

Muro

Someone who owned a body.

Upon request, he made his body available for the production of a piece of art.

The request was: to dance certain parts of a movement according to specific choreography.

The dance.

Someone who shows a body in an unusual movement, movement that is not day routine.

He was asked to struggle against an existing wall. Wanting to escape. A futile undertaking.

He is shot in doing so.

He knows it. He must know it.

He must dance and know that this sequence is being shot.

Material one is created.

Material: the dancing body, robbed of its presence, digitally captivated.

Captivated. Observed. Evaluated. Selected. Segmented.

Segments that belong to a whole. By-products taken from the eye.

Then, based on a certain strategy made available as a material for the production of a piece of art.

Someone who had made his body available, helped, according to a choreography, to create a production of material, went back to his everyday activities.

The room, he had danced in, was aired by leaving the only door open for a couple of hours.

The individual segments, now material, defined as a model.

And that's when it happens.

It.

The choreography of the hand: the movement of the paint brush. The stage: segmented: in: pots of color, bowls of water, paper, is the setting. No room with four walls. The stage is a room loosely held together, the only glue being the connection of the materials through the stroke of the paint brush. Someone will not be able to escape. No more everyday activities will be possible.

Made available to the choreography of the hand, the production of a piece of art.

The piece of art.

Someone who, his body, and this

shot and then segmented and

yes, no, selected, then

delivered to the hand, which then

is delivering to whom?

Again: the dance of words:

The segments, disconnected, the body, painted,

and now material two is emerging, has been created.

Material: foundation for a third part.

Alienated alienation.

Bodyimagevideoinstallation of a bodyimagevideo.

And now something else is happening.

Now the segment is mixed with the image of the segment.

Now the image segment image composition is coming to life.

And now it glooms from the wall into the room, which has become stage again; those who approach, do not move in an everyday fashion. They have already had thoughts about it.

Thoughts.

And.

Somebody is approaching, somebody who owns a body that can be used to approach the piece of art or not. According to his own choreography, he approaches the piece of art. Or not.

He has his memories. He will have them.

According to his own judgment, he brings them toward the wall from where the piece of art is projected.

He knows someone.

Himself?

Someone who owned a body.

And he looks at it, with all of his internal feelings and knowledge, and with his hope for strength for a new day, and he knows and he feels: the painful tightness, the inability.

Movements are dying at the pinnacle of their senselessness. Sequences, movement strategies become fractured, splinters of the will that will not be able to bring anything to and end. No escape in any direction of sense rest for the image-ego on the wall, which remains segmented in abstraction, mixed with the abstraction of abstraction. Does the body remember the body that danced? Its hope to be able to resume everyday activities? In order to be available for whom, for what? Does it remember?

Memories.

Depth. Longing. Image.

Juxtaposition.

Dance. As a shadow

on the wall dipped in color.

Deception of unhappiness.

Go! Resume your everyday life.

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