

## About me and painting

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While painting, I perceive the movement of the hand and the body. Something falls, maybe drips, and, with a bit of luck, is caught on the canvas. Every movement remains in the memory of the painting. If the painting is laid horizontally, it carries all unintentional traces 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 forces me to use my palms—to be closer. As I move around, I toss pigment into the painting, like salt into boiling water. After all, I am boiling down form. I toss it in; hopefully, I won't oversalt it. I start raking and scattering around with my palms. I blow into the remnants; I watch how parts that have already grown into the painting are released. One hundred percent mobility of the hand in all directions pleasantly irritates me. A generous stroke and then many quick small ones. A trot and a sprint, a trooooot and a sprint, a trooooooooooot and a sprint. A long, light, certain line that would swim across the painting like a catamaran. Without resistance, it would lick the surface. Another would insistently lick its hollows, like an icebreaker. Brrrrr. An icebreaker is frighteningly heavy, cold, and strong, buoyed by the dark depth of the unknown. The painting begins to ask for flatness. I perceive flatness better vertically. I move the canvas. The entire form must change so that a new one can grow. A very determining physical movement around the canvas and the painting takes place here, further movement forward and backward already within the painting. Then I knead dough—or rather trample cabbage—one two, one two; with the left, I press, the right jumps out. Movement forward and backward is about depth. Movement from right to left is about line, but also about rocking. You rock lightly by wind or inertia, or something sets you swinging, and then you fly out like a bird. It is a fully sensitive thing. I focus on the lower right corner, but I must watch the upper left—from everywhere, at the right moment, to run off and run back. Not to fixate. The painting is formed and changes in activity.