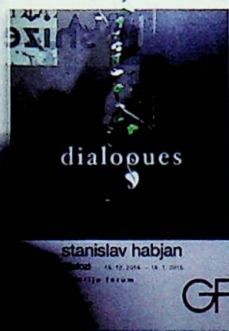


dialogues



galerija forum



stanislav habjan

diialozi

15. 12. 2011 - 17. 1. 2012



neutaživa čežnja za prožimanjem

antun maračić

I Prvo s čime sam se davnih 80-ih prošlog stoljeća susreo u vezi sa Stanislavom Habjanom (tada još kao dijelom radno-sanjlačkog tandema Greiner & Kropilak), a da nisam ni znao o kome se radi, bila je jedna njegova/njihova razglednica s aproprijacijom nekog lika iz stripa koji, uz adekvatnu grimasu, izgovara riječ 'čudno'. Dojam koji me obuzeo pri pogledu na taj artefaktič bio je doslovno, 'tautološki' - čuđenje. Taj prvi osjećaj tako intenzivno sugeriran nenametljivim i minimalnim sredstvom, kako vizualno tako i verbalno, k tome još pukim citatom u formi razglednice, ostao je dominantan do danas pri brojnim susretima s različitim Habjanovim uprizorenjima koja su uslijedila kroz dugi dugi niz sljedećih godina. Čudno, dakle neobično, dakle teže objašnjivo, nešto nedovoljno definirano, što ne reflektira jasni uzročno-posljedični princip, a također, vidjet ćemo, i nešto što ne ovisi o nekoj konstanti uobličjenja, sredstva, stupnja dorečenosti, zaokruženosti. Jedina konstanta u strukturi Habjanovih 'proizvoda' jest određena nematerijalna supstanca, nešto neuhvatljivo i neobjašnjivo, nedokazivo, ali opet izvjesno: osjećamo to i negdje se, mi publika, sami i međusobno pronalazimo i u tom osjećaju združujemo. Zadobivamo slične osmijehe, sličan pokret, doživljavamo slične aha! efekte i dalje se onda vladamo na temelju, Stanislavovim impulsom ustanovljenih, zajedničkih nazivnika; na temelju

povjerenja i uvjerljivosti, unatoč maglenih spojeva, lišenih administrativnih medijskih i stilskih odrednica i pečata, koji bi doduše uspostavili granice i omogućili lagodnu konzumaciju bez misli, ali i uvjetovali redukciju uzbuđenja. Ne možemo, dakle, faktički poopćiti strukturne elemente uvijek drugačijih manifestacija Habjanovih solilokvija... Hm, solilokvija? Ali on inzistira na *dijalozi-ma*! To je i naslov ove izložbe/događanja: *Dijalozi*. Kakvi su to dijalozi? Prvo - dijalozi sa samim sobom. Primjerice, svoju prijavnicu na natječaj za izložbu u Forumu 2013. Habjan je uobličio u obliku dijaloga sa Stanislavom. Samom sebi, obraćajući se trećima, objašnjavao je svoje ideje, polazišta, dileme, izgled buduće izložbe... a tu informaciju mi treći očitati smo bez ikakva problema. Štoviše, dovela nas je do odluke da njegovu izložbu prihvatimo. Nadalje, Habjan se ponaša kao svojevrсни prometenik, posrednik, koji u odnos komunikacije stavlja prostorno i vremenski udaljene osobe, mrtve i žive, bliske i nepoznate, slavne i anonimne, stvarne i imaginarne, pjesme i ptice... Konkretno, na pitanje o primjerima, sudionicima dijaloga koje kani izložiti, odgovara Stanislav Habjanu u spomenutoj autodijaloškoj prijavnici: - *Igru bi otvorio Kinez, moj nijemi sugovornik iz kratke priče 'Ping-pong', dakle čisti prozni tekst iz 1984. Zatim, koliko odavde mogu vidjeti, mladi Greiner i Kropilak s vjerojatno 5*

ili 6 razgovora predstavljenih na različite likovne načine, kako su već i nastajali. Potom Kropilak i francuski sudac iz novinske objave 'Tribunal a Paris' - što je izvorno bila moja kartolina Antunu Maračiću. Potom bih volio i morao napokon suočiti i samoga sebe u razgovoru s Kropilakom. Potom pripovjedač Nikola Iskra, s kojim bi kolaž dijaloga mogao dovesti do dijaloga s Vladom Kristlom, autorom objave 'Mjesec je Francuz' - savršeno točne premda Kristl nikad nije upoznao Iskru. Potom Davor Mindoljević s nekoliko naših današnjih uobičajenih stepenastih dijaloga mailom. Olja Savičević Ivančević, dijalog s njenim romanom posredstvom male instalacije. Tatina javna čestitka dvadesetog rođendana Klasji Habjan dijalogom fotografija Borisa Cvjetanovića i grofa Esterhazyja. Dijalog poetskih molitvi Daniila Hamsa i Tonča Petrasova Marovića. Stanislav i Marjan Habjan, dijalog s ocem fotoportretima sinova. /.../

