



KERAMIKA V MAGISTRATU '20

Ljubljana, 4. avgusta - 2. septembra 2020

Dialog

Kdo si?

Kepa gline mi zdrsne iz rok. Ozrem se naokoli. Zbegano.

Kdo si? Nekoliko glasneje. Topel, zamolkel glas.

Stečem proti vratom in jih zaklenem. Roke se mi tresejo.

Ne boj se. Mehko in skoraj neslišno.

Obstojim. *Dogaja se nekaj čudnega*, pomislim.

Kdo si?

A jaz? rečem.

Ti. Kdo pa drug?!

Ne vem, rečem. *Jaz sem jaz.* Pograbim glino in jo zgnetem v kroglo. Zakotalim jo po mizi.

Juhu!

Zvrti se mi v glavi. Moja glina se smeje.

Obožujem kotaljenje. Jaz sem Rolling Clay. Juhu.

Zagrabim jo in treščim na mizo. Splošči se.

Kaj boš naredila iz mene?

Iz tebe!? Postajam histerična. *Kdo pa si ti?!*

Lahko sem karkoli.

Lahko si karkoli?! Svašta. In kaj hočeš biti?

Hočem biti?! vpraša. Zakaj pa?! Saj sem že vse, kar sem.

Daj no, vsak hoče biti nekdo drug.

Jaz hočem biti le to, kar sem.

Ampak ti sploh ne obstajaš! rečem jezno. *Ti si samo glina. Nisi živa. Ne morem se pogovarjati s tabo.*

Že dvajset let se pogovarjaš z mano.

Meša se ti. Meša se mi! Pograbim valjar in zvaljam glino v krog. V sredino narahlo pritisnem kazalec.

Naredila si mi popek, ugotovi.

Spijem požirek vode, naslonim čelo na dlan.

Kaj si želiš biti? Skodelica, pladenj, vrč, vaza, čajnik, kip, slika, relief ... Danes sem tvoja zlata ribica.

Obrišem si dlani ob trebuh. Tole postaja vse bolj absurdno.

To sva že predelali, reče. *Ne želim si biti nič drugega kot to, kar že sem. Pa ti?* reče. Milo.

Kaj?

Kaj si želiš biti?

Strmim v glineno ploščo. Ah ..., rečem, ko bi le vedela.

Ko bi vedela, kdo si, reče mehko.

Ja ...?

Si ne bi želela biti nekdo drug.

Mogoče sem kaj takega pojedla, pomislim. In zdaj haluciniram. S prstom zarišem spiralo v glineni krog.

Že spet. Žgečka me, se zahihita.

Kaj že spet?

Rišeš svoj dom.

Moj dom je ta hiša. Postajam razburjena.

Spirala te je prinesla in spirala te bo odnesla. Nekoč. Davno. Vedno znova. In znova.

Vzamem modelirko in zgladim spiralo. Tako. Nobenih spiral. Na hitrico s prstom narišem srce.

Srčni prostor, reče. Poznano.

Zbrišem srce in narišem oko.

Vidiš? vpraša.

Vidim plasti gline, ki hkrati razpadajo in se zgoščajo. Vidim posode, ki žarijo in se ohlajajo. Vidim skodelice, ki letijo iz glinokopov, vidim lončarje, ki vrtijo vrče na lončarskih kolesih, vidim Asurbanipalovo knjižnico, vidim osem tisoč zakopanih glinenih vojakov, vidim ženske figurice iz Tanagre, vidim azteške kipce, vidim Orion na Vučedolskih posodah, vidim pisane majolike in potičnice, vidim lebdeče, lahkotne instalacije, vidim sebe, ure in ure sklonjeno nad glino. In potem zaslišim. Besede. Na tone besed. Mojih - negotovih, radovednih, dvomečih; njenih - mehkih, skrivnostnih, spodbudnih.

Aha, reče poznavalsko.

Kaj?!

Zgodilo se je. Zaslišala si najin dialog.

Ima prav. Dialog med nama poteka že dvajset let. Zaslišala sem ga.

Dialog med nama bo trajal, dokler te spirala ne odnese, reče.

Zgrabim jo in zgnetem v kepo.

Veš kaj?!

Vem, reče.

In vem, da ve.

Dialogue

Who are you?

