



# Marko Jakše

13 January 2017 – 11 February 2017

KiBela, space for art  
MMC KIBLA, Maribor

## ARCHAIC NOMADISM IN THE TIMELESS

Jakše's paintings are a vivid anthology of visual skills and approaches: *trompe l'oeil*, perspectivic illusionism, optical geometrical constructions, visual anagrams, anamorphoses, magnifications and minimizations, lucid transformations of retinal perceptions into visual artistic structures, atmospheric surfaces and depths, the fusion of absurd forms, distorted shapes, vehement and compact compositions, color harmonies and disharmonies, three-dimensional modeling, thematic color gradation, *grisaille*... in short, an anthology of old-school fine art inventions.

*Grisaille mastered by a master, the rabbit...*

He is equally dedicated to the conception of large paintings as he is to the most minute details within the painting. Large-scale canvases, like those with the surface of about three square meters, could be cut up into square decimeters, and still each of the pieces would function perfectly well on its own. Like memory game cards for Alice in Wonderland.

The detail of the eye. Eyes are one of the most beautiful things to be found both in the animal, as well as the human world. Or even in the world of plants. Jakše's eyes are tremendous, they ooze character, a myriad of attributes and sensations; tired, suffering, staring, cunning, evil, cruel, kind, gentle, disappointed, sad... a stereoscopic fountain of emotions and feelings. A manifestation of suffering and deadness in the constricted pupils, the cloudy colorful irises, and the bleary, watery scleras. Purity within the impure.

Jakše's depictions are a serious game; matured fruits of accurate, piercing, hedonistically lethargic, multiple long-lasting observations of nature. Wonderment. The painstaking and pleasure of mimesis, the fundamental task of painting as such; then a few turns to the side, a couple of swings forward and circling, submersion, a leap ahead and – a strange meta-fusion is created, combining something entirely partial and universal at the same time; unique blends of playful imagery, of extrovert emotions and complex, unfathomable mental images; trippy lush voyages from the here-and-now to the archaic once-upon-a-time, onwards to a microscopic orgasmogram and backwards into the disappearing, zero-horizon points of meta-romantic glades.

*“...the green-carpeted river banks, the golden rock riverbeds and white pebble shorelines; a pair of herons in a luxuriously slow-motion flight; a couple of buzzards high above; gliding ducks and grebes sleighing under the surface; lascivious, slippery, twinkling, yellow-spotted huchen; a scruffy old wolf pattering solitary under the cupola of the embankment; tiny purple dragonflies sipping at the sweet bug-world...”*

*There, inside an old boat, two figures, soaked by the soft, warm, sprinkling rain and from wading through cold water. Vindiana and Mezlem are paddling in an unsteady rhythm across the seemingly light, yet very heavy structure of the vast, restrained waters, intoxicating and covered with the still warm mist of the grayish air on that last August day...” — Saša Belina*

Nature is complete co-dependence; an a priori connectivity of the individual into the collective, or the divisibility of the collective into the individual. Like a shaman, Jakše translates to us the forgotten laws of nature, like they used to be understood and abided by men, and vice versa, he projects into nature the spectral fusions of human emotion and mental onanism.

Social satirist George Carlin said: *“Whenever I look into somebody’s eyes, I see a wonderful unique individual. As soon as they form packs, they become ugly.”* The instrumentalized social pack analyzes, demolishes, differentiates, establishes rules followed by new rules, to the benefit of the ruler; plunders, and kills.

Jakše’s herd is a community of solitary individuals. They are together and yet they are alone. Tamers of the beast. The latter rests inside us. Sometimes, he is an all-accepting masochist. Like a doormat, a carpet, or a coat. Warm and protective. The archetype of mother. At other times she snarls at us, wildly aggressive, in an agony of fear...

... to be continued.

Aleksandra Kostič

*Marko Jakše is a painter. The visions in his works are integral. This means he is also a dramaturge, a carver, a choreographer, a screenwriter, a set designer, an aquaphile, a jutographer, a colorophile, an architect and urbanist, a demographer, a psychologist, a sociologist, a philosopher, a poet, a humanist, a gerontophile, a biologist, a naturalist, a fashion designer, a zoologist, a tripper, a slovenophile, an individualist, an underling to flies, mosquitoes and other insects, a brother antagonist, a narcissistic protagonist, an emphatic escapist...*

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The exhibition will be showing until 11 February 2017.

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KiBela / MMC KIBLA, Maribor

KiBela, space for art, is open on weekdays between 9am and 10pm and Saturdays between 4pm and 10pm (closed on Sundays)