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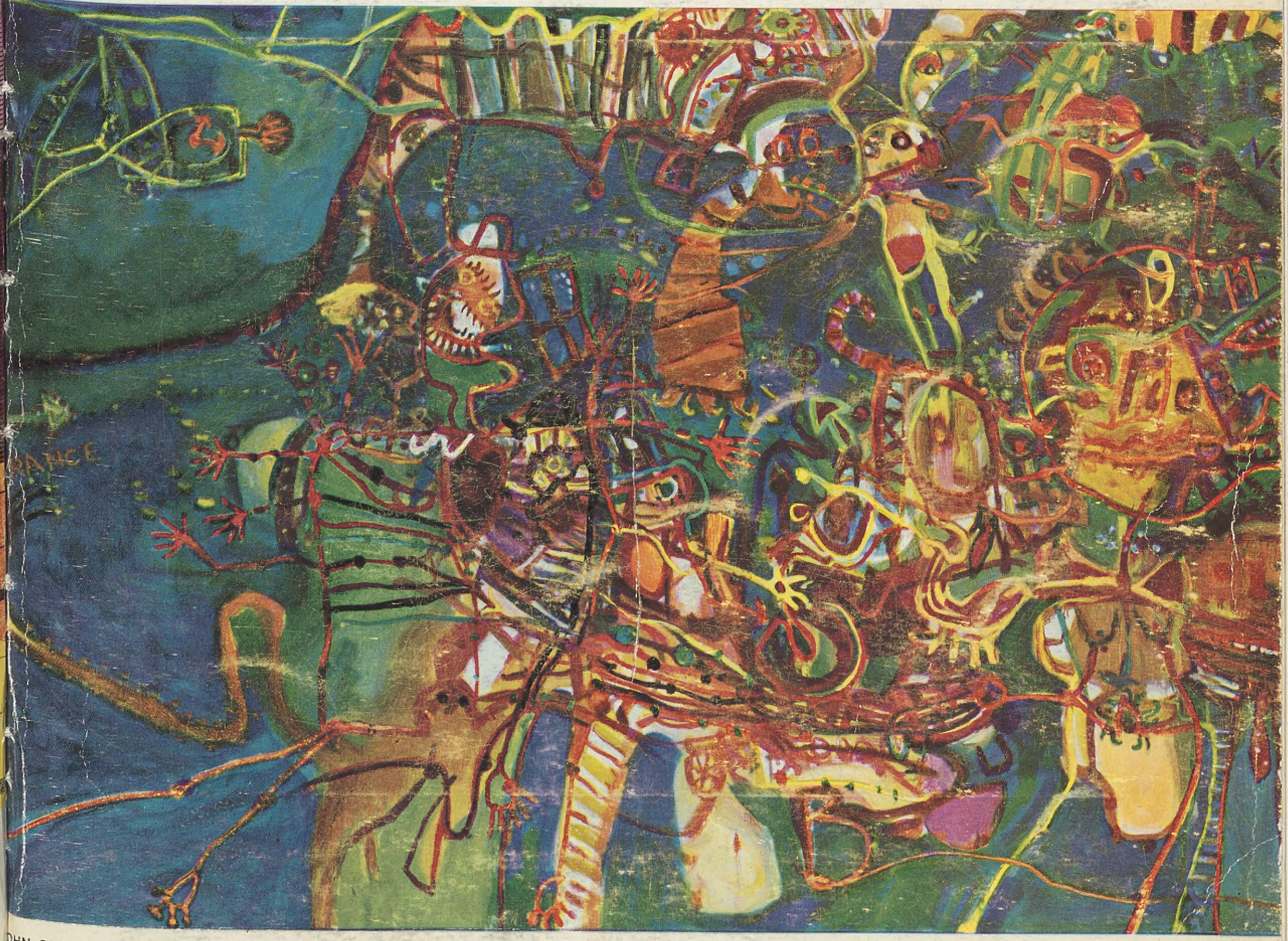
Irrational Imagery in Australian Painting
Art in an Australian University
Sir Arthur Streeton
Pop Goes the Easel
Canberra Observed
Paris Seen
Recent Exhibitions

Art Directory: exhibitions competitions, prizes, auction prices, gallery prices, gallery histories, art society histories, recent art books, State gallery acquisitions



JOHN OLSEN ENTRANCE TO THE SIREN CITY OF THE RAT RACE 1963
Oil on canvas 48in x 72in Collection V. Macallister

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Irrational Imagery in Australian Painting

Robert Hughes

To discuss irrational imagery in any context, even Australian painting, calls for a certain amount of definition to clear the area. Painting is not rational discourse, but not all imagery is specifically irrational.

Art works through percepts, not concepts. The structure of a work of art – by which I mean its structure of meaning, as well as its formal appearance – can and must be coherent, but to call it logical abuses the idea of logic. Local critics are over-fond of talking about how pictures 'generate their own inner logic', when what they are confusedly trying to say is 'coherence'. For logical argument proceeds to a recognition of real relationships. Logic, like mathematics, is a construct which helps us to systematize experience, a tool in the acquisition of knowledge. It is not an absolute entity.

Now the flow of meaning from a work of art to the mind of somebody who looks at it is not, strictly speaking, the outcome of recognition. As Herbert Read noted, what is involved is an act of 'cognition'. Art enriches – or, at any rate, expands – our experience by non-rational means. Art is a way of knowledge. It is unique because it does not require the normal processes of reason to communicate its meaning effectively.

Now concept and percept work in different areas of human knowledge. (To experience something is not necessarily to know it, but I am not going to attempt here to define what 'knowledge' means.) Painting, to quote Read again, is 'a unique form of discourse, whose elements are not linguistic but perceptual . . . it gives access to areas of knowledge which are closed to other types of discourse'.

Non-reason is not anti-reason, though a strong tradition of Western education insists that it is, that what is not logically determined is unknowable, hence illusory and without significant value. But perceptual discourse is no more opposed to rational discourse than a possum is anti-bird: they are different species, living in the same tree.

And so to treat irrational imagery as imagery which does not use reason to get its effects, begs the question by treating all art as irrational imagery. This is too broad, for when we talk of irrational imagery we mean something more specific, and more pointedly anti-rational.

Irrational imagery is a form of discourse which does not simply operate outside the boundaries and structures of reason: it invades them, tries to dislocate the workings of conceptual discourse, and even at its mildest it reverses and abandons the channels through which we expect a perceptual experience to be intensified into art. This invasion, ironically enough, is why some of the more *chi-chi* surrealists (Dali, Delvaux, Magritte) are literary painters *a rebours*: they work on literature's home ground, producing not perceptual images but inverse concepts.

In short, irrational imagery is a disruption of the *Gestalt*, an invasion of the orderly pattern of the surface mind: it makes us acutely conscious of the abyss between reason and reaction. In doing so, it tends to play hob with what is usually called 'the aesthetic experience'. It is irrelevant to debate whether an irrational image is beautiful, ugly or in between. One can only consider that it is something; it exists, and it epitomizes some kind of experience. The intensity of an experience is the crucial issue, therefore, which irrational images present.

ELWYN LYNN EXODUS (1961)
Mixed media (hessian, sand, PVA) on canvas 40in × 54in
Collection Dr M Sofer Schreiber

A variable criterion this – indeed, hardly a criterion at all in the usual sense of criticism. One cannot judge an irrational image aesthetically, and, since one man's experience is another's boredom, it is not always reliable to speak objectively about different values of intensity. In this sense, though in no other, irrational imagery sits on the end of a limb, and displays interesting parallels with action painting. Action painting, as Rosenberg perceived, cannot be aesthetically judged either: no act or decision can be, since action in art transcends pleasure. But, as Mary McCarthy pointedly asked, 'Will not the aesthetic as a category of human experience perversely assert itself, as history did in the Soviet Union by refusing to come to an end?' It will – by usage. A painter's act becomes art when hung on a wall, because it turns into an object. So does his experience: taste renders experience static, and any picture tends to become an object of taste-decision, even if it leaves the artist's hand as the rawest of illogical assertions. The audience does the job. This happened to Dubuffet some time ago (the pullulating incidents come to be expected, for audiences adapt their own anti-shock anticipations almost as soon as an assault is made on their sensibility), and one can see it, in Australia, happening to John Olsen.

Today's anti-art decorates the groves of tomorrow's Academe. Irrational imagery is peculiarly vulnerable to this kind of smoothing by enshrinement, by assimilation into the canon of popular taste. Once this is done, the art ceases both to be an act and to be a revolutionary phenomenon. Its only recourse, therefore, is to keep moving, before the popular *Gestalt* – like Walt Disney's mechanical squid – enfolds and digests it. The best illustration of the link between irrational imagery and action painting is the American, Arshile Gorky, who was both the father of the New York School and, quite directly, the heir to André Breton and Pablo Picasso. It would be no exaggeration to say that, in this case, the discoveries of the surrealists lead directly to action painting.

Irrational imagery, then, can only be understood if it is seen as a dynamic process of experience. 'You're welcome', shrugged the Controller of Hatcheries in *Brave New World*, on finding that the Savage preferred to

JOHN OLSEN THE McELHONE STEPS 1963
Oil on hardboard 48in × 72in
Possession of the artist

COLIN LANCELEY PRINCESS EXCELSIOR MAGNIFICENT 1962
Collage, oils and enamel on ply 52in × 40in
Collection George Bloomfield

live roughly. Tolerance erodes what opposition will not destroy: a moral for the circumspect.

Enemy of the irrational

Eclecticism is one of the symptoms of how the dynamic act, or the dynamic experience, is transformed by taste. It is therefore the enemy of irrational imagery. But to project experience through irrational forms is not itself eclectic. This looks so obvious that it is hardly worth saying, but failure to see it has accounted for some odd misunderstandings of those Australian painters who are concerned with irrational imagery.

Thus when Colin Lanceley's *Princess Excelsior, Magnificent* won a prize early in 1963, one of our more obtuse writers, John Henshaw of the *Bulletin*, noted the irrational content but complained that its presence was a pinch which rendered the picture valueless. Where, he pouted, were the six-foot hamburgers, the blown-up comic strips, and the other appurtenances of New York Pop-art? It was hard to see the point of this, since *Princess Excelsior* is not Pop-art. What distinguishes Lanceley's work from Oldenberg's, Rosenquist's or Lichtenstein's is its emphasis on irrational poetic content. He is not producing deadpan objects whose existence is passively self-contained, and the popsters are. By contrast, a good example of how an eclectic response can destroy an irrational image was given us by Dick Watkins's panel in the 1963 Rubinstein, a reaction, not to experience, but to Rauschenberg: consequently when the *Telegraph's* critic, Daniel Thomas, approved of Watkins as 'an aesthete' he was more right than he knew. Good taste had supervened completely.

left
SIDNEY NOLAN THE DOG AND THE DUCK 1946
Ripolin on hardboard 36in × 48in
Collection Mervyn Horton

right
SIDNEY NOLAN THE DEATH OF CONSTABLE SCANLON (1946–7)
Ripolin on hardboard 36in × 48in
Collection Museum of Modern Art and Design of Australia

But local critics have not generally chosen to discuss irrational imagery, so that most of the discussion has come from artists.

John Pringle, however, touched suggestively on it in *Australian Painting Today*. The streak of irrational imagery in Australian art was, he suggested, traceable to Celtic ancestry. Alas, it is not quite so simple as that. Jews are grabby, Scotsmen are canny, Australians – in Mr. Pringle's words – are typically 'tough, sardonic, down-to-earth and aggressive', Dutchmen are phlegmatic, Italians voluble, Japanese inscrutable: this is parlour sociology. No matter how many Celts cavort in your family tree, you do not pop from the womb with a tendency to fly away. The difficulty with these ancestry-arguments is that they are both unprovable and biologically shaky. Between uterus and easel come a number of non-racial experiences, some of which are experiences of other peoples' paintings. Art builds on art, and any discussion of irrational imagery in Australian painting must include a look at what its overseas sources are, and how threads of irrationality interlock between painter and painter within the general framework of a local culture.

No consistent pattern

Now Australian painting does not contain a consistent pattern of irrational imagery. There is, of course, no question of its existence between 1788 and 1930. None of the fantastic elements in nineteenth-century European art penetrated to Australia. Only a handful of local painters have been directly interested in the irrational. The closest it ever came to animating a movement was in Melbourne, through the 1940's. It is a sporadic phenomenon, and so it is too early to draw wide conclusions from its existence. Thus I can do no more than identify some painters who seem to be basically concerned with the irrational, and show how, in their art, irrational content seems to have worked.

It is tempting to begin with surrealism, but it would be a false start. Australian surrealism affords no real ground for discussion. It has been far too programmatic and dry, and quite remote from the true surrealist impulses of André Breton and Max Ernst. Eric Thake's frigid echoes of Wadsworth in the 'thirties were not irrational images: they may be mild infringements on the *Gestalt*, but they do not disrupt it. Nor do James Gleeson's surrealist exercises of the 'forties, like *We Inhabit the Corrosive Littoral of Habit*. No sense of magical transformation looks out from their neat Dalinean facades; we are confronted, not with a mystery, but with a symbolist's arrangement of decipherable meaning, strung along a literary rationale.

Irrational imagery in Australian art really begins with Nolan. In 1938, Nolan, then obscure, was imitating Klee and Kandinsky; an interest in Schwitters is apparent in his *Christmas Collages* of 1940. But, as these and other eclectic ventures were digested, Nolan became more and more awake to the disturbing inversions which lyrical art can produce.

This came on top of a very limited technical vocabulary. As Max Harris has pointed out, 'Nolan, Boyd, Perceval . . . constituted a group of sophisticate-primitives doing battle with the official academicism of the 1940's and with their other natural enemies, the social realists. With little technical virtuosity to exploit, and with the unconscious imagery of surrealism at its pinnacle of vitality in Europe, the procedure was to set down uncluttered figurative work or highly individual sexual fancies . . . the work of the 1940's shows a total absence of Australian space or national diagnosis'.

Nolan short-circuited the possible influence of surrealism by returning to its sources. He read Rimbaud and illustrated that least rational of al' Australian poets, Ern Malley. He developed a special interest in child art and Western primitive painting. What he sought was a poetry of the event, a naive-looking, disjunctive, and purely lyrical imagery. He was strongly drawn to the American eccentric Eilshemius, whose levitating figures probably gave to Nolan's the cue to get up in the air.

From these and countless other elements, Nolan produced images of quite marvellous sensibility between the end of the war and 1949: the St. Kilda paintings of 1945, the Gippsland landscapes, the Kelly series of 1947, the outback landscapes and townscapes from Queensland, and the Fraser Island pictures, followed one another rapidly. Described in words, many of the devices he used to develop his unhinged, flyaway lyricism sound predictable: in paint, they are totally unexpected. Birds trapped in mid-air, upside down, painted with the deadpan precision of a primitive Audubon, contradict the blurred focus of the landscape beneath them: one is subjected to a hundred such ambiguities. Space flows like water and is suddenly pinned down, scale changes unpredictably, figures rise into the air and stick there. The disjunctive nature of experience is beautifully exposed, within a framework of reality. What matters is the event of the picture, not its conscious organization. Nolan's best paintings are magically informal, and informality is one of the characteristics of irrational imagery in recent local painting. This, incidentally, gives us a clue to why Drysdale's 'surrealist' landscapes of the early 'forties, like *Man Reading a Paper*, are not irrational images. They are too well-plotted: their formality rationalizes them.

Nolan was not the only Melbourne painter in the 'forties who explored the poetics of the irrational. Albert Tucker, Arthur Boyd and John Perceval did too. But in contrast to Nolan's unfettered *fausse naiveté*, their mood was gritty, sombre, and often close to hysteria. Tucker's phrase, 'psycho-expressionism', fits his own *Images of Modern Evil* (retitled *Night Images*) very well. They were brutal attacks on the rational veneer of experience, morbid images of conflict and sexual evil set in the familiar streets of Jolimont and St. Kilda. Their surrealist content is much closer to Breton and Ernst than Gleeson's. It is worth noting that Tucker's red crescent-shape in the *Night Images* introduced the idea of an abstract symbol-form to Australian art. The crescent (which began, in 1942, as a lip image) irradiates its surroundings with disturbing overtones – a familiar technique of irrational imagery, and one which Max Ernst often used. To Nolan, St. Kilda was the background to a dream of innocence; Boyd made it the setting for a nightmare, hysterically registered. Lovers grapple impotently on the promenade, amid a demonic zoo of private symbols – cripples, crocodiles on crutches, rams, piglike hybrids. Thus Boyd confronts us with a complete disorganization of surface meaning, and presents the intensity of the experience as paramount. So did Perceval, in pictures like *Floating Mask* and *Hornblower at Night*.

top left
JOHN PERCEVAL
HORNBLOWER AT NIGHT (1943–4)
Mixed media (tempera and resin) on hardboard 26in × 21in
Possession of the artist

top right
JAMES GLEESON
WE INHABIT THE CORROSIVE LITTORAL OF HABIT 1940
Oil on canvas 16in × 20in
Collection National Gallery of Victoria

left
SIDNEY NOLAN
PLAYING UNDER THE PIER 1945
Ripolin on hardboard 36in × 48in
Possession of the artist

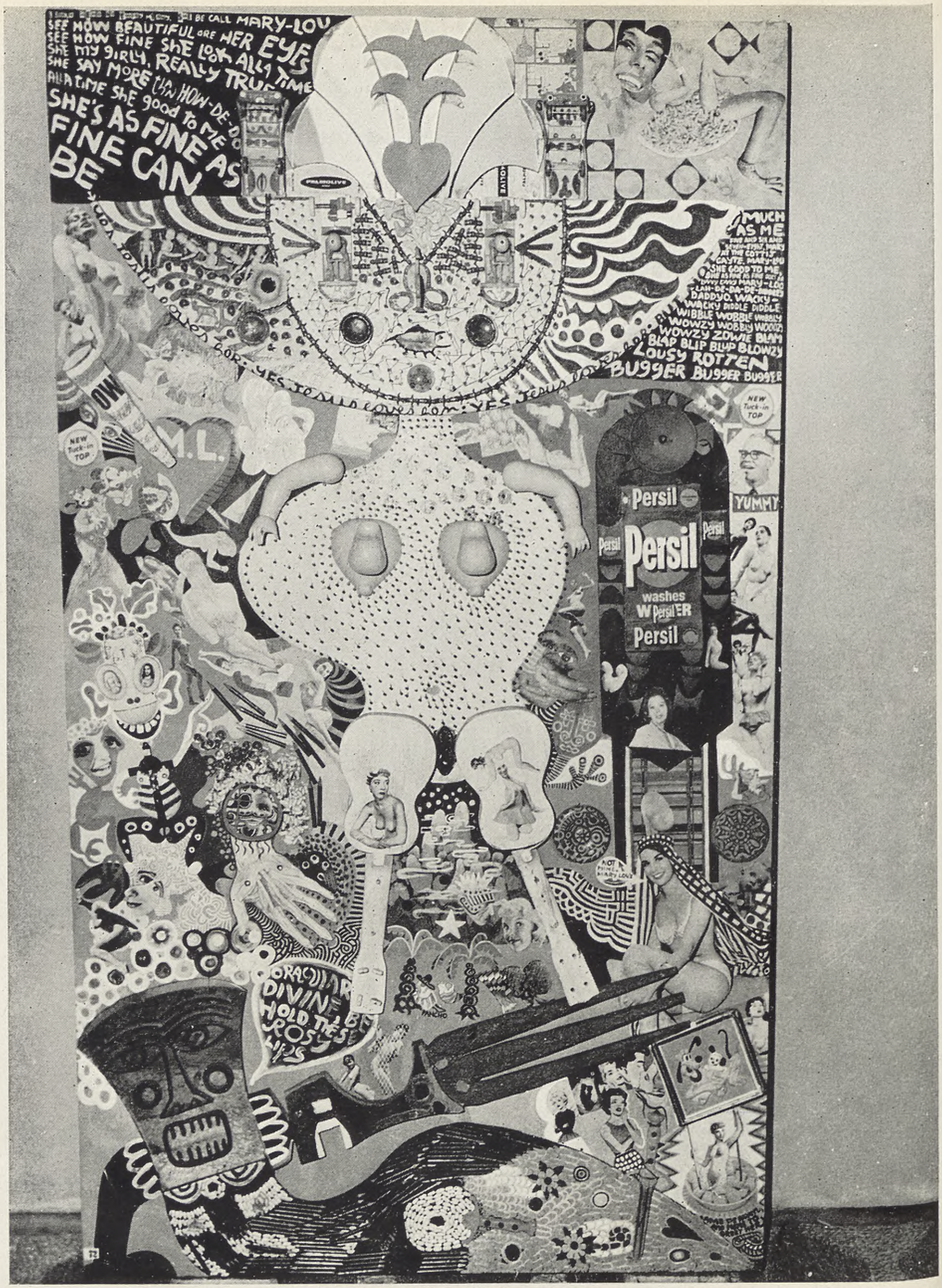
ALBERT TUCKER
NIGHT IMAGE No. 11 1945
Oil on canvas 32in × 28in
Possession of the artist

opposite
ARTHUR BOYD
THE BUTTERFLY MAN 1943
Oil on muslin on board
25in × 29in
Collection The Museum of Modern Art and Design of Australia

Extremes of emotion, especially violence or *Angst*, are part of the ground on which irrational imagery can flourish. (European painting provides limitless examples to show how images of damnation or ecstasy become irrational. One thinks of Goya, Grunewald, Breughel and Bosch.) This may help explain why irrational imagery vanished from Melbourne painting soon after pressures of wartime, and the hostility of the traditionalists were eased. No trace of it is to be found in Perceval's roly-poly paintscapes of the 'fifties, and its appearance in Arthur Boyd's Bride paintings, is, compared to his St. Kilda lovers, very timid indeed. In newer men like Blackman, irrational content disappeared altogether leaving a vague smell of poetry in the air. Images became more concentrated, less discursive. Tucker, for instance, turned from irrational imagery to develop his *personae*, the Antipodean Heads. And the irrational ceased, for several years, to be an issue in Nolan's work.

Sydney, too, was dominated by intimist attitudes. Intimism, which concentrates exclusively on understanding one aspect of the image in front of it, leaves no room for the irrational: the more concentrated the image, the more immediately recognizable it is as a whole, the less room is left. The irrational thrives on ambiguity, on metamorphosis, on the submerged mass of meaning's iceberg. The renewed interest in irrational images, which has been so much a feature of local painting over the last two or three years, is largely due to John Olsen's return from Europe and the impact of his new work.

Olsen presents experience as flux. It is not a sequence of finished units, but rather a swarm of apparently disconnected happenings. In Boyd's early lovers, the total extension of emotion – to a kind of hysterical absurdity – produced the irrational: all emotions were equal because all were stretched to the limit, and the normal controls went down. The hierarchy of sensation and concepts, necessary to a stable *Gestalt*, was disrupted. Olsen's work produces a similar effect: not because all emotions are extended to an absurd equality, but because every facet of (say) a walk down Victoria Street becomes of equal importance – a



MICHAEL BROWN
MARY LOU (1961)
Paint and collage 84in × 48in
Possession of the artist

grinning face, a beer-bottle, a taxi, a neon sign, the words of a friend, all of which we normally sort out into patterns of relative importance, are not differentiated by Olsen. In his own words, he 'opens himself to total experience'. Pictorial scale helps; so does his manipulation of space, which catches us up in a web of linear energy along which figurative incidents occur. It is an unexpected space, with no familiar angles or horizons; the architectural equivalent is perhaps Gaudi, and it is no accident that Gaudi's architecture has deeply influenced Olsen's art since he visited Barcelona with Corneille in 1957.

If his refusal to differentiate and codify experience provides Olsen with one way of making irrational images, humour provides another. 'Painting', said Dubuffet, 'should make you laugh a little and make you a little afraid'. But the two reactions to experience, laughter and fear, are connected; sometimes they are very close indeed. Both are responses to a disturbance of the *Gestalt*; sometimes, under fright, the surface mind releases the invasion of its *Gestalt* by diverting it into a harmless channel, laughter. As Ehrenzweig pointed out in *The Psycho-Analysis of Artistic Vision and Hearing*, one of the first reactions of a scared person is to giggle hysterically. Alarm, or awe, lies not far beneath the surface of a joke. This curious fact has endless manifestations in art, and I am convinced that it accounts for the existence of the 'archaic smile' in primitive Greek sculpture; even the ancestor-figures of the Sepik River, designed to strike religious awe into the natives who look at them, are carved with Grock-like grins. The sprawling bodies and smiling faces of Dubuffet's monstrous women have a similar effect; even de Kooning, when he painted his grotesque and terrible *Woman* series (the visual equivalent, as an American critic pointed out, of Alban Berg's destroyer, Lulu) glued the cut-out, smiling lips of a film star into the paint. This tense relationship between the funny and the menacing is one of the most fruitful sources of irrational disturbance, and Olsen exploits it: not, certainly, with the totemic force of de Kooning or Dubuffet, but with full awareness of what it can do. To see Olsen's art as no more than ebulliently discursive good humour is to miss the point of his irrational images.

The younger painters

This brings us at once to other, and younger, painters: Ross Crothall, Colin Lanceley and Michael Brown, who exhibited last year as the Annandale Imitation Realists. In their work (especially, at present, in Lanceley's) the irrationality of humour and alarm is a central theme. Michael Brown's *Mary Lou* looks, at first sight, simply a huge joke: this rollicking assemblage of innumerable junk elements, however, is not just visual satire. Beneath the facade of Mary-Lou, with her mirror head-dress, her stuck-on nudie-cuties, her ukelele thighs and kewpie arms, an alarming presence manifests itself. Even the junk takes on a kind of magical efficacy, because it becomes strange; the impulses of the primitive fetish-carver, who sticks bottle-tops on his tribal god because they might as well have come from the moon, are echoed in works like these. An obsessive stare at the banal reveals its actual unfamiliarity. In Lanceley's work, as in Brown's, the use of irrational metamorphosis becomes a more acute issue than ever in Olsen's work. Olsen's images are ambiguous or superimposed; a cat may turn into a landscape or a bird. But in Lanceley's pictures, existing objects are changed. A clock-spring becomes an eye, and our reaction to this happening is determined by complex relationships between the spring's original use and its displaced form, between its original appearance and its new look, between its possible similarities to other objects and its imposed meaning as an eye. Lanceley's art is therefore more openly metaphorical than Olsen's. At the same time, the physical presence of his images slightly modifies their implied relationship between humour and alarm, because we can be more readily sidetracked from it by regarding the things in his paintings merely as interesting *trouvailles*. It is possible that Lanceley's increasing use of painted surfaces, as distinct from straight assemblage, will correct this swing. And, in the process, the irrational content may be increased simply by the disturbing mixture of media: Rauschenberg's combine-paintings are richer in irrational suggestion than Jasper Johns's flags or Kitaj's 'events', for this very reason.

So far I have only discussed irrational images which arise from discursive experience. (Other painters are involved in this too: Ian Sime, for instance, and sometimes Leonard Hessing – but to trace fully the links between irrational imagery, metamorphic imagery and animist imagery is not, unfortunately, within the scope of this essay.) But a quite different approach to the irrational is also to be found in Australian painting today. Its chief practitioner is Elwyn Lynn.

Lynn's images – like those of certain other artists whose work has affected his, such as Tapies – are not in the least discursive: they are still, monumental, fixed, contained. The flow of experience is replaced by an obsessive, chilled stare at one single image. I have indicated before that concentration on one aspect of an image very often leads to intimism, and that an intimist vision cannot project irrational images: cognition, the shock of knowledge, tends to be submerged in a calm recognition. But here I think it will be useful to invoke an idea from existentialist philosophy, the Sartrean idea of 'otherness', which implies that objects can continue to exist without being called into consciousness by human perception. Their identity is not determined by our knowledge of it. One can bring oneself to a total alienation from the world by staring obsessively at it.

It is exactly this alienation which stares back at us from the images of a figurative painter like Francis Bacon. Bacon's images hand us a slab of an unrecognizable and hallucinatory world which seems, for all its strangeness, to exist absolutely. We are forced into an act of cognition. Likewise with Lynn. The wrinkled blocks of matter which make up his paintings seem like fragments of the world which have dropped off; even the lettering of the collage, *Exodus*, is there as an enigmatic sign and is not to be read as a word. We cannot force this kind of image to look familiar; it will not sit up and be recognized. And so its undeniable 'reality' becomes an irrational image, despite its naturalistic content. It imitates nothing. This, incidentally, is why other Australian texture-painters, like William Peascod, who is concerned with the echoing of already existing landscape or geological forms, do not produce irrational images.

SIR ARTHUR STREETON SUFFOLK HARVEST (1898)
Oil on canvas 22in × 18in
Collection Art Gallery of NSW

Sir Arthur Streeton

John Olsen

'I know a young man of nineteen who has already found his way,' she said.
'How unfortunate. I have not yet found mine,' replied Degas.

Recently in Melbourne I decided to visit the places where the Australian Impressionists had painted – Heidelberg, Box Hill, Eaglemont, and Mentone – to witness at first hand how the significant artist sets an indelible caste on our reactions when we come close to the physical world from which he drew.

It is impossible, for instance, to see barges floating down the grey and sludgy Thames in foggy October without recalling Whistler, or to see wheat fields and twisted ancient olive trees at Arles without remembering Van Gogh.

It is in some cases, however, more difficult than that. Heidelberg, one of the very early camps of Streeton, Roberts, McCubbin and Conder has suffered grievously from the claw-like grip of red brick. The river remains, of course, but one is left with a feeling of bitterness at the destruction of fold, hill and plain. Oscar Wilde once ironically said, 'All Nature imitates art'. Heidelberg has now magically amended this by adding, 'But suburbia reduces it to anonymity'.

Mentone, the earliest rendezvous, can be easily imagined. Here Conder's overtones are strong – the bay is still dotted with white, blue and soft pink boats, and, fortunately, the dressing sheds have survived in more or less traditional form. Suburbia is breathing down our necks, certainly, but the essential character remains. I am told that the bridge which Conder features in his *Mentone* (1888) was destroyed only a few years ago.

It remains for the Dandenongs to reveal the essential Streeton, for here one receives the greatest impression. All is there – the tall, elegant coastal gums, ferns, spiky grass, gorgeous bush orchids, the magic filtering light; images that Streeton drank in so deeply.

Streeton's poetic world of imagination was certainly released here. His letters are full of the spell they had on him, a spell that continued throughout his life. Streeton's is a uniquely romantic landscape vision – a power released by the distant vista of cerulean blue hills, a yearning for escape to discover the beyond, new landscapes bathed in a glow of light – optimistic, a vision where people as personalities play a small and minor role.

If Roberts revealed the heroic frontierism of what he believed to be a new kind of man, Streeton reveals the width and breadth of the country to be discovered. Consider a letter to Roberts: 'Look here; north the very long divide is beautifully warm, blue, far, far away, all dreaming, all remote'. Again: 'I sit on the upper circle surrounded by copper and gold, and smile under my fly-net'. His references to the landscape refer constantly to 'the Garden of Eden', 'paradise', 'heaven'. When painting *Fire's On!* (Art Gallery of NSW) in the Blue Mountains he wrote: 'My path lies towards the west, which is a flood of gold. I felt near the gates of paradise – the gates of the west'. The writing has a Wordsworthian overtone, the artist-poet drowned in the glow of his own earthly paradise.

