

IVAN FIJOLIĆ
SWEET SUMMER BREEZE

Galerija Forum, 18. 6. - 16. 7. 2021.



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Galerija Forum, 18. lipnja - 16. srpnja 2021.
Forum Gallery, June 18 - July 16, 2021



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Feda Gavrilović

Što je za Ivana Fijolića to olakšanje, koje nas miluje i prožima naše tijelo poput mirisnog povjetarca na ljetni dan, olakšanje koje nam obećava u naslovu ove izložbe? Ukratko – to je osjećaj povezanosti sa cjelinom. Blažen i lagan osjećaj koji nas posve obuzima.

Baš sam ovo (neobično kišno) proljeće čitao roman *Malicroix* francuskog književnika Henrija Bosca, u hrvatskom prijevodu Željke Čorak i u izdanju Litterisa. Roman je objavljen 1948., a govori o krotkom i nježnom botaničaru koji, kako bi ispunio posljednju volju svoga praujaka, mora nekoliko zimskih mjeseci živjeti na divljem otoku usred rijeke, šibanom vjetrovima i kišama. Lokalni bilježnik, iz nekih svojih interesa, odgovara ga od tog zadatka: „Jer u naporu što ga čovjek izvršava nad sobom volja je jadna. Naročito ovdje gdje vas drobe elementarne sile: prostor, voda, vjetar. One vas opsjedaju, pritišću, prodiru u vas i progone vas, a vi tom opsjedanju ne možete suprotstaviti zaista djelatan otpor. [...] ustrajući u stalnom suočavanju s čudesnom prirodom, čovjek se na neki način rasplinjava, gospodine, i malo-pomalo gubi svijest o sebi, sve dotle da više ne razlikuje svoju dušu od slika koje ju opsjedaju. On postaje plijen, opsjednuti.“ (str. 88).

To je situacija u kojoj se našlo i dvoje likova Fijolićeva reljefa *Sweet summer breeze*, zagledanih u budućnost pred sobom. Ženska figura ima tijelo

Willendorfske Venere, a njezin partner je pračovjek snagator. U tim robusnim fizionomijama postoji i asocijacija na sirovu skulptorsku energiju Ivana Lesiaka, pored čijeg negdašnjeg atelijera u Voćarskoj ulici Fijolić danas radi. U svijetu gdje se neprijateljske prirodne sile pretaču u mitske predodžbe kojima ih čovjek pokušava objasniti, njih dvoje, naši pramajka i praotac, odbijaju biti plijen. Kao što je isticao Oswald Spengler (slavni autor *Propasti Zapada*), čovjek je ultimativni predator. On posjeduje vrhunsku percepciju prostora, posebno razvijenu ruku kojom stvara alat za nadmudrivanje prirode i mozak kojim taj alat osmišljava sve savršenijim i učinkovitijim. Dignuo se, poput ovih praljudi, iznad svoga okruženja, iznad ćudljive i okrutne prirode. Ali ni to nije bilo dovoljno. Nije se zadovoljio samo fizičkim pokoravanjem planeta, njegovom transformacijom u sustav gradova, cesta, vodovoda i dalekovoda, pa ni slanjem satelita u svemir koji pomažu predviđanju vremenskih uvjeta i međusobnoj komunikaciji ljudi, te hrane ljudsku znatiželju. Sljedeće osvajanje bilo je metafizičko.

Čovjekovi apetiti, koje Fijolić apostrofira u ovom ciklusu, ne zaustavljaju se na pokoravanju prirode, nego sežu dalje, sve do pokušaja ovladavanja samom stvarnosti. Riječ *transhumanizam*, u posljednje vrijeme izrazito popularna, pretpostavlja spajanje čovjeka sa strojem i ostvarivanje društva koje funkcionira poput savršena megarobota. Za neke je to društvo utopijsko, zbog njegove visoke učinkovitosti, a za neke distopijsko, lišeno emocija, individualne kreativnosti i svega onoga što je karakteristično za ljudsku vrstu i što ju je izdiglo iz mučnih prapočetaka. U tehnokraciji Fijolić vidi utonuće u ropstvo. Njegov *Praauto* jednostavna je forma vozila koje je značilo suradnju čovjeka i stroja, suradnju mašine s okom, koordinacijom udova i koncentracijom. Prepuštajući se samovozećim autima u bliskoj budućnosti, mi dopuštamo da nam se svi ti organi i sposobnosti uspavaju, da zamru. Za ovog kipara devastacija prirode ujedno je i devastacija ljudskog duha, a svoje je uvjerenje sažeo u izreci: „Kozmos će plakati za nama, ali ne predugo“.

Ali, s moje strane barem, postoji i blagi optimizam. Jer spajanje sa strojem, uz svu bezumnost nametnute lake zabave i uz transformaciju tržišta radne snage, što je sve nusprodukt diktata kapitalizma, može (možda) biti i pomoć u spajanju s Apsolutom. O tome je često govorio učenjak istočnih religija Alan Watts, a to je i tema dragog mi filma *Her* iz 2013. Sposobnost stroja ne mora biti samo ultrafunktionalnost. Zašto same mašine, sa svojim superiornim mogućnostima, ne bi evoluirale do intuitivnosti, empatije i više spoznaje stvarnosti, te nam pomogle da i mi sudjelujemo u njoj? Zašto ne bi postale „ljudske od ljudi“, kako se kaže u kulturnom filmu *Blade Runner* iz 1982.?

