories about the Alexander The Great and he claimed that very far then that north all cultures and people are his children and he spoke more and more clear...i understand Toni, I am telling to him as but I do not understand nothing, but after our conversation I couldn't sell a word for a Cammel.

His Majesty Cristal and Her Majesty Full Figure

... and I respect more The High Lowness... And I watched your sketch again...i thought that the Song will get stronger and more clear if you let her active peace, to lie down. Of course we repeat those etapes manu times up to hypnosis expecting the additional light into the magic field that we are making ourselves. It is unnecessary to mention how creative is normal that kind of worry and dedication to the material which outcomes of us, to grow and overgrow... in your sketch you are including also your portrait which becomes a Landscape, so I believed that it will be good to change your face with your figure believing that there are some interesting solutions..i would like under the term of Full to have some hidden meanings as an Earth-Fillness or something like that...

I am bigoted to see the development of your little Zen... and the women always easier accepted the new civilization trends because they are much more realistic, no matter if they see by their eyes or by their mind... They are opposing the different natures which we call realities because the thing is always becoming reality when it touches other reality. Women are much more than men like reality machines... although please keep yourself at intuitivity of yours... I do not want to talk you about the men... they are the special case, harder tied and weighted by standards and stereotypes, even the artists are the same.

P.S. Here I am again at good shape... no ambassadors, no presidents, not even seven mountains and seven seas are special stop for my need of misteries and magic, my dear...

Eh Toni, who knows if it is for something good...

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Tue, Oct 14, 2008 at 1:33 PM

... i thought at everything... full figure... since i was reading your text...

three nights ago while I was asleeping my mind, I stand up to work an auto-dictat and I finished my work...

...and I come to the unexpected end where I was standing with a “grain and a rain”, this is continuing.. Firstly I thought that I banalized myself too much, and then I understood that it is much more readable for the others too.

Now I am “cooling” and I put an idea into the real space, I am making a sketch by Photoshop... At the first row...

DESIRE/TAP/POINT – then horizontally placed object which is made by silk at the same height of the Landscape (as everything else); that object should pull to be touched and felt (even and smell) so to be fulfilled (at thickness meaning) and to make associations to the bed...

CLEANING – again horizontally placed object with the same size made by patches and wires for dishes; all of that to be an interesting mosaic which should be sometimes rough.

DISSAPPEARING – the shelf with the same length as objects, a shelf with boxes as a detergent boxes which has my disappearing face and to their front you can read: Vanish-Ing.

APPEARANCE/CONFIRMATION – this has to have connections to our conversation, some **MAIL-BOX** to describe the importance of communication and sublimation of the idea vapour... I thought that this includes mixed sentences and that mixed name, that means some text, which will include my new appearing through your reanimation...(it’s not enough to say thank you). It also means separation and connection without some difference...as also the influence of the teachers to the students etc...so

LANDSCAPE/THE MIRROR...my confirmation of the others which are taking influence from me or something empty from the other side which is meaning the presence...who am i?

As the sixth now the text stays there the text which has to be sublimated, of course and the glass for writing stays as a part at the fun of the place...

About the filled figure i will tell a small joke...

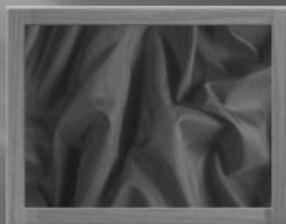
Those images are not photos, but negative of my face, scans...to make it bigger format has to go to the doctor! I am just joking, i have a brother in Zagreb who graduated photo/camera but he is not available, so my Landscape is standing there after “the grain and the rain” from 2002, so i don’t want to exclude it, there all started.

I would send this to you for five days so i pretend i am culture woman, but i wouldn’t!



VISOKO NISKO

WISHH / ŽELJA



WILL / ĆE



VANISH / TE ISČEZNUTI



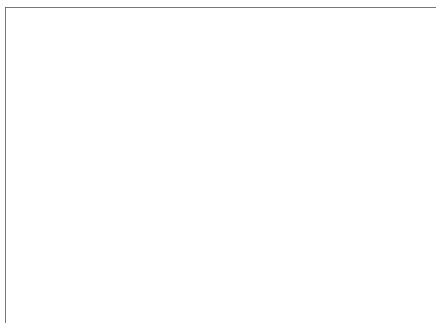
CONFIRM / POTVRDI



YOUR SELF / SEBE



HERE / TU



Chat with kljajic.biljana@gmail.com

from **kljajic.biljana@gmail.com** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Tue, Oct 14, 2008 at 10:06 PM

9:59 PM **Biljana**: here i am

10:00 PM **me**: Look, i just sent you a mail...

Biljana: yes, yes, i am reading

10:02 PM **me**: Your project is developing very interesting, i am not sure that i will follow you correctly

10:06 PM Come on, i wouldn't bother you, read the text calmly.

Biljana: I thing that everything is OK but i passed very fast over the text this moment, i just opened an e-mail but you do not bother me

10:07 PM **me**: Good bye, i am leaving you at good, i hope that my comments wouldn't disturb you.

10:08 PM **Biljana**: Not at all...really, the opposite...All the best, enjoy.

... Oct 14, 2008... (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

I knew it, but not so much...

Many times I read your e-mail message. I didn't want to miss something, or to misunderstand something, to miss some meaning... I like the thought. You are really living the part; you raise the idea painting the intiutivities with your eyes and with your cortex.

You live so hard circumated by the piece (words, things, eterity...) at taking the lines which are capturing the vibrations at the moment, the smell of the memories, paths of the touch of the mystic and over the reality of the daylight at your desire to explore more touchable and more acceptable estecity, which is of course story by itself... at one moment I thought that you are going to brake your head at the machine for producing the reality (but I know you), but WOMEN ART hypnosis makes me hard tactility, gentle senses, hidden textuality, changed meanings and radiations and otherities which are arranging the senses..

Yes, yes, sometimes I succeed without my eyes to see reality of the imagined plasticity and then I do not need questions and explanations, not to know how all of this will look as a separate part and somehow I know that I shouldn't ask if "The Bed" or "The Cleaning" are framed which will have effect on objectivity, but it will lose its' mysterious subjectivity... it is a sweet dilemma.

And the Mail Box made by exiting reason and adventures may look anyhow, in fact the beauty is real to the final shaping...

the Shelf – DISAPEARING will make a line (maybe longer or the same than the other elements) and it will be placed great at the space, exactly by the presence of the linear thick as the necessary measurement in the whole visual piece. If the line do not become longer, not necessary it will destroy the placement of the boxes or their determined number as a condition which determines the necessary repetition and the leveling of the DISAPEARING... it can everything remain the same just the line is continuing, I do not know it seems interesting my thought, but of course it has to be checked... but also the same material line at the space (no matter of the context) is a presence, but also the provoked presence of the things that are not there, and by our experience we know that they belong there to the shelf-line, by possibility its' materiality, form-profilation and treatment, even then when we are suggesting the type of the subjects which are gone in fact.

I have no doubt that the Song will grow, by the way it will scream, it will stretch, it will contract and it will clean through the quantity of the distances and your dedication. There is no space for worries, because She has all the necessary, She has its own centre and totally clear dimension of the presence into the Project.

I think that it should be forgotten to the EMPTINESS, and it doesn't matter which are its' possibilities in this new situation, it is mattr that the EMPTINESS exists forever.

About the other elements into this Project I already wrote to you, you know my ideas and I have nothing special to add to it, because some of it will repeat again and something will be missed and in that context the brilliant mind of Danilo Kis is totally right (I think that I didn't mention this sentence to you... T.Adziewski used it at one of his Projects in his Trilogy The Province) when he says: *The one that reaches the target he misses all the rest.*

P.S. I am anxious... five days!! No way, I am expecting you sooner!

Date: Thu, Oct 16, 2008

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

Biljana Kljajic

show details 1:11 AM

12:29 AM **Biljana**: Hey, please watch something at my channel, there is something for you

12:35 AM <http://www.youtube.com/user/kbilja>

me:... You are giving me more!!! I do not know how to thank you, you are embarecing me. I can hardly write this... you can see that I good for nothing... Come on... at the end ENTER!

12:36 AM **Biljana**: It shouldn't stay in the dark... it is too good...

12:48 AM Good night... Good night... :)

12:55 AM **me**: I checked it... you really made a good job. I was really enjoring to be back again at those times...

12:58 AM Sweet dreams...

1:11 AM I will sing a little bit more, I never succed to lay down before 3:00, and after this that you've done to me probably I will start singing.

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>

date Thu, Oct 16, 2008 at 2:53 AM

Full moon... everyone is waking... i am so glad that you like it! It is so good so it could be seebd by whole world; not long ago they include the category of Exhibition... there was no thing like that before...and MOMA has its's official YouTube, probably the world is arrousing...

- Biljana Kljajic

... Oct 16, 2008... (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

What time is the opening ceremony...?

I like it!

Your eye is smiling and I can see your art in it. You needed warmness. Here it is, all everything is a sweet temptation... of course you will sleep very hard and it is beautiful to be so confused because of the changed realities...i know It is hard for you, but I know you will survive at the times of giving the personal and the beauty that opened to you..

I am so glad that you are so involved into the art-piece... please, I lost my will to check the details, suddenly everything is possible and you do not have to realize your piece, that is already existing... hey Stanko, take it easy, no, no, do not take too serious this experience colleague, he always worked to forget the experience. He is so mad so if it was possible he will forget the experienced things, he would remain just to the beautiful moments of picturing and creation, because all the sentence of full living and creating will be just that.

Let Ante Popovski forgive me that I will transform one of his verses which will sound like this:

*If this piece of life didn't exist
I wouldn't know where we would live,
but I would know where we would die.*

After you, after the Height and the Lowness, after this song... I feel I would sing... I do not want to talk...

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Thu, Oct 16, 2008 at 2:37 PM

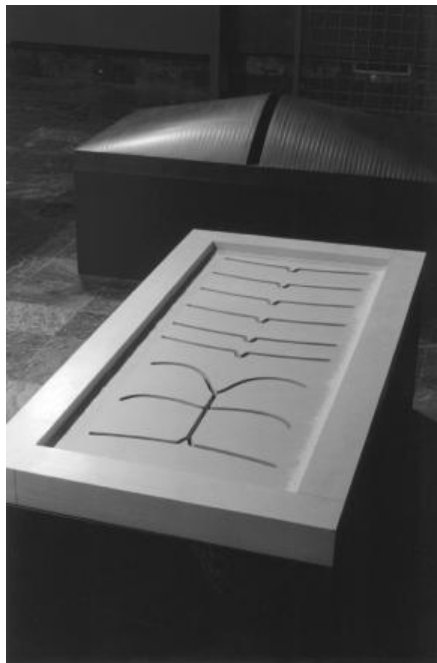
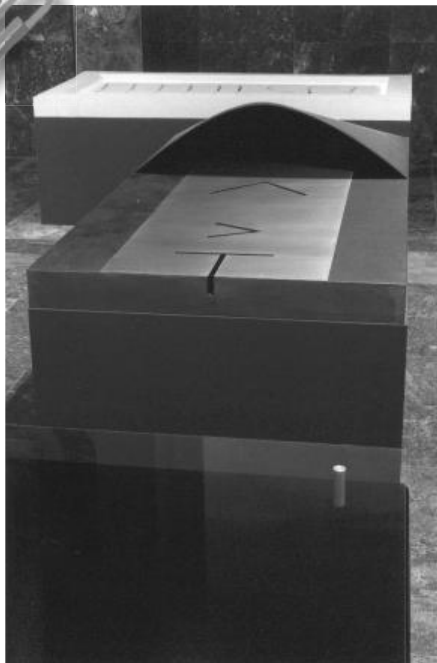
I like it more but any other words...

I hope that I will start again very soon, I am going to check the length of the wall to avoid any mess...

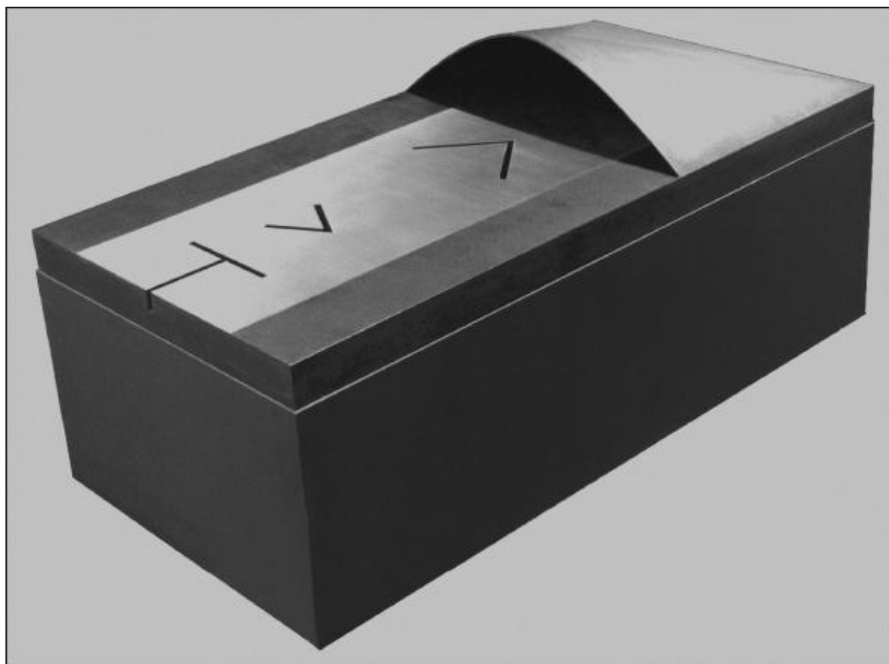
eh... sometimes I also ask myself..Why to be exhibition...When I have already one, I have one into myself which I didn't make and just the God knows if there will be something like that... I have fun like that... I think that there is a part of this exhibition also in this piece..my idea was to make some jokes with marketing and with the consumerism and I am living through that all the time when I pass through the Trade Center... I call it crying for crying-but probably I wouldn't create it..this is fun and the one part of it is also included in this self-marketing... is it really good... so that is the reason that I dedicate my pieces to someone...as for graduation you know...The Grain and the Rain... it was dedicated to my mother and all that exhibition was made of her things which I was treating so deep during my life with her..Her portrait which was left unfinished, exactly her hands because the painter who was working on it suddenly died... up to the presence of my mother which I put and placed at the opening day, and here and now dedicated to my favourite author...

Women!... they are never seeing themselves... as the Moon couldn't shy without the Sun... they are giving their emptiness to fulfil the man and to make him strong. At Hindu religion they say (and not only there): that woman has to respect her husband as her God and that is the only way for her to realise herself like a woman. I didn't understand it at all...but now it is a little bit more clear...Some chemistry... when I remember how much delighted I was when I entered at one of your exhibitions at 1998. Barok at one... no one can do it... it is not a creation of human... very good energy... so much interpreted qualities and skills... the right thing, simply you got the feeling that you breathe that air when there will be no air anymore, I would like to be there... it is so alive and real, so even you didn't know anything about the art and the ideas..That wouldn't leave you without interest! So, you should be shame, those who should be happy and privileged...as all your students. I remember some of my comments of my colleagues like for example... how Stanko smashed me... and I was thinking... you do not have an idea – you can't imagine how happy you are about it and I this time am feeling great and happy. I do also know a story about the target... it is short... cilj je gaganje... in fact if you do not think about the target you will reach it sooner...

Ehh, I should go to cook my lunch...



From the project "Baroque in the one", 1998, Museum of the City of Skopje



... Oct 17, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

The House for the Higher Level

Thank you very much my dear for your nice presentations at Barok, I didn't read parallels like that ones and I was delighted with your honesty to my teacher's good meanings what you are discovering to me, I will get you from this, hahaha...

I understand that you have already determined the gallery. Who is that lucky space that will have that pleasure to have you, maybe I know it, you know that I have knowledge about the few exhibition spaces in Novi Sad (those one which going this way are becoming temples). Did you already determine the time schedule? Actually I am interested how do you arrange the preparations and what about the financial support, maybe the Ministry or I do not know who...

Thinking about and decisions for necessity of realization of the piece that is already packed as a Project I was doing many time starting because of art reasons, but very often also provoked by the situation at our artist ambient which is very often not so fine for us. Yes, yes, there are too much artistic in that thinking to search for a measure of one thought and realization, because we are realizing ourselves from the moment of the initiation, actually the most important touch of the light comparing all the rest...

Coincidence... at the previous e-mail message I wanted to ask you to send me photos of the Grain and the Rain, but I have changed my mind – I didn't wanted to make jealous the beautiful Highness Lowness. That evening I was dedicating to her..what could be she like stopped at that time for me to ask her a questions because I wanted to satisfy my professional curiosity and here it is, you are writing me about the piece at your selfmarketing through the dedication to other where you are talking about the Grain and the Rain, the piece that was passing through my mind and it wanted to stay there to compete, to measure, to compare with that only active point at my cortex. I didn't lay myself that the pieces of Grain and Rain are made by hard material and that additionally increases my interest: how they could be packed – all yours pieces (relicts by themselves) of the memories at which you captured the images of your memories, adventures and other feelings of the sensitivity... but non finished portrait of your mother is a story by itself which is including excellent in the possible pretendings about the essential relations of the piece... non painted hands... hey, can you feel how much sensitivity can be shown through the hands... This remembered me to the Lulovski words to his

students (he was telling the same also in our conversations): *paint the hands with devotion; they do not know anything to hide. Our arms and legs are full of emotions, but we mostly want to find something from the eyes and through the face- there are the most common and the most usual things.* I suppose the students looked at him wide open eyes, but as ever... for everything is necessary life experience... that one with the live sculpture of your mother it looks very interesting and crazy enough because you want to have it for yourself, as a column-fetish arroun which and in its' glory there is a procession – an Art...

The female and the male principle they can not be complete without the pieces from their opposits because more subjects of one nature are privilegion also of the other side framed and balanced, if it is not like that then we are entering at the unwanted pathology of sexuality and removing of ruining of the axis of identity. I think that to be genderly complete and free at any meaning and besides the row of the obstacles is a problem of the personal and the individual battle except in cases of pathological usage of thick lines of sexuality. I think that everything is at the growing of the freedoms at social, collective and individual matter, everything else becomes an gender song... women?...very often I am listening the stories about the identification of the woman with the Seat or a Nestleness, what of course is a truth, but if we do not put an accent just at one of the qualities and to forget the others, we have to wide the pallete, I believe that we have a chance to explain ourselves... of course there is a chemistry, otherwise how we could explain a majority of our behaviours... The Woman? I vote for a Big mother of creation!

I am sending you a photos of projects:

- Cinema Napredok 1 (nonrealised);
- Cinema Napredok 2 (realized in behalf of the first);
- Cinema Napredok 3: Trilogy Province (three Projects and at one of them I am touching the unnecessary of the realization).

stanko pavleski



Cinema Napredok (Progress), Written Fine Artism - Image Language 1, 2001,
 Computerized Solution on A4 Format

exit

menu



stanko pavleski

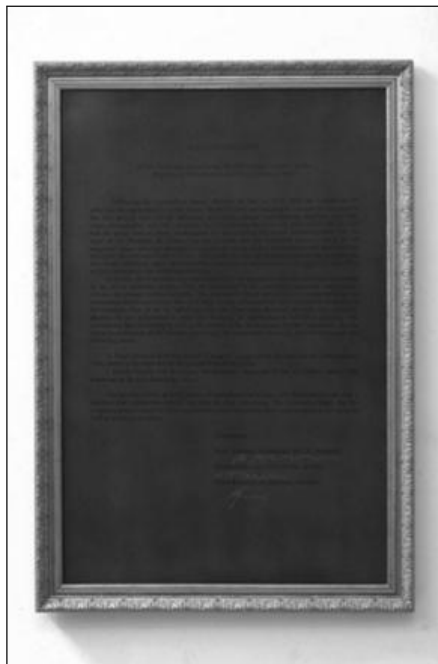


Cinema Napredok (Progress), Written Fine Artism - Image Language 2, 2001,
 Computerized Solution on A4 Format

exit

menu





stanko pavleski



*Cinema Napredok (Progress) 2, Dictatorship from Intermediator – Three Colors, 2003.
Akril on Canvas, 130x330 cm*



stanko pavleski



Cinema Napredok (Progress) 2, Dictatorship from Intermediator – Simulated Communication, 2003, styled Poste Box, 45x30x10 cm



ТРИЛОГИЈА - ПРОВИНЦИЈА



Народен музеј - Велес
Спомен-куќа на Васил Главиниќ
28.05.04, 20 ч.

ТОМЕ АЦИЈЕВСКИ & **СТАНКО ПАВЛЕСКИ**

Три топовогноми до сето останато
I. Прв топовогном - имитација со предлог
Портрет на невој од 1975 и
Портрет на невоја од 2004

Три противправила за однос
I. Без експонат
Делособособирање во
манифестацините околу делото

ТРИЛОГИЈА - ПРОВИНЦИЈА



СТАНКО ПАВЛЕСКИ
**ТРИ ПРОТИВПРАВИЛА
ЗА ОДНОС**

ТОМЕ АЦИЈЕВСКИ
**ТРИ ТОПОВГОНОМИ
ДО СЕТО ОСТАНАТО**

Музеј на современата уметност - Скопје,
Мулти-медислен центар - Мала Станица
28.02-13.03.2006, 20 часот





STANKO PAVLESKI

WITHOUT AN EXHIBIT

**Workselfconsuming
in the Events
Around the Work**

In the shifted artistic center
of observation
*on the peripheral which
is created as a center*

In the announcement of the exhibition
*on the revealing of secrets through
the transformations in the meantime*

In the void showroom
*on the field marked by / with
the artist*

In the speaker and the spoken
on the artist and the 'void'
(performance with Dragan Miladinovski)
on the illusions in the first person

In the audience (happening
with one conditional marker – time
and space occurrence)
*on the reason center of the event,
through the phenomenon of the needs, expectations,
habits, pre-knowledge, superficialities,
status and other states and illusions
inside / outside the work*

NAPREDOK CINEMA 3

TRILOGY - PROVINCE

Stanko Pavleski

Tome Adzиеvski

Three Counter-rules For Relating

Three Topognomes to Everything Else

spring 2004
VELES

I. No Exhibit

Work-self-gathering
at the Events
Considering the Work

I. First Topognome - Imagination with a Suggestion

Portrait of a Man from 1975 and
Portrait of a Woman from 2004

autumn 2004
DEBAR

II. Issue - On the Art Critique

My Anthology - Macedonian
Art and Critique
1954 - 2004

II. Second Topognome - Verbal Form

FLUX SESSION - IN DEBAR

winter 2004
GEVGELIJA

III. Signs of the Atrophic Culture

Tired of the Art

III. Third Topognome - Image with a Direction

Zen Refrigerators

This project is dedicated to those intellectuals who
won't abandon their home town

УМЕТНОСТ и малку другост - ДЕФОКУСИРАЊЕ кон:

Филозофија на **НЕУЖНОТО:**

Широко отворени очи,

СТОЈ НА ГЛАВА.

ПРОВОКАЦИЈА?

бистра вода,

или во покнатините на

ПРАВИЛАТА,

Пукнатините сè во

СÈ Е СЕКОГАШ ЗА ПОМЕСТУВАЊЕ

ТРИЛОГИЈА - ПРОВИНЦИЈА?

слободен пад,

Дали револт, пркос,

Чиста **ЕНЕРГИЈА** -

невестинска постела,

РАБНИТЕ МЕСТА,

ПОИМИТЕ...

парче ќе престорат

ART and a little bit of otherness - DEFOCUSING towards:

Philosophy of the **NECESSARY:**

Eyes wide open,

HEADSTAND.

PROVOCATION?

clean water,

or in the cracks of

THE RULES,

The cracks will turn

EVERYTHING IS ALWAYS LIKELY TO SHIFT

TRIOLOGY - PROVINCE?

free fall,

Is it revolt or opposition

Pure **ENERGY** -

wedding bed,

THE LIMINAL POINTS,

THE CONCEPTS...

everything to pieces



Why this book, this project, or ten points on the reasons

1. A continuation of my first book - work "An Unwritten Book to the Mediator", actually the interest for certain problems of the critique, but not only that...
2. Because of the causal exchange of the "roles" with the critique and in order to poke (artistically) the things that are under the "rule" of the critique.
3. Because we don't have an exhaustive attempt to bring together the most significant achievements of the Macedonian art critique and theory, which is inexplicable, and for me it is a reason for artistic provocation.
4. Because / on the problems "outside" the fine art itself, but essential for the artistic processes.
5. Because of the criteria, the values, the professionality and the flaws - in order to reduce the arbitrariness and to aim the outlook solely on the work.
6. Because of the problems in / on the art (professional, moral, system...), initially included in the book, but beyond its covers.
7. Honoring the author - the creation and, subsequently, on the sustainment of the thesis that the artist is the best in evaluating his/her own achievements.
8. Because of the choosing and presenting, because of the outlook and the artistic experience / inexperience, curiosity, love and feeling of the artwork, the creation and the radiation of the words...
9. Because of the level and the contribution of the polemic (from the present to the group "Denes" - "Today"), since it is logical that the expectations and the polemics lead to a quality shift of the relations, in this, as well as in any other sphere of our endeavors.
10. Because of the book-like form and the shift towards the visual - artistic one.

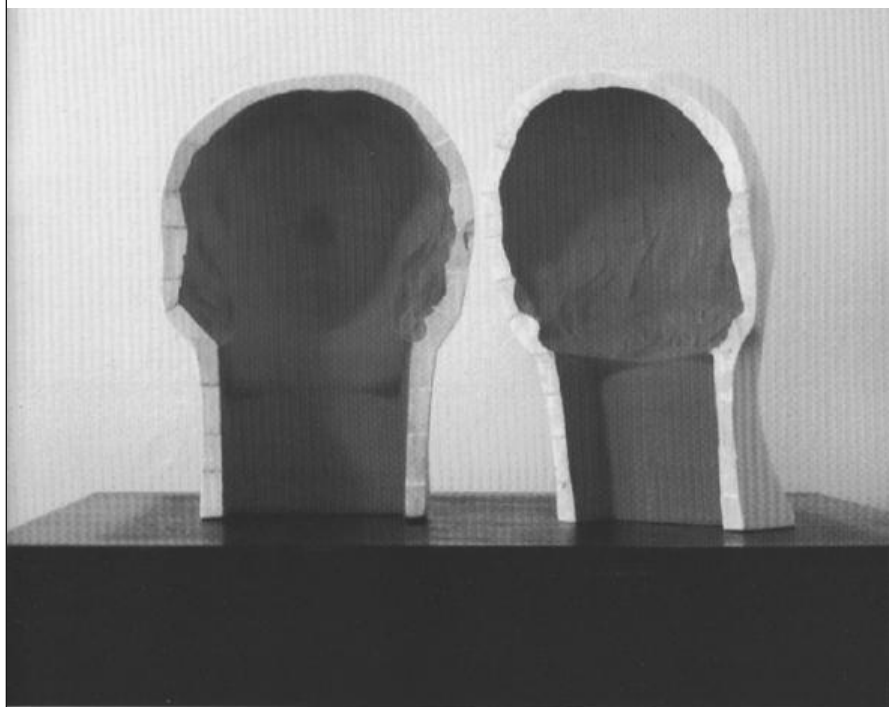


*With Sonja Abadziewa and Boris Petkovski
(among others with whom I have contacted and helped me in to work on the book)*

STANKO PAVLESKI

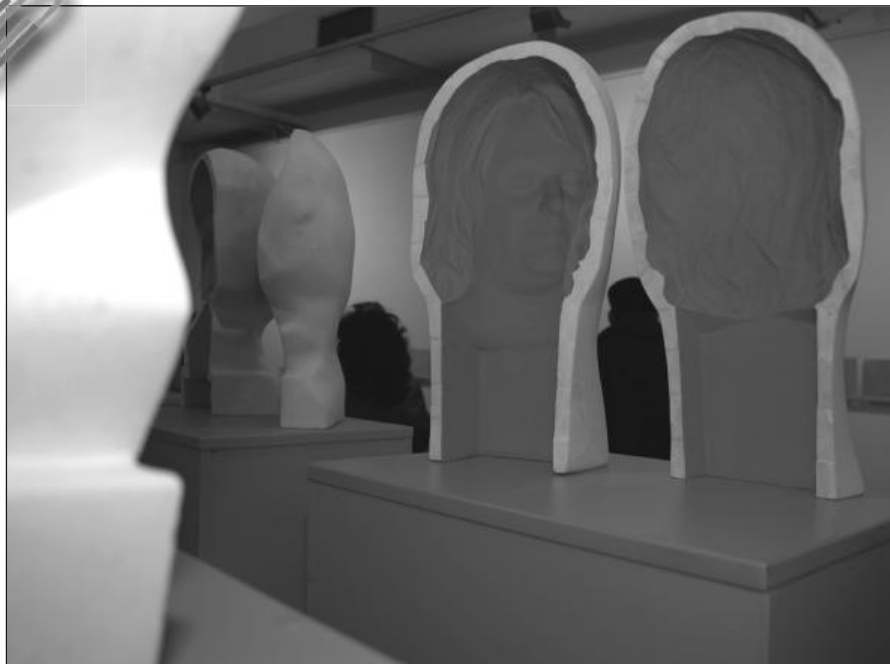
**SIGNS OF THE ATROPHIC CULTURE
TIRED OF THE ART
ART CRITICS, . . .**

I used to "hang out" with the personalities and the characters of the "dominant currency" of the Macedonia art critique of today - with the weariness as a virtue, the delayed hedonism and the hedons of every kind, between lethargy and tragicomical apathy.



Заморените од уметност – ЛКМ'1001 (детал од инсталација од 7 портрети во негатив – калап), 2005, гипс и акрилик, 45x50x30

Tired of the Art - LKMC001 (part of an installation containing 7 portraits in negative – mould), 2005, plaster and acrylic, 45x50x30



Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Fri, Oct 17, 2008 at 8:04 PM

8:04 PM **me**: Hello, how are you? It seems as I have some problems with my e-mail?

8:05 PM **Biljana**: Anywhere, connection...Hey, this is totally crazy...I can not believe that I hardly wait to put down the paints

8:06 PM You know what, I can not believe what are you writing..the exhibition should be held at the Caffe Gallery which is called cellar or

8:07 PM Fine and nice atmosphere with relaxed people mostly sensitive also to the art

8:08 PM **me**: I believe that you will like the material, but I didn't by the best way, you are very good, you will settle it. I am used to write at Cyrilic Letters, so my letters are mixing and changing...

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Fri, Oct 17, 2008 at 8:42 PM

8:12 PM **Biljana**: It is a very bad connection.

8:16 PM **me**: I think that I know the space of your exhibit, but I am not so sure that I was there with Sava Stepanov. If I am right, that looks great, but if there are enough clean walls I can not remember, maybe from the alcohol, maybe the reason was the light...

8:18 PM **Biljana**: yes, you are right... I was also thinking that the walls are dirty..i wasn't there for a while, but I know the owner so I will call him and he will paint the walls

8:20 PM Somehow I wanted my exhibition to be with people, galleries are full of people just at the openings and then... almost nobody... there was a Grain and the Rain... But unfortunately I do not have a photos, just one from the newspaper..If it is important to you I will send it to you...

8:25 PM **me**:... I didn't think to the white than to clean walls...i thought about the other space at which at Bienale 07 were exhibiting our trukish colleague and it was a space like that with the walls made by fasade bricks, I do not know, it doesn't important. It is important that it is enough live space and I agree that it is important for the Project.

8:28 PM Anyway, you can send me what do you have from Grain and the rain, I believe it was wonderful.

8:30 PM **Biljana**:... my mother has something from the newspapers, but I do not remember where she put it...she is now in Skopje

8:31 PM I was working at the organization... I didn't match to take a look or to ask somebody to take photos

8:32 PM **me**: OK, then you can give me an description, you are writing nice and easy, I believe you...

8:36 PM Hey I didn't ask you, how you are spending your time with the children, are they listening to you or not.. And Milan?

8:39 PM **Biljana**: They are fine... Milan just arrived from his grandparents...there are some of them that can surprise us good, they are better and better... I watch them mostly...for ex. Milan is looking for colours and I give him what he wants and when I do not hope enough he surprises me well... I will send to you his pieces...

8:42 PM I am going early morning to Belgrade to the seminar of education... I will be bussy two days... so I have to leave the boys everything at order and fine... I will write to you later, when I finish my obligations.

me: I think about that how do you manage with everything? I would like to see what did the young boy made with his heart at his lips.

8:43 PM **Biljana**: ok... regards, until new mail.

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Fri, Oct 17, 2008 at 11:54 PM

..i was looking, but i didn't find it...there are all my old things at the garage... I was moving out at least three times just in Novi Sad... my brother and me sold the house, so some of the things are left unpacked..But mostly everthing is placed vertically and...

Firstly, there is my mother's portrait, and there she wears Japanese kimono which she got from the Japanese boy- she saved him of a group of hooligans, and he saved his head because my mother... so they meet each other and she recommended him next time when he comes to bring her a real Japanese kimono.

As second there is a vertical frame of blind and to the bottom and at the top there are attached pieces of old weave part where the small strains go through... All of that belonged to my mother's grandmother Sanda. Inside the threads there is a kimono placed... kimono is white with applications of big flowers, a belt also at red colour with golden threads.

Then there is a blind frame just with red background with vertical placed eight spoons and by everyone of them there are written one bad habit... eight little mothers... jealousy... envy... hate... anger... fraud... desire... power... vice... and to the right side there is hanging red-white cooking rag.

Then there is a frame with a canvas. To the bottom of the frame there is a wooden shelf, at the canvas there is a texture made by sand at the colour of soil... at the shelf there is a green ceramic box for powder, a little dish...

When I was kid I was keeping there my golden ring with a red rubin looking like a snake. Everyday I was checking that box. I was thinking that I will see anything strange and unusual... I was climbing at the mother's chair and I was expecting a miracle...next...

the old wooden commode... I put the chair in front of it... and I thought that it will be all...

and the surprise of the evening was that my mother come into the Cellar (although I didn't expect her to come from Skopje), she found some extra bus line and she came just before the opening ceremony, and at that moment I knew that I will find her into that chair... the title at *Gradjanski List* newspaper was: *Mommy closed the Circle*. The music that was at the background was by Philip Glass – Uakti, where the rivers are describe...

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to pavleskis@gmail.com
date Fri, Oct 17, 2008 at 10:53 PM

10:53 PM **Biljana**: I am sending you a rain

10:56 PM I was in a hurry

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Sat, Oct 18, 2008 at 12:23 AM

What is going on... how could i sleep now?

eh!

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Mon, Oct 20, 2008 at 11:07 AM

Mail box, text, a hanging glass, and problem negative, empty, full...I am confused.

I can see you sitting and smiling...

I don't know if i should do that "Mine" thing.

Vibration-radiation-materialization... maybe that thing that you didn't materialized... somehow continued to radiate...who knows...but i don't know what to do...

Detail

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Mon, Oct 20, 2008 at 3:17 PM

SMALL question!

Do you have the text in word, those in English... in a grey background, from **Tricol... ?** by the way... very good :)

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Mon, Oct 20, 2008 at 11:17 PM

11:06 PM **me:** Hello! I read you're e-mails... I will try to find the files-prepares about Cinema Napredok... so I can send them to you, but if it not works, I will present you the projects in a much more concentrated file... I'm occupied with some documents, and you know how horror at the cadastre and community desks it can be... as soon as I collect everything that I have and I have it in my head, you will have it all..

11:10 PM The coincident that happens are really unbelievable... of course, there is something in the stars...

11:17 PM How was in Belgrade? You know, that seminars, briefings and others can be really boring... don't take so hard with education, I think that you have knowledge and sense in that field of activity, that is enough for you for self accomplishment... do not give oneself up on that demagogues... Live health and make art, you will glow in the education too.

11:20 PM I'm to slow, till I prepared... you went offline...

Biljana Kljajic

If you show up, I'll still work something... I will see that if you call meanwhile...

Biljana Kljajic Loading... Oct 21

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Tue, Oct 21, 2008 at 12:42 AM

These seminars are OK... Implementation of human values in education... it is fun... This is my third seminar of this type; here are some of the jokes...

The real education is not related with the World, it is related with you

To teach is not only a method; it is what we have to be.

And of the culture, is perfection.

The teacher has to be a sculptor and to see what possibilities the student has.

For successful affect on some objects, it needs to be well known; in the period of rising up that object is the child.

How many children remember something with the methods:

- tell me: they will forget 90% of material the same day;
- show me: they will remember 50% of the material; and
- to take a part in: they will remember 90% of the material.

Biljana Kljajic

**In case you receive an e-mail with text “Life is beautiful”
ERASE IT IMMEDIATELY!!!**

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Wed, Oct 22, 2008 at 7:55 PM

Dear All

Although IT has said that this is OK please read the below just in case...

Charlotte

Please

Be extremely careful especially if using internet mail such as Yahoo, Hotmail, AOL and so on.

This information arrived this morning direct from both Microsoft and Norton.

Please send it to everybody you know who has access to the Internet.

You may receive an apparently harmless email with a Power Point presentation 'Life is beautiful.'

If you receive it DO NOT OPEN THE FILE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, and delete it immediately.

If you open this file, a message will appear on your screen saying: 'It is too late now, your life is no longer beautiful.' Subsequently you will LOSE EVERYTHING IN YOUR PC and the person who sent it to you will gain access to your name, e-mail and password.

This is a new virus which started to circulate on Saturday afternoon. AOL has already confirmed the severity, and the antivirus software's are not capable of destroying it. The virus has been created by a hacker who calls himself 'life owner'

PLEASE SEND A COPY OF THIS EMAIL TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS and ask them to PASS IT ON IMMEDIATELY

... Oct 23, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

Coincidence - waves of heat...

From your description, I imagine a good picture of the truth of Verticals and Zrno (grain) and Kisha (rain), and that with your mother, I didn't imagine in that way (I wrote you something), not knowing that the case was the motive of decision "to mama close circle" I like that kind of fast author decisions, motivated of the strength of the moment, because they are not recurrent, to be noticed or useful. I though that its advanced planned action, some kind of uncontrolled scenario where the privilege space is marked as a space where the presence of live sculpture will exist, so I was really wondering how did you come up with that... but here, coincidence took her part and everything finishes in the moment of recognizing the missing piece. Whether exhibiting into alternative spaces gets its own attitude, the same has an impact and determines the part of esthetical dimension of art and certainly talks about your position for the painting, art and artistic processes.

The landscape- which moves in you and roll over as faster to see the neon in The House, obviously follows the lines drawn in the First Your House, as a new deep trace that conveniently writes and sign you and please don't tell me any stories about somehow reasons for delaying...

In the material that I send you is really hard a men to figure it out... I will try to explain what the thing is about: picture 1 is a front page of a catalogue-newspaper (printed in the daily newspaper Dnevnik) for the project Cinema Napredok 2 (Cultural centre Tocka, March 2003) which together with Tome Adziewski we have made it (we function only with making agreement in the field of our interest that closes in the general title of the projects, and we both present a separate art piece) as a protest for unconvincing Explanation of the Commission for electing Macedonian represent for Venetian Biennale 2003, that can be understood as dissatisfaction that our project was not elected, (sounds subjective but the project deserved that); pictures 2-9 are from unrealized project Cinema Napredok, actually my part of the project with the two proposed variants of Written art – Painted Word 1 and 2, with I applied for Venice 2003, and the same one was culprit for the second ad for our ongoing tandem work; picture 01-09 are from the project Written art – Painted Word 3 (on the cover of the catalogue- newspaper) in the frames of Kino Napredok 2, and the photography 10 is from the exhibition Conceptual discourse (Sonia Abadziewa Dimitrova) realised in MSU- Skopje, where my Three-color was exhibit (those glass aren't part of my piece); from the Word document 001, to 006 there are photography from the project Without an exponent- first part of the Trilogy – Three anti rules for a relation, as a part from then (spring 2004, Veles) the new project with Adziewski, with the title Cinema Napredok 3: Trilogy Providence; from 0001 to 0004 (and Adobe Acrobat 0005 and Word document 0006) are pictures from the second part f the Trilogy: Art over the Book- Book over the cover: My anthology- Macedonian art and critics 1954- 2004 (you know from Boat from hard script), introduced in Debar, the fall 2004: from 00001 to 00005 are pictures from the third part of the trilogy: Signs of atrophic culture: Tired of art- art reviewers, introduced in Gevgelija, spring 2005. In Tired... on the high post aments I exhibit portraits of seven Macedonian art reviewers, actually two parts of the gypsum (plaster) model. Trilogy Providence 1, 2, 3 in whole we have presented in Skopje, in Multimedia centre Small Station, February- march 2006 and in the same time we present the book (Sonia Abadziewa Dimitrova) in which we closed our project... I'm waiting for the day when we can see each other so I can give you all this editions for which so far I could write you about them and send you some photos. Come on Stanko, you can send all of this by post can't you?.. and I can finish now with my presentation; Adobe Acrobat at the end is my part in the CD presentation of couple of Macedonian artists, realized and distributed in Art Republic, a magazine for Art and culture of living.

More explanations... on the Tricolour (sito print on fabric) the Explanation of the Commission is printed on Macedonian, English and Italian, so the public can know what was going on. I additionally make this freaky reality harder by connecting the peace with the Trilogy of Kishlovski: Red, Blue and White... in the Recipe (sito-print on fabric) I mix some not logical and not professional things included in the Explanation... and the mail box, property of the art of Victoria Vaseva Dimeska (I took it from her building entrance, so now she can have something from me), bought in Venice, and in my hands in the act of exhibition is becoming art piece (Dishan made it in the 20 years of the 20 century), but more with the story of Venice and his significances as a subject for communication witch could be used by the audience.

And Written Art - Painted language 1 and 2 and Trilogy Providence 1, 2, 3 are stories for them selves, in which a lot of my energy and every kind of effort is built, so I hope that the 10 Word documents I send to you will succeed to make some things clearer and to get closer a part of all those things.

Please write me something about you... very often I can be selfish... I don't know if you are familiar with that... ?



Project: “Cinema Napredok”

“Cinema Napredok (Progress)” is a combination of the projects of Stanko Pavleski “Written Visuality - Painted Language” and Tome Adziewski’s “We are all, in fact, Albanians”, which, at first sight, do not correspond as a display in a certain, common space. They are linked together by the fact that they are the result of the Macedonian art scene: they are a review of part of the problems that are being treated here by the artists and by the theoreticians. The stand for the publicity material that is meant to be in between in the room, as well as the title “MAKEDONIJA” on the wall between them is playing the role of a connecting tissue. But, this is where the riddle occurs. At first sight, it is about elaborating and posing two different problems, two esthetics, two approaches and two systems of values. While Stanko Pavleski deals with the problem of the artwork and its existence and redefinition within the world theory of art, Tome Adziewski deals with the local political-sociological-ethnic problem.

“Written Visuality - Painted Language” sets a communication among the leaders of the art theory, the ones that through their essays, critiques and texts define the visual art, imposing the process of textualization of the artistic/visual language. Generally, penetrating towards the role of the artist, to be the promoter of new rules in the domain of the esthetic visual innovations and sensations.

“We are all, in fact, Albanians” proceeds from the problem that is imposed to the Republic of Macedonia, that seems local only at first sight, and so far referring to only a small population. The concept of ethnic identity is one of the ways of defining the Otherness and the Other. Its emphasizing and pointed politicization as a kind of political marketing opens doubts and directs the questions exactly towards the Otherness of the Other.

But, the riddle in the two displays of the project lies in its reading at several levels:

1. The first reading is in the title whose local meaning is multi-layered. “Cinema Napredok” as a metaphor of the opposite. At the most narrow local level it refers to the contents of the existing cinema as an example of social and esthetic decadence. In a wider local regional scope it mocks the concept that does not exist as such in the other social systems, and is a result of the system that is passing us by.

2. On the inscription “Makedonija”. This formulation has no meaning in no other language but in the local one. It is a word, a meaning that lexically does not exist in no other language that uses Latin alphabet. It secludedly questions the battle for the name, and is a paraphrase by Hans Hakke.

3. The title “Written Visuality - Painted Language” is a paradigm of the contemporary process in the fine arts. Its objective is to play with the place and the role of the text, language and theory in fine arts. The shift of the roles of the lexical sign and artistic sign within the artwork is setting a trap by itself.

4. “We are all, in fact, Albanians” is considering the Albanians as a metaphor for someone’s identify, it positions them as a problem and threat for the identity of the others that are not declared as such, but it also poses the question worldwide. The problem of the Otherness still exists where it seems to have been solved (Irish/Englishmen, Spaniards/Basks, Flemish/French, Americans and the white/black population).

On the display:

The project of Stanko Pavleski “Written Visuality - Painted Language” is meant to set a communication with renown names from the art theory and critic. The communication should result with their texts that would be set in baroque frames. Their names will be engraved on a brass plates and set underneath the frames. This is a symbolic replacement of the role of the visual language of the artist with the theoretical one of the critic. He uses the frame and the form in which the great artworks are set in the museums. So, he provokes the current over-theoreticness of the art and replaces the visual sensations with a written text. Considering that a wider communication it supposes to occur, the entire process of correspondence, together with the texts, will be included in a book as a part of

the whole. The artist has a spare plan where the names of the same theoreticians in the brass plates would be set on the wall. With this inscription that reminds of a former iconography as a part of an ideology, these persons would again have the role of “fallen” heroes for the art and their positioning on a pedestal, same as in the first case, is not questionable. The question that is posed is: where is the artist here, in whose service is he or in whose service should he be? In service of the theoretician? In service of the art? Who is submitted to whom?

Tome Adziewski is planning to show photographs, photo-sequences from a video material from Kapadokia which will show men and women that only seem to be Albanian archetypes. The subversion lies in the fact that these people are Macedonians with Islam religion who had moved to Turkey after the Balkan Wars. An inscription in Italian will be set above, reading “Tutti noi siamo Albanesi”, meaning “We are all Albanians”. The explanation of the origin and the nature of the photographs is meant to be included in the catalogue.

The two projects, set in such a way, opposite in many ways, are actually linked together exactly in their opposition; they are linked by the dominating metaphors. This is where the complexity of the project “Cinema Napredok” actually lies. In their difference, in their non-compactness, non-linkability, local/global, art/politics, picture/text. While they are linked together on the front that both artists open towards the problem that concern them.

Nada Peseva, project assistant

P R O J E C T

for Venice 2003

“Written Visuality - Painted Language II”

Description of the installation

On the dominant wall in the gallery, on a dark brown (velvet) background, the names of several world known art historians, art critics, curators and art theoreticians will be written. The inscription (on the entire surface of the wall) will be in brass letters, in a size readable from the entrance, but also adequately dimensioned and adapted to the wall.

The ultimate impression should have a necrological and necropolitan dimension that will excite, confuse and provoke questions and riddles.

Occasions

Written visuality - painted language is a paradigm of the contemporary processes in fine arts.

There is a shift of the visual-artistic axis from the artistic-visual towards the text, the contextualization, the literality, the narration of the everyday, the banally clear and visible, the socio-political, the creation of the artistic through the language and especially the reason or the product of all this - the assessment and the control of the initial creative points by the theory as a medium that makes art dependent on the language, the rhetorical and the narrative which leads towards a new social positioning of the art as serving the socio-political, but also a new positioning (through the shift of the attitude) between the supporting agents (artist - critic) and the processes in the fine arts.

It is in the nature of the theory to prefer the language and to initiate such processes in fine arts, but one must have the necessary responsibility to avoid affecting the strength of the artistic-visual and the needs of formal sensations and stimulation as the basic particularities of the medium.

The theory initiates and sets an art that is easily accessible, since it has incorporated in that art a strong theoretical code. It has enriched the art with a new context and new issues, which was not strange to the art even earlier, but today it is burdened with occasions and problems that are too much out of the nature of the artistic medium so that it affects the artistic quality of the artwork that is gradually retreating before the traps of the language, getting impoverished to the level of banality.

The artistic is threatened to get out of itself and accept to be a pure illustration of the language.

Such processes of fundamental submission and depersonalization of the fine arts was not known so far. This would have been a surprise even in the period of the nazism and communism

There are several processes and preconditions that influence this unnatural shift of the fine arts, but I am interested in the part that refers to the contribution of these processes to the art theory in general, through several questions and problems:

- The art is threatened to drown in a sea of words
- What shall we do with an artwork deprived of art problems and burdened with human problems (Bojan Ivanov)
- The art is meant to be seen
- Contextualization does not mean minimization of the visuality

- The level of readability is lowered and reduced to banal symbolic
- The visual is unified, which refers to the artistic view and attitude, as well
- Is the elite replaced with popular
- The theory controls the initial in the art

Setting the names of the renowned theoreticians in a line as exhibits, I want to basically draw the attention towards them, pointing to an open view and analysis, same as I approach an artwork. I am interested in the initial thought that comes to the viewer's mind on the importance of the analysis of the meaning, role and responsibility of the theory in the processes of the art. Subjecting the theoretician - the theory to consideration in such a form leads to the conclusion that the language, as its means of articulation, has the same strength and responsibility as the artwork in the processes in the art and that there is a serious need of such streams.

The necrological and necropolitan dimension of the installation is my attitude towards the need to temper the processes that lead to the paradigm "written visuality - painted language" that I consider mainly as "credits" of the theory.

Stanko Pavleski, 14.01.2002



CINEMA NAPREDOK 2

CULTURAL CENTER POINT

"Cinema Napredok 2" - Progress is a project worked together with Tome Adziewski and represents a continuing of our project named "Cinema Progress", applied at the National Application for the Venetian Biennial – 2003. My part of the project "Dictatorship from the mediator (middleman) - Three color" is a word sampled from the Venetian Biennials subject matter "Dreams and conflicts - Dictatorship on the viewer" and the Trilogy Three Color red, blue, white from the director Kislowski. The title suggests a reexamination of the phenomenon of visual dictatorship and the need for relocating the causers, from the author towards the theoreticians of art, who try to force their own fictions in the art process through out a subtle system in an obtrusive way, doing so-called dictatorship on the streams of art and artist's freedom and sources. Through the textual visualization as a product of those processes dictatorship is forced on the consumer - viewer as well. The ways to textual, the visualization seems to dim the real causes of sacrificed Fine - artism, a sensation and a feast of eyes and other senses. The "good intentions" are already in doubt of globalists and multiculturalists, the force of the everyday

accuracy art, the art of small narrations, female art, the art of the public and those kinds of things that they are trying hard to represent. That seductive gamma is seen in the Explication of the National commission for Venice - 2003 in fact their selection. They represent strange, groundless (unsustained) criteria and with those things, they are clouding the wide public but as well as the professional public. What they aim to be an essence in their Explication is nothing more than thin web that cannot constrain even a subtle analytical approach. What seem to be the reason why the commission did not encourage it self to organize a press conference (that should be their responsibility) which occasion deserves and the public expect. The commission is hiding behind a so-called explication and does not confront itself with the public, so I decided to make this project as a protest or a reaction to the commissions attitude towards the occasion, the public and the pale criteria critical for their choice. The problem of choosing our representative for the Venetian Biennial or not having a strategy is something that happens to us continuously since the first time we took part in the event in 1993 till present day. We do not learn from our mistakes; we don't think strait in the process of selecting for this spectacular world event; we engage the preparations in the last moment; we don't animate the institutions and don't care for their opinion; the commissions are closed and usually have a lack of experience in this matter; we can not free ourselves from personal interest and envy of any kind and other things that make us slow and without initiative.

Short explication of the project

I exhibit three canvases in baroque stile frames on the gallery's dominant wall printed in serigraphy The explication of the national commission for the selection of the representative for the Venetian Biennial – 2003. The dimensions of the canvases are 133x93 cm - the red one is a copy of the text in Macedonian, the blue one in English and the white one in Italian. Displaying the translations, the problem gains depth and further acknowledges our stupidity and local-philosophy. The three background colors derive from the Kieslowski's trilogy (his most known work) which silently aims to repaint the truth, which is evident in The explication of the commission. Sacrificing the "truth" may not always be a result of incompetence, but more likely a product of non-crossable envy.

