



Marti Reed

The Loren Eiseley Series



I was born in a small border town, Calais, Maine, in the year 1938. My Father died when I was two years old and my Mother set forth to raise three little girls single handedly. They were not what you would call easy years. Her main focus was to get the three of us through school and she did. Because of her and my Grandmother I learned early the love of reading and how it could change your life, open doors and always allow a future to look forward to.

I was married at the age of eighteen, gave birth to three beautiful children and was widowed at the age of twenty six. I remarried four years later and when my children were grown I purchased a little book shop where I spent the next twenty seven years. During that time I met a man who really opened up the world of art for me and began seriously painting. Now ten years later I am still on that path and during this time The Loren Eiseley Series came into being.

I have always been a lover of nature, animals and the air I breathe. Though my paintings do not directly show subject matter the essence of all I love does exist in my work. I could not paint without feeling. I should like to make note here of a few other authors I have loved. Juan Ramon Jimenez, author of Platero and I; Fred Bodsworth, author of The Last of The Curlews; and Paul Gallico, author of The Snow Goose. I mention these few books out of the thousands I have read for they have always stayed close to my heart.



Marti Reed - photo taken outside of her studio while creating The Loren Eiseley Series

Biography

*I' the color the tale takes, there's change perhaps;
'T is natural, since the sky is different,
Eclipse in the air now; still, the outline stays.*

—Robert Browning, *The Ring and the Book*, 1868-69



Intervention

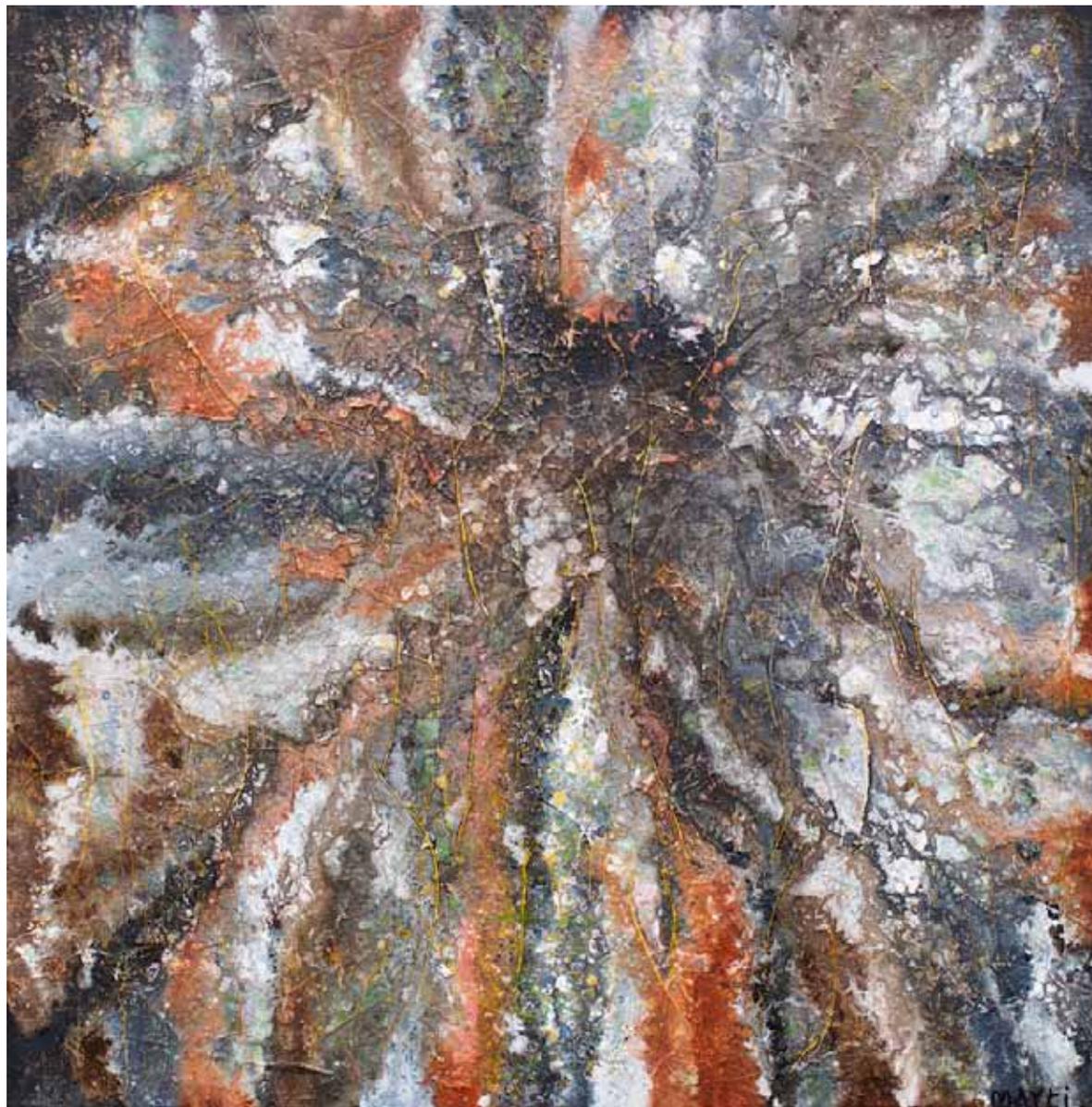
With this painting I began to work with more layers, textures and colors. Upon completion I thought I should title it Christianity versus Evolution. I could not do that. I had grown up in the Methodist church and became a member at the age of thirteen. Yet after reading the Immense Journey I had fallen in love with all that evolution brings to this planet. Riveting, fascinating, abounding with facts that I could not turn away from. And the glory of how he writes, one of a kind, often heartbreakingly beautiful. Filling me with a thought for all of us who dwell on this great planet let the reverence start right here. Go ahead kneel down and kiss the ground.

