



# Muzej in galerije mesta Ljubljane

## Mestna galerija Ljubljana

### JIŘI BEZLAJ

#### Kamen. Pregledna razstava

#### Stone. Overview Exhibition

28. 11. 2019 – 19. 1. 2020

Vljudno vabljeni na odprtje razstave  
v četrtek, 28. novembra, ob 19. uri v  
Mestno galerijo Ljubljana.

You are cordially invited to attend  
the opening of the exhibition on Thursday,  
November 28, at 7 pm  
at the Mestna galerija Ljubljana.

Kustos razstave dr. Sarival Sosič  
Curated by Sarival Sosič, PhD

DOGODKI V  
MESTNI GALERIJI LJUBLJANA

Torek, 10. december, 17.00  
**VODSTVO PO RAZSTAVI**  
Akademski kipar Jiří Bezlaaj  
in dr. Sarival Sosič.

Četrtek, 19. december, 17.00  
**VODSTVO PO RAZSTAVI**  
dr. Sarival Sosič, kustos razstave.

Torek, 7. januar 2020, 17.00  
**VODSTVO PO RAZSTAVI**  
dr. Sarival Sosič, kustos razstave.

Četrtek, 16. januar 2020, 17.00  
**VODSTVO PO RAZSTAVI**  
Akademski kipar Jiří Bezlaaj  
in dr. Sarival Sosič.

EVENTS AT  
MESTNA GALERIJA LJUBLJANA

Tuesday, December 10, 5 pm  
**GUIDED TOUR**  
Academic sculptor Jiří Bezlaaj  
and Sarival Sosič, PhD.

Thursday, December 19, 5 pm  
**GUIDED TOUR**  
Exhibition curator Sarival Sosič, PhD.

Tuesday, January 7 2020, 5 pm  
**GUIDED TOUR**  
Exhibition curator Sarival Sosič, PhD.

Thursday, January 16 2020, 5 pm  
**GUIDED TOUR**  
Academic sculptor Jiří Bezlaaj  
and Sarival Sosič, PhD.

Takrat sem ga prvič pazljivo pogledal, ležal je na rečnem bregu in se nenavadno lesketal, sončen dan je bil in nebo brez oblakov se je razpredalo čez naju, čez kamen in mene je ležalo modro nebo, zrak je bil čist, oster in hladen in jaz kipar sem ga dolgo gledal, nisem odmikal pogleda, nisem se premaknil, niti za milimeter prestavil stopal, stal sem pokončno, na mestu sem mirno obstal in upiral oči navzdol, nanj, na kamen sem gledal, ki je mirno ležal tam na obrežju in čakal. Nekdo me opazuje, začutim njegov klenci pogled, zaskeli me po moji kamniti površini, občutim njegovo takrat še vedno prikrito strast, nekakšno neukrotljivo energijo, da bi pogledal vame, da bi me pričel klesati, me počasi razstavljati in sestavljati, poiskati v meni vse tisto, kar nosim skrito v sebi, torej jaz kamen na tistem rečnem bregu nekega sončnega dne, in kdo ve koliko podobnih dni sem čakal nanj, pričakoval kiparja, ki me hoče videti, in zdaj me neutrudno motri, prebada me s pogledom, čeprav se me še ni dotaknil, niti približal se mi še ni, toda že čutim, kako me počasi in vztrajno obdeluje, kako leze vame in me občuti v vsakem še tako majhnem elementu moje notranjosti, in najina pogleda se srečata, v nekem trenutku se spojita v istost, v neobvladljivo željo, da se med seboj dotakneva, se nato končno spoznava in pričneva obdelovati in bom jaz kamen postajal on in bo on kipar postajal jaz. In potem se je zgodilo, še vedno se dobro spominjam, kako je kipar naglo pristopil k meni, se mi približal, da sem začutil toplino njegovega telesa, nato se me je s prsti na bosih stopalih dotaknil in kamnina v meni je vztrepetala, vznemiril sem se, še več kot to, oživel sem in končno začutil samega sebe ter sebi izrekel besede, poglej, kipar, natanko na te prste sem čakal in zdaj so tu, samo zame so se zgodili, samo zame so se rodili tvoji prsti in zdaj obstajam v pričakovanju in jaz kipar v istem trenutku spoznam, da te zaznavam, izmed številnih kamnin sem se osredotočil prav nate, ti, ki si položen pred mojimi prsti, in kamen, kako to, da nisi hladen, se na rečnem bregu glasno vprašam, niti najmanj nisem slutil, da boš tako topel, hočem reči, prijeto trd, a hkrati ogret, in ko te tipam, ko ogretost prepoznavam kot tvojo notranjo silo, te moram zgrabiti, neustavljiva želje me žene in želim te močneje in siloviteje dvigniti s tal, potežkati tvoje okamnelo telo, objeti te moram, stisniti k sebi, da občutim tvojo umirjeno notranjost in da se moja nemirna notranjost uglesi na tvoje telo, da se ti kamen navadiš name in da se jaz kipar navadim nate.

Sarival Sosič

(iz uvodnega besedila razstavnega kataloga)

It was the first time I took a thorough look at it, it was lying on the river bank and shimmering unusually, it was a sunny day and the clear sky was above us, a blue sky spread over the stone and me, the air was clear, sharp and cool and I, the sculptor, I gazed at it for a long time, not wanting to look away, I did not move, not for a millimetre did I move my feet, I stood upright, stood still in the place and kept my eyes down, on it, on the stone I was looking, the stone which was lying quietly there on the shore and waiting. Someone is watching me, I feel his determined gaze, I feel shiver on my stone surface, I feel his then still hidden passion, a kind of untamed energy to look inside me, to start carving me, slowly disassembling and assembling me anew, finding in me all that which I carry hidden inside, so, me, a stone on that river bank one sunny day, and who knows how many similar days I have waited for him, expecting a sculptor who wants to see me, and now he is tirelessly scrutinizing me, piercing me with his eyes, although he has not touched nor approached me yet, and I can already feel how he is slowly and steadily shaping me, creeping into me and feeling me in every minute element of my interior, and our gazes meet, at one moment they merge into sameness, in the unconquerable desire to touch each other, then finally get to know each other and start reshaping so that I, the stone, will become him, and he, the sculptor, will become me. And then it happened, I still remember vividly how the sculptor swiftly stepped up to me, approached me so I could feel the warmth of his body, then he touched me with his toes on his bare feet and the stone in me trembled, I was aroused and more than that, I came to life and finally felt myself and said to myself, see, sculptor, it was precisely these toes I had been waiting for and now here they are, they happened just for me, only for me your toes were born and now I exist in anticipation, and I, the sculptor, at the same moment realize that I feel you, of the many rocks I have focused just on you, you who are laid before my toes, and the stone, how come you are not cold, I ask myself aloud on the river bank, not at all did I feel you would be so warm, I mean, pleasantly hard yet warm at the same time, and as I touch you, when I recognize this warmth as your inner force, I have to grab you, an irresistible urge drives me, and I want to lift you fiercely and forcefully from the ground, weigh your petrified body, I have to hug you, squeeze you to feel your calm inside so that my restless inside tunes in to your body, that you, the stone, get used to me and that I, the sculptor, get used to you.

Sarival Sosič

(Excerpted from the introductory essay in the catalogue)



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Odprto:

torek – nedelja  
11.00 – 19.00

Ponedeljki in prazniki  
zaprto.

Opening hours:

Tuesday – Sunday  
11 am – 7 pm

Closed on Mondays  
and public holidays.

Razstavo so podprli / Exhibition is supported by



Mestna občina  
Ljubljana

