

Talking 'bout Jenny

Nic Costa

"From below she had these big, thick thighs, a thick tweed skirt and tights, and I'd spend the whole time looking at the way her thighs never parted and how the flesh would rub against the tights." Jenny Saville describing her childhood piano teacher.

Almost everybody that goes to art school lives the Big Dream, all they have to do is wait... "I'm a great artist... soon I will be discovered and the world will see me for what I truly am! I'm sure it will happen, all I have to do is bide my time..." Meanwhile they must live the cliché: wild drinking, partying, outrageous remarks and constant criticisms from their peer group. The less enigmatic characters in this egotistical environment just quietly curl up and die. Among the thousands of instant Nobodies, just are a few hidden gems that quietly sparkle, inwardly recognizing that the path to success lies only through hard work and the development of exceptional manual or perceptual skills...the artist within them can wait.

Every undergraduate dreams of their final exhibition. Three weeks before, guaranteed you can find the art school studios full of students whitewashing walls, sweeping, and hastily mounting their hurriedly constructed last minute masterpieces on the walls, ceilings or floors. Surely this is the moment when MR BIG will walk through the door, flash the cheque book and place them as the latest and greatest angst ridden figure in artistic history! After art school some carry on with this dream for a few more years, bitter and resentful because life has cheated

"Από κάτω είχε μεγάλους, χοντρούς μηρούς, μια χοντρή πλεκτή φούστα και καλσόν, και περνούσα τον χρόνο μου εξετάζοντας τον τρόπο με τον οποίο οι μηροί της ποτέ δεν χωρίζονταν και πώς η σάρκα τριβόταν στο καλσόν." Jenny Saville περιγράφοντας τη δασκάλα πιάνου της παιδικής της ηλικίας.

Σχεδόν όλοι οι μαθητές σχολών καλών τεχνών, ζουν το Μεγάλο Όνειρο, και το μόνο που πρέπει να κάνουν είναι απλά να περιμένουν... "Είμαι μεγάλος καλλιτέχνης... σύντομα θα με ανακαλύψουν και ο κόσμος θα με δει για αυτό που αληθινά είμαι! Είμαι βέβαιος ότι θα συμβεί, το μόνο που πρέπει να κάνω είναι να περιμένω να έρθει η σειρά μου..."

Στο μεταξύ οι φοιτητές καλών τεχνών πρέπει να ζήσουν το κλισέ: κραιπάλες, άγρια ξενύχτια, προσβλητικά σχολία και συνεχείς κριτικές από την ομάδα των ομοίων τους. Οι λιγότερο αινιγματικοί χαρακτήρες σε αυτό το εγωιστικό περιβάλλον απλά κουλτουριάζονται ήσυχα σε μια γωνιά και σβήνουν. Μεταξύ χιλιάδων στιγμιαίων τίποτα, υπάρχουν μερικοί πολύτιμοι λίθοι κρυμμένοι, που λαμπρίζουν ήσυχα, αντιλαμβάνομενοι ότι η πορεία προς την επιτυχία είναι στρωμένη με σκληρή δουλειά και ανάπτυξη των εξαιρετικών χειρωνακτικών ή αντλητικών δεξιοτήτων... ο καλλιτέχνης μέσα τους πρέπει να περιμένει.

Κάθε φοιτητής ονειρεύεται την τελική του έκθεση. Τρεις εβδομάδες πριν, είναι σίγουρο ότι τα σουντιο των σχολών τέχνης σφύζουν από σπουδαστές οι οποίοι φρεσκάρουν τους τοίχους, σκουπίζουν τα πατώματα, και βιαστικά τοποθετούν τα βιαστικά κατασκευασμένα τους

"Aşağıdan yukarı doğru bakınca büyük, kalın kalça ve bacakları, üzerinde de kalın yünlü bir etek ve çorapları vardı, ve ben sürekli birbirine yapışık bacaklarını ve çorapların bacaklarına sürtünmesini seyrediyordum." Jenny Saville piyano öğretmenini anlatıyor.

Sanat okuluna giden hemen herkes Büyük Hayal'i yaşar, tek yapmaları gereken uygun zamanı beklemektir... birgün, birileri kapıdan girecek ve keşfedileceklerdir: Ben büyük bir sanatçiyim... yakında keşfedileceğim ve dünya gerçekte ne olduğumu görecektir! Bunun olacağından eminim, tek yapmam gereken uygun zamanı beklemek..."

