

...AFTER THE WARS IN YUGOSLAVIA, AFTER 11TH OF SEPTEMBER, AFTER THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN, IN IRAQ, WAITING FOR A NEW WAR, AFTER...WAITING...

END OF TIME

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY INTO A POST HISTORIC AGE

LET'S NOT WASTE OUR TIME !!!

let's travel in a perfect tours with

**Boris Kovač
&
LaDaABa
orchest**

at the End of History ... maybe,
before the End of this World

**LA
DANZA
APOCALYPSA
BALCANICA**



LA DANZA APOCALYPSA BALCANICA

PART ① ONE

THE LAST BALKAN TANGO / AN APOCALYPTIC DANCE PARTY



photo by Milan Letis

Just imagine There is only one starry
night left till *the End* of this World
WH^AT WOULD WE DO?

.....
Forget about the despair,
take your riches with you, just in case,
let God ^{come with} you, if he feels ^{up to} it,
Bachanalia implied, take your nearest and dearest with you...

Let's DANCE in
HOPE, FAI^H, PLEASURÆ, LO^{VE}
LET US BE HAPPY
at least ONE {more} time in LIFE...

DANCING AT THE ABYSS

The Last Balkan Tango: An Apocalyptic Dance Party

LAST DANCE IN THE BALKANS

I'm really taken with a new CD on the ever-excellent Piranha label from Germany. Though it's burdened by the tragic events which have overshadowed the lives of the inhabitants of the eastern coast of the Adriatic, this album dances in joy. There's more than a touch of the "duende syndrome": the notion that suffering brings out great musical expression.

This group was put together to provide a heartening blend of all the musical and cultural influences of the region, so there are touches of Gypsy, Serbian, Hungarian, Romanian, Slovak, Bulgarian, and Turkish music. There's plenty of tango, folk dance, waltz and general rowdiness. The leader, Boris Kovac, returned to Yugoslavia in 1996, after 5 years of living abroad, and put together the LaDaABa Orchest (Their name stands for La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica) to create the sound of saloon musicians on the edge. This album succeeds and has a bittersweet finality to it, redeemed by a Fellini-esque ribaldry.

Dr rhythm's world music roundup RootsWorld Bulletin #179

www.rootsworld.com

August 2001

ffff TELERAMA (the highest mark)

FINALLY A HUMOROUS TANGO!

...which breaks up with a rigid tradition, machismo of the "side-walks of Buenos Aires". And which is in connection with the trumpets of Balkan, the swing of Gypsies, Jewish dance, cabaret mockery, in order to create an "Apocalyptic dance" music and "celebrate as we should die tomorrow". ... In this music we recognize disarming waltzes, slowdowns of enamoured, devilish rumbas. ...On the whole, without the least pathos, it is sometimes flirting with kitsch...

Eliane Azoulay, TELERAMA / France, 30. May 2000.

IT LOOKS AS IF THEY ARE PLAYING FOR THE LAST TIME

The feeling of their music is - wild. As if the world has turned upside down and the music that usually encourages like young wine, now cools the blood and remains frozen on the fingers...

Jurij Saprijikin, AFISHA / Moscow April 2001.

TAKE ALL WHAT LIFE OFFERS TO YOU...

"La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica" is a myth and a story of the Balkan area, the aesthetics of transience and coincidence which defy the games of fate's forces. It is an invitation to dance on the very edge of that abyss known as Yugoslavia (the authenticity of Boris Kovac's artistic creed is not to be questioned, in spite of the offered "choice" between Milosevic's rule and NATO air campaign) or a multistylistic masterwork.

Relja Kne•ević, DNEVNIK / Novi Sad YU, March 2001.

What do you say about music or art at these times? Strangely, just a few weeks ago, this recording came in and sat on my desk, awaiting my response. Last week I found myself listening to the mournful, almost plodding opening track, a sound both tearful and weirdly hopeful. These eight minutes of dark despair suddenly burst like a bubble, followed by a frenzied, thirty seconds of dancing, and then with a "Hey!" it's done. The Last Balkan Tango is a soundtrack for the decadence of one world cast against the furor of another; life vs. reality.

