

AN ATHEIST

With *An Atheist* Dragan Jovanović wants to show that using a marginalized Southern, mountainous language, one can write a serious philosophical novel dealing with the growing European neo nihilism. *An Atheist* is effortlessly colored in a peasant language: its main hero, Paycha from Mokra, is a seventeen-year-old Fool for Christ who gets married with a minor Gypsy girl, violating village taboos. Moreover, Lord reveals himself to Paycha Nish Spa.

However, Paycha soon comes in conflict with the Lord, too. Not only because mountainous giants “from God renounced sons” help him build Noah’s Ark, but also because Lord cannot understand why Noah’s Ark looks like a coffin and finally, why the Ark has no - stern! For He himself has not made plans for Noah’s Ark but the chief engineer who is above Lord letting him know He will again release flood and has chosen Paycha “to stay alive since there’s a trace of Noah’s seed in him”. Lord also orders him to set off to Dry Mountain where he is to start building Noah’s Ark. Paycha hesitates but accepts Lord’s offer since he almost has no choice; in a way he is excommunicated from the village and having stolen Redza’s bride, “his Verche Faraonche”, he even comes in conflict with Redza, the Nish mafia boss from

in the hierarchy of Heaven. Paycha then figures out that Lord is “only a supervisor on the Earth”. This is difficult for Paycha to understand, so he becomes a sworn atheist and for that he is severely punished.

DAVIDS AGAINST BOGOMILS

It is a seemingly naive booklet, written soon after “Sava’s Žitije (Biography) from a Bogomil Monk” came into being. It should have recorded all the noise and clutter that followed the appearance of “Sava’s Žitije” at the time when aggressive ideology inspired by Saint Sava turned up in Serbia, fully supported by the Serbian Orthodox Church (SOC) and the Academy, but also by the Central Committee Alliance of Serbian Communists. If for nothing else, the booklet is important because in it Jovanović makes clear to the arrogant Serbian public of the time that he does not and never will accept the role of “Serbian Rushdie”. At the same time, Jovanović once again points out to the hazardous role the Nemanjic dynasty played among the Serbs. Moreover, he points out that the Saint Sava’s ideology had even more catastrophic historic effect than the communist tyranny over the Serbian people and culture, pointing out that the “warm orthodoxy” was merely a Middle Age obscurity at the daybreak of Renaissance which due to the Nemanjics never even commenced in Serbia.

DUMB TUESDAY (TORNIK)

“Dumb Tuesday” (1999) is the first of the three novels that Dragan Jovanović wrote in “Serbian Yiddish” as he endearingly calls the language of his homeland, Bela Palanka.

“DumbTornik” is actually stupid Tuesday during which as the customs say, one should not start any important job but is to make sure the day ends as soon as possible without committing any stupidities. Well, now is that day, the main hero of the novel, Dragan Ujevac,

a pensioner, organized by the local Bela Palanka socialists, sets out to reach Belgrade and the counter meeting there, to give support to Milosevic's regime, shaken seriously for the first time. It is in "Dumb Tornik" that one can again see a painful impact of Jovanović's sad and needy South and the capital city of Belgrade which cannot hide its "Northern" disdain towards the Southerners who economize on cases. Moreover "Dumb Tornik" reflects the increasingly diseased, schizoid diagnosis of Serbian society. Apart from all the misfortunes, the chief hero's wife dies. Suffering from mental pain her husband finds himself in Toponica, the madhouse of Nish. However, the madhouse reflects the whole schizoid state of Serbia. Wearing straitjackets there walked not only Milosevics, Shesheljs, Drashkovics, Djindjics but Ibrahim Rugovas and the rest of Kosovo company as well. The madhouse is governed by a certain Babojevic resembling Orwell's farm...

The novel's hero managed to get himself rid of the madhouse running away to Germany where his son was "kicking fussball in Bundesliga"...

ALEXANDER POSERKOV'S DIRE EGGS

This is a burlesque in which 280 identifiable Milosevic's era personalities of Serbian public life, participate. "*Dire Eggs*" are first of all a clash with the Serbian postmodern literature critique that has not recognized "*Sava's Hagiography (Biography) from Bogomil to Monk*", as one of the most important books ever to appear in Serbian literature. In the year "*Hagiography*" was published, it did not even enter the widest selection of books for NIN Literature Prize Award. This annoyed Dragan Jovanović so much that he awarded himself the alternative NIN Prize in a tavern, "Komunalac", on the same day and at the same hour when the official NIN Literature Prize was being awarded in the elite Aeroclub, a hundred meters away from "Komunalac". Jovanović's "performance" was all the more impertinent because he was still a NIN journalist at the time and only a miracle saved him from being sacked out of the notable Serbian weekly.

