

There is a moment in painting that resists announcement. Not a decision, not a turn – more like a slow loosening, the way a season does not end but simply becomes the next one. Something matures in the work, quietly, over months or years, and then one day you notice that what you were holding on to has already left. Abschied – farewell – but without ceremony. The painting was already gone before the goodbye. This is one of painting's peculiarities: it does not warn you of its movements. It moves inside you, and you only know it afterward.

To mature in painting is not to improve. It is closer to ripening: a process that includes softening, even a kind of rot at the edges. What once felt urgent becomes background. What once had to be proven dissolves into assumption. The painter who used to arrive at the canvas with a proposition – a theory, a defense, an anxiety dressed up as intention – gradually stops proposing. He arrives. He looks. Something else takes over. Not mastery, which is too muscular a word, too triumphant, but a kind of Selbstverständlichkeit, a quiet self-evidence. The painting becomes, for long stretches, simply what it is. You mix a color and it is already the right one. You make a mark and it lands where it was going. Not because you have conquered the medium, but because you and the medium have stopped arguing. It resembles the silence between two people who know each other well.

And yet this self-evidence carries its own form of loss. When something becomes natural, it also becomes harder to see. The strangeness that once kept you alert – that friction between intention and result, that slight gap between what you meant to say and what the canvas said – begins to smooth over. You notice you are fluent in a language you once had to spell out letter by letter, with the clumsy and total attention of a beginner. Fluency is a form of farewell. A farewell to

slowness, to hesitation, to that raw and slightly desperate looking that made everything matter intensely – every touch, every second thought. There is a kind of grief inside competence. It is not often said.

Flowing – Fließen, drifting – is perhaps the most honest description of what happens over the duration of a practice. Not a break, not a departure with luggage and a destination, but a gradual current, almost imperceptible. The painter does not leave a way of working; it leaves him. Or rather: it incorporates itself into him to the point of disappearing as method, as conscious effort, only to reappear as gesture, as breath. What was technique becomes body. What was search becomes presence. And in this sliding, something does go – a certain tension, a certain vigilance, that way of being a stranger to oneself before the canvas that made each session slightly perilous, slightly open.

What remains is not emptiness but something more unsettling: a practice that has become, in some essential way, irreducibly his own. The struggle to arrive has become the steady fact of being here. And being here, in painting, is not a stable position – it is a balance in motion, a presence that must continually reinvent itself to avoid hardening. Because self-evidence, if one is not careful, can calcify into habit. And habit is the silent enemy of everything that, in painting, is still trying to surprise. The Abschied does not happen only once. It happens again with each painting, each new beginning – that slight farewell to what one thought one knew, in order to return to the white surface, and to whatever, in oneself, does not yet know. And somewhere in that not-knowing, the old masters are waiting – not to be imitated, but to be met again, briefly, in the only place where such meetings are still possible: inside the act of painting itself.

1 “Schwerkraft des Wesens (selbst die erhabensten Geschöpfe, allen Instinkten nach Ferne und Freiheit zum Trotz, schließlich zu ihren Füßen)
aka: Sommernachtsorm“

Oil & acrylics on cotton duck on stretchers — 2026

5 “Komplott der Sinne / Auf frischer Tat / Herr Noodzee / Die umarmte Zerrissenheit (Welpenbild)”

Oil and acrylics on wooden toy — 2026

9 In Dürers Signatur entfalten sich die Buchstaben A und D zu einem stillen Abschied / Zu Gott / To God / À Dieu (Trilingual Farewell)

Acrylic, oil, gloss paint, caulk, screws & wood on cotton duck on wooden board / artist frame: mental, caulk, oil & spray paint — 2026

10 “Abschied in Malerei / Trilingual Farewell”

Oil & gloss paint on wooden board — 2025

11 “Nicht der Homosexuelle ist pervers, sondern die Situation, in der er lebt / Taxi zum Klo”

Oil & gloss paint on wooden board — 2025

12 “Le ciel du guépard / Mountains Flow (Gepardenhimmel)”

Oil, encaustic and pigmented gesso on linnen on stretchers / artist made frame; cardboard and foam board — 2024

13 “Stürme Der Jugend / God of Emptiness Privilege”

Oil, gloss, spray paint and diamond dust on canvas and wooden pannels — 2023 - 2026

14 “Negative C in China / How to Decorate Without Going Broke / Rainbow Falls is acting up again”

Oil, water based oil, gloss paint & glitters on metal plate — 2024 - 2026

15 “Négligence intérieure (eine Wohnung in der Bellermannstraße)”

