

CHRISTOS KECHAGIOGLOU

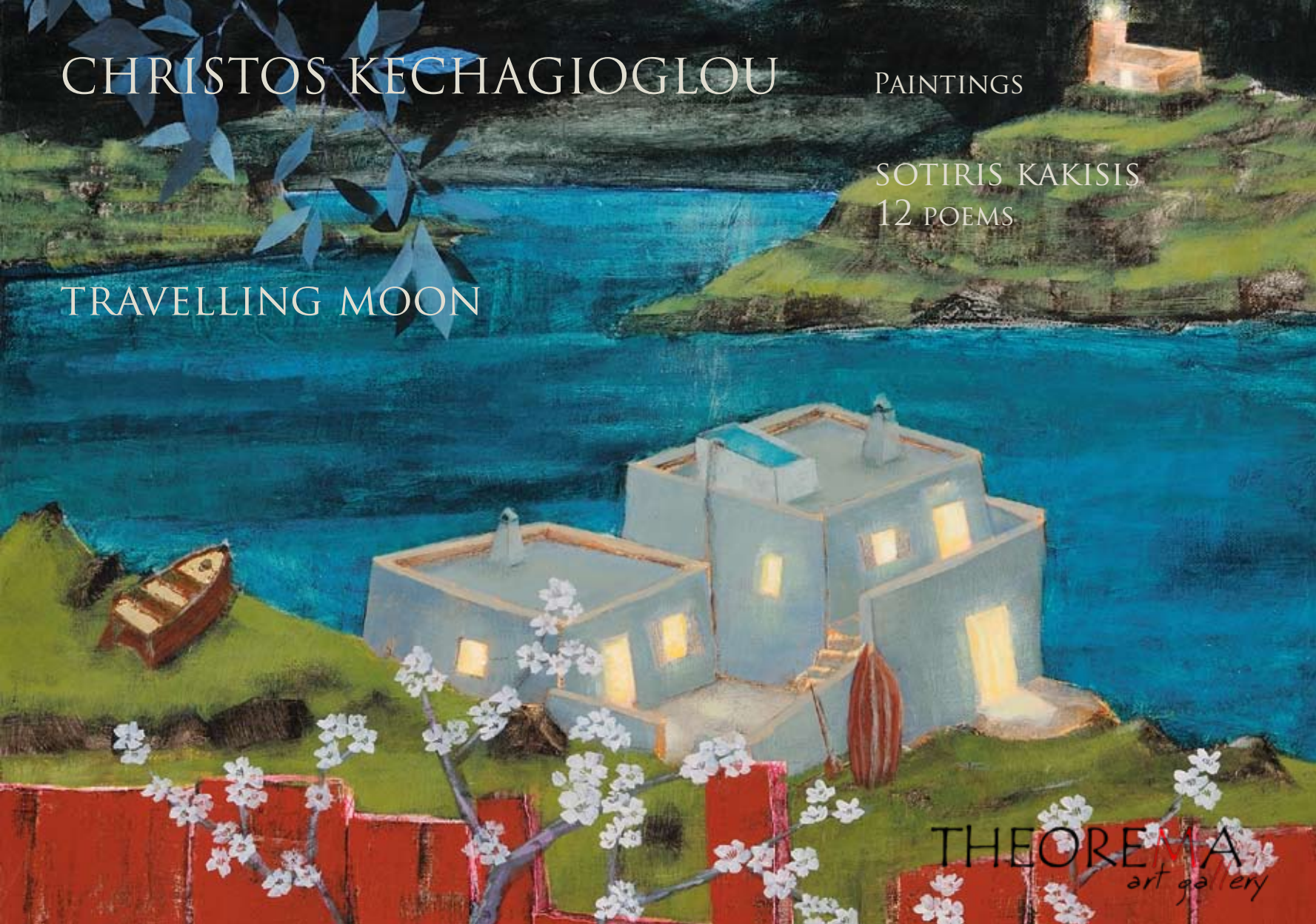
PAINTINGS

SOTIRIS KAKISIS

12 POEMS

TRAVELLING MOON

THEOREMA  
art gallery



What if our dreams were closer to reality than reality is to itself? Living presupposes an inside and outside.

