

john lendis —
snow falling into stars



This series of paintings had their genesis in a journal entry made in around 1994 during a boat trip along the Gordon River.

The first night, anchored in the middle of the river and sleeping out on the deck; was crisp, clear and very cold, many stars. There must have been a high wind blowing snow in from elsewhere as it began to fall onto the surface of the river. I made the following notes in my sketchbook / journal:

At night snow falls into the stars reflected on the river, settles on the backs of the native cats. In the morning, across the river, the rain falls in sheets like successive thin glazes of paint. The small movements on the surface of the River flatten out as they become closer, they form repetitive patterns that move away from geometric or analytical form. My attention and focus became scattered across the surface.

Despite the swiftness of its unsettling currents, the River has a seemingly still surface, a thick black skin of gloss enamel paint, delicately pierced here and there by the limbs of broken trees.

Beneath its impenetrable, mirror like hallucinogenic surface I imagine a world of chaos where enormous logs, driven by unseen forces tumble end over end as they smash and gouge their way along deep, submerged channels.

In the utter blackness below, tiny particles driven by irresistible forces sandblast and polish the sides into gleaming black mirrors. Perception gives way to absorption.

The River, exhibits a total indifference.