

Giving Eyes, Serving Eyes

Lend me your eyes, bae.

Lucia.
Light-bringer.
Lucky charm.

Some versions of the legend say that Lucia tore out her own eyes
and sent them to her fiancé.
The Virgin Mary returned them,
more beautiful than before.

piep, piep,
peep show,
peephole.

The enlarged door viewers protrude from the paintings.

Like eyes.
Like lenses.
Like security cameras.

They turn toward the visitors.

The painting can look outward,
but you cannot look into it.

A plate with my eyes as an offering.

Again and again
I hand them over to the painting.

The image borrows them.
It teaches them where to look.

Near.
Far.

Colour before object.
Shape before meaning.

I swallow fragments,
digest forms,
lose edges,
follow structures.

Sometimes I think the painting sees first.

I only follow.
The magic eye.
Something opens.
Something appears.
Nothing has changed.
The surface remains flat.
Yet depth arrives anyway.



Saddling

There was one afternoon when I thought: okay,
what if I completely personify my paintings again,
create characters,
dress them,
turn them into counterparts.

Saddle the paintings, yeaah

An attempt to control the paintings in times of transition,
an attempt at bridging the painter and the painting.

To give myself some stability
within the process of the unknown.

For comfort.

The materiality of textiles gives me
a playful kind of freedom
that is not so dependent on time like oil,
which has to dry, before you can start over with the next layer.

The drying of oil paint disappears.
There is less fear of not being able to go back:
undoing seams,
taking things apart,
making the wrong combinations.

It is a softer process,
one that gives me support.

The paintings become saddled,
ridden,
mounted.

"To ride a dead horse",
to hold onto something
that no longer makes sense, I think.
What remains are bones and soul.



The Bewitched Groom

1544-45

[Hans Baldung](#) (German, 1484/85-1545)

[Germany](#)

[Woodcut](#)

[clevelandart.org](#)