

Gwen Pryor

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I am a San Francisco painter that has been confined to my apartment, unable to visit my painting studio due to my fear of contracting COVID-19. While I am quarantining in my apartment, I have been experimenting with fabric art and collages using scraps of clothing and my iPhone. The isolation of the pandemic has forced me to reflect on isolation, disease, and democracy. I feel that in these absurd and challenging times, the only logical artistic movement that makes sense is surrealism. While these designs stylistically may not explicitly draw on Dada or surrealism, they are a negative reaction to the horrors and folly of the American government and global crisis.

The words attributed to these pieces are from the literature that I was reading during the early stages of the pandemic. I flipped the pages between well-loved friends, new acquaintances, and necessary scientific voices in the search of finding some equilibrium. I am unsure if any peace was truly discovered.