

PAL KEPENYES

SCULPTOR



10.09. – 05.10.2009





PAL KEPENYES

MEXICAN SCULPTOR

In the history of civilization we have noticed from the days of the Old Testament (which reminded us that "man cannot live by bread alone"), how in the intrinsic reach by the Hominid for the intellectual, introspective and interpretative aspects of life, reflecting on the immediate environment around him, he discovered his own creative act or ability to strive for the vertical and cosmic or philosophic values way beyond the initial sweat of the brow. The acute observers of the Human Condition saw the footsteps of man left not only as limestone imprints millions of years ago in black Africa but in the toil and in the interstices of the human soul, i.e. specifically in the creative act beyond the imagination; indeed, "far beyond the limits of man," which is the title of an art catalog, written by Bob Ore (1995), on the life and works of Pal Képenyes, the prolific Mexican sculptor.

Képenyes was born in Kondoros, Hungary, and began his creative art career by exhibiting in Budapest in 1946, right after the end of World War-II. His country as all of Europe was divided by the act of war in the seemingly inescapable fate of the Human Condition captured in the perennial conflict and resolution of man since time immemorial. Indeed, the continent—if not the world—was polarized in the winds of war and in its conclusion by the defeat of Nazi Germany between the communist environment-**East** and capitalist democracy-**West**. In fact, all of the prewar democracies of Eastern Europe fell in the Russian camp, including Hungary. The western part was reconstructed by the Marshall Plan of the United States of America, the capitalist victor and private capital promoter, while Eastern Europe, remained vanquished under the militant and ideological forces of the war-ravaged Soviet Union, the stalwart champion of international proletarianism... Not to over-belabor the point (nevertheless this much must be said) the western part of the continent prospered, the eastern stagnated under the precepts of Marxism, Leninism and Stalinism, which resulted in the upmanship war of conflict & resolution of the dastardly Cold War, that characterized the second half of the terrible 20th century. Man's destiny remained in the balance of to be or not to be as the two ideologies fought it out in the high-tech competition who would outdo the other guy. Fortunately, we survived the ordeal by ending it in peace, despite the still ravaged Eastern Europe and pauperized Russia and Siberia all the way across the humongous land mass to the Pacific coast covering 11½ time zones, from Brest-Litovsk to Chukotka... Alas communism democratized overnight under the force of example, guidance and assistance from the democratic West, whatever the motive (be it dominance of planetary meridians)...

In the meantime, the germinating creative act of Pal Képenyes paid a dear price under the auspices of the Russian administered theory of Socialist Realism, which required art to serve the ideology of the state, all the more insisting that art belonged to the people, i.e. it had to be understood by all, enforcing ideinost (socialist content), defined as the ideological direction of artistic works. It meant stressing the importance of content in art, based on the principle of Marxist-Leninist aesthetics, viewing art not only as a powerful means of realizing reality but also as an active influence upon it. In other words, "ideinost" was defined as the expression in art of the interests, ideals, and spirit of the working masses, specifying how art comes from the people as "makers of history, from their folklore, language and customs."

Therefore, it "belongs to the people," thereby falling under the all-embracing partynost, for the Party is "the guardian of the ideology, the embodiment of the people's will." Hence, its program at once became the projection of historical laws and instrument in achieving the inevitable, ethically desirable outcome of the historical process of history as interpreted by Marxism. Incredibly, what is true, as well as what is ethically good, in a classless society, had to correspond to Party policy and serve the Party's aims, since the Party is the single source of truth. If representation of truth is the essence of a work of art and truth the final aesthetic criterion, obviously the aesthetic value of the artist's work depends on his faithful reflection of the Party view point. Consequently, "any deviation from the principle of partynost produces an unwitting distortion of reality." In other words, whoever is not armed with Marxist-Leninist ideas loses perspective in his daily work and inevitably makes mistakes, for if ideas reflect and serve class interests, hostile class interests result in a distortion of reality and a loss of aesthetic value. Therefrom the persecution, prosecutions and exile of the Creative Intelligentsia and its servitude in the vast Gulag Archipelago of Russia and even Eastern Europe.

