Art Quarterly
Volume 15 Number 2
Summer
December 1977
Price 5 Dollars*

ART AND AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY LONG THE MUSIC LESSON (1904)
Oil on canvas 71.7 cm x 51.4 cm
Art Gallery of New South Wales

Registered for posting
as a periodical – Category B
*Recommended retail price

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KITAGAWA UTAMARO 1754-1806

The left-hand sheet of a triptych in which girls are watching 'Shizuka', the dancer, performing before Yoshitsune, 36.2 x 24.3 cm.

THE MACQUARIE GALLERIES

THIRTY VICTORIA STREET

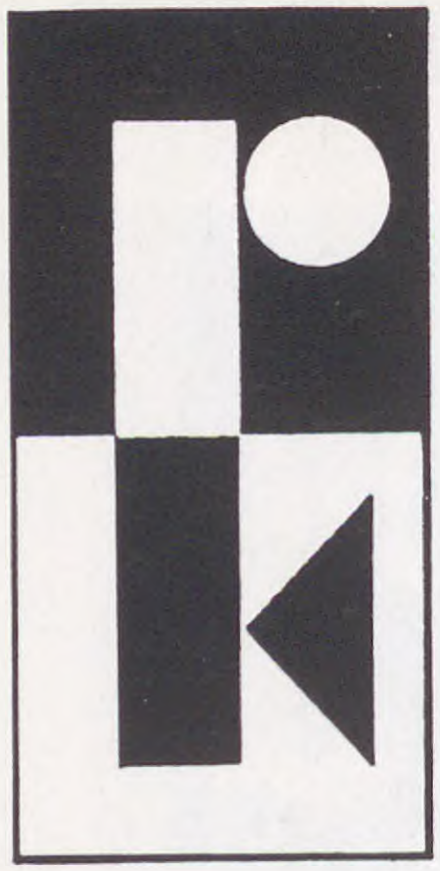
ABRAM LOUIS BUVELOT

Oil on canvas 39.5 x 61.0 cm (15½ x 24 ins.)

Signed and dated l.l. Ls. Buvelot 1872

Purchased by the Western Australian Art Gallery

30 Victoria Street, Potts Point 2011 Telephone 357 3755



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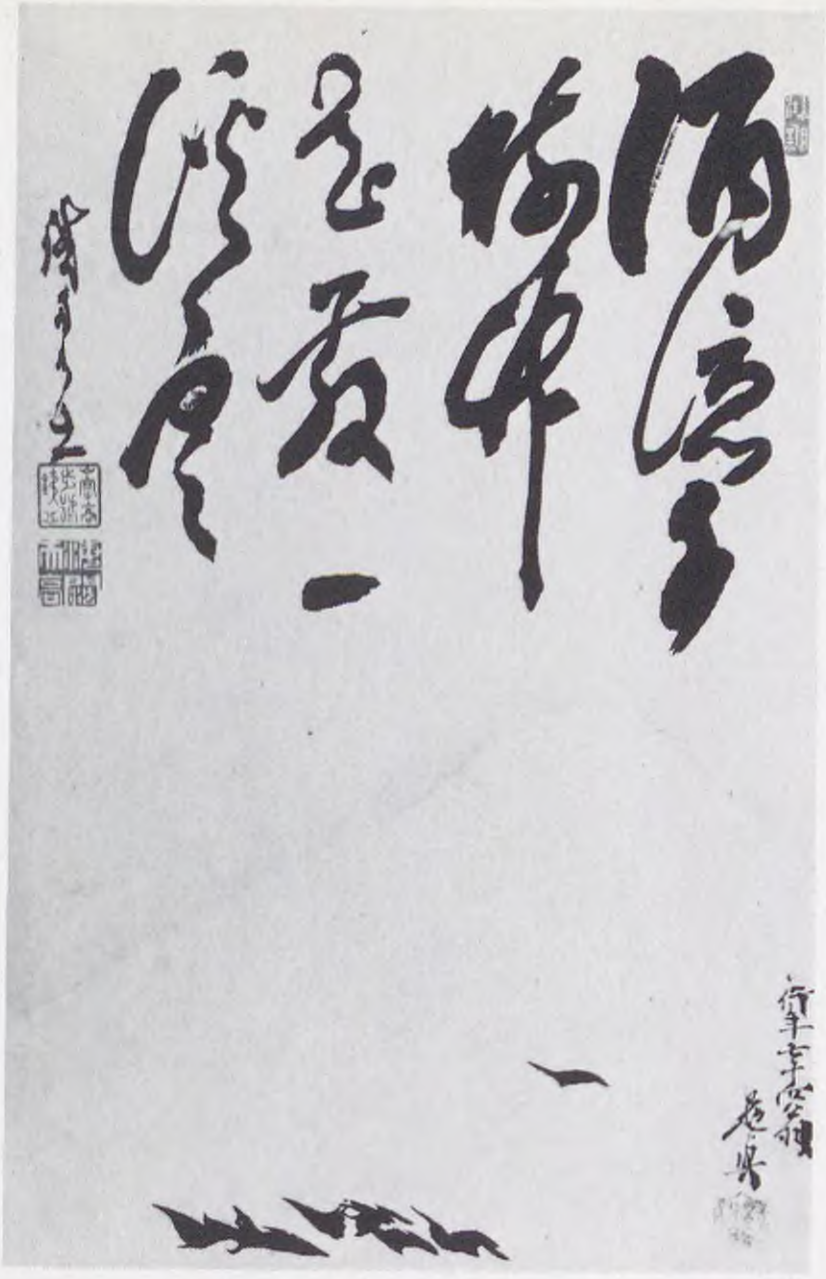
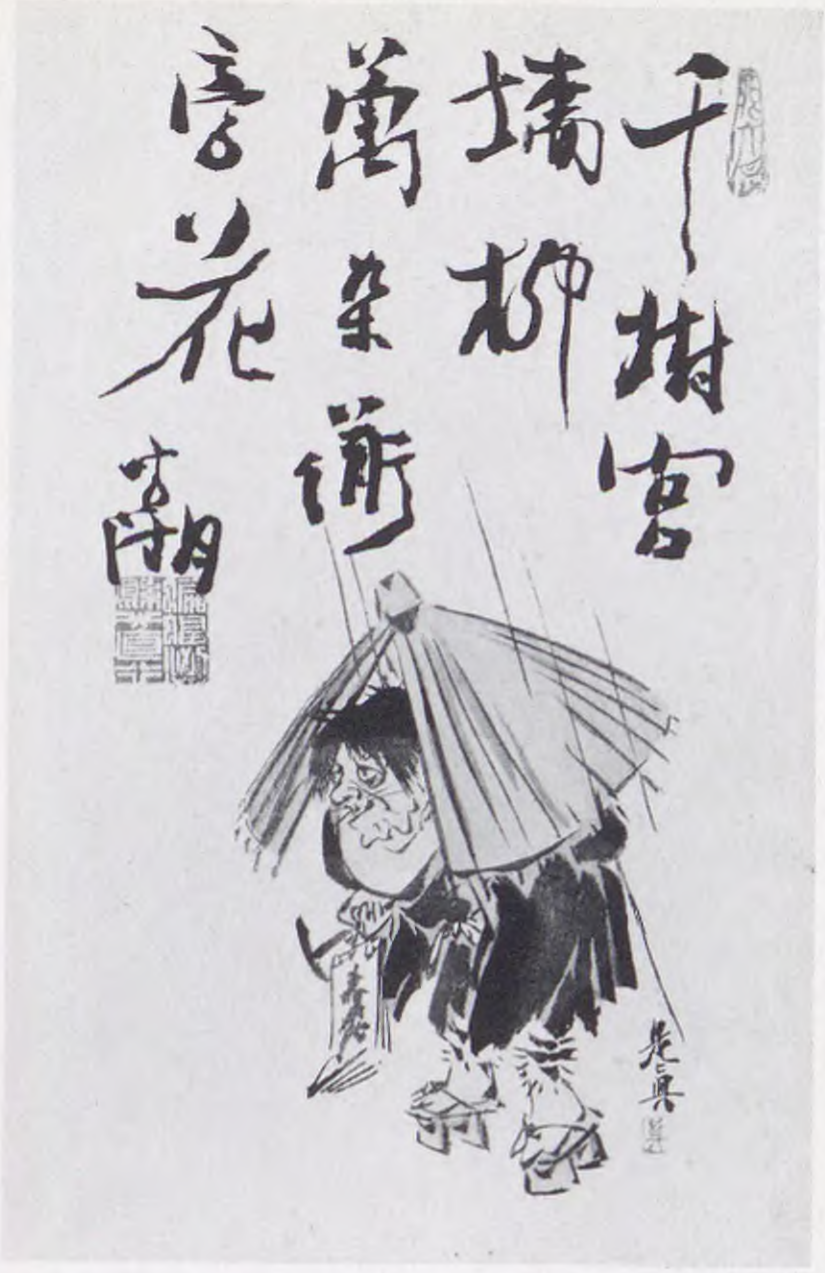


Mount Fuji with Morning Crows

Signed Zeshin with an inscription 'At the age of 74' (bottom right). Calligraphy above Mount Fuji by Yamaoka Tesshü.



Prayer of the Devil (*Oni no Nenbutsu*)

Signed Zeshin (bottom right). Calligraphy above by Hoko.

Two woodblock prints by Shibata Zeshin (1807-1891) circa 1881. Zeshin was one of the most distinguished masters of the Shijo school, with a style that is quite distinct from the more familiar Ukiyo-e. The calligraphy is by two Ministers in the new Meiji Government.

"Interior with Piano and Dog"

122 x 152 cm Oil on Canvas

Michael Shannon

AUSTRALIAN GALLERIES

35 Derby Street, Collingwood, Melbourne 3066 Phone 41 4303 41 4382

LUCIEN PISSARRO (1863-1944)
Oil on canvas, signed with monogram and dated 1916

'English Landscape'
54 x 65 cm

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EUGEN VON GUERARD: LANDSCAPE – signed and dated 1865 – oil – 35.5 x 53.5 cm –
From a private collection, Melbourne – to be offered at our March Sale

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AT 'THE AGE' GALLERY, 250 SPENCER STREET, MELBOURNE

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May be viewed Saturday and Sunday preceding, 10.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m.
and Monday 10.00 a.m. to 3.00 p.m.

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Telex: 32911
Telegrams & Cables: Christiart Melbourne

Head Office:
SUE HEWITT, Director
298 New South Head Road
Double Bay, N.S.W. 2028
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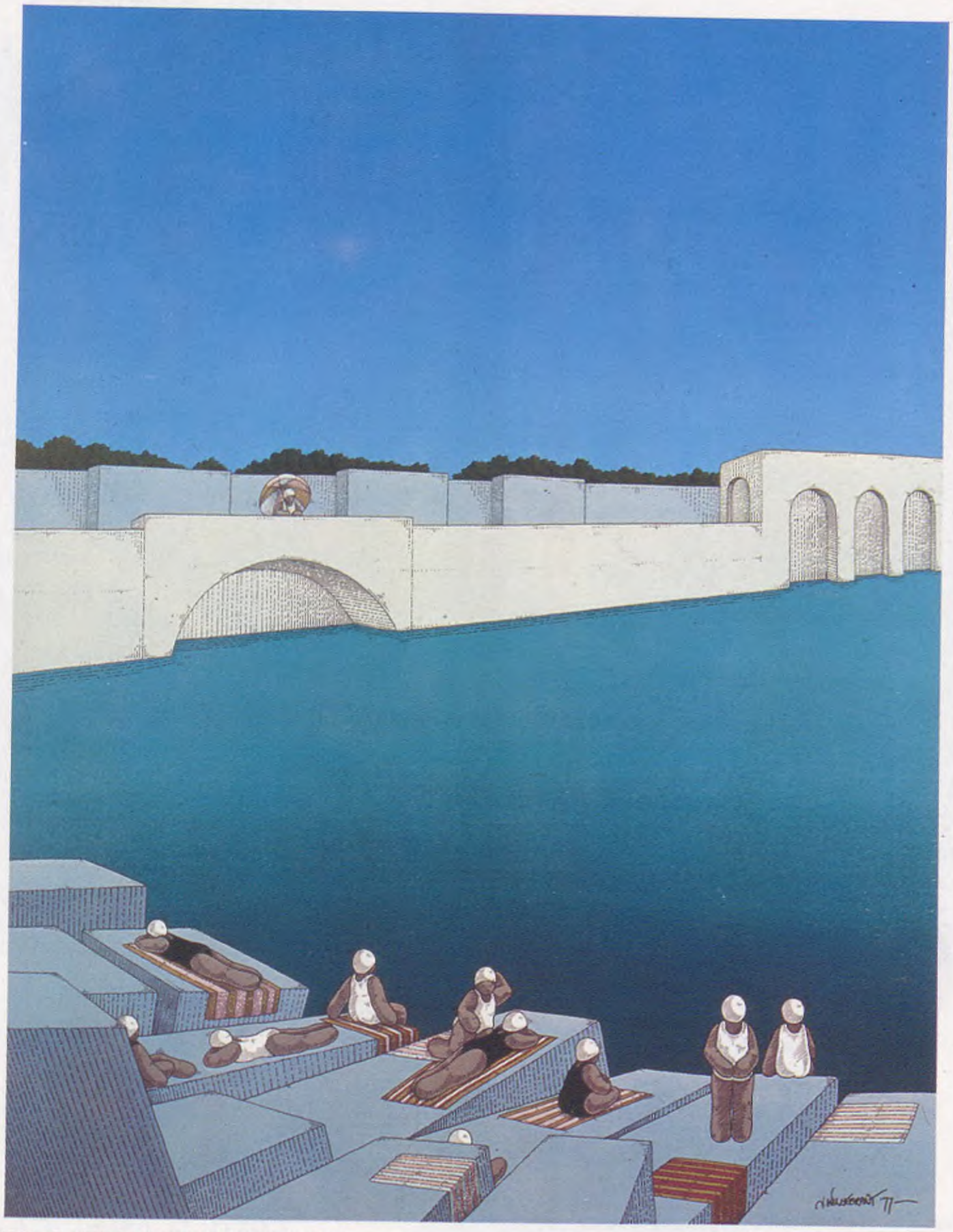
Telex: 26343
Telegrams & Cables: Christiart Sydney

Jeremy Gordon

NOCTURNE 1977 66 x 76 cm oil on canvas

JAMES WILLEBRANT



'VACATION RECREATION' acrylic on canvas, 122 x 91.5 cm, 1977

ROBIN GIBSON

44 Gurner St., Paddington, NSW 2021. Telephone 31 2649

JUDY CASSAB
ROBERT GRIEVE
EVA KUBBOS
FRANK McNAMARA
HENRY SALKAUSKAS
VENITA SALNAJS
REINIS ZUSTERS

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IRENE AMOS
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SIR ARTHUR STREETON

VENICE

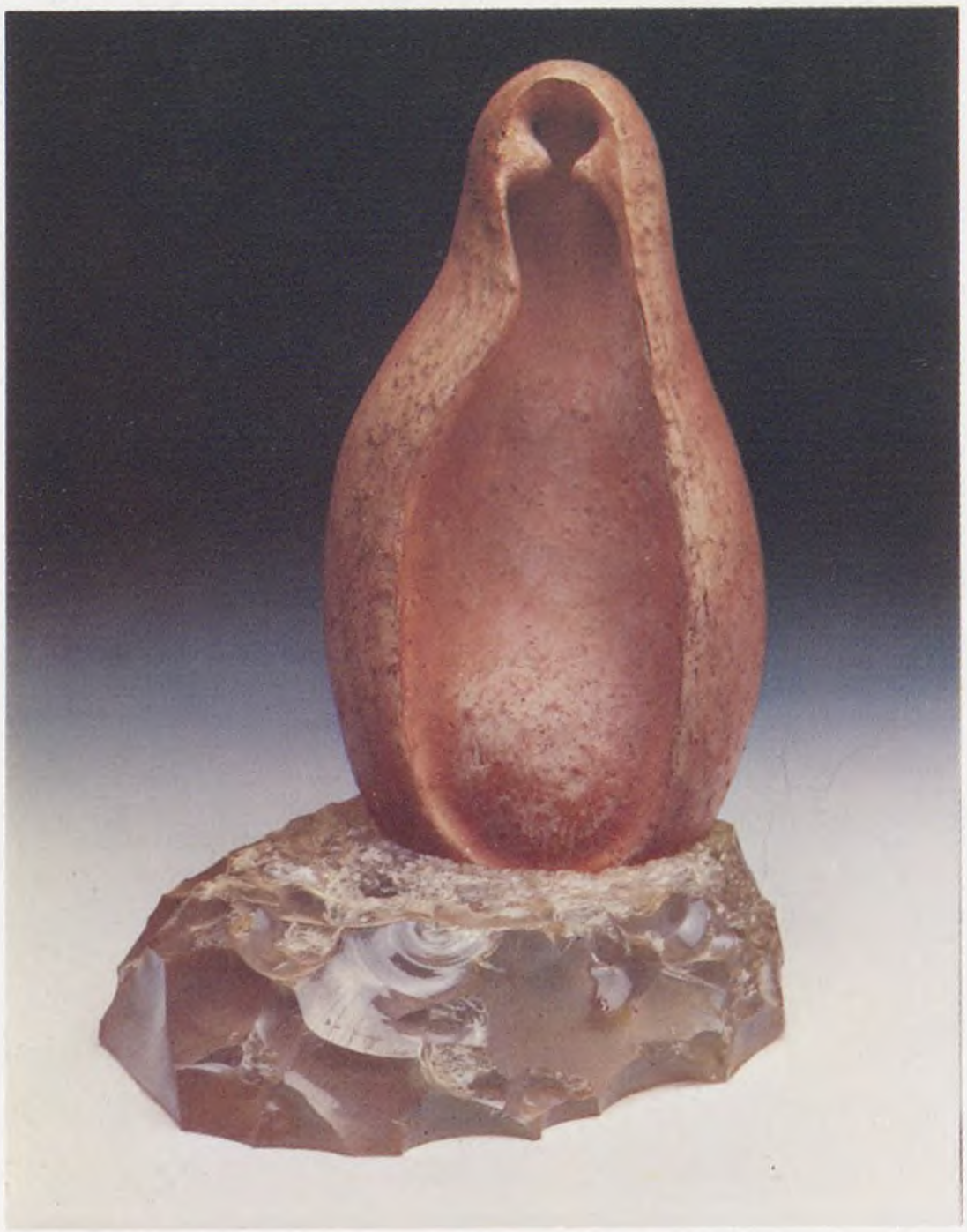
watercolour, *c.* 1908 33.5 x 49 cm
possibly a study for St John and St Paul (ref. Plate 70 – Galbally – Arthur Streeton, 1971)

Earl Gallery

William Boissevain
'Aboriginal Boy'
1977 oil on hardboard 76 x 91 cm.

Earl Gallery, 73 High Street, Belmont, Victoria 3216,
Telephone (052) 439313

joan gough's studio gallery



joan gough • terra-cotta on resin base • 'the presence' • height 30cm

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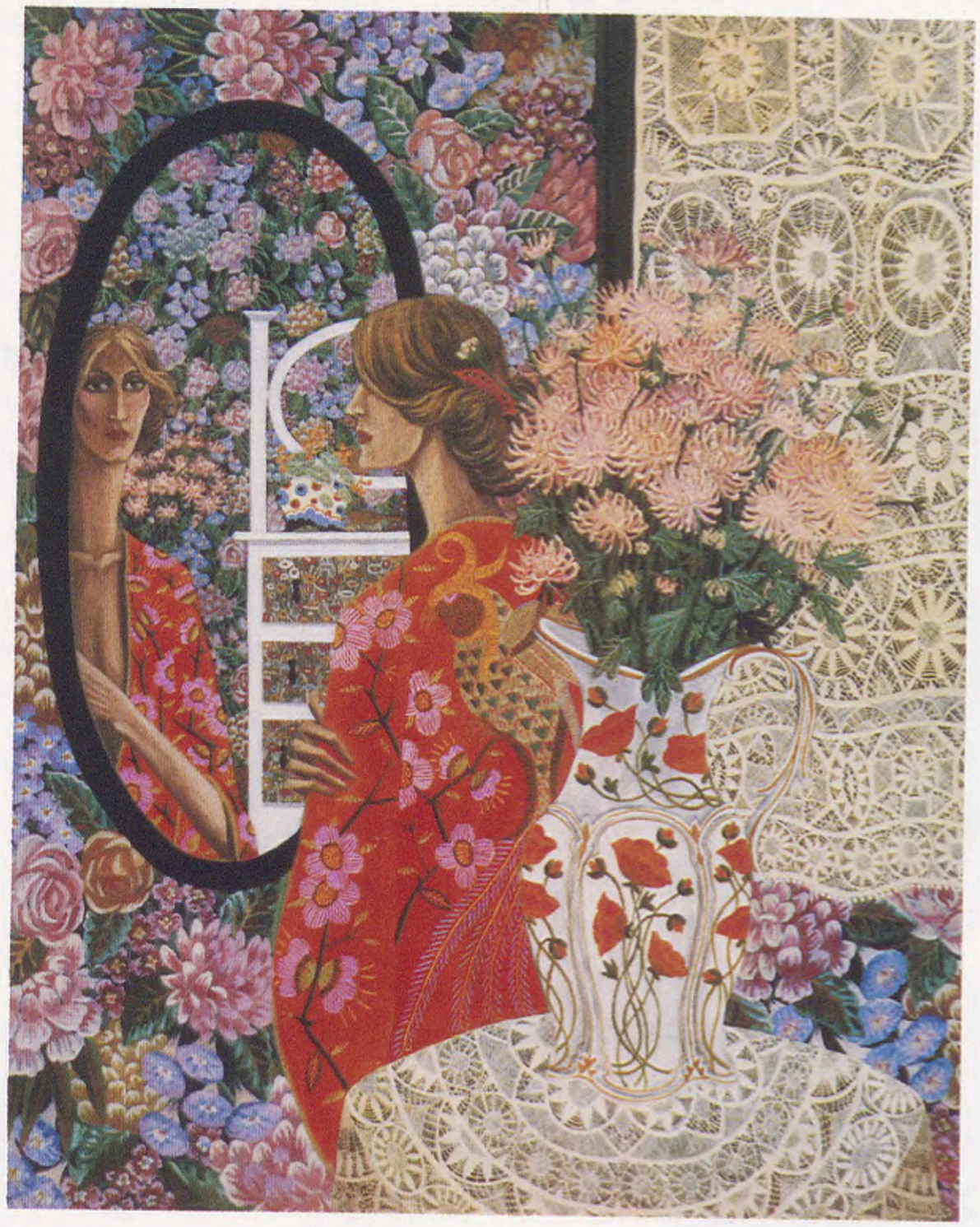
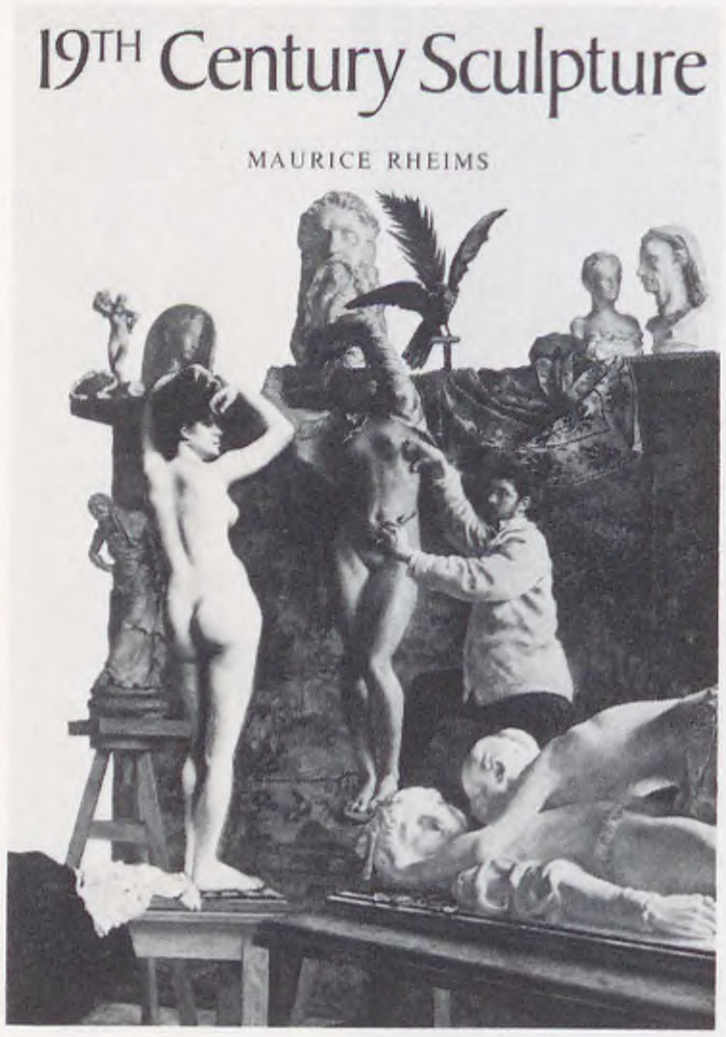


GREG IRVINE The Lace Curtain

New titles from Thames and Hudson

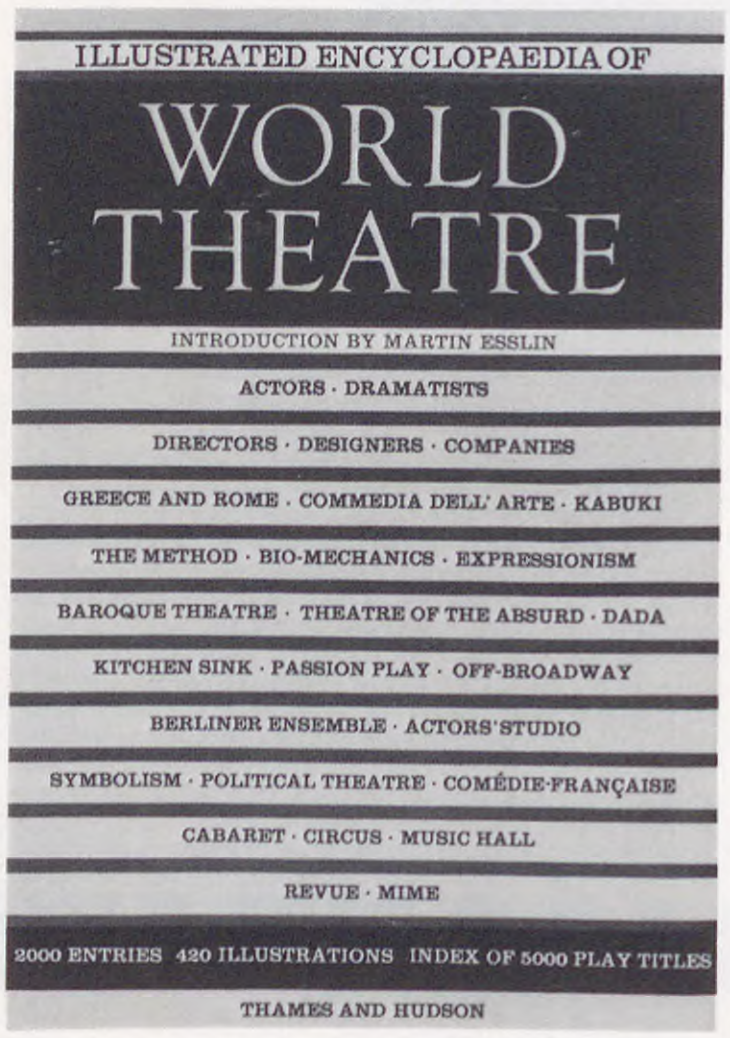


19th Century Sculpture

Maurice Rheims

In this book, the distinguished French writer and critic Maurice Rheims has catalogued nearly seven hundred examples of this realistic and highly detailed art form drawn from twenty-three countries. Each entry is illustrated and among them are works by some of the world's greatest sculptors (Canova, David, Degas, Rodin) and representations of many of the outstanding personalities of the period (Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Sarah Bernhardt). The author has grouped the sculptures thematically; Historical and Military, The World of Work, Portraits, Caricature, Sculpture in the Streets, The Outlandish, Animal Art, etc., and his text inspires a fresh appreciation and enjoyment of this hitherto neglected area of art studies.

With 683 illustrations including 10 hand-tipped plates in colour. $54*



Illustrated Encyclopedia of World Theatre

Edited with an introduction by Martin Esslin

The encyclopedia encompasses the theatrical history of all countries where theatre has had significant impact; its coverage is exceptionally wide-ranging and strong on the abstract, literary and design sides; and it has been compiled with discernment and originality. The 2,000 entries are cross-referenced and include a great number of biographies of individual playwrights, actors, directors, designers, etc. The index contains more than 1,000 play titles. The illustrations also cover a broad spectrum, showing performances of specific plays, theatres, architecture, dramatists, stage-designers and actors, thus providing a visual complement to the entries.

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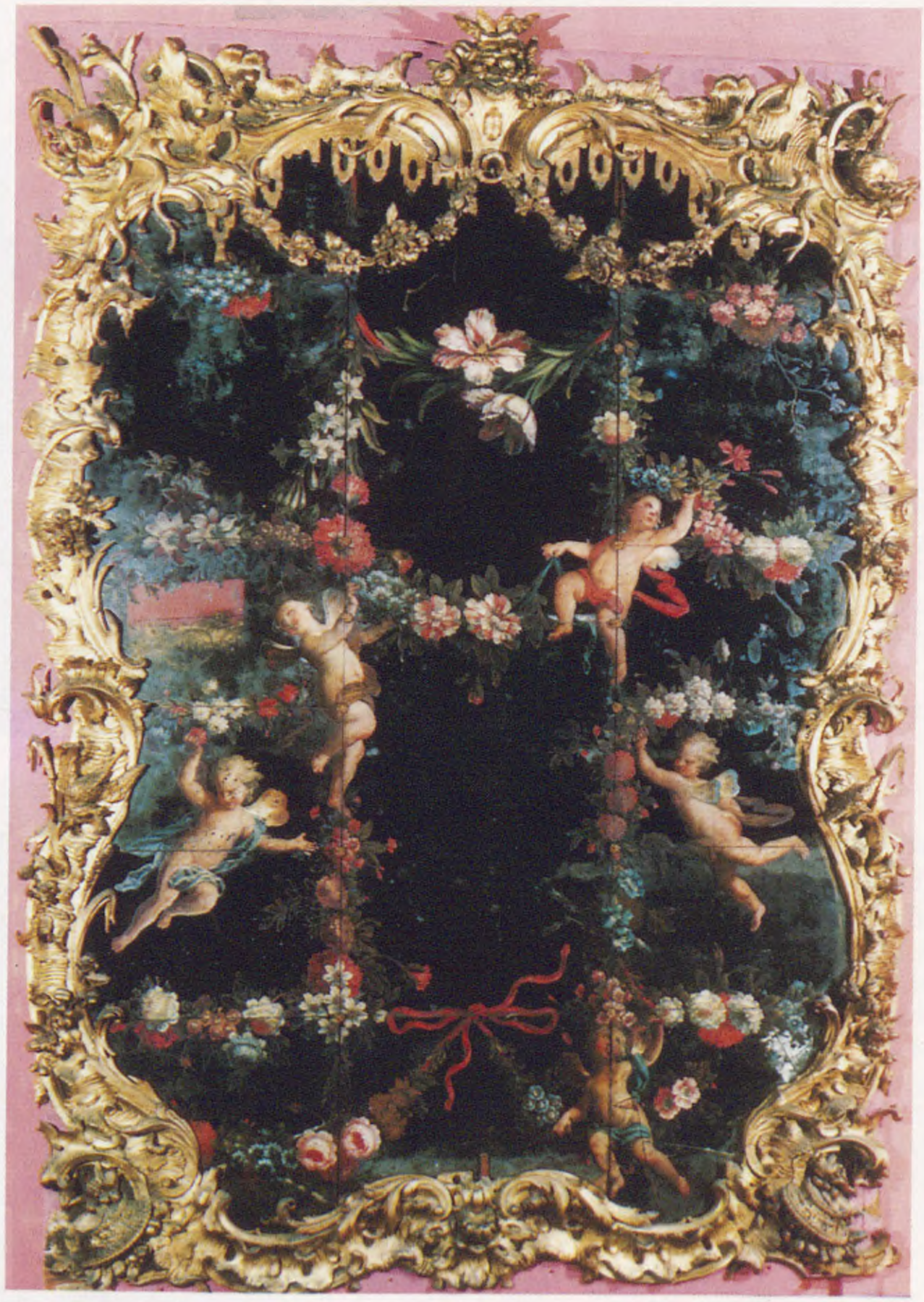

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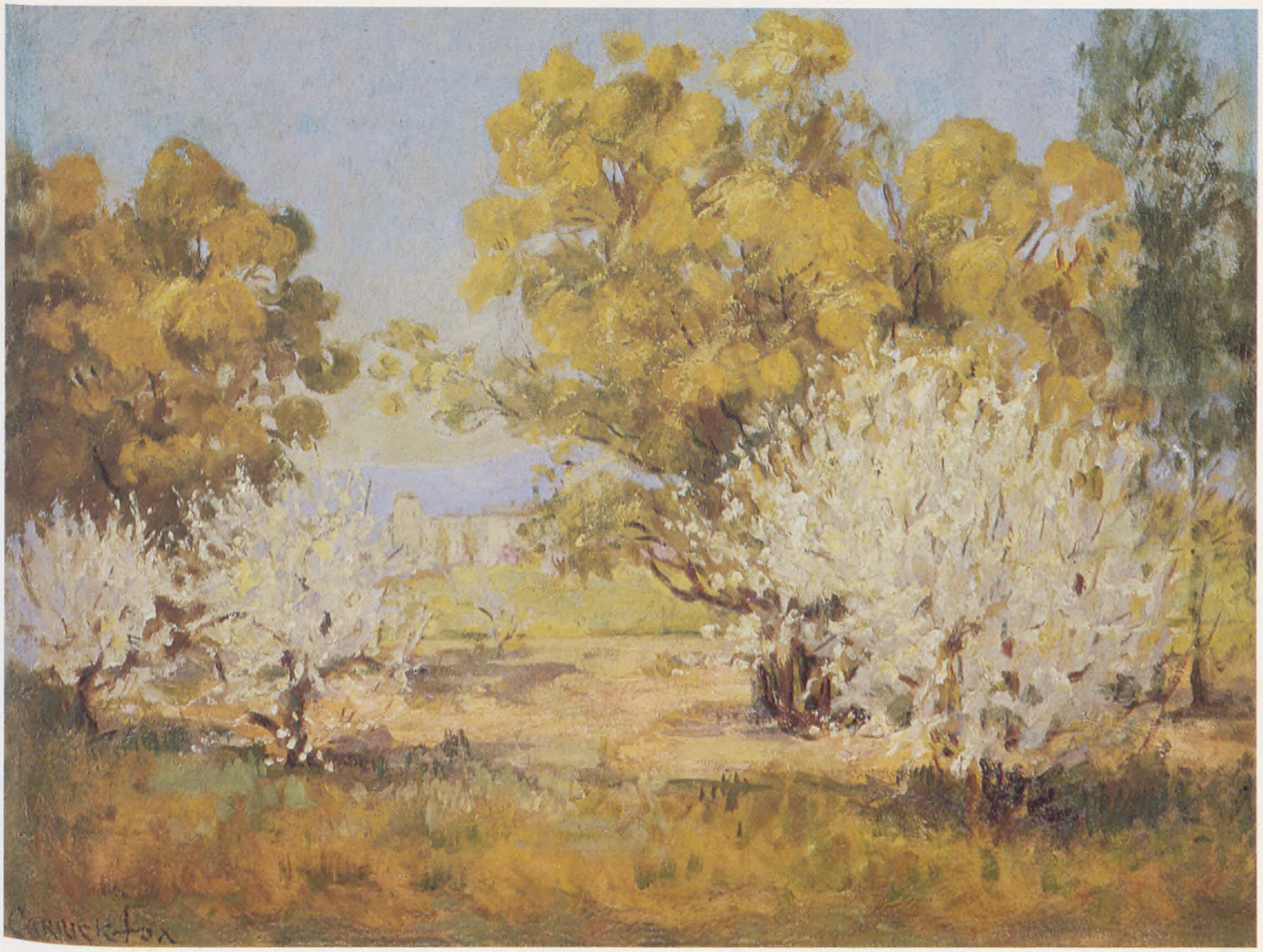

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ART AND AUSTRALIA

VOLUME 15 2

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Contributors to this issue:

Gary Catalano has written for the *Bulletin*, *Arts Melbourne*, *Aspect*, *Imprint*, *Meanjin* and *ART and Australia*. In 1978 the University of Queensland Press will publish a volume of his poetry in its Paperback Poets series.

Tom Gibbons teaches English Literature at the University of Western Australia, helps foster its art collection and gallery, paints film-stars and bus-stops, writes about Early Modernism (*Rooms in the Darwin Hotel*, 1973) and reviews exhibitions for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. He is currently doing research into Cubism and the Fourth Dimension.

Elwyn Lynn, A.M., an artist and critic, is Curator of the Power Gallery of Contemporary Art, The University of Sydney, Chairman of the Visual Arts Board, The Australia Council, Associate Editor of *Quadrant* and Australian Advisory Editor of *Art International*. His book, *The Australian Landscape and its Artists*, was published this year.

Joanna Mendelssohn was Curatorial Assistant at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, 1972-76. Since 1976 she has been Assistant Director at the Newcastle Region Art Gallery. She is currently completing honours M.A. Thesis on Sydney Long at the University of Sydney.

Graeme Sturgeon is Exhibitions Director for the National Gallery of Victoria and art critic for the *Australian*. He has recently completed work on a history of Australian sculpture which is to be published in mid-1978.

Freda Freiberg is a film teacher and film critic at present engaged in post-graduate research on Japanese film director Kenji Mizoguchi. She has contributed articles and film reviews to *Nation Review*, the *Canberra Times*, *Cinema Papers*, *Lot's Wife* and *Quadrant*.

Ursula Hoff, O.B.E., Ph.D. (Hamburg), is London adviser to the Felton Trust of the National Gallery of Victoria. She is author of a number of books including two on Charles Conder and several on the collections of the National Gallery of Victoria of which she was Assistant Director and a Trustee.

Contents

Bound Volume 14
This will be ready for distribution late January 1978. It includes an index and matches the red binding of previous bound volumes. Price is $35 plus postage. An order form appears on page 156.

Art Directory

Amendments to previously published information are denoted by italics. Sizes of works are in centimetres.

EXHIBITIONS

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

Queensland

BAKEHOUSE GALLERY, 133 Victoria Street, Mackay 4740 Tel. (079) 57 7961
Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – noon

BARRY'S ART GALLERY, 205 Adelaide Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. (07) 221 2712
Continually changing display including Peter Abraham, Bette Hays, Colin Angus, Louis Kahan, John Pointon, Norman Lindsay, Peter Moller
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.
Saturday: 9.30 a.m. – noon

BARRY'S ART GALLERY, 34 Orchid Avenue, Surfers Paradise 4217 Tel. (075) 31 5252
Continually changing display of works by Australia's prominent artists including Ray Crooke, Sali Herman, Charles Blackman. Arthur Boyd, David Boyd, John Coburn, Donald Friend, John Perceval
Tuesday to Saturday: 1 p.m. – 6 p.m.

CREATIVE 92, 92 Margaret Street, Toowoomba 4350 Tel. (076) 32 8779, after hours 32 3196
Ever-changing exhibitions by Queensland artists and fine display of top-quality pottery
16 – 23 December: Jenny Macmillan
Monday to Saturday: 9 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Sunday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

DE'LISLE GALLERY, The Village Green, Montville (Sunshine Coast) 4555 Tel. (071) 458 309
Tuesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.

DESIGN ARTS CENTRE, 37 Leichhardt Street, Spring Hill 4000 Tel. 221 2360
2 – 24 December: Frances Wildt – handmade jewellery
January: Gallery closed
7 – 28 February: Representative Exhibition – paintings, sculpture, ceramics
Tuesday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

GRAPHICS GALLERY, 184 Moggill Road, Taringa 4068 Tel. (07) 371 1175
Daily: 11 a.m. – 7 p.m.

JOHN COOPER EIGHT BELLS GALLERY, 3026 Gold Coast Highway, Surfers Paradise 4217 Tel. (075) 31 5548
Changing continuous mixed exhibition of paintings from stock-room – works by Friend, Crooke, Sawrey, Dickerson, Waters, Boyd, Farrow, Arrowsmith, De Silva, Diana Johnson, Elizabeth Brophy
Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Tuesday: by appointment

LINTON GALLERY, 421 Ruthven Street, Toowoomba 4350 Tel. (076) 32 9390, 32 3142
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – noon

PHILIP BACON GALLERIES, 2 Arthur Street, New Farm 4005 Tel. 358 3993
2 – 20 December: Patrick Hockey
21 December – 31 January: Mixed exhibition including paintings by Storrier, Fullbrook, Blackman, Boyd, Olley, Coburn
1 – 25 February: Kerry Gregan
Monday to Sunday: 10.30 a.m. – 6 p.m.

QUEENSLAND ART GALLERY, 5th Floor, M.I.M. Building, 160 Ann Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 229 2138
December: Gallery Acquisitions 1977
January: Barlach/Kollwitz; John Glover
January – February: Australian Painting
9 February – 5 March: Caro Table Sculptures
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

QUEENSLAND'S HOME OF FINE ARTS, Bruce Highway, Gympie 4570 Tel. (071) 82 3992
Ever-changing exhibitions of works by prominent Australian artists including Ray Crooke, Donald Friend, James R. Jackson, Darryl and Lionel Lindsay, Hugh Sawrey, J. H. Scheltema, Tim Storrier
Tuesday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 12.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. – 4.30 p.m.

RAY HUGHES GALLERY, 11 Enoggera Terrace, Red Hill, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 36 3757

STUDIO ZERO, 2 Venice Street, Mermaid Beach, Gold Coast 4218 Tel. 31 6109
Continuous mixed exhibitions by Australian artists – original paintings, serigraphs and sculpture
Tuesday to Sunday: noon – 6 p.m.

TIA GALLERIES, Western Highway, Toowoomba 4350 Tel. (076) 30 4165
Daily: 9 a.m. – 6 p.m.

VERLIE JUST TOWN GALLERY, 2nd Floor, 77 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 229 1981
December – February: Permanent exhibition including works by John Coburn, Tom Gleghorn, John Rigby, Louis James, Graeme Inson and mint works by Lionel Lindsay
Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday: 11 a.m. – 4 p.m.

VICTOR MACE FINE ART GALLERY, 10 Cintra Road, Bowen Hills 4006 Tel. (07) 52 4761
4 – 17 December: Eric Thake; Mary Fraser – sculpture
Tuesday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

New South Wales

ANNA ART STUDIO AND GALLERY, 94 Oxford Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 1149

ARMIDALE CITY ART GALLERY, Rusden Street, Armidale 2350 Tel. (067) 72 2264
7 – 17 January: Patricia Langford, Cynthia Sparks – creative embroidery
7 – 22 January: Fred Cress; David Reid
11 February – 5 March: Papua-New Guinea Pottery and Photographic Exhibition
Monday, Thursday, Friday: 11 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Tuesday, Wednesday: 1 p.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – noon
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

ARTARMON GALLERIES, 479 Pacific Highway, Artarmon 2064 Tel. 42 0321
2 – 22 December: David Dridan
January: Gallery closed
14 – 28 February: Godfrey Miller Drawings
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
19 November – 18 December: Project 22 Carl Plate
19 November – 5 February: Faces and Figures – Drawings from the Gallery Collection
16 December – 5 February: John Kaldor Art Project No. 6 – Richard Long
17 December – 30 January: Archibald, Wynne and Sulman Prizes 1977
1 January – 12 February: Luna Park and Fairground Arts
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: noon – 5 p.m.

AUSTRALIAN CENTRE FOR PHOTOGRAPHY, 76a Paddington Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 32 0629
7 December – 21 January: Nine West Coast American Photographers
25 January – 4 March: Rennie Ellis, Warren Breninger, Godwin Bradbeer
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

BETH MAYNE'S STUDIO SHOP, Cnr Palmer and Burton Streets, Darlinghurst 2010 Tel. 31 6264
Constantly changing exhibition of smaller works by artists such as George Lawrence, Ruth Julius, Sydney Long, Elsa Russell, Francis Lymburner, Roland Wakelin, Lloyd Rees, Les Burcher, Hana Juskovic, Susan Sheridan
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

BLOOMFIELD GALLERIES, 17 Union Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 3973
Continuous mixed exhibitions by Australian artists. Original oil paintings, watercolours, etchings and lithographs
December: Kim Polomka; Jeremy Gordon, John Caldwell
January: Gallery closed
February: Margery Dennis
Tuesday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.

BRIDGES GALLERY, 69 Union Street (downstairs), North Sydney 2060 Tel. 922 6116, 449 1080
Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: 11 a.m. – 3 p.m.
By appointment

COLLECTORS GALLERY OF ABORIGINAL ART, 40 Harrington Street, Sydney 2000 Tel. 27 1014
Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 5 p.m.

DAVID JONES' ART GALLERY, Elizabeth Street Store, Sydney 2000 Tel. 2 0664 Ext 2109
29 November – 24 December: Special Gifts for Special People
9 – 21 January: Art from Private Collectors
26 January – 18 February: *Sydney Morning Herald* Art Prize and Art Scholarship
22 February – 11 March: George Olzanski
Monday to Friday: 9.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Thursday until 8.45 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – 11.45 a.m.

GALLERY A, 21 Gipps Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 9720
26 November – 17 December: Vivienne Pengilley – collage-tapestries; April Glaser-Hinder – sculpture
18 December – 2 January: Gallery closed
3 – 28 January: Mixed Exhibition – paintings and sculpture
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, Tuckson, King, Lymburner
By appointment

HOGARTH GALLERIES, 7 Walker Lane (opposite 6a Liverpool Street), Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 6839
December: Franz La Grange; Peter Whiteley; Robin Page – paintings and sculpture; Di Webber – wall hangings
January: Contemporary Australian Art
February: Ian Bent; Anthony Chan; Jeff Macklin; Peter Tully – jewellery; Willy Young – photography
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

HOLDSWORTH GALLERIES, 86 Holdsworth Street, Woollahra 2025 Tel. 32 1364, 328 7989
22 November – 10 December: Greg Irvine; Edwina Thompson – jewellery
12 December – 15 January: Mixed Exhibition; Dahl Collings
19 January – 4 February: Janet Palmer; Melo Pedesco – sculpture
7 – 26 February: Margaret Woodward; Peter Slevin
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

MACQUARIE GALLERIES, 40 King Street, Sydney 2000 Tel. 29 5787
30 November – 12 December: Shunichi Inoue – ceramics; 18th- and 19th-century Japanese Woodblock Prints
14 –21 December: Barbara Hanrahan; Les Blakebrough – glass

22 December – 15 January: Gallery closed
18 January – 6 February: Young Painters 1978
8 – 20 February: Nora Anson; David Ralph – turned articles in Huon pine
22 February – 6 March: Margaret Wilson
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Wednesday until 7 p.m.

MODERN ART GALLERY, Leacocks Lane (off Hume Highway), Casula 2170 Tel. 602 8589
Changing exhibition of established and evolving artists
Saturday, Sunday and public holidays: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Or by appointment

NEWCASTLE REGION ART GALLERY, Laman Street, Newcastle 2300 Tel. (049) 2 3263
7 December – 2 January: Permanent Collection
2 – 30 January: Diane Arbus – photography
3 February – 2 March: Seven Canadian Painters
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.

PARKER GALLERIES, 39 Argyle Street, Sydney 2000 Tel. 27 9979
Continuous exhibition of traditional oil and watercolour paintings by leading Australian artists
Monday to Friday: 9.15 a.m. –5.30 p.m.

PRINT ROOM, 299 Liverpool Street, Darlinghurst 2010 Tel. 31 8538
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

ROBIN GIBSON, 44 Gurner Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 2649
December: James Willebrant
January: Gallery closed
February: Terence O'Donnell
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

ROSEVILLE GALLERIES, 5 Lord Street, Roseville 2069 Tel. 46 5071
December – February: Mixed exhibition of quality paintings, modern and traditional; hand-crafted animals from the Philippines
14 January – 1 February: Gallery closed
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

RUDY KOMON ART GALLERY, 124 Jersey Road, Woollahra 2025 Tel. 32 2533
10 December – 31 January: Mixed Exhibition
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

SCULPTURE CENTRE, 3 Cambridge Street, The Rocks 2000 Tel. 241 2900
December – February: 26th Members Selected Exhibition; Lyndon Dadswell; Young Sydney Sculptors
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 4 p.m.

SEASCAPE GALLERIES, 272 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest 2065 Tel. 439 8724
Fine Marine paintings, past and present
Daily: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

ST GEORGE'S TERRACE GALLERY, Cnr Phillip Street and Wilde Avenue, Parramatta 2150 Tel. 633 3774
Permanent exhibition of selected works by prominent Australian artists and creative potters
Special exhibitions held monthly.
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Or by appointment

STRAWBERRY HILL GALLERY, 533-5 Elizabeth Street South, Sydney 2012 Tel. 699 1005
1 December – 28 January: Mixed Exhibition
24 January – 12 February: Anne Dybka and Helmut Hiebl – engraved glassware
14 – 28 February: Terry Gleeson Retrospective
Tuesday to Sunday and public holidays: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

THIRTY VICTORIA STREET, 30 Victoria Street, Potts Point 2011 Tel. 357 3755
19th- and early 20th-century Australian paintings and prints
By appointment

VON BERTOUCH GALLERIES, 61 Laman Street, Newcastle 2300 Tel. (049) 2 3584
2 – 18 December: David Saunders – stained glass; Three Embroiderers: Margaret Sharp, Joyce Lowe, Jan Burns – embroidery
23 December – 21 January: Gallery closed
Friday to Tuesday: noon – 6 p.m.

WORKSHOP ARTS CENTRE, 33 Laurel Street, Willoughby 2068 Tel. 95 6540
5 December – 10 February: Gallery closed
11 – 25 February: Teaching Artists of the Workshop
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.

A.C.T.

ABRAXAS, 2 La Perouse Street, Manuka 2603
Tel. 95 9081, 86 8167
Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

GALLERY HUNTLY CANBERRA, 11 Savige Street, Campbell 2601 Tel. 47 7019
Wednesday to Friday: 12.30 p.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 1.30 p.m.
Or by appointment

MACQUARIE GALLERIES, CANBERRA, 35 Murray Crescent, Manuka 2603 Tel. 95 9585
17 November – 4 December: Robert Eadie
12 November – 14 December: Gabriel Stark – bronzes
8 – 21 December: Barbara Hanrahan; Shunichi Inoue – ceramics
22 December – 9 February: Gallery closed
11 – 28 February: Tom Gillies; George Molnar
Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.
(beginning February: Friday to Tuesday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.)

