

## Jerzy Ruszczyński in conflict with his most inhuman world

Jerzy Ruszczyński has neither a simple mind, nor a light heart ; his drawings prove it, which lay his existential ill-being bare, his distressed interest for humanity, and the uncertainties of this surrounding. Which surrounding is a closed door, before which the visitor moves forward, puzzled, without ever being sure of holding the right key. The more so, since respecting no artistic tradition, but having created his eminently private style, the artist never delivers ready for use, what he intends to convey ; and since the titles themselves, the import of which seems evident, let nobody understand fully where he wishes to go. Yet, by and by, this visitor becomes aware of the "psychological deepness" of Jerzy Ruszczyński's scenes. Though several years of art studies forbid him to belong to Outsider Art, he produces an "Immediate Art", made particularly neat, by the use of crayons with which he expresses without any subtleties, the essential part of what he "says". That is his difficulty to find an equilibrium in the world ; The determination with which he tries to draw the quintessence of such things that "surround", "situate" his humans ; the recurrence of their presence and their job as fright-generators in the work-gestation ; the fact that, here, no emptiness, no breathing take place for these beings, squeezed against one another, and yet prevented from communicating ...

Subsequently, -warned that all the pictures are commonplace episodes, chosen long after they happened, that is at a moment when only memory, remembrance, fantasmagory are able to act - this visitor is going to try and get into these undefined places, closed without any opening section. By turns, he is going to reach ( We measure ...) some winding, muddy, flooded roads, meandering through the countryside ; some living people screaming and clinging to stakes as holds against the violence of that tornade, which knock the trees down ; and houses with which the wind ( always it ! ) seems to wreak havoc. But, why, here this frantic one bird ; there this terror-stricken dog ? And chiefly, what does this calm and sensual mouth mean, wonderfully drawn and made up, incongruous in the middle of the picture, and seeming to fully escape the madness that reigns around it ?

From drawing to drawing, the same questioning comes back, the same string of possibilities, the same violence : Man stretching his arms ( Turning white ...) to prevent being crushed by a falling tree ; and to escape drowning as enormous drops threaten him from all sides. A man with his arms squeezed in some sorts of vices ( The infernal machine ) ; while above, a monstrous bird produces electric power at the end of each wing ; and a young woman swims desperately to escape this horror. People standing by four windows opened on blue darkness ( Journey to the end of the night ), while the lowest cracks let blood-torrents flow. Men with their teeth ready to bite, fighting ( Jealousy ) about a woman situated between them. Etc.

Everybody should take in, with infinite interest, all these situations again and again ; get a list of such elements which make nightmares out of them ; see how daily unimportant things ( tongs, brushes, combs...) play a part in inside relations ; guess why, when two smiling women are getting ready to serve at the Tea-party with the family , that quiet universe suddenly falls prey to a "father ?", "husband ?", "ogre ?"... Whose head, linked to the legs, wickedly gapes over its enormous teeth, while he starts the house on fire ! In short, discover why " the steady machine"\* has thus broken down, to generate these kafkaian universes, all different, and yet always the same ; violence becoming louder and louder, till the moment when Ruszczyński / painter running short of arguments to work on, Ruszczyński / writer takes over and with lots of arrows, scattered letters or built up texts, take the scene to its paroxysm.

Sometimes, however, Jerzy Ruszczyński's willingness to be "liberated" is evident : in " The magic doors" , for instance, he creates two smiling persons, peering at each other's, each supporting in his or her devoluted world, part of the earth. Only, something is strange : Above their heads, a bird

with four sharp bills, flies. And between their private cells conceived with scientific severity, a third one has been built, where a tree has grown in the square of an inside door. It is dead now, but for two ultimate leaves ; and the roots crawl like an octopus. "At the man's", tools bore into the wall. A hand and electric lamps bore into "the woman's". So, they are not those the man tried to send : they could not worm their way through the walls. Finally, since these two beings are unable to break the tiniest gap, is "this" world more optimistic than the others ? Or else, were we, once more, and from the start, in a world of impossible communication ? It seems at last that, whatever his efforts to "meet his creatures", Jerzy Ruzsyczynski is unable to achieve that desire ; and that a damning analogy ties all his works, and puzzles whoever tries to decipher its numerous meanings, through the unknown factors of these improbable lives. And if the author himself of this ( these) tragedy ( tragedies) is unsure before what he expresses, how could a stranger unerringly get through its mysteries ?

Thus, has Jerzy Ruzsyczynski reached and generated a world quite his, but endlessly escaping him ; pretending to be human, but always finishing in an unbearably atmosphere ; composed of persons always levitating between confinement and danger ; organized upon uncertainties by an artist who, beyond the gift already evoked for colour, possesses an innate talent for composition and production. Who, therefore, creates a great work, with so strong chromatic vibrations, with such dense emotional matters, that any looker-on has to walk back to get room and detect them all ; a stagecraft where humanity and hell grab and repulse each other. A disturbing universe, but so powerful and private, that nobody would ever think of changing one stroke of his crayon !

\* Kafka.

Jeanine Rivais.