His enthusiasms are none the less those of the youthful romantic when vision and feeling are perfectly correlated, without a thought about the possibility of things ever being different. It is with the disruption of this innocence that we shall presently deal.

Largely self-taught, Streeton gained his early impetus from the kindly Roberts, whom he met at Mentone (1886). He had little or no stylistic revolution to make in his easy acceptance of tonal impressionism. This perhaps explains his extraordinary precociousness. At twenty Streeton had found his way. He had spent two summers at Eaglemont. He had painted *Golden Summer* (which later in 1892 won him honourable mention at the Paris Salon), he had painted *The National Game* and, at twenty-five, *Still Glides the Stream*. The two little masterpieces *Redfern Station* and *Circular Quay* were painted at twenty-six and *Gloucester Buckets* at twenty-seven. He had none of the doubts or stylistic tribulations which Cézanne, Gauguin, or a present-day Dubuffet struggled with into middle age. The average art student probably suffers more.

It is interesting to compare *Still Glides the Stream* with *Circular Quay*. In the former, the artist has attempted to condense form into curved rhythmic patterns, keeping light to a fairly muted value. In *Circular Quay*, the dancing calligraphy plunges deeply and dramatically into the picture plane, the brush moves with hasty, joyous delight, punctuating empty space with accent, full stop, movement and nuance, exploiting everything Streeton had learnt of Whistler. The whole quayside is drowned in the sultry, humid light of a Sydney summer. This is vintage Streeton. *Redfern Station* ranks equally. Its stylistic characteristics are similar. The wet drizzly day has assisted in his attempt to condense pattern – note the aesthetic cunning of the shadow in the little girl's umbrella and how it joins with her hair, and how this lively puppet

show leads us to the witty dog's tail; how horse and carriages and drivers belong to the same form because it is more meaningful that way. These pictures have all the urgency we expect from an impressionist painting. In *Circular Quay* and *Redfern Station* Streeton comes closer than he ever did to the Heidelberg School's intention which they expressed in their 5×9 catalogue: 'An effect is only momentary, so an impressionist tries to find his place. Two hours are never alike, and he who tries to paint a sunset on two successive evenings must be more or less painting from memory'.

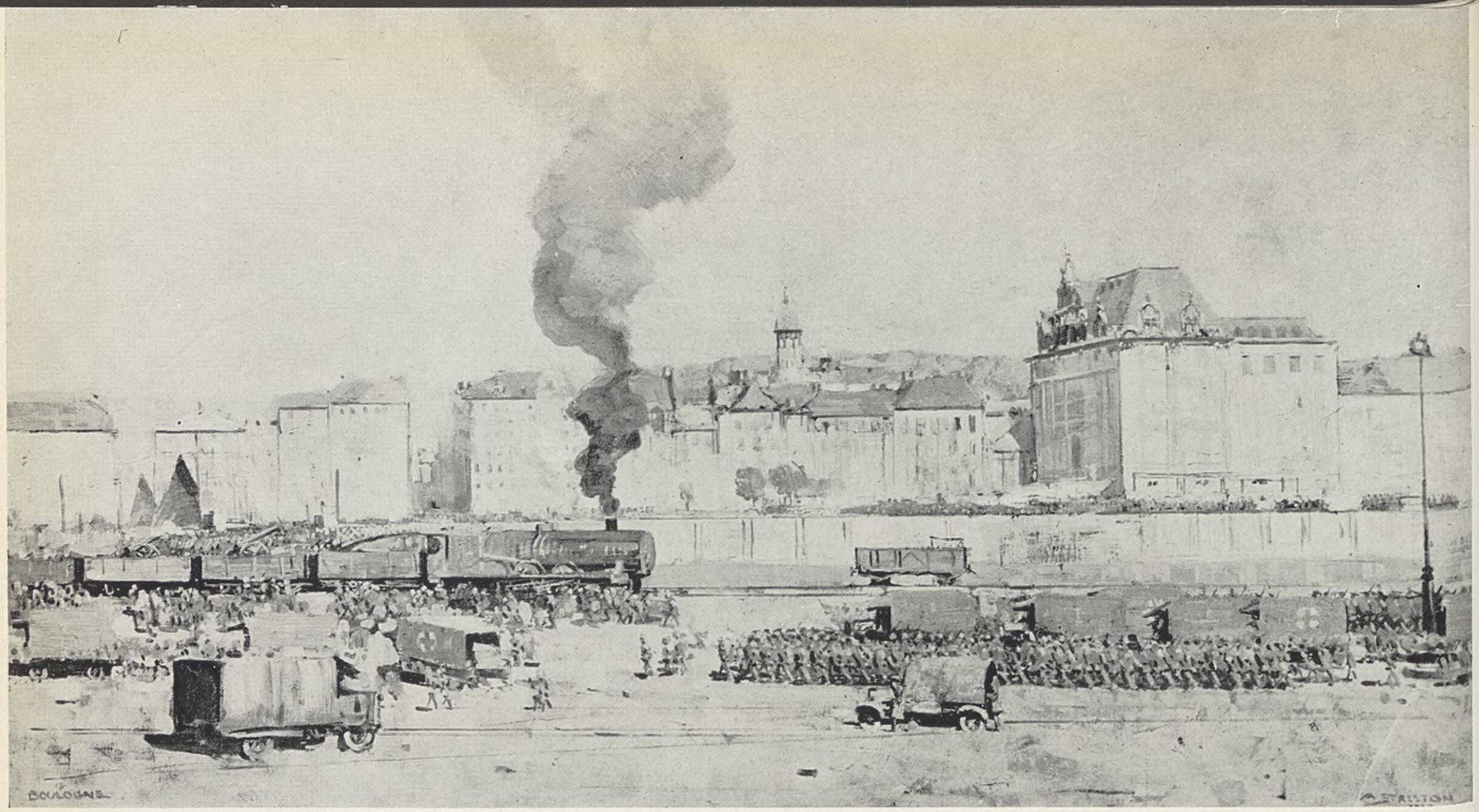
Gloucester Buckets, 1894, is an extraordinarily talented *tour de force*. It marks the year when Streeton begins to use paint and brush with what he considers the mark of fluency, the paling-like bash of the flat bristle brush. The criss-cross of sky and the middle-distance trees are sensitively painted but apart from a superb richness of colour the composition is flaccid, hasty and unrealized. His feeling for light is sure and one is entranced by the way he managed to capture a uniquely Australian atmosphere.

Arthur Streeton left Australia in 1894; indeed he would have gone sooner but for financial difficulties. He left fired with the possibility of success abroad. His *Suffolk Harvest* is one of his earliest essays from

opposite, top
SIR ARTHUR STREETON CIRCULAR QUAY
Oil 7in×18in
Collection Commonwealth Government

opposite, below
SIR ARTHUR STREETON GLOUCESTER BUCKETS 1894
Oil on canvas 32in×60in
Collection Art Gallery of NSW

below
SIR ARTHUR STREETON REDFERN STATION 1893
Oil on canvas 16in×24in
Collection Art Gallery of NSW


BOULOGNE
STRUTTON

Europe. The artist has left his earthly paradise but has not the visual romantic imagination of a Chagall or a Delacroix. Their vision and depth became stronger with things remembered but not seen for a long time. Streeton reveals at this point the first chink in his visual armour. While looking at the gates of paradise he could become infatuated; on imagining it he became paralysed and confused. As he could not understand the real colourists of impressionism, so the disruption of his work becomes apparent. He is just as dexterous, just as fluent – perhaps a little more fascinated by the slither of paint. He has come under the influence of Constable, mistakenly believing this to be a logical counterpart of tonal impressionism. The New English Art Club has already gathered him to its hearth. 'Paradise', now lush in English greens, rich in generous curves, is lost in the meadows; and the dark shadows of the tradition of painting fall across the poet's path. The success he dreamed of never came. He had neither the intellectual fibre nor sufficient lyric talent to allow his romanticism to seize him in the way it had seized Palmer. To a man so needful of worldly success this may well have been unfortunate.

He returned to Australia in 1907 and held a successful exhibition in Melbourne which for the first time made it clear that a national school had arrived, but emptiness and mannerism had possessed him. The big, brassy brush-stroke is so evident. In his war picture, *Boulogne*, the marching figures are portrayed with a metallic, insensitive brush, the accenting windows of the buildings have none of the touch of space we see in *Circular Quay*. The compositional device of trucks leading us diagonally into the picture is trite and obvious. The social man is here; the outsider is nowhere to be seen.

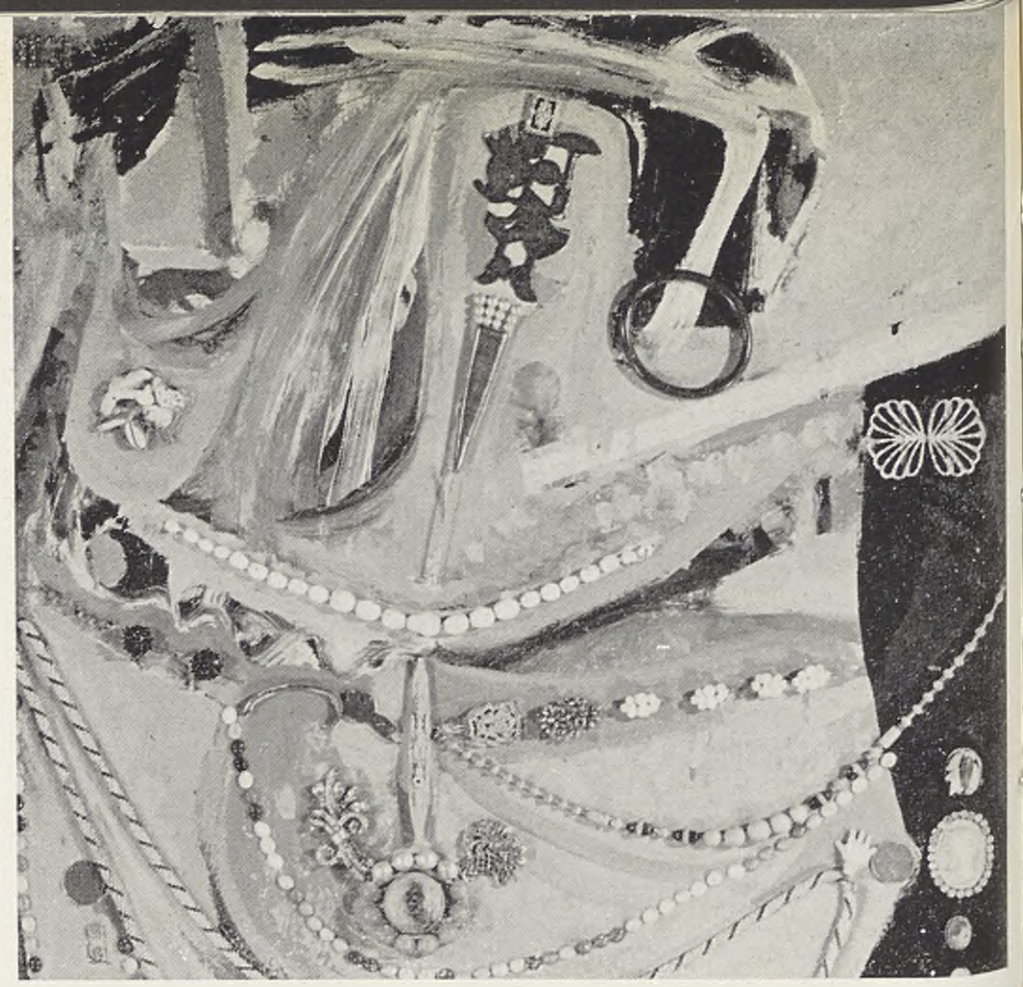
opposite, top
SIR ARTHUR STREETON BOULOGNE 1918
Oil on canvas 36in × 60in
Collection Art Gallery of NSW

opposite, below
SIR ARTHUR STREETON THE NATIONAL GAME (1889)
Oil on pulp board 4in × 9in
Collection Art Gallery of NSW

below
SIR ARTHUR STREETON STILL GLIDES THE STREAM 1890
Oil on canvas 32in × 67in
Collection Art Gallery of NSW

Pop Goes the Easel

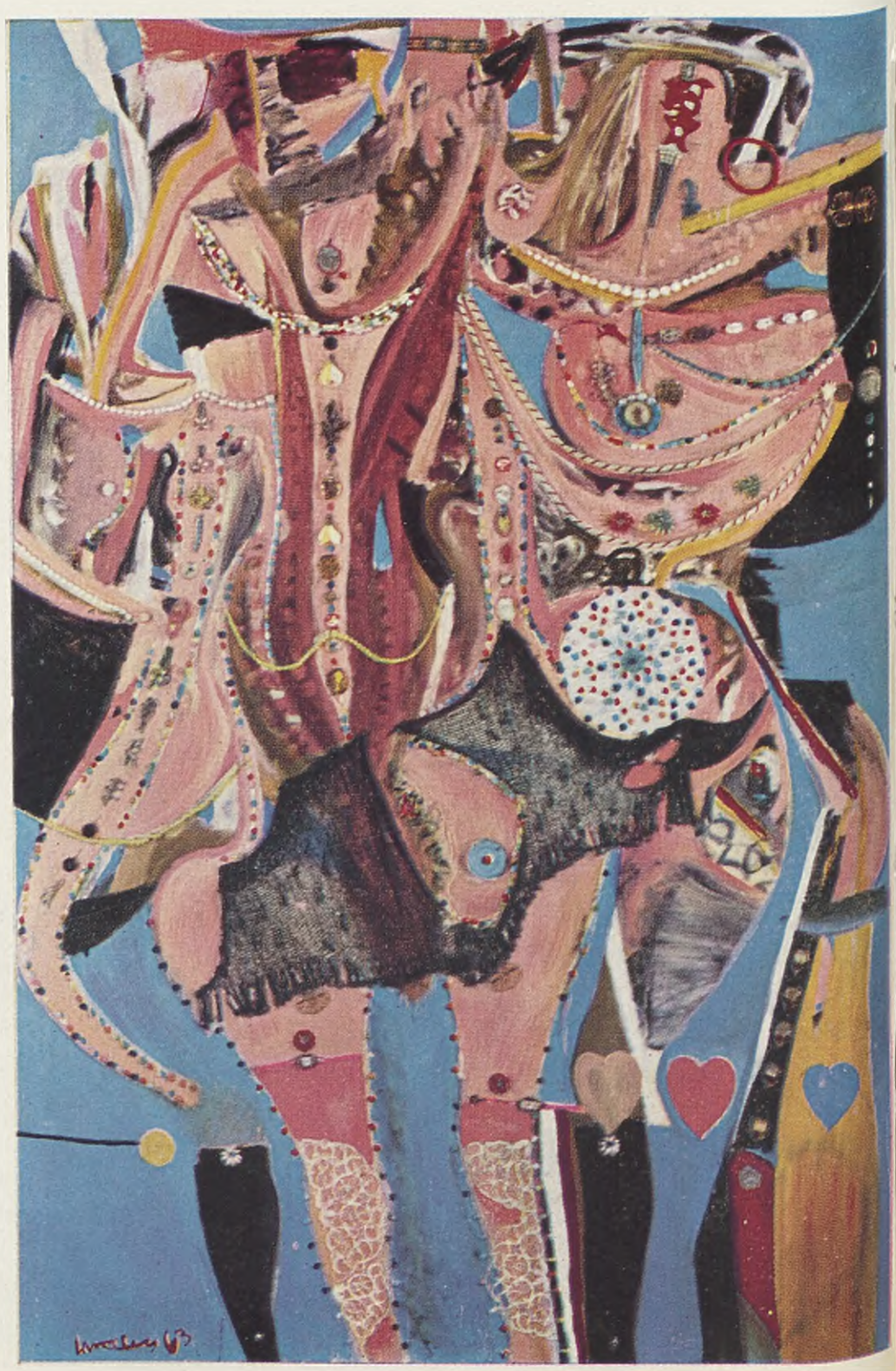
Elwyn Lynn



In 1962, first at the Museum of Modern Art in Melbourne and later at the Rudy Komon Gallery in Sydney, there burst upon the art world the works of Colin Lanceley, Ross Crothall and Michael Brown. Immediately a collage of critical labels tended to obscure their intentions: neo-dada, Pop-art, new-realism, assemblage, junksters, satirists of the obsolescent world and mass-production – and to these could be added the statements that self-titled 'Countdown' Lanceley, 'Pancho' Brown and 'Day' Crothall made in the Melbourne catalogue: 'I', said Lanceley, 'have been asked to give my version of an Imitation Realist Manifesto, *pronunciamiento*, philosophical statement, or proclamation – but I have no patience with such things, as I only think in terms of individual paintings. A woman once asked me why a painting of mine had a tail, but why has a cat got a tail – or a dog for that matter? To me it is no mystery. It is just because they were made with one'. Brown countenanced no fine art rules, either: 'The only sensible thing I can think of to say about art is something someone else has said, that art always comes in by the back door. As long as it leaves the way it came, closes the door softly behind it and bothers me no more, then I will be left free to continue making whatever comes into my head to make, to my heart's content'.

Crothall's statement was the *reductio ad absurdum* of realist demands: 'I am the sort of person who might paint with hen's teeth if only a hen with teeth were left lying around the place. Thus I am an Imitation Realist'.

Their assemblages of toys, crushed tin, cigarettes, wire, bottle tops, cheap jewellery, old scales, chains, pages from women's magazines and sheer rough carpentry were not much appreciated by the artists of Antipodean Melbourne, though the critics were rather enthusiastic. Having built an



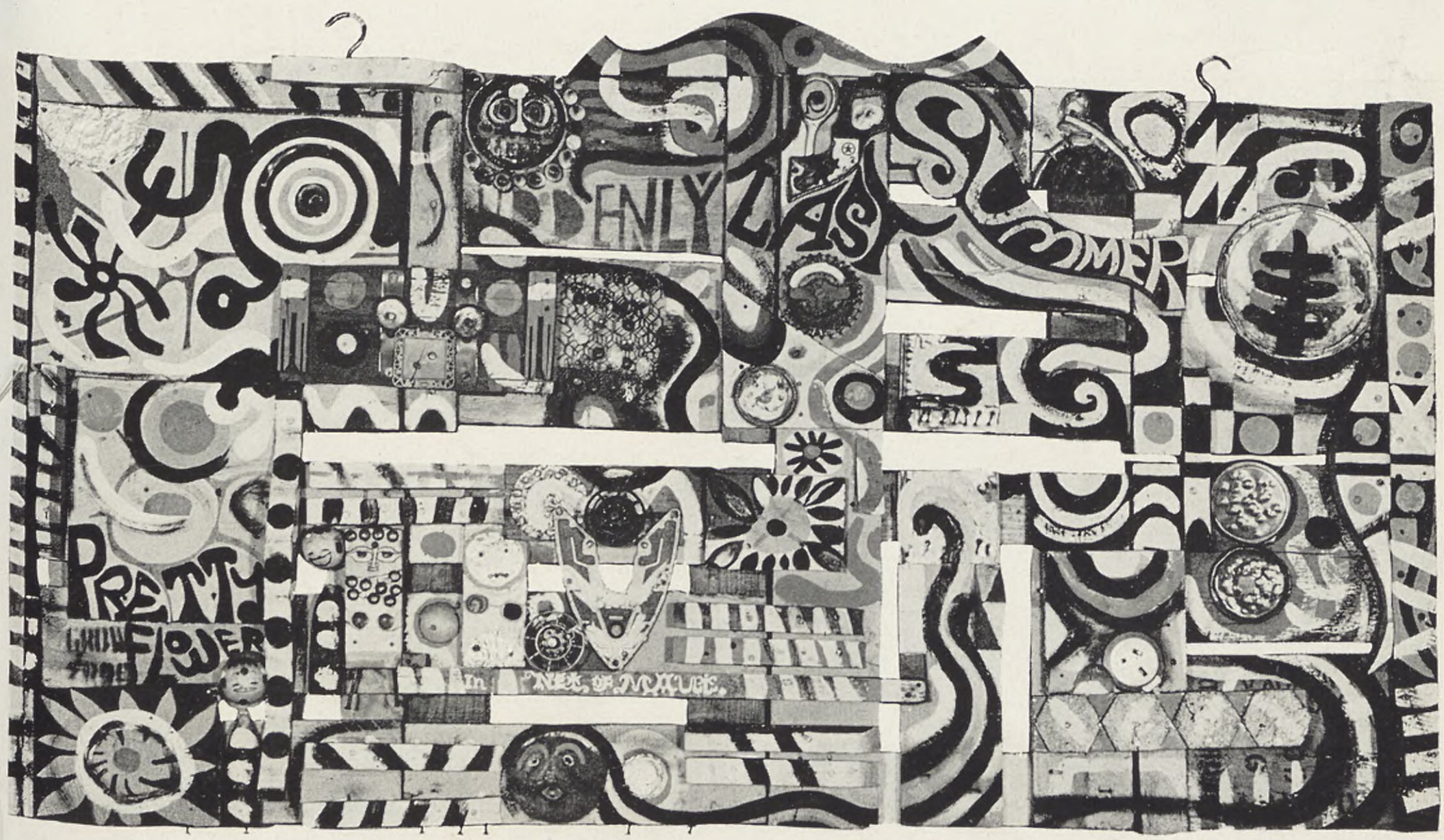
COLIN LANCELEY LOVE ME STRIPPER 1963
Collage and mixed media (oils and enamel) on ply 72in × 48in
Collection Robert Hughes
Top: Detail

assemblage at the Museum, having made a mural at the Balzac Restaurant and having festooned rooms and corridors at Komon's, their tone changed. Crothall and Brown became more ironic: 'It is *avant-garde*', said the former. 'Even now we don't know,' said Brown, 'what Imitation Realist means, except that it is a title that suits us for the time being while we happen to be working as a group'. The words were prophetic; though they co-operated often on individual works, only Lanceley has persisted in Imitation Realism: in all of their work he said there was only poetry: 'There is no conscious revolution. There is no conscious bad taste. There is no Anti-Art. There is no Junk or incongruous materials that are not part of the creative transformation'.

These statements were not polemical, propagandist or promotional, but were part of their paradoxical use of words as both meaningful and pointless. Their very titles had the verve and freshness of those of traditional jazz where feeling and fun replaced solemnity and sentimentality in non-fine art music: *Symbolic Disease of the Body Politic*, *Men of Doomy Destiny*, *Gross Debutante*, *Halt the Bus*, *Woman Without a Stitch On*, *Mirg's Migration into Heaven-Heaven*, *Just like His Uncle Fred*, *The Seventh Traumatic Wonder of the World*, and *The Policeman Takes a Healthful Walk in the Mountains*. Such lampooning nomenclature raised suspicions about such apparently innocuous titles as *Trajan's Column* or *The People Next Door*.

Reactions showed the Body Politic of Criticism to be relatively free from disease. This was all the more surprising because, apart from witty puns in Barry Humphries's comic show at the Victorian Artists' Society in September 1958 – *My Foetus Killing Me*, *E-Scape* (a collage of E letters), *Sharp Relief* (protruding pieces of broken mirrors) – and Muffled Drums at the Terry Clune Galleries in October, 1959 where solemnity, social ills and critical ineptitude were pilloried, critics had not met such a confrontation. One critic denounced it; some were cautious; the late Arnold Shore was enraptured; but most critics and the public too, enjoyed the fun and satire. Sheer burlesque and sex ran poetic riot.

They satirized not the *sexual* but the *sexy*; this is one of the keys to the origin of Pop-art. For the English Pop-artists, and, to a lesser extent, for the Imitation Realists, reality was smothered in status symbolism: one cannot see the beauty of a Bentley for it; one can see woman only as a sex symbol; one cannot enjoy an unadvertised smoke. English artists like



MICHAEL BROWN SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER 1961
Wood collage with PVA 27in × 46in
Possession of the artist

Boshier and Hamilton saw in all the grossness of mass-media a lot of talent going unrecognized because it was associated, in the English mind, with ignoble promotion of goods, often of doubtful value. Americans and Australians more readily accept advertisements: the Imitation Realists were no *avant-garde* commercial artists out to reform advertising, and an American like Oldenburg is not concerned with the promotion of TV dinners, but with American eating habits.

English Pop-art is essentially narrative and satirical; its Junk-art has the same aim. For example Mark Boyle has a broken fire-place carrying the words 'open fire' and behind a mantleshelf of junk is a photograph of an execution. American Pop is satirical but its Junk has, generally, purely aesthetic aims.

It was harder to sum up the art of the I.R., whose aims varied as much as their media: they were not always non-programmatic, they were satirical or comical, but their cornucopias of *Kitsch* or elementary folk-art assemblages did express emotional states like an ironic disgust with life's ephemera or a mesmerized bewilderment at the glut of mass-produced rubbish, but emphasis must be on the symbolic content of their accretions and proliferations of obsolescent material. Prognoses have been confounded, because Lanceley has developed both his baroque accumulations and, with works like *Love Me Stripper*, his sour satire – in 1963 he won the Young Painters' Prize and was included in the Rubinstein Scholarship and held a one-man show at the Hungry Horse Gallery in October. In 1960 it would have been impossible. Crothall and Brown have abandoned transient, expendable, cheap mass-produced materials, and the quantitative utilization of debris, for matt, flat-patterned works, not hard-edge, not Mondrianesque, but consisting of stars, stripes and triangles, painted as though by apprentice (uncorrupted) sign writers.

DEREK BOSHIER SUNSET ON STABILITY (1962)
Oil on canvas 72in×72in
Collection Grabowski Gallery, London

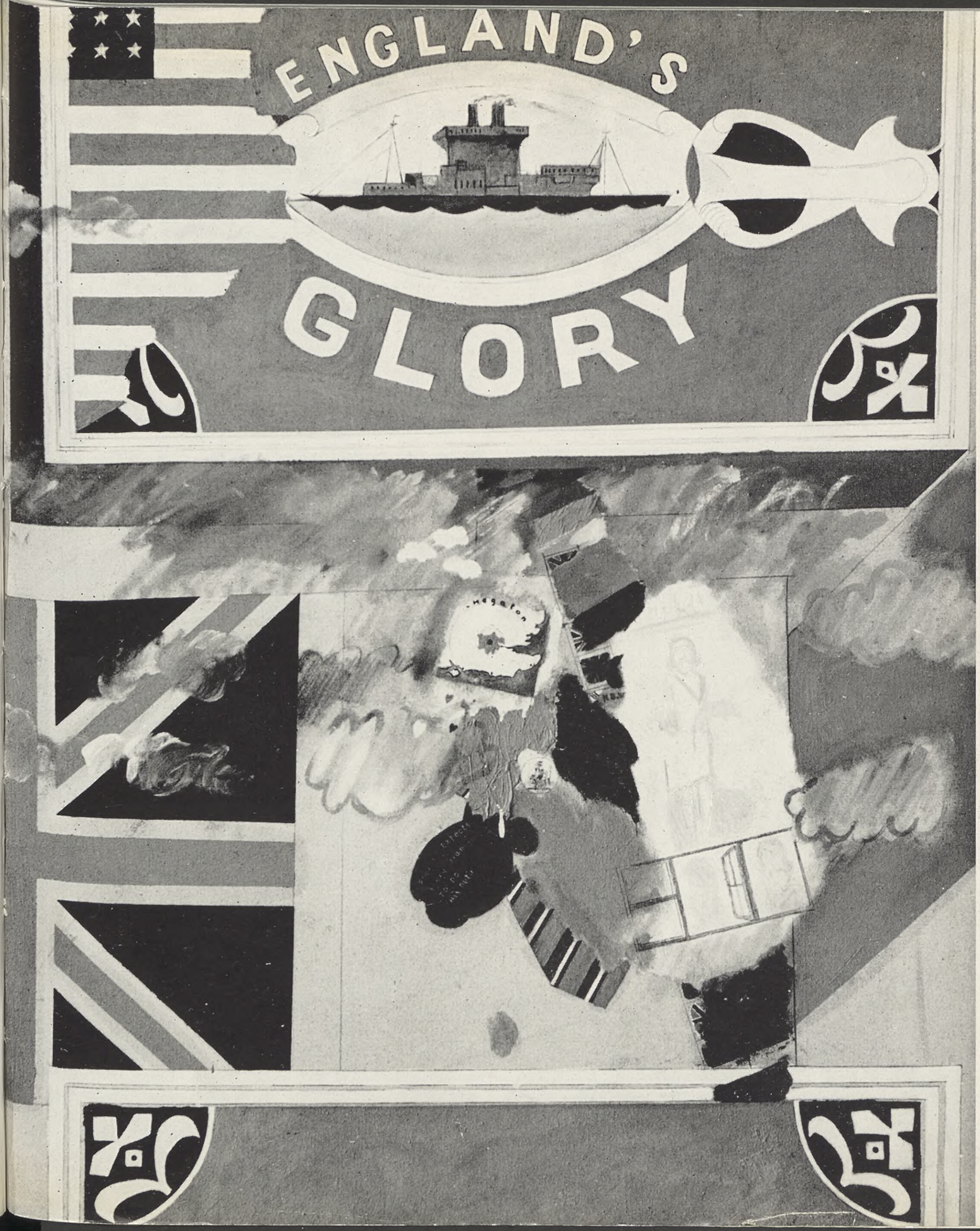
What has been most important about their attitudes is that they neither affirm nor deny their world, they can ignore it or guy it; they can devour every technique or scrap of information it provides or discard (as Crothall and Brown are now doing) the lot. It is this that has cleared the Sydney air of much of its inhibiting aesthetic preoccupations.

What are some of the causes of this mid-twentieth century urban art? There is a fascination with new materials and with the effectiveness of mass-media advertisement symbols. Often a lot of what they show are 'goodies': fine girls, ice cream, toys, juke-boxes, motor-bikes. Yet Pop-artists are repelled, too, by the consistent infiltration into one's mind of posters, the glossies and pamphlets. They frequently attempt to redeem the products of mass-media and mass production by using the means of mass culture: headlines, billboards, comic strips, canned food labels, record sleeves and so on.

