

Artist Body is a photograph of me when I was just 4 years old. At that time I refused to walk and to talk. I was talking like singing. I would say: "Give me a glass of water. . . give me a glass of water. . ." It's a funny coincidence that after I refused to walk, I actually walked the Chinese Wall.

I think for an artist it's very important his background, where he comes from. The more problematic your childhood is, the better artist you get. I don't know if it's true for some artists, but for me it was very true. I had a really difficult childhood and I think that artists always get the most inspiration and their own material from their own history, from the kind of situations they really live in. The private material you take in is very important, but who cares about your private material if you don't transform, twist and make it really universal. So when the artist presents his work, it can actually be a mirror image, so that the public really can reflect in you and find themselves in you.

What's very important about performance is the direct relationship with the public, the direct energy transmission between public and the performer.

First of all: what is the performance? Performance is some kind of mental and physical construction in which an artist steps in, in front of the public. Performance is not a theater piece, is not something that you learn and then act, playing somebody else. It's more like a direct transmission of energy. In my case I could never do private performances, at home, because I don't have a public. I could never really reach the point that I can go over my physical and mental limits privately. There always has to be the public, there always have to be viewers who give me that kind of energy. The more the public, the better the performance gets, the more energy is passing through the space.

In performances – especially in the seventies – it is very important not to rehearse, not to repeat and not to have a predicted end. Everything has to be open. You only have a kind of score, like a concert, like a recipe. The public arrives, you do the piece and the piece can go in many different ways. Accidents can happen, the public can interrupt, things can change, you can reach limits you don't know. All these kinds of unpredictable events become part of the piece and you have to accept them as such.

I come from Montenegro; I was born in Belgrade; I studied in Belgrade all my life. My grandfather was patriarch of the Orthodox church; my father was a national hero; my mother was the director of the Museum of Art in the revolution. My brother was born six years later and he became philosopher. He

wrote his first book when he was aged 12. So he is a kind of genius.

Basically I used to paint. This is how I started, and at one point I was painting lots of clouds. In Yugoslavia there was a group of students who tried to break with the normal tradition and we made an exhibition called "The Little Things." The theme was to bring the object of your life which was not art work but the one which inspires you. So one student brought the door of his studio, as part of the exhibition, because he said that for him it was very important to open the door of his studio when he was entering to work. This was an inspiring thing. Another guy brought just the cover from his bed. He said before he goes to work he always slept, so this was an important thing. Another brought his girlfriend and he said he always made love to her and then went to studio to work, so she was very important. I brought some little peanuts because I was making a lot of paintings with the clouds. I called the peanut *Cloud with its Shadow*. This was one of my first non-painting and object-orientated works, with which I really broke with the tradition at that time in Yugoslavia in the seventies.

In early seventies I made a piece called *Freeing the Horizon* which has some kind of prediction in it, in a very frightening way. . . . In this piece I removed the main buildings in Belgrade, to liberate the horizon. This was a conceptual idea. What happened is that these buildings were bombed, now in this war, and most of them really don't exist any more, many years later. I removed them photographically, released the horizon and made the horizon empty. It is strange that sometimes you make a work which has a prediction. Many times things really happen. Then I started with sound. I've done a lot of works with different sounds. The microphone on the tree with the sound of the birds, sound of the forest. I made a piece called *Airport*. It was made in the student cultural center. People at that time in Yugoslavia did not travel; they didn't have money. It was difficult. There were only three gates in the airport. I made the piece with a microphone. Every five minutes, a very cold, sexy voice would announce this information: "Please, all the passengers from the Yugoslav airplane JAT go immediately to the gate 343. The plane is leaving for Bangkok, Tokyo and Hong Kong." So this was repeating an imaginary trip you could take just mentally, but not physically.

Through sound I arrived at performance. My first performance work was *Rhythm 10*. I had twenty knives, two tape recorders and I took the knife and played this Russian game between the fingers and every time I cut myself I changed the knife and recorded it on the first tape recorder. When I cut myself twenty times I replayed the tape, listened to the sound and repeated again the same game one more time, to cut myself one more time in the same space, to try to put together time past and time present in one, with the mistake.

