

Faith Revell
Rise and Fall

Artist's Statement
for her exhibit "Rise and Fall"

Some days the din of the world streams in like light, splayed out and turned into the picture I am making. On others, the pure and simple beauty of nature unfolding finds form, is enough, not sullied by wider events and wounds cut deep in the earth—but I am always aware that they exist—oftentimes manifested in the red of the paint.

You could say my work is about life and death—or at least about living and dying—about closely observing the natural environment and learning how to navigate it. Marching to the sound of bird song over hummock through sedge. Walking the coast and splashing through saltwater marshes. My delight in discovering paired Harlequins riding an incoming tide and long legged shorebirds feeding in puddles and pools.

The uneasy up and down contact of earth, root and stone underfoot. The hike through alder and spruce, the ascent up mountain trails and the beauty and magic beheld and breathed in deeply when walking in the woods.

A visit to the town dump and view of Alaska's beautiful scape paired with junk and litter and broken down trees. Some topped off and ragged, suggesting a cathedral of sorts, not unlike Notre Dame after the fire.

Standing in quiet, looking out my window through low fronted trees, to mountain and sky and taking in the place. Waking to the sound of new construction and large equipment scraping clean the green. Resting on the edge of solitude like an old concrete boat grounded in a refuge of worn down grass along the Valdez shoreline.

I walk the world and take it in. Sometimes my breath and the work come easy. Others, it chortles, then bucks. In the end it is a rise and fall, and marrying of the two.