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Atmospheres

I am influenced, inspired and somehow affected by the atmosphere around me—the collective energy in a room, the persona of a country where I'm traveling or living, by the mood of another person or the natural world that surrounds me. Never interested in perceived realities, I prefer to tap into the undercurrent of knowledge. That is what my art is about.

My life has taken a deliberate turn in the last decade—more focused—intrigued by empty space, interested in the air between the notes. I try to move at an ant's pace sometimes experiencing life as nothing more than a square foot of color. Palladio's architecture where classicism represents a restraint holds a beauty that I now seek in my life and work.

Working in my studio suits my need for the contemplative solitude my paintings require. Paradoxically I am also a traveler with much curiosity about the world. Exposure to unfamiliar places challenges my perceptions, expands my ideas and ultimately informs my life and my work. The Scottish Highlands beckoned me. I accepted an artist residency at the 60,000 acre Cawdor Estate in the picturesque Findhorn River Valley. Hundreds of years of history, lore and natural beauty were at my doorstep.

Scotland's weather of fog, mist, torrential rains, gale-like winds, enormous cloud masses and snow can all occur in a single autumn day. As I looked from my cottage-studio window the sun winked now and again, lighting the skies with wondrous sunsets of lemony and cadmium yellow and fuchsia pinks. The days were pregnant with every gray color value and the nights were like black velvet. The scenic beauty that could be both dramatic and soft as cashmere fascinated me as I hiked the hills, moors and river valley.

I dipped my brush into my soul and painted what cannot be said. The glazes I used for the pure translucency of the skies, the gradations for the subtle nuances of color that shifted continuously, the monochromes for the stillness, and the edges for the electrifying Scottish atmosphere became embedded in my paintings. The sensuous, elegant spirit of the Scottish Highlands returned home with me in my soul.