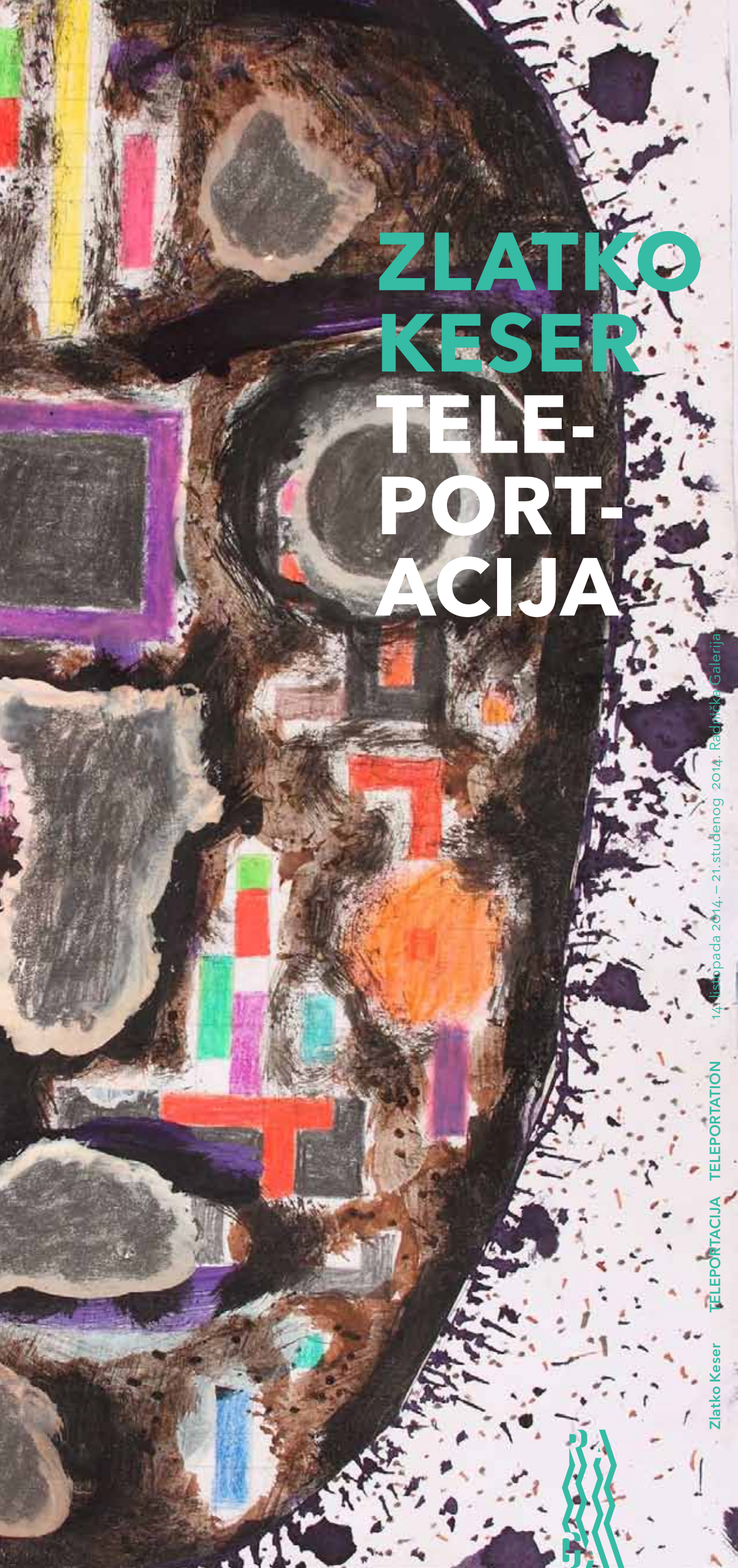




ZLATKO KESER TELE- PORT- ACIJA

Zlatko Keser

TELEPORTACIJA TELEPORTATION

14. listopada 2014. – 21. studenog 2014. Radnička Galerija



TELEPORTACIJA

Keserov se atelijer nalazi na rubu sela, usred snovite turopoljske ravnice. Upozorenje „nema šanse da me sami nađete“ doživljavam kao umjetnikovu paradigmu. Obilazak njegova azila povlastica je – domaćin će uništiti i stolac na koji je sjeo posjetitelj loših namjera.

Osebnosti Keser, to živo srebro, raspršen, nemiran, impulzivan, rasprostire intimu zažarenog pogleda bez trunke cenzure. Što da se radi s autentičnim čovjekom, nesputanim poput dječaka? Taj ushićenik izmiče redukcionizmu ljudskih i kreativnih procjena kakve nalažu pravila uvodničarskih tekstova. Doista, nema šanse da ga nađem u repertoaru poznatih mi uloga.

