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I first came into contact with Genie's work through its resonance with Russian icons and the art of the Russian avant-garde. It was immediately apparent to me why these particular manifestations of the human imagination would appeal to her and especially how the relationship between them created a space for her in which a sense of the sacred and the incredulous freedom of abstraction could sit together. The two poles could serve each other, purifying each other of their respective limitations. While the work of Malevich and his comrades disencumbered sanctity of the complicated and distracting structures of belief that crowded around it, so the profound sincerity and devotion of the saints took the edge off the impregnable certainties of geometry. But while the resonances between these ideas and Genie's paintings was obvious, it also became increasingly clear, as I became more familiar with her work, that this frame of reference did not contain it as comfortably as it seemed to at first. There were too many other forms of life in it; it wasn't static enough to represent absolute ideas. For although much of it contains elements of formality, rigour, and decisiveness, clearing the ground of randomness and setting the stage for moments of focused contemplation, there is too much aesthetic pleasure and aesthetic judgement in it for these initial impressions to last on their own; new flavours also emerge. The longer one looks at Genie's paintings the more one senses that they are not *statements* of balance, but *negotiations* of balance. In each one the viewer is invited to re-negotiate the relationships that give rise to its harmonies, to re-feel the delicate ways in which its forms sit beside or over each other generating vibrations - like a desk of violinists tuning their instruments, inching, and easing the fabric of sound towards a state of poise.

I am also increasingly struck how, even in the most rigorous works - restricted to rectangles and squares in shades of black and grey, sometimes with vertical and horizontal stripes in deep maroons and olives greens - the colours are those of nature - of pebbles seen through water or dappled by sunlight through leaves. And how the sense of pattern and repetition seems to belong more to the soft strength of woven fabric, in which regularity is a natural outcome of the means of production, than to mathematics and to mind. The silence of these sources pervades her work.

In Genie's more recent works, there has been an outpouring of light and colour, a layering of translucent hues that generates cathedral spaces of coloured light. Spatial objects are not so much tuned to each other in measured steps, as made to penetrate each other, like the superimposed structures of crystals, creating deep resounding chords of colours. Although they are studied and systematic, they do not feel as gravely calibrated as the earlier monumental works; they are faster, much faster, and they are intuitively led by joy; and though they are iconic, configured around a central unifying and stabilising axis, their light and movement also takes you somewhere new and fresh, always finding new possibilities. On one occasion, while looking at Genie's paintings in her studio, a shaft of sunshine from the skylight above fell across one of them; it felt deeply natural and welcome there.