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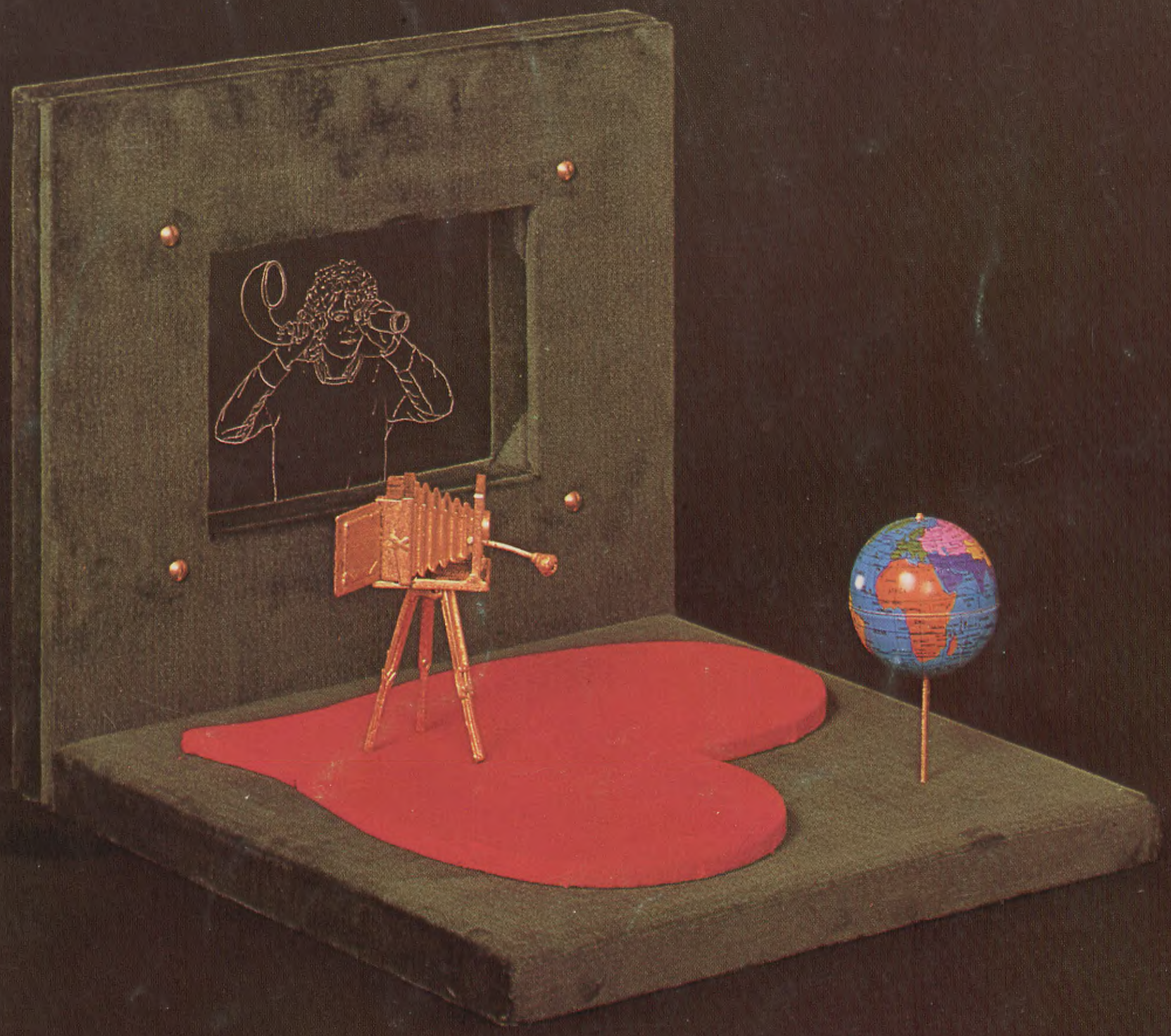
ART AND AUSTRALIA



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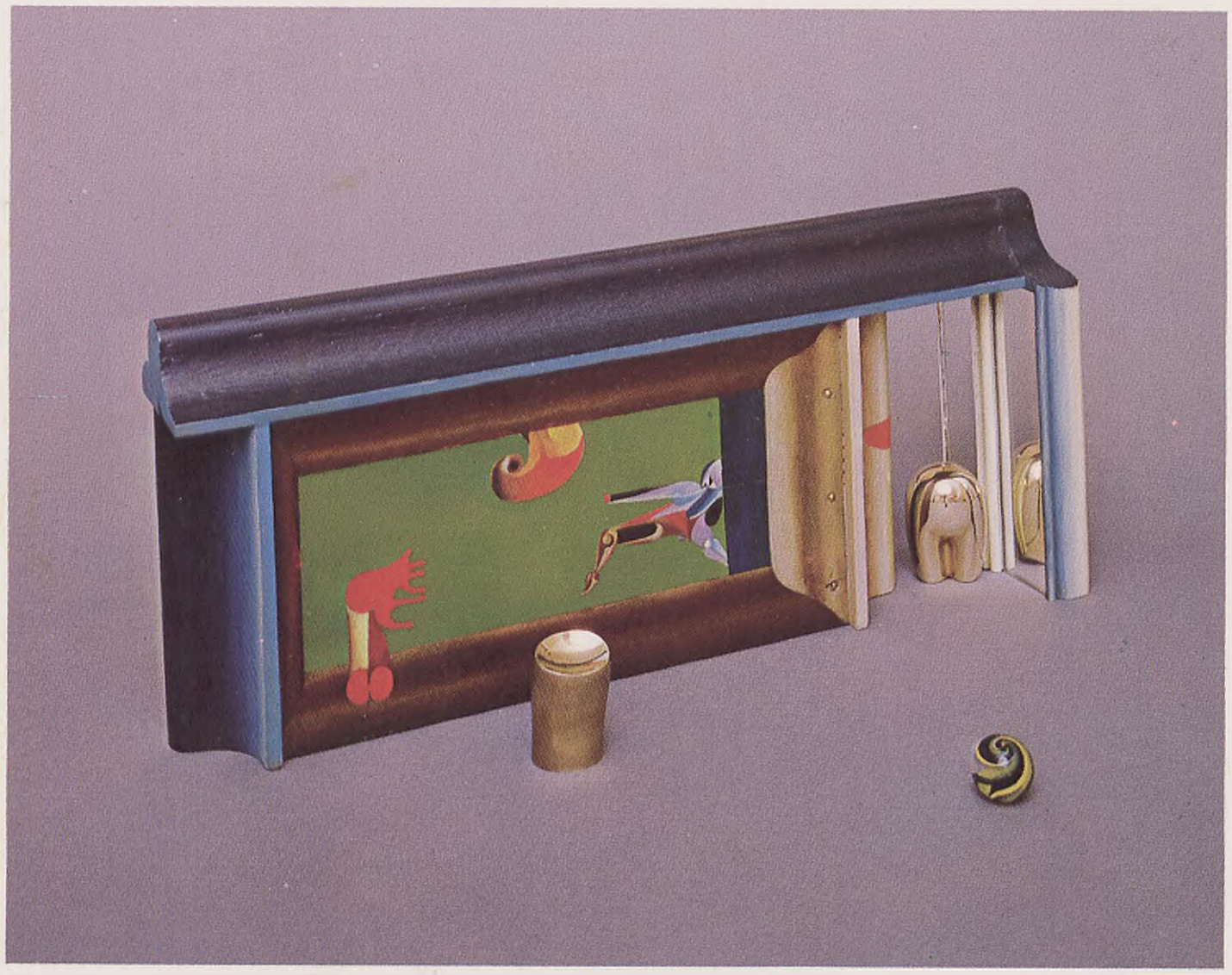

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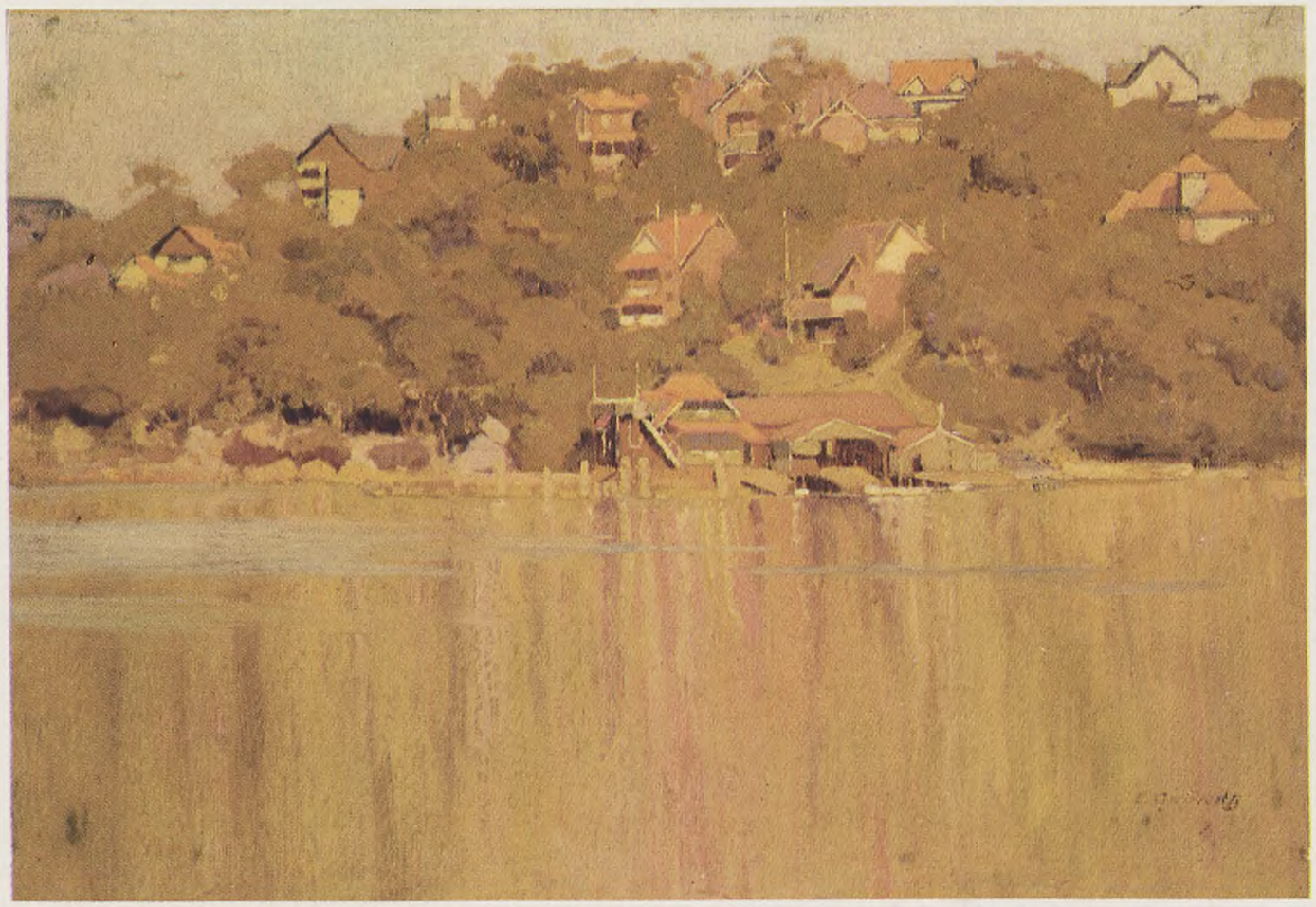

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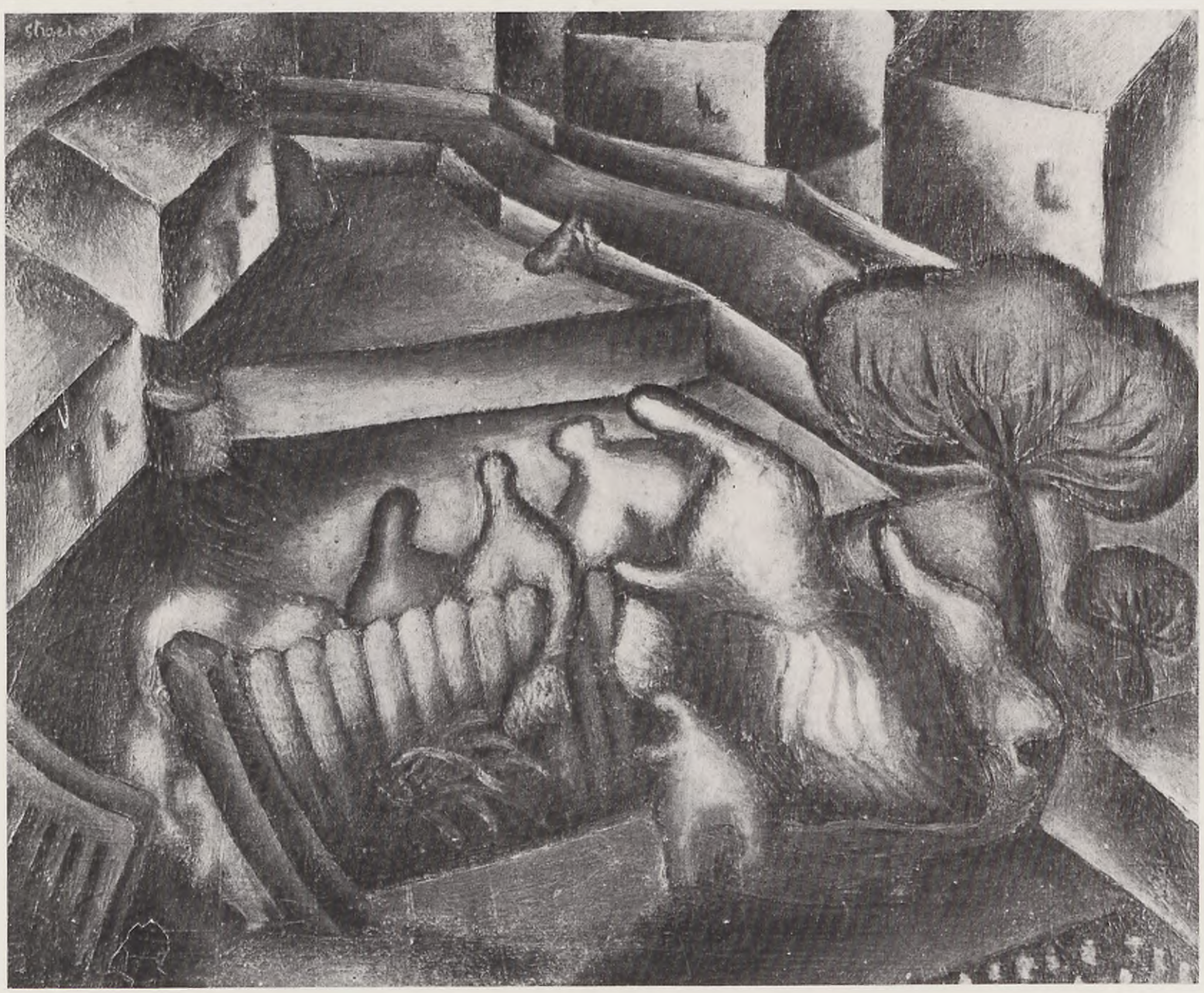

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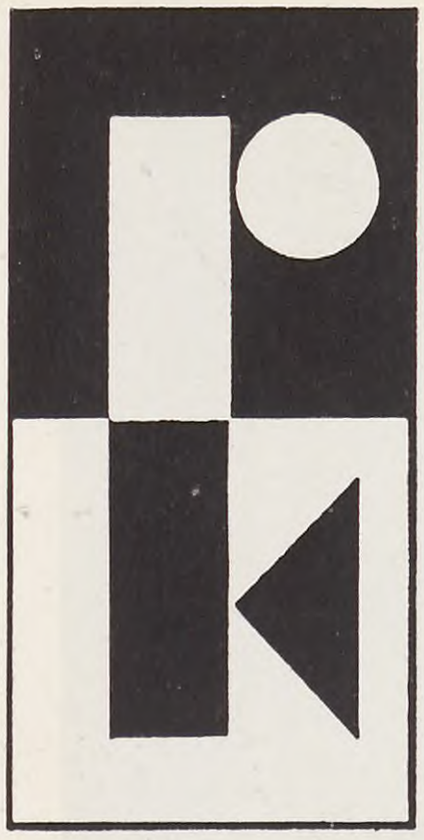

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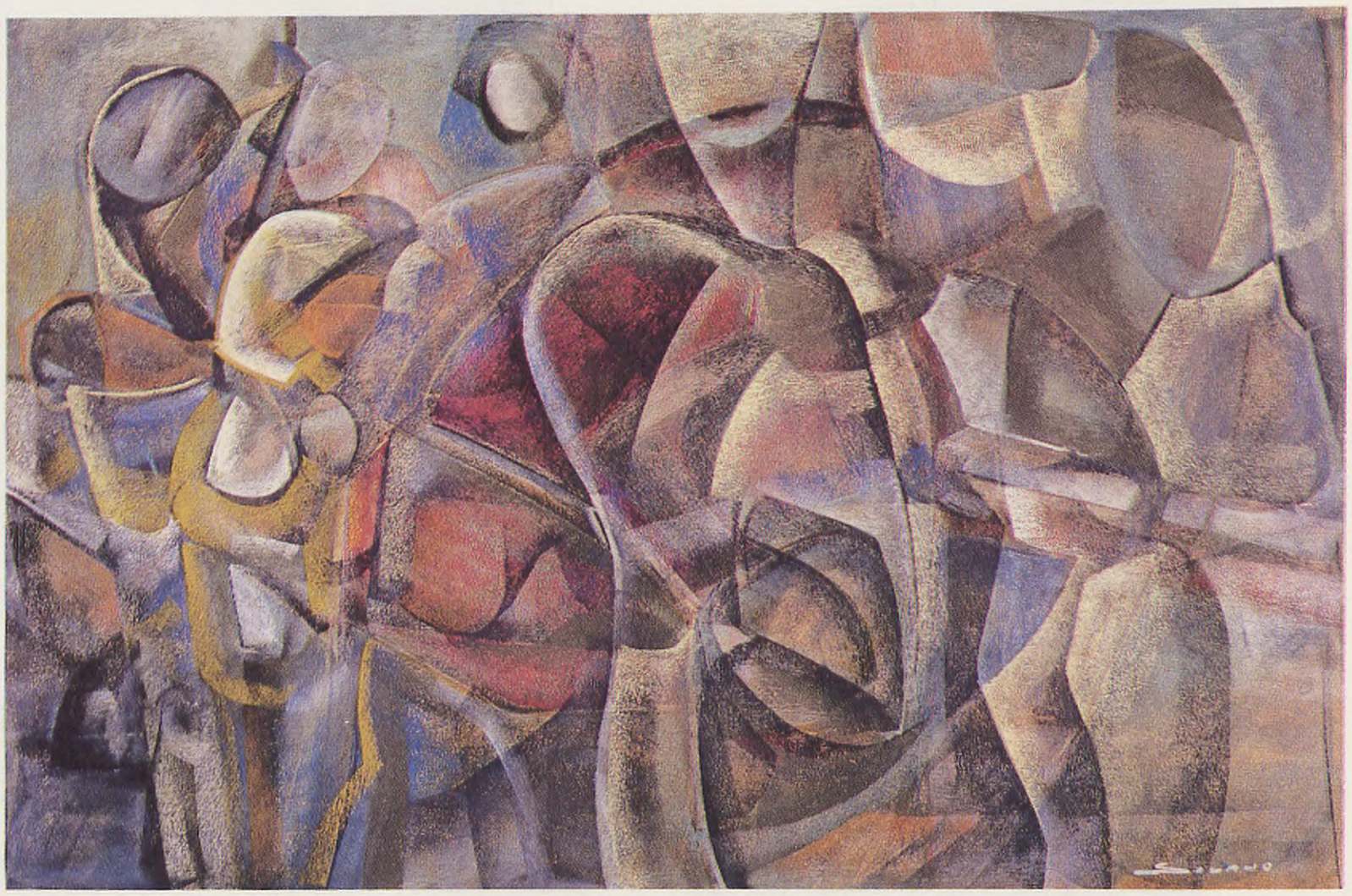

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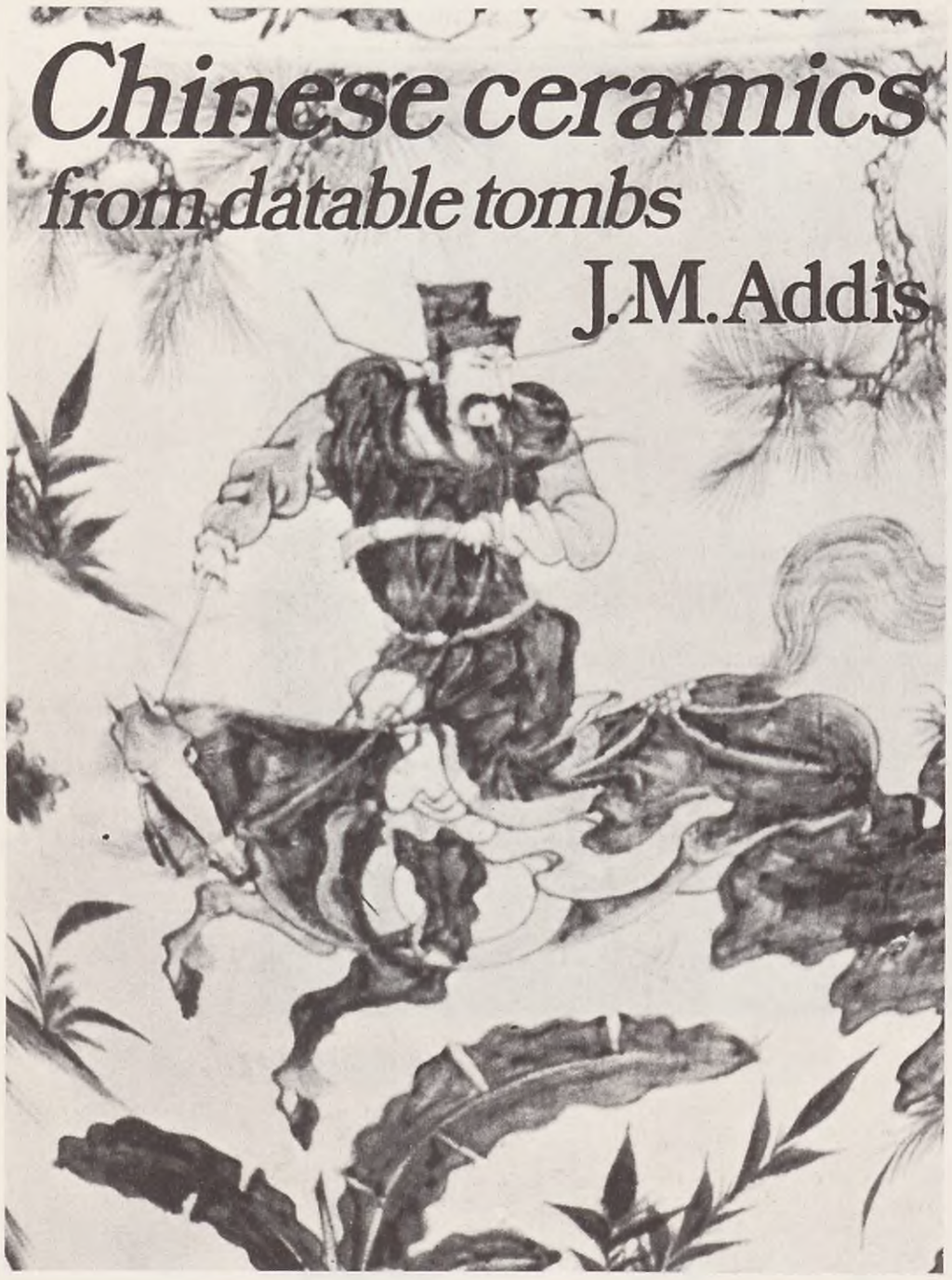

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The author of this book had exceptional opportunities to visit provincial museums and art-historical research institutes in China in the years 1972 to 1975. He took notes and photographs of exhibits to which a precise, or reasonably close, date can be given on good evidence. This important material is published here for the first time in the West.

The book is arranged in chronological order with the author's comments beneath each object. Additional material includes a map of China showing tomb sites and major cities and a chronological index.

This scholarly work presents an exciting and vital contribution towards establishing the chronology of Chinese ceramics

THE AUTHOR

Sir John Addis served as a British diplomat in China from 1947 to 1950 and 1954 to 1957 and as Ambassador from 1972 to 1974. His serious interest in Chinese porcelain began in 1950. He has published specialised articles in *The Transactions of the Oriental Ceramics Society, Archives of Asian Art* and *Oriental Art,* and was President of the Oriental Ceramic Society from 1974 to 1977. He presented his small but choice collection of Chinese fourteenth-and fifteenth-century porcelain to the British Museum in 1975.

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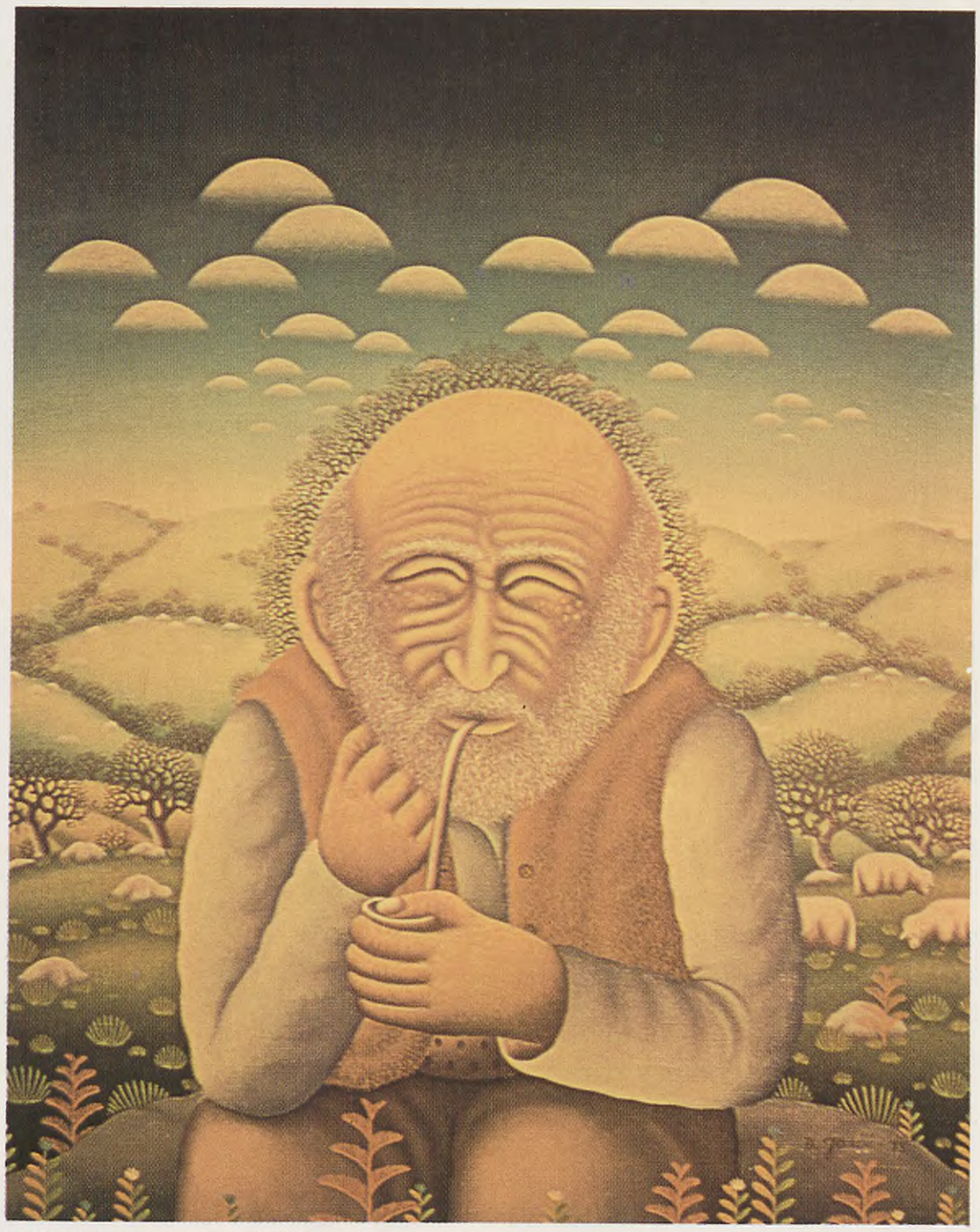

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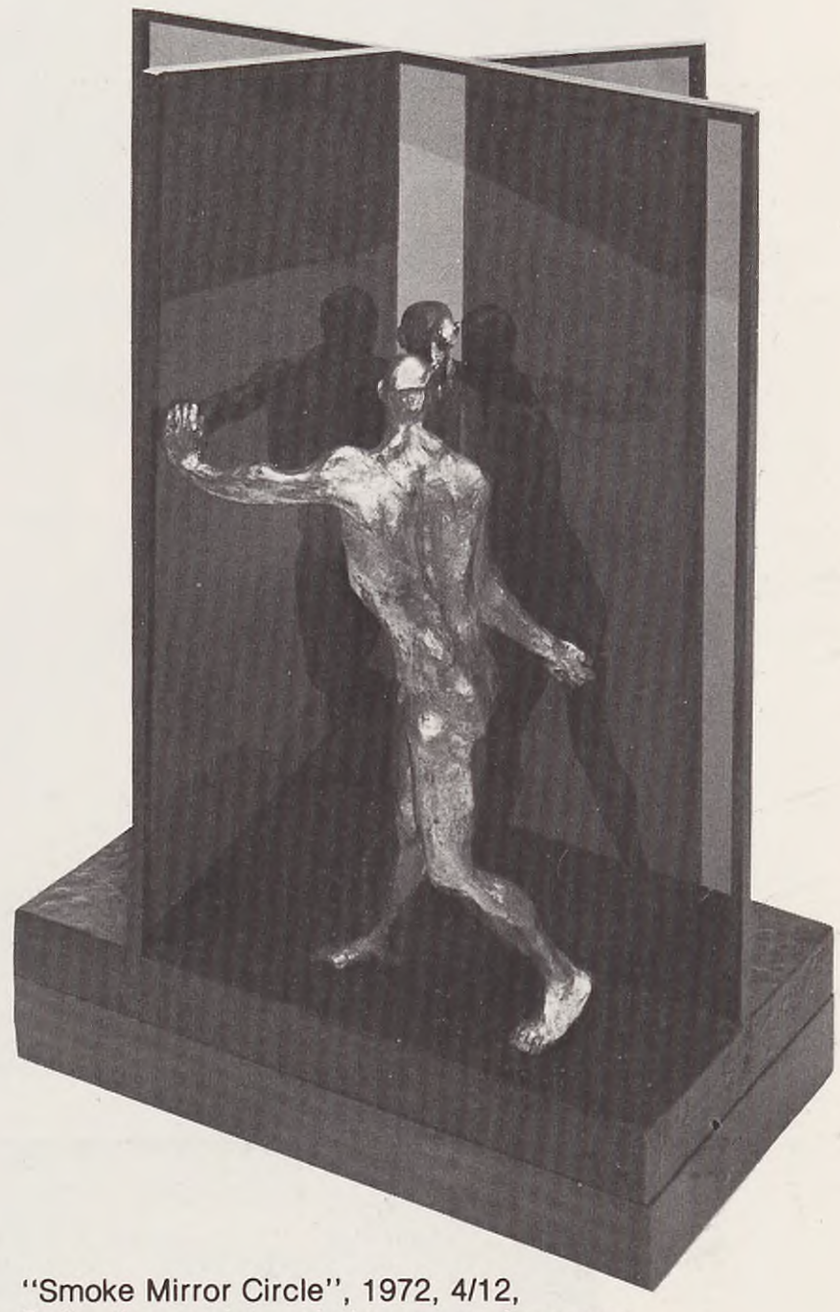

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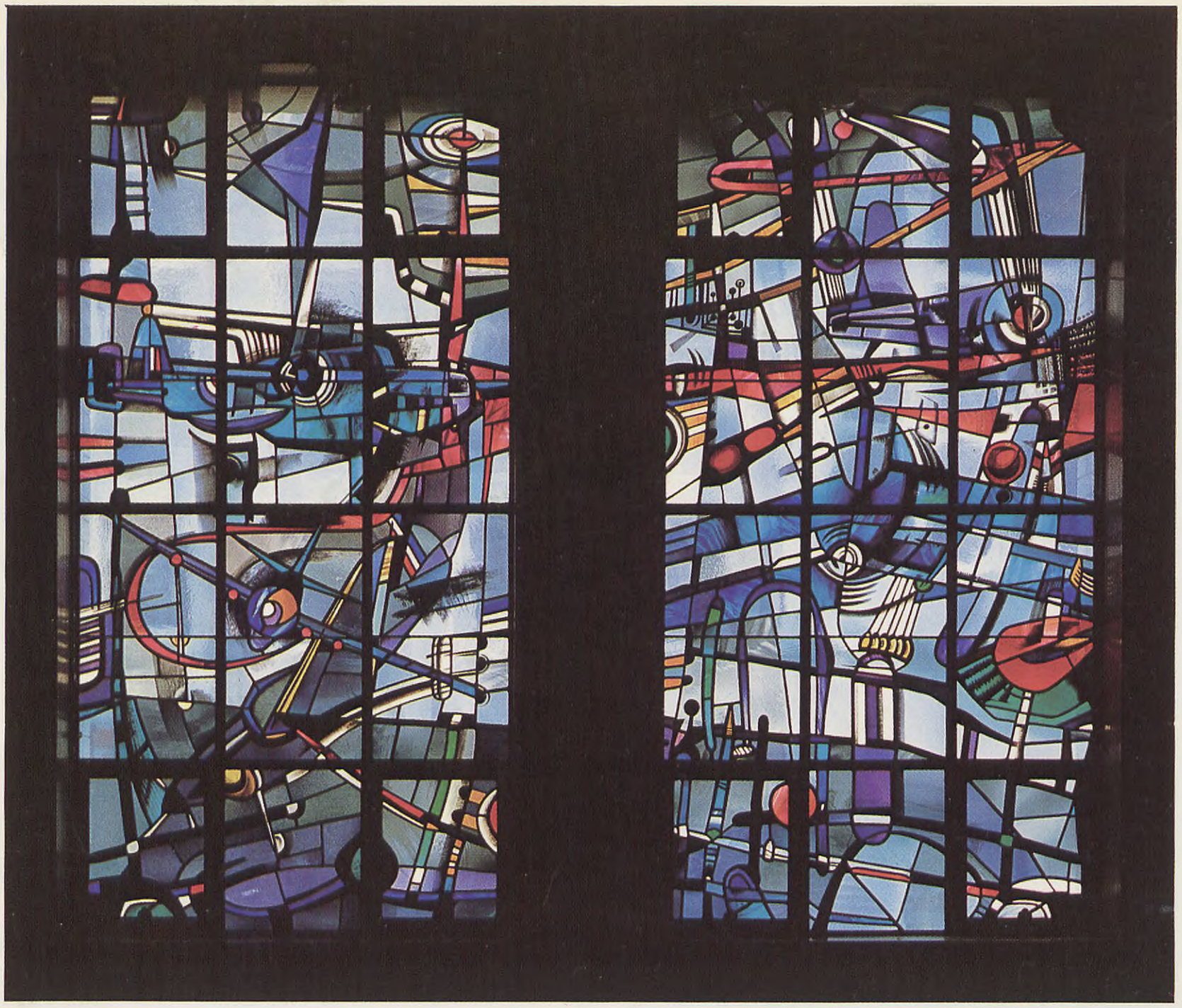

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ART AND AUSTRALIA

VOLUME 16 3

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Contents

Editorial

Perhaps one of the most encouraging features of the Australian art scene during the last few years has been the growing financial support being offered by the private business sector of the community to many aspects of Australian art, both plastic and performing. So vigorous has this support become that Mobil Australia has funded a non-profit organization, Arts Research, Training and Support Ltd (ARTS Ltd), under the direction of Dr Timothy Pascoe, further to encourage business aid to the arts.

In 1978 ARTS Ltd awarded twelve Business in the Arts Awards and the judging panel also awarded twelve Honourable Mentions. The Awards were presented by His Excellency the Governor-General, Sir Zelman Cowen, at a dinner held in the Great Hall of the University of Sydney.

Australians have been inclined to rely upon governments for funding to support and encourage the arts and, in recent years, larger portions of the country's revenue have been allocated to this object but such portions have been and remain meagre in relation to the national income. The Prime Minister has stressed from time to time that, if the arts are to expand and flourish, they will need increasing financial support from non-government sources. The establishment of ARTS Ltd will help to bring this about. The offer of distinguished awards should in itself introduce a mildly competitive situation thus promoting wilder participation from both private businesses and individuals.

The 1978 Awards were made to twelve companies whose contributions extended over a wide field: music, ballet and theatre were taken to areas of the country where no private entrepreneur could expect a profitable season; outstanding international artists were brought to Australia to create original works; the 'El Dorado Colombian Gold' exhibition was brought to Australia; six outstanding photographers were commissioned to portray life in a factory; commercial space was made available free of charge for the display of craft works; specially commissioned opera has been taken to infant and primary schools; an exhibition of specially prepared Aboriginal ground drawings has been circulated throughout Australia.

ARTS Ltd extends its activities to research and consultancy by experts, on a fee basis, to management training for art executives and to the counselling of artists and art organizations as to how they may improve their approach to companies, individuals and community groups for financial and other sponsorship.

This greatly increased patronage for the arts from the private sector should not, however, in any way diminish the governments' responsibilities to the arts and particularly their financial aid. The arts must be accepted and recognized as a vital part of community life deserving as much support and attention as other government activities. As more leisure time becomes available, so the need for involvement with the arts will become greater and it would be a foolish government that did not give full attention to the situation.

below
ARNULF RAINER SELBSTVERWANDLUNGEN
(Self-transformation)
Mixed technique 60 cm x 50 cm

bottom
ULRIKE ROSENBACH SALTO MORTALE II 1978

Sydney's Third Biennale by Nick Waterlow

'European Dialogue' is the title of the Third Biennale of Sydney, which runs at the Art Gallery of New South Wales from 14 April to 27 May 1979. This title reveals where the overseas emphasis lies, but of rather more interest may be the reasons behind such a choice.

An American critic wrote recently of 'Europe in the Seventies', an exhibition of works by twenty-three artists initiated by the Art Institute of Chicago to tour the United States: 'It ought to be understood that the artists featured in this exhibition do not continue post-war painting and sculpture traditions nor do they reflect or imitate trends in American art over that same period of time. Very few of them could be termed painters or sculptors. As a group they show the most dramatic rejection of the conventional media ever observed in an art exhibition that purports to survey both a decade and a continent.'

Several of these artists will be part of the Biennale, including Frenchman Daniel Buren, whose banners will transform the portico of the Art Gallery of New South Wales, Italian Mario Merz who will create a type of igloo based on the ancient *fibonacci* theory of design, an Englishman Hamish Fulton who will do a 'walk' that will later be documented (they will all visit Australia), the late Belgian Marcel Broodthaers, the South American-born Dutchman Stanley Brouwn and the West German Hanne Darboven.

It is an apposite moment for us to become more familiar with the wide range and variety of interesting work coming out of Europe, most of which has never been seen in Australia before. European art is now in a position to correct the imbalance of influence from the other side of the Atlantic and the Third Biennale, hopefully, will open up possibilities for individual and autonomous growth rather than ram home a cultural praxis, which just does not exist.

A healthy world-art situation is not one based on centralization, which until quite recently

was the rule and which affected Europe as it did Australia. The Biennale will reflect this welcome shift as it will also illustrate that, in both continents , there now exists no predominant style or 'ism', which is the removal of a further truss that should leave artists all over the world freer to explore their own very different areas of research without constantly referring to a distant source.

