



HAJRUDIN KUJUNDŽIĆ

TAKO ČUDESNO NEMODERAN

Galerija Forum, 15. studenoga - 4. prosinca 2021.

Forum Gallery, November 15 - December 4, 2021



KULTURNO-
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Triptih, 1976., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 100 x 123 cm /
Triptych, 1976, oil and sand on canvas, 100 x 123 cm

ZAGONETNO PUTOVANJE HAJRUDINA KUJUNDŽIĆA

Petar Bujas

„Čudesno sretno nemoderan” – tako je povodom izložbe Hajrudina Kujundžića u Offenbachu dr. Voss napisao 1970. godine. Danas, pola stoljeća kasnije, ove riječi ni najmanje ne gube na intenzitetu i značaju. Njegove figure kao da lebde između neba i zemlje, između privida i zbilja, između sna i jave: njih kao da ne dotiče ni vrijeme niti prostor. Već na prvi pogled ti čudni i čudesni likovi odaju vlastitu bezvremenost. „Njegovi su likovi ‘korak prema pragu spoznaje’. Oni su nepokretni totemi svih civilizacija, simboli patnji, svih čovjekovih patnji, opominjući nadgrobni spomenici živima. Oni su toliko evokativni kao i pećinske slikarije Altamire koje su i danas živi simboli prošlih mukotrpnih života i tjeskobe postojanja”, piše Marijan Susovski. A tjeskoba postojanja ne bi trebala biti strana upravo modernom čovjeku; možda više nego ikad do sad čovjek se osjeća izgubljeno pa usamljeno luta u labirintu modernog svijeta, sve se više podajući isključivo bezbitnom, prolaznom tijeku prolaznih stvari. Mučna epizoda prolaska kroz pakao nihilizma čini se jednim mogućim načinom postojanja. Ne treba nas previše čuditi kada Cioran piše o „njuškama, ljudskim njuškama posvuda”, a ne o ljudskim licima; ili kada smatra da je „čovjek rak zemlje.”

Očito je da živimo u vremenu kad su gotovo svi usmjereni ka pukom preživljavanju, a malo njih prema istinskom življenju. Opsesivna potreba da se život sastoji samo od proizvodnje i potrošnje, u svim poznatim i mnogostrukim varijacijama, dovela je i do destrukcije svega još preostalog prirodnog. Tko smo, odakle smo i kuda idemo?, pitanja su koja odzvanjaju iz dubina vremena, ali i iz začudnih Kujundžićevih likova. Šutljive glave, velikih očiju i često zgrčeni, oni odaju tjeskobu egzistencije i mnoge ljudske drame. I to istinske ljudske drame. Jer, čovjek nije samo tijelo, ali nije samo ni duh: „Ono specifično ljudsko, ono što treba spašavati od pomora jest duša, prostor izmučen i neuhvatljiv, žarište stalne borbe između tjelesnosti i čistoće, između noćnog i svjetlosnog”, piše Ernesto Sábato. Zato je možda i najveća blagodat, koja čak i dobu nihilizma daje smisao, spoznaja o nužnosti prolaska kroz tmine da bi se tako jasnije opazila sama svjetlost duha, za nas

suvremene ljude gotovo izgubljena. Ali, kuda krenuti u tom labirintu zaborava? Kako u tom lutanju pronaći Arijadninu nit? Kako širiti svjetlost usred tame, i kako je opaziti u sebi samom? Slijedeći Hajrudina Kujundžića u pustolovini ponovnog otkrivanja samih sebe, nas prvenstveno zanima metafizičko shvaćanje stvarnosti, premda je vrijeme „velikih priča” prividno izašlo iz našeg obzora. U potrazi za našim izgubljenim korijenima Kujundžić nam kao pomoć daje svoje magične figure. One su često slike bola, ali i nijemi svjedoci naše neizrecive nade.

ČOVJEK - LINIJA U PIJESKU

Feda Gavrilović

Godine nakon Drugoga svjetskoga rata povijest umjetnosti može pamtit i kao godine egzistencijalizma, enformela i (općenito gledajući) negacije smisla. Hajrudin Kujundžić započeo je svoj zreli stvaralački put upravo tih godina. Roden je 1915. u Velečevu, pokraj Ključa u BiH. Sudjelovao je u Narodnooslobodilačkoj borbi, a potom završio slikarstvo na zagrebačkoj Likovnoj akademiji u klasi Jerolima Miše (1951.), nakon čega nastavlja usavršavanje u Majstorskoj radionici Krste Hegedušića. Živio je u Zagrebu (gdje je i umro 1986.) i u Selcu, na Kvarneru, gdje je 1967. preuređio stari mlin i otvorio Galeriju Toč. U Selcu je ostvario i značajne javne narudžbe: fresku na zgradi tamošnjeg Turističkog ureda, kao i freske u mrtvačnici. Interes za fresko-tehniku javio mu se kada je 1950-ih za fundus Gliptoteke kopirao istarske srednjovjekovne zidne slike. Posebna tekstura fresko-slikarstva, dojam rahlosti podloge i oblika na njoj, ostavili su na njega snažan utisak, te je u svom slikarskom opusu često težio postići slične dojmove arhaičnih, izbljedjelih vizija. Kujundžićeva monografija Marijana Susovskog (izdana 1998. u Art studiju Azinović) temeljito kontekstualizira njegov opus ističući utjecaje srednjovjekovnih stećaka i fresaka na njegovo stvaralaštvo, kao i utjecaje njegovih suvremenika, ponajviše francuskih figurativno- enformelnih umjetnika s čijim se radovima susretao još od 1956., za vrijeme boravka u Parizu.

