

CIVILIANS IN UNIFORM



HOGESCHOOL BRABANT /
UNIVERSITY OF PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION,
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CIVILIANS IN UNIFORM

Civilians in Uniform was a title before it was a project. In 2001 two designers, one Dutch and one Serbian, and a Dutch photographer had the idea of initiating a Dutch/Serbian photography project, of which a student exchange would be part. The subject would be the way in which civilians in the former Yugoslavia involuntarily were forced into public roles in the social conflict during the war. Their public role, metaphorically referred to as their 'uniform', was opposed to their personal experiences, opinions and aims. As the project developed further, people and ideas evolving with it, the theme of the project finally became more general: a reflection on the Yugoslavian war and especially on the impact this war has had on individual lives.

Students in photography at two universities in Belgrade and at the postgraduate course Post-St. Joost Photography in Breda took part in the project. Photographers were selected and joined to the group on the basis of written proposals. The photographers all developed their projects in their own ways. Some of them came to a literal depiction, others chose a more metaphorical approach. Through the year 2002 the photographers travelled several times to each other's countries. Although artistically they developed their ideas and worked separately, each Dutch photographer was host to and guest of one Serbian photographer, and vice versa. The Dutch and Serbians assisted each other in finding their way during each other's visits to their homelands. The Dutch photographer Bertien van Manen joined the group both as participant and project mentor.

The book is far from closed on the aftermath of the war in Yugoslavia. While the project was ongoing the Dutch government fell as a result of the question of the role of Dutch peacekeepers during the Serbian capture of the Bosnian city of Srebrenica, former Yugoslavian President Milosevic and other former leaders were on trial before the Yugoslavia Tribunal in Den Haag, Yugoslavia ceased to exist as a country, and Belgrade

instead became the capital of a federation of Serbia and Montenegro. The rawness of the emotions, beautifully expressed in the words of Teofil Panic, is also revealed in the recurrent mistrust of people as to the aims of the project. People wanted to look forward and not back, or were afraid of being stigmatized, often referring to the role of photography in media reporting.

The photographers however stayed far away from taking political positions or stereotyping. They focused on the personal surroundings and experiences of the people they met. Their subtle and personal visions are in keeping with the changing nature of engagement in photography. Their approach to social subject matter differs from the political engagement which was omnipresent in the 1960s and '70s. The attitude of artists in those days toward social issues was activist; the questions of today's artists and photographers are of a more complex character. On the one hand, they focus on personal situations. What is it like, to be at war? How does one get involved? How do you survive physically and morally? How would I react? On the other hand there is an awareness on the way subject matter is communicated. What role does the media have in depicting a war through mass communications?

Finally, Raymond van den Boogaard discusses this role of the mass media from his perspective of having served as a reporter in what was then still called Yugoslavia.

Maartje van den Heuvel
(programm director Post-St. Joost Photography)

KIM WOLTHOF chose to portray Serbian women who had one way or another played a role in the past civil war. In the exhibition and catalogue she will add small quotes from the lives of these women.

IVAN PETROVIC photographed civil defence shelters in Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Utrecht: the hidden, but ever-present reminders of danger where people would have to gather in case of war.

KARIN KRIJGSMAN photographed women of her own age, comparing the course of their lives with her own. For the book, she selected one person to be portrayed - Aleksandrija, a participant in *Civilians in Uniform* as well.

BERTIEN VAN MANEN participated as a mentor and provided guest lessons. As her own work she added photographs of photos: the memories related to the war that people in Belgrade and Kosovo cherish in their homes.

DUSICA DRAZIC focussed on objects that people from the former Yugoslavia now living in The Netherlands keep with them as souvenirs of their homeland. She cropped the images digitally, thus isolating the items as single objects for contemplation.

DOROTHÉE MEYER focuses on the symbolism of war and ethnic hate, projected into the game of football. She combines photos of football players with slogans and songs by the public.

ALEKSANDRIJA AJDUKOVIC photographed Yugoslavian refugees in The Netherlands in a T-shirt picturing their homeland. She had T-shirts printed with their photos from home, in the same way souvenirs shirts are made, and then photographed the people wearing these shirts in The Netherlands.

FRANK KOK did two projects: a series of photos in postcard style on buildings damaged by NATO bombing, and a video performance entitled *Watershed* on the role of chance in human life.

AWOISKA VAN DER MOLEN focussed on one man, who remains anonymous, who participated as a soldier in the civil war. Van der Molen focuses on the sense of a lack of perspective in his life, and the future which he projects into the life of his son.

JOVANA MIRKOVIC interviewed nine Yugoslavian people in The Netherlands. In a montaged mosaic video wall, these people tell about their experiences. One by one, each person is zoomed-in on when speaking.

PAULA MIKLOSEVIC, in a theoretical work on subjectivity in media reportage, combines pictures of Dutch newspaper offices and archives with photographed pages from newspapers, her own theoretical text and the speeches by the presidents Slobodan Milosevic and Bill Clinton on the bombing of Belgrade.

My country used to be full of atomic shelters - or, to be more precise, all new apartment blocks built during the socialists were equipped with the shelters against nuclear or chemical attacks. It was the time of the Cold War, and Yugoslavia was the leader of the Non-Aligned Pact, which generally consisted of the countries that didn't fit in the division on the blocs, or the ones the blocs weren't interested in. I very well remember the seventies, the time I lived in Zagreb: Tito was very old, but still the unassailable political master of the country; the Americans and the Soviets raced each other to get more arms and show their muscles, and "light-communist" Yugoslavia was very proud of its neutral position, and standing on the top of its own Olympus it was teaching the lessons both to the capitalists and the "wrong" sort of communists. But in reality, all that meant only more paranoia: the message was that dangers threatened us both from East and the West, and neither the North nor the South were any safer. Thus Yugoslavia was surrounded by potential enemies, predators that couldn't wait to tear it apart. Suspicious of all the others, the country could more easily neglect suspicions about itself, about its own long-term existence. According to the current doctrine, Yugoslavia could be threatened only from the outside. There was also the "internal enemy" - it consisted of the ones who rejected the dictated ideological line - but it was harmless: or more precisely, it was strong enough to keep the "guards of the revolution" awake by being an ever-present bogeyman, but too weak to seriously jeopardise our "socialist community". Someone was very carefully dosing that semi-phantom danger...

The atomic shelter in my neighbourhood, as everywhere else, was actually a bump in the

local park, covered with earth and grass. Its iron door was always locked, and the kids could only imagine what was hidden behind it. As far as I remember, I never entered that shelter. For us - and not just the kids - all that was somehow surreal and absurd. We didn't feel any real danger, and nobody imagined that it would ever come. Oh, yes, there's something else: the rare ones who felt that one day there might be a war here, knew that it wouldn't be in any way connected to atomic weapons or atomic shelters (there was even a megapopular hard-rock band named Atomic Shelter!), or capitalism, or communism, or Russians, or Americans. The war would be ours alone, and it would be connected only to us. And that was the most terrifying thing about it. Civil and ethnic wars are terrifying because you cannot blame them on others, and still stay credible: the guilt and responsibility burden you like weights you can't put off your back, whether you admit it or not.

Today I consider these shelters as lovely, old-fashioned artefacts from the age of innocence and illusions: wasn't it lovely to live in the epoch when it seemed that we were clean and sinless, and we only needed to protect ourselves from the Evil External Force? There was something calming in all this. The constant preaching about external danger made citizens obedient, but it turned their attention away from the unsolved internal paradoxes of a country with a very stormy history, one we naively hoped we had gotten over, not only because the communist utopia dictated it but also because anything else would be much too scary: if your history consists mostly of massacres and suffering, then you don't want to be a part of it; you prefer to believe that you live After History, in the golden age of solved problems. Just to

remind us about the external danger, the authorities would occasionally organise "public defence" exercises, when people wore gas masks and hid from the atomic attack (!), but all that was just a part of the Big Performance which we treated ironically at the time, and now we treat with tenderness of the kind reserved for the things that will never come back.

Living in the "idyllic community of peoples", the Serbs, Croats, Slovenians, Bosnians, Macedonians and the others mixed with each other through many interethnic marriages, and moved from one end of the country to another; the new atomic shelters covered with grass in the new-built apartment blocks following them everywhere, as one of the symbolic architectural links from Central European Slovenia through Mediterranean Dalmatia to oriental Kosovo. When the Cold War was finally over, Yugoslavia was left in the cold: the others seemed not to need it any more, and it didn't know what to do with itself. Deprived of the integrative factor of ideology and internal oppression (Tito and the Communist Party) mixed with external danger, the land fell apart on the basis of ethnic frontiers and differences, bleeding heavily. To make it clear, the process wasn't spontaneous: nationalists had to make considerable effort to make it this "successful". After a decade of the war insanity, in which Serbia was indirectly very involved although there wasn't any war on its territory, in 1999 NATO started a military campaign because of Kosovo, bombing the infrastructure in all of Serbia. The second evening of the campaign I went to visit my friends, but they weren't at home, in spite of our previous agreement. It occurred to me that they might have panicked and gone to the nearby shelter, so I went there to look for them, finally entering a real atomic shelter, the

place I wasn't allowed even to approach as a boy. My friends weren't there, but the scenes I saw were precisely the pictures from the epic war films about the partisan struggle in the World War II: old women with scarves wrapped around their heads were dozing off in the uncomfortable seats, babies were crying frantically, their young mothers were almost animally, irrationally scared for their offspring, poorly dressed elderly men were making a pretence to sang-froid, and ignorantly talking about politics. There was also something surreal and absurd in that scene: all these people should have actually been in their cosy homes, instead of meaninglessly freezing in the suffocating shelter. The danger that threatened them was really minor, almost obscure. But staying at home would be a "non-patriotic act": everybody had to play their role of a "victim", but they didn't realise that all that was just a bad theatre. I left the shelter and went home sad. I would rather I hadn't entered it: it was prettier not to know what it looked like, to keep it as a distant childhood memory, as an attractive, hidden space of an innocent mystery.

Teofil Pancic
(journalist for the Serbian weekly *Vreme*)

I feel slightly embarrassed about it, but one of my most vivid memories of the civil war in Yugoslavia is an extremely peaceful scene. It was at a municipal swimming pool in Split – although, upon reflection, it could also have been Zadar. Playing children and flirting adolescents. And me, reporter for a Dutch newspaper, away for a few days from those parts of Yugoslavia where people were already busy killing each other, or driving their neighbours out of the village or town. Or worse. An atmosphere of doom.

