

BIBLIOTEKA
MUZEJA
SUSJEDSTVA
TREŠNJEVKA





ANA
KUZMANIĆ

LUKA
BEKAVAC

Divlji rast
Wild Growth



**Herbarij: Stellaria
media, srednja ili obična
mišjakinja, crijevac**
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije Saniboga Žugića
iz šezdesetih godina
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Stellaria
media, chickweed*
MST virtual collection:
photo by Saniboj Žugić
from the '60s
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



FLORA OF NEVADA, U.S.A.

Stellaria media (L.) Cyrill.

WASHOE CO., Reno, Idewild Park along
the Truckee River, W of Booth Street and
N of Idewild Drive, T19N, R19E, S10.
4520 ft.

Plants locally common in and about the

rose garden.

9 Jul 2001.

Arnold Tiehm 13679

CARYOPHYLLACEAE

US
105



Najduža igra

Luka Bekavac

Sve važno počinje poslije radnog vremena. Stvari možda ne postaju nešto posve drugo; možda se samo razotkrivaju (ali nikome posebnom), jasnije profiliraju izvan dosega naših pogleda i ruku, mimo namjena i tumačenja koje smo im natovarili. “Četiri sata poslijepodne”: to zapravo ne treba shvatiti kao termin, određeni *trenutak*; to je više nešto kao *terminus* – posljednja točka, *granica*, zadnja stanica (barem za nas)? “Dođi u četiri sata poslijepodne.” Dakle, to je nekakvo *mjesto* na kojem bismo se trebali naći, a ne vrijeme.

To je otprilike ono što mi je telefonom rekao kolega iz Inspektorata, manje kao da dogovara odlazak na izložbu ili kavu, a više kao da proriče budućnost: isprva na ulici neće biti ničega, onda će ti se činiti da je to prazan izlog, nad njim će pisati “BOJE I LAKOVI” ili “DROGERIJA” ili nešto slično, ali to nije to, to će biti nešto drugo. “U četiri sata poslijepodne.”



FLORA OF IDAHO

398205

Blaine Co., Idaho, USA

Achillea millefolium L. ssp. lanulosa (Nutt.) Piper

Bear trap Cave/Wapi Park Jct., n. of Bear Trap Cave; CMNN..
.4772 ft.

42°59'16"N, 113°21'01"W; Burned sagebrush area & along a
dirt road; sandy-clay soil.

Rose-colored phase.

N.D. Atwood

28752

05-Jul-2002

Stanley L. Welsh Herbarium
Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

Divlji rast. “Čekaj, pa već si pisao o toj izložbi...” Da, inspektor je u pravu (iako ga ne mogu zamisliti kako čita *Teraformiranje kvarta*), ali možda je *Divlji rast* nešto drugačije od *Divljeg rasta*.

Herbarij: Achillea
millefolium, hajdučka
trava, stolisnik
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije dječje igre u
dvorištu u Dobojskoj
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

Herbarium:
Achillea millefolium,
common yarrow
MST virtual collection:
photo of children
playing in a courtyard
in Dobojska Street
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

Što točno znači kad se nešto pojavi *drugi put*? Kad se događa *opet*, kad se ukaže *još jednom*, “isto kao prošli put”, samo godinu dana kasnije, na nekom drugom mjestu, možda *kod tebe*, u susjedstvu, umjesto na ekranu?

Iz starih bilježnica: “1. Stvar koja se ponavlja nikada ne dolazi kao ista, makar bila formalno identična: sam čin ponovnog javljanja pretvara stvar u nešto drugo. Sve zauzima samo jednu točku u prostorvremenu; dakle, ovo mora biti nešto sasvim novo, nešto što uopće ne poznaješ, samo ti se priviđa kao ‘isto’. 2. Ona možda ‘dolazi ponovno’, ali ‘po prvi put’. 3. Manifestacija stvari kao ‘iste’, ali u drugoj poziciji, retroaktivno dohvaća i preispisuje i ‘prvo pojavlјivanje’: postaje upitno što ima prioritet, što je ‘sama stvar’, što je odraz, duplikat ili repriza čega. Znači, ‘premijera’ odjednom više nije inauguracija; ona je reverzni echo *kasnijeg pojavlјivanja*, nešto što je bilo samo *vardøger*, pred-viđenje onoga što je zapravo tek sada ovdje.”

To je cesta na kojoj vječno pada kiša, iako nije uvihek vlažna: ovo može biti i čađa, pepeo, ugljen, prašina, grafitni prah; crni i sivi filteri navlače se na nebo svakoga poslijepodneva, i nitko ne zna što su, što točno donose nad ovo vječno gradilište. *Oblaci bez vode*: pod njihovom sjenom sve puca po finim šavovima, sve se rastvara u sve drugo u tom sivom kontinuumu – tijela i strojevi, biljke i ljudi, natpisi na zidovima i mrlje vlage na fasadama. Ta slitina stvari, međutim, ne teče glatko, ne poznaje nijanse, ne koristi crossfade: samo oštiri rezovi, sudar metala, urušavanje zidova, drobljenje stakla, sirene automobila, glasovi kao prijetnje ili kao izazovi.

Nitko normalan ne bi pomislio da se u toj ulici može živjeti, njome se jedva može hodati: svi pričaju samo o neredu, kaosu, propasti, divljoj gradnji, urbanističkom kolapsu. Jedan pogled i sve je jasno: ovo doista izgleda kao ratna zona. A opet, svaki put kad sam tamo, taj osjećaj, nemam pojma otkud: ovdje je dobro, nešto se događa, još nije gotovo, *počelo je*.

Na prvi pogled – ali prvi pogled vara – imam dojam da već poznajem ove materijale: evokativne fotografije Trešnjevke, uglavnom iz drugoga dijela prošloga stoljeća, uglavnom privatne (ili barem meni tako izgledaju), u međuigri s arhivom Njujorškog botaničkog vrta, samoniklim vrstama pronađenim na praznim zagrebačkim parcelama.

Divlji rast Ane Kuzmanić, kao online izložba Muzeja susjedstva Trešnjevka, predstavio je krajem 2021. godine 23 kolaža (uz jedan koji je igrao ulogu “naslovnice”) na kojima su biljke u boji, izolirane bijelim *passe-partoutom* što prati njihove oblike, bile postavljene na crno-bijele fotografije kao pozadinu. Osim u rijetkim slučajevima gdje je to diktirala kompozicija, fotografije nisu dalje rezane: cjelovitost tijela svake jedinke u pravilu je bila očuvana. Bile su priložene i karte parcela uz prugu te Kranjčevićevu i Adžijinu ulicu gdje su biljke pronađene, no iako to naizgled sužava broj vrsta koje bi se uključile u seriju, barem polovica evidentiranih na kraju nije ni izložena; skup je ostao otvoren. Tada mi se činilo da je “smisao” tih montaža uvelike definiran čvrsto postavljenim odnosom planova: to je funkcionalo kao estetski izbor (pasivniji crno-bijeli *fond* za akcente boje u prednjem planu), ali i politička ili “ontološka” opservacija (jedan je svijet nestao i sada tvori maglovit, beživotan supstrat za nekontroliran rast nečega drugog, tvrdokornijeg i invazivnijeg). Te je prizore prožimao duboko melankoličan, ponekad i pomalo jeziv ton, no ipak sam imao dojam da svjedočim *otvorenoj prići*: to nisu jedini teritoriji, postoje i drugačije situacije, dostupne su cijele mreže podataka kojima se mogu kretati dalje (svakoj je jedinki bila pridružena natuknica s imenima na latinskom i hrvatskom, kratak opis, a zatim i nekoliko linkova kojima se alteritet bilja pacificirao, a distopiska slika korova kao ključnog neprijatelja rastvarala u ljudskim samorazarajućim procesima borbe za dominaciju, znanje, kapital itd.).

Što se onda točno promijenilo u *Divljem rastu* koji je izložen godinu dana nakon prvoga, ovoga puta “uživo” (Nova BAZA)?

U popratnom tekstu uz *online* izložbu Ana Kutleša napisala je: “Ana Kuzmanić biljke, sprešane i sasušene, preusmjerava iz daljnje botaničke obrade i vraća na Trešnjevku, u fragmente kvartovskih sjećanja, kako bi ondje dobile novi život i dalje rasle prema završnoj fazi projekta u 2022.” Potpuno sam pogrešno shvatio prezent te rečenice: mislio sam da se odnosi na izložbu koja je bila pred nama, a radilo se o budućnosti, onome što će tek uslijediti. Nisam znao protumačiti neke mutne nagovještaje – “novi život”, “završna faza projekta” – i još uvijek ne znam označavaju li ono što se sredinom godine promijenilo *na terenu*, ili izložbu u Novoj BAZI koja je to naknadno evidentirala i prikazala.

Povratak na Trešnjevku, u strogi fokus, nije se, dakle, dogodio tada; on se događa *sada*.

Na pustim parcelama, uz pruge i ceste, ruševine, rijeke i potoke, kanale i jarke, na krovovima i derutnim pročeljima, u praznim skladištima, na zatvorenim kolodvorima, parkiralištima i gradilištima, ispod oguljenih površina za plakatiranje, u kutovima razbijenih izloga, u napuštenim trgovinama, na sjenovitim pozicijama, ponekad tik uz tlo. To uglavnom počinje na takvim mjestima.

Herbarij: Achillea
millefolium, hajdučka
trava, stolisnik
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
serija negativa iz
Fotoarchive B. Balića
– Elektronski računski
centar
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžiji, lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: *Achillea
millefolium*, common
yarrow
MST virtual collection:
series of photo negatives
from the Photoarchive
of B. Balić – Electronic
Computing Center
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžija
Street, June 2022



NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN

4

Achillea millefolium var. *lanulosa* (Nutt.) Piper

U.S.A., IDAHO, BINGHAM COUNTY: Cranes Flat Road, 1.9 km (1.2 mi) east of the Bone Road (Four Corners), 31 km (19.5 mi) distance west-northwest of Wayan; 43°06'24"N, 111°42'19"W; T4S R41E S6 (nw corner); 1980 m (6495 ft) elevation.

Common among sagebrush.
Noel H. Holmgren 14989
Patricia K. Holmgren

1 July 2003

Što je novo u tom *drugom putu*?

Za početak, svi kolaži: nema “repriza” iz ciklusa koji je još uvijek dostupan *online*. Već bi to bilo sasvim dovoljno: stari koncept funkcionira sjajno, rado bih video još desetke ili stotine radova iz iste serije (Trešnjevka sasvim sigurno nudi dovoljno korova za njih).

Međutim, promijenjen je i koncept, počevši od samih kolaža: dogodila se inverzija prednjeg i stražnjeg plana. Sada je podloga svakoga rada cjelovita jedinica iz herbarija, bijeli papir i prešana biljka na njemu, ponegdje s ručno ispisanim ili printanom kataloškom karticom i detaljnim podacima, ponegdje samo s romboidnim pečatom “New York Botanical Garden”. Fotografije Trešnjevke dolaze u prednji plan, ali podvrgnute radikalnom segmentiranju: one više nisu samorazumljiv kontekst, povijesni ambijent u kojem se vegetacija javlja kao bizaran, zazoran, invazivan ili bajkovit faktor. Još su uvijek čitljive, ali značajno pomaknute prema apstrakciji, čistoj liniji i plohi, svjetlu i sjeni: slobodni elementi za stvaranje dinamičnih kompozicija, podvrgnuti zakonitostima cjeline. Tek sada to postaju “*fragmenti kvartovskih sjećanja*”: onaj “film u kojemu smo živjeli” ovdje je pukao i doslovno.

Priča je presječena.

Na prvi pogled, ni teren ni biljka više nemaju svoju cjelovitost, nitko ne dominira ovim kolažima. Aroma tragedije se mijenja, nešto se zaoštrava, vremenska se distanca smanjuje. Prije nego što uopće shvatim što je točno na isjećenoj fotografiji – npr. obitelj Vidmar prelomljena ostacima konopljuše, izgradnja Društvenog doma Prečko izmiješana s indijskom jagodom, izgradnja Papagajki prekinuta lanilistom – pomislim: “to je moj život”, to je bio moj život, jer je tijelo prepoznalo tu teksturu, to zrno, te intenzitete boje (dominantnije nego u prvom postavu). Nisam bio тамо, ali sjećam se svega: dvorišta zarasla u korov; zidovi od čadave cigle;

zапуšтена igrališta; duboke sjene vlažnih podruma; neon i aluminij lokalnih birtija; zidine tvornica; tuđa tijela (ljudi i životinje) u igri, radu, borbi, počinku; blatne rijeke kao komunalni prostori; otvoreni prozori tuđih stanova; lepet opranog rublja na zajedničkim krovnim terasama; prazne parcele kao egzotična, tužna prerija; novogradnje kao pogrešne slike, *loše vijesti*. Sve to mogu napipati na sebi, kao tkiva koja su ostala prepletena sa mnom, makar danas bila odsutna ili mrtva: još uvijek žive tu negdje, *u tragovima*, u sjećanju tijela na taj periodni sustav koji smo dijelili.

Onda dolazi korak unatrag: "Ne, u redu je, to nisam bio ja, to se događalo nekome drugom" (moje uspomene, moje lokacije, moji ljudi još su uvijek – u toj sekundi retrakcije – na sigurnom, negdje u meni, dok se ne sjetim što se tek dogodilo s njima), i onda konačno stabiliziranje u završnoj poziciji, zaključku koji je još jasniji u ovom fizičkom *Divljem rastu*: "Ne, sve je povezano; sve što postoji pluta u istom kontinuumu; dakle, to su učinili i meni: to su učinili *nama*."