At that time it was very important to exercise with pain, with blood, with the mental and physical limits of the body. In this piece the sound of the knife stabbing was very important to me. At the end there were the knives, the

blood spots and the tape recorder which played double sounds, from the first and from the second game.

In *Rhythm 5* I made a very big star outdoors, with a hundred liters of petrol soaked in the wooden sawdust, I lit the star and made a ritual called *Rhythm 5*. I burnt the star; I cut my nails, my toenails, all my hair and put them inside the star. Every time the hair fell inside the star, it released a kind of flame and made a rhythm of light. In the end I put myself into the star. The idea was to be inside the star till the star completely burnt down, but actually the fire took all the oxygen and I lost consciousness before I could imagine. Only when my feet started burning and I did not react, did one of the doctors who was in the audience take me out and actually save my life.

I was very angry because I understood there is a physical limit: when you lose consciousness you can't be present, you can't perform. So I started thinking about how I could make the performances, in which I could use the body with and without consciousness, without stopping the performance.

In this situation I created two performances. One is entitled *Rhythm 2* and took place in a museum in Zagreb in 1974. I went to the hospital and took two types of pills. The first drug was for people who are catatonic: when they take one position with their body, like holding an arm up, they can stay in this position even for three years. They can't move, they are always in one position. It's a mental disease. I took the pill in front of the public and because I was not ill I got some kind of epileptic attack in front of the public. I really moved my body uncontrollably and with no muscle control. At the same time my mind was very



IO E MIO PADRE
MY FATHER AND ME
1950

clear. So my mind was there but my body was out of control. After this experience I had a break of ten minutes and I took the second pill. The second pill is given to mentally ill people who are in total depression and are very violent. I took this pill and I was there six hours with a kind of very stupid smile. Physically I was there but mentally I was not. I don't remember anything. The experiment consisted in how to use the body in different ways.

In the second performance, *Rhythm 4* at Galleria Diagramma in Milan I went radically further. I had two spaces. I was performing in one space and the public was separate in another space. They could see me only by a monitor. I had a very strong blower and I was trying to inhale this air as strong as possible. The public saw my face moving. At one point I got so much air in my lungs that actually I lost consciousness and I fell down but my face was still moving and the public was thinking that actually I was performing, but I did not have consciousness for three minutes. The public never saw the reason why my face was moving. I looked like under the water. The idea was how to push the body in that different area.

The piece *Rhythm 0* dates back to the same period in Naples, where I was the object of the performance. Instructions were: "There are seventy-two objects on the table that one can use on me as desired. I'm taking the whole responsibility for six hours. There are objects for pain, objects for pleasure." Duration was from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. There was also the gun with one bullet so there was also the possibility of being killed. The idea was how far you can be vulnerable and how far the public can go and do things with you, on your own body.

The experience was pretty frightening because I was just the object, well dressed, looking the public straight. In the beginning nothing happened. Later on the public started being more and more aggressive and they projected three basic images on me: image of Madonna, image of the mother and image of the whore. It was a very strange situation in Naples: women did very little, were hardly active, but were telling men what to do.

I was really violated: they cut my clothes, they put the thorns of the roses in my stomach, they cut my throat, they drank my blood, one person put the gun in my head and then another one took it away. It was a very intense and aggressive situation. After six hours, at 2 in the morning, I stopped, because this was exactly my decision: six hours. I started walking to the public and everybody run away and never actually confronted with me. The experience I drew from this piece was that in your own performances you can go very far, but if you leave decisions to the public, you can be killed.

Thomas Lips was another very complicated performance. I first drank 1 liter of red wine, I ate 1 kilo of pure honey, then I whipped myself till I didn't have pain any more. I broke the glass, I cut a five-point star on my stomach and in the end I lay on an ice-cross, made of pure ice, for half an hour till the public actually came and took me out of there. The idea was to see how much you can increase

the pain you inflict on yourself and really make your body immune.

