Painting is a beautiful activity I could fill all my time with but I have always strived not to do it too often because there are already very, very many paintings.

I want to see what is going on around me without immediately criss-crossing a complete worldview or vision from it. Causes and consequences often interest me less but things and events in themselves fascinate me. Causes, consequences and explanations are often interpretations of the day and, when we look back at them a little later, turn out to be inadequate. I am all about looking without judgement. That is more than just observation. At its best, it is then detached from everything around me. That gives me a sense of freedom that I cannot compare with anything. In the 1966 film Alfie, Michael Caine, who plays the title role, says he is looking for "the superficial things in life that really matter". A motto I can very much identify with.

How those things shape life. Like my fondness for a particular word or the way I can admire a flesh, a boulder, a box or a street.

I paint the things around me, abstract them or emphatically depict them in their full glory of object through which I hope to detach them from reality, to pull them out of context and isolate them in the white background of a canvas. And then there is always an ambiguous aspect at play: alongside the painted object (such as a still life) a canvas that is purely abstract can be considered an object.

There is a compelling and at the same time pleasurable need to picture it for myself. In doing so, I give little thought to the extent to which it contributes to art. Later, I can easily paint over or throw away a canvas because I see that it has been done better by someone else (or myself). Throwing it away is then an act of the same order as making a painting.

For another, the viewer, I hope there is some recognisability in my work. I hope it is pleasing to look at and that, on closer inspection, there is also something intellectual or call it immaterial to experience.