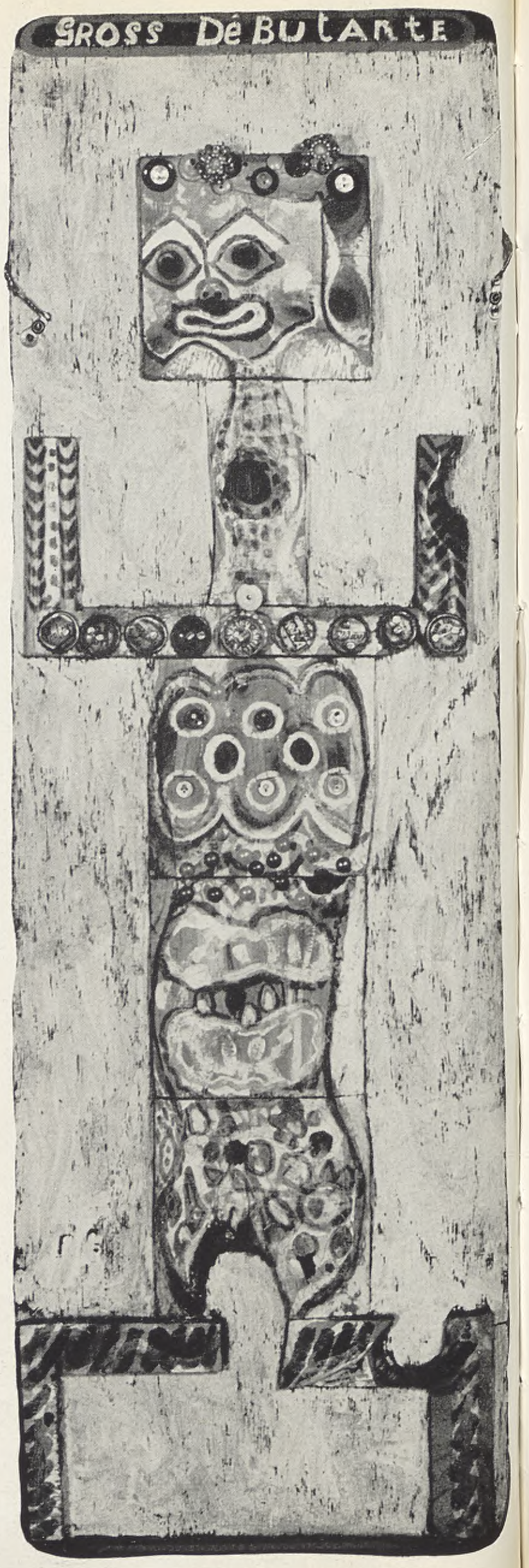
They do not reject popular culture; they know how millions come to life when they hear the pop singers, enter Woolworths or Coles or read the alluring advertisement. All this is directed at people. To them fine art, geometrical architecture or painting are refuges; they lack the drama and encounter of popular culture. The Pop-artist's world is not of reflection and contemplation. Peter Blake, in 1959, did *The Fine Art Bit* which contained reproductions of a Gothic altar-piece, a Flemish Virgin, an Arab painting, a Potter landscape and a photograph of a piece of Renaissance sculpture, spread across the top while below were six broad bands of hard-edge paint.

They are opposed to the art of field and furrow, to the art that has become nothing more than a status-symbol – for example, the use of the *Mona Lisa* as a French cultural *chargé-d'affaires*. They are not so much concerned with the preservation of tradition, if this inhibits the development of the new. They are not worried about the transient, short-term solutions in their art; they use what is expendable and easily forgotten; the cleverness of other people's gimmicks fascinates them; they are more anti-big art than anti-big business whose irrational glamour intrigues them. They do not aim at the usual art public, but at youth.

They have been particularly successful in London where story-tellers like Nolan, Arthur Boyd and Bacon are popular; the violent promotion of American Pop-artists in New York has been met by equally violent denunciation by supporters of hard-edge abstraction and abstract-expressionism. In England no such difficulty was met; in Australia aesthetic prejudice and investment interests are not, at present, entrenched enough to offer opposition of consequence.



DEREK BOSHIER
ENGLAND'S GLORY
1961
Oil on canvas
50in × 40in
Collection
M. B. Grabowski



right
ROSS CROTHALL GROSS DEBUTANTE 1961
Assemblage 42in × 13½in
Collection Mrs J. Feldman

below
HOWARD HODGKIN ROGER AND MARGARET COLEMAN
Panel 30in × 44in
Collection Arthur Tooth & Sons, London

opposite right
JOE TISSON VOX BOX 1963
Oil on wood construction 60in × 48in
Collection Marlborough Fine Art Ltd.

opposite left
DAVID HOCKNEY TYPHOO TEA ILLUSIONISTIC PAINTING 1960
Oil on canvas 54in × 36in
Collection Kasmin Limited, London

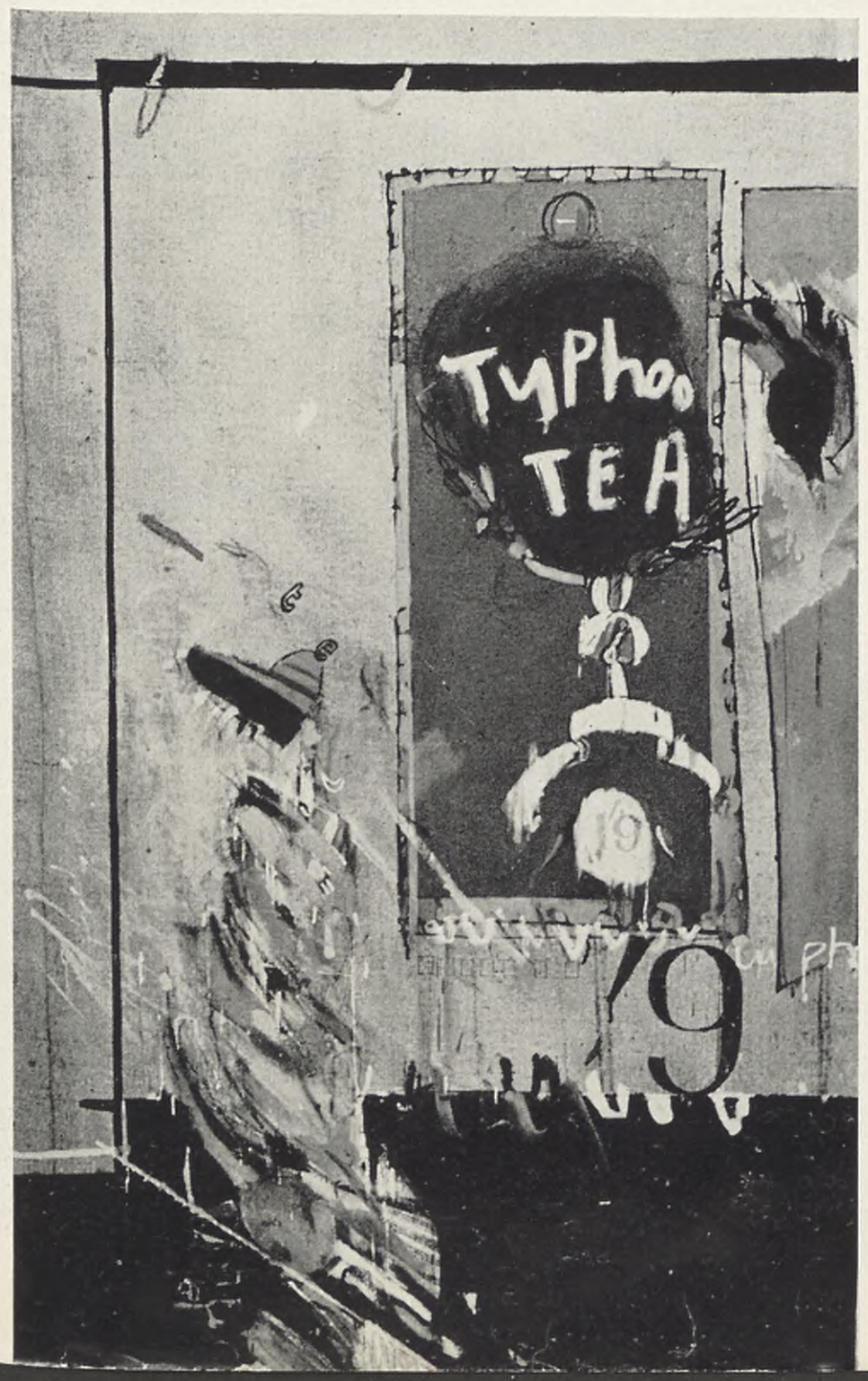
Of course, the attempt to account for stylistic origins in the terms of the environment is to treat the artist as the mere funnel of his age; furthermore the situation, as will be seen, is as complex as modern life itself.

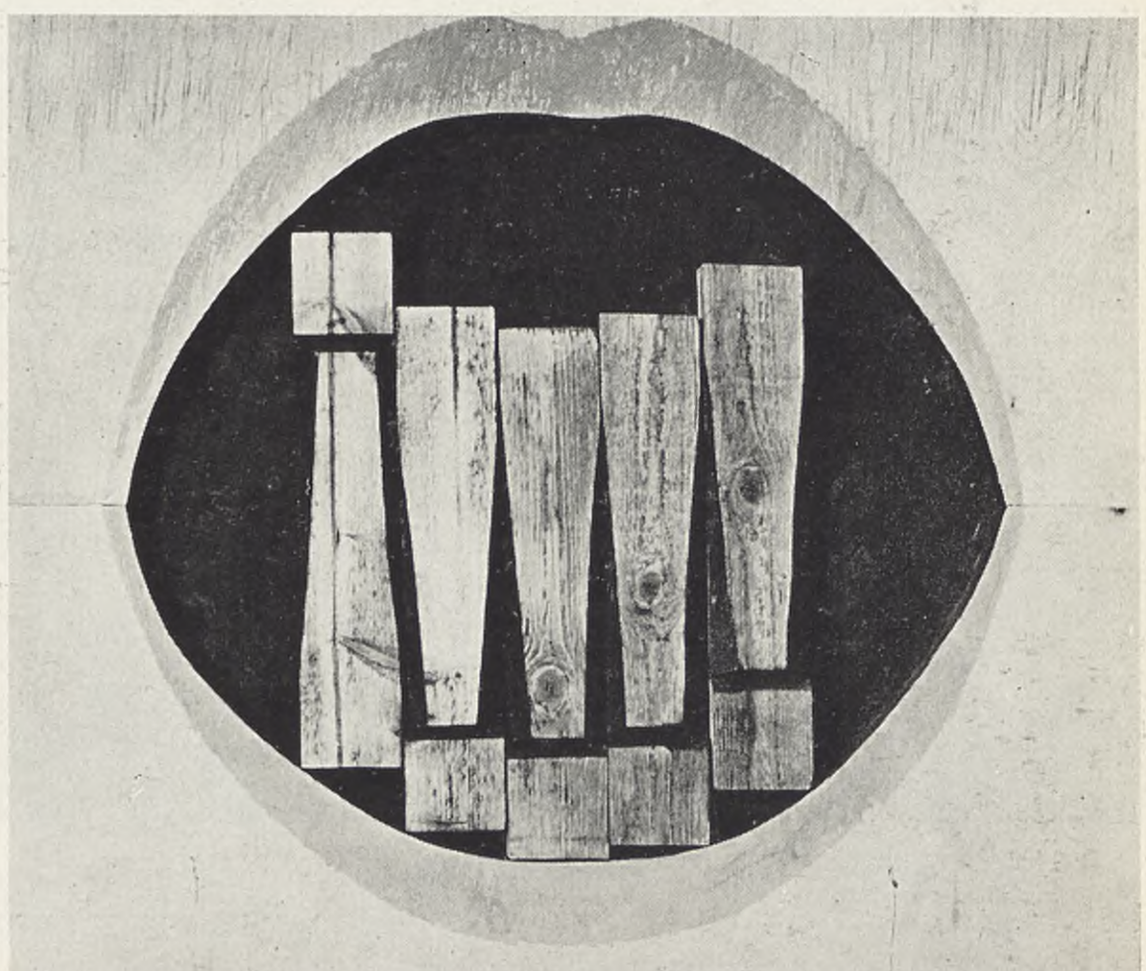
Even if whispers of English Pop-art did reach them, their originality cannot be denied. The Independent Group at the Institute of Contemporary Art in 1952 (such as Reyner Banham, Richard Hamilton, Lawrence Alloway and Eduardo Paolozzi) began to study pop-products, mass media, car-styling etc., and at the Whitechapel's 1956 exhibition, This is Tomorrow, were shown such works as Hamilton's huge collage of figures . . . one a muscle man, one a pin-up girl, in a roomful of other modern conveniences.

Yet English Pop does not live off the world of advertisement as do the Americans Warhol and Wesselmann, the former celebrated for his exact replicas of cans of Campbell Soup, *en masse* or by individual portrait, and the latter for his great pink American nude flanked by Coca-Cola bottles rampant on a ground of the Stars and Stripes; nor is it concerned with those vast blow-ups of comic strips by Lichtenstein. Works by David Hockney, on the contrary, look like vast mildly satirical, mildly didactic cartoons; a huge *Cruel Elephant* (done in the child-like manner of Lear rather than Dubuffet) crushes little creatures, labelled 'crawling insects'. Peter Phillips's *Motorpsycho Tiger* comes straight from trade motor-cycle magazines, but is in the gentle style of the American Larry Rivers. (It is interesting to note that this work has a herring-bone road mark across the bottom – these harder forms have come to dominate his latest works, which have the format of juke-boxes decorated with eagles, lions and hard-edged stars and triangles. Crothall and Brown are developing in much the same way).

American assemblage and combine art bears little resemblance to the work of the I.R. or to English Pop. The greatest U.S. combine painter, Rauschenberg, using tyres, chairs, socks in a cubist combination with abstract expressionism, has influenced John Bowstead; and Latham's cluttered books buried in P.V.A., may be closer to Americans like James Dine or Claes Oldenburg than to his English fellows.

What the most noted of English Pop-artists, Derek Boshier, has in common with one of the minor features of the I.R., is that he now composes, as they did at times, without collage; his matter and style come





from the cheapest, least plush and most ephemeral magazines and his whimsical awkwardness is quite unlike the joyous accumulation of the Australians or the obsessed seriousness of the Americans.

With the exception of Phillips and Latham, English Pop has been rapidly transformed into a new figuration, which stems from the flat expressionism of an American, R. B. Kitaj, who studied at the Royal College of Art.

Typical of the metamorphosis is Peter Blake, who from collages of medals, doors covered with pin-up girls, *Elvis Presley Wall* and his 1952 *Siriol, She-Devil of Naked Madness*, has turned to a nostalgia for Victoriana with blow-ups of Victorian post cards and photographs.

His *Presley Wall*, it may be noted, had a hard-edge *ziggurat* in red and yellow below the two surly portraits.

DAVID HOCKNEY DECORATIVE PAINTING TWO FRIENDS 1963
Oil on canvas 42in × 48in
Collection Frank McDonald

Whatever its changes, English Pop has been more programmatic than the work of the I.R.: Kitaj often accompanies his work with a long list of quotations and detailed references to his reading, though the printed word rarely invades his work. If his intentions are obscure, the case of W. N. Copley is illuminating: he paints the non-fine art nude, the non-expressionist naked lady. She is a combination of the erotic underwear advertisement, the devouring Vampire, the dedicated female sexual entertainer, but is so crudely presented as to be more uneasily humorous than enticing. It is figuration with a satirical edge.

The Australians let the environment flood on to their hardboard with little restriction: the English and Americans are highly selective of their environment. American painting has involved the environment in two ways: huge works like Pollock's or Rothko's involve the environment by embracing it; the other way is to incorporate it by selecting actual pieces of it or imitations of it, and this is precisely where the Australian contribution differed from the American. Dine paints huge ties or pearls labelled *Ties* or *Pearls*; in *Black Saw* he fastens a saw to a black canvas; to a large white canvas he attaches a hand-sink on a central black splash. These are simply comments on linguistics and *Gestalt* psychology – How does the name *Tie* differ from a real tie or an imitation tie. With the saw we simply have the transference of adjective as in 'He was nailed to the bitter cross'; the sink is real, but as it cannot work, orthodox associations are disrupted. This shattering of the American Dream of a Consumer's Land of Plenty is exemplified in the work of Segal who shows plaster-casts of people playing cards or driving buses, as though from the remains of a new Pompeii; Claes Oldenburg models twelve foot ice-creams in cones, huge hamburgers and T.V. Dinners pushed a few more degrees towards sheer nausea: the I.R. are exultantly inventive and healthy in comparison, for American collage and *trompe l'oeil*-Pop poses anti-creativity as an aim.

Painters, like Robert Indiana (who uses the environment by incorporating huge words like EAT) are closer to hard-edge than the assemblists and collageans; but as the label hard-edge cannot be attached to him, so it cannot be attached to the recent work of Brown and Crothall, for they are not concerned with creating large areas that pulsate like reservoirs of energy; it is simple, flat patterning not far removed from the ingenuous decoration of circuses and fun-fairs.

Their right to change their style was implicit in the denial of categories they made in their earlier work. Crothall says, 'so far, I have used only flat plastic paint in several pictures – yet there is no under-lying reason in this other than convenience'. Brown says that he now accepts the chaos of a world that he once tried to make visually meaningful: 'By now I fully accept and am at home with chaos, and I feel free to select single ideas or objects as subjects for painting about, instead of merely cooking up chaotic visual stew . . . The natural answer to this problem seemed to be to paint in flat pattern with hard edges, and it does not surprise me that many other artists have found the same solution . . . The term "hard-edge" seems to me a particularly useless one, since it describes an amazingly superficial and unimportant characteristic of a painting'.

Theirs is the problem of all unorthodox artists today: not only to create, but to resist derogatory identification with international styles: not only have they changed the climate of art on the East Coast of Australia, but also have assisted those who object to statements about influence being almost equated with plagiarism.

The past and present work of Crothall, Brown and Lanceley was not created in a vacuum of course: it was created by individual and highly personal artists; its début was dramatic and the applause can still be heard. The easel did not go Pop: it went Bang!

Editorial

The desire to travel is inherent in Australians, and painters more than most members of the community are driven to make many sacrifices to reach countries of which they have only read.

However desirable it may be to preserve national characteristics in painting, and however much some exponents of this nationalism may abhor the departure from Australia of so many local artists, the painters will continue to go. Some will go for brief sojourns and return here refreshed by what they have seen. Others will stay away for years; some will never want to come back.

The Society of Artists recognized this need and organized travelling scholarships which were later replaced by the NSW Government Travelling Art Scholarship, awarded every second year. These scholarships have been directed towards the young, whilst the Helena Rubinstein Travelling Art Scholarship is awarded to more established painters. Now that paintings sell more readily and at more realistic prices, many artists manage to travel upon their own earnings; but the need to help and encourage painters to see the old masters and the work of contemporary painters in other countries must not be overlooked in the excitement of local competitions, exhibitions and art auctions.

A group of enthusiasts in Paris has established the Foundation of the International City of Arts, which is planning a non-profit-making international art centre in Paris. Land on the Right Bank equal in size to several city blocks has already been obtained from the City of Paris and the French Government has made cash grants totalling over half a million pounds as well as decreeing that donations to the Centre shall be free of tax.

The Foundation is inviting sponsors from all over the world to donate studios in the centre. The donor will have the privilege of nominating an artist to occupy it for one year. These studios will bear the donors' names for as long as the building remains and no further contribution will be called for.

The establishment will be administered by a Board of Trustees comprising people of repute in Paris as well as overseas representatives.

Already twenty-one countries have bought one or more studios, but the French Minister of Cultural Affairs informs us that Australia has not yet joined the plan. Each studio costs approximately seven and one half thousand pounds in Australian currency and it would be unfortunate, even disastrous if none of these studios is to be available for Australian nominees. The Federal Government would do well to consider purchasing at least one studio and to encourage other people to support the scheme by offering tax-rebate on donations to it.

On the brighter side the University of Sydney has received the magnificent Power Bequest and much thought is being given to its proper use not only by the University Senate but also by outsiders who are interested in seeing the best results from this unequalled opportunity. In this issue Sir Herbert Read has offered a solution which should be carefully considered by the authorities concerned and we recommend these ideas to all readers. Sir Herbert is not only an eminent writer on the Fine Arts, President of the Society of Education in Arts and of the Institute of Contemporary Arts but has held posts in a number of Universities in Britain and the United States lecturing in Fine Arts, and recently lectured in Australia. He is therefore more suited than most to express an opinion on the subject of the best use of the Power Bequest.

Book Reviews

Paintings of Tom Roberts, with introduction and commentaries by Robert Campbell (Rigby Ltd.) 63/–

When Eliot, thirty-five years ago, evoking an image for a life lived in the past, wrote: '*Views of the Oxford Colleges* lay on the table with the knitting,' he might have mentioned that what lay with them was a volume of *The Art of X* containing twelve small reproductions with very wide margins and a short introduction in large type which contrived to suggest that the subject was a truly titanic figure in the history of art. Critical analysis was avoided, since that could scarcely be expected to appeal to the ladies who put it on the table with the knitting.

In the 'twenties and 'thirties this was a more or less standard form for art books produced in this country, and it was not really until 1936 or so that the arrival of the Phaidon books and others made the slim volume seem unwarrantably expensive as well as an unsatisfactory source of information and exposition. As the audience became more sophisticated – graduates of the Museum Without Walls – the eulogy, seldom justified by the plates, began to appear tiresomely naive.

(*Continued page 206*)

Art in an Australian University

Sir Herbert Read

The bequest left by the late Dr. Power to the University of Sydney is munificent and its provisions, if interpreted with goodwill and in the spirit intended by the donor, are free and ample enough to enable the University to create a unique and effective institution in the field of the contemporary arts. I propose to discuss an ideal institution of this kind, and leave it to others to decide whether such an ideal could be carried out without departing from the legal interpretation of the terms of the donor's will. Those terms are not altogether precise, and above all there is the use of the ambiguous word 'faculty' to describe the kind of institution Dr. Power had in mind. A faculty, it will be argued, implies a department of the university organized on the same lines as the Faculty of Law or the Faculty of Medicine. But I know of no reason, in the inherent meaning of the word or its usage in education, which would imply a narrow precedent. A faculty is merely a general term used to describe a particular field of learning, but it does not necessarily imply a particular form of organization or a standard method of teaching. If it did, there would be no hope of any general improvement in education.

To return to the terms of the bequest. They are precise in several particulars. The purpose of a Faculty of Fine Arts is defined as (my italics) 'to make available *to the people of Australia* the latest *ideas and theories* in the *plastic* arts'. This limitation to the *plastic* arts is unfortunate, but there it is, and by the plastic arts we must assume that Dr. Power had in mind the arts of painting and sculpture, with such subsidiary plastic means of expression as drawing, engraving and design. Whether architecture could be included seems to me to be an open question, but I doubt if this art was in the donor's mind.

The methods are then laid down: '. . . by means of lectures and teaching and by the purchase of the most recent contemporary art of the world and by the creation of schools, lecture halls, museums and other places for the purpose of such lectures and teaching and of suitably housing the works purchased so as to bring the *people of Australia* in more direct touch with the latest art developments *in other countries*'.

It is clear that no cloistered institution is intended: both ideas and objects are to be made available to the general public, and the scope is not national but international.

These provisions, which are no doubt causing academic headaches in Sydney, should be welcomed. It is good that the general public should participate in university activities, and learning can be encouraged and improved by social enthusiasm. The arts above all need a general public for their appreciation, and young students would be inspired by the active participation of the community in their lectures and exhibitions. There is no reason why university lecture halls, like parliaments and law courts, should not have public galleries, and these should be embodied in the building plans. Equally, the 'museums and other places' envisaged should be open to the general public.

Let us therefore proceed with the building of an ideal institution of this kind. And here let me make the first important proviso not actually embodied in the will but certainly not inconsistent with Dr. Power's intention. The 'teaching' should be active and creative. By this I mean that looking and learning are not enough in the teaching of the plastic arts – there must be physical participation. The intention is clearly not to teach the plastic arts professionally – to turn out practising painters and sculptors. The main emphasis is a communal one – it is the people of Australia who should benefit, and benefit directly.

To accumulate contemporary works of art would not be enough – for the simple reason that they do not remain contemporary: they become historical. If they are good enough, they may be of permanent value, but to keep such an institution 'in touch with the latest developments' seems to me to imply a continuous turnover of ideas and objects, and since the Bequest is liberally pluralistic (schools, lecture halls, museums, are mentioned), there might be provision for the transfer of works no longer contemporary to auxiliary institutions, and even for a continuous process of liquidation – otherwise, how is the institution to remain committed to 'the *most recent* contemporary art of the world', 'the *latest* art developments in other countries'? Dr. Power probably did not consider this problem, but the Faculty will never be able to carry out his main objective if it is gradually to silt up with works of art, no longer contemporary.
Now to be more specific, in a manner left to the imagination by Dr. Power. Obviously a building or group of buildings is envisaged – galleries, lecture-rooms, suitable places for the display of sculpture. I will now give rein to my fancy, but it is a fancy that has fed on much experience of museums and art education in various parts of the world.

1. There should be nothing formal or pompous about the buildings. Get away from the idea of marble halls and plashing fountains. Contemporary art is intimate, provisional, even expendable. There should be an harmonic relation between the work of art exhibited and the space in which it is exhibited. Since works of art are various in size, the exhibition spaces should also be various and even flexible. Small rooms round a cloister are the best solution, the cloister itself being available for sculpture in the open air.

2. Demonstrations rather than lectures. Slides and projectors have done much to make visual education in the visual arts a possibility, but I would like to see an experimental studio separated from but visible to the auditorium, in which artists would be watched and the lecturer would be a commentator unheard by the artist. Such experimental theatres exist in other faculties – psychology and medicine; they should be elaborated for the visual arts.

3. Studios should be provided for free experimentation by students – not art students, but students of any and every faculty. To retreat from mathematics to modelling, from biology to painting, or from linguistics to sculpture would enliven the whole range of learning.

4. Exhibitions of contemporary art. If these are to be drawn from the whole world, an elaborate and trained organization is necessary. The prototype exists in the Arts Council of Great Britain, but the activities of the fine arts department of this Council have always been restricted by lack of funds. Liaison officers would be appointed in various countries – at least a dozen would be necessary – and these officers, in consultation with the exhibitions officer in Sydney, would conceive and select regular exhibitions of the arts of the regions under their surveillance. The same officer would recommend works of art for purchase by the Faculty.

5. Visiting artists and artists in residence. An artist is often the best introduction to his own work – to see and hear for once a Picasso, a Henry Moore, a Tobey or a Gabo is worth a hundred academic lectures. Provision should be made for the temporary residence of established artists in the precincts of the Faculty.

6. Liaison with the other arts. Although the bequest makes no provision for collaboration with arts other than plastic, such as music, drama and poetry, it is of the greatest mutual benefit that such arts should collaborate on projects involving their several skills, above all in the theatre. Since the University of Sydney already has a School of Music and a Theatre Unit, there seems to be no obstacle to such a development.

Finally, a few words about the staffing of such an institution. It will be observed that I have nowhere made provision for the teaching of the history of art, and such an academic approach was certainly not in Dr. Power's mind. I am not opposed to lectures in the history of art, and contemporary art cannot be properly appreciated without some knowledge of the art of the past (for the reason that it is often so ecléctic in its stylistic derivations). But it would be fatal to give the Faculty into the dead hands of historians, and all technicians (I mean the curators of the collections, cataloguers, restorers, etc.) should be kept in strict subordination to the main purpose of the Faculty. That main purpose, clearly intended by the Founder, is appreciation and participation. The institution must be organic, clearly oriented to creative practices, and never for a moment lapsing into retrospective and analytic attitudes. The Director should not necessarily be a creative artist himself – if he is a good artist, he will want to get on with his own work. He should be a man (or woman) of wide cultural interests, well acquainted with the main centres of contemporary culture, and with a gift for the organization of a wide range of cultural activities. He should, I think, be an Australian, or at any rate, someone willing to dedicate himself wholly to the idea of an Australian culture. For the final objective is not a mere knowledge of 'the latest ideas and theories . . . the latest art developments *in other countries*', but the creation or encouragement of an indigenous culture. How I hate this word culture, but my meaning will be clear: a gradual elevation of the sensibility and taste of the people of Australia until 'the Australian ugliness' is transformed and a new way of life vies in elegance, wit, truth and intensity with the great epochs of the past.

Canberra Observed

George Clarke and
Tom Heath

City-shaping can be an art form, in essence like any other. Neither the theory nor the practice of it is today highly developed, but given peace and prosperity, it promises to engage our attention more in the future than it has in the immediate past.

The forming and re-forming of new cities, or of large sectors of cities, is becoming a more frequent task everywhere in the world, and wider circles of people are becoming involved in controversies about how these sorts of things should be handled.

Canberra provides, in Australia, a valuable case-study of city building as a deliberate aesthetic discipline. We should make the most of this and learn from it all we possibly can.

There is not even an agreed international name for this activity of city-shaping. 'Bring half a dozen buildings together and an art other than architecture is made possible', says the Englishman, Gordon Cullen. But what is that other art? The Italians call it *Urbanistica*, while a contemporary Athenian calls it *Ekistics*. Some English call it Civic Design, others Townscape, while Americans call it Urban or Environmental Design. Gropius sees it as Total Architecture, while Mumford insists that it is a wider, and not wholly visual, dramatization of communal life. This diversity of language very simply illustrates the diversity of cultural and ideological approaches to urban aesthetics.

The Ethnic Domain

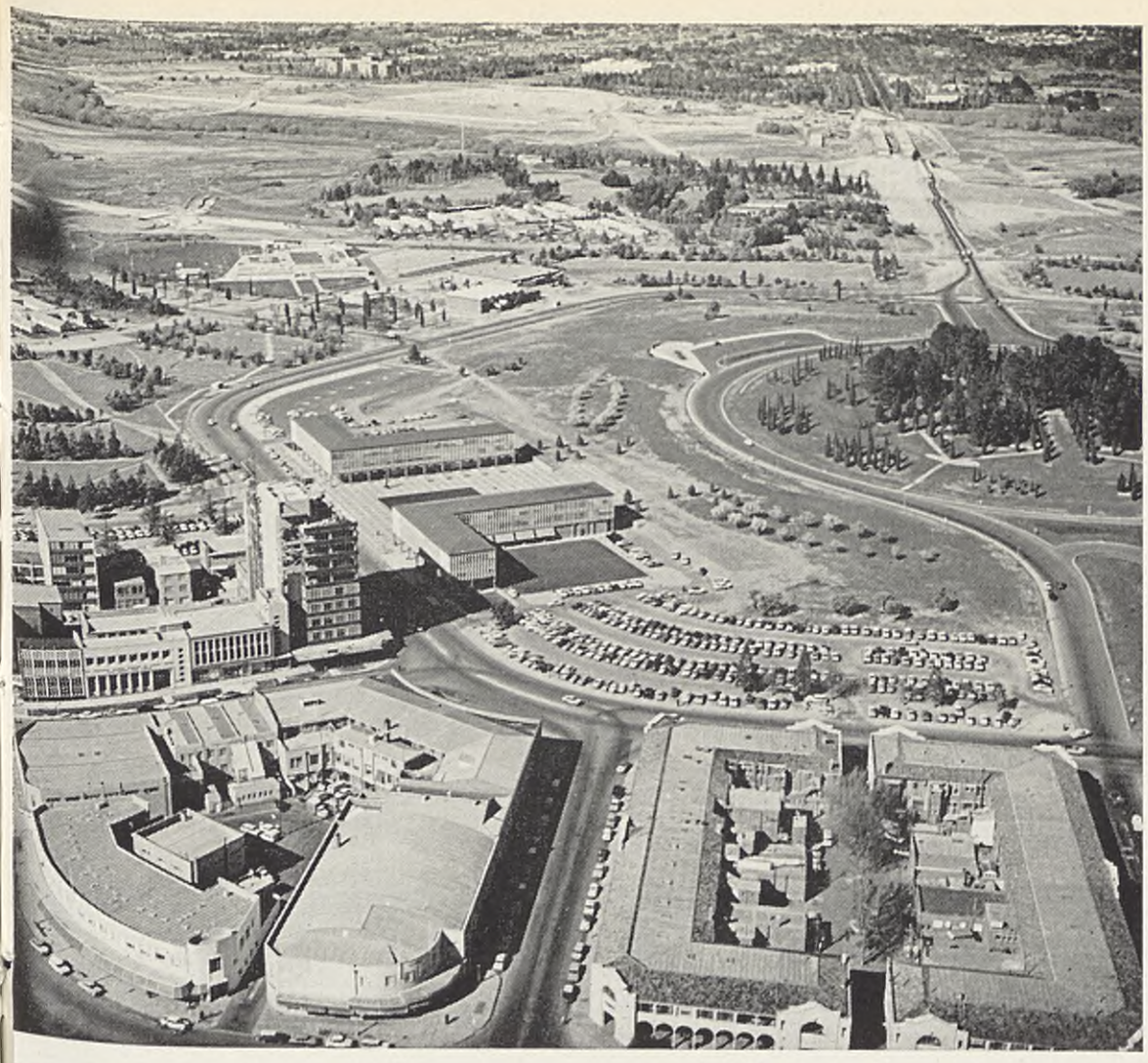
Any unified piece of the man-made physical environment – a whole city, a suburb, a parliamentary precinct, a university, a shopping centre, a neighbourhood, or a park – can transcend its ordinary function in the direction of art. This involves the transfiguration of an ordinary place into an 'ethnic domain', as Susanne Langer calls it, the semblance or image of a culture, a social order, or a way of life. This is a familiar enough concept, which underlies aesthetic appreciation or disdain of such distinctive urban places as ancient Athens, Venice, Versailles, Oxford, the English villages, Manhattan, the British New Towns, and the newer U.S. Regional Shopping centres. In the evolution of a city, there is a continuous feedback or interaction between city form and city life. We shape the city and it shapes us, in a symbiotic relationship which can spiral us and our city either to heaven or hell.