I još puno toga. Pogon je izdašan, zapažanja minuciozna, kombinatorike neiscrpne, a sloboda asocijacija upravo drsko vratolomna. A sve to prezentirano je kroz maštovite spojeve slika, riječi, ručnoradnih objekata, brikolazne scenografije s bizarnim akcentima poput, primjerice, bicikla s prikolicom i golemim drvenim krilima. Iako nakrcana eksponatima, izložba nije zaključena otvorenjem. Štoviše, dijalozi se nastavljaju, društveno-stvaralački proces intenzivira. Sam autor sve vrijeme je prisutan

na izložbi čineći njezin dio. Riječ je, kaže on uz ostalo, o interaktivnoj radionici, stalnom performansu te uspostavi osobite gradske komunikacijske točke.

II

U ovom dijelu teksta koji nastaje nakon zaključčenja izložbe, o njoj možemo govoriti na temelju iskustva, verificirati preliminarne teze i obećanja. Svjedočili smo tako postavu uvelike nehajnom prema zahtjevima koje prešutno nalaže nepisani suvremeni muzeološko-galerijski 'pravilnik': bilo da je riječ o imperativu sažetosti i preglednosti ili, naprotiv, o izlaganju kaotičnih hrpa, neuređenih količina materijala koje ipak podrazumijevaju svoje polje, limit ili naglašeni protestni otklon od prvonavedenih modela, relaciju prema klasičnim izlagačkim uzusima. Jer ovdje se i ne radi samo o izložbi. Ambijent koji je ostvaren i koji je preko mjesec dana intenzivno živio (Habjanova 'prijetnja' iz ranije spomenute autodijaloške prijavnice, kao i iz dijaloškog teksta s jednog ulici okrenutog izložka, da će se posjet povećati za više od 500%, čini se da je ostvarena), zahvaljujući autorovu cjelodnevnom dežurstvu i nesebičnoj komunikaciji s gostima, bio je istodobno izložba, radionica, dućan, gostinjska soba, prijateljska besplatna točionica, glazbena slušaonica, ured, kabinet... Uz gusto postavljene eksponate koji su nerijetko bili i decentno uskladišteni predmeti za prodaju ili poklon (umnoženi notesi, plakati, kalendari, majice...), bio je tu i radni stol s kompjuterom, alat i pribor za manufaktume proizvode, stolić i stolice za goste, ali i različite biljke, poput golemih bambusa, bršljana, borova grana (*Božićna instalacija*) čiji su ukrasi bile obješene razglednice s parafrazom vizuala i imena s kutije cigareta Gitanes

(Habjan je stavio zvučno podudamo: *Je t'ai-me, k tome – bez filtera*) na naslovnoj strani i apliciranim zapisima iz knjiga dojmova s ranijih izložbi na poledini. Nadalje, našle su se tu rustične klupice u funkciji postamenta za postav mnoštva radova i različitih dijaloško mišljenih intimnih predmeta, drvene grablje za sijeno, goreće svijeće...

Na otvorenju, autor je u svojoj *trade-mark* visokoj crnoj vilenjačkoj kapi sa spiralnim zavijutkom izveo performans, ispisujući na zidu uz izlog vitalistički dijalog-polemiku između Mladosti i Smrti. Na katu galerije pak, gdje je ostvaren rahliji postav, svojom je karakterističnom kaligrafijom (koju dobro poznaju adresati njegovih brojnih pošiljki) na velikoj zidnoj površini ispisao poetske tekstove čiji niz tvori povijest senzacija iz djetinjstva, opise i doživljava sebe, svoje fizionomije, imena, oca... te posebno magičnog prometala – bicikla. Veliki objekt u kutu bastard je između bicikla i aviona, još jedne opsesivne ikone iz djetinjstva. Na njegovim krilima, zapravo izduženim ravnim drvenim ploham, aplicirane su fotografije Stanislava-dječaka koje je snimio otac mu Marjan, s jedne, i autorova sina Jakova koje je snimio Stanislav-otac, s druge strane. Ta relacija, djetinjstvo – odraslost, zapravo je kôd, potka više-manje svih Habjanovih uobičajenja, bez obzira u kojem mediju i obliku se pojavljuju. Habjan otac i odrasla osoba, pisac i čitatelj-erudit, nikad nije izgubio djetinjstvo začinjenost i sposobnost neprestanog otkrivanja novosti u poznatim stvarima. Čudo je pojam koji on često izriče, ideja kojom se bavi, pojava čiju prisutnost zaziva i želi živjeti. Jednom je to citat pjesme Wislawe Szymborske, čije stihove razdvaja kao gesla za pojedine mjesece alternativno koncipiranog

kalendara, drugi put instalacija s uložnicom za pisma (*Postoji li čudo?*), potom apropiacija korigirane nihilistične izjave Maxa Stirnera u kojoj njegovu riječ *ništa* zamjenjuje s *čudo* te tako potpisuje rečenicu-parafrazu: *Ja sam svoju stvar na čudu izgradio*. Nije stoga čudo da je *čudo* i senzacija koju doživljava konzument njegovih proizvoda, bili oni tekstualno-verbalni, opredmećeni ili kombinacija jednog i drugog.