But the war had not yet come to this town, wherever the swimming pool was. The ability of the Yugoslavs to just keep on living a normal existence while in the next town, the next valley, the next republic, the butchering went on, never ceased to amaze me. And so they swam here, on this afternoon, on this spot where the war still had to begin. And would begin.

The municipal swimming pool had a series of loudspeakers – bringing culture to the people was a constant preoccupation under socialism. At a certain moment *Fragile*, a song by Sting was blasting out: “For all those born beneath an angry star / Lest we forget how fragile we are”.

I was probably the only person in this swimming pool who could indeed know how fragile they indeed would be, the citizens of this town, when in a few weeks the war would come to them too: hiding in their cellars, being hurt, or worse. At least I was probably the only person in this swimming pool who cared to think about that – a reporter never stops thinking. Some forms of knowledge make you feel terribly lonely.

I had the same sensation of loneliness while interviewing refugees. There were refugees in different stages of the war, in different places. “What are you going to do?”,

I constantly asked those who had had to leave their cherished home or village. Most of them didn’t have the slightest idea what their life would be in the coming weeks, months or years. I asked the question, but I knew – for many of them – the answer: living like a vegetable in some rotten refugee camp. But I didn’t tell them. I felt lonely on these moments too.

There are many things in war that cannot be told afterwards, because they do not pass the test of public morals in peacetime. Especially not in the sort of war that took place in Yugoslavia, of citizens against citizens. How, after a war, can an honourable family man describe the enthusiasm with which he killed his fellow-citizen, neighbour, his former friend even? How can one, in a socially acceptable way, describe in peacetime the hatred one once felt – thinly disguised as nationalism – or the need one once felt to kill the other, assuming that if you didn’t kill him, he would surely kill you? But there is also much in the memories of war that cannot stand the test of civilisation. I speak from experience on this subject. Many, if not most, of my memories will not do for a civilised conversation in Holland, anno 2003. A peaceful swimming pool as highlight of his war memories? Is this man insane?

Piles of dead bodies – that’s the sort of stuff people want to hear. “Gates of hell”. Cruel bombardments, performed by villains. Or heroic resistance. Whatever, as long as it has the necessary drama in it. And not just any drama – the right drama. War stories should have clear morals, neatly distinguishing between the good guys and the bad guys, perpetrators and victims. Everybody cannot be a victim, nor everybody a perpetrator – such a view of the war is socially unacceptable. So most of the time, I shut up.

The drama as such, I could well provide. There was, after all, no lack of observations in my four years of reporting in Yugoslavia. Example: a field with scores of dead bodies, in Vukovar, just after the city had fallen – or had been conquered, depending on your point of view.

Men, women, children – some in uniform, others clearly just civilians. And me, the reporter, studying these bodies in detail, trying to find out from their clothing or whatever whether they were Croats or Serbs. That seemed important, given the fact that the JNA-soldiers who accompanied me tried to make me believe all these people were Serbs, contemptuously butchered by the devilish Croats. I couldn’t find out, really. Incidentally, after the first half hour you forget about the smell of rotting human flesh.

That’s the sort of hard-boiled reporter’s memories that will do in a social conversation about experiences in war. But this field of dead bodies is not what comes as my most prominent memory, once I get to think of Vukovar (if I think of Vukovar at all). My most prominent memory is of the dead chicken lying in some backyard. The animal had been ripped open, probably by a grenade. You could see an egg, still in statu nascendi in its belly. Having been raised as a city boy, I of course knew that the eggs you can buy in a supermarket have something to do with a chicken. But that an egg would actually grow inside a chicken – I had never thought about that, until this victim of the battle of Vukovar showed it to me.

As I said before, there is much to be ashamed of among my war memories. Strangely enough, my shame is accompanied by a certain pride, a sense of superiority almost. Somewhere deep in the back of my mind, I seem to think that my personal way

of remembering the war is superior to the way the politically correct remember this war. I have to admit I already felt a similar pride when the war was still going on – not about my memories, but about my own style of reporting it.

Reporters, in war as well as in other circumstances, come in two very different varieties: my own kind, who report on the generally confusing reality in a confused, if not naive way; and the other kind that – most often freshly flown in to the area of crisis – who know while covering a crisis exactly how events should be interpreted. The representatives of the first kind in Yugoslavia were most often Belgrade-based correspondents. We grew up with the war, so to speak. It certainly surpassed our wildest expectations in terms of wickedness and duration. But we were not surprised by every new phase of the war, and were keenly aware of how wickedness was evenly distributed between the parties of war. After the first three years though, it was obvious we lost the battle for public opinion in our home countries. After four years most of us deserted to other assignments. We had seen it all: battles, corpses, streams of refugees, fake negotiations. But we had lost. And it suddenly did not seem too useful anymore to risk one’s neck on a regular basis.

The ones who won the battle for public opinion were the reporters that were freshly flown in. They did distinguish a moral issue in the war, and saw a moral borderline between good and evil that had more or less escaped us. Their morality became the frame for public discussion in the West about the war in Yugoslavia – leading to different forms of military intervention.

When it reached that point, I remember thinking “this is not my war anymore”, and

started to think of quitting. But it took a particular event to finalise this discussion. The event took place high up in the hills above Sarajevo, on a night NATO had issued another ultimatum to the Bosnian Serbs. Looking for a story, I ran into a group of Serbian weekend-soldiers, having a great time taking the occasional shot at the city and drinking booze between shots. They also prepared sausages on a little grill, and suggested putting my balls on the grill as well, after they had noticed I was a citizen of a NATO country. They were not serious really, but in Yugoslavia lack of seriousness never meant things couldn't happen. I had had enough, I said to myself after having escaped from this friendly group, and driving back to the great city of Pale, where I had rented a room. Another socially worthless memory. Shortly afterwards my paper gave me an assignment as an arts reporter. Something completely different, I can tell you. Time passed. I am now a political editor in The Hague, a provincial town where the Dutch government and parliament happen to be established. Occasionally the subject of the "war in Yugoslavia" comes around in Dutch politics. By chance, Dutch military peacekeepers where the ones who did not prevent the butchery in Srebrenica, and there is a never-ending stream of investigations and debates about this shameful episode in the Dutch parliament. How this could have happened is a question that still seems to intrigue my fellow countrymen. I have a rather sound idea on how this could have happened. The Dutch soldiers were sent to Srebrenica on the waves of uplifting ideas about the war in Yugoslavia, as brought to them by the second generation of war reporters. The reality the soldiers found in Bosnia was, however, the war of my own generation of reporters:

very difficult to make sense of it all. By chance The Hague also houses the International Tribunal for Yugoslavia. As I write this, Sesel passes his second night in jail over there, and Milosevic is already a well established guest of the institution. Sometimes, by chance, I see them on TV. Sesel, whom I met several times during the war years, doesn't seem to have changed much – as crazy as ever. 'Slobo' also seems to be the same person I knew: still preoccupied by political conspiracy. I hear they have cosy cells ready for my old journalistic contacts Karadzic and Mladic. What a reunion! I have to admit I avoid the Tribunal's building, though. I don't even know where it is exactly. It hasn't been my war for a long time, after all, and I dread the confrontation between my own memories and the Tribunal. This is not because I think I might be guilty of something (this I have in common with the aforementioned accused), but I simply cannot stand any sort of fiction about the war, be it in feature films or in the workings of the Tribunal. I have sometimes tried to explain to my fellow-citizens why I think this Tribunal doesn't do justice, however despicable the accused might be. But I have learned this is not a good idea: my fellow-citizens start to look at me as if I were myself a supporter of crime and dictatorship. Better shut up. When something about Yugoslavia comes up in parliament, I ask a colleague to take over. So I remain discreet about the war in Yugoslavia, although it influenced me as a human being. It is fashionable to say these days that traumatic experiences should be remembered over and over, that you should keep on talking about them in order to give them a place in history, to get over them. I politely disagree: on a personal

level, I can very well live with my memories. The only thing that does disturb me is having to deal with the distance between my own memories of the war and the socially accepted idea of the Yugoslav war in the West, where I live. I opt for discretion in memory. Needless to say, I am very fond of many of the photographs in this project – most of them are very discreet indeed. They hint at the war, rather than memorialising it. No "gates of hell" will ever obscure the real remembrance of this cruel war – the frivolous one.

Raymond van den Boogaard
(journalist for the Dutch newspaper
NRC Handelsblad)

*"Is there a time for keeping your distance, A time to turn your eyes away
Is there a time for keeping your head down, For getting on with your day
Is there a time for kohl and lipstick, A time for cutting hair
Is there a time for high street shopping, To find the right dress to wear*

*Here she comes, Heads turn around
Here she comes, To take her crown"*

The passengers, 1995

I was thirteen years old when the war started in Yugoslavia. I never really watched it. I was an adolescent, maybe too young, and I had other things on my mind. I only saw the war in Yugoslavia on television, and that was it. What I saw was a war that above all was ruled by men.

The images that I can remember of women in that war are the refugee mothers with their children and the victims.

For *Civilians in Uniform* I wanted to find women who were on the one hand victims because of the loss of their loved ones, and on the other hand were victims from losing the world they had built up. They had to be women who in spite of all their miseries took care of themselves and cared for others, so that their lives and those of others could go on.

I wanted to find women who worked during the war in the former Yugoslavia and during the bombings of Belgrade, who had worked to survive. That's how I found these seven women, who each worked on their own way during the war. They were working while the bombs fell on their city, Belgrade.

Jelena: Works as a freelance journalist for several foreign news agencies. She has filed reports of events in Bosnia and Macedonia. The last two years she reported from Kosovo.

Svetlana: Worked as a nurse in a civilian hospital during the bombardment of Belgrade. After the bombardment she couldn't take it any more and started to work as a pedicurist. In November, 2002, she immigrated to Canada, as she could no longer live in Serbia.

Maria: During the war she was a student. Became a member of Otpor, the student resistance, and took part of the demonstrations against Milosevic. Besides her study she worked as a model so she could support her family during the hyperinflation.

Joka: Worked as a nurse in a military hospital in Belgrade. Lost her husband and mother during the war. From her wages she has maintained herself, her children and members of her family who were forced to flee from Bosnia.