The overall expressiveness of urban form is therefore cultural rather than personal, and is often an overlay of the contrasting expressions of conflicting social groups and/or generations. Big, old cities may well seem to lack overall unity or coherence, despite their smaller districts of distinct character and form. Robert Musil, in his *Man Without Qualities* described Vienna as a whole: 'Like all big cities, it consisted of irregularity, change, sliding forward, not keeping in step, collision of things and affairs, and fathomless points of silence in between, of paved ways and wilderness, of one great rhythmic throb and the perpetual discord and dislocation of all opposing rhythms, and as a whole resembled a seething, bubbling fluid in a vessel consisting of the solid material of buildings, laws, regulations, and historical traditions.'

That could equally fairly describe Sydney life and the Sydney urban scene today. If read with only slight irony, it could almost describe Canberra too. Shorn of its first and last phrases, it could also evoke the complex order of a Fairweather painting. But it puts most aptly the extra-human scale and non-stop drama of urbanism as an art form. And that makes it valuable, because a truly 'modern movement' in environmental design is only now starting to emerge after several hundred years of decay and neglect. The early evolution of this movement owes a great deal to Walter Burley Griffin, a debt that is only now beginning to be acknowledged.

The two essentials

National or State capitals like Versailles, Washington, Canberra, New Delhi, Chandigarh and Brasilia, are all conceived as collective symbols on extra-human scale. In this they follow all the great temple precincts of history from Karnak to St. Peter's. They are knowingly contrived as



left

View southwards over Civic Centre, the central business district, which spreads around Civic Hill. The four blocks of shops and offices shown here are all very different in character. The block on the lower right was the earliest, is still the biggest and in many ways the best.

below

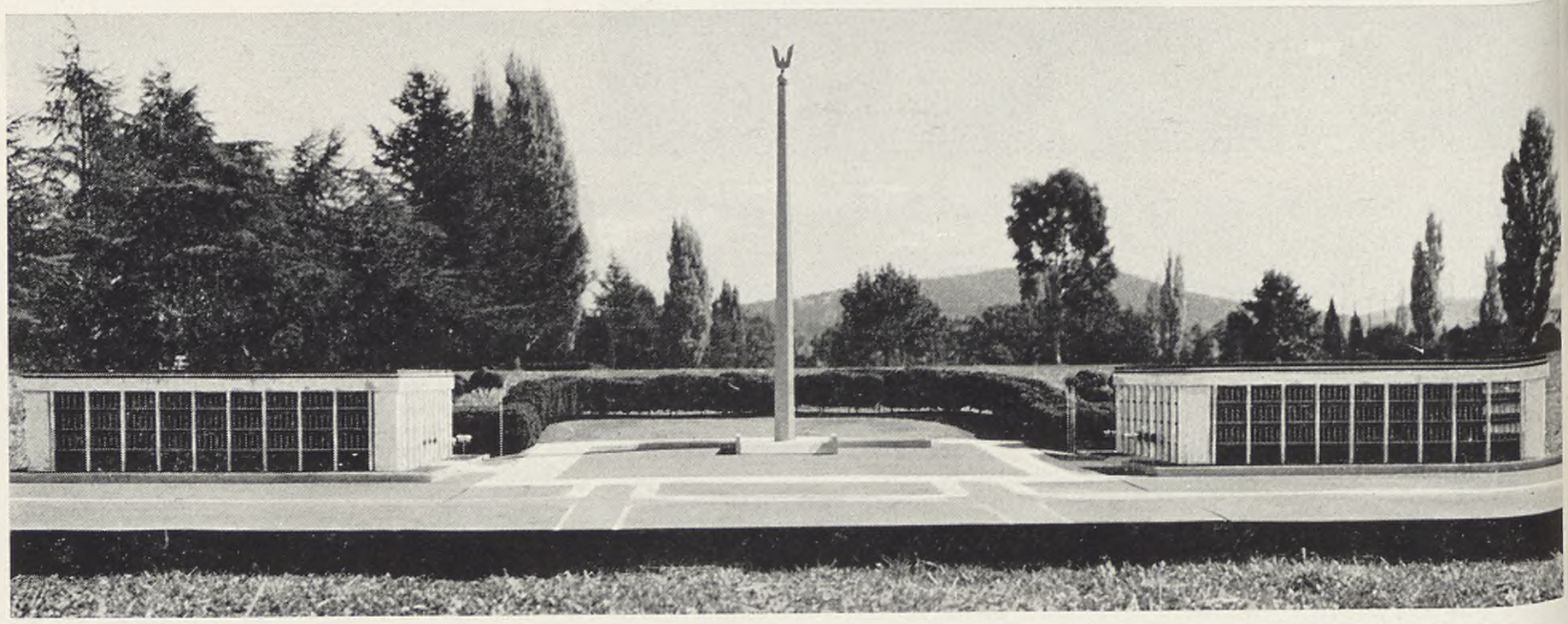
View taken this year along the Central Land Axis from Capital Hill towards Mt. Ainslie, with the future lake basin in the middle distance. The outline of the Parliamentary Triangle can be discerned, with the U.S. Memorial and the 'faceless' Russell offices on the right, and Civic Centre on the left. The Australian War Memorial is on the central axis, at the foot of Mt. Ainslie.

unified works of art. This self-conscious, deliberate aestheticism permeates the development of Canberra just as much as does idealism in social, political and functional matters. What an astonishingly un-Australian business all this seems to be: it is not surprising that we have not made a rapid and brilliant success of it so far.

Success in urban design demands, first, a shared enthusiasm of purpose and true sympathy of means among many people over many lifetimes. But in today's world, it also demands form-concepts which wholeheartedly embrace notions of continuous movement, growth and change. Let us look at Canberra from these two points of view.

Griffin and his interpreters

Since the establishment in 1958 of the National Capital Development Commission, Griffin's scheme has been treated with rough but reasonable respect. For example, his successors mostly recognized that his was a 'landscape' composition, with massed foliage taking the place of the anonymous background architecture of the ordinary city. Over three



million trees and shrubs have indeed been planted since 1913, but they have been too indiscriminately and experimentally scattered among many hundreds of species and varieties all over the city.

The result is so far a formless city-scape, unsettling and easy to get lost in, because one hodgepodge of trees looks very like another. Subtle but essential form-giving details of Griffin's comprehensive scheme seem to have been ignored. Griffin intended that major parks and areas should have dominant foliage colours, and presumably also predominant tree shapes and textures, so that each part would have a strong and distinct character. The bext example of this sort of thing in Canberra today is probably the short length of Torrens Street, Braddon, massively planted with pin oaks. The Chandigarh planners seem to have faced up better to this matter of tree choice. They have set down six basic tree shapes or types to be used and have specified the architectonic ways of using them as urban elements.

It is still not too late for Canberra's planting pattern to be reordered and strengthened over broader neighbourhoods. Let us hope Canberra has

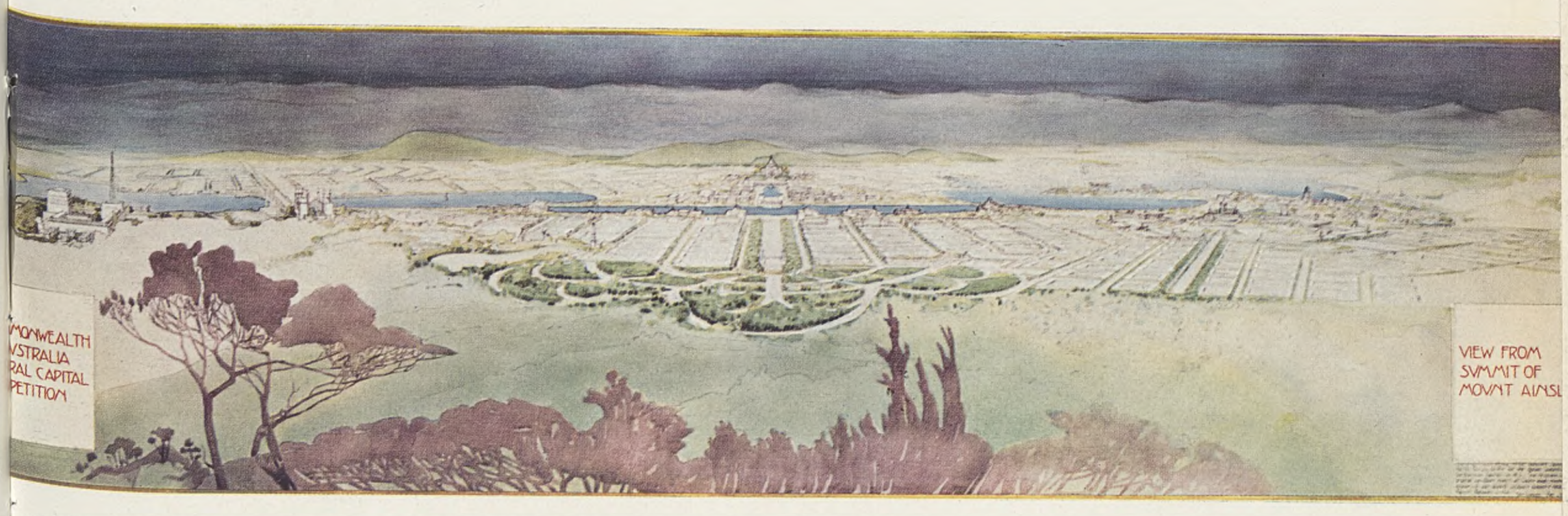
stopped, or will soon stop, its unselective experimental gardening. Let us also trust that the big trees planted on the centre line of some axes, which nullify the intended axial view, will soon be removed.

There has always seemed to be an uneasy conflict between the absolutist, formal, *Beaux Arts* surface appearance of Griffin's composition, his own gentle insistence on democratic idealism, and the sardonic, relaxed nature of Anglo-Australianism. This conflict is now being resolved, for better or for worse, during the detail designing of that great set-piece of classical landscape, the Central Area.

It seems we are to get a compromise, perhaps even the best of both worlds. The outlines of the Central Water Basins have been broken and made informal. The Basins, as well as the Lake, will be designed and used for recreation, rather than as a grand formal emphasis of the solemn dignity of Government. The massing of trees will flow freely, not geometrically. The Basins will be dotted with irreverent sailboats, and the Central landscape will be mostly *jardin anglais*, with only the central land axis, Anzac Park, being strictly formal.

opposite
The two blocks of Russell Offices which will flank the U.S. Memorial. These unfortunate buildings do not seem vigorous enough to mark properly one of the points of the Parliamentary Triangle.

below
This is a tracing of one of the drawings submitted by Walter Burley Griffin for the design competition for the National Capital in 1912.



Sir William Holford has been a powerful force in this delicate process of detail-interpretation of Griffin's scheme. Some call it a transformation, or even an unwitting betrayal. Perhaps it really has a humanizing effect, more in spirit with our times. It certainly does not run counter to what we know about the human warmth of Griffin's character, but it does contradict his vision of the architectonic order best suited for a National Capital.

Griffin passionately wanted Canberra to have 'unity in plan, homogeneity in expression, and harmony with the whole natural environment'. He was a spiritual heir of Louis Sullivan, and as James Birrell catalogues in his impressive new book (*Walter Burley Griffin* by James Birrell, Queensland University Press, November 1963) was at least as sensitive an architect as Frank Lloyd Wright, and quite possibly one of the greatest architects of this century. His clearly stated views, then, cannot lightly be set aside, even though he himself emphasized the flexibility of his plan and its capacity for organic growth and technological change. The only really disastrous change to his basic plan has been the emascula-

right

Three different scales of elevational treatment in Civic Centre. This view is from the generous arches of the old prewar shopping arcade, looking across the street at the tighter, and less happy, facade of postwar shops. In the background are the office buildings fronting the new Civic Square. These buildings are underscaled, with narrow verticals, and are more the jeweller's than the architect's art.

left

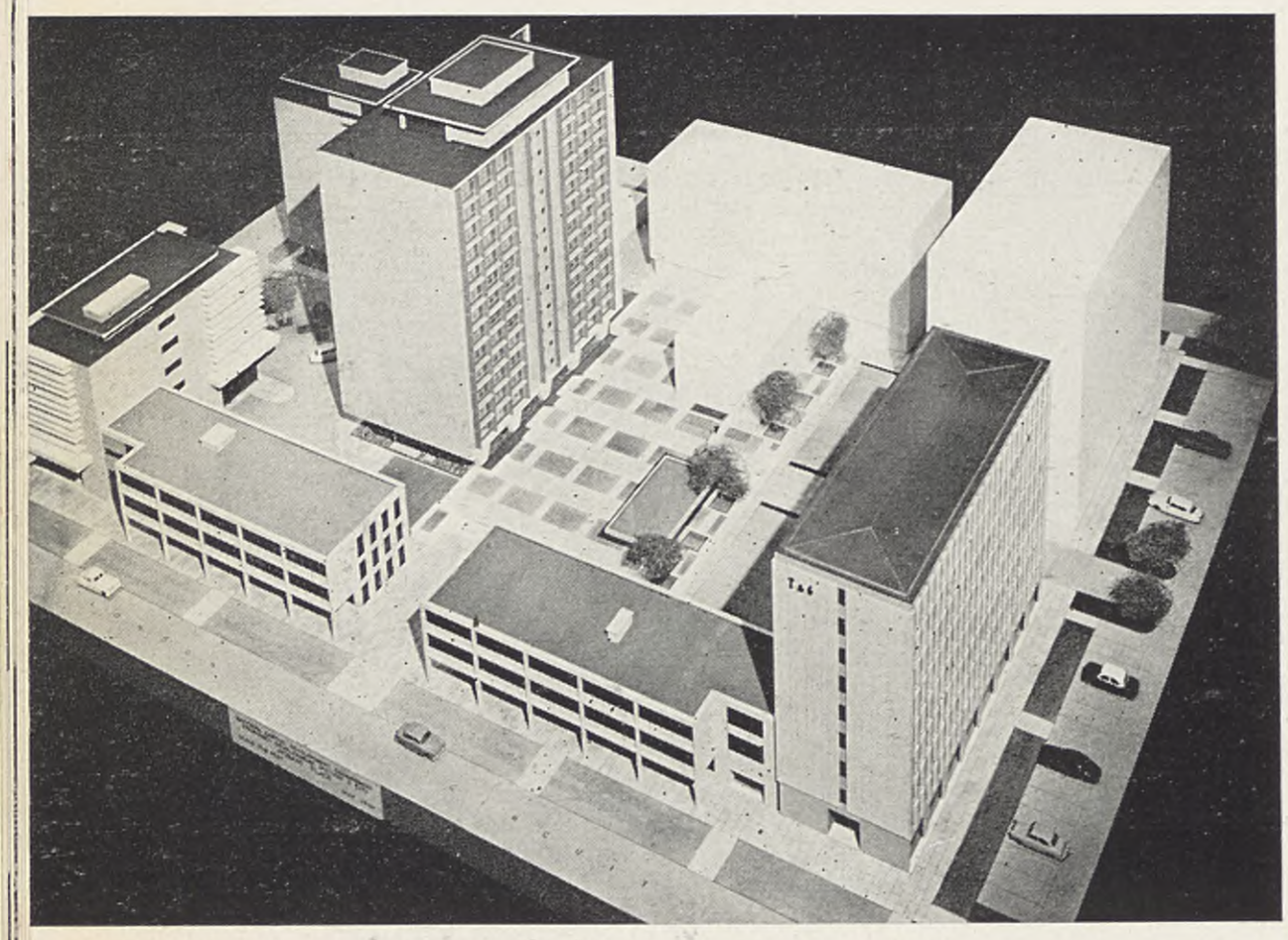
Model of the Hobart Offices, now built in Civic Centre. This latest experiment seeks to imitate but discipline the aggregative, irregular forms of a cluster of unplanned, private city buildings.

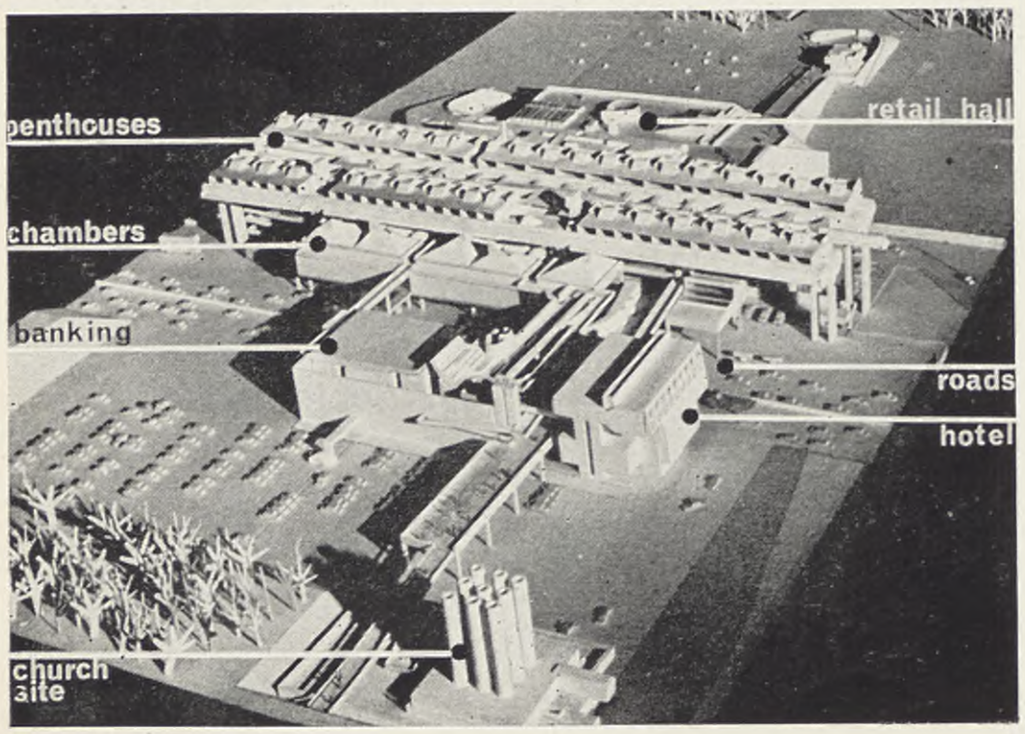
bottom

Model of the new city centre for Cumbernauld, near Glasgow.

tion of the third point of the Central Triangle, where the faceless Russell Defence Offices now flank the lifeless needle of the U.S. Memorial.

Here, Griffin insisted, must be the transportation centre, the dramatic place of arrival and departure, the mercantile and warehouse complex, a place of lively crowds and business, and a seed point of city growth. It was to be equal in visual and psychological intensity to Civic Centre, its companion node. However, the dominant and only dynamic line of life in Canberra is now the Northbourne Avenue-Civic-Commonwealth Avenue-Capital Hill axis. Civic now has too much and Russell far too little. Civic bustles, and will prove a battefield of cars and congestion, if its dominance continues as is presently planned. Russell is now vacuous: it registers neither on the eye nor in the mind. It needs re-planning to provide it with some vital city function to serve and some big, fine, buildings, if the fundamental imagery of the Central Triangle and, with Mt. Ainslie, the Diamond, is to be preserved.





Growth and change

The second essential for success in urban design is that the basic scheme must have a built-in capacity to handle future growth and social and technological change. Griffin knew this better than most planners before or since. He looked forward one hundred years and envisaged great changes to be caused by railways, telephony, electricity, mass rapid transit, fast vehicle traffic, big business corporations, and intensified popular democracy. He left wide spaces which are now being used for expressways and interchanges. He correctly foresaw Canberra's role as a university, research and communications centre, and provided for it. He followed Ebenezer Howard by decentralizing the city into a cluster of more or less equal smaller cities, each focused on a sub-centre. This pattern is now being extended to embrace the new city units of Woden, Belconnen and Majura, and can be indefinitely extended in an image of

continuous cellular growth, to accommodate a million or more people.

Growth and change can occur in either or both of two ways. Individual cells, like Civic Centre, can grow to a certain size and state of finished form, and can then rest and be maintained while other identical cells are formed in other places. On the other hand, those cells can be in a state of continuous transformation, never resting, always plastic and flexible, continually spreading and redeveloping.

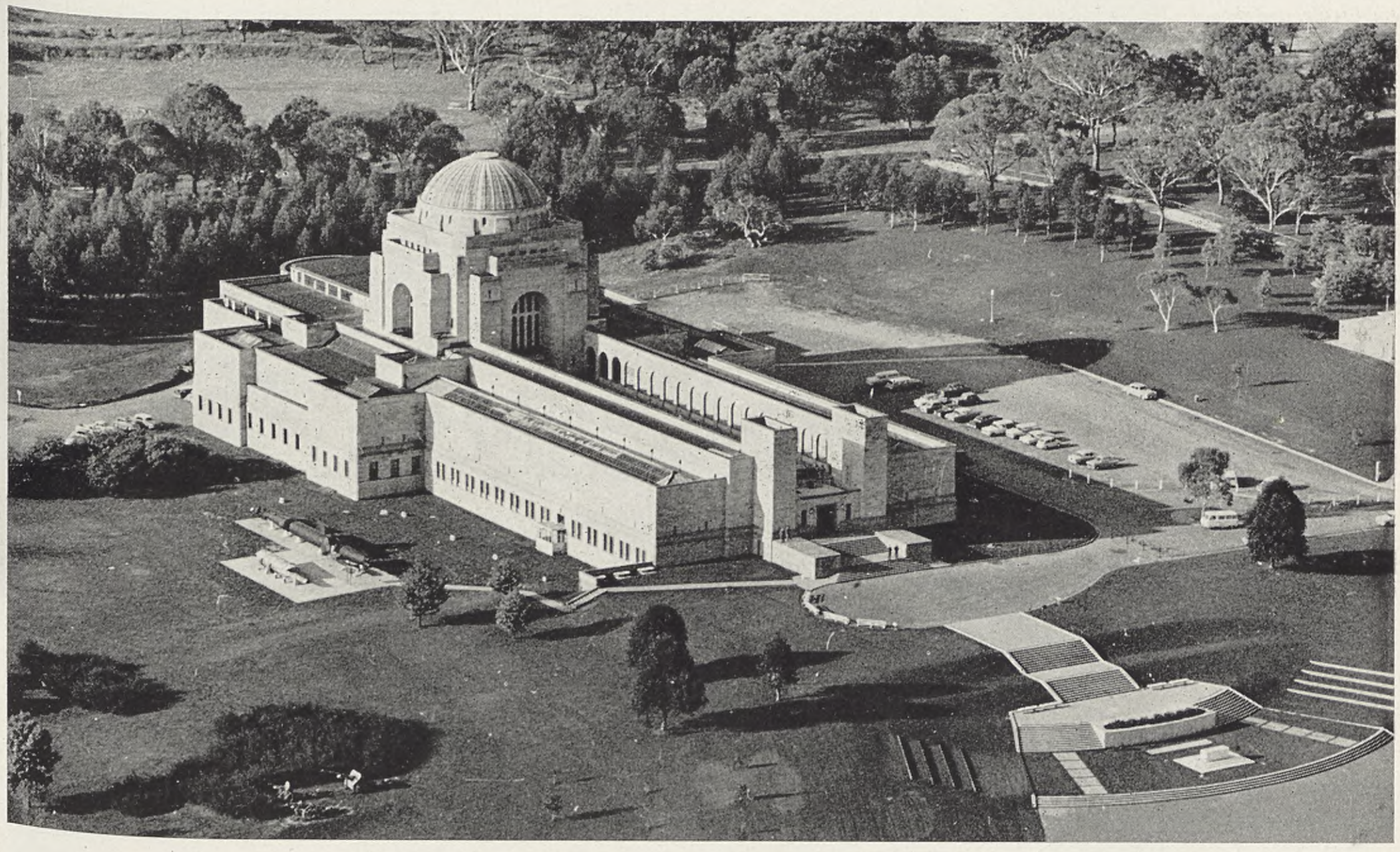
Howard and Griffin understood well the first method, based on their then revolutionary principle of the cellular, organic growth of a regional cluster of cities. We now accept this, but we have not yet found elegant answers to the challenge of giving a plastic unity to each developed city centre which is in a constant state of high-density flux and regeneration.

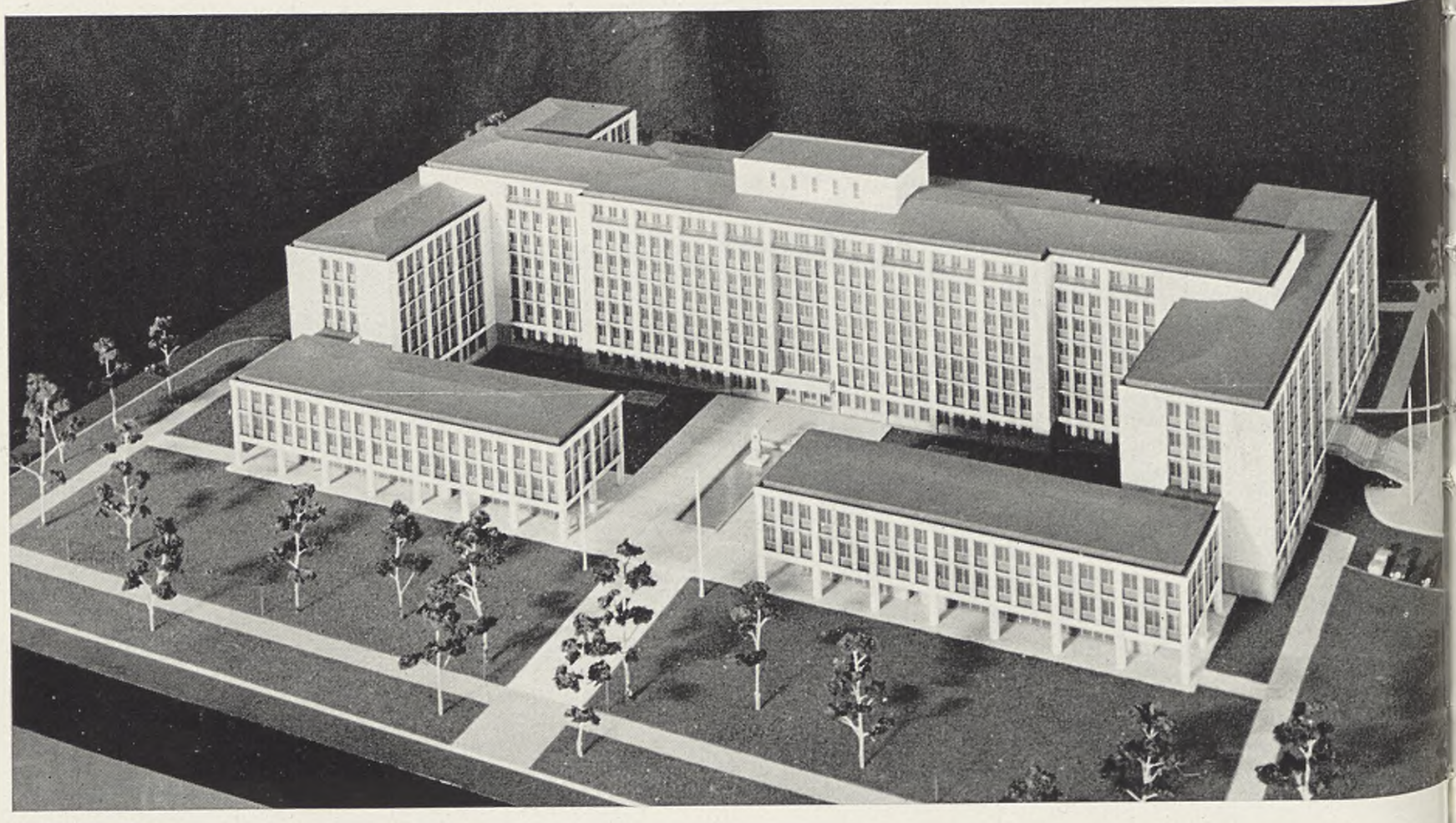
A British team is facing up to this problem in designing the new city centre at Cumbernauld. Here the overall urban or architectural form looks like abstract sculpture. It is aggregative in character, and grows both internally and in linear fashion. Cars, public transport and delivery are handled on the ground while pedestrians circulate freely above on an overall platform. Out of the platform grow, on successive levels, shopping, business and some residential penthouses. The scheme is fully reported in *Architectural Design* for May 1963.

Canberra's main city centre at Civic is so far an unhappy collection of experiments, all more or less unsuccessful. The latest experiment, the

below

The Australian War Memorial more successfully achieves neo-classic dignity because of its strong silhouette





top

The National Library will enjoy a genuinely monumental scale, and should strongly evoke the spirit of the Parthenon.

centre

The proposed Commonwealth Avenue Offices seek dignity within a neo-classic frame

bottom

The A.C.T. Law Courts, on Civic Hill, are competently designed in a conservative idiom.

Hobart Offices, tries to imitate the aggregative, irregular forms of a cluster of private office buildings in an ordinary unplanned city, but separates and clarifies their individual shapes and tidies up the spaces between them. This is fine, and is an historic step forward in Australian city-shaping, but is still not a satisfactory solution, either in terms of function or design, for the fast-approaching distant future.

Plans for the future of Civic include the reservation of perimeter surface car parks, to be used for multi-storey parking structures when pressure demands. The centre of the hexagon will then be gradually converted to a pedestrian precinct. It is to be hoped that the centre, as a whole, will be shaped in the future with greater unity, enveloped and bound together tightly in some way with decks and enclosed malls, so as to produce a full sense of tension, flexibility, enclosure and civic drama. The tightly enclosed shell of the new Monaro Mall shopping centre already provides a welcome relief from Canberra's universally wide open spaces. It is also a good example of a fully flexible urban envelope, sheltering many small and changing activities in one roofed complex.