Teksturu svojih slika Kujundžić je obogaćivao pijeskom. Ladičarsko i

akademsko, kunsthistoričarsko tumačenje reklo bi da je to obol vremenu enformela koje je njegovalo postupke obogaćivanja teksture slike inkorporacijom različitih materijala, pa i destrukcijom platna u nekim varijantama. Ali, takvo gledanje (kao i obično) promašilo bi ono bitno u djelima ovog umjetnika. Osim što daje teksturu, pijesak sugerira nestalnost, osipanje, trunjenje. Prolaznost stvari i, dakako, čovjeka.

A ljudska je figura motiv koji perpetuiira ovim radovima. Zbijeni, zgrčeni lica, ruku ispruženih u očaju ili u nadi, Kujundžićevi čovječuljci kao da su iscrtni u pijesku koji je posut po platnima. Svaki im vjetrić može presuditi, čini se. No, kada malo bolje razmislimo, vjetar ne briše linije u pijesku. Samo ih preoblikuje. Životi kakve nam predstavlja ovaj slikar u stalnoj su mijeni. Linije koje ocrtavaju njegove likove nisu čvrsto zatvorene, a slike su bogate zemljanim tonovima, te se na njima teško jasno definira neka boja. Jer definicija znači smrt, a život je, koliko god mučan bio, promjena, nestalnost, nesigurnost, mogućnost.

Ne čini mi se da se likovi na ovim slikama prepuštaju sudbini lako, da prihvaćaju sudbinu u onoj formuli *amor fati*. Ali, možda upravo to možemo uzeti kao njihovu poruku. Postojanje je stalna ravnoteža otpora i prepuštanja. Igra vjetra u pijesku. Takvom jednom igrom je i Kujundžić obogatio pustu zemlju suvremenoga života. Igram formi i oblika, te zadržavanjem i prepuštanjem kontrole nad njima.

Varijacija klasičnoga (kvadratnog ili pravokutnog) oblika platna javlja se kod njega u posljednjim ciklusima 1980-ih, kada eksperimentira slikanjem na stiroporu, ili na posebnoj podlozi od smole, trošnim materijalima industrijskog podrijetla (jer i čovjekovi proizvodi neće odoljeti diktatu vremena i raspadanja). I tu je neka, ako i minimalna, mjera slobode. Konvencije slike, konvencije vremena, konvencije života i konvencije običaja, prolazne su i promjenjive. Možda ne gospodarimo vjetrovima koji nas oblikuju, ni čudljivim (društvenim ili političkim) tonovima koji čine naše okruženje, pa time neminovno prožimaju i nas same, ali neke oblike sputavanja još uvijek možemo izbjeći. Oslonac u tradiciji (recimo, u formama s bogumilskih stećaka) je tu ako ga trebamo, ali pravi je oslonac (i stvarna tradicija) uistinu u nama.

FIGURA KAO UTOČIŠTE U BORBI PROTIV VREMENA

Dina Pokrajac

„Braneci poziciju egzistencije čovjeka kao misaonog bića s njegovim ljudskim reakcijama: ustrajnost, postojanost, nada, otpor i volja, s njegovim biološkim reakcijama: strah, briga, tjeskoba, u odnosu na vrijeme u kojem živi, ja u liku jedne ljudske figure tražim sklonište, tražim tvrđavu i utočište. Ova figura zadržava ili mijenja u vremenu svoj lik, svoju poziciju, svoj izraz kao i ja sam. To je moje ogledalo, vid moje reakcije na svijet u kojem živim. Ovo nije imitacija viđenog čovjeka, viđene materije ili bilo kojeg uzora, pa unatoč svoje ekspresivnosti nije ekspresionizam i unatoč suptilnih varijacija podsvijesti nije nadrealizam. Ja mislim da je izvan jednog vremena stilskih opredjeljenja.“

Hajrudin Kujundžić, siječanj 1972.

Nikad nisam upoznala Hajrudina. Rodena sam mjesec i pol nakon što je umro. Ipak, znamo se cijeli život. Njegovi bezimeni stvorovi prate me od rođenja. Enigmatički šifrirani, kao da dolaze iz nekog drugog vremena. Vremena u kojem još nije došlo do otapanja transcendentnog. U kojem smo, da parafraziram Steinera, bili (ne)spokojni gosti stvaranja.

Htjela-ne htjela ti nijemi suputnici formirali su moje viđenje umjetnosti i bivanja umjetnikom. Čovjek koji ih je neumorno, mahnito slikao – u raznim tehnikama i materijalima, u gotovo bezbrojnim varijantama – više od trideset godina, ujedno je i moj djed. Glas sam mu prvi put čula prije četiri godine u jednoj radijskoj emisiji prikladnog naslova *Zaboravljeni glasovi*. Ipak, sve što je govorio, rezoniralo je u meni kao da smo se već mnogo puta srećali i razgovarali o tom neprestanom zašto koje nas obespokojava. Zašto se život događa, kako ga čovjek podnosi i zašto ga podnosi?