Bu arada klişeyi yaşamalısınız: çılgınca içmek, partilerde eğlenmek, aykırı yorumlar yapmak ve akran grupları tarafından sürekli eleştirilmek. Bu egoist çevrede daha az esrarengiz olan karakterler utangaçlıklarından sessizce kaybolup giderler. Bu binlerce Hiçkimseler arasında ise sessizce parlayan birkaç cevher vardır, içten içe başarıya giden yolun sadece çok çalışmak ve emek vererek olağanüstü el veya algı becerileri geliştirmek olduğunun farkına varırlar. ... içlerindeki sanatçı ise bekleyebilir.

Her üniversite öğrencisi final sergisini hayal eder. Üç hafta öncesinde, sanat okullarının stüdyoları duvarları badanalayan, yerleri süpüren, ve son dakikada aceleyle yaptıkları başyapıtlarını telaş içinde duvarlara, tavana ya da zemine yerleştiren öğrencilerle doludur. Bu kesinlikle BAY BÜYÜK'ün kapıdan gireceği,



Jenny Saville Torso 2 2004
courtesy Saatchi Gallery

them of their greatness. Their youth drifts away...they become carpenters, hairdressers, clerks, teachers anything but...reality takes over and they realize that it was all but an idle dream, and that art because of its 'kudos' is a bandwagon that attracts some of the biggest shallowest poseurs in society whatever their background. 99.9% of work produced in any generation is repetitive dröss, nothing more than a sheep in wolf's clothing.

And yet for the very few whose dream does become a reality, they really are wolves whose work bites rather than munches, growls rather than bleats, that really does challenge and speak about the human condition in a new way.

At Glasgow School of Art in summer 1992, a 22 year old student was busy hanging her work for her show. A short, slim, plain looking individual who instead of partying hard had taken the time and trouble to master the laborious technical skills involved in drawing and painting well, who has subsequently described herself as a 'binge' painter saying: "I like working. My friends get pissed off. I cancel dinner dates because I like being in my studio." The student was Jenny Saville.

Following her instinct, she didn't go the way of thousands of her peers into the ever decreasing but currently fashionable circles of abstraction, minimalism and all the other post-isms which had swept the western world in the decades leading up to her exhibition. She simply looked at herself in the mirror, and like so many contemporary women had felt uncomfortable with what she saw.

αριστουργήματα στους τοίχους, τις οροφές ή τα πατώματα. Σίγουρα αυτή είναι η στιγμή που θα μπει ο κος Μεγάλος από την πόρτα, θα βγάλει επιδεικτικά το βιβλιάριο επιταγών και θα τους παρασημοφορήσει ως το πιο πρόσφατο και μεγαλοπρόσωπο στην ιστορία της τέχνης! Μετά από την σχολή καλών τεχνών, μερικοί συνεχίζουν με αυτό το όνειρο για μερικά ακόμα χρόνια, πικραμένοι και αγανακτισμένοι επειδή η ζωή τους έχει εξαπατήσει. Τα νιάτα τους φεύγουν... γίνονται ξυλουργοί, κομμωτές, υπάλληλοι, δάσκαλοι, σιδηρύτες εκτός... η πραγματικότητα κυριαρχεί και συνειδητοποιούν ότι ήταν ένα σκληρό όνειρο, και ότι η τέχνη λόγω της αναγνωρισιμότητας της είναι μια μόδα που προσελκύει μερικούς από τους πιο ρηχούς υποκριτές της κοινωνίας ανεξαρτήτως υποβάθρου. Το 99.9% των έργων που παράγονται σε οποιαδήποτε γενιά είναι επαναλαμβανόμενα σκουπίδια, τίποτα περισσότερο από ένα πρόβατο μεταμφιεσμένο σε λύκο.

Και όμως για πολύ λίγους το όνειρο γίνεται πραγματικότητα, είναι πραγματικά λύκοι των οποίων η δουλειά δαγκώνει και δεν μασά, βρυχάται και δεν βελάζει, πραγματικά προκαλεί και μιλά για την ανθρωπίνη κατάσταση με έναν νέο τρόπο.

Στη σχολή καλών τεχνών της Γλασκόβης το καλοκαίρι του 1992, μια 22χρονη φοιτήτρια ήταν απορροφημένη στις προετοιμασίες της για την τελική έκθεση. Μια κοντή, λεπτή, και απλή κοπέλα που αντί να ξενυχτάει γλεντώντας είχε αφιερώσει χρόνο και κόπο μαθαίνοντας και τελειοποιώντας τις επίπονες τεχνικές δεξιότητες

birdenbire çek defterini çıkarıp onları sanat tarihinin en son ve en büyük kederli tipleri arasında katacağı andir!