Perhaps the most significant point to be made about Canberra's adaptation to movement and change concerns the radical transformation in twentieth century modes of seeing and perception. Canberra was conceived as a series of fixed point perspectives, in the manner of a classical landscape, one of which is illustrated with this article. One was meant to go and stand at the selected points and look at the set-piece. But today we move through the city at an average speed of forty miles an hour, perceiving and absorbing an image of the city built up in rapid and continuous sequences. The new city is a mobile relationship and our mode of perception has adjusted itself to this, although most of us do not yet consciously realize it.

The landscaping of the new expressway along the north side of the Central Basin may take this new scale of movement into account. Success here in designing for vision in motion may lead to alterations in the tree planting patterns along other of the major avenues.

Size and scale

The great axes, while they are defined largely by topography and landscaping, rely for certain accents on buildings. Every commentator on Canberra has been constrained to emphasize the extreme difficulty of constructing buildings of sufficient size to be effective as accents: particularly and explicitly, this was Sir William Holford's reason for moving the site of the new Parliament House to the lake front, at the centre of the land axis. Griffin was also well aware of the difficulty (which arose out of his decision to accept the existing topography as the basis of his design) and his major building, the Capitol, was to tower two hundred and seventy-five feet above the two hundred foot eminence of Capital Hill, and be three hundred feet wide at the base. Even this has been criticized as being in principle too small. Here Sir William's solution has been to combine, with buildings of practicable size, ornamental verticals. The U.S. war memorial already existed and was to be given a base in the form of the Russell offices for the Defence Department; in place of immediately intended buildings Civic and Capital Hills were given flagpoles. It would seem likely that Civic Hill may eventually have a really tall and slender building as the seat of the local government, while Capital Hill, in addition to the group of cultural buildings sketched for it, might have a combined lookout and communications tower of the kind for which the Eiffel Tower provided the model, and of which more recent versions have been, or are being, built in several European and American cities. Thus the corners at least of the great triangle would receive adequate visual emphasis.

That however, is at the city scale; let us now consider the architectural problem. Major buildings still have to be constructed, within the Parliamentary Triangle, at Mount Russell and, as is now proposed, along Constitution Avenue. Besides being seen in the ordinary way by pedestrians and motorists, these buildings have to play their part in a set-piece when viewed from distances of between half a mile and two miles.

At this sort of range all the detail, and even the window and door patterns, to which a large part of an architect's attention is usually directed, is completely lost, and buildings become almost exactly like those geometric children's blocks which we see in the models of Canberra. Precisely this effect can be seen in the first group of Russell Offices. These are curtain wall buildings, though the curtain is of granite; the walls envelop the building in a smooth featureless skin, concealing the structure; the plan and silhouette are simple and rectangular, as is the case for very good practical reasons with most office buildings. In the distant view they are very dull. The design of the next two buildings, which are now under construction, has been greatly changed. The columns are strongly expressed, the corners are marked by large pseudo-piers and there is a massive and slightly projecting cornice. The resulting pattern is large in scale and will read at considerable distances, but it is doubtful that it will be significantly more effective than a quite smooth building in the really long views which have to be considered. The modelling is not sufficiently vigorous; the wall face is too close to the column face and the cornice for a deep shadow to be cast, and it is on shadow that modelling depends. The design for the National Library shows a thorough appreciation of this point. The columns are very large, set well clear of the building, and support a generous overhang which will cast a deep and clearly legible shadow.

It is important to notice that although colonnaded forms, used with understanding, are indeed capable of providing modelling and character in very distant buildings, there are at least two other devices which are potentially more effective, both of which, incidentally, are suggested in the architectural decorations with which Griffin embellished his original drawings. First and less importantly, there is the use of a number of strong horizontals, at each floor or more frequently, to give a number of heavy shadows; Griffin obviously intended such a series of horizontals in his Capitol building. And second, there is the modelling of the building mass itself, in plan and silhouette and not merely in detail. Griffin gave almost every one of his imaginary buildings a broken silhouette, with towers, domes, and advances and recessions in plan as well, again revealing that he understood very clearly the detailed consequences of his own proposals.

In this respect the Australian War Memorial, despite Robin Boyd's cogent criticism (*The Australian Ugliness*, Cheshire, 1961), is one of the most successful buildings in Canberra. The old Administration Building, with its projecting wings, likewise has a vigorous character in the distant view, however much this may be belied by its *Beaux-Arts* symmetry and eclectic detail: and while it may be questioned whether their mutual relation to the land axis really demanded that the new Commonwealth Avenue Offices follow the composition of the existing building as closely as it has done, the similar layout will confer similar advantages.

Architectural style

Enough has been said to sketch the problem of architectural scale in Canberra. Equally serious issues arise in connection with the question of style. Both Sir William Holford and Mr. Commissioner Overall have emphasized the importance as groups of the Parliamentary Triangle and University Buildings. The problem can then be simply stated: each group must have a certain unity and a character appropriate to its psychological function. But thus to state the matter immediately reveals its Chinese-box complexity: for how is one to give unity to a group of buildings as diverse in their practical character as a parliament house, a group of law courts, a library and two blocks of administrative offices? The same question arises more acutely with respect to the functionally still more diverse University buildings.

The traditional solution to such problems is to select an architect of outstanding ability, if possible of genius, and place the matter without reservation in his hands. This solution is not available: there is no Australian architect of commanding eminence on the national, let alone the international level, no Aalto or Niemeyer to be, for better or worse, the acknowledged spiritual representative of his country. On the other hand we are not underdeveloped: we have considerable architectural resources, both technically and artistically, and to deny these resources, by calling in one of the international giants to cure our troubles would be both wasteful and undignified. At present therefore, plans and proposals for the architecture of Canberra cannot depend on the alchemy of genius: they must be capable of realization at the level of competence. This is not necessarily a voice of despair. Competence can be as formidable as genius and is considerably more reliable: consider, for instance, the modern architecture of Switzerland or the *oeuvre* of Skidmore Owings and Merrill. Rejecting, then, what might be called the charismatic solution, let us consider each of the two main groups of buildings in turn.

Underscaling

The buildings of the Parliamentary Triangle, while not fully in scale with their setting, will nevertheless have a physical presence in some proportion to their symbolic significance. The University, on the other hand, despite its spiritual significance, is numerically a small one, and is in fair competition with all other Australian universities for funds, in a time of great expansion of tertiary education. Moreover the departments are housed in separate buildings, which are therefore small. The clash in the designers' minds, between the actual and the symbolically appropriate scale, occasionally becomes apparent in underscaling, as in the parabolic arches of the University Library and the spacing of the vertical louvres which divide the windows of the Physics/Chemistry School. Scattered as they are in a charming but fairly bosky landscape, the University buildings do not, as a group, make an impact commensurate with the thought and care which has been devoted to them.

The landscape dominates, but this, after all, is in the spirit of Canberra. Perhaps an answer would have been to accept a slightly higher rate of scrapping. Among the many remarkable things about the most inventive of university plans being carried out in England (the plan for the University of Southampton is one of the most remarkable) is the decision to use the CLASP prefabrication system for a considerable proportion of the buildings: while CLASP does not produce temporary buildings in the Australian sense, the target life is fifty rather than a hundred years and economy and a desirable flexibility in the face of technological change are gained. We do not of course have the CLASP system, though if our powerful and efficient Commonwealth and State architectural offices were to establish development groups on the English pattern, there is no reason why we should not have an equivalent.

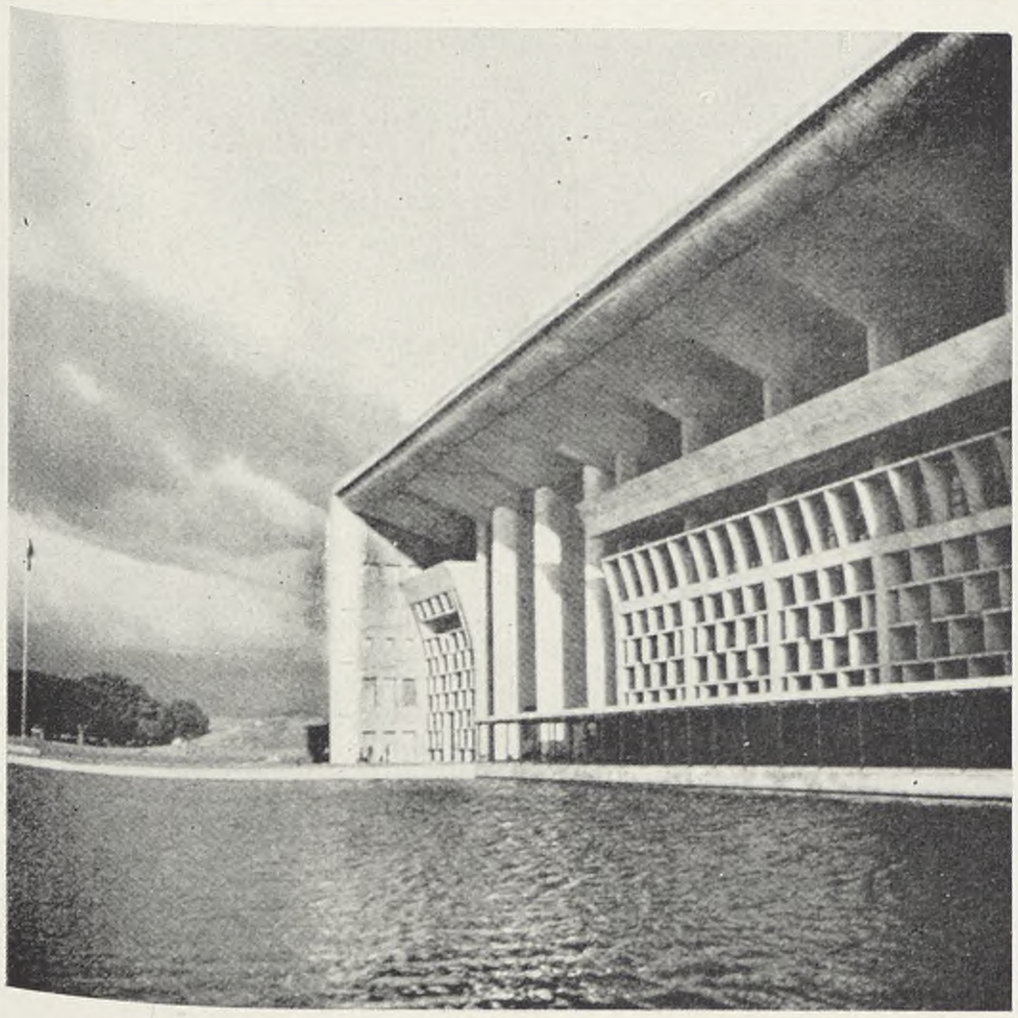
Neo-neo-classic

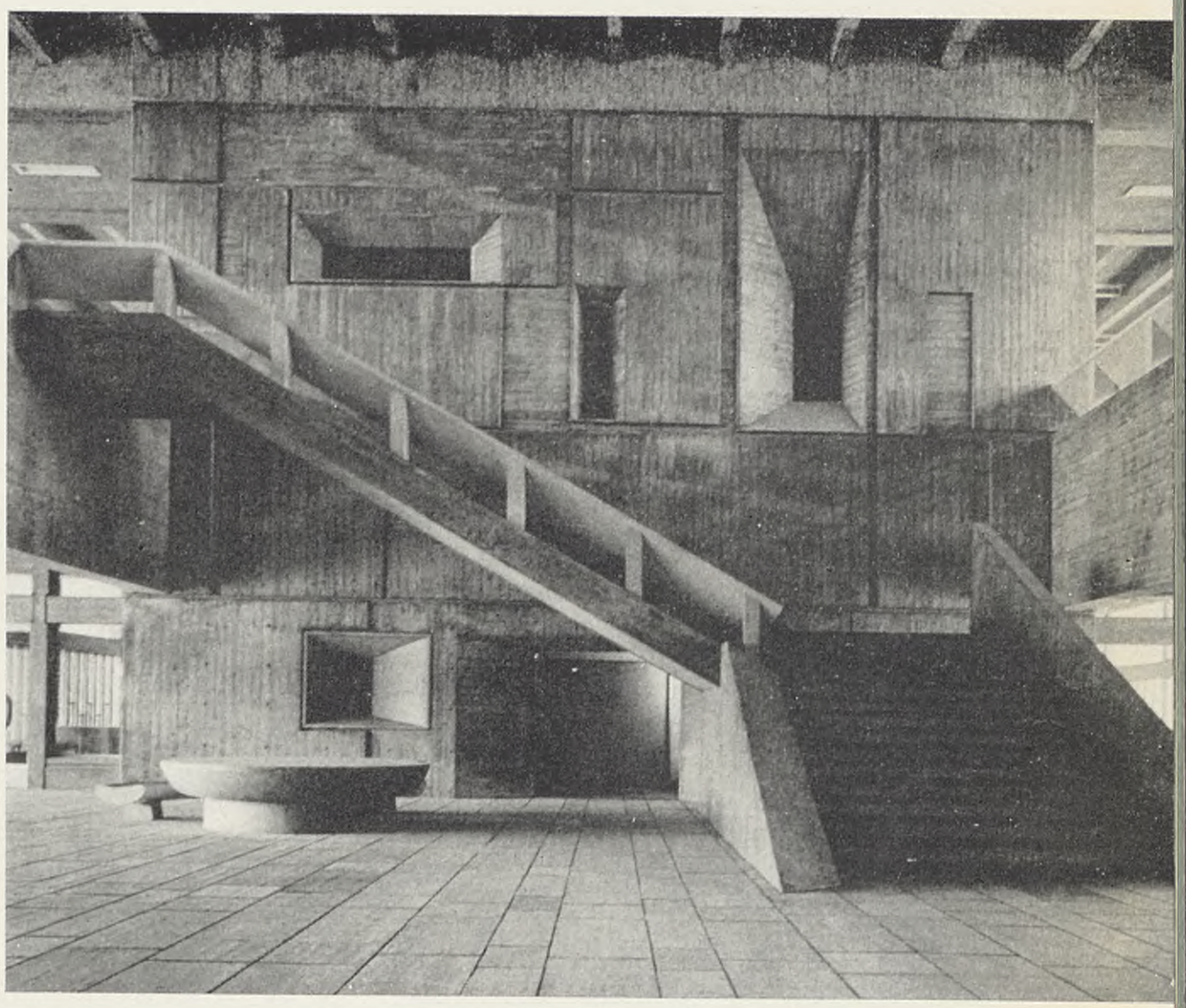
In any discussion of the architecture of the Parliamentary Group, the word monumental is bound to occur. Throughout history, great symbolic importance has been conveyed by enlarging the scale of the building and giving it a superb and usually very durable finish. Monuments have always been hideously expensive: the cost of the Parthenon in modern money was about £30 million, and it was not air-conditioned. It is very difficult for Australian architects to design a monument: modern architects in general are conditioned to designing to the human scale, and Australian architects in general have, through a long period of austerity, learnt to think in terms of minimum dimensions and economy of finish. Even today, it is unlikely that Parliament will feel able to lavish on these buildings the capital resources which would be available in America or England. Monumental scale therefore, runs against the grain of our architectural habits, as extravagance does against financial necessity.

'We have', said Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'naturally a veneration for antiquity: whatever brings to our minds ancient customs and manners . . . is sure to give this delight.' The National Library, standing on its podium and surrounded by its colonnade, will have a genuinely monumental scale, but is also intended, as its designers make clear in their account of their proposals, to evoke the spirit of the Parthenon and all its numerous Roman, European and American descendants. The United States Government has, of recent years, built a number of Embassies to the designs of eminent architects, including Walter Gropius and Edward D. Stone, with a similar neo-neo-Classic feeling. In Canberra, this approach may appear to offer both an additional dignity and the possibility of unifying a diversity of buildings. The designs of the National Library, the Canberra Court, the office section of the Mint, the Reserve Bank, and (in a more strangulated way, because of the inherent unsuitability of the practical programme) of the new Russell and the Commonwealth Offices, seem to reveal the emergence of such a belief.

It may therefore be necessary to point out that the exploitation of association in architecture in this sort of way is like the addition of rhetorical flourishes to a speech: if they are necessary, the speech is bad: if not, why use them? The belief that association has an important part to play in architecture was responsible for the abysmal quality of much nineteenth century work. While it is true that its contemporary exponents have kept their allusions strictly within inverted commas, so did the Gothick and Picturesque architects who touched off the Battle of the Styles. We no longer have a Griffin, we do not have a Corbusier, a Tange or a Maekawa to conjure up monuments for us. But we should still be able to attack our problems resolutely and directly, remembering the adage that it good to be an heir, but better to be an ancestor.

An opposition may still be loyal. If, in this article, alternative policies to those which have been or are being pursued in the creation of Canberra have been suggested, it is not because the authors are not profoundly grateful for the quality and quantity of what has been done. This applies





particularly to the first five years of work by the National Capital Development Commission and its dedicated staff. To praise without reservation would be easy: but it seems to us that this would do the planners and architects at work in Canberra the same disservice which is sometimes done to science and medicine by adulatory reporting: that by making the achievement appear magical it also is made cheap. A great and serious endeavour deserves to be understood and not merely gaped at. What we have written is therefore not to be understood as an *ex cathedra* judgment on what Canberra is or what it should be, but as an attempt to raise for discussion some of the issues involved and so assist the understanding and appreciation due to our National Capital.

top
The Undergraduate Library of the National University suffers aesthetically, like so many Canberra buildings, from underscaling, particularly in the arches at each end.

left
Le Corbusier's Law Courts at Chandigarh are a twentieth century monument.

right
Kenzo Tange's Kurashiki Town Hall is another example of a genuine modern monument.

Paris Seen

Ronald Millen

Where now is that universal image of Paris: the narrow street with the zinc-countered café, the quaint old bakery, the old-fashioned quiet hotel, the sombre but discreet funeral parlour? Since the 'fifties the wooden fronts are hidden under a glistening coat of enamel, and one must go farther now to buy one's bread, take a coffee, or arrange a funeral. Something has undermined the old order.

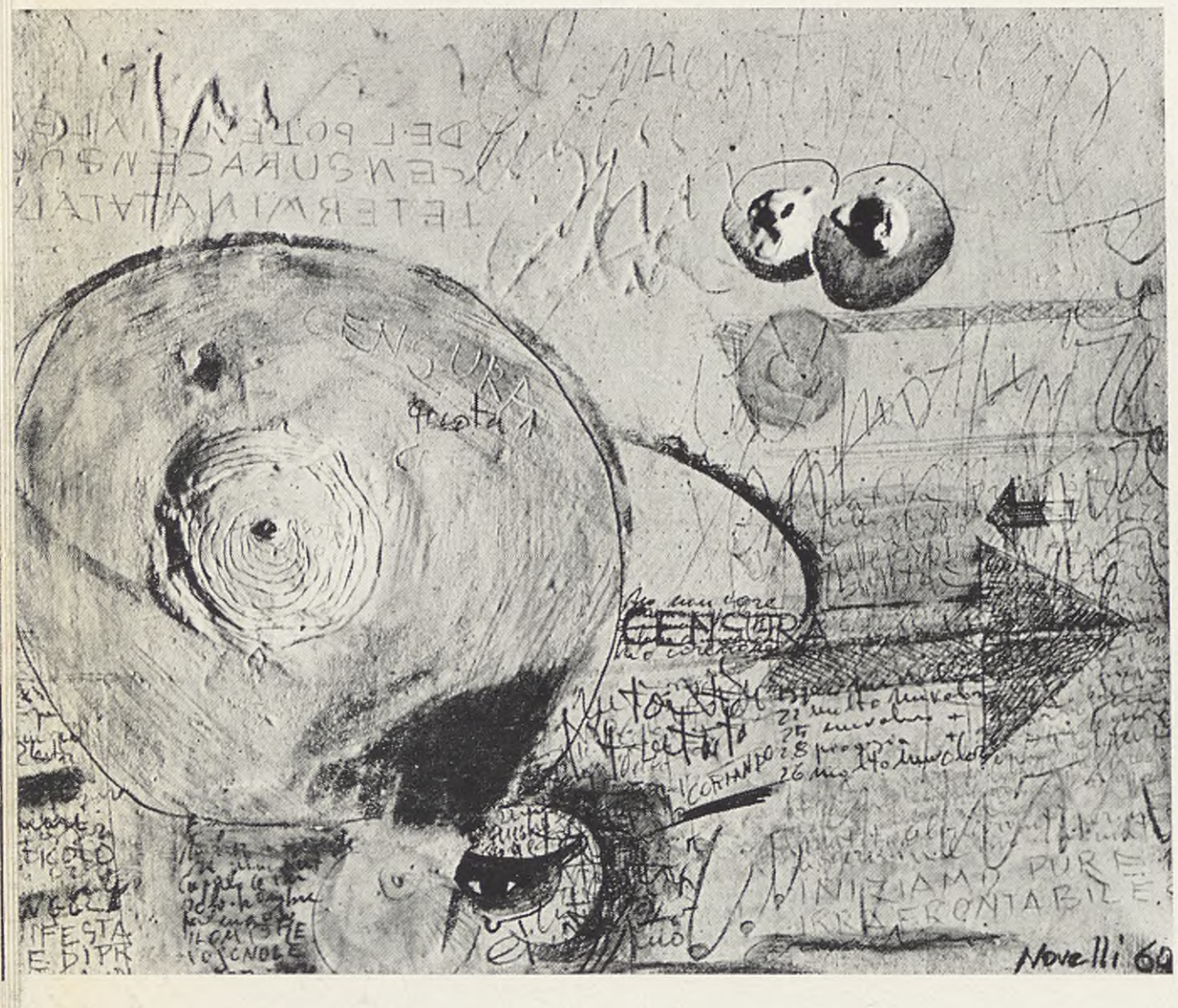
Once the street is infected the plague spreads: the baker, the café-owner, the undertaker submerge their ancient premises under thick carpets, hard lights, textured walls, and a jungle of glass, exotic plants, and bizarre ash trays: their shops have become – of all things! – art galleries. A conservative count for 1963 estimates that there are in Paris something between two hundred and fifty and three hundred galleries (a number which fluctuates constantly since galleries are always opening and closing) to which may be added roughly one hundred non-galleries – furniture showrooms, bookshops, arty boutiques and the like – which offer periodic exhibitions. There is scarcely a street in Paris proper that does not sport a gallery in one form or another. The main concentration lies on the left bank around the Rue de Seine and on the opposite bank along the neater Faubourg Saint-Honoré. An artist crosses from left to right the barrier of the Seine in order to arrive at the Elysian Fields of success, never to return.

To an Australian this may seem like the answer to an artist's prayer. But when the butcher, the baker, and the coffin-maker all start selling Art (and it is a fact that many of the shops have changed fronts but not owners), the artist had better beware of a sell-out. In the past, gallery directors were men of culture who met the artist on his own grounds, and many of them were willing to stake reputation and financial security on the pioneering artist. Their own dignity in the community stood as guarantee for even the most experimental painter. Today, having exchanged his apron for a black suit, the new gallery owner has turned what was once a *salon* into little more than a hiring-hall. He rents out his premises for a flat fee. What that flat fee is, depends on the prestige being sold, and there are some two hundred and fifty to three hundred different possibilities as to what that fee might be. Sometimes – rarely – generally in small, new, unknown galleries, you pay precisely nothing: the gallery hangs your work, gives a little party with bad red wine and a few cubes of *gruyère*, and that's that, at a total cost to the gallery of about £A25 including the lighting bill. On the other hand, and this is so much the rule that the former case is no more than a very isolated exception, there may be a flat fee of as much as £A620 for a fortnight's show in a somewhat pretentious gallery which is likely as not to use your investment to provide a pleasant get-together for the owner's friends and to sell precisely nothing: the gallery, after all, is not risking a penny. Or there may be no fee for rent, but instead a payment for 'publicity' which may run from as little as £A95 to as much as £A2,800 (it is commonly said in Paris that Dorothea Tanning's show this year cost her gallery about £A3,000 for publicity alone with a net result of not a single picture sold). There are modest galleries which may take £A70 for publicity and *vernissage* expenses plus 25% on sales after the first £A70, but this is variable and depends on indefinable factors such as the sympathy between the gallery owner and the exhibitor, on how much publicity the artist can get on his own, and so on.

As an average, a medium-sized, medium-important gallery, fairly central (the Right Bank costs are about 30% higher all around and, as far as prestige is concerned, precisely no better) requires something like £A125 for publicity, often rental fee in addition, and takes commission of 30% – if they sell. And that has been far from certain this season. It is common knowledge that the season in Paris this year has been absolutely disastrous. No one has been buying except in a few of the long-established, sure-value galleries dealing in big names. Matta and Dorothea Tanning seem not to have sold, Victor Brauner did badly – but Miró appears to have done well. In any event, the sky's the limit, if you are foolish enough to aim at it. There was a very nasty show in a major gallery this summer, publicized by newspaper advertisements, colour posters, black-and-white plates in weekly and monthly magazines, a sumptuous catalogue, and a big launching party with whisky and champagne. The painter, a very rich amateur, spent £A12,500 presenting the exhibit plus, probably, rent to the gallery, commission, and the like. It is clear, then, that if the painters do not sell, the dealer has not lost a penny and, in fact, ends up considerably richer, come what may.

BRETT WHITELEY UNTITLED DARK PAINTING (1961)
Tempera and oil on canvas 54in × 75in
Possession of the artist

GASTONE NOVELLI UNTITLED 1960
Collection Stettiner



No artist does or should object to some reasonable investment in his career. Every artist ought to object to exploitation. This is not to imply that there are not still serious galleries with discriminating directors whose higher standard is evident to everyone familiar with the Paris scene today.

Nonetheless, the hopeful artist becomes confused and clutches at any straw. If he is lucky financially and gets a contract from a gallery to cover his living expenses, by the same token he runs into bad luck creatively. It is in the interest of the gallery owner that his Bantam Contender stick to the gimmick that sold his first few paintings. Any evolution of the artist's style is a threat to the dealer's investment. Often, and especially lately, an artist who changes his style changes his gallery.

Now, if he does want to change his style or develop further, to whom can he turn for guidance? Not to the gallery owner certainly, except where the owner has more wisdom than seems generally to be the case today in Paris. And not, unfortunately, to the professional critics, since their venality has for long been a matter of record in France. No Frenchman takes any art critic seriously, and for good cause (the history of the arts in France is a ghastly record of critics' errors). This is not to say that the French do not admire a writer on art who can turn out on order a literary *chef d'oeuvre* in which fine-spun phrases say nothing at all and say it beautifully; it simply means they do not believe a word the critics write.

Art criticism today – and this is not confined to France – is made up of a handy jargon studded with space-age neologisms and meaningless verbiage that can be applied to one painter as well as to another, and often is. One example among thousands: of a painting by John Koenig, the American abstractionist, a Paris critic recently wrote that it was the '*emergence d'une neo-structuration de la neantisation*' which, for better or worse, can be rendered as 'the emergence of a neo-structuration of the inexistentiation'. From this kind of jabberwocky neither the art enthusiast nor the artist can receive any kind of value judgment. Despite the fact that dozens of papers and magazines give daily, weekly or monthly reviews of hundreds of exhibitions, in Paris today countless young artists are simply neglected because the sincere gallery-goer cannot afford the shoe leather, time, and underground tickets to run from one gallery to another, having been unable to acquire any notion whatsoever from the critics of the merit or even of the character of the painting being displayed. There is no standard. Everything gets the same steaming bath of meaningless words. No one is ever criticized. Picasso and Pipsqueak are acclaimed with the same smarmy stuff. The only difference is that Pipsqueak knows how much it cost him or his gallery to get such twaddle printed, and he turns from it – if he is any good at all – in revulsion.

Nor can the young artist in seach of guidance consult his fellow-artists. They are caught in the same trap. The new kind of painter, who acquires the minimum technique necessary in a minimum of time, quite simply lacks general culture – and this means not only an intimate acquaintance with the art of all epochs and not just his own, but also knowledge of and understanding of literature, music, history, and the other disciplines. Hence he neither can nor dare judge for himself the foolishness of serious-sounding words and avoids ever discussing what he is doing and why to concentrate on how he does what he is satisfied to do.

Moreover, today everyone lives in isolation in a Paris where it is estimated that there are 10,000 professional and semi-professional painters with another 10,000 who are trying to make the grade. Café conversations turn on the high cost of living and not on the high price of artistic integrity as once they did when Montparnasse was a breeding-ground for new ideas. Under commercial pressures the young artist on the way up has little time for talk and no time for talking with anyone who does not fit in with his own type of gimmick.

Once a painter knew that the man who bought his painting bought it because he liked it and because it said something personal to him. But the new kind of buyer lacks the culture to judge the painting on its own terms and wants a serious title as warranty of the artist's seriousness;

surely, he thinks, some profound significance must lurk behind titles like *Work with Mecca-Aesthetic Panels*, *Chromochromie*, *Static-Air-Pass*, *Zone of Immaterial Pictural Sensitivity*, *Series No. 7. Zone No. 1*, *Positive Pole*, and – especially – *Composition* (all of these culled from a single group exhibition catalogue). Such proof of high seriousness is most important today. In Paris, as elsewhere, the new buyers, who are more numerous than ever, consider paintings as investments less likely to fluctuate with the market than gilt-edged stocks and as a better security for wife, children and mistress than diamonds even. Every day the papers report some new fantastically high price paid for a painting that could once have been acquired for less than the present cost of a pair of shoes. The new buyer is most often a business man whose interest in art takes second place to his concern with the security of his investment. As a result, the new kind of gallery owners – and, it must be admitted, the old kind also – enter into what can only be termed a conspiracy with the new kind of buyers to keep up the market prices artificially. This means, ultimately, that the artist himself cannot be permitted to evolve nor may he make any radical change in style. Real innovations are a menace to vested interests.

The case of Bernard Buffet is pertinent. An innocent lamb at the end of the war, with something forceful to say in an individual way, he was taken up by a gallery and his works were seized upon avidly by individuals among whom there were many who were anxious to get rid of some of the money accumulated during the war. Buffet was turned into a machine for fabricating unlimited quantities of superficially attractive pictures in an immediately recognizable idiom which showed that the present possessor was in the swim and had what it takes. It is difficult to know, even from his friends, if Buffet himself ever aspired to do anything different and better. The fact of the matter is that he has not. Now that he is more than comfortably well off, he turns out an annual exhibition on a 'serious' theme – *Joan of Arc*, *The Crucifixion*, *The Complete Wardrobe of Annabel His Wife* – which quite simply never arises above the level of a comic strip. Two years ago the first crack appeared in the House of Fame. A few drawings were unloaded at auction at less than the official price, and the international art market was seized with panic. Dealers and owners rushed to the press to assure the public that 'Buffet shares are not falling'. The get-rich-quick case of Bernard Buffet has, unfortunately, served as an inspiration to young painters and their patrons and not as a warning and least of all to Buffet himself. Despite this state of affairs, and sad to say because of it, painters still flock to Paris from every part of the world. Their mere presence in Paris is sufficient for the French to claim them as members of the non-existent *Ecole de Paris*. To become a bona fide lifetime member of that hallowed body, all that is needed today is a train ticket to the Gare St. Lazare, an hotel room, a certain amount of work on hand, and the ready cash to buy an exhibition.