Najčešća rečenica koju svi kritičari i privrženici njegova rada ponavljaju jest da je Hajrudin ostao izvan glavnih umjetničkih struja svoga vremena. Iako spominju bliskost enformelu i art brutu te natruhe ekspresionizma i nadrealizma, svi

se slažu da kod Hajrudina nijedan od ovih utjecaja nije presudan. Slikar je to koji se gotovo heretički odbija prilagoditi ikakvim vladajućim umjetničkim kanonima. U doba sveopće prevlasti apstrakcije on tvrdoglavo slika svoje figure, koje imaju malo toga zajedničkog s figurativnim slikarstvom njegova vremena. Bliži su im stećci i kumiri, srednjovjekovne freske koje je godinama kopirao za Gliptoteku po istarskim crkvicama. Ti skamenjeni statični likovi fiksiraju tjeskobu postojanja i ocrtavaju unutarnji duševni prostor slikara koji se ni po koju cijenu ne želi dopasti. Većinu svojih izložbi financira i organizira sam, a vječnu inspiraciju crpi iz nikad prežaljenog starog mlina za masline u Selcu koji kupuje 1967. i gdje uređuje svoj atelje i Galeriju Toč koja je opstala sve do kraja devedesetih. Nakon toga slijedi više od dvadeset godina posvemašnjeg muka. Ostaje nada da će ova izložba barem u malo mjeri dovesti do obnovljenog interesa za Hajrudinovo stvaralaštvo kao i za doista jedinstveni lokalitet Galerije Toč, to kameno utočište koje je prisvojio i nadogradio i koje je postalo potpuno neodvojivo od njegova umjetničkog senzibiliteta. Dok ovo pišem, niz njegovih freski i mozaika, uključujući magično opulentnu fresku u mrtvačnici u Selcu izloženo je zubu vremena i propadanju zbog nemara lokalne zajednice prema umjetniku koji je u njoj trajno ostavio svoj pečat.

Hajrudinovi nijemi supatnici kao da skrivaju neku izgubljenu tajnu. Riječima Marijana Susovskog: „...oni su kao nepokretni totemi svih civilizacija, simboli patnji, svih čovjekovih patnji, opominjući nadgrobni spomenici živima.“ Pa ipak, te oči koje opsesivno gledaju svojeg promatrača, nisu oči koje osuđuju ili prijete. Zagledamo li se dublje, u njima iščitavamo blagost. Želju za prepoznavanjem. Očaj, no nipošto rezigniranost. Nevidljivi drhtaj. Grčeviti trzaj. Umjesto pomirenosti sa sudbinom one iskazuju otpor i vječni plamen borbe protiv iskonskog straha koji se krije u nama. Borbe za dostojanstvenu egzistenciju. No moderni čovjek izgubio je smisao za strah. Mislio je da je nepobjediv, nepokolebljivo koračajući putanjom kapitalizacije i napretka. Postmoderan čovjek komforan je pak u svojem prosvijećenom cinizmu i izbezumljenoj dekonstrukciji smisla.

Kako ustvrđuje Bruno Latour, moderni imaju osjećaj o nepovratnom smjeru vremena. Sve što prolazi za njih je zauvijek odstranjeno, a istovremeno manijakalno žele sve zadržati i datirati. Iz toga proizlazi nesklad. No prošlost, sadašnjost i budućnost ipak su trajno prisutne i isprepletene, a jednoobrazna temporalnost tzv. modernih samo iluzija. Nismo zaboravili Bitak. Vrijeme nije opći

okvir, nego privremeni rezultat povezanosti bića. Nismo zauvijek vezani za temporalnost modernih koja kultivira zaborav i ne dopušta nam da razumijemo ni našu prošlost ni našu budućnost. Hajrudinove figure ne pripadaju ovoj temporalnosti. One su bezvremenske ili sjevremenske.

Vrijeme neumoljivo melje sve pred sobom. Nezasićni Kronos proždire vlastitu djecu. No ove figure grade tvrđavu protiv njegovih nasrtaja i mnogostrukošću svojih formi pružaju sklonište umornim putnicima jedne krepuskularne civilizacije. Znak raspoznavanja u potrazi za izgubljenim suputnicima. Šibole za nas (post)moderne koji želimo promijeniti putanju. Kroz „izgubljeno ali hrabro veličanje forme“ (Alberto Longatti) Hajrudin pokazuje put... tako čudesno nemoderan. I unatoč tome, kako kaže Pasolini, „moderniji od svih modernih.“



Blijedi lik,
1973.,
ulje na plarnu,
kaširano na lesenit,
60 x 50 cm /
Pale Figure,
1973,
oil on canvas,
laminated on
hardboard,
60 x 50 cm

