

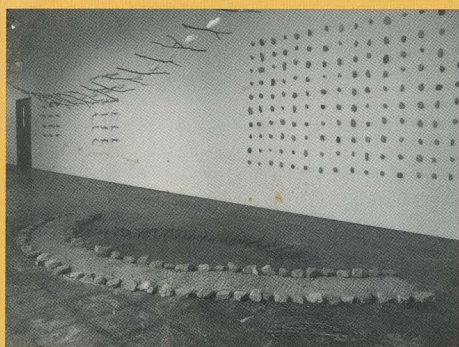
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ARTS STREAMS

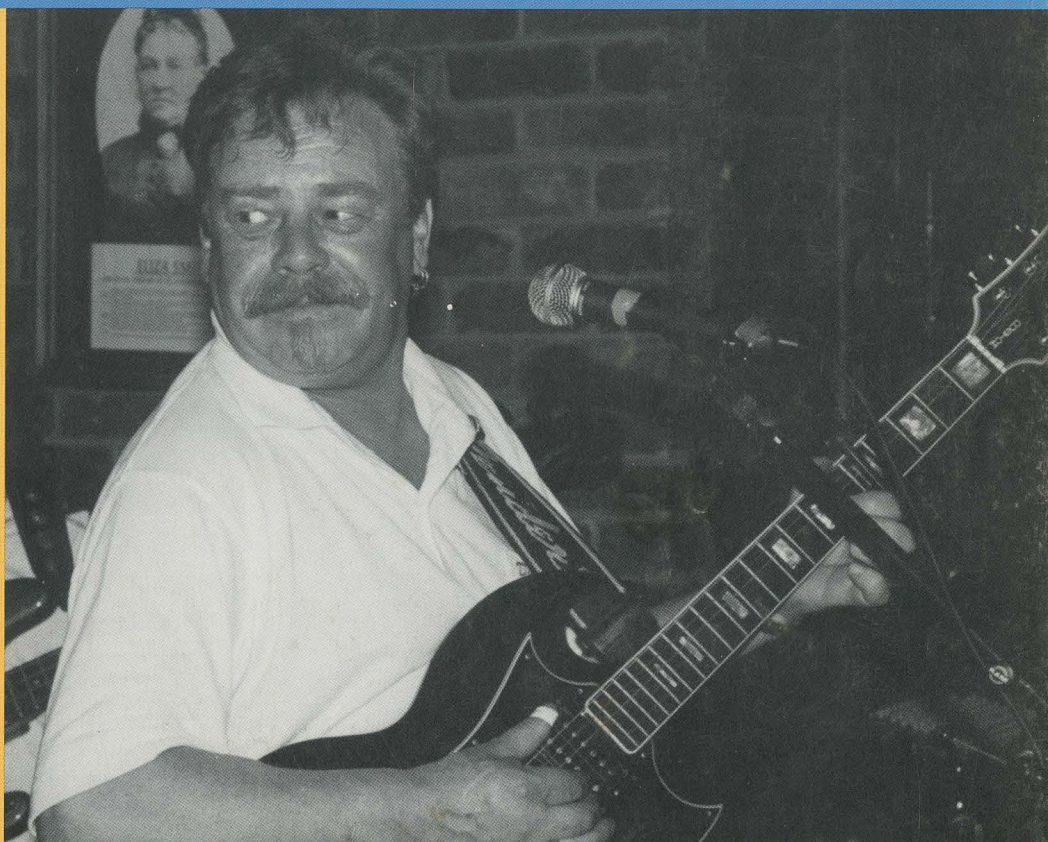
Vol. 10, No. 4, Summer edition 2005/06

10th Anniversary Edition!

Dutch Tilders:
Godfather of the Blues



Leanne Mooney



Jill and Ben Kahans



Let not Ambition mock their useful toil..!

Rockin' @ Redleap

Sunday 26 February
Redleap Reserve
Redleap Ave, Mill Park
(Melway Ref 9 K4)
From 3pm—6pm



Features:

A fully inclusive concert for young people of all abilities, Rockin' @ Redleap is a day for local children and those of us who are young at heart. The event is the embodiment of the ideal world that our children could be living in with fun, laughter, colour, entertainment and of course love resonant in the activities provided on the day. Activities throughout the afternoon will include Milo Energy Force Team, art workshops, entertainment on the stage, carnival attractions and a sausage sizzle.

Presented by the City of Whittlesea and Norparrin - Centre for Children with Special Needs.

Proudly sponsored by Ray White Real Estate,
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City of Whittlesea Community Festival

Sunday 19 March 2006
Public Gardens
Barry Road, LALOR
(Melway Ref 8 C5)

The City of Whittlesea Community Festival is the largest single event in the City of Whittlesea with audiences expected to rise to 18,000 in 2006. The Festival is a unique celebration of our City and the people and places within it. Involving pre school, primary and secondary school students, along with community groups, disability groups, sporting groups, local performers and local business.

The Festival is an eclectic array of colour, art, food, entertainment, culture and most of all community.

The Festival program for 2006 will offer a massive program of activities and cultural events, with highlights including:

- 2006 Melbourne Commonwealth Games 'Live Site'
- Entertainment and exhibitions by Council's adopted Commonwealth Nation Cameroon
- Big Top Entertainment All Day
- Youth Stage
- Kid's Arena
- Art and Craft Market
- GirlZone and the Come and Try Program
- Roving Entertainment
- Art Workshops
- Carnival Rides
- Face Painting
- Twilight Lantern Performance
- FIREWORKS FINALE at 8.30pm

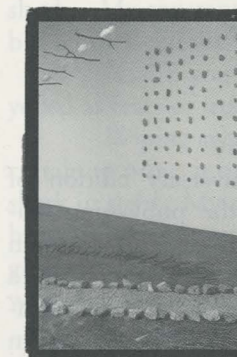
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Troubled waters

by Raphaella Henry

news in arts and Cultural heritage



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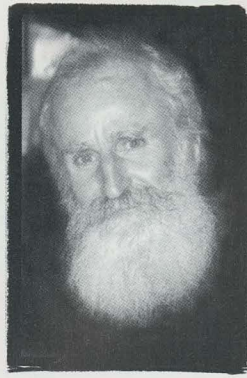
Arena Printing, Fitzroy

Front Cover: Photo by Peter Dougherty, Ben Kahans' Sammy TV, Noel Counihan, The Cough, linocut, The Miners, 1947

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



Comment

Welcome to the tenth anniversary edition of Artstreams magazine. As the publishing editor of the magazine I must admit to a certain amount of wonderment at reaching ten years with a project that required considerable support from the community to achieve its goals. The wonderment springs from the fact that it has reached ten years with very little of that support.

As we take a break and work out where Artstreams goes from here it gives me great pleasure to contemplate the support the magazine has had. As I have said it has not been great in quantity but it has been brilliant in quality. We still have ten subscribers on the books that signed on before the magazine was born and we have many who have stuck with us for almost that long. There are news agents scattered through the magazine's territory whose support and encouragement were instrumental in keeping us going when things didn't look too bright. As I have suggested above, we have never had the amount of advertising we would have liked but we have had a solid group of advertisers who have stuck with us and continue to support our efforts to give this region a voice in the arts world and some tangible evidence that we are a community that is actively involved in the arts.

At this point I look back and I hope that in those ten years we have achieved something worthwhile in way of

supporting the local culture that inspired the foundation of Artstreams. Extolling the efforts of artists not in a position to attract the attention of the mainstream press has given us satisfaction. Providing space to farewell some of the magnificent contributors to our cultural life who are no longer with us has been a privilege. Being the vehicle many young writers have used to become 'published' has also been a thrilling experience.

During these years we have had many contributors. They are all appreciated, but some stand out for their major contribution in material, patience and good counsel. Artstreams looks forward to working with Fiona Sievers, John Jenkins, Clive Dickson and Ian McBryde during the next ten years. The list of absolutely indispensables is short but impressive. Without the bookkeeping efforts of Liz Leonard, Artstreams would have rendered the lifespan of the Titanic a non-event. The efficiency, speed and accommodation in times of need by Arena Printing have meant that they are as much a part of the support team as they are service providers. Last, for the moment, is Kate Herd, the most skilled and inspirational designer in the business. During the Summer break she is going to give Job lessons in patience.

This may sound like a goodbye, but in a month or so I will be leaping onto the ramparts and screaming "Once more into the breach..."

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

SHIRE OF NILLUMBIK
CITY OF MANNINGHAM - LA TROBE UNIVERSITY - MONTSALVAT
THOMPSONS PHARMACY - WELLERS RESTAURANT - BRIDGES OF HURSTBRIDGE
HURSTBRIDGE AND DISTRICTS COMMUNITY BANK - BUNDOORA HOMESTEAD ART CENTRE -
DYNAMIC VEGIES - SAMSON HILL ESTATE - BULLEEN ART & GARDEN - FRAMES FOR ART

Troubled waters

by Raphaela Henry

It was going to be a girl's day out, just the three of us. We were driving in the stubborn jackaroo of a car, the one with the rusted roof and doors that never opened when you asked. The breeze rushed against my face as I rolled the window down with effort. I closed my eyes to feel the cool air and took a slow, deep breath. I believed that as the wind swept over my face, all the bad in my life would be taken soaring into the sky. That was what the clouds were. I never agreed with my science teachers. All those years forcing us to accept that the clouds were moisture. Clouds were the bad thoughts and feelings blown high above us until they became so much for the vast blue that it cried.

I could hear the crash of the waves over the engine as it slowed. My sister was out of the car and down to the beach in one swift movement, followed by my mother. I was always the more observant one in the family. Lingered a while, I noticed a maze of green entangled the sand and soil together, so you did not know where one ended and the other began.

Breaking away from the fascination, I realised something odd. The beach was always filled with interesting characters. Fishermen, lifeguards, sunburnt fat men in shrunken swimmers and children giggling as they built grand castles. All these people were missing. Not a single person lay tanning in the sun. No group of boys throwing a ball. Not a person around. No one.

But there was motion. The ocean's waves were smashing against each other, spitting on the world, on me. It was trying to get my attention. It was angry. Then all of a sudden it stopped. It noticed my wide eyes. It felt the speeding pulse. It saw my hands shake. It knew it had me and in one gust of wind settled deadly still. Not even a ripple broke the surface.

"Get out of the water!" I screamed, a feeling of dread stinging my stomach. "Get out!"

"Don't be silly!" they laughed at me. "Nothing's wrong."

I saw something in the water, in the distance. Then it became clear. So many, coming closer. Thousands of them. Their jaws wide with hunger, their tails smashing with distaste.

"Sharks!" I screamed running down the beach.

They would not listen. They would not move. They would not believe me. They were surrounded by

sharks. My constant screams forced them out of the water but all they did was look at me with concern.

"Can't you see them! They're everywhere!" I yelled as tears of frustration blurred my vision.

Wiping away the anguish, I looked out to the sea, certain to prove it to them. But there was nothing. Not a shark in sight. My mother sat in the sand. Her shoulders hunched as her eyes sank to her lap. Tears spilled to the ground while she muttered to herself, always repeating the word 'why?'

Shaking, I turned to my sister. Something moved in the corner of my eye. A feral beast, ragged and torn, was viciously mauling at something.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Where?" said my sister.

"Over there!" I walked past her and towards the beast.

As I came close it bolted out of sight. It was gone. I bent down to look at what it had uncovered in the sand.

I ran away screaming.

My sister firmly took hold of my arm then clutched me to her chest, bringing me back from my hysteria.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"He...it...I..." I could barely form a word.

"It's ok," she reassured me. "It's ok."

Passing me to the arms of my mother she left to discover what I had seen. My mother pushed the hair out of my eyes and tucked it gently behind my ear. She held me firmly and strong yet I could feel the sobs in her chest. Soon after, my sister returned.

"There was nothing there," she told me.

"But there was. There is. There is a face in the sand. A man. He was there!" I screamed at her. "Why won't you believe me?"

My mother reached over and touched my sister. They exchanged a glance, and then she said, "I think it's time for us to go home."

Just like that we left. I rolled down my window, closed my eyes and leant into the wind, hoping that the breeze would blow it all away. But somehow I knew it would stay.

Troubled Waters by Jordyn Chandler was the winning story in the Young Writers section of the 2005 Alan Marshall Short Story Awards.

Finding Balla

by Bethany McGill

One summer's day there was a family that lived in the Wurindjeri tribe down by the river. Kurrie, my mum and the other women were getting breakfast ready. Some were getting sticks and others were picking berries and others were collecting water. Balla, my friend and I were playing with the other kids.

"Let's play in the river."
Our dogs were sleeping. Balla said to her mum "Where are the men?"

"They're hunting."
"OK." said Balla.

"Come Balla, we're going to climb trees." I yelled.
All the trees were dry. Some kids were laying down in the shade. It was starting to get hot. All the women were laughing at us. Some kids were hanging upside down. Our mums called, "Time for breakfast."

All the other kids came running over, while others were still coming down from the trees. We are all sitting down by the fire. The women were talking and the kids were laughing. All the women were laughing at us. All you could hear were the kids laughing and the river. It was getting hotter.

After we had breakfast we climbed the trees. Other kids played in the river and other kids laid in the shade while the women were starting to pack up. Some women were washing up. While we were up in the trees the kids were telling jokes. We were all laughing.

"Come here kids, its time to pack up." Kurrie yelled out.

"OK."
While we were packing up mum said. "Go and get Balla and her mum."

"OK." said Kookram. Kookram said to me "Have you seen Balla?"

"No I haven't." I replied.
"Go and get your mum, we'll split up. "Balla" I shouted.

Where we were looking for Balla there were big gum trees and ripe berries. All you could hear was the river rushing.

"Bingo, come here." I called. he came rushing up to me but he ran off again. He was heading toward the river. It was getting louder, the grass was getting longer and greener and the trees were getting greener too. We got to the edge of the river.

"Balla!" I screamed.
"Kookram" she replied, "Is that you?"
"Yes" I called back.

"I'm on the other side of the river, ok." yelled Balla.
I crossed the river using the log bridge. I found her lying on the ground.

"What happened?" I asked.
"A big goanna bit me." she answered.

I found the goanna and killed it. I quickly found some herbs and put them on her leg. The grass was green and the trees were big, and the berries were ripe and it was shady. I carried Balla back to camp where the other women fixed Balla up. The men had caught four kangaroos and two wombats and the women had come back with lots of fruit. We sang and danced. All the kids were eating their dinner while they listened to the story. While they were walking back, Karnloo said "Look up at the moon and the stars Balla."

