rt Quarterly
ublished by
re Smith Sydney
olume 13 Number 1
Vinter
uly – September 1975
rice 5 Dollars *

Fred Cress
Imants Tillers
Power Acquisitions
Modern Masters
Clarendon Restoration
Medici Exhibition

ART AND AUSTRALIA

LYONEL FEININGER ALLEY OF TREES. (1914)
Oil on canvas 81cm. x 101cm.
Private collection, New York
From the exhibition 'Modern Masters – Manet to Matisse'

Registered for posting as a periodical – Category B

MORNING LIGHT by Brian Dunlop Gouache on board 58cm. x 61cm.

HIS ONE MAN EXHIBITION 1 TO 13 OCTOBER 1975

THE MACQUARIE GALLERIES

also
THE
MACQUARIE
GALLERIES
CANBERRA

40 King Street, Sydney Telephone: 29 5787
Artists' representatives since 1925
Directors: Treania Smith, Mary Turner, Eileen Chanin
Open Monday – Friday, 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday, 10 a.m. – noon
Late opening night every Wednesday until 7 p.m.

Resident Manager: Jean Campbell
35 Murray Crescent, Manuka, A.C.T. 2603
Telephone: 95 9585

THIRTY VICTORIA STREET

Previously known as CLUNE GALLERIES *By appointment only*

CHESTER EARLES (active 1842 to 1890) *Feather Sorting*
Oil on canvas 60×49.5 cm (23½×19½ ins)
Signed and dated l.r. Earles '76 Melbourne

Potts Point 2011 Telephone 3573755

TIA GALLERIES

CASSAB

GRIEVE

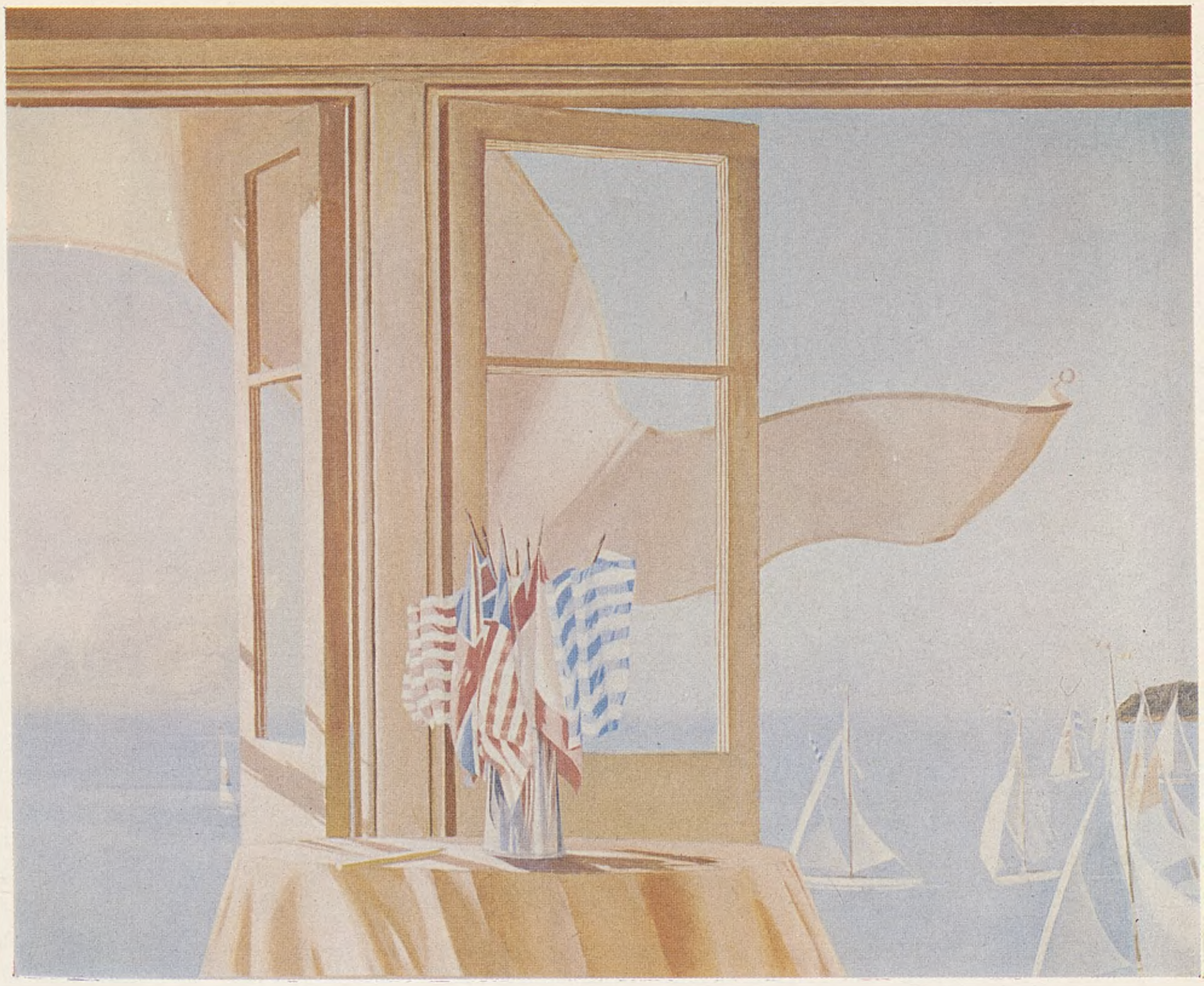
ZUSTERS

Qld:

ABRAHAM
AMOS
BACKHAUS-SMITH
DOLINSKA
HATCH
LANE
McAULAY

Fred & Anne Gardiner
Directors

OLD WESTERN HIGHWAY
TOOWOOMBA, QLD.
Telephone 30 4165



CHRISTOPHER WALLIS Wyargine Point II

HOLDSWORTH GALLERIES

86 HOLDSWORTH STREET, WOOLLAHRA, N.S.W. 2025 TELEPHONE 32 1364

10 A.M. – 5 P.M. MONDAY TO SATURDAY

MARCHESE GIROLAMO BALLATTI NERLI: HEAD OF A GIRL –
watercolour – signed – 19cm. x 14cm. – will be offered in the 22 October Painting Sale.

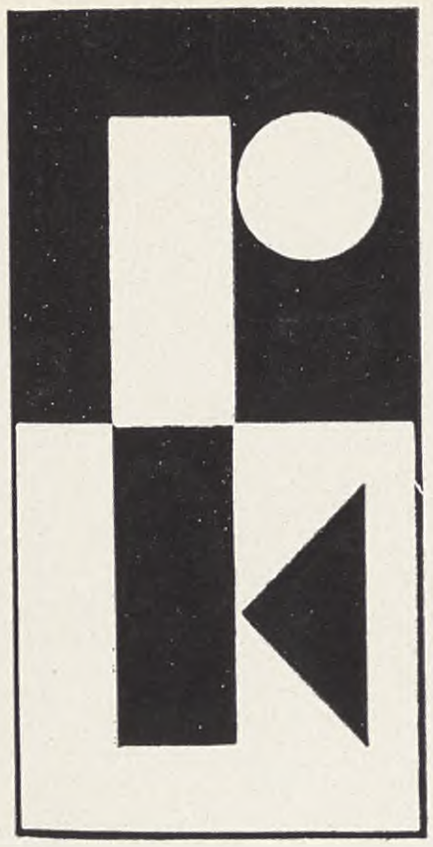
Christie's

AUSTRALIAN PAINTING SALE, 22 October, 1975, at the Wentworth Hotel, Sydney
Catalogue closes end July
THE CLIFFORD CRAIG COLLECTION OF BOOKS, PRINTS
AND PAINTINGS RELATING TO TASMANIA
13 to 15 October, 1975 at the Masonic Hall, Launceston
Australian Representative – John Henshaw

Christie, Manson & Woods (Australia) Limited

Head Office:
298 New South Head Road
Double Bay, Sydney
New South Wales 2028
Telephone: 326 1422
Telegrams & Cables: Christiart, Sydney

Melbourne Office:
Miss Stella Downer
233 Collins Street
Melbourne, Victoria 3000
Telephone: 63 2631
Telegrams & Cables: Christiart, Melbourne



Representing

ASPDEN
BALDESSIN
BRACK
BREN
CANNIZZO
CASSAB
DAWS
FRENCH
GREY-SMITH
HODGKINSON
JOMANTAS
LANCELEY
McKAY
MOLVIG
OLSEN
PACHUCKA
POWDITCH
PUGH
REDPATH
ROBERTSON-SWANN
SENBERGS
SHEPHERDSON
SMART
SMITH
WILLIAMS

Handstand in Centennial Park 1968, from the book *The Art of David Boyd* by Nancy Benko, obtainable from
L I D U M S A R T G A L L E R Y

Regular exhibitions of paintings, sculptures and ceramics by well-known artists and also by talented young artists showing works for the first time.

Available from the Gallery are graphic works by European and English artists, Vasarely, Kokoschka, Sutherland, Piper and others,

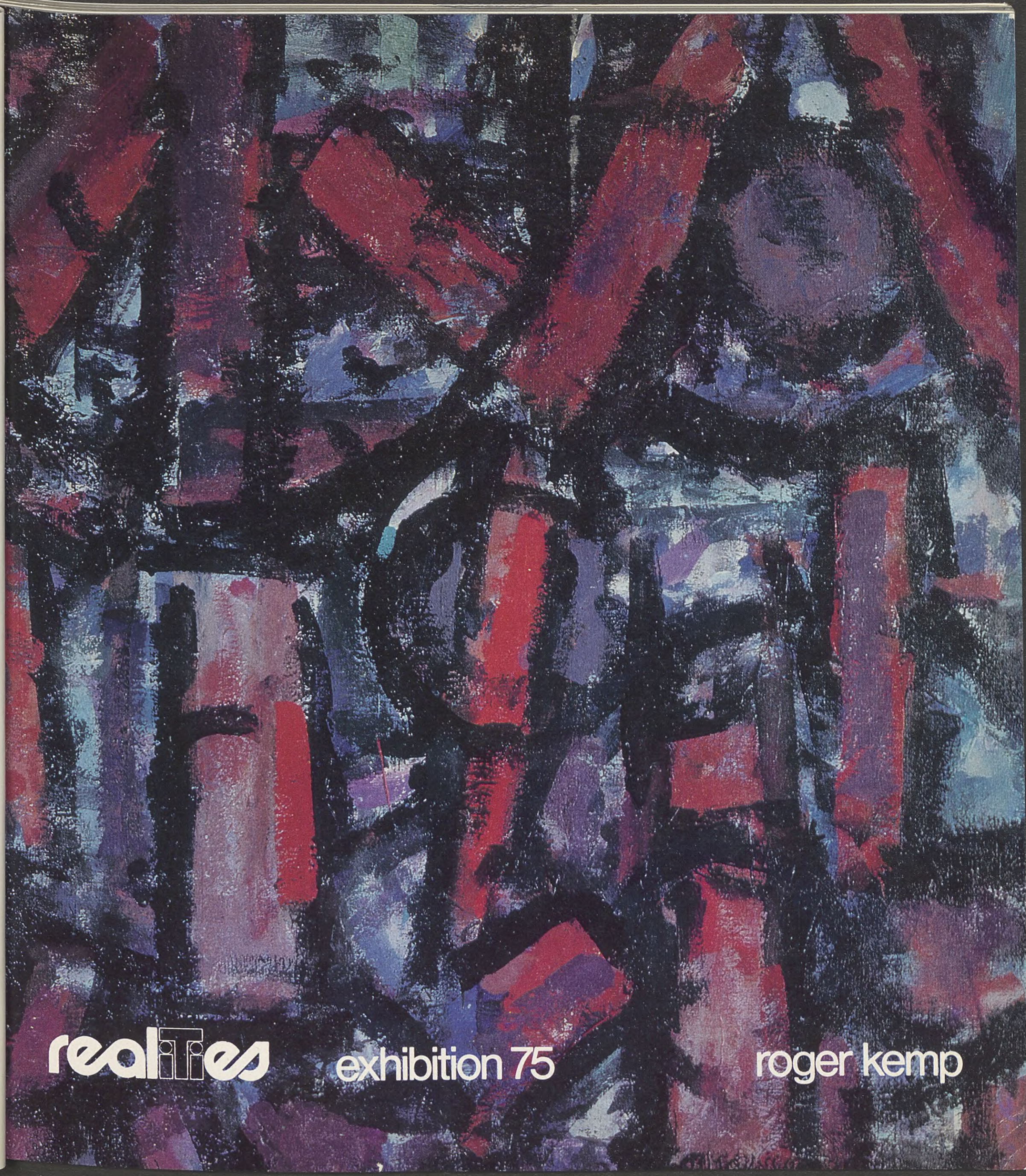
works by noted Australian artists David Boyd, Arthur Boyd, Sidney Nolan, John Olsen, Jon Molvig, Donald Friend and others,

and 'Ceramic Angel' by John Perceval.

LIDUMS ART GALLERY

The Common, Beaumont, Sth. Australia 5066

K A R L I S L I D U M S, Director


realities
exhibition 75
roger kemp

Welcome to the new

VON BERTOUCH GALLERIES

AT 61 LAMAN STREET NEWCASTLE

Hours 12 to 6 pm Friday Saturday Sunday Monday Tuesday or by arrangement
The telephone number remains the same NEWCASTLE 23584

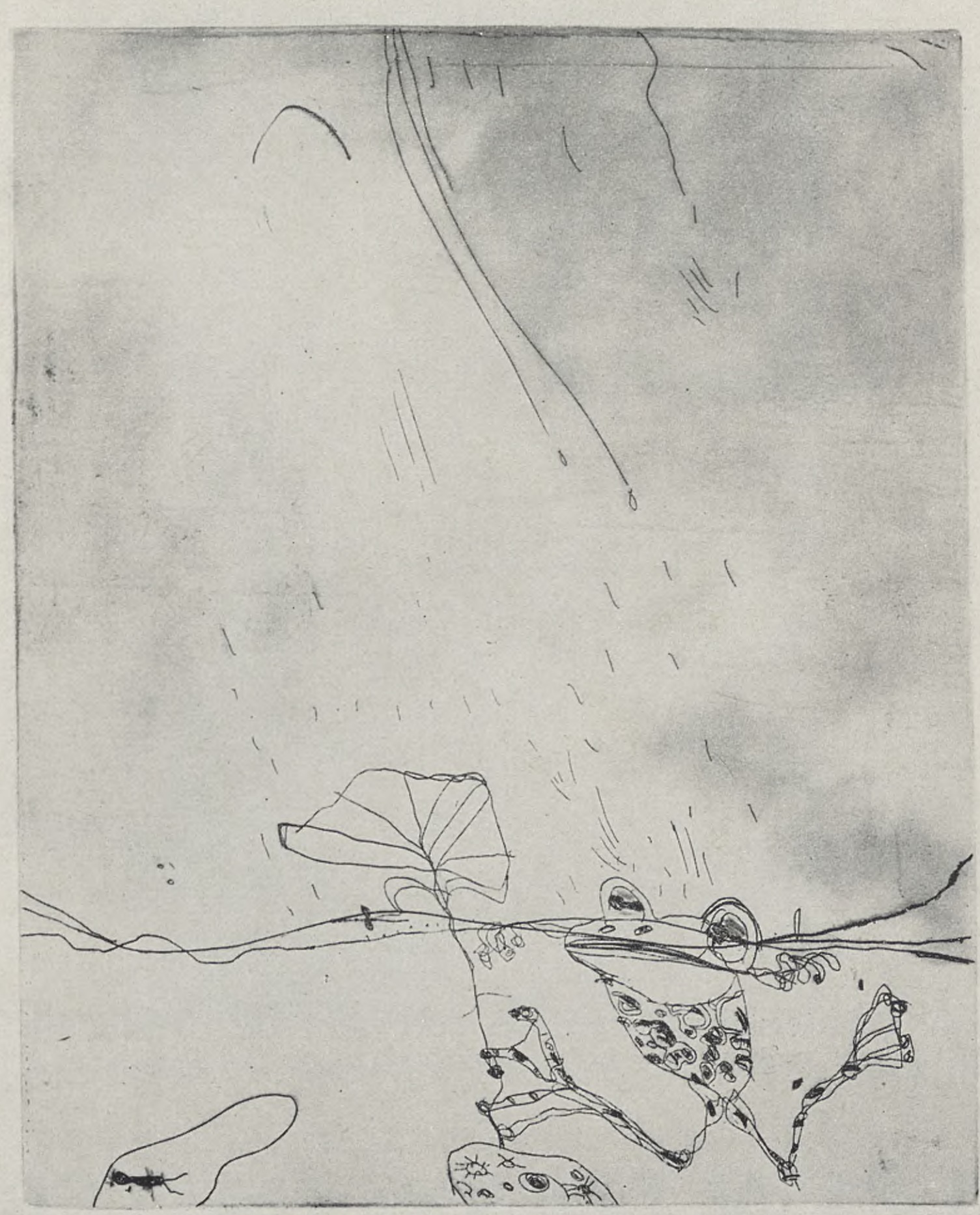
JIM DINE: Wallchart Painting over Litho Line drawing. 1974. 48 x 35 in.

JIM DINE

BARRINGTON GALLERY
AUGUST 1975

The Barrington Gallery has in stock international graphics by the following artists: Ernst, Dine, Dubuffet, Duchamp, Hamilton, Hockney, Krushenick, Moore, Nevelson, Oldenburg, Paolozzi, Rosenquist, Samaras, Stella, Youngerman and others, and is sole Australasian distributor for the Petersburg Press Group, London.

10-12 Customs Street East, Auckland, New Zealand, Phone 74-910



A/P Frog II John Olsen

JOHN OLSEN
Frog II Etching Crossley Print Workshop Melbourne 1975
on Arche paper 79 x 68 cm — edition 50

AUSTRALIAN GALLERIES
35 Derby Street Collingwood Victoria 3066
Telephone 41 4303, 41 4382

nolan

dickerson

boyd

perceval

friend

tucker

crooke

blackman

AND MANY OTHERS. THERE IS ALWAYS A CHANGING DISPLAY OF EXCELLENT WORKS BY PROMINENT AUSTRALIAN ARTISTS AT

ANDREW IVANYI GALLERIES

65 TOORAK ROAD, SOUTH YARRA, VICTORIA 3141. TELEPHONE 26 6349
GALLERY HOURS:
MONDAY TO SATURDAY 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
SUNDAY 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

TERRY O'DONNELL

Giraffe 1975 Acrylic on canvas 183cm. x 122cm.

EXHIBITING 22 AUGUST – 13 SEPTEMBER 1975

BONYTHON ART GALLERY

52 Victoria Street, Paddington, New South Wales 2021 Telephone 31 5087

Gallery 106

(Exhibition Gallery upstairs)

Representing Lance Solomon, Arthur Murch, Garrett Kingsley
and Pro Hart exclusively in Victoria

The Gallery shows permanent mixed exhibitions of leading past and present Australian artists:

ROLAND WAKELIN
W. BLAMIRE YOUNG
REGINALD STURGESS
TOM GARRETT
JAMES MACNALLY
HAROLD HERBERT
NORMAN LINDSAY
SEPTIMUS POWER
JOSEPHINE JUNTZ-ADAMS
HENDRIK SCHELTEMA
ALAN GRIEVE
RAY CROOKE
LOUIS KAHAN
JAMES R. JACKSON
JOHN BORRACK
HENRY HANKE
DONALD FRIEND
ROBERT DICKERSON

and many others

106 Chapel Street
(between High Street and Dandenong Road)
Windsor, Victoria 3181

Telephone: 51 1180
Private: 509 7548

Director: Tom Silver

Oil 60cm. x 48cm. ´The Offering´

FROM THE OCTOBER 1975 EXHIBITION BY

JUNE STEPHENSON

THE TOWN GALLERY

SECOND OFFICE LEVEL, 77 QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE 4000

VERLIE JUST: owner-director, representing distinguished Australian artists. telephone: 229 1981

DAVID W. HUGHES

Fine Australian and European paintings and sculptures

PAUL RAPHAEL MONTFORD (1868-1938)
A fine Art Noveau bronze 86cm. high, signed and dated 1896.

(Paul Montford studied at the Royal Academy School, London. He arrived in Australia in 1923 where he carved the buttresses in granite for the Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance, besides completing other notable works in bronze during his stay, including the Adam Lindsay Gordon statue, Melbourne.)

45 Moore Park Road, London S.W.6

Tel. 01-736-0412

Southern Cross Galleries

Sidney Nolan The Glen Rowan Siege 91cm. x 71cm.

Julian Sterling
63 4408

30 Lower Plaza
Southern Cross Hotel
Melbourne, Vic.

OIL ON CANVAS
122 CM SQUARE

'St Kilda Piggy-Back' by Graeme Roche

SPECTRUM N.S.W. 75

JUNE/JULY 1975 EXHIBITION

featuring recent works by

Syd Ball
Charles Blackman
Sam Byrne
John Coburn
Ray Crooke
Douglas Dundas
Brian Dunlop
John Firth-Smith
Kevin (Pro) Hart
Sali Herman
Frank Hinder
Col Jordan
Michael Kmit
Eva Kubbos
George Lawrence
Margaret McLellan
Frank McNamara
Rodney Milgate
Clem Millward
Arthur Murch
Margaret Olley
John Olsen
Lloyd Rees
David Rose
Henry Salkauskas
David Schlunke
Dorothy Thornhill
Guy Warren

Greenhill Galleries

140 Barton Terrace North Adelaide South Australia 5006 Telephone 267 2887

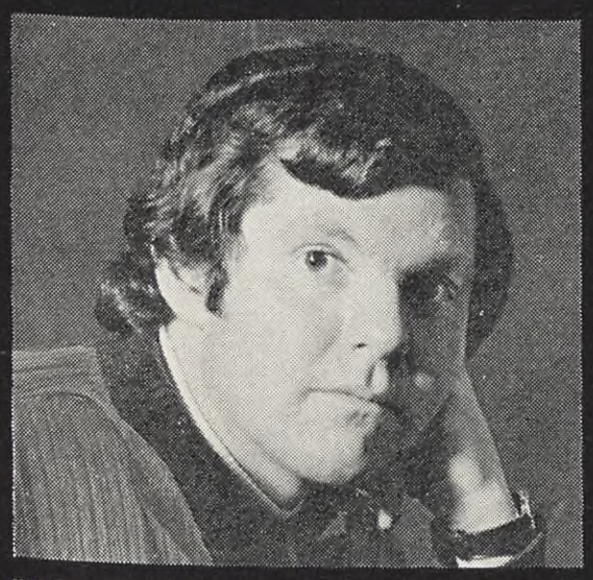
Gallery Hours Monday to Friday 11 am to 6 pm Saturday and Sunday 2 to 5 pm or by appointment

the art scene brisbane

blackman
boyd, daws
delprat
dickerson
hattam

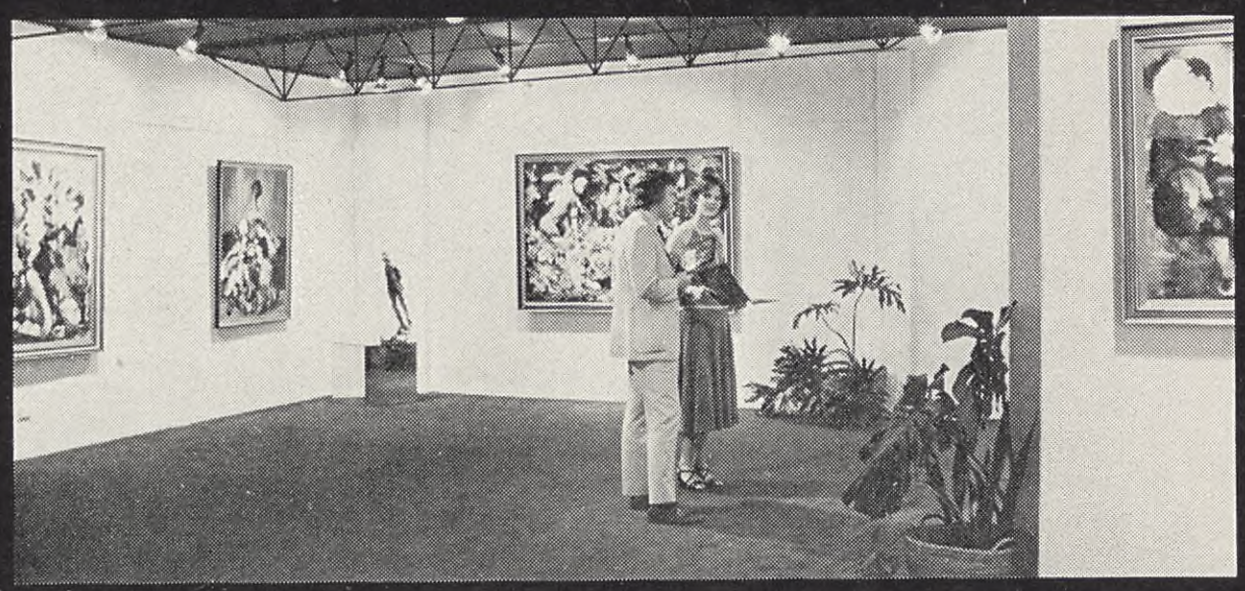
hart
howley
kemp, kmit
laycock
olley
piggott

roggenkamp
sawrey
sibley



represented by

philip bacon galleries



fully carpeted & air-conditioned

brisbane's prestige gallery. excellent lighting, superb hanging space.

No. 2 ARTHUR ST., NEW FARM,
BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA
Phone (072) 58 3993

HOURS 10.30 A.M.-6 P.M. TUES. TO SUNDAY

Jade Ceremonial Headdress*
Early Chou Dynasty, 10th century B.C.
Height 15.3 cm., width 9.5 cm.
Exhibited at the Mostra d'Arte Cinese, Venice, 1954, Catalogue No. 185

cf. Nott, *Chinese Jade throughout the Ages*, plate XV

*Two other theories have also been considered, that such oval tubes may have served to measure sacrificial grain, or were used as ceremonial cuffs.

"JABAZ"

214 cm x 164 cm

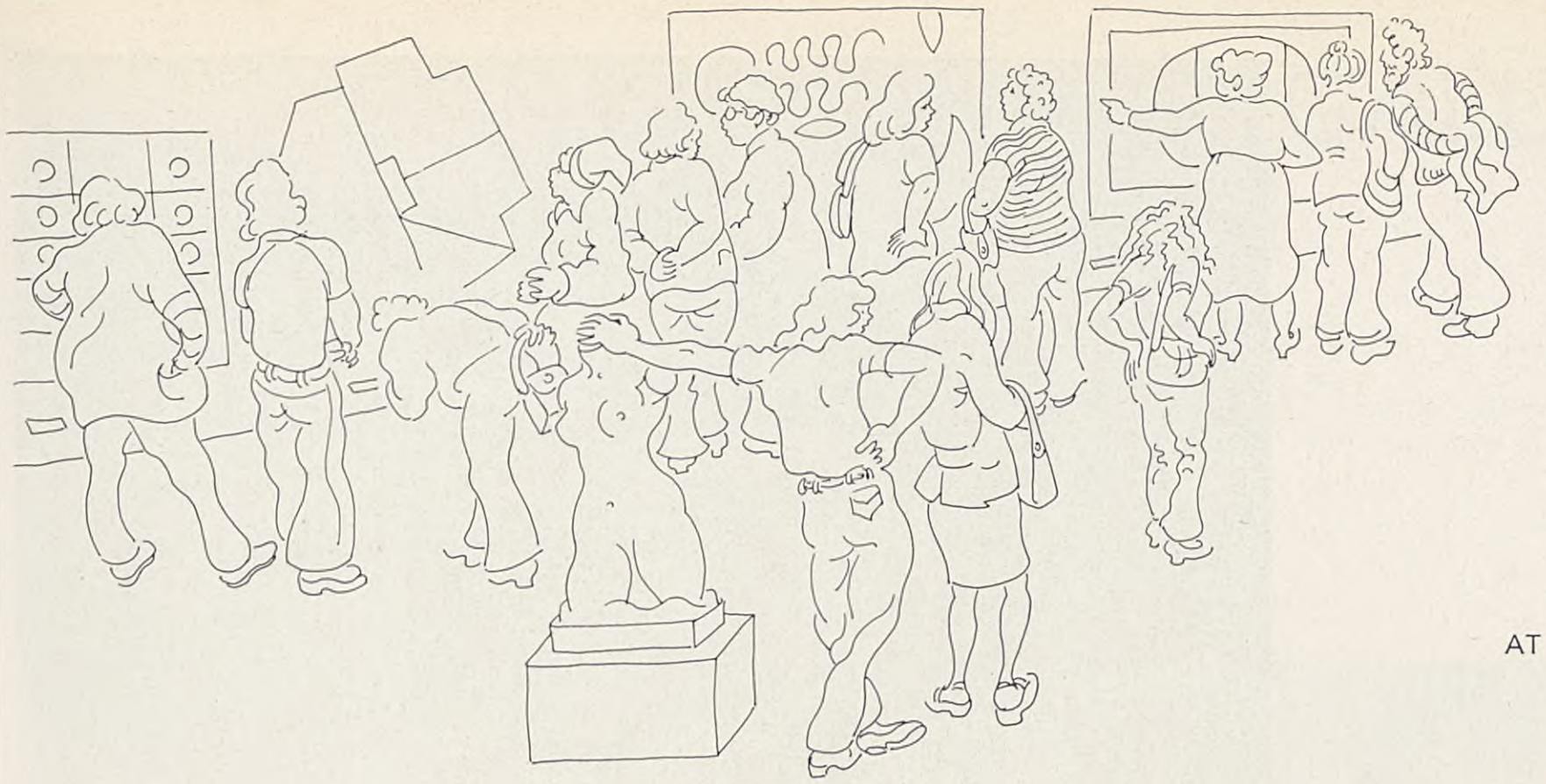
ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

IN THE COLLECTION OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY TASMANIA.

VICTOR MAJZNER

POWELL STREET GALLERY

20 POWELL STREET SOUTH YARRA 3141
MELBOURNE TELEPHONE 265519
GALLERY DIRECTOR: JENNIFER HEATHCOTE



AT THE ART GALLERY

ABORIGINES,
CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

6 EXHIBITIONS OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS BY ANNE GRAHAM FROM 'AUSTRALIAN OUTLINES' PUBLISHED BY LANDSDOWNE PRESS. FROM FEBRUARY (PERTH ARTS FESTIVAL) TO MARCH (ADELAIDE FESTIVAL) 1976

PERTH: Collectors Gallery, 298 Hay Street, Subiaco Tel. 81 4358
SYDNEY: Hogarth Gallery, Cnr McLaughlin Place and Walker Lane, Paddington Tel. 31 6839
MELBOURNE: Murphy Street Print Room, 19 Murphy Street, South Yarra Tel. 26 1564
CANBERRA: Anna Simons Gallery, 23 Furneaux Street, Forrest Tel. 95 7381
ADELAIDE: Sydenham Gallery, 16 Sydenham Road, Norwood Tel. 42 5466
BRISBANE: The Town Gallery, 2nd Level, Queens Arcade Building, 77 Queen Street Tel. 29 1981

Western Landscape
acrylic
29½" x 24½"

Diana Johnston

represented by

BONYTHON ART GALLERY

representing

ROSS MELLICK

Abstract 6 1975 Mixed media 59cm. x 91cm.

52 Victoria Street, Paddington, New South Wales 2021 Telephone 31 5087

DAVID BOYD

Exhibition September 1975

SOUTH YARRA GALLERY

10 WILLIAM STREET, SOUTH YARRA. Telephone: 24 4040. Hours: Monday to Friday 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

ART and AUSTRALIA

VOLUME 13

Art Quarterly
Published by Ure Smith, Sydney
A Division of IPC Books Pty Limited
Volume 13 Number 1

The publishers of *ART and Australia* are grateful to the Visual Arts Board of the Australian Council for the Arts for an annual grant to help defray costs.

Address all correspondence to the Editor of *ART and Australia*, 176 South Creek Road, Dee Why West 2099, Australia. Telephone 982 2344. Yearly subscriptions: $A16 (plus postage and packing, $3 within Australia, $5 overseas). Single copies $A5* (postage and packing $1). Advertising rates on application. Melbourne advertising enquiries to John Hoy, 125 Canterbury Road, Toorak 3142. Telephone: 63 2737.

*Publisher's recommended price.

Printed in Australia by Bloxham & Chambers Pty Ltd, 1 Leeds Street, Rhodes, N.S.W. 2138.

Contributors to this issue:

Pamela Bell is an art collector and former Trustee on the John Darnell Fine Arts Committee of the University of Queensland and is a member of the Interim Council of the Australian National Gallery.

Patrick McCaughey is Professor of Visual Arts at Monash University, Victoria, and is a member of the Interim Council of the Australian National Gallery.

Donald Brook is an artist, critic and art theorist. He is Professor of Fine Arts at the Flinders University of South Australia and is active in the initiation of the Experimental Art Foundation in Adelaide.

Elwyn Lynn, an artist and critic, is Curator of the Power Gallery of Contemporary Art, University of Sydney; he is Associate Editor of *Quadrant* and Australian Advisory Editor for *Art International*.

Bernard Smith is Professor of Contemporary Art and Director of the Power Institute of Fine Arts, University of Sydney. He is the author of *European Vision and the South Pacific* and other works and is at present preparing a book, *Art and the Industrial Society*.

Clive Lucas, B.Arch., A.R.A.I.A., is a Sydney architect who, at the moment, is in charge of the restoration of Elizabeth Bay House. Other restorations he has been responsible for include Glenalvon, Horsley and Collingwood in New South Wales, and Clarendon and Rosedale in Tasmania.

Ronald Millen, Australian critic and art historian living in Italy, has recently published a study in *Paragone* on the Luca Giordano frescoes in the Palazzo Medici-Riccardi and read a paper on the oil sketches for those frescoes at the international colloquium on the *Twilight of the Medici* sponsored by the German Art History Institute, Florence, to be published this year in Munich.

Contents:

Art Directory

Amendments to previously published information are denoted by italics.

EXHIBITIONS

Unless otherwise indicated exhibitions are of paintings, prints, or drawings.

Queensland

BAKEHOUSE GALLERY, 133 Victoria Street, Mackay 4740 Tel. 57 7961
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – noon

BARRY'S ART GALLERY, 205 Adelaide Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 21 2712
Continuous mixed exhibitions by artists John Coleman, Graeme Roche, Louis Kahan, Bruce Malloch, John Pointon, Pro Hart, Gordon Shepardson and Lawrence Daws
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 2.30 p.m.

BARRY'S ART GALLERY, 34 Orchid Avenue, Surfers Paradise 4217 Tel. 31 5252
Continuous changing displays by prominent Australian artists including Ivor Hele, John Perceval, Charles Blackman, John Coburn, Roland Wakelin and Arthur Boyd
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 1 p.m. – 6 p.m.

CREATIVE 92, 92 Margaret Street, Toowoomba 4350 Tel. 32 8779

DE'LISLE GALLERY, The Village Green, Montville 4555
Continuing mixed exhibition of current and estate and investment paintings
Hours: Tuesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.

DESIGN ARTS CENTRE, 37 Leichhardt Street, Spring Hill 4000 Tel. 21 2360
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

ELIZABETHAN GALLERIES, Wintzers Building, 47-53 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane 4000
Tel. 21 3090
Continually changing exhibitions by distinguished Australian artists
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. – 10 p.m.
Sunday: by appointment

JOHN COOPER EIGHT BELLS GALLERY, 3026 Gold Coast Highway, Surfers Paradise 4217 Tel. 31 5548
Changing continuous mixed exhibition of paintings from stock-room – works by Friend, Crooke, Sawrey, Waters, Arrowsmith, De Silva, Dickerson, Boyd and Diana Johnston
Hours: Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Tuesday: by appointment

McINNES GALLERIES, Rowes Arcade, Adelaide Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 31 2262
18 July: Ed. Devenport
8 August: James Holmyard
29 August: Charles Ludlow
19 September: Lance Bressow
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – noon

PHILIP BACON GALLERIES, 2 Arthur Street, New Farm 4005 Tel. 58 3993
20 August – 8 September: Andrew Sibley
10 September – 1 October: Margaret Olley
3 – 20 October: Heinz Steinmann
22 October – 5 November: Robert Dickerson
12 November – 3 December: Guy Boyd – bronzes
Hours: Tuesday to Sunday: 10.30 a.m. – 6.pm.

QUEENSLAND ART GALLERY, M.I.M. Building, 160 Ann Street, Brisbane 4000 (Temporary Premises) Tel. 29 2138
Display 5th floor
Administration 6th floor
23 August – 21 September: English painters and British Print Exhibition
23 September – 12 October: Homage to Lloyd Rees
18 September – 12 October: Tamarind: Homage to Lithography
14 – 30 November: Contemporary prints
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

RAY HUGHES GALLERY, 11 Enoggera Terrace, Red Hill 4059 Tel. 36 3757
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

TIA GALLERIES, Western Highway, Toowoomba 4350 Tel. 30 4165
13 – 30 September: Peter Abraham
15 – 30 November: Brian Hatch
Hours: 9 a.m. – 6 p.m. daily

TOWN GALLERY, 2nd floor, 77 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 229 1981
September – November: Millan Todd – wood wall-sculpture; Gary Baker; June Stephenson; George Callaghan – batik
Hours: Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday: 11 a.m. – 3 p.m.

New South Wales

ARTARMON GALLERIES, 479 Pacific Highway, Artarmon 2064 Tel. 42 0321
2 – 22 September: G. W. Lambert
7 – 28 October: Lloyd Rees
4 – 25 November: Students' Exhibition
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: by appointment

ART GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES, Art Gallery Road, Sydney 2000 Tel. 221 2100
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Thursday until 9 p.m.
Sunday: noon – 5 p.m.

BETH MAYNE'S STUDIO SHOP, Cnr Palmer and Burton Streets, Darlinghurst 2010
Tel. 31 6264
Continually changing mixed exhibition of small good works at reasonable prices
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

BLOOMFIELD GALLERIES, The Pace Centre, 100 Alexander Street, Crows Nest 2065 (entrance Holterman Street) Tel. 439 2426
September: J. S. Watkins
October: Hal Missingham; Lionel Lindsay
November: Pixie O'Harris
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: 2 p.m. – 6 p.m.

BONYTHON GALLERY, 52 Victoria Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 5087
22 August – 13 September: Col Jordon; Terry O'Donnell; Marilyn McGrath – sculpture
18 September – 11 October: Weyman Lew; Robert Boynes; Diana Boynes – jewellery; John Webber – sculpture; Barbara Hanrahan
16 – 21 October: Christies Auction Display
24 October – 15 November: Brett Whiteley; Phillipa Raft – wall-hangings
20 November – 20 December: Jutta Feddersen – weavings; Milton Moon – ceramics; mixed exhibitions of paintings and sculpture
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

DAVID JONES' ART GALLERY, Elizabeth Street Store, Sydney 2000 Tel. 2 0664 Ext. 2109
1 – 20 September: Bobbi Hicks – ceramics
29 September – 25 October: Auguste Rodin – sculpture
3 – 22 November: Philip Sutton; Rachel Roxburgh – ceramics
Hours: Monday to Friday; 9.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Thursday until 8.30 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – 11.30 a.m.

GALLERY A, 21 Gipps Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 9720
Contemporary Australian and American paintings and sculpture
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

GALLERY LEWERS, 86 River Road, Emu Plains 2750 Tel. 047 21 2225
Selected collection includes works by Dadswell, Balson, Hinder, Lewers, Larsen, Epstein, Orban, Plate, Milgate
Hours: by appointment

HAYLOFT GALLERY, 9 Morrissett Street, Bathurst 2795 Tel. 31 3844
Hours: Tuesday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

HOGARTH GALLERIES, Walker Lane (opposite 6a Liverpool Street), Paddington 2021
Tel. 31 6839
September: Robert Cooney; Juliet Schlunke
October: Bela Ivanyi; Ian Grant; John Sandler
November: George Schwarz – photography; Barry Flanagan – sculpture
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Thursday until 8 p.m.

HOGARTH GRAPHICS, Walker Lane (opposite 6a Liverpool Street), Paddington 2021
Tel. 31 6839
September: Zebra Group; Ken Price
October: Andy Warhol; Peter Blake; Terrence Millington
November: Ed Ruscha; Sidney Nolan
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Thursday until 8 p.m.

HOLDSWORTH GALLERIES, 86 Holdsworth Street, Woollahra 2025 Tel. 32 1364, 328 7989
2 – 20 September: Paul Haefliger; Mayann Mackay
23 September – 11 October: Ruth Sittner; Laurence Hope – Retrospective Exhibition
14 October – 1 November: Christopher Boock; Ada Clark; Hozumi Momota; Roy Lewis – jewellery.
4 – 22 November: William Spencer; Christina Coombes; Jan Smith – pottery
25 November – 13 December: Viroj C. Chirawat; Margaret Woodhouse; Hatton and Lucy Beck – ceramic murals
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

MACQUARIE GALLERIES, 40 King Street, Sydney 2000 Tel. 29 5787
September: Ian Fairweather Memorial Exhibition; Margo Lewers – wall-hangings and paintings

ANTHONY KELLY CELEBRATION FOR SARAH III 1975
Screenprint 59cm. x 59cm.
Hogarth, Sydney

October: Brian Dunlop; Sydney Printmakers
November: Keith Looby
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Wednesday until 7 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – noon

NEWCASTLE CITY ART GALLERY, Cultural Centre, Laman Street, Newcastle 2300
Tel. 2 3263
1 – 26 October: Sydney Ball Survey
5 – 30 November: Adventure in Swedish Glass
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Thursday until 9 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

PRINT ROOM, 299 Liverpool Street, East Sydney 2010 Tel. 31 8538
Master prints and drawings, specializing in etchings from the golden age of Australian art
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 6 p.m.

