

MILAN GOLOB



Slike & Duchamp

Since the tubes of paint used by the artist are manufactured and ready made product, we must conclude that all paintings in the world are "ready -mades aided".

(MARCEL DUCHAMP)

Danas elektronika i automatizacija obavezuju svakoga da se prilagodi svetskoj sredini kao da mu je rodni grad svaka gostionica na avtoputu, sa svojim televizijskim prijemnikom, ilustriranim časopisima, džuboksom ... podjednako je kosmopolitska kao što su to New York ili Pariz.

(MARSHAL McLUHAN)

Fundamental to this idea of art is the understanding of the linguistic nature of all art propositions, be they past or present, and regardless of the elements used in their construction.

What makes an artist, or any other thinker important is what he has contributed to the history of ideas.

What the work of art looks like isn't important. No matter what form it may finally have, it must begin with an idea.

(JOSEPH KOSUTH)

Besedotvorje je pravzaprav ustvarjanje pomenov in slik v svetu govornice in pisave. V slikarstvu pa je neki nepremostljiv dolg do besede, ki je skrita resnica v molku slikarstva.

(VEŠ SLIKAR SVOJ DOLG)

But art is objectively
reactionary.

(DANIEL BUREN)

In Paris we have inflation in paintings

Artists, once having found a formula for painting, have used it for making money, selling their stuff like so many beans.

(MARCEL DUCHAMP)

I am made to register signals. I am a signal. I I I I I I I I I

(MARCEL BROODTHAERS)

More is less.
Less is more.
(AD REINHARDT)

"Excuse me, can you tell me where I am?"

(LAURIE ANDERSON)

arrhe = merdre
art = merde

(MARCEL DUCHAMP)

Painting is olfactory masturbation.

"Marcel, no more painting, go get a job."

(MARCEL DUCHAMP)

V začetku je bila Beseda in Beseda je bila pri Bogu in Beseda je bila Bog. Vse je nastalo po njej in brez nje ni nastalo nič, kar je nastalega.

JANEZOV
EVANGELIJ

The visual means the organization of the material world according to a visual code.
(TOMAŽ BREJČ)

The artist is originally a man who turns away from reality because he cannot come to terms with the demand for the renunciation of instinctual satisfaction as it is first made, and who then in phantasy-life allows full play to his erotic and ambitious wishes. But he finds a way of return from this world of phantasy back to reality; with his special gifts he moulds his phantasies into a new kind of reality, and men concede them a justification as valuable reflections of actual life. Thus by a certain path he actually becomes the hero, king, creator, favourite he desired to be, without pursuing the circuitous course of creating real alterations in the outer world.

(SIGMUND FREUD)

MILAN GOLOB

SLIKE

SLIKE IN DUCHAMP

Samo pridi mi blizu, če upaš, te bom premevžal kot cukr
in s kolesom odpeljal tako daleč, da bo karmin čez stegna.
V Pisanellovi Viziji ti bom povedal, da se mi že grauža,
ko smo danes vsi tako prekleto pametni in poduhovljeni,
toda v resnici nič drugega, kot tri tedne stari krofi.
Stran bom zmetal vse pojmovno anti-slikarstvo
in če bo slučajno poplava pop-minimalističnih industrijskih
izdelkov, imam s seboj čoln za napihnniti. V primeru samo
povečane vlažnosti se bova vozila kar čez Kosuthove
inteligentne črve. Med rezanjem vratov ready-made fetišom
ne bo dišalo po ping pong zen filozofiji. Šodr, špegl in burek
pa naj zaradi mene žegna, kdor hoče. Kolo se nama lahko tudi
pokvari, toda nič ne skrbi, si bova kak voziček že izsposodila
v najbližji galeriji. Zaribalo nama ne bo, imam dovolj olja.
Jaz si bom vseskozi domišljal, da sem dober slikar in ti kar hočeš.

Če se bojiš, da te odplakne in mi ne prideš blizu,
ne greva nikamor. Da ti ne bi kaj vsakdanjega ušlo,
redno plačaj položnice in vsak mesec na sveže poliži
kakšnega boga, ki ni bolj več, kot nič. Tudi brez centrifuge
se mogoče sfura, ne vem. Nebo po košnji je z malo truda rumeno
in pazi vsaj to, da ne bodo na njem samo packe od vroče
goveje župe z artičokami. Oh, ja, benevolenten sem samo do tistih,
ki imajo v sebi vsaj malo rumene. Življenje je pač rumeno
in to je tisto, česar ti ne razumeš.