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Ali tu je još nešto, nešto drugo: nešto novo što očito djeluje na te biljke i ljude, naizgled bezlično, *neutralno*, lako za previdjeti, negdje između svih tih elemenata (sada puno mobilnih, gotovo *spektakularnih* u odnosu na prvu seriju); nešto što se uporno javlja i ponavlja, naizgled kao “jedno te isto”, usred svake slike, kao njen prikriveni centar.

Herbarij: Ailanthus
altissima, obični pajasen
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije Zvonimira
Vebera (izgradnja
tramvajske pruge)
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Ailanthus
altissima, tree of heaven
or varnish tree
MST virtual collection:
photo by Zvonimir
Veber (construction
of tram tracks)
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022*

Među osamnaest izloženih kolaža tu je mnogo zvijezda prvog postava (lijeska, krasolika, stolisnik), ponekad u istim parovima s ljudima (ambrozija i Marija Božić, bršljan i djeca u Kučerinoj ulici), ali i niz novih pojava: poljski slak, rosopas, iglica, konopljuša, dizalica, lanilist, mišjakinja, jagušac, neki otprije poznati s onih izleta uz prugu. Ponavljanja nema, raznolikost je ključna stvar, sve se javlja samo jednom, svaki put drugačije, a organizacijski kriterij na prvi pogled opet nalikuje katalogu bilja koje se simbolički ili kompozicijski vezuje uz određen trešnjevački prizor – ali više ne kao pozadinu. Kako je već rečeno, *Divlji rast* u Novoj BAZI zbiva se *sad*; na ovim su kolažima elementi u pokretu, promatramo taj proces u prezentu, dojam je bliži seriji eksplozija koje se upravo događaju, a ne “počivanju u miru” nekakvog ambijenta, situacije, minulog stanja.

Ali nešto ne štima, nešto smeta čak i tom posljednjem cirkuliranju elemenata; kao da se nešto prikriva među njima, nešto *profitira* tim prikrivanjem?

Vraćam se i provjeravam: slika me, naravno, nadigrala. Prva, brzopleta analiza prikrila je ono što tu “visi u zraku”, na svakom kolažu, kao najmanje izrazit element, gotovo nevidljiv, *skriven među lišćem*, poput mrtvog tijela.

To je centar prizora, središte *svakog* kolaža, jedini element koji nije izložen intervencijama, nova konstanta u međuigri kulturnih i neljudskih arhivskih materijala: niz crno-bijelih dokumentarnih fotografija, srednji sloj između isječenih fotografija Trešnjevke i arhivskog suhog bilja.

U postavu u Novoj BAZI nekome drugom to ne bi promaklo ni na prvi pogled. Sada bez onih dopunskih informacija o biljkama iz herbarija, pored golih imena jedinki te kratkih deesignacija elemenata iz virtualnog fundusa MST-a, u legendi uz svaki kolaž, ubitačno repetitivna, nalik kartonu svezanom za nečiji nožni prst, stoji rečenica:

“krčenje terena na zemljištu nekadašnje svilane u Adžijinoj, lipanj 2022.”

Kraljevska tvornica svile (Hönigsberg & Deutsch, 1892.), građena otprilike paralelno s Palačom Schlesinger; zatim niz uspona i padova, zajedno s fluktuacijama tržišta, pomorima svilaca, globalnim procesima izumiranja jednog tipa industrije, sve do propasti i povrataku u drugim funkcijama: aeroklub, depo za kazališne kulise, centar za remont taksija, skvot i *skate* park, ispresijecano slučajnim i podmetnutim požarima da bi se sasvim upropastilo, postalo prostor beskućnika, smetlište, a sada?

NE PARKIRAJ
ULAZ U
GRADILIŠTE

Herbarij: Ambrosia
artemisiifolia, ambrozija,
partizanka
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
portret Marije Božić na
balkonu
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Ambrosia
artemisiifolia,
common ragweed
MST virtual collection:
portrait of Marija Božić
on the balcony
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022*



REPORT ANY REIDENTIFICATION OF THIS VOUCHER
TO THE INSTITUTE OF ECONOMIC BOTANY, NY

Ambrosia artemisiifolia L.
det. J. R. Nelson 1995

USA, South Carolina, Richland County, Columbia, W side of S Main St 1 block N of Whaley St, 33°59'N, 81°02'W, 73m., Assoc w/ *Solidago*, *Helenium*, *Morus*, *Richardia*. Open weedy waste ground.

Herbs to 1.5m; foliage dark green; just blooming.

N.V.: Ragweed [English].

John B. Nelson 16883

September 3, 1995

Fieldwork supported by Pfizer, Inc.
Voucher for pharmaceutical screening

Zašto *Divlji rast*, sada kada je *ovdje*, smješten na određenu fizičku lokaciju, ne kao virtualni katalog, nego kao niz nijemih konkretnih slučajeva, ostavlja toliko drugačiji dojam?

Listam *Teraformiranje kvarta*, pokušavam se sjetiti zašto sam mislio da je to “zimska priča”; sada mi izgleda kao ljetna razglednica, blijeda od sunca i prašine, dok je ovo mrtva točka. Sada je stvarno gotovo. Novi *Divlji rast* podnosi izvještaj: to je *kraj projekta*, i teško se nositi s tim. Kako prestići tijek stvari koji prolazi i kroz nas, tvori i nas? Iskočiti iz pozicije u kojoj uvijek i jedino *naknadno utvrđujemo* počinjenu štetu?

Ja ne znam plivati s tom strujom, presjeći drugome put još dok je u krivulji udarca. Ja sam trom detektiv, umoran, nesposoban i rastresen: kao u jantaru, vidim sve ove procese mutno, toliko usporene da ih gotovo i ne primjećujem kao zbivanje, pa mi se uvijek čini da je ishod došao nekako prenaglo, “odjednom”. I sama je istraga već kristalizirana, zamrznuta, *terminirana*. 11. lipnja 2022. sada je daleko. Gledam ga kao dio arhiva: on više nije tu, pripada žanru *dogodilo se na današnji dan*; slike govore: *tad je počelo*, ili – još gore – *tad je završilo*.

Središnja pozicija: nešto kao tampon-zona, blokada ili opstrukcija, zaustavljanje svega, *stabilizacija* (sive kontacije), nešto što prijeći interakciju, koči život, mrtvo tlo koje sada leži među ostalim kolažiranim elementima kao konačna stvar, svršen čin, “rezultat” (nema nazad?).

Izlog Nove BAZE – promatran iznutra – prekriven je riječima kao legendom koja objašnjava ono što obuhvaća: *autohtono* (poteklo s područja u kojemu je ostalo, prilagođeno životu u njemu), *strano* (dospjelo izvana, možda i nehotično, u vječnim problemima adaptacije), *invazivno* (ono što nadjačava druge, nanoseći štetu cijelom sustavu). To posljednje (koje uvijek i želi biti posljednje, ostati posljednje) jest ono što krči sve pred sobom: ultimativni korov koji više nema veze s biljem, samo s novcem.

Jednom kad se sve promijeni, našom ili njihovom rukom, prvo će propasti najjači, najbolje prilagođeni, oni kojima ovaj svijet pripada, jer tog svijeta više neće biti. Adaptacija je dvosjekli mač: ono što se savršeno saživjelo s ambijentom nestat će zajedno s njim; svijetom što dolazi vladat će oni koji odudaraju, oni što imaju “karakteristiku viška” (nitko ne zna koju), dragocjenu anomaliju; ona će prevladati tek u novim, nepredvidljivim okolnostima, ali je danas nebitna, nevidljiva, možda i otegotna. Potencijalno fatalna za sve strane. Neprilagođenost: jedini zalog budućnosti?

To mi prolazi kroz glavu dok buljim u sliku invazije koju taj *okvir galerije* obuhvaća: gradilište s druge strane Nove ceste; skele i sirovi beton; metalne oplate i ograde; armature, grede i kabeli; poderani najlon koji vijori na vjetru i kiši; sve u mraku, napušteno i prazno.

“Ja gledam to lice već trideset godina.”

Cold case, to sam napisao prije godinu dana, ali krivo sam posložio igrače, počinitelje, žrtve; izigrali su me. Večeras i to bilje izgleda poraženo, pregaženo: kao u stvarnim povijesnim scenarijima, nasjeo sam na priču o vječitoj borbi *nas i njih*, a tu je cijelo vrijeme zapravo bio netko treći, netko tko se nikada nije pojavio, iza paravana. On sada podvlači crtlu, kao *veliki meštar*, i priča je doista gotova; propustio sam nešto što mi je bilo pred nosom.

Gnjavim inspektora tom improvizacijom, kao da se ispričavam za prvi tekst. On nije impresioniran, samo sliježe ramenima. "To ti je tako. Nekad ti se čini da je sve gotovo, da se ništa ne događa, samo zato što sve to nikad nije ni počelo i nikada neće završiti. Istraga je permanentno otvorena."

Herbarij: *Chelidonium majus*, rosopas
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije tvornice
Ericsson Nikola Tesla
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: *Chelidonium majus*, greater celandine
MST virtual collection:
photos of the Ericsson
Nikola Tesla factory
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



PLANTS OF SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY
AND VICINITY

Name *Chelidonium majus* L.

Common Name Greater Celandine

Locality Seelye's Notch, Watchung Reservation

Collector, James Kezer

Date 5/5/36

Proizvodni pogon planskom devastacijom doveden do čiste horizontale (već tisuću puta viđeno u tih posljednjih trideset godina): kao radom nekog gospodarskog ISIS-a, pretvoren je u “ne-mjesto”, prazan *međuprostor* koji više ne može biti žarište tvorbe identiteta ili povijesti. *Ground zero*. Sravnjen sa zemljom, vraćen geometriji, preobražen u *kvadrate*, dakle potpuno oslobođen u svojoj funkcionalnosti. (Stara, naivna predodžba: “funkcionalno” je ono *korisno, praktično, namjensko*; no ultimativna djelotvornost potpuno je apstraktna: to je kapacitet nečega da bude monetizirano, pretvoreno u iznos, prodano.)

Otpuštenima ulaz zabranjen: transsupstancijacija u tijeku.

“Kakva mrtva priroda?... Ovo uopće nisu kolaži. Daj pogledaj malo bolje.” Inspektor mi pokazuje montažu sasušenog pajasena i izgradnje tramvajske pruge, ispre-sijecanu oštrim, sivo-bijelim horizontalama, poput niza betonskih stepenica ili napuštenog gradilišta. “To je portret.” Ništa mi nije jasno; on se kiselo ceri, sada upire prstom na neka posebno tvrda i hladna mjesta: “Vidi... Ta njuška, te oči, kosa... Ne prepoznaješ ga?”

Neki razgovori izgledaju poput ispita, ali osjećaj da padate nema konačnu točku: to traje sve dok inkvizitora ne uhvati dosada. Tek kasnije, kad se rastanem od inspektora, sjetim se otkud znam rečenicu koju mi je izrecitirao (“plohe njegovog lica ne sklapaju se jasno: čekaju razrješenje u nekoj drugoj dimenziji”); listam *The Atrocity Exhibition*, zatim i *The Soft Machine*, i pitam se kako se mora osjećati pravi detektiv ako tako vidi svijet: počinitelj ti je tu, nadohvat ruke, samo geometrijski, prostorno, vremenski rastrojen. Sustav je podešen tako da ti prikazuje fantome, lažne mamce, “prazne prostore”; ali ako ih prorežeš, ako ih izmiješaš, ako pustiš slučaj da radi na njima, procurit će budućnost, otvorit će se prolaz.

To su prastare teorije (on je *starogardejac*), ali u Komori još uvijek rade po njima: kaos je jedini izlaz, strukturni otpor hegemoniji “stvarnosnog studija”; slučaj ne generira besmisao: naprotiv, razotkriva skriveni poredak. Dakle, postoji strategija probijanja osiguravača tog sustava; program se može hakirati, možda čak doslovno *škarama*. Kao Ballardovi avatari pred vojnim poligonima, praznim bazenima i napuštenim avionskim pistama, oni u našim lokalnim interferencijama novca, arhitekture i pejzaža vide neka sasvim konkretna lica (uostalom, poznata svima). Ruševine koje ostavljaju za sobom stvarno jesu njihovi kolažni “portreti”, ali večeras sam loše volje, sve mi to izgleda kao zatvoren krug: prazni prostori urušavaju se kako bi razotkrili njihova lica; njihova se lica dekomponiraju i transformiraju kako bi se pretvorila u prazne prostore.

Dakle, ipak *umjetnost* kolaža – da, naravno; ali ovo nekaško ne prestaje, iz sjećanja mi i dalje uporno izranjaju neki stari pamfleti Komore: kolaž kao “projekcija” (na nekoga/nešto? ili kao proricanje budućnosti?), kolaž kao “magijsko” prepletanje, asimiliranje, prisvajanje (destruktivno spajanje s drugim?), kolaž kao *kletva* (*hex* na nečiji teritorij, ime, imovinu?).

To je zapravo naivno, beskonačno povjerenje u moć montaže. Isti slučaj sa zvukom: tvrdili su da snimka “mijenja smjer” onomu što snima, poput magnetske zavojnice (u vremenu ili prostoru? ne znam); da se spajanjem vlastitog *soundtracka* s nekom lokacijom može potpuno promijeniti njezin karakter, od “atmosfere” do graniča tektonskog poremećaja; da su uređaji za snimanje i montažu zapravo oružja za proizvodnju ili uništenje svjetova; da je šum Apsolut, zrno koje već sadrži sve moguće prošlosti i budućnosti. Pretjerivanje? Večeras se, desetljećima kasnije, sve to čini poput hrpe smiješnih, pomalo otužnih, požutjelih gluposti. Ali opet, jesam li baš sasvim siguran u to? Ne.

