

More about the paintings by Kris Gevers

Musing Melancholy, un-contemporary paintings XXVI



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"To get lost in his gaze, isn't that painting"

"My questions were their contemplations, their answer was their beauty".

"And how can one be sure in such darkness?"

Jean Luc Nancy

Augustinus

Samuel Beckett

Nature morte, or a body in parts.

Parts... a lump, a bite... fragments, skin of paint. The memory of what was, everything seems to become lonely in parts.

Passion, and then, after the passion, the musing - in parts - on the beauty of what was. Passion, that moment when everything is there, disappears like decay. What was, disappears in the musing as melancholy, in fragments, in parts, as things. A body in parts, as things. The birth of Nature morte.

Things become still, decay, Nature morte, what once was living passion seems tired, gone. But in the light of musing, the absence of the whole appears as beauty. Melancholy is born at the edge of possibility, but turns away, anxious to heal.

Like skin of paint, chunks of skin, debris... nothing can be healed.

There was live once. What once presented itself as a possibility in the passion, carved in paint, seems tired and silent, hushed ... Nature morte.

Night, the possible? It is dark, then appears, as if in the vanishing of the gaze, the seeing of that one truth: **everything is uncertain**.

But there, then, in the meandering of time the movement as beauty is stilled... Nature morte, staying with the decay, in the skin of the paint, like chunks of a body, in the appearance of the melancholy, in dwelling with the beauty **in getting lost in darkness**.