Keser se sam oteo samoodređenju. Umjesto da se utješi jednostavnom definicijom, poštovani se profesor i akademik u svome osmom desetljeću grozničavo pita: što to, zapravo, radim? Priroda je okrutna majka koja proždire svoju djecu. „To je užas: proizaći ni iz čega, imati ime, svijest o sebi, duboke osjećaje, snažnu žudnju za životom i samoizražavanjem - a unatoč svemu tome umrijeti.“¹ Ne mogavši podnijeti činjenicu vlastite smrtnosti, racionalna životinja odabire „herojsku ulogu“ koja joj priskrblije osjećaj samobitnosti. Na pozornici karakternih laži Keser je disident. Njegovo kreativno rješenje izdvađa ga iz stada. „Da bi transcendirao sebe, on mora srušiti ono što mu je potrebno kako bi mogao živjeti. Poput Leara, mora odbaciti sve svoje ‘kulturne prosudbe’ i stajati gol na oluji života.“²

Umjetnik je opsjednut licima. Frenetično ih niže na papire malih formata u maniri automatizma. Keser otkriva tajnu: što je umjetnik bliži svojoj podsvijesti, njegovo je djelo vitalnije. Za nesputano kretanje džunglom nesvjesnoga valja biti oslobođen intelektualne afektacije.

¹ E. Becker, *The Denial of Death*, New York, Simon & Schuster, 1997.
² E. Becker, *The Denial of Death*, New York, Simon & Schuster, 1997., str. 86.

Keserova žudnja za ogoljivanjem i sondiranjem emocionalnih stanja uvjetuje oblikovanje njegova lajtmotiva: rešeta ga, secira, dere mu kožu. Na papir se obrušava različitom artiljerijom – tušem, pastelom, gvašem, grafitom i kemijskom olovkom, šarajući, razmazujući, urezujući, razlijevajući. Gradi, slaže, nagomilava, pa trlja, grebe, razara. Pod Keserovim prstima galopiraju lica: prestravljena, animalizirana, oštećenih mozгова, iskopanih očiju. Blistave kugle iza cerebralnih labirinata, frivolne, krotke, vedre, oduhovljene. Jedna usta zarobljena rešetkom asociraju na lik antropofaga Hannibala Lectera. Ukroćeno biće pobuđuje sućut – na djelu je prihvaćanje svega ljudskoga.

Ta lica od papira i svakojakih tabua Keser je odlučio okupiti oko golemih slika – totema. One su dio novog ciklusa znakovitoga imena *Teleportacija*.

Četiri levitirajuće maske, akustičnih blokova boja (sinestetična su to djela), upravo emaniraju. Keser pripovijeda o materiji kao o biću s kojim vodi borbu: „U tome je bit slikarstva. Dati stvari glas.“

Slikar se i dalje pita o identitetu lica stvorenih bez predumišljaja, šamanskim činom. Čovjek se čovjeku obraća projekcijom unutrašnjih objekata, tih skrivenih motiva svih emocija i akcija. 48 Keserovih lica, projiciranih na crtački stol i potom teleportiranih do nevidljivih predjela svemira, mogu se čitati kao sveobuhvatni portret jedne komplicirane egzistencije. Riječ je o deložaciji i ritualnom pročišćenju: „Znate kako osjetim da je slika gotova? Postane mi zima.“

TELEPORTATION

Keser’s studio is located at the edge of a village nestled in the dreamy Turopolje plain. A sign saying “You won’t find me on your own” spells out the artist’s operating paradigm. To be allowed to take a tour of his hide-out seems a huge privilege, for the artist is known to have destroyed the chairs occupied by hostile visitors. This idiosyncratic man is like a drop of mercury, restless, all-over-the-place, impulsive, pouring out his intimate thoughts with gleaming eyes, speaking without a trace of censorship. How does one write about unrestrained, boyish authenticity when this vibrant enthusiast dodges all attempts at assessing his human and creative qualities - elements required by standard introductory texts? I admit that I will not easily pin this man down and place him in a familiar character cast.

Keser escapes reductive self-determination. Not happy to be squeezed into a simple definition, this eminent teacher and member of the Academy, now in his 70s, still feverishly labours to answer to himself what it is that he is actually doing.

