

**ART AND PART: A
SOUVENIR
Stephenson 2005**

Kate

The application of the paint itself, the way it is done, might be more important than anything else, colour, form, content. Because it is the application which forms the representation, the appearance, of the subject. How strange if the artist should make the paintings up of marks which represent, or are a metaphor for, the very particles of matter itself. Here is paint, made up of matter, used to depict or represent the teeming particles we know to make up the structure of our world which itself, I read, has no ultimate physical substance...

Marks were laid layer upon layer on the canvas, to create a surface which could in changing light and through different eyes shift and transform itself into an infinite number of patterns. Kaleidoscopic marks to be visually shaken and re-viewed by the spectator. Marks which ripple endlessly, meeting other waves which break and rebreak across the surface until everything is linked, though the surface itself might look impenetrably confused. The appearance of chaos was established. Chaos which could mean only one paradoxical thing: that everything was in order and the complexity gives only

the impression of chaos.

Paint was scattered, sprayed and dashed across the canvas. Clouds, drifts, floating streams of colour began to cover the surface.

The paint seemed almost to jump of its own accord from the hand to the canvas until the painting began to develop its own form, mobile, changing at each session but establishing, as the time went past, certain underlying shapes which would be veiled by layers of dots but never erased. The works found their own existence and it was easy to imagine that the marks might suddenly expand sideways or upwards and take off like starlings to dip and dive in whirling clouds about the room.

Visionary, perceptive of the times, on occasion apocalyptic, they reflect the space age and the great advances in astrophysics. Imaginative recordings of, at the time they were painted, generally unproven images and concepts of the universe, they record the world we cannot perceive with the five senses by which we live but in which we are inexorably caught.

These all-over paintings are calm, serene. But there is no stillness. Everything moves. They flow, spread, re-arrange themselves, engulf the spectator. Each a teeming image which records the impression of stillness that distance creates;

the sense of immobility a mountain gives, or
the sea seen from an aeroplane
with the shape of the waves frozen by distance. But
mountains move and cataracts retreat upstream
and the sky outside the same plane window,
looking like a flat surface grading from indigo to
pastel blue, is not a flat surface. It is eternity, going
on for ever.