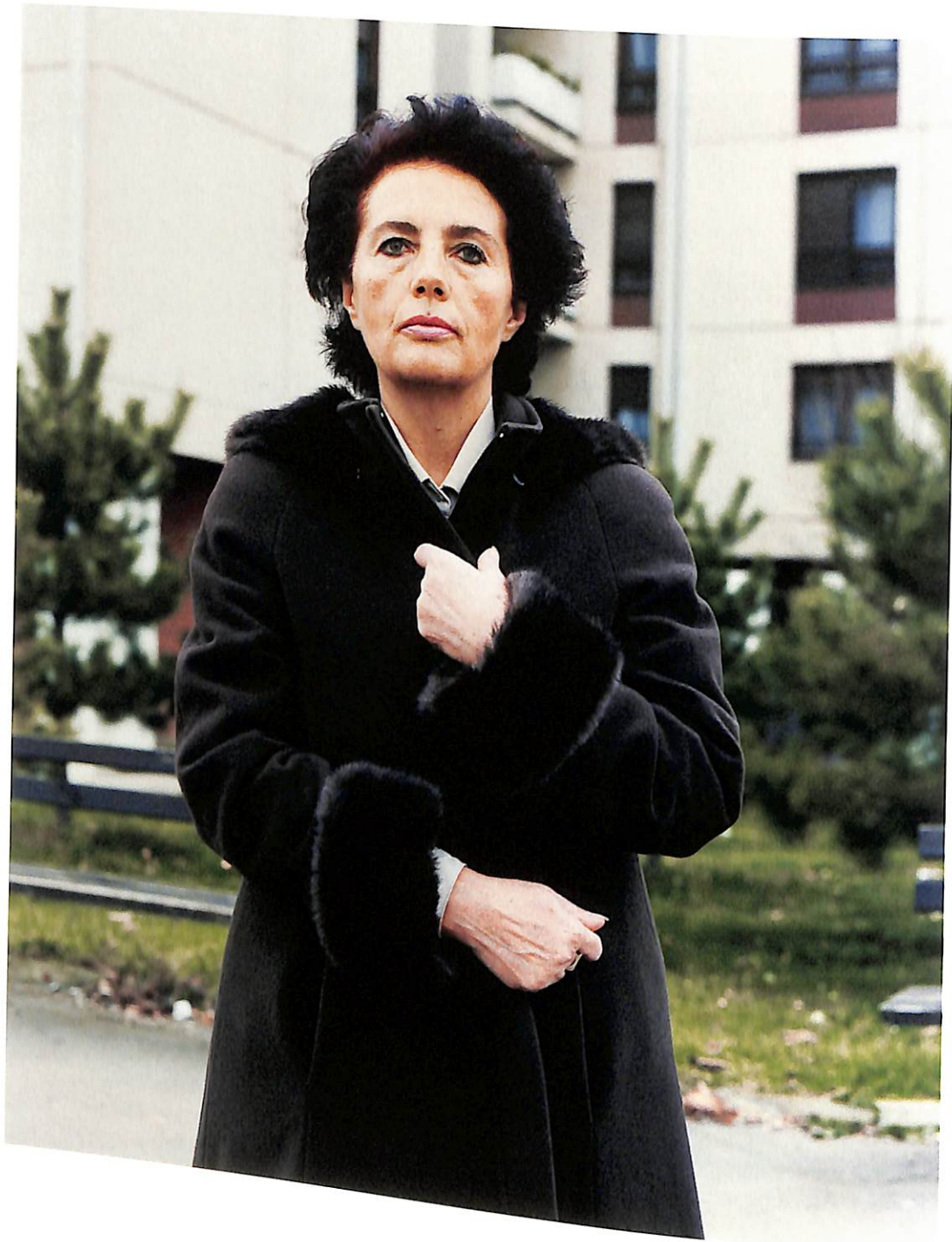
Slavica: From Krusevac, a town below Belgrade. In 1992 she left as a patriot, with her two sons, to Erdut, Croatia, to help in a military camp. For two years she cooked and washed for the soldiers. She also was trained to fight in case the camp was attacked. She couldn't take it that life went on in Serbia.

Dusica: Founder of the organisation *Samohrane Majke*, which means *Single Mothers*. In 1991 she fled from Croatia with her daughter to Belgrade. Her husband was murdered and her brother is still missing. She founded this organisation to help single mothers survive in and after the war.

Jelena: Psychologist who teaches at the University of Belgrade and has her own clinic for children with war trauma. During the summer she organises summer camps where she helps the young ones to deal with their trauma.









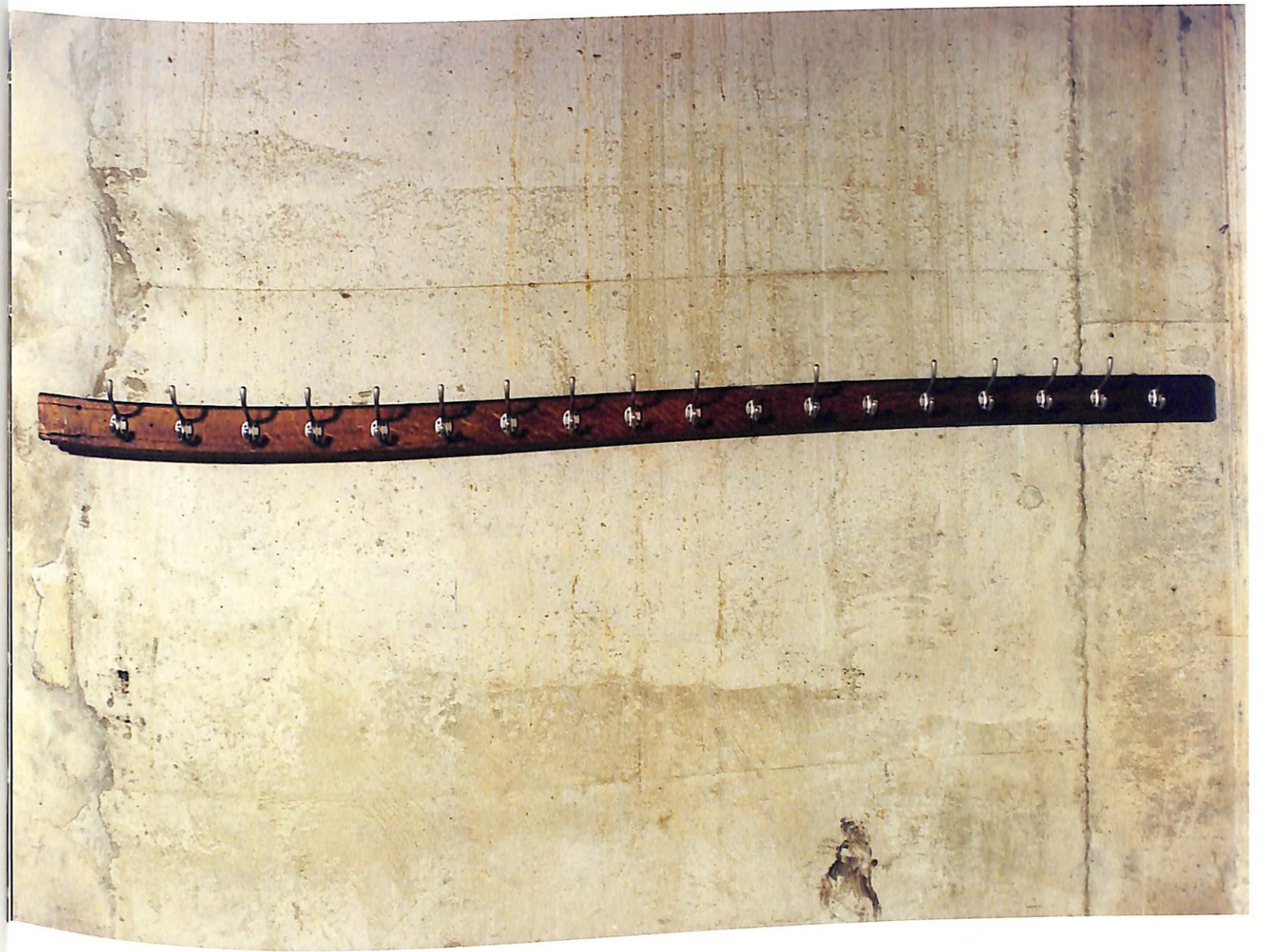
Underground shelters

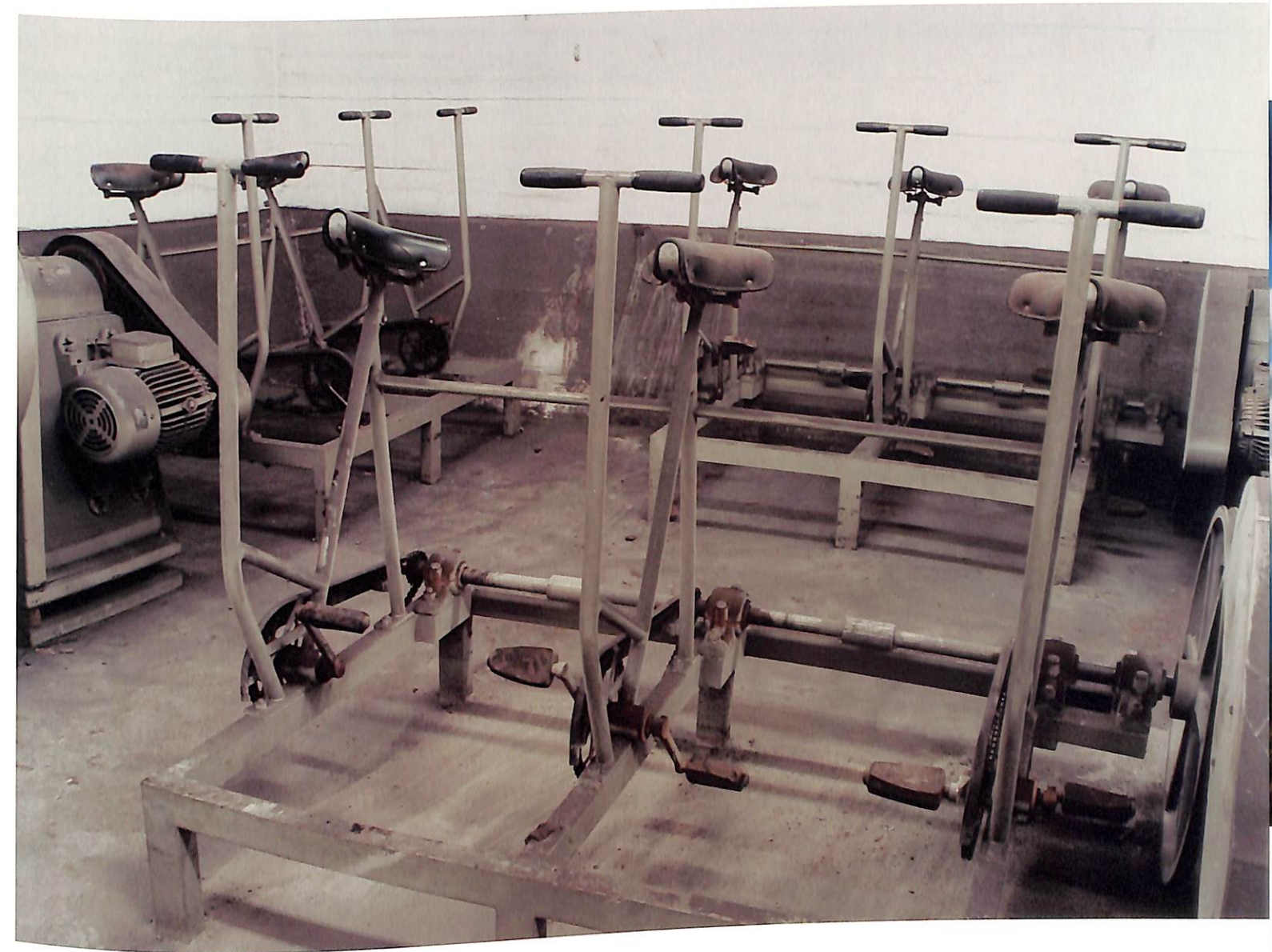
Work in progress

These photographs are part of a larger project by Ivan Petrovic, which he will develop over some years: "Underground shelters".

