

**ARTHUR BOYD**





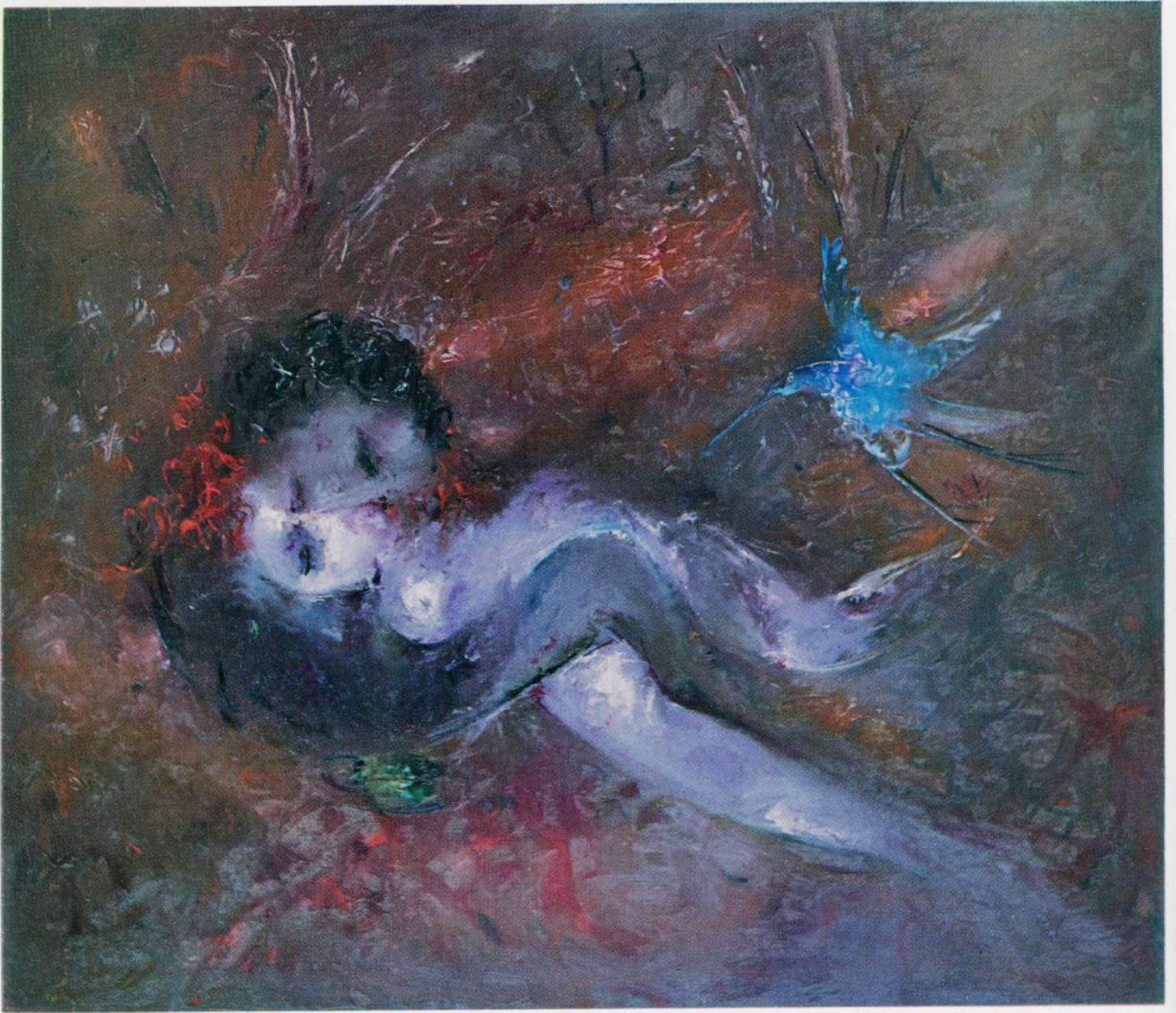
Cover plate: SET OF TWELVE DRAWINGS 1962  
cat. 158 reed pen and ink on paper 30×50"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neurath, London

frontispiece: LOVERS WITH A BLUE BIRD 1962  
cat. 138 oil on board 63×72"  
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retrospective exhibition

June — July 1962

Whitechapel Gallery, London



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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Trustees of the Whitechapel Art Gallery record with gratitude the co-operation of the following private collectors and institutions both in this country and in Australia whose kindness in loaning works of art has made this exhibition possible:

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The Zwemmer Gallery, London

The Trustees would like to thank the following individuals for their invaluable help in assembling for transport to this country the many works which have come from Australia:

Kym Bonython, Adelaide  
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The Trustees are particularly indebted to Yvonne Boyd and to the artist for their collaboration in the preparation of the catalogue and the formation of the exhibition in general.

