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Silence

Silence in visual poetry. Creating a sense of quietness and solitude. Spirituality. Tension. Creating nothingness out of painterly mediums on even white surfaces. White paint. Linseed oil. Layered, textured, dripping, merging. Varying shades of utter and complete purity. Transparency. A sense of play within the whites. Layered white within the whites, merging to the fore. Shades of white, infinite. Depth and tranquillity shining through. Evoking stillness, pause, unspoken and thoughtful emotions. Merging and mingling mediums that speak to each other and to me. Their language is veiled and hidden. Sparseness and pause. Dripping, golden linseed oil coursing down the canvas; a strange marriage as it crosses paths (or not) with the hard-edged paint. Each on a journey together and apart. Lonesome mediums searching for calm and rest. Creating the illusion of same



A Silent Conversation. Linseed oil house acrylic and pencil, 220x225mm, 2015.

Above is an example of visual silence. This silence is poetic. Organic, free. Spatial relief. The thin pencilled line juxtaposes, interrupts and compliments. A pale blue mark is lightly evident. Editing out has come into play. Push and pull is relevant. Subtle variations of pale colours and mediums; the mixing and merging of cloudy white acrylic and golden linseed oil. Refinement and order yet

with a subtle trace of underlying chaos. There is no room for colours that don't mix and mingle and blend. A hazy gentleness meanders, a marriage of the mediums; a mingling of the two. A statement of various whites and differing shades of white. The lucidness of linseed oil, dripping and dying. Evocative of nothing. Together and apart.



A Silent Exploration, house acrylic and linseed oil on canvas, 350x229mm, 2015.

Yet another in the same body of work. Differing liquid mediums conversing, a strange and imperfect liaison. An illusion of calmness. Contemplation and reflection. About everything and nothing, nothing and everything. About nothing, most of all. Two differing linseed oils, light and dark, dark and light, mixed and merged together. A language unspoken, a conversation within. Honey coloured globs, suspended, alone. Pause and solitude. Quiet, hidden thought. The dialect is foreign, yet not hard to negate. Variations upon deep nothingness. Silence has its own unique voice and nothingness is not a blank. Yet there is a void and the silence is deceptive. As Forster contemplated in his novel, *A Passage to India*, where the main theme is emptiness, the abyss, the void.



Conversing, linseed oil and white paint, 229x335mm, 2015.

No room for chaos, no place for disorder. The golden drip of linseed oil, the stark freshness of the white. The secrecy of painterly mediums conversing in silence together, Overlapping,

underlapping and forcing spatial voids. Calming the viewer, stretching out time. Nothingness is shaded and silence is burdened with tremulous echoes. The lyrical is soaring, poetry unsung.



Unspoken, Indian Ink and linseed oil on canvas, 225 x 274mm, 2015.

Edge of the butterfly, half-winged. Divided space that whispers a sonnet of its own. A soft line and a curvy line. No room for straight lines. A depth and a girth to the spatial loom. Another dimension, hidden, yet not. Dribbles of dark ink splayed onto the pale linseed. Poetry in motion, striving for identity and reality. Unspoken but longing to speak. Desperation, solitude and serenity. Soft and hard dialogue, not uttered. An alien entity.



Winged silence, linseed oil and house acrylic on canvas, 2015.