Yugoslavian minstrels Boris Kovac and The LaDaABa Orchest, residents of Novi Sad, celebrate life in the ruins, both concrete and psychic. For twelve more searing, lovely, bitter and explosive instrumental tracks, Kovac and company explore the folk roots of tragedy and the complex, modern composition of excess. They ask a simple, fathomless question: "Just imagine there is only one starry night left 'til the end of this world... what would we do?" and then proceed to answer it with the confusion that is this new century. God? Decadence? Hope? Despair? Wait for the random moment to choose for you? Be with those you love or just do a tango with whoever passes by? "Let god come with you, if he's up to it!" These songs pose

the questions, ignore the obvious answers, and cut like a knife through the rubble of rhetoric without muttering the words.

That Kovac and his orchestra have spoken to their own situation is a marvel. That it translates so well and so unexpectedly to our own is scary and yet ultimately promising. They drag their exhausted partner across the marble floor. They kick up the dust in an unpaved street. They revel with the revelers at a wedding and mourn the interment of morning. In the final movement of The Last Balkan Tango, they board "The Orient Express" for a tour of the past and the future; a ride through the defiant dances of the Balkans, a tango in the midst of the fall of the old Europe, on a journey to "a better world," possibly this one, probably not. Kovac proves that we humans, in all of our utter oblivion, still manage to move the cosmos with our music, still find hope in our inner spirits, and seek a way out of the morass that might allow everyone else to come with us. He welcomes us into the new millennium, a time that might require us to be fatalistic, but might not have to be fatal.

*Cliff Furnald, <http://www.rootsworld.com>
USA, September 2001.*

GOLDEN ORSINO PRICE FOR THE LAST BALKAN TANGO!

Today, it seems to me like I have never heard records that have really inspired me that much. One of them is the album by Boris Kovac. ... "The Last Balkan Tango" pulls the soul out of the body; so many emotions, so much honesty, so much devilishly good musicality is fit into this small framework...

*Redaktion & Moderation: Roland Altenburger
orsinos lied Q U E Rfunk Karlsruhe Erstsending: 08.07.01*

THE MOST PIERCING WARNING FROM THE EAST!

No, this album is not cheerful. It is sombre, tragical and dramatic, although there are careless and winged moments. Balkan dances, not the unrestrained round-dance, but falls into the wild exaltation of one bloody apocalypse. ...His music, with its quality, shades the international music scene.

Since Laibach's album "Nato Occupies Europe", "The Last Balkan Tango" is the most piercing warning from the East.

*mark: ****(*)*

*Wolf Kampmann, Jazzthetik,
Germany, Jun 2001.*

BORIS KOVAC AND THE LAST NIGHT OF THE BALKANS

By the beginning of the 90's Kovac became something like the Balkan's Michael Nyman or Philip Glass due to his work and recognition, and then everything changed. The once free country turned into a cage, welfare into poverty, peace into hatred, freedom into slavery. After he had missed all the opportunities for work and for any realisation of his projects,



let alone promotion and contacts with the outside world, after existence had sunk to the level of mere physical existence (or even lower) and after no one had listened to Boris' talk about freedom and protests he went back to work in his own peace. He mowed to a lonely village house with a studio he had made himself and there he started working, writing, playing and recording new music, which was to present a new world, a desired world, a new renaissance with faith in peace and the come-back of a normal, simple life. But then, suddenly the worst news came: that of the bombings. No electricity, no water, no sense. Apocalypse. The feelings, the questions, the beliefs and the sense of roots grew even more mature and stronger in Boris than ever ending up in a happily-sad folkish tango, actually a requiem for all that was gone. A requiem for music that was played, that was loved for ages, for people that should love, more than ever in the very last apocalyptic tango accompanied by the background horror of exploding bombs.

*drMáriás in bahia.hu music news and mp3 portal,
Budapest, 14th May 2001.*

TANGO FATALE

The idea of a tango band from the former Yugoslavia is at once arrestingly peculiar and far less bizarre than it might appear at first encounter. The dark, sex-and-death obsessed mindset behind the Argentinean tango actually has much in common with the impassioned fatalism so often found in the Balkan region. Both populations seem to experience existence as a senseless pageant staged for the amusement of pitiless gods, but to be lived to the hilt nonetheless.

LaDaABa (La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica) Orchest seems best equipped to play midnight sets at a nightmare cafe smack in the middle of a minefield, where pink lampshades barely part the shadows, and mushroom clouds float over the cocktail shakers. Each dance could be the last, but probably won't be, because that would be too easy.