On the opposite, smaller wall, I exhibit one canvas (100x70 cm) in a simple wooden frame. This decision causes this work to gain uniqueness in the whole arrangement. On the white surface of the canvas I am applying a hand-written text (serigraphy) in two columns, in Macedonian and English. The recipe is

a satirical reaction of the unconvincing pale text of the commission, which is the essence of the project. The pale criteria sound like a bizarre recipe for a work of art, or what you have to scramble to get a chance to present yourself on the Venetian Biennial. The content of the recipe comes from the content of the notorious Explication making a parody of its lack to convince. On one of the smaller walls, I apply a renaissance postal box (supplied from Venice from Victoria Vaseva-Dimeska), as a subject - a sign of a possible communication, a subject that the audience can use. My intention is not to provoke a communication by it, but to use it as a subject by itself, as a sign, communication, riddle, question mark, simply-presence.

February 1, 2003, Stanko Pavleski

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

*of the Committee for selecting the official representative of the
Republic of Macedonia at the Venice Biennial 2003*

Following the competition opened from 01.06.2002 to 30.06.2002, the Committee for selecting the representative at the Venice Biennial 2003 has thoroughly considered the projects that had arrived with all the additional enclosures: textual explanations, sketches, drawings, plans, photographic and video materials etc. Considering the relatively short notice and the fact that the artists were a priori handicapped for not knowing the actual exhibiting room and the topic of the Biennial, the Committee has decided that the submitted projects, made for an imaginary space, although thoroughly considered, mostly do not correspond to the space and can not reach the expected creative effects. Due to the obvious discrepancy between the projects and the offered exhibiting space, the Committee consulted the artists and they all agreed to make their projects adequate to the spatial possibilities.

Generally, the Committee has received mostly the projects-cycles that have been presented so far, yet in different variants. They are dominated by the conceptual approach whose topics follows the relation politics-everyday. The absence of artistic articulation is compensated by the pretentious intellectualization that, to a large extent, influenced the lack of creative freshness of the concepts. Due to all the stated reasons, the Committee hesitated between two solutions: absence of our representative from the Biennial, or representation with two projects. Yet, considering the circumstances such as the jubilee of the Biennial and the rare op-

portunity for our artists to participate at the international scene, the Committee, however, decided to propose the following artists:

1. Vana Urosevic with the project “Changes”, suggested by the Museum of Contemporary Arts, meant to be exhibited on the ground floor of the object.
2. Zaneta Vangeli with the project “Integralisms”, suggested by the Art Gallery, meant to be exhibited on the first floor of the object.

The question of the definite choice of representatives at this year’s Biennial was not only a question that touches the esthetic, but also the ethic dimension. The Committee hopes that the proposed projects could be more successfully realized and that they could respond to the topic, as well as to the given space.

COMMITTEE:

Prof. Vladimir Velickovski, p.H. D., president
Konca Pirkovska, art historian, member
Goce Bozurski, art historian, member

Trading the golden lion for a camel

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Fri, Oct 24, 2008 at 11:20 AM

Nothing is better than the morning coffee and a letter from you... mmm... I'm going to take another one... I just read the article about movie theatre NAPREDOK 2... Good recipe... terrible truth!

... You know what I think...i think that even Venice without taking all the expertise in consideration...very quickly sinks toward the bottom of the muddy sea, it's so obvious... I've looked through their sites before and now and hope that one day I'll go there to see it up-close... if my will for time isn't totally put off.

And the chance is not for you it's for them! They who don't have the distance to see or understand the meaning, art loses her value on a very creepy way in fact the thing that had to stay as a clear basic of all that is done in effort for wisdom to be considered from within and outside of the mental experience, they kill the seed which can grow in a really healthy picture, changing all that for a 1000 years of travelling journey through meaningless walk... their feet will get tired... and they are already in a sea of dumbness.

Dictators... well yes... they don't do this with the children in the kindergarten anymore... it's painfully hilarious!

I'm pleased with the thing that you've done... The thing with the mailbox it's very good, also the clothes and the whole idea is fantastic, but still I need another word it's not fantastic but really present and exist. When we should define what really exists there must be another terminology that will explain that... for example... truth... she is seductive and hides in the early meaning of action, it's necessary to recognize her in the sea of revelations, but you told me the truth so loud that she was shouting, I don't know why they didn't heard her... they must got scared when they saw that the golden lion was not the prize but actually the prize was to be a lion. Written art –painted language was too much even for them... but it's ok there is time but they will have to get a scuba gear for the sea of art.

Not only to get chance for Venice, but the question is does Venice still have a chance! Kiril and Metodij has managed to get to Italy... they were fighting for the cyrilic alphabet (just like Stanko for Art) and they were the Truth and the Way, that wasn't separated from them they lived for their cause but somehow Italy dictates our existence, our pour Mezija, we all were their province so still our eyes are on the midevil dream.

The Province in ourselves makes us small but has deeply rooted a habit to observate unproved and small as if we don't have the strenght to wake up. Still we should free the lions from the zoo... don't ever, ever, ever give up!

... Yes if u ask me... I like to get lost inside you... your greed is so beautiful...

This morning I woke up in my dream... in the dream I was pregnant, my belly was huge and had an egg shape... I also had contractions, but this time I wasn't scared at all I was holding the ultra sound report in my hands in which was writen... that in my stomach... one perfectly healthy female child and also a perfectly healthy male child... but I was sure that I was carring only one child... I was waiting to give birth in a room in Skopje where once my sculpture Ma-materija was standing, (she was from plaster with a big stomach without head).

When I got up I just smiled... I knew that a new baby was waiting for me high LOW...

Outside this context... its possible that I will soon visit Skopje, it seems my mother has sold the house in Skopje, when the documents are transferred from the late grandmother to her children, on my mom her sister and her brother on the property paper... it's possible that we will have to go get my mom from Skopje... there you go we could soon see eachother!

... Oct 25, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

I trade Venice for you in Skopje!

... Depending of your free time in Skopje and depending how long can you stay, please don't forget that here you have a friend who will be horribly mad if he doesn't see you!... hey my dear I forgot to thank you for the comparations, in fact for Stanko as an answer to Serra and Paul Notzold`s Textual Healing and certainly if you use that kind of comparison also for Marcus Garvey & Man Ray Theatre 1913... I've downloaded the material but I didn't notice... also thank you for you're beautiful LITTLE portrait and for the hot black coffee... you surprise me beautifully... I also follow the YouTube-kbilja`s Channel everyday, you have wonderfull choice of videos and music that really refresh me... I like your effort (I like everything that you do and how you do it) and how much time does it takes you off, it has a beauty and pleasure in sharing, right?

Venice isn't my pain, I have been occupied with art long enough to know that most important thing is to create and that makes me happy, but it doesn't mean that I

should stay indifferent to the feeling that as a republic we don't approach more professionally to the selection and other following things which are important for our own well presenting of this of course relevant art fiesta... pre local or provincial behaving, privatizing the things and as the most people do to address to ourself (local hotshots from here to Vranje) and not to the world, no matter what it is... there is no need to feel too small or too big, no need to get into comparisons, because most of the time it naive and it doesn't matter and I wouldn't but I will say that I have left those things long time ago and it doesn't bother me anymore, I get bothered more by the people that are bothering with those things because it means a lot to them so they don't select means for their goals... to me it's important to be curvy normal if there is that kind of possibility and if there is a choice I would like to be sickly righteous as I think I am, but of course we are like we are in the eyes of the other people...

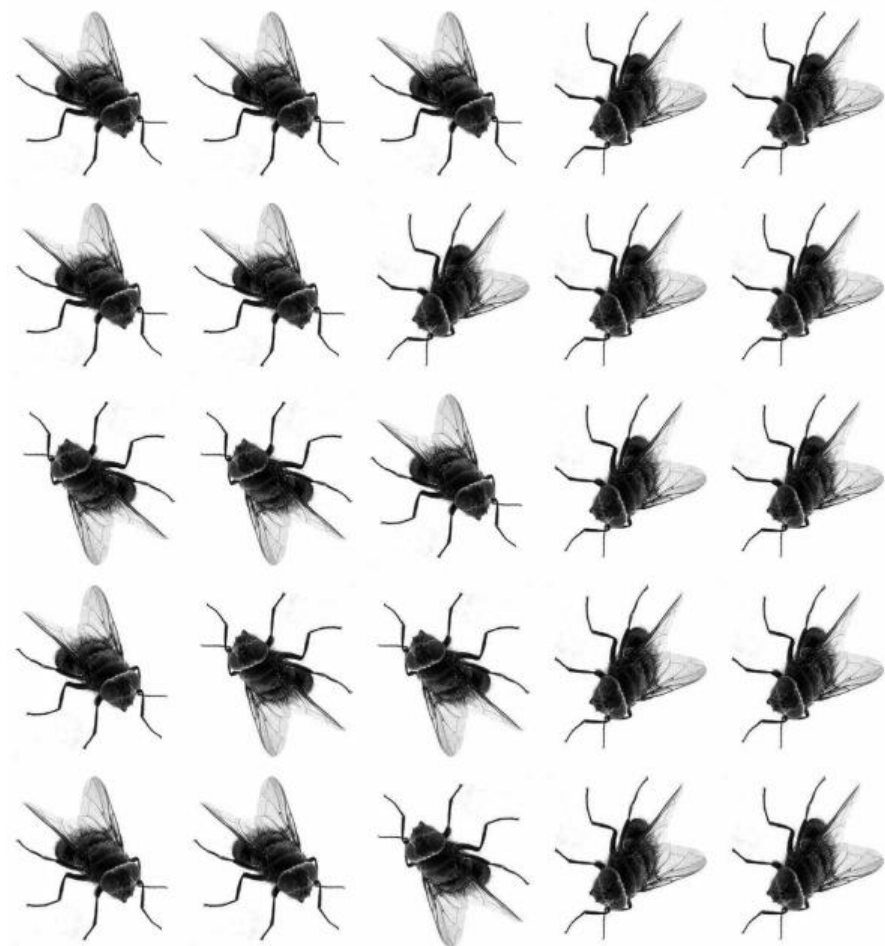
I see art in everything (in fact art even without my effort is in everything) for my testing of the stretchiness of the art frames and thickening the square of the frame, and what really would be art will depend from our strongness of our perception in the initiated interest and persuasiveness of the difference in finding the art forms... on that road everything becomes possible...

... our communication is more than beautiful...

... there is a fly that just can't get off my pc monitor and I just keep on swinging with my arm so I can show her that she is unwanted in this moment when I'm so deep into so I can more precisely pass you my thoughts. Nothing helps me against her persistent fly and hypnotical repeating of the tour by her already marked territory by the upper side of the monitor no matter that she knows that I'm losing my concentration. But it doesn't stop here she continues to jump on my text once in one line after that in other like she is trying to tell me something, to underline something... who knows, at first she annoyed me to notice her and probably expected to lead me into some game and I couldn't play and write seriously so I acted that I didn't notice that she was still in front of me... obviously insulted from my disinterest for her needs and my ignoring from her position behind the monitor she landed on my head like she wanted to underline something here also... who knows if she was trying to measure the lines on my forehead and their depth or was landing from one to another just because of the heat from the contact with them but really just to calm down her unpleasant feeling of rejection. Maybe my friend wanted really to say something to me because she knows that I allow her everything when I have the time for play. Suddenly she flew away disappeared till her next landing, feeling that she didn't pick the happiest moment and that her following actions will be useless I embarrassing. That made me sad a little bit but

I'm not in despair because surely she'll be back in some time when I could chase her in some of the lines on the monitor or on the lines of my forehead or to be more exiting I will ragely jump from joy and chase her jumping over the sofa or the chairs also the tables and in that happy moment I'll do anything to make up for the insults and please her...

I envy your dreams and the big volumes... you must be pregnant for sure my darling with or without the ultrasound proof you are really pregnant with a perfectly balanced male- female sex who won't leave us keep waiting for too long... in seventh or eight month of the pregnancy only two more months till the fiesta... High LOW will perfectly match him it makes me wanna pray...



„. . . `*~ * „. . . `*~ * „. . . `*~ * „. . . `*~ *

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to “pavleskis@gmail.com” <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Sun, Oct 26, 2008 at 4:34 PM
 subject „. . . `*~ * „. . . `*~ * „. . . `*~ * „. . . `*~ *

(`v´)

(.´) (.´) (.´) ,.´*~ * lucky fly... the winter is coming its cold outside, she must seduce you so you could keep her alive with your warmth... „. . . `*~ *... who knows what the fly wants, but probably her days are counted and she knows that... 🐛

But because I'm a master to make an elephant out of a fly... it's better for me to become serious...

... Otherwise grieves and those relations serve on the videos to connect not always with the same, but similar contents on You Tube, it easily makes the way to provide similar content because a right category for art still does not exist, but only a track for art, no matter that the category is unique that is maybe corresponds to the education, you betray me again with some Stanko the jazz man... It was really hard on me to bind myself to someone, because there are not so many authors, if something bothers you, please tell me... One friend taught me a little bit whom I don't even know his name, but never mind... it's important he is good... when you are looking for good things, those things are happening to you, so you can't see the rubbish... Otherwise, music in “baroque” is my brother's group, I hope you like it...

Yes... I was scared that music will destroy the art... but is a little bit like holiday without music, I understand that it's convenience for watching when there is a music?

...Probably I get bored to you more than that fly... I'm sure in that... but I can't help myself... it's my nature... completely without any point and reason... I'm still buzzing... until winter frozen my wings... „. . . `*~ * flies are never sympathetic, bees are fancy... worthy and hard working, butterflies and dragonflies, but they always have important work... when I was a child my parents have already been scared, I've spent hours observing the flies on a glass of a big door from the balcony and I've always asked myself what's the function of the flies... why do they exist, who invented them? I wasn't even aware that I will ask that same question to myself...

Here, you became green, I'm sending you a letter... 🐛

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Tue, Oct 28, 2008 at 3:36 PM

Yesterday I felt asleep at midnight... I got to the cake and you still weren't here... now you're probably at the college...

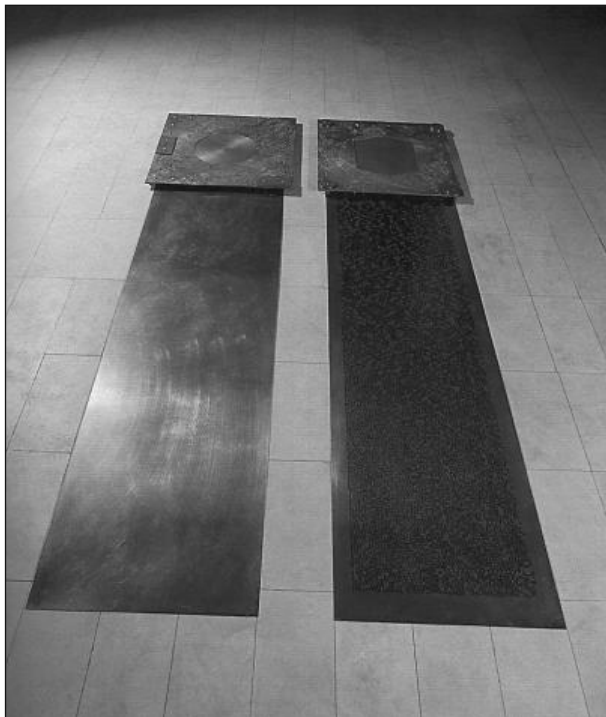
I had to write you a mail, I didn't plan it but the fly appeared at my monitor I began to laugh so hard. Yesterday before the workshop I read from the catalogue for the exhibition where Slavco was also present and we made a little chronology beginning from Balkan art 1996. And I wondered who I took a picture of, ha, ha... a famous dude in front of the museum of modern art (and I asked myself a question how are you ageing, some alchemy... now you look so much younger... blah! Everything is reversed with you guys... don't get conceited :) I had to say it...), but they didn't exhibit anything from your work inside... too bad... did Slavco bring you the catalogue (the white one)?

I tried to recognize also Nebojsa Vilich, but i didn't succeed, is he stills a strict professor? How's college?

I was just thinking what to do with the children tonight, we did human values a lot, Africa and Egypt also, some authors... I can't remember if I told you about the workshop when I did an exercise about self respect and auto portrait. Everybody had to tell nice characteristic of themselves... there was one girl who was working really nice and you can tell that she had talent, but for about half an hour she couldn't say nothing about herself, we had to say something and even on the end she opened up a little... by the way I got the first reactions... they started to explain how they recently got into school and now the parents are coming and they are very proud... that they are not good only in painting also in mother language they can explain much better now and write better also.

I will have to do some advertise of myself, I haven't done it till now, but it would be necessary to double my war, but I will wait for my mom to take care of the house a little bit (she like's it) so I can have more time for work. By the way all this time I'm speaking with the right person for this and I always forgot to ask him... methods... do you have any suggestion I have children from 5 to 10 years at my group. Here is my fly on the monitor; for real... it's edited... I'm going to get ready I'll be up after 20h... Just so you know... By the way I wouldn't mind if you don't respond to me quick... it's ok!!

They are going to send me in an army for computer addicts like in Japan...



Metal Anatomy or About Love – Star. Bird. Hous, 1995 – '97

The World in the Cube or a Circle. Energetic Transfer – Everything is a Pice.
Everything is transparent, 1996 – '97

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Wed, Oct 29, 2008 at 1:02 PM

Today I'm here all afternoon but you're not hereeeee.

These messages were sent to you while you were out of service.

13:24 PM pavleskis@gmail.com: Hello, I'm at work reading yours yesterday mail again

13:27... this with the fly seems rather interesting but maybe I messed something up with that fly of mine... it simply appeared so I wanted to register her presence just that...

13:30 I'm expecting you to show up...

13:33 I'm so happy when you get green, as I can touch you, here – there, I feel you very close...

13:40 I guess that you're on work... how it's going... is there anything interesting?... you have a nice way to describe the things that children say...

13:44 I'm here till 2.30 (PM of course) online...

13:50 Sorry about not appearing yesterday I wasn't in a good mood maybe you're feeling similar today or you're just busy

13:52 I like cheering you up constantly with something but sometimes I just make stupid mistakes by accident

14:00 Why I have the feeling that I did something wrong (maybe from your mail from yesterday...)... maybe its related to that thing with the fly, if that was the real problem next time I will just ignore that intruder no matter how hard she tries to make me play with her... she'll see...

These messages were sent while you were offline.

3:17 PM **Biljana**: you haven't messed up nothing... on the contrary I really liked that story with the fly I just had some work around the house in the afternoon my pc is on and I'm trying to do some weird multitasking, now I have to go to get ready for the workshop... I hope soon I'll be online again :)

The African wind from yesterday brought a beautiful day

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Fri, Oct 31, 2008 at 12:54 PM

Have I lost you somewhere?

I hope not... there was a warm wind yesterday they say it was from Africa, I was hoping that I'll get a letter from you with it, but nothing...

I'll try to be back again on 26.10. to see what did I did wrong, I see that I missed all the good stuff... for example a beautiful heading, all those thank you notes, a beautiful ending and I kept mentioning that fly, I loved the way you described it, something so ordinary and still amazing so that kept me thinking and now I don't know how to go back.

Not only I got hocked on but I also dressed in you with high LOW, so I miss you... now I'm leaving the dust and I'm going to find my centre I drove my self crazy a little bit...

... the day is so beautiful... the sun makes you smile and I ran out of red tea which I drink when I can't go to sleep... I may find some pumpkin on the bazaar for the tonight's workshop for the kids... that day when I asked you for a suggestion... we did pop art, it was totally crazy...

You haven't messed up a thing... maybe I will become that good when I grow up... bye...

... Nov 1, 2008 (one of the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

Introspections and the Necessary

I see I hear and I speak my dear... the necessary silence this time in which I'm in by accident reveals the loudness of the silence, the energy in which I'm at /I find you and more and more I realize that I'm missing the words that I use to describe myself and I write to you... I'm loosing myself from time to time even though I enjoy writing to you. I get a lot of work from time to time that makes me absent a little bit... they made me part of the exhibition of the Modern Macedonian art as a part of the Days of the Macedonian art in USA, that will be held on 17.11.2008 r. in MC Gallery in New York so the preparations are taking a bit of my time even though I exhibit already finished art pieces made in 1992 y.: Customs or for the

silence II, III, IV и V (the four is basically a square with dimensions 200cm x 200cm) that now are in property of Mr. Vladimir Lazov (owner of the marketing company Eurolinija) who has his own terms by which he would let the paintings and our museums and galleries aren't used to this new times and working with the necessary professionalism in this line of work... I have regular taking notes and visits in this last couple of days and I hope that all this arrangements and precise detailing will be finished successfully... here is also precisng my part of the exhibition than the photographing, preparation of the materials for the catalogue, selection of 50 photographs from my work for the CD that will go along with the catalogue and similar things that I'm so lazy to do.

I'm little refreshed by the fact that at least one day during the weekend I recreationally go to some destinations in the mountains around Skopje (also often happens that I go to other mountains in our little country of Macedonia), with Bile and our most regular companions, my brother and the sister in law. Along the way we seem to manage to pick some mushrooms from the few species that we know (I make beautiful stews but also I prepare them on grill), I also leave some for the winter... the dose of clean air and the green surrounding completely lift me up and bring me back to normal that for now usefully are managing against the dose of cigarettes and adrenalin...

Ooh I just made a lot of complaints (except the mountain)and to know that I haven't forgot about you (what about the thing that I can't get you out of my head, what about that?!) not even in the silence in which I continually write about you and paint you..

I see myself as an addict for fantasy who doesn't want to compile to the surrounding that disturbs my senses... I wouldn't recommend you to grow up (take care of the child inside you) even though I haven't been in a position like that before but when I'm careful to the things that are around me I don't find enough justified reasons to change your freshness...

I'm not unhappy nor I feel misunderstood until you don't comment some beautiful things (as you say)in my letters, because I know that you devote a lot of yourself and that you read them carefully... the letters doesn't even have that part in total replacement of the live communication they are somehow above that and should be above that... With the letters we entrap our scattered parts of the thought and senses.

I do find you (one way or another)... I caught you with Milan on Dunav (Artistiya) so I'm curious if you're hiding from me in another file... I really try but you can try to torture me less... oooh! Show yourself from behind that bush and runaway harder so you can be more interesting. Hide and seek (you played that game right)... after that you're seeking...

... by the way I watched a lot of material from your channel, also downloaded something from the Art videos (besides the wonderful choice of music) for my teaching

needs and to feel pleasant that I'm learning from my first student... as much as you're not feeling so good being my first..., either I feel no better that you're my first... you reminded me also on the Macedonian legendary songs so I listened to them all night long not even to talk about your favourite Disciplina kichme, or yours and mine favorite Pink Floyd and others, but not so bad like Habib Koite and others like him... I told you earlier but I'll mention it again you manage your Channel so good (even though I know so little about it), it really reflects you...

How's Stefan doing with Till, they sound great and they match nice with my Baroc..., don't I have his material from Skopje that also sounds interesting, but this sounds more powerful more personal in that sea of music and harmonies on this planet...

That thing with the tags I didn't know neither got on my mind (a lot of things I don't know about computers), they really do their job... that necessary link doesn't bother me on the contrary I'm honored that you've made an effort to find parallels that obviously are not random...

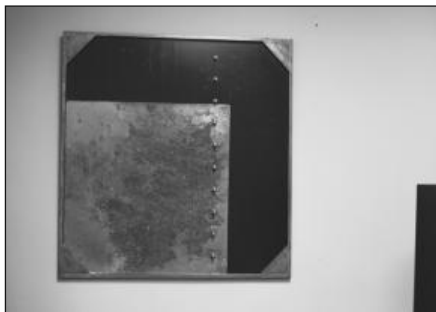
I got a lot of material from you, in my period of silence and normally now when I want to order everything from the many of interesting stuff that you write me about I have difficulty with the danger that they might sound incomplete like some unrelated short answers (like yes or no) like some no confident and scared student. Of course I will manage... I'm turning the pages where all important stuff from your letters are marked with stars on which I want to go back to sometimes I once again collide with the same dilemmas, what and where to insert and order... come on now Stanko, first write the thing that is most important and after that it should be easier after that even my grandmother can do it with some little mistakes with no effort, until the moment that the things will manage at their own and fall into their places like in a jigsaw... suddenly it occurs to me that in moments like this the digressions or the common places were always helpful...

... this thing with my used DILEMMAS, already becomes an obvious digression... something/somewhat common place? How I didn't think of her before my fantastic companion the FLY that also holds the place on the pedestal of this common place, she sure can be helpful in these moments of insecurity. I'm screaming from pleasure like Beethoven in the moment that he caught the rhythm for his Eroica and there goes the feather...

Aha here comes another digression but with context (it's like half a digression) in this moment 20:38 h, I'm downloading BISTRA VODA from your channel...

And now my darling everything is mixed up and this feather is not writing so well... it's not working...

In the next mail I suppose that I wouldn't need the fly even... as if I can think to leave my companion so easily, no way... she doesn't even know how much longer she'll stay on my walls I'll make her confess everything...

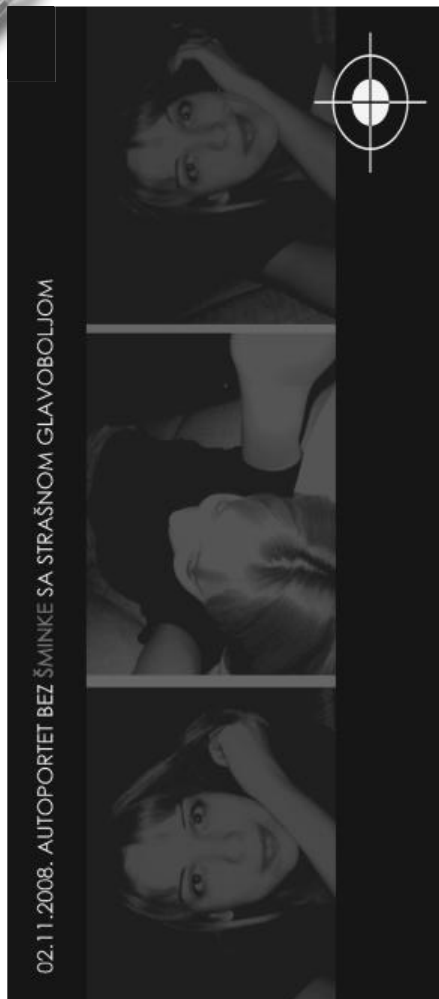


A part of my works of art (excluding the last), that are now a part of the private art collection of Mr. Vladimir Lazov

pshshshshshshtishshshshina!!!

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Sun, Nov 2, 2008 at 10:13 PM

pshshshshshshtishshshshina!!!



Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to pavleskis@gmail.com
date Mon, Nov 3, 2008 at 1:54 AM

11:23 PM **Biljana**: hi

11:25 PM I'm going to get some tea while you write **me**: I'm very sorry that you're sick, don't worry you'll get better...

11:26 PM **Biljana**: thanks... thanks

11:27 PM **me**: Do you still have insomnia?

Biljana: mmmhmmm

11:28 PM **me**: besides the headache you look nice

Biljana: :)

11:33 PM **me**: I was on a mountain today some of this mushrooms that I picked up would be really nice for you... I made some wonderful stew from sampinjoni, soncharki and vrganj... I haven't made it for long time and it fitted me so well... I hope that the headache is not serious

11:35 PM **Biljana**: ;) I'm meteopath... that's why my head hurts... that year when the tsunami were happening my head was banging from headaches if something is happening to mother earth I'm the first to know... mmm that stew has a really nice aroma...

11:36 PM **me**: does the tea helps you?... red tea, it should help you recover...

11:38 PM **Biljana**: yes... today I really drank a lot of that tea and listen to the play lists while I was doing my apartment, there was a lot of work... somehow it always piles up.

11:41 PM **me**: I haven't felt that the change in the weather has affection on me that much but today was very hot even on 1300 m, which made me a little bit of tired... you can forget about the apartment for a minute...

11:42 PM **Biljana**: oh... when I forget about it becomes worse... do you help your wife?

11:46 PM **me**: I help when they ask me but it's not like I offer, no no no, I haven't learned that yet... however there is time I'll learn that just so there is peace in the house

11:49 PM **Biljana**: well yes... but you're not that needy, Bora works in the bank, everyday he has a dirty shirt and everything that goes with it, and before you know

it the weekend is here, he sits on his bike and go for a ride... and I got to iron... and there were times when we were riding together on the bike on f.gora, he still was a student... and also my bike was stolen

11:55 PM **me**: take a rest, you need to recover from the headache after that you need to paint your Vinecellar/House... Fruska Gora... it isn't far away from Novi Sad... I have passed by it when I was heading to Backa Palanka and Ilok, but it seems to me that... I too often go to Saraj on a bike, or Matka or on the track near Vardar...

11:59 PM **Biljana**: It's really close, we were living in Sremska Kamenica before that where our house... it's not like Vodno and Matka, but there is a lots of nice tracks... I can't wait for my mom to come... that means that I start with the work. Am I boring?

12:02 AM **me**: No no I never get bored of you on the contrary our communication really motivates me...

12:04 AM **Biljana**: :) how are your preparations for NY 12:06 AM you know what I always wonder... have I spoke with you on Macedonian or Croatian during the college? I can't remember

12:07 AM **me**: Can you recommend me some good Fruskogoric vine, even though I consume more stronger beverages lately... for NY I'm going to see tomorrow how the things are going... the time is too short to be stretched...

12:08 AM **Biljana**: hey... I don't think that we should consume Fruskogoric vine at all, let's have tg'a za jug

12:09 AM By the way Bora knows some vine companies drom Kamenica that has their own cellars, with some of them he did some business, there is one from Nestin, that is a good white vine...I'll bring you some

12:10 AM **me**: On college you were talking on pretty Macedonian language, but I would be pleased if I have heard this pretty Croatian language too...

12:12 AM **Biljana**: how do you remember... yes? Do you know when I cross the border I instantly start thinking on Macedonian, these days it happened to me to speak to my parents on Macedonian and that was because of you

12:15 AM **me**: From the Fruskogoric vines I know only about that bubbly Fruskogorsic pearl, but I've heard that the people were making very good vine... in the same moment I thought to check my Serbian –Croatian too.

12:19 AM **Biljana**: Yes... Fbiser it's not the best vine there are much better vines than that... I've stopped... like you hypnotised me come on now you write something
me: I wonder how that is you so often caught me unprepared...

12:20 AM **Biljana**: ha, ha... do you remember of the definition for scientific proof? On two places in the same time... same thing... how it goes

12:23 AM I think, and in the same conditions... they give the same result

12:27 AM **me**: I know that you're a slave to the computer... but also in one moment you can be on a hundred different places I envy you... I can hardly manage to do two different things in same time... you women have greater powers than the men... I'm little slowed by Bojan... I had to open the door for him; the kid is coming back from his night out...

12:32 AM **Biljana**: Well ok he came back in a decent time... I gave myself a condition when I finish all my tasks I can sit on the computer, its impossible how I manage to do everything, but I don't watch TV... it bothers me, on the net I have everything I need and also I listen to music from net while I'm working something... Bora is more into Blogs, he is always in some argument with some smart people... he is antinationalist so he's bothered with some stuffs or maybe he has a bloc girl, who knows?

12:38 AM **me**: On that video with Milan on Dunav you look really spoiled here is Bora also?...Milan is such a nice kid, I believe that you haven't spoiled him... that is the first thing that mothers do... about Bora's possible bloc girl don't worry men are more loyal than it could be understood... just stories...

12:42 AM **Biljana**: Bora is the big guy with Milan, who in this moment is totally spoiled but this time not by his mom its all dads fault, and about the bloc girl I don't mind her but I mind that he doesn't see me ;), and that thing about loyal man... you defend each other so well...

...

12:51 AM **me**: How is the writing affecting your headache?...I hope that you'll go to sleep without her and tomorrow you'll be good as new... well we are not defending ourselves, but I think that the women most often manifest their jealousy so open even the little one and that's how they loose "the battle ", even with this they are reminding loyal men for that possibility... does that fantastic Fly reminds you of me from time to time... you know that she's my new best friend...

12:59 AM **Biljana**: Yes I don't have headache anymore... I'm not so jealous at Bora, because at first he was my friend and I knew all his girlfriends and afterwards we concluded that we are good together... the marriage came to me very hard because beside all the obligations I had also inherited a very big family, hours and hours of laughing... huh, terrible! And that's not all there is a sad part in this story... but I won't talk about it now... Oh yes the Fly visits me also, I knew that they weren't useless...

1:05 AM **me**: If Bora's work takes too much of his time so you have the feeling that he is spending to little time on you, don't worry I assure you that as he becomes

more older you'll have him more for you and you'll love each other like pigeons, and right now its important to focus on yourself... your life your life my dear... it sure is beautiful to be together and one... by the way its nice that you have a big family no matter what...

1:14 AM **Biljana:** Yes... I saw that in some marriages... great... when I'll be as a dry plum, then I'll be happy... I'm so happy... sorry for being sarcastic... I was scared a little by this reality, it's like is morning and I cleaned with cold water brrrr 1:16 AM where is that fly?

1:24 AM **me:** you, my darling (I often use this saying I hope you don't mind) have you're own world and that is always a solution for many riddles that life brings... I think that you are doing just fine and if you're bothered with all those tasks that you handle so well for starters you can eliminate some of it or more of it, if you really don't have time for yourself and everything looks to small for you (you're too smart to take this as an advice)... that thing with reality that should scare us, reality is more real than that... and now what? To remind you on the wisdom of the camel...

1:30 AM **Biljana:** Oh... thank god your back Stane... you know some day I contemplated on a sentence from my Teacher... Life is a living death, do everything with love... I don't love to live death I love to love even if it means to kiss death... you already know that, finally everything makes sense now... do you want to sleep?

...

1:39 AM **me:**... after all and no matter what, everything is inside us and that's why we are so considered about ourselves and trying to outgrow everything... often things depend from our dioptre so the same things are big or small in same time... by the way we practice focusing... the only thing that scares me is the ficsation, in a matter a fact wrong ficsation

1:45 AM **Biljana:** Ficsation, focusing... I was surprised yesterday when I read the Tony Cragg-ov thinking about the matter, everything that he said he is actually a real materialist and believes in matter and that he doesn't believe in God, in one moment his description the flow of the matter didn't had no difference with the spiritual point of view... there is no difference... we all see the same way and come to the same or to ourselves, till then my dear Biljana... you have to finish all your wonderings from mirror to mirror. I want to sleep, write me something nice...

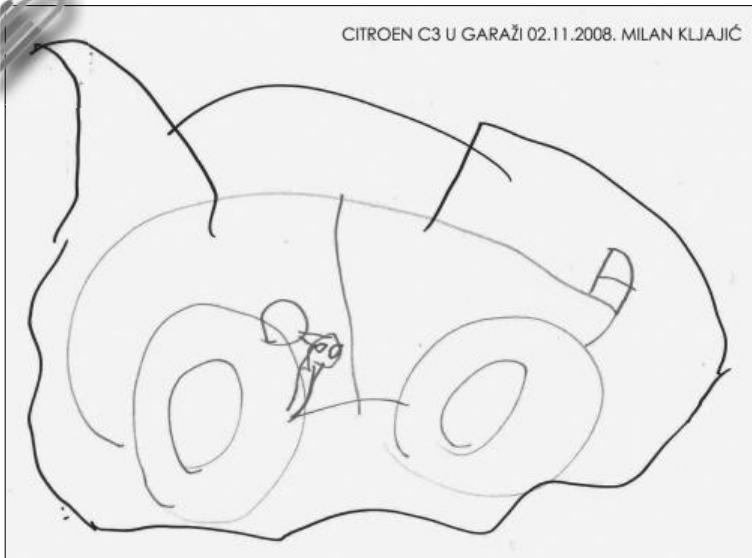
1:47 AM **me:** one more cigarette and we can go to sleep... I don't remember if you smoked? No no, pretty and smart girls don't smoke, you didn't smoke right?

1:48 AM **Biljana:** Yes... a lot less but I smoke and now you woke up the need for a cigarette and I don't have any at the moment

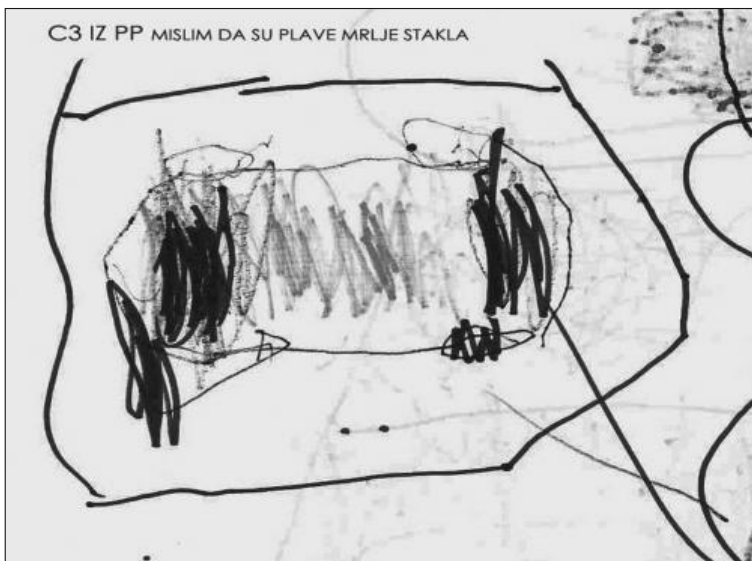
1:54 AM **me**: The thoughts of Tony Cragg about the matter are wonderful... I remember on his exhibition in MSU-Skopje... I need more concentration so we can discuss that some other time... my cigarette is almost the end but also i need to go to bed... good night... I'm off...

Biljana: sweet dreams ***** :)

CITROEN C3 U GARAŽI 02.11.2008. MILAN KLJAJIĆ



C3 IZ PP MISLIM DA SU PLAVE MRLJE STAKLA



(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Mon, Nov 3, 2008 at 8:26 AM

Actually, yesterday I connected to the internet to send you some of the Milan's drawings that he draw yesterday

Who called who

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Wed, Nov 5, 2008 at 12:17 PM

Here I am!

I feel like I have got lost between on line writing and writing letters, so I want to make that even... I think that it is very important to be clear, even when some imaginary things are in question, this days I played Cragg as a mantra that repeats it self, he is so clear and my hard grows from admiring, I can't remember if I told you that admiring is an ingredient of inventively, like when Stanko cooks a stue with mushrooms which he has picked them up by himself with a lot of love, when the ingredients are good and when there is a love and admiration, we came to conclusion that the stue is great... or that you are a real artist because you make your art like that.

I always want to share something with you but I am afraid that you are going to laugh because I don't know if you can have any use of that.

And what is this all about and what is the bigger reality?

A couple of months ago, I was in a very good mood not with any particular reason, I was sitting on the sofa to watch TV, I was alone and I was doing nothing because I was feeling really good without any reason!

At one moment I caught my self thinking about some things at that moment... what have I been doing today... what I will do tomorrow... am I pretty or not... should floor be vacuumed... where are Milan and Bora... a lot of this things... and then I caught myself for the last thing I thought about and I decided to go back...

slowly I was at that bed... only in that room... alone in the dark and without a TV, a picture started to come up in my mind... stronger than my will... I knew that that is a picture that refers to some thought... I was absolutely sure, it was an incredible experience that I was there in that small shape but not in the same room on the bed... in Novi Sad... everything went to be insignificant but that form that looked like a small worm, unusually curved and made of some rolled in stripes that rolled out as more I am doing nothing, that unusual worm kept rolling out more and more and in the moment when he rolled out it self, something very strong and unusual feeling came up to me... as I disappeared but I was everywhere... a feeling that I am wide and at all places in the same time, I could even see some mark lines of the places where I have lived, but I couldn't see any space, everything was drawing in the darkness of my mind, forming, transforming...

I was completely persuaded that I was in Novi Sad, Skopje and Opatija in the same time, and my body were some molecules, some mental dust, and then a thought came up to my mind I don't remember about what... and then the string rolled back again and got back in my head, leaned on my hand on the bed, everything was there, I knew that but I can't see it because of my life.

I want to share my admiration with you, because yesterday I have found Cragg's text and sculpture, called Bant of Mind, you already know about this but I will attach you the photo on the internet anyways.

P.S. I am flattered that you think about me. I think about you too. But I must let you to fade away my face, to erase me as a send by the river that goes down in the deep of the water.

You can't plant a tree in a send; it doesn't allow that, that's its roll, clean and strict. I feel that you need that, desert needs a rain but she has a dignity in the moments of drought, and the camel survives because she knows how to do it, wise camel.

I don't want to ruin all of this but I have never had a better experience in writing e-mails, I thought, maybe we need some knew language, maybe this one has no words so I can tell you what I feel and think, maybe this love is too selfish and there is no sufficient amount of logic, but I stopped in one moment and told to my self... everything is ok with love, the thing that mixes up everything is the desire... a professional for making confusion and then I thought that I have that special language... art, and everything is already here, and it was in the past... I don't have to expect you, I always have you there, as all this strong years that goes by... in my heart.

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Wed, Nov 5, 2008 at 12:17 PM

12:17 PM **me**: Hi,

12:18 PM **Biljana**: hi I have forgotten the picture; I will send it to you now

12:20 PM **me**: I'm at the Faculty, but free... I've looked the drawings of Milan... he is talented like kis mom, isn't he?

12:21 PM **Biljana**: there is another one where he looks in autich from above and is drawing, unbelievably, perfect presentation from bird perspective... I have also some children down there, down means in the school, the school is in the same building where I live

12:26 PM **me**: At home I have some problem with the mozilla or the provider, I should have a look on that, so I couldn't write to you... it's good you found me... the drawing of Milan are great, he has sense and nice look, no matter how specific is for the other kids of that age too, in fact those who have great interest for art

Biljana: it smells on clay even here

12:27 PM did you receive the letter, I will go to put a water for coffee, do you want some?

12:28 PM **me**: Really? You've remembered that smell... it is the first year here with me so it smells real...

12:29 PM **Biljana**: it really smelled, I miss that atelier

12:30 PM how are your children?

12:31 PM **me**: A coffee from you, sure my dear... when you'll come in Skopje you will give back that film from the atelier ...

12:34 PM **Biljana**: I hope soon, although my work is becoming bigger and the children have more volition and thirst.

12:35 PM I will try to connect some days from the weekend as soon as my mom gives me a sign that I can go

12:38 PM **me**: I'm reading your mail... everything is somehow nice to me, I haven't reached the end, and maybe there is some upheava...

12:39 PM **Biljana**: which end :) in the other mail there is only a picture of Bant of Mind, because I have forgotten to attach

12:42 PM mozhda su ti stigla dva ista maila, jer si bio on line pa je jedan otishao kao razgovor

12:44 PM **me**: I mean the end of the mail... I'm slow in reading, but you are also complicated... I reached the one, some kind of astrala... isn't that too complicated... I'm looking for you and searching through the words, the analytical Stanko started working... I will have to read the mail with attention.

12:47 PM **Biljana**: well yes... it's complicated, indeed mind is. The nice things are simple.

12:49 PM **me**: The fantastic Toni is still on the other mail... although his newest things leave me an impression... he can not make a bad work, but still...

Biljana: is that park new?

12:51 PM **me**: You got me confused with that NEW, so I went back to the picture... he is new...

12:52 PM **Biljana**: yesterday I received some pictures from one on line friend "teratorija" within Belefa in Belgrade, in fact 125 figures authors were working in teracote in Kikinda, and the sculptures were this summer being exhibited in the centre of Belgrade

12:53 PM There should be an interaction figure work and audience; it was great, really extraordinary works from clay. Then the unhappy SRS had braces because of catching Karadzica and 20% of the territory was ruined.

12:55 PM In fact lot of your friends like Sava Stepanov had a role in the organisation as well as support for the new museum to be built I think also in Kikinda

12:56 PM I'm not really sure, I will have to check it

1:00 PM **me**: A nice art was being created in Kikinda... I have a lot of their catalogues and this one with the exhibition of the\at fund of works is a great idea, pity for the disorders and the sculptures, between those materials there was surely some that will exceed the time... In one occasion Slobodan Koic invited me to the colony but I really wasn't able to come... I don't know whether he is still organising the colony/symposium... it is still about the Museum of modern art... in Novi Sad, I know about that engagement of Sava.

1:01 PM **Biljana**: I will check it somehow

1:02 PM **me**: Otherwise, I didn't have a chance to be in Kikinda... they say it is a nice little town or maybe bigger, I don't know...

Biljana: I think it's not big

1:07 PM my brother came, he bought a new drum, see this internet is a miracle

1:08 PM <http://www.dizajnzona.com/forums/index.php?s=750aa3f6997ad360-9d3ed84ee8cb4a45&showtopic=51723&st=0&p=629784&#entry629784>

1:09 PM this is the link of a design zone where you can buy somethings

1:12 PM <http://www.kikindske.net/prikaz.asp?r=11&br=511> this is the free kojic about tera... And where am I?

1:13 PM **me**: The one in your mail neither a dream or reality, constructed and deconstructed... you, deconstructed in several points and the warm that is unwrapping and again constructs... sounds good to me... but I still didn't reach the end... I'm worried about being slow... give greetings to Stefan and tell him that the new sound is wonderful... I'm listening to them often... thanks for the links, I will open them for sure, but I can't do everything in one time, you know, more things in the same time...

1:15 PM **Biljana**: take it easy

1:18 PM hey I must go and buy some chocolate... Milan is blackmailing me...i will leave this on line... so if Milan send you something don't worry

me: OK, if I am still here

1:26 PM **Biljana**: OK i am back, at first he wanted me to give a birth to a brother or sister so it was easier to buy him a chocolate.

1:36 PM **Biljana**: I have to tell you how is Milan playing hide and seek. He puts his head in a bucket with his ass out and he shouts Find me!!! I think that sometimes we are the same as children. If don't see it, it doesn't exist.

1:42 PM **me**: That's right! How good is that and funny in the same time... it's not bad for change.. I wish I could be a kid because of the bucket and the ass.

1:49 PM **me**: I have finally read your e-mail and I am happy that you share your thoughts with me... I feel privileged ... Toni looks like your warm ... the sculpture is good- title is more better... and your sentences are the best, no kidding... we agreed that way didn't we.

1:55 PM **Biljana**: mmmhm, I love to face with with you, everything starts here reality just for me, and for the others. I didn't write you earlier but every time when we comment something my kids talk to me about that. Yesterday i was in a very good mood and Bore's sister asked me if i am in love. That was the moment when I realized that she has a hard time. I told her that she has lost weight and she got more pretty I let her play with the kids, so at the end she was in love as i was... we are privileged and happy... isn't that matters?

1:56 PM **me**: I really need the rain, that is how i function my dear.

1:59 PM **Biljana**: I remember our conversation from faculty... if i tell you something you would tell me something for you too, you teach me that remember?

2:04 PM You heart is younger than all the others from first year

2:05 PM **me**: Please don't think that i abuse you, i do a lot of things in my life accidentally... i remember about a lot of things in my communication with you.

2:11 PM **me**: I should reinstall KASPERSKI (in fact Jovan III years knows it very well) something reminds me all the time and I'm ignoring it... God he is so

tiresome... there is no way in this moment when I'm talking to my dear person; I'm not giving myself to you, no way... God

He is so tiresome; he doesn't know me, that's his problem

Biljana: if ever felt used, would you know? And that is something you take and leave; I can not use you, and in the least to abuse you because even if I don't hear you and don't see you, I will never leave you, what ever it looks like... I think it is not possible even when people are quarrelling. And when you eat ice cream, even after a while you can feel the sweet taste, and you are my favorite taste...

2:20 PM **me:** Chat is something I have never used, like writing and forgive me if something reckless comes up or something that obviously can not be mine, from nowhere it will simply come up, but you know that very thing just fled like that, what can you do...

2:21 PM **Biljana:** no... no, I know exactly what you mean...

2:22 PM I've been thinking about that earlier while I was trying to explain myself that new condition that was happening to me while I was writing to you

2:23 PM it's normally to think about that, I think about that too, but then I realize what is it about

2:24 PM A few nights ago I was dreaming about some strong dolphins and surfing board (surfing on a net, it came on my mind) but I was foolish and I looked for a meaning about dolphins in a book about dreams, and it came up that it means death of a close person

2:25 PM I was so, until I found a meaning from some smart people where it is explained as a concord of conscious and subconscious

2:26 PM but being so scared I called everyone to ask how they are ... you weren't in those days... I didn't manage to ask you how are you?

2:27 PM and then Stefan called me and told me, Biljana, that's your high Low, dolphins dive deep and come out of the water... imagine how this is so real to others.

2:29 PM **me:** Incredibly bad cigarette I have lightened up, are they old, I have no idea, a living poison? ... I like this one with the concord of conscious and subconscious... somehow I decided, motivated from your interpretations of a dream, to tell you one of my earlier, but not so distant feeling.

2:33 PM I've always felt it so strong that as a young boy I would close my eyes (I don't like the thing that I'll die...) oooooo how strong that feeling was.

2:38 PM **me:** In the catalogue of my exhibition in MMA – Skopje, Sonja Abadjieva noticed that Stanko experiences death so lively, even in necrophilia dimensions... it was said something like that, believe me the woman is not so far away from the truth. .

2:39 PM **Biljana:** That's good, it means you are creating yourself once again, you are becoming born, and the death of the ego is experiencing the same as your own death

2:40 PM I knew that, I didn't know which road you are traveling, but I knew...

2:41 PM **me:** There is just one important difference from those moments (although they've never left me) until now... now I'm not young anymore and not just that... I don't want to die YOUNG

Biljana: you won't die young, you are already dead

2:42 PM now you are ready to live

2:43 PM **me:** The thing in the end should have been I don't want to die OLD... that YOUNG was dragged through...

Biljana: yes yes I understood that too

2:46 PM You really look young even physically, that is because of those feelings that you have in yourself.

2:47 PM **me:** Oh my dear, now I need you in live, and not to dive in the keys of this board, so I can tell you everything nicely and long... when I have to speak I usually keep quiet and vice versa otherwise I won't be what I'm, closed and severe towards myself and others.

2:52 PM **Biljana:** You've just embraced me so nice with your words, I know we will both speak less in live, so I must tell you now... I feel so nice in this balloon which I don't know where it flies. I have to go and prepare myself for the workshop; today I have two in a row. Hop art! I'm sending everything to you too...

2:53 PM **me:** We need a special language, but also a special shape, what kind of sculptors we are going to be if we don't mould something special... I somehow don't finish the sentences... what can it be... look, one more poison of a cigarette, in fact my digressions when my thought is not fluent

2:55 PM be good with the children, you know that very good.

Biljana: Yes...yes... the bottom is yours and mines nothing... it really looks like a binami language of the computer... 1... 0

2:56 PM but it is always 1-0 for you

2:58 PM thank you... come on write me what you are writing and afterwards I really have to go...

2:59 PM **me:** Bye, my dear... we'll stay in touch... leave that, you are always lead me, don't make me say the difference in the writing of the mails... now I'm really leaving you in good... and I know you always feel great when you are around the children

3:00 PM **Biljana:** ok... I will first go to find my head, it will need me a little bit...

3:01 PM :)



Antoni Caro, Tony Cragg and Richard Serra

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Nov 6, 2008 at 3:55 PM

3:19 PM **Biljana**: I am out of electricity, my all day is fucked up.

me: Are you ok? What is going on?

3:20 PM **Biljana**: i have no idea somebody is working on this building and there is no power or water.

3:21 PM **me**: How, What? Impossible... what about the computer?