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Sve to, međutim, kolaži i legende, leži između dviju linija u izložbenom prostoru: dugih bijelih vrpci, poput filmova, uskih rola tapete nalijepljenih duž zidova, *lenti vremena* kojima nedostaje kronometarska dimenzija.

Ono što je na njima, isprva izgleda kao studija pokreta (skučen prostor mojih asocijacija: Muybridge? Balla? *motion trail* efekt?) izvedena čistim, jednostavnim linijama, ali ne kako bi se jasnije definiralo samo tijelo, element koji se – iz iste perspektive – gusto reproducira u nizu neznatno različitih položaja, nego kako bi se dočarala *razlika* između susjednih pozicija, dakle *proces*. Dolje, uz dotrajale parkete zamrljane bojama i napukle *terrazzo* pločice, to čini ljudska silueta u hodu, spuštanju u čučanj (padu?), ustajanju, pa nastavku hoda, kao na zatvorenoj petlji. Visoko iznad, ali sinkronizirano, kao u zajedničkoj koreografiji (iako je nejasno tko prati koga), red stabljika (ne prepoznam biljku) uprizoruje sličan val uspona i padova, pokreta koji prestaju samo kontingenčnim faktorom ruba zida.

Proces se doima važnijim od figure; ona je nužna samo kao materijal na kojem će se očitovati zbivanje (makar i cirkularno), grafički indeks nečega manje jasnog, teže opipljivog: *promjene*.

Herbarij: Duchesnea
indica, indijska jagoda
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije Zvonimira
Vebera (izgradnja
Društvenog doma Prečko)
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Duchesnea
indica, mock strawberry
or Indian strawberry
MST virtual collection:
photos by Zvonimir Veber
(construction of Prečko
Community House)
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022*

Iz stare bilježnice: "sredina može značiti i nešto drugo – klizište svih ontologija, mjesto na kojemu su identiteti, forme, pozicije moći najmanje čvrste i fiksne; pojas najdalji od obala, interval u kojemu *stvari ubrzavaju*; međufaza, mjesto permanentne *neriješenosti*: bez jasne svrhe, *u prolazu*; dakle, stvarni prostor borbe."

Što je taj dvokanalni “crtani film” *Divljem rastu?*

Prva pretpostavka: element namjerno postavljen kao “nešto što ćemo previdjeti”? Dok zurim u sadržaj vitrina kao u niz ekshumiranih tijela, ta prozračna, krhka konstrukcija, postavljena na vertikalne rubove vidnog polja, tehnički i estetski toliko odudara od kolaža da bi se moglo pomisliti kako to i nije dio istog rada, ove izložbe, nego ostatak nečega nepoznatog, nešto što me se “ne tiče”.

Ili nešto drugo? Ksenografija, namjerno nečitljiva inskripcija, nerazaznatljiva kao “poruka” iz standardne promatračke pozicije? Možda “ukras”, ornamentalni *pas* izloženim radovima, dakle vizualni porub, opšiv, *ram*, okvir? Klasična mi je definicija već pomalo mutna. “Ono što ne pripada iznutra u predodžbu, nije njezin neizostavni dio, nego je tu izvana, kao dodatak, da pojača sviđanje...”, tako nekako.

Je li takav element, nešto što titra na samim rubovima eksponata poput pokvarene neonske cijevi, *ontičke varke*, dio djela ili nije? Je li to uopće *stvarna* stvar, nešto opipljivo, ili stroga i apstraktna kategorija, sličnija pojmovima ili geometrijskim crtežima? Lekcija kaže da se “pojačavanje sviđanja” zbiva samo *formom*, predodžbom u kojoj je sadržaj zanemariv; ovaj film treba dakle doživjeti kao nešto nefigurativno (to je gotovo neizbjegno, sve dok mu se sasvim ne primaknete), treba uživati u “slobodnoj ljepoti” šnure tih spiralnih šara i odjeka. Stara bilježnica kaže da “crteži à la grecque, lišće za obrube ili papirnate tapete po sebi ne znače ništa” i samo su utoliko lijepi: dok ništa ne znače i ništa ne predstavljaju (ili dok je *nebitno* da nešto znače ili predstavljaju).

Dakle, upravo u trenutku kad shvatim da je to lišće, da su to ljudi, da je to samo *pseudogeometrijski* uzorak, to odjednom postaje nešto drugo, nešto što u ovoj prostoriji više ne može biti samo “dekorativno”. Stvar za koju je bilo sumnjivo “očito” da nema veze s ovim trešnjevačkim policijskim *dossierom* (“ne tiče nas se”) mogla bi sasvim lako biti i najvažnija stvar.

0 cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Biljke igraju najdužu igru: njihov je rad ultimativni puzajući državni udar, no stvarna im je meta zapravo nešto puno šire, dublje uraslo u teritorij od bilo kakvih formalno-pravnih subjekata. Vegetacija: nešto što vuče korijenje iz vremena davno prije tvornica i ima posve drugačiju perspektivu na pojам nasljeda. Stvarna živa baština.

Herbarij: *Corylus avellana*,
lijeska
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
inventar kabineta kemije
i likovnih umjetnosti
IX. gimnazije
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Corylus
avellana, common hazel
MST virtual collection:
inventory of the chemistry
and arts cabinets in the
IX. Gymnasium
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022*

Inspektor gleda u pod, pa u strop, pa opet u pod, pa u strop, zapravo u te procesualne crteže izvan domašaja. "Vidiš, tako ti radimo i mi. Sedam puta padneš, osam puta ustaneš."

Mi smo kompost: ono što će preživjeti. Jedno tijelo, jedan teritorij: mreža, mnoštvo, nešto nedefinirano. Solidarni (s biljem), ali je li nešto drugo ikad i bilo opcija? Borba nije pitanje izbora ako je tvoje tijelo teritorij te borbe; borba će se nastaviti mimo bilo čije odluke i odgovornosti: to je ono što jesmo, s onu stranu opreke živog i neživog, umjetnog i prirodnog, ako nas uopće ima i ako će nas još biti.

Problem je samo u razumijevanju “života”. Stare bilježnice, zbrkane natuknice: “život kao otvoreni projekt / privremeno boravište / ‘naviknuti se’ na život / ‘prihvatići’ život / ‘raditi’ na životu / život = u prolazu / nitko *nema* život”; to i par imena – Deleuze, Haraway, Bennett, Braidotti, Barad – pomaže u prebolijevanju sloboma iluzije ljudskog prioriteta. Sve je oduvijek bilo samo paralelna teritorijalizacija i deteritorijalizacija, fluktuacija između glatkih i izbrazdanih prostora, ontološki heterogeno polje bez jasnog središnjeg agensa, fokusa, *svrhe*. *Što se pretvara u što? Tko je invazivna pojava na čijem terenu?* Stara pitanja, okovana uz koncept svijeta kao linearog, ireverzibilnog, strogo planiranog projekta. Kad bi postajanje stvarno smijenilo identitet kao okvir mišljenja, ne bi trebalo ni objašnjavati tu drugu definiciju života kao zajedničkog i neograničenog horizonta. *Haecceitas:* to nije pozadinska “scenografija” za naš povjesni nastup; nikada nismo bili ništa osim umrežene komponente tog ambijenta, zajedno s česticama prašine, strojevima, životinjama, idejama, smetlištima i tvornicama, živim i suhim biljem, svjetлом i nedefiniranim ishodima. “Živjeti” valjda znači jednostavno, usprkos svemu, opstati na tom kolektivnom mjestu nevolje.

“Još par minuta.”

Sve se to već događa. Kao i uvijek, prolaz je bio tamo, ali nisam ga video u Novoj BAZI; vidim ga tek sad, dok na ekranu promatram kolaže u različitim stupnjevima povećanja i korigiram one površne prve dojmove (“sredina” kao konkluzija svih procesa, podvlačenje crte, nešto što je izmaklo radu korova).

Sredina je, naime, već polupropusna, sravnjena je zemlja poluprozirna: crno-bijele fotografije ostataka rušenja svilane premrežene su linijama utvarnih boja, kao da se bilje s neke druge razine polako probija kroz “konačan rezultat” i nastavlja svoj rad. Taj *bleed* između vizualnih razina nije dakle uvjetovan samo likovnim kriterijima: jedna scena prodire u drugu, granice popuštaju, zatvorena parcela otvara se vanjskim procesima, nešto se mijenja. I to je kolaž svoje vrste, samo više ne nastaje ravnim i čistim rezovima: jedan svijet polagano asimilira drugi, instalira se u drugi, sablasti bilja iz herbarija ulaze natrag na svoj teritorij, ali osmozom prije negoli interpolacijom. Sredina je možda baš to: mjesto gdje je membrana najtanja, *medij* koji najlakše propušta druge kroz sebe; za razliku od drugih ukopanih pozicija ove priče, žalosnih konstanti naše situacije, otvoreno polje?

Divlji rast u Novoj BAZI obuhvaća, dakle, i vitrine s kolažima, i lente s crtežima, i izlog: suptilno i skromno, možda podmuklo, radi na repozicioniranju promatrača, skriva vlastiti okvir, premješta me dok mislim da uopće nisam ovdje, da sam na sigurnom, da analiziram sve ovo i žvrljam bilješke za tekst iz neke općenite točke gledišta.

Dok gledam van na Novu cestu, izvanjsko i unutarnje se invertiraju, ali ne samo jednom. Prvo mislim da sam u klasičnom položaju promatrača, odvojen od objekta oipljivom stijenkom. Zatim me izlog pretvara u eksponat: ja sam pod stakлом (ego i njegove paranoične varke: pala je noć, netko se izvana naviruje u galeriju, pokazuje me nekome drugom; onda shvatim da su zapravo prepoznali inspektora: zovu nekoga telefonom, nervozni, no njemu je svejedno). Gotovo odmah zatim postaje jasno ono treće: koimplikacija tog izvanjskog i unutarnjeg. Sada je sve otvoreni teren: stojimo pred izlogom, vani, u Novoj BAZI; gledamo Trešnjevku koja je unutra, pod stakлом, skupa s tim didaktičkim legendama; učimo čitati rad koji se zbiva tamo, na ulici, u zatvorenom prostoru svijeta. Sklop se naočigled oblikuje pred nama: rub ili okvir postaje neorientabilna ploha; preostaje nam samo da gledamo kako prividna, načelna, teorijska odvojenost od onoga “s druge strane” nestaje, zajedno s našom pozicijom “pasivnih promatrača”.

Herbarij: *Convolvulus arvensis*, poljski slak
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografija radnika
Tesla i TEŽ-a
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: Convolvulus arvensis, field bindweed
MST virtual collection:
photo of Tesla
and TEŽ workers
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



PLANTS OF THE VICINITY OF NEW YORK
DISTRIBUTED BY THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN
COLLECTED BY MEMBERS OF ITS STAFF

8105 *Convolvulus japonicus* Thunb.

On railroad embankment, Plainfield,
Union Co., N.J.
Corolla white
H.N. Moldenke, July 25, 1934

: 66 : otvaraj vatru :

Na izlasku iz Nove BAZE, bez pozdrava, inspektor naglo kreće prema sjeveru; nije mi jasno kamo ide. "Pa na gradilište", odgovori, kao na najgluplje pitanje na svijetu. Iz jakne, poput oružja, oprezno izvuče nekakav aparat: u mraku Nove ceste ne vidim detalje, ali izgleda otprilike kao prepravljen diktafon. "Znaš onu poslovicu: čekaj da neprijatelj povuče prvi potez, ali onda povuci prvi." To je, valjda, nekakvo opskurno objašnjenje, ali umoran sam, strpljenje za njegove zagonetke već je pomalo izvjetrilo, sutra je *radni dan*. On me gleda, čita moj izmožden izraz lica, odlučuje se na konačan ustupak. "Čuj, mi *oduvijek* imamo sve: imena, adresu, brojeve računa, sve... Ali samo budale misle da se čeka nekakav *pravi trenutak* da se udari. Nema pravog trenutka. To uopće nije pitanje vremena. Ne *kada*, nego *gdje*, kužiš. U četiri sata poslijepodne."

Mnogo kasnije, na putu prema posljednjem tramvaju, pažnja mi luta, pokušavam se snaći u krajoliku koji se čini nekako izmijenjenim (kiša je stala, mahnito puše vjetar), tumačim kojekakve gluposti oko sebe kao znamenja – rumeno lišće u letu i brojeve na registarskim pločicama, osvijetljene prozore i minute do dolaska dvanaestice, znakove u zvijezdama i šifre na izgaženim stranicama jučerašnjih novina – ali sve se čini potencijalno važnim, dakle sve je mogući lapsus interpretacije, tračak nade i razlog za odustajanje; sve će se to vrlo brzo zaboraviti, detalji će se stopiti jedni s drugima i na kraju nestati.

Sve, možda, osim dviju stvari: slučajnih amblema te večeri koji iz nekog razloga ustrajavaju u privremenoj memoriji. Na jednoj banderi blizu Tratinske spazio sam naljepnicu koja je pod žutim svjetлом izgledala gotovo kao tetovaža, bez ikakvih drugih podataka: "LC23". (Netko mi je kasnije rekao da to, naravno, nije "Lotta Continua 2023", nego nekakva talijanska marka odjeće.) Drugu stvar, ne znam zašto, vidim kao neonski natpis, nešto što bi sjajno ležalo na filmskom plakatu iz pedesetih; ni sada mi se ne gasi pred očima, iako je zapravo bilo našarano crnim sprejem, gotovo nečitljivim potezima na blijedom zidu jedne novogradnje, samo par koraka od Nove BAZE:

Živjeće ovaj korov.

