

\$4.95\*

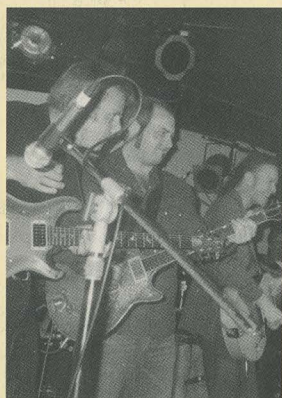
# ARTS STREAMS

Vol. 10, No. 4, 2005

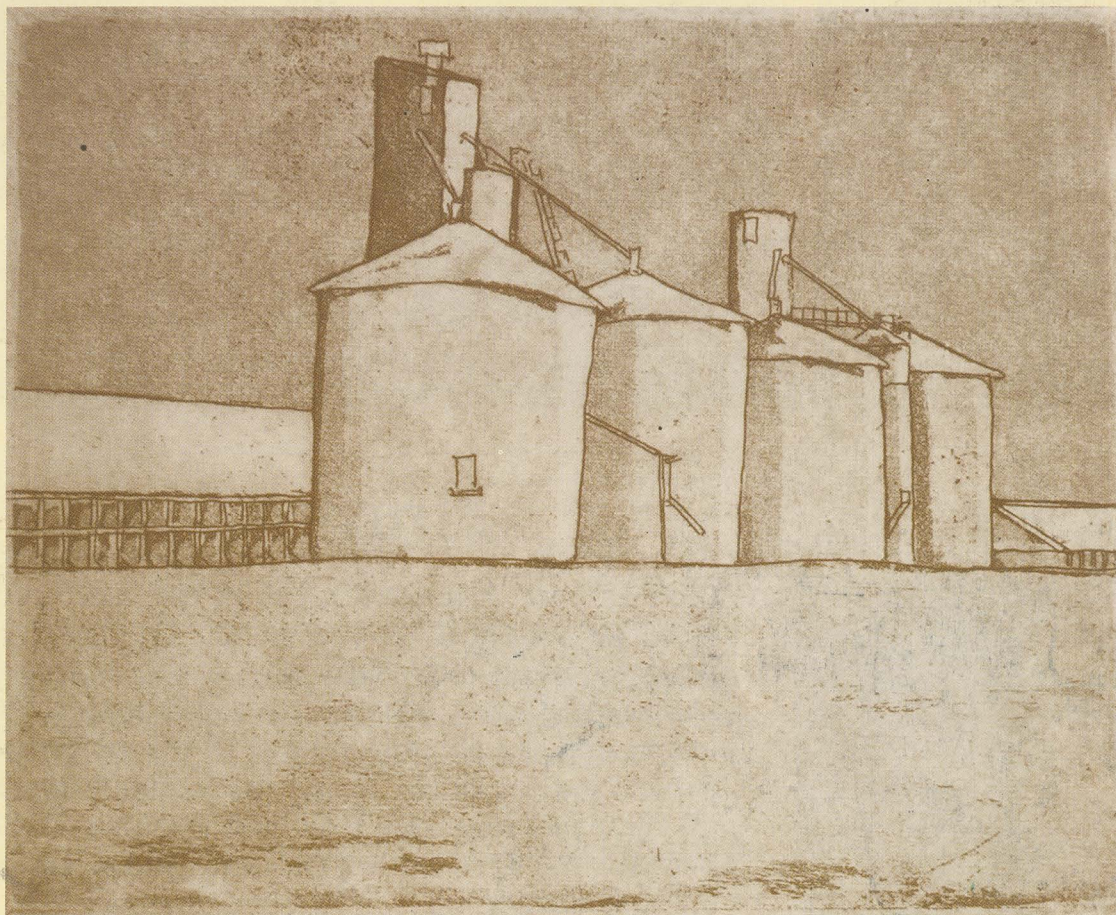
Whittlesea • Banyule • Darebin • Manningham • Nillumbik • Yarra



Wagga based artists



Music at the  
Corner Hotel



## *Discovering the Rural –*

*An exhibition of etchings and aquatints by Clive Dickson*

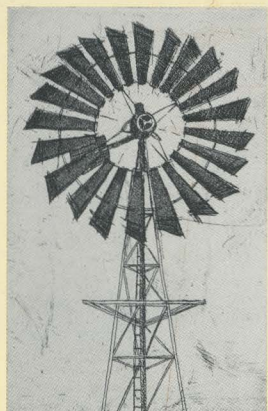
The winning story  
in the open section  
of this year's Alan  
Marshall Short  
Story Awards

Gallipoli : A Turkish view  
Photography at Bundoora  
Homestead



## Discovering the Rural –

An exhibition of etchings and aquatints by Clive Dickson



Clive Dickson has spent much of the last three months touring rural Victoria and discovering the visual delights and artistic potential of an important part of our shared culture that has until recently not been on his radar screen. The newness of the vision and the obvious delight in the artists newly discovered subject matter shows in the sparkling, fresh images that for all their newness look back at the markmaking of Rembrandt perhaps the greatest interpreter of rural and pastoral things in etching history.

November 13 until November 27

Please accept our invitation to the opening of  
*Discovering the Rural*

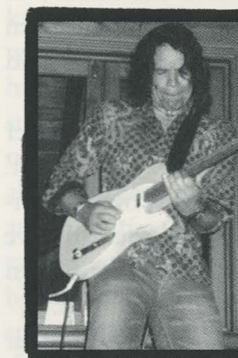
at ArtStreams Gallery

on Sunday November 13 at 2.30pm

63 Yarra Street, Warrandyte (Cnr Forbes Street)  
Phone: 9844 0248 or 9434 7969  
peterd@connexus.net.au

# ARTSTREAMS GALLERY

## news in arts and Cultural heritage



ISBN 1327-4120

\*Recommended price \$4.95

Subscription (12 issues): \$50

Volume 10, Number 4

October 2005

## Contents

### EDITOR & PUBLISHER

Peter Dougherty

PO Box 86

Kangaroo Ground 3097

Phone fax: (03) 9434 7969

Email: peterd@connexus.net.au

www.artstreams.com.au

### HON. BUSINESS MANAGER

Liz Leonard

### PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESSING

Thompsons Amcal Pharmacy, Eltham

### DESIGN

Kate Herd Art & Design

9499 8029 kateherd@pacific.net.au

### PRODUCTION & PRINTING

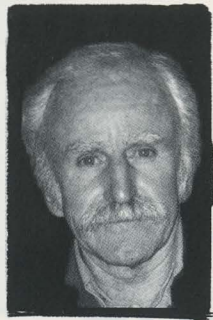
Arena Printing, Fitzroy

Front Cover:

Silos by Clive Dickson

Short story In Shadows by Bill Collopy	3
Discovery of the rural by Clive Dickson	7
Wagga based artists by Thomas A. Middlemost	10
Short Story by Emilie Anita Teear	12
Gallipoli : A Turkish view	
Photography at Bundoora Homestead	13
Musicians who answered the call	16
Book reviews	18
Australian landscape Conference 2005 by Kate Herd	20
Threads that bind the CSA and CWA	22
Music at Wellers Restaurant	23
Music reviews	24
The Snakes in Eden by John Jenkins	27
Artin' About	29
Wining & Dining	30
Listings	32

Contributions are invited from artists, writers and photographers for inclusion in Artstreams.



## Comment

### Blues at the Corner

When you go to music gigs for professional reasons you can have all sorts of responses and all sorts of reasons why you were there. 'I owed them'; 'I wanted to check it out'; 'I love the music'; 'It was expected' and so on. The responses can range from 'brilliant', to 'disappointing', to 'someone to watch' and so on.

I heard about a gig recently and felt obliged to go. After the event my responses ranged from 'great' to 'brilliant' and all the other suitable adjectives. My most overwhelming response however was that I was truly proud to have been there. I was aware that I was privileged to have been in that place with all those other people on the night.

The event was *Love Bucket #1*. It was at the Corner Hotel in Richmond and it had been organised by Geoff and Michelle Achison. They had called on the blues music fraternity to come together to raise some money to help some of the New Orleans musicians replace instruments and equipment to make a new start after Hurricane Katrina.

Everyone who could get there was there. Some just couldn't make it and some who could, couldn't get a gig because the night had to finish at 12.45 and they were only warming up. What added to the atmosphere on the evening was that it wasn't just a bleeding hearts thing. Almost every musician who played or sang had a connection to the New Orleans musicians. Most of them have been to the USA and come back with awards won in music competitions. Many of them have recorded over there and were raising funds for friends and work mates. In the rare cases where there was no actual physical connection there was still the connection with the homeland of everything their music stands for.

The evening began at about 7.00pm with Geoff Achison and Roger McLaughlin jamming away till Andy Cowan joined them. Kerry Simpson was next up and

dedicated a memorable performance to the New Orleans musicians who performed on her *Voodoo* album and are now gone.

Rising star, Jami Faulkner then came on with members of his band and gave it his best shot till Ian Collard of *Collard Greens and Gravy* demonstrated what he had learnt in, and what he had taken back to Louisiana in the way of harmonica playing. It was left to Andy Baylor to remind the fans that New Orleans has more to offer than the blues. He pulled out his fiddle and gave us a burst of Zydeco and Cajun sound.

The night went on and I lost my pen in the dark but was too busy listening and dancing to care. The order of performance gets mixed up but the highlights still stand out. Or do they? I'm certain to remember others when this has gone to press, but for the moment I can clearly remember Shannon Bourne and Jimi Hocking jamming. Mary Lou Williams quoted an old bluesman's response when she chided him for not singing the blues the way he used to. "If you ain't got the blues, you can't play the blues." Who could forget Kerry Simpson singing *Congo Square* for her lost friends.

Andy Cowan, Jimmy Sloggett and Shannon Bourne blew up quite a storm between them, but if there was a real highlight of the evening and that's a big if; it was the Dutchman. Dutch Tilders sat centre stage with his acoustic guitar and gave forth with a magnificent rendition of *Trouble in Mind*. With Geoff Achison on electric guitar and Peter Beilke on bass he offered a couple more gems before launching into *Baby please don't go*. The Corner Hotel erupted as the dancers took over and the others just called for more.

Chris Rogers, Gerry Pantazis, Steve Hadley, Dave Hicks, Mark Grunden, Graham Pogson, Gavin Anderson, Dean Matters, Di Jones and Lyn Wallace are just some of the other musicians who contributed and that doesn't include those who couldn't be fitted into the programme. Bob Rowe of the Bendigo Bank, the Corner Hotel, RRR and PBS Rob and Ben Harwood are but a few of those who contributed generously to make it all happen. The punters grabbed the raffle tickets as though they were the prizes and then dipped into their pockets again to raise about \$13,000.

A memorable night came to an end with everybody joining in as Jo Creighton belted out *She sent me a letter*.

For those who missed it, check out the Dan O'Connell at 2.00pm, October 16.

Artstreams takes pleasure in acknowledging the following institutions as 'partners' in its task of promoting and supporting the arts and culture of the North Eastern region of Melbourne.

**LA TROBE UNIVERSITY - MONTSALVAT - THOMPSONS PHARMACY  
WELLERS RESTAURANT - BRIDGES OF HURSTBRIDGE  
SHIRE OF NILLUMBIK - CITY OF MANNINGHAM  
HURSTBRIDGE AND DISTRICTS COMMUNITY BANK - BUNDOORA HOMESTEAD ART CENTRE -  
DYNAMIC VEGIES - WARRANDYTE CAFE - SAMSON HILL ESTATE**

## In Shadows

by Bill Collopy

*In Shadows* is the winning story in the open section of this year's Alan Marshall Short Story Awards.

In a mirror of steel the eyes look crazy. He washes his face with water tea-brown. Like a knife Ali holds his anger, telling himself that maybe he only dreams this secret city.

Sunlight stripes his wrists, from bars. Spider webs make nets. Four beds jam together, blankets thin as paper.

Ali grips his knife unseen. They have no right.

Old Yusuf looks sick yellow. He cannot get out of bed, his pillow a pool of tears. Chewing fingernails, the old man speaks only to say *salat*. Yusuf clutches his *Qur'an* with thumbs flat as a carpenter's pencil, tilting his head as if listening to notes from the page. In the yard sometimes he sings. With him a granddaughter sits, picking lice from his hair.

Ali must do something besides hate.

On his wall hangs a calendar, one year out of date. He makes the calculation, keeping track of days. He's somewhere in a place of shadows, dying one day at a time, folded into back streets of a city. This country he knows only from pictures. He has not seen a kangaroo.

The room has a radio. Voices in English make jokes and offer to sell things that Ali would not buy even if he needed them. Four nations squeeze into this room. Radio callers cannot know his anger.

Calculation tells Ali he has been in a cage ten months and, before that, another cage in wilderness where the guards would wave at flies. He gave his mother's money to a man who promised to help, who smuggled him to Pakistan and then a plane to Indonesia. Ali thought the Muslim country would be his new home. Instead he hid from police in shadows. At last the fishing boat sailed, one hundred believers trusting God and the men with guns. He prayed for rescue from waves big as mountains. He saw fishing boat pirates unable to get closer than a man's shout because of current. Rain soaked the boat. He tipped closer to God. A little girl died. Her mother begged to die too. Men dirtied, losing their shame.

In the hidden city there is a library but Ali has no interest in books of crime or Christian romance in English, though he can read and write the language. Each day other men ask him to translate from a newspaper. They want to know what is happening outside. He turns pages, reading words he knows and puzzling over others he does not. Ali has found no writing about a secret city behind factory streets. He reads letters to the editor. Often these anger the men. People who live in houses and walk to shops write about fairness, using the words *Muslim* and *Arab* as if these are the same. Australians do not understand what separates the prisoners and what unites them. They do not see behind concrete. They speak another country, with free speech and libraries. They treat their animals better than they treat Ali. His shadow thins. He is beginning to forget shapes of home.

Red in their faces and blue in their eyes, the guards watch Ali and friends seated alone or in pairs. Groups are not allowed. He studies diamond shadows made by wire fence, like a mosaic in cement, and overhears talk from the guards. They work for a company that supplies warders to prisons.

If his counting is correct, it is two years since he landed. Sailors plucked him from a boat already sinking. He had no papers but he was stronger. He had muscle. Now his brothers would not know him. At home they were arrested and jailed, one by one. His mother knew what would happen to Ali. With two friends from school he ran. They stole bikes and horses. Ali sometimes wonders where his friends finished: in America maybe, or England, where cricket is played.

He used to dream of leaving home to travel. He studied English and he studied computers. He can use the PC in the common room but it is off-line. He plays solitaire. He listens to guards talk. They fear that the prisoners might communicate with terrorists or learn how to make

a bomb out of vegetables and spoons. Fat mouths mutter. Stomachs bulge behind belts.