3:22 PM **Biljana**: sve je ok za srechu sa kompom everything is fine with it

me: I was Reading our last night chat... i am not so bed

3:23 PM **Biljana**: I woke up last night at 2 and i couldn't sleep till 5, i don't know how do i feel today i think i will cry for bed. Did i say it properly?

3:24 PM **me**: I read you and i can't believe it, that's the exactly sentence in macedonian

3:25 PM **Biljana**: maybe you are asleep too?

3:28 PM **me**: I am asking you for real... do you have any important job to do... because I will write to you before you decide to go to bed so you can sleep better... did you send me that Milan's drawing yesterday, you know that car seen from bird perspective

3:29 PM **Biljana**: no I didn't, i haven't skaned it yet, I will send it to you... I have jut finished the lunc, i have a workshop to survive and then i can go to bed

3:30 PM **me**: Actually i don't feel asleep

3:31 PM **Biljana**: I went to bed early but i woke up because of a bed dream and i couldn't sleep any more I took a coffee at 4 and nothing

3:33 PM **me**: Girl should go to bed till 11, Bed dream you say? I envy you for your dreams but i don't like bed dreams

3:34 PM **Biljana**: My boy goes to bed at 9 that is some strange rule

3:35 PM **me**: I got on net just to tell you that I am still alive

3:36 PM **Biljana**: I am glad for that:)

3:38 PM say something, what's new on faculty?

3:44 PM **me**: There are some things that need to be done till 17 o'clock... to choose some of my photographs that my colleague needs (Toni Maznevski, i am not sure if you know him), he is travelling to Poland... some presentation of Macedonian art, at faculty there are some new professors, my generation, Shumkovski, Manevski, Vangeli and that Toni who is going to poland

3:46 PM **Biljana**: You are such a good team... god Manevski, what was his name, from high school or he was manevev?

3:47 PM **me**: There are some new people but i am not going to write about them... Blagoja Manevski... that Manev is Sveto.

3:48 PM **Biljana**: Yeah... Am i interrupting you in that work?

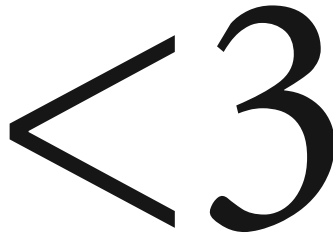
3:51 PM **me**: You already had lunch and i haven't eaten at all and i have to finish my work we will continue the conversation are you really ok?

3:52 PM I am worried trust me

3:55 PM **Biljana**: I am fine but i haven't eaten too, I have cooked the dinner, Milance is a Little bit sick and that is why i am tired so we should say goodbye now... :)

3:57 PM **me**: Milan will be fine kids, good health... talk to you son, goodbye my Darling

Biljana: <3



Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Fri, Nov 7, 2008 at 5:11 PM

2:37 PM **Biljana**: are you busy?

2:40 PM **me**: Yes I'm... this is too much even for me... ha, ha, ha...

2:41 PM **Biljana**: ok :)

2:43 PM if you have something that needs to be done in photoshop give it to me I'll help you

me: what's new with you... it happens very rarely that I'm on chat with two persons at the same time

2:44 PM **Biljana**:... oh sorry ;)

2:46 PM **me**: of course I ditched her..

Biljana: hah ! you shouldn't have I have time

2:49 PM **me**: it is becoming more and more hard for me with this exhibitions... am I getting old it must be that my dear

2:50 PM **Biljana**: don't worry about that you'll be great afterwards you'll feel very fulfilled

2:51 PM **me**: just thinking about art makes me feel fulfilled... I also have right to rest my body a little bit

2:52 PM **Biljana**: of course you have the right I also began to do the things slower... I just started to prepare the dough, if it's good I know I'm good also

2:54 PM **me**: this chatting is truly an art... the dough also... oh that cookbook, do you have the recipe or actually you don't need it anymore

2:55 PM **Biljana**: I never work by the recipe only by touch... I believe in it more

2:57 PM **me**: O gee it's been a lot of time since I haven't ate a good pie... not to exaggerate... yes since the time my mom still was capable to bake... oh what pies she was making, perfection

2:59 PM **Biljana**: wow... pie, my grandmother was making gorgeous pies, they were the only thing I wanted to take, when my mom asked me (when she sold the house) what I wanted from Skopje... I asked her to bring me my grandmother rolling pin... I believe that in him still live my grandmother

me: not that Bile (my wife) doesn't make the good, but I can't compare them with

3:00 PM **Biljana**: I believe that your wife makes them good but still we'll always like better something that we ate when we were kids.

3:01 PM **me**: are you really going to make some pie or you're just kidding with me

Biljana: today I really missed the smell of mint, you know like the time when we were kids and during our play we would step in that little bush and that beautiful smell would start to spread all around us... so nice I had to put some tea herb into the bread I just couldn't resist

3:02 PM Actually I'm still making croissants with apples now I'm waiting for it, the bread is in the oven baking

3:04 PM **me**: you also make bread from time to time I really like that I... mint on the mountain still smells strong even that she's dry or there isn't any at all

3:06 PM **Biljana**: yes... yes the autumn smells nice, the dry leaves can leave a pretty nice smell... as a last gift

3:10 PM **me**: O how I wish I could, actually I want somehow to manage to do everything on my own... I need a real comeback to nature... only surreal wishes

of the prisoners of the urban living... if this life that we live can be called urban... it's not a mountain that's for sure...

3:12 PM **Biljana**: I don't know if you knew that my father lives in fruska gora, since his childhood grows flowers and of course does everything by himself, he cooks by himself... bakes cookies, he lives much longer than us down here, we were separated during the time we were living in Skopje, but even do we had a house in Kamenica that is a part of Novi Sad, he never wanted to come down from the hill

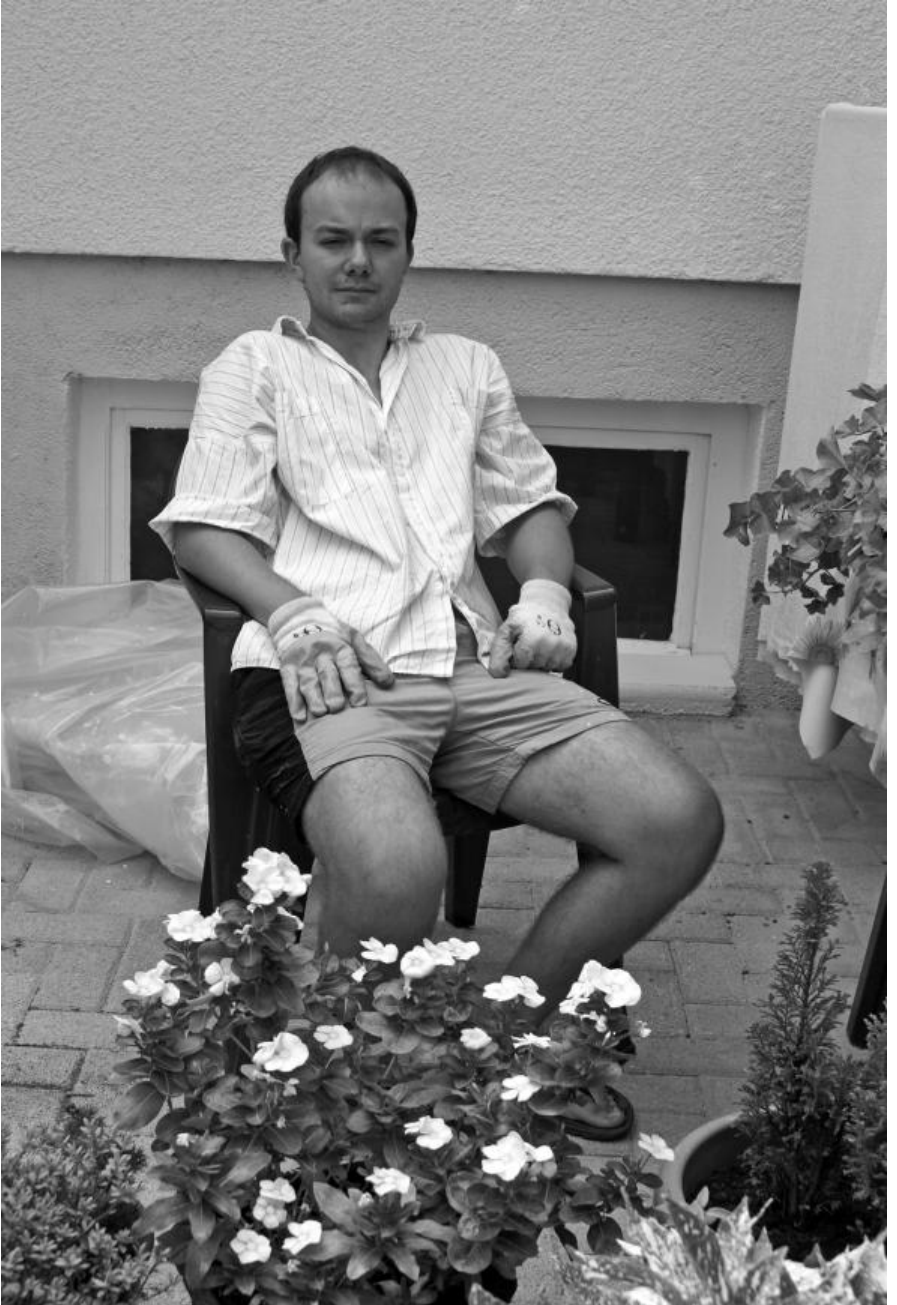
3:18 PM **me**: I downloaded Milanche's drawing... the kid is fantastic he has concentrated the details to perfection... he'll do miracles in near future... he recovered right, he wasn't doing fine?... I admire your father the man has a sense for life... I'm interested what was he professionally doing I think that has a big part and can influence on some more courageous life decisions of that kind

3:23 PM **Biljana**: during the stay in Opatija he studied literature but near the end on his studies he got in a fight with one of the professors so he never graduated. He worked in customs and later he started to do some book keeping, he was the best accountant in the town and was very popular and was also growing flowers during his free time, he even made some glass houses, couldn't study botanic because as a young man he had trouble with he kidneys so my mom didn't let him go to Zagreb, but he became very popular and acknowledged not only in Croatia, they heard about him here and there on the college in Novi Sad and has connections in Slovenia and Cheshka. Was working with in vitro, had his own laboratory... growing plants without soil... always do some chemistry... he was preoccupied with that...

3:38 PM **me**: you better look out for the bread or the strudel... maybe the pie with cabbage...look here your father wasn't joking around he knows his work and build it with love... I believe that he talks with all his pets he loves them... I admire him sincerely and i want to ask him for advice about what one artist should do to make his sculpture look like flower... Bojan has those qualities... you mentioned cactuses... one time in Albena m actually 25 km from Albena, in Balchik we visited the huge and rich botanical garden and bojan managed to take some branches from the humongous cactuses... for 15 days he kept them in life and after that they started to adapt in Skopje... Bojan is responsible for our garden, the grass and the many species of flowers that we have... i should introduce him to his senior colleague...

3:41 PM **Biljana**: ehh... what wonderfull soul... come on send me his picture i want to see his eyes. I saw him once accidently while he was a kid. The bread is ready

3:45 PM **me**: You've seen Bojan!? On colleague... he rarely wanted to visit me on colleague, he usually wanted to demonstrate that he was defending from me on a



Alexander IV Bojan V Pavleski Macedonian

childless way... it was cute to me, it was like i saw myself in him with the difference that he was more practical than me

3:46 PM **Biljana:** i haven't seen him on collegue, i think it was some holliday like first of may, i saw him on Matka

3:47 PM **me:** he called us? I can't remmember...

Biljana: No

3:48 PM **me:** hehe you look more like now...

Biljana: i know... i know 3:49 PM you looked really cute... you both had hats i can't remember the women i can remmember if had ever seen Bile

3:52 PM **me:** with one big difference... i have the impression that you are immune towards the thing that represent the life... in that way of thinking somehow my brain stoped... is there something in this even though it's not that precise... come on now i may be able to construct it

3:53 PM **Biljana:** ok... ok...i'm coming back in the baloon i dont want to leave you behind out of me

3:59 PM **me:** Maybe this is just a picture of my "living" with you when you were really too young but it's not so distant... oh just how much real were you... actually you are a big dreamer or maybe not... I'm bothered with my insecurity I look for explanations for everything even for my thought... you don't do that and that's what I like about you... you're more secure in everything than me... in the end I managed to construct something

4:04 PM **Biljana:** yes... now I'm lost a little bit... but perhaps I'll be back soon here I come

4:07 PM yes... I didn't know that I was real I always thought that I was incapable of that... I don't know how you saw that... I even like when you say that...

4:11 PM it looks like today its really a good day even my kid eats the bread I baked even though he likes only white bread

4:12 PM **me:** have I exaggerate suddenly with my self-esteem, but you're more brave and more secure than me so I don't stand a chance... I just seem like that... no, no I'm not acting i just seem like that and not to mention that we are like other people see us and other people always are right... about that thing where I have noticed that you're more real than me... probably I'm really unreal so most of the things about other people look more real for me... by the way I'm talking nonsense a little bit, trying to let go my mind and sense to the max

4:13 PM **Biljana:** I think I know what's the catch

4:14 PM you admit your unreality as unreality and I deeply believe that that is reality... it seems like an definition for a madman but it's really like that

4:16 PM **me**: there you see me as I am and you're still really normal... certainly you'll understand what I wanted to say, you simply reach easily to everything... my insanity is a known thing but I didn't know that it comes in touch with the reality...

4:17 PM **Biljana**: great

4:18 PM what kind of mad stuff do you still have

4:19 PM it looks like by the way how the things are going I'm you're madness... I like it! **me**: I agree that I need that extra thing... great, how I didn't thought of that earlier

4:20 PM **Biljana**: if something isn't materialised than it probably doesn't exists... ha, ha?

4:21 PM you know that I always liked nothing!

4:24 PM **me**: No, please you know that you're incomparable...i kill myself if it's so simple like you say it is... nothingness its the most trilling state of mind and it's not easy to acomplish you'll need to achieve greater things to acomplish that state of mind

4:25 PM **Biljana**: That's why i feel even better now, i'm a fanatic for nothing, that's my real greatness that flaughters me and doesn't insults me at all

4:26 PM You know what came to my mind!

4:29 PM this is all great but i thought living in Novi Sad married with my kid... i tryied to make everybody happy and to be good in everything... and then i realised that i lost my will... i try to make reality and life something beautifull. NOTHING is much better and has better colour and sound... someone here is listening to me and speaks to me through beatifull words and a big thanks to the Nothing that teaches me how to be trilled and happy again!

4:35 PM **me**: in the try to dematerialize the everything and the nothing (excuse me toni) sometimes i manage to do it, actually i somehow deconstuct and only the most important thing comes out of me and it doesn't bothers me that that thing is something... but i know that in the nothing exists nothing...it's not all in the mental touches or in the intelectual... i just let myself go

4:37 PM **Biljana**: hi... is if you let me a hand... i'm Biljana nice to meet you exctly on this place it's my favourite

4:40 PM **me**: Are you talking about the baloon or about our nothing... I wouldn't be Stanko if i dont complicate the things when they shouldn't be complicated...

4:41 PM **Biljana**: Eh... so i can think that the ballon is filled with that nothing and still can fly... isn't it?

4:43 PM **me**: that's what i'm saying... it's seems like it

4:45 PM After this fulfilling convezation...

4:48 PM **Biljana**: there you go... here i even miss you, i gues i will not hurt nobody, in the same time this is my biggest life lesson... as some operation that separates love from a wish... and without anesthetic i'll guess i learn that too.

4:56 PM **me**: After this conversation... I'll go on my bike and go somewhere. It doesn't have nothing with your lesson, oh how real you are (I want to get you a little bit angry)you confused me a little bit... you're so nice to me... and for the love and the wish I don't know if there is an operation that managed to successfully separate them... I had successful operations in my life but I know that I need the will and she doesn't wait forever to inhabit

4:58 PM **Biljana**: of course...everything starts with will 5:00 PM I wish you luck... me also now I have to take that dough once more in my hands so it wouldn't escape from the house! <3

5:09 PM **me**: Warmness... i envy the dough... i'll be a little bit more on (i did my work out?) the computer (ooh i got a lot of things to do... thanks for the offer...) i'm going to ride my bike... definitely... have a wonderfull afternoon and don't get angry at my unreality...

5:11 PM...i'll work on my computer as a thing i really like and something i know very good, well this computer is not like the life...

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Sat, Nov 8, 2008 at 6:31 PM

Seriously if you have something to do pass it to me...I'll gladly help you

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
date Sun, Nov 9, 2008 at 4:30 AM

Maybe everything started from here...

it's not the work; I'm more concerned being pulled side to side... I have many things on my mind and not only art (I'm having fun with them...), but with the stuff that comes out from the human existence itself and on this piece of biblical land (I have complained couple of times but I won't do it again I'll spare you

from my selfishness)... I don't want to bother you with simple things especially because you like to object me about the SIMPLE, because in the simple things was gathered the truth itself... somehow I manage with the work on the computer (I felt the need of it too late), but if it happens to get stuck with him and knowing myself It will happen for sure, of course I count on you my darling... come on now Stanko... yes, I'm thankful that you think of me and sure I'll remember that you came when I needed you most...

Because this days I'm bothered with the simple things and searched the whole house for them... they need to be satisfied, by the way I find some of my favorite things and normally my day passes by with them, and those important things remain for some other day... and so the things I hate the most I leave for some other day till I run out of all the memories and fictions... in which I hide.

And so I began to go through the closets, cub boards and meaningless boxes, the pile of separated stuffs started to grow so I scared of the thing that is waiting for me later when I'll need to get things in order so I wouldn't miss anything important. While I was going through the ordinary stuffs I saw some pictures from the wonderful friendships from high school... and from colleague also... it came to me I suddenly knew what I need actually... ah, If I only knew how little is enough to realize some things and when I think how much I bothered in all those holes in my hideout. In that moment I forgot about all those simple things and I knew that I really needed the photos (yes, yes photos was the thing) that simply started to come to life in my head that photos from my first more serious pieces (it seemed that way) and events related to them but also the hard part was that I didn't know where to look even though I had special place for the more important stuffs, so I started to get everything out from there and soon after that it started to look like before a big pile of analyzed material but carefully nor placed and not checked... a big strain but there was no place to get away so I took folder by folder and started to investigate going through the contents and that forgotten photos had to show up eventually. I opened the little covert that I released it before from the claws of two big folders that were hiding it so well... and that covert was the thing I was looking for... and when I opened it there it was... ecstasy my dear friend...

Just look at the photos to please my effort for finding them... I won't describe them, I won't talk about my first colleague senior years in July 1984 when we didn't knew what to do so we made art in the youth association in Stip...



NEW! A fantastic feeling that lasts...

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sun, Nov 9, 2008 at 1:19 PM

I see... you were doing seriously some unseriously things... that is better then doing unseriously some serious things... i think that this is the moment when the lunetics are getting creatives. You reminded me of Yves Klein, maybe we always miss someone, a period before our maturity... that we missed somehow. Then I and my brother looked at eachother and we said that we must go on, that was great sadness for us.

You know that i have been moving around a lot of times in my life, but my mom was always been fanatic for taking potos... she loved that... and imagine... all this years some of our things from the house we have kept in the garaje and we didn't know that there might me a food... and all of our pictures, exopt some of them are destroyed. I only feel sorry about my graduation work. I feel like i have lost a part of me. I don't care about the cities where i have been...

I have some feeling that you are calling for your self, you can't find that in Bojan, or Biljana not in me, not even in the past, it is simple you should accept all that you have like you don't have it at all... so at the end yourself too. A clear perspective will show up, and you will see your self playing the roll of Stanko Pavleski, now i am playing the roll of Biljana Kljajic... funny parts.

You play your part perfectly, we admire the people from the past, saints, teachers, leaders, artists... and what are all they in our lives if there is no respect. All that that is Stanko and i can see him very clearly and Stanko at faculty at home, among friends... that is the one same beautiful Stanko. I wish I could have some different shape now, not to be Biljana in a body of a woman... i could be a thought, that will say to you that there are not mistakes there are only complicated and simple things. I thought of one... who thinks that something is easy let him think that way, who thinks that something is hard so it can be it. You should always think that things are easy, and you can always travel better with light bagade. I can tell you this from my experience...

And now something for me.

There is one momento in our lives when we decide about our life, I figured it out that my present housband i wanted to be in my life... I remember that momento... and trust me in that very momento i told him that... he felt like he is in hell, he

was getting crazy from me... couple of days after that he played such a loud music so he can wash out his mind, he wanted to lay that way... we were having fun but he didn't want to know what to do. The same day he went out and found a new girlfriend. Then we met on the street and I told him that I know about his girl.

Then a week later he came to my door and we became friends again. I don't know if he wanted to see if I am selfish, if I want him only for my self, but I knew that, trust me later we had a family and we still function well. If you want someone you should let him be free. He has got himself and his wishes.

The thing that makes me sad is that I actually don't know him. I know when he eats, when he goes to bed, when he is afraid or hurt... but I don't know when he is happy. But that is a lifetime lecture, but in the meantime I should be very happy because someone helped me to find myself between all my disappearing, I am here again and I am happy. I must sell this recipe. It's a fantastic feeling that lasts.

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to pavleskis@gmail.com
date Wed, Nov 12, 2008 at 1:55 AM

9:57 PM **Biljana**: What are you doing?

9:59 PM **me**: I'm trying to send a mail to NGM (National Gallery of Macedonia) I am finishing now and I need you, you are like medicine on an open wound...

10:00 PM **Biljana**: great, I'm going to buy cigarettes...

10:03 PM **me**: we are finalizing the exhibition for New York and to be honest it is a relief... what's up with you... thank you for your last honest mail...

10:04 PM **Biljana**: you are welcome...I'm glad that everything is ready for New York... nothing new with me..., I'm relaxing after the workshop, girls don't want to go home,

10:05 PM **me**: all your mails are honest but this one is very honest

Biljana: ooo yeah it's like a real poison

10:06 PM **me**: You have more girls in the workshop?

10:07 PM **Biljana**: now only girls, I need boys too, but they are a little bit shy, unbelievable... I must think of a way to attract their attention, have you got an idea?

10:11 PM **me**: I'm not sure, but if you don't have them now after their tenth they will play football..., I don't have a clue what kind of marketing can do the

job... maybe you must think of an advertising material handing out in schools, kindergartens and the like.

10:14 PM **Biljana:** mhm... I handed out something in Milan's school, and it worked out... by the way they do sport in their forth, I already have a girl who attends karate classes, my mum came, so I will do same marketing, for about a month when the estate list will be ready we should go to Skopje, I hope that I will manage too

10:18 PM **me:** Sure, but you mother has to go, so we will see each other... mails turned to be like a fine foreplay (to me) so I hope we will have something to say to each other... I will be satisfied even with silence, but in any case I want to see you

10:20 PM **Biljana:** I will be glad too, even we are silent, it doesn't matter... I will bring paper if writing is a better solution :)

10:22 PM **me:** even drawing isn't on my side lately, only writing, but there is no doubt I am looking forward to meeting you...

10:24 PM **Biljana:** hey... I have had a dream this morning and I had a desire to painted it, it was unusual and fantastic... by the way, in my dream the most important image was my brother and I looking through the window from his bedroom towards Opatija where we used to live, and there is a suture in the sky, which bounds two parts of the sky, as it is from sewed cloth, and the sky was as it was painted... what a wonderful feeling... sky from two parts

10:27 PM **me:** and there is a suture in the sky... sorry but I can understand what do you mean

10:28 PM **Biljana:** suture, as someone was sewed two parts of the sky, and between there is a rift, unusual, how do you say it in Macedonian

10:29 PM as you join two parts and sew a shirt

10:33 PM **me:** I understand, really unusual and interesting... I try to recast that picture somehow through sculptural possibilities...yes yes; I think that there is a chance... Actually there is no picture that can not be a sculpture too... I don't insist on the sculpture, I'm not art selfish towards our domain am I, but you can't run from yourself

10:36 PM **Biljana:** Of course, in the same dream I had an art studio in which I was making some sculptures, there was a beautiful one made from brass, as an wide pipe, with a cone on the top, and in front of the cone as on the throat, there it was perforated with little holes, which associated me on a throat or speech, I think that the pipe had something like a bow-door, open entrance... I have never seen a similar sculpture

10:39 PM **me:** it reminded me on some picture of Rene Magrit..., actually that surreal thought

10:42 PM **Biljana:** yes that vivid part of the sky, the sculpture was more like a someone ha... I don't now how to say... a little temple or stylistic body... but...

10:44 PM how are you, is something happening to you, I feel selfish, so many things are happening to me although I haven't realized anything, but I surely know what is waiting for me...

10:48 PM **me:** I am in a wonderful correspondence with you and slowly I begin to realize that there my next project is hiding... I can't talk now about the form of art closure, it's too early, but I sense this after our first mails

10:50 PM **Biljana:** Yes, this writing is just wonderful for me... I will try not to poison you with too much reality... in spite of that it is so unimportant

10:53 PM I have received an unusual mail, I'm sending you something you to see something that can be related to

10:55 PM the name of the mail is something hahahaha

me: from 2002 (and much before that) I work on problems with textual (when we will see each other I hope it will be longer), but this with you I feel as something special... I know when some strong situation that is like an art is happening to me

10:56 PM **Biljana:** heee, and how do I feel...

10:57 PM have you receive that crazy mail

10:59 PM **me:** I actually know what I want to do and how it will look... for some things I will need your opinion too, but later about that...I still don't have the mail, the crazy one, ha, ha, ha...

11:01 PM **Biljana:** oooooooo, I have butterflies in my stomach already **me:** here it is, the crazy mail

11:02 PM **Biljana:** I have receive it when I was writing about anti-realities to you, symbolically

11:04 PM **me:** you really surprise me, I thank you for the concentration for which I owe you... this will surely find a place of honour in the project

11:05 PM **Biljana:** now you are driving me crazy... x-(tell me something

11:16 PM **me:** No, no my dear... the idea is so crazy that first you should jump and then say op...of course when I will be ready for that, but first the project for Egypt is waiting for me

(the one with Tanzania fell off), we changed the location for near Africa because Shumkovski had a complicated operation and we don't want to risk with the strong injections that are necessary... this coincidence that was finished with success a I welcomed it because I haven't been to Egypt (the last famous sculptor who hasn't visited Egypt, ha, ha, ha...), to be strongly occupied with you (but

don't get me wrong) because the idea is so sensitive and of course the best way to be packed...

11:17 PM **Biljana:** ooooo who was forcing me to ask, what kind of operation

11:18 PM Egypt wonderful

11:19 PM you wasn't so bound to Egypt, I suppose... maybe that is the best way

11:21 PM **me:** I know that you sense what is hiding behind my idea... You always know and recognise yourself... I didn't think to talk about this today, but I liked your question and that gave me courage... Jovan is ok now and beginning from next week he is going to start with his work at the faculty, he got over the suffer and the risks, but still Africa is Africa

11:22 PM **Biljana:** I know, I wish I could go there... it is calling me. On Saturday am going on Nabib's concert, I can't wait

11:23 PM **me:** I'm in love with Egypt, but I haven't visited it... So you can love something even on distance

11:24 PM **Biljana:** that is the same as if you are there.)

11:25 PM I don't know whether you have heard about the experiment with two groups...

11:26 PM one was at the sea and running along the shore every morning and doing exercises, the other one was imagining that is in some hall, and at the end they examined the two groups and the one which was exercising in a hall had better results than the one that was at the sea

me: where will the concert take place, in Novi Sad?

11:27 PM **Biljana:** in the youth theatre, I think that there is a Jazz festival every year

11:28 PM I have had seen it once, within Interzone when I was working in Mirror, great

1:32 PM **me:** about that two group you were telling me about did they check their pulse... calm non-dynamic excitement sometimes is more exciting, even more stressful in a positive way... I haven't heard that somebody died from that, but... I had an opportunity to see him within jazz festivals in Skopje, he is really good, real source...

11:36 PM **Biljana:** I'm not sure about the pulse... I don't remember,, I think we were talking about that at the philosophy class once... but in meditation everything gets slow, first of all the breathing, breathing is very important, it contains all states of consciousness, have you ever noticed that when you are concentrated we put the tongue on the top gum, I don't know if it is same with you, that is the beginning of the meditation

11:39 PM **me**: do you know that Belopeta, organizes the Skopje Jazz festival, he brings great people.. The festival is great... maybe you have seen something of it... Yes, this with the tongue is true, I have noticed that too

11:40 PM **Biljana**: Yes I have been to the Jazz festival in Skopje, when Salif Keita and Philip Glass were there

11:43 PM **me**: I can't remember which year Keita and Glass were, I didn't watch, but very strong names were present at the festival...some of that I had a chance to see

11:46 PM **Biljana**: Actually in two different years, but I don't have a clue when, I know what was the night like, it was raining when Salif was performing, ha, ha... I was alone, and when Glass was performing I was with Gorazd's wife, that's my memory, I can't remember dates, years less

11:47 PM it wasn't long time ago, 2003 I think

11:48 PM **me**: do you know Chapovski... I wasn't that lucky

Biljana: Stefan was playing with him, do you remember Kissmet, his wife is wonderful, he is crazy

11:49 PM his son's name is East, Kiril is godfather, now he has a daughter I don't know her

11:52 PM **me**: Small family map... I know that Stefan cooperated with some of their concerts and albums... I believe that Gorazd is crazy, but I like the fact that his wife is not like him

11:54 PM **Biljana**: yes, yes, that's better, someone has to stay on the ground I suppose, I'm joking on professional filed, his is perfectionist without any doubt, he wants to dominate, real leader

11:58 PM by the way... looking with man's eyes.. When is the woman ok? I wish to know **me**: I like his perfectionism (you know this) and without a leader things don't work out... Someone has to pull the strings when something isn't going... I like when the group creating can be more friendly, it is very hard in practise, isn't it

11:59 PM **Biljana**: yes, I think I'm becoming a woman, I agree

12:03 AM **me**: one fly is constantly flying in front of my eyes... my friend decided not to leave me... The wonderful fly that can jump in my text and in some way warn and teach me... you have always been outrageous woman, example...

12:06 AM **Biljana**: eh... now you have left me speechless, and sometimes I feel like I'm not from this planet, here is the evening...good for me and the moon

12:07 AM **me**: this chat is going great

12:08 AM **Biljana**: yes...maybe because of the moon... I don't know

12:11 AM **me**: leave the moon, let's back to you, although I often associate you with the moon... Do you still leave Bora to go to bed at 21 h

12:15 AM **Biljana**: what can I do... he says he is tired, and when I am talking about us, he says you talk nonsense again, that's because of the job, as he is a neurosurgeon

12:17 AM men's jokes

12:20 AM **me**: sorry for the directness, but I want we to get into ourselves again... I don't believe that they are jokes... Men function in occasionally lulls... I pray God for a storm, let it be...it is more exciting to swim when there are waves

12:22 AM **Biljana**: I was born where there are storms, believe me, but now something hit me, like when the sun will hit your head and you feel for anything...

12:24 AM I don't mind any more... maybe I'm a lioness, lions are lazy and boring

12:28 AM **me**: where did you find this fly, for God's sake... No, I don't agree, I think you are in mood, but I believe you, you know the best... I feel you very vivid, and I don't want to believe in what are you saying... I think that you have yourself and that is enough, that is a wonderful feeling... I live that feeling and I think you feel splendidly... come on don't complain

12:30 AM **Biljana**: I don't complain... Not anymore and I feel good. I got that fly from Borin's aunt the same moment when I sent it to you

12:31 AM you still don't believe in coincidence

12:40 AM **me**: everything is coincidence and how can't I believe in starts... I wanted to ask what were you working with the children today, but if you don't want to talk about that disregard my question... In one of your mail you asked me for suggestion what can you try with the children (your beautiful girls and the most handsome Milan), this flown in, so I thought that it will be good they to work more on the material, as our Tony... let them turn it over the material, I believe it can be a great experience...you have surely done this, but there are always some hidden possibilities... Sorry for the digression, it wasn't on purpose... Now it's on you to use the Crossroad

12:45 AM **Biljana**: yes, it also passed my mind to do something from old toys, for example Milan has full bag with small parts... We can recycle, and to feel the material too... We were talking once about the difference between an art paintbrush made in a factory and a paintbrush made by us, how can we know which one is a work of art, because we agreed if we painted it, then it is an art but what if we made it? They were delighted, but it wasn't clear to them, so we agreed that we are who work on that essential detail in art

12:55 AM **me**: I got a liqueur with filter coffee (brandy and coffee) that my Bojan makes... Everything is on his mind and he is not lazy to spend time, he enjoys doing

that as in some many other things... Wow he is so good... I am sending you... good and relaxing (now I can write till the morning)... that try with the paintbrush is great... What do you think how will they react on clay... Maybe on cotton, wool, sellotape or on some liquid materials... I don't know, I think that you should try something like that... I mentioned some materials, but more concentrated the same materials can classify according homogeneity

12:57 AM **Biljana**: I adore clay, we worked with dough and plaster too, coloured liquid also, but it is never enough, every time they ask, when we are going to knead the clay!

1:00 AM coffee with liqueur...I want too

1:05 AM **me**: at that age is always better the children to experience things if the same are related to some action that animate them additionally...our job is to tame their energy in something tangible, actually to oversee the result from our task... and it should be short: one word, or word-conjunction-word... the same applies to us too... Bojan's innovation is great, we often drink it, but he will be happy if you join us and try his miracle

1:07 AM **Biljana**: it's some kind of man coffee/ liqueur, for long time I was working at my mum's bar, very looooooong, I make great Nescafe with whisky... girl's, **me**: he will be happy if we enlarge the group of fans of LIQUEUR ALA BOJAN

1:08 AM **Biljana**: I accept, because I should take you as a blood-brother

1:09 AM I have always had more boys as friends even when I was a child...

1:15 AM **me**: Nescafe and brandy... girl's...let it be, me and Bojan can stand even that miracle...we are becoming friends of your girl's group... we accept blood-brotherhood and other challenges, but please without cutting veins... We don't stand blood... See my dear; we had an agreement at once... Bojan do you agree to take one more member in the group of fans... Here he is... nodding... It's fine with him... who can resist an offer like this

1:21 AM **Biljana**: good for you... I don't like blood either; I am a little sleepy... I haven't drunk you specialty yet, and it's rude to see when I have sent you my first message... B-) send me to bed

1:22 AM now when we are brothers you can send me a picture

1:25 AM **me**: I wanted to ask you what are your obligations for tomorrow... no because of me, you know that we professors can manage somehow, what about you?...of course I will send you a picture, me and Bojan in a mood... Oh my dear, don't you sleep on me... wait a little bit I want to shove you for a good sleep

1:27 AM **Biljana**: It doesn't matter Milan gets up at 6:30 and yells BAAAA!!! Every morning and that's it... I love you to shove me, but one more cigarette...

1:28 AM **me**: OHO NO, I like this, thank you for the understanding yes...

1:30 AM I wanted to write OHO HO but it turned superb

Biljana: yeah, I thought that it wasn't by accident

1:31 AM it isn't... I eat words

1:32 AM what about you after the coffee or it compensate with the brandy and neutralize

1:34 AM **me**: it does me good, now I really ask myself how am I going to sleep... but I won't shove you about it, I feel comfortable my friend... only if I can type my big thoughts faster

1:38 AM **Biljana**: I muuuuust go, I will fall a sleep any moment, I feel like that at the moment... wish me good night... maybe I will fall a sleep before that... I wish you sweet dreamsssssss...

1:43 AM **me**: I really don't know how to end this conversation... sweet dreams to you too... I will have one more glass of this miracle that Bojan made...wonderful... I let you now, Bye... now is the end and for the fly too...

Biljana: :)

1:44 AM **me**: it's hard for me to take out those signs... I don't know what I can take out from that

1:46 AM Actually, I should check them well in order not to make something foolish

1:55 AM **me**: I lighted myself another cigarette, but please be more rational... you are sleeping... You look wonderful... Thank you for your conversation. Long no yes, no, but time flew... I will get back to you for this, don't worry! Don't be amazed, I am talking about the precious time



Salif Keita, Till (rock band from Novi Sad - Serbia) – Stefan Popovic and friends,
and Philip Glass

**Fwd: Fw: hahahahaha**

----- Forwarded message -----

From: mica <k_milanka@yahoo.com>

Date: 2008/11/11 Subject:

Fw: Xaxaxaxaxa

To: Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

----- Forwarded Message -----

From: Dragica Vorgic <dragica.vorgic@nsurbanizam.rs>

To: ljilja volic <ljiljavolic@yahoo.de>; mica <k_milanka@yahoo.com>

Sent: Monday, September 22, 2008 8:10:55 AM

----- Original Message -----

From: [Vujkov Branko](#)

To: [Dragica Vorgic](#)

Sent: Sunday, September 21, 2008 9:30 PM

In your last mail there was a fly so I am giving back to you!!!

<http://www.eset.com>

--

Biljana Kljajic



Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Nov 13, 2008 at 5:18 PM

4:30 PM **Biljana**: hey

4:32 PM **me**: Hello! I was talking on the phone... sorry...

4:33 PM **Biljana**: what are you doing... I am down here from 5:30, I am a mess, I got a granddaughter

4:36 PM **me**: Congratulations, all the best, best wishes for a happy childhood... boy I love buns... I put in order our mails and chats, I put the pictures in them, my dear

4:37 PM **Biljana**: you are fantastic :)

4:38 PM **me**: sorry, granddaughter... it's a newborn from...

4:39 PM **Biljana**: my first cousin, my uncle's daughter gave a birth to a daughter... Her name is Nea -

4:40 PM We are all crazy today

4:41 PM **me**: the one on your channel... Nea – knock on wood there is something in your happiness of yours, isn't it?

4:42 PM **Biljana**: yes yes, I sent link to Macedonians in Opatia... Svetlana on the picture became a mother

4:43 PM **me**: beautiful mother more beautiful child, how it is said... wonderful

4:45 PM **Biljana**: you are right, how did you survive Bojan's mixed coffee

4:51 PM **me**: I was going through this channel... it brought tears to my eyes, girl... Ohrid, Aneta Svetieva, Miss Summer, Lions from Gjorche, Macedonia in heart, love through wires, come on, don't ask, be good as I am, teach me mother, scold me, Jovano Jovanke... and the "porn" clips are like poison... the one about Macedonia and Greece... boy, you made me cry... thank you

4:52 PM **Biljana**: you confused me with the porn, where have you wandered...

4:53 PM I think that isn't mine, it must be a link connected to MKD and automatically comes up, 4:54 PM yes I understand what you have found...

me: I don't have a clue, but I burst into laughter, never mind... it's probably that what are you saying... they are very funny

4:55 PM **Biljana**: I didn't watch I swear, but I am laughing too...

4:56 PM sent me the link from Aneta Svetieva... I will see by myself

4:58 PM I can't find her, what is writing

5:00 PM **me:** from Bojan's miracle and from the prolonged beauty I went to bed at 4:30 AM... you can find A. Svetieva in the video for Macedonia in heart... only one little piece with her sculptures from the cycle Beauty and the Beast... you have bring my memories back,

Biljana: aaa, that's why I can't find her

5:01 PM **me:** what's up with you, except that for a short time you will be with your beauties again,

5:02 PM I don't let you go till...

5:03 PM **Biljana:** now I can see where Greece and Macedonia are, those are link connected with tags, I think I know what happened it's because of the link Ohrid lake and that's why that "film" showed up

me: isn't your workshop in your building

Biljana: I'm great, I'm going downstairs now, but I don't feel like going, but what can I do... yes it is in the building, today I was working something and I got tired

5:05 PM at 4: 30, you re really gone, I would be but I don't have practice, although I will be awake because of the moon, awake... if you drink coffee call me

5:09 PM **me:** that awakening happens to me a lot, actually I fall a sleep that time, crazy rhythm, but what can I do...also our long conversation filled my soul... go and sleep after that I will call you, but I will take from Bojan's miracle to stay in shape

5:12 PM **Biljana:** however, maybe some nice coincidence will happen... I will probably make red tea, I made one last night too... there was a fine programme about Africa on Travel, by the way when are you going to Egypt

5:16 PM **me:**... my dear, I must go now... the handyman for the boiler is here... life, what can you do... tonight I am going to tell you about Egypt.. I'm off now... boy I sorry about this and about that nasty boiler...No, no, the plumber already finished, it was a small intervention. I am here till you are free

5:17 PM **Biljana:** no... I am off too.. till tonight...

5:18 PM **me:** by the way we plan Egypt for June next year...Be in touch bye, bye, bye...

5:19 PM **Biljana:** bye to you too :)

5:20 PM **me:** you keep me in suspense...have a nice time with the children

(no subject)

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to "pavleskis@gmail.com" <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Thu, Nov 13, 2008 at 10:41 PM

I was surfing on you tube and seen all that that comes out from the right side of the related video... that is the thing that you have been telling me about and I didn't know what is it.... You tube itself relates that, but the videos that have some connection with me are my videos where there is my nickname and my play list, but I still haven't found Aneta Svetieva, there are a lot of videos by the name Macedonia... I hope that you will show up soon...

Stanko Pavleski

from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Fri, Nov 14, 2008 at 3:05 AM

Forgive me, Unpredicted

Me and Bile went to my brother... unexpected occasion, but I should show up...I have missed a wonderful date with you, through that exiting and unpredictable flow of events from which I always come up cheerful. I promised that tonight I will be on line and I was impatient about our conversation...I already miss you... I guard your dream.

Biljana Kljajic

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Fri, Nov 14, 2008 at 3:06 PM

Of course that you should go to your brother...that is more important, don't you ever forget your real life... I was trying yesterday to face with my real life events and today I don't feel good... I have to rearrange some of my inner rooms and to have a mental shower... Some total nonsense started to bother me; I have never been like this.

I am nervous now that I had a fight with my husband and now he acts like a dump and he called me yesterday just to ask me if I am tired, a question that he never asked me in my life, even it was necessary, I am sorry Stanko you are a male, but I am so proud that I am female this time...but I won't be like that girl who didn't see the ring on Boro's finger.

Love your real life...so every other will be nice

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Fri, Nov 14, 2008 at 11:39 PM

9:31 PM **Biljana:** hi

9:32 PM I was practicing sleeping today at 9 pm but I couldn't sleep.

9:33 PM **me:** Here I am, I was about to write you a letter... nice letter

Biljana: that is nice

9:38 PM **me:** In your afternoon letter you don't sound good... don't give up my dear... I have been leaving with those problems and I know that the distance is not the real thing... I don't want to sound very high, but I am caught by such emptiness too but I heal it exceptionally dedicating to what is the most important to me- profession and some other things.

9:43 PM **Biljana:** actually I am not that concerned, in some way I m conches that everything goes like that, I know that everybody needs understanding, I don't judge anyone, I am just sorry for all that time I have missed myself, for instance, I didn't eat until my husband didn't come home... that time when I was preparing lunch... the meeting at work postponed for unedifying time, until dinner so he came back home at midnight... so I learning one new lesson, and that is to keep an eye on my self,

so now he wants to read my massages, here he is.

9:47 PM **me:** Do you think we should stop talking... I can completely understand the situation... he doesn't have manners ... ups... easy Stanko, how do you allowed to talk like this... I am sorry my dear.

9:48 PM **Biljana:** there is no need I told him so, and I'm reading something from Michelangelo in the same time

9:49 PM **me:** You are acting like a high school girl!?

9:51 PM **Biljana**: Am I! And I was about to take the iron to that certain person

9:54 PM **me**: Don't get the people so seriously, not even Bora, no one but God, because contrary you make a field in which you can be easily hurt, I don't have a recipe, me the same as you work without a cook book, maybe we have to learn that... of course you should give him the iron, you are not in love with it aren't you?

9:55 PM **Biljana**: ha ha! Who am I talking to...someone who has stolen the mail box.

9:58 PM have you read, Michelangelo now has got a secret code and secret massage.

10:00 PM it is about something between Christianity and Judaism, unusual...

10:03 PM **me**: if I want to talk about this things, I don't think about people, I think about conditions and the same are worse than the Spanish soap operas... what can we do... I will tell shortly one scene... a grandpa I talking to his grandson and says: there are no people in this world anymore... we are the only left, me you and your grandma... there are no people in this world any more.

10:05 PM ... I am not sure about Michelangelo; I am satisfied with the things I used to know before.

10:07 PM **Biljana**: well there is no other man... here are just human connections

10:08 PM And mad love... from my cousin who gave a birth, her mother my aunt was at the procedure all the time... I was so happy, her daughter is becoming a mom, and she is expecting her grandchild... that is so icon

10:11 PM **me**: I still haven't read that book and even if I don't know if I want to read it I will read it because of my students maybe some of them will ask me about that and I want to be IN sometimes. The grand ma is calling her grand child, I like it.

Biljana I am reading just an article, I didn't even read The Davinci code, I think it is a real bore.

10:15 PM Bora just told me that some people from India have sent a drill on the moon, that is IN.

10:16 PM cha cha (that is what Indians say) when they don't have any comment, what is al that

10:17 PM **me**: There was some title with Michelangelo... I bet that is the same thing that you read, The code of the old Michelangelo... now I remember... I won't definitely read it.

Biljana: <http://online.wsj.com/article/SB122661765227326251.html?mod=yhoofront>

10:19 PM **me**: thank you, you know that I can't do two things at the time... just say hello to Bora.

10:21 PM **Biljana**: it is about that Michelangelo wanted to keep Judaic roots Jesus, pagan and Kabala.

10:24 PM **me**: Smart man, his lunatics ideas are expected... no, no, I know about that and our dear Michelangelo is surely not kidding. I knew he is smart but this...?

10:25 PM **Biljana**: Poor Roma, it got to move on

10:26 PM: -/

10:27 PM **me**: Yes, we can't see that on movie... Vatican? I am afraid

10:28 PM **Biljana**: Do you want to write me a letter...that nice one?

10:29 PM **me**: First I want you to tell me if you tidy some of yours inner rooms?

10:30 PM **Biljana**: well yes, I throw a lot of garbage...Only the ornaments are left to be put in order.

10:31 PM actually what is the life about... I have to pay more attention to some important things.

10:33 PM I can't let to become uglier from something that is prettier to someone else, now I feel better, I didn't know that, something pushed me in the back and enlightened me

10:35 PM **me**: It works sometimes...but we should practice it more... I want to cheer you up with a little bit of sarcasm, is Bora's new girlfriend a JET?

10:37 PM **Biljana**: No she is not, but she smiled at him...she didn't know who I am so she throws him a strange look. But he had a bomb in his mouth... I was satisfied and was laughing... and he was mad. And after that he started to bother me with his attention...and now he is bored.

10:39 PM **me**: Ooooo all the man are same, and women too, nothing has really changed since we were walking Naked.

10:40 PM **Biljana**: ha, and worse

10:42 PM I will be back...he is all around me... sorry but I don't want him to read my chat.

10:43 PM **me**: Oh no, what can I say... we have to allow them to pass through us.

.....

11:39 PM **me**: I will be so unhappy if the beauty of our conversation makes someone feel bad... I don't want to believe in that that is not.

Stanko Pavleski to Biljana

from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
date Sat, Nov 15, 2008 at 12:41 AM

I am trying to be in touch as much as I can with my relatives (my sister, brother and of course my attention to my mother) and my close friends, especially from my professional surrounding...that is how I have been taught my dear...that also has it's own price... we all need attention for our mutual confirmation... the greatest dimension of the man, the creation didn't have enough sense without love, if we don't share that love we could become a house of wind and desert... so in the name of the heat of the heart I would like to smell unknown flowers.

So at the end is my greatest love to Bile and Bojan... they are so unaware of that...I am not doing enough ...I am so incapable for those little- great things... those that are close to us and in the air they are flouting like a dust, and at some point it become a distance and we normally don't get along... but the things are so simple... but I know that that is more than simple and that simple thing that usually goes away from the usual standards and rules(I don't have time to think about that)... I concentrate on beautiful things we have and I can't believe that the misunderstanding lies in that.

Look, maybe there is something not understandable in my opinion... I just know that I love them very much and I do all so they can feel that way... I will say some wise thought now... misunderstandings usually come in at that point when our challenges for self uncovering are thin, so then we pay more attention to someone else instead to work on ourselves... what a life...piece of cake.

You are getting in that circle of my closest friends, because all of this time you are at my home as my pleasure- jealousy kept in this virtual box... special circle between the family one and professional and trust me I don't have any special concern what others think about this...I wanted to write about some other beautiful things but the Chat completely shadowed my ways... I believed that you will show up... I am worried...

(no subject)

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Sat, Nov 15, 2008 at 9:26 AM

I know that you are right and I feel that way too.

You really wrote me a nice letter, I don't want in any way to hurt someone, and I know that I don't want to. I still want to be among those people who can call themselves even people, and I know that you are one of them.

However, I have deleted my mail, the password is "transparent" and I did it because of you I don't want to lose this space of ours, I feel fine there and it worth a lot, like a chest in which I have found treasure. I will open other e-mail address and I will send you a mail.

Here I am...

from Biljana K <myskysteps@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sat, Nov 15, 2008 at 9:47 AM

:)

Jesus Christ...

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to myskysteps@gmail.com
 date Sat, Nov 15, 2008 at 1:43 PM

... (Do not say his name too often)... but I must... there is nothing to comment about... it is enough that you know that I support you... Digression (I need a little smile from you) and coincidences... the provider broke down, they will come and fix the cable TV and the internet on Monday. I am on Dial-up now, I knew and I expected you to call after that thing yesterday night (Jesus is with you... everything will be better)... I wish and hope you to have a nice weekend)... Oh Dunav is wonderful, and Frushka Gora, and your father's beauties (since when

you haven't seen him?), a little CLEAR SUNBEAMS and LIGHT, SUN, my dear...
If the sun above Novi Sad is hidden, I send it to you our SUN...

PS. Don't worry about our correspondence, everything is neat and tidy and if you need something I will send it to you.

from **Biljana K** <myskysteps@gmail.com>
to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Sat, Nov 15, 2008 at 4:24 PM
subject Re: Jesus Christ...

I have been to F. Gora...it's marvellous, the concert is tonight... I can't wait even I am not in a mood, but I hope beside that, it is going to be great... everything is ok

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to Biljana K <myskysteps@gmail.com>
date Sat, Nov 15, 2008 at 5:12 PM
subject Re: Jesus Christ...

Come on, you gonna tell me... Have a nice time, when Habib sings you will drift away... I envy you

A little ray of autumn sun

from **Biljana K** <myskysteps@gmail.com>
to pavleskis@gmail.com
date Mon, Nov 17, 2008 at 11:30 AM

Here I am...

It was nice at the Jazz concert... Habib was fantastic and songs fitted perfectly, there was one song about a newborn child, very beautiful and when he was talking about Africa I wished I was born there, but I wasn't and now I can just dream about it...

He said that there isn't as it is here...it's hot there and parents don't drive there children to school, they aren't in a hurry, children go to school by themselves etc.

accompanied by other children and they build great friendship. Through a song he described a boy going to school with one girl, and a long time afterwards he asks himself where she can be now. Yes, and he also said that boys who live there are really happy, he said we are very lucky because we can have 4 wives in one house, and I was ashamed that I can be alone in my own house.

I'm joking, but I'm a little bit serious... The thing that fascinated me was how much life is there in themselves, they are so vivid and normal, the music is so real and natural... it is part of them really wonderful...

Here is real autumn, cold and wet... I'm fighting for good thoughts, as I'm on solar power... here it is! I have cheated a little sun... I don't know how I manage to do that, but nature and I are in good relations.

Thank you for the wishes, everything is fine with me, in some unusual way, but I look like myself more and more. Only now I can see that it's now easy to meet someone, when it's a very big task to get to know yourself, I never know which Biljana in which corner is waiting for me, I will gather all of them today, to take ready for Monday, unusual lives during the weekend and during the working days, once I have watched on Discovery one scientific search, that once we influenced the time during the weekend in accordance with the work in the factory or other institutions, once more it was proved that everything is alive and conscious matter, around us and in relation with us, actually all this time we build everything that is surrounding us, is so funny that we wonder, strong weather changes and storms... what kind of clouds are creating and shaping from us making a picture we are living in.