NAREK GALLERIES, Cuppacumbalong, Tharwa 2600 Tel. 37 5116
27 November – 24 December: Ian Were – enamels
8 January – 5 February: Gerhard Keese – leather
19 February – 28 March: Doug Alexander – ceramics
Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.

SOLANDER GALLERY, 2 Solander Court, Corner Schlich Street and Solander Place, Yarralumla 2600
Tel. (062) 81 2021
Wednesday to Sunday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.

SUSAN GILLESPIE GALLERY, 22 Bougainville Street, Manuka 2603 Tel. 95 8920
Specializing in drawings and original limited editions of graphics

Victoria

ANDREW IVANYI GALLERIES, 262 Toorak Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 24 8366
Changing display of works from well-known and prominent Australian artists
Monday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

ANVIL FINE ARTS GALLERY, Kiewa Valley, via Wodonga 3691 Tel. (060) 27 5290
Paintings by Angus, Arrowsmith, Brushmen of the Bush, Byrne, Higgins, Malloch, Luders and other leading artists
Friday to Sunday: noon – 6 p.m.
Or by appointment

AUSTRALIAN GALLERIES, 35 Derby Street, Collingwood 3066 Tel. 41 4303, 41 4382
23 December – January: Gallery closed
14 – 28 February: Ian Grant; James Willebrant
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

BALLARAT FINE ART GALLERY, 40 Lydiard Street North, Ballarat 3350 Tel. (053) 31 3592
December – early February: Acquisitions Exhibition 1976 and 1977
February: Columbian Gold
Monday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Saturday: 11 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 4.30 p.m.

DEUTSHER GALLERIES, 1092 High Street, Armadale 3143 Tel. 509 5577
European and Australian paintings, drawings and graphics
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 1 p.m. – 5 p.m.

HALMAAG GALLERIES, 1136 High Street, Armadale 3142 Tel. 509 3225
Permanent exhibition of Australian paintings by prominent artists
Monday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

IMPORTANT WOMEN ARTISTS, 13 Emo Road, East Malvern 3145 Tel. 211 5454
Sunday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Evenings by arrangement

JANE CARNEGIE ORIENTAL ART, 1375 Malvern Road, Malvern 3144 Tel. 20 7653
By appointment

JOAN GOUGH'S STUDIO GALLERY, 326-8 Punt Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 26 1956
4 December – 26 February: Joan Gough – sculpture; Briar Gough – photography; Vanessa Gough – ceramics; Leonie Gay; Louise Foletta
By invitation and appointment

JOSHUA McCLELLAND PRINT ROOM, 81 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 63 5835
Australian historical prints and pictures; Chinese porcelain
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

JULIAN'S 258 Glenferrie Road, Malvern 3144 Tel. 509 9569
Permanent exhibition of antique furniture and works by European and Australian artists
Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. – 12.30 p.m.

KENNETH JOHN SCULPTURE GALLERY, 210 Toorak Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 24 7308
Tuesday to Thursday: 10 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Friday: 10 a.m. – 6.30 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 12.30 p.m.
Sunday: By appointment
Monday: closed, except exhibitions

KING'S GALLERY, 388 Punt Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 267 4630
Continuing and changing exhibitions of traditional Australian painting
Tuesday to Friday: noon – 6 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Or by appointment

MILDURA ARTS CENTRE, 199 Cureton Avenue, Mildura 3500 Tel. 23 3783
19 December – 8 January: Don Gore – drawings and sculpture
8 January: Permanent Collection of Paintings and Sculpture
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
1 – 24 December: Christmas Group Exhibition
January: Gallery closed
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Friday until 8 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 1 p.m.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA, 180 St Kilda Road, Melbourne 3004 Tel. 62 7411
17 November – 23 January: Mike Brown
7 December – 15 January: British Painting 1600-1800
15 December – 5 February: British Drawings
20 December – 19 February: Herbert Ponting – photography

3 February – 12 March: National Crafts Exhibition
9 February – 2 April: Australian Prints
23 February – 9 April: Miniature Textiles
Tuesday to Sunday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Wednesday until 9 p.m.

PARAPHERNALIA, 109 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000
Tel. 63 6153
Permanent display of fine and applied arts from *c.* 1860 to *c.* 1950. Monthly exhibitions in gallery area include works by contemporary artists and craftsmen.
Monday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 6 p.m.

POWELL STREET GALLERY, 20 Powell Street, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 26 5519
Tuesday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.

TOLARNO GALLERIES, 42 Fitzroy Street, St Kilda 3182
Tel. 94 0522
Exhibitions of Australian, American and European artists, changing every three weeks
Tuesday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Sunday: 10 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

TOM SILVER GALLERY, 1148 High Street, Armadale 3143 Tel. 509 9519
Prominent Australian artists – one-man and mixed exhibitions
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. – 1 p.m.
Sunday: 2.30 p.m. – 5.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, Old Physics Building, South of Union House, University of Melbourne, Parkville 3052 Tel. 341 5148
Tuesday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Wednesday until 8 p.m.

YOUNG MASTERS GALLERY, 304-8 St Georges Road, Thornbury 3071 Tel. 480 1570
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.
Saturday: 1 p.m. – 6 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 6 p.m.

South Australia

ABORIGINAL ARTISTS CENTRE, 125 North Terrace, Adelaide 5000 Tel. 51 4756
Authentic traditional and contemporary Aboriginal art and craft work on continuous display
Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: 9.30 a.m. – noon

ART GALLERY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, North Terrace, Adelaide 5000 Tel. 223 8911
18 November – 8 January: Lorraine Jenyns – circus ceramics
9 December – 15 January: Thai Ceramics
17 December – 19 February: Ships
25 February – 26 March: Columbian Gold; Masterpieces of the Gallery's Prints and Drawings Collection; Australian Crafts
25 February – 30 April: James Shaw's South Australia, 1852-1879
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Wednesday until 9 p.m.
Sunday: 1.30 p.m. – 5 p.m.

BONYTHON GALLERY, 88 Jerningham Street, North Adelaide 5006 Tel. 267 4449
3 – 23 December: Jeanne Perrin Paintings from France; Jan Strang Priest – ceramics
23 December – 3 February: Gallery closed
4 –22 February: Basil Hadley
25 February – 18 March: Bryan Westwood; Frank Bauer – jewellery
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY GALLERY, 14 Porter Street, Parkside 5063 Tel. 272 2682
11 – 23 December: Members' Show Micro II
2 – 15 January: New Realist Prints from U.S.A.
5 – 22 February: John Coates – photography
17 February – 15 March: Adelaide Festival of Arts Invitational
Tuesday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 2 p.m. – 6 p.m.

DAVID SUMNER GOODWOOD GALLERIES,
170 Goodwood Road, Goodwood 5034 Tel. 272 3544
2 – 8 December: Anniversary Exhibition under $200
9 – 24 December: Christmas Mixed Exhibition
January: Gallery closed
24 February – 9 March: Reinis Zusters
Wednesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

DAVID SUMNER CITY GALLERIES, 433 Pulteney Street, Adelaide 5000 Tel. 223 7460
1 – 24 December: Mixed Exhibition
January: Gallery closed
2 – 22 February: Mixed Exhibition
23 February – 9 March: Ivars Jansons
Thursday to Saturday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

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

NEWTON GALLERY, 278A Unley Road, Hyde Park 5061 Tel. (08) 71 4523
Continuous exhibitions by prominent Australian artists

OSBORNE ART GALLERY, 13 Leigh Street, Adelaide 5000 Tel. 51 2327
Constantly changing exhibitions of Australian and European art; sculpture and ceramics

Western Australia

LISTER GALLERY, Lister House, 248-50 St George's Terrace, Perth 6000 Tel. 21 5764
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
Tuesday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 5 p.m.

TARCOOLA ART GALLERY, 34 Bayview Street, Mt Tarcoola, Geraldton 6530 Tel. (099) 21 2825
Changing continuous exhibition of Australian landscapes by George Hodgkins
Daily: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN ART GALLERY, Beaufort Street, Perth 6000 Tel. 28 7233
2 December – 8 January: Jean Arp
9 December – 8 January: Hans Heysen Retrospective
3 February – 5 March: 1978 Perth Survey of Drawing: Contemporary Australian Drawings
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
14 November – 15 January: Australiana – Paintings and Prints from Settlement Onwards
15 – 30 January: Seascapes – English and Australian Schools
20 January – 28 February: Australian Aborigines: Prints and Paintings, 19th Century
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. 62 2132
Daily: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

TASMANIAN MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, 5 Argyle Street, Hobart 7000 Tel. 23 2696
13 December – 15 January: Illusion and Reality
17 January – 12 February: Chinese Peasant Paintings
28 January – 28 February: Tom Lingwood – costume designs for *War and Peace*
21 February – 19 March: Paul Nash: Photographer and Painter
Daily: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

New Zealand

AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY, Kitchener Street, Auckland 1 Tel. 74 650
Monday to Thursday: 10 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Friday: 10 a.m. – 8.30 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 1 p.m. – 5.30 p.m.

GOVETT-BREWSTER ART GALLERY, Queen Street, New Plymouth Tel. 85 149
24 November – 18 December: Max Gimblett; Andrew Drummond – conceptual project
22 December – 29 January: Len Lye – 3 kinetic sculptures
2 – 26 February: Contemporary Australian Watercolours
Tuesday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 1 p.m. – 5 p.m.

PETER McLEAVEY GALLERY, 147 Cuba Street, Wellington Tel. 72 3334, 84 7356
December: Michael Smither; Robin White
January: Stock Exhibition
February: Gordon Walters
Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. – 5.30 p.m.

ROBERT McDOUGALL ART GALLERY, Botanic Gardens, Christchurch, 1 Tel. 61 754
Continuous temporary exhibitions. Permanent collections of New Zealand, British and European paintings, prints and sculpture, Japanese prints and pottery
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. – 4.30 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. – 4.30 p.m.

COMPETITIONS AND PRIZES

This guide to art competitions and prizes is compiled with help from a list published by the Art Gallery of New South Wales.

Queensland

QUEENSLAND ROYAL NATIONAL SHOW COMPETITION OF PAINTING 1978: Closing date: approx. June 1978. Particulars from: Secretary, Royal National Agricultural and Industrial Association of Queensland, Gregory Terrace, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane 4006.

REDCLIFFE ART CONTEST 1978: Closing date: 16 August 1978. Particulars from: Mrs Stella Curran, 8 Palmtree Avenue, Scarborough 4020.

ROCKHAMPTON ART COMPETITION 1978: Closing date: 26 May 1978. Particulars from: Director, Rockhampton Art Gallery, Box 243, P.O., Rockhampton 4700.

STANTHORPE APPLE AND GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL ART PRIZE 1978: Closing date: 4 February 1978. Particulars from: Secretary, Box 338, P.O., Stanthorpe 4380.

New South Wales

BROKEN HILL ART GALLERY ACQUISITIVE ART COMPETITION 1978: Closing date: 28 July 1978. Particulars from: Broken Hill Art Gallery, Civic Centre, Broken Hill 2880.

COWRA FESTIVAL OF THE LACHLAN VALLEY ART COMPETITION 1978: Judge: Joshua Smith. Closing date: 17 February: 1978. Particulars from: Secretary, Box 236, Cowra 2794.

GOSFORD FESTIVAL OF THE WATERS ART PRIZE 1978: Particulars from: Committee Chairman, 75 Mann Street, Gosford 2250.

GRENFELL HENRY LAWSON FESTIVAL ART PRIZE 1978: Closing date: approx. May 1978. Particulars from: Secretary, Box 77, P.O., Grenfell 2810.

HUNTERS HILL MUNICIPAL ART EXHIBITION 1978: Closing date: 31 March 1978. Particulars from: Exhibition Secretary, Box 21, P.O., Hunters Hill 2110.

MAITLAND PRIZE 1978: Closing date: 23 January 1978. Particulars from: The Secretary, Box 37, P.O., Maitland 2320.

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT TRAVELLING ART SCHOLARSHIP 1978: Closing date: approx. June 1978. Particulars from: Executive Member, N.S.W. Travelling Art Scholarship Committee, Box R 105, Royal Exchange Post Office, Sydney 2001.

PORTLAND SECOND ANNUAL INVITATION ART EXHIBITION 1978: Judge: Allan Hansen. Closing date: 9 January 1978. Particulars from: Box 57, P.O., Portland 2847.

ROYAL EASTER SHOW ART COMPETITIONS 1978: Judges: rural: Erik Langker; portrait: William Pidgeon; still life: Elwyn Lynn; watercolour: Allan Hansen; seascape: David Aspden; abstract/modern: Martin Sharp; human image: Wallace Thornton; miniatures: Pamela Thalben-Ball; youth: Peter Pinson; sculpture: Tony Coleing; ceramics: Janet de Boos. Closing date: 9 January 1978. Particulars from: Royal Agricultural Society of N.S.W., Box 4317, G. P. O., Sydney 2001.

Victoria

CAMBERWELL ROTARY CLUB ART COMPETITION 1978: Closing date: 23 March 1978. Particulars from: Rotary Club of Camberwell, Box 80, P.O., Balwyn 3103.

GEELONG ART GALLERY CAPITAL PERMANENT AWARD 1978: Closing date: October 1978. Particulars from: Geelong Art Gallery, Little Malop Street, Geelong 3220.

SWAN HILL PIONEER ART AWARD 1978: Judge: Carl Andrew. Closing date: 29 April 1978. Particulars from: Director, Swan Hill Regional Art Gallery, Swan Hill 3585.

PRIZEWINNERS

Queensland

DALBY ART GROUP ART PURCHASE 1977:
Works by John Firth-Smith, Michael Shannon and Jack Wilson were purchased upon the advice of Warwick Reeder

GLADSTONE MARTIN HANSON MEMORIAL ART PRIZE 1977:
Judge: Jean Rasey.
Winners: open: Robyn Olsen; oil or acrylic: Robyn Olsen; watercolour: Fay Foster; non-representational: Nola Grabbe

REDCLIFFE ART SOCIETY AWARDS 1977:
Judge: John Rigby.
Winners: any medium, non-representational: Mary Norrie; oil or acrylic, representational: Lindsay Farrell; watercolour: John Craig; oil, portrait: Nan Paterson; Activities of Children: Ada Richardson

ROCKHAMPTON ART COMPETITION 1977:
Judge: James Gleeson
Winners: open: Geoff la Gerche; watercolour: Ronald Millar

TOOWOOMBA BAILLIE HENDERSON ART AND CERAMIC COMPETITION 1977:
Judge: Reinis Zusters
Winner: open: Geoffrey Baxter, Susan Cardiner (equal)
Judge: Peter Rushforth
Winner: ceramic: Phillip McConnell

TOWNSVILLE PACIFIC FESTIVAL PURCHASING AWARD 1977:
Works by Jim Cox, Peter de Lorenzo, Sarah Douglas, R. E. Hammond, John Lethbridge, Alan Oldfield, Moira Playne, Paul Sellwood, Ian Smith, Joanna Wieneke and Gay Woodworth were purchased upon the advice of Ron Radford

New South Wales

BROKEN HILL ART GALLERY ACQUISITIVE ART COMPETITION 1977:
Judge: Robert Lindsay
Winners: open, oil or acrylic: Lindsay Pow; watercolour: Bill Walis

GOULBURN LILAC TIME ART EXHIBITION 1977:
Judge: Lloyd Rees
Winners: open: Jarka Mulac; contemporary: Tom Green; traditional: Alex McMillan; miniature: B. Osborne

LANE COVE MUNICIPALITY ANNUAL ART AWARD 1977:
Judges: William Pidgeon, Lloyd Rees, Guy Warren, Reinis Zusters
Winners: 1st: Bob Baird, Ena Joyce (equal); 2nd: Ken Buckland; 3rd: Robyn Davis; special award: Wolfgang John

MOSMAN ART PRIZE 1977:
Judge: Desiderius Orban
Winners: any media, any subject: Aileen Rogers; print or drawing: Ruth Faerber

MUSWELLBROOK ART EXHIBITION 1977:
Works by Fred Cress, Jacqueline Dabron, Janet Dawson, K. Giovanelli, Colin Lanceley, Frank McNamara, Bea Maddock and Margaret Wilson were purchased upon the advice of John Olsen

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT TRAVELLING ART SCHOLARSHIP 1977:
Judges: George Baldessin, John Henshaw, Frank Hinder
Winner: Diego Lorenzo Latella

OYSTER BAY PRIMARY SCHOOL ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF ARTS COMPETITION 1977:
Winners: contemporary: 1st: Yvonne Camelleri; 2nd: Pat Howell; 3rd: Helen Dubrovich; traditional: 1st: Tom Lonyai; 2nd: Liela Spencer: 3rd: Phil Cooper; watercolour: 1st: Lillian Cox; 2nd: Jan Etteridge; 3rd: Mary Kirkby

RAYMOND TERRACE ANNUAL ART SHOW 1977:
Judge: John Henshaw
Winners: Section 1: Ian Campbell; Section 2: Ruby E. Milliken; Section 3: Mark Lewis; Section 4: Peter Lewis

ROBIN HOOD COMMITTEE INTERNATIONAL ART COMPETITION 1977:
Judges: Joan Grounds, David Millar, Henry Salkauskas
Winner: any media: John Winch

Victoria

CAMBERWELL ROTARY ART COMPETITION 1977:
Judge: Paul Fitzgerald
Winners: oil: Bruce Fletcher; watercolour: David Taylor

DANDENONG YOUTH ART FESTIVAL 1977:
Judge: John Borrack
Winners: 25 years and under: any media: Imelda Dover; watercolour: Peter Wegner; drawing: Anne Rowland; 19 years and under: any media: Christine Martin; drawing: Ian Staley

GEELONG ART GALLERY CAPITAL PERMANENT AWARD 1977:
Paintings by John Firth-Smith and David Marsden were purchased upon the advice of Patrick McCaughey

MORNINGTON PENINSULA SPRING FESTIVAL OF DRAWING:
Drawings by John Aland, Rick Amor, Jeffrey Bren, Brian Dunlop, June Kidman, Diana Mogensen, Susan O'Bryan, Wendy Stavrianos, Alex Thatcher and Douglas Wright were purchased for the permanent Mornington Peninsula Arts Centre Collection

SWAN HILL PIONEER ART AWARD 1977:
Judge: Patrick McCaughey
Winner: Sam Byrne

Overseas

THIRD BRITISH INTERNATIONAL DRAWING BIENNALE:
Judges: William Feaver, Nigel Hall, Frank Lisle
Winners: 1st: Norman Adams; 2nd: Robert Mason; 3rd: Mel Rosas; 4th: Paul Butler, Graham Nickson (equal); 5th: Grzegorz Sztabinski, Margaret Britz (equal)

THIRTY-FIFTH INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION OF ARTISTIC CERAMICS, FAENZA, ITALY:
Winner: Sandra Taylor

RECENT ART AUCTIONS

William S. Ellenden Pty Limited, 15 September 1977, Sydney

ANNAND, Douglas: Dead bird, watercolour, 31 x 46, $100
COBURN, John: Abstract – blue and green, oil, 30 x 27, $300
JACKSON, James R.: Morning, Darling Harbour, Sydney, oil, 45 x 55, $1,600
JOHNSON, Robert: Murrumbidgee banks, Wagga, N.S.W., oil, 56 x 66, $1,450
LONG, Sydney: River reflections, watercolour, 55 x 41, $2,300; The lake, etching, 26 x 37, $260
OLSEN, John: Bird on a window, oil, 59 x 74, $650
SOLOMON, Lance: The blue pool, oil, 48 x 59, $1,100
STEWART, Cumbrae: Elegant nude study, pastel, 53 x 35, $2,000
WILSON, Eric: Beethoven death mask, pencil, $170

Christie, Manson & Woods (Australia) Limited, 4 - 5 October 1977, Sydney

APPLETON, Jean: Still life on checkered cloth, oil, 41 x 58, $200
ASHTON, *Sir* Will: Berry's Bay, oil, 38 x 61, $2,400
BALSON, Ralph: Abstract, oil, 60 x 76, $2,100
BELLETTE, Jean: The mourners, oil, 65 x 100, $1,500
BUVELOT, Louis: Bush landscape with a horse and cart by a pool, watercolour, 27 x 44, $4,500
CROOKE, Ray: Villagers in the shade, oil, 75 x 120, $2,300
DALI, Salvador: Collection of 6 lithographs in colours on a religious theme (artist's proofs), $700
DOBELL, *Sir* William: Old man with a pipe, India ink, 19 x 15, $850
DUNLOP, Brian: Glebe, ink and watercolour, 55 x 73, $350
FEINT, Adrian: Tulips and roses in a glass vase, oil, 51 x 40, $640
FEUERRING, Maximilian: Woman reading newspaper, 28 x 23; Couple in cafe, 28 x 19, both oil and wash on paper, $150 (for two)
FIZELLE, Rah: Avoca, watercolour, 30 x 45, $230
FRIEND, Donald: La bella camerina, Portofino, mixed media, 30 x 47, $600
FULLBROOK, Sam: North West Australia, oil, 19 x 30, $580
FULLWOOD, A.H.: Pastoral landscape, oil, 60 x 91, $2,000
GLEGHORN, Tom: Captain's Flat, oil, 70 x 51, $125
GLOVER, John: Cattle watering in a wooded river in a classical landscape, watercolour, 51 x 69, $950; River landscape, watercolour, 41 x 62, $900
GRUNER, Elioth: Chickens by a haystack, oil, 24 x 31, $2,000
HERMAN, Sali: The broken window, Waterloo, oil, $3,900
HEYSEN, *Sir* Hans: The white gum, summertime, watercolour, 31 x 39, $1,600
HOYTE, John B. C.: New Zealand lake scene, watercolour, 33 x 62, $2,400
JOHNSTONE, Henry J.: On the Tambo, oil, 14 x 22, $1,000
JONES, Paul: Wabag Mountains, New Guinea, oil, 45 x 55, $800
JUNIPER, Robert: The Kennedy Range, W.A., acrylic, 39 x 51, $650
KMIT, Michael: Children, oil, 52 x 42, $800
LAWRENCE, George: View of Sydney Harbour, looking east towards the bridge, oil, 81 x 66, $1,000
LEVER, Richard H.: Fishing boats in port, oil, 26 x 33, $520
LONG, Sydney: Queen's Square, St James's Church, Sydney, oil, 61 x 91, $1,700
MAISTRE, Roy de: Cottage by the water, oil, 21 x 26, $900
MILLER, Godfrey, Objects on a table, oil, 33 x 57, $3,600
MINNS, B. E.: The merry monarch, watercolour, 29 x 19, $420
MURCH, Arthur: Mother and child on the beach, oil, 49 x 39, $500
OLLEY, Margaret: Basket of daturas, oil, 61 x 76, $520
ORBAN, Desiderius: Yachts, oil, 40 x 50, $520
PASSMORE, John: Miller's Point, morning, oil, 41 x 51, $6,000
PERCEVAL, John: Moses and the dragon fly, mixed media, 46 x 66, $3,000
PROUT, John Skinner: Rainforest, Tasmania, watercolour and bodycolour, 33 x 24, $900
PUGH, Clifton: The dingo trap, oil, 68 x 91, $1,700
REES, Lloyd: The bridge at Stratford, oil, 37 x 45, $2,000
REYNOLDS, Frederick G.: A young boy bathing in a lagoon, oil, 170 x 80, $900
ROBERTS, Tom: Manly, oil, 20 x 34, $2,400
SMART, Jeffrey: Study for Emanual Bridge, oil, 28 x 36, $750
SMITH, Eric: The hateful earth, oil, 178 x 117, $500
SMITH, Grace Cossington: Sitting room, oil, 50 x 42, $3,400
STRACHAN, David: Still life with red jug, oil, 33 x 41, $2,000
STURGESS, R. W.: Low tide, watercolour, 23 x 45, $900
TUCKER, Albert: Three parrots in the bush, oil, 41 x 51, $1,800
WAKELIN, Roland: Landscape, 43 x 55, $850; Lavender Bay from Walker Street, 22 x 30, $2,400, both oil
WATKINS, John S.: Nocturne, King Street, Sydney, 1893, oil, 33 x 23, $1,400
WITHERS, Walter: Farm, oil, 20 x 45, $3,400
YOUNG, W. Blamire: The critics international, watercolour, 32 x 41, $1,200
ZUSTERS, Reinis: Bush lyric, oil, 76 x 92, $300

RECENT GALLERY PRICES

ASPDEN, David: Meditation No. 5, acrylic, 170 x 141, $2,250 (Rudy Komon, Sydney)
BACKEN, Earle: Pergamon: battle of the giants, etching, $120 (Macquarie, Sydney)
DAWSON, Janet: Foxy night series: Rising moon – dusk, watercolour, 59 x 54, $2,000 (Gallery A, Sydney)
DUNLOP, Brian: Interior with reclining nude, oil, 136 x 120, $2,500 (Macquarie, Sydney)
FISH, Janet: Yellow and purple, pastel, 71 x 54, $2,000 (Gallery A, Sydney)
GRANT, Ian: Flight of birds, acrylic, 178 x 182, $1,250 (Robin Gibson, Sydney)
HAEFLIGER, Paul: Australia felix 1, acrylic, 122 x 183, $1,500 (Holdsworth, Sydney)
LARTER, Richard: Echo reds, acrylic, 183 x 122, $1,000 (Watters, Sydney)
LETHBRIDGE, John: Label series, mixed media, 62 x 45, $225 (Ray Hughes, Brisbane)
LONG, Sydney: Landscape with trees, watercolour, 58 x 29, $1,100 (Beth Mayne, Sydney)
O'DWYER, Brian: Grandma's house, bronze, 42 x 25, $600 (Sculpture Centre, Sydney)
PARR, Lenton: Izar, welded steel, 57 x 51 x 25, $1,200 (Ray Hughes, Brisbane)
PASSMORE, John: Abstract, oil, 51 x 37, $2,500 (Beth Mayne, Sydney)
ROSE, William: January (1977), oil, 110 x 170, $3,500 (Ray Hughes, Brisbane)
THOMPSON, Anne: Edge, acrylic, 166 x 215, $1,000 (Gallery A, Sydney)
TUCKSON, Tony: Untitled, 76 x 51, gouache, $250 (Watters, Sydney)
VOIGHT, David: Pacific overlay, acrylic, stainless steel, brass, 195 x 172, $1,200 (Coventry, Sydney)
WATSON, Douglas: Nude, oil, 49 x 39, $600 (Beth Mayne, Sydney)
WHITELEY, Brett: Nude in the surf, watercolour, 102 x 75, $4,500 (Robin Gibson, Sydney)
WRIGHT, Peter: Lady Macquarie's Chair, watercolour, 69 x 48, $250 (Robin Gibson, Sydney)

LOST PAINTING
An important painting has been lost. It is on canvas, is about 5 ft x 8 ft and is unstretched and rolled up in plastic. It is believed it may have been off-loaded by a carrier at a wrong address. The painting is unsigned; it consists of an arrangement of rough, dark rectangles. If you know where it is, please contact Geoffrey Legge 31 2556 or 31 2102.

SOME OF THE GALLERIES' RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Queensland Art Gallery

BOYD, Arthur: Gaffney's Creek, oil, Berwick landscape, tempera
BROWN, Vincent: The quarry at St Paul's Terrace, watercolour
ELENBERG, Joel: Rhinoceros head, bronze on metal and wood stand
FRENCH, Leonard: Death of a General, 1976, enamel
GLOVER, John: Mountain scene with stream and stone bridge, watercolour
GRUNER, Elioth: Flower piece, oil (Anonymous donor)
HESTER, Joy: Man with mo, 1956, mixed media (Gift of the Queensland Art Gallery Society)
KING, Inge: Great planet, steel painted black
LOOBY, Keith: Third class, acrylic; Class photographs, set of 7 etchings
LAMB, Henry: Girl with a hat, oil
MACQUEEN, Mary: Tiger, pencil; Decca landscape, mixed media, both drawings
MAKIN, Jeffrey: Mt Tibrogargan, 1976, oil
NOLAN, Sidney: Central Australia, 1965, oil
O'CONOR, Roderic: Demi-nu au bonnet, oil
PIGUENIT, W. C.: Estuary, Tasmania, watercolour
RIGBY, John: Moggill Village, oil
SALMON, William: Morning, Jamieson, 1971, oil
SMITH, Derek: Pottery, stoneware
STORRIER, Tim: Aerial landscape, acrylic
STREETON, *Sir* Arthur: Palm Beach, 1926, oil (Anonymous donor)

Art Gallery of New South Wales

BEHAM, Hans Sebald: Hercules defeating the centaurs, engraving
BULLOCK, Wynn: Half an apple; Sunken wreck, both photographs
CHINESE: K'ang-Hsi: Vase, porcelain, famille verte
DAVIS, John: Bicycle 1 1976, wall sculpture (Anonymous gift)
FANTIN-LATOUR. Henri: Danses, lithograph
MASANOBU, Okumura: Kolakara sambukutsui, woodcut
MELDRUM, Max: Self portrait of 75, oil (Marshall Bequest Fund)
NOBLE, Richard: The Russell-Jones children, oil (Gift of Joseph Brown)
PRESTON, Margaret: 3 paintings, 17 prints (Gift of the Estate of W. E. Preston)
REYNOLDS, *Sir* Joshua: James, 7th Earl of Lauderdale, oil (Anonymous gift)
TILNEY, F. C.: Collection of 64 photographs and photogravures (Gift of Rainbow Cazneau Johnson)
TUCKSON, Tony: 3 paintings, 3 drawings (Gift of Margaret Tuckson)
WALLER, Napier: The ring, wood engraving (Gift of Lorna Waller)

National Gallery of Victoria

AMYKOS PAINTER: Column krater, (*c.* 410 B.C.), earthenware
BENGLIS, Lynda: Untitled, (1971-75), beeswax and damar resin
BERRETTINO: Plate (from the Farnese Service), early 17th century, earthenware
BOECKLIN, Arnold: Im Fruehling, 1873, oil
FRAGONARD, Jean Honore: Ruggiero is assailed by a groom, a horse, a bird and a dog, drawing
GOBLET (Flugelglas): 17th century, glass
GODWIN, E. W. (designed by): Sideboard, ebonized wood, 1867
JAPANESE: Cake-stand, Edo period 1615-1868, Negoro-Nuri lacquer
JEWELLERY: Group of works by contemporary Austrian, Australian, English and German jewellers
NEW GUINEA: Canoe-prow ornament, Massim (Ferguson Island), wood, polychrome
PHOTOGRAPHY: E. J. Bellocq, Portrait of a New Orleans prostitute, (*c.* 1912); Paul Caponigro, 8 prints, 1959-68
PICASSO, Pablo: Le déjeuner sur l'herbe, 1961, pencil; Sculpteur et modèle agenouillé, etching on parchment
RYSBRACK, John Michael: Study for the horse's head of the bronze statue of William III at Queen's Square, Bristol, 1735, chalk, pen-and-ink and wash
TUCKSON, Tony: White lines (horizontal) on red, 1970-73, acrylic
WEENIX, Jan Baptist: A Mediterranean port scene, 1652, oil

Art Gallery of South Australia

BISHOP, Olive: Wash and war shirt, (1977), white stoneware
BOURNE, W. H.: The S.S. *Wollowra*, (1895), watercolour
BOYNES, Diana: Pendant, (1977), silver, resin inlay
BOYNES, Robert: The morals of money, (1974), silkscreen
BUNNY, Rupert: Bacchantes, (*c.* 1921), monotype
CHINESE: The seven wise men, (Ching Dynasty), watercolour
DALLWITZ, David: Landscape with houses, (1942), oil; Figure study, (*c.* 1950), linocut; Two figures, (1958), charcoal, ink, brush
DORE, Gustave: The neophyte, engraving
FRANCIS, Ivor: Moon fever, (1944); Venus reborn, (1946), both oil
GIBSON, Bessie: Portrait of a young woman, (*c.* 1920-30), oil
GREGORY, G. F.: The yacht *Sunbeam,* (1887), watercolour
HOYLAND, John: 8.7.67, (1967), acrylic
JONES, Dee: Bluey and his master, (1976), oil
MEERE, Charles: The fountain, oil
PENMAN, J. (after S. T. Gill): Adelaide, Hindley Street from the corner of King William Street, (1844), lithograph
PIGUENIT, W. C.: On the Hawkesbury, (1885), oil
SHAW, James: The Admella, (1858); The Smith homestead, Smithfield, (1862); House by a river with a footbridge, (1866); Farm beside the Torrens, (1878), all oil
STUMP, Samuel John: Miniature of Sir John Jeffcott, oil on ivory
THAKE, Eric: The habitat of the Dodo, (1943); The inhabitants of this country, (1953); She's warm alright, (1967); An Opera House in every home, (1972), all linocuts
THOMPSON, Mark: Australian reliquary, (1977), porcelain
WALLER, Napier: Classical subject, (*c.* 1925), watercolour
ZESHIN, Shibata: Grasshopper; God Daifuka, both woodcuts

Western Australian Art Gallery

BLAKE, William: Thine ewes will wander . . ., wood engraving
BOUDIN, Eugène: Figures on the beach at Normandy, 1869, watercolour
CAYLEY, Neville: Black swans, watercolour
COOK, James: Two Italian landscapes, oil
DARBYSHIRE, Beatrice: The cowshed, Balingup, drypoint
DINE, Jim: The cellist, charcoal, oil, pastel
DRURY, Paul: Evening, etching
GREY-SMITH, Guy: Malimup, pen-and-ink
GRIGGS, Frederick: Maurs farm, etching
LINTON, James: Parkerville, oil; Mounts Bay Road 1907, watercolour
NAMATJIRA, Ewald: Landscape, watercolour
NICHOLSON, Ben: Four pears, pencil, oil wash
PAREROULTJA, Otto: Landscape, watercolour
REES, Lloyd: Collins Street, Melbourne, pencil, pen-and-ink
RODIN, Auguste: Adam, bronze
SMEED, Hubert: The pool, drypoint
TAYLOR, Howard: Hillside, oil
VEDOVA, Emilio: Drawings for 1977, 1 and 2 diptych, ink, charcoal, crayon
WEBB, A. B.: Bungalow, watercolour

Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery

ANDREW, Frank: Landscape, Sandy Bay, 1950, oil
ANGUS, Max: Landscape at Bramble Cove, watercolour
BLAKEBROUGH, Les: Flask, 1977, glass
BRADSHAW, David: Bowl, 1976, ceramic
DANVIN: Groupe de convicts dans un defrichement (*c.* 1836), engraving, hand-coloured
DIRON: Savages of Cape Diemen, preparing their meal (*c.* 1800), engraving, hand-coloured
HANSEN, Ragnar: Flask, silver
PHOTOGRAPHY: Photographs by: Jo Ann Callis, Paul Cox, Mario Cresci, Max Dupain, Franco Fontana, Jo Ann Frank, Mario Giacomelli, Fiona Hall, Graham Howe, Land-Weber, Giorgio Lotti, David Moore, Grant Mudford, Philip Quirk
RALPH, David: Chair, 1976, Tasmanian horizontal wood
TRANTHUM-FRYER, J. R.: Edward Conlson, plaster relief sculpture
UNKNOWN: Large model of a toilet-set jug, (*c.* 1820), ceramic
UNKNOWN: Hobart Town, V. D. L., (*c.* 1850), engraving, hand-coloured

Newcastle Region Art Gallery

BALL, Sydney: Quartet nights, (Gift of Mr and Mrs E. N. Millner)
CHAPPEL, John: Tea bowls (2), stoneware with glaze
GILBERT, John: Large bowl, stoneware
HAWKE, Ron: Hills Hoist
HAWKINS, Weaver: My own still life, (Gift of Mrs Weaver Hawkins)
HEYSEN, *Sir* Hans: Mount Paterwarta (Gift of Mrs Huldah Turner)
KAHAN, Louis: The wedding feast at Canaa, etching
KNIGHT, Warren: To-Do-Kal, (Gift of Miss L. Swanton)
MOORE, John D.: Sydney Harbour from Mrs Macquarie's Point (Gift of Mr and Mrs E. N. Millner)
REES, Lloyd: Twilight – The Olgas; Australian landscape (set of six); The Great Rock, all etchings
RUSHFORTH, Peter: Tea bowl, stoneware, glazed

Editorial

Citizens of Sydney particularly, and visitors to that city also, have reason to be grateful to members of the Italian community for two gifts of sculpture to the city. One, *Il Porcellino*, has been a familiar sight in Macquarie Street since 1968; the other, a sculpture by Mike Kitching, on the podium of the new City Council Office Building linking it to Sydney Town Hall, was unveiled last year.

Il Porcellino, the Wild Boar Fountain of Good Luck, is a replica, in bronze, of that in Florence. It was presented to the City of Sydney by the Marchesa Fiaschi Torrigiani, of Florence, as a mark of friendship between Italy and Australia.

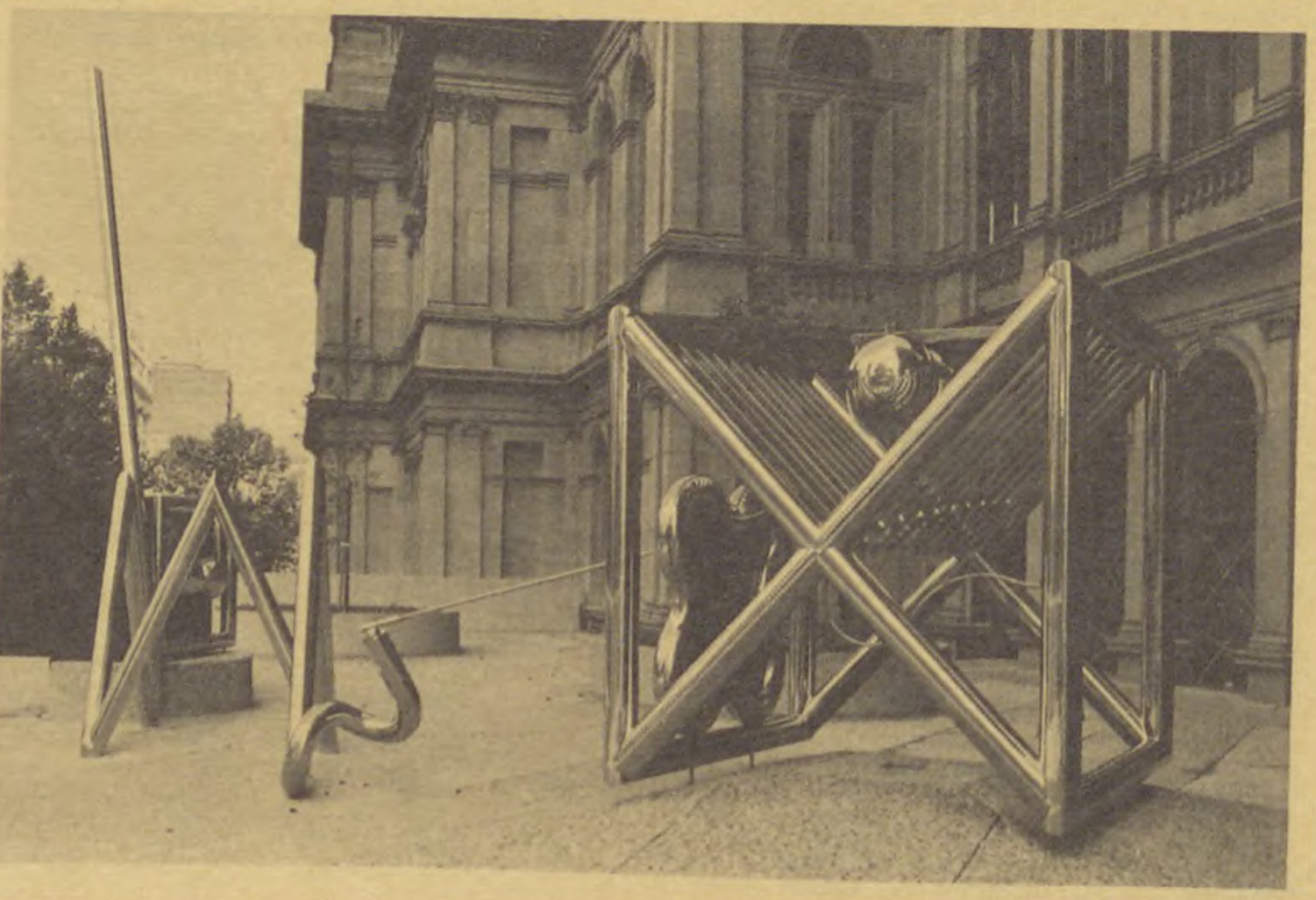
During his term of office as Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman Nicholas Shehadie convened a Committee comprising architects, artists and other informed citizens to devise ways of introducing more works of art into the city and of generally livening and humanizing it. His successor as Lord Mayor, Alderman Leo Port, continued to use the Committee.

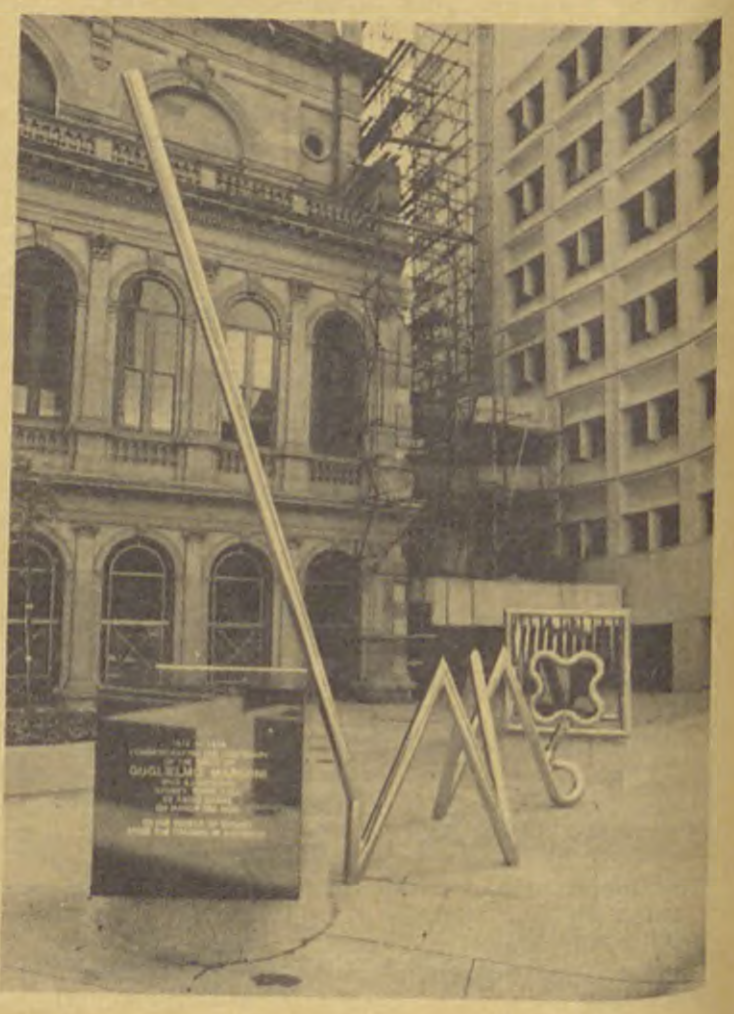
One of the Committee's early decisions was to propound a scheme whereby foreign governments, corporations or groups of people would be offered key sites in the City of Sydney if they would donate to it major works of sculpture by their own national artists. They would have to be, of course, of acceptable standard. Unfortunately the scheme has not progressed but in 1974 the Italian community expressed a desire to commemorate the centenary of Marconi's birth by donating a sculpture to the City. The offer was placed before the Committee and artist and site were recommended by it.

Most of us have probably forgotten that, on 3 October 1930, the Marchese Guglielmo Marconi by radio wave from his yacht *Elettra* in the Mediterranean Sea switched on the lights at Sydney Town Hall and that previously, as early as 1918, he had sent the first radio messages between England and Australia.

It was, therefore, particularly appropriate that the site offered for the commemorative sculpture should be close to Sydney Town Hall. It was equally appropriate that such an inventive man as Marconi should be remembered by a modern work of art, using modern materials, and that it should be designed and executed by an inventive young sculptor.

The Italian community has set good examples. Australia has provided a happy new homeland for many displaced persons and for others who, for a variety of reasons, have decided to migrate. It would be laudable if governments of countries whose people have benefited in that way were to follow the example of the Italian community and seek sites for sculpture or other works of art and so commemorate a generous and mutually beneficial act of friendship.





Mike Kitching's sculpture commemorating the centenary of the birth of Guglielmo Marconi.

Oliffe Richmond – an appreciation by Robert Klippel

It was with profound sorrow that I heard my friend Oliffe Richmond had died in London, 26 February this year. He was born in Tasmania in 1919. Oliffe and I were students together at East Sydney Technical College just after the war. He was one of the outstanding students of the Sculpture Department under Lyndon Dadswell. I remember I kept pestering him to show me photographs of his early carvings which I found fascinating. In 1948 he won the N.S.W. Government Travelling Scholarship and went to London where he worked for Henry Moore. Later he taught at the Chelsea School of Art and had many exhibitions. In 1968 he sent out sculpture for exhibitions at the Australian Sculpture Centre, Canberra, the Tolarno Galleries, Melbourne, and David Jones' Gallery, Sydney. They passed practically unnoticed.

Oliffe was extremely modest, with a wry sense of humour. I remember in 1963 he stayed with me in New York to arrange for a show there – he was always good to be with. We corresponded over the years and I think he felt out of key with current art styles. He was completely dedicated to his art and I think his work has an important position in Australian sculpture, a position which has been overlooked due to his long absence abroad.

A tribute to Anthony Underhill by Ursula Hoff

I knew Anthony Underhill (b.1923), whose death occurred this year, best while he was a student with the Melbourne Technical College under the armed services re-habilitation scheme. Tony in those years spent much time in my department (of Prints and Drawings in the National Gallery of Victoria) and enlivened my days with his gift for friendship, conviviality and his love of Jazz. I rarely saw him in later years after he had gone to live in London. From his first exhibition sent over to the Australian Galleries I acquired for the department the felt-pen drawing *Interior of the artist's studio*, 1957, where among the chairs, portfolios and studio clutter a pensive figure (*Self portrait*) sits watchfully eyeing the spectator. As an artist Tony was bent on self expression rather than the pursuit of abstract ideas, an outgoing, lively temperament open to influences, gifted and warmly enthusiastic.

British Painting 1600-1800 by Joseph Burke

The conventional view that British painting up to the end of the eighteenth century was dominated by portraiture received its first challenge at the commemorative exhibition of British Art at the Royal Academy in 1935. Even today it is the names of the portrait painters that come most readily to mind: Holbein, Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn, Beechey and Hoppner. The splendours of the Waterloo Chamber portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence are an Indian Summer of this great tradition, against the background of which the independence of Hogarth and Richard Wilson stands out so sharply. But other comparable artists outside the field of portraiture have been sadly neglected; two landmarks of revaluation have been Benedict Nicholson's monumental study of Joseph Wright of Derby (1968) and Bernard Smith's *European Vision and the South Pacific* (1960), the first study to do justice to William Hodges.

One of the aims of Mr Paul Mellon in forming the great collection of eighteenth-century English art now at Yale was to correct this erroneous view. He did this by the simple device of excluding portraits. While he did not apply the principle of exclusion with fanatical strictness, his collection is essentially one of subject-pictures.

The exhibition selected by Michael Kitson for the British Council is undoubtedly the most important exhibition sent by the United Kingdom to a Commonwealth country. It offers a very carefully considered alternative to what might be described as the Mellon view of British Art. It is also the first attempt since the immensely large exhibition of 1935 to present a conspectus, and as a conspectus it carries all the more weight because its size, fifty-six paintings and twelve miniatures, limits it to the masterpiece and the representative. It is therefore worth discussing from two points of view: its divergence from the Mellon and the way in which it reflects the advances made in the study and revaluation of British art since 1935.

The difference from the Mellon assessment is the easier to identify. Paul Mellon has a number of characteristics in common with the English aristocrats of the eighteenth century whose treasures have passed into his ownership, not least a love of horses as well as of art. An attachment to sporting pictures and pictures that reflect the tastes of the great landowners, both in town and country, set the mood of his collection. Nowhere does one step into a large room filled with gigantic battle pictures, like those that make the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich the one place in England where one can study the grand manner of the age of Johnson, outside Westminster Abbey with its grandiose sepulchral monuments to the heroes of the century. Appropriately George Stubbs is the tutelary deity who presides over the Mellon Gallery at Yale. Backed by the resources of the Mellon Foundation for studies in British Art, the collection will in course of time become more comprehensive by reflecting the taste of historians, but this is almost to be regretted because it may thereby lose the distinctive character which it owes to its founder.

The main changes that have taken place in the interpretation of British Art may all be subsumed under the general one of a reaction against the hitherto dominant interest in portraiture. They are so brilliantly illustrated in Michael Kitson's selection that a brief outline will serve to demonstrate what may be called a revolution in approach, beginning with those researches into British history painting, that is, paintings of the Bible and classical antiquity, which have been led by Edgar Wind and Edward Croft-Murray.

The group of history paintings begins with Van Dyck's *Continence of Scipio*, the first opportunity to study in Australia a major work by this artist other than a portrait. The ambition of the native school to follow in the footsteps of the Old Masters was fired by Rubens's ceiling of the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall; Croft-Murray's 2 volumes of *Decorative Painting in England 1537-1837* (1962, 70) illustrate a large number of staircases, State Rooms and Chapels, the mural paintings of which have been published for the first time. None of these can be transported, but Sir James Thornhill who did very little of note other than paint the walls and ceilings of palaces, great houses, Greenwich and the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, is represented by *Aeneas before Dido*, probably a sketch for the demolished staircase at Canons, Middlesex, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, satirized as Timon by Pope. The shift from Roman to Greek literature is one in which British artists took the lead; the protagonist was the Scotsman, Gavin Hamilton, who by his enthusiasm for Homeric subjects after his settling in Rome captured the imagination of David. Here is shown the recently discovered preliminary version of *Priam pleading with Achilles for the body of Hector*, a painting almost certainly seen by his admirer the Abbé Winckelmann.

Unfortunately Reynolds's finest history painting, the *Infant Hercules*, is locked in the Hermitage at Leningrad. In its place we have a picture he at first criticized, but finally admired without reservation, Benjamin West's *Death of Wolfe*, here seen in the version painted for the Queen. Reynolds's criticism was not that the composition of the

central group was borrowed from a *Pietà* by Van Dyck and that the Christian witnesses were limited to twelve, very few of whom were actually present at the moment of Wolfe's death. This elevation would have been conventionally acceptable if West had dressed his characters in Roman or Greek military costume. By combining invention and the epic style with contemporary costume West shocked academic opinion. In doing so he virtually founded the French School of Modern History Painting led by David, as David himself generously acknowledged. David did not imitate West as a painter, but he took the idea of combining realistic detail with poetic licence from him, so that realistic scenes from modern history could be painted in an epic style. As a coda to West's innovation we see Fuseli's *Three witches from Macbeth,* again the treatment of a non-Biblical subject, this time not from modern history but from Shakespeare, in the elevated style.