In "*Dire Eggs*" (the title was borrowed from Bulgakov), Jovanović not only mocks Alexander Jerkov, the panache of Serbian postmodern literature critique but through a sordid magnifying glass observes "Jovan Skerlic's hazardous effect on Serbian literature", especially Skerlic's disdainful attitude towards Bora Stanković and everything else coming from Serbian South. But "*Alexander Poserkov's Dire Eggs*" are an ardent Bulgakovian satire of the nineties political and public scene. Nobody is spared there; headed by the barker from Dedinje (Slobodan Milošević) and the woman comarade Bat (Mira Marković) ending with Vuk Razdrašković, Zoran Mindić, Voja Košpica and all the rest of the accompanying rogues and swindlers that have brought Serbia to the beggar's rod.

MARIA'S GOSPEL

The novel "*Maria's Gospel*" begins where "*Sava's Hagiography (Biography) from Bogomil to Monk*" ends. Having buried Sava in Trnovo, Bogomil Monk sets off for India to look for Jesus's grave in Kashmir... "*Maria's Gospel*" tells a story about the events that took place when the thirty-year-old Jesus comes back from India and starts his unfortunate mission

in Galilee and Judea. He is actually spreading the “science of India” which is in former Palestine accepted with difficulty. In spite of spreading pacific Buddhism, Jesus simultaneously incites mutiny against the Romans and the rebellious adventure brings about his crucifixion on Golgotha. However, Jesus does not die on Golgotha but is taken off the crucifix and with Maria Magdalena and their children goes back to India...

“*Maria’s Gospel*” is in fact witnessing of Jesus’s mother Maria and his existence in the novel is corroborated by the Letters that Niketa of Remsiana, the bishop of Remsiana (Bela Palanka) writes to the tzar, Theodosius the Great. The Tzar travels from Sirmium towards Constantinople Assembly where he is to confirm dogmas from the Nicaea’s Assembly referring to Maria’s sinless (immaculate) conception and the Holy Trinity. Preparing for meeting Theodosius, Niketa of Remsiana discovers a sect whose members believe themselves to be the descendants of “*Jesus and Maria’s children*”. By means of Niketa’s order, the Christian police from the sect members succeeds in wheedling The Gospel from mother Maria where one can clearly see Jesus did have children with Magdalena. In his correspondence with Theodosius, Niketa of Remsiana tries to convince the Tzar to abjure the Nicaea’s dogmas and accept “the new truth about Jesus and Magdalena”. But having hesitated the Tzar, Theodosius the Great, rejects the idea. Unfortunately, at the entrance of Sićevac Gorge, on his way to Remsiana, Theodosius spots a welcoming “graphite” on the cliff where Jesus’s crucifixion was displayed, only with - a donkey head! A “*Donkey Crucifixion*” has otherwise been a recognized “writing” gnostics from Alexandria of the time practised and even mocked Nicaea’s dogmas referring to Jesus’s false calvary on Golgotha. Furious at Niketa due to such scandalous welcome, Theodosius only passes through Remsiana on the way to Constantinople and confirms Nicaean dogmas in its Assembly.

PONTIUS PILATE’S MEMOIRS

“*Pontius Pilate’s Memoirs*” is a “natural” sequel of “*Maria’s Gospel*” and the third closing volume of a trilogy about “*Indian Jesus*”, Jovanović’s obsessive theme with its beginning in “*Sava’s Hagiography*” (*Biography*). In „*The Memoirs*” one can very well perceive that Pontius Pilate was indeed benevolent towards Jesus, perhaps even fascinated by him. Moreover, it was Pontius Pilate who “sponsored” Jesus’s “street theatre” by means of which “*Indian prophet and Messiah*” promoted his ideas.

From “*Pontius Pilate’s Memoirs*” it is quite obvious that Jerusalem uprising did exist and that its chief ringleaders were Jesus and his brother John the Baptist. The conflict between these two Jerusalem uprising leaders was thoroughly described and it ended “the Serbian way”. As prince Milosh brought Karadjordje’s head to Istanbul, so did Jesus convey John’s head on a tray. Apparently Jesus was one of the lapsed uprising leaders, prone to cooperate with Roman occupiers, the one Pilate accepts. This will soon be known not only in Jerusalem but in Rome too and even the Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate, must flee to India together with Jesus and his family where the Messiah has beforehand come from.