Eh that thoughts, we have easily understand worries and wishes and all the money, we shouldn't worry only about carbon dioxide and methane, there are worse evaporations than them.

Probably it's my fault for my grey clouds... I'm sure that I'm my own forecaster and a rainy cloud and sunny day, but what can I do I'm living in this world too, trivial and unimportant stupid things bother me... specially when in some way it involves me... It's good, it's getting sunny and nice... It means so much to me... I am a sunny day, ha!

I must go and have a walk...everything turned in only fifteen lines... incredible... It's wonderful!



Chat with Biljana K

from **Biljana K** <myskysteps@gmail.com>
to pavleskis@gmail.com
date Mon, Nov 17, 2008 at 3:08 PM

2:50 PM **me**: here I'm, I have just opened your mail... How are you...This means so much to me... ?

3:08 PM **me**: I'm still at work... beside this I'm filling in a form for the Ministry of Culture, you know there is always a lack of means, Egypt is in question... We must be prepared

3:11 PM I'll be at the faculty some time...

3:12 PM have a nice afternoon... be in touch...

Habib's wives...

from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>

to Biljana K <myskysteps@gmail.com>

date Mon, Nov 17, 2008 at 5:35 PM

... or an ID of another ME 10 years ago (during your studies) I thought that I could live with two wives and love both of them, if two of them that I propose this are reading this mail they will burst into laughter, but I was very serious in that moment and I thought it was possible...what do you think is it crazy to think of something like that and to believe that is possible, is it so crazy and infeasible in this world of egocentrics, possessive people, captured minds?... I thank to fantastic Habib and in love with him Biljana who reminded me of this craziness of mine... here it is, a whole scene is back to me now, in a tavern as it resembles for unexpected meetings in trio and my crazy love proposals on open stage... Then I wasn't drunk neither crazy, but maybe I'm crazy since birth?! At that moment I strongly loved another Person (discretion guaranteed) besides my Love one, everything seemed possible to me, because I didn't want to lose them... Is it selfish not to want to hurt someone, contrary to lose one loved person, put in a position to choose...in that moment I couldn't choose, not because I was sitting at the same table with two loved women, but I was acting like that when I was face to face with them... what can Psychology say to this: conflict in front of a choice between two goods: crazy unreality, unreliable character; egocentric with deep foundations; adventurer since birth; experiment on square and everything else, but I knew that I loved two women at the same time... is it a sin my dear? Hey Stanko, is it true that Habib loosen your tongue, but don't exaggerate with artistic films of yours... I believe that the guy was fantastic, heavy rain from Africa that you can resist... days/months till June when I hope I will be with my Ptolemy (it's not typical Africa, but still..) anew I will start to turn to the Nature/Naturalness and I'm looking forward to it and I'm happy as a little child...and I can't see that I have grown up and it's exactly that I admire to... However I rarely go out (except hanging out on Saturday/Sunday with the mountains), I'm terribly bound to myself and Bile is right to be angry at me... I'll try to urbanize myself, that kind of wave knows to catch me and they can't get me calm... I function like that mostly... I will try to be like those normal men... I promise, there is a beauty in that too... I have an impression that you are good in optimal going out and short walks, aren't you? It's pleasant autumn in Skopje, beautiful warm gold autumn, and it's not my fault! And you, you are sunny day and it's your fault!

Lion has a lioness and lioness is only his

from **Biljana K** <myskysteps@gmail.com>
 to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Mon, Nov 17, 2008 at 8:20 PM

That's maleness... it suits to men, but not for the women, whatever it functions in the world, woman can't really be devoted, except once, and because of that devotion is femail characteristic.

I can believe in that... if you have felt something like that for real...even I have asked myself and could bet that it isn't possible, because I have seen that with my own eyes, I have lived alone because of that, time I have spent and the most happiest time in my life was the time when I was alone. That's my craziness and the thing that I miss a lot and the thing because I'm unhappy is when I don't have myself.

Because of that I don't like falling in love too much; I always feel some kind of an end. The most I like now is one unusual feeling that I had some days ago, I felt as someone pulled my head and legs, I felt self-esteem.

I know that you ask yourself what does it have with love, and I still believe that love hasn't got much with people, and with the attraction too, love isn't for people, it for the plants and creating, for the soul and breathing, for dreams and dreaming, noone can love two people, and nobody can love somebody, because it is full and whole real dimension, we alone, even when we see somebody, one, two, three... we see only one.

Welcome my Nothing I always bow and devote to you...my beginning and my end, they watch me in my eyes again, and I don't know how many times I should go... To turn back again

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Tue, Nov 18, 2008 at 1:24 AM

8:56 PM **Biljana**: Hey, here am I, on the old address, and you're blinking

8:58 PM **me**: Hello, here am I dealing with us... I'm putting my mails in order because someone can steal them, everything is possible, you know that, don't you?...

8:59 PM **Biljana:** do you think that I can do that, no, I'm not that kind, I don't steal, I don't lie, I don't have lice.

9:00 PM :)

9:02 PM **me:** I've already put everything on CD, you never know... I won't let this conversation disappear... I buried the CD in the yard... I hope that in the future there will be hardworking archaeologists...

9:03 PM **Biljana:** ha ha...

9:04 PM my family has just arrived from a birthday party; I had time just for the mail that I sent it to you. I don't mind the chat... do you?

9:05 PM **me:** No, I'm used to... you can talk, the keyboard can talk, too...

9:06 PM **Biljana:** Yes, I can, everything is ok.

9:08 PM **me:** Then, let's talk... how your walk was, you do that all the time... you like that.

9:10 PM **Biljana:** Yes, especially when my mother is here or when I go to take Milan from kindergarden, then I have a break, I still don't work first shift, but the time between 13 and 16:00 I'm free. I hope so that soon I will have classes with the students in the morning, but I left that for the older ones, just today I was working some commercial material.

9:11 PM **me:** I wish you could employ me.

9:12 PM **Biljana:** oh, come on then

9:13 PM **me:** You know that I will be useful, it's unbelievable but I'm good with kids, I agree to work with children from 4 to 10 years old.

9:15 PM **Biljana:** Yes, you can. They are wonderful, today Anastasia pleasantly surprised me, she wrote me a love letter and she painted something very cute, we call that book of love and we painted something additionally in the work shop...

9:16 PM My mother told me that all the kids look like me...

9:17 PM Today Milan was painting all day, he had an inspiration

9:19 PM **me:** And I would like to look like you... you will have kids all day long... and, when are you going to write to me, my dear? **Biljana:** don't worry, my mother told me that she is going to buy me a laptop, then I will have a computer at work.

9:22 PM **me:** I like this, what are you going to do without your mother, look I haven't said hello yet from my first call... say hello to her from me, she is beautiful and brave women isn't she?

9:25 PM **Biljana:** Of course, she is magnificent, she says hello too, I don't look like her, she is exotic, with dark hair, even she says that I look like she has ever wanted, even she said that she wished that in the church, I do have blue eyes and long hands and legs... but I think that she is overacting, everything is too long, ha! My mother is guilty

9:28 PM **me**: Is there any Macedonian girl who is not beautiful... I wrote this before I read yours... no, no she is not overacting, although I have forgotten you a while. No, I can't forget that beauty...

9:30 PM **Biljana**: I don't know what to say but I must send you a picture from my mother... just to find something, you will see we were laughing few days ago

9:33 PM **me**: You ask the mirror... Otherwise, Macedonian people are seen as the most beautiful people... you know that, don't you?

Biljana: well I think that more for others, especially for my mother 9:36 PM I just look pictures from my graduation and from college, I don't know who keep them.

9:38 PM **me**: They joke about me (my Macedonian friends), but I don't care about that at all... I had one girl who wanted to joke with my beauty, she was always losing the fight, but I don't care about that at all... ooo Stanko what are you talking about, who asked you... come on, come on, it came to me like that, I shouldn't have said that without a reason.

9:42 PM **Biljana**: Ok, ok...

9:44 PM **me**: I know that I've blocked you... what can I write about this... leave it, please... I don't know if I have some photos from your defence, I think no... there, you see, I will open you some work from that and you will send it to me..., I have beautiful photos from your acts that you left me, but not from that moment, no I have nothing from that beautiful day.

Biljana: You haven't... I'm sending you a picture...

9:45 PM I have something from the house, but better no, I was dead.

9:46 PM **me**: You have beautiful photos... but from graduation you've lost everything... good for you...

Biljana: have you received the picture?

me: Not yet.

Biljana: Now you will

9:48 PM **me**: What have occurred to me... I remember about the party at your house, I was exhausted... probably from the excitement, you were my first don't you...

9:50 PM **Biljana**: ha ha and I was exhausted.

9:51 PM how was it after me... You don't say a word

9:52 PM you have Irena Paskal on youtube, did you watch?

9:53 PM <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EAOuAheF6PM>
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JmGs_r-Z99U

9:54 PM **me**: I received the picture, you know that you look alike... both of you are beautiful, she is with dark hair, you're blond... great... how old are you on

this photo, I want to ask you that too, how did your father managed to keep this gorgeous girl.

Biljana: Ah, you fool, he didn't take care at all, he looked after his mother, that's in 1981,

9:55 PM. that's in 1981... how old am I... 5...

9:59 PM **me:** Yes, Irena Paskal for now is the worstest one that passes though me, after you of course.. There are few girls (just girls, I don't know the reason) who are successful, but I hope that there will be more.

10:00 PM **Biljana:** Irena was at the "Mirror" when I exhibited "Grain and Rain", she is hardworking more than me, and I first loved one named Milan...

10:05 PM **me:** There is always time for art... Irena truly bite that... You know, she got married, I think one year ago... I think that her husband Driter is very lucky, I met him this summer when they were in Skopje together. Irena had an exhibition in the City Museum, so we saw each other before they went in Ohrid... Irena is from Ohrid.

10:07 PM **Biljana:** I didn't know... I wish her luck, now she is in Ohrid?

10:10 PM do you know whether I can see something from the museum?

me: No, they live in Keln with Driter... she had post graduated studies there, and this year she was on some studies in New York, some research about the possibilities of the Hologram in the art.

Biljana: Wow! Good for her 10:12 PM Oh, I feel so good, I don't know, whether from the wine or from the pictures, I don't know from what.

10:13 PM **me:** I think that I have opened her portfolio... there were her two projects from the museum this year, and few years ago. It should be presented on the internet, she's good in that also.

10:14 PM **Biljana:** I found a site

10:15 PM **me:**

<http://www.irenapaskali.com/>

<http://www.arbeiterfotografie.com/> <http://www.octobre.org/>

Biljana: I was watching it, I like it.

10:16 PM **me:** She is calling me from time to time, and she always surprises me.

10:17 PM **Biljana:** Nice, nice, I will watch the video later

10:20 PM **me:** I don't know do you remember Marina Cvetanovska... wonderful sense, but she understands it slowly, it's not all in that, but everyone should be more dynamic if he sees the art thought the prism of some carrier.

10:21 PM to remind you they were together with Irena in that generation after you.

10:22 PM **Biljana:** I remember everything, blond girl, I watched Irena's videos too.

10:23 PM **me:** yes, yes, quite girl but very hardworking...she has wonderful ideas.

10:24 PM **Biljana:** uh, ones she stole my idea, I didn't forgive her, she even copied the material and the form too, from then I only work at home

10:25 PM although that idea was no sense

10:26 PM **me:** That's why you didn't come to college often, why don't you tell me, these things on time... maybe I would be mild with you...

Biljana: yes, I'm like a snail, I drag myself inside and I'm gone

10:28 PM **me:** Then, the girl didn't know what to choose from your beautiful ideas.

Biljana: I don't know what happened later, I blocked myself completely on purpose, although I met her and she told me that she paints a lot.

10:30 PM **me:** Yes, she also does art, usually I don't believe in doing two serious disciplines at the same time, but...

10:31 PM **Biljana:** I know, I know, although I believe that many people choose that because of money.

10:32 PM There is a gallery in my neighbourhood, the child paints every day, he doesn't care, he paints everything, he is at a multimedia academy and he doesn't have problems at all.

me: hey, listen, I forgot to tell you that Marina postgraduated, I think she should work more on the sculpture

10:33 PM **Biljana:** Great, what is she doing, does she have something...

10:37 PM I found her..haha!

me: I'm not sure whether on the site of City Museum in Skopje, something can be found, her Master paper was there... that project was great... I'm strict, you know that well... there were some other interesting exhibitions and acts on group exhibitions, but if and where can you find them I don't know.

10:38 PM **Biljana:** God, everyone is so serious except me, here <http://www.prima-centar-skopje.org/Exhibit2006B/Cvetanovska.htm>

10:42 PM **me:** Oh, yes you are so serious, we expect miracles, I'm not kidding I'm impatient more, my professor's ego is raising...

10:43 PM **Biljana:** ha!ha! I liked that baskets even more, she is spiritual too

10:44 PM you collect strange people around you

me: they are all clergy, aren't they?

Biljana: I don't know how was her postgraduate work, I would love to see it

10:45 PM yes yes only I'm an alien

10:46 PM **me**: An alien who will warm the CELLAR

Biljana: I hope so

10:47 PM Actually I'm looking forward to start, I'm waiting my mother to finish a seance around the sale, we are counting the days

10:49 PM **me**: I believe... I think that problem is solved and there's no time to wait... there is a next project for you... no, no I don't let you so easily.

Biljana: what can I do without you

10:51 PM **me**: And what will I do without you... I didn't feel like this long time ago... and creative.

10:53 PM **Biljana**: I stuck in theory, you know me... I came to physic in India I finished vibrato therapy, I finished three courses, madness, and I'm still trying to understand how does the world work, you will die from me, I know

me: Oh, you can't imagine on what kind of project I'm working right now, I haven't done more honest project from 1998...

Biljana: You're joking

10:54 PM I can't wait

10:56 PM **me**: With things like this I'm not kidding... maybe I should learn that, but I know that next project will be excellent. But we won't talk about details. Not now.

Biljana: ok I believe and I have trust.

10:58 PM **me**: What was your next project... Landscape is finished already, isn't it?

Biljana: yes, it's over, next thing should be that from the dream,

10:59 PM here I must bring all my physics and alchemy, but I still don't know what is waiting for me, but I like it.

11:01 PM **me**: That kind with woodworm... sorry but that's how I call it... but you dream so much... you have material for few projects

Biljana: No, when I dreamt that sky... it was a scene where I'm doing the sculptures in one studio

11:02 PM some kind of object made from brass and copper was in my dream

11:03 PM **me**: Yes, I know, that sky with a stitch, I like it, but and that description on that form with holes like THROAT.

Biljana: yes, yes,

11:04 PM everything is finished, it just should be taken

11:05 PM **me**: Don't wait, that should be taken really and do it sooner please

Biljana: I must be in very special condition

11:09 PM Little Milan has just fall asleep and got out from bad and is painting, I don't know what is happening to him, he paints all day long.



11:14 PM **me**: I have just thought of the title... 10 YEARS AGO... it's nothing special but I like these simple titles, it can be changed, but almost like that... beautiful child, children are painting just when they have something to say... professionals like us are dealing with many constructions... kids simply give all the best from them... kiss him from me... I hope I will be able to teach him too

11:15 PM **Biljana**: that would be great

11:16 PM you've told something, it is making me laugh

11:17 PM **me**: Tell me something about the work title, come on please

11:18 PM **Biljana**: present, strong... I like it

me: Ok, ok you've already told me...

Biljana: and it's connected of course

11:19 PM decade, century

me: Oh, I'm afraid... maybe for the first time in my artistic life

11:20 PM **Biljana**: good for you, hey and I'm afraid, what did you do, as you have transferred something

11:22 PM **me**: words can't be said, can they... this is like a little riddle

11:23 PM **Biljana**: I believe in that more and more... what ever you do, it must be crazy, will I die because of that.

11:26 PM **me**: No, no, I think that I'll find a good co-worker in you... that's simply makes me happier, you'll understand me... everything is allowed in art...

11:27 PM **Biljana**: I will understand everything, and I will to, but I'm afraid and I don't know why

11:29 PM **me**: Maybe from the same thing I'm afraid of, but I see that as a small panic before a big decision...

11:31 PM **Biljana**: it's probably the same...but you are still crazier – more direct than me... uh ok, I believe that's enough... I believe you

11:34 PM **me**: it's crazy I know, but more and more I believe that it's the right thing...people will need time decent time to realize the reality before their eyes

11:36 PM **Biljana**: x-(aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

11:38 PM **me**: he furrowed, noooo please...I've just taken from the elixir that Bojan makes...cheers

11:39 PM **Biljana**: no, I didn't, I have just closed my eyes...

11:40 PM **me**: what did you see when you closed your eyes...

11:43 PM **Biljana**: I don't know, I think that has something with the truth...I don't know which one... but an honest one in front of which many people can close their eyes, I close my eyes in order to see...

11:46 PM Take that big hat from your dream:)

11:49 PM **me**: Thank you for the words...I now that you can see well and I know that you ask yourself many questions... this with the big hat from my dreams is a nice association... O boy, how strong and clean you feel everything...marvellous... uuuuuuuuh

11:51 PM **Biljana**: do you know what is on my mind now... I watch some exhibitions, it's incredible how some scenes go over and over all the time, what's happening with the art...O God...

11:52 PM everything is in the ornament on the wall, a few pictures, videos, personality

11:53 PM like a crisis

11:54 PM of course all that nude people, juh! What to say

11:55 PM **me**: that has something with one that I have on my mind, let clear this up... I understand you, but it can't be that stronger than this we have... No, no I don't agree

Biljana: of course it isn't, but this art awakes me, everything is the same, everyone has same life

11:56 PM is it bad or good

11:58 PM everything is as made from a mould

me: I understand your concern... I see the thing approximately the same...we are always upright in front of the risk of ready-to wear clothing...the thing is not to get in a trap

11:59 PM **Biljana**: that's right

12:02 AM what's going to be... Quiz question... what are we going to talk about

12:04 AM you must be smart... you must think about it... they take off themselves more and more, or they mind the system or the religion, and what after that... what if the world would be better

12:05 AM **me**: how many times I have tried to answer those questions and I always come to similar answers, it's necessary to live your life till the end...maybe there we can find the final answer in which we can believe

12:06 AM **Biljana**: that's why your work is so powerful, but to me honest, some thing New should happen

12:10 AM Now I'm afraid from the art ha!ha! My brain doesn't work so I start dreaming

12:11 AM **me**: I agree if under New you understand something old... everything goes along one path...

Biljana: TRUE, a great comeback has just occurred to me

12:12 AM but consciously

12:13 AM but how?

12:15 AM **me**: Who knows... we try to dream about some beauties and to become highly conscious before we start to scream... you see this came out very dramatic

12:17 AM O, you didn't get worried from my thought that I can even break my head

12:18 AM **Biljana**: no, no, you won't break your head, but it's real time someone to do that, I know that there is a doorknob

12:19 AM who will open the door, but then art won't be a toy for the world, that will be a real world, first world

12:21 AM we should just give her a new name

12:22 AM someone has made a mistake once

12:23 AM **me**: Oho, this is getting serious... after midnight everything gets strong... and you are better too... I was dealing with thinning of the boundaries... I'm not interested in how we are going to call the art...

12:26 AM **Biljana**: there is the boundary too, when you watch someone you know his identity, art has its own identity and its boundary, man has his own identity and human boundary... Thought hasn't got boundaries its given to us to find them... thought is a doorknob or a picture, that is alive and it exists

12:28 AM infinite plane or direction, in infinite surface or space

12:29 AM Milan draws a cross on his face for days now, he doesn't say anything

12:33 AM **me**: I agree completely... Haven't we talked about this before... how can we tame the thought and how to capture it in a picture, but we don't know how the picture can look or what else can look like a picture... I'm talking nonsense... however, I believe in Milan most of all... children know what to do.

Me: I don't believe in anything.

12:34 AM **Biljana**: that's not nonsense...

12:35 AM when I was in India I met one physician who left his cathedra in Cambridge because of that, he left a house with swimming pool and luxury just because of that he didn't want to reveal his secret...

12:37 AM and that is just within that

12:38 AM **me**: This writing is like hypnos for me... thank you for that... the man has a secret, that's enough... that material things are important, yes they are important for the Anglo-Saxon rationalism... Long live India...

12:41 AM **Biljana**: it's similar to Emots crystals, but it is all about writing on the graphic cards which means an information of healthy organs. When I ask him how graphics cards can heal and is it connected with the circle and the line, he was very surprised that I know something about that but it really works.

12:42 AM there is on TV right now new discoveries from Egypt, what a coincidence

12:45 AM I want to say what have they ever done, it works... Responsibility is in the creation, that is real.

12:47 AM **me**: Biljanche my dear are you hypnotised... from the power of circles and lines... I forgot to ask you when were you in India and how long did you stay... I don't know, maybe you didn't want to come back here... creation is reality, I don't know what else to say, my dear...

12:50 AM **Biljana**: Yes, yes, but that with circles and lines is very old, I was there in 2001.

12:51 AM **me**: I know, but always there are some secrets

Biljana: There are sweet secrets, it's nice but there is an art and it is nude.

12:52 AM **me**: And the king is nude too

Biljana: ha! ha! What a coincidence

12:53 AM **me**: It come from nowhere, just to hypnotize

Biljana: this is crazy, and I got drunk

12:56 AM **me**: Why do you drink when it is not good for you, your people say so... what are you drinking... wait, now I will take from Bojan's elixir to compare to you... I take the bottle here next to me

12:57 AM **Biljana**: wine, red

12:58 AM tomorrow I'll be more normal, I promise

1:00 AM **me**: Tga za jug, oh it's good... cheers... I want to ask you something, what is your longest chat... I'm an outsider... I believe you... it bothers me because and now you are too serious... ha,ha,

1:01 AM **Biljana**: we started at 21 and now is 01:01, madness

1:02 AM I don't chat at all, you are the first...

me: oh, oh my mother will scold me... what about you, did your mother scoled you?

Biljana: yes, you are first.

1:03 AM Bora is watching mummies, oh men they are pulling out from the walls.

1:04 AM **me**: It can't be... I don't believe you... this is really crazy, and tell me how not to be involved in art, after all that.

Biljana: come on, get rid of me and go to sleep

1:05 AM I believe

1:06 AM **me**: No. no, I don't want to get rid of you... let's break the record

Biljana: They got the mummies back in the wall... you'll talk to me when you'll get back from Egypt...

1:07 AM ok, where have we stopped?

me: till the record

1:08 AM **Biljana:** what have we done to the art

1:11 AM **me:** Around 23:00 Slavcho my nephew was on the internet, I told him, man you caught me on art... now he signed out... what can I do, he doesn't believe in this kind of art... he will learn, he has time.

1:12 AM **Biljana:** Hey, hello... we are still here, I can't believe that the colour of sarcophaguses, is like it has been painted yesterday

1:13 AM I can't believe, please go and watch, they pull out the mummies like popcorns and get them back

1:14 AM **me:** I envy you, you can do many things at the same time... on which channel...

Biljana: some French TV5monde, Bora is listening in French, he attended a language course and now he is practising

1:15 AM But I don't understand anything

1:17 AM **me:** Hey ok now I'll watch... it's smart to sleep now... Good night

1:18 AM **Biljana:** Good night:)

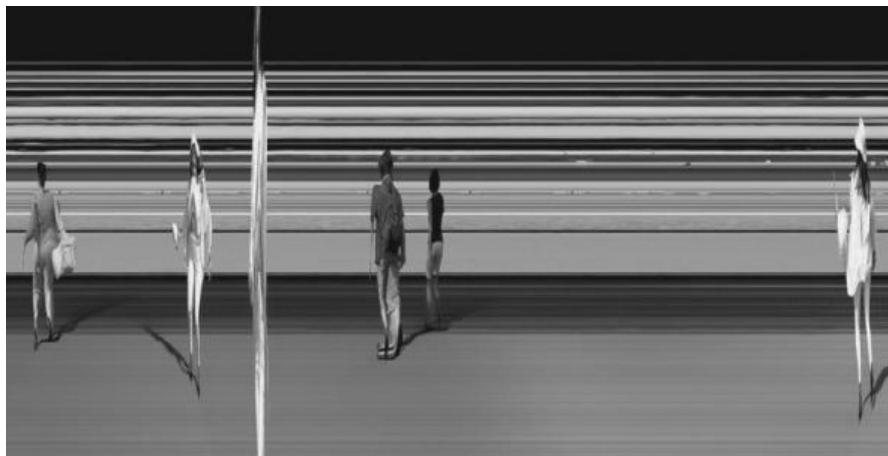
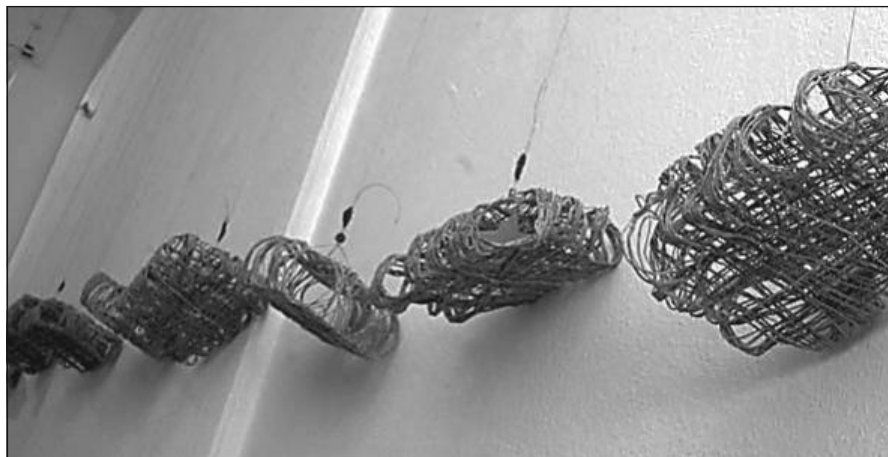
1:21 AM **me:** Sweet dreams... we'll continue the part about art... I'm really blocked now.. Bye, bye, because I don't know how to finish...

1:22 AM **Biljana:** :)

1:24 AM **me:** I'm off

Mam





Marina Cvetanovska – For the fulness and emptiness, 2007

Irena Paskali – Urban Landscapes, 2006

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Tue, Nov 18, 2008 at 2:27 PM

2:07 PM **Biljana**: I am at work?

2:08 PM **me**: at work?... what are you going to do, you must live from something

Biljana: stop joking you have the most beautiful job

2:10 PM **me**: Yes, yes, but I have heard that after 20 years working in education the best way is to retire

Biljana: who says that

2:11 PM **me**: who lies

Biljana: ha ha! Only then the teacher is right

2:12 PM **me**: I have heard, even I have seen it in a film

2:13 PM **Biljana**: which film

2:14 PM **me**: it was long time ago, recently in Macedonia a lot of other "limonades" are recording

2:15 PM **Biljana**: :) you are joking again, ok ok

2:17 PM **me**: No, no, I'm far more serious with you... and with the others even more serious

2:20 PM **Biljana**: I know that... Tate Gallery has a fine programme for children education... here in Novi Sad and in Serbia they have begun few years ago with night museums... it isn't bad... is it true that you scare your students?

2:21 PM <http://www.tate.org.uk/modern/eventseducation/materialstories/images.html>

2:23 PM **me**: it doesn't work lately... I have changed my dear... who knows, but I know that I have always managed to keep the needed distance... you know that well

Biljana: I know... I know... that isn't bad

2:26 PM **me**: Oh Lord, I don't want to be at lecture at this moment, but I must my class begin at 2:30, students are so impatient they want to learn everything and they want it now

2:27 PM **Biljana**: go and enjoy I have a class too, Kornelija Parker is great... <3

2:30 PM **me**:... see with the children, you know that well... they must be in love with you... in love with me!?...be in touch, I'm home after 19.00... I'm off now

Biljana: ok, have a nice work :)

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Wed, Nov 19, 2008 at 4:34 AM

1:28 AM **Biljana**: you don't sleep

1:30 AM **me**: Artists... I have heard that they never sleep, there is no one to kill us, that's it my dear... just now I have singed in

Biljana: I drank coffee after work and here I'm staring

1:33 AM **me**: I had a tiring day today, everybody want to know what I have been doing, what is happening with me... I seemed... you are not sleepy, don't drink so much coffee, take it easy... how many cups of coffee do you drink a day?

1:35 AM **Biljana**: I don't drink a lot... 2 usually... why was your day tiring?

1:37 AM **me**: I participate in the commission for changes in the European credit transfer system at the faculty,

1:38 AM I'm doing that too, but I have many passive co-workers... hard, better not talking about that

1:41 AM you can imagine how irritating it can be.. But today I had lecture with the students from post graduated studies who selected to attend Sculpture 1, 2 or 3... Those are students from other departments – Art or Graphic arts, and they have that kind of choice... It's interesting with them, but I get tired of it

1:43 AM **Biljana**: interesting...you work a lot... but why are you strange

1:46 AM **me**: who knows, I'm under the impression that people are occupied with other people rather than with themselves... maybe the strength of our writing makes me a little bit dizzy, but I can't notice that...

1:48 AM **Biljana**: I don't know... to me you always look nice... what ever that means... you didn't ask them?

1:49 AM **me**: I'm not sure whether there is something to ask,

1:50 AM you know, you simply read the curiosity from their eyes, or that is my paranoia, how are our people saying (the friend from the edges of the monitor)... nonsense, they experience me very strongly, and normally they are afraid... Then I have looked strange, of course

1:52 AM **Biljana**: yes...yes I know, but I am totally worried about you... you have stable face and expression and I can not imagine that differently... It shows...and it's not strange to me when they ask what's wrong with me...

1:53 AM they ask me that very often

1:54 AM **me**: and at home I look a little bit distant, and Bile treats me like a guinea pig...

Biljana: ooooooo don't worry, they do that to me too

1:55 AM **me**: as an experimental mouse... but the beauty is that I notice that but I act like stupid, you know...

1:56 AM **Biljana**: that is normal, she is a woman:)

1:58 AM I am sure that she misses you in some way, but she doesn't want to tell you...

1:59 AM **me**: it is crazy not to believe me, because I'm always alone (nature and art) and when I'm with company... what can I do, my dear... lonely man's nature

2:00 AM **Biljana**: I'm like you too... but more boring than she is

2:04 AM **me**: I don't believe you, once you have told me about that thing with Bora when you have put him in front of a big decision (men are usually uncertain for many things, especially in relation to women) and I liked that...

2:05 AM... because that present you as an honest and open person, and I don't think that most of the women have that qualities

2:07 AM **Biljana**: I haven't achieved nothing with that... I was scared and it's funny to say I'm even worse, I'm afraid of myself,

2:09 AM I look like other people and I don't like that

2:10 AM **me**: when they have to talk seriously about more sensitive topics everyone sings its song and nobody cares what the other has to say,

2:11 AM **Biljana**: yes... yes... yes and then the real problem is out of the game

me: or they talk loudly and engage in grey and nonsense zones

2:12 AM **Biljana**: Bora is cool... he never shouts, but you can completely not exist in front of him, maybe that isn't so bad

2:19 AM **me**: that's real quality... is masculine... it's always harder with women... see Biljana I respect you so much... through these mails I have discovered one Biljana that I didn't know her good enough... this is so pure and I'm very angry when Bile sees in this more than we can see... isn't it strange, and funny too when she wants to protect me from myself... that is really becoming unreasonable

2:22 AM **Biljana**: don't worry about that and she won't too, because there is no reason to... if you respect someone you must respect his partner too, that's why I believe that Bile is one wonderful woman and she loves you a lot, maybe she feels same as for example!

me: I haven't tell you about this because I had smarter thing to say... even it didn't cross my mind that I will tell you this, but it isn't fair to you...

2:23 AM **Biljana**: oh no... that's really nice, maybe we can learn something from ourselves talking about each other

2:28 AM **me**: writing about these conditions, they become more ordinary than their own ordinariness... trust me I get very nervous (but that doesn't scare me) when some events start to sound like those "limonades" in Spanish, that kind of serials with which they poison mostly the women and some jerks

2:32 AM **Biljana**: she want be a lemonade if you involve her in something, I have seen that Bora is like You and I am like Her, maybe it will be nice if you show her that you need her and to ask her are all those trivial things that she does and nobody can notice them hard for her

2:33 AM How can I not love her, when she does that longer than me?)

2:35 AM **me**: we are married for 25 years... but that doesn't mean anything when I have the impression that we don't know each other very well... 25 years, please

2:38 AM **Biljana**: good for you... in spite of everything I believe that is important for everyone to be complete and than there won't be any disagreement, mostly in the partner we see our expectations, where does it lead. that's not love it is a need and somehow automatically every marriage become same,

2:41 AM I am working on that to bring some other colours in our marriage, but in other way it's so funny... I wonder does you wife ask you about your art? It's unusual to me because Bora has never asked me anything

2:42 AM **me**: why I have actually written this..., and you scold me not to wait to start living when I will be like prune... what a stupid and true reality I have told you about... say Thank you

2:43 AM **Biljana**: Thanks

2:44 AM **me**: Bile has always supported me in all my crazy art things, how many times I have woken her in early hours to pass her the beauty that happened to me in the studio, that's my I can't understand how she behaves on this that is happening to me now... Even after ours 25 years of marriage, what to tell you now... will you believe me, will you my dear...

Biljana: Good for Bile, she is one wonderful person... yes... she is fantastic... my parents are very rare case

2:50 AM **me**: we talked with Bile that all lives are the same and that I'm old enough to see this reality... everything is the same, and it can be surpass if we focus on ourselves, then we are ready to make a song from our life and to go feather... are people ready and is it necessary to them... I don't need it, why would I need it when I have it... ha, ha, ha...

2:52 AM I envy your parents... maybe because of that he is a good gardener

2:53 AM **Biljana**: you should be happy about that, you know how hard it was when I was getting married, I didn't want to, but I couldn't betray the tradition... you always have to have yourself...

2:54 AM I felt as I was losing something, and I automatically lost the man

2:57 AM **me**: the last one raise our conversation... the easiest way to lose the man...

thank you for one more of your recipes I will publish a cooking book...

Biljana: :)

3:01 AM **me**: Really... I believe and I love European movies, and American from the Black Wave... I'm fooling again... now we are really talking... you can forget the last I said...don't tell me that you want to go to sleep... I don't allow you

Biljana: maybe you know what is the best way not to destroy a man ha! ha! Throw away the recipe

3:06 AM **me**: If I knew that recipe I would be a woman...women that know me say that in considerable part I have femail qualities... some go up to 50 %

3:07 AM **Biljana**: nice... nice...

3:09 AM **me**: I don't know, beside my 50 % of femail qualities, I really don't know what men expect from women or their future wives... I don't expect anything special... what means everything

3:12 AM **Biljana**: yes... maybe that is the real answer... women don't know what to do with themselves... That is the only thing that occurred to me... even they have very little time for themselves, they have time to fool around with their husbands... I'm terrible... I don't want to be a woman... I'm leaving in my own IFO

3:18 AM **me**: I will find you there, it's better that you reveal your secret hiding place... I think I know about those paths... women are enough only with the fact that they are women... I'm working on that to increase those 50 %... you don't know how much I want to be a woman not only of curiosity or for change... I'm not joking, but I don't have time, art can't wait, but all that operations and surgeries are so painful, go away...

3:20 AM **Biljana**: no chance, fifty-fifty, more or less, by the way has IFO turned to art, even Aristotel wasn't lucky with women, but he was wise

3:28 AM **me**: Oho ho, I love you so much when you are in a mood, there is nothing more beautiful than smimming on waves... let me be a little bit selfish... have you thought about me these last TEN YEARS... I don't neglect you... my next question is what is on your mind... I want to listen to you when you're open up, so I can deeply enter you mind... I know a lot because you aren't selfish person, but I need more... come on Stanko what else, be modest

3:31 AM **Biljana**: Yes... I tried to follow the rhythm, but I feel that my sense can't be shaped... maybe because of those 25 years, and I still have the image of the too serious Stanko, but the picture doesn't go with the reality

3:37 AM **me**: I drink very good brandy... my student often spoil me with presents... they know that I enjoy drinking good brandy... this one is very nice... This now,

actually all this together in this box, and that is TEN YEARS AGO, is incidentally decade... nothing is by accident you know that well...)

3:43 AM **Biljana:** what I want to see... I don't know whether is that with the box or with YOU, I think that what is happening to you is YOU, but I want some other language, something that isn't used, I don't know how but it's on my mind

3:44 AM I feel like I'm turning, and when everything will be over that charge will disappear and a "miracle" will be born, I think that a big surprise is waiting for you

3:47 AM **me:** in art the announcement and the textuality are special, I agree... I'm trying, namely starting for the language, to survey, (whatever I know... you know, do you...) how much textual form is dedicated in art... I know that, but there is something that I foresee, and that isn't neither in the form nor in the language... but in the topic and the ironic playing and seduction with the question mark for need/irrelevance from such border slippy art expressiveness which test the elasticity of the frame of the own area and media, and the essence in visual expressiveness and they test the textual expressiveness and the human courage and our moral levels in the act of simply nude exhibition – throwing into peoples faces of our/human intimate reality, transferred in this strong letter

3:58 AM **Biljana:** I can see that clearly but... I think that something else is going on between these two spaces, as it is only for itself, and I want to be closer, like a bush where there is a rabbit in it.

3:59 AM **me:** a lot of irreliality has this reality of ours... people will need a lot of time to accept this... what author's rudeness has this try of mine and I don't expect a lot of...

4:00 AM **Biljana:** how can you make me smile

4:01 AM **Biljana:** you are closer to life... you mingle with people, I understand I understand

4:03 AM be aware

4:04 AM you put everything on a hook... but ok

4:06 AM **me:** I'm not sure... all this that I have written to you I simply didn't take my head up from the keyboard and I didn't notice your thoughts... sorry.. As I'm talking to myself... a little bit crazy, but and the craziness has its own right

4:08 AM **Biljana:** that's what we are doing talking to ourselves

4:09 AM **me:** there are swamps and hooks and bushes... yes there are... But what ever that looks or what it is called, I feel that it is going to be... ah what to say...

4:11 AM I'm here now, I follow you...

4:12 AM **Biljana:**... I dreamt about you yesterday we were passing each other all the time, unusual... you are in a hurry, someone is pulling me... a lot of people

4:13 AM and it was dark, as everything was in the bazaar

4:15 AM maybe is clever to go and sleep, who know maybe e will drink coffee this time.

me: there is something in that... let me be clear, I'm not able to talk about the form, but I have intention to publish our conversation... I am going to contract myself now waiting for you answer...

4:16 AM **Biljana:** I wanted to write it so easily but I didn't, I let you... but you won't get naked, do you!

4:18 AM **me:** o I want to drink coffee with you in the morning, my dear... and after your answer I don't know what I can wish more...

Biljana: When I have been doing Landscape, I thought that it should stand on the right side, and now it is on your right

4:19 AM **me:** I didn't know this

Biljana: ha ha

4:20 AM the glass between is the conversation, on the right is Stanko, but at left a little space for you to show yourself off

4:23 AM **me:** but there is no difference that I didn't know... from the beginning I knew that this will be strong enough to provoke the final reality that I'm occupied with.. Reality with utterly bare dimensions

Biljana: no striping please.. I'm shy:)

4:25 AM in whole my craziness, I believe that if something should happen, it will happen without me anyway... now you can see that two things at the same time can happen

4:27 AM **me:** the exhibition, the presentation will be excitingly boring, but the careful ones, and there are, they won't be able to take there faces from the Beauty of the Human...

4:28 AM **Biljana:** everything is one thing, it doesn't matter who does it, but it is an unreal reality... nice

4:30 AM **me:** this that I have think of it won't happen without YOUR BLESSING

4:31 AM **Biljana:** ok, but I don't have any letter to be checked, I must believe again... I want to sleep now

4:32 AM B-)

4:34 AM **me:** now I want to kiss you before you go to sleep... Now I can go to bed... but not sleep... don't worry about what you don't have (the deleted letters), aren't you in company with the NOTHING, but I buried... all that and this will be buried too

4:35 AM **Biljana:** :) sleep, how can I say good night when is a daylight... have a nice rest.. I'm off

4:37 AM **me**: I'm following you... you can't forget the big heart... you don't worry about that that you will be exposed... I got mad before going to bed, my dear, but you keep the stars...

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Wed, Nov 19, 2008 at 7:51 PM

4:33 PM **me**: I'm not disturbing you Am I... Hello, have you had a nice sleep

4:34 PM **Biljana**: no, no... hi... don't talk about sleeping... it's good that I postpone the class for tomorrow because some of the girls are sick

4:36 PM **me**: Great, you need a rest, and they too, education is two-way job

4:37 PM **Biljana**: yes... but they cancel the class with hard hearts, they love to come

4:38 PM What are you doing

4:39 PM **me**: sweethearts, they understand the role of art better, actually dealing with art, than the whole system and the toys in it

4:42 PM I'm going over the last two chats, we are not bad... last night the beginning is so good but the ending is fantastic... we are great

Biljana: why you didn't tell me earlier... Not to make any mistakes...)

4:46 PM **me**: I got up about 11 and started to work immediately, I scanned the catalogues-ones that I ought to have, because I have some texts in them that are important for the projects... I need them for filling up the portfolio from 2003 till today

4:47 PM mistakes can be corrected and I don't count that for interventions in the text, I don't like polishing, everything will go as it is without interventions

4:49 PM **Biljana**: yes... yes... I thought that too... uh

4:51 PM **me**: that how I plan, if you don't think that something should be corrected... but still I think that it's much clear if it is pure and without make up... that's the way I always work,

4:52 PM but nothing can be compared with this idea...

4:53 PM **Biljana**: everything you say... I will move my hands and legs till the Tibetan funeral

4:55 PM **me**: you are crazy, you can't imagine how you make me laugh.. I don't have your elegance

4:56 PM **Biljana**: do you still feel fear?

4:58 PM **me**: I'm listening one song from Jakov Drenkovski, wonderful, it brings me 30 years ago, it still sounds good... It will end then I will stop it...I think that I will still...

4:59 PM Am I scared, yes! Are you?

5:00 PM **Biljana**: No, unusual... isn't it?

5:03 PM **me**: that is the reason for your convenience in the project, come on please... It's unusual for you to be surer and I like a rabbit now... It was very important to me you to understand now YOU UNDERSTAND ME, and I...

5:06 PM **Biljana**: Actually it seems to me that everything is over, as I have seen that before.

5:07 PM I think that we are not the essence of this, although big birds will eat our bones.

5:08 PM we give too much, I know that we don't take anything except...

5:10 PM **me**: I feel that way too, I know that feeling... a little and totally unexpected lull for a little air and art...

Biljana: it occurred to me that it can be at two places at the same time, high-low unreal reality

5:15 PM **me**: I'm afraid neither from the big, nor from the little boring birds... I give myself too much, but art always asks for more... The idea for two realities at the same time and location is nice... we will think about that, a little time should pass first...

5:17 PM the project objects the situation, human situations, that unstuck from us as a spring and hard personal essence

5:19 PM **Biljana**: I agree that everything must be incubated, whatever it was or not... and the art impression is important now, it must be interesting, to keep the attention and to respect the audience.. have you talked to someone about this...

5:21 PM how will other people see it

5:22 PM **me**: No, no I haven't talked to anybody... oo so few people deserve to be honest with them and to share art things with them... I haven't done that, but I have realized that isn't good... how many times I have been robbed... I can be honest only with two selected friends... it's good to talk... although I am considered to be an author that give himself too much, even I think that you won't believe it

5:23 PM **Biljana**: I'm just joking... I know that you are not kidding... I can't believe it

5:26 PM **me**: I always talk openly about my ideas, maybe it has something with my job as a teacher in with I don't save myself... professional deformation that influence on my professional privacy too, probably I give strenght to my intentions, there is something ritual in it, as call of energy

5:28 PM **Biljana**: how is your relation with your close ones... are you afraid? You know that if you have a fear you have guilt too, you mustn't be afraid. Desire is dangerous toy, but you must meet her in order you to have her not the other way.

5:30 PM **me**: although ever author should have even one colleague who believes him and respects him all the time (and I have even two) so he can talk honestly about the secrets of the art kitchen... even One, now with you I have Three, unseen treasury, my dear... maybe still in this group I can count one more, and that's it... obviously I'm a rich man

5:32 PM **Biljana**: Nice... I'm glad that they are the eyes of the audience

5:33 PM **me**: Bile you know how crazy I'm when it comes to that in what I start to believe in, and the other selected are real ones... and Bojan can understand what I really wanted, who is his father, my dear, and he is intelligent...

5:34 PM **Biljana**: well She feels those changes... believe me

5:36 PM but don't try to make a steel woman from her, please, you must spoil her a little bit, she is here for you

me: it's all clear to Bile, she knows that film of mine, and I'm in this all the time... She support me, but I don't know how she will survive this, but I know how happy she is when I create

5:38 PM **Biljana**: it is very important not only to survive this but to be 100 % sure in you, only you can do that for now, if all this hurts only her, then all others are not important at all, no reality is worth if someone suffers

5:40 PM you have time to think about it, no one should have more

me: I told her something that our correspondence is so beautiful that looks like art... no, something stronger and that is the pure art

5:42 PM **Biljana**: here Bora has just arrived, takes Milan to his grandmother and grand father, I get slow

5:44 PM very nice of you... I wonder what is Bora going to say...

5:45 PM **me**: as this idea sleeps over and lay in us that's how Bile will go through her and though me, even she will start to like it and persist to happen much sooner... she will feel the beauty... oho ho, Bile has sense for that

5:46 PM **Biljana**: she must have, she got you, that's not so easy.

5:47 PM **me**: I believe that Bora will understand and support you

5:48 PM **Biljana**: I don't have a clue, but I will tell him

5:49 PM **me**:... it's easy to see that you are a little bit Crazy

5:50 PM **Biljana**: I'm probably so convinced in my own craziness that seems normal to me

5:54 PM **me**: we men know where to impose and not only because of the art

craziness although about the beauty of our own bet... we mustn't disrespect their bet... oh how I want this to be in complete satisfaction

5:56 PM **Biljana**: I think that you can do it right, even the audience has decent pip show, no this isn't taking off, taking off is seductive and full of pleasures... this is far from this..

5:57 PM **me**: I believe that it will be hard for every healthy man

5:58 PM **Biljana**: I understand that the ego will be hurt, the soul must :)

5:59 PM **me**: in art those two dimensions go together as day and night

6:00 PM **Biljana**: I don't know anything about people, day and the night are mixed for me, I wait for new dawn to come

6:01 PM **me**: I will join you when the new day will be born

6:02 PM there was a awaile since I haven't got up so early, but with you to the moon and back... believe me

6:04 PM Dawn... o did I understand him well

6:05 PM **Biljana**: not only a new day is born a new reality too, we must be aware of everything that is happening in our lives, get back to the place where we tying knots and than we can say that we are fair. Dawn yes... when the sun comes up... the state of mind without shadows

6:09 PM **me**:Yes yes, the most beautiful initial condition... mornings are usually painful for me till I don't stabilize the mind, because it's necessary to respond to realities

6:11 PM **Biljana**: conciousness, awareness, immediately before wakening is very important moment

me: Brahma murti... peace and imprerativ, wonderful

6:13 PM **Biljana**: Brahama murti is a part of the day when the sun wakes up, the best and the most productive time for meditation, yesterday we end our conversation exactly at that time, with 108 lines, after Indian teology 54 gods and 54 devils

6:14 PM they must be satisfied in order to have peace

6:20 PM **me**: Aha, this $54 + 54 = 108$... That worked, didn't I tell you that if we don't break a record we will sure catch something... I like the number; it's near to my extention at work 107... eh I regret, I won't forget the extention that way... erasers in my head eliminate a lot unimportant things, as I always forget even my password on my mail at the faculty... I will correct something in the text to put this in order... no,no, we made a deal not to change anything, but the one with the 54 Gods and 54 devils, as a condition for PEACE... that condition is too big to be disturbed

6:23 PM **Biljana**: Nice... silence caught me

6:25 PM **me**: I don't remember if I asked you about your opinion, the whole gallery

54+54



to be filled in with printed tapes on canvas, as pergaments... falling freely, you know as those geographic maps with strips on both ends

6:26 PM **Biljana:** eeee... that's what I accidentally saw on TV today... I thought that it will look great at the gallery, as Japanese silk

6:27 PM once I wanted to do something like that, but I didn't know what... I liked it very much

6:28 PM I really don't know what I dream and what I live

me: as one possible solution, but I will think of something more original than this, maybe more interesting, this crossed my mind when we run the marathon 108 yesterday

6:29 PM **Biljana:** I thought of the ambient, I think that people must be nice placed

6:30 PM people sitting in red armchairs eating my bones.. Wonderful

6:32 PM but I have seen something like textual installation... as a cinema

6:38 PM **Biljana:** I don't know if you have seen on tube, one girl had textual installation from drops of water falling as a shower... in shape of words, but that is for shorter text message, but it was very sensible

6:39 PM **me:** I expect they to read the text, but it's only a gallery, and this isn't a short text... it is important the audience to start reading, it must be done very well, actually to adduce them to that, otherwise the audience is lazy expectially at the opening... there is the catalogue too... I'll be happy if 30 of 100 people will be attentive readers, from the catalogue or from the text on the wall... I need that engaged atmosphere, but it's not so important, the most important is they to feel the seriousness of the writing, and that can't be avoid

6:41 PM **Biljana:** yes, it can be stupid if they read some of it, where everything is so circled

6:42 PM **me:** that one with the designed armchairs, red and in other colours I saw in PS1, dependans of MoMA-New York... and that with the drops of words seems known to me, the author is known, it will ring my bell...

Biljana: I have found some Japanese but the girl is better

6:45 PM **me:** she is terrible famous, but I can't remember now... do you know... I remembered, it's Jeny Holcer

Biljana: yes she is young too...

6:46 PM The innovation isn't new maybe from the 50's

me: she looks nice, but she is far from a drop, she has decent years

Biljana: :)

6:47 PM **me:** and the innovation, is already worn-out... we are more inventive from all those that you mentioned

6:50 PM **Biljana:** now they all do that... text is used as a mean for video installations, I doesn't attracted me very much, but for large text like this something nice and beautiful should be done,

6:51 PM maybe we should take computers in order they to read... I got mad, maybe the best way is to call them home and make them coffee

me: o boy, how are we going to do this, guys will fall down... an ambulance should be near for any case..

Biljana: I need hearse

6:52 PM when I tell Bora I should immediately find a log for my head

6:54 PM he accepted that very personally, especially these last days, he even didn't go to sleep

6:57 PM **me:** you will survive, and Bora too... although the axe doesn't have two ends... that's how the art can have nice influence on the activities of the people... Really the man killed himself of sleeping, this change will suit him...and to see how difficult art is

6:59 PM Eh, you gone too far... sometimes I'm too easy-going, but Bile and Bora are already in the team

Biljana: of course I'm glad about that

7:01 PM **me:** This is a wonderful team, but what if they don't want to play, or to start simulating, my dear... changes are not indispensable are they?

7:04 PM **Biljana:** I believe in one thing, every reaction of his has something with we, if he doesn't react calm, that means that I have cross the line, today he didn't even ask me anything when he came, he was calm, as he knew I would tell him, following every sing from the start, it shouldn't hurt anybody that is the real thing.

7:06 PM I remember once few years ago, one kind person for me ask me a question... what can I do, I'm in love with a married man... What do you mean... who answered... of course it was me... nobody can't tell you not to love him but you can't want him.

7:11 PM **me:** you are so right, I start not to like reality...of course, but I think that we will have support... that one that smeels good, everyone wants to smeel it... but that last one with the loving and wanting... Are you sure that it is the best answer?

