

On Georgia Mrazkova

by: Davora M. Lindner

The foray of youth, running as far as you can from the house, that life or only the expectations of the day, often led to abandoned lots, an overgrown parcel of undeveloped land crowded with saplings or a muddy lakeshore reeking of green. Traveling with men in vans, reconciling the decision to abort, swallowing everything you were expected to be and choosing instead to stare intently at a tree, or learning how to paint the sky when it's pink with smoke, frosted orange, and green.

Imagining a landscape in the weave of a rust-colored, polyester suit. Suggesting that pink sheer sleeves possess the same viscous liquidity of jellyfish. Eating a sandwich while fucking.

"What we can best learn from such practices are perhaps the many ways selves and communities succeed in extracting sustenance from the objects of a culture – even of a culture who's avowed desire has often been not to sustain them."

– Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Touching Feeling: Affect, Pedagogy, Performativity*

The work belies a sensibility refined by the silent generation, keeping your nose to the grindstone, working within the system, cleaning your hairbrush. The arousal to rebellion, seeking out raw modalities or a new landscape may only be addressed within a limited period in the day, usually the morning or afternoon, crowded into a corner of a sunroom, the walls covered with dampened prints of serpents, cinematic icons or the infamous everywoman who remain wild to the civilizing inculcation of family, duty and respectability. Killers and gigolos caught snarling in courtrooms or squinting behind a smoking cigarette.

Each painting is a mystery, the activity itself a process of recovering material from the unconscious through a technique of analog sampling. Scenes from a library of VHS cassettes, a jar of stones in lake water, Art in America tears retrieved from a file of legal documents kept in a dirty gray purse, heavily pixelated images of exotic animals printed from the internet, taped to the wall and spotted with turpentine.

Wet and dry passages on the canvas, depth, and flatness in the rendering and negation of shape and form, figuration and abstraction, decay and regeneration. An almost constant negotiation of the gender binary explored in a playful, old fashioned game of shifting power dynamics between men and women, recast as an incessant metaphor of being consumed by nature. Inexplicably the remake breaks all gender rules.

A solitary actor, the subject becomes a caricature in the same manner a serial killer reduces their prey to an archetype. A generalized idea of social identity, shaped by an index of experience, informs the crease of an eye, muscles on the side of the nose or the uneven fullness of the lower lip.

There is a point when the artist gives up, snubs out her cigarette, turns the switch on the lamp, picks up a paperback and retreats to her bedroom.

(Defiantly, with astounding authority I related the "murder" as I had imagined it, the surmises I had rejected at dawn now seemed not only plausible but vividly convincing. Quinn had trailed the sisters to Sandy Cove, hidden among the trees, slid down the embankment, threatened Addie with a gun, trapped her, drowned her)

– Truman Capote, *A Nonfiction Account of American Crime*

Music for Chameleons

A series of farmhouses electrical storms, animals real and imagined emerging from water and sky. Sunken chests of unspoiled youths, transparent figures disembodied, waist down, wan and thin, isolated body parts that retain a complicated pride. A crushing of innocence in those least suspecting the trespass. Foul play in a field, murder outside.

A mega apparition appears above the spotlight barn as minor spirits circle like cottonwood or auras with a swelling ambition to assume greater form. Fantastic events occurring in rural areas at nightfall. Phantom limbs and transparent young men.

“heathen liar”

He thought about it briefly, his body tensed in the afternoon, nipples reddened. Frozen in the afternoon sun, wet hair drying in tufts aloft. An uncertain destiny, turning away or swimming toward a home that is disappearing.

Salt flats abstract the natural landscape into a silent, zig-zagged pattern that is slowly dying. Seeing him there from behind, she can almost touch his spine, it's so clear, the way it supports his skull flossed with tufts of woolly hair.

The constellation of Adonis appears in an evening sky humming with electrical current, the periphery is a glaucous haze of fattened pitcher plants, living on waste and decay. A feeling for dripping. Feathery greenery suggests the silhouette of a mare giving birth viewed from behind.

The narrative impulse feeds a desire for analysis. When the self-soothing process of discovery isn't met with a dialectic, the paintings stop being produced.

“By this very practice of abstract art, in which forms are improvised and deliberately distorted or obscured the painter opens the field to suggestions of his repressed inner life.”

– Meyer Shapiro, *Nature of Abstract Art*

Modern Art 19th and 20th Centuries: Selected Papers

Two lovers innocently becoming trees. Consumed by trees, summoned by a raven, dreaming of a chorus of witches in the placenta.

Two lovers cast as trunks of trees. A chorus of sirens sedated by the sun. The vague memory of a summer cottage at dusk, a wet thatch of grass on the embankment turned black.

Is bacteria red?

A repeated sequence of farmhouses, simple and modest, built with a front door centered between two windows or another, cruelly reduced to a single dormer window, seen from a distance at nightfall. The sky erupts with opalescent auroras, moonflower blooms lobbed at trees with saffron threads tangled at the root. Recurring claw forms or dragon heads liting low, creating a succession of bowers that frame the domicile with silent hostility.

A biosphere shaped like the head of a cheetah, shown in profile. Yellow patterned wallpaper coats the sinus, the glottis is clogged with blood, draining between the teeth, settling into the gums and inflaming arteries of the neck. The brain imagined as the inside of a giant pinhole camera, aimed at the savannah. For reasons we understand and accept, moss covers the crown of the head, falling over one eye like permed, blue hair.

The wise calf or goat has blue eyes and hides under cotton. There is a wondrous sea of cotton over the hill, settled in the valley, it covers a small lake that churns violently in the wind, revealing the blue-eyed goats that swim there, afflicted by red bacteria.

A haunting seduction, icy boys struck dumb at twilight. Icy boys struck dumb by the summer haze, as the pox becomes airborne, skimming over the water at the lake, making its way back up the hill to the barn.