

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 I 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.

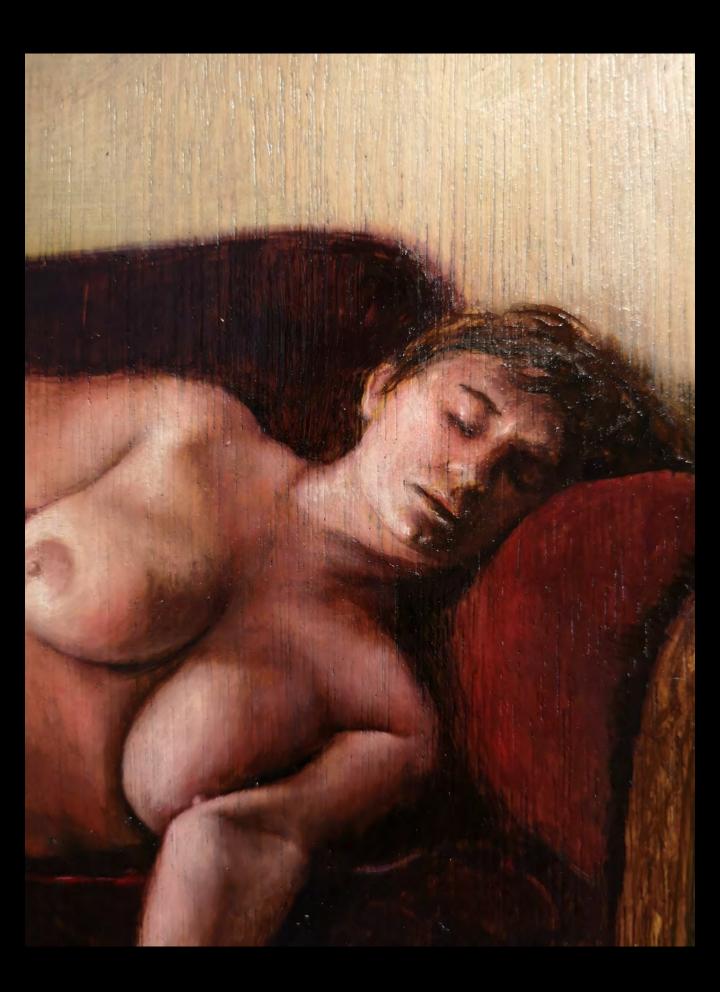
Tussen Stasies / Between Stations, as the title suggests, stands in as an intermission / inbetween in my artistic endeavours. The works might seem like a departure from previous works (Shamanistic / ceremonial / ritualistic), yet there is still a feeling reminiscent of the performative and Theatre of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



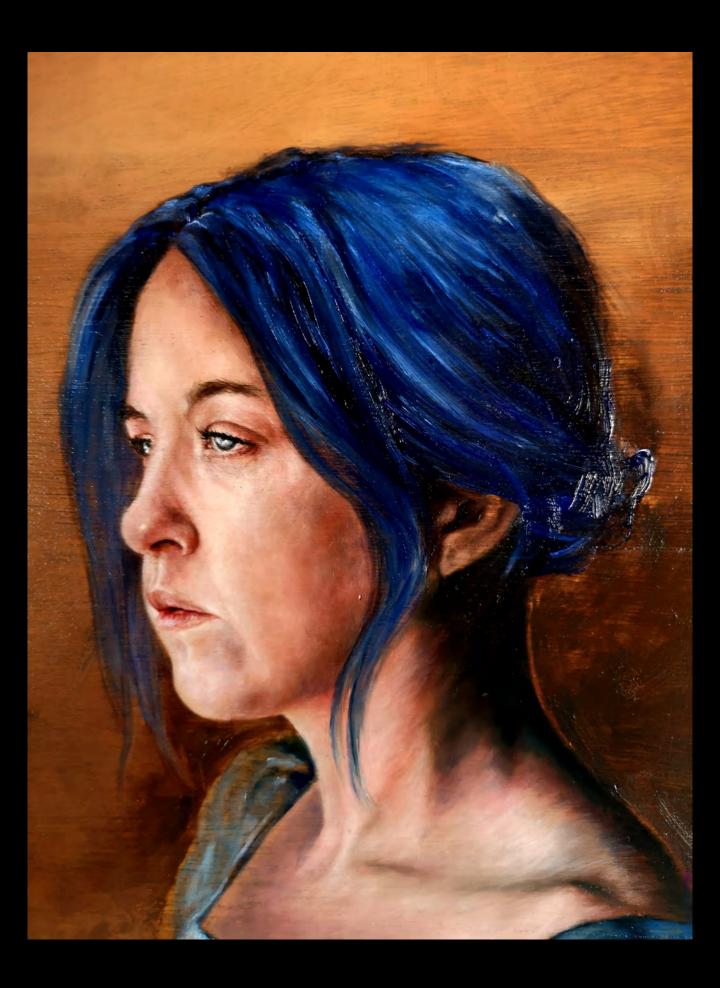
For Sue and Marat 2019 Oil on wood 50 x 40cm *Sanlam Portrait Award 2019 Top 100