As in the South American original, the instrumental forces consist of clarinets, accordion, saxophones, guitars, percussion, and a guest violinist. The compositions constantly shift gears, veering between orthodox tango, Piazzolla's latter-day intellectual deconstructions, cool jazz, incendiary Balkan horas, and Fellini soundtracks.

Whatever festivities are still possible in a war-zone materialize as a tango, a beguine, a rumba, or a waltz. Beer-soaked choruses, quickly aborted distant reed riffs, snatches of drunken bravado, and world-weary philosophy break through like weak radio signals and die away. It's all very adult in a cartoon-like way, with a savage, subversive humor underpinning the band's pervasive sense of irony toward its own unrelenting psychodrama. These people really should get over themselves, but if they did, they wouldn't be nearly so much fun to listen to.

Christina Roden / CDNOW Contributing Writer



photo by Miljen Letic

RELEASE DATE OF SEPTEMBER 11th 2001.

The inside photograph shows what might be a small impromptu shrine - a white kitchen candle with a burned wick but no flame, a heart cut from white cardboard with a message written in red, and near these are placed small handpicked bouquets of white daisies with dim yellow centers. The ground supporting the shrine has been run over, compacted, and scraped flat by a large machine. In the background are the huge metal treads of some large earthmoving machine, probably a bulldozer big as a tank. Remind you of anything? The ashes might always outweigh the garlands and wreaths. This is the usual beginning of another chilly, gray day in Yugoslavia, but this translates beautifully.

There are the first sounds - the deep gong is struck twice and resonates into a prolonged echo, then violins, saxophones, clarinets, balalaikas, accordions, drums, sudden surprising lines of poetry explode, art made as a response to the direst of circumstances, all combining into something beautiful and nearly wild. This is clamorous, keening music that makes an apocalyptic tango with a stranger pulled from a doorway seem

like the best and most natural thing to do. Not somber music for a gloomy day, but music composed and played when the world's thrown out of kilter, shifted suddenly from its axis, and most suffer from loss of equilibrium. The next dawn

might be streaked with the beginning of the apocalypse. Who in deepest heart and thought wouldn't want to imagine being one of the ones dancing "The Last Waltz in Budapest"?

This is La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica inviting you to spin as you dance on the extreme edge of an abyss, to stay calm and take your beloved with you. Mostly the atmosphere is woven instrumentally which makes the rare words even more significant, English dramatically spoken with a natural Slavic accent.

The missiles may have stopped raining down, but may be coming back soon. If this music is a saloon, the bartender has gone temporarily mad and has been handing out free drinks to customers all day. The band is wearing white tuxedos and mismatched ties, but they play as if they were reminded of the band on the sinking Titanic playing as others wait for space in the lifeboats.

THE EXPECTED, THE UNEXPECTED: LISTENING IN ON "EASTERN EUROPE"

Eastern Europe. The Block. Where dissident rockers overthrew the system, elected poets to government, and vanished into freedom...A bloody revolution. Balkanization...

Eastern Europe. A thin man, furrow-browed, in white suit, girates about with saxophone, ghost with a rhythmic tic... Thin Man smiles, accosts the fiddler, hangs greasy *burek* [Balkan fried bread] for all to behold. Accordion soars, clarinet reeds out melodic tango, rumba, samba. Thin Man bellows into radio mic: "Budapest, Novi Sad, Beograd, Istanbul," beckoning journey on the Orient Express: ball in Vienna via Yugoslavia's exiles depressed at Oktoberfest, over Novi Sad's underwater bridges precision-bombed by NATO, through Belgrade's dictatorship, and onto Istanbul. Welcome to the last night on Earth. You are dancing seductively on an apocalyptic border with Boris Kovac and LaDaABa Orchest. It's music that captures the complicated paradox of polarizations; dancing gleefully with God in a suitcase, standing in a crack among multiple precipices, it's a joyously tearful cacophony headed for the End, no fixed address, yet anchored to a

But this band won't play as if pretending nothing is wrong or that things aren't dangerous. This band has thrown away their charts and just cut loose and they play brilliantly, a jazzy Eastern European rumba, just like "Rumbatto". The chink of chains and the clinking of glasses with a toast, an accordion and balalaika begin the romantic "Slow for Julia" (you may blink back tears if you dance) while the remainder of the song is carried by saxophone. The band remembers a livelier dance tune and follows with "Begin for Julia".