PROUDS GALLERY, Cnr King and Pitt Streets, Sydney 2000 Tel. 25 4021
4 – 18 September: Colin Parker
18 September – 2 October: William Hughes
9 – 23 October: Bob Cox
23 October – 6 November: Rick Elliot
13 – 27 November: Garth Legge
Hours: Monday to Friday: 8.30 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Thursday until 9 p.m.
Saturday: 8.30 a.m. – noon

RUDY KOMON ART GALLERY, 124 Jersey Road, Woollahra 2025 Tel. 32 2533
23 August – 17 September: Frank Hodgkinson
20 September – 15 October: Jock Clutterbuck – prints and sculpture
18 October – 12 November: Eric Smith
15 November – 10 December: John Brack
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

SCULPTURE CENTRE, 3 Cambridge Street, The Rocks 2000 Tel. 241 2900
2 – 28 September: Ken Unsworth – sculpture
30 September – 25 October: Members' selected S.S.A.A. Annual – sculpture
26 October – 2 November: Orban Studio
4 – 27 November: Ron Robertson-Swann – sculpture
28 November – 24 December: Christmas Group show
Hours: Tuesday to Sunday : 11 a.m. – 4 p.m.

STRAWBERRY HILL GALLERY, 533-5 Elizabeth Street South, Sydney 2012
Tel. 699 1005
Hours: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m. daily

THIRTY VICTORIA STREET (previously known as Clune Galleries), 30 Victoria Street, Potts Point 2011 Tel. 357 3755
Hours: by appointment

VON BERTOUCH GALLERIES, 61 Laman Street, Newcastle 2300 Tel. 2 3584
Hours: Friday to Tuesday: noon – 6 p.m.

WATTERS GALLERY, 109 Riley Street, East Sydney 2010 Tel. 31 2556
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

WORKSHOP ARTS CENTRE, 33 Laurel Street, Willoughby 2068 Tel. 95 6540
15 – 26 September: Young People's Annual Exhibition
29 September – 18 October: Students' Sculpture
27 October – 8 November: Students' Pottery, Mosaic, Enamelling and Copperwork
17 – 26 November: Children's Exhibition
28 – 29 November: Special Two-day Exhibitions
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.

Canberra, A.C.T.

ABRAXAS, 2 La Perouse Street, Manuka 2603
Tel. 95 9081, 86 3167
Hours: Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

ANNA SIMONS GALLERY, 23 Furneaux Street, Forrest 2603 Tel. 95 7381
Hours: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m. daily
Except on Sundays between exhibitions: by appointment only

ARTS COUNCIL OF AUSTRALIA, Griffin Centre, Bunda Street, Canberra City 2601
Tel. 48 9813 (at Albert Hall, Canberra)
1 – 9 October: Charles Blackman
19 November – 3 December: Tamarind: Homage to Lithography
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

FANTASIA GALLERIES, 7 Broadbent Street, Scullin 2614 Tel. 54 2038
1 – 7 September: Weaving, macrame, creative embroidery
14 – 28 September: Jennifer Dudley
12 – 26 October: Warren Palmer – pottery; Col Portley – pottery and leatherwork
2 – 30 November: Mixed Exhibition
Hours: Tuesday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday to Sunday: 2 p.m. – 6 p.m.

GALLERY HUNTLY CANBERRA, 11 Savige Street, Campbell 2601 Tel. 47 7019
Hours: Wednesday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 1.30 p.m. or by appointment

HESLEY GALLERIES, c/o The Canberra Theatre Centre Gallery, Civic Centre, Canberra 2600 Tel. 51 2317
7 – 10 August: Michael Taylor
2 – 5 October: Mike Nicholas
27 – 30 November: W. R. (Mike) Lyons
Hours: Thursday: 5 p.m. – 9 p.m.
Friday and Saturday: 10 a.m. – 8 p.m.
Sunday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.

MACQUARIE GALLERIES CANBERRA, 35 Murray Crescent, Manuka 2603

Tel. 95 9585
Hours: Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

NAREK GALLERIES CANBERRA, 23 Grey Street, Deakin 2600 Tel. 73 3374
29 August – 12 September: Graham Kuo
19 September – 3 October: Colin J. Browne – ceramics
17 – 31 October: John Corbett – woven forms
4 – 18 November: Victor Greenaway – ceramics
26 November – 10 December: Sturt Graphics
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.

SOLANDER GALLERY, 2 Solander Court, Yarralumla 2600 Tel. 81 2021
Hours: Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

Victoria

ANDREW IVANYI GALLERIES, 65 Toorak Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 26 6349
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

AUSTRALIAN GALLERIES, 35 Derby Street, Collingwood 3066 Tel. 41 4303, 41 4382
16 – 30 September: Selected artists 'The Bush'
7 – 21 October: Frank Morris
28 October – 11 November: Joel Elenberg
18 November – 2 December: John Borrack
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

AVANT GALLERIES, 579 Punt Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 26 2009
16 September – 4 October: Anne Hall Retrospective
Hours: Saturday to Thursday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

BALLARAT FINE ART GALLERY, 40 Lydiard Street North, Ballarat 3350 Tel. 31 3592
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Saturday: 11 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 4 p.m.

BLUE BOY ART GALLERY, 276 Toorak Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 24 3515
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5.30 p.m.

CROSSLEY GALLERY, 2-3 Crossley Street, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 662 1271
September: George Baldessin
October: Jock Clutterbuck
November: Tadanori Yokoo
Hours: Monday to Friday: noon – 5 p.m.

DUVANCE GALLERIES, 60 Russell Street, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 654 2929
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 2 p.m.

GALLERY 106, 106 Chapel Street, Windsor 3181 Tel. 51 1180
Presenting permanent exhibitions of the largest collection of prominent, traditional, Australian artists and representing exclusively Pro Hart in Victoria
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – 1.30 p.m.
Sunday: 2.30 p.m. – 5.30 p.m.

GEORGES GALLERY, 162 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 63 0411
9 – 17 September: Christofle silver – 2,000 years of silver design
30 September – 11 October: 'Horses & Riders' – The Horse in Art
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 5.45 p.m.
Friday: until 9 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – noon

GREYTHORN GALLERIES, 2b Tannock Street, North Balwyn 3104 Tel. 857 9920
Hours: Tuesday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 1 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 6 p.m.

HALMAAG GALLERIES, 191 Exhibition Street, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 663 3133
Continuing mixed exhibition by Angus, Boyd, Beavan, Coleman, Dickerson, Hays, Hart, Kilvington, Pointon, Roche, Waterhouse and other leading Australian artists
Hours: Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Friday until 8 p.m.
Saturday: 11 a.m. – 2 p.m.
Sunday: 2.30 p.m. – 5 p.m.

JANE CARNEGIE ORIENTAL ART, 1375 Malvern Road, Malvern 3144 Tel. 20 7653
Hours: by appointment

JOSHUA McCLELLAND PRINT ROOM, 81 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000
Tel. 63 5835
Permanent Exhibition of early Australian prints and paintings; John Gould Birds and Mammals; lithographs; Chinese porcelain
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

LEVESON STREET GALLERY, cnr Victoria and Leveson Streets, North Melbourne 3051
Tel. 328 4558
One-man exhibitions every fortnight and changing continuous mixed paintings from stock-room
Hours: Monday to Friday: noon – 6 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

MANYUNG GALLERY, 1408 Nepean Highway, Mount Eliza 3930 Tel. 787 2953
7 – 19 September: Ian Johnson – pottery
14 – 26 September: Alexander McLintock; Maisie Papworth – wall-hangings
21 September – 3 October: Pat Reynolds; Chris Camamile – jewellery
5 – 17 October: Jack Wengrow – silver sculpture
12 – 24 October: Nornie Gude; Drew Pendlebury
19 – 31 October: Deanna Conti – wall-hangings; Tom Cockram – pottery
26 October – 7 November: Irene Amos
2 – 14 November: Joe Szirer – pottery; Adrian Mauriks – sculpture
9 – 21 November: Colin Johnson
16 – 28 November: Fritz Massee – pottery
23 November – 5 December: Noel Teasdale
Hours: Thursday to Tuesday: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.

MILDURA ARTS CENTRE, 199 Cureton Avenue, Mildura 3500 Tel. 23 3733
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 2 p.m. – 4.30 p.m.

MUNSTER ARMS GALLERY, 104 Little Bourke Street, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 663 1436
14 August – 3 September: Gunta Parups; Maiguta Bernstein – exotic jewellery
4 – 24 September: Rimona Kadem
25 September – 18 October: Colin Parker
17 October – 5 November: Hugh Oliveiro
Hours: Monday to Thursday: 10 a.m. – 5 30 p.m.
Friday: 10 a.m. – 8 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 1 p.m.

MURPHY STREET PRINT ROOM, 19 Murphy Street, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 26 1564
Natural History prints, Australiana, old English prints, et cetera
Hours: Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: by appointment

NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA, 180 St Kilda Road, Melbourne 3004 Tel. 62 7411
9 September – 26 October: 'Wimmin' Some Australian Woman Photographers
11 September – 26 October: Three Printmakers – Maddock, Shomaly, Baldessin
12 September – 18 October: Artist's Artists, Sculpture – Group E
15 September – 12 October: Chinese Bronzes
19 September – 9 October: McCaughey Art Gallery
20 October – 16 November: Australian Modern Jewellery
23 – 30 October: Art Dealers Fair
28 October – 30 November: Artist's Artists, Sculpture – Group F
30 October – 30 November: Australian Lithographers
4 November – January 1976: South African Report, David Goldblatt
Hours: Tuesday to Sunday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Wednesday until 9 p.m.

POWELL STREET GALLERY, 20 Powell Street, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 26 5519
15 September – 3 October: Ian McKay – sculpture
6 – 24 October: Fred Cress
27 October – 14 November: Abdul Rashid
17 November – 6 December: Group show of young painters
8 – 19 December: Eastaus – Flying Art School, Queensland
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Friday until 7 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – noon

REALITIES, 35 Jackson Street, Toorak 3142 Tel. 24 3312

July: Invitation Exhibition '7 x 5'
August: Roger Kemp
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 2 p.m.

RUSTIC GALLERY, 29 Myrtle Street, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 26 3142 After Hours: 232 5359
Polish folk, naive and modern paintings, prints, sculpture and tapestries
Hours: by appointment

SOUTHERN CROSS GALLERY, 30 Lower Plaza, Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 63 4408
Changing exhibition of top Australian artists
Hours: Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – noon

SOUTH YARRA GALLERY, 10 William Street, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 24 4040
1 – 30 September: David Boyd
1 – 31 October: Donald Laycock
1 – 28 November: Leif Nilsson
Hours: Tuesday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

STUART GERSTMAN GALLERIES, 148 Auburn Road, Hawthorn 3122 Tel. 81 7038
18 August – 5 September: Wes Walters
8 – 26 September: John Scurry
29 September – 17 October: Edward May
20 October – 7 November: Group exhibition
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – noon

TOLARNO GALLERIES, 42 Fitzroy Street, St Kilda 3182 Tel. 94 0521
September – November: Graphics by Matisse and Picasso and paintings by Jeremy Barrett and Ivan Durrant
Hours: Tuesday to Sunday: 10 a.m. – 10 p.m.

TOORAK GALLERY, 277 Toorak Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 24 6592
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY (opposite Book Room), South of Union House, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3052
Hours: Tuesday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Evenings and weekends to be advertised

WHITE FLAT GALLERIES, 607 Humffray Street South, Ballarat 3350 Tel. 32 1784
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

South Australia

ART GALLERY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, North Terrace, Adelaide 5000 Tel. 223 8911
29 August – 28 September: Glass Now
5 September – 5 October: Contemporary German Art on Paper
26 September – 26 October: Victorian Olympians
3 October – 2 November: Exhibition for the Blind
1 – 30 November: South East Asian Fabric Exhibition; Thai and Annamese ceramics and photographs of Thai village life by John Halls
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY GALLERY, 14 Porter Street, Parkside 5063 Tel. 272 2682
14 September – 2 October; John Davis – conceptual sculpture
5 – 23 October: Ron Rowe – ceramics
26 October – 13 November: John Elliott
16 November – 4 December: Lyn Collins
Hours: Wednesday and Friday: 1 p.m. – 6 p.m.
Thursday: 1 p.m. – 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 2 p.m. – 6 p.m.

GREENHILL GALLERIES, 140 Barton Terrace, North Adelaide 5006 Tel. 267 2887
Hours: Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

LIDUMS ART GALLERY, The Common Beaumont 5066

SYDENHAM GALLERY, 16 Sydenham Road, Norwood 5067 Tel. 42 5466
7 – 26 September: Bill Walls; Kerry Elliot
29 September – 17 October: Gunther Stopa; Yong Lim
20 October – 7 November: Murray Western; Elizabeth Pryor
10 – 28 November: Lidia Groblicka – paintings and woodcuts
1 – 22 December: Mardi Joynt
Hours: Tuesday to Saturday: 1 p.m. – 5 p.m.

Western Australia

LISTER GALLERY, Lister House, 248-50 St George's Terrace, Perth 6000 Tel. 21 5764
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

OLD FIRE STATION GALLERY, 4 McCourt Street, Leederville 6007 Tel. 81 2435
September: Guy Grey-Smith – paintings and ceramics
October: Maria Phillips – ceramics
November: Elsje King – wall-hangings; Barry Armstrong – ceramics
Hours: Tuesday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Wednesday until 9 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

SKINNER GALLERIES, 31 Malcolm Street, Perth 6000 Tel. 21 7628
2 – 12 September: Yoshe Partridge
17 – 26 September: Ben Joel
7 – 21 October: Michael Shannon
25 October – 7 November: Geoffrey Wake
18 November – 2 December: Guy Boyd – sculpture
25 November – 5 December: Garry Zeck
Hours: Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2.30 p.m. – 5 p.m.

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN ART GALLERY, Beaufort Street, Perth 6000 Tel. 28 7233
23 October – 30 November: Festival Designs of Inigo Jones
24 November – 21 December: Australian Contemporary Jewellery
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: 9.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

Tasmania

FOSCAN FINE ART CONSULTANTS, 178 Macquarie Street, Hobart 7000 Tel. 23 6888
September: New acquisitions
October: Valda Barnes
November: Australian artists
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 12.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. – 4.30 p.m.

SADDLER'S COURT GALLERY, Richmond 7025 Tel. 622 132
23 August – 13 September: Thomas Anderson – frescoes
13 September – 11 October: Geoff Ryan
18 October – 1 November: George Davis
2 – 16 November: Patricia Giles
Hours: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m. daily

TASMANIAN MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, 5 Argyle Street, Hobart 7000 Tel. 23 2696 (002)
5 August – 2 September: Australian Ceramics
12 August – 14 September: Australian Contemporary Jewellery
9 – 28 September: Swedish Glass
Late September: John Armstrong – sculpture
30 September – 7 October: Recent International Art
21 October – 16 November: Bauhaus
29 November – 3 December: Women's Art Performance
25 November – 21 December: Glass Now – American Glass
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.
Sunday: 2.30 p.m. – 5 p.m.

New Zealand

BARRINGTON GALLERY, 10-12 Customs Street East, Auckland 1 Tel. 74 910
September: Recent New Zealand paintings, drawings and prints
October: John Lethbridge
November: Harold Gregor
Hours: Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

BETT DUNCAN, 147 Cuba Street, Wellington Tel. 555 511
8 – 26 September: John Drawbridge
12 September – 2 October: Juliana Jarvie
29 September – 17 October: Gary Griffiths
3 – 23 October: Robin Macpherson
20 October – 7 November: Garth Tapper
10 – 28 November: John Stackhouse

24 October – 13 November: Wellington Printmakers
Hours: Monday to Friday: 11.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Friday until 8 p.m.

GOVETT-BREWSTER ART GALLERY, P.O. Box 647 New Plymouth
20 September – 12 October: Face Value – a study in Maori portraiture
6 – 27 October: Graphic art of German Expressionism – Nolde, Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Beckmann, et cetera
Hours: Tuesday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Friday until 9 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 1 p.m. – 5 p.m.

NEW VISION GALLERY, 8 His Majesty's Arcade, Queen Street, Auckland
Tel. 375 440, 372 505
Hours: Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Friday until 9 p.m.

PETER McLEAVEY GALLERY, 147 Cuba Street, Wellington Tel. 55 7356, 58751
Hours: Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

Overseas

DAVID W. HUGHES, 45 Moore Park Road, London S.W. 6 Tel. 01-736-0412
Permanent stock of European and Australian paintings and sculpture

DOUGLAS GREEN FROM THE SERIES MEDITATIONS ON A BLUE GUM (*c.* 1973-75)
Coloured pen drawing 24cm. x 18cm.
Joshua McClelland, Melbourne

COMPETITIONS AND PRIZES

Queensland

DARNELL DE GRUCHY INVITATION PURCHASE AWARD: Judges: Betty Churcher, Nancy Underhill, Margaret Willis. Particulars from: Nancy Underhill, Department of Fine Arts, University of Queensland, St Lucia 4067.

GOLD COAST CITY ART PRIZE: Closing date: 14 November 1975. Particulars from: Box 3, P.O., Surfers Paradise, Queensland 4217.

New South Wales

ARCHIBALD PRIZE: Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Closing date: 31 December 1975. Particulars from: Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Gallery Road, Sydney 2000.

BLAKE PRIZE FOR RELIGIOUS ART: Judges: Earle Backen, Hugh Cairns, Ray Crooke, James Gleeson, William Pollak. Closing date: 24 September 1975. Particulars from: Secretary, Box 4484, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

GRIFFITH CALTEX ART AWARD 1975: Judge: Allison Fraser. Closing date: 9 August 1975. Particulars from: Secretary, Box 1394, P.O., Griffith 2680.

INVERELL SAPPHIRE FESTIVAL NON-ACQUISITIVE ART, POTTERY AND CRAFT EXHIBITION: Judge: Roy Fluke. Closing date: 27 September 1975. Particulars from Mrs B. Scrace, 8 May Street, Inverell 2360.

LITHGOW AND DISTRICT FESTIVAL OF THE VALLEY OPEN COMPETITION: Judges: Clement Millward, Rod Shaw. Closing date: 24 October 1975. Particulars from: Secretary, Lithgow Branch, Arts Council of N.S.W., Western Road, Old Bowenfels 2790.

SIR JOHN SULMAN PRIZE: Closing date: 31 December 1975. Particulars from: Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Gallery Road, Sydney 2000.

TAMWORTH FIBRE EXHIBITION: Judge: Dennis Colsey. Closing date: 9 September 1975. Particulars from: Art and Craft Society, Box 641, P.O., Tamworth 2346.

TRUSTEES WATERCOLOUR PRIZE: Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Closing date: 31 December 1975. Particulars from: Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Gallery Road, Sydney 2000.

WYNNE PRIZE: Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Closing date: 31 December 1975. Particulars from: Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Gallery Road, Sydney 2000.

WYNNE PRIZE – JOHN AND ELIZABETH NEWNHAM PRING MEMORIAL PRIZE: Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Closing date: 31 December 1975. Particulars from: Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Gallery Road, Sydney 2000.

Victoria

LATROBE VALLEY 1975 CALTEX-ALVA AWARD: Closing date: 30 September 1975. Particulars from: Director, Latrobe Valley Arts Centre, Box 708, P.O., Morwell 3840.

Western Australia

MURDOCH UNIVERSITY ART PRIZE: Closing date: 17 September 1975. Particulars from: Dale Keady, Information and Publications Section, Murdoch University, Murdoch 6153.

PARMELIA PORTRAIT PRIZE: Particulars from: Eric White Associates, Box 7189, Cloisters Square, Perth 6000.

Northern Territory

THE ALICE PRIZE: Closing date: early October. Particulars from: Box 1854, P.O., Alice Springs 5750.

PRIZEWINNERS

Queensland

CAIRNS ART SOCIETY CONTEST:
Judge: Irene Amos
Winners: any subject, any medium: Ian Smith; non-traditional: Irene Kindness; traditional: David Preston
Judge: Brian Martin
Winner: sculpture: Brian Engris
Judge: Arthur Rosser
Winners: pottery (hand-thrown): Lois Macdonald; pottery (wheel-thrown); Ian Currie

CLONCURRY ERNEST HENRY MEMORIAL ART CONTEST:
Judge: A. Warren
Winners: any subject, any medium: B. Johnston; sculpture: David J. Harvey-Sutton

ROCKHAMPTON ROTARY CLUB AND CITY COUNCIL ART COMPETITION:
Judge: John Coburn
Winners: oil: Ronald Millar; other media: Anne Willis; watercolour: Leith Angelo, Kevin Grealy (equal)

TOOWOOMBA ART SOCIETY CONTEST:
Judge: W. Robinson
Winner: June Stephenson

New South Wales

BERRIMA DISTRICT ART SOCIETY PRIZE:
Judge: David Rose
Winner: Thomas Maxwell Carment

C.A.S. YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES ART SOCIETY AWARD:
Judge: Eneide Mignacca
Winner: John Drews

COWRA FESTIVAL OF THE LACHLAN VALLEY ART EXHIBITION:
Winners: any medium, non-traditional: Ross Davis; any medium, traditional: Winston Bailey; watercolour: Shirley Kinny

CURRABUBULA RED CROSS ART EXHIBITION:
Judge: Frederick Bates
Winners: contemporary: Dale Franks; traditional: Rupert Richardson; watercolour: Rupert Richardson; still life: Sheila White

DUBBO ART SOCIETY PRIZE:
Winners: any medium, any subject: Jean Isherwood; oil or other medium: David M. Harrison; watercolour: Arthur Phillips

HUNTER'S HILL MUNICIPAL ART EXHIBITION:
Judges: John Coburn, Reinis Zusters
Winner: oil or like medium, any subject: Ruth Faerber
Judge: Bernard Smith
Winner: watercolour: Brandon Cavalier
Judge: Ron Robertson-Swann
Winner: sculpture: Zdenka Ebner
Judge: Molly Douglas
Winner: ceramics: David Harrison

MANLY ART GALLERY SELECTION EXHIBITION:
Paintings by Geoffrey Brown, Lillian Cox and E. A. Harvey were purchased upon the advice of Harold Greenhill, Lillian Sutherland and Clarice Thomas

OYSTER BAY FESTIVAL OF ARTS:
Judge: John Drew
Winners: contemporary: 1st: Pat Weston; 2nd: Mimi Jaksic-Berger; 3rd: A. Nicmanus
Judge: Alex McMillan
Winners: oil, traditional: 1st: Graham Cox; 2nd: Lillian Cox; 3rd: Sheila White
Judge: Alison Faulkner
Winners: watercolour: 1st Lillian Cox: 2nd: Mary Kirby; 3rd: Nancy Toovey

ROCKDALE ART AWARD:
Judge: Ken Reinhard
Winners: Contemporary: Ian Grant, Frances Yin (equal)
Judge: Kevin Hambly
Winners: oil, traditional: David Harrison; watercolour: Gunnars Krummins

ROYAL EASTER SHOW COMPETITIONS:
Judge: Douglas Dundas
Winner: rural traditional: 1st: Les Burcher; 2nd; John Santry; 3rd: Jean Isherwood
Judge: Harold Abbott
Winner: portrait: Vladas Meskenas
Judge: Erik Langker
Winner: still life: Reinis Zusters
Judge: Gwen Pratt
Winner: watercolour: Mollie Flaxman
Judge: John Olsen
Winner: abstract: Reinis Zusters
Judge: Tom Bass
Winner: sculpture: Diego Latella
Judge: Robert Haines
Winner: 'Human Image': Anthony Chan

A.C.T.

CIVIC PERMANENT ART AWARD:
Paintings by Peter Harris, Andrew Nott and Geoffrey Palmer were purchased upon the advice of Janet Dawson

Victoria

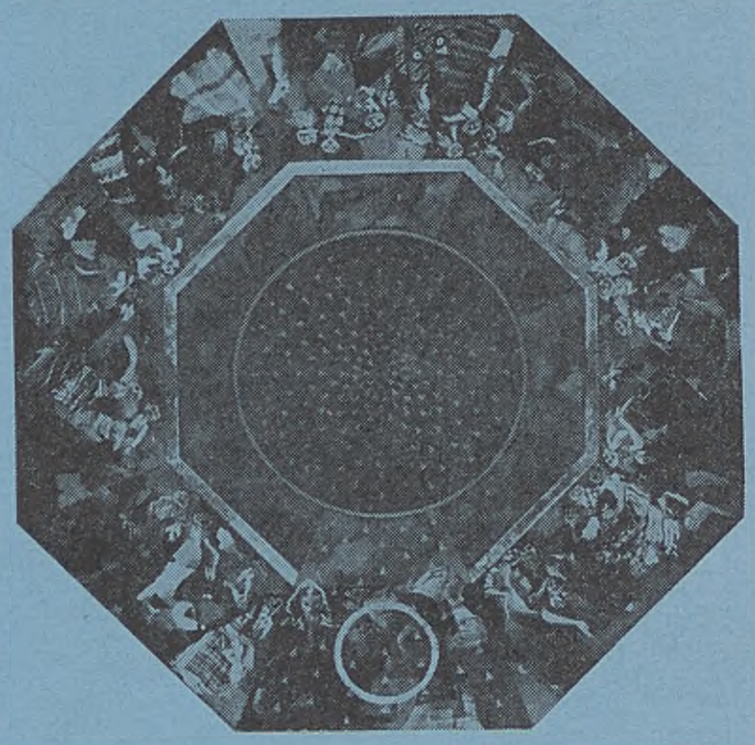
DANDENONG ART FESTIVAL FOR YOUTH:
Judge: Phyl Waterhouse
Winners: 25 years and under: any medium, any subject: Patricia Mullins; watercolour: Bill Goodwin; drawing: Peter Christoff; 19 years and under: painting: Jane A. M. Keech; drawing: Jon Cattapan

SHEPPARTON ART GALLERY CALTEX AWARD:
Judge: Kenneth Hood
Winner: ceramics: Derek Smith

SIXTH MILDURA SCULPTURE EXHIBITION:
Works by Marc Clark, Peter Cole, Inge King, Reg Parker, Ti Parks, Don Walters and David Wilson were purchased upon the advice of T. G. McCullough and Graeme Sturgeon

Western Australia

BUNBURY ART PURCHASE EXHIBITION 1974:
Works by Russel E. Bell, Kenneth Eades, Thomas Fisher, Elizabeth Ford, Clement E. Fraser, Joy Harding, Edgars Karabanovs, Denise Mason, Adele Newman and Marjory Rowbotham were purchased upon the advice of L. Knott



ALDONA ZAKARAUSKAS KINGS ROAD LADY PARADE (1975)
Oil and collage 91cm. x 91cm.
von Bertouch, Newcastle

RECENT ART AUCTIONS

Leonard Joel Pty Limited, 21-23 May 1975, Melbourne

ASHTON, *Sir* Will: Avignon, France, oil, 35 x 43, $800
AULD, J. Muir: Landscape, oil, 28 x 35, $350
BELLETTE, Jean: The Diggers, gouache, 34 x 49, $100
BENNETT, W. Rubery: The Valley Road, oil, 49 x 60, $3,900
BILLICH, Charles: Reclining Nudes, watercolour, 54 x 74, $170
BLACKMAN, Charles: Suite, oil, 92 x 122, $1,800
BOYD, Arthur: Carrum Creek, oil, 34 x 44, $1,300
BUVELOT, A. Louis: Near Cape Shanck, pencil, 26 x 48, $240
CASSAB, Judy: Through the Window, oil, 59 x 75, $600
CHEVALIER, Nicholas: The Homestead – 'Grassdale', oil, 65 x 106, $12,750
COBURN, John: Abstract, oil, 78 x 122, $900
COX, David: Landscape, watercolour, 23 x 32, $450
CROOKE, Ray: Figure in Hayfield, oil, 80 x 120, $4,000; Island Scene, pastel, 20 x 23, $325
DOBELL, *Sir* William: Wangi Garden, watercolour, 15 x 24, $2,500
DRYSDALE, *Sir* Russell: Figure and Dog in Landscape, ink and wash, 15 x 22, $1,100
FEINT, Adrian: Hibiscus, oil, 12 x 12, $140
FISCHER, Amandus Julius: Three Little Friends, oil, 166 x 87, $1,000
FOX, E. Phillips: Woman Seated Reading, oil, 23 x 33, $5,250
FRATER, William: Sunlit Villa, oil, 39 x 54, $400
FRIEND, Donald: Balinese Boys, pen-and-ink, 18 x 15, $250
GARRETT, Tom: Figures by Lake, watercolour, 27 x 37, $1,000
GILL, S. T.: Going to work, watercolour, 20 x 24, $1,200
GLEESON, James: Prometheus, oil, 50 x 38, $350
GLOVER, John: View of Wast Water Lake, watercolour, 34 x 50, $450
GRITTEN, Henry: Hobart, oil, 36 x 52, $5,000
GRUNER, Elioth: Figures on Foreshore, oil, 13 x 30, $4,200
HERRING, John F.: Horses at a Well, oil, 19 x 30, $4,000
HEYSEN, *Sir* Hans: White Gums, watercolour, 40 x 34, $2,400
HILDER, J. J.: Figures in Dry Creek Bed, watercolour, 17 x 21, $3,100
HOYTE, John: New Zealand Lake Scene, watercolour, 28 x 51, $625
JOHNSON, Robert: Whale Beach, oil, 37 x 45, $1,800
KAHAN, Louis: Nude Study, oil, 52 x 37, $325
LAMBERT, G. W.: Sketch of a Lady, oil, 39 x 19, $450
LANGKER, *Sir* Erik: Evening, oil, 25 x 38, $200
LINDSAY, Norman: Uniforms only, watercolour, 49 x 42, $3,000
LONG, Sydney: Landscape Dee Why, oil, 45 x 60, $1,100
LYMBURNER, Francis: Reclining Nude, wash, 19 x 25, $260
LYNN, Elwyn: Half Brown, mixed media, 66 x 76, $175
McCUBBIN, Frederick: The Orchard, oil, 51 x 61, $8,000
McCUBBIN, Louis: Botanical Gardens, oil, 40 x 50, $320
MAISTRE, Roy de: Portrait of a Gentleman, oil, 44 x 34, $220
MENDVINSKY, Serge: Paysage de Provence, oil, 37 x 53, $1,400
MILGATE, Rodney: Incident on Beach, oil, 59 x 90, $200
NAMATJIRA, Albert: Central Australia, watercolour, 25 x 34, $900
NOLAN, Sidney: Central Australian Landscape, oil, 51 x 76, $800
OLSEN, John: Farmyard Scene, charcoal, 53 x 74, $375
ORBAN, Desiderius: Landscape, oil, 44 x 59, $400
PEACOCK, George E.: Government House and Fort Macquarie, Sydney, oil, 25 x 37, $6,750
PETIT, Marc: A Strange Meeting, wool tapestry, 219 x 175, $1,100
PIGUENIT, W. C.: The Hawkesbury River, oil, 101 x 85, $10,000
PLATE, Carl: Dingo Fence, oil, 61 x 92, $160
PROUT, J. Skinner: Port Jackson, Looking East, watercolour, 17 x 26, $2,000
PUGH, Clifton: Black Bullocks, oil, 66 x 89, $800
RAMSAY, Hugh: Portrait Sketch, oil, 37 x 32, $225
REES, Lloyd: Across the Water, oil, 28 x 38, $650
ROWELL, William: Still Life, Flowers and Cloisonne Plaque, oil, 20 x 60, $400
SCHELTEMA, Jan Hendrik: Boy and horses by a stream, oil, 62 x 50, $2,200
SHORE, Arnold: A Country Farmhouse, watercolour, 27 x 37, $425
STREETON, *Sir* Arthur: Harbour Scene, oil, 34 x 44, $4,400
STURGESS, Reginald: Autumn Evening, watercolour, 30 x 38, $1,000
TURNER, James A: Australian Pioneers, oil 100 x 163, $19,500
VAN DER HOUTEN, Henricus: Figures outside cottage, oil, 40 x 49, $1,000
WAKELIN, Roland: Beach Landscape, oil, 24 x 31, $350
WILSON, Eric: Canal Scene, pastel, 15 x 19, $550
WITHERS, Walter: Beach Scene, watercolour, 28 x 48, $650

RECENT GALLERY PRICES

ALLEN, Davida: Nude, pencil and collage, 91 x 122, $250 (Ray Hughes, Brisbane)
BLAYNEY, Peter: Yellow Hair, oil, 122 x 117, $450 (Town, Brisbane)
BROWN, Bill: Anchored, acrylic, 122 x 173, $700 (Bonython, Sydney)
CHURCHER, Roy: Painting, acrylic, 91 x 122, $450 (Ray Hughes, Brisbane)
COBURN, John: Enigma, acrylic, 91 x 91, $1,200 (Bonython, Sydney)
EDWARDS, Oscar: Paul Klee Leprechauns, collage, 40 x 30, $400 (Hogarth, Sydney)
FIZELLE, Rah: St Marks, Darling Point, watercolour, 86 x 107, $250 (Beth Mayne, Sydney)
FEUERRING, Maximilian: Nude, acrylic and oil, 91 x 61, $800 (von Bertouch, Newcastle)
GREEN, Douglas: From the series Meditation on a Blue Gum, pen, 24 x 18, $250 (Joshua McClelland, Melbourne)
JANES, Robert: Construction, mixed media, 51 x 91 x 6, $100 (Crossley, Melbourne)
KELLY, Anthony: Celebration for Sarah III, screenprint, 59 x 59, $35 (Hogarth, Sydney)
LICHTENSTEIN, Roy: Whaam, offset lithograph, 35 x 88, $550 (Hogarth, Sydney)
LYNN, Elwyn: San Quentin, mixed media, 64 x 51, $180 (Bonython, Sydney)
McKAY, Ian: Stan I, welded steel, 154 x 165 x 89, $2,000 (Sculpture Centre, Sydney)
MACPHERSON, Bob: Black-White (Kilrain) for O.M., acrylic, 4 panels each 211 x 175, $750 (Ray Hughes, Brisbane)
MILLER, Max: Korahn II, acrylic, 139 x 112, $300 (Coventry, Sydney)
OLLEY, Margaret: Banksia, oil, 86 x 91, $800 (Anna Simons, Canberra)
PIPER, John: Plaque, gouache, 20 x 18, $175 (Prouds, Sydney)
PLATE, Carl: Blue Structure Six, PVA, 48 x 64, $450 (Town, Brisbane)
ROONEY, Elizabeth: Windows, crayon, 94 x 94, $100 (Macquarie, Sydney)
TAYLOR, Michael: Tree, oil, 240 x 173, $1,750 (Coventry, Sydney)
TUNKS, Noel: The Rainbow Portrait, acrylic, 152 x 183, $2,000 (Australian, Melbourne)
WIERINGEN, Ian Van: Fercund Extravagance, oil, 203 x 347, $2,000 (Powell Street, Melbourne)
ZAKARAUSKAS, Aldona: Kings Road Lady Parade, oil and collage, 91 x 91, $550 (Von Bertouch, Newcastle)

SOME OF THE GALLERIES' RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Queensland Art Gallery

BOUDIN, Eugène: Vaches Dans Le Pré, watercolour
BOYD, Penleigh: River Scene, watercolour
FIZELLE, Rah: Camogli 1929; Hillside Village, Italy, watercolours; Reclining Nude; Pensive, pencil drawings; Italian Village, woodcut
FREUD, Lucien: Male Figure, pen-and-ink
GALL, Ian: The Soft Answer, pen-and-ink
GROSS, Anthony: Jarlan, etching; Copse in Winter, Le Boulve France, watercolour
HINDER, Frank: Abstract 1954, oil; Fowls; Cat and Kittens; Advance; Cocktail Party; Bird and Snake; Frogmouth Family; Mother and Child; City Street; Office Staff, Canberra; Bird Emerging, lithographs
HITCHENS, Ivon: Flowers and Three Leaves, oil
HODGKINS, Frances: Ann, Catherine and Lucy, oil
JOLIFFE, Frank: The sooner you eat your breakfast the sooner you go play with your pals, pen-and-wash
LEASON, Percy: A Spur to Philanthropy, indian ink
LEWIS, Martin: Man and Dog by Campfire, pastel; Kai (Blue Mountain with Fog) Tomotsu (Japanese Rowboats); Harbourside Brooklyn Bridge, watercolours; The Emperor; Isises; Philosophy; Autumn; Prince Albert's Curassow; Goat and Rhododendron; Muscovies; Night Heron; Curassow and Oleander; The Crane; Repose (fowls); Repose (peacocks); Pelicans; Pelican; Owls; Heysen's Birds; Morning Glory; The Clipped Wing; The Hornbill; Indian Vulture, woodcuts
LINDSAY, *Sir* Lionel: San Galtano; Old Malaga; Andalusia; Old Marseilles; Rue de L'Etrice, Marseilles; Mosque and Bridge Cordova, watercolours
MOORE, Henry: Two Figures, etching; Hands I, colour lithograph
MUNTZ-ADAMS, Josephine: Dr James Duhig (former Archbishop of Brisbane), oil
PIGGOTT, Owen: In the Beginning, oil
PIPO, Manuel Ruiz: Piere; Oceania; Maternida en Amarillo; Red Nude; Desnudo Triste, oils; Untitled (Mother and Child); Untitled (Two Figures at Table); Untitled (Bull Fighting), etchings; Untitled (Woman with Bunch of Flowers), colour lithograph
PRAX, Valentine: Petit Vase Blanc, oil
SCHELTEMA, J. C.: Australian Cattle Drover, oil
SCORFIELD, Ted: Do you want a model for the next Archibald Prize Competition; Everyman to His Trade – you should consult a plumber, pen-and-ink
SPENCER, Stanley: Photography, pencil
UNKNOWN: Appearance of Our Lady to St Sergius; Crucifix with Presence 17th Century, oils

Art Gallery of New South Wales

ANNESLEY, David: Untitled, acrylic and pastel (Gift of Patrick White)
ARTHUR, W. Thomas: The fertilization of Drako Vulen's cheese pizza, wood, brass, glass, silk, neon, sand
BROWN, Mike: The beautiful one is here, acrylic and collage
CLAUDE, Gellée (Le Lorraine): The dance by the water, etching
COLEING, Tony: Hide and seek, painted steel
DROPEY, Henry: 'Incipe parve puer . . .', bronze plaquette
DUPRE, G.: 'Quand tout change pout toi . . .'; 'C'out l'angelus qui tinte . . .'; 'Meditation.' 'La le Lierre jaloux . . .'; Ploughing. Reaping; Woman on a stormy shore. Women church-going, bronze plaquettes (Gifts of Mrs Jessie McCrae
FRENCH, early 20th Century: Old couple at fireplace, bronze plaquette
GILL, S. T.: Wrappers; General Post Office; Australian Club House; City Railway Terminus; Avenue approach to Botanical Gardens; Circular Quay; Dry Dock, Balmain, lithographs
KUO, Graham: Reflection I, screenprint (Gift of Estate Peter Brown)
LAMBERT, G. W.: Study of a head, charcoal (Gift of Mrs Ethel Phillips)
LATIMER, Bruce: A slow sculpture, screenprint with collaged photographs and thermometer (Gift of the artist)
LEIGHTON, Frederic: Studies for 'Wedded', charcoal; studies for 'Whispers' and 'Wedded', chalk
LINDSAY, *Sir* Lionel: The Great Door, Burgos, etching; G. V. Mann; Norman Carter; Henry Weston; Alf Clint, pencil drawings
MORRIS, William (?), (after Burne-Jones): Cupid reviving: Psyche (for *The Earthly Paradise*); Charon's Fee (for *The Earthly Paradise*), wood engravings
PARTOS, Paul: Vesta II, acrylic
POYNTER, *Sir* Edward: Study for the head of the Queen of Sheba, chalk; Old man and boy, charcoal
SCHWAB (after Della Robbia): Le Chant, bronze plaquette (Gift of Mrs Jessie McCrae)
SHARP, Martin: The arrival of René Magritte; At last, pen-and-ink; Artoon (Baseball player Cranbrook main building), collage on mirror ground (Gifts of Estate Peter Brown)
SMART, Jeffrey: City landscapes, oil on six hardboard panels
TIEPOLO, Giovanni Battista: Two magicians and two boys with globe, etching
TUCKSON, Tony: Interior with figures, oil (Gift of Hal Missingham)
VASSILIEFF, Danila: Nameless carving, Lilydale marble
WHISTLER, James: The music room, etching; The Terrace, Luxembourg, lithograph
WHITELEY, Brett: Big orange (sunset), acrylic; Free-standing ultramarine palm trees, fibreglass (Gifts of Patrick White)
YOUNG, W. Blamire: The first christening in Melbourne, watercolour

National Gallery of Victoria

AUSTRALIAN: Chair, Huon pine, *c.*1875
COSTUMES: Anne Schofield collection of Costumes and Accessories 1760-1949; 64 examples of costumes and accessories 1879-1962; sundry dresses and hats
ENGLISH: Goblet, glass, *c.*1685
GALLE, Emile: Vase, glass
GODWIN, E. W.: Armchair, ebonized wood, *c.*1877
HOLMES, Edith: Fantasy II, 1968, charcoal, oil and pencil
HUANG PIN-LUNG: Landscape, 1922; Landscape, 1942, ink and colour
INDIAN: 9 Leather Shadow Puppets 19th century, Utar Pradash State
LEVINE, Les: Suicide Sutra, Ritual, video-cassettes
MADDOCK, Bea: Chair I; Chair II, Caliper, etchings
NEESON, John: October Circus Two, 1974, acrylic and fixed pastel
WEDGWOOD, Josiah: Teapot, earthenware, *c.*1760
WELCH, Roger: Welch, videocassette

Art Gallery of South Australia

ASHTON, Howard: Landscape, oil
BARRINGER, Herbert Page: Forest Droving, pencil
BISHOP, W. Follen: King William Street, oil
BLACK, Dorrit: Hand-block-printed curtain
DAWSON, Janet: Balgalal Creek Gums III, acrylic
DOBELL, *Sir* William: Study for *The Yellow Glove*; Study for *Self Portrait*, both pencil; Bowler Hatted Man with Cane; Study for *Erecting Camouflage Tree*, both ink; Bird Hunter New Guinea, oil (Gifts of the Sir William Dobell Art Foundation)
FOX, Ethel Carrick: Still Life with Flowers, oil
GILBERT and GEORGE: Dark Shadow No. 9, 19 piece photographic sculpture
HILLIARD, John: Through the Valley, photograph
LANCASTER, Mark: Cambridge Michaelmas, acrylic
LEACH-JONES, Alun: 6 prints from the series 'Affinities – a tribute to Vernon Watkins', screenprints
LENDON, Nigel: Slab Sculpture (Gift of Kym Bonython)
MADDOCK, Bea: Four plus four, screenprint; Shadow, etching; Four, etching (Gift of Dr John Yeatman)
MENPES, Mortimer: Alone in a Shoe Shop, oil
WHISTLER, J. McNeill: The Little Putney No. 1, etching

