

*Lj.Gligorijević u autorovo ime*

THE HEADS AND PREMONITIONS

A two to five millimeters thick tin does not violate a sense of fullness of volume.

I do *not lose* wax in casting. It evokes the softest shadows.

I do not view the heads shaped by thin tin as shells.

I am patinating the aluminum, looking for velvet in it, putting it close to earth and my skin.

In the empty volume core I am discovering the reverse side of the tin. I am polishing it, waking the silvery sheen of aluminum.

Of the ear they say that it is "sensitive skin that was hugged or irritated by sound..." : I am not looking for a constructive role of cavity, important to me are its space and air infused by aluminum gloss. I want the loving gentleness of that mixture.

With reflections inside the volume I also think of the captured massive bell sound.

The head full of light. I am looking for its cosmic space. I am balancing it out by lead secretion. I am providing it focus with an iron lake. Here I am letting the copper tongue do as it wishes.

To the yawn of the head volume I am giving the role of a guide to the beyond.

The heads kicked, heads slaughtered, heads of the mind ... totems, masks, everything is important to me. In the stone heads from the Easter Islands, in these choirs of the souls of the dead, in their mild supine, I am suspecting addressing ranges, eternity.

I am also casting the head of full core, contrary to casting practice. I am excited by the idea of *the quantity* of material in the reduced sculpture volume - I am approaching it before having the thought of weight. I am looking for a way to announce this, I am dividing it in half and am using thin slices derived from the mass, would they not promise judgment.

I am offering the eye the role of a mirror.

P.S. Read the news but keep your head ... somewhere with you, beside you ...

Belgrade, May 2011.

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