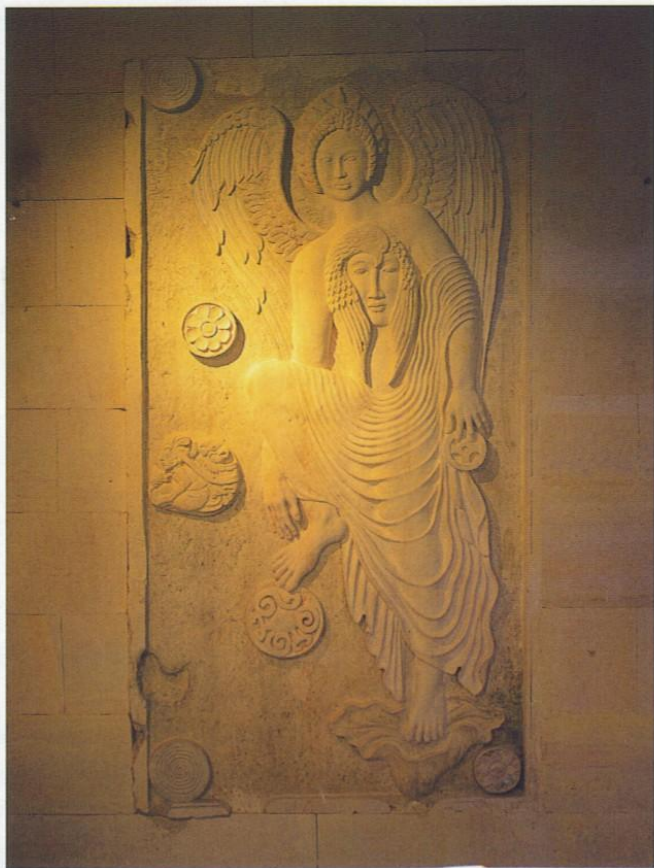
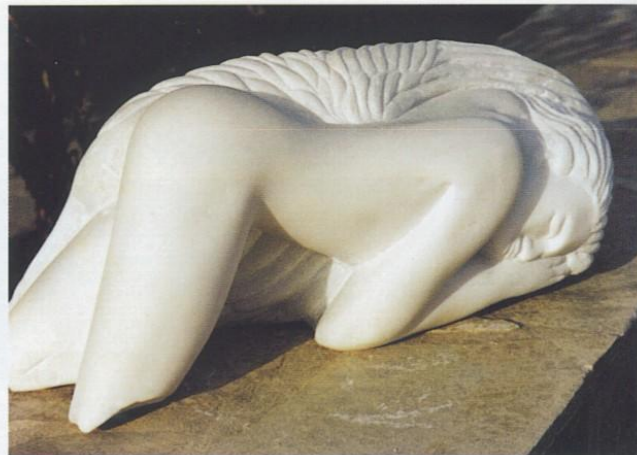


Set in Stone

SCULPTURE BY **FILIPPOS** TEXT **KYLAH BROWN**



Angel of Change, Sandstone. 1996

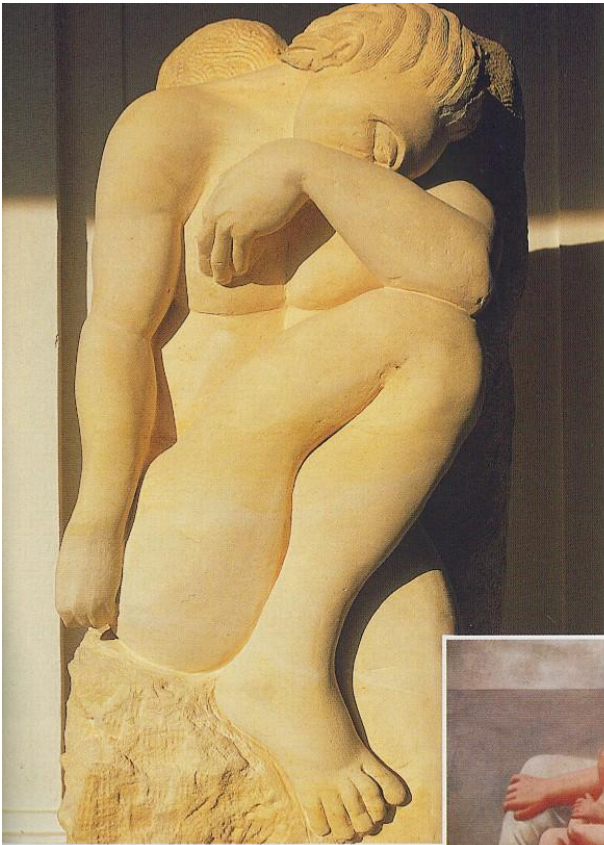


Sleeping Angel, White Marble. 1995

Galeri Nasional Indonesia,
23 -30 August, Opening night: 23rd August

To some, Sculptor Filippus might seem a bit too, dare I say, deep. His beautiful glossy catalogue that I recently had a flick through included some of Filippus' own prose in which he urges the reader to 'touch the baby inside you' and 'drink uninterrupted the enthusiastic juice'. Looking at some of his images, I was reminded of the shops I used to frequent as a pimply pre-pubescent-you know the ones—as you

enter, the door hits the wind-chimes and the room before you is filled with dream-catchers, crystals and clouds of Patchouli. The boom box on the shelf is playing the soothing tunes of a pan flute accompanied by the gentle sounds of a babbling brook. The woman behind the counter is a Birkenstock-clad vegetarian, lesbian wiccan. I used to go there and look at the interpret-your-dream books in hopes of unearthing some prophetic sixth sense.



Innermost, Sandstone 1993

Woman and Child on the Seashore, by Pablo Picasso, 1921



But soon I realized that I just wasn't that intense and never would be.

For those of us who just aren't as deep as Filippus, there is still much to be appreciated in his art. First of all, the sheer magnitude of the process of stone and woodcarving is something that demands respect. Lots of people can paint. For heaven's sake, the elephants in Borobudur can paint. But very few can take a rock or a log and turn it into a magnificent work of art.

The controlled corpulence of some of Filippus' works- the swollen form contained in rigid lines is eerily reminiscent of some Picasso. In many of his works, he has taken the familiar classical form and given it a comprehensible modernity. His pieces 'Centaur Rising' and 'The Emergence of Falling Into Grace' recall the theatricality and hyper-realistic musculature of Greek-Hellenistic sculpture 'Laocoon'.

But I think Filippus' true talent lies not in his ironman ability to hack into stone, nor in his insightful shout-out to the great masters, but rather in his astounding ability to take something so dense, so solid and of-this-earth, and turning it into something so ethereal and light.



Laocöon, by Athenadoros, Hagesandros, and Polydoros. Early 1st century AD



Centaur Rising, Mahogany Wood and Crystal Ball. 1996