For the "Ending", maybe the last song on that stage and so the band performs a memorable whirling dance song so the audience will always remember them, the bandmaster finally takes the microphone and introduces the musicians by name and instrument. "Farewell and goodbye. See you in a better world. La Danza . . . Apocalypsa . . . Balcanica!" This is so cool -- nobody in America has come up with anything like this yet. Although not similar in music style, I found myself reminded of Czechoslovakia's own Plastic People of the Universe. Time to take a trip to where the edge-livers dwell. To be asked to consider what our answers might be when asked nearly unfathomable questions: "Just imagine there is only one starry night left till the end of the world / What would we do?" This record may not be for everyone, but it most likely is. Afterall, if this might be the beginning of the end, what would you do?

Barbara Flaska - PopMatters Music Critic, USA



photo by Klaus Halama

multiethnic region of Serbia perched between historic worlds. It's "The Last Balkan Tango", conceived during the NATO bombing, completed in Milosevic's dying days, and Serbia's first ever release on a major world music label (Piranha, 2001)... Boris Kovac's drive for a universally accessible new ritual, a third way that allows the individual not to take sides.

Kovac clearly throws categorization wide open. A sax player with an experimental background, he doesn't necessarily consider himself world music fare, which might be why "The Last Balkan Tango" is one of the most captivating world music releases of late. "I do not belong to that genre any more than to another. I do not represent Balkan culture at all. I represent just myself using my life experience related to Balkan political destiny."

On what attracted him to Kovac Piranha Records director Borkowsky Akbar says, "We didn't release the album because it is from Serbia, but because we love the music. Boris is perfect because he is a great visionary, composer, musician and producer..."

Heather Hermant / Global Rhythm magazine,
USA, Summer 2002

LA DANZA APOCALYPSA BALCANICA

PART TWO

BALLADS AT THE END OF TIME
PANNONIA MMII



photo by Dejan Duragic

Just imagine The morning
after the Apocalypse...
Are we still alive?
It would appear so... WE WONDER
THERE'S NO END TO THIS WORLD
THERE'S NO REST FOR THE SOUL
THERE'S NO PAST / THERE 'S NO FUTURE
NOW IS ETERNAL

DECADENCE INTO BEAUTIFUL MUSIC

...what fascinated me was how effectively this band uses decadence as a style. Decadence always implies a certain distancing from the daily affairs of life: seeing through a fictional character of conventions and undermining of those conventions by an exuberant end-of-times nihilism. Kovac and his band are gifted with this consciousness and have the talent to transform it, in their own idiosyncratic way, into beautiful music.

A balance is always maintained between a more variety-like approach and music that goes straight to the roots of different Balkan traditions. Kovac succeeds in producing theatrical, visual pieces, that both reflect the current feelings of helpless melancholy and the hope for a radical and more positive change.

Bass Van Heur www.kindamuzik.net / Holland

BRILLIANT CD

Second and final part of the soundtrack to the dance party at the end of the world that starts with the howl of a coyote followed by melancholy violin (Danza Transilvanica) and leads us into the morning after the night before, only in this case the night before was the apocalypse! This is a brilliant CD, the music so perfectly fits the theme that you cannot imagine it any other way, it's a soundtrack, an aural painting with brush strokes from clarinet, accordion, violin, sax, guitar, darabuka, bass, drums and percussion.

The final word goes to Boris - "Music is the last consolation between heaven and earth"

Graham Radley Reviews for :

www.netrhythms.co.uk - www.roots-and-branches.com
www.revolutionsuk.com - www.worldunlimited.freeuk.com

COMPASSIONATE, APOCALYPTIC AND GRIMLY NOSTALGIC MUSIC FROM THE LEADING SERBIAN ARTIST

Boris Kovac, a philosopher and musician from Serbian province of Vojvodina - a melting-pot and perhaps the most ethnically diverse area in Europe, with a host of competing and collaborating musical cultures - has developed one of the most individual and instantly recognizable voices to emerge from the post-Yugoslav musical scene. This, his second CD for Piranha, shows that he has continued to grow.

The overall mood is one of grim nostalgia - not surprising when the band's name expands to form the phrase La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica and the subject is the end of the world, a message from the country that really has seen many people's world collapse. This end of the world takes place on a muddy evening in a gloomy plain ringed by hills, the silence broken by the barking of farm dogs and the exhausted songs of birds. A sorrowful, compassionate Vojvodina apocalypse.