Vidim tu nadu i u ovim Fijolićevim reljefima (iako je on možda ne vidi). Drevni simbol meandra koji ugraviran djeluje poput čipa, sugerira prisutnost prapočela i u nekoj transhumanoj budućnosti. Kipar izrađuje i čvornate oblike Drva života, kozmičkog čvora iz kojega se raspliću svi počeci, kao i eksploziju koja me podsjeća na stalno bujanje stvarnosti. Pa i sanskrtka riječ Brahman, koja se odnosi na temeljno načelo postojanja kojega smo svi mi manifestacija, dolazi iz riječi „br̥h“, što znači „rasti, bujati, širiti se“. Tu su i Gliše, tri kozmička mudraca, bića velike mudrosti, ali i međusobnog pobijanja, što upućuje na vječnu dinamiku sukoba, odnosno nadopunjavanja, koja je pokretački i živorni pogon svekolikog postojanja.

Reljef koji se može shvatiti kao komadić nekog pejzaža (na Zemlji, ili na nekom drugom planetu) potiče nas na razmišljanje o snazi moćnih fizikalnih sila u neprestanom djelovanju, sila koje čovjek ne može savladati, niti uništiti. Može se samo, ukoliko želi, s njima pokušati poistovjetiti, integrirati njih u sebe i sebe u njih. Pa i plahi protagonist *Malicroixa* uspio je u sebi pronaći snagu koju mu je praujak ostavio u baštinu putem jedne „kapi krvi“ i blatnjavog, nepristupačnog imanja zaraslog u šikaru. „Možda sam“, piše u romanu (str. 127), „usred tog divovskog svijeta, iznenada živo osjetio svoju malenost. Iz nje sam izvukao mjeru stvari koje su me drobile i stopio sam se s njima sve do sudjelovanja u njihovoj nadljudskoj moći.“



Krater, 2021., poliester, 122 x 81 x 8 cm /
Crater, 2021, polyester, 122 x 81 x 8 cm



Praoblici iz primordijalne juhe, 2021., poliester, 125 x 85 x 19 cm /
Primal Forms from the Primordial Soup, 2021, polyester, 125 x 85 x 19 cm



Grlom u jagode, 2021., polyester, 96 x 65,5 x 16 cm /
Shot from the Hip, 2021, polyester, 96 x 65,5 x 16 cm



Praauto, 2021., beton, 14 x 57 x 20 cm /
Primalcar, 2021, concrete, 14 x 57 x 20 cm



Drvo života, 2021., poliester, 50 x 33 x 13 cm /
The Tree of Life, 2021, polyester, 50 x 33 x 13 cm



Meandar, 2021., poliester, 74 x 56 x 11 cm /
Meander, 2021, polyester, 74 x 56 x 11 cm



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What is that relief for Ivan Fijolić, that which caresses and fills our body like a sweet summer breeze, that relief promised in the title of this exhibition? In short — it is a sense of being connected with a whole. A blissful and light feeling which completely consumes us.

I spent this (unusually rainy) spring reading the novel *Malicroix* by the French writer Henri Bosco. The novel, published in 1948, follows a meek and gentle botanist who, in order to fulfill his great-uncle's last will, must spend a few winter months living on a wild island in the middle of a river, battered by winds and rain. The local notary, out of his own interests, discourages him from the task: "For in the effort executed by man unto himself the will is pathetic. Especially here, where you are crushed by forces of nature: space, water, wind. They besiege, press, infiltrate and hound you, and in that siege you cannot mount a truly effective resistance. [...] persisting in the constant confrontation with the wondrous nature, man in a way fades away, Sir, and little by little, loses self-awareness, to the point where he no longer discerns his soul from the images which surround it. He becomes prey, haunted." (pp 88).

Such is the situation in which two characters from Fijolić's relief *Sweet summer breeze*, staring into the future ahead, find themselves in. The female figure has a body shaped like the Venus of Willendorf, while her partner is a buffed caveman. These robust features are also reminiscent of the raw sculptural energy of Ivan Lesiak, next to whose former studio in Voćarska Street Fijolić works today. In a world where hostile forces of nature are transformed into

mythical ideas which man uses to try and explain, these two, our foremother and forefather, refuse to fall prey to. As was pointed out by Oswald Spengler (the famed author of *The Decline of the West*), man is the ultimate predator. He possesses spatial perception, a specially evolved hand to create the tools to outwit nature and a brain to design that tool, more and more perfect and effective. He has risen, like these protohumans, above his environment, above the whimsical and cruel nature. However, not even that is enough. He is not content with just physically subduing the planet, its transformation into a system of cities, roads, water supply networks and power lines, and not even with sending satellites into space which aid in predicting weather conditions and communication, and feed people's curiosity. The next conquest was metaphysical.