He will photograph civil defence shelters in different places in Europe - the hidden, but ever-present reminders of war where people would have to gather in case of danger. The photographs in this book are part of the material shot during 2002, in Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Utrecht, in The Netherlands.











Aleksandrija

Aleksandrija is one year older than I am. She lives in Belgrade, but is originally from Croatia, from Osijek. Aleksandrija took me to her hometown, where she had lived until she was fifteen. During the bus ride to Croatia she was quiet. She told me she goes back to Croatia every now and then with her parents to visit family. We changed busses in Vukovar, and as we were waiting for the bus she said: "Every time I go to Croatia I feel a little sad. Not for myself, but for my parents. I am happy in Belgrade. But my parents left their whole lives and carriers in Osijek and had to rebuild everything in Serbia. Imagine your parents had to do that. How would you feel?"

She took me to her home in Osijek, where she hadn't been in twelve years. The people who live there now used to work for her father, who is officially still the owner of the house. The couple that lives there now doesn't think so.

She wanted to show me her room, and the view from her window. Like two naughty kids who were playing somewhere where they were not allowed to play, she took me into the building. First she showed me what used to be her doorbell. She showed me her mailbox in the hall downstairs, and then we walked up the stairs to her home. She was a little nervous, since she didn't know how the new "owners" would respond. And what would her parents say of her visit? But her curiosity won out over her rational doubts and we looked out the window in the stair hall. We looked on the roof that she used to see from her room and at the church that was in front of her view. She rang the bell. Two older women appeared in the door. The first one came out and walked up the stairs where she stopped. The second one was the lady of the house, and she closed the door as much as possible behind her, in order for us not to see what was behind that door. Would there still be the same furniture which was so familiar to Aleksandrija?