Sanat okulundan sonra bazıları bu hayali birkaç yıl daha sürdürür, hayat onları aldattığı ve büyük-lüklerini sakladığı için acılı ve küskündürlük. Gençlikleri geçip gider... marangoz, kuaför, yazman, öğretmen, tek bir şey dışında herşey olurlar... gerçek kendini gösterir ve hepsinin yalnızca başıboş bir hayalden ibaret olduğunu anlarlar, ve sanatın 'şöhret'i yüzünden bir sürüye uydugunu ve özgeçmişlerine bakmadan toplumdaki en büyük yapmacık pozcuları topladığını düşünürler. Her neslin ürettiği eserlerin 99.9% u tekrardan ibarettir ve değersizdir, kurt kılıgında kuzudan başka birşey değildir.

Öte yandan hayali gerçeğe dönüşen birkaç kişi ise eserleriyle kuru gürlütüden çok gerçekten ses getirirler. Eserleri gerçekten meydan okur ve insanın toplumsal durumundan yeni bir yaklaşımla bahsedir.

1992 yazında Glasgow Sanat Okulu'nda, 22 yaşında bir öğrenci sergisi için eserini asmakla meşguldü. Kısa boylu, zayıf, sade görünümlü birisi olan bu kız sabahlara kadar parti yapmak yerine iyi çizmek ve iyi resim yapmak için gereken zahmetli teknik becerilere hakim olmak için zaman ayırıp gayret sarfeden birisiydi. Sonradan kendisini 'kaptırmış' bir ressam olarak tanımlar ve şöyle der: "Çalışmayı seviyorum. Arkadaşlarım sinirlenirler. Akşam yemeği randevularını iptal





Jenny Saville Knead 1995 Private European Collection

She decided therefore to “use my body as a prop. It’s like loaning my body to myself. So the flesh becomes like a material.”

Unusually for degree shows, her work caused quite a stir and all the paintings shown were sold. The year following her degree she studied at Slade; and yes, like the fairy story art students fantasize, things really did start happening. One of her paintings was included in “Critic’s Choice” at London’s Cooling Gallery, there it was seen by the then Mr. Big of the UK art scene Charles Saatchi. He immediately commissioned 15 new works and these were eventually exhibited at the Young British Artists III show in 1994. In the same year she moved to New York, and began observing the work of a plastic surgeon. The paintings from this experience were exhibited in the ‘Sensation’ exhibition at the Royal Academy of Art in 1997. At the age of 27 she had become one of the most successful painters on the international stage. Honour followed honour. Award followed award. She became a tutor of figure painting at the Slade in London and late last year she was elected to the Royal Academy, once one of the most

της ζωγραφικής, η οποία στη συνέχεια περιέγραψε τον εαυτό της ως λαιμαργή ζωγράφο: “Μ’ αρέσει να δουλεύω. Αυτό εκνευρίζει τους φίλους μου. Ακυρώνω ραντεβού και γεύματα επειδή μ’ αρέσει να βρισκόμαι στο στούντιό μου.” Αυτή ήταν η Jenny Saville.

Ακολουθώντας το ένστικτό της, δεν ακολούθησε τον καθοδικό-αλλά μοδάτο- δρόμο που πήραν χιλιάδες όμοιοι της προς τα μοντέρνα κύματα της αφαίρεσης, του μινιμαλισμού και όλων των άλλων μεταγενέστερων -ισμών που σάρωναν το δυτικό κόσμο εκείνη την περίοδο. Απλά αντίκρισε τον εαυτό της στον καθρέφτη, και όπως τόσες πολλές σύγχρονες της γυναίκες είχαν αισθανθεί άβολα με αυτό που έβλεπαν, έτσι ένωσε κι’ αυτή. Αποφάσισε επομένως “να χρησιμοποιήσω το σώμα μου ως σκηνικό βοήθημα. Σαν να δανείζω το σώμα μου στον εαυτό μου. Έτσι η σάρκα γίνεται ένα υλικό.”