Western Australian Art Gallery

BESOT, Eugène: Le Moulin De La Galette, etching
BRANGWYN, Frank: The Medical Services, set of 6 woodcuts

CAMERON, *Sir* D. Y.: Landscape, watercolour
DALE, *Lieut.* R.: Swan River, engraving
DAWS, Lawrence: The Gold Mine, oil
DORNEY, Bertrand: Confetti, embossed etching
DE SAINSON: 1 lithograph, 4 etchings
DUFOUR, A. H.: Map of Nouvelle Hollande, lithograph
FITTON, Hedley: The Founders Tomb, Winchester, etching
FROST, Terry: Lace, lithograph
GOULD, J. & H. L. Richter: lithograph
JONES, Allen: Portrait I, lithograph
LESUEUR, C. A.: lithograph
LELOIR: etching
MAURIN, Antoine: etching
MASON, Les: Sculpture, aluminium, plastic and glass
MONOMAY, Peter: Portrait of William Dampier, oil
NASH, Paul: The Sluice Dymchurch, lithograph
NERLI, *Marchese* Girolamo: The Old Prospector, oil
REES, Lloyd: Vezelay on the Hill, oil; Tuscan Terrain, The Cathedral, pen and ink drawings; Study for Vezelay on the Hill, ink and coloured wash
RAPKIN, J.: Map of Australia 1851, lithograph
RUSSELL, Arthur: Pattern II, acrylic
WALKER, J. & C.: Map of Australia 1839, lithograph
WELLER, E.: Map of W.A. and S.A., lithograph

Newcastle City Art Gallery

BALDESSIN, George: Assemblage of Past Images; Pears – Yellow Version; Window and Factory Smoke II, etchings
COBURN, John: Sea Shore, serigraph
CROOKE, Ray: Native Dwellings, Tahiti, serigraph
HAMADA, Shoji: Large Bowl, ceramic
JOHNSON, Robert: Capertee Valley, oil (Gift of Miss E. Pope)
OLDFIELD, Alan: Coastal Interior, acrylic
OLSEN, John: Spoonbills, serigraph
PAISIO, Franco: Before the Appearance, oil (Gift of Mr and Mrs E. N. Millner)

The Macquarie Galleries - some personal memories

Lloyd Rees

When approached by the Editor of *ART and Australia* to write a short tribute to the Macquarie Galleries on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary, I quickly realized that my detailed knowledge of its long history was not sufficient on which to base an informative article of historic value.
I therefore decided to turn to a sphere in which I had close personal associations and experiences – namely my early friendships with the co-founders of the Macquarie Galleries, the late John Young and the late Basil Burdett – friendships that dated back to at least six years prior to the foundation of the Galleries.
It was either late 1917 or early 1918 when I first met John Young; I met Basil Burdett a little later, after his return from World War I. John Young, therefore, will be the first subject for discussion in this short article. The venue for our first meeting was the Smith and Julius Studios, 24 Bond Street, Sydney, the famous address from which the late Sydney Ure Smith and his associates launched *Art in Australia,* in 1916. At that time, I shared a room with Roland Wakelin who, together with Roi de Mestre (as de Maistre then spelt his name), was almost notorious for his excursions into Post-Impressionism. From time to time a slim, quiet man would enter, or should I say glide, into the room to visit Wakelin and look at his work (there were a number of artists at Smith and Julius's and it was our custom to bring in work for criticism and discussion). The slim, quiet man was of course John Young and I can still see him in memory silently and intently studying the Wakelin paintings. He was probably the only layman in the Sydney art world of that time who really understood the work of Roland Wakelin. He was certainly the first to buy it.
John Young had, for many years, earned his living as a commercial traveller in the employ of David Mitchell & Co., but his instinctive love and knowledge of art expressed itself very early and, during his travels, he discovered and purchased many a treasure in odd second-hand shops, in which Sydney then abounded. His desire for closer association with artists was such that, to achieve this purpose (as he told me at the time), he decided to become a framer of pictures and he opened a workshop in Bond Street, Sydney, near the corner of George Street. The workshop was part cellar and was lit by one small window, high in the wall – its sill on footpath level. The subdued light on John's figure, his workbench and scattered frames and papers often made me think of a Rembrandt etching as did a name-plate which he had drawn and printed with the caption, 'John Young his frame', a copy of which was affixed to the back of each completed frame.
Support for this undertaking was immediate and plentiful and he soon moved to larger premises – a large, rambling first-floor in Little George Street on a site now occupied by Australia Square.
An expert framer, Horace Fleming, then joined him and this freed John for his true interests, the collection and restoration of works of art and also for his more personal association with artists.
A lunch club was formed and anything up to a dozen people would gather round a long bench with John Young presiding at the head – a large pot of coffee at his elbow.
These lunch-time gatherings were the nearest to the famous Paris café meetings that many of us in Sydney were ever to know and discussion was invariably lively and sometimes furious, with John himself well to the fore because he was not only a natural debater but a trained one to boot! A doughty opponent indeed.
Among the artists who attended these gatherings were Percy Leason, J. Muir Auld, Roland Wakelin, Roy de Maistre, John Eldershaw, Max Meldrum (when in Sydney) and other visitors besides several devoted followers of art in Sydney including a Mr Osbiston and Basil Burdett.
Unfortunately, 'our club' disbanded in 1922. John Young and family departed for Europe and so did the Wakelins. I followed in 1923 and, although I saw John briefly over there (he was on the point of departure for home), did not have close contact again until well into 1924 when I returned to Australia.
Before commenting on that I must return in time to describe my first meeting with Basil Burdett. That happened in Sydney soon after World War I, when Basil together with other Queensland friends including Walter Taylor (later to direct the Grosvenor Galleries in George Street) were here on a holiday visit. I was immediately struck by this dignified young man with deep, solemn eyes and his obvious interest in the arts, particularly the visual and the musical.
A friendship developed between us and, on his return to Brisbane – he was a journalist on the then *Daily Mail* (now the *Courier-Mail*) – we began a correspondence that was to continue for years interspersed with meetings both here and in Brisbane. A prevailing topic in his letters was the art world of Sydney and his desire to join it.
About 1921 (I do not know the exact date) an opportunity presented itself in the form of the goodwill of the estate of a Mr Murnin, an art dealer who had rooms in the old Wool Exchange Building at the corner of Pitt and Bridge Streets and also a wide country connection.
Basil read of this in Brisbane and wired me to make enquiries. By good fortune, I was able to get first-hand knowledge of the situation from my friend, John Eldershaw. He told me that an effort was being made to form an Artists co-operative under the chairmanship of Mr S. A. Parker (of the

well-known firm of that name) with the aim of purchasing the Murnin goodwill. One meeting had been held but so much difficulty had arisen regarding membership that it was decided to hold a secret ballot under which anyone 'black-balled' would be denied membership.
The second meeting was soon to be held and naturally Basil and I were all agog as to the result. Opinions differ as to happenings at that meeting but I can only pass on what John Eldershaw, who attended the meeting, told me. It was very short. After a few preliminaries Mr Parker announced: 'Gentlemen, you are all out'.
With this exciting news I hurried to the post office and wired Basil, who boarded the night train for Sydney. I met him about noon next day and, after lunch, we boarded a Neutral Bay ferry and went back and forth discussing the situation. The upshot was that Basil Burdett purchased the Murnin goodwill and opened a small gallery in the block between Hunter Street and Martin Place, Sydney.
Basil came to stay with me and my sister, who had a half cottage overlooking the harbour in Bay Road (now Waverton) and when, in 1922, we moved to Parramatta, he moved with us. When I left for Europe in March 1923 he still stayed on – my parents having come from Brisbane and taken over this fine old house, Bondo, on May's Hill.
Before my return in 1924, Basil had moved to Neutral Bay. He had also given up his Pitt Street gallery – The New Art Salon, I think, was its title – and, after a period with Walter Taylor at the Grosvenor Gallery, he moved to a building at the corner of Philip and King Streets. John Young had a room in the same building! The link that was to bring the Macquarie Galleries into existence was about to be forged.
The two men had rooms for similar purposes, Basil to sell pictures, John to sell or restore them and, for the first time, the two men really got to know one another. In some respects they were as different as two men could possibly be.
John Young was a man of great subtlety and something of a mystic, given to forming opinions at times on instinct rather than knowledge (though his range of knowledge was great indeed) with outstanding insight into the inner meanings of an artist and his work.
Basil Burdett, on the other hand, was far more direct in his attitude to life and to art and all tendencies towards the occult disturbed him greatly. At heart, I believe he was very gentle even to the point of sentimentality but his terrible experiences as a stretcher-bearer in World War I called for a protective armour, as it were, against the hard facts of life. His love of art was deep and true and found expression in fine writing.
Before my return in 1924 he became engaged to Miss Edith Birks of a well-known Adelaide family and, early in 1925, when in Melbourne, I received a wire from Basil asking me to meet the Sydney express with flowers for Edith. This I did and afterwards, over the lunch-table, she told me of the formation of the Macquarie Galleries.
I was back in Sydney in time to see the first exhibition but not to attend the opening. The fact that this first exhibition at the Macquarie Galleries was the work of Roland Wakelin, the most viciously attacked artist of those years, both by press and many laymen as well, put the stamp upon the Macquarie Galleries from the beginning – that artistic principles meant more to them than profits.

Editorial

Two gifts of national importance have recently been made to the nation and we hope that such generosity and concern for their country's heritage by two famous Australian artists may persuade others to follow their example.
In May last year Sidney and Cynthia Nolan presented to the Australian Government a large collection of paintings by Sidney Nolan from their personal collection.
When the Art Gallery of New South Wales, the National Gallery of Victoria and the Western Australian Art Gallery honoured Sidney Nolan with a Retrospective Exhibition in 1967, it became clear from the selection made by Hal Missingham, then Director of the Art Gallery of New South Wales and designer of the exhibition, that many of Nolan's most important works had been retained, not surprisingly, in his own and his wife's possession. A number of those paintings had not been previously exhibited. It was from that very special and private group of works that the paintings now given to the people of Australia were selected. In other words, we have been given a collection of paintings which the artist himself considered to be amongst his best.
The Nolan Collection is at present housed in Lanyon, a nineteenth-century country house of importance outside Canberra. The choice of building was ill-judged. The house and station property were acquired by the Australian Government in 1974 for closer settlement requirements. The house and outbuildings have top classification from the National Trust of Australia. Until its acquisition by the Government the property was still being farmed and the house used as a dwelling. It would have been more appropriate if the Canberra Branch of the National Trust had been invited to furnish the house in style appropriate to the period in which it was built and the house then opened to the Australian public and tourists as a typical country station house in the grander manner.
It is illogical that in other areas of this country replicas of early Australian buildings are being erected to recall our lost past whilst a property that would have provided a genuine reminder of an Australian way of life that is struggling to survive was chosen merely to house a collection of contemporary paintings – however important that collection may be. Such a bountiful gift as that of Mr and Mrs Sidney Nolan surely warrants the provision of a suitable contemporary museum in Canberra City to present it.
The second gift, embracing even wider representation of an artist's work, was that of Arthur Boyd. He has given his collection to the National Art Gallery in Canberra so that it will be housed appropriately in the building which is at present being erected there. This second donation of works includes not only more than two hundred paintings, but over one thousand drawings, as well as sculptures in bronze and ceramic, pastels and prints of various kinds. It includes, too, etching plates that may be used to provide prints for sale on the Gallery's behalf.
These gifts by artists have secured for the Australian people representative collections of the work of two of the country's foremost, most influential and most widely acknowledged artists. Both artists have lived much of their creative lives abroad, both have returned frequently to their homeland, both have now proved that they were in no way expatriates.

Letter to the Editor

Sir,

Working Party on Bibliography

The Working Party on Bibliography, a permanent committee of the Australian Advisory Council on Bibliographical Services, is currently engaged on a project to create and maintain a register of subject bibliographies either completed or in progress, and to establish a referral service from such a register.
The Chairman of the Working Party would be grateful if anyone doing bibliographical work in a particular subject field, or aware of subject bibliographies being compiled, would advise him so that contact can be made and a record established.

The Chairman
AACOBS Working Party on Bibliography
The Library
La Trobe University
Bundoora, Victoria 3083

Book Reviews

Historic Houses of Australia (Australian Council of National Trusts – Cassell, Melbourne, 1974, ISBN 304 93935 8, $19.50).
Early Colonial Houses of New South Wales by Rachel Roxburgh (Ure Smith, Sydney, 1974, ISBN 0 7254 01737, $29.50).

These are both beautiful books on Australian domestic architecture and must be considered as important acquisitions to our records of Australian architecture. The National Trust book on historic houses is the third volume in their series Historic Buildings of Australia and is of the same high quality as their earlier volumes on homesteads and public buildings. The buildings discussed range from the magnificence of the various State Government Houses to the important streetscape of St John Street Launceston, and the terrace houses of Parkville, Melbourne. All the houses are splendidly photographed and the most compelling and attractive quality of the book is surely its pictures. The National Trust is truly fortunate in having obtained the services of Australia's best photographers: this is the sort of coffee-table volume that justifies the species.

The texts attached to this dazzling visual material are extraordinarily varied: while a few of the contributions are little more than fulsome praise of the life and taste of a house's inhabitants, others are both scholarly and entertaining analyses that incorporate the personal and architectural history of the house in a way that should elevate the volume from the coffee-table to the most discriminating library shelves. It would be impossible – and certainly offensive – in a review of this length to summarily classify the sheep and the goats among the contributors. One might simply cryptically note that the advantage of a voluntary (and unpaid) body of writers would seem to be that the houses have almost invariably attracted the biographers they deserve.

A really major defect in the book which ought to be remedied in further volumes is the total absence of plans. As virtually every building has been improved or disfigured by accretions and alterations, a properly dated plan would make such changes immediately comprehensible. Their absence is even more felt than the apparently deliberate omission of such desirable pedantry as footnotes, bibliographies, and an index. The amount of material given to the inhabitants of the various houses illustrates very forcibly that the Trust has realized that there is more to a building than bricks and mortar (in fact a little more about the architectural significance of a house would often be desirable). It would surely not affect the popular appeal of the series if the Trust similarly realized that such books could profitably aim to be something more than a collection of pretty faces animatedly chattering about their pedigrees.

Rachel Roxburgh – who is one of the obvious assets among the contributors of the previous volume – has also published what must be a lifetime's work in her *magnum opus* on the rather over-exposed topic of the early colonial houses of New South Wales. For this is no regurgitation of the tired clichés of many of the previous volumes on the topic. In a very different, and probably more truthful, way her book is as much a re-creation of a vanished world as was Hardy Wilson's pioneer work on the subject.

It is a most unusual book: not an architectural history – although it is full of detailed architectural drawings (and plans), and contains a comprehensive analysis of the architecture of each house. It is not quite an historian's approach either – although the amount of historical research that has gone into its making is staggering. It is the work of an amateur in the literal and most complimentary sense of the word. What Rachel Roxburgh has done is re-animate her houses, making us almost capable of experiencing their life and beauty in their heyday. For instance, in her first chapter we can appreciate the fine design of Elizabeth Bay House by John Verge, and we get to know details of the life and personality of its first owner, Alexander Macleay. But above all we become acquainted with the vivacious and devastatingly frank daughter of the house, Fanny Macleay, through her letters to her brother William. The inhabitants of the other houses similarly come to life, and I shall never again be able to see the present faded beauty of Newington (now Silverwater House – a building that is being sympathetically rehabilitated in the midst of a hostile environment by the Department of Corrective Services) without being conscious of the ghosts of the numerous Blaxland girls in their original Arcadian setting.

Rachel Roxburgh has treated her houses and their historically important male owners with truth and perception, but she can hardly be said to have rescued them from oblivion. Only the women who made the houses live had almost completely disappeared, along with the contributions they made to the appearance and furnishings of their homes. Rachel Roxburgh has triumphantly re-established them in their environment.

Joan Kerr

Design in Balance: Designing the National Area of Canberra by Roger Johnson (University of Queensland Press, 1974, $10.00).

This is an odd and exasperating, but also an important book. It is important because it is one of very few books in which a planner has tried to explain just what happened in a planning situation of some importance and how he felt about it. In general, books on planning are either theoretical, or they attempt to invest actual planning processes with a totally spurious rationality, just as scientists do in writing up their work; like Watson's *The Double Helix* this book tries to remove the lid. It is exasperating because it does not quite do so; the usual spider's web of confidentiality rules, personal relationships, professional obligation, personal modesty and so on has had its inhibiting effect; 'one day', says the Epilogue, 'the complete story of the development of the National Area will be told'.

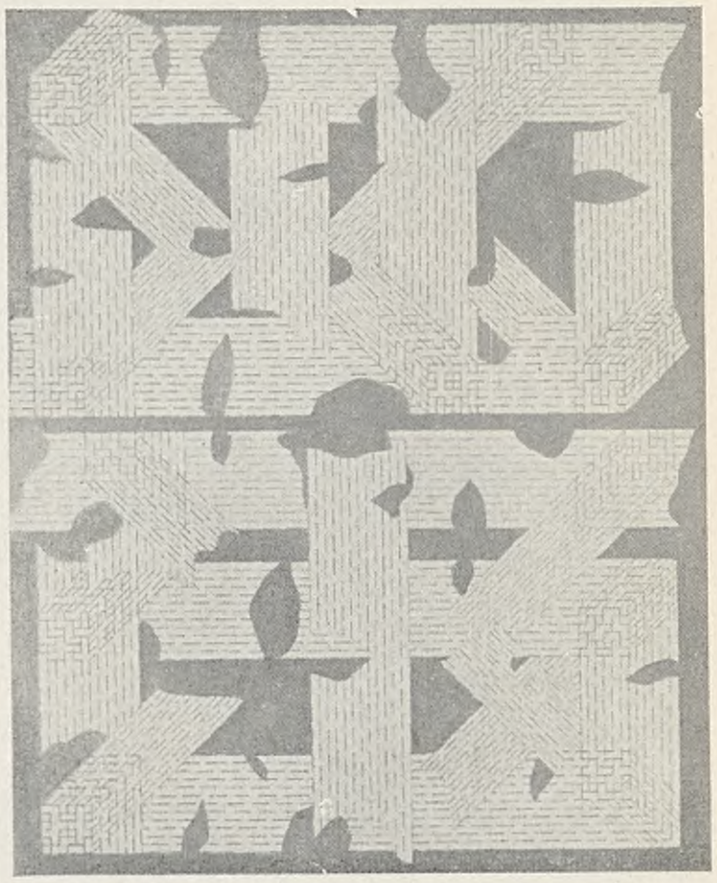
It is an odd book because the numerous aims that the author states at the beginning are not really made to cohere. The author is on the one hand trying to tell us some hard truths about the effects of politics, and especially democratic politics on planning, about the failure of communication between people whose business is oratory and people whose business is with how things look; but on the other hand, while he knows these things are essential to successful planning he does not *feel* them as essential and he gives himself away again in the Epilogue: the complete story 'will hold more interest for the political historian and the administrator than for architects and planners', which is just the trouble. The real feeling goes into his own drawings, which explain how he and the other designers concerned envisaged the future heart of Canberra and the way these visual ideas developed; but when he comes to explain these things in words the writing is dry and cold. Can't you *see* the drawing and understand? – but most people haven't learnt to see, and those who can see are impatient with the processes of communication and persuasion, with explaining the obvious. However, despite its oddity, this is as good a book on the national area as we are likely to get and everyone who pretends to be interested in such questions should read it.

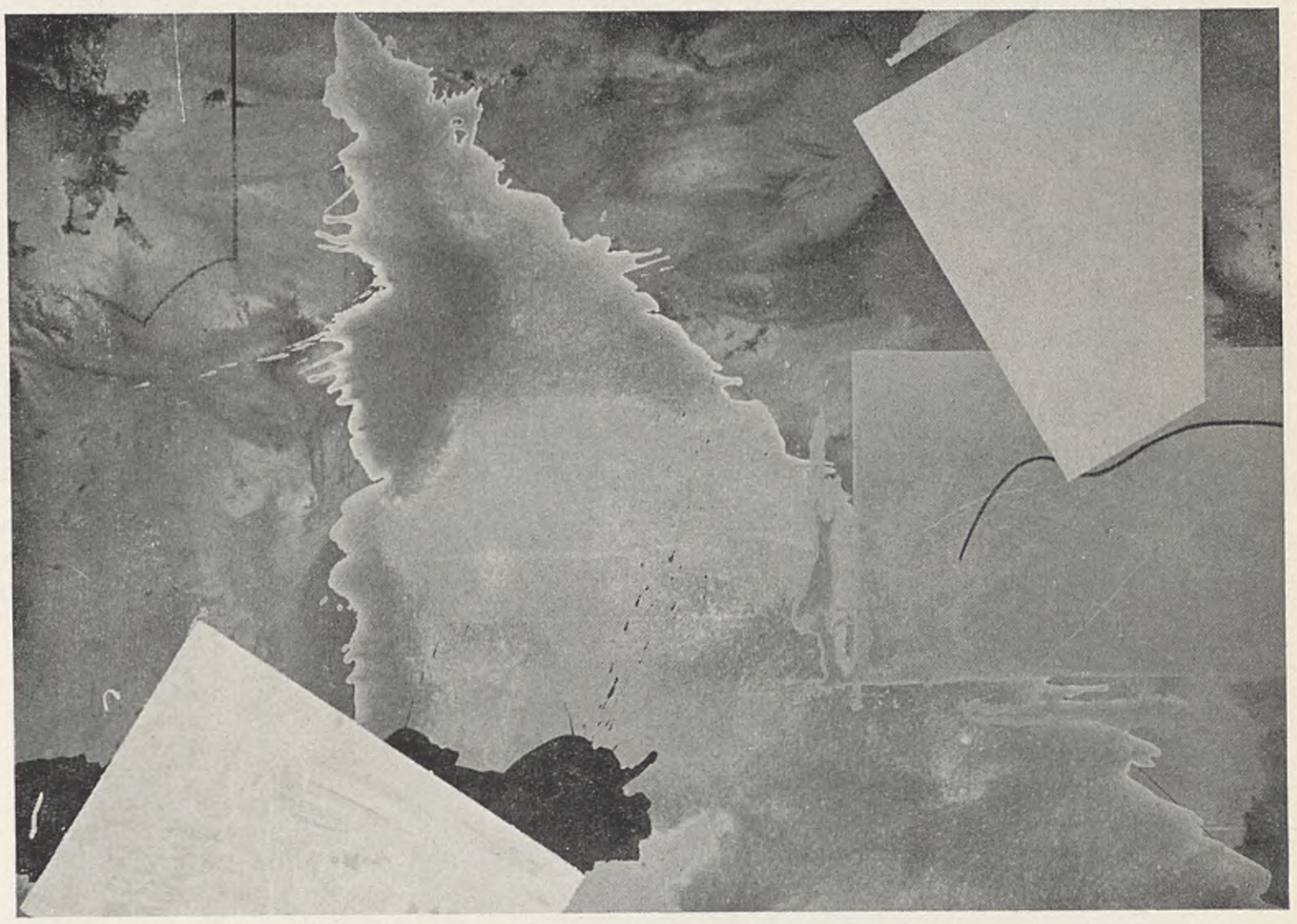
Tom Heath

Biography of Laurie Thomas

A biography of the late Laurie Thomas is being prepared by Robert Smith, who is seeking information, documents, photographs and reminiscences which may be relevant. In particular he would like to hear from people who knew Laurie Thomas in Melbourne in the 1930s; in Darwin during World War II; at King's College, Cambridge immediately after the war; and again in Melbourne until 1951, or through his association with the Commonwealth Jubilee Art Exhibition. Other significant information will also be welcome. Documents and photographs will be returned after photo-copying. People who have not already been approached may write to Robert Smith, Humanities Research Centre, Australian National University, Canberra 2600.

Exhibition Commentary





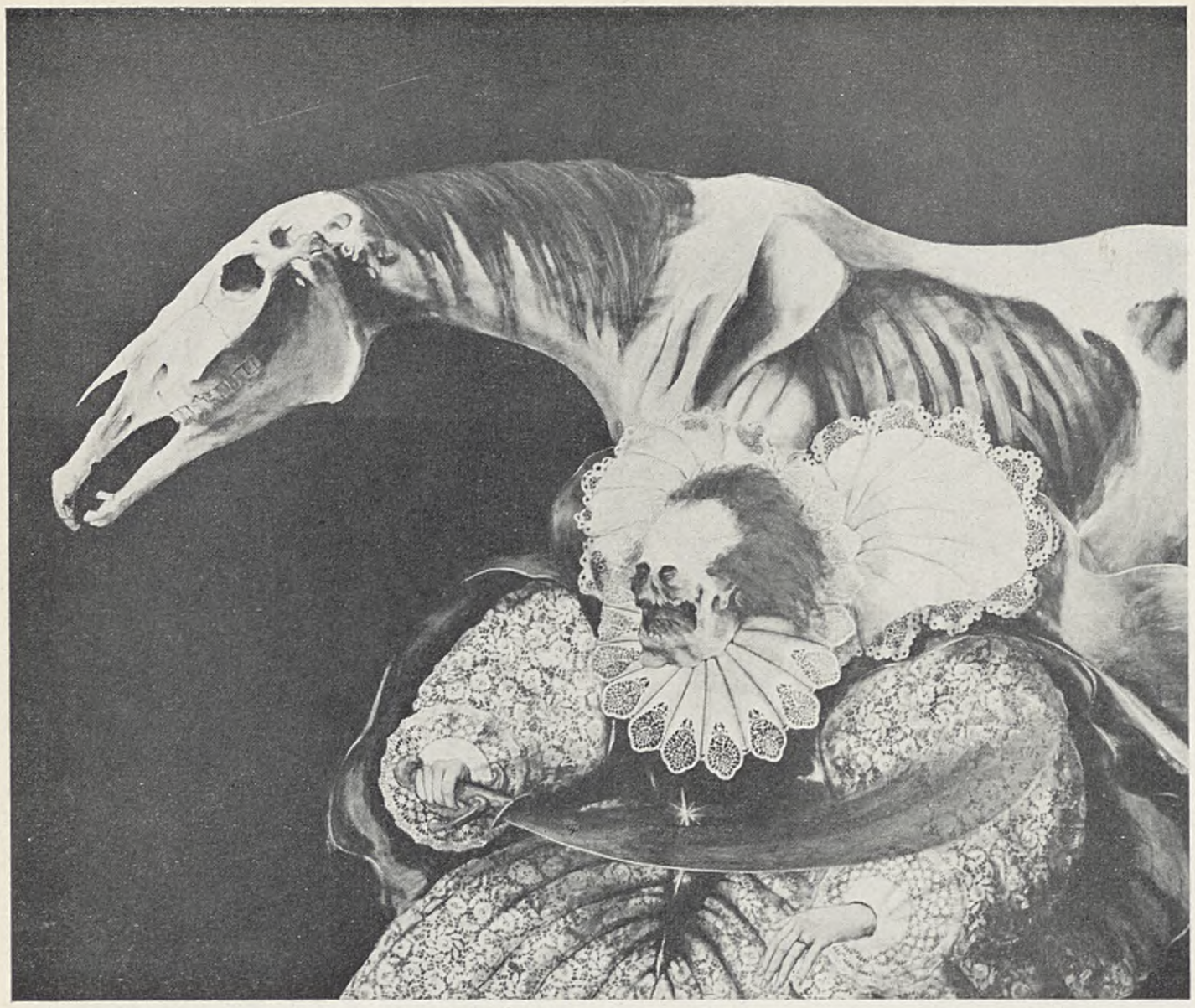
left
ELIZABETH ROONEY WINDOW NO. 2 (1974)
Crayon on canvas 94cm. x 94cm.
Macquarie, Sydney

above
BILL BROWN ANCHORED (1975)
Acrylic on canvas 122cm. x 173cm.
Bonython, Sydney

top left
MICHAEL TAYLOR TREE (1974)
Oil on canvas 240cm. x 173cm.
Coventry, Sydney

top right
MAX MILLER KORAHN II (1974)
Acrylic on canvas 139cm. x 112cm.
Coventry, Sydney

Photographs by Douglas Thompson

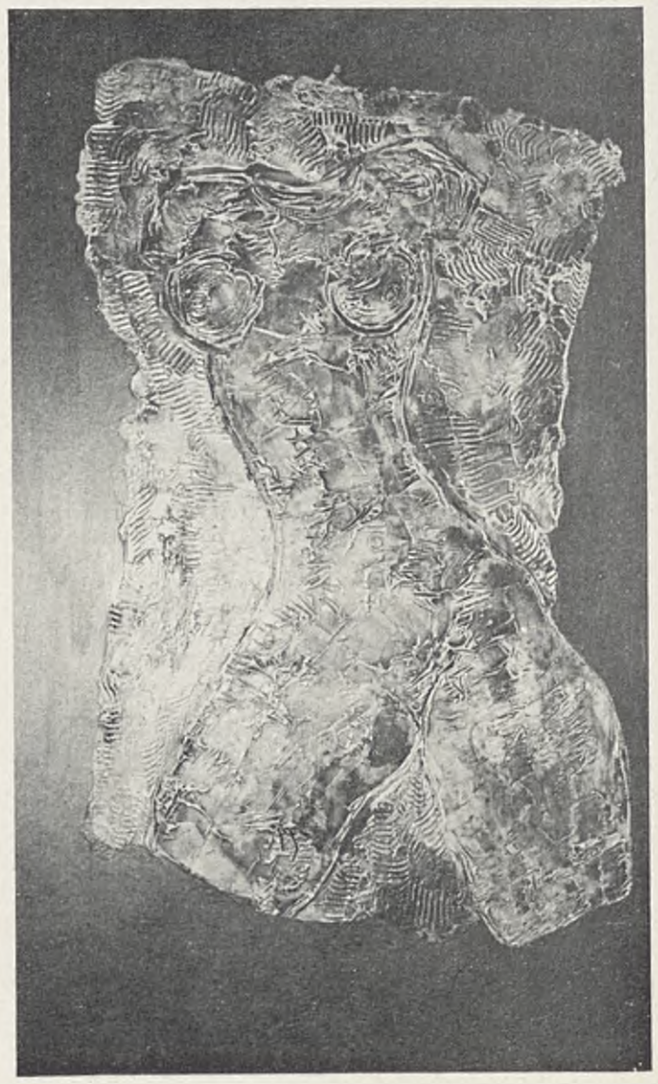


left

NOEL TUNKS THE RAINBOW PORTRAIT (1975)
Acrylic 152cm. x 183cm.
Australian, Melbourne
Photograph by Val Foreman

below

ELWYN LYNN SAN QUENTIN 1975
Mixed media on paper 64cm. x 51cm.
Bonython, Sydney

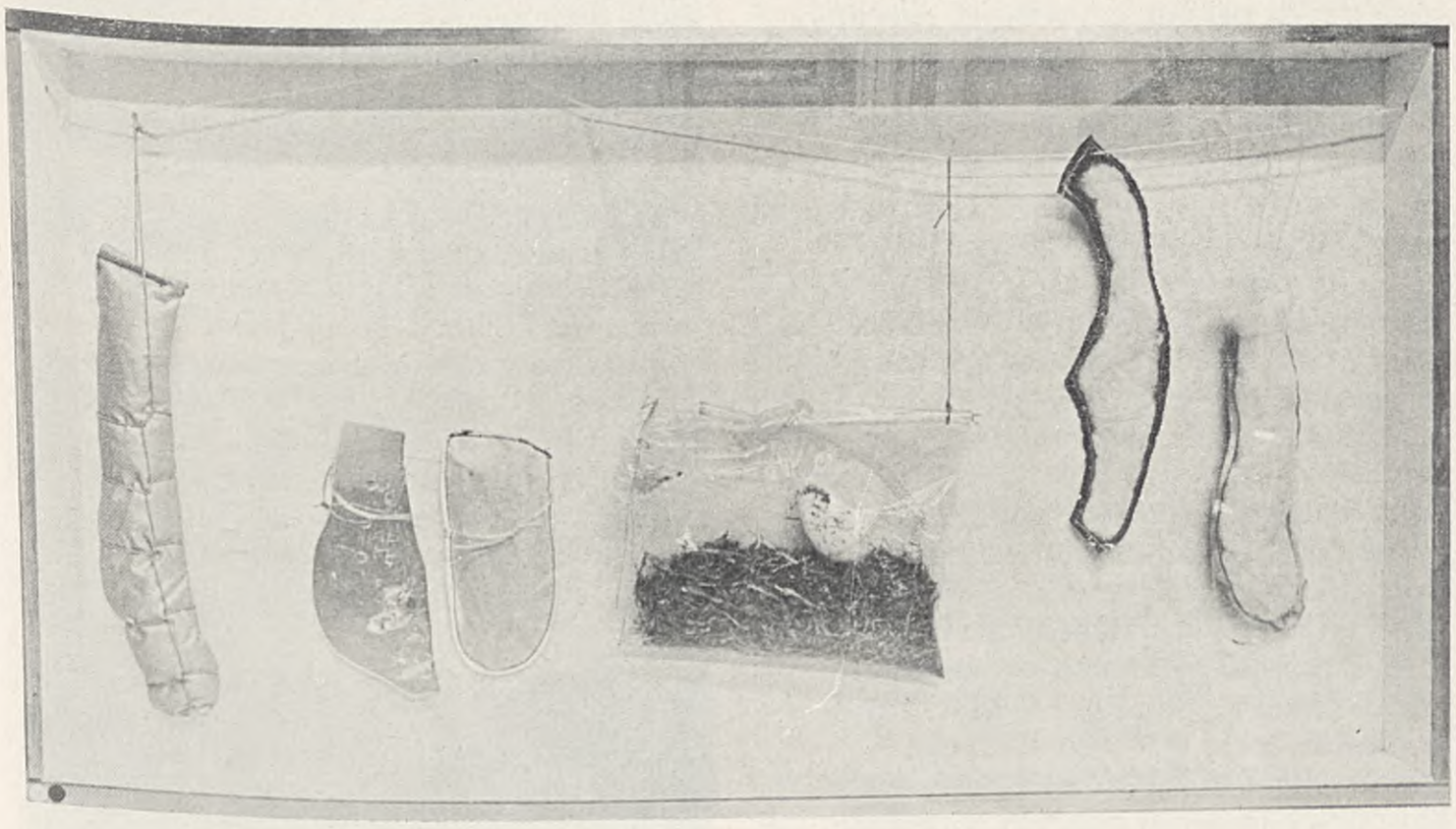


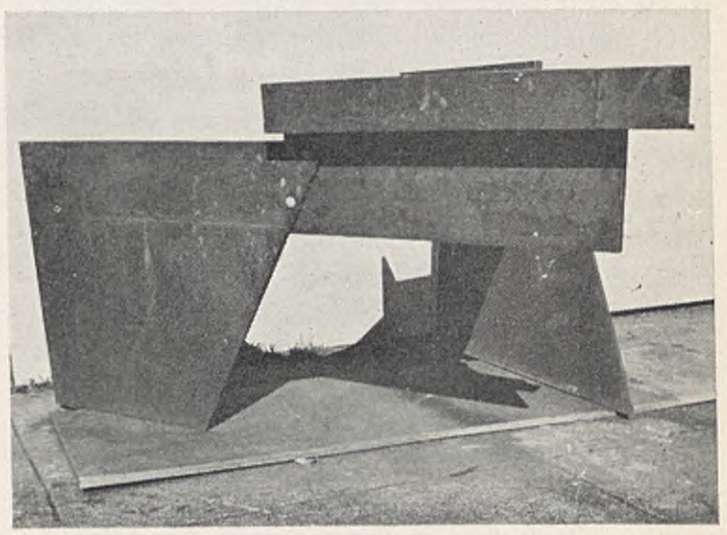
left
IAN VAN WIERINGEN FERCUND EXTRAVAGANCE (1975)
Oil on cotton duck 203cm. x 347cm.
Powell Street, Melbourne
Photograph by John Edson

below left
ROBERT JANES CONSTRUCTION
Mixed media 51cm. x 91cm. x 6 cm.
Crossley, Melbourne

below
JOHN COBURN ENIGMA (1975)
Acrylic on canvas 91cm. x 91cm.
Bonython, Sydney

bottom
IAN McKAY SPAN I 1974
Steel 154cm. x 165cm. x 89cm.
Sculpture Centre, Sydney





opposite bottom left
CARL PLATE BLUE STRUCTURE SIX 1972
PVA on canvas 48cm. x 64cm.
Town, Brisbane

opposite bottom right
MAXIMILIAN FEUERRING NUDE (1975)
Acrylic and oil 91cm. x 61cm.
von Bertouch, Newcastle
Photograph by Helmut Furst

Brisbane Scene

Pamela Bell

The Brisbane art scene appears to have reached its nadir and, hopefully, the only way from now must be up. The Queensland Art Gallery closed its doors when structural decay, sadly symbolic, became an increasing threat to the lives of both the collection and the public. This closure compounded the hiatus in the private scene caused by the closure of the Johnstone Gallery. The year 1975 has seen the reopening of the Queensland Art Gallery temporarily housed and the collection somewhat meanly displayed on the sixth floor of the M.I.M. Building. While the mirage of a new gallery floats across the river at South Brisbane, bleak with the memory of the disastrous January floods of 1974, the Gallery has just announced the acquisition of 'a fine Impressionist painting by the French artist l'Oiseau, an equal to Monet'. This banal and fairly lack-lustre painting took $33,400 of the Gallery's meagre budget. This has since been followed by the announcement of the purchase of an $85 drawing by a fourteen-year-old, self-taught schoolgirl. The brightest glimmer in the general darkness seems to come mainly from acquisitions given by the Queensland Gallery Society, with gifts such as Sam Fullbrook's presentation of his magnificent portrait of Ernestine Hill and, lately, a new donor scheme which, in its first exercise, purchased a prehistoric (5th century B.C.) Thai storage jar.

In retrospect, the vitality and joy of Laurie Thomas's period of directorship proved to be the Indian summer which was to seal Queensland's fate in a nineteenth-century ice age. This happy period was a combination of Laurie's personality and artistic philosophy capitalizing on a sensitive and professionally solid sequence of directorships prior to his appointment. An active Contemporary Art Society operated in Brisbane at that time. It is now non-existent. Two major professional and complementary private galleries, the Johnstone and the Moreton, existed. The energy and personality of Jon Molvig was a catalystic influence on the younger painters.

However, there are hopeful signs on both the public and private fronts. Admittedly no substitute for a vital State gallery, the Darnell Gallery gains in stature through the authority and professionalism of Nancy Underhill, who heads the Department of Fine Art at the Queensland University. The Darnell, eventually to be housed in the tower of the University, holds an acquisitive competition each year in conjunction with Mr and Mrs Graham de Gruchy. This year a $1,000 prize is planned for graphic art and artists are invited to submit their three best prints.

Another piece of good fortune is the presence in Brisbane of the current Dean of Brisbane, the Very Reverend Ian George, whose interest in art is a vital one and whose policy it is to expose contemporary art in St John's Cathedral by begging or borrowing from private galleries or private collections. Already he has staged a marvellous showing of tapestries.

The main fact that augurs brighter prospects for Brisbane, however, is the progress of a few concerned and dedicated people of goodwill, discernment and integrity who are currently engaged in establishing an Institute of Modern Art. Its purpose will be not so much the acquisition of works as the showing of collections – retrospective, public or private – and to provide a venue for any facet of contemporary artistic expression or for the showing of loan collections from the Australian National Gallery when its travelling exhibitions begin.

The private-gallery scene has been one of change. The Reid Gallery, until its closure early this year with the appointment of its Director, Rona van Erp, to a curatorial position with the Queensland Art Gallery, went its quiet and dignified way without any separate philosophy and without great bravura, exhibiting a succession of good, established artists like Rapotec, Olsen, Powditch and an interesting new show by local artist Mervyn Moriarty. The Ray Hughes Gallery showed consistently important exhibitions – Keith Looby, David Rankin, a charming collection of Roger Hiltons, delightful idiosyncratic work of local girl Davida Allen, a mixture of works by popular painters like Alan Mitelman and a run from the stables of Watters Gallery, Sydney.

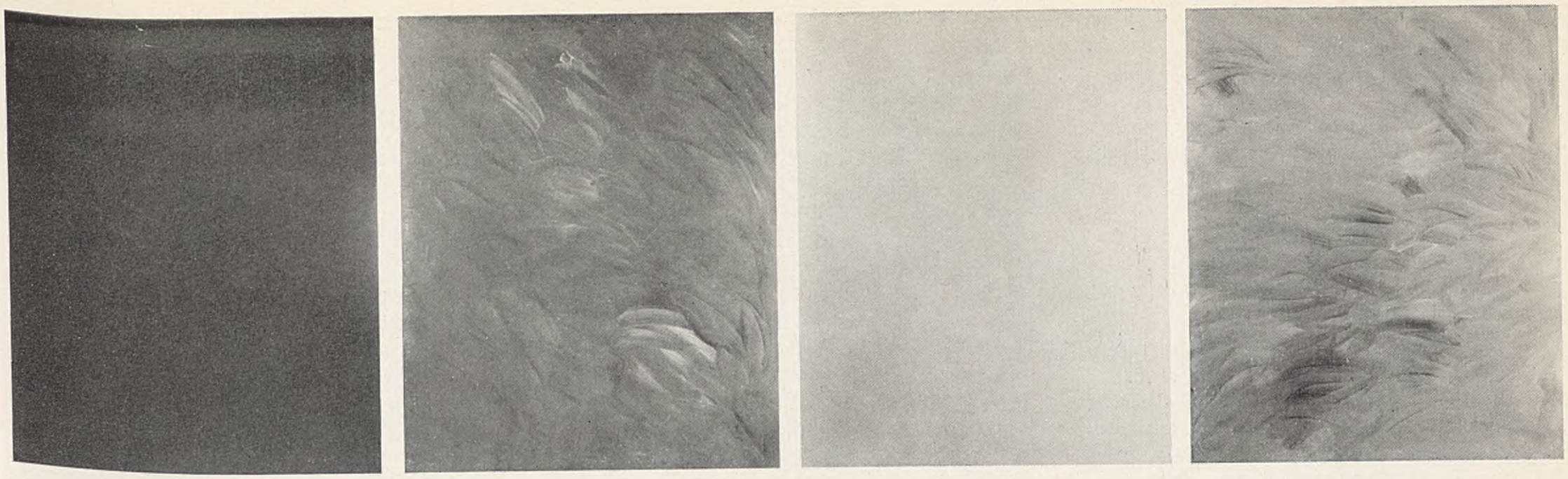
The Philip Bacon Gallery has appeared, with a young Director feeling his way through the difficult beginnings of the all-consuming and ultimate dedication implicit in the successful gestation of such an undertaking. He has shown the established old predictables – Lawrence Daws, Charles Blackman, Robert Dickerson – an amusing, unpretentious, first show of James Willebrant and, later in the year, will hold the first Brisbane exhibition in two years of local favourite, Margaret Olley. The special atmosphere of Olley's show cannot fail to add an extra patina, like a good house-warming party, to what is already the beginnings of a sympathetic potential.