BERTIEN VAN MANEN





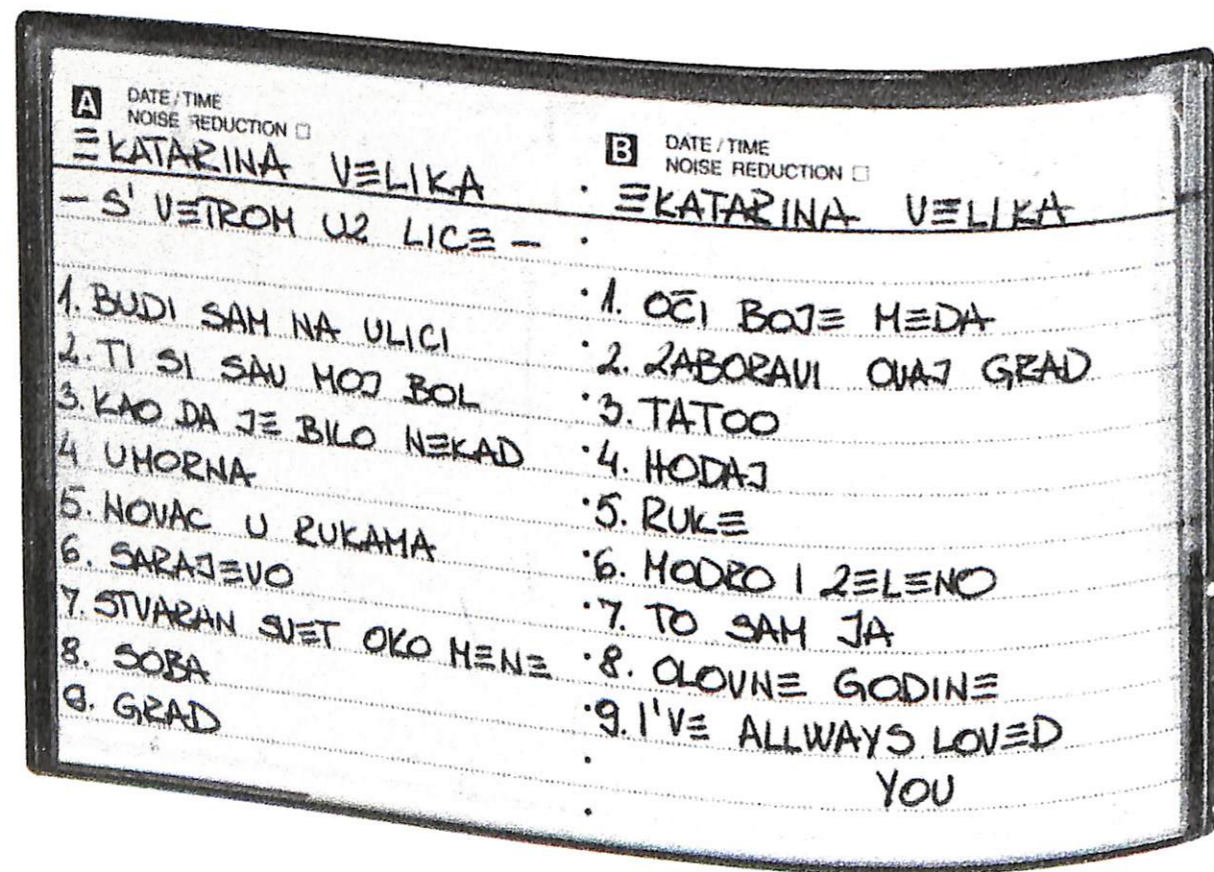




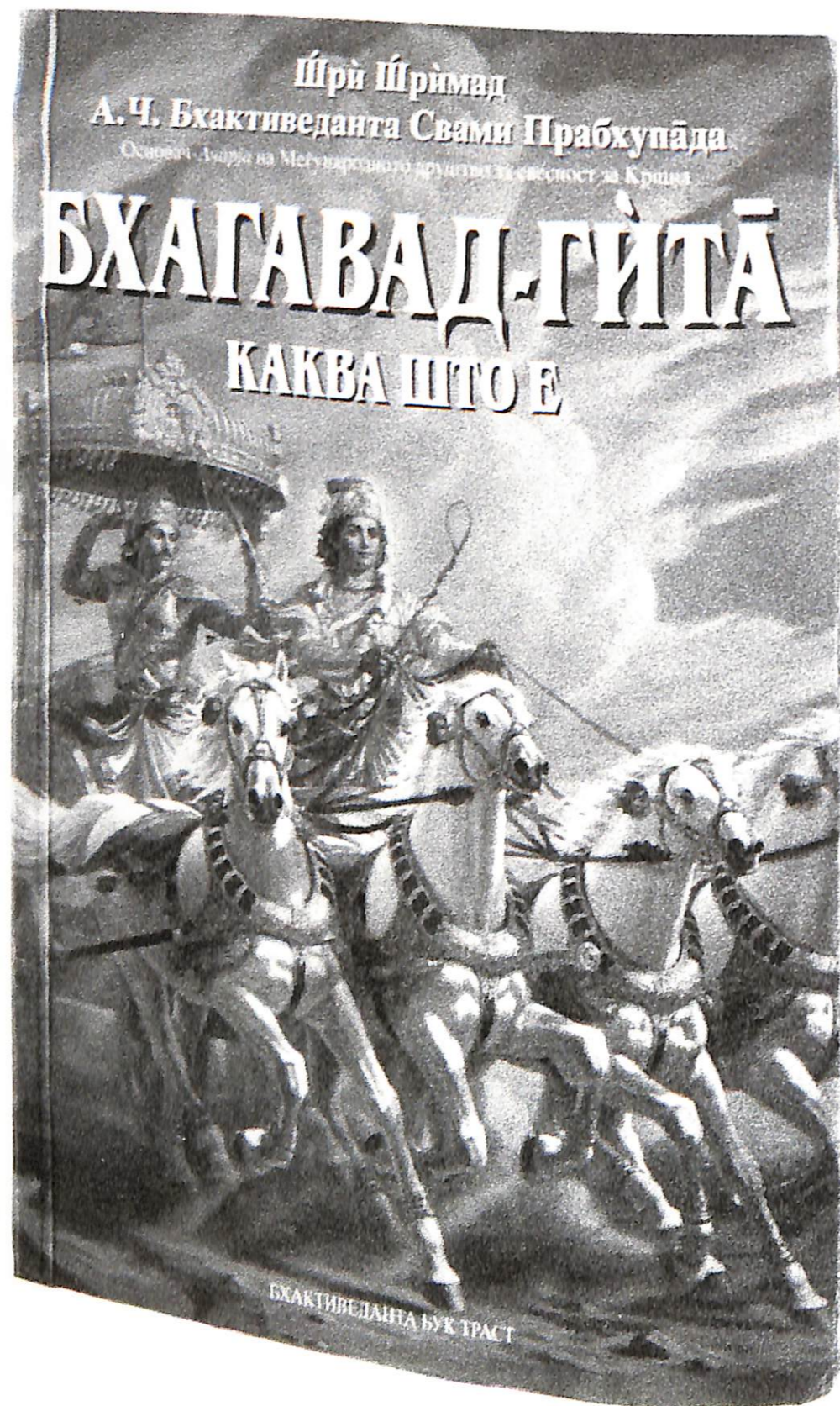
DUSICA DRAZIC

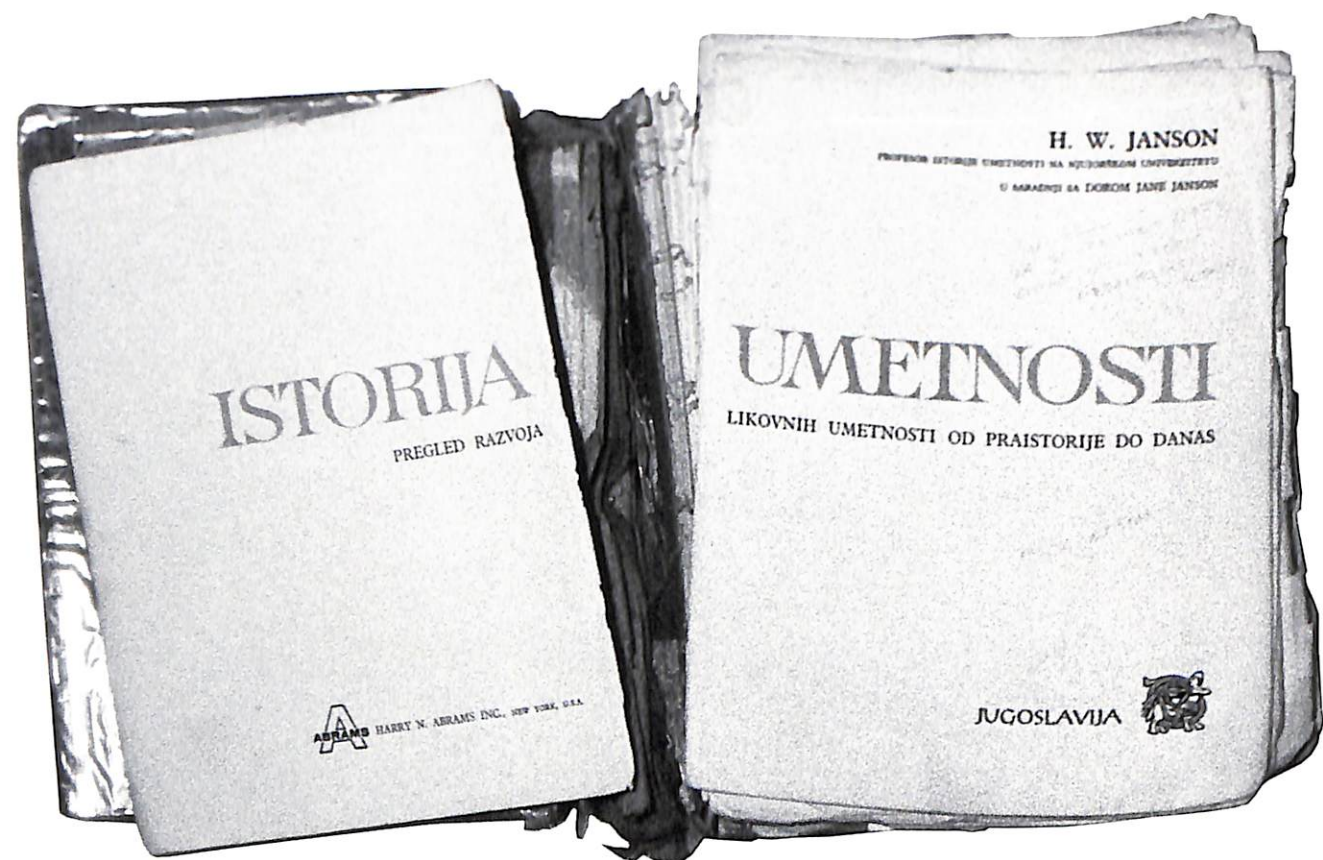
... am I able to remember my past time as a copy of itself... is there a need for that, or should I leave memories to crystallise? ... could I refresh it only by pieces that I have near around me? ...if I would leave my birthplace, what I would take with me? Books, presents from friends, toys, photos? Or I would rely just on my capability to remember...

These objects have lost their original meaning and purpose, they had been raised to the level of symbols of the past, and now they represent a link with that past.









DOROTHÉE MEYER

ARE YOU SORRY
BUGGERS
THAT MAKSIMIR
HAS FALLEN THIS NIGHT....



SERBIA - SERBIA
EAT SHIT WE ARE
THE CHAMPIONS
THIS IS SERBIA
DOWN WITH TUDJMAN
WE WILL KILL TUDJMAN
WE ARE CHETNIKS
YOU ARE TITO'S
TITO IS YOURS
CROATION PUSSIES
WE ARE THE CHETNIKS
WE ARE THE STRONGEST
USTASHI USTASHI
SERBIA ALL THE WAY TO ZAGREB
SERBIA I LOVE YOU

slogans, cries and songs heard at Maksimir on May 13, 1990



HANG ALL SERBS
MURDERERS
MURDERERS
CROATS CROATS
SERBIAN GYPSIES
KILLERS KILLERS
TONIGHT IS OUR FEAST
TONIGHT WE WILL GRILL
SLOBO LET HIM GRILL
ON THE SPIT FUCK HIM
HE HAD NO LUCK

slogans, cries and songs heard at Maksimir on May 13, 1990



THIS IS SERBIA WE ARE CHETNIKS
FROM TOPOLA GORA GENERAL
DRAZA'S SENTRIES STAND
LET TUDJMAN
FUCK YOU SERBIA
ALL THE WAY TO ZAGREB
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS

IF YOU ARE HAPPY THRASH A
SERB ON THE FLOOR IF YOU ARE
HAPPY SLAY HIM WITH A KNIFE
IF YOU ARE HAPPY
CRY OUT CROATIA INDEPENDENT
STATE

slogans, cries and songs heard at Maksimir on May 13, 1990

THE WAR STARTED AT MAKSIMIR, 1990,
the worst soccer riot in Yugoslav history,
soccer as a prelude to war.

"A football match is not a question of
life and death. It is much more than that".
The "more than that" was quite visible
in the slogans, cries and songs heard
at Maksimir Stadium on May 13, 1990

Colin Ward in: *The War started at Maksimir on May 13, 1990, Belgrade (Media Center), 1997.*

From the newspaper Vecernje Novosti, May 15, 1990:
"It should have been the jewel in the crown of the season,
the last hit of the championship, the derby of the year
and instead it was a catastrophe, a destructive close
encounter and to use the most difficult of qualifications,
it was just a step away from civil war."

This work refers to the historic football game on May 13th, 1990, in Zagreb, the Croatian
capital, at Maksimir Stadium, between Dynamo Zagreb and FC Red Star, Belgrade,
and the slogans, chants and songs heard before, during and after this game.
What these slogans called for was later almost realised to misanthropic perfection
by paramilitary groups.

These pictures are recent pictures, from 2002, twelve-and-a-half years later.
They are about the symbolic meaning of football, projected into the game by the public.
The soccer players in these pictures and the club FC Red Star themselves do not
want to have anything to do with politics, nationalism and warfare.

Photos I, III FC Red Star vs Zeta, 17 November 2002,
FC Red Star Stadium, Belgrade

Photos II FC Red Star vs. Lazio Roma, 14 November 2002
FC Red Star Stadium, Belgrade

Photos IV FC Red Star, FC Red Star Stadium, Belgrade

Slogans:
from Bad Blue Boys,
at that time paramilitary organisation and fan club,
Dynamo Zagreb Supporters, Zagreb
13 May 1990, Maksimir Stadium Zagreb
and
slogans from Delije,
at that time paramilitary organisation and fan club,
FC Red Star Supporters, Belgrade
13 May 1990, Maksimir Stadium Zagreb
Quoted from Srecko Mihailovic, in: *The War started at Maksimir on May 13, 1990, Belgrade (Media Center), 1997.*





Refugee

is a term defined by the 1951 Geneva Convention. A refugee is a person who is outside his/her country of nationality and is unable or unwilling to avail him/herself of the protection of that country, or to return there, for fear of persecution based on his/her race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group or political opinion.

Tourist

is a person who travels for pleasure.

By photographing nine persons from former Yugoslavia, currently residing in Amsterdam, I questioned the notion of one's homeland. I asked each of them to give me a picture of theirs in which they were photographed in their former place of residence, before the disintegration of Yugoslavia. Then I printed T-shirts with these photos and the names of the towns they came from. I photographed them wearing these shirts in Amsterdam. The T-shirts were made in the same manner as souvenir T-shirts, so that the persons in the photos look like tourists. In this way I problematise the situation, by presenting observers with the dilemma of whether these persons are tourists in the places inscribed on the T-shirts, or in Amsterdam, where they currently live.

- I Dam
- II Overtoom
- III Hakfort (Bijlmermeer)
- IV Oude Leliestraat
- V Spuistraat
- VI Pienemanstraat
- VII Oude Leliestraat



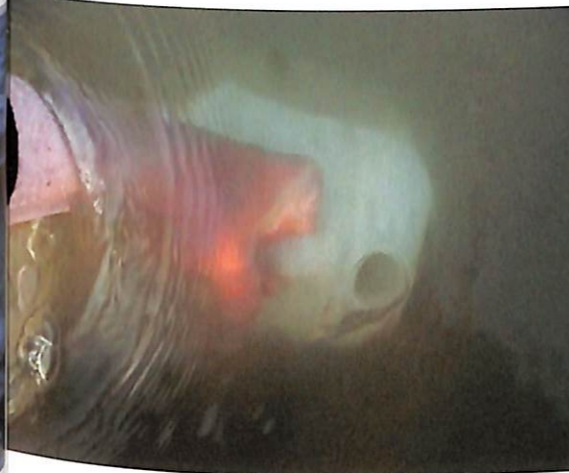
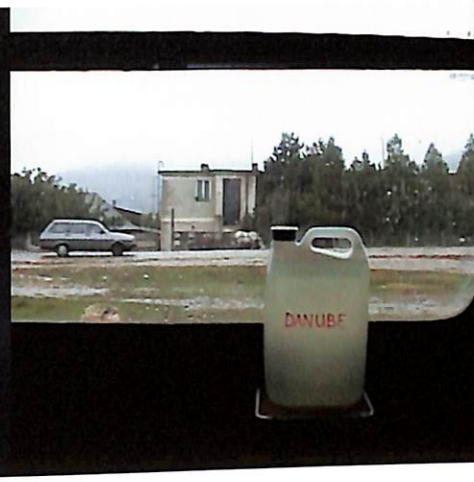
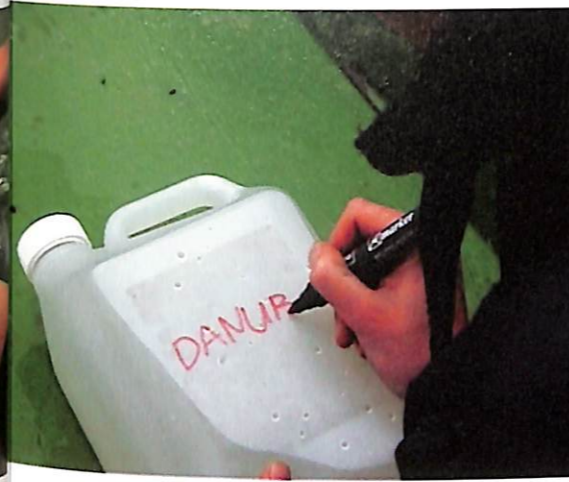