A lump of clay slips from my hands. I look around. Confused.

Who are you? A bit louder. A warm, hushed voice.

I run to the door and lock it. My hands are shaking.

Don't be afraid. Softly and almost soundlessly.

I halt. Something weird must be going on, I guess.

Who are you?

Who, me? I say.

You. Who else?!

I don't know, I say. Me is me. I grab the clay and knead her into a ball. I roll her out around the table.

Hurray!

I feel dizzy. My clay is laughing.

I love rolling. I'm a Rolling Clay. Hurray.

I grab her and hurl her on the table. She flattens out.

What are you going to make from me?

From you!? I'm getting hysterical. Who are you?!

I can be anything.

You can be anything?! A cock and bull story. And what do you want to be?

Want to be?! She asks. Why?! I already am all that I am.

Come on, everyone wants to be someone else.

I just want to be what I am.

But you don't even exist! I say angrily. You're just clay. You're not alive. I can't talk to you.

You've been talking to me for twenty years.

You're losing your mind and I'm losing my mind. I grab a rolling pin and roll out the clay into a circle. I press my index finger lightly right in the middle of her.

You've made my navel, she finds out.

I take a sip of water and rest my forehead on my palm.

What do you want to be? A cup, tray, jug, vase, teapot, statue, painting, relief... I'm your goldfish today. I wipe my palms against my belly. This is getting more and more absurd.

We've already talked it out, she says. I don't want to be anything else but what I already am. And you? she says. Sweetly.

I beg your pardon?

What do you want to be?

I stare at the clay slab. Ah..., I say, If only I knew.

If only you knew who you are, she says softly.

Yes ...?

You wouldn't want to be someone else.

I may have eaten something odd, I suppose. And now I'm hallucinating. I draw a spiral in a clay circle with my finger.

Again. It tickles me, she giggles.

Again ... what?

You're drawing your home.

This house is my home. I'm getting upset.

The spiral has brought you and the spiral will take you away. Sometime. A long time ago. Over and over again. And again.

I take my clay modelling tool and smooth out the spiral. That's it. No spirals. I quickly draw a heart with my finger.

Heart space, she says. Familiar.

I wipe out the heart and draw an eye.

Can you see? She asks.

I can see layers of clay crumbling and thickening at the same time. I can see the vessels glowing and cooling. I can see cups flying out of clay pits, I can see potters spinning their pots on pottery wheels, I can see Ashurbanipal's library, I can see eight thousand buried clay soldiers, I can see female figurines from Tanagra, I can see Aztec statues, I can see Orion on the Vučedol vessels, I can see colourful majolicas and potica baking dishes called potičnicas, I can see floating, light installations, I can see myself, bent over the clay for hours and hours. And then I suddenly hear. The words. Tons of words. Mine - uncertain, curious, doubtful; hers - soft, mysterious, stimulating.

Aha, she says expertly.

What?!

It's happened. You've heard our dialogue.

She's right. The dialogue between us has been going on for twenty years. I've finally heard it.

The dialogue between us will last until the spiral takes you away, she says.

I grab her and knead her into a ball.

You know what?!

I know, she says.

And I know that she knows.

Nataša Sedej

Translated by Flora Otoničar



Helena Angelski

ššš!

18 x13x10 cm, 2020, Mešana tehnika



Nevenka Angelski

triS

25 x 20 x 39 cm, 2020, Mešana tehnika



Marjeta Baša

Slika v sliki -Picture in the picture

62 x 45 x 4 cm, 2020, Porcelan, mešana tehnika



Simona Breskvar Tiller
Nesporazum v dialogu
60 x 60 x 70 cm, 2020, Mešana tehnika



