



Toward other Tomorrows.

The recent paintings (2011-2012) of Belinda de Veer are not intended for the moderate decoration of cozy interiors. Too powerful to please, too intense to seduce, they meet and join those artworks that question, confuse and therefore disturb; for that reason they form part of those works that Baudelaire named the "Lighthouses" [one](#), because they pinpoint time and mark the history of man on this earth.

Like all forms of artistic expression, they are formed and nourished by the experience of each individual. Heartbreak, painful betrayals, breakups, separations and departures without returns are the breeding ground of all creation. The history of each is then etched into the work before being diluted in the vast story of our condition. *Biahero (Traveler)* (Fig 1) evokes the journey of a life time, placing the viewer face to face with his mortality, an inescapable fact of his humanity. The body is still young, it is that of a woman whose right hand grips feverishly onto her left arm; a man's hand is placed at the end; too large, already old, it would be incongruous if it was not for the fact that it belonged to the artist's father; exhaustively sketched, as often admired, it represents a highly reassuring presence that one would want eternally. Tenderly located on the woman's heart, the hand, a little clumsy, is surrounded by a white line, a halo of light from which a flower vibrantly escapes, rising to other tomorrows. The paint flows, by the use of drippings, while two roses, or what remains of them, let their tears flow and quietly surrender to the inevitability of a fatal fall. But the pain is great

when the mind is lucid: on the tormented background, a deep and sombre blue, the tears have adopted the deaf tone of a saturated carmine.

Desierto y Paraiso (Paradise and Desert) (Fig 2) already shining through in the previous work, further intensifies the message and leaves the viewer caught in distress. At the center of the canvas, a frightened girl clenches her little arms around her neck, as if to protect herself from imminent danger. Suspended in the void, like levitating, she gives the impression of being in a strange unknown space and which perhaps separates death from life. But this is not reassuring, because it might be in the desert and not in heaven, that she is assimilated. The feet of the little one are bound by chains whose weight inevitably will lead to her downfall. Around her roses, also condemned, also chained, already precede her in their calamitous fate. The third protagonist of this gloomy scene, the painting itself, portrays their sad fate, expressing with long blue and carmine streams the despair of being in a cruel life. So soft and fragile, the child undoubtedly ignores but senses this, because she is also still close to Lost Paradise: bright and distant, soaring into the sky, long stretch of clouds draw behind them wings already broken. Alone and desperate, the little angel expresses through her crimson garment all the weight of a destiny imposed on her; and certainly the spectator shares with her the immensity of her deep sorrow. The emotion is in effect palpable in this work, which disturbs by its strength and by its truth.

Through the same channel of shades and colors, *Synthesis* (Fig 3) gives us a glimmer of hope, a promise for the future. The drippings still accompany some forms mainly located in the bottom of the picture, but a large hole in the upper part, opens a space of clarity and calm. The blue is embellished with bursts of light and a beautiful transparency now covers the entire painted surface. Once again at the center of the canvas appears the outline of a woman's body; a tumultuous carmine occupies the lower abdomen echoed upstream by the outline of a widely unfolded uterus. At the center of the face appears a white rose, fresh and uplifted, two long illuminated arms define a great V in the space and the generously opened paternal hands stretch out to the sky in the triumphant gesture of a young conqueror. Discretely, barely visible, the right hand of the artist or her

spectral image joins that of the father: of this new union a new strength is born, a great vital impulse. The clearly perceptible faith in the future therefore allows for the assertion of an art too long muzzled.

The making of an artist is thus imposed and a powerful work already appears in front of us. "Through all the tears lingers hope," wrote Simone de Beauvoir rightly ², no better than the paintings of Belinda de Veer can testify this. Chopin, her soul brother, led her very early on to the major current which was the romanticism while Baudelaire has put into words that which here, today, she offers in her work:

For truly, Lord, the best evidence
That we can give of our dignity
This ardent sob that rolls through the ages
And come to die at the edge of your eternity! ³

Her paintings join the exceptional works of art that reveal the courage of people who never betray who they are. In this respect it is true that this work in no way resembles those which are pleasing, found in the multiple art-fairs destined for commerce and where often unnamed production is taken as "art". Located in a current that already suggests a contemporary form of a new humanism, the work of Belinda de Veer can therefore be placed with the creations of artists throughout the world that we are just now starting to discover but that are already writing our tomorrow's history.

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¹ Charles Baudelaire, "Lighthouses", in *The Flowers of Evil*

² Simone de Beauvoir, *The Mandarins*

³ Charles Baudelaire, "Lighthouses", in *The Flowers of Evil*

