

Michal Jindra, and the point that is seeking him

I have always let Kakalík tell the tale of Jindra's childhood and school days when there is a suitable moment. It has just now occurred to me why I should be the one to write this text. So, good. Those two lived through one of the most fundamental and defining phase of their lives together – a stay in Ostrava until they finished secondary school. After, they both quickly packed and escaped to Prague. That packing at the end of the nineties was also to be found in Divus with a recommendation from "Paroch" as they both said, as Jiří Surůvka is also known. He, as their existing leader, had a head like a ball because of them. And that mainly because of Jindra, who at that time he unsuccessfully "chaperoned" during his attempt to join the academy. When I first opened the door to them, I thought of a children's performance of Čapek's play "From the Life of Insects". I had the impression that they were wearing costumes.

There is no room here for those tales, but out of them arose the fact that Jindra is one of the few victims of his internal world and its values. It is like he has not noticed ours yet. Some of the tales about Jindra have already become myths or fables which entertain students at the Art High School or with which secondary school teachers in the Ostrava region frighten their pupils.

A person who knows these tales and would like to see the medium with his own eyes usually comes around to the idea that they must be fiction. That maybe that person does not even exist. You will not be able to get it and that mainly at the time when you need it most. And when it is all over, it will call you from a call box in a far town and question you not only about something you cannot answer, but which makes no sense to you.

His work is found or discovered in various places where Jindra stayed or studied or spent the night. I have never seen him travel with luggage, at best with something useless. His work is in peril. One day nothing will be left of him and these few lines of paper with coprophile heroes drawn with a pen will command a great price. The much-admired life of Boudník absorbed by art is, compared to Jindra, only an intellectual gesture. Jindra was placed here by an unknown and very dissimilar civilisation. And that was a punishment.

Slimy novels

I really do not think that Jindra would be involved in the functioning of our world. His forms use it only as an empty sack which he fills with his own degenerate and alien content. And because he does not even have any models, we must say that he thought up the slimy novel. Slime plays a large role in Jindra's creations and that so large that he admits it himself. Most of his early works are signed by Doctor Slime. In normal communication between friends, the word doctor often disappears.

From the very beginning his stories were very cruel to their protagonists. There was no development from a youngster's adventure tales to Jindra-horror. He is a creator of Gigerish aliens. Everywhere slime eats children thrown away into rubbish bins after a bloody massacre of their parents by some deformed sprites. The cynical and illogical behaviour of their heroes further darkened the entrances of episodic

and parasitic characters whom events blast into horrifying and breathtaking twists and turns. And this isn't the only thing that can make you sick in Jindra's stories. Within one chapter you are counting the minutes, and suddenly you leap forward one thousand years and the story continues. The transfer of characters and things through space and time is the smallest of problems. It is a question of action, and from the point of view of readers like we are, of the greatest possible level of artificiality and perversion. For the author, however, they are quite normal tales.

Jindra supplemented his hand-written novels with inhuman drawings. His style never changed. The undeveloped but yet courageous form (I don't want to call it childish) and the always sufficiently expressive lines will always remain above events and at the same time equal to them. Later poems, linocuts and collages became part of these more or less short stories.

In 1997 he also created a cycle of wonderful illusory coloured (!!!) pictures. The only work not commented on by an authorial text. I recommend finding them and depositing them in the National Gallery. Jindra has not painted anything so colourful and poetic since then. If Franz Kafka stands a little outside our culture, at least we could have Michal Jindra.

Shitty comics

After novels, he began to create comics. In them he began to gradually promote shit as a systemic element. It is not a matter of some full-blown faecal humour but of a truly serious read, a vital part of the lives of his heroes. Many of them not only live by it and their appetites become the principle of an eco-system, but shit here is the subject of various form of research and industrial production. Shit exists of various qualities, colours, tastes and consistency. Here he lives out the despised and the hidden side of our lives to his total satisfaction.

Even if today some pill that would provide a non-smelly bagging of excrement directly in the rectum, or some kind of sleep-time evaporation of it would be welcomed by an aseptic civilisation, luckily Klíma's "Shit you are and shit you will remain" is still valid. And that is why one day it will happen that Jindra's work is one of the few reminders we have that shit has played a significant role in our history. Of course, by this I do not mean to say that Jindra's comics are only about this. It would be good to mention that in his comics Jindra begins to peculiarly deal with the principles of justice and morality. And as a sneak preview, that is enough.

Junkie film

The camera follows a wandering person with a paper box on his head. All around there is snow, first in the woods and on the roofs, later it travels across the shoulder of some access road and maybe finishes in some amphitheatre. It is called Box. It is not art; not even bad art. Art and bad art can be recognised by the effort. This is a hallucination. Since then I have seen a few more of his videos, or rather long shots. It is quality without any deviation. Only in Jindra's films can you experience the feeling that their author, cameraman and the actors are not present. Blair Witch is pop.

Retarded digital creation

When we began to miss Jindra more and more from our circle, we discovered that he had begun to devote himself to virtual digital creations and the chemical experience of existence. Quite how I would describe bitten-off 3D Tatranka as a metaphor of a shot-away high-rise building, I really do not know. Put simply, it is really good.

Maybe if the picture was here. But I don't know if Jana will put it here. When you meet the artist – you'll recognise him according to his re-educated lefty's voice – tell him to send it to you by e-mail. You will fall in love with it.

And to the point

Jindra is above all a creator of stories. If he deals with one picture, usually the story is somehow written into it. He rarely

Michal Jindra

narozen/born: 1977

skupinové výstavy od roku 2000

collective exhibitions since 2000

2001 - prezentace animovaného filmu v rámci instalace Jiřího Surůvky v českém pavilonu na Benátském bienále

2001 - Festival komixu, klub Jelení

2002 - presentace v rámci stánku časopisu umělec, palais De Tokyo, Paris

2004 - Futura Praha

leaves his heroes or subjects without their fate. And narrative things are Jindra's speciality. Sometimes he handles fragments with a hard-to-find point. And sometimes it is the author's impervious world itself which allows us to find it. It often happens that viewers find it in a completely different place. Often it seems to them to be witty, but Jindra is not the author of anecdotes. They are serious stories full of personal and civilisational tragedy, even if they deal with shit. Maybe a point isn't always necessary. Maybe the artist does not even consider it. Only we live it from start to finish.

And I'm not going to read over what I've written. Neither does Jindra.

Ivan Mečl

studium/education

VŠUP Praha, ateliér ilustrace a grafiky, (Jiří Šalamoun) 1997-2001

FaVU VUT Brno, ateliér multimédia, (Richard Fajnor) od 2001

samostatné výstavy a projekce solo exhibitons and projections

klub Pavouk, Ostrava - 2000

Essential" Galerie Eskort, Brno - 2003

Galerie Display, Praha

sídlo hudebního vydavatelství, tisk v nízkém rozlišení, 2003

pohled do instalace Karaoke.. OGV, tisky v nízkém rozlišení

