

Marysia Paruzel
2B3Btender

30 May 2019 – 29 June 2019

Before I had to go food shopping I had been going for 25 hours weekly ski racing trainings and monthly camps. I had been very passionate about practice, even tho I had been worst in my team, mostly to mine late start (other girls had started when 2 years old) and it was clear to me that I would never become sponsored and make money as other girls. Funny enough the ones that had been sponsored where ones that had no need for extra money to continue racing, since their parents could afford it anyhow. After 4 years I started to question this all going up on chair lift just to go down, and going up would take much longer than going down. Actually the exercise mountain was very close to little suburban apartment where my mom and I just moved to, I could see it from lifting chair when going up; together with other project blocks and my nearby shopping mall and end of city highway, when going down the view would be at city centre, river, big coca cola neon and far out high rise buildings, in the way I wish it would be opposite. It was an artificial mountain so they could have build it other way around! While on ski lift I would consider all the possible things that are inside of the mountain, people would also say mountain is falling in, as the interior decays, apparently biggest part was placed there in 1950 - a rubble from war destroyed Warsaw, they covered it with soil and made park with a massive hill that people would ski in winter, in 1997 controversial decision was made to pill up hill higher with dumping there trash, and some toxic waste in between, sort of sandwich, so that is how mountain grew. To cover it they used vivid green carpet a special dry ski slope technology that allows one to ski 12 months of a year. And then their build the chair lift. On wrong side in my opinion. I had been fantasising about quitting a giant slalom discipline, and joing freestyle sport team, but then I would have to move to actual mountains, where the only freestyle team practice where being held, other idea I dreamed of is freeride sking, that I would experience sometimes on camps in other countries, but that really did not had any team, and I don know how I would ever afford it. I was 12 then and decided that maybe one day I would have money and then will spend them on renting scooter or helicopter to drop me off for free ride in wild. I quit the team and since, never skied again, also have not made enough money to ski really. When I was on this ski team I had been as well swimming in sort of team representing my city. For competition I would be most fast in style of backstroke, so trainer had me focused on that , I remember always feeling anxiety growing-from around half of the pool of hitting my head on edge of the pool, even tho back then it had never happen to me. For that reason I left swimming team and kept on swimming without race in open water. Anyhow around then or just some time in childhood (its sometimes hard to say really) it was not only ski racing practice I doubted, my mother got sick and I had to be living alone for some months. It was spring and for my birthday I got old lightweight bike that my grandfather found somewhere. I did not had school, just summer in the city, first I was using bike to go to places, like to eat and steal toilet paper (my Mom have not told me where she was getting it from before and I thought I should not bother her with asking). But quickly I found so much joy in biking I wouldn't stop, it would not matter from where and to where, but to enter upon this way when you leave all ways and in some way get lost. In hard time it was really a bliss and it was for free and did not

involve some progress even tho it could be so practical. Biking seems bit dangerous in big cities and that is why I like to move to small one. Anyhow I guess It's clear I'm clear being afraid of some inevitability in which then all choices seem to be non. And it's crucial to shake off empty shoulder on a back, stinky curtain grinding behind me, but they mention in big articles that inevitable global melt down now we have a picture of a black hole and melancholia film. I wonder how much of how I look at stuff changes how I feel. Anyhow I try to change way of looking, for example at this pictures of biking women. What do I know really, so it's really more about what I feel and therefore to be bit more like biking. I feel more to pictures of women biking that men biking and also of them biking together and alone. And then this other paintings are like this factories, cathedrals burning in either or or possible choices. And then they are those more close up drawings of one things, like butterfly wrapped over toiler paper or scan of my lower skull part smiling. But really painting is even better than biking and so great when you forget where you and from going! Slowly and steady all gets out of picture and you are left here but then not even. It does not have ending! Tenderness is a free act, one chooses to be tender! Riding a bike is a very intense experience of freedom, so is painting, while riding a bike you observe, observe everything all the time, and then you make a decision a consequence of that decision comes almost immediately and at the same time you have very little physical protection against, you decide something and it happens for good or bad, where in rest of life inevitable the time is more delayed, there are many more constricting considerations or factors, there is more friction in between decision and consequence. That is in lived sense something that touches freedom it is not about that power or speed but almost opposite, it is the free choice by gesture or glance of tenderness. Like a Kleist marionette theatre, in his eyes he says human aspire to a role of a marionette, to experience a state in which we are dependent on our strings to show in relation what our souls are not our humanity. So in this way bicycle becomes a vehicle for an operation of soul. Kleist says our freedom is so limited that when we exhibiting it, frequently we only show our bondage but our true freedom is ability to move within sphere that has nothing to do with will that has entirely to do with consequences of decision that arrives instantly, like body on bike you live in your own consequence and that becomes a freedom, asking at every moment can the soul rise from the human and display itself.

All works mixed media on paper in custom-made frames, 2019.

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