Watershed

a video performance

I asked myself if there was any physical relationship between Yugoslavia and The Netherlands. I noted that the rivers Rhine and Danube share a watershed in the south of Germany. Any raindrop falling on a hilltop there, on one side will flow into the Danube and travel through Yugoslavia, ending up in the Black Sea. But if this raindrop were to fall a metre further over, on the other side, it will flow into the Rhine and go to the North Sea. It is this exact spot where Eastern and Western Europe meet. Here future is decided at random. So I decided to bring water from both ends of the rivers to the watershed, and reverse this process.



AWOISKA VAN DER MOLEN

'Blago onom ko rano poludi'

'Happy is the one who turns insane early on'

(an old Serbian proverb)

Insanity is a real godsend for any soldier wishing to escape the horrors of war. In the chambers of his inward-turned spirit, the insane man finds repose. The endless reflection of self-projected images keeps his soul alive. In this inaccessible domain, the pure man survives, beyond the reach of his brothers-in-arms and of his opponents.

Happy is the one who turns insane early on and the one who didn't recover.

The soldier pictured in this story did not become insane.



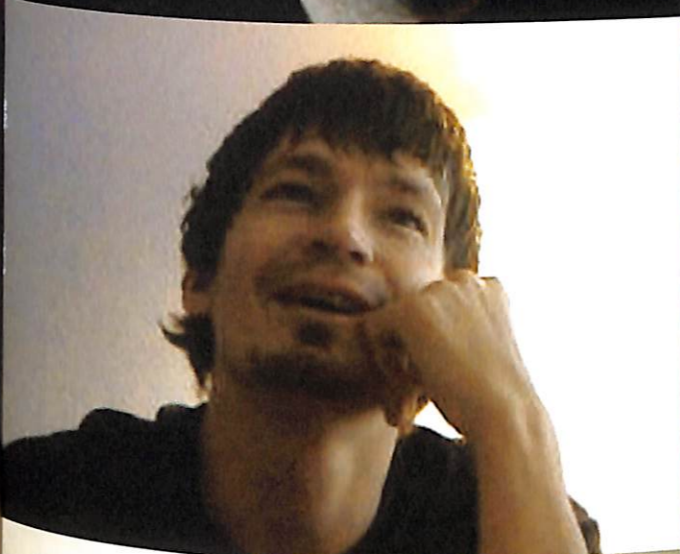
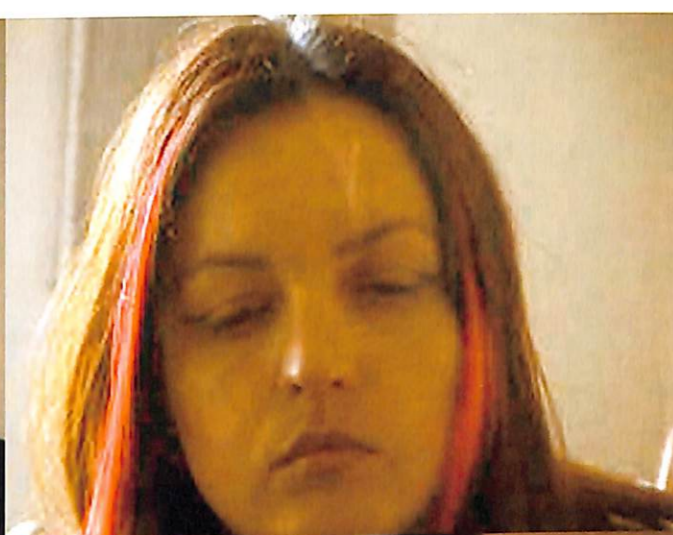
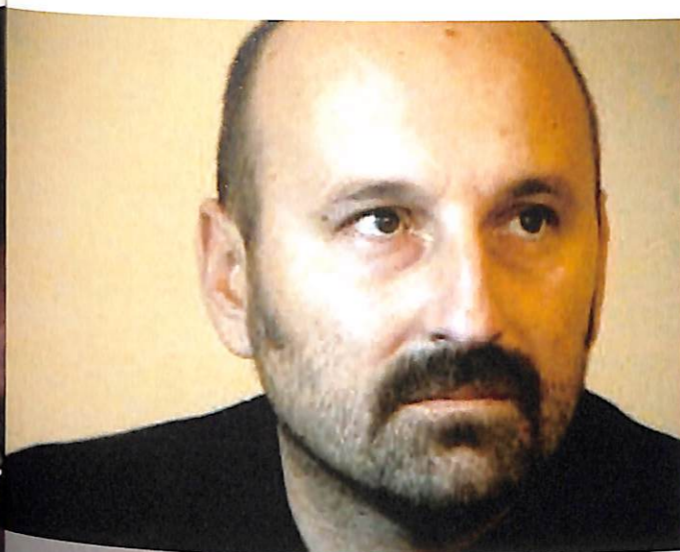
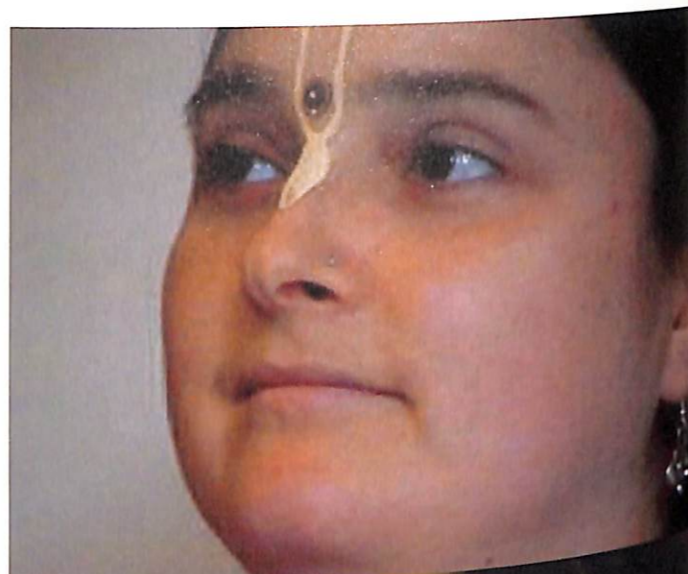






JOVANA MIRKOVIC

The video is an interview with nine persons who used to live in the former Yugoslavia and now live in The Netherlands. They all left their country because of political or economic reasons. These are their thoughts about why they left, what are they doing in their second lives, why they want (or don't want) to go back. What is it like to take part in the war - not a physical but a mental war?



A year-and-a-half ago I was married for the residence papers. I don't want to go back, my children will be Dutch.

Here I accomplished everything that I should have done there.

When Milosevic fell down for the first time I went back. When we arrived in Belgrade I cried. In Yugoslavia a lot of people walked with their heads down.

I was sick of watching and I didn't want to take part in it.

On October 3, 1991, I left the country because Milosevic left me one option - to go to Vukovar.

I couldn't live from the job that I was doing.

What I wanted in Yugoslavia, happened in the Netherlands.

I didn't know that I was a Muslim. I fell in love with a boy Nebojsa, and he told me "What would I do with you, you are a Muslim." I used to ask, "Why am I not a Serbian?"

I felt like a stranger in my own country. The girls from ex-Yugoslavia had a value because they did a good cleaning job.

I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking.

Christopher Isherwood, *A Berlin Diary*

Document, by definition, means evidence, a truthful testimony about a certain set of events backed by the authority of the law. Photography, since its inception, has been treated as an authentic and objective account, a record of events which, at a certain moment, took place in front of the camera. It is therefore not surprising that very early in its history photography was appropriated as a means of recording and archiving evidence about scenes and victims of war. For quite some time the stance that the camera does not lie and that photography is an unbiased witness has been accepted as a universal cliché and, consequently, documentary war photographs are more often than not treated as an unmediated transcription of reality. But the camera is never simply a means of recording things as they are; it is also a means of exposing and asserting certain frames of reference, as it always implies a privileged viewpoint and thus directs our perception of events. Documentary photography, due to its assumed veracity, unavoidably entails a specific bond between the represented subject (war in this case) and the position of the viewer. Hence, photography is never a neutral, disinterested witness to events. At best it is ambivalent, but in most cases, especially when it is used as an element in the construction of the historic narrative, it is charged with moral implications. In that sense, documentary photography is a powerful creator of public opinion.

There is no war without representation, no sophisticated weaponry without psychological mystification. Weapons are tools not just of destruction but also of perception.

Paul Virilio, *War and Cinema: The Logistic of Perception*

The central question when considering war photography is: what does it mean for a viewer to see 'history as it is happening' through the medium

of photography?

In terms of the twentieth century, photography has become an agent in the construction of history, rather than simply recording it. Documentary work is defined by context, the practices and institutional forms within which it is set. The paradigmatic form of documentary is not just an act of labeling, but also of ascribing significance, a way of asserting meaning. Photography, ubiquitous in media presentations of war, has become more than a mere chronicler of events. In fact it is a tool for visualizing history as a series of discrete images which speak of conflicts and disaster, images which have become emblematic in our understanding of both the past and the present.

The history of battle is primarily the history of radically changing fields of perception... war consists not so much in scoring territorial, economic, or other material victories as in appropriating the 'immateriality' of perceptual fields.

