

Roots

Woman painter Galina Svobodova is firmly downrooted into the environment that surrounds her. Together with Bohdan Kopecky and Stanislav Hanzik, she is yet another artist essentially tied together with the northern part of Bohemia, namely the Most region. In her passionately groping and at the same time finding artwork, the sound of a scarred landscape can be heard, the landscape tattooed by state planned economy, clawed down to purring dreams of ancient horsetails, the drugged malicious cosmic landscape, puckering its rusty slacks, chapped oozes and burning seams in the midst of colourful clays, these corroding tentacles broken through by flowers that love nitrogen.

The land with monstrously sold anti-seas, the Martian resort under the hills on the move; and this all as it were for the first time, in spotlight of black, blue, red and white colours - the landscape elemental and entirely romantic

The paintress stands in front of this subject as madamme Curie was once standing in front of tons of just delivered uranite--she rises her landscape overhead, immersing her hands up to elbows into it, she fights a physical battle. She is experiencing fascination by amorphous colour dough, this yeasting phosphorus burning to all directions. Subconsciously she finds deliverance in single-coloured ink and pastel drawings-paintings, she reaches the end of the first happy enthrallment and...

Than the mid-age, when one has to search, under the pressure of one's inner „necessity“, under the pressure of one's growing rationality and shortage of physical power, in the tons and tons of uranite for those few miligrams of radium fluoride, when one is to set out a pilgrimage towards improper point limit, when the pure crystal of artwork order creates a resonance grille with the crystal of natural pattern and in mutual responding a sing ejaculates and reveals a secrecy.

The woman painter is to pass through lessons of drawing and structure reaching even spiritualized geometry, she is at the beginning of a pilgrimage, for which a harvest is not always a rule, but it is the only possible way upward and farther, for a battle can be won only by strategy coupled with one's inner persuasion and purity - anyway, there will be enough coincidences, any speculations are strictly forbidden.

Woman painter G.S. is firmly downrooted into the environment she lives in; taken with her „own way“, independent of „contemporarity“ or „trendly story-telling“, she is one of the few artists that trust more themselves than means and tools. In the decadence of fin de siecle, in the period of time stigmatized by rambling after-running of mechanical philosophizing, she has ideal conditions for making her hot vision and emotional statement about severed communication and about scars of the crucified land an everlasting challenge.

Dr. Vladimir Franz, Prague, October 1994