Significantly, the artist who deviates from social realism serves interests alien to the proletariat and to his creative efforts: "Socialist realism is the only method of our art Any other method, any other 'direction' is a concession to bourgeois ideology..." In the Soviet view, then, art is not solely an "image" of man's intellectual perceptions, but must serve as an image of the state. Thereby, art under totalitarian communism became "an ideological device or instrument in the reeducation of people in the organization, mobilization, and activization of revolutionary, militant consciousness." (See my seminal academic study, *Unofficial Art in the Soviet Union*, University of California (USA), and Cambridge University Presses (UK) 1967. The 59 pages of the first chapter, where theory of art is outlined for the first time in a new framework of conception of reality – what is the icon, the political poster, and generally "political control of the arts under totalitarianism," which was reprinted perhaps in more than 200 anthologies around the world. Back in the 1960s this volume and its analytical context, plus a series of articles and symposia on this vital subject delivered a mortal coup d' grace to the official theory of art in communist Russia from which it never recovered.

Indeed, at the time perhaps I made the most pertinent point vis a vis the hominid's built-in power to search for reality "beyond the limits of man" (Kepenyes); it came from within his own genetic code, the creative coded matrices injected by the Maker (whatever or whoever was the ingenious engineer – an inanimate machine or animate being) ... I must've presaged then, almost half a century ago, the plight, fight, and achievements of the rising star of Pal Kepenyes—like the phoenix transforming from ashes to life, for Pal is truly the kinetic rooster or cock illustrated on these pages of the gallery catalog now before the reader and viewer of this lasting art form. I wrote:

"In the history of art, attempts to control and make use of the artist for the furtherance of the social good have inevitably met with difficulties. There is dissent, open or covert. Conformity attracts and holds the second-rate abilities; genius slips through the net (in his creative act and geopolitically in this case landing all the way in the Western Hemisphere - Acapulco). Even those artists who are in the moral agreement with the ends to be achieved are reluctant to hand over their right of aesthetic decision. Being told what to paint is being told how to paint ... The 'irreconcilability of art and ideological utility' in the Soviet Union had produced a counter-art," which I termed unofficial art in the government symposium: PROGRESS and IDEOLOGY in the USSR (Washington: US Government Printing Office, 1965), an early study of communist pluralism, the Symposium published in 32 major world languages and distributed worldwide in over 2 million copies. Actually, the cliché germinated in the fall of 1963, while I was traipsing the shifting sands of Soviet Central Asia on a completely different assignment ... I began using it in my correspondence with friends and colleagues while in Russia in 1963-65; it soon became a part and parcel of the lingua franca in the West, including the Webster dictionary. It became synonymous with modern or contemporary art wherever it was constricted, especially for the young artists even in the West, because no one approved of their various directions in form and style, bought, or published their works of art and literature.



LA
MAQUINA

The price paid by the rising genius of Pal Képeny, indeed with his first exhibit in Budapest in 1946, was outright criticism of his output by the Hungarian communist ideologists; eventually it earned him servitude in the Gulag, culminating in the 1956 Revolution against the Soviet occupier, and escape from Hungary to the West in 1957, when he landed in Mexico, the adopted motherland, settling down in Acapulco, on a hill overlooking the exotic bay, where his house and studio have now opened up to the visiting public from all over the world.



MI CASA ES SU CASA

The strikingly unique art of Kepenyés has been collected by such celebrities as the comedian Bob Hope, Robin Leach (an English celebrity writer famous for hosting the first show, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*), film star Robert Stack, and many other VIPs. He was born in Kondoros, Hungary, and began exhibiting in Budapest in 1946. His work has been shown in Paris, London, Berlin, Canada, the United States, and Mexico, where he now lives on a hilltop above the exotic coastal city of Acapulco. His work in museums and private collections can be found throughout the world.

One of the most amazing aspects of Pal's creative output, beyond the exquisite monumental works of art, is the artist's prolific preoccupation with smaller creations of kinetic sculptures and intricate aesthetically perfected beautiful jewelry; the latter available in hundreds of jewelry stores all over the planetary meridians, while the sculptures have become collectors items in private villas, museums, parks and corporate offices in the West, soon in the East as next spring we travel to Moscow with a major retrospective exhibition. The artist is now in his 80's and as productive as ever; we can only wish him one more productive life.