The Biennale will show a wide range of work including paintings, conceptual and performance pieces, a variety of installations, video and photographic works. Some of the artists involved from Eastern Europe are the Pole Tadeusz Kantor whose Cricot Theatre took part in the last Adelaide Festival, painters A. R. Penck of East Germany and Laszlo Lakner from Hungary, and performance artist from Yugoslavia Marina Abramovic. Their work will be beside artists like the Swiss Jean Tinguely who will show reliefs, and Daniel Spoerri whose interests are mainly culinary, like film and video artist Valie Export, and Arnulf Rainer who overpaints photographs (both from Austria), like painters Howard Hodgkin and Rita Donagh or Mark Boyle who re-creates specific environments (all from the United Kingdom), Ann and Patrick Poirier from France, whose source is archaeology, also Ben Vautier, and video and performance artist Ulrike Rosenbach from West Germany, and many others. An American section will illustrate various links with Europe, and New Zealanders Bruce Barber and Philip Dadson will be in Sydney to take part.

The wide range of strong and individual Australian work in the Biennale signals the irrelevance of any lingering object versus post-object arguments and expresses a healthy pluralism, which particularly in Sydney would greatly benefit from there being an Alternative Space or two. The removal of some of the constraints from afar which were earlier mentioned, and which have had considerable effect here, can only lead to more genuinely independent Australian work emerging.

It will be a considerable achievement if this Biennale can help articulate the development of such a possibility.

More than a dozen artists will be coming from overseas to participate live in the Biennale through installations, performance pieces, video works and participatory works, and they will help to create a real Dialogue with Australian artists, students and the interested public. The presence of a good number of overseas art writers and museologists will also make possible a wide and ongoing sharing of ideas.

There will also be an exhibition of recent European drawings and uses of photography as well as an International Video Festival, special exhibitions in many Sydney galleries and events in parks and other public spaces. An Art March (A Celebration) will be held on Easter Saturday from Martin Place to the Domain when it is hoped the spirit of creative participation that characterizes the Biennale will become visible.

The question of alternative galleries by Arthur McIntyre

The term 'alternative gallery' can be used in reference to any exhibiting space which provides a viable alternative to those existing primarily to promote visual arts for motivations that are chiefly commercial.

In most major cities in Australia, galleries cater for mainstream investment art, leaving comparatively little opportunity for the innovative artist to present his work to the viewing public. Considering that much of the most progressive and significant art in 'free' societies is deemed radical, undesirable and unsuitable, the question of alternative gallery venues is an important one.

Alternative gallery spaces in Sydney have always been few and far between. Since the Inhibodress co-operative in East Sydney closed some years ago the city has virtually been without any viable exhibiting space based solely on co-operative mutual support. Perhaps Sydney artists are too materialistic or professionally ambitious to reinforce each others' efforts in an attempt to establish an alternative to the commercial gallery system?

A great many artists who are disillusioned with the commercial gallery system are also largely apathetic. They are resigned to the dominating influence of the commercial circuit and sit back in their 'ivory towers' doing nothing to bring about any significant changes.

Traditionally, professional artists have been inclined to harbour rather naive expectations from commercial gallery dealers. Even the most benevolent gallery owners must, in order to survive in a fiercely competitive field, place their own interests before those of their artists. Artists who change dealers at whim might well be better off questioning their own expectations and opting out of the dealer circuit altogether, recognizing mutual needs and establishing co-operative gallery spaces.

The more conservative, moneyed sectors of our society are often justifiably reluctant about supporting non-commercial galleries. Apart from a wariness about returns on risky capital investments, many potential private supporters find difficulty in coming to terms with political and anti-establishment aspects of much non-commercial, innovative art. Some degree of government funding is usually essential for alternative gallery spaces to survive.

For a brief time the Paddington Town Hall complex was being used by the Contemporary Art Society, assisted by the Visual Arts Board, to house exhibitions of a slightly radical nature. While the standard of exhibitions was predictably uneven, the aims of the scheme were commendable. Because the entire Town Hall complex was unable to find donors to pay off its original opening debts (the Wran Government felt that Paddington was culturally too well catered for and was unwilling to oblige) the C.A.S. was forced to abandon its work there. Problems in organizing adequate security also jeopardized the project, a fact highlighted by the mindless vandalism of several artworks. Some newspaper art critics were slow to offer the C.A.S. encouragement in its endeavours. More generous media support could help serious alternative galleries to win a wider audience.

'Arts in the Gardens', a week-end event housed in makeshift stalls at the Macquarie Street end of Sydney's Botanical Gardens, is Premier Wran's 'baby'. Some see it as a cheap political move to gain a few more votes — a half-hearted gesture to provide a State-Government-financed alternative to the smart, uptown dealer shops. With more imagination the concept could make a worthwhile contribution to the local art scene. In its present form, 'Arts in the Garden's seems to be little more than a glorified church bazaar. The support of art schools and colleges could help but this does not seem to be forthcoming.

School of Art of the Alexander Mackie College of Advanced Education came to the rescue at the opening of the project with the display of quite a large amount of student work filling stalls that would otherwise have been embarrassingly empty; but there has been little follow-up. Students should be encouraged to show their work to an interested general public in a non-competitive, non-dealer atmosphere. Some financial incentives from the State Government might be in order.

A privately owned, non-profit exhibition gallery conceived exclusively for the display of student art works opened in July 1978, in Leichhardt, an inner-city, western Sydney suburb. Appropriately named 'The Students' Gallery', the two-storeyed, all-white building is the brain-child of young Rebecca Lake and National Art School sculpture graduate, Steve Mori. Two art students from Randwick Boys' High School exhibited some refreshingly individual and witty paintings for the opening show. In August, Greg Cliffe, a final-year sculpture student at Alexander Mackie Col-

lege, filled the gallery spaces with drawings, collages and sculptures. His concern with environmental issues was evident in his handling of a diverse assortment of materials, much of it junk, resulting in an exhibition of considerable individuality.

The Students' Gallery also offers workshop facilities for young people, many of whom have trouble adapting to a normal school environment. Other workshops have been organized, one at Marrickville specializing in teaching mechanical skills and another in the Sydney harbour-side suburb of Balmain, catering for boat-building enthusiasts. Original costs of maintenance and staffing have been covered by a $56,000 Schools Commission grant, made in September 1977. An underlying aim is to provide the children of the more underprivileged ethnic minority groups with an opportunity for learning invaluable pre-apprenticeship skills in specialist areas.

Rebecca and Steve are hardly novices in the area of workshop provision. They organized a Balmain sculpture workshop for one and a half years, independently, prior to receiving Federal Government support. Over a hundred 'problem' children spent some time under their guidance, enjoying the lack of academic pressure and the sense of increased social usefulness that their newly acquired skills gave them.

In time, Steve hopes to organize a travelling exhibition of innovative student work from both secondary and tertiary institutions.

Some exhibitions of ethnic craft works are also planned for the Leichhardt gallery. Further financial support for the workshops and gallery will be needed before long and the organizers are thinking of approaching both the private sector and the State Government. The very reasons given by the Wran Government for not funding the Paddington Town Hall project provide solid justification for State support of these western suburbs workshops and gallery space.

One of the longest surviving alternative galleries in Sydney is the Sculpture Centre at The Rocks, under the capable guidance of Giulia Crespi and Betty Kelly who see their roles in the project as co-ordinators rather than dictators. The Centre's exhibiting policy is fairly eclectic, as befits a gallery that aims to present to the public a comprehensive coverage of works by both older- and younger-generation sculptors, regardless of their commercial viability. Probably the most commendable aspect of this gallery's work is its development of an adequate resource centre providing video and slide kits and information about local sculptors.

A similar role in the area of crafts activities is played with outstanding success by the Resource Centre of the Crafts Council of Australia. Towards the end of 1977 the Crafts Council Gallery opened in Sydney at the Circular Quay end of George Street. While its policy has been to mount exhibitions of a survey nature, often to a suggested theme, the gallery's director, Pam Gullifer, is prepared to present one-man exhibitions by craftsmen, of an innovative rather than commercial nature.

It is important to note that the Sculpture Centre and Crafts Council Gallery venues can function effectively only because of considerable Federal Government funding through the appropriate channels of the Australia Council.

The Australian Centre for Photography in Sydney encourages the development of local artist-photographers through its gallery and workshops in Paddington. Regular exhibitions of photographic works by overseas practitioners provide a vital educational service. Again, Australia Council funding ensures that this non-commercial venture can continue to function in an area neglected by all but the most adventurous dealer galleries.

One of the main factors contributing to the shortage of non-commercial gallery space in Sydney is the lack of initiative in this area by local art colleges and universities. The plushly appointed Ivan Dougherty Gallery, located at Alexander Mackie's Rocks campus, seems unlikely to offer its space regularly to students and is too inflexible physically to allow radical art concepts to muss up its white walls and its carpet.

The only way the situation is likely to change is through active and well-organized pressure from students within colleges and from professional artists who are disillusioned with the limitations of much of the commercial gallery monopoly. Federal and State Governments have a moral responsibility to ensure that commercial interests do not continue to make public access to innovative, radical and community art projects as limited as it is at present.

JAMES DOOLIN SHOPPING MALL

James Doolin — artist at the crossroads

by Geoff Wallis

James Doolin, the American artist who contributed so much to the development of an indigenous Hard-edge Abstraction in the 1960s, returned to Australia in mid-1978 as a guest of the Victorian College of the Arts. Doolin brought with him a work that had occupied his imagination for over four years, a 'large hand-painted aerial picture' of Santa Monica in California. This, the latest and perhaps the last of his 'artificial landscapes', is now nearing the end of a tour of various Australian art centres. *Shopping mall* is subtitled 'A conceptual perspective', and this should alert us to the fact that it is not a conventional Photorealist work, but one that offers us quite literally a new viewpoint. Conditioned as we are into a photographic way of seeing, it may be some time before we can ascertain just why Doolin's urban texture is so downright vertiginous when first we see it. Buildings loom up at us and people in the 'distance' seem paradoxically to be as close as those in the 'foreground'. Gradually it becomes apparent that all the depth clues cultivated so sedulously by other aerial artists such as Noel Mahaffey are not be found at all. Doolin wanted a picture that 'felt' like an air view rather than an air photograph so he banished the horizon, vanishing points, orthogonals and atmospheric effects by simply adopting the decidedly aphotographic technique of axonometric projection.

Borrowed from architects and engineers, the axonometric system allowed the artist to build up all forms from a ground plan just as one would build a model town. Figures, vehicles, and buildings were all scaled against each other (1cm = 60cm) and building lines followed those of the roads. Consequently, from a distance, the gigantic X formed by the juncture of avenue and mall and the dozens of rectangular roof-tops are seen without distortion and assert themselves to their fullest potential as geometric shapes. The shadows, which rake horizontally across the canvas, counteract the main diagonal thrusts.

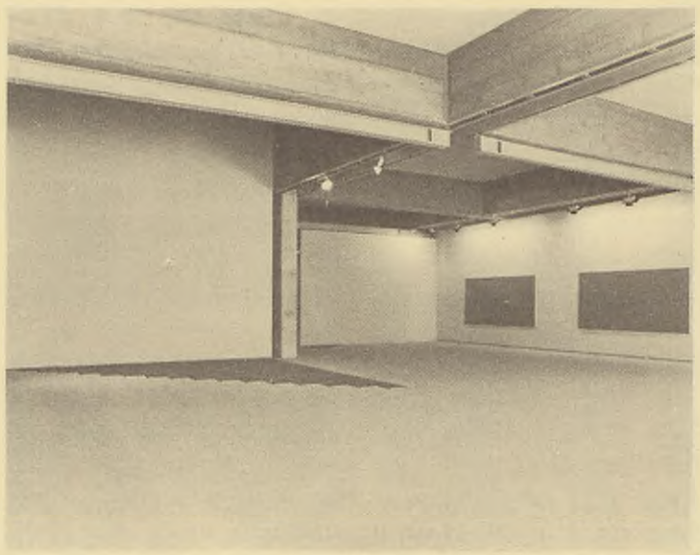
It is not likely that we shall retain our omnipotent view of *Shopping mall* for long; soon we are enticed down to the surface by an almost *trompe l'oeil* illusionism. Here we may skim across the tarred roof-tops that occupy almost 60 per cent of this backside view of a city, or wander up the busy streets.

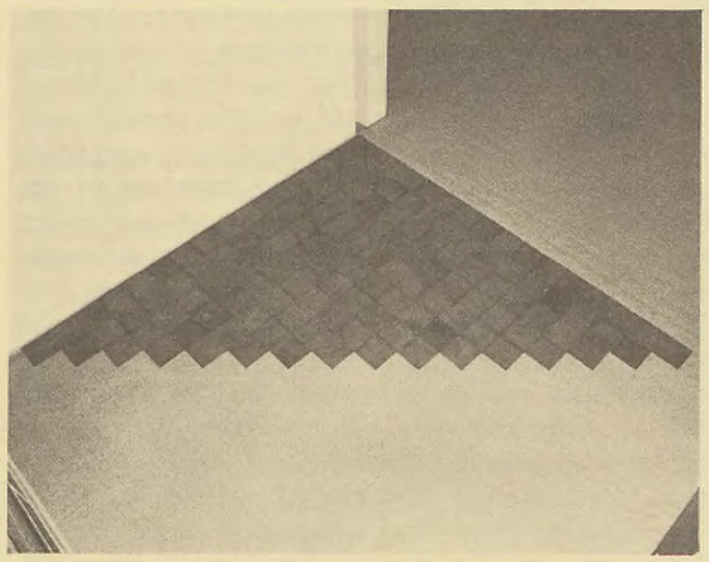
If there is one painting that will convince us we are back in the business of looking 'into' a work and not 'at' it, this must be it. Once down there it becomes apparent that another important quality of the axonometric projection was that it gave Doolin a 'democratic' means of presenting numerous simultaneous events with equal clarity and emphasis and with no 'hierarchy of size.' No matter where we stand in relation to the surface, everything is directly before us and belongs, as it were, to our own world. Within this world the minutiae, which appear to those who patiently 'read' the surface, are both a delightful discovery in themselves and important humanizing elements. (Look for the dead bird on a roof, the man who looks up at us, newspapers blowing across the tiled mall.) What is more, we may recognize ourselves somewhere down there among the store-fronts and palms, for the artist deliberately represented as many different types of city people as possible within the 180 or so figures.

All this adds up to a clever updating of the approach of Breugel who, in works like *Children's games* of 1560, used a high vantage-point for the like purpose of showing a multiplicity of both events and human types. If Breugel's madly playing children represent the general follies of adults, Doolin's people are simply themselves (or us) at a moment of no singular importance. It is within this ordinariness of *Shopping mall,* however, that the key to understanding it lies. By concentrating on the seemingly accurate representation of a specific time (4.36 p.m. Easter Saturday 1974) and place, Doolin turns *Shopping mall* into an aerial microcosm from which one may extrapolate notions of the urban continuum and our role in it. Banalities, that is non-events and anti-moments, assume significance as the quintessential ingredients of modern life largely because of Doolin's almost obsessive concern for their particularization. Similarly, such a concern brings with every glance at the crowded surface of the canvas an affirmation of our concrete existence. The artist's persistent dream of creating a monumental document of urban activity has become a reality.

The first real steps towards *Shopping mall* were taken in May 1972 when Doolin began collecting plans and other data relating to the Santa Monica site. By late January 1973 he had stretched up the canvas and begun drawing-in the big X composition. At this point also he began taking the hundreds of slides on which to base his drawings of vehicles and figures. During the rest of this year and most of the next Doolin continued his preparations, making full-scale studies, drawing from an hour of 8 mm movie, working out lighting effects 'almost mathematically', even hiring a helicopter to check on aerial aspects. By September 1974 all the preparations were behind him and Doolin began painting from the top left-hand corner, working his way around the canvas 'like mowing a lawn'. To get to the centre took the artist over two years and it was not until January 1977 that he could celebrate the completion of *Shopping mall* by painting in the very last detail, a minute portrait of himself standing, clip-board of drawings in hand, smack in the centre of the road, the shopping centre and the composition itself.

For Doolin this rather trite symbolism was a conscious act of identification with his Lilliputian world but it also proved to be a pointer to his future activity. Tempted as he was to paint equally dizzying axonometric projections of oil refineries and monuments like the Statue of Liberty, the artist resisted and turned instead toward what he describes as 'a kind of fantasy painting'.





CARL ANDRE/ROBERT HUNTER
JOINT EXHIBITION
INSTALLATION VIEWS

Andre/Hunter joint exhibition by Joanna Mendelssohn

The 'Carl Andre/Robert Hunter' joint exhibition, which was held recently at galleries in Melbourne, Newcastle and Brisbane, provided a variation on the travelling exhibitions that have dominated the gallery circuit in recent years. Rather than having one show moved around the country, three exhibitions of closely related works were held virtually at the same time in each city. Moreover, while the Robert Hunter paintings were painted well in advance for non-specific sites, Carl Andre was able to plan his sculpture for each of the three venues: Pinacotheca in Melbourne, the Institute of Modern Art in Brisbane, and the Newcastle Region Art Gallery.

In Newcastle Robert Hunter showed a series of three large, high-gloss grey paintings with coloured cotton stretched across the surface in angular patterns. There is a subtle logic in the relationship between each canvas, caused by the variations in the cotton colours. The immediate visual effect of this calculated work is to create apparent ambiguities in the surface plane so that, from a distance, the viewer is made to believe that the work is in fact a relief with large shapes either incised into or imposed upon the canvas.

As this was the first-ever exhibition of Minimalist art in Newcastle and the holiday crowds were not used to such Minimalist refinement, the response to these paintings was non-comprehending and occasionally hostile. One group of enthusiastic amateur stamp collectors wished to show their wares on 'the noticeboards'. Many visitors objected to what they thought of as 'waste space'.

Carl Andre's sculpture, flat on the floor and as reticent as Hunter's paintings, completed the air of austerity in the exhibiting area.

The luxurious neutrality of spaces at the Newcastle Region Art Gallery contrasted in their preciousness with the warm, rough steel of Andre's two Gallery pieces, *Steel sum 16* and *Steel sum 4.*

Like much of Andre's sculpture, these are related variants of works previously made elsewhere, chosen for Newcastle because of the nature of the space available. Thus the work exists not only in its own right but also to cause a new perception of the space. *Steel sum 16* is a large, right-angled triangle of 136 squares thrown out from the bottom wall near the entrance of the Gallery. By placing it in this position, Andre defined the space as a large cube, which he has partially coloured in.

In Andre's art each particle that goes to make the whole has equal value, each can be interchanged with any other of the same material and dimensions; yet by placing these unprepared pieces in an arrangement of strict equality, individual differences become apparent. Some plates are more rusted than others, some are scratched, there is none of the sameness of specifically manufactured goods. By placing this raw stuff of manufacturing industry in a gallery space, Andre stresses its individual qualities. The material itself makes the artwork, the artist merely selects to make patterns, shapes and numbers, in Newcastle a sum. *Steel sum 16* is a sum of 1 to 16 arranged in a triangle. As such it is either an exercise in William Blake's joy of the beautiful simplicity and wonder of elementary mathematics, a good counting game for small children ('yes, each side *does* have sixteen squares') or demonstration of the requirements to make art. Andre is interested in the reactions of the pre-reading young and the naive to his art. He claims that once a child learns to read, to demand meaning of everything, then there are barriers to perception, because art will need to be meant as well as just to be.

Near *Steel sum 16* was a smaller relation, *Steel sum 4,* which serves to define the spatial relationship between the structural wall of the gallery and the temporary exhibition screens. It also serves as concrete example definition of Andre's short history of twentieth-century sculpture. 'The course of development

Sculpture as form

Sculpture as structure

Sculpture as place.'

For by standing on Andre's sculpture as place, the viewer could look back towards the back of the gallery and see sculpture as structure in Ron Robertson-Swann's *Turnpike Mountain* and, at the rear, sculpture as form in Godfrey Miller's *Torso* — a sort of reverse history.

Andre has been making his 'Sculpture as place' for some years now. He sees his development towards Minimalism as a logical personal development and divorced from the critical fads of the art market. Therefore he does not mind that Minimalism is no longer the *avant-garde,* that the fashions will move to other styles. He accepts as inevitable that his art, which enjoyed a brief moment of glory in the 1960s and 1970s, will for some decades be regarded as *passé.*

Death of George Baldessin by Alan McCulloch

On the evening of Wednesday, 9 August 1978, a motor-car crash on Victoria's ill-starred F19 freeway ended the career of George Baldessin, aged thirty-nine. The premature death of this talented sculptor and graphic artist has shocked and saddened the Australian art world, for Baldessin represented a force on the Melbourne scene that is impossible to replace. His sophisticated command of technology and his uncompromising attitude as borne out in the astringent and sometimes bitter subject-matter of his prints which, as John Brack put it, precluded all thoughts 'of sweetening for the sake of popularity' earned him the admiration of his colleagues and the respect and affection of his students.

I well remember his début as a sculptor in the 'Second Mildura Sculpture Triennial' Exhibition in April 1964. Then, in June of that year, he held his first one-man show of drawings, etchings and sculpture at the Argus Gallery, Melbourne. It evoked an immediate, wide reaction. The etchings equated with the work of Goya, the sculptures with the work of Manzu, Marini, Martini and other modern Italians whose sculptures had carried the first post-World War II Biennale of Venice by storm. The rediscovery of Pompeii by these Italian sculptors and their veneration for the anonymous masters of antiquity was in direct opposition to the forward thinking of the pre-war Futurists and had made their work a new 'art without epoch'. Baldessin's sculpture reflected this spirit and it was not surprising to learn that he was fresh from Milan, where he had studied under Marini at the Academy of Fine Art, Brera. What was surprising was the dynamism and individuality that transcended the student influences. From the time of this first exhibition his development was rapid and the artist friends he made soon learnt the precise nature of his personality as well as the uncompromising nature of his work. He made no concessions to anyone and indeed often embroiled his best friends in situations that required great tact in the straightening out process. He had a genius for involving others in his work by making them see the possibilities in their own. One of his notable achievements was the launching of a printmaking workshop in a large studio in the Olderfleet Buildings in Collins Street. The workshop covered an immense area of floor space that was soon filled with the heavy machinery of printmaking as well as Baldessin sculptures-in-progress. From this centre he developed collaborative working methods whose productions had the character of a national movement. The pitch of creativity attained had a vehemence without parallel in the history of Australian printmaking.

Roger Kemp, Fred Williams, Tate Adams, Jan Senbergs and Les Kossatz were some of the artists involved, as were many of their students. The prints were exhibited at Tate Adam's Crossley Gallery to proclaim the dawn of a new era in Australian graphic art. Demolition of the Olderfleet Building brought this venture to a close but the work went on. It was interrupted by Baldessin's decision to undertake a refresher course in Europe — this time in France.

He worked there with undiminished energy soaking up the traditions of French art, old and new.

On his return to Melbourne in 1977 he resumed his old routine with renewed enthusiasm, developing his art, teaching at RMIT and building a bluestone house and studio for his young family at St Andrews, a work started some years previously.

He was returning home to St Andrews after a long teaching session on the night of 9 August. It was a dismal, rainy night and the light was bad — a sad night, as it turned out, for Australian art.

Book Reviews

Paul Klee Figures and Faces by Margaret Plant (Thames and Hudson, London, 1978, pp.208, 31 colour plates, 100 b/w illus., ISBN 0500 232741 $30.

Paul Klee's art speaks so directly to the eye, the appeal of his work is so instantaneous, that it overrides, at first sight, the enigmatic nature of his subject-matter. It is undoubtedly owing to the strong aesthetic impact that his frail paintings survive the most searching of investigations. In fact, the most involved, the most difficult of all art-historic methods, that of iconology, concerned with meaning, with symbolism of images, has celebrated triumphs in the discussion of some of Klee's works. C. M. Kaufmann's essay on *Voice from the ether,* Horst Janson's and Maurice L. Schapiro's explanations of *The twittering machine,* Geelhaar's comments on *The singer L. as Fiordiligi* are joined now by Margaret Plant's thorough delving into Klee's reading, into his connections with the literary, theatrical and art-theoretical scene of his day and the prototypes to be found for so many of his images in the tradition of the stage. Miss Plant emerges with explanations so lucid, written in a style so evocative and light-handed, with an account so coherent of Klee's philosophy of life that the book greatly enhances our love of his work. Klee sees man's role in life as that of a tightrope dancer keeping a precarious balance on top of fragile structures, holding in equilibrium a whole number of simultaneous and conflicting forces. Masks hide man's real face, he plays the role of the Harlequin, the Pierrot of the *Commedia del Arte,* the acrobat, the ballet-dancer, his puppet-like movements show that a higher power controls his destiny. To me, the most affecting is the last chapter of the book where Klee, tragically deprived of his position at the Düsseldorf Art School, returns to the city of his birth, where, unwelcome, unrecognized, poor and ill, he lives out the rest of his short life. Here his art undergoes a most dramatic transformation: 'overriding in the paintings of the 1930s is the loss of balance and the increasing admission of tragedy'. Fear appears in the titles, the imagery developed so apparently playfully during his mature years in Weimar and Dessau undergoes a profound formal transformation and remains the carrier of Klee's most intimate thoughts and sensations. Plant's interpretation brilliantly culminates in a quotation from Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Great Salzburg World Theatre* (1922), a passage that exactly elucidates Klee's *Death and fire* painted in 1940, the year of his passing. The author leads the reader most movingly through the gradual unfolding of Klee's art to the sombre triumph of his *ultima maniera.*

The book is well produced, although the colour plates tend towards the garish. However, illustrations are well placed and easy to find. I experience some unease over the footnotes, which occasionally have the character of suggestions for further reading rather than providing an insight into the present state of knowledge of individual works and problems. One wonders, for example, why no note refers to Geelhaar's 1973 discussion of *The singer L. as Fiordiligi*; the relevance to Klee of Kleist's *On the Puppet Theatre* remains mysterious; the author makes a very striking original observation on *Actor's mask 1924* but does not recapitulate or argue with previous and divergent explanations. However, these are minor quibbles at a fine analysis of Klee's art.

Ursula Hoff

The Eric Thake Picture Book, Introduction by Elizabeth Summons (Gryphon Books, Melbourne, 1978, ISBN 0 908131 12 7) $35.

The close relationship of fine books and the fine arts has a long tradition with many extremely valuable and important products. In the earliest days, of course, 'original' prints were automatically the images used to illustrate the written word. Gradually illustrations and text reversed their position of importance in many 'fine' books and the text became the support to fine reproductions, often of facsimile quality, to be viewed and treasured as the highest examples of the designer's and printer's art.

This tradition has created paradigms of high standard which any publisher today has to be praised for attempting to emulate, but cautioned that doing so invites a higher degree of criticism of the product. A new publisher in Melbourne, Gryphon Books, has entered this field and proudly proclaims its aim to follow the tradition of the Kelmscott Press *et al.* with 'the major consideration being the individual design of each work'. Thus one picks up their recent publication *The Eric Thake Picture Book* expecting immediately to feel, see and read a beautiful book. These expectations unfortunately are not fulfilled.

On a number of levels *The Eric Thake Picture Book* is disappointing. Firstly it feels and looks dull. There is no reason why Thake's black-and-white art reproduced could not have been more attractively presented. Whereas the black-and-white could have been promoted as a positive design theme it is almost apologized for by the addition of a green-grey background to the illustrations, which also, importantly, destroys any pretence of facsimile reproduction.

Besides this a number of design problems stand out: there is too much white space, giving the feeling that a lot more illustrations could have been added on this wasted area, or that the whole could have been cut down. The conventional choices of lettering and type are both at odds with the aspect of Thake's art that stresses fluid, creative line, and also change too much throughout in scale and placing on the pages. It would have been a good opportunity for the designer to try to enhance and integrate the illustrations by his type, in the Kelmscott tradition.

The content of the book also bears comment. There is no attempt to be scholarly here: only a proportion of Thake's black-and-white work is illustrated and minimal information given, and the introduction by Elizabeth Summons is a personal essay on Thake's art. This would be acceptable in the tradition of the 'fine' book if the work chosen stood up to such treatment. Thake's art is intimate and droll and he would, one assumes, be the first to decry any 'great art' overtones for it. His work has been previously, and more suitably, published in the exhibition catalogues prepared by the National Gallery of Victoria in 1970 and Geelong Art Gallery in 1976.

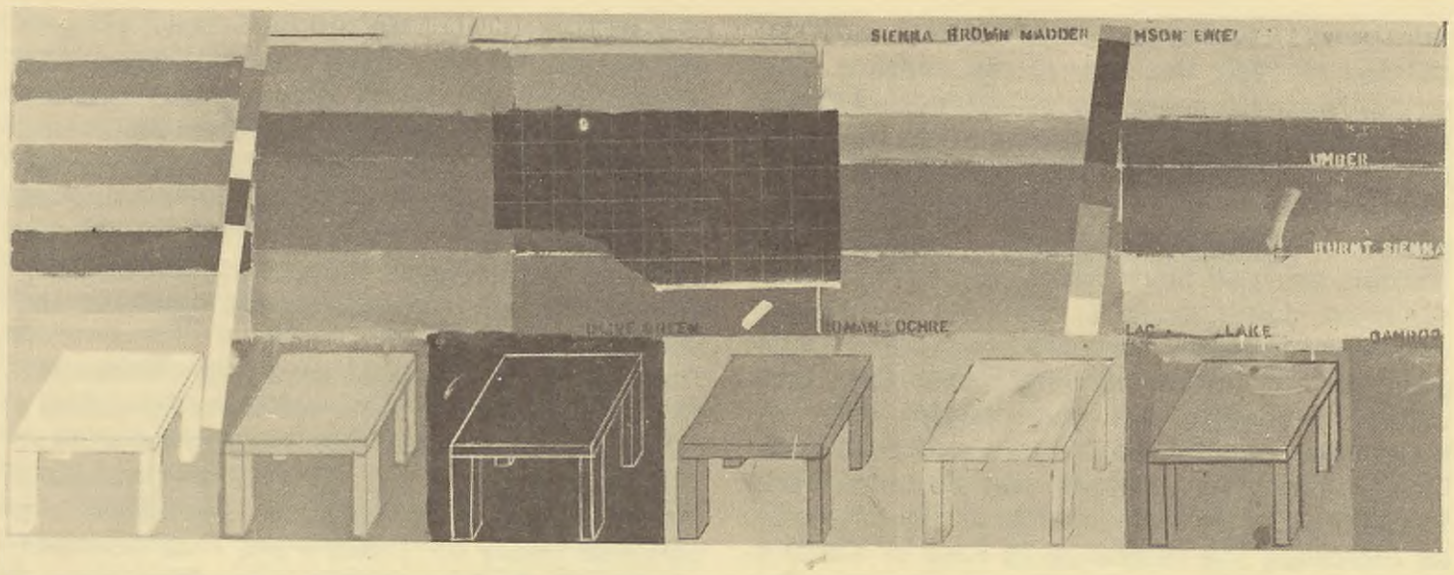
Alison Carrol

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

I read with interest the article 'Signor Nerli' by Betty Currie in your September 1978 issue. Ms Currie's careful research has added some interesting factual information which helps fill the gaps in Nerli's biography. However, I question her suppositions regarding the relationship of Nerli's work to that of Charles Conder. Speaking of Conder's handling of composition and colour tones in his *Departure of the SS Orient* she writes 'Many of these characteristics are attributed to Nerli's influence but I find no evidence in the Italian's work up to this time to substantiate such a claim'. She also states 'If Nerli is to be considered influential at this period in the development of Australian art, it would seem strange that his contemporaries fail to mention him in their reminiscences or letters'.

R. H. Croll in his book *Tom Roberts* (Robertson and Mullins, Melbourne, 1935) pp. 138, 139 states: 'Streeton, better qualified to speak than any living person, wrote thus in the *Argus:* "A Memorial Exhibition of paintings by the late Tom Roberts will be opened . . . this afternoon at the Fine Arts Society's Galleries, Exhibition Street . . . The romantic Conder, later to become famous in Europe as a decorative artist, was instantly impressed by Roberts's work. He had been influenced by the brilliant Nerli in Sydney, and his early canvases had much dark



GEORGE BARKER COLOUR BEGINNINGS (1978)
Acrylic on canvas 92 cm x 245 cm
Watters, Sydney

Photograph by John Delacour

in them . . . ".'

That Streeton used the adjective 'brilliant' to describe Neril, conveys to me that he (and by implication his close associates Conder and Roberts) thought highly of Nerli's work. Ursula Hoff (*Conder his Australian Years,* Melbourne 1960) mentions that Louis McCubbin, writing in the 'Bulletin' of the National Gallery of South Australia Vol. III, No. 1, 1941 says that Streeton informed him that *Feeding the chickens* painted at Griffiths' Farm, Hawkesbury River, was painted under Conder's first influence, Nerli.

To anyone familiar with the paintings of the Italian Macchiaioli, these early works of Conder seem much more closely related to this school of painting than any other contemporary influences. That Nerli who was taught by painters on the fringe of the circle of the Macchiaioli brought this influence with him, is the most important aspect of his contribution to Australian art and especially to Conder's art. Conder's talent enabled his work to soon surpass that of Nerli. However to disparage the importance (or indeed the existence) of Nerli's influence is to do him less than justice.

Ms Currie states '. . . it seems unlikely, if he (Nerli) was the one to introduce new ideas to young Australian artists that he was not included in the '9 x 5' show, where spontaneous impressions were the proclaimed aims'.

Those exhibiting in the '9 x 5' exhibition could not have known that this particular exhibition was to become so famous. It was simply an opportunity for the artists working together at the time in Melbourne to show the public what they had been doing. As Nerli was probably in Sydney at the time, it is hardly surprising that he was not included in the show.

It is also worth noting that the use of small wooden panels was an important feature of the Macchiaioli painters in Florence in the early 1860s which is well before Whistler made use of them. The Macchiaioli may have had more influence on European painting than is generally supposed. Degas got to know these painters during his stay in Florence well before the first French Impressionist exhibition. Later he agreed with other Impressionists for the inclusion in their group exhibitions of his friend Zandomeneghi, a Venetian who had been associated with the Macchiaioli and who had come to Paris in 1867. Zandomeneghi exhibited with the Impressionists in 1879, 1880, 1881, and 1886.

Guiseppe De Nittis, a Neapolitan artist who was also associated with the Macchiaioli in Florence went to Paris in 1867. He was represented in the now famous first exhibition of the French Impressionists in 1874. He became well known, before his early death in France in 1884.

A painting by De Nittis was exhibited in the Centennial International Exhibition in Melbourne in 1888 (cat. no. 105 of the Victorian Loan Collection). It was titled *On the road to Naples* and the comment beneath the catalogue entry reads: 'Few painters could so successfully portray *(sic)* the blinding glare of an Italian dusty noon'. The painting, with its concern for the bright sunlight must have been intensely interesting to the painters of the Heidelberg school and may have had a direct influence on the '9 x 5' exhibition. The painting was lent to the 'Centennial International Exhibition' by F. W. Armytage, a wealthy Victorian pastoralist who built up a large art collection, later acquired by the National Gallery of Victoria. If this work was acquired at that time it is no longer in the collection.

Barbara Chapman (Mrs)
Assistant Curator
The Western Australian Art Gallery

Sir,

The State Library of Victoria is trying to locate copies of two exhibition catalogues from the nineteenth century, in order to complete an index to the exhibitions of the Victorian Academy of Arts. This body held exhibitions from 1870 until 1887, and was a forerunner of the Victorian Artists Society, founded in 1888.

The two catalogues not located are for the 4th and 16th Annual Exhibitions held in 1874 and 1886 respectively. If any of your readers know of likely sources of these items, or have them in their possession, we should be very glad to hear from them.

Joyce McGrath
State Library of Victoria
Melbourne Vic, 3000

Sir,

I am working on a thesis on the life and work of the sculptor, Daphne Mayo. I would be pleased to hear from any readers who may have information on the sculptor's career or works, particularly those works in private collections.

Judith McKay
C/- Australian War Memorial
P.O. Box 345
Canberra City, A.C.T. 2601

Sir,

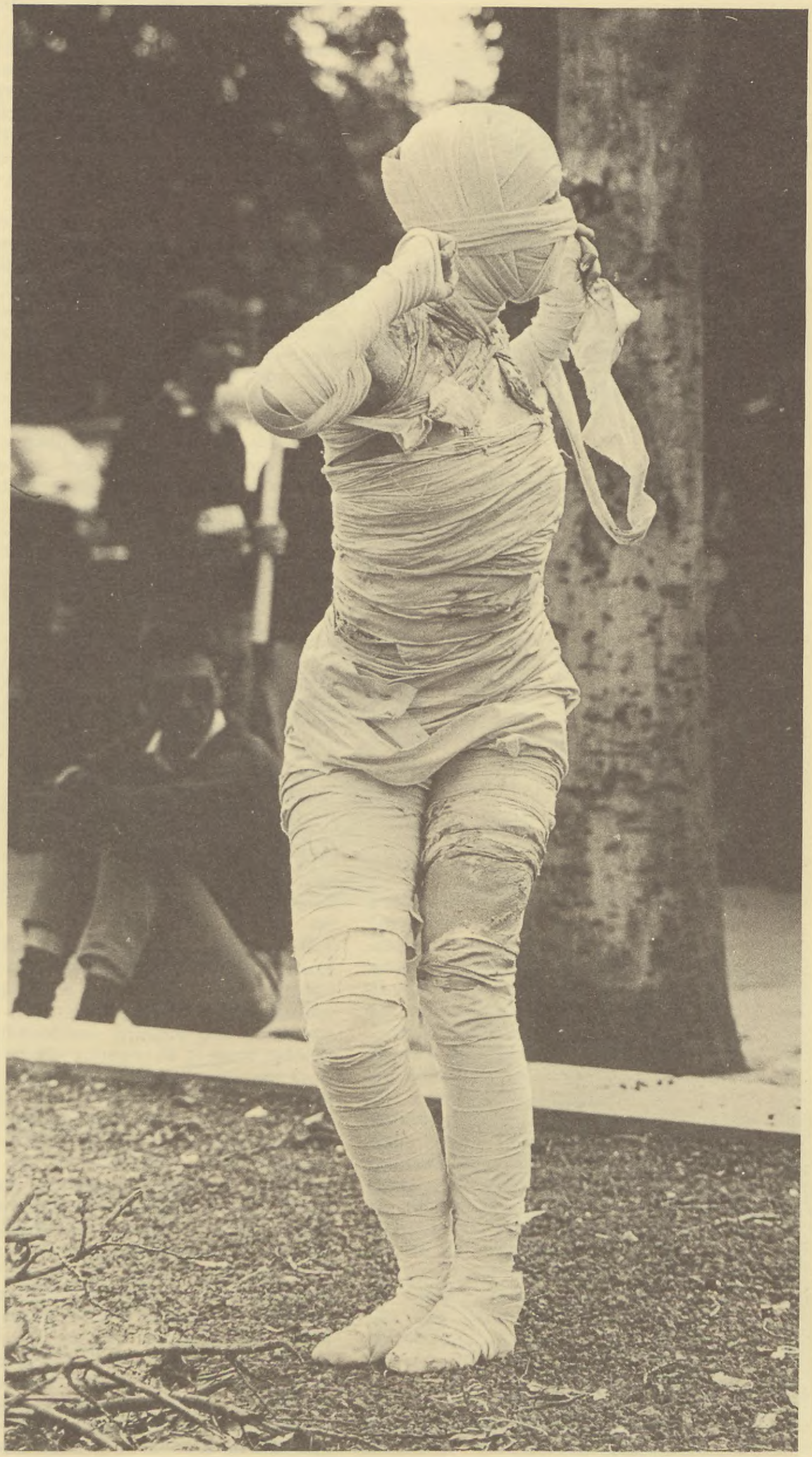
Dictionary of Living Australasian Artists and Galleries

As you may know there is no up-to-date reference book available listing biographical details and information about all professional artists throughout Australia and New Zealand. The last ten years have seen great advances, successes and changes in the art world, and this wealth of information as a whole is unrecorded. May I enlist your aid in providing the information required to enable this reference book to go to press in May 1979? I have collected much of the basic information over the last ten years but the very latest facts from professional artists and galleries are now required and I should be pleased to receive these at your earliest convenience.

Artists: Date and place of birth, training, style of painting, media used, awards, exhibitions, appointments, special interests, commissions and achievements, where represented and price range.

