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Reds

There is an ancient Eastern tradition of poetry as an idea of minimal surface texture, with its complexities hidden at the bottom of the pool, under the bank, a dark old lurking, no fancy flavor. There is a complexity deep within that context for the reader to ferret out. One must allow to be absorbed by the work not straining to fathom it. This is best done with silent contemplation. Zen says, "the ideas of the poet should be noble and simple."

So it is that my abstract Red paintings are noticeably influenced by these concepts. I selected the color red because of its vibrancy and excitement—maybe the paradox of a Zen concept. Or perhaps Red was my need to depart from the tranquility of blue after being saturated in blue for a long time. Ah, it was probably that trip to Italy with its warmth and predictable drama.

My surfaces try to capture the elegance I seek, and hold the viewer long enough where he or she will probe further. I am happily entrenched in the formal properties of the process—color, edge, space, form and composition.

My paintings run the risk of invisibility to the viewer but the direction they point to is my passion. I am first of all a communicator. Like poetry, deep listening is fundamental to the satisfaction of the viewer.