Highly sculpted bronze and pyrite ring by Pal Kepenyés; top is approximately 1-1/8" x 3/4", ring is size 6; the look of the prongs of fingers at first sight some seem to be broken, but that's the unique kinetics in the art of the scheme, i.e. it's an integral part of Kepenyés's design, marked: "Pal Kepenyés, patina, in fine condition," to make sure the creator's kinetics was intended. In a way, the chunk of mineral pyrite grabbed in these ageless biogenic partly mobile tentacles, to the contrary speak of life not necessarily of Khayyam's death, advanced by the prolific Persian poet, who kept be-crying the end of life, i.e. to live and let live while we're still alive. Surely, Pal's ring protects the chunk of pyrite rock indicating everlasting life. However, the dichotomy of life and death is the essence of religion, the promises of reincarnation and immortal life of the soul if we live a moral life of goodness and ethical behavior as dictated by the biblical cannons. The moribund feature of life bothered the Persian poet:

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into Dust descend;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and--sans End!

In his monumental work as in the miniatures he expresses the drama of contemporary man of today: anguish, loneliness in company, desire and/or erotic experiences, trauma, myths, conscience, self-consciousness, wonder and the marvelous...ad infinitum, and some of it in consecutive kinetic dimensions. In fact, Kepenyés is a creative act philosopher in his own right, as reflected in personal observations reproduced on these pages. He works in bronze, copper, iron, gold, silver, precious stones, and other media. In his work, he presents past and future as mere moments in eternity, which he delivers to the followers and appreciators of his once 'unofficial' now truly 'contemporary' art form.

Of course, on the Acapulco hillside over the bay and starry sky (see his Adam & Eve) Kepenyés muses and amuses us with parallels drawn to Omar Khayyam's poetic philosophy:

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to It for help—for
As impotently moves as you or I

However, in his search for the Hominid's identity and purpose of existence, Kepenyés is not as fatalistic as Khayyam indicates:

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

It's worth contemplating the fate or man's mission on this "pale-blue dot," as the famous late astronomer Carol Sagan called our planet Earth seen from a distance of some 6 billion kilometers from the Pioneer 10 platform camera (May 11, 1996), the man-made space vehicle heading out into open space with acute contact messages for our cosmic brethren... Moreover, our Lord Jesus Christ's comment how he was "Alfa and Omega, the beginning and the end," hence these are the mysteries which the sculptor speaks of (below) and asks us to join the parade of search including his creative interpretations thereof... Expectantly, Omar spelled out his fatalism in this famous quatrain:

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

To the contrary, the sculptor not only accepts the fate of the unknown, but also what's beyond Omar's veil, where the latter had sent his soul to seek an answer, here's what Kepenyés says:

"(This) is how I register the sensation of living, of being myself, of learning first-hand what a being is. I believe, or suppose, that I capture everything, from the flavor of tropical fruit, to the dreams of eternity. On this road, today, where man accepts (as his destiny) the route of a god, one soaks up all of the possibilities, be they technological, biological, etcetera, and I, the artist sculptor, arrived at the place where the "sensimeta pales" were, and that is where I found in the infinite labyrinths, the possibility of the go & come, of the alterations of the movement-road, the mathematical multiplication, thick-forest meditation, Aldous Huxley's refuge. Yes, my brothers! These are the ever-changing mysteries and labyrinths. Come, then! See and change, search with me and take Arian's thread that will help us return."

Finally, in this catalog we wanted to introduce the visitor and appreciator of modern art to this real "master of the form", where the creative act has reached and illuminated the trail from the classical past to the cosmic future, expressed in the hands of man, the tool maker... I think Kepenyés (along with this writer and gallery owner) affirmatively says: there must be a reason for our existence in this part of the Cosmos, otherwise we would not be here without an explicit purpose even though we still don't know what it is, except for the incredible truth: It's a privilege to be alive, for Man, a comprehending, contemplating and cognizant being. Think about it ... As we become a space-faring civilization, our mission may very well be to populate this part of the Universe, where sculptors such as our hero fear not to tread ... In fact, we must believe in a Shiny Cosmic Future which awaits us all, indeed, despite the ongoing woes of this ongoing worldwide financial meltdown, whoever or whatever caused it — our destiny holds a triumphant and lasting progress and tranquility for this unique Hominid race of man!