Paul Virilio, *War and Cinema: The Logistic of Perception*

The documentary gaze is always connected with a passion for categorizing and imposing order. It implies emphasizing, arranging and discarding, or more broadly, selecting from the abundance of intertwined events. It lays claim to the authenticity of one perspective, disregarding others. By giving significance to certain definitive images it shapes people's view of the war. Media representation is never devoid of ideological context which, in turn, dictates interpretation. The viewer is rarely presented with single autonomous images, but rather with a juxtaposition of visual and written accounts - documentary photographs are accompanied by caption or incorporated into text. Despite its referential nature, together with its denotative level photography has connotative potentials, which are fulfilled in the process of contextualization. Seemingly transparent images are thus turned into facts inaccessible to critical engagement, disempowering the reader from any other interpretation than the imposed one.

This is how documentary works: It defies comment; it imposes its meaning. It confronts us, the audience, with empirical evidence of such nature as to render dispute impossible and interpretation superfluous. All emphasis is on the evidence, the facts themselves speak
William Stott, *Documentary Expression and Thirties America*

Acts of looking and registering can never be completely innocent and objective. The world is explored and experience visually reshaped in terms of particular identities. In becoming the object of the camera's gaze, a subject for photography, one is seen as a representative of certain categories. Viewing is never transparent, as it always contains, or more precisely, expresses relations of power and control.

When human experience is viewed from a given perspective, history, as a array of accounted events, is constructed within certain sets of values. War becomes a commodifiable object of vision - what really happens is not as important as what is recounted in the media. Emotionally charged experiences are made visible within fields of perception determined by ideological, political, economic and cultural impulses.

Media representation claims fidelity to the facts, but actually it creates the modes in which history is being fashioned, it fits reality within conventions of representation, aestheticizing even the most abject and disturbing content.

The camera as an active tool of mass representation is a vehicle for documenting one's condition over one's image; of presenting arguments and demands: of stimulating action; of experiencing visual pleasure as a producer, not consumer of images; of relating to, by objectifying, one's personal and political environment.
Don Slater, *Marketing Mass Photography*

'Truth' is achieved through the power of the image-maker. It is not a question of lying, but of limited ability to tell the 'full story', to present reality without taking into account a multitude of possible

perspectives. The complexities of life are simplified into iconic images and authoritative statements, free of any ambiguity or heterogeneity... Information is codified and truth, in Foucault's terms, turns out to be merely part of the constructed communication chain through which knowledge is disseminated. Documentary photography thus gains an important role in the process of classification and archiving.

By making transparent the non-event of the war, you give it force in the imagination - somewhere other than in the 'real time' of news where it simply peters out. You give force to the illusion of war, rather than become an accessory to its false reality.

Jean Baudrillard, *The Illusion of War*



June 10, 1999 Web posted at: 10:04 PM EDT (0204 GMT)

Text of President Clinton's address to the nation about the end of NATO bombing in Yugoslavia, as transcribed by the Federal Document Clearing House:

My fellow Americans,

Tonight, for the first time in 79 days, the skies over Yugoslavia are silent. The Serb army and police are withdrawing from Kosovo. The 1 million men, women and children driven from their land are preparing to return home. The demands of an outraged and united international community have been met. I can report to the American people that we have achieved a victory for a safer world, for our democratic values, and for a stronger America.

Our pilots have returned to base. The air strikes have been suspended. Aggression against an innocent people has been contained and is being turned back.

When I ordered our armed forces into combat, we had three clear goals: to enable the Kosovar people, the victims of some of the most vicious atrocities in Europe since the Second World War, to return to their homes with safety and self-government; to require Serbian forces responsible for those atrocities to leave Kosovo; and to deploy an international security force, with NATO at its core, to protect all the people of that troubled land, Serbs and Albanians alike. Those goals will be achieved. Unnecessary conflict has been brought to a just and honorable conclusion. The result will be security and dignity for the people of Kosovo, achieved by an alliance that stood together in purpose and resolve, assisted by the diplomatic efforts of Russia. This victory brings a new hope that when a people are singled out for destruction because of their heritage and religious faith and we can do something about it, the world will not look the other way.

I want to express my profound gratitude to the men and women of our armed forces and those of our allies. Day after day, night after night, they flew, risking their lives to attack their targets and to avoid civilian casualties when they were fired upon from populated areas. I ask every American to join me in saying to them, "Thank you. You've made us very proud." I'm also grateful to the American people for standing against the awful ethnic cleansing, for sending generous assistance to the refugees and for opening your hearts and your homes to the innocent victims who came here.

I want to speak with you for a few moments tonight about why we fought, what we achieved and what we have to do

now to advance the peace and, together with the people of the Balkans, forge a future of freedom, progress and harmony. We should remember that the violence we responded to in Kosovo was the culmination of a 10-year campaign by Slobodan Milosevic, the leader of Serbia, to exploit ethnic and religious difference in order to impose his will on the lines of the former Yugoslavia. That's what he tried to do in Croatia and Bosnia and now in Kosovo.

The world saw the terrifying consequences: five hundred villages burned; men of all ages separated from their loved ones to be shot and buried in mass graves; women raped; children made to watch their parents die; a whole people forced to abandon in hours communities their families had spent generations building. For these atrocities, Mr. Milosevic and his top aides have been indicted by the International War Crimes Tribunal for war crimes and crimes against humanity. I will never forget the Kosovar refugees I recently met. Some of them could barely talk about what they had been through. All they had left was hope that the world would not turn its back.

When our diplomatic efforts to avert this horror were rebuffed, and the violence mounted, we and our allies chose to act. Mr. Milosevic continued to do terrible things to the people of Kosovo. But we were determined to turn him back. Our firmness finally has brought an end to a vicious campaign of ethnic cleansing. And we acted early enough to reverse it, to enable the Kosovars to go home. When they do, they will be safe. They will be able to reopen their schools, speak their language, practice their religion, choose their leaders and shape their destiny. There will be no more days of foraging for food in the cold mountains and forests. No more nights of hiding in cellars, wondering if the next day will bring death or deliverance. They will know that Mr. Milosevic's army and paramilitary forces will be gone, his 10 years of repression, finished. NATO has achieved this success as a united alliance, ably led by Secretary General Solana and General Clark. Nineteen democracies came together and stayed together through the stiffest military challenge in NATO's 50-year history. We also preserved our critically important partnership with Russia. Thanks to President Yeltsin, who opposed our military effort, but supported diplomacy to end the conflict on terms that met our conditions. I'm grateful to Russian envoy Chernomyrdin and Finnish President Ahtisaari for their work, and to Vice President Gore for the key role he played in putting their partnership together. Now, I hope Russian troops will join us in the force that will keep the peace in Kosovo, just as they have in Bosnia. Finally, we have averted the wider war this conflict might well have sparked. The countries of Southeastern Europe backed the NATO campaign, helped the refugees,

and showed the world there is more compassion than cruelty in this troubled region. This victory makes it all the more likely that they will choose a future of democracy, fair treatment of minorities, and peace.

There are formidable challenges. First, we must be sure the Serbian authorities meet their commitments. We are prepared to resume our military campaign, should they fail to do so. Next, we must get the Kosovar refugees home safely. Minefields will have to be cleared. Homes destroyed by Serb forces will have to be rebuilt. Homeless people in need of food and medicine will have to get them. The fate of the missing will have to be determined. The Kosovar Liberation Army will have to demilitarize as it has agreed to do. And we in the peacekeeping force will have to ensure that Kosovo is a safe place to live for all its citizens, ethnic Serbs as well as ethnic Albanians. For these things to happen, security must be established. To that end, some 50,000 troops from almost 30 countries will deploy to Kosovo. Our European allies will provide the vast majority of them. America will contribute about 7,000. We are grateful that during NATO's air campaign, we did not lose a single serviceman in combat. But this next phase also will be dangerous. Bitter memories will still be fresh, and there may well be casualties. So we have made sure that the force going into Kosovo will have NATO command and control and rules of engagement set by NATO. It will have the means and the mandate to protect itself while doing its job. In the meantime, the United Nations will organize a civilian administration while preparing the Kosovars to govern and police themselves. As local institutions take hold, NATO will be able to turn over increasing responsibility to them and draw down its forces. Our third challenge will be to put in place a plan for lasting peace and stability in Kosovo and through all the Balkans. For that to happen, the European Union and the United States must plan for tomorrow, not just today. We must help to give the democracies of Southeastern Europe a path to a prosperous shared future, a unifying magnet more powerful than the pull of hatred and destruction that has threatened to tear them apart. Our European partners must provide most of the resources for this effort, but it is in America's interest to do our part as well. A final challenge will be to encourage Serbia to join its neighbors in this historic journey, to a peaceful democratic united Europe. I want to say a few words to the Serbian people tonight. I know that you too have suffered in Mr. Milosevic's war. You should know that your leaders could have kept Kosovo as a part of your country without driving a single Kosovar family from its home, without killing a single adult or child, without inviting a single NATO bomb to fall on your country. You endured 79 days of bombing, not to keep Kosovo a province of Serbia, but simply

because Mr. Milosevic was determined to eliminate Kosovar Albanians from Kosovo, dead or alive. As long as he remains in power, as long as your nation is ruled by an indicted war criminal, we will provide no support for the reconstruction of Serbia. But we are ready to provide humanitarian aid, and to help to build a better future for Serbia too, when its government represents tolerance and freedom, not repression and terror.

My fellow Americans, all these challenges are substantial, but they are far preferable to the challenges of war and continued instability in Europe. We have sent a message of determination and hope to all the world. Think of all the millions of innocent people who died in this bloody century because democracies reacted too late to evil and aggression. Because of our resolve, the 20th century is ending, not with helpless indignation, but with a hopeful affirmation of human dignity and human rights for the 21st century. In a world too divided by fear among people of different racial, ethnic and religious groups, we have given confidence to the friends of freedom and pause to those who would exploit human difference for inhuman purposes. America still faces great challenges in this world, but we look forward to meeting them. So tonight I ask you to be proud of your country and very proud of the men and women who serve it in uniform. For in Kosovo we did the right thing. We did it the right way. And we will finish the job. Good night and may God bless our wonderful United States of America.



June 10, 1999

Text of president Milosevic's address to the nation about the end of NATO bombing in Yugoslavia:

Dear citizens. Happy peace to us all!

At this moment, our thoughts go out to the heroes who have given their lives for the defense of the fatherland in the struggle for freedom and dignity of our nation. All their names will be announced in full but at this moment I would like to inform you that in the war which lasted exactly 11 weeks, from March 24 until today, 462 Yugoslav army soldiers and 114 police were killed.

