

Your momma

Didn't think I was Too Old For It

There comes a time in every aspect of media life when you feel you're over-exposed and under-appreciated. It's nothing unnatural, and in my own experience, nothing to be worried about, if you thread lightly.

Such times for me always arrive during wintertime. Being a good boy (or being good at being a bad boy, however you prefer) I managed to prepare loads of photos during the end of summer and entire fall, so I wouldn't need to enter the studio on temperatures below zero – and before you freak, I'm talking Celsius. That's how I was able to indulge myself in a bit of lazyness, and to take my time preparing new sets, while I can fling one shot after another and keep everyone happy, while also receiving a bit of praise (during the grey period of January and February, those are more than welcome to make my day).

It was all fine and dandy before the backlash.

Was I disrespectful towards anyone's self-image? Not that I know of. Did I offend anyone's heritage, religion, God forbid – sexual identity? Fuck, no. So... What did I do?

I was myself. And in greatest traditions of them all, once you prove yourself a hero, if you stick around long enough, what you become is a laughing stock, a butt of every joke, a person – and I quote – too old for that shit.

I overstayed my welcome with local community that I singlehandedly, with no false modesty, brought into spotlight, and it started being painfully obvious once I got one opportunity after another to

represent what my work is all about everywhere else but in Serbia.

This trend to make me a villain escalated mid-February, on Valentines Day, to be exact, when I received a whole set of unnerving, and quite direct

messages to simply "go away", "stop embarrassing myself" and on some instances even to consider suicide.

Being a survivor of such dark tendencies at an earlier point of my life, shoving me back into the fragility of a teen I used to be, doesn't sit well with me. Moreso because the exact sentiment came in a form of a stock photo of a man hanging himself, with my cropped out head being superimposed on the shot. And all of it from someone I considered a friend.

Now, I'm not a web personality, and my outlet isn't ranting about it on YouTube, so I took it upon myself to find out where this anger is coming from. The bitter diss came in a form of a well formed local opinion that I'm no more than a fame hungry whore who turned, and I quote "Serbian cosplay into softcore gay porn", all this after months of depriving myself from making any full-fledge nudes to satisfy the aforementioned community's constant yapping about my "disrespectful work". This shook me.

But you know what? I took a two week hiatus in February, and all I have to say for myself is – the cosplay community of Serbia can go fuck themselves. I'd wish them to kiss my ass, however, I respect my glutes far more than I respect most of them.

I am going to be the oldest Viktor Nikiforov in all his nude glory. I'm gonna be that 50+ Thranduil that bathes in a river stream, keeping his junk just enough below water to frustrate both admirers and shit-flingers. I solemnly swear, I will be that Sephiroth whose ass won't become just a memory. I am that Erwin Smith whose fat ass your momma loved, and which ultimately brought you the world. And you won't be able to do shit about it, unless I want to.

Ozi