Ali is beginning to disappear. Some days he forgets boyhood, and the faces of his father and his brothers. It is so wrong. He writes in English, a private shadow. If guards discover it, they will find only thoughts that refuse prison.

*In sadness we make, he writes. That is nature. A woman can not give birth with out sufering. And i pray for freedom but our city is hidden like my words keeping dark in a place under a floor tile the crack invisable. Words look hard and thin like my arms. Words need air too for breathing. So i make this record. May be i hope for a reader even if just a gaurd. They can not lock up words*

#

With Iranians and Sunnis he sits at peace in the exercise yard. They pray together, giving worship to God and thanks to the Prophet *Mubummad*. *Peace be unto him*, writes Ali. At home he would not speak with a Sunni. He might pass robed men beating a woman or bending on prayer mats or punishing children. Here he shares a shadow. Hope beats outside, in the wings of a bird. Men keep hate behind their eyes.

## FRESH PRODUCE SPECIALISTS

*Served the old fashioned way  
Est. 1989*

Wide range of organic foods.  
Non-genetically engineered soy products.  
Proud sponsors of ARTSTREAMS.



ORGAA CERTIFIED ORGANIC RETAILER

Shops 2 & 3, Cnr Beard St & Main Rd  
Eltham 3095

Phone: 9439 3462 FAX 9431 4037  
Email: dynamicvegies@ozemail.com.au

#

Not all stay silent. Some burn like a steam kettle, spitting and hissing. Their arms look hard as rifles.

One, a proud spirit called Hamid, tried organising a breakout. He fell tangled in wire, setting off alarms. From hospital the guards brought Hamid back, locking him in the solitary wing. He might still be there, or in a desert jail, or with God. Ali feels the shame of silence.

#

He has not yet taken pills but other men do. Doctors give them out, to keep men calm, to help with sleeping. Some collect their pills and hide them away, for a time when they have given up all hope. Anger pulls his soul like a glassmaker, puffing and stretching. He cools but he will smash easily. If the doors suddenly flew open he could not go home. Where Ali was born, young Hazara are being forced to clear land mines. Those who refuse are shot. That is not a life.

#

From mouths of children he hears English words. There is no school, only TV. Some kick a football on the



## Bridges Gallery

Oct 19 - November 27  
Piers Bateman Oil Paintings

Walter Magilton – Oil Watercolours

November 30 - January 15  
Kirsty Chalmers – Photography

Mark & Lana-Jo Mason – Ceramics

## Hurstbridge Gallery

September 1- October 19

Joyce Pederick – pencil drawings  
Marie Perryman – watercolours  
Kantha Edmunds – mixed media

## Bridges (at Hurstbridge)

Restaurant Bar, Conference & Function Centre

1075 Heidelberg-Kinglake Rd, Hurstbridge  
Phone 9718 2938

brown lawn but most are too sad. Girls watch TV or pray. Outside the shadow city other girls play on real grass. They sit in classrooms. Ali has seen them on TV. They walk without an uncle or brother at their side. Some even sleep with men that are not their husbands, if TV stories are true. Newspapers forget. Letter writers forget. They talk about Iraq and Olympics.

#

One boy cut his wrists. Ali and some others saved him. The boy watches TV at night. He sleeps all day. Another tried to hang himself but the cord was not strong enough. He cannot talk. Dangling from sharp wire hangs a hat stolen from a guard. In the wind it moves, out of reach. Ali watches a shiny band catching sunlight, like laughing.

#

His boat would not last another day at sea, up and down. A devil drank and spewed ocean. A metal shell stank of petrol and seasickness. He blinked away flies until he was almost blind. The sun rose, sometimes a colour of blood, sometimes in a sky cracked silver and black. He talked to fish, to stars. He thought the moon was a coin of fire. He thought a boat was following. There were pirates. He screamed. They were coming for him. Another man hit him in the face, saying he talked crazy. Ali could not cry when a baby died. A woman wrapped it to bury the body overboard. They had no Imam. An older man said prayers, calling on the Prophet. They held down the mother, who rocked in madness. Then Ali was blinking at white uniforms of Navy men who arrived as the boat began to sink. Other men, in dark uniforms, took him to a helicopter. Soldiers searched him above the clouds. Ali fainted, too weak to stand. When his eyes opened he was in a bus, driving towards jail.

#

*We have no future, he writes. On the floor is a spill of human heart.*

#

Guards begin the muster. Men shuffle outside, standing washed in the rain of God's tears. Guards search rooms. They do not find his words. A city stays secret.

#

Another day, another search. Old Yusuf collapses. Guards take him to hospital, locked in handcuffs. He has done nothing but to come without permission. From what Ali reads in newspapers, he believes they do not mean to be cruel. But already he hates this land. His friends learn to hate one another.

#

A boy stole a knife from the kitchen then spent weeks in the solitary wing. Where Ali grew up, that boy would have lost his hands. Guards say he is lucky. In the hidden city there is a doctor but no one has told the guards. Aref escaped home because he would not cut off the hands of thieves. His children were bullied. Men spat on his friends. He ran with his wife and daughters. Aref's eyes flutter when he speaks. He worries what might happen to his parents.

*Our secret city is a dying man, writes Ali. Its halls are narrow. we have no trade. The harvest is people. China and Somalia. India and Syria. Palestinian Cambodian Turk. Kept alive by anger. Waiting results of appeal to the minister.*

#

Through iron window stripes he's seeing another city: clock towers, spires and green parks. Smoke twists from rooftops behind an empty depot and razor wire. The room sleeps four men. For a time there was a boy but little Abdul had to go back to the desert. His crying kept the men awake. Abdul saw his mother die in a football stadium, executed for letting her hair be seen. His father escaped, only to die beside the boy at sea. Ali prays for Abdul, growing to be a man inside cages.

#

Elbows dig a ridge on his window. The building he watches must be apartments. A young man with eye-glasses plays a flute. Another rides a bike to nowhere. A third makes love to women. Ali sees distant shapes leaving to walk the city or ride bicycles to real places. Men drive cars and sit in public libraries. Ali is learning to despise his English.

#

Ears trick him. He thought he heard a muezzin lifting up the voice for *adhan*, calling the faithful to perform *salat*. Unrolling mats, they bend like reeds in the wind. But it's only a bell for evening meal, an electric sob.

Ali moves his spoon around a plastic plate: boiled meat fit for dogs. The fruit is turning black. The bread has blue spots. He will not eat rice that crawls.

*some try to starve, he writes. that is giving in. i eat if it is food. not dog scraps. i tell the men what gaurds say. a company manages us. we keep costs down. i hear gaurds talk how the jails makes a profit but pays men wages. we are the margin for profits. government pays a company to keep us hidden.*

On the wall someone has flung coffee. Its stain curls like a smile. Ali grins back.

#

Some days all he hears are the stories of other men. When he reads the newspaper for them, this is his only true meal. Men assist by holding his paper open.

Ali says they are part of a movement, running from persecution. Men try to convince him that living in fear at home is better than sitting in prison at the bottom of the world.

*not easy to bring light in the head of a sad man. some are all ready crazy. one killed himself with a razor. i hear the stories of brothers and freinds hiding in ship containers. lucky ones choke. stories come like words on the pages. i try to write with out tears for women who cling to underneath of jets and children tied to ropes under a floor of trains. i can not stop these stories. but i start to forget who i am. where i come from. rooms of home sink in shadow of other men.*

#

Smugglers warned that he could not go out. He spent days in Sumatra without fresh air and wept for people he had not loved enough. Police were looking for him and the others. The escape route had to be changed. Ali began to vanish.

#

Through window bars his dust is a waterfall. There's a church steeple, a school bell and loudspeakers, but it's too far to make out words. Some nights he hears music. He imagines the dancing and alcohol and fighting. He hears football crowds and ambulance sirens and roadworks. One day there was excitement in the yard when a helicopter began descending to a platform. Cheering turned to panic. What if men were seen in photos? They hid their faces from satellite pictures, which could be used to torment family. Shadows crept from sleeves to shield the beards and eyes.

#

From a north wall he hears market day sounds. Breeze dies, trapped in the wire. He wonders what could happen if each prisoner shouted a great word louder than guard noises and the electric bell.

When wind blows he breathes in the cooking smells: fried onion and forbidden meats. Ali has cloud for a garden.

Note: Bill Collopy has had a range of stories published in Australian and overseas magazines and anthologies. He is married with two children, lives in Melbourne, has receding hair and not enough bookshelves.

## What's on at La Trobe

### EXHIBITIONS

11 Oct – 18 Nov 2005

John Waller

Recent works by the University's  
Artist in Residence.

Early Dec – through to January 2006

Recent Works by Visual Arts  
Departmental Staff - Mildura and  
Bendigo campuses, La Trobe  
University.

Exhibitions curated by La Trobe  
University Art Museum Staff  
held at the Bundoora Homestead Art  
Centre

Early December 2005 – January 2006

Recent works by Department of  
Visual Arts Graduates - Mildura  
and Bendigo campuses, La Trobe  
University.

Bendigo Art Gallery

My Country

29 October - 30 November 2005

Abstract Interpretation of the  
Australian Landscape

An exhibition of abstract landscape  
paintings, works on paper and  
sculpture drawn from the La Trobe  
University Collection



**LA TROBE**  
UNIVERSITY

## Discovering the Rural

by Clive Dickson



*Silos, Nyah West*

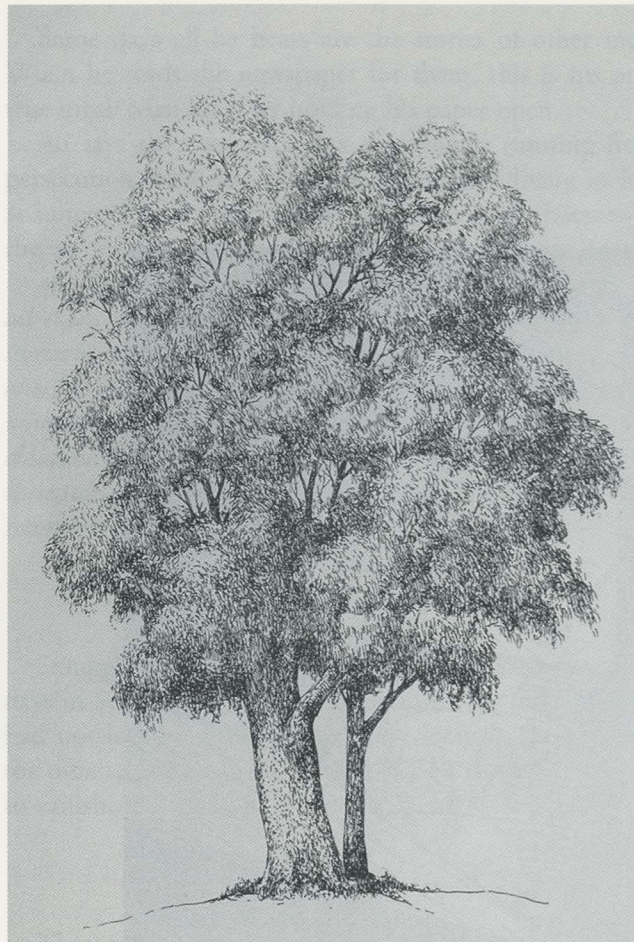
So much of the world is invisible until you make the effort to see it. After a lifetime in the city, I have just recently discovered the country, and this has impacted heavily upon my art production.

You need to know that I am a definitive 'urban-boy'. Most of my life has been spent within ten kilometres of the CBD, which is just the way I like it; close to coffee shops, theatres, and culture. When I travelled, it was to another city – the bigger, the better. The country was the annoying gap that you had to pass through in order to get somewhere. I passed through it as rapidly as possible, preferably on a plane, paying no attention to what was passing by, and bemoaning the fact that so much precious time was being wasted.

The city was life, the country was a void to be avoided, and with this attitude, I set off towards Swan Hill. Leaving Melbourne has always been a struggle. It is just so comfortable. Living in Brunswick means that Sydney Road is always nearby, therefore I felt marginally comfortable driving along this familiar track that I knew would keep

me in contact with the city. As the buildings thinned out, suburbs became more like towns overlapping, and their names became quainter. "Donnybrook", what a cute name!

After leaving Bendigo, the world starts to flatten out. This was when anxiety crept into my psyche. I consulted my map and noticed that the dots marking towns were not as close together. I also started to pay closer attention to the petrol indicator. The prospect of running out of petrol in this flat, desolate wasteland bazillions of miles from anywhere (Melbourne) scared the be-jeebers out of me! The land was much drier here and there were fewer trees than ever – not that trees have ever held much interest to me except as shade. The road was long, straightish, and trailed off towards the distant horizon. I found myself looking for signs of civilization – which I concluded was anything taller than a tree that wasn't a tree, and what I found were silos and water towers. These monoliths became my rural lighthouses. I discovered that silos are not alike, coming in a variety of shapes and sizes. The same is true of water



Summer

## SAMSON HILL ESTATE

[WWW.SAMSONHILL.COM.AU](http://WWW.SAMSONHILL.COM.AU)

EXPERIENCE THE ROMANCE OF THE BEST VIEWS IN MELBOURNE. TASTE OUR AWARD-WINNING WINES IN A RELAXED FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE AND ENJOY HEALTHY MEALS.