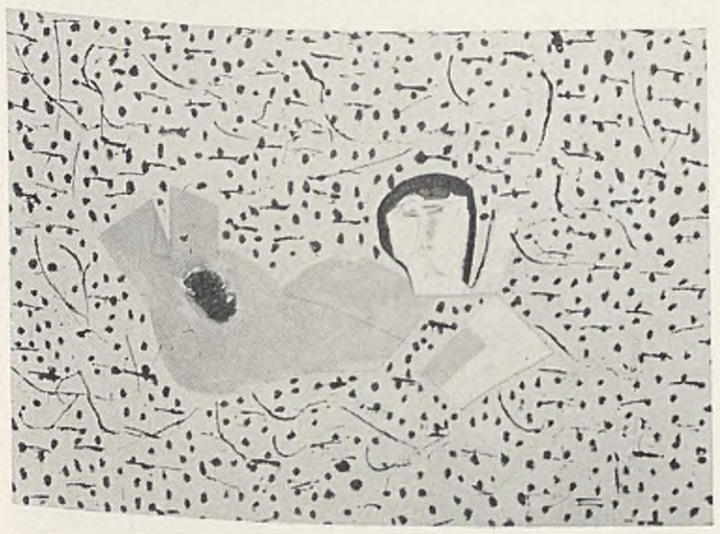
The other galleries continue their established philosophies, including the Town Gallery, whose modest proportions house small shows by solid artists. Most tend towards the Julie Andrews syndrome – it is popular, the average person wants to buy it so it must be good – and thereby serve their purpose and a particular section of the art-buying public.

Probably the most significant news on the private-gallery front is the imminent opening of a gallery by Victor Mace, sometime assistant to the sorely missed Brian Johnstone. It will be in a detached cottage in the precincts of the former Johnstone Gallery. Brian Johnstone is emphatically not some *eminence gris* but continues his role of art-consultant-by-appointment in retirement.

Finally, to the subject of the artists themselves. Not unpredictably in such a low-key State, left to themselves and undisturbed by the jealousies, in-fighting,

GORDON SHEPHERDSON LIESA 1973
Oil on board 137cm. x 137cm.





top

BOB MACPHERSON BLACK-WHITE (KILRAIN) FOR O.M. (1975)
Acrylic on canvas 4 panels each 211cm. x 175cm.

middle

ROY CHURCHER PAINTING (1975)
Acrylic on canvas 91cm. x 122cm.

above

DAVIDA ALLEN NUDE (1974)
Pencil, collage and acrylic on canvas 91cm. x 122cm.

Ray Hughes Gallery Brisbane

the incest, the politics, the 'in' and 'out' games, the snakes-and-ladders that bedevil the southern art scenes, the artists of stature have probably never painted better. They have space and elbow-room to consolidate their own special qualities and individualities. Jon Molvig's stylistic ghost is at last laid, but his spirit lingers in the wings in a continuing tradition of the qualities of honesty, integrity and independence – in Fullbrook, off to the race-track Saturdays, painting in his old, weatherboard house, consistently and probably better than ever, in Gordon Shepherdson working in his dark studio, growing in power and stature every year, more concerned with the act of painting and the exploration of experience than in public exposure, producing powerful, deeply felt paintings, 'full of dark sounds' to quote Lorca. A maturing painter of unquestionable integrity, his work is still a little uneven, sometimes crude, but the increasing incidence of good paintings is yet to be appreciated. Roy Churcher, after years in a comparative wilderness with too much energy spent in the generous role of teaching, is more and more himself, and is painting, too, better than ever. He is a seductive draughtsman, a delicious colourist; his work, of simplicity and celebration, contains some essence of place, the subtropical – a Brisbane quality of leaf-light and climate.

Of the younger artists the story is sadly different. There is not the stimulus or dialogue to encourage germination, let alone fertilize growth. Easily the most interesting young painters to emerge are Davida Allen, of previous mention, and Bob MacPherson. The recipient of a Visual Arts Board Grant, Bob MacPherson works at his big canvases in a typical weatherboard cottage in Red Hill. Minimal, serene, disciplined, he is a difficult artist to categorize in the boring task of find-the-label. Certainly he is a conceptual, intellectual artist, almost wholly concerned with the concept of painting and less with the incidentals in the act of making. There is an immaculate atmosphere about his work that is almost Eastern in philosophy. One is aware at the same time that his almost Puritan sense is akin to the frontier simplicities of a genuine country background, from which he has consciously turned away but it is still evidenced in the sparse objects that are about him in his studio – authentic vernacular furniture, slabs of wood silvered by time and weather, found objects, aboriginal tools and artefacts of stone and wood. Contrasted with a small collection of Oriental antique porcelain and objects, they seem to epitomize the nature of his conscious choice in resolving a schizoid dilemma so often an essential aspect of the humanity.

As always, an art scene is only a chart of its personalities and, apart from the artists' occupations as such, Mervyn Moriarty continued his Flying Art School 'Eastaus' teaching art to the outback, Betty and Roy Churcher stayed, as artists, teachers, spokesmen and focus for what art continuity existed, and Dr Gertrude Langer stayed – her unstinting contributions, as critic, lecturer, art historian, in her varying roles in Arts Council, vacation schools, and gallery society can scarcely be overestimated.

Since ends imply beginnings, and with a variety of good auspices current in the ashes of the Brisbane art scene, perhaps it is possible at last to detect the stirrings of a Phoenix – long overdue.

Fred Cress and the New Painterliness

Patrick McCaughey

Fred Cress's new paintings have aroused more interest and excited more enthusiasm than any other paintings in Melbourne over the last two years. He has become something of a standard and a guide to the way painting is moving in the 1970s. He looks and feels like a new talent of distinction and force. Judging by the imitations which have sprung up in the wake of his success, younger painters in particular have responded warmly to his new work. There are strict limits, however, to the admiration Cress's new output has aroused. At the time of writing no public gallery has bought any of the recent work and the middle-generation painters continue to sniff at the claims made for him. I do not see much point in being either impressed or discouraged by coolness from those quarters. These days public galleries are hardly the place to look for encouragement of any sort, let alone the discernment of the new. The resistance to Cress by the established painters springs as much from doubts about his 'aesthetic pedigree' as from doubts about the paintings themselves.

Cress *is* something of an outsider. He arrived in Australia in 1961 and he has never been through an Australian art school where usually so many initial and essential contacts are made, associations with colleagues formed and patronage from older artists enjoyed. Undoubtedly, the present work bears scant relation to the rather conventional work he produced in Australia between 1965 and 1972. Instead of finding that deplorable, I find it admirable that a painter can emancipate himself from his own conventional tastefulness and move steadily towards a greater ambition and expectation for his work. Here, as elsewhere, Abstract painters do not begin to make a substantial contribution until they have eliminated more conventional picture-making procedures; and that is very different from somebody who works in a Realist vein. It is much easier to develop, early in a career, a striking and appealing Realist style than a distinct Abstract manner. Style – real style as distinct from a trademark or format – is so elusive in Abstract painting that the natural tendency amongst young Abstract painters is to fall back onto tried and trusted conventions – balanced compositions, easily read relationships between shapes, an overwhelming desire to fit neatly into the frame. In other words, young Abstract artists tend to fall for a standardized late-Cubism. To paint your way out of that simply takes time, effort and consideration. Cress's development follows that pattern. For years he made nothing more than a schoolman's polite, late-Cubist paintings, dividing up his pictures by an architecture of vertical and horizontal axes in which every shape, image and motif was flattened out and laid parallel to the picture plane. It took him until his mid-thirties to throw those conventions out of his art and embark on genuinely Abstract painting – not just a painting which abstracts from a basically Realist manner of painting.

The centre of Cress's art, and its quality, lies in the change from a painting style which depends essentially on its drawing for style to a painting style which depends wholly on its painterliness. Such a change is no more and no less than the story of how all good modernist painters, from Jackson Pollock onwards, have had to fight through Cubism to find their own genuine Abstract manners. Cubism was above all a revolution in drawing, changing the way objects and motifs could be described and delineated in painting. It provided subsequent painting, both Realist and Abstract, with a firm, pictorial structure, so plausible that it quite overwhelmed the painterly qualities of painting. Yet the best Abstract painting of the last thirty years, whether it be by Pollock or Morris Louis, Hans Hofmann or Helen Frankenthaler, Kenneth Noland or Jules Olitski, has shown that good painting in order to be good has had an ineluctable drive to be *painterly*. Painterliness was the way you surmounted and emancipated yourself from the rigidities of Cubist drawing.

It might be objected, fairly, that to find in Cress a similar emancipation is both grandiose and obvious. He is neither a Frankenthaler nor a Louis (nor is any other Australian painter) and he is not alone in Australia at present in turning towards a looser, freer way of working the surface, which is what most people call 'painterliness'. Here, quality plays a crucial part. Of course there are legions of splashy Abstractionists at present to whom we could loosely attach the phrase 'painterly' but, *qualitatively*, their work strikes me as lesser than Cress's. Splashy Abstraction is the curse of recent Australian painting because all that molten painting, poured and thrown across the surface, reads as rigidly as any Cubist-based Abstraction. Cress's painterliness is qualitatively superior because it always advertises its painted, even its brushed, nature. The evidence that brushed painterliness surrenders is always of something felt rather than something demonstrated. Cress's paintings at their best always have a particularity and sense of detail quite foreign to the generalized outpourings of most current, splashy Abstraction. Particularity and singularity in Abstract painting, the sense of the unrepeatable, is the way feeling enters into painting. The majority of splashy Abstractionists are keen to emphasize the *matériel* to compensate for what they instinctively feel to be a looseness or even weakness in their drawing. Hence, the poured areas of paint are left as raw as possible to achieve, through emphasis, what they feel is lacking in structure. Paint itself, however, is always inert, unless rendered and compelled. The objection to so much recent painterly Abstraction is not that it is uncontrolled and arbitrary but that the pouring, spilling and splashing result in inert and dead surfaces. Far from indulging feeling, the application of paint to surface is entirely unfelt.

Cress's thinness of facture, evanescent colour and fluidity resist absolutely the heaviness and inertness of the style. Instead of emphasizing the corporeality of paint, its viscosity and tacky opacity, Cress emphasizes the abstractness of the painting. What distinguishes his quality and renders it superior is that his painterliness *is* painted, that it has been worked on and through the surface by the brush or squeegee.

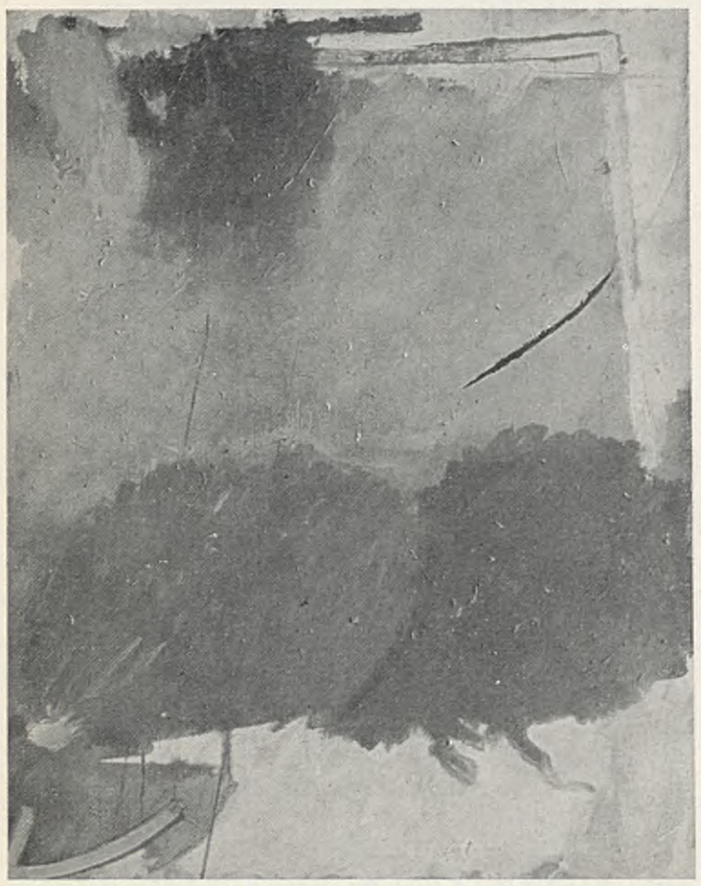
Cress came to his present painterly mode through a process of exhausting alternatives. Indeed, his background and English training put brakes on his development and inclination. In short that background was *for* tonal correctness, careful design and a strong, dominant image. In a generalized way it was *against* the scale and undertaking of recent American painting. Although

FRED CRESS DEYTHEUR 1974
Acrylic on duck 213cm. x 168cm.
Possession of the artist
Photograph by John Edson

Cress flirted, not very successfully, with some serialized painting in the 1960s, his pictorial taste was largely an anglicized, academic modernism. Certainly there were few, if any, hints of a distinctively painterly gift. Likewise his colour was only rudimentary in the majority of his works in the 1960s and gave no hint of his present originality. What hampered his development most was a curious commitment to 'the image' in painting. He shied away from the frankly and unambiguously formal or aesthetic bias of the 1960s. Cress can draw exactly after nature with considerable facility and his reluctance to move too far away from an art which reflected something of that facility was due largely to a mistaken view of his own gifts. He believed that his 'natural' gifts as a draughtsman should provide the basis for his painting. It drew his painting easily and unwittingly into the ambiance of late-Cubism, a painting style whose basis lay in drawing and not in the painterly, as already noted.

The break was to come in 1972. That year Cress exhibited a large group of paintings at the Bonython Gallery in Sydney. They were almost universally ignored and the reasons were not hard to come by. They generally fell within the late-Cubist ambiance. Well crafted, they were polished works in so entirely familiar a mode that they were almost anonymous. It became apparent to Cress that the more he worked in that mode, the more professionally he turned out paintings, the lesser they looked and the more spurious became their plausibility. Some of the paintings in the Bonython Gallery exhibition did, however, show an interest in a looser, more painterly approach to the surface. The image, at that stage a roughly circular or semi-circular crumpled shape, sat oddly and increasingly incongruently in the field.

The break-through came with a large painting, *Lauriston*, painted in the mid-part of 1972. Although the crumpled shape was still retained, the painting as a whole was laid out quite differently from the earlier work. Layers of colour were washed over a shadowy under-drawing of shapes; the conscious placing of images and motifs within the frame was abruptly replaced by the blocks and accents of colour, brushed hard in against the edge. The result was a striking and impressive ungainliness for the painting. The decorum of the earlier



paintings dissolved in the painterly flow of the work. Cress's colour took on a new strength and significance. *Lauriston*'s basic yellow-greenish hue, opposed by richer accents of blue and red, had little or no precedent in earlier work. Tonality was no longer the binding and unifying factor of the design. In its place came an assertive and slightly defiant contrast of values. Above all, what Cress achieved in *Lauriston* was an emancipation from the 'well-designed' painting. He chanced his arm on the painterly, on working the surface rather than designing it. If *Lauriston*, compared to the most recent paintings, appears today more 'squared up', more 'organized', it retains the force and conviction of a painting where the artist commits himself to the least explored aspects of his own art. Cress knew he was onto something for which his training and previous work had not prepared him. Like so much modernist painting, the change in direction had come about in the actual production of work, not in terms of changing 'ideas'.

The paintings which followed, in the latter part of 1972 and in 1973, developed the new-found painterliness with confidence and elan. Cress quickly discarded the crumpled-shape image and substituted for it the blocks and rougher patches to inflect and animate the field-colour. These patches tended to collect at the edge and the bottom frame so that they would not read as images but as an abstract 'weighting' of the surface. By altering the value and texture of these blocks and patches, Cress gave the surface the solidity he had previously achieved through modelling images. What he wanted to avoid was the gushy amorphousness of Lyrical Abstraction and achieve a full-bodied effect without prejudice to the painterly. The lingering under-drawing of *Lauriston* was similarly discarded. The connections and linkages of the new paintings were made wholly in painterly terms. The edges of the patches and

top

FRED CRESS LAURISTON 1971-72
Acrylic on duck 213cm. x 213cm.
Private collection

far left

FRED CRESS LANTEKE 1974
Acrylic on duck 213cm. x 168cm.
Owned by Mrs R. Marshall

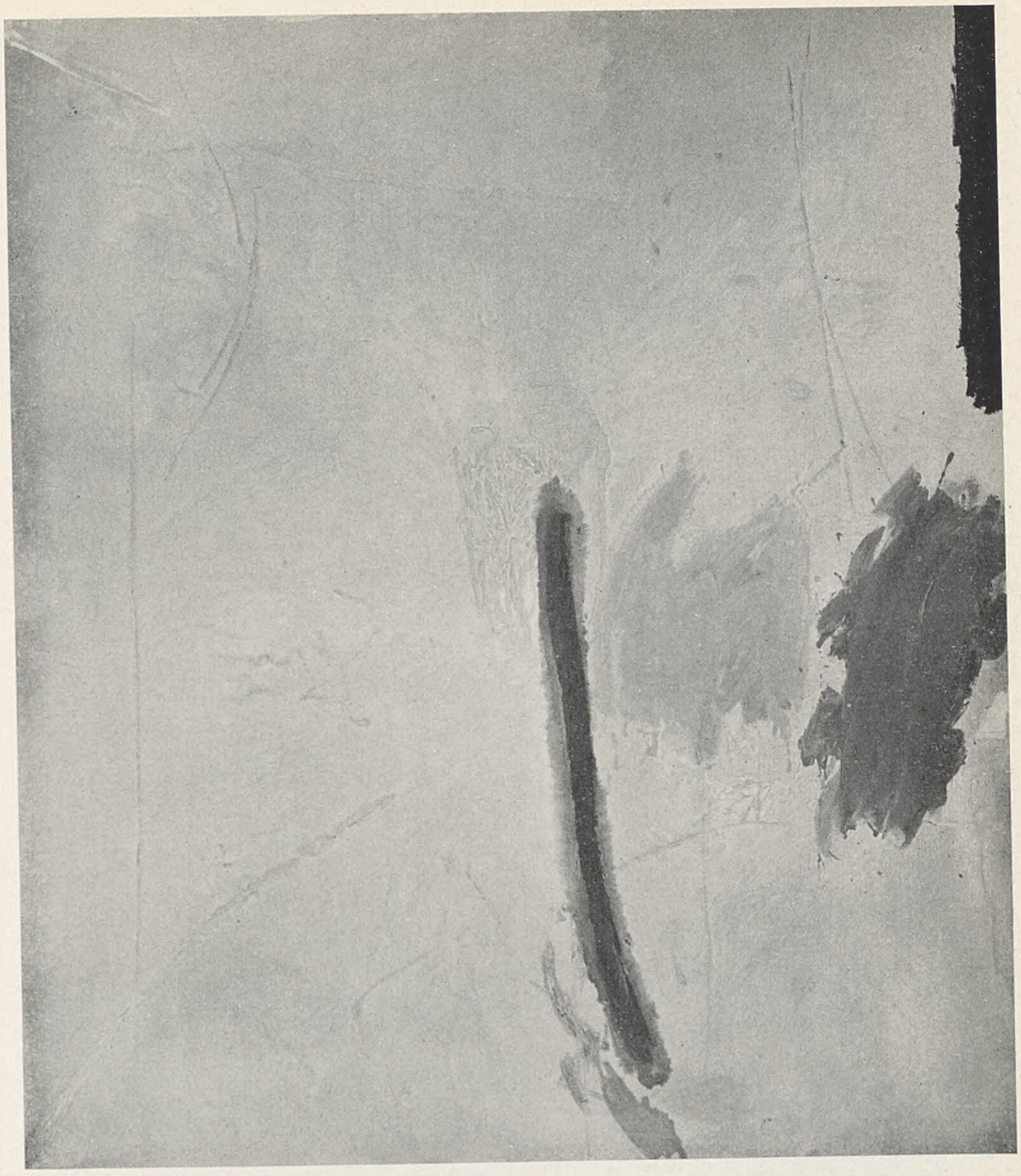
left

FRED CRESS BANDRA 1973-74
Acrylic on duck 198cm. x 168cm.
Owned by L. Martin
Photographs by John Edson

blocks were allowed to melt into the field or were painted raggedly across it. The effect was always of paint over paint, not of shape onto field.

The dominant role assumed by colour was the greatest gain of Cress's commitment to painterliness. In the paintings of 1972-73 Cress generally adopted a major, overriding hue against which he would place complementaries and antitheses. The saturation quality of this dominant hue achieved a new, more immediate unity than before for his paintings. Cress found he could manipulate the dominant hue through rusticating its surface or allowing faint suggestions of an undercolour to break through. He not only achieved great variety of feeling within basically monochromatic works but also managed to give the paintings a sense of flow and interchange that took away any sense of monolithic sameness. Cress's management of the liquidity and fluidity of his means is partly responsible for the authoritative quality. The paintings do not feel synthetic but have, instead, a sense of natural flow, with each moment of the surface organically bound to the next. Their fluidity gives the paintings that secure sense of unity between inspiration and execution.

In early 1974, Cress received one of the first Standard Grants from the Visual Arts Board and went abroad for two months, chiefly to visit New York to look at recent American painting. For, contrary to conventional wisdom, Cress's impetus into his new painterly manner was triggered off by American painting only in a very generalized way. Far too much has been made of the influence of Jules Olitski, for example. In fact, Cress had seen only the one rather small Olitski in the Power Collection, and reproductions convey nothing of his import. If anything, Cress was influenced by reports about Olitski, how surprising his quality was and how apparently effortlessly he produced the work. To a certain extent the gibe that Cress was merely pastiching Olitski drove him to New York to see for himself. The other impetus behind his visit was the realization of how quickly he had moved in the



above
FRED CRESS CALLENDE 1974
Acrylic on duck 198cm. x 168cm.
Private collection

right
FRED CRESS BEALIBA 1974
Acrylic on duck 152cm. x 366cm.
Possession of the artist
Photographs by John Edson

FRED CRESS APPLETON 1973
Acrylic on duck 213cm. x 168cm.
Private collection

preceding twelve months and the need to have his conceptions and ambitions challenged and amplified by advanced American painting.

In Toronto, at the Mirvisch Gallery, he saw in bulk, for the first time, Jack Bush, Jules Olitski, Kenneth Noland, Larry Poons, Helen Frankenthaler, Friedl Dzubas and others. In New York he met and visited the studios of Noland, Olitski and Dzubas. The overall effect was to shore up his confidence in his own direction – a confidence born, in part, from the sense that the painters whose work he saw and met represented the genuinely new and original paintings of the 1970s. They were not simply the remnants and remainders of the 1960s, as received opinion fondly imagines. He felt that his own interests and instincts were in close sympathy with those American painters.

On his return, Cress found it initially difficult to match the easy authority of the New York painters. *Lanteke*, the first work done back in Australia, registered in an instant the impact his New York visit had made. Awkward and ungainly, it starts more than it finishes, governed by powerful influences not fully absorbed or resolved; yet it does possess a boldness and directness the more refined and polished works of 1973 only hinted at. Rather like *Lauriston* of two years before, it marks a break in Cress's work from a successful and secure manner towards a looser and freer way of working.

The paintings which followed and were exhibited in October 1974 at the Chapman Powell Street Gallery in Melbourne were to establish a new level of quality in his work. All suggestions of a format were now removed and each painting developed a strikingly different notation which, in turn, greatly affected the colour and widened its scope and variety. Cress largely removed the Olitskian mannerism of the edging stroke and placed his 'gestural' markings – normally a single stroke drawn freely across the field – boldly in the centre of the canvas. These markings were so easily and so unselfconsciously brushed that they avoided the look of being too knowingly 'composed'. Cress also kept these brush-strokes and brushed blocks of colour from assuming too great a shape consciousness. They do not read as 'figure on ground'. The ground-colour aerates the brushwork and the colour of the strokes or the blocks. The markings in the

new paintings seem to inhere to the surface, embedded in the field and sharing its character. Cress has had to paint much more thinly than before to achieve that and the colour has gained greatly in luminosity. Letting go of his rusticated, textured patches, the hallmark of the earlier paintings, is one more sign of the confidence Cress has developed in his own art. He discards that which appeared to be central in order to take on a greater quality or originality.

One thing remains constant in Cress's work over the last two years. Generally speaking, he has always pulled off his most successful works on relatively small-scaled paintings. The standard size for Cress is usually two hundred and thirteen centimetres tall by one hundred and sixty-seven centimetres across. Once he moves to a larger format, the paintings begin to lose confidence in their distinctively painterly attributes. Cress usually balances the long horizontals too evenly, with left, right and centre all being firmly delineated. His greater success in the smaller format stems from the fact that the painting can be made of a piece, with considerations of layout and format being decided intuitively in a fully painterly way. The larger works do not yet admit to a fully intuitive way of working. They take on a composed look and relegate the painterly to no more than one attribute amongst others.

The finest of the recent works – *Deytheur*, *Samanat*, *Callende* and *Bandra* – attest to the manifold nature of the painterly. It is not just the variation or colour which strikes one: the painterliness makes available a range in the character of the work. It is important to bear that in mind when considering how Cress's road to his present level of quality has been essentially that of moving from an ethos of images and hidden narrative to a closer regard for the high art of modernist painting. After all, modernism with its continuing fascination with the abstract properties and qualities of the medium has hardly been thought of as making available a range in the character of an artist's work. In fact, it always has. Cress's example over the last two years demonstrates with greater clarity and force than that of any other comparable Australian painter that modernism is not a tight, restrictive body of received opinion but that it continues, because of its rigorous standards, to produce the new and the various in art at present.

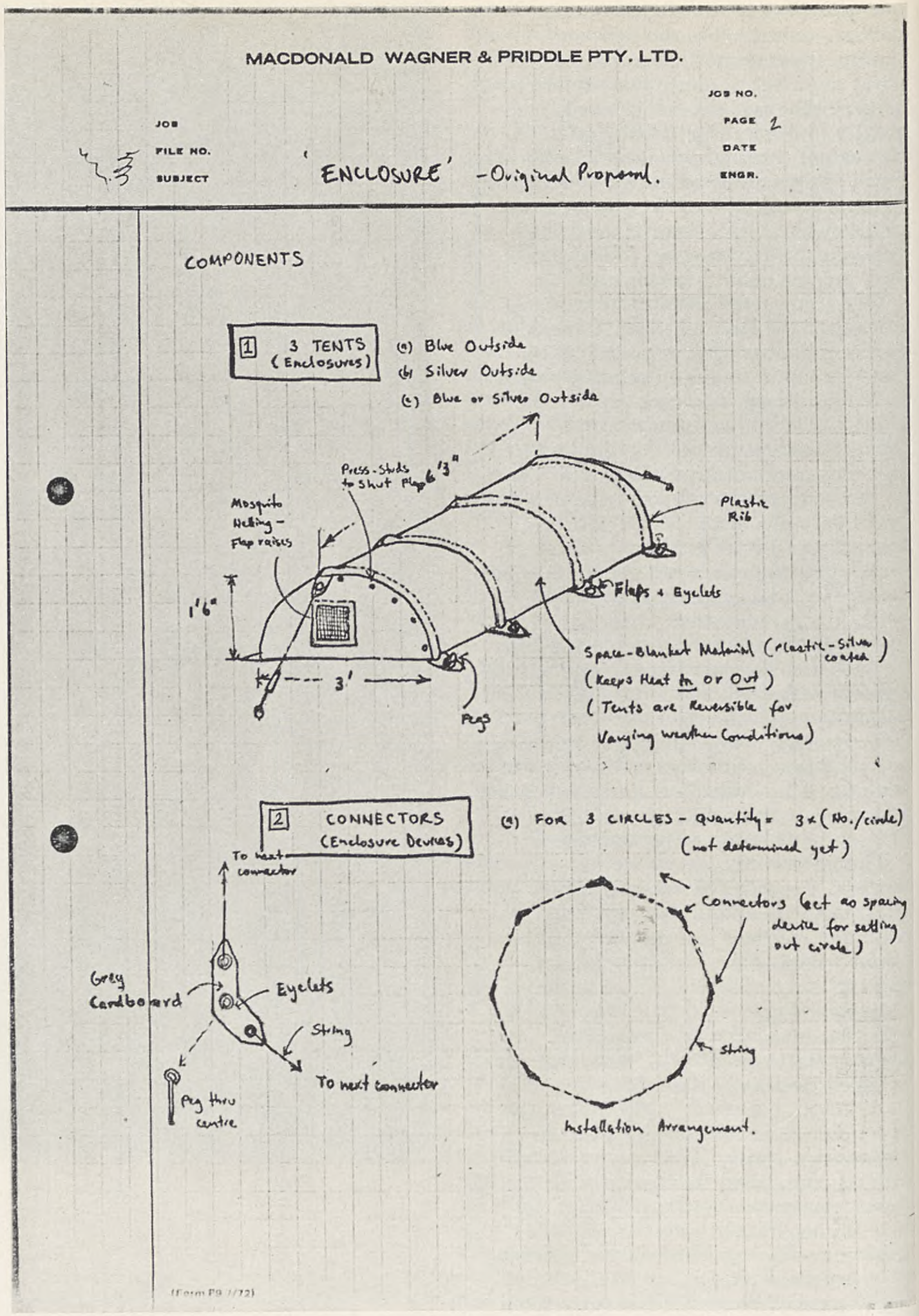
FRED CRESS SAMANAT 1975
Acrylic on duck 213cm. x 168cm
Monash University, Melbourne
Photographs by John Edson

Imants Tillers and the Redefinition of Art in Australia

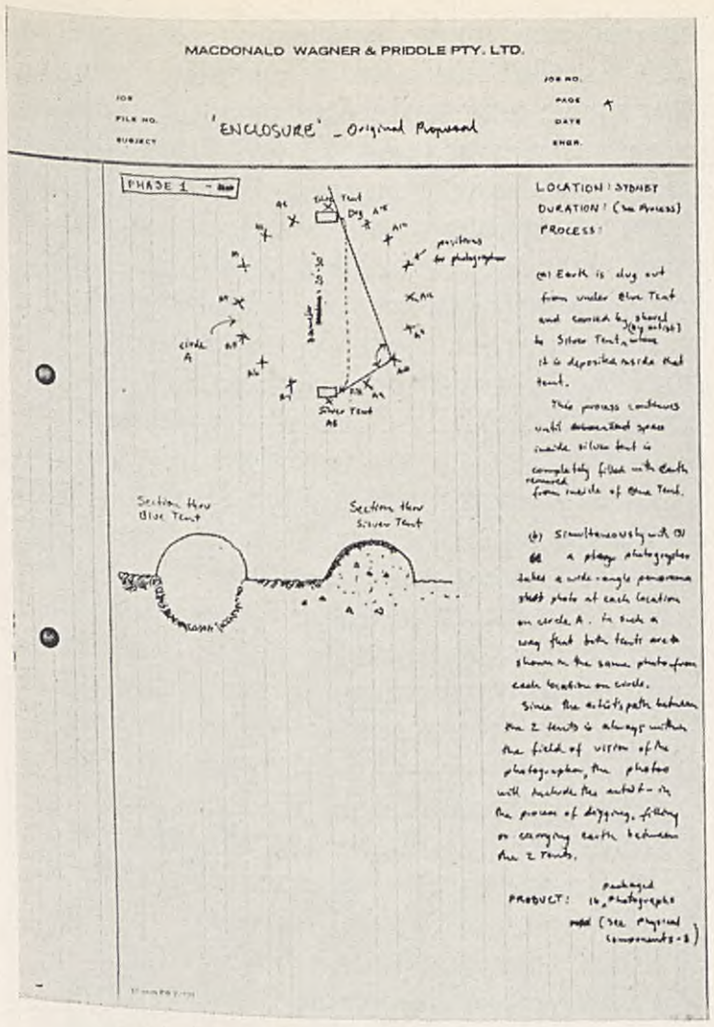
Donald Brook

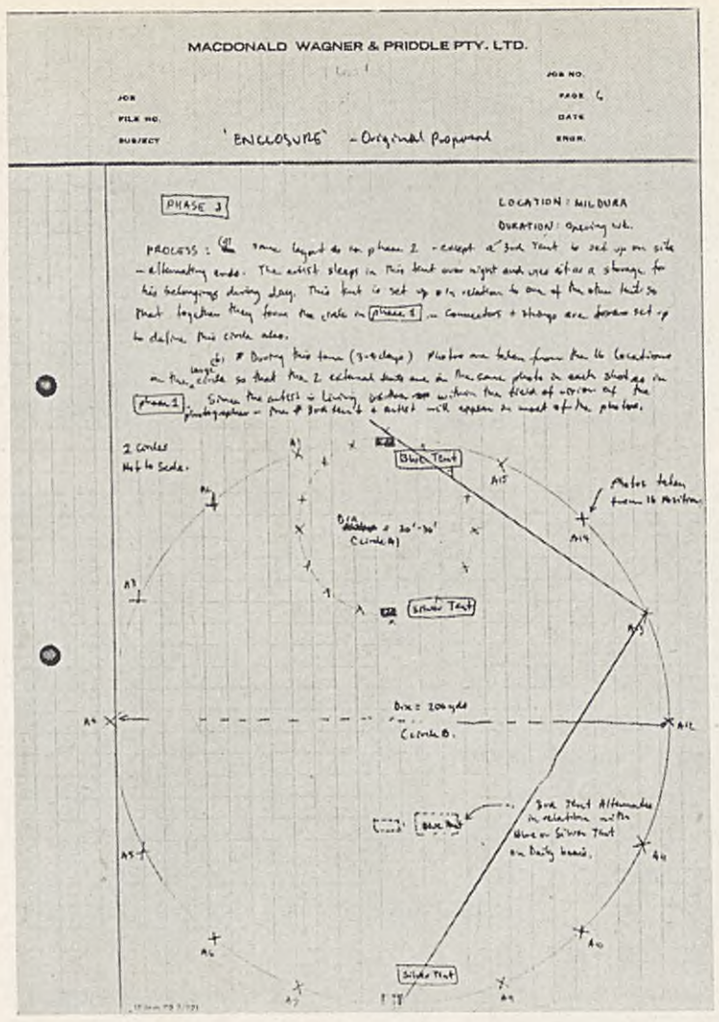
Imants Tillers is twenty-five years old and his artistic biography begins only six years ago, in 1969, when he helped with Christo's Little Bay wrap-up and entered a few municipal art shows. He has not been to art school or, until recently, mixed very much with professional artists. Even now his friends are mainly artists who themselves stand slightly oblique to public notice and whose names and faces are still not familiar to the established middle generation of 'real' artists – the winners of painting competitions, the senior teachers in art schools, the providers of stock for dealers' galleries.

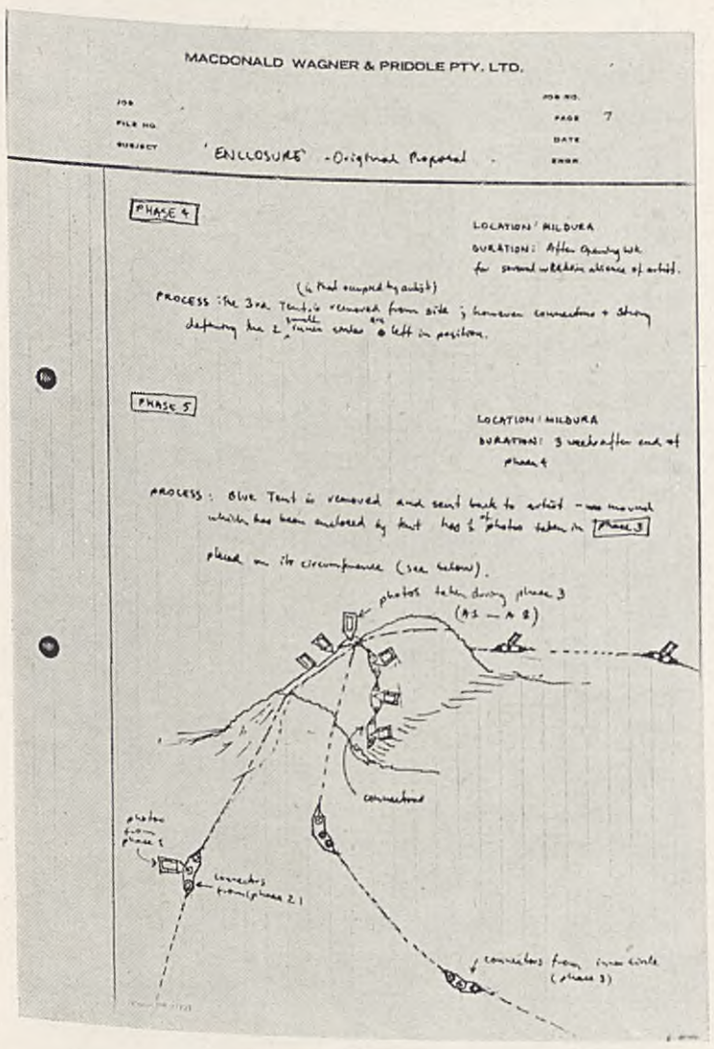
His sudden adoption by Australia's extremely conservative and timid art institutions (purchases by collectors and galleries; selection to represent Australia in the competitive games in São Paulo; nomination for notice in *ART and Australia*) must be significant. The institutional apprenticeship system is evidently crumbling. Art is no longer an esoteric craft skill communicated through a priesthood, although it is still, mysteriously, a matter of election. Only a

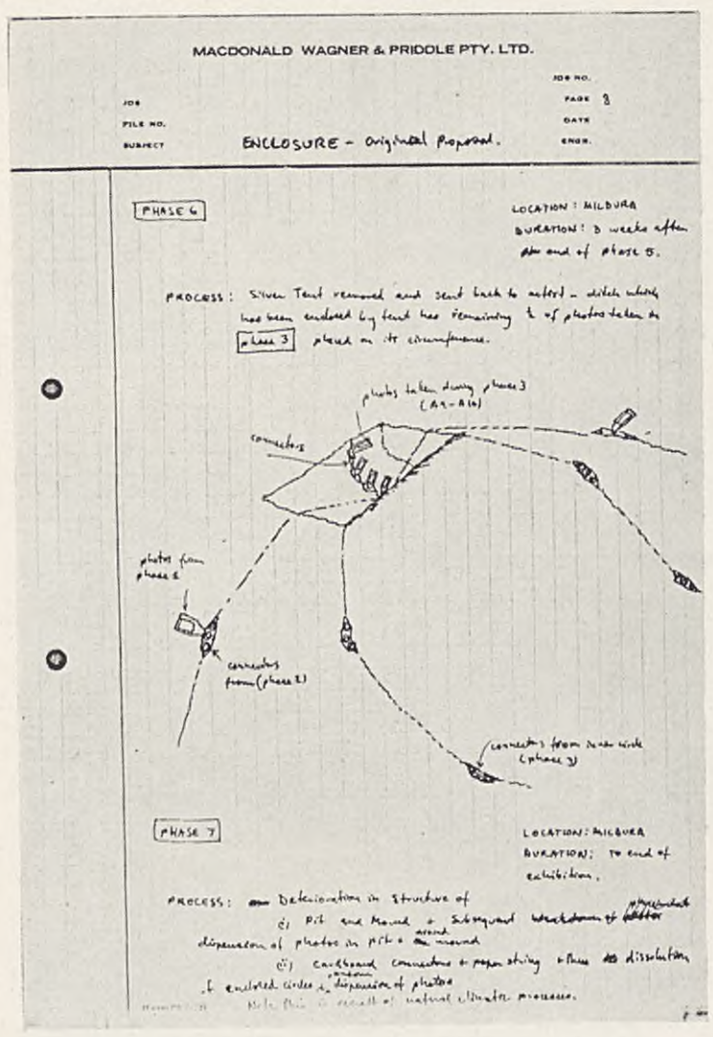


IMANTS TILLERS
ENCLOSURE – ORIGINAL PROPOSALS (1973)
From a series of the artist's early notes on squared paper









year or two ago Imants Tillers was not a *real* artist (wasn't he really an architecture student?). Now he is a real artist.

There used to be a test for real artists that was said to be objective and independent of context: the excellence of the work. It was not enough (in theory – in practice it was quite enough) to have studied at the Slade under Henry Tonks, or in New York with Hans Hofmann. Any sensible jury of club members should be able to see at once, or almost at once, the manifest goodness of good art, without first reading the catalogue notes. Now all that security has gone. Here (and of course he is not alone) is Imants Tillers, without any respectable guild credentials, plainly elected in spite of the fact that nobody knows how to select a jury.

Not every feature of the new game is unrecognizable. Some things are very familiar, although they have a new emphasis. Imagination and intelligence are still respected, but intelligence especially has eclipsed the old, sloppy idolatry of 'felt quality' as a main artistic virtue. I mean by 'intelligence' the capacity to relate domains in an artistic construct: to revise an entire aesthetic epistemology, thinking about information instead of sense-impressions; to connect art with biology, with life and with the environment; to speculate that systems are more significant than relationships – in art as well as in life. I do not mean by 'intelligence' the capacity to pass competitive examinations of a bookish sort, although Imants Tillers – a Sydney University medallist as an architecture graduate – certainly has that knack. Or not that only. I mean the power of invention that continuously enlists imagery of every sort, even from such academically discreditable sources as the occult and magical, in the service of new constructs and analogies; and by 'imagination' I mean the capacity to think these themes through in concrete terms and to manifest them in the public forms of art.