After history painting, landscape becomes the next category for a new interpretation. Richard Wilson is not represented as the English Claude by one of his famous Vergilian landscapes, nor as the faithful recorder of English country houses. *Snowdon from Llyn Nantlle* is perhaps his finest landscape, strikingly advanced in its combination of a superb surface pattern with an almost stereoscopic intensity of depth. By contrast, Gainsborough's *Charterhouse* is in a realist tradition deriving from the Dutch. Both are very well known; but how many are familiar with William Hodges's *A Crater in the South Pacific*, one of the most remarkable landscapes of the century in Europe? How often do we get a chance to see a landscape by the one contemporary painter whom Reynolds thought great enough to mention in his *Discourses* while he was alive? Fortunately, the Admiralty have now lent his *Pacific* cycle to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, but nothing comparable to this picture can be seen in the Mellon, the Tate and the National Gallery, London.

The most exciting group represents innovations in genre. The star piece is Joseph Wright of Derby's *Iron forge*, the most important English eighteenth-century painting still in a private collection. Its rival on the same subject was bought by Catherine the Great of Russia, and is certainly the best-known British painting in the Soviet today. This is partly because by these pictures Wright created a new artistic category, heroic industrial genre.

The importance of this exhibition, therefore, is that its presentation of British art in the eighteenth century is a true landmark in the history of its interpretation. Fortunately the catalogue reproduces every picture, with a scholarly and critical text beside it, so that those who have seen the exhibition have an opportunity to consider its implications in detail. By giving the task of selection to an individual and not to a committee the Council has made possible a presentation by a scholar of outstanding taste with an invaluable knowledge of private collections and provincial galleries in the British Isles. If it is not shown in London, it could be worth a London enthusiast's trouble to fly out to see it, and he would actually save on the time of travel, as a study of the wide distribution of the private and other collections from which the pictures have been borrowed will demonstrate.

This exhibition has provided a marvellous opportunity to take a new look at British art, and the Council are to be congratulated most warmly on it. If one of the aims of the British Council is to foster bonds of friendship by presenting what is most worthy of study, enjoyment and admiration in a shared heritage, this must be regarded as the most lasting and valuable contribution it has made during its distinguished history of activity in Australia.

Word and Image

For this expanded review on art books a number of contemporary artists were asked to nominate the book, or books, on art that have made the strongest impression on them We print their replies below. Those of Hamilton, Kitaj, Riley and Robert Motherwell were published in the *Times Literary Supplement.*

JAN SENBERGS

My strongest impressions more often than not have come from other than 'art books'. Also, what really is an 'art book'? Anyway here are a couple I've enjoyed a lot recently:

Artists in Spite of Art – Ronald Carraher (Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1970)

The Art of Chinese Landscape Painting in the Caves of Tun-Huang – A. de Silva (Crown, 1964)

RICHARD LARTER

Being a constant and voracious reader of art books herewith some observations. Most re-read and handled book – *Vision in Motion* by L. Mohol-Nagy (Paul Theobald, Chicago) – my 1946 edition has practically fallen apart due to use.

Best books of 1977 – *Vile* magazine Vol. 3 No. 2 edited by Anna Banana (Banana Productions San Francisco) and *Gurgle* No. 3 by Eerie Billie Haddock and Rhoda Mappo. La Grande, Oregon.

R. B. KITAJ

Here are only a few of my most loved books. I look through them almost every day. They lie on the floor near where I paint.

Degas – the great Lemoisne four-volume catalogue

Degas, The Monotypes – Fogg Art Museum

The Notebooks of Edgar Degas by Reff (just published by Oxford) – WOW!!

The Drawngs of Paul Cézanne (Catalogue Raisonné) by Chappuis

Cézanne's Portrait Drawings by Wayne Anderson

L'Oeuvre Gravé de Manet by Guerin

Goya, Engravings and Lithographs (Catalogue Raisonné) by Tomás Harris

Picasso – the Cirlot book on what has come to be called the Sabartes Donation at Barcelona: the best compilation until a complete *oeuvre* catalogue is published.

BRIDGET RILEY

The Thinking Eye by Paul Klee

ROBERT MOTHERWELL

Delacroix's *Journal*

RICHARD HAMILTON

There is only one runner in the field as far as I can see – Marcel Duchamp's notes for 'La mariée mise à nu par ses célibataires, même'. Since that isn't exactly a book, and because my knowledge of French cannot give me perfect contact with the original form, I nominate *Salt Seller*, edited by Michel Sanouillet, published in Great Britain by Thames and Hudson. This has a bonus: it contains all the words put together by Marcel Duchamp that were known at the time of publication.

Duchamp's is *the* great written art about art (unlike the written garbage by writers on art) and I have found it profoundly moving and continuously absorbing for twenty years.

BRYAN WESTWOOD

Monet at Giverny – Claire Joyes. It is, amongst other things, a book of unforgettable human detail, and blessedly there is not a single note of the hagiographic in it. I have bought four copies and given them all away and now I will have to buy another.
I also especially admire the Larousse series on the art of various eras. The individual essays by René Huyghé are excellent and an antidote to the capricious waffle of such writers on art as Kenneth Clark. This series is sensibly constructed, very well illustrated, and cheap.
Anna Karenina by Leo Tolstoy
Madame Bovary by Gustav Flaubert
A Cure for Serpents by Alberto Denti di Piranjo
Tristes Tropiques by Claude Levi-Strauss
I would like to make the general comment that a great many books on art seem for the most part written for the nominally blind: I really wonder that they don't put out Braille editions of these epics of nonsense.

ALUN LEACH-JONES

The following list of books is by no means definitive, leaving out as it does works of history, biography and literature which have all at some time exerted some influence on my work. However the following books did and still continue to affect my thinking in what I paint and why I paint it! They are not listed in any order of importance.
Meaning in the Visual Arts by E. Panofsky (Anchor)
Matisse: His Art and his Public by A. H. Barr Jr. (Museum of Modern Art, New York)
Hans Hofmann by C. Greenberg (Editions Georges Fall, Paris)
Art and Culture by C. Greenberg (Beacon Press)
Henri Matisse by C. Greenberg (Abrams)
Hans Hofman by Sam Hunter (Abrams)
Journal by Eugene Delacroix (Phaidon)
Critique of Pure Reason by Immanuel Kant (Oxford University Press)
Complete Writings of William Blake (Oxford University Press)
Complete Writings of Henry Vaughan (Oxford University Press)
Artworks and Packages by Harold Rosenberg (Thames and Hudson) (and most of his other works to some extent)
Matisse on Art – Jack Flam (Ed.) (Phaidon)
The Art of Henri Matisse by A. C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia (Barnes Foundation Press)

JOHN PASSMORE

I see it is to work, that being tenacious to my work is what counts. One must be ruthless with distractions. Anything that takes me away destroys more than will ever be known.

KENNETH NOLAND

The Mass Pyschology [sic] of Fascism, and *The Sexual Revolution* – by Wilhelm Reich.

IAN McKAY

Two books have had a decisive influence on my art. Clement Greenberg's *Art and Culture* in recent years has been perhaps the most decisive. Earlier on I think *Brancusi* by Ionel Jianou had a personal touch which I like in art books.

TIM STORRIER

I have quite a large collection of books on art and artists, but I find it rather difficult to pick three or four – for me it's a hazy block of information. However the ones I seem to come back to most often, and not usually for any tangible reason, are naturally the books that I feel have some relevance to what I do. I must say that I use a lot of books as purely visual reference, rarely re-reading, with the exception of a few.
Romantic Art – Marcel Brian (Thames and Hudson)
The Romantic Rebellion (Romantic v Classic) by Kenneth Clark
Gericults Raft of the Medusa by Lorenz Eitner (Phaidon)
Turner Sketches 1802-20 by Gerald Wilkinson
A Treasury of Great Master Drawings by Colin Eisher (Phaidon)

ROBERT KLIPPEL

The books which have made a strong impression on me are as follows:
Gaudier – Brzeska: A Memoir by Ezra Pound
Christian and Oriental Philosophy of Art by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy
Four Quartets by T. S. Eliot
Cézanne: A Study of his Development by Roger Fry

FRED CRESS

I read books infrequently. At different times certain books have changed the way I think.
The Symbolic Language of Van Gogh impressed me when I was 25 but I probably would not support it now. I found *Art and Illusion* valuable particularly when I was a teacher. *The Anxious Object* helped me think about painting but for some years now I have read at random bits and pieces with almost no connecting thread preferring to direct my mind to examine first hand the things that make people write books.

DOUGLAS HEUBLER

I *very much like The Structure of Art* by Jack Burnham. Also Roland Barthes's *Mythologies* – and his *Sade, Fourier, Loyola.*
And, as a 16 year old farm boy, *Lust for Life* (Irving Stone, I think)
I can't deny, out of delicacy, that which did, in fact, move my romantic spirit.

ELWYN LYNN

I see that I bought Susanne Langer's *Feeling and Form, A Theory of Art* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1953) on 21 June 1954; that, and her *Problems of Art* (1957) persuaded me that art deals symbolically with matters that have kinship with the emotions. It is a theory which has been assailed and which Langer has modified, but she still has my qualified adherence, perhaps because the notion of a theme in art, as distinguished from content and subject-matter, which Professor John Anderson promulgated at Sydney University, seems now, to me, to have connections with the Langer theory. What Anderson had to say is not in print, but he argued that art had to be an objective term or it was useless and obscurantist to employ it.
Picture books galore, of course, that one re-examines, but what else? Herbert Read, now neglected, deserves re-reading as he faced the grander themes; tribute has just been paid him by Ernst Gombrich in *Critical Enquiry* (Spring 1977, Chicago); and, to be a little more up-to-date, Robert Rosenblum's *Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition* (Thames and Hudson, 1975), forces one to re-think a journey sometimes rather incorrectly charted by historians.
P.S. I have the best collection of Antoni Tàpies's books and catalogues this side of Barcelona.

JULES OLITSKI

OLD TESTAMENT IDIOT AND BROTHERS KARAMZOV BY DOSTOYEVSKY WAR AND PEACE BY TOLSTOY AND BEWARE OF PITY BY STEPHEN ZWEIG
Telegram from Max Hutchinson.

TONY COLEING

The Unknown Leonardo (Hutchinson) – brilliant. It shows a whole side of the artist that I was not aware of.

COLIN LANCELEY

The art reading that has made the biggest impact on me would include:
Concerning the Spiritual in Art by Wassily Kandinsky
Symbols of Transformation by C. G. Jung
The Origins of Form by Herbert Read
Beyond Painting by Max Ernst
Monet at Giverny (for the pictures)
Essays by Rosenberg, Greenberg and Eliot
Francis Bacon talking to David Sylvester, and *everything* Matisse had to say about art.

BILL BROWN

For years I have been rummaging through books on the history of art seeking the clue that might explain my attitudes to painting and its relation to life (my life). *Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition: Friedrich to Rothko* gave me that clue. I am the archetypal romantic, preferring the natural, the organic and the sense of mystery behind the material surfaces of the seen world to formalism and fact. This book gave my personality a sense of history.

SIR RUSSELL DRYSDALE

Rembrandt – His Life and Work (Thames & Hudson)
Rembrandt – The Complete Etchings (Thames & Hudson)
Francisco Goya – Drawings (Praegar)
Goya – His Complete Etchings, Aquatints and Lithographs (Thames and Hudson)
The Unknown Leonardo (Hutchinson)
History of Italian Renaissance Art (Thames and Hudson)
Marino Marini (Thames and Hudson)
Max Ernst (Abrams)
Juan Gris (Thames and Hudson)
Giacometti (Thames and Hudson)

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

I am not a *reader* of art books usually, preferring to look at the pictures. Too many big words, but I found I could understand Kenneth Clark's *The Nude* without too much strain (I have a suspicion that many people are suspicious of him for appearing to be too simple).

PETER POWDITCH

Dostoevsky – Andre Gide (Seker & Warburg, 1949)
Create Dangerously; Resistance, Rebellion and Death – Albert Camus (Hamish Hamilton, 1961)
Something Which Seemed to Resemble Decay . . . – Jean Genet, Art & Literature I, 1964
When I was a student, I had to believe that my work could only be as good as I could make it, as I could see no real reason to 'improve' the *look* of it. I also sensed that the result should only be as good as the attempt.
These interrogative 'art' writings that looked at the meaning in terms of motivation and attempt, gave me the trust to have a go, and confirmed a naive belief that the art looks after itself, as it is, after all, only the by-product of a person.
The idea that the person can improve by being motivated by and attempting from the *form* of art, I left until I'd made some.

JEFFREY SMART

The books, only *art* books which gave me impetus, were most stimulating, were as follows. They are not in any order of importance to me. Also bear in mind that when I was starting painting it was 1939-40, the war had begun, and it was hard to find books.
Modern German Art by Peter Thorne (Penguin)
The Contemporaries by René Huyghé (1939)
Vision and Design by Roger Fry
Cézanne (Phaidon 1937)
Modern French Painters by R. H. Wilenski

GRACE CROWLEY

The books which have made the strongest impression on me are by Michel Seuphor and Michel Ragon.
L'art abstrait 1910-1918 by Michel Seuphor
L'art abstrait 1918-1938 by Michel Seuphor
L'art abstrait 1939-1970 Michel Ragon
L'art abstrait 1945-1970 Ragon & Seuphor

Book Reviews

David Hockney by David Hockney, N. Stangos Ed., (Thames and Hudson, London, ISBN 0 5000 9108 0, $33.00).

Like *A Bigger Splash*, the film about the painter, it is extremely glossy and very probably overlong. Glossy in that it has the now-familiar cast of London swingers—Ossie, Celia, Mo, Peter—and overlong in that it is hard to imagine what happens now. After all, 312 pages is quite a lot for a painter in mid-career! One wonders if the next forty years will come in instalments, like the weekly editions of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

On the other hand, David Hockney has managed to do what every artist has always dreamt of doing, which is to get rid of the critics and art-writers altogether. (This edition of *ART and Australia* has reviews of artists by artists: no middle-man's profit here!) Apart from a rather perceptive Introductory Essay by Henry Geldzahler (from the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in a few drawings too!), all the text is made up from tapes of the artist's reminiscences, edited and put together in book form. This device works very well as Hockney is a good talker, witty and urbane: compared to certain New York painters this is refreshing to say the least! Hockney communicates with ease with his audience and the anecdotal style of the text is both intimate and charming.

To state that David Hockney is phenomenally successful is to state the obvious. He has long been described as the *wunderkind* of British art. He has also been influential although recently probably less so. Hockney was one of the group, often incorrectly termed Pop artists, that seemed to give English painting a lead in the 1960s. Working in an area in which the English have always excelled – narrative graphics – he produced a whole lot of amusing prints (particularly a re-working of Hogarth's *The rake's progress*) that probably ensured his fame.

One of the things that comes out in the book is that Hockney is a 'romantic' figurative artist, his work being extremely biographical – 'these are my friends, this is where I travelled' et cetera. Of course, all figurative painting is to some degree biographical, but Hockney has pushed this further than virtually anyone else in this narrow sense. Not for Hockney the grand subject, pregnant with meaning! This has led critics to say that he was painting about a particular kind of life-style which I guess is meant to be derogatory. In 1977 it does not seem very derogatory for, after all, almost all figurative art could be said to be about particular kinds of life-style, anyway. The correct term for this is genre and probably David Hockney is largely a very fine kind of genre painter

Around 1964 Hockney became interested in the use of formal painterly devices to depict such transitory things as reflections on water and glass. Hockney's less well-known early works are distinctly Expressionist being largely an amalgam of the styles of Jean Dubuffet and Francis Bacon. Later he worked in a variety of styles in the same picture. After his rather grand essays in naturalism – for example the marvellous *Mr & Mrs Clark and Percy*, 1970-71, in the Tate Gallery, London – he has returned to his old mannerisms, combining styles or, if you like, 'ways of seeing' – and not altogether successfully.

To other figurative painters, David Hockney is important because he was one of the artists (amongst others: Patrick Caulfield and Ron Kitaj) who indicated a direction away from the siren rocks of American Photo-Realism. One of the most interesting sections in the book is entitled 'The traps of Naturalism'. In the past, Hockney tended either to parody or to react against whatever Mainstream style was around (he has some pretty damaging things to say about U.S. Minimalist Abstraction, for example). However, Hockney seems to have wavered before the onslaught of fashionable Photo-Realism and retreated to working in his earlier manner. To me this is rather sad as I would have thought that anyone can recognize Photo-Realism as simply abstraction in lamb's clothing, an abstract kind of verisimilitude (titles like 'Illusion and Reality' do not help much – basically it is neither), a rather limp-handed art form that tells us what a society looks like without telling us anything much about it. After every American street and parking-meter and every American face has been painted bill-board size who, in the long run, apart from historians, will give a damn?

Altogether it is a very pretty book to look at. It has many good features, the most notable being the way in which the illustrations (414 of them) fit the text both in period and content. The text reads as an autobiography, a stream of consciousness. This in itself is a trap for it often seems as if the painter is reviewing his own life. Chapters have been abolished altogether and less intrusive marginal headings have been adopted to refer to particular events and ideas. These tend to take the book into the coffee-table category and some of them are irritatingly breathless – page 285 has 'A new beginning' and the following has 'A film without a star'.

Hockney dwells overlong on his childhood and also the break-up with his lover, Peter Schlesinger. Personally, I have never read any account of an artist's childhood which interested me much and the *durm und strang* of a love affair is much more fascinating to the participants. Maybe this is too personal a view – I remember being told at art school that John Constable's skies became darker after his wife's death, a fact apparently heavy with meaning (maybe there were more grey days that year?). Hockney spares us that, fortunately, but the whole thing reads a bit like Miss Lonelyhearts.

After the obsessive confessional tone of all this, Hockney lapses into profound silence over the more technical and aesthetic aspects of his art. I found this very unsatisfactory as it left so many questions unanswered. The silence of the grave surrounds his influences (I have mentioned two, Geldzahler mentions some others, but why not have it from the artist himself?). Did Balthus influence his investigations of light? What is the relationship between Hockney's work and that of Norman Stevens, a fellow student at Bradford and later at the Royal College of Art? Patrick Proctor, Hockney's close associate, who shares similar stylistic interests and subject-matter, is talked about although only socially. Did Richard Diebenkorn's light and colour influence the California paintings? What art of the past interests Hockney? It is hard to imagine that Hockney has amnesia but he may as well have for the amount of information we get about his influences. This is odd, particularly because Hockney is very deft at assimilating and digesting his influences – so why the secrecy? Hockney talks about his portraits in a very matter-of-fact way; we still do not know why he selected his subjects (with the exception of a lengthy discussion about his portrait of David Webster, which is not typical anyway and furthermore is his only commissioned portrait). This is a pity because Hockney has (with Bacon) revitalized the whole convention of portraiture. His portraits are usually double and invoke a relationship between the sitters themselves and the space (place) they occupy. Anything more different from the 'official portrait' would be hard to imagine – they don't even have a familial resemblance to the gilt-framed mud that hangs in Kings Hall, Canberra. What is the relationship between Hockney's sensitive paintings of people's lives and his bland and often boring lithographic portraits? One wonders if in the future it will be for his portraits that Hockney will be remembered. After all, there is an enormous number of them if you include drawings as well.

This evasiveness in the art part of the book seriously mars it as an art book although the eschewing of technical information probably does add to its general readability. It is sure to be a hit with the *Vogue* crowd; rather less than an artist as serious as Hockney deserves.

All the time I was reading *David Hockney by David Hockney* I kept thinking of Andy Warhol, that master of Ad-Mass Evasiveness: telling you more is telling you less.

I said at the beginning that *David Hockney by David Hockney* is an ambivalent book. In the same way I am somewhat ambivalent about it. For me it left far too many questions unanswered. On the other hand, for an art book it is pretty daring. Anything daring I like.

Alan Oldfield

Anthony Caro by William Rubin (Thames and Hudson, London, 1975, ISBN 0 5000 9103 X, $19.50).

It is hard to believe that *Midday*, the famous sculpture that appears on the cover of the first book to be published on Anthony Caro (and the first sculpture of his that I saw), is only seventeen years old. It has become so much a part of my thinking, and so many sculptors now take it for granted, that it is hard to imagine a time when it did not exist – yet from my experience a great many people do not see this as a sculpture at all, others will accept anything as sculpture but the significance escapes them and some are moved by such works but do not know how to express their liking. It is for them particularly that this book will be useful – because it shows Caro's work from the beginning through to 1974. It also provides the necessary information about his life as well as an introduction to the ways in which Caro himself talked out his ideas. In addition William Rubin has built his ideas around the earlier critical appreciation of Michael Fried and Clement Greenberg quoting generously (not just giving short cryptic comments) and then expanding and linking the ideas together in what to me are very helpful explanations and descriptions.

At the beginning he says it takes only one great artist to keep a tradition alive. By the end of Rubin's monograph, the reader will have a very good idea that Anthony Caro not only 'kept alive' a tradition of constructed sculpture 'started by Picasso and virtually reinvented by David Smith' but that he greatly expanded the tradition and has opened up new worlds of sculpture for us to explore.

Most of the works that are shown here cannot be seen in Australia. It is therefore hard for people to develop associations and appreciations that accompany masterpieces of older traditions.

I was fortunate enough to be in England from 1960-68 and have been able to live with the works and familiarize myself with them. I hope this book will give many people the opportunity to appreciate the quality of Anthony Caro's sculpture and I hope they will see that some of these sculptures are masterpieces of our time.

The illustrations are very clear. Some of the best works are full-page colour illustrations and they generally appear with such a background that you can estimate the size and how much space goes with them.

Nothing is a substitute for the presence of the sculpture but the photographs in this book are most helpful. The black-and-white photographs are for the most part full page also and it is not difficult to use one's imagination to work out the appearance of the original works either as coloured or metallic. Many of Caro's later sculptures are left the natural colour of steel.

This book provides the visual and verbal information for appreciation and it does not need my short introduction to estimate the importance of the work of Anthony Caro or of his many friends and associates – some of whom are mentioned in the book. The influence of Caro is so fresh and has made such an impact that even those who have not come to terms with his approach ought to be informed about it.

If I have any criticism to make of the book it is of the singular theory that Rubin applies to all the periods of Caro's work. He notes, in his descriptions, differences of approach in different periods of work from 'linear components multiplied and juxtaposed' to 'lateral occupation of space' and his latest works, which 'consider again the possibility of illusion'. It needs more than the comment that Caro 'refused to be locked into a style' to account for the latest developments, which seem to need as full an explanation in their own right as the early works. Apart from that, this book provides an indispensable beginning to the appreciation of Caro. The travelling exhibition of Caro's 'table sculptures' arranged by the British Council and the Australian Gallery Directors Council will enable us to see some of his more recent pieces in Australia during 1978.

To those of us who already know some of Caro's work the book will give a renewal of excitement and to those who have not seen his work it will be as good a presentation as a book can give of three-dimensional works of sculpture.

I should like to conclude by noting my own pleasure in seeing so many works so well photographed and in reading such clear descriptions and accounts of Caro's work, not only because I enjoy his sculpture, but because of the debt I and other students owe him for helping us to free ourselves from preconceptions about how sculpture is done and opening the way for us all to new objectives.

Ron Robertson-Swann

Goya and the Impossible Revolution by Gwyn A. Williams (Allen Lane, London, 1976, ISBN 0 7139 0905 6).

When I was sixteen I bought my first art book in a Communist bookshop; the book was about Goya. The more I saw of Goya's work, the harder it became to like his politics. Those Court paintings were an affront to Republicanism, though this censorious attitude was softened by the suggestion that Goya had painted the Spanish Royal Family to look like idiots, or a butcher's family who had just won the lottery. On top of that disenchantment came the recognition that his war paintings were done from the English side and against the liberalizing power of Napoleon's armies. So why was Goya boosted in Commo bookshops? More puzzling still was why his work appealed to me after it had lost its rosy glow.

Williams's book answers these questions, and others, by placing Goya in the experience of Spanish liberalism. In his choice of title, *Goya and the Impossible Revolution*, Williams has reduced his argument to one phrase: the necessity but impossibility of a Spanish revolution. Ruled by one of the most enlightened despots, Spain was torn between its own 'black' past of the Inquisition, and some imported liberalizing ideas that lacked material support from landless peasants or a rising *bourgeoisie.* Goya moved from being a Court painter in the 1780s to becoming an exiled extremist in the 1820s. In the process, as Williams puts it, 'Goya made no breakthrough, achieved no transcendence. He is irredeemably pessimistic.'

In a vital sense this conclusion contradicts the evidence that Williams has assembled. The transcendence is limited, but the breakthrough is more thorough. Goya turned to the people for the focus for his art. They are the active agents in history while the other classes stand on one side as spectators. He paints them as real people, not puppets, by combining their individuality with their group strength. To understand his later works it is necessary to read Goya's public message in the pen marks out of which he constructs the face of a crowd.

Goya still speaks to us because, while the horrors of war have become our century's commonplaces, the people are more than ever at the centre of events; the Spanish Civil War from 1936 to 1939 provides a local reminder of this link. In this sense, the arrogant, ignorant youth and the Communist bookseller were not essentially wrong to admire Goya.

Williams rightly notes that 'In subjective terms, the comprehension of Goya the human being is no longer possible; the evidence is insufficient'. We do not know the exact nature of the illness in 1792 after which his life and work changed so dramatically. Apart from a few character traits such as his concern with money and his coldness, what we do know of Goya is from the public record of his work. This absence of information means that Williams has to take sides in a number of very technical arguments about the dates of drawings, but he never allows these to impede the flow of his text. His prose bears the mark of a related difficulty: how to suggest links between the private and public worlds of an artist when crucial details are either unknown, or in dispute? Williams's solution is to follow John Berger's use of a fractured prose style, which simultaneously proclaims and qualifies the author's views.

There is a very good index, a list of the ninety-eight black-and-white illustrations and an annotated bibliography.

Humphrey McQueen

Modern Art and the Object by Ellen H. Johnson (Thames and Hudson, London, 1976, ISBN 0 5002 3230 X, $28.50).

These essays might, at first consideration, seem too disparate to cohere as an organic whole, but Ellen Johnson is not a superficial writer, and her writing has many of the old-fashioned virtues: a uniform quality of mind pervades, marked by sensitivity, lucidity and balanced judgement. Many of these twenty-odd essays written since the mid-1950s – a number of them published previously in art journals, especially the bulletin of the Allen Memorial Art Museum of which Ellen Johnson is now honorary curator in Oberlin, Ohio – have as their unifying theme the artist's changing relationship to the object. The art of our own time has been complicated by a change in meaning and intention that is probably without parallel, and reflects a change in the very *order of things.* It is just this dramatic change in the order of things, their interconnections and their repercussions, that is encompassed by these essays. From Cézanne to Conceptual Art, art history has been, in a sense, the effort to overcome the referential aspect of art.

Object: Ellen Johnson shows that the thoughts suggested by this word are perfectly irregular and entirely independent. In scouting out the immense and often forbidding territory of contemporary art, she navigates a course from art which makes reference to other objects (Cézanne, O'Keeffe), to art built directly of other objects (Rauschenberg, Cornell), to art which exists in its own right and refers to nothing but itself (Judd, LeWitt). At a time when art may be *anything*, Ellen Johnson manifests no intolerance, no animosity, no disaffection – only a formidable eagerness to extend the frontiers of our understanding beyond our habitual horizons. Without ever being vehement or boorish, she enacts in her criticism a living relation to the daily conduct of art – no small accomplishment at a time when the integrity of the relations between artist and critic, and between critic and public, have all but broken down. In her special sensitivity to the radical social and intellectual innovations of the twentieth century, Ellen Johnson achieves what Harold Rosenberg has described as the true function of the modern critic: to be the intellectual collaborator of the artist. She seeks values through particular instances and not through rules formulated in advance, which means putting her efforts into interpreting the motives of artists rather than trying to keep art in line. The seductiveness of her book lies in its non-absolutist approach, the freedom with which it accepts that artistic constructs are heterogeneous and transient, and the ease with which it acknowledges the relativity of intellectual life. Ellen Johnson never adopts that dogmatic form of conviction which so often restricts the critic's vision. She wishes only to be succinct and correct – an undertaking more rare and more difficult than we might like to admit. The spirit which informs these essays – simple truthfulness, lucidity, compassion – is particularly refreshing at a moment when so much criticism is engaged in technical gamesmanship.

The best and most important essay is the long introductory article written especially for the book. It develops the book's theme, while cobbling together what is virtually a condensed history of modernism, from the vantage point of what constitutes reality for the artist. It is not, she argues, so much a question of what the object is, as where it is to be found: 'outside' in the landscape, or 'inside' the artist's head, or in something which has no particular relationship to physical reality at all – as in a philosophical proposition where the 'object' has become language or pure information. As André Breton once wrote, 'Reality is in the fingers of that woman who used to blow a dandelion on the first page of certain dictionaries'.

It must be said that in her more rhapsodizing moments, Ellen Johnson does occasionally sin in the direction of mellifluous but vacuously graceful formulations which are lacking in bite. At such moments it seems that she has failed to resolve the question of her audience. Is she writing for insiders or for non-specialist readers? But then, she will suddenly and unexpectedly capture the immediate sensuous impact of a work: an early Poons of grey and ochre ellipses on a magenta ground has 'the insistent flavour of a foxy champagne'; or the specific gravity of a particular artist: 'to walk along East Third Street is to walk with Oldenburg – it is somewhat like the sensation when driving around Aix and l'Estaque of driving through a Cézanne canvas'. Happily, in this, the year of her well-earned retirement, Ellen Johnson enjoys an assured reputation which inspires no little awe and great respect.

Suzi Gablik

Edward Hopper by Lloyd Goodrich (Abrams, New York, 1977, ISBN 0 8109 1061 6, $24.50 h.b. $10.95 p.b.).

Edward Hopper, though one of America's best-known painters, is one of its least understood, and Lloyd Goodrich's book, *Edward Hopper*, though amiable, even at times adoring, does not help matters. The text is marred with banalities ('Hopper's art was based on a deep emotional attachment to his native environment.'), pointless observations ('She is painted with complete honesty, but also with devoted attention to her solid physical existence, her statuesque roundness.') and poor writing ('It is a concept of stark simplicity . . . giving a feeling of inevitability, as if it could not have been done otherwise.'). The reader is advised to look at the pictures, despite the inevitable distortions of colour, and to forget the text.

Edward Hopper, in writing the following words about Charles Burchfield, another American Realist of his generation, might just as well have been writing about himself. 'The blank concrete walls and steel constructions of modern industry, midsummer streets with the acid green of close-cut lawns, the dusty Fords and gilded movies – all the sweltering, tawdry life of the American small town, and behind all, the sad desolation of our suburban landscape. He derives daily stimulation from these, that others flee from or pass with indifference.' Hopper is the painter of American life at its most hopeless and provincial. He is the great preserver of the ordinary and the seedy, the passing and the lost. In his work, buildings, people and natural objects take on an emblematic or pictorial unity. The formal properties of offices, hotel rooms and bleak tenement interiors reinforce the isolation of his people, who seem always about to enter a meaningless future – meaningless because so thoroughly anticipated in the sterility of the present.

The remarkable number of roads, highways, and railroad tracks in his paintings speak for Hopper's fascination with passage. Often, while looking at his work, we are made to feel like transients, momentary visitors to a scene that will endure without us and that suffers our presence with aggressive reticence. This is surely the case with his famous painting, *The house by the railroad tracks*, 1925.

Separated from the house by tracks, we feel separated by change, by progress, by motion, and ultimately by the conditions our own mortality imposes. The house glares at us from what seems an enormous distance. It appears so withdrawn, in fact, that it stands as an emblem of refusal, a monument to the idea of enclosure. Hopper's famous statement of his aims – 'What I wanted to do was paint sunlight on the side of a house' – seems misleading in its simplicity, for the sunlight in his paintings illuminates the secretive without penetrating it. The result is that we feel separated from something essential and, as a consequence, our lives strike us, at least momentarily, as frivolous. When we look at his paintings we are made to feel, more than we care to, like time's creatures. Each of us would have to cross the tracks to inhabit that Victorian mansion with its coffin-like finality. Across the tracks is Hopper's forbidden land, where the present is lived eternally, where the moment is without moment, where it is always just after and just before – in this case, just after the train has passed, just before the train will arrive.

Hopper's use of light is almost always descriptive of time. In many of his paintings, duration is given a substantial and heroic geometry. In *Rooms by the sea*, for example,

an enormous trapezoid of light fills a room, denying the moment its temporality. Hopper's ability to use space as a metaphor for time is extraordinary. The ratio between stillness and emptiness is demonstrated so that we are able to experience the emptiness of moments, hours, even a lifetime.

His paintings frequently take place at dawn or in the late afternoon in a twilight of few or no people. Again, the focus is the transitional. The times that combine elements of night and day paradoxically give the world greater solidity than it has when it is fully illuminated. Night and day in their more local manifestations as shadow and light are so arranged that they dramatize and give extra significance to buildings or parts of buildings we would otherwise take for granted. Such significance is heightened in those paintings where a house, say, stands next to trees or woods. Hopper's trees are strangely opaque; we never enter the woods in his work, nor does light. Their mystery is preserved, acting as an ominous reminder of how fragile is our world of measured verticals and horizontals.

Though Hopper has been called a Realist, there is something uncanny in his work that sets him apart. There is an oddness, a disturbing quiet, a sense of being in a room with a man who insists on being with us, but always with his back turned.

Mark Strand

Progress in Art by Suzi Gablik (Thames and Hudson, London, 1976, ISBN 0 5000 2322 0, $25.50).

This book at least raises questions about the nature of change in art. Most artists, critics and historians simply do not. They remain buried in the particular empirical business at hand, referring the 'larger questions' to idle metaphysic dredged, in boredom, from the bottom of a glass or coffee cup.

Such relentless normality exactly reflects the social function of art in a bourgeois society: to provide expensive culture-markers for the rich and powerful, to set standards of desirable 'culture' for the rest of us, standards decked out with 'transcendent' content. None of this can bear much examination, so it isn't.

Ms Gablik, also, fails to examine any of the implications of art's social function. Rather, she reports on a wide – and fashionable – reading in bourgeois psychology, aesthetics, linguistics, philosophy of science and cultural history, and on lesser reading in structuralism and semiotics. That is to say, she has been reading Piaget, Wollheim, Chomsky, Kuhn, Popper and Gombrich, and (somewhat less) Lévi-Strauss and Barthes.

Her fashionability stops short of any reference at all to the dominant current in French intellectual life (otherwise so impressive to her): the work of Lefevbre, Althusser and Lacan, and their followers such as Machery and Kristeva – to list only those with something significant to say about art. Marxism she finds 'tempestuous' (oh, dear!), and relegates her rejection of it to a footnote to Karl Popper's *The Poverty of Historicism* – a book, in turn, rejected by its author.

Ms Gablik raises questions about the nature of change in art because she believes that she has an answer to them. Its underlying logic is quite simple:

1. The research of the Swiss psychologist, Jean Piaget, shows that the cognitive capacities of children grow in successive, accumulating stages towards increased operational complexity.
2. Piaget says that human thought itself has grown in similar stages.
3. Art is obviously a product of human thinking and has a history.
4. Therefore art has developed in ways parallel to those which Piaget outlines for the development of human thought in general and each person's cognitive competence in particular.

Syllogisms collapse if any of their premisses are wrong or undemonstrable. This is the case for the second premiss above. Piaget has been attacked by those who have quite other epistemologies to offer, and by those invoking more general rules of thumb, such as: the whole of human history or evolution is not reproduced in the life of every individual; or: generalizations of this cosmic kind are unknowable and are, therefore, undemontrable.

Syllogisms do not collapse but are empty if any of their terms can be replaced. Premiss two above could be replaced with *anybody's* theory of the development of human thought and, coupled with premiss three, produce a conclusion that art developed parallel to *that* theory. Take your pick.

In the second part of the book Ms Gablik applies Piaget's findings about the stages in children's cognitive development to the history of art. Students of the history of art history will recognize the ghost of Vasari's organicism – except that maturity is now and decay is ruled out. There are three stages of development from the concrete and simple to the abstract and complex.

The *enactive mode* is seen in ancient and medieval art. It corresponds to Piaget's pre-operational stage of cognitive development (static imagery, subjectively organized space, topological relations between things). The *iconic mode* emerged, she says, in the Renaissance. It corresponds to the concrete-operational stage (implied movement in space organized into a co-ordinated system, but seen only from the still view-point of a single observer). Thirdly, the *symbolic mode* is that of the Modern period, from late Impressionism until now. It corresponds to the formal-operational stage, 'at which hypothetical-deductive, logico-mathematical and propositional systems emerge, constructed and manipulated as independent relational entities without reference to empirical reality' (page 43). This development amounts to a 'directional evolution', in which each stage is created by individual thought, each building on the previous one.

This model allows Ms Gablik, in the third part of the book, to attack the Popperian empiricism of perhaps the most influential living art historian, Ernst Gombrich. His approach – that artists draw on the common stock of visual images to produce a schema which they correct by matching it against observed reality – does fail, as Gablik says, to account for everything about figurative art and is utterly inadequate for most modern art. Her approach on the other hand, incorporates every art style up to and including Conceptual Art.

Indeed, it is Conceptual art which probably necessitated her project. If it is not to be regarded as an abberation or the end of art or a new art altogether, it presumably needs to be incorporated into the continuing traditions somehow. If it cannot be, artists feel lost, critics and historians worry about job security, and dealers lose money.

These problems arise because Ms Gablik, typically, treats the history of art as the history of changing styles in high art. For someone so concerned to establish the genetic basis of artmaking, this conventional treatment is sadly unthought. Similarly, she uses Thomas Kuhn's theory of paradigm change in science to expose how poorly Gombrich treats change in art, but seems unaware that Kuhn was inspired by Gombrich (see *Journal of Comparative History and Society*, 1969). Kuhn uses the notion of paradigm in over twenty different ways, Gablik in at least two: the 'megaperiods' ancient/medieval, renaissance and modern, and for each style/period. She accepts high art as defined by the art historians she opposes on other grounds. Surely, *all* human imaging, *all* projections of content through a medium, *all* creative expression should be the study of someone concerned to show the relevance of genetic epistemology.

Ms Gablik's attack on Gombrich and Popper is an obvious adjustment of bourgeois theory, long overdue. But while she criticizes much of Popper, she does, as we have seen, swallow his silly *The Poverty of Historicism* in order to save herself addressing questions about the nature of art raised by socialist theory. She knows that these questions are pressing, but is quite incapable of dealing with them. Thus she says: 'There is an *internal* development, which has to do with the emergence of cognitive structures according to a "prefigured" pattern of development; the development of these structures, however,

depends on *external* factors – the cultural and social conditions – to actualize the possibility of their being formed'. But not one word is devoted to the examination of these 'cultural and social conditions' in the whole book.
Her internal/external division is typical of bourgeois ideology. It amounts to placing 'the individual' on one side and 'society' on the other, with the former the repository of freedom and creativity while the latter is the source of control and determination of the individual. It is, indeed, this contradiction which *creates* the problems which Ms Gablik sets out to address. The ideological blindness associated with them makes the problems appear to be universal ones. Socialist theory argues that individual consciousness and social being are mutually inter-determining: it is in this way that men and women *make* history. This is the basis for resolving contradictions; it is the beginnings of a way to *solve* the problems which preoccupy Ms Gablik.

Terry Smith

De Kooning by Harold Rosenberg (Abrams, New York, 1976, ISBN 0 8109 0123 4, $63.00). This volume is considered the richest and most comprehensive visual documentation to date of de Kooning's achievement.
What I find important in the book is a clarity of presentation – one painting to a page, except when six stages of a painting's life are shown; reproductions are then smaller, so that one can follow the process of evolution in *Woman 1* more easily. Colour reproduction is of good quality and the actual shape is easy to handle.
Looking at the book as a still life, the dust-jacket seems aggressive. That name will leap from the bookcase. DE KOONING. Well, this painter deserves his inch-high letters.
Something new for us is to find, in a volume of importance, paintings that are now in an Australian collection: the gutsy collage *July 4th*, 1957, and *Two women in landscape, 11*, 1968. We should note, too, that Plate 116, *Woman V*, 1952-53, is no longer in the Chicago collection mentioned, but is now one of the major acquisitions of the Australian National Gallery.
Incidents of a painter's living do change the art. We learn in the Chronology that de Kooning emigrated (as a stowaway aboard a ship) to America, that he was a close friend of Archile Gorky, that in 1942 he exhibited paintings at McMillan Gallery, New York, with John Graham, Stuart Davis, Jackson Pollock and Lee Krasner. We learn also when he chose to live near the ocean, and the circumstance that brought about the first sculptures.
A useful bibliography is included, and in photographs we see the artist in his Long Island studio amongst the Spackle packets, egg boxes, splattered tins and sheets of painted newsprint.
Thomas Hess has written that the violence of expression of Nolde or Soutine or Jorn or Bacon is usually one of tear-stained regret or wet-eyed horror at the situation that confronts them in the world. De Kooning looks in, seeking what he is stuck with, his own light. His light, bouncing-off figures, their flesh rippling. His landscape light flooding the environmental elements, trees, hills, ocean and sky. And, of course, through the pages, the Women smile archaic smiles as they sit, or wade, or dig for clams.
This is an art book in which the proportion of text to plates is refreshingly concise. First an articulate and very understanding essay by Harold Rosenberg, then a recent interview between Rosenberg and de Kooning, and statements by the artist, 'What Abstract Art means to me', and excerpts from an interview with David Sylvester (BBC) 'Content is a Glimpse' (these two printed on grey paper for instant reference).
De Kooning's observations in the interview reveal most personal attitudes in regard to his own work and his ideas about other periods. On the Cubist painters: 'They made a superstructure, and for young people – I'm not being derogatory – for young people that was marvellous. It is unbelievable to think that men in 1910 or 1911 could do such fantastic things, yet I don't think theirs was a particularly great "idea". It resulted in marvellous pictures because it was in the hands of fine artists. It depends on who was doing it. As a matter of fact, Cubism has a very Romantic look, much more than Cézanne has. Cézanne said that every brush-stroke has its own perspective. He didn't mean it in the same sense of Renaissance perspective, but that every brush-stroke has its own point of view.'
Fold-out plates showing the actual scale of de Kooning's brush-strokes and indicating lush thickness of paint are a feature of this book – brush-strokes that have their own point of view.
For those who are not familiar with the actual canvases these fold-out details will be a revelation, because they can be compared with the full picture on the next page. (When 120 cm is reduced to 20 cm a lot of tidying up takes place.) We see why he felt closer to Cézanne, insisting that he had never made a Cubist painting.
'His medium is an emulsion of safflower oil, benzine and water. When properly mixed, the fluid is thick and foamy; when the water dries out, it is apt to leave areas of tiny bubble holes in the dried paint – it looks a bit like fine volcanic rock. De Kooning does not mind this side effect.'
Drawing has always been a part of de Kooning's artistic process. Charcoal figures were torn or cut to pieces, reassembled, sometimes ending under layers of pigment in an encrusted painting.
He has practised drawing the figure with both hands, with his left hand, with two or more pencils simultaneously or while watching television.
There are sufficient drawings in this volume to underline the major graphic achievement of the artist. From a *Reclining nude*, 1938, and an earlier pencil composition of 1937, the intimate relationship of his drawings to his oils is traced through to the stunning thick-lined lithographs of 1970.
The last pages in this volume show the rugged, bronze figures created late in his career that came as one of the most surprising developments in modern sculpture. When most major sculptors were producing entirely abstract works, de Kooning pounded and moulded clay into works that have more affinity with Rodin. I first saw one of these magnificent roughly gouged figures in a New York apartment and the intimate scale of a living-room heightened the Neanderthal presence of this intense but humorous black bronze.
We have it all between two covers: de Kooning riding his bicycle beside the sea; what he thinks; what people think about him; the paintings, drawing and the sculpture. This is a book worth owning as a reminder of the optimism that glows from Willem de Kooning's works. De Kooning observed, 'I get freer, I feel that I am getting more to myself in the sense of having all my forces. I think whatever you have you can do wonders with it, if you accept it . . . I am more convinced about picking up the paint than the brush.'

Michael Taylor

The Notebooks of Edgar Degas by Theodore Reff (Oxford University Press, London, 1976, ISBN 0 19 817333 4, $108, 2 volumes).
The mounting excitement of discovery on first going through these volumes quickly turned to annoyance. Here was another artist who could have been of great help. I had always been forced to come to terms with Degas on no real information; in ignorance I had to classify, forget about him, to move on. So these two volumes brought back student feelings of hopelessness, trying to relate to artists, trying to understand art and yet sensing that there was just not enough information to form any real basis for understanding. Books around at that time mainly just described what you could see. With Degas, there seemed to be negative aspects that the books tried to be positive about: his intellect, his limited subject-matter, his dislike for women, his 'key-hole' vision. In retrospect, there were clues, hints, as a real evaluation, but somehow there was an overall apologetic tone, with no real push on the deliberate intellectual encompassing basis of his art. Consequently, I had been led to see him as lacking originality and so placed him as falling somewhere between Ingres and Bonnard.

What now? An artist working on many levels, motivated above all by ideas, an intellectual approach that can only be comprehended by understanding what is encompassed, attempted, and then can only be assessed by looking at the work in breadth.

These volumes do this through one of the most unselfconscious, hence most revealing, areas of an artist's work – his personal notebooks. Here we have 1200 reproductions of the main drawn pages from thirty-eight notebooks (never before published in the world) covering a period of over thirty years. As well, there is a complete catalogue listing and describing, cross-referencing the contents, page by page, of each notebook. In his fine introduction Reff condenses and deduces, making the drawings more accessible. He discusses the history, style, and the more unfamiliar aspects of each notebook – such as the extent of Degas's research, the development of themes, his projects and literary interests.

The catalogue, the result of some fourteen years work by Reff, on top of the enormous body of previous research by other Degas enthusiasts, is astounding in its thoroughness and even more astounding in its deductions. It identifies sources of copies, sketches and quotations, plots Degas's movements and influences through these sources and other written information (names, addresses et cetera) and even has led Reff to be able to work out the chronological order in which Degas used the pages (more accurately, I am sure, than Degas himself could remember). For me, at the moment, this catalogue is overwhelming, something to delve into at random, but for a scholar, it would be the core.

The major impact for an artist lies in the drawings – the sheer quantity and, through them, the persistent research of images, the search for simplicity without cleverness, and above all, Degas's revealing of ways of looking (forming). Degas comes out of this as an artist who deliberately limited himself to encompass more – an artist whose originality is in his concern not to be over-original. In other words, his originality is geared to *holding* ideas in his work, at the superficial expense of visual impact.

This is a long-term book – a support to keep you on the rails and off the wagon. A pretty good insight into what it takes, and means, to be an individual.

Peter Powditch

Cézanne Letters edited by John Rewald, translated by Marguerite Kay, (Bruno Cassirer, Oxford, distributed by Oxford University Press, ISBN 0 85181 061 6, $20.05).

Our view of van Gogh's paintings is heightened or hindered by a knowledge of his letters, as the *Journals* enhance Delacroix's art. Inevitably the two are concomitant. We nod knowingly at the turbulence, signs of struggle in a van Gogh. The letters have made his work more 'expressionistic', even lurid. Arguably, the letters have made the paintings better.

By contrast Cézanne's are formal, reluctant notes. As literature they verge on the plain. We do not popularly associate Cézanne with letters; and it is unlikely that we ever shall. This can be counted as a relief: the master's life might be spared further vulgarization. 'Certainly,' Cézanne wrote in 1896, the year of McCubbin's *On the wallaby track*, 'an artist wishes to raise himself intellectually as much as possible, but the man must remain obscure'.

Cézanne's letters were published in English in 1941 and several times reprinted. You come across these Cassirer editions with their black-and-white illustrations on the shelves of some of our older artists. The present edition, the fourth, newly translated, is definitive. It has 230 letters – thirty more than the original. Among those discovered, the most important group is the correspondence with Joachim Gasquet, once thought to be irretrievably lost. It has all been assembled with the precision and tact to be expected of John Rewald. Cézanne's biographer who currently is revising Venturi's catalogue. To fill in gaps he has included a number of rather smooth letters from Zola to Cézanne and others, and Cézanne's 1901 thank-you note to the painter Maurice Denis for his *Hommage a Cézanne* is followed, in this edition, by the revealing answer in which Denis spoke for the 'group of young people . . . who can rightly call themselves your pupils, as they owe to you everything that they know about painting'. Cézanne was then aged sixty-two. His 'pupils' would later include Matisse, Braque and Picasso; until, late in the 1950s, a despairing Barnett Newman in New York would see Cézanne's apples as 'cannonballs', as well he might.

Of natural interest to anyone caught by this astonishing artist are the clues, here and there in the letters, to Cézanne's character. Writing to Zola in his twenties, he is boisterous and optimistic, cracking elaborate poetic jokes. These are wonderful affectionate letters of youth. But Zola had already settled in Paris, and it is not long before he is correcting his friend's vaccilating behaviour, urging him to keep on painting, leave Aix for Paris as promised. 'Here is the latest tile which has fallen on my head', Cézanne complained. His rustic hesitations are like the transparent adjustments in his watercolours. By 1876 again rejected by the Salon he wrote to Pissarro: 'It is neither new nor astonishing'. The tone increasingly becomes then – telescoped by the chronology of the letters – more formal and dogged. Cézanne here reverts to an elaborate courtesy and a distance – provincial, solitary. One hint of his effort appears in a note to Pissarro again, discussing grey. Grey reigns in nature, but 'it is terrifyingly hard to catch' (a problem noted also by van Gogh). By 1897 Cézanne reminds his son he retires at eight to rise at five to paint.

The letters confirm the self portraits and the various biographies. Cézanne grew cranky, and suspicious. Cézanne was a strange – not so strange? – combination of timidity and stubbornness. It seems he found pleasure in nature and his work, rather than people. He turned away and into his work. Letters of 1872 from the deformed Emperaire (deformed, made noble in Cézanne's portrait) declared Cézanne to be the deformed one. 'Even if he offered me a kingdom I would not stay with him . . . otherwise I would not have escaped the fate of others. He has not got a single intelligent or close friend left. Zola, Solari and all the others are no longer mentioned. He is the strangest chap one can imagine.' The gentle Pissarro and Renoir (his letters are lost) expressed similar dismay/respect. In May of 1899 Cézanne corrected an Italian admirer who wanted to meet him: 'The fear of appearing inferior to what is expected of a person presumed to be at the height of every situation is no doubt the excuse for the necessity to live in seclusion'.