Po svemu sudeći, takvi su učinci mogući i zbog velikog pozadinskog uloga društvenosti, čežnje za prožimanjem s drugima koja se osjeća i biva prepoznata, uvažena i uzvraćena, koja rezultira susretom, dijalogom, novim prijateljstvima, odnosno jačanjem postojećih.

Paradoksalno je da tu komunikaciju ne otežava niti počesto hermetični sadržaj autorovih iskaza, zapisa, aluzija, citata, parafraza: imena, pseudonimi i doživljaji koji su stvar njegove privatnosti ili barem podaci koji su, mada neki već javno obznanjivani, nedovoljno široko poznati. Nadalje, mnogi izlošci uključuju sitno tiskane, duge tekstove te bi se moglo očekivati da, kao takvi, obeshrabre posjetitelje u aktivnosti njihova iščitavanja. No to se ne događa. Očito je cjelokupno ozračje ambijenta i nevidljiva stavka prijateljske investicije u projekt amortizirala pa i minorizirala tu potencijalnu poteškoću koja kao da se prometnula u prednost, u razlog da se na izložbi zadrži duže te da se, prema planu, potakne razgovor, druženje.

Rojevi neštedljivo afirmativnih i oduševljenih izjava-zapisa, kako tek ljubitelja tako i stručnjaka, svjedoče izuzetan prijem i zamišljeni/željeni kontinuitet startne ideje, dijaloški procvat. U trideset i dva dana izložbe dogodili su se bezbrojni susreti, upoznavanja, zaiskrili impulsi za nove radove i surad-

nje od kojih su neke već realizirane. Mnogi su se višekratno vraćali u galeriju, ne samo zbog animirajuće glazbe i čašice kojom ih je domaćin velikodušno dočekivao. Ukratko, kvalitetna i bujna društvena arhitektura ovdje je snažno stasala.

Ostaje objasniti ili se barem zapitati o statusu, značaju Habjanova djelovanja. Osim iz života, on dolazi iz književnosti, i to je čitljivo u svakom segmentu cjeline njegovih uobičajenja, a također primjetna je i sposobnost (re-)dizajniranja idejnih i materijalnih predložaka koje koristi, što je i posljedica njegove konkretne dizajnerske prakse. No umjetnost je nešto u što je ušao gotovo nehotice, vizualnost i objektivnost njegovih uradaka posljedica su želje za iskorakom, pokušaja oslobođenja od zadatosti i ograničenja matičnog, polaznog medija (literature). Njegova bazična mladenačka nagnuća, kako sam kaže u svom autointervjuu iz prijavnice za izložbu, bile su glazba, književnost, sport, *dok me u likovnosti*, navodi, *s izuzetkom vrlo određenih stripova koje sam držao svetim pismom, malo što inspiriralo*. Na pitanje samom sebi: *I što se to promijenilo da više nemaš otpor pripadanju* (umjetničkom, op. A. M.) *kontekstu?*, Habjan odgovara: *Razmjerno nedavno postalo mi je jasno da je sasvim svejedno kako se zove okvir unutar kojega se može dogoditi ono što je najvažnije od svega - dijalog. Prepoznavanje naše međusobno, kao i razmjena onoga što si želimo reći ili dati, jedini je mogući otpor kao-su. /.../*

Je li, dakle, riječ o umjetnosti u 'potpunom', 'klasično-suvremenom' smislu ili tek o nekoj životno-kreativnoj intersferi koju bismo neobavezno, i s nešto lošeg humora, mogli imenovati 'habjanstvom' ili 'stanislavljem', neka i nama bude manje važno. Bitna je ona, na



početku spomenuta, imanencija djelotvorne, ljudski ljekovite nematerijalne supstance Habjanova djela.

Iz knjige dojmova | From the guestbook :

Komunikacija svijesti i podsvijesti, podsvijesti i podsvijesti, svijesti i svijesti. Okvir bez okvira. A sve minimalistički. Pravilo je: NEMA PRAVILA! Preostaje jedino ČUDO! Ime mu je OSOB-NOST. Predivna izložba! Poetično, rafinirano, hipersenzibilno, profinjeno, a duboko intrigantno kao najfiniji CRNI RIŽOT! Communication of consciousness and sub consciousness, sub consciousness and consciousness, consciousness and consciousness. The frameless frame. Everything minimalistic. The rule is: NO RULES! Only a MIRACLE remains! Its name is CHA-RACTER. Fantastic exhibition! Poetic, refined, hypersensitive, delicate and deeply intriguing as the finest BLACK RISOTTO!

