

THE FALL

pictures and words by

Alex Loveless



Dedicated to Nuala and the boys, for
putting up with me

ALEX.L



Introduction

This is a collection of pictures of my artworks with some words to accompany them. The artworks weren't made to be accompanied by words, but since I have little to no mind's eye, I think about these pictures in terms of words and emotions, so I have tried to write both down.

The words herein are not poems. I don't understand poetry. If any appear like poetry, then I assume that it is bad poetry. For this you have my apology, at least you do if poetry is your jam.

Although each is a story in its own right, there's a narrative of sorts, perhaps a journey, that runs through them. This may only be visible to me though. It's not a happy journey, but it is a real one.

Many of the humans depicted in these artworks are avatars of me, regardless of the gender and regardless that most of them depict real humans that have existed, and in some cases continue to exist.

The pictures and words herein are pieces of me. They are raw, intimate, confessional, angry, despondent, joyous, confused, desperate, and probably a bunch of other things. They are messages to myself from past iterations of me. They are sacrifices at the altar of my mental illness. They are yours now. Interpret them how you wish.

Alex Loveless, April 2024





David | 2018 | Acrylic and Mixed Media on Canvas | 60cm x 90cm

David

A jagged line scratched through
flaking plaster traces a route
through generations – father, son,
brother, sister, children.

Of minds at war with themselves.

A 43 year old man is scared and
confused.

Prescriptions.

Pills.

He stands in front of a canvas.

An image emerges depicting a
human created from bits of other
humans.

His Journey Begins.





The Others | 2022 | Acrylic on Canvas | 24in x 32in

The Others

They say that eyes are windows
through which they must peer to
see what lies beneath.

They say that you must sit still to
show that you are present and
attentive.

That you must not talk about
yourself, what you love, only what
interests the other.

That you must be more like them,
but not too much.

They say.

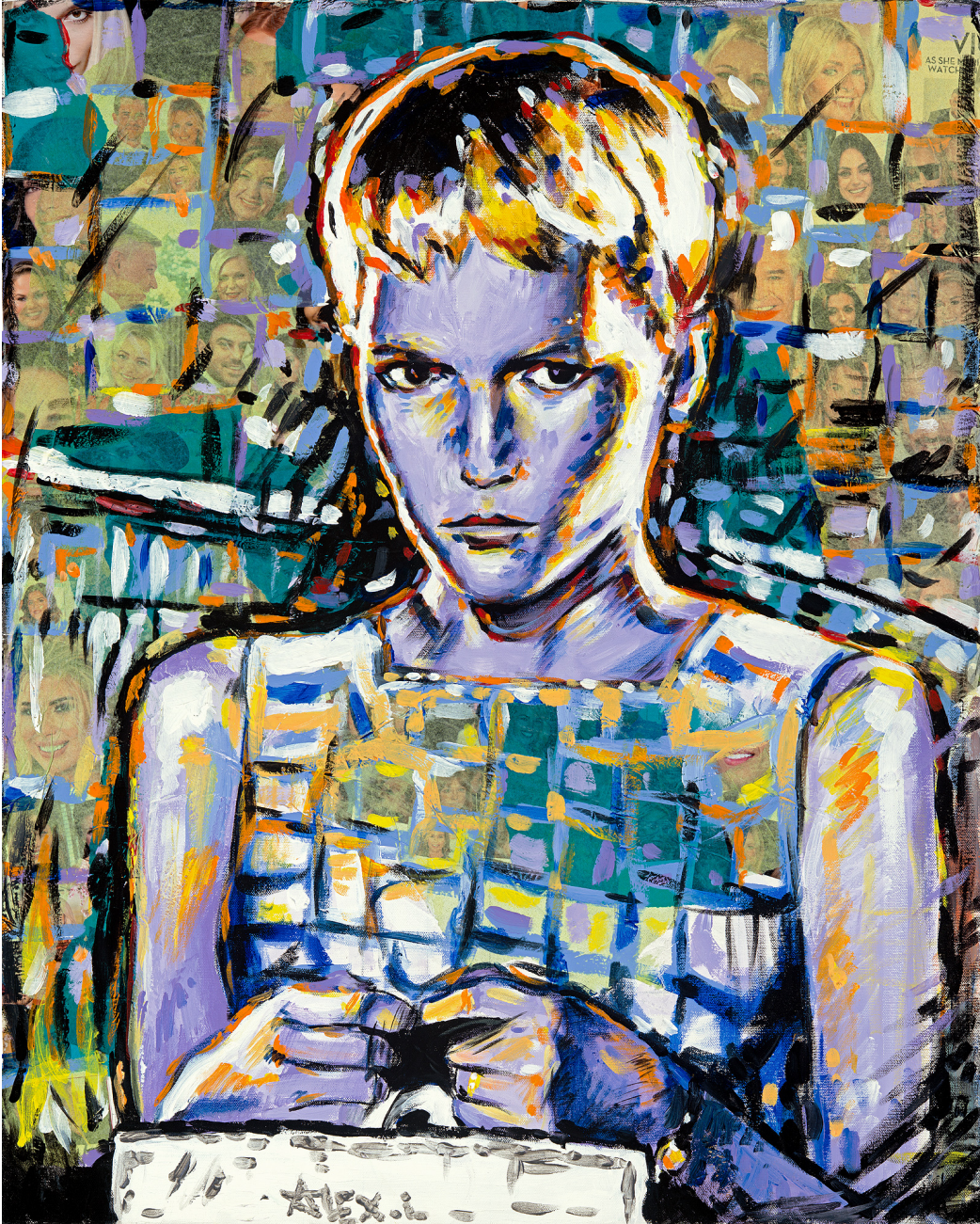
They say.