Herbarij: Erigeron annuus,
jednogodišnja krasolika
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije Samoborčeka
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: *Erigeron annuus*, annual fleabane
or daisy fleabane
MST virtual collection:
photos of Samoborček
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HERBARIUM
69655
WELLESLEY COLLEGE



Wellesley College
Herbarium (WELC)
Donated to NY in 1988

HERBARIUM OF HENRY J. RUST
No. 100 FLORA OF IDAHO
NAME *Erigeron annuus* (Pursh)
LOCALITY Cornell Ave 7-1912
dry Soil City limits

Šalabahteri, stare bilježnice

AUGÉ, Marc. *Nemjesta: uvod u moguću antropologiju supermoderniteta*. Karlovac: Naklada Društva arhitekata, građevinarstva i geodeta, 2001. Čitati uz Ballarda. **BALLA, Giacomo**. Jedan od najvažnijih umjetnika talijanskog futurizma. Ovdje manje zanimljiv kao indikator degeneracije u akademizam i fašizam: uveden zbog studija pokreta (*Ragazza che corre sul balcone*, 1912.), analitičke reprezentacije vremena i njegove paralelne demontaže u plohe i prostore. **BALLARD, J.G.** Književni klasik urbane devastacije, na potezu od apokaliptičkih klimatskih fikcija 1960-ih (*The Wind from Nowhere*, *The Drowned World*, *The Burning World*), preko simulakrumskog realizma seksa i nasilja 1970-ih (*Crash*, *High-Rise*), sve do memoarskih ali podjednako ruinističkih djela (*Empire of the Sun*, 1984.). *The Atrocity Exhibition* (1970.) predstavlja ključnu skretnicu cijelog opusa: serija sistemski fragmentiranih “kondenziranih romana”, himna kolažu kao tehnici političkog otpora. Kreativno je istraživao

slične procese i u plakatnom *Projektu za novi roman* (1958.), u reklamama za časopis *Ambit* (1967.–1971.) itd. **BARAD, Karen.** *Meeting the Universe Halfway: Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning*. Durham: Duke University Press, 2007. Program za preživljavanje. **BENNETT, Jane.** *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things*. Durham: Duke University Press, 2010. Program za preživljavanje. **BRAIDOTTI, Rosi.** *The Posthuman*. Cambridge: Polity Press, 2013. Program za preživljavanje. **BURROUGHS, William S.** Uveo *cut-up* i *fold-in* procese u popularnu kulturu; pokušao njima revitalizirati i pri povjednu prozu, no višestruke revizije “trilogije” 1960-ih (*The Soft Machine*, *The Ticket That Exploded*, *Nova Express*) u smjeru konvencionalnije naracije ukazuju na to da se te tehnike “prirodnije” manifestiraju u drugim formatima: kratkim, u strogom smislu eksperimentalnim tekstovima rasutim po moru efemernih publikacija, samizdata, fanzina, mrtvih časopisa – na periferiji civilizacije tiska (uključujući i neke druge grafije: *Nothing Here Now But the Recordings*, 1981.). Vidjeti i *The Third Mind* (s Brionom Gysinom, 1978.). **DELEUZE, Gilles i GUATTARI, Félix.** *Tisuću platoa. Kapitalizam i shizofrenija 2*. Zagreb: Sandorf, 2013. Program za preživljavanje. **DERRIDA, Jacques.** *Istina u slikarstvu*. Sarajevo: Svjetlost, 1988. Vidjeti posebno “Parergon”, o Kantovoj *Kritici rasudne snage* i problemu nepostojanosti okvira. **HARAWAY, Donna J.** *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*. Durham & London: Duke University Press, 2016. Program za preživljavanje. **LC.** Lotta Continua, organizacija i publikacija; jedno od ključnih aktivističkih čvorišta talijanske izvanparlamentarne ljevice 1970-ih. **MUYBRIDGE, Eadweard.** Dospio u *Divlji rast* zbog “kronofotografija” iz 1880-ih, studija pokreta koje predstavljaju važan korak prema filmskom mediju, no koje se iz obrnute perspektive mogu doimati i poput dekronologiziranja, rastrojavanja tijeka

vremena u prostorne konfiguracije: presijecanja iluzije linearnosti koja prikriva neke statične sisteme. Ballard kameru – u njezinu kolažnom potencijalu – opisuje kao *assassination weapon*; Étienne-Jules Marey, Muybridgeov suvremenik, konstruirat će “kronofotografsku pušku”.

TERAFORMIRANJE KVARTA. Tekst Luke Bekavca o prvoj, internetskoj varijaciji *Divljen rasta* Ane Kuzmanić. Izložba je dostupna online od prosinca 2021. na stranici Muzeja susjedstva Trešnjevka: <https://www.muzejsusjedstvatresnjevka.org/program/izmedu-betona-biljke-tresnjevackih-praznih-parcela>. Tekst je objavljen na portalu Kulturpunkt 1. ožujka 2022.: <https://kulturpunkt.hr/tema/teraformiranje-kvarta/>.

Korpopromet d.o.o.
P.P. 2320/23c
35201 Crni Potok

Ministarstvo prostornoga uređenja, graditeljstva i države imovine
Ulica Republike Austrije 14
10000 Zagreb

Gradski ured za prostorno uredjenje i graditeljstvo
Prvi područni odsjek (Trešnjevka)
Trg Francuske Republike 15
10000 Zagreb

EV: Zagreb, 13. veljače 2023.

NL: 45.14.46↑18.04.12→ [AECR:ffhd8792:iafv9296:kj32:hg34:sa90:io99] ≈ ERT 12/94/81

Predmet: **UPUTA O POSTUPKU**

po predmetu Inf. 22: 303252-55M-08NF, ERT 72/94/81 od 11. lipnja 2022. (ev)

Poštovani,

u kapacitetu lateralnih pravnih sljednika Solvent GmbH (m. 1993ev) za gore-navedene NL koordinate, stavljamo na znanje, redom:

- da je – prema netom presretnutom izvješću PUz (preslika u prilogu) – M. K. (47) napokon u karanteni (indikacija: CAUTER), nominalno priveden zbog interferencija s procedurom prema važećem Zakonu o građevinskoj inspekciji, čl. 33. (Narodne novine 153/2013), a prema prijavi nadležnih komunalno-redarstvenih tijela;
- da je M. K. zatečen *in situ* na "katastarskoj čestici 303252-55M-08" (!);
- da je istom prilikom zaplijenjeno oružje (H4n); nakon dekontaminacije, prema prvom izvidu, arhivirane samo ambijentalne snimke ("prazni dokumenti"???) bez montaže, dakle upitno je hoćete li moći dokazati kršenje AEZR.22.311 konvencija, ali još je u toku pregled memorijskih kartica i diskova zaplijenjenih na kućnoj adresi (Kosirnikova 125c) i radnom mjestu u Inspektoratu (VAŽNO: paravane podigli D. P. i V. N. – brojevi računa u Kartoteci – honorirati prema standardnoj tarifi vašeg biotopa);
- da se već u prvom iskazu M. K. pokazalo kako važan vektorski moment koji je doveo do kompromitiranja paravana za našu parcelu ("303252-55M-08") vodi upravo preko kote 66, na što smo vas već više puta upozoravali;
- da je sada nepobitno kako je mrežna dijagrafma iza NL projekcije Parcele inicijalno popustila još u prosincu 2021. (ev), a da se lanac od 23 "digitalne kletve" koje ste nam prijavili zapravo nalazi u kapilarnoj regiji spleta Xie.C22/252/27-22.m23/4kc2/5wo.235 neo46.fe4.or57:i68:on8:xsn77/iu.po (= "www.muzejsusjedstvatrešnjevka.org"), dakle i opet u neposrednom dosegu kote 66;
- da je taj poremećaj, kao i niz naknadnih incidenata koji su doveli do uhićenja M. K., bio javno obilježen sintagmom "DIVLJI RAST" koju ste previdjeli ili ignorirali;
- da je nakon navedenog lapsusa paravana subjekt "BLOK" (MB: 01595113, OIB: 21741449778) simulirao i fizičko postavljanje "izložbe" *Divlji rast* u realne koordinate, i to upravo na koti 66 ("Nova cesta 66", "Zagreb");

- da se to se dogodilo u čak u dva navrata: od 25. studenog do 20. prosinca 2022., te 1. i 2. veljače 2023.; kompletna objavljena fotodokumentacija tih "izložbi", uključujući večer otvaranja, nepobitno je certificirana kao falsifikat;
- da je dne. 11. veljače 2023. (ev) protiv niza osoba koje dovodimo u vezu s tim infrakcijama (A. Kuzmanić, A. Kutleša, V. Vuković, D. Kučinac, M. Blažević, L. Bekavac, I. Hanaček, B. Gregov, R. Bratović, N. Bačun, Z. Đukić, E. Kelemen, H. Živčić, N. Zidić et al.) pokrenut preliminarni postupak; naš odvjetnički ured trenutno klasificira različite tipove neovlaštenog zadržavanja na "303252-55M-08" (fizičkoj adresi u Adžijinoj ali i NL projekciji), prema dokaznom materijalu arhiviranom uoči i nakon 2022VI11ev, kako bi se utvrdilo je li nam oportuniji skupni pristup ili je individualno pravno gonjenje;
- da je na koti 66 upravo aktiviran h3x kod za deložaciju (po izravnom nalogu HP, ∞).

Nadalje: prediktori trenutno pokazuju kako će "Muzej susjedstva Trešnjevka" (= "BLOK") objaviti zasebnu monografiju kao "katalog izložbe". Time opet dopuštate nastavak legitimiranja jednog falsifikata, no ključni je problem ovo: u knjizi će se, prema metafilamentima čitljivima iz trenutne analize tkiva s Parcele, s vjerojatnošću od čak 88.42% naći neki od naših internih dokumenata vezanih uz 303252-55M-08. Apsolutno je presudno da se objavljanje tog (ili bilo kojeg ekvivalentno kategoriziranog) dokumenta sprječi, odnosno da se – u slučaju lapsusa cenzure – cjelokupna naklada zaplijeni. PU brods./ps. već je pripremila okvirni akt kojim bi se takav potez pravdao putem čl. 325. Kaznenog zakona (sprečavanje javnog poticanja na nasilje i mržnju). Postoji, međutim, i alternativna strategija koju zagovara dio centralnog ureda u Crnom Potoku: produktivnije je dopustiti tisak (ako je moguće, usmjeriti proizvodnju prema čvoru "KVESIĆ" itd.), a zatim putem metafilamenta nastaviti nadzor nad svim primjercima, distribucijskim kanalima, svim vlasnicima i korisnicima knjiga,

Slijedom navedenoga, kako bismo pravovremeno pripremili nadzornu mrežu, presudno je da hitno prisvojite sljedeće objekte i materijale s kote 66:

- 15 g prašine gornje strane rasvjjetnih tijela (neonskih cijevi) u južnoj prostoriji;
- 0.8 g izolacijske ovojnica električnog kabela iznad gornje utičnice na krajnjoj desnoj strani istočnog zida;
- 20 g uzorka tla ispod dašćice parketa u krajnjem jugozapadnom kutu prostorije;
- 20 g uzorka terrazzo pločice (lokacija nevažna);
- ljsku boje (koherencija uzorka nije bitna, laboratoriju u CP dovoljna je i prašina) s radijatora pod južnim prozorom;
- ljsku boje (koherencija: vidi gore) s desnog ruba ulaznih vrata.

Optimalan interval za infrakciju: 2023V10ev 23:47:11 – 2023V11ev 05:12:08. Kontakt iz PUz neće moći konstuirati formalni otvor do tog prozora; dakle, morate organizirati reklamaciju materijala standardnim protokolom. Važno je da sve izgleda kao nasumičan vandalizam ("provala"): svakako radi dezorientacije otuditi sav novac, računalnu opremu, druge vrijednosti koje se nalaze na koti. Lokacija će u navedenom intervalu biti strogo filtrirana izvana (dilatacija: 45 minuta ↔), dakle neće biti očevidaca. Kontaktirat ćemo vas 11. svibnja 2023. (ev) u 08:00:15 radi daljih uputa.

Podsjećamo još jednom na opasnost u kojoj se nalazite sve dok čitate dokumente poslane s ove adresе: Slobodna Vlast je na samo 4km u smjeru S/SI. Cf. npr. posljednje očitanje za vašu kotu:

45.48.44↑15.57.25→ [AECR:ffhd8792:iafi8102:ee28:ca02:ca01:ca00] (f) geo E.ce ≈ 0.00281

Kristalno je jasno da se nad vama otvorio prolaps ; u sasvim dogledno vrijeme – možda već za

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN.
CULTIVATED PLANTS.

Eupatorium cannabinum
Quebec Seed, 1898.
Original from East Nursery
Location G. V. Nash, 30 C, 1898.
Collected by

The Longest Game

Luka Bekavac

prijevod / translation
Brian Daniel Willems

Herbarij: Eupatorium
cannabinum, konopljuša
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografija Višnje
Vidmar sa sinovima
Nevenom i Vedranom
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Eupatorium
cannabinum, hemp-
agrimony or holy rope
MST virtual collection:
photo of Višnja Vidmar
with her sons Neven
and Vedran
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022*

Everything important happens after hours. Maybe things do not become something completely different; maybe they simply reveal themselves (but to no one in particular), assume a sharper profile outside the reach of our sight and touch, beyond the purpose and interpretation with which we have loaded them. “Four o’clock in the afternoon”: that really should not be understood as a point in time, as a specific *moment*; it is something more like a *terminus* – a final point, a *border*, the last stop (at least for us)? “Come at four o’clock in the afternoon.” Therefore, it is some kind of *place* at which we should meet, and not time.

