My musings and aspirations are sometimes roaming in one direction, sometimes in another...

- Michel de Montaigne (1533 -1592)

I cannot operate as an exegete of my work. Hereafter, a possible access point to my paintings:

Why «Soundtrack»?
Playing music from a ghetto blaster in my studio – sometimes to the chagrin of my studio neighbors – is not only a concomitant, but a necessity, if not even a means of production to my paintings. It happens that painting, to me, feels like singing. Not few painters mean a lot to me. But nothing of them surpasses the moment in my memory, when I walked into that Café where they played «Hey Joe» by Jimi Hendrix. I am both a reader and a «talker». And yet, painting is my thing. Although my work does not consist of extensive gestures, I love to create an image with my body. Oftentimes, out of nothing. The image-genres often stand for the «broken mirror» of divine creation. But the initiative to paint can spring from anywhere. Presence of mind decides on how things shall be realized. Actually, it goes like this: I paint something and attach experiences to it – of life and of painting. That of course is always somewhat dubious. Just as text, melody and interpretation, that make a song, cannot be separated, the image is not to be separated from my painting. A form searches for content, content finds its form. The readable motifs are important. Everybody can go to churches, museums and galleries and verify, how this has been tried before. The paintings are my opposition, often for weeks and months. They make it possible to get in touch with a friend – even if he is not with us anymore. It is essential, I believe, for the beholder to utterly expose himself to the real counterpart that the painting is.

During day-to-day work, I care about the «performance». I copied that from Bob Dylan: to re-interpret a topic of several hundred years. This would be the contemporaneity, which you would not have to deal with otherwise, always also depending on changes from the outer and inner space of one’s biographic habitat. Above everything, the question looms: What is at issue? The answer lies in the painting that leads to the next one. As I apply paint on a surface, the past and the future merge into the present. I am in the here and now, when I paint. Me being a painter is a way of life, painting a model for an aesthetic entry point to the life out there, not in a contemplative sense, but as an incentive for action and change.

Bern, in March 2017
Hans Stalder