

Nika Radic -The end of gesture.

"The lord whose oracle is in Delphi neither indicates clearly no conceals but gives a sign."

(Heraclitus)

People are talking by hands. The universal gestures of the twentieth century, the century of modernity, which unexpectedly canonized sign language replacing the hierarchy of static movements of the court rituals and church services, left imprint in history in form of V sign of fat fingers of Winston Churchill or crazy convulsive palms of Adolf Hitler photographed by Hoffmann. The century of signs/symbols equalized hands raised in the Nazi salutes, stuck up middle fingers of blacks in the New York slums, or seemingly universal sign of "horns" meaning in Italy that you wife is cheating you, in Russia demonstrating the high rank of a criminal and at rock-concerts all around the world signifying the Satan, prayed by the aficionados of Heavy Metal. Hand signs could be ideologically charged, offensive or calming. The problem is that as any kind of text they have different interpretations. Nika Radic created the three-dimensional alphabet of hand signs, which has to prove that even this simplest, not to say primordial way of communication is leading to misreading. Is communication possible at all? Can we understand the sign? The answer is no. We are doomed to reinterpret it again and again according to the rules of different contexts and convention. White hands growing from the walls are trying to tell us something - in its expressiveness a sign is close to a cry. We feel the tension, but the meaning remaining elusive. The gesturing walls of Radic are leaving us no hope - we are lost in the garden of forking meanings.

The second work at the exhibition is dedicated not to the illusiveness of meaning - but to the visual illusion so often employed in the baroque trompe l'oeil - all those fake doors and arcades painted on the walls of Italian villas. Radic endowed the gallery with the extra door - a video work filmed last year through the real door of Moria gallery. However the phantom door is not just a game with faked reality. Radic is playing with time - the door she created is the door to the past, to "the last summer in Stari Grad." We will recognize ourselves in this magic doorway being one year younger, full of hopes and illusions, proved to be not more than false expectations.

Fortunately we live in Stari Grad, the town where time stands still. The artist

can provoke our curiosity, but hardly our fear - we are not afraid yet of our own shadows.