The percentage of native Frenchmen in the so-called School of Paris dwindles daily. In 1962, in an article classing Paris painters according to their degree of success, the 'stars' were Poliakoff (Russian), Hartung and Ernst (German), Arp (Franco-German), Balthus (Roumanian), Miró (Catalan – like many of the others he has not lived in France for years),

JOHN FORRESTER THE MARK IS BLACK (1961)
116in × 89in

CHARLES BLACKMAN REFLECTION 1958
Oil on hardboard 48in × 36in
Collection Mrs Russell Cuppaidge

Viera da Silva (Portuguese), and – seven out of fourteen – the Frenchmen Dubuffet, Esteve, Soulages, Bazaine, Masson, Bissiere, and Gromaire. The 'leading roles' comprised Clavé (Catalan), Matta (Chilean), Music (Italian), Zao Wou-ki (Chinese), Goerg (Danish), Corneille (Dutch), Prassinos (Turkish-Greek), Alechinsky (Belgian), Labisse (Belgian), Riopelle (Canadian) plus ten native Frenchmen. Among the 'promising', eleven out of twenty-four are foreigners. Keep in mind that this rating was based on sales and gallery estimates and is therefore, to all intents and purposes, official. A further example: in the *Salon de Mai* of 1961, which in all but title is an exhibition of the School of Paris, there were one hundred and twenty-seven Frenchmen to one hundred and nineteen foreigners, and this does not tell the story because the important artists were for the most part foreigners.

Moreover, this heterogeneous population has nothing at all in common as artists. The real School of Paris, that which put the city on the map as the world-centre of innovation and experiment, was just as polyglot with its Spaniards Picasso, Gris, Miró and Dali, its Russians Chagall and Soutine, the Swiss Giacometti, the Roumanian Brancusi, the Italian De Chirico, the German Ernst. But the baggage they came with was light. They found themselves and each other in Paris, and the world found them there. Their individual idioms developed in a communal give-and-take which was the finest thing Paris had to offer them: the opportunity of working and thinking together in a community which prided itself on their radical individualities.

Paris at that time could afford to be international, could absorb diverse characters. In the present political situation, nationalism has become chauvinism, and Paris prides itself on talents it has done nothing to form or foster. The foreign painter arrives already formed by his Spanish, Japanese, or American origins, and there is no incentive in Paris for him to change. The New York boy does action-painting on the Rue de Seine upstairs of the Japanese working out problems of calligraphy and next door to the Spaniard moulding earth with Spanish nostalgia. It can safely be said that there is today no single significant French personality in art other than Dubuffet. The young French painter, like the painter from anywhere, knows and imitates the international language derived from the only positive movement that has appeared since the war; American action painting, which is synonymous with French *Tachisme*. By the very nature of that style, Paris cannot give the painter any more or any less

than he could get in Dusseldorf or London. The fact is that the style, practised everywhere and by everyone in the same way with only minor variations, looks – from my base in Europe at least – as if it is becoming just one more academicism.

Big group shows have always been a Paris speciality, and a number of them in the nineteenth century literally altered the shape of things to come for all time. There were giants in those days; but recent large exhibitions in Paris suggest that the race is fast becoming extinct. The native French contributors appear, for the most part, technically incompetent. Abstractions, landscapes, and figures are manufactured with the same lack of aplomb as the watercolour views of Paris hawked on the tourist stands along the quays. In the eighth annual '*Comparaisons*' show, sponsored by the city of Paris, among hundreds of participants of all schools and trends, only two individual painters stood out from the morass of muddy, thick, dingy paint through their sheer professional ability: Gastone Novelli, an Italian, who paints a mass of fine lines and letters in chalk colours in movement across the canvas, and the New Zealander John Forrester whose glowing brown canvases have a richness of textures and forms solidly organized in a way that suggests that he profited from his several years of residence in virtual isolation in Siena: he is almost unique among new painters in having learnt how to adapt the principles of the past to the techniques of the present, and there is a virile abundance of imaginative discoveries in his work sorely lacking among the facile exploiters of mere gimmicks.

The patent superiority of non-French painters was also evident in the last international *Biennale*, likewise sponsored by the ever-active city of Paris. By contrast with the depressingly mediocre acres of whirling and swirling mud in the current international idiom, the Australian section was one of the few that stood out because of the ability of its three painters, Brett Whiteley, Charles Blackman, and Lawrence Daws. Of the three, Blackman was generally considered one of the most interesting personalities in the entire *Biennale*, while Daws was remarked for his thorough organization. Lest the present writer be suspected of bias, it should be noted that the French critics themselves singled out this section in an exhibition which even they were forced to admit was embarrassing.

Competence is somewhat more in evidence in the annual *Salons de Mai*. Yet, despite the diversity of approaches, one always leaves these exhibitions with a feeling of indifference engendered by the complete professionalism of the work – professionalism in the worst sense, since it manifests itself in a professionally slick exploitation on the part of almost every artist of his well-known identifying gimmick. In a way, these annual shows are all as unexciting as commercial fairs in which all the well-publicized trade marks are represented. They are both professional and commercial, and professionalism plus commercialism equals academicism – like the end of a beginning ending no farther along than it began.

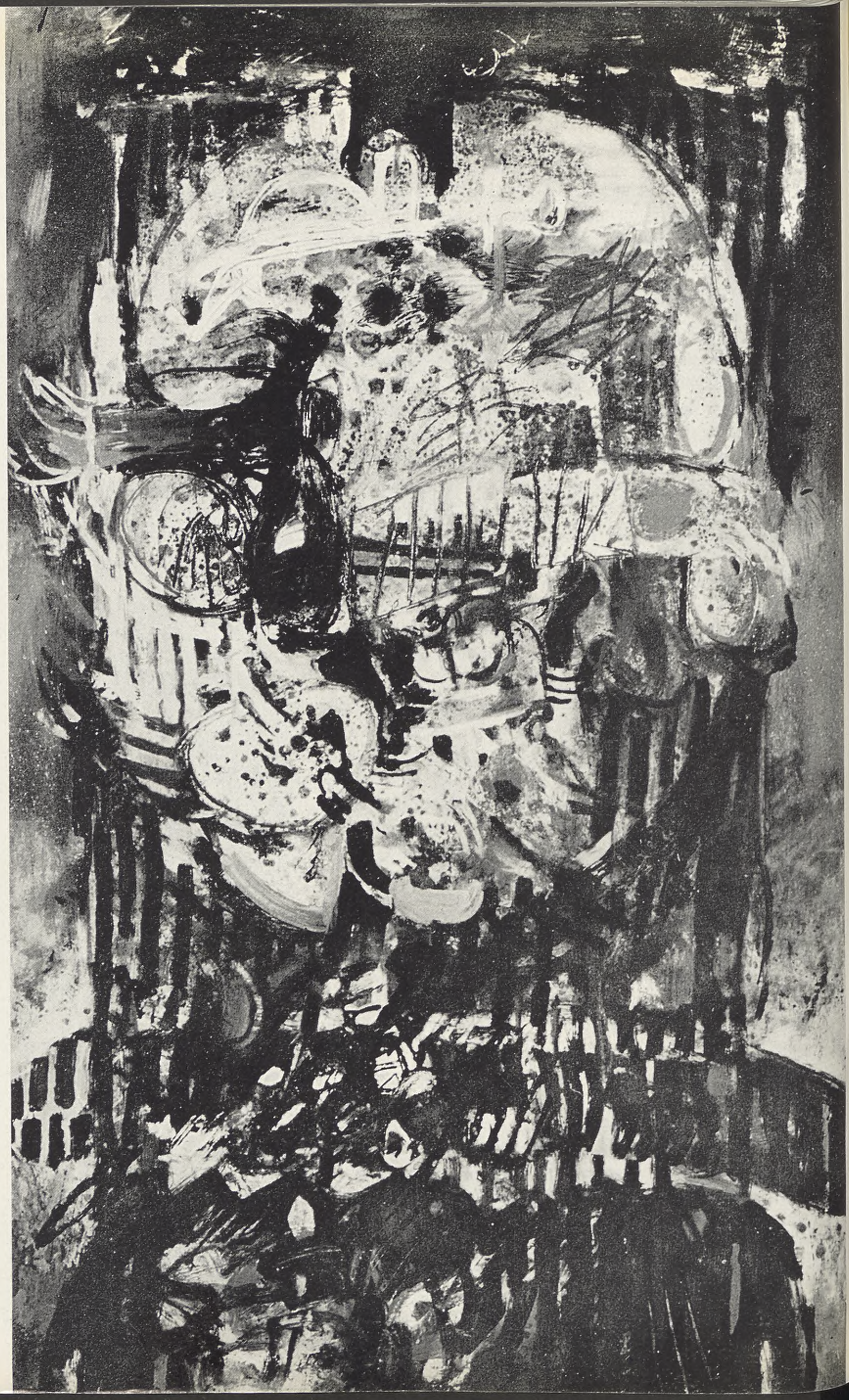
Perhaps the group show is not the answer. In the present state of painting when, whatever its publicists say, few complete and definite statements are ever made in paint, one needs to look at the larger quantity of current work an artist displays in a one-man show but also to recall, at the same time, what he was doing the year before and the year before that. Artists who deny any interest in the subject stake all on the subjective, and the result is necessarily more interesting as autobiography than as art. The total production of any artist – Renaissance to modern – is, of course, a kind of autobiography, but the individual documents, the art works themselves, should be able to stand on their own as works of art. They do not do so today, and nowhere is this more true than in Paris.

Obviously, the evolution of an artist is a matter of great interest. But, for all the reasons I have tried to state here, the successful artist in Paris today – as, unfortunately, elsewhere also – does not, cannot evolve. He is not permitted to evolve. Instead of being free to explore all the possibilities of his personal vision, he is confined to the exploitation of a gimmick and must go on, year after year, displaying his personal trade mark. The result is meaninglessness. It leads to drab academicism in the name of what started out – gloriously – more than a century ago as non-conformity. Non-conformity has fallen into a trap. Proclaiming his freedom from the so-called tyranny of subject matter (one of the least well defined tyrannies in the present-day world), the non-figurative artist must at all costs avoid any suggestion of figuration. One wonders if this is not just another form of tyranny, and perhaps a harsher one. In Paris today there are many galleries, many painters – and few ideas. The Paris *impasse* has lessons for us all.

LAWRENCE DAWS SUNGAZER III 1961
Oil on canvas 72in × 64in
Collection National Gallery of Victoria

Hessing's was a transition exhibition. Belaboured in the past by accusations of "charm", "facility", "ease", he seems now to have deliberately turned to a heavier, tougher, style. We are seeing the turmoil of this change.

LEONARD HESSING UNRELIEVED PORTRAIT
1963
Oil and enamels on hardboard 48in × 30in
Possession of the artist



Exhibition Commentary

The paintings on this and the following four pages have been singled out for particular notice, with or without comment, as examples from the most important exhibitions of this quarter.

What is becoming known as the Fairweather Annual, the Ian Fairweather show, was again the focal point at that time in Sydney. This year there was no *Epiphany* or *Monastery*, but Fairweather's work cannot be measured by precise year-by-year development.

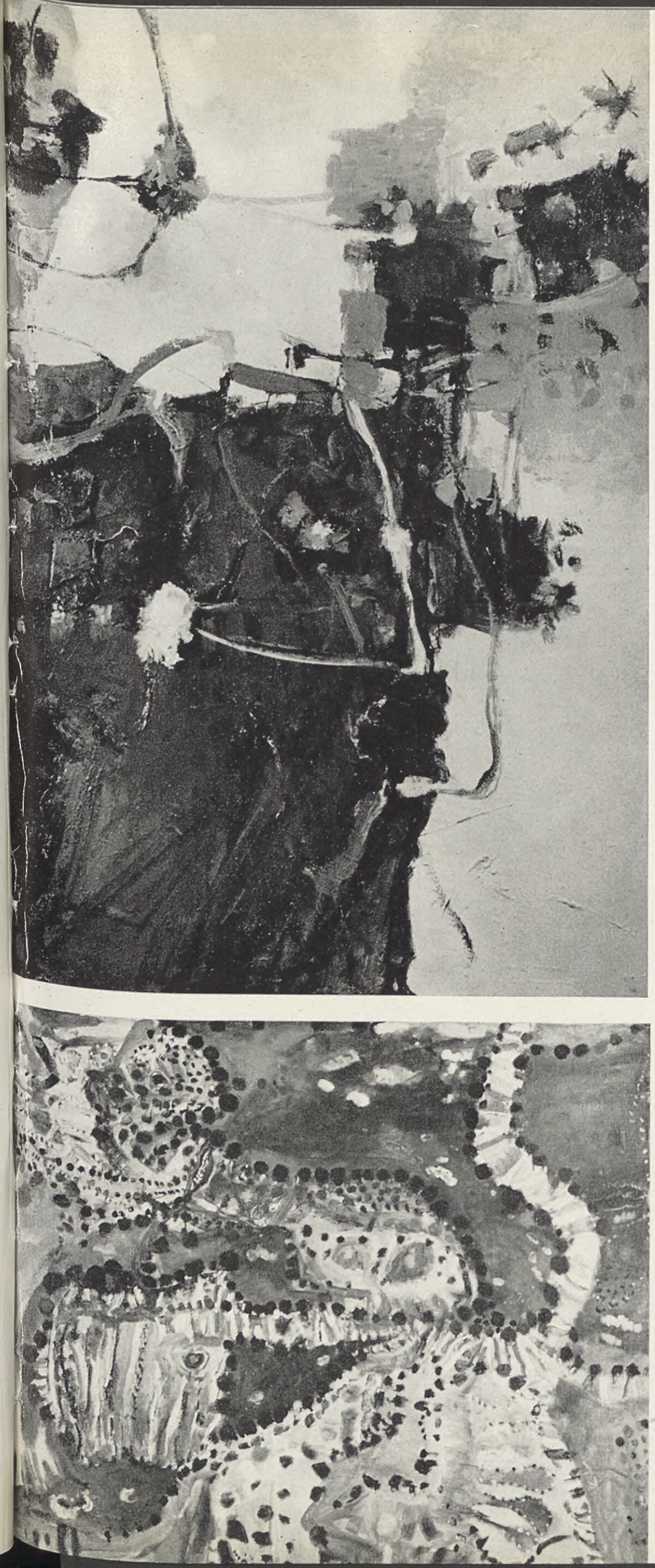
IAN FAIRWEATHER MARRIAGE AT KANA (1963)
Synthetic resin on composition board 54in×77in
Collection Mrs G. R. Drysdale Senior

JEFFREY SMART CAHILL EXPRESSWAY (1963)
Oil 32in × 44in
Collection National Gallery of Victoria

Take environment, remove impurities and insolidities (that feed the Pop-artist), oppose gratuitous fashionable art, add a dash of Hopper and De Chirico, mix and draw well . . .
Jeffrey Smart's impeccable show at the Macquarie Galleries reveals this design of a romance with a supra-realistic, not to say 'absurd' world. The context of these lyrically aloof works is implied rather than embedded into a form as idea. They contribute to a proven tradition, but do they express a fresh mutation of the human spirit?

CARL PLATE UP, OUTWARDS (1962)
PVA on hardboard 48in × 36in
Hungry Horse Gallery

Carl Plate exhibited at the Hungry Horse Gallery, Sydney.
In spite of his suppression of recognizable images,
his paintings contribute in a distinctive way towards
the development of the character of Australian art.
Unfurling paint tensed against desiccated pools of coastal colour
is set in an ambiguously carved space. The searching
and often sweating seriousness of Plate's work
makes most painters look like decorators.

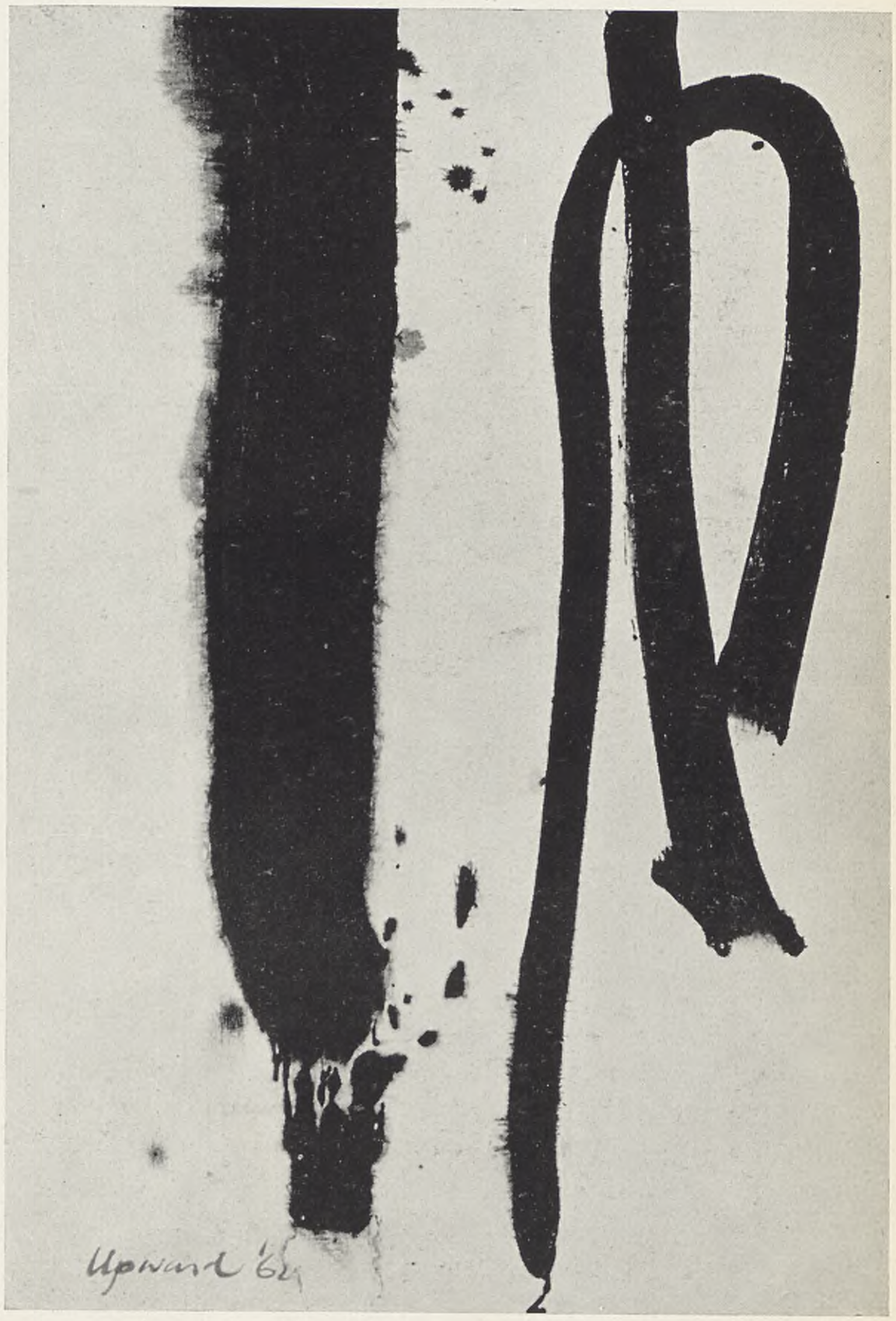


below
PETER UPWARD SLOW MOVEMENT 1962
Oil on hardboard 50in × 35in
Collection Rudy Komon Gallery

below, left

JOHN OLSEN PORTRAIT LANDSCAPE 1963
Oil on canvas 48in × 60in
Possession of the artist

Peter Upward, one of Australia's genuine action painters, exhibited at the Rudy Komon Gallery. With the vitality of a whiplash, though perhaps with uneven aim, these paintings, unlike most Australian abstract art today, give no thought to landscape or figure.



PETER FOLDES LIFE IS CRUEL 1963
Oil on canvas 48in × 30in
Possession of the artist

PHILIP SUTTON KATIE NUDE (1962)
Oil on canvas 50in × 50in
Possession of the artist

Suttons's clear singing colours pay homage to the sensuous *joie de vivre* of Matisse, but they sing on a more domestic, less exotic note. His *odalisques* are never super-girl; nor are they classically remote. They have the warmth and intimacy of paintings done from models who are friends, neighbours, relatives or members of the family.

A further contribution to the field of Pop-art were Peter Foldes's exhibitions at the Macquarie and Barry Stern Galleries. His motorized pop and serialized paintings were concerned with the immediate and expendable present.

ART DIRECTORY

Amendments to previously published information are denoted by italics.

EXHIBITIONS

Brisbane, Queensland

THE DOUGLAS GALLERIES, 122 Wharf Street
15th September V. G. O'Connor
29th September Prints 1963
18th October Laurie Hope
15th November Maryke De Geus
8th December Jewellery and pottery
January Closed
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday 11 am – 6 pm
Sunday and Monday: closed

THE JOHNSTONE GALLERY, 6 Cintra Road, Bowen Hills
1st – 25th December Norway Designs (industrial design)
9th – 19th February Earle Backen
23rd February – 4th March Tom Wells – watercolours
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 11 am – 6 pm

MORETON GALLERIES, A.M.P. Building, Edward Street
23rd September – 4th October Spring Exhibition
7th – 18th October New Prints
21st October – 1st November Ronald Steuart
4th – 15th November Allan Baker
18th – 29th November Sam Fullbrook
2nd – 13th December Local artists
16th – 31st December Christmas Show
Closed until 27th January 1964
28th January – 15th February 1964 Summer Exhibition
18th February – 1st March Contemporary Prints
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 am – 5 pm
Saturday: 9 am – 12 noon; closed Sunday

QUEENSLAND ART GALLERY, Gregory Terrace
December, January, February Gallery collections
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 am – 5 pm
Sundays: 2 pm – 5 pm

Sydney, New South Wales

ART GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES, Art Gallery Road
August – September Australian black and white artists and illustrators
30th October – 19th November Paintings of Sydney Harbour (175th Anniversary of Australia)
7th November – 8th December Australian Painting Today
18th January – 16th February Archibald, Wynne and Sulman competitions
Hours: 1st April – 30th September:
Monday to Saturday: 10 am – 4.30 pm
Sunday: 2 pm – 4.30 pm
1st October – 31st March:
Monday to Saturday: 10 am – 5 pm
Sunday: 2 pm – 5 pm

ARTLOVERS GALLERY, 479 Pacific Highway, Artarmon
29th October – 9th November Allan Hansen
12th – 30th November Summer exhibition – flower paintings
3rd – 24th December Fifty painters at 20 guineas
January 16th – February 28th Contemporary Landscapes
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 9 am – 5 pm

THE BARRY STERN GALLERY, 28 Glenmore Road, Paddington
6th November Fred F. Olsen, American potter (sculpture garden)
20th November Bernard Sahm (sculpture garden)
4th December Charles Hewitt
11th December Christmas exhibition
Amabel Cypranska (sculpture garden)
15th January 1964 Mixed exhibition
22nd January Pixie O'Harris
5th February Aubrey Collette (from Ceylon)
19th February Mavis Chapman
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 am – 5.30 pm
Saturday: 10 am – 5.30 pm. Sunday: closed

THE BLAXLAND GALLERY, Farmer & Company, George Street
January Child art from UNESCO in Poland
February Contemporary Indian Art
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 am – 5 pm
Saturdays: 9 am to 12 noon

DAVID JONES ART GALLERY, Elizabeth Street
17th – 25th October Award-winning architecture 1932–62
13th – 15th November Society of Sculptors and Associates
2nd – 21st December Australian artists – Ten Guineas and Under Exhibition
January (tentative) The Duke of Bedford's Collection from Woburn Abbey
February (late) Contemporary Art Society Autumn Exhibition
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 am – 5.20 pm
Saturday: 8.40 am – 12 noon

FINE ARTS GALLERY, Market Street
22nd August – 7th September Paintings and drawings by Phillip Sutton
11th September – 7th December Mixed exhibition of sculpture, paintings, drawings, furniture etc.
11th – 24th December Sculpture by Lenke Foldes
Hours: Monday to Friday: 8.30 am – 5.25 pm
Saturdays: 8.30 am– 12 noon

THE DOMINION GALLERY, 192 Castlereagh Street
17th – 27th September Three Australian Expatriates – Louis James, Francis Lymburner, Michael Kmit
1st – 11th October Spring exhibition – flowers by Paul Jones, Nora Heysen, Fred Jessup

The Dominion Gallery (*continued*)

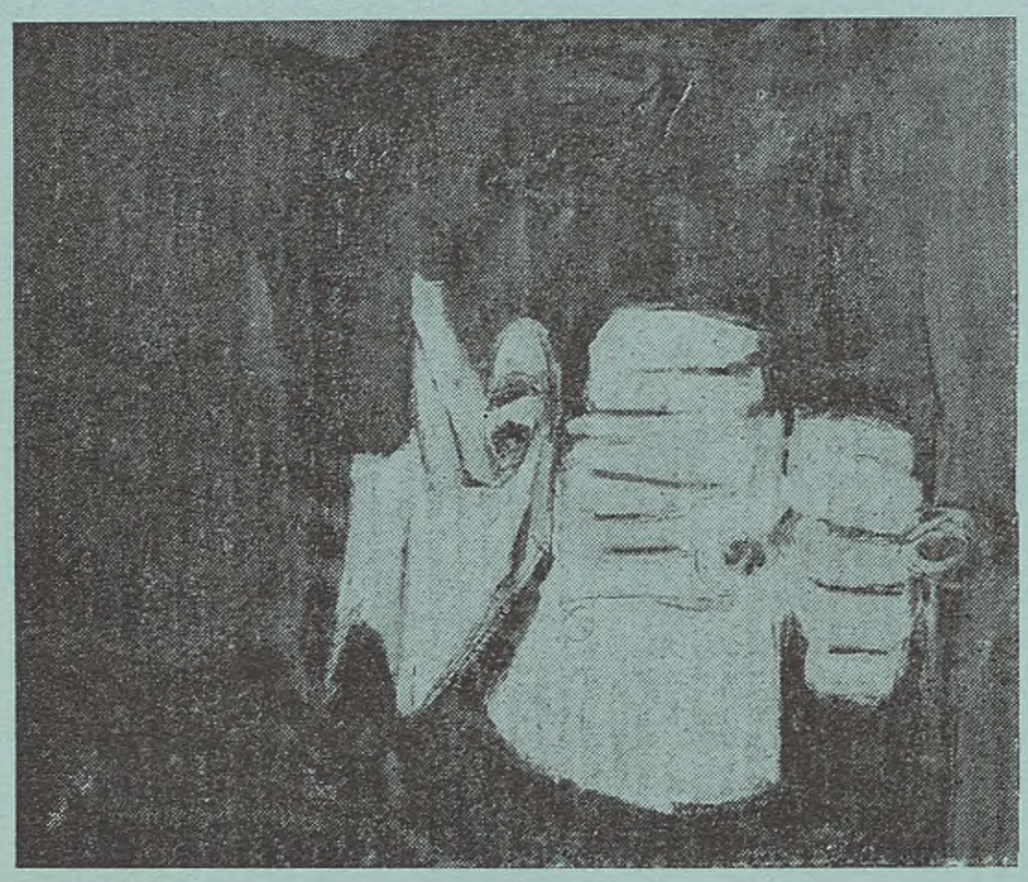
16th – 25th October Clytie Lloyd-Jones
30th October – 8th November Ronald Kirk
13th – 22nd November Polish Contemporary Figurative and Abstract Art
27th November Christmas exhibition
6th – 30th January Permanent collection
6th – 21st February Chinese avant-garde artists
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 am – 5.30 pm
Saturday: by appointment

HUNGRY HORSE GALLERY, 47 Windsor Street, Paddington
21st January – 6th February Stanislaus Rapotec
11th – 27th February Japanese pottery by Kawaii
3rd March Henry Salkauskas
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 11 am – 6.30 pm

MACQUARIE GALLERIES, 19 Bligh Street
4th – 16th September Peter Foldes: narrative paintings
2nd – 14th October Margaret Olley
30th October – 11th November Rodney Milgate
27th November – 9th December Enid Cambridge
11th – 23rd December Christmas exhibition
Yvonne Francart (Inner Gallery)
24th December – 13th January Closed
15th – 27th January Leonas Urbonas
29th January – 10th February Joy Roggenkamp
12th – 24th February Ray Crooke
25th February – 2nd March Les Blakeborough and John Chappell —pottery
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 am – 5 pm
Saturday: 10 am – 12 noon

THE RUDY KOMON GALLERY, 124 Jersey Road, Woollahra
2nd – 18th October Melbourne Printers
23rd October – 8th November Perle Hessing

EMANUEL RAFT PERSONAGE 1963 (DETAIL)
Oil on paper 37in × 29in
Collection Dr M. Coppleson
Hungry Horse Gallery



13th – 29th November Leonard French
4th – 20th December Anniversary show
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 am – 5 pm
Saturday morning by appointment

TERRY CLUNE GALLERIES, 59 Macleay Street, Potts Point
4th December Christmas Show
24th December – January Closed
5th February John Obgurn
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 am – 5.30 pm. (Closed from Christmas Eve to 5th February, 1964)

Newcastle, New South Wales

NEWCASTLE CITY ART GALLERY, Laman Street
October entrance exhibit Russell Drysdale, *Mother and Child, The Crow Trap*
5th October – 3rd November Selections from the City collection
8th – 20th October Art Students' display
21st October – 8th November Prints and drawings from the City collection
23rd October – 13th November Hunter Valley Review, 1963
November entrance exhibit Captain James Wallis, *Early Newcastle, 1818, Hunter River 1818*
10th November – 8th December Australian-New Zealand Pottery Exhibition
16th November – 31st December Recent Paintings from the City collection
20th November – 26th December Ethiopian paintings (lent by the Art Gallery of NSW)
December entrance exhibit Ross Morrow, *Still Life with New Guinea Drum*
14th – 31st December Selections from the City collection
January entrance exhibit William Dobell, *Portrait of a Strapper*
9th – 28th January Recent British Sculpture (British Council)
February entrance exhibit Charles Blackman, *The Student*
1st February – 1st March German Posters of Today (lent by the German Arts Council)
8th February – 1st March Selections from the City collection
Hours: Monday to Friday: 11 am – 5 pm
Saturday: 9 am – 12 noon
Sunday: 2 pm – 5 pm
Closed on public holidays

VON BERTOUCH GALLERIES, 50 Laman Street
6th December Helge Larsen and Darani Lewers – Jewellery
24th December – 30th January Closed
31st January Collection of John Robinson, including paintings by Thomas Gleghorn, Stan de Teliga, Elwyn Lynn, Louis James, Sheila McDonald, Ronald Steuart
7th February Weaver Hawkins
21st February Robert Dickerson
Hours: Friday to Tuesday inclusive: 12 noon – 7.30 pm (closed Wednesday and Thursday)

Wollongong, New South Wales

CRANA GALLERY, 65 Keira Street, Wollongong
8th September May Barrie – sculpture for gardens
22nd September Frank Werther
6th October Gino Sanguineti – sculpture
3rd November Ivan Englund – paintings, pottery