Milan Vučić

unquenchable longing for interpenetration

antun maračić

I
The first thing that long ago in the 1980s I came across in connection with Stanislav Habjan (then as part of the working and dreaming Greiner & Kropiljak firm), without even knowing who it was about, was his/their postcard with the appropriation of a figure from a comic strip that, with an appropriate grimace, uttered the word 'weird'. The impression that took hold of me at the look of this little artefact was literally, 'tautologically' - weird. That first feeling, so intensely suggested with means that were vigorous and minimal, both visually and verbally, and what is more just with a mere quote in the form of a postcard, has stayed to this day the dominant one in the many encounters with various Habjan stagings that followed through the long, long series of the years to come.

Weird, so, unusual, and so rather difficult to explain, something insufficiently defined, which does not reflect any clear principle of cause and effect and also, we shall see, something that does not depend on a constant of formation, resources, degree of articulation, completeness. The only constant in the structure of Habjan's products is a certain immaterial substance, something elusive and inexplicable, undemonstrable, and yet certain: we feel it and somewhere, we the audience, alone and together, find ourselves, and in this feeling come together. We have similar smiles, similar move-

ment, we experience the same a-ha effects and then go on to conduct ourselves on the basis of common denominators established by Stanislav's impulse; on the basis of trust and conviction, in spite of the hazy bonds, devoid of definitions and seals given by administrative media and styles, which would it is true set up boundaries and enable easy thought-free consumption, as well, though, as a reduction of the excitement. We cannot then in fact generalise the structural elements of the manifestations of Habjan's always different soliloquies. Hmm, soliloquies? But he is telling us all about dialogues. And that is the title of this exhibition, this happening: *Dialogues*. What kind of dialogues are they? First – dialogues with himself. For example, Habjan shaped his application in the competition for exhibition in the Forum in 2013 in the form of a dialogue with Stanislav. To himself, though addressing third persons, he explained his ideas, premises, dilemmas, the appearance of the future exhibition – and we third parties responded to this information without any problem. Indeed, it led us to the decision to accept his exhibition. Then, Habjan acts as a kind of dispatcher, mediator, who places in the communicative relationship spatially and temporally distant persons, living and dead, close and unknown, famous and anonymous, real and imaginary, imaginary and imaginary, people and things, images, poems and birds... Concretely, to the

question about examples, the participants of the dialogues he intended to exhibit, in the auto-dialogical application form mentioned, Stanislav replies to Habjan: *The game would be started by a Chinese, my mute interlocutor from the short story 'Ping-Pong', that is, a pure prose text of 1984. Then, as far as I can see from here, the young Greiner & Kropiljak, with probably five of six conversations presented in various visual ways, as they were already created. Then Kropiljak and a French judge from the newspaper announcement 'Tribunal a Paris' – which was originally my card to Antun Maračić. Then I would like to, and after all have to, face up to myself in a conversation with Kropiljak. Then is the tale-teller Nikola Iskra, which whom I could carry on a collage of dialogues to a dialogue with Vlado Kristl, author of the announcement 'The Moon is French', absolutely accurate although Kristl never got to know Iskra. Then Davor Mindoljević with some of our today's usually rather graduated mail dialogues. Olja Savičević Ivančević, a dialogue with her novel via a small installation. Dad's public twentieth birthday greeting to Klasja Habjan, a dialogue of the photographs of Boris Cvjetanović and Count Esterhazy. A dialogue of the poetic motifs of Daniil Harms and Tonči Petrasov Marović. Stanislav and Marjan Habjan, a dialogue with the father with photographic portraits of the sons /.../*

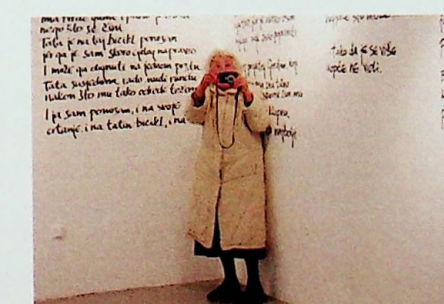
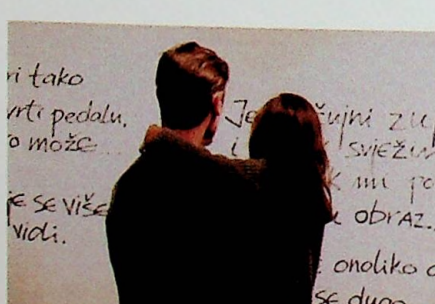
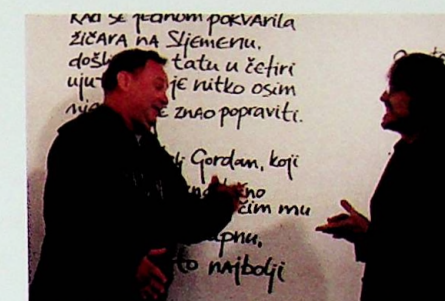
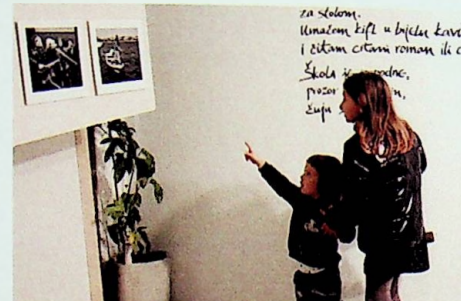
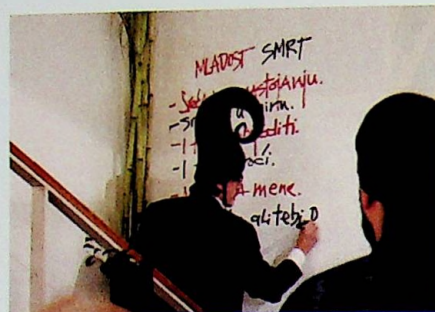
And lots more. The drive gives and gives,