They're beautiful.

Finding Balla is Bethany McGill's award winning story from the William Barak Short Story and Bushcraft competition.

The Red Kangaroo

by Joydyn Chandler

Australia is a very dry, hot, lonely place. Close to the Yarra Valley live six tribes that make a small village. As I sit in front of the fire, children gather around to listen to my story.

Many years ago, I lived with my elders and my brother and sister. My mother makes out warm blankets from animal skins, which keep us very warm in the colder weather and makes baskets from weaving cane and grass together. My sister goes to the river twice a day to get our daily water with other girls from the tribe. My brother is learning to hunt animals and catch food with spears. My chore is to collect firewood for our nightly fires to help us keep warm and cook the food. We all have our own chores to do within our family and tribe.

As usual, by father set off hunting for possum and kangaroos for tonight. He went out hunting with my brother to start teaching him to catch food. While my father was hunting with my brother, many kangaroos were jumping around quite angrily when one lashed out and knocked my father to the ground, hitting his head on a sharp rock. Unfortunately he had really bad head injuries and passed away.

Our tribal family was very upset for months but they still had to do their daily chores. My brother has now taken over as the head hunter, catching all the food. We have been planning a corroboree in memory of my father for a while which was a night of singing and dancing around the fire under the stars.

As the night had come to an end, I went to bed. When I was pulling my blanket over me I saw a kangaroo. It jumped all the way over to me and sat down. It pulled my blanket up over my shoulder and rubbed its head on my face. Quite scared, I crept quietly over to my mother and told her about the kangaroo. My mother came with me and was very surprised in what she saw.

The big red kangaroo put its front paws on my mother's chest and leant its head against her. My mother couldn't believe it had the same eyes as my father. When we told my brother he realised that the spirit of our father had gone into the kangaroo.

From then on they used the kangaroo to tell them if the enemies were coming near our village. He also helped my brother to find bush tucker and also helps my mother to collect grass, cane and seeds to weave baskets and went

with my sister to collect the clear fresh water from the Yarra Valley stream. My father never really left our family. His spirit will always be with us.

"That's the end", I said to the children that were still sitting around the warm crackling fire listening to my story. The night had come to an end as we lay in our beds gazing up into the bright twinkling stars thinking about my dreamtime story.

The Red Kangaroo is Jordyn Chandler's award winning story from the William Barak Short Story and Bushcraft competition.

Futures: artworks from La Trobe University 2005 Visual Arts Graduates

DECEMBER 8 - JANUARY 29

A Focus on Forging: metal works from the Blacksmiths

DECEMBER 2 - DECEMBER 18



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Cutting Deeper – Flying Higher

by John Jenkins

Book review: *Slivers*, by Ian McBryde, published by Flat Chat Press, 2005. Rrp: \$16.

Breakthrough moments in a poet's development should be welcomed and celebrated. With his latest book, *Slivers*, Ian McBryde has taken quite a leap – both in creative daring and in terms of quality – and the result is a bold, innovative and darkly mesmerising work, easily his best to date, and my choice for one of the top poetry titles for 2005.

Not that McBryde's previous efforts have been less than solid contenders, but this one marks an exciting departure into new territory, and a significant transition for the poet.

It is also a book likely to divide McBryde's audience, which may not be such a bad thing. It's always the risk when an artist's work deepens, consolidates, shifts up gears a notch or launches into the blue skies of 'what's next?'

At this point, the trick for McBryde may be for him to carry the willing members of his old following along with him – into the richer, more complex and more literary areas he now seems to be exploring – as well as to welcome a completely new set of well-wishers.

Slivers was recently short-listed for a major national award, signalling that McBryde has already achieved escape velocity, and is finding a wider circle of attention.

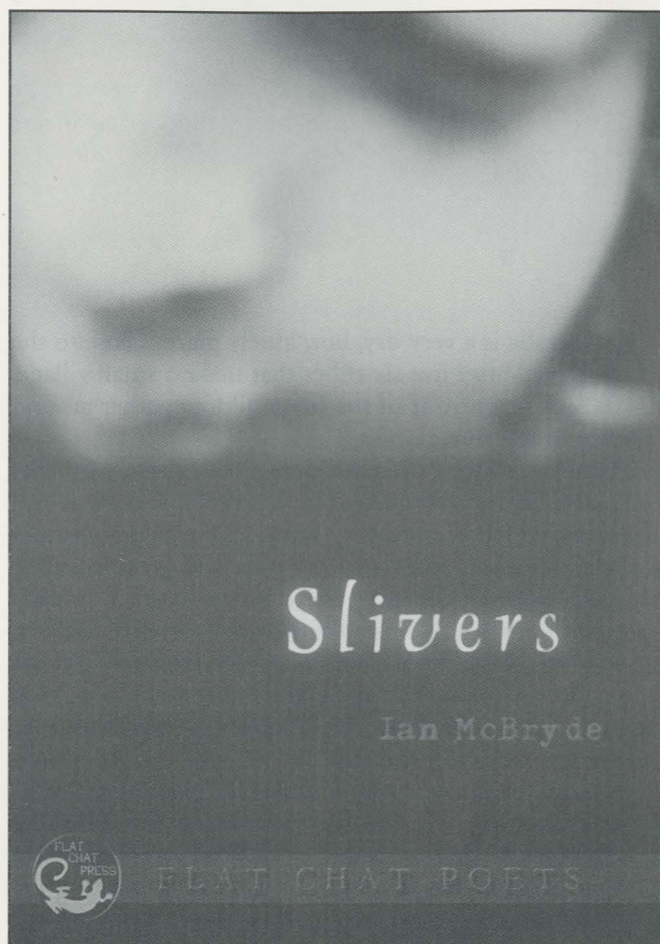
A 'sliver' is a merest slice, like the faint new moon rising from your thumb-nail's quick, and *Slivers* is an apt title for this book, as all the poems are knife-sharp single-liners, or 'monochords', to use the technical term. The first page in the book displays five of them, placed one under the other. The first sliver seems innocent enough, though slightly puzzling:

'The nets. The horses, the nets.'

Then the point hits: that this is a warning. Horses have traditionally been figures for an instinctual and natural beauty untainted by human values, for free movement and animal grace. Yet they have also been netted, and made to stumble and fall to their death for the cameras in countless B-grade movies, in the earlier days of Hollywood. It's all in that precisely placed comma, and the nagging (no pun!) afterthought when 'the nets' is repeated. This sliver is immediately followed by the next:

'Lilies; our dreams on fire.'

You can see the connection with the *horses/nets* opener, but it's hard to pin down. There is a beautiful visual image in these five little words, and in both poems the idea of artistic consummation as destruction. 'Dream' means an ideal or aspiration; but also carries the weight of illusion or false promise, while 'fire' refers to the light of the mind in which objects have their visual being. There also the idea of time being a sort of consuming fire, as in the famous Buddhist text, *The Fire Sermon*.



The third monochord takes a wide-screen approach, flatly stretching a political and historical canvass before the reader:

'Maps of where the empire was.'

This connects with the idea of passing time, and of changing allegiances.

The next line is surreal and bleakly end-of-worldish:

'Statues melting on a bleach of lawn.'

Monochord five, the last on the book's first page, might otherwise seem bland and banal, except for the context:

'Somewhere, children are safe.'

That is, they are certainly not safe everywhere, or even in most places, and you can easily imagine war zones and so on. Again, it's all in the comma, which forces us back on the word 'somewhere'. You can also see clear steps of connection between 'horses', 'lilies', 'children': the idea of threatened innocence and beauty; and of illusory ideals.

Some of these one-line-poems, in later pages, read like aphorisms or proverbs. For example:

'Even in summer, the ice is waiting.'

And also:

'An artist paints the same canvas white each morning.'

Then there's the following haunting line, which could be about the aftermath of wars, when cities are re-built; or

about our solid artefacts cruelly outlasting us, and thereby underlining the fragility of human existence:

'False architecture: cities rising as we fall.'

Some of the utterances seem oracular and enigmatic, such as:

'Even if snakes swallow all of themselves, something is left.'

Many of the lines are completely 'flat', obvious and banal. For example:

'A man in cap and sunglasses exits his car carrying a package.'

But the word 'exits' is loaded – just think of a suicide bomber, carrying concealed explosives. And you can immediately see a connection with:

'There are some presents one should never open.'

Then there's the seemingly straight-forward line:

'Somewhere a small child swings too high'

But what is your take on the word 'swings'? And who is uttering this line, and why, and in what context or scenario? Is it an innocent context, or one that is more disturbing?

Among moments of pale carnage, there is tenderness:

'Your sleeping back is the map of my world.'

And also:

'Marble warms up if you lie on it long enough.'

Some lines have the peculiar clarity of an electrical storm, moments caught in a flash of dream-lightning, in which a face or object shudders briefly into view, in all its strangeness:

'Before the nightmare, I was shining on you.'

And also:

'A rocking horse moves by itself in the dead boy's room.'

Many lines are like sudden thoughts, shot through with an anxiety that irrupts as if from an unspecified background: thoughts suddenly tinged with dread. Perhaps this has to do with recent wars (such as Iraq), terrorism and suicide bombers in the news, people all around a shrinking globe living extreme and desperate lives. For example:

'Walking, burning, the flames my rainment.'

And also:

'Pilotless, a dead plane flies into nowhere.'

Not to mention a sense of immanent ecological collapse, as the world sinks into the weight of its own insoluble mess:

'Stop driving if the sky turns red.'

And also:


'There are no unlit refineries.'

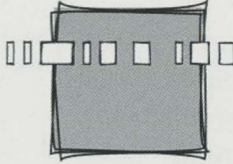
Serious artists always engage with, and somehow embody, their moment in history – otherwise art is just museum culture, which belongs under a glass case. Or it becomes pure formalism – just clever wallpaper design or embroidery around the margins of culture.

I think we are, historically, in an era of very rapid and confusing transition, with all the cards thrown into the air and no one knowing where they will land. Perhaps this is always the case – that history is transitional – but it certainly feels like it now! And McBryde has somehow tapped into the drift and slippage of it all, and his *slivers*, necessarily provisional and slightly ungrounded, are like an emergent distilled wisdom, flashes of insight and, sometimes, chilling warnings:

'If you wake up in hospital, don't go down to the basement.'

And also:





MANNINGHAM
Gallery

January-May 2006


Cross Culture
31 January – 18 February
A solo exhibition by Maria Zeiss presented by Manningham Gallery in conjunction with Gallery 101, Melbourne. The artist explores representations of landscape as a form of cultural critique and analysis of contemporary notions of identity, focusing on her Italian-Australian heritage.

Just For Me
21 February – 11 March
An exhibition of textiles, mixed media and works on paper exploring the gender politics of family, education, society and cultural mythologies.

Her Presence in Colours VII
15 March – 1 April
Showcasing contemporary art by women artists from diverse socio-cultural backgrounds in celebration of Cultural Diversity Week.

A Sense of Place
4 – 22 April
Artists from SPARC arbias groups in Warrandyte and Collingwood explore their relationship with the environment in which they live.

In Search of the Watchmaker
26 April – 13 May
Nick Chlebnikowski explores the search for meaning through the use of fractal imagery and patterns.



MANNINGHAM

'The best voice in the choir can belong to a monster.'

There has always been a strong streak of old-fashioned romanticism in McBryde, perhaps via Surrealism, but in *Slivers* it has a thoroughly contemporary feel and resonance. This feeling of *now* is perhaps the most remarkable strength of the book.

Many of the slivers find abrupt links between odd things – disparate things suddenly connected:

'Car, plane, train, bus, car, funeral, car, bus, train, plane, car.'

I spoke briefly to the poet after a recent reading, and he observed: "You know, it's funny that no matter what order I read the slivers, the ones I read always seem to belong together, and to add up to something more than the sum of their parts."

The one-line poems can be read in the sequence we find in the book, or you can read them in a random order of your own choosing.

'Re-combinatory' composing methods are not new. They have been used to stunning mathematical effect by the 'Oulipo' poet, Raymond Queneau, in his *One Hundred Billion Sonnets*. And, in music, a modular approach to the composition of discrete units of sound is the basis of the minimalism of Steve Reich and Philip Glass. B. S. Johnson even composed an entire novel, *The Unfortunates*, this way.

The method is related to collage – and collage also seems relevant here. Sometimes, all of contemporary life seems to be like a gigantic collage. In any one day, we are exposed to a barrage of words, images and impressions,

from a variety of media and sources, or just from moving around in a modern, information-rich city. An approach to composition that reflects this state of affairs, a sort of random sampling of it, is bound to reflect the present grain of things.

But the danger, when too much chaos and randomness enters art, is that nothing coheres, and the elements in the mix just seem arbitrarily put together. This is not the case in *Slivers*, for five main reasons.

Firstly, as my sketch of the first page of the book has shown, there are recurring themes, ideas and images that insist upon coherence. Secondly, each of the lines is like a small, evenly spaced horizon, over which the next one emerges and floats. And this formal structure also encourages unity. Thirdly, McBryde's work encompasses words put to music – the so-called 'spoken word' arena of live and recorded sound treatments of poetry – and there is a wonderful sense of poise, phrasing and timing in this work, that is inherently musical. Fourthly, the tone is even, measured and controlled throughout, and if I had to characterise it, at least in terms of the visual arts, I would say it's somewhere between the image world of Peter Lyssiotis (in his photo-collages) and Peter Booth (in the later paintings).

Finally, the reader must literally *read between the lines*. The reader's own imagination supplies the magic that binds everything together. McBryde is explicit about this: *'Don't read this, read between these lines.'*

Reading and listening are active processes, not passive ones. Readers make and find meaning, by interpreting a text, by reading things into it. The 'gaps' between the slivers are not just empty space: they are containers that invite the reader's own finding of meaning. They invite the reader into the work. Like the spaces between the threads of a dream-catcher, they allow the reader or listener to supply the missing bits, to fill the empty spaces with their own imaginings and conclusions.

This is why there is such a sense of recognition as you read *Slivers*. There is an active dialogue between the poet and the jumble of the contemporary world around him, and this dialogue spills over into the more condensed one between the reader/listener and the text. When this dialogue takes flight, the whole piece – including the 'gaps' – becomes charged, active and 'loaded'.