front: last home  
70 x 70cm acrylics on canvas



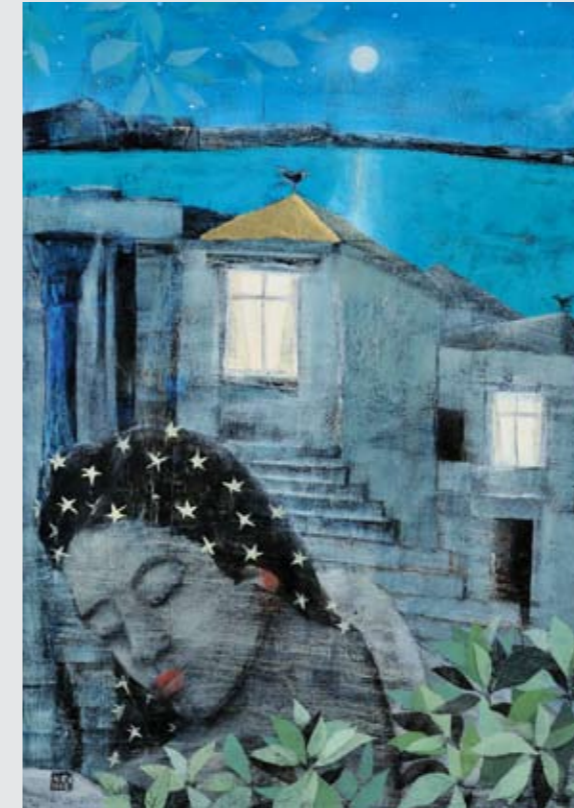
chinese lights 85 x 85cm acrylic on canvas

travelling moon  
April - May 2013, Brussels  
Theorema Art Gallery

© Christos Kechagioglou 2013

Sotiris Kakisis  
12 poems  
translated by Chronis Bertolis.

© The poems belong to the book  
"Full Moon in the Forest",  
AIGAION editions, Nicosia, Cyprus 2012



eyelid 70 x 50cm acrylic on canvas

Christos Kechagioglou returns to Brussels by a travelling moon.

Yet again, his insightful painting explores the fabric of reality and the nature of its representation as mediated by memory - the legendary translation. Using dreamlike colours and games of perspective, he is an artist and a scientist fascinated by the timeless struggle for wholeness. He says, "in my work there is geometry and the love for numbers, together with an expressionist use of colour". He draws on "observation as introduced by the Renaissance masters as well as on perspective techniques as taught by those of the 20th century".

In his painting, Renaissance principles of the transcription of the world coexist with subsequent ideas about a conceived rather than perceived reality. However, by blending these traditions he transposes their principles into an artistic language which produces his own translation of the outer world. His colours, the distant chthonic blues of the unknown, the warm glowing yellows of the interiors, the golden halos of the enunciated spirit are intensified against a dark, framing background.

He is painting night landscapes of dreams where objects take on the dimensions of memory. They are accompanied by a full moon that illuminates the unconscious pictured as nature that represents psychic wholeness - itself meaningful and giving meaning.

If reality was an enemy of truth then his nocturnal, illuminated mindscapes, his unreal but familiar dream-

like pictures, these backdrops of enclosed chambers would be the dwellings of the unconscious where darkness allows it to glow. Time becomes a pictorial element through a full moon. In this night his houses, persisting metaphors of humans - matter inhabited by spirit- keep silent to enfold an invisible essence that emerges and amplifies reality.

However, his images go beyond the static perception of a divide between self and image. Land coexists with water. Kechagioglou oscillates. He connects through dreaming of a bridge, a window, a threshold, and a lighthouse. That is how he establishes a dialogue between the intimate and the outside, the homely and the distant, the self and the other, the familiar and the unknown.

The subjective perception of reality is reflected in his technique of multiple perspectives simultaneously embodied on every picture plane. By creating this "collage" of perspectives, by collating the viewing points of a viewer moving in space, he constructs a cinematic narrative that visualizes a subjectivity where the subject enters the composition.

While the homely and the distant will never coincide with each other, Kechagioglou is telling us that it is the mystical seclusion that nurtures expressiveness and kindles our desire to break out of the frame.

As for the question of how the artist represents the surrounding world, Kechagioglou paints from the inside. He believes that art embodies the union of the material with the spiritual, of the visible with the invisible that renders the world meaningful.

Victoria Koukouma  
Museologis - Curator

edge of the edge, give me a single reason, one reason to languish right in the middle, here, where I still am for my mother's sake, when I no longer cross rivers first, when I don't lag behind bolstering the rearguard, and guard myself instead, like in the Hadjidakis song. still: if life is no life, if you do not let shadows of hawks fly in and out of you, eyes, ears and mouth shut, then your body is like someone else's body. and your soul is staring, but it sees nothing, nothing at all. that's why I say: edge of the edge, come what might, come what may, I will forever be in love with you.

the forests and the wilderness of Attica, is it not me? yet not an underage runaway, a wanderer, I am the forest itself, wilderness incarnate, then in other places I'm not just a firestarter, not merely godless: I am the burning flame that burns itself, the monastery in dying embers, all its windows like empty eyes, all its gardens now dead, snuffed out. I am water thrust on fire, rain on black scorched earth, now green again in my burnt-out eyes, a god thankfully whole since forever, weak, even now with my reckless, luckless, lucky self.

