

Forest for the Trees

The past year was full of change and disruption. After the dust had settled, I continued to feel out of sorts. The signs were all there. Those close tried to tell me, but for months I just couldn't see it. My proverbial "forest for the trees" - I was facing an uncharacteristic depression. When a dream is changed and shifted, how do you readjust? How do you find beauty in the chaos or color through the doldrums?

By teasing the limits of creation versus destruction, I returned to making art purely for the journey of it. Attacking rich layers of color carefully stained into wood with carvings exposed the luscious white underneath. Ripping a painting to shreds, no matter how much I loved it, was a tactile pleasure. Systematically stitching the tatters back together into a new form gave me control. Repeatedly drawing delicate patterns onto rice paper, and water-coloring tiny studies gave me peace.

Each work stands alone, but there is power in the repetition. Through the journey, the forest emerged.

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