Imants Tillers was influenced by the biologist von Bertalanffy's *General Systems Theory* rather than by, say, Greenberg's *Art and Culture*, not because he was a sharp young man, rather on the science side, who had not been told what an ambitious young artist ought to read, but simply because it is absolutely a more profound human construction in its own right, more relevant to life and ultimately more potent for art. In a set of

notes to *Still Life No. 1* (from *Moments of Inertia*, 1973) he writes:

'When the pieces are in an exhibition space the individual parts of the system will be arranged randomly or casually . . .

'The problem [of comprehension] arises because Western thinking has been in relational terms (for example, thinking in terms of hot and cold, black and white, day and night, life and death) and what is presented here is a situation that is fully comprehensible only in holistic terms – i.e. by treating each piece as part of a larger organizational scheme, having no intrinsic aesthetic merit in itself, merely a positional value within the system.'

It is a wry sort of joke that collectors will now buy elements of a Tillers system and hang them (for all the world as if they were paintings) between things that *are* paintings – and that they will not suffer by comparison.

Imants Tillers's works have developed, and severally attained a complexity and allusiveness, that cannot be unpacked in a short general article like this. Even flatly to describe his output over six years would exceed the quota of space and leave no room for interpretation, argument and criticism. A check-list with short notes by the artist, excluding commentary, occupies fifteen foolscap pages and will have to be published separately. So faceted is the *oeuvre* that one might devote a paper to its punning alone, asking for example why a work by Adrian Feint (an artist of no prominence at all) is almost obscured below one of the sequences of Tillers's *Moments of Inertia*.

Imants Tillers (sometimes he signs Immense Thrills) is immensely respectful to Marcel Duchamp, and the work he is preparing for São Paulo is, in a sense, a reconstruction of the *Great Glass*. 'In a sense', indeed, for *Conversations with the Bride* (as it may be called) will not look in the least like *The Bride Stripped Bare* . . . . 'Reconstruction' is a very good word for the process that images and ideas undergo in Imants Tillers's mind, partly through a calculus or machine of logical transformations, and partly through random chance, coincidence and accident. His generative process echoes natural process: macroscopically there is coherence and continuity, while the atomic or genetic foundation is unpredictable and prone to mutation. The first problem, in coming to grips with these systems and reconstructions, is to apprehend them properly, and this calls for time and patience. I do not mean the time and patience of the disinterested contemplator, who may not wrest the aesthetic essence from his slab of mainstream modernism in the first five minutes of inert exposure, but something far more active and testing, demanding both inquisitive thought and action.

Many post-object artists have made only the most superficial break with formalism, presentationalism and elitist sensibility. They work in a new medium, perhaps incorporating exaggerated extension (either spatial or temporal), but they are fundamentally pretty-pattern-makers, whose patterns are made artfully difficult of access and whose appreciators constitute a sub-set of the audience with the good eye. It is characteristic of this sort of artist that he or she is reticent and enigmatic about the work, even to the point of insisting, with the aesthetes of yesteryear, that it 'speaks for itself' or not at all. There is, of course, always an end to what can be said, or shown, about a work of art, but that end is usually a lot further away than one supposes – and even when it is reached it is *not* the case that the appreciation of the work, as art, lies all on the far side of the richer understanding. On the contrary, much of it, perhaps most of it, lies within the boundaries of the discussable and has already been achieved. Imants Tillers is not an obscurantist, although his works do not explain themselves. Against the contemporary grain he is ready to talk and write about them and to put the viewer, as nearly as possible, in his own position to understand them. The final enigma, if there is one, is intrinsic and not the consequence of an irritating coyness or pretentious deceit. Nothing that the artist does is underhand: for the patient enquirer he will lay every card on the table. If the game remains mysterious, the artist is as much victim as the rest of us.

I have said that neither a comprehensive catalogue nor even a full analysis of one work is possible in the present space. Nor would a bunch of random photographs give these pages anything but a pleasant, senseless, intriguing air, since none would be a photograph of a work of art, and no account of the systems to which they belong would be deducible. One major piece, *Moments of Inertia*, has already been seen in the galleries and published in the *C.A.S. Broadsheet* for January 1974. It will also be appearing in the next issue of '*73-74*', that has gone biennial (through European economic pressures) and may eventually appear as '*75-76*'. *Conversations with the Bride* will appear, with supporting documentation, in São Paulo later this year. The most sensible use of this space may therefore be to give wider currency to a comparatively little-known work, for which some sheets of the artist's draft are available, as well as photographic documentation and the artist's description.

Enclosure was made for the 1973 Mildura sculpture triennial, and it must have been one of the least understood pieces in that exhibition, because there was so little to see. Here is already a paradox, because it spanned, or encompassed, the entire site. This is what the artist has written about it:

'This piece consists of 2 tents, strings, pegs, connectors and photographs.

'The two tents lie on the diameter of the largest circle (approx. 500ft) which can be contained within the "Sculpturscape" boundaries, at the points where this circle touches these physical boundaries.

'The blue tent is filled with earth removed from the ground inside the silver tent (this is simply the blue tent reversed) so that one tent is in fact solid and the other contains a large ditch. Viewers can look into both tents through viewing flaps.

'Polypropylene rope joins the 16 connectors which demarcate the imaginary circle at equal intervals (about 200ft). Each connector anchors a photograph to the ground.

'The photographs are documentation of the following performance done in Sydney beforehand:

'A circle with a diameter of 30ft is drawn in the sand. The blue and silver tents lie on opposite points of the diameter. 16 positions are marked at equal intervals on the circumference.

'The artist digs out the sand from under the blue tent and carries it by shovel to the silver tent where it is deposited inside the tent. This process continues until the space inside the silver tent is completely filled with earth from inside the blue tent.

'Simultaneously with this process a photographer takes a wide-angle panorama shot at each location on the circle in such a way that both tents are shown in the same photo. The photographer moves to the next position on the circle each five minutes.

'Since the artist's path between the two tents is always within the field of vision of the photographer, the photos include the artist in the process of digging, filling or carrying earth between the two tents, and record the artist's progressive fatigue.

'These photos are then placed at the corresponding positions on the circle at Mildura, although the scale and the setting are quite different.

'The point of the piece, then, is that its meaning resides not in the individual elements but in their position within the whole system. In other words, if a viewer traverses the circle marked by the rope and realizes that the photographs relate to his position on the actual circle, relative to the two tents, he will be prompted to verify whether the same activity (i.e. digging out one tent and filling in the other) depicted in the photographs has occurred on the site at Mildura. If the viewer does not relate all the elements in this way, then they are relatively meaningless, being merely tents, rope, cardboard and photographs.'

In spite of the indication given in the last paragraph, I do not think that the appreciation of the piece resides in the viewer's performance of a feat of intelligently speculative inference, consummated by a glance inside the tents and rewarded with a brief glow of self-satisfaction. On the contrary, appreciation starts from this simple key.

It is an unusually hermetic and contrapuntal piece, without any inbuilt principle of proliferation that makes many of Imants Tillers's works grow like organisms or explode exponentially like chain reactions. There are two significant times or occasions of enactment (the artist's, in Sydney, and the viewer's, in Mildura) and two physical scales. They relate two locations; one in the artist's private context (his 'studio') and one in the public art-exhibition domain. There are objects and processes, and images of objects and processes (the same objects, but differently located in the system, and different processes – the generative and the analytic). The positive and negative volumes of material are formed by the artist's physical work, that occupies time and is manifested in fatigue. This is the one asymmetry, and the faint trace of it in the photographs around the big circle at Mildura provides the direction for recapitulation of the photographer's

IMANTS TILLERS
ENCLOSURE – THE SYDNEY PERFORMANCE

original moves. Even so, the rotation would be ambiguous if it were not for the different colours of the tents (visible from outside) and the state of their contents (only visible from within).

Interpretation begins, I should say, with this question: what, in the most general terms, happens when an artist works? He changes information, re-orders the world, with an input of energy. Most simply, as a metaphor or diagram proposed by Imants Tillers, he digs a hole in the world and makes a heap of the spoil. This process is not instantaneous but cumulative. It is a shaping process, a piece of work. It goes forward under a concept (the concept of art: metaphorically or diagrammatically a shelter or dwelling for the work – in Imants Tillers's image, a tent) that is both fragile and movable.

The work (object and process) is preserved: the object by natural inertia, the process by an artifice of human documentation (photography, in this case). Art works have to be distinguished from natural entities: to appreciate them we need access both to the work (object) and to the work (process). And here they are on the Mildura site, not shelved as in a library but laid out explicitly in a diagram or analogue that itself contributes essential information about the process recorded. There would, of course, have been countless other analogues available: for example, the photographs might have been stacked like pictures in a book, with map references for each one. But the display chosen, with its connecting ropes, has a special clarity. It is in these details that the character of the artist's imagination is revealed.

Some of the information given in the map, or analogue, is certainly redundant. The whole image is astonishingly simple, yet more complex by far than it logically need have been. Why sixteen points on the circle? Why not eight? four? two? One is the only number that would not have been sufficient to establish a temporal as well as a spatial direction. Again, the artist's creative intelligence is revealed precisely in these choices. He must strive in this piece for lucidity and economy together and, at some points, will sacrifice one to the other. He is after all making a metaphor, not following a convention.

The great strength of this piece – its spare precision – is matched by what some people will inevitably consider a

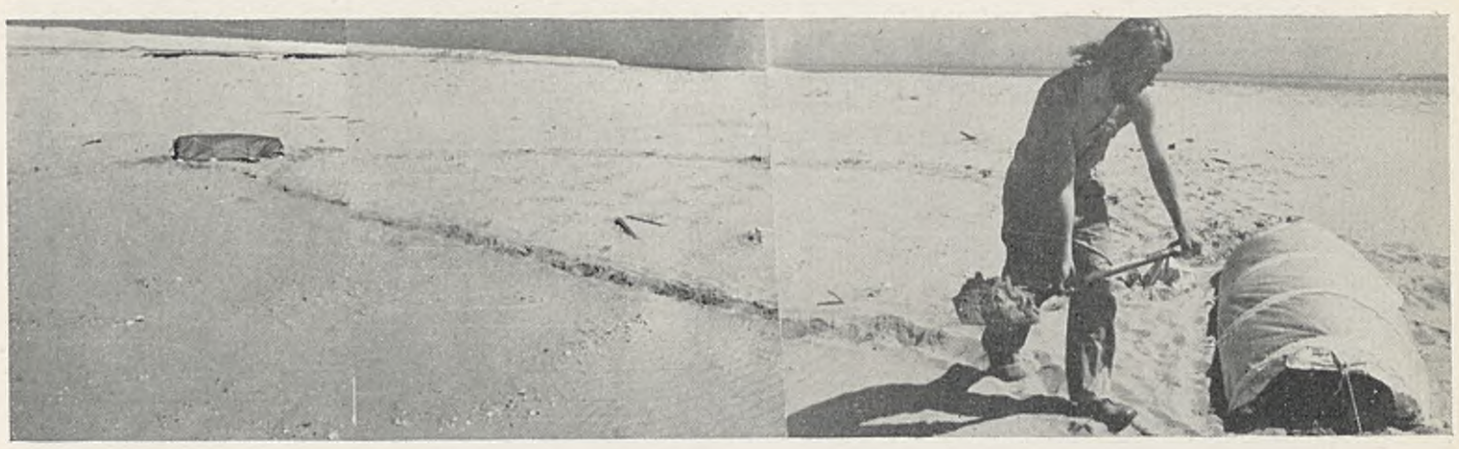
great weakness. It *is* a hermetic piece, of and about art very abstractly and generally conceived. Moreover, unlike Maxwell's equations, it does not seem possible that, a generation hence, we may find practical application for it that will redeem its author's reputation for idling (in the mechanical sense – engaging with nothing external). If this were Imants Tillers's only work, and not itself a fragment of his larger view, there might be justification for alarm that the old, soft aestheticism of elegant relations is simply to be displaced by a new one of elegant systems.

There is very little danger of this if one takes into account the general international scene, nor any reason why Australian artists should relapse into 'modernism' after breaking through to recognition that artistic perception, like any other sort, is not a matter of sensation-having but of information-getting, that art is ideologically continuous with life.

The next main problem, for Imants Tillers (as for others who have abandoned, or never applied for club membership of the Great Tradition and the Good Eye) is to relate their art firmly to a coherent world view. This has not yet been achieved, or even seriously attempted in Australia, except by a few Marxists (or more recently Maoists) with a readymade and rather clumsy prescription of symbolic realism. Imants Tillers has written incisively, as an architecture student, about some of the socio-economic evils in which art is systematically implicated, yet his most 'political' public work, in the 'Artists for Whitlam' show in 1974 (merely to exhibit, of course, is its own gesture) was a map of a section of the Murrumbidgee River about which he writes:

> '. . . . The actual work then consisted simply in the act of interpolating the map into an art context (as a ready-made) which subsequently resulted in a shift of emphasis in its perceived features from the diagrammatic to the dramatic.'

This is a very cautious step indeed, and perhaps caution is appropriate. The obvious moves may well be wrong, and anyhow it is up to the artists how and when they will make them. But we cannot always conceal an impatience to see what human use will be made of the new art apparatus that has been assembled so quietly and efficiently over the last five or six years.



The Power Gallery of Contemporary Art Acquisitions 1973-1975

Elwyn Lynn

The Power Gallery Acquisitions, as visitors to their showing at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, 7 August – 7 September 1975, will have noticed, reflect two major emphases in recent art: the low-keyed colour that seems to stem from Minimalism and the turn to literary elements, not only in the sense of realism but also in the use of words, records, slogans and hypotheses. However, as the exhibition indicated, there are still painters like Mario Yrissary concerned with trapping brilliant colour in geometrical areas and Lyrical Abstractionists, like Peter Bradley and Philip Wofford, who would find verbal additives anathema, but what such Abstractionists have in common with those who use language is that their work is multi-associational, a fact that has aroused the opposition of Greenbergians, who really believe that art – that is, excellent art – proceeds only by casting off literary, psychological, sociological and other impedimenta.

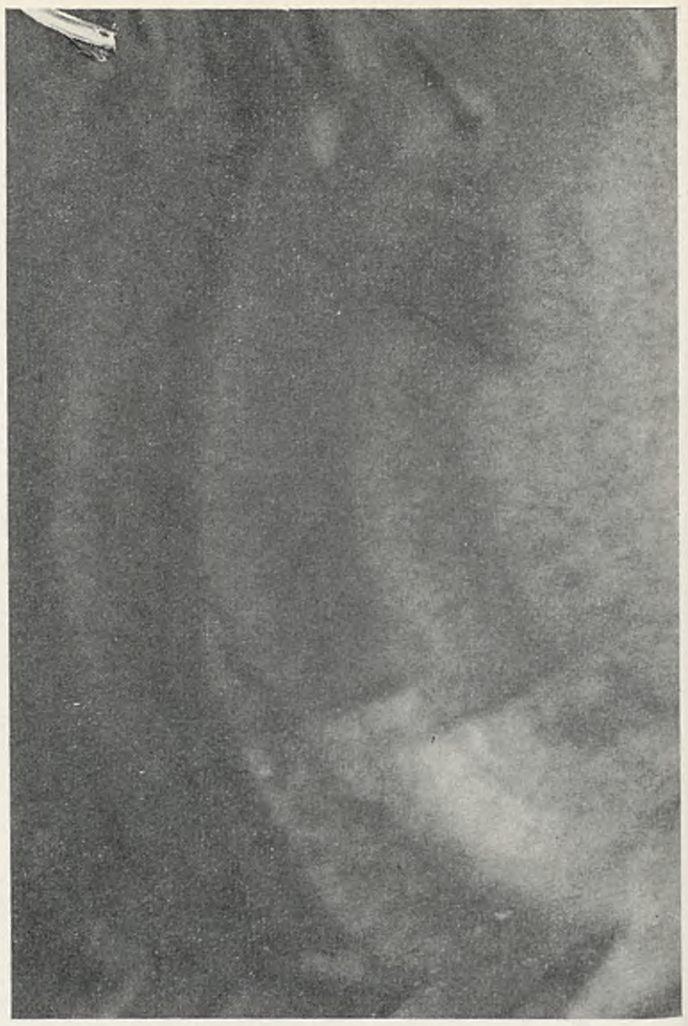
The contrary observation is that some artists, and not just Conceptualists, are using the canvas as document, and some, like Peter Bradley in his gloomy *Cheyenne II*, seem to have come through the twentieth century enshrouded in the mists of Caspar David Friedrich.

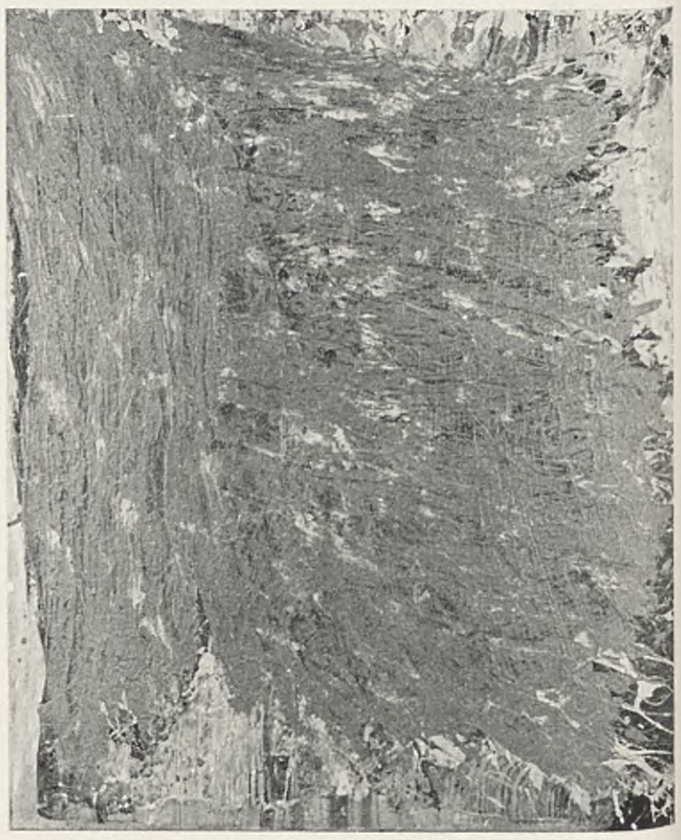
One could, of course, record that other trends persist: Earth Artists, Photorealists, Neo-Realists, Neo-Pop Artists, Media Environmentalists, Scientific and Mystical Ecologists, Neo-Expressionists, Neo-Dadaists and Abstractionists of various kinds the latest being named, in Paris, 'Introspective Abstractionists'.

What one observes, necessarily in summary form, is: (a) an increasing wariness of the notion of a mainstream (however, 'British Painting '74' shown in late 1974 at London's Hayward Gallery showed a bewildering and bewildered subservience to New York painting); (b) the crystallization of certain movements into formidable self-sufficiency; (c) the re-assessment of artists and the comparative importance of individual works; (d) the conviction of the importance of the survey exhibition during a time of inflation and recession for, even if the Hayward exhibition was over-dependent and even if the art-markets of Cologne and Dusseldorf (where purchases were made) are unabashedly commercial, they, along with the galleries in New York's Soho area, are the sources of new talent and filters of established reputations. Dealers, who seem to have closed their doors to newcomers (except for a very selected few) appear not to believe in the possibility of the emergence of newer artists of distinction. They do have a vested interest in artists they have promoted, but it could be that there has been such a dispersal of the talents of artists over such a wide field that the rewards of concentration are not evident.

In any case, for one who needs to discover the new and necessarily cheap (two years of accumulated purchasing funds along with donations of $1,500 came to $28,000) surveys, like the Venice Biennale (abandoned for 1974), are essential – for where else, except at the Kunstmarkt in Cologne, might one discover the elusive Poiriers (Anne and Patrick, husband and wife) or *Air Kitchen* by Douglas Swan, born in Connecticut, trained in England by William Scott, living in Bochum, Germany, and dealing through the New Smith Gallery, Brussels?

Certainly with so many artists much less self-consciously doing their 'own thing' and with the rejection of support from the mainstream, chance plays a greater part in purchasing. In London, in November, the Serpentine Gallery showed 'Five From Germany'; in his refreshingly non-chauvinistic Introduction to the Catalogue Dr Robert Kudielka wrote: 'The young generation have learned that there is no mainstream, not even a trickle, which will carry them: you'd better try to swim if you want to get somewhere. Five From Germany don't emerge as a group, rather as fixed individuals who have been dipped in the same pool.' In comparison, the ten Australian painters now on tour in Europe look as if they have come out of the same paint-can – almost – and will hardly stir Europe for, as noted in an Editorial of this journal, 'Project '74', in Cologne showed no signs of Lyrical





top
PETER BRADLEY CHEYENNE II (1974)
Acrylic on canvas 229cm. x 154cm.

above
PHILIP WOFFORD HUNTRESS II (1974)
Acrylic on canvas 186cm. x 156cm.

Abstraction and its affinities, for it seems to have no appeal and no impact on audiences which want to see (mistakenly or not) evidence of intellect rather than sensuous self-indulgence. Yet, to reiterate, the acquisitions do include works like Stanley Boxer's *Billowing Crowanls;* he has received Greenbergian blessings and has been accepted in Hamburg and Zurich. The aforesaid Peter Bradley and Philip Wofford, whose *Huntress II* is both tougher and sweeter than its Australian counterparts, simply demonstrate that intellect can be sensuousness, and sensuousness intelligently used.

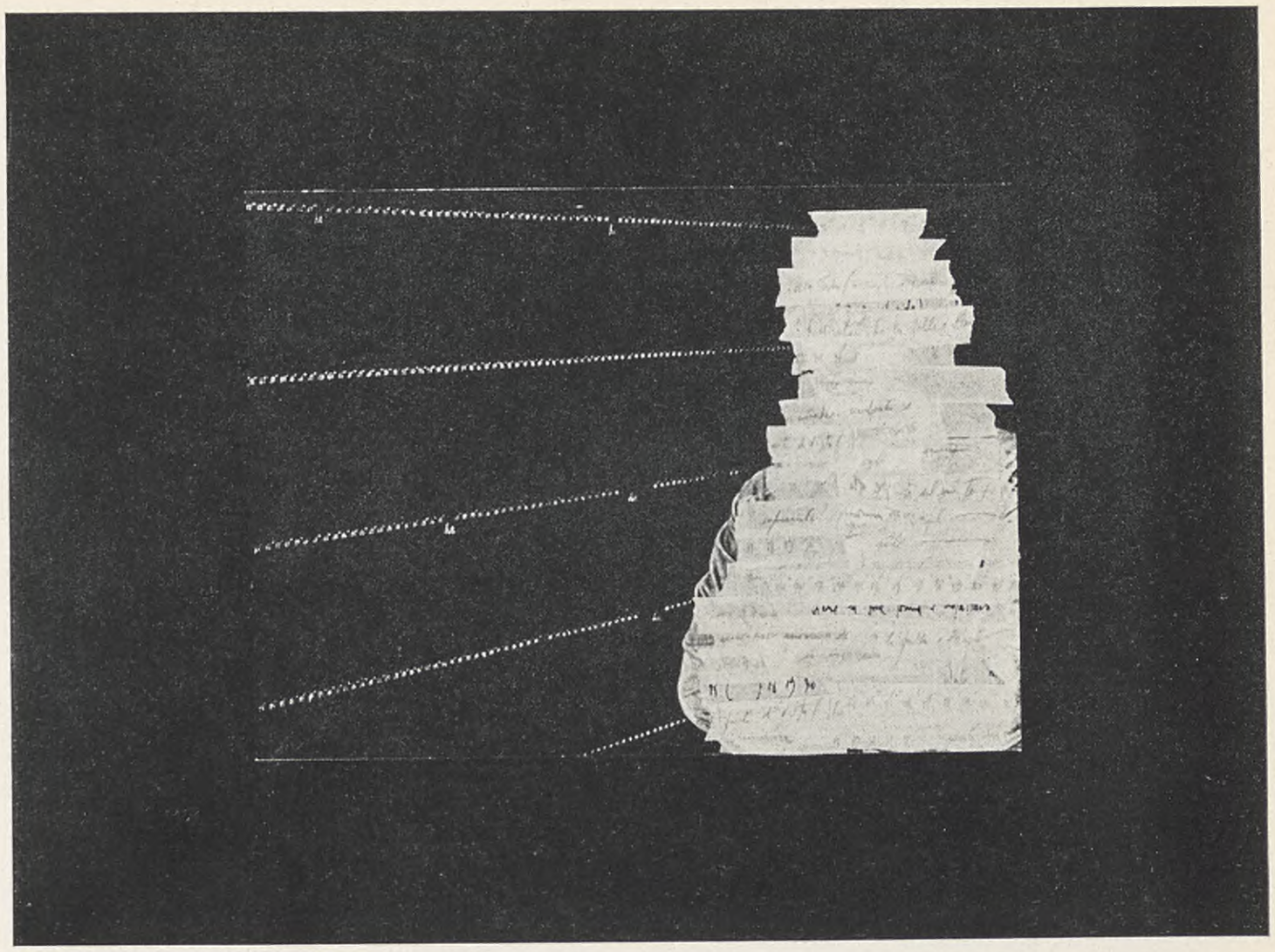
But first, my text is text, not the text of Conceptual Art (although Associate Professor Don Celender's printed, verbal satires might be thought conceptual) but text as meaningful for art and for society, or as a metaphor for the decoding of art as a metaphysical presentation.

Carlo Alfano, a Neapolitan professor, in a series of four screenprints entitled The Grooming of Narcissus, presents passages from James Joyce's *Ulysses* intact or as coded by numbers registering the pauses in reading; he also photo-silkscreens his silkscreens and a photograph of himself which he screens out with semi-transparent tape. Here the metaphorical analogies are left to the viewer, but Shusaku Arakawa deals directly on canvas or in prints with theories of epistemology and of how one comes to 'know' or 'learn' paintings. His print, *Untitled*, with collage, and 'Forgotten' stencilled on the left, is divided vertically by a yellow band; across the bottom is the admonition that the work is not to be read as in two parts and one section is not to be 'forgotten' in contemplating the other.[1] Arakawa maintains that we live in separate continuums, that no perception is passive and that one must take note of the conditions under which perceptions are made: 'My medium,' he writes,[2] 'is the area of perception created, located, and demonstrated by the combining (melting) of languages, systems into each other in the same moving place'.

Apart from Arakawa's drive to compel viewers to consider individual works in opposition to seeing them as segments of or contributions to a style, his concern is

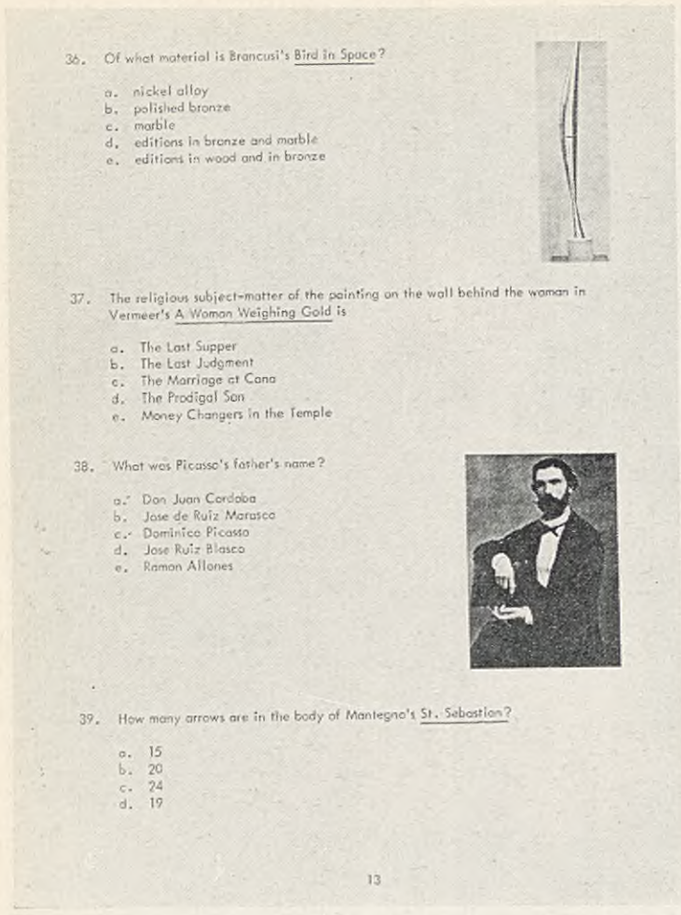
[1] See Lawrence Alloway: 'Arakawa: The Mechanism of Meaning', *Art International,* November 1972, Vol. 16, No. 9, pp. 31-37.

[2] Arakawa: 'Notes on My Paintings – What I am mistakenly looking for', *Arts Magazine,* November 1969, Vol. 44, No. 2, p. 29.



top
CARLO ALFANO MODEST SELF PORTRAIT
(THE GROOMING OF NARCISSUS SERIES) (1974)
Photographic silkscreen and masking tape 50cm. x 65cm.

above
SHUSAKU ARAKAWA UNTITLED (1973)
Lithograph with collage 57cm. x 76cm.


36. Of what material is Brancusi's Bird in Space?

a. nickel alloy
b. polished bronze
c. marble
d. editions in bronze and marble
e. editions in wood and in bronze

37. The religious subject-matter of the painting on the wall behind the woman in Vermeer's A Woman Weighing Gold is

a. The Last Supper
b. The Last Judgment
c. The Marriage at Cana
d. The Prodigal Son
e. Money Changers in the Temple

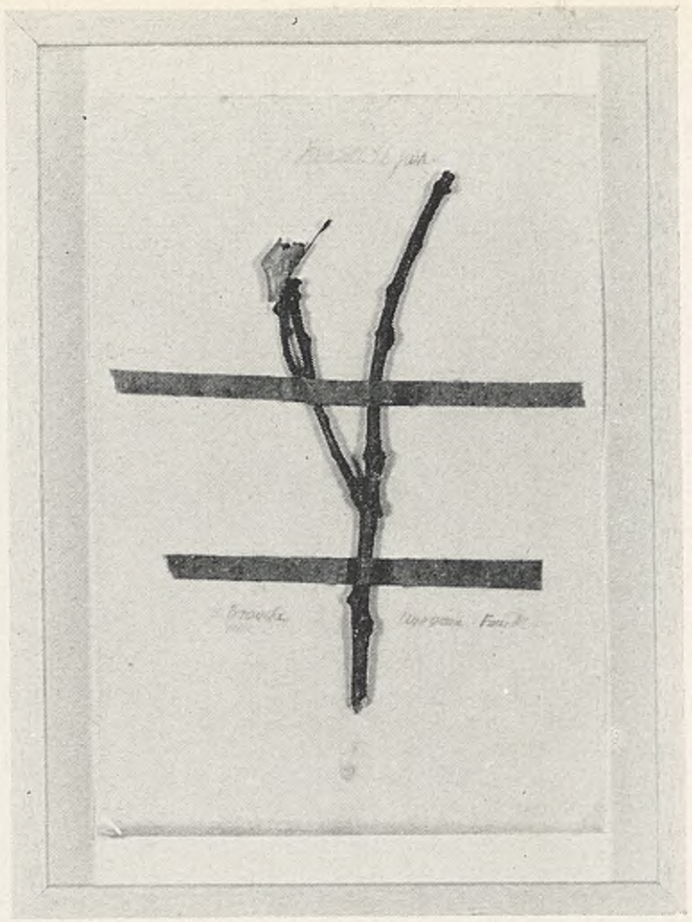
38. What was Picasso's father's name?

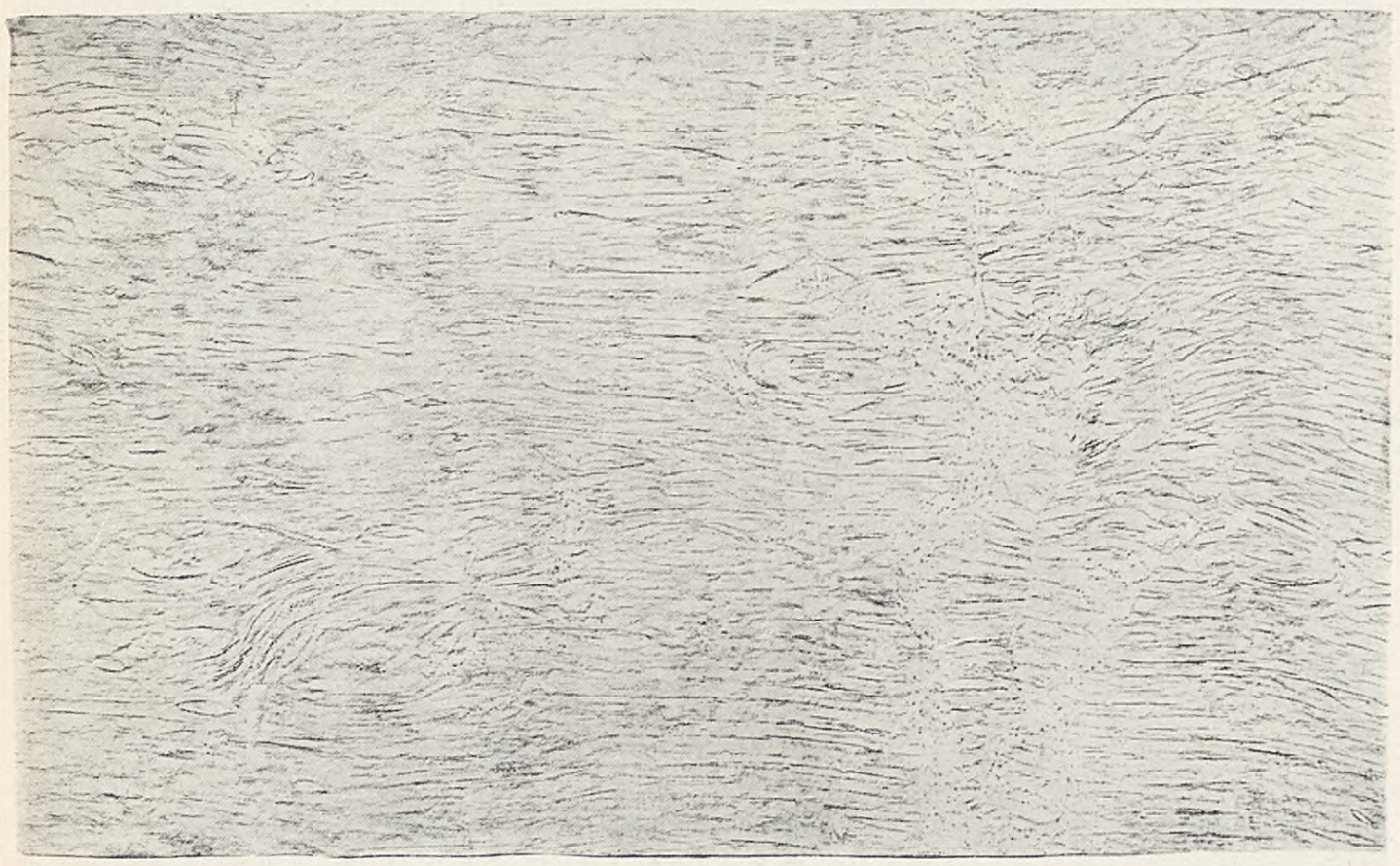
a. Don Juan Cordoba
b. Jose de Ruiz Marasco
c. Dominico Picasso
d. Jose Ruiz Blasco
e. Ramon Alfones

39. How many arrows are in the body of Mantegna's St. Sebastian?

a. 15
b. 20
c. 24
d. 19

13





top left
DON CELENDER PAGE FROM OBSERVATION AND SCHOLARSHIP (1974)

top right
ANNE AND PATRICK POIRIER UNE SEUL FEUILLE (A SINGLE LEAF) (1973)
Collage with twig and wax 21cm. x 15cm.

above
ALAN SONFIST ANDOVER TREES (1972)
Charcoal rubbing on unstretched canvas
218cm. x 355cm.

with objects, like art, in the context of systems. Don Celender is less subtle or devious in the relating of visual and intellectual issues; he produces books with questions directed to art-historians, curators, critics and so on: for example, 'What grain is Millet's *Sower* sowing?' For art-historians, et cetera, he seems to sow only the seeds of future Van Goghs, but is it oats, barley, rye, wheat or millet? (The answer is millet or, perhaps, Millet). The question sheets, with answers nearby, are suspended in plastic envelopes and readers may find out how many arrows are in Mantegna's *St Sebastian* or what fur is used to line Meret Oppenheim's *Fur Cup* (rabbit, actually). He also issues books as records of his Art Movements (Political, Religious, Affluent, Academic, Corporate, Cultural, Mass Media and Organizational). Adopted members are asked to reply to his odd proposals; some do with rage, puzzlement, wit or irony.

Is it art? First, Celender wants to indicate that there are more issues in art than just formal values and that the historian who has never asked what Millet's farmer is sowing has a limited view and that immunity to certain issues neglects the context of art; secondly, many sociological inquiries into the arts elicit less information than do the replies to Celender's often absurd proposals to the V.I.P.'s in celebrated institutions and organizations. Celender is productively humorous; most other inquiries are unproductively serious and pompous.

One feels that these activities are art or are relevant to art in the same way as is a catalogue essay, a press release or a piece of criticism, yet Art and Language supporters might argue that Celender is the Court Jester in a very serious inquiry.

The ecological artist is equally aware of the interpenetration of systems, even if he is forced to present the systems by encapsulating processes or information; Alan Sonfist, whose *Crystalline Enclosure* was acquired in 1970, is again represented: his *Andover Trees* is a large, charcoal rubbing of tree bark that is accompanied by a prose poem indicating a dedication to nature that is nineteenth-century in tone. He has written elsewhere, 'Interdependence in its ultimate meaning implies the breakdown of subject-object categories and the recognition of continuum, wholeness'. Robert Horvitz sees a Zen-like quality in his approach and refers to the American Indian ethic

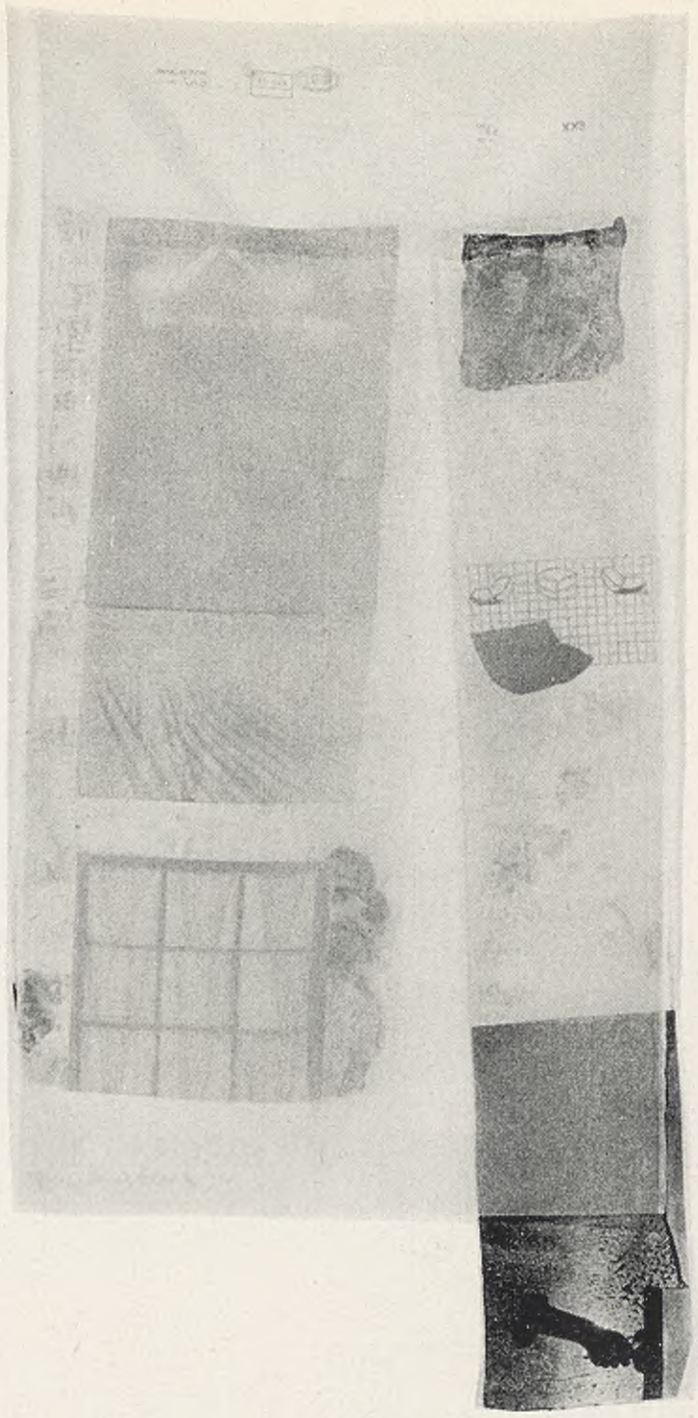
of 'walking lightly upon the earth'.

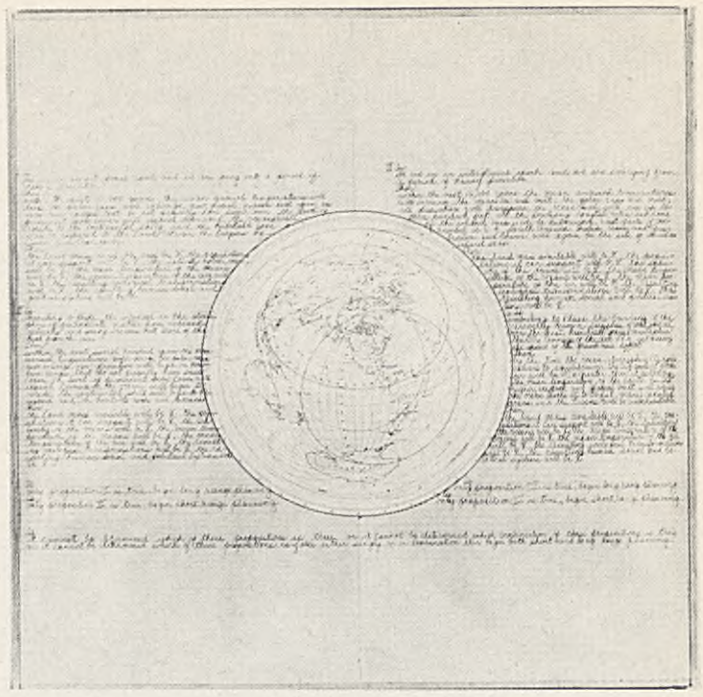
History's and nature's continuity is the theme of the work of Anne and Patrick Poirier; at the 'Young Painters' Biennale' in Paris, 1973, they cast a replica of parts of the ancient city of Ostia Antica; their concern is the erosion of time and the continuity of time. In 1973 they took two walks in the woods near Bordeaux on two separate days and produced three sets, each of twenty-five pieces, of wax collages with leaves, twigs, grasses and blossoms attached; there are messages in bistre ink and in a hand-writing and a French that have, in some cases, defied the magnifying glass and scholarship. (The Power Gallery has acquired one of these sets). Art is, as it were, indecipherable. They are unpretentious, reminiscent of Art Povera, and highly subjective, intimate mementoes that involve a relish for the minutiae of nature and sensation.