Iz knjige *doljmov* | From the guestbook:

Kroz grlo klepsidre, kroz usko grlo dijakronije Stanislav je izašao na drugu stranu, na lice opuštenosti, viška mogućnosti, slobode kombinatorike, bujne biofilije, srdačne prisnosti, takoreći od nulte točke do bogate polimorfnosti. Čestitam!

Through the clepsydra's throat, through the narrow throat of diachronicity, Stanislav came out to the other side, on the face of relaxation, a plethora of opportunities, the freedom of combinatorics, exuberant biophilia, cordial propinquity, from a zero to the rich polymorphism. Congratulations!

Tonko Maroević



the observations are minute, the games of combinations are inexhaustible, and the freedom of locations is actually impudently neck-breaking. And all of it shown through imaginative blends of paintings, words, handmade objects, bricolages of set designs with bizarre accents like, for example, a bicycle with trailer and huge wooden wings. Although overcrowded with exhibits, the exhibition is not concluded by the opening night. Indeed, the dialogues will go on, the socially creative process will step up. The author himself is present the whole time at the exhibition, constituting a part of it. It is about, he says among other things, *an interactive workshop, an ongoing performance and the establishment of a particular city communication point*.

II

In this part of the text, which was written only after the exhibition was closed, we can speak of the show on the basis of experience, verifying the preliminary premises and promises. We have witnessed then a set-up to a very large extent negligent of the demands that are tacitly enjoined by the unwritten contemporary museum-gallery rulebook. These might concern the imperative of succinctness and easy readability or on the contrary the showing of chaotic heaps, of disorderly quantities of materials that still imply their field, their limit or emphatic protesting deviation from the first mentioned models, a relation to classic habits of exhibition. For here it was not just about an exhibition. The environment that was produced and that was so vigorously alive for over a month (Habjan's "threat" from the previously mentioned auto-dialogical application that he would increase attendance

by more than 500% seems to have come true), thanks to the artist's being on duty all day long and his generous communication with visitors was at once exhibition, workshop, shop, guest room, friendly and gratis off-license, listening room, office, study... With densely packed exhibits that were sometimes also properly stored objects for sale or for giving away, multiplied notebooks, posters, calendars, T-shirts, there was also a desk with a computer, tools and kit for hand-making of products, a table and chairs for guests, as well as various plants, like huge bamboos, ivy, pine branches (*Christmas Installation*) the decorations of which were suspended picture postcards with paraphrases of the visuals and names from a packet of Gitanes (Habjan also put on the sonically compatible *Je t'aime*, and what is more – *unfiltered*) on the front, with appliquéd comments from visitors' books of previous exhibitions, on the back... Then there were the rustic benches used as plinths for the placing of a mass of works and various dialogically conceived private objects, a wooden hay fork, candles burning... At the opening, the artist in his trade-mark tall wizard's cap with its spiral twist did a performance, writing on the wall alongside the window a vitalistic dialogue-cum-polemic between Youth and Death. Upstairs, where there was a looser set up, in which with his characteristic calligraphy (which the recipients of his many consignments know well) on the large wall surface he wrote out poetic texts the sequence of which create a history of sensations from childhood, descriptions and perceptions of himself, his features, name, father... and a particularly magical vehicle – a bicycle. The big object in the corner is a hybrid of bike and

plane, another obsessive icon from childhood. On its wings, which are in fact extended flat wooden surfaces, photographs of Stanislav the boy taken by his father Marjan are appliquéd, on one side, and of the author's own son Jakov, taken by Stanislav the dad on the other. This relation between child- and adulthood is in fact a code, a consistent thread of more or less all of Habjan's creations, irrespective of the media and the form in which they appear. Habjan father and adult person, writer and erudite reader, has never lost his childish sense of wonder and ability constantly to discover new sides of known things. *Wonder / miracle* is a concept that he frequently expresses, an idea with which he deals, a phenomenon whose presence he invokes and wants to live. At one time this is a quote from a poem by Wislawa Szymborska whose verses he splits up as mottos for the given months of a calendar conceived in an alternative way, another time an installation with a letterbox slit (*Is there a wonder?*), then an appropriation of the corrected nihilistic statement of Max Stirner in which he replaces Stirner's word *nothing* with the word *miracle*, reworking the original into a new phrase: *I have built my own cause on a miracle*. Therefore it is no wonder that a *miracle* is also a sensation that is experienced by the consumer of his products, whether they are textual and verbal, made into objects, or a combination of one and the other, and in encounter with him.