In Amsterdam I realized *Role Exchange*. It was the first time I had ever seen prostitutes working in the windows. For me it was something incredible. So I proposed to the gallery to find a woman who was a ten-year professional prostitute, and I was a ten-year professional artist at that time, to exchange roles. I went to her place, in the window, dressed as Marina Abramović, she went as she was, dressed for her own work, into the Gallery and became me in the opening of my own show. It was a very strong experience, more on mental side rather than in the physical one. As I was educated in Yugoslavia, they taught me that being a prostitute is the lowest thing you can be. You have to be somebody; you have to study; you have to learn. So I've become somebody, but then I wanted to put myself in the position of thinking of being nobody, what it means if you are just there to be used. I offered the woman six hours of performance time offering her half of my honorary (at that time it was ~75. -EUR). She said that she could get much more. So she only gave me two hours, and she told me that she did me a favor. I was very afraid of the situation.

What happened is that she actually went to the gallery, also very afraid because she'd never been in that situation. So everybody asked her: "How do you feel?" and she said: "I feel very hot" and took her clothes off. Then they said: "What do you think about art?" She said: "I don't know nothing about art, but I do know everything about fucking."

My situation was that I was sitting there, looking in one point, very fixed, like in a performance manner. There were three clients who came in these two hours: one came and asked for her, another one was drunk, and the third one did not want to pay the price that she had told me I should get.

Then we projected the two films together and she said to me that I would never make money as a prostitute because I'm so bad, I don't really act, I don't make people comfortable, and so on. The idea was really the aggression to your mental state of being in different situations, to try in the performance to see all the different possibilities using the body.

The first piece I made using the video was *Art must be Beautiful, Artist must be Beautiful*. We always think that art is about beauty but art is not just about beauty. I think art has to be disturbing, art has to ask questions, to have a prediction of the future and so on. So this work was a little comment on the idea of beauty, where I tried actually to comb and brush my hair as a very simple gesture, at the same time using metal brush and metal comb and destroy the hair and destroy the face, while repeating "Art must be beautiful, Artist must be beautiful" as a metaphor.

Before leaving Yugoslavia I made three actions: *Freeing the Body*, *Freeing the Voice* and *Freeing the Memory*.

In *Freeing the Body* I moved to the rhythm of African drum for eight hours till I couldn't move any more. My face was covered with a black silk scarf, so only the

body was exposed. The idea was to see how much I could really use the energy of my body till I collapse. Then I realized *Freeing the Voice* where I was screaming till I didn't have a voice any more. The last piece was *Freeing the Memory* where I was looking to the camera and remembering every word in Yugoslavian I could remember, till I was losing my memory completely.

After I left my country, I met Ulay in Amsterdam and it was the biggest love relation in my life. It lasted twelve years, till the walking to the Chinese Wall.

We were born in two different parts of the world. He was born in Germany, with a swastika on his birth certificate, and I was born in Yugoslavia with a red star. We had this very strong emotional relationship. We bought a car from the French police and we moved and lived in this car for five years around Europe, mainly staying in Italy, Sardinia, where we knitted pullovers, milked goats, lived a very country-like life. This was a very important period of my life. It was only about our relationship, our moving and working, making performances. No bills for the apartment, no telephone: it was a very basic situation. Sometimes we also used our car in the performance. No rehearsal, no predicted end and no repetition. Statements were very simple: we actually tried to give the minimum explanation of what we were going to do.

In the beginning of our story, we had a very architectural relationship to the space. Performances were very minimal, we were almost always naked and the pieces were called *Relation in Space*, *Interruption in Space*, *Expansion in Space*, and so on.

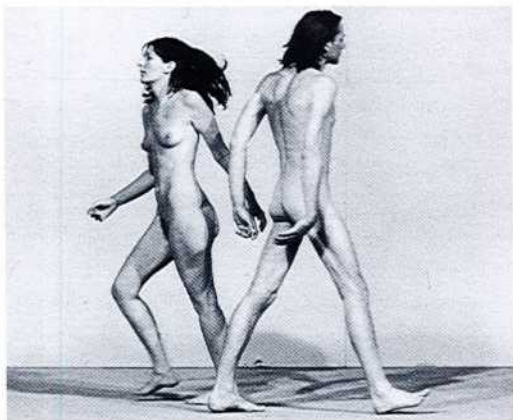
Our first performance, *Relation in Space* took place at the Venice Biennale in 1976: two bodies running for one hour to each other, like two planets, and mixing male and female energy together into a third component we called "that self."