Perhaps more important are his general mood towards art and his reluctant comments on it. For example, we find Cézanne urging Zola to read Stendhal's *History of Italian Painting*. 'I am re-reading it', he declared, 'for the third time'. Stendhal of course argued that painting was a means of expressing feeling – a belief shared by Cézanne – and so his *History* has been long held in low regard by the academics. Whom are we to take more notice of? Surely Cézanne.

Similarly on Baudelaire. 'Astonishing' is Cézanne's verdict on 13 September 1906. 'He doesn't go wrong in the artists he admires.' The Baudelairean instinct, difficult as it is, of trying to match in words the music-sensations of a painting, is out of fashion (or too difficult), but understandably appealing to Cézanne then and perhaps a good many artists now. We may well shudder to imagine Cézanne's reaction to current formalist criticism. (Read the 'logical' yet inadequate analysis of Cézanne – or Cézanne's surfaces – by Clement Greenberg.) It is also interesting to find Cézanne re-reading Flaubert. The novelist and the painter were linked by Roger Fry for their parallel slow and solitary independence.

The celebrated dictum 'treat nature by means of the cylinder, the sphere, the cone' was

written to Emile Bernard early in 1904. By then declarations of modernism constantly resound through the letters: 'the edges of the objects flee towards a centre on our horizon'. 'Everything,' Cézanne several times wrote, 'especially in art, is theory developed'.
'Expressing our emotions' becomes a key regular phrase, as does the word 'sensations', which does not need translation.
What is always impressive here is his persistence and the humility of true greatness. Like Flaubert, he had no interest in speed. As late as 1904, aged sixty-five, he could write to his dealer Vollard, 'I have made some progress. Why so late and with such difficulty? Is art really a priesthood that demands the pure in heart who must belong to it entirely?' Again, and remarkably, a few weeks before his death: 'the realization of my sensations is always painful. I cannot attain the intensity that is unfolded before my senses.'
Can there be any artist – anywhere, especially here – who does not respect the example set by Cézanne?
Appropriately his last letter, dated 17 October 1906 – three days before his death – is an impatient blast to a colour merchant: 'It is now eight days since I asked you to send me ten burnt lakes No. 7 and I have had no reply. Whatever is the matter?
An answer and quick, please.
Accept, Monsieur, my distinguished greetings.'

Murray Bail

English Art 1714-1800 by Joseph Burke (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1976, ISBN 0 198 17209 5, $30).

In a resoundingly dismissive phrase Lord Clark once described the eighteenth century as 'that winter of the imagination'; a most odd comment indeed to make about the century which produced in William Blake the most uncompromising of all champions of the creative imagination. What one wants to say is that the eighteenth century did not freeze the imagination but began the long process of secularizing it – a process not even Blake himself could prevent – and made it less culture-bound. Though Lord Clark may have found this process chilly no one has exercised with greater confidence the kind of taste that delights in savouring the cultural products of all times and places. The gentle irony of it is (as Professor Burke demonstrates time and again in this excellent book) that it was the central achievement of the eighteenth century in England to redeem the human imagination from the priests of culture for human pleasure and human use. The story Burke has to tell is one in which tolerance, diversity, the recognition of aesthetic alternatives as legitimate ventures rather than heresies gradually, ever so gradually, break through and break down the Rule of Taste. 'Whenever you come to England', wrote Horace Walpole (Burke's most characteristic hero) to his friend Horace Mann, 'you will be pleased with the liberty of taste into which we are struck'. Burke concludes: 'In opposing the Liberty of Taste to the Rules of Taste he drew attention to one of the greatest achievements of the eighteenth century: the creation of a playground of the imagination'.

English Art 1714-1800 is the ninth volume of the Oxford History of English Art, planned and edited by the late T. S. R. Boase, the aim of the series was to 'set out chronologically the visual arts as part of the general history of England'. Boase sought to broaden the study of art in England from its preoccupation with connoisseurship into channels more deeply historical; so that the visual arts might be seen, as they had not previously been seen, as a manifestation of English life through the centuries.

The eighteenth-century volume was a particularly forbidding task to undertake. It was a time of radical transformation, of rapid commercial, industrial and imperial expansion and witnessed a peak in English achievement in the visual arts which has never been attained again. Furthermore much specialized research and publication has been addressed to the major and minor arts of Eighteenth Century England. There remained a pressing need however for a book that might bring this complex mass of material coherently and sensitively together, place the arts in a social context, assess individual achievement anew against the wider European background, clarify the lines of communication linking one art with another, and establish the all-important links between the high arts and the supportive crafts. And all this in the modest compass of one volume.

Professor Burke has accomplished this formidable task with an easeful distinction. The methodological and theoretical strength of the book is concealed beneath its unassuming and graceful surface. In this respect it is something of a model for its kind: a pleasure to read, being written in a style supple, clear and beautifully adapted to its purpose – the conveyance of much information about many arts and crafts without being boring, dogmatic, magisterial or pompous. Burke's irresistible good humour and sense of fair play, his nose for the ironic, the zany and absurd, brings him through with all his colours flying. Alexander Pope at work on his Twickenham Garden invites the comment 'Fortunately he now had the means to indulge a taste for that most expensive of eighteenth-century luxuries, the simplicity of the ancients'; Nollekens's bust of Charles James Fox, that the body was 'a baroque mansion in its own right,' and a summary of the rustic picturesque brings forth the pungent olfactory observation 'one can almost smell a farmyard by Moreland, something that never can be said of Gainsborough's pigs'. The art of art is to conceal art. Such comments are not indulged in for their own sake; they provide an oblique but revealing insight into the subject in hand. It is wit in the service not of journalism but history; yet though Burke's wit establishes the lively and pleasant surface of the book, the strength lies below, in the coherence of the structure. Beneath the engaging discussion of personal achievement and reputation – what Walpole said about Kent and what West said about the Apollo Belvedere – the author, efficiently and without any sense of fuss, sets up an intricate network of interconnections: a net that links the arts to social life, personalities to long-enduring and countervailing ideas, institutions to professional practice, high arts to lowly crafts. It was to be expected of course that the interaction between the classical and the anti-classical, between patrician and bourgeois, between the cult of Italy and the cult of the local lads, would be given prominence. But what gives a sense of excitement, novelty and illumination to Burke's treatment of these traditional concerns of the period is his determination to discuss them primarily from the standpoint of *categories*. One of the really important achievements of the book, it seems to me, is the author's demonstration that the historical study of an art form such as architecture or painting in terms of the categories which it evolves provides the historian with a level of discourse upon which the economic, moral, social and political effects which impose themselves upon art may be studied without the study deflecting itself into a social history illustrated by art. Because it would seem that within the emergence, development, maturation and disintegration of the categories that crystallize within art forms one may witness and study, empirically and with some degree of specificity, how it is that possibilities, expectations and constraints from beyond the realm of art enter that realm and take on aesthetic form; and from which arises in its time the aesthetic quality peculiar to the category.

Consider Burke's discussion of that supremely English and supremely eighteenth-century category of painting, the conversation-piece. A brief account of its origins in France and the Netherlands is provided. Vertue, its first expositor, is given his due. But the category's *raison d'être* – the non-aesthetic base from which it received its nourishment – is sought out and its implications followed through. 'The distinguishing feature', Burke writes, 'is the stress on the proprietary. The lady gives a tea-party in *her* parlour, the sea-captain a drinking-party in *his* cabin, the nobleman arranges a fishing-party in *his* park, the club of artists or musicians meet in *their* reserved room in the frequented tavern. In many cases the party is simply a family one, with chaplain, tutor or governess, and perhaps a close relation or intimate family friend. Familiarity

among the members of the group is essential, and if possible the place should be familiar as well, in a category that constitutes the supreme visual expression of the cult of informality and recreation among the upper classes in eighteenth-century England.'

Having isolated the proprietary as the (non-aesthetic) nucleus of the category, Burke is not content, as a moralist like John Berger might be, to allow the matter to rest there. It is rather the ways in which the proprietary is linked to familiarity, informality and recreation that becomes important; the proprietary becomes a key that may open many locks, a highroad post with signs pointing in several directions. Between property and propriety, between possession and decorum, between social reality and the aesthetic realm the silken network is spun so fine as to be virtually invisible. Burke's book helps to bring it into focus. He shows, for example, how for Hogarth the conversation piece acted as a bridge – an uneasy relationship between his own agressive, bourgeois nationalism and the patronage of the gentry and aristocracy, a stress that encouraged a new mutation of the category in his invention of the narrative satire.

Or consider the connection between the conversation-piece and the emergence of English landscape painting. In that much talked-about picture, Gainsborough's *Mr and Mrs Robert Andrews*, the young couple sit with 'a touch of artifice' in 'a pretty landskip of their own possessions'. The apt quotation reminds us that the conversation-piece, with its cult of informality, recreation *and* propriety is a pictorial analogue of the *jardin anglais* that leads, as Burke insists, to the *plein-air* vision of Constable and points even farther, one might add, towards that ecological imperative in which the whole world becomes a garden – though not necessarily a *jardin anglais*.

In another mutation of the category Burke shows how the conversation-piece becomes the mould from which the first paintings to celebrate the Industrial Revolution – Joseph Wright's *Experiment* and *Orrery* – are successfully struck.

The conversation-piece is but one of many categories Burke analyses in this way. Early in the book he looks at the influence of the Palladian country residence in England in terms of its sub-types, *casa di villa, villa suburbana, villa rustica*, in order to come to terms with the problem of architectural form and environmental context.

The book will become an invaluable handbook for the study of English eighteenth-century culture. The comprehensive, annotated footnotes and the note on recent research together provide a comprehensive guide for further reading. Students of English literature will find the book invaluable, for the links between literature and the arts are kept constantly in mind, an outstanding example being the discussion of Gray's *Elegy* and the great garden at Stowe. It will be of special value to students of Australian art and architecture, since a knowledge of the structure of English eighteenth-century art is an essential background to the origins of European art in this country. But its central achievement is in its method. Burke's suggestive use of the category as the unit within which the interaction of the aesthetic and social can be most profitably studied will repay closer study than I can possibly give it here.

Bernard Smith

The Australian Landscape and its Artists by Elwyn Lynn (Bay Books, Sydney, 1977, ISBN 0 85835 143 9, $24.95).

I first explored this large book entitled *The Australian Landscape and its Artists* after discovering it conspicuously displayed on a large coffee-table in North Queensland – an appropriate discovery of a panoramic publication in a house commanding panoramic views of this huge State of this vast continent. The very bigness of the book and the bigness of its subject seemed fitting in this setting, even if its appearance immediately after its release in culturally remote North Queensland may seem surprising.

The framable-sized colour reproductions spread to the edge of the glossy thick pages. Over 100 illustrations depict all the differing aspects of our vast landscape portrayed by our artists over the last 140 years, from John Glover's *Tasmanian natives bathing in the Nile*, to John Olsen's aquatic inhabitants of *Fogg Dam*. As well as these extremes in time there are also extremes of landscape subjects: vast plains, deserts, harbours, mountain peaks, floods, pastoral scenes, beaches, cityscapes, forests, swamps, scrub and outback. The illustrations include 'golden oldies' – favourites like Sir Arthur Streeton's *Still glides the stream* and *Lapstone Tunnel*, Sir Russell Drysdale's *Rabbiters*, Tom Roberts's *Bailed up*, W. C. Piguenit's *Flood on the Darling*, Louis Buvelot's *Between Tallarook and Yea*. These popular masterpieces are interspersed with reproduction of little-known works by well-known artists. It is these illustrations that make this coffee-table book more rewarding than other Australian art picture-books.

We see reproduced for the first time Frederick McCubbin's very early *Old stables*, which shows the influence of that very influential teacher George Folingsby, and also McCubbin's *View of Melbourne from the Yarra*, a late painting showing a breadth of handling inspired by Turner and the Impressionists. A delightful tiny Charles Conder entitled *Sandringham* depicts a peaceful beach scene sprinkled with decorative ladies and children. By contrast a dramatic exalted view of *Mount Koscuisko* by Eugen von Guerard presents the sublime alpine heights of Australia. There is also a very early pre-Art Nouveau painting by Sydney Long entitled *Feeding the chickens at Richmond*. This work clearly shows the influence of the realism of his master, Julian Ashton. In David Davies's *Templestowe* he evokes, with the use of delicate hues of grey, his magical suggestions of tremulous light. W. Blamire Young's similarly quiet *Winter's grey mantle* displays certain Asian derivations in its liquid, almost calligraphic blurs of bruised tones. Equally as subtle is an unusual early Godfrey Miller of *Warrandyte*, which shows the mystery of the dusk with the tonal reduction we associate with Max Meldrum. A seminally important Fred Williams, *The half round pond* depicts with darkly rich paint and glazes, a flattened design of forest stands and their reflection in a pond. Similar handling of space is found in Desiderius Orban's more abstract *Separation of waters*, which combines Turneresque sensations with the discipline of Cézanne-like grids. A more obvious use of the lessons of Cézanne and his followers is Rah Fizelle's urban constructive landscape of *Elizabeth Bay*. Less approachable is Michael Shannon's *Summer landscape, Melbourne*, a city of endless sprawling masonry – a formidable sloping panorama. There are many other welcome surprises in the choices of landscapes illustrated, although some of the inclusions of contemporary artists do seem a little odd. But this is a personal choice and no two people would ever agree on every artist and every painting to include in such a production.

I would personally have liked to see more of the fascinating but much neglected landscapes of early Colonial painters like Augustus Earle, Benjamin Duterrau, Joseph Lycett and John Skinner Prout. The gentle impressions of J. J. Hilder could also have been included. The exclusion of John Passmore's influential landscapes seems a little unfortunate and the almost unknown but stunningly original landscapes of Weaver Hawkins would have been an illuminating flash in the book. To bring the Australian landscape involvement up to the immediate present, the landscapes of Michael Taylor and Mike Brown or even some photographs of Conceptual landscapes would have been an exciting climax to the book.

The reproductions vary in quality, from extremely accurate in colour to appallingly inaccurate. There is nothing unusual about this unevenness of quality as it typifies a carelessness apparent in nearly all Australian art books. Publishers should display much more concern for colour accuracy and owners should refuse permission for reproductions unless colour accuracy can be guaranteed. Contracts should be signed to this effect. Another significant blemish in the book is the fact that John Glover's *Hobart town from the garden where I lived*, has been reproduced back to front. This is unforgivable. Also un-

fortunate is the actual enlarging of one of the paintings from its original size – the Conder *Sandringham*. One always assumes that book reproductions are smaller; juxtaposing an enlarged Conder with other illustrations considerably reduced is very misleading. However, it does not seem to matter with enlarging of details as in the case of the cover of this book, which enlarges the centre of Roberts's most exquisite and poetical pure landscape *Evening when the quiet east flushes faintly the sun's last look*. It is a very suitable choice of artist and painting and detail to adorn such a lavish pictorial survey.

The chronology of the book leaves much to be desired. The book claims to be arranged in time, 'in approximate chronological order'. To make certain comparative points, however, the book breaks chronology from time to time, so we see Sir William Dobell illustrated before Conrad Martens at the beginning of the book; Lawrence Daws and Robert Juniper near Piguenit; Charles Blackman in proximity with Roberts; Donald Friend with Blamire Young; Ray Crooke and Bryan Westwood near Streeton; Eric Smith close to Sir Hans Heysen; Brett Whiteley with Lloyd Rees; and, right at the end of the book, Julian Ashton between Williams and Olsen (?!). In some cases, but certainly not all, one can see the point that is trying to be made, but it makes the book difficult and irritating to follow. It would have been much better in such a picture-book to stick to chronology and emphasize the comparison of paintings in the text alone.

The quality of the texts in coffee-table books does not really seem to matter very much. People do not read them and certainly such books are usually not worth reading anyway. Picture-books on Australian artists are usually accompanied by superficial and platitudinous introductions full of inaccuracies and definitely of no use to scholarship. This is not the case with Elwyn Lynn's opening essay; it is penetrating and instructive. Mr Lynn has made ample use of up-to-date scholarship and interpretations. He has included illuminating and highly relevant quotations from the artists themselves. There are none of the usual clichés one is used to reading such as that artists from Europe were not able to paint gum-trees, or that the painterly images of the 'Antipodes' in Melbourne and the Abstract-Expressionists' landscape painting of Sydney in the late 1950s were opposite to one another. The introduction is short, but filled with lively and thought-provoking ideas. It is true that Elwyn Lynn's introductory text does presuppose a fairly wide knowledge of Australian art which is not always the case with picture-book consumers. His essays on individual artists are generally not as good as the introduction. Sometimes they are informative and at times give new insight into the artists and their particular paintings. At other times he has not made use of recent scholarship on certain artists and has fallen into some of the inaccurate platitudes we expect to find in other picture-books.

However, the book is handsome and useful and certainly worth acquiring – that is if you have a large enough coffee-table because its size will prohibit it from being left on the shelf.

Ron Radford

Contemporary Australian Printmakers by Franz Kempf (Lansdowne, Melbourne, 1976, ISBN 0 7018 0469 6, $25.00).

In the introduction to his book Franz Kempf explains that his aim is to give some idea of the variety of imagery and techniques that has characterized Australian printmaking in the last decade. To do this, he has selected the work of forty-one artists, each allotted two illustrations, together with a brief comment on their work (including comments from the artists themselves), some details about exhibitions, representation and published references. Lest his selection appear biased he calls on one of life's constant principles, its 'randomness' to support him. Though this may be true of life, it is unfortunate that the principle is also made to govern the organization of this book. There is no apparent order in the entries; they are arranged neither alphabetically, nor chronologically, nor according to technique. Neither is there any consistency of form for each entry. Reference to published material (the paucity of which he notes) is inconsistent and incomplete. In one case it is incorrect – the quotation included in the comment on Alberr Shomaly is not from the catalogue of his first one-man show but from the catalogue of the group exhibition, 'Three Printmakers – Baldessin, Maddock, Shomaly', National Gallery of Victoria, 1975. If articles from *Imprint*, the quarterly publication of the Print Council of Australia, are cited in some entries, why are they not cited in others?

This inconsistency is emphasized rather than alleviated by the presence of a bibliographical index of *Imprint* articles at the end of the second part of the book – an independently produced and quite separate Directory of Printmakers listing over 200 artists, edited by Lilian Wood of the Print Council of Australia, which has been joined to Franz Kempf's section. Had there been some consistency in both texts, the presence of a comprehensive directory, very useful indeed as a separate publication, would have been a helpful and natural cross-reference. In the circumstances the combination is complementary by default. It also serves to emphasize the selectiveness of his choice of artists.

The section devoted to artists is prefaced by a brief history of printmaking in Australia, a section defining the term 'original print', a glossary of terms commonly found inscribed on prints and finally a concise and clear chapter explaining, with the aid of illustrations, the techniques used in printmaking.

A historical résumé, a little over two pages in length, will inevitably be of the most general kind. However, enforced brevity has led to some unfortunate inaccuracies and false comparisons. For instance, in placing John Shirlow's work in its wider context Mr Kempf writes: 'While his etchings added little in technique or statement to the prints of Whistler or Meryon, they were produced in Australia, were concerned with local subject-matter, and were seen by the public' (p.8). A positive assessment of Shirlow is thus evaded and formative influences on his work are confused with shared subject-matter, no indicator of quality or achievement. Without some qualification, this must remain an inadequate account.

Later, in discussing prints done during the Depression years, Mr Kempf draws comparison with artists of the Brücke and Bauhaus, which leads him to dismiss most of the Australian work as 'lightweight'. That many of the relief prints of this period were decorative and illustrative rather than seriously dramatic and expressive suggests that, by itself, this is a negative comparison. A positive description of style has again been evaded and Mr Kempf ends lamely with the conclusion that these prints were 'neither retrogressive nor progressive'. He has tended to argue selectively basing his opinion on the sweeping generalization that the 'German prints certainly suggest that significant image-making is reflective of times either politically or economically disrupted' (p.8) – an inadequate statement since surely it may also be argued that politically or economically disrupted times might just as well have the opposite effect.

The variety of collated material, the artists' comments and the number of illustrations assure that the book does contain some useful information. However, as a source of reference it is cumbersome, confusing and difficult.

Irena Zdanowicz

Twelve Red Grids, (1973, $7) *Twelve Drawings*, (1974, $7) *Color Book*, (1975, $11) *1975-1976*, (1975-76, $7) *Red Diagonals*, (1976, $7) *Lines Dots*, (1976, $7) and *Lines Dots Number Two*, (1977, $7). All by Robert Jacks (all published by Printed Matter Inc., New York).

These seven little books by the Australian painter, Robert Jacks, are sure to perplex many people, even those with a more than passing interest in contemporary art. Why, you ask, has the artist gone to the trouble of hand-stamping various patterns onto pieces of paper, then stapled the sheets together and bound them with shiny, coloured tape? Your perplexity does not diminish when you become more familiar with the narrow range of their contents; the skin on your thumb dries and cracks as you turn the pages once more

in an abortive search for some clue. O poor thumb!

For about the last ten years or so, Jacks has painted in a Minimalist mode. The surface has been opaque and self-sufficient; every mark the painter has made has done nothing to subvert its physical nature. No images, no meaningful signs – just paint and geometrical divisions. Before it does anything else, a Minimalist work makes two declarations. One is *this*; the other is *here.*

You would think that a book is the last kind of 'object' to occasion a similar engagement; paint may be, in some cases, nothing but paint, yet ink on paper is an ideal means of communication. Between the covers of a book time and space fall away, and real worlds flower out of the corrupted paper.

Quite clearly, Robert Jacks's 'books' avoid such expectations. Look once more, say, at the third page of *1975-1976*, where a block of diagonal lines sits near the right-hand edge of the page. The registration is imperfect; in the centre of the block the lines are frayed and eroded tracks barely imprinting the page with their presence. And what do we make of this?

It may well be due to the superannuated methods by which the books were produced (poor thumb again!), but I'd like to think that Jacks has a more defined purpose in mind. It has to do with the manner in which we habitually look at things, whether they be works of art, grains of sand, or even inked lines. Because of the simplicity of each page and the slight variations between it and the next one, each book becomes an object lesson on the pleasures of observation. They do not quite manage to irradiate the imagination, yet they do help to keep your sense of sight eager and on its toes.

Gary Catalano

A.M. (Arts Melbourne and Art Almanac) quarterly magazine, (Ewing and George Paton Galleries, Melbourne, $7.00, $5 students).

Aspect: (Art and Literature) quarterly magazine (publisher, Sydney, $8.00).

Unostentatious and unpretentious in form if not always in content, these two relatively new, small magazines – *Aspect* has had seven and *A.M.* four issues – still bearing a slight nostalgic whiff of the underground press, do much to stimulate discussion of the visual arts, though their visibility is often far from evident. And, *pace* Marcel Duchamp, the absence of the visual and retinal does not imply the presence of the intellectual.

As discussion and the presentation of 'evidence' are principal concerns of both magazines, lamentations about the lack of reproductions – the cost naturally precludes colour – are wasted, though *A.M.* did have the entire Biennale of Sydney photographed with reproductions vastly superior to those in the Biennale catalogue. To do that, of course, is part of *A.M.'s* policy, which inclines to support such forms of art and to make brief forays against the Establishment, whereas *Aspect* acts as though an Establishment, as ideological myth or reality, did not exist. (That noted, one should hasten to add that *A.M.* tries to cover issues fairly extensively, one being a soliciting of opinions on what a gallery of contemporary Australian art should be – a range from the batty, banal and frivolous to the knowledgeable and inspired.)

Aspect, partly because it is not concerned with anti-Establishment shiboleths, and partly because its editor, Rudi Krausmann, experienced in German, Austrian and English literature and a poet himself, relishes the initial experience; hence poems, short stories, interviews, few commentaries and practically none of those dreary commentaries-upon-commentaries, necessary, no doubt, but more suited for the less topical journals.

Mr Krausmann, who does most of the interviews, promotes ideas rather than ideologies; as a result the interviewee emerges as sharp-minded and resolute without flailing about at shadowy 'enemies' that the lay reader cannot see at all. Mr Krausmann thinks he might be a successful interviewer, because he says he knows little about art; he certainly encourages accounts of the creative processes without the indecisive repetition of Dale Hickey interviewed by a commercial art dealer, Bruce Pollard, in *A.M.* Already his array of subjects includes Arthur Boyd, Charles Blackman, Magdalena Abakanowicz, Andrew Sibley, Brett Whiteley, Otto Nemitz, Mirka Mora, William Rose, Gunter Christmann, Marleen Creaser and Mike Parr; and to widen the scope of the relationship between interviewer and interviewee, he has included Friedrich Bach's questioning of Claes Oldenburg from *Das Kunstwerk.*

A.M. has interviewed eleven artists, sometimes using a panel of artists *and* a panel of questioners, but without the same relevatory skills, which television has, one hopes, taught us to expect. Thwarted expectations aside, it is clear that both magazines see virtues, indiscernible by other means, in allowing the artist to speak for him/herself, instead of encouraging critical pundits whose judgements are beyond debate or appeal. Of course, a lot depends on choosing artists who can enunciate their views articulately and incisively. The same could be said for critics and theorists, with Mr Krausmann's having Patrick McCaughey and Donald Brook write on single, clear issues. In fact, in *Aspect*, a body-artist, Mike Parr, was a much better interviewee than a polemicist when he objected to Professor McCaughey's view that certain 'art', body-art in particular, sought the 'sanction of art' to bring it to attentions that otherwise would have ignored it as sado-masochistic trivia.

Aspect at times modifies the interview by using an artist's notes – in particular John Olsen's on Lake Eyre and Brett Whiteley's on Lake Everywhere – but Mr Krausmann is suspicious of wilfulness and allows Olsen but one page. His attitude seems to have influenced some of his writers for the better: Gary Catalano, who writes for both magazines, is a trifle opaque in *A.M.*, and was so in his first contribution to *Aspect* (admittedly on a prickly subject, 'The Politics of Artists') but, since then, has become lighter, more fluent and more stimulating in *Aspect* pieces on Garry Shead's watercolours and Colin Lanceley, even to the almost unprecedented point of admitting to difficulties in being unmoved by what he admires in the case of the latter. Maybe, Mr Krausmann's attitudes are having a subtle and/or direct influence, but the same problem has long arisen in regard to magazines of a fairly uniform approach, like the *New Yorker*; all that one can say for certain is that writers who write for it like its style . . . which coincides somewhat with their own.

Maybe, again, a certain lack of cohesion, which can be refreshingly unpredictable, in *A.M.* is the result of its having a large and active editorial board most of whom are contributors, some, like Janine Burke, concerned with cool appraisal, others, like Ross Lansell, with polemics and others, like Frances McCarthy and Bernice Murphy, with reportage. Both the last reported the Sydney scene, an awkward task when each worked at the Art Gallery of New South Wales where the scene was most active at their times of writing.

The distinctions between reportage and criticism are not always clear in *A.M.*; one would prefer the criticism to sound more like criticism and, in a quarterly especially, be more searching in assessment and in tracing the position of the works in the general context of local art and the particular context of the artist's work, though Ann Galbally, all too briefly, does something like this in her 'Dale Hickey and the Cliché of Landscape Painting', but Ann Stephen in her piece on the Léger exhibition assembled by the Museum of Modern Art is more concerned with MOMA's 'curatorial negligence' than with Léger and his contribution as seen through this exhibition, limited as it may have been in selection and catalogue documentation. (MOMA, by the way, thought the Australian-produced catalogue quite lousy.)

In magazines such as *A.M.*, it is often the polemical pieces that haunt the memory and do so frequently to the detriment of less immediately talked-about statements. Gary Catalano's 'The Situation of Drawing' might be obscured by the smoke and noise produced by Ross Lansell's 'The Sale-Room as Oracle' in the same issue, where this warrior (he is asterisked as a free-lance writer) slashes dealers and Terry Ingram's *A Matter of Taste* with a weapon as savage as he wielded in

attacking Douglas Stewart's *Norman Lindsay: A Personal Memoir* under the title 'Almost Everything You Didn't Really Want To Know About Norman Lindsay'. (It really teems with brickbats in the form of savage italics and sarcastic asides in both square and curved brackets!).

There are calmer polemicists: Peter Tomory details what he considers the lack of a coherent policy at the Australian National Gallery, and Robin Wallace-Crabbe, in 'The Wanking of Australian Art', feels that the true 'internationalism' that Australian artists might observe has been restricted to North East American values, with consequent sad results and deplorable dependence. The tone is not polemical, for the most part, but the accumulative effect is, and one hopes that such views will provoke discussion in future issues.

The two magazines probably have slightly different readers, as do *ART and Australia*, *Meanjin* and *Quadrant*, but to be at all informed on some current issues each needs to be perused even if, at times, the result is as much annoyance as stimulation . . . . And, as for annoyance . . . well, perhaps I should not be writing this because I am on *Quadrant's* editorial board and Mr Krausmann did not mention that magazine in his list of interesting ones, and again, in two separate issues of the four already produced by *A.M.*, two correspondents who teach fine arts reckon I am paranoic. Anyone for psychiatry?

Elwyn Lynn

Victorian Panorama by Christopher Wood (Faber and Faber, London, 1976, ISBN 0 571 10780 X, $35.20).

Christopher Wood's book, *Victorian Panorama*, is the first to be devoted to one aspect of Victorian painting – scenes of contemporary life – since Graham Reynolds's *Painters of the Victorian Scene*, 1953. Reynolds presented a curator's thought-provoking essay on a movement ignored by art history. Wood, late of Christie's and now a dealer, has been exposed to the great amount of material becoming available for study. He has a desire to make known all the artists working in the period and is revising his *Dictionary of Victorian Artists*. His particular love is the period around mid-nineteenth century, exactly that which produced the greatest amount and variety of everyday-life paintings. Redgrave who, in the 1840s, pioneered Social Realist paintings of the middle classes, is one of his favourites. Redgrave's painting *The emigrants last sight of home* was the major work in an exhibition Wood arranged at his Alexander Gallery to launch the book. Happily it was purchased by the Tate Gallery. Another artist central to his interests is William P. Frith, and the title *Victorian Panorama* conjures up Frith, and *Derby Day*, which incidentally toured Australia after being exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858.

The book comes at the beginning of a serious academic movement to study the Victorian period. London is a centre of world art history, and Victorian art has not yet received the recognition it deserves as essential to an understanding of London. The aristocratic art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is preferred. Bourgeois art has been ignored. The paintings themselves are often unavailable for viewing, hidden in the Tate Gallery's storage, in the Queen's collections, and in provincial museums.

Wood has searched out works from all over Great Britain in public and private collections. His proud opening sentence is 'I think I can confidently assert that this book includes all the best "modern life" paintings produced in the Victorian period'. When I met him at his Alexander Gallery shortly after the exhibition 'Victorian Social Conscience' at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, he told me that, had he known in time, he would have included at least two works from Australasian collections. *The widower* by Sir Luke Fildes was already included as was Sir John Millais's *The rescue.* Added would have been Frank Holl's *Home again* and Frank Bramley's *For such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Some other important works are missing like Bramley's *Hopeless dawn* and Sir Hubert von Herkomer's *Last muster.* Some artists important to the movement, like George Pinwell are excluded, since oil is not their main medium. Tom Graham is listed in the index but there appears to be no sign of his work.

It is inevitable that research to come will produce unknown material. Wood feels that none will alter the categories which his material has required. As in the Sydney exhibition, it becomes clear that content is the dominant factor in arrangement, overriding style and artist in importance. The categories in the Sydney exhibition were similar to some in Wood's book, and were suggested by a sentence in Linda Nochlin's *Realism* (Pelican 1971, p.111), which described the new subject-matter 'the lot of the labouring poor, both rural and urban, the daily life of the middle classes, modern woman and especially fallen women, the railroad and industry and the modern city itself with its cafes, its theatres, its workers and strollers, its parks and boulevards and the life that was led in them'. Wood's categories include Childhood, Society, Race for Wealth, The Road to Ruin, Hard Times, Home Sweet Home, The Cult of Death, The Widow, Work, The City, The Country, The Post et cetera. Some of the categories receive their names from particular works, like Frith's *Race for wealth* and *Road to ruin*; others from Charles Dickens and Herkomer, like Hard Times. It is not in broad categories like The Country that subtleties of content become apparent. The Post is an interesting new particular category. More will become apparent as material becomes available, for example Holl's *No tidings from the sea* is in Hard Times whereas a useful sub-category would be Lost at Sea, a favourite topic, of which Wood omits the main one, Frank Bramley's *Hopeless dawn.* Another sub-category possible is The Village, which would include Fildes's *The penitents return*, Blandford Fletcher's *Evicted* et cetera.

Students are now studying detailed aspects of the Victorian scene, like courtship, seamstresses and governesses, the novel in Victorian art. They will rapidly become involved in literature, history, social history, photography as well as art history.

Wood's method of arrangement is the best for a panorama, but it necessarily obscures questions of change from decade to decade in style and content, and the formation of subgroups. Wood is aware of all these groups, and the Cranbrook School was the subject of a recent English exhibition. A main problem is the change in style and emotion in the 1870s. Wood's panoramic text is based on main sources, on letters, on autobiographies, biographies, art magazines, and on a knowledge of England. More primary sources will be discovered.

Another area in which study is needed and only touched on in Wood's conclusion is the relationship of seventeenth-century and nineteenth-century genre, and the English movement to that in other countries. Books can still come out in which a Vermeer is regarded as an aesthetic object, and no mention of content is made i.e. how the content of the love-letter the woman is reading is hinted at by the nature of the paintings on the wall and the inscription on the musical instrument.

Hopefully Australian students will study the stylistic component of the art of the 1870s and the 1880s, so crucial to the formation of the Australian national style. Where does the square brush-stroke come from? Students are now involved in seeking the development of individual Australian artists and it is only in this way that a total picture will emerge. Research in England into the influence of French art on English in the 1880s and the New English Art Club is beginning. France has postponed, hopefully only temporarily, an exhibition of French *plein-air* painters. Without this groundwork and other areas, like Scottish nineteenth-century art, being investigated we cannot get a clear picture of the development of Australian art.

I look forward in ten years' time to the revised Victorian Panorama. Wood's framework will hold good, and be the guide to future research.

Renée Free

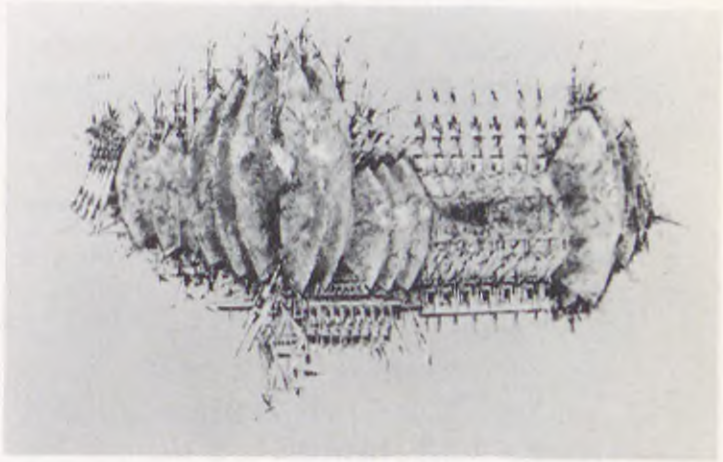
Exhibition Commentary

above
TONY TUCKSON UNTITLED (*c.*1953–58)
Gouache on paper 76 cm x 51 cm
Photograph by John Delacour
Watters, Sydney

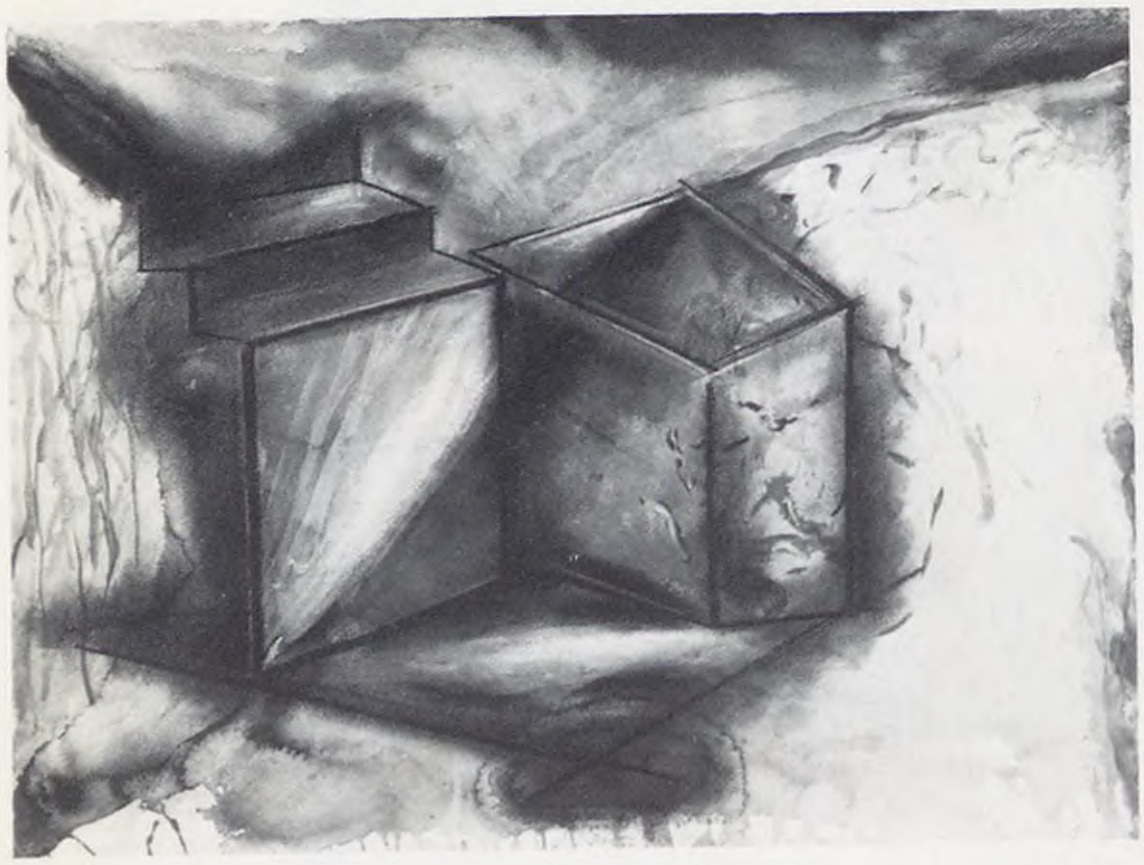
top left
DAVID ASPDEN MEDITATION NO. 5 (1977)
Acrylic on canvas 170 cm x 141 cm
Photograph by Douglas Thompson
Rudy Komon, Sydney

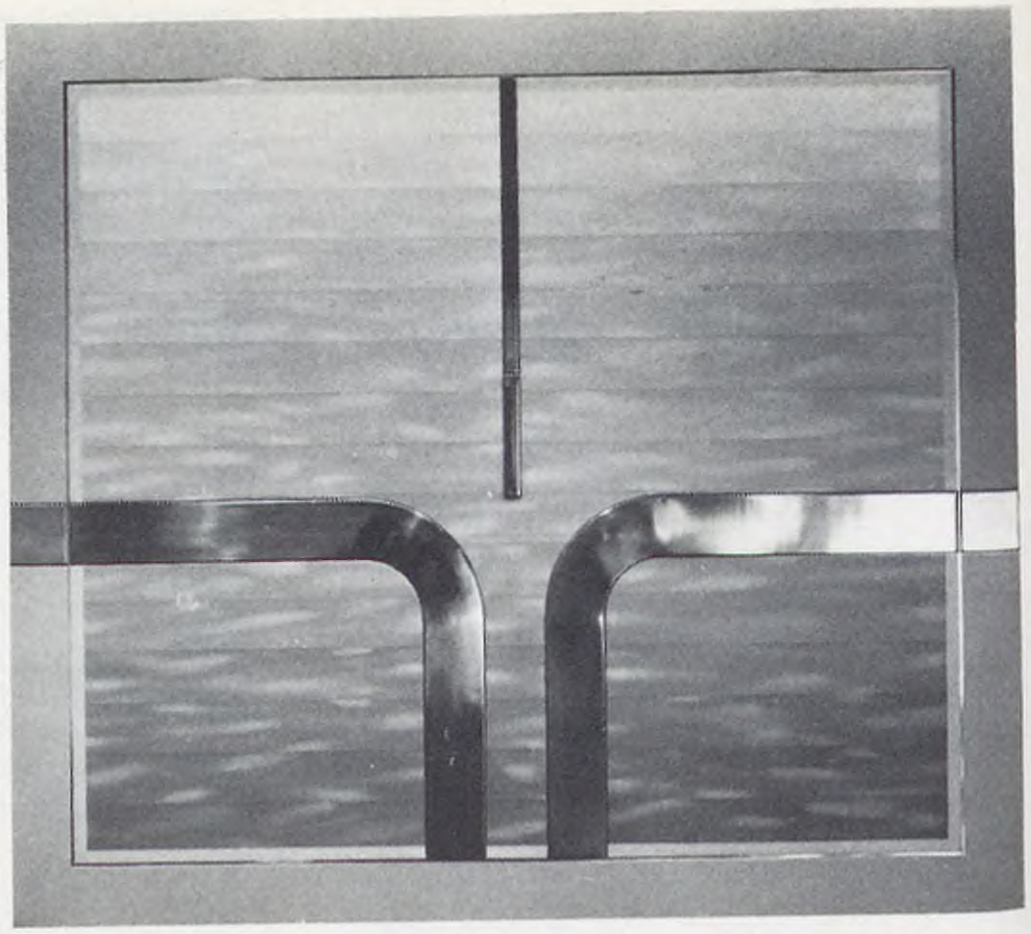
top right
PAUL HAEFLIGER AUSTRALIA FELIX 1 1977
Acrylic on board 122 cm x 183 cm
Photograph by John Delacour
Holdsworth, Sydney

above
ANNE THOMPSON EDGE (1977)
Acrylic on canvas 166 cm x 215 cm
Photograph by Robert Walker
Gallery A, Sydney



above
WILLIAM ROSE JANUARY (1977)
Oil on board 110 cm x 170 cm
Photograph by Glen O'Malley
Ray Hughes, Brisbane





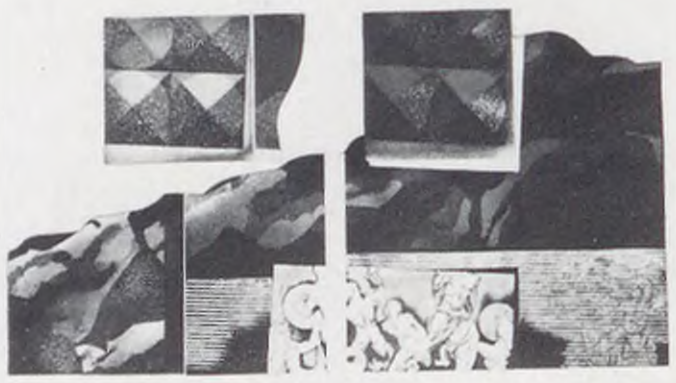
above
JANET DAWSON FOXY NIGHT SERIES:
RISING MOON—DUSK (1977)
Watercolour 59 cm x 54 cm
Photograph by Robert Walker
Gallery A, Sydney

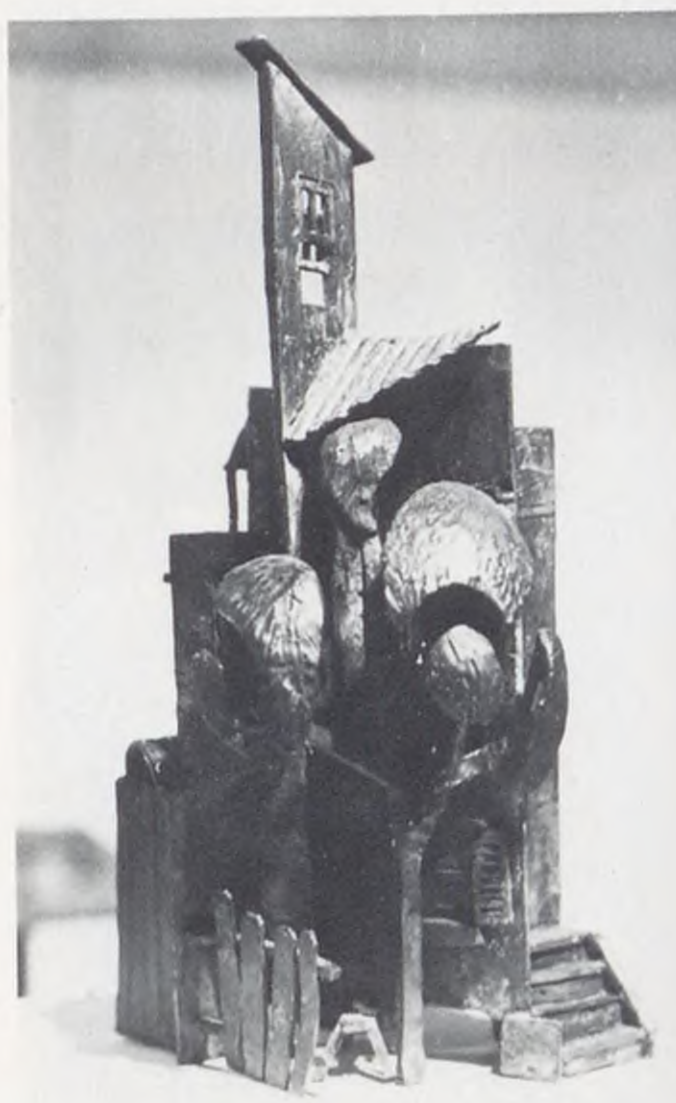
above right
DAVID VOIGT PACIFIC OVERLAY (1977)
Acrylic on canvas, stainless steel, brass 195 cm x 172 cm
Coventry, Sydney

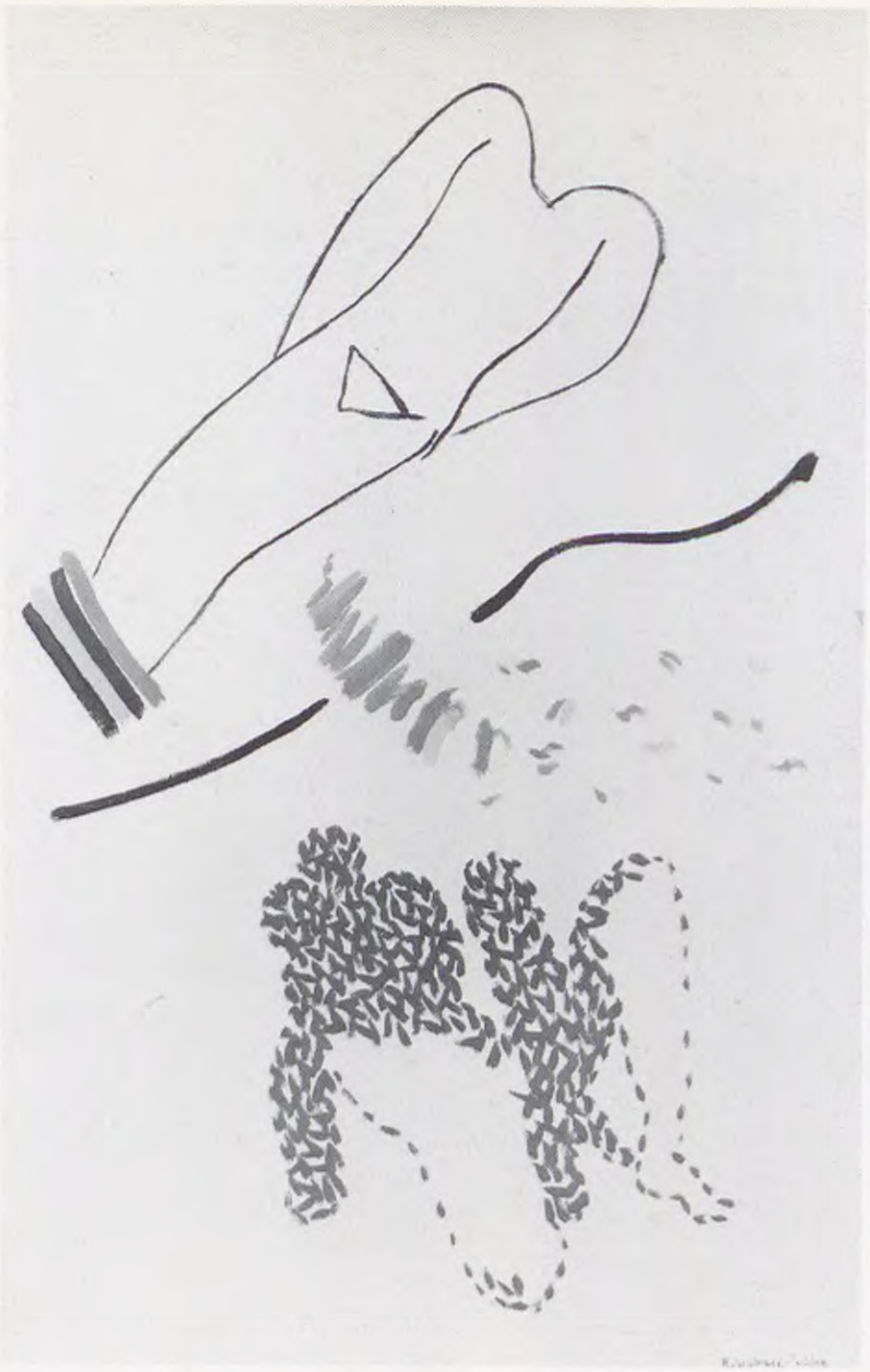
right
EARLE BACKEN PERGAMON: BATTLE OF THE GIANTS 1977
Etching
Macquarie, Sydney

below right
LENTON PARR IZAR (1975)
Welded steel 57 cm x 51 cm x 25 cm
Ray Hughes, Brisbane

far right
BRIAN O'DWYER GRANDMA'S HOUSE (1977)
Bronze 42 cm x 25 cm
Sculpture Centre, Sydney







opposite
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE SAP TIME (1976)
Oil on canvas 84 cm x 56 cm
Possession of the artist

top
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE LOVERS (1976)
Oil on canvas 84 cm x 51 cm
Possession of the artist

right
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE HAND SIGNAL (1976)
Pastel on paper 70 cm x 60 cm
Possession of the artist

Photographs by John Bolton

Two other images are commonly found. One is the outline drawing of a hand with fingers outstretched, and the other a cluster of multi-coloured lines. In one or two paintings this rainbow image cuts across a torso, yet in most it has a little area of canvas to itself.

2.