HEDGEHOG

“*Hedgehog*”, written by Dragan Jovanović, “a moving science fiction novel“, as he himself says, seems to be the first novel in „*Serbian Yiddish*“. “*Hedgehog*” has a form of an autobiographic novel in which the main hero Žare the Aviator, the King’s pilot, narrates his life. He lives away from his home village Mokra, in Paychovian meadows on Dry Mountain, where he looks after his sheep doing what he’s dreamt of all his life. But Žare, the Aviator, forms a relationship with aliens from planet Sirius. An alien Sirma starts visiting him and takes him to Sirius, as ages ago, angels took Enoch to Heaven to stand face to face with the Lord. Up there, on Sirius, our hero finds Tesla, Njegoš, but Leonardo da Vinci too, all of them racial Serbs.

So, once again, “*Hedgehog*” starts the story of Heavenly Serbia and the Serbs as the oldest nation. This topic used to serve as mockery for Serbian academicians and masculine telebearers from Bela Palanka but suddenly it becomes serious when the Russian academician, Anatolij Kljosov from Harvard and his book appear. He claims that Serbia is a cradle of the first Caucasians and that the Serbian Gen: R1A1 is at least 12000 years old and that all European nations originate from the Serbs, even the Russians. These “Serbian gods” are actually aliens from Sirius. Žare the Aviator begins spreading this story and people in the village begin laughing at him so he turns away from people becoming a hedgehog.

But on the day of Transfiguration, at the market fair in Bela Palanka they stop laughing at Žare, the hedgehog, because a wonder never seen before...

NIETZSCHE OF GUCHA

“*Nietzsche of Gucha*” is an exciting story about an agronomist Mladen Dj. Protich from Gucha, otherwise a participant in the Balkan wars and one of those who had survived “*Serbian Golgotha*” through Albania. Sent to Nica to recover where he partly cures his illness, Mr Protich begins work in Serbian Red Cross in Berne (Switzerland). There he finds out that Nikola Pashich, Serbian Prime Minister in exile, steals goods from the Red Cross warehouse and by means of some fictive Jewish firm in London, sells the goods for the Serbian people - to Austro-hungarian army! Fearing that Mr Protich will say the game is up, Pašić places himself in - the Geneva madhouse! Mr Protich succeeds in connecting with some representatives of “Secret Serbia” in the madhouse. From them he learns that they are the descendants of those Serbian Bogomils who running away from the Nemanjićs persecutions, reached the Swiss Alps. Soon they were in Lausanne and Geneva. There in the madhouse, he introduces himself with Nietzsche’s works and becomes Nietzschean. When the Great War ends Mr Protich is transported from the Geneva madhouse to Zagreb madhouse. After King Alexander intervenes, he is transferred to the house arrest though Mr Protich is not at peace with it. At the same time he tries to start the Pashich’s “Berne Affair” in Belgrade press, but comes in conflict with Serbian Orthodox Church, claiming that the Nemanjićs are “Jewish servants of Vatican” and that nowadays Europe is in the “clutches of Judeomasons”. He initiates his own newspaper “Heavenly Force” and comes in conjunction with Bogomils from Skopje, who tell him Jesus is in fact our man, Rista from Ohrid...who was not crucified in the first century b.c. but in the ninth! Naturally Mr Protich was excommunicated from the Serbian Orthodox Church. He also welcomed Tito’s regime and was in conflict with it as too. Though he was buried outside the cemetery of Gucha, bogomil’s tomb was found one day on his grave.

LETTERS TO ARISTOTLE

In his “Letters to Aristotle”, Jovanović’s obsessive theme about “Indian Jesus” acquires its Copernican turnover. Suddenly the reader learns that behind the “Indian Jesus” actually stands - Alexander of Macedonia, in person! The chief culprit for maybe the greatest historic forgery in the Old World is presumably Plutarch together with the rest of the censors of the burnt down Library of Alexandria but the censors of the Nicaean Assembly.

