

# MARIETTA PATRICIA LEIS

## Blue Paintings

My oil paintings are soaked in blue. This blue immersion began in 2001 when I was an Artist in Residence at Crater Lake, Oregon—the deepest and bluest lake in the US. I realized then how thoroughly color, as an optical experience, filters through cultural values and shapes the way we see the world.

Blue has infiltrated our psyches be it in the sea or the sky, the Virgin Mary's garb or the workingman's Levi's, Chinese porcelain or Japanese textiles. I have totally—and absolutely—yielded to this reality.

These paintings can exclaim “blue” one painting at a time, but more often the blue reverberates two, four, six or more paintings at a time. The wood formats on which they are painted typically angle and recede to the wall while their painted surfaces appear to float in front of the wall. There is a paradox between the sharp edginess of the painting formats and their gentle hovering.

The installation is integral to the intention of the work. The configurations are not meant to be static but rather reinvented at each venue. The tension among the pieces of each grouping and between the different groupings themselves is a vital transformative element. On a rare occasion there is a red painting to interrupt a sense of complacency. The installations can create a feeling of balance or imbalance, rootedness or suspension by being arranged vertically, linearly, as a stepladder, or in ways yet unknown.

Beyond all this, I am happily entrenched in the formal properties of the painting process—color, edge, space, form and composition.

## BLUE

spare paintings  
sensuousness and formal order  
nonobjective, reductive

mirroring, translucent

intense blueness, saturation  
vast, unfathomable  
hydration  
quiet, pure, infinite, placid

whisper

lush lapping edges  
ooze, melt  
edginess  
slices

pulsating

impacted edges  
more beyond—continuum

oil paint—many layers, skins  
nuances  
descending deeply into the soul,  
the core

peaceful, serene  
repose  
empty space—possibilities

stillness

e.e., Emerson  
Cage

the fluid nature of our lives  
inhaling, exhaling  
between musical notes  
pausing

now