Old Town, Budva, Montenegro MNE

- prof. Paul Cutter August 25, 2009



About my Work

Why are We Poor?

My name is Pal Kepenyés. I am a human being and a foreigner here. It's comforting to know that I'm living on this planet, just as it would please me to have lived and initiated myself in some other place in this universe. Furthermore, I am a sculptor, an artist and a nosey person. I always feel a passion for something besides art, such as Plato's and Socrates' philosophies, the history of the Greeks, in general, and other fascinating civilizations like that of the Mayas. I'm interested as well in agriculture, bees, energy, health, the genome, societies' different systems, or medicine. And, I feel an insatiable thirst for my work, the succession of images, and the incredible speed of light that transports them ...

I would like to know if images wear out or return. I would like to have a gadget for accumulated sequences – a style I invented some years back. That is the name I gave to an artistic expression that has given me great satisfactions: accumulated sequences. It is the grouping of a multitude of slight changes in each image, that conforms and transforms the features of any being or object on the road, into the invisible form of energy.

This great freedom-possibility comes from always having desired to live a long, long time. It's like outliving sculptures. Among the collections of famous museums are those of the Greeks, Mayans, Chinese, Egyptians, Indians, etc., all venerated, and protected while awaiting future generations. I propose that the whole world live longer. Let's place a monumental "Vivo" on a square; it doesn't matter where, and let's have a crane come every two months to help us change the sculpture's form. The fall, reincorporation, struggle, death, descent. I know that only a long period after I have written these lines, or maybe we will never see this sculpture crystallized, but I do know that a human being wants to see himself, that he wishes to have a history, that he needs a mirror. Although ... what I am projecting is also a mirror, it is freer and more mental.

How were they?

That is how I want to mark the measurements-watches-years and the speed of their alterations. All of us, when we travel and find ourselves before some ruins, for some moments try to picture things as they were: lives, constructions, trees, animals ...

To play the game of destruction, to be in the role of barbarians, in a hurricane, in an earthquake, in the wind that wore out the fine dust or the surface of objects, the sirocco that makes the weak commit suicide and, well, the result of sculpting that makes one enjoy the experience. The feeling that we experience both styles more—the “Vivos” and their reconstruction—makes us live more. We recompose the “Vivos” every day, to the degree that they are no longer the same sculpture that our forefathers enjoyed and, on the other hand, they are altered and alterable sculptures. Imagine yourself toying with the strongest of human capacities: fantasy!

Today I am a slave of a style of artistic expression that is, in fact, the description of what happens to us, human beings, and to all others that are alive. They are born and succumb, from generation to generation, and all of us in the end are going to rot, to dust, to the transparency-energy which, like a Phoenix, promises us an eternal resurrection, on new planets-mountains-seas-air. We know that time does not exist. We know that we invented the clock, to measure wrinkles throughout our lives and death. This is the style that I named “Mundo Roto” (Broken World). Appears when I see, like a prophet, how we ruin the world, the air, and the earth where our food grows; food that gives us daily energy to live. On other days, when my faith in human beings is reborn, I call it “Mundo Reconstruido” (Reconstructed World), where I break the sculptures once they are finished, and reconstruct them. Supposedly many things have happened and I now live in another generation, and am therefore incapable of reconstructing the sculptures exactly as they were.

I'm not sure that all human beings living or existing on this planet have a complete idea of what art is, of how it is, or how it should be. I can't think either that the lack of unisonous would be catastrophic; on the contrary, it could be an asset. We shall try to reason and eliminate a deeply-imbedded concept: that the quality of a work of art depends on the ability of the hands making it, including the rest of the body: legs, feet, waist, spinal column, mouth, stomach, etc. But we depend much more on our hands and arms for the execution of any type of work of art, and that work depends much more on the brain, on the person's sight and visual memory which decides execution values like, not sticking to the rules such as a perfect finish, for example. On the other hand I can emphasize the most important aspect, reaching esthetical satisfaction for whatever reason. Hence, the execution depends on a careful or inspired decision.