“Letters to Aristotle” in which Alexander writes to his teacher from India, obviously makes clear to the reader that he is “Isa from Kashmir”, disappointed with Macedonian generals because they refuse to accompany him to China. He throws his sword in the Gang and with the “Indian gymnosophists” goes to Kashmir caves where he welcomes his ripe old age. Nearing the end of this epistolary novel, „Letters to Aristotle” one can sense that Jesus could possibly be his son who will return from India to Macedonia, while people will call him Pseudo Alexander who will drag behind him - a wooden Trojan horse from the Danube to Salonika! In the subtext of the novel there is the two Swiss men correspondence, the men who loved Serbs a lot. They were Carl Spitteler and Archibald Reiss. They not only comment on Alexander’s letters to Aristotle but on the events taking place both in Serbia and Europe during the World War I...

RASTOKLIA, SERBIAN MESSIAH

“Rastoklia” is the second Jovanović’s novel in “Serbian Yiddish”. This is a story about a monk born in - a monastery. His mother is a prioress of one and only monastery on Dry Mountain and he, Rastoklia, is the only monk in the Dry Mountain monastery Veta. The plot begins when he learns to be Lenin’s committee favourite. After Lenin’s death, he flees from Stalin to Serbia where having become a monk he conceives Rastoklia with a very beautiful prioress. Evgeny Preobrazensky, alias monk Dimitrie, corresponds with Kazimir Maljevich, a famous Russian painter from the Serbian monastery. They correspond with each other asking if Lenin is in fact Jesus coming to Earth for the second time. Rastoklia is to deliver his father’s correspondence to the Serbian Academy of Science in Belgrade and for the first time goes on a journey by train heading to the capital. In Belgrade, in Knez Mihailova Str, in front of the Academy bookstore, he meets Rebeka, the granddaughter of the last Dorchol’s rabbi who knows how to make great, blindly obedient people, out of mud. The old rabbi is against the love relationship of his granddaughter Rebeka with a Christian Orthodox monk. Nevertheless Rebeka flees with Rastoklia to Veta monastery where she becomes a nun. Rastoklia will of course not be forgiven by the rabbi of Dorchol...

A SKETCH FOR A NEW BIBLE

“*A Sketch for a New Bible*” is a story about Moses the Traveller, a controversial Serbian lad, the one that life transferred from Belgrade to a Foreign Legion. From the Legion he returns to Belgrade placig himself at the state security disposal. Therefore, Moses the Traveller, in many ways reminds one of Milorad Ulemek Legija, the “new Apis”.

Moses the Traveller gets arrested and the police comes across “*A Sketch for a New Bible*” in his apartment. The manuscript is obviously written by Moses the Traveller. But this

manuscript is the least expected from a former legionary. In “*A Sketch for a New Bible*” there is a theory according to which “Serbia and Macedonia are the territories of an Old and New Testament, then that Moses worked at the Danube pharaohs tidying the „irrigation canals”, and one also learns that “Ohrid is a lake in Gallilee and Gallilee is Western Macedonia. In that case Salonika is Jerusalem!” All these findings are being “dictated” to Moses the Traveller by Carl Gustav Jung, in person! According to “*A Sketch for a New Bible*” even Trojan War took place on the Danube! It was the Serbian civil war between the poor South and the wealthy North. And Troja was a chain of wall-connected fortresses from Petrovaradin, Slatkamen, Zemun, Belgrade, via Pozarevac and Smederevo all up to the fortress in Golubac where the customs house used to be with the docs in the Danube delta. That is why Troja was so powerful and unconquerable. And who knows whether Troja would have fallen at all had it not been crashed - by the earthquakes. Only then did the Achaeans enter into the almost completely devastated Troja...

In short, “*A Sketch for a New Bible*” is really a fictionalized sketch for quite a new “autohtonistic” history not only Serbian but European as well.

Vidovo

In the Dry Mountain village Mokra, near Bela Palanka, in the place named Vidovo, stands a statue of an old Slavic god Vid. The initiator for the setting of Vid’s statue there, is Dragan Jovanović who comes from the village. “We must not disown our old gods whose supreme god is Vid. Those are our spiritual roots and foundations of our Serbian identity. Vid takes us back to pre-Christian time and Jesus, telling us we are now in the year of 7519, according to the old Serbian calendar. I do not know if Serbs are the oldest nation, but the fact is that until the year 1600 we used the oldest calendar“, says Jovanović.

