

## Curator's Statement

The act of drawing is perhaps the oldest form of human communication – predating language and likely even music. Humankind's earliest drawings, like those populating the ancient caves at Lascaux, France where burnt sticks dragged out scenes across the stone surface, may well have served ritual functions- conjuring the pictured events into existence. While this magical, pre-religious use of drawing appears to sit in sharp contrast to ideas of drawing as a practical means of recording the observed or valuable, for artists Sara Pedigo and Jeffrey Marshall, drawing is both ritual and record. In the wake of drastically different, yet catastrophic, losses, both Pedigo and Marshall have utilized the ancient and direct act of drawing as a means of processing, reflecting and recovering.

From cacophonous piles of shattered lumber and debris to levees finally under re-construction, Jeffrey Marshall's large on-site drawings track the devastation and too slow return of a community forever changed amid the ruins of post-Katrina New Orleans. Densely packed and keenly observed, Marshall's drawings seem to close in on themselves- the piles of shingles and pipes may yet collapse again. In the quiet, unpopulated stillness of the wreckage there is a sense that the hours Marshall spends on location recording the devastation are also hours spent summoning the incipient return of not just buildings or people, but of life itself – energy and movement and joy.

Sara Pedigo's drawings summon a return possible only through memory- here a photographically informed one. In highly rendered graphite on spare white fields Pedigo's mother and siblings smile, wave, and play, dancing across the space that separates past from present, life from death, calling us to fight the vacancy of loss with the persistence of memory. Memories, however, fade, and images become blurred and fogged by time. In Pedigo's recent, murky charcoal and gesso drawings, the photographic references have grown more vague, as if the specifics of actual memories have begun to wear away with the abrasion of time.

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