

Layers

First layer is a floated area
That finds its own shape, expanding
Until it stops spreading
And dries up lying flat –
watery expanse still.

And then the structuring overlay.
Shapes, made from lines,
Each relying on the other.
There is playful conversation :
“If I stand lopsided does this make you bend over
more towards me ?”
“Have we got a spine to share ?”

The search of form
Is dependent on the elasticity of the lines
which are plucked like guitar strings.
Sound verberates in the dark hollow airy body,
Throwing back an echo that bounces.
Rhythm and dance change as they please.
Making my painting happen.

Susanne Leutenegger

Sleep of Reason

Reason

is lying there,
curled up in that corner,
blinks with one eye, twitches one ear,
sees it all happening,
its limbs tied by sleep.

It has not been asked to take part,

is useless

as things are about to

to disarrange

to bundle

to swirl

to flood

to smear

to rotate

to appear

to fire up

to expand

to bond

to bounce

to roll

to twist

to float

to dissolve

to shape up

into my art.

Raum geben dem Einfachen

Raum geben dem Einfachen,
dem Dunkel-warm-Ruhenden,
dem Absichtslosen,
dem Unregelmässigen,
dem Nicht-der-Regel-Entsprechenden.

Festhalten, Umfassen, Einfangen
mit Farbe und Linie,
was sich auf andere Art nicht halten lässt.
Der Wunsch, dabei eine klare bildnerische Zwiesprache zu halten.

Das Gute am Malen ist das Handgreifliche daran.
Ganz konkret etwas zu sehen, das es nicht gibt.
Hände sind auch Blätter, Blätter sind Federn,
Federn sind Füße, Füße sind Knospen,
Knospen Paddel,
ein Paddel ist eine Glocke,
Glocke ein Flügel, Flügel eine Rassel,
Rassel ist Perle, Perle ist Rohling mit Kern,
Rohling Tonfrucht.

Der Prozess ist ein Schälen, Schälen, Schälen -
und Erwarten, was ausschlüpfen,
sich zu erkennen geben möchte.

Es ist ein ständiges 'Auf-die-Welt-Bringen'.

Malen ist
wie auf Beerensuche gehen.
Wenn ich erst einmal losgezogen bin,
werde ich schon fündig.

Malen ist ein Zähmen,
dabei packen, was gut aufblitzt,
und entfalten lassen,
was noch ahnungslos träumt ...

Susanne Leutenegger

Thinking about my art

Painting for me is giving space.

Giving space to what is yet silent, what is waiting patiently, what is undiscovered.

During the working process I am guided by a promising spark, hoping to let come to the surface what dreams unknowingly.

The process is often subject to change. A movement that is impetuous and inquiring can often intervene or reverse intentions. Being spontaneous and silent, energetic and patient, agreeing and contradicting are part of life.

Trustful I enter into a dialogue with new existences.

Hands become leaves,
leaves become feathers,
feathers become feet,
feet become flowerbuds,
buds become paddles,
paddles become bells,
a bell a wing,
a wing a rattling gourd,
a gourd pearl,
pearl stone fruitkernel.

I usually start with a blurred, unknowing surface and an idea of a precise line, letting them explore a movement together that is round, playful and simple.

Susanne Leutenegger