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Exploration of a Plexography / Klecksography

Artwork: Lullaby for a Spirit's Leap - created as part of an assignment for University

Introduction:

My artwork Lullaby for a Spirit's Leap was created using the intuitive and expressive method of Plexography / Klecksography. This process draws upon my synaesthesia and reliance on pareidolia, a perceptual phenomenon within the broader field of apophenia, where the human mind instinctively seeks meaning and narrative in seemingly unrelated or abstract forms.

The creation of Lullaby for a Spirit's Leap emerged from my practice of plexography and klecksography, intertwined with my intuitive process, synaesthesia, and pareidolia. My use of mediums on 280gsm art cartridge sprayed with 100% isopropyl alcohol create a reaction between paint and alcohol, generating the fluid, organic shapes where meaning could later be discovered.

Commencing five days prior, I had dropped small amounts of paint that I chose, carbon black, titanium white, cadmium scarlet near the centre fold of the paper, misted lightly with isopropyl alcohol, folded, and smoothed the sheet with my left hand, while music and memory guided my gestures. Listening to Shaboozey's Time Flies, So Don't Blink Twice, an image of the photo of my senior lecture's (Dr B Lamb) guitar inexplicably appeared in my mind. I allowed sound and colour to merge, a natural flow for my synaesthetic experience.

Through this method, artworks become visual lullabies, bridging my personal emotional experience with spirit, memory, and deep connection to Country. This piece reflects my journey of grief, release, and reconnection to the land and its beings.

Within the Paint: Process and Mediums:

Over seven days, I had explored the following limited palette of acrylics on 280gsm A4 art cartridge:

- Titanium White
- Carbon Black
- Cadmium Scarlet
- Cadmium Orange

My palette was simple yet potent.



The process:



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1. Lightly misted the surface with 100% isopropyl alcohol
2. Dripped small amounts of paint: near the central fold of the substrate.
3. Light misting of 100% isopropyl alcohol onto mediums.
4. Folded, smoothing gently with my left hand while letting music and memory guide the flow of mediums.
5. Allowed the work to rest, walking away to revisit days later with fresh eyes.

My process began with the playful application of paint near the centre fold, lightly misted with 100% isopropyl alcohol, before folding and smoothing the substrate with my left hand. This ritual, often accompanied by music, allows my synaesthetic experiences to inform my choices of colour and pressure. On this occasion, Shaboozey's Time Flies, So Don't Blink Twice evoked warm, ochre colours. I often rotate my

artworks on a large, old jarrah lazy Susan, looking from multiple angles until the story within the paint emerges. This intuitive searching allows my synaesthesia to guide my interpretation, seeing colour as sound and memory as shape.

Emergence of Story and Spirit:

Initially, the image revealed only an echo of a guitar, triggered by Shaboozey's lyric "Time flies, so don't blink twice" and the memory of the photo of Dr Brendan Lamb's guitar. However, five days later, in the quiet aftermath of responding to a Yongka (kangaroo) strike, the work took on new meaning. Through slow rotation and deep looking, layers of story emerged:

Yongka (Kangaroo) – the first form to appear, a spirit in transition.



First reveal

Gula (Koala) – a gentle, welcoming presence with open arms.

Moodjar (Nuytsia) – her branches rose like blessings from the apex of the artwork.

Waugal (Rainbow Serpent) – a coiled guardian anchoring the composition and drawing the spirit back to Country.

The forms revealed themselves not through deliberate outlining, but through the inherent flow of the mediums. The work was complete as it was, embodying the leap of spirit from sorrow to release.

Country and Connection:

My synaesthesia binds sound, colour, and memory to place. This artwork became a bridge back to Country, resonating with:

Memory of wildlife care and the loss of My Yonga

The healing presence of The Moodjar and The Waugal

The cyclical journey of life, death, and spirit returning to land

As an artist who walks with both grief and gratitude, this piece reflects the intimate interplay between perception, spirit, and the land that holds us.

Reflection on Practice:

The guitar dissolved into something far older and deeper: **spirit**. In the folds and flows of paint, I acknowledge **Yongka** (kangaroo), the gentle outline of **Gula** (koala) with welcoming arms, and the branches of the **Moodjar** (Nuytsia) rising like a blessing from the apex of the image. At the base, the coiled presence of **Waugal**, the rainbow serpent, anchored the work, a guardian of spirit and water, drawing the energy back to Country. The painting now more than colour and form; it became a mirror of the journey from sorrow to release, holding the quiet leap of spirit that follows loss.

The piece now carries a weight of story I did not expect: a guitar turned to guardian spirits, a landscape of Country cradling its own. It is both memory and offering, letting paint become a bridge between what is seen and what is felt and became a silent companion to my experience of the past days.

This artwork continues my longstanding exploration in Plexography / Klecksography, building upon previous works such as:

- *This Kiss* – raw pine board, acrylic, ink and mica: DMC©2017
- *Whispering Wilds* – flat panel canvas, acrylic, ink and mica: DMC©2005
- *Voice of the Waugal* – flat panel canvas, acrylic, and mica: DMC©2005
- *Songlines - This is Australia* – flat panel canvas, acrylic, ink and mica: DMC©2010

Each of these works shares a lineage of intuitive creation, guided by my synaesthesia and my deep listening to Country and Self.

Lullaby for a Spirit's Leap became both a visual and emotional narrative born from the intuitive act of Plexography / Klecksography. It embodies the interconnection of spirit, memory, and Country, transforming colour and form into a mirror of healing and release.

Final Full Rotation



Lullaby for a Spirit's leap.

By the dusty track where
the gum leaves fall,
I found you, My Yonga,
broken and small.
The rumble of trucks had
long rolled by,
And silence clung to the
open sky.
Your dark eyes shimmered
with a quiet plea,
As if whispering, "Sit here
with me."
I knelt in the gravel, the
sun sinking low,
Cradled your head, let my
sorrow show.
I murmured soft words the
wind might keep,
a lullaby for a spirit's leap.

Your breaths grew
shallow, like ripples fade,
As dusk and smoke in
the bushland played.
I felt the warmth of life
let go,
While Karak's spoke
their requiem slow.
Then, with hands that
trembled, I laid you
down,
On the earth's soft heart,
a sacred ground.
Country held you, its
child, its kin,
Folded you gently back
within.
And I walked away in the
fading light,
Carrying your memory
into the night.

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I see when I hear. *DMC©2025*

I hear the colours before I see them.

White falls like a distant bell,
black hums in the hollow of my chest,
scarlet trembles, a single violin string singing against the skin of folded paper.
I drop the paints, mist the air with isopropyl, fold, press, release, letting chance and
spirit speak together.

A guitar appears first, strung in shadow and scarlet, carried on the echo of
Shaboozey's song.

I smile, and I walk away, trusting the work to breathe on its own.

Days turn. I return. The sheet turns slowly in my hands.

The guitar dissolves into spirit and Moodjar, into whispers of Country.

Yongka lifts its soft shape from the dark.

Gula with open arms waits, and above them, Moodjar branches rise, a golden hum I
almost hear.

At the base, Waugal coils, bass-deep in my bones, guarding water, spirit, and return.

I see the gravel of that late-afternoon road, feel the small weight of life in my hands,
hear the lullaby I left for the wind to keep.

The painting holds it all now, sorrow, letting go, the leap of spirit back into Country's
waiting arms.

Days will turn again. I will circle back, open the folds of memory and colour, and once
more, I hear the colours before I see them.