Galleries: When established, facilities available, special interests, artists represented directly or indirectly, name and art background of proprietor.

Max Germaine
Box P.O. 59
Dural, N.S.W., Australia
2158



The Melbourne Scene by Janine Burke

Much of the art that has surfaced in Melbourne galleries this year has many of those qualities critics often dream about: challenging to one's taste, engaging without being just pleasing, innovative but free of trendiness, lively, often raw and sometimes moving.

I would think it presumptuous for a one-year survey truly to elicit any radical new directions but I feel that much of the best art seen this year is strongly personal without being obscure, that there is increasingly less reliance upon anything that approaches a group style/aesthetic/dogma that so beset art in the 1960s, and a greater concern for content, subject, imagery and a sensitive handling of a diverse range of media. It is important to note, too, that the numbers of women exhibiting are steadily rising — quality along with quantity.

Some of the memorable shows include: Imants Tillers (RMIT Gallery), Wendy Stavrianos (Tolarno), Mary Macqueen (Stuart Gerstman), Rosalie Gascoigne (National Gallery of Victoria), Jillian Orr and Maggie May (both at the Ewing Gallery).

Mary Macqueen is a well-known Melbourne printmaker and her fine, alert handling of line brings animals and landscape alive without corny cuteness or recourse to hackneyed form. Her exhibition in September showed the freshness and willingness to experiment that usually earmark the work of a younger artist. Macqueen used a wealth of different materials and approaches in her work: collage, imagery, abstraction. She also explored the potential of grainy Nepalese paper and still kept in touch with her feeling for animals and landscape. Hers was a thoroughly admirable show without an overwhelming desire to make every work a winner or a definitive statement. Mary Macqueen has the style and the spirit to test ideas, find some lacking and others rewarding, but to push on regardless at her own pace and to her own satisfaction.

Similarly Peter Booth (Pinacotheca) and Clive Murray-White (Powell Street) to greater and lesser degrees respectively are moving away from their publicly accepted styles to more per-

JILLIAN ORR PERFORMANCE (1978)
Melbourne University

left
WENDY STAVRIANOS TROPICAL FRAGMENT (1978)
Ink and wash and acrylic on canvas
213 cm x 104 cm

above
MARY MACQUEEN MY FAVOURITE SHIRT (1978)
Mixed media on paper 101 cm x 71 cm

Photograph by Eric Kerr

sonal idioms.
Peter Booth has entered a nightmare world peopled with private visions that he transferred to canvas with a grand, Expressionistic passion for paint. They are fascinating and aweful works, captivating because of their courage to fly in the face of established reputation and disconcerting due to their utter unfamiliarity.
Clive Murray-White has engaged upon a series of sculptures that derive from dogs known and observed. I think that Murray-White has a rare gift — to make humorous art that is neither silly nor trivial. His large-scale, welded steel sculptures made during recent years have been less about idiosyncratic wit and more about pursuing scale and gesture as ends in themselves. For this reason they have been increasingly dissatisfying because his art appeared to have lost contact with what was central to it: wry illusion and parody. Though the 'dogs' are abstracted, their wriggling, tail-wagging shapes have a unity that is not dependent on mere verisimilitude but on the sculptor's sound grasp of form.
The responses to landscape of Wendy Stavrianos and Jillian Orr, although expressed in different media, are equally sensuous. Stavrianos has been influenced by the lush and tropical north and has sewn and bunched her canvas in such a way that it reflects the curves and undulations of the land. The shapes she draws and paints on the surface are root-forms — organic, twisted and clinging, dripping with the dank moisture of the undergrowth. Hers are intensely physical works, almost demanding touch and certainly commanding closer inspection.
Jillian Orr in her solo exhibition did not present so much a sculpture show as the environment from which she gleans the substance of her performances: stones, leaves, dirt, branches and twigs. Her performances at their best, are slow and beautiful evocations of an arid, mysterious land, full of symbols and redolent with myth. Jillian Orr surrounds herself with the elements of the landscape and weaves them into a complex, sometimes lyrical, often strangely sad performance whose drama is heightened by Orr's own skill as a dancer.
This year has also seen many exhibitions that recall the recent past. Roger Kemp's retrospective 'Cycles and Directions: 1935-1975' (held at the National Gallery of Victoria, Victorian College of the Arts, Melbourne University Gallery, Monash University Gallery and Realities Gallery concurrently) explored his prolific *oeuvre.* It traced the way he gradually refined his images, obsessively abstracting shape while loading it with a personal, religious significance, a great potential for rhythmic composition and, eventually, monumental scale. Albert Tucker (Tolarno) displayed over a fifty-year period (1928-78) terrifying insights into psychological states, the nature of evil and the dimensions of personality. Like Kemp there is a predilection for one or two major symbols that are charged with several levels of meaning. Gareth Sansom (RMIT Gallery) revelled in what the sensually censorious Tucker would no doubt condemn as moral decay. Transvestism, the tits-and-bum titillation of black leather and stiletto heels and the fugitive passions of the 'gay' scene are caught through collage and photograph as much as through sympathy and scrutiny. Sansom is a serious painter: there is an urgency and tension to his work that is compelling and slightly alarming.
Robert Lindsay, Associate Curator of Australian Art at the National Gallery of Victoria, organized a series of Survey shows that brought to the attention of the Melbourne audience a range of diverse and exciting works that it may not otherwise have seen. John Davis, Rosalie Gascoigne, Robert Rooney, John Lethbridge, Ewa Pachucka and Tony McGillick were the subjects of well-documented and professionally presented exhibitions that traced the development of their work over the last ten or so years. It is refreshing to see a continuous display of contemporary Australian art in the National Gallery of Victoria — refreshing and long-awaited.
I hope that 1979 will prove as rewarding as this year and as spectacularly free-wheeling.

Exhibition commentary

above

STEPHEN WALKER MARRIAGE TREE (1978)
Huon pine and bronze 325 cm x 120 cm diam
Macquarie, Sydney

Photograph by John Delacour

top left

PETER TAYLOR MOTORCYCLE (1978)
Huon pine and leather 100 cm x 84 cm x 210 cm
Watters, Sydney

Photograph by John Delacour

top right

JOEL ELENBERG JUDGES (1978)
Balsa wood and perspex 70 cm high
Robin Gibson, Sydney

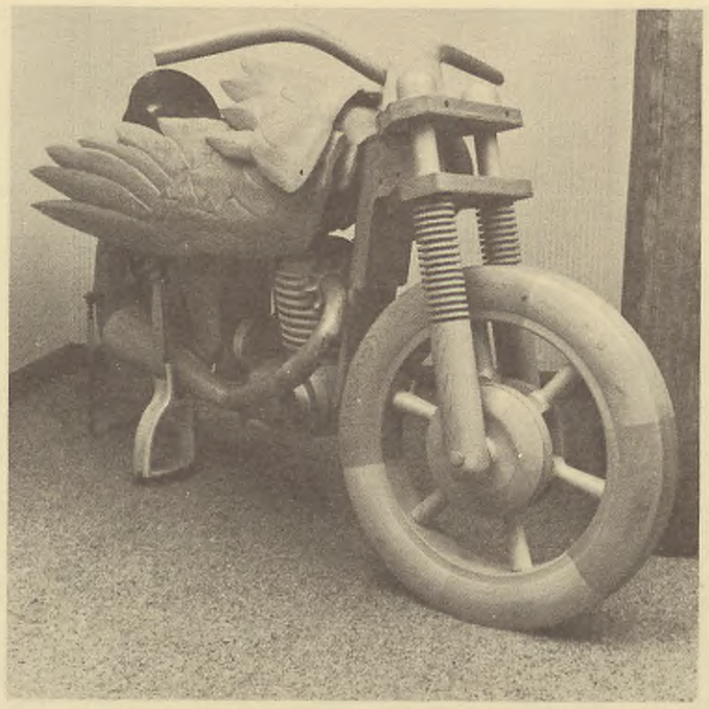
above right

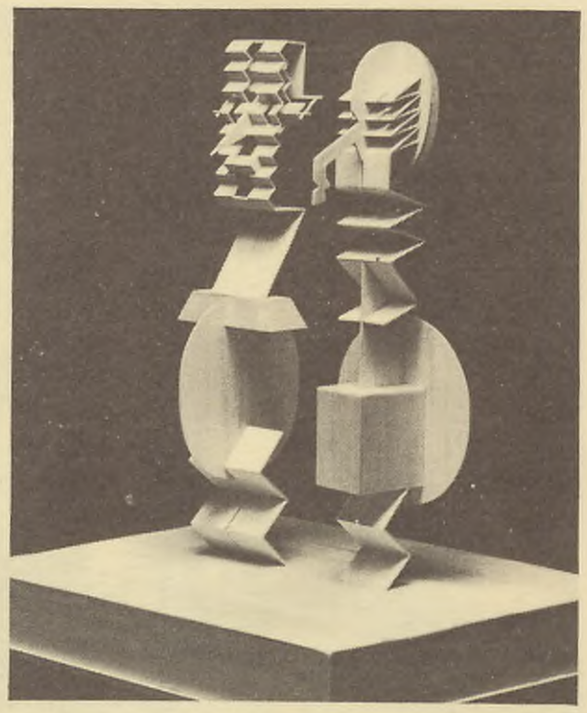
NIGEL HALL ENVELOPE (1971)
Steel 250 cm x 441 cm x 118 cm
Coventry, Sydney

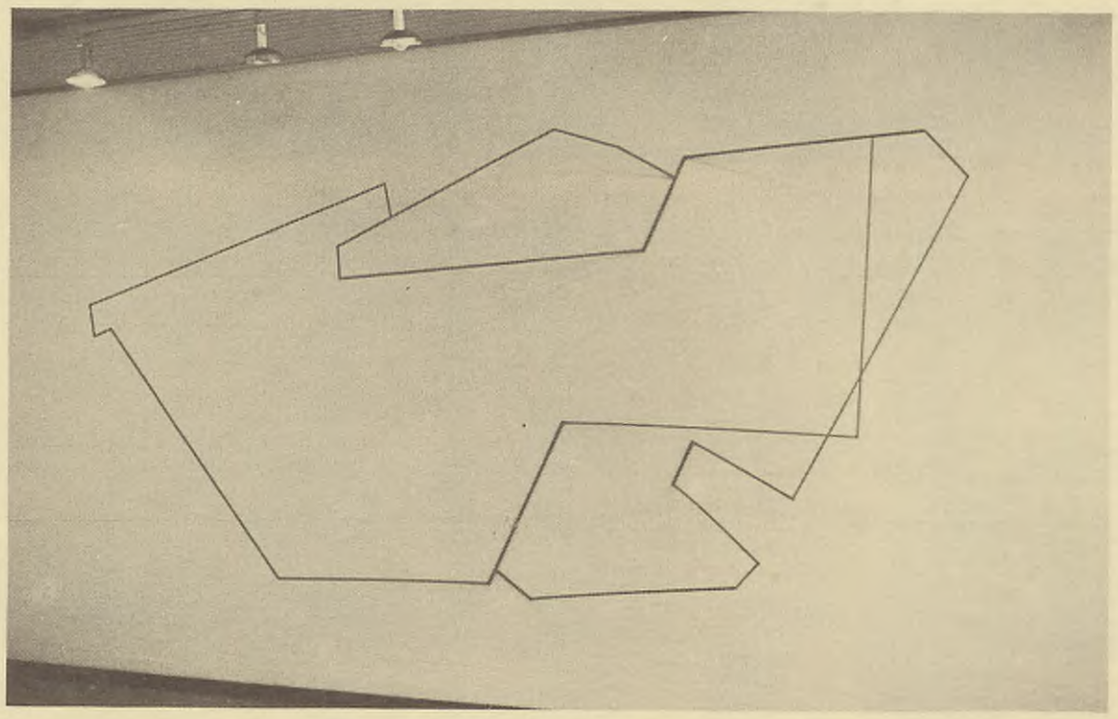
Photograph by Jonathan Yuill

right

WILLIAM PEASCOD GLEN OF WEEPING
Mixed media 244 cm x 183 cm
Wagner, Sydney







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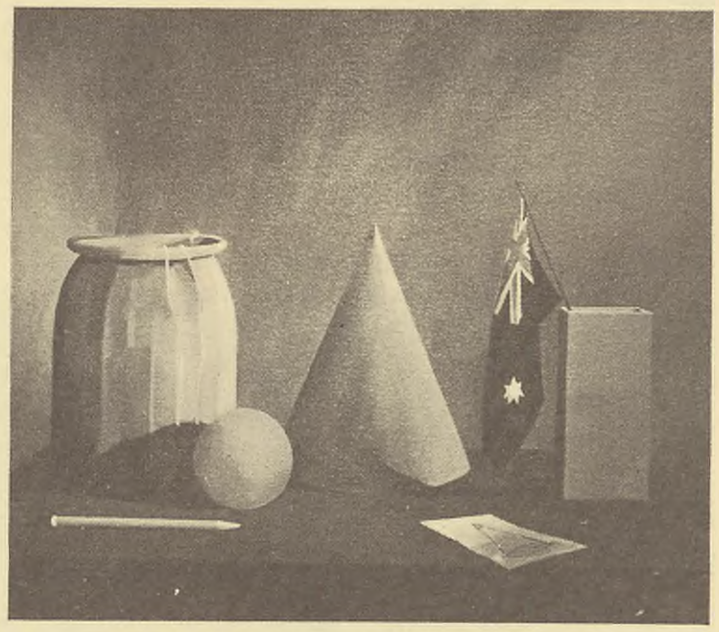
MARGARET OLLEY PEARS AND POTS II
Oil on canvas 76 cm x 102 cm
Holdsworth, Sydney

Photograph by Michael Cook

above

GUY GREY-SMITH WYNDHAM ESTUARY (1977)
Oil on board 92 cm x 153 cm
Gallery A, Sydney

Photograph by James Ashburn



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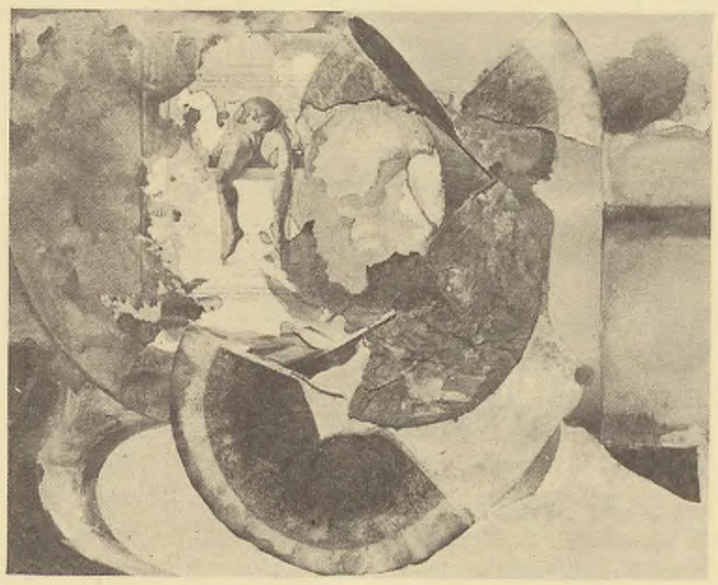
ALAN OLDFIELD STILL LIFE WITH A FLAG (1978)
Acrylic on canvas 42 cm x 47 cm
Gallery A, Sydney

Photograph by James Ashburn

above right

MAXIMILIAN FEUERRING NUDE IN ORANGE FRAME
Oil on board 91 cm x 122 cm
Wagner, Sydney



right

ARTHUR McINTYRE WOMBSTRUCK (1978)
Mixed media 70 cm x 82 cm
Art of Man, Sydney

The three faces of John Armstrong

Gary Catalano

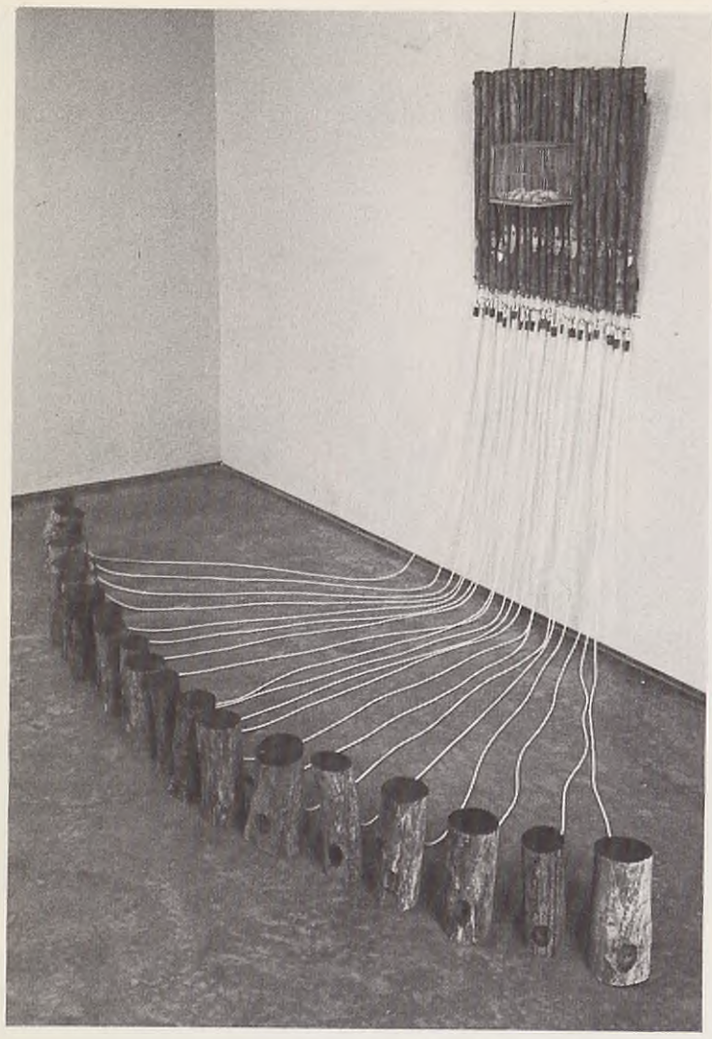
For an artist who is barely thirty years of age John Armstrong has an impressive amount of work behind him. Many artists struggle vainly for a good ten years before they find a direction, area, medium or style amenable to their interests and talents, yet Armstrong began to produce works of considerable originality in his early twenties. Moreover, the speed with which he found his niche was matched by the acclaim with which his work was greeted. Art critics are not unduly endowed with perception and insight, yet when Armstrong had his first exhibition all of them agreed that an uncommonly interesting talent had emerged. What I should like to do in this essay is briefly to examine the three conspicuous phases of his work and, hopefully, to say something about the various contexts that nourished them.

Armstrong's first serious works of art — the works of his apprenticeship, so to speak — were in two rather than three dimensions. The artist has called them Abstract-Expressionist watercolours, though anyone who has seen the works in question is more likely to identify the style as *art informel* and to discern echoes of Jean Dubuffet, an artist whom Armstrong particularly admires. Given the time at which he produced them (1968 and 1969), they do suggest a certain independence on his part. They are, I stress, not particularly impressive as works of art, but they do have the virtue of showing that for Armstrong art is above all a dark, instinctual and *manual* activity, rather than a cerebral or contemplative one.

Armstrong was then living in various inner suburbs (Redfern, Surry Hills) and studying art at East Sydney Technical College. Because of his lack of enthusiasm for the way sculpture was taught there, his teachers regarded him as a difficult student and 'persuaded' him to leave before finishing the course. Over the years, many students have found themselves in exactly the same situation, but in Armstrong's case there were complicating factors. While I cannot speak with any delphic certainty on the subject, I imagine that most students who begin to study art do so with, if not the approval of their family, then at least its tacit, if slightly anxious, consent. Armstrong has often said, with no declared bitterness, that his parents were positively dismayed by his choice of a career, and did all they could to dissuade him from his folly. In an interview recorded in 1974, he recalled how his difficulties with his parents became so great that he had a 'breakdown'. He may have been using the word lightly, but his choice of it does suggest that for him the end of adolescence was invested with unusual drama. Not only did he have to assert his identity as a distinct and individual being, he also had to find himself — and find himself quickly — as an artist. Most of us are allowed a period of grace between the accomplishment of the first task and the undertaking of the second, but with Armstrong they were conflated into one desperate event. Surely the force of his parents' disapproval was a catalyst for his early discovery of his artistic direction.

There is one yet more significant twist to this strained pattern of family relationships. In the above-mentioned interview, Armstrong also states that the strongest attachment he formed in his youth was with his carpenter-grandfather. As a young child, he used to spend his Christmas holidays at his grandfather's house, where much of each day was spent in learning to use tools properly and in cultivating an appreciation of wood. He now regards this time as the happiest part of his childhood and looks back on the experience as a formative influence on his artistic career. The bond was certainly a close one, for when his grandfather died Armstrong — who was sixteen at the time — went bush for three days, speaking to no one.

I hope it is not unduly cynical for me to suggest that the grandfather's death occurred at the right moment: otherwise, he may well



JOHN ARMSTRONG ONE TO TWENTY (1975)
Ropes, logs, birdcage and lumps of clay
190 cm x 260 cm x 100 cm
Art Gallery of New South Wales
Photograph by John Delacour

have shown exactly the same anxiety about his grandson's choice of a life as his parents came to. In life he had given his grandson something to absorb his interests and spare time; in death he bequeathed an identity, a self that Armstrong could admire, a self he could use. It was, like that of most grandfathers, an obstinate and in some ways conservative self, and many of its traits are still evident in Armstrong today.

It is because of this tissue of personal and social pressures that Armstrong was impelled to find his direction so early, yet even then there were ironies. Early in 1970, feeling the need to exhibit his work, he took a folder of his watercolours to Watters Gallery. Almost as an afterthought, he brought with him one of the objects he had been making. It fitted neatly under his free arm.

Frank Watters was polite about the watercolours and enthusiastic about the object, a work called *Yellow*. On the strength of it, he offered Armstrong an exhibition. I do not think Armstrong sold even one of the twenty works in that show; in any case, what was far more important at the time was the enthusiasm with which people greeted his début. One effect it had was of dramatically widening his circle of acquaintances. Armstrong was then working in a framing shop, and though he had already got to know many of the artists who patronized the establishment, after his first exhibition he suddenly became a member of the artistic community and could work with more sureness and confidence. He was also invited to participate in the Transfield Prize of that year and sounded-out as a possible foundation-member of Inhibodress, the co-operative gallery that opened in Woolloomooloo late in 1970. Armstrong gratefully accepted the first invitation but had no hesitation in turning down the latter: as he never tired of insisting, he could not get away from the *object*.

It is obvious now that all of Armstrong's work has nothing in common with Conceptual art or the other Post-Object trends (Ephemera, Process art, and so on), yet in 1970 the situation was by no means this clear. Because his materials were often examples of urban detritus, some critics aligned him with the anti-commercial character of Post-Object art. Furthermore, one or two aspects of his work recalled some of the productions of Tim Johnson, then hovering on the border of Conceptual art. Daniel Thomas commented on the similarities when reviewing Armstrong's first showing.

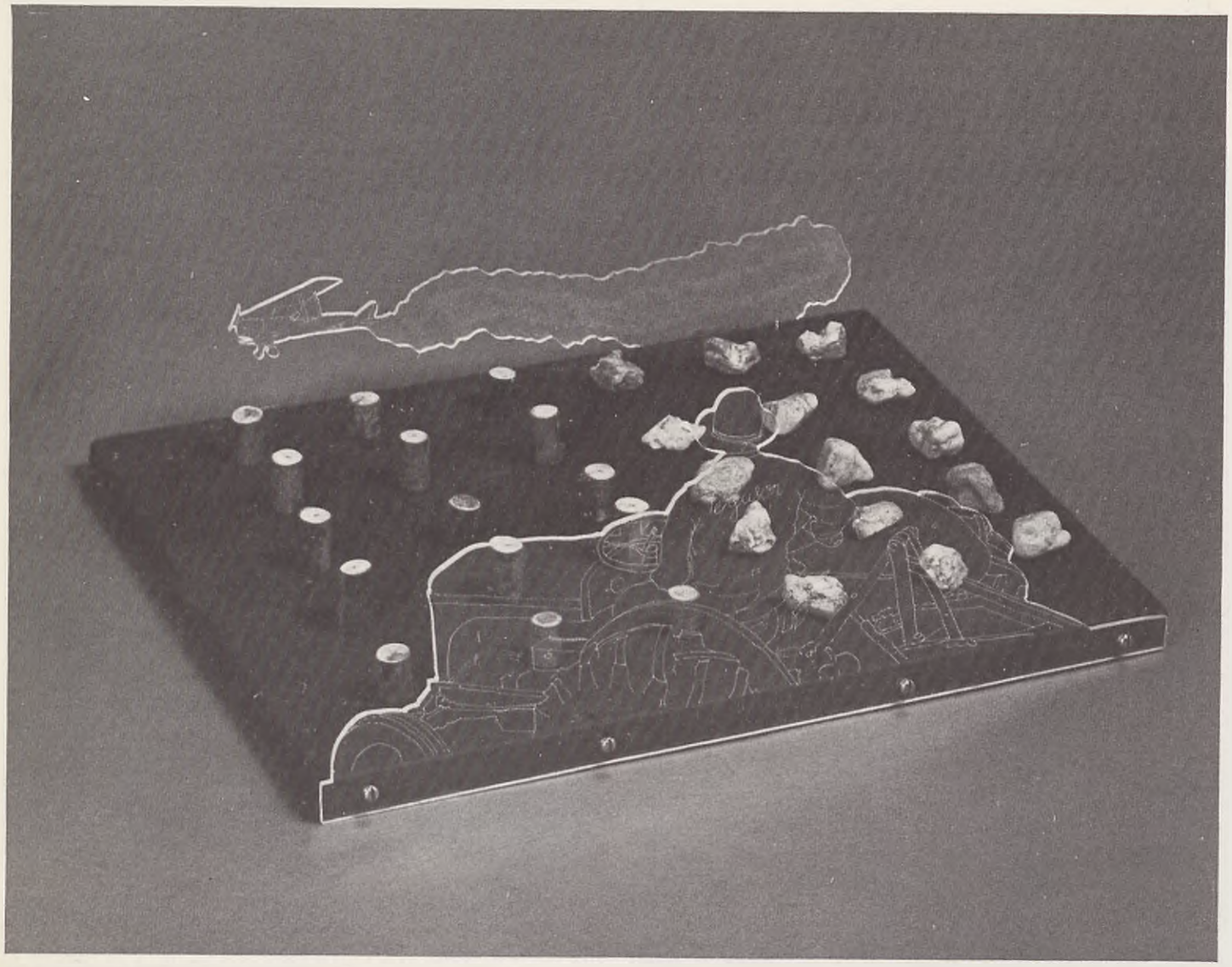
Yet what does an early work like *Yellow* (1969-70) actually do? I can still recall the shock I received on first seeing the work. Despite the unusual conjunction of materials, it seemed to me an entirely *natural* work, and I doubt if this response is wholly conditioned by the fact that the work looks like an exotic plant of some kind. For when you examine your response in detail, you will find that much of the object's appeal is due to the fact that it does not puzzle you: in looking at it, even for the twentieth time, you scarcely bother to think of what the artist was *intending* when he made it. What it conveys, on the other hand, is a confident and partly shared delight in the various manual activities which effected its creation — among them bunching, tying, and hanging. It is typical of the first phase of Armstrong's art that these activities involve no great manual dexterity. Imagination? Yes. But skill?

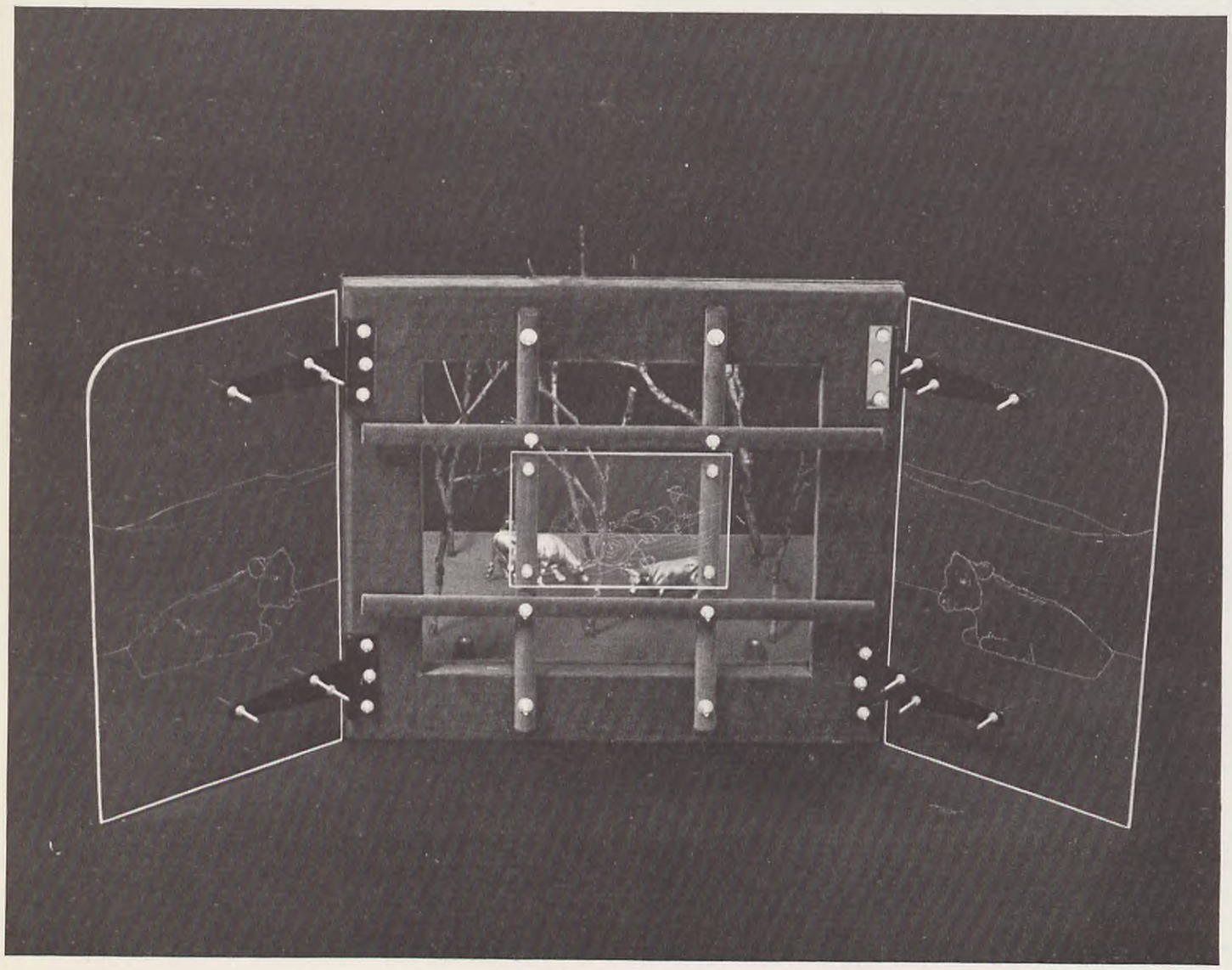
The same applies when we consider a less compact piece, *Hanging marble* (also called *Branch*) of 1971. Despite the odd materials used in the two objects (or odd conjunction of materials) and their consequent interest in texture, I think we can now see that both works are closer in spirit to the conventional (and self-referential) welded-steel sculpture of the time than to either Neo-Dada or the Post-Object trends.

One thing you may have noticed about either work is that each of them is extremely — and *elegantly* — pictorial: both are seen on or against a wall, and both organize themselves on or along a single axis. In our (or at least my) experience of both works, the curiosity they invite about their physical nature is secondary to the way in which they assert themselves as self-enclosed and primarily *visual* images. You begin to walk in closer to inspect the various stuffs but then you stop, arrested by the nonchalant self-assurance of the object. It is surely a sign of considerable talent when an artist can hold such contrary impulses in balance, and it allows us to see that Armstrong's sensibility is inherently dramatic: his works succeed to the extent that our initial shock or curiosity about his materials is undermined by the quiddity of the object. There it is, just there!

If nonchalance, lightness and freshness are the governing moods of Armstrong's first phase, the more monumental works (in actual or maquette form) he concentrated on between 1973 and 1976 invoke a different and darker range of emotions. As in the case of most serious artists, the change is by no means an abrupt one. An early work like *Black log* (1970), with its winding sheet of black foam — an offering both given and withheld — is just as pregnantly enigmatic as *Prism* (1973) or *Bag-rack* (1973); while a large-scale though not

JOHN ARMSTRONG COLD SHOVEL (1972)
Spade, fur, timber, chain and hooks
128 cm x 29 cm x 28 cm
Owned by Alex and Geoffrey Legge
Photograph by John Delacour





above

JOHN ARMSTRONG FERGUSON MAN IN A PADDOCK (1978)
Mixed media 16 cm x 37 cm x 31 cm
Visual Arts Board of the Australia Council

left

JOHN ARMSTRONG DORIS LIKED TREES (1978)
Mixed media 34 cm x 76 cm x 33 cm
Possession of the artist

Photographs by John Delacour

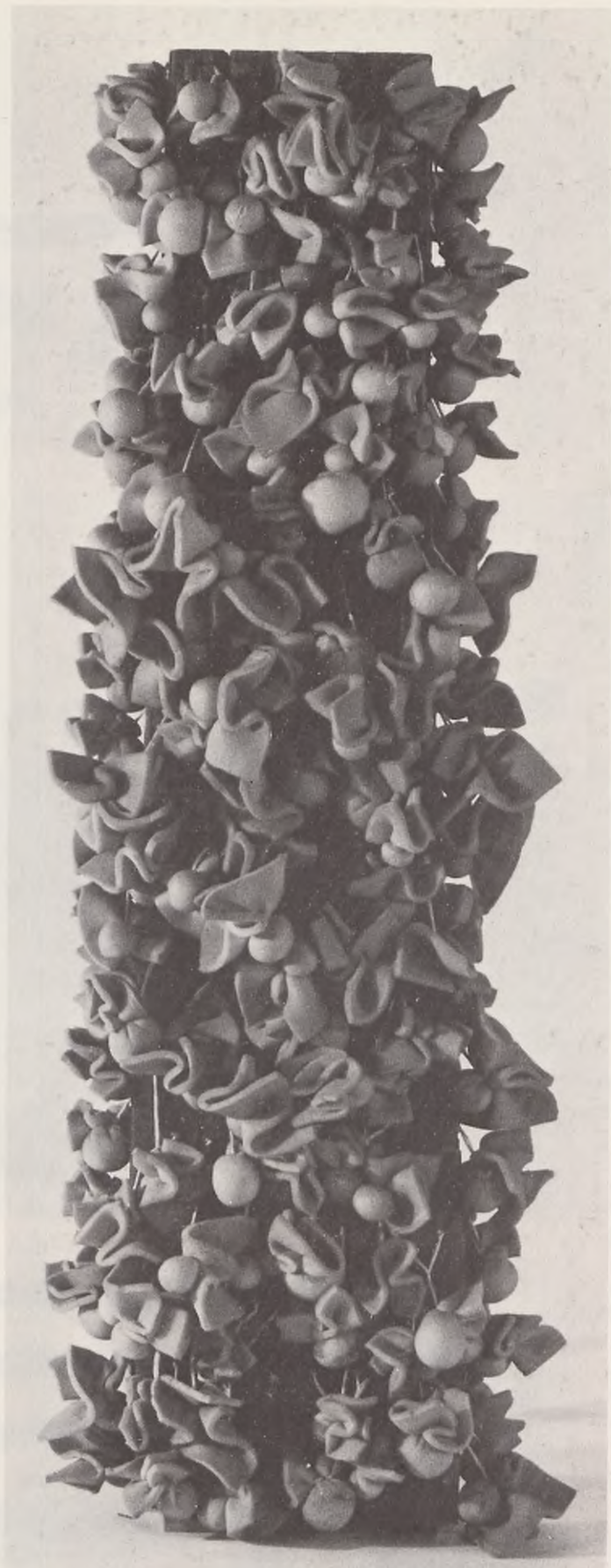
purely monumental tendency was evident early in 1971, when Armstrong adapted a chicken-house to his purposes and literally encompassed the viewer in one work.

There are, no doubt, many causes for the change. Simply the perennial need to push out into new territory, to extend one's grasp and language, was of consequence, yet that, by itself, hardly explains the character of Armstrong's work in his second phase. Another important factor was his selection to represent Australia at the São Paulo Biennale in 1973. If that was not an inducement to ambition, nothing is. But perhaps the most important factor weighing with the artist was his increasing lack of sympathy for the much-talked-about movements of the time and the directions in which his contemporaries were moving. Other artists of his generation (prominent then were Tim Johnson, Mike Parr, Ian Milliss, Tim Burns, Neil Evans and Dave Morrissey) had moved onto Post-Object art or, as with Milliss, had given up art in favour of political action, but Armstrong's grandfatherly disinterest in politics and his obstinate faith in the object, the beautiful and admired object, arrested any move in either direction.

Nor could he find much to console him when he looked to the works of the immediately preceding generation of sculptors, for all of them were, if not moving into Post-Object fields, then at least dismantling the object, or so extending it into the environment that it had no fixed or final state. Nigel Lendon's *Systemic structures*, some of which were exhibited in Sydney early in 1971, were an impressive example of this. They left Armstrong utterly cold. He did, like most advanced sculptors of the time, participate at the Mildura *Sculpturscape* in 1973, but his work was at odds with much on display. Instead of working in harmony with the landscape, Armstrong was intent on shoring-up the object and stressing its separateness and apartness. Where the objects of his first phase simultaneously invite and withhold an intimacy with the viewer, the larger objects of his second phase positively deny it.

The most impressive examples of this proud, if not entirely invulnerable, aloofness are *Prism* (1973) and *Boot-tower* (1974). The first was one of three pieces the artist exhibited at São Paulo; the second was created shortly after his return from an overseas trip and is obviously indebted to his stay on Easter Island.

Though few of the pieces Armstrong made over the next two years equalled either work in their size or arrogant possession of the viewer's space, they were frequently just as hermetic. If the thirteen obedient pairs of shoe-lasts that surround one end of *Boot-tower* are that work's real audience, the same could be said for the twenty up-ended logs arranged in the foreground of *One to twenty* (1975). The human viewer who stumbles onto both these stages cannot help but feel an unwanted, furtive trespasser. While other artists were inviting the viewer to participate in their works, Armstrong was creating spaces that shouldn't be entered.