They say that they are looking,
seeing, curious, but they only want
a mirror.

Who is trapped inside that mirror?

Who have you encaged, to make
you master, and what have they
lost to give you peace?





Somebody | 2018 | Acrylic and Mixed Media on Canvas | 61cm x 75cm

Somebody

Those smiles are not real.

Their glances, words, mannerisms
cast effortlessly, chip away little
pieces of her that are invisible to
them.

They add to her thousand stinging
cuts.

Invisible cuts.

Pain is invisible too she thinks, but
if they could see the wounds, they
would have sympathy, assume the
pain, pay attention, offer help.

But they don't see her snicked skin,
or the ruthlessly tender swells of
prior damage only part healed.

They only see her as aloof and
broadcast their disdain, or worse,
indifference.

Somebody just trying to protect
herself from further damage.





Dissociation | 2018 | Acrylic and Mixed Media on Canvas | 40cm x 100cm

Dissociation

The world quavers. Like a record skipping or stream briefly buffering.

It's not dizziness. The disturbance is with the world. Reality twitched, she merely observed.

But why?

Again, a twitch, longer this time.

She checks her environment.

Humans, lots of them, coming and going. Surging back and forth like waves on a beach.

This then is the cause of the twitch. The world is too much, her mind tries to detach itself.

Again.

She looks for a bench, somewhere to rest, and a respite.

Twitch.

Twitch.





Signal=Noise | 2020 | Acrylic and Mixed Media on Canvas | 60cm x 90cm

Signal = Noise

He curls in on himself. Folding and folding because there is nowhere else to retreat - the pressure comes from everywhere at once, from every direction, from outside and from within.

He must find new directions in which to retreat, new dimensions. Crevices made from unworldly angles, splitting and dividing into countless quantum morsels.

An infinity of a human mind now an origami of infinite focus, a point of perfect distress, impossible to observe, but boundless in its gravity.





Meltdown #2 | 2024 | Acrylic on Canvas | 15in x 15in

Meltdown

The storm was brewing for days, weeks perhaps, but he didn't notice.

He didn't see the anvil, its menacing shadow on the horizon. He wasn't looking up. Only down, pushing forward through the brambles and mud, knowing only that he must keep going.

When the storm came it caught him off guard.

It came from within and forced an eternity of too much out of every pore and orifice, snotty and acidic. Those around him had no time to take cover.

When finally it was over, he knew it would not be the last. He now saw all the anvils. Rough beasts slouching towards him.





The Fall | 2022 | Acrylic on Canvas | 72cm x 102cm

The Fall

She cradles him hoping, pleading,
that he doesn't fall again.