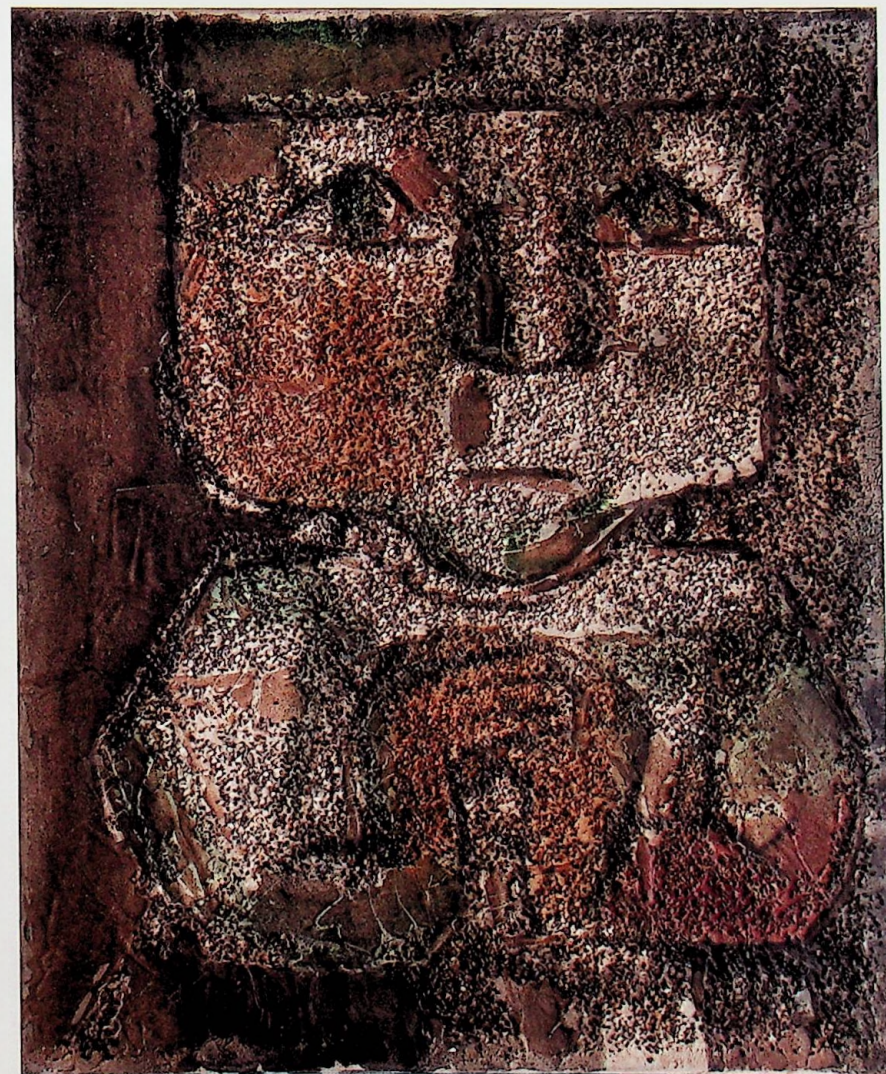


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Klečeći lik, 1965., ulje na platnu, 73 x 49 cm /

Kneeling Figure, 1965, oil and sand on canvas, 73 cm x 49 cm

Figura 1-281, 1979., ulje, pijesak i kulir na platnu, 60 x 50 cm /
Figure 1-281, 1979, oil, sand and exposed aggregate on canvas, 60 x 50 cm



Badac I, 1967., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 100 x 55 cm /
Badac I, 1967, oil and sand on canvas, 100 x 55 cm