Wallace-Crabbe was born in 1938 and studied art at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology under Alan Warren in the late 1950s. As he recalls it, Warren's teaching (which he largely liked) was based on *The Art of Color and Design*, a book written by the American educator Maitland Graves, which assimilated Cubism, particularly the synthetic kind of Juan Gris, to the curriculum. Much of Warren's practical teaching was concerned with a painting technique called 'line over open colour', and in the reviews that Wallace-Crabbe wrote for the *Canberra Times* in the late 1960s he never ceased to question the legacy of such a procedure.

Here he is writing about an artist whom we shall, for propriety's sake, call Mister X:

> 'Mister X uses a device termed in art-schools "line over open colour", where colour flows over the surface of the support in a brushy manner beneath the delineation of the subject, creating the illusion of colour to each drawn part of the picture yet unifying, holding all the parts together by its spread from one subject-object to another . . . . To me the most initially disquieting quality of these paintings is that they demonstrate the artist's obsession with style, a reluctance to confront the difficulties of making art. Look for instance, at *Shadows in the afternoon*, a painting with a muddy yellow surface in which there is a window with a yellow canvas sunblind. Beneath the sunblind, seen through window-glass, are pink-and-blue curtains. On the spectator's right there is a tall palm-tree that casts its shadow on the wall. I raise no objection; I have no right anyway, to Mister X's choice of such a subject. What he has failed to do, after saying to himself "I will paint this subject", is to sustain any sort of interest in the subject; any interest either in the formal organization of subject into painting or in understanding what it is about . . . . The picture collapses into nice colour and con-

above
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE ASH CULTURE (1975)
Oil on canvas 84 cm x 51 cm
Possession of the artist

left
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE THINK BLUE (1976)
Oil on canvas 84 cm x 51 cm
Possession of the artist

Photographs by John Bolton

opposite
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE LOVERS AT PORT MACQUARIE (1968)
Acrylic on canvas 122 cm x 91 cm
Owned by Patrick White
Photograph courtesy Rigby Publishers

fident brushwork'.[1]

I have seen none of the works Wallace-Crabbe produced in his student years but, going on some of the paintings that were included in his first one-man show in 1963 at the Argus Gallery, he had little trouble in escaping from the constraints of such a discipline. It may be because his main attachment has always been to the human figure, an 'object' whose complicated yet flowing form, when *truly* apprehended, little lends itself to an arbitrary procedure. The nude has allowed him to maintain an artistic integrity, yet it has made it difficult for him to assimilate his art to the dominant styles of the post-1950s era in Australia.

And not for want of trying, mind you: the works he produced in Canberra between 1966 and 1968, with their silhouetted nudes and empty interiors, are almost as hard-edged as you can get, yet I suspect that the artist now looks back on these as his least successful (or least appealing?) works. The sense of ennui or threatening emptiness they convey is heightened, rather than relieved, when a window opens onto a distant scene of mountains, cowering beneath the cold light of the moon. Almost everything these paintings contain is painted in some shade of grey, and they leave a taste like ash in the mouth. *Lovers at Port Macquarie* is one of the few that makes use of colour, and here we find Wallace-Crabbe reaching back to his Fauve-inspired works of 1964 and 1965.

Perhaps the experience of creating these 'odd yet civilized' works, as one critic termed them,[2] may have confirmed Wallace-Crabbe in his distrust of international art;[3] which is not to say that his work doesn't belong to an international tradition, but only that his sources of influence were older than those then touted by young artists – Matisse and Magritte rather than Newman and Stella – just as his recent works converse with the genial spirit of Willi Baumeister and the not so genial one of Horst Antes.

Yet virtue (if it is that) in the matter of influence is no sign of aesthetic value. To put the issue more directly: why are these paintings worthy of attention? For an answer we shall have to return to our metaphor again.

3.

In any cave the sense of sight is secondary to that of touch – the hand reaching into dark and empty air and suddenly coming into contact with a cold and grainy rock-face, just *there*! Yet the obvious point is that we *look* at these paintings rather than drag our grubby fingers over them. But only look? Or, more specifically, just what does that looking entail? What kind of perceptions do we make, and what kind of knowledge do they call on?

What, in short, do the blank and unpainted areas do but force our eye to inspect the touch displayed in the painted areas and appreciate the subtle variations within it? The deliberation, for example, of the two lines scored down the right-hand side of *Ash culture*, hard up against that yellow area and its feathery wind-blown strokes that barely touch the canvas, and that fat grey cloud-shape they contain. Just to its top left there are four undulating lines fluttering about in the picture space, but their flight is arrested by that archipelago of strokes dropping down from the top of the painting. That wavy line in the top left could well be the fold where these two forces meet; it runs like a wrinkle across the canvas.

I like to think that the hand-shape that occurs in some of these paintings is not a gratuitous addition to Wallace-Crabbe's stock of images: what it suggests is that the works are about physical experience in its most direct form. Not the objects of experience, the things we see and touch, but the means or agent of experience – the dark cave of the body.

It seems to me that only such an intuition can explain the artist's stated concern to produce an *un*-carnal image. There can be no reason for carnality or its absence to be an issue if the objects of experience were his central concerns: things are but things, and the notion of carnality describes our feelings towards them rather than their nature.

4.

Sixteen years ago Bryan Robertson professed to find sensuality characteristic of modern Australian art, a sensuality that manifested itself in 'a natural and instinctive feeling for . . . the plasticity of

top
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE LOVERS ON A HILLSIDE (1975)
Oil on canvas 84 cm x 56 cm
Possession of the artist
Photograph by John Delacour

[1] *Canberra Times*, 15 October 1968. He also discussed the same technique on 24 May 1968.
[2] Elwyn Lynn, the *Bulletin*, 5 April 1969.
[3] For an expression of this distrust, see Robin Wallace-Crabbe, 'The Wanking of Australian Art', *Arts Melbourne*, vol. 1 no. 4, 1976.
[4] See Bryan Robertson and Robert Hughes, 'Recent Australian Painting', Exhibition Catalogue, Whitechapel Gallery, London, 1961.

opposite bottom
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE HILLSIDE, CHORD, TURKEY WITH QUADRUPEDS 3 (1975)
Oil on canvas 84 cm x 56 cm
Possession of the artist
Photograph by John Delacour

above
ROBIN WALLACE-CRABBE HILLSIDE, CHORD, TURKEY WITH QUADRUPEDS (1976)
Oil on canvas 84 cm x 56 cm
Private collection
Photograph by John Delacour

paint' and an 'all-pervading tactile quality of great freshness and considerable urgency'. He went on to suggest that this sensual quality had much to do with the Australian climate and the life it allows, as well as 'an early grounding in commercial work'. Robert Hughes saw much of the same thing.[4] I think we need to introduce a bit of intelligence into such a discussion, and these recent works of Wallace-Crabbe may help us to do just that.

Surely Robertson's statement is disputable when one considers the painters he was thinking about, in particular the 'linear abstractionists' of Sydney and an Antipodean like Arthur Boyd. Other authorities even credited Albert Tucker with a natural feeling for the plasticity of paint.

As the last-mentioned name suggests, much of Australian painting has been a gross parody of sensuality; Robertson's characterization can be maintained only as long as we ignore the *content* of the paintings. When a guilt-ridden poet (there is nothing at all wrong with guilt-ridden poets!) like Arthur Boyd is dragooned into the act, the necessary observation goes abegging. Surely the point is that Boyd's work becomes more sensual when his theme is more nakedly concerned with good and evil; with each fresh incursion of guilt the physical working of the paint becomes more pronounced, perhaps in the hope that the act will somehow purge the painter. His sensuality is grievous in the extreme. Genuine sensuality cannot be divorced from the notion of happiness, the emotion one feels when one is at home with oneself.

One can raise a similar argument against the 'linear expressionists'. Their works may seem to be sensual, yet we get no sense of the calm that should flow from the genuine thing. Without this calm there is no innocence, no lucidity, and no real pleasure.

To the guilt-ridden poet the cave of the body is eternally dark; his paintings stand or fall on the agony or tension they evoke. He would like us to believe that such feelings naturally belong to the cave – they are its spirits, so to speak: Wallace-Crabbe's works show us the cave lit by the common day. And the spirits are gone in this clear light, banished for the lurid fictions that they are. Innocence, instead of being, as it so often is, assumed or feigned, is here regained.

[4]See note [4] on page 164

The Power Gallery of Contemporary Art Acquisitions 1975-77

Elwyn Lynn

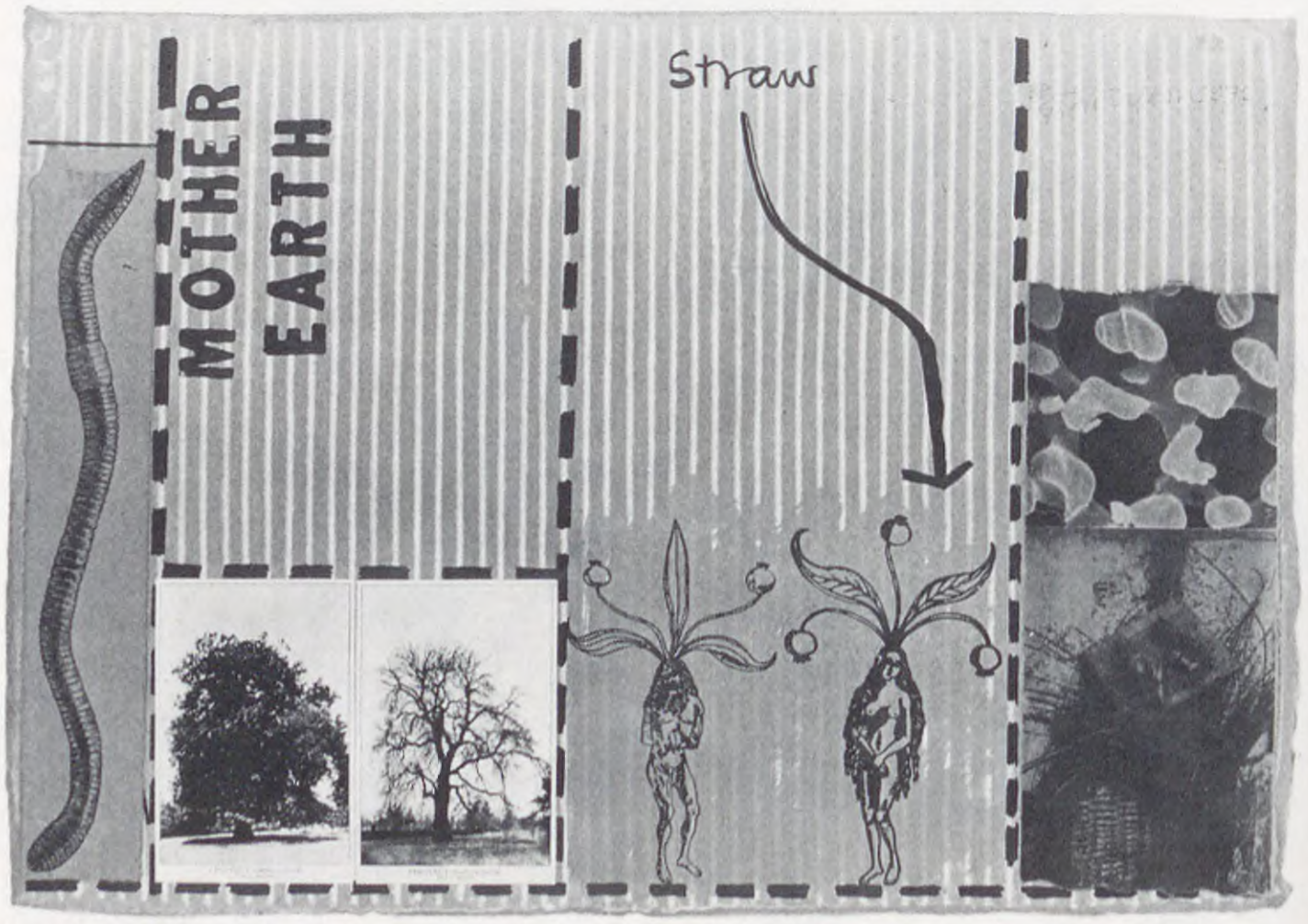
The Power Acquisitions for 1975 to 1977, shown at the Art Gallery of New South Wales from 2 to 28 September, could be roughly divided into two significant areas: 163 prints of which 160 were presented and the purchases of paintings, sculptures and reliefs. The Institute of Contemporary Prints, the Tate Gallery, London, presented 129 prints. The Institute, which has R. Alistair McAlpine as Chairman, Stewart C. Mason as Curator, and a Council of Management consisting of Christopher Bibby, Alan Bowness, Richard Morphet, Sidney Nolan, Christopher Prater, Sir Norman Reid, Rosemary Simmons, William Turnbull and Leslie Waddington, was established to collect prints and distribute them throughout the United Kingdom. In late 1975 it was decided to include The Museum of Modern Art, New York, and The Power Gallery of Contemporary Art amongst the recipients.

The other principal gift has come from Mr Sidney Nolan who presented twenty-six of his Dust series of etchings, twenty-five of which were shown in 1971, the year of their execution, at the Johnstone Gallery, Brisbane.

Of the prints, one may expect that it will be said that they are a mixed bag containing something for everybody, including those who like decorative, undemanding art bereft of what we may call the experimental dynamic of modernism. From such prints one may raise the issue of what 'contemporary' means, especially if we compare Jack Bush, with his eight screenprints, and Albert Houthuesen; or William Scott, with seventeen screenprints on *A poem for Alexander*, and Albany Wiseman; but then issues are more complex, for there are similar contrasts between the works of single artists. The linear ease of Elisabeth Frink's birds is quite different from the encroaching blots that form her bulls in her five lithographs in the Corrida series; the same contrast occurs between Bryan Organ's reportage on jockeys and his mysterious, infinitely sad *Ophelia*.

If the New Realism had not continued to expand over the last half-dozen years, one might consider that many Realist prints were *retardataire*, but recent writing on Realism has insisted that there is and has been a multitude of Realisms, in which contemporary Realism has taken more than a passing interest. This does sound apologetic and defensive; no one would assert that Julian Trevelyan or Ronald Maddox were alert to much of contemporary art's innovative energy or, as is often the case these days, the taste-testing, seeming inertness of such art.

There are Realisms, however, which explore or crystallize the consistent 'representationalism' of this century: the gnarled and knotted, reddish etchings by Nolan; the urgent positiveness of



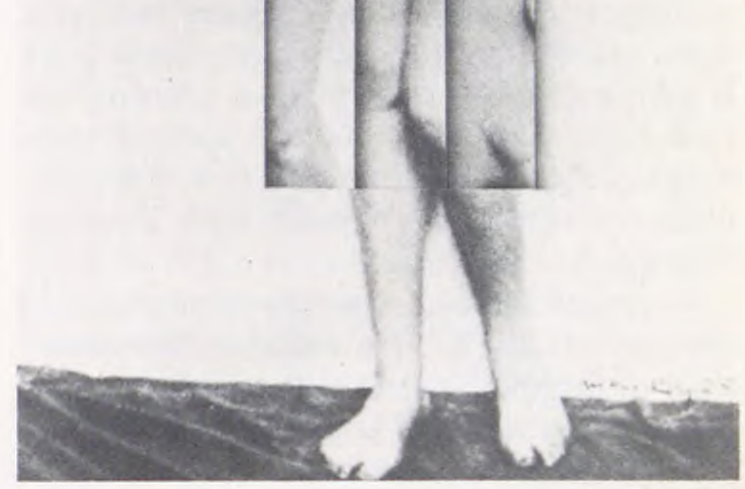
above left
BRYAN ORGAN OPHELIA (1974)
Lithograph, artists proof

left
JERRY BYRD NUMBER 19, TIKIS SERIES (1974)
Photographic paper, industrial tape, cheese cloth, silicon and tar adhesives 64 cm x 82 cm

above
JOE TILSON MOTHER EARTH 1972
Screenprint; photographic collage 61.5 cm x 91 cm

far left
RONALD KITAJ EZRA POUND II 1975
Lithograph 98.2 cm x 85.3 cm

left
JONATHON DAEMION VENUS OF EARTH 1970-77
Photograph 101.5 cm x 68.6 cm



above
BRUNO DI BELLO VARIAZONI SU UNA DI MAN RAY (1975)
Photographic collage on photosensitive canvas
120.1 cm x 60 cm

left
CANOLE LA JOLLA RESIDENCY (1976)
Polychrome photographic montage 76 cm x 90.3 cm

Patrick Caulfield's three screenprints, which ought, forever, to distinguish him from Valerio Adami's fractured Surrealism and Roy Litchtenstein's playful parodies of modern masters and ordained designs; the gloomy strength of Josef Herman, who has expanded the Expressive Realism of Constant Permeke, who died this year; and Peter Blake, with his brand of Pop Art that exemplifies a peculiar English interest in the more unusual aspects of popular imagery.

Added to that is the singular case of Bernard Leach, now ninety and blind, who makes modern pots embodying the force of long tradition and then practically 'reproduces' them in realistic lithographs. On the other hand, they could be considered diagram-conceptions though rather removed from the conceptual notions inherent in John Lethbridge or the symbolic concepts that Joe Tilson explores in *Mother earth.* Undoubtedly there is a secondary pleasure in relating Leach's lithographs to his pottery as there is in assessing the importance of Henry Moore's thirteen lithographs to his sculpture, an interest widened by the fact that there were prints by seven sculptors (eight, if you include Ben Nicholson's bas-reliefs, so closely associated with his lithograph, *Abstract, 1936*, a work of remarkable poise and balance): Moore, Barbara Hepworth, Robert Adams, David Annesley, Frink, F. E. McWilliam and William Turnbull.

The relationship of such prints to sculpture, bas-reliefs and pottery by the same artists is not merely peripheral but is additive, for they are prints within their own right, almost all having such an internal structure and definition that one inclines to think of self-sufficient, three-dimensional objects.

So befuddled have people become about the Holy Grail of Masterpieces that they tend to forget that they enjoy minor films, minor novelists, minor composers, minor poets and even minor artists. There is room for connoisseurship within the narrow confines in which Patrick Proctor and Mary Fedden work and supporters of their work might argue that William Scott's area is even smaller, while others might admit this, but assert that it is more intensely worked.

The presentations do represent realism quite strongly with Herman, Peter Lanyon, Frink, Peter Phillips, John Piper and Nolan, and equally strongly in abstraction with John Hoyland, Scott, Adams, Bush, Gordon House, Cecil King, Nicholson and Duncan Grant whose 1973 *Interior* shows how long he has treasured his French connections.

For obvious enough reasons only four prints and collages were purchased (indeed, with the increasing price of paintings and sculptures, it might be time to look to drawing which has been enjoying a renaissance in the last few years). Jerry Byrd's diagonal layers of various papers, done in 1974, exemplifies an increasing concern with collages made of paper alone (Robert Rauschenberg has exhibited single sheets of his own handmade paper), and the three prints purchased are evidence of the employment of concepts and conceptual experiences. Joseph Beuy's *Erdtelephon* on cork-felt material derives from a 'sculpture' of the same name, done in 1968, and consisting of a black telephone alongside a tough sphere of mud and straw – a kind of antidote to long telephone conversations. Tom Phillips's *Matching colours struck by heatwave* is one of six screenprints in A Walk to the Studio series, that includes *Sixty-four stop cock box lids* (those small covers over water-taps in London streets); the eight bottoms of match-boxes in his print were manufactured in Czechoslovakia and were found on his walk in Camberwell during the summer drought of 1976. They are a record of time's fading passage just as R. B. Kitaj's *Ezra Pound II* is of Kitaj's thoughts on Henri Matisse's drawing of about 1915, on a replica of which Kitaj has imposed his own drawing, a deed given further point because Matisse's drawing itself shows how an important Matisse Cubist conception evolved with corrections and alternatives.

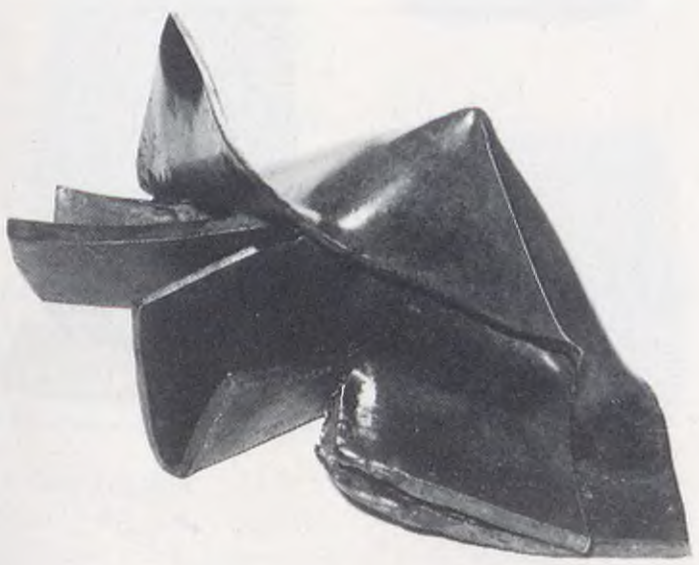
Further approaches to the imposition and juxtaposition of images occur in the innovation of photography; not acceptable black-and-white or bistre but colour, still awaiting approval as an art form: Johnathan Daemion shows a montage of a duck gliding through a pond of tulips, a view of Paris that appears to be an optical illusion and a pregnant nude, *Venus of earth*, that invites comparison with Tilson's oblique *Mother earth.* Canole (his only name by deed poll) takes up a day's residence – here we have evidence of a rather lively day in La Jolla — on a given spot and records processes (without the usual overtones of narrative) by the juxtaposition of photographs that tend to impose a variety of 'reading'

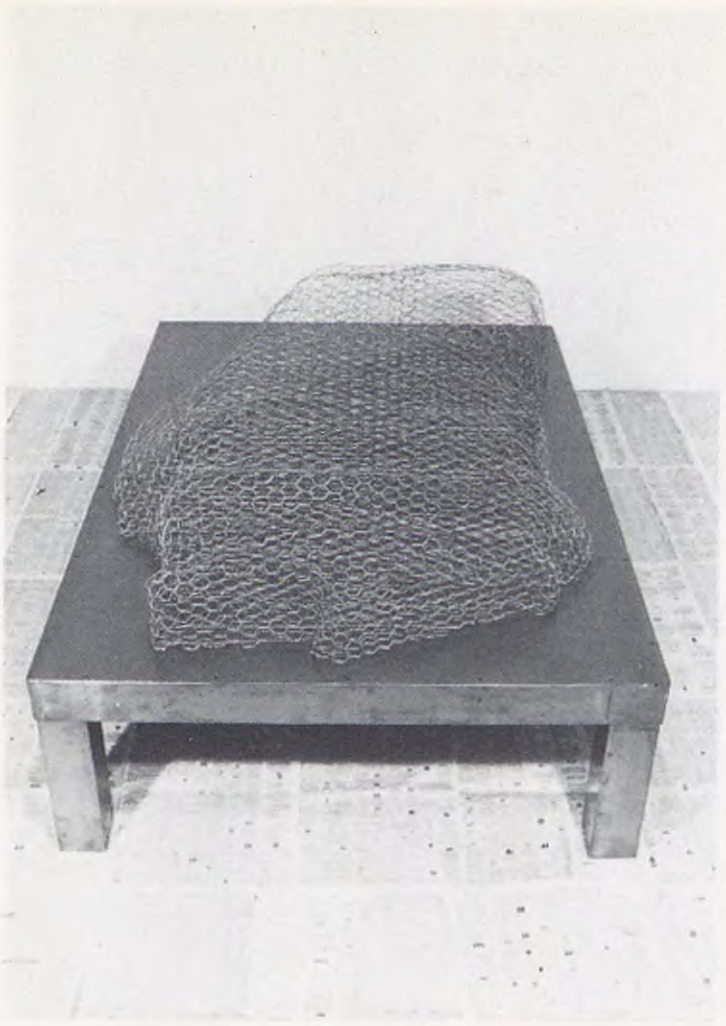
above
FUMIO YOSHIMURA TRICYCLE (1976)
Linden wood 121 cm x 170 cm x 90 cm

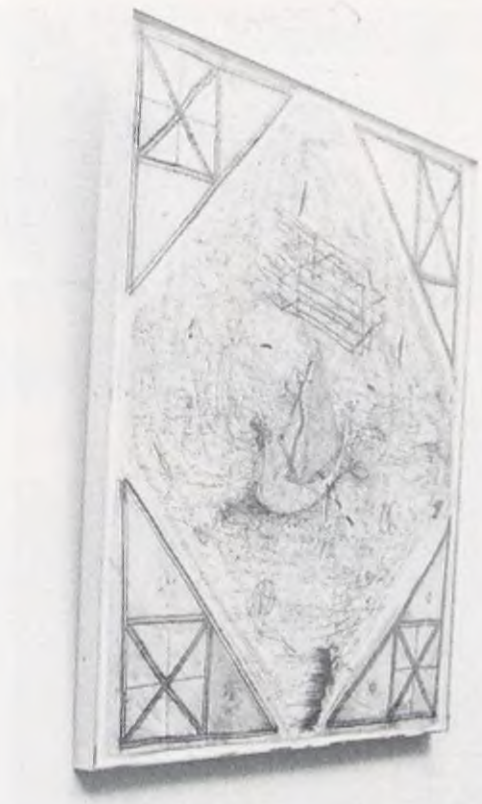
opposite top left
MICHAEL STEINER CAIRO (1976)
Cast bronze 24.7 cm x 41.2 cm

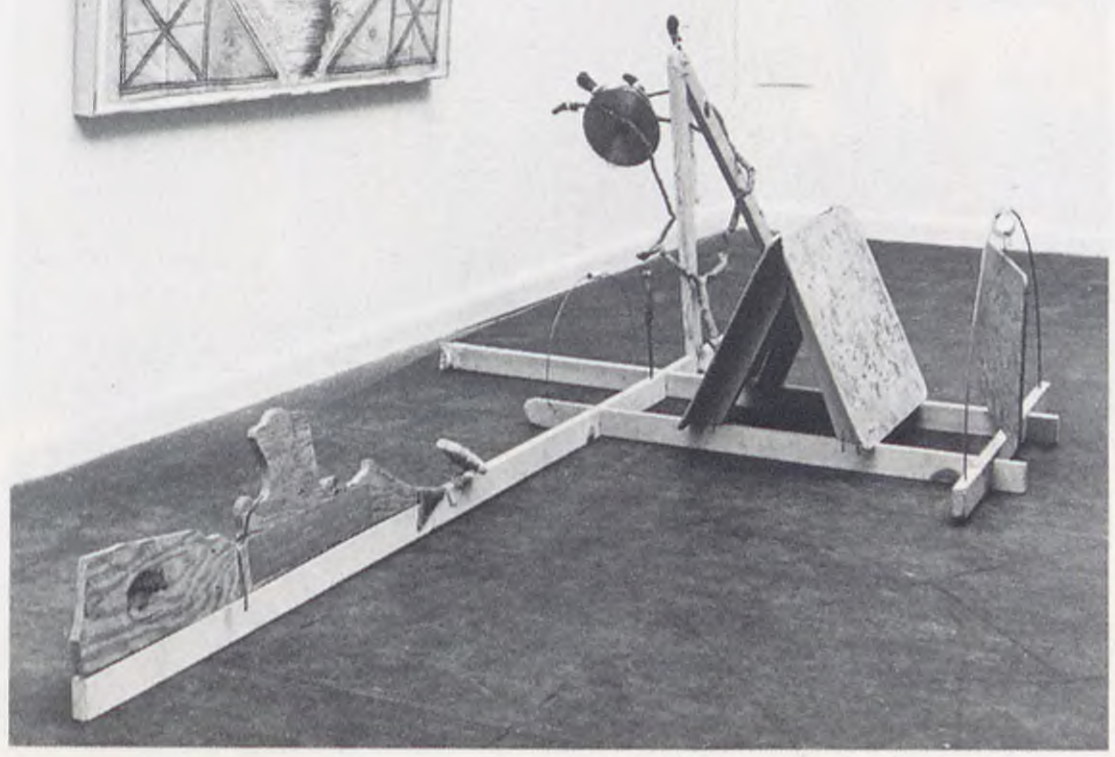
opposite top right
JUD FINE AYERS ANALOG (1974)
Steel and chicken wire 83 cm x 160 cm

opposite bottom
WILLIAM WILEY RIO SKOOL (1976)
Drawing: 107.8 cm x 99.5 cm
Construction: 71 cm x 234 cm x 118 cm
Wood, cardboard, soap, wire, leather, brass, steel, crayon, paper and pencil









orders along with some surprising imagery. (Other photographic processes and techniques occur in the work of Giulio Paolini, Bruno Di Bello and Lynton Wells).

Where does one place the satirical Don Celender making a second appearance with his examination of the art world by asking institutions about their loading docks (some did not know what it was, Brooklyn would supply no photograph for security reasons and some merely sent a bill for a photograph), and asking working individuals about what they thought of art and artists and what they collected (almost anything except art; and apparently having been brought up without the Van Gogh-Gauguin syndrome, most thought artists as normal as most people)? I suppose one way to entice sociologists of art into galleries is to bait them with such sociological enterprises.

If one concedes that inquiry into art is no more art than are recipe books actual food, one does have real questions about the nature of craft and art. If craft were concerned with the making of prototypes for replication, then prints could hardly be art unless art and craft can be the same; if craft is just the exercise of a technique, then what becomes of questions of the appropriate technique required to convey an aesthetic situation or aesthetic attributes? Magdalena Abakanowicz's *Black ball II* is no prototype and its solid shape, volume and rejection of strict, definitive contours give it an air of menace and foreboding for which the varied weaving (it is really a soft sculpture) is technically appropriate.

What of Fumio Yoshimura's *Tricycle* made of a pale linden wood? Is it craft because it is an imitation (like a marble nude or a bronze man) in an inappropriate material, like carving a cow out of butter? It is a day-dream tricycle, levitated, the emblem of fragility and lightness and, being wood, is intentionally unreal. Like a wooden weather-vane, rescued from some barn and placed in a folk museum, it indicates only where the winds of Taste are blowing.

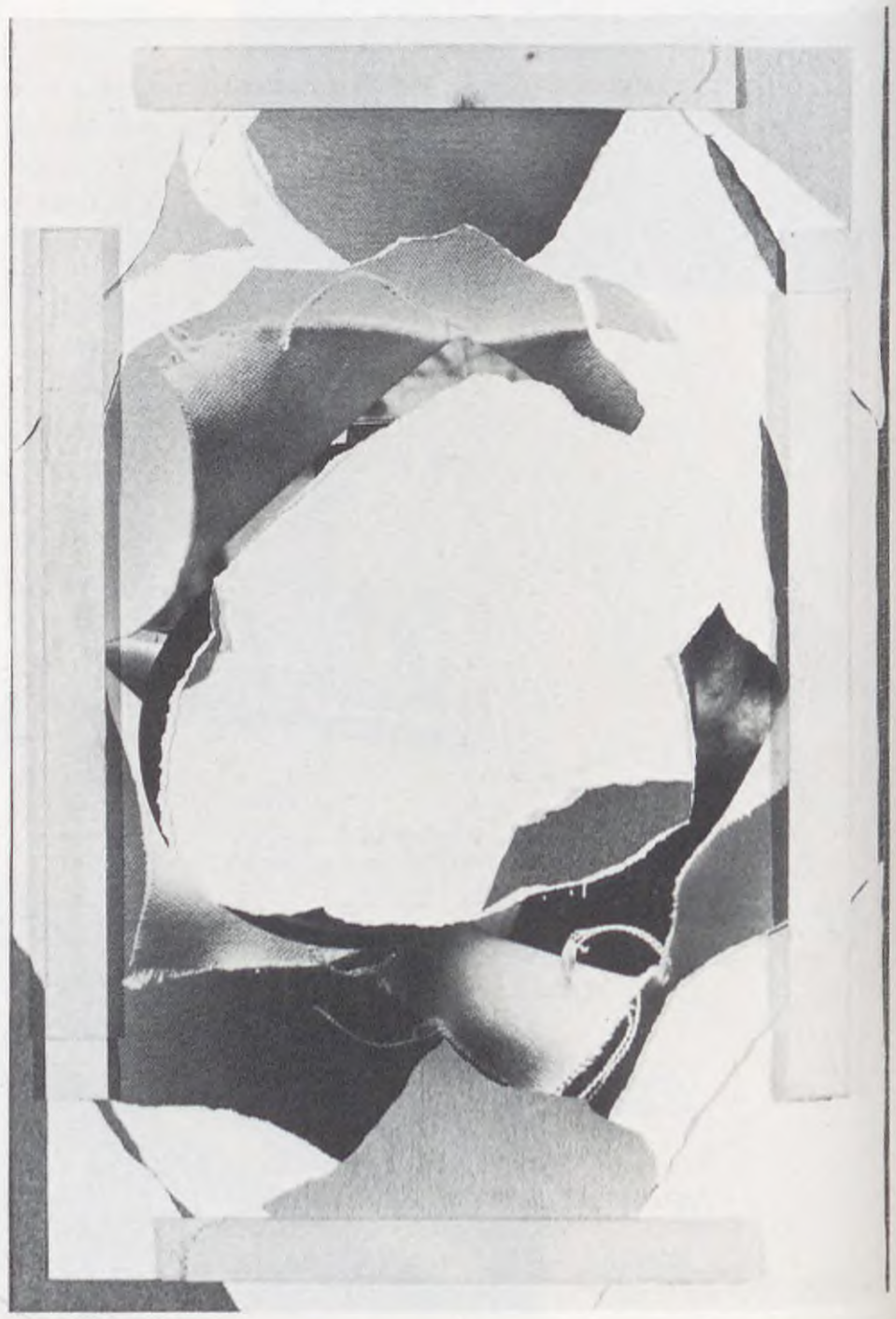
Other sculpture is by no means less teasing, except that Michael Steiner's *Cairo* in bronze does have a superficially traditional appearance; it clings to the earth, with high ridges like a pyramid melted into sand-dunes, and it is actually cast from deep sheets of black wax that resemble the slabs of clay he used, when

he experimented in ceramics at Syracuse University with other artists, like Helen Frankenthaler and Jules Olitski. Unlike a lot of recent sculpture, especially that of David Smith and Anthony Caro (and Steiner's earlier work) it does not reveal all its trajectories and volumes; indeed, it has hidden areas, and, contrary to some modernism, does not aim at clarification and the manifesting of all elements.

All is clear in Jud(son) Fine's *Ayers analog* except the inscription carved on top of a steel table and seen through the model of Ayers Rock made from chicken wire; it is a powerful play of solidity and fragility, shimmer and dullness, opacity and transparency. Ayers Rock is served up as an attenuated analogy; it owes its purpose, says Fine, to its social 'elaboration', but it needs protection from the wire and vice-versa. Certainly one remains more tolerant than convinced of such pronouncements, but one is intrigued by the Rock's supposedly representing an object without past or future, and the vagueness with which the words relate to the objects parallel the undefined relation of the wire 'rock' to the desert tableland.

Equally puzzling is William T. Wiley's *Rio skool;* composed of scribbled boards, branches, a peanut can, wooden battens, soap and a background drawing on paper, it associates itself with what has been called 'personal mythology' with suggestions of Indian rituals and practices, backwoodsmanship, backyard ecology, life considered against what looks like irrelevant and inconsequential past objects and experiences. Such art has been called 'dude-ranch-dada'. *Rio skool* is about, one presumes, an education that is a voyage in a makeshift vessel: rough, cluttered, uncultured, but yet about survival. Whereas Fine tends to declaim, Wiley presents 'evidence' that a judge might readily rule out of order, but his sculpture is about the invasion of memory by disparate, useless and valueless things and experiences that defy orthodox order.

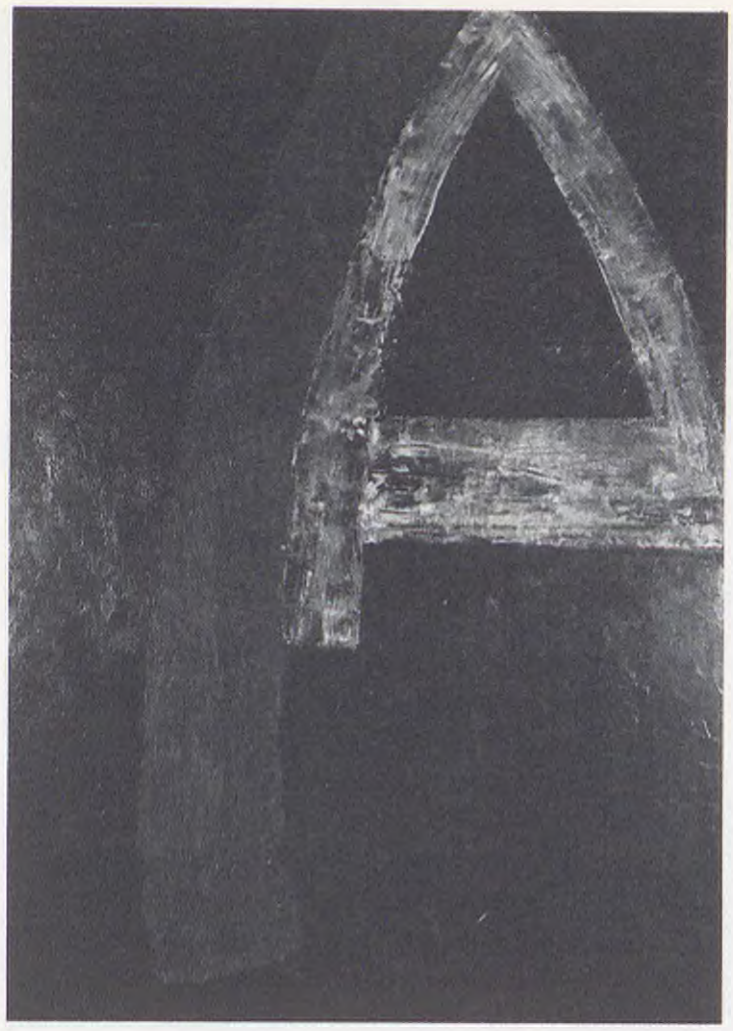
Wiley has his connections with Michelle Stuart's object of hand-made paper, coloured with earth pigment and growing tiny feathers, called *Jemez story* from her Rock Book series of 1975; it is an object like an Indian pouch or an Esquimau bag, and has its origins in such cultures. In a quite different way, and for a very different purpose, Jurgen Brodwolf uses *papier maché* and cotton mesh in his two fragile figures (*Zwei*

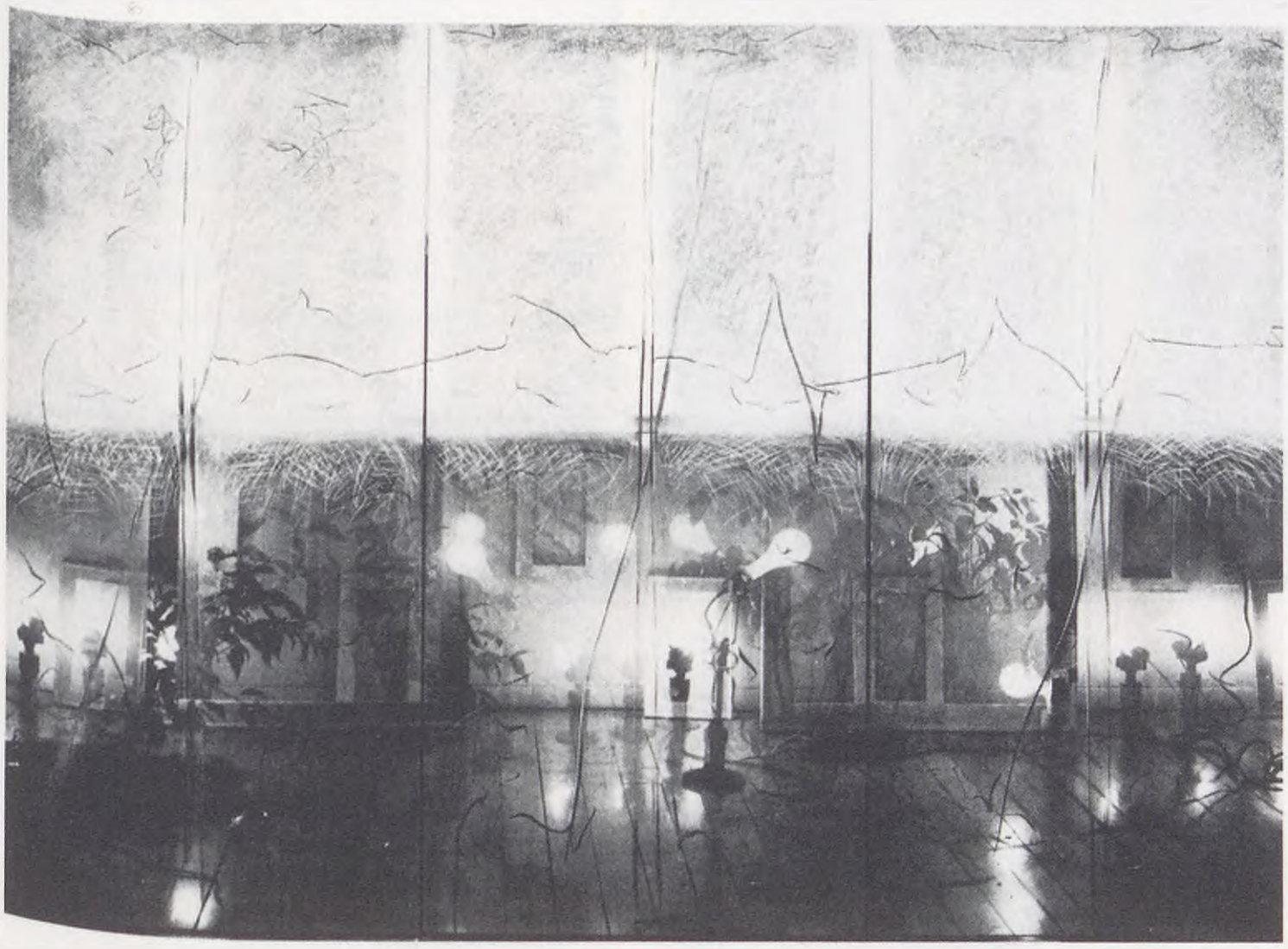


opposite top left
MICHELLE STUART JEMEZ STORY (ROCK BOOKS) (1975)
Handmade ragpaper, string, feathers, Jemez earth pigment
32.5 cm x 27 cm x 1.8 cm

opposite top right
JOSEPH BEUYS STRASSENAKTION (STREET HAPPENING) (1975)
Road stones, 28/50; 30/50; 39/50
each approx. 14 cm x 15 cm x 14 cm

opposite bottom
GIULIO PAOLINI INCIPIT (1975)
Torn photograph, canvas, wood on canvas
91 cm x 61.5 cm





top
JOHN EDWARDS SHAD THAMES (1975)
Acrylic on canvas 229.9 cm x 168 cm

above
LYNTON WELLS LHOO: EIGHT WIZARDS (1976)
Acrylic, crayon, photo-images on photosensitized linen
213.5 cm x 299 cm

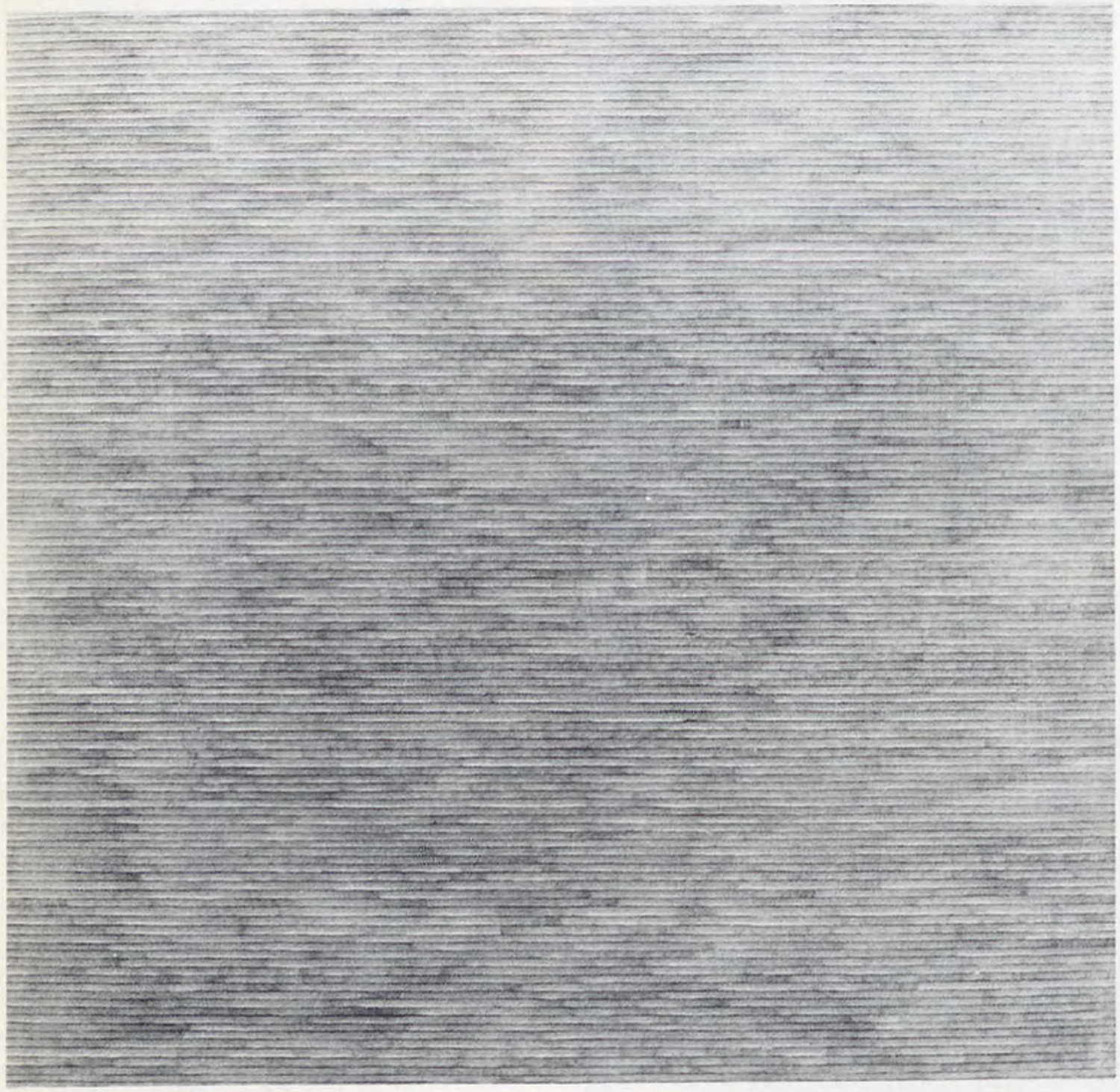
figurenfragmente), like white ghostly twins floating from the tomb; as with his figures made from empty, squeezed paint tubes, he presents an existence that has no real life: they are mummies and symbols of a life that was lived and not one lost in trivia as implied in Wiley's *Rio skool;* but much of this is speculation, for modern art has become more deliberately obscure in the sense that the search for certainty has been abandoned.

Joseph Beuys finds art (although some would think that designation doubtful) firmly beneath his feet; the paving stones of Dusseldorf, fifty of which he signed and stamped with his political slogan, he titled *Strassenaktion* perhaps best translated as 'Street-happening' because, although he believes in demonstrations, he prefers them to be peaceful; on the street is the ordinary pedestrian in whom he has more faith than in much of the rest of urban-mankind. The rocks are redolent of age, human wearing, endurance; they suggest archaeology, ancient Syria and Egypt: the highway of life is rough-hewn and tough . . . and the trio of stones embodies some formidable presence of Cairo.

Paolini's *Incipit*, a collage of a torn photograph, canvas and the pieces of a wooden stretcher, is about the ingredients of picture-making and is part of Paolini's concern with the self-contradictions and uncertainty of art and with the pretensions to delusion and illusion in the visual arts. While preserving a mobility of forms – flexible, elegant and classical, he is the antithesis of William Wiley – he pursues investigations into ways of seeing, the processes of perception. He does not want his works to seem to be conclusions or to provide definitive clues: they are like tracks of something on the sand or in the snow.

Like Giulio Paolini, Di Bello is involved with the coherence of the divided and subdivided; he has used a photomontage of Man Ray's photograph of his model, Kiki of Montparnasse, on photo-sensitive canvas, a ground that is being increasingly used by painters. He cuts up a photograph and then selects the pieces to be used as one does in a lucky dip and so revives Jean Arp's adherence to the laws of chance and, of course, at the same time mildly pillories Cubism and Futurism.

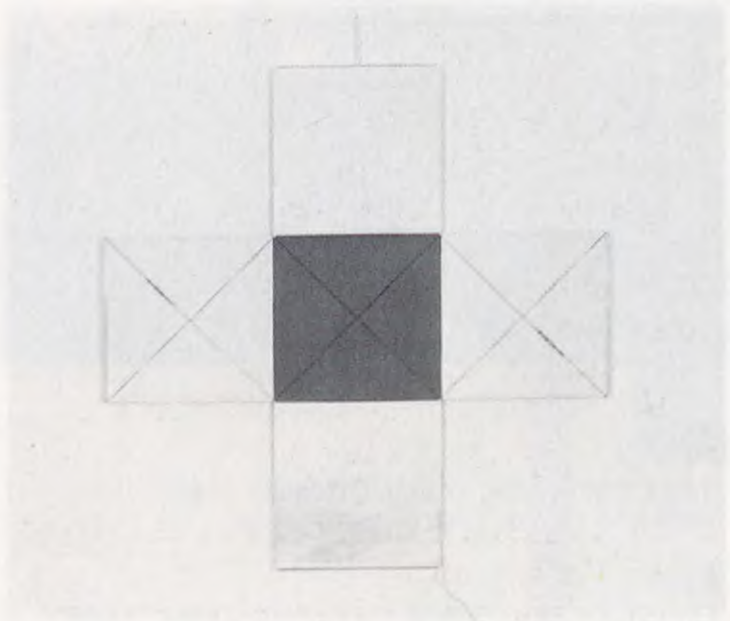
The remaining works, except John Edwards's *Shad Thames*, are generally about surface, its tautness, resonance,



top
DAVID BUDD UNTITLED (BLACK READING) (1976)
Oil on canvas 30.5 cm x 304.5 cm

above left
GIANFRANCO PARDI ARCHITETTURA (1976)
Aluminium, steelwire, canvas, acrylic, pencil
225 cm x 225 cm

above
EDWINA LEAPMAN BROWN VEIL I (CHINESE DRIFT) (1975)
Acrylic on canvas 167 cm x 183 cm



below left
JURGEN BRODWOLF ZWEI FIGURENFRAGMENTE (TWO FRAGMENTED FIGURES) (1975-76)
Cottonmesh, acrylic, paper, in timber box

tension, shallow depth, the thinness and flatness of the image, the firm limitation of attempts at depth, fairly even distribution of focus and subtle stillness and reserve.