In *Interruption in Space* we ran to each other in different directions and there was always space in between. With our full force, we ran against the wall between us.

Expansion in Space took place at Documenta in Kassel, in 1977: we tried to expand our bodies in the space by moving two large columns of 140 and 150

RELATION IN SPACE
1976
(CON/WITH ULAY)
BIENNALE DI VENEZIA

DRAGON HEADS
1992
MÉDIALE,
DIECHTORHALLEN,
HAMBURG



kilos respectively, twice the weight of our own bodies. The piece was very important because there was an audience of almost one thousand people. It was the first time that we experienced what the energy of the audience means and we went over our limits – physically and mentally. In this piece Ulay left first. I continued for half an hour more, because I didn't notice that he actually left. The piece was about three hours.

Imponderabilia was made at the entrance of a museum in Bologna. The idea was to have the artist as the door of the museum and people had to go through, facing one of us – Ulay or me – and it was filmed with a secret camera. We wanted to be the door of the museum for three hours, but after two hours the police came, all passing and facing me and then asking for our documents which of course we didn't have, then they stopped the performance.

In the piece entitled *Relation in Movement* at the Paris Biennale in 1977, we actually used our car to drive around for sixteen hours and tried to experience a simple circle as a labyrinth. A black liquid (a mixture of oil and gasoline) coming out from the car and onto the marble floor was making a kind of a sculpture. Every time we made a turn I counted in the megaphone: "One circle." The circle represented the year in time. After we made 365 circles, we actually entered into the 21st century. We drove the car all day, all night and we stopped in the morning, at 6 o'clock. The car broke down completely. We stopped and then we were stuck in the car. We asked the Biennale to buy a new motor, but they refused, so we lived in front of the museum for about twenty days, till the City of Paris decided to give us the motor so we could leave: the car was our home at the time.

Relation in Time was also done in Bologna. We sat tied together by our hair sixteen hours without a public, and every hour an image was taken. The idea was to sit in the performance and lose completely our energy. At the end of our energy, the public was invited and we took the energy from the public and sat there one more hour. The total time of this piece was seventeen hours, like a sculpture. This image was used without our permission for L'Oréal advertising of a shampoo in Paris. This was happening to the artists in the seventies: they were used in the advertising and fashion businesses, and so on.

Another important aspect was the time dimension: in that period it was very important to make the performances with a long process. Many things are happening and the space becomes different when it is charged with a lot of energy, and the public is confronted with it when they come in.

One of my favorite performances is *Breathing out/Breathing in* because it's the most minimal one, we only used air, nothing else: we had tampons in our noses, a small microphone in the throat and we could only breath through the mouth, taking in each other's air. In the beginning it is oxygen, then it turns to carbon dioxide. We breathed in this way for seventeen minutes, before we lost consciousness . . . at the same time.

Sometimes we made apparently meaningless actions. There is a text of De Maria, which is important related to a performance we made in 1978, *Work/Relation*, where we just carried stones up and down for two hours: "Meaningless work is potentially the most important art action experience one can undertake today." The shortest performance we've ever made lasted four minutes. It is called *Rest Energy*. An arrow points to my heart, a recorder recorded our hearts beating: in our relational work, this was actually the most dangerous piece we made.

In the eighties everybody started painting and performance was gone. Ulay and I decided to go to deserts. In the Gobi, the Australian desert, the Sahara, the Thai deserts, we were confronted with the nature: a very rough, physical experience. We lived one year in the Australian desert meeting with Aborigines; we met Tibetans in Tibet and India, and with that kind of material we actually came back with a completely new body of the work.

In one of the pieces we even took the Aborigine man – who was the highest-degree medicine man – and the Tibetan Lama, and put them in a very important performance for us called *Conjunction* (1983). Now it is very fashionable to speak about global culture, everybody is global and we are all mixing with everybody: Korean art, Chinese and so on. We were the first ones in 1983 to actually invite an Aborigine and a Tibetan to face each other. These two people and these two kinds of civilizations had never met before.