It's like cradling, comforting, a
grenade, she thinks. Let me not slip
the pin, please.

There will be buds again, regrowth.
She knows this. There *must* be.

For now, withered, spent pieces of
him fall slowly to the earth, for the
wind to toss around.

She would sweep them away, but so
many drift down, and she worries
that they'll be buried by them.





Shutdown #1 | 2024 | Acrylic on Canvas | 20in x 20in

Shutdown

It came after the storms. So many
storms - electric and acrid,
insinuating all his cells, infecting
and corrupting his spirit.

They, the others, had asked too
much. Obedience and conformity.

To be like them, day in, day out.
Like a performing squirrel.

When it came was it not a relief.

Was not a respite.

It was more of the same, but now
coming from within him.

He shuts himself down.

He shuts them out.

The war continues.





Black Dog | 2018 | Acrylic on Canvas | 44cm x 72cm



Black Dog

I ain't got time to bleed, he thinks,
hoping, pleading, that his fortitude
and resilience will be enough, but
knowing he only delays the
inevitable.

My resilience got me here, he tells
her, buried this deep. I needed to
make the time to bleed. But where
was that time? When did the earth
stop spinning? When did everyone
pause all at once to give me a little
space to suffer in peace? To heal?

But there must be progress.

Momentum.

Important things. More important
than me.

Who has time to bleed, to risk being
left behind or washed away?

We bleed regardless.

The black dog waits patiently.





Ordinary | 2018 | Acrylic on Canvas | 60cm x 90cm



Ordinary

An ordinary day, that is enough.

Nothing good, nothing bad.

Nothing special.

An ordinary moment, a moment of
peace, is all it will take.

An unexceptional instant, a gift, a
blessing.

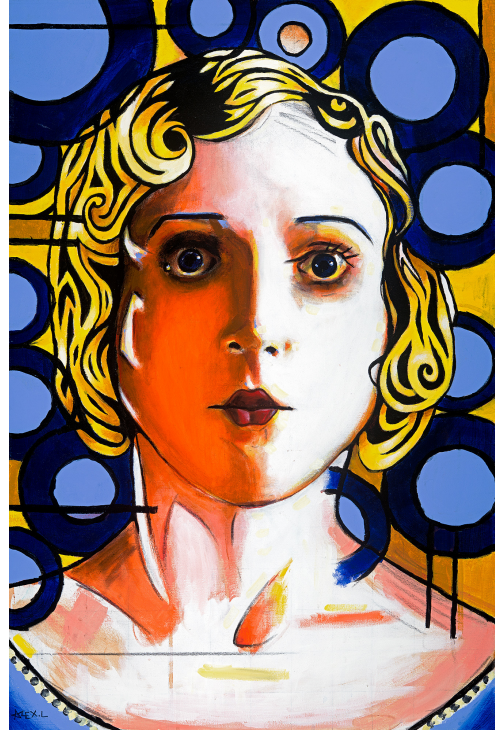
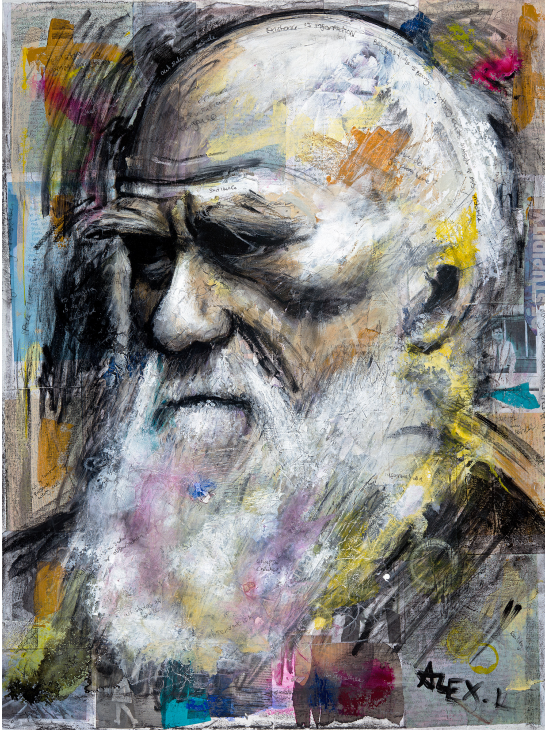
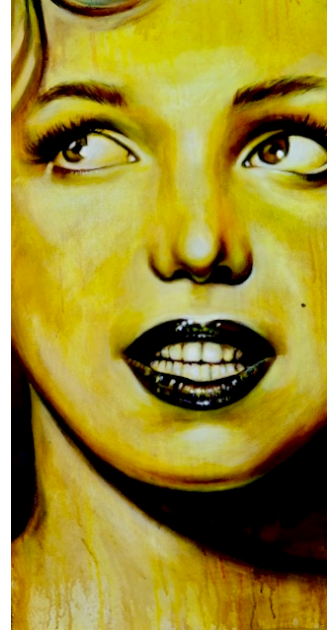
I'll take it.