Lynton Wells's *Lhoo: eight wizards* might, too, seem an exception, but the scribble across the top and the ironed-out appearance of the globes, with the wires imitating the scribble, make the scene one of flat uneventfulness without climax or a sense of impending action. He uses photo-sensitive canvas to obtain images that enforce a shallow space by dissolving the clarity by which objects can define themselves in space; a grey mist, without destroying deployed sources of light, begins to dissolve all.

There is, as Jeanne Siegel noted, another purpose: 'At the same time he uses the process to symbolically link together the organic and the technological as it reveals itself through an artist's world'.[1]

In comparison, Doro Loeser's *Emigration*, of hemp, steel-wool, paint and hardly discernible photographs, covered with nylon mesh, is totally organic, like the sea gone black or a patch of recently dug soil; its ancestors are no doubt Antoni Tapies and Gotthard Graubner, but hers alone is the fluctuating surface: focal points are dispersed both over the surface and in depth.

Something similar occurs with David Budd's *Untitled*, 30.5 cm x 304.5 cm, a long, narrow, black horizontal of oil paint that looks, says Thomas Hess, 'almost porcelained'.[2] John Russell wrote: 'The paintings in question are as carefully engineered as springboards, and what finally bounces off them is a single colour articulated by a flexible spatula that dips and digs, pushes and scoops, until the whole surface of the painting is (as it were) measured out with teaspoons and most dextrously animated'.[3] Budd has been associated with Brice Marden and Robert Ryman, but his shifting patterns generate a slight surface kineticism quite foreign to them and to their German counterpart, Rolf Rose. Such changeable surfaces defy photography.

The light also shifts across the aluminium sections of Gianfranco Pardi's *Architettura* of canvas and aluminium squares in a symmetrical, cruciform shape. Though the emphasis is on structure, the adjustable wire supports suggest impending instability. This relief parallels the solidity and fragility of Fine's *Ayers analog*. Pardi writes: 'The weight, the support, the gravity, the tensions all become the centre, the subject of the production of the work, the picture, the surface; they constitute and delimit the "location" of the operation'. And he adds, 'the cables . . . in the pictures aim to render evident certain tensions which interact on the surface'.[4]

With Budd, structure tends to conceal itself or only partially reveal itself; with Pardi the structure is to announce the surface variations. Like Paolini, who shows with him at Milan's Studio Marconi, Pardi wants to demonstrate how 'pictures' work.

Edwina Leapman's *Brown veil I*, despite its title, does not veil anything; the parallel bands of pale beige, slowing, almost stopping, gathering a little pace from left to right or right to left, are the surface itself; the selection of the scale of the canvas, as with Rolf Rose, is perfectly appropriate. The horizontal bands never become trajectories and never appear to be damned in mid-flow; this allows for an all-over pulsation that Rose obtains by other means.

Rolf Rose's means in *Grun (Green)* are to obtain a depth and resonance by overlays of wax, oil paint and graphite with frequent use of a spatula; it is a painting that demands scrutiny and contemplation, for whereas Minimal painting, with large uninflected areas, engulfed the viewer, such artists as Rose require prolonged examination to appreciate the subtle accents.

Most of the accentuation in Paul Rotterdam's *Substance 261* is on the shape, though, of course, by the recurring use of such titles, he also wants to emphasize the substantiality of his drab, dour, rough, worn and anti-technological, but 'industrial' surfaces. His works are funereal, shroud-like or resemble the black banners a defeated army might bear had it the strength.

Most of the paintings discussed are wan or gloomy; there are great colourists at work, of course: Kenneth Noland, Helen Frankenthaler and, in a restricted sense, Robert Motherwell. Two artists equally concerned with the constructive use of colour (both had acclaimed one-person shows in New York early in 1977), Hélène Valentin and Natvar Bhavsar, are already in the Power collection. Otherwise, there is not a great deal of colour-experimentation to be seen – some sprightly work by Ronnie Landfield is an immediate exception – and what is observable lacks the authority of the above colourists and the tense reserve of Pardi and the engaging gloom of Rotterdam.

So where to place John Edwards's *Shad Thames*?

Is he simply a revivalist of gestural abstraction? Not according to Terence Maloon, who writes: 'Edwards has latterly attempted to reconcile the idiom of field painting with that of figural abstraction . . .. The constituent parts are rudimentary and "primitive" in their form. They may read dually as shapes and as gestural marks, or, more accurately, as not quite either . . . Edwards's expressionism is of a different order from the kinds of expressionism with which we are generally familiar. The vehicle of feeling is less exclusively identified with the turbulence of handling stylistic deformations, or even the drama of colour, though all these contribute to the pictures' overall effect. The main weight of their eloquence is borne by more 'impersonal' factors: one reads a kind of kinaesthetic behaviour into the arrangement of shapes – the ways they touch or impact, abut, perch, straddle or spring'; and he concludes by remarking that Edwards's recent work confutes the reductionist fallacy and bridge-burning that has impoverished many of his contemporaries'.[5] In fact, he acts like one who believes that problems in art are never really solved but breed more problems, and to gauge his contribution one should compare his painting with Jack Bush's prints, which are somewhat concerned with the same intentions.

Maverick Edwards may be, but the Power acquisitions have always included mavericks and doubtful hybrids of various degrees, a fact that has always made it difficult for comprehensive reviews.

One thing is clear: those who imagine that certain forms of object-art, like painting sculpture, reliefs and so on, are depleted as vehicles of intellectual and/or visual interest are quite mistaken; they must surely suffer from lazy eyes.

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Sydney Long

Joanna Mendelssohn

In the last decade there has been an increased interest in the art of Sydney Long. The reasons for this are various. They include a fashion for aestheticism, popularized by posters of Aubrey Beardsley and a realization that there were painters other than Tom Roberts, Sir Arthur Streeton, and Charles Conder working in Sydney in the final years of last century.

Sydney Long's artistic career presents an apparent contradiction. To quote Donald Friend: 'He considered himself an innovator – a sort of self-made Impressionist – but hated modernism. Prints of Van Gogh etcetera, shocked and horrified him. And he even thought of Margaret Preston as being a dangerous revolutionary.'

Perhaps it is best to describe Long as a failed romantic: as someone whose youthful promise failed to materialize because of reasons that can only be guessed at.

Sydney Long was born in Goulburn on 20 August 1871. In his maturity he described his childhood town as 'having not a painting in the place'. The main illustrations he saw were in *The Illustrated Sydney News* and the *Town and Country Journal*; and his first efforts included copies of those great Victorian set pieces *Stag at bay* and *I'se bigger than 'oo*.

The earliest Sydney Long painting I have sighted was painted in Goulburn in 1888. The subject is a gracious Victorian house by the Mulwarree Ponds rendered in such a way as to make it appear a setting for Edgar Allen Poe. However, this nocturne, with vivid orange against metallic grey tones, does contain elements of his mature work.

On leaving school Long came to Sydney where he was employed as a customs and shipping clerk. He soon enrolled in evening classes at the Art Society and quickly came to the notice of Julian Ashton.

The period from the late 1880s to the early 1890s was an exciting time to be an art student in Australia. The '9 x 5 Impressions' exhibition was held in Melbourne in 1889, and the word 'Impressionism' was in vogue. In Sydney this was especially true of the circle surrounding Julian Ashton. In the early 1890s Roberts and Streeton came to Sydney and, in the background there were the paintings, if not the presence, of Charles Conder.

In 1893 the English magazine *Studio* started publication, preaching aestheticism and decorative qualities. It published surveys of painting in different countries and art news from the Empire, as well as reproductions of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Beardsley. The June 1893 issue has an article on the nude in photography – principally of senuous youths reclining in the sun.

In Australian art a move towards asexual nudity, principally of men, started with Tom Roberts. *Boys bathing (sunny south)*, 1887-88, is a matter-of-fact representation of nude bathing. Later Arthur Streeton painted female nature spirits on decorative panels. They were acceptable, because they were effectively neutered and because they also lacked sensuality.

Despite this acceptance of asexual nudity, there was a minor sensation in 1894 when Sydney Long's first major painting, *By tranquil waters* was purchased by the National Gallery of New South Wales. The *Daily Telegraph* commented: 'Nothing more daring has ever come from the hands of an art student in Sydney. It is impudent in its very cleverness and surely marks . . . the bounds of toleration for the impressionist school.'

Long's young boys are rendered sexless by blurred outline and dazzling light. In technique, it is the only one of his early large paintings to foreshadow the landscapes of his old age. It is only 'Impressionist' in that it is a faithful product of Julian Ashton's *plein-air* teaching, and the roughness of paint treatment contrasts greatly with the smooth, lush texture of many of his other works of the 1890s and early 1900s.

It is the subject-matter, rather than the technique, that is a prelude to Long's development in the next fifteen years. Like Tom Roberts's bathers in *Boys bathing (sunny south)* these boys bathing in the Cooks River near Tempe are completely at home in their environment but unlike Roberts's figures Long's young boys are not solid or defined. The dazzling light which conceals their private parts from Victorian prurience, also partly removes them from the real world. They are not yet river spirits, but the youth playing a Pan-pipe may one day be Pan.

Other small paintings of about this time show a stronger affinity to Streeton and Conder. *Bathers*, *c.*1894, is almost definitely a study for the rear group of figures in *By tranquil waters*. In technique it owes much to Streeton and Conder just as *Moonrise* of about the same date appears to derive from Roberts and David Davies.

After the success of *By tranquil waters*, Sydney Long was dismissed from his job and subsequently took classes in his studio to support himself. Along with other Sydney artists he joined in painting camps along the Nepean River, near Richmond. The landscapes of the next few years show two parallel developments: 'straight' landscape of the Australian School and the landscape of pure fantasy.

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A river landscape of the same district, painted about the same date, is even more a landscape of fantasy. The composition of this, as in several other works of the same period, indicates the continuing influence of the paintings of Conder. The asymmetrical composition and the angular structure of the trees in Sydney Long's paintings is much closer to the works of Charles Conder in Sydney collections in the 1890s than to the work of Streeton. These show the same lightheartedness as his contemporaries, but the general trend in Long's painting was towards the mysterious, enticing, stylized landscape, which is seen at its best in *The valley*.

When compared to *The valley*, other landscapes by Sydney Long suddenly appear very safe and tame. Flat planes of colour lushly applied, stylized trees of pure organic form, combine to make a dream country. It is as though the dream country in the distance of *Midday* has

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SYDNEY LONG THE RIVER HOUSE 1888
Oil on canvas
Owned by Mrs J. Lynravn
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At the same time as developing his landscapes towards the landscape of fantasy, Long also transformed the figures of the youths in *By tranquil waters* into spirits. From being identifiably masculine in 1894, they become mainly female, not the positively sexy female of D. H. Souter and Norman Lindsay, but rather neuter with light overtones of femininity.

The first major painting in this group is *The spirit of the plains*, 1897. It is the least complex composition, but perhaps the most beautiful of all his Art Nouveau paintings.

The background landscape of gum-trees has been reduced to flat, decorative surfaces. The very lightness and delicacy of gum trees seem to lend them to Art Nouveau stylization. Every form in the painting has been subordinated to that one, glorious curve of the dancing birds; each of the arched necks of the brolgas contributes to the flowing shape, which is halted by the piping figure. Only one other painting, the missing *Pastorale*, 1909, is like *The spirit of the plains* in pure Art Nouveau treatment of form. But even this does not have the same reliance or abstract qualities of balance as *The spirit of the plains* and, compared to it, *Pastorale* seems a lightweight piece.

This clean composition, as well as the haunting beauty of the spirit leading her dancers, makes this to modern eyes perhaps the most appealing of all the subject paintings.

The spirit of the plains, the missing *Pastorale* and *Pan* were all repeated as prints later in his career. Of the three it was *Pan* that Long preferred as a painting.

Pan could rightly be regarded as the patron god of the 'naughty nineties', but Long's Pan is more ethereal, more pure spirit than D. H. Souter's or Norman Lindsay's creations. Sydney Long's Pan is not the god who rorts after young river nymphs but the muse, the creator of dance and poetry.

The painting is based on Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, *A Musical Instrument,* a poem about the creation of

SYDNEY LONG BY TRANQUIL WATERS 1894
Oil on canvas 111.1 cm x 183.7 cm
Art Gallery of New South Wales
Photograph by John Delacour

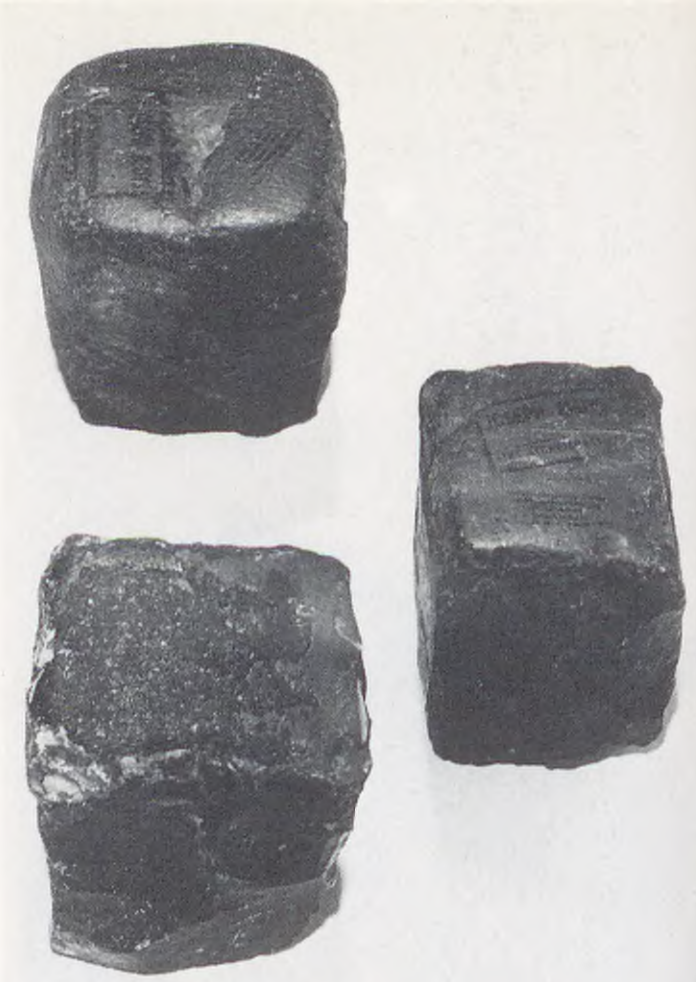
opposite
SYDNEY LONG THE VALLEY 1898
Oil on canvas 90.2 cm x 59.7 cm
Elder Bequest 1898
Art Gallery of South Australia

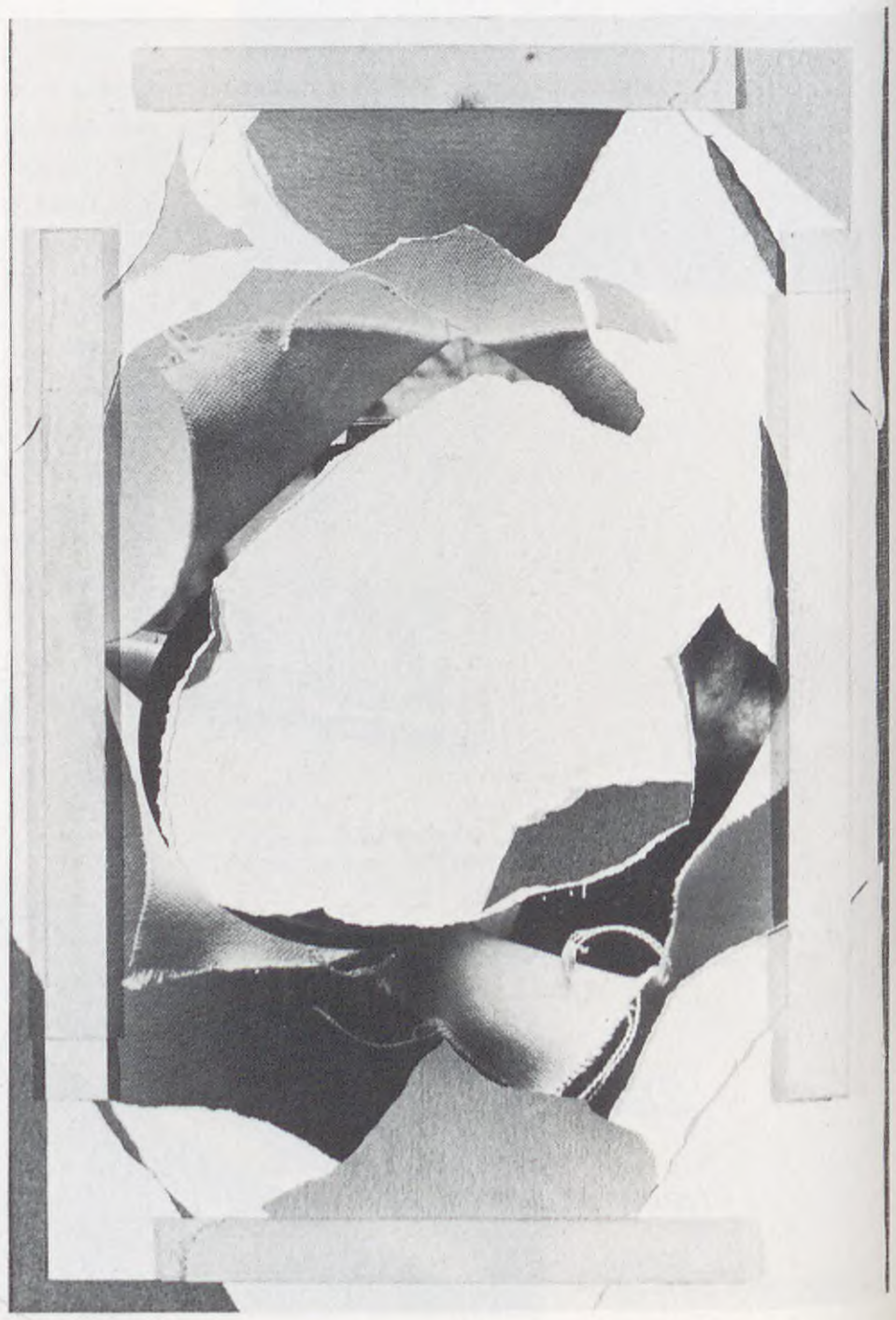
he experimented in ceramics at Syracuse University with other artists, like Helen Frankenthaler and Jules Olitski. Unlike a lot of recent sculpture, especially that of David Smith and Anthony Caro (and Steiner's earlier work) it does not reveal all its trajectories and volumes; indeed, it has hidden areas, and, contrary to some modernism, does not aim at clarification and the manifesting of all elements.

All is clear in Jud(son) Fine's *Ayers analog* except the inscription carved on top of a steel table and seen through the model of Ayers Rock made from chicken wire; it is a powerful play of solidity and fragility, shimmer and dullness, opacity and transparency. Ayers Rock is served up as an attenuated analogy; it owes its purpose, says Fine, to its social 'elaboration', but it needs protection from the wire and vice-versa. Certainly one remains more tolerant than convinced of such pronouncements, but one is intrigued by the Rock's supposedly representing an object without past or future, and the vagueness with which the words relate to the objects parallel the undefined relation of the wire 'rock' to the desert tableland.

Equally puzzling is William T. Wiley's *Rio skool;* composed of scribbled boards, branches, a peanut can, wooden battens, soap and a background drawing on paper, it associates itself with what has been called 'personal mythology' with suggestions of Indian rituals and practices, backwoodsmanship, backyard ecology, life considered against what looks like irrelevant and inconsequential past objects and experiences. Such art has been called 'dude-ranch-dada'. *Rio skool* is about, one presumes, an education that is a voyage in a makeshift vessel: rough, cluttered, uncultured, but yet about survival. Whereas Fine tends to declaim, Wiley presents 'evidence' that a judge might readily rule out of order, but his sculpture is about the invasion of memory by disparate, useless and valueless things and experiences that defy orthodox order.

Wiley has his connections with Michelle Stuart's object of hand-made paper, coloured with earth pigment and growing tiny feathers, called *Jemez story* from her Rock Book series of 1975; it is an object like an Indian pouch or an Esquimau bag, and has its origins in such cultures. In a quite different way, and for a very different purpose, Jurgen Brodwolf uses *papier maché* and cotton mesh in his two fragile figures (*Zwei*

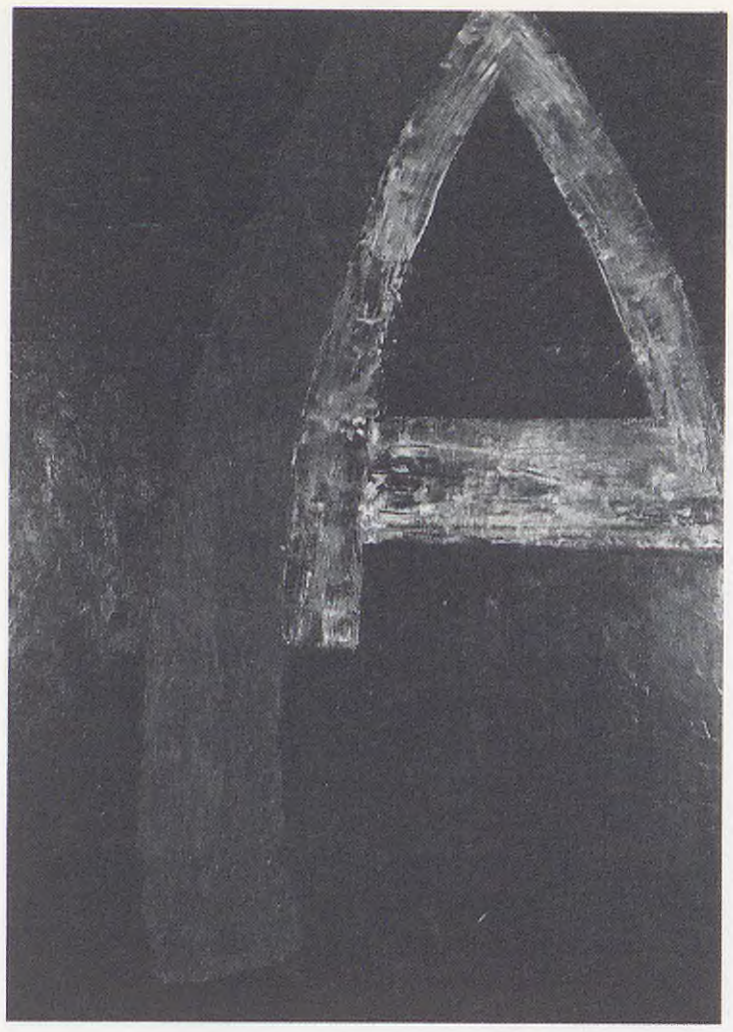


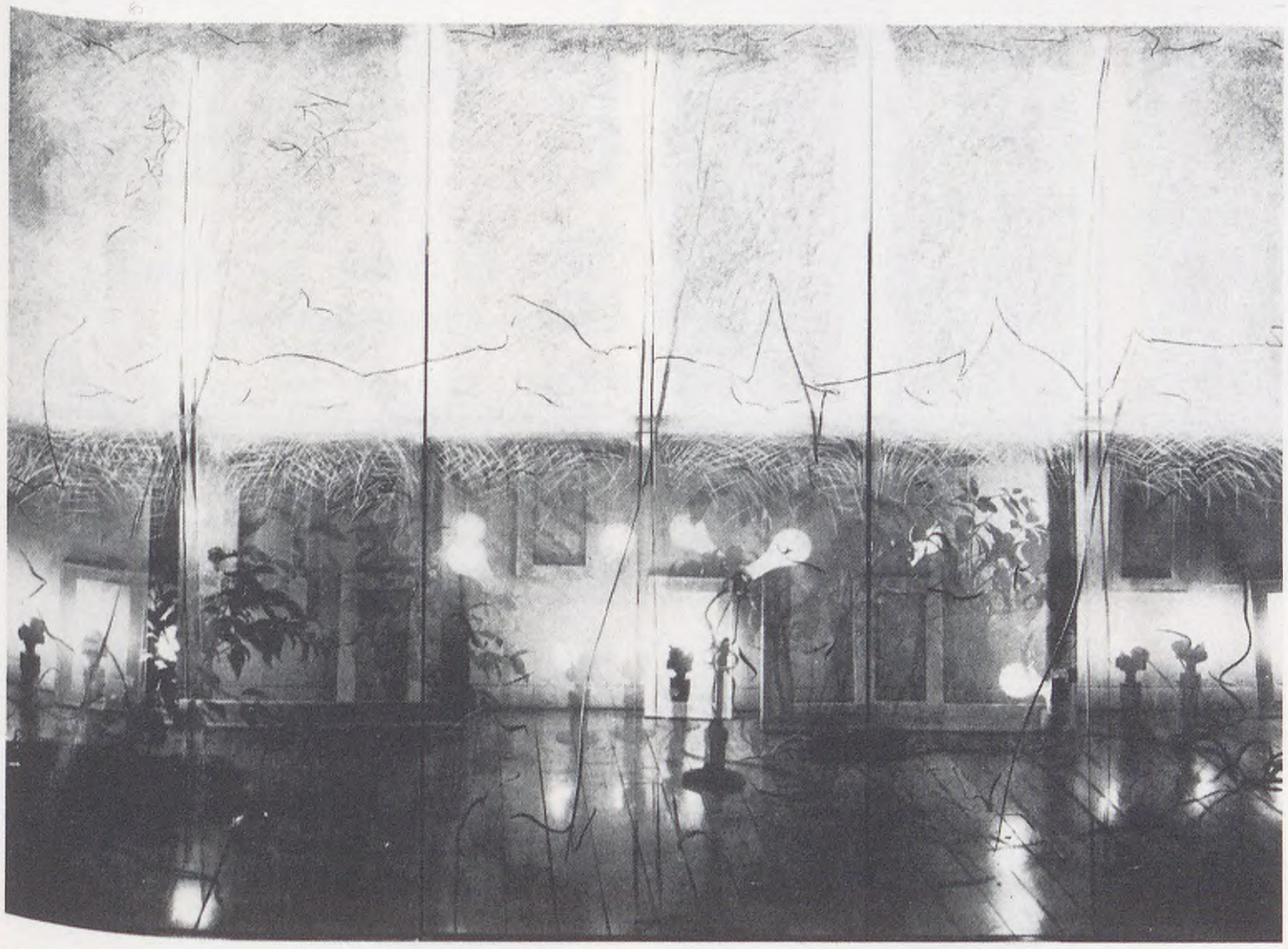


opposite top left
MICHELLE STUART JEMEZ STORY (ROCK BOOKS) (1975)
Handmade ragpaper, string, feathers, Jemez earth pigment
32.5 cm x 27 cm x 1.8 cm

opposite top right
JOSEPH BEUYS STRASSENAKTION (STREET HAPPENING) (1975)
Road stones, 28/50; 30/50; 39/50
each approx. 14 cm x 15 cm x 14 cm

opposite bottom
GIULIO PAOLINI INCIPIT (1975)
Torn photograph, canvas, wood on canvas
91 cm x 61.5 cm





top
JOHN EDWARDS SHAD THAMES (1975)
Acrylic on canvas 229.9 cm x 168 cm

above
LYNTON WELLS LHOO: EIGHT WIZARDS (1976)
Acrylic, crayon, photo-images on photosensitized linen
213.5 cm x 299 cm

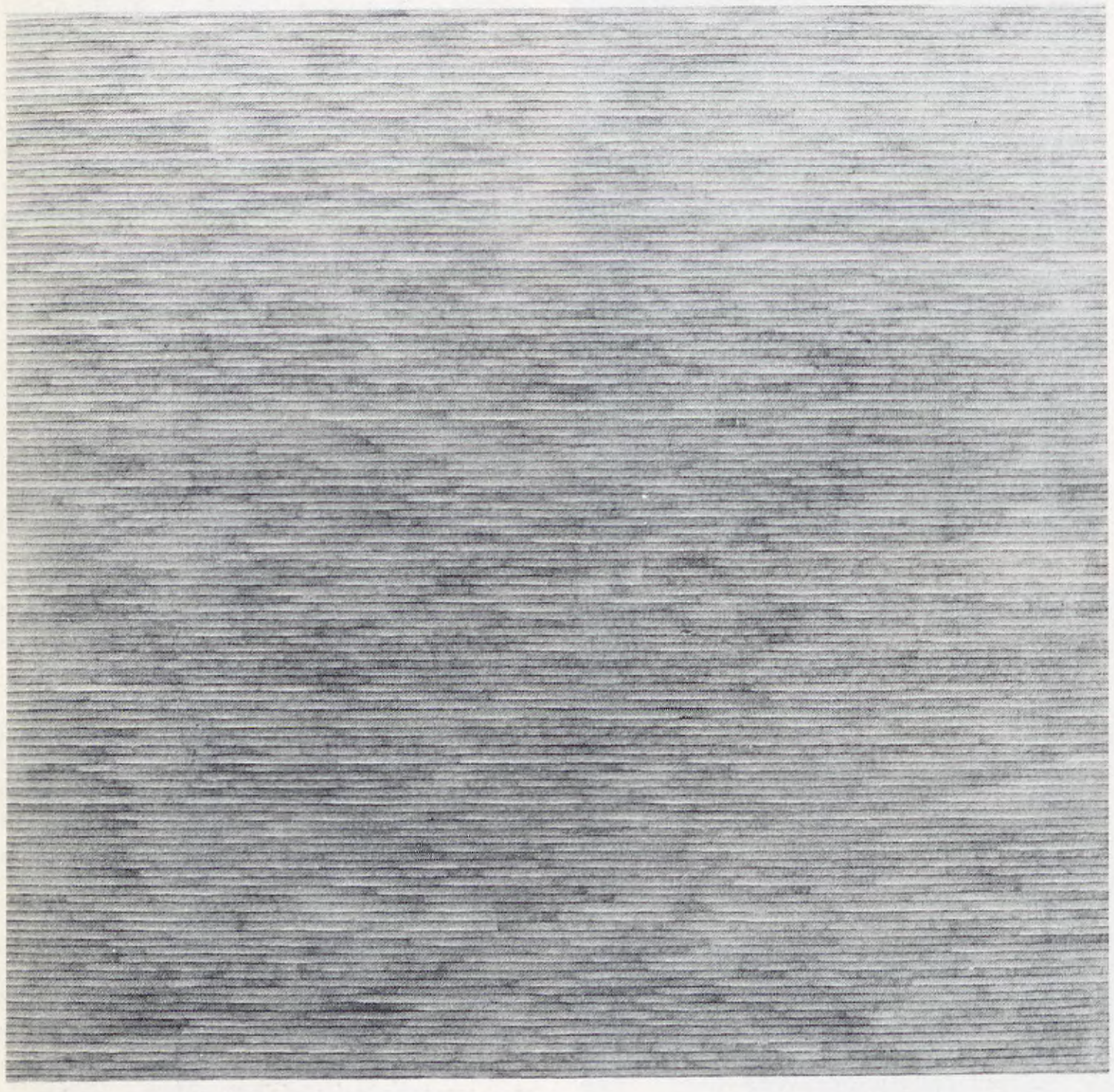
figurenfragmente), like white ghostly twins floating from the tomb; as with his figures made from empty, squeezed paint tubes, he presents an existence that has no real life: they are mummies and symbols of a life that was lived and not one lost in trivia as implied in Wiley's *Rio skool;* but much of this is speculation, for modern art has become more deliberately obscure in the sense that the search for certainty has been abandoned.

Joseph Beuys finds art (although some would think that designation doubtful) firmly beneath his feet; the paving stones of Dusseldorf, fifty of which he signed and stamped with his political slogan, he titled *Strassenaktion* perhaps best translated as 'Street-happening' because, although he believes in demonstrations, he prefers them to be peaceful; on the street is the ordinary pedestrian in whom he has more faith than in much of the rest of urban-mankind. The rocks are redolent of age, human wearing, endurance; they suggest archaeology, ancient Syria and Egypt: the highway of life is rough-hewn and tough . . . and the trio of stones embodies some formidable presence of Cairo.

Paolini's *Incipit*, a collage of a torn photograph, canvas and the pieces of a wooden stretcher, is about the ingredients of picture-making and is part of Paolini's concern with the self-contradictions and uncertainty of art and with the pretensions to delusion and illusion in the visual arts. While preserving a mobility of forms – flexible, elegant and classical, he is the antithesis of William Wiley – he pursues investigations into ways of seeing, the processes of perception. He does not want his works to seem to be conclusions or to provide definitive clues: they are like tracks of something on the sand or in the snow.

Like Giulio Paolini, Di Bello is involved with the coherence of the divided and subdivided; he has used a photomontage of Man Ray's photograph of his model, Kiki of Montparnasse, on photo-sensitive canvas, a ground that is being increasingly used by painters. He cuts up a photograph and then selects the pieces to be used as one does in a lucky dip and so revives Jean Arp's adherence to the laws of chance and, of course, at the same time mildly pillories Cubism and Futurism.

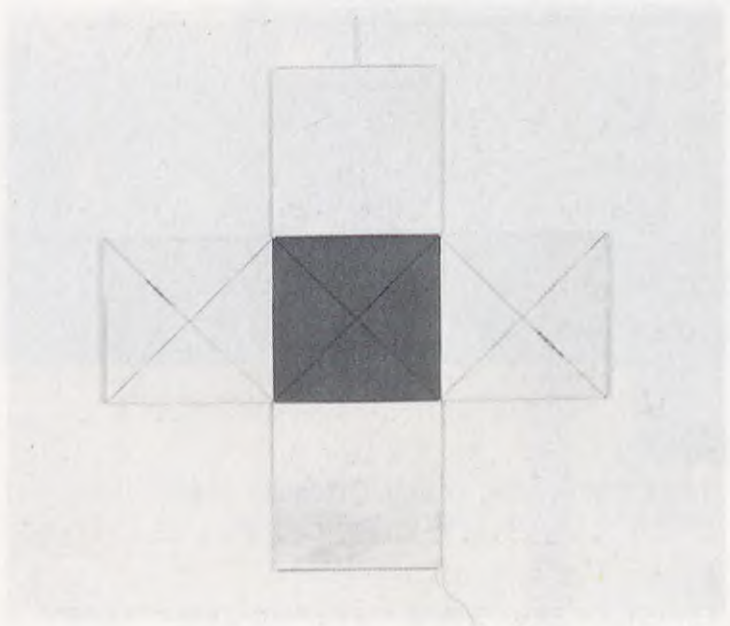
The remaining works, except John Edwards's *Shad Thames*, are generally about surface, its tautness, resonance,



top
DAVID BUDD UNTITLED (BLACK READING) (1976)
Oil on canvas 30.5 cm x 304.5 cm

above left
GIANFRANCO PARDI ARCHITETTURA (1976)
Aluminium, steelwire, canvas, acrylic, pencil
225 cm x 225 cm

above
EDWINA LEAPMAN BROWN VEIL I (CHINESE DRIFT) (1975)
Acrylic on canvas 167 cm x 183 cm



below left
JURGEN BRODWOLF ZWEI FIGURENFRAGMENTE (TWO FRAGMENTED FIGURES) (1975-76)
Cottonmesh, acrylic, paper, in timber box

tension, shallow depth, the thinness and flatness of the image, the firm limitation of attempts at depth, fairly even distribution of focus and subtle stillness and reserve.

Lynton Wells's *Lhoo: eight wizards* might, too, seem an exception, but the scribble across the top and the ironed-out appearance of the globes, with the wires imitating the scribble, make the scene one of flat uneventfulness without climax or a sense of impending action. He uses photo-sensitive canvas to obtain images that enforce a shallow space by dissolving the clarity by which objects can define themselves in space; a grey mist, without destroying deployed sources of light, begins to dissolve all.

There is, as Jeanne Siegel noted, another purpose: 'At the same time he uses the process to symbolically link together the organic and the technological as it reveals itself through an artist's world'.[1]

In comparison, Doro Loeser's *Emigration*, of hemp, steel-wool, paint and hardly discernible photographs, covered with nylon mesh, is totally organic, like the sea gone black or a patch of recently dug soil; its ancestors are no doubt Antoni Tapies and Gotthard Graubner, but hers alone is the fluctuating surface: focal points are dispersed both over the surface and in depth.

Something similar occurs with David Budd's *Untitled*, 30.5 cm x 304.5 cm, a long, narrow, black horizontal of oil paint that looks, says Thomas Hess, 'almost porcelained'.[2] John Russell wrote: 'The paintings in question are as carefully engineered as springboards, and what finally bounces off them is a single colour articulated by a flexible spatula that dips and digs, pushes and scoops, until the whole surface of the painting is (as it were) measured out with teaspoons and most dextrously animated'.[3] Budd has been associated with Brice Marden and Robert Ryman, but his shifting patterns generate a slight surface kineticism quite foreign to them and to their German counterpart, Rolf Rose. Such changeable surfaces defy photography.

The light also shifts across the aluminium sections of Gianfranco Pardi's *Architettura* of canvas and aluminium squares in a symmetrical, cruciform shape. Though the emphasis is on structure, the adjustable wire supports suggest impending instability. This relief parallels the solidity and fragility of Fine's *Ayers analog*. Pardi writes: 'The weight, the support, the gravity, the tensions all become the centre, the subject of the production of the work, the picture, the surface; they constitute and delimit the "location" of the operation'. And he adds, 'the cables . . . in the pictures aim to render evident certain tensions which interact on the surface'.[4]

With Budd, structure tends to conceal itself or only partially reveal itself; with Pardi the structure is to announce the surface variations. Like Paolini, who shows with him at Milan's Studio Marconi, Pardi wants to demonstrate how 'pictures' work.

Edwina Leapman's *Brown veil I*, despite its title, does not veil anything; the parallel bands of pale beige, slowing, almost stopping, gathering a little pace from left to right or right to left, are the surface itself; the selection of the scale of the canvas, as with Rolf Rose, is perfectly appropriate. The horizontal bands never become trajectories and never appear to be damned in mid-flow; this allows for an all-over pulsation that Rose obtains by other means.

Rolf Rose's means in *Grun* (*Green*) are to obtain a depth and resonance by overlays of wax, oil paint and graphite with frequent use of a spatula; it is a painting that demands scrutiny and contemplation, for whereas Minimal painting, with large uninflected areas, engulfed the viewer, such artists as Rose require prolonged examination to appreciate the subtle accents.

Most of the accentuation in Paul Rotterdam's *Substance 261* is on the shape, though, of course, by the recurring use of such titles, he also wants to emphasize the substantiality of his drab, dour, rough, worn and anti-technological, but 'industrial' surfaces. His works are funereal, shroud-like or resemble the black banners a defeated army might bear had it the strength.

Most of the paintings discussed are wan or gloomy; there are great colourists at work, of course: Kenneth Noland, Helen Frankenthaler and, in a restricted sense, Robert Motherwell. Two artists equally concerned with the constructive use of colour (both had acclaimed one-person shows in New York early in 1977), Hélène Valentin and Natvar Bhavsar, are already in the Power collection. Otherwise, there is not a great deal of colour-experimentation to be seen – some sprightly work by Ronnie Landfield is an immediate exception – and what is observable lacks the authority of the above colourists and the tense reserve of Pardi and the engaging gloom of Rotterdam.

So where to place John Edwards's *Shad Thames*?

Is he simply a revivalist of gestural abstraction? Not according to Terence Maloon, who writes: 'Edwards has latterly attempted to reconcile the idiom of field painting with that of figural abstraction . . .. The constituent parts are rudimentary and "primitive" in their form. They may read dually as shapes and as gestural marks, or, more accurately, as not quite either . . . Edwards's expressionism is of a different order from the kinds of expressionism with which we are generally familiar. The vehicle of feeling is less exclusively identified with the turbulence of handling stylistic deformations, or even the drama of colour, though all these contribute to the pictures' overall effect. The main weight of their eloquence is borne by more 'impersonal' factors: one reads a kind of kinaesthetic behaviour into the arrangement of shapes – the ways they touch or impact, abut, perch, straddle or spring'; and he concludes by remarking that Edwards's recent work confutes the reductionist fallacy and bridge-burning that has impoverished many of his contemporaries'.[5] In fact, he acts like one who believes that problems in art are never really solved but breed more problems, and to gauge his contribution one should compare his painting with Jack Bush's prints, which are somewhat concerned with the same intentions.

Maverick Edwards may be, but the Power acquisitions have always included mavericks and doubtful hybrids of various degrees, a fact that has always made it difficult for comprehensive reviews.

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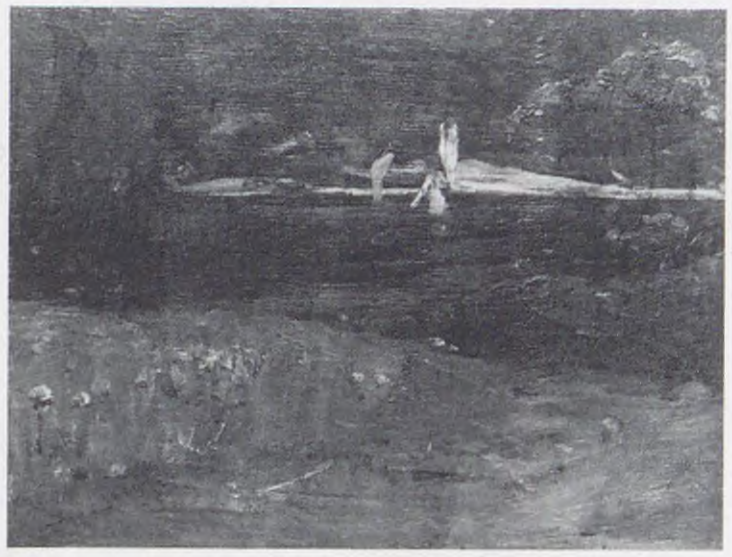

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Owned by Mrs J. Lynravn
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At the same time as developing his landscapes towards the landscape of fantasy, Long also transformed the figures of the youths in *By tranquil waters* into spirits. From being identifiably masculine in 1894, they become mainly female, not the positively sexy female of D. H. Souter and Norman Lindsay, but rather neuter with light overtones of femininity.

The first major painting in this group is *The spirit of the plains,* 1897. It is the least complex composition, but perhaps the most beautiful of all his Art Nouveau paintings.

The background landscape of gum-trees has been reduced to flat, decorative surfaces. The very lightness and delicacy of gum trees seem to lend them to Art Nouveau stylization. Every form in the painting has been subordinated to that one, glorious curve of the dancing birds; each of the arched necks of the brolgas contributes to the flowing shape, which is halted by the piping figure. Only one other painting, the missing *Pastorale,* 1909, is like *The spirit of the plains* in pure Art Nouveau treatment of form. But even this does not have the same reliance or abstract qualities of balance as *The spirit of the plains* and, compared to it, *Pastorale* seems a lightweight piece.

This clean composition, as well as the haunting beauty of the spirit leading her dancers, makes this to modern eyes perhaps the most appealing of all the subject paintings.

The spirit of the plains, the missing *Pastorale* and *Pan* were all repeated as prints later in his career. Of the three it was *Pan* that Long preferred as a painting.

Pan could rightly be regarded as the patron god of the 'naughty nineties', but Long's Pan is more ethereal, more pure spirit than D. H. Souter's or Norman Lindsay's creations. Sydney Long's Pan is not the god who rorts after young river nymphs but the muse, the creator of dance and poetry.

The painting is based on Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, *A Musical Instrument,* a poem about the creation of

SYDNEY LONG BY TRANQUIL WATERS 1894
Oil on canvas 111.1 cm x 183.7 cm
Art Gallery of New South Wales
Photograph by John Delacour

opposite
SYDNEY LONG THE VALLEY 1898
Oil on canvas 90.2 cm x 59.7 cm
Elder Bequest 1898
Art Gallery of South Australia

art through the destruction of nature. Pan's pipe, which enchants the world, can only be made at the cost of destroying the old, natural order of things:

'Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost
and pain –
For the reed which grows never
more again
As a reed with the reeds by the river'.

Pan is essentially a narrative painting, using the decorative elements of rhythmic dancing figures and stylized trees to accentuate the theme of nature destroyed by art. The foreground shows the reeds crushed by the careless god after he plucked them to make a Pan-pipe: and he sits by the river using his music to tame the wild dances of the nymphs and fauns.

Another riverbank scene, the missing *Pastorale,* 1899, shows more definitely Grecian nymphs listening to a beautiful reclining youth, who plays a Pan-pipe. It is far less decorative in style than *Pan,* and far more typical of other paintings by Society of Artists members exhibited at the same time. A contemporary critic, James Green, wrote in the *Australasian Arts Review*:

'(The colours) appropriately preserve a note of ideality, to which "old gold" distance, suggestive of a decorative ground, contributes not a little, while it completes the subtle colour harmony'.

In 1904 the piping figure returns in *The music lesson.* Here it is transformed to an Aboriginal girl. She is an Australian bush spirit teaching the birds to sing. The birds are no longer stylized brolgas, but magpies, birds which Long continued to depict in paintings and etchings for the next twenty years.

The introduction of an Aboriginal spirit is interesting in the light of an article written by Sydney Long in *Art and Architecture* in January of 1905. Commenting on the future development of Australian Art he wrote:

'. . . instead of Pans and Centaurs he [the Australian artist] will bid the Aboriginal blossom out in all the graceful proportions of manly vigour, when sufficient time has intervened to allow us to forget his failings. He will be depicted as an heroic figure in his tribal fights. The lonely gullies will be wakened to life with graceful pastorals of native children. The Bell Bird's chime, the Curlew's melancholy note will be pictured forms in the dusky maiden's love tragedy'.

Goulburn, Long's childhood home, had been one of the centres for corroborees in the early nineteenth century. By the 1870s, when Sydney Long was a child, most of the local Aborigines had been corrupted by European habits – the former owners of the land were better known as town drunks. Unlike other artists of his time, Long did not paint the sordid degeneration, but as always in his art looked to the imagined perfection.

Probably the most famous bird Sydney Long is associated with is the flamingo, yet it was probably the one he liked least. In 1902 *Flamingoes* was exhibited with the newly amalgamated Royal Art Society. It was purchased by the National Gallery of New South Wales, part of the purchase price being the return of *Pan* to the artist. Popular taste, typified by the Gallery Trustees, therefore rated *Flamingoes* far more highly than the more complex *Pan.* However, the artist himself was not overly fond of the painting, and it appears to have been mainly an exercise in art politics using a limited palette.

In 1895 a group of artists had formed the Society of Artists, leaving the conservative Art Society. These had included Tom Roberts, Arthur Streeton, Julian Ashton and Sydney Long. In 1902 there was a shortlived attempt at reconciling the two groups with a Royal Charter. It was felt by some members of the Society of Artists that their low-toned compositions would be overshadowed by the broader palette of the Art Society members: 'So I told the boys, when the next exhibition drew near, that I would paint an amalgamated picture. I would strike a top note, with a scheme of burning red. Looking around for something strong in colour, but which gave opportunities for design, I got my subject in the Zoo'.[1]

According to Donald Friend, who knew Sydney Long in later years, Long did not add the strong reds until varnishing day, and then so loaded it with vermilion and carmine that it 'killed stone dead' the Art Society's paintings.

While he painted many watercolour paintings of flamingoes in later years, some at least of these were painted as hack pieces when he was in England.

Few of the other major subject paintings have been traced. *Fleur de Lys,* 1903, was sold at Christies some years ago, but was later destroyed by fire. From looking at black-and-white photographs, it seems possible that the two children in this rather weird set-piece are meant to be Aborigines, but this cannot be confirmed. However, contemporary derogatory comments on ' boiled oil children' do make it likely. It has also been suggested that the woman in the centre is Thea Proctor. Thea Proctor and Sydney Long were engaged before her departure for Europe, and there is a strong superficial resemblance to her in the figure's face.

The most intriguing missing painting was exhibited in 1909, just before Long departed for England. *Pastorale* is best known as the later print which he based on it, and the exquisite vase made by Mildred Lovett to Sydney Long's design, which was exhibited with the painting. A later version of the painting with the title *Fantasy* hangs in the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Of all the survivors the vase seems closest to contemporary photographs of the original painting. The proportions in the later painting are elongated, and the palette is the same as his other wartime European paintings. The Mildred Lovett vase has sharper and purer colours, far closer to his early work. *Pastorale* is Sydney Long's last major decorative painting. Later decorative works re-worked themes with little success.

In 1910 Long went to London, where he enrolled in the Central School of Arts and Crafts. Although most of his paintings, principally watercolours, of this period are not as interesting as his previous work, one painting *Blossoms,* 1910, shows a Conder-like lightness of touch and purity of colour.

