

## Evaluation of artistic installations in urban spaces in Kosovo

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### Abstract

This paper deals with the art of installations in urban spaces in Kosovo. Evaluation of installations as art in relation to public spaces. How much do you decorate these spaces? How much does this art lose the value of architecture? Whether installations in public places in Kosovo have a real value? The paper is made on these research questions, resulting in the fact that the installations of famous Kosovar artists express personal, social and real themes of the time.

**Keywords:** Art, installation, urban, creativity, street, creation, value

### Introduction

In addition to living in the present, art must also be of the future. This means new materials and creations. The installations, for example, must contain psychological and philosophical allusions, understood with references (historical, mythical or of the time, because art is limited by the time in which it lives.) The artist Anselm Kiefer belongs to these installations. (In 1969 he presented himself with several photographs titled 'The Invasions', in which he showed himself, saluting as a Nazi, in the countries occupied by Hitler. The images were comical, ironic and grotesque, and the author's satirical intent.) Also that's where the scandal from the Germans also breaks out.

Art should stir up a debate. (meaning psychological, ideological controversy and bodily sensations.) With video recordings, video games, virtual realities, then chairs placed at the edge of the Galleries, a pair of glasses... unconsciously has created chronic directions and the public of art turns into a momentary public. The speed, the dynamics of life

affects a lot. These art spaces exclude aesthetics, install entertainment. This art relies more on model forms than creation. A work that is not should be born to show the noise, psychology, movement that has no harmony, attachment and understanding, then to protesting this is not art. Through art to show non-art. But art lives narrowly and is limited by the country where the artist comes from. As much as new art is born from rejection, it still returns to the past.

### Installations in urban spaces in Kosovo

A petrol pump, an umbrella, a solar panel charger, a mobile phone, a paid worker, are works of art by the artist Sislej Xhafa that was exhibited as part of the Manifesta 14 Biennial. "Froste Pocked", is the title of the work which is an anti-monumental, a commercial object, not at all artistic, but on which product, movement, strength, even survival depends, stoically stands inside the Memorial of



Fig. 1 “Froste Pocked” at Sislej Xhafa.

the National Liberation War in Pristina, which is adjacent to the grave of President Ibrahim Rugova, the activist Adem Demaçi and some graves of the martyrs of the last war in Kosovo.

Xhafa is very controversial, very absurd in relation to the content of the real memorial and the work as a contact to this memorial. The interior, the questions in which we find many answers but how many are adequate because the gas pump stands there to fill any car that it will stop (in a symbolic and figurative sense). Is this pump good for bones and this historical concrete? Art with its strength finds the reason within itself and hides itself towards the oases of contemporary aesthetics, i.e. construct, concept, idea, questions and answers.

An internal imbalance and balance if you want to analyze it in scientific scale. The result is that Xhafa's art is more provocative than aesthetic or glamorous. It encourages you, moves your thinking, perception, makes you compare the space with the object, pushes you to read about the event and the purpose of the Memorial in question, and then when you try to connect the derivative pump with the space, there is a disproportion, a plus and minus, a philosophical and scientific and historical excitement, so this is actually art, the idea or the idea precedes the thought of return and gives birth to the contemporary creation for which we need, spend our money, serve us, raise our economy, pollute the environment, but we still can't do without it.



Fig. 2 "Find me", at Eroll Murati

In Kosovo, after the war, the spaces were flooded with gas pumps, this work can attack such a problem, but the question arises, is the anti-monument intended to replace the monument or compete with it for 100 days? This remains to be determined by the viewer's vision. Nearby you can smell the oil and gasoline, it makes you think that the gasoline hits you more than the story, or the gasoline brings you closer to deal with the history left aside. It is a movement that turns into a revolution. A patience that quickly becomes revolt.

If I came out of the underground, from the underworld, from the fire of the soul. Sent by the whip that kisses my body with marks of remembrance and forgetfulness. You have destroyed every human cell in me, the tissues of my body have shrunk, I have suffered in a stinking cell, you have killed me before the love of life. Once killed by the monster, the vampire who stuck the first knife into my heart and the blood clots dried on the brown soil of the earth. The second knife is forgetting both my blood and my matter.

For the first time when my enemies killed me, I asked for water, a drop of water, and the gray sky was drawn above my face. My moans collided with the silence in the air which that day was scented through the yellowing autumn leaves. The screams came out of my soul, broke my ribcage, I felt somehow that my lungs narrowed, it makes me as thin as a funnel. My nose bled and the blood rushed to my mouth. The blood settled there, coagulated, and the autumn air struggled to saturate my sore lungs. The eyes were replaced by the mouth of the impossibility of words to express the request for the fastest possible murder. The gray sky was marred by the shadow of that vampire slayer's face hovering over my head. I noticed that my eyelids were getting heavier every moment, I couldn't manage anything anymore. I was dying, dying, writhing in pain, the worst was dying in the eyes of the blood-sucking enemy.

The second murder, the resurrection, the return from eternity with the cry: "Find me, find me", here I am. The ghost returned to the brown soil. Bound with steel shackles, hardened to my bones, for flesh and pulp no longer exist. "Look for me, look for me, find me, don't let me die alone for the second time, during the day I am white, at night the ray of hope shines inside me, so I give you light".