## **WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY**

High Street, London, E.1  
Chairman of Trustees: The Viscount Bearsted, D.L., T.D.  
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## **PREFACE**

*The best of Australian painting has a startling vivacity and urgency which comes from an energetic belief in life, personal responses to life, and the idea of an expanding future. This painting, whether abstract or figurative, has also an extraordinary quality of unself-consciousness, like Australian behaviour. If you are born a long way away from the mainstems of European thought and tradition, you make things up for yourself without worrying too much about your appearance as you go through invented motions of habit, or delve into your own unfolding imagination.*

*If you are an artist, the idea of European art is something to watch in the remote distance, and to subdue or conquer if you can. Technical proficiency is a point of honour in a man's country, living in a tough patriarchal society which does not indulge mere taste in a vacuum. A moral or philosophical concern will probably dominate or at least illuminate your work, again whether you are working abstractly or figuratively, because Australia is an immense depository of opposing factors which yearn for reconciliation—and so create a tension which has to be synthesized and made meaningful.*

*Arthur Boyd is roughly the same generation as Nolan but came to England at a later age, when he was almost forty. The impact of the reality of European art, after years of*



dreaming about it, has been decisive. He has embarked upon the most eloquent and passionate paintings of his life and started to gather together the many elements in his work which marked the various stages of his development in Australia. Back in his own country Boyd was very much in the communal life of an unusually distinguished family of intellectuals and creative artists, and played a friendly, unfailingly generous and constructive role amongst the younger artists in Australia as well as with his contemporaries and friends. He is a born, instinctive painter.

Boyd is also a natural aristocrat with a singularly noble mind and purpose in life. This is matched by his great gifts as an artist which have already been clearly recognized in London. His sets and costumes for Stravinsky's "Renard" at the Edinburgh Festival of 1961 were possibly the most brilliant designs for the English stage in a decade. Meanwhile, his impulse as a painter has acquired a fresh urgency and momentum which this exhibition will, I hope, demonstrate. His presence on the London scene, with a handful of younger Australian painters, is a happy and tonic event which can do nothing but act as a stimulant to British art as a whole.

**BRYAN ROBERTSON**

## **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE**

**1920** *Born in Murrumbeena, Victoria. Son of William Merric Boyd and Doris Gough. Father was a potter, sculptor and painter. Great-grandfather on father's side was first Chief Justice of Victoria in the early nineteenth century. Father's brother, Martin Boyd, a distinguished novelist; another brother, Penleigh Boyd, was a gifted painter, who died young. The artist's brother-in-law is a well known and extremely gifted painter, John Perceval. The artist is descended from Thomas à Becket: the father's mother was called a'Becket, and there is an ancient branch of the Boyd family in Ireland. The artist's brother, David, is also a painter.*

*A State School education until fourteen; then worked in a paint factory, owned by an uncle. Had decided to be an artist at this age.*

**1934** *Attended Melbourne Gallery art classes at night for a year.*

**1936** *At sixteen, left the paint manufacturing job and lived with his grandfather at Rosebud on the peninsular near Melbourne. The grandfather was Arthur Boyd, the artist's grandfather on the paternal side, and was also a painter. The artist had extensive leisure for painting and provision for materials for the first time. Mainly impressionist studies of landscape.*

**1937** *The artist made contact with Jo Bergner, a Polish refugee artist, and this was his first association with European art in any living form. Boyd then began to paint in a more expressionist way. Read Dostoevsky, Joyce and Pirandello through new contact with Melbourne University society, notably Max Nicholson.*

**1939** *Began to sell paintings. A joint exhibition with another young artist, in Melbourne. At this time in contact with John Reed, Albert Tucker, Sidney Nolan and others.*

Entered the army in Cartographic Field Survey Unit, until 1943, painting spasmodically. Stationed in Melbourne and Bendigo. Painting became more violent and a more specific and personal, invented, imagery came into being. **1940**

Met Yvonne Lennie, whom the artist subsequently married in 1944. **1941**

Left the army and started a pottery business with John Perceval and Peter Herbst. Became more radically concerned with techniques of painting through contact with Albert Tucker. Painted heavily impastoed bush paintings and religious subjects treated in an expressionist manner. Thoughts of Bosch, Breughel and Grünewald greatly affected Boyd at this time, and later. **1943**