Shortly after he arrived in England Long married and was thus faced with the prospect of supporting both himself and his wife on rather inadequate means. It is not surprising that he turned to painting pot boilers, many of which were sold in Australia through his Sydney agent Adolph Albers. In 1912 he visited the Belgian town of Bruges. Here he painted several studies of market places and canals. But the delightful fantasy of his earlier work has gone. His principal concerns with these paintings are

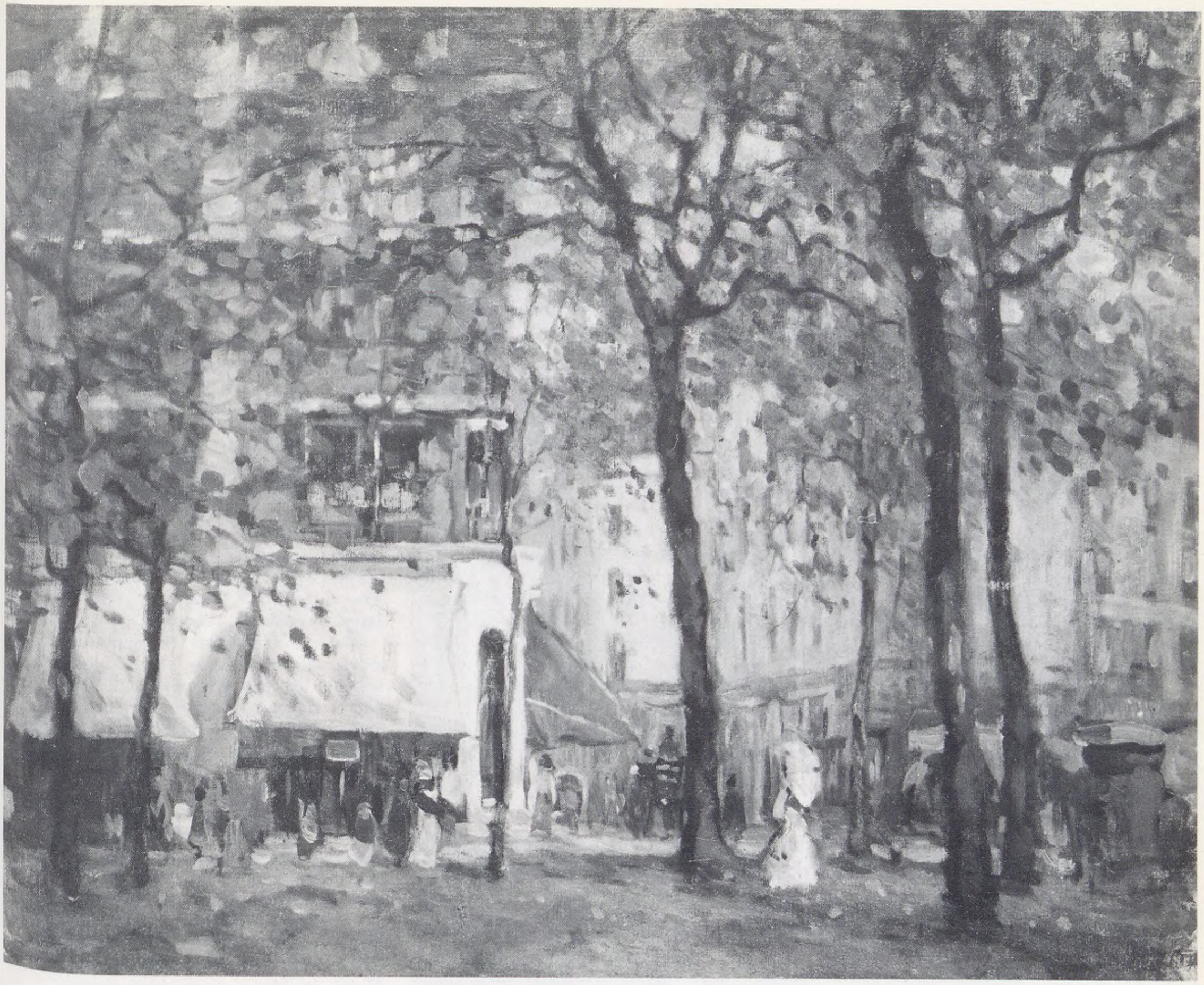
[1]Quoted in William Moore, *The Story of Australian Art,* 1934, Vol. 1; p. 170.

left
SYDNEY LONG MIDDAY (1896)
Oil on canvas 102.2 cm x 153 cm
Art Gallery of New South Wales

below
SYDNEY LONG THE SPIRIT OF THE PLAINS (1897)
Oil on canvas on wooden panel 62.3 cm x 130 cm
Queensland Art Gallery
Gift of William Howard Smith in memory of
Ormond Charles Smith, 1940
Photograph by Richard Stringer

SYDNEY LONG PAN (1898)
Oil on canvas 108.6 cm x 177.8 cm
Art Gallery of New South Wales

SYDNEY LONG PLACE DU TERTRE, PARIS
Oil on canvas 62 cm x 75 cm
Owned by Christopher Davis
Photograph by Jill Crossley



strong dusky pinks and mauves in heavy Brangwyn influenced composition.

The one positive achievement of Long's London career was his undoubted mastery of printmaking. It is probably true to say that in his later career he regarded himself primarily as a print-maker rather than as a painter.

After his return from Europe in 1925, Long's paintings are similar in colour and tone to the pure landscapes of his first Sydney period, but there is no longer the same mastery of line and compared to his early paintings these are a very sorry lot indeed. Yet it was the paintings of this period that were twice given the accolade of the Wynne Prize, and made him a figure in the Establishment art world. His very late works, painted in the 1940s, have the same lush paint texture of *The valley*, painted so many years before. The subjects lack that fantasy. They are usually the Narrabeen Lake, or somewhere on the central north coast of New South Wales, but the richness of colour is a final looking back to his finest works.

A recent comment by Donald Friend is probably the best summary of Sydney Long's later position:–

'Syd – it seems now, looking back to my own youth – was unlucky in his maturity. He was loyal to the Royal Art Society which was dominated by the dullest dogs of Australian art. He disliked the old ideas as much as the new; resented the public's luke-warm attitudes in the 1930s and was too timid to let himself go. He'd become a soured romantic.'

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:
Statements by Donald Friend quoted in this article were made in a letter to the author 9 December 1976.

Australian Expressionism and the Northern Romantic Tradition

Tom Gibbons

> 'The Symbolist's attitude of evoking sensations by means of forms and colours established the basis for the trend towards abstraction which is central to the art of the twentieth century'
>
> – Peter Selz[1]

Expressionism has surely been the most powerful influence upon Australian *avant-garde* painting of the past thirty years, whether in its more obviously representational mode stemming from *Die Brücke* or in its allegedly non-representational mode stemming from *Der Blaue Reiter* and from Wassily Kandinsky in particular.

My main purpose in this short article is to ask what kinds of judgement of Australian Expressionist paintings in both modes are appropriate in the light of their historical context, especially as this has been recently and importantly re-defined and illuminated for us by Professor Robert Rosenblum.

Any attempt to answer this question immediately conjures up a formidable number of paradoxes. We need to take into account, for example, the fact that both the early twentieth-century pioneer of so-called 'total abstraction' and the American Abstract Expressionists regarded their own paintings as representational, and also that their work, which has its immediate roots in one kind of religiously committed late nineteenth-century aesthetic (e.g. Tolstoy's) has more often than not been interpreted and evaluated in terms of another: that of 'art for art's sake' (e.g. Wilde's). And we have to take into account that a more recent generation of abstractionists has either failed to understand or has chosen to ignore the original intentions behind the tradition in which they themselves have been working. Terry Smith, for example, in his important article of 1970 on late-1960s colour-form painting, suggests that Barnett Newman, Clyfford Still and Mark Rothko were at that time regarded as practitioners of autonomous 'colour-painting' in both London and Sydney.[2]

The general intentions of the American Abstract Expressionists themselves have fortunately been summarized for us by Rothko himself in the following words:

> 'I am not interested in relationships of colour or form or anything else . . . . I am interested only in expressing the basic human emotions – tragedy, ecstasy, doom, and so on – and the fact that lots of people break down and cry when confronted with my pictures shows that I *communicate* with those basic human emotions. The people who weep before my pictures are having the same religious experience I had when I painted them. And if you, as you say, are moved only by their colour relationships, then you miss the point!'[3]

Thus Rothko, as quoted in Professor Rosenblum's chapter on Abstract Expressionism in his *Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition: Friedrich to Rothko*, 1975.

Rothko's statement of intention confirms several of the major theses of Professor Rosenblum's work, which I regard as the single most important book so far published on twentieth-century painting. It is important because it offers a fundamental and convincing re-interpretation, re-appraisal and re-structuring of recent art history, particularly in the stress that it lays on the continuity of nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting, and because in so doing it raises important questions about recent and present tendencies in Australian painting and how they should be evaluated.

The main arguments of professor Rosenblum's book will be summarized shortly. Meanwhile, by way of introduction, let us examine some of the most important assumptions contained in Rothko's statement, together with some of their probable sources.

The immediately striking thing about Rothko's statement is that he is not in the least interested in 'aesthetic' considerations: 'relationships of colour or form'. Indeed, to think in such terms about his paintings is emphatically to 'miss the point', for he himself is interested solely in expressing his emotions and in communicating these to his spectators. Two things follow from this. Firstly, that Rothko's paintings have a content, namely his own state of mind; secondly, that they are not autonomous abstractions, but representational paintings.

Furthermore, the states of mind that the paintings are intended to represent are specifically religious, and the works themselves a means of conveying Rothko's inner 'religious experience' to the spectator. It is entirely consistent with Rothko's estimate of the importance of his own religious experiences that the series of his paintings commissioned by the de Mérsils should eventually have been hung in a quasi-religious chapel: the specially designed Rothko Chapel at Houston, Texas.[4]

Like so much in twentieth-century Expressionism, Rothko's views on his role as artist, on the content of his art, and of this art's essential *modus operandi* are heavily indebted to late-nineteenth-century doctrines of the kind promulgated by such differing sources as the French Symbolists and the great Russian novelist Tolstoy.

For the Symbolists, the artist was essentially a magus or visionary whose soul underwent profound experiences on the astral plane, and who incarnated these transcendental visions in material works of art so that lesser mortals might also experience them, albeit at second-hand. The Symbolist's aim is never realistic 'description', but always the 'expression' of his own spiritual and emotial state and its 'evocation' in the mind and soul of the spectator. What the Symbolists sought for between artist and spectator was a form of mental and spitirual 'telepathy' – a word that was coined, appropriately enough, by F. W. H. Myers, that indefatigable investigator for the British Society for Psychical Research, in 1882.

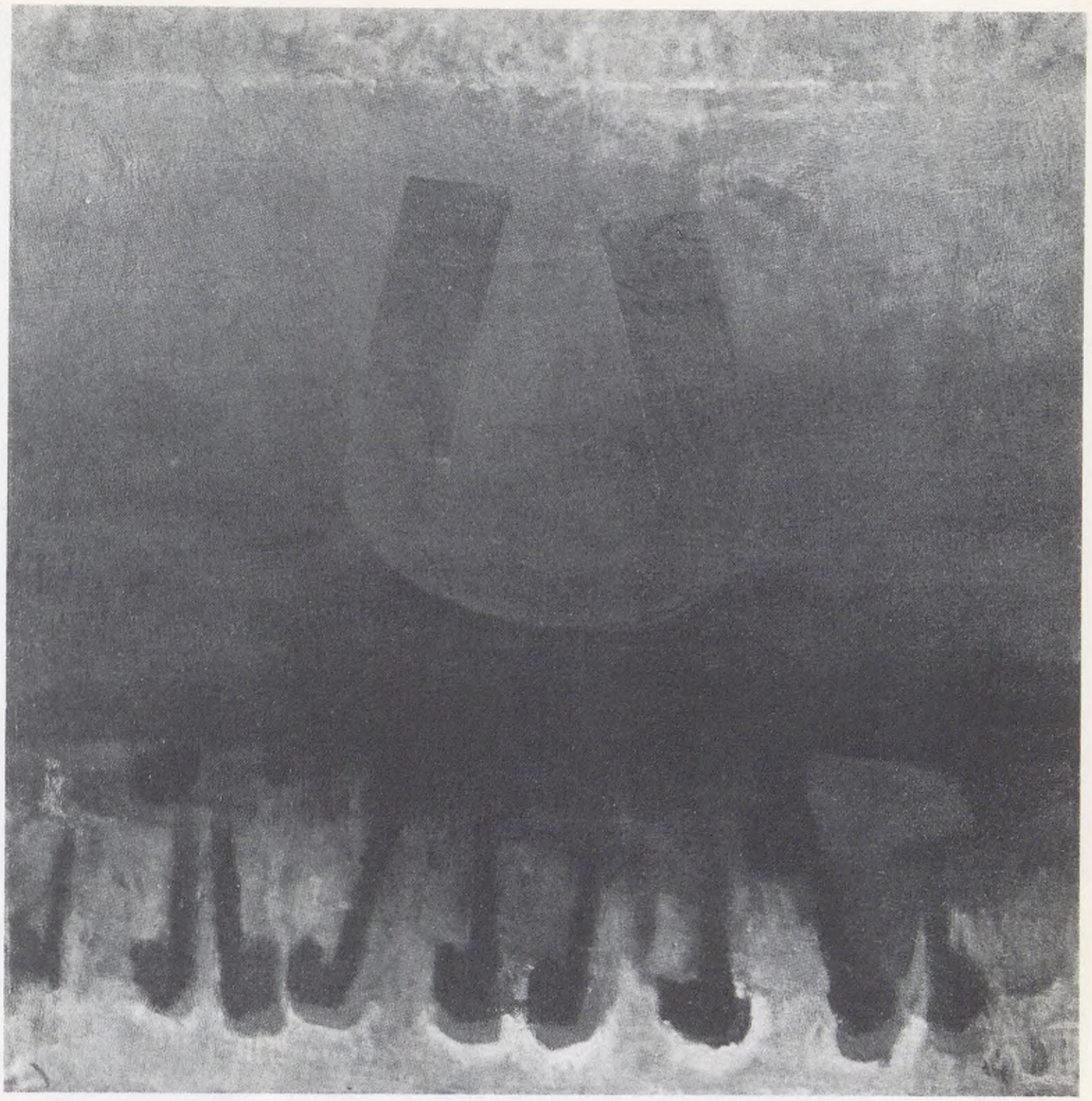
Rothko's notion of art's being concerned *entirely* with the expression of emotion goes back at least as far as Eugène Véron's *L'Esthétique*, which was published in 1878 and translated into English by W. H. Armstrong in the following year. Thanks to Tolstoy's heavy reliance on it in his best-selling *What Is Art?* (English translation 1898), Véron's doctrine of pure emotional-expressionism had already gained ex-

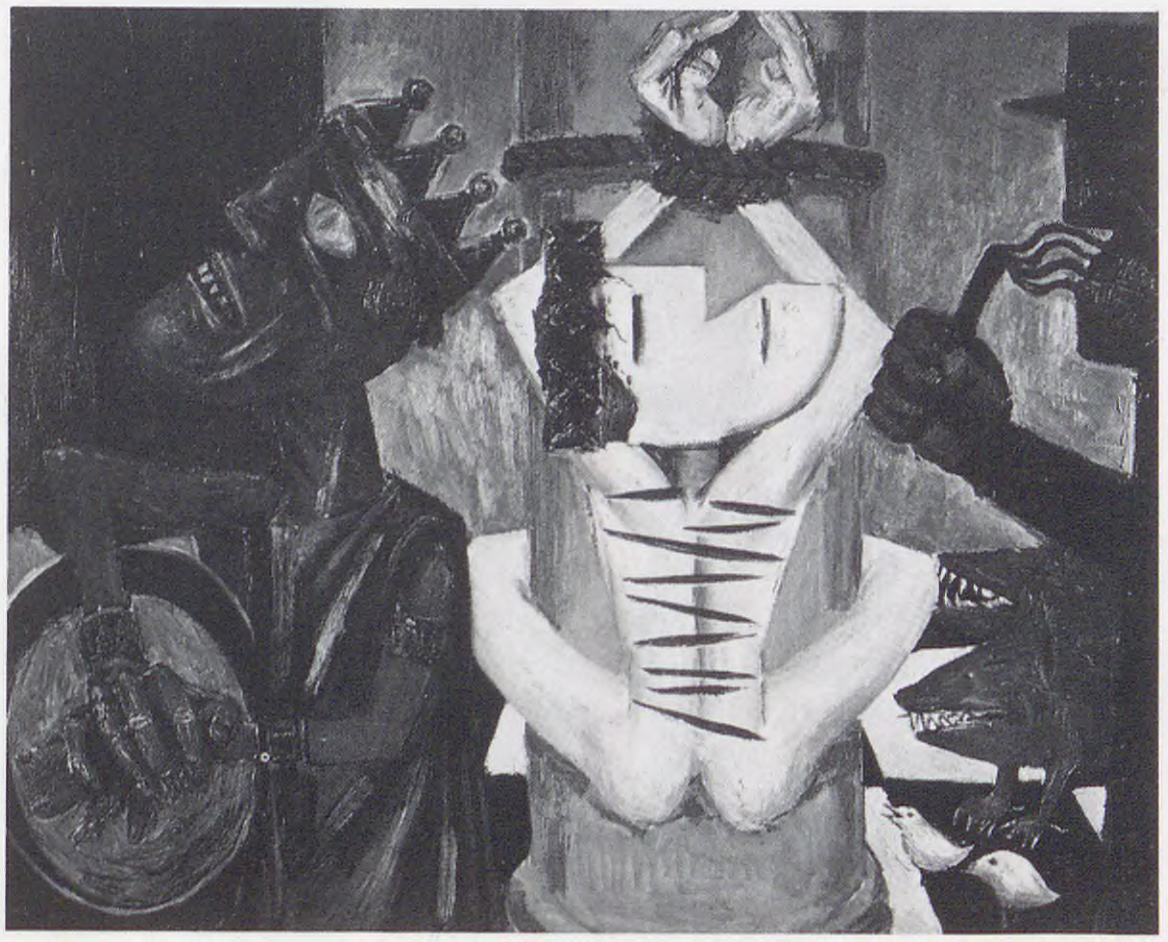
[1] Herschel B. Chipp: *Theories of Modern Art. A Source Book by Artists and Critics* (University of California Press, 1968), p. 124.

[2] Terry Smith: 'Color-Form Painting: Sydney 1965-70', *Other Voices*, 1, i (June-July, 1970), p. 10.

[3] Robert Rosenblum: *Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition: Friedrich to Rothko* (London, Thames & Hudson, 1975), p. 215.

[4] Rosenblum, p. 216.





above
LAWRENCE DAWS MANDALA 1 1962
Oil on canvas 137 cm x 137 cm

right
ALBERT TUCKER PILATE (1952)
Oil on canvas 73.6 cm x 92 cm

tremely wide circulation by the end of the nineteenth century. According to Véron, says Tolstoy:

> '. . . art is the manifestation of emotion transmitted externally by a combination of lines, forms, colours, or by a succession of movements, sounds, or words subjected to certain rhythms'.[5]

Tolstoy repeatedly asserts that the entire basis of art consists in the recreation of the artist's emotional state in the mind of the auditor or spectator, as in the following quotation:

> 'The activity of art is based upon the fact that a man, receiving through his sense of hearing or sight another man's expression of feeling, is capable of experiencing the emotion which moved the man who expressed it.'[6]

Tolstoy also predicts that the new expressive art of the twentieth-century will be essentially religious in its impulse:

> 'Art of the future . . . will consist . . . in transmitting such feelings as embody the highest religious perceptions of our times. Only those productions will be considered art which transmit feelings drawing men together in brotherly union, or such universal feelings as can unite all men'.[7]

These assumptions are echoed not only by Rothko, but by Kandinsky in *On the Spiritual in Art*, 1912, and by Kasimir Malevich, for whom '. . . the enduring, true value of a work of art . . . resides solely in the feeling expressed'.[8] The works of these and other so-called 'total abstractionists' are in fact intended to communicate visionary religious experiences telepathically to spectators, and by this means to draw them together in a new brotherly union.

The practice of 'total abstraction' belongs to the twentieth century, by and large, just as its underlying 'telepathic' theory of expression belongs to the late nineteenth. As Professor Rosenblum makes clear, however, the religious and transcendental yearnings of the European and American Expressionists are essentially those of early nineteenth-century Romanticism.

The gist of Professor Rosenblum's 'ambitious argument', as given in his Foreword, is 'that there is an important alternate reading of the history of modern art which might well supplement the orthodox one that has as its almost exclusive locus Paris, from David and Delacroix to Matisse and Picasso'.[9] His new view is meant:

> '. . . to suggest another, counter-French tradition in modern art, which may help us to understand better the ambitions and achievements of such great artists as Friedrich, Van Gogh, Mondrian, and Rothko by viewing them not, so to speak, through Parisian lenses, but rather through the context of a long Northern Romantic tradition, whose troubled faith in the functions of art they all share'.[10]

Professor Rosenblum traces a continuous tradition from Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840) to Rothko in terms of their intentions, imagery and pictorial composition, via Blake, Runge, Palmer, Van Gogh, Munch, Hodler, Nolde, Marc, Kandinsky, Klee, Ernst, Mondrian, Pollock, Gottlieb and Newman. Franz Marc, he says, 'believed that art was to create "symbols for the altar of a new spiritual religion", a belief that was virtually identical with that of almost every Northern artist we have considered so far'.[11] This is demonstrably true, not only of Rothko later, but of Munch, who stated in 1899 that 'he wished to paint a kind of art whose sacredness would make men "take off their hats as though they were in church" '[12] and, still further back, of Phillip Otto Runge (1777-1810), who dreamed of a series of paintings 'that was to revitalize Christian art and was to be enshrined in a chapel designed for the purpose where specially composed music would also contribute to the foundations of a new kind of religion'.[13] In the case of Kandinsky and Mondrian, says Professor Rosenblum:

> '. . . a whole new world of esoteric religious iconography culled from such occult sources as Theosophy and spiritualism provided . . . the matrix for a totally abstract pictorial language that was meant to create what were virtually spiritual icons for new, mystical religions'.[14]

The dilemma for Romantic artists in this tradition has always been that of

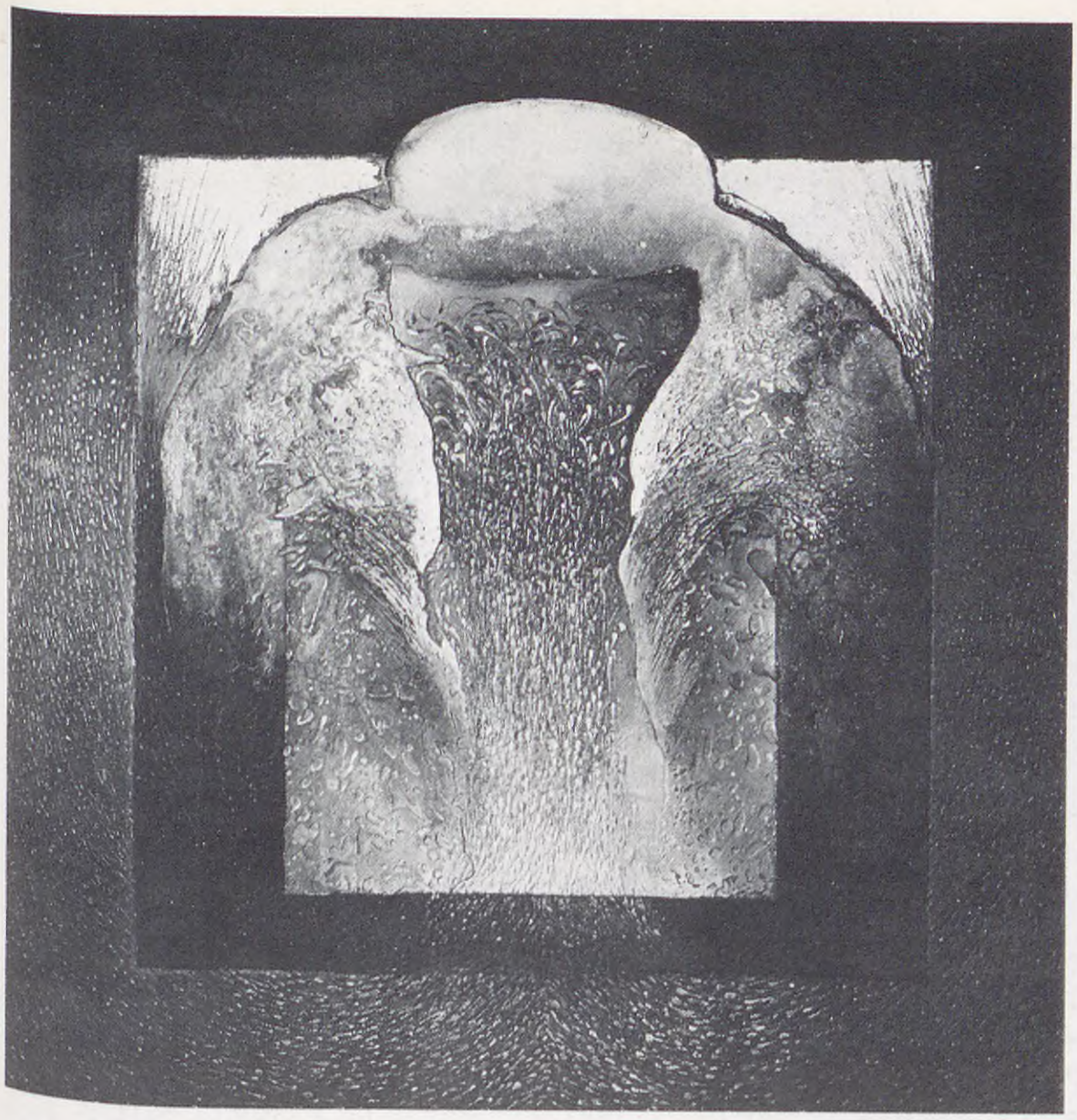
[5] Leo Tolstoy (trans. Aylmer Maude): *What Is Art?* (London, The Brotherhood Publishing Company, 1898), p. 34.
[6] Tolstoy, p. 48.
[7] Tolstoy, p. 193.
[8] Chipp: *Theories of Modern Art*, p. 341.
[9] Rosenblum, p. 7.
[10] Rosenblum, p. 8.
[11] Rosenblum, p. 139.
[12] Rosenblum, p. 119.
[13] Rosenblum, p. 43.
[14] Rosenblum, p. 196.

opposite top left
ASHER BILU MAHA-YUGA (1967)
Synthetic resin and powdered pigment
182.8 cm x 182.8 cm

opposite top right
ARTHUR BOYD PHANTOM BRIDE (1958)
Oil and tempera 160 cm x 137.1 cm

opposite bottom left
ROGER KEMP SEQUENCE FROM THE CENTRE
Acrylic on canvas 215 cm x 195 cm

opposite bottom right
ROBERT DICKERSON CHILD IN THE BUSH (1959)
Enamel on hardboard 182 cm x 121.9 cm



expressing transcendental experiences without recourse to the narrative subject-matter of the Christian gospels. Throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, as Professor Rosenblum shows, such artists have exploited the transcendental possibilities of Christian symbols (notably the Cross and the Church), and of natural phenomena used emblematically (notably trees, flowers, sun and moon). This mode of 'natural supernaturalism' as Professor Rosenblum calls it, echoing Carlyle, has been superseded by the more recent mode of 'transcendental abstraction', in which artists such as Rothko and Pollock have attempted to communicate their visionary experiences of cosmic forces themselves.

The key figure historically in the transition from 'natural supernaturalism' to 'transcendental abstraction' is Mondrian, who employs the whole gamut of nineteenth-century symbols of the Infinite (Cross, Church, sea, tree, flower, sun, moon), and whose:

> '. . . formal and spiritual goals were to be resurrected in the art of the American Abstract Expressionists, several of whom – Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman in particular – could also envision painting whose total destruction of matter and whose sense of boundless space locate us on the brink of mysteries as religious in implication as those evoked by Mondrian'.[15]

Mondrian also employs that bilateral pictorial symmetry or 'structural archaism' that recurs in the tradition of Romantic mystical painting from Friedrich to Rothko.

As Professor Rosenblum says: 'The Paris-based ideal of art-for-art's sake so fully dominated the mid-twentieth-century view of modern painting that it has taken almost a half-century to realize that the impulses behind the creation of much abstract art were anything but aesthetic in character'.[16]

This certainly seems broadly true. Artists such as Kandinsky and Mondrian were attempting to express universal religious feelings and consequently to contribute to human progress in a manner of which Tolstoy would have approved; indeed, many of Kandinsky's notions in *On the Spiritual in Art* are taken directly from Tolstoy, whose *What Is Art?* was essentially a humanistic counterblast to contemporary aestheticism. And yet, paradoxically, works produced in the spirit of the anti-aesthete Tolstoy have largely been interpreted in terms of the purely aesthetic criteria of Wilde, for whom 'Art never expresses anything but itself',[17] and for whom 'The art that is frankly decorative is the art to live with'.[18] Broadly speaking, the view of abstract painting taken by most of its apologists has been that of the late Sir Herbert Read, namely that abstract or non-figurative art 'has no concern beyond making objects whose plastic form appeals to the aesthetic sensibility'.[19]

If it has taken us half a century to realize what the aims and intentions of the first and second generations of 'totally abstract' painters actually were, however, does not that in itself indicate that there is something radically unsound with the 'telepathic' theory of emotional expressionism? For the aspirations of these painters, fairly clearly, were towards a new language of universal religious symbolism that would speak directly to the viewer's soul, and though some of Rothko's viewers may have wept, there seems to be no evidence that viewers of paintings by Mondrian and Kandinsky or of Pollock's *Blue poles* receive any direct experience of transcendental realities. One can understand, while regretting, the conversion of the saintly Mondrian's mystical perceptions into decorative fabric-designs.

'Artist, you are a priest . . . . Artist, you are a king . . . . Artist, you are a magus', wrote the Sâr Péladan, founder of the Rosicrucian Salon of Symbolist painters in his *Idealist and Mystical Art*.[20] This Symbolist notion of the artist as magus or visionary clearly lives on strongly in recent Australian Expressionist painting: Lawrence Daws, Leonard French, John Coburn, Donald Laycock, Stanislaus Rapotec, Roger Kemp, Asher Bilu, Guy Warren, Desiderius Orban, Alun Leach-Jones, all appear to be concerned with penetrating to cosmic mysteries. Such a view is supported by several of the notes to James Gleeson's *Modern Painters 1931-70*; indeed, the durability of late-nineteenth-century Symbolist notions is demonstrated by Mr Gleeson's describing Lawrence Daws as 'a necromancer' and Asher Bilu as 'a visionary' in a manner that suggests that these are fairly usual sorts of things for a painter to be.[21]

I have no wish to devalue the achievements of the Australian painters I have mentioned, but rather, in the light of Professor Rosenblum's book and of my own investigations, to raise the question of the *kind* of evaluation that is to be made of their work, if it is not to be an aesthetic and apparently consequently irrelevant one. If aesthetic criteria completely 'miss the point', in Rothko's phrase, then what kind of criteria will serve?

Transcendental Abstraction, stemming from Kandinsky and Mondrian, appears to have found no great following in Australia until it had been imported into the United States and re-exported in the form of Abstract Expressionism. The almost contemporary brand of German figurative Expressionism stemming from such figures as Kirchner, Heckel and Beckmann has of course been with us considerably longer, and is reflected in the work of such painters as Albert Tucker, Sidney Nolan, Arthur Boyd, Charles Blackman, John Brack, Clifton Pugh and Robert Dickerson. The most obvious characteristic of this *Die Brücke*-based Expressionism is its heavy emphasis upon the anguished and nightmarish aspects of human experience. Because they offer direct and often morally evaluative comments upon contemporary life, however, works in this tradition also call into question the relevance and validity of purely aesthetic judgements.

It might be argued that the Northern Romantic Tradition, as it has affected Australian painting, has eventually resolved itself into a form of Manichean dualism. The tradition of *Der Blaue Reiter* mysticism finds value only in spiritually and transcendental visions, while the tradition of *Die Brücke* morbidity presents everyday life as irretrievably fallen and degraded. Be that as it may, Professor Rosenblum's book by implication calls into question the whole essentially trivializing notion of art for art's sake, and that is merely one of its many extremely valuable contributions making for a radical re-assessment of our present position.

[15] Rosenblum, p. 194.
[16] Rosenblum, p. 173.
[17] Oscar Wilde: *Intentions*, 1891 (London, The Unicorn Press, 1945), p. 38.
[18] Wilde, p. 154.
[19] Herbert Read: *Art and Industry: The Principles of Industrial Design* (London, Faber & Faber, 1945), p. 49.
[20] Péladan: *L'Art Idéaliste et Mystique* (Paris, Sansot, 1909) p. 327.
[21] James Gleeson: *Modern Painters 1931-70* (Lansdowne Press, 1971), pp. 116, 117.

Gareth Sansom: A Re-ordered Reality

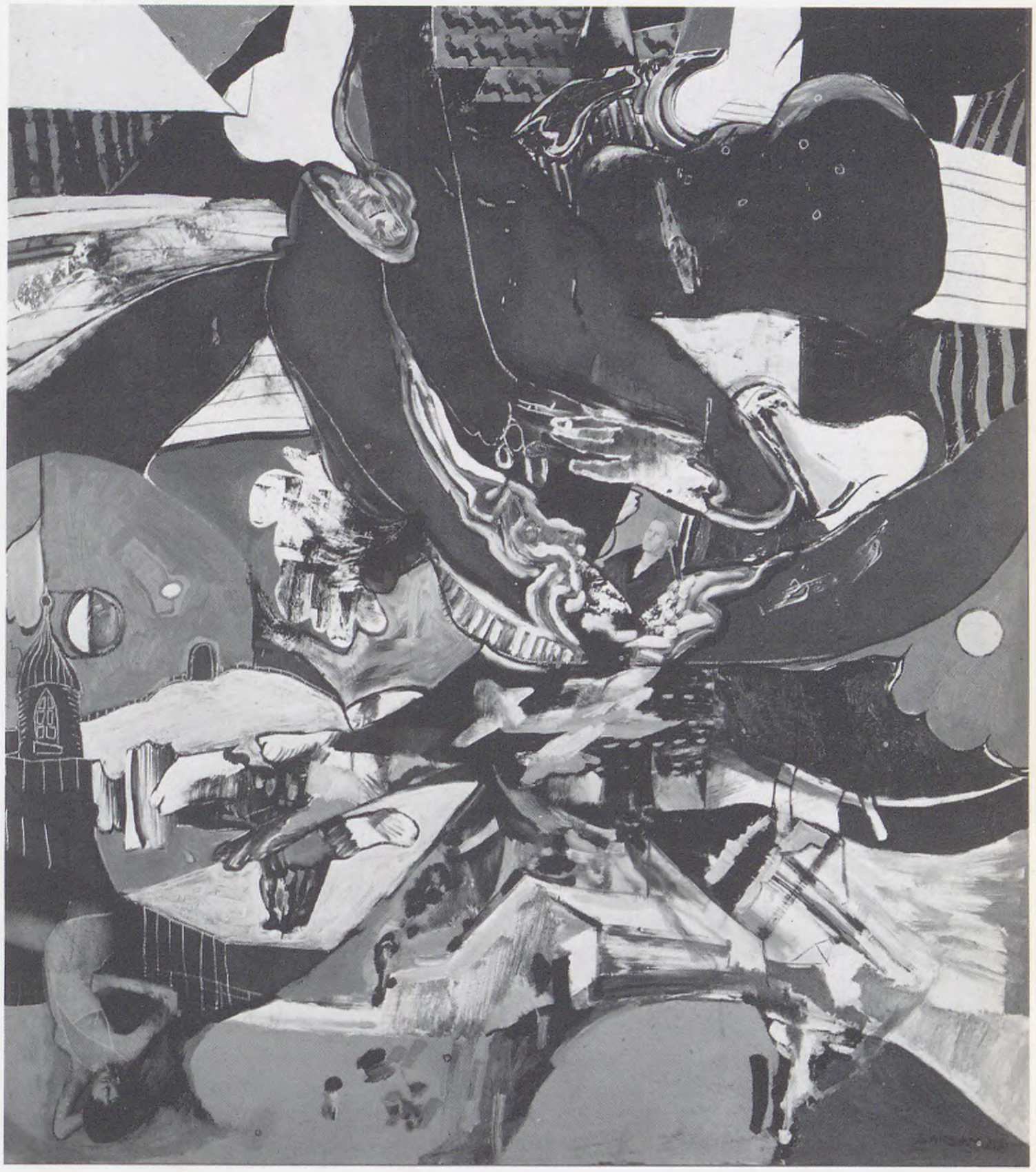
Graeme Sturgeon

'The painter makes real to others his innermost feelings, about all that he cares for. A secret becomes known to everyone who views the picture through the intensity with which it is felt. The painter must give a completely free rein to any feelings or sensations he may have, and reject nothing to which he is naturally drawn. It is just this self-indulgence which acts for him, as the discipline through which he discards what is unessential [sic] to him, and so crystallizes his tastes. A painter's tastes must grow out of what so obsesses him in life, that he never has to ask himself what is suitable for him to do in art . . . .' Lucien Freud, 1965.[1]

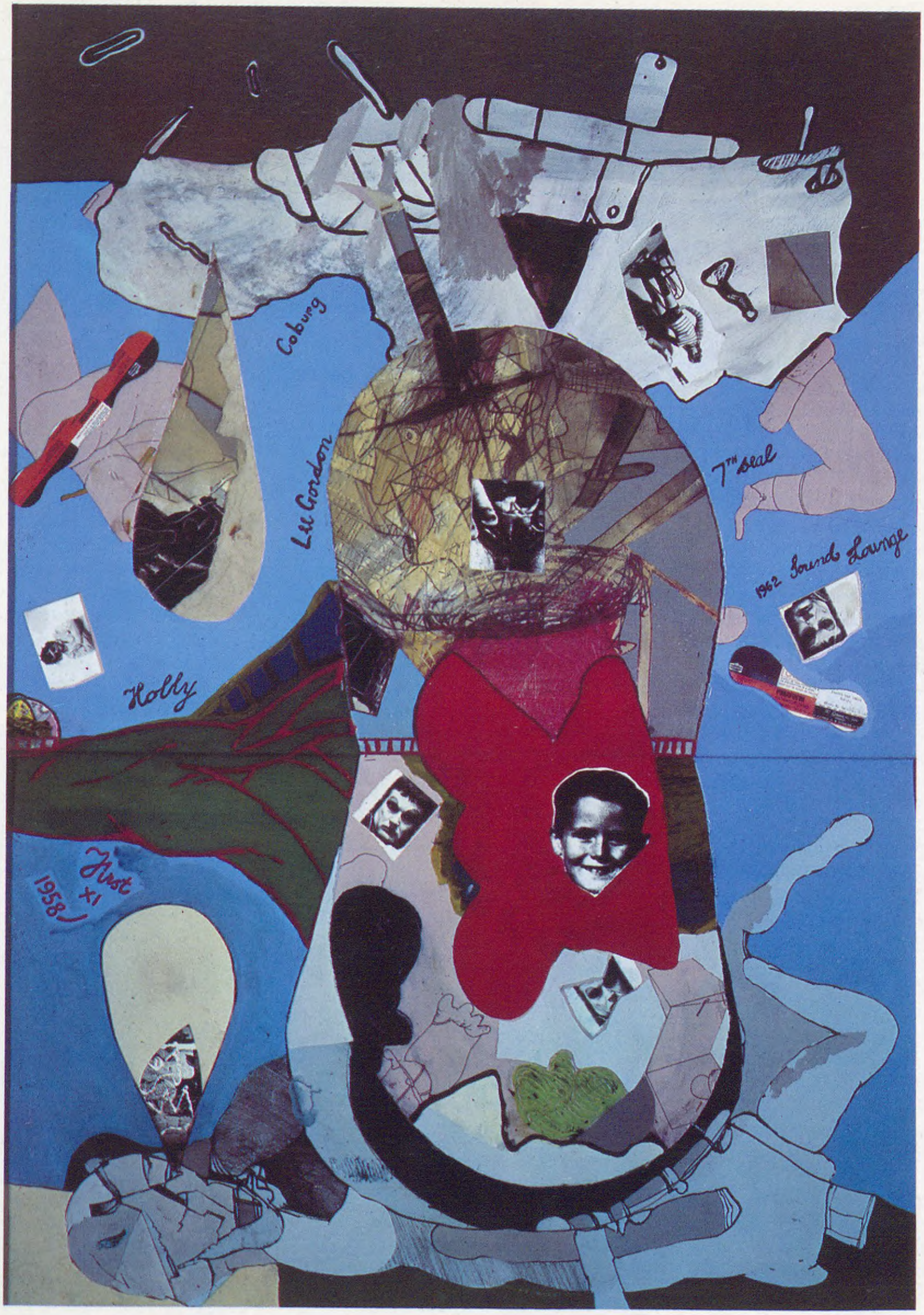
Artists paint pictures, but equally the pictures paint the artist. Art is an aspect of the psyche's fight for survival, a painting merely the battle-ground, deserted and cleared of smoke. Each person takes the raw information coming to him via his senses, and processes it to make it conform to some consistent mental construct. If his orientation is visual the attempt to create order from the chaos of impressions being fed to him will result in the act of committing images to canvas. Inevitably the results are as predictable as tomorrow's newspaper, always new, but always the same. But let us be grateful that artists continue to give expression to their psychic struggles. Even though they continue to circle around the same ideas, they will arrive at new insights, and new ways of presenting them. This it is which gives art its vitality, and which sustains our interest.

If the painter is led to deal with everyday subjects, common to the experience of the majority of people, whatever private conclusions are revealed in his work, they will have a widespread relevance. If on the other hand his work deals with behaviour and attitudes that are outside the experience of the majority, it will necessarily command a limited audience. When his subject-matter is overtly sexual he can expect to be treated

[1] *Art News*, April 1977, p. 61.



GARETH SANSOM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CANBERRA JET PILOT (1965)
Mixed media on hardboard 148 cm x 167 cm
Possession of the artist
Photograph by John Bolton



opposite
GARETH SANSOM ROSEBUD I (1965)
Mixed media on hardboard 167 cm x 148 cm
Possession of the artist

GARETH SANSOM TREE OF MY LIFE (1976)
Mixed media on cardboard 102 cm x 142 cm
Possession of the artist

Photographs by John Bolton

even more suspiciously. Sex or, more accurately, covert eroticism, has been and continues to be a major component of the world's art. Even in periods of religious domination, artists have managed to disguise their libidinous images to a degree that made them generally acceptable. A not inconsiderable part of Michelangelo's Sistine ceiling is a straight celebration of the beauty of the nude male body: a subject-choice and a treatment that was in conflict with the purpose and location of the work.

That aspects of human sexuality should find their way into art is hardly surprising, since sex is the natural and common experience of the entire race. Among contemporary Australian artists one can, with little effort, name a dozen whose work has at various times exhibited a high level of eroticism. To what extent such work is the result of psychological compulsion is impossible to determine, but unless it moves beyond being a mere 'psychogram of its creator', a process of recording that releases him from the pressure of his obsessions, it will remain a by-product of one human being's search for wholeness, rather than a work of art.

In the paintings of Gareth Sansom, we have a body of work that is, to a large extent, autobiographical, which, since his first appearance on the art scene in 1959, has largely ignored the changes of fashion in painting and sustained an interest in figuration when all about were losing theirs. His style owes something to Pop Art and at least in the early 1960s something to Alan Davie and Francis Bacon, but these were superficial decorative mannerisms that he soon dropped. There is, not surprisingly, a background feeling that this artist came out of the 1960s in Australia, but the real genesis of his style, or rather the philosophical position upon which his work is built, derives from a combination of his own temperament and the sexual proclivities that determine his choice of subject-matters.

Sansom is essentially a private and somewhat isolated man, whose intensity, frantic energy and nervous tension make an encounter with him memorable but hardly relaxing. This extreme tension is carried into much of his work, where it transforms objects and aspects of the human figure into potent images.

Sansom's work is not easy to approach: first because his style of composition is so personal that our usual standards of judgement will hardly do, and secondly because, until his most recent exhibition, his subject-matter was presented in such a fragmented and deliberately esoteric way that confusion and bafflement were the most usual reactions. The result of these aspects of his work has been a neglect, which I hope to show has been quite unjustified, because it arose from a misunderstanding of what he was endeavouring to do.

Sansom was born in Melbourne in 1939, was educated at Essendon High School and Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology, and achieved some early recognition by winning 'The Sun Youth Art Award' when he was only fifteen.

During his period of study at R.M.I.T. Sansom's fellow students included Robert Jacks, Anne Hall, George Baldessin, Paul Partos, Les Kossatz and Guy Stuart. In recalling this time (1962-69), Sansom mentions that there was a general interest in such painters as Allen Jones, David Hockney, Francis Bacon, Derek Boshier, Jean Dubuffet, Asger Jorn and Pierre Alechinsky, and feels that the sort of image-making that occurred at R.M.I.T. at that time was largely generated from these sources. There is some evidence of the influence of Joy Hester in the work of Sansom (and Anne Hall and George Baldessin) but since little of her work was available publicly at that time, we must assume that it came at one or more removes through the work of people like Robert Dickerson, Sidney Nolan and Charles Blackman.

Sansom's first one-man show at the Richman Gallery at 289 Lonsdale Street was followed by one-man shows at the Argus Gallery (1963), South Yarra Gallery (1965), Gallery A, Melbourne and Sydney (1966), South Yarra Gallery (1968), Gallery A, Melbourne (1970), Sweeney Reed Gallery (1973 and 1975), Warehouse Gallery (1975 and 1977). He has exhibited in various important group shows including the Georges Prize (1965, 1967, 1968, 1975, 1977), the Italian Government Scholarship (1961) all of which indicates a serious and long-term commitment to art and a body of work that should be given serious consideration.

Sansom is not and never has been interested in the canvas as window-on-the-world. Neither has he concerned himself with the Renaissance legacy of harmony, balance and ideal beauty, nor any of the recent Greenbergian cant about flatness and the integrity of the picture plane. His art is above all else an effort to make some accommodation between his psycho-pathology and his aesthetic impulse, without reference to any existing theories or convenient formulas for picture making. This has led such eminent critics as Bernard Smith and Ross Lansell to express the opinion that Sansom was not sufficiently aware of what he was doing in his painting, or why he was doing it, to establish the necessary control of his ideas and his media. These seem reasonable judgements to make about paintings that exhibit such an exploded surface, and such fragmentation of imagery but are, I believe, mistaken because they spring from the conventional standards of taste and behaviour, which determine their judgement. Even Brian Finemore, the first Curator of Australian Art at the National Gallery of Victoria, fell into the same trap when, in June 1965, he made the following statements in a report to the Trustees about a proposed purchase of a Sansom painting for the collection: 'He is a young man of intelligence and I believe, promise. But the absorption in the theme of the remotest fringes of aberrant eroticism . . . has swamped his artistic ability. I do not object to his choice of theme: human relationships in the homosexual and transvestite world. The genius of Jean Genet has created from these a great novel, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, but psychosis is not enough . . . .

Sansom's world and his approach to painting is not the usual one and this background to the work must be considered if a valid assessment is to be made.

In 1964, at the conclusion of his Diploma year at the R.M.I.T., Sansom produced as his Diploma picture, *Spectators*, an important early work which, although it exhibits fairly obvious influences, still manages to establish a personal voice that was to become more emphatic in succeeding years. The central image of two seated figures was worked out in detailed preliminary drawings, which were then transferred exactly to the hardboard with few subsequent modifications, a practice he was soon to discard.

By the time of his exhibition at the South Yarra Gallery in 1965, Sansom had firmly established the style and technical means that he has continued to use ever

since. There have been variations in style, size and subject, but these have been fluctuations about the central theme, not radical changes.

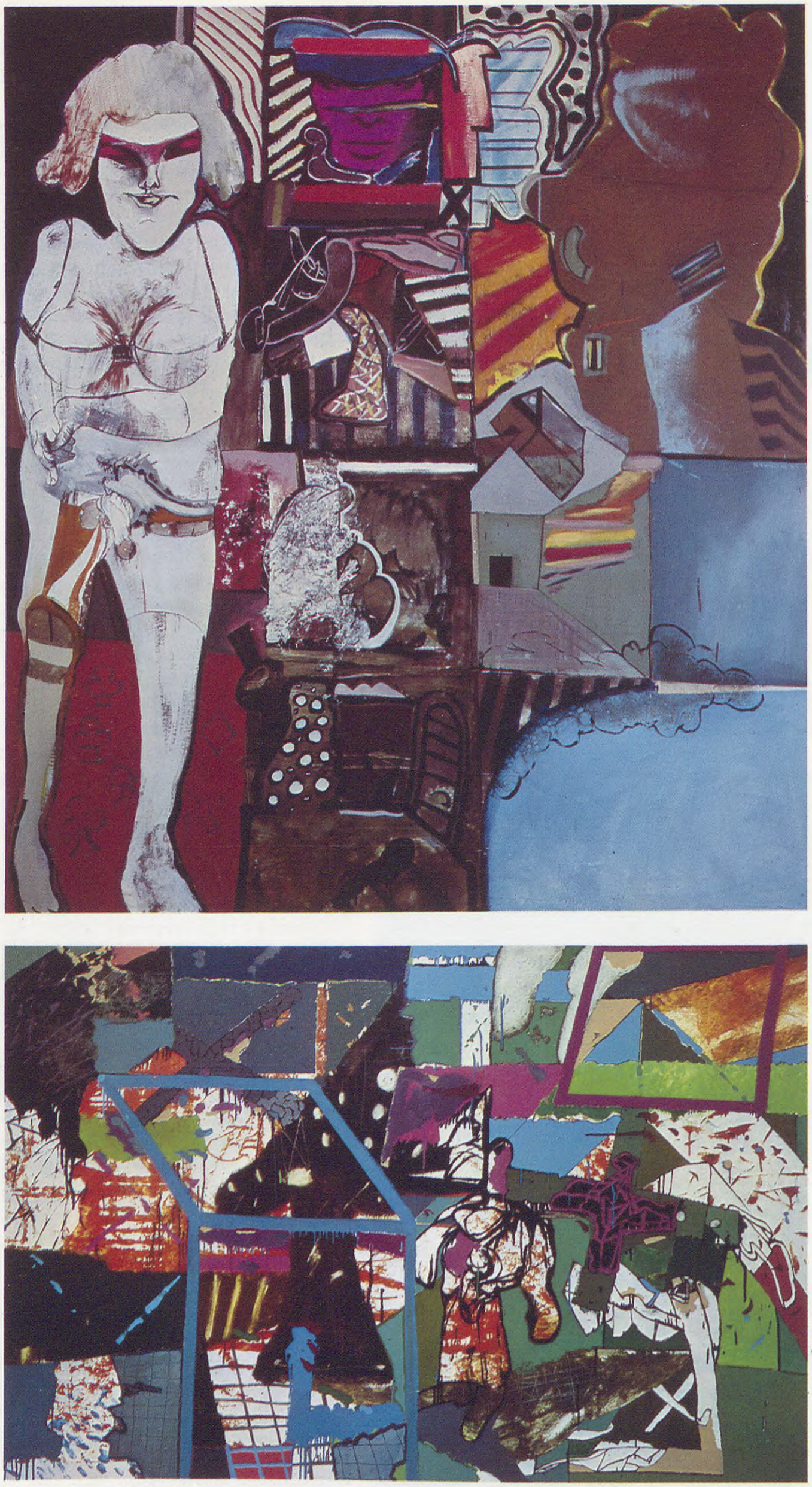
Like many other artists in the early 1960s, Sansom was painting directly onto unprimed hardboard because it was cheap, easily available and offered the advantages of providing a hard surface suitable for the direct drawing with a brush, which formed such an important part of his technique. It also offered an attractive, mid-tone, brown surface which could be left unpainted as part of the work without disturbing the tonal relationships. *He once was a flyer* and *The recollections of a Canberra jet pilot*, both of 1965, give a clear statement of his method and his means. *He once was a flyer* is the more formally structured of the two, the ground being loosely divided vertically and horizontally into compartments, each of which is filled with a jumble of patterns, fragments of images, and curious indeterminate shapes, perhaps phallic in intent. To the left of the picture, extending from top to bottom, we are confronted by a grinning and apparently female figure, which, upon closer viewing, turns out to be a man dressed as a woman, a transvestite in fact. This was not the first time that such an image had been presented in Sansom's painting, but it was the first time that he had been prepared to draw attention to the fact in such an obvious way. The full significance of this ambiguous male/female figure is perhaps unknowable, but it is certain that there is cathartic value for him in such a public declaration of this formerly hidden aspect of his life.

