

Oana Cosug

The Trees Whisper

" Time flows differently farther from the cities. I would say there is a magical atmosphere floating around people here, connecting them to nature, to a certain spirituality that is hard to put into words. When everything is silent, it seems like trees can whisper to each other."

Oana Cosug's paintings and drawings depict imageries of change, of a world of Oneself wondering into the world of Another. The encounter creates rejection and attraction, a merging of colours and shapes of intense inner conflicts. The vegetal world is powerfully present in the artist's work, the medium through which unavoidable transformations take place. Plants and trees build up to a kind of connective tissue that resonates through each of her latest artworks.

Most recently, during the artistic residency in the Canton of Valais in Switzerland this autumn, Oana Cosug expands on her ongoing research on painting techniques, experimenting more and more with the spontaneity of watercolours and aquarelles. She creates unexpected layers and textures, transferring the weightlessness of drawing techniques onto the painting surfaces of canvas. In her works, tree lines and body lines cross paths or otherwise combine into a hybrid existence on the backdrop of something more than just a scenery or a fleeting state of mind.

A continuous presence frames the series as a recurring motif that we can observe in the drawings and the works of aquarelle on canvas: a horizonless landscape of many trees. They are represented in strong vertical lines as a collective entity that Oana Cosug livens up with masterful transparencies into layers of bark and light and leaves. The surfaces are filled with colours that induce a day-dreaming atmosphere in nuances of green, silver white and orange, sometimes turning into a timeless night through black and indigo blue and dark green pigments. Round shapes floating through the geometrical straight lines of the trees seem to filter the colours in the same way that floating particles in the air filter the light through the forest.

Images of a woman's body walking, sleeping, dreaming in the woods are built in dialogue with other instances in which she is pushed into grids and set to carry burdening cages as nature retreats from the contours of her body. Episodic and intense reconnections are depicted with the lines of the human body in bright red and pink colours, vulnerably erotic and introspective. Undefined hands stretch out into branches, bodies succumb to their surroundings or else only trees remain, whispering to each other.

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