Continued as a potter. The artist's uncle, Martin Boyd, then arrived in Australia from England and made it financially possible for the artist to abandon the commercial side of the pottery business and concentrate on painting. **1943**  
**-48**

Completed religious cycle of paintings, including "Jacob's Dream", "The Expulsion" and "Mining Town". **1947**

Executed a large mural in tempera, twelve feet by seventy feet, in the dining-room of Martin Boyd's house in the country at Berwick in Victoria. **1948**

Complete severance from the pottery and full time work as a painter, still in Murrumbidgee. Began to work in tempera for landscape studies of the Wimmera area and Northern Victoria in general. **1950**

At this time also began to experiment in ceramic tiles, using mythological and biblical themes; and it is possible that the artist's work in ceramics influenced his style in tempera, rather as Renoir's painting on porcelain affected his brief, classical "Ingres" style.

*Travelled into Central Australia, and spent some time at Altunga and Alice Springs. No landscape paintings, but many drawings from life of aboriginals, and animals.*

**1953  
-55**

*Made sculpture in ceramics and continued to paint. In 1955 commissioned to make a thirty foot ceramic sculpture by the Olympic swimming pool in Melbourne. Moved into a new house and studio, in 1955, at Beaumaris, Victoria.*

**1957**

*Began to work on the Half-Caste Bride sequence of paintings, partially stimulated by the work initiated in Central Australia.*

**1957  
-59**

*Half-Caste Bride paintings, alternating with landscape paintings.*

**1959**

*A film completed in Australia on the artist's work, by Patrick Ryan and Tim Burstall. To England, after many years of planning and awaiting, since the war, the financial possibility of travelling to Europe. Settled in Highgate. The first impact of the old masters in the National Gallery and other museums.*

**1960**

*First exhibition in London, at the Zwemmer Gallery, of Half-Caste Bride paintings. Travelled extensively on the Continent, mainly in Tuscany; greatly affected by Assisi, Siena and Florence.*

**1961**

*Executed décor and costumes for Stravinsky's "Renard" the ballet presented by Western Theatre Ballet at the Edinburgh Festival, with choreography by Alfred Roderigues, which was later performed at Sadler's Wells.*

**1962**

*An intensive and prolonged phase of work, commenced early in 1960, gradually yielded the most recent paintings, in which earlier themes and preoccupations become synthesized and the painting itself becomes lighter and more floating in touch.*





*The artist in his studio: 1962*

*photograph by Axel Poignant: London*

**FOOTNOTE FOR A PAINTING BY ARTHUR BOYD**

*Certainly we affirm this as a truth  
Though the statement it makes is hard to assess  
In terms other than itself. It has no breath,  
This picture, nothing that one can diagnose.  
But look—that only is appropriate—  
How the lovers for a moment coalesce  
In a myth, in an immensity of landscape,  
Desperate, but not, since this is human, without hope.  
It is their blackness elates and terrifies,  
Since by opposing some dimension quite other  
To that which custom gentles and dries  
It reminds us of what in fact we always are.  
Human, I mean, and so reaching for no  
Conclusion that it is possible to interpret  
With a brain. Like this picture, which can only say  
What it is and that other statements are not  
Relevant. What matters is the particular  
Instant, consumed, as it always is, in unwithering fire.*

**THOMAS BLACKBURN**

June 1962

## **ONE MAN EXHIBITIONS**

- 1937: Westminster Gallery, Melbourne—Oil Paintings
- 1949: Kosminsky Gallery, Melbourne—Oil and Tempera
- 1950: David Jones Gallery, Sydney—Retrospective
- 1951: Marodian Gallery, Brisbane—Retrospective
- 1951: Peter Bray Gallery, Melbourne—Ceramic Paintings
- 1952: Macquarie Galleries, Sydney—Ceramic Paintings
- 1952: John Martin Gallery, Adelaide—Retrospective
- 1952: Peter Bray Gallery, Melbourne—Retrospective
- 1953: Johnstone Gallery, Brisbane—Ceramic Paintings
- 1954: Peter Bray Gallery, Melbourne—Ceramic Sculpture
- 1958: Australian Galleries, Melbourne—Oil and Tempera
- 1958: The Society of Arts, Adelaide—Oil and Tempera
- 1958: David Jones Gallery, Sydney—Oil and Tempera
- 1959: Australian Galleries, Melbourne—Oil and Tempera
- 1960: The Zwemmer Gallery, London—Oil and Tempera

## **GROUP EXHIBITIONS**

- 1939: Rowden White Library, Melbourne University: Bergner and Boyd
- 1940: Athenaeum Gallery, Melbourne: Nichol and Boyd



1941-1947: exhibited with The Contemporary Art Society of Australia in Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide

1946: Rowden White Library, Melbourne University: Nolan, Tucker and Boyd

1953: New Burlington Galleries, London: "Twelve Australian Artists" organized by the Arts Council of Great Britain

1956: s.s. "Orcades": "Floating Show"

1957: Australian Loan Exhibition to Canada

1957: International Exhibition at Geneva

1958: Venice Biennale: with Sir Arthur Streeton

1959: Victorian Artists' Society, Melbourne: "The Antipodeans"

1960: Castle Museum, Norwich: Loan Exhibition of Commonwealth Art

1961: Raymond Burr Galleries, Los Angeles: Australian Painting

1961: Whitechapel Art Gallery, London: Recent Australian Painting

1961: South East Asia Exhibition of Australian Painting

**WORKS BY ARTHUR BOYD ARE IN THE FOLLOWING PUBLIC COLLECTIONS:**

Australian National University, Canberra; Department of External Affairs, Canberra; Museum of Modern Art of Australia, Melbourne; Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney; National Gallery of Queensland, Brisbane; St. George's College, Crawley, Western Australia; National Gallery of South Australia, Adelaide; Museum and Art Gallery of Tasmania, Hobart; National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne; Art Gallery of Western Australia, Perth; the Contemporary Art Society, London; Rhodes House Trust, Oxford

## INTRODUCTION

In what follows I discuss the paintings of Arthur Boyd under three headings. This should not be understood too literally. For example, during the discussion of what I have called his "middle period" I make comment on the kind of space depicted in his work. I do so without intending to imply that what I say is true only of that period: I think it more or less applies to all stages of his work after, say, the year 1944.

### I. THE EARLY WORK

The first paintings come from the years between 1942 and 1945. During this period the war was at its height and had spread so that almost the entire world was being torn apart and fragmented by hate: the life of every single human being was affected by this situation, and indeed it would be true to say that we are all still suffering from that war and will continue to do so for many years. We cannot say that this agony determined these paintings but we have no choice but to place these works within that context; for faced with such an overwhelming situation one either evades or confronts it, but there is no such thing as avoiding it. It is the light which illuminates everything over that period of time.

Let me describe some of these paintings. On bare platforms by beaches, caught and silhouetted in the light of a dying sun, are groups of small half-formed people. Here and there an occasional object, a bathing box or a bandstand, decked out with Edwardian ornamentation. These small people are rudimentary and stripped of detail, and schematically painted: sometimes they are clutching flowers or hobbling on crutches, flying kites, riding on the backs of animals, gesturing usually with abandon or despair. Love, if it occurs in this scheme of things, is a kind of wild solace or withdrawal. Withdrawal, itself, is impassioned and foiled. All passions stand on an equal footing. In this world there is no such thing as concealment, restraint, or repose, and peace does not exist. In its place is despair and frenzy.

When I claim that in these paintings all passions are equal I mean not only that no passion is displayed as superior to another. It seems that no passion is even to be preferred to another, for the reason that in this world the distinctions of enjoyment and suffering remain of little importance. Underlying each is the same sense of driven desperation. What levels them all is that they are all expressed to the uttermost limit: in gestures which are decisive but which are also meaningless, which search the air for nothing, beating without respite within a vacuum which suffocates. Or you could say that anxiety has invaded these feelings, accelerating them without limit. They pour forth in a pure stream of "expression"; and nothing is gained and nothing is retained. Since nothing is held back nothing is fulfilled, and satiation and repose are

impossible. The natural cycle of need and satisfaction is, in these paintings, at loggerheads with the most cyclical of all natural events, the rising and setting of the sun.

For these paintings are the actual representation of *feelings themselves*, isolated feelings which occupy the husk of a person almost in the manner of a force of nature, or a wandering mediaeval devil: feelings unrelated to action and to the sustained and constructive processes of living, magnified and swollen until they occupy the whole world. Or stand between one and the world like a fire or a madness. And so they become the world itself—hence the bare settings, which are the bare horizons of each lonely world.

These same empty platforms are the stage upon which are enacted something resembling a mediaeval morality play, or even perhaps a dance of death. This similarity to a morality play is of great importance: we remember that the *dramatis personae* in such plays were forces in human nature with a decided moral character, forces such as charity or envy or despair, and it is important for us to notice how powerful is the moral consciousness within Arthur Boyd's work. It singles him out as a painter. I would say that these particular works display this moral awareness in its original powerful form, and although we may be reminded of the mediaeval world by such a view of human nature, we are at the same time in the presence of something completely modern: the preoccupation with the idea of Man as the repository of the forces of good and evil, and in particular of the forces of evil, is very much of the mid-20th century. (Indeed it has become fashionable to emphasize the evil within Man to the neglect of anything good.) I mention this to draw attention to the danger of seeing Arthur Boyd's paintings as primitive or of another age. Nothing could be further from the truth. The truth is that he has, at several points during his career, turned to the past in order to speak of the present, in each case in a completely creative spirit.