We shall never be able to repay them. We have to do what we can. Our duty is to care for their families and repay them by being forever ready to defend our freedom and dignity of this land for which they laid down their lives. The entire nation participated in this war - from babies in hospitals to intensive care unit patients, to soldiers in air defense trenches and soldiers on the borders. No one will forget the heroism of the defenders of the bridges, the citizens who defended the factories, the squares and the cities... their state and their people. The people are the heroes - this may be the briefest conclusion of this war. The people are the heroes and should feel like heroes and behave as such: with dignity, nobility and responsibility.

Throughout the rallies in this past year in our country, one motto was often heard: We will not give up Kosovo. We never gave up Kosovo. Today, the territorial integrity and sovereignty is guaranteed by the G-8 nations, the U.N., This guarantee is in the draft resolution. Open questions regarding the possible independence of Kosovo in the time before the aggression have been sealed with the Belgrade agreement. The territorial integrity of our country can never be questioned again.

We survived and defended the country and raised the entire problem to the pinnacle of world authority, the pyramid - the United Nations. The problem was returned to be solved under the auspices of the United Nations and in tune with the U.N. Charter. The troops due to be deployed in Kosovo will be under U.N. auspices. These troops will have their prime responsibility to ensure the safety of all citizens.

Also under the U.N. aegis, a political process will take place, based on the principles already discussed and on the basis of the sovereignty and territorial integrity of our country. This political process can only involve the autonomy of Kosovo and nothing else.

By coming before the U.N., we have not only defended our country but have brought back to the world stage the U.N., which did not function for 80 days before this aggression. This is our contribution to the world: to prevent creation of a unipolar world, to prevent the acceptance of a world based on the dictat from one center. I think this contribution will be huge in history and that the heroism of our people in the resistance to the many-times stronger and bigger enemy will mark the end of the 20th century. I am convinced of this.

We have shown that our army is invincible - I am sure the best army in the world and by the army I mean the soldiers, police, all forces of national defense. They showed the entire world how one defends his nation, how unified and strong we stood. Because the people were the army and the army was the people. Never before have our people been so united and never in our history did we have fewer cowards who fled the country to await the war's end abroad in safety.

At this moment, we face many new problems which will open many new duties at the end of the aggression and the beginning of peace. To take care of the ones who need it the most, the families of the killed, those who have been maimed for life, all those workers and farmers and citizens whom the war damaged and who need help. Everyone need help. We face the reconstruction of the country.

We shall begin rebuilding our bridges immediately, our factories, our roads. We have to restart again a great development to reflect the vitality of all our citizens. And when I speak of our people, I mean all citizens and nationalities. We have defended the only multiethnic society left over as a remnant of the former Yugoslavia - this is another great achievement of our defense.

The forces that come to Kosovo will serve peace, regardless from which countries they come from. An army always follows the orders and the order here is to protect the people and the peace. The work ahead will require great mobilization. I think that the unity in these difficult times is a major achievement which we have to preserve in times ahead.

I wish all citizens of Yugoslavia much joy and success in reconstruction of our country!

FRANK KOK







CAPTIONS

Captions are only mentioned when found relevant by the maker.

KIM WOLTHOF

- I Jelena, Belgrade
- II Svetlana, Belgrade
- III Maria, Belgrade
- IV Joka, Belgrade
- V Slavica, Belgrade
- VI Dusica, Belgrade
- VII Jelena, Belgrade

IVAN PETROVIC

- I & II Wash-basins, Utrecht
- III & IV Bedroom, Amsterdam
- V Entrance door, Amsterdam
- VI Air Filter Room (bicycle construction for generating power), Rotterdam
- VII Shelter hospital, Utrecht
- VIII Toilets, Amsterdam

KARIN KRIJGSMAN

- I Aleksandrija and her boyfriend Lazar, Belgrade
- II At her parents home, with her parents and Lazar, Belgrade
- III In the cab with Lazar, Belgrade
- IV At her parents home, with a picture of her parents, Belgrade
- V With her father in the local supermarket, Belgrade
- VII Border to Croatia at Vucover

BERTIEN VAN MANEN

- I Kosovo
- II Belgrade
- III Kosovo
- IV Belgrade
- V Belgrade
- VI Kosovo
- VII Kosovo
- VIII Kosovo

DOROTHÉE MEYER

- I, III FC Red Star vs Zeta, 17.11.2002,
FC Red Star Stadium, Belgrade
 - II FC Red Star vs. Lazio Roma, 14.11.2002
FC Red Star Stadium, Belgrade
 - IV FC Red Star, FC Red Star Stadium, Belgrade
- Slogans: from Bad Blue Boys,
at that time paramilitary organisation and fan club,

Dynamo Zagreb Supporters, Zagreb
May 13, 1990, Maksimir Stadium Zagreb
and slogans from Delije,
at that time paramilitary organisation and fan club,
FC Red Star Supporters, Belgrade
May 13, 1990, Maksimir Stadium Zagreb

Quoted from Srecko Mihailovic, in: *The War started at Maksimir on May 13.1990*, Belgrade (Media Center), 1997.

ALEKSANDRIJA AJDUKOVIC

- I Dam
- II Overtoom
- III Hakfort (Bijlmermeer)
- IV Oude Leliestraat
- V Spuistraat
- VI Pienemanstraat
- VII Oude Leliestraat

FRANK KOK

- I mouth of the river Danube, Sulina, Romania
- II mouth of the river Rhine, Rotterdam, the Netherlands
- III watershed between Danube and Rhine, Stetten, Germany

JOVANA MIRKOVIC

- I Biljana, b. 1974, Stip, Macedonia
- II Simke, b. 1957, Belgrade, Serbia
- III Tanja, b. 1971, Nis, Serbia
- IV Daca, b. 1974, Sarajevo, Bosnia Herzegovina
- V Pedja, b. 1969, Novi Sad, Serbia
- VI Lejla, b. 1983, Priboj, Serbia
- VII Emina, b. 1980, Priboj, Serbia
- VIII Zoran, b. 1963, Belgrade, Serbia
- IX Jelena, b. 1968, Negotin, Serbia

PAULA MIKLOSEVIC.

Photos of editors' offices and archives of Dutch newspapers in Amsterdam
Photos of newspaper pages of Dutch national newspaper *Trouw*

FRANK KOK

- I Police headquarters, Belgrade
- II USCE-building, Novi Beograd, Belgrade
- III Hotel Jugoslavija, Novi Beograd, Belgrade
- IV Motorway bridge over river Sava, south of Belgrade

In 2001, **Kim Wolthof** (b. 1977) graduated from St. Joost Photography Academy in Breda. She participated in several group exhibition for example Presence, with student work, at the FotoFestival Naarden 2001.

Ivan Petrovic (b. 1973) graduated from the private Academy of Arts "Braca Karic" in Belgrade in 2002. He had several solo and group shows, mostly in Belgrade. He is working now on a international project to photograph underground shelters in several places in Europe.

Karin Krijgsman (b. 1977) graduated cum laude in 2001 from St. Joost Photography Academy in Breda. She participated in several group exhibitions. In 2002 she won the first prize in the Student Work category in the PANL (Photographers Association Netherlands) photography competition, plus the Canon Award.

During her long career as a photographer, **Bertien van Manen** (b. 1942) has made intimate documentary reportages on people in diverse places in the world. Recently her projects on Russia (*A Hundred Summers A Hundred Winters*) and China (*East Wind West Wind*) have become widely known.

Dusica Drazic (b. 1979) is a student in the Photography Department of the Faculty of Applied Arts, University of Belgrade. She joined several projects abroad, and has had exhibitions in REC and Djura Jaksic Galleries in Belgrade

Dorothee Meyer (b. 1973) graduated in 1999 from the photography department of the Royal Art Academy in The Hague. She has had many group and several solo shows and became known for her series of night views of psychiatric institutions and her "artificial" landscapes.

Aleksandrija Ajdukovic was born in 1975 in Osijek. She is fourth-year student in photography at the Academy of Arts "Braca Karic" in Belgrade. She has had one solo exhibition and has participated in a number of group exhibitions in Belgrade.

In 1998, **Frank Kok** (b. 1971) graduated cum laude from the photography department of the Royal Art Academy in The Hague. He participated in several group shows and had a solo in Gallery Bodo Niemann in Berlin. Amongst his commissions was one for a monumental work for a juvenile detention centre.

Awoiska van der Molen (b. 1972) graduated in 2001 from Minerva Academy in Groningen. She participated in several exhibitions in The Netherlands and in 2000, as part of an exchange project at Hunter College, in Hunter Art Gallery in New York.

Jovana Mirkovic, born in Belgrade in 1977, is a photography student at the Academy of Applied Arts, part of the University of Belgrade. She participated in a number of group exhibitions and had four solo exhibitions in several venues in Belgrade.

Paula Miklosevic (b. 1977) graduated from the private Academy of Arts "Braca Karic" in Belgrade in 2002. Besides working as a photographer, she writes on photography and is curator of the Belgrade Students' Photography Gallery.

Photographers:

The Netherlands:
Bertien van Manen
Frank Kok
Karin Krijgsman
Dorothee Meyer
Awoiska van der Molen
Kim Wolthof

Serbia and Montenegro:
Aleksandrija Ajdukovic
Dusica Drazic
Paula Miklosevic
Jovana Mirkovic
Ivan Petrovic

Civilians in Uniform was an exchange project between the postgraduate photography department 'Post-St. Joost Photography' of the University of Professional Education, Breda and the photography departments of the Faculty of Applied Arts of the University of Belgrade and the Private University 'Braca Karic' in Belgrade

Original idea: Jeroen de Vries (NL), Marina Dokmanovic (YU), Bas Vroege (NL)
Idea development and exchange supervision: Maartje van den Heuvel (NL)
Project mentorship: Marina Dokmanovic (YU), Maartje van den Heuvel (NL), Simon Kool (NL), Bertien van Manen (NL), Jeroen de Vries (NL), Katarina Zivanovic (YU)

Exhibition:
Venue
Location
Dates
Curator

The Netherlands:
FotoFestival Naarden
Naarden Vesting
28 May – 22 June 2003
Maartje van den Heuvel

Serbia and Montenegro:
REX = B92
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September 2003
Katarina Zivanovic

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Marina Dokmanovic, Maartje van den Heuvel, Jeroen de Vries
Don Mader, Words and Pictures, Rotterdam
Jeroen de Vries
Drukkerij Mart.Spruijt, Amsterdam
90-807311-3-7

Photo front cover

Karin Krijgsman: Aleksandrija and her boyfriend Lazar in the cab, Belgrade, 2002

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