Kim Burton, *Song Lines*,
London, May/June 2003.

THE ONLY SURVIVORS

One hour ago the world went down. The only survivors are musicians from the Balkans. And they are mourning with clarinet, saxophone, violin, accordion, double bass and percussions for this beautiful old world, which had been reaching from nervously elegant Vienna to the colourful solid Constantinople. Among all the nightmarish nostalgia, a

dance-like optimism flashes again and again and lets the CD listener wander: Why wasn't this treasure full of inspiring moments already saved before the apocalypse?

STEREOPLAY, Germany, April 2003

BEYOND ALL FRONTIERS

...Boris Kovac belongs to a small circle of composers and performers of the world music from Europe who have, after a thorough study of their own musical tradition, managed to give innovative solutions, going beyond the geography and all kinds of frontiers, in that way giving a new dominant dimension to their heritage, without yielding under the cliches produced by random mixing, and imposed by the musical market.

Luis Rei, *Lisboa/Portugal*, May 2003.
www.cronicasdaterra.blogspot.com

THE MASTER OF MELANCHOLIA

Apocalypse Now. On scene this time the Balkans. Boris Kovac's personal processing of the Milosevic era sets the true soul of this region free, the thirsty soul that longs for well-being. It is not the brass cliché that will be served here, on the contrary it concerns marvelously melancholic Balkan Ballads, which make this CD a true jewel.

Boris Kovac is master of theatrical finely produced Melancholia.

Hardcore-Brass or High Speed-Gypsy are not his style. He is the King of Waltz & Tango with his heart beating for Eastern Europe. He prefers to play his lamenting melodies in the foggy Danube valleys in the morning, rather than filling a hot summer marketplace with exposing sounds. He is closer to Tom Waits or Frederico Fellini than to Goran Bregovic or Naat Veliov.

From Istanbul to Transylvania, from Vienna to Montenegro, the music of Boris Kovac is at home everywhere and even an erotic Cha Cha is possible. LaDaABa - La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica - continues - bitter-sweet, moving, but not hopeless.

Klaus Halama, *SOUND.DE*,
Germany, May 2003

BORIS KOVAČ - THE KING OF APOCALYPTIC CABARET

Kovac is a sophisticated composer - one who needs to express what his country has been through in his music. His 2001 recording "The Last Balkan Tango" (Piranha) is a masterpiece. "Today la danza and tomorrow...Boom! Apocalypsa Balcanica! Yells a crazed voice. Its seductive melodies, dark tangos, waltzes and megalomaniacal shouting create a powerful image of a state of mind in Serbia at one of its darkest moments. It sounds deeply Balkan while reflecting something universal. "The idea for an apocalyptic dance party comes after the bombardment of Yugoslavia", explains Kovac. "We'd had all those years of Milosevic dictatorship and we hoped someone would come to our aid. We needed help from the West, but we got bombed. I live next to Novi Sad - a city with three bridges, all of which were destroyed by NATO. I felt there was no hope, it was like an apocalypse, not a cosmic event. But one produced by man. I couldn't do anything except try and free myself by dancing."



photo by Klaus Halama

The music is dark and raunchy, nostalgic and sentimental, traffic and erotic - perhaps for those reasons it gets under your skin. The new album "Ballads at the End of Time" is softer. "This is the day after the apocalypse," says Kovac. "We've had tragic wars, bombing, September 11, the war in Afghanistan, now a new war in Iraq. We've experienced all of that, and the ecstatic experience of dancing with apocalypse around us and we're still alive. How to live? We just have to play ballads at the end of time."

Kovac almost never uses actual folk songs in his work, but there's one here in the track called "In Bukovac". It's a song from the village of that name where Kovac lives, just ten kilometers from Novi Sad. It's about how nothing ever happens in the village - there's just mud and women chatting...

Simon Broughton, *Song Lines*,
London, May/June 2003.