Judging all in all, such effects are possible because of the great background role of sociability, the yearning for interpenetration with others that is felt and is recognised, respected and returned, which results in encounter, dialogue, new friendships and



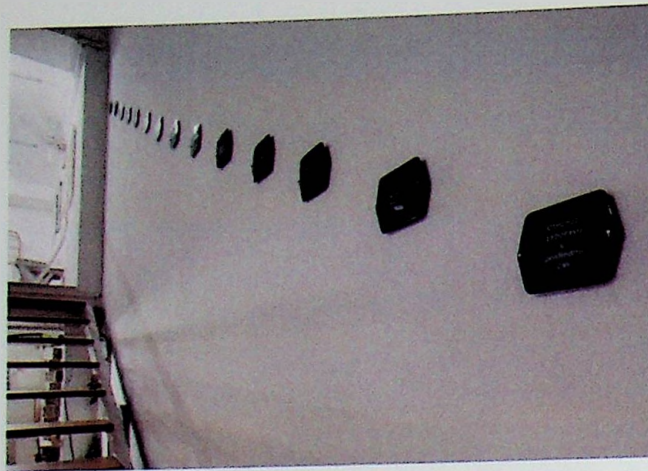
the strengthening of existing friendships. It is paradoxical perhaps that the communication is not hindered by the somewhat hermetic contents of his statements, writings, allusions, quotes and paragraphs: names, pseudonyms and experiences that are a matter of his private life or at least information that, even if once made public, is not very widely known. Then many of the exhibits include minutely printed and other texts and it might be expected that they would, accordingly, discourage the visitors from getting involved in reading them. But this does not happen. Clearly, the whole mood of the environment and the invisible item of friendly investment in the project has buffered it and minimised the potential difficulty that has as it were been turned into an advantage, a reason for the show to be kept on longer, and for conversation and socialisation to be prompted – as was the plan. Swarms of unsparingly positive and delighted statements and accounts, of fans and experts alike, tell of the outstanding reception and the imagined/wished for continuity of the initial idea, the flourishing of



dialogue. In the thirty two days of the exhibition there have been countless meetings and gettings-to-know-you; impulses for new works and collaborations – some of which have already borne fruit – were sparked off. Many people came back several times to the gallery, not just because of the exciting music and the snifter with which the host generously greeted them. In brief, a luxuriant and high quality social architecture came to maturity here. It remains to explain, or at least to enquire about, the status, the significance, of Habjan's activity. As well as from life, it derives from literature, and this can be read off in each segment of the whole of his creations, and also perceptible is his ability to design or re-design the intellectual and material prototypes he uses, the consequence of his practice as designer. But art is something that he got into almost accidentally, the visual and objective nature of his works is a consequence of the wish for the new departure, the attempt at getting free from the givens and the restrictions of the original medium (literature). His basic youthful pro-

pensities, as he states and admits in his self-interview, in the application for the exhibition, were music, literature and sport while *in visual art, with the exception of just a very few comic strips, which I thought gospel, little inspired me*. To the question he put himself: *And what changed it so that you no longer have a resistance to belonging to that context?* [i.e., artistic], Habjan replies: *Relatively recently it became clear to me that it was all the same what the framework was within which the most important thing of all can take place, and that is dialogue. Our mutual recognition, and the exchange of what we want to say or give, is the only possible resistance to chaos*.

Whether it is then about art in a full classical-contemporary sense or about some vital and creative intersphere that we might gratuitously and with a little low comedy christen 'habjanism' or 'stanislavdom', may well be of little importance to us. What is essential is that initially mentioned immanence of an effective, humanly therapeutic intangible substance in Habjan's work.



Iz knjige dojmova | From the guestbook :

Na ovo mjesto bi trebalo dolaziti kriomice, tako da nitko ne zna. Pronaći krevet i zaspati, pa tek onda kada se probudiš povjerovati da si bio tu i susreo jednog bezobraznog i smiješnog beskraino dječaka koji si ti istovremeno sam i da se vas dvojica zagrlite bez zagrljaja. Nije da mi drhte riječi, ali malo su se od radosti pomiješale i poskočile. HOP!

Coming to this place should be stealthy, so that no one knows. To find a bed and fall asleep, and only after waking up, to believe you were here, and you met a cheeky and endlessly funny boy, who is you, at the same time, and the two of you hug without an embrace. Not that my words were trembling, but they mixed slightly and jumped with joy. HOP!

Predrag Vrabec

Čitam, gledam tvoja djela i srce napajam, cvjetam. Jednog ću dana nekom malom biću moći reći: da, tako sam odrastala. Bogatog srca, širokog prostranstva pred unutarnjim očima, s oblakom pod prstima, u društvu čovjeka. Na tom prelijepom sentimentalnom odgoju zahvaljujem se i sad svojim suzama, kapima tekućeg veselja što te poznajem, što s tobom dijelim.