It is quite possible, but hardly necessary, to establish historical precedents for Sansom's subject choice, by reference to the man/maiden, hermaphrodite theme so much favoured in Greek and Roman art and which arose from ancient theories of an original bisexual race of beings. It would also be quite legitimate, but again hardly necessary to interpret these acts of self-revelation as an

top
GARETH SANSOM YES? (1976)
Mixed media on cardboard 82 cm x 102 cm
Possession of the artist

left
GARETH SANSOM SICCOLAM (1976)
Mixed media on cardboard 82 cm x 102 cm
Possession of the artist

Photographs by John Bolton



above

GARETH SANSOM HE ONCE WAS A FLYER 1965
Mixed media on hardboard 148 cm x 167 cm
Possession of the artist

left

GARETH SANSOM FIGURE IN LANDSCAPE (1975)
Oil and enamel on linen canvas 122 cm x 183 cm
Possession of the artist

Photographs by John Bolton

aspect of nineteenth-century European Romanticism.

Transvestism for Sansom is not primarily concerned with the auto-erotic, rather it constitutes a knowing act of self-transcendence, his usual limited self being set aside for a series of disguises that release him from the responsibilities and attitudes of any single role. This bid for personal freedom also has wider social implications. On an individual level the shock of Sansom's images breaks people from their usual pattern or reaction, and so creates the possibility for them to develop new insights and new attitudes. More generally it attacks the monstrous sexual repression practised by governments and supported by religion, which constitutes one aspect of a social control designed to preserve the power of the ruling elite.

As with much of Sansom's work, a full understanding of these works can be gained only by patiently discovering and decoding the clues which he distributes. In these two examples *He once was a flyer* and *The recollections of a Canberra jet pilot*, the titles are meant to draw attention to the disparity between the actual role being enacted before us, by the central figure, and the role expectations that we associate with the idea of a pilot. Sansom's intention is to make the spectator aware that all is not as it seems, that behind each skin, each layer, each façade is yet another skin. Each successive layer reveals a new reality that is simultaneously an end and a beginning. Each revelation conceals the next unknown.

In these two paintings Sansom broke entirely with the practice of first working the painting out on paper. He now proceeded intuitively, each development suggesting modifications to the preceding one and leading on to the final synthesis of medium, technique and idea. Of the two *The recollections of a Canberra jet pilot* is the more abstract, with all the images, apart from the jet plane, presented first in terms of their plastic possibilities, not their literal meanings. Both were submitted to the 1975 McCaughey Prize held at the old National Gallery of Victoria, but the judge for that year, Ronald Millar, declined to hang *He once was a flyer*, because of the obvious sexual references – hardly surprising, given the repressive attitudes then current.[2]

Although technically the same, these two works seem to me to represent the opposing poles between which Sansom's work swings. *He once was a flyer* represents the more formal and consciously controlled side of his work. The images are comparatively straightforward and easy to read with the underlying structure of the work much more in evidence. *The recollections of a Canberra jet pilot*, on the other hand, is altogether looser compositionally with the subject-matter abstracted to a degree which makes it almost indecipherable. In some later pictures, this scrambled effect occasionally reaches a pitch of frenzied activity, with a *mélange* of paint, images, photographs, objects and areas of drawing that border on the incoherent and strongly suggests that they are visual detritus of the artist's struggle to order his thinking, rather than fully controlled artistic statements.

The title of the picture *Rosebud 1*, painted in 1965, refers to a small but key incident in Orson Welles's film *Citizen Kane*. Sansom chose the title, albeit after his painting was completed, because of a parallel, small but important detail in his work, which gave the key to a full understanding of the work. Without that key we are obliged to fall back upon an obvious interpretation of what seems to be some fairly obvious Freudian symbols – the aeroplanes, the fetishistic high-heeled shoe and that metaphor of psychosexual castration fear, the *vagina dentata*. Although a Freudian interpretation of the work is possible it is impossible to distinguish between the conscious and unconscious use of such sexual symbols, and in either case it does not significantly affect the result. Content is of paramount importance to Sansom, but as with any artist the translation of the idea or image into painterly terms, coupled with the physical act of making the picture, takes precedence in his thinking. The 'how' dominates the 'what' and the 'why'. If at the completion of the making process the work projects an erotic image this, although obviously important, cannot be the aspect of the work upon which an aesthetic judgement is made.

Between 1966 and early 1970, Sansom went through a period of crisis, and actually gave up painting for some time. His work had not received the success that he felt was his due, a situation exacerbated by the fact that some of his contemporaries were receiving a lot of critical attention. Persuaded that his method of painting with enamel on hardboard was partly to blame because it was not 'professional', he switched to painting with oil paint on stretched linen canvas. Today of course he rejects these ideas as not only irrelevant, but quite harmful to his development, since he wasted so much time learning to handle the new media. The other result was what he describes as 'flabbiness' in both imagery and technique.

For some years Sansom taught painting at the Ballarat Teachers' College. The picture entitled *Ballarat zucchini*, painted in 1972, is one of the most successful, or perhaps least unsuccessful, pictures from this period. Painted on canvas, it was an attempt to harness all of those images that he had previously used on hardboard, together with the technical skills that he had developed with canvas. It was, as he now admits, unnecessarily anaemic, with everything anonymous and underplayed, 'that was one of the problems I was having, not knowing what I was (or) what sort of painter I wanted to be'.[3]

In 1975 Sansom returned to Melbourne much more confident of his direction and of his intentions. *Figure in landscape*, 1975, is one of the first paintings completed after his return. It is a curious work, firstly because of its degree of abstraction and secondly because it attempts to impose upon a disordered and loosely worked ground a series of painted linear constructions that acted in opposition to it. This attempt to resolve such contradictory aims was of course doomed to failure. The paintings produced at the time are interesting for their ideas, and for their bravura handling but, as finite works, badly flawed. Concurrently Sansom had returned to drawing and a re-investigation of the transvestite symbol. Now he was using a very free approach, making use of whatever methods and materials came to mind or hand – collage, drawing, painting, tearing and pasting; anything was a possible source or a possible medium. Nothing was fixed and immutable, all was flux. Gradually he was able to bring these two disparate approaches together and, by late 1975, was able to mount a satisfactory show at Warehouse Gallery, Melbourne.

[2]It is worthwhile to recall that in Sydney, in 1966, paintings by Mike Brown were found by Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr G. A. Locke, to be grossly indecent. Brown was sentenced to three months gaol with hard labour.

[3]Tape recording made by Gareth Sansom 4 July 1977.

above
GARETH SANSOM FIGURE STUDIES (1977)
Four cibachrome photographs each: 50.5 cm x 40.5 cm
Possession of the artist

top
GARETH SANSOM YOUR PLACE OR MINE? (1977)
Mixed media on hardboard 122 cm x 122 cm
Possession of the artist

Photographs by John Bolton

This renewed interest in disguises, and role playing as manifested through the symbol of the transvestite, led Sansom to abandon the anonymity of collage made with photographs culled from magazines in favour of the much more arresting photographs, which he took himself, of himself in female clothing. These photographs of the artist in various disguises can also be interpreted as artistic documents in their own right; recordings of performances enacted in private in which the artist dressed, set up the camera, contrived a particular pose, and then photographically recorded the result. As yet, however, he was content to see these documents as source material for his paintings.

'Once I had the material to choose from, it was usual that I would then, with a virgin piece of cardboard, use a photograph that I found interesting, or a juxtaposition of two photographs that I found interesting, set them up on the cardboard, and use this as a starting point: or cut a hole in the cardboard and use this combination of photographs . . . behind the cardboard, but this was going to be the core – this was going to be, if you like, the dominating factor of the drawing. Whatever went on around the photograph didn't matter. Whether it was distracting or whatever or whether it gave certain connotations or whether it changed the feel of the whole thing didn't matter. I chose to structure the whole thing around an altar-piece of the artist in disguise. The disorienting factor of me looking back at the viewer who is looking at the work, then discovering that it is me looking back at them. Once the photograph was in position I developed a work around the photographs'.[4]

Not that the photograph once positioned was inviolate. As we can see in *Yes?*, Sansom often cut parts of the support away or simply pasted one photograph over another. This picture for all its strangeness is really a traditional triptych in format, and with its layer-upon-layer method of working is closely related to his work of the early 1960s.

Sansom's most recent exhibition, in April 1977, was the most frankly autobiographical and also the most powerful. It contained work from both 1976 and 1977, which in the best examples achieved a synthesis of idea and medium, expressed through highly original, potent and emotionally charged images.

Tree of my life, for example, deals with a significant period (1962) in Sansom's life; the point of transition from innocence to experience. The foundation of the work is a large stylized 'tree' form surrounded by a collage of photographic fragments showing himself at various ages. Interspersed with these are a number of painted words that refer to various experiences; First XI, 1958 (he was from the age of fifteen to twenty-three, a dedicated and skilled cricketer); '7th Seal' (the Ingmar Bergman film which was perhaps the high point of the Bergman cult of the early 1960s), and '1962 Sound Lounge' (a night-club run in Melbourne by the entrepreneur Lee Gordon). Given the oppressive and boring respectability of Australia's (and Sansom's) social life at that time, it was enormously exciting to discover a night-spot whose waitresses were actually teenage boys in drag. This painting constitutes a nostalgic look back to his early life, but is given additional point by the inclusion of more recent portrait photographs of himself heavily made up as a woman.

Figure study, 1976, is a small work collaged from two black-and-white photographs. The first, which provides the background, shows a group of people sitting around a table spread with crockery, and several glasses. They are, in fact, Sansom's parents and a woman neighbour, photographed in about 1943. Across this scratchy glimpse of these ghosts from the past, Sansom has superimposed a large close-up of his own white, painted face, complete with female wig, elaborately made-up eyes and deliberately over-emphasized Cupid's bow mouth. This present-day self-portrait is thrust forward, dominating the other figures and, most significantly, obscuring the photograph of the four-year-old Gareth seated next to his mother. It is a defiant act of independence and self-affirmation and a most powerful work.

Increasingly Sansom seems to be moving away from painting and collage into photography, not for itself alone, but as a record of a performance. *Figure studies*, 1977, seems to me to be the bizarre and terrifying culmination of his progress to date. The four Ciba-chrome photographs, framed together, reveal an alarming, partially clothed figure, neither male nor female, sitting at a table loaded with various significant props, including a cricket-ball, an electric-train set, a pair of plastic breasts, and a plastic dildo. They refer directly to aspects of his life, past or present. We are spectators at various stages of an illicit sexual activity that has become formalized, that is transmuted into a form of theatre, and presented symbolically. This has been prompted by the performer's awareness of our presence behind the camera lens and by his evident desire to communicate with us about what he is doing.

Sansom's sexuality has in a sense alienated him from society and, in this isolated position, forced him into a critical assessment of prevailing sexual mores. There is in his work some small element of a deliberate intention to shock; certainly he mounts a strong attack upon artistic good taste and polite euphemism in matters sexual and, in doing so, provokes a reassessment of our own attitudes. He has travelled widely in America, and feels some affinity with the much more wide open social and artistic scenes in cities like San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York. Artists like William T. Wiley, Jim Nutt and the Hairy Who have much more relevance to his own approach than any artist in this country. Nutt especially with his rejection of high art attitudes in favour of a brash vulgarity that owes much of its inspiration to grotesque comic strips, seems to echo some of the intensity and unique approach of Sansom.

While we must recognize and approve the candid self-revelation evident in much of Sansom's work, these essential and valid aspects of his life, and therefore of his art, must not be allowed to dominate our judgement. It is, however, essential that our judgement, in so far as that is possible, be made within a comparable frame of reference to that of the artist. His reality may not be ours but to neglect to attempt an understanding of his intentions can result only in misinterpretation and therefore an invalid assessment of his achievement.

We must also admit that in this case, art is primarily for the benefit of the artist. In an interview printed in the Melbourne *Age* on 23 April 1977, Sansom stated that his aim was 'to paint pictures in a traditional concept that in some way make my life more meaningful'. If it makes our lives more meaningful too, that must be considered a bonus.

[4]Tape 4 July 1977.

The Japanese Woodblock Print

Freda Freiberg

Until recent years interest amongst Western scholars in the Japanese print has been almost exclusively directed towards its influence on the work of European artists of the late nineteenth century. Allowing for the prevailing ignorance of Japanese culture in Western society, I believe it is time for the balance to be corrected, for the Japanese print to be looked at in its own context.

It is not well known that the Japanese print in the Tokugawa period (1600-1868), far from representing a flowering of high culture, was in fact a Philistine phenomenon, an industry geared to the acquisitive and vulgar tastes of the urban population. During that period the population and wealth of the big towns increased dramatically but merchants and tradesmen and craftsmen were of low social status in the Tokugawa social system. The wood-cuts were the products of a team of skilled craftsmen and businessmen; they were subject to the tyranny of popular taste and the vagaries of government censorship and they were considered unworthy of serious artistic consideration in their time.

The businessmen responsible for the production of wood-block prints were the publishers of Tokugawa Japan. They collected and employed the creative team of writers and artists, carvers and printers; they planned and supervised the production of books, albums, cards and single-sheet prints; and they organized their distribution to the public, often through their own retail outlets. There were some enlightened publishers, like Tsutaya Jusaburo, who were great patrons of talented writers and artists as well as being astute businessmen, but there were many publishers who would sacrifice professional standards for a quick and easy profit.

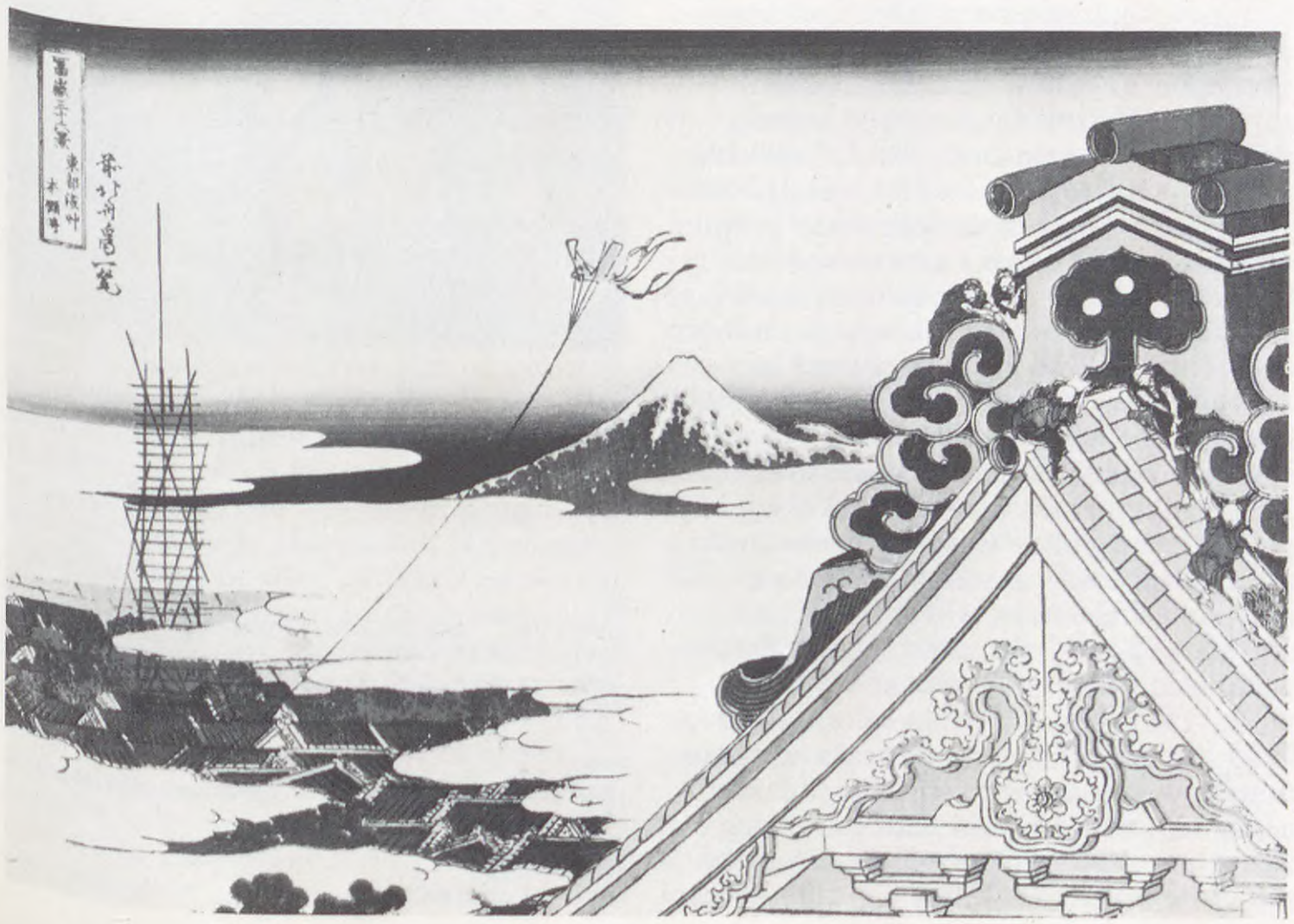
It was normal practice for the publisher's seal and the artist's signature to be printed on the single-sheet prints but the names of carvers and printers were rarely recorded. This would suggest that the role of the latter was subsidiary: but in fact, were it not for their skills, the design of the artist would never have been recorded in print. The artist merely made the initial sketch and suggested the colours to be used. The carvers were then responsible for the carving of the blocks (one block for the inked outline and one further block for each additional colour) and the printers were responsible for the mixing and sometimes even choice of colours. The famed fluid line of the great wood-block prints was as much due to the skill and artistry of the master-carvers as to the hand of the artist and the famed beauty and delicacy of the colours of the colour-prints was the result of the care and skill of master-printers.

Artists were not merely dependent on skilled carvers and printers to bring their artistic conceptions to fruition; they were also heavily dependent on the public's patronage. Even an enlightened publisher like Tsutaya stopped printing Sharaku's actor prints after ten months because they would not sell. The public did not like them so Sharaku's artistic career was cut short.

What did the public like? I have not been able to find documented figures of sales but it has been claimed that about half of all prints sold were 'erotic', and that all artists with the exception of Eishi and Sharaku produced these *shunga* (their Japanese generic name). *Shunga* have been almost completely excluded from published and publicly exhibited collections of wood-cuts. The Japanese journal *Ukiyo-e*, a journal devoted to the study of the Tokugawa prints and paintings, ran a series of articles on *shunga* during the 1960s and printed reproductions but blocked out those areas of the prints which displayed nude genitalia. I was thus unable to certify Jack Hillier's allegation that, in the *shunga*, the sexual act and the sexual organs are grotesquely sensationalized.

What I did find interesting about these castrated prints was that they are more 'realistic' than most of the more familiar wood-block prints. In most *bijin-e*[1] the women's faces are expressionless; feeling is suggested through the stance of the body, the lines of the

[1]lit. pictures of beautiful women.



contours of the dress, and the arrangement of the figures, but not through facial expression; in the *shunga* the women's faces graphically express intense sexual passion. Furthermore, there is a marked departure from the conventional treatment of the décor. In the *shunga*, the furnishings of the room are marked by their lack of order, by their disorder, which both adds to the mood of careless abandon and creates a feeling of spontaneous life, a feeling that is absent in the overly ordered world of the conventional *bijin-e*. I humbly suggest that much more study needs to be done on these *shunga* before any definitive generalizations can be made about the prints of the Edo period. Critics have been making their generalizations on the basis of only half of the evidence.

Apart from *shunga*, it has been estimated that forty per cent of all prints belonged to the *bijin* category and thirty-five per cent were devoted to *kabuki* scenes and actor portraits. In the nineteenth century the landscape print became more popular but in prints of the eighteenth century we can perhaps complain of a monotonous limitation to actors and women in the choice of subject-matter. The great numbers of courtesan and actor prints were doubtless published because they sold well, not because the artists were incapable of or unwilling to cover a greater variety of subjects. Utamaro is most famous for his courtesan prints but he also designed the most exquisite collections of fauna and flora prints. The public apparently demanded great numbers of prints of the famous courtesans and popular actors (their

top left
KIYONAGA TWELVE MONTHS AT THE SOUTHERN GAY QUARTER
Colour woodcut 37 cm x 24.8 cm (sheet)
National Gallery of Victoria

top right
UTAMARO WINTER MORNING
Colour woodcut 52.5 cm x 19.3 cm
Felton Bequest 1909
National Gallery of Victoria

left
HOKUSAI HONGAN TEMPLE, ASAKUSA, EASTERN CAPITAL
Colour woodcut 26.2 cm x 38.8 cm (sheet)
Felton Bequest 1910
National Gallery of Victoria

opposite
HARUNOBU COURTESAN WRITING A LETTER AS PATRONS LOOK IN
Colour woodcut 66.1 cm x 12.3 cm
Felton Bequest 1909
National Gallery of Victoria

version of Hollywood pin-ups) and lots of pornography. In the nineteenth century there was also a great demand for landscape prints, for views of the famous Japanese tourist spots (their version of picture postcards).

The public not only dictated the subjects of prints, its tastes also determined the treatment of the subject. As already mentioned, Sharaku's actor prints did not sell, apparently because his treatment of actors was too radical for public taste. The *bijin-e* was especially vulnerable to changes in fashion, to changes in dress fashions and to changes in feminine beauty fashions. The courtesans in the prints had to be dressed in the latest fashion; if not, they were passed over for those that were. When one artist achieved popularity with his women prints, all the other artists set about copying the physical characteristics of his women. It is very difficult for this reason to distinguish between the work of some artists. Harunobu's women are almost indistinguishable from Sukenobu's, and Harushige's and Koryusai's from Harunobu's. They are all young, sweet, petite and delicate, and almost identically coiffured and featured. When Kiyonaga introduced the tall, willowy, stately beauty, all artists were obliged to follow his lead or else risk loss of public favour. Shiba Kokan (otherwise known as Harushige) confessed to the forging of Harunobu's signature and to his successful imitation of Harunobu's style, but there were many other artists guilty of plagiarism without acknowledgement.

Government policy also exercised an important influence on the print trade. In the first place, the policy of national isolationism led to the cloistered insularity of Japanese artists, who were cut off from contact with art developments in the rest of the world. This policy was both restrictive and beneficial to the development of Japanese art. Although artists were restricted to endless variations and refinements of the available local subjects and styles and were denied the stimulus of foreign influences, they were also protected from foreign competition and the swamping of local traditions that was to take place in the Meiji period. Foreign influences did in fact manage to filter through to Japanese artists, but because they filtered through slowly and did not flood the country they were incorporated into the native stream of art with positive results. Some print artists studied Dutch engravings in the eighteenth century and employed European perspective in their prints. This is noticeable in Masanobu's prints of theatre interiors, in Moromasa's Yoshiwara interiors and especially in the numerous *uki-e* (perspective) prints of Toyoharu.

The absence of social criticism in prints of the period is perhaps partly attributable to government policy. Utamaro and Kuniyoshi were at different times in trouble with the authorities, the one for suspected disrespect for the *shogunate*, the other for suspected caricature of the *shogunate*. The authorities were apparently less concerned about pornography than about sedition; although in the closing years of the Tokugawa régime they became more vigilant about public morals. Various edicts suppressing the publication of prints depicting courtesans and actors were promulgated from time to time during the eighteenth century but their enforcement was neither strict nor effective. In the nineteenth century, the legal effectiveness of government censorship policies was increased with the promulgation of a law prescribing the stamping of every print with the seal of the government censor.

Having outlined the conditions under which wood-block prints were produced in Tokugawa Japan, I should now like to turn to an assessment of the achievements of this art form. The first thing that must be said is that the medium cannot be judged by the same criteria that we use to assess original brushwork. Firstly, it is the product of a team effort and not the work of an individual artist who personally creates and completes the work entirely on his own. Secondly, it is a reproductive art, in which multiple copies of one design are produced by fine precision work of a semi-mechanical nature. The whole process must be carefully planned and controlled. The Japanese aesthetes who rejected the prints because they were too 'measured, mechanical and calculated' failed to understand the nature of the medium and judged it by the same standards with which they judged original brushwork. The wood-cut by its very nature lacks the qualities of directness and spontaneity which are so prized by Japanese aesthetes and which are found in *haiga* and *haiju*. Print brushwork cannot be of the same order of subtlety as original

top
TOYOKUNI TSUKUSHI-NO-GONROKU PLAYED BY SAWAMURA GEN-NO-SUKE
Colour woodcut 37.2 cm x 24.1 cm
National Gallery of Victoria

above
HIROSHIGE NAGAKUBO (No. 28 of sixty-nine stages of the Kiso 'Highway')
Colour woodcut 25.6 cm x 38 cm (sheet)
Felton Bequest
National Gallery of Victoria

brushwork, because the lines must be firm and clear if they are to be carved. This is in fact one of the great strengths of the Japanese prints – the beauty of the lines, particularly of the early ink-prints before the introduction of colour printing. The vigorous, thick, black lines of Torii Kiyomasu's actor prints express great force and vitality; the sinuous graceful lines of the dresses and figures of Harunobu's *bijin* prints are exuberant and express delight in feminine sensuality.

Following the establishment of colour printing, the line became less important and composition and colour harmony assumed greater importance. It is difficult for us today to judge the colours of the prints because they have faded and changed over the years since they were printed, and those that were originally bright and possibly even garish are now subdued and even subtle in toning. It can be noted, however, that *ukiyo-e* print colour is flat, opaque and two-dimensional; masses of colour are distributed evenly in areas on the print, usually enclosed by black lines. It is only in the landscape prints of the nineteenth century that shading was seriously used. The *ukiyo-e* use of colour was especially suited to the rendering of fabrics and in this area the colour printers excelled. The artists and printers often seemed more excited by the patterns and colours and textures of the dresses than by their human mannequins. The limpidity of tone characteristic of the colour-prints may be partly attributable to the evenness of the relief printing, but it may also be due to the quality of the papers used. Modern Japanese print artist, Onchi, claims that the papers are responsible for the sensuous beauty of the women's complexions.

It is in the area of composition that *ukiyo-e* artists excelled. 'As pure design, this body of work is unrivalled in any other country, unless perhaps by the Greek vases', claim Binyon and Sexton. In *bijin-e*, the grand masters of design were undoubtedly Harunobu, Kiyonaga and Utamaro; in actor prints, Katsukawa, Shunsho and Sharaku; in the landscape print, Hokusai and Hiroshige. But there were countless other accomplished artists too numerous to record. In order to cope with the bewildering number of artists and prints, scholars and collectors have found it helpful to systematize and rationalize their approach to the prints. The two most popular approaches adopted have been the chronological-developmental approach and the classification-by-subject-matter approach.

According to the former, one can note a general pattern of development in *ukiyo-e* art, from the early robust 'primitive' work of Moronobu, the Torii school and Kaigetsudo, to a classical peak of achievement in the late eighteenth century (in the work of Harunobu, Kiyonaga and Utamaro), followed by a decline into decadence in the nineteenth century (Kunimasa, Kunisada, Kuniyoshi). It is true that the early artists were unsophisticated in composition in comparison with later artists, and that their work has a certain robustness, but Moronobu's lively, cluttered street scenes are very different from the dramatic actor portraits of the Torii, and these again differ markedly from the sweeping, passive, majestic ladies of Kaigetsudo. Harunobu, Kiyonaga and Utamaro all excelled in the composition of *bijin-e*, but their work also differs markedly in style. Harunobu's girls are younger, gayer and more sprightly than both Kiyonaga's and Utamaro's; Kiyonaga's women are mature, stately, rather static and cold; Utamaro's women are more varied in type, more sensual and warm than Kiyonaga's, more mature and worldly than Harunobu's. Harunobu sets his girls in a room or a street, the sinuous curves of the human figures counter-pointed against the strong; angular straight lines of the inanimate setting; Kiyonaga arranges his women in statuesque groups of twos or threes; Utamaro specialized in the close-up bust portrait, although he also designed prints of full-length groups of women in Kiyonaga style. The women of Kunimasa, Kunisada and Kuniyoshi are more grossly sensual, more recognizably 'professional', than the idealized courtesans of Kiyonaga and Utamaro, and to that extent their work perhaps warrants the appellation 'decadent'; but their command of composition is quite 'classical'. Kuniyoshi in particular was more versatile than either Harunobu or Kiyonaga – his range included heroic subjects, landscapes, animals, birds, plants and comic subjects, as well as the traditional women and actors – and his work has much more vigour.

Broadly generalizing in terms of subject categories, one can say that the *bijin-e* is marked by a feminine softness and grace, while the actor print is notable for its masculine vigour and force; but in saying so we are guilty of gross over-simplification. The actor prints of Kiyonaga are very graceful; the *bijin-e* prints of Toyohiro and Kunisada are quite vigorous; and the great actor prints of Katsukawa Shunsho are marked less by vigour than by a feeling of constraint. There is, however, a disturbing power and bizarre ferocity in the close-up portraits of actors frozen in *mie* poses designed by Shunko, Shunei, Sharaku, Toyokuni and Kunimasa. It is not only in the actor prints, however, that ferocity is visible; we find it also in the heroic prints of Kuniyoshi, especially in his Suikoden series.

To Japanese connoisseurs reared on an aristocratic tradition, courtesans and actors constitute very vulgar subject-matter for art. In the East, landscape is considered the supreme subject of painting. When the wood-block artists turned to the subject of landscape in the nineteenth century, they 'vulgarized' it too. Wood-block print landscape is Japanese landscape and is peopled by ordinary Japanese travellers bent on business or pleasure; the ascendant Kano painting-school artists painted mystical Chinese landscapes full of mists and peaks and torrents and their travellers were solitary legendary sages or contemplative poets who haunted lake-shores and mountain-glens. Yet it is the landscape prints of Hokusai and Hiroshige that are held in the highest esteem by Western critics, possibly because they are the most accessible. In Hokusai's best-loved prints, the human figures are dwarfed by the magnificent power of natural forces, and there is a new use of vivid greens and blues (the strong Prussian blue, not available to printers before, was imported from Europe) which enabled him to render grass and trees, sea and sky, more dramatically if no more naturalistically than artists before him. Hiroshige's vision is more homely than Hokusai's. He excelled in creating atmosphere and mood, with precise rendering of weather conditions, especially successful in his rain-swept and snow-bound scenes of life on the great Tokaido (Eastern Highway).

Given the limitations of the medium itself, and the limitations imposed by the conditions under which it was produced, it is indisputable that *ukiyo-e hanga*, the Japanese wood-block print of the Tokugawa period, was a remarkably rich and inventive collective popular art form.

London Letter
June 1976 to June 1977

Ursula Hoff

A funny thing happened to me one night: I dreamt that I was in a museum filled entirely with art reproductions, and I was given to understand that such museums were now distributed over the entire globe and I would never see an original work of art again.

I was reminded of this dream when a display of holographs was given house-room at the Royal Academy earlier this year. Readers might know that holographic photography results in white apparitions of three-dimensional objects such as a telephone, a skull, a pot, hovering in ghostly insubstantiality before a glass screen. Prophecies of wide and inexpensive distribution of 'life-like' images of sculpture and decorative art objects circulated but, so far, the technique is a long way from furnishing adequate results; this was evident from the holograph of a statue included in the Academy show, of the Italian sixteenth-century marble *Narcissus* from the Victoria and Albert Museum: it looked like an ectoplasm speckled with black dots in the manner of a coarse screenprint.

By contrast, the brilliantly colourful group of original paintings, sculptures, tapestries and stained-glass windows called 'Late Gothic Art from Cologne' imported by the National Gallery and delightfully displayed in its new Orange Street extension provided the purest aesthetic pleasure. Not only did it introduce London viewers to German art rarely seen here, but it became the occasion for the reinstatement of one of the Gallery's own possessions. After recent examination and cleaning, *St Veronica with the sudarium*, up till now catalogued as a school piece, was recognized as being by the same hand as the related painting in the Munich Gallery. The painter (the Master of Saint Veronica) was the chief exponent in Cologne of the style called International Gothic (1400-20). His is the first rendering of this theme in European art. It is based on the legend which says that a woman wiped Christ's face with a cloth as he was on the way to Golgotha, whereupon the image of his face remained miraculuously imprinted on it. Two versions of it appear in painting: one, as in the Munich painting and later in works by Albrecht Durer, Guido Reni and others, wearing the crown of thorns; and the other without the crown; this latter version begins with the one illustrated here, recurs in such engravings as that by Master ES in the later fifteenth century and can be found most recently in Georges Rouault's painting in the National Gallery of Victoria. I am stressing this point as another way of saying that loan exhibitions are occasions not only for display but for scholarship, often to the considerable benefit of the participants.

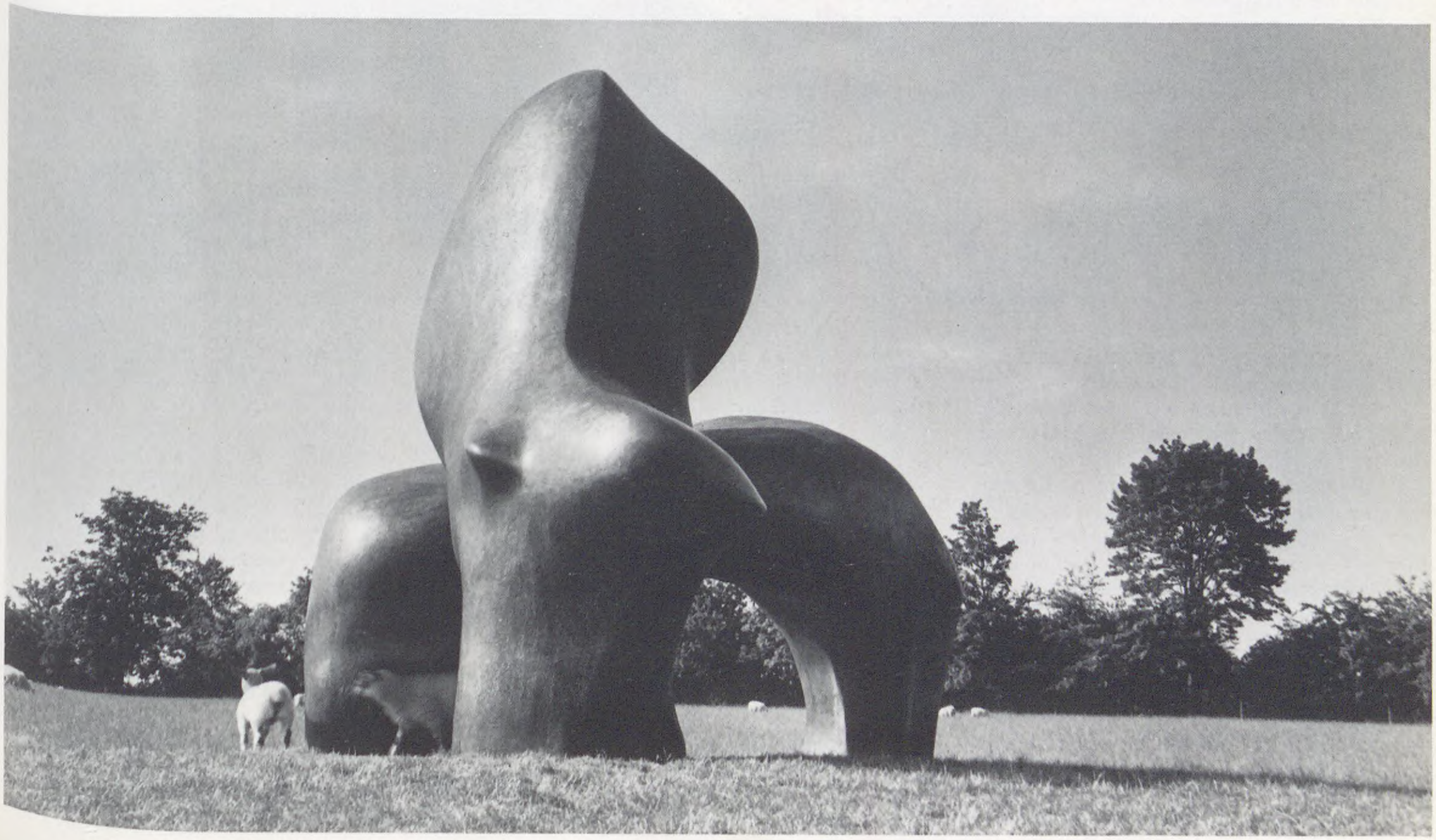
Institutions such as the Whitechapel Gallery at East Aldgate, which do not own permanent collections but are venues for loan shows only, often plan their programmes so as to support a communal or national cause. The recently renovated Whitechapel Gallery was ideally placed for the display of drawings and photographs from the work of the seventeenth-century architect Nicholas Hawksmoor, since at least four of Hawksmoor's now threatened churches are in easy reach from there. Following the 'Fifty New Churches' Act of 1711 Hawksmoor designed and supervised the building of eleven of these, testimony not only to the power of the Anglican church but to the triumph of southern

opposite top left
NICHOLAS HAWKSMOOR ST GEORGE IN THE EAST (1714-29)
Shadwell, London
Photograph by Brian Shuel, London
Photograph courtesy Whitechapel Art Gallery, London

opposite top right
BRIDGET RILEY ENTICE 1 (1974)
Acrylic on linen 124.4 cm x 101.6 cm
Photograph courtesy Rowan Gallery, London

opposite bottom
HENRY MOORE SHEEP PIECE (1971-72)
Bronze length: 568 cm
Photograph courtesy Henry Moore Foundation

below
THE MASTER OF ST VERONICA SAINT VERONICA WITH THE SUDARIUM (*c.* 1420)
Paint and leaf on walnut 44.2 cm x 33.7 cm
Reproduced courtesy National Gallery, London



RICHARD LONG STONE LINES (1976)
Forty stones width: approx. 350 cm
Photograph courtesy Lisson Gallery, London

Baroque in its English transformation. Hawksmoor's intensely personal use of this style is nowhere more evident than in these churches. In the foyer of the Whitechapel Gallery a map and photographs indicated how to get to them from East Aldgate. I made my way to St George in the East (1714-29) which, with startling grandeur, rises above a neighbourhood of factories, small housing, tower blocks and heavy dockyard traffic. The grandly articulated church is only a shell, concealing a small modern chapel within. The tree-lined churchyard, cleared of graves to serve as a public park, is littered and neglected. Despite this air of decay the sturdy building still proclaims Hawksmoor's genius; he used the rustication, pilasters, keystones and Venetian windows of the Baroque with dramatic feeling for the weight and mass of stone; deep undercutting invests his plain wall surfaces with black shadows, which rhythmically energize the nave and tower whose eccentric top, made of Roman altars, wilfully resembles the steeples of English Gothic churches. In presenting a survey of Hawksmoor's architectural achievements the Whitechapel Gallery was striking a blow in the campaign for preservation of the threatened monuments in its own locality thus pursuing an aim similar to that of the Victoria and Albert Museum which in 1974 mounted 'The Destruction of the Country House' and in 1977 a show called 'Change and Decay, the Future of our Churches'.

West End and South London displays revealed the wide span of attitudes characteristic of British art of the 1970s. Outstanding among the 1976 exhibitions had been Bridget Riley's show at the Rowan Gallery, the first in London since 1971, when the Arts Council had given her the accolade of a retrospective at the Hayward Gallery. She has never ceased to expand and develop her realm of forms. *Entice* conveys visually the dynamic challenge of its title: the flat, twisting bands of different tints separated by neutral intervals undulate energetically; seen from a distance the explosive situation inherent in the juxtapositions erupts: the colours change and flare into light, providing an experience as intense and absorbing as the contemplation of medieval stained glass illuminated by the sun. Riley's optical effects, arrived at by experiment and masterly perfection of execution, result in a beauty distinctly her own, which transcends a mere reflex of the eye.

If Riley's work borders on medieval transcendentalism, Peter Blake seems to continue Pre-Raphaelite and Victorian realism, but a high degree of traditional drawing skill and of technical perfection lends astringency to his style. In the very English medium of white line wood engraving used by William Blake and Thomas Bewick, Eric Gill and Graham Sutherland and many others, Peter Blake creates striking and abrasive effect by opposing fine lines on black with stark, black edges abruptly set against the white ground. It is possible that in his work and in that of his 'ruralist' colleagues lies one of the future paths of English art.

A very large number of British artists are engaged in sculpture. The outdoor show held in Battersea Park in honour of the Queen's Silver Jubilee this year gave pride of place to Henry Moore. Critics question his fame, criticize his forms and the huge scale of his works saying he declined after the 1940s, but he continues to fascinate. His images, symbolizing basic themes, have absorbed many major twentieth-century trends into an original personal idiom; his monumental shapes, as much part of nature as rocks, trees and hills, make criticism seem irrelevant. *Sheep piece* sits on the rise at Battersea Park as if it had been there from the beginning of time. The dolmen-like apparition recalls Hans Arp and Moore's own earlier two-piece sculptures such as *Reclining figure* and *Interlocking shapes*, re-enacted by fleshy, woolly, barrel-shaped sheep which live in his garden. Surely never before in history has a monument been based on sheep cast in such haunting forms.

If Moore's work is a summing-up of the Surrealist, bio-morphic trends current in the early part of this century, Tim Scott's piece is a denial of that tradition. He has abandoned volume; linear circles, spirals, spatular shapes at Battersea Park form a rhythmic assembly so dispersed as to defy photography. It is perhaps an evocation of feats of technology, but its title *Cathedral* suggests a transcendental intent, and to me bears resemblance to Kandinsky's painted abstractions.

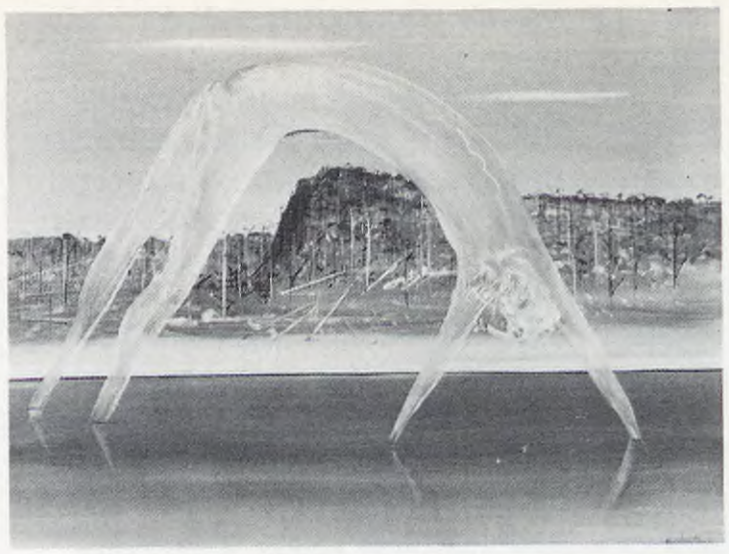
The Battersea Park exhibition did not include conceptual styles nor did it give room to Richard Long, in whose work the object totally disappears in favour of ritual walks recorded in photography or, more recently, merely by a line on a map. Long's use of stones, twigs and driftwood, arranged in the open or indoors in response to location, is well known. *Stone lines* at the Lisson Gallery last year, left me with an intense awareness of the otherwise empty domestic interior where it was laid out. Even more memorable became the recently renovated, all white nave and aisles of the Whitechapel Gallery where this year's Long display occupied the floor – an interior curiously reminiscent of totally empty, whitewashed Protestant churches of the Reformation. Divested of all statuary, altarpieces and other objects of worship these churches provided a new aesthetic experience, keenly savoured by Zwingli, the sixteenth-century Swiss reformer, when he wrote: 'In Zurich we have churches that are positively luminous; the walls are beautifully white'. The comparison between iconoclasm and twentieth-century conceptual trends has of course often been made.

Among Australian art events in London I should like to begin with Arthur Boyd's first one-man show since his return to England from the Shoalhaven River area in New South Wales in 1975. Despite its intensely Australian setting, Boyd's iconography is fashioned to a considerable extent from European, Mediterranean elements. This is not clear to English observers. 'The light is different in Australia' they say, hoping this will account for the monsters, the erotica and the violent brushwork as well as the theme of Narcissus, which dominated this show. *Eyes reflected* (*Narcissus*) seems at first sight to be a piece of driftwood bleached to bone-like whiteness stuck fast in the sand of a shallow stream. The hillside beyond the water is strewn with dead timber. Grown old, white and bone dry, Narcissus has lost his beauty; his eyes alone stare back at him from the water, as in Peter Porter's lines in the poem, 'Narcissus', printed in the catalogue:

'What catechism, what pattern left?
Hell hanging-on, her face gone
Only her lying words, my eyes'.

Porter's second prefatory poem 'The Making of a Monster' has affinities with the painting which to me was outstanding: *Jinker on a sandbank*, 1976,

'. . . the self
absorption of a hare
on tapestry, caught in



top
ARTHUR BOYD EYES REFLECTED (NARCISSUS)
1976
Oil on copper 21.5 cm x 30.5 cm
Photograph courtesy Fischer Fine Art, London

centre
ARTHUR BOYD JINKER ON A SANDBANK (1976)
Oil on canvas 152 cm x 122 cm
Photograph courtesy Fischer Fine Art, London

right
PAUL JONES HYLOCEREUS UNDATUS
Acrylic on paper 63.5 cm x 45.7 cm
Photograph courtesy The Tryon Gallery, London

an Eden-wide catastrophy
murder seen down every
leafy avenue'.

The black nag of the jinker stumbling like the blind horse of death towards the fateful brink of the river while black birds swoop menacingly towards the driver who has turned into a hare, is a free variation on the Narcissus theme, alluding to self-absorption, to water as a source of impending catastrophe and death. In ominous stillness the images stand starkly against the tender pinks and greys of the scenery held in cool and delicate brushwork which has few equals in Boyd's art. One is reminded of such earlier and more lyrical scenes as *Irrigation, lake, Wimmera*, 1949-50, where a jinker is being driven from the middle distance towards a waterhole in the foreground. There, too, a faint feeling of menace comes from the swooping cockatoos, black crows and submerged, dead trees but the flat, open paddocks show signs of habitation so totally absent from the desolate solitude of *Jinker on a sandbank*.

Other Australian artists to be seen in 1976 included Paul Jones, whose watercolours for *Flora Magnifica* with its sixteen plates printed in lithography at the Curwen Press in London were on display at the Tryon Gallery; Clifton Pugh had a show at Crane Kalmans, John Peter Russell's work was exhibited in Australia House, and Geoffrey Duprée of Melbourne showed at the Fieldbourne Gallery. Brett Whiteley and David Dridan will have shows after this article has been sent off.

Two Australian artists died here in 1977: the sculptor, Oliffe Richmond, and the painter Anthony Underhill.

Australian State Galleries made a few contributions to the local exhibition scene: the Art Gallery of New South Wales lent John Constable's copy after Claude's *Landscape with goatherd and goats* to the 1976 'John Constable' exhibition at the Tate Gallery. The National Gallery of Victoria's '*The quarters*', *behind Alresford* was aligned in the same exhibition with its preparatory pencil study from Truro. The same gallery lent Thomas Gainsborough's *A view at the mouth of the Thames* and J. M. W. Turner's *Walton bridges* to 'The Thames in Art' at Somerset House, selected by Harley Preston (formerly of the National Gallery of Victoria) in celebration of the Queen's Silver Jubilee.

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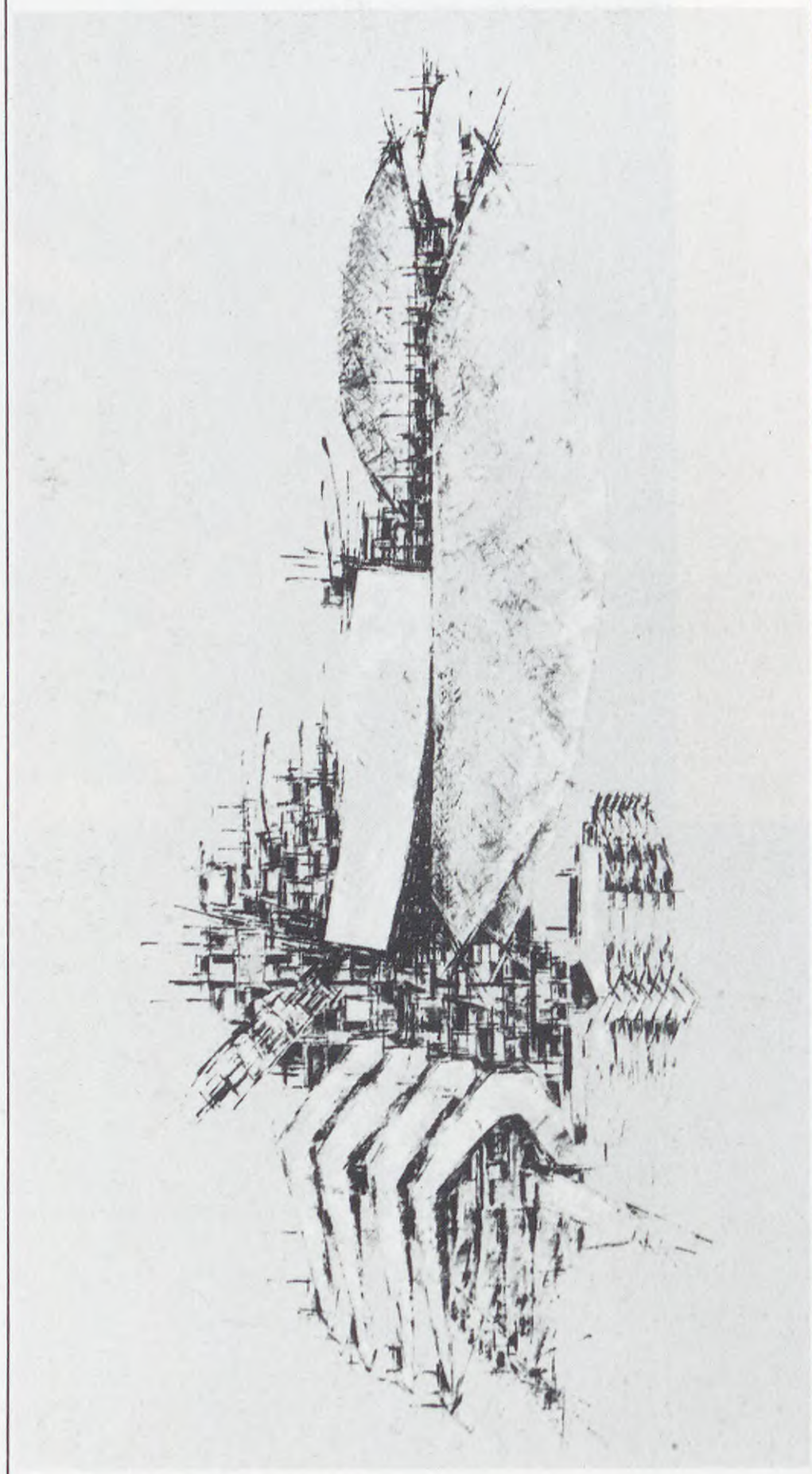

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