China looks a little more like Greece, the same seas all around, the same people, the same words, all the same. and me, there, alone, on earth without a country, my tongue in the ears, the feet, the hands, its vowels like kites, their consonants like dragons, diphthongs a wind doubled over. with just some twine in my hands, what could I hold on to? all the tongue in the sky, aglow, fatherlands come and go like rivers, Greeces and Chinas like moonbound birds, like rays reversing far away from here.



atelier 70 x70cm acrylic on canvas



bruges 30 x 21 cm acrylic on board



chamonix 30 x 21 cm acrylic on board



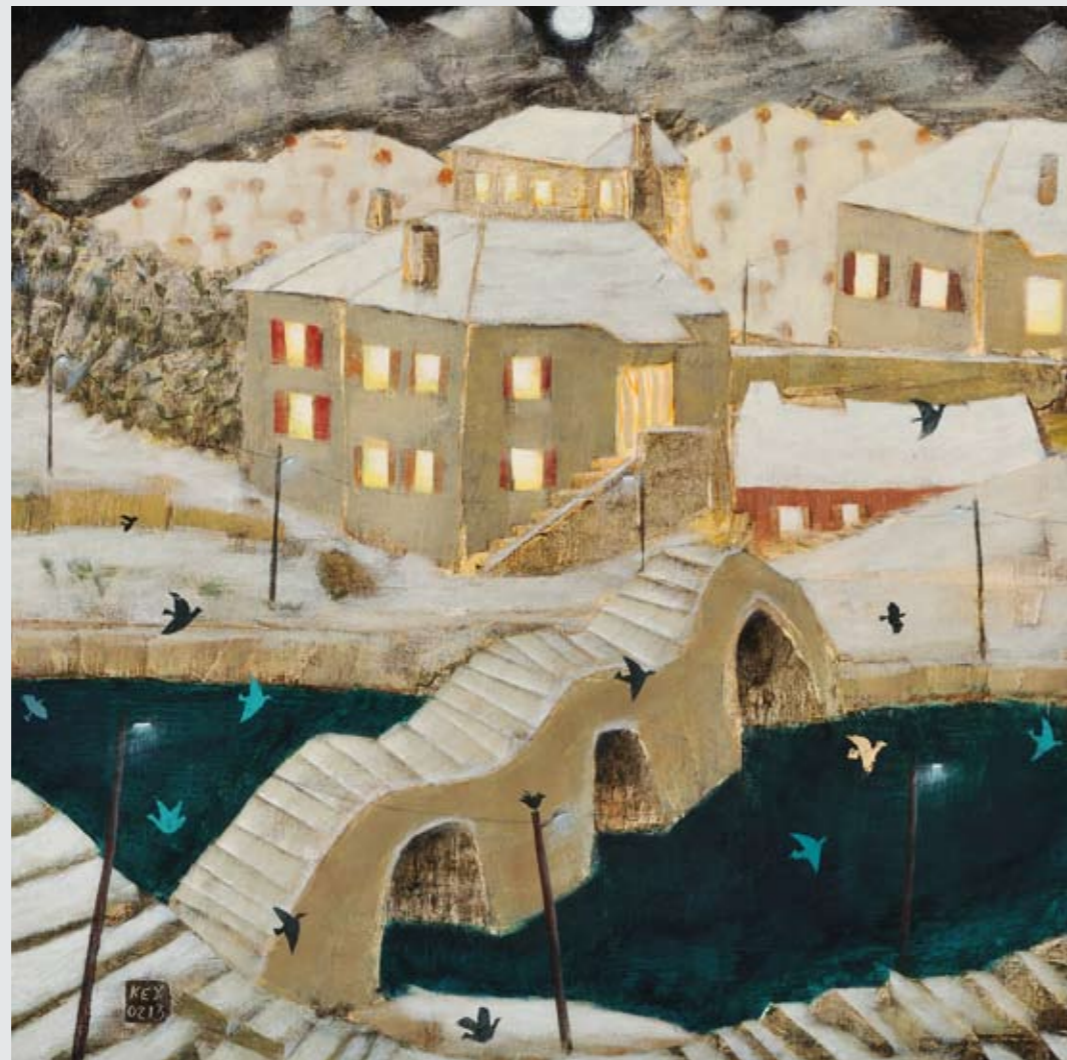
chalkidiki 30 x 21 cm acrylic on board

one more darkness like day, one more day like darkness. lights in my head, and their opposite, wind and silence together like always, snow and sweat. (it is in my power that snow not fall, and heat not heat, my arm not embrace, not caress, not cuddle, all in my power). all this is a man, whole, with all the in-betweens, the greys, and greens, and blues, after and before, love goes for my sake: now the opposite of love, the sky, the Earth, with nothing in-between, both suddenly without me.