We are of that caravan that he speaks of, merely passing through and leaving with questions not answered but none the less a valid part in the ongoing chain. So in Intervention, I think it is the pieces of color and texture stitched together with colors bleeding into one another that allowed me to feel this is a painting reflective of where I am after reading the Immense Journey. My first painting in the series.

Artist: Marti Reed
2015, Acrylic on canvas, 35" x 35"
Photo credit: Dave Clough Photography

In this painting, Genesis, I recalled how Loren Eiseley had spoken of how the earth would look like from a distance before flowers came into being. So lacking in color, the blackness of naked basalt, a barren looking planet as observed from the far side of the solar system.

Artist: Marti Reed
2015, Acrylic on canvas, 40" x 40"
Photo credit: Dave Clough Photography



Genesis



Somewhere, Somehow, Sometime arrived after reading *The Secret of Life*. In this essay Loren crosses his street, climbs over a fence where he finds much interest in what is no longer hidden in grasses and the abundant growth of what summer hides. I love the line, somewhere, somehow, sometime in the mysterious chemistry of carbon, the long march toward the talking animal had begun. This essay is filled with bare bones beauty. In my painting I confess I did place a little stripe of green to offer hope in the secret we continue to seek.

Artist: Marti Reed
2015, Acrylic on canvas, 27" x 27"
Photo credit: Dave Clough Photography