Κατ’ ασυνήθιστο τρόπο για φοιτητική τελική εκθεση, η δουλειά της προκάλεσε αρκετές συζητήσεις και όλα τα έργα της που εκτέθηκαν, πωλήθηκαν. Τον επόμενο χρόνο φοίτησε στο Slade* και ναι, όπως το παραμύθι που φαντασιώνονται οι

ederim çünkü stüdyomda olmayı seviyorum.” Bu öğrencinin adı Jenny Savilli idi.

İçgüdülerine kulak vererek, binlerce yaşınının yaptığı gibi gitgitde küçülen fakat o sıralarda moda olan soyut çevrelere kendini kaptırmadı, sergisine kadar süregelen ve on yıllardır batı dünyasını silip süpüren minimalizm ve bütün diğer postizmlerin dışında kaldı. O sadece aynada kendine baktı ve çağın kadınlarının birçoğu gibi o da gördüğünden rahatsızlık duydu. O da bu yüzden “vücudumu eşya olarak kullanmaya karar verdim. Vücudumu kendi kendime ödünç vermek gibi. Böylece beden bir malzemeye dönüşüyor.” Lisans sergilerine göre eseri oldukça heyecan uyandırdı ve sergilenen bütün resimler satıldı. Lisansından sonraki sene Slade’de çalıştı, ve evet, sanat öğrencilerinin fantazilerini süsleyen masalsi hikayede olduğu gibi, herşey teker teker gerçekleşmeye başladı. Resimlerinden biri Londra’daki Cooling Galerisi’deki ‘Critic’s Choice’ da yer aldı, orada o zamanın İngiltere sanat dünyasının Bay Büyüğü olan Charles Saatchi tarafından görüldü. Saatchi hemen

φοιτητές τέχνης, τα πράγματα είχαν στ’ αλήθεια αρχίσει να κινούνται. Ένα από τα έργα της περιλήφθηκε στο “Critic’s Choice” στην Cooling Gallery του Λονδίνου, όπου εκεί το είδε ο τότε κ.Μεγάλος της βρετανικής καλλιτεχνικής σκηνής, Charles Saatchi. Αμέσως χορήγησε 15 νέα έργα της τα οποία εκτέθηκαν τελικά στην Young British Artists III 1994.

Τον ίδιο εκείνο χρόνο πήγε στη Νέα Υόρκη και άρχισε να παρακολουθεί τη δουλειά ενός πλαστικού χειρουργού. Τα έργα της από αυτή την εμπειρία συμπεριλήφθηκαν στην έκθεση “Sensations” στη Βασιλική Ακαδημία Τεχνών του Λονδίνου το 1997. Στα 27 της, είχε γίνει μία από τις πιο επιτυχημένες ζωγράφους στη διεθνή σκηνή. Τις τιμές και τα βραβεία ακολουθούσαν νέες τιμές και νέα βραβεία. Άρχισε να διδάσκει τέχνη στο Slade στο Λονδίνο και πέρυσι εκλέχτηκε από τη βασιλική ακαδημία ως μία από τους πιο συνηρητικούς προστάτες τέχνης στο Ηνωμένο Βασίλειο.

Ποιο είναι το μυστικό της Jenny, λοιπόν; Ναι, φυσικά υπήρξαν εξωτερικές επιρροές, αλλά αυτό που τελικά κράτησε ήταν η ειλικρινής διεύθυνση στις προσωπικές της εμπειρίες καθώς μεγάλωνε. Μια από τις πρώτες μνημες της βρίσκεται κάπου στο 1974 όταν ήταν τεσσάρων ετών. Θυμάται πάνω σε ένα από τα σκαλιστά άλογα ενός νεομοντέ πάρκου αναψυχής να νιώθει τον επικίνδυνο ενθουσιασμό και έπειτα τη φρίκη βλέποντας την πτώση ενός άλλου μικρού κοριτσιού κοντά της: «Θυμάμαι τα χτυπημένα πόδια, την ματωμένη πληγή, πολύ αίμα, μεταξύ των ποδιών της, και εκείνο το μίγμα ενθουσιασμού και ανησυχίας. Έμεινα πάνω στο άλογο πηγαίνοντας γύρω-γύρω, βλέποντας μόνο στιγμές και φάσεις, και δεν μπορούσα να περιμένω μέχρι να έρθω γύρω πάλι. Αυτό το γεγονός την έκανε να συνειδητοποιήσει ότι η ζωή και ο θάνατος είναι σε στενή εγγύτητα και ότι η μόνη βεβαιότητα που έχουμε είναι ο θάνατος.