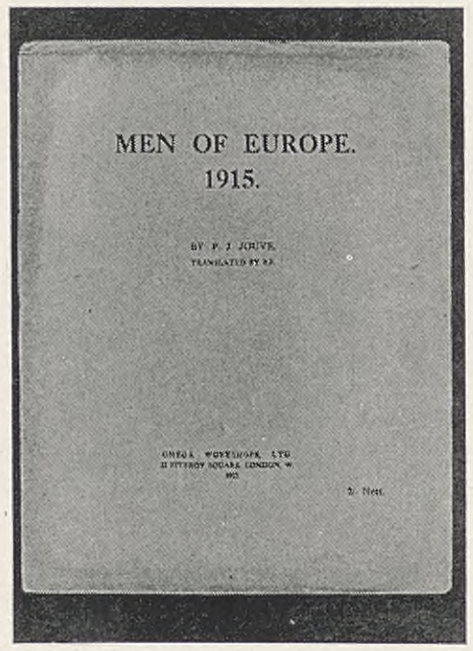
Many lines of writing are partially erased; erasure and the act of seeing images blurred have been a feature of some recent art. Robert Rauschenberg's *Sand* from his Hoarfrost series consists of overlaid chiffon and silk chiffon on which images are so stencilled that the world seems to have been sweetly frosted over; the images interpenetrate, blur, or even assist one another; a shimmering mist hangs in front of the images, which are thus redeemed from the commonplace. On the other hand Werner Kruger's print, *Felicien*,[1] presents a blurred piece of Art Povera rope and Patrick Caulfield's painting, *Found Objects*, outlines some twigs and stones with black severity, but floats them in a purple void.

As positive as Caulfield's work is that of Professor Newton Harrison and his wife, Helen, *If This, Then That* (*The*

[1] So named in Cologne in honour of Felicien Rops, the French artist of the nineteenth-century erotic.







top left

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG SAND (HOARFROST SERIES) 1974
Silkscreen with chiffon, silk chiffon, silk crepe-back satin
213cm. x 103cm.

top right

NEWTON AND HELEN HARRISON IF THIS THEN THAT (THE FIRST FOUR) (1974)
Photographic enlargement on photosensitive paper on canvas 248cm. x 247cm.

middle right

RON KITAJ MEN OF EUROPE 1972
Screenprint 64cm. x 51cm.

right

DOUGLAS SWAN AIR KITCHEN 1974
Acrylic and photograph on canvas 91cm. x 121cm.

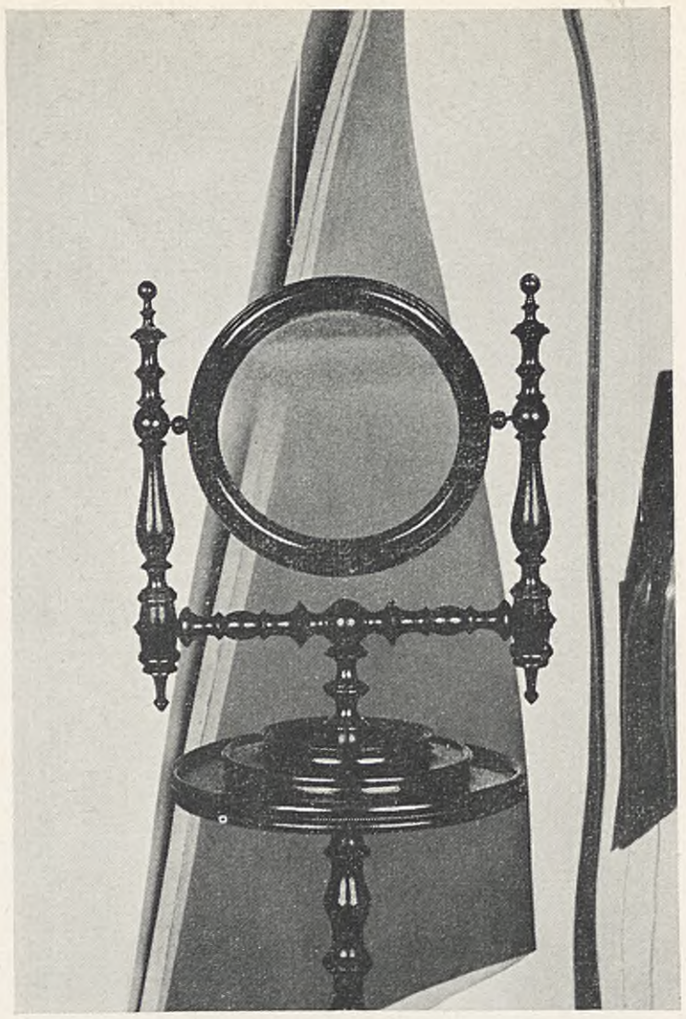
First Four), which has as centre an azimuth projection of the world around which are four hypotheses, written in large, schoolboyish handwriting to combine nostalgia with serious, current issues that indicate that the world of innocence is in jeopardy. The propositions are about what we are to do if we are entering or leaving an ice age, if heat from the sun is screened out by smog or if glacial areas are melted by the increase of CO_2 in the atmosphere. He suggests taking appropriate long- and short-term measures – but Australia seems doomed to be awash from Sydney to Perth.

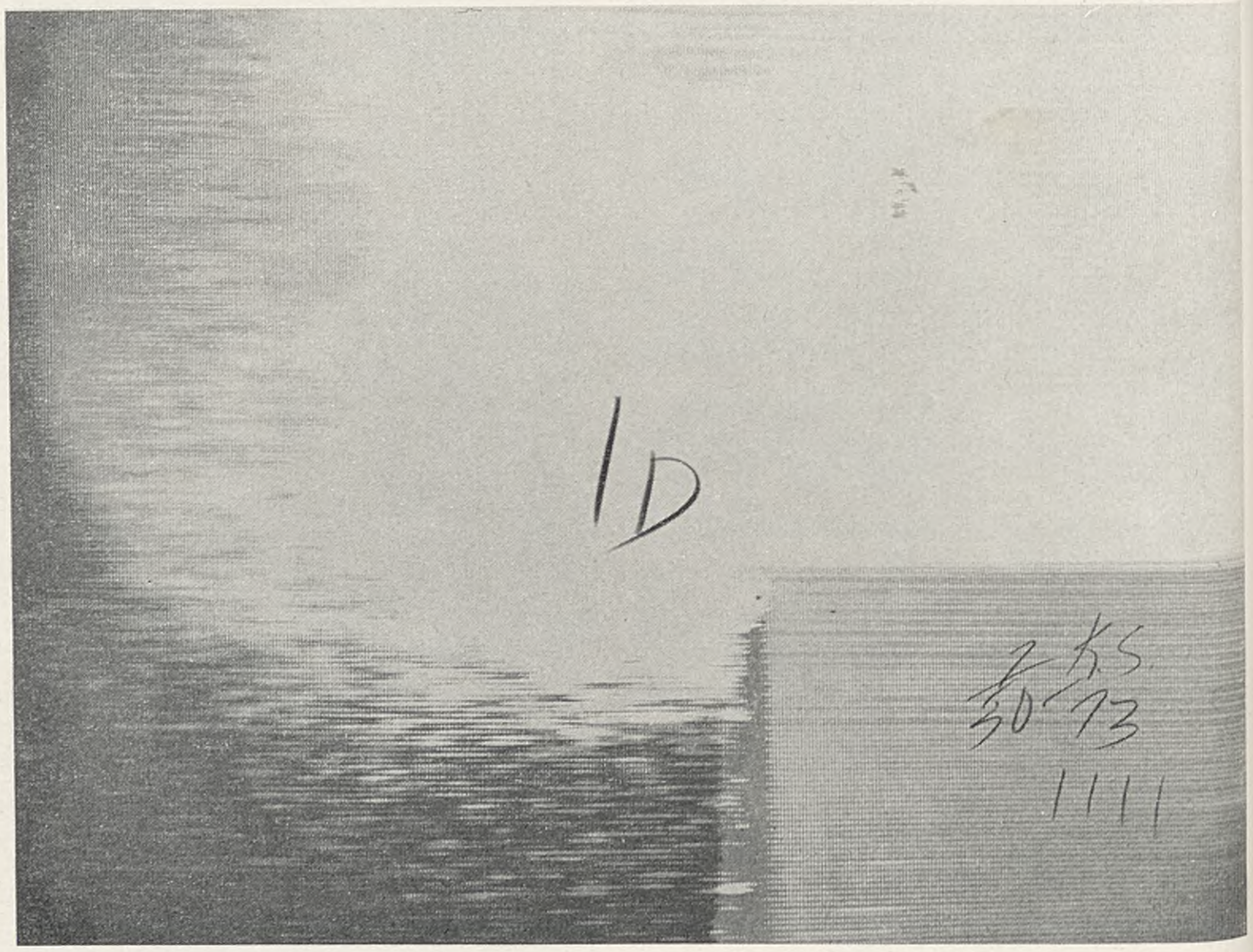
The critical reception of this work was not notably enthusiastic in New York. Hilton Kramer of the *New York Times* asked why art (and we) should be bothered by such scientific conundrums but, currently, newspapers were reviewing new books on Leonardo, the *artistic* evidence of whose scientific investigations may be objected to only by scientists.

The word is found in R. B. Kitaj's print, *Men of Europe*, in Steven Sorman's watercolour about the expectations of those who want black but get indigo and in the notations on a small and illusionistic drawing by Ron Davis and a lithographed architectural plan by Otto Hajek. In Douglas Swan's *Air Kitchen* the word is used more ambiguously; it is a painting enclosed in plastic, the photographic images, words, and stencils on the canvas and the markings on the interior of the plastic cover creating a sense of space or air similar to Rauschenberg's, for both aim at denying a focal point in their perceptual systems.

Such an aim is implemented quite differently in Michelangelo Pistoletto's *Specchio*, which is a dressing-table with a faded mirror silkscreened dead-centre on a highly reflective sheet of stainless steel; the sheet is slightly undulating and distorts the reflected world, whereas the 'mirror' hardly reflects at all. The viewer has to position himself for satisfactory aesthetic results and, of course, his intrusion destroys the emphatic symmetry of the piece. Ann McCoy's large *Jungle Scene from Maui* has a much less demanding fluctuation of a surface made from infinite and lively strokes and scribbles: an overall pattern with elusive focal points.

The notion of the unfocused is pursued in a 'print' by Keith Sonnier. It consists of three transferable, acetate sheets, each





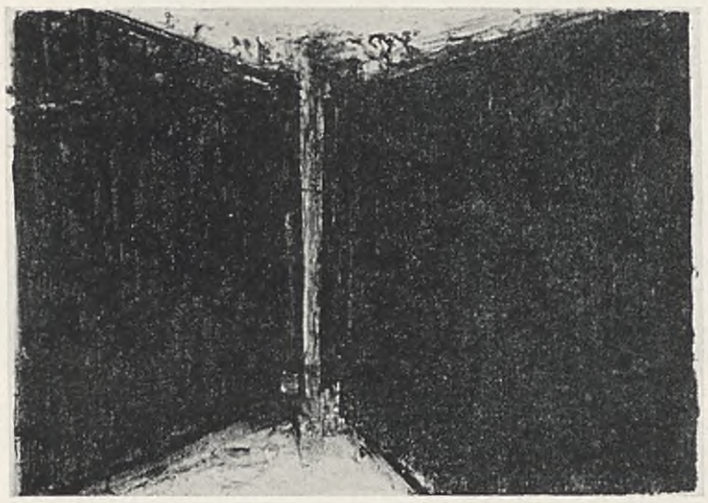
top left
MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO SPECCHIO (MIRROR) 1974
Silkscreen on stainless steel 101cm. x 70cm.

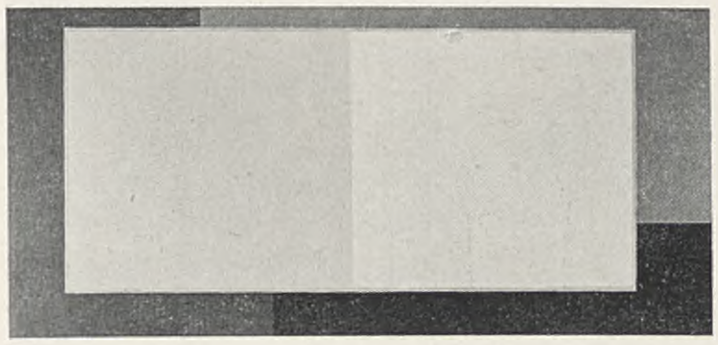
top right
ANN McCOY JUNGLE SCENE FROM MAUI (1971-72)
Coloured pencil on acrylic-coated paper 296cm. x 201cm.

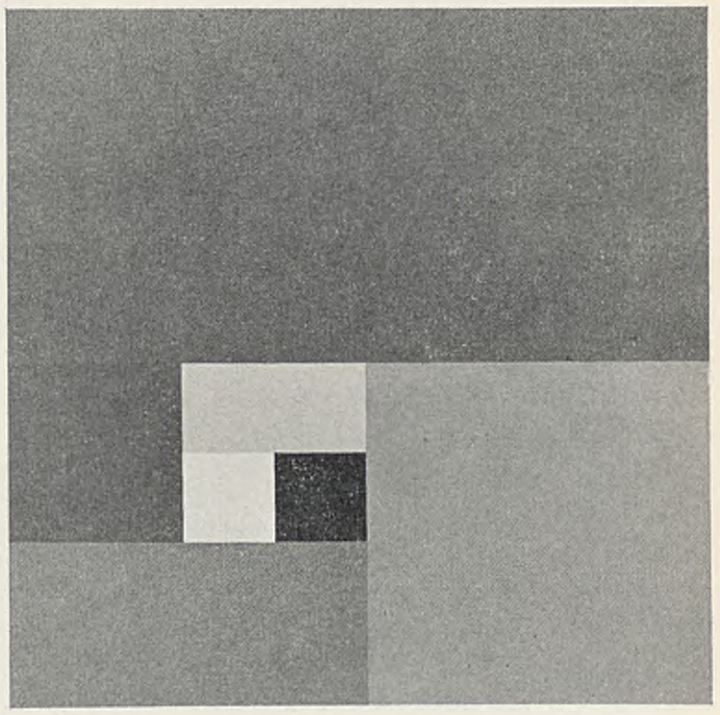
left
HELENE VALENTIN THE SKIN OF THE WATER IS A MIRROR 1974
Acrylic on canvas 170cm. x 366cm.

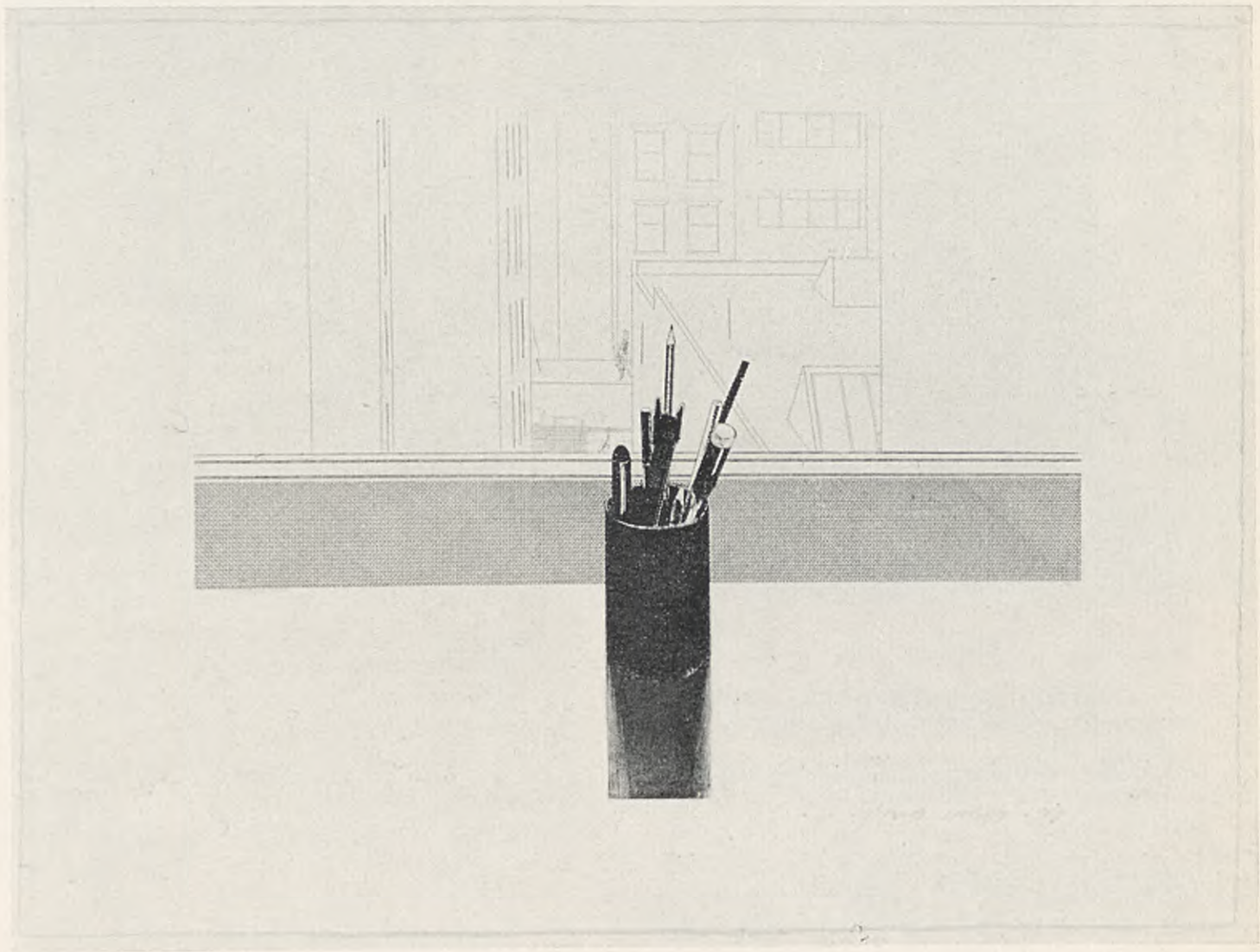
middle left
RICHARD SERRA CIRCUIT 1972
Lithograph 75cm. x 108cm.

below left
JOHN GOLDING PAINTING 1971 (1971)
Acrylic on canvas 239cm. x 457cm.







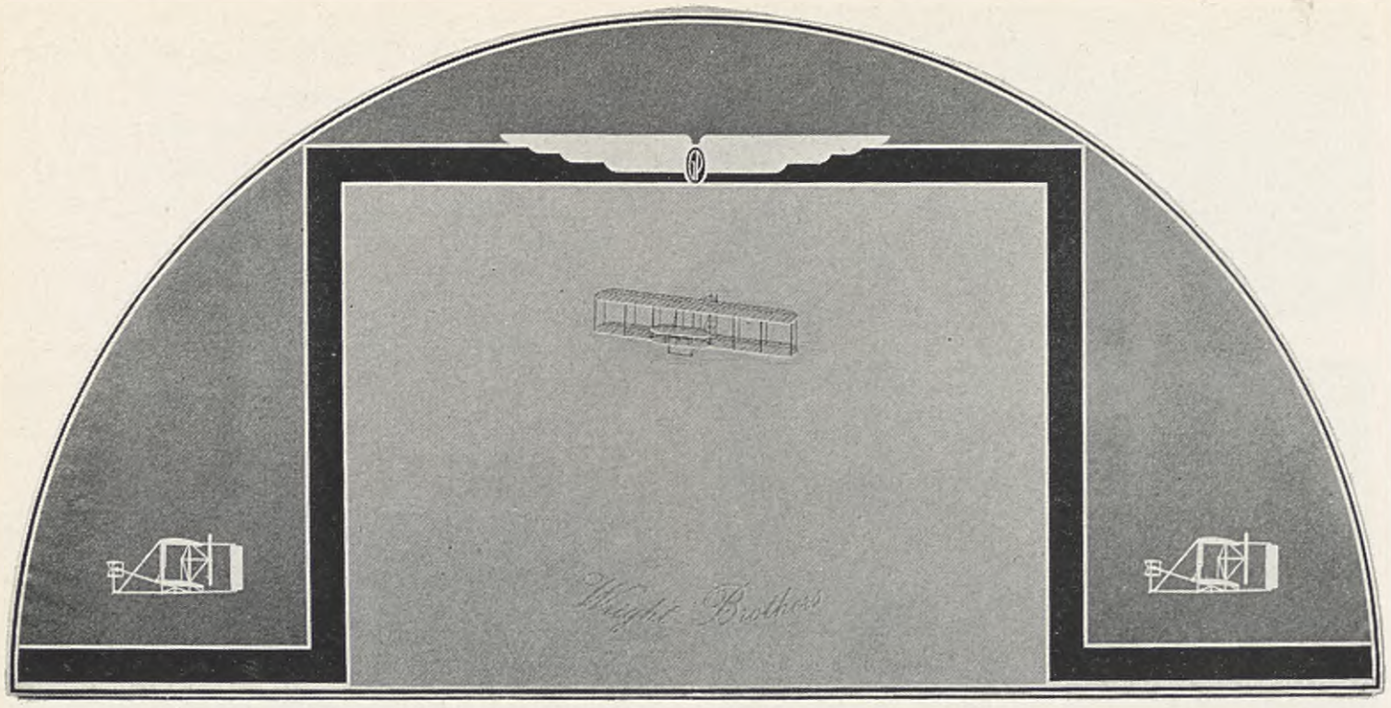


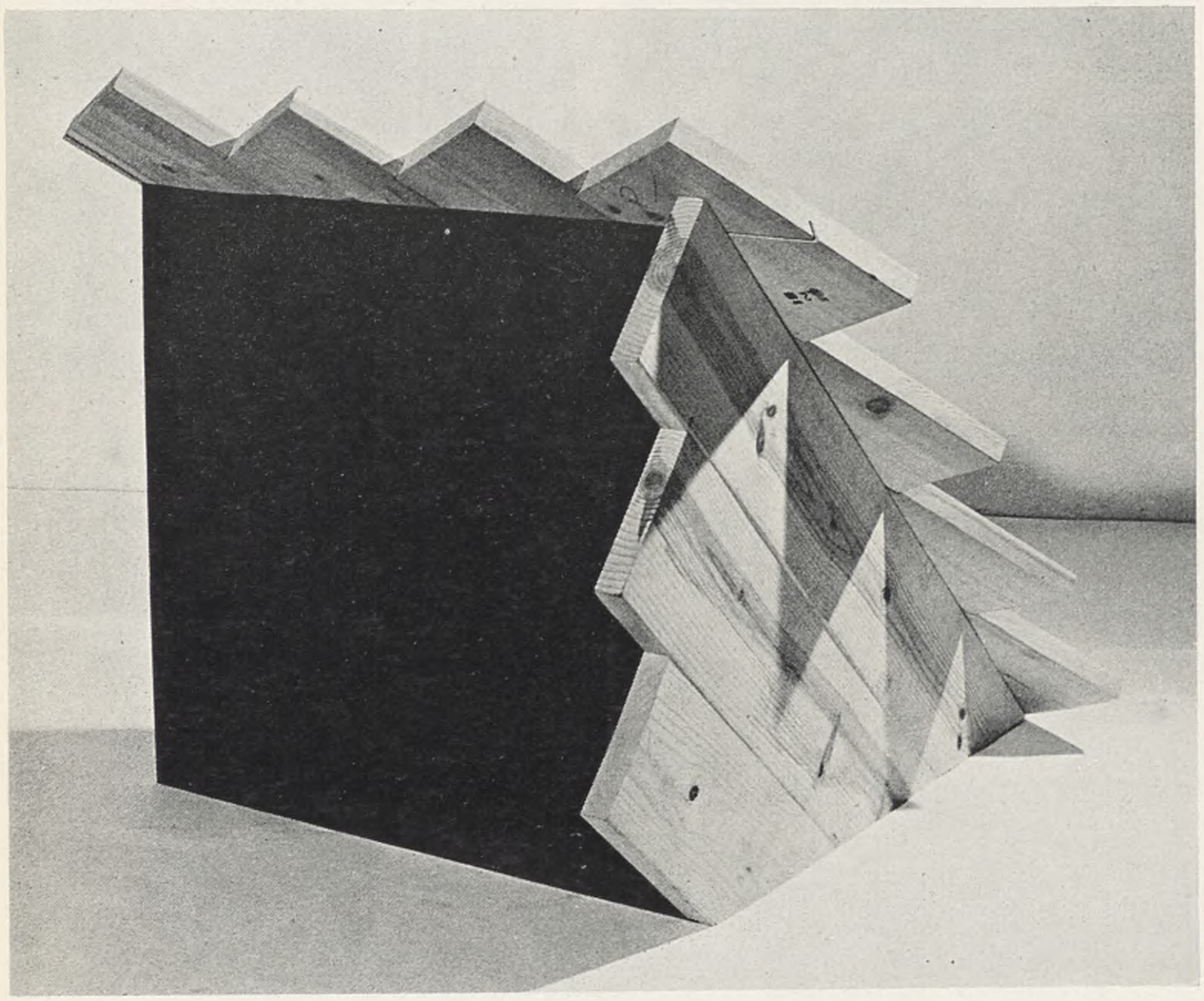
opposite bottom
KEITH SONNIER ID (VIDEO SCREENS) 1973
Acetate sheets 71cm. x 93cm.

above
MICHELLE STUART 33 (1974)
Earth pigments on archival paper 213cm. x 158cm.

far right top
MARIO YRISSARY A SEPTENARY ROSE 1974
Acrylic on canvas 667cm. x 168cm.

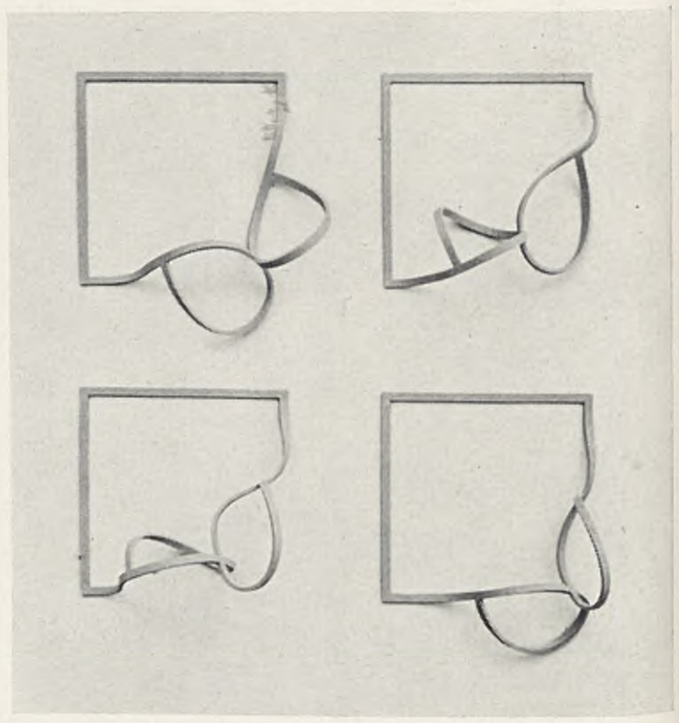
right
DAVID HOCKNEY STILL LIFE 1969
Etching and aquatint 54cm. x 68cm.



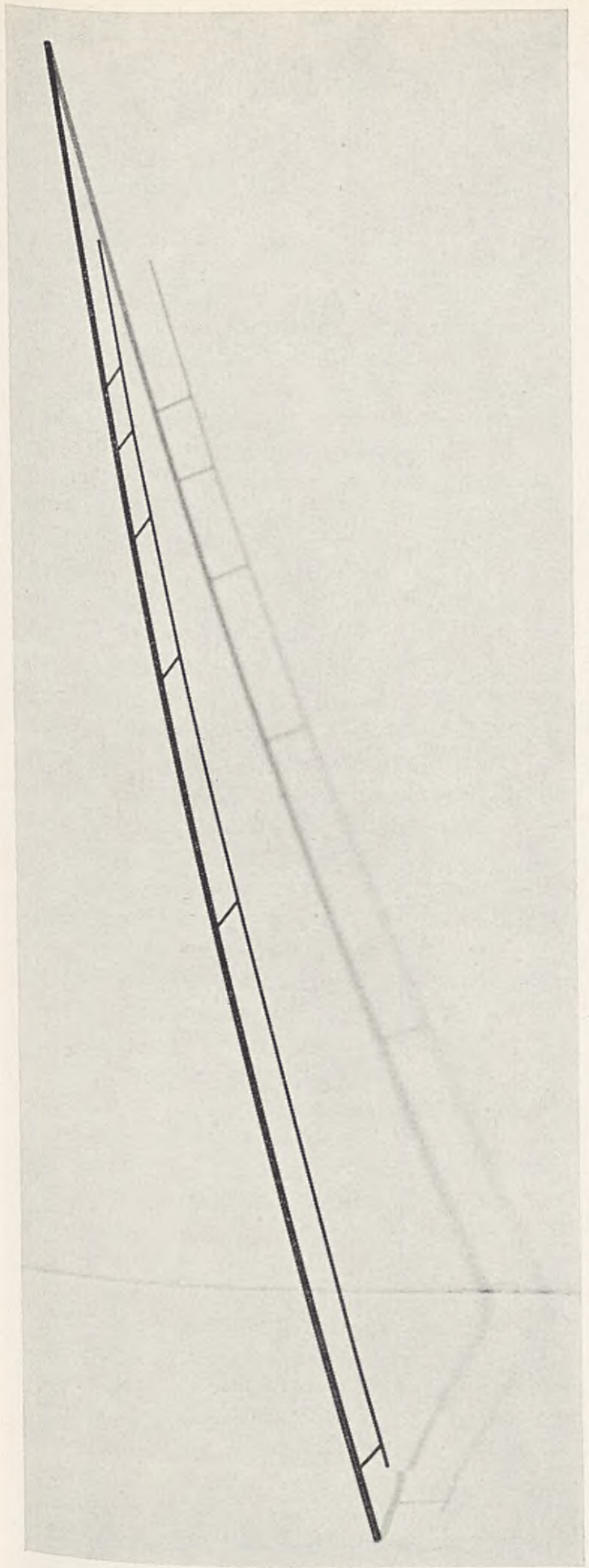


top
GIANNI PIACENTINO WRIGHT BROTHERS G.P.(VI) : PROSPECT IN RECTANGLE WITH WING MARK IN HALF CIRCLE (1973)
Acrylic, nacreous paint, silver synthetic paint on canvas
225cm. x 450cm.

below
GARTH EVANS No. 6 A, B, C, D (1973-74)
Moulded wood painted grey each 64cm. x 64cm. x 31cm.



above
JIM HUNTINGTON BLUE GILL 1973
Untreated wood, steel plate painted blue
109cm. x 130cm. x 130cm.



NIGEL HALL UNTITLED 1973
Aluminium 269cm. x 11cm.

a photograph of a television screen out of focus; the background of white paper has some notations that can be seen through the acetate but no other image emerges and expectancy is teased. Perhaps the extreme in avoidance of location is Michelle Stuart's *33*, an elusive work on archival paper that has been almost imperceptibly sprayed with red oxide but most evidently indented with small stones – it looks fleshy and wounded.

On the other hand, there is little that is elusive in John Loker's *Horizon III*, which consists of analytic profiles of land and sky afloat, as it were, in a pearly grey mist as though the artist were determined to see science via the Lake District; it has a kinship with the most ephemeral painting on show – another slice of horizontal sky – *Peck-Slip* by Sherron Francis, that in turn recalls the mottled skies by Joe Goode, whose four prints resemble temporarily captured drifts of steam or fog. Francis is the essence of elusiveness; Hélène Valentin's much reproduced *The Skin of the Water is a Mirror* is the essence of allusiveness; it has been termed fleshy, rippling, dappled, opalescent and candle-lit[1] and its shifting evanescent pillars of light and delicate blending of hues epitomize the fugitive aspects of Lyrical Abstraction. To recall how Abstract Expressionism influenced later artists in its dramatic impactiveness (the contrary of Valentin's delicate suggestiveness) one needs only to consider the harsh, black print by Richard Serra, or the lyricism pushed to the extremes of sweetness in the two prints by John Hoyland, or the gestural emphasis in the print by Jack Bush.

There is, amongst the acquisitions, an example of realistic lyricism with the elusive image of *Schune* (*Shoes*) by Dorothe Bouchard of Dusseldorf but, of course, categorizing must come to an end, for Alan Green's *Cover-Up* is a geometrical abstraction of slightly inflected surfaces that break into a flurry of loose painting; and, if John Golding's *Painting 1971* seems geometrical, it has lyrical overtones and what Malevich said of his *Black Square* (a copy of which Golding has made and presented to the Power Gallery) is appropriate: the black is feeling and the white is the void. In Golding the squares induce a feeling of the infinite although they are as flat as walls.

[1] Al Brunelle, *Art in America*, March-April, 1975.

Along with Yrissary's *A Septenary Rose* (part of a series each involving seven geometrical areas), 'Hard-edge' elements may be found in Ellsworth Kelly's large and simple print; but one is more struck by the geometrical exactitude in two Realist works: an etching, *Still Life*, by David Hockney and another etching by Marisol, both of whose spatial clarity has affinities with the huge semicircle wherein Gianni Piacentino pays tribute to the Wright Brothers, depictions of whose aeroplane float in a vast, balmy, brown void.

Most sparse is the sculpture; Nigel Hall's painted aluminium piece could be a ladder for a praying mantis; it is anti-volumetric and depends on silhouette, shadows and the flow of light and space; Garth Evans's *No. 6 A, B, C, D*, four varied modules of thin, twisted wood, painted grey and attached to the wall, resemble a bodiless floating calligraphy. Jim Huntington's *Blue Gill*, seven pieces of wood and a square of steel, looks solid enough but its solid exterior is antithetical to the notion that it encloses a volume of pressures. One might add that the price of sculpture is almost prohibitive on the Power Gallery's budget.

In addition, there are prints by Richard Smith, Gotthard Graubner, Robert Bechtle, six poised and delicately severe etchings by Gordon House, ten prints of lyrical waywardness by Marcel Janco, one of the founders of Dada in Zurich, one print by Victor Pasmore of geometrical waywardness, and gestural prints by André Masson (*Judith*) and Robert Motherwell. Collage as employing the intimate and discarded is represented by Michael Buthe, Etta Pearlman and Hannah Wilke, the last combining her collage with delicate drawing.

Drawing that is more expressive is seen in two works by Sidney Nolan referring to Ern Malley; Nolan is also represented by six silkscreens of the thunderous Miner series and their violence is re-echoed in a tapestry by Lazlo Pecsi, which Professor Bernard Smith bought in Budapest, for an eruption is occurring in its delicate surface.

Some of the acquisitions reinforce previous ones, others extend the boundaries of art and some simply celebrate achievement in well-known modes. They certainly illustrate the diversity of art and the present fruitful coexistence of differing attitudes that seem more tolerant of one another without offering blanket condonation.

opposite

EDOUARD MANET HOUSE AT RUEIL 1882
Oil on canvas 93cm. x 74cm.
National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne (Felton Bequest)

above

EDOUARD MANET WOMEN AT THE RACES 1865
Oil on canvas 42cm. x 32cm.
Cincinatti Art Museum

left

HENRI MATISSE THE GUITARIST (1903)
Oil on canvas 56cm. x 39cm.
Owned by Mr and Mrs Ralph F. Colin, New York

Modern Masters – Manet to Matisse

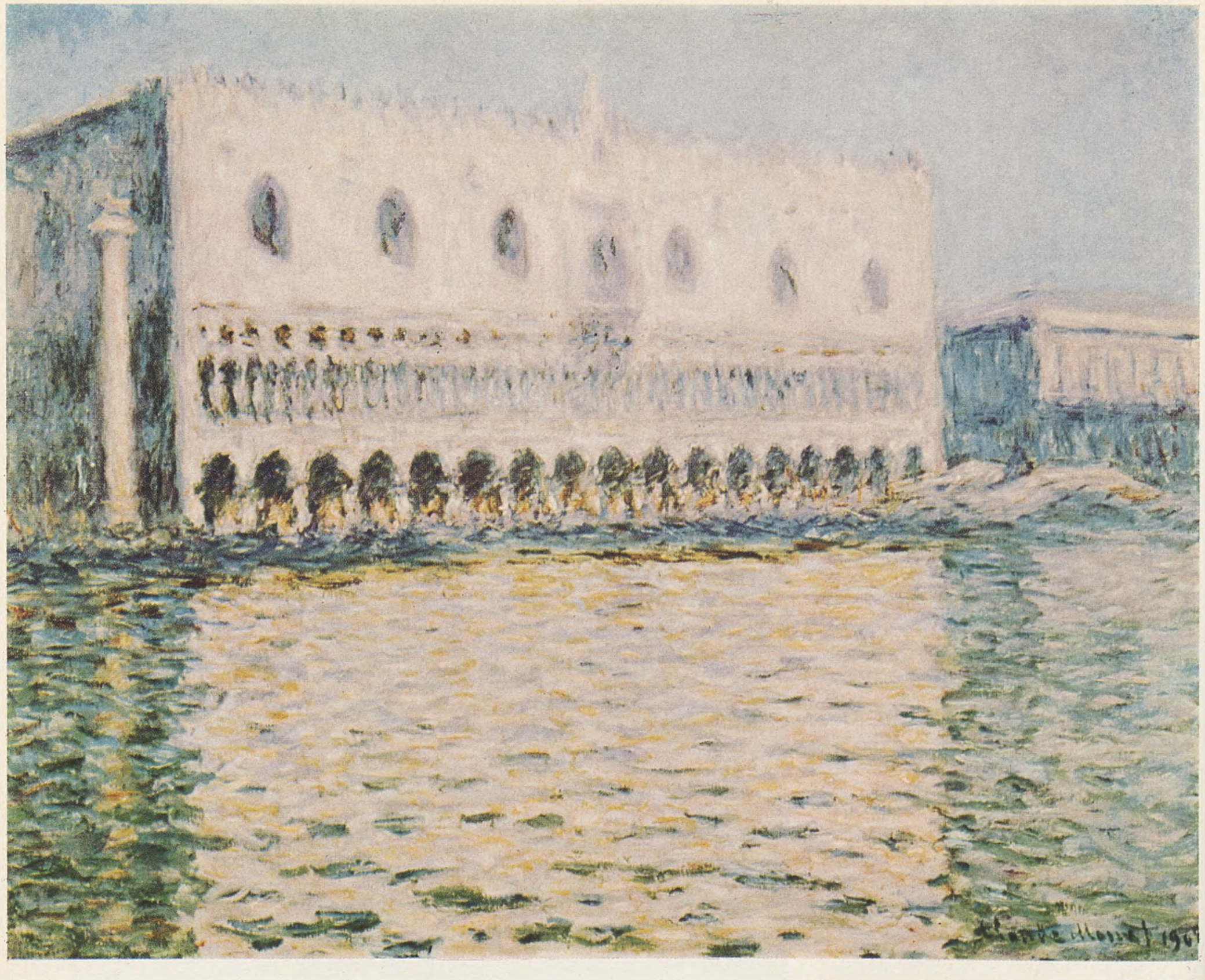
Bernard Smith

Only one other exhibition comparable to 'Modern Masters – Manet to Matisse' has been shown in Australia – the exhibition of 'French and British Modern Art', arranged by Basil Burdett for Sir Keith Murdoch in 1939. For the ensuing period of thirty-six years an exhibition comparable in quality and scope to that show has been quite beyond Australian resources. It is not possible, therefore, to praise too highly all those who have combined to make 'Modern Masters – Manet to Matisse' possible: the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art (the Museum, in any case, which has done more than any other overseas museum to keep us in touch during the interim with twentieth-century developments); the Alcoa Foundation; the Australian Government; the many private and public lenders of paintings; and, in particular, Mr William Lieberman, who has lived with the exhibition for many months, devising its form, supervising its assembling, its cataloguing, transport and, most importantly, its security during its exhibition in Sydney and Melbourne.

The exhibition begins with three paintings by Manet. In choosing to begin thus, Mr Lieberman follows the view favoured by many art historians and some highly influential critics, such as Clement Greenberg, that the modern movement may be said to begin with Manet to the extent that it can be said to begin with any one painter (and one must, of course, begin somewhere!). Much can be said in favour of this view, although it is not, of course, a matter beyond question; for instance, a view coming increasingly into favour is that the significant point of departure is to be found in the work of Gustave Courbet.

The question turns on the paradoxical tendency of realism and naturalism to flatten forms and assert the picture plane. This tendency in Manet's art is revealed in three delightful paintings. The early *A Boy with a Sword*, from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, painted in 1861, reveals Manet's desire to dispense with half-tones and so contrast lights against darks, sharply, to give a greater visual thrust to his image; technical devices he learnt (and developed in his own fashion) from his deep study of Spanish painting, most notably Velasquez. The small painting from Cincinnati, *Women at the Races*, painted four years later, reveals how he applied this flattening of modelled forms to an open-air, crowd scene; and the third painting, of Manet's own country house at Rueil (1882), from the National Gallery of Victoria and completed shortly before his death, shows how much he had come to adopt the methods of his Impressionist friends.

The three Manets thus present the framework of the first section of the exhibition. Impressionism is represented by a group of exceedingly beautiful paintings, probably the finest Impressionist paintings ever shown in Australia; for the Murdoch exhibition of 1939 did not include examples of the Impressionist masters. Perhaps the two most notable are the jewel-like painting by Renoir, *Monet Painting in his Garden*



above
CLAUDE MONET VENICE, THE DOGE'S PALACE 1908
Oil on canvas 81cm. x 101cm.
The Brooklyn Museum (Gift of A. Augustus Healy)

right
PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR VENICE, THE DOGE'S PALACE 1881
Oil on canvas 54cm. x 65cm.
Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Mass.

