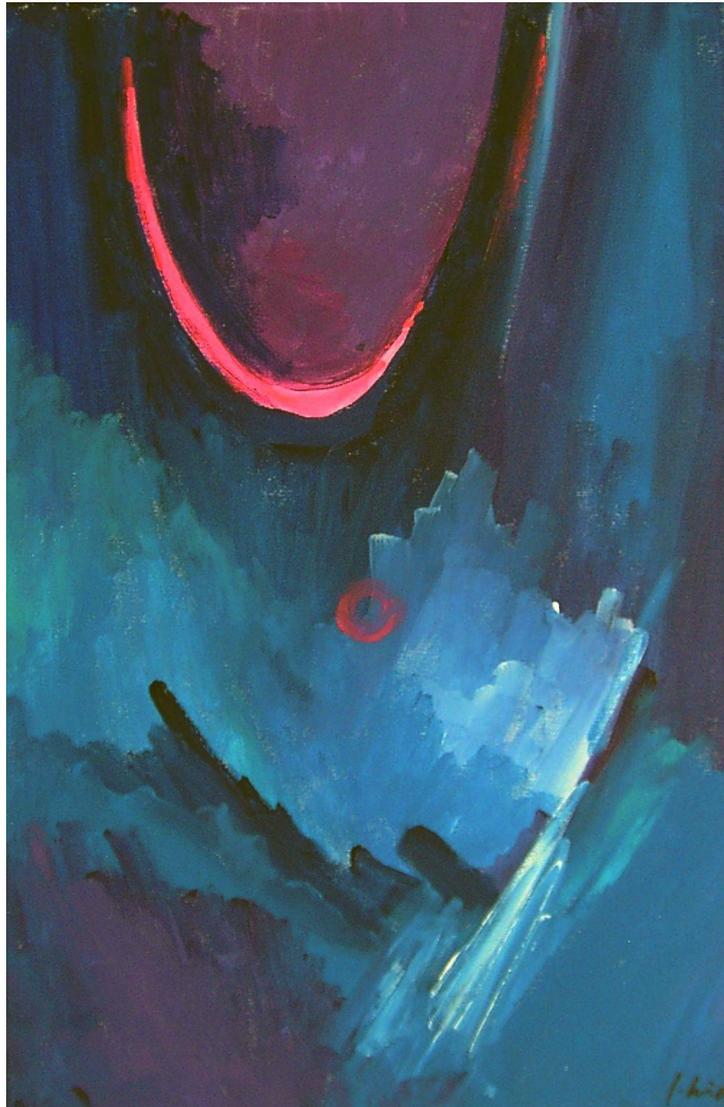


DECEMBER 2017

COLD LANDSCAPE



Acrylics

There are places where one feels comfortable, where one would like to linger, to be rooted and become part of the idyllic picture.

It is the ancient dream of paradise, but it is only a dream one would eventually wake up from. Paradise as a permanent state of affairs we probably could not endure. We are excluded from the true Garden of Eden as long as we live, and this is a good thing as being human the way we are, we would be expelled from it pretty soon again for sure and this is all of us. Substitute paradises are not holding up for long either; we destroy them already only because we are so plentiful or with our high expectations.

Fantastic places in the Caribbean, but the tropical heat has us sweating, tired and languid. A fat fly swims in the iced tea, mosquitoes pestering you, to have you suffering for long after and some other parasites chewing inside your intestines. At night an almighty noise from the disco and at day one discusses with scientific meticulousness sunscreen factors and gets the brain dried out by the sun.

The best alternative to these humid warm, snug paradises is winter on the northern hemisphere. Day after day a compact layer of high fog protects you from getting sun burnt, black ice provides artistic acrobatics and fancy sheet metal art, a freezing cold kills off all bacteria and even some flies and in return shiny drops of melted grease swim on top of the hot broth scalding tongue and palate. The same happens when strolling through a Christmas market and drinking wonderfully fragrant mulled wine enriched with tropical spices. After the third glass you lost any sense for pain. The air is full of pleasant smells, fine dust, wine spirit, smoke of candles and steam of cooking oil. And everywhere it rings and buzzes heavenly music. This is life, let us linger on. Only the man selling roasted sweet chestnuts with his red always dripping nose and forever cold fingers dreams of the warm southern places where the lemon ripens and all the Mafiosi pretend to be Santa Claus...

And on the tree of knowledge hang stuffed chocolate mice, heaven is full of cinnamon stars and the heavenly gates of the department stores are wide open with the motto 'Come All Ye Faithful'.

Every year again...

Pictures in cold colours are an impertinence during this season, therefore it needs now humour, irony and satire.

But we also need light, and be it only the light of a candle or a distant glow inviting to quiet, inner reflection.