This is approximately what a colleague from the Inspectorate told me on the telephone, less like he was arranging going out to an exhibition or for coffee and more like he was predicting the future; at first, there won’t be anything on the street, and then it will seem like it is an empty shop window, above which is written PAINT STORE or DRUGSTORE or something similar, but that’s not what it is, it will be something else. “At four o’clock in the afternoon.”

Wild Growth. “Wait, you’ve already written about this exhibition...” Yes, the inspector is right (although I cannot imagine him reading *Terraforming the Neighborhood*), but *Wild Growth* might be something different than *Wild Growth*.

What does it mean exactly when something appears *a second time*? When it happens *again*, when it materializes *once more*, “the same as last time,” just a year later, at some other place, maybe *at your place*, in the neighborhood, instead of on screen?

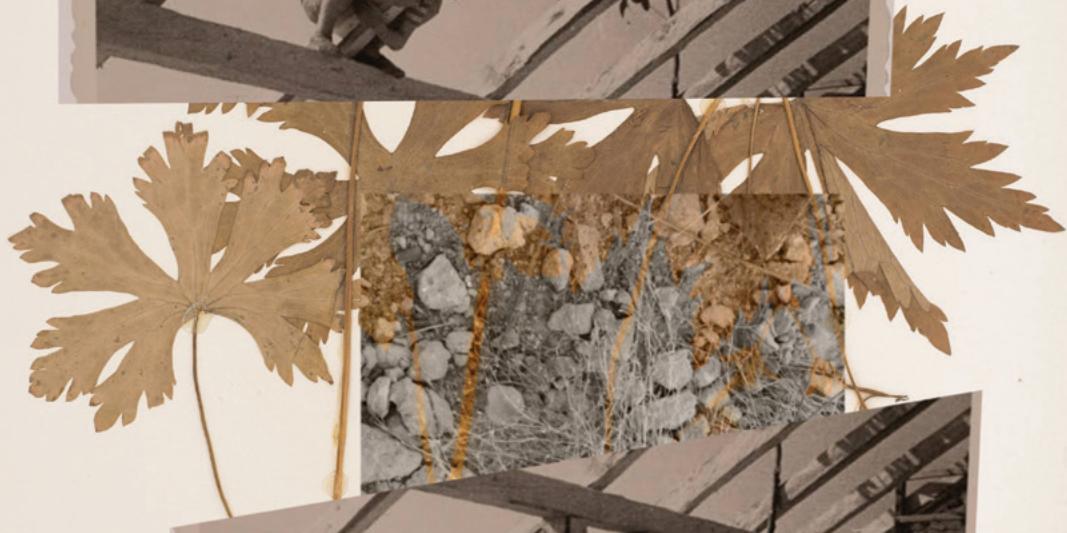
From old notebooks: “1. The thing that is repeated is never the same, even if it is formally identical: the act of reappearance itself turns the thing into something else. Everything occupies only one point in space-time; therefore, this must be something completely new, something that you do not know at all, something that just appears to be ‘the same’ to you. 2. A thing might ‘come again,’ but ‘for the first time.’ 3. The manifestation of things as ‘the same,’ but in a different position, retroactively reaches out and rewrites the ‘first appearance’ too: then it becomes questionable which has priority, which is ‘the thing itself,’ which is a reflection, a duplicate, or a repetition of which. That means that the ‘premiere’ is suddenly no longer an inauguration; it is a reverse echo of a *later* appearance, something that was just a *vardøger*, the fore-sight of that which is actually here just now.”

Herbarij: Geranium maculatum, iglica, pjegava dizalica
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije izgradnje kuće iza Name
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na zemljištu nekadašnje svilane u Adžijinoj, lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: Geranium maculatum, wild geranium or spotted geranium
MST virtual collection:
photos of construction of a house behind Nama
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the site of the former silk factory in Adžijina Street, June 2022

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

DUPLICATE From
HERBARIUM OF OHIO WESLEYAN UNIV.
DELaware, OHIO



U.S. 154

HERBARIUM OF RUFUS CRANE

Geranium maculatum
2578 Swamp Woods
DELAWARE CO., OHIO
June 14, 1925

It is a road on which rain eternally falls, although it is not always wet: this could be soot, ash, coal, dust, graphite powder; black and grey filters cover the sky every afternoon, and no one knows what they are, what exactly they bring to this eternal construction site. *Clouds without water*: under their shadows, everything is bursting at the delicate seams, everything is dissolving into everything else in that grey continuum – bodies and machines, plants and people, writings on the wall and flecks of mildew on the facades. This alloy of things, however, does not flow smoothly, it does not admit nuances, it does not use *crossfade*: just hard cuts, a crash of metal, the collapse of walls, grinding glass, automobile sirens, voices that sound like threats or challenges.

No one in their right mind would ever think that it is possible to live on this street, you can barely walk along it: everyone just talks about the mess, the chaos, the disaster, the illegal construction, the urban collapse. One glance and it's all clear: this really does look like a war zone. But then again, every time I'm there, that feeling, I have no idea where it comes from: it's good here, something is happening, it's not over yet, it's *begun*.

At first glance – although the first glance is deceiving – I have the impression that I already know this material: evocative photographs of Trešnjevka, mainly from the second half of the last century, mainly private (or at least that is how they look to me), in an interplay with the archive of the New York Botanical Garden, the wild growth found on empty parcels of land in Zagreb.

Wild Growth by Ana Kuzmanić, as an online exhibition from the Trešnjevka Neighborhood Museum from late 2021, presented 23 collages (one of which took the role of “cover”), in which plants in color, isolated by white *passe-partout* which follows their forms, were superimposed on black-and-white photographs as a background. The photographs were not cut any further: except in the rare circumstances dictated by the composition, the physical integrity of each specimen was preserved. She also attached the maps of the land parcels along the train tracks, Kranjčević Street and Adžija Street, where the plants were found, and although this seemingly narrows down the number of species to be included in the series, in the end at least half of the recorded plants were not exhibited; the set remained open. At that time, it seemed to me that the “sense” of those montages was largely defined by the firmly established relation of the planes: it functioned as an aesthetic choice (a more passive black-and-white *fond* for color accents in the foreground), as well as a political or “ontological” observation (a world has disappeared and now becomes hazy, a lifeless substrate for the uncontrolled growth of something else, more resilient and invasive). Those scenes were imbued with a deep melancholy, and sometimes with an eerie tone, but still I had the feeling that I was witnessing an *open story*: these are not the only territories, other situations also exist, I can keep moving through whole networks of available data (each specimen was accompanied by a note with its name in



The New York Botanical Garden
INSTITUTE OF ECONOMIC BOTANY
Merck Collections and Extractions

GERANIACEAE

ICO. MADRID

n L.

C. Aedo

1999

REPORT ANY REIDENTIFICATION OF THIS VOUCHER
TO THE INSTITUTE OF ECONOMIC BOTANY, NY

USA, Oklahoma, Oklahoma County, South of Edmond, at junction of Santa Fe Road and SW 33rd, 35°39'N, 97°28'W, 370m. Associated with Rumex, Amaranthus, Lepidium, Achillea. Growing in fallow field.

Herb to 10cm. prostrate; flower white.

n.v.: Carolina Cranesbill [English].

USE: None reported

Merck Sample codes: 1881a PL(MJW-29)

Jay B. Walker 1881
with Seth Baker

June 4, 1996

Fieldwork supported by Merck and Co., Inc. Voucher for pharmaceutical screening.

Latin and Croatian, a short description, and then a few links with which the alterity of the plant was pacified, and a dystopian image of weeds as a key enemy dissolved in the human self-destructive processes of the fight for domination, knowledge, capital, etc.).

What exactly changed in *Wild Growth* which was exhibited a year after the first one, this time “live” (Nova BAZA)?

In the text accompanying the online exhibition, Ana Kutleša wrote: “Ana Kuzmanić redirects the plants, pressed and dried, from further botanical processing, and returns them to Trešnjevka, to the fragmented memories of the neighborhood, so that they can obtain a new life there and continue to grow towards the final phase of the project in 2022.” I completely misunderstood the present time of this statement: I thought that it referred to the current exhibition in front of us, and it was referring to the future, to that which was yet to come. I did not know how to interpret some rather ambiguous hints – “new life,” “final phase of the project” – and I still do not understand if they apply to what changed during the year *in the field*, or to the exhibition in Nova BAZA that subsequently recorded and displayed it.

The return to Trešnjevka, in sharp focus, did not, therefore, happen then; it is happening now.

Herbarij: Geranium, iglica
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije Zvonimira
Vebera (Srednjaci)
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

Herbarium:
Geranium, Cranesbill
MST virtual collection:
photos by Zvonimir
Veber (Srednjaci)
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

On the deserted parcels of land, along the train tracks and roads, the ruins, rivers and streams, the canals and ditches, on the roofs and along dilapidated facades, in empty warehouses, at closed railway stations, in parking lots and construction sites, under peeled surfaces for putting up posters, in the corners of broken display windows, in derelict shops, in shady areas, and sometimes close to the ground. It usually begins in these kinds of places.

What is new about this second time?

For a start, all the collages: there are no “repetitions” from the cycle that is still available online. That would have been quite enough: the old concept worked wonderfully, I would love to see another ten or a hundred more pieces from the same series (Trešnjevka surely offers enough weeds for that).

However, the concept has changed, starting with the collages themselves: there is an inversion of the foreground and background. Now the basis of each work is one complete entry from the herbarium, white paper with a pressed plant on it, sometimes with a handwritten or printed catalog description with detailed information, and sometimes just the rhomboid stamp of the New York Botanical Garden. The photographs of Trešnjevka have come into the foreground, but they are subjected to a radical segmentation: they no longer provide a self-evident context, a historical setting in which the vegetation appears as a bizarre, abject, invasive, or fable-like factor. They are still readable, but they have shifted significantly toward abstraction, clean lines and surfaces, light and shadow: free elements for the creation of dynamic compositions, subjected to the law of the whole. Only now are they becoming “fragmented memories of the neighborhood”: that “film in which we are living” here literally burst.

The story was cut short.

At first glance, neither the terrain nor the plants have retained their integrity, neither dominates the collages. The aroma of tragedy has changed, something has sharpened, temporal distance has shrunk. Before I even realize what exactly is depicted in these cut-up photographs – for example the Vidmar family broken by the leftovers of holy rope, the construction of the Prečko Community Center mixed with an Indian strawberry, the construction of the Parrot buildings interrupted by

a yellow toadflax – I think, “this is my life,” this was my life, because my body recognizes this texture, this grain, these intensities of color (more dominant than in the first exhibition). I was not there, but I remember everything: the yards overgrown with weeds; the walls made of sooty brick; rundown playgrounds; the deep shadows of damp cellars; the neon and aluminum of local taverns; big factory walls; other people’s bodies (human and animal) at games, at work, in fights, at rest; muddy rivers as communal spaces; the open windows of other people’s apartments; the fluttering of washed laundry on shared roof terraces; empty parcels of land like exotic, sad prairies; new buildings like wrong pictures, *bad news*. I can feel all of this on myself, like fibers that remain intertwined with me, even if today they are absent or dead: they still live around here, somewhere, *in the traces*, in the body memory of that periodic system we shared.

Then there comes a step back: “No, it’s OK, it wasn’t me, that happened to someone else” (my memories, my locations, my people are still – in that second of retraction – safe, somewhere inside me, until I remember what happened to them), and then, a terminal stabilization in a final position, a conclusion which is even clearer in this physical *Wild Growth*: “No, everything is connected; everything that exists flows in the same continuum; therefore, they did this to me too; they did this to *us*.”

Herbarij: *Fraxinus excelsior*, bijeli jasen
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije Samoborčeka
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: *Fraxinus excelsior*, common ash or European ash
MST virtual collection:
photos of Samoborček
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

323
US

The New York Botanical Garden

Oleaceae

Fraxinus excelsior L.
det. J. J. N. Campbell, 2015

United States of America, New York, New York Co., New York City,
Central Park, North Woods. Between 107th and 108th Streets and between
6th and 7th Avenues, at junction of three paths. 40°79'66.5N,
73.956093W (WGS84, ±25m), ca.30 m elev. Woodland.

Tree 2 m tall; the trunk 1 cm diam; young bark green; apical buds inky
black; leaves with consistent number of leaflets; even when trees get taller.
There are 30 or 40 seedlings of this species in a sunny opening of about 30
square m, probably opened by Hurricane Irene on 28 August 2011.
Spontaneous.
Sample preserved in silica gel at NY.

Daniel Atha, Julian Campbell and Eric Kreilick 15168

25 Jul 2015

But there's something else here too, something different: something new which is clearly affecting these plants and people, apparently faceless, *neutral*, easy to miss, somewhere between all these elements (now much more mobile, almost *spectacular* compared to the first series); something that tirelessly appears and appears again, seemingly as "identical," in the middle of every image, like its hidden center.

Among the eighteen exhibited collages, there are many stars from the first exhibition (hazel, fleabane, yarrow), sometimes in the same pairs with humans (ragweed and Marija Božić, ivy and kids on Kučera street), but there are also a number of new phenomena: field bindweed, greater celandine, cranesbill, holy rope, wild geranium, toadflax, chickweed, hawkweed, some previously known from those excursions along the train tracks. There are no repetitions, diversity is a key point, everything appears only once, different every time, and the organizing criteria at first glance is again similar to a plant catalogue which is symbolically or compositionally linked to a particular Trešnjevka scene – but no longer as the background. As it has already been said, *Wild Growth* at Nova BAZA is actually taking place *now*; the elements on these colleges are in motion, and we observe this process in the present, with the impression that this is closer to a series of explosions which are happening right now, and not to a “resting in peace” of a certain environment, situation, or previous state.