Nature is a cruel mother devouring her children. “This is the terror: to have emerged from nothing, to have a name, consciousness of self, deeper inner feelings, an excruciating inner yearning for life and self-expression – and with all this yet have to die.”¹ Incapable of accepting mortality, the rational animal chooses a ‘heroic role’ to feel self-important. Finding himself an actor on the stage of character lies, Keser assumes the part of a dissident. His artistic efforts place him outside the herd. “To transcend himself, he must destroy what he needs in order to keep on living. Like Lear, he must cast away all his ‘cultural preconceptions’ and stand naked in the storms of life.”²

The artist is obsessed with faces. He pours out frenzied sequences of faces on small size papers, in the manner of automatism. He reveals a secret: the deeper the artist taps into his unconscious, the more vibrant and alive his work will be. To tread the jungle of the unconscious, one needs to purge oneself of intellectual affectation.

¹ E. Becker, *The Denial of Death*, New York, Simon & Schuster, 1997.
² E. Becker, *The Denial of Death*, New York, Simon & Schuster, 1997., p. 86.

The process of baring and probing his emotional states results in the many variations of the *leitmotiv* which he persistently (re)examines, dissects and skins. The paper surface is subjected to a variety of materials: ink, pastel, gouache, pencil and pen, doing what they do best: spilling, pouring, doodling, smudging, scratching. He constructs, piles on, then rubs, scratches, and destroys. From under his fingers emerges a galloping series of faces – terrified, animal-like, brain damaged, with eyes gouged out. The eyes are sometimes gleaming balls behind cerebral labyrinths, and often frivolous, timid, bright, or soulful. A grid over the mouth in one of the works brings to mind a parallel with the anthropophagite Hannibal Lecter. The restrained creature evokes compassion, for it is about acceptance of all that is human.

These paper heads, embodying all sorts of taboos, are gathered around the huge picture totems. They are part of a new cycle bearing a significant name *Teleportation*.

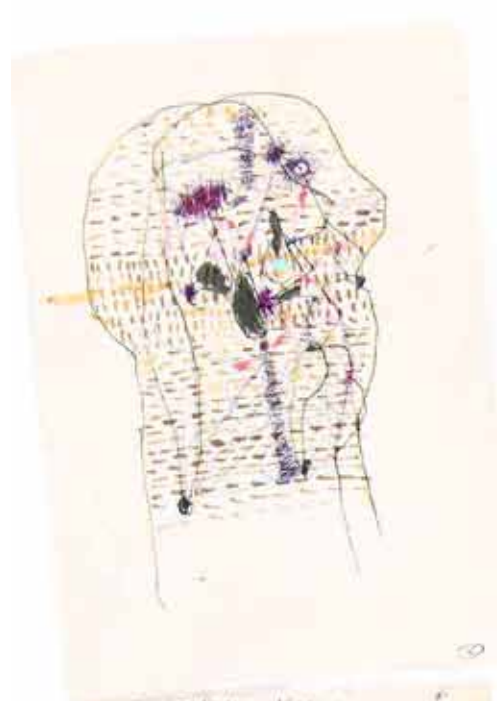
Four levitating masks, with acoustic blocks of colour (these are synesthetic works) emanate. Speaking of matter, Keser says he treats it as though he were struggling with a living being. “That’s the essence of painting. To give the matter a voice.”

The painter continually probes into the identity of the Faces, created without premeditation, in a shaman-like act. A man addresses another man by projecting internal objects – those hidden motivations behind emotions and actions. The 48 Faces of Zlatko Keser, projected onto a drawing table and teleported towards invisible parts of the Universe, may be read as a comprehensive portrait of a complex and complicated existence.

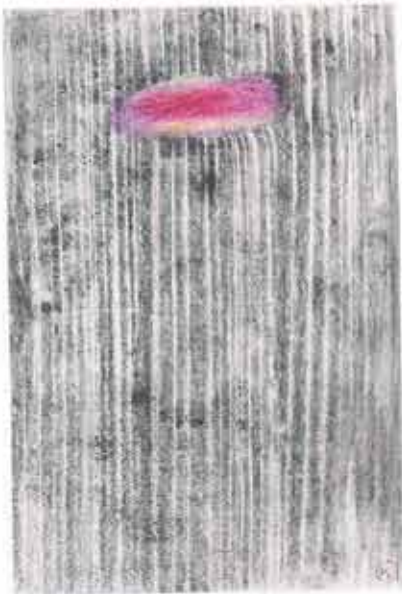
It is a form of eviction and ritual cleansing. “How do I know that a picture is finished? A chill comes over me.”



