

310: I. Lorenz; Sunset; Sippligen; 1992; Painting de-familiarised



Let us imagine that we have a very simple (and therefore very expensive) computer, a few 100 k of memory, a hard drive and 16-colour graphics. In front of us is the white screen of a very simple drawing programme. We are in the early 90s. Scanners were unaffordable or impractical. Digital cameras either didn't exist yet, or they were just as unaffordable and inaccessible for the average consumer. So I was tempted to take the electronic brush in my hand and paint a motif in my head.

Sunsets by the sea had always fascinated me. And I wanted to paint one. The blue of the sky was still light. But the gradations of the sunlight were already disappointing: the 16 colours had to be mixed pixel by pixel using the dithering process. The painting looked rather plastic and infantile. But - at least it was a painting with expression: I immediately gave it the title "Sunset". The work never became famous. The sun had a rather large halo. In contrast, the reflections on the water were red, although the sunlight still shone in white and only contained red at the edges. From today's perspective, this timid red can be interpreted as a symbol of a rather vaguely admitted passion, which was nevertheless perceptible and blended all the more intensely with the tenderness of the water.

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A second work was created practically in parallel: "Mount of Self-Esteem". It goes back to an image that the leader of a mental training seminar had suggested as a kind of visual affirmation: one goes up one's own mountain of self-esteem. We see the path initially moving through the greenery towards the lonely rock but climbing it in loops behind it to finally reach an indistinct-looking summit cross. We find some water in the picture again - and a sun is only implied across the blue sky (to make a comparison with "Sunset"). One possible interpretation would be that the mind is sent ahead of a passion: in other words, the passion is hidden behind the mind.



For a long time, both works disappeared into the archives due to their rather simple style and infantility. At some point, more modern means with a quasi-continuous colour palette became available: the dithering was rubbed in, a touch of oil painting was added. Both pictures were finally framed in their own colours. Once again lost in the archive, they have recently reappeared - and ultimately found their way into the exhibition.