But something is not right, something is interfering even with this last circulation of elements; as if there's something hidden among them, something *profiting* from this hiddenness?

I return and check: the image, of course, outsmarted me. The initial hasty analysis concealed that which was "hanging in the air," in every collage, like the least distinct element, basically invisible, *hidden among the leaves*, like a dead body.

It is the center of the scene, the core of *every* collage, the only element that was not subject to intervention, a new constant in the interplay of the cultural and non-human archival materials: a number of black-and-white documentary photographs, the middle layer between the cut-up photographs of Trešnjevka and the archival dried plants.

In the exhibition in Nova BAZA, someone else would not have missed it, even at the first glance. Now, without any additional information about plants from the herbarium, next to the bare names of individual entries and short designations of the elements from the virtual TNM holdings, on the gallery label for each collage, deathly repetitive, like a tag tied to someone's toe, there stands the sentence:

"clearing the ground at the site of the former silk factory in Adžija street, June 2022."

The Royal Silk Factory (Hönigsberg & Deutsch, 1892), built approximately in sync with the Schlesinger Palace; then a series of ups and downs, together with the fluctuating market, silkworm plagues, the global processes of a certain type of industry dying out, all the way to its collapse and return in other capacities: an aero-club, depot for theater scenery, center for overhauling taxis, a squat and skate park, interspersed with accidental and intentional fires so that it was completely ruined, becoming a place for the homeless, a garbage dump, and now what?

NO PARKING
CONSTRUCTION SITE
ENTRANCE

Why does *Wild Growth*, now that it's *here*, settled at a specific, physical location, not as a virtual catalogue but as a number of silent, specific cases, leave such a different impression?

I page through *Terraforming the Neighborhood*, I try to remember why I thought that it was a “winter story”; now it looks like a summer postcard, paled by the sun and dust, while *this* is a dead spot. Now it really is over. A new *Wild Growth* submits its report: it is the *end of the project*, and it is hard to take. How can we overtake the course of things that also passes through us, forming us? Jump out of the position which only allows us to determine the damage done *after the fact*?

I can't swim in that current, I can't cut off someone's trajectory as they're swinging for a hit. I am a sluggish detective, tired, inept, and absent minded; like from within amber, I see all these processes in a haze, so slowed down that I almost don't notice how they move, so it always seems that the outcome happens too fast, “at once.” The investigation itself is already crystalized, frozen, *terminated*. June 11, 2022 is a long time from now. I look at it as part of the archive: it is not here anymore, it belongs to the genre of *it happened on this day*; pictures say: *this is when it all started*, or – even worse – *this is when it all ended*.

Herbarij: *Hedera helix*,
bršljan
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije iz unutarnjeg
dvorišta u Kućerinoj ulici
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Hedera
helix, common ivy
MST virtual collection:
photo of a backyard
in the Kućerina Street
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022*

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM (CS)
FORT COLLINS, CO 80523

Hedera helix L.

H. helix

JENNIFER ACKERFIELD, JUNE 2002

HERBARIUM OF L. H. BAILEY

COLLECTION OF DEPT. OF FLORICULTURE, N. Y. STATE COLL. OF AGR.

Hedera Helix L. var. *digitata* (Loud.) Bosse

LABEL NAME *H. Helix* #74

Plant rec'd from Alfred Bates, Newark, N.J.

COLL. & DET. BY
O. H. M. LAWRENCE

July 24, 1946

The middle position: something like a buffer zone, a blockade or an obstruction, the halting of everything, *a stabilization* (grey connotations), something that hinders interaction, stops life, the dead ground which lies between the rest of the collage elements like a final thing, the last act, “the result” (there is no going back?).

The display window of Nova BAZA – viewed from inside – is covered with words, like a series of labels that explain what it encompasses: *native* (originating from the area in which it stayed, adapted to the life in it), *non-native* (arrived from the outside, maybe involuntarily, with the eternal problems of adaptation), *invasive* (that which overpowers others, causing damage to the whole system). That last one (which always wants to be last, to remain last) is that which clears away everything around it: the ultimate weed that no longer has anything to do with plants, only with money.

Once everything changes, by our hand or theirs, the strongest, the best adapted, those to whom the world belongs, will be those who fall first, because their world will no longer exist. Adaptation is a double-edged sword: that which perfectly exists with the environment will disappear along with it; the world to come will be ruled by those who deviate, those who have “an extra feature” (no one knows which), a precious anomaly; it will prevail only in new, unpredictable circumstances, although today it is irrelevant, invisible, perhaps aggravating. Potentially fatal on all sides. Maladaptation: the only promise for the future?

This goes through my head as I stare at the image of the invasion that the *gallery frame* encompasses: the construction site on the other side of the New Road: scaffolding and raw concrete; metal paneling and fences; armatures, beams, and cables; torn nylon fluttering in the wind and rain; everything in the dark, abandoned and empty.

“I have been looking at that face for thirty years now.”

Herbarij: *Linaria vulgaris*, obični lanilist
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografija izgradnje
Papagajki
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: Linaria vulgaris, common toadflax
MST virtual collection:
photo of the construction
of Parrot buildings
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN
PLANTS OF NOVA SCOTIA

Linaria vulgaris
Roadside, Kentville

COLLECTED BY HARRIET B. BAILEY 14 AUG. 1901

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



“Cold case,” that is what I wrote a year ago, but I didn’t arrange the players well, the perpetrators, the victims; they played me. Tonight, those plants also look defeated, trampled: like in a real historical scenario, I bought the story of the eternal struggle between *us* and *them*, and the whole time there was a third party here, someone who never appeared, behind the screen. Now he draws a line, like a *grand master*, and the story is truly over; I missed something that was right in front of my nose.

I bother the inspector with that improvisation, as if I were apologizing for the first text. He is not impressed, he just shrugs. “That’s how it is. Sometimes it seems that it’s all over, that nothing is happening, simply because this never started and it will never end. The investigation is permanently open.”

Herbarij:
Picris hieracioides,
runjikasti jagušac
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije iz zbirke
Zvonimira Vebera
(Srednjaci)
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

Herbarium:
Picris hieracioides,
hawkweed oxtongue
MST virtual collection:
photos from Zvonimir
Veber collection
(Srednjaci)
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

Planned devastation brought the production facility to a flat horizontal (already seen a thousand times over the last thirty years): as if by the work of some kind of economic ISIS, it was turned into a “non-place,” a blank *interspace* that can no longer be the focal point of the formation of identity or history. *Ground zero*. Flattened to the ground, returned to geometry, transformed into *square meters*, therefore totally liberated of its functionality. (An old, naïve notion: “functional” is that which is *useful, practical, purposeful*: but ultimate effectiveness is totally abstract: it is the capacity of something to be monetized, converted into an amount, sold.)

Restricted entry, employees only: transubstantiation in progress.

“What do you mean, *still life*?... These are not even collages. Come on and look a little closer.” The inspector points to a montage of withered ailanthus and tramway construction interspersed with sharp, grey-white horizontals, like set of concrete steps or a derelict construction site. “It’s a portrait.” I don’t follow; he grins sourly, now pointing his finger at some especially hard and cold places. “Look... That mug, those eyes, the hair... Don’t you recognize him?”

Some conversations look like a test, but the feeling of failing has no end point: it lasts until the inquisitor gets bored. Only later, when I leave the inspector, do I remember how I know that sentence he recited to me (“the planes of his face fail to intersect: they await their resolution in another dimension”); I page through *The Atrocity Exhibition*, and then *The Soft Machine*, and I ask myself how a *real* detective must feel if they saw the world like this: the perpetrator is there, at your fingertips, only geometrically, spatially, temporally disarticulated. The system is set up to show you phantoms, red herrings, “empty spaces”; but if you *cut through* them, if you mix them up, if you let chance work upon them, the future will leak out, a passage will open.

These are age-old theories (and he is of the *old guard*), but in the Chamber they still do their work according to them: chaos is the only way out, a structural resistance to the hegemony of the “reality studio”; chance does not generate nonsense: on the contrary, it exposes a hidden order. Therefore, there exists a strategy for tripping the fuse of that system; the program can be hacked, maybe even literally *with scissors*. Like Ballard’s avatars in front of military training grounds, empty swimming pools and abandoned airstrips, in our local interferences of money, architecture, and landscape, they see some quite concrete faces (after all, they are known to everyone). The ruins they leave behind really are their collage “portraits,” but tonight I am in a bad mood, everything looks like a closed circle to me: empty spaces collapse to reveal their faces; their faces decompose and transform, turning into empty spaces.

So, all in all, the *art* of collage – yes, of course; but somehow this does not stop, some old pamphlets from the Chamber relentlessly keep popping into my memory: collage as “projection” (on someone/something? or as a divination of the future?), collage as “magical” interweaving, assimilation, appropriation (a destructive merging with others?), collage as *curse* (a *hex* on someone’s territory, name, property?).

It is actually naïve, this infinite trust in the power of montage. It’s the same thing with sound: they claimed that recording “changes the direction” of that which is recorded, like a magnetic coil (in time or space? I don’t know); that by combining one’s own soundtrack with some location, one can completely change its character, from the “atmosphere” to the limits of tectonic disturbance; that devices for editing and recording are actually weapons for the production or destruction of worlds; that noise is the Absolute, the kernel that already holds all possible pasts and futures. Exaggeration? Tonight, decades later, it all seems like a bunch of funny, slightly sad, yellowed nonsense. But then again, am I absolutely sure about that? No.

All of this, however, collages and labels, lies between two lines in the exhibition space: long white ribbons, like films, narrow rolls of wallpaper pasted along the walls, *timelines* which lack the chronometric dimension. Their content, at first glance, looks like a movement study (the cramped space of my associations: Muybridge? Balla? the *motion trail* effect?) executed with clean, simple lines, though not in order to define the body itself more clearly, an element that – from the same perspective – is densely reproduced in a series of slightly different positions, but to conjure up the *difference* between adjacent positions, hence the *process*. Down below, just above the worn-out, paint-stained parquet floors and cracked *terrazzo* tiles, this is achieved by a human silhouette walking, squatting (falling?), standing up, and then continuing to walk, as if in a closed loop. High above, but in synch, as if in a shared choreography (although it is unclear who is following whom), a row of stems (I don't recognize the plant) stage a similar wave of ups and downs, movements that stop only with the contingent factor of the wall's edge.

The process is really more important than the figure, which is necessary only as the material on which the event will manifest itself (even if it is circular), a graphic index of something less clear, difficult to touch: *change*.

Herbarij: *Prunus avium*, divlja trešnja
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografije dječje igre u dvorištu u Dobojskoj
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na zemljištu nekadašnje svilane u Adžijinoj, lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: *Prunus avium*, wild cherry
MST virtual collection:
photo of children playing in a courtyard in Dobojska Street
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the site of the former silk factory in Adžijina Street, June 2022

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Flora of the Paumonek Wetland, Long Island

Prunus avium (L.) L.

NEW YORK, SUFFOLK CO.: Huntington Station, in the Paumonek Wetland, west of Walt Whitman High School. Flowers lightly perfumed. Large tree to approx. 18.29 m tall. Growing in an Oak-Hickory Mesic Woodland with *Lindera benzoin*, *Rosa multiflora*, *Aralia elata*, *Alliaria petiolata*, *Geranium maculatum*, and *Carya*.

Matthew C. Pace 111
40°49.598'N 73°25.738'W

20 April 2008
elev. approx. 79 m

From an old notebook: “the middle can mean something else – a landslide of all ontologies, a place in which identities, forms, and positions of power are the least solid and fixed; the zone furthest from the shores, an interval in which *things accelerate*; an intermediate phase, a place of permanent *undecidedness*: a place without clear goals, *in passing*; therefore, a real place of struggle.”

What is this two-channel “animation” to *Wild Growth*?

First hypothesis: an element intentionally presented as “something to be overlooked”? While I stare at the contents of the display cases as if they were a series of exhumed bodies, this airy, fragile structure, placed on the vertical edges of the visual field, technically and aesthetically clashes with collages to such an extent that you might think it is not part of the same work, of this exhibition, but the remainder of something unknown, something that is “none of my business.”

Or something else? Xenography, an intentionally illegible inscription, indiscernible as a “message” from the standard observational position? Maybe a “decoration,” an ornamental *belt* for the exhibited work, like a visual hem, a trim, a *moulding*, a frame? The classic definition has already become a bit blurry for me. “This is not an intrinsic constituent of representation, its indispensable part, but something appearing from the outside, like an addition, to augment the delight...,” something like that.

Is such an element, something that flutters on the very edges of the exhibit like a broken neon tube, *an ontical illusion*, part of the work or not? Is it even a *real* thing, something tangible, or is it a rigid and abstract category, more similar to concepts or geometric drawings? The lesson says that “augmenting delight” is only done by the *form*, by a representation in which the content is negligible; this film should, therefore, be taken as something non-figurative (this is almost inevitable, until you get quite close to it), you should enjoy the “free beauty” of the twine of those spiral patterns and echoes. The old notebook says that “designs à la grecque, foliage for framework or on wall-papers, &c., have no intrinsic meaning,” and they are only beautiful under that condition: as long as they don’t mean anything and don’t represent anything (or as long as it is *irrelevant* that they mean or represent something).

0cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Reynoutria japonica Houtt.

det. D. Atha(NY), 2014

THE FLORA OF THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN FOREST
Bronx County New York

Polygonum cuspidatum Sieb and Zucc.

Location: NYBG Forest grid number 134
Habitat: On river bank, silty, open canopy.

Collector	Number	Date
Edward A. Roy	74	8/26/87



Therefore, at the very moment when I realize that they are leaves, that they are people, that this is just a pseudogeometric pattern, it suddenly becomes something else, something that can no longer only be “decorative” in this room. A matter for which it was suspiciously “obvious” that it had nothing to do with this Trešnjevka police dossier (“none of our business”) could quite easily be the most important thing.

Herbarij: Reynoutria
japonica, japanski dvornik
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
serija negativa iz
Fotoarchive B. Balića –
Elektronski računski centar
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Reynoutria
japonica, Japanese
knotweed*
MST virtual collection:
series of photo negatives
from the Photoarchive
of B. Balić - Electronic
Computing Center
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022

Plants play the longest game: their work is the ultimate creeping *coup d'état*, but their real target is something much broader, more deeply embedded in the territory than any legal entity. Vegetation: something that has roots from the time long before factories, and has a totally different perspective on the concept of inheritance. A real *living heritage*.

Herbarij: *Silene vulgaris*,
napuhnuta pušina
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografija s dječjeg
igrališta u Adžijinoj
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Silene
vulgaris, bladder
campion or maidenstears
MST virtual collection:
photo of a children's
playground in
Adžijina Street
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022*



105
U.S.

The New York Botanical Garden

Caryophyllaceae

Silene vulgaris (Moench) Gärcke
det. D. Atha, 2009

United States of America, New York: Putnam Co. ca 7 km W of New York/Connecticut border and ca 10 km N of Putnam/Westchester border, Ice Pond Conservation Area, E of Ice Pond Rd, W of Co. Rd 62 (Farm to Market Rd), N of Rte 312 and S of Rte 164. 41.456811N, 73.610965W ($\pm 10m$), ca 134 m. Lake shore.

Herb. Sample preserved in silica gel at NY.

Daniel Atha & Vinson Doyle 7971

7 Aug 2009

The inspector looks at the floor, then at the ceiling, then again at the floor, then at the ceiling, actually at those procedural drawings out of reach. “You see, that’s how we do our business too. You fall down seven times, get up eight.”

We are compost: that which will survive. One body, one territory: a network, a multitude, something undefined. In solidarity (with plants), but was anything else ever an option? Struggle is not a matter of choice if your body is the territory of that struggle; the struggle will continue regardless of anyone's decision and responsibility: that is what we are, beyond the dichotomy of the living and the non-living, the artificial and the natural, if we are anything at all, and if there will be anything left of us.

The only problem is the understanding of “life.” Old notebooks, jumbled entries: “life as an open project / temporary residence / ‘getting used’ to life / ‘accepting’ life / ‘working’ on life / life = in passing / nobody has life”; that and a couple of names – Deleuze, Haraway, Bennett, Braidotti, Barad – help in overcoming the breakdown of the illusion of human priority. Everything has always been just parallel territorialization and deterritorialization, the fluctuation between smooth and striated space, an ontologically heterogeneous field without a clear central agent, focus, purpose. *What turns into what? Who is an invasive phenomenon on whose territory?* Old questions, chained to the concept of the world as a linear, irreversible, strictly planned project. If *becoming* really replaced identity as a framework of thought, there would be no need to explain this second definition of life as a shared and unlimited horizon. *Haecceitas*: this is not the background “scenography” for our historical performance; we were never anything but an enmeshed component of that environment, together with dust particles, machines, animals, ideas, garbage dumps and factories, living and dry plants, light and undefined outcomes. “To live,” I guess, simply means to survive, in spite of everything, in that collective place of trouble.



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PLANTS OF BAHAMA ISLANDS

Sorghum halepense (L.) Pers.
(no awns)

Great Abaco: in open area in pineyard
along farm road just south of Marsh
Harbour airport.

July 8, 1974

D. S. Correll 42734

Herbarium
FAIRCHILD TROPICAL GARDEN



“Minutes to go.”

Herbarij:
Sorghum halepense,
piridalni sirak
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografija kuće za
vrijeme velike poplave
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na
zemljištu nekadašnje
svilane u Adžijinoj,
lipanj 2022.

*Herbarium: Sorghum
halepense, Johnson grass
MST virtual collection:
photo of a house during
the big flood
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the
site of the former silk
factory in Adžijina
Street, June 2022*

All this is already happening. As always, the passage was there, but I didn't see it at Nova BAZA; I see it only now, while I look at the collages on the screen under different degrees of magnification, and I correct those superficial first impressions ("the middle" as the conclusion of all processes, drawing the line, something that escaped the work of the weeds).

The middle is, namely, already semi-permeable, the leveled earth is semi-transparent: the black-and-white photographs of the demolished remains of the silk factory are enmeshed with lines of ghostly colors, as if plants were slowly breaking through the "final result" from another level and continuing their work. This bleeding between visual levels is not, therefore, conditioned only by artistic criteria: one scene penetrates another, boundaries loosen, a closed plot opens up to external processes, something changes. This too is a collage of its own kind, only it is no longer created by straight and clean cuts: one world slowly assimilates another, installs itself into another, the spectres of plants from the herbarium go back to their own territory, but through osmosis rather than interpolation. The middle is perhaps just that: a place where the membrane is the thinnest, the *medium* that most easily lets others through; unlike the other entrenched positions of this story, the lamentable constants of our situation, an open field?

Wild Growth at Nova BAZA includes, therefore, showcases with collages, strips with drawings, and a display window: subtly and modestly, perhaps insidiously, it works to reposition the observer, hides its own frame, moves me while I think that I am not here at all, that I am somewhere safe, that I am analyzing all this and scribbling notes for this text from some *general point of view*.

As I look out at the New Road, outside and inside are inverted, but not just once. First, I think that I am in the classic position of the observer, separated from the object by a tangible screen. Then the display window turns me into an exhibit: *I* am under glass (the ego and its paranoid delusions: night has fallen, someone peeks into the gallery from the outside and shows me to someone else; then I realize that they have actually recognized the inspector: they call someone on the telephone, nervously, but he doesn't care). Almost immediately afterward, a third thing becomes clear: the co-implication of the external and the internal. Now everything is open ground: we are standing in front of the display window, outside, in Nova BAZA; we are looking at Trešnjevka, which is inside, under glass, together with the didactic labels; we are learning to read the work which happens there, on the street, in the closed space of the world. The assemblage takes shape in front of us: the edge or the frame becomes an unorientable plane; all we can do is watch the illusory, notional, theoretical separation from what is “on the other side” disappear, together with our position as “passive observers.”

: 66 : open fire :

Upon exiting Nova BAZA, without saying goodbye, the inspector suddenly turns north; I don't understand where he's going. "Well, to the construction site," he answers, as if it were the stupidest question in the world. From his jacket, like a weapon, he carefully takes out some kind of apparatus: in the dark of the New Road I can't see in detail, but it looks something like a modified dictaphone. "You know the saying: wait for the enemy to make the first move, but then move first." I guess that is some kind of obscure explanation, but I'm tired, my patience for his riddles has already evaporated a bit, tomorrow is a *workday*. He looks at me, and reading my exhausted facial expression, decides to make a final concession: "Listen, we have *always* had everything: names, addresses, account numbers, everything... But only fools think that we are waiting for some kind of *right moment* to strike. There is no right moment. It's not a question of time at all. Not *when* but *where*, get it. At four o'clock in the afternoon."

Much later, on the way toward the last tram, my attention wanders, I try to find my way in the landscape that seems to have changed somehow (the rain has stopped, the wind blows frantically), I interpret all kinds of nonsense around me as omens – ruddy leaves in flight and numbers on license plates, illuminated windows and the minutes until the arrival of number 12, signs in the stars and codes in the trampled pages of yesterday's newspapers – but *everything* seems potentially important, therefore everything is a possible lapsus in interpretation, a glimmer of hope and a reason to give up; all of this will be forgotten very quickly, details will merge with each other and eventually disappear.

Everything, perhaps, except for two things: random emblems of that evening that for some reason persist in temporary memory. On one light post near Tratinska Street, I noticed a sticker that looked almost like a tattoo under the yellow light, without any other information but: "LC23." (Someone later told me that, of course, it's not "Lotta Continua 2023" but some kind of Italian clothes brand.) The second thing, I don't know why, I see as a neon sign, something that would look great on a film poster from the 1950s; even now it burns in front of my eyes, although it was actually scribbled with black spray paint, with almost illegible strokes on the pale wall of a new building, just a few steps away from Nova BAZA:

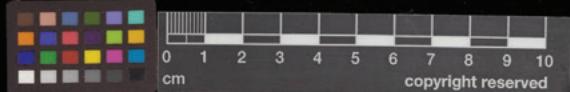
The weed will survive.

Crib notes, old notebooks

AUGÉ, Marc. *Non-places: Introduction to an Anthropology of Supermodernity*. London: Verso, 1995. Read with Ballard. **BALLA, Giacomo**. One of the most important artists of Italian futurism. Here he is less interesting as an indicator of its perversion into academism and fascism: he is introduced because of his movement studies (*Ragazza che corre sul balcone*, 1912), analytical representation of time and its parallel disassembly into surfaces and spaces. **BALLARD, J.G.** Literary classic of urban devastation, moving away from the apocalyptic climate fiction of the 1960s (*The Wind from Nowhere*, *The Drowned World*, *The Burning World*), through the simulacra realism of sex and violence in the 1970s (*Crash*, *High-Rise*), all the way to equally ruinistic memoirs (*Empire of the Sun*, 1984). *The Atrocity Exhibition* (1970) represents the key turning point in the whole opus: a series of systematically fragmented “condensed novels,” a hymn to collage as a technique of political resistance.

He creatively explored similar processes in his poster *Project for a New Novel* (1958), in advertisements in *Ambit* magazine (1967–1971), etc. **BARAD, Karen.** *Meeting the Universe Halfway: Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning*. Durham: Duke University Press, 2007. A survival program. **BENNETT, Jane.** *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things*. Durham: Duke University Press, 2010. A survival program. **BRAIDOTTI, Rosi.** *The Posthuman*. Cambridge: Polity Press, 2013. A survival program. **BURROUGHS, William S.** Introduced the *cut-up* and *fold-in* processes into popular culture; tried to used them to revitalize narrative prose, but the multiple revisions of the 1960s “trilogy” (*The Soft Machine*, *The Ticket That Exploded*, *Nova Express*) in the direction of a more conventional narrative indicate that these techniques more “naturally” manifest in other formats: in short, strictly speaking experimental texts scattered across the sea of ephemeral publications, samizdat, fanzines, defunct magazines – on the periphery of print civilization (including some other *graphies*: *Nothing Here Now But the Recordings*, 1981). See also *The Third Mind* (with Brion Gysin, 1978). **DELEUZE, Gilles** and **GUATTARI, Félix.** *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia 2*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987. A program for survival. **DERRIDA, Jacques.** *The Truth in Painting*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1987. See especially “The Parergon,” on Kant’s *Critique of Judgement* and the problem of the instability of the frame. **HARAWAY, Donna J.** *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*. Durham & London: Duke University Press, 2016. A program for survival. **LC.** Lotta Continua, organization and publication; one of the key activist hubs of the Italian extra-parliamentary left in the 1970s. **MUYBRIDGE, Eadweard.** Appears in *Wild Growth* due to his “chronophotographs” from the 1880s, movement studies that represent an important

step toward the film medium, but which – from the opposite perspective – appear to dechronologize, disarranging the flow of time into spatial configurations: they cut through the illusion of linearity which hides a number of static systems. Ballard describes the camera – in its collaging potential – as an “assassination weapon”; Étienne-Jules Marey, a contemporary of Muybridge, will construct the “chronophotographic gun.” **TERRA-FORMING THE NEIGHBORHOOD.** A text by Luka Bekavac about the first, internet variation of *Wild Growth* by Ana Kuzmanić. The exhibition has been available online since December 2021, on the website of the Trešnjevka Neighborhood Museum: <https://www.muzejsusjedstva-tresnjevka.org/program/izmedu-betona-biljke-tresnjevackih-praznih-parcela>. The text was published on the website *Kulturpunkt* on March 1st, 2022: <https://kulturpunkt.hr/tema/terafomiranje-kvarta/>.



III



313
w/



JARDIN BOTANICO NACIONAL "DR. RAFAEL M. MOSCOSO"
SANTO DOMINGO, REPUBLICA DOMINICANA

NO. 18614 FAMILIA Asteraceae

Taraxacum officinale

Cor a de ligula amarilla;
pocle plia uf.
Haiti:Dept. suu'est: Morne La Selle:
en el sitio denominado "Fond du
Blanche", 2 km. del aserradero viejo
de Mare Rouge en la dirección de Pic
La Selle: una pared de Valle-un
bosque seco de *Pinus occidentalis*
con *Agave*, en la otra pared un
bosque nublado y destruido.
18°20'N, 72°02'O, alt. 5800 Pies.
18 de Diciembre, 1981.
Col: T. Zanoni, M. Mejía, S. Peláez.

Herbarij: Taraxacum officinale, maslačak
Virtualni fundus MST-a:
fotografija radnika i radnika knjižare Mladost
Dokumentarna fotografija:
krčenje terena na zemljištu nekadašnje svilane u Adžijinoj, lipanj 2022.