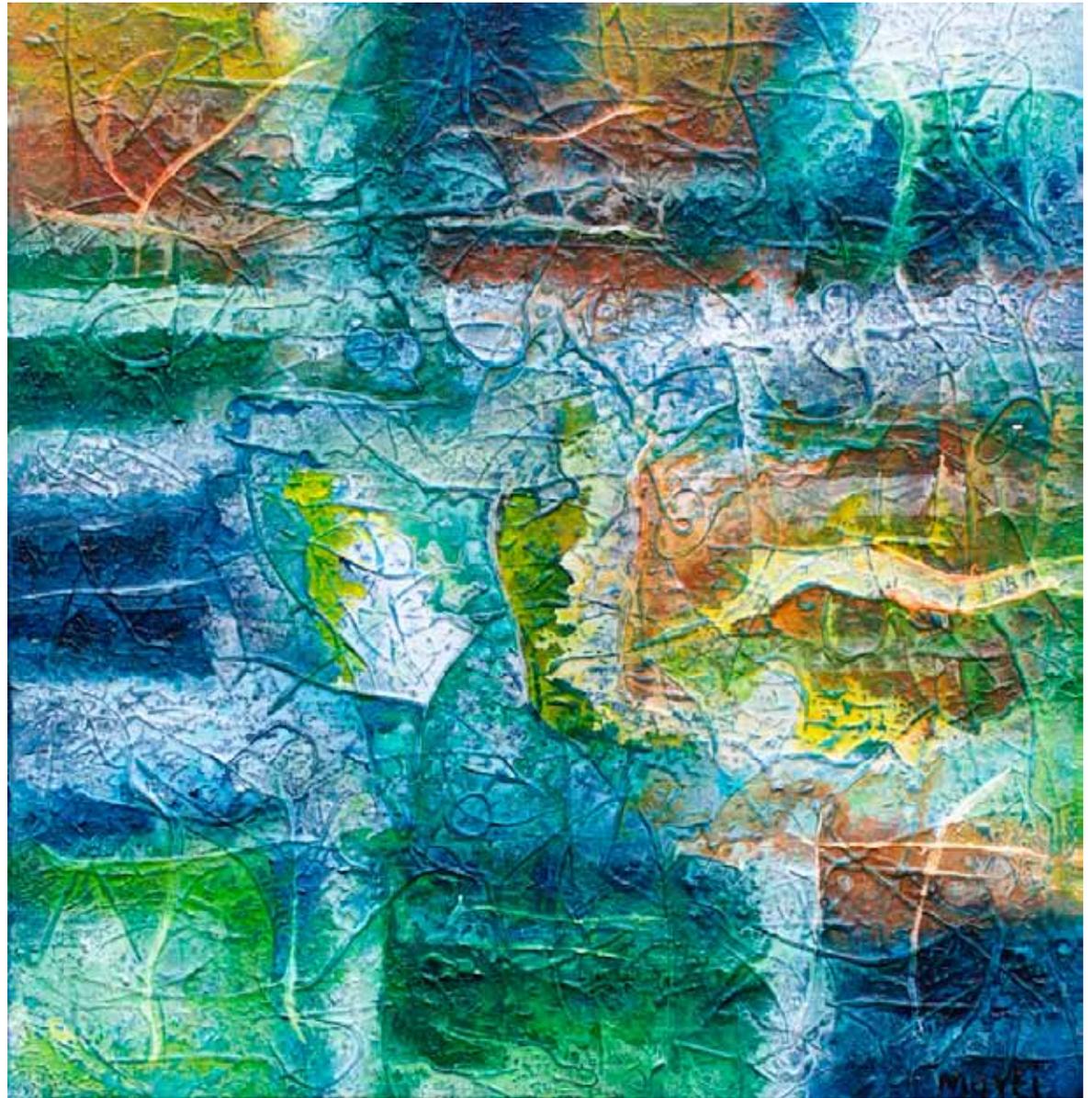
Somewhere Somehow Sometime

This painting, *An Ancient and Forgotten Sea*, was my third in the Eiseley Series. In my painting I see what appears to be a Sea Horse sliding across the canvas and the colors and the textures simply reminded me of that unforgettable line, “The lime in our bones, the salt in our blood were not from the hand of the Craftsman. They were, instead, part of our heritage from an ancient and forgotten sea.”

Artist: Marti Reed

2015, Acrylic on canvas, 26” x 26”

Photo credit: Dave Clough Photography



An Ancient and Forgotten Sea



The Firmament

This painting, The Firmament was perhaps sixth in the series. I had previously read The Firmament of Time. However, as this painting came into being, I believe I was also thinking of the biblical firmament in Genesis. I found it very interesting that Loren Eiseley chose to use this title for his book and rightly so, for in the passage of time does exist a great expanse, greater than what the human mind can fully grasp.

I think there are biblical passages that he refers to that perhaps even for him, leaves a crack in the door. Remember the line in The Invisible Pyramid, “My doctrine is not mine but his that sent me.’ Even in this time of unbelieving this carries a warning. For He that sent may still be couched in the body of man awaiting the end of the story.”

Artist: Marti Reed
2016, Acrylic on canvas, 30” x 30”
Photo credit: Dave Clough Photography

The Slit is the only one of the seven paintings that I knew I wanted to paint and to capture the essence of that time Loren spent in the crack. The choice of colors made me think of a prairie-dog town and the band of blue is what Loren saw when he looked up through the narrowing passage he had gone down to find the skull. His writing in this essay is so beautiful and deep reaching, he almost allows you to be the one to have had such an experience.

What a man, what a writer and how fortunate for those of us that finds his books to read over and over. Into the depths of evolution I have wandered with him while my reverence for this planet earth, grew and grew. There is no one to write of nature and that has had his experiences to compare. The intense sensitivity and profound wisdom that surrounds him and is him adds to his genius.

Artist: Marti Reed
2016, Acrylic on canvas, 30" x 30"
Photo credit: Dave Clough Photography



The Slit



This painting, *Everything Passes* was finished quite late one night and quickly titled. For in looking at it, it seemed to me to embrace the journey of evolution. What touches our souls will always come forth in what we create, be it our writing, our music, our paintings, anything that we extract from that shows it's self once again.

Artist: Marti Reed

2015, Acrylic on canvas, 47" x 47"

Photo credit: Dave Clough Photography

Everything Passes