He adds that “according to the tradition, at the place where god Vid’s statue has been erected, Divljan Monastery should have been built but it is situated a few kilometers away from it. because whatever builders built during the day, the fairies transferred to the place where the monastery is standing today at night, so the builders moved“, says Jovanović.

Every year, from now on, academies will be held in Vidovo, during which eminent domestic scientific and cultural experts will talk with the aim of preserving the identity of our people and its language in good shape (23.6.2011.)

I have left Belgrade to run away from scoundrel

As a philosopher who got lost in journalism and a journalist who fled to shepherding, Dragan Jovanović ultimately radiates what this cursed profession and interest of the cursed first get deprived of - peace! Mihailo Medenica visited the last of NIN’s true legend in Dry Mountain, a man who has always pissed upwind and who only misses Belgrade’s espresso.

Once upon a time in a country far away, on Psychovian meadows, under the mountain and above Palanka, lived nobody else but God himself and a pack of wolves. And only one man, created in the image of God he did not recognize, celebrating the other he did not in the least resemble... Distinctive. Loner. Rammish and meek, as he pleases. With a grey beard lowering into a spitz and grey hair tied in larkspur at the nape. The bluest eyes gifted to this man as he is in the years when they do not glow with such bluishness.

The man was exiled from a big city situated in-between the Sava and the Danube, the biggest in the far away country. Was famous for his writing even outside the city walls, those he jumped over running away from himself - to himself! And onto Paychovian meadows, to Vidovo, below the mountain and above Palanka. To deified heresy and dedivinized faith... To god's Vid faith since we have no other, for all others have been imposed, even Jesus, a foreigner that we ought to honour as if he were ours. All the mostly blameworthy deeds were the Nemanjićs doing, for they committed the largest genocide over the Serbs following the principle: one third was to be killed, one third Christianized and one third dispersed. Later on, this became Pavelić's model for "dealing" with the Serbs. He reminds one of Dragan Jovanović, equally grey-bearded and grey-haired who has always pissed upwind, written upwind, stubbornly stood in the wind, convinced there is no safer lee than Dragan Jovanović.

He did not denounce him but could not believe him, he had been lying for too long a time saying he would run away from the city and look for Dragan whose roots are in the barren soil but more fertile than the asphalt richly yielding - scoundrel!

It was the scoundrel I ran away from and out of the city! No longer could I stand Belgrade nor could the city stand me! I was sick of various Šešeljs, Miloševićs, Raškovićs and modern-day band we had receded allowing them to make dishcloth of Serbia such that EU bosses wipe their shoes with, just as in the same way I could no longer stand the tycoons and the so-called intellectual elite who see no farther than their nose and purse! Standing in the middle of a sheep flock, listening to the alienated grey-bearded tribun, his dogs from Shar mountain swoop on the wind bearing the smell of forest thieves...

Just right, among the fuck-prone sheep stood an insatiable ram with large hanging balls. Standing on the droppings, in the lodge of Dragan's academy of science amphitheatre and shepherdian art.

A shepherd, that's how you are to present me! Not a retired journalist and NIN columnist, but a proud shepherd of a modest flock and a mountaineer by conviction! I've been preparing this escape from the city trivialities and finally here I am, in the meaningful remoteness. Dragan Jovanović has checked himself out of the tenants' list, so there is no return to Belgrade. Now I have my own flock, and I'm no longer part of anybody else's, bleated a woolen circle thronging next to their "Moses" able to take them out of the centuries old slavery prejudice that dog is man's best friend. Dogs bark even when the lambs are silent...

The only thing I miss from the city is espresso. I go down to Bela Palanka because of it. I've held short seminars in cafes as to how they shall prepare it for me, I finish it in two sips and back to Vid, the God. On the stove full of wood, under the wood, with the smokestack like a chimney on Dragan's Titanic or Noah's Ark, the lunch is getting burnt... will be good for the voracious dogs. He's drilling them for fighting wolves. Were there till Vid's day. Now they're slaughtering katun flocks in the mountain. Will come between the rear legs...

In my will I have asked to be buried here, between my house and god Vid. Actually they are to burn my body and leave me alone, just here, where I have written. Would like to see anyone who dared not to fulfil it. We lay down in sunbathing chairs, not far from Vid the omnispotting and shower cabins.

Three plastic bottles of water and a piece of tile on burned grass - a mountain jacuzzi. There is power in stormy nights when thunders strike the roof on two waters...