Čao.

MILAN GOLOB

PAINTINGS AND DUCHAMP

Come closer if you dare, I'll grind you up like sugar
and I'll ride my bike so far that carmine will be spilt
all over your thighs. In Pisanello's Vision I'll tell you
that it makes me feel sick, that we are all so bloody clever
and spiritual nowadays, but in fact nothing more than
three-week-old doughnuts. I'll throw away conceptual anti-painting,
and if by chance there's a flood of pop-minimalist industrial
products, I have an inflatable boat with me. In the case of nothing
but increased moisture we'll just ride over Kosuth's intelligent
worms. Cutting the throats of the ready-made fetishes
will not smell of ping pong zen philosophy. Sand, a mirror
and a burek can be blessed by whosoever wishes to it's all the same
to me. Our bike can also break down, but don't worry,
we'll borrow some handcart from the nearest gallery.
It won't get rusty, I have enough oil. I'll imagine myself
a thoroughly good painter and you - whatever you want.

If you are afraid that you will be washed away and you don't come
close to me, we are going nowhere. Keep on paying the postal orders
regularly so that you don't miss anything ordinary and every month
lick some god afresh, which isn't more than nothing. Even without
centrifuge it may be possible to get by, I don't know. With a little
effort the sky is yellow after mowing, and at least take care that
there won't be only stains of hot beef soup with artichokes on it.
Oh, yes, I can be benevolent only to those who have at least
a little bit of yellow in them. Because life is surely yellow
and that's what you don't understand.

Ciao.

MILAN GOLOB
(Translated by Nataša Hirci)



JILMAD ; 1993
olje-platno / oil on canvas , 210x130 cm

WE LYING BY SEASAND

We lying by seasand, watching yellow
And the grave sea, mock who deride
Who follow the red rivers, hollow
Alcove of words out of cicada shade,
For in this yellow grave of sand and sea
A calling for colour calls with the wind
That's grave and gay as grave and sea
Sleeping on either hand.
The lunar silences, the silent tide
Lapping the still canals, the dry tide-master
Ribbed between desert and water storm,
Should cure our ills of the water
With a one-coloured calm;
The heavenly music over the sand
Sounds with the grains as they hurry
Hiding the golden mountains and mansions
Of the grave, gay, seaside land.
Bound by a sovereign strip, we lie,
Watch yellow, wish for wind to blow away
The strata of the shore and drown red rock;
But wishes breed not, neither
Can we fend off rock arrival,
Lie watching yellow until the golden weather
Breaks, O my heart's blood, like a heart and hill.