In these early paintings each person is quite alone. Here we are in a position to see the connection between an expressionistic style and the lack of a sense of a group or community. Expressionism carried to the point of extremity, whether in a situation of fulfillment or suffering, leads us on in each case identically to the despair of complete isolation. In these paintings of Arthur Boyd the isolation of person from person is almost as complete as if each were alone in a balloon drifting through an empty sky. Each figure displays his innermost self to the uttermost limit in a small closed universe peopled by himself alone.

It seems that isolation has become the central theme for the Australian artist of the present day. I cannot say whether this derives from the isolation of the continent itself, from the almost total insulation of the artists within a hostile middle class, or whether it stems merely from the youthfulness of the country. The familiarity of manner and the freedom of conduct of many

Australians, their "togetherness" and their "mateship", and the public kind of personality these qualities engender are liable to leave in their wake, unnoticed, unspoken and perhaps unfelt, a certain deep quality of isolation. It seems to me that this is a fitting subject matter for artists.

For those who have grown up in a young country, the quality of its life may be such as to leave certain strands of the personality without a public frame of reference, a visible scaffolding, upon which to base and mould their developing life. But what is left in these shadowy regions of the self may contain the very heart of the person, the creative core, painfully left to its own resources, struggling in solitude for some kind of objective equivalent to inner experience. One would expect it to be this way. I believe it to be to the credit of Australians that they are continually aware of this gap or rent somewhere in the middle of existence. In short, they suffer the pain of being born in a new country, and consequently they are in a position to reap the benefits. Certain forces within their society inadvertently emphasize aspects of the human condition.

More than fifteen years later we encounter this identical isolation, a long way the further side of loneliness, in the huge speechless eyes of Arthur Boyd's aboriginal hero: two round impenetrable worlds. It has become by this time almost an expression of wonder, of realization even, as if solitariness is a truth he has lived with to the point of near comprehension. Such understanding, if achieved, would most assuredly be tragic. It would have become tragic in its stature, and in turn the solitude would have acquired metaphysical and not merely "regional" dimensions. This is the solitude of everyone.

## II. MIDDLE PERIOD

The early period was more or less the only time in which Arthur Boyd made use of urban settings. By 1944 he had reverted to landscape and since then, apart from the recent bridal series, landscape has figured as the setting in which he placed all those human themes which are the central subject matter of his paintings.

I want here to say something about the kind of landscape which interested him between the years of 1944 and 1947. After that, and later in this section, I will talk about his concern with distance and the *minute* which is, I think, a very important quality in the landscapes after that period. And then, and near the end of this section, I will turn my attention to the kind of space he depicts.

(i) First of all then, the landscape which he was painting towards the end of the war, which was a dense and closely knit landscape of trees packed tightly together and almost hiding the earth itself. It is, I suppose, usual to think of Australia as a flat country without trees, without

mountains, with a little water, indeed as something resembling a huge desert; and so it might seem when compared with the prolific natural endowments of Europe or America, the sites of great civilizations. But another part of the Australian scene consists in the dense forests growing along parts of its coastline, and this is less well known in Europe. It is difficult to imagine scenery as lonely, as opulent, and perhaps in its own way, as beautiful. The proliferation and the loneliness have great imaginative possibilities, and Arthur Boyd is the first Australian artist of significance to realize this. In these days the minds of Australian artists look past this mysterious country—some of the densest belts lie within seventy miles of Melbourne—and fly naturally a thousand miles away to the inland deserts. But there is great power in both landscapes and they stand at the opposite poles of barren desolation and moist fertility. They are united again in their unchanging solitude and their atmosphere, which recall what I think Dylan Thomas meant when he spoke of “the mighty mornings of the earth”. As Arthur Boyd paints these scenes they evoke the idea of the Garden of Eden, of the place where everything began. A sense of something primeval is conveyed through the presence of delicate ferns and huge ancient boulders embedded deep in the earth; in some of his recent paintings the moon floats down through the trees and into this world, like Artemis, the heavenly wanderer of early myths, or Selene, the beloved of Endymion. A thin luminous ribbon of moonlit water falls softly between rocks.

