

Sport and painting

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My body is used to physical stress, and even if it doesn't perform with such regularity anymore, muscle memory works. Humans are born with predispositions, one of which is physical fitness and coordination. I'm not a biologist or a doctor, so I'll slip into the personal for a moment, even at the cost of mystification. The body reveals a personality by its vitality. My inherited muscle mass is predisposed to speed, not endurance. I am more explosive, better at sprinting, jumping, and close contact in a 1v1 game. Ten years of collegiate play, where the goal is to stalk an opponent's mistake, turn the ball over, and score a basket in a quick counterattack while the rest of the court tries to react, requires a certain predation, quick decision-making, and the ability to read the reactions of other players on the move. Like all team sports, basketball is a fast game; if someone loves that speed and the spirit of a hunter, it changes their temperament. Not all hunters are fast in their practices. A chess player's patience and smothering of his opponent takes too long. He knows how to wait. But I am thinking of the second group of hunters, those who have no backup plans. With all of this, both innate and trained, I find it almost impossible for an artist not to be inclined toward speed in their work as well. I certainly wouldn't unleash my predatory streak on a painting that requires time and precision.

To borrow a few examples from the literary world, I have often wondered how the love of football influenced Camus's temperament over blank sheets of paper, or Kerouac's *On the Road*, written in one breath. They reflect the aforementioned rawness and directness. Certainly perseverance as well. I also often wonder about the mirroring of physical appearance and psyche. Doesn't the gesture, by its directness, reveal the muscles that made it up and the athletic spirit? Would Camus have been as direct and brash if he hadn't been a football player, and Kerouac as sensitive, if he hadn't taken a sense of fair play out of the game? Mitchell and Krasner were considered "the guys" in a society of masculine, aggressive painting, where gesture is synonymous with strength and arrogance, more than with passion for movement. I, however, see them as "sportswomen" because of their temperament and energy.

When I paint, I feel the movement of my hand and body. Something is falling, maybe flowing and catching with a bit of luck on the painting. With inattention, on the floor. Every movement remains in the memory of the painting. If the painting is laid horizontally, all the unintentional traces are carried within it. People should be ambidextrous. Many times I feel sorry for my left hand. My body also feels the injustice and hurts. I like balanced things. The horizontality of the canvas makes me use my palms. To be closer. As I move around, I throw pigment into the painting like salt into boiling water. I'm balancing the form. Tossing, I hope I don't over-salt, my palms begin to dig and toss around. I blow into the residue, watching the parts that have already grown into the painting come free. The 100% momentum of my hand in all directions teases me pleasantly. A generous stroke and then lots of quick little ones. A lunge and a

sprint, a lunge and a sprint, a lunge and a sprint. A long, easy, sure line that would sail through the picture like a catamaran. It would lick the surface without resistance. Another insistently licked its depressions, like an icebreaker. Bárrí. The icebreaker is eerily heavy, cold, and strong, looming over the dark depths of the unknown.

The image begins to ask for flatness. I perceive flatness better vertically. I move the canvas. The whole form must change in order for a new one to grow. There is a very determining physical movement around the canvas and the painting, then a forward-backward movement already within the painting. Then I knead the dough, or rather I tread the cabbage once or twice, push with the left and the right pops out. The forward-backward movement is about depth. Movement from right to left is about line, but also about wobble. You sway lightly with wind or inertia, or something moves you and then you go off like a bird. It's a fully sensitive thing. I concentrate on the bottom right corner, but I have to watch the top left. From there, at the right moment, I'm pulling away and catching up. Don't back up. The picture is forming and changing in the activity.

I realize that painting is ballet, circus, and surf in one. From surfing you have to learn to catch the right wave, have a solid core, determine your center of gravity correctly, and know how to keep your balance. Then you lightly hold on, cut the wave, and it will ride you. From the circus you pick up the foolishness and distraction of attention. You perform in front of an audience half-amateurishly, with humor, for fun, but there's an unfunny sweat of drill behind it. You're forced to nomad and conjure. To form strong bonds and trust your circus performers. And with ballet comes elegance. Every element must be precisely weighted, timed, sovereignly and confidently executed. Simply mastery. So, in the end, my four dream lives merge into one. Not bad. It's all about movement.