

Phantoms, Humans, Landscape

Maybe the reality of the appearance has always given me certainty; the little or more colour on translucent ground, the making of dark brightness, gloss, thin and as foreground, next to a lot of pastose white, as a background for example. A certainty that behind there wouldn't be anything real, I just simply should quietly continue breathing and do as if the everyday banalities would keep me running. This crossed my mind, in any case, when I went to my studio again after a longer absence. It was almost midday, a quite bright late summer light came through the too small windows, everything as usual and on its place, and yet it seemed to me as if everything had been replaced with identical. I fled.

And now, in the cafe which I had fled into, I thought: all of a sudden the irrefutable illusion of something real, and before, in between, and everywhere: Phantoms, I myself, how I order one more coffee, at that time when U*** and me, we came back from the excursion into the dunes, forever and ever November. As in a baroque picture a light cone came from deep-hanging clouds and split between sandy basin and dark green hill, seen from the side two bright spots, shifted to each other. Any night scenery. The incidence of light on reflection, from somewhere above the spots form a circle. Ideas are like the shadows upon me. Or, maybe, these shadows upon me are just simply effects, such as later in the park, which I draw with pleasure, presentable in lines and slightly shining graphite layers that you can adjust one to each other and that, shifted to the denotable too, well placed on curved surfaces (the bow of a cheek and its grey gradient for my sake) might lend resemblance to me.

Which reminds me, at a last twirl, how I wrote to a delightful married couple, who suddenly disappeared and did no longer care for me, that I had actually wanted to offer them to repurchase that painting, only, it had been forbidden by my gallerist, plus rather charming pleadings about true grandeur (well, I was writing something different). How it ended, of course, I cannot tell here and now, only so much: I was quite cheery while writing. The request of a colleague of mine, I may write something most senseless however made me a bit sad. How is that supposed to work?

Klaus Winichner, September 2009