

Art's never obvious. Truth is always something that's always partly hidden.

The so-called »N-Paintings« were derived over years and are descendant of all images painted before, particularly those images having been made in grey and with cables on top. Above all, I already painted monochrome images in 2003. The images evolve from each other and legitimize themselves and belong together. My figurative paintings teach people to love the black »N-Paintings« more than they would without. It's strange because the female figures in them are like witnesses. They witness the light in the black paintings and they show it to the viewer. They know about truth because they're part of it. Women know more about the origin of life than men.

I always think all images are equal, no matter what seems to be on them. They are about the same pictorial truth, namely the pictorial place which is a threshold. The image is something visual, thus, we see a place at which the image is and this place is not upon the surface and not in any illusion. An image does not have a surface at all, instead, the pictorial place equals a threshold. The »N-Paintings« are about this threshold, because this threshold is the image.

The »N-Paintings« are the threshold from which I had to return. Never can any image undo the experience I had and still have with the black paintings. One does not simply jump back from such threshold, everything returns but differently. They, the black paintings, are the foundation of all the images before and after. They are the place my paintings originate from: Place of birth and place of death, beginning and end but constituted as one.

The »N-Paintings« are negativity. They are a negation and that is not a bad thing. They are absolute negativity. Nothing gets applied. I rather »paint away« than on top. In printing making, they have this term »cliché«. Such a cliché is the negative of what actually gets printed. This is connected with the notion of the »matrix«. This matrix, due to its etymology, is linked to the word »mother«. Matrix means in fact something like a womb so that the »N-Paintings«—or actually images as such—are negativities. The matrix of something which reveals itself. This negative is something like Matisse's interstices and spaces in-between.

All those incalculable, irrational measures which are in-between and exactly not descriptive nor positively set signs. The negativity of this matrix, as it were, is the foundation upon which everything is. There the genuine mystery of the image is located. A place from where everything comes and to where everything returns, like a cemetery. The matrix is the place where life and death come up and fade away. And the simultaneity of these ways, of both these movements, is the image, is the place and essence of the image.

The »N-Paintings« as such are unending. That might possibly be the exact reason why you do not have to paint them indefinitely, because in themselves they already are infinite. They do not end. That is to say, their actual task, the one they have, is to be infinite. This task exists even without me. And in fact, for me it was humanly impossible to do it longer than seven years. Man is not made for such a severe place of truth. You cannot live at this place, as the simultaneity of life and death excludes life as well as death, even if it unites them at the very same time. There, you're not able to live nor to die ... as the one having to do with it.

Anyhow, I decided on the beginning so that the »N-Paintings« are at the center of my whole œuvre, otherwise they'd be an end. Now they are the core. There is a way toward and a way away from there. The way away from there is another than the one leading there. Actually, somehow it is still the same and yet different. As it is the recurring one. Everything returns but nothing returns as the same. That's the most difficult there is.

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