may it not rain again, neither snow. may snow not melt into water again, nor the skies open. may my mother's world not go with her, like water in the sky, may her eyes quarrel with the snow, and stay in the heart with me, with the clouds in my mind. clouds like blood, not like water, clouds of color, green ones like her eyes, finicky clouds. may it not rain again.

like a cloud I kneel at the image's edge, like the moon inside a heart I kneel, and my own heart along, like a deer, like water, like the sky, a river. like the sea I kneel at the edge of the sea, like a seabed inside a seabed, like night in line with the nights, like a wave over waves then I rise, like wind in the wind I launch, I fly. my life a drop in the ocean, a circle that opens and is lost, a stone thrown ever lower, in another planet this crazy life of mine alights like a god all of a sudden, elsewhere my life is a child, not soulless here, not stormless, not at all. there I do not kneel, I do not yield like blood. there the red knows how not to erase the red.

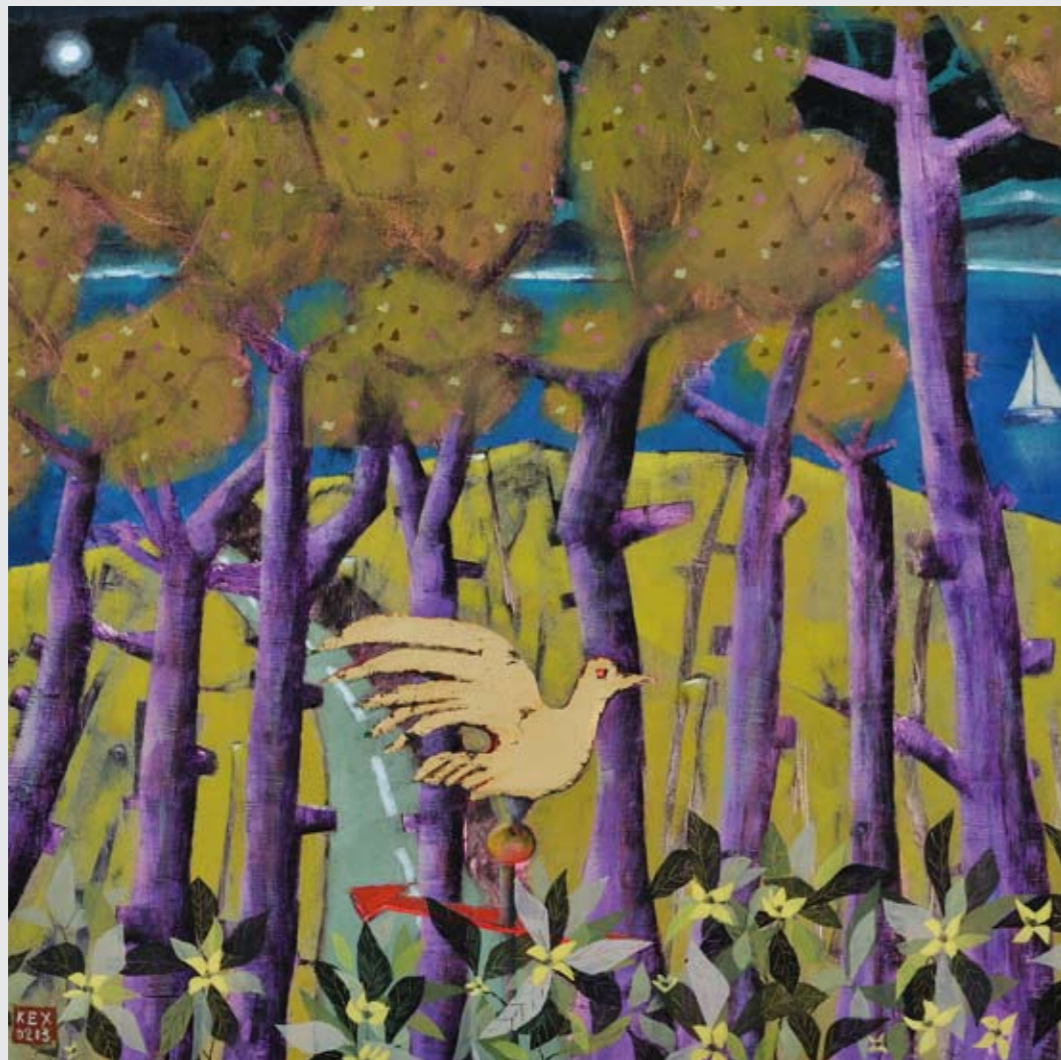
go out, I didn't. it's dark at home too, and in the middle of the rooms little full moons, always lit. then you may look with sunglasses upwards and the light turns to whatever you like, a private eclipse, a personal sun, a proud moon, let's say, a kind heart like cool spring water in the light. it is then that you, like a god, may summon your own people, so that they are a little lit, or a lot, quietly. then your soul is a full moon in the forest, the dark as pitch. and on top a lamp, a trivial room lamp, yet a god, everywhere, all-powerful.