John Cage, who was also my great teacher, wrote: "If my work is accepted, I must move to the point where it is not." That's the very crucial thing. If our work is accepted, we artists just start to repeat ourselves, because it is the easy way. But then you have to move to another area, where it is not accepted.

There's a series of Polaroids we made in the eighties. The Polaroid was very interesting for us, because it was instant; performance is instant, the video is instant, and Polaroid was instant. We used to make Polaroids with a large camera in Boston where you could get this enormous image in one minute – life-size, 2.20 m – and the camera is a room with the two people inside.

Then came the idea of *Nightsea Crossing*. It came after the desert, after having lived in Australia. It was a very simple structure: the two of us, sitting at a table, without eating or talking, around the world. The piece lasted for five years. It's like a living image. Sometimes we had objects on the table, sometimes nothing. Another work in this direction is *Nightsea Crossing Conjunction*, where we had the Aborigine medicine man, the Tibetan Lama and the two of us, sitting four days, seven hours a day. Why seven hours? Because every museum around the world is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Fixed time. People couldn't see the performance either ending or starting: they just saw the image itself. The table was covered with pure gold.

After *Nightsea Crossing*, after living in the deserts and being in Australia, we actually got the idea to walk the Great Wall in China. It took us about eight years to

get the permission from the Chinese Government because we had to pass twelve different provinces forbidden to foreigners. During those eight years our relationship became a real problem. So we stopped performing and instead of performances, we created two vases – which are the size of our own bodies – and called them *Die Mond, der Sonne/The Sun and the Moon*. One vase reflects the light, the other one absorbs it. Soon after this we got permission and went to the Great Wall to walk. That walk became a complete personal drama. Ulay started from the Gobi desert and I from the Yellow Sea. After each of us walked 2500 km, we met in the middle and said good-bye.

The wall was mostly broken down. Only the part in Beijing was reconstructed. It was just always climbing the mountains, a very hard job.

In the first moment of our meeting, in one split of second, Ulay held my fingers in his hand. In that very moment, I felt togetherness again, the kind of feelings we once had for each other returned. Somehow this finger contact brought back a feeling for a moment – a very short one, an intense feeling of peace and beauty. I'm so glad that we didn't give up this walk. We needed a certain form of ending, after this huge distance walking towards each other. It is very human. It is in a way more dramatic, more like a film ending... Because in the end you are really alone, whatever you do.

At the time I was forty and till then, for the previous twelve years, I had done all my works together with Ulay, so I was in a very difficult position. I didn't have the man I loved and at the same time I didn't have my work, because all work was always signed together. It was like a total void in my professional career. I didn't know how to get out of it; I didn't know how to find a way and what to do.

The only thing I had was the performance and I decided that I was going to stage my life in a theater form. Until then I had hated everything about the theater: its darkness, its artificiality. I was thinking that I needed distance, and the theater was the best possible situation for me. I loved opera, I loved Maria Callas. I loved just anything about her, her over-the-top kind of image.

I created a theater piece called *Biography*, where I played my own life from the beginning till the end, including the performances, all in short abstracts. I created this part relating to Ulay. It was very interesting because at the same time Ulay was in the audience. It was mixture between reality and performance. Until that time I never played with glamour, fashion or anything like this. That was a change in my life. I started to like fashion, glamour, I started to like a different image of myself:

Bye-bye extremes,
Bye-bye purity,
Bye-bye togetherness,
Bye-bye intensity,

Bye-bye jealousy,
Bye-bye structure,
Bye-bye Tibetans,
Bye-bye danger,
Bye-bye unhappiness,
Bye-bye tears,
Bye-bye solitude,
Bye-bye Ulay.

After we said goodbye on the Great Wall I made two collapsed vases, like our two hearts. One reflects light, the other absorbs it – like the first ones – and I called them *The Lovers*. That's the end of the story with Ulay.

What happened then? The first time, walking the Great Wall, the public was not there. So I decided to make something called *Transitory Objects*, in order to actually give the experience of the public using materials like the Korean virgins' hair, pigs blood, crystals, etc. I was really working with pure material.

