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Artist's Statement - This Kiss - DMC© 2018

I always have music playing when I'm in my workroom, my art studio, or simply moving about my home. Sound is the current that carries me into creation. I don't just hear it; I see it. Every note becomes a colour, every rhythm a shifting hue. A soft piano line blooms as lavender, a voice rising in song ignites gold and rose, and the hum of strings deepens into velvety blues and forest greens. The entire room seems to move with the sound, as if the air itself is painted. My art is born of this living spectrum, and each mark I make is guided by the colours I see in the music.

I draw upon my synaesthesia and my 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. Colours hum to me, shapes carry textures of sound, and shadows suggest fleeting stories. This is the lens through which I create and teach.

One early morning in 2018, I was setting up for a workshop on Decalcomania. The studio smelled faintly of pine wood and acrylics. I laid out my brushes, acrylic paints, inks, glues, mica, and metallic powders on the cool surface of the table. Each item had its own subtle texture: the smooth glass of the ink bottles, the soft tack of PVA glue, the fine, pearly grit of the mica catching the light. Colours seemed to hum around me, and shapes whispered of hidden textures and sounds. Through my synaesthetic lens, even the stillness had a gentle vibrancy.

As I guided participants, I invited them to slow down and truly look. I share how I lean into this instinctive search for patterns, letting my senses overlap and my mind wander into connections that at first seem accidental. A patch of light on the wall might suggest a figure, a fragment of sound might become a character, and a jumble of textures offers the beginnings of an unexpected narrative.

When participants arrived, I demonstrated how to press acrylic paint, inks and glues between acetate, feeling the resistance give way with a soft pull, and then how to lift the layers apart to reveal unexpected forms. The sound it made, a small, delicate sigh, was like a kiss against the quiet hum of conversation. I showed them how to rotate their boards repeatedly, turning the images on their turn tables to see what might emerge: faces hiding in blues and purples, landscapes blooming from swirls of rose and gold, or whole silent stories caught in silver and bronze textures. The light in the room bounced off the metallic powders, scattering tiny stars across the tables.

Throughout the workshop, I demonstrate how this process unfolds for me, how engaging with pareidolia and synaesthesia transforms abstraction into meaning. Watching others begin to notice their own interpretations, to shape stories from random marks and forms, is a reminder of the creative power that comes from trusting our perceptual instincts. By

embracing these phenomena, the workshop became both a reflection of my inner world and an invitation for others to discover theirs.

Then *This Kiss* by Faith Hill began to play on my iPod, filling the air with warmth. The melody shimmered in amber and pale blue hues, drifting like ribbons across the studio. As the chorus swelled, memories stirred vivid and alive. I was twelve again, standing in the sun, tasting the wonder of my first kiss with Sussan, my first love. It was tentative and trembling, a moment that felt like silver mist and the brilliant bronze of a summer afternoon. In my memory, Sussan's bright bronze curls glistened in the light, a halo of warmth I can still see whenever the song plays.

All around me, the workshop was alive with sensory magic. Participants turned their work in the light, gasping softly as new textures emerged. Laughter wove into the melody, each voice adding colour to the room. I traced the edges of my own decalcomania print with metallic acrylics and shadowing blacks, my brush and ink pens gliding in time with the song. The roughness of the dried textures beneath my fingers contrasted with the smooth, wet shimmer of the new paint. As the sun slipped lower, the studio glowed in gold and shimmering blue hued light, and the music, memory, and colours all became one.

By the following morning, *This Kiss* was no longer just a demonstration piece. It had become a conversation between sound, colour, and memory, a kiss suspended in the hues I had heard and felt. DMC©2018

That was 2018. Over the years, *This Kiss* has been seen and shared as a reflection of who I am and how I create. Now, in 2026, at 65, I have put *This Kiss* up for sale.

Mediums: Acrylic paint, ink, PVA glue, mica, metal embellishments

Support: 45cm x 30cm x 1cm natural pine wood panel, wall hang

Finish: Sealed with resin-based UV block sealer

Weight: 1kg



In my workroom, music drifts,
Threads of sound weaving light.
Every note a bloom of colour,
Lavender whispers, gold ignites.

A piano sighs into soft lilac,
Strings hum in ocean green.
Voices rise like warm rose clouds,
A shimmering world, unseen.

That morning, *This Kiss* awoke me,
Amber and blue in gentle dance.
I laid out inks, glues, and mica dust,
And felt time fold in its trance.

A memory stirred, twelve years old,
Silver mist and bronze-lit air.
The bronze of her hair in that summer,
Like so long ago, trembling there.
My first kiss with Sussan trembling,
A fleeting wonder, always there.

The workshop bloomed with laughter,
As colours met in shining streams.
Decalcomania breathed its sighs,
Soft like the kisses in my dreams.

Pulling ink and glue apart,
I caught a starlit, whispered song.
A print born of music and memory,
Where every hue knew where it
belonged.

Later, when the studio fell to dusk,
This Kiss returned to my ear.
My brush traced edges in shadowed
black,
As sun slipped low and skies grew clear.

By dawn, the work was more than art.
A conversation of soul and hue.
A kiss suspended in every colour,
Every note I ever knew. DMC©2018

Now, in 2026, at sixty-five,
I let this piece drift from my care.
Yet in its layers lives that moment,
A shining kiss that lingers there.
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