ROSE PINOT

SHIRAZ RESERVE PINOT RESERVE

VERDELHO SWEET STYLE

VERDELHO DRY

OPEN DAILY 11 AM - 6 PM

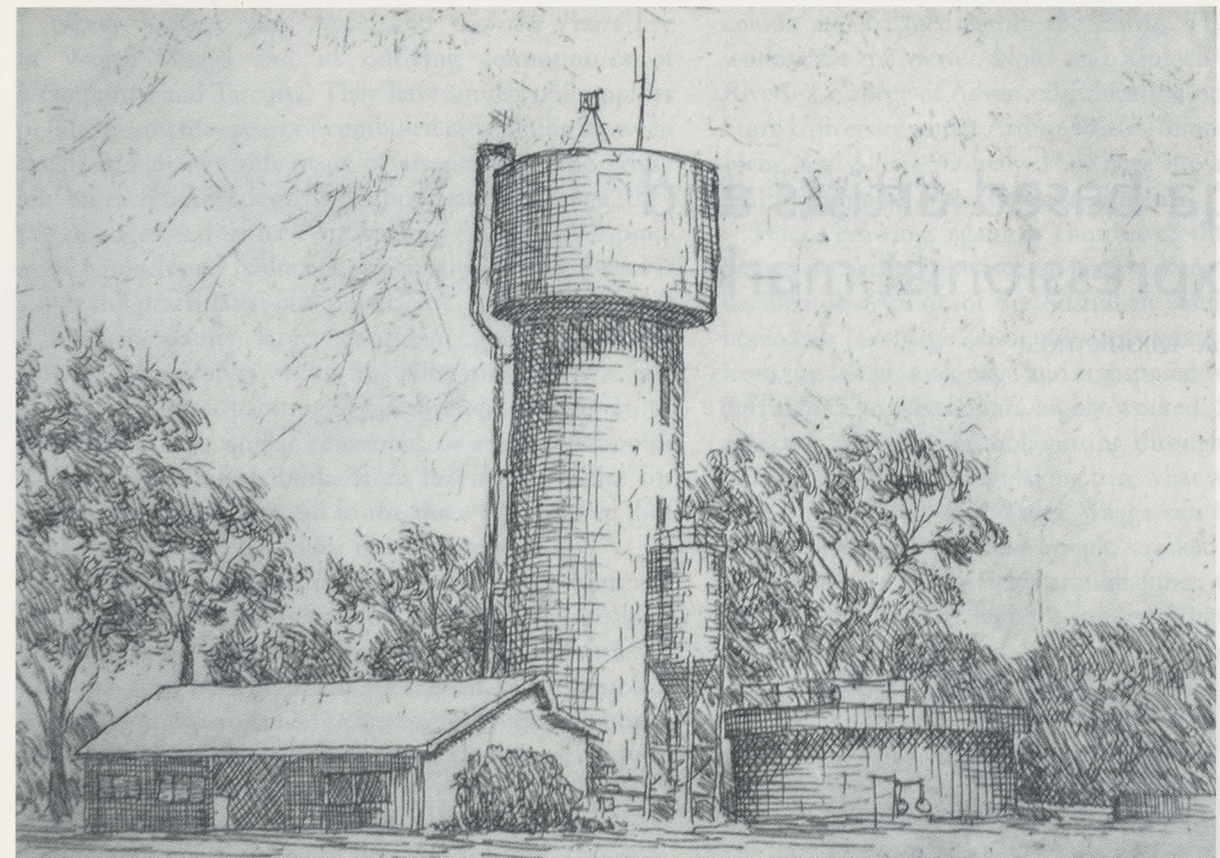
SATURDAY AND SUNDAY 9 AM - 6 PM

360 ELTHAM-YARRA GLEN ROAD

KANGAROO GROUND (MELWAY:271,F10)

towers. Some are round, some are square, and some are on stilts. This may not mean much, but when you are new in the bush, and desperate for something to occupy your mind, these became profoundly interesting. The various permutations of geometric forms have always been of particular interest to me, usually in the form of architecture. I love the play of light on form; the contrasts so clearly defined as light falls on sharp facets or gently modulated on a rounded wall or dome. There was something surreal about these monoliths that usually stand alone and isolated. They looked as though they have been dropped into the plains from alien spacecraft, and yet there was also something appropriate about them, they belonged here. They looked strong enough to withstand the formidable climate, the dry winds and burning sun. I started thinking about the symbolism embodied by these structures, and how they were tangible representations of why people made the effort to come to this formidable landscape. The silos to store the grain that was grown in the vast fields, and the water towers to make life possible for those that grew the grain. Survival in a harsh environment was a concept so unfamiliar to me, as water came effortlessly from the tap and grain came processed, baked and wrapped in plastic within a five minute walk from home. I became aware of how ignorant I was of the lifestyle of people who live only hours away from my supermarket.

I finally arrived at Swan Hill. One thing that I noticed about country towns was that they usually have one main street, and Swan Hill was no different. It doesn't appear to be an old town and is not graced with pretty Victorian buildings. I guess it missed the gold rush, yet there is a pioneer settlement created nearby on the river near the Swan Hill Regional Art Gallery. I soon felt comfortable in this town. It has a number of quite impressive restaurants and some nice pubs to choose from. People were easy to talk to, casual and generous, yet looked a lot more weather worn than me. This is hardly surprising seeing as how I avoid the sun's burning rays as much as is possible without becoming nocturnal. I enjoyed exploring the surrounding district and found that Swan Hill was not only civilized but also had some quite nice water towers and some impressive silos near the station. This was when I began thinking that I would do a series of prints based upon my new-found icons. I like the idea of expressing the "Australian Identity", a concept that has always interested me, via the symbols of the country. I also introduced one further icon into my work – the windmill, as this sat comfortably with the notion of survival, seeing how its very function was to extract water from the ground through utilizing the wind. One of my favourite walks was along the Murray River, that meandered nearby. The views over the brown water seemed so familiar, just so Australian. I concluded that it was these huge gum trees that embodied the essence of Australia. They share the same spirit of survival as all those that live in the country. I found them interesting, but it has taken me a year and several clumsy experiments

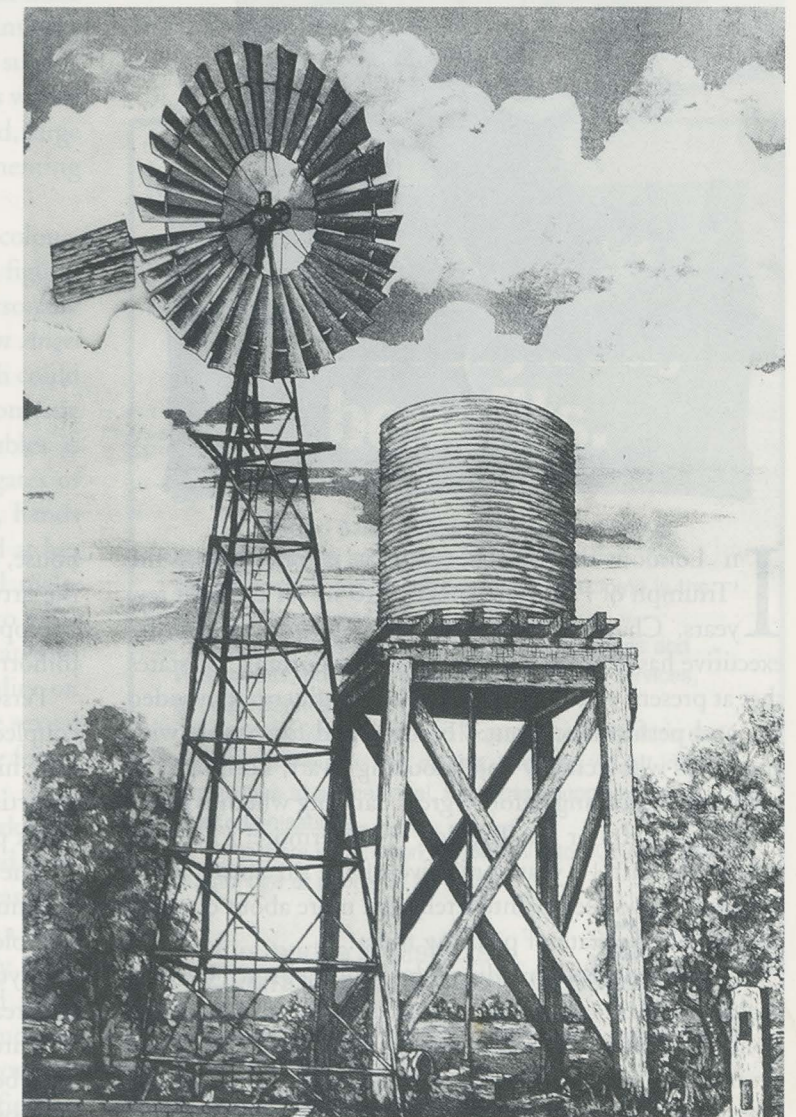


Water Tower

Pastoral

to make a tree not look like a lollypop. My art has always been about line, form and tone, all nicely arranged neatly and harmoniously, nature was a mess dominated by texture, with ungainly lines, shattered tones and ambiguous form. When you arrange nature, it just doesn't look natural. My last etchings have been landscapes, the first that I have ever attempted, and have required a different approach to working the plate. The enclosed space of the city has been replaced by vast open space and flat walls by the texture of nature. I enjoy the process of etching as it slows you down and gives you time to think about the image that you are working on, and the rural images suggested many ideas that I had rarely considered, though perhaps obvious to those not as insular as myself. I am pleased to have discovered the country and its quiet beauty; and believe that it has enriched my work and appreciation of this country. Marcel Duchamp observed that art was the gap between what is seen and the viewer, whereas I have found that Australia is the gap between cities.

Clive Dickson's rural images will be exhibited at Artstreams Gallery from November 5.



## Wagga based artists and the expressionist mark

by Thomas A. Middlemost



In London the Saatchi Gallery is celebrating the 'Triumph of Painting' parts one to six for the next few years. Charles Saatchi the art collecting advertising executive has decreed that painting is important. He states that at present painting may be heavily influenced by video art, and performance, but: "For me, and for people with good eyes who actually enjoy looking at art, nothing is as uplifting as standing before a great painting whether it was painted in 1505 or last Tuesday." Furthermore: "The fact that in the last 10 years only five of the 40 Turner Prize nominees have been painters tells you more about curators than about the state of painting today."

I am sure these media-grabs will help to develop Saatchi's collection, however, much more pressing questions arise from the statements: Does multi media art deserve the privileged position it holds in the curatorial eye? How much control does the curator, critic, auction

house, state gallery or collector have on the art market or the artwork of our current decade? How much of this is appropriate to Australia, and individual artwork choices tomorrow?

Personally I enjoy the expressionist mark, immediacy, coupled with the chance involved in complex artistic process, hindering facility. However, I can and have fostered an artistic obsession with items as diverse as a piece of blank paper, or a new Ducati.

The time is ripe to deeply examine, and genuinely look at a number of traditional arts practitioners: Artists who the 'bloggers', and the techno-critics/curators overlook. I urge you to look at good artwork without the baggage of an already pre-determined theory.

Three committed regional based, mid-career artists have been showing for the first time at *Rinaldi Gallery* in Brunswick in September. They were worth a look.

*Canny Kinloch, Paul Nolte, and Gabriele Peters* live in Wagga Wagga and its outlying communities of Uranquinty, and Tarcutta. They have similar philosophies on life, neatly fifty years of combined art training between them, and many more years of art practice. The group rely on each other for artistic support and challenge, they sketch together but have immensely divergent art practices. Kinloch and Nolte are principally painters, Peters is a drawing practitioner and potter.

Kinloch paints large, confident and consciously abstract expressionist works. She aims to replicate a state of mind within a painting. This envelops the viewer, or guides them to a similar emotional, or experiential point as the artist. Kinloch broke from her main practice for seven years following a call to the three dimensional, but has returned to the brush for the last two years.

She has consciously stripped the figurative from the picture plain. The landscape and time effects of geological strata are broken by mainly portrait inclined canvasses. The images of her childhood are refined, cut up, broken and half formed, to achieve canvasses whose main objective is to work pictorially and reflect the life, or body of the artist at the time of painting.

When questioned on the dark tones of the canvasses: purples, and blacks she states that she does not want these to be seen as depressing pictures. Rothko's black canvasses of the late 1960's and his state of mind before his suicide should not be evoked, these are the colours she feels would best provoke the all encompassing rapture of a good, large Barnett Newman canvas. For Kinloch this is documenting the present, not staring into the void.

Nolte, in deep contrast paints and draws colourful stylised, floating, mainly female figures. The figures scream out for a story, one which can be read personally or universally. Within the large painting, *Guardian Angel* a mother/angel sits on a heightened platform, which could be a kitchen table, bed or a more deified and less domestic position. Her 'Valkyrie inspired' breast plates doubles as the fabric of a nightgown. She sits at either, the gates of another world or between two chairs or bed rails, hands poised as if ready to play sitar. The instrument laid at her groin ready to be punished, is an infant or small male, whose mouth screams open at the viewer alluding to what is behind the head. The mother and child are situated in a sea of red; a strong image of sanctity and sexuality on the micro and macro scale. The willing if fearsome sexual partner and the chiding of the masculine in society for its holistic wrong doing.

The masked faces within Nolte's painting marks the work as his. He starts the canvas with the eyes and their relationship to each other and within the canvas. He moves from there through numerous sketches and a multiplicity of colour choices to expand on the overtly sexualised figures and their placements. The extended noses acting as phallic exemplars of his masculinity, intrude on the feminine in the painting. Nolte states that his concern is in the curves and concaves of space that entwine figures,

colour, and balance within the canvas. The story of the work is for the viewer. Nolte and Kinloch studied at the Riverina College of Advanced Education now the Charles Sturt University under Arthur Wicks, Simon Close, Euan Heng, and Albert Shomaly. They have also attended many TAFE campuses as teachers and students.

Peter's drawings again in contrast to the figurative in Nolte's work and abstract of Kinloch's are formed from detailed observation of the Australian landscape, and the botanical. Her large skies and native plants are enlarged from the sketchbook page and transposed to pottery with deft skill. The sketches are highly worked. She often uses an eraser as a drawing tool; cutting through a hill or skyline like a supreme being; laying bare what was once earth. The landscape around Wagga Wagga can be barren, flat and drought affected. The rough, cracked art of Elwyn Lynn was born in the fields around June 40 km's out of Wagga Wagga. Peter's highly considered drawn landscapes are mainly monochrome, cultivated and controlled, with an enormous sky and distant rolling hills.

Thomas A. Middlemost is Art Curator, Charles Sturt University Art Collection. Phd candidate at ANU on the history of Monotype in Australia.

**Bank with us  
and everybody  
benefits.**

At Bendigo Bank we offer a complete range of banking products and services, one-to-one personal service and a commitment to actively participate in the communities we serve.

So for home loans, personal loans, savings and investments, business banking and financial services, Bendigo Bank is here to help you.

Equally, we aim to build long-term relationships and make a contribution that counts. It means we get involved in activities at a local level, therefore supporting many local organisations.

For more information please call into 808 Main Road, Hurstbridge or phone 9718 0431.

Hurstbridge & Districts  
**Community Bank Branch Bendigo Bank**

www.bendigobank.com.au Bendigo Bank Ltd, Fountain Court, Bendigo Vic 3550  
ABN 11068049178 (S2974) (08/04/03)

# Terrup and Karloo

by Emilie Anita Tear

I awoke with the sun shining through the folded over grass in my willam. I squinted as it was burning my eyes. I hear my tribe outside collecting their spears and tools they need for hunting and I also hear the women of the tribe talking as they collect their coolamons.

I hear footsteps coming towards my willam, I hear . . . "Terrup, Terrup git your woven basket, the women of the tribe are leaving to collect today's gatherings". "But Barak, Karloo and I are going to the Yarra Yarra today..."