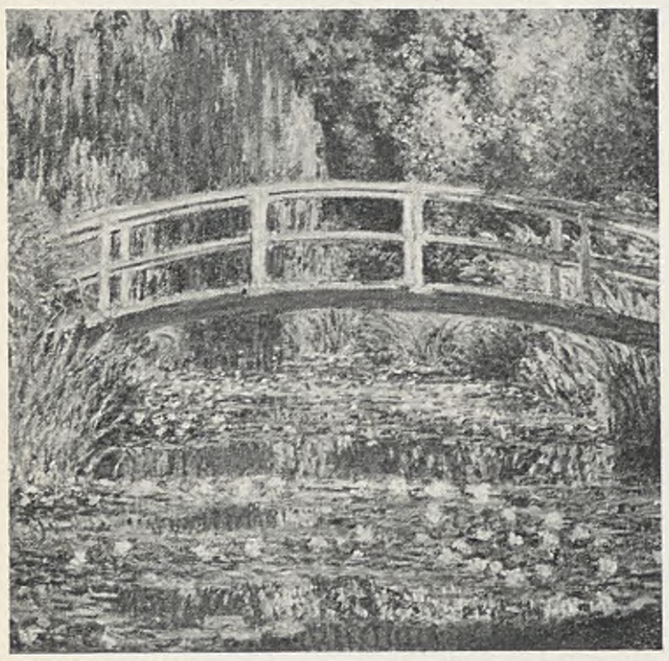
above
MME CEZANNE IN A RED ARMCHAIR (*c.*1877)
Oil on canvas 73cm. x 56cm.
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (The Robert Treat Paine 2nd Bequest)

left
HENRI MATISSE GIRL WITH GREEN EYES (1909)
Oil on canvas 66cm. x 51cm.
San Francisco Museum of Art (Harriet Lane Levy Bequest)

(*c.*1874), from the Wadsworth Atheneum, and the opalescent Monet, *Still Life with a Basket of Eggs* (*c.*1910), from the collection of Mrs Lloyd Bruce Wescott. A slight matter for regret here is the lack of an early Monet, one, say, prior to 1872, not only because it is in such paintings that we may witness that poignant and tremulous moment when naturalism begins its retreat before the science and the poetry of pure colour, but also because one such painting might have made clear, better than any other, the distinctions (that were to widen) between French and Australian Impressionism. Even so, a careful study of the Renoirs and Monets in this exhibition serves to make abundantly clear how inadequate it is to think of Impressionism simply as an application of pure colour by means of divided brush-strokes in the service of optical sensation. Of course Impressionists also made use of ground colours, used tones, mixed their colours on the palette and blurred their brush work where it suited their artistic purpose to do so. What makes their work so different from the work of the Heidelberg School (who, around the late 1880s, adopted and adapted most if not all of the Impressionist techniques) is the objective fact that they were recording their feelings about a different range of colours and different atmospheric effects and that, as a group, they were less adventurous and experimental in developing their own personal styles.

Mr Lieberman's selection of Impressionist painting is of great value in revealing how in both the late Monet and the late Renoir colour asserts its poetry and its independence. In the water-lily paintings and the two paintings (Renoir's and Monet's) of the Doge's Palace, Venice (Lieberman's juxta-positions are one of the joys of the exhibition) colour tones begin to transfuse the whole surface of the canvas. In this way they foreshadowed, and helped to inspire, the Colourfield painters of the United States such as Mark Rothko.

Paul Cézanne is, and quite justly, one of the painters most strongly represented in the exhibition. Lieberman was able to borrow two absolutely superb Cézannes – the monumental portrait of his wife, *Mme Cézanne in a Red Armchair* (*c.*1877), from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the beautiful landscape, *L'Estaque* (1882-85), from the Museum of Modern



top left
EDOUARD MANET A BOY WITH A SWORD (1861)
Oil on canvas 131cm. x 93cm.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
(Gift of Erwin David)
above
CLAUDE MONET WATER LILIES AND JAPANESE BRIDGE (1899)
Oil on canvas 91cm. x 90cm.
The Art Museum, Princeton University, Princeton (From the Collection of William Church Osborn. Given by his family)
top right
PIERRE AUNGUSTE RENOIR MONET PAINTING IN HIS GARDEN (*c.*1874)
Oil on canvas 47cm. x 60cm.
Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn. (Bequest of Anne Parrish Titzell)
right
CLAUDE MONET STILL LIFE WITH A BASKET OF EGGS (*c.*1910)
Oil on canvas 75cm. x 94cm.
Owned by Mrs Lloyd Bruce Westcott, Rosemont, N.J.

Art. The Boston portrait is as fine a picture as ever Cézanne painted. Colour here asserts its own new freedom while achieving a plastic architecture; and here lies the seed not only of Cubism but also the best of Matisse. It is difficult to grasp today what now seems here to be so inevitable in terms of paint, tone and structure, won only by means of a fumbling, patient obstinancy combined with a genius for knowing what was right when it was right. In the *L'Estaque* there is a facet of painting in the lower right mid-distance which reveals something of Cézanne's methods. Here he clearly began with a shape drawn from the large, flat and bare slope of the roof of a country cottage but, in developing his composition, he proceeded to paint landscape motifs onto this bare plane without obliterating or disguising the original form. By such means Cézanne permitted contingencies in the process of painting to remain visible in the final result. This is an excellent example of but one of several of the devices he adopted for creating a visual ambiguity (the delight and despair of his successors) between depth and flatness.

Matisse is the most strongly represented painter in the exhibition: no less than eleven splendid paintings, all but one of which are illustrated and discussed in Alfred Barr's classic monograph on the painter (1951). This is not altogether surprising because it would be fair comment, I believe, to say that the exhibition is more tuned to Matisse's kind of excellence than it is to any other major twentieth-century master, Picasso, say, or Klee, or Kandinsky, or Pollock; and there is, of course, the title of the exhibition itself which, as we proceed to viewing, gains in significance, so that we come to realize that the show is centred upon the declaration of those pictorial qualities that are released by Manet and find their fulfilment in Matisse.

Indeed Matisse's *The Guitarist* (1903), from the collection of Mr and Mrs Ralph F. Colin, reveals Matisse taking off from Manet's Hispanic style and then, in *The Young Sailor* (1906), from the collection of Mr and Mrs Jacques Gelman, achieving, with a profound sense of personal assurance, free colour within swinging arabesques. Here we have demonstrated before our eyes the twentieth-century heritage, not of Cézanne, but of Gauguin. One of the unquestionable delights of this exhibition, as noted above, has been the points of

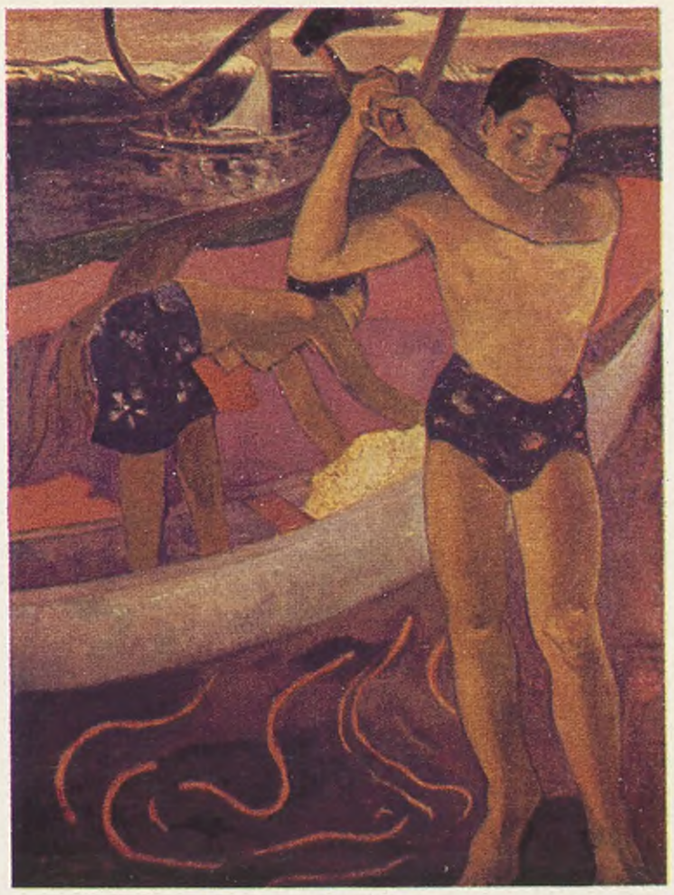
top left
CLAUDE MONET WATER LILIES 1907
Oil on canvas 90cm. x 72cm.
Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston Collection (Dr and Mrs Barnett Malbin, New York)

above
HENRY MATISSE THE YOUNG SAILOR 1906
Oil on canvas 100cm. x 81cm.
Owned by Mr and Mrs Jacques Gelman, Mexico City

top right
PAUL CEZANNE L'ESTAQUE (1882-85)
Oil on canvas 80cm. x 99cm.
The Museum of Modern Art, New York (Gift of William S. Paley, the donor retaining life interest)

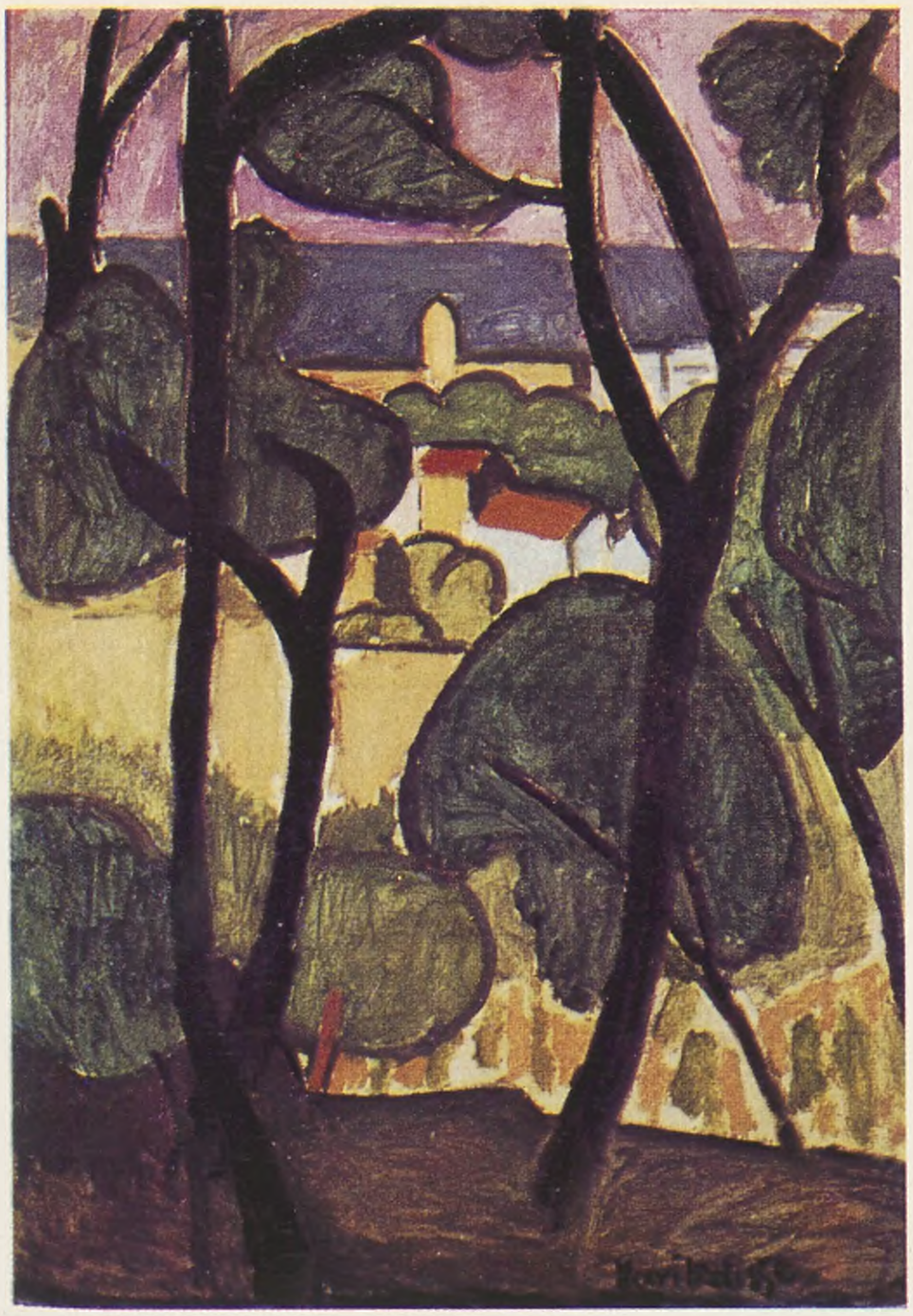
middle right
ALEXEY JAWLENSKY THE GARDENER 1912
Oil on cardboard 53cm. x 49cm.
Milwaukee Art Centre Collection (Gift of Mr and Mrs Harry Lynde Bradley)

above
PIERRE BONNARD SELF-PORTRAIT (1945)
Oil on canvas 59cm. x 46cm.
Owned by Mr and Mrs Donald S. Stralem, New York



left
PAUL GAUGUIN MAN WITH AN AXE 1891
Oil on canvas 92cm. x 69cm.
Owned by Mr and Mrs Alex M. Lewyt, New York

below
ANDRE DERAIN VIEW OF COLLIOURE (1905)
Oil on canvas 60cm. x 73cm.
Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris



above
HENRI MATISSE VIEW OF COLLIOURE (1908)
Oil on canvas 91cm. x 63cm.
Owned by Mr and Mrs Jacques Gelman, Mexico City

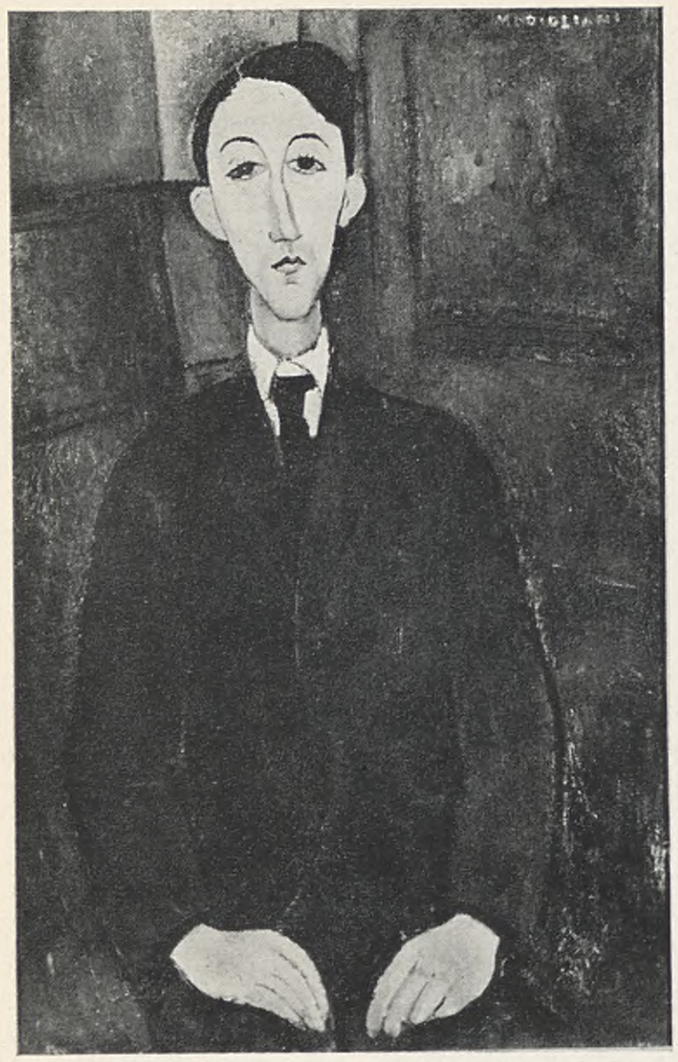
left
PABLO PICASSO LANDSCAPE, LA RUE DES BOIS (1908)
Oil on canvas 101cm. x 82cm.
Owned by Mr and Mrs David Rockefeller, New York

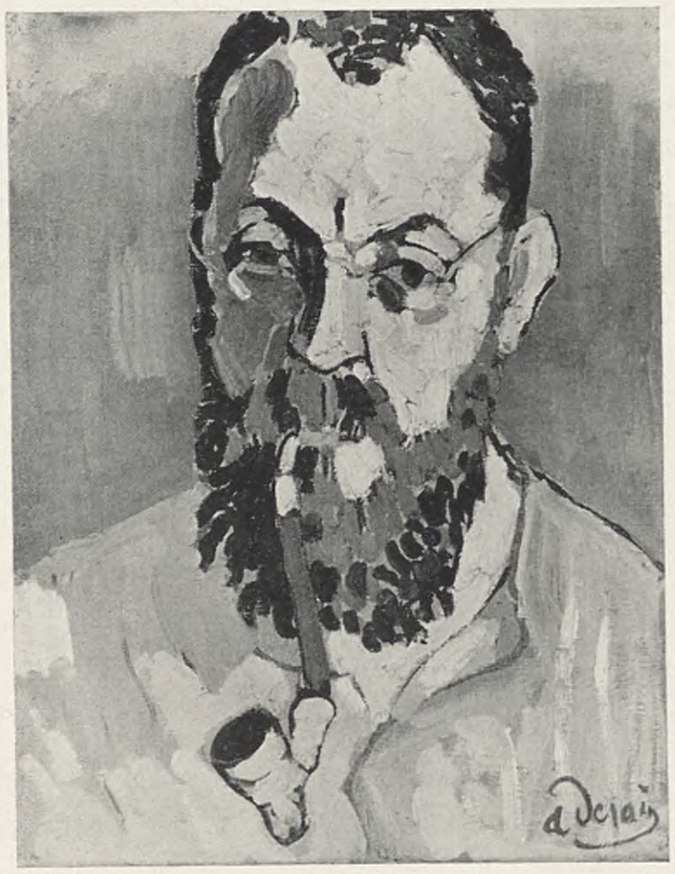
comparison and contrast Lieberman has succeeded in setting up within his selection; in this case, for example, between Matisse's *The Young Sailor* and Gauguin's *Man with an Axe* (1891), from the collection of Mr and Mrs Alex M. Lewyt, New York, especially in the painting of the two heads. Another such instructive comparison is that between the Matisse *View of Collioure* (1908), from the collection of Mr and Mrs Jacques Gelman, and Picasso's *Landscape La Rue des Bois* (1908), from the collection of Mr and Mrs David Rockefeller, both painted at about the same time and recording the same view (but the first lying in descent from Cézanne and the other from Gauguin).

Equally suggestive is Lieberman's choice of portraits. Here the history of modern painting may be traced within the constraints imposed by a traditional category of painting: from Manet's *A Boy with a Sword* (1861) and Cézanne's *Mme Cézanne in a Red Armchair* to Matisse's *Girl with Green Eyes* (1909), from the San Francisco Museum of Art, and thence to the portraits by Jawlensky, Bonnard, Modigliani and Mirò and Grosz. One would hope that this splendid range of portraits might give pause to that gaggle of local art critics who have for thirty years (in the name of an intolerant, unlinear, determinist brand of art history) called incessantly for an end to the Archibald Prize because portraiture was no longer, in their view, a viable category of modern painting.

Those artistic kinsmen of Matisse, the Fauves, are well represented, particularly by two excellent Derains: the famous *Henri Matisse* (1905), from the Tate Gallery, London, and that stunning decoration, *View of Collioure* (1905), from the Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris.

In contrast to the confident way in which the main line of the tradition from Manet to Matisse is laid down in a series of visually captivating masterpieces, the alternative options available to twentieth-century artists are handled with less certainty. For example, although the two Braques *Piano and Mandola* and *Violin and Palette* (both 1909-10), from the Guggenheim Museum, New York, do reveal the radiating, accumulative, 'Baroque' aspects of Braque's Cubism, I cannot help feeling that the treatment of Cubism as a twentieth-century movement is thin. One of its important sources – as Apollinaire revealed – is symbolism; and





top right
AMEDEO MODIGLIANI PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER HUMBERT (1917)
Oil on canvas 100cm. x 65cm.
National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne (Felton Bequest)

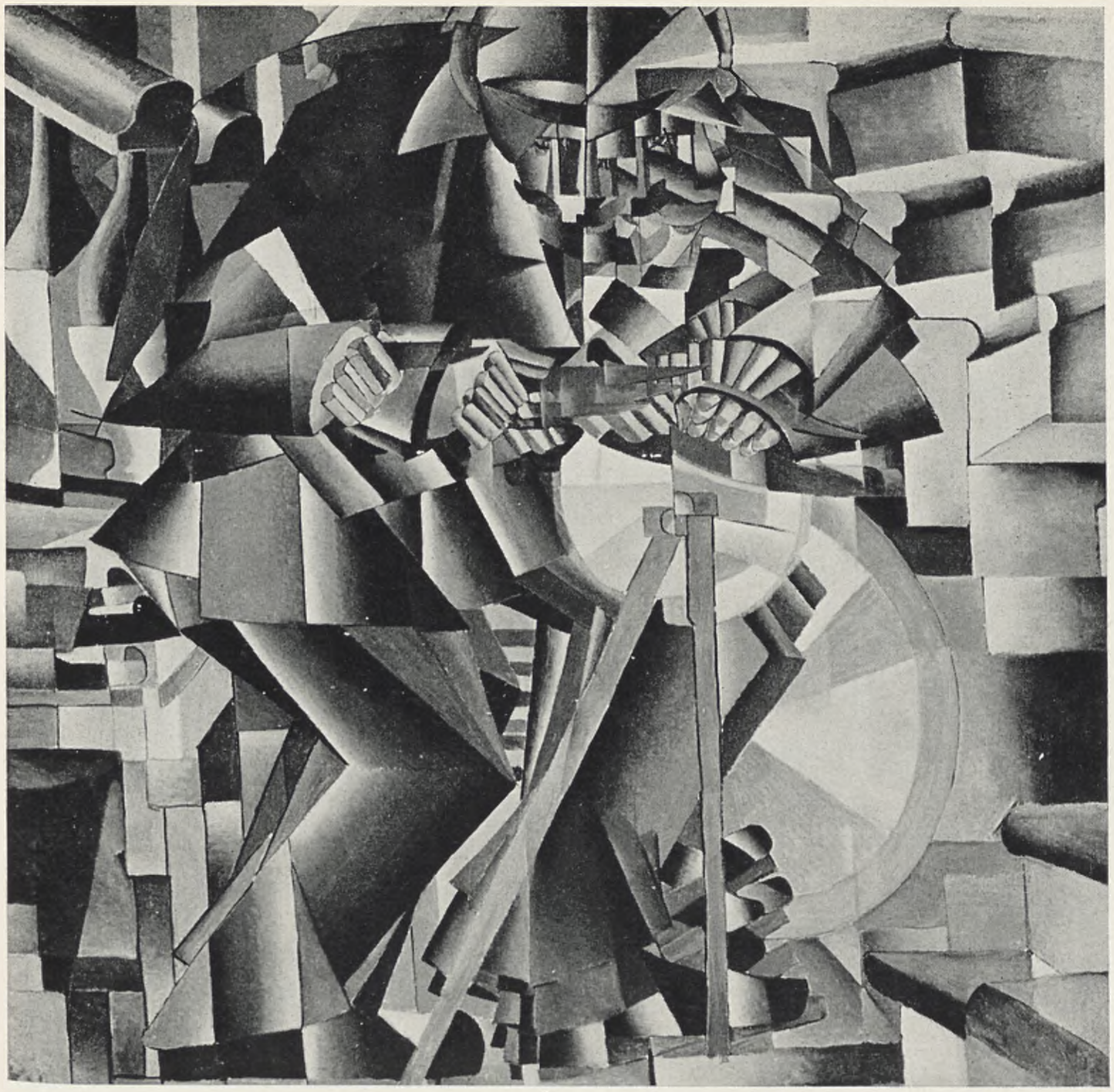
above
JAMES ENSOR FIREWORKS 1887
Oil and encaustic on canvas 102cm. x 112cm.
Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo (George B. and Jenny R. Mathews Fund)

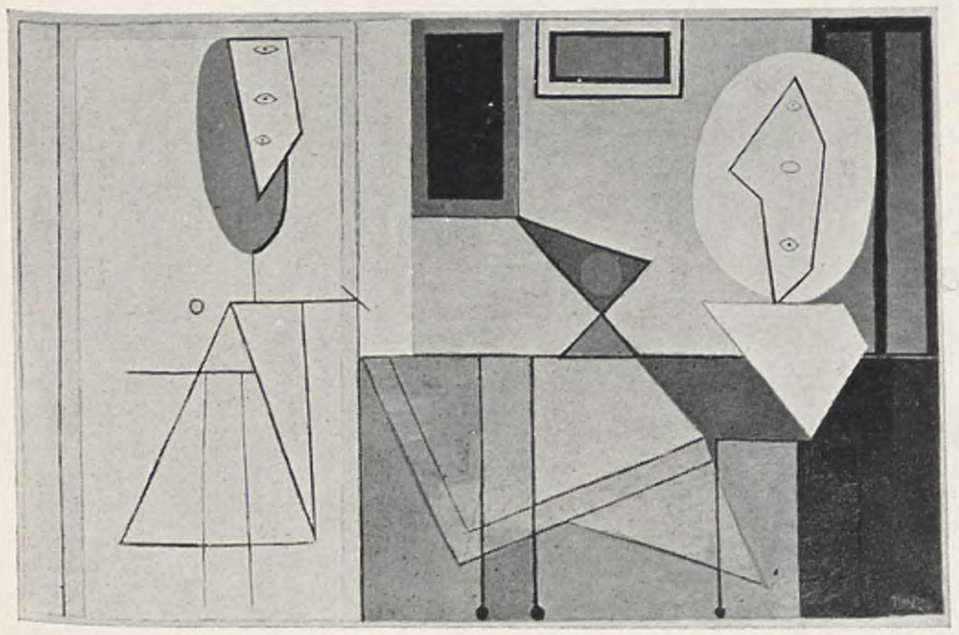
middle top
JOAN MIRO SELF-PORTRAIT 1917
Oil on canvas 61cm. x 50cm.
The Bragaline Collection, New York

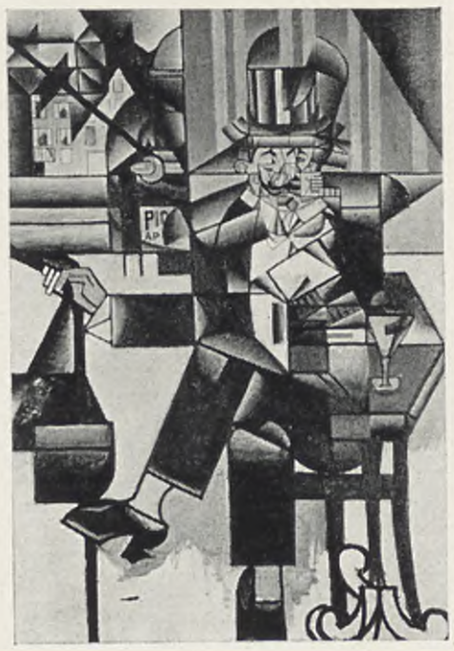
above
ANDRE DERAIN HENRI MATISSE (1905)
Oil on canvas 46cm. x 35cm.
The Trustees of the Tate Gallery, London

top right
GEORGE GROSZ MAX HERRMANN-NEISSE 1927
Oil on canvas 59cm. x 74cm.
The Museum of Modern Art, New York

right
GEORGES BRAQUE VIOLIN AND PALETTE (1909-10)
Oil on canvas 92cm. x 43cm.
The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York







top
KASIMIR MALEVICH SCISSORS GRINDER (1912)
Oil on canvas 80cm. x 80cm.
Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven (Gift of Collection Société Anonyme)
above
PABLO PICASSO THE STUDIO 1927-28
Oil on canvas 150cm. x 231cm.
The Museum of Modern Art, New York (Gift of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.)

above right
JUAN GRIS MAN IN A CAFE (1912)
Oil on canvas 128cm. x 88cm.
Philadelphia Museum of Art (The Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection)

symbolism, to say the least, gets light treatment in this show. The Ensor *Fireworks* (1887), from the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, is too closely allied to the Impressionist-Fauve tradition to be typical either of Ensor or of the Symbolist Movement from which he gained so much. The two Gauguins are both fine paintings, but do not reveal his mastership of painting as the Cézannes and Matisses do. One would not realize from this exhibition that he was the first of the modern masters to become fully conscious of the course that twentieth-century painting was to take from nature towards abstraction. Also the representation of Van Gogh by one not particularly distinguished work is disappointing. Basil Burdett, in 1939, did much better by bringing eight very fine paintings by Van Gogh to Australia.

The weakness in the symbolist sources of modernism is revealed also in the lack of any paintings from Pablo Picasso's Blue, Pink or Negro periods; and the Cubist Picasso's selected do not, in my view, measure up to those by Braque. Juan Gris, with three splendidly representative paintings, comes off much better – but then there is always something of the pedant in Gris's work even at the best of times. For the Futurists, one has to turn to their Russian and German followers, to the works by Feininger, Marc and Malevitch, rather than to the Italians themselves, because the Balla, though a delight, is just too suavely successful, and the Boccioni, although it reveals the potential strength of the greatest of the Futurists, is surely a failure as a painting. By contrast, and perhaps amusingly, Severini, one of the weakest of the Italian Futurists, dominates his colleagues with one of his best paintings.

Because of the weight of attention given to the tradition of *la belle peinture* which lies between Manet and Matisse, the contributions of the pure Abstractionists, such as Mondrian and Kandinsky, that of the Surrealists and, above all, the critical edge which gave such nervous volatility to Picasso's genius, all become somewhat contingent to the sumptuous visual delight of the show as a whole. That is not to say that the Kandinsky is not one of his best; or that we should not be thankful for the opportunity to see such a fascinating Picasso as *The Studio* (1927-28), from The Museum of Modern Art – a painting that well repays patient study.

Restoration at Clarendon, Tasmania

Clive Lucas

James Cox was born at Devizes, Wiltshire, England, in 1790, the second son of William Cox who, in 1799, came to New South Wales as a lieutenant in the New South Wales Corps. James was educated in England and, in 1806, joined his family in New South Wales. William Cox had settled at Clarendon, near Richmond on the Hawkesbury River, New South Wales, and, for some years, James Cox managed a number of his father's properties.

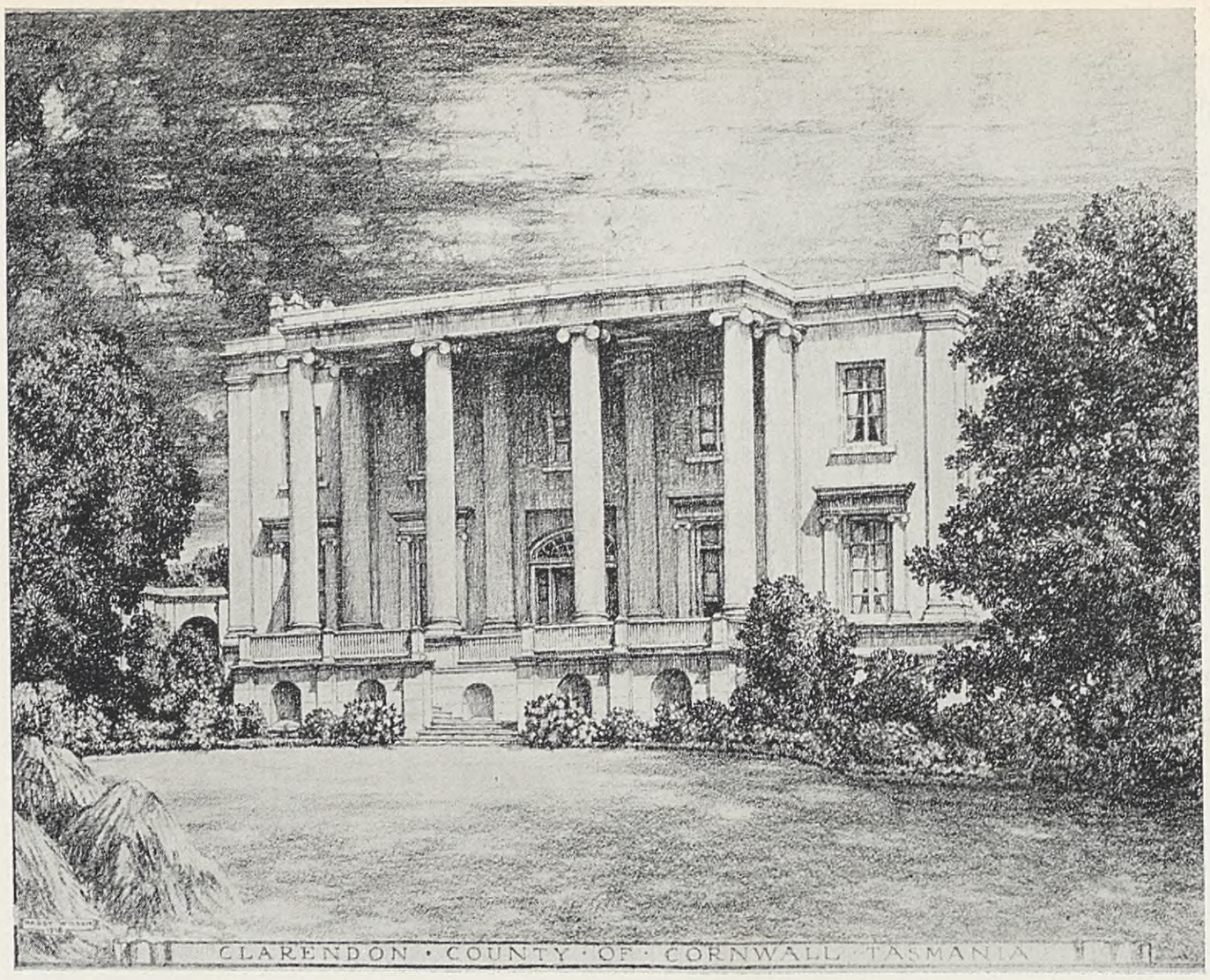
James Cox then decided to settle in Tasmania and, in 1819, received a grant of 6,000 acres[1] on the South Esk River and named his estate Clarendon after his father's property on the Hawkesbury.

On the property in Tasmania was a timber, one-storey house which, in 1833, was described as being 'like a fairy castle'.[2] Cox prospered on his new land and, in 1838,[3] began building a mansion near the site of the earlier timber house. It is not known when the house was completed but Cox is said to have spent £20,000[4] on its construction.

The house Cox built is unique in Australia. The origin of its design, like those of the houses built by his brothers[5] in New South Wales, is a mystery. Often described as Georgian, Clarendon's design is more correctly Neoclassical, influenced by the early nineteenth century's Louis XIV-cum-Baroque Revival, rather than the Georgian Palladianism of eighteenth-century England.

The house is raised on a semi-basement and is five bays wide by three bays deep. On the main front a balustraded terrace comes forward in front of the three centre bays, is approached by twin staircases, and

[1] James Cox, *Australian Dictionary of Biography.*
[2] *The Journal of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Dieman's Land,* 1833.
[3] The date 1838 is carved on the column base now at the south-west corner of the terrace.
[4] From a paper prepared by G. T. Stilwell for the Tasmanian Historical Research Association, 14 September 1963.
[5] Edward Cox built Fernhill at Mulgoa, New South Wales, in 1842. William Cox Junior built Hobartville at Richmond, New South Wales, in 1828.



top
HARDY WILSON CLARENDON, COUNTY OF CORNWALL, TASMANIA 1918
Pencil drawing 35cm. x 45cm.
National Library of Australia, Canberra

above
THE FRONT OF CLARENDON (*c.* 1869)
Original photograph in possession of Mrs W. R. Menzies Launceston

top

CLARENDON SEEN FROM THE SOUTH
The southern facade overlooks a walled garden and yard between flanking outbuildings to the South Esk River. The balancing chimney was taken down in 1964.
Photograph by Clive Lucas

above

CLARENDON PRIOR TO THE RESTORATION OF THE PORTICO
Photograph by courtesy Examiner Press, Launceston

above

CLARENDON – THE OUTBUILDINGS
The wiring is being put underground.
Photograph by Clive Lucas

top
CLARENDON TODAY
The main front of the house with its restored portico. The character is that of French Neoclassicism.

above
CLARENDON
The bases of the Ionic columns and portion of the stone entablature are all that remain of the dismantled portico. One base is inscribed 1838.

Photographs by Clive Lucas

carries a giant Ionic Order probably taken from the Roman temple of Fortuna Virilus.

The sides of the house have a slight breakfront, with the centre windows balanced by blind recesses. The rear elevation is like the front but without portico or terrace. All elevations are crowned by a parapet, with entablature of unknown antique profile, the form of which could well have been compromised by local colonial conditions.

Originally the house was surrounded by an area walk onto which opened basement windows, since bricked up. The basement was devoted to service rooms and on the main floor were the reception rooms. The bedrooms were on the first floor.

The plan is of the Palladian villa type, being divided by a cruciform of hallways with the main hallway running through the centreline of the house. The cross corridor is devoted to the principal and secondary staircases, the stair halls being separated by double doors from the main hallway, the walls of which are broken by pilasters into five bays with doorways in each. Except for the double doors each pair of doorways provides access to one reception room, which is an unusual feature. From the main hall there is no indication of the principal stair, which is to the right.

With the exception of the chimney-pieces, which are all marble, and the main stair, which is polished blackwood, all joinery is pine (probably Huon) and painted.

The ceilings to the main rooms are elaborate with run cornices and roses infilled with papiermâché guilloche, egg and dart, leaf and tongue, and anthemion details which were readily available for enriching interiors at the time. These internal details owe their origin to classical Greece which contrasts with the French Neoclassicism of the exterior.

The builder of Clarendon was John Richards, who later built Killymoon at Fingal. Both houses are of distinguished Neoclassical design and, although dissimilar, suggest a trained if somewhat individual hand. Some scholars have suggested that the Clarendon design has American qualities, but there is another school which suggests an English or French pattern-book. There is certainly no evidence to suggest an American origin for the design.

James Cox died in 1866 and was

left and far left
CLARENDON – ENTRANCE HALL

below
CLARENDON – DINING-ROOM
Photographs by Clive Lucas

top
CLARENDON – DRAWING-ROOM

above
CLARENDON – LOOKING FROM THE ENTRANCE HALL INTO THE DINING-ROOM

succeeded at Clarendon by his grandson James. After 1914, when the property was broken up for closer settlement, the house passed through several hands until, in 1962, it was given to the National Trust of Australia.

Clarendon's footings had been improperly constructed from the start and, in order to stabilize the building and reduce the weight on the foundations, the portico and parapets were taken down and the house re-roofed in slate with boxed eaves. Strangely, it is not known when this took place but it was probably in the 1880s. Originally, the roof was lower and roofed with English patent tiles, the first form of iron roofing imported into this country. Their use at Clarendon is one the earliest known to the author.

At the same time that the parapets were removed, the kitchen was brought upstairs and the area walk and basement were filled with sand. Despite these precautions the house continued to move and the last owner chose not to live at Clarendon.

When the National Trust was given the property, the house was in poor condition and an argument could well have been made for its demolition. Fortunately, its claim to importance was established and this was in no small way due to Hardy Wilson who reconstructed the portico in his famous drawing published in 1924,[1] using a photograph in the Queen Victoria Museum at Launceston. This drawing made the house famous.

The Trust instigated a programme of restoration which involved removing the sand from the basement, underpinning the house and, unfortunately, removing at the back one of the main balancing chimney-stacks which had become unsafe. The terrace in front was reconstructed. This work was carried out under the late Roy Smith.

The problem of the reconstruction of the portico had to be left until a Grant from the Commonwealth Government in 1972 made this work possible. The author, of the architectural firm of Fisher Jackson Hudson Pty Ltd, of Sydney, was engaged by the Trust to carry out the restoration.

The house is built of brick on a foundation of random rubble, all of which is stuccoed in imitation of ashlar.

[1] *Old Colonial Architecture in New South Wales and Tasmania,* 1924.

The dressings, however, are mainly freestone and it is assumed that once these were unpainted. Most of the original parapet was also of stone, a great deal of which still survives on the site. What the original entablature of the portico was can only be guessed at but it may have been timber mocked up in lath and plaster.

While no architectural drawings of the house existed, several old photographs were available and the original column bases were still lying in the garden. The capitals did not survive but the details of the base fortunately gave the clue to the original Ionic Order which, when compared to the old photographs, seemed to tally. The Order used in the restoration was that of Fortuna Virilus in Rome.

The shafts of the original columns were probably of shaped brick and, like the walls, stuccoed in imitation of ashlar. For structural reasons the new columns were formed in reinforced concrete with hollow cores and the cement capitals were cast in Sydney. The original stone bases were re-used.

The parapets were built up in brick and plastered. The profile of the entablature was determined from the stonework still on the site and from detail still on the chimneys, discovered when the late-Victorian eaves were demolished.

On completion, the exterior of the house was painted a warm cream and the joinery of the doors a Brunswick green, which was the original colour.

Internally, the hall and main reception rooms have been redecorated in character with the house and in accordance with early nineteenth-century decoration fashion. Despite a detailed investigation there was no evidence of the original colour scheme.

The dining-room has been painted a chestnut red and the joinery white. The drawing-room has apple-green walls and its elaborate cornice is picked out in cream and pink. The joinery has been high-lighted with gilding. The entrance hall has been painted in shades of cream. As part of this work the original brass door furniture and locks were restored.

With this restoration, Clarendon has regained for Australia a major example of Neoclassical architecture, more lasting than old photographs and Wilson's famous drawing. When funds are available, it is hoped to restore the main staircase to the basement and open up the area walk again.

CLARENDON – DRAWING-ROOM

Photographs by Clive Lucas

In the Gloaming or, in the words of the Immortal Goethe: Light! More Light!