Žiga Breskvar Tiller

Dorian

40 x 30 x 60 cm, 2020, Mešana tehnika



Anamarija Bukovec

Jaz in ti, midva

20 x 20 cm, 2020, Glazirana keramika



Dragica Čadež

Zapisi

40 x 40 x 35 cm, 2020, Terakota, les



Boža Černe
DIALOG GLUHIH
30 x 30 x 20 cm, 2020, Žgana glina



Mojca Čerňič Pretnar
Dialogi

30 x 30 x 2 cm, 2018, Glazirana keramika



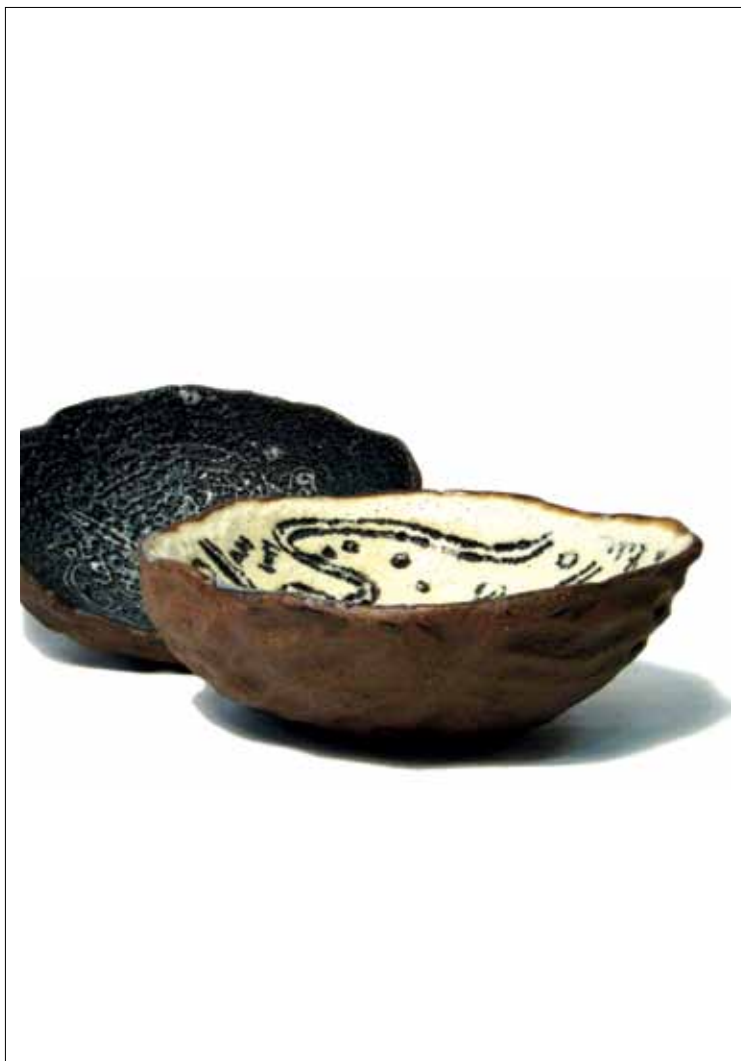
Mateja Š. Dimić
Notranji glasovi
30 x 30 x 95 cm, 2020, Kamenina, mešana tehnika



Ani Erjavec

Brez naslova

16 x 16 x 30 cm, 2020, Mešana tehnika



Eva Peterson Lenassi in
Guillermo Daniel Escalante Rodriguez
Vsebinska skodelice, The content of cup
100 x 100 cm, 2016 -2018, Zbirka skodelic