Είχε μια δύσκολη παιδική ηλικία. Οι γονείς της ήταν και οι δύο εκπαιδευτικοί και μεγάλωσε με ένα άβολο αίσθημα για τον τρόπο ζωής τον οποίο της επέβαλαν. Σαν παιδί εκπαιδευτικών αναμενόταν από αυτήν περισσότερο από κάθε άλλο να κάνει το σωστό, να υπερέχει και να συμπεριφέρεται με τέτοιο τρόπο που δεν αναμενόταν από άλλα παιδιά της ηλικίας της. Η θέση του πατέρα της ως διευθυντής

o anda Saville’in 15 yeni eserinin siparişini verdi ve bu eserler sonuç olarak 1994’te Young British Artists II sergisinde yer aldı.

Jenny Saville aynı yıl New York’a taşındı, ve bir estetik cerrahın çalışmalarını gözlemlemeye başladı. Bu tecrübe sonucu yaptığı resimler 1997’de Royal Academy of Art’daki ‘Sensation’ isimli sergide yer aldı. Daha 27 yaşında uluslararası sahnada tanınmış en başarılı ressamlardan biri olmuştü.

Başarı başarıyı izledi. Ödüller birbirini takip etti. Londra’da Slade’de figür resim öğretmeni oldu ve geçen yılın sonlarında bir zamanlar İngiltere’deki sanatın en muhafazakar kalelerinden biri olan Royal Akademi’ye seçildi.

Peki, Jenny’nin sırrı ne? Tabi ki dış etkiler olmuştü, fakat sonuçta esas yaptığı büyürken başından geçen kişisel tecrübelerini dürüstçe kullanmak oldu. En eski hatıralarından biri 1974’e dayanır, o sıralar 4 yaşındaydı. Eski moda bir fuar alanındaki altıkarıncada tahta bir atın üzerinde giderken yanındaki küçük bir kızın düşüşünü gördüğünü ve hem korku hem de heyecan duyduğunu anımsıyor: “Bacaklarındaki kesikleri hatırlıyorum, bacaklarının arasındaki kanlar içindeki yarayı – gerçekten kan içindeydi – ve o endişe ile korku karışımı duyguyu. Atın üzerinde dönmeye devam ettim, parçaları görüyordum, ve tekrar tur atıp oraya gelmek için sabırsızlanıyordum.” Bu olay onun, yaşamın ve ölümün birbirine ne kadar yakın olduğunun ve kesin olan tek şeyin ölüm olduğunun farkına varmasını sağladı.

Huzursuz bir çocukluğu oldu. Anne ve babası eğitimciydi ve üzerine yükledikleri hayat tarzından dolayı kendini sürekli rahatsız hissederek büyüyüdü. İki eğitimcinin çocuğu olduğu için

conservative bastions of art in the UK. So where lies Jenny’s secret? Yes of course there were external influences, but what she ultimately did was to tap honestly into her own personal experiences as she grew up. One of her earliest memories dates back to around 1974 when she was 4 years old. She remembers riding on one of the carved horses of an old fashioned fairground merry go round and the dangerous excitement and then the horror of seeing another little girl near her fall off: “I remember the cut legs, the bloody wound, really bloody, between her legs, and that mix of excitement and worry. I kept going round, seeing snippets, and I couldn’t wait ‘til I got round again.” This incident gave her a deep awareness that life and death are in such close proximity and that the only certainty we have is death. She had an uneasy childhood. Her parents were both educators and she grew up feeling uncomfortable with the lifestyle they imposed on her. As the child of educators she more than others was expected to do things right, to excel and behave in a way that was not expected of other children by their

parents. Her father's job as a council education director meant that they often had to move. She grew up lacking a stable physical environment, so she learned to create an artificial one in her mind. "The environment changed, the references changed, people's accents, the physicality of the landscape. I carried images around with me even then. They were my constant." As a consequence she grew up feeling quite alienated from her ever-changing peer group. "Other people I've talked to had the same bedroom all their childhood. To me that's magical. That your journey as a child would be within the same four walls. I never had that level of stability." Her abiding memory is of herself as a child: "In a classroom, me an isolated figure, others belonging, I didn't" Even though her parents opposed the idea of her training to become an artist, in 1988, at the age of 18 she went to Glasgow School of Art. For her this felt like a sort of "homecoming" because she was finally working within a receptive environment. She had no grant and worked as a waitress to support herself and pay for a separate studio. However, for her "Art in school" (meaning socialized or taught art) and "art at home" were always separate. "When I was little, I'd go to school and be told what to do. And I'd do it, but it always annoyed me." For her, art was always made apart, in the confines of her own room.