The second side of my work is called *Public Body*, where the public is performing. I was thinking that it is not just enough that I'm performing and the public is a kind of voyeur, passive, somewhere in the dark, looking at me. The public has to take this historical step and really become one with the object and get much more life-experience for themselves. You know, nobody will ever be changed just by reading a book. People get changed only by their own experience. It's only the personal experience which really matters.

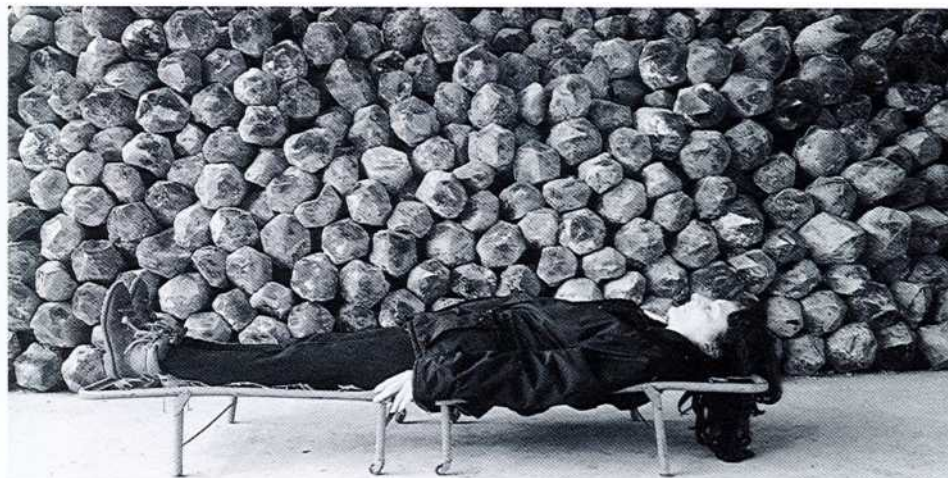
I went to Brazil and stayed with the Brazilian miners for a long time. I extracted minerals, jades, hematite, sodalite, crystals, stones, magnets and so on. I made this kind of sculpture with the proposition of the public to perform.

Shoes for Departure are made of pure amethyst and weigh 70 kilos, so you can't walk. People in the public should take their shoes off, wear the amethyst shoes, close their eyes, not move and depart. The proposition is the mental – not the physical – departure.

Then I realized crystal cinemas. We look at television; I proposed looking at the crystal cinema.

Another series is called *Black Dragon*: there are three pillows positioned on the head, heart and sex. The public is asked to face the wall and place the body on these kinds of pillows and wait till energy is transmitted.

My proposition is to use them in everyday life. The idea is that these objects are transitory, they are not sculptures. I just use them to trigger experience. Once experience is triggered, the objects can be removed. At the same time I'd like to ritualize daily life. Before you take your espresso coffee at home, you go and put your head, stomach and your sex on the pillow, get your energy and then go on in your daily life.



WAITING FOR AN
IDEA, 1991
SOLEDADE, BRAZIL

I made also a series entitled *Waiting for an Idea*. I went to the mines full of crystals – inside and outside – and waited for an idea. I want the idea to come to me. It's not that I'm looking for an idea. The idea has to come as a vision, as a 3-D image. *Mirror for Departure* comes from the idea that our last mirror that we face when we die is the earth. The work consists in several circles of clay, where the public press their heads inside and in this way make the image.

Transitory Objects can be for human use, and for non-human use for spirits. If I make something visible for something invisible, then the invisible becomes visible. Among the objects for non-human use are a crystal brush to clean the spirit and a crystal broom.

In my works I refer very much to the idea of cleaning the body.

I made a piece entitled *Cleaning the Mirror I*. It's a five-monitor piece in which I clean a skeleton, as if it were our own ultimate mirror. In *Cleaning the Mirror II* there is a skeleton on top of my body and while I'm breathing, it is breathing too and becomes a living thing. *Cleaning the Mirror III* is about objects with a ritual, mystic nature, ethnological objects from the Pitt Rivers Museum in Oxford. I got permission just to keep my hands over these power objects, to see what kind of energy they transmit. There were objects like a mummified ibis from 2500 B.C., objects found in the Egyptian sarcophagi, and other different things.

