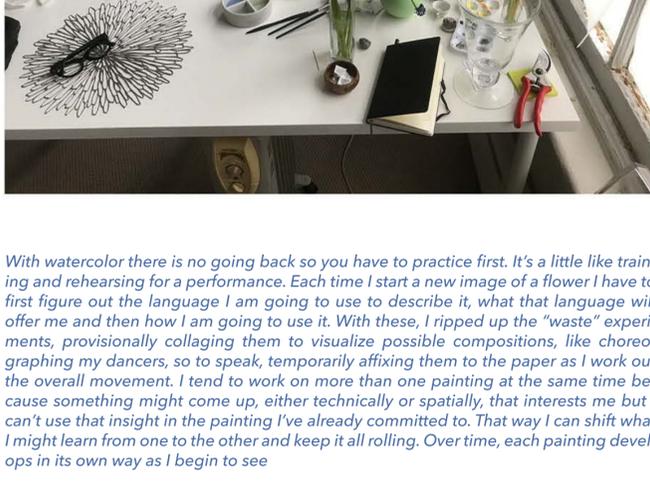




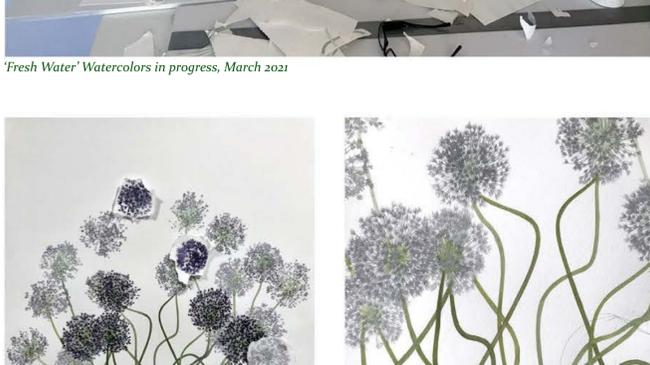
GEORGIA MARSH

*In the Studio*

Above: *Untitled (Agapanthus)*, 2021, Watercolor on paper, 9 3/8 x 17 3/8"



With watercolor there is no going back so you have to practice first. It's a little like training and rehearsing for a performance. Each time I start a new image of a flower I have to first figure out the language I am going to use to describe it, what that language will offer me and then how I am going to use it. With these, I ripped up the "waste" experiments, provisionally collaging them to visualize possible compositions, like choreographing my dancers, so to speak, temporarily affixing them to the paper as I work out the overall movement. I tend to work on more than one painting at the same time because something might come up, either technically or spatially, that interests me but I can't use that insight in the painting I've already committed to. That way I can shift what I might learn from one to the other and keep it all rolling. Over time, each painting develops in its own way as I begin to see



'Fresh Water' Watercolors in progress, March 2021



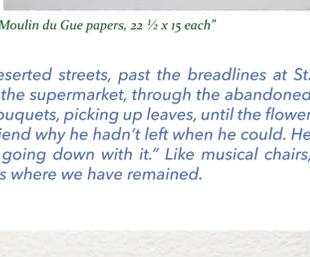
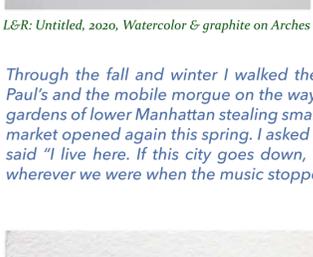
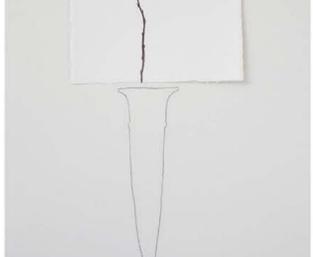
Fresh Water (collaging/planning in progress)



Fresh Water II (detail, in progress), Watercolor & graphite on paper, 40 x 26"



Throughout the Pandemic Year I've been living and working in my very small 300 square foot "loft" in Manhattan. I had a studio in Williamsburg for the year but had to abandon it as getting there on public transportation was too dangerous. So, I've been living promiscuously with art because everything had to happen here; we have shared every waking moment. I set up temporary tables with sheets of foamcore and shifted things around to accommodate a new project or just for spatial variety. It began to function as well for me as Matisse's bedroom or Paul Klee's kitchen table did for them. Art always starts with the materials at hand.



L&R: *Untitled*, 2020, Watercolor & graphite on Arches and Moulin du Gue papers, 22 1/2 x 15 each"

Through the fall and winter I walked the deserted streets, past the breadlines at St. Paul's and the mobile morgue on the way to the supermarket, through the abandoned gardens of lower Manhattan stealing small bouquets, picking up leaves, until the flower market opened again this spring. I asked a friend why he hadn't left when he could. He said "I live here. If this city goes down, I'm going down with it." Like musical chairs, wherever we were when the music stopped is where we have remained.



Crane Fly, 2020, Watercolor on Arches paper, 7 1/4 x 5 1/8"

Last spring, after the governor ordered everyone to stay home, I started these small watercolors. I realized my only companion was the crane fly on the wall, so I painted his portrait.

I started drawing the takeout containers from my picnic walks, then peopled them with characters. Little fictions, absolved of dialogue. I suppose the wasps, going about the business of survival, indifferent to our terror, are analogous to the virus that is replicating, ignorant that it is rampaging. Everything stands for something else. Human beings are deeply analogue creatures.



Take Out #31, 2020, Watercolor & graphite on Arches paper, 11 1/4 x 15"



Outdoor Dining #6, 2020, Watercolor & graphite on Arches paper, 7 1/2 x 9 3/4"

The first wasps were made to fit in an envelope so I could send them through the mail to my friends in other places. This was the epistolary party I threw for New Year's Eve. I sent them to my imaginary guest list to toast their health in 2021.



The Party, 2020, Watercolor & graphite on Arches paper, 9 1/4 x 4" each

By January, after the first vaccines, there was joy in the pores of the paintings.



Umbelliferae 3, 2021, Watercolor on Arches paper, 15 x 22 1/4"