Slivers works on all these levels, but I would also love to hear a musical or sound treatment of the work, perhaps underscoring the voice with electronics and found sounds. Perhaps that's already not so far down the track – or the tracks – for McBryde. In the meantime, I would like to end, not as *Slivers* ends (with a repetition of the initial *horses/nets* monochord) but on a note of celebration and lift-off:

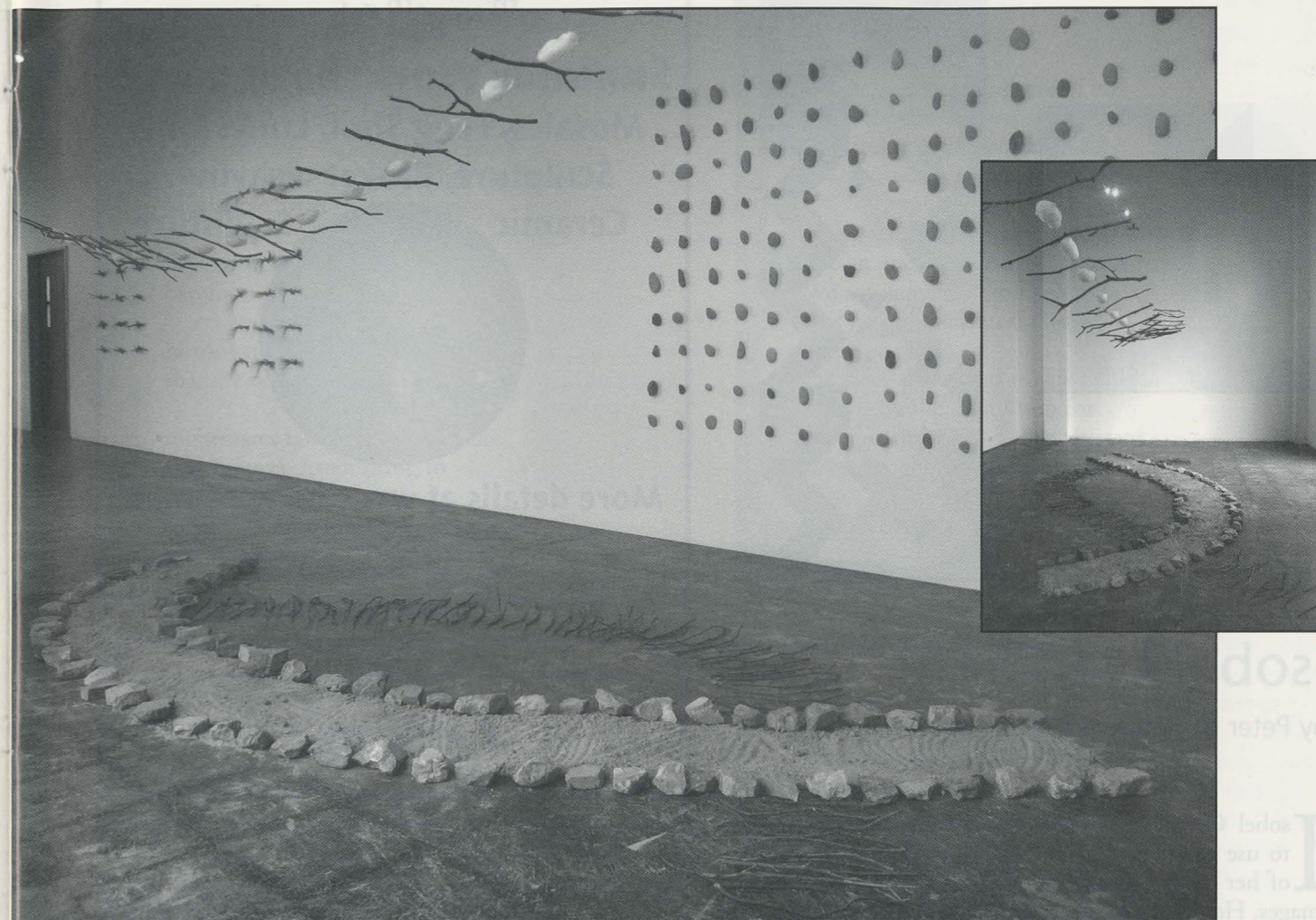
'Tell me the secret of how your horse gained wings.'

Available from Flatchat Press: 9269 1881 or 0269 1959
flatchatpress@nmit.vic.edu.au

John Jenkins is frequent contributor to Artstreams. His latest poetry book is *Dark River* (Five Islands Press, 2003) and he has just completed the first draft of a new work, *Growing up With Mr Menzies*, under an Arts Victoria grant.

Leanne Mooney

by Peter Dougherty



How often do we contemplate the difference between natural and created beauty? Is the found object really art or just, accidentally, a thing of beauty?

Kangaroo Ground artist, Leanne Mooney forms sticks, stones and other natural objects into art installations that evoke such questions. In 'Sticks and Stones', her current exhibition at Chapman&Bailey Gallery, she has arranged sticks, stones, dry grass, shells and ceramics, not to tell stories but to evoke spiritual and environmental contemplation.

The calm beauty of the installations catches the viewer's attention. That attention is then focused on both the aesthetic qualities of the objects and their timeless place in nature. Mooney connects with the stories of the earth and

with our responsibility to live within the confines of that natural order.

Writer, Sharyn Munro, winner of the Alan Marshall Open Short Story Award 2002, had substantial contact with Leanne Mooney when they were both awarded residencies at Birrarung, Eltham by the Nillumbik Shire Council in 2002.

She wrote of Mooney's work: "The 'mandorla' is a recurring motif in Leanne's work: an almond-shaped ancient symbol, of healing, of reconciliation, of the overlap and connection between spiritual and earthy, male and female. All her work conveys a great sense of stillness and peace, of connection with the natural world, the vanishing Australian bush, of simple offerings, of a distilled purity of line and thought such as is found in certain Japanese art."

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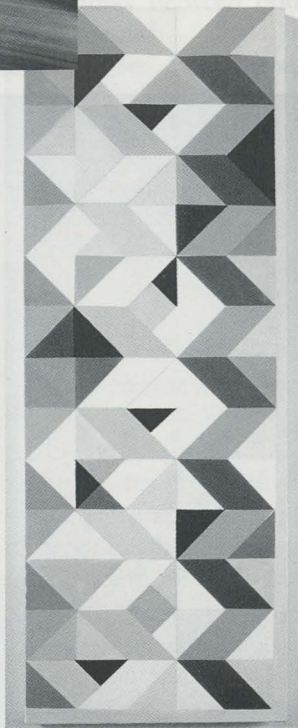
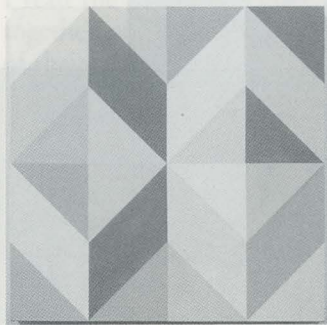
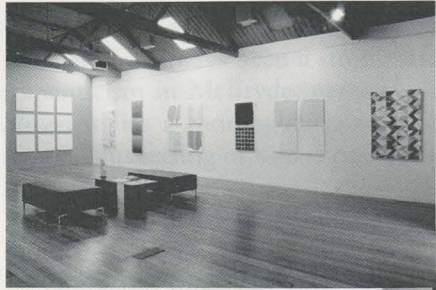
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Isobel Clement

by Peter Dougherty

Isobel Clement has long been displaying her ability to use the principles of tonality to extend the power of her excellent drawing skills in creating tantalising images. Her portraits are as often as not, finely modulated tonal compositions with just enough of the subject spelt out to draw the viewer into an extended contemplation.

Something True, an exhibition of new work by Isobel Clement shown at Ochre Gallery, Collingwood in November took these practices further in the direction of pure aesthetics.

Once again, the success of the work was due in part to Clement's mastery of tonal painting but tonality is only a part of what *Something True* was about. The mainly black, white and grey oil paintings were to a large degree, an exploration of the ideas contained in the work of Bridget Riley and Piet Mondrian. Mondrian's observation of the absolute harmony of straight lines and pure colours that underlie the visual world and Riley's claim that "Looking is a pleasure – a continual pleasure." both play a role. Clement harnesses harmonic systems in which repetition creates rhythms while spaces and pauses ultimately create patterns. The use of tone creates a spatial quality. This may sound very technical, but ultimately the geometric works are serene and are worthy objects for what Bridget Riley calls "The great privilege of sight."


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Fever Dreams for Tom Waits

The darkness within darkness
comes and so the child in

all of us rises, after midnight,
slipperless, with no lights on.

Still asleep, he or she walks
barefoot over cold floors

headed towards warm rooms
that are never there. All

nightmares last well into the day
that follows. Attempting to

forget merely guarantees that
we will not forget. The blinds

are closed, the doors stay shut.
Shadows gather. Darkness

within darkness comes, and
so the child in all of us rises.

Ian McBryde

Unborn, I drove

Unborn, I drove beneath Marilyn Monroe.
The sky had whitened. She was leaning over
the railing, high above a New York street,
elbows on the balcony, inevitable cigarette
in her fingers. she didn't wave. The anonymous
Ford my mother owned continued up Canal Street
in black and white, turned left, was gone.

Ian McBryde

Hour of the Wolf

We are awake. A full moon has
bloomed and is crossing the night,
cool nurse ruling her brood
of shadows. It is quiet and remote

where we are. The sea creeps in
like an enemy, unhurried and furtive.
We are conscious and watching.
It is no consolation that we

can sleep as soon as it gets light.
We are awake, and listen for
the hidden by wind, the insistent
rhythms, the first hint of splintering.

Ian McBryde

For Maria on her birthday

The colour,
(The psychic healer told her
After taking her four dollars)
Of her aura was
Grey
But I tell you
Her colours were
As delicate & as distant
As the halo
Round the troubled moon
Not the coarse colours
Of the rainbow
(For her centre sun
Had turned to silver)
Not the gaudy sunset;
But the translucent
Spectrum of a dream.

Grant Holtham 19/3/1981

In memory of lost friends

the one with the lot

he asks for my order
I catch the subtle sweet scent of aftershave
I say I want lots of wet kissing
and hot spicy sex
No – I don't!
I don't say that ... I
think it ...
I imagine it ...
instead I say I want lots of pineapple
on my Hawaiian

he nods and begins
I catch the subtle sweet scent of aftershave
he flours the bench top
sprinkles evenly
gently squeezes soft dough
through careful fingers
takes care to remove all air
presses the palm of his big hand
against the dough ... against the bench
rocking slowly back and forth

I catch my breath
I catch the subtle sweet scent of aftershave
It's getting hot inside
his strong forearms
work tirelessly and I note
they would cradle me nicely
as he spreads the base
makes a perfect circle
spoons thick red paste
to the outer edges working himself
back in towards the centre

he catches my staring eyes
I catch the subtle sweet scent of aftershave
between thumbs and fingers he
sprinkles cheese and shreds of ham
places pineapple chunks
checks with me to see
it's to my satisfaction
I smile and nod
our eyes lock for some seconds
he collects his work of art on
an oversized spatula

he tosses a look over his shoulder
I catch the subtle sweet scent of aftershave
he tosses the pizza deep
into the wood fire oven
it's real hot inside now
I can feel my blood baking
along with my pizza
and he checks to see if it's coming along
and I'm coming along
and it'll all be over in minutes

oh ... he's good at what he does
I catch the subtle sweet scent of aftershave
and crispy bacon and
want to eat him
eat in - not take away
he is every woman's cicilian dream
the one you might consider leaving your husband
for
why get take away when there's steak in your
freezer?
why not? ... just look at him!

damn – it's done
I'm not ready to leave
I catch the subtle sweet scent of aftershave
for the last time tonight
the pizza here is okay
it's him I come for
next time I'll have the full show
next time I'll take him home delivery style
ask him to invent a new topping
prepare me for dinner
a culinary delight
a dusk till dawn banquet perhaps

he's definitely the one with the lot

Fiona Sievers



Poems by Young Australians vol 2
The best entries from the 2004 Taronga
Foundation Poetry Prize

Random House

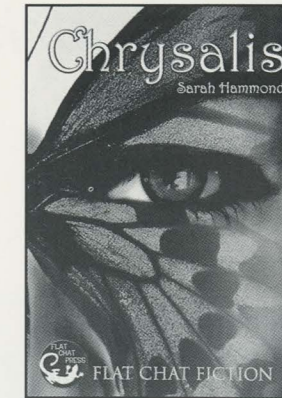
Review by Fiona Sievers

This amazing anthology is a collection of the best poetry from entrants in the 2004 Taronga Foundation Poetry Prize competition. Together, the Taronga Zoo, Poetry Australia Foundation (Ron Pretty) and author Bradley Trevor Greive offer young people the chance to write and get published. The annual competition offers generous prize money as well as trophies, books and entry into participating zoos. Entrants may write about a theme of their choice or to the general theme of conservation and preservation.

The gifted young Australians in this anthology offer forty-four poems reminding us of our humanity and the need for us to look after ourselves, each other, and all other things great and small. These are the poets of the future and, judging by the quality of this anthology, we have a lot to be excited about. The variety of forms used is truly amazing, incorporating free verse, concrete, haiku, couplets and traditional rhyme. The moods range from deeply serious and emotional to comical and even sarcastic. The content varies greatly, from animals to family to farmers to nose bleeds. There's something to interest everyone, and, seeing the quality of their work, it's not surprising that some of these talented kids feature more than once.

The Taronga Foundation Poetry Prize boasts many categories. The youngest poet in the 2004 collection is a seven-year-old girl from Queensland and the oldest is a nineteen-year old boy from ACT. The book is a must for any poetry lover, young or old, though it may be of particular interest to children. The collection will provide them with ideas, motivation, confidence and the encouragement to experiment with poetry. The book also comes as a CD.

'Many people would read more poetry if only they could find it.' For information on all things poetic, contact: Ron Pretty: rpretty@unimelb.edu.au. For further information on this book or the competition, contact Nerida Robinson on (02) 4464 3331 or go to www.tarongafoundation.org.



Chrysalis
By Sarah Hammond

Review by Fiona Sievers

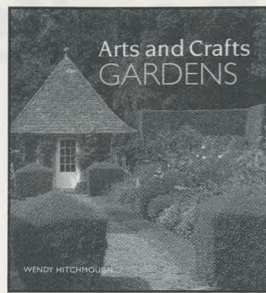
Chrysalis (Flat Chat Press) is Sarah Hammond's first collection of work, although some of the pieces have been previously published in Australia and overseas. Hammond's quick wit and unique sense of humour are to be admired, as is her subtle manner of leading the reader from dark to light. From the touching sadness of stories such as her award-winning 'Letting Go', we are deftly and easily led into humorous observations of everyday life. She is not afraid to experiment with ideas and language, and plays with short story, poetry and aphorisms – all of which showcase her many writing styles and skills.