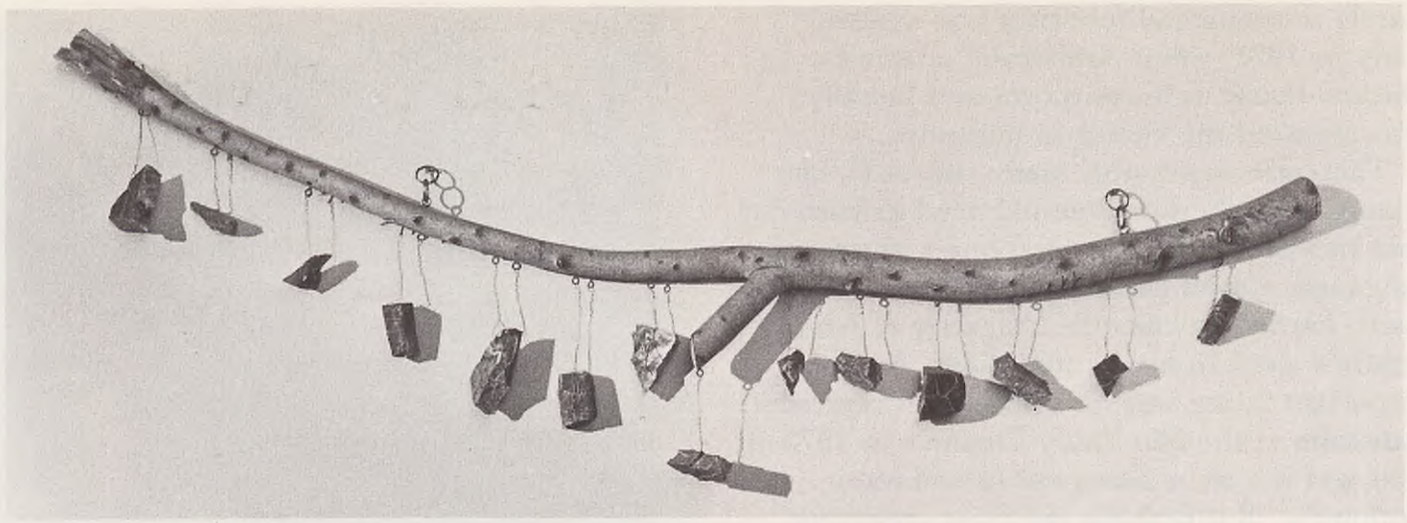


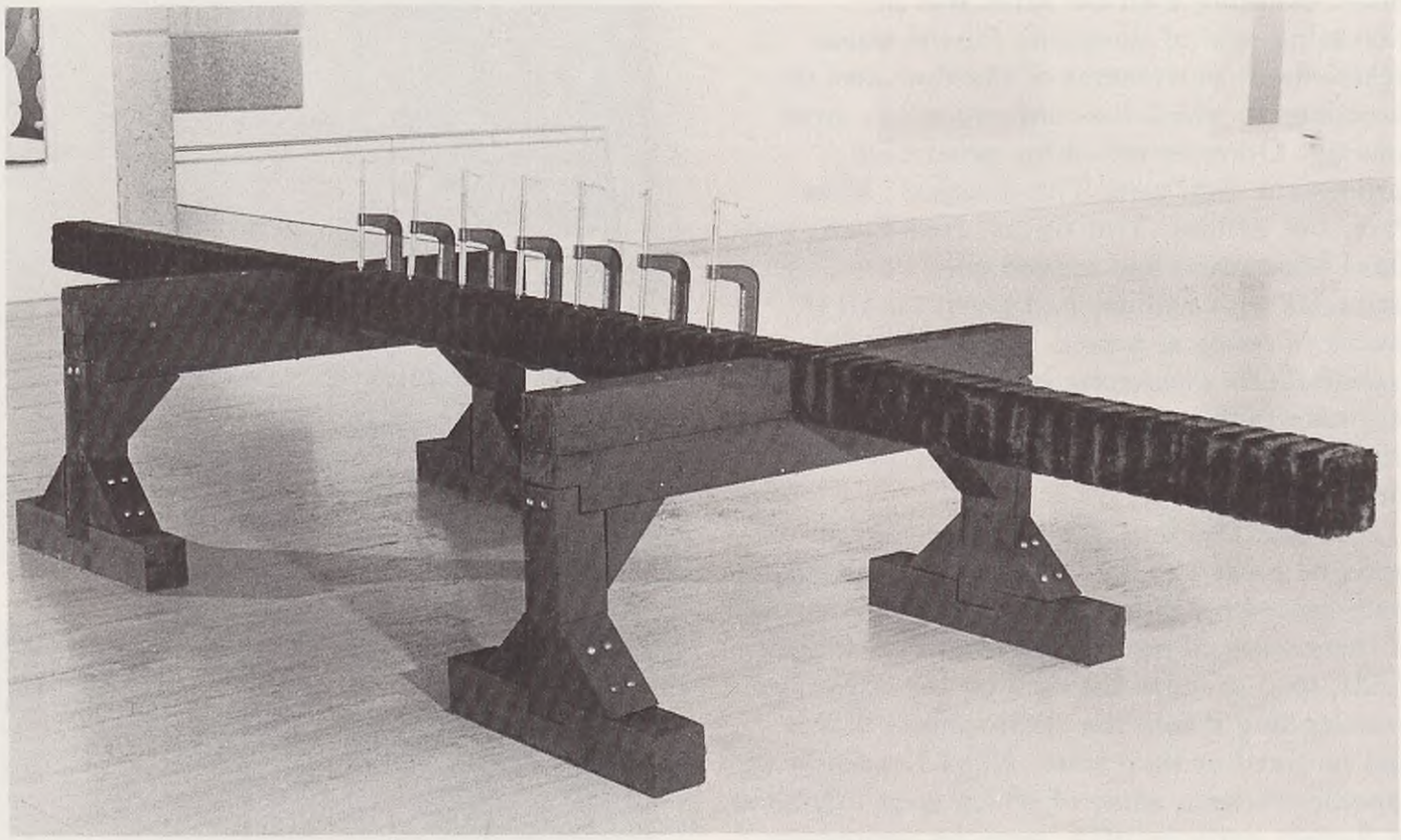
JOHN ARMSTRONG YELLOW (1970)
Wood, yellow foam rubber, cotton, nails
129 cm x 50 cm x 17 cm
Australian National Gallery, Canberra
Photograph by Stan Goik

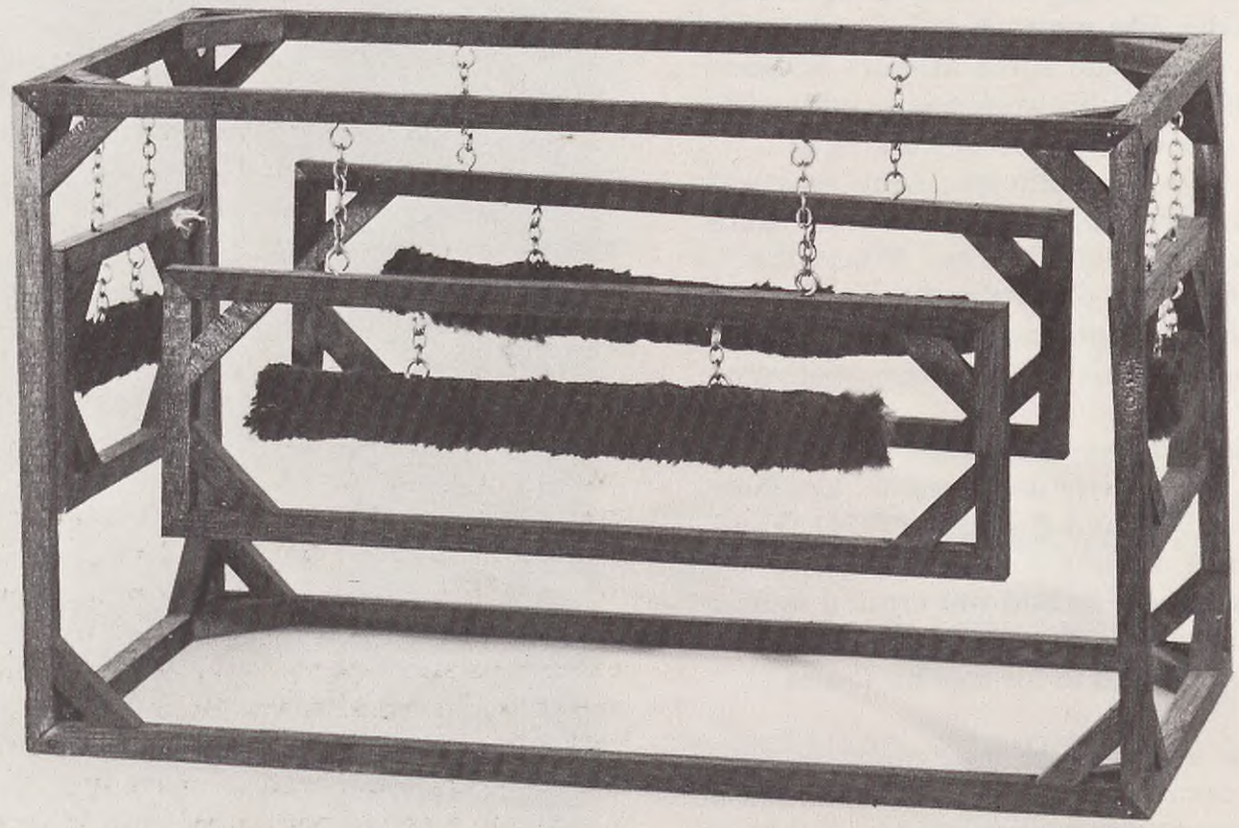
It is notoriously difficult to deny the currents of one time and to 'fish by obstinate isles', especially when all you *can* produce, no matter what size your ambition, are 'the classics in paraphrase' — thank you, Mister Pound! — and perhaps a delayed recognition of this persuaded Armstrong to alter his attack. Perhaps, too, the kind of pressures that went into works like *Prism* had eased, for late in 1973 Armstrong moved to the country. Yet it took something like three years before the environment of Mucklefluga Farm, his property on the north coast of New South Wales, began to show in his work. In his third and current phase, we find him constructing tableaux that celebrate the pleasures of country life. A degree of intimacy with the work is again something he allows, yet — just as in his first phase — it also leads to some ambivalence on the viewer's part.

Just about everything these works contain is shut away behind glass and perspex (they are also spaces one cannot enter, though this time private rather than public ones), and many of these sheets are inscribed with graphic sexual illustrations. Not too surprisingly, the final effect of these works is no less discomforting than *Boot-tower*'s misanthropic disdain.

I doubt if this is due to any uncertainty as to the works' *declared* values, for the artist himself often figures in the scenes he depicts, a kind of benign observer. If any moral point is being made, it cannot be a condemnatory one. Far more important than this is the fact that Armstrong, given the excursions into autobiography, is still withholding his *self* from the viewer. The 'I' we see here is not so much imperial as purely behavioural. In looking at the tableaux, you get a sense of what the artist likes, of his enthusiasms, of his life — yet what do they tell you of his essential character? His nature? And if that is now a naïve and 'unsophisticated' question to ask, let me put it another way. Just what kind of person can we discern behind these three faces, these masks? Is it a genuinely protean one — or are we now seeing it in the process of exhausting and soon to discard a third assumed self?







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JOHN ARMSTRONG HANGING MARBLE (1970)
Tree branch, marble, wire and hooks
82 cm x 200 cm
Owned by Alex and Geoffrey Legge

Photograph by John Delacour

centre

JOHN ARMSTRONG CLAMP RACK (1973)
Wood, imitation fur, metal clamps
133 cm x 182 cm x 619 cm
The Philip Morris Arts Grant

Photograph by Douglas Thompson

right

JOHN ARMSTRONG PRISM (1973)
Wood, chain and hardware
400 cm x 600 cm x 300 cm
Australian National Gallery, Canberra

Photograph by Stan Goik

Lyndon Dadswell

Peter Laverty
Ronald McKie
Margel Hinder
Ian McKay
Peter Powditch
Peter Wright

I first met Lyndon Dadswell in 1951. I was conscious then, as I was to be later throughout our long association, of a man with an intense belief in sculpture and a very special gift for teaching.

The year 1952 marked the beginning of the period when we were colleagues at the National Art School, Sydney. There I saw at first hand his remarkable ability to communicate directly and personally with students. His teaching both stimulated and encouraged, and for many of those he taught it also had a catalystic quality which precipitated self-confidence in their exploration of the unfamiliar.

His teaching career at the National Art School was both long and distinguished. Apart from three years away on service in World War II he was there for almost thirty years until 1967 when, as Head of the Division of Fine Arts, he retired. In addition to the personal contact he engendered between student and teacher he had considerable influence on education in sculpture in New South Wales. Perhaps the greatest impact occurred after he returned from study in the United States of America on Carnegie, Smith Mundt and Harkness grants in 1957. He came back with great enthusiasm for new ideas in art education. He felt that students, especially those in their early stages of training, should be concerned with self-discovery through experimentation, particularly with materials, methods, form and space. As Senior Lecturer in Sculpture he with his staff revolutionized the sculpture course and initiated an imaginative and important syllabus in three-dimensional design. This was continued and developed in the National Art School until the School as it then was ceased to exist in the early 1970s.

I can recall Lyndon saying often that he was an educator, not a sculptor, as a sculptor needed to work full-time at his art. Whilst this remark is characteristically self-effacing and is given the lie by the amount of sculpture he produced it does make the point that a very great deal of his life has been spent in helping students and others to see those things in art which are of great importance to him. There are many who are now sculptors who acknowledge their debt to Dadswell. Alongside his teaching he worked continuously and it is interesting to note that the majority of his public commissions together with a large body of other work were completed whilst he was heavily committed to education. This is some measure of his energy and the importance he placed on being an active sculptor.

The dualism involved in being an artist and a teacher, as with any two careers running at the same time, can be difficult to handle, but in Lyndon Dadswell the two came together in a particularly fortunate way. I believe it is in both art education and sculpture that his contributions to Australian art are marked.

Dadswell's earliest public sculpture (1929-32) can be seen in Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance, on which he worked with Paul Montford. These twelve Dadswell reliefs are the first of his numerous public commissions, which are now to be found in various Australian cities. In Sydney, we are most familiar with his work on the Commonwealth

above

LYNDON DADSWELL THE BIRTH OF VENUS (1944)
Bronze 95 cm high
Art Gallery of New South Wales

above right

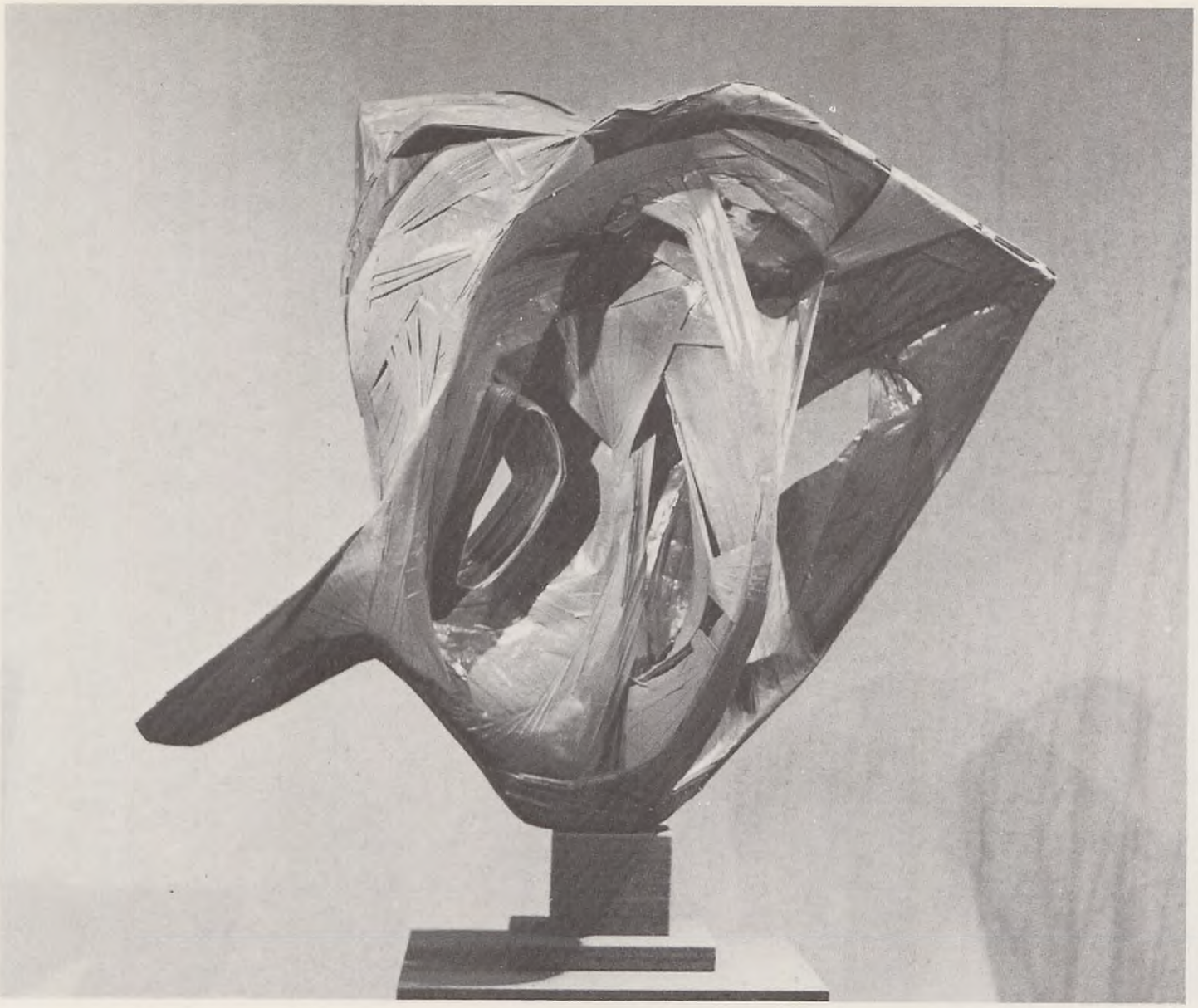
LYNDON DADSWELL MONEY CHANGERS (1951)
Aluminium 300 cm high
The Commonwealth Bank of Australia, Sydney
Photograph by Douglas Thompson

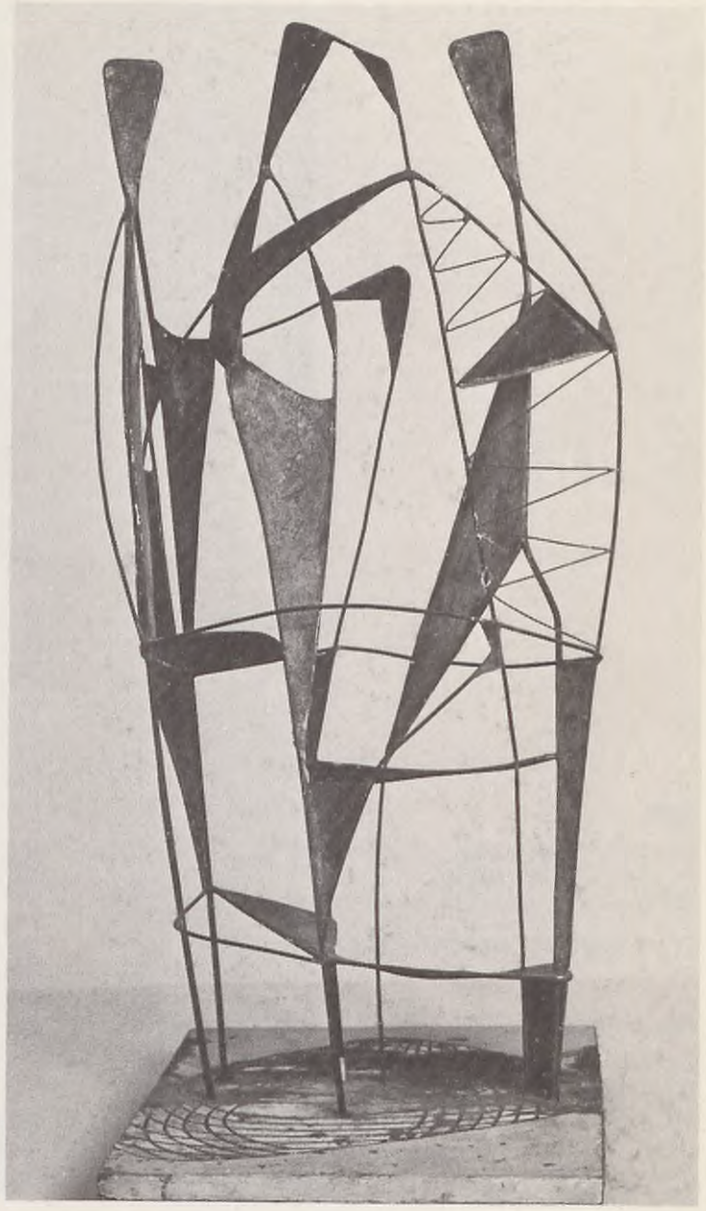
Bank at the corner of George and Market Streets, the Jewish War Memorial in Darlinghurst and the Sandringham Gardens, the memorial to King George V and King George VI in Hyde Park.

From time to time Dadswell has also held a number of one-man shows. In 1978, when he was seventy, we saw an exhibition spanning forty-five years of his work. This was mounted by the Art Gallery of New South Wales (organized by David Millar) which thus honoured him with a representative exhibition in its Project series. For the first time it was possible to see at the one time and place the evolution from the generally traditional forms of his early period and works having some allegiance to Epstein and Milles, through to those mainly abstract conventions which characterize his later sculpture and which, for me, immediately spring to mind when I think of Lyndon Dadswell.

To me his work, in common with that of many artist/teachers, has an emphasis on form but with Lyndon this has not been over-inhibiting to creativity. He also has the ability to see other art with a fresh, interpretive eye and this exegetic approach to art history is refreshing. I can remember he once expressed some reservations to me over late-medieval stone carving, which he thought was so worked that stone looked like lace. This comment I believe is indicative of his conviction that there should be a fundamental relationship between form in art and the material used by the artist.

A knowledge of materials and form is important to the appreciation of his work as both have been strong motivating forces for him. For some time Lyndon was concerned with the use of colour as an integral element in sculpture. I think this was especially so in the 1950s when he produced a large number of drawings, some of which were shown in the Bissietta Gallery in Sydney. He also experimented with unlikely materials and one result of this was the group of important sculptures in laminated paper which I saw first in his studio in the 1960s. These were included in his large exhibition in Farmer's Blaxland Gallery in Sydney in 1968. One was also expertly cast in bronze by Stephen Walker. It is now ten years since Dadswell commenced to work full-time at sculpture. The work of this latest period is generally smaller in scale and is marked by an expressive fluidity and





fragmented quality of form which is allied to sensitively juxtaposed surface variations.

In the history of Australian art the sculptor for a long time occupied a fairly lonely place. There are important exceptions such as Sir Bertram Mackennal (after whom the 'Kennel' at the National Art School is so named; it was once used by him as a studio on one of his return visits to Australia and, of course, as the principal sculpture studio in the School, it was for many years the 'Tech. home' of Lyndon Dadswell) but it is important to remember that one of the people who is partly responsible for the lively and vigorous state of sculpture at the present time is Dadswell. It is not so long ago that public commissions for modern sculpture were rare in this country. Lyndon Dadswell in company with Tom Bass, the late Gerald Lewers, Paul Beadle, Margel Hinder and others, fought and changed this situation. The Society of Sculptors and Associates, which Lyndon helped to found, also did much to promote the cause of sculpture.

The acceptance of modern sculpture was not, however, achieved without cost. Lyndon Dadswell suffered his share of public brickbats in the process, and his work received more than its share of misunderstanding. Now there is a degree of tolerance in the arts probably never before experienced in the history of Western man and most of us are prepared to accept extremely varied conventions in art. This is in part due to the tradition of objective scholarship and in part due to the struggle by the precursors of modern art. It should be recorded that Dadswell was very involved with this struggle in Australia.

Lyndon Dadswell has been the recipient of several awards and honours for a lifetime of service to the arts. Most recently, in 1978, he was made a Companion of St Michael and St George.

As a man he has shown much courage in both his convictions in art and in his life. Not the least of his health troubles were his war wounds, which left a permanent mark, and, for some years, he has shown great determination and overcome increasing physical difficulties to produce his work. Courage and integrity are part of Lyndon Dadswell, teacher and sculptor.

Peter Laverty

above left

LYNDON DADSWELL SCULPTURE (*c.*1968)
Laminated paper and wire 152 cm x 122 cm
Private Collection

above

LYNDON DADSWELL UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER (1952)
Sheet brass and copper wire
53 cm x 24 cm x 12 cm
Owned by Mr and Mrs L. G. Clark

Photographs by Lister G. Clark

right

LYNDON DADSWELL METAL SCREENS (1964)
Copper 175 cm high
Sir Robert Menzies Library, National University, Canberra

Photograph by Terence M. Kiernans

opposite page

LYNDON DADSWELL MOSAIC POND, SANDRINGHAM GARDENS, KING GEORGE V and KING GEORGE VI MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK NORTH, CITY OF SYDNEY (1953)
Mosaic tiles 914 cm diam
Sydney City Council

Someone once wrote that courage was the measure of a man. If this is true, and I think it is, then Lyndon Dadswell — the 'Daddles' my family has known and loved for forty years — more than qualifies.

Few, particularly the younger generation, know that this gentle man, this artist who has shaped his own fulfilment in clay and stone and metal, was already in his thirties when he volunteered for the AIF in World War II.

He fought in Greece and on the long retreat over Mt Olympus and south to escape the invading Nazis he was so exhausted that some of his mates took turns to carry his pack. They loved their Corporal as I love him. He fought in Syria against the Vichy French and watched the mortar bomb coming that exploded two hot fragments into his brain. For a week, longer, he was blind and knew the physical torment and the mental desolation of a sightless future.

Slowly his sight returned, but never completely. Those mortar fragments are still there. When he models today he still cannot see his clay-stained left hand unless he turns his head. After the war he taught himself to defeat this disability — to work again in clay and metal, to learn welding, to improve his drawing, even to play tennis.

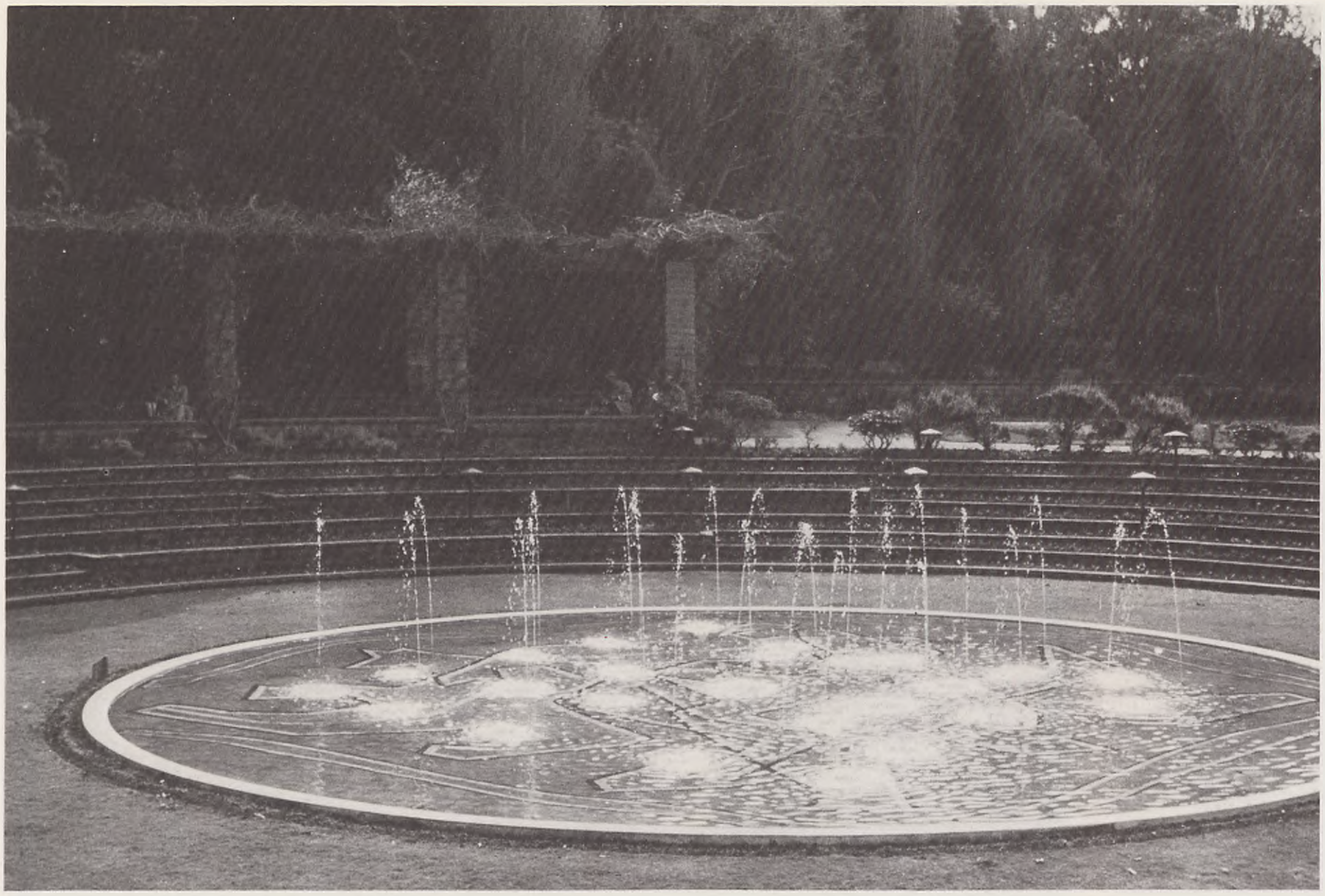
For the past fifteen years his crippling Parkinson's disease has not dimmed his creative urge or destroyed his mastery of his craft. He has continued to work, driven by the mystery within himself, and always helped by the devotion of his selfless wife Audrey. Driven, too, by that something else that makes him 'Daddles'.

Courage, indeed, is the measure of this man.

Ronald McKie

My first memories of Lyndon Dadswell go back to my early years in Australia. My husband and he had been students at the East Sydney Technical College in the mid-1920s and had vague plans of going overseas together. However, Lyndon went to Melbourne to assist Paul Montford and Frank went to the United States of America.

When we returned to Australia in 1934, fired by the modern movement in art, Lyndon was just off to England. We had many hot



arguments before he left. As a parting gift we gave him Wilenski's *The Meaning of Modern Sculpture* and we still cherish a book inscribed by him 'to Two Misguided Moderns'.

After recovering from severe injuries received during World War II he resumed his teaching and sculpture activities. For a brief period I had some teaching and sculpture classes at the 'Tech.' and I remember taking my students to watch Dadswell working on a commission. His handling of clay was masterful and a joy to watch.

He seemed to be the one to break new ground, which frequently caused problems with officialdom. The large bronze figures for the Newcastle Memorial Hall were outstanding for the time, not only in size (cast in this country) but for the furore they caused. Now they are affectionately referred to as ' 'im and 'er' and form an important part of Newcastle's art world.

Lyndon Dadswell's many drawings and sculptures showed his increasing growth as an artist. In his differing approaches, I find the works he carried out in brown, gummed paper-tape most distinctive and exciting. Although only one of these works was cast in bronze it seemed to me to translate into a more permanent material most successfully. A truly 'lost-paper' process expertly done by Stephen Walker and his assistant, Robert Burgess.

There is hardly a sculptor in Sydney who is not indebted to Lyndon in some measure. His years as teacher and later as Head of the National Art School must have been most gratifying although very frustrating for an artist with so much to say. Since he is now able to work when and as he wishes his achievements continue.

Nothing about Lyndon is complete without mentioning Audrey, who comes near to being an artist's perfect wife, even surpassing William Blake's, for no doubt Lyndon has also taught her to see his visions.

Margel Hinder

The Sculpture School at East Sydney Technical College was (and is) centred around the 'Kennel' studios. When I started there Lyndon Dadswell was the teacher who by what he said and for what he was, meant most to me.

There weren't many of us in the class, and this made his method of teaching workable. He taught by personal contact, teacher to student; it was our luck to be few in number. For those of us who taught in the Kennel in later years his method has always seemed natural, and has rubbed off in some ways. He was superb in the life-modelling class, teaching it with conviction and understanding. He said that art could not be taught, and always stressed a spirit of enquiry that formulated questions rather than answers.

Lyndon Dadswell is still producing work, and less of it is public in nature. In recent years some of his paper sculptures have impressed me, confirming my feeling that his is the talent of the 'modeller'. Papiermâche over an armature. His post-war work in bronze is the earlier evidence of this. Of his public works the shallow, circular, tiled pool in Hyde Park, though of another category, is a masterpiece.

Ian McKay

Dadswell made you feel that you were involved in an endeavour that had great meaning and purpose, outside you; in the world. This professional attitude attracted a wide variety of students who through past experience or ambition needed a more expansive making-process.

The problems set by Dadswell made the making of your answer a deliberate and considered act: His probing comments forced you to question the 'look' of your object and his energetic interest in 'breaking new ground' made you more aware of your own intent.

Peter Powditch

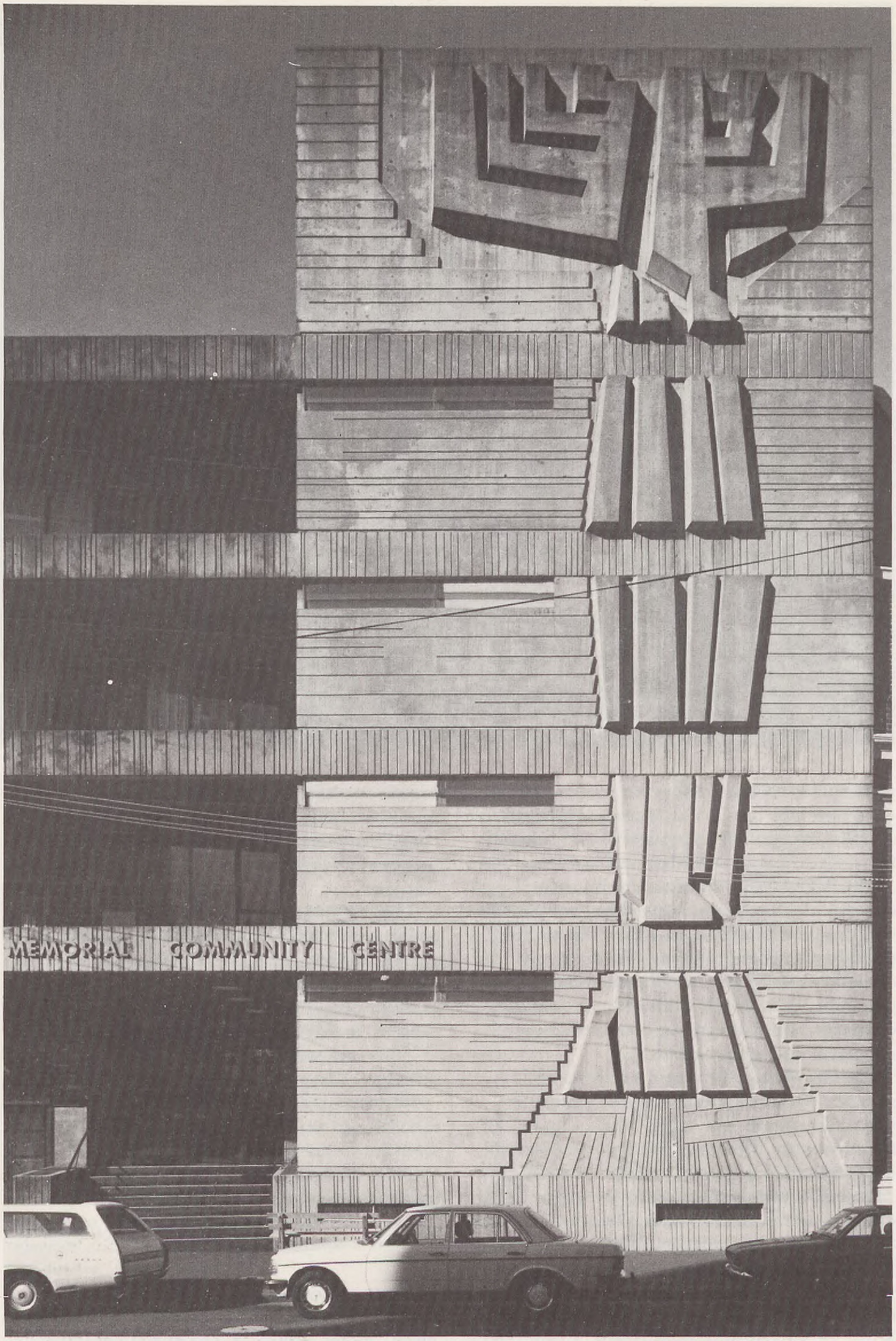
I remember my first life class with Lyndon Dadswell; I was sixteen and had never seen a naked girl before.

I pushed nervously at the clay, Dadswell was quickly by my side.

'Come here,' he said standing me a pace in front of the model, 'now look, really look and understand.'

I followed the direction of his finger as he sketched the lines of tension and relaxation, the setting and relationships of the various masses. 'Look at the beautiful curve of the stomach.' My eyes followed that curve down between the arching thighs and I felt saved.

Peter Wright



LYNDON DADSWELL JEWISH WAR MEMORIAL (1965)
Concrete 1800 cm high
Community Centre, Darlinghurst
Photograph by Douglas Thompson

Brian Dunlop's *Room*

Jeffrey Smart

This article is about one particular painting by Brian Dunlop, *Room*, but firstly here are some relevant facts about the artist and some thoughts about his work.

Dunlop was born in Sydney in 1938, so he is forty now. He studied painting at the National Art School of East Sydney Technical College, a fairly inadequate technical training for the type of painter he later desired to become.

Before going to art school, Dunlop often went out sketching with his father, who was an amateur draughtsman. This is important. Both father and son had a 'gift' for drawing and both enjoyed these expeditions.

Later, at the Tech., Brian Dunlop rebelled against this 'going out sketching' attitude, which may have seemed like Izaak Walton 'going out fishing'. Dunlop went to Europe in 1950 aged twenty-two, very much on the hoof, hitch-hiking, saw too much too quickly, one Youth Hostel after another, an unsettled year and Europe did not penetrate. When he was twenty-five Brian was in Europe again, this time for four and a half years.

At this stage Dunlop was very confused. He was painting abstractions, semi-abstractions; he even tried semi-heroic figure compositions with a basic geometric structure.

The writer saw all this struggle going on, because Dunlop was in the house in Greece and then for a while took a studio in the Rome apartment.

It was a difficult, and now an inevitable period for a true painter, exposed to so much that is great and seemingly unattainable, overwhelmed by Bellini and Piero della Francesca and Braque and Matisse all at the same time. He was searching for stability and may have sensed it in his growing appreciation of the modesty and grandeur of Morandi.

In a recent life of Trotsky,[1] Robert Payne describes how Trotsky's obsession was revolution, not politics. As a schoolboy and as a student he led rebellions at a time when he was not a Marxist. He was concerned with the act of revolution — the interest in politics came later.

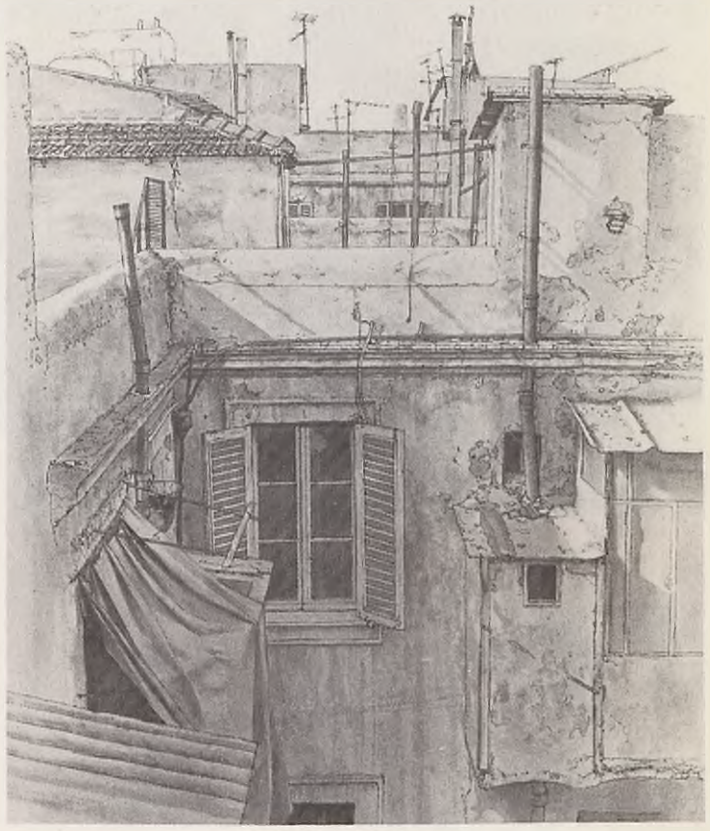
Just as the desire to rebel need have no political motive, so the desire to draw does not imply any feeling for aesthetics. In many cases the gift for drawing can be a handicap.[2]

Few people have the passion and the obsession to be a painter. Fewer still have the self-sacrificing dedication, the sort of state that indicates the mystical aspect of painting.
'The hint half guessed, the gift half understood, is Incarnation.
Here the impossible union
Of spheres of existence is actual . . .'[3]

One thinks of Cezanne crying out, 'Is Art a priesthood?'