I'll take that moment and multiply
it by ten, ten thousand, ten
infinities.

It's still just a moment, still
ordinary, but more so.

Like every other ordinary moment,
and all the others too.

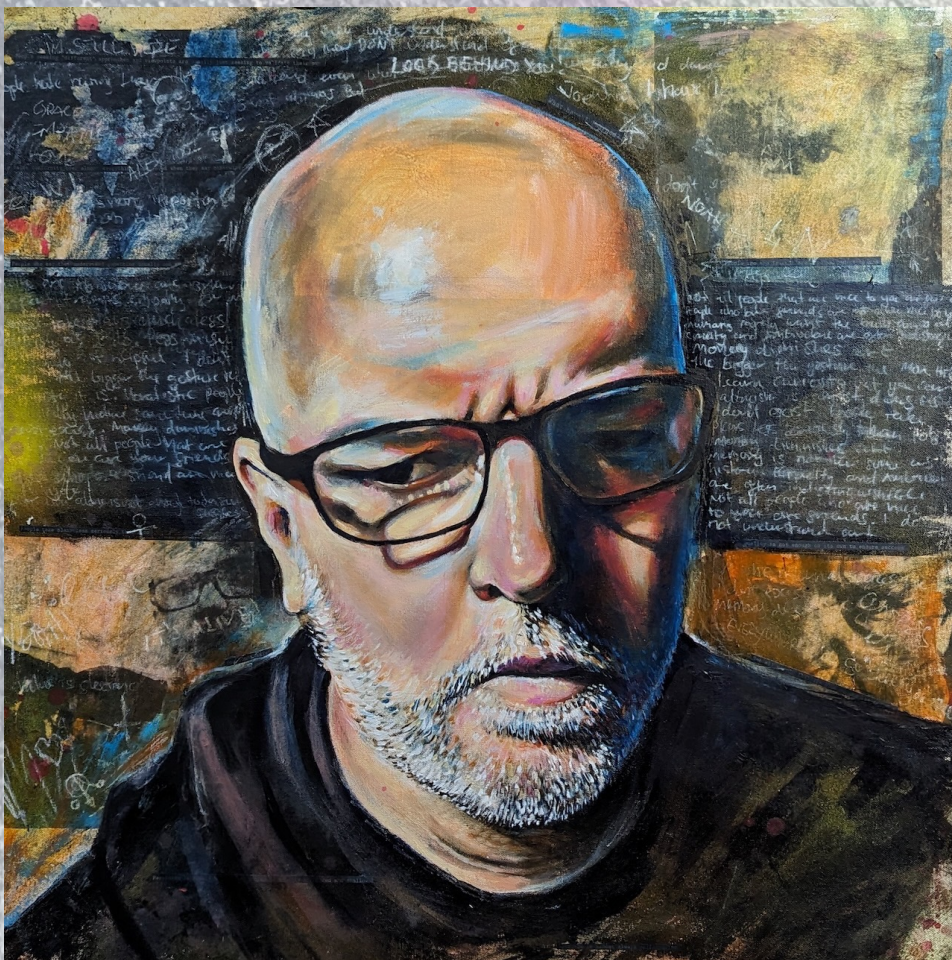




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Alex Loveless is an artist living in Perthshire, Scotland. Alex is autistic and ADHD and suffers chronic poor mental health the latter for which art is a form of therapy.

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