

Konzeptlos

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Recently I received the question of what kind of opinion my works have. "Hmm, an opinion? What kind of opinion should they have... should they all have one single opinion or should each painting have its own separate opinion? This one now has the opinion that I was bored, this one that I quite enjoyed it. This one that something shines through very nicely there, this one that it wanted to have some resulting form, this one that I already felt like painting only in gesture, etc." The concept is lost, or rather it never was there, at least not the kind everyone is waiting for.

Let's say that I paint until something on the canvas begins to make sense, like everyone whose work unfolds from the process itself. I want to leave space for situations that arise during the act of painting itself. I simply don't want to decide in advance. I also want to allow myself to be surprised. Just as I can try to come up with a "resolved" painting, I can also come up with paintings that stopped at some point and with questions for the next ones.

This is not about any kind of alibi, but about remaining in the conviction that even not deciding before an action is legitimate. The process itself requires continuous responsiveness in time. My understanding of the image is dynamic. It is a current from which parts emerge that still belong to the whole. The striving for a final image is characteristic of a certain type of personality. I am not that type, and some themes are by their nature indisputable. Not because of a lack of effort, quite the opposite. Some things can only be accepted.

Just as I received a question about the conceptuality of my painting, with another group of viewers I also received a very natural description of what they see in front of them. Not long ago I was faced with the choice of presenting only one of my paintings to someone who knows nothing about my work. The reading of the painting looked something like this: "I see the bringing forth and opening of forms and shapes. Their subsequent destruction and development and, in the end, sewing into one another. I see a large black blot that absorbs everything around it. I have a feeling of a very unnatural ending of the painting. As if it should continue or another one should stand next to it. As if it weren't even about a single painting. Abstract expressionism or rather lyrical abstraction, but with a more organic discovery without a macho effort toward the purity of gesture. I see how color tells a story of time in its wet and dry traces. The reaction of the properties of materials, which themselves say what will follow on the painting. All the decisions look as if they were born during the painting." Quite good, I think. In the end, it is about what people are willing to devote their attention to.