



Michael Toenges
«Malerei»
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Painting seems quite fragile to me, a technical problem of transportation that, as the case may be, can be a pleasure or a burden. But the technical transportation of paint from the palette to the canvas has as little to do with painting as the movements of a pianist's fingers have to do with music.

Painting flashes up in a moment when the colors fuse to form a sonority of color: it is a very brief moment, a very intense process. After weeks of painting on a canvas, nothing happens. But then, suddenly, I can see what is trying to emerge from the chaotic mess of my colors, almost as if the painting had a will of its own, as if it were a living being. Then the painting appears in all its fullness. For a moment, it freezes in a standstill. I can immediately end the entire process of transporting paint: just one brushstroke more could injure the painting. And then, this moment of painting remains like a memory in the picture. Painting has retreated once again. I often begin the next picture simply to be able to reencounter this miracle of painting. I find it increasingly astonishing that something can emerge from paints that can move me to such a great extent. This is what painting is for me.

My painting this year is wilder, rawer, more weathered, more incidental, more uncomfortable, stormier, more passionate, more dynamic, more impulsive, and my pictures are lovelier than ever before.

Michael Toenges, December 5th 2019