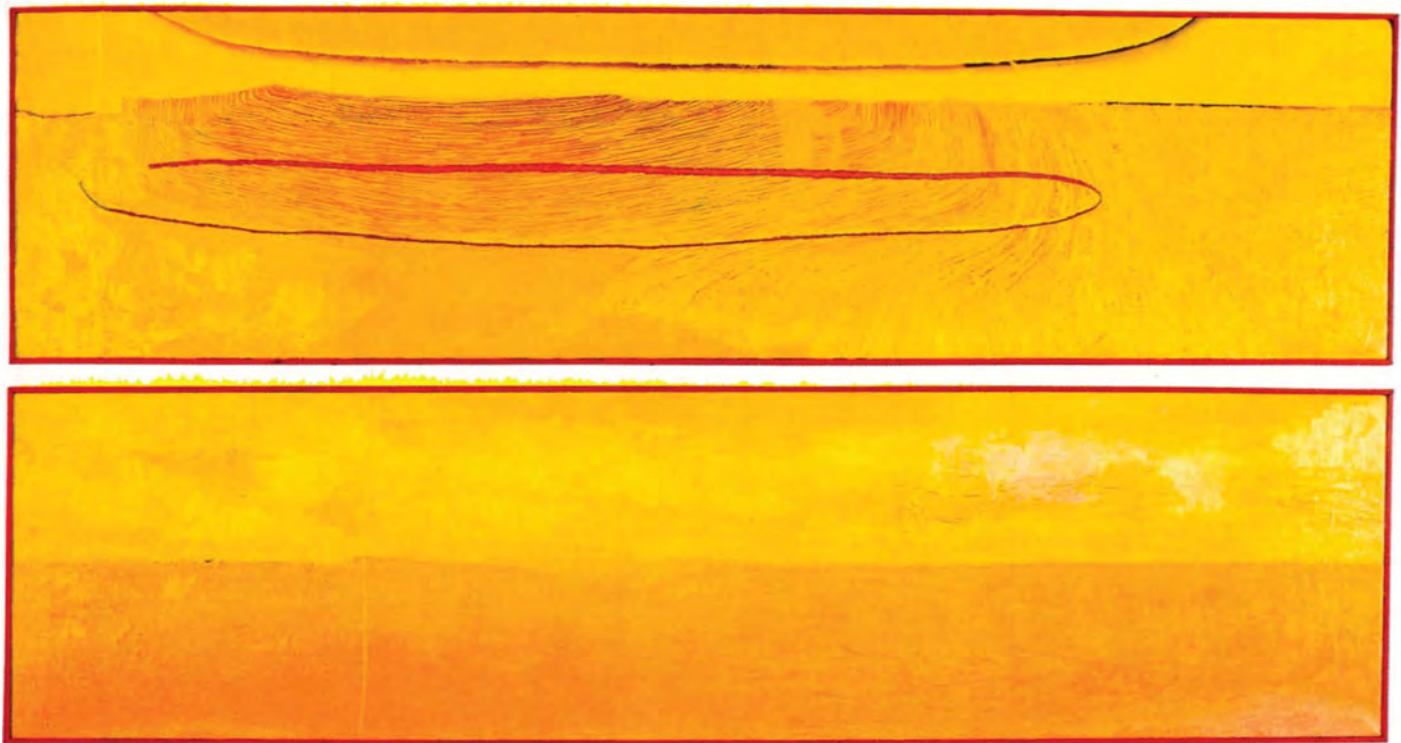
DYLAN THOMAS

LEŽEČ NA PESKU

Ležeč na pesku gledava rumeno
in resno morje, draživa porogljivce,
ki iščejo rdeče reke, votlo
posteljo besed, prihajajočih iz čričkove sence,
ker v tej rumeni jami iz morja in peščin
odmeva klic po barvi v vetru,
ki je resen in vesel kot jama in morje,
speče pri obeh rokah.
Lunin molk, molčeči val, ki liže
mirme prekope, suhi mojster plim,
ujet med svet puščav in vodno vihro,
bi moral ozdraviti najino vlažno bol
z enobarvnim mirom;
nebeška glasba nad črto peščin
doni v peščenih zmih, ki hite
in skrivajo zlate gore in hiše
v resni in veseli zemlji tu ob morju.
Leživa, zvezana z vezjo oblastno,
gledava rumenino v želji, da veter bi odvel
plasti obrežne in potopil rdečo skalo;
želje pa niso rodovitne, tudi
ne zadrživa skale, blizu je njen prihod;
leži in glej rumeno plan, dokler se zlati čas
ne zlomi, o kri mojega srca, kakor srce in grič.

DYLAN THOMAS

(Translated by Jože Udovič)



TILJANŽ ; 1993
olje-platno / oil on canvas , (56+4+56)x220 cm



VANIMEK; 1993
olje-platno / oil on canvas , 140x190 cm

DALEČ STRAN

Odrivamo spoznanje, da bomo na koncu vsi prevedeni
v tišino. Usta hlastajo za svetlobo lune in z rokami
oblikujemo na telesih deževni gozd. A kaj lahko

zareš delimo? Kdo odgovarja našim prošnjam in strahovom?
So to res le podobe zajezene v slikah, popoldanske sanje,
odmevi z vode, v katerih je naša misel varna.

Kdo odgovarja? Še za visoko pesem ljubezni se zdi,
da je nesigurna in nemočna, ker raste in zori v različnih
dobah, in nihče ne ve za njeno uro in njen čas.

Le v slutnji nočnega neba, se včasih daleč stran od
naše uporabe zasveti obraz, ki mogoče ve, in se še isti
hip skrit pred prosečimi očmi, zopet potopi v temo.