So Dunlop was in Rome, gifted and rather lost after much experimentation. He did not know in what style to paint, and worse, sometimes, why he should paint at all. Then he remembered his old days of going out sketching. Almost in desperation he went back to drawing from nature, much as he had done with his father.

'At that time I was living in a hovel in Rome not far from St Peter's,' Dunlop recalls. 'Out of the window was a very ancient wall and a palm-tree in front of it and some old walls behind that wall. I was just drawing this in pen and ink, and when I woke up in the morning I could look out of the window and see these objects outside the window. I found that if I was to move my head a little bit to one side, the relationship of shapes and textures would alter, so I found I could paint the same subject over and over again, and I should be able to say something different each time.'[4]



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BRIAN DUNLOP RUINS (1965)
Ink and wash 33 cm x 44 cm
Owned by Suzanne Du Val

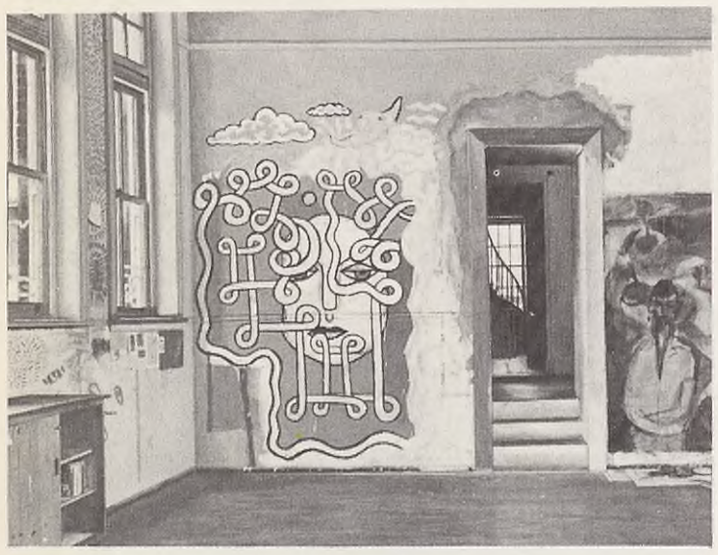
Photograph by John Delacour

above

BRIAN DUNLOP ROOFTOPS, ROME (1968)
Ink and watercolour 63 cm x 51 cm
Possession of the artist

Photograph by Douglas Thompson

[1] Robert Payne, *The Life and Death of Trotsky* (W. H. Allen).
[2] From personal observations the incidence of a 'gift' for drawing is equal to colour-blindness — about 10 per cent.
[3] T. S. Eliot, *The Dry Salvages V.*
[4] De Berg Tape 960.



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BRIAN DUNLOP THROUGH A ROOM (1970)
Oil 72 cm x 95 cm
Private Collection

above

BRIAN DUNLOP THE FOURTH ROOM (1977)
Gouache 53 cm x 70 cm
Possession of the artist

Then Dunlop started doing a great deal of drawing, everything nearby and many drawings of Rome, even daring to try some of the famous old hackneyed Roman motifs.

But it was drawing; it was working.

It was a turning-point in Dunlop's life.

The drawing, naturally a vehicle for meditation, evolved into painting — which can be another vehicle for meditation. (A true Buddhist surely would sense what Joseph Albers was about!)

Dunlop is interesting when he talks of the act of drawing and painting, rather a Stanislavsky approach, and probably the only way.

'For me, painting is a bit like Method acting. If you want to paint something you have to become virtually what you want to paint. If I want to paint grass, I take my shoes and socks off and walk through it. If you want to paint a sleeve, you have to become the arm, you have to go beneath the surface of the thing.'[5]

From leaving art school to the painting of *Room* is about twenty years and there has been no attempt to mention the paintings leading up to the major work. The few reproductions here are from a large body of work.

Louis McCubbin said no reproduction has the magnetism of the original and, in the case of *Room size,* any reproduction is quite inadequate because of the size of the painting — it is, almost literally, room size; it measures 158 x 366 cm. So, as you look at it, you have the *trompe l'oeil* feeling that you can actually enter the room. It is a sort of super-*trompe l'oeil* and *trompe l'oeil* has its own valid aesthetic.

Obviously the first thing one looks at in this enormous painting is the nude on the far left. Then the eye travels to the orange on the right-hand table, then to the orange on the corner table, then into the mirror and comes back to rest on the orange below the jug.

There are three oranges and three blocks of white — (involving the same sort of eye-stretching) — the jug, then the white wall outside the window and the slanted, white rectangle of the white bed. It is an invisible cat's-cradle of lines and tensions.

In the original, the physical distance the eye is ricochetted about is considerable and exciting. The same thing happens with the darks — the girl's hair, the dark door-knob, black band on the jug, black carpet fringe where it dramatically hits the white sheet.

These are established points in the work, but equally important are the blank areas between them.

'To me there is nothing negative in nature.' says Dunlop. 'Everything is positive. For instance, the spaces between and around forms are just as important as the forms themselves. It is . . . heightened perception; you become more conscious of these things by paying attention. It's like switching on the headlights.' And 'Everything starts to loom larger and has an almost hallucinatory light about it. It becomes what some people rather naively term ''magic realism''.'[5]

Looking at the walls in *Room* is great pleasure. The shadows and their penumbras are beautifully handled — the gradations from warm to cool are everywhere interesting — the blank far-left wall is superbly controlled.

In defiance of old academic clichés, the two hottest areas — orange — are extreme left and extreme right and almost in opposite corners.

The artist has made some astonishing distortions in the light; the whole tone around the windows is lifted, so much so that one is reminded of the 'secret source of light' as suggested by M. A. Lavin in her book on Piero's *The Flagellation.*[6]

The figure casts a very definite shadow on the wall, while, far right, the reflected light on the wall is immense. The tone of the verandah roof indicates the liberties the artist has taken with 'realistic' light.

One could go on, the neutral grey of the two floor shapes against the white skirting-boards — they should be in dark shadow. A seemingly tonal work, it is not tonal realism at all.

'I want my work to be fairly impersonal', states Dunlop, 'impersonal rather than detached. Detached seems to imply a certain scientific detachment, whereas impersonal is something different; it's an act of love, this is what painting is, what it should be.' An act of Love.

Institutions and academies, true to their tradition, usually patronize the current fashions of the day. *Room* seems to have little to do with the old New York mainstreams. The Art Gallery of New South Wales has shown courage in acquiring this large work, a purchase hardly likely to find approval amongst the neo-academicians of the establishment.

[5] *ibid.*
[6] M. A. Lavin, *Piero della Francesca, The Flagellation* (Allen Lane, the Penguin Press).

BRIAN DUNLOP ROOM (1977-78)
Oil on canvas 168 cm x 366 cm
Art Gallery of New South Wales

Photograph by John Delacour

Fred Williams: abstracted landscapes

Alwynne Mackie

Fred Williams, the Australian landscape painter, whose work was shown at the Museum of Modern Art, New York ('Landscapes of a Continent', 11 March - 8 May 1977) and elsewhere in America, performs the not insignificant feat of making landscape painting look interesting again. Although known in Australia mainly for his oil painting and etching, this recent show of gouaches demonstrates very clearly his sensitive and intelligent (and utterly unromantic) attitude to the Australian landscape, an attitude that neither glorifies nor is overwhelmed by the land but articulates a feeling commonly experienced by those who have seen the outback — Australians and foreigners alike.

At first glance, his pictures are seen by many often as Abstract works, frequently being nothing more than tiny squiggles on a uniform, painted ground. These are the works Williams prefers to show, his other, more conventional landscapes being, as he says, 'too easy'.[1] Comparing the two styles he says of one of his Abstract works 'There I'm really breaking up the forms. I've got rid of the atmosphere. I'm trying to incorporate everything there, so that all the atmosphere is reduced to one tiny spot of paint.'

The tradition of landscape painting that Williams comes from is a long and varied one, beginning in the late eighteenth century and continuing through much of the nineteenth with a transplanted European vision of landscape and man's relationship to it. In paintings of those years the gnarled, arthritic asymmetry of the gum-trees is trimmed up to suit the sensibility of the picturesque, foliage is precisely differentiated with total disregard for the realities of relative distances, and scale is distorted in the manner of the eighteenth-century vision of the sublime, so that height and majesty are emphasized at the cost of distance and sameness — a vision about as un-Australian as one could find. Around the end of the century the influence of the French Impressionists encouraged painters like Tom Roberts, Arthur Streeton, Frederick McCubbin, David Davies, J. J. Hilder and Walter Withers, to name a few, to take a closer look at the landscape and the result was generally somewhat realist pictures in which there was an attempt to capture the special qualities of the Australian light.

In this century, and especially in the last thirty years, the most interesting ways of dealing with landscape (apart from Williams) have been by those artists — Sidney Nolan, Arthur Boyd and Albert Tucker, for instance — who have concerned themselves with the interaction between man and the land, especially with the moods and actions of each as an explanation for the other, the influence of which upon what being ambiguous, at least in Nolan and Boyd. In Tucker's *Explorers: Burke and Wills* the attitude is more unequivocal and the two men are seen as victims of the land. The picture space is fairly shallow, with a range of hills running from the front left, back and around through the painting, leaving a narrow platform of flat ground on which Burke and Wills are trapped. Their bodies seem to levitate, silhouetting their heads against a hard blue sky; the upward movement is pictorially arrested, however, and they remain, moving but imprisoned by the topography and dryness of the land (they in fact perished from thirst). Despite this, the land is not presented as threatening, and in fact a certain oneness between the men and the land (though perhaps an unwilling oneness) is suggested through the rough bark-and-stone corrugations of the men's bodies, accentuated by the striated stone ridges on their platform of ground; rather, the harsh realities of the facts are sufficient to speak for themselves: it is not that this land is hostile, but hard.

Something of this attitude is to be found also in Williams's work. Of his very sparse landscapes he says he is trying to capture 'the essence' of the land, and they are, indeed, abstracted images of a landscape. There were a number of such works in the exhibition, amongst them *Upwey landscape, No. 1, Australian landscape, No. 2,* and *You Yangs landscape, No. 3.* In terms of the basic elements they are simply a few tiny marks on an empty ground. As landscapes, however, their power of suggestion is enormous: instead of reading these works as two-dimensional marks on a flat, inert ground, they become immense tracts of land where distance is so infinite as never to meet a horizon and where the nondescript clumps of trees repeat themselves anonymously across the picture, and from one picture to the next. In *Upwey landscape, No 1,* for instance, the ground is a beige-brown with no horizon, and the trees (or broken trunks of trees so common in the Australian outback) are laid on in multi-coloured twists of paint, which Williams applies with the 'wrong' end of the brush. As with most of his works, there is no central focus; rather, he chooses to emphasize the infinite extension of the land,

[1] All remarks attributed to Williams are taken from McGregor C., *et al, In the Making* (Nelson, Melbourne, 1969. pp 102 f.).

FRED WILLIAMS BEFORE TIBOOBURRA (1967)
Gouache 57 cm x 77 cm
Possession of the artist

not merely through moving the eye up the picture towards the horizon, which is always too far away to be seen, but also through the horizontal extension out of the picture; this he achieves through the carefully calculated and fairly even spacing of trees. In consequence, the trees resist being read as clumps and create the impression of randomly scattered vegetation that continues on in this manner beyond the segment of landscape presented to us. The naturally dominant vertical pull is reduced to balance the horizontal movement by emptying the top section of the picture of vegetation — a device that is formally satisfying and also manages to intensify the vastness of the land through the isolation of the trees. As Williams has said of another painting of this kind 'everything is dropping out of the frame, tumbling out Chinese fashion'. (His admiration for Chinese landscape painting and calligraphy is very evident in his work.) One has the very strong impression with this, as well as with others of his works, that the landscape never changes — always empty land with a sparse scattering of trees, broken dead trunks and occasional rocks, no matter how far one were to travel.

Williams's landscapes are reductionist, abstracted images that do not permit easy and familiar relationships between either the viewer and the land or the land and the vegetation; nor are these relationships easily comprehensible in emotional terms. All the usual conventions of landscape are resisted, especially those which might establish familiarity and specificity. The spectator, for instance, is usually placed at a very strange viewing-point, always at a long distance from the landscape, and almost always at a very great height above it — in many cases at such a great height that the view is aerial and the trees become inconsequential sticks and dots; in some of them, notably *Aboriginal graves No. 1,* the angle to the ground (approaching ninety degrees) is so great as to tip the land at the top of the picture up to meet the eye in a dizzying, disorienting way. We can never get close to this land, never become part of it — coulisses, large trees framing the picture plane, all the devices of intimacy are avoided. It is as if there is always an unseen barrier preventing us from approaching the scene any closer.

Not only does this establish emotional distance between the spectator and the land, but it also means that elements in the landscape are going to be presented from an unfamiliar view. More than that, it means that their specificity will be reduced, and with specificity and identifiability of items cut down to a minimum, it means that something else is going to have to sustain the picture. It is certainly not that other conventional prop of landscape painting, atmosphere, as Williams himself says. There is no haze in these landscapes, not even heat haze, and items in the far distance have just the same degree of clarity of focus as items in the front of the picture; where there are colour changes in the land it is never into distance to create atmosphere, but rather in the unexpected ways natural to this strange country and its light. Usually, however, the ground is a uniform colour — salmon, beige, silver or mud-brown — and the trees, bushes and rocks, where one is able to make those distinctions, are visually the same size regardless of distance. All of this combines to create a distanced and disinterested, but very alert, outlook on the scene, a totally fresh outlook on landscape and one that leaves in the mind an unarticulated puzzle about one's relationship to the scene.

The puzzle has its source, I think, in Williams's treatment of the relationship between vegetation and land. One thing that one notices is that there is a total lack of interest in individual items of the landscape *per se*: there is never a central focus in the work and one's interest is dispersed over the whole picture upwards and outwards beyond the limits of the frame. Furthermore, individual trees and bushes are scarcely differentiated from one another either with respect to identifying detail or placement within the picture. Occasionally there are light-coloured lines, usually horizontal, starting and ending nowhere, as it were, quite inconsequential in the landscape (*Upwey landscape, No. 1,* for example). These seem to derive from those artificial 'fences' of trees and bushes that seem to grow quite irrationally in the Australian outback, not even following a watercourse. Only from a great distance are the clumps of vegetation of any interest — as one approaches them in reality, the formation disintegrates and they become scattered and often scruffy bushes, all identical. That this minimally interesting feature of the landscape attains this state only by losing its individual aspects to a generalized perception is an irony surely intended by the artist. This is as much individuality as the land will allow, and it is scarcely arresting. This is not to say, of course, that these landscapes are monotonous; indeed, in some of the gouaches the ground is ablaze with the colour of wildflowers. However, even in these (*Sturt Desert Pea* and *Lysterfield No. 3,* for example) attention is never focused on any particular patch of flowers, the extensive sameness of the view being emphasized by the serial effect of the horizontal registers. At the same time, how-

FRED WILLIAMS LYSTERFIELD No. 2 (1973)
Gouache 58 cm x 77 cm
Rudy Komon, Sydney

ever, one feels the irony that a desert can produce such abundance and yet one knows that the luxuriant growth and piercing colour will last only as long as the desert permits.

That fact is central to Williams's attitude to landscape: the relationship of vegetation to land is always an uneasy, impermanent one, quite unlike the 'natural' relationship that is basic to eighteenth-century landscape and that still persists today with most landscape artists. It is expressed by Williams in the very way the trees grow — not deeply-rooted, but sitting on top of the ground as if the soil is so thin as scarcely to support them, echoing the attenuated sticks of people in much of Russell Drysdale's work and the relationship they bear to the soil. Williams, of course, very rarely has figures, or anything else extraneous, in his landscapes, a fact symbolized perhaps by his act of 'copying' Tom Roberts's work *Bailed up* by smoothing out the terrain, reducing the trees to a calligraphy of sticks, and eliminating the people. (The minimalist tendency of Williams's work is brought out by Robert Jacks's further 'copy' of Williams's painting,[2] which consists of a red ground and four evenly spaced, geometric vertical lines.)

There is no element of time in his works, rarely any movement of any kind (*Desert dust storm, Tibooburra* is an exception, and even there movement is minimal) and in the best of his works we are not permitted even a glimpse of the horizon lest the sky should distract us from the immensity of the land. Where colour is striking it rarely beguiles for its own sake, and while the trees make up the character of the landscape they are not of sufficient interest to bear the whole burden of the picture, being twisted onto the surface more as calligraphic symbols. The real subject of these works is not, of course, the vegetation — trees, bushes, grasses — that the earth supports, nor even the rocks, hills and formations of the terrain, but simply the land, reduced to its elemental form. In pictorial terms it is the emptiness of the ground between the marks that is the subject of attention. The risks the artist takes with such reductionism are enormous: we have come to accept it in non-representational painting, but who would have the audacity to do it in a landscape where there are supposed to be objects of interest?

Williams's attitude to landscape is in one sense basically uninterpretative. Fascinated by the feel of the land, yet not wanting to explore it (he frequently finds it too overwhelming to be in for long and says he doesn't like it — though he continues to want to paint it), he resists the temptation to resort to atmosphere to express its qualities, atmosphere (and sky)

above

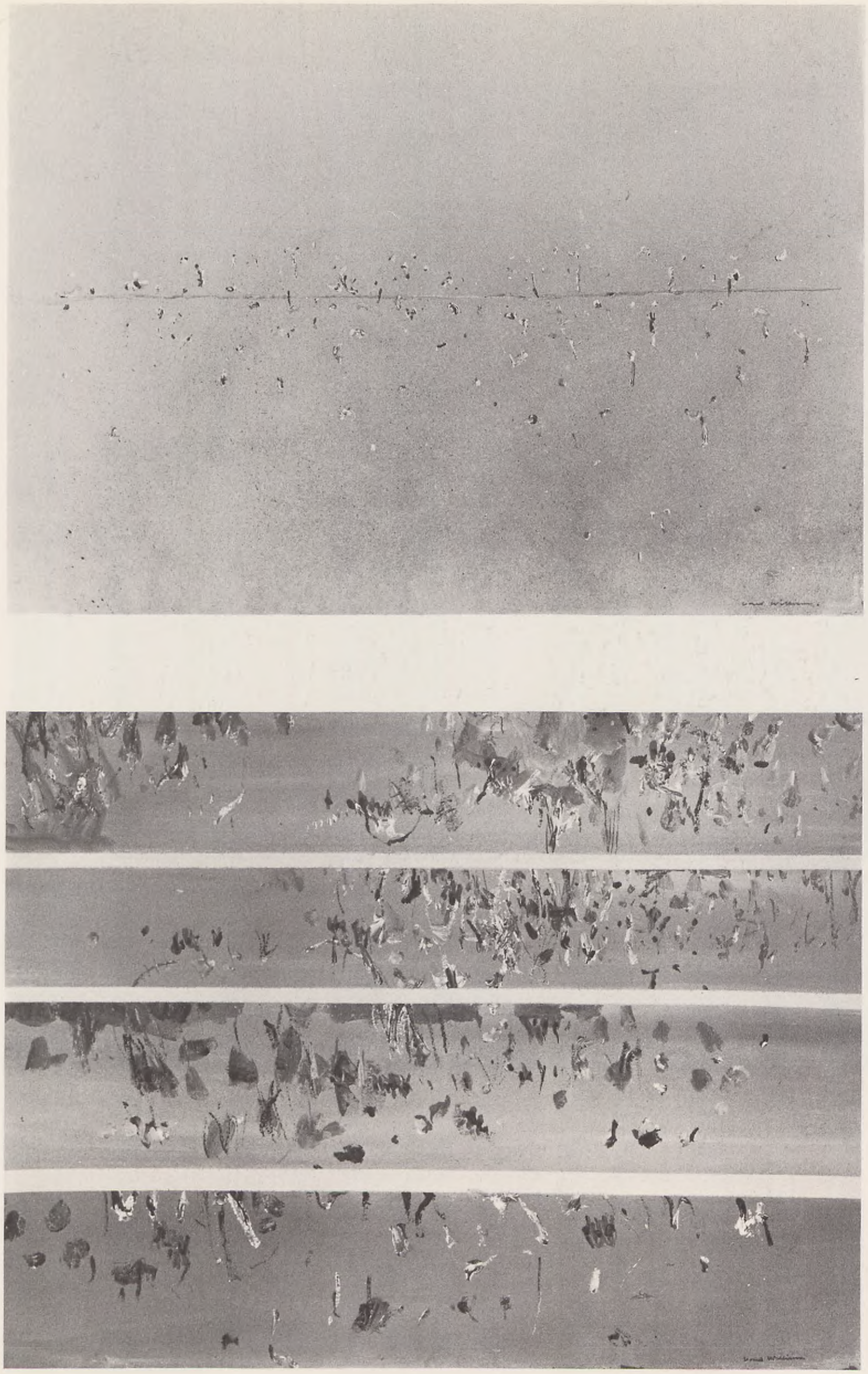
FRED WILLIAMS DARK FOREST POND (1963)
Gouache 64 cm x 56 cm
Private collection, Melbourne

opposite top

FRED WILLIAMS UPWEY LANDSCAPE No. 1 (1970)
Gouache 56 cm x 76 cm
Private collection, Melbourne

opposite

FRED WILLIAMS STURT DESERT PENINSULA, BROKEN HILL, (1974)
Gouache and sand 57 cm x 76 cm
Rudy Komon, Sydney

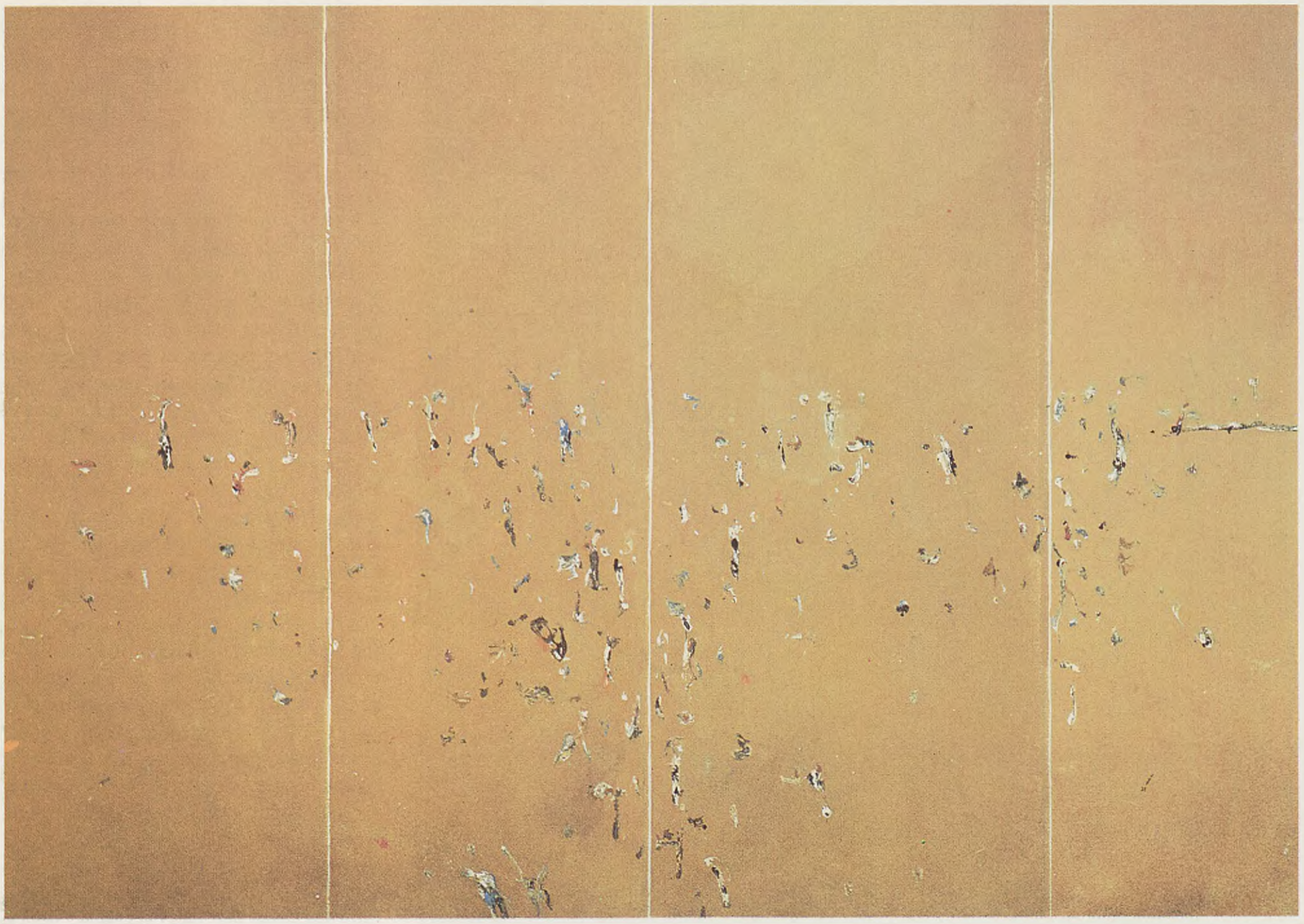


being too full of conventions to convey the strangeness. There are no anthropomorphic devices in his work — his landscapes are never threatening, majestic, peaceful — an attitude to landscape that is hard to avoid, allowing for Australia's eighteenth-century heritage. That is too easy a way out for Williams, for it is a way that seeks to explain the land in human, and therefore comprehensible and somewhat more manageable, terms. Both Tucker and Nolan avoid that treatment even though they are each concerned with the plight of humans in a difficult land — Tucker, most notably in *Explorers: Burke and Wills,* and Nolan in his Rainforest series. The latter, in his *Figures in a forest,* refrains from comment, simply presenting the tiny figures of Mrs Fraser and the convict Bracewell making their way between the gigantic trees of the forest; the trees are so huge that we see only part of the trunks, which line up like prison bars through the picture: Mrs Fraser and Bracewell are free to keep on making their way through the forest, but the freedom is illusory for the forest seems to go on without end (an effect achieved largely through the relative scale).

Like Nolan and Tucker, Williams presents the facts of the situation just as they are, without comment, drama or romance; but, unlike them, his interest is focused on the nature of the land itself. Even in the occasional landscape teeming with life (the swamp with birds in *Before Tibooburra*) the activity, even the foliage on the trees, seems to hover uncertainly above the ground, as if knowing that its existence will be short-lived. Whatever there is in the landscape is there only because the land permits: it is not that the land is hostile, for that is too positive a thing, but simply that that is the way it is — hot, dry and inactive. Williams centres on the ground itself and that is about as elemental as one can get to be in landscape; his abstraction and reduction and transformation of the ground of the pictures into the dynamic subject of the works is also about as elemental as one can get in representational painting. Yet his works are satisfying as landscapes; they are beautiful pictures, which delight the eye and the mind and are bound to evoke a nostalgia in anyone who has felt the strangeness of the Australian landscape.

[2] *My garden* by Fred Williams and *Red painting* by Robert Jacks, both (along with *Bailed up*) illustrated in McGregor et al, *In the Making,* op. cit., p. 103.

I am very grateful to the Australian Ambassador to the United Nations, Ambassador R. L. Harry, and to Mrs Harry for their help and hospitality in showing me the collection of paintings in their care.



FRED WILLIAMS AUSTRALIAN LANDSCAPE
No. 2 (1969)
Gouache 55 cm x 77 cm
Possession of the artist

FRED WILLIAMS SILVER LANDSCAPE No. 2 (1966)
Gouache 56 cm x 67 cm
Private collection, Melbourne

Len Lye in New Zealand

Michael Dunn

Until 1977, New Zealanders had little opportunity to see works by Len Lye, their greatest expatriate sculptor. Lye, who lives in New York, is still a less familiar name to his fellow countrymen than Frances Hodgkins, even though his international reputation and importance is greater. A major reason for this was Lye's long absence from New Zealand and the lack of any of his kinetic sculptures in his homeland. In 1977, however, all that began to change. Lye made a trip back to New Zealand to be present at an exhibition of his works in New Plymouth. More important, perhaps, two of his pieces *Trilogy* and *Fountain* were bought by the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, for its permanent collection. At last Lye could be seen — at last there were sculptures to go with his reputation.

For Lye, New Plymouth must have been an unlikely touchdown to make after the urban density of New York. The town is more famous for its quiet rural character and its proximity to Mount Egmont than anything else. Such are the peculiarities of New Zealand's art scene that people from the main centres still had to make their way by aeroplane or motor-car some hundreds of miles to see Lye at first hand. Needless to say many did not make the effort. Lye was not to be welcomed as wholeheartedly as he deserved and the full discovery of his artistic importance remains the experience of the few rather than the many. For the few, however, Lye made his homecoming dramatic and impressive beyond expectation.

The setting for Lye's sculpture was the Govett-Brewster Gallery, a disused cinema converted for showing art works in its large cavernous spaces. Traditional painting often looks somewhat intimidated here but Lye's work seemed to be augmented by the theatrical environment and *Trilogy* looked exactly right on stage with its element of suspense and drama. In all there were three pieces on display, *Fountain, Blade* and *Trilogy*. Apart from that there was documentation in the form of newspaper clippings, photographs and review commentary.

The first work to be seen on entering the gallery was *Fountain,* the most elegant and least awesome of the three. It consists of rays of stainless steel radiating from a central circular base. The rays move gently, like reeds rustling in the breeze. There is a soft shimmer of highlights as the rays shift position in relation to the light source. With *Fountain* there is no intimidation. We approach unafraid, and can stand close up to touch as well as look at its form. We listen, too. There is the sound of the steel bands swaying against one another; it is quiet, soothing, rather similar to tree branches rustling in the wind. In this case there are no distractions, no primitive machinery to intrude — the presence of *Fountain* evokes a similar response to that of standing by a waterfall. Its kinetic force seems natural and inevitable.

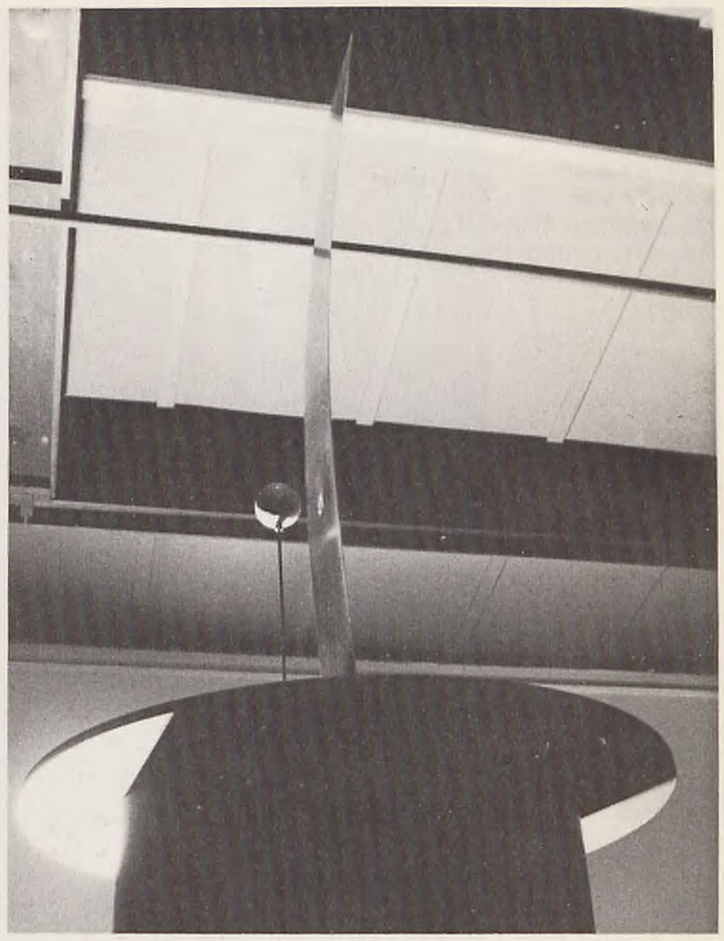
A second piece by Lye, *Blade,* is smaller than *Fountain* and when at rest hardly attracts attention. It draws all its meaning from movement — the movement of a ball set on a long, supple lever that strikes a steel blade. From rest, the ball picks up speed slowly. The beat of ball on blade is insistent and monotonous at first, a series of hard bangs spaced out in time. Then it becomes faster. The hammer pounds harder against the blade until it begins to blur into a pattern of light and the noise, too, loses its regular beat and becomes one continuous sound of almost unbearable intensity and unstoppable force. We cry out for release. Then it slows, the sound level drops and suddenly the piece is still; we hear the silence.

Biggest of the three Lye works is *Trilogy* made up of 'Flip with two Twisters'. It is a huge construction of sheet steel in three pieces suspended from the ceiling on a specially reinforced beam. *Trilogy* spreads out across the stage of the old theatre in front of black curtains — even at rest it has definite presence. There is suspense in anticipation of its movement, but nothing prepares one for the full effect of *Trilogy* in action.

As with *Blade,* at first the motion is slow — only the side 'Twisters' begin to quiver into life. There is the slightest of tremors in the floor at the first vibration of movement. Then the speed picks up; the noise begins to increase as the steel bands seem to take on a kind of demonic energy, to lift themselves up in the air and to lash out towards the spectator. Those steel edges are knife-sharp and we know it. Our bodies seem uncomfortably vulnerable and suddenly on guard. Now the central 'Flip' begins to rotate and contort. The steel screams out as if in anguish as it is pulled into increasingly difficult shapes. There is the savage clang as it changes shape to avoid the pressure, only to find a new tension upon it requiring further release. All the time it is turning at increasing speed making an ugly swishing sound as the steel knifes round and round, punctuated at times by the almost deafening clang of steel desperately countering tensions. At full speed *Trilogy* shakes the entire theatre. It strikes terror into onlookers, forcing mothers to rush away and calm their squealing babies and fearful children.

In the Govett-Brewster Gallery, though, there is no escape for eye or ear. Lye makes our contact with his artwork as direct as he can — non-involvement is impossible. The work forces us out of traditional ways of experiencing objects in art galleries with more power than do most environmental and performance pieces. Yet, there remains a level of old-fashioned beauty in the patterns of light bouncing off the steel, in the rush of tiny stars and needles of highlight round in space above and beside us; but this sensation cannot be divorced from the energy we feel in the movement and power of the sculpture. Lye's kineticism fuses the visual with the non-visual, sound with sight. He touches organs of sense so basic that we experience fear and intimidation mixed with awe and admiration. There is no comfortable habit to fall back on to help us experience such work. It has real power because it breaks through typical responses to works of art and forces new attitudes upon us.