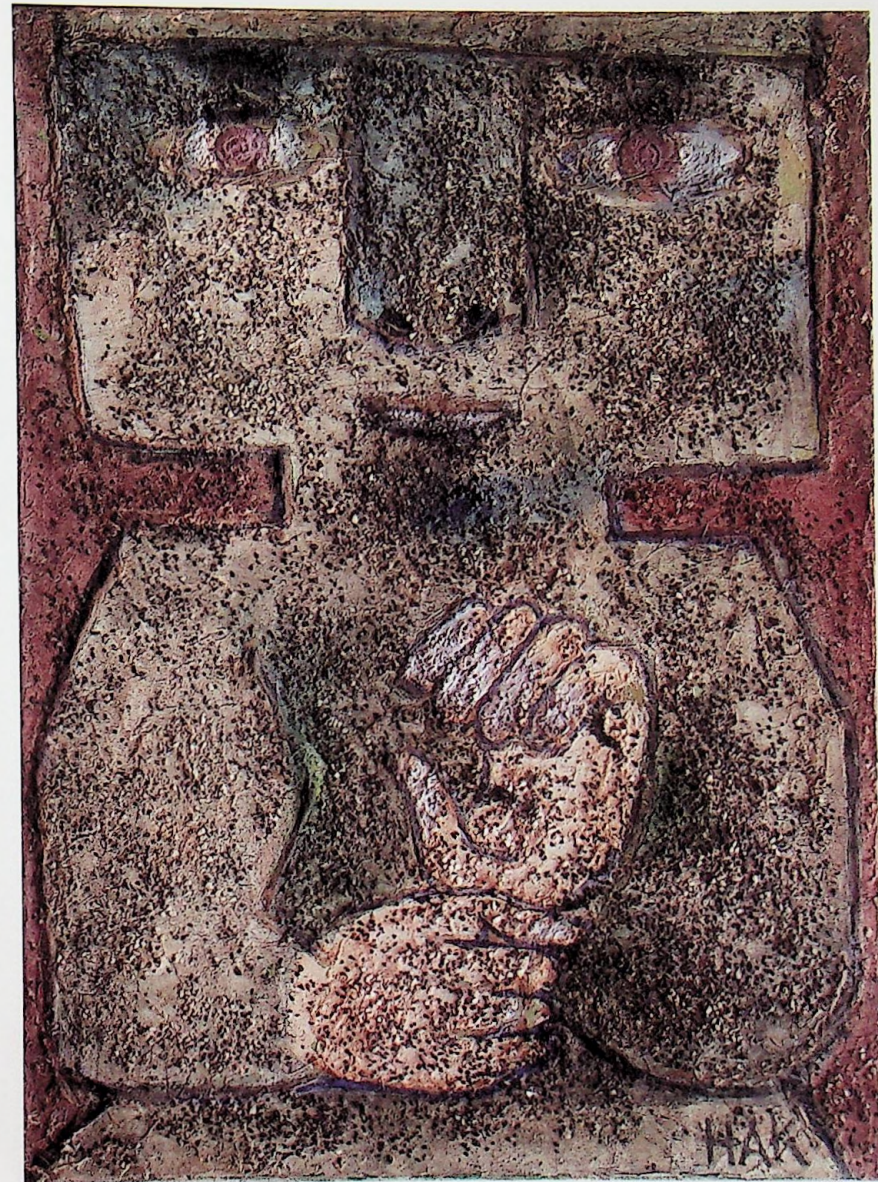
Plava figura, 1971., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 70 x 50 cm /
Blue Figure, 1971, oil and sand on canvas, 70 x 50 cm



Crvena baba, 1957., ulje na platnu, 75 x 55 cm /
Red Old Lady, 1957., oil on canvas, 75 x 55 cm



Figura I-284, 1979., ulje, pijesak i kulir na platnu, 60 x 45 cm /
Figure I-284, 1979., oil, sand and exposed aggregate on canvas, 60 x 45 cm



Zbjeg, 1985., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 70 x 50 cm /
 Refuge, 1985, oil and sand on canvas, 70 x 50 cm

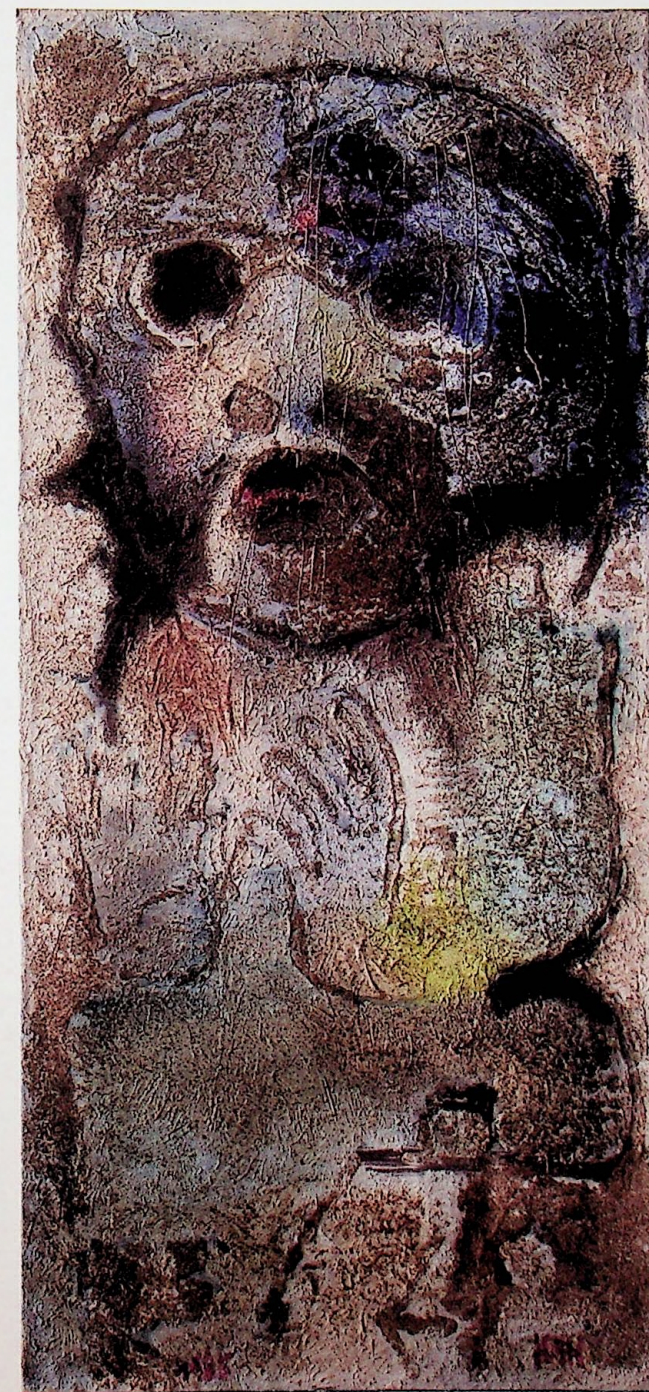


Tjeskoba, 1964., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 70 x 50 cm /
 Anxiety, 1964, oil and sand on canvas, 70 x 50 cm