7:13 PM **Biljana:** Certainly, it's sad if you don't love it, that's why we suffer in life

7:14 PM but is sadder when we kill some other's love,

7:15 PM love isn't for people, we can't love or we love because of our desires or we anthroporphize inmonsters,

7:16 PM demons and gods will feed you

7:18 PM **me:** I agree, but at the same time we can depress our love, because people are hard to operate them from the wish and the wanting... when you I read everything carefully that one of mine become pointless

7:21 PM See, there are also nicer things from... What's the weather in Novi Sad, or you can't turn your head from the computer... what about your father's herbs

7:22 PM **Biljana:** And here is the doorknob, depress our love... that is hard... If love is depressed, she will appear again... like a demon... we won't be able to love anymore... can that happen

7:23 PM It happened to everyone, if not they should call me

7:26 PM **me:** Auuu crazy me, anything can cross my mind – what does your Mother says about this thing of ours, the beauty that your father kept well... by the way I don't agree love to be depressed, but it will appear again...no that can't be.. but we work with full steam ahead again...

7:27 PM **Biljana:** I told my mother about your plan... I believe that she doesn't know what is written... so she liked it

7:29 PM **me:** she didn't scroled you, she is free enough in life but life taught her about reasonableness...great, because everything that we have written is so beautiful

7:32 PM **Biljana:** I told her that my head will be cut off, she said it should, I think that she meant about that I have mentioned my relationship with Bora in these talks... I said that it is so intimate

7:36 PM The goal should be nice, not ugly, if it won't be good it will cost as a lot

7:37 PM **me:** every woman, plus mothers always know everything... that with your head made me laugh – that is still on your shoulders, she has sense of humor... your mother is funny, isn't she?... very intimate, but haven't you told her that is simply beautiful

7:38 PM **Biljana:** she knows that...

7:40 PM **me:** then it's all right, it's ok when mothers can understand their daughters, so we are on the right road, not to have worries about your head... and take the log away from Bora

7:41 PM When are you coming to Skopje?

Biljana: You know... I'm not happening to you... nor you are happening to me...all this is a creating game and it's laughing us into our faces, you will see when you finish what you are doing, you can breath 10 years more. We still don't do anything about our coming to Skopje

7:44 PM I must do something for 10 minutes..

7:48 PM **me:** I'm not sure what is really happening, but I know that isn't an contraction... this with the project is only an answer of the experience and it is foolish not to trap and said through the laungage of art... I agree that all strong things make me awake... even this forcast can be true...I believe that these beautiful things last more... Yes, yes let's finish this coverstaion, in order not to burn

7:51 PM **Biljana:** hey... I must go... :)

me: Bye

Biljana and Bora

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Nov 20, 2008 at 11:04 PM

My letter to Bora

Hey... here I am... except the introductions that I have explain to you I should arrange the mail from which I can lead you in my reality... During the time I have spent corresponding with Stanko, I realized that I live one life... Reality in which life became as a wining toy, in all that writing my art "highLow Landcape", has been mixed which will be exhibited in Novi Sadu, and Stanko's exhibition... if everything is going to be realized... will be in Skopje. You have seen my draft about the exhibition, Stanko will exhibit our letters and he is still working on that... the topic is Unreal Reality as a confession of his inner world, but mostly about the wish and wether is possible to so honest so we can confess some inner impulse to ourselves, and in relation with that a piece of art is created which consist of ourselves. Art as the nicest communication, which contains all excreta, and many other questions opening a door, in front of our own faces with which we should face. Is reality the life that we live you and me in marriage... is unreality mine and Stanko's life in mutual correspondane and in which way these two realities or unrealities interlace... we came to conclusion, that there isn't a little truth and that everything should came to a light, whatever happens after that. Whether my reality will be good for me first of all, then for others, or it will put an end to our relationship, which exists in reality?

So, now is the question can you be brave, have you got strength to confront me or yourself? Can you discribe your condition... in which way I have disappeared from your life, although we live together... you know our situation very well... I shouldn't describe you, I don't want to associate... is there a "muse" in your life... who reminds you that love still exists... have you got strength to tell... can a smile help you to feel that you are still alive, that you exist. (but not to lie to me that I'm that one... because I feel that you will turn in that direction). Thought, picture or a real event... whatever... maybe I don't attract you or I make you nervous or maybe both :)

The question is how brave are you now, you won't hurt me whether you write me something from which I can die, because I'm already prepared for my own funeral.

How much truth do we need to look in our own faces hidden from our own fears? I really expect you...after all this years, nothing can be lost, it all begins here or it stops...

Borin's letter to me

My dear virtual wife, I'm on some other plane for couple of years, which matrix and intentionality are different from what is known and that you can imagine. Everything is different here, everything is inverse proportion. My role on that planet is to present in two different dimensions which hit from each other very hard.

I don't know why I'm chosen to lead this research, but I want to bring forward my experiences and the unusual transfer from one to another sphere. My primary dimension is known to you, and that's me as a husband and a father, good son, neighbour, cousin. Eh yes, here is my job too in that dimension, and that I love and don't love in some way, it bother me and not, but that is one gathering of people running for success, money. Other dimension is my unfulfilled freedom. That is what I want in my "real" life and happens to in the other dimension. There I'm world traveller, not crowned king, great husband, cool, more and more better in everything, a man that pass all small and big obstacles in front of him. One thing in that dimension is missing, the people around, in that dimension I'm alone. Alone, but strong and powerful. My loneliness come to the fore and she isn't my friend neither my enemy. The most interesting is that you communicate with the "real" dimension through already seen events, situations and talks, and when I transform I deal with already projected menu for that day or any other.

Love is replaced with respect, and I don't shine with love to you or to anybody else, my only and one virtual wife. I have love inside me because I think I have it, I think that I have desire for love but I don't implement it. When I meet other virtual and real women I feel their fear and desire and their look as attraction and some of those events take me back and forward from one dimension to another, but I don't release my love towards them neither towards you because I'm completely alone. Some of that situations awake in my a desire to meet people and some of that muse I meet in the street, at work, through a smile or conversation but that is one train that turn that situation in one beautiful experience of 0.1 seconds with certain ending. Dimensions are interesting and they are changing as day and night. When I feel like I want to creat my own destiny I will return in the real dimension, I will stop wondering around, because I don't have feelings.

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Fri, Nov 21, 2008 at 3:07 AM

10:56 PM **Biljana**: here I am

10:58 PM **me**: Hi, I'm in Desert Blues

10:59 PM **Biljana**: Africa

11:00 PM **me**: I can't stop listening Habib... I'm listening to him almost 3 hours

Biljana: nice nice

11:02 PM **me**: the video is from Skopje Jazz festival... yes, I haven't seen anything this year

11:03 PM **Biljana**: no, from next week in Novi Sad... I'm sending you a letter :)

11:05 PM **me**: thank you a lot... you haven't written me a longer letter... we stucked ourselves chatting - I wanted to write you a letter too...

Biljana: this is a little bit longer...

11:07 PM **me**: here it is, I'm going to open it... aha, your letter to Bora... interesting, but I won't read it now...

11:08 PM **Biljana**: ok

11:10 PM **me**: I know how much this means to you and I will really try... two jobs at the same time... in the breaks of your writing

11:12 PM **Biljana**: don't read it now, but I want you to know that we are just one moment till the truth

11:15 PM **me**: I read one part... you have arrange it very well... here I'm till the meaning of our art shaping from our nude life

11:17 PM **Biljana**: I will wait for you

11:23 PM **me**: O what an honest letter... I envy you for the fulfilness, this Big Confrontation of yours make all things so Big and Small at the same time, strong

11:26 PM **Biljana**: by the way, how are you... accumulation...

11:27 PM **me**: your letter really shaked me... do you notice how much time I need to think of one sentence

11:30 PM **Biljana**: I know... I had good conversation with my mother and we had a fit of laughter... I realized that I'm crazy after my mother... all are thirsty for the truth they will exchange it for bread or water.

11:40 PM **me**: I feel you as when you were writing about your encounter with the desires in front of which the little boy was standing... is that real power for

Unreal I reality...I'm proud I have you, this is real for me...I'm glad that you are so close with your mother... it's saying that mothers and daughters are very close, I don't believe in that completely and that's why I'm so glad...at this moments you open your soul, you're happy that you have Her... you need real mature people for tasty Smile or for Laughter

11:45 PM **Biljana**:Yes... it fascinated me...

11:46 PM they didn't even want to see the letters... they left that to you and I believe you

11:53 PM **me**: Yes, letters are too much for me as an author and as a human... have complete trust, you know that I'm crazy enough when our lives touch art dimensions... be patient till the end to read the whole reality

11:54 PM **Biljana**: I know to wait

me: ups, to read the life till the end

11:55 PM once more one of your qualities for which I haven't written anything yet

11:57 PM **Biljana**: take it easy... here is Vojvodina slow and gentle

12:00 AM **me**: I know the calmness of Vojvodina and that is what it attract me most

12:04 AM **Biljana**: here it is a pearl from the children today.. I asked them... What is art? ART IS WHEN SOMEONE IS DOING SOMETHING NICE :)

12:13 AM **me**: I don't know what happened... short circuit; I don't have a clue

Biljana: I understand, is your computer ok?

12:14 AM **me**: I think that is Ok, but it seems that I'm not OK...

12:15 AM **Biljana**: do you want to rest?

me: I have just got up

12:16 AM **Biljana**: well it's after midnight **me**: ha, ha, ha... in your style

12:18 AM... do I understand well... Bora agreed you to send me his letter too... I love the Man

12:20 AM **Biljana**: you made that short circuit to me...

12:21 AM somehow, I told him that I will involve him, and he saw that I am sending you the letter

12:23 AM **me**: I read His letter to you also... I think that I know about the situations that he writes you about... I have been through them... do we men always go through same things?...

Biljana: I have been thought that too

12:25 AM **me**: but I'm interested in, although I know them, do you became closer now... I feel this very strong, please let me, as fine wonderful moments of temptation

12:26 AM Am I right?

12:27 AM **Biljana**: actually he gives his best lately, but I have trown him in front of another truth couple days ago... love me or leave me!

12:29 AM **me**: Great, this is your style too... you sound great... I... ?

12:31 AM **Biljana**: I don't have a clue... those moments still happen... time will show I don't believe in changes that much, now I can just sit and wait... although I don't want to wait too long...

12:32 AM Am a human too... I suppose

12:34 AM **me**: do you know how many yeas the monks spend in temptation, my dear?

Biljana: they like babies for me

12:35 AM **me**: I believe you somehow... it's not good you to start counting your years in marriage now

12:36 AM This Bojan's elixiri is fantastic... I'm waiting for an answer...

12:38 AM **Biljana**: I don't know if I understand you right, if marriage means that you are alone, then... is this just a part of your exhibition

12:42 AM **me**: Oooo, of course not, I don't think about the exhibition anymore, it happens to us... And I still don't have your and Bora's courage to confront Bile with us, even I know that she read the letters, or some of them and not on purpose...

Biljana: you're kidding

12:43 AM maybe you shouldn't confront yourselves

12:45 AM If she was my friend and Bora yours we will solve the problems easily; I feel that I'm in her skin... whatever does this sound like... I love her more **me**: I'm not sure about our marathon chats, because I think that she didn't understand my thoughts completely, however, Bile knows enough and it's good that she knows but is forbidden somenone to read somebody elses letters

12:49 AM I think that I told you that Bile knows that there is a strong correspondence between us, how she couldn't know, women know everything, and we men know that well... Bora is my man, lonely wolf... I want to see if you will meet Bile

12:50 AM **Biljana**: I don't know I don't know her... but she is your wife... she must be dangerous

12:51 AM We are all lonely sometimes that's the point

12:54 AM **me**: I believe, and I truly believe in loneliness... that can be very productive even for warminig of love

12:55 AM **Biljana**: very nice, but people must realise that they lose in order to start loving again... I don't eat reheated food, and I love maybe too much and I love when I'm alone.

12:57 AM **me**: I love Bora, but I love you more, I don't know, I really don't know where did this come from...

12:59 AM I'm waiting for your answers because this is very important to me I don't want to miss anything

1:01 AM **Biljana**: maybe from positiveness, and that doesn't have anything with men-women relations... I have wonderful friendships but only with people that are far from me, as someone put a curse on me. Everyone left or maybe I have left, but there is no day I don't think about them, I would love to tell them that they are part of me

1:06 AM **me**: I noticed in our marathons that I haven't missed some important things... is nice feeling when people have you in your thoughts doesn't matter how far they are, but I want to ask you do you believe Bora...sorry if I'm direct... and does he believe you... what am I talking about...

1:13 AM **Biljana**: I believe in time more... I in God the most, I feel most comfortable in front of his legs and warmer under his sun; he likes me and loves me. I'm not afraid from the desire, I play a game with her, she is my fire, for that we call art all the time, that's my husband and my wife.

1:16 AM And if Bora cheated on me, maybe I'm lucky because that means that he still has feelings.

1:23 AM **me**: this is nice complicated and expected from you, you are complicated and God understands you because he is Simple... I always cross myself in sparks, on contrary I'm lost...I don't know if you understand me but you make me sweat

1:27 AM **Biljana**: to love and to desire isn't the same, to love someone means to let go, to desire means to seize...holding a hand on someones neck... you loves that?

1:28 AM **me**: I don't know what to think about cheating... I haven't experienced it, who knows, I'm so turned to myself and blind in my way, so everything is possible... how I will survive that... COOL, my dear... Trust me...I don't believe that this has something with my years, or with the years spend in marriage and seven +

1:30 AM That means that I love Bile as someone can love, do I?

1:32 AM **Biljana**: Ah, does she know that you love her...

1:33 AM If you have one flower, and you don't water it... what will happen?

1:34 AM prune :)

1:41 AM **me**: I exaggerate a little, or problematize to understand what was really happening to me all this time... I haven't have time to ask myself about these human things... I thought that I live them through the art... I'm a prisoner in unreality and my own life, and love was my beautiful unreality, I felt fulfilled... I don't have

a feeling that something has changed or that I have missed something... maybe I can really fix this

1:42 AM **Biljana:** I just got sleepy

me: if you don't water the flower, there is God isn't it, my dear?

1:43 AM **Biljana:** There is

1:44 AM **me:** then water is given

Biljana: and I miss it a little bit... I haven't kneeled in front of him lately, I'm getting back tomorrow at 4h, like a drunken bee, I have to tell him everything step by step as when you leave the church

1:45 AM yes, but not selfish, clear, just like water

1:51 AM **me:** I'm not sleepy, not because I can endure with just couple of hours of sleep (I will die from sleepiness) because you are so impuresive... and you are too close, here I can feel you near my heads...and from time to time you will slap my hands

1:55 AM **Biljana:** I hope it doesn't hurt a lot... I'm already sleeping **me:** straighten yourself up in front of God and tell him everything...I go to church only for holidays, and always take care about the church in me I didn't put in very well

1:56 AM **Biljana:** I don't go to church either, expecially when it's empty, I'm my own church and with God I have home delivery

1:58 AM **me:** I didn't put right what I wanted to say... I should ask you for a little more time with you... are you very sleepy really, and you have always had understanding about my nonsenses... please

2:00 AM **Biljana:** ok, come just couple of minutes more, and if you notice some unusual writing that's me sleeping on the keyboard **me:** now I see that it's almost 2 AM, early, uf...

2:03 AM I can stand everything, but you are always awake, even when you act that you want to sleep.. What's your tomorrow's timing... I know Milanche and that fantastic Bauuuuuuu

2:04 AM **Biljana:** baaa is always at 7 30... I was looking for the moon, yesterday it was wonderful, now it's as a sickle, I love it

2:07 AM **me:** when I am buried in the keyboard and I'm careful not to make any mistake, I don't see anything... Not to make any technical mistakes, if I don't write at all you will surely understand what I'm saying... how you manage to see everything...

2:09 AM... even the moon, I can see only you and the keyboard... I will practise a little bit and I will tell you about my

2:10 AM **Biljana:** you don't see the moon... there are a lot of windows around me

2:11 AM **me**: computer can see my windows

Biljana: windows

2:12 AM xp **me**: you are always more inventive than me

2:13 AM **Biljana**: hard solid heart touching, something like that is writing when Asus is loading **me**: what about Vista

2:14 AM **Biljana**: what does Vista mean?

2:15 AM **me**: O, I don't know... I started to say foolish things, although I am awake

2:17 AM there is another operation... they say so

Biljana: just a moment, hope, look, view

2:18 AM **me**: Mitra, Persa, Frosina... oh my God no male names

2:19 AM **Biljana**: vista also means alley, if it suits you

2:20 AM **me**: I like alley, that's real view

2:22 AM **Biljana**: do you know why your name is Stanko, has anyone told you

2:23 AM **me**: I see the tempo of our conversation and it really look like a conversation...all conversations end in delirium... I reminded myself of sleepless nights

2:24 AM **Biljana**: yes always at the end, always

2:26 AM **me**:... how do you say that in English

2:29 AM I like this... shorten it a little

2:31 AM **Biljana**: station to oneself,

me: it can works, you know that I don't know English... they never sleep... you haven't been to the army, have you

2:32 AM **Biljana**: I love Hendrix and one view from the watch tower, my favourite

2:34 AM **me**: you have listen to it... the title doesn't ring my bell.. I remember the rhythm

Biljana: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BCwCBh0z3Hs&feature=PlayList&p=816B98389ECAA21B&index=2>

2:35 AM **me**: how can you present the rythem with words... I got mad

Biljana: just click

2:37 AM **me**:... here is the rythem, yes yes, but try with words... this is in the spirit of the project

2:38 AM **Biljana**:

There must be some kind of way out of here

Said the joker to the thief

There's too much confusion

I can't get no relief

Businessman they drink my wine

Plow men dig my earth
 None will level on the line
 Nobody of it is worth
 Hey hey

No reason to get excited
 The thief he kindly spoke
 There are many here among us
 Who feel that life is but a joke but uh
 But you and I weve been through that
 And this is not our fate
 So let us not talk falsely now
 The hours getting late
 Hey
 Hey

All along the watchtower
 Princes kept the view
 While all the women came and went
 Bare-foot servants to, but huh
 Outside in the cold distance
 A wild cat did growl

Two riders were approachin
 And the wind began to howl
 Hey
 Oh

All along the watchtower
 Hear you sing around the watch
 Gotta beware gotta beware I will
 Yeah
 Ooh baby
 All along the watchtower

:) I can't translate

2:39 AM it sounds like...

me: Thank you my dear... talking nonsense (that's how you say, right?)... you don't need to translate in these early hours, of course, but I got the rhythm, it speaks for itself... thank you

2:41 AM **Biljana:** view from the tower

me: I think that I'm hypnotized... watchtower...

Biljana: da

2:42 AM do you know that Hendrix was a soldier

2:44 AM **me:** I don't know anything and I can't guarantee for my words... Hendrix... all Americans white and black are soldiers Ups... words, words are only words se...

2:45 AM **Biljana:** poor they

2:46 AM Have I told you about Koju from Kichme...

me: they don't understand how poor they are, they think of life all the time

Biljana: what song has he written after my graduation

2:48 AM **me:** I have always enjoyed listening to you talking about Koja... suffocated me with the graduation... do you know each other?

Biljana: no

2:49 AM and yes

me: AND THE SONG AFTER THE GRADIATION?

2:50 AM **Biljana:** yes... for the album he made picture in front of the sculpture of meridians NEWS, east west, north and south... and the song's title is I am a shape, shapeshifter, it means

2:51 AM I'm a shape, I change shapes, and my blood runs cold, I will change your shape too and leave you in suspense

2:54 AM **me:** he is dude definitely... what does he think that will change... it sound good but everything is changed, we only narrate already said things, Do you agree?

Biljana: yes I agree

2:57 AM **me:**... but that doesn't mean that we shouldn't believe that we are something special... I like how we sound at 3 AM

2:59 AM **Biljana:** yes, that was my first visualization, I'm veteran in unusual experiences, but I keep them for myself

me: Let it go, maybe we sound good, but Baaaaa... I even smile when I write this but I love it a lot

3:00 AM **Biljana:** I will cry then

3:03 AM **me:** you are not angry with me because I leave you without sleep... hypnosis is typical for you... you already sleep... sleep... sleep... hey, don't you hate me because of this... you know that I can be better

3:04 AM **Biljana:** of course I won't, but now I'm exhausted, I must sleep...

3:05 AM **me:** you wait to tell you how you... and I can tell that

Biljana: ok then

3:07 AM **me:**... recipe for exit on DOCKS... how "morning" does it sounds

ART IS WHEN SOMEONE
IS DOING SOMETHING NICE

:) ;) X-(



Jimi Hendrix; Koja – Disciplina Kichme (Serbian rock band)

Why is this bad?

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Fri, Nov 21, 2008 at 11:58 AM

... I was reading the morning chat and stopped at one place... and I asked myself why all that strong excuse... is it possible all this to be ugly and bad... If I wanted to hurt and cheat someone, I would never write you a word, you know that

... Let's pretend that we are sick with some serious disease...

The Miss Intention is one who ruins everything and everybody, do you know that? I don't love her; I don't love her at all. If you towards something with an intention, that thing always runs away... Intention isn't nice... when you do a bad deed, even on purpose... The punishment is immediately bigger...

Let's get ready, I must chase away some clouds although I like this rainy day today.

Can you accept? Because soon we will accept the loss, and that one that is happening and we don't know what (although I think I know) will be lost in so many human characteristics.. who knows maybe they are not so human, maybe something more stupid, and people can do that.

I don't like the play with the intention, I don't like the rhythm. I don't have intentions, even nice ones, because everything is just happening and that's why is beautiful.

But I really need what is pure and shiny like crystal... I have even bigger wish for myself, and that is a diamond. Human perfection... Die (umri) Mind (um), if I want that, intention is the biggest obstacle.

Without mind I'm talking to you in these early hours... "I wanted" to tell you that and to show you without intention and that's what is happening, and if ever face, when you are talking to Yourself. We are simply by ourselves...

I believe life would be art, when we could all talk like this and we should all love that much and really have the strength for that.

There aren't any big mysteries in here... I don't need to compress myself on the Chinese wall due to the separation, there is no hair, it was never plaited and I think it's more beautiful because of that, that, it is so... it would be END long time ago



Marina Abramovic & Ulay

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Sat, Nov 22, 2008 at 10:28 PM

9:08 PM **me**: I'm happy that you turned green, do you want to talk...

Biljana: mhmmmmm

9:09 PM where were you yesterday

9:10 PM **me**: I read your letter and I understand your dilemmas, but I don't think that we do anything wrong

9:11 PM yes, I wasn't here, somehow I felt that I bother you so much... glutton

Biljana: I watched Ameliju Pulen till 3, and you wasn't online

9:13 PM **me**: if I wasn't dawn I would show myself, but I was afraid from myself...

I wasn't feeling good, my dear... Sometimes I know to feel bad

9:14 PM **Biljana**: oo I believ you, I know that feeling

9:15 PM how are you today?

9:23 PM **me**: I have read the last chat even twice and I have a feeling that I wasn't good... but I know that

Your letter that I read 3 times made me sad because I thought that you feel bad because of that we had shared... Some kind of melancholic plague caught me, for which someone can tell that it was creative...I know that feeling that I can feel pleasant, but in that situations mostly unnecessary I look for things for which I want to criticize myself... Melancholy is passing in some kind of depressive immovability

9:28 PM **Biljana**: I feel much better since I deleted the mails, I pass all phases that are happening to me easier, but I thought it isn't bad to read that morning conversation and it wasn't worthless,

9:30 PM I'm going to pour myself a tea.. What about you?

9:31 PM **me**: I don't erase the mail and I don't think to do that, and tea yes I want... green if you have... thanks

9:32 PM **Biljana**: I have an African red tea

9:33 PM **me**: I haven't try it, but I don't like tea a lot... but from you I like everything

9:34 PM **Biljana**: it's called Roybos too, it's great and very healthy

9:35 PM **me**: does it heal from fixation

Biljana: I don't know :) what kind of fixation

9:37 PM **me**: I'm fixed to You and I can't move... if it wasn't the faculty I wouldn't be able to move from the computer

9:38 PM **Biljana:** madness

9:41 PM if you want we can give ourselves couple of days for separation because of perspective, maybe we are too close even we are 500 km away from each other

9:45 PM **me:** I'll do my best but the project isn't the most important thing for me, but the pure art, but how is that possible without the projection, my dear... I thought that I could put everything in order... but what's the result... if I don't hear anything from you I'm sick, days no way... break out of question... I'M OK

9:47 PM **Biljana:** the exploree showed up

9:48 PM **me:** I can't be... what's wrong

Biljana: some send report and that nothing

9:49 PM I read Marina Abramovich for two days, because I finished the last letter in that snag, and I went to see what I wrote and I found coincidence

9:50 PM I have even found that term tibetian death, although I wrote funeral... I don't know what really happened

9:52 PM **me:** I was scared that I will disappear... The associations with Marina are beautiful... what parting and tangled hair... I don't like parings... funeral... God save us...

9:53 PM **Biljana:** everything is ok, dead and walking

9:54 PM I translated the text Abramovich/Ulay, I like the performance where they breath each other, very nice and it's really as a suicide, but I think that the meaning isn't bad

9:57 PM **me:** that's right, don't scare... don't talk about funerals... That project is hers the most beautiful short pictures of life, I like even I don't know the text, I somehow understand

9:58 PM **Biljana:** don't be afraid when I mention death, that's just my ego that I point at for some time

10:03 PM **me:** I don't fight with my ego, but often in the conversations with him I try to calm down the everlasting glutton... don't make you own ego nervous, it's on your forehead, but I'm afraid that you can lose you head too, my dear

Biljana: how can it be on my forehead

10:08 PM **me:** your ego suits you that it is seen very clearly... That's how me say for clearly, as it is on your forehead...

10:09 PM **Biljana:** I was interested in that,... on the forehead, because in 1999 I had I dream that I have a sing on my forehead

me:... and behind the forehead is the mind... but fugitively

10:10 PM **Biljana:** in the dream I was in a wedding dress and my father telling me that if I got married someone would die

10:12 PM **me:** but nobody died, God forbid...

Biljana: but sadly on my wedding one very dear person

10:14 PM **me:** do your dreams come true?... I don't dream as you do, but I don't interpret them... maybe it's happening

10:15 PM **Biljana:** it reminds me that everything is already written

10:17 PM Actually sometimes I'm afraid of those dreams, a lot of them came true, even the bad ones,

me: why have you trown yourself against your ego, aren't you afraid that if you defeat it you can lose a lot from you pride... I wouldn't take a chance

10:18 PM **Biljana:** is unusual, isn't it, I feel lighter

10:19 PM you will teach me

10:20 PM **me:** work on that but don't destroy it, it isn't good if you can recognize yourself in the final picture...

Biljana: ha 10:22 PM do you know that I haven't slept for 3 nights, there is something nice in that when you don't sleep but you feel as you do, everything can happen... Then that line between the reality and the dream is very thin

10:23 PM I made a crazy workshop and the children were wonderful,

10:25 PM we turned the music on and we imagined that we fly on the wings of butterflies and go to some other place, where we will see something that noone has ever seen before, and then we painted it, after that I showed them picture from Willi Baumeistera and they had to say what they see, it was great, and when I told them that the picture means Happy day they burst into laughter

10:28 PM **me:** Hey, I thing that this conversation is on, but I have some friends at my place, nad I have to join them.. I'm so sorry... I don't want to leave you with your sleepless nights and not to be in your flying with the children... but I must... Keep in touch... I'm watching over your door of dreams, my dear

Biljana: ok bye

me: BYE...

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Sun, Nov 23, 2008 at 12:10 AM

12:10 AM **me:** Here I am, I survived them.

Biljana: hey... you just interrupted me in a beautiful text.

12:12 AM **me:** Text? I would like the texts separately if they are for me

12:14 AM **Biljana:** Let go of the past. Stop trying to get from each other what you still think you missed in childhood or marriage. You will never find anyone who

is enough. Not even Me. Love yourself, know yourself, and be yourself. Only you will be enough.

12:15 AM **me**: A little confusion. 1

2:16 AM I definitely need to work on my English.

Biljana: I have sent you the translation. Did you get it?

12:17 AM **me**: yes, yes... one more small break...

12:19 AM **me**: but you always need to have one person a long side you, believe me

12:20 AM **Biljana**: give me a little more...

12:23 AM **me**:... sounds good... I know that everything is inter generationally installed in my and that is something that cant be forgotten and eliminated, whatever... and despite everything, I always need at least one person whom I can talk to about myself... and a person who can stand me...

12:24 AM I know that everything is in' IT, it's exactly what It is

12:25 AM **Biljana**: I know, I know... this text is a speech by my professor, this is where he is the one who listens, but I didn't want to bother him

12:26 AM **me**:... your professor? Have I ever met him?

12:27 AM **Biljana**: I don't know, it is written on my forehead

me: no, I am seriously asking you

12:30 AM...I don't agree with the part about the forehead...I don't insist, but I think that your confidence comes exactly from your forehead... but it is alright, you know yourself best

12:31 AM what do you think I have on my forehead?

Biljana: I don't really like the part about the forehead

12:32 AM today is his birthday, so I am feeling great.

12:33 AM **me**:... on the forehead?

12:34 AM **Biljana**: :) you are crazy

12:35 AM I don't think that the professors name is written on your forehead, rather it is your name

12:38 AM Stanko Pavleski original

me: Whenever I am inspired, I get crazy, there is nothing better then that. I wish to succeed more often in being crazy... digression... on the day of his birthday, I want to fulfil your wishes, this is so original, and my dear... I wish your biggest dream to be a gold fish

Biljana: Wish?

12:39 AM I can think of a wish

me:... now I just made you become crazy, say thank you

12:40 AM **Biljana:** thank you, thank you

me: But first, the wish

Biljana: I wish for you to be happy. So haaaaaaaaaaaaaappy!

12:42 AM **me:** Your wish is wonderful, you have never been a selfish woman... but jokes aside, I really want to know your wish. YOURS..

12:43 AM **Biljana:** alright...

me:... it can really be me? Not your personal wish

12:44 AM **Biljana:** hey I don't want a wish, I wish not to wish, I like it like that

12:47 AM **me:** I'll give you time to thin about it... to wish is one of the hardest things to do... and then you get overwhelmed by the beauty of it..., come on, I accept up to three wishes, and one I guarantee, I will fulfil

12:48 AM as long as you are in the mood, I am here for you

12:49 AM **Biljana:** what would I wish for from a painter?

12:51 AM **me:** Do you wish for me to paint you?... this I can definitely fulfil for you and I figure that you expect it from me, non-figuratively

12:53 AM you are to beautiful, God has lost himself in giving you gifts, and I fear that I will succeed in capturing that beauty, but I will do everything to get beyond and above it...

Biljana:I want a new kind of art that has not yet been invented, yes... non-figuratively... today I was thinking what it would be like, if there didn't exist any words...

12:54 AM if we instead had some signs... how would we be able to understand each other then?

12:57 AM **me:** How? Your question is wonderful, yet quite difficult... if the two of us were the only ones that would understand the signs, then I agree... that would be impossible, at least time to get out of the temporary confusion which can be an interesting burden, but of course we will begin to understand each other...

12:58 AM **Biljana:** this is interesting...

12:59 AM each of them must have a special shape, which each of us will suggest and generate, and from those group shapes, each will write their own letter, rather a picture, and they will be no letters...

1:00 AM like to matching peaces of a puzzle

1:01 AM the question is... can it that qualify as the writing of letters?

1:03 AM **Me:** it is like the art was created for your advice and input, to begin with, can you think of a sign that describes my art?... a sign I have used in my sculptures...

Biljana: I can... a circle

1:05 AM **me**: To create a language, which can substitute the writing and this kind of chatting, sound great... but that is also how the alphabets have been created... the letters... I ask myself if we can't be more creative, even though this is completely exiting

1:06 AM **Biljana**: yes but then we would have to learn a whole new alphabet but then there wont be freedom of speech

me: I am sure that you will think of another one of my signs... yes, circle...

1:07 AM **Biljana**: rectangle

1:08 AM **me**: from your signs... circle, cross

Biljana: it's awesome how you have captured me

1:09 AM **me**: Coincidence

Biljana: yeeeeeeeeeeeee, I did not expect that

1:11 AM **me**: In one of the pieces Barok is completely in signs.. and that is the bases of the entire art

1:12 AM **Biljana**: now I feel like walking right out of this monitor... you have many signs at disposal

1:13 AM **me**: like the one with the holes and with the lines, what is that?

1:15 AM _____ 0 _____

I don't know how to describe it

me.. But we must admit that the power of the speech is incredible... I think that, while you were creating the video for Barok... you must have come to understand a lot of things about me, that is something I was able to notice

1:16 AM **Biljana**: yes, it is powerful

1:20 AM **me**...I know what you are thinking of, but trust me, I have already improvised the headlines and I do not want to improvise, because the headlines I created with the same seriousness as the sculptures themselves... I absolutely must try "across skeleton lines", as far as my Serbian goes

1:21 AM **Biljana**: yeah, yeah, I wanted to tell you the same thing, but I didn't want to make a mistake, because I like it

1:24 AM **me**: I took the catalogue, but I changed my mind, the letters are too small and I already am having problems without my glasses... I'm too lazy to go look for them, and this way I keep exiting anyway

1:25 AM **Biljana**: of course you shouldn't look for anything

1:26 AM the skeleton has been on my mind for days, I guess it must be because of all of Milans cartoons, so this whole time that's what I think it is called...

1:27 AM How come this came across my mind?

Me:... why do you like it? There are a lot of emotions and experiences built in my craziness and a lot of pain, behind the other things that are the birth of the control of the outlet, shivers and intellectual process

1:28 AM **Biljana:** ah those emotions.. They do it all, don't they?

1:33 AM **me:** If I believe in something it is the parts where the real emotions react from... I cherish the art through the intellectual constructions, but also when I do that I want to accomplish excitement equal to the real one of a human being yet not attached to the human one at the same time, although the small emotions often are the result of the relationships between people... I know that your graduate work came out of that strong human dimension or whatever that kind of thing is called

1:37 AM **Biljana:** yeah... we are all in need of a grate human heart which attracts, and not throws away, confirms and not degrades, everyone has a way of being what they really are, so we should be able to understand each other and the world more, the world is within us, we can not throw that away

1:38 AM the whole world is my personal world

1:39 AM we should take good care of it

1:47 AM **me:** whenever I succeed in finding the words that can be equal to the elements which will have the true meaning of the sculpture at a content, or rather, to be beyond the content I get such a rush of conversation with myself regarding rich description and construction... I don't want to sound to dramatic those are the concept that I search for all of the time for which I can really feel the sent and I can always sense it whenever I find them... I have mentioned several times, but I want to do it again, I know that this time spent with through letters is when those I was talking about are happening to me and I do not wish for that to disappear.

1:49 AM... you scared me a little in your last letter in which, just for a second, I felt like I did not recognize you, like you were distant

1:50 AM... that is how you felt?... where are the arguments??

1:51 AM **Biljana:** I know I scared you a bit but I didn't have any cruel intentions, any intentions really...

1:52 AM it became to real

1:53 AM and perhaps a little scary

1:56 AM **me:** I felt that as well and not only as a reality but as it is very ordinary and that is what I most scared of because it shortens my flying and my flying is a part of those smell that I was talking about

Biljana: wow beautiful, you described that beautifully...

1:58 AM **me:** Do you believe that my idea, actually the project regarding our writing of letters has shortened our wings?

Biljana: yes

1:59 AM but I think that the outcome will be something totally different, I told you from the beginning, something that will be the outcome from the balloon we are in

2:04 AM **me:** I seriously still believe that the idea is awesome, but it has to be overcome... I agree with you about everything that you are writings in your letter organization which is provoked by the concept itself, but...

2:05 AM **Biljana:** but... that is a broad concept to classify, it is not easy to praise

2:12 AM **Biljana:** I was thinking about the Concept

me: if there is anything powerful in that idea it is that the personality should be shared with the public... in the previous chats, those in which we were discussing the format of the presentation I failed to mention that that form is the most important because the reality of it is in the personality of the public and where the reflection of the human being really is... I agree with you that in that place neither you nor I are of importance regardless of what gets overstepped by us or those close to us

2:14 AM **Biljana:**... and where is the pride in that?... you said I should also be proud and not only to kill my ego

2:21 AM **me:** try out your great Macedonian... without lying, I think we can be fully proud of ourselves (our forehead is always our guardian) with our victim... not everyone is gifted with being a victim... the roads from which the ego feeds from (the healthy ego) are several, we just need them to get close to the ego

2:25 AM **Biljana:** I get your texts and it would be nice to summarise them so they wont be difficult to others as well

2:26 AM but what do you think... will it be interesting to others, and if so, to how many, and you have to be in your creative state, strong and powerful

2:27 AM **me:**...I am really serious about making that scarifies, that is the reality of what we are doing in the art business... that this is a real scarifies, you are right about that

2:33 AM **Biljana:** Then you are still painting me from me, what will become of my ego and pride? They are on fire in reality, because of the art, and not because of her

2:35 AM **me:**... I have leaned something good doing this kind of art- the most honest kind of work known to man, because with the biggest part of the art material(especially this kind) artistically it is not realistic to compose artistic

differentiation, they are attracted by naked waterfall, in contrast they lose the meaning of the whole thing

2:36 AM **Biljana:** I know, I know, that is completely on your turf

me: do you think of my ego and pride?

2:37 AM **Biljana:** more then I do my own

2:39 AM and in the end, what are we afraid of... of the things that make us happy... come on, scary

2:40 AM we are afraid of beauty, shame on us...

2:41 AM and I wont look anyone in the eyes

me: Now I think that it is really starting to evolve around our ego... let the ego go, no I agree with the part about you wanting to make it right... pride will find itself at home in the victim... we have a chance to find safety in God

Biljana: real safety

2:42 AM **me:** AMIN

Biljana: AMIN

2:45 AM **me:** How the artist still is fast to evolve around the greater things in life... they would scarify everything for their art, because God is on their side

Biljana: believe me it is

2:46 AM **me:** Now I want to jump right out of this box

Biljana: :)

2:48 AM He is a painter No1

2:51 AM **me:**... I don't know how to laugh... have you ever noticed that?...

2:52 AM **Biljana:** yes, it is not your thing to laugh, I saw a similar face yesterday, only female after the marathon of sleeplessness, something increatible,

2:53 AM as I am about to fall asleep, I saw my monitor, on the whole monitor, a female profile

2:54 AM how she holds her index finger across her lips and tears fall across her face, with glasses on her eyes, and with brown hair, and she is upset about not cutting it while she cannot fix it

2:55 AM and she has that serious look on her face like you

2:59 AM **me:** Trust me, while I am reading you, my thumb is across my mouth and I have that serious look, increadible at the same time as your mention of it... while I am reading you it is increatible how at the exact same time... I am your guardian... soldiers are always serious; right... do you feel safe...

Biljana: of course while you shoot,

3:00 AM that is unordinary isn't it

3:02 AM **me**: you cant go without the sarcasms, your special charm that I like so much... but at least I am not aiming at the ego

Biljana: a shame, Bora will announce it, cant wait

3:03 AM Today I had left an impression that he wanted to write with me

3:04 AM **me**: and even if I aim at you I am sure I will miss...As if it were writing?

3:05 AM **Biljana**: well today as I was started, he was asking me what I am writing and I asked him if he wanted to see but he said that he didn't even though I felt that he did

3:08 AM come on, only that and no more, I want to go to sleep, I am tired

3:09 AM **me**: do you think he would want to write something to me... I you feel it being ok, I don't mind, but I am afraid that I will get that weird ordinarily feeling again... I have a heard time to... but not right before I go to sleep

3:10 AM **Biljana**: hey non of that bad feeling with me, I didn't feel anything bad, although I know that I only wish to just have a look and nothing else but let him wait, it will be better that way

3:11 AM it is weird when somebody spends so much time with a calculator so a person may ask themselves

3:12 AM what is behind NOTHING FROM NOBODY AND SOMETHING FROM NOTHING

3:14 AM **me**: It is different with us how we feel from day to day, I believe that it is a realistic picture that it has to be something serious that usually happens in those kinds of passions... I don't neither water nor bread, I did not need anything in those times, that should not be undermined at all

3:15 AM **Biljana**: then we cannot dissopoint them

me: Serious... we have no idea of how serious this is

Biljana: we are the best hosts for guest's

3:16 AM in shift august, September, October, November

3:17 AM send me to bed now, I am wiped out, I don't have a head anymore as my little Milan would say

3:19 AM **me**: you are shutting off after 3h, go look for your pearls and I'll go look for my diamonds

Biljana: :/ maybe this is a serious face, but you like your diamonds!?! my best friends

3:20 AM **me**: My dear, I am giving you my diamonds for your wonderful dreams

3:21 AM **Biljana**: I am joking, but I am really laughing about something, I don't know what is wrong with me

3:23 AM **me**: I don't know either but I have to be silent or they'll send my to a psychiatrist in the morning, or an asylum rather

3:24 AM **Biljana**: I am holding my breath so they wont hear me

3:25 AM and now to bed, have lovely dreams, tomorrow will be great, snow is coming

3:26 AM *****

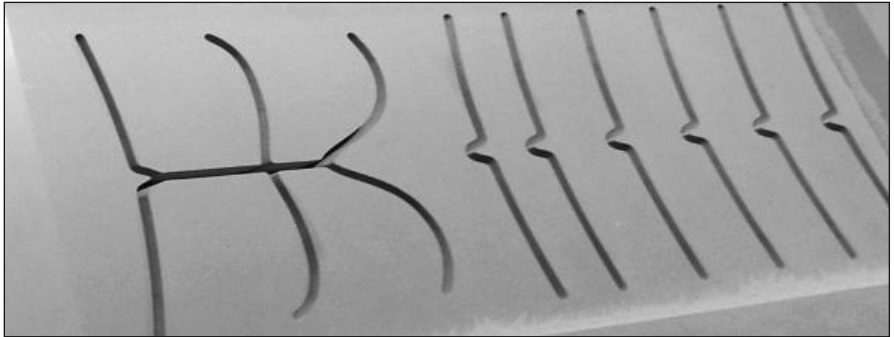
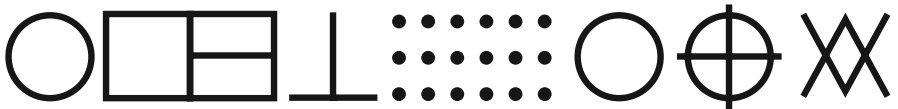
me: because of this I am starting to move around a lot, it's a good thing that the chair doesn't make noises, otherwise I am fucked

3:27 AM **Biljana**: aaaaaaa you are on the couch, nice, good night now, I mean it

3:28 AM **me**: Dream in YELLOW, this time for real

Biljana: thanks ***** you to

3:30 AM **me**: Good night and may you have wonderful dreams... this is the last thing... I am shutting off, today I want to be the last to do so



N1 < V mhmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sat, Nov 23, 2008 at 11:19 PM

10:38 PM **Biljana**: how are you today?

10:40 PM **me**: OK, I am downloading some jokes for my collage T. Adzиеvski

10:42 PM **Biljana**: something nice?

10:43 PM **me**:... Some joke with Kichoo Slabinac... and something with Sarkozi, you know the one from Thassalonikki, who is now the president of France... funny things... how are you?

10:44 PM **Biljana**: today I was relaxing

10:45 PM it is cold but pretty outside... there is only snow on the top of Fruska Gora

10:46 PM **me**: how am I suppose to understand these kinds of behaviour, like you don't really want to explain things... like you use shortcuts or clues rather... some of these tries can be developed into short creative editorials, and that need a great deal of creative effort and talent

10:47 PM **Biljana**: hey, I just came into thought of my piano **me**: Since yesterday we have snow all over Skopje, it is nice...

10:48 PM **Biljana**: a bit all over.. its not bad but Milan only wants to play in the snow

10:49 PM **me**: You play the piano... lovely... there will be snow for Milan

10:50 PM **Biljana**: I use to play

me:... I thought I spelled something wrong before

Biljana: some solo, but I want to do some bregich this year

10:51 PM **me**: Now are you succeeding in doing some labelling

10:52 PM... because of my misspelling before I came to think of Bah, ah that Bah

Biljana: I don't have a piano now, but I played for about 5 years, and then on and off, how I miss it at times

10:55 PM **me**: You said that today you succeeded in getting surprised... lying in bed all day can be refreshing and productive you know...

10:57 PM through that even productive and unexpected art can be generated... again me with my art

10:59 PM... just let loose, it is nice for a person to take a rest sometimes... I relax by Kupus (Macedonian specialty), how I love those winter keepings of food

Biljana: I will be awake tonight, Milan has a temperature, he was at some birthday party and now he has gotten sick again

11:00 PM I like winter too, it is intimate somehow

11:01 PM **me**:... the kid is soft.. dose he take after you my dear..

11:02 PM **Biljana**: I too was like that but the doctor also said that he has my gene

11:04 PM **me**: kids, tomorrow everything will be alright, you'll see, often have strong immunity but you have to be careful with them...

11:06 PM What was your timing in HeArt-... afternoon and evening?

11:07 PM **Biljana**: afternoon

11:08 PM **me**:... what are you giving little Milan, be careful with the antibiotics and don't give them to him unless it is absolutely necessary... around what time in the afternoon?

Biljana: I don't give him antibiotics unless I have too

11:09 PM natural way of healing

11:12 PM **me**: They are announcing some demonstration in the education department tomorrow

Biljana: excellent

11:13 PM Milan and I are staying in this room so the others can sleep, he tend to variate with the temperature every 3 to 4 hours

11:14 PM when will you be heading of for bed?

11:19 PM **me**: Mostly I go to bed when I get really sleepy... I sleep well, but I fear that I don't sleep enough...

11:20 PM **Biljana**: I wanted to know if you are going to be awake later... I want to go take a shower, and then get online later on when I will be solo,

11:21 PM I can't do it all at once you know

11:24 PM **me**: I will be more then awake wand waiting for you my dear, now go take a bath... talk to you later

Biljana: ok great

me: BYE

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Sat, Nov 24, 2008 at 3:26 AM

12:53 AM **Biljana**: here I am

12:55 AM **me**: I am here, alive and well... Bile shut off my monitor for a second, as a joke, don't be alarmed

12:57 AM **Biljana:** are you joking or is she?

me: Bile wanted to read our last chat... should I let her?

Biljana: its fine with me

me: That's what I'll do, but now right now of course

12:58 AM **Biljana:** what?

12:59 AM **me:**... nothing special, except that she will get to read our chat, right? You didn't think it was something else did you?

1:00 AM **Biljana:** I don't know what to think

1:01 AM **me:** Now Bile enters the picture even though I already knew that she was reading my mail... it is becoming interesting, but to complicated...

Biljana: ha ha... I let Bori read our chat today

1:02 AM I got a hug... who knows what he was thinking... it is not complicated, it is nice

1:03 AM and normal

1:04 AM **me:**... not that complicated as to confuse me(in comforting you), but it gets me thinking of the ordinary, we have talked about this in our previous chats, which I don't like... And at the same time similar things are happening to us... I just didn't get a hug

1:06 AM **Biljana:** you'll have to try a bit harder for that ;) do you want me to leave you be in your balloon?

me: No, I have my own balloon

1:07 AM **Biljana:** oh no you don't, at the end we are all in the same one especially your wife, you have to let her into your world

1:09 AM **me:** Come on, I know that we are in the same balloon, but I have my extras, like parachutes

Biljana: that is a good thing to have for landing

1:10 AM **me:** and whoever gets the privilege to land, gets to fly again... Bile has always been a part of my worlds and in my artistic world as well... but lately her understanding has decreased, I don't know why, she doesn't feel like flying

1:12 AM **Biljana:** because it is not artistic world anymore, rather art, that is goal, communication is art and has probably always been, if she doesn't understand you, look for your mistakes... that's what I do

1:14 AM even though it is a lot to take for Bile and Bora and for everybody else but I think that it is an outcome of the fact that we have always been ignored or ignoring someone

1:15 AM Bora didn't mind not seeing or talking to me but now her gets stressed when he sees me chatting with you, how can that be? His pride wont let him get angry

1:16 AM ok,

1:17 AM when we get done with all of this, let me know where the art will be, so I can put myself in that mission?

1:18 AM **me**: My world has been the one of an artist for a long time now, Bile knows that, it is not news to her... but I think that it is better(that's what I am saying al this time)for her to worry about her own world rather than on my fixations... I think the we are starting to see eye to eye on that matter, in the name of beauty... she knows me well enough and therefore knows that real beauty is happening...

1:19 AM... Bile really has no reason to be angry...

1:20 AM **Biljana**: I know that there isn't, but I am on her side and I think that you should spend some time with her, and the two of us can chat some other time 1:22 AM or is that not okay either...

1:23 AM **me**: but aren't we free people, or are we prisoners of life like all the rest... I have always loved my freedom and there is no force that can take that away from me

1:24 AM **Biljana**: you can't free out of it, be good to her, she needs you the most, not the least

1:26 AM **me**: yes I agree... I, my dear, have been known to be painting for hours and days, like I sit in front of this box right now... my sculptures have not appeared out of nowhere... but this is a new experience, even a change

1:29 AM **Biljana**: perhaps it is too complicated, perhaps we should separate, perhaps we have enough material to work with

1:30 AM **me**:... Nothing drastic has changed with me, just that I have a new love... and there are different ways of loving right, do you know?

1:31 AM... I know your understanding of love, but let this one in, it is specifically beautiful

1:32 AM **Biljana**: I was writing something in the meantime, I had to delete

1:33 AM **me**:... In reality, love cannot be an ugly thing

Biljana: but it cannot assault

1:34 AM true love is irrelevant

1:35 AM **me**: like ours, I agree that our kind of love does not insult anyone, and from your understanding of love, this is real...

Biljana: but loving a woman should be careful and relevant

1:36 AM **me**: Hey, I agree with that to... we are connected...

1:37 AM **Biljana**: ha ha ha, well then it I s nice **me**:... lovely yes, what else **Biljana**: I am laughing crazy

1:38 AM **me**: me too LOL

Biljana: we are kind of going slow today, kick it up a nosh, I expect you to do so
 1:42 AM **me:** don't please, we have just gotten serious... I know that you want to tell me some more about love, but you know that I also know something now and somehow I agree totally with you about what we both know... you are way more serious than me, especially when it comes to life, but don't neglect my seriousness

1:43 AM **Biljana:** a was just reading a couple of messages where you got caught... crazy

1:44 AM **me:** in this context?... everything evolves around us my dear, the whole universe exists because we do, isn't that right?

1:45 AM **Biljana:** I don't really know anymore, I have no words to describe it **me:** do you think that I know really, I just know... I wont say the same nice words over and over again... don't say my name often

1:48 AM **Biljana:** when something like this happens, I feel like when Milan takes a sheet of paper, and just shake everything of myself, I don't even know how or.. I just don't know

me: just begin, ask Milan how and everything will be clear... I wish to ask, I ask myself something, my dear, and does everything in life have their own words?

1:49 AM **Biljana:** I don't think that they do

1:50 AM **me:** They don't, they really don't, you are right, I am sure of that as well, but then everything wouldn't be able to be drawn... all that is left to us is to write and draw, and hopefully we will be able touch a bit of the unknown

1:51 AM **Biljana:** let us say the symbols, are beyond description of words, those are schemes, and I have experienced similar things in life, I have talked to you about these things previously

1:54 AM we have written about this

me: I know that I don't know anything, even though I am not Socraties, I like the pieces of truth, whatever it may be, especially the search for it, that is some kind of destiny I can calmly own... you are also my destiny... how wonderful destiny is my dear

1:56 AM **Biljana:** destiny... it will be a shame if I don't something productive in life

me: You see, how often we write about the same things, yet things with us are so different, but then the same really

Biljana: I like this

2:01 AM **me:** Me to, see how we understand each other... but, they say that to not have conflicts is soft and non productive.. I just wait for something big to happen to you... somehow I see it, great things can be seen from everywhere... the Chinese can even be seen from the moon, even though you don't like him because of the fraises from the separation with Marina I the CRAZY GUY

2:02 AM **Biljana**: haaaaa ha!