"Terup, you will go with your Baba and Jurries to collect gatherings and then you and Karloo can go to the Yarra Yarra, but don't go across to the other side of the river, it is very bushy and there are dangerous spirits! Terrup, if you go across to the other side of the river. . . GUNDAGUNDER will git you!" "Ok Barak, I'm coming."

I come out of my willam and pick up my woven basket. I look at it proudly as my Baba and I made it together as we were watching the sun set. I look over and see my Baba and Kurries, they've already started walking and I spot Karloo. I run to her side and start telling her how much fun today will be. Karloo interrupts me and says. . . "Terrup, I agree about today, but tomorrow you will go with the women of the tribe and get initiated." "Does this mean I will become a woman?" "Yes Terrup, that's exactly what it means."

I went off and collected some bush tomatoes and yams and tossed around a few rocks. It was still early and I saw a few Joey's with their mothers and clan bouncing around eating some soft grass. It was that time of the year, when new things were appearing. The trees were growing and the birds were laying all their eggs. Suddenly I see in the distance an emu nest. I walk up and see how beautiful those green specky eggs look. I think about how nice it would taste once cooked over the fire. I go to pick one up but I stop when I hear a noise. I slowly turn around to only see a head towering over me. I yell, "Karloo, Karloo." It's a male emu and it's squawking for the other emu's attention. I turn around and snatch one of the green eggs up. I start running in the opposite direction of the emu. suddenly the emu spots me and starts chasing after me. I spot a tree and jump up into it, carefully placing the emu's egg in my basket. I'm gasping for air as I feel my chest getting tighter and tighter. I'm out of reach and sight of the emu and I check around before I hop out of the tree and start searching for Karloo. I finally find Karloo and tell her everything that has happened, we asked Baba if we could now go to the Yarra Yarra to swim and she lets us go.

When we get to the Yarra Yarra, Karloo and I plait some Combungi together to make a swing to swing into the river on. We tie it tightly to the branch hanging over

the river. We swing in and fly off doing a back flip before splashing into the river. Karloo caught a fish with her bare hands; he was a billet baby trout. Karloo put him back though and he went swimming off.

when we were about to leave, I spotted a blue tongue lizard, I went up to him and tried to pick him up. He slithered off and I started following him across the rocks and up the embankment. He was off through the bushes and I kept following him not noticing that I was now on the other side of the river. Karloo yelled, "Terrup, come back." I didn't hear her and kept following the lizard for a while until he went under a heavy log Karloo yelled, "Terrup, we're on the wrong side of the river and now I don't know what way we have to go to get back."

It was starting to get dark and I decided to climb up a tree and see if I could see any sign of our tribe. I climbed up a tall gum tree and looked across the land. "Karloo, Karloo I see smoke." "What do you mean?" "Karloo, I think our tribe is back across that way. "Terrup, we'll never get back in time for tucker!" "Don't worry I know another way."

we were walking through the bushes nearly back at camp when suddenly "TERRUP!" "Karloo, what's wrong?" "I've been bit by something." "Put your arm around me and we'll get Barak to look at it." I helped Karloo back to camp and when we arrived back at camp, Baba rushed over worried that we were lost. "Baba, Karloo has been bit. We need Barak to have a look."

Barak and the other men of the tribe rushed over and helped Karloo. She'd been bitten by a snake, but he wasn't venomous. Karloo was told she would have to rest for a few days.

The next morning I awoke early and lift with my Baba and Kurries early to get initiated. Karloo couldn't come though because of her snakebite

Later that day when I had arrived back at camp, I rushed over to talk to Karloo. I told her how proud I was now that I was a young woman. She told me how she waited anxiously for me to return and said that her foot felt a lot better.

That night we invited over some of the other tribes for a corroboree. We danced all night and celebrated the beginning of new growth, the trees, and the animals. We all sat around the fire and told dreamtime stories and then I sat listening proudly to all the others taking, as now I was a woman.

*Terrup and Karloo* is Emilie Anita Tear's award winning story from the William Barak Short Story and Bushcraft Competition.



## Gallipoli: a Turkish view

Gallipoli is of profound importance to the national identity of both Australia and Turkey. The Australian War Memorial has developed a new travelling exhibition that will for the first time, show Australians the events of Gallipoli from a new perspective – that of the Turkish people.

The events of 1915 created the Anzac legend, a foundation for Australia's sense of national identity, while for Turkey the defeat of foreign invasion under the charismatic command of Mustafa Kemal gave Gallipoli mythical status within Turkey's national identity. Besides the obvious differences between ANZACs and Turks, we can also see profound similarities, the basis of a mutual respect and admiration between the two that has lasted beyond the antagonism of 1915.

This exhibition of photographs and relics enables visitors of both cultures to ponder their own and their former enemy's experience of the Gallipoli campaign. Director of Bundoora Homestead Art Centre, Jacky Healy, says that images included are significant as there are very few in existence that document the Turkish experience of Gallipoli. "They depict both the heroism and the horror of Turkey's part in the campaign. Their display provides a focus for reflections on the cross-cultural significance of Gallipoli for Australia and Turkey, and its continuing importance to both countries," she said.

A public lecture will be presented by Dr Peter Stanley, author and Principal Historian, Australian War

Memorial on Thursday, October 20, 2.00pm at Bundoora Homestead.

Bundoora homestead has supplied Artstreams with some of the thoughts expressed by Dr Stanley in *The other side of the hill: understanding the Turks on Gallipoli*:

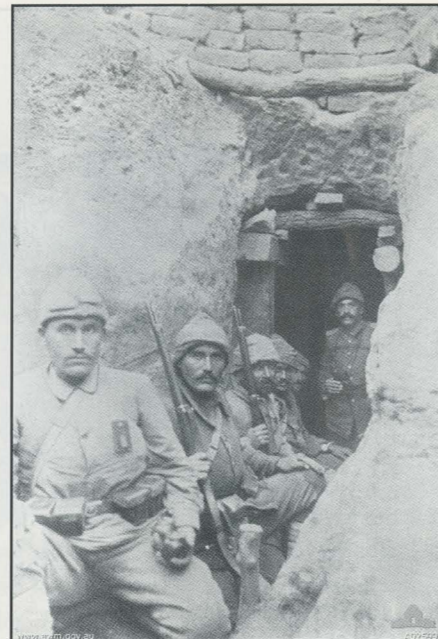
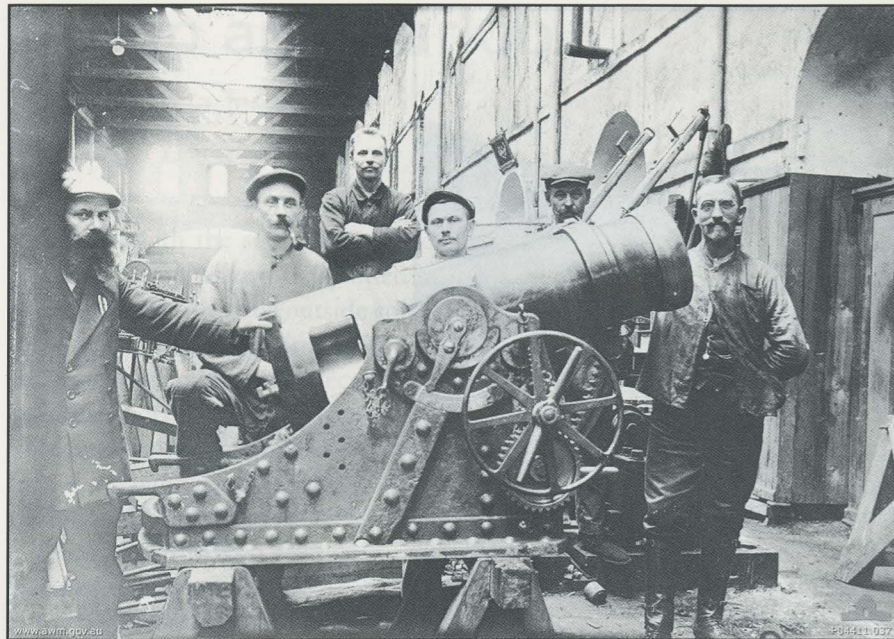
"In 1915 the Australians on Gallipoli had very few opportunities to see their enemies, the Turks, face-to-face. In the days following the 25 April landing they saw masses of Turks approaching in terrifying counter-attacks. They saw Turkish corpses, of course: they saw very few prisoners. During the truce of 24 May a few soldiers mingled with Turks as they buried Turkish and ANZAC dead in no-man's-land. But for most of the campaign's eight months few Australians saw living Turks.

"They remained curious about who these men were: soldiers who in the end defeated the only invasion of Turkish soil in the Great War. But their questions remained impossible to answer as long as anyone lifting a head above the parapet would be sniped.

"Ninety years on we remain almost as ignorant about our enemies as we were in 1915. Who were these soldiers? Why did they fight so tenaciously despite their poverty? How did they live in the trenches on their side of the line? How did they communicate with the ANZAC invaders in the trenches opposite? What did they think of their enemies?

In the 90 years that have passed since the Gallipoli campaign we can answer these and other questions. The





picture that emerges from the Turkish sources – including the photographs in this exhibition – is of an immensely tough, proud peasant army, whose soldiers were willing to endure great hardship and even to die in the defence of their country.

But besides the obvious differences between ANZACs and Turks, we can also see profound similarities, the basis of a mutual respect and admiration between the two that has lasted beyond the antagonism of 1915.”

This 30 minute talk is intended to complement the Memorial’s travelling exhibition, *Gallipoli: a Turkish view*.



Dr Peter Stanley, the Memorial’s Principal Historian, who selected the images in the exhibition and composed the text, will present it. Dr Stanley is an authority on the Gallipoli campaign. He was the historian on the Memorial’s permanent Gallipoli gallery (1984) and has produced two other exhibitions on the campaign. His book, *Quinn’s Post, Anzac, Gallipoli* will be published in April 2005, and in the 90th anniversary year he is involved in both Australian and Turkish television documentaries telling the story of the campaign.

(Copyright Australian War Memorial)

# GALLIPOLI

## A Turkish View

OCTOBER 7 - NOVEMBER 20 2005

Bundoora Homestead  
art centre

historic house  
gallery  
café

Wednesday - Sunday  
12noon - 5.00pm  
FREE ADMISSION

7-27 Snake Gully Drive, Bundoora • ph (03) 9466 9628  
www.bundoorahomestead.com

Turn your  
digital pictures  
into  
real photos

Ask us how

**1 HOUR PHOTOS**  
High quality prints and enlargements available from 35mm/APS film or any digital source.

**FRAMES / MOUNTS**  
An extensive range of quality frames and mounts available to compliment any photo.

**DIGITAL CAMERAS**  
The latest canon, kodak and sony digital cameras available at competitive prices.

**Eltham Digital Photo Centre**  
*Life long memories made easy*

**Thompsons Amcal Pharmacy**  
**962-964 Main Rd, Eltham 3095**  
**94399249**

**OPEN DAY**  
Bringing art and community together  
Saturday 12 November 10am – 3pm

Demonstrations, performances and workshops  
FREE 'come and try' activities for all ages!

From pottery to painting, Latin dancing to Bollywood – there’s something for everyone!  
Sausage sizzle, coffee, ice cream, fairy floss, FREE balloons

Come along and create artworks for the Art Centre’s December exhibition at the Manningham Gallery.

Full program of the day’s activities can be obtained by contacting the  
**Manningham Arts Centre**  
177 Foote Street, Templestowe  
Victoria 3106  
Tel: 03 9840 9381/382  
artscentre@manningham.vic.gov.au  
MELWAY REF 33E4

**CALL FOR PROPOSALS**  
**2006-2007 Program**

Manningham Gallery, the City of Manningham’s major contemporary arts venue, is calling for proposals from artists, curators and organisations wishing to exhibit as part of its 2006 and 2007 program.

**PROPOSALS CLOSE 28 OCTOBER 2005**  
Call 03 9840 9367 for proposal guidelines or visit  
www.manningham.vic.gov.au

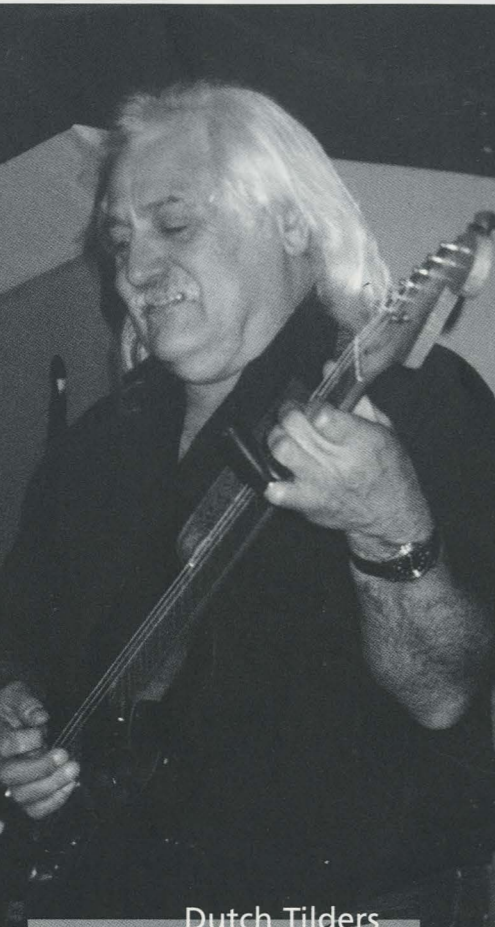
**Manningham Gallery**  
699 Doncaster Road, Doncaster Victoria 3108  
gallery@manningham.vic.gov.au  
Tel: 03 9840 9367  
Fax: 03 9840 9366

@ the corner

Kerri Simpson



Andy Baylor



Jimmy Hocking



The final jam



Geoff Achison



Dutch Tilders



Jimmy Sloggett



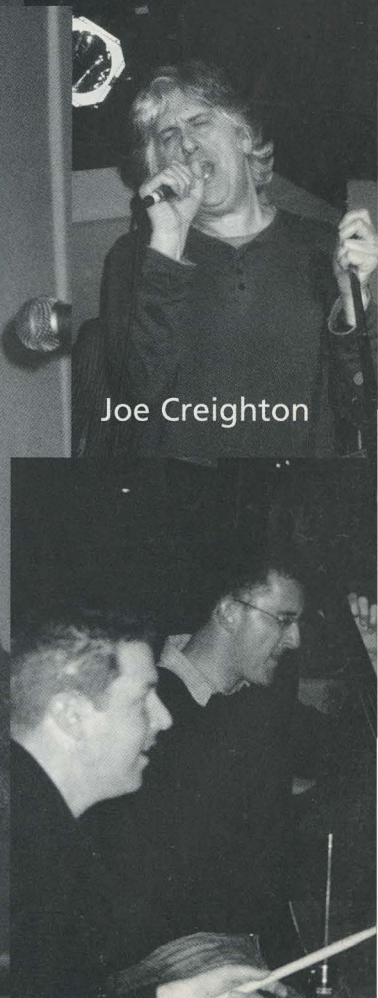
Ian Collard



Andy Cowan



Joe Creighton

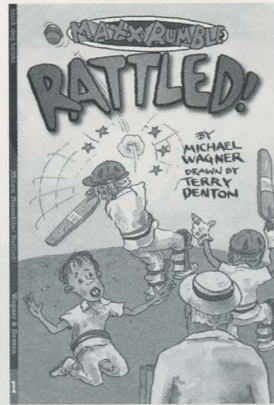


Peter Beilke



## Cricket Capers

Maxx Rumble Cricket Series  
black dog books  
Reviewed by Fiona Sievers



So, you've just spent a large portion of September in front of the TV watching the Australian cricket team lose the Ashes. You are bitterly disappointed and you can't wait for summer when the cricket starts up again. If you are having withdrawal symptoms and need a cricket fix right now, then this series is for you. The Maxx Rumble Cricket Series is a set of eight cheeky chapter books about a committed, winning cricket team. Read these books with your kids, grandkids, or just use them as an excuse to revisit your own childhood.

