

“ The truth is inscribed on a wall” runs a line of a popular song from “crazy eighties.” Probably not even its author could have imagined that just several years later walls and wooden fences as surfaces and color sprays as tools would figure as those few remaining ways to record the truth, lapidary at least and boiled down to graffiti. As it seems, pavements in Belgrade are full of makeshift walls, metal or wooden fences and a variety of barriers hiding neglected and bankrupt construction sites more than ever before. It is in makeshifts as such (generally lasting several decades in the Balkans) that Predrag Terzić detected motives for his art. Mobility of a kind, duality and a recombining capacity mark his paintings—they may be exhibited individually in a traditional way, but also, put together, as segment of an ambience, turned into a wall form. Lack of figurativeness in Terzić' paintings has yet another source—it derives from a unique transformation of a different attitude and settings that over color as matter, for layer of paint and for structure. Such artistic postulates, expanded on large, specially prepared surfaces and crossed with the notion of a wall-barrier give birth to his paintings.

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