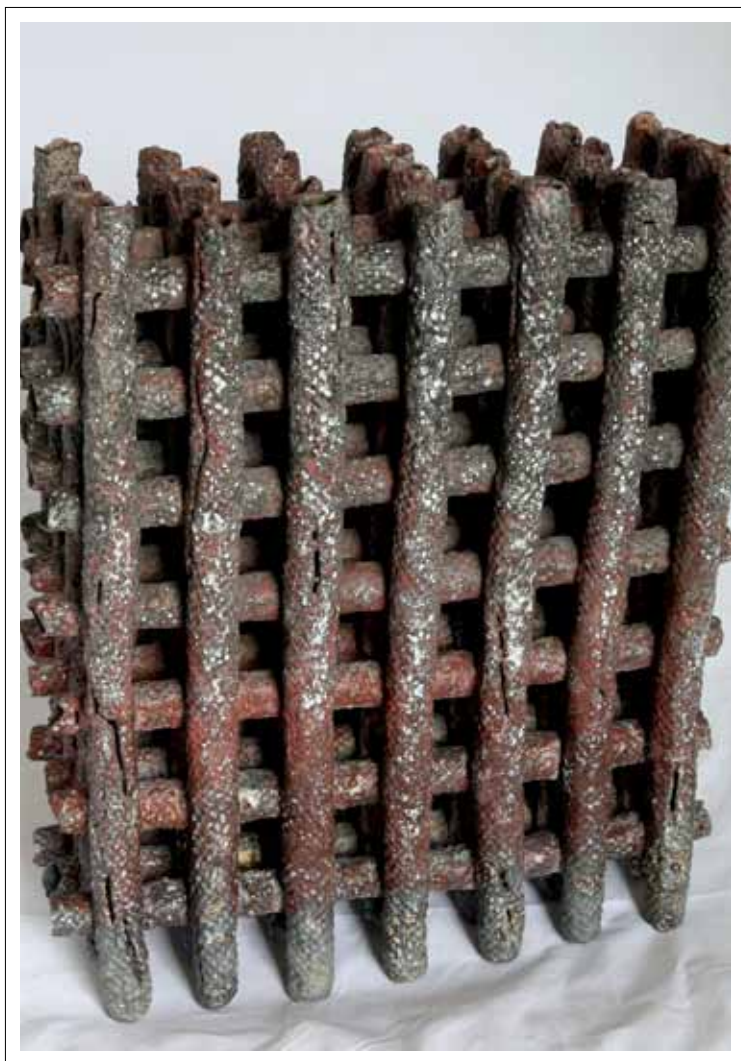
Maja Fonda Cirman

Keltski triptih

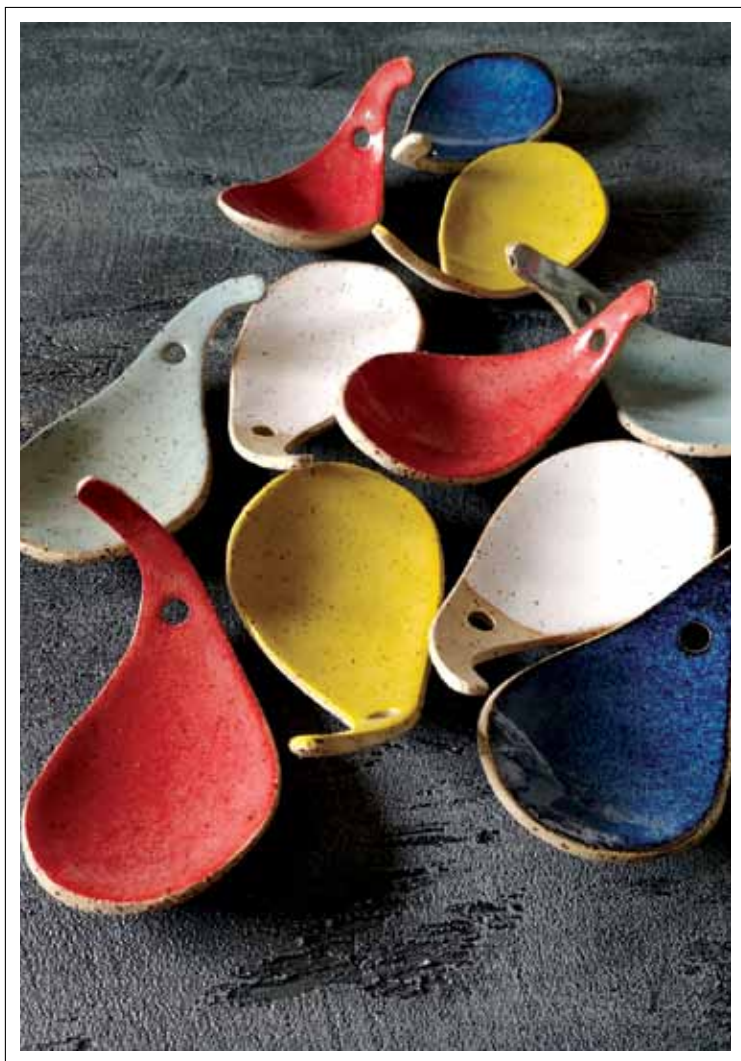
120 x 45 x 3 cm, 2020, Žgana glina na lesu



Gea Gerstehofer
PRAZNE BESEDE / EMPTY WORDS
25 x 25 x 18 cm, 2020, Sagar, raku



Radovan Gregorčič
Dialog kozmičnih vladarjev
40 x 18 x 50 cm, 2018, Visoko žgana glina