Much of Hammond's material comes from real-life experiences, and women in particular will identify with *Chrysalis* for this reason. But the collection will also appeal to male readers, offering them valuable and witty insight into the female point of view. In the amusing story 'Sock', a housewife struggles with the drudgery of family life, her exasperation compounded by a blue sock that lies on the floor for days, seemingly invisible to everyone but her.

But while entertaining pieces such as 'Sock' will have you chuckling as you read, *Chrysalis's* more poignant pieces may have you reaching for a Kleenex. 'Letting Go' won the UK Daily Mail Too Write Competition in 2003, and tells the heart-breaking story of a mother's grief at having delivered a stillborn child. The piece is told in poetic prose, which works beautifully with this theme and allows for the repetition of specific words and lines as the woman's feelings of sadness and guilt are repeated. In contrast, the poem 'Femme Fatal' will have you in stitches as you empathise with the bizarre, but familiar, lengths women go to in order to 'beautify' themselves for a night out.

The secret to *Chrysalis's* success is that it makes the reader feel that they are in each story, compelling them to read on ... and on. The stunning cover is a skilful compliment to the title of the book, boasting a newly emerged butterfly that spans both front and back. As the title and the superb quality of Hammond's writing suggest, it seems that she is, indeed, in full transition – and well on her way to becoming that butterfly. I look forward to reading more of her work.

Contact Flat Chat Press to order your copy on (03) 9268 1881 RRP \$16.00



Arts and Crafts Gardens Wendy Hitchmough
Published by V&A Publications RRP: \$45.00

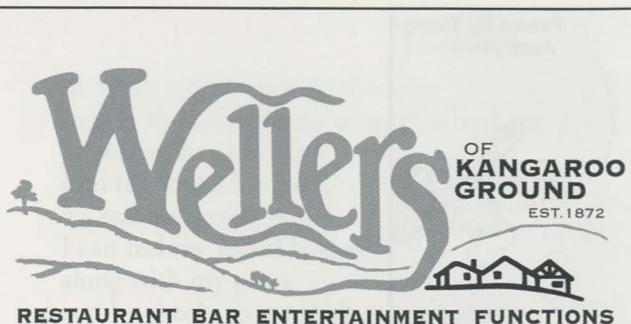
Review by Kate Herd

This slim little book gives a lovely taste of a uniquely singular period of English garden history from the *fin de siècle* until the first World War. Hitchmough's essay is a synopsis of the philosophy and practice of the Arts and Crafts garden and its socio-political context. In her discussion of the movement's garden and home-making, (for the gardens are intrinsically linked to the houses they surround) she describes a holistic approach where nature and architecture were envisaged as a harmonious entity, with the garden as an outdoor room where relaxation could take place and the rigours of industrialisation could be temporarily forgotten.

While Victorian garden making is posited by Hitchmough as rigid, geometric and conventional, Arts and Crafts gardens are shown as romantic, naïve, simple, looser, more experimental spaces. The fashion was for the 'cottage-style' and the rejection of artifice was manifested for example in the use of the indigenous flowers of Britain – the unimproved antithesis of over-bred, stunted Victorian bedding plants, and for simple rustic construction materials like stone and brick. A major characteristic was the elevation of the herbaceous border to an art form, as the beautiful images in this book illustrate.

Hitchmough doesn't critically argue her proposition that Arts and Crafts movement created a true English vernacular. Nor does she establish that this amounted to a radical break with the conventions of Victorian garden making. I would have loved to discover more about the ideology underpinning the discourse of these gardens as "a secular Eden" which "represented a retreat from the pressures of urban life and a return to innocence." However, Hitchmough does discuss the international context of residential living – referencing the Garden City movement in both England and the US, and, in the early 1900s, the Finnish National Romantic style and Matildenhoe in Darmstadt, Germany.

The origins of modern gardening are here – the rise of the gardening celebrity, garden-related publishing as a mass industry, and most particularly, the idea of the garden as a site within which family and personal relations and health are greatly enriched. Here, in Australia, some critics bemoan the Arts and Crafts movement's continuing influence as detrimental to the creation of a uniquely Australian garden style. This is particularly so given the hegemony of the water-thirsty, fertilizer-hungry, 'weed'-infested, labor intensive, herbaceous border so unsuited to our Mediterranean climate – but as this book shows, Arts and Crafts gardens remain beautiful none-the-less.



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Away with the Ladies

Threads is an ambitious project conceived by Elaine Miles that aims to revive interest in traditional craft forms largely forgotten by contemporary practitioners. Beginning mid-2005 *Threads* is an ongoing project funded by Arts Victoria, City of Yarra and the Myer Foundation that will build connections between the Country Women's Association and the Contemporary Sculptors Association through a series of workshop events where traditional crafts will be taught. There will be an opportunity to see the results of these collaborations at Shepparton Regional Gallery and at the Yarra Sculpture Gallery in 2006.

On the 5th and 6th of November, several CSA artists joined Elaine, local residents and highly skilled Goulbourn Valley West CWA members in Tatura, near Shepparton. On offer for the weekend were classes in crochet, knitting and crazy patchwork. Excellent CWA tutors offered their skills, passing on both the history and techniques of these textile crafts. The sculptors were mainly attracted to the Crochet class and there were a few takers for knitting, but far and away the most popular class of the weekend was crazy patchwork during which sculptor Jen Bartholomew and I spent two days buried in scraps of fabric and pricking our fingers on embroidery needles.

In her excellent article in the current Craft Almanac online (www.craftculture.org), Miles describes her desire to shine a light on traditional textile craft and illuminate the skills hidden in its simple domesticity. The origins of textile crafts such as crochet, needlepoint (tapestry), lace-making, knitting, patchwork, quilting and embroidery lie in the home. While these traditional crafts may be represented in museums around the world, few people appreciate the efforts involved in maintaining these practices today. Among its myriad other activities, the CWA has assumed responsibility for passing on the skills of their ancestors, and as such represent a valuable resource for those wishing to learn more about these crafts. By linking the CWA and the CSA, Miles hopes to remind contemporary artists of the skills employed by early makers and to spark new creative developments that reference these historical techniques.

Miles is particularly interested in traditional textile practices - craft's most marginalised poor relation. While contemporary art and craft often looks to historical methods, the intention is most often to move away from tradition, as is the habit of the avant-garde. Over time the roots of textile craft have been disregarded and snubbed. We now associate crochet with Grandma's doilies, and as Miles has discovered while sourcing inspiration for her own work, traditional textile crafts are being abandoned, unwanted, at the local Op Shop. She rightly asks if this is an appropriate future for these laboured and uniquely detailed pieces?

Miles' personal history is closely connected to the traditions of handmade items. In fact, she can trace back five generations of textile makers in her family, with the physical reminders all around in her family home. Some CSA members were lucky enough enjoy the hospitality of Jean and Neville Miles, as their beautiful house was a sort of craft epicentre. Jean's extensive knowledge and reference material lead to extra-curricular tutorials and long talks into the night about various techniques and Australia's history of textile craft. There was a sense of history re-enacted as we women sat around, gossiping, laughing, discussing our work and gradually easing into a state of quiet concentration broken only by cups of tea and chocolate cake.

Revised notions of national identity, a focus on localism versus globalism and the resurgent interest in *Slow* movements of traditional practice in food and object-making provide a context for *Threads*. There is evidence of a growing interest in domesticated art in the work of today's contemporary artists, both in subject and medium. Textile craft has been for many years a hidden form of creative expression by women, and was marginalised, as was ceramics, by the intellectual division between High and Low art forms. Pottery has well and truly stepped into the limelight, and now it is the turn of textiles.

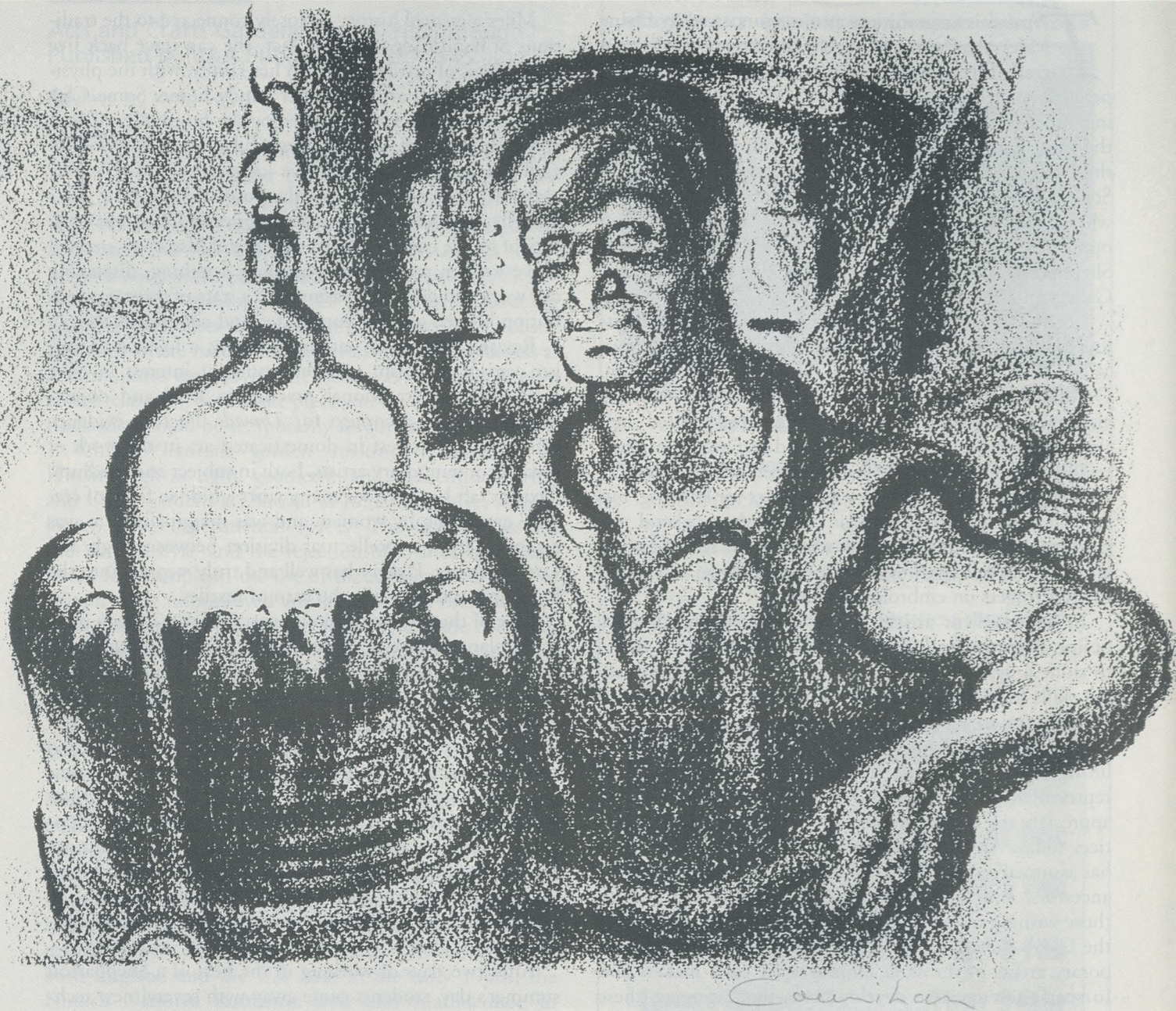
One of the more ambitious aspects of the *Threads* project is plans to extend its reach and include international textile crafts practiced by new Australian cultural groups. Included in this next stage are plans to arrange workshops with local and regional aboriginal groups. In this way, *Threads* opens up cross-cultural possibilities for sharing and extending skills and techniques for artists working with textiles. The creative projects that the *Threads* workshops will result in are still very much in development. The wide variety of responses to crochet, knitting and patchworking apparent at the November workshop indicates that future events may successfully broaden the practices of both CWA craft practitioners and contemporary artists.

After two days of working in the heat of a Shepparton summer's day, students came away with several new techniques to try out. In the crazy patchworking class, most followed the historical tradition as was presented by the tutors, but when everyone's patches were laid out at the end of the weekend creative diversity was apparent in all. A patchworked and embroidered rendition of the Outback sat next to matching pastel cushion covers, dark Victorian-style silks and velvets contrasted with vibrant clashing '70s ties. We had all fallen for the jumble of colours, patterns and themes that crazy patchworking permits, and were inspired to continue creating fabric anarchy.