So what of the future? Where do you go when the world has fallen at your feet at such a young age, and you can now spend up to £12,000 on just the materials for one painting? In some ways it can be a tragedy, for a great talent can just as easily be stifled as raised. There is a grave danger of your market demanding that you keep repeating the same thing until the day you die. You effectively become a prisoner of your own success. Witness Dan Flavin and his fluorescent light tubes, by means of which he has endlessly and to my mind futilely been repeating himself for decades. The 90's generation in the UK was exceptionally lucky. It had a Mr. Big who for financial reasons was prepared to risk his money and pluck a few fortunate people out of relative obscurity and nurture them with financial acumen into the super stars of today. Not all the "discoveries" are equally talented, some in my opinion were just plain lucky with a natural gift for self publicity, little more. As with all art we will have to wait some 50 years after they die to really see the quality of their work. Above and around all of them flit two wraiths, dark lingering

δημοτικής εκπαίδευσης σήμαινε ότι έπρεπε να μετακομίζουν συχνά. Μεγάλωσε με την έλλειψη ενός σταθερού φυσικού περιβάλλοντος, και έτσι έμαθε να δημιουργεί ένα τεχνητό περιβάλλον στο μυαλό της. "Το περιβάλλον άλλαζε, οι αναφορές άλλαζαν, οι προφορές των ανθρώπων, η φυσικότητα του τοπίου. Κουβαλούσα εικόνες μαζί μου ακόμα και τότε. Ήταν το σημείο αναφοράς μου." Κατά συνέπεια μεγάλωσε νιώθοντας περιθωριακή και ξένη από το συνεχώς μεταβαλλόμενο σύνολο παιδιών γύρω της. "Άλλοι άνθρωποι που έχω μιλήσει, είχαν την ίδια κρεβατοκάμαρα σε όλη την παιδική τους ηλικία. Για μένα αυτό είναι μαγικό. Ότι το ταξίδι σου ως παιδί θα ήταν μέσα στους ίδιους τέσσερις τοίχους. Δεν είχα ποτέ εκείνο το επίπεδο σταθερότητας." Η πιο δυνατή ανάμνηση της ως παιδί είναι: "Σε μια τάξη, εγώ, ένα απομονωμένο άτομο, άλλοι που ανήκαν στο σύνολο, εγώ όχι."

Παρά το ότι οι γονείς της δεν συμφωνούσαν με την ιδέα της να σπουδάσει καλές τέχνες, το 1988, σε ηλικία 18 χρόνων πήγε στη School of Art της Γλασκόβης. Αυτό την έκανε να νιώσει "πίσω στο σπίτι" αφού επιτέλους εργαζόταν και παρήγαγε μέσα σε ένα δεκτικό περιβάλλον. Δεν είχε καμιά επιχορήγηση και εργαζόταν ως σερβιτόρα για να τα βγάλει πέρα και για να έχει ένα στούντιο.

Εντούτοις, "η τέχνη της στο σχολείο" (εννοώντας την κοινωνικοποίηση της και την διδασκόμενη τέχνη) και "η τέχνη στο σπίτι", ήταν πάντα δύο ξεχωριστές έννοιες. "Όταν ήμουνα μικρή, πήγαινα στο σχολείο και μου έλεγαν τι να κάνω. Και το έκανα, αλλά πάντα με εννοχλούσε." Γι' αυτήν, η τέχνη γινόταν πάντα κόρια, πίσω από τις κλειστές πόρτες του δωματίου της.

Τι επιφυλάσσει το μέλλον, λοιπόν; Πού θα πηγαίνεις αν ο κόσμος είχε πέσει στα πόδια σου σε μια τόσο μικρή ηλικία, και αν μπορούσες τώρα να ξοδέψεις έως και £12,000 σε υλικά για έναν και μόνο πίνακα; Από τη μια μπορεί να είναι τραγωδία, γιατί ένα μεγάλο ταλέντο μπορεί όπως ακριβώς εύκολα έφτασε στην κορυφή το ίδιο εύκολα να πέσει. Υπάρχει ένας σοβαρός κίνδυνος η αγορά να απαιτεί τη συνεχή παραγωγή του ίδιου πράγματος μέχρι την ημέρα που θα πεθάνεις. Οπότε, στην πράξη, μετατρέπεται σε φυλακισμένο της επιτυχίας σου. Ζώντανό παράδειγμα ο Dan Flavin και οι φωτεινοί, φωσφορούχοι σωλήνες του, με τη βοήθεια των οποίων ατελείωτα, και κατά τη γνώμη μου ανώφελα, επαναλαμβάνει τον εαυτό του για δεκαετίες τώρα.