Barbara Jemec
Mavrični dež
30 x 30 cm, 2020, Glazirana keramika



Tatjana Gomboc-Jerman

2

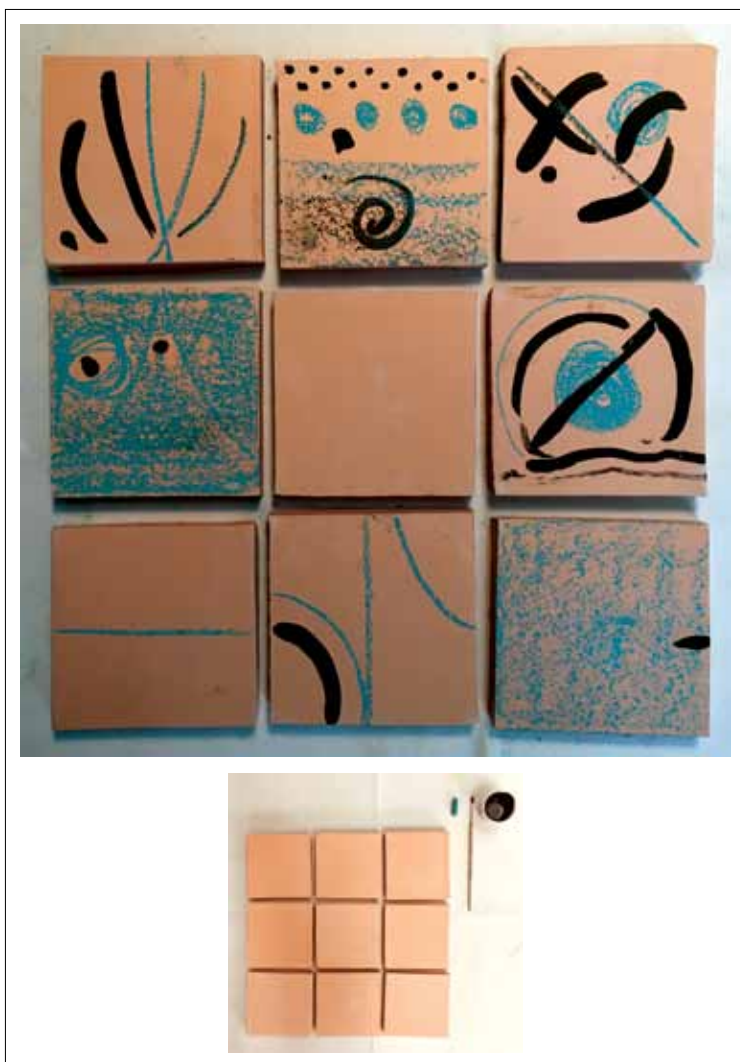
7 x 7 x 27 cm, 2020, Pigmentirana bela glina



