

Natalija Šeruga Golob

FROM THE W. B. COLLECTION; PROTOCOL OF THE SAME EXPERIMENT DATED (...) T. S. (TEST SUBJECT) AUGUSTA

15 September–14 October 2023
MMC KIBLA/KiBela

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In pursuit of time that keeps secrets

The first impression created by looking at the artworks of Natalija Šeruga Golob is definitely a special and striking feature of her frames. With the shape of the iron frames, it acquires the characteristics of old, different, but at the same time alive. Looking at the frame evokes a feeling of having survived, something that has passed through the time of life and transience and shows its withering in the very sides and shapes of the bent iron frames, as well as the depicted subject matter itself.

With the technique of handcrafting iron frames, the use of rags, physically difficult sewing and the manual skill of tensioning the painting surface on the iron frame, as with the painting technique of using pigments and acrylic binder, which opens up the painting so that through the process of destruction it can enter even more into the painting itself, the artist contributes to her specific painting appearance and style. The technique of mixing colours and using pigments reminds of the past, of a time when a different approach was applied to the creation of a certain colour itself, its mixing, the composition of pigments and binders, the knowledge of how much of what to combine and with what, and training in the discipline and patience of the past, which is needed to create the colour, in its desired and final form.

Iron frames with stitched painting canvases are created and furnished in the present and bear a unique, non-classical image of the old and inexpressible. They bring an insight into the created fantasy realism, the virtual past. Within the melee of tradition, craftwork and painting, which requires unconditional loyalty and dedication to work, within the pursuit of time and the otherworldly unknown, a pinch of the preciousness of chance is additionally implemented.

The composed sudden coincidences of the movements of the artist's hand, spills of paint with a specific mixture of laboratory precision of pigment, humidity in the room, light on the canvas, micro conditions and the time that creates, make with their functions and actions a set of actions that create inimitable and unique details. The artist thus creates strokes that are painted in

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the moment of creativity and inspiration, in the behaviour of recognizing the preciousness of random parameters, in their perception, seeing, connection and understanding, which lead to a devoted life of creating her characteristic painting art.

The timeline and iconography of her pictures and videos can reach far into the imaginary past of the old, with an undefined century, place and date, or close, into the transience of life, with vague scenes and glimpses from dreams, impressions of travels or the atmosphere of the memory of a lived day.

Most of the scenes take place in panoramas of open and visible transience and pigmentally hazy undertones. Spaces in pictures from the picture collection; *From the Collection of W.B. (Experiment 1) to From the Collection of W.B. (Experiment 10)*, reminiscent of sacral spaces decorated with golden domes, home to falling rays of light and invisible hidden rooms decorated with chandeliers. Stopped time in abstract images of the past, gives the character of a scary and gloomy atmosphere. The atmosphere is loudly silent, there is no action in the picture, but nevertheless, in their appearance, light and subject matter, the pictures emit a tense tone of the unusual, the unknown, which comes in a loud style and indicates its mysticism, which is impossible to reveal.

The artist broke the legibility of realism with a spirit of airiness, which she achieved through experiments, with precision and perseverance, with experimentation and discipline in the created visual effect of the control and lightness of whiteness. By destroying the visually realistic, we thus find ourselves in the position of a creator who, accompanied by the rival of time, creates processes of creation, destruction and re-creation.

In a parallel step and in an eternal dialogue with her art, she is conscientiously followed and inspired by the world of literature and the authors of the past. The emergence of her artistic hybrid, the world of literature and the dedication of painterly artistic creation, generates her imaginative realism of mystical metaphysics and the search for what is behind the visible. In this way, he creates and expands the world of his own artistic mythology, which seeks and catches inspiration in the passing of time and the past, almost as in the language of dreams, in half-dreams and half-visible.

The story of the events in her paintings and spaces is an open narrative. It is much more important to create and act, as well as to create magic, to capture the random moments that lead to the creation of the emerging work, to wrap it in the mystery that the painting provides and to maintain a dark and scary atmosphere with a touch of the mystical. Thus, the viewer, looking at the picture, writes his own story and is left to his own choice of different imaginary realities and deepening mysticism, which erases the traces behind him.

The pictures do not leave the viewer indifferent and move us into a state of uneasiness and a vaguely magical mystery that does not reveal its mystique, but the presence of this eternal and mystical spirit is what we want to capture.

Because when we find out the secret of the magical, it transcends us and moves us mysteriously elsewhere, and so we pass in an eternal circle in search of the unknown and the ineffable. Knowing the jewel of the mystery, we move on.

– Nina Šardi

Artist's statement:

Time, which endlessly creates beautiful abstract images, is my eternal and elusive rival. The pictures are notes of experiments in which I try to get closer to this excellent creator. During my work in recent years, I am a untidy child from Benjamin's *One-way Street – Each stone he finds, each flower picked and each butterfly caught is already the start of a collection, and every single thing he owns makes up one great collection. In him this passion shows its true face, the stern Indian expression which lingers on, but with a dimmed and manic glow, in antiquarians, researchers, bibliomaniacs. Scarcely has he entered life than he is a hunter. He hunts the spirits whose trace he scents in things; between spirits and things years are passed in which his field of vision remains free of people. His life is like a dream: he knows nothing lasting; everything seemingly happens to him by chance. His nomad-years are hours in the forest of dream.*[1]

In hunting, I interwoven coincidences, painter's flurry and tradition.[2] I did not use tradition as a repetition of what had already been created, but in a broader sense. Tradition, says T. S. Eliot, cannot be inherited, but must be acquired. The impressions of various giants of all kinds of spirit who lived before me are thus inescapably loaded in me. During work, I am both a medium and a personality, in which impressions and experiences come together in special and unexpected ways. The involvement of the spirit of the great thinker of the past century, Walter Benjamin, in my work is so imminent.

Spatial and temporal scales come into play in these experiments. Versailles is not too big for me, eternity is not too long for me and Palazzo Contarini Polignac is my home. Turning back time made me feel at home. Thoughts about death are gentle, veils and laces take on meanings and meanings. *To begin to solve the riddle of the ecstasy of trance, one ought to meditate on Ariadne's thread. What joy in the mere act of unrolling a ball of thread! And this joy is very deeply related to the joy of intoxication, just as it is to the joy of creation. We go forward; but in so doing, we not only discover the twists and turns of the cave into which we're venturing, but also enjoy this pleasure of discovery against the background of the other, rhythmic bliss of unwinding the thread. The certainty of unrolling an artfully wound skein-isn't that the joy...*[3]

[1] Walter Benjamin; *One-Way Street and Other Writings*, NLB, London, 1971 (Translators Edmund Jephcott and Kingsley Shorter), p. 73.

[2] Thomas Stearns Eliot: *Tradition and individual talent*, translated by Janez Stanek and Veno Taufer, CZ, collection Nobelovci 36, Ljubljana, 1977, p. 217–223

[3] Walter Benjamin; *On Hashish*; THE BELKNAP PRESS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS Cambridge, Massachusetts & London, England 2006 (Translated by Edmund Jephcott), p.123.

Natalija Šeruga Golob, August 2023

BIOGRAPHY

Website



Natalija Šeruga Golob (b. 1971, Maribor) studied painting at the Academy of Fine Arts and Design, where she graduated in 1999 and received her master's degree in 2003. She exhibits regularly, her works are in art collections in Slovenia, Austria and Italy. She lives and creates in Radenci.