Ronald Millen

In this Age of Demagogy, catch-phrases are contagious. One such, endemic world-wide, is Culture for the People whether – poor dears – they want it or not (they damned well better: how else can we already-cultured get decent places at the Saturday football matches?). Museums for Everybody, that's the ticket, be it in Aalborg or Zwolle, Chichicastenango or Toowoomba and, indeed, whether there is anything worth showing them or not. The place of the Common Man is, we are assured, in the museum; with rising wages and improved standards of living, the museum may indeed soon be the only place you will find a member of that species: Archaeological Exhibit One.

The other aspect of this perverted do-goodism (a late degenerate by-product of genteel Fabianism) is: Bring Art to the People. Fill their parking places and public gardens and apartment-house lawns and shopping centres with artistic fountains and Abstract sculpture. Save the tots from all that old-fashioned sliding down slides, climbing up poles, swinging on swings; the modern child must, enjoy it or not, clamber over and paw up stylized poured-concrete hippopotami or get lost in ingeniously contrived mazes declared to be Art. Music gets it too: piano recitals for the peasants in the ploughed potato patches, flute concerts (Shostakovich, *bien entendu*) in factories (so what if the acoustics aren't, and the piano droops out of tune from the dripping pipes; so what if the boys would rather argue football or watch a blue movie?). A young Frenchman has proposed that the Beethoven Ninth be performed on a mountain top so *all* the world can hear it!

The pressures on museum and gallery directors and (or from) boards are, in consequence, almost irresistible to turn their institution into the sort of community centre our churches have become, with milk-bars and juke-boxes and classes in how-to-do-it from Karate to Kopulation, from Origami to Orgasm. Not that, God wot, a museum should not be a place where people come relaxed to enjoy and learn, where children can try their hands at paint (and artists try their minds at teaching). If, however, art is to have a value beyond a two-million-dollar price-tag, then it should be looked up to, admired, respected and, yes, revered. If art is hard to understand, hard to love, hard to venerate, well so is God. Plenty of museum directors confuse their positions with His, but His eye, we are assured, is on the sparrow while theirs too often is, like the pastor's and the priest's, on the attendance figures, which too easily leads to a glorification not of the art entrusted to their care but to a misleading emphasis on what, for want of a more pejorative word, we can call – 'Effect'.

Effect has become the new desideratum in art. We have had Beauty, Grace, Spirit, Tactile Values, Significant Form. All of those were at least based on the preservation of the art work as a work of art, as something worthwhile in itself and on its own. Not so with the Effect Merchants. Their efforts are directed to putting the picture, statue, vase, gem, fetish or assagi, drawing or tapestry, into a 'setting', which means – say what they may – isolating it, freezing it into an arbitrary atmosphere not necessarily or even often its own. Rooms are closed in, hermetically sealed off from any stray ray

above
NICCOLO CASSANA THE 'GRAN PRINCIPE' FERDINANDO DE' MEDICI (*c.*1695)
Oil on canvas 86cm. x 63cm.
Pitti Palace, Florence
Photograph by Bazzechi
above right
FILIPPO DELLA VALLE THE GRAND DUKE GASTONE DE' MEDICI (1723)
Medal, bronze 9.5cm. diameter
Galleria Estense, Modena
right
NICCOLO CASSANA THE ELECTRESS-PALATINATE ANNA MARIA LUDOVICA DE' MEDICI (*c.*1691)
Oil on canvas 115cm. x 85cm.
Pitti Palace, Florence
Photograph by Bazzechi
opposite top
MASSIMILIANO SOLDANI BENZI EWER WITH FIGURES OF NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE (1695-1700)
Bronze with translucent red lacquer 80cm. high
Victoria and Albert Museum, London

above
MASSIMILIANO SOLDANI BENZI LEDA AND THE SWAN
Model for porcelain statuary, red-brown wax 49cm. high
Museo di Doccia, Sesto Fiorentino

of the natural light in and for which the artist designed his work. The art object – canvas or stone or whatever its material and surface and texture – is raked by the glare and heat of relentless spotlights, as if the churches, palaces, homes, gardens for which the works were made existed in a gloom of Hell shattered only by shafts of withering, pitiless Sahara sun – Medieval and Renaissance movie-houses, with all eyes glued to the screen. Lest iris and pupil relax, the walls are rendered anonymous, sheathed in some neutral-coloured textured stuff with never a hint of a colour since pictures, as we all know, were never conceived to be seen in colourful settings.

As if that were not enough, with the complicity of museum directors, sadistic designers are often brought in – individuals whose acquaintance with serious art all too often stopped with the introductory course in architecture school – to construct within that murky prison a maze of elaborately stepped and many-levelled platforms supporting labyrinths of box-cases so designed as to conceal or overwhelm the object displayed therein: the smaller the object, the bigger the case; the more subtle, the more it must be swamped. Some of this is done in the name of Audience Participation, based on the theory that if you slip and break your skull you will remember the exhibition to your dying day: *ad astra per aspera*. Along with this go labels printed in Diamond type (teentsy-weentsy as can be) so as not to disturb the general Effect and placed so as not to clutter up the Sculptural Spatiality with mere information, though that may mean relegating them to the floor level where the aged and infirm must forego stooping to them and the myopic must crawl about on hands and knees to find out if the jar is Ming or Tang.

Not that all this is all that new. For longer than I can remember, curators have been hanging pictures in accord with their own 'sensitivity'. This one-man mystique means never hanging a chronological sequence of an artist's *oeuvre* chronologically but, instead, breaking it up according to the hanger's 'feeling'. If Giorgione painted two canvases as pendants to illustrate two facets of a single theme, they must perforce be placed to either side of a large door or – why not? – on facing walls or even at opposite ends of the room, the point being not to permit the viewer to study their interrelationship but, rather, to impress him (if he even notices it) with the cleverly contrived, fearful symmetry. Years ago some brilliant *régisseur* at the National Gallery, Washington, dreamed up a pitch-black room into which one stumbled from the brightly lit gallery alongside it to be shocked practically out of one's wits by an icy shaft of spotlight freezing the phosphorescent bone-white of the El Greco *Laocoön*. In the Milan Castello Sforzesco the *non-finito* rough-textured *Rondanini Pietà* disappears, after all the hard work that Michelangelo put into it, into the natural grained-wood cage that more effectively conceals than displays it. That museum is the most 'progressive' in museology (nasty word) in all Italy and is so well designed that one remembers vividly entire rooms but racks one's brains to recall a single one of its many great works in any significant detail. Its formulas are hereby recommended to anyone given the job of setting up a memorable museum for an embryonic collection: with such an approach you will never have to concern yourself with new acquisitions. Or have you already seen the Guggenheim Museum in New York?

The end-result of all these attempts to make the museum a 'living experience', to establish – as the quaint saying has it – a 'dialogue' with the public, is a vote of no-confidence in the work of art itself. The picture, statue, object is depreciated, apologized for. The viewer, whether or not he realizes it, is insulted by the implication that he is unable to 'sense' the work of art with the same sensitivity as the sensitive curator. Between art work and viewer a third term is interposed, and the 'dialogue' never gets off the ground because of the arbitrary and artificial barrier erected between the two key elements in the art-experience. The viewer is not left free to choose, the work of art is not permitted to communicate in its own fashion; nor is either allowed to grow. Forever frozen in a fixed light in a controlled environment, the statue cannot reveal new facets and textures when viewed at different times and in different weathers; the painting cannot take on new warmth, its colours cannot make their own blends and contrasts, its forms remain forever unchanging. There is, in short, *no* dialogue, *no* communication, *no* vital experience. The effect of the Effect is, let us face it, undemocratic: unfair to art, unfair to artists, unfair to

viewers; and let it not be argued that all this hanky-panky miching malicho is needed to help the untrained visitor to 'appreciate'. There can be no appreciation without experience, no experience without contact, no contact without an honest acceptance of the work of art as what it is, as something with its own rights, to be loved or rejected on its own terms, as something made by a particular man somewhere sometime who knew better than anyone could, later, just what it was he wanted his viewers to behold and feel and understand. All the popular lectures, guided tours, lantern-slide talks will never establish the connection as long as link and link, art work and viewer, are kept apart in the ultimate experience, that of looking at the work itself. All the king's hessians and all the queen's Kliegs succeed in one thing only (two, if you want to count the glorification of the *décorateur's* ego): in throttling before it even gets out of the womb our natural human joy in discovering things for ourselves. An unforgettable experience: the day in 1960 when the Louvre put on display seven hundred paintings that had been locked away for ages because there was no space in which to show them 'nicely'. Realizing that what counted was that they be seen, *M. le Conservateur-en-chef* simply used every bit of wall available, hung them sometimes one-two-three above each other with no fretting over anything but decent lighting (it is wonderful what a fresh-washed skylight can do for art appreciation). They were thrilling to see, to browse among, to discover all on one's own. It is a sad fact that, in the world's great collections in particular but even in lesser ones, improvements in 'museology' almost inevitably go along with withdrawing more works from public view. In the demonology of our museum directors dat ole debbil Clutter ranks as the evilest.

Let no one suspect me of Philistinism or – most improbable – anti-intellectualism but, laudable as is the increasing awareness of the claims of history, iconography, techniques and materials, and even sociology to their place in the comprehension of a work of art, they cannot replace the Euclideanly simple act of looking at beauty bare, of seeing a work of art as it is. Odd, is it not, that the museological mistrust of art should come about just when every child knows all about Pure Art, about looking at lines and shadows, lights and shapes, tones and tints and hues and colours? Or could it be that, in an age when meaning and function have become concerns of the art historian alone and not part of the simple, natural awareness of every viewer, Madonnas readlly *are* of no more significance than apples except insofar as they cost rather more, unless of course the apples are Cézanne's?

left
GIOVANNI ANTONIO FUMIANI FOUR AGES OF MAN (*c.*1702)
Design for an imaginary candelabrum oil on canvas 58cm. x 72cm.
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

above
ANTON DOMENICO GABBIANI MUSICIANS OF THE GRAN PRINCIPE'S COURT (*c.*1681)
Oil on canvas 141cm. x 208cm.
Pitti Palace, Florence
Photograph by Bazzechi

These questions and problems were exemplified all too embarrassingly in a recent exhibition on the theme of 'The Twilight of the Medici' organized jointly by the cities of Detroit, Michigan, United States of America, and Florence, Italy, a kind of homage on the part of one royal, albeit industrial, family to the family of merchant-banker-princes who, from the start of the fifteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth century, made Florence a centre of world art. The initiative began with Andrew Ciechanowiecki of the Heim Gallery, London, who aroused the interest and enthusiasm of the Italian-born Mrs Henry Ford II and the Detroit Institute of Art who, together with the Ford Motor Company Fund and related organizations, not only put up the money for crating, insurance, transport, display, catalogues and dinner parties but also, one suspects,had as much to say as the experts, or more, in selecting what works best represented the maecenatism of the last scions of the Medici line. The benevolent capitalists who organized the Detroit exhibition shared sponsorship in

Florence with the Demo-Christian *Comune*, Communist *Provincia*, and Socialist *Regione*.

All the preconditions were present for a truly significant and even epoch-marking exhibition, with works loaned by Queen Elizabeth II (held up by Italian Customs until almost the last days) and museums and collectors throughout the United States of America, Canada, and Europe, with many of the Italian items restored and brought together for the first time. The dual aim, all else aside, was to honour the last Medici as patrons and to present a long-overdue comprehensive survey of late-Baroque Florentine art. The end result, however, *pace* the venerable art critic of *Time* magazine, left rather a lot to be desired.

The premises were so auspicious. The period covered began with the accession in 1670 of Cosimo III de' Medici as Grand Duke of Tuscany and extended through his lifetime (he died in 1723) and those of his children: Ferdinando, the 'Gran Principe', who died ten years before his father and without ever having reigned; the last Medici, Grand Duke Gian Gastone, who succeeded his father and ruled until his death in 1737; Anna Maria Ludovica, widow of the Elector-Palatinate of the Rhineland, whose death in 1743 marked the extinction of the line, she, like her brothers, being without heir. Around them gyrated other art-loving members of the family: Cardinal Leopoldo, uncle to Cosimo III and himself a rabid collector, who initiated the famous series of artists' self-portraits in the Uffizi and pioneered in collecting oil sketches – *bozzetti* – as works of art valid in themselves; Violante of Bavaria, wife of the Gran Principe; Cardinal Francesco Maria, brother of Cosimo III. In those seventy-three years not just a family but the culture that had created the Florentine Renaissance died out. The long and, in its earlier years, effective reign of Cosimo III was embittered by the barrenness of his children and his own marriage with the flighty, tasteless, rapacious princess Marguerite-Louise d'Orléans, worthy niece to Louis XIV, who had as little use for art as for her husband: as Grand Duchess of Tuscany she proved herself a butterfly-harpy who spread a poison shrivelling up the energies and ambitions of the last generation of the Medici. In Tuscany she was a tiresome bitch; in France, confined in one convent after another, a slut.

Consistent with his initial ambitions, Cosimo's taste was for the Grand Style favoured in Rome. There, to revitalize a lagging Florentine art, he set up an academy where his talented young subjects could be trained under the followers of Bernini and Pietro da Cortona, the revolutionary founders of Roman Baroque. Cosimo's son Ferdinando, whose patronage of art barely extended beyond a couple of decades, debilitated as he was by syphilis, much preferred the sensuous colouristic art of Venice, the city where – symbolically – Venus caused his ruin. To Florence he attracted painters from centres like Genoa, Milan, Emilia, and, of course, Venice, men like Marco and Sebastiano Ricci, Alessandro Magnasco, and Giuseppe Maria Crespi, who were already working in a style that was to lead forward, to the Rococo of the eighteenth century. Besides these, Florence under the last Medici became a Mecca for superbly skilled craftsmen, from Germany and the Netherlands above all, foreigners who virtually dominated the applied arts workshops there, bringing to a somewhat soberer tradition a touch of the lavishness so typical of the Mannerist tradition of the North.

The cast of characters, then, was dramatic – in their artistic tastes as much as in their lives. However, as the exhibition in their honour worked out, there was no play, no plot, only a clutter of props with never the right hand to move them nor even – in the Palazzo Pitti! – the appropriate scenery. There was not even a playbill listing the cast – the visitor looked in vain at the entrance for the famous Medici family tree (so easy to borrow) by which to get all these unfamiliar eccentrics clear in his mind. True, one could buy the catalogue that weighed about three pounds and cost about five and, balancing it precariously, find the page where said family tree was reproduced on a scale making it easily readable by anyone happening to have a strong hand lens in his pocket. Not even the natives – and there is nothing like a Florentine to know and boast about his city and its history – are, in fact, familiar with these later Medici whose persons and art they have been taught to despise and, in fact, ignore along with everything that smacks of the Baroque; in the days after the flood of 1966, when volunteers were risking life and health to rescue dozens of canvases of this period, the highest of all the local art officials immortalized himself by ordering: 'Throw all those daubs back into the Arno'.

Not even the basic change in style, from Roman to Venetian, from late-Baroque to dawning Rococo, was brought out in a manner recognizable by, at least, the experts. Instead, a public eager to see and curious to learn were given a miscellany of works of variable quality scattered through room after room with no apparent plan or order and on no principle except the Effect they might make in that particular spot. Pieces by a single sculptor, Foggini (heavily promoted in this show and now due for a rise in market price), were to be found in a dozen rooms, the canvases of painters whose personality was scarcely clear, even to the specialists, were to be found in room after room as if with the intent of inventing a new game in which the viewer, curious about any one artist, would have to fix an image in his mind's eye, then make his way with eyes shut through an obstacle course to the next room where one more work had been stowed away, then onto the next and the next.

Despite a flyleaf brought out tardily purporting to indicate some red thread, the real intent of the display was, I fear, no more than to elicit oohs and aaahs from untutored visitors, to excite the same sort of reaction one gets from the *polloi* looking at the shopfront windows of a high-class antique dealer or the showrooms of a quality auctioneer: *that* must cost a pretty penny. It was difficult to shake off the feeling that at some point in the preparation of the show someone had gone about jabbing at one work after the other and gushing: *Isn't* that gorrrrrgeous! Just look at that cute little statuette, will you! What a lovely piece for a mantelpiece! In short, the works selected rarely coalesced to make a significant demonstration of art under the late Medici. Each piece – canvas, statuette, relief, medal, drawing, bust – seemed chosen in an *élan* of connoisseurship, in and for itself. Only thus can one explain (charitably) the omission of dozens of artists of equal stature with those represented, some of whom played more important roles and were more closely connected with the Medici than those whom the fickle finger of face-value had lighted upon. Not illumination of a little-explored corner of art history, nor a firm concept of intrinsic aesthetic value,

nor any objective criteria arrived at thoughtfully seems to have determined the choices but only – especially when it came to frames, furniture, reliquaries, altar frontals and the like studded with semi-precious stones or cast or trimmed in gold and silver – the capacity of one object after the other to elicit coos and gurgles of admiration.

Had the moderately sumptuous décor of the royal rooms in the Palazzo Pitti been allowed to serve as setting, the mulligatawny of pretty pieces might have achieved some semblance of a living naturalness, but this notion was ruled out on the basis that the prevailing style of those rooms is early nineteenth-century, getting on toward a hundred years after the period in question, and so 'just wouldn't go'. So the satin wall-coverings, gilded stuccoes, and architectural frescoes were almost entirely concealed behind dun-coloured hessian whose effect was strictly twentieth-century and therefore further alienated the works displayed, further depreciating them and draining away their last drop of functional significance. Ivory, porcelain and bronze statuettes (so many of them) were imprisoned in perspex cases squeezed into corners where visiting rumps or elbows bumped into them in often unsuccessful efforts to avoid tripping over the trailing light cables that led to easily kickable spotlights (by my fifth visit I had seven notches on my cowboy belt) placed smack on the floors and shooting up from below their nasty artificial beams at paintings and statues better seen by daylight. The forms and colours and textures of paintings were raped by harsh white glares from all angles repeatedly interrupted each time someone passed between the spotlight on the floor and the canvas on the wall, leaving one wondering just where was Moses when the lights went out. No one has any objection to lending Mother Nature a helping hand when it comes to illumination, especially in a dark hole like the Palazzo Pitti, but –.

The climax of this Architecture-School amateurishness came early, in the second room, one devoted to church art. There the walls and windows of a largish hall were covered not with neutral hessian but with ink-black cloth to make a black void through which spotlights stabbed at glistening silver and gold reliquaries in perspex cases but also at visitors' eyes and did a fine job, if that is what was intended, at making it impossible to read the paintings. This may have been all to the good since the white bones of light shooting through the nigrescent décor of this Hammer-Film torture-chamber revealed not so much their qualities as the inadequacies of their recent restorations in which they had been given a slick of greasy oil varnish that had dried out and left mat patches here and there over, often, unsealed, untreated, scaly surfaces. Doubtless some ingenious mind, not yet enlightened to the real facts of the later Medici but motivated by the sort of undigested notions that pass for socio-political in the local university, and in its chaotic architecture school most of all, thought this might symbolize the dastardly bigotry of that dreadful Cosimo who dared to Believe. If the idea was to recreate the feel of a church, then whoever designed the room had never set foot in one in Florence, where an even natural light is the normal medium and most of all in churches built in the period stressed here. If this was indeed the intention, it is further evidence of the uncoordinated piecemeal thinking that went into the laying-out of this exhibition since just a few rooms on was the gaily gilded, cheerful ex-bed alcove that was used as chapel for private devotions in the palace.

Silliness may be and do as it wish, but not when it comes to damaging rare works of art. Set into one fake, black wall was a glass case containing the spine-chillingly gruesome and intensely poetic group of tiny wax figures by Gaetano Zummo symbolizing Saturn triumphant presiding over the dissolution of man's earthly remains. With a high-powered, hot spotlight concealed in the space above it to create a dramatic Effect, the public could observe, day by day, the gradual dissolution of Zummo's earthly remains (few of his extraordinary wax sculptures survive, and the one shown here had already been smashed in the flood and saved only by a most difficult restoration) until a more than usually alert custodian called it to the attention of the powers-that-be, whereupon it was removed for, we suppose and hope, yet another difficult restoration – pity, the Effect was real spooky.

For years now, under the leadership of the great Council of Europe exhibitions, shows designed to present the art of a particular period have included, almost as a matter of course, examples of all the contemporaneous cultural manifestations and not alone the visual arts, with generous samplings of books, music, musical and scientific instruments, theatre designs, printed or written documents, and so on. Not so here, despite the exceptional wealth of Florence in archives, libraries and all types of museums, and despite the well-known fact that the Medici and their contemporaries were concerned with all these other aspects of culture as much as with art *per se*. Snug, or smug, in their own awareness of all the accessory facets of the Medicean culture, the organizers showed no interest in sharing their knowledge with the public and, proud in their connoisseurship, staked all on Fine Art and the beautiful object. There was scarcely more than a hint of the major architectural undertakings of the time, though some of these – the continuation of the Chapel of the Princes alongside the burial chapel of the earlier Medici, the Chapel of San Ranieri in Pisa, which served the political end of winning over local interests – are profoundly revealing of the fact that, for the later as for the earlier Medici, the arts were an instrument of State policy and not a wealthy family's caprice. The shabbiness of the bit of display accorded to architecture was outdone by the shoddiness of the roomlet given over to another major aspect of political-cultural policy: the court, city, and theatre festivals and Joyous Entries, weddings, baptisms, funerals, processions of saints, which turned the entire city into a stage and enlisted the services of major artists and architects in providing decorations. Music had no representation, though the Medici Stradivariuses are world famous (and, I am told, dying for lack of attention in the long shut-down Conservatory Museum), nor did science for all that Florence has two entire museums (usually closed) rich in such material. Literature – a void.

Not that the organizers completely ignored all this. With enviable subtlety they replaced the relevant and easily obtainable material with 'symbols': a painting of court musicians, two busts of members of the Academies, a portrait of a prince in armour, plus one sword and a gun to represent the splendid craftwork in this field done in Florence in those years, two charming still lifes showing all the varieties of, respectively, cherries and figs cultivated in Tuscany, a quartet of pictures of Harlequin to remind one of the fact that this was one of the great

periods of opera and classical drama in Florentine history. Although, in most instances, not even the catalogue entries linked these stand-ins to the larger fields, it was supposed that their mere presence might communicate 'something' to a public already confused and frustrated by the lack of guidelines and principles in the selection and laying-out of the show.

Worse, no attempt was made to illustrate the relationships, cultural and otherwise, of the ruling family with the nobility, merchants, and populace, though these classes were each in their way patrons or producers of art and, each in their way, influenced by or influencing the Medici in their taste for art. Where such a demonstration would easily have been feasible, the relevant elements were never brought together but left, like the public, to sink or swim in the piecemeal isolation of the busy-busy exhibits. For the first time ever it was possible to assemble virtually all of the oil sketches (authentic or questionable) for the great ceiling fresco with its apotheosis of the Medici that the already world-renowned Neapolitan Luca Giordano painted in the palace the banker-merchant-politico family of the Riccardi had purchased from the ruling family. That fresco was a *coup* that left an indelible mark on that and the next generation of Florentine painters (not that you could guess that in this show with a choice of exhibits that simply ignored dozens of artists in favour of a handful no more important but who were being 'pushed' for one reason or another). Yet this remarkable chapter in the history of art patronage was left without demonstration here for lack of thoughtful co-ordination: to a distant room were relegated the designs for the chandeliers in the same gallery; to yet another room (preposterously and virtually invisibly displayed), a medal showing Francesco Riccardi himself with, on the reverse, the façade of the Medici palace as enlarged by its new owner; elsewhere were designs for the coaches of the same family. Dozens of available items that could have made an ensemble rich in fascination and information were ignored by the selection committee, nor were the catalogue entries of much help with what *was* included since too often they were merely drawn from secondary and tertiary sources accepted uncritically. Ensembles of art works, objects, and documents centred on families and contemporary institutions could have made a visit to the exhibition an intriguing and instructive experience. This failure to put together things only meaningful when they are together, and instead to spotlight (usually literally) isolated works like meaningless fossils of a dead time, extended even to the subject of the show, the Medici themselves as well as to those artists who, among the many candidates, were granted a showing. This un-modern approach – sterile, archaeological, academic – goes against every sensible principle of museology while exploiting instead, the most superficial and deleterious and irresponsible vagaries of that still very infant science, most notably its proneness to paper over inadequacies with the razzmatazz of showmanship.

I could flog on, but the donkey is dead and buried, its exhibits returned to their owners or the museum storerooms, and this major effort on the part of two cities on separate continents has not been without some result, though not necessarily salutary: the antique dealers have trotted out Baroque canvases and assorted knick-knacks they had long dismissed as unsellable, the picture

top
MATTEO BONECHI ALLEGORY
Oil on canvas (sketch for fresco decoration of Palazzo Tempi, Florence) 190cm. x 120cm.
Private collection, Venice

above
BARTOLOMEO DEL BIMBO FIGS (1696)
Oil on canvas 116cm. x 155cm.
Pitti Palace, Florence

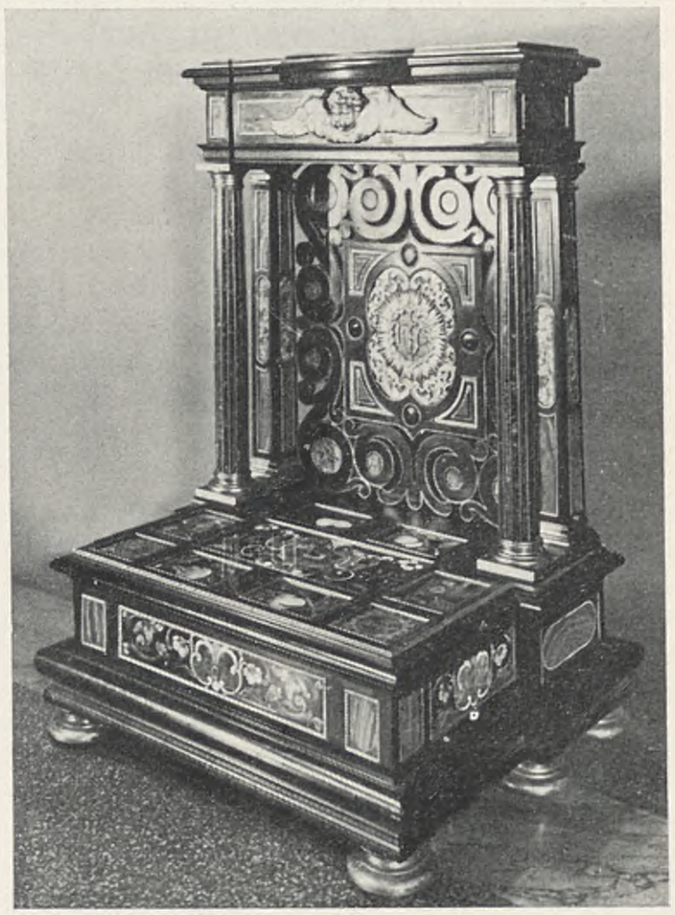
thieves are broadening their horizons to take in, or just take, late-Baroque and early-Rococo along with their more traditional pickings, and perhaps some visitors were able to penetrate beyond the tinsel and gaudery and theatricalisms of the display and perceive something of an art that was not done justice to in this missed-chance exhibition.

Whether the shortcomings can be blamed on the fact of its sponsorship by two such very different cities as the capital of the American motorcar industry and the long-ex-capital of Italian culture is not easy to say. Certainly, that sort of hump would have to be got over were the co-sponsors New York and Sydney, Kyoto and Melbourne, or any other places with their separate outlooks on life. What is worrisome is that places remote in geography and tradition more and more evidence a common taste for the TV-culture approach to presenting art, where the work of art itself is treated as little more than a pretext for the fantasies or banalities of an architect-designer who need not be more knowledgeable than any good window-dresser, since both are asked only to make the stuff to be displayed more attractive, more saleable, to the passing, but not necessarily thoughtful, eye. This is consistent with a culture in which the play's not at all the thing, nor even the actors, but only the director and the stage-designer, so that Shakespeare and his interpreters get lost in the shuffle, a culture in which opera companies (not Australian, to be sure) can announce their forthcoming season with the names of directors, designers and conductors but not a whisper about the singers. It is a culture in which the work of art, whatever its form and medium, is denied its ancestral right to stand on its own and be judged for what it is, a culture so unsure of its taste that it finds it safer to drag masterworks down to the consumers' level, with would-be-clevers scurrying about to turn the hardest nuts of art into pap for the populace.

In our not entirely disinterested concern for getting the public into our theatres, opera houses, museums, and galleries, are we quite sure that we are leaving ample breathing room for the art that is their reason for existence? Do we really ever think about what our rock-bottom level should be when we set about lowering standards to attract the (ticket-buying tax-paying) hordes we feel need the civilizing influence of art? Or having swallowed over a century of Art for Art's Sake, Significant Form, Tactile Values and the other shibboleths that have been dreamed up to give a quick and ready – though not necessarily total or even very profound – key to 'appreciation', have those responsible for conserving and exhibiting serious art lost their nerve as well as their taste and settled for treating a Brancusi in the same way as a fashion-dummy in a boutique window, for exploiting a Matisse or a Tintoretto as splashes of colour and gobs of shape to help in an effect that has nothing to do with the canvases or their authors or the world that gave rise to them, for displaying a Ming vase with something I like the lighting one gets when you and are old, Maggie, and sit by the fire with eyes pasted to the winking, blinking and nodding TV screen? Are the 'meanings' of art really so difficult to grasp in this age when art-historical books are a dime – or, to tell the truth, three hundred dollars – the dozen? Why fuss with teaching children and college students the facts of art unless, as with the facts of life, they are expected to make proper use of them? First things first: you can no more make sense of a work of art displayed in inappropriate conditions than you can of, say, a popular lecturer who does his clever thing in a silly kaleidoscope of night-clubby strobe lights. In both cases the idea and the vehicle of the idea and the recipients of the idea are treated with contempt.

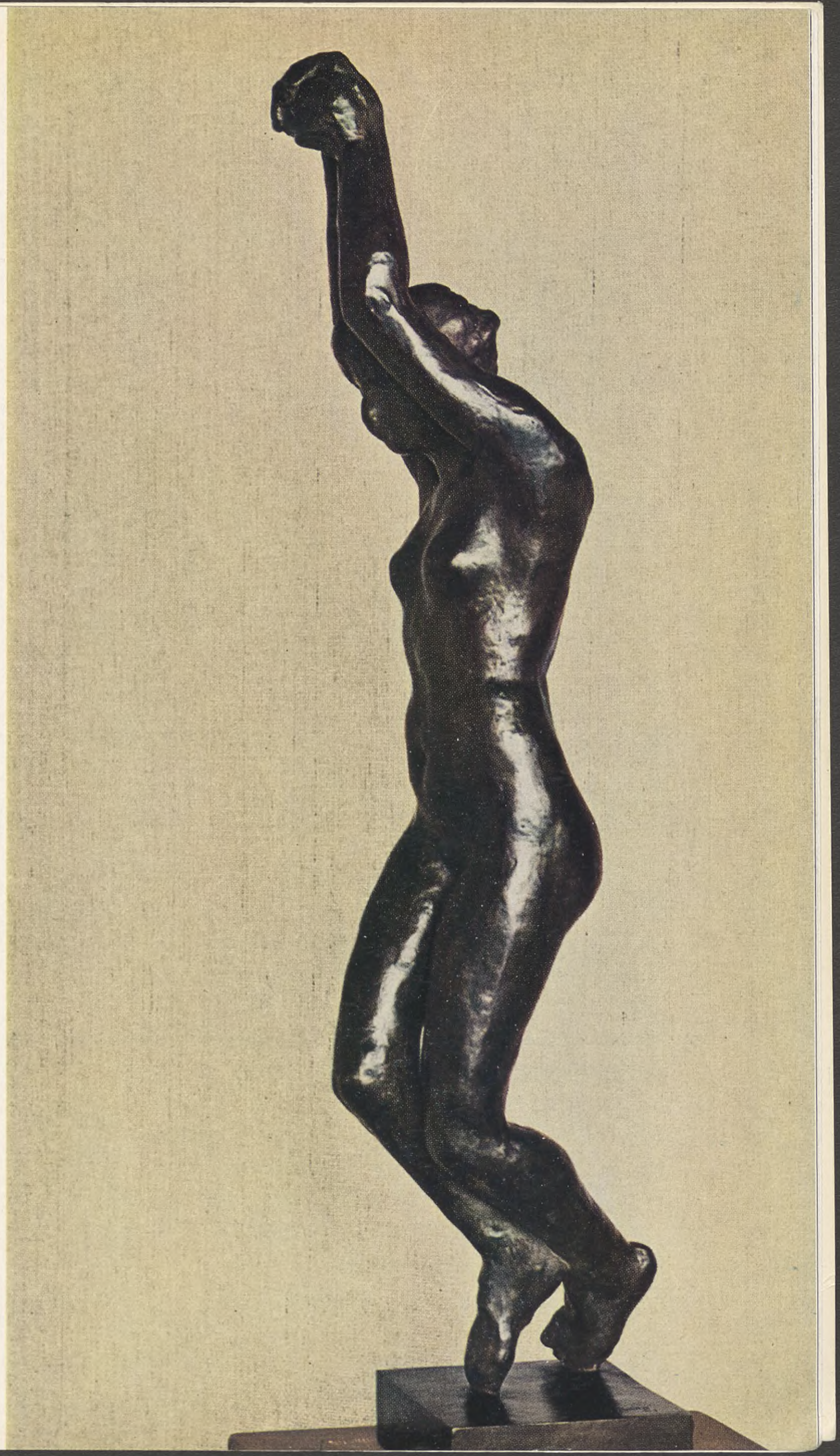
The risk is great. Make art a 'popular' activity that all may enjoy brainlessly in the most theatrical and easily assimilable form and without the slightest stir of effort, and you have made art a *fad*, and a foolish one, and one not likely to last much longer than fads generally do. You have also removed from the appreciation of art anything that involves *choice*, that challenges the viewer to get a foot on the lowest rung and then decide for himself if he is willing to do the work of getting all the way up to the level of the masterwork, whatever it may be. By denying choice you deny the very democracy in whose name our public institutions fling wide their doors. If you say, view this in this way from this spot on the floor in this light (which usually means with this glare) in this fanciful setting which I – curator, director, designer, architect, 'museologist' – have dreamed up to call the trustees', or whomever's, attention to myself, then you have no confidence in (a) the work of art and (b) the public. Your public, Sir, is not necessarily a great beast. Give them a chance and a challenge and an incentive and just enough help to learn and grow and hoist themselves up, let them make what relationship they can with the work of art and then – if they want to and only if they want to (why don't *you* prefer football or backgammon or auto racing or puttering around a workshop or whatever enriches other individuals' lives and that they settle on for themselves without any superior being's insistence?) – let them ask the questions that really interest them, questions likely to have to do with how and for whom and when and by whom art has been made, and for what purpose. Meanwhile, throw the claptrap out the window, open said window and let in God's and the artists' own sunlight (if you have to break through a wall of your modern-design museum, then do it), and give the public the information they need to get going (and, for Heaven's sake, not in a ten-dollar ten-pound catalogue), and trust in art to do what it has always done and still must do – or die.

Any questions?



LEONARDO VAN DER VINNE PRIE-DIEU (1687)
Ebony veneer with pietre dure mosaics, lapis lazuli veneered columns, with gilt-bronze ornaments
93cm. x 67cm. x 54cm.
Pitti Palace, Florence

AUGUSTE RODIN 1840–1917
VENUS
bronze, 104 cm
3rd proof No. 3090



GENUINE WORKS OF FINE ART AND CERAMICS BY PROMINENT QUEENSLANDERS.

EVER-CHANGING EXHIBITIONS INCLUDE

ARTISTS:	CERAMICISTS:
KILVINGTON	REID
WILLES	HOOD
BASSETT	ASHBURNER
TYRIE	LEMM
CLARK	RALEIGH
RYAN	MAYER
BOYD	PEACH
STEINMANN	AND OTHERS
AND OTHERS	

CREATIVE 92

92 Margaret St., next to Travelodge,
TOOWOOMBA, Queensland 4350
Phone 32 8779. B. Goodrick, Director

SYDNEY LONG – ADRIAN FEINT –
NORMAN LINDSAY – SIR LIONEL
LINDSAY AND VAN RAALTE ETCHINGS

THE PRINT ROOM

MASTER PRINTS & DRAWINGS
EST. 1972

Sydney's only gallery specializing in etchings from the golden age of Australian Art.

Open Tues. to Sat. 10 am – 6 pm
Sunday 2 pm – 6 pm
299 Liverpool Street (near Bourke Street),
Darlinghurst 2010. Telephone: 31 8538

CUSTOM FRAMING (Including pen and wash mounts & Birds-eye Maple)

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINTS ALWAYS IN STOCK.
Contemporary & Traditional.

---

bedford framing studio pty ltd.

67 Renwick Street
Redfern 2016
Telephone 69 5599

Large collection of local and imported mouldings including chrome frames. Variety of canvas and stretchers. Restoration of oils, watercolours, drawings and etchings. Discounts for artists and students. Artists' materials available.

ANNA SIMONS GALLERY

EXHIBITIONS: ONE EACH MONTH.
BETWEEN EXHIBITIONS: WORKS BY PROMINENT ARTISTS MAY BE VIEWED BY APPOINTMENT.

23 FURNEAUX STREET, FORREST
CANBERRA 2063. TELEPHONE 95 7381

BLAKE TWIGDEN

"MAGNIFICENT BIRD OF PARADISE." One of a series of sixteen studies painted on gold leaf.

PARK GALLERY

90 Ocean Street, Woollahra, NSW 2025 Ph. 320865, 320866
Open 11 am to 5 pm Monday to Saturday.

CHAMPAGNE FLIGHT 91cm. x 91cm.

HUGH OLIVEIRO

EXHIBITION 17 OCT. - 5 NOV.

Munster Arms Gallery

102 Little Bourke Street, Melbourne

Telephone 36 1463

J. S. WATKINS
1866-1942

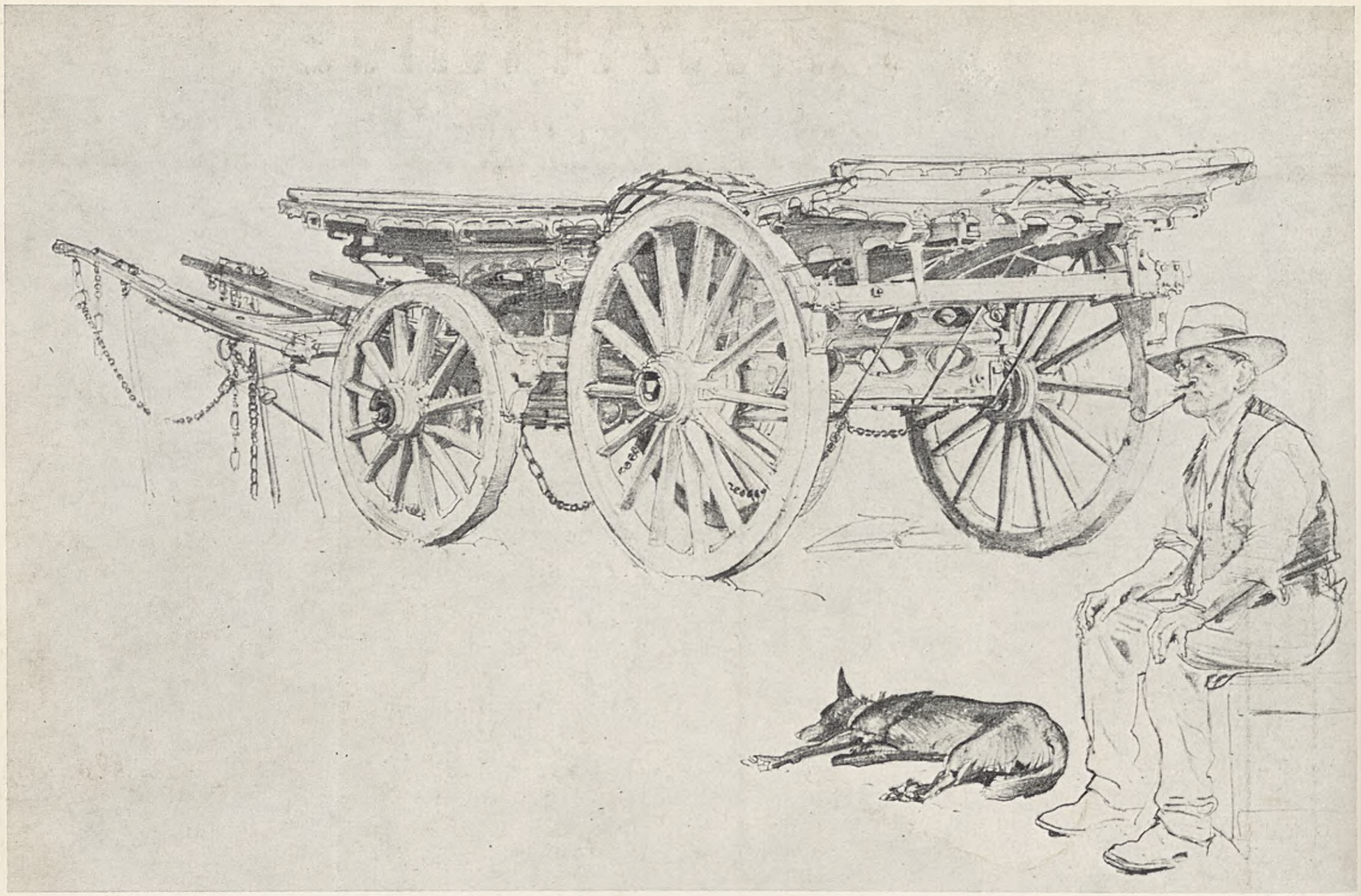
The Incense Burner Pencil 53cm. x 37cm.

J. S. WATKINS
1866-1942

The Glade Watercolour 39cm. x 30cm.

THE BLOOMFIELD GALLERIES

The Pace Centre, 100 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, N.S.W. 2065. Phone: 439·2426



GEORGE W. LAMBERT A.R.A. The Wool Wagon 1922 Drawing 24cm. x 35cm.

This drawing by Lambert appeared with his article 'Advice to Students' in *ART in Australia*, February 1922 issue.

This gallery has represented the Lambert Estate in Australia for many years and has been commissioned to exhibit for sale this year his remaining drawings and paintings.

Artarmon Galleries

479 Pacific Highway, Artarmon, New South Wales 2064. Telephone 42 0321