WORLD
MUSIC
CHARTS
EUROPE

Compiled on behalf of the World Music Workshop of the European Broadcasting Union (EBU) by Johannes Theurer/Tobias Maier (c/o RADIOMITTELHUTTE, D-14046 Berlin)
THE TOP TWENTY at <http://www.wmc.eu>

- 1 BUENOS HERMANOS - IBRAHIM FERRER CUBA (WORLD CIRCUIT)
- 2 MAMBO SINUENDO - RY COODER & MANUEL GALBAN CUBA/USA (NONESUCH)
- 3 REZOS - BOBI CESPEDES CUBA (SIX DEGREES)
- 4 NAR - MERCAN DEDE CANADA/TURKEY (DOUBLEMOON)
- 5 EL AGUA DE LA VIDA - SALSA CELTICA SCOTLAND (GREENTRAX)
- 6 JE CHANTERAI POUR TOI - BOUBACAR TRAORE MALI (MARABI)
- 7 FALTRIQUEIRA - FALTRIQUEIRA CANAL/RESISTENCIA)
- 8 BALLADS AT THE END OF TIME - BORIS KOVAC SERBIA (PIRANHA)
- 9 THE SECRETS OF THE ROCKS - KRISTINA SINIPOULOU GREECE (HITCH HIKER)
- 10 ENEMY OF THE ENEMY - ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION UK (LABELS)

THE BEST CONCERT AT RING RING FESTIVAL

The audience left with great satisfaction, and the message was fully evident, uncatchable and unexplainable by reason. It was the only concert which, just after it had been finished, demanded to be thought over and lived through again.

mark: *****

Beorama Magazin,

Belgrad, May 2000, (festival RING RING 2000.)

BETWEEN ECSTASY AND MELANCHOLY

Boris Kovac is calling to the last dance in a glittery, colourful sonorous world, placed somewhere between painful melancholy and wild ecstasy... With his magnificent LaDaABa orchestra, Kovac makes an atmosphere that throws the audience into a wild whirlpool of diverse feelings... It is a unique potpourri of styles, with different curtains of sound from a dance hall which merges all from Serbs, Hungarians, Romanians, Bulgarians, Slovenians, to the Turks. The message from the party right before the Apocalypse is clear: Enjoy the dance. It can be the last one. Kovac and his band are playing just that way. That is the way cosmopolitan musicians do it, musicians who know how to convince one absolutely...

Jan Mildorer - Reinzeitung,
Germany, 10.06.2002.

BORIS KOVAC & LADAABA ORCHEST (Yugoslavia) AT WOMEX

Showtime: Thursday 21:20 h
Stage: Jurriaanse Zaal

The multi-media artist from Novi Sad presents La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica as a cynical yet playful ride on the Orient Express through a war-torn area.

At first sight, the band's name looks a little bit like the DaDaist answer to Lambada. But in fact the orchestra is named after the driven fantasies of bandleader, composer and multimedia-artist Boris Kovac when confronted with the grim reality of living and working in the war-ridden territory of the Balkan states. Written out in full the orchestra's name actually means La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica a perfect match to their music: An eccentric cycle of dances like tango, waltz, calypso or rumba, played in the style of a syphilitic salon-orchestra, switching rapidly between the atmosphere of a decadent café in 1920s Vienna and the Titanic half an hour after every drink came with ice. Brought up in what was once the cosmopolitan and multicultural society of Novi Sad, capital of the multiethnic region of Vojvodina, Boris Kovac feels as if he is, in many ways, locked behind bars. La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica is Kovac's artistic answer to the pressures from both the internal political situation and the fact that his country is only slowly recovering from international pariah status - and he's on a furious ride across the musical languages of the Balkan with only one thought in mind: Dance! Right here and right now, for it could be your last!

WOMEX guide / Rotterdam 2001

BEAUTIFUL DANCE ABOVE A VOLCANO

At the Rurich festival LaDaABa has given a tremendous party between melancholy and relaxed joy, an amazing dance above a volcano and over the graves of Balkan...