UROŠ ZUPAN

FAR AWAY

We push away the knowledge, that in the end we shall all be translated
into silence. The mouth gasps for the light of the moon and with our hands
we shape rainforests on our bodies. But what can

we really share? Who answers our requests and our fears?
Are this really only images caught in paintings, afternoon dreams,
echoes from the water in which our thoughts are safe.

Who answers? Even for the high poem of love it seems,
that it is unsure and powerless, because it grows and matures in different
eras and nobody knows its hour nor its time.

Sometimes only in the anticipation of the night sky far from our
disposal a face lights up, which maybe knows the answer, but in the same
moment hidden to begging eyes, it dives into the darkness again.

UROŠ ZUPAN

(Translated by Uroš Zupan and Nikolai Jeffs)

MILAN GOLOB

Rojen leta 1963 v Ljubljani. Diplomiral na fakulteti za naravoslovje in tehnologijo - fizika (1987) in na Akademiji za likovno umetnost - slikarstvo (1993). Za svoje delo je leta 1992 dobil študentsko Prešernovo nagrado. Naslov: Jamova 12, 61241 Kamnik tel.:061/812-679

Razstave

1991 Kamnik, galerija Veronika (samostojna razstava)
1992 Ljubljana, galerija Ars (skupinska razstava)
1992 Velenje, galerija Ivan Napotnik (skupinska razstava)
1992 Ljubljana, galerija EQURNA (skupina "63-70")
1992 Ljubljana, galerija K4 (skupina "63-70")
1993 Ljubljana, galerija SMELT (skupinska razstava)

MILAN GOLOB

Born in 1963 in Ljubljana. Graduated from physics at the Faculty of Natural Science in Ljubljana (1987) and from painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Ljubljana (1993). He was awarded the students' Prešeren Prize in 1992.