I am reading, looking at your work and I am charging my heart, I am flourishing. One day, I shall be able to say to a little human being: yes, that is how I was growing up, with opulent heart, vast space in front of my inner eyes, with a cloud under my fingers, in the company of a man. On this wonderful sentimental upbringing, I thank thee now with my tears, the drops of flowing joy of knowing you, of sharing with you.

Ivana Miloš



Iz knjige dojmova | From the guestbook :

Stanislav Habjan - život kao umjetnost, kao odučenje, kao ljubav... Sve što se tu čini i stvara od istog je satkano - ljubavi i odučenja, ljepote, one prave. Hvala!

Stanislav Habjan - a life as art, as a wonder, as love... All, that is being worked on and created here, has been woven of the same - of love and wonder, of beauty / the true one. Thank you!

Bojana Žeželj

Premda puknutog meniskusa i s ponekim kilogramom viška, iz galerije sam izašao lak i oslobođen. Hvala!

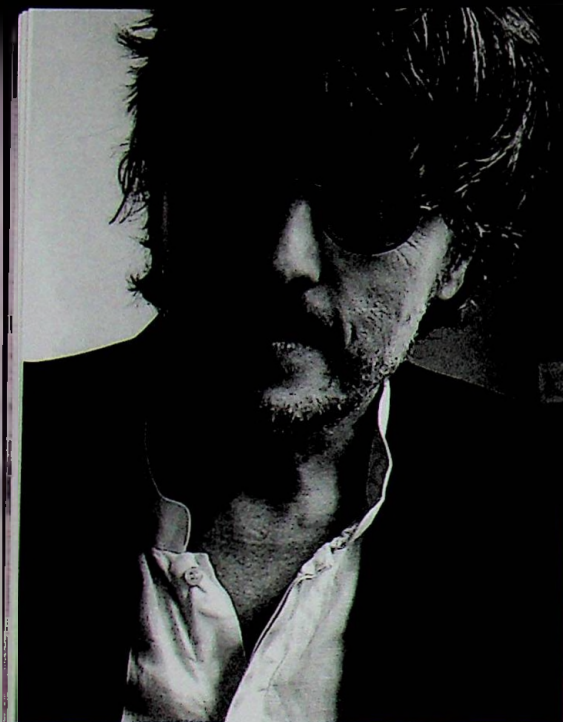
Although with a broken meniscus and with a surplus of a kilo or two, I went out of the gallery, light and released. Thank you!

Ivica Prtenjača

Izložba mi je sve ljepša kako bolje upoznajem autora, a danas mi je bila toliko lijepa da sam morala izaći iz galerije.

The more I get to know the author, this exhibition is more and more beautiful to me, and today it has been so beautiful I must leave the gallery.

Ružica Filipović



Stanislav Habjan, 2014.
snimila | photo by: Iris Poljan

biografija

Stanislav Habjan (Zagreb, 1957.). Multimedijски dje-luje na spoju literature, likovnosti i grafičkog obliko-vanja od 1983. Autor je knjiga kratkih priča *Nemogu-ća varijanta* (1984.) i *Interkonfidental* (s B. Greinerom, 1999.). Prozom je zastupljen u više antologija hrvat-ske kratke priče i novele, tekstovi su mu prevedeni na engleski, talijanski, poljski, makedonski, a naslovom njegove priče *Poštari lakog sna* imenovana je pano-rama proze Quorumova naraštaja (ur. K. Bagić, 1996.). Suosnivač je i član *Greiner & Kropilak Mailart Officea* (1983.-2003.), *Slipe konfidence* (1993.-2003.) te *Peti-kata*, 2001. Izlagao i nastupao u Hrvatskoj, Francuskoj, Sloveniji, Italiji, Danskoj, Švicarskoj, Njemačkoj, Indi-ji... Godine 1993. konstruirao je, zajedno s Greinerom, *Human Weight Printer*, unikatni tip grafičke preše za dvije osobe kojom je ostvaren niz performansa, oti-saka grafika uživo.