The Maxx Rumble series was written by well known children's author, Michael Wagner, and illustrated by the popular Terry Denton. It was published primarily for reluctant male readers, but Maxx Rumble has proven to be an extremely popular character with many kids. Wagner has also written the Maxx Rumble Football series, with Denton as illustrator. The books are useful as 'read alone' or 'read to' books for primary aged children - and for older folk who are young at heart and can appreciate good honest humour. They are full of refreshingly good, clean fun with lots of useful cricket terms and language, and plenty of action.

In book 1, *Rattled*, Maxx introduces himself to the readers and vows to tell them the truth about what happens in real cricket matches - and he does just that. Each book is about a different match in which his team, the Stone Valley Saints, plays a different team. The opposition always poses some sort of huge challenge or problem that the Saints need to work through if they are to win the match. In *Rattled* the Saints have to get through some tricky spin tactics used by the Princely Pigdogs. In book 4, *Bugged*, the Saints must battle huge commando flies that the Kreepy Crawlies let out of a jar during the game. In book 7, *Spooked*, the Saints must overcome their fears of scary things as the Rocky Crocks attempt to scare the pants off them using props like fake spiders and ghost costumes.

The text is broken into readable sections with brilliant and carefully-placed, illustrations (which also aid very poor readers), game results and team records, a team picture that includes the names so that characters can be visually identified, the official ladder - which is updated in every book - and some useful cricket tips from Maxx himself. The ladder in particular keeps the reader keen to read the next book and check where teams is. Each book stands alone but has more impact as a whole series as you get to know and love the characters, the coach and the

umpires. The illustrations are caricatures; so young readers will readily identify with the characters. While the series was written with reluctant boy readers in mind, there is only one girl on the team; girls who have had enough of Barbie or Saddle Club may well enjoy Maxx Rumble.

The Saints are determined and gutsy and always band together to overcome the challenges their opponents present. The players have appealing nicknames, something that will delight most young readers. Some of the names, like Oliver Sudden and Fran Tick, are just plain silly. The language is simple yet exciting and hooks (pardon the pun) you into the drama of each match and each story line. At the end of each book there is a short blurb about the following book, detailing some of the challenges that the Saints will face next.

The Maxx Rumble Cricket Series is sold in bookshops, and to schools as an educational series. There are free downloadable Teaching Notes on the 'black dog' website for teachers and parents to use with children; these test how well students have comprehended the books.

Check out the site, [www.bdb.com.au](http://www.bdb.com.au) for information on purchasing books online or to see the color covers of the books. They are great fun. They'd make a neat birthday or Christmas present - and they don't require batteries!

## 'the nature of things'

by Helen Lucas  
Flat Chat Press

Reviewed by Gwen Ford

The sensuality referred to by Fiona Sievers in her introduction to this book is particularly apparent in the emotional interchange between the poet and nature. The opening poem, *My Place* refers to the duality attached to the human inclination to create and be created by nature.

*Each seed, seedling, shrub, bush, tree, creates a future  
For itself and me.*

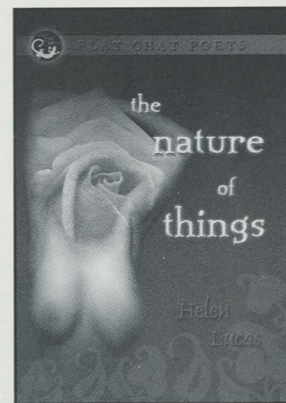
*Something to watch for, prepare for, be for.*

*My garden is wild yet controlled...*

*Stone paths lead everywhere and nowhere...*

Words like *demand*, *comfort* and *embrace*, *startle* and *defy*, reveal a place where requests are made and succour is given.

The section devoted to garden poems is both witty and perceptive. Delight is tempered with caution or knowingness as in *Winter iris* where the observer of the unfurling beauty of an iris reaching out from a *dry clump of reeds* is counselled to *look with your eyes, not your hands*. The voice



here is confident, reminding the reader that memories are often buried in gardens; in places where they may suddenly reappear if disturbed even slightly.

In the longest narrative, *Does Rain Mean Snow*, a male speaker refers to a moment in time when his own vulnerability is amplified by an incident on a dark, wet road. This piece makes clear the connection between the powerful, elemental nature of the environment and the fragile, dependent nature of people.

*An Open Garden* begins with the line *Poetry leads you up the garden path* and for me is the most assured of all the 'nature' poems. It resonates with images of the interior nature of the individuals within the sanctuary of a particular physical world

*my green heart pumps uncertainty...*

*my fingers sift the emotional soil, heedless... my life an open garden.*

The rhythm is eager. The poet seems to be suggesting that for her at least, the garden is a site for both emotional and spiritual discovery.

Several poems, which appeared in the collection, here and back to see how far it is are connected to Helen's travels to Turkey where she lived and worked for some time over the past few years. The opening poem in this section reveals the apprehension felt on the first visit when

*exhilaration bought the ticket...*

*consequence waited at the airport.*

Here she confronts a new environment; harsher than the mysteries of flower-filled gardens; offering fresh discoveries in an old world

*I am transposed.*

*Juxtaposed.*

*Rearranged.*

*Somehow changed...*

As an Australian woman in a country where the uncertainty of foreign seasons as much as progress confuse the traveller, the poem *Misguided Autumn* refers an almost anarchic display of seasonal disorder -

*swept the streets of children and women.*

*Skinny kittens cried and dogs cringed in the wind.*

And later

*...lay on a blanket of doubt,  
her cold form stricken with wintry disease,  
the wicked and ruthless rain  
lashing at her heart.*

Autumn, like the observant tourist, finally accepts the conditions of nature and finally

*Danced the streets with grace.*

*She felt the power, relieved.*

Like real life, the poems in the nature of things are not always what they seem to be. And that is a major part of their appeal.

'the nature of things' is available at bookshops or through Flat Chat Press 9269 -1881



RESTAURANT BAR ENTERTAINMENT FUNCTIONS



**Wellers is the ideal venue for any occasion.**

- Open 6 days for lunch, afternoon tea and dinner (only open Mondays on Public Holidays).
- The ideal venue for any private celebration (specialising in wedding receptions).
- A unique venue for business seminars and meetings.
- Regular live entertainment.

## LIVE AT WELLERS

**Daryl Braithwaite..... Thur 6 Oct**

**Ella Thompson..... Fri 7 Oct**

**Ross Wilson..... Thur 13 Oct**

**The Hornets..... Sun 16 Oct**

**Wendy Stapleton..... Thur 27 Oct**

**Vika & Linda Bull..... Thur 10 Nov**

**Chris Wilson..... Thur 17 Nov**

**Mick Thomas..... Thur 1 Dec**

**Ian Moss..... Thur 8 Dec**

**PHONE: 9712 0266**

[www.wellers.com.au](http://www.wellers.com.au)

150 Eltham-Yarra Glen Road, Kangaroo Ground.

# Australian Landscape Conference 2005

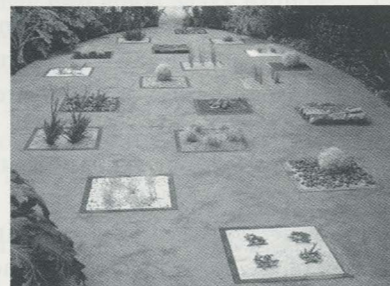
by Kate Herd

As Penelope Hobhouse, that *grande dame* of international garden design and publishing, informed the audience at the 2005 Australian Landscape Conference, there is 'nothing new in gardening'. However, at least an event such as this one, entitled *Creative Processes for Design Excellence*, reassures us of the endless possibilities for recycling ideas in garden-making and landscaping.

Hobhouse spoke charmingly of her development as a designer, her journey from *dilettante* to professional which took her from England to the US and most recently, and for her, most thrillingly, to the Middle East. Through all her self-confessed 'phases' of the last few decades, her love of formal structure, classical tradition and 'renaissance grammar' in the form of grand axes and geometry (underpinning even naturalistic plantings) has never wavered. I like that Hobhouse's passion is now for the gardens of Iran – so marked by the absence/presence of water, by the desert/oasis dichotomy, and so essentially un-English.

Professor James Hitchmough, from the University of Sheffield's Landscape Department (no stranger to many Melbournians through his years teaching at Burnley) was an amusing and dynamic speaker, but I was left wondering 'Why?' as I contemplated the relevance of creating of native-exotic hay meadows for Australian public spaces. Hitchmough's research interests have centred around the ecology, design and management of herbaceous vegetation. He has a strong interest in 'reinterpreting ecologically based herbaceous vegetations in the cultural context of the public greenspace of towns and cities'. I'm still digesting what this actually means and why it might be sustainable (whether it really feeds into the research on restoration ecology of Australian native grasslands as he claims) as well as being aesthetically pleasing in that pretty-northern-hemisphere-meadow way.

Local stand-outs included landscape architect Kate Cullity, who, in my opinion, is one very clever artist-designer. With Adelaide-based landscape architecture firm Taylor Cullity Lethlean, her impressive *c.v.* includes large projects like Birrarung Mar, the Geelong Waterfront, and the Uluru-Kata Tjuta Cultural Centre, N.T. Art, science, geology, 'a poetic sense of the landscape', are often factors



Top left: Vladimir Sitta's work; Left and below: Juan Grimm's work in Chile; Top right and above: Kate Cullity's own garden in Adelaide.

in her design process for any site. Her and partner Kevin Taylor's own garden in Adelaide has in spades a playful neo-vernacular quality which should silence those who bemoan a lack of an 'Australian garden style', and I'll be travelling to Adelaide next year to see it in Australia's Open Garden Scheme. In her own garden as in her other projects, Cullity's use of motifs and her selection, juxtaposition and manipulation of materials, is totally delicious.

Having just visited George Seddon's hometown of Perth I'd agree with him that kangaroo paws are just the most fabulous plants and that in particular *Angiozanthos manglesii*, with its luminous green and red flowers, is 'like a jewel designed by Jacques Cartier'. Wise, sensible and



thoughtful as ever, George spoke on the 'constraints on design' in Australia. Weeds and water remain the dual challenge – contamination of the waterways by chemicals and pesticides, unsustainable water use and salinity, as well as the invasion of our bushland by alien flora, and loss of diversity. 28% of Victoria's total flora is now made up by weeds, warned George, and statistics like this should alarm gardeners, designers and landscapers alike and provoke fundamental change in our practices. George encouraged us to learn the lessons of past mistakes and move on – we still haven't absorbed our basic ABCs in studying other Mediterranean-climate gardens, and thus, appear in serious need of remedial tuition.

The talented Vladimir Sitta's presentation was infused with his dry wit on subjects like the 'Designer'/client relationship ('Q: What's his favourite landscaping material? A: Hard cash!'), landscape design competitions, and his ongoing battle against the safe and mediocre in his chosen field. His *Room 4.1.3* is an interdisciplinary design group whose 'projects are allegorical topographies which consciously emerge from and try to retain their political and poetic integrity'. In Vlad's case, Europe's loss was certainly Australia's gain.

With their emphasis on the journey and story-telling, Jim Sinatra and Phin Murphy's presentation of select projects and installations carried out by their design practice had the audience in deep thought. The importance of listening to clients was demonstrated particularly in their projects with Indigenous clients and stakeholders, of thinking not just creatively but laterally and tangentially and then upside down, and above-all honoring the connection between people and land, can all help facilitate, in Sinatra's words, 'cultural and environmental reconciliation'.

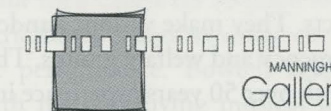
I felt like I'd been transported on a spaceship to an alien planet with Chilean designer Jaun Grimm at the helm. I was unprepared for the strangeness and beauty of the Chilean and Argentinian landscape – both natural and cultivated – where Grimm predominantly works. For Juan, 'landscape is a "moment" in the cycle of Nature, an infinite succession of scenes in constant movement. To capture the essence of this dynamic is fundamental to apply and consider it in the design of a garden.' His gardens seem at first not impressive, not the least 'gardenesque', but then you realise the way the planting is constructed with seamless continuity – replicating in his cultivated layered plantings the growth and rhythms of the surrounding indigenous vegetation. These gardens are very beautiful and appropriate within the dramatic and wild spaces they inherit.

The stories of the *Creative Process* presented at the Australian Design Conference 2005 were generally illuminating and, for me, also a reminder that that just "being conceptual" is never in itself enough – and neither is simply addressing function – there is much, much, more involved in the pursuit of *Design Excellence*.

## ARTSTREAMS GALLERY

ArtStreams Gallery is now calling for expressions of interest for 2006, contact:

ArtStreams Gallery  
63 Yarra Street, Warrandyte  
(Cnr Forbes Street)  
Phone: 9844 0248 or 9434 7969  
peterd@connexus.net.au



WHAT'S ON AT MANNINGHAM GALLERY?



26 September – 15 October 'Anything's Possible'

Work that illustrates the creative diversity of the people of the Villa Maria community; people of all ages with a disability.

17 October – 5 November 'Black and White...and shades of Grey'

The work of students from Carey Baptist Grammar Primary School, who, having removed the stimulus of colour, focus upon the lines, shapes and patterns in their environment.

8 – 26 November 'Hanging by Threads'

Graduate students of Studio Stitch Textiles, Diploma of Arts at Box Hill Institute of TAFE tell of their experiences through the innovative use of textile, threads, fibres and paints.