Tanja Goršič

Kariatide

6 x 4,5 x 26 cm, 2019, Kamenina



Tatjana Hlačer in Taja Legat Lokar

11 minut

33 x 33x 3 cm, 2020, Poslikana terakota



Teja Hlačer
Sestanek z Morandijem
30 x 15 x 55 cm, 2020, Glazirana kamenina



Bojan Jakšić
ROŽE
18 x 32 cm, 2020, Ready made



Margareta Jurišić
Ptičji dialog

26 x 12 x 15 cm, 2020, Engobirana glina



Marija Kaplan
Dialog med kokošjo in petelinom
40 x 20 x 30 cm, 2020, Raku



Meta Kastelic
Sinhroni let flamingov
80 x 70 x 20 cm, 2020, Žgana glina



Sara Kastelic
GINOBORIS

45 x 25 x 50 cm, 2020, Engobirana glina



Mitja Klančar

1 + 1

24 x 19 x 10 cm, 2019, Raku



Jasna Kmetec
Kon? / De? -struktivni dialog
30 x 13 x 28 cm, 2020, Raku



Nivea Kofol
Tretje oko, dialog s svojim umom
41 x 13 x 22 cm, 2020, Žgana glina



Blaž Konec
Bonsajska posoda
26 x 20 x 6 cm, 2012, Porcelan



Ines Kovačič
ŠEPET

20 x 20 x 50 cm, 15 x 15 x 50 cm, 2020, Porcelan



Tanja Krstov
Med nama
25 x 12 x 25 cm, 2016, Terakota



Irena Kramer
Klepet o modi

45 x 11cm, 45 x 18 cm, 2020, Engobirana glina



Darinka Lapajne
KOMUNIKACIJA
60 x 25 x 30 cm, 2019, Mešana



Peter Lešnik