The process for choosing our language that presents a panorama-category, and the best existing height for the work of art is also influenced by the sensitivity of any historical or contemporary information and the feeling of actuality. At numerous museums in the world, one can find guides who speak to audiences craving knowledge, using extravagant words that make no sense and the result is greater confusion or information impossible to digest. The age of abstraction it had its own norms of movement between lines, objects floating in the wind, the crashing of two objects with opposite movements, the struggle of an object that penetrates another: Is it an assassination, occupation, penetration --we

can thus say that the term "abstract" is very dubious. I could venture to say that a microscopic item is inexistent; the observation of something small and something enormous confirms the affirmation. With the revelation of the number of forms in existence or in transforming movement towards a frankly infinite stability, said stability, meanwhile, is not achieved.

In the space-sky
 I see your magnificent light among the mortals
 You are that which will be among the chromosomes!
 Victorious, immortal...
 Happiness exploded 50 000 times
 More brilliant than the sun
 Come, my loved one!

You are the glorious existence!
 A Palace in space
 Walking all of the paths
 A place like you
 I promise there shall be no death for you
 Victorious, they call out
 You open the skies
 Your prints are horizons
 Do not fear the tempests, oh triumphant!
 Your being is full of eyes
 And there shall be no death for you!

I am the one who forever seeks synonyms; I know there are millions and millions, and maybe one of them is the one closest to eternity, to infinity, compassion, a mayor, women, rats, long chains, unique chords, spiders, saliva, a stomach, suicides, life.

Vision continues for that which later, much, much later is language, everyone iodized, unisonous, viva, viva! The "Vivos". Long live Mexico, what else? Why? How long? Vieviel Kost das? Ladies, Gentlemen, pochemu? Nemnoshko! Invasion, separation, strength, violation, conservation-sounds, where? To profoundly escape a supportable endlessness, an insupportable music line, Das Profundis, slow steps, the end of the road, fire, Inferno, hits, music, time, a long and short Life! Life? And death, death forever, pour tout jour!

We ask ourselves: At which level of work does it become a work of art? Surely there is no sense in infinitely repeating a word, since the only thing that makes sense is the reality of feeling, seeing and touching the world. But which is the reality, its duration, or relation? Which is our planet's reality? According to the system of the universe, it is the same everywhere. Time condemns us to transformation, alterations, disappearance, recreation, development, and to an ending. We can't even photograph our memories, for beings of the future, if there is a future. Fossils or some types of gasses will mean a little bit less than they do today, but why fool oneself? Human beings did not create their existence; their destiny is a gift... Thanks to whom it may concern for the magnificent gift. We complain throughout our life that due to our brief existence – a section of time that does not manage to reveal the secret to us – we become dust again and leave up to the future generations the duty of facing the unrevealed secrets.

– Pal Kepeyees

Personal Manifesto

I declare I am a living being;
 I am both young and old.
 I need to breath, eat,
 and I love everyone.
 I want to see myself,
 I want to be seen;
 I am playing.

I believe in what I do
Art is not art,
It is magic, illusion, religion;
It is a zest for life!
Its purpose is vital.

I want it to be judged,
And though machines exist,
Let still the hand survive.
Let the individual live on!
Let there be no death!

- Pal Képenyész

Pal Képenyész – Mexico's Prolific Picasso And Adopted Son
By Armando Gonzalez Bolanos

In late March 2008, the Hungarian-born sculptor Pal Képenyész finally fulfilled his lifelong dream of having a second major individual exhibition in an important museum in Budapest, Hungary. Sixty years had passed since his last collective exhibition in the Fine Arts Museum there, and 52 years since he escaped a Communist prison, fled Hungary and found refuge in France after the bloody Hungarian uprising against the occupying Soviet Army. Képenyész had been a Hungarian Freedom Fighter and was kept in solitary confinement by the Soviets for years before his escape. He kept his sanity by creating a new sculpture each day in his imaginary drawing book and then slowly reviewing each invisible page at the start of a new day.

