

# JANOS KALMAR

## INTERVAL

Happiness can only be endured if one distributes it. Light in us becomes a blessing only, if one shares it. Because when we were sent out, the releasing Supreme said:

I leave particularly every person to you, everybody without exception, help them, feed them, dress them, and take care of everybody as you care of yourself, and don't let them sink into the darkness. Share what you reach, achieve, what you know, what you live through. The whole world is yours. You are free, from stones till aether. Get to know it, conquer it, nobody bans it but woe to you if you keep it for yourself. I send you off as well as everyone: you are responsible for every person who lives with you, you have to reckon with every penny that you spend on yourself, with every joy that you keep in yourself and every happy moment that you keep for yourself. Now go and live, for the world is yours.

Béla Hamvas – Translation by Janos Kalmar

Let it come true what has been planned. Let them believe. And let them laugh at their passions; for what they call a passion is only a friction between the soul and the outer world. And above all, let them believe in themselves and become helpless as children, because weakness is great and strength is worthless...

When a man is born, he is weak and supple, when he dies – he is strong and callous. When a tree grows, it is tender and gentle, and when it is dry and hard, it dies. Hardness and strength are companions of the death, suppleness and weakness express the freshness of living. That is why what has hardened, will not win.

Tarkovskij: Stalker

The road belongs to the soul, who is timeless and immortal. Eternal values attract me. What guides me is my faith. What describes me is responsibility, service, commitment, changes, excitement, moment, unpredictability, presence, passing, joy, alluvium, experience, lesson, memories, release, gratefulness, recognition, thankfulness, devotion, attention, waiting expectantly, questions, openness.

The road leads to understanding. Step by step towards perfection. Freezing in soul is the sign of loneliness, and missing resource. It roots in perplexity, just like fear and aggression. In such state one cannot be in tune with self, let alone with others. It's just myself I cannot loose on my way. The coming moments reevaluate everything. My understanding must be renewed daily while I see things as they exist in me.

I follow my faith, without wishing to fight or suffer. Rather to contemplate, love and understand with devotion. I wish to accept my world and myself in it. I want to live through fully the changes and the joys of every passing moment. My past, presence and future are embedded in these moments.

The status I live in is changing constantly. Whatever I observe appears different outside as well as inside. As Merleau-Ponty describes, only others can approve us, we can only be true before others. Without being related, we can not exist in ourselves. Therefore, my life always happens and passes here and now. It's a temporary and intermediate state that stays open in every moment. That's the distance between my past and unrevealed future. The present moment is part of them, yet independent. A section, a portion between piled, experienced values and the unrevealed. The outcome and partial result of my life till now. My past and presence together write my future. All that is a continuously sonant interval, an expressible resonance, a pause and festivity in me, where my past, presence and future exist together. Living in a moment is worth only according to the nature of the soul. To experience the feeling of independence without the time of bondage and desires, where everything exists and meets at the same time. It is the experience of timelessness, that depends on release of the moment, which comes from understanding. This is the nature of presence of soul. Everything is decided in the present moment. The indelible past cannot overwrite neither our present, nor our possible future. The understanding of an experienced moment depends on the understanding of our past. Contradiction between the two comes from incomprehension.

style fetters the idea (...) for presence of mind in an extract of the future (...) Omens, presentiments, signals pass day and night through our organism like wave impulses. (...) Each morning the day lies like a fresh shirt on our bed; this incomparably fine, incomparably tightly woven tissue of pure prediction fits us perfectly. The happiness of the next twenty-four hours depends on our ability, on waking, to pick it up."

Walter Benjamin: One-Way Street – Translation by Edmund Jephcott, Kingsley Shorter

Feeling empty is the beginning of contemplation, where I do not want to neither reach or keep anything. I don't belong anywhere; I am part of the moment. I am responsible for it. For me it is self-examination, self-destruction and development of my self, where the sculpture becomes timeless at it's birth.

Past and presence can be found in narration. The unintended memory of Proust, and the sensation of presence of Cézanne reveals a timeless figure. Sensations unite from past and present, regardless to their timely or local character of incidence. They have nothing to do with memory, neither of them are abstract narrative or illustrative, they are not logical and cannot be traced back to past or present. As the result of my intuitive knowledge: a self-existent figure is born from their common presence. I can only understand it thorough it's changes. The imprint of the everlasting, monochromic, eternal life appears in me. Time does not, just the present moment exists. Nothing was or will be. Presence is what everything has. Things happen one after another, to be able to live the moment. According to Leibnitz the notion of time expresses the consecutive order of incidence.

To great writers, finished works weigh lighter than those fragments on which they work throughout their lives. For only the more feeble and distracted take an inimitable pleasure in conclusions, feeling themselves thereby given back to life.

(...) There are days when no one should rely unduly on his "competence". Strength lies in improvisation. All the decisive blows are struck left-handed.

Walter Benjamin: One-Way Street – Translation by Edmund Jephcott, Kingsley Shorter

My moment is a space created by me, and is an effect. For me deepness is above and below is earth. To exist in it is only possible with recognition, which means knowing the road that I must follow, carried by my faith. For me the journey of the soul is eternal. The body is a changing mirror. Every moment I fall into my own trap, following circles around and around, committing my mistakes again, and if not then getting higher, round and round again, always higher and understanding better my way, as Adrian Leverkühn. My every moment is a Deleuze-like continuous labyrinth, similar to an endlessly folded paper, or to a dismantled one with folding movements, and it's every segment is related to it's environment. The fold hasn't been started in this life and will not end in this one.

The change makes me rich in every moment. My faithlessness bereaves me from all, my faith appears in my life and my sculptures. Every moment I see myself in a new state, where everything, always gets revalued that I carry inside, while I know, that every formulation is imperfect. I become ridiculous before eternity because now I see darkly through glass. Every moment I rebuild my world. My way can be measured and understood through deficiency, incomprehensibility, unknown, distance, and difference. My only chance is the expression of my understanding in sculpture, between my past and future. When it achieves a sensual form in physical space, it misses everything accidental. It evokes imperfectly my experience that constantly and timelessly grows my edification. According to those laws that determine my way. I take just this with myself. The joy of the soul.

My way does not lead me straight to it's goal, for unalloyed position or formation does not exist. Inflection is it's nature. According to Klee, inflection is the genetic element of the spontaneous line. The point moves along inflection. The point of inflection is where the tangent crosses the curve, the moment of decision and action, the affair of the soul.

This is the point-fold. My decisions are folds of space on my sculpture. Every fold is a new step in the labyrinth of my sculpture and my life, where the smallest part of every event is the matter of the soul.

As every decision comes from a previous decision, every fold comes from a previous one. Every fold can be found in another fold as cavity in cavity. According to Deleuze, the model of natural science is origami. The smallest element of the labyrinth is the fold. Unfold is not the contrary but the continuation of the fold into the next one. One cannot turn back on the road.

I live once every moment. Art for me is the formulation of my intuitive and cognitive presence, where not attachments and habituation but understanding of my situation what must lead my way.