But at the time I have in mind these huge and lonely landscapes were threatening and discouraging scenes. Endless armies of trees spread away to distant horizons and sometimes ominous skies. An air of anxiety hung over the scene. Later, the horizon began to grow nearer, to give way to valleys and clearings, so that the landscape appeared after a time more humanized and less elemental. It seemed that Man had begun to act upon and transform a world which, otherwise, confronted him with constant danger.

(ii) There are implications in the way in which the inhabitants of these small worlds are painted. Their faces and hands and most of all their eyes are always enlarged, and to that extent expressiveness is enhanced since these are the most expressive parts of the body. We can be amazed in the work of this painter by what seems like an almost total impulsiveness. An emotion has barely to be engendered than it is pushed out into the light of day to fend for itself. It seems to rise up to the surface in the faces and hands of these creatures, as it were enlarging them with its own compelling force. Now the kind of body belonging to a particular face will, we know, affect the impression made by such a face and its range of resources of expression. For example, and this is intended as a total and revealing contrast to the aims of Arthur Boyd, in the work of Picasso it is an elbow or a back or the bottom of a passing foot that can loom doubly large, swollen as if in a strange mirror or photograph. This unnatural impinging of

flesh and bone offers us a shocking reminder of the fact that the human person is composed of flesh and bone and of very little else. The face, that proud and soulful tyrant, is in fact no more than an important part of this single physical unity. One dwells as little and as much in the pupils of one's eyes as the flesh of one's haunches. We experience our material condition all in an instant. One can see how such selective enlargement would not lend itself to the task of depicting the separateness of people and the magnitude of their longings. (Picasso very often depicts people as "pin-heads"). The assertion of the eyes and the hands may be one thing, but here the irresistible statement of the flesh can accommodate these with ease. The body brings with it a calmness, a repose, that remains unruffled in the face of turbulence. This is how it is frequently in Picasso's art.

(iii) Throughout the course of his career Arthur Boyd has been an untiring, and extremely skilful and beautiful painter of landscapes. In this part of his work we meet with certain very typical recurring features. Sometimes the trees cohere together almost as if they were brambles or bushes. Frequently they are in a state of ruin: they have fallen over onto their sides prostrate in death, or they are ringbarked by the hand of man, or blackened and hollowed out by the savagery of a passing bushfire. There may be nothing but chaos. Out of the heart of this broken world rises a new one, a beautiful world with shoots and grass as delicate as maidenhair, a very young and tentative world whose hopes are as fine as the reaching green tendrils.

If Boyd paints distance and the horizon it is always in a spirit of *sensitivity*, he wishes to reveal the appeal and delicacy of far-off things. The effects of great distance and extreme clarity of light are nostalgic, and the most everyday objects and happenings become literally transfigured. It is like looking down from an alpine pass to the villages miles below one in the valley: one sees the tiny paradise of childhood. It is a view, filled with longing, of other ways of life which seem to embody the peace and self-absorption of early childhood. It is almost overpoweringly sweet; and sweetness is one quality, amongst others, which we find very often in Arthur Boyd's landscapes.

Here, I want to digress for a moment on this very interesting question of the minute and distant. I want to show, in an example, how distance and minuteness are loopholes through which the world of the imagination can make its entrance into the actual objects of the visible world. Occasionally it happens that, across a wide gulf of space, one's eyes momentarily encounter the eyes of an acquaintance; for a very brief and suspended instant each looks at the other—because of the distance and the brevity of the moment—as if unseen by the other who is visibly looking directly back at one. We "pass off" this moment almost at once, it eludes us, because it is a desolate revelation and strikes a chill. It is a moment of total intimacy, but also of estrange-

ment and of a bleak alienation. This distant stranger who sees one seeing him and whom one sees seeing one *is* at the very same time a mental idea and a real person. He manages to be a picture in one's mind and a physical presence in space. In him are united the world of the mind and the physical world. One could almost speak to "him" in the way one might conceivably and absent-mindedly address one's thought of a person: "So *that* is you!" or "Now I see!" or "So *there* you are!" These nightmarish communications or murmurs hardly mean a thing and are not designed for listening or for others. Supposing them to be accidentally magnified by a microphone what would be the effect? A dreamlike chaos. Then is this "visible vision" a dream? A waking dream? It is very nearly: what one sees in the most distant of distances, a church spire as clear as the spike of a tiny pin, a group of people smaller than sandgrains, cows like ants and a field smaller even than a postage stamp, is as sudden a signal to the imagination as the towering waterfall, the alp cruising overhead amongst the floating clouds, the distant echoing vistas of the Rhine.