Gloss paint, permanent marker, tape on found textile on metal frame (painting)

Duck tape, metal lids, permanent marker, caulk on cardboard on wood — 2021 - 2022

2 Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence / A.I.D.S. (Anal Injected Death Syndrome)

Acrylic, gloss, oil and diamond dust on cotton duck on found frame / artist made frame; foam board and diamond dust — 2019 - 2023

6 “Esquisses pour Labyrinthe / Eine Praxis, die aus vielen Geschichten besteht / Dürers lapin en plein air”

Oil, acrylics, spray paint on cotton duck on stretchers & wood — 2026

3 “Des objets posés sur une table s’étiraient jusqu’au bord de la toile, comme s’ils étaient la toile elle-même”

Oil, acrylics, gloss paint & plastic toy on cardboard boxes — 2025

7 Nucular family belonging to... Fräulein Liebling / Mademoiselle chérie (Tochter eines Jägers, Mutter eines Musikers alias Straight Girl)

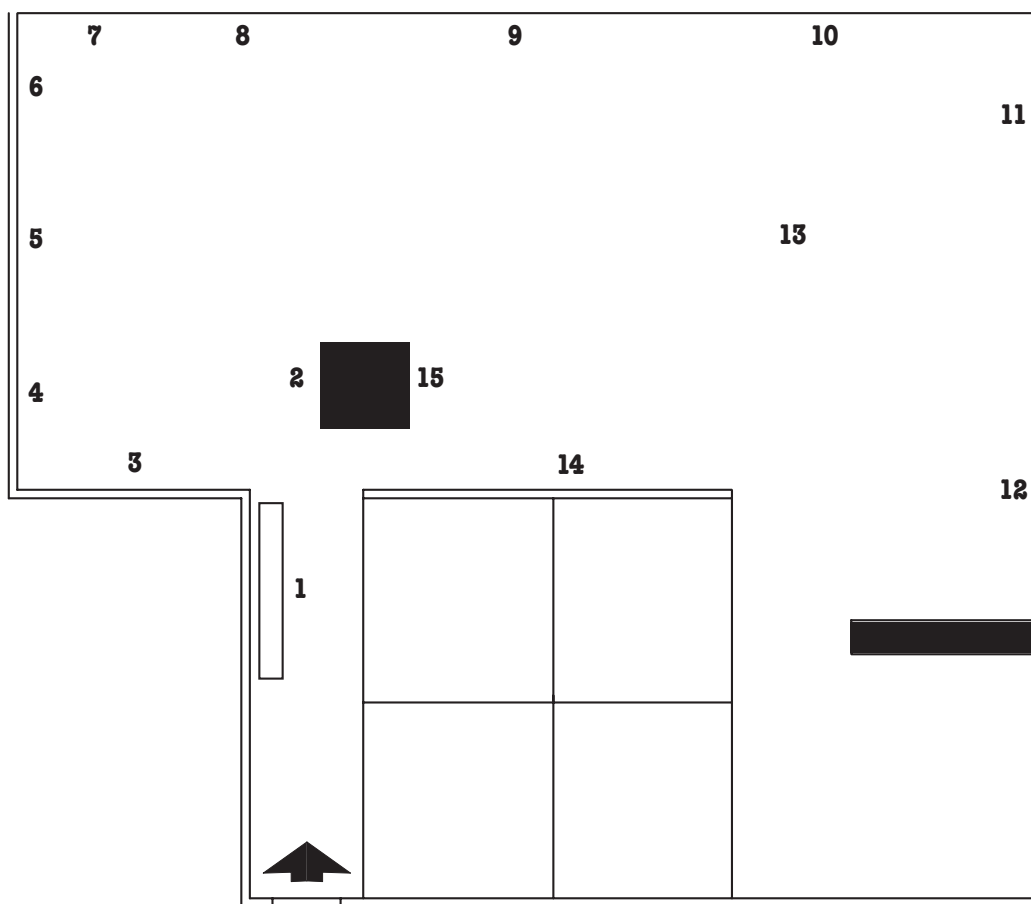
Glass & plastic bottles, plastic planets, google eyes & caulk — 2021-2022

4 “The Grammar of Silence / Les oiseaux chantant en hiver”

Oil, acrylic, gloss & spray paint on cotton duck on stretchers — 2025

8 “Sexuelle Selektion und elterliche Fürsorge / Denken wir durch Sprache, oder denkt die Sprache durch uns?”

Oil, acrylics, gloss paint on cotton duck on stretchers & wooden panels — 2026



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