diğer ailelerin çocuklarından daha farklı beklentileri karşılamalı ve herşeyi doğru yapmalı ve üstünlük göstermeliydi. Babası konsey eğitim direktörü olduğu için işi gereği sık sık taşınmak zorundaydılar. Büyürken hep sabit bir fiziksel çevrenin eksikliğini hissetti, ve o da bu yüzden kendi yapay çevresini yaratmayı öğrendi. "Çevre değişiyordu, referanslar değişiyordu, insanların aksanları, peyzajın fizikselliği. Daha o zamandan aklımda imgeler taşımaya başlamıştım. Bu imgeler benim değişmezlerimdi." Sonuç olarak kendisini durmadan değişen yaş grubundan tamamen soyutlanmış hissederek büyüdü. "Konuştuğum diğer insanların bütün çocuklukları boyunca yatak odaları hiç değişmemişti. Bana göre bu fevkalade birşeydi. Çocuk olarak yaptığınız yolculuğun aynı dört duvar içinde geçmesi yani. Benim hayatımda hiçbir zaman böyle bir istikrar olmadı." Kendi çocukluğuyla ilgili aklında kalan: "Bir sınıfta, tek başıma ben bir kenarda, diğerleri oraya ait, ben değilim."

Ailesinin sanatçı olmak için eğitim almasına karşı çıkmasına rağmen, 1988'de, 18 yaşında Glasgow Sanat Okulu'na gitti. Bu onun için bir "yuvaya dönüş" gibiydi çünkü en sonunda kendisini kabul eden bir çevrede çalışıyordu. Bursu yoktu ve masraflarını ve ayrı bir stüdyonun giderlerini karşılamak için garsonluk yaptı. Fakat, onun için "okulda Sanat" (yani sosyalleştirilmiş ve öğretilen sanat) ve "evdeki sanat" birbirinden ayrıydı. "Küçükken, okula giderdim ve bana ne yapacağım söylenirdi. Ve ben de yapardım, ama bu beni hep rahatsız etti." Ona göre, sanat her zaman ayrı bir yerdeydi, kendi odasının sınırlarında.

Peki ya gelecekte ne olacak? Bu kadar genç bir yaşta dünya ayaklarının altına serildiğinde nereye gidersin, hem de şimdi tek bir resmin malzemelerine harcayacak £12,000'un varken? Bazı bakımlardan bu bir trajedi bile sayılabilir, ne de olsa büyük bir yetenek yükseltildiği gibi kolayca bastırılabilir de. İçine girdiğin pazarın ömrünün sonuna kadar aynı şeyi tekrar etmeni istemesi gibi ciddi bir tehlike söz konusudur. Sonuçta kendi başarısının mahkumu olabilirsiniz. Dan Flavin'e ve floresan ışık tüplerine bakın, bence onlar yüzünden onyıllardır yararsız bir biçimde kendini tekrarlıyor.

İngiltere'de 90 kuşağı son derece şanslıydı. Finansal nedenler-

shadows from a time long gone. The first of these is that of William Adolph Bouguereau (1825-1905), the great French academic painter, the superstar darling of his age, who is now all but unknown and whose cherubs grace tacky trays, plant holders and souvenirs. The other, the shadow of Vincent Van Gogh (1853-1890) - Dutch outcast who no woman considered good enough to return his love, who ended up shooting himself in the stomach in his loneliness and despair but whose work, ignored in his lifetime, all but screams at us today. Seeking inspiration from the death of the author Dickens, Van Gogh often did paintings of empty chairs-as a reminder that for all of us that is all that will one day remain, the empty chair that we once used to sit in.

It is important that whilst we are living we fill that chair with all the integrity and honesty that we can muster.