Lye made his New Zealand homecoming a highpoint for recent sculpture there. It remains to be seen how influential his work will be on the local artists, most of whom have little experience of kinetic art.



above

LEN LYE FOUNTAIN (1976-77)
Stainless steel and formica
383 cm high
Govett-Brewster Gallery, New Plymouth

above right

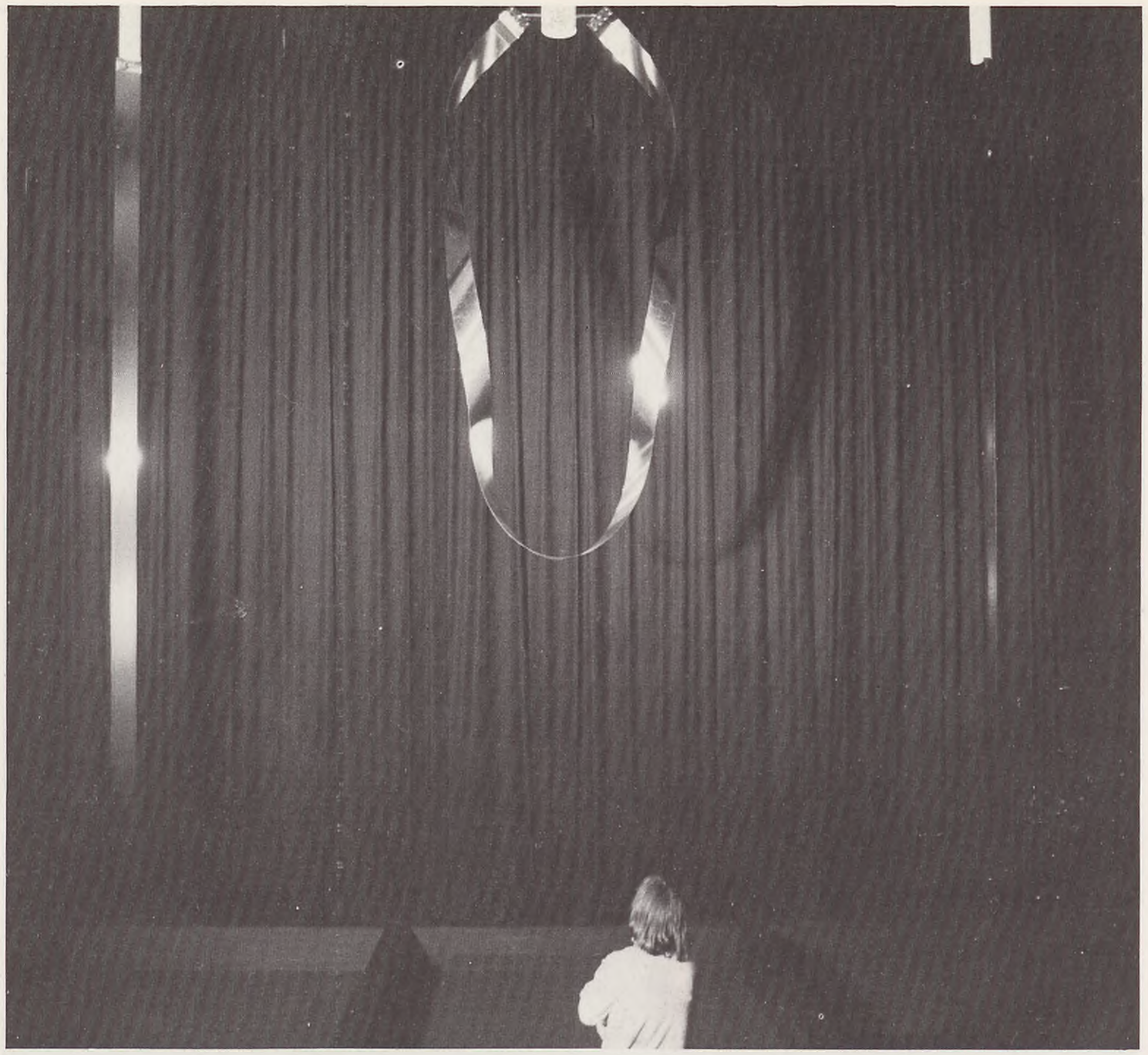
LEN LYE BLADE (1963-64)
Stainless steel, formica and wood
278 cm x 182 cm
Possession of the artist

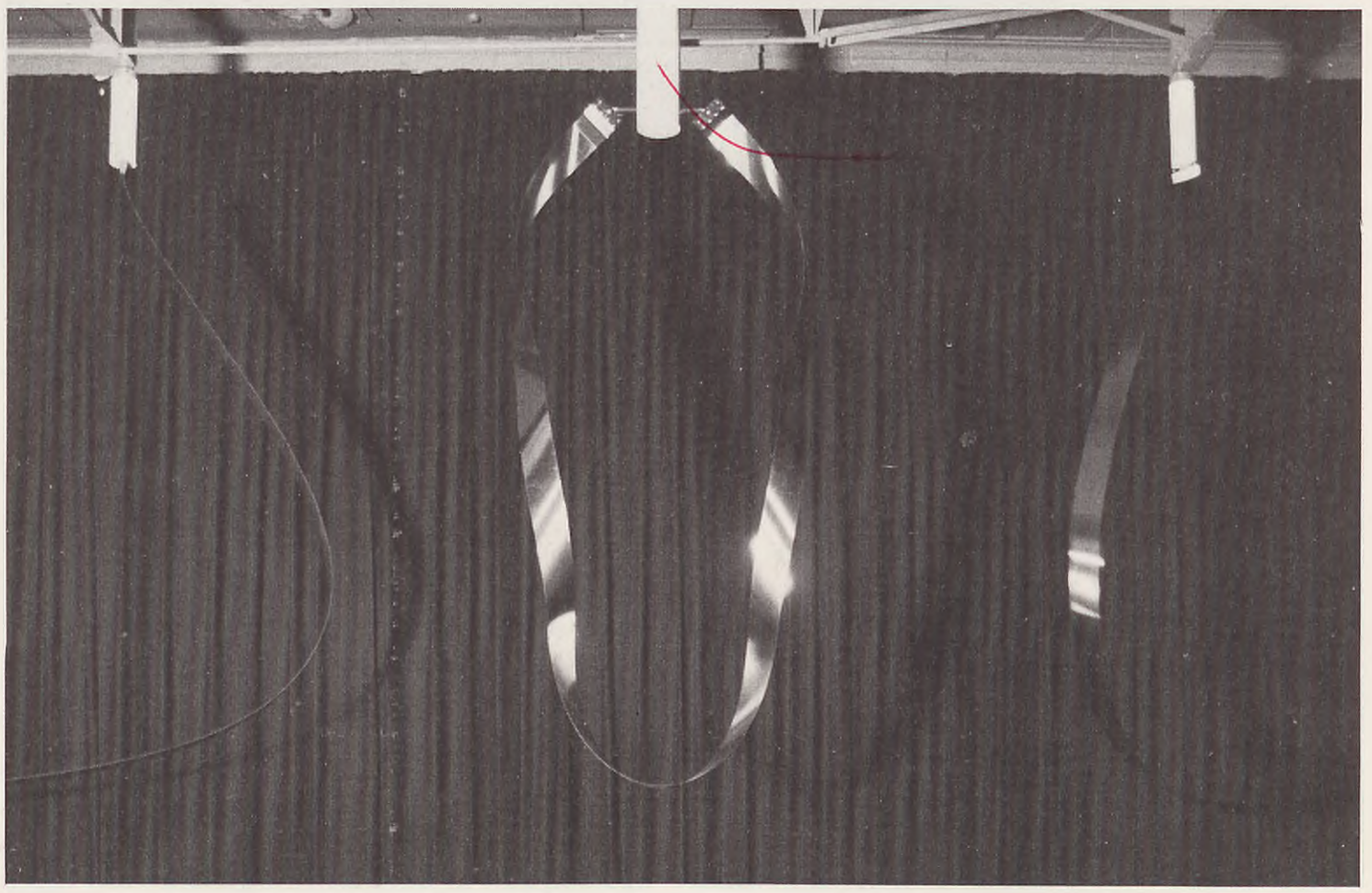
Photographs by Charters & Guthrie

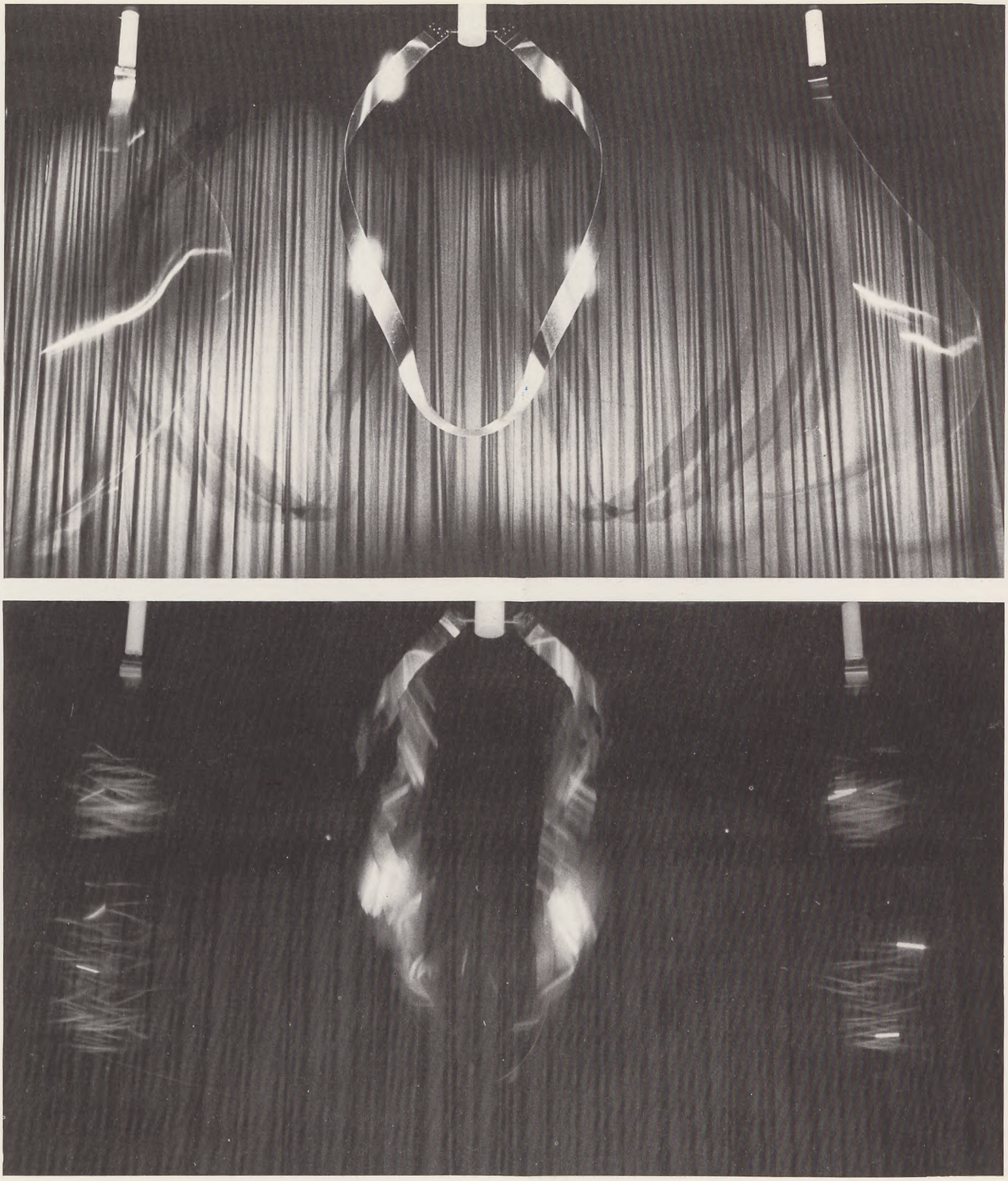
LEN LYE TRILOGY (1976-77)
Stainless steel 663 cm high
Govett-Brewster Gallery, New Plymouth

Photographs by Charters & Guthrie

Right Phase I
Below Phase II
Opposite top Phase III
Opposite bottom Phase IV







'Our own Glover'?

Helen Topliss

John Glover had modest beginnings as an artist and his emergence into the art world of the late eighteenth century is typical of many a contemporary provincial artist. He was born at Houghton-on-the-Hill, a small midlands town near Leicester, in 1767. He began drawing his native landscape at an early age and was, except for a handful of lessons from William Payne and one recorded lesson from the more famous John Smith (known as 'Warwick Smith'), largely self taught.[1] His first appointment was as a writing-master at the Free School in Appleby, also in Leicestershire, in 1786. Eight years later he became a drawing-master at Lichfield, by which time he seems to have been making quite a good income from his pupils. Farington records that he was earning two guineas a day from his teaching — a standard income at the time.[2] From 1795 onwards Glover was exhibiting annually in London and in 1805 he moved and joined the newly formed Society of Painters in Watercolour (the Society had been founded the previous year in order to improve the status of watercolour painters). Glover became the President of this Society from 1807 to 1808. Although he was well known in London he was not considered amongst the major artists there and despite a number of attempts to be elected to the Royal Academy he was unsuccessful.

Glover directed his art at a very traditional clientele. His pictures were very much in the style of Claude, who was the most prized of landscape painters in the eighteenth century. Glover's slavish imitation of Claude can be seen in almost any of his canvases executed in England; for instance, his landscape in the Ballarat Art Gallery, *The road in the Pyrenees.* The disposition of the masses, the gentle recession of the planes towards an azure mountainscape and the warm russet tones are the stock-in-trade of an eighteenth-century landscape artist, and are exactly the qualities a contemporary connoisseur would have demanded. These warmed-up versions of Claude gained Glover a curt dismissal from Constable who was antithetically opposed to Glover and his eighteenth-century Claudean mannerisms. Constable in the beginning of the nineteenth century set himself the task of reforming the art of landscape (parallel to Cézanne's attempt at the end of the nineteenth century). Constable wanted to record faithfully his native scenery without paying lip-service to the great landscapists of the seventeenth century. What Constable was attempting was nothing short of a complete revolution in perception.

In a letter to his friend, Fisher, in 1823, Constable, who was about to visit Sir George Beaumont in order to view his collection of Claude and other seventeenth-century landscapes, wrote: 'Only think, I am now writing in a room full of Claudes (not Glovers, but real Claudes) . . .'[3]

Earlier in his correspondence Constable refers with disgust to the criticism of Gaspar Poussin in Matthew's *Diary of an Invalid;* what enraged Constable more, however, was the praise of Glover. 'No doubt the ''Invalid'' is a clever fellow; but these tourists in Italy think they must talk about pictures, and relate anecdotes of painting . . . He mentions the landscapes of Gaspar Poussin (whose works contain the highest feeling of landscape painting), and imagines defects that he may afford an opportunity to ''our own Glover'' to remedy them. This is too bad; and he here shows himself to be truly an invalid.'[4]

This extract is useful as an index of contemporary taste and it reveals that amateurs came to prefer English approximations of seventeenth-century landscape painting, such as Glover's, to the real thing. Constable was more than put out by Glover's popularity with collectors and amateurs for, at this period, Glover was making a fortune selling cliched versions of Claude. By the time Glover left England for Tasmania in 1830, he had amassed £60,000 as a result of the sale of his pictures and other property. This was quite a feat for a provincial artist.[5]

Glover represented and catered for the conservative taste of the eighteenth-century amateur for an autumnal and classicizing landscape, which was a composite of Old Master formulae and bore no resemblance to any local landscape. This tendency was the very thing that Constable had decided to avoid in his own work and the passage in the *Diary of an Invalid* that roused Constable's ire refers directly to the controversy over whether or not landscapes should be painted as objectively seen or alternatively, according to formulae learned from seventeenth-century painters. It is worth quoting the extract to which Constable refers and which made him want 'to throw the book out of the window': 'Doria Palace. Large collection of pictures. Gaspar Poussin's green landscapes have no charm for me. The fact seems to be that the delightful green of nature cannot be represented in a picture. Our own Glover has perhaps made the greatest possible exertions to surmount the difficulty, and given with fidelity the real colours of nature; but I believe the beauty of his pictures is in inverse ratio to their fidelity; and that nature must be stripped of her green livery and dressed in the browns of the painters, or ''confined to her own autumnal tints'' in order to be transferred to canvas.'[6]

This opinion was pure anathema to Constable, who had been at great pains to show that landscapes should reflect a more natural vision. As early as 1802 he had determined to forsake all mannerisms and to avoid direct imitation of the Old Masters and, as he put it himself, to become 'a natural painter'.[7] Constable had also attempted to prove this

[1] *Farington's Diary,* 1793-1821, ed. J. Greig, 8 vols. (London, 1922-28 30th December, 1794). 'Warwick' Smith was one of the leaders of the British watercolour school at the end of the 18th century. He was known for his Italianate landscapes.
[2] ibid.
[3] C. R. Leslie: *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable* (Phaidon, 1951), p.108.
[4] ibid, p.80.
[5] B. S. Long: 'John Glover' *Walker's Art Quarterly,* No. 15, April 1924, p.21.
[6] C. R. Leslie: op. cit., p.80, n.2.
[7] ibid., p.13.

top

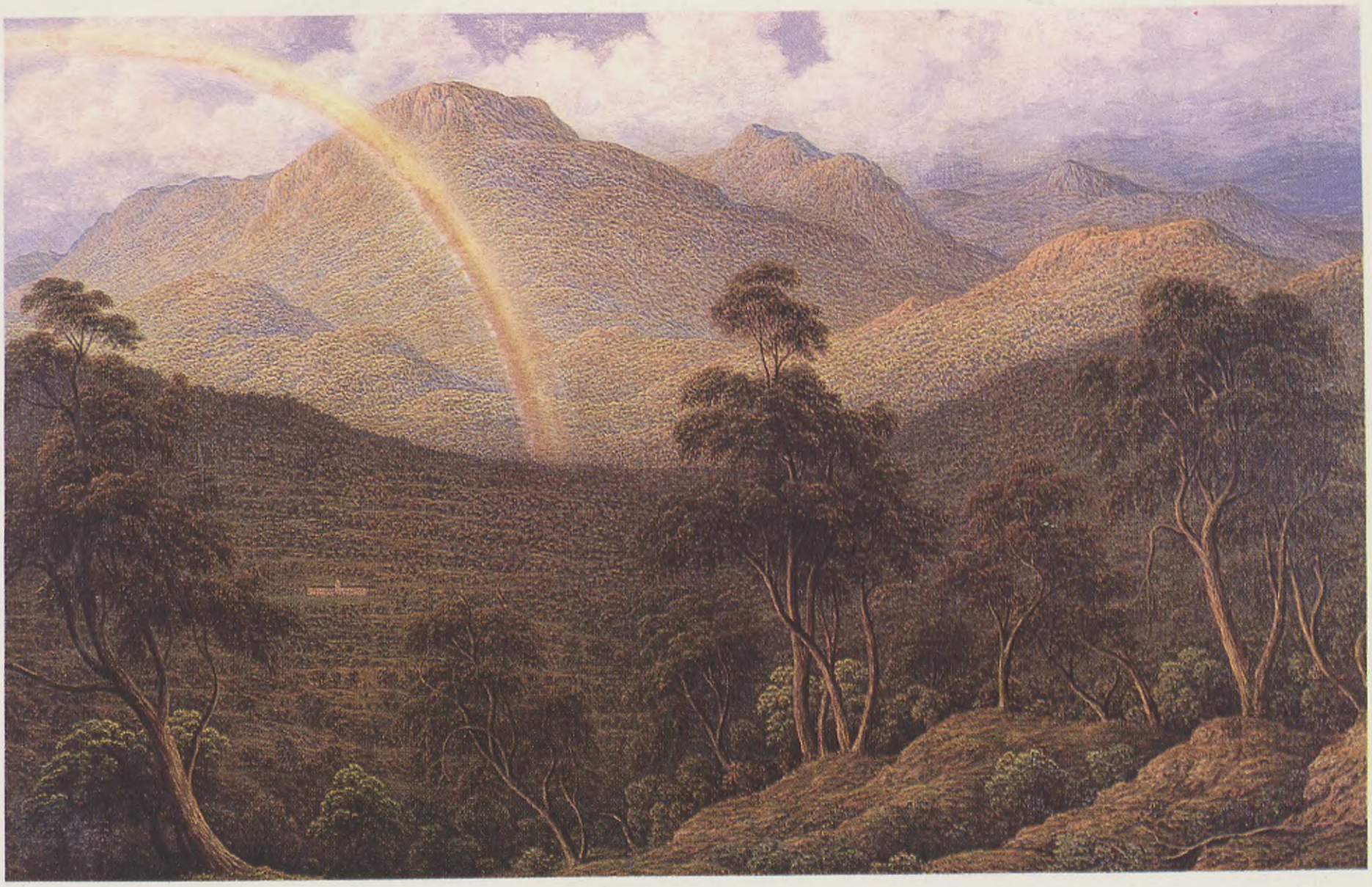
JOHN CONSTABLE CLOUDS (1822)
Oil on paper 37 cm x 49 cm
National Gallery of Victoria
Felton Bequest 1938

above

JOHN VARLEY TREES ON A RIVER
Brown ink and brush wash drawing
12 cm x 18 cm
National Gallery of Victoria
Gift of Sir Daryl Lindsay, 1950

JOHN GLOVER A VIEW OF THE ARTISTS HOUSE AND GARDEN, MILLS PLAINS (*c.*1835)
Oil on canvas 76 cm x 115 cm
Art Gallery of South Australia

Photograph by Donald Gee



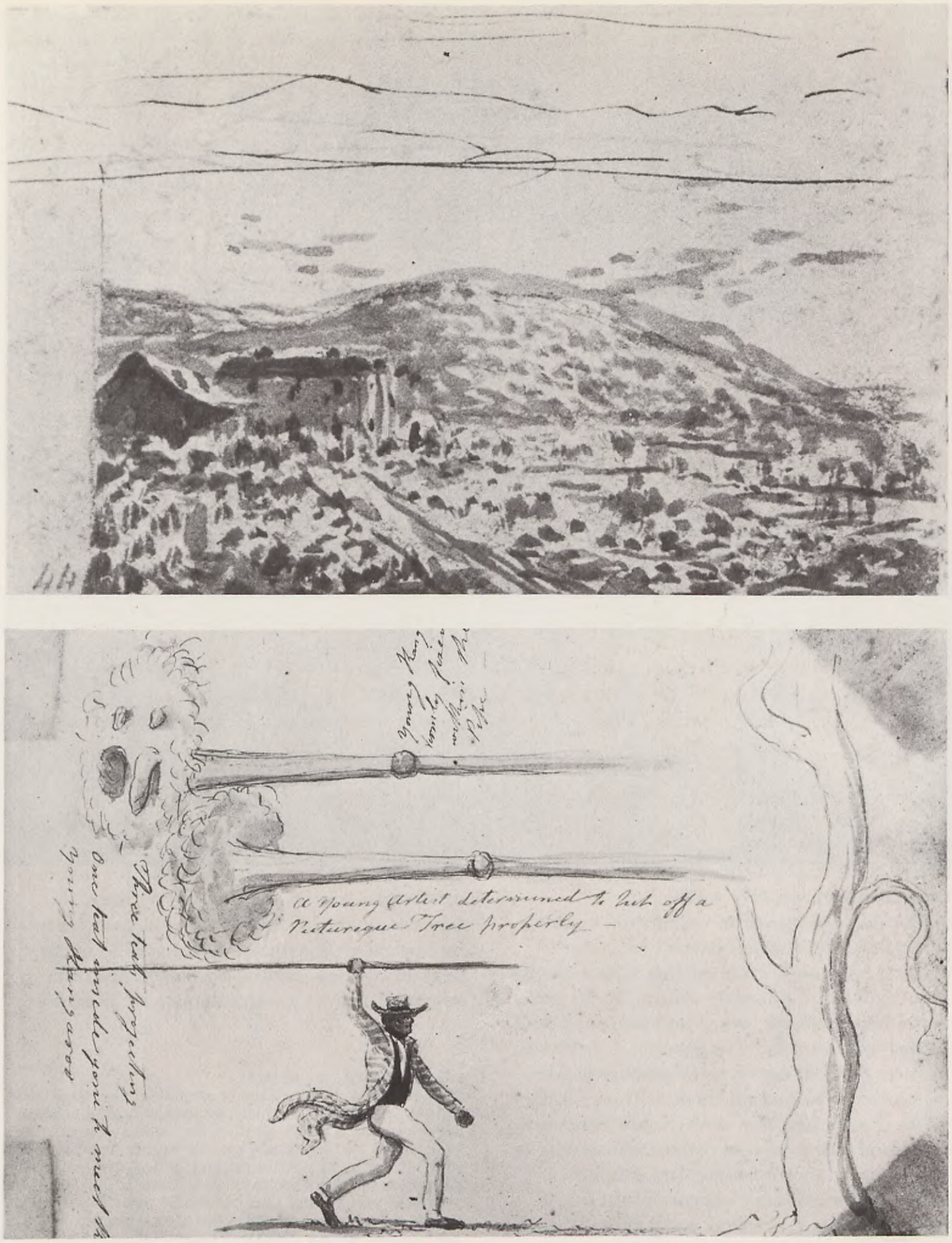
JOHN GLOVER MOUNT WELLINGTON WITH ORPHAN ASYLUM (1837)
Oil on canvas 74 cm x 112 cm
Owned by Mr and Mrs B. L. Hayes

point to that high-priest of eighteenth-century connoisseurship, Sir George Beaumont. In that often quoted anecdote concerning Sir George's criticism of the greenness of Constable's landscapes, Sir George placed a Cremona fiddle next to the artist's painting, asserting that the grass should resemble the mellow tonality of the instrument. Constable's well-known rejoinder was to take the fiddle outdoors and to place it on the grass. If Sir George was unable to accept the colour of Constable's grass, he would have had no argument with Glover's as can be seen in the Ballarat picture, for Glover's European landscapes are instant Old Masters and it is for this reason that Constable refers to Glover scornfully. Constable's own lack of popularity, his difficulty in selling his works, was the outcome of his challenge to the public and his views about the necessity of being true to nature in form and colour.

Constable was part of a small landscape movement in the first two decades of the nineteenth century that aimed for greater naturalism in painting. Artists like John Varley took their students outdoors to sketch directly from nature. John Varley's small sketch in the National Gallery of Victoria, *Trees on a river* would have been done rapidly in brush and ink while outdoors — this sketch is an attempt to record the lights and shadows on the landscape as animated by the conditions of the day (what Constable was later to term as 'the chiaroscuro of nature'). Both Turner and Constable were doing outdoor sketches on the Thames in the second decade of the century; Constable did a number of compositions in oil of trees outlined against skies. This period also saw the rise of the Norwich School of artists, like John Crome and John Sell Cottman, who were trying to render their own local landscape, and basing their style on the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, rather than on the classicizing style of the French and Italian masters.[8]

Constable's interest in nature was probably more scientific than that of most of the other painters mentioned above. In the 1820s Constable was producing his sketches of clouds at Hampstead Heath and often making notations on them of the precise weather conditions at the time. *Clouds* in the National Gallery of Victoria is inscribed: '5th Sept. 1822 10 o'clock. Morning looking South-East very brisk wind at West, very bright and fresh grey-clouds running very fast over a yellow bed about half-way in the sky. Very appropriate for the coast at Osmington.'

[8] J. Gage: *A Decade of English Naturalism* 1810-20, Norwich, 1969.



opposite

JOHN GLOVER AUSTRALIAN LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE (*c.*1835)
Oil on canvas 76 cm x 114 cm
National Library, Canberra
Rex Nan Kivell Collection

top

JOHN GLOVER AND JOHN RICHARDSON GLOVER
SKETCHBOOK, PATTERDALE HOUSE
Grey wash over pencil 15 cm x 28 cm
National Library of Australia
Rex Nan Kivell Collection

above

JOHN GLOVER AND JOHN RICHARDSON GLOVER
SKETCHBOOK, A YOUNG ARTIST DETERMINED TO HIT OFF A PICTURESQUE TREE PROPERLY
Pen, ink, grey and coloured washes
18 cm x 26 cm
National Library of Australia
Rex Nan Kivell Collection

While artist's notations on colour are not unusual in sketchbooks, what is unusual is Constable's scientific concern for the direction of the wind and the actual movement of the clouds which he had been trained to interpret as a miller's son. Constable's sense of place is also important and we know that he made direct use of these naturalistic observations in his exhibited works. What interested Constable was not the static picture but the impression of transient effects such as weather and it was this, or 'the chiaroscuro of nature', that he laboured to catch. If we compare Constable's naturalistic and scientifically observed cloudscape with one of Glover's sketches the difference in perception becomes clear, for Glover was also in the habit of making notes in his sketchbooks, but the intention there was purely picturesque and not scientific. If we compare a page from Glover's Lake District sketchbook of 1805 with Constable's *Clouds* we can see how generalized are both Glover's description and drawing. The description that accompanies Glover's conventional outline drawing of Lake Windermere is the following: 'An evening sky — the lights very brilliant — yellowish — the clouds dark but clear — thinnest and warmest at top — the lower greys remarkably pearly and grey — the mountains purple and yellowish in light — the shadows clear blue.'

While Glover's description is appreciative and sensitive, he is clearly interested in colouring and tone only, and the description lacks the scientific accuracy of that of Constable. In his lectures on the art of landscape painting, Constable insisted that painting was 'scientific' as well as poetic. The poetic aspect of painting was readily accepted in his day but he found that he had to underline the necessity of scientific observation. In his fourth lecture, delivered at the Royal Institution, Constable emphasized that: 'Painting is a science, and should be pursued as an inquiry into the laws of nature. Why, then, may not landscape painting be considered as a branch of natural philosophy, of which pictures are but the experiments?'[9]

Constable's sketches and, in this instance the cloudscape, can be seen as scientific experiments and 'as an inquiry into the laws of nature'. When we compare Constable's sketch with Glover's we can also see that the Glover lacks an interest in movement and drama, which is another of Constable's major concerns. Glover's sketch is static and picturesque and within the formulae of the time. Constable, on the other hand, isolates in his

[9] C. R. Leslie: op. cit. p.323.

sketch the determining factor of any landscape — the clouds, which as he so often claimed formed the 'sentiment' and 'key-note' of any landscape. Constable also identified the clouds at Hampstead with similar formations he had seen at the coast of Osmington, which is where his best friend, John Fisher, lived.

This naturalistic and empirical trend in Constable was in direct opposition to current taste as represented by Sir George Beaumont and Glover. The British Institution at that period held competitions for British artists to paint pendants to famous masterpieces by seventeenth-century artists like Claude and Poussin and these competitions were a direct encouragement for British artists to model themselves on the style of Old Masters. Turner himself contributed such pendant pictures, his *Crossing the brook* of 1815 being based on Claude's *Hagar and the angel* (now in the London National Gallery) which was owned by Sir George Beaumont. (So attached was Sir George to this small Claude that he had a special rack fitted to his carriage so that it could travel with him wherever he went). Even imitation of the Old Masters was not without its problems, however, for Sir George, who was one of the Directors of the British Institution, found Turner's *Crossing the brook* too free an interpretation of the master's style and pronounced it of 'a pea-green insipidity'. Glover also exhibited at the British Institution from 1810 to 1827 and some of the titles of his pictures betray their Old Master origins. In 1815, the year that Turner exhibited *Crossing the brook,* Glover exhibited *Jacob taking charge of the flocks and herds of Laban* and, in 1817, *Cephalus and Procris.*[10] The Art Gallery of New South Wales has one of Glover's classicizing landscapes known as *Landscape with ruins and a distant view of the sea.* Glover executed a great number of these large machines with classical ruins, views of the Roman *campagna* with the adjunct of mythological figures in the foreground *a la* Claude.[11] Glover's last entry to the British Institution, in 1827, would have been similar to *Landscape with ruins and a distant view of the sea,* revealing its Claudean origins in both title and format: *Tivoli; the Temples of the Sybil and Vesta the campagna with St Peter's in the distance.* This fully reflects the aims of the British Institution to establish a British School on the secure tradition of the Old Masters.

Romantic artists like Constable were totally opposed to these aims as were critics like William Hazlitt. In 1814 Hazlitt wrote the following criticism of the annual British Institution exhibition: '. . . though the historical department is quite as respectably filled, there is not the same proportion of pleasing representations *of common life,* and *natural scenery.* In spite of certain classical prejudices, we should be sorry to see this school neglected for the pursuit of prize-medals and *epic mottos,* which look well in the catalogue. . . . But we are, we confess, so little refined in our taste, as to prefer *a good imitation of common nature to a bad imitation of the highest,* or rather to an imitation of nothing.'[12] (My own italics.)

Hazlitt was here voicing the romantic point of view shared by some of the Romantic poets and by Constable. Romantic artists were tired of the outworn classical clichés confected each year by the Academy and the British Institution and they demanded more truth to nature and less histrionics, as did Hazlitt. In 1810 Wordsworth in his pamphlet on the Lake District stressed a similar interest in realism and a closer observation of local scenery. He claimed in opposition to the popular picturesque tours of the Lakes that it was necessary to develop: '. . . habits of more exact and considerate observation than . . . have hitherto been applied to local scenery'.[13]

This attitude is paralleled by Wordsworth's insistence, in the 'Preface' to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads,* of 1800, that poetry should concern itself with the events of common life as presented in the language spoken by ordinary people, rather than the elevated subjects and elaborated style of Neoclassical poetry. Constable was trying to effect a similar revolution in the field of painting and his letters are a constant reminder of his struggle with an unappreciative public.

Constable gives us an account of a confrontation with a connoisseur who, after viewing his works, claimed that Constable had 'lost his way'. Constable writes: 'I told him that I had, perhaps, other notions of art than picture admirers have in general. I looked on pictures (Old Masters) as *things to be avoided,* connoisseurs looked on them as things to be *imitated;* and that, too, with such a deference and humbleness of submission, amounting to a total prostration of mind and original feeling, as must serve only to fill the world with abortions . . . What a sad thing is it that this lovely art is so wrested to its own destruction! Used only to blind our eyes, and to prevent us from seeing the sun shine — the fields bloom — the trees blossom — and from hearing the foliage rustle; while old-black-rubbed out and dirty canvases take the place of God's own works.'[14]

Certainly, by the third decade of the nineteenth century taste was gradually changing but, unfortunately, not soon enough for Constable who died in 1837. By the 1830s and 1840s the middle classes were entering the art market to a greater extent and John Ruskin's fiery *Modern Painters,* begun in 1843, is an index of the middle-class demand for naturalism. By the 1820s the huge classicizing machines encouraged by the British Institution were already out-of-date and this might provide one of the reasons for John Glover's emigration to Tasmania.[15] Glover's art had never been considered high art although it did cater for a conservative taste. His pictures were known jokingly at the Royal Academy as 'Glover's annual manufactury' and it was said that he could turn these over at the rate of one a week.[16] Glover had nothing more to gain from London and significantly his one distinct honour had been won not in London, but in Paris, in 1814, where Louis XVIII gave him the gold medal for exhibiting a pastiche of both Poussin and Claude which he had executed in front of these masters' works at the Louvre.[17]

Tasmania certainly seems to have agreed with Glover, and his work there is distinct from his English work. So great is the difference that it is possible to break up Glover's *oeuvre* into two — the English Glover and the Australian Glover (excepting the nostalgia pictures of European scenery which Glover painted for expatriates in Tasmania). In most cases we can see a marked improvement and a greater simplicity; so strange was the new scenery that it seems to have broken the classical preconceptions to a certain extent. Glover should be given full credit for this re-orientation late in life. Not all artists at this stage were able to forsake old habits on arrival in Australia. For instance, Conrad Martens, once in Sydney, continued to manufacture romantic and vague simulations of Turner's

[10] B. S. Long: op. cit., pp.39,41.

[11] Glover was also in the habit of exhibiting these large works at 16 Old Bond Street from 1820 onwards, in a gallery specially set up where he would hand his own works next to choice examples of the Old Masters such as Poussin and Claude and the 18th century English landscapist, Wilson. Glover had even been presumptuous enough to invite Turner to join him in the profitable venture and was deservedly rebuffed. See J. L. Roget: *A History of the Old Water Colour Society.* London, 1891 (reprint Antique Collector's Club 1972), pp.404-5.

[12] William Hazlitt: 'British Institution 1814' published in the *Morning Chronicle,* 5 Feb. 1814. Reprinted in the *Complete Works of William Hazelitt* ed. P. P. Howe (London, 1933), vol. 18, p.10.

[13] William Wordsworth: *A Guide through the District of the Lakes* (London, 1951), p.55. (See also J. Hayes: 'The Encouragement of British Art' *Apollo,* Nov. 1967, for an account of the contemporary attitude to English Landscape.)

[14] C. R. Leslie: op. cit. p.218.

[15] So far it has been suggested that his departure might have been due to the migration to Australia by his three sons prior to his own departure.

[16] For the Academy's adverse response to Glover see J. L. Roget, op. cit. p.405.

[17] B. S. Long, op. cit. pp.15-16.

JOHN GLOVER LANDSCAPE WITH RUINS AND A DISTANT VIEW OF THE SEA (*c.*1829)
Oil on canvas 149 cm x 204 cm
Art Gallery of New South Wales

European watercolours.

A sketchbook in the Nan Kivell Collection in Canberra provides an indication of Glover's interest and response to his new environment. On the front inside cover of this sketchbook and on the back, Glover's son, John Richardson Glover, who was an amateur artist, has commented on the European artist's dilemma when confronted with the Australian experience.[18] Glover junior has added three caricatures to his father's sketchbook which seem to regard with amusement (or bemusement?) the artist's entry into a primitive and strange environment. John Glover junior's caricatures comment on the problems of adjustment of which Glover senior was also aware. The most telling of these caricatures represents the artist's response to what was become the symbol of the Australian landscape, the gum-tree. *A young artist determined to hit off a picturesque tree properly* shows us the artist, with tails flying, literally hitting-off or jousting with the rather unpicturesque trunk of a gum. The dilemma clearly for Glover was how to 'hit-off' in an acceptable way the unaccustomed and, to European eyes, unpicturesque gum-tree. We know now that his solution was to make a virtue of its defects by exaggerating the sinuous and snaking structure of the trees as in *The River Nile from Mr Glover's farm* (at the National Gallery of Victoria), where the trees and branches form snaking arabesques and where the abstract patterns attempt to bestow a gracefulness on the otherwise brittle forms.

Most writers on Australian art are now in agreement that Glover was the first to attempt a realistic representation of the bush. In fact had Glover not emigrated to Australia at the ripe old age of sixty-three, he would not be remembered as well as he is today — his fate would have been similar to that of many another provincial landscapist of the eighteenth century.

For Glover's arrival in Tasmania promoted a new style and a fresh interpretation of the bizarre scenery in which he found himself. Glover's observation of the singular nature of the gum-tree is not only recorded in the above caricature, but also in a catalogue entry of 1835: 'There is a remarkable peculiarity in the Trees in this country; however numerous, they rarely prevent you tracing through them the whole Country.'[19]

As Glover here observed, the character of Australian foliage was quite different in its distribution of masses; the landscape could be viewed through the sparse trees thus offering less contrast than in European scenery. This written observation was not lost on the artist. We have only to look at his Australian works

like his *Australian landscape with cattle* to see that the trees are less bulky and opaque than their European counterparts. When we compare it with *The road in the Pyrenees* we notice that Glover tends to flatten the perspective in his Australian scenes. He no longer obeys the distinct but gradual divisions of planes as he did in the works inspired by Claude. The light in his Australian landscapes is brighter and sharper and the clouds are higher in the skies, something one notices when returning to Australia from Europe — in comparison with those of England, Australian skies seem vast as a result of higher cloud formations.

Glover's Tasmanian sketches and oil paintings reflect a lyrical response to his new surroundings and in front of such works as *Mount Wellington with orphan asylum* with its golden rainbow over the lush green mountainscape, one cannot help thinking that the artist felt he was at last in the promised land. This landscape reveals a primeval glimpse of nature and unlike classicizing landscapes, the signs of habitation are not obvious at first glance; we have to strain to pick out the tiny white speck of the orphan asylum in the midst of the hills. Perhaps there is a trace here of his awed feelings when confronting virtually unpopulated panorama, the landscapes with brilliant blue skies seem to express a *horror vacui*. These landscapes are quite unlike the tradition-filled and populated scenes of the Italianate landscape painting from Claude and Poussin onwards.

Glover's own farm evinced a most lyrical and direct response and resulted in one of the finest pictures. In both the sketch and the finished work we can see that he is working directly from the motif, and that no preconceptions intervene. The flatness of the foreground is not interrupted by the usual classicizing devices at the sides. If we compare Glover's house with his English sketches and oils we can see that he has rid himself of eighteenth-century conventions and artificiality. The Australian scenes, such as the *Mount Wellington with orphan asylum*, have a refreshing *naïveté* about them, and Constable's note of derision concerning the Invalid's unjustified epithet and praise of 'our own Glover' (that is the English Glover) can now be reconsidered. While we might be in agreement with Constable's judgement of Glover's English style, we can now see that Glover's consciously Australian work was a brave departure from this mode. It is as an Australian artist that Glover makes his mark and as such he can rightly be claimed as the first artist to try to accommodate himself to an Australian vision. The Glover exhibition which toured Australia during 1978 clearly demonstrated the artist's pictorial transition from old world to new.

[18] Two of Glover's sons were artists (see B. S. Long, op. cit., p.22).

[19] *A Catalogue of Sixty Eight Pictures, Descriptive of the Scenery and Customs of the Inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, together with views in England, Italy, etc. Painted by John Glover, Esq.,* Now exhibiting at No. 106, New Bond Street, London, 1935, p.8, no.36.

A forgotten masterpiece of stained glass

Robert Holden

The art of stained-glass window design and manufacture has, of late, seen something of a revival here in Australia. Furthermore, interest in the Australian holdings of past masters has occasioned such notices as Kenneth Goodwin's article on Morris & Co.'s Adelaide patron *(ART and Australia* March 1971) and the National Gallery of Victoria's 1977 exhibition of Mervyn Napier Waller's art, which featured cartoons for stained-glass window designs by this rediscovered Australian artist. Indeed, Waller's work in this particular medium, and that of his wife, Christian Yandell, give as unique a distinction to Melbourne as do the Morris windows to Adelaide.

It is further afield that our eyes must turn, to Brisbane of the 1920s, to find another example of stained-glass art that is equally deserving of rediscovery — the Mayne family triptych in St Stephen's Cathedral, designed by the Irishman, Harry Clarke. Indeed, it has been said of Harry Clarke's stained-glass work that it 'knock['s] the William Morris and Burne-Jones windows hollow'.[1]

The Maynes, one of the founding families of Brisbane, were long regarded as leaders of that city, not only for the public and private offices that they held but also for their noted benefactions. Patrick Mayne was an alderman in Brisbane's first municipal council and had the suburb Mayne Junction named after him. His son, Dr James O'Neil Mayne, continued the family tradition of public spiritedness and, while he was a resident medical officer and superintendent of the Brisbane General Hospital, defrayed the cost of its first X-ray plant and spent the salary he received during his thirteen years at that institution on improvements to the buildings and grounds. After his retirement in 1904 he continued to distribute similar benefactions from his magnificent home *Moorlands,* where he died on 1 February 1939. Perhaps his most esteemed benefaction, the purchase of two hundred acres of land in 1926 as the site for a University, has tended to overshadow his other less spectacular gifts. It is, in fact, the purpose of this article to bring before the public gaze once again one of these 'lesser' benefactions — a stained-glass triptych erected to the memory of his brothers in St Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane.

In April 1922 St Stephen's Cathedral was finally completed when the area from the transept to the High Altar was added. All that was now needed to enhance the whole was a suitable stained-glass window above this altar. This addition was soon provided by Dr Mayne and a sister, Emelia Mary Mayne, who were desirous of erecting a memorial window for their brothers, William and Isaac. Like their brother and two sisters, William and Isaac had never married. William was a noted sportsman and Isaac a solicitor.

The then Roman Catholic Archbishop of Brisbane, Dr Duhig, was scheduled for an overseas trip later in 1922 and was given a free hand to choose and purchase a window for the Mayne family. In his diary for 9 August 1922 Archbishop Duhig recorded his visit to the Clarke stained-glass studio in Dublin.

Windows were duly designed, executed and shipped to Australia, where the ceremony of unveiling and dedicating was performed by an Apostolic Delegate in Brisbane at the time, Monsignor Cattaneo, on 10 June 1923. In his occasional sermon Archbishop Duhig referred to the triptych as 'one of the finest samples of stained-glass work that has ever been imported into Australia'.[2]

The subject is the Ascension of Christ into Heaven with that figure centrally placed over a jewelled sea of clouds. On each side are gathered the Apostles (eleven, without Judas) with the Virgin looking on. The angels, in the upper portion of the window, are seen bearing instruments of the Passion, glorified now by the touch of Christ's sacred humanity. Overall, it is a dramatic composition but Duhig's

opposite

JOHN GLOVER THE ROAD IN THE PYRENEES (*c.*1840)
74 cm x 112 cm
Ballarat Fine Art Gallery, Ballarat
Gift of Robert Scott 1924

[1] 'Professor Patrick Abercrombie' quoted in *Irish Stained Glass* (James White and Michael Wynne, Gill & Son, Dublin, 1963), p.13.
[2] *Age,* Brisbane, 16 June 1923, p.8.

concluding remark has, regrettably, failed to eventuate, for he expressed a hope that 'Mr Clarke's work would become more widely known and more deeply appreciated in Australia'.[3]

It is now more than fifty years since this magnificent window was unveiled and a new assessment of this national treasure is long overdue.

