

# coloured paintings

an art that turns to directly configuring reality (mostly pre-formed areas of reality) must proceed from painting which grasps colour as a substance itself, as a paste to be smeared and daubed, as a fluid to be squirted and poured. the colour range was unimportant. i dispensed with the diversity of colours in favour of red, the colour signalling flesh and blood. the colour of flesh, passion, dionysian excess and the cross was hurled against the painting surface. the ecstatic painting process ushered in an analytically-reared orgiastic, which intensified to the point of a basal sadomasochistic excess. the innermost realms of the psyche as well as those of the body were turned outward. flesh and blood, the soggy mesenteries and bowels became visible, became a compositional medium surpassing colour, stepping beyond the panel painting.

my latest painting does not exclusively sound out the tragic of excess. the sole concentration on the key of red (blood) was relinquished, had sublimated itself to employing all the colours of the spectrum. the colours of joy, exultation, of the feast, of ecstasy, of exuberance, of stirring resurrection, colours of cosmic visions of foreign suns, violet-white light of flames and flashes of a blazing, smelting galaxy are to determine my painting. the halo of the laughing resurrected in front of the cosmic night, colours of ripening, of autumn, of abundance are to pour out. the eyes should be able to taste fermented wine from the colour.

i've always felt that my theater is a ritual and cult for life, so too the painting bound to my theater. the painter (celebrant) wears a ritual vestment. the stained, sullied paint shirt is a seismograph of the passion and rebirth of all that is creatural. the hieroglyphs of coincidence are shown on the shirt spontaneously, without the painter consciously lending a hand. for the purposes of purgation paint is wiped onto the shirt. the descent into the excess of sacrifice, into the grave, into the night of death, the universe, nothingness is imprinted with the dampness of blood. the passion, kenosis, the "sweating blood" of the painter inscribes itself on the shirt. lucid and rainbow-bright colours of the resurrection and the eternally recurring genesis of vast expanses are similarly slathered onto the white cotton fabric.

arranging and interrelating the colours in the sense of form has a lot to do with preparing an immaculate, pure concentrated (liturgical) meal, resembling a sacrament. a compressing and metamorphosing of reality emerges, comparable to transubstantiation. new cumulative connections, a new, superior substance of the real arises. the staples of bread and wine become (for the believing christian) the flesh and blood of god through transubstantiation, is a fare which when imbibed imparts perpetual creative partaking of the whole as well as recurrence in the eternal vitality of being. likewise the compression, the changing of the world initiated by the form pulls us into being and into grasping the whole.

all five of the senses trained by the gesamtkunstwerk are to be activated synaesthetically through the painting and set us in a state of intensive life. in the o.m. theater taste and smell factors, colour tones, visually perceivable colours and tactual things confront the participants. the colours, the colour temperatures of the paintings bear their synaesthetic connections within. the colour must be able to be tasted, smelt, touched and transmitted as a ringing sound. the haptic remains essential. the colour paste is smeared onto the canvas like lard on bread. the slime of colour is greased onto the painting, soupy coloured fluid flows and splashes on the picture. a spectrum of textures is felt by eye and hand. assimilating the essentials demands all five senses, which ultimately culminates in leads to degusting. smell, touch, colour and sound are derived out of the experience of taste, of degusting. grasping a picture must therefore plumb the depths of degusting. the colour compressed by form is savoured with the palate of the eye like the consecrated unleavened bread and the consecrated wine, like the flesh and blood of god, which are at work in us as the essential substance of the universe perpetuating being. incorporating, eating and drinking, igniting the metabolism (the registering of taste values) is a prime component of the o.m. theater.