"I have finished my 12. novel "Nietzsche of Gucha", here I'll read the end of it, the premier like "... once again, as if using Thor's mallet, he has struck on everything we believe

in, but at least it has been done in principle all his life, rejecting the cross to be the one he will take... "That is why I have been daydreaming, living for a day when I will tell them all "fuck you" and wearing clogs begin following the sheep to pastures. When Nietzsche said: "Man is a being created to exceed himself", he meant something like this.

Down there, slightly below from here, is my archenemy, father Seraphim! He told me he would pull down my god Vid and my answer was if he risked doing it, it would not be good for him. I think the church is perhaps the largest evil that has befallen this nation but I exceptionally respect the late Patriarch Pavle who stopped the persecution and lynch when, as they say, my controversial and heretical novel "*Sava's Hagiography*" (*Biography*) was published at the beginning of the nineties. We could turn the blind eye if it were the only controversy in the biography of this Vid's servant, a priest's grandson and RAF pilot's son but neither in this oncoming 7520 year neither has any intention of leaving his windmills alone.

Yes, this is according to the old Serbian calendar, which has also been stolen from us and the sssssspresent one planted to us as cuckoo's egg. Well, that's that but besides everything I do, I am dedicated to proving the theory that Aryan race stems from the Balkans, also advocated by some Russian academician Kljusov who does not want to renounce that term only because Hitler misused it and depreciated it! Just as the Semites exist, red race, yellow, there exists the white one - Aryan race, originating from the Balkans, my piercing blue eyes and a specific body structure being the most obvious proof. One must not suspend searching for the truth only because a lunatic misused something for propaganda purposes. I am an Aryan and proudly emphasize it, for there is nothing wrong with it, especially nothing degrading and dangerous for others". Therefore Serbia among the plumps, Aryan among sheep and we between the feeling of contempt and admiration. This probably characterises great people or at least those who do their best to rise above the flock - happy because you are not like them and would give all you have to be just like that, blessed for good because you will never be even similar to them. Don't like manufactured brandy and those epitaphs on labels, that is why I do not toast in thick shade but in chairs for sunbathing. I lazily watch Tara taking my sneaker away. I can't be bothered to get up. Can you see those gallows and a skewer! That is for the thieves if I see them again stealing my Tara."One of the three dogs from Shar mountain was mentioned, the one that registered to reside in Southern Serbia. While Tara was a puppy it was stolen and missing for two days... I kept looking for her and found her with a Gypsy, in the village. He would be turning around on that skewer if he tried to do something like that again! He or anybody else who might think Tara is public property." Am I to expect the destiny of a pig if the little one was missing due to the snicker's derivative! Vid is my witness that she herself asked for the devil dozing in the Chinese copy, that American shit, please! Leaving aside all that one could find fault with this bearded controversy on two legs but works that will outlive him when the last piece of him burns on the meadow between the house and the exiled god totem: 12 books that have undulated Serbia as a stone thrown into stagnation, immeasurable journalist's work, medals deserved for philanthropy and humanism as probably the most important thing that he had accomplished in his lifetime - the Law which forbids the building of nuclear power plants, he had written down and passed in the Federal Assembly of a country disintegrating like an atom...

I am the founder of the Green party, former president candidate during the elections when my opponent was Slobodan Milošević in 1991. I smoothly beat him in even 6 municipalities and for that time it was "even". Who knows, perhaps from some heavenly socialist private dining room, Sloba is now watching how Dragan dominates his flock, pulls open life bowels, throwing some entrails in front of us, waits for fighting wolves and takes care the ram does not brush its balls on nettle...

As a philosopher who got lost in journalism and a journalist who fled to shepherding, Dragan Jovanović ultimately radiates what this cursed profession and interest of the cursed first get deprived of - peace! Forget the story about Dragan Jovanović, a refugee from the biggest city of a faraway country, situated between two rivers with dirty water, he is not worth a single letter. This is a mention of him given from a common shepherd with a small flock and still doddered dogs. A meek grey-bearded hedgehog actually never existed. This is just a legend about a remote country, on Paychovian meadows, below the mountain and above Palanka where nobody lived but God himself and a pack of wolves.

And only one man like the God he did not recognize, honouring the other whose look-alike he was not... And the ram with a bull size balls. Every similarity with real people and events is malicious and remember Vid perceives everything...Do not look for Dragan, he will find you in each of you. As the black sheep of the flock, when a man in you shuts up and the man in you screams...

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