

Feet first off the boat into the ocean. I am forty miles from the gulf shore. As soon as you are beneath the surface under the layers of air and sound, all worldly sounds have completely shut off. This kind of quiet has to be experienced to be made real. I stop to control my breathing and the cosmic-like sound I hear is my own breath going through the snorkel. As soon as I feel in control of my breath, I start to slowly flutter through the water. I am shocked to sense that I know I am home in a way I have never experienced before. The space is endless for me. My first companion is a turtle half my height. Paddling slowly and silently ahead of me. All he seemed to care about was being a turtle, how free! I giggle. Hundreds of fish swim by me as though I was one of them. Some circle me curiously and we are eye to eye. Beautiful spiny lobsters with legs looking like they were drawn with the thinnest red ink hang out under the cover of reefs where it is cooler and wait for what might be take-in for dinner.

These paintings are not of fish or reefs. They are paintings of the way it felt to have had this very physical and emotional experience, soundless, gentle, free and filled with pure joy.

The work in this show that is figurative is similar in the sense that the body is in movement or very still, silent, contemplative, unaware of your view, as the ocean was unaware of me. The surfaces are layered and for me, what is there through the layers has a memory of touch.

The prints have illusory texture and ambiguous space. I hope that for the viewer, my prints and canvas work share a quality of a little mystery and things that can be felt through perception of materials, whether real or illusion. They are all derived from where the mind experiences the real.

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