The tutors for the weekend of workshops were: Janie Hunt, Jennifer Currie, Audrey MacIntosh, Dot Payne, Gwen Ranson and Jean Miles.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil..!

by Peter Dougherty



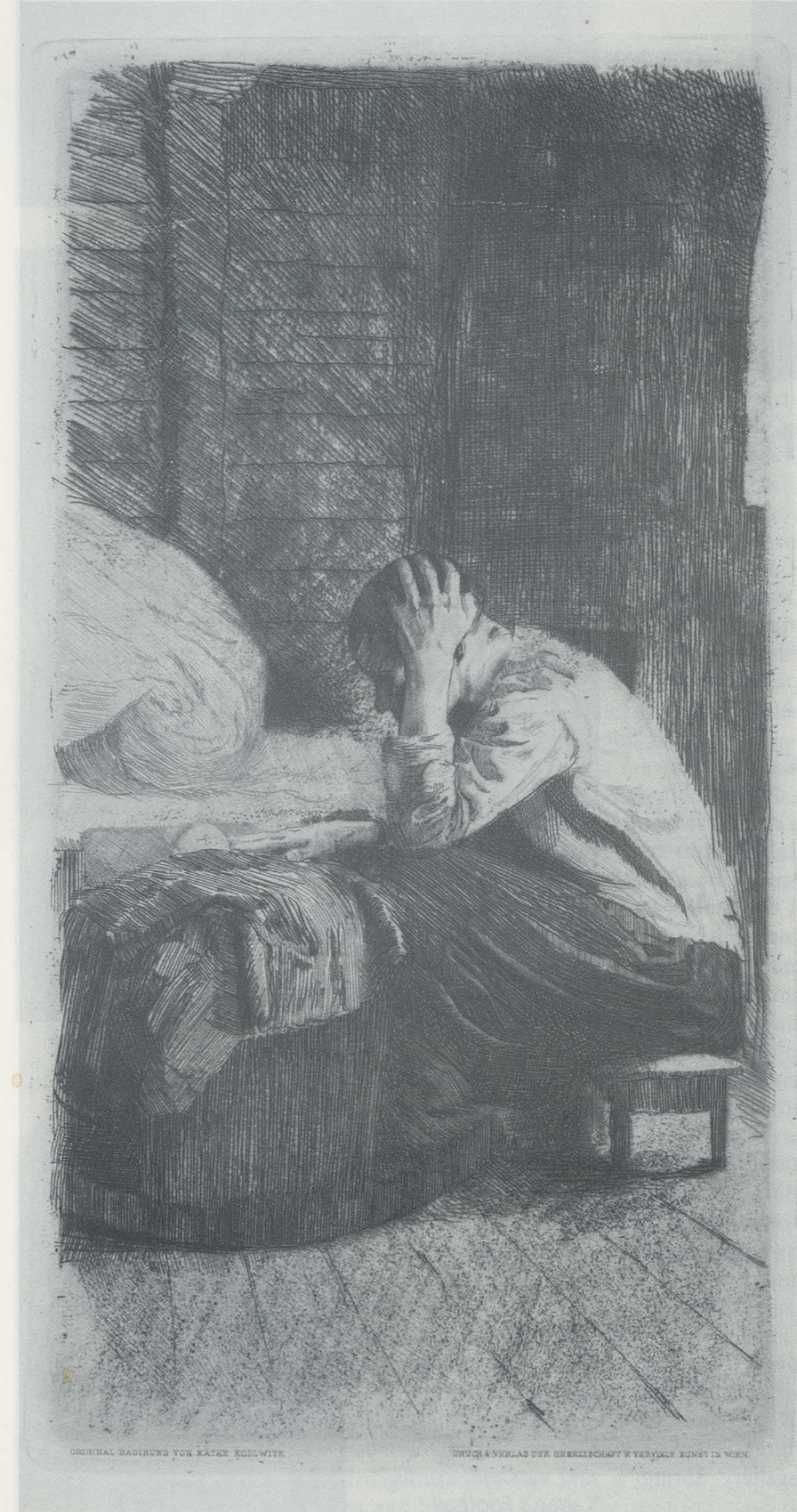
Counihan

Robert Smith chose this line from Thomas Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard* as the title for an exhibition of works on paper. He wrote in his introductory essay to the exhibition that the poem was perhaps the first artwork to celebrate the social value and human worth of work.

Robert Smith is a photographer and a collector of art works. His catalogue essay traces a history of oppression of peasants, workers and the poor from the 16th century to the modern day. It stretches from the Land Enclosure Bills

of Great Britain to the profitable reconstruction opportunities of today's post war carpetbaggers.

Smith was acquainted with Noel Counihan and other artists who made art that would hopefully draw attention to the poor and down trodden of the world. The collection now contains works by Counihan, Kathe Kollwitz, S.T. Gill, Daumier, Steinlen, Dobell, Millet and Wolfgang Sievers. A fascinating and unexpected element of the exhibition is the body of excellent works by Mexican artists of whom most of us have never heard. Their work



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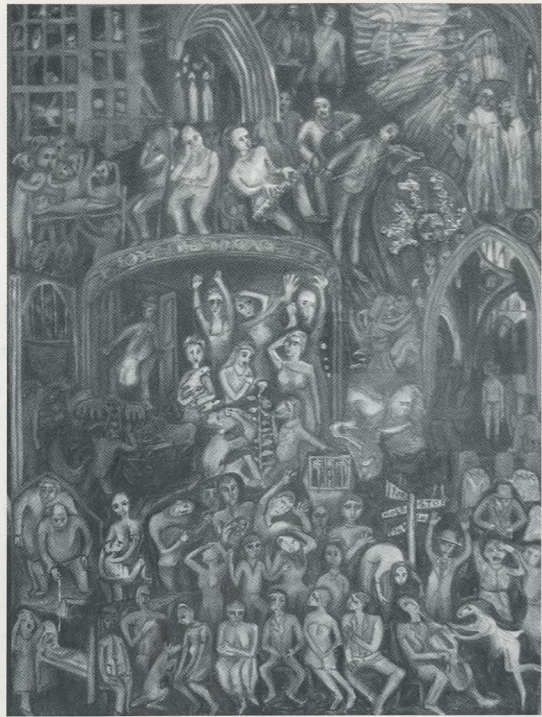


Opposite: Noel Counihan *A Metal Pourer*, Screenprint, 1948
 Left: Kathe Kollwitz, *Woman at the cradle*, etching, 1897.
 Above: Noel Counihan, *The Cough*, linocut, The Miners, 1947

is nevertheless visually beautiful and committed to the philosophy of both the collection and the exhibition.

Among the images that have stayed with me since seeing this exhibition are Counihan's lithographs from Opoul. He has depicted the back-breaking work of the peasant women. Aesthetically he has also formed his image with a splendid abstract efficiency that stretches back to Giotto. The etchings and lithographs of Kollwitz remain fascinating, not only for their technical excellence but for the artist's uncanny ability to depict the suffering and poignancy of the human experience. There were 55 works in the exhibition, all of which are worthy of individual examination and comment.

Matching the social commitment of the artists in his collection, Robert Smith has made his collection available as a permanent community resource for the City of Moreland. *Let not Ambition mock their useful toil. . .!* was – as have other selections from this collection been – shown at the Counihan Gallery in Brunswick recently.



Nature or Nurture

by Peter Dougherty

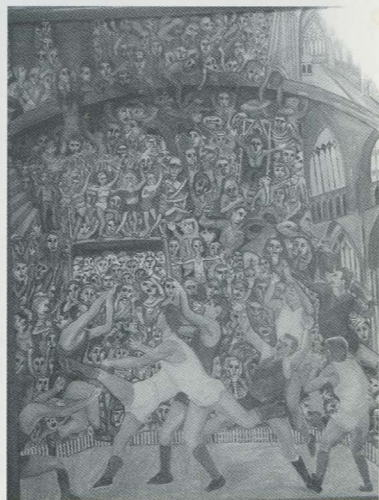
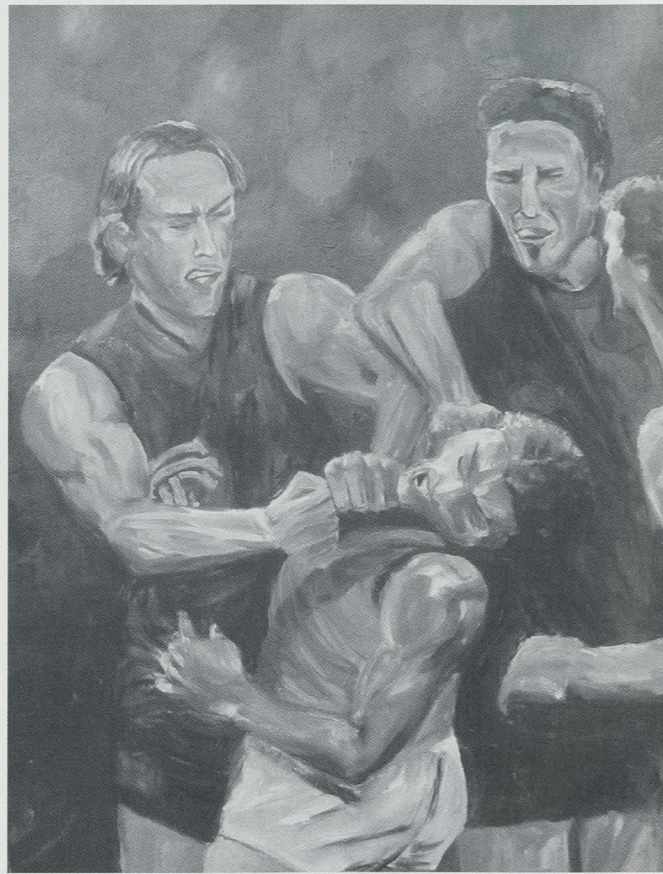
Jill and Ben Kahans have a number of things in common. That they share a name is not surprising as they are mother and son. They both paint. That is no great surprise because art has a habit of being passed down in families. They both paint football players, but it is at this point that their paths diverge.

'O Divine footy', an oil painting by Jill Kahans features football players who could pass for ballet dancers. They are set in an auditorium that is as much a cathedral as a football field and the crowd, sprinkled with bare breasted women has overtones of a Hieronymus Bosch assembly. 'A way of worship' is set in a cathedral but the congregation is even more Bosch-like. 'Day of the cup' and 'String Quartet tuning up' follow the same formula with the images climbing up the picture frame in a very renaissance way. In each the crowds are monochromatic and the rest of the painting is in pastel tones.

Ben Kahans' football players are a completely different kettle of fish, so to speak. They are painted in strong, primary colours and depict thugs rather than artists. 'Vandenberg' addresses violence in sport rather than the ceremony of hero worship. His other paintings are also executed in strong colour. They feature a dog in domestic settings and don't appear to be making any overt social comment. They read as exercises in colour and composition with the colour and form of the dog commensurate with the furniture and secondary spaces.

Jill Kahans has also indulged in her love of drawing and a new interest in completing works with the help of a computer. Some of the cats that appear in the paintings reappear as scanned images in black and white.

Nature or Nurture showed in Fitzroy gallery during November/December.



Clockwise from top left: Jill Kahans' *Prayer Meeting*, Ben Kahans' *Sammy TV* and *Vandenberg*, Jill Kahans' *Football*.

Poetry 2005

by Ian McBryde

There has been a delightful plethora of recent poetry releases, and so as to not offend anyone I thought the best way to do these reviews was alphabetically by the poet's name. Due to the strictures of space these have to be fairly brief.

Rock n Roll Tuxedo (3E Innovative, 2005) by Brisbane's Julie Beveridge, is a brave and uncompromising first collection. Beveridge has a street-wise and sassy approach in many of the poems, but there are also pieces of immense tenderness. There is a highly intelligent fury at work in many of her poems which adds a provocative yet lovely undercurrent to this edgy, challenging book.

At long last, some of us who've enjoyed Lyn Boughton's work since forever are rewarded with the publication of *Tinderbox* (skecteXt, 2005). There is a deceptive simplicity to many of Boughton's poems, yet they sing on in the imagination after having read them. Her use of enjambement is very strong, and the lines match boldly down each page. Boughton's work resounds with confidence, originality, and determination.

In a Bigger City (Five Islands, 2005), is the first collection by Tina Giannoukos. Giannoukos has been widely published and has been a mainstay of the Melbourne poetry scene for some time now. Kris Hemensley's comment on the back of the book puts it most succinctly ... "...the theatre of Giannoukos' poems is enacted between the beating hearts and desiring souls of citizens." This is a very finely thought-out book; the work rings elegantly of truth, experience, and heartfelt observation.

Matt Hetherington's new collection of haiku and senryu, *sweeping the dust* (Precious, 2005) continues his fascination with and rapid mastery of these wonderful poetic forms. There are many thoughtful and concise poems in this collection, covering every gamut of the world in all its strange, sad beauty, as they chronicle his journey across northern India late last year.

Lucy Holt's *Stories of Bird* (Poets Union Inc., 2005) is a unique first collection of poetry. The work itself is outstanding entirely of its own accord, but is all the more remarkable considering Holt's age of 23. It is as though this young poet has arrived fully-formed, without the need to have spent many years honing her writing craft. The poems are dynamic, crystal-clear, and crafted in a manner that leads the reader through this work with absolute verve, confidence, and maturity.

Tasmania's Karen Knight has produced a short but truly remarkable new collection entitled *My Mother Has Become* (Picaro, 2005). This book concerns the decline and then death of Knight's mother. This is powerful, superbly condensed work. The collection chronicles her harrowing yet strangely beautiful and dignified journey. This is one of the most tightly written and haunting books I've read in a long time.

Calico Ceilings (Five Islands, 2005), by Susan Kruss, uses poetry to explore the experiences of the women of Eureka. Each poem follows exact historical events, and

this works most effectively. The combination of actual history bites and Kruss' poetic responses produces a flow and timeline that fascinates; a highly-researched, intriguing, and very accomplished collection.

Ted Lord, long-time and tireless organiser of Melbourne's weekly Saturday readings at the Dan O'Connell Hotel in Carlton, has produced a wonderful collection of poems, *Girl in the Doorway* (Eaglemont Press, 2005). It is illustrated with his own drawings, and the poetry within this small but energetic book teems with passion and celebration.

One can almost hear the birds chirping and the flowers growing in Helen Lucas' first collection, *the nature of things* (Flat Chat, 2005). Seasons, weather, and the lush magic of nature permeate this book. There are narrative pieces as well as the poems themselves, and reading it is like knowing it's absolutely spring somewhere in our hearts. The fascination with gardens works especially well in many of the poems. A fine and sensual first collection.

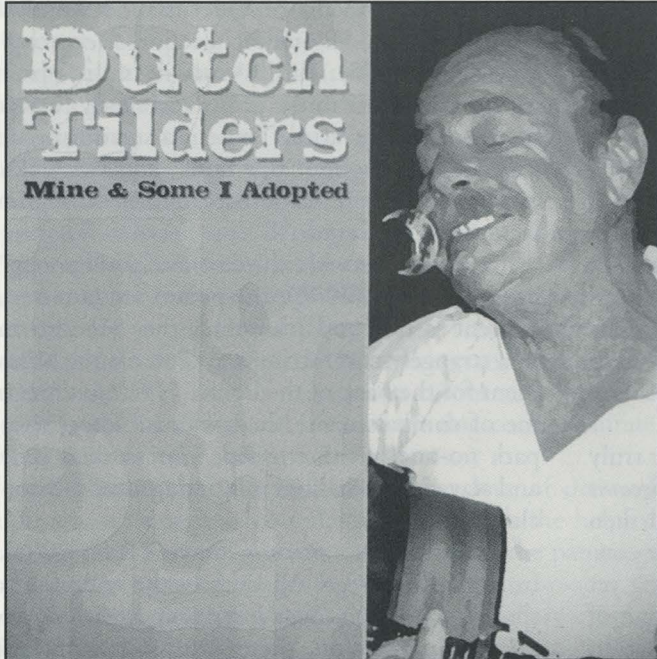
Melbourne is lucky that West Australian Mal McKimmie had the good sense to move here recently. His first collection, *Poetileptic* (Five Islands, 2005), is a very courageous book that charges at the reader from the first poem to the last like a silent but determined train running on infinite rails. McKimmie's poignant poems dealing with epilepsy inform much of the collection, yet the book encompasses far more than this...another very refined and confident first collection.