29 November – 17 December 'Showing Off'

Annual celebration of the creative efforts of students enrolled in the Manningham Arts Centre classes. The theme for this year's exhibition is 'GOLD'.

Manningham Gallery  
699 Doncaster Road, Doncaster  
Victoria 3108  
Tel: 03 9840 9367 Fax: 9840 9366  
gallery@manningham.vic.gov.au  
MELWAY REF 33F12



MANNINGHAM

## Threads that bind the CSA and CWA

The Goulbourn Valley West group of the Country Womens' Association has been running since 1954 in rural Victoria. The crafts based group is specifically set up to help women in regional Victoria with community based activities, particularly in times of crises. As part of their activities, they apply their handcraft skills to workshops and exhibitions as well as working on charitable based projects. They make various handcrafted relief packages for emergency and welfare groups. The CWA has some members with over 50 years experience in their craft. The local regional community is currently trying to recover from the worst drought in recorded history i.e. 100 years and the women are themselves either directly or indirectly affected at the same time as continuing in the CWA spirit offering any local, national or international relief that they can. They are asking for funding support for the first time ever to help. They hope to extend their reach; continue to improve their artistic programming and to improve their operational viability and creative outcomes.

Young artists from the Contemporary Sculptors Association will participate in specialty craft workshops one day per month with craftswomen from the CWA in the Goulbourn Valley West region. The aim is to allow artistic development and an exchange of skills for all craft-people and artists, but with the particular intention of giving support to regional families in drought periods and to help bring long overdue attention and acknowledgement for CWA women working in craft based activities. A series of workshops will allow a community based cultural exchange that will advance skills and ideas in a variety of textile based techniques. Artistic integrity will be encouraged to allow each person's background and skills to shine through and all involved will exhibit their work in joint exhibitions planned for the Civic Centre of Shepparton Art Gallery and at Yarra Sculpture Gallery in Abbotsford. It is expected that conceptual and contemporary works will be exhibited alongside the traditional works that inspire them. The exhibition will also allow the general

public to enjoy the finished works and to open up critical debate from a wider arts audience.

With help from Arts Victoria over a one-year period, there will be specialty workshops each month. There will also be two larger scale specialty weekend workshops utilizing six tutors with expertise from six of the state's most skilled CWA practitioners. This will allow a particularly high level of craft to be passed on. The workshops will take place in the Goulbourn Valley region over a one-year period. It is expected that at least six Melbourne based contemporary artists and 30 country craftswomen will be involved throughout. The craft based research focus that will be taught out of the Goulbourn valley will include wool sculpture, beading, gold work, Brazilian embroidery, stump work, knitting and crocheting. This cultural exchange between women of regional and urban communities will culminate in a unique exchange with great community benefits. It will also help to raise the awareness of local issues between cultural groups. There will no doubt be cross pollination of craft based skills and with City of Yarra support, the regional women will have the opportunity to come to Melbourne to view the such crafts as the Turkish women's jewellery, Latin American women's traditional craft (embroidery and beading), Chinese embroidery, Cook Island decorations and Timorese traditional weaving. The women are keen to pass on their skills and look forward to exploring new, innovative and creative avenues. Individual mentorships will also be set up on request to allow additional support from the craft/art based activities.

The workshops will take place on the 4th Wednesday of every month in Goulbourn Valley West. A weekend workshop will take place November 4 and 5 2005. For information on the 2006 program contact: [elaine.miles@artes.monash.edu.au](mailto:elaine.miles@artes.monash.edu.au)

## Where Music Hall meets Top 40

by Peter Dougherty

One is often amazed at one's own ignorance. Calling into Wellers to check out the 'unknown' Glen Tilbrook recently, I discovered I was the only one who knew nothing about him. Intrigued to discover that he was songwriter and frontman for 'UK Squeeze' for over 25 years I felt that I like everyone else should have heard of 'Cool for cats', 'Tempted' and 'Up the Junction'. He presented his songs in a good tenor voice with excellent 12 and 6 string guitar accompaniment. What was perhaps more important was his ability to work the audience. His lively English patter was punctuated with "Cheers then" as he raised his beer. 'Some fantastic place', "Genitalia of a fool", 'Pulling muscles from shells' and a boogied up version of a Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee number summed up his understanding of blues ideas signalled his ability to write touching and at times ribald songs and concert hall showmanship. Tilbrook's penchant for getting closer to his audience by encouraging them to rearrange the furniture was replaced with a request for everybody to join him in the garden. The whole audience traipsed out onto the lawn to surround him as he sang 'Goodbye girl'. They then followed him back inside to hear him finish the show with another raise of the beer and a final "Cheers then".

### Wolf Mail - Bluesman

A profession musician since he was 17 years old, Wolf Mail has been dubbed the missing link between Jimmi Hendrix and Stevie Ray Vaughan.

Twenty one years later he became another "new talent" to me and he was playing at Wellers Restaurant, only 15 minutes from home. I discovered first hand why his intense and relentless performances have also earned him the title of *heavy weight champion of electric blues*.

When he first appeared at Wellers a few months ago, the venue wasn't very full, but the audience was made up of music fans that knew every note Hendrix and Vaughan had ever

played. They also knew the music of Wolf Mail and they hung on every note; every riff and every word.

Mail has the voice of a heavy-weight smoker and a guitar style of unbelievable versatility, dexterity and depth. He sets a pace that's not easy to match but Patrick Hopkins on drums and Bas Khoury on bass managed to keep up. By the time Mail returned in September, word had got around and the audience numbers had doubled.

Mail makes his very rare and precious original 1957 Fender Telecaster roar, whine, whimper and whisper on command as he played his own compositions and evoked Knopfler, Winter, Hendrix, Vaughan and T Bone Walker. He followed Johnny Winter's *Hand me down my walking cane* with his own *Solid ground*; a classic, pure blues track that spent 6 weeks in the Japanese best blues/country charts - who said music doesn't speak all languages. *Lonely* could easily have passed for a Hendrix composition. In between playing new material from the *Blue fix* album he fitted in *Countryside Blues*, a piece from *Solid ground* that drifts beautifully along with a minor key delicacy. Wolf then called on Stephen Bowtell, a talented young electric blues player to come on stage for his first ever public performance. Bowtell held his own as he jammed with his only living musical idol and gained a swag of fans while he was at it. Not a bad start to a career. Back on his own, Mail used *Hello* to remind his audience that so much of his material and presentation is steeped in passion. He then provided a counterpoint by introducing a country element with a wild, raging rendition of *Rollin and tumbling*. It was an evening of pure magic.



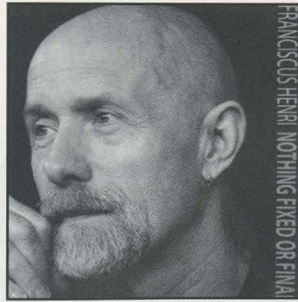
## Nothing fixed or final,

Franciscus Henri  
Franciscus Henri: vocals,  
guitar, mouth organ, key-  
board.

Michael Johnson: guitar,  
harp, keyboard.

Peter Hurley: piano, key-  
board.

FHP records



FRANCISCUS HENRI NOTHING FIXED OR FINAL

*Nothing fixed or final,  
all the while I*

*travel a miracle. I doubt  
and yet*

*I walk upon the water.*

Sydney Carter's answer to "So what do you believe in?"

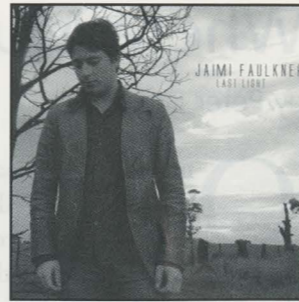
Sydney Carter was, along with Martin Carthy, The Watsons, Shirley Collins, Anne Briggs and Bert Jansch a member of the British folk revival of the sixties. While the folk music scene evolved and many of its early participants eventually reappeared on the festival and recording scene, Carter faded into obscurity. This is despite the fact that much of his music and many of his songs including *Lord of the Dance* continue to be performed to this day.

One person who has never forgotten Sydney Carter is Franciscus Henri who toured Australia with him in 1972. Franciscus collected a body of Carter's songs and poems and turned them in a live, one-man tribute performance. Carter's work espouses a form of spirituality that recognises the value of some elements of Christian teachings while undermining others. His gentle, iconoclastic wit strikes a cord with many churchgoers and others who would describe themselves as humanitarian rather than religious. Franciscus Henri has now recorded eighteen songs and seven poems onto a CD.

The set begins with *The Candlelight*. The claim to be the light and the way is scaled down to something more humble – an indication of the context in which Carter accepts the precepts of Christianity. He goes on remind us that the *Bell of Creation* swings in our own hearts. In *My Mum was a woman*, he turns to Freudian and Oedipal matters. There are many songs worth lengthy comment on the album. He roves over subjects as diverse as the introspection of an aging man reassessing the world while dreaming of times gone; the perfidy of advertising messages and where the "Devil" really dwells. *Crow on the cradle* is possibly the most powerful social comment while *Lord of the dance* offers an insight into the author's spirituality. Franciscus Henri's clear baritone voice does ample justice to Carter. At no time does the music crowd the lyrics. Not a word is missed as the musicians show the material the respect it deserves. After listening to the album you'll be guaranteed to be singing the songs to yourself for quite some time.

## Last Light

Jaimi Faulkner  
Jaimi Faulkner: guitar and  
vocals  
Nathan Adair: bass  
Daniel Farrugia: drums  
Sam Cope: Hammond  
organ  
Mumble Records



Jaimi Faulkner is a young musician who has decided not to sneak up on the Melbourne blues music scene. *Last Light* indicates that he is jumping right in boots and all, with strong material, good performances and a helping hand from Dan Dinnan, Mia Dyson, Chris Wilson, Stevan Grant, Dave Manton, Bill Bilander and Avi Kenny.

*She'll be around* opens the set with the welling sound of Bill Bilander's Hammond before Jaimi Faulkner joins him with a vocal passage; following up with a lovely lapsteal, Hammond organ duet with Bilander. First message: 'We're not mucking around here.'

*Shut her down* features the basic ensemble with Dan Dinnan adding harmonica passages. On *Hold on babe*, Faulkner switches to Dobro and takes over the harmonica while Mia Dyson gives a hand with the vocals.

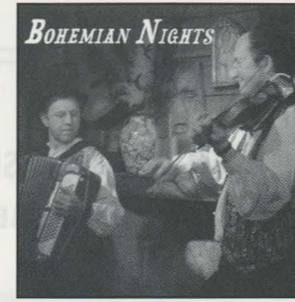
*Reference Tone* takes off with Avi Kenny and Chris Wilson setting a furious pace on drums and harmonica. Adair and Kenny set up a solid base over which Faulkner and Wilson exchange guitar and harmonica embellishments. Wilson returns for *Troubles him so* and gives the group license to step on the gas. Once again Faulkner and Wilson work splendidly together. Sam Cope returns for *Anyone around* and adds a light Hammond organ configuration to Farrugia's drumbeat to lead it out; a nice touch that helps give the material its stamp of originality.

*Houses out the Rain* has Dave Manton combining his piano nicely with Faulkner's guitar while Cope comes over the top on the Hammond once more to bring it all to a very satisfactory conclusion.

Faulkner keeps *All I can* for himself and uses the space to offer some well-phrased vocals and guitar cords to close down the party.

## Bohemian Nights

Phil Carroll: accordion,  
vocals, ney, duduk  
Ernie Gruner: violin, man-  
dolin, minor vocals



Melbourne has a reputation for being a multi-cultural city. Artistically, it would be considerably less multi-cultural without the presence of Phil Carroll and Ernie Gruner. When not playing as *Bohemian Nights*, they feature in *Klezmeritas*, *Yalla* and *Flirting Mazurkas*.

On this outing they divide almost 70 minutes into 30 tracks that cover klezmer, Russian and Hungarian Gypsy, French, Greek, Middle Eastern, Italian and Turkish delights. They even head off to The Argentine for a spot of tango.

Still not content, they do a credible version of Django Rheinhardt's *Swing 42* with Carroll standing in for Rheinhardt's guitar on accordion. With such a mix, sophisticated shifts from track to track are hard to organise. Hence Carroll quickly swaps his accordion for a ney and they move into *Miserlou*, a hauntingly beautiful Greek melody before darting back to the Middle East for a spirited rendition of *Mustapha*.

The two klezmer pieces that follow are very much home turf for Gruner whose violin playing skills really shine. Not that he's struggling on the other material. The pair then flits over the Mediterranean for *Tu Vuo fa l'Americano* and a bit of Italian jazz.

At this point I threw away the map and just listened to the music. After a not so convincing trip to Italy, they offer *Yukse Yuksek* from Turkey. As in *Miserlou* they are able to weave some magic into music that is arguably their real forte.

*Bohemian Nights* offers a lot of music. Seventy minutes is a long time to sit and listen to multi cultural music. On the other hand if you have company and choose to get up and dance this set will keep you going all night.

## Waiting on a change

Ella Thompson



Ella Thompson's debut CD is an interesting mixture of achievement, anticipation, youthful bravado and considerable precocious talent.

Thompson is a young girl in a hurry. At only 16 years of age, she has performed at pretty well every blues venue in Melbourne and played with an impressive range of established performers.

Not only is she a girl wonder, on this album she is surrounded by a group of boy wonders. I suspect that one of the lasting values of this CD will be recognised in years to come when the young musicians have joined the ranks of Melbourne's elite blues performers. The phrase "This is what they were doing when they were still teenagers" will be trotted out.

She has a great line up of supporting musicians and among them Sam and Josh Teskey and Sam Lawrence are much the same age and some of the others are not much older.

But to get to the music. Ella Thompson with fine, high register ability and - without flogging the youth angle too much - surprising depth for such a young singer.

Sams Teskey and Lawrence add sophisticated touches of lead guitar and keyboards respectively on *Shakey Ground*. The mood swings toward gospel when the Urban Spirit Gospel Choir join her on *Heaven help us all*. They make a great contribution, but Thompson still refuses to cruise. On Mack Rebennack's *Too close* there's only Thompson and Fabio Pertile providing guitar backing. She draws on her deep bluesey skills and delivers the lyric like a woman who knows.

Ella Thompson was pronounced 'Female Artist of the Year' in the annual Melbourne Blues Appreciation Society Music Awards on the strength of her interpretation of Robert Palmer's *Hard Head*. It's an especially satisfying piece of work with Josh Teskey, harmonica; Sam Teskey, lead guitar; Vincent Ward, bass and Phil Kirsch, drums. She offers a particularly soulful lyric and is totally in sync with the excellent backing.