Fig. 3 "Protest through art" , at I Am I

The imprisoned noise of the artist "I Am I" responds with a platform of peace and silence, but it mourns, make it roars with all its creative forces that touches the foundations of the current situation, especially the power and political bargains. This protest comes through a logic and aesthetic idea with the symbolic title "The Art of Protest" (protest through art). "QUARANTINE LIFE", then some initials of the parties in the country as well as the surname of President Thaçi. The artist here fights with all his might against a dictatorial fanaticism of the past, regretful tendencies, political complacency. He rebels against this worship of many people, who have already understood the light of truth, against everything that is polluted, gnawed by the worms that have eroded the state with time. The artist considers this unfair, even criminal.

Parties aiming for power make people sick with their achievements and not with the fight against the pandemic, this performance enjoys this element. Let the people stretch their ears and open their tired eyes with the help of this art on the artist's balcony. According to the artist, let everything heal after death and not add salt to cholera.

### Public spaces decorated by installations

Footprints of children, unthinkingly pressed, by inner instinct, fleeing the archaic power that believes in the authority of psychological violence, disregard of society, indifference, painted with the innocence of paints, lit. I contemplated the strong yellow, blue, red and many others, giving freshness to Pristina day and night, especially at night as the moonlight swirled on the glass and the children's hands shone on its end. The beauty of the installation was that the city was viewed with optimistic sculptures, running away from closed depressing ones. This installation is missing in the city and was the most optimistic among the others. The reason for removing is that Thermocos was working there with the intention to return this artwork. That didn't happen and the squares are full of worthless works of art.



Fig. 4 "Installation in urban space" at Alketa Xhafa.

Flowers fascinate us, seduce us, fill our inner emptiness, are like a balm for the wounds of the soul and for the beauty of the eye. Our selves often wander off to the galaxy, wander, and flowers fulfill that particularity of ourselves. Loneliness is heavy for the unaccustomed, while the flower is our best friend in these moments of coexistence. Flowers create bridges of trust with connections to ourselves, the universe and nature. The flower listens to us, looks at us, is a silent ghost, feels, is life and pollen. "Flower don't forgive me " by Petrit Halilaj and Alvaro Urbano was presented as a giant installation created whose space has the destination of the National Library of Kosovo "Pjeter Bogdani" in Pristina.

The flowers flutter under the ninety-nine domes of this Library through which light is cast on the stunning architecture, which reflects traditional style and modern art. These flowers will stand under the sun's rays, under the equinox, in harmony with each other, be it cherry, daffodil, carnation, axis, they are like the harbingers of spring and spiritual heat and mental coldness for the one who hates

the flowers. These flowers are related to the intimate, personal state, collective memory, personal stories, so it is a plant that basks in the spring rays that cries the chest of the earth, and comes to the surface from a tiny seed that we trample on the ground every day, therefore they have difficult and powerful breathing, which suits this season. From their aroma, lust, wonder, tranquility, melancholy, joy, work and life are achieved.

The flowers of the artists define the body and the soul, the strength, the potential that brings us back below the membrane of the brain somewhere in the individual memory and carries it to the collective one. The soul begins to renew itself, surrendering that energy of self to the wings of flame and bursting of flowers. Oppressed, overlooked, ignored by society can navigate this garden of eden to oases of color. Man from the aroma and image of these flowers experiences awakening from lethargy, thrilling vision of colors, love, kisses, boundless desires. I can experience a threshold of deification that the flower



Fig. 5 "Flower dont't forget me (name of the flower)" at Petrit Halilaj and Alvaro Urbanos.

imposes in collaboration with the energy of life, air, color and water. Although, the flower does not diminish the masculine side of man, even though this exhibition focuses on supporting the civil campaign for equal rights in Kosovo, especially for the LGBTQI+ community, this campaign asks the drafters of the new Civil Code to include the right to marry between people of the same sexes, as well as between people of non-heteronormative sexes, thereby empowering the campaign with the beauty of flowers - which has now also become the image of this cause.

Someone can even criticize these artists for whom they wrote that they are also a couple among themselves. In a country without rules and democracy without borders, man does not feel free, does not breathe as he wants, does not walk the way as his heart and mind want, but must be limited within the rusty mentality and violate his individual personal right. These artists will probably break that thought and worry of being watched and criticized by primitive society. In fact, everyone decides their sexual orientation by themselves and these flowers are a symbol of a free spirit approved by Kosovar society. The flower is a symbol of reconciliation. The flower is also for male-female couples and you can easily feel the flattering caress of their petals to encourage you to smell each of them, then you will be dazzled by the kisses and go crazy with love. Feel good, release yourself body and soul under the pressure of the aroma and listen to the sounds or the lullaby imposed by mother nature, because you are already under the brush of colors released like a sailor among the waves who felt the pleasure of salvation.

### **Conclusion**

Art in Kosovo turns out to have achievements in terms of techniques, themes, current events, realism and audience gathering. In addition to living in the present, art must also be of the future. This means new materials and creations. Installations, for example, should contain psychological and philosophical allusions, understood with references (historical, mythical or of time, because art is limited by the time in which it lives.) All this energy of young artists shows that art in Kosovo is on the way to properly and with the help of the internet, artists socialize with world artists by comparing themes, techniques and progress of works. From this we can see that any art cannot live alone without the help of other artists. However, the themes of artists from Kosovo belong to different social, real and personal realities.

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