Sjedeći lik,
1985.,
ulje i pijesak
na platnu,
81 x 33 cm /
Sitting Figure,
1985.,
oil and sand
on canvas,
81 x 33 cm



Rasplinuće,
1985.,
ulje i pijesak
na platnu,
90 x 40 cm /
Dissolution,
1985.,
oil and sand
on canvas,
90 x 40 cm

THE MYSTERIOUS JOURNEY OF HAJRUDIN KUJUNDŽIĆ

Petar Bujas

"Miraculously, happily, unmodern" — thus wrote dr. Voss in 1970 for Hajrudin Kujundžić's exhibition in Offenbach. Today, half a century later, these words have not lost one bit of their intensity and meaning. His figures seem to float between sky and earth, between illusion and truth, between dream and reality: they seem untouched by time and space. Already at first glance, these strange and wondrous figures reveal their own timelessness. "His figures are 'a step towards the threshold of cognition'. They are the immobile totems of all civilisations, symbols of suffering, of all of man's sufferings, the cautionary tombstones for the living. They are as evocative as the cave drawings of Altamira which are living symbols of past anguished lives and the anxiety of existence", Marijan Susovski writes. And the anxiety of existence should not be alien to modern man; perhaps more than ever, man feels lost and wonders in the labyrinth of the modern world, submitting more and more to exclusively irrelevant, transient course of transient things. The painful episode of passing through the hell of nihilism seems like the only possible way of existence. It is not surprising when Cioran writes about the "faces, faces everywhere", but not about visages; or when he deems that "man is the cancer of the earth."

It is obvious we live in a time when almost everyone is driven towards mere survival, and only few towards true living. The obsessive need for life to consist only of production and consumption, in all known and multiple variations, has also led to the destruction of everything natural that is left. Who are we, where do we come from, and where are we going?, are questions which ring from the depths of time, but also from Kujundžić's unusual figures. Silent heads, large eyes, and often contorted, they reveal the anxiety of existence and many human dramas. And truly human dramas. Because man is not just a body, but it is also not just a spirit: "That which is specifically human, what which needs saving from demise is the soul, the tormented and elusive space, the focus of constant battle between corporeality and purity, between night and light", Ernesto Sabato writes. That is why the greatest blessing, which gives sense even to the age of nihilism, the awareness of the necessity

of passing through darkness in order to clearly notice the light of the spirit, is almost lost for us modern people. But where to start in that labyrinth of oblivion? How to find Ariadne's thread in that wondering? How to spread light in the midst of darkness, and how to perceive it in ourselves? By following Hajrudin Kujundžić in the adventure of rediscovering ourselves, we are primarily interested in the metaphysical understanding of reality, although the time of "great stories" is seemingly lost from our horizon. In the search for our lost roots, Kujundžić offers his magical figures as help. They are often images of pain, but also the silent witnesses of our unutterable hope.

MAN - A LINE IN THE SAND

Feda Gavrilović

The years after the Second World War are remembered in art history as the years of Existentialism, Informalism, and (generally speaking) the negation of meaning. Hajrudin Kujundžić started his mature creative path those years. Born in 1915 in Velečevo, near Ključ in Bosnia and Herzegovina. He participated in the National Liberation Movement, after which he graduated painting at the Academy of Fine Arts under Jerolim Miše (1951), followed by Krsto Hegedušić's master workshop. He lived in Zagreb (where he died in 1986) and Selce in Kvarner, where he renovated an old mill in 1967 and opened the Gallery Toč. His notable public procurements were in Selce: the fresco on the building of the local Tourist office, as well as the frescos in the mortuary. His interest in the technique arose when he copied Istrian medieval wall paintings for Glyptothek's holdings in the 1950's. The special texture of fresco paintings, the fragile effect of the plaster and shapes on it, left a strong impression on him, and he often strived to achieve similar effects of archaic, faded visions in his paintings. Kujundžić's monograph by Marijan Susovski (published in 1998 in Art Studio Azinović) thoroughly contextualizes his oeuvre by emphasizing the influence of medieval stećci and frescos on his work, as well as the influence of his contemporaries, especially the French figurative-informalist artists whose work he came across in 1956 during his stay in Paris.

Kujundžić enriched the texture of his paintings with sand. An academic, art historical interpretation would be that it is a tribute to the age of Informalism which cultivated processes of enriching the painting's texture by incorporating different materials, even by destroying the canvas in some variations. However, such an understanding (as usual) would miss the important element in the works of this artist. Aside from giving texture, sand suggests instability, dispersion, disintegration. The transience of things and, of course, man.

And the human figure is the perpetuating motive in these works. Compacted, with contorted faces, hands outstretched in desperation or hope, Kujundžić's figures appear as though drawn in the sand scattered over the canvases and that the first breeze can spell doom. But, when we think about it, wind does not erase the lines in the sand. It merely reshapes them. The lives as presented by this painter are constantly changing. The lines outlining his figures are not firmly closed, while the paintings are rich in earthly tones, and hardly any color can be defined on them. Because a definition means death, and life, no matter how painful, is change, instability, uncertainty, possibility.