As near to a criticism of Ella's current performances as I can put forth is she sometimes has a tendency to over-reach which is not necessary for a singer with a great range and a lifetime of singing in front of her.



## NILLUMBIK SHIRE COUNCIL ARTS OCTOBER – DECEMBER 2005

### ELTHAM LIBRARY COMMUNITY GALLERY

Panther Place Eltham during library hrs

**KATE HUDSON & JUDITH ROBERTS**  
19 Oct – 1 Nov

**NILLUMBIK OPEN STUDIO ARTISTS**  
2 – 22 Nov

**BRYONY DADE**  
23 Nov – 6 Dec

**NEIL CURZON**  
7 Dec – 10 Jan



### THE COURTHOUSE READINGS

728 Main Road, Eltham (Melway 21J7)



Amongst period furniture, a magistrate's bench and witness boxes, local and state wide poets present their work.

3<sup>rd</sup> Thursday of the month, 7.30pm for 8pm start, \$5, refreshments available

Eltham Courthouse, next to Mercer's Restaurant

### LOBBY EXHIBITIONS

Nillumbik Shire Council Offices, Civic Dve. Greensborough



**AUG – SEP**     **DEBORAH HALPERN**  
Sculptures & Paintings

**OCT – NOV**    **MARCO LUCCIO**  
Drypoint Prints

**DEC - JAN**    **GEORGE TURCU**  
Sculptures

For more information contact Arts and Cultural Services

9433 3161 or [Artsinfo@nillumbik.vic.gov.au](mailto:Artsinfo@nillumbik.vic.gov.au)

## The Snakes in Eden New Paintings by Angela Brunton

by John Jenkins

There is always a snake in Eden, and one of the few sad things about living in the rural godzones north of Eltham and Warrandyte, is the familiar sight of road kill. It is a diffuse area, where public transport is only loosely connected, so most people spend a lot of time behind steering wheels. I have often stopped my car, and dragged things away from road verges, so wedgetails can settle and cleanly dispose of a carcass, safe from traffic.

These thoughts came starkly to mind when viewing some 19 paintings – large and small – by Angela Brunton, at Chapman & Bailey in Abbotsford. Brunton is a resident of St Andrews/Cottles Bridge, and all these paintings, without exception, return to the same imagery, that of a dead wombat, turned over and re-examined in different colours and lights.

On the face of it, this sounds very depressing – but it is not. Stronger elements work against her 'dark' subject matter – balancing it with a note of hope and optimism. For example, there is Brunton's clear, steady and unflinching gaze, and the colours are often delightful, almost festive. The wombat image is sometimes stylised to the point of abstraction, to the point of becoming an idea of itself, or even decorative, rather than confronting with very visceral, realistic or expressionistic treatments.

The wombat shape is usually just a blotch or coloured stain, floating on a diaphanous ground of pastels, ochres, reds, pinks, browns, lush greens, yellows. The dissonance between subject matter and treatment is deliberate, very careful and subtle. Drawn in by ardently painterly charms, one is then persuaded to think and to reflect on a conservation 'message', all without the slightest ear of corn, didacticism or preachiness.

There are a few instances where the wombat morphs into something more abject: slightly bloated, filled with corpse gas, its lips rolled back, exposing deathly-white teeth. But it's just a hint. At the other end of Brunton's emotional/tonal register, there is a child-like, innocent quality, with the wombat rolled onto its back, raising its front paws as if wanting to play, like a page from a child's picture-story book. Beside it, are the foreshortened bright shoes and legs of a young female figure, responding perhaps to the dead animal's last act of appeal. This is a very effective image, emotionally adroit and beautifully balanced in its composition.

The wombat shape seems about to dissolve into various (and sometimes, chromatically luxuriant) grassy or earthy backgrounds, reminding one of natural cycles, a return to the natural ground of its being. And, in a number of circular, wooden-framed paintings, the dead wombat is increasingly abstracted, until it becomes just a small, organic squiggle – a mere, vestigial embryo of pigment. So there is still hope, as new generations of wombats appear, as if returning from the soil; and new birth, where the natural cycle remains intact.

These are deft, subtle, well thought-through and rendered images, which make fine use of a fresh and sometimes lush colouristic palette, balancing pastels and primaries in assured compositions. They reveal a genuine concern for content, engaging viewers with their poise, sensitivity and intelligence.

**New Paintings by Angela Brunton is showing at Chapman Bailey Gallery until October 9**

# artin' about

The bi-annual William Barak Short Story and Bushcraft Competition, sponsored by the Nillumbik Reconciliation Group, the Shire of Nillumbik was concluded early in September. School children from the district were invited to submit stories in which they imagine themselves to be members of the Wurundjeri clan before the arrival of white settlement. Shire of Nillumbik Councillors Helen Noonan and Warwick Leeson and Aboriginal elder Dot Peters took part in the proceedings.

Along with the children who had built weapons and implements, the five winning writers were presented with hand painted boomerangs by Ashleigh Peters and \$50.

Audience members joined in when Eva-Jo Edwards and her family dance troupe lead them in traditional Koorie dances.

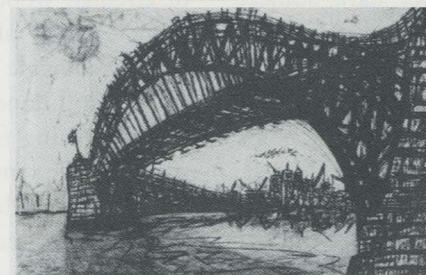
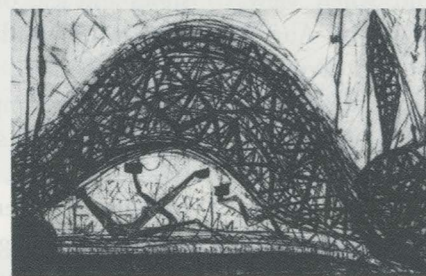
Emilie Tear, Jordyn Chandler and Bethany McGill from Yarra Glen Primary; and Demi McGraw and Jimmy Watson from Diamond Creek East Primary School won the writing awards. Leah Paisley and Rachel Nadj from Diamond Creek Primary School; Finn Bennett from Hurstbridge Learning Co-operative and Christopher Moate and Joel Parsons from Yarra Glen Primary School won the bushcraft awards.

As a young man, Henk Van Oosten studied art in Holland. When the Germans invaded, he was fully occupied trying to stay out of their hands and protect and provide for his hungry wife and children. The family migrated to Australia in 1955 and he studied oil painting again with Lesley Sinclair and tonal realism with Graham Moore.

Van Oosten has now used his painting skills to tell the stories of hunger, fear, loss and the will to survive. Although his paintings show the mastery of technique he gained through

his studies he has imbued them with a feel of naïve art. This serves to remind the viewers that they are truly sharing the experiences of the artist rather than being impressed by his skills.

As I looked at the works, I realised that a woman showing her friends through the gallery was Ber, Van Oosten's daughter. I was then privileged to share her first hand accounts of the incidents portrayed. She explained that she was the little girl pleading with a German soldier to let her little brothers come home when they were caught collecting twigs to heat cabbage and sugar beets for dinner. She is also there with her family cowering behind a door to avoid bullets and peering down the stairs as a stranger leaves a box of food at the door for them. The paintings are very moving and they prove that "Every picture tells a story" is not always a cliché. The exhibition at Bundoora Homestead is about to close but the works will undoubtedly be shown again.



A small exhibition that could well have been conceived to demystify the art of etching is currently on show in the mushroom cabinets in the foyer of the Shire of Nillumbik offices.

Kinglake artist, Marco Luccio goes

Date for your diary:  
December 4th – January 29th

## Ev Hales At Lovegrove Winery

1420 Heidelberg Kinglake Rd  
Cottlesbridge

Melway Ref 263 K1  
Open: Weekends & Public  
Holidays

11am – 6pm  
(Christmas Day Closed)  
Other times by Appointment  
Phone 9718 1569

Special smaller pieces on display ideal for that special Christmas gift for a discerning friend.

Ev has been re visiting her interest in printmaking, combined with her watercolour skills the results are sure to impress.



## BULLEEN ART & GARDEN

### Bolin Bolin Gallery at Bulleen Art & Garden

#### "Rivers"

1st to 31st  
October

#### "Fabric Of Spring"

by Twisted  
Threads  
5th Nov  
to 4th Dec



Bulleen Art & Garden  
6 Manningham Rd W,  
Bulleen. Ph 9850 5155  
[www.baag.com.au](http://www.baag.com.au)

out into the city with a sheet of copper and a dry point etching tool. Having found a suitable standpoint, that is as often as not at the top of a skyscraper he proceeds to turn the cityscape into a series of marks and lines that explore the structure, history and life of the city. The current display includes preliminary drawings, prints and the equipment required to move from one stage to the next.

The images in the display refer to *Civilta*, Luccio's current exhibition of etchings and paintings executed in Sydney and Melbourne. The works, many on a large scale feature fascinating structural icons from both cities. In Sydney, Luccio concentrated largely on the Harbour Bridge, whose nuts, bolts and girders, particularly in his hands presents unlimited material for exciting images. In Melbourne he has turned much of his attention to the redevelopment of Spencer Street Railway Station. This is probably the first attempt by an artist to interpret the forms of the new Railway Station and turn them into cultural icons. In such works as *Metalmeccanico*, *The day of the cherry pickers* and *Standing crane, moving rooftop*, Luccio has added the exciting dynamics of the construction site to the given sculptural forms of his subjects. Alongside the familiar and imposing black and white drypoint images are etchings, sepia images and unique state prints that introduce bold colour elements. 'Civilta' is hanging in Dickerson Gallery, Richmond till October 23.



Collingwood Gallery in Smith Street has now celebrated five years of supporting local artists. On September 17 they held a birthday party along with a group

show of works by their major exhibitors.

Since opening its doors in 2000, Collingwood Gallery has exhibited the works of over 230 artists, representing all areas of the visual arts. The birthday exhibition featured Laurie Davis, Danny Moynihan, Clive Dickson, Raffaella Torreson, Fros Stagologlou,

Maxine Jepson, Stephen Armstrong, Susan Horacek, Chris Winer, Tony Woods, Jane Fleming, Trish Johns, John Bartlett, Henry Maas, Graham MacKenzie and Laurence Peterson. The gallery has proved very popular with artists and visitors alike with its welcoming open-door policy and its situation among the characters and life of cosmopolitan Collingwood. As an artists' run space, these 230 plus artists have had the chance to test and display their work to an appreciative and knowledgeable local audience. Most artists have experienced strong sales and feedback and have reported that the two-week event has been a stimulating experience. Proprietor Mark Laidler and gallery art consultant Laurence Peterson are setting out to providing a quality exhibition experience for artists and the visiting public alike for at least another five years with *Cows and Bayonets* - oil paintings by Luis Bayonas on October 1

Eltham sculptor and photographer, Ben Wrigley showed a small exhibition of his work in the foyer of the Nillumbik Shire Office in September. The work, laid out in two display cases was carefully arranged to evoke the idea of a museum display.

One of the cases contained natural plant species, sculptural forms and photographs created from them. Among these items was an old bath plug, that, with help from a patina of age and weather was able to slip unobtrusively in beside the natural specimens.

The second installation consisted of bronze, wood and wax sculptures, drawing heavily on the same sort of natural forms seen in the first. The

## CONGO SYSTEMS

### Website Design & Graphic Design

Internet Explorer  
Address <http://www.congosystems.com>

#### 9 Good Reasons to be ONLINE !!

- 1) Sell More of your Products/Services
- 2) Present a Professional Image
- 3) Promote New Products/Services & Specials
- 4) Provide Instant Gratification To Visitors
- 5) Improve Your Customer Service
- 6) Reach New Markets with a Global Audience
- 7) Update your Online Information Anytime
- 8) Open to the World 24/7, 365 Days a Year
- 9) Generate/Attract Valuable Leads

Contact : Colin M Stott  
Phone : 03 9439 1200  
Fax : 03 9439 1255  
Mobile : 0417 566 657  
Email : [cms@congosystems.com](mailto:cms@congosystems.com)  
Website : [www.congosystems.com](http://www.congosystems.com)



## FRAMES for ART Of Hurstbridge

- Conservation quality custom framing
- Hand finished Australian timbers
- Fine Art Stretchers custom made
- Range of polycottons & linens
- Pick up & delivery service
- Local artists' gallery featuring painting, photography & quality prints

Wed - Fri: 9.00 - 5.00, Sat: 9 - 2

Shop 4, 850 Main Road, Hurstbridge

9718 0056



# Wining & dining

## Alta Vita Restaurant Café Bar

Indulge in casual, comfortable dining while you watch the world go by. Full Mediterranean menu – calamari a speciality. Steaks, pastas, salads & starters. Great range of delicious cakes, specialty cakes made to order. Breakfast (7am-4pm), lunch & dinner 7am-11pm, 7 days, fully licensed, BYO wine only. Ph: 9431 6611, Fx:9431 6303 Shop 5, 906 Main Rd., **Eltham**

## Artstreams Café at St Andrews

Every Saturday morning at Victoria's leading open-air market. Sample Gabi's amazing cakes, freshly squeezed fruit or vegetable juice and 100% pure fruit ice cream. Get your copy of Artstreams Magazine and catch up with what's happening in the art world while enjoying a magnificent cup of coffee. Eltham-Kinglake Road, **St Andrews**

## Babel

Located in the heart of Brunswick Street Fitzroy, Babel features two floors of dining, drinking and music. Downstairs in the dining area experience fresh, tasty food, a great bar and friendly service. Upstairs enjoy the intimate lounge atmosphere, smoking is permitted. Our hours are 5pm till late 7 days a week. Interested in functions, our upstairs lounge is available for bookings. Ph: 9419 8788. 367 Brunswick Street, **Fitzroy**

## Babka

A bakery & café specialising in traditional hand made breads & pastries, with magnificent coffee, a menu reminiscent of Central Europe. Breakfast all day. Hours: 7.00am-6.15pm 6 days a week, closed Monday. No bookings. No smoking. Ph: 9416 0091, 358 Brunswick St, **Fitzroy**

## Black Paddock Restaurant & Receptions at Evelyn County Estate

Set amongst the vines, overlooking the valley, hills and dams. Superb food, wine & architecture. Cellar door wine tasting & sales. The Tony Smibert Gallery. Reservations: Ph: 9437 2155, 55 Eltham-Yarra Glen Rd, **Kangaroo Ground** (Mel. 23B1)



## Bridges (of Hurstbridge) Restaurant Bar, Conference & Function Centre

Regular exhibitions by local artists. Phone 9718 0099 or 9718 2938 1075 Heidelberg-Kinglake Road, **Hurstbridge**