stone bridge 70 x 70cm acrylic on canvas



monastery window 70 x 70cm acrylic on canvas



in the forest 70 x 70cm acrylic on canvas



two chairs in the tavern 70 x 70cm acrylic on canvas



port 85 x 85cm acrylic on canvas

when I die I want to be buried into your arms, there, there to die. when I die, don't go away, your arms and you, stay here, be here with me, you, me dead, the living, and between us everything again: life as a cloud, death as an island, and all like eyes, like waves, like water. when I die, I want to live on you all over again, in your arms to thrive again. haven't I lived a whole life between this world and the Next? let me stay on a little bit then, and rest.

death grew up too. he grew from a little child into a full grown man, from a mere leaf into a forest, from a coral to a sea, a vast ocean. he grew like a man, like trees do, like earth. there is even more earth around me, even more anguish, even more anxiousness that is never silenced. death like earth everywhere, sand are the people that go away, their few words dripping like drops off of them, off their poor hearts. their feelings crimson red clouds on the sky, whole pieces of death suspended still in their loves, like walnuts in honey, like motley pebbles in an aquarium. because death is beautiful after all. a beautiful, beautiful baby.

midnight without me, someone else looking this way, kneeling beyond my own shadow and then he saw me alive, upright. yet I was a wind by then, just a soul, no angles, no image. nameless I, heightless, painless, voiceless. only the sun's, of my own explosions I the black, the gold. greenless, sealess, skyless, azureless, blueless. at last I a dark stillness, movement unfettered by useless dimension, a starless galaxy, the most divine absence in the World, the most colorless presence!



london 30 x 21cm acrylic on board



eyrabakki 30 x 21cm acrylic on board



sounion 30 x 21cm acrylic on board



paris 30 x 21cm acrylic on board



new york 30 x 21cm acrylic on board



tokyo 30 x 21cm acrylic on board



krumau 30 x 21cm acrylic on board

pencils run out too, they do. I see their points fade and it is I who must bring them alive again, make them tell lies, nonsense for as long as they can, like Pinocchio. Pinocchio of course being wooden, mostly, but he slowly turned human by telling lies, and so did I, I'm turning from a man into wood, stone, dust, quickly. all this borrowed air, this temporary air of mine goes in and out like a juggler, like a magician in me. till it comes out for good without much ado one day, one night. one afternoon.

the sound of forks. is it God eating, or his father, or his mother? or is it people around here, useless to the gods, invisible from above, useful only around here: for me, they will do, they may do something. I dream of them even as knives, plain knives without people holding them, hovering in the air, in an invisible house, no soul inside, no, full of soul, air, wind. wind lifting napkins, plates, tablecloths, knives dancing, forks and spoons too. no people, no hands, no fingers, no food.



light tree 70 x 70cm acrylic on canvas



Christos Kechagioglou (KEX) was born in Thessaloniki in 1960. He studied Civil Engineering at the University of Thessaloniki, film directing in Athens, he did post-graduate studies in Philosophy of Art in Paris I Sorbonne and acquired his master's degree in philosophy (DEA) by studying the relation between cinema and painting.

He created many experimental films and video art productions which were presented in art galleries and festivals.

He paints systematically since 1978. His paintings were presented in 21 personal exhibitions, the first in 1981 in Thessaloniki and the last in 2013 in Brussels and in more than 60 group exhibitions in Greece and Europe. Some of his paintings are owned by institutions, museums and art collectors in Greece and abroad.



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