1st December Patricia Englund – paintings, pottery
15th December Robert Curtis
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 am – 5.30 pm
Saturday: 9 am – 12 noon. Other times by appointment

Melbourne, Victoria

ARGUS GALLERY, 290 Latrobe Street
9th – 20th September Robert Grieve (East Gallery) – watercolour and tempera, June Stephenson (North Gallery)
23rd September – 4th October William Ferguson (East Gallery), *Kiron Sinha (North Gallery)*
7th – 18th October Leonard French – drawings
21st October – 1st November Erica McGilchrist
18th – 29th November Marc Clark – drawings and graphic work Robert Langley – terracotta sculpture
2nd – 20th December Christmas exhibition, Elsa Ardern – pottery
January Closed
15th – 28th February Kawaii – Japanese pottery
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10.30 am – 5.30 pm

THE AUSTRALIAN GALLERIES, 35 Derby Street, Collingwood
8th – 18th October John Olsen
29th October – 8th November Ray Crooke
26th November – 20th December Introduction to 1964 and other paintings
January Closed
18th – 28th February Alun Leach-Jones
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 am – 5 pm

GALLERY 'A', 275 Toorak Road, South Yarra
5th – 20th December Christmas exhibitions: dolls, fabrics, prints
January Group exhibition: young painters
February French prints

LEVESON STREET GALLERY, Leveson Street, North Melbourne
18th – 30th August Helen Maudsley
8th – 20th December Mary Atkin – pottery, William Harding
Hours: Monday to Friday: 12 noon – 6 pm
Sunday: 2 pm – 6 pm Closed Saturday

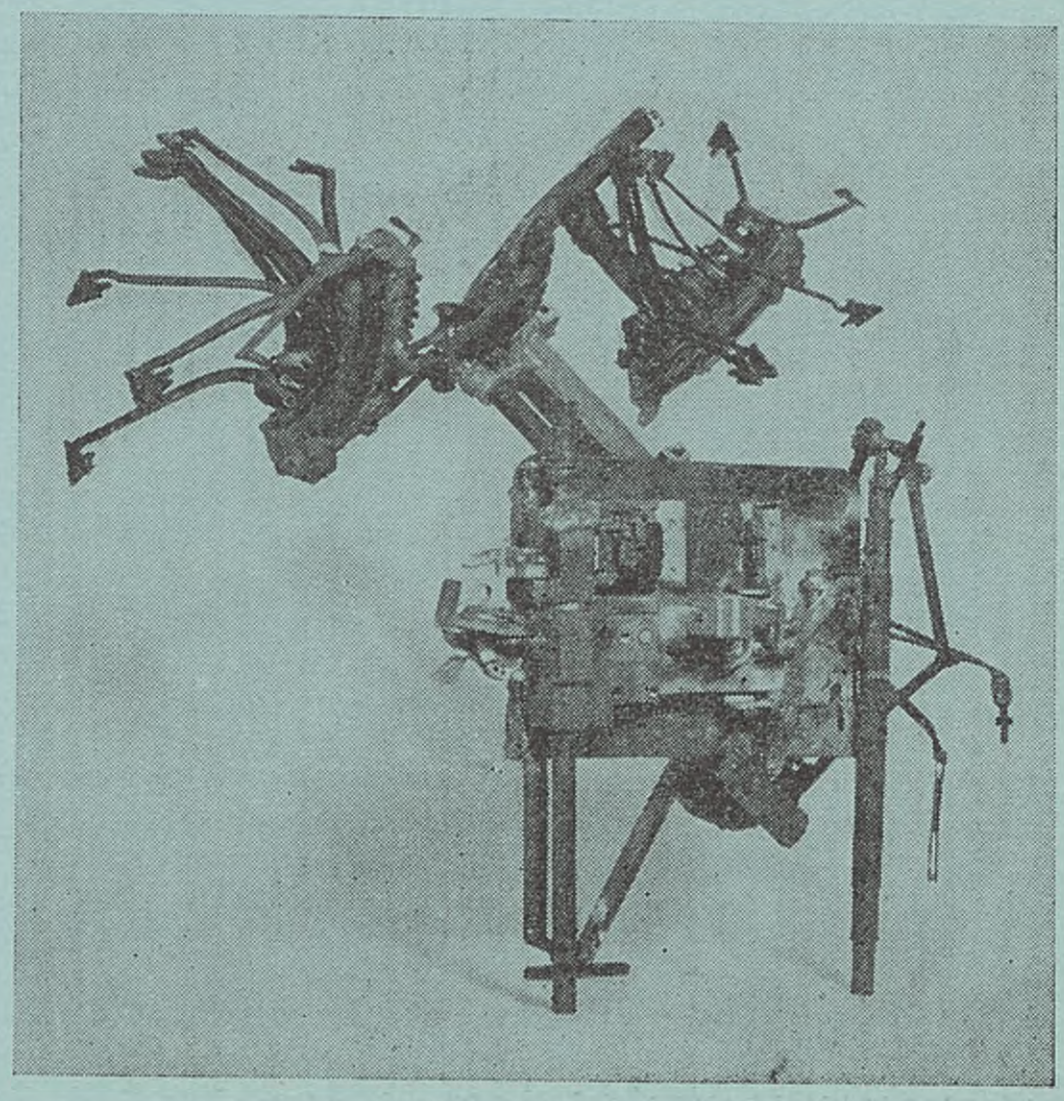
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART AND DESIGN OF AUSTRALIA, 180 Flinders Street (Ball & Welch)
9th July – 1st August Tom Sanders – ceramic sculpture
6th – 22nd August Permanent Collection
8th – 30th October Kym Bonython Collection
6th – 27th November Modern Japanese calligraphic painting
3rd – 31st December Beach homes and a beach motel
January Closed
11th – 26th February Survey of Painting in 1963

NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA, Swanston Street
21st October – 1st December Felton Bequest 1963
9th December – 23rd February Candlesticks and Candelabra
27th February – 29th March Contemporary Australian painting
Hours: Mondays: 12 noon – 5 pm
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 am – 5 pm
Sunday: 2 pm – 5 pm

SOUTH YARRA GALLERY, 10 William Street, South Yarra
December Michael Goss, Christmas collection of Patrick Russell, Dawn Sime, Mary Talbot
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 am – 5 pm

ROBERT KLIPPEL STEEL JUNK SCULPTURE 1963
13in high
Terry Clune Galleries

SHEILA McDONALD FLYING OVER FLINDERS RANGE (1961)
Oil on canvas 36in × 48in
Possession of the artist
Von Bertouch Gallery



Adelaide, South Australia

BONYTHON ART GALLERY, 88 Jerningham Street, North Adelaide
January Closed
3rd February Pro Hart, Sam Byrne, Henri Bastin
17th February Charles Reddington
8th March Sidney Nolan
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 11 am – 6 pm

NATIONAL GALLERY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, North Terrace
October – February Gallery Collections
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 am – 5 pm
Sunday: 2 pm – 5 pm

OSBORNE ART GALLERY, 13 Leigh Street
A changing, continuous, mixed exhibition of work by overseas, interstate and local artists, interspersed with one-man shows.
13th – 27th August Francis Lymburner
1st – 15th October Ainslie Roberts
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 am – 5 pm
Saturday: 9 am – 11.30 pm

ROYAL SOUTH AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY OF ARTS, Institute Building, North Terrace
1st – 11th October Anton Riebe
15th – 25th October Sketches by South Australian war artists, on loan from the Australian War Memorial, Canberra
29th October – 8th November Painters and Sculptors of Promise
9th – 22nd November Contemporary Art Society
23rd November – 6th December Allan Lowe
7th – 20th December Hexagon – group exhibition

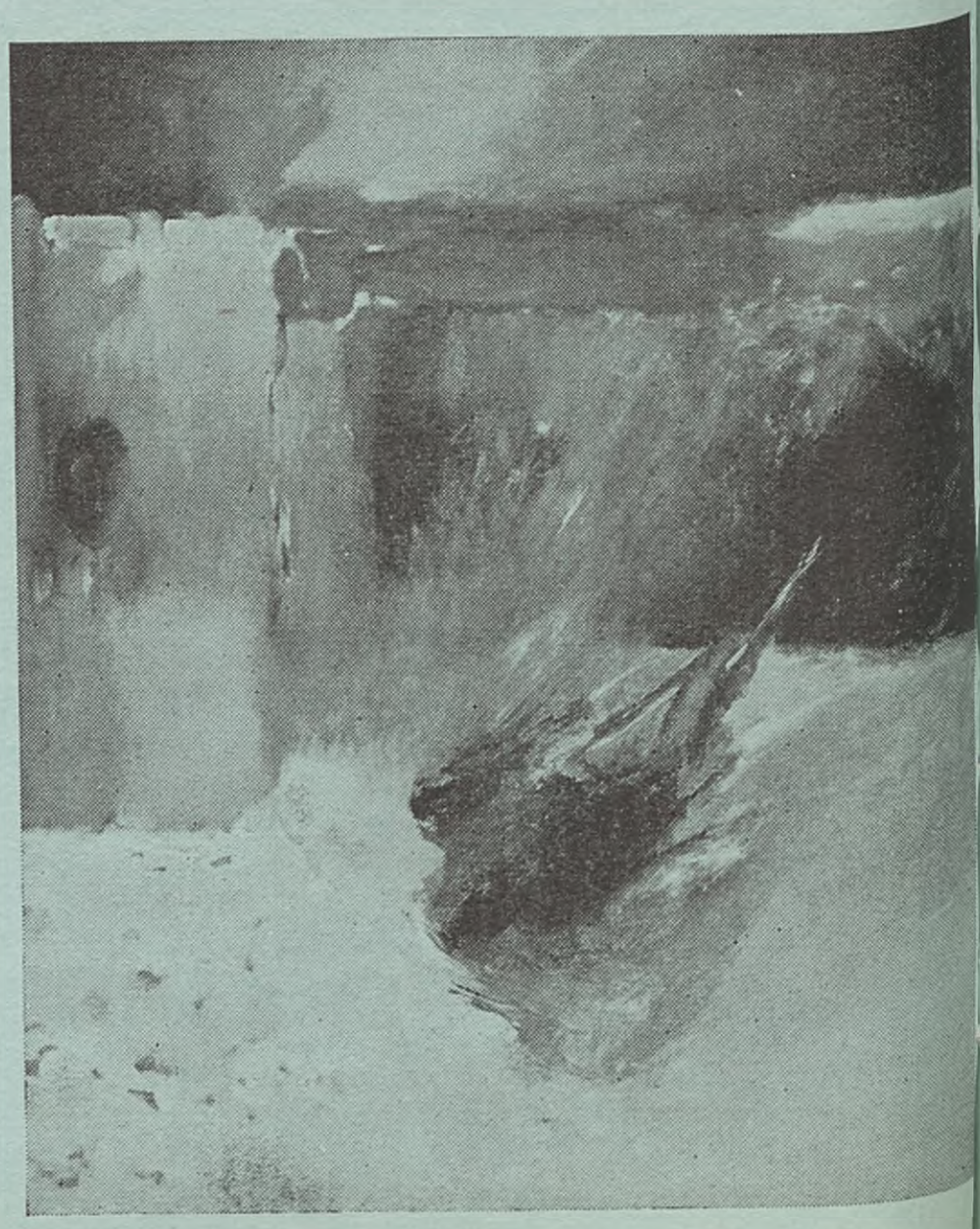
WHITE STUDIO, 22 Gawler Place
2nd – 12th October Emanuel Raft – paintings, drawings, jewellery
22nd October – 10th November Frank Weston – stoneware pottery
12th – 23rd November Douglas Ramsamus – hand printed fabrics

Launceston, Tasmania

MARY JOLLIFFE ART STUDIO, 149 St. John Street
January Changing continuous exhibition by Tasmanian artists
February Fiesta exhibition of Tasmanian scenes by Tasmanian artists

QUEEN VICTORIA MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, Wellington Street
2nd – 13th October Entries for Tasmanian Timber Association Architectural Competition
7th – 19th October Robin Hood Competition
8th – 12th November Paintings by Italian Masters
14th – 24th November Launceston Art Society Junior Exhibition
27th November – 15th December Highlights of American Painting
21st December – 5th January Images: a group of young painters
February Henry Moore travelling exhibition
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 am – 5 pm
Sunday: 2.30 pm – 4.30 pm

MARGARET OLLEY EUCHARIST LILIES 1963
Oil on hardboard 30in × 40in
Collection R. Sabien
Macquarie Galleries



DONALD LAYCOCK THROUGH THE TIME PLANES (1963)
Oil 66in × 60in
Collection Colonel Chivers
South Yarra Gallery

COMPETITIONS AND PRIZES

Queensland

REDCLIFFE ART CONTEST: Oil representational 100 gns; oil non-representational 100 gns; water-colour 50 gns. Closing date 20th August 1964. Particulars from: Miss A. Hosking, 15 Sorrento Street, Margate, Queensland.

New South Wales

C.A.S. FASHION FABRIC DESIGN COMPETITION First prize £750; ten other prizes of £75 each. Judges: Sally Baker, Keith Bruce, E. L. Byrne, Walter Bunning, Werner Rares. *Closing date*: 14th October, 1963. Particulars from: C.A.S., 33 Rowe Street, Sydney.

DRUMMOYNE ART PRIZE: Oil, any subject, 50 gns; watercolour, any subject, 50 gns. Local section: oil 30 gns; watercolour 30 gns. Closing date 8th October, 1963. Judges: Erik Langker, Alfred Cook. Particulars from: Town Clerk, Municipality of Drummoyne, Town Hall, Lyons Road, Drummoyne

MANLY ART PRIZE 1964: All acquisitive. Traditional oil 100 gns; contemporary, any medium 100 gns; traditional watercolour 50 gns. Local section: any medium 25 gns; any medium local subject 25 gns. Closing date: 14th February 1964. Judges: traditional, G.K. Townshend; contemporary, J. A. Tuckson

NSW GOVERNMENT TRAVELLING ART SCHOLARSHIP: Open to British subjects resident in NSW for three consecutive years who are not more than 30 years of age. £500 per annum, tenable for three years. Particulars from: Secretary, N.S.W. Travelling Art Scholarship Committee, Department of Education, Box 498, P.O., North Sydney.

RYDE ART AWARD: All acquisitive. Oil traditional £50; watercolour traditional £50; oil modern £50; watercolour modern £50. Judges: traditional: Erik Langker; modern: Thomas Gleghorn. Closing date: 11th November, 1963. Particulars from Mrs. Jess Hinder, 22 Chester Street, Epping.

ROCKDALE ART AWARD 1964: Contemporary and traditional sections, 100 gns each; watercolour 70 gns each. Particulars from: Town Clerk, Town Hall, Rockdale

SIR JOHN SULMAN PRIZE: Subject oil painting, £200. Judge: John Henshaw. Closing date: 31st December 1963. Particulars from: Director, Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Gallery Road, Sydney

WYNNE PRIZE: Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of NSW

ALBURY ART SOCIETY PRIZE: Oil £150; Oil, religious subject, £50; watercolour £50; monochrome £15. Judge: Dermont Hellier. Closing date: 12th September 1963. Particulars from: Albury Art Society, P.O. Box 437, Albury.

ARMIDALE ART SOCIETY COMPETITION: All acquisitive. Any medium £100; watercolour £50; local £25. Judge: Wallace Thornton. Closing date: 25th October 1963. Particulars from: Mrs. M. McKanna, P.O. Box 81, Armidale

BATHURST CARILLON CITY FESTIVAL ART PRIZE: Oil 200 gns; other media 50 gns; (both acquisitive); local 30 gns and 10 gns. Judge: Sali Herman. Closing date: 18th February 1964. Particulars from Mrs. Dorothy Mitchell, The Scots School, Bathurst.

MAITLAND PRIZE: Painting or drawing 150 gns; watercolour 30 gns; local 30 gns. Judge: J. A. Tuckson. Closing date: 6th January 1964. Particulars from: The Secretary, P.O. Box 37, Maitland

ORANGE BANJO PATERSON FESTIVAL PRIZE: Any medium abstract, first £30, second £20; portrait or still life, any medium, first £15, second £10; oil landscape £21. Closing date: 1st November 1963. Particulars from: The Staff Tutor, Tutorial Classes, Orange City Library, Orange

GREATER WOLLONGONG ART COMPETITION: Oil £140; oil industrial £100; watercolour £60; drawing £20. Local section: oil £50; sculpture £30. Judge: Wallace Thornton. Closing date: 27th September 1963. Particulars from: Town Clerk, P.O. Box 21, Wollongong.

SILVER CITY FESTIVAL ART PRIZE: not yet arranged for 1964. Particulars from: R. H. Harris, Hon. Director, Broken Hill Art Gallery, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

YOUNG CHERRY FESTIVAL ART PRIZE: Oil 100 gns; any medium, religious 100 gns; oil figure composition, Australian life, 100 gns; any medium local scene 50 gns. Ceramics (thrown) 12 gns and 3 gns; (hand-built) 12 gns and 3 gns. Closing date: 23rd October 1963. Particulars from: Mrs. E. S. Gough, P.O. Box 260, Young

Victoria

MILDURA PRIZE FOR SCULPTURE: Monumental £400; small £100. Free Transport. Closing date 15th February 1964. Particulars from: The Director, Mildura Art Gallery, Mildura

Western Australia

ALBANY 6VA ART PRIZE COMPETITION: Oil 30 gns, watercolour 20 gns. Local artists only. Closing date June 1964. Particulars from: Albany Broadcasters Ltd., P.O. Box 182, Albany, W.A.

PRIZEWINNERS 1963

Queensland

H. C. RICHARDS MEMORIAL PRIZE
Judge: Robert Campbell
Arthur Boyd

JOHNSONIAN CLUB ART PRIZE 1963
Oil: Pauline Coleman
Watercolour: Wilson Cooper

L. J. HARVEY MEMORIAL PRIZE
Judge: Robert Campbell
Kenneth Jack

REDCLIFFE ART CONTEST
Judge, Oil Representational: James Wieneke
Margaret Olley
Judge, Oil Non-representational: Laurie Thomas
Roy Churcher
Judge, Watercolour: James Wieneke
Robyn Mountcastle
Judge, Eleanor Schonell Prize: C.M.B. Van Homrigh
Brian Williams

TULLY ART FESTIVAL
Judge: Ray Crooke
Landscape: M. Lyons
Still Life: D. Jones

New South Wales

BLAKE PRIZE FOR RELIGIOUS ART
Judges: Rev. Alan Dougan, Desiderius Orban, Lloyd Rees, J. A. Tuckson, Rev. Michael Scott S.J.
Religious Painting: Leonard French
Darcy Morris Memorial Prize: John Coburn

GRACE ART PRIZE
Judges: John Henshaw, Lloyd Rees, Albert Rydge
First: Hector Gilliland
Second (acquisitive): Henry Hanke
Judge, Calder Memorial Prize for Watercolour: Erik Langker
Mollie Flaxman

MIRROR-WARATAH FESTIVAL ART COMPETITION
Judges: Arthur Baldwinson, Esther Bellise, L. R. Davies, Weaver Hawkins, Asher Joel, Erik Langker, Elwyn Lynn, Michael Nicholson, John Santry, Daniel Thomas
Grand Prize: Henry Salkauskas
Oil Traditional: Frank Spears
Oil Contemporary: Carl Plate
Watercolour Traditional: Beryl Mallinson
Watercolour Contemporary: Eva Kubbos
Graphic Traditional: Eunice Hubble
Graphic Contemporary: Henry Salkauskas
Sculpture: Silver Collings

MOSMAN ART CONTEST
Judge: James Gleeson
Oil: Charles Reddington
Watercolour: Henry Salkauskas
Graphic: David Rose

ROBIN HOOD ART COMPETITION
Judges: Gertrude Langer, Alan McCulloch, Wallace Thornton
Oil: Anton Holzner
Watercolour: Henry Salkauskas

ROCKDALE ART AWARD
Judge: Traditional Sections: Erik Langker
Oil: Frederic Bates
Watercolour: Brian Stratton
Judge, Contemporary Sections: Weaver Hawkins
Oil: Carl Plate
Watercolour: Henry Salkauskas

TRANSFIELD ART PRIZE
Judges: Max Harris, Wallace Thornton
Maximilian Feuerring

BATHURST CARILLON CITY FESTIVAL ART PRIZE
Judge: Erik Langker
Oil: Garrett Kingsley
Watercolour: Brian Stratton

BERRIMA DISTRICT ART SOCIETY
Judge: Jeffrey Smart
Traditional: John Eldershaw
Contemporary: Hector Gilliland
Watercolour: Uldis Abolins
Local Subject: Peggy McKay

CAMPBELLTOWN FESTIVAL OF FISHER'S GHOST ART COMPETITION
Judge: Tuk Caldwell
Oil: Pro Hart
Watercolour: Beryl Mallinson
Traditional Acquisitive: Frida Cochrane

GOULBURN LILAC TIME ART AWARD
Judge, Traditional: Rhys Williams
H. A. Hanke
Judge, Modern: Maximilian Feuerring
Les Byron and Edith Marion Adler

GRAFTON JACARANDA FESTIVAL ART AWARD
Judge: Leonard Hessing

KEMPSEY FESTIVAL OF SPRING ANNUAL ART COMPETITION
Judge: William Peascod
Traditional: Edward Hall
Contemporary: John B. Fraser

SILVER CITY FESTIVAL ART PRIZE
Judge: Allan E. Warren
Edward Heffernan

TAREE ART EXHIBITION
Works by Allan Baker, Alison Faulkner, Claudie Forbes-Woodgate, Mollie Johnson, Dora Toovey and Clive Wilbow were purchased

TUMUT ART SHOW
Judge, Festival Prize: John Santry
Hector Gilliland
Judge, Art Society Prize: William Dargie
John Eldershaw and Peter Glass
Judge, Tumut Shire Prize: John Santry
Hana Juskovic

Victoria

GEELONG ART GALLERY ASSOCIATION PRIZE
Judge: Charles Bush
Geelong Advertiser-3GL Prize: Brian Seidel
F. E. Richardson Prize: Robert H. Grieve
The Mayor of Geelong Prize: Lesbia Thorpe

South Australia

MELROSE PRIZE
Judges: Robert Campbell, Stewart Game, Frank Norton
John Rigby

Western Australia

ALBANY 6VA ART PRIZE COMPETITION
Judge: Sam Black
Nancy Sayer

CLAUDE HOTCHIN ART PRIZE
Judges: Malcolm Uren, J. A. B. Campbell, Thomas Sten, Charles Hamilton, Claude Hotchin
Oil: Vlase Zanalis
Watercolour: S. A. Smith

STATE GALLERY ACQUISITIONS

Queensland Art Gallery

The Annunciation; Madonna and Child; two ikons, presented by the Godfrey Rivers Trust
BUCKLEY, Sue: Crayfish, woodcut
CONDER, Charles: Fruit Trees in Blossom, oil
COUNIHAN, Noel: Pub Talk, oil
CROOKE, Ray: Girl Embroidering, oil
DICKERSON, Robert: Field Workers, oil
GREENE, Anne Alison: L'Eglise St. Germain Des Prés (Paris); Portrait Study; The Anchorage (Cherbourg); oils
GREY-SMITH, Guy: Two Fishermen, oil
LEWERS, Gerald: Gong, copper and wood
MARTENS, Conrad: Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, from Darlinghurst, watercolour
RATAS, Vaclovas: Abstract Composition, colour linocut
RODIN, Auguste: Torse de Jeune Femme, bronze
ROGGENKAMP, Joy: Noosa Landscape, watercolour
ROSE, David: Black Vertical, lithograph
SALKAUSKAS, Henry: Serigraph No. 2, serigraph
SCOTT, Edwin: Millet's Cottage, Greville, oil
SIMKUNAS, Algridas: Contemplation, linocut

Art Gallery of New South Wales

APPLETON, Jean: Northern Spring, 1963, serigraph
BACKEN, Earle: Black Structure, 1963, etching
Baluster measure (English) 18th century, pewter
Bark painting, Sepik region, New Guinea
Bark painting, Sepik region (Gift of Mr. Royston Harpur)
BLACKMAN, Charles: Tete-a-tete, 1962, crayon drawing
BLAKEBROUGH, Les: Covered storage jar (1962), stoneware
Bowl, earthenware, lustre glaze, English, 19th century (Gift of Mr. W. G. Preston)
BOYD, Arthur: Nude in a Cornfield (1962); Self-Portrait (1962) dry-points.
BUCKLEY, Sue: Crayfish, 1963, woodcut
CAMPBELL, Robert: Winter Street Scene, Paris, 1930, oil
DALGARNO, Roy: Fishermen of Sete (c.1953) lithograph
DYRING, Moya: Quai d'Anjou, Winter, 1963, watercolour
ELDERSHAW, John: The Wood Nymph Sirius Fleeing from Pan, 1918, watercolour
Figure, Sepik region, New Guinea (Gift of Mr. W. J. Holt)
FOLDES, Peter: I was the Butterfly (1963) lithograph
FRENCH, Leonard: Ancient Turtle, 1962, oil on paper
GLEGHORN, Thomas: Cante Jondo, 1963, lithograph
GREEN, Tom: Ancient Bird, 1963, serigraph; Estuary (1963), oil
HARPUR, Roy: Summer Landscape, 1963, gouache
HAWKINS, Weaver: Self Portrait, 1920, etching
Head of Apollo (Greco-Roman) 2nd century A.D., marble (Gift of the Art Gallery Society)
Head of Buddha: (Thai) Sukothai period, 13th – 15th century, bronze
IRONSIDE, Adelaide: The Last Minstrel, 1852, pencil drawing
JOHN, Gwen: Teapot (1962) stoneware (Gift of Mr. J. H. Myrtle)
KAISER, Peter: Dead Bull, 1961, oil
KMIT, Michael: Woman and Girl, 1957, oil (Watson Bequest Fund)
LINDSAY, Lionel: Henry Lawson (1920) drypoint; Norman Lindsay (1918) drypoint; Ladies of Spain (1918) aquatint
Madonna and Child with Bishop and Female Saints: Flemish, c. 1500, carved oak
MARTENS, Conrad: Towards Bathurst, pencil drawing
Mask, Sepik region, New Guinea (Gift of Mr. W. J. Holt)
MEADMORE, Clement: Thunder (1960) welded steel
MOLVIG, Jon: Portrait of Dr. Stuart Scougall, 1962, oil (Gift of Dr. Stuart Scougall)
MONTEFIORE, John: Wet Foliage, 1963, oil
PLANTE, Ada M.: The Old House, Darebin (c. 1940) oil
PRESTON, Margaret: Noah's Ark, c. 1950, stencil print; European Cottages (c. 1910–20) etching; woodblock for *Wheelflowers* (c. 1927), woodblock for *Aboriginal Glyph*, 1958; earthenware vase 1917 (Gift of Mr. W. G. Preston)
POURBUS, Frans: (Flemish, 1569/70–1622) Portrait of a Man, oil
Relief carvings (Siamese) two rubbings (Gift of Mr. O. D. Bissett)
RODNEY, Elizabeth: Goodbye to All This, No. 2, 1963, etching
SANDERS, Tom: earthenware bowl, 1963
Scrolls; eight hanging scrolls, landscapes and figure subjects by Japanese artists: Sohei Takahishi (1803–34) Nanga School; Beisanjin Okada (1774–1818) Nanga School; Ryuho Hinaya (1594–1669) Kano school; Shohaku Soga (1703–81) Suibokuga School; Yosenin Kano (1752–1808) Kano School; Tangen Kimura (1679–1767) Kano School (Gift of the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, through Professor Toru Mori)
STREETON, Arthur: The National Game (1889) oil
VIESULAS, Romas (American): Ballad, 1959, lithograph
Woodcuts and etchings; twenty-four works by contemporary Japanese artists: Kunihiro Amano, Hideo Hagiwara, Yozo Hamaguchi, Okiie Hashimoto, Mitsui Kano, Kaoru Kawano, Yoshimi Kidokoro, Haku Maki, Yoshitoshi Mori, Shiko Munakata, F. Masami Nayakama, Hiroshi Nomura, Kiyoshi Saito, Hiromu Sato, Kihei Sasijima, Junichiro Sekino, Tamami Shima, Kanji Suzuki, Hiroyuki Tajima, Sadao Watanabe, Chizuko Yoshida, Hodaka Yoshida
YOUNG, Ola: Joy Ewart (1963) pen drawing
ZADKINE, Ossip (Russian, b. 1890): Head of a Woman (c. 1920–5) carved stone. Gift of Dr. and Mrs. H. V. Evatt

National Gallery of Victoria

BATONI, Pompeo: Portrait of Lord Eardley and his Tutor (E. S. Miller Bequest)
BLANCHE, Jacques Emile: Portrait of George Moore (Presented by Mrs P. Grainger)
BOYD, Arthur: Two etchings
CRAWFORD, Len: Aria, oil
DEVIS, Anthony: 31 drawings (Presented by Captain G. Smith)
GILL, S. T.: Corroboree; Native Sepulchre, watercolours
GRIFFITHS, Harley: The Clearing, oil
GRITTEN: Henry: View of Melbourne (Felton Bequest)
KAHAN, Louis: Collection of drawings of Australian artists (Presented by David Syme & Co.)
Khmer figure, Bakheng style (Felton Bequest)
LINDSAY, Sir Daryl: Landscape (Bequest of the late Sir John Medley)
LIOTARD, Jean: Portrait of Herrault, etching (E. S. Miller Bequest)
LYNN, Elwyn: The Dividual, oil
MANTEGNA, Andrea: Hercules and Antaeus, engraving (Felton Bequest)

State Gallery Acquisitions (continued)

McGEORGE, Norman: A Farm on the Hill, A Study at the Seashore, watercolours
MORTIMER, John Hamilton: two drawings
Monumental brasses: 200 rubbings (Presented by B. M. Lott Esq.)
NERLI, G. B.: Port Melbourne, oil
PARR, Lenton: Orion, welded steel
ROSLIN, Alexandre: Portrait of Count Rassoumovsky, oil (E. S. Miller Bequest)
Scrolls, Japanese, presented by Professor Toru Mori:
KISHI, Chikudo (1826–1897): Birds and Flowers
NAKANISKI, Aiseki (1804–1829): Landscape
NAKABAYASHI, Chikuto (1778–1853): Landscape
SOGA, Nichokua (1600–1660): Bird and Bamboo
NAKASHINA, Raisko (1796–1871): Dancing Girl
SHIOKAWA, Bunrin (1807–1877): Flowers and Birds
TWEDDLE, Isobel: Portrait of Miss Ivy Ball (Presented by Miss Ball)
WILSON, Eric: Two drawings

National Gallery of South Australia

BATTARBEE, Rex: Mount Blatherskite, watercolour
BAWDEN, Edward: House at Glenties, Eire, watercolour
BELL, Vanessa: Monte Oliveto and View of Venice, oils
CAMPION, George B.: River Scene, watercolour
DAWS, Lawrence: Bulgarian Landscape, gouache
DOWIE, John: C. P. Mountford, bronze
FORAIN, Jean Louis: Salle de Jeu, lithograph
GILL, S. T.: Metcalfe's Station, 1844, drawing; Sketches of Victorian Gold Diggings as they are, 48 black and white lithographs
JACK, Kenneth: Paddle Steamer *Gem* (awarded Maude Vizard Wholohan Prize for a watercolour, 1963); Red Paddle Steamer, coloured lithograph (awarded Maude Vizard-Wholohan prize for a print, 1963)
KING, Grahame: Gothic Tracery, lithograph
LEWERS, Gerald: The Plough, basalt
LINDSAY, Sir Lionel: Seven wood engravings
MULLER, W. J.: The Water Mill, watercolour
NAMATJIRA, K.: Winderberger with Mt. Liebig in Distance, watercolour
OLLEY, Margaret: Moorings, watercolour
PEASCOD, William: Opal Diggings, oil (awarded Maude Vizard-Wholohan Prize for an oil 1963)
PITCHFORTH, V.: Dawn, Llangore Lake, Wales, watercolour
RICHARDS, Ceri: La Cathédrale Engloutie, oil
RIGBY, John: The Girl's Room, oil
SHAW, James: Old Home, Mitcham, oil. Attributed to James Shaw: Robe, c. 1869, oil
SMART, Jeffrey: Harbour Excavations, Port Kembla, oil
STOWARD, Clive: Afternoon Haze, Arkaba, oil
SMITH, Sydney Ure: Windsor, N.S.W., drawing
ZUSTERS, Reinis: Thicket, oil
Islamic Bowl, 9th or 10th century

The Western Australian Art Gallery

Aboriginal bark paintings: The Stingray, Snakes and Porcupine, Unknown. Presented by Mr. G. Chaloupka
CHADWICK, Lynn: Boy and Girl, bronze
FROUDIST, Henry: Sudden Shower, drawing
GRIEVE, Robert: The Waterfall, lithograph
HEPWORTH, Barbara: Curved Form Wave II, 1959, bronze with strings
LINDSAY, Sir Lionel: 30 woodcuts and 9 etchings
MEADOWS, Bernard: Drawing for Sculpture (Cat 53), drawing
MERYON, Charles: Le Stryge, La Gallerie Notre Dame, Le Petit Pont; prints
O'CONNOR, Kathleen: Australian Riches, oil
O'LOUGHLIN, Geoffrey: Red Rock, oil
RODIN, Auguste: La Faunesse a Genoux, bronze
SALKAUSKAS, Henry: Landscape, watercolour
SIBLEY, Andrew: The Virgin, oil
SUDJANA: Bali, oil
VOUDOURIS, George: Summer Landscape, oil

Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery

BUCKIE, Harry: Creek in Flood, Campania, watercolour
COX, Roy: The Tamar, Early Morning, watercolour
GLOVER, John: Patterdale, Deddington (c. 1845) watercolour
MARTENS, Conrad: Entrance to Government House, Sydney 1850, oil
PIGUENIT, W. C.: The Derwent River (c. 1890); From Old Beach (March 1884); Adamson's Peak (c. 1890); Mt. Wellington From Bellerive (c. 1890); River Scene (c. 1890); Ben Lomond from the Cullenswood Estate (c. 1890); all watercolours
FORREST, J. Haughton: Mountain Landscape, oil

GALLERY HISTORIES

Artlovers Gallery, Sydney

The Artlovers Gallery was established in 1955 by John Brackenreg, a Western Australian, on the Pacific Highway at Artarmon, Sydney. Its prominent site was chosen to serve, principally, the large and rapidly spreading Northside districts which until then were without any permanent venue for the professional painter and potter.