Generally speaking, Harry Clarke (1889-1931) is best known to the *cognoscente* as a book illustrator, who produced his finest work in the black-and-white medium in a style somewhat akin to that of Aubrey Beardsley, 'Alastair' and John Austen; but if Clarke was a product of the post-war Art Nouveau revival he soon forged a distinctive and individual style that marked him out as a brilliant draughtsman with an uncanny command of pen and ink. As one could expect from an artist who mastered two mediums there is an overlapping of vision and approach. Thus his ink work, as well as his stained-glass designs, display a predilection for incredibly fine filigree detail and almost hypnotic sunbursts of mandala-like ornamentation. He sets strong, straight lines (both vertical and diagonal) soaring through his work, often using an extended, rigid arm with attenuated fingers to direct the eye across the composition. Almost invariably the faces are sharply defined, with aquiline noses and mesmerizing eyes — theatrical, dramatic, flamboyant and tremendously effective in his windows as much as in his book illustrations to such works as Edgar Allen Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* (1919) and *Faust* (1925). In whatever medium he worked Harry Clarke always displayed an awareness of the mystery and splendour of his subject.

The Clarke Studios were actually founded in 1886 and are still in operation today. It was here in his father's studio that Harry Clarke first learnt the rudiments of the stained-glass art. His evening art classes, however, soon gave way to full-time study as his early maturing talent was displayed, and enabled him to win awards and recognition. A recent book on Irish stained-glass has, in fact, credited Harry Clarke with the accolade of being one of the major designers of stained-glass windows in this century.[4]

Thereafter Harry Clarke rejected the nineteenth-century idea of stained-glass design with its emphasis upon white, silvery-green and golden-yellow colours alone and instead embraced a much fuller spectrum of colours borrowed from the great Gothic windows of the Middle Ages. He thus introduced deeper tones of red, brightened with soft yellows, and stronger purples and greens. This meant that his windows had a shorter 'life span' when their full glory could be appreciated in a certain light. Lesser windows may 'light' weakly all day but Harry Clarke's smoulder until the right moment and then burst into passionate glory.

Clarke knew that the lead joints must be placed with a full comprehension of abstract values and contribute to a rhythm and harmony, together with the painted lines and actual colours of the design. The whole would be set within an appropriate window shape, and that within the architectural design of the church. All these qualities and abilities are displayed in the Mayne family windows in St Stephen's Cathedral, windows which, arguably, are among the finest to be seen in Australia today.

From a stippled foreground of almost filigree detail the darker earthbound colours lighten and ascend through flashes of warm brilliance to a heaven of more open and less demanding design. In dramatic contrast to this ascent are placed the strong diagonal lines of supplicating hands reaching from the Apostles in both flanking panels and meeting in a passionate focus on the figure of Christ. Momentarily we can appreciate the almost Byzantine-like splendour of the red-and-crimson gown on Christ's right and the gold-and-amber one on His left. Our eyes then inexorably follow the tension of the whole composition; the piercing gaze of the Apostles and their upturned vision becomes ours, to dwell in turn on the less ornate and therefore more restful figure of Christ who actually appears to be standing out in relief from the rest of the triptych and imparting a sense of movement to the whole. This remarkable effect is very largely achieved through the use of the fiery colour of the sky directly beneath Christ's feet. This part of the design is always, or so it appears to the eye, in such a constant state of scintillating splendour that the figure of Christ seems to rise forward and above the flaming sky.

It is debatable whether Harry Clarke actually realized the searching brilliance his design would be subjected to by the Australian sun. Whether or not, the great subtlety of colouring used yet remains individualized.

In Australia, where such natural light should tempt more appreciation and use of stained glass, Harry Clarke's work should not go unnoticed or forgotten.

[3] *ibid.*
[4] *ibid.*

HARRY CLARKE TRIPTYCH, ST STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, BRISBANE

Photograph by Richard Stringer

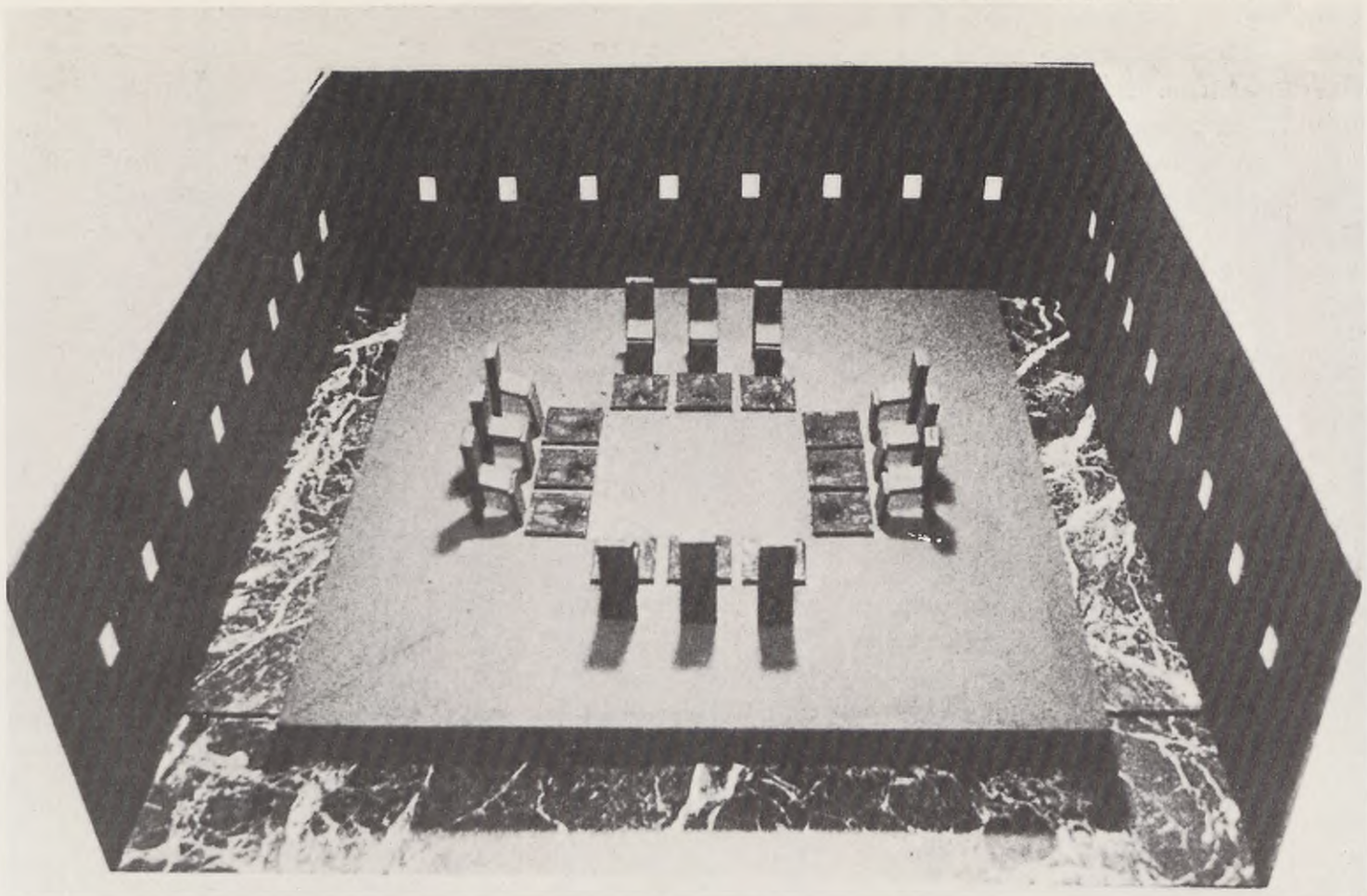
Kunst-im-Kopf and mess-media in Kassel

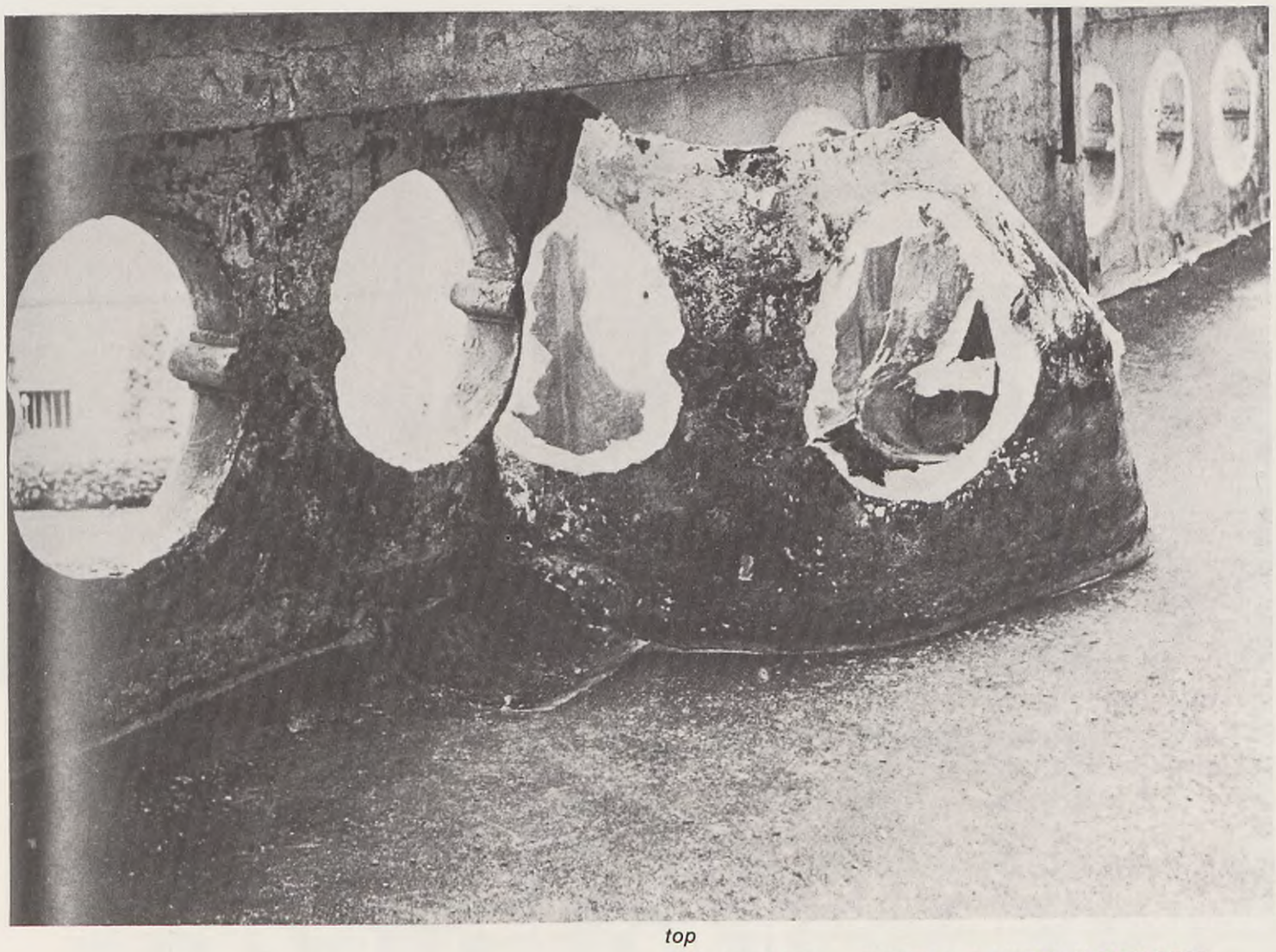
Ronald Millen

European attention has shifted to Kassel's quadrennial 'Documenta' which claims to be most fully representative of current trends. And trendy it is. The 1977 'Documenta 6' had a theme: the Place and Value of Art in a Media Society. According to the organizers the art of the 1970s opposes and challenges the mass-media world. If this show is the proof, the hell it does: never have so many TV sets been assembled under one roof since Mac's Giant TV Drive-in Supermart opened in the X-ville suburbs — all showing video-filmed, bright-coloured, abstract pastiches or parodies of commercial TV pap with about as much anti-media punch as the latest girlie-pix-*cum*-homemakers-hints mag. Some of it was really *avant-garde* — when it was done in the abstract-film experiments of the 1940s. Some had some of the zip and zap of really far-out, big-store window-dressing: the notorious shaman (talented?) Nam June Paik's potted-plants-plus-multiple-small-video-screens-in-a-pool tropical garden in the dark, with mechanical video-images going through cyclical-set distortions to a medley of pop and classic and pop-classic music (some with that familiar bared-bosom cello stuff) accompanied by a catalogue entry citing Beethoven, Bertrand Russell, Cage, Heidegger, Husserl, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Norbert Wiener, Ockeghem, Pascal, Stockhausen, and the nervous system of animals. The *Duchampiana: nude descending a staircase* of Shigeko Kubota (b. 1937, lives in New York) was just that, subjecting a model to all sorts of polarization, solarization and what-not processes in an attempt to answer the catalogue queries, 'Is Video the Revenge of the Vagina? Is Video the Victory of the Vagina? Is there Sex after Death?'. If all this is proclaimed to be anti-mass media to salve the consciences of the Kassel Socialist city administration and the mixed-up kids of the never-had-it-so-good German universities, the pretence falls flat on its face (or backwards) with the pastiches of *2001: A Space Odyssey* such as the one by Ron Hays (b. 1944, Omaha) to the accompaniment of *Tristan and Isolde* mauled and moaned by Lennie Bernstein. The lot of it was dreary, tedious, drab, repetitious, boringly anti-thought (remember *Fahrenheit 451?*) with the same kind of technical slickness combined with soft-brained amateur ideas so often found currently in the graphic arts, and all of it given official encouragement: the hand-held camera in the hands of the hand-held artist.

It was almost a relief to stumble through the gloom into the Nazi — oops! excuse me, East German — rooms with their 1933-45 nostalgic glorification, this time in the name of Socialism without the adjective, of the macho-nude bursting out all over with *Kraft durch Arbeit* and The Struggle Against (Our) Nazi Past in huge canvases with high-gloss-reproduction-type colours laid on hard and brittle and thick in messy brush-strokes (very masculine, that) in a boring, embarrassing and shameless harking back to the Neue Sachlichkeit of the 1920s as given official sanction after 1933. Social Realism in one form or another, especially if filthy-minded (any porn *geht gut* if you can stick a swastika on the vagina), has an appeal even in West Germany, which should know better (horrible example: one, Wolf Vostel), and I am informed that the art and art-historical students have a special fascination with American Ash-Can School and WPA realism.

Happy the art reviewer who contrives to be present at the opening in Kassel and is wined, dined, and rendered blind, because the public who come later and pay their money, after pushing their way through the stench of hamburgers and hot-dogs and pot and patchouli and unwashed youths of several sexes flogging used clothes (rags) swarming the steps of the main exhibition building with official tolerance, find dirty, drab, dusty, dingy, claustrophobic, labyrinthine, jumble-sale rooms with half the video machines not functioning, paint peeling, paper ripped, labels lost, and a general shabbiness settled down over it all which must have been present from the beginning though concealed under the crypto-commercialism of the inauguration. When I saw the show, with a bit of luck one could still grope one's way up and down innumerable staircases and ramps to a few interesting contributions, though in this over-stuffed fun-fair few works could make any point at all, even when given a room to themselves. In this the organizers showed the same lack of judgement of which they have been accused since the first 'Documenta' in 1955. If not as overtly oriented to the big-name international galleries as the annual commercial exhibitions at Basel, Düsseldorf and Bologna, this reduction of all works and media to the same level, this noise and the obsessionally repeated visual movements, this tedious insistence on *Erotik und Politik,* this clutter and confusion are equally designed to 'sell', to sell an ideology based on paralysis of the brain to the new, not-buying clientele being wooed for reasons having nothing to do with reason: that all-powerful, impotent group





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JOCHEN GERZ THE TRANS-SIBERIAN PROSPECT,
MODEL 1977 Mixed Media

above

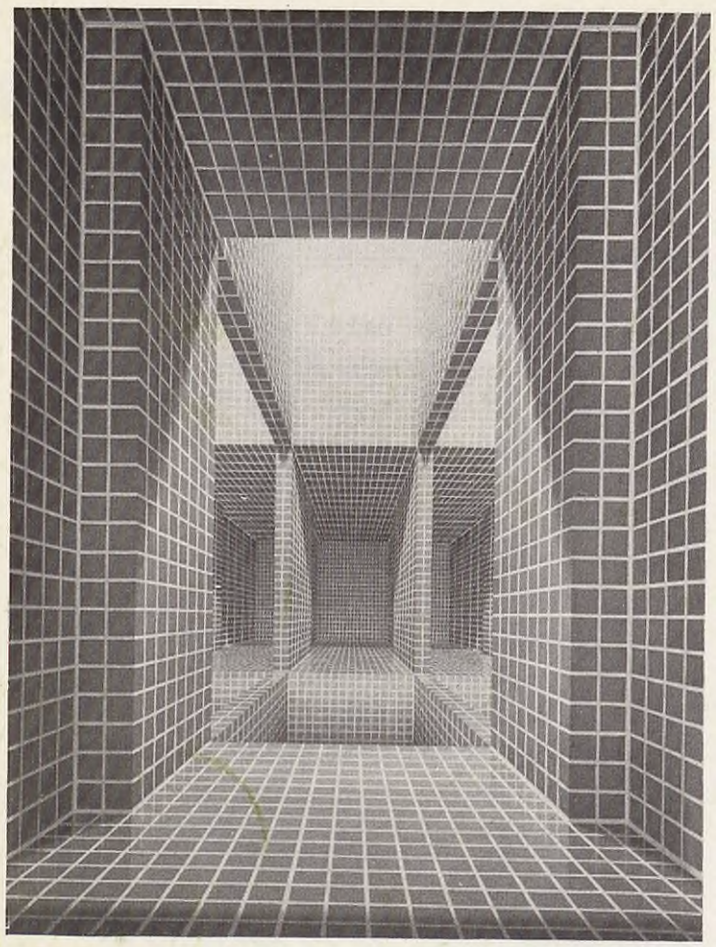
DOROTHEE VON WINDHEIM BALCONY BALUSTRADE
(1976)
Plaster surface in process of being peeled off
58 cm x 400 cm Photographs by Bazzechi

that gets by on the magic name of (gulp!) YOUTH.

Like Bach played by Karajan, good art triumphs over circumstances; a number of younger Germans were worth seeing. Interestingly, many of them had spent some time as guests of a remarkable, miniature, but non-government, German Villa Medici, the Villa Romana in Florence once frequented by Käthe Kollwitz, Barlach, Beckmann, Böcklin, Hildebrand, Max Klinger, and Klimt. Diversified and advanced as these artists are, they have shaken off the vulgar naturalism of so much post-war German art, are largely non-figurative — a-figurative would be truer because the human is always lurking just outside the work — yet retain something of the poetry, though not the idiom and tension, of Expressionism and, at the same time, seem not unmoved by the great tradition of Italy. In one way or another most of the best fit under the generic heading of *Kunst-im-Kopf* and in the Kassel catalogue (3 volumes, some 1,400 pages, 7 kilos) were grouped with the title of *Schöne Wissenschaften oder die Archäologie des Humanen,* reflecting a serious desire and search for a very new kind of figuration based not so much on the *seen* as on the *understood.* A cool art, scientific, archaeological, with a balanced dosage of conceptualism and art (in the sense of *making*), it could not have come into existence without the new passionate interest in the history of art and the expensive coffee-table books and vast exhibitions that have opened to us one world after another, from the Hittites to the Italian Mannerists, from the Scythians to the Ossianites.

Not an exclusively German movement, one aspect of it — *Spurensicherung* (preservation or recovery of things past or lost or ephemeral: 'human ecology' perhaps) — is well represented by the American Charles Simonds (b.1945) with his miniature habitations for an invented people, the more anthropological-minded Italian Claudio Costa (b.1942), and especially the French Anne and Patrick Poirier (both b.1942) whose *City of the Auses,* based on Herodotus, models on a very large table a huge mythical classical city destroyed by flood, using entirely sheets of cork uniformly blackened by charcoal. Black and brooding in an amber-lit gloom simulating an apocalyptic desert sun, its miniature-scale vastness evokes qualities with which we have become unfamiliar except in museum art or, in a sense, science-fiction films: grandiosity and poetry.

There is something related, with the balance more tipped to Conceptualism, in the works of the German Nikolaus Lang (b.1941, lives in Bavaria and St Ives) where the Poiriers'



HANS-PETER REUTER CITY BATHS WITHOUT THING (1973)
Oil on canvas 200 cm x 150 cm
Photograph by Hans-Peter Reuter

Herodotus is replaced by anthropology and geology. I have seen his work elsewhere (in Florence, in an excellent show of recent German art organized by the Villa Romana, which would travel well to Australia) and am much impressed by his personal mythology, especially in the work done in Japan. Starting with found objects from the Miura peninsula south of Tokyo — plastic balls, straw, pumice, snake skins, impressions in mud, feathers, beetles, bits of cloth, bottles, a dead bird — he arranges these with infinite and sensitive care in beautifully crafted boxes in what is obviously for him a personal ritual association, accompanied by memorial tablets in Japanese and scrolls in English covered with a superbly controlled calligraphy.

Jochen Gerz (b.1940 in Berlin, lives in Paris) had an entire room in which to record his sixteen-day journey from Moscow across Siberia and back with the windows claustrophobically blacked out and with, for reading, only Diderot's *Rameau's Nephew* and the *Voyage around my Room* by Xavier de Maistre. The exhibit consisted of twelve stylized, uncomfortable-looking chairs, each preceded by one of the slates on which he rested his feet during the day; openings in the dark wall stood for the windows that looked out on nothing. A text deliberately introduces ambiguity as to whether he really made this space-ship-type journey or not. A haunting attempt to introduce into visual art the unexplored subject of the journey, of the motionless movement to which modern transport has accustomed us.

A professional restorer, Dorothee von Windheim (b.1945), uses the technique of detaching frescoes to remove sections of old wall-plastering with the marks of time and abuse, then utilizes them to make relief hangings part mechanical, part accidental, and all of them highly poetic images of decay revived.

Painting and sculpture as such were of virtually no importance in Kassel. Significantly, the most impressive were the perspective hallucinations of Hans-Peter Reuter (b.1942), metaphysical images of a modern public world where real and unreal are confused in the steam of a public bath — except there is no steam and everything is as sharp as architectural drawing. Originally conceived as bath-house scenes for figures, the human little by little retreated leaving only walls, floors, ceilings of uniformly coloured and shaped machine-made tiles, except that some are real tiles and most are not but are obsessively painted facsimiles on canvas set up to form perspective vistas of simultaneously real and false public baths and toilets, all immaculate, never a graffito, but a new-old exploration of three-dimensionality with the haunting overtone of imperturbable emptiness and with an inexorably unfulfilled Surrealistic expectation of the return of human life to the scene: the gas chamber? Kafka's castle in a public loo?

Elsewhere in Kassel Duchamp, not Dada, rode again. The book-as-object show was titillating and probably more imaginative (certainly more aesthetic fun — and what's wrong with that?) than all the dutiful Big Exhibits and its nonsense made more rhyme and reason than all the TV screens, and a more meaningful commentary on present culture and the mass media. 'Books' made out of every sort of material, subjected to every sort of indignity and metamorphosed into objects of scorn or objects of poetry or objects with no meaning other than their own: pages hollowed out into forms, volumes doused in plaster, printed or written with non-words, torn into shreds, folded into shapes, combined into assemblages — there is no end of things a boy can do with his book. And still make something delightful. Deservedly there was a special room for the Duchamp-of-the-Book, the Belgian Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76) with his visual and word puns, film-still tricks, invented alphabets, and generally brilliant irony.

Something rather similar was done with motor cars, some for real (the Ford Motor Company Design Center), some purely Utopian, lots for laughs, some menacing, some like latter-day Leonardo flying machines (among others, by the Antwerper, Panamarenko, b.1940).

A depressing contrast, the over-touted Josef Beuys: not as entertaining as the most poker-faced nineteenth-century solemn monument, over-effortful, not so much thoughtless as plain dumb; phony spontaneity hardened into the most rigid system, repetitious to the point of vacuity, boring as by definition art should never be, it all comes out as overblown unyoung unfresh unimpertinent Dada of a particularly ponderous dullness, about as piquant as a forty-five-minute fugue by Max Reger on a tiny tune by Mozart. And the worst of it is, every German and Swiss museum wastes valuable space on this oh-so-dead end.

Happenings and Events and Body Exhibitions there were, too — but not for the visitors at the height of the season. Whatever their politics, all Europeans go bourgeois when it comes time for summer hols, and the Happeners seem to have preferred exhibiting themselves on the Costa Brava beaches along with the beer-swilling *polloi* who work for a living.

Fine and Decorative Art, October, 1978.

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GALLERY HOURS:
Monday to Friday 10 a.m.-5 p.m.
Saturday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
Sunday 2 p.m.-5.30 p.m.

Gallery Directors
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VITA ENDELMANIS

"SECOND APPROACH TO LITTLE HELL"
105 cm x 90 cm

Photography BARI AVERY

EXHIBITION
19th APRIL - 9th MAY 1979

MUNSTER ARMS GALLERY

102 — 104 LITTLE BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE. 3000. TELEPHONE 663 1436

DALY'S GOLD Acrylic on canvas 670 cm x 795 cm

Rogue's March, 1788

The great epic of Australia's first year expressed in
24 Major works. Max Gosewinckel Exhibition March-April 1979

Strawberry Hill Gallery. 533 Elizabeth St., Sydney. (02) 699 1005

Art Directory

Exhibitions, gallery acquisitions, recent gallery prices, recent art auctions, competitions and prizewinners

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EXHIBITIONS

This information is printed as supplied by both public and private galleries and thus responsibility is not accepted by the Editor for errors and changes. Conditions for acceptance of listings and fees chargeable may be obtained by writing to the Directory Editor.

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

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

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. 221 2712
Large selection of paintings by prominent Australian artists
Tuesday to Thursday: 1 p.m. — 6 p.m.
Tourist season: hours extended
Private viewing by appointment

BARRY'S ART GALLERY, 34 Orchid Avenue, Surfers Paradise 4217 Tel. (075) 31 5252
Constantly changing exhibitions of prominent early and contemporary artists — also important one-man exhibitions
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 4 p.m.

CREATIVE 92. 92 Margaret Street, Toowoomba 4350
Tel. (076) 32 8779. after hours 32 3196
Ever-changing exhibitions by Queensland and interstate artists and a fine display of top-quality pottery — dealers in antique maps and engravings
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) 45 8309
Constantly changing exhibition of works by Australian artists of significance
Daily: 11 a.m. — 5 p.m. (occasionally closed Monday during low-tourism season)

DESIGN ARTS CENTRE, 37 Leichardt Street, Spring Hill 4000
Tel. 221 2360
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 4 p.m.

DOWNS GALLERY AND ARTS CENTRE, 135 Margaret Street, Toowoomba 4350 Tel. (076) 32 4887
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Sunday: 1.30 p.m. — 5 p.m.

GRAPHICS GALLERY, 184 Moggill Road, Taringa 4068
Tel. 371 1175
Daily: 11 a.m. — 7 p.m.

INSTITUTE OF MODERN ART, 24 Market Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 229 5985
16 February — 10 March: Richard Dunn: Heuristic models and other works: 1976-1979
16 March — 10 April: Jill Scott — Artist in Residence: performance workshops and events
17 April — 17 May: Roger Kemp (also at St John's Cathedral, Brisbane); selected performance and other works by European artists represented in the Sydney Biennale (details available from IMA in early April)
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 5 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, Rees, De Silva, Harold Lane, Elizabeth Brophy, Diana Johnson — also new selection of graphics
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

McINNES GALLERIES, Rowes Arcade, 203 Adelaide Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 31 2262
2 — 14 April: Sally McClymont
20 April — 2 May: Ann Green
11 — 23 May: John Deane
1 — 14 June: Don Nielson
Monday to Friday: 9.30 a.m. — 4.30 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. — 11.30 a.m.

PHILIP BACON GALLERIES, 2 Arthur Street, New Farm 4005
Tel. 358 3993
April: Robert Dickerson
May: Ray Crooke
June: Tim Storrier
Tuesday 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
11 May — 10 June: Walter Burley Griffin
13 May — 8 June: Colonial Portrait Painters
11 — 29 June: Jaacov Agam
28 June — 22 July: Navajo Blankets
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. — 5 p.m.

RAY HUGHES GALLERY, 11 Enogerra Terrace, Red Hill 4000
Tel. 36 3757
24 March — 12 April: John Firth-Smith
14 April — 3 May: Peter Tyndall
5 — 24 May: Tony Bishop — sculpture
26 May — 14 June: John Lethbridge
16 June — 5 July: Rosalie Gascoigne — sculpture
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

ROCKHAMPTON ART GALLERY, City Hall, Bolsover Street, Rockhampton 4700 Tel. (079) 27 6444
Ever-changing exhibitions and display of permanent collection of Australian art
Monday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. — 4 p.m.
Wednesday: 7 p.m. — 8.30 p.m.

STUDIO ZERO, 2 Venice Street, Mermaid Beach, Gold Coast 4218 Tel. (075) 31 6109
Continuous mixed exhibitions of Australian artists — original paintings, serigraphs and sculpture
Thursday to Sunday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.

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

UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM, Forgan-Smith Building, University of Queensland, St Lucia 4067 Tel. 377 3048
13 April — 13 May: Weaver Hawkins
13 June — 5 July: Ethel Carrick Fox
29 June — 29 July: The Making of Art: MacPherson, Shepherdson, Staunton
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 4 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. — 5 p.m.

VERLIE JUST TOWN GALLERY, 77 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000 Tel. 229 1981
April: Louis James
May: Gary Baker
June: Irene Amos
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. 52 4761
April: Noela Hills; Peter Travis — ceramics
Tuesday — 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
Continuous exhibition of traditional paintings and sculpture

ARGYLE PRIMITIVE ART GALLERY, Argyle Art Centre, 18 Argyle Street, Sydney 2000 Tel. 241 1853
Changing exhibition of authentic ethnic art and craft from Aboriginal Australia, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands
Daily: 10 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.

ARMIDALE CITY ART GALLERY, Rusden Street, Armidale 2350 Tel. (067) 72 2264
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. 427 0322
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
3 February — 25 March: Master Drawings from Russia
7 February — 25 March: Bessie Gibson
3 March — 1 April: Navajo Blankets
13 April — 27 May: Biennale '79 — Dialogue with Europe
2 June — 8 July: Australian Pictorial Photography
10 June — 15 July: Project 30: Imants Tillers
16 June — 8 July: Genesis of a Gallery — Part II
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
28 February — 31 March: Australian Photography — A Contemporary View
4 April — 26 May: Sydney Biennale — European and Australian Photography
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

BARRY STERN GALLERIES, 19 Glenmore Road, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 7676, 357 5492
Daily: 11.30 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.

BARRY STERN GALLERIES, 42 Gurner Street, Paddington, 2021 Tel. 358 5238
Daily: 11.30 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.

BARRY STERN GALLERIES, 1001a Pacific Highway, Pymble 2073 Tel. 449 8356
Daily: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.

BETH MAYNE'S STUDIO SHOP, Cnr Palmer and Burton Streets, Darlinghurst 2010 Tel. 357 6262
Constantly changing exhibition of smaller works by such artists as Ray Crooke, Ruth Julius, Hana Juskovic, Rah Fizelle, Clem Millward, Margaret Preston, Les Burcher, Francis Lymburner and Roland Wakelin
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

BLAXLAND GALLERY, Myer Sydney, 436 George Street, Sydney 2000 Tel. 238 9390
Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Thursday until 8.30 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. — noon
(during exhibitions only)

BLOOMFIELD GALLERIES, 17 Union Street, Paddington 2021
Tel. 31 3973
Tuesday to Saturday: 10.30 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.

COLLECTORS' GALLERY OF ABORIGINAL ART,
40 Harrington Street, Sydney 2000 Tel. 27 8492
Specializing in collectors' pieces of Aboriginal art — bark paintings, sculpture. Pintubi sand paintings
Monday to Friday: 9 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.

COVENTRY GALLERY, 56 Sutherland Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 7338
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

DAVID JONES' ART GALLERY, Elizabeth Street Store, Sydney 2000 Tel. 2 0664 Ext. 2109, 2205
Monday to Friday: 9.30 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Thursday until 8.45 p.m.
Saturday: 9 a.m. — 11.45 a.m.

GALA GALLERIES, 23 Hughes Street, Potts Point 2011
Tel. 358 1161
Monday to Friday: 6 p.m. — 10 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 1 p.m. — 9 p.m.

GALLERY A, 21 Gipps Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 9720
3 — 24 March: Virginia Cuppaidge
21 April — 12 May: Janet Dawson
16 June — 7 July: John Firth-Smith
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

GALLERY LA FUNAMBULE, 17 Cook's Crescent, Rosedale South, via Malua Bay 2536 Tel. (044) 71 7378
Saturday, Sunday and public holidays: 3 p.m. — 8 p.m. (from November to March: Wednesday to Sunday)

HOGARTH GALLERIES, 7 Walker Lane (opposite 6a Liverpool Street) Paddington 2021 Tel. 357 6839
April: Anthony Chan; Jeanne Eagen; Peter Tully
May: Garry Shead; Richard Liney — collages
June: Martin Sharp; David McDiarmid; Deidre Dowman — sculpture
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

HOLDSWORTH GALLERIES, 86 Holdsworth Street, Woollahra 2025 Tel. 32 1364
17 April — 4 May: Tonino Caputo; Joy Roggenkamp; Guy Boyd — sculpture
8 — 25 May: Robert Dickerson; Ben Shearer — tapestries
29 May — 15 June: Carole Lee-Simone; George Morant
19 June — 6 July: Michael Kmit; Greg Irvine — paintings and ceramic sculpture

KUNAMA GALLERIES, Kosciusko Road, East Jindabyne 2067 Tel. (0648) 62 308
Changing exhibition of works by Australian artists and potters — resident artist Alan Grosvenor
Wednesday to Monday: 9 a.m. — 5 p.m.

MACQUARIE GALLERIES, 40 King Street, Sydney 2000
Tel. 29 5787, 29 2810
April: Dusan Marek
May: Michael Shannon
June: Allan Mitelman
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 5 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
29 March — 29 April: Bessie Gibson; Canada's Quilts
5 April — 13 May: Lion Rugs from Fars
3 May — 3 June: Bourdelle sculptures and drawings
1 June — 1 July: Norman Lindsay — The Graphic Work
6 — 30 June: Weaver Hawkins
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 and public holidays: 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, 141 Dowling Street, Woolloomooloo 2011 Tel. 358 1919
31 March — 30 April: Early Sydney — etchings and photography
1 — 30 June: Daumier and Gavarni
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 6 p.m.

RAINSFORD GALLERY, 531A Sydney Road, Seaforth 2092
Tel. 94 4141
Wednesday to Friday: 11 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. — noon
Sunday: 2 p.m. — 5 p.m.

ROBIN GIBSON, 44 Gurner Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 31 2649
3 — 21 April: Emanuel Raft — painting and sculpture
24 April — 12 May: Lisa Dalton
15 May — 2 June: Noela Hills
5 — 23 June: Jonathon Dell
Tuesday to Saturday: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

RUDY KOMON ART GALLERY, 124 Jersey Road, Woollahra 2025 Tel. 32 2533
31 March — 25 April: Clifton Pugh
28 April — 23 May: Judy Cassab
26 May — 20 June: Peter Powditch
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.

ST GEORGE'S TERRACE GALLERY, Cnr Phillip Street and Wilde Avenue, Parramatta 2150 Tel. 633 3774
Tuesday to Sunday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.

SCULPTURE CENTRE, 3 Cambridge Street, The Rocks 2000
Tel. 241 2900
March — April: John Penny
April — May: 3rd Biennale of Sydney
June: Arthur Wicks
July: Brenden Murphy
Daily: 11 a.m. — 4 p.m.

STADIA GRAPHICS GALLERY, 85 Elizabeth Street, Paddington 2021 Tel. 326 2637
Thursday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 6 p.m.
Tuesday and Wednesday: by appointment

STRAWBERRY HILLS GALLERY, 533 — 535 Elizabeth Street South, Sydney 2012 Tel. 699 1005, 699 1972
3 — 17 April: Willian Drew; Patrick Sharpe — ceramics
2 — 11 May: Verdon Morcom; John Francken
5 — 15 June: Neville Connor
Tuesday to Sunday: 10 a.m. — 6 p.m.

SYDNEY GALLERY, 7 Victoria Street, Paddington 2021
Tel. 33 5688
27 March — 7 April: N.S.W. Printmakers
10 — 21 April: Veronika Kristensen
24 April — 5 May: Fernando Solano
22 May — 2 June: John Deane — sculpture
5 — 16 June: Neville Williams
Tuesday to Saturday 11 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

UMBERUMBERKA GALLERY, Rockvale Road, Armidale 2350
Tel. (067) 72 2876
Changing exhibitions of works by Sydney and local artists
Monday, Thursday, Friday: 10 a.m. — 3 p.m.
Saturday to Sunday: 2 p.m. — 5 p.m.

VON BERTOUCH GALLERIES, 61 Laman Street, Newcastle 2300 Tel. (049) 2 3584
Friday to Tuesday: noon — 6 p.m.
Or by arrangement

WATTERS GALLERY, 109 Riley Street, East Sydney 2010
Tel. 31 2556
11 — 21 April: John Nixon: Art Language; Cosi Fan Tutti and Genesis; P Orridge — performance
25 April — 12 May: Michael Ramsden; Helen Eager — prints
16 May — 3 June: Jon Plapp; Tony Coleing — sculpture
6 — 23 June: John Peart
3 — 24 June: Peter Cripps
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.

WORKSHOP ARTS CENTRE, 33 Laurel Street, Willoughby 2068 Tel. 95 6540
3 — 17 March: Kris Jenner
24 March — 7 April: Jean Birrell
21 April — 5 May: Beth Pike — sculpture; Warren Langley — leaded glass
12 — 26 May: Lori Sachs Memorial Exhibition*
2 — 16 June: Painting Students
23 June — 7 July: Student Printmakers
Monday to Thursday: 10 a.m. — 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. — 9 p.m.
Friday and Saturday: 10 a.m. — 4 p.m.
*Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 4 p.m.

A.C.T.

CHAPMAN GALLERY, 15 Beaumont Close, Canberra 2611
Tel. 88 8088
Wednesday to Friday: 1 p.m. — 6 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 10 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

LA PEROUSE GALLERY, 57 La Perouse Street, Canberra 2603 Tel. 95 1042
17 — 25 March: Jiri Novak
29 March — 22 April: Duro Jancic
26 April — 13 May: Hermann Kremsmayer; Paul Flora
17 May — 3 June: Muriel Luders
7 — 24 June: Jan Knazovic
28 June — 8 July: Helmut Kies
Daily: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

MURRAY CRESCENT GALLERIES, 35 Murray Crescent, Manuka 2603 Tel. 95 9585
Thursday to Sunday: 11 a.m. — 6 p.m.

NAREK GALLERIES, Cuppacumbalong, Naas Road, Tharwa 2620 Tel. 37 5116
Wednesday to Sunday and public holidays: 11 a.m. — 5 p.m.

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

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.

AUSTRALIAN GALLERIES, 35 Derby Street, Collingwood 3066 Tel. 41 4303, 41 4382
27 March — 10 April: Keith Looby
18 April — 1 May: Bruce Wilson; Bashir Barochi
8 — 22 May: David Dridan; Frances Jones
29 May — 12 June: Albert Tucker
19 June — 3 July: James Willebrandt; Andrew Southall — etchings
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.

BALLARAT FINE ART GALLERY, 40 Lydiard Street North, Ballarat 3350 Tel. (053) 31 3592
Mid-March — 30 April: Ettore Sottsass Exhibition
May: Still Life Still Lives
1 — 27 June: Lion Rugs from Fars
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.

LOUDON SAINTHILL COSTUME DESIGN FROM FIELDING'S MUSIC HALL REVIEW
Pencil, chalk, watercolour on paper 36 cm x 25 cm
David Jones, Sydney

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.

DUVANCE GALLERIES, 26 — 27 Lower Plaza, Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 654 2929
Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Saturday: 11 a.m. — 2 p.m.
Or by appointment

EARL GALLERY, 73 High Street, Belmont 3216
Tel. (052) 43 9313
Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. — 5 p.m.

