



Toni Messiter

My Mother Said

3 - 26th June 2021

Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat: 11am - 6pm
or by appointment

Stanley Street gallery
SYDNEY

1/52-54 Stanley Street, Darlinghurst NSW 2010
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Toni Messiter

The grass was green

2021

Oil on Canvas

125 x 95 x 6 cm

Photo Marilyn Bailey

\$3,000

Enquire



Toni Messiter

No ship to get across

2021

Oil on canvas

125 x 125 x 6 cm

Photo Brett East

\$3,500

Enquire



Toni Messiter

In came the gypsy
2021

Oil on canvas
79 x 64 x 6 cm
Photo Brett East

\$1,900

Enquire



Toni Messiter

I won't be back

2021

Oil on canvas

125 x 125 x 6 cm

Photo Marilyn Bailey

\$3,500

Enquire



Toni Messiter

You won't be mine

2021

Oil on canvas

125 x 125 x 6 cm

Photo Brett East

\$3,500

[Enquire](#)



Toni Messiter

Father said that if I did
2021

Oil on canvas
125 x 125 x 6 cm
Photo Brett East

\$3,500

[Enquire](#)



Toni Messiter

A blind white noise

2021

Oil on canvas

79 x 64 x 6 cm Framed

Photo Brett East

\$1,900

Enquire



Toni Messiter
My mother said
2021
Oil on canvas
64 x 54 x 6 cm
Photo Brett East

\$1,800

Enquire



Toni Messiter

Naughty girl

2021

Oil on canvas

64 x 54 x 6 cm

Photo Brett East

\$1,600

Enquire



Toni Messiter

I paid ten shillings

2021

Oil on canvas

79 x 64 x 6 cm

Photo Brett East

\$1,900

Enquire



Toni Messiter

Your shoes won't shine

2021

Oil on canvas

64 x 48 x 6 cm

Photo Brett East

\$1,600

Enquire



Toni Messiter

The wood was dark

2021

Oil on canvas

125 x 125 x 6 cm

Photo Brett East

\$3,500

[Enquire](#)



Toni Messiter

Your hair won't curl

2021

Oil on canvas

64 x 54 x 6 cm

Photo Brett East

\$1,800

Enquire

My Mother Said

Exhibition Essay by Samantha Houben

Toni Messiter's new paintings respond to the cautionary tale *My Mother Said*. The body of work explores notions of choice and otherness by provoking the characters response to the question - what would you do?

Messiter's dramatic allegorical figures appear as if a decision is about to be made, drawing viewers into an enticing possibility of new beginnings. Their enigmatic expressions allure the forbidden, playing into folklore and gypsy tropes as the protagonist's piercing eyes enchant audiences through isolation and intrigue. Carefully outlined, they protrude from dark backgrounds filled with fierce brushstrokes surrounding the subjects that create a mercurial and uncertain atmosphere.

The ubiquitous doll subject is a playfully absurd yet poignant reminder of the realities for girls and women in contemporary society. Drawn from personal experiences, antiquity, high-art and the three-quarter portraits from Old masters, Messiter incarnates the doll-esque notions to consider experiences as 'the other'. The result is complex characters rendered through layers of paint, fleshed out, they create tension between an ominous peripheral past and a future of unconstrained possibility.

In response to the poem, fuelled by Messiter's unbridled approach to painting, these uncanny and inquisitive figures imply there may be more than meets the eye.

About - Toni Messiter

Toni Messiter is a Sydney based painter who began her practice over 20 years ago. Her father, a painter himself, taught Messiter the fundamentals of colour and composition, instilling a deep and enduring adoration for the medium.

Drawing from the aesthetics of 17th Century portraiture and in particular, portraits of the family. There is a stylistic affinity for theatrics which dramatically unfold as ruminations on the human condition; presenting subjects that boarder upon absurdity and delight, provocation and enchantment. Messiter is represented by Stanley Street Gallery.



My Mother Said I Never Should...

My mother said, I never should
Play with the fairies in the wood;
If I did then she would say,
"Naughty girl to disobey!"

Your hair shan't curl,
Your shoes shan't shine,
You fairy girl, you shan't be mine.
And father said that if I did,
He'd rap my head with the teapot lid.

The wood was dark, the grass was green,
In came the fae with a tambourine.
I went to sea - no ship to get across,
I paid ten shillings for a blind white horse,
I upped on his back,
and was off in a crack -

Fae tell my mother that I shan't be back.