Everything we see today is so fast, we are always running from one place to another. I made a work against this condition, *In Between*, which could be seen only by signing a contract. If the public wanted to see the piece, they had to sign that they would not leave the space for forty minutes. In the work I was exploring the body as a landscape.

Spirit House was made in a slaughter-house in Portugal. I closed the main entrance and just wrote "The Spirit House" in front of it. I made different video

installations inside different spaces where animals are waiting all night to be killed. The public had to use the animal entrance. I created five images dealing with five different aspects of one person, of one woman, In *Spirit House* we had everything at the same time: tango, the whipping, the crystals and the lost soul projections.

For about three or four years I used snakes very often, working with different types of boa constrictors and pythons. Snakes can follow the energy of the planet, wherever you put them. In *Dragon Heads* I put a snake on my face, in order to see which kind of energy line it could follow on my body.

One of my favorite pieces has a very domestic title, *The Onion*. I'm eating a large onion complaining about my life. The sky is blue, I have red lips – which you did not do in the seventies, because you were not supposed to wear make up. The idea is really to take something very simple, like an onion. When you take the onion, you peel it, like life. My complaint is: "I'm tired of changing plane so often, waiting in the waiting rooms, bus stations, train stations, airports. I want to go away. Somewhere so far that I'm unreachable, by telephone or fax. I want to get old, really, really old, so that nothing matters any more. I want to understand and see clearly what is behind all of us. I want not to want anymore."

In the installation *Balkan Baroque* there are my father and my mother and myself with three personalities: a doctor, a sexy dancer and a performer. Before I made this piece, I went to Yugoslavia and made the interview with my mother, my father and a man who as a profession had caught rats for thirty-five years of his life. He told me this story: it is very difficult to catch rats and they have the Balkan way to make the wolf-rat from the rat. You have to catch thirty to forty rats from the same family – only males. Mostly the male rats don't kill each other. They never kill rats from their same family. You put them in the cage and give



DREAM HOUSE, 2000
ECHIGO-TSUMARI,
JAPAN

them only water to drink. The point is that rats have teeth growing all they time and if they don't eat or drink something, the teeth will suffocate them. The rat-catcher continues to give them water, their teeth start growing and the rats are to eat the weakest one of the group in the cage, and then another weak one, and another, till only one rat is left – the strongest and the best one. Now the timing is very important: the rat-catcher observes the rat, still giving it water. The teeth are growing and when only half an hour is left before the rat suffocates, the rat catcher opens the cage, takes a knife, takes the rat's eyes out of his head and lets him free. Now the rat is blind, completely mad, he's facing his own death, he runs to rat holes of his own family and kills everybody on his way till of course a stronger and better rat would find it and finally kill it. In *Balkan Baroque* I created the image of the doctor telling the wolf-rat story.

Balkan Baroque is a work about contradictions: a contradiction of a nation having a position as bridge between the east and the west, between eastern and western time. There is extreme tenderness and extreme cruelty at the same time.

I am deeply interested in cultural relations. In 1998, for instance, I made a piece called *Expiring Body* with three projections. The idea was to make this expiring body with a brain – like in the western civilization, always thinking; then the body (African) and the feet (Sri Lanka people walking in the fire) to create this body-object. Now I'm also trying to make the female one, then there will be these two giant bodies, a mix of different culture projections.

I would like to close again with my life, the flux of events that talk about future bringing up the past. *Biography*, the theater play, begins with dogs eating the past and I'm hanging up with snakes:

- 1946: Born in Belgrade. Mother and father partisans
- 1948: I refuse to walk
- 1949: Talking like singing: give me a glass of water
- 1950: Fear of dark
- 1951: I've seen father sleeping with a pistol
- 1952: Birth of my brother
- 1953: First jealousy attack
- 1954: Start to love green and blue
- 1955: Mother buying washing machine
- 1956: Violent fights between mother and father
- 1957: Dream of jumping out of the window, drinking vodka,
sleeping in the snow, first kiss
- 1965: Father gives me a pistol . . . games with knives.

This is my life and my art.

