

These are more protagonists than beings little concerned with their poses. Leaving faces out has no dramatic meaning. Surfaces hardly play a role in images with a material character. If so, then by instantaneous dematerialization, marking recognizable dashes between line and brush stroke. Body phrases alternate between paucity and representative randomness. Identification isn't at home. No more than a temporary partiality already vanished at the next turn. When several protagonists are on one sheet, they may have to do with each other, without knowing what might have happened. "Memory is a still" without a storage medium. Sometimes sketch-like or slightly classical, never quite cartoonish, the figures stand like unwitting parts of a "Familienaufstellung". Fleeting emographic moments between skin and sweat. I could've known you if I hadn't forgotten your name yet again. Working with affects is like one of those adhesives you have trouble getting off your skin. The implicit futility leaves no room for partiality, neither within nor without. At most while describing balled-up sorrow. The background doesn't need a character. You take everything off but you're still no more naked. Every day you shed a good 10 grams of dead skin cells. The human skin completely regenerates itself about eight hundred times in the course a lifetime.

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