It doesn't seem the figures on these paintings are easily giving in to destiny, that they accept destiny in that formula *amor fati*. But, maybe that can be interpreted as their message. Existence is a constant balance between resisting and giving in. Wind playing in the sand. With one such game, Kujundžić enriched the desolate land of modern life. With the game of forms and shapes, and of keeping and relinquishing control over them.

The variation of the classic (square or rectangular) canvas form appears in his final cycles in the 1980's, when he experiments with painting on styrofoam or on some special resin, brittle materials of industrial origin (because even man's products are not impervious to time and decay). And therein lies some, even if minimal, measure of freedom. The conventions of image, conventions of time, conventions of life and conventions of customs, are all fleeting and changeable. We might not be masters of the winds which shape us, nor of the whimsical (social or political) tones which make up our surroundings, and therefore inevitably permeate us as well, but some forms of restraints can still be avoided. A foothold in tradition (for instance, in the forms from Bogomilistic *stećci*) is here if we need it, but the real foothold (and real tradition) is truly within us.

THE FIGURE AS A REFUGE IN THE BATTLE AGAINST TIME

Dina Pokrajac

"By defending the position of existence of man as a sentient being with his human reactions: persistence, steadfastness, hope, resistance, and will, with his biological reactions: fear, worry, anxiety, in regards to the time he is living in, I seek shelter in the form of a human figure, I seek a fortress and refuge. This figure retains or changes in time its form, its position, its expression, the same as me. It is my mirror, an aspect of my reaction to the world in which I live. This is not an imitation of a seen man, a seen matter or any other model, so it is not expressionism despite its expressivity, and not surrealism despite the subtle variations of the subconscious. I think it is outside a time of stylistic orientations."

Hajrudin Kujundžić, January 1972

I never met Hajrudin. I was born a month and a half after he died. And yet, we've known each other all my life. His nameless creatures have followed me since I was born. Enigmatically coded, as if from some other times. Times in which the melting of the transcendental has not yet occurred. Times in which, to paraphrase Steiner, we were (un)troubled guests of creation.

Whether I wanted to or not, these silent companions have formed my perception of art and what it means to be an artist. The man who tirelessly and frantically painted them — in different techniques and materials, in almost countless variations — for more than thirty years, is also my grandfather. I heard his voice for the first time four years ago in a radio program aptly named *Forgotten Voices*. However, everything he was saying resonated in me as though we had already met many times and talked about that constant *why* which troubles us. Why does life happen, how does man endure it, and why does he endure it?

The most common sentence all critics and followers of his work repeat is that Hajrudin stayed outside the main art movements of his time. Although his closeness to informal and art brut is mentioned, as well as traces of expressionism

and surrealism, they all agree none of these influences are decisive for Hajrudin. He is a painter who almost heretically refuses to adapt to any ruling art canons. In the era of general dominance of abstraction, he stubbornly paints his figures, which have very little in common with figurative painting of his time. Stećci and idols, medieval frescoes he copied for the Glyptothek from Istrian churches for years are more close to him. Those petrified static figures fixate the anxiety of existence and outline the inner spiritual space of a painter who does not want to be likeable at any cost. He financed and organized most of his exhibitions, and he draws his eternal inspiration from the never forgotten old olive mill in Selce he bought in 1967 and renovated into his studio and Gallery Toč, which survived up until the late nineties. After that, more than twenty years of utter anguish ensued. All that is left is hope this exhibition will at least somewhat renew the interest for Hajrudin's work, as well as for the truly unique locality of the Gallery Toč, the stone refuge which he adopted and expanded and which became completely inseparable from his artistic sensibility. As I am writing this, a whole range of his frescoes and mosaics, including the magically opulent fresco in Selce's mortuary, is exposed to the ravages of time and decay due to the local community's negligence of the artist who permanently left his mark there.

Hajrudin's silent companions seem to hide a lost secret. As Marijan Susovski put it, "they are the immobile totems of all civilisations, symbols of suffering, of all of man's sufferings, the cautionary tombstones for the living". And yet those eyes which obsessively watch their observer are not eyes which judge or threaten. If we look deeper into them, we can see kindness. The desire for recognition. Despair, but no resignation. An invisible tremble. A convulsive twitch. Instead of reconciling with destiny, they show resistance and the eternal flame of the fight against the primordial fear hiding in us. The fight for dignified existence. But modern man has lost the sense of fear. He thought he was invincible, unwaveringly marching the path of capitalisation and progress. The postmodern man is comfortable in his equalized cynicism and mindless deconstruction of sense.

As Bruno Latour established, moderns have a sense of the irreversible direction of time. Everything that arises is forever removed for them, and at the same time they maniacally want to retain and date everything. From that stems disharmony. But the past, the present, and the future are still permanently present

and intertwined, and the uniform temporality of the so-called moderns is just an illusion. We have not forgotten the Being. Time is not a general frame, but a temporary result of the connection of beings. We are not forever bound to the moderns' temporality which cultivates oblivion and does not allow us to understand neither our past nor our future. Hajrudin's figures do not belong to this temporality. They are timeless or for all times.