Bližnji dialog
18 x 19,5 cm, 2019, Žgana glina



Ljubica Lovrenčić

Iza žice

40 x 30 x 30 cm, 2020, Engobirana glina



Kristina Matičič
Praznina
20 x 20 x 35 cm, 2020, Kamenina



Jelena Miletić
Susret
90 x 50 x 3, 2020, Majolika



Mirjam Novak
Pozdrav

9 x 9 x 37 cm, 7 x 10 x 21 cm, 2020, Porcelan z listrom in glazuro



Flora Otoničar
Devetnajst stražarjev
19 x 5-8 cm, h=30-50 cm, 2020, Žgana glina



Smilja Repič Burger

VZHOD – ZAHOD

10 x 6 x 5, 7 x 5 x 5, 4 x 5 x 4 cm, 2020, Glazirana keramika

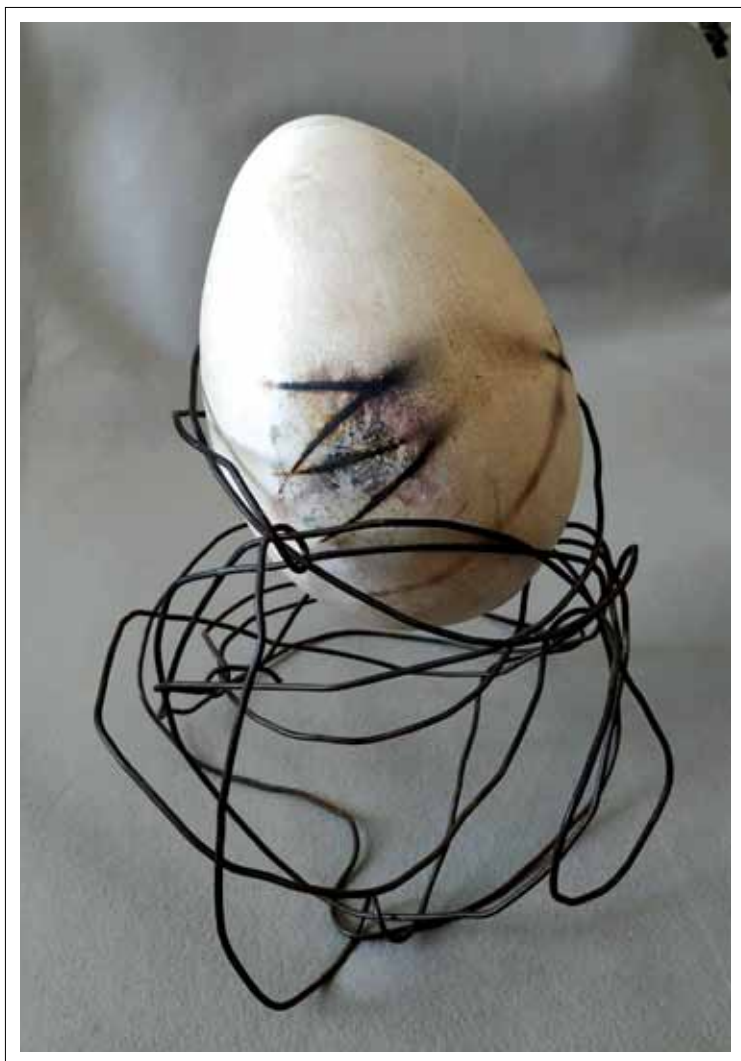


Hanibal Salvaro
Ona in On
26 x 20 x 43 cm, 2020, Keramika



Nataša Sedej
Zamreženi svet

28 x 33 x 33 cm, 2020, Mešana tehnika



Miljanka Simšič

Pričakovanje 7

25 x 25 x 37 cm, 2020, Mešana tehnika



Ivan Skubin

Dialog

45 x 12 x 45 cm, 2020, Raku



Lučka Šiće
Almini čevlji
10 x 17x 9 cm, 2018, Glazirana glina



Nada Špacapan

Brez naslova

17 x 80, 19 x 28, 16 x 37 cm, 2020, Žgana glina



Marica Švagelj

Monolog

80 x 3 x 30 cm, 2019, Mešana tehnika



Boris Tarman

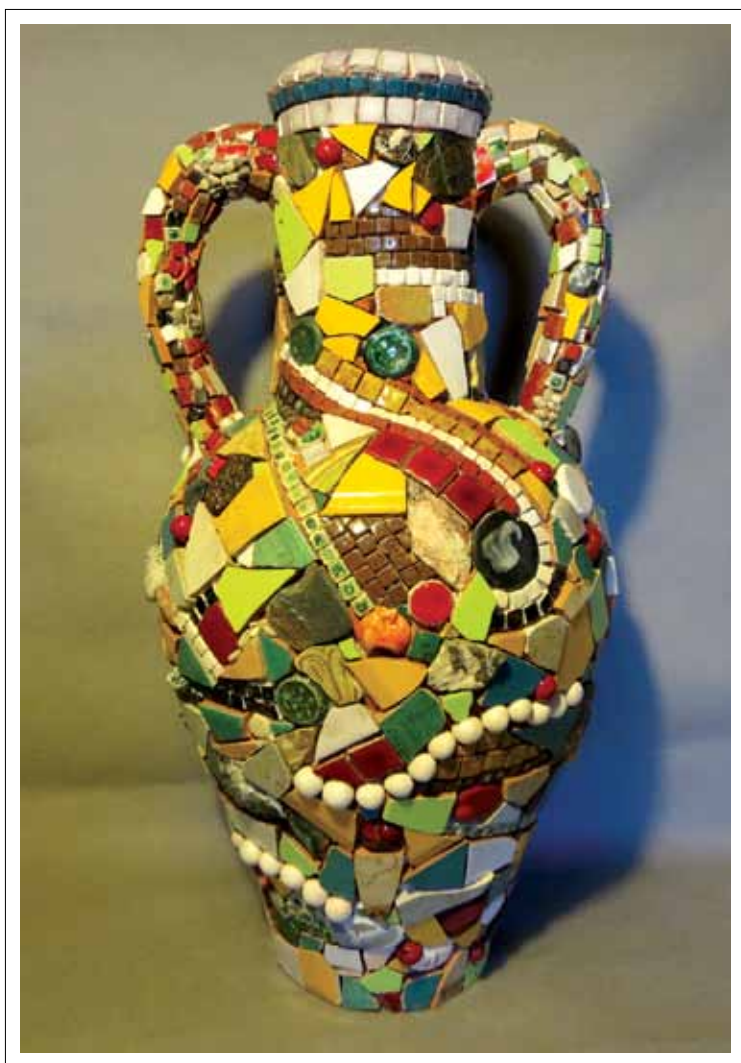
Kaj imajo jahalni škornji opraviti v francoski revoluciji