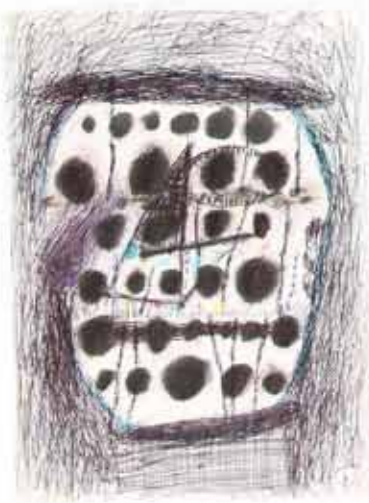
Sa crtačkoga stola *From the drawing table*
 kombinirana tehnika na papiru
mixed media on paper
 do up till 42x30 cm



Sa crtačkoga stola *From the drawing table*
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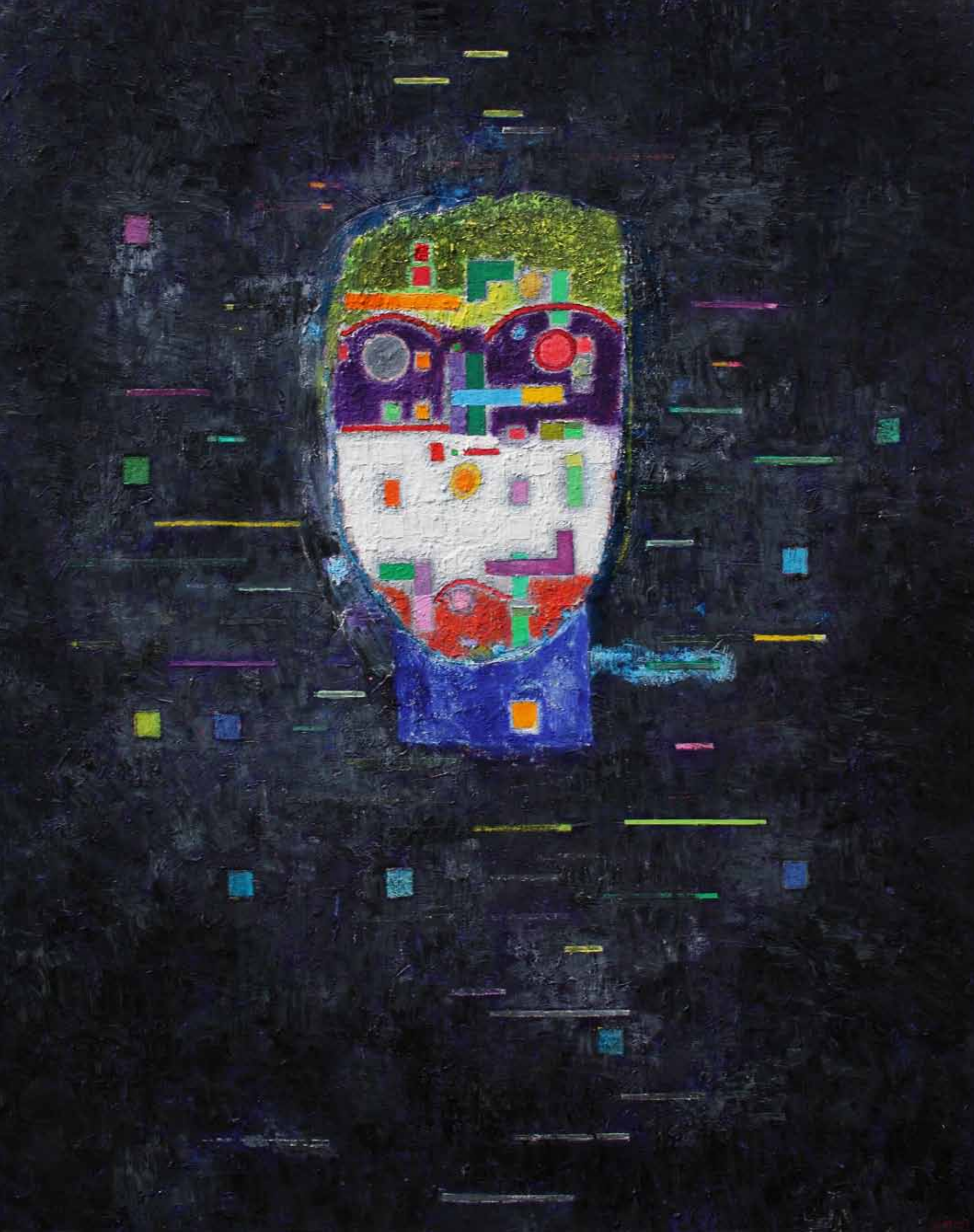
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Teleportacija I *Teleportation I*
ulje i jajčana tempera na platnu
oil and egg tempera on canvas
358 x 191 cm



Teleportacija II *Teleportation II*
ulje i jajčana tempera na platnu
oil and egg tempera on canvas
358 x 191 cm



Teleportacija III *Teleportation III*
ulje i jajčana tempera na platnu
oil and egg tempera on canvas
358 x 191 cm



Teleportacija I *Teleportation I*
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