## Bundoora Homestead Café

Spinach & ricotta crepe stack, Thai pumpkin soup, Salmon & leek quiche and house-baked bread – together with a tempting array of cakes – are just some of the dishes available on the Autumn menu at Bundoora Homestead's cafe. Peruse the gallery's constantly changing exhibition programme while you walk around this magnificent historic house. Ph: 9466 9628.7-27 SnakeGully Drive, **Bundoora**

## Café Z

Gourmet breakfast & lunch. Coffees, teas, freshly made sandwiches, cakes, focaccias and slices. Homemade Mediterranean menu includes pastas, lamb koftas, falafels, boreks, dips, salads & baklava. Mon. to Sat. 8 - 6pm, Sun. 8.30-3.00 Private functions & catering available. Ph: 9437 2022, 1530 Main Rd., **Research**

## Greensborough Cake Kitchen Patisserie & Gelateria

Cakes for all occasions. Best take away or street cafe lunches: homemade sandwiches, pies, sausage rolls, pasties and pastries at the best prices. We were voted No. 1 bakery in the Diamond Valley. Ph: 9434 2258. 71 Main St. **Greensborough**

## HURSTBRIGE Fully Licensed CAFÉ

Beautifully restored heritage building sets the atmosphere for quality and friendliness. We are so proud of our new café within the post office and welcome your visit. Enjoy breakfast, morning & afternoon teas and luncheons. 8.30-5pm, Mon-Fri. 9.00-5 Sat & Sun.9718 2911 794 Main Rd., **Hurstbridge**

## Henry Hurst's Café

Pizza/Pasta Restaurant Rustic charm, relaxing ambience, gorgeous fare. Weekends, experience the most magnificent breakfasts this district has ever seen! Evenings, sample our magnificent pizzas & pastas – an extensive menu to delight all. Fabulous food & fantastic service. Licensed &BYO wine. Tues. 5pm-late; wed-Fri 9am-late; Weekends 8am-late. Ph: 9718 0233/0244 951-953 Main Rd., **Hurstbridge**

## ICI Licensed Café

Relax in a little piece of Paris in back street Fitzroy: ICI (French for here) Unique seasoned menu. Choose from our exclusive breakfast dishes or sit over one of our loose leaf tea selections or outstanding coffee. ICI's snug environment is just the place. All dietary types catered for. Only the freshest, finest produce used (organic when poss.) Breakfast, lunch, tapas 7 days a week. 9417 2279, 359 Napier St. **Fitzroy**

## Mercer's Restaurant

1997 & 99 food & beverage champions of Victoria, 'Mercers still remains the outstanding restaurant in the eastern suburbs' - Mietta's Eating & Drinking in Melb. Chef's hat in Good Food Guide 2000. Dinner Wed to Sun, lunch Thur, Fri & Sun. Ph: 9431 1015. 732 Main Rd. **Eltham**

## Mia Mia Gallery & Cafe

Art & culture centre reflecting the aspirations and skills that Aboriginal people bring into the 21st Century. Indigenous specialities: kangaroo, crocodile, emu, duck, dampers. Group catering & conference area available. Ph: 9846 4636. Westerfolds Park Fitzsimmons Lane. **Templestowe**



## Montsalvat Café

Simply beautiful, Montsalvat Café is set in the exquisite grounds of Montsalvat. Breakfast served on weekends. Full lunch served with local wines, cakes served with tea and coffee, throughout the day. All prepared in house. Tues - Fri: 10am - 4pm. Sat & Sun 9am - 5pm Dine indoors or in a sheltered garden. Café also open for dinner Thurs, Fri, Sat. Bookings: 9431 2681 Montsalvat - 7 Hillcrest Avenue, **Eltham**



## Samson Hill Estate

Experience the romance of the best views in Melbourne. Taste our award-winning wines in a relaxed friendly atmosphere and enjoy healthy meals. Open daily 11am - 6pm. Saturday and Sunday 9am - 6pm. 360 Eltham-Yarra glen road. (Melway:271,F10) Ph: 03 9712 0715 Fax: 03 9712 0815 **Kangaroo Ground**

## Smiths Gully General Store

All the excitement, service and variety of a country store, in-house bakery and cafe. Fresh bread, cakes & muffins daily. Home baked. Curries & Pastas. All types of burgers. Full range of pies, pasties, cakes and sandwiches. Ph: 9710 1295 914 Kangaroo ground - St Andrews Rd, **Smiths Gully**



## Tiamo

Basic Italian fare & great coffee at good prices since before Lygon Street was 'Lygon Street'. Spaghetti, \$9.30; Minestrone, \$6; wine \$4, footpath tables. Breakfast till after theatre 9347 5759. Tiamo 2 Contemporary Italian cuisine & lots of antipastes, homely upstairs dining room. Ph: 9347 0911 303 & 305 Lygon St **Carlton**

## Vines Restaurant

Outstanding modern international cuisine, specialising in fresh, local produce selected fine wines. Enjoy intimate dining or celebrate with up to 100 guests. Open fireplace or alfresco dining on the verandah according to season. Vines offers pleasant rural aspects of the surrounding vineyards, only 30 minutes from the GPO. 9876 4044, 1 Delaneys Road, **Warranwood**

## Volumes Books Café Music

The region's premier store for affordable fine food & wine, the best fiction & non-fiction books, CD's, sheet music, executive gifts & greeting cards. Catering & functions available. Licenced. Open Mon-Sat 7.30-6, Sun 7.30-5 Ph: 9431 5000, 70 Commercial Place, **Eltham**

## Watsons Creek Antiques, Cafe & Accommodation

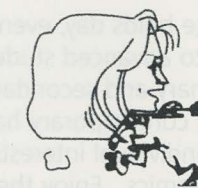
Extensive range of Edwardian and Victorian antiques and home ware. Café offers breakfast, morning, afternoon teas and lunch. Fully licensed and functions catered for. Luxury 2 bedroom self contained accommodation now available. Open Wed. to Sunday 9.30 - 5.30pm Open public holidays or by appointment. 9719 7518 Eltham-Yarra Glen Rd., (Mel. Ref. 272 C5) **Kangaroo Ground**

## Wellers of Kangaroo Ground

Wellers Hotel was originally established in 1872. It now operates as a restaurant, bar and function venue with beautiful views across the Yarra Valley to the Dandenongs. Wellers hosts many wedding receptions and features regular live entertainment. Wellers is open 6 days a week for lunch, afternoon tea and dinner (only open Mondays on Public Holidays). Ph: 9712 0266 Pitmans Corner, Eltham ^ Yarra Glen Rd, Melway Ref 23 D1, **Kangaroo Ground**

## Yings Restaurant

We only use fresh ingredients and the natural taste of the herbs and spices of the East (No MSG). Open noon - 3.00pm and 5.00 - 11.30pm 7 days a week. Ph: 9431 0088 or 9431 0188, 561-563 Main Rd., **Eltham**



Your support for 'ARTSTREAMS' will translate into support for the arts of the region.

## SUBSCRIPTION FORM

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Subscriptions (for 12 copies) @ \$50.....

ARTSTREAMS

## Artin' About continued

nature inspired ideas were then extended into a series of maquettes for park benches that would look as much like giant seed pods as places to sit.

The late Sandon McLeod was born and grew up in Eltham. She went on to turn her home territory; her travels and her innermost feelings into a body of poetry, a part of which has now been published posthumously by Flat Chat Press. *You, Me, Us . . . Nuts* was launched before a large audience of McLeod's friends and admirers at Montsalvat in August.

Lindsay Belbin introduced the evening; Lauren Williams sang a tribute to the poet and Leslie Avril turned some of McLeod's poetry into songs. Selections from the book were read by fellow poets Steve Smart and Grant Caldwell. When listening to McLeod's words, it becomes clear that to know her poetry is to know the person. It describes her feelings and experiences and reaches out to empathise with those of her acquaintances. There can be little more touching than a lucid record of a friend's last hours. *This is my last poem, my last breath* is just one of the fine works in which McLeod exposes her innermost being with honesty and candidness. *You, Me, Us . . . Nuts* is available in all bookshops that care about poetry.

After three years, Catherine Foot made a welcome return to the Eltham Library Community Gallery in August with *The Moon, the Stars and Lucy*. While there is evidence of a formal development in her work it retains the honesty and innocence that made it so compelling in 2002.

## ART SERVICES & CLASSES

### Twin Chough and Globe Pottery

in Cottlesbridge holds day, evening and weekend classes for beginners to advanced students including after school for primary and secondary students. Classes in traditional and contemporary hand building and wheel-work support individual interests in functional, sculptural and garden ceramics. Enjoy the relaxed atmosphere and creative energy of a fully equipped Potter's studio.

For further information and enrollments phone 9719 7431.

### Linda Keays

Artist Jeweller, has exhibited UK, Canada, Australia. Unique jewellery with unusual gems, made by hand in silver & gold. Individual pieces can be made with your personality in mind. 9439 0170

Underpinning the childlike drawing and riotous colour is a natural understanding of composition and colour that makes the work operate as art and never as gimmick. Paintings such as 'Cat Angel' that are set over newspaper montage speak as much to adults as they do to children with their simplicity and eloquence. 'Flying elephant', 'Turtle moon' and 'Dreams of Senegal' jump out at the viewer with confidence and humour.



**B**anyule Works on Paper Art Awards  
The 2005 biennial Banyule Works on Paper Art Awards were announced at the Ivanhoe Receptions Centre, which is located behind the Ivanhoe Centre.

After extolling the virtues and value of works on paper in the broader art process, Stuart Purves of Australian Galleries announced Katherine Hattam as the winner of the \$4000 award. Her drawing based mixed media work *The story of my heart* will now be acquired by the city of Banyule. John Ryrie's linocut, *Fame eluding her follower*; Anna Hoyle's ink on paper, *D.I.Y. flora, fauna, folly*; Sophia Szilagyi's inkjet print, *High reflections*; Louise Rippert's cotton and nylon thread on paper, *Cochin mandala* and Jan Berg's ink on paper, *Evolutionary artefacts*, were all commended. A people's choice award of \$500 will also be awarded.

### Art classes and workshops in drawing and painting

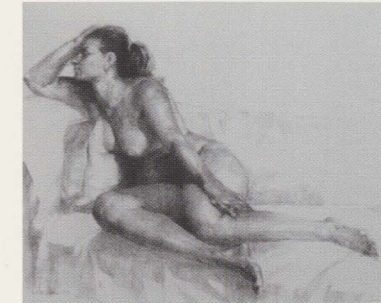
Fitzroy. With well known artist and teacher Margery Hummel Bennett. Explore the freedom, spontaneity and experimental nature of the creative process. Overcome the fear of exactitude. Draw and paint for pleasure or for further study. No term fee. Classes payable on attendance. For further particulars phone 9415 6630.

### Artlines Studio – art classes for adults and children – life drawing sessions

Explore your creative potential in a friendly and supportive atmosphere. Artlines studio offers small class sizes and the opportunity to build on existing skills or start as a beginner. All mediums and styles of art can be taught with your individual goals as the focus. Artlines studio is currently taking enrolments and would welcome your enquiries.

Call Kerry for more information on 9431 6835

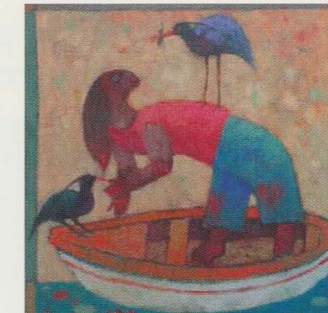
Montsalvat Trust is proud to present  
**FU HONG**  
October 4 - November 9, 2005  
Barn Gallery



Artists Model 122 x 152 cm Charcol on Canvas

**Exhibition Opening: 6th October at 6pm**

Echo Chai  
November 15 - December 11, 2005  
Long Gallery



Fishing Boat 46cm x 46cm Oil on Canvas

**Exhibition Opening: 17th November at 6pm**

## Montsalvat ●

7 Hillcrest Avenue Eltham VIC 3095 • Open 7 Days - 9am to 5pm  
T 03 9439 7712 • F 03 9431 4177 • www.montsalvat.com.au

# MUSHROOM SHOWCASES 2005

MINI EXHIBITIONS FEATURING NILLUMBIK ARTISTS  
AT THE SHIRE OFFICE CIVIC DRIVE GREENSBOROUGH

2005 exhibitors

February to September

Images L to R

DENISE KEELE-BEDFORD

TONY SUMMERS

JUDITH ROBERTS

VICTORIA EDGAR

DEBORAH HALPERN

MALCOLM LAURENCE

BEN WRIGLEY

MARCO LUCCIO

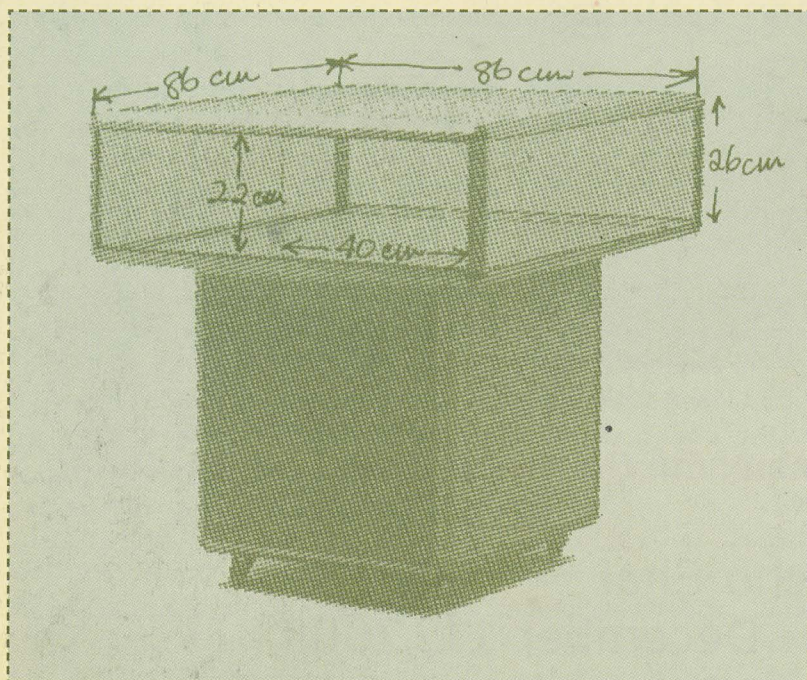
October to December

SANDRO DONATI

HEJA CHONG

STAFF INTERLUDE

Open: Office hours



For more detailed information visit [www.nillumbik.vic.gov.au](http://www.nillumbik.vic.gov.au) or call Chris Marks on 9433 3132  
Address: Nillumbik Shire Council, Civic Drive, Greensborough 3088 Melway Ref: Map 10 K10