I first encountered Paul Mitchell during one of the Overload Festival gigs, and liked his work immediately. *Minorphysics* (IP, 2005) is a grand collection of poetry; he possesses the ability to reach the reader with a variety of styles throughout the collection. This is insightful, direct, and often mysteriously charged work. As Alicia Sometimes says on the back cover ... "His poetry wears both halo and beanie."

Graham Nunn, who in addition to being a fine poet, is also director of Queensland's wonderful annual Poetry Festival. His new collection *Measuring the Depth* (Pardalote, 2005), thrills with its short observations of nature and humanity, quite seamlessly woven through fragments of narrative. There is a surrealistic under-ocean sounding throughout this book, and the haiku that start and finish and are scattered carefully throughout the collection are profound.

In Melissa Petrakis' third collection of poetry, *The Earth of Us* (Domain, 2005), the poems are taut and, while the content is rich and profound, they are also minimalist in a strangely comforting way. I wrote the following comment for the back of the book ... "Petrakis' poetry reminds me of compassionate shadows cast across the paths of a park no-one has discovered. Her work is succinct, wise, and stays in the reader's mind long after the book has been closed."

James Waller's *Burning Stones* (T. S., 2005) grabs you from the first page. All lines in the collection are double spaced, which gives an intriguing breathing space to the poems. In addition, there is a terseness and an efficiency of language that make these poems effortless to engage with. Also a first book, *Burning Stones* is seriously accomplished, and possesses an elegance and compression of language, deftly delivered.



Mine & some I adopted

Dutch Tilders: Guitar and vocals
Reviewed by Peter Dougherty

If you like sweet, languid blues guitar, Dutch Tilders is your man. *Mine & Some I Adopted* is all Dutch and his acoustic guitar. The set opens with a pensive classic blues break to introduce *Step a little lighter*. This is only the first of a series of compositions by the Dutchman – some very moving, some wickedly humorous. When adopting songs, he goes for the best. They include Big Bill Broonzy's *Hey, baby hey* and *Willie Mae*; Ray Charles' *Them that's got*; *The house of the rising sun*, *St James infirmary blues* and *Nobody knows you when you're down and out*. He has put his own stamp on these classic pieces and added 13 of his own. Tilders sings *I'm a blues man*. That's not news to Australia's blues fraternity. After more than thirty years in the business, he's 'the man'. The most popular interpreter of the genre and inspiration to many of the younger gen-

eration, He is rightfully recognised not so much as a blues man as the 'The Bluesman'.

Tilders's writing skills extend further that the traditional blues form. *Crying won't make me stay* is an excellent vehicle for his vocal talents. His fine voice and singing skills would be wasted on a full set of blues classics. Closer to the tradition is *Good morning cigarette*. It earns its place as a good example of Dutch's rather black humour.

Nobody knows you . . . puts a spotlight on Dutch's ability to hold notes and show off non-blues singing qualities while retaining the feeling of real blues hollering. He does it again on *House of the rising sun*. The vocal line is mostly classic with some very un-blues flourishes and a totally Tilders guitar accompaniment. *Hey, baby, hey* pays tribute to Broonzy and is presented just as the master wrote it. The same goes for *Willie Mae*.

The 19 tracks on the set cover quite a few folk and rag styles but underlying it there is always that blues feeling. He finishes up with *Chimney Sweep*, an impeccable Tilders composition that could almost be used to argue that he had invented the blues. (Why not, everyone else has.)

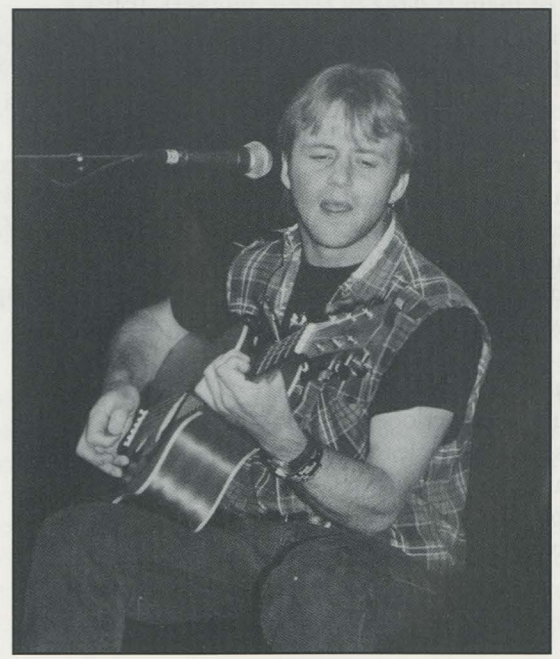
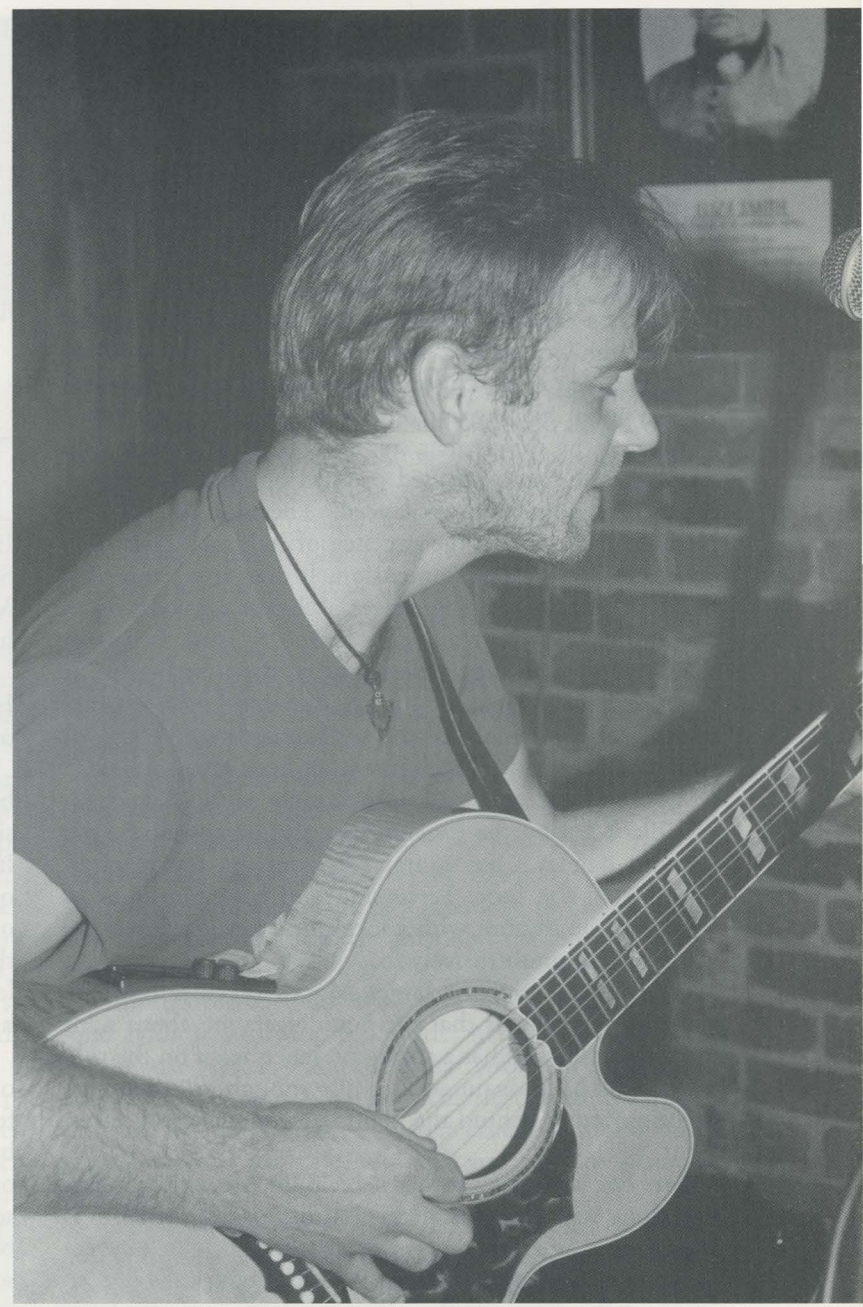
Wellers Restaurant in Kangaroo Ground is going all blues in February 2006 when the 'heavyweight champion of electric blues' Wolf Mail returns on the 2nd. Dutch Tilders makes his Wellers debut on the 9th.



Little Big Men

Geoff Achison & the Souldiggers
Geoff Achison: guitars, vocals
Mal Logan, keyboards
Roger McLachlan, bass
Gerry Pantazis, drums
Jupiter Records
Reviewed by Peter Dougherty

If Dutch Tilders is the blues master then Geoff Achison could be the master's apprentice. Given the time span between now and when the young



Geoff played as a sideman in Dutch's *Blues Club* from '89 till '94, 'journeyman' sounds more appropriate. Most would agree that he's gone beyond that as well.

This is Achison's eighth album. It is actually a Souldiggers album, as a quick listen will attest. *Little Big Men* is a beautifully integrated production with every musician sharing the honours and playing a vital role. The regular Souldiggers line-up is augmented by Nikki Nichols on backing vocals and James Black on percussion.

This is a carefully mixed studio recording and regular fans will be well pleased with the result. It has a lot to offer: fourteen new Achison compositions; cool, clean and relaxed guitar picking and The Souldiggers in great form.

One of the things that stamps this set as a great leap forward is the sophisticated production with the instruments nicely beautifully balanced. The addition of Nikki Nichols' back up to the urgency of Achison's vocal line creates a pleasing new dimension. It does it without distracting from its existing power. Achison can whip up a real storm when he really cuts loose. It's hard to believe that anybody can play great music at the pace he can. It can be exhausting just listening to him and I have at times wished for a bit more of the well-considered picking of which he is capable. That's just what he is offering here.

Crazy Horse opens the programme with McLachlan and Black setting the pace on bass and percussion before Achison dances a few guitar riffs over the top prior to introducing the lyric. Percussion and bass continues to lay down the rhythm with background keyboard and the vocals fitting unobtrusively in.

The introduction of James Mack's percussion works well and reminds us that the Souldiggers are about a lot more than blues. It has a strong presence again on the title track. Nichols is again adding just enough of a counterpointing sound behind the main vocal to make you listen for it.

Feel like a king is another vehicle for McLachlan's bass line along with Pantazis' heart beat drums. The rhythm is kept simple as it sets down the matrix over which everything else is planned. There is a metapolitical edge to many of the songs on this album and *Wagging the dog* is obviously one of them (*Living in fear* is another). It has a great sound with the keyboard providing a backdrop and the guitar and bass providing the main accompaniment to the lyrics.

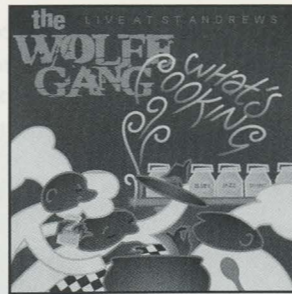
Never give it up introduces a reggae rhythm. This of course calls for a socially aware lyric and Achison provides it. Once again Nichols provides a nice echo to his vocal line. A change of mood and *Reach for the sky* has a powerful Achison guitar piece combining with Logan's keyboard to break the sound barrier. *Boy* slows it all down again to takes us out with another message – perhaps a message from father to son.

Every listening to this CD reveals great little gems of combined sound and overlooked contributions.

A DVD has also been released featuring the souldiggers recorded live at St Andrews Hotel. Recorded by the same team, it give you an opportunity to 'go to the pub' without leaving your living room or risking meeting a booze bus.

The Wolfe Gang

Live at St Andrews
Diana Wolfe – vocals
Broc O'Connor – guitar & vocals
Roy Zedras – bass & vocals
Peter 'Robbo' Robertson – drums
Independent
Reviewed by Peter Dougherty



If you turn up at St Andrews Hotel on the right night you may just get to hear Wolfe, O'Connor, Zedras and Robertson playing under the title of *The Wolfe Gang*. If you get lucky you could hear them with such guests as Steve Williams, Jimmie Sloggett or Cath Cavolo on sax; Mick O'Connor on keyboards or Broderick Smith on harp.

On 19/9/04, 6/3/05 and 24/4/05 Ben and Rob Harwood recorded 13 tracks of the Wolfe Gang with various guests and turned it all into a lively album.

It all starts with a series of whacks on Robbo's drums before Mick O'Connor joins in to introduce Diana Wolfe singing the mainly Cath Cavola written *What's Cooking*. It's something of a signature piece with Wolfe sounding not unlike a singer from the Lil Fi school of belting it out, having fun and letting the small things look after themselves. The 'Rev.' O'Connor and Broderick Smith look after them while adding a touch of keyboard and harp class.

T-Bone Shuffle brings Williams' sax in to share the honours with 'The Rev.' O'Connor. Eric Bib's *Too Much Stuff* features the same line-up and a big guitar/bass partnership by Broc O'Connor and Roy Zedras. It also offers a generous serving of Smith's harp. *What's the Time Mr Wolfe* is set at the junction of R&B and early rock. Written by the band it brings the Cavolo and Sloggett sax up front. The set moves on alternating between covers and the group's originals.

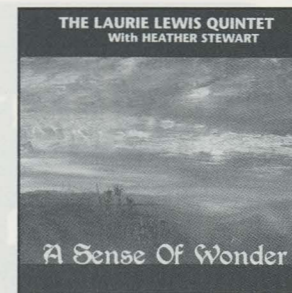
Drown in my own Tears offers a chance to hear Zedras' considerable singing skills as he shares the mike with Wolfe. It also offers a bit more of Sloggett's sax and that's a good thing.

After raging on their own *Little Bit Bad*, they turn to the blues. Firstly to Jagger, Richards and Taylor for *Ventilator Blues* and then to Erma Thomas for *You Can Have My Husband*.

Every track is different and every track has something special to offer.

A sense of wonder

The Laurie Lewis Quintet with Heather Stewart
Laurie Lewis – tenor sax, percussion
Mark Fitzgibbon – piano
Doug de Vries – guitar
Geoff Kluge – bass
Rajiv Jayaweera & Ben Vanderwal – drums
Loral Records
Reviewed by Peter Dougherty



A Sense of Wonder is an interesting project for a number of reasons. It has all been put together by Laurie and Alwyn Lewis. Though they both have experience in television, radio, film, and theatre, composing the music (Laurie), writing the lyrics (Alwyn) and producing an album of jazz was a brave, new experience. Even the choice of vocalist, Heather Stewart was a brave one. She is a violinist who moved across into singing.

