

# Art in the Time of Covid

August 13, 2020

**Artists interpret the world, and right now it's an unfamiliar world we're living in. We're providing an opportunity for all of us to share our creative work inspired by this experience.**

We are sending out periodic emails showcasing the Covid-inspired work of Rappahannock artists and others in the community whose creativity has been stirred by these times.

The art takes different forms — visual, written, video or audio — but deals in some way with the new patterns of our everyday lives. We encourage you to participate by submitting your art and how it's been affected by Covid. We also welcome feedback and will pass along your comments to the artists. Contact [covidart@raac.org](mailto:covidart@raac.org).

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## Jeanne Drevas

*"I don't know how to start this. Is it an obituary? Do I continue with my little speech about ashes to ashes, with the mandala metaphor of intentional manual creation only to sweep the form to the winds, an exercise to remind oneself of the impermanence of existence? So I'll just announce it to those of you who don't know yet; I'll announce it because I need to, I need to keep circling around this mandala erasure."*



*"My home in Virginia which many of you have experienced during studio tours burned to the ground during a recent electrical storm. There! I said it."*



photo by Sperryville Volunteer Fire Department

*"My house, which was made from one of the first heroic efforts on my and my new hippie friends' part, the tearing down of the Amissville Garage, bought for one dollar and containing heavy rough cut oak and, yes, chestnut boards when route 211 was widened into the four lane you know today."*

*"And it really wasn't mine anymore, I gave it away, I sold it as I sold so many of my creations, but I never thought it would become the child that died before I did."*

"I was lucky, very, and the house too, to have been resurrected from it's former funkily created entity to what the new owners so thoughtfully reformed to their vision, with more twisty sticks and locust trees, new just about everything, always referring back to what was."



"Barbara Dalton, an artist in her own right, made a nature based shower surround, and I helped her install her tiles one day when I was revisiting my beloved homeland. The Dalton/Bursteins are grand supporters of the arts and many paintings and objects they purchased from us, the Artists of Rappahannock, are sadly gone too."

**"Make more I say. Create."**

"My creation was a way of imbuing an intentional sacredness in every physical object of my existence. I wouldn't have put it that way as I struggled through poverty and exhaustively falling into bed each night, but I had to do it. And my husband Carl came along for the ride too. So now that I have an ending, perhaps I'll write the house's memoirs with me along for the ride too. I'd like to share these stories and will figure out the right venue, a real book with pictures or will that detract from my memory and yours? A blog? Stay tuned. Grieve with me and with Barbara and Ed"





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