2:04 AM **me**: You are your own person and a grown woman... your life is something great, and you know that... I like it when I make you laugh, imagine that I can make somebody laugh, and not just anyone, but the great Biljana K herself

2:05 AM **Biljana**: That could be because I can't see your face you know, maybe I wouldn't laugh if I was looking at you in front of me

2:06 AM but in front of my monitor everything Is fun... recently I was at a lecture about how facial expression and gestures are a part of communication

2:07 AM they say that 70% of understanding each other comes from that... now I agree with that

2:09 AM **me**: if you saw me now you would start crying... of course there is a lot of truth to what you are saying, about facial expression, if you see me I'll cry... You are very right, throughout our writing I have caught seeing my teeth on my face and on yours too, trust me

2:10 AM I just feel like you are here next to me...

2:11 AM **Biljana**: ha ha ha, you are really crazy... you have a wonderful face and I see myself in it... I feel the same way... but it is unreal to me even though I thought I was a cool person, but it seems that you are much better

2:15 AM **me**: You don't even know how good you are, but you see, I have also always been good at that... complement me on how fast I have become in writing on the computer... I have been training... you are a true master of the unnatural... Now I am writing faster

2:16 AM **Biljana**: haaaaaaaaaaaaa, I have noticed that, but how did you get so fast... you must have done it just like that one day,

2:17 AM are you writing with someone else

2:19 AM **me**: I am in awe of how fast we are in conversation... I am much slower, so slow in a conversation...I'll never let anyone else speak for me, no way, I will do it myself my dear friend, how much it may take... the thought I mean

2:20 AM **Biljana**:I believe that it works better without a head but you don't seem to believe me. *head

2:22 AM **me**: Ha, Milans temperature come down?... how is he sleeping?...

2:23 AM **Biljana**: he doesn't have a temperature but he is not sleeping, he is watching some cartoon, but his caught has come down as well

2:25 AM **me**: I like his BAAAAA better, it is great, it'll be alright of course, but it is getting too late for him to be up still, does he go to bed this late often super

Biljana: no no, it is because he is sick, everything is hurting a bit at the time, but now he has calmed down

2:26 AM **me**: Honey, as long as he is with his cartoons, he'll be calm...

2:27 AM **Biljana**: oh he is always restless, when his temperature goes up, he slows down, but then he goes crazy again...

2:28 AM he has never been still, not even in my stomach

2:30 AM **me**:... but where did we stop with our talk... aha, the part about the speed of announcement of the thoughts and my constant slowness in real life... when you'll see me again you'll be surprised at how much faster I have become in real life as well... if little Milan was restless even in the stomach, then he will be an artist one day

2:33 AM **Biljana**: in my stomach he was restless, I was told to guard him as a breakable egg, I couldn't move for two months

2:35 AM yeah, I lost my thought for a second, Milan was asking me for some toy of his
me: hey... How is Stefan doing... is he doing something new... and the most important, did the man ever get married... so he can see how easy life is... may Milan forgive me, please I apologise, but now I have asked the most important question... Marriage

2:36 AM next to football ofcourse

2:37 AM **Biljana**: Yes, he got married before me, Jelena, the most wonderful creature, we were pregnant at the same time but something awful happened, during her 9th month, the baby died, they still don't have kids, they spend their time differently or they have become afraid of us tied to the home

2:38 AM Jeca has finished pedagogical college, and now she is head of the NVO for education with her sister

2:39 AM they have great projects, it's great

2:41 AM **me**: they will overcome that great loss I am sorry that that had to happen to them, but they are young, God is generous

2:42 AM **Biljana**: everything in its own time, no need for rushing

2:43 AM soon they are heading for Slovenia, Stefan's band makes great music, he signed up for some classes for tone, so he is going for a year

2:47 AM **me**: There, they have great thing to fulfil their time, Stefan really makes wonderful music with his band... are they satisfied with the tempo and dynamic of their work... do they have serious gigs... and that he has signed up for lectures is really OK. Does he have any plans about opening a tone studio?

2:50 AM **Biljana**: Stefan had a studio while we were in Kamenica, but that kind of fell through, now he was to learn more about music while we were in Kamenica, and I wanted to lose myself with him... how two different sounds can become one, I liked that, and I also like silence all of it happens at the same time, we have talked about that,

2:56 AM **me**: the sound is a great magic... it's really true that it is the greatest art of all, how little it takes to catch something so real and natural, there are probably many more secrets to it. It is great to see those experiences through the possibilities of other arts, the word, the sound, the shape, the picture

Biljana: mhmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

2:57 AM your phases are visible, even though it is only seen through electronic ways, who knows what emotions are hidden

2:58 AM but the notices are exemplary

2:59 AM **me**: oh yes, that is just wonderful, perhaps you have succeeded to use that in this thing we do, visual peace of art, which also is turning into unpredictableness

3:00 AM **Biljana**: :) who knows why that is so great people say

3:01 AM that would be some pure art, essential

me: its just good, it doesn't need explaining why it is so, as it is already great, it is good for relaxing

Biljana: not intestinally rather taken from myself

3:02 AM **me**: intestinally and yourself, definitely, like that is the intention

3:03 AM **Biljana**: yeeeeeeeeeah... Exactly, but wherefrom, what is the actual thing that happens intentionally and from oneself? Clarity

3:04 AM Existence, Ideas, Creation, Life

3:06 AM All those are guided by love

3:08 AM **me**: Just like that, like fallen from the sky, as long as it all has a reflection of Conscience, I agree, in several things, and you named almost all of long term subjects, we have enough influence on the conscience... or does it itself become a part of the Conscience – The Queen of experience... I have nothing more to add after LOVE IS THEIR EYES... LONG LIVE LOVE

3:10 AM **Biljana**: Conscience has no word, it is just a part of life, when you put it into a word, it loses its sense or rather it gets destroyed

3:11 AM that is not enough, that's why I think that art is so important

3:14 AM Science yes, it can make you fly like a bird and swim like a fish, but it cannot teach you to be a human being, I think that art can help you become those eyes of love

3:22 AM **me**:... I vote for love because of the eyes, otherwise we are blind just the same... you've made me a little hesitant about my otherwise free figure of speech at 3 am... so many subjects which have me made me want to sit back enjoy reading...

3:26 AM **Biljana**: when you reach continence you always know that it is it, it is not scientific experience and not from the head, it simply happens and it is without

doubt truthful, but in that moment it isn't important, like moments of creating art, like moments of creativity in art, when we are completely satisfied with what we are doing, and that is that...

3:33 AM **Biljana**: Milan is calling for me, write your thoughts to me... and I'll enjoy reading them with a cup of coffee... good night...

3:45 AM **me**: I am hiding, I can't deal with such assurance, even when it is happening to me, when I know that I have something strong on hold, how deep the feeling is of what I have created, then I make wonderful conversations with the Conscience when I firmly believe then is when real truth is happening... there is nothing special about your coffee, but not to exclude that there is more in your coffee than in mine... Stay well and have great dreams... talk to you later

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Mon, Nov 24, 2008 at 12:47 PM

I wanted to say that art or speech in that kind of way is a greater truth from reality even, because speech enter borders, and becomes a source, but the security of the fact is that we create something, and decide how, when and which size, we agree and cheat shapes and create and create them from our minds and thoughts. To me, that, as a creation is where many different sizes exist, provoked by some touches, but the questioning itself, even when we think about making a decision or make the actual decisions, original and coincidental moments in which again, in some way, the truth is that the thing that we have touched the place that cannot be separated in the process of the creation itself, if we are our own art, if we are our own conditions and all our craziness included in it, I believe that that is IT. Just remember how evolved you've been, just by working on something. Everything that is feeling, every inch of your body and you, how it gets tighter and fitter... that is all I need... it is all enough, and who ever believes, cannot be sure, I simple think that whatever we create has something to do with way we are feeling at that exact moment and what happens after is what is described. Through a painting our whole situation with what we are filled with in a given time. In your glass you can pour politics, science, and religion, paintings from the history of art, old worlds and lost cities... You cannot pour Biljana and Frosina and Mitre and Persa... Whatever you find soothing... but the name and an empty glass should play, even one drop of water on the roof.

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Tue, Nov 25, 2008 at 4:59 PM

12:18 PM **Biljana:** hi! Busy?

12:20 PM **me:** here I am all well and kicking, at work... but for you I am free...

12:21 PM **Biljana:** super, I am happy to hear that you are alive and well... we are still a bit sick here **me:** it'll get better

12:22 PM **Biljana:** I know but it is taking its time... it's always the same... How are you?

12:26 PM **me:** I am fine, struggling with my students... I am succeeding with the students for a couple of years, you know with the first year students I am succeeding on the creative side, or as I call them, the Creative interventions... the lower level of creativity

12:27 PM **Biljana:** oh nice! That is important, it is difficult when they get used to the technical part of learning to

12:28 PM then you can't get them to get off that idea

12:31 PM **me:** that is actually the point of why I chose this kind of exercises, some result have really come to surprise me, but I can see that the students who have a more difficult time a getting off their routine way of working, when they get over that beginning fear they get better and better, and then they become great team players

12:33 PM those that are creative to begin with I often portrait through already envolved figure, shape and so on. But the standards that are within the first and second year students that they have to get perfectly done

12:34 PM **Biljana:** can I see that?

12:35 PM for me personally it is always harder to draw and paint while I am looking at a model, but when we began working on free themes, that is when my real abilities came alive, I don't know why that is

12:39 PM **me:** I have some photographs at home, I'll send them to you... with this year it'll take two weeks until I'll get the results... I want the student to get themselves out of their passiveness and to find out that the final result on their studies is to be creative board, and then it'll be easier for both them and me

12:40 PM **Biljana:** bravo, good for you, that will definitely mean more to them

12:45 PM **me:** You can imagine that it is difficult for us the way, but because of some great accomplishments I do not want to change this way... a couple of interesting

changes have really reached my students, those that are afraid and insecure to these possibilities, maybe even less talented, and then they also have the element of surprise, even to express themselves usefully

12:46 PM **Biljana**: I believe that it is so, but you believe in their ability to change, and that is worth a lot

12:47 PM **me**:... they just understood that that is the real thing, and as a result of that they are more successful in what they are doing even graduation, in their private experience they completely give themselves to their art... and that really makes me so happy...

12:49 PM **Biljana**: with Milan all the time, I don't know when I will be able to sleep normal again, but today I am feeling well, and you?

12:51 PM **me**:... I am not well my dear, I am use to peace and quiet, how I love silence, and at home it is dead quiet

12:52 PM **Biljana**: you should pay attention to the others around you

12:53 PM if you only have yourself, you won't be angry nor anything with anyone, and that is impossible, it all starts from you

12:55 PM **me**: I'll take your advice, even though I am just that all the time, but for me to listen to you for once... but the problem lies in that I am some kind of centre, and me way began in this magical box

12:58 PM there is hope for me yet, it is important that I am aware of what is happening to me... what do you think?... after that it is easy... actually I feel kind of relieved, someone would call that empty

1:00 PM **Biljana**: last night I couldn't sleep again, but at some moments I felt like I was in kind of sleep, but all night there was one sentence on my mind... nicely shaped ending... maybe that is what follows(but I also feel emptiness, that is alright)

1:05 PM **me**: it's ok in its own way... first I thought that this thing we have is reaching its end, if it is nicely shaped, it is not the most important, but the end is the end, don't tell me that it is nice or near...

1:07 PM **Biljana**: how can it be the end when you have created me from you... it is impossible... now I can make wonderful children from us... where is the end in that

1:08 PM **me**: If you were to take me to the Chinese wall, I wouldn't agree

1:09 PM **Biljana**: ha! ha!, good, then one of us needs to change their sex. Let it be me...

1:11 PM I think that my husband knows that he married some third sex...

me: No can do, I said I wanted to be a woman first... The bold headed singer... ok?

Biljana: ha ha, but if we both change then it won't be right again

1:15 PM **me**: what kind of third sex are you my dear, you are no sort at all, you are just special... alright then you be the man...

1:17 PM **Biljana**: SPECIAL... I like that... this morning I was thinking about the world again, I don't seem to be able to figure some things out, who they makes up an objective world, how is art an object or objective

1:19 PM after this at it will subjective some how

1:26 PM **me**: If you get things to be clear then perhaps there isn't such a clarity... the thing is what we(not the two of us, but we as a people) call art(often without a reason) is not exactly that, because the non universal in this thought of ours has it the easiest to touch the objective...

1:30 PM **Biljana**: I think that this is that moment that it has happened between us and what no one should get mad about, ha! What can I do, it is that place where everyone dissopears their whole life

1:34 PM And that is why it is not material and physical, because it is clean and freeing, it must have happened I think

1:36 PM **me**: PLACE... that is the first thing and therefore it is worth to predict and when that happens it shouldn't be lost in order for the real worth not to be

1:38 PM PLACE, and then something happens when something is without something to spare, just like that, in context, something has been left out...

1:39 PM till the next search...

1:41 PM **Biljana**: yes... but we are the real search, we need a concise goal, that is why we are in search, we don't believe in our own worth

1:42 PM we believe it a little when someone tells or shows us, that is the reality of it, but we don't seem to practice it a lot

1:44 PM **me**:... again I am haunted by that stupid Objectiveness... everything is subjective my dear, only my subjectivity needs to be touched by someone else, and then my subjectivity automatically becomes part of the other ones truth, subjectivity followed by a goal of course... did you not have some issues with the Goal?

1:46 PM **Biljana**: goal or whole concept?

1:48 PM **me**:... I don't want to sound to free or not understanding, maybe even chaotic... I agree that the Goal it reaching of the end of our geowth, but on the way there we must not forget everything that is beautiful... I vote for GOALS

1:50 PM this is real... how I sometimes succeed in being smart

1:52 PM **Biljana**: yes... the way there can lead to allsorts of things... but we have to those people who can identify how beautiful, difficult it is to live with eyes that judge and which show us ugliness, that is also why problems in communication happen

1:57 PM **me**: thing will balance themselves out, they need time, the things I mean... ACCOMPLISHMENT IS WHEN YOU HAVE EVERYTHING, that was one of the campaigns for... oh I can think of it now

1:58 PM **Biljana**: yeah I remember something... buy not exactly what it was about, I think of it often

1:59 PM it was something about children

2:02 PM **me**: judging eyes, will stop judging us, because we already have a judgment of freedom, and the evil eyes have to be transformed into vibrations of good.

2:03 PM **Biljana**: I agree, but their new dimensions have to fulfilled, because it is also a part of us, not just the physical dimension

2:04 PM but I like the mew reaction... if they feel anything, for the part that is not physical, then the spiritual and emotion is worth a lot more, that is not bad at

2:05 PM I am thinking of something funny again...

2:06 PM I got a comic strip in my head

2:11 PM **me**: but when that happens the picture or strip... ours should be accepted just the way they are, but for them to be accepted the way they are and to be seen, so they can be accepted they way they really are... then this thing or ours should be seen with understanding beyond some personal negative understandings, feeling or losses... I don't want to be wise as to recommendation of agreement with the appearance of a new situation, as the definition of intelligence is- for a newly occurred situation the answer is a completely different way.

2:16 PM and because of that I believe in one solution, and that is silence... between us... only that silence can come close to... peace

2:18 PM we have already spoken about victim

2:19 PM **me**: I can't say that I am good at solving difficult problems, but I know to be relaxed, for both sides and without the tension and the real solution... I haven't learned to be silent when I want to shout, but as long as it is that new intelligence, and this thing we have is a newly occurred situation, then I agree

2:21 PM **Biljana**: I feel that it is up to us to evaluate all of this, we shouldn't get to close to this connecting dimension, while others will feel it and then complications will happen. Let's have a clear mind and heart

2:22 PM **me**:... but most often I keep silent... someone will hopefully honour that and have understanding... to victim

2:23 PM **Biljana**: I think that we should concentrate on the facts of our written communication, about the art and everything that evolves around it, even if we are happening... us... after all we are happening to each other

2:24 PM to/tome

2:30 PM **me**:... I didn't even get the chance to read your previous part, but I sent you my last one... I was in awe of how we write about the same things at the same time... I think that it is a real solution, all the rest will place itself

2:31 PM **Biljana**: ah silence, here it is

2:35 PM and here I am thinking that that third thin should happen, that thing that will have a difficult time with all of this s **me**: what could do that would be more wise, then to do our business... even though it sound to confident, and we are amazing people, and real artists at heart, soul and body...

Biljana: *all of it

2:36 PM if only the body did not exist, it is so uncomfortable, if only it wasn't there, like glass shoes and everything around it breaks

me: I don't believe in campaigns, that is my field

Biljana: ha

2:38 PM **me**: All there is in that art that we are so focused on and which we agree is so beautiful...

Biljana: in the last couple of weeks, I will watch exhibitions, old and new, people have become so evolved around their body, they have become dedicated to them,

2:39 PM everyone has gotten so naked, God, who wants to watch that, real nakedness is something private

2:40 PM I think that it should happen when people really get in touch with their bodies... I want your body

me: of course people should focus clearly, so that they don't change the final goal, and even Danilo Kish himself, to be guilty that they didn't succeed, and to find all the rest, while aiming at the goal

2:42 PM **Biljana**: or even worse I want you,... body and mind, I want to eat you, and I always feel like that, and when something is consumed you get a friction, like marriage or what happens to it, give me give me give me, but in reality no one really gives anything

me:... I haven't got anything against the body... and nothing at all about the really beautiful body

2:43 PM **Biljana**: I don't have anything against it either, but against the teeth that eat it

2:44 PM cannibalism

2:47 PM **me**: people often don't have the those qualities you think about all the hazardous things... the body is to be consumed (obviously a mistake of the almighty) and only the souls to sing like the stars in the sky... then and there, on the sky to outcome misunderstandings, is that what you want... like it is here

2:49 PM **Biljana:** it is not His mistake, he is not about teeth rather about lips and kisses. I am a vegetarian, I don't consume meat.

me:... sorry, I am speaking nonsense, I like you honest human depth, I am speaking nonsense,

2:53 PM **Biljana:** that is like saying that you are a gold fish, and I say that I want to fry it for lunch :)

2:55 PM **me:**... now I miss the words, and I so want to follow you in your honesty... I have all the weaknesses like 95% of all people... I haven't paid attention to the most important thing which I now see, and feel too... I have problems with voicing myself

2:56 PM I don't want to be eaten for lunch... make a wish...

2:57 PM **Biljana:** I want you to draw me, without shape, or paint me, whatever you want, but just my picture please... tell me your wish?

2:58 PM just for me, not for an audience

3:03 PM **me:** I get a better sense through touch and I hope will be able to fulfil your dream... yes, just like you said, without shapes... but I'll have a difficult time, but I know how to do it, and without shape too.. everything I have done for myself my audience has seen (almost everything, I am not without flaws), but I agree to work exclusively for you, you deserve that

3:05 PM **Biljana:** I think it looks like this writing, nothing terrible, you don't really write but rather speak with that beautiful language,

me: what I want??... I want to see you... after so many words, I really want to see you

3:06 PM **Biljana:** I think you want it more now, more than you did before, and that is not so difficult to

3:07 PM **me:** In painting with words... ah those Macedonian decks

3:08 PM **Biljana:** I don't know if that is what I was saying, I am speechless

3:09 PM I wanted my own sketch, real shape before the body, but I won't tell you everything

3:11 PM **me:** I wonder what we would be talking about, I somehow have gotten used to watching you through your words, not to give you too much self-confidence... do not tell me everything, I don't tell my students everything either, right?

Biljana: I know, just a second, I have to give my brother something, I'll be right back

3:14 PM I'm back

3:18 PM I wonder how we would speak either... even though I remember how we use you to speak just fine at one point

3:19 PM **me:** I know that you'll call, if someday somehow, God willing, you come to Skopje... even though I am bit afraid of myself... I'll lean on you, I trust that you will settle down the situation... a wonderful meeting between two great writers...

Biljana: when you brought all those books and paper, you were going through it asking what was what, then the rest of the we spent in the studio, everyone else had already gone to classes, you probably don't remember

3:21 PM **me:** I don't remember, but I am glad I left such an impression... did anyone curse me?

Biljana: I was all alone

3:23 PM with a stack of books

3:25 PM **me:** this I remember, it was those classes when I had your whole third year group... I would like to know (still, what can I do) when all of that with the books and the conversation ended

Biljana: that is why I came to you, I knew

3:27 PM **me:**... will this man make something of himself, or not... YOU KNEW... simply like that... INTUITION...

3:29 PM **Biljana:** is it written on your forehead?

3:32 PM **me:** I am blushing now... I am not use to hearing nice words about myself... I expect it from very few people, but coming from you, I like it a lot... we could have been better, I know that now... for me to become better and you too

3:33 PM **Biljana:** thank you very much, I appreciate your criticism

me:... and about that thing... let's be better, on my expense of course, please

3:34 PM **Biljana:** no, rather on my expense

me:... come on, don't spare me

Biljana: no need, everything is fine, I told you

3:35 PM because it was ok, that you didn't always find a way to tell me what was right, and I am a fast reader

3:36 PM maybe it sounds a little harsh, but it is not so

me: remember when I wouldn't sign for your grade... it was something like that... was I to strict?

3:37 PM **Biljana:** you were right, but I wasn't strong enough to tell you, and at one point I wanted to leave college, something's were happening in my family

me:... but how would I have met your mother otherwise... a real beauty like you...

3:38 PM... well you like her I suppose is more accurate

Biljana: I wasn't the only one not to get a signature, rather Alexander Ordev,

3:39 PM but not from you

3:40 PM **me:**... was does that have to do with anything... Ordev was hanging on a thread in my class as well, I believe you know that... the man was a champion, what can I say

3:41 PM **Biljana:** the two of us were kind of the worst kids there

3:42 PM **me**:... I am getting confused... well something with the key Enter... this is need of corrections, this is not good

Biljana: what's not good?

3:45 PM **me**:... you "bad" kids have the chance of creating the best art of all... I don't know anyone from your class having made it to the big scene... I was thinking about corrections in the technical mistakes...

Biljana: ok

3:46 PM I didn't want to be the worst, it just happened that I couldn't have my mom taking care of me anymore, we shut down our business, and college was expensive, then after a while everything kind of tok of again

me:... like it has passed through the virtual(again me with the text) so people cannot understand us

3:49 PM what won't man go through, my dear, you sholdn't have been so proud, you could have told me... do you think now that it would have been better had you told me... I didn't your mother to talk to me about that, although I believe her... you could have come to

3:51 PM **Biljana**: I haven't, I haven't

3:53 PM and I had no idea that my mother had been to see you

me:... whatever... that is not the most important, I have those kinds of experiences happen to me, probably more so than you... I DIDN'T... I didn't expect this from you, I thought that I knew you, even back then

3:54 PM **Biljana**: I just know that when I came to hear the news I lost it

3:55 PM I'll ask my mom

3:56 PM **me**: the joke lies in the fact that you didn't know and now you can apologise to your mom for me being a tattletale... and I do remember that last part... everything that has to do with you, I do not remember

Biljana: why knows what she was up to, she is at Stefans right now, I'll ask her

3:57 PM I told her that I had to leave college, maybe you thought that another's mother was her

me: ask your mom, I could never confuse HER with another persons mother

3:58 PM **Biljana**: but what... everything is clear to me except the part about technology, no one went to his class but Alpa.

3:59 PM **me**:... don't ask me about details, about the family...

Biljana: yes yes,

4:00 PM **me**:... the part about Technology, I don't know

Biljana: I know I was working all through high school and college, Dad was not with us, my mom was leading those awfull locations, those are not human,...

4:01 PM I was literally studying on the bar, but I didn't mind, that is probably why I can do more stuff at the same time

4:02 PM when are you going home today?

4:06 PM **me**: you got out of yourself at the right time, I expected you to cry... hey, I haven't asked you... can you cry... take it back Stanko... And today I am going to go home, but I have to stop by the doctor after 5pm, so two flies with one stroke... a you, when are you with the children?

4:07 PM **Biljana**: today they are sick as well, they cancelled on me one hour ago

4:08 PM I do know how to cry, last time I tried to act strong was when my grandmother died, and I didn't want y mom and aunt to see my cry, but since then I cry when I feel like crying

4:10 PM what are you doing at the doctors

4:13 PM **me**: You know what I don't like about you, you make me commit sins... I smoke more then two packs of cigarettes and more because of you... and that... my problem with my health, what was the name of that stomach virus... but I has tests done and ex-ray and they told me that I had to have gastroskopedia done, so let them do whatever they want

4:14 PM **Biljana**: do it while there is time, and enough with alcohol if you want to get better u **me**: I don't want to die an old man

Biljana: don't smoke, drink tea, the green or the red one, whichever

4:15 PM I could make some medicine but you laugh at me when I mention that

4:16 PM **me**: Aha, well make me some little medicine,

4:17 PM **Biljana**: just so you know, the stomach is connected with the psyche, the connecting factor for dealing with emotion

4:18 PM I am being serious

4:20 PM **me**: I haven't been more cool in a long time, why could that be... I trust you, what haven't you learned in that India... I would like to go to India as well and then it'll be mine too, you'll see...

Biljana: ha ha

4:21 PM... Believe me you have to deal with the alcohol issue

4:22 PM I have to scare you, they barely saved my uncle, he got lucky, and the idiot is drinking again...

4:25 PM **me**: no, I want for you to bring it to me, you are a wish fulfiller right... I don't drink a lot, but I like that beauty as well, I'll listen to you, but promise to bring me the medicine... I am a fool my dear

4:26 PM **Biljana**: don't **me**: and I won't

Biljana: nice

4:27 PM you must promise to let me know what happens at the doctors right away?

4:28 PM yes yes

4:29 PM **me**: The thing with the house will happen, definitely... of course I'll let you know when they praise m at the doctors, I don't believe anything they say anyway, like lawyers... Oh how I do dislike those people so...

4:30 PM **Biljana**: people do what they know

4:31 PM **me**: the art comes from the stomach right... wasn't that what Picasso was saying, well something like that, who can remember

Biljana: stomach???

4:32 PM my Professor (sorry for mentioning him) says that art comes from the Heart, he says that Ivana art is Heart on the inside

4:34 PM **me**:... one more cigarette and I'll let you go... your professor knows a lot, why not ask me, sometimes I do tell those secrets as well

Biljana: tell me I want to know

me:... I am lighting it now...

4:35 PM From the heart, that is why I am telling you that you didn't have to go all the way to India

4:37 PM **Biljana**: whatever, there is a lot more there

me:...just like that... ART i HeART... the man is so right, but I knew that even before him... how old is the guy

4:38 PM **Biljana**: 83

4:39 PM **me**:... now I don't want to die, I'll hopefully learn those other things of which you talk, but don't out me please...

4:40 PM **Biljana**: I wont I wont... he is mine

me:.. Where does you teacher live, do you talk to him??

4:41 PM **Biljana**: In India, we speak once in a while

4:42 PM **me**:... aha, you don't even have to speak to each other... how could I forget that

4:43 PM **Biljana**: well yes, even though I had to go there and see it with my own eyes, he is officially with me since my 16th year of age

4:44 PM maybe I'll be going there again in February

4:45 PM you'll be late for the doctors

4:47 PM **me**:... you can tell me his name... In February... I haven't been on an unpaid vacation in a long time, but I have also a paid vacation every ten years... will you take me? I'll be good, I promise...

4:48 PM **Biljana**: wow, I didn't expect that

4:49 PM... no... no... no... if it is supposed to it'll come to you itself..

4:50 PM it wouldn't be fair for me to intervene **me**:... why don't you tell me things like that (like that actor Toshi, from K-15, remember) now my heart is open... do you think he'll come

4:51 PM **Biljana**: I do remember, yes

4:52 PM **me**: then I will wait for him, or is that not necessary, he'll come on his own... great

4:53 PM **Biljana**: I really want to know, no of you go to see the doctor

4:54 PM **me**:... how smoothly you just blew me of... I'll get you back for this, I won't take you anywhere with me, you little... I did not expect to blown of like that

4:55 PM **Biljana**: I am not being mean, but it is almost 5

me:... no, not that, the BIG thing... India my dear

Biljana: aaaaaa Indja

4:56 PM oh I don't know what to tell you, lets see what daddy's going to say

4:58 PM **me**: AAAAAA... India (my A's ended up like the pyramids in Giza), non of the less... what will daddy say, I really like this... will your father allow me to take you... aha, let me know what he says and the blackmail stops there

Biljana: I'll make it easy for you, to make a sculpture that is alive, growing and changing colours... do you know who it is now?

4:59 PM **me**: That can only be ME

Biljana: Hee he, I am serious

5:00 PM **me**: your laughter is right on the spot for me to get serious and go to see my doctor, right my dear?

5:01 PM **Biljana**: I am not laughing at you, I like you gift of convincing

5:02 PM **me**: I so enjoy it when you are laughing, then it is easier for me to leave this box

5:04 PM **Biljana**: Go now with luck, let everything be ok, regardless I will be right here you have a _____ O _____ hug

5:06 PM **me**:... not WHEN... THEN... pardon, I was laughing so much... now I am really hot... I am burning up... I must...

5:07 PM **Biljana**: :)

5:09 PM **me**: hugging... I'll tell my doctor about this, the woman has been telling me for the longest time that that is the real cure...



Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to pavleskis@gmail.com

date Wed, Nov 26, 2008 at 3:51 PM

2:45 PM **Biljana:** was everything ok at the doctors?

2:46 PM **me:** I am glad you are here, I was expecting you...

2:47 PM **Biljana:** I am a bit tired. Little Milan has a temperature for three days now, I am going crazy, and now they have given us antibiotics, so I am a bit upset but I have too, they say he is has an infection on his lungs

2:51 PM **me:** Milan will be fine again, just look after him... don't allow it to get to that point, do whatever you must... and about me, Valentina (my doctor) sent me to Gastroskopidia she says that she has to eliminate some things in my stomach... we'll see...

2:52 PM **Biljana:** I'm sure its not, he has been getting shots from the start, but not by my doctor, we are going to see her tonight.

2:53 PM Now you've scared me about your health

2:54 PM please check yourself for everything

2:55 PM **me:** I hope that it is not anything bad... the situation has to be evaluated, I'll try to really look into it

2:56 PM Still, are you doing fine? Despite everything you sound good

2:58 PM **Biljana:** I guess I am fine, although I don't sleep a lot here, but I've gotten use to it

2:59 PM so I don't forget... if it is true what you say, not a drop of alcohol, has the doctor told you

3:03 PM **me:** I am trying to collect things and push my stuff... I am concentrating on Egypt; I can't shake the idea to use the photo and video material, the session that was prepared for Marcus Garvey... and to have it shown on three monitors...

Biljana: super

3:04 PM it makes sense

me:... I wont put a drop of alcohol in my mouth, I'll only use it for medical reasons...

3:06 PM **Biljana:** promise

3:09 PM **me:**... have I spoken to you about the photo videos session... it is wonderful you know, very admirable material... all those tryouts, model fittings, the make-

up, the make-up with the make-up artist and photographer... really exiting... that excitement is good to share,

3:10 PM **Biljana:** nice... I do believe that it must have been a great experience

3:11 PM **me:**... but I haven't talk to about any of this previously right?

3:12 PM **Biljana:** no

3:15 PM **me:** good, I had a weird feeling that I have mentioned it before, the things that are current at that point in my life, I always seem to think that I am telling people... paranoia...

Biljana: no, and I so like it when you write to me

3:20 PM **me:**... the thing about me having to close the video document project is a beginning idea for Egypt, what I think is interesting, but I will still be working intensively on this project... Nobody knows what could happen in the end, maybe something different or familiar with this video project... the path should be walked on with seriousness

3:21 PM **Biljana:** Egypt of course has a lot to do with you, it cannot be serious then right?

3:22 PM **me:**...tell me something about yourself, whatever it is, even if it never happens to you in reality... whatever it is...

3:23 PM... let the brain lose

3:24 PM **Biljana:** what never happens to me...???

3:25 PM that is interesting to think about, it doesn't happen that I win the lottery
me:... What is it that never happens to you... nice and conceptual, even though I didn't really think about just that...

3:26 PM **Biljana:** it doesn't happen to me to be in the world, except if I am not acting in that same world, then it is like a carnival for me

3:28 PM if anybody needs a victim it is me

3:29 PM **me:**... how much money do you need... or is the wish for the lottery just to tempt luck... if it a carnival, let it be a dress up... I use this lot, but there is some artistic part to it

3:30 PM **Biljana:** in principle I don't know much about money, that is why I feel like that, but my husband is a banker, so he takes care of that part

3:32 PM ah yeah, about money... I am not good at saving, I would like to learn

3:33 PM but I don't obsess about that, I just wanted to make a point that I don't have luck like that

3:34 PM **me:**... do you need credit... here is something leftover...

3:35 PM **Biljana:** no, thank you

3:37 PM **me**:... I have never been good with money, no good at finance, but God is watching, I always have money left over... is it a question about modesty, or something else...

Biljana: I think it is because you don't pay attention... or the planets or in your favour

3:38 PM **me**:... When do you need to kneel in front of Krishna?

Biljana: oh Krishna, he is not Christna, although he is cute :)

3:39 PM **me**:... or his other countless names

3:40 PM **Biljana**: no

3:41 PM I told you that he is a painter with a sense of humour

3:42 PM **me**:... Painter?... Sense of humour?

3:43 PM **Biljana**: I told you that he can create a live sculpture, I just didn't tell you that his sculptures are always the same forms and shapes, kind of like Barbara Hepfort...

3:44 PM it looks funny,

3:46 PM **me**:... now I am confused, I am so uninnovating in solving puzzles... Krishna Kapoor... you are surprising me

3:47 PM **Biljana**: he is not Krishna, he claims to withhold two energies, shiva and shakti, his name is a combination of his parents, but his own name is true

3:48 PM **me**: Buda

Biljana: no he is alive

3:49 PM he says that he contains three incarnations, one is done, where he was a Muslim, were he only focused on religion, now he is hindu, and the third time he will Christian, that is it

These messages were sent while you were offline.

3:51 PM **Biljana**: there is an example of how you weren't watching me

3:54 PM **me**:... to be whole is to have everything... come on don't taunt me

Biljana: one moment

3:55 PM **me**:... are you asking yourself whether Stanko is playing crazy or he really doesn't remember

3:56 PM I really can't recall,... help... aha that's it.. that is all

3:57 PM **Biljana**: I think you do, but you don't believe that I am that foolish, believe me my parents were joking about that till recently

3:58 PM I have sent you his art

me: it doesn't matter, I will survive this too, till I meet him, right

3:59 PM **Biljana:** I like him like that **me:**... did he appear in the form of light?

4:00 PM **Biljana:** whatever but I like his shape as well, it's cool

4:01 PM **me:**... Shape? Unbelievable...

Biljana: that is the one with whom I makes excuses for myself, did you get the picture

4:04 PM **me:** Yes, and the live material so arrived

4:05 PM **Biljana:** NASA puts him on a stool for years now to witness his miracle work

4:07 PM **me:** Oho ho, from India to NASA... this is getting exiting... and I keep thinking that you are joking somehow

4:08 PM... there is no joking with NASA

Biljana: I thought that you were about to become a believer

4:09 PM I'll send you a picture of him as a child

me:... do you put him on a stool?

Biljana: well they are a bit off

4:10 PM **me:**... Exhibitionist, familiar subject, probably known as a jokester

4:11 PM **Biljana:** now you have a part of the name you know

4:12 PM there you go

4:13 PM **me:**... you got me good... I like this game... don't go overboard

Biljana: just so you know that some people from the political scene were over to see him, after that the took the government, but somehow they didn't do what they were promising... from Macedonia

4:14 PM I am not sure

4:15 PM what did they do more

4:16 PM **me:** In the end, this is somehow familiar to me, but I don't really read TEA MODERNA(magazine), I have probably come across something there... Wauw, it is embarrassing how uninformed I a

Biljana: did you get the picture

4:19 PM **me:** Here it is... I like this guy... what do you have with this man, he would be a great body guard, if I come across him... I'll show him who's boss...

4:20 PM **Biljana:** I don't know what to tell you, we have been together for a long time, so I really don't know what I don't have with him

4:21 PM **me:**... 2001 first came to that idea

4:22 PM **Biljana:** yes, but that wasn't important to me,

4:23 PM **me:**... have you ever told him anything about me... he seems familiar somehow...

Biljana: last night I told him, but I guess it didn't get to you, I don't know...

4:24 PM Bala... means young... Sai is his name, Sri Sathja Sai Baba

4:25 PM I would love for you to see what he has in his kitchen and I'll go you squid, I want one

4:26 PM he gives only the best, so I have to try my best

4:29 PM I can't believe that I have told you all this, as if it came out of me itself

4:30 PM and so now he can take care of me... when I am crazy...

me:... he'll get here, I am patient, and of course he'll get here at some point... in a situation not that long ago, (we were already writing to each other then) Bile asked me to look at Sai Baba- the annalist of materialism, and not on purpose (you know I am not in this...) I ran into Sri Sathja... maybe then was the first time he called me, but I was blind...

4:31 PM **Biljana:** Ah those women, always first, I am sending her hugs...

me:... He knows that you are telling me everything, and doesn't mind at all... I am sure of that

4:32 PM **Biljana:** I know, but normally I don't talk about it, it is intimate really

4:33 PM I am sure that you have your reason why... he probably knows more then the two of us put together I'll call him someday so that he can see that I know as well...

PM **Biljana:** that is nice of you. I won't question you anymore, you can get yourself together now all you have told me so far I have already berried...

4:38 PM **Biljana:** ok nice feeling

4:39 PM **me:** CROSSROADS... today you are not the kids right?... because of little Milan??

4:40 PM **Biljana:** I had to cancel, I got a bit scared, and my mother panicked, but now he is better... Milam I mean

4:41 PM **me:** Yes yes, OK... say hello to your mother

4:42 PM **Biljana:** I will, and she does remember that there was the description about Technology, she cannot remember you well although she knows you very well, she sees you on the television too, I think she said that she was with Micevski,

4:43 PM he is the first husband of her sister and used to be the dean at some college

4:44 PM and I don't really like that either...

4:45 PM I'll have to send him my diploma then

4:47 PM **me:** Your mother came to se me... I remember it well... by the way, a lot of collages confuse me with Vele, come on,... me the one and only... yes, your mother came with Micevski (I know him from a distance even though we are collages)

because it is not good to show up alone in front of Stanko, it is terrifying... he is very unpredictable

4:48 PM **Biljana:** to me you are the least scary of all of them, but I didn't know about that, but she and the secretary both made me call him, even though I told her that I didn't want him to question me right away, I didn't really care what the others said, only you mattered

4:49 PM **me:**... I am often on TV, your mother probably knows me best as Show business... ha ha...

Biljana: she watched a nice show which was done in the park

4:50 PM I admire her, she was really praising you

4:53 PM and that sculpture we were talking about is from that time, and not the end of my studies

4:54 PM **me:**... why am I so all over the woman... it is true that beauties are never forgotten, but I am going overboard... are your mother's ears burning?... normally I am very bad in Show business, but that photage came out well... they has even shown me in New Zeland, cool

Biljana: no no in SK, my mom has just now come here

4:55 PM her ears aren't burning she just felt guilty about what happened to me in college, otherwise she is fine

4:56 PM **me:**... Yes on TV Telma, I am joking... the dream... in those days... God haw I have put you trough hell back then...

4:57 PM **Biljana:** that is nice, you cared, Stojce didn't even come to see Vasil, so again...

4:59 PM **me:**... Nobody's at fault for what happened... the least your mother, nobody really, things happen even without us

Biljana: I am the only one who is guilty, I had to come and tell you, but that is that... but that is over with

5:00 PM **me:** You spelled that wrongly, BAAAAAAA...

Biljana: baaaaaaa, you too

5:02 PM Lets go back to Egypt... you too... over there everything is clear **me:** I wonder what to ask you, this thing about the college I have overdone and old now...

5:05 PM Egypt... ah that Egypt, ah that crocodile, terrible crocodile... aren't we going in June, a lot and a bit of time at once... but soon I will become more intense

Biljana: I know that you will

5:06 PM you go to Egypt and I'll go to India, and together we'll go to Africa

5:07 PM **me:**... there is something in Egypt with the context of the project Project Balkon it is a bit limiting, having in mind that we are planning to finish the Project in Afrika... I'll try to get it out of my head and it'll take a right turn I hope

5:09 PM **Biljana:** haven't you done something connected with Egypt previously, a long time ago and before the Balkon

5:10 PM **me:**... would you consider coming... what are your plans for June... do you really want to come? Stanko that is Africa... come... come... come... why are you so consistent...

5:12 PM **Biljana:** one thing I know for sure, I don't know if Milan will let me **me:**... Egypt is my heart... I haven't really done anything connected with Egypt, but my sculpture is Egypt itself

Biljana: and what about the sculptures from philosophy,

5:13 PM whatever made me think of them

me:... Milan will let you go, I am sure of that, but I don't think that Bora will mind either, right?

5:14 PM **Biljana:** oh Bora... he is dangerous, even when it comes to my art

5:15 PM he is for me doing something commercial and then sell it and everyone's happy

5:16 PM **me:**... you have a great memory... yes, those sculpture in the philosophy department have the spirit of Egypt, as does most of the work I've done

5:17 PM **Biljana:** they are real pyramids :)

5:18 PM **me:** Bora probably likes your art, and will like it even more... the finance, his job is actually totally opposite of our crazy art world

5:19 PM **Biljana:** Bora doesn't know what he has gotten himself into

5:20 PM but he likes the way I cook

5:23 PM **me:**... I have opened BALA SAI - 1945 and that protects me from nonsense... Bora knows exactly who with what and who he has gotten into... you have told me that he enjoys your cooking right

Biljana: they gave him Obama one day and he liked it

5:24 PM Sai didn't like Bush at all, even though he rarely speaks of dislike

5:26 PM **me:**... how words have a way of being imprecise, I have mentioned this a couple of times before... do you know that the Bushes have Macedonian heritage... and I don't like that Sai doesn't like these people that have the same blood we do

5:27 PM **Biljana:** yes, he said that they are dead because of the oil

5:30 PM **me:**... I promised not to interrogate you, this last thing, has Sai ever left India or does he go on a Holy path... the second one seems more realistic to me although I'd be satisfied knowing that he hasn't left India

Biljana: he has, but only in Africa

5:31 PM and perhaps Japan, I have to check though.. Africa is in his heart and there is his first free of fee school

5:33 PM that is what he is most famous for, free hospitals, schools, water and so on
me: We can take him to Egypt with us... I like ti that he hasn't shown interest in the Us... wait Stanko, why do you talk like that, what about the Indian, or those or the others...

5:34 PM **Biljana:** ho there are always so many Africans over there, they are wonderful, all of them, now there are also a lot of Russians, Americans...

5:35 PM mostly Indians

5:36 PM he is their above all else, he is though to other cultures

me:... I'll check on the internet, I'll check for the thing you are not telling me... not that Stanko, you cannot see all of it that easily, watch Biljana and everything will make sense

5:37 PM **Biljana:** you can find just about everything and everyone on the internet, but I don't look at those things put on the net except for the official sites, they like to bargin

5:38 PM I have never checked it out, I'd go to hell for him and for you, I do believe a bit more

5:39 PM **me:**... and unintentionally I saw something as well... but I do not wish to see what is being seen...

Biljana: oh come on, the show is only for low waters

5:41 PM in reality it is much more then that... Once my Bora was my witness this year, here he comes from work...

5:42 PM That was such a nice experience for me

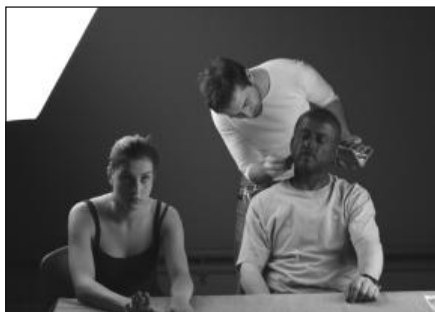
5:43 PM I'll have too leave you soon... I have to make lunch!

5:45 PM **me:** Yes yes, wonderful experience... I already have a feeling that it's around me... I'll leave you with great mood... Sai is with us... I have to head for home now, we'll talk later... have a nice lunch and don't go right to bed

Biljana: I won't :)

5:46 PM by **me:** Buy now, my dear





From the photo and video sessions in the Robert Jankulovski's studio, for the project Marcus Garvey & Man Ray Theatre 1913...

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Nov 27, 2008 at 12:08 AM

11:27 PM **Biljana**: aren't you sleeping?

11:29 PM **me**: No my dear, I was downloading a picture for my student tomorrow... I finished re-reading the chats this morning... why aren't you asleep?

11:30 PM **Biljana**: you know that I can't, I am not sleeping since Sunday, I am watching Milan, and what can I do...

me: Is he better? Didn't the temperature come down?

11:31 PM **Biljana**: no, it is rarer in appearance now but not gone...

Biljana: it usually rises at night, so I can't sleep

11:32 PM once I didn't sleep for 15 days... crazy

11:33 PM don't be scared, I won't bother you

11:34 PM **me**: Aha, no bother, you are going to be with the kid anyway... I want to show my students work done by previous generations, in order for them to get more courage in certain possibilities...

11:35 PM **Biljana**: nice

11:37 PM **me**:... that way it is easier for me to reach those things that I think they are not understanding... what can I do... we try,

11:39 PM **Biljana**: with a nice idea anytime

11:40 PM **me**: the ones that don't try have it easiest, but they won't get a chance to be in a sweet condition

Biljana: and you?

11:41 PM how are you coming along, how about Egypt?

11:43 PM I am watching the airport in Bombay, it is filled with blood, awful, these Muslims are without brain

11:44 PM they can't seem to get enough

11:45 PM **me**: I haven't seen anything.. is it on the News?...

Biljana: I saw it by coincidence on Yahoo, it is awfull

11:46 PM hotels, busses, they've attached everything

me: BOMBS... idiots, it is not their right

Biljana: I don't have a clue

11:47 PM **me**: I know they hate everything that isn't connected with their Muslim world, but they have gone to far...

11:48 PM **Biljana:** I don't know where their boarders are anymore, it is sick

11:50 PM **me:** I don't know what is going on with people... I know that us. Macedonians, will re-move to Thassalonikki, just to make a fresh change and to bother the Greek... they are worse than the muslims... and to the whole damn world... crazy people my dear, they command the Greek despite their Hellenic heritage, what is insane, and now on the Macedonian Brand, which even more insane... I sound like I am joking, but you know that I am dead serious

Biljana: it says that the reason is unknown, but I believe that it is the Islamic extremists that killed 200 people last year

11:52 PM... how did you mean Thessalonikki?

me:... It is ours, Macedonian, don't you know that? And the White Sea is also ours, what the Greeks have now renamed to suit them

Biljana: oh yeah, but in what context is it now...

11:53 PM **me:**... in no shoe of course, there lies the problem, everyone cry's over their own grave... I was joking about the changes... what can I do about those killers, and the victims too

11:54 PM **Biljana:** oh you are trying to pamper me, nice of you

Me: well I don't want to lose the girl, whatever will I do alone

11:56 PM **Biljana:** you could sleep

11:59 PM **me:** oho, it is to early for me,

Biljana: hoe did the protest with the cultural workers go?

12:02 AM **me:** it will pay off at 3 pm... The protest will generate results... I always protest with work... artistically...

12:03 AM **Biljana:** yes, and I like that

12:04 AM I was just watching these artists, they all have two names, some identity crises or what...

12:08 AM **me:** that is cute, especially when they don't take the names of their husbands, or when they change it from female to male form, because you know in Macedonian female and male last names are a bit different in the ending... I wrote for some that are crazy enough, that is just freaky(what you would say)... come on, you think of something fun... since when do women care about identity... but I know, the female letter and everything else since then, in the end all roads lead to the man anyway, isn't that right?

12:10 AM **Biljana:** well that is craziness... They are acting some kind of feministic trip

12:12 AM **me:** women today pull the strong creative line, nothing without them, what will men's world look like without them, please, what is happening in art is like designed for them

12:13 AM **Biljana**: isn't it! Ok then

12:14 AM Maybe because of that you want to be the bold singer... I don't believe in that

12:15 AM I vote for balance, women mostly got themselves crazy

12:16 AM **me**:... and you are more in number than men, look around all of them are women, art has become beautiful... It should be...

Biljana: oooo, someone feels good because of that, now I get it... living like a king

12:17 AM and how is your enjoyment...

12:18 AM **me**: it's clear that women ran over men... let's not count, Abramovichka and everything is clear

12:19 AM **Biljana**: what happened to Ulay, where is he now

12:20 AM **me**: A, aha, he got mad don't you know, who can stand that...

12:21 AM **Biljana**: I don't know... for real **me**: FOR REAL...

12:22 AM **Biljana**: what?

12:26 AM **me**: simply, ULAY GOT CRAZY MAR ABRA... this art will suit him...

Biljana: I thought that you make jokes

12:27 AM I still don't believe you

12:28 AM **me**: Of course I'm joking... who will stand all that walking along CHINESE

Biljana: ha ha

12:29 AM **me**: I got mad my dear, as for a change

Biljana: his surname is Abramovich

12:30 AM madness

me: I want to be Popovich

12:31 AM **Biljana**: that can't be any more

12:32 AM **me**: let's see?... I imagined you... it can't be you say, that's because you don't want to be a great artist

12:33 AM **Biljana**: I can do it with new surname, it's same for me

12:34 AM **me**: or put yourself some of those dude's names... Aha, it's same to you, I respect that

12:35 AM **Biljana**: you can find anything in a name... but that is something else

12:36 AM **me**: in your name or in your surname

12:37 AM **Biljana**: not at all

12:39 AM **me**: I like Indian names... it sounds well when you have 5-6 names, it sound rich

Biljana: ha ha, I didn't think of that but it doesn't matter

12:40 AM I'm a little bit minimalist

me: I know that you didn't think of that, tell me if you don't like this joking...

Biljana: nice nice

12:41 AM do you practice flying to Egypt e, are you caught by the Egypt madness, brainstorming

12:42 AM **me:** I'm flying 3-4 months already, but I haven't landed yet... I feel good

12:43 AM **Biljana:** do you keep your notebook under your bad when you prepare something, I hope your landing will be pleasant...

12:44 AM maybe you will take something smart from above

12:45 AM **me:** My writings, my papers recently are near my computer and I have to get up when a good thought or an idea will cross my mind... the Muse is restless

Biljana: aaaaaaaa and you get up

12:46 AM You don't get up lately, how can you do that when we are always writing to each other

12:49 AM **me:** few nights ago I couldn't sleep and a lot from Ureal Reality crossed my mind... even I have found an inventive Title, but lately I felt lazy, and now I can't remember it... it will come to me...

12:50 AM **Biljana:** leave it alone... who know what's that... you still don't know everything

12:52 AM **me:** what everything, how you don't know everything... Everything is ready, only we need a date

12:53 AM **Biljana:** ok, don't shout

12:54 AM **me:** No, no my dear, nothing is ready, what a date...

12:55 AM only I know that we will be stucked all over the gallery, as wallpapers... everything...

12:56 AM **Biljana:** we will see, I have a feeling that anything hasn't been created yet... and it's important, I don't have a clue but it will happen... wallpapers... madness, how are they going to read

12:57 AM **me:** YOU DON'T LIKE IT, I will kill myself

Biljana: I don't have an idea how it will look like

12:58 AM you want to say that we are on an wallpaper...

me: who says that they have to read, they will just respect

Biljana: aaaaaaaa I like it

1:00 AM you can add that for the blind people to touch... wait I liked this, the letter paraphrase that very well

1:01 AM **me:** I don't like the literallity wallpaper on a wallpaper... if they really want to read they can do that from the catalogue - the book

Biljana: wow how you put me to an end

1:02 AM **me**: WHY, you don't like this too

Biljana: I like it **me**: now I will really take the gun

1:03 AM **Biljana**: you have a gun???

