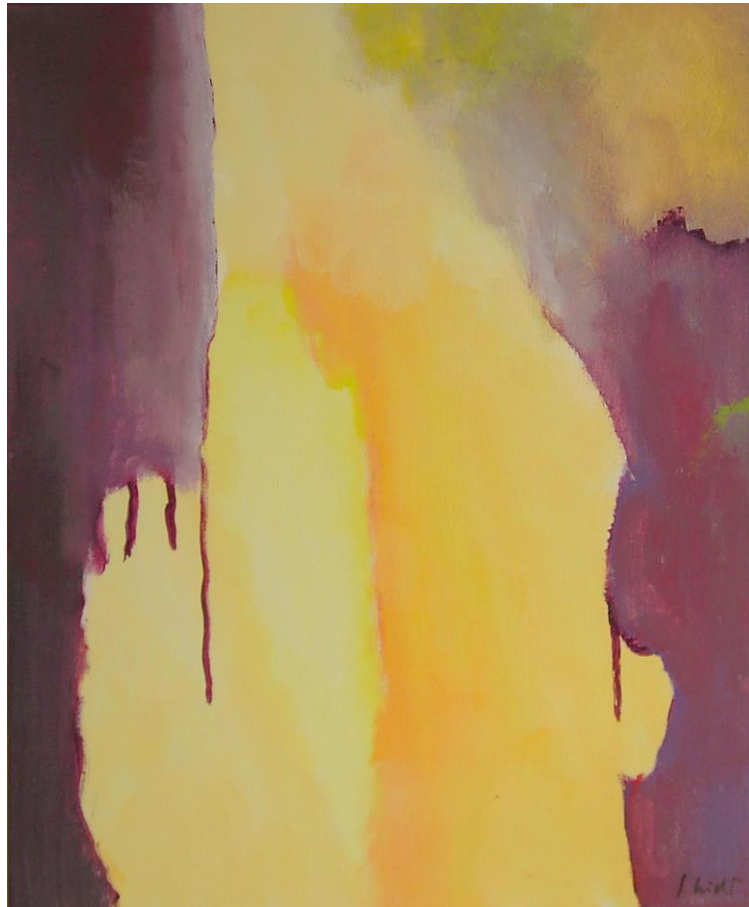


NOVEMBER 2017

LIGHT



Acrylics (50 x 60 cm)

The colour of the month of November is supposed to be violet, the violet that spreads a musty smell of a dusty sacristy. It is the magical colour of falling darkness, bodyless shadows and erring souls which inhabit our depressive dreams. It is an ambiguous colour, hovering in between life and death, which depending on the light tends to a lively if somewhat melancholic red, the quiet glow of the power of spirit; or pointing to a dark indigo-blue, metaphysics and the black of death. The harmonic sounds of a string quartet turn into the dissonant sounds of the trombones of the last judgment.

But we are not gone that far yet as there is also the other colour of November, there is still some gold from October breaking forth from the sad darkness, subdued, pastel colours, when the sun enlightens and fights the dull autumn fog. Even the gold has lost its radiance and the yellow is only a dull white with a hint of yellow in the low hanging sun, it still means light and life and a modest amount of warmth.

It is the dualism of light and darkness. The light of hope and the darkness of despair are the endpoints, in between is vast space we can mould ourselves, have to in order not to become victims of the dark fogs.

Violet music? Maybe 'Miserere' by Henryk Gorecki (1934-2010)