

Tussen Stasies

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Tussen Stasies

Earlier this year, February 2019, I was privileged to spend a month at the Artist Residency: Arteles Creative Center in Finland. We were 14 artists in residence - actors, writers, sound & performance artists, a poet/clown, photographers, visual artists - from around the world.

My time spent in the beautiful snowy landscape and interacting with the other artists made a profound impact on me. More than a keen interest in each other's professional practices, the lasting impression was a deep sense of humanity. Meals shared, sauna and singing together, laughter, vulnerability and howling at the moon.

Tussen Stasies / Between Stations, as the title suggests, stands in as an intermission / inbetween in my artistic endeavours. The works might seem like a departure from previous works (Shamanistic / ceremonial / ritualistic), yet there is still a feeling reminiscent of the performative and Theatre of the Absurd.

The work is characterised by a sense of humor, inside jokes and irony, with a dash of David Lynch (Twin Peaks / Mulholland Drive) hero-worshipping.



For Sue and Marat

2019

Oil on wood

50 x 40cm

*Sanlam Portrait Award 2019 Top 100



Comfy Couch Crucifixion

2019

Oil on wood

54 x 44cm





Girl with blue hair

2019

Oil on wood

54 x 44cm





The ring-necked dove returns

2019

Oil on wood

50 x 40cm





Stranger Things

2019

Oil on wood

70 x 60cm





Hand towels for the Guest Bathroom

2019

Oil on wood

84 x 59.5cm





The yellow second-hand coat

2019

Oil on wood

50 x 40cm





Birch tree and fish bouquet

2019

Oil on wood

84 x 59.5cm





The Medial woman

2019

Oil on wood

30 x 50cm





A paw for D. Lynch

2019

Oil on wood

25 x 17.5cm





Let me eat your face, Love

2019

Oil on wood

25 x 25cm

The Artists in Residence were given the fun challenge to buy an object at the local second-hand store to be used as inspiration for a performance piece. Actress and screenwriter from Australia - Phoebe Ann Taylor - bought a little porcelain ornament. Massively disfigured with crude limbs and mouths more suggestive of "sucking-orifices"; the little statue became somewhat of a mascot amongst the artists...

Let me eat your face, love.

The wind is a howling bitch in heat
and here on this hill, this mound
on which we meet, as the hour turns
short armed and stubby all limbs and
fingers, absorbed, amorphous, abstracted,
against the landscape, undistracted...

Who are you?

Look into my eyes and kiss me!
Don't look away, don't blink,
I want to see your eyes locked on me
as we lock tongue to tongue,
lip to lip, locked in a gravitational pull...
to where?

Unbalanced! I've lost my shoes and
you have no toes to grip into the earth
rapidly falling away from muscled legs...
lean into the barrier that infinitely
divides us and drags you down in this
avalanche
of dirty snow
NO!

Put your arms inside my shirt,
cleave to my heart...
Raise your jaw
I see what I saw.
You are not so pathetically buoyant in the storm.
Your dress is not so heavy
My hair is not so grey
Do not pull away
Hesitation will be our oblivion.

So look at me.
Do not forget the way my features tumble for you.
I do not know the size or dimension of the
malformed palace
where my mind sits
but
I want to visit yours.

Let me eat your face, love.
Your skull, your crystal palace.
Let me devour you.
Life is not worth knowing
If I do not know you—
entirely—
in this blizzard of momentum
we make for ourselves in this,
the daily existence of anonymity.

- Phoebe Ann Taylor





Pre-study drawing i & ii
2019

Ink on 1972 S.A.R. Remittance parchment
27 x 20.5cm & 30 x 20.5cm



Pre-study drawings

2019

Ink on 1972 S.A.R. Remittance parchment

Various sizes



Fire circle ceremony: February 2019