Given that takes a long, long time to become a great singer, Stewart should do well. She displays great musicality and timing and displays all the potential to develop into a fine jazz vocalist. Time is on her side. Brave or not, it would have been difficult to go wrong with the core group of musicians selected for the quintet. Guests: Roger Clarke, alto sax; Imogen Manins, cello; Joe Ruberto, accordion and Laura Uhe, castanets ensure that there's always someone to provide the required right sound and atmosphere to realise each composition's potential.

Longing opens the programme and establishes Stewart as a gentle, light presence with interesting and innovative phrasing skills. The mood is reinforced with a sympathetic tenor sax break. *Not my type* sounds like it was written for the singer and she has it largely to herself with a little help from the sax again.

With de Vries on board it comes as no surprise that some Latin jazz has been included. *Butterfly Wings* is a gentle samba; much of it has Stewart and de Vries working together. Clark's alto also plays a role. *Frangipani* brings back the samba mood. This time the castanets and accordion provide its particular character. *Summer in Seattle* offers Doug de Vries a chance to create some magic.

Don't Ask opens with an interesting vocal passage before offering an extended passage of piano, drum and guitar trio style jazz. As often happens on the set, the saxes provide some background colour.

To close out the set, Stewart discards some of her reserve and dips her toe into 'Red Hot Mama' territory on *Company of Strangers*: a raunchy blues number.

This is a good set of new songs that does not set out to be ground breaking. The compositions are sound and the arrangements utilize the variety of instruments well to keep it all nice and fresh.

Unearthly Music

Music by Australian Women Composers
Produced and distributed by Arts Victoria
Reviewed by Leonie Khoury



The title of this C.D sums up this compilation of music for Flute and Piano by Australian Women Composers aptly. Although, I think it goes without saying that flute music is in itself unearthly by the very nature of the instrument, it is often associated with mythical characters and is often used by composers to convey the soul or human spirit or the strange language of birds.

The women composers represented on this album are all Australian and born within the last 90 years or so. They are Anne Boyd, Miriam Hyde, Helen Gifford, Phyllis Batchelor, Jennifer Fowler, Meta Overman and May Howlett.

Amongst Flute players, the first two composers are very well known. Anne Boyd's "Goldfish" and "Cloudy Mountain" are evocative and delicate works, impressionistic and sparse. The latter work conveys deeply the atmosphere and landscape of a Japanese mountain forest. You are transported into the mist and the mystery of this foreign land.

Gifford's music follows on in a more melodic, more solid fashion. Still impressionistic, her music is reminiscent of the French Composers that wrote for flute in the early 20th Century. What particularly comes to mind is the French composer A. Roussel: eccentric and a sailor who conveyed people, Hindu gods and far away places in his music.

Moving further away from the Eastern feel is Hyde's charming and romantic "Nocturne". The long, beautiful phrases are of a more "earthly" feel and allow Kathryn Moorehead to display the fine qualities of her flute playing.

I could go on with the other composers, but perhaps I should allow the listeners to delve further into this music themselves. The C.D is truly a journey into flute music and the work of current or very recent female Australian composers.

Each piece has its own delicate flavour. Most of the music is programmatic in its style, which personally I enjoy very much. It is like walking through a gallery of pictures and being absorbed by the story in each work of art. The titles themselves suggest this; Howlett's "Exhibits" and Meta Overman's "Haiku" that sets 6 verses of Japanese poetry to music. The verses are wonderful in themselves, perfect examples of Zen Haiku and the music conveys the feel of each, very different verse. I like this musical form very much; no introductions, no codas, but straight to the point – sharp and direct like the poetry itself.

This is a recording that requires a personal, attentive kind of listening. It is not one to be listened to while doing something else. As you would read poetry or care-

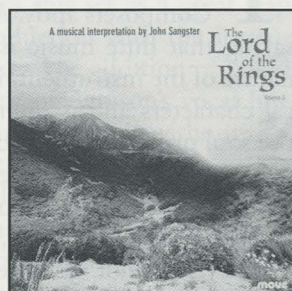
fully observe hand made artist books in a quiet spot, so this deserves the same treatment.

Depending on how you feel when listening to this album, I feel sure there is something in it to sound the heart and open you to the wonderful expression of life on earth as lived and experienced by all – not as unearthly as you may think!

Leonie Khoury (B.Mus) Flautist and instrumental teacher and painter

The Lord of the Rings

A musical interpretation by John Sangster
Move Records
Reviewed by Peter Dougherty



Space does not allow a listing of the musicians on this double CD set. Suffice to say it features John Sangster, Bob Barnard, Don Burrows, Errol Buddle and 16 of their peers.

Originally written by John Sangster in 1977 and recorded as a double LP recording, Sangster's interpretation has now been remastered and transferred to a double CD set by Move Records.

There is so much happening on these CDs that it would take pages to do justice to it all. There is a plethora of music styles employed to fit the moods, scenes and settings of the stories. Sometimes simple lyrical compositions suffice to serve Sangster's interpretation of a facet of the story. At other times all hell breaks loose as a battle or a wild party is illustrated. It's all stops out and no holds barred.

Sangster has provided copious notes to describe the music and its settings. The notes betray an intimate knowledge of the stories and much humour. He describes *V-M-E Day (a Mondorian phantasmagoria)* as "Victory in Middle Earth! A joyous cacophony as all the various armies celebrate the final overthrow of the Powers of Darkness!" Cacophony being the operative word. It is followed by *The sweetness and light rag* "A piece for earlier, more innocent times; containing a most perfectly structured chorus of improvisation from Bob Barnard. Such is the programme; a roller coaster ride from beginning to end, but containing much magnificent improvised music along the way.

The set comes with 4 bonus music tracks; an interview with John Sangster and the complete original LP covers and artwork in PDF format.

What's on at La Trobe

EXHIBITIONS

Exhibitions are held at: La Trobe University Art Museum, Glenn College, Melbourne (Bundoora) campus. Melway 473 G5, Parking Carpark 6 or 7

7 Dec – 3 Feb 2006

Miniature

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

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

7 December - 5 February 2006

Futures

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

Exhibition hours Tues Wed Thurs Fri
12.00 noon – 4.00pm or by appointment. Free admission.
(Exhibition dates are subject to change. Please contact Art Museum staff to confirm.)

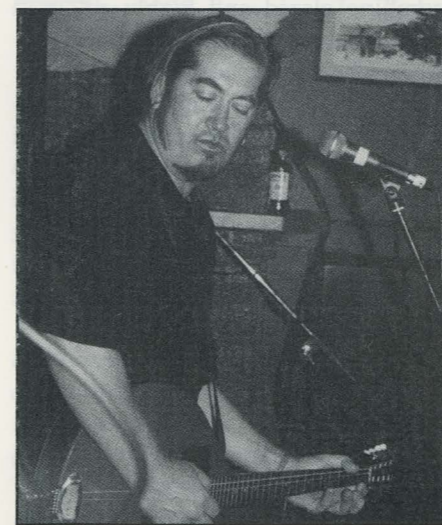
Enquiries: La Trobe University Art Museum
Tel: 9479 2111 Fax: 9479 5588



One of this region's artists of whose work we see far too little is painter, Neil Curzon. Curzon's paintings constantly fascinate with their unexplained folk tale aspect. The paintings insist that they have a story to tell but the artists let them speak for themselves. Curzon put his brushes aside while he created a body of drawings that are on display in the Eltham Library Community Gallery until January 9.

The intricately detailed and finely rendered drawings combine hints of surrealism with creative perspective and compositional values. They defy definite interpretation but leave themselves open to whatever ideas the viewer chooses to read into them.

A cold beer and 45 minutes of Mick Thomas's performance is a great way to finish a hard day. Arriving late for Mick Thomas and the Sure Thing at Wellers Restaurant recently, I was met by Thomas whacking the strings of his mandolin with a plectrum: no fancy stuff; straight to the point. As his lyrics put it "It's gotta



come from the heart if you want it to work." 'I could spot you anywhere' points to the truth of his poetry. It lies in his ability to take the small things of his and our lives and universalise them.

A messy divorce is reduced to a garage sale: "I can't believe the shit we buy. I can't believe the tears we cried." *Tommy didn't want you* is a love song to the guitar that Tommy Emmanuel didn't want. *You remind met* urns an embarrassing moment into a hearty laugh, while in *Hobart Town*, Thomas turns his talents to a traditional style historical ballad. *Mick Thomas and the sure thing* always get their audience totally involved.

Chinese born artist, Echo Chai is exhibiting a collection of oil paintings in the Long Gallery, Montsalvat till December 11.

The work combines skilful paint handling and interesting, creative subject matter but not, for the most part in the same paintings. At times she is a free spirit creating her own world and indulging her fantasies. This tendency shows in such works as *Birds*, *Fishing boat*, *Cloud baby* and *Black cat*. To a lesser extent it also exists in *Mother and child* and *Dance with the moon*, but tempered with a conscious degree of abstraction. At others she is confined to formalistic pursuits that take her work in the direction of Jeffrey Smart but without his commitment to abstraction. One element that remains consistent throughout this show is the artist's commitment to creative colour. This factor helps to make *Rainbow* such a successful work. It would be exciting to see an exhibition by Echo Chai in which she applied all her

skills to develop one theme and stayed within the confines of one style.

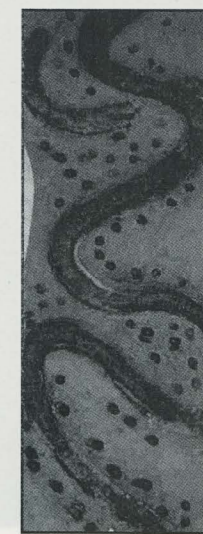
The world around us – the patterns surround us is the title of a collection of works in various media currently hanging in the Eltham Library Community Gallery. The pastels, oils and gouaches are by Bryony Dade whose background is mainly in textile design.

Dade's training is a double-edged sword. She has the skills and control to execute her subject matter correctly but she never lets her paint take over and lead her into creative risk taking.

Works such as *Dogwood*, *Weeping cherry* and *Japonica* have a delicacy and finesse that is not found in the other works. While Dade is skilled at portraying the appearance of things, she does not search for the essence of her subject matter. Lacking the spirit of excitement, the work slips into blandness.

Rivers', a mixed exhibition at Bolin Bolin Gallery in Bulleen features painting, printmaking, glassware, ceramics and found object sculpture. Eleven artists have interpreted the 'rivers' theme in different ways appropriate to their media.

Christine Prescott has gone out on a limb, using eucalypt twigs, gumnuts, gelatine capsules filled with seeds, kangaroo bones,

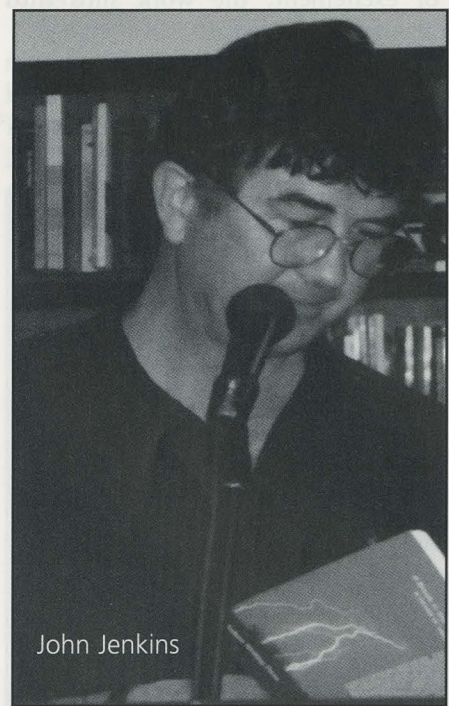


her own hair and bees wax to create 'Gunya'. She has also drawn on paper with red wine. David Lyons is presenting a range of colourful, glazed pots very reminiscent of the work of the famed Premier Pottery, Preston. Ceramicists, Meredith Plain and Lena Jakobsen have abandoned their signature themes and followed the exhibition theme. Sandra Bain, Di Beveridge, Ona Henderson, Karen Peg Shan Shnookal and Syd Tunn complete this diverse collection.

Supported by Jules Burns, Ray Liversidge and White Feather, John Jenkins and Melissa Petrakis were the featured poets at the final Courthouse Poetry Reading for this year.

Petrakis writes from the 'inside'. By writing of other people's experiences in first person she is able to empathise more powerfully with her subject matter and the feelings of the 'players' in her dramas. The poems are tantalisingly descriptive of the inner experience of intimate moments, never about the facts. The ephemeral beauty of the poetry makes it, by definition, hard to grasp but nevertheless pleasant to experience.

Local writer, John Jenkins is renowned throughout the Australian poetry world for his ability to process the physical and historical environment through the prism of poetry. We end up with a series of concise, gem-like images of the world around us



John Jenkins

The local music venues have, in the last week or so served up the patriarch of Aussie rock and the patriarch of the Australian blues scene.

On September 13, Ross Wilson, anchor man for *Daddy Cool, Mondo Rock* and *Sons of the Vegetal Mother* and author of such classics as *Eagle Rock, Come back again,* and *A touch of paradise* appeared at Wellers. He displayed all the verve that has helped to make him an indispensable fixture in Australia's musical culture with a mixture of his classic hits and new *Urban Legends* material. He also threw in *Heartbreak Hotel* and Chuck Berry's *Hey hey rock and roll* to indicate that even without his own material he can match the best in the business.

Two nights later, Dutch Tilders, Australia's leading interpreter of the classic acoustic blues form for at least 33 years appeared at St Andrews Hotel. With Ken Hatton providing some beautiful electric guitar interludes and Peter Beulke and Rob O'Toole keeping the beat on bass and drums he thrilled his audience with a big dose of the real thing. *I'm goin' to move on down the line, Railroad Bill, Please give me someone to love* and *Bye bye baby* were just a few of the vehicles for his carefully honed skills. They also provided opportunities to show off his excellent side men. Finally he pulled out some classics such as *Baby please don't go* to get everyone on their feet and bring the house down.

Black and White and shades of Grey, hanging in Manningham Gallery until November 5, proves that art doesn't need to be colourful to be psychedelic.

The effect of the Carey Baptist Grammar Primary School work as one enters the gallery is stunning. Ceramic bowls, relief prints, paintings, masks and drawings have encouraged the students to focus on line and shape without the distraction of colour. The students range three year old pre schoolers to year two students and the work begins with creative line work and finishes with environmentally based relief and three dimensional sculpture.

A body of work emanating from the school's artist in residence program with professional photographer,

Viki Petherbridge has rounded out the exhibition with an impressive display of black and white photographs.

An exhibition of new works by nine young artists with connections to Montsalvat is hanging in the Long Gallery until November 13. The connections include blood ties to the Jorgensen family and being involved in the running of the Montsalvat Trust.