None of the trees that Arthur Boyd paints exists for itself alone, they lack autonomy, they are all in intimate relation with their fellows as if each was a part within one single organism. (This puts one in mind of a mediaeval world.) There is a kind of stickiness or even fleshiness about some of them, a softness or plasticity, a tendency to adhere one to the other. They are most unlike, say, the trees in Uccello's "Hunt" which are the self-contained parts of a geometrically constructed forest. Occasionally his trees are almost hybrids: they sometimes resemble vegetables in their shape and in their plasticity, sometimes as I say they even resemble flesh, and in this they are at one with some of the animals Arthur Boyd creates and also with the rudimentary figures of his early work. They are either aliens to Nature or creatures of a new world.

There are always presences in his landscapes. The country is almost never "out there" on its own. Usually there is a farmer at work, or a group or birds nearby, or a ram. The scene is never left to its own devices.

It is possible to find an absolute contrast to this entire attitude to landscape in the work of his compatriot, Sidney Nolan. For Nolan is very pleased to banish objects from his landscapes, he gravitates towards empty horizons; he searches out and paints the very quality of emptiness which I believe Arthur Boyd is concerned to overcome. If there are any presences in his deserts they are ghosts. He is a painter of the material daylight ghost. The bare and empty scene which he creates produces an overwhelming sense of solitude; in the face of so much that is still and unchanging one is altogether on one's own; and then there is nothing left that can prevent it, and these ghosts rise up, slowly, like dim and forgotten names rising into one's mind. They come to the surface of the mind, timidly, softly, like a fish in a pond when it believes itself to be completely on its own. They are midday ghosts, sensed when the sun is at its zenith, when it has

reached the very peak of its daily life, and time pauses. Through the eye of this needle we glimpse an altogether different world. Nolan is depicting one of life's paradoxes: the intensity of death in the heart of the intensity of life.

We can see, if this is true, how Boyd and Nolan share an identical concern with the theme of isolation, even though their work is totally different. Nolan is a painter of phantasy, and he is a poetic painter; whereas Boyd is a painter of the imagination.

(iv) The space that we find in his work is very close to what one could call mediaeval space, by which I mean the conception of space that is revealed in mediaeval towns and buildings and paintings. For a variety of reasons this seems to suit his general purposes admirably. But here we must understand the implications of mediaeval space, as well as classical space.

The contrast I have in mind comes out in the difference between Simone Martini on the one hand, and Mantegna and Poussin on the other, between the older parts of Oxford and "The Backs" at Cambridge, between Assisi and Paris, etc.

Classical space strings points along a co-ordinate system like beads along a wire. It connects and collects objects like the instantaneous act of sight, like the eye of the Roman road maker stringing landmarks along one imaginary infinite line. It is enumeration, but also it is naming, and thereby it is also understanding. For Man, in boxing the other animals up in their names, into "species", had already in that act thereby begun his career of rule over the rest of the animal world: like the Romans he is "the great organizer". But classical space is the alphabet of this organization, this control, and power. The points along a straight line are united by something more impersonal and unheeding than what unites any species: this packaging system overtakes anything whatsoever, wraps it in the most featureless and nameless of garbs, and sends it scudding along the identical channel back to the base. Like an army it deals in depersonalization. The Romans pressed a great grid covered with numbers over the face of the world: from it they could read off whole peoples and territories. The territories became something like their "game reserves". All of Europe was caught in a net that was apparently only an abstraction. This classical conception of space was part of the machinery of occupation and domination. Like a science, it was an accumulation of knowledge and experience in a public and available form; each age strengthened the next.

Mediaeval space unfolds itself like a story. We say it is "organic" because it grows in the way a story or a human life grows—at each turning point revealing more of itself, unfolding slowly like a flower, permeated always by the unknown and forever creating expectations which it may well proceed to discount at the very next turning. It is a miniature adventure. Therefore



every point is unique: in a mediaeval building the eye rests or explores and it burrows into niches, but it does not seek to collect or transcend its object: it does not look through and beyond them towards other distant purposes. Because of the living uniqueness of each point it is the space of immediacy and every-dayness, of singularity, and it is a domestic space; and for that reason a mediaeval building is a part of the particular history of that age, a document or record and related to the life of the people almost as clothing is to the individual body. It does not speed beyond itself onwards to infinity, but is the space of the limited cosmos, of the city state, of that period of history preceding the development of trade and its corresponding routes of communication. It accumulates knowledge as the artisan accumulates experience in his finger tips: it cannot be generalized in the manner of a science and handed on to others and so it dies with its owner, which is what one would expect, for it is something living. It is characterized by the absolute particularity of every point, and paradoxically by the omnipresence of the whole: each point is, as we say, part of an organic whole: it is individual but the price of its individuality is containment. It is a conditional individuality. So is the individuality of Australians.