1:06 AM **me**: be quiet... don't tell the Teacher, he won't show up... That thing catalogue-book (I like the form of the book) is a nice idea

Biljana: yes it's nice... it doesn't leave much space for thinking :)

1:07 AM Bora will paint something and that's it

1:08 AM **me**: the book is the real thing, who wants to read let's help themselves.. hid the gun from Bora on time

Biljana: haaaa ha, we don't have guns

1:10 AM **me**: do you see now how nice it is that you don't have guns, help yourself, who knows the devil can be everywhere

1:11 AM **Biljana**: you are really crazy

me:... you must be sure don't leave anything to the case

1:12 AM **Biljana**: I'm not afraid from Bora neither from myself **me**: I can't understand financier without gun

1:13 AM **Biljana**: what's wrong with you... Bora isn't a violent guy, I can't stand that kind of men

1:15 AM **me**: I don't think of Bora, but others are violent, the world is so evil... don't tell him about this maybe he will buy a gun when we don't need it

Biljana: he won't don't worry, I don't like that

1:17 AM **me**:... you women you know everything... men are blind for many things, but women surprise me too

Biljana: noone is blind

1:18 AM believe me

1:19 AM **me**: CROSSROAD... come on tell me what were you cooking today..

Biljana: I'm tired of playing

1:20 AM I got serious now... raise, peas, fillet... I don't know what else

1:21 AM **me**: Sorry, I went too far

Biljana: nothing...

1:24 AM **me**: I'm so uneconomic... my mind stopped... I'm back now

1:27 AM What, we have so much to tell... May I ask what is happening in Novi Sad...see, I should call Stepanov, part of my exhibition is still at Sava's

1:28 AM **Biljana**: Really...if I can help you with something about the exhibition

1:34 AM **me**: No, no don't worry, I know that you will do everything, that's his job and we should keep to the professional... I will call him and we will arrange

that... I made a stupid thing, Slavco could bring the staff, because they were by car, but I leave Slavco to arrange that with Sava (child is a child)... instead of calling Sava...

1:35 AM Don't worry everything will be ok

Biljana: but if we come by car I will tell you, don't worry

1:36 AM Was it Slavko who had an exhibition at the faculty with one black cloth and bag with water, writing drink me on it...

1:38 AM **me:** This has sense, will we see... when are you coming... I will probably call Sava tomorrow and we will know

Biljana: ok

1:40 AM **me:** No, no, that's not Slavcho's act I can't remember whose work was that... I'm getting older my dear

Biljana: come on, it's not true, there are a lot of students...you can't remember all of them

1:41 AM I couldn't remember the name of the secretary and Veleta, I so terrible

1:43 AM **me:** but 21 years... one more year and I will get married because these days we don't go to the army... I can't understand if you don't remember Vela but Olga who doesn't remember her...

1:44 AM **Biljana:** Olga yes

1:46 AM **me:** Olga is in pension for 4-5 years now, she enjoys herself somewhere in Ohrid... we were in touch for sometime, but now I don't have any contact from her
1:47 AM **Biljana:** hot girl

1:48 AM **me:** Olga champion in flattery, I think that there is no one that she doesn't know

1:49 AM **Biljana:** She was an artist wasn't she? Violin

1:51 AM here Bora isn't sleeping too, he went to find a cigarette that he has lost in the car, we are desperate ha ha

1:52 AM **me:** First Violin, I agree... what do you think, was there any men at the faculty... They were all artists for flattering

1:53 AM **Biljana:** I have never enjoyed in that, but I wanted to know how can he be so unpleased

1:55 AM **me:** Ooooo, I understand you...I can't put myself in a position to be without cigarettes... but I often smoke too much

Biljana: I think that Vasilev was cool, and Rubens was +

1:57 AM but can students stand Nebojsa Vilichem he is very strict

1:58 AM **me:** I'm not satisfied, but let check myself... There are too many professors that are cool, but they don't do their job

Biljana: I know what do you think, he had his moments

2:02 AM Jana, that dark curly haired girl usually is in my mind, boy, she loved to paint

2:03 AM one generation older than me, she had a boyfriend the guy from Crna Gora

2:04 AM **me:** Nebojsa attracted you, as an assistant?... I think that his tuition should give results, not to be interesting or less interesting... I know Nebojsa very well and he can chill out a little bit and he will be great, he knows that... by the way, Nebojsa isn't in the photo for which you were writing me about in the mails... mistake

Biljana: yes, I would recognize him

2:05 AM **me:** Jana... Montenegrin..., I can't remember

Biljana: I didn't have problems, but I know that he was strict with the students, although he was an interesting man

2:06 AM Jana hurt her hand under the graphic press and she painting with her left hand whole semester, some faces in nature, but very originally, that generation was very hardworking

2:09 AM **me:** Aha, I think that you are talking about Milun Gagovoc, I can't remember Jana's surname... there is no trace neither from him nor from her, I can't see them at exhibitions, they are not active too

Biljana: yes, pity

2:10 AM **me:** they had potential, but art seeks more than that

2:11 AM **Biljana:** it's not easy if you don't have what to live from, this life is too cruel

2:12 AM not anyone have the chance to choose, but you mustn't give up

2:13 AM maybe we should, who knows...

2:15 AM **me:** I don't know whether I can agree with you...life is really cruel, but I don't think that they have that kind of problems, but in self-feeling as an author

Biljana: I'm sure that you're right

2:17 AM but I think that is the way that we understand the world around and inside

These messages were sent while you were offline.

2:22 AM **Biljana:** because I watch that from inside of me and the thing that makes me weak in world. Maybe I should seize the moment now when you are gone and disappear. Good night!



Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Nov 27, 2008 at 4:05 PM

12:42 PM **Biljana**: I checked Ulay, everything is ok with him, since 2004 he works as a professor, just you to know... so you can't joke

12:45 PM actually since 2004 exactly

12:48 PM **me**: Sorry, for the delay, I was talking on the phone,...I often joke with Ulay, I connect his name with the Macedonian word ULAV – fool/crazy/abnormal, and because of Abramovichka who has 3 times more energy than him, and because of the fact that he succeed to keep her all this time

Biljana: yes, she is precarious

12:49 PM **me**: so the guy teaches new media...where, or he travels around the world

12:50 PM **Biljana**: exactly from 98-2004, I don't know what does he do now, but I see that he was in Egypt for real no jokes

12:51 PM he travels and works in... Netherlands, Germany, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Romania, Czech Republic, Greece, Moldavia, USA, India, Egypt, Syria, Burma, P.R. China, Japan, Westbank / POT, a. o.

12:54 PM **me:** Aha, all that teaching was hard for him so in 2004 he decided to relax, good, yes, that Visiting after 2-3 months is interesting, wonderful

12:55 PM **Biljana:** I can enrol a faculty, I want to study **me:** I must ask him how are my Macedonians in Egypt

12:56 PM what do you want to study, you don't need that, you are full with yourself and the most important you have HIM

12:57 PM **Biljana:** I don't know... I want to study something

12:59 PM **me:** I think that the best solution is to enrol at my faculty, that can be one healthy investment, but for you of course it will be free...

1:00 PM **Biljana:** I'm just finishing them

1:01 PM **me:** I work only with extraordinary ones, you can take this as a privilege, I don't give myself to everybody

1:03 PM **Biljana:** I know... I know...

me: will you manage to win the INGAM, (will we see)

1:04 PM **Biljana:** sure I will

1:05 PM but you need to give a sacrifice **me:** Internet programmes, or studing on distance (as you do now...), yes there is

1:06 PM of course you should give a sacrifice, you are already at the sacrificial altar

1:07 PM **Biljana:** actually it's not a real sacrifice, sacrifice is to stay in reality

1:08 PM **me:** which means, I can help you for the first year, but for the second you have to try a little bit harder

Biljana: nice nice

1:09 PM **me:** YOU are right and upright, serious... and additional Macedonian lessons

:12 PM **Biljana:** I'm blocked at the moment, I on reserve

1:15 PM **me:** it doesn't matter, it happens, it happened to me many times...have you got an idea what will you love to study... do you think that you will touch the special thing in art

1:17 PM **Biljana:** I really don't know...

1:18 PM Communication will be an interesting connection

1:22 PM **me:** communications...are you kidding, I finally understand you as a need for additional communication (learning, making me company...)... if you have decided to enrol studies then choose something in connection with the art, even I don't say this can't be close but it depends how you see it

1:24 PM **Biljana**: yes that's a big sacrifice, but art reminds of... o come on leave it, who will take that

1:25 PM maybe even better from what Gragg says, laboratory for scultures

1:29 PM **me**: I like that with the laboratory, it's like a Moor's studio for models, where you can find everything that is his world...that is something that you can do at home, it can works too and be a real choice

1:30 PM **Biljana**: I like that too, even he thought of a real little institute...

1:31 PM who knows maybe the faculty will look like just like that

1:36 PM **me**: they should look like that very long time ago, but leave them alone, you can create a little laboratory/institute at home and that means that it should look very sufisticated, it can be simple too...the question is what will you turn your attention and researching to

1:37 PM **Biljana**: I have an idea but I don't have a clue how **me**: I mix the text a little bit (it was before I corrected it) but you will understand

1:38 PM **Biljana**: everything can be done as it was till now involving the world in it or know the message that you want to send in advance, or go further, till the material... 1:39 PM and these movements... not as Gragg says, he paints his thoughts that's why there is a trap or there isn't, but I miss

1:40 PM ipak

1:41 PM **me**: many things are on my mind today, the strength of seriouse searches, I animated the students with this too...I think that we should start from the conditions of art, because they are movers of our creation, besides the width of the cosmic

1:42 PM **Biljana**: and what do the students say about that... say something

1:44 PM Hey Am I keeping you? I relaxed a little bit...

1:47 PM what are you going to do for Egypt... DNA? :)

1:48 PM it must be something very good...

1:49 PM **me**: although they are freshmens I have an impression that they follow me carefully, they are also surprised that art treat that kind of spheres... my goal is every student to meet these extraordinary important things on which art is based, because of that I rejected the unproductive and unnecessary standard discourse with the students about what they think about those things, because logically it is all new and unknown to them... I know that is very difficult to enter in that world, not to speak of constrauctions and questions...

Biljana: nice... bravo, the information is important, it needs time for transformation

1:51 PM and everyone to respect their own interests, it isn't easy

1:53 PM **me**: the phone again...usually nobody calls me, but people are very worried about me... I think that you ask yourself beautiful questions and don't leave that film,

I believe that it will throw you on some sunny beach...is there anything better than **Biljana**: material + me, I think that is the essence of the research, I have one stone in my hand, that my mum brought me from Skopje, she says that is mine, it looks nice in my hand.

1:54 PM **me**: let's make a 5 minutes break; please... I'll be right back...

Biljana: ok

2:03 PM **me**: your mother says that the stone is surely yours... material + me, I like it and it hits me... And I'm in a similar film, over a span of 10 years more strong reversals or important crossroads happen to me, and I often use the word CROSSROAD

2:04 PM **Biljana**: RASKRSHCHE

2:06 PM it's real time to turn yourself inside and do the right thing, how long are you going to stay in Egypt?

2:10 PM **me**: yes and on that crossroad couple of roads had occurred, it's a challenge... this conversation of ours (expected but by accident) is the last and I'll hit some of that roads...energetic, THIS is my end in this estetic context, but here are my already seen 10 years

2:12 PM **Biljana**: AND WHAT NOW? Can you see that

2:13 PM **me**: we can stay in Egypt for 15 days, it's like a tour, but we can't stay longer... I live Egypt even without Egypt

2:14 PM **Biljana**: Of course

2:15 PM **me**: I dreamt the sculptures of Hans Arp... there is something in it I feel the material and the shape through my hands

2:16 PM **Biljana**: I know... I know

2:17 PM that something beautiful, hands are connected with the heart not with the head

2:18 PM **me**: but how can you be so good and convincing in the choice of possibilities of the form and in the search of exciting and inventive contexts

Biljana: eh yes, quality

2:19 PM but why, how and what?

2:20 PM maybe yourself **me**: now I don't know, it should happen to me, all those presumptions, in order world to be opened... parallel worlds my dear

2:21 PM **Biljana**: we will see...someone told me that there is a place where everything already exists and you should only grab it

2:23 PM in real time of course

2:26 PM **me**: I think I know HIM and I know that he is right... When you mentioned Gragg in the context about the sculpture and the context about you, actually that

thing with the laboratory is something that is similar to me and my seeings that I wait to happen to me... probably that's whu I attached so strongly to you

2:27 PM **Biljana**: at last you have recognize yourself, I'm glad **me**: how can things be energeticy simultaneous, that really important

2:28 PM **Biljana**: everyone needs that, and I got that from you, I was thinking about this and it happen to me.

2:29 PM **me**: energies don't have boundaries do they, and I want to race with good racers

2:30 PM **Biljana**: with me?

me: barriers = obstacles... and with you, but with that little Arabian and similar to him

Biljana: you have so much in you, but you need someone to tell you from time to time

2:31 PM **me**: OOOOOO, Ohoho, you are so right.

2:33 PM maybe not to be told by someone... (...), I have always needed additional strong emotional input, I agree that it is sometnig like that

2:34 PM **Biljana**: it isn't a sin... if you understand it well, but use that energy for something better from You, be selfish

2:35 PM **me**: I'm flawless, you told me once that you will recognize that in me... energies have predictable paths... it's good when something cross in some kind of explosion and a kind of unpredictable hybrid... It always happens like that, but the chose of energetic and the processes is important, isn't it?

2:36 PM **Biljana**: always?

2:37 PM **me**: take it conditionaly...

2:38 PM **Biljana**: I think positively, as something that sublimate inside you and become you...

2:39 PM as when the most quality parts of food go to our blood and give us life and vitality

2:40 PM and you want say see I have vitality and life, but you will do something beautiful from that and you will be you again

2:41 PM and spread it, pubic is coming and takes in your art and get richer

2:42 PM spreading and expansion is cosmic

me: magic... I understand you so positively, and our creative material and potention grow, but we shouldn't underestimate those side strokes, sometimes direct trembling from this or that nature

2:43 PM **Biljana**: this or that... but surely is nature:) but let's be norma, we should live, there are rules

2:44 PM we must respect them, how many time times have you made a compromise just to understand you

2:46 PM **me**: everything has it boundaries even those of normality.. form time to time I want to be normal I'm not joking... simply normal

2:47 PM **Biljana**: yes and I really like it, everything is easier then

2:48 PM **me**: healthy art compromises are the art of possibility, I'm afraid of the philosophy of the Necessity that THIS I will disappear

2:49 PM **Biljana**: you won't disappear you will be even better, you have time to improve yourself

2:50 PM **me**: No, I won't disappear, nd I don't know any exiting place for myself, the philosophy of Necessity in my interest will be gone. For these 10 years a lot of other vibrations were gathered that want the own picture, whatever does it look like

2:51 PM **Biljana**: you reshape yourself, nothing else, that's good

2:52 PM or I don't understand, don't you scare me again with something, we talk nice when we talk about art, I don't like that low dimension, it scratches me

2:53 PM and I don't find myself in it

2:55 PM **me**: let's see what will come out of that... have you got any specific plans, some kind of process that you are in... don't be selfish

2:56 PM **Biljana**: you think about reshaping

3:00 PM **me**: Seriousness is on my side for some time, simply it's happening, because we are open for it today, and ready, as always... you think about the standard reshaping on that has already got a shape – in one form in another

3:03 PM **Biljana**: I thought about our form before our conversation and the new one now, we still don't have the distance so it can transform, but I can see it somehow.

3:04 PM mix the soup with emotions and the world and only the new truth is laughing at as, one step higher and one new movement of ourselves

3:05 PM in fact that is SCHOOLTEACHING

3:06 PM SERIOUSLY **me**: this that you are writing to me I can immediatley sign it, through time I understand that they simply come into existence

3:07 PM **Biljana**: WORLDS

me: I think WE COME INTO EXISTANCE

3:08 PM **Biljana**: I joked about topic Venice

me: forget Venice, I agree WORLDS,

Biljana: creation of worlds, I read biennial few days ago

3:11 PM **me**: the last one? That's maybe the first time I didn't have interest to meet Venice... maybe is a coincidence, but something can be hidden in that too

Biljana: yes for 2009

3:12 PM **me**: you think 2007... this "enter" makes me problems, maybe in a hurry to tell you all these important things

3:13 PM HUGE IMPORTANT THINGS... unknown reasons why I have disregard Venice

3:14 PM it's not because of my "failure"

3:15 PM who knows why... Come on Stanko don't dramatize... its coincidence my dear

3:16 PM **Biljana**: yes yes, catalogue 2007... you are at ease...something comes on you when you are relaxed

me: before Venice we were on a wonderful field, RESHAPENING

3:17 PM **Biljana**: Yes, just accumulation...what now...

3:22 PM **me**:... and circuit want to be accumulated... what really is and how to approach to ACCUMULATION, the question is now?... first I want to give her a name and surname (although we already bit few names), some kind of identity card, there is something in the segmentation, and in the ordering and of course in predicted and unpredicted things that open and provoke the possibilities... although, do you know that I already know what happened with THIS

Biljana: that's transformation

3:23 PM accumulation is like fair it burns and burn out, and I will involve rituals

3:24 PM just fine part of the ash, white ash has characteristics of divine, unpleasant but useful

3:25 PM what is left is quality **me**: but I'm just in that white ash, all this burning down in fact is the ESSENCE... those processes are complex and at the moment I'm not sure if I have the last drop...except to theorize, but I surely burn down continually and concentrated

3:26 PM **Biljana**: we need separation, but you don't want that

3:27 PM you always make jokes when I say that, what was on your mind now?

3:28 PM **me**: You set me up, fantastic... I will give you back for this... I agree...

3:29 PM **Biljana**: let's make a deal

me: Come on!

3:30 PM I lightened a cigarette...

Biljana: let's make a beautiful break from this writing, but to overlook our reshaping and after couple of days, everyone should give a result

3:31 PM let's make a deal what are we going to do something informal, maybe theory, it doesn't matter what.

3:32 PM but to be nothing more than a ritual, the fasting begins tomorrow! we can use that

3:34 PM sacrifice

3:36 PM **me**: your proposal is interesting, I agree, that can be great CONSCIOUSNESS, what about you... how many days do we need for these complex processes... On the contrary, this is more than a sacrifice...

Biljana: 40 days

3:37 PM **me**:... this with the FASTING is real time for meditation and contemplation

3:38 PM **Biljana**: And?

me: the fast will last till?

Biljana: till Christmas

3:39 PM it very symbolic

3:40 PM who know if it is going to be born in Truth

me: O yes, I'm trying to count... On month...aha, he will be born for sure

3:42 PM Sorry about the seriousness, I'm serious today

Biljana: 40 days

3:45 PM **me**: I remember that Christmas fasting last for 40 days (I have been fasting), yes yes 40... that will mean that our first contemplation (is this the real word? Never mind, it's not just an important precision of words) is going to happen before New Year

3:46 PM **Biljana**: no after, the fasting is till Christmas

me:... no no, after New Year, on 14.01.2009

3:47 PM **Biljana**: yes yes

me: this date is familiar to me.. Jesus, yes!

3:48 PM **Biljana**: Very nice

3:49 PM **me**:... without limitations in the form of creating the ash?

3:50 PM **Biljana**: how do you mean limitations?

3:52 PM **me**:... well about the form in which we will realize our contacts with the Sun... you already mentioned that the kind of the expression form isn't important, actually isn't a condition

3:53 PM **Biljana**: no it isn't

me: do we understand each other?...

3:54 PM then give me a hand, my dear, to absorb more warmth, I will need it

3:55 PM ili mozhebi ti povekje kje priberesh za sebe?

Biljana: you have both of them _____<3 _____

3:56 PM **me**: generous like always... hugs, I'm not selfish with the warmth



3:58 PM **Biljana:** SILENCE?

3:59 PM **me:** We can finish with this wonderful SILENCE...I don't insist...

Biljana: :)

4:01 PM **me:** I have never used those signs, but you are smiling like SANTA CLAUS

4:02 PM **Biljana:** Maybe, but I can finish, my little problem...

me: leave that... SILENCE

4:03 PM **Biljana:** SILENCE

me: ...

Biljana:...

me:...

4:04 PM **Biljana:** 0

me: 0000010101111110-
1010101000110011100

4:05 PM **Biljana:** :)

me: Hugs... till 20. 01.
2009

4:06 PM **Biljana:** me
too

4:07 PM **me:**
0011001100110011...
SILENCE

4:09 PM I will miss
theis GREEN one,
but now I'm in
SILENCE...
I SAILED
AWAY

Stanko has suggested a Google picture for you!

from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
date Sat, Nov 29, 2008 at 6:04 PM

Hey Biljana Kljajic, I found this great picture for you!

Here's a picture Stanko has suggested for you as your Google picture. If you choose to use it, other Google users will see this picture whenever they see your name in different Google services.

To use this picture, click [here](#).

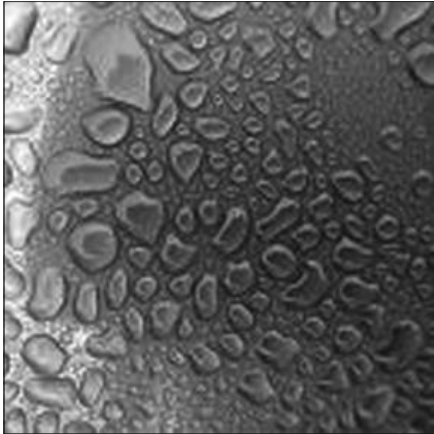
You can also change your Google picture at any time. For more information, please visit our [Help Center](#).



СТАНКО ПАВЛЕСКИ

40th day is 7.01.2009

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Tue, Dec 2, 2008 at 9:15 PM



from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Tue, Dec 2, 2008 at 10:05 PM
 subject Re: 40-ti dan je 7.01.2009.

Yes, exactly, on 7.01.2009

The Planet Green

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
date Wed, Dec 3, 2008 at 1:04 PM

In the silence I communicate with Your Green as with a alive nucleus that you pulse behinde... and with your pictures on your address which I want to have all of them in bigger size...Two sentences Little Live on the Planet of Silence...



from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Wed, Dec 3, 2008 at 1:16 PM

I miss you a lot...

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
date Wed, Dec 3, 2008 at 1:49 PM
subject Re: Zelenoto Planeta

I miss you too and I know that you know that...

(no subject)

from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to myskysteps@gmail.com
date Thu, Dec 4, 2008 at 3:27 AM



Hans Arp

(no subject)**Biljana Kljajic to me**

from Biljana Kljajic kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
 to Stanko Pavleski pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Mon, Dec 22, 2008 at 12:56 AM

I entered in order to write you something due to which I have unpleasant feeling and I don't know how to explain it.

When you told me for the first time that you want to make that "project", I felt nice, but afterwards everything seemed unpleasant to me. Every time we write to each other I think that that feeling will disappear, but it doesn't.

You know how many times I played with open cards with everyone and that didn't contribute towards putting things in order.

I don't like that and do not know why I don't like it and I can't say I'm ashamed because of something, because I don't do bad things, and still everything is upside down. Every time I delete the previous letters I think, now everything is ok and then after the next one, I'm not feeling ok.

That is something between those lines that has teeth and I don't know what it is. I fear that everything nice I wanted to tell you about you, everything that makes you great and important and what art makes right, now is starting biting my neck.

And I don't want to feed that beast and instead of art I gain something poisoned at the end.

I somehow understood you and I think you could somehow understand me.

I think all of this loses its sense and its accuracy ((please God don't)).

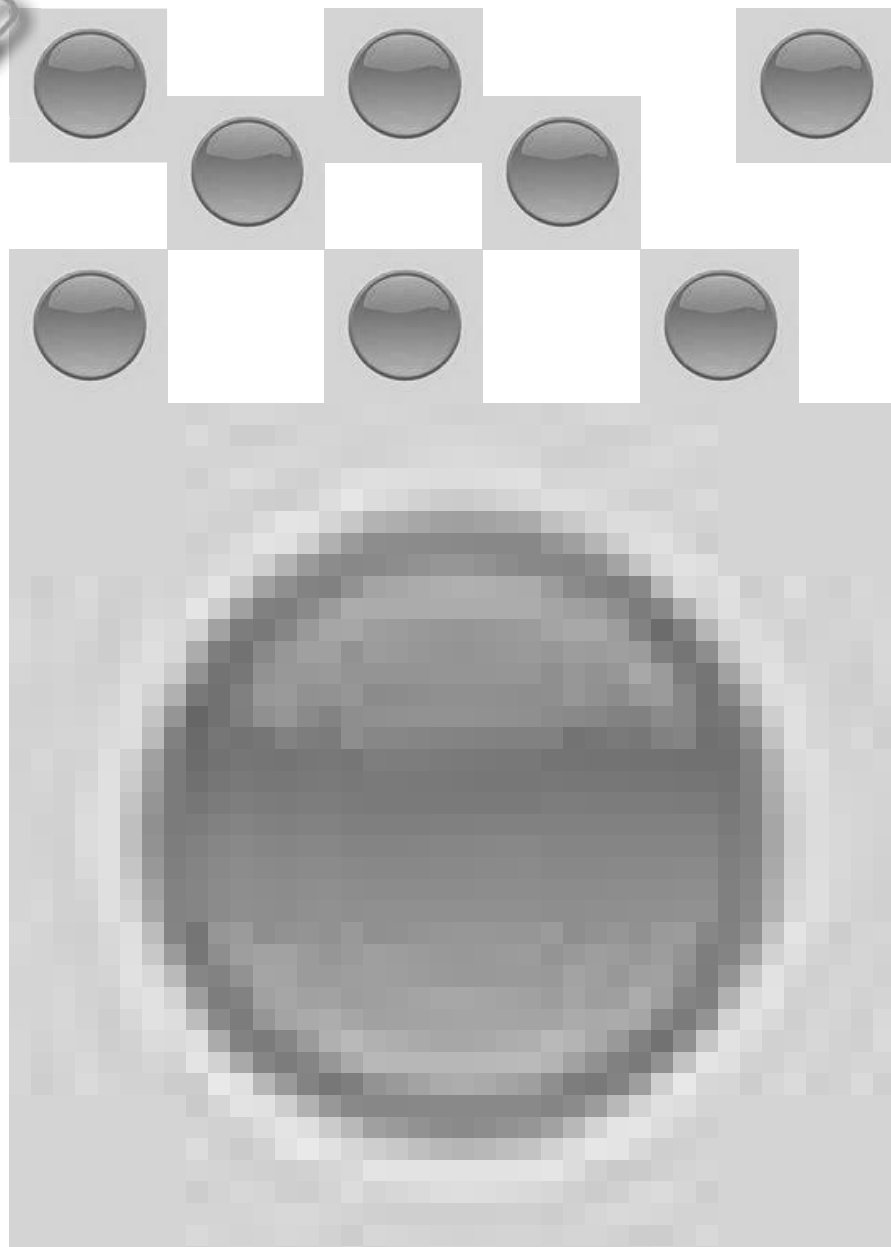
Somehow I believe you, but sometimes you make me (I feel its interesting to you) confused, not knowing where I'm and what to think, but I believe in this quiet feeling, in the power of accuracy and that you will find the right place in yourself where no one can be hurt.

I'm writing you sincerely and friendly because I don't want to hold it in me. If it is something Nice, it could not hurt, and from this distance I can see really grey landscape and I don't like that.

I have no idea what I'm going to do... I'm really feeling stupid.

... Dec 25, 2008 (one from the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana



... Dec 27, 2008 (one from the missing mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

I'm not a golden coin...

Although I am lose myself as a Golden Coins and I feel unpleasant because of that, I'm always with your concern and unpleasant feeling that you are looking for through our lines. I don't believe that it is like that, reasons are hidden among words, in the Whole –Nothing Between, actually, your announcement that we are becoming a Project; at this point the pureness of our words and freedom in speech, upright in front of the certainty of the Scene at is our destiny. The scene that we will brutally spread the words of our simple-human living, believing that we Write an Art Letter, in which the contents of writing Letters from part of life will be recognized.

I don't know if tere is a space for nice words, when I neglect your unpleasant feeling, feeling that runs through our words, searching the meaning, but I know that the thing that abrade our Writing is simply the fact that we will expose the touches of Low – the Low high, sily human interpretation of Our White Letter.

I'm not worried about my Project, that according to you I have already finished it, but your suggested certainties bother me, that there is no need of writing. We are going to talk lot more about our lives and the art in them, and about our high Low and Nothing Between, because we strongly love the challenges in life. I don't see a reason to be ashamed either of the naturalness of our words, or from the need of getting close and discovering, whatever they want to understand the Writing, although I think to take it to Egypt and spead it over the sand and the pharaoh's stones, if you will be happy with Me Ptolemy that will look over you and my stars and sparks so that Cleopatra Macedonian to blush from that beauty.

Can I count on your open cards that say that no beast will be born from our fre nad open mind and that arrange the peace in the soul and the peace of our close ones, that already feel the new discovered beauty in us and secretly support it to last besides their not enough existence under the stars of Sai an Ptolemy.

I beg you for honesty in everythink that you think that I will stay on you way, and in Yourself and in your life, you can lean on my meekness for your desires, because I live your words very painfully: I don't know what I'm going to do...i feel stupid... And now I really don't know how to reflect myself in your descriptions.

I wish you could see the Project through my eyes and to see that Art can overpass everything. I don't know, all this that I already see as certain, how it will end,

because you can notice that I exhibit new and new thoughts, till the end when I will announce you that this form is the real one for our content, that becomes so strong that doesn't leave any space for stepping aside and retracting. By the way it's very important that I write there are no shadows of His Majesty – the Project, nor I set up turnovers in the conversations, my Digresions and Crossroads, surely they aren't the reason neither my imprecision without responsibility and intentions, nor from other needs in the name of the Project, it can be possible but not intentionally.

I send you Me Ptolemy and bunch of his companions above Skopje, to look over your Silence.



Send on 27.12.2008 - 3:35 AM, after few days break from this writing, because of my occupation with a lot of urgent professional obligations and engagement at the Faculty. I should call and don't postpone, after Biljana's emotional letter, from her conclusions and dilemmas I felt some kind of impossibility before the chose of roads of the crossroad, that she really was, or she impose a feeling as she really is in the visible pont of impossibilities and specific. I don't believe that I have contribute for that situation of my dear and extraordinary friend (I would never forgive myself if I haven't noticed something like that), because I can't feel and locate the unexpected turnover of our communication.

If the reason lies in my carelessness of the dynamic of the writing in accordance with the strength of the essence in these letters, I beg for forgiveness for my immaturity and I blame myself that with my actions I ended this Beauty of sharing pieces of our vivid life.

... Dec 27, 2008 (one from the missinh mails)

Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

Melancholy, Introspections and Astrala

I'm happy without a smile of your Fulfilment that you reflect on me and that you touch my heart. I notice, the Melancholy caught you in her center and don't gives you to blink, do move from the initiations for Fulfilment, shown on the creative field of that beauty that cost you a chest – medium of Introspections, in the trembling calls of pieces precious thoughts in which you discover Your Fulfilment. You know that Melancholy is very jealous girl; in which warm arms you can become powerless you become an Immoveable Air...

This letter that I have send to Biljana K. on 27.12.2008 (the hight before the judgement day), as a one and a half page of text, isn't finished, extually the rest of the text is eliminated because I have missed something with that Save and that's how all nice thoughts and menanig fall to the ground as they wntede to announced the Apocalypse. The missing things for the writing 31.10.2008, but thanks to my carefulness I succeed to keep our conversation from 03.12.2008 inclusive, and for the rest I will beg persistently to come back. I will beg the Almighty, because history shouldn't be left without MY PTOLEMY! NOTNING BETWEEN.

This letter is for Bile and Stanko, please read it together

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Sun, Dec 28, 2008 at 11:04 AM

My only wish is the happiness of your family, peace, love and trust in it, health, life full of luck, respect. Fulfil that for me, that kind of art I want to see, I have done the same in my family too, we are happy and honest, we love and respect each other, I don't hide my letter from my husband for a long time now and I wanted that...I don't like the truth only for the one side, but the beautiful truth for all and everybody.

We all send you best regards. My only regret will be if anyone of you is unhappy or hurt. You know that very well, because of that keep your mind straight, the respect towards me and always be happy, don't tell me that you will be unhappy and I'm guilty for that I'm not writing to you. What do you think how do I feel when I hear something like that, do you want me to suffer? It's not fair you to tell me something like that; I don't want to have a guilty conscience.

The meaning of all this should be nice and clean. All my devotion is the respect towards you, towards your family and the woman that stands besides you all this time, that is one wonderful sacrifice and she deserves your respect and loyalty. I know that because we are the same, my husband is also a successful man and surely it tells something about me too. He is one wonderful father who gathers his last strength when he comes back from work to play with his son and to dedicate to him, time is short we need to understand the truth with the value of those moments, that's why I don't want to harm anyone, what has left in me is the deep wish for rightfulness. If life is art...it must be beautiful.

Let me my dignity and peace... Have each other... in that exact meaning... have each other for this world and for its rightfulness. Correctness doesn't mean someone to be hurt. It's the only vehicle that we can move our life. Love towards family, wife and the child is the brightest and it deserves the whole attention; I have never wanted anything else for you two.

My other wish is everything to go smoothly for you in Egypt, and to create once more a wonderful act, do that without me and for me, as only Stanko Pavleski knows. I wish only peace and happiness for you two and that is the real art.

Nothing mustn't disrupt that.

--- Biljana Kljajic

What's this?! Is it an apocalypse, my dear?

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
 cc myskysteps@gmail.com
 date Sun, Dec 28, 2008 at 6:18 PM

I don't know what is the contents of your mail and please explain it to me where the reasons are hiding, so I can try to find them in all files of the dust around me, even in the smallest corners in my oasis, till the thinnest grooves of the structures of all my scultures, I will rummage just to find them.

What's this? Extremely conspiratorial plot against The Nothing Between?

Please give me back the letters. I didn't believe that you will erase everything, everything that I haven't protected, because I believed that from 03.12.2008 (from the Planet Green) on, everything is calm and the Big Writing is really safe. I rarely make huge mistakes in the evaluations, but, naivety that I will never forgive myself.

Why did you take the Planet Green away from me, if at some moment an empty mail was enough for you (but I'm going to write to you, and you can be stubborn if you want) the Green was a Letter to me.

WHY?! You own me, my dear.

I killed myself searching for the letters in the Inbox, few times in the Sent Mail, in the Chat, and at last in All Mail, believing that I will find the Letters, but no trace of Biljana Kljajic/Biljana K and Stanko Pavleski, everything from 31.10.2008 on disappeared. Terrible! Impossible. I broke in a cold sweat, turned pale, when not even under Search I didn't find my Friends the Letters. I have looked in Spam and Trash too... I got crazy, discovering how the Apocalypse looked like.

I'm helpless and now I'm completely in your arms. Have mercy, if not towards me, than towards the History which remembers that the road to big deads has never been sowed with roses.

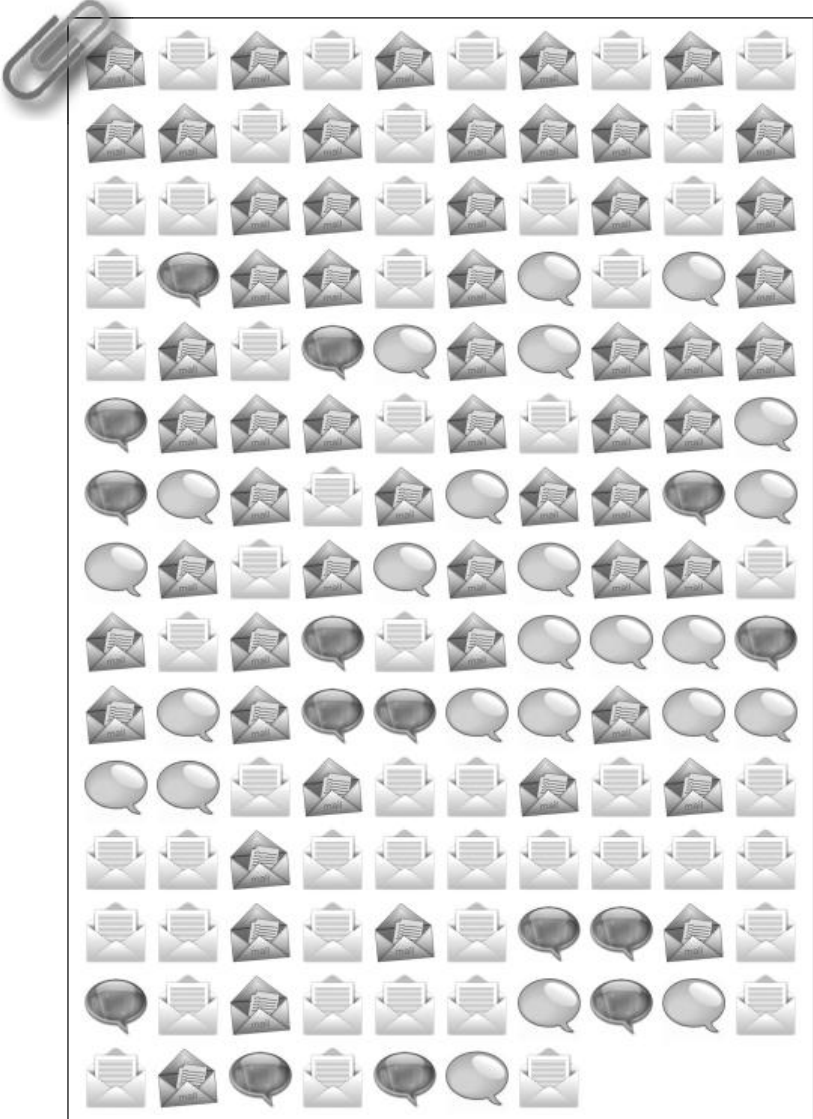
I beg you, as a friend and as a colleague (I will you Ga, and... Boshkova and Lira, Bora, and I'll beg your mother, and Stefan and Milanche too, he will surely startled you with his Baaaaa, for you to find my pets) do anything to give my Beauties back, and if you don't have a heart, leave me to die in my Obsessive Fiction towards the Art of Big Writing. And I wanted to wish you a happy birthday with Nothing Between.

What has happened... Have grasshoppers devastated the fields, or... I couldn't have enough reading of your nice lines when I realized that it doesn't come down to

Wonderful New Year Wishes and Greetings (from me too, I wish you, my dear... Beautiful things and Happiness).

It's not right to leave me now (I think that I deserve an honest separation whatever I have burden you in what I can't believe), as I am, I'm looking forward you to make me happy.

147 attachments — [Download all attachments](#)



Problems, problems...

from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to slavco.spirovski@gmail.com
 date Tue, Dec 30, 2008 at 7:45 PM

... But don't be upset and afraid, some of my problems are like a song to you... But I have to do this long introduction...

First, I must mention that from August on (till day after yesterday) I was in a strong friendly and cooperative correspondence with Biljana Popovoch (now Kljajic) that developed in a dimension of Project, and created a work title Me Ptolemy/ Nothing Between. The projection, that I didn't mean that will be created from writing letters (but you know that from 2002 I'm writing a lot), now I see that it was noticed somewhere in my chips from the start, because, the consciousness for art intentionality (and the letters are pearls) never sleeps. Most of the writing, 03.12 inclusive. I put in on a CD on time and on USB, you know that the devil can be anywhere, and that on, (Biljana or Bile) deleted everything from 31.10 on, and the material was voluminous and interesting, but very important because without it, is very difficult to create the Project. Leave it. I will find some adequate solution, although I have to confess that now, right now the real possibility isn't on my mind. I asked Pepi about the possibilities of finding the material that disappeared, but even the Virtual didn't understand my virtual request, the Boys says that, who is the Big Friend of non-space. I wrote a "scared" letter to Biljana but it didn't scare her at all, to return my Project Beauties. I don't know the real reasons about her apocalyptic move, and this poor head of mine that can't imagine something like this or to direct me to something real. Pulling away from Contacts Biljana erased everything (I think that isn't Bile who did that), who surely didn't know the new Password) and from Inbox and I think that she entered my Mail, assuming that the Password can be something about Alexandar the Great (in one of our marathon chats she told me, but come on be smart...), and we that we shouldn't to that changed the Password in Alexandar. Terrible, I can't believe it, and I can't understand, or I know what to do and how to beg Biljana or the Almighty.

Please, let me have Biljana in my Contacts, Invite a friend, or no matter where she is, and than I will see if I can do something.

What can you do, see, the road to Art has never been sowed with roses...

.....?

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
date Wed, Dec 31, 2008 at 12:20 AM



My pets for your 2009

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
cc mysysteps@gmail.com
date Thu, Jan 1, 2009 at 8:26 PM

My Berta and hers and mine Drum which disappear under unknown circumstances, as well as my Beauties the Letters... I know that no matter where they are they bring luck and make wishes come true.



... Jan 2, 2009 (from nowhere...)
 Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

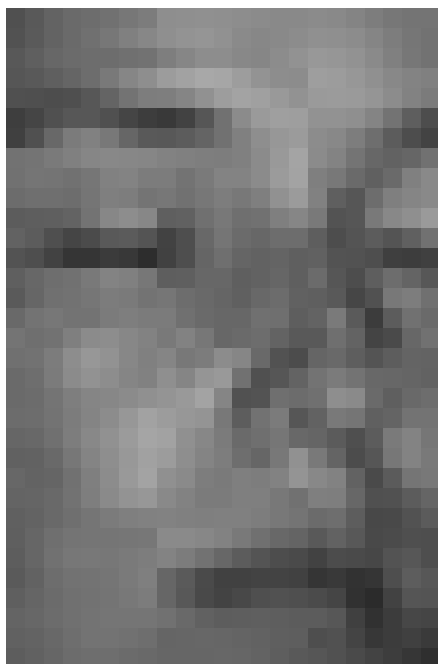
Picking at the Memory...

When I calm down, after the disappearance of my Beauties the Letters and the Chats with Biljana (everything, hers and mine, from 03.12 till 28.12.2008), that judgement noon on 28.12.2008, I was picking everywhere on my computer, with a hope that I have saved something, and turned out that the effort wasn't in vain. I found some letters that I have written in Word, one mail from Biljana that I have downloaded as JPG and some photos from her mails, and mine too, that I have prepared for sending.

Part of the material I ordered in mails, under dates of sending and receiving, and for one part I can't remember the dates and the time (but that's nothing), as on the photos of Komaja sessions that I have carefully downloaded from the internet, because in the Chats with Biljana we were talking about topics connected with her remembrances of her colleagues, about wonderful/enlightened BC, something about Sai Baba and her experiences from India, we talked about her the High Low and about Me Ptolemy/Nothing Between, then about the woman's position in this world of men and the woman in art, and about Egypt, and many other interesting topics that will contribute for full impression about the fulfilment of our writing, although my plans were we to keep the strong intensity in communication till her birthday on 27.08.2009 when I planned to send her the Book and the exhibition to take place.

I'm sorry about the missing material, especially that Biljana approved me to use it in my project named as Me Ptolemy / The Nothing Between, and I'm really angry that I don't know the reasons for her hacking move to destroy everything.

Luckily that I have downloaded and recorded the most of the material, otherwise the gap would be bigger than 25 days and approximately 50 pages of text, and with the material that I still think that Biljana will send me, I hope that I will be near the finishing point.



Stanko has suggested a Google picture for you!

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Sat, Jan 3, 2009 at 6:46 PM

Hey Biljana Kljajic, I found this great picture for you!

Here's a picture Stanko has suggested for you as your Google picture. If you choose to use it, other Google users will see this picture whenever they see your name in different Google services.

To use this picture, click [here](#).

You can also change your Google picture at any time. For more information, please visit our [Help Center](#).



Jan 4, 2009 at 3:00 AM (unfinished and unsend letter)
Stanko Pavleski to kljajic.biljana

I know your computer must be broken, not even your computer, all coputers in Novi Sad wre broken because of the Virus Me Ptolemy / The Nothing Between, it's understandable why there is no sign or trace from you and your pearly words...

*ghytrem,kiklsdnjasdiovnisdhudh;askasdjfsdpaijhbgaslvmasvjbhasdkfjbv,abvsjkas
 alsjkdvasjdvbum,qw;'jwifhwbjyxhbklpqowjngbvuituitorknbc.x;lkwpegjhgbnvyuei
 ljkgnieruqjklquiergtui8943mklsdmgioghnaoapvj90-jkgnurwhynqbiiovl,..whigy*

07.01.2009

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
date Fri, Jan 9, 2009 at 3:24 AM

CHRIST IS BORN IS REALLY BORN,
for many years long HE in hearts,
AMEN

I NOTICED YOU...

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
date Sun, Jan 11, 2009 at 6:45 AM

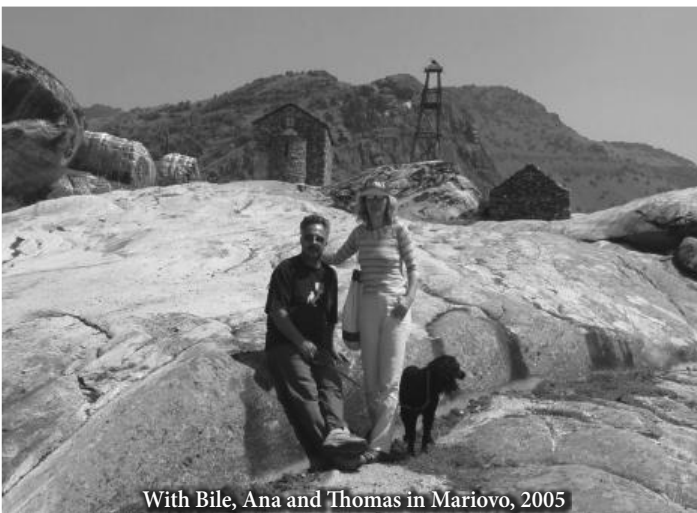
You could write me something...

This evening at one friend of mine from the Ministry of Culture, where my friends t.Adziewski and A.Maznevski were, after the relaxation with couple of drinks, conversation about art started and a proposition for interesting art conviviality in monasteries of Mariovo, based on the challenge each group to have one to be a host and prepare food, actually daily meals (nothing inventive, and you know my meaning about these kind of projects). We settle the number of groups too, than beside us three with the wives, coincidentally two historians, Sonja Abadziewa and Nebojsa Vilich will come, and the idea of the complete staff should be finished with names of our guests, that everyone of us will propose. Tomas started from me to bid with the possible names of guests, finding me unprepared, but without any doubt I proposed you as my guest. Tomas asked me, you is Biljana Popovich (I don't want additionally to burden them with the fact that you are Klajic), but after not giving the answer, and eyes wide opened, they understood that you was the surprise that my momental art mantra offers as an inclosure for art enrichment. After me, obviously they cottoned on my unexpected proposal, he also said its for Maja (other friend of his from the Ministry...) and at the end Tony (Antony M.), that felt as last can be the most inventive, totally unexpected, proposed Sai Baba as his guest (probably the colleagues didn't have a clue why I was the most

surprised from his proposal) convincing him that he will not have any problem in providing Ga (mz) although I was convinced that he actually doesn't know what is he talking about and that every coincidence with my Biljana and his Sai Baba, actually is a formula we to be a group in full proposed contents.

Your colleagues asked me, actually from the institution Mariovo 2009, to contact and convince you not to spoil our trust and on 2 August (st. Ilija) we together to pray for art inspiration and nature in hearts, and where you are there is Sai too.

Best regards Stanko Pavleski

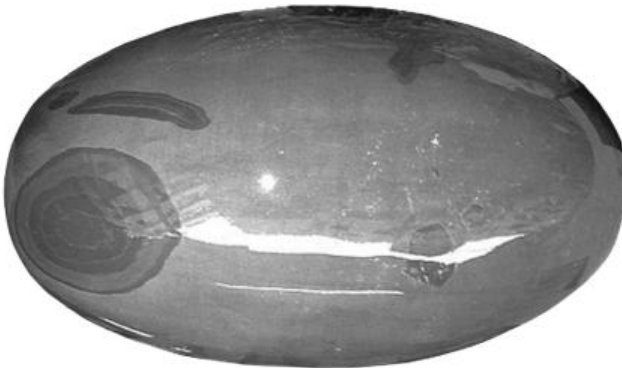


from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
date Sun, Jan 11, 2009 at 11:17 AM
subject Re: I HAVE NOTICED YOU...

Eh I didn't want to write but I must explain my disappearance... First of all I want to ask you to do nothing with the letters and if it is possible to delete them all. That's my wish.

I still feel "dirty" from what happened on 27.12.2008. When your Bile called me on the phone, I realized that I have made someone very unhappy and the only way to make Bile happy is for me to disappear without a trace. Nobody should be hurt in any way; art should be art without putting emotion in it, only clear consciousness. And while I was decorating the New Year's tree and trying everything to be beautiful for the, someone was unhappy, I couldn't stand that, I was hit by her unhappiness and I would give everything in the world in order not to be like that. No one's happiness is worth, not even a gram of someone's unhappiness, I have written that for millions of times, but again my own beast bit my neck and now there is no place to hide now, except in my own center to heal my soul in silence and take off the dirt from the pearls of my heart. I turned out something that I have never wanted to be and now I need peace and stillness.

I wish a lot of winds and sails, I wish you calmness in the family and be like one and not to be blind towards people around you who are really give everything for your happiness. I really wish you the whole happiness in the world, Biljana Kljajic



from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Mon, Jan 12, 2009 at 5:09 PM
 subject Re: I HAVE NOTICED YOU...

I understand...

but I don't know how to delete an art and I still believe that with an open heart you can surpass everything and tell me that I can use the letters in Me Ptolemy... And that you will return all those letters after 03.10.2008. Sacrificing on the altar of art. I can do that for you and for the art too.

Thank you that I hear from you again and that this writing won't finish so ordinary, with all you dramatic disappearance (including the reasons...), taking everything with you, because besides everything that we had is so unnatural everything to go out as last embers of heat.

I believe that you are wonderful at home and that the beauty is a real soil for your art that I can't wait to see it. I love you all... and your own center.

I know that Bile too, be sure about this, after your letter will have you as a friend that you were totally unjustifiably and unnecessarily in misunderstanding.

You can always find yourself in me, if you feel a need of yourself as an extraordinary and special.

I can understand you even if you don't reply, but don't be angry if I want to write you sometnigh from time to time and to check myself in silence, because I know that there is that kind of art too, and it was more or less from life. Long live the Life! And it doesn't say goodbye.

Chernik

from **Sava Stepanov** <savastep@eunet.rs>
 to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Tue, Jan 13, 2009 at 8:55 AM

Chernik's script in the 70's in Vojvodian art – Atila Chernik distinguishes himself with the creating concept. His opsessive topic is the sign, script. In the time of conceptualism Chernik's script insisted on its own. Atila Chernik's scripts and texts didn't indicate anything, thay lost the function and inseed of semantic sing value – they got different visual effect, meaning (?), and character. In 70's, in the

period of the power of Gutenberg's galaxy, the time that was said to be „the time of pictures“ (U. Ecco) converting the letters and words in visual information (visual poetry?) – confirmed as artist capability to register and understand the world and the time that he has lived and created in.