Time tirelessly grinds everything in its path. The insatiable Cronus eats his own children. But these figures build a fortress against his attacks and the multiplicity of its forms offer a refuge for weary travellers of a crepuscular civilization. A distinguishing mark in the search for lost companions. A shibboleth for us (post)moderns who wish to change the path. Through the "lost, but brave glorification of form" (Alberto Longatti), Hajrudin shows the way... so miraculously unmodern. And despite that, as Pasolini puts it, "more modern than all the moderns".



Potonuće,
1971.,
ulje i pijesak
na platnu,
70 x 60 cm /
Sinking,
1971,
oil and sand
on canvas,
70 x 60 cm

HAJRUDIN KUJUNDŽIĆ

Velečevo kod Ključa, BiH, 1915. – Zagreb, 1986. /

Velečevo near Ključ, Bosnia and Herzegovina, 1915 – Zagreb, 1986

1. *Crvena baba*, 1957., ulje na platnu, 75 x 55 cm 2. *Tjeskoba*, 1964., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 70 x 50 cm 3. *Klečeći lik*, 1965., ulje na platnu, 73 x 49 cm 4. *Badac I*, 1967., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 100 x 55 cm 5. *Molitva*, 1967., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 81,5 x 39,3 cm 6. *Sudbina*, 1967., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 130 x 55 cm 7. *Potonuće*, 1971., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 70 x 60 cm 8. *Plava figura*, 1971., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 70 x 50 cm 9. *Čutac*, 1971., ulje na platnu, 70 x 50 cm 10. *Blijedi lik*, 1973., ulje na platnu, kaširano na lesonit, 60 x 50 cm 11. *Triptih*, 1976., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 100 x 123 cm 12. *Triptih I-275 – 277*, 1979., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 113 x 114 cm 13. *Figura I-284*, 1979., ulje, pijesak i kulir na platnu, 60 x 45 cm 14. *Figura I-281*, 1979., ulje, pijesak i kulir na platnu, 60 x 50 cm 15. *Zamišljena figura*, 1980-ih, ulje i pijesak na stiroporu, 38 x 50 cm 16. *Rasplinuće*, 1985., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 90 x 40 cm 17. *Sjedeći lik*, 1985., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 81 x 33 cm 18. *Zbjeg*, 1985., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 70 x 50 cm 19. *Na straži*, 1968., ulje i pijesak na platnu, 130 x 55 cm /

1. *Red Old Lady*, 1957, oil on canvas, 75 x 55 cm 2. *Anxiety*, 1964, oil and sand on canvas, 70 x 50 cm 3. *Kneeling Figure*, 1965, oil and sand on canvas, 73 cm x 49 cm 4. *Badac I*, 1967, oil and sand on canvas, 100 x 55 cm 5. *Prayer*, 1967, oil and sand on canvas, 81,5 x 39,3 cm 6. *Destiny*, 1967, oil and sand on canvas, 130 x 55 cm 7. *Sinking*, 1971, oil and sand on canvas, 70 x 60 cm 8. *Blue Figure*, 1971, oil and sand on canvas, 70 x 50 cm 9. *Mute*, 1971, oil on canvas, 70 x 50 cm 10. *Pale Figure*, 1973, oil on canvas, laminated on hardboard, 60 x 50 cm 11. *Triptych*, 1976, oil and sand on canvas, 100 x 123 cm 12. *Triptych, I-275 – 277*, 1979, oil and sand on canvas, 113 x 114 cm 13. *Figure I-284*, 1979, oil, sand and exposed aggregate on canvas, 60 x 45 cm 14. *Figure I-281*, 1979, oil, sand and exposed aggregate on canvas, 60 x 50 cm 15. *Pensive Figure*, 1980's, oil and sand on styrofoam, 38 x 50 cm 16. *Dissolution*, 1985, oil and sand on canvas, 90 x 40 cm 17. *Sitting Figure*, 1985, oil and sand on canvas, 81 x 33 cm 18. *Refuge*, 1985, oil and sand on canvas, 70 x 50 cm 19. *On the Watch*, 1968, oil and sand on canvas, 130 x 55 cm

Intervju koji je Hajrudin Kujundžić 1968. godine dao za emisiju *Na zajedničkom valu – lice s fotografije*. Emisiju su pripremili autor Marijan Selman i urednik Drago Britvić. Prvi program Hrvatskoga radija, emisija *Zaboravljeni glasovi* (2. dio), 56', 26. 9. 2017., urednica Tamara Bregeš / Hajrudin Kujundžić's interview from 1968 for the radio program *Na zajedničkom valu – lice s fotografije* (On a Common Wave – Face from the Photograph). The program was prepared by the author Marijan Selman and editor Drago Britvić. First program of the Croatian Radio, radio program *Forgotten Voices* (Part 2), 56 min, September 26, 2017, editor Tamara Bregeš



HAJRUDIN KUJUNDŽIĆ

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TAKO ČUDESNO NEMODERAN

Galerija Forum, 15. studenoga - 4. prosinca 2021.
Forum Gallery, November 15 - December 4, 2021

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