35 x 15 x 15 cm, 2018-2020, Glazirana keramika



Vesna Taušanović
Zaključek

24 x 24 x 11 cm, 2020, Glazirana kamenina



Andreja Tomori
Zgodovinski klepet
30 x 61 cm, 2020, Mozaik



Neva Umek

Zatočišče

27 x 20 x 15 cm, 2020, kamenina



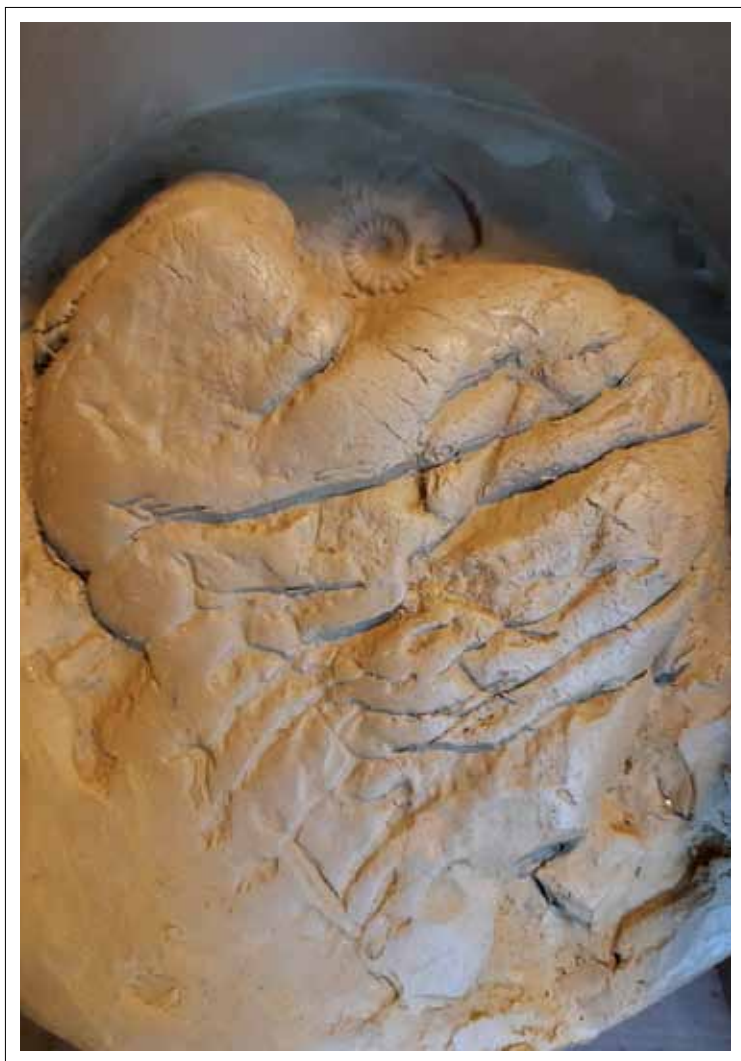
Ana Vrčon
DIALOG – PRIJATELJICI
32 x 10 x 90 cm, 2019, Glazirana glina



Jelena Vukčević

ODISEJ

50 x 30 x 40 cm, 2020, Glazirana keramika



Ljubica Zgonec Zorko

Večni duel

36 x 25 x 20 cm, 2020, Žgana glina



Veronika Zidar

Pogovor žab

32x33x20 cm, 2020, Glazirana kamenina



Dani Žbontar

Muni

15 x 10 x 27 cm, 2018, Glazirana keramika



Cecilija Žmahar
„ČVEK“
Φ 34 cm, 2020, Keramika



Boja Žokalj Jesih

Rdeče in črno – okroglo in oglato- v večnem dialogu

1 x 25 x 15, 22 x 15 x 13 cm, 2020, Glazirana keramika



Meta Žvan

Duet

20 x 30 x 70 cm, 2020, Glazirana keramika

Helena Angelski
Nevenka Angelski
Marjeta Baša
Simona Breskvar Tiller
Žiga Breskvar Tiller
Anamarija Bukovec
Dragica Čadež
Boža Černe
Mojca Črnič Pretnar
Mateja Š. Dimic
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Eva Peterson Lenassi in
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Gea Gerstehofer
Radovan Gregorčič
Barbara Jemec
Tatjana Gomboc-Jerman
Tanja Goršič
Tatjana Hlačer in Taja Legat Lokar
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Margareta Jurišič
Marija Kaplan
Meta Kastelic
Sara Kastelic
Mitja Klančar
Jasna Kmetec
Nivea Kofol
Blaž Konec

Ines Kovačič
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Darinka Lapajne
Peter Lešnik
Ljubica Lovrenčič
Kristina Matičič
Jelena Miletić
Mirjam Novak
Flora Otoničar
Smilja Repič Burger
Hanibal Salvaro
Nataša Sedej
Miljanka Simšič
Ivan Skubin
Lučka Šičarov
Nada Špacapan
Marica Švagelj
Boris Tarman
Vesna Taušanović
Andreja Tomori
Neva Umek
Ana Vrčon
Jelena Vukčević
Ljubica Zgonec Zorko
Veronika Zidar
Dani Žbontar
Cecilija Žmahar
Boja Žokalj Jesih
Meta Žvan

Katalog izdalo Društvo keramikov in lončarjev

zanj Miljanka Simšič

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