IMPORTANT WOMEN ARTISTS, 13 Emo Road, East Malvern 3145 Tel. 211 5454
Quality works by established women artists
Sunday: 11 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Evenings by arrangement

JOAN GOUGH'S STUDIO GALLERY, 326 — 328 Punt Road, South Yarra 3141 Tel. 26 1956
1 — 27 April: Collections
1 — 30 May: Students' exhibition
1 — 28 June: Artists' choice
By appointment and private viewing

JOSHUA McCLELLAND PRINT ROOM, 81 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000 Tel. 63 5935
Permanent collection of early Australian paintings and prints and oriental porcelain et cetera
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.

KENNETH JOHN SCULPTURE GALLERY, Regent Centre, 1/210 Toorak Road, South Yarra 3141
Tel. 24 7308, after hours 96 2383
Continually changing display of sculpture by prominent sculptors in Australia and overseas
Tuesday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 4.30 p.m.
Friday until 6.30 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. — 12.30 p.m.
Sunday: by appointment
Monday: Closed, except exhibitions

KEW GALLERY, 26 Cotham Road, Kew 3101 Tel. 861 5181
Selected collection including works by Angus, Bernaldo, Bull, Carter, Griffin, Hellier, Hanson, Long, Marsh, S. Mather, Mutsaers
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Saturday: 9.30 a.m. — 12.30 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. — 5 p.m.

MANYUNG GALLERY, 1408 Nepean Highway, Mount Eliza 3930 Tel. 787 2953
Thursday to Monday: 10.30 a.m. — 5 p.m.

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY GALLERY, University of Melbourne, Parkville 3052 Tel. 341 5148
Tuesday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Wednesday until 7 p.m.

MILDURA ARTS CENTRE, 199 Cureton Avenue, Mildura 3500
Tel. (050) 23 3733
1 May — 3 June: Mirka Mora — embroidery
10 May — 17 June: Lambert's Wartime
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
March: Stock exhibition
19 April — 9 May: Vita Endelmanis
10 — 23 May: Les Graham
Monday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.
Friday: until 8 p.m.
Saturday: 10.30 a.m. — 1 p.m.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA, 180 St Kilda Road, Melbourne 3004 Tel. 62 7411
30 March — 29 April: McCaughey Prize
3 — 22 April: Claus Bury — jewellery
24 April — 27 May: Fuseli
27 April — 3 June: Robert Boynes
18 May — 24 June: Japanese Packaging
8 June — 1 July: Hockney Photographs
8 June — 15 July: Ivan Durrant
21 June — 29 July: Walter Burley Griffin
Tuesday to Sunday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Wednesday until 9 p.m.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA (extension gallery); BANYULE GALLERY, 60 Buckingham Drive, Heidelberg 3084
Tel. 459 7899
Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Thursday: pre-booked parties only

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

REALITIES GALLERY, 35 Jackson Street, Toorak 3142
Tel. 24 3312
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. — noon

STUART GERSTMAN GALLERIES, 148 Auburn Road, Hawthorn 3122 Tel. 818 7038
12 — 30 March: Paul Baxter
2 — 20 April: Kevin Lincoln
23 April — 11 May: Creagh Manning; Robert Adamson
14 May — 1 June: Christopher Pyett
4 — 22 June: Godwin Bradbeer
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 6 p.m.
Saturday: 10 a.m. — noon

TOLARNO GALLERIES, 42 Fitzroy Street, St Kilda 3182
Tel. 534 6166
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.

South Australia

ART GALLERY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, North Terrace, Adelaide 5000 Tel. 223 8911
7 April — 8 July: Australian Colonial Paintings
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
24 March — 18 April: Ian Chandler; Tim Moorehead — ceramics
21 April — 16 May: Barbara Zerbini; Katy O'Sullivan — jewellery
19 May — 13 June: Sam Fullbrook; Alan Watt — ceramics
Tuesday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 6 p.m.

CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY, 14 Porter Street, Parkside 5063 Tel. 272 2682
27 March — 22 April: Australian Etchings '78
24 April — 12 May: Chandler Coventry Collection
15 May — 9 June: Print Council of Australia
12 — 30 June: Western Pacific Biennial
Tuesday to Friday: 11 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Saturday: 2 p.m. — 6 p.m.

GREENHILL GALLERIES, 140 Barton Terrace, North Adelaide 5006 Tel. 267 2887
Tuesday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday 2 p.m. — 5 p.m.

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

OSBORNE ART GALLERY, 74 Archer Street, North Adelaide 5006 Tel. 267 1049
By appointment

Western Australia

ART GALLERY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, Beaufort Street, Perth 6000 Tel. 328 7233
8 March — 8 April: Genesis of a Gallery — Part II
April — June: The First Fifteen Years — paintings, drawings,

prints, ceramics
June: 1979 Perth Survey of Drawing — Walter Sickert
Monday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Thursday: 6 p.m. — 9 p.m.
Saturday: 9.30 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. — 5 p.m.

LISTER GALLERY, 248 St George's Terrace, Perth 6000
Tel. 321 5764
Monday to Saturday: 10 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
Paintings by George Hodgkins
Daily: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.

Tasmania

FOSCAN FINE ART, 178 Macquarie Street, Hobart 7000
Tel. 23 6888
Early Australian and European paintings and prints
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 12.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. — 4.30 p.m.
Or by appointment

QUEEN VICTORIA MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, Wellington Street, Launceston 7250 Tel. 31 6777
7 — 30 April: Colonial Portrait Painters
4 — 14 May: Launceston Art Society Annual Exhibition
18 June — 10 August: Sea and Ships
Monday to Saturday: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Sunday: 2 p.m. — 5 p.m.

TASMANIAN MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, 5 Argyle Street, Hobart 7000 Tel. 23 2696
2 — 29 April: James Doolin — Shopping Mall 1973-77
11 April — 9 May: Rodin and his Contemporaries
4 — 26 May: David Hockney Photography
11 May — 10 June: Fundamental Minimalism
June — July: Art Acquisitions 1977-79
25 June — 22 July: Old Italian Engravings
Daily: 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.

New Zealand

AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY, Kitchener Street, Auckland 1 Tel. 792 020
5 April — 2 May: Chinese Peasant Painting
11 — 29 April: Colin McCahon
3 May — 3 June: New Zealand Survey — 19th- and 20th-century painting
5 May — 17 June: Noel Cook — cartoons
8 June — 22 July: Australian painting
21 June — 15 July: New Zealand Sculpture and Drawing
Monday to Friday: 10 a.m. — 4.30 p.m.
Friday: until 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
Tuesday to Friday: 10.30 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday: 1 p.m. — 5 p.m.

NATIONAL ART GALLERY, Buckle Street, Wellington
Tel. 859 703
Continuous temporary exhibitions and permanent exhibitions of New Zealand and international paintings, works on paper, photography, sculpture and ceramics
Daily: 10 a.m. — 4.45 p.m.

PETER McLEAVEY GALLERY, 147 Cuba Street, Wellington
Tel. 72 3334, 84 7356
Monday to Friday: 11 a.m. — 5.30 p.m.

Overseas

LOUISE WHITFORD GALLERY, 25A Lowndes Street, London S.W.1 Tel. 01-235-3155/4
19th- and early 20th-century European and Australian paintings

COMPETITIONS AND PRIZEWINNERS

This guide to art competitions and prizes is compiled with help from a list published by the Art Gallery of New South Wales.
We set out competitions known to us to take place within the period covered by this issue. Where no other details are supplied by organizers of competitions we state the address for obtaining them.
We request that organizers promptly supply both details of prizewinners and forthcoming competitions.

COMPETITIONS

Queensland

DARNELL-DE GRUCHY INVITATION PURCHASE AWARD 1979: Particulars from: Nancy Underhill, Fine Arts Department, University of Queensland, St Lucia, Brisbane 4067.

MAREEBA RODEO FESTIVAL ART EXHIBITION 1979: Particulars from: Secretary, Box 758, P.O.. Mareeba 4880.

REDCLIFFE ART CONTEST 1979: Particulars from: Hon. Secretary, Redcliffe Art Society, 8 Palmtree Avenue, Scarborough 4020.

GRAND AUSTRALASIAN ART COMPETITION 1979: Particulars from: National Hotel, Queen Street, Brisbane 4000.

New South Wales

ALBURY ART PRIZE 1979: Particulars from: Town Clerk, Box 633, Albury 2640.

BROKEN HILL ACQUISITIVE PAINTING PRIZE 1979: Particulars from: Town Clerk, Town Hall, Broken Hill 2451.

GRENFELL HENRY LAWSON FESTIVAL ART COMPETITION 1979: Closing date: approx. 9 June. Particulars from: Secretary, Box 77, Grenfell 2810.

LANE COVE ART AWARD 1979: Particulars from: Box 20, P.O., Lane Cove 2066.

MOSMAN ART PRIZE 1979: Particulars from: Town Clerk, Box 211, P.O., Spit Junction 2222.

MUSWELLBROOK ART PRIZE 1979: Particulars from: Town Clerk, Box 122, P.O., Muswellbrook 2333.

PORTIA GEACH MEMORIAL AWARD 1979: Particulars from: Permanent Trustee Company Limited, 25 O'Connell Street, Sydney 2000.

ROBIN HOOD COMMITTEE ART COMPETITION 1979: Particulars from: Mrs Wilmot, Robin Hood Committee, 39 Abbott Street, Gunnedah 2380.

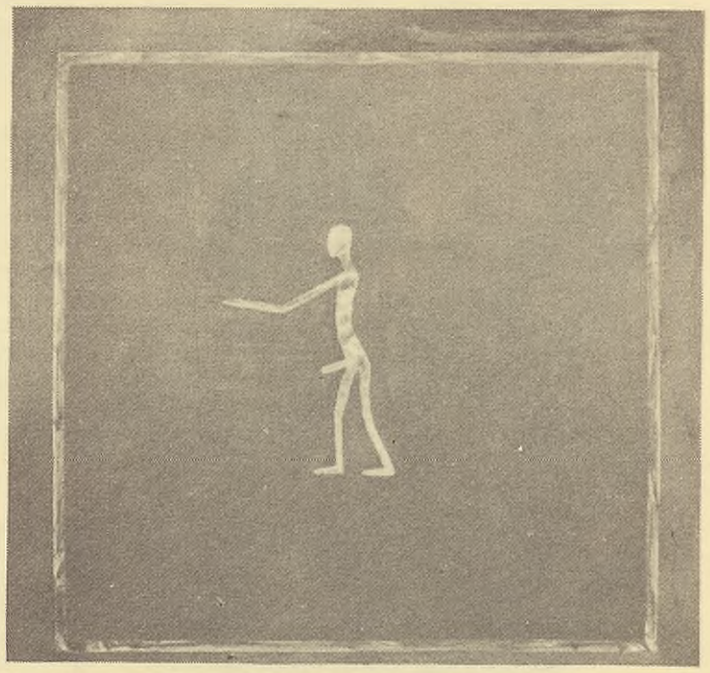
TAMWORTH FIBRE EXHIBITION 1979: Particulars from: Secretary, Box 1041, P.O., Tamworth 2340.

TAREE ART EXHIBITION 1979: Particulars from: Mid-North Coast Art Society, Box 40, P.O., Forster 2428.

WOLLONGONG ART PURCHASE 1979: Particulars from: Miss C. Barr, 21 Dempster Street, Wollongong 2500.

A.C.T.

CIVIC PERMANENT ART AWARD 1979: Particulars from: Secretary, Arts Council of Australia (A.C.T.), Wales Centre, Akuna Street, Canberra City 2601.



DENISE GREEN POMPEIAN INTERIOR (1978)
Acrylic on canvas 60 cm x 60 cm
Coventry, Sydney

Photograph by Jonathan Yuill

PRIZEWINNERS

Queensland

CAIRNS ART SOCIETY EXHIBITION:
Winners: Caltex award: Percy Tresize; contemporary: Eula Jensen; pottery: Kim Tucker; sculpture: Peter Sargeant

DALBY ART PURCHASE:
Works by Elsie Brimblecombe, Les Kossatz, Keith Looby and Alan Oldfield were purchased upon the advice of Lawrence Daws

GOLD COAST CITY ART PRIZE:
Works by Lillian Bosch, Barbara Brash, James Brown, Elisabeth Cummings, Madeline Hodge, Inge King, Kathleen Shillam and Mary Williams were purchased upon the advice of Alan Warren.

INNISFAIL ART PRIZE:
Judge: Don Taylor
Winners: contemporary: Mary Norrie; Art Society Purchase Award: Heather Bell; sculpture: Hans Nielsen; pottery; Con de Veth

New South Wales

ARCHIBALD PRIZE:
Judges: Trustee of the Art Gallery of New South Wales
Winner: Brett Whiteley

BROKEN HILL ART GALLERY ACQUISITION ART COMPETITION:
Judge: Tom McCullough
Winners: Oil or acrylic: John Firth-Smith; watercolour: Angela Beyer; print or drawing: Clark Barrett; sculpture: Joyce Condon

BUSINESS IN THE ARTS AWARDS
Winners: A. W. Baulderstone Pty Ltd; Benson & Hedges Pty Ltd; Broken Hill Proprietary Company Limited (for Groote Eylandt Mining Company Ltd); C.S.R. Limited; Cyclops Industries Pty Ltd; Emerald Trading Company; John Kaldor Fabricmaker Pty Ltd; Primaries Mactaggarts Associates Limited; Rothmans of Pall Mall (Australia) Ltd; Sabemo (W.A.) Pty Ltd; Savings Bank of South Australia; Transfield Pty Ltd

GOULBURN LILAC CITY FESTIVAL ART EXHIBITION:
Winners: contemporary: Tempe Gordon; traditional: Cameron Sparks; miniature: Lee Elvy

GRENFELL HENRY LAWSON ART PRIZE:
Judge: Clem Millward
Winners: contemporary: Arthur Wicks; traditional: Patrick Carroll; watercolour: Lyster Holland

GRUNER PRIZE:
Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales
Winner: Linda El Mir

SIR JOHN SULMAN PRIZE:
Judge: Peter Laverty
Winner: Brett Whiteley

SIR JOHN SULMAN MEDAL FOR ARCHITECTURE:
Winner: J. W. Thomson

TRUSTEES WATERCOLOUR PRIZE:
Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales
Winner: Fred Williams

WYNNE PRIZE
Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales
Winner: Brett Whiteley

WYNNE PRIZE: JOHN AND ELIZABETH NEWNHAM PRING MEMORIAL PRIZE:
Judges: Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales
No Award

Victoria

GEELONG ART GALLERY CAPITAL PERMANENT AWARD:
Paintings by Janet Dawson, Greg Moncrieff and Rod Withers were purchased upon the advice of David Thomas

WARRNAMBOOL HENRI WORLAND ART PRIZE 1978 FOR PRINTS:
Judge: Graeme Sturgeon
Winner: Greg Moncrieff

South Australia

WHYALLA ART PRIZE:
Winners: Basil Hadley; watercolour or still life: Lindsay Kerr; sculpture: Max Lyle

RECENT ART AUCTIONS

James R. Lawson Pty Limited, 24 October 1978, Sydney

BLACKMAN, Charles: Towelled figures, oil, 122 x 184, $2,900
BLOOMFIELD, John: Lemon orchid, oil, 84 x 92, $525
BOYD, Arthur: Self portrait, oil, 74 x 62, $4,400; Heads, ceramic tile, 40 x 40, $1,800
BRACK, John: Nude with seated figure, pencil, 70 x 52, $500
BUNNY, Rupert: Deserted village, oil, 53 x 64, $2,000
CAMERON, Barbara: Suffragettes in Regent Street, London, oil, 60 x 75, $900
COEN, Margaret: Souvenirs of the mountains, mixed media, 58 x 45, $375
CONDER, Charles: Gossip, lithograph, 27 x 36, $450
CROOKE, Ray: Horseman—Palmer River, acrylic, 70 x 100, $4,400; Verandah, Thursday Island, oil, 111 x 91, $2,700
DOBELL, *Sir* William: Dancing women bacchanal, 9 x 30, $3,000; Sketch for Billy Boy, 17 x 14, $2,750, both oil; Irish youth sketch, crayon, 32 x 20, $2,100; Nigerian model, London, pen and wash, 37 x 18, $1,900; Wangi landscape, gouache, 10 x 17, $800; Nondugal, watercolour, 12 x 19, $1,700
DRYSDALE, *Sir* Russell: Landscape with figures, 75 x 127, $45,500; The aeroplane, 50 x 60, $24,500; Country girl, 49 x 40, $15,000, all oil; Two boys, mixed media, 50 x 39, $5,200; Nude on bed, pen and crayon, 23 x 34, $2,000
ELENBERG, Joel: 30 nude studies, crayon and wash, 120 x 77, $300
FAIRWEATHER, Ian: Portrait I, 100 x 72, $2,800; Christmas, 46 x 69, $1,500, both oil
FRENCH, Leonard: Christian sun study, oil, 8 x 10, $800
FRIEND, Donald: Flight into Egypt, mixed media, 36 x 46, $600; Turon, pen and wash, 31 x 49, $610
GLEESON, James: Autumn, oil, 43 x 63, $1,150
GLOVER, John: Afternoon light, oil, 74 x 114, $9,000
HERMAN, Sali: Trees in bush, 70 x 106, $3,250; Head, 31 x 23, $3,000, both oil
HOCKEY, Patrick: The Rajah and his pet, oil, 90 x 121, $425
JACKSON, James R.: Murrumbidgee landscape, 55 x 45, $1,650; Neutral Bay, 29 x 39, $900, both oil
JUNIPER, Robert: Landscape and pond, oil and acrylic, 174 x 184, $2,500
KMIT, Michael: The concert, oil, 52 x 40, $850
LAMBERT, George W.: Study of a youth, pencil, 22 x 14, $400
LINDSAY, Percy: The plowman, oil, 28 x 23, $2,100
LYMBURGER, Francis: Still life with flower and jug, oil, 57 x 44, $1,000
MAISTRE, Roy de: Portrait of a man, pencil, 41 x 29, $330
MARTENS, Conrad: View on Wollondilly, pencil, 18 x 11, $225
MILLER, Godfrey: Young Street 1941, oil, 43 x 34, $2,600
NOLAN, Sidney: Convict, ripolin, 90 x 120, $12,500; Stockman, oil, 25 x 30, $1,050; Plant, on glass, 25 x 29, $900
O'BRIEN, Justin: Reclining nude boy, pencil, 30 x 47, $200
OLLEY, Margaret: The brown jar, oil, 90 x 122, $1,050
OLSEN, John: Spoonbill rookery, oil, 41 x 58, $3,350
PEART, John: Everglade blue, oil, 169 x 77, $325
PRESTON, Margaret: Bush flowers, oil, 50 x 40, $5,500
PROCTOR, Thea: Lady sleeping, lithograph, 40 x 25, $510
SIBLEY, Andrew: Carnival family, oil, 90 x 120, $500
SMART, Jeffrey: Transports, 23 x 36, $1,000; The bridge, 16 x 39, $875, both oil
SMITH, Grace Cossington: Still life, bottles, 85 x 58, $5,500; Oranges and bottles, 34 x 23, $1,500, both oil
STORRIER, Tim: The homestead, oil, 148 x 148, $2,000; Points to slas with interior rag, lithograph, 45 x 60, $250
STRAHAN, David: Nude, oil, 20 x 39, $550; Labourer — (Paris), gouache, 63 x 48, $600
TAYLOR, Neil: Clear water, acrylic, 151 x 151, $1,000
TUCKER, Albert: Ibis in flight, 55 x 70, $3,400; Antipodean head, 71 x 56, $3,100, both oil
WALLACE, Christopher: Clontarf III, oil, 102 x 141, $900
WHITELEY, Brett: Untitled warm painting, oil, 120 x 120, $7,500; Nude study for sculpture, crayon, 164 x 91, $4,000
WILLIAMS, Fred: Tree trunks, 37 x 42, $2,300; Landscape brown and blue, 37 x 49, $1,900, both gouache; Yellow landscape, tempera and oil, 137 x 153, $1,200

Leonard Joel Pty Limited, 8, 9, 10 November 1978, Melbourne

ASHTON, *Sir* Will: Village scene, France, oil, 41 x 30, $1,400
BLACKMAN, Charles: Pondering, oil, 67 x 94, $2,000
BOYD, Penleigh:. Sydney Harbour, oil, 23 x 64, $3,800
BRACK, John: Study for seated nude, pencil and charcoal, 68 x 50, $500
BYRNE, Sam: Rabbit plague, rounding up the rabbits, oil, 39 x 60, $650
CARSE, James H.: Black Rock, oil, 50 x 75, $2,000
CRESS, Fred: Figure study, charcoal, 54 x 35, $260
CROOKE, Ray: Tropical garden, oil, 9 x 10, $1,600
CUMBRAE-STEWART, Janet A.: The pool, pastel, 26 x 34, $1,000
DRYSDALE, *Sir* Russell: Soldiers at rest, ink, 18 x 23; (on reverse) The Digger, ink, 24 x 19, $800
FORREST, *Capt.* J. Haughton: Launching the lifeboat, oil, 44 x 74, $2,200
FRATER, William: Landscape, oil, 58 x 64, $400
FRIEND, Donald: A state of trance, oil, 79 x 35, $1,600
GLOVER, John: View of Cradle Mountain and Cradle Lake, Central Tasmania, watercolour, 13 x 20, $900
GRIFFITHS, Harley C.: Still life, oil, 48 x 58, $1,700
HERBERT, Harold: The beach umbrella, watercolour, 33 x 43, $1,300
HERMAN, Sali: The street corner, oil, 45 x 60, $2,800
HEYSEN, *Sir* Hans: Old homestead, Hahndorf, oil, 60 x 44, $4,500; Arkaba Hills, Flinders Ranges, watercolour, 31 x 39, $3,900
HEYSEN, Nora: Roses, oil, 46 x 33, $240
JACKSON, James R.: Sydney Harbour from North Sydney, oil, 23 x 66, $1,000
LAMBERT, George W.: Seated nude, oil, 67 x 37, $2,000
LAWRENCE, George: Wet road, Millthorpe, oil, 60 x 75, $1,300
LINDSAY, Lionel: Venice canal scene, watercolour, 26 x 37, $600
LINDSAY, Norman: Aphrodite, oil, 62 x 54, $4,500
LONG, Sydney: Lake scene, oil, 39 x 61, $4,000
MARTENS, Conrad: Lake Canobolas near Orange, oil, 34 x 59, $6,500
McCUBBIN, Frederick: Nature's garden, Mount Macedon, oil, 24 x 34, $6,500
MacNALLY, Matthew J.: On the edge of town, watercolour, 38 x 49, $2,000
O'BRIEN, Justin: Palm Sunday, oil, 45 x 62, $3,500
PERCEVAL, John: Angel, oil, 42 x 68, $400
PIGUENIT, W. C.: Tasmanian landscape, oil, 54 x 74, $4,500
PRESTON, Margaret: Gymea and waratah, colour woodcut, 59 x 44, $1,700
PROCTOR, Thea: Woman in dress, pencil, 33 x 26, $1,400
PUGH, Clifton: Storm wash, oil, 67 x 90, $2,200
REES, Lloyd: Autumn at Mt Wilson, mixed media, 35 x 54, $1,200
ROBERTS, Tom: Peanahgo Billipimbah, oil, 42 x 34, $13,000
ROBERTSON, Thomas: The 'Red Jacket', oil, 80 x 120, $3,000
RUSSELL, John Peter: Souvenir des Montagnes Bleu, oil, 13 x 26, $3,000
SCHELTEMA, Jan H.: Cattle by the stream, oil, 59 x 100, $4,000
SMART, Jeffrey: The deserted orchard, oil, 50 x 60, $280
STREETON, *Sir* Arthur: Mixed bunch, oil, 60 x 48, $2,600

MICKY ALLAN GLADIOLI (1978)
Charcoal and white pastel on paper
151 cm x 113 cm
Watters, Sydney

Photograph by John Delacour

VASSILIEFF, Danila: The school play, oil, 44 x 60, $1,000
WAITE, James C.: Adventuring for the gloves, watercolour, 49 x 70, $2,600
WATKINS, John S.: The mistress, oil, 89 x 151, $6,000
WITHERS, Walter: The timber gatherer, oil, 23 x 32, $2,100

William S. Ellenden Pty Ltd, 23 November 1978, Sydney

BENNETT, Rubery: Picnic, oil, 22 x 27, $2,300
HEYSEN, *Sir* Hans: A morning spell, watercolour, 46 x 58, $9,500
HILDER, J. J.: St Mary's Cathedral, watercolour, 20 x 18, $700
JOHNSON, Robert: Country landscape with cottage, oil, 27 x 35, $1,000
LINDSAY, Norman: Portrait of Rose, oil, 48 x 38, $15,000; Satyr and nymphs in a garden setting, watercolour, 46 x 43, $3,000
LINDSAY, Percy: Figure on country roadway, oil, 23 x 18
LONG, Sydney: Narrabeen Lake scene, oil, 15 x 30, $1,000

RECENT GALLERY PRICES

ARMSTRONG, John: Fred's Q, mixed media, $600 (Watters, Sydney)
BALL, Sydney: Penzance yellow, mixed media, 47 x 132, $500 (CAS, Adelaide)
BARTLETT, Henry: Lemon Tree, Spring Hill, acrylic, 26 x 61, $350 (Town, Brisbane)
BROWN, Jan: Young magpie, bronze, 28 high, $650 (Macquarie, Canberra)
DUNLOP, Brian: Seated figure and window (1977), oil $2,000 (Macquarie, Sydney)
ELENBERG, Joel: Head II, black Belgian marble, $3,500 (Robin Gibson, Sydney)
FEUERRING, Maximilian: Nude in orange frame, oil, 91 x 122, $3,000 (Wagner, Sydney)
FOX, E. Phillips: Morning in the Borghese Gardens, oil, 31 x 39, $4,500 (Beth Mayne, Sydney)
GREEN, Denise: Pompeian interior, acrylic, 60 x 60, $2,700 (Coventry, Sydney)
GREY-SMITH, Guy: Wyndham Estuary, oil, 92 x 153, $2,400 (Gallery A, Sydney)
HALL, Nigel: Al, 1977, charcoal, 148 x 124, $700 (Coventry, Sydney)
HEREL, Petr: Illustration to Ficciones stories by Jorge Luis Berges, etching, 28 x 22, $135 (Huntly, Canberra)
MACQUEEN, Mary: My favourite shirt, mixed media, 101 x 71, $350 (Stuart Gerstman, Melbourne)
OLDFIELD, Alan: Still life with a flag, acrylic, 42 x 47, $550 (Gallery A, Sydney)
OLLEY, Margaret: Pears and pets, oil, 76 x 102, $250 (Holdsworth) Sydney
PEASCOD, William: Glen of weeping, mixed media, 183 x 244, $3,000 (Wagner, Sydney)
RIX-NICHOLAS, Hilda: Hindhead, Surrey, oil, 51 x 66, $900 (Macquarie, Sydney)
SAINTHILL, Louden: Costume design from Fielding's Music Hall Review, pencil, chalk, watercolour, 36 x 26, $350 (David Jones', Sydney)
STAVRIANOS, Wendy: Tronical Fragment, (1978), ink, wash and acrylic, 213 x 104, $650, (Tolarno, Melbourne)
TAYLOR, Peter: Motorcycle, Huon pine and leather, 100 x 84 x 210, $2,500 (Watters, Sydney)
TIEPOLO, G. B. (Circle of): The temptation of Saint Anthony, chalk, ink, wash, 28 x 40, (E. Sack No. 132), $2,200 (Foscan, Hobart)
WALKER, Stephen: Marriage tree, Huon pine and bronze, 305 high, $3,250 (Macquarie, Sydney)
WESTWOOD, Bryan: Three of Karen's dolls, oil, 122 x 183, $5,000 (Robin Gibson, Sydney)
WHISSON, Ken: Rain, oil, 80 x 120, $2,000 (Ray Hughes, Brisbane)
WILSON, David: Earth, 170 x 96 x 81, welded steel, $4,500 (Gallery A Sydney)
WRIGHT, Peter: Manly Pink, watercolour, 76 x 56, $450 (Robin Gibson, Sydney)
ZUSTERS, Reinis: Street junction, oil, 122 x 122, $3,700 (Holdsworth, Sydney)

SOME OF THE GALLERIES' RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Queensland Art Gallery

DUNLOP, Brian: Seated figure and window, (1976), oil
RAMSAY, Allan: Portrait of William Foster, (1741), oil
SOEST, Gerard: Portrait of a lady, (*c.*1660), oil
TUNKS, Noel: Love in idleness, (1976), acrylic
WILSON, Bruce: Machine of a dream, (1977), acrylic
WITHERS, Rod, Zoned light industrial, (1977), oil and enamel

Art Gallery of New South Wales

ALLAN, Micky: Old age, 1978, mixed media
BACON, Francis: Study for self-portrait, oil
BARKER, George: Set of 4 screenprints, 1978
BLACKMAN, Charles: The nightmare after Fuseli, oil, 1978
BONNARD, Pierre: La Revue Blanche, 1894, lithograph
BOYD, Arthur: Judas kissing Christ, 1952-1953, ceramic
BRACK, John: Pens, 1977, watercolour
DAWSON, Janet: Belgalal series 5 — Sunday morning, 1975, acrylic
DUNDAS, Douglas: Toreador, 1928; Dorothy No.1, 1942/44, both oil; Study for toreador, 1928; Sketch of Chianti country, 1928, both pencil
HART, Pro: At the trots, 1973, oil
HINDER, Frank: 20 drawings
GOYA: El sueno de la razon produce monstrous, etching
HAVYATT, Richard: Aggregate drawing, ink, watercolour, gouache, collage
LATIMER, Bruce: 2 screenprints
NOLAN, Sidney: The camp, 1946, ripolin; Gorilla, 1963, acrylic
PHOTOGRAPHY: Photographs by William Buckle, Max Dupain, John Kauffman, Laurence Le Guay, Hal Missingham, Axel Poignant
PIRANESI, Giambattista: 4 etchings
SEARLE, Ken: Newtown, 1978, oil
STRUTT, William: 2 drawings
WATTERS, Max: Two-storey house, 1976, oil
WILSON, David: Shelter VII, steel

National Gallery of Victoria

ANNOIS, Len: Banyule House and Park, 1959, watercolour and gouache
ARMSTRONG, John: Muckle Flugga, 1976, triptych, mixed media
ASPDEN, David: Woolloomooloo II, 1977-78, gouache
BOOTH, Peter: Painting, 1977, oil; Untitled, 1976, set of 19 paintings, gouache (Gifts of the artist in memory of Les Hawkins)
BURMESE: Buddha Shakyamuni, 13th century, bronze
BROWN, Mike: Slopes of Buninyong, 1977, acrylic
DURRANT, Ivan: Butcher's shop, 1977-78, mixed media (Gift of Mr and Mrs Burdett Laycock)
GROUNDS, Marr: Sculpture at the Top Ends, 1977, book; Sculpture at the Top Ends, 1977-78, video cassette
HAWKINS, Weaver: Staircase, 1957, watercolour
INDIAN: Mughal School: A black capped kingfisher, (*c.* 1610), gouache; A battle between the Kur and Puribands of Sanyasis (illustration from the Akbarnama), (*c.* 1605-10), drawing; Page of the Dastan-i-Amir (the story of Hamza), (*c.*1567-82), gouache; A portrait of a prince, possibly Sultan Shuja, (*c.*1630-40), drawing; (Rajasthan, Kotah): Bilawal Ragini, (*c.* 1970) gouache
INDONESIAN: (E. Sumba): Man's waistcloth, (*c.*1960), cotton
K'UN TS'AN: Mountain landscape, 17th century, Chinese, scroll painting
LYCETT, Joseph: The residence of Edward Riley, Esquire, Woolloomooloo near Sydney, (*c.* 1822), watercolour
PARR, Lenton: Vela, 1978, steel and synthetic enamel
PARR, Mike: Black box (word situations), 1976-78, mixed media
PHOTOGRAPHY: Photographs by Robert Frank, Richard Harris, William Howleson, Sandra Irvine, J. H. Lartigue, Julie Millowick, Lynn Silverman, Ingeborg Tyssen, Roman Vishnac, John Williams
STREETON, *Sir* Arthur: Spring, 1890, oil (Gift of Mrs M. Pierce)
TILLERS, Imants: Rendezvous with Configuration D, book
TUCKER, Albert: Images of modern evil, (*c.*1945), pastel; Clown, 1943, watercolour and ink; Head, 1948, watercolour and pastel
TUCKSON, Tony: Untitled, (*c.* 1959), gouache
UNSWORTH, Ken: Two performances: (a) Five secular settings for sculpture as ritual and burial piece (b) A different drummer, video cassette
WALLER, Ruth: Whatever you are, be a man . . ., 1977, book
WATKINS, Dick: Mail box, 1976, acrylic
WHITELEY, Brett: Sacred baboon, 1975, mixed media

Art Gallery of South Australia

BARKER, George: Yes and no; Turner's colour chart for John Ruskin; Black table; White table; Kandinsky's table, all silkscreen
DINE, James: Self-portrait: the landscape, (1969), lithograph
FLUGELMAN, Bert: Cages, 1972, set of 16 lithographs; Study for sculpture, 1967, felt pen and wash; Life studies, 1976, pencil
GIBBONS, Gladys: Still life with lilies, (*c.*1935-40), gouache
GLIDDON, Anne: Part of North Terrace, Adelaide, South Australia, (*c.*1838), lithograph
HAWKINS, Weaver: Rene reading, 1942, watercolour
HINDER, Frank: Woman seated, 1942; Policeman, (*c.*1940), both pencil; Emu Plains, (*c.* 1940), crayon; Lady darning, 1945; Two ladies knitting and sewing, 1945, both pencil and wash
HOCKNEY, David: Jungle boy, 1964, etching and aquatint
JACKS, Robert: Untitled, 1, 2 and 3, 1973; all watercolour
JOHNS, Jasper: Target with four faces, 1968, silkscreen
MacPHERSON, Robert: Trace No. 1, 1977, acrylic
PHOTOGRAPHY: Photographs by J. H. Lartigue, Imogen Cunningham, Alfred Stieglitz
Raft, Emanuel: Pendant, 1978, silver, gold and copper
RAMSHAW, Wendy: Set of 5 rings, 1978, 18 ct yellow gold and enamel
SCHELL, F. B. Saltia, Pichi Richi Pass, watercolour and gouache
SYME, Eveline: Outskirts of Siena, 1930; The bay, 1932; The castle chapel, Amboise (*c.*1930), all linocuts
WIGHT, Normana: Scarf, 1977, silkscreen

Art Gallery of Western Australia

ASHTON, Julian: Hawkesbury River and Singleton's Mill, 1894, oil
CAMERON, D. Y. Balquihidder 1931, drypoint
CLARK, Thomas: Landscape, oil
FULLWOOD, A. H. View across a mountain range, oil
HERMAN, Samuel: Bowl, glass
HUNT, David: Seascape, 1973, pot; Ten cents on any corner, 1973, plaque, both stoneware (Gift of the artist)
LANDELLS, Flora: Big timber, watercolour; vase, earthenware, glazed, (*c.*1933) (Gift of the artist)
MOON, Milton: Dish, 1978; Floor pot, 1978, both stoneware
YOUNG, Blamire: Pastoral symphony, watercolour

Newcastle Region Art Gallery

GREY-SMITH, Guy: Mount Augustus, 1975, drawing; Figure, 1977, print
LANCELEY, Colin: Embrace, print
OLDFIELD, Alan: Terrace, Wyandra, 1978, drawing
SHARP, Martin: Mister Tambourine Man, serigraph (Gift of Lucy Swanton)
SHIGA, Shigeo: Platter, large, square, ceramic
WEE, Tay Kok: Untitled, mixed media (Gift of Lucy Swanton)
WHISSON, Ken: Flag for the red brigade etc., painting; Motor car, apartment building and houses, drawing

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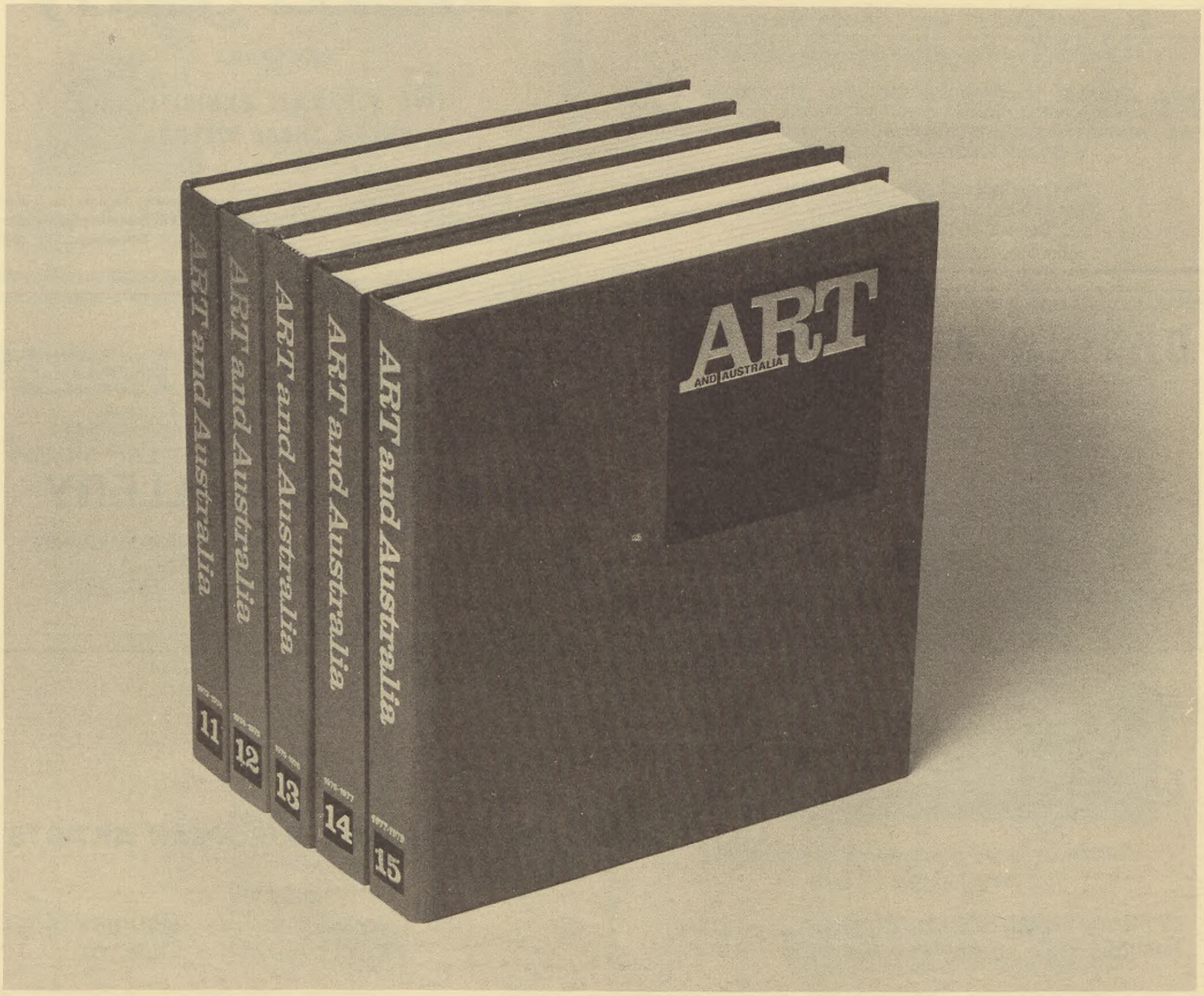

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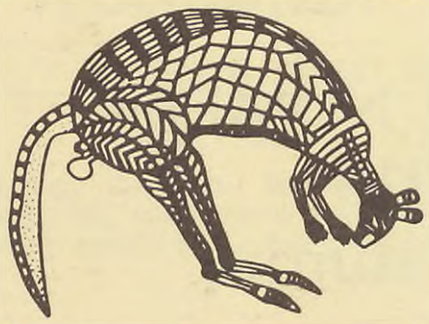

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