

My thoughts on the show Silver Surfing

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The space within the black and white painting is somehow more imaginative. Sometimes it feels like there is no space to enter at all. And sometimes, it feels like there are thousands of light years of space.

With these latest works, I found myself accidentally trapped inside a cosmic time-travel machine. This machine doesn't simply move forward and backward, but it also jumps unpredictably. It jumps here and there, discarding the sequentiality of time, and you can never quite expect where you'll appear next. There might be long, desolate decades of loneliness, where you're just hanging in the universe—flowing, making somersaults, or simply sensing the movements of the dynamic cosmos. Time no longer plays a role.

Occasionally, your friend Norrin Radd surfs alongside you, sadly continues his eternal quest to find a planets for Galactus. You start to think of your own home and don't wanna mention it. The world as you know it right now, would have been a low hanging fruit for Radd's conscious. So you rather just keep asking about his favourite activity and he immediately mimics the thrill of riding massive waves, the big big waves, the deadly ones to distract himself from his burdened fate. He also wants to entertain you. His silver body reflects all the light rays so you are halfway blind whenever he sways his hips. He is basically always sad. So you don't really know how can one be sad and be a master of his mind and body at once. Eventually, the Silver Surfer leaves you alone again, and you find yourself leaping through time and space into entirely wild constellations.

Once, you vividly recall materialising in the middle of a thicket filled with dog roses. Another time, you got stuck mid-transformation as a jester's hat morphed into a wind turbine. There was no wind to turn it—just endless void and scattered bones. A bizarre, eerie place. On another occasion, you came more prepared, bringing Ariadne's thread to ensure you wouldn't get lost during your wandering flows.

Yet no amount of preparation can brace you for the juxtapositions of unfamiliar shapes and sensations. Strange space snakes confront the moon about signals sent from feelers while deftly avoiding deadly meshes of cosmic structures. You can only observe from a distance, letting the scene unfold.

You enjoy this act of observation, letting surprises come as they may. Once, you and the Silver Surfer chased each other through a nebula. He disappeared into the swirling mists and you had to wait for countless moments, for his body to move, so the flash of reflected light could reveal his location. Amid the nebulas, stars, and the interplay of light and shadow, nothing is certain.

What you see—whether it's approaching or receding—remains a mystery. These constant transformations of shapes, colors, and forms are a perpetual delight, always leaving you in wonder.