



Subscriber profile: **Bette Kosmolak**

I didn't start to paint until about 4 years ago, after I awoke from a dream about blood oranges, a dream so vivid I related it to friends over the following days. Everyone I told responded with "You ought to paint that!" Me, paint? I laughed. Now, *Blood Oranges* resides in a lovely home in Nova Scotia.

What I've discovered these past four years is that painting is a form of journaling for me. It's a conversation with myself. I generally paint quickly, quite often with a palette knife because whatever it is that I want to capture too often seems too fleeting to use brushes.

I seldom draw or craft an image. Rather, I often slather paint on the canvas, with knife or brush, until something emerges that I either like or that 'speaks to me' -- satisfies me in some way that I may or may not understand. At infrequent moments (when I'm lucky, so to speak) the images offer up insights into issues I have on my mind, even some of which I hadn't been aware.

During the beginning years, I took workshops with experienced local artists. Workshops were invaluable in learning how to mix colour, prepare and finish a canvas, or solve a problem of composition. Now, I paint in a weekly group of supportive artists. Besides displaying in the local gallery members' shows, I participate each May in the local annual studio tour, and currently a piece of my art was juried and is hung at the Comox Valley Airport.

Although raised on the prairies, I now live in a small village in the Comox Valley, a community overflowing with creative people of all types. It's also a quiet place to retire to, which allows time for contemplation and play. I endeavour to do both each day.

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