

*Saturday, January 28, 2006*



Reading the art book in the train to Amsterdam made me miss the stop and I ended up in Almere a god forgotten city in the middle of nowhere, not the place to be around midnight. A freezingly cold wind on the platforms and a tight control at the entrances. Passengers were treated like potential criminals. I managed to get back to Amsterdam though.

The book was by professor Henk van Os on Belgian art. He mentions the portrait of Marguerite Mons by the (neo-)impressionist Theo van Rysselberghe (1862-1926). It depicts a sad-eyed girl of perhaps twelve years old dressed in black (as her mother has died recently). It is an excentric composition and the black contrasts well with the pale blue, pink and gold colors of the door. You have got no idea what she is thinking, but her gaze keeps your attention. It seems that her father did not like the painting and requested Van Rysselbergh to make a new, more traditional portrait. Artistic vision is not always appreciated.

At the moment there is an exhibition of the work of Theo van Rhusselberge at the Paleis der Schone Kunsten in Brussels