Η γενιά της δεκαετίας του '90 στο Ηνωμένο Βασίλειο ήταν εξαιρετικά τυχερή. Υπήρχε ο κος Μεγάλος ο οποίος για οικονομικούς λόγους ήταν έτοιμος να διακινδυνεύσει τα χρήματά του και να βγάλει μερικούς τυχερούς από ένα σχετικά σκοτεινό πεδίο παρέχοντάς τους οικονομική στήριξη και βοηθώντας τους να γίνουν τα έξοχα αστέρια που είναι σήμερα. Δεν είναι όλες οι «ανακαλύψεις» εξίσου ταλαντούχες• μερικοί από αυτούς ήταν κατά τη γνώμη μου απλά τυχεροί, έχοντας το φυσικό δώρο της αυτοπροβολής λίγο περισσότερο από τους υπόλοιπους. Όπως με όλη την τέχνη, θα πρέπει να περιμένουμε να περάσουν περίπου 50 χρόνια από το θάνατο των καλλιτεχνών για να αξιολογήσουμε την δουλειά τους. Όλοι τους περικυκλωμένοι από το γρήγορο πέταγμα δύο μορφών, δύο σκοτεινών σκιών, από μια εποχή που έχει κατά πολύ περάσει.

Η πρώτη από αυτές τις σκιές είναι του William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905), του μεγάλου γάλλου ακαδημαϊκού ζωγράφου, του σουπέρ-σταν, που ήταν ο υποσχόμενος και ο αγαπητός της εποχής του, ο οποίος είναι σήμερα σχεδόν άγνωστος και του οποίου τα χερουβείμ κοσμούν κακόγουστους δίσκους, γλάστρες και αναμνηστικά. Η άλλη σκιά είναι του Vincent Van Gogh (1853-1890), του Ολλανδού περιθωριακού που καμιά γυναίκα δεν θεώρησε άξιο να τον αγαπήσει όπως αυτός τις αγάπησε, ο οποίος κατέληξε να αυτοπροβληθεί στο στομάχι μέσα στη μοναξιά και την απελπισία του, του οποίου όμως η δουλειά (που αγνοήθηκε κατά τη ζωή του) φωνάζει σε όλους δυνατά και καθαρά σήμερα. Ψάχνοντας εμπνευσή από το θάνατο του συγγραφέα Dickens, ο Van Gogh συχνά ζωγράφιζε άδειες καρέκλες σαν υπενθύμιση ότι για όλους εμάς αυτό είναι που θα απομείνει μια μέρα, η άδεια καρέκλα στην οποία καθίσαμε μια φορά.

Είναι σημαντικό ενόσω ζούμε να γεμίζουμε εκείνη την καρέκλα με όλη την ακεραιότητα και όλη την τιμιότητα που μπορούμε να συγκεντρώσουμε.

Jenny Saville Passage 2004
courtesy Saatchi Gallery



den dolayı parasını riske atmaya ve birkaç şanslı kişiyi içinde buldukları belirsizlikten koparıp onlara finansal destek sağlayarak günün süper starlarından biri yapmaya hazır bir Bay Büyüklüleri vardı. Her "keşfedilen" aynı derecede yetenekli değildir, bazıları benim görüşüme göre sadece şanslıydı ve kendi reklamlarını iyi yapıyorlardı. Sanatta her zaman olduğu gibi yaptıkları işin kalitesini gerçekten anlamak için ölümlerinin üstünden en az 50 yıl kadar geçmesini beklemeliyiz. Bunların hepsinin aralarında gölge gibi dolanma iki hayalet vardı, geçmişten kalma ağır ağır dolanma koyu gölgeler.

Bunlardan birincisi büyük Fransız akademik ressam, süperstar, çağının gözbebeği, bugün kimsenin tanımadığı ve kanatlı melekeleri bugün zevksiz tepsipleri, çiçek saksılarını ve hediyelik eşyaları süsleyen William-Adolphe Bouguereau'dur (1825-1905). Diğeri ise, Vincent Van Gogh'un gölgesi (1853-1890); hiçbir kadının aşkına karşılık verecek kadar iyi bulmadığı, yalnızlık ve umutsuzluktan kendini karnından vurarak hayatına son veren fakat eserleri (hayattayken önemsenmeyen) bugün yüzümüze haykıran Hollandalı serseri. Bir yazar olan Dickens'in ölümünden ilham alan Van Gogh, çoğu zaman boş sandalye resimleri yapardı - hepimize birgün kalacak olanın bir zamanlar oturduğumuz sandalyeden ibaret olduğunu hatırlatmak istercesine.

Önemli olan hayattayken o sandalyeyi sahip olduğumuz bütün doğruluk ve dürüstlükle doldurmamızdır.