Kao dizajner autor je brojnih vizualnih identiteta za domaće i međunarodne umjetničke projekte, film-ske i glazbene festivale, izložbe i predstave. Obliko-vao je publikacije za nastupe hrvatskih umjetnika na Venecijanskom bijenalu (1997., 2003. i 2005.), plakati su mu uvršteni u *Graphis poster books* (1994., 1995., 2004.). Bio je art direktor novina za kulturu *Homo vo-lans* (1995.-'97.) i glazbenog magazina *Nomad* (br.1-18, 1998.-'99.). Dobitnik je nagrada za prozu, grafički dizajn i autorski projekt. U suradnji s Danijelom Že-željom ostvario niz grafičkih mapa i slikovnica (*Petikat Exp*, 2005.; *Becycled Quotes*, 2006.; *Be Fair to Dog!*, 2007., *Lun*, 2009., *Život mimo*, 2010., *12P*, 2011., *Du-ćan metafora*, 2011., *Pio i Pepe*, 2013., *Ako zvena-da pride kruto laćan gost*, 2014.) kao i multimedijских projekata i performansa izvedenih u Hrvatskoj i Itali-ji (*Homo volans*, 1996.; *Osmijeh Majakovskog*, 2001.; *Stazione Topolo*, 2003.; *Reflex*, 2006.; *My Home is Your Home*, 2009.; *Simetrija kvadrata*, 2011.; *Idijot Wind*, 2012.; *Kaciga od Manche*, 2012., *Pjesma za Vidu, Viktora*, 2013.). Aktualni projekti uključuju izlož-bu *Dijalozi*, putujući ambijent *Dućan metafora* i *Ska-le do sunca*, umjetničku galeriju u Staroj Novalji. Član HZSU i HDLU. Živi i radi u Zagrebu.

biography

Stanislav Habjan (Zagreb, 1957). He has worked in multimedia at the interface of literature, visual art and graphic design since 1983. He is the author of books of short stories *Nemoguća varijanta* (1984) and *Inter-confidental* (with Boris Greiner, 1999). His prose works have been included in several anthologies of Croatian short stories and novellas, his texts have been trans-lated into English, Italian, Polish, Macedonian, and the title of his story *Poštari lakog sna* was used for a panorama of the prose of the Quorum generation (ed. K. Bagić, 1996). He was co-founder and member of the *Greiner & Kropilak Mailart Office* (1983-2003), *Sli-pa konfidenca* (1993-2003) and *Petikat* in 2001. He has exhibited and appeared in Croatia, France, Slo-venia, Italy, Denmark, Switzerland, German and In-dia. In 1993 he constructed the *Human Weight Print-er*, a unique type of graphic press for two persons with which he conducted several performances and made prints live.

As designer he has created numerous visual identi-ties for domestic and international art projects, film and musical festivals, exhibitions and performances. He has designed publications for the appearances of Croatian artists at the Venice Biennale (1997, 2003 and 2005), his posters are included in *Graphis Poster Books* (1994, 1995 and 2004). He was art director of the arts paper *Homo volans* (1995/6), and the music maga-zine *Nomad* (nos. 1-18, 1998/9). He has won prizes for prose, graphic design and an authorial project. In collaboration with Danijel Žeželj he has created a number of graphic albums and picture books (*Peti-kat Exp*, 2005; *Becycled Quotes*, 2006; *Be Fair to Dog!*, 2007, *Lun*, 2009, *Život mimo*, 2010, *12P*, 2011, *Dućan metafora*, 2011, *Pio i Pepe*, 2013, *Ako znenada pride kruto laćan gost*, 2014) and multimedia projects per-formed in Croatia and Italy (*Homo volans*, 1996; *Os-mijeh Majakovskog*, 2001; *Stazione Topolo*, 2003; *Re-flex*, 2006; *My Home is Your Home*, 2009; *Simetrija kvadrata*, 2011; *Idijot Wind*, 2012; *Kaciga od Manche*, 2012, *Pjesma za Vidu, Viktora*, 2013). His current proj-ects include the exhibition *Dijalozi*, the touring show *Dućan metafora* and *Skale do Sunca*, which is an art gallery in Stara Novalja. He is a member of the art as-sociations HZSU and HDLU. He lives and works in Zagreb.



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Ima još jedna stvar
Nije tako važno, ali malo je
To s mojim imenom
Mama je dobro, ali svakome
Se čini drugačije
A je ne volim kad je
Skraćuje
Stanko nije isto što i
Stanklav
A opet, ne mogu ih
izgovoriti, smisliti
priznati
Nije to baš tako važno

Sveća mi je ime Jan
Sveća mi je ime Jan
Sveća mi je ime Jan
Sveća mi je ime Jan

I kad se Jani tako zove
Jan
Jan — je Jani Jani
Otko sam Jani u mojim
I Bepko Jani Jani Bepko
Jan Bepko
Sveća mi je ime Jani
Sveća mi je ime Jani
Jan je moje tajno ime

Ne volim a kad je ime
je tako važno
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Stanko nije isto što i
Stanklav
A opet, ne mogu ih
izgovoriti, smisliti
priznati
Nije to baš tako važno

Kad se jednom pokrenula
spava na spavanje
džabe su joj čitav život
uputro, jo je rukla čam
uputro, im je ovo pogrešno

I moj prijatelj Jerdan, koji
svakom dan zna jedno
proceniti, stane Jani mu
bupke ušnu klupnu,
biće da je to najbolji
bicikl.

Da to igri tako
da mu zaviti pedalu
napre što može...
tako da je se više
uopće ne vidi.

Jedva čujni zvon
i dašak iskre
još uopće mi je nekad
pomiluju obuze

Ficikl je jednako dobar
koliko se čuje
pedala ne vidi.



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