Herbarium: Taraxacum officinale, common dandelion
MST virtual collection:
photo of Mladost bookstore workers
Documentary photo:
land clearing on the site of the former silk factory in Adžijina Street, June 2022

Corpotrade Ltd.
P. O. Box 2320/23c
35201 Crni Potok

Ministry of Psychical Planning, Construction, and State Assets
Ulica Republike Austrije 14
10000 Zagreb

City Office for Physical Planning and Construction
First District Department (Trešnjevka)
Trg Francuske Republike 15
10000 Zagreb

EV: Zagreb, February 13, 2023

NL: 45.14.46↑18.04.12→ [AECR:ffhd8792:iafv9296:kj32:hg34:sa90:io99] ≈ ERT 12/94/81

Subject: PROCEDURAL INSTRUCTION

for item Inf. 22: 303252-55M-08NF, ERT 72/94/81 of June 11, 2022 (ev)

Dear Sir,

In the capacity of the lateral legal successors of Solvent GmbH (m. 1993ev) for the specified NL coordinates, we hereby inform you, respectively:

- that – according to the recently intercepted report of the Police Dept. (z) (copy attached) – M.K. (47) is finally in quarantine (indication: CAUTER), nominally detained due to procedural interference according to the binding Building Inspection Act, Art. 33 (*The Official Gazette* 153/2013), and according to the report of the official communal-constabulary authorities;
- that M.K. was caught *in situ* on “cadastral lot 303252-55M-08” (!);
- that on the same occasion a weapon was confiscated (H4n); after decontamination, according to the first inquest, only ambient recordings (“empty documents”??) were archived, without editing, therefore it is questionable whether it will be possible to prove a violation of the AEGR.22.311 conventions, but a review of the memory cards and discs confiscated at the home address (Kosirnik Street 125c) and the workplace in the Inspectorate is still ongoing (IMPORTANT: the partitions were erected by D.P. and V.N. – account numbers in the Card Files – honorarium according to the standard tariff of your biotope);
- that the very first testimony of M.K. proved that the important vector moment that led to the compromise of the partition for our land parcel (“303252-55M-08”) passes exactly through elevation 66, about which we have already warned you several times;
- that it is now undeniable that the network diaphragm behind the NL projection of the Parcel initially gave way back in December 2021 (ev), and that the chain of 23 “digital curses” that you reported to us is actually located in the capillary region of entanglement Xie. C22/252/27-22.m23/4kc2/5wo.235ne046.fe4.or57:i68:on8:xsn77/iu.po (= “www.muzejsus-jedstvatresnjevka.org”), therefore also within the immediate reach of elevation 66;
- that this disturbance, as well as a series of subsequent incidents that led to the arrest of M.K., was *publicly denoted* by the syntagma “WILD GROWTH,” which you overlooked or ignored;
- that after the aforementioned lapsus of the partition, subject “BLOK” (MB: 01595113, OIB: 21741449778) also simulated the physical placement of the “exhibition” *Wild Growth* in real coordinates, precisely at elevation 66 (“New Road 66,” “Zagreb”);
- that this actually happened on two occasions: from November 25 to December 20, 2022, and

- on February 1 and 2, 2023; the complete published photo documentation of those "exhibitions," including the opening night, has been irrefutably certified as a forgery;
- that on the day of February 11, 2023 (ev) a preliminary procedure was initiated against a number of persons we associate with these infractions (A. Kuzmanić, A. Kutleša, V. Vuković, D. Kučinac, M. Blažević, L. Bekavac, I. Hanaček, B. Gregov, R. Bratović, N. Bačun, Z. Đukić, E. Kelemen, H. Živčić, N. Zidić, *et al.*); our law office is currently classifying different types of unauthorized detention at "303252-55M-08" (physical address on Adžija Street but also at the NL projection), according to the material evidence archived immediately before and after 2022VI11ev, in order to determine whether a collective approach or individual legal prosecution is more opportune;
- that the *h3x* eviction code has just been activated at elevation 66 (by direct order of HP, ∞).

Furthermore: the predictors currently show that the "Trešnjevka Neighborhood Museum" (= "BLOK") will publish a separate monograph that will be presented as an "exhibition catalog." Thereby you allow for a forgery to be legitimized yet again, but the key problem is the following: according to the metafilaments readable from the current tissue analysis from the Parcel, and with a staggering probability of 88.42%, some of our internal documents related to 303252-55M-08 will be found in this book. It is absolutely decisive that the publication of that (or any equivalently categorized) document be prevented, that is, that – in the case of a lapse of censorship – the entire edition is confiscated. PD brods./ps. has already prepared a framework document that would justify such an action through Art. 325 of the Criminal Code (prevention of public incitement to violence and hatred). There is, however, an alternative strategy advocated by part of the central office in Crni Potok: it is more productive to allow the printing (if possible, direct production towards the "KVESIĆ" node, etc.), and then continue monitoring all copies, distribution channels, all book owners, and users via metafilaments.

Proceeding from the above, in order to prepare this surveillance network in a timely fashion, it is crucial that you urgently seize the following objects and materials from elevation 66:

- 15 g of dust from the upper side of the light fixtures (neon tubes) in the southern room;
- 0.8 g of electrical cable jacket insulation above the upper socket at the end of the right side of the eastern wall;
- 20 g soil sample below the parquet board at the end of the south-western corner of the room;
- 20 g sample of *terrazzo* tiles (location unimportant);
- a fleck of paint (the coherence of the sample is not important; dust is sufficient for the CP laboratory) from the radiator under the southern window;
- a fleck of paint (coherence: see above) from the right edge of the front door.

The optimal interval for infraction: 2023V10ev 23:47:11 – 2023V11ev 05:12:08. The contact from PD (z) will not be able to construct a formal opening in time for that window; therefore, you must organize the reclamation of the material using the standard protocol. It is important that everything looks like random vandalism ("burglary"): by all means, for the sake of disorientation, seize all money, computer equipment, and other valuables located on the elevation. The location will be strictly filtered from the outside during the specified interval (dilation: 45 minutes ↔), so there will be no eyewitnesses. We will contact you on May 11, 2023 (ev) at 08:00:15 for further instructions.

We remind you once again of the danger you are in as long as you read the documents sent from this address: Slobodna Vlast is only 4 km in the N/NE direction. See, for example, the last reading for your elevation:

45.48.44↑15.57.25→ [AECR:ffhd8792:iafi8102:ee28:ca02:ca01:ca00] (f) geo E.ce ≈ 0.00281

It is crystal clear that a prolapse has opened above you; in the foreseeable future— maybe already

ANA KUZMANIĆ (Split, 1980.) multimedijalna je umjetnica, autorica projekata *Divlji rast* (BLOK / Nova BAZA, 2022.), *Glasnije! Govori glasnije!* (Galerija Miroslav Kraljević, 2018.), *Ovo nije kutija* (Galerija Prozori, 2017.), *Promjena s klupe* (BLOK, 2017.), *Ti si malen, ja sam velik!* (Galerija Miroslav Kraljević, 2015.) i drugih. Izlagala je na brojnim skupnim izložbama u zemlji i inozemstvu. Dobitnica je Nagrade Radoslav Putar za 2018. godinu. Jedna je od osnivačica i članica međunarodnog kolektiva Eastern Surf. Kao docentica predaje na Fakultetu građevinarstva, arhitekture i geodezije na Sveučilištu u Splitu.

ANA KUZMANIĆ (Split, 1980) is a multi-media artist. Her projects include *Wild Growth* (BLOK / Nova BAZA, 2022), *Louder! Speak louder!* (G-MK, 2018), *This is not a box* (Galerija Prozori, 2017), *A change from the bench* (BLOK, 2017), *You're small, I'm big!* (G-MK, 2015). Her works were shown at numerous group exhibitions in Croatia and abroad. In 2018 she won the Radoslav Putar Award. She is one of the founding members of the Eastern Surf collective. She is an assistant professor at the Faculty of Civil Engineering, Architecture and Geodesy, University of Split.

LUKA BEKAVAC (Osijek, 1976.) objavio je romane *Drenje* (2011.), *Viljevo* (2013.), *Policijski sat: slutnje, uspomene* (2015.) i *Urania* (2022.), zbirku priča *Galerija likovnih umjetnosti u Osijeku: studije, ruševine* (2017.) te teorijsku studiju *Prema singularnosti: Derrida i književni tekst* (2015.). Radi na Odsjeku za komparativnu književnost Filozofskog fakulteta u Zagrebu.

LUKA BEKAVAC (Osijek, 1976) has published the novels *Drenje* (2011), *Viljevo* (2013), *The Curfew: Premonitions, Recollections* (2015) and *Urania* (2022), the collection of stories *Gallery of Fine Arts in Osijek: Studies, Ruins* (2017) and the theoretical study *Towards Singularity: Derrida and the Literary Text* (2015). He works at the Department of Comparative Literature at the Faculty of Philosophy in Zagreb.

DIVLJI RAST / WILD GROWTH

Autori / authors

Luka Bekavac, Ana Kuzmanić

izdavač / publisher

BLOK – Lokalna baza
za osvježavanje kulture

urednica biblioteke / editor of the series

Ana Kutleša

urednica izdanja / editor of the edition

Ana Kutleša

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drawings, text on the back cover

Ana Kuzmanić

suradnica na istraživanju

/ research collaborator

Renata Šoštarić, PMF – Botanički zavod
/ Division of Botany

prijevod legendi uz kolaže na engleski jezik /

English translations of collage captions

Dunja Bakić

tekstovi „Najduža igra”, „Šalabahteri, stare
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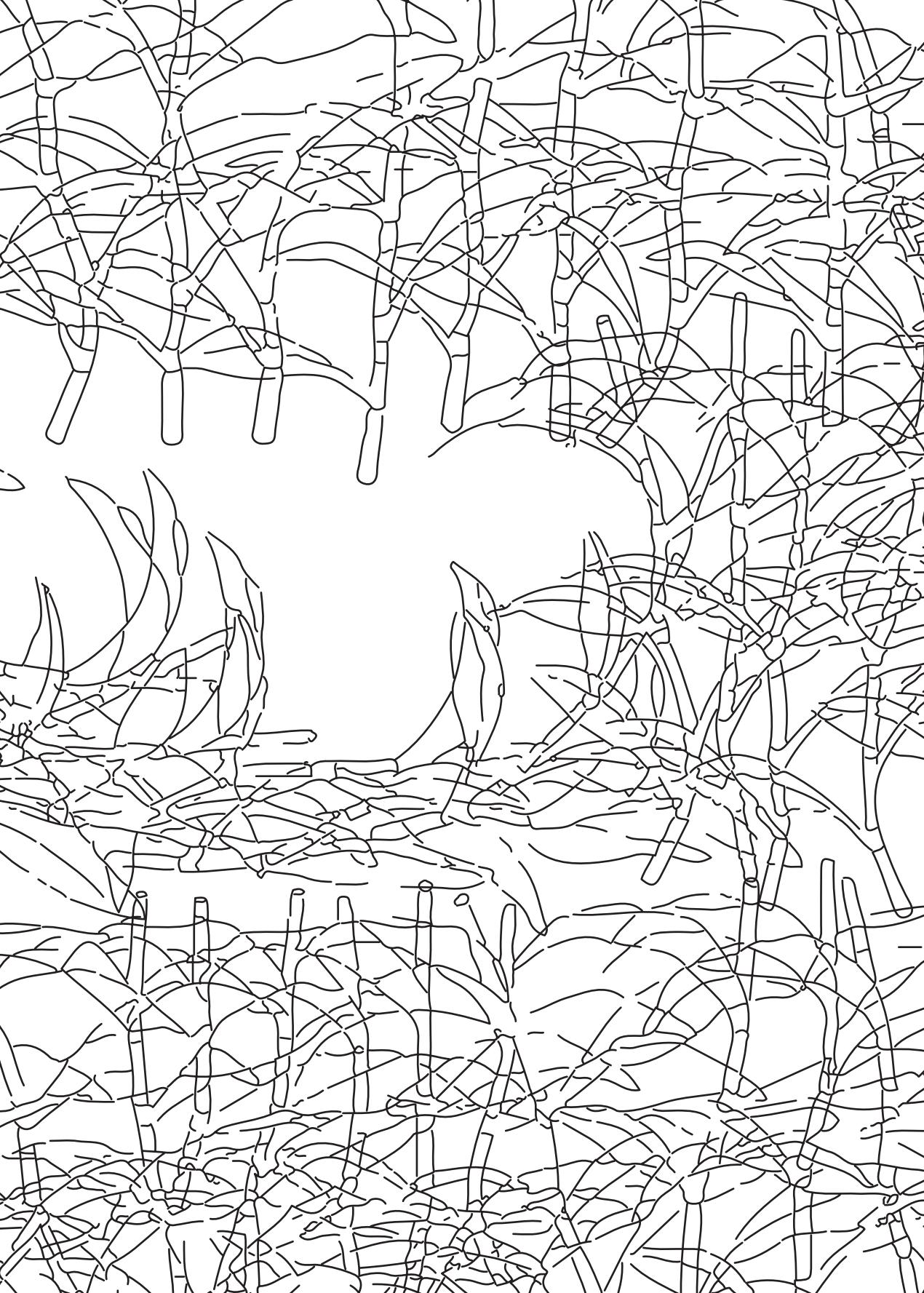
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Zagreb, siječanj

January, 2024.









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The TNM series connects literary forms – fiction, non-fiction and everything in between – with the visual arts. It emanates from multiannual cultural and artistic projects realized within the Trešnjevka Neighborhood Museum, a non-Institutional initiative dedicated to building a socially engaged museum rooted in the local community. Wild Growth is the first edition.