Once safely in Paris, he had a chance to actually create the sculptures he had compiled in his mind. He had a successful exhibition there in 1957, and then migrated to Mexico where he has lived ever since. His first individual exhibition in Mexico City in 1958 convinced him to stay, and he later became a naturalized Mexican citizen. In the early 60's, he fell in love with Acapulco, and the city fell in love with him. He's since become one of Acapulco's native sons and one of its most revered artists. Many of his monumental sculptures are an important part of the city's main squares, traffic circles and boulevards, and they have become landmarks epitomizing Acapulco's personality today.

Kepenyes, now in his 80s, is one of the most exciting sculptors in the world, currently exhibiting in both Budapest and Berlin. Using steel, bronze, and brass, he creates public art, statues, mobiles, centaurs, bulls, human figures, and especially nudes of every size, ranging from thumbnail miniatures and tabletop sculptures to city monuments and grand centerpieces. He is also a master jeweler (in gold, silver and brass), and is collected worldwide, including San Diego's own Mingei Museum in Balboa Park.

Says art critic Juan Miguel de Mora, "The art of Pal Kepenyes seems to coincide with the Upanishads of Ancient India in its essential thesis: 'The search for God is within man himself.'" Kepenyes consistently elevates the human form, male and female, to an extraordinary level. Pal and I have enjoyed a deep friendship for 40 years since we first met as young men in Mexico. It is a friendship that my wife and I recently renewed on our visit to his extraordinary home overlooking the beautiful Acapulco Bay. I say extraordinary home because the house is a sculpture in itself, wide open, wall-less on one entire side (facing the bay, with open living room full of sculptures), open to the air and sea breezes, perched on a cliff and filled with treasures. Giant sculptures rise directly from the floors and tower over tables, couches and people; giant metal mobiles hang and move in the breeze everywhere; there are hidden galleries around each view and surprising corners filled with incredible works of art: Elaborately decorated, solid bronze doors open to the bedrooms. Dining tables and dining chairs are shaped as bizarre and colorful metal people. Cabinets and shelves stand open, spilling over with amazing jewelry.

Pal is an ageless dynamo that, like Picasso in his time, is totally dedicated to continuing the creation of magic in metal with his own hands, regardless of age. He is prolific beyond belief. His personal (bio) energy radiates around him like the white heat of the molten bronze of his sculptures



Pred veliki kulturni događaj!

DRAMA ČOVJEKA DANAŠNJICE U SKULPTURAMA

“Zovem se Pal Kepenješ. Ljudsko sam biće, a ovdje stranac. Utješno je znati da živim na ovoj planeti, isto kao što bi mi bilo drago da sam živio i uveo sebe u neko drugo mjesto u ovom svemiru. Dalje, ja sam skulptor, umjetnik i znatiželjnik. Uvijek osjećam strast za nešto drugo osim umjetnosti, kao što su filozofije Platona i Sokrata, istorija Grka i uopšte drugih zadivljujućih civilizacija kakva je bila kultura Maja. Takođe me zanimaju poljoprivreda, pčele, energija, zdravlje, genom, različiti društveni sistemi, ili medicina. Konačno, osjećam neutiljivu žeđ za svoj rad, nizove slika i nevjerovatnu brzinu svjetlosti koja ih prenosi...”



Tako, ukratko, govori o sebi jedan od možda desetak najvećih živih skulptora današnjice. Rodjen u Mađarskoj (drugo prezime Kovač), počeo je da izlaže već 1946. godine. Studira umjetnost najprije na Školi dekorativnih umjetnosti a zatim Likovnoj akademiji u Budimpešti, da bi 1957 - 1959 koristio stipendiju na čuvenoj Beoux Arts u Parizu. Nakon toga nižu se izložbe u gotovo svim većim centrima svijeta – Parizu, Meksiko Sitiju, Londonu, Los Andelesu, Berlinu, Montrealu, Hagu, Beverli Hilsu, Budimpešti, Minhenu ...