The values contained in the work include innovative ideas and impressive displays of technical competency. Saxon Jorgensen is showing a collection of acrylic paintings that combine strong, confident paint handling with a knack for making a good, thoughtful statement. Lydia Wegner is offering a 'Traveller' series of chine-colle etchings that successfully combine sensitively etched portraits with a chine-colle element that is created from old atlas maps. Kate Connolly has put a lead pencil to good use in creating the illusion of an old book complete with text. She has also gone to the trouble of translating a passage from a Mills and Boon novel into Latin and draping her work with a web of cut paper. Anna-Lisa Unkuri has also found ways of combining her painting skills with ingenuity to create some intriguing work. Perhaps they are not art, but Amy Skipper's gowns are very impressive.

Ceramicist, Judith Roberts and printmaker, Kate Hudson staged a joint exhibition in the Eltham Library Community Gallery in October.

Roberts was showing a development of her modified thrown pots, which combine glazed and highly coloured elements with velvety black raku surfaces. The hand marks still express the throwing process but glazes, holes and geometric embellishments combine with the glazes to imbue the works with a new aesthetic. Some of the forms have also been modified to hang on the wall. Many of the pieces evoke thoughts of ancient cultures without mimicking anything identifiable.

Kate Hudson has the eye of a designer and an astounding dedication to craftsmanship. She has eschewed the tell tale cut marks of lino cutting to create an art of innocence. The subject matter is mainly plants, birds

and household paraphernalia. The finesse of the precise lines and shapes is fascinating and reinforces an atmosphere of domestic peace. Many of her images are colour reduction works in which the unforgiving multiple printing process has resulted in beautifully finished colourful images.

Piers Bateman of Kangaroo Ground and Walter Magilton of Warrandyte are both widely recognised as successful artists. Recognition is all that they have in common as their styles and subject matter could not be more different. They took over the exhibition space in Bridges Restaurant, Hurstbridge in October.

On one end of the restaurant, Magilton showed his carefully constructed traditional paintings in gouache and oils. The works on the walls read as an overview of his work with landscapes, seascapes, still life and flower studies. Central to all Magilton's work is the use of light to portray the grandeur of the landscape or the details of his close up subject matter.

Piers Bateman began his art career under the influence of Arthur Boyd and has retained Boyd's busy, expressive brushwork to this day. This style is particularly evident in his colourful bush paintings. His other major theme: the red heart of Australia expresses the boundless land with broad sweeps of red, punctuated with sparse vegetation and streaks of water that reflect the vivid blue sky. He also widened his focus with a selection of oil paintings executed on his travels in Spain.

The 2005 Banyule - La Trobe Young Artists Awards that celebrate the artistic talents of young people in the City of Banyule have been announced. The Award offers \$5,000 in prizes to young artists in the municipality. The prize money is to be spent by recipients on furthering their artistic pursuits. The award is open to artists aged between 16 and 26 years who live in the City of Banyule, and is divided into six categories. They are visual arts, performing arts, community arts, indigenous arts, literature and multimedia. This year's winners are: Kirsty Altis, literature/visual arts; Amy

Borrell, visual arts; Nicholas Buc, original music composition; Shaun Jones, original music composition; Claire Toohill, community arts.

World Harmonies music venue in Eltham finished their programme for 2005 with a performance by the inimitable Kavisha Mazzella and Irene Vela duo. Mazzella came to fame as the director of the Italian Women's Choir before establishing herself as a leading singer/songwriter. Vela's recognition as a virtuoso string instrument artist stems from her days with the Habibis.

In between acknowledging her Italian heritage in *Fisherman's Daughter*, reconciliation in *As I walk this country* and her interest in art in *Skies of New Mexico* - a tribute to Georgia O'Keefe - she added her guitar playing skills to the mandolin, bouzouki and guitar skills of Irene Vela. The story telling, love songs, Neapolitan folk songs and instrumental passages all added up to combined performance of which the audience could not get enough.

Hanging by threads, work by graduate students of the Diploma of Arts, Studio Stitch Textiles - Box Hill Institute of TAFE showed in Manningham Gallery during November.

The backgrounds of the participating women vary widely. Some have been embroidering, dressmaking and crocheting since childhood. Others have started with an art background and moved into fabric work. The end result is an amazing range of garments, quilts, sculptures and enhanced paintings.

Fiona Lindsay has worked over her watercolours with thread to reinforce the line work and produce a great combination of colour and texture. Jacie Malseed has turned her quilting skills into fantasy seascapes and Yve Hart has combined basketry skills and mulberry bark forms to produce zany little sculptures.

Potter, Heja Chong was born in Japan, but has worked in Cottesbridge for many years. Looking back to the Japanese Bizen tradition, Chong operates a climbing kiln that traditionally can be up to 40 metres long and utilizes the incline to draw heat from one end to the other.

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9718 0056

A display of her work at the Nillumbik Shire office highlights the sublime formal simplicity of the ancient Japanese tradition. The firing time and the ash that is carried up the kiln and deposited on their surfaces dictate the glaze and texture of the vessels.

Chong is also showing a pair of abstract paintings that successfully harness the principles of tonalism in the interests of abstract art. The resulting images suggest organic, possibly plant forms.

Who's driving tonight? That's the question that art students who study and create in and around Nillumbik and socialise in town must constantly ask. Eight students from NMIT have returned to town to show the results of two years of work. It is inspiring to observe the development of skills and ideas after seeing work by the same students a year ago.

Francisco Reyes addresses 'fear of darkness' in his oil paintings. He indicates that he has none as he paints as close to 'too dark' as is possible and

creates intriguing landscape images loaded with mystery and atmosphere. Gerrard O'Connell uses images of the machinery of war in a tribute to the soldiers who remain faceless and anonymous but are nevertheless what it's all about. Tim Iovannella has a fascination with cars. In his paintings, details of them get turned into carefully considered abstract colour compositions. In *Leaf Litter*, Cassie Kreyborg adroitly turns a painting of a collection of leaves into a portrayal of a forest. This creditable body of work was at Cusp Gallery in Northcote in October.

Kangaroo Ground artist, Ona Henderson has been announced as one of the 30 artists short-listed for the \$50,000 Cromwell's Art Prize 2005 and chosen as a finalist. Her entry in the prize will now tour galleries in Paris, London and New York. Her selected painting is part of her new renaissance series and is titled *Lucy in the sky*. Henderson has also been awarded a worldwide agent as part of this prize.

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
www.artstreams.com.au

ART SERVICES & CLASSES

Twin Chough and Globe Pottery

in Cottesbridge 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.

Mosaics for Beginners

Learn to turn old tiles, broken crockery and all manner of bits and pieces into beautiful artworks. Turn old furniture into sculpture. Turn a wall into a stunning canvas. Turn your garden into a wonderland. Most importantly: have fun while you learn!

Call Gabi on 97120540

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

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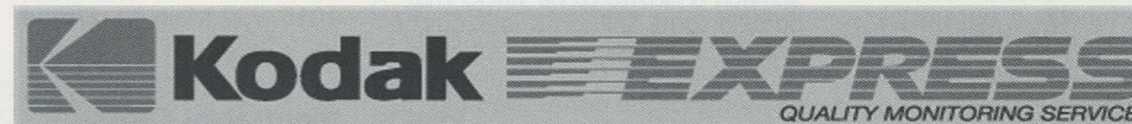
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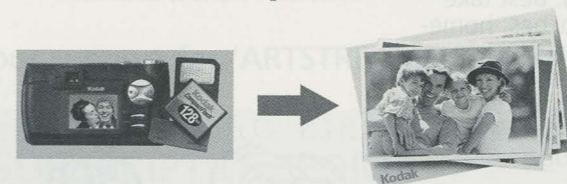
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Wining & dining

Gabi's 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**

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 lunches. 8.30-5pm, Mon-Fri. 9.00-5 Sat & Sun.9718 2911 794 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**

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**



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**



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**

Warrandyte Café & Store

Visit the newly revamped café for breakfast lunch and afternoon tea 9.00 - 5.00 pm Thursday to Sunday. Watch for art exhibitions and live music. Ph: 9844 0365 Cnr. Forbes & Yarra Sts. (opp. Police Station) **Warrandyte**

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**



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ARTSTREAMS

NILLUMBIK COUNCIL CALENDAR OF ARTS EVENTS 2006

Check our website www.nillumbik.vic.gov.au or ring Sharon Frosi on 9433 3161 for more details about these and other programs developing as the year progresses.



Calendar of Heritage Events

Showing the location and key areas of interest of each of our heritage groups and organisations, this printed calendar lists the major activities planned for the year. Additional events are posted on Council's Calendar of Events online at www.nillumbik.vic.gov.au

Artists' Register On Line

Artists interested in being included in our Register need to complete an application form. This can be obtained online.

Mushroom Showcase Exhibition

This program, by invitation, provides established artists with the opportunity to showcase their work in small glass showcases in the Reception area of the Shire Offices.

Eltham Library Exhibition Program

This popular program, enabling emerging artists to exhibit their work to the public, is fully booked with exhibitions until December 2006. A Calendar of Exhibitions is now available. Artists interested in applying for space in the 2007 program should contact Council in August.

Cultural Development Grants:

Application forms and guidelines are available February. The Grants are allocated in August/September. A list of successful applicants for the 2005-2006 grant round can be found on the Arts and Culture page at www.nillumbik.vic.gov.au

Alan Marshall Short Story Award

Entry for the Alan Marshall Short Story Award 2006 is now open and closes on 24 February 2006. Entry forms and guidelines are available from Thursday 3 November from the Eltham and Diamond Creek branches of the Yarra Plenty Regional Library Service or by contacting Sharon Frosi on 03 9433 3161.

Conservation Plan and Artists' Residencies

With funds provided by the Community Support Fund, we have begun the process of restoration of Birrarung, the mud brick home designed by Alistair Knox located at Laughing Waters Rd., Eltham. The residency program is expected to resume in 2006.

The Artists' Open Studio Program

This program assists artists to promote their work and encourages visitors to Nillumbik. Open Studio weekends will take place in May and November 2006.

Ephemeral Sculpture Program

This program involves artists creating a work of a temporary nature in one weekend, at selected business sites. The 2005 event was hosted by four restaurants and supported by Council.

Art Collection

Nillumbik Shire Council holds an important Art Collection of approximately 170 works of art of contemporary and historical interest, including 12 site-specific sculptures in various locations throughout the Shire. Works from the Nillumbik Art Collection can be viewed in the public areas of the Shire offices in Greensborough and, by prior arrangement, at the Eltham Community and Reception Centre. Locations of each of the public art works can be found with the essay Found About: Art in public places by John Jenkins, available online.

Poetry Program

A number of poetry readings are conducted monthly at the Eltham Courthouse, Main Street Eltham. Each event showcases the talent of local, regional and/or state poets. Contact Helen on 9439 9732 for more information.

Our Stories Project

Over 30 stories by local writers have been published on the Nillumbik Shire Council website. The stories all focus on special Nillumbik places, events and characters. New stories are welcome.

Sporting and Cultural Achievement Grants

Nillumbik Shire Council's Sporting and Cultural Achievement Grants are now open for applications in the cultural category. These grants encourage and recognise outstanding efforts and achievements by Nillumbik residents in Arts and Cultural fields. Applications can be made for individuals (\$150) and groups (\$300). For an application form, please contact Suzanne Rouvray on 9433 3183 or Suzanne.Rouvray@nillumbik.vic.gov.au

Special Exhibitions in Council Foyer

Special exhibitions of the work of local professional artists rotate on a monthly basis in the foyer of the Council building, Civic Drive, Greensborough. Contact Tony Trembath on 9433 3131 or Tony.Trembath@nillumbik.vic.gov.au for more details.

Book of Essays - Nillumbik Art Collection

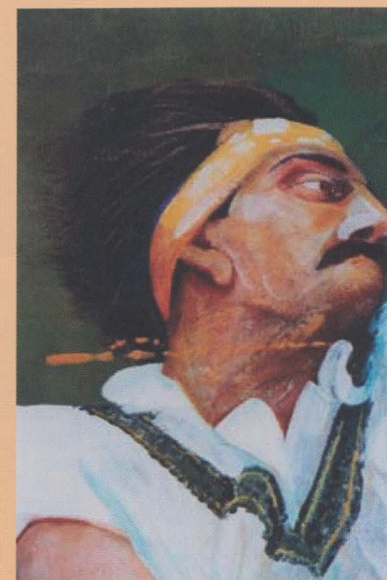
Watch this space for the launch announcement of our new publication about the Nillumbik Art Collection!

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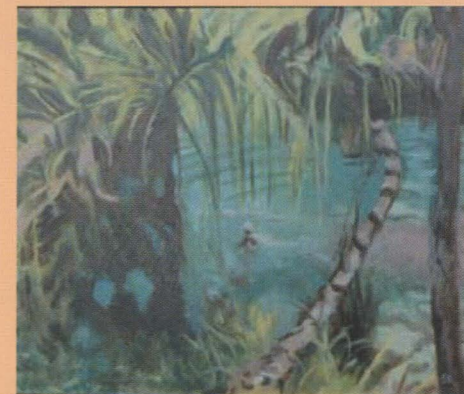


"Dennis Lillee" - Victor Rubin

Sally Grice

December 12, 2005 - February 12, 2006

Long Gallery



"Woman hunting at Gatji River" - Sally Grice

Montsalvat

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2006 ALAN MARSHALL SHORT STORY AWARD

CLOSING DATE: FRIDAY 24 FEBRUARY, 2006

This annual contemporary Australian short story competition is held in memory of the great Australian writer and former resident of Eltham, Alan Marshall (1902-1984), whose most well known books are the autobiographical, *I Can Jump Puddles*, *This is the Grass* and *Pioneers and Painters*.



Sculpture of Alan Marshall by Marcus Skipper

The 2006 judge for the Alan Marshall Short Story Awards is Eva Sallis. Eva won *The Australian/Vogel Literary Award* in 1997 for her first novel, *Hiam*. In 2002 *The City of Sealions*, was published followed by the winner of the Steele Rudd Award, *Mahjar* in 2003 and *Fire Fire* in 2004.

There are three categories for a short story of fiction up to 2,500 words written in any style.

Open Section Award of \$2000

Local Writers Award of \$1000

Young Writers Award (15-19years) of \$400

Entry forms and guidelines are available from Thursday 3 November from the Eltham and Diamond Creek branches of the Yarra Plenty Regional Library Service or by contacting Sharon Frosi on 9433 3161.