In the few years it has been established the Gallery has become well known throughout Australia and overseas and holds some eight hundred original works of the Australian School. Attention is given especially to the established painters of earlier periods and many rare works have been channelled into national and private collections – often from notable private collections such as that assembled over a period of many years by Mr. S. H. Ervin of Sydney. More recently Artlovers has acted for Mrs. Amy B. Lambert of London to place with State collections the remaining works by George W. Lambert, A.R.A.

As far as any general policy can be indicated the Gallery aims to represent a cross-section of the best in present day drawing, painting, sculpture and pottery.

Throughout the year the Gallery's service includes one-man exhibitions of note such as the recent European and Australian paintings by George Lawrence opened by Mr. William Dobell in October this year.

The founder, John Brackenreg, has been associated with Australian art since his student days in 1922 and he opened his first private art gallery in 1932. He spent six years at the Ashton School in Sydney studying drawing and painting under Julian Ashton and Henry Gibbons.

Returning home to Perth he exhibited a large collection of Australian art under the auspices of the Society of Artists and Julian Ashton – the most representative one ever seen in Western Australia – and later organized and founded the Perth Society of Artists. John Brackenreg was also responsible for establishing Perth's first private art gallery at Newspaper House, owned by the West Australian Newspapers.

In 1938 he returned to Sydney and was appointed Hon. Secretary and Manager of the Society of Artists and also the newly formed Australian Academy of Art. Later he established The Legend Press in Sydney. He was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List of 1962 for his services to Australian art.

During the Northside Festival of Arts in August 1963 the Gallery organized a loan collection of historic interest in which works by the early Colonial painters to Conrad Martens were shown and also many by the Sirius Cove painters – Roberts, Conder, Streeton, etc. Other famous artists who had painted on the northside at one time or other were well represented, namely Lambert, Margaret Preston, Gruner, Sidney Long, and Lionel and Percy Lindsay.

The Gallery is also associated with The Legend Press who are the publishers of Australian Artist Editions.

Present Directors are John Brackenreg, M.B.E., F.R.S.A., and Dennis Colsey.

Bonython Gallery, Adelaide

The Bonython Art Gallery at 88 Jerningham Street, North Adelaide, opened on 28th February, 1961. Its founder and director is Kym Bonython. Regular exhibitions are held, changing every two weeks: there were twenty-three exhibitions during 1962. Amongst those who have exhibited with the Bonython are Nolan, Daws, Dickerson, Tucker, Arthur Boyd, Pugh, Crooke and Reddington.

One exhibition, 'Australian Artists Abroad in 1962', was brought from overseas in 1962. Contemporary Indian painting will be shown during 1963, and the work of a young American negro during 1964.

ART SOCIETY HISTORIES

Victorian Artist's Society

The oldest art society in Australia is the Victorian Artists' Society, which was founded on January 10th 1870 under the name Victorian Academy of Arts. Its first President was O. R. Campbell and amongst foundation members were Louis Buvelot, Thomas Wright and Frederick Woodhouse. Its first public exhibition was held in the Public Library in 1870.

In 1873 the Academy was granted land by proclamation in Albert Street, East Melbourne, and a building was erected at number 430, comprising one large bluestone gallery forty-five feet long by thirty feet wide. This building still exists and is now used as the Life Class room. An imposing building was erected in front of the Life Class room; this is a spacious foyer housing the E. T. Cato Gallery and Secretary's office, the Melba Conservatorium of Music office and teaching studios. A grand staircase leads to the Galleries, North Centre and South, in which modern lighting has been installed.

The Academy joined in 1887 with a group of professional artists headed by Streeton, Tom Roberts, Charles Conder, John Mathers and John Ford Paterson, and the name The Victorian Artists' Society was adopted. The first President was J. A. Panton, and other Presidents were Walter Withers, Max Meldrum, John Longstaff, Louis McCubbin, John Rowell, James Quinn, and Arnold Shore.

The Society holds five exhibitions annually, the main ones being the Spring and Autumn. At other times the galleries are available for private exhibitions. The Society's exhibitions are restricted to members, but on occasion invitations are extended to persons outside the Society.

The E. T. Cato prize of £100 is given to the work considered the most outstanding in the Autumn Exhibition. W. & G. Dean Pty. Ltd., Camden Art Centre Pty. Ltd. and Norman Bros. Pty. Ltd. each give an annual prize of £25 worth of art material.

Lectures, sketch clubs, life classes and social evenings have always been a part of this Society's activities and still are.

The present office-bearers are William Frater President; Ken McDonald, Hon. Treasurer, and Mrs. Adelle Richardson, Secretary.

Society of Artists

The Society of Artists began when certain practising artists broke away from the Art Society, partly in protest against the power in that society of laymen. They formed themselves into a new group called the Society of Artists and the first Council consisted of Tom Roberts (Chairman), Arthur Streeton, Henry Fullwood, Frank Mahoney, Sidney Long, D. H. Souter and J. S. Watkins.

The first exhibition of the new Society was opened in the Skating Rink, York Street, by Sir Henry Parkes on September 28th, 1895.

In 1898 the Society of Artists arranged an exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, London. This was financed partly by the late Dame Eadith Walker and partly by the Government. The Government was also induced to give the Society a subsidy of £400 per annum which enabled the Society to found a Travelling Scholarship of £150 annually, tenable for three years. George Lambert was the first winner. Before this scholarship had quite run its course the Minister for Education threatened to withdraw the subsidies of both the Art Society and the Society of Artists unless they could settle their differences and reunite.

A truce between the societies lasted several years but in 1907 the Society of Artists again appeared as an independent body. The return of George Lambert to Australia in 1921 was a great stimulus to it. He helped to settle and strengthen the foundations, and arouse new interest from the general public.

In 1923 the Society of Artists organized the Exhibition of Australian Art at the Royal Academy, London, one of its biggest undertakings as it raised the funds to defray expenses, rent, freight, packing and insurance. It was the most comprehensive exhibition of Australian art sent out of the country up to that time.

The Society's medal was designed by Rayner Hoff in 1921 and has been awarded annually since then to those who have assisted in the development of art in this country.

The Government was again approached for a subsidy and £250 per annum was allotted. This amount was devoted entirely to the revival of the Travelling Scholarship.

In 1934 the Government decided to withdraw the subsidies from both societies again and to devote the combined amounts to Government scholarships for both figure and landscape work.

Membership of the Society of Artists is by invitation but non-members may submit work to its annual exhibitions. The President is now Lloyd Rees.

Book Review (continued)

Perhaps, though, objects which seem to belong to the past do not disappear as neatly and conveniently as a new generation might think; perhaps *Views of the Oxford Colleges* is still lying on someone's table. At any rate, the publication, this year, of *Paintings of Tom Roberts, with introduction and commentaries by Robert Campbell* is a surprising reminder that not every publisher is prepared to concede the triumph of the art book revolution. This book could have been produced, in almost identical form, thirty years ago.

Yet somehow, one can't be angry about it. Robert Campbell's critical approach is not much more penetrating than a marshmallow. It abounds in comments like 'An early and extremely beautiful example of the artist's portraiture – and what a handsome young man Arthur Streeton was at the age of twenty-four!' For all that, it has one quality which has become all too rare in critical writing, the expression of a genuine love, not only of Roberts's painting, but all painting.

In his determination to present Roberts as a great master Mr Campbell is reluctant to admit the slightest shortcoming in his subject. Of *Shearing the Rams*, for instance, he declares that '. . . the picture hangs together extremely well. It is a big conception that perfectly combines analysis and synthesis'. Admittedly the picture hangs together reasonably well in the small scale of the reproduction, but a study of the painting itself reveals that synthesis of this kind was not among Roberts's gifts. The figures are linked by conventional devices, but one is conscious that each has been posed separately, and that each is unaware of the presence of the others. The fact is that Roberts was no Poussin, indeed so far as the large figure compositions are concerned I have always found them endearing for their touching failure to achieve what is after all the most difficult task the classical artist can attempt, the grouping of figures in a landscape, conceived on the grand scale. Roberts simply did not have this kind of talent; he was essentially a lyrical romantic.

The fact is that he was a truly gifted painter who was never clear about his proper direction, a victim, possibly, of his own humility, a romantic who allowed himself to be persuaded that his duty lay in the field of the epic.

However, these are speculations it is idle to pursue here. Mr Campbell's book cannot be expected to deal with such questions since it is, evidently, conceived as a nostalgic and almost personal memoir; but Roberts is certainly one figure in the history of Australian painting big enough and complex enough to justify a full scale study.

There is no reason why Mr Campbell's act of homage should prevent such a study being made, and in view of the fact that the Directors of the Australian State Galleries some years ago, upon being asked by the President of the Brazilian Academy of Fine Arts 'Who is your greatest artist of all time, not now living?' unanimously answered 'Tom Roberts', it is astonishing that this has not yet been done. The costs associated with the making of colour blocks probably are enough to daunt most publishers, but is the current tendency to reproduce everything in colour altogether necessary? All twelve plates in this book are in colour, but the quality, to say the least, is uneven. *Coogee Bay* and *The Breakaway* both look as though they have been glazed with tomato sauce, which is scarcely helpful. It is supposed by publishers and booksellers that the public will not buy art books with half tone plates, but any painter could point out that an accurate half tone reproduction is more satisfactory, and even gives a better indication of colour, than this sort of thing, where relative values have been completely falsified by a careless printer.

John Brack

RECENT ART AUCTIONS

James R. Lawson Pty. Ltd., Sydney

8th August, 1963

FRIEND, Donald: Youths, Ischia, 1950, gouache and pen drawing, 42 gns

GILL, S. T.: Old Road, Lapstone Hill, watercolour, 90 gns

HEYSEN, Sir Hans: Landscape with Sheep, Ambleside, 1918, Charcoal and wash, 15×10½, 70 gns

HILDER, J. J. : Landscape with Cow, watercolour, 105 gns

LINDSAY, Sir Lionel: etchings: Spanish Monastery 1¾ gns: Muleteers 1¾ gns; Spanish Balcony 2 gns; Spanish Courtyard 3½ gns; Queen's Court 2 gns

LINDSAY, Norman: Entrance, watercolour, 70 gns

LYNN, Elwyn: Black Soil Territory, 30×40, oil, 36 gns

MARTENS, Conrad: Mount Esk, Queensland, 7¾×11¾, watercolour, 260 gns

MOORE, John D.: Storm Over Sydney, watercolour, 8 gns

YOUNG, W. Blamire: Twilight and Rain, watercolour, 28 gns

Leonard Joel Pty. Ltd., Melbourne

27th September 1963

ASHTON, Sir Will: Off St. Ives, oil, 42½ gns; French Fishing Boats, oil, 120 gns; Boats, oil, 32½ gns

BOYD, Penleigh: Yarra and Golden Wattle, oil, 160 gns; River and Willows, oil, 40 gns; White Gums, water colour, 65 gns; Along the Coast, watercolour, 28 gns

BUNNY, Rupert: Figure, line drawing, 8 gns; On the Thames, oil (unsigned) 4 gns

BUSH, Charles: Welsh Village, watercolour, 10 gns; Studio Cat, drawing, 8 gns

BUVELOT, Louis: Early Sketch, drawing, 22½ gns; Nocturne, oil, 42 gns

FULBROOK, Samuel: Sunday, Yarra Bank, oil, 7 gns

HEYSEN, Sir Hans: Balhannan, watercolour, 220 gns; Rain Clouds, watercolour, 45 gns; Gums, charcoal drawing, 35 gns; Red Gums of the Flinders, watercolour, 130 gns; Trees, watercolour, 45 gns; Harvesting, watercolour, 47½ gns

LINDSAY, Sir Daryl: Flower Study, oil, 36 gns; Flower Study, oil, £31.10.0

LINDSAY, Norman: The Keeper of the Curtain, watercolour, 90 gns; The Judgment of Paris, oil, 32 gns

LINDSAY, Percy: The Creek Crossing at Creswick, oil, 45 gns; Hawkesbury River Scene, oil, 25 gns

McCUBBIN, Fred: Fontainebleu, 100 gns; Summer Evening, Blyth, oil, 110 gns

McCUBBIN, Louis: Macedon Scene, oil, 70 gns

McINNES, W. B.: Gums, oil, 16 gns

ROWELL, Will: The Blacksmith's Shop, oil, 16 gns

ROWELL, John: Landscape, oil, 25 gns

SHORE, Arnold: At Macedon, oil, 23½ gns

STREETON, Sir Arthur: Hut on the Hill, oil, 50 gns; Looking Towards St. Mark's, oil, 105 gns; Toowong, oil, 325 gns; Fishing Boat, watercolour, 20 gns; The Burnt Log, watercolour, 65 gns

WATERHOUSE, Phyl: Strange City, oil, 110 gns

WITHERS, Walter: Going Home, oil, 35 gns; Tree Felling, oil, 75 gns

YOUNG, W. Blamire: Landscape, watercolour, 40 gns; Hill Town, watercolour, 20 gns; Interior with Figures, watercolour, 37½ gns

RECENT GALLERY PRICES

BUVELOT, Louis: Twin Gums, Melbourne, oil, 12×16, 15 gns (Dominion)

CANT, James: The Blackbirds, oil, 24×30, 85 gns (Stern)

COLES, Ray: Dido and the Greeting, oil, 36×48, 90 gns (Blaxland)

CONDER, Charles: Sandringham, oil, 5×10, 125 gns (Dominion)

CONNOR, Kevin: Haymarket-Autumn Morning, oil 48×36, 90 gns (Australian)

DAWS, Lawrence: Mandala VI, oil, 48×60, 225 gns (Johnstone)

DICKERSON, Robert: The Night Punter, 24×36, oil, 125 gns (Dominion)

DREW, William: Accordion Player, oil, 8×6, 25 gns (Leveson)

FAIRWEATHER, Ian: Composition in Orange and Yellow, oil 54×38 350 gns (Macquarie)

FLOWER, Cedric: Trio, oil, 12×18, 65 gns (Macquarie)

FRIEND, Donald: Yulgilbar Interior I, 30×20, 150 gns (Johnstone)

FOLDES, Peter; Space, 40½×30½, 245 gns (Stern)

GREEN, Tom: Exit, oil, 42×35, 85 gns (Macquarie)

HALL, Ben: The Gatherer, oil, 30×15, 40 gns (Stern)

HAVEKES, Gerard: Painting No. 9, 46×54, oil, £60 (Blaxland)

HAWKINS, Weaver: Garden of Eden, oil, 30×20, 55 gns (Stern)

HAXTON, Elaine: Bangkok, oil, 24×36, 175 gns (Dominion)

JONES, Paul: Wildflowers, oil, 6×10, 80 gns (Dominion)

JUNIPER, Robert: Ritual, oil, 90 gns (Skinner)

KMIT, Michael: Corpus Christi, oil, 23×19, 250 gns (Dominion)

KOLLWITZ, Kathe: War of Peasants, 45 gns (Stern)

KLIPPEL, Robert: Bronze Relief Sculpture, 51½ ins high, 300 gns (Clune)

LANCELEY, Colin: Glad Family Picnic, assemblage, 72×48, 100 gns (Hungry Horse)

LAWRENCE, George: La Rue Rustique, Montmartre, oil, 18×22, 80 gns (Artlovers)

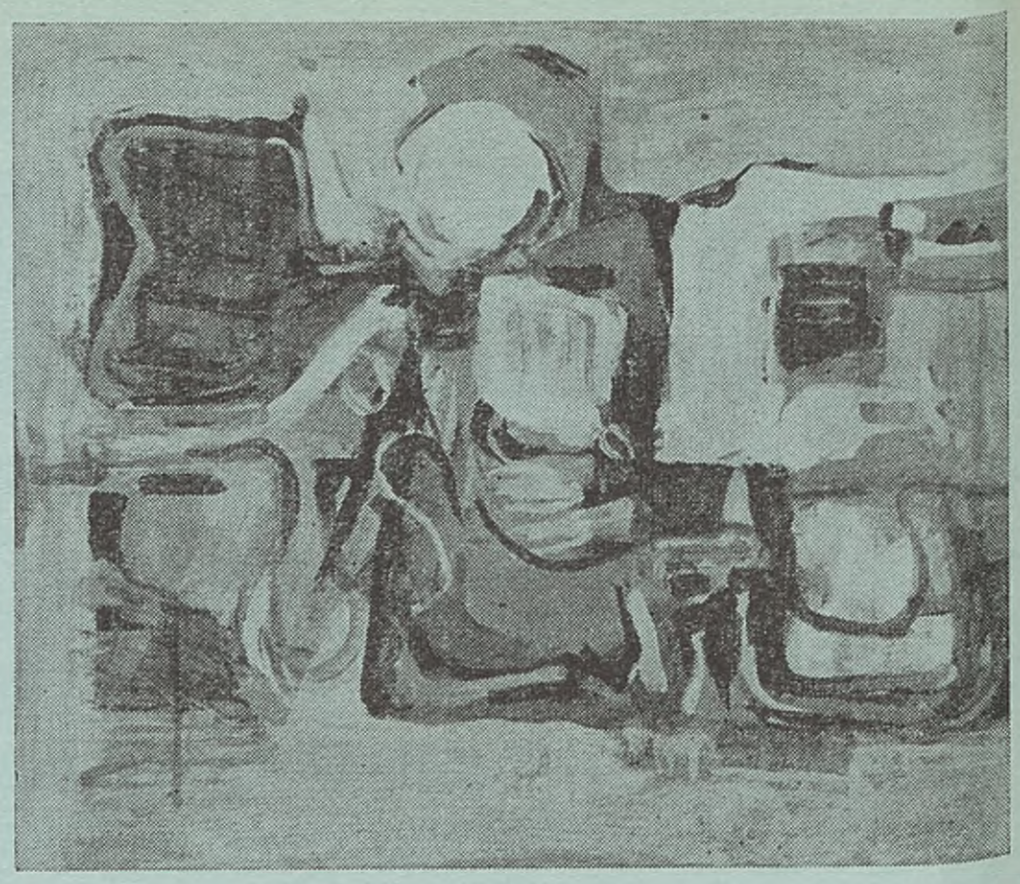
LAYCOCK, Donald: Sea of Scorpio, oil, 46×50, 150 gns (South Yarra)

LINDSAY, Norman: The Bride, watercolour, 18×24, 300 gns (Dominion)

LYMBURNER, Francis: Circus Horse, oil, 10×16, 125 gns (Dominion)

MARTENS, Conrad: Wentworth Falls, mixed media, 20×30, 625 gns (Dominion)

McDONALD, Sheila: Arunta Land, oil, 39×54, 125 gns (Von Bertouch)
MURCH, Arthur: Summer Afternoon, oil, 24×18, 75 gns (Moreton)
OLLEY, Margaret: Flowers and Persimmons, oil, 30×40, 95 gns (Macquarie)
OLSEN, John: Child's Seventh Birthday, oil, 48×36, 350 gns (Australian)
PASSMORE, John: Painting, oil, 12×16, 175 gns (Dominion)
PLATE, Carl: Painting No. 40, PVA, 28½×24, 95 gns (Hungry Horse)
PUGH, Clifton: Painting, oil, 36×48, 250 gns (Dominion)
RAFT, Emanuel: Meditation of the Poet, oil, 90 gns (Hungry Horse)
REES, Lloyd: The City, oil, 40×48, 450 gns (Johnstone)
ROBERTS, Tom: Storm, 10½×14½, oil, 175 gns (Dominion)
SEFFRIN, Nickolaus: Egrets, sculpture, 90 gns (Australian)
SUTTON, Philip: Katie Nude, oil, 49½×49½, 250 gns (David Jones Fine Arts)
WATERHOUSE, Phyl: Strange City, oil, 30×40, 110 gns (Leveson)



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RECENT ART BOOKS

ART OF ANCIENT KOREA
by W. Forman (Peter Nevill, Artia Prague) 1962
133 plates, 35 in colour 84/–

ART OF THE WEST IN THE MIDDLE AGES
by Henri Focillon (Phaidon) 1963
Volume I Romanesque Art, 159 plates 60/9
Volume II Gothic Art 165 plates 60/9

BYZANTINE AESTHETICS
by Gervase Mathew (John Murray) 1963
25 plates, 1 in colour 43/6

CHINESE STONE-PICTURES
by Abe Capek (Spring Books) 1962
72 plates 60/–

CONCISE HISTORY OF RUSSIAN ART
by Tamara Talbot-Rice (Thames and Hudson) 1963
251 plates, 62 in colour 52/–

CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE
by Carola Giedion-Welcker (Faber) 1963
Revised edition, 253 plates £7.18.6

DELACROIX: MASTERS AND MOVEMENTS
by Lee Johnson (Weidenfeld and Nicolson) 1963
71 plates, 24 in colour 31/–

EARLY CHRISTIAN TO MEDIAEVAL PAINTING
(Spring Books) 1962
24 colour plates 35/–

THE FACE IN WESTERN ART
by John Brophy (Harrap) 1963
104 plates 52/–

FLEMISH PAINTING
by Giorgio Nicodemi (Ricordi) 1962
12 colour plates £8.0.0

FLORENTINE PAINTING
(Spring Books) 1962
24 colour plates 35/–

GALLERY OF EUROPEAN PAINTING
by Enio Sindona (Ricordi) 1961
372 colour plates £12.12.0

THE LOUVRE: PAINTINGS
by Maximilien Gauthier (Oldbourne) 1963
155 plates, 30 in colour 60/9

PERSIAN MINIATURES IN THE BERNARD BERENSON COLLECTION
by R. Ettinghausen (Ricordi) 1962
12 colour plates £9.15.0

PICASSO
Introduced by Fernanda Wittgens (Oldbourne) 1963
24 colour plates 95/–

PURPOSE OF ART
by Albert E. Elsen (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) 1962
287 plates 79/3

RENOIR
by Ugo Nebbia (Ricordi) 1962
12 colour plates £8.0.0

SIENESE PAINTING
by Enzo Carli (Ricordi) 1962
12 colour plates £9.15.0

SWEDISH DOMESTIC DESIGN
edited by Erik Zahle (Methuen) 1963
418 plates, 187 in colour 127/–

TREASURES IN THE KREMLIN
(Peter Nevill, Artia Prague) 1962
120 colour plates 60/–

J.M.W. TURNER (1775–1851)
by Luke Herrmann (Methuen) 1963
22 plates, 4 in colour 25/–; paper-back edition 12/6

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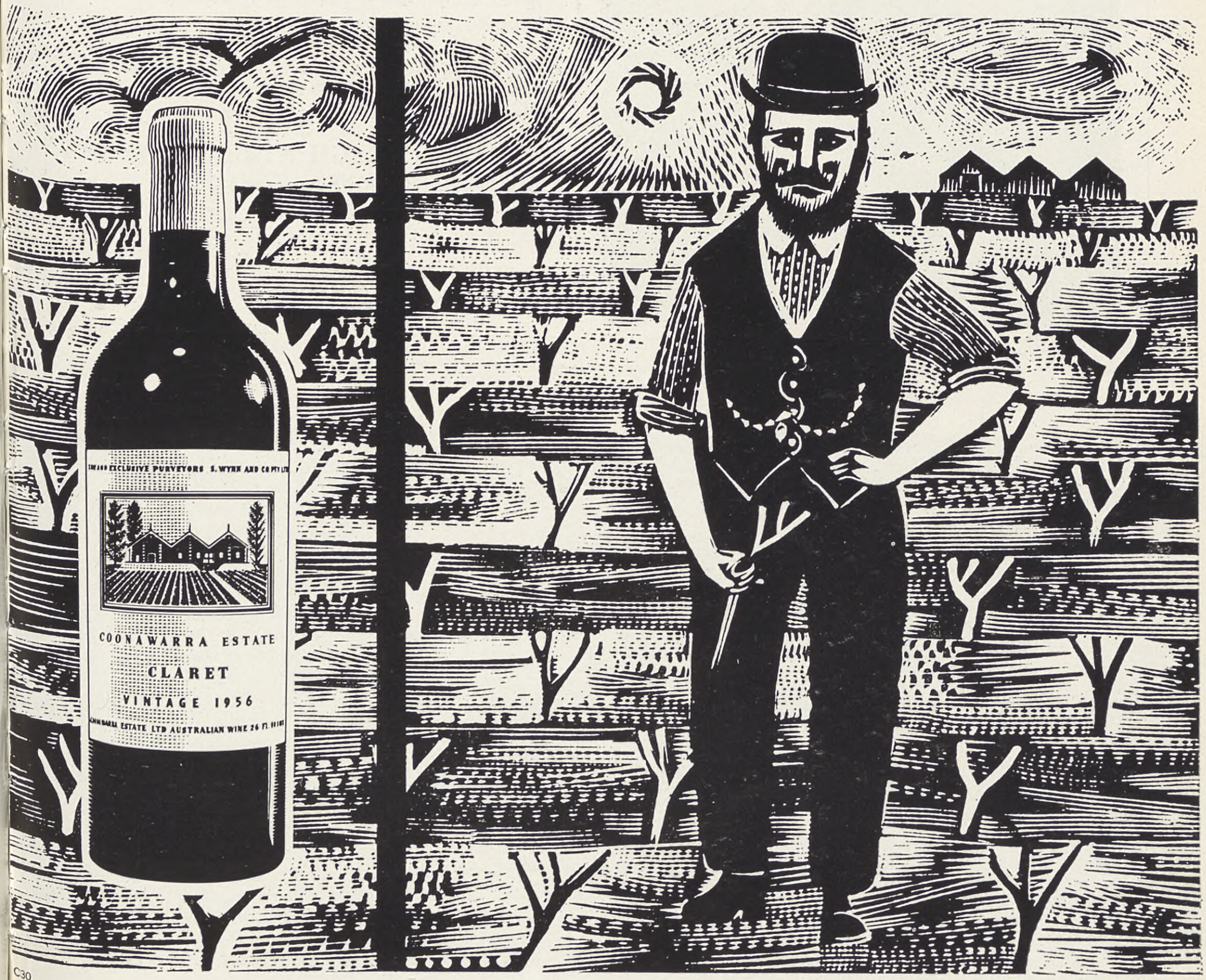

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(N.S.W. Branch)

Membership of the Society is open to all those interested in the creation and promotion of the contemporary arts. Members have the opportunity to exhibit in at least two exhibitions a year. Representative works are shown at the C.A.S. interstate exhibitions in the other states.

A Young Painters' Exhibition will again be held in 1964. Open to members and non-members.

Lectures on the Contemporary Arts (reduced admittance fee for members) are given on the third Tuesday each month, 8 p.m., Adyar Hall, Bligh Street, Sydney. Members receive a monthly Broadsheet with news of competitions, prizes, exhibitions, monthly lecture, and articles that are informative, controversial and sometimes, it is said, irreverent. By joining you will help to promote and maintain an adventurous spirit in the arts. Membership fee is two guineas a year (one guinea for students) payable to the Clerical Secretary, C/o Geo. Styles, 33 Rowe Street, Sydney.

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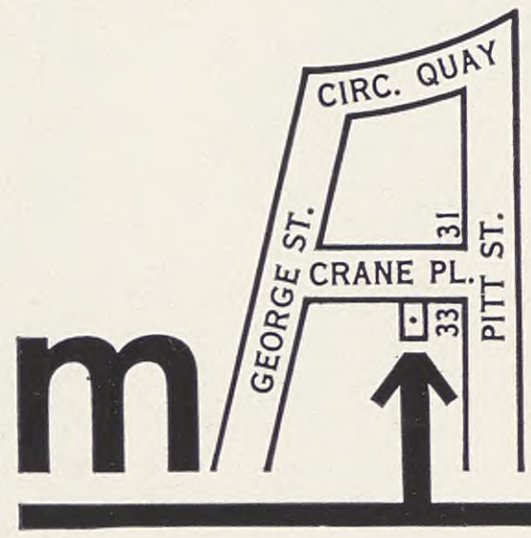

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