

On the meanings of what is depicted

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How is one supposed to speak properly about a simple thing? What should happen when one already points to a thing and says what it is? In its simplicity, it should also be easy to explain. I then do not understand why two things happen. Either people begin to be dissatisfied, like “aha, and so what,” or it happens that the thing ceases to be simple and one always continues beyond it: “it is this, but actually not quite.” I am not trying now to think within the field of phenomenology. I am rather trying to figure out how to tell someone that what they see is really it. It is it, and what it could and could not be, or what it will become if it is placed into contexts belonging to the observer, about that I do not want to decide. I could, but I do not want to. Or rather, I could claim an explanation for why I painted a hen right here on this canvas and right now, why the hen looks more like a rooster, and why I did not repeat it elsewhere. Instead of a person looking at the painting and saying, “aaah, well yes, a hen, is it a little hen or a proper hen? Or is it the grain it is pecking, or is it that strange jerky movement of the head, or is it that yard in which it probably lives with other little animals?” The complexity of the thing will always appear anyway. That is an inevitable property of the relationship between a person and the world. Everyone wants what is seen to materialize, but simply, and to remain interesting through its ability to fit into a system. And the ability to fit into a system is the ability to create a concept.