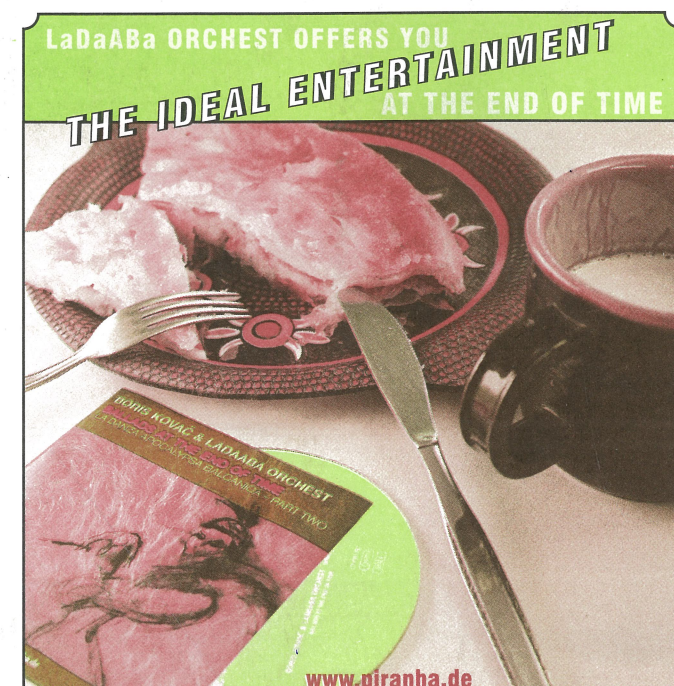
Elisabeth Having - Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung
Germany, 10.06.2002.

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE!

Boris Kovac & LaDaABa Orchest, WOMEX, Essen, Friday October 25

In the old, converted colliery of Zollverein where WOMEX, the world music expo took place, there was a round metal gasometer-like structure with a circular concrete bunker where some of the showcases took place. It seemed a fitting environment for the Serbian Boris Kovac and his LaDaABa Orchest (La Danza Apocalypsa Balcanica) as they worked themselves into an exaggerated theatrical frenzy, determined to enjoy to the full their last hours before the impending apocalypse. "Let's dance! Let's dance!" screams Kovac into a big microphone - the sort used for the wartime broadcasts. He was dressed demurely in a white suit with a pink handkerchief in his breast pocket, as if he'd fled from the society wedding. Then he started running maniacally round the stage, honking out wild improvisations on his sax. The bassist threw off his shirt and started to dance bare-chested, and the music suddenly slipped into a beguiling romantic tango - sax, clarinet and accordion singing together in sweet harmony. Just as in a Berlin drawings of George Grosz (imitated on Kovac's CD cover), what we were experiencing was the dark underbelly of popular cabaret music. And the tunes where intoxicating. Suddenly Kovac poured out a glass of blood-red wine and offered it round the band. After another outburst, the music subsides into an incredible stillness and concentration for a soft bass solo and a foghorn-like bass clarinet. The seductive melodies of half-remembered dances returned as your life passed in flashback." Today LA DANZA, and tomorrow...Boom! Apocalypsa Balcanica," yelled Kovac. "See you in a better world."

Simon Broughton, Song Lines, London, januar 2003



LaDaABa QUESTIONNAIRE

Just IMAGINE : there is only one starry night left
till the END of this WORLD
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

I would go to bed earlier.

There are two possible reasons for that: because the world is valuable when one must leave it at the end, and maybe that would be a chance for me to get a good night's sleep, finally.

Sneza

I would rob my parents, go to the seaside, wait for a big wave and go surfing...
Djoka

Well, I would take my dog to the nearest pub, drink a couple of pints of dark beer, and peanuts of course, and I would turn on the electric thumb, even if Vogons come...

Maria

I would squander all my money on a billion marbles and ask some good old lorry driver to take them to the nearest hill, and unload all the small colourful balls down the hillside to set them free, so to say; and I would yell, stark naked and overwhelmed by the colours...Long live the marbles!
Franc

The same things I did today. Every day here appears to be the last one, anyways...

Pera

Together with my close family and friends, I would try to spend the last night on the Earth as intensely as possible, bringing myself, before morning, into a state of tired satisfaction that is longing for rest. Why not even an eternal rest?!

Boris

I would go to bed with a few drops of Chanel No.5 on me. At least, I would get some sleep, since I wouldn't have to get up at 6 to go to work.
Neja

It would be really great because then I could take whatever I want from any shop.

Igor

I see myself standing on a hill, with my arms wide open towards the stars, as I am celebrating the existence and regretting all the nights gone unfulfilled...and I am grateful for everything that life gives to me; I know that there is eternity and that it loves all who dare die standing.

Ljoba

I would make a cup of coffee for my darling.

Fu

I would try to gather my dearest friends on a river bank, to dance and sing together the whole night. When we would get tired and calm down, I would like us to hear birds and see the day.

Mira

record label www.piranha.de (for the world)
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