Today, after 3 decades, Chernik once more (re) present the letter as separate and autohton symbol – it's about a kind of critical relation towards whole iconosphere: words were replaced with a picture; picture has globally and personally enclosed us with its presence. High-tech (computers, global internet, tv, video, different visual technologies) always, “bombard” us with pictures. In some living areas, in some everyday situations – we are existentially depending on pictures. Because of that, we can't see on characteristic Chernik's letter as a kind of kurioism. Today this artist, confront the letter with „iconosphere“ (M. Porempski). Although defunctional, although used as a some kind of sign, although without language meaning with Chernik's decision of selection and presentation of lettric signs – presents some kind of intellectual motive. Artist, in this case, isn't the keeper of tradition. His gesture has essential meaning: letter = letter. With these arts the original principles are kept, there are no transferred meanings; new Chernik's creations don't belong to the visual poetry. Chernik's script - present a picture of letters.

Sava Stepanov

Chernik

from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Sava Stepanov <savastep@eunet.rs>
 date Wed, Jan 14, 2009 at 2:05 AM
 subject Re: chernik

Hello Sava

I really like this Letter of yours about the Chernik's Letter and his silent negative form of the Picture. Rebringing up of art productions make this work of ours worth to exist, believing that, with every our honest creative gesture somehow the edges of the picture and the art expressiveness getting thinner, and that in/out of the edges we step in some different sphere and experiences which aspire conditions of the Letter, Picture, Expression, Text/Context, Language – Letral – Art, Conceptuality, Beauty captured in the pupil and a new wave of Existences,

Narrations Life – Art... and of course new widening of Art with the categories of Lingual an especially Scientifical, recast through alchemy of discernation and vibrations in creating of art, till the sipmple Picture/Shape, on a waal, floor or wider space. But I think that art will move till the last annuls of boundaries with Life (nothing exlusive or new, but surely different), and its shapies are unpredictable. I sometimes don't ask myself where the boundaries are, but do they really exist, I'm in delirium my dear friend, and then I know that the waves will trow me on an art shore, whatever it is or whatever it name is. I'm very happy that I start this year with Your Chernik's Letter and forgive me for my artistic thought but your text really incited me, and now, isn't this art/ the life.

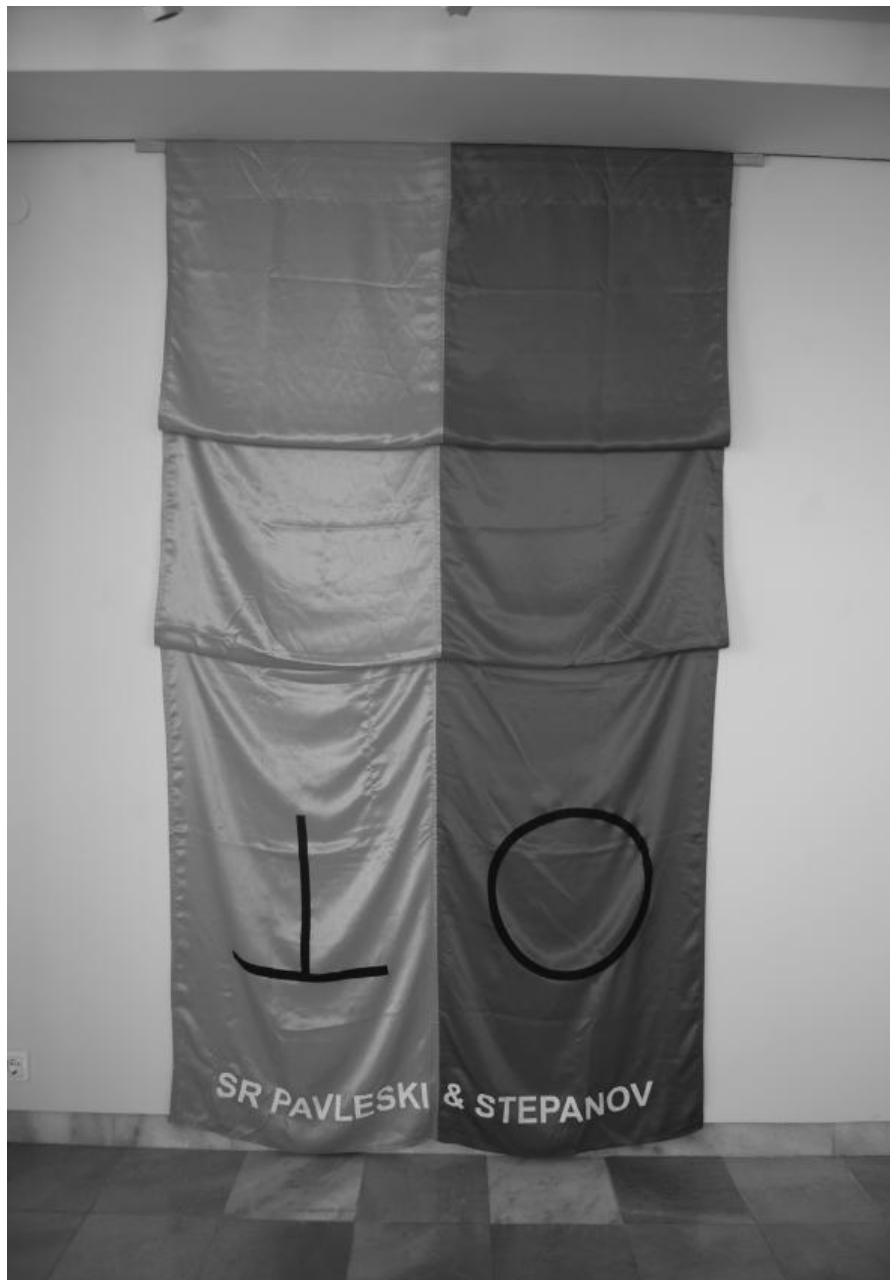
Little coincidence, last 4-5 months I was in a strong correspondence with my first graduate dtudent (1999) Biljana Kljajic (maiden Popovich), when I was on Balkan Art 07, I asked you something about her, I think you remember...because I didn't have any trace, or address, or an email. She lives in Novi Sad now, and she write me finding my mail in Balkna Art 07, and we shared so many things that at one moment I thought (now I surely know) that our writing became a real project, and I believe that I will realize it this year in some kind of form (here, I already have a work title Me Ptolemy / the Nothing Between), and I know that if something is one my mind it is going to happen.

I'm writing this and inform you what is happening in my Life Art, I'm writing because of the friendly and professional relation that we have, I want to ask you to take an interest in Biljana (kljajic.biljana@gmail.com) because she is very talented person who has interesting art expression (I know that from the writing, and from her student days and wonderful diploma work) and she needs to be incite to do something more serious.

I beg you for garanted discretion because she would kill me if she knew that I lobby for her.

If you think that I ask to much from you, forget it my friend, Life Art will continue without you or me or without Biljana, of course it will be a little less humble without us (ha ha ha) a lot of regards in Novi Sad and al the best.

Stanko



Flag, for the first time exhibited in Novi Sad (Serbia)
First international exhibition of artistic flags, 2005

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
to pavleskis@gmail.com
date Thu, Jan 15, 2009 at 11:19 PM

10:17 PM **me**: Here, my dear, I've just broken the ice... I'm really frozen lately... How are you?

10:23 PM I know you don't enjoy writing lately because the thing you want to tell me, you simply can not pronounce it, but let go off your heart... try, you will be surprise how nice it can be to create something once more, it is just like a hypnotic need for ungluing, on contrary the life won't mean anything... that's the way Sioran advised me, and I truly believe him although that attitude and the life connected with it sometimes leads to night mares too...

10:31 PM I'm just joking really, when you create something, everything is like a nightmare; you know that very good... I don't mind that you don't want to talk, it is enough for me that you are following me and wondering at me, where is that whole energy coming from this man when you know that I fell completely defeated... everything starts to seam meaningless to me, I don't want to tell you what is happening to me with the sculptures, my dear beauties that are stolen God knows from where, even from museums, sheds and other spaces where I thought they will be safe.

10:32 PM Additionally to that, you took me everything too and now I feel empty that the words are powerless... my

10:34 PM ... What you can do, I know to overcome these things too, life taught me a lot of things, but what will you think if I tell you this also, you can shoot three beautiful horrors.

10:43 PM Baroque sculptures were deposited in the one in Havzi Pasture's Hospices (one period of time they were under the MMA, and now they are under the Filmlibrary of Macedonia) which are not very good secured and the people from Bardovci are stretched, Goths my dear, I don't believe I can save something and I don't have enough energy to recreate everything (they are really stretched) something for which I needed so much pure love like that in 1998, exactly 10 years ago, it didn't need to happen now when I wanted to create you, to create you just the way I want to when my soul is trembling.

10:54 PM Last year two sculptures were stolen from me in front of the Daut Pasin Amam (National Gallery of Macedonia) two beautiful sculptures that had the

chance to walk about Yugoslavia that time (and Sava Stepanov exhibited them in Apatin – beginning of the 90's, the text was something like that)... 3-4 years ago the Goths stole that from me from Novi Sad (ups... Bardovci) two more sculptures from my amid period, very important to me (that's how the critics also treated)... this one that I'm writing to you is just a small part of my misfortunes, but here I'm, still alive, I believe health too...

10:57 PM thank you for following me so carefully and for your condolences with me and with the history... ha ha ha... I won't be myself if I don't make jokes, life taught me good things too

11:00 PM I know you don't think to behave like nerd, but please just suppose which is my new password... and my dear, let me see you now, nor God can discover me now, but with your intuitivism I could never be sure...

11:05 PM The passions are subsided and now I'm constantly in company with my Black Sioran, like someone is amputating my heart.. hell no, it's not like that, whenever I put up defeats, my heart was on my forehead and now I'm feeling it very much present somewhere here on the forehead and only the heart speaks to me, everything else faded.

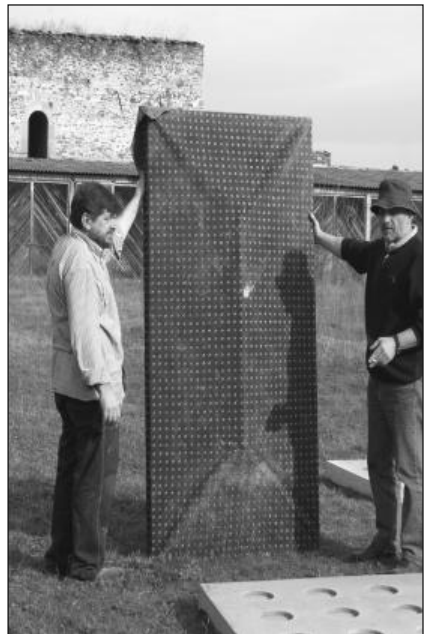
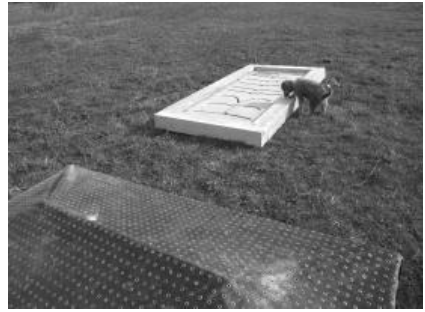
11:10 PM My amputated heart on the forehead is speaking to me, really nice heading for a story... I won't make sculpture anymore because like most material in the fine arts, people like to steal it and I don't want to suffer these defeats, and it is strange, the material in the life was never the most important to me... that's why I will write, no matter that the virtual space wasn't enough sure

11:16 PM Good, I decided to write, but the nice writing is the discipline... good, good, I'll practice as much as it needs and maybe I will succeed in writing something serious... but even if I don't write anything the world won't fall apart, it is important that the art has always been my very life and I don't see that – I can set the writing differently in that sense, except on the head

11:19 PM Good night and pleasant dreams... if some of my beauties appear in your dreams, I'll know they still exist...

11:20 PM **Biljana:** good night

11:21 PM **me:** I'm keeping you the stars... Me Ptolemy and there is nothing else it can do only to keep the Beauty



With Lazo Plavevski and Alexander IV Bojan V Pavleski Macedonian in the Havzi...
Bardovci – Skopje, Macedonia, and with my uglyfied beauties

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Fri, Jan 16, 2009 at 12:03 AM

... At 10:54 PM, I made a mistake (I was thinking of Novi Sad so I entered wrong and untrue context), instead... Goths from Bardovci..., it dragged... the Goths from Novi Sad... untrue mistake for which I apologise (probably I put you into thinking), because I've always had beautiful experiences with the people from Novi Sad.

Forgive me for only few lines...

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Mon, Jan 19, 2009 at 10:58 AM

The artistic accomplishment besides being liable to failure, or similar things, that isn't so scary, I hope you succeed in settling down and that this doesn't mean you will stop working, but you will find strength to make something new and nice. When a man is not connected to others or his works, the distance is even beautiful and the ideas are even more universal and pure. When something is your nature than it comes by its own, isn't it?

First friendships disappear because of the incoherence.

So don't yawn over yourself... that isn't nice!

Some fun:

Regarding the password, I have no idea which is yours, and someone whispered that one to me and told me it is because of the "cleaning",

:) ... he told me... the password is from the name of Mister Big. Otherwise, smart placing of the password should be two not connected things, for ex. Camel and penguin and eve better if you enter some number, for ex. 2camels4penguins or mangoburek, even better if you invent some new word like mine Milan alimicija etc. Nothing in between is **Nothing in between** so you can see yourself and not doing anything that is not for your interest.

If you believe me that your next right thing will be geniously great, then you should believe me that you have to take the letters aside because behind it something simple is waiting for you, that's the schedule but first you have to believe.

I'm writing you in order for you to stay in peace and finally to develop right feelings of no connectivity and you will know you are on the right road if you spend more time not sitting in front of the computer and more with yourself and your drawings.

I've spoken today with the wind, it said your sails will come...

I wish you great work.

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Sat, Jan 24, 2009 at 6:27 AM
 subject Re: Oprostite za samo par redova...

The Life Sorrow...

About the letters, actually what has left of them, I won't write anything to you anymore and I will leave their destiny to the tiem and winds, maybe they will bring some message from your gates.

Nothing becomes without fixation till immovability and pain, non-alignment is a lie my dear although it sounds nice and men can easily believe that. Bounding for people or something/nothing from all that from/to Almighty, besides unexpected pain is a point in which we are, as in the pray. Most questions come up from the pain ans sorrow that we don't want to ask, drunk and dull from preasures and happiness, actually they, next challengers of a new pain, and that's why I agree that it shouldn't moan over the immanents of living, in order not to blunt the blade – challenger od strong emotions, but living with them we find the answers of our next pains. Even the Melanholy, (I have written something about that too, in those missing mails) the more is passive the more is sorrowful, although different from others challengers of sorrow, and sorrowful as the life we have, and we have it to create the potentions of her majesty the Sorrow. Bounding is immanent to Losing, Losing – to Sorrow, Sorrow – to Consciousness and the Creating – to next Boundings, and it will flow in this our Bounding and Sorrow that we call Life.

You Biljana you are my freshest Sorrow that I will take with me naturally in life and bounding, together with the others that I live with, till the new ones are born, and that confirms my consciousness of my sorrow.

I don't live/ grieve when all points are clearly offerd to me, as prostitutes, even ones were exclusive, to take them into my eye, when its misty, in which I feel, touch

and experience expressiveness of some beauty that sometimes I succeed to focus myself. Drama, floor, dramatic is only finding yourself in taking care of the freedom to feel the exciting desire of misty and unexpected expression of certain beauty.

My experience in Feeling your/Moaning you and the relaxation through words and its pictures, whatever the future picture made of them is, is exclusively mine beauty, and objective and universal. I will surely capture you in my next piece of art., although you say, sad as Sorrow, because I know you will be warm in the eternal circle between the Creation and Bounding. I sound a little bit of dark and Milk of Bogomil Guzel, and I don't need to explain his title.

I sound exactly like that in this writing of mine, no stepping aside, everything is to the point, isn't it my dear?

Here, I took a brandy and maybe I will write to you something more than my already made real stories. I don't like drinking much but in these Sad moments alcohol is like strong depression and sentences are becoming unexpected, I can see that even the commas are often used, which means I want to write something very complex or I tear myself up because I don't have nothing special on my mind, according to me it's exactly the creative one that maybe I will put it on an understandable level, not only for me or for you, but for those who will be patient to read us, and they will, and with your blessing that I want to elicit from you diplomatically, to ask you, not just ordinary but clearly and unambiguously said with big letters YOU CAN PUBLISH OUR LETTERS IN A FORM THAT WILL SUIT THEM, so that can be seen by everybody and to be understood that the author wanted to say, because just to publish and spread them out impudently, even for the art it is impertinent and impermissible, even in art everything is allowed, especially to obsessive crazy people. I'm writing as I will break the record in writing the longest sentence in history of literature, I think it was Igo's, who is going to check the memory, when it's really going good for me, the Pen, as they wanted to call it in the past, but now they prefer Taping, but not taping on these mechanic ones, but gentle, Embroidery, actually taping on the keyboard.

I know that nothing pretentious exists in my head, but everything that exists in these words, because the sentences are still not long enough so you can believe that I wasn't joking with the intention to bite Viktor, it comes from the hypersensitive following of each action of mine, as I see myself lightening one cigarette after another, and I can't notice, because if it so I can light myself up and not notice that at all, but I still feel I know what am I doing, and my age isn't in question, God save me from fixation, in that point every movement of one part of myself to become dangerous for myself, even understood in the virtual point of view, exemplary to Novi Sad, what do you think my dear me burning Novi Sad, what will people from

Novi Sad say, how will you explain to them that your friend Stanko Pavleski the Great did that, in order to escape from the lynching, because you can foresee people's actions in an accident, but leave that you want to say to the Great that that kind of actions doesn't suit him, and you actually know that you know him and that it's impossible, but is you have mistaken, what is on your mind about the angry answer of Novi Sad., actually about your lynching, but you think that you know your fellow citizens as openminded and modest and that they will be full of understanding towards their friend of... The Great and they will say anything that he burned their home and their pride, the pride my dear, that will overflow the glass of any normal and sorrowful, but don't think that someone will believe in that, but get ready for your own painless going out, because the Burned ones will want an adequate punishment for their pain.

I didn't want to write so much, but from the artist, my dear artist, it doesn't worth to ask them to stop when they will have their Muse, they beg her hypnotically not to leave them and to stay with them forever, will they dare to insult her and to risk with her mannered reaction and erasing their address from her notebooks, and notepads, because the Muses aren't as they used to be, times are changed and who has not realized that, it will be his problem, not even the Muse will leave him, he must be ready for others' low kicks, because the same giver can be aggressive and left him without any powers for creating, even more, even all human powers and functions, dreams and even the visions.

Nice, till the moment when I followed all my movements and tremblings which are challenges for bigger, more inspirational part of this text, what the devil I was thinking that everything that I have thought of, till the moment I was writing what I was writing it isn't so different from what I was thinking, and to think of that I should take notes of those things, scared not to disappear a lot of beautiful and very important initials, I made a flop and now the freshness of the romp through words and sense, and I don't have any crazy things to write you anymore.

Enough enough, I don't know how are you going to manage to read this, and I will be the happiest man in the world if in all this you find some kind of sense even a nonsense, that will always be all right in relation to my chaotic anarchism in treating of simple human things and unintentionally author's arrogance.

I'm a spirit who together with his like-minded people love long unconnected writings and to salute, not to lose contact with the reality.

Stanko

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Thu, Jan 29, 2009 at 2:45 PM

1:52 PM **me**: Here I'm, how are you my dear

1:53 PM **Biljana**: I'm fine, I'm writing a letter to my brother

1:55 PM **me**: I went crazy, definitely something important will come out from this insanity... Your brother is still in Novi Sad... he is not a man for the beautiful Novi Sad, the beautiful world is better fitting on him...

1:56 PM **Biljana**: He is in India

1:58 PM **me**: if I'm bothering you with my writing, I'll fly away... how is it going with the Fairytale, don't tell me you have forgotten it... I somehow new that Stefan flew somewhere away

Biljana: Now I'm working too much for the school, I hope he will continue, but Swami is taking care of it and thank God he is protecting him from being bad.

2:04 PM **me**: I wrote you something about Lira Grabul, but I don't know whether you've received it because I don't have it at me

2:06 PM **Biljana**: some little detail is standing in my mind but it's just you have mentioned it, is that a daughter of deceased Iska

2:09 PM **me**: Yes, it's the daughter of Iskra... there was a promotion of her translation from some English edition of Bagavat Gita (I don't know whether I've written it correctly) but I couldn't take part at the promotion and at the performance of Satja Sai – Skopje

2:10 PM **Biljana**: yes, there is that kind of book, that is probably a review of Bagavat Gita, one follower of Sai... performance, it sounds silly when is question about Swami

2:11 PM I think, it's nice they have translated it

2:13 PM **me**:... maybe I conceited wrong, reading the information about the event, that maybe it wasn't a performance... I understood the text like that... you know Lira?

2:14 PM **Biljana**: Not really, I've met her at Iskra's place but the centre of Skopje divided in two parts and I was outsider and I know the older members more

2:17 PM **me**: I know Iskra was with Sai, but Lira is also, isn't she?... I've missed the promotion but most of all the opportunity to remind them about you, by the way

2:18 PM **Biljana:** I'm seeing some on the seminars for professors. But, good...

2:21 PM **me:** Where are the Sai seminars often taking places?... is your beautiful teacher, about whom you were talking to me, coming too, and I can't remember who is that gorgeous girl that was once close to Vlatko

Biljana: I won't tell you now

2:22 PM **me:** ok, I would have to ask Lira... I thought that gorgeous is Lira, but ok...

Biljana: no, she is not

2:23 PM and it doesn't matter

2:24 PM in fact I just wanted to know whether you are ok... and not three hundred other things... is Bile ok. But I can also write something like that... it's snowing here... and I have to finish the lunch

2:25 PM **me:** ok, I can see you are ok, you sound great and that was important to me when I noticed you were Green... we think about the same thing at the same time

Biljana: I didn't want everything to stay in some greyness and everything to remain stupid

2:26 PM I would be glad if you finally write to me you are ok

2:27 PM One day my godmother told me that it is important for the people to confirm eachother and tell eachother they are busy as a bee... I smiled and told her she was gorgeous... but her husband didn't call me to say bad things to me because of that

2:28 PM Now I'm writing only to relatives and women, it's better

me: Bile is great, and I'm freezing... I'm OK, I'm really stretched on different sides, but now my work is going great since I'm spending more time at home, we are on winter holiday, aren't we

2:29 PM **Biljana:** I'm so gladm give greetings to Bile and be good. I didn't want to break the piece

2:30 PM **me:** I'm writing only with women, what's not good in here I could not know... I'm sending greetings to your godmother and please transfer that to her

2:31 PM **Biljana:** I'm going; I'm in a hurry

me: OK... Greetings

Biljana: greetings

me: Kiss Milance and Bora of course

2:36 PM I want to receive one big letter from you. I'm opening the mail and pray to hear something more from you; I need to know how it is going in fact to hear that you are great.

2:45 PM **me:** I want to know is it going to you with the exhibition in the HOUSE/CELLAR, in fact I want to hear that the high Low will be realised because it is

really beautiful project and IU won't miss to remind you on that from time to time although I take a risk in becoming boring and loosing you the will to write me anything you want, and that will defeat me, my dear.



Here I am, in good condition...but informal...

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
date Tue, Feb 3, 2009 at 3:55 AM

...For two-three days I've been busy composing myself and here I'm almost ready, definitely and now I'm transferring to You-I'm re-reading the e-mails carefully correcting the basic technical mistakes...I must admit that in the fist 10 mails you're great, but you can't underestimate me either-I don't know how I sound in the Chats -most of them that I've arranged were from your side, but after this wonderful pleasure (yesterday I really got in a mood of singing) I don't see any reasons for having sung false.

We've got in a mood for singing quite well, and it's impossible for me to give up this material, even if you get angry as much as you like. Anyway my dear, this beauty is going to end in the Alexndrian Library somewhere next spring and that's why I got down to work among these lines, where that Fly of ours often keeps me company coming from the edges of the monitor and underlining whatever she likes so concentrated as if it was her life, she is self-confident and knows that she will be safe with me. My gorgeous friend can't close her eyes; she stays awoken together with me.

I believe that the numbers that I'm going to tell you will mean something to you, they are sufficient: 267 pages total of text and about 300 of photographs just at my side, from which I'll try to make an appropriate selection of about 30 pages, and from your photographs and some of those from the links you direct me to, there will be another 20, and it begins to weigh in my hands and already gets into my head.

I can retell you about these trembling and hovering over the book to come more explicitly, but it would be good for me to go through few more mails tonight so that I won't be run over by time and rushing around I could make some stupid things.

I do not insist, but if you want to check and correct your material (I can sent it like this definitely arranged), certainly if you like and if it is still possible for you to fill it up with that fantastic material which became missing in a fantastic way on that apocalyptical day on 28.12.2008.

From the whole story going around my mind during this week, appeared some new ideas about how to finish or perhaps build up our textual existence, and they

are a result of points of interest and topics started in the correspondence, and they deserve the thought to be taken again in consideration, but this time as themes for conceptual working resulting in such solutions that we could sign without any hesitation, no matter what kind of form they have, but it would be necessity to be put on A4 format, as we have already talked about such a possibility in one of our chats when we agreed to enter the Silence until 07.01.2009. I'll try to extract and name that general points and work them out seriously, well let's hope that I'll manage to reflect and express myself convincingly, but I'll be happy if you keep me company and come into this exciting game that we can't really predict on which shore it will take us to.

I want to share the following dilemma, all the time I think that the format of the book should be A5 or some B format, such as for example 25 x 19 (in that format is also my orange Book above the covers), because it looks more bookish, and I think I'll publish only 10 copies (in Macedonian and in English), emphasizing the artistically of the Art-multiplication now.

Anyhow, in the Gallery of the Alexandria Library (we are corresponding and it's getting clear that they will open the doors) I Ptolema... will return home and will disassemble on its walls. I like this very much, in Ptolemaic library Ptolema comes back with a book, and please encourage me, you know how glad I am and how much it will mean to me.

I believe that by the end of this week all this that I wrote you will become clearer to me, and 03:50 AM to me is not a clear time anymore, so that I could start looking for somebody to translate it and who won't dip deeper into my pockets.

I say goodbye to you and please write me about yourself, at least about the adventures of probably already melted snow of Novi Sad... I miss you...



Stanko Pavleski

...Two-three days I've been busy composing myself and here I am definitely almost ready...

from Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 date Tue, Feb 3, 2009 at 9:26 AM
 subject Re: Here I me in condition... but informal...

... I don't know what to tell you after all this, I see that you haven't even thought of obeying me in what I was talking to you about and you again mention the deleted letters, they are deleted and they are gone forever.

I definitely don't want anything to throw me somewhere on some coast, I'm in my own deepness and I don't care about any kind of waves anymore. I turned out unbelievably stupid in my own confidence, and you behave towards me as if I was made of iron and as if I didn't have any relation with the things that had happened to me.

When I talked with Boar about what had happened then, it was very unpleasant for both of us, taking into consideration the fact that both of us were so openhearted, but not with intention to feel bad because of that, on the contrary. I didn't want to complain, but it definitely wasn't fair to me.

I was the one to bear the brunt, and you just cut out and make the patterns and you have fun and you talk about the thorny path of art. I have hardly come to my senses; nobody phoned you nether talked to you about who you are. And now finally I know who I am, and I know that first of all I belong to myself and of course to Milan and certainly to Borislav, I wanted to be something nice for others too and also for you, to tell you that you are worth and important in students' lives and for the people you live with, because I want you to feel good just for your own sake, BUT... in return I got a hard stroke and a lesson to learn, I think I don't need anything anymore, now I have everything, I have myself and thanks for the question I and fine.

What about missing you...

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to kljajic.biljana@gmail.com
 date Wed, Feb 4, 2009 at 2:59 AM

... It doesn't upset you at all, what upsets you is just the feeling that I've been treating you as an iron. Great, if it is really so, because then, besides me, it would also excuse that A.Vajda, if it is not so he would have to burn all his films.

Why do you want to make me sad, when you know very well that something nice is happening, something that is special and worth sharing with others and it could be believed that our lives and experience might be important for checking of their own points of view towards human understanding of the different dimensions of living which is given to us as a gift.

I'm reading and re-reading your letter, you know how glad I am when I see you in the Inbox, and you never let me wait for you too long, in this last one that I'm reading now you really make me so sad with your iron and marble sound coming out of your sentences, in spite of the fact that I like Vajda and that Stanko who would like to harden and toughen you. No, no, I don't want to believe that you have wasted the whole warmth, I know you too well to believe that the concentrated fighter falls in unproductive melancholy.

Forgive me, but where, on the way have you lost the woman in yourself, The Big Mother A Fertile Woman.

Here are Bodan and "Leb I Sol" with their "Nedogled" (Infinite) stirring my sadness, but I'm used to living with Sadness as with a good day. Write to me what else makes you sad in order to fight with that intruder who eats you for breakfast, besides me who has disappointed you so deeply, which definitely shows for certain that somewhere I have failed so badly.

You reject me, you don't let me keep you company in the deepness of your inner mirror. Ex Stanko - Traitor Tom, where did you waste all your devoted girlfriend's confidence, I Ptolema and Alo aren't certainly the only guilty ones 27.12 2008, well, they are human and understanding, didn't you advice me so?

I must admit that I had, and I don't know if I could say that I still have, because I nither see them nor listen to them any more, one strong girlfriend who was a little bit like you (sorry for the comparison... the following is just an introduction to my main point) and another extraordinary friend, but I don't want to lose you, not that I wanted to lose them, but they simply disappeared, although I'll

keep them in my heart without the possibility to discuss with them, as in the multitude of exciting and fertile situations in which we were present and from which, unbelievably, but so frequently I become a little bit sick of the dose of seriousness by which we were occupied, but life is not resistant to such beautiful stories, on the contrary, they say what would our life look like?

It is stupid to make conclusions, but I'm going to put it more as a question directed to me/you: Is it possible for a man to have a woman as a friend? This is a too serious question even for me (ha ha ha), but still without hesitation, I think that it is not only possible but in my opinion they are the strongest friendships that I have ever had and they have lasted very long. In spite of the fact that my introduction leads to wrong conclusion in relation to my answer, if this is heard by my Sioran, he will slap me two correctional measures, but also many wise ones would have the similar challenge, and those who are more aggressive would take out a gun while listening to such opinions.

Here, right now the Infinite Ravel that pours down on the radio reminds me that I'm not right when I write to you like this, although he himself is aware that in his repetition of Same he built in the whole turbulent life for which I'm trying to tell you about.

Thank you for all the beauties you are giving me as a present, which approve me and make me special, but please don't refuse my gifts to your particularity, because the things you write to me about are just a temporary shadow, and life is really short in relation to the stars. There isn't space for unpleasantness for which you are telling me about, neither in you nor in my friend by manhood, and Bile has outgrown our sincerity with which she lives and now she is even happier than me, in front of the truth and the strong living that I'm going to capture in the exciting beauty that will find shelter, not anywhere but in the Wonderful Alexandrian Library.

Can't you find anything to make me laugh, and in spite of everything I'm trying to scratch through the thin lines of your sorrow and disappointment in the man who you respect and who you believe in, to make you laugh, because I suppose that nothing has changed and that I'm still the same one that you know from before and not worse than the one he was.

I made an effort to answer you immediately as soon as I read and re-read your letter twice-three times, in order to be at the same level as you and to be on time which I appreciate a lot, but I can hardly manage it at once or at least the same day, instead this checking too much everything through re-reading and delaying the sending in hope that I'll write something exclusive for you, I normally get

into late hours and this becomes a kind of functional rhythm, believing that after 12:00 the possible shadows and pale spots in the content are excluded, as if it was actually noon, not the black darkness is approaching my lucky number 03:00.

And now everything becomes unpredictable. I respect you and love you my dear friend and you can never make an enemy from me...I know that Sai takes care of you, so I can go to bed...

On a pilgrimage?

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Wed, Feb 11, 2009 at 4:21 PM

In one of the mails you mentioned that this month it's possible for you to travel to India on a pilgrimage to your protector Ga, so I think to myself that you are already in front of his gates because I can't see you on Green Planet.

I'm glad that you'll be able to pray for me, too, that I got lost myself a little bit among the lines looking for you, but I have a strong belief and I hope it will enable me to get closer to his Lingam, if I have already lost the chances to conquer Him.

I don't know what I would write to you about me, because you know how strongly I am involved in this since August until now for which I don't want to write, but I want to inform you that I'm well and the Life itself which I'm preoccupied with is already in front of the Gates of Art, although I also know that this writing doesn't touch you any more or it touches you but in a different way not as it touches me, but I believe that from your specific touches something quite Beautiful will come out.

I wish I could have been in front of your Ga so that He might also be mine and I would be able, with the heat to melt the ice in which the rest of the whole Art and the Life Art itself are hidden, and after that I would be able, at least as a change, to test the possibilities of the uncrystallized form of being (I talk about the form and please don't understand me wrong), but of course I'll work on the things which will straighten me in front of your Ga, and enable me to have this experience as my own.

I am thinking of you and I feel fine that somehow I know that you don't need anyone when you are near Ga, Yourself and the Worlds...



To Alexandrian Library

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
date Sat, Feb 14, 2009 at 10:29 PM

Stanko Pavleski.

In my previous addressing to your institution I sent a word about the video project "From the filming of Marcus Garvey..." the documentary video of photo and video session for the photo project "Marcus Garvey & Man Ray Theatre 1913"..., exhibited in New York 2008, which should have been presented on three monitors, but now I'm getting the idea of exhibiting the project "Me Ptolemy & Miss Nothing - Theatre", in fact my intensive e-mail correspondence in a period of few months with Biljana Kljajic, my former student and my first graduate, who now lives in Novi Sad (Vojvodina-Serbia), 500 km, far from me and my Skopje (R.Macedonia).

After her first addressing on 13.08.2008, immediately after finding my e-mail address, a wonderful correspondence started between us as well as conversations which developed intensively until 28.12.2008, but they last until today.

In our intensive correspondence we've pictured our lives during the last 10 years, the period after her graduation, grasping themes from the biographies of our whole lives until present, touching each other besides in art, in very interesting themes from the field of religion, science, education, society, family, male and female letters etc. and all that began to look like completely convincing material in which the life itself became exciting artistic point. From our correspondence came out 300 pages of text and 50 pages of photographs that we have exchanged writing about our work, art initiations, intentions and ideas about our living and experiences.

This opportunity, our project “Projection Balcony 3-Zebra” to be exhibited in the Alexandrian Library, the successor of that ancient and famous one, founded by the Macedonian dynasty Ptolema, stirred me my project to be in glory to the book, with which the intensive correspondence with my Biljana would be finished.

To me, the challenge to enter and exhibit in the famous house of the book is really exciting.

I plan the 350 pages A5 format (total format of the presentation: 9,60M x 1,30M) to be exhibited on the whole wall, subsequently put into six rows available for reading, although the reading itself is not the most important thing, but through the partial reading I think one should feel the serious and exciting human dimension of communication and sharing the pieces of life and experience.

Actually the whole book will be presented on the wall and I plan to publish it in 10 author’s copies, in Macedonian and in English, with which it becomes Art multiplicand, emphasizing the fine arts-artistic dimension of the project...

My dear I’m not your enemy, nither am I unreasonable with my trying attempts our corresponence to get a form of a book and to be exhibited in the way I have it in mind...I’m expecting you to appear...

I want to ask for your oponion, what would be the suitable translation of the title “Theatre Me Ptolemy &Miss Nothing” (be careful about the Macedonian definte article in the word Miss) or about the solvable variant “Theatre Me Ptolemy& His Majesty/Excellency Nothing”, but eventually “Theatre Me Ptolemy& Nothing in Between”.

I believe that you are fine... I think of you and I miss you so, Stanko



Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sun, Feb 15, 2009 at 6:11 PM

5:59 PM **Biljana**: MRS.KLJAJIC AND I'M NOT GLAD ABOUT IT ANY MORE

6:00 PM IT HAS BECOME A CHEAP WEAPON THAT HURT ME! AND YOU ARE DOING YOUR WAY...

6:01 PM EVERYTHING HAS LIMITS AND EQUIVALENT, ONCE I WAS GLAD ABOUT THAT CORRESPONDING, AND NOW IT'S HURTING ME, I SUPPOSE IT'S THE EQUIVALENT OF THAT HAPPINESS

6:02 PM NOW, THANK GOD AND THANK PAIN I'M OK! BUT I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING AND I REMAIN AT MY NOTHING

6:03 PM MY NOTHING IS FULL OF QUIET HAPPINESS AND HAS NO EVIL INTENTIONS.

6:11 PM **Biljana**: I'D RATHER BE WHAT I AM AS A MOTHER AND WOMAN, THAN TO TURN OUT A STUPID WOMAN AS I ONCE DID ALREADY! THANK THAT ART

6:12 PM I DON'T NEED UGLY ART... I STILL BELIEVE THAT ART SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL!!! I AM PROUD OF MRS.

Biljana Kljajic.

Chat with Biljana Kljajic

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 to pavleskis@gmail.com
 date Sun, Feb 15, 2009 at 10:22 PM

9:11 PM **me**: Hello, Ive just come near my computer

9:18 PM...but I've been on since 12:00, in order not to have shadows

9:25 PM... & Miss Nothing is only a metaphore for our beautiful Nothing and you know that, but you again want to see the Nothing as a cathegory of Emptiness,

as if it were lower state of Fullness, so you even offend yourself connecting it to yourself that you are not Miss anymore... Why do you want to hurt yourself

9:28 PM... I know that dimension and the necessity for changing the meanings, but I don't want to believe that You don't want to see it as I know you understand it... and it isn't at all complicated not to understand, is it...?

9:30 PM Obviously at this God's moment you aren't in a mood and ready to realize that the whole art including that singing art treats the 'ugly',too in its own way...

9:33 PM The ugly thing in the art gets an aesthetic dimension, because in fact ugliness doesn't exist, it is just a construction of our imperfect human nature...

9:35 PM I'm very unhappy that you are starting to see an enemy in me, but let me remind you that you can expect only beautiful things from me

9:36 PM... the thing with the book is one of my beautiful things as a gift for you, because you deserve it

9:37 PM... a lot of beautiful things are captured in those pages of ours and believe me I don't know why you reject this beauty as if it were a foreign body

9:41 PM Today I finally finished the re-reading of the text. I enjoyed, twice in all the beautiful things that we've been sharing and I can tell you that it's stupid for us to break off something that is ours and fantastically beautiful

9:49 PM... I still wonder what I have done to hurt you so much that you can't stand even my Green... once I wrote you, now once more I'll remind you that each of us human imperfect beings is responsible for our actions and I really don't want to have any guilt for the fact that Bile has called you and both of you have said the things already told in a friendly manner... if you concentrate just on my attitude towards you you'll realize that from this side of virtuality you have a Big Friend who respects you and loves you in a way friends do it

9:55 PM but I must tell you the following, I feel so terrible to write you about banal things which in fact are the twisted life itself or lemonade to meet the needs of human lower vibrations...because for the higher ones one should scratch deeper in the self... the surface categories of pain or that kind of insinuated unnatural kinds simply can't touch me and I'm not ready to dispute

9:58 PM... I've been a friend with the Pain since ever, actually we're friends since I was born and I've been friendly with deep, enormous pains, not with the scratches on the skin

10:04 PM... it's incredible not to be able to talk with you, especially now that twice, more than twice I have turned over our piece of life shared in the texts and when I see that it's simply beautiful... instead of sharing this happiness of revelation and the projected beauty that obviously is happening, you try, in vain to make me your enemy

10:05 PM I've got silence that I really don't understand

10:07 PM I understand that you might wish to be with yourself in yourself, that I really understand and you can simply tell me just like that, but I don't accept to have the guilt that I'm hurting you, that would be too much even to me, my dear

10:12 PM I believe that you'll appear soon...I'm here, the same person from before the New Year 2009, when you started to create Stanko The Enemy of the Beautiful Art

10:14 PM... if I can't understand something of the things you are writing me believe me that's not my fault, that's the best I can do although I was trying to achieve more, it's not that

10:17 PM you aren't hurting me with your becoming so distant and I'll understand this as your present need for hurting yourself

10:19 PM... impatiently I expect that Biljana K/P one of the several that I know

10:22 PM Please, appear, don't leave me like this aiming only to my writing...
The desert needs Green, too.



Chat with Biljana Kljajic

Biljana Kljajic

9:11 PM me: Hello, I've just come near my computer

9:18 PM ... but I've been on since 12:00 so that there aren't any shadows...

from **Biljana Kljajic** <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>

to Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>

date Mon, Feb 16, 2009 at 9:42 AM

I DON'T AGREE! YOU ARE GUILTY...

JUST LIKE I'M GUILTY THAT BORA UNDERSTOOD YOU QUITE WELL AND THAT I COULD CHAT WITH YOU ALL NIGHT LONG WITHOUT ANY FEAR OR TROUBLE, BECAUSE HE TRUSTED ME AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANY SECRETS, EVEN MORE I EXPLAINED HIM MY NEW CREATIVE WORK, WHICH HAS DISAPPEARED BECAUSE OF YOU AND I CAME IN FRONT OF HIM WITH ALL MY COMPLETENESS AND OF COURSE ART IS BEAUTIFUL, BECAUSE IT IS IN THE TRUTH, BUT NOT IN THE TRUTH WHICH SUITS ONLY US...SO YOU ARE GUILTY THAT YOUR WIFE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ALL THAT AND THAT SHE WAS WORRIED AND IT'S QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE THAT I DON'T WANT TO CHAT WITH YOU ANY MORE AND IT CERTAINLY ISN'T BECAUSE OF YOU, IT'S BECAUSE OF ME AND HER!

WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL AND THEY AREN'T HYPOCRITES. I HOPE THAT ONE DAY I'LL HAVE A DAUGHTER. FRIENDLY OR UNFRIENDLY... I SAY GOODBYE TO YOU!

I'm guilty! I admit!

from **Stanko Pavleski** <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Mon, Feb 16, 2009 at 10:03 PM

I'm guilty and I understand why...

I'm guilty because I see Life as Art, a circle in which everything becomes Beautiful.

I'm guilty because in that Circle I don't use a passport.

I'm guilty because I don't understand you when you're asking me to ruin
 five months of Life.

I'm guilty that I'm going to multiply that Life, closed among the lines of the Book...

I'm guilty because I believe in Your Art.

I'm guilty that we've been burning down on Chat hoping to enter the Guinness...

I'm guilty for the Metaphores, Digressions, Crossroads and Frivolness
 in which you enjoyed.

I'm guilty for the Beauty which Didn't Confirm.

I'm guilty for the last 10 years and the Desires to know more About You.

I'm guilty for the Understanding of my relative by Manhood.

I'm guilty for the Stars that were taking care of you.

I'm guilty for the Green Planet...

I'm guilty for your Greeting although you usually don't greet.

But I'm not guilty that Life is Art

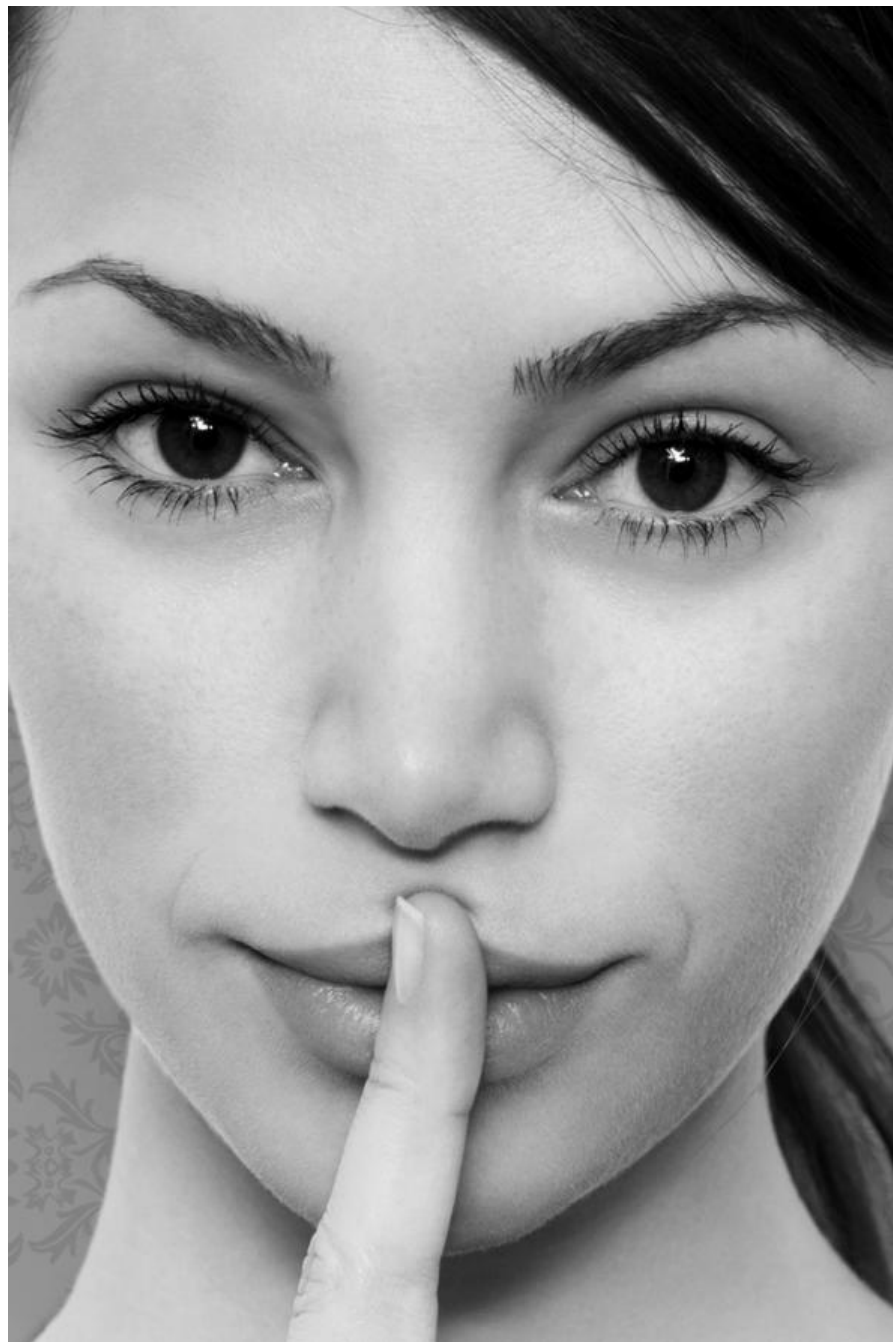
and that I don't want to die old

although the Beauty is open for the Ugliness, too.

Also, I won't be guilty that your little Daughter will be Beautiful after you
 and your Beautiful Art.

Regards from Bile

and I don't send any regards to you.



EPILOGUE

I encouraged myself...

from Stanko Pavleski <pavleskis@gmail.com>
 to Biljana Kljajic <kljajic.biljana@gmail.com>
 date Thu, Mar 26, 2009 at 12:57 PM

Hello my dear,
 I couldn't help it not to share this with you.

Here are my friends with whom I'm checking my artistic insanities...

Real Net Story

The newest project of Stanko Pavleski is constructed of one spontaneous process of real intimacy through an internet correspondence with one of his former student and present artist. Although it began unplanned through an electronic mail, this project is a proof of the possibility of creation in two people through communication on skype lasting several months, chat or e-mail tools. Cruel virginity of that contemplative-sensible exposure through honesty and truthfulness in relational exchange of perspectives, dreams and fantasies, indicates a creation of an act which seeks for new terminological determination. What the definition will be isn't so essential, but the fact of abandonment of the old matrix of projective art and replaced with non-intervene truth: actually artist's substitution with the reality. Of high relevance is the knowledge of the genesis of art beginning with metal possibility of linear or compact form, continuing with textual writings on metal bases actually with letrism and conceptualism on paper and virtual dialogical esthetics on internet culminates in this project.

Sonia Abadziewa
 art historian & art critic

My favorite topic

First of, the teacher is recognizing his true disciple. Then, after the learning of the craft is concluded, the apprentice is leaving and the relation is severed. Eventually, the disciple himself becomes a teacher and struggles to recall things he once failed to heed and learn - the wisdom of his own teacher. Thus, the relation is restored.

In brief, this is the structure wherein the rendition of the most recent narrative by Stanko Pavleski is taking place. It is to do with a contemporary epistolary form, that is, it is about a mail communication of the postponed event or, about communicating occurrences along a thread without actual beginning or ending. The contents of this correspondence is of diverse nature: the exchange of the self-centred monologues is abounding with cynical indifference - which is only another name for the wisdom of a tradecraft and of a lifelong experience; on the other hand, those, admittedly rarely occurring true dialogs among the real collocutors, are constituting the nodes of a knowledge of the discipline and universe. Of course, in Pavleski's text, all of this serves the purpose of a necessary didactic support of the topics which are offered for further elaboration.

Essentially, the topic of this correspondence is the politics of knowledge in art, that is to say, it is about examining the expanses and setting up the boundaries of the artwork. Consequently, the narrative is neither capable of nor required to reach its conclusion. The disciple is unaware of this ... that is, until he himself becomes a teacher.

Bojan Ivanov

art historian & art critic

Centreford

Hello Stane. Do you remember my project from 2004 "Portrait of someone from 1975", performance of reading of someone else's letters set in Veles in the frames of the project Trilogy-Province. In the convenience that art is controlled and auto censored spiritual activity - it was and it is going to be when is coming to projected spirituality, the moment when I found (bought) those intimate letters of totally unknown, in that time young people, I felt a need to put the public in uncensored ambient in a role of "collective voyeur", in shameless picking in someone else's intimacy in endless public reading of hundreds of somebody else's letters and without any permission. It was with an intention of unethical project in which the intimacy wasn't controlled in any way, and the public wasn't warn about the

event, but perversely having fun. In your case intimacy again – public nude, but now by your own choice and in the name as you call it “his majesty the project”. To read someone else’s letters, someone else’s intimacy, as much as it provocative – exciting (little sex, more sense) is surely unethical. But when you propose to me to read it and to give my own opinion in a form of text, it became intimate to me – no – intimate, project that wasn’t meant to be but it happened – projected intimacy - CENTREFORD. Contextualization of your intimacy as some logical continuation of your writing activity reminds me of Sime’s exhibition, when he exhibited flogged pictures from Italy and named them as continuity of his conceptual activity, and he was supported from some of his friends the critics.

Contextualization has more examples of alibi like these Konde, Shijak, Anastasov in the past, and those from today I shouldn’t say their name, because they are in some other social function, because people don’t have neither questions nor answers, they just follow the rhythm in (everything is allowed), of course in grotesque form because the content became unnecessary – irrelevant. There is just moving of the flesh in the sound of the rhythm, sweat mixed with perfume, and joy till pain. Personal dramas and exciting intimacy publicly exposed are folklore form, fundament without foundation I was writing about in “Fluxus in Debar”, about the processes that should flow along its natural reach. Because of that in that same context as a metaphor Serafimovski and Bozinovski and Filipovski and Bashevski and Adzievski and “the little Alexander” and.... Have their own place on the street Macedonia, because every other attempt for time leap is contra productive, impossible as we have already seen and felt.

And at the end, there is something egocentrically crazy in you, strange creative fixation in all this case that I like – pure art absurd. It’s an absurd to print 220 pages of letters in a form of a book, absurd in the number of copies, absurd in its reading and you know that nobody reads artistic literature like this. But don’t expect from them to see their own primitivism. People still break glasses in pubs and their hands bleeding, calling for anarchy of demolish, violation of what is building, calling for another Earthquake in Skopje. What an absurd. But it has its own place in this non-foundation. I don’t know what kind of reactions do you expect from people but I think that they will be in your interest.

Regards,
Tomas (Tome Adzievski)
 sculptor

And I again... please call me.
 Your sincere Ptolemy MKD

Me Ptolemy MKD & The H.E. Nothing

Stanko Pavleski, 2009

The edition is part of the mutual artistic project „Projection Balcoon 3 – Zebra”, realized in Alexandria, Egypt, with the authors T. Adziewski and J. Shumkovski

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