Man's appetites, which Fijolić addresses in this cycle, do not stop at the subjugation of nature, but reach further, all the way to the attempt to control reality itself. The word transhumanism, which has become quite popular recently, presupposes the merging of man with machine and the creation of a society which functions as a perfect mega-robot. For some, that society is utopian, because of its high efficiency, and for some dystopian, deprived of emotions, individual creativity and all that which is characteristic of the human race and helped it rise from its hard beginnings. Fijolić sees technocracy as a slip into slavery. His *Primalcar* is a simple form of vehicle which denoted the cooperation between man and machine, cooperation of machine and eye, via coordination of limbs and concentration. By surrendering to self-driving cars in the near future, we allow our organs and abilities to lull into sleep, to become extinct. For this sculptor, the devastation of nature is also the devastation of the human spirit, and his belief is summarized in the saying: "The cosmos will cry for us, but not for long."

However, at least on my part, there is also slight optimism. Because merging with machines, for all the senselessness of imposed light entertainment

and the transformation of the labor market, all of which is the byproduct of capitalism's dictate, can (maybe) also help in the merging with the Absolute. The scholar of Eastern religions Alan Watts often spoke of this, and it is also a theme of the movie *Her* from 2013, that is dear to me. The machine's only ability does not have to be ultrafunctionality. Why shouldn't machines themselves, with their superior possibilities, evolve to intuition, empathy and higher reality awareness, and help us participate in it? Why shouldn't they become "more human than human", as said in the cult 1982 film *Blade Runner*?

I also see that hope in these Fijolić's reliefs (even though he might not see it). The engraved ancient meander symbol appears as a chip, suggesting the presence of an origin even in some transhuman future. The sculptor also created the knotty forms of the Tree of Life, the cosmic knot from which all beginnings stem, as well as the explosion which reminds me of the constant expansion of reality. Even the Sanskrit word Brahman, which denotes the basic principle of existence of which we are all a manifestation, comes from the word "bṛh", which means "to grow, swell, expand". Then there are also Glishas, three cosmic wise men, beings of great wisdom, but also of mutual rebuttals, which points to the eternal dynamics of conflict, i.e. complementation, which is the driving and life force of overall existence.

The relief which can be interpreted as a piece of a landscape (on Earth, or on another planet) stimulates us to think about the force of powerful physical forces in continuous action, forces which man cannot master, nor destroy. He can, if he wishes, try and identify with them, integrate them into himself or himself into them. And even *Malicroix's* timid protagonist managed to find the strength which his great-uncle left him through a "drop of blood" and the muddy, inaccessible and overgrown estate. "Perhaps I have," he writes in the novel (pp 127), "in the middle of this gigantic world, suddenly felt my smallness. From it, I have drawn out the measure of things which crushed me, and I merged with them all the way to participating in their superhuman power."

I V A N F I J O L I Ć rođen je 1976. u Zagrebu. Završio je ŠPUD i diplomirao na Nastavničkom odsjeku Akademije likovnih umjetnosti u Zagrebu, u klasi Mire Vuce, a na istoj akademiji danas radi kao profesor.

I V A N F I J O L I Ć was born in 1976 in Zagreb. He finished the School of Applied Arts and Design, and graduated Art Education at the Academy of Fine Arts in Zagreb, in the class of Miro Vuco, and today teaches at the same Academy.

Izloženi radovi / Exhibited works

1. *Sweet summer breeze*, 2021., poliester, 137 x 88 x 22 cm /
Sweet Summer Breeze, 2021, polyester, 137 x 88 x 22 cm
2. *Kozmički izdanak*, 2021., poliester, 90 x 135 x 23 cm /
The Cosmic Sprout, 2021, polyester, 90 x 135 x 23 cm
3. *Praoblaci iz primordijalne juhe*, 2021., poliester, 125 x 85 x 19 cm /
Primal Forms from the Primordial Soup, 2021, polyester, 125 x 85 x 19 cm
4. *Krater*, 2021., poliester, 122 x 81 x 8 cm /
Crater, 2021, polyester, 122 x 81 x 8 cm
5. *Meandar*, 2021., poliester, 74 x 56 x 11 cm /
Meander, 2021, polyester, 74 x 56 x 11 cm
6. *Drvo života*, 2021., poliester, 50 x 33 x 13 cm /
The Tree of Life, 2021, polyester, 50 x 33 x 13 cm
7. *Grlom u jagode*, 2021., poliester, 96 x 65,5 x 16 cm /
Shot from the Hip, 2021, polyester, 96 x 65,5 x 16 cm
8. *Gliši*, triptih, 2021., glazirana keramika, svaki 32 x 22 x 11 cm /
Glishas, triptych, 2021, glazed ceramics, each 32 x 22 x 11 cm
9. *Praauto*, 2021., beton, 14 x 57 x 20 cm /
Primalcar, 2021, concrete, 14 x 57 x 20 cm



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