



Nekega jutra...

Tistega jutra, ko so se pojavile velike, temne in neznane krogle na vrtu, je bilo to za vrtnarja nenavadno znamenje. Vrt se je začel obnašati nepričakovano in kljub vsej najboljši volji, je bilo vseeno težko sprejeti, da je to odziv, na vrtnarjevo mišljenje in početje. Zgodilo se je čez noč, v času spanja in zmanjšane pozornosti, takrat ko ima vrt več svobode za lastno izražanje in več možnosti, da pokaže odsev skrite vrtnarjeve narave. Vrt je domač prostor, ki je navadno ograjen in ločen od zunanjega sveta – sosedov in divjine. Divjina, tisto, kar naj bi v ljudskih mitologijah simboliziral gozd in v psihologiji predstavlja nezavedno, vanj vdira skozi razpoke. Vsak vdor pa mora biti v kali zatrt, potisnjen pod površje in razpoka zakrpana. Toda kaj se zgodi, ko se nekega jutra nekaj neznanega pojavi v mnogo večjih razmerjih, kot smo jih na svojem vrtu navajeni? Takrat

opice, se začnemo novi tvorbi približevati in jo raziskujemo. Želimo se prepričati, ali nam lahko škoduje in že kujemo načrt za njeno pokončanje, uničenje ali izgon. Kadar imamo občutek, da nam ne koristi, pa tudi ugodja ne zbuja, se s tem nočemo identificirati in nikakor ne sprejememo, da je to postalo del vrta. Velike, temne krogle na vrtu ne dopuščajo vpogleda v njihovo notranjost, ne dovolijo videti, kaj skrivajo v sebi. Mogoče so le votli mehurji, napihnjeni baloni polni zraka ali plinov iz drobovja. Mogoče pa v njih rastejo še bolj skrivnostna bitja, ki bodo kot iz kokona prilezla na plan in požrla vse živo okoli sebe. Kar je z vztrajnostjo inercije in časom postalo normalno, se zdi ogroženo. Ne le zdi, normalnost je vedno ogrožena s pojavom tujka, saj ta predstavlja novo spoznanje. Ignoranca in indiferentnost do tistega, kar se dogaja zunaj, naenkrat ne more več biti strategija preživetja. Zavzeti je potrebno drugačno stališče, sprejeti ogledalo, ki ga vrtiček na-

ugotovimo, da svojega vrtička ne zmoremo več popolnoma nadzorovati. V njem se pojavi nekaj, kar ima lastno voljo, ki je mogoče močnejša in mogočnejša od naše. Ali pa ji celo naša lastna volja in kljubovanje dajeta moč, hrano za rast. mogoče je to manifestacija naših lastnih frustracij, strahov in posledica naših preteklih dejanj. Vrtiček, ki smo ga doslej ljubosumno varovali in obdelovali po naučenih vzorcih in uokvirjenih predstavah, se je začel samovoljno preobražati in postaja neznan. Krompir, ki že nekaj let ni tako debel kot sosedov, naenkrat izgubi svoje privilegirano mesto in naše zanimanje se preusmeri v tujek, ki se je kar čez noč pojavil. Nič kaj veseli nismo nad novim pridelkom, pa čeprav se sosedov krompir z njim po velikosti ne more kosati. Najprej reagiramo z nelagodjem in strahom. Ker pa smo ljudje po naravi radovedna bitja, tako kot svizci, papige in

stavlja in se zazreti vase. Šele ko se človek zave temine in preneha v ponavljajočih gibih iztrebljati sindrome, ki se zaradi nje pojavljajo na osvetljeni površini, se prebujanje lahko zares začne. Le tako je mogoče izkoristiti moč jutra, s prebujenjem in sprejemanjem odgovornosti za lastno delovanje. Z njima se prekine hipnotično spanje, sledenje zunanjim ukazom ter začne resnična individualna dejavnost.

Vasja Nagy

One Morning....

On the morning when the big, dark and strange spheres appeared in the garden, the gardener considered them to be a curious omen. The garden started to behave unpredictably and, in spite of everything, it was hard to grasp that this was the garden's response to the gardener's own thoughts and actions. It happened overnight at the time of sleep and reduced attention when the garden was left to its own devices to express itself more freely and reflect the gardener's hidden nature.

The garden is a homely place mostly enclosed and isolated from the outer world, its neighbours and the wilderness. However the wilderness protrudes into the garden through cracks. In various mythologies the symbol of wilderness is a forest and in psychology wilderness represents the subconscious. Each such eruption must be destroyed on the spot,

in the garden overnight. We are not pleased with the new crop even though it exceeds the neighbour's potato in size. Our first reaction is unease and fear. But since people are curious creatures by nature, just like marmosets, parrots and monkeys we begin to approach this new phenomenon to scrutinize it. We wish to establish if it can harm us and simultaneously plot its extermination, destruction or expulsion. When we feel something is of no practical use or pleasure to us, we don't want to identify with it and refuse to accept it as a part of our garden.

The large, dark spheres in the garden are opaque and won't let us see what is hiding within. Maybe they are just hollow bubbles, inflated balloons full of air or intestinal gases. They might also be some mysterious creatures nesting which will eventually emerge from their cocoon and devour everything around them. Everything which persisted through inertia and time, everything which

shoved under the surface and the crack has to be mended. However, what happens when, one morning, countless incomprehensible things appear in the garden? It becomes clear that we are no longer in full control of our little plot. Something with a will of its own which may be even stronger and mightier than ours, has appeared. It might even be that it draws its strength and nourishment from our own will and defiance. Could this be a manifestation of our own frustrations and fears, a witness to our past deeds? Our little garden which until now we have jealously protected and cultivated in a deliberate manner and within framed expectations has suddenly started a self-willed transformation. It becomes alien to us. Our potatoes, which for some years haven't been as big as the neighbour's, lose the benefit of our attention because we are focused on the alien which has materialised

appeared normal, now seems endangered. To be sure, normality is always endangered with the appearance of a foreign body which represents a new awareness. Denial and indifference to what goes on outside can no longer be the strategy for survival. A new point of view must be adopted. We must accept the mirror which the garden is offering us and take a deep look at ourselves. Only after a person becomes aware of the darkness and stops repeatedly clearing its symptoms which keep sprouting on the shimmering surface, can the awakening commence. Only in this way can we make the most of the morning - by waking up and accepting responsibility for our deeds; hence, the hypnotic sleep and subordination to external commands is interrupted and a true individual activity can begin.

Text, Vasja Nagy

Translation, Nina Zelenko

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+46° 3' 13.32" N , +14° 30' 33.26" E

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