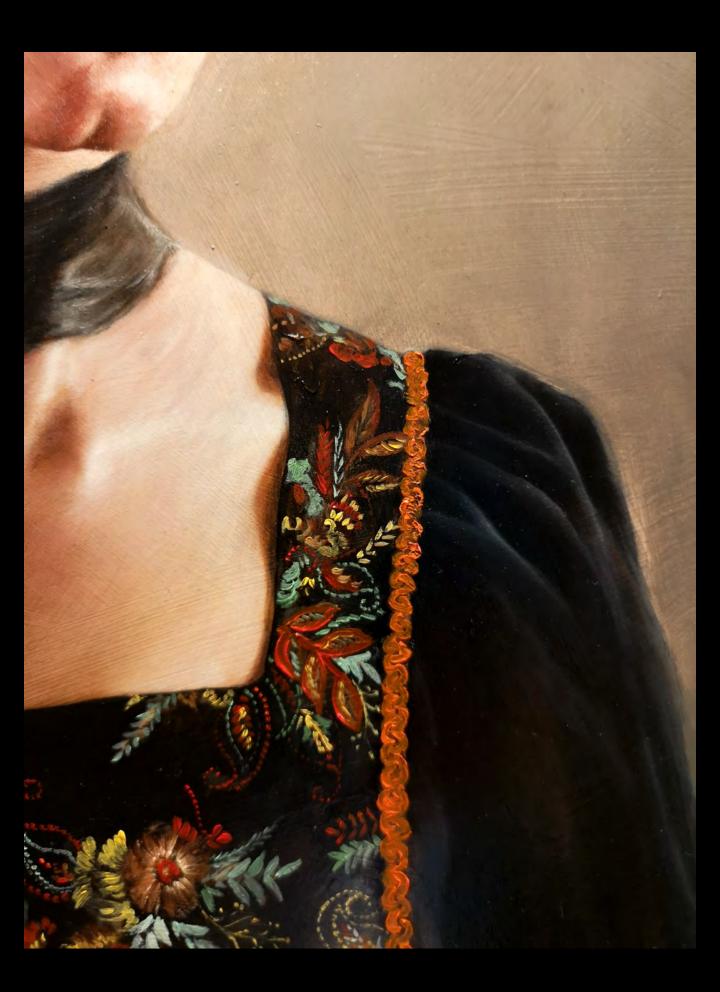




Girl with blue hair 2019 Oil on wood 54 x 44cm





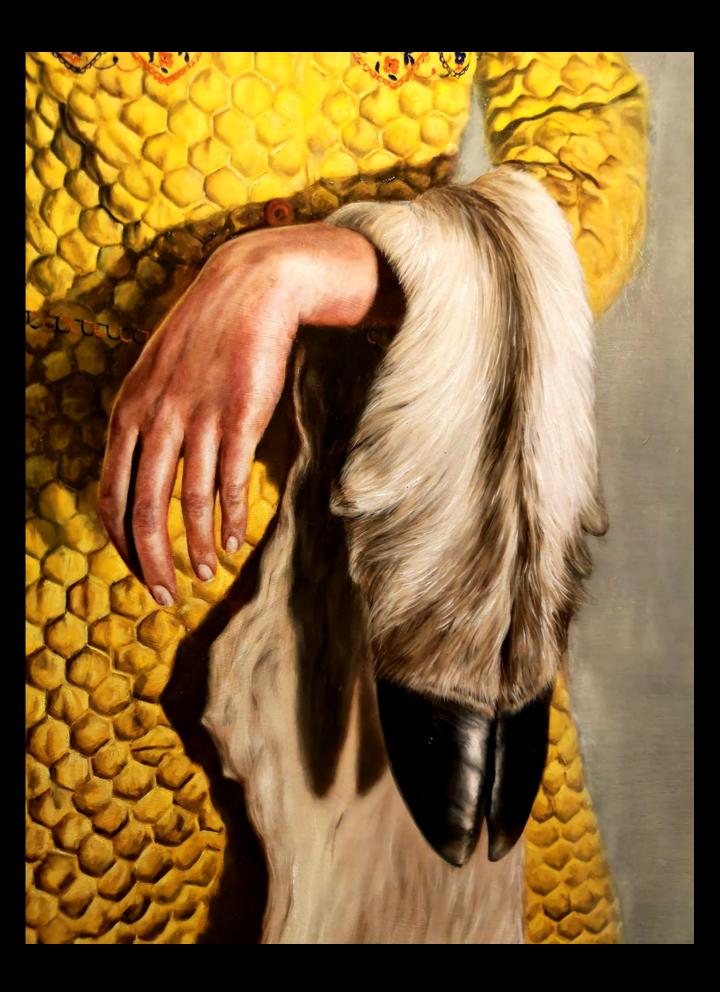








Hand towels for the Guest Bathroom 2019 Oil on wood $84 \times 59.5 cm$

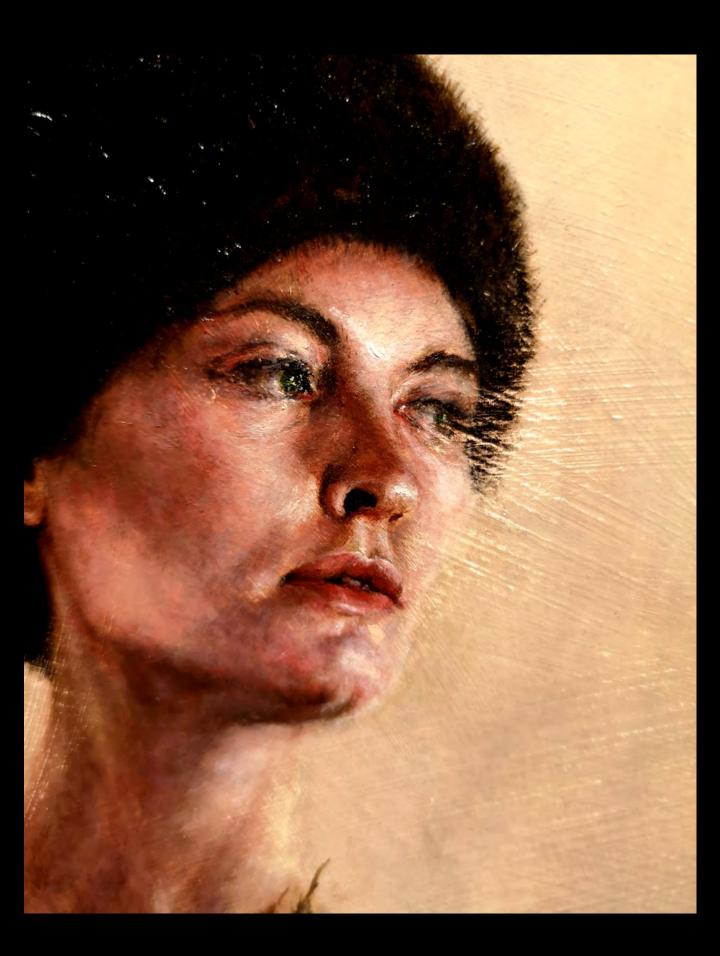








Birch tree and fish bouquet 2019 Oil on wood 84 x 59.5cm



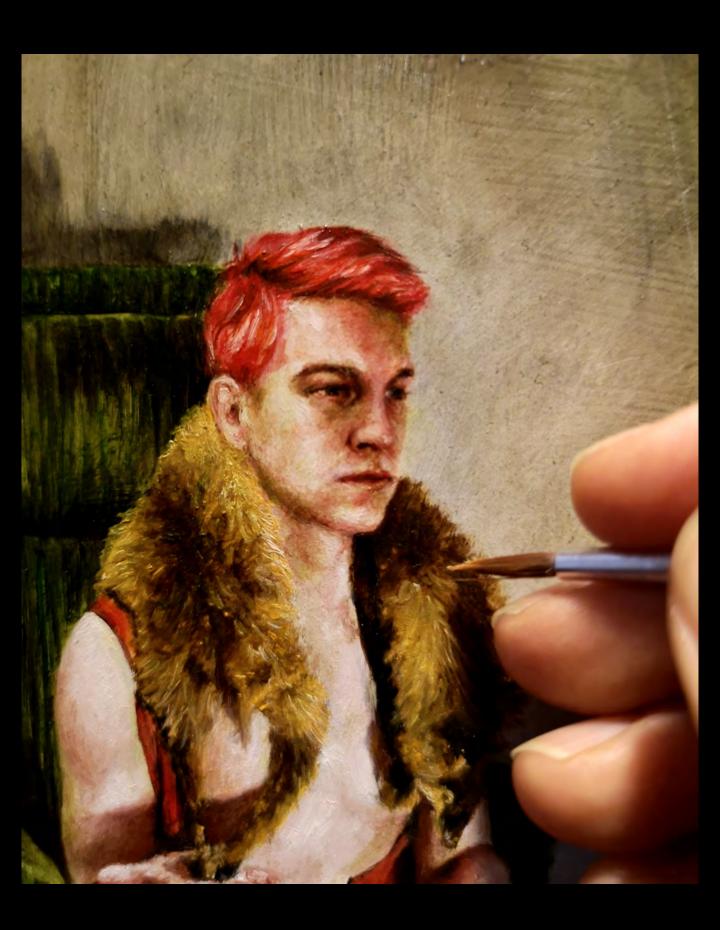


The Medial woman 2019 Oil on wood 30 x 50cm





A paw for D. Lynch 2019 Oil on wood 25 x 17.5cm





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.









Pre-study drawings 2019 Ink on 1972 S.A.R. Remittance parchment Various sizes



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Fire circle ceremony: February 2019