"... Nakon vremena provedenog u staljinističkim zatvorima u Mađarskoj, jedva preživjevši sa malo hrane i odjeće, i osjećajući stud u kostima, sanjao sam o Taormini i skoro kao u priči našao sam se na putu tamo. Prije mnogo godina našao sam mjesto zvano Akapulko gdje sam proživio period ubrzanog življenja: ono što obično traje sto godina meni je prošlo za deset".

Tako, posljednjih dvadeset i pet godina Kepenjes živi u Akapluku, Meksiko, gdje je svoju kuću-muzej sagradio na uzvišenju od oko petsto metara nad morem odakle posmatra jutro kako se spušta na zaliv, kao i noć, uragane, brodove, avione i velike leptire "koji mirišu na ženski parfem".

Uz "normalne" umjetničke (često vrlo velikih dimenzija), Kepenjes radi i spomeničke skulpture i veoma cijenjen nakit. Osnovni materijali su bronza, bakar, gvožđe, čelik, srebro i drago kamenje, a u svojim radovima "on predstavlja prošlost i budućnost kao tek trenutke u vječnosti" (kako kažu u Bryant Galleries).



GENERACIONES



A SU IMAGEN
(SECUENCIAS ACU-
MULADAS)

Izrazito jedinstvena umjetnička djela Pala Kepenješa se nalaze u muzejima i drugim privatnim kolekcijama širom svijeta, dok poznate ličnosti kao Bob Houp, Robin Leach ili Robert Stak poseduju neka u svojim ličnim kolekcijama.

“U svojim minijaturama ili monumentalnim djelima on izražava dramu čovjeka današnjice: tjeskobu, usamljenost u društvu, žudnju ili erotska iskustva, traume, mitove, svijest, samosvjesnost, čuđenje i predivni ... ad infinitum – a sve u kontinuiranim dimenzijama”.

Umjetnik je objavio i

Manifest

Obznanjujem da sam živo biće :
 Ja sam ujedno i star i mlad.
 Imam potrebu da dišem, jedem,
 i volim sve.

Želim da sagledam sebe,
 I želim da budem viđen ;
 Ja se igram.

Vjerujem u ono što radim.
 Umjetnost nije vještina,
 To je magija, iluzija, religija ;
 To je žudnja za životom!
 Svrha njena za život je najbitnija.

Želim da bude procijenjena,
 Pa iako postoje mašine,
 Pustite neka ruka još živi.
 I neka živi pojedinac!
 I neka na bude smrti!

U Akapulku umjetnik je našao mjesto u kome se ...“moralo rasti kao ajkula ili mamut, i gdje sam vidio slike kako prolaze mojim umom i slušao zvuke. Odsvuda sam mogao da vidim tačkice koje su stvarala boje; plašio sam se, i mogao vidjeti kako čovjek ubrzano kopa sopstveni grob. Ali tamo gore nastavio sam da meditiram fotografišući i bilježeći istoriju. Tako sam registrovao osjećaj življenja, samog sebe, učenja iz prve ruke šta je biće. Vjerujem, ili pretpostavljam, da hvatam sve – od ukusa tropskog voća do snova o vječnosti ...”

Za svoj rad Pal Kepenješ je dobio niz značajnih priznanja, uključujući:

Nacionalnu Legiju časti Meksičke akademije umjetnosti,

Zlatni krst za zasluge Republike Mađarske,

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Crnogorski ljubitelji umjetnosti imaće priliku da vide radove ovog umjetnika od 10. septembra u **Galeriji ElenArt u Budvi**.

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Izdavač | Publisher



Za izdavača | For the publisher
Lena & Paul Cutter

Tekst na engleskom pripremio | English text
Paul Cutter

Prevod sa engleskog i priprema | Translation
Dragan Vugdelić

Dizajn | Design
BalkanPro

Štampa | Print
Vapor Podgorica

Tiraž 500 komada

Art Salon, I sprat
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Vlasnici Lena i Paul Cutter



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10.09. – 05.10.2009