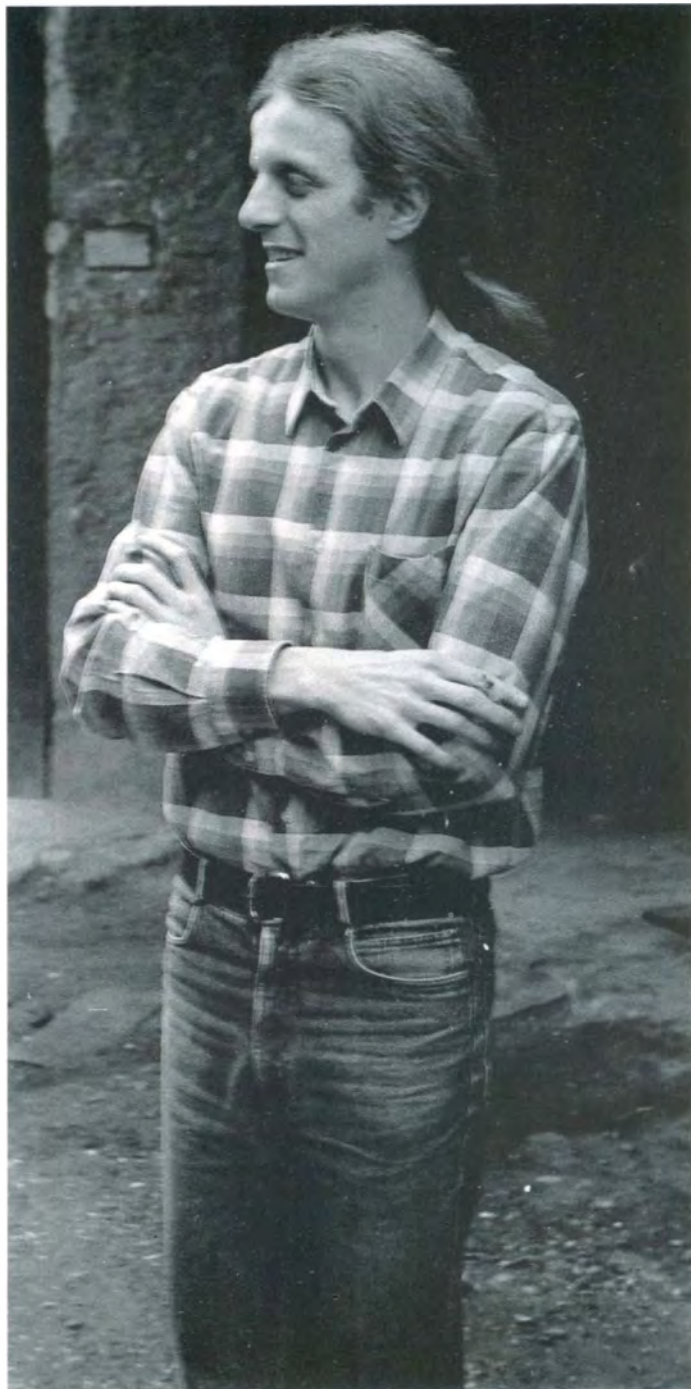
Address: Jamova 12, 61241 Kamnik

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Slovenia

Exhibitions

1991 Kamnik, Galerija Veronika (one-man exhibition)
1992 Ljubljana, Galerija Ars (group exhibition)
1992 Velenje, Galerija Ivan Napotnik (group exhibition)
1992 Ljubljana, Galerija EQURNA (group "63-70")
1992 Ljubljana, Galerija K4 (group "63-70")
1993 Ljubljana, Galerija SMELT (group exhibition)



GOLOB MILAN
SLIKE
in projekt
"Slike in Duchamp"
skupaj z Robertom Lozarjem
v galeriji ŠKUC,
februar 1994

Barvna fotografija
Goran Bertok

Fotoliti
Grafika, Ilirska Bistrica

Tisk
LINKE, Sp.Piriniče

Oblikovanje
Milan Golob & Robert L.

Galerija Škuc
Stari trg 21
61000 Ljubljana
tel.: 061/216-540
fax.: 061/329-185

Naklada
500 izvodov

Razstavo in tisk kataloga so omogočili

Zveza kulturnih organizacij Kamnik
STOL Kamnik
KOLINSKA Ljubljana
Mladinski kulturni klub Bele krajine

Everything is a collaboration. You don't work in a vacuum. The work has always been social.

(ANN HAMILTON)

Slikar, mizar, bog – ti trije so tvorci treh vrst stolov.

(PLATON)

I don't believe in monk idea.

You know of course that "seeing" is really conceptual.

The idea was to use this as a kind of conceptual ready-made.

We are here, and we won't go away.

.....to me the artists' duty is really to present new Ideas – new ideas about what art is. Not just to make new works within the accepted framework.

But even if you can't invent new forms you can invent new meanings.

(JOSEPH KOSUTH)

Čebula (po Dubuffet-u) je najustreznija razlagalna prisposoba umetnosti: da bi prišel do njene-ga bistva, lupiš ovoj za ovojem, ki skriva sredino. Ko olupiš zad-njega, ne ostane nič.

(JURE MIKUŽ)

I met Marcel Duchamp once, in a museum, I looked up and there he was and he said, "Have you seen my painting?" and I said, "I don't think it is being exhibited, is it?". And he said, "No, but it's between two partitions somewhere and I can't find it."

(GEORGIA O'KEEFFE)

The effects of aesthetic signs are determined only within a cultural system.

(JACQUES DERRIDA)

Što znači instalacija? Možda je i Masacciovo slikarstvo i celokupno fresko slikarstvo jedna instalacija.

(JANNIS KOUNELLIS)

Repetition-even in its most mechanical, quotidian, habitual, stereotypical forms-has a place within art ..

(GILLES DELEUZE)

There was no essential satisfaction for me in painting, ever.

(MARCEL DUCHAMP)

Kadar pri ljudeh oslabi premišljevanje, preidejo k delu, ki je senca premišljevanja in razuma.

(PLOTIN)

.... from history to discourse

(SCATOLOGICAL ART)

The museum according to Bataille? "A colossall mirror in which man contemplates himself in all his faces, finds himself truly admirable, and abandons himself to ecstasy."

It is the very definition of the toilet.

(JACQUES HENRIC)

The peculiar nature of artistic production and of works of art no longer fills our highest need. We have got beyond venerating works of art as divine and worshipping them.... Thought and reflection have spread their wings above fine art.... In all these respects, art considered in its highest vocation is a thing of the past.

(J. BAUDRILLARD)

Painting is finished.
(D. JUDD)