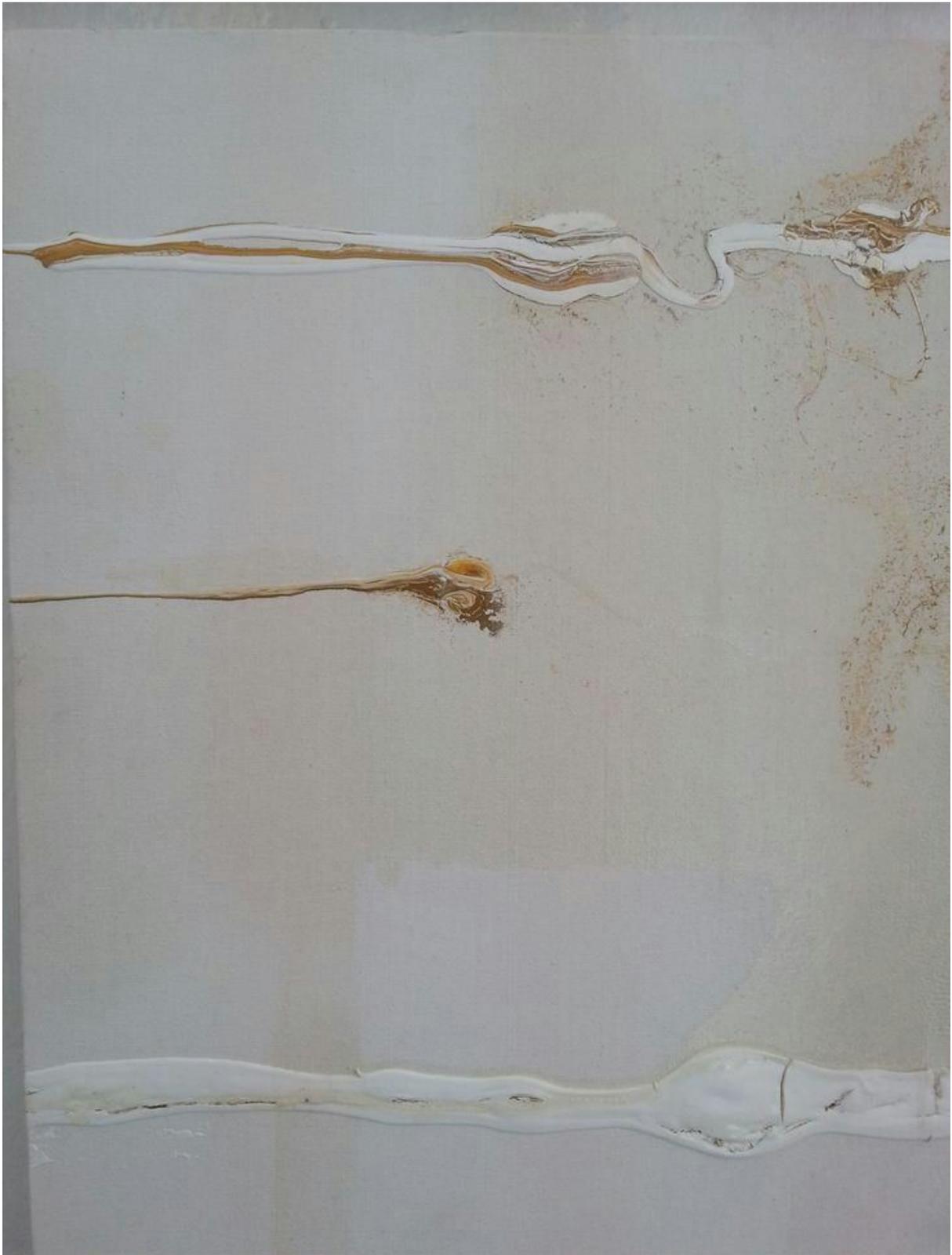
Winged silence, the paint itself is in flight. Against a background of linseed oil and edited out black ink. A smidgen of stark black ink remains. In a private flight, soaring against the stained, strange sky. Delicate whispers. The open sky void-like in its depth and reach. Hesitant. Paused and reflective. The subtle pink shines through yet is hidden beneath. Voices converging, consensus

met. A visual sonnet. Gentle lines that intermingle. The poetry of refined charcoal, mixed with paint, adding another dimension. Variations of pale, casual quiet and hushed conversation. Silent atonement, quiet regrets.



The Secret, house acrylic and linseed oil on canvas, 225 x 229 mm, 2015.

Unspoken contemplation, an identity of pales. Random thoughts, splayed linseed, hustling paint. A language of white solitude fighting for air. Pale green mixed in, soft pink at the boundaries. A reflection of the mediums, untold reams of poetry, a myriad of voices. Tuned and in tune, speaking of hidden moments.. Shy and proud and reverent.



A language of the three. House acrylic and linseed oil on canvas, 225 x 330mm, 2015.

The emptiness of in-between, the division of pale space. Elements of vagueness and the stroke of random chance. Streaky brown the accidental, veiled within the depths of white. A new voice is added to the mix. Clarity and passion and a yearning for the void. Dark against the light, thick

against the thin. Wedges of space in-between. Hushed voices co-existing. Hungry, sated, delighted, alive. Metaphysics. Painterly metaphysics. Visual language. Unspoken.

According to Forster, in his acclaimed novel, *A Passage to India*, there was 'nothing but absolute emptiness in the cave'. One of the main characters, Mrs Moore, was assaulted by 'odours from the abyss.' The cave is where an unspoken and unseen evil looms. Forster was a known believer and follower of Eastern philosophy, and he spent some years in India. His maxim was 'only connect.' (*Howard's End*, E M Forster). The abyss is attributed to nothingness, and the creating of nothingness is my personal aim in paint. Nothingness leads to the concept of existilism, and the philosophy of metaphysics. Visual poetry expresses this. The void goes on forever and knows both nothing and everything, is nihilistic and agnostic. Painting nothingness, making nothingness, exploring nothingness in painterly form.

Mark Rothko and Robert Ryman both painted with the void in mind. Ryman's blank white canvases, yet much going on within. Rothko's spiritual works, great blanks of paint, expressing the very thought of nothing.



Above is a quote by Rothko.

Visual poetry should be an experience and not just a view. Visual poetry soars and sings and is not just a glint in time. The sensual. Pause and silence is the exploration of painterly existilism. The nothingness is not nothingness and the abyss is beyond all human and non-human contemplation. Even with paint it cannot be seen. Nothingness, instead, and its endless, pale depths.