(v) A space of this kind admirably suits Boyd's purposes. We have spoken already of those paintings of 1945, which depict a few lonely people huddled together as if seeking shelter from the fear coming at them like a bleak wind from an inhuman landscape. Subsequently he began to set down here and there in his paintings small communities living in a bounded and domesticated world, for whom it seems the horizon is an "ultimate" beyond which even the mind cannot journey. For such a group a conception of space approximating to "mediaeval space" seems appropriate. These people make inroads into the limitless fear of the unknown through the agency of labour and through the life of their community. The unknown is pushed back to the horizon and a state of equilibrium, a pact with the unknown, is established in space and even in thought. It is agreed that the unknown will not even be "thought". It follows that this delicious domestic security is permeated to the core with unknown and unexperienced anxiety. (I do not say this is criticism, of course.) Since, however, it is unknown, it becomes essential that there be belief in the existence of higher powers. All closed universes automatically engender their own higher being: without Him there would be no reason for existing, their own existence would lack meaning and justification, their purposes would wither, they would become a prey to guilt and constant acts of expiation.

There is a tendency in some of these paintings to step as it were outside of nature, to "hybridize" nature. The process of "hybridization" succeeds in creating creatures who are therefore *totally* without reason for their existence, who slip through any network devised by reason, and who manage in this act to assert their complete uniqueness. But the price of so determined an achievement is guilt, the constant and unending necessity of self justification. For it is a conditional

uniqueness. So it is that, situating these beings in a closed universe, a universe of security resting upon a groundwork of anxiety, that it becomes difficult to understand how they could face existence without a divine justification. Why, after all, should the universe continue to tolerate them? Without this divine support they would precipitate themselves headlong into the unknown.

It is, I think, for reasons of this kind that Arthur Boyd turned to the theme of religious paintings at roughly the same time at which he began to paint these small communities. This was in 1945 and 1946. It was required by the kinds of societies and beings he was creating in his paintings. Why, then, did he paint these communities? They are part of the process of struggle, *ultimate* struggle, with whatever it is that blew towards those "waifs of nature" from a discouraging landscape and huddled them into groups—or with whatever it is that they saw on those bare and desolate platforms and which scattered them in all directions. They are a natural development from his earlier work. But having said this I would now like to say it in a different way.

I believe that Arthur Boyd has felt the need for a community based on more than the common denominator of being thrown together on a lonely continent for a variety of reasons. In other words for a community of lives, a community of the heart and of the spirit. Sometimes what has been evolved in Australia can strike one as too rootless and sudden a development. It is, for example, usual for a community to acquire and cherish a past; but the nineteenth century, or what in a momentary concession to the ornate and beautiful is called "the olden days", haunts present-day Australia. It stalks it. Therefore, as I believe, the artists make it their subject matter. In Australia there is a very powerful sense of the past as something that is actually physically dead, and of each generation standing up and trampling over the previous one. Nowhere else that I can think of does a building acquire the aura of age with such speed, and nowhere else are the ageing buildings demolished with such speed. There the talk is forever of a "future", and yet it is sometimes difficult to tell if they are driving onwards to a future or racing away from a past. In short, time is burned up like a fuel, and the past is ashes.

Breughel is an artist who has been able to offer us an example of authentic communal life in his paintings of peasant communities; in these he shows us a people rooted in the landscape, whose way of life has had time to germinate with the unhurried ease of a living plant. He was a painter who has always greatly interested Arthur Boyd, and at that time Arthur Boyd began to paint small communities whose way of life was equally rooted in the soil. He began to create, almost as if it were a model or image for present times, a small closed world of peace and labour: he began to create a world of his own.

(vi) In these paintings, the trees incline towards each other, the farmer and the birds stoop and incline towards the soil, the sun is setting or has set, and the moon comes to earth and is floating through the trees. If he depicts a crucifixion it is in the most casual surroundings: Christ has come into this world as another citizen. The God who expels Adam and Eve is irritable and he lacks transcendental trappings: he is a father, but he is hardly a Supreme Deity.

Everything draws together and settles on the earth and thereby is made more familiar. Artists always do this, like children and also like Gods, even a sublime and majestic artist like Titian, but Breughel most of all. Now Breughel is the painter who was closest to Arthur Boyd in the earlier part of his career, whereas it is to Rembrandt that he looked in subsequent years.

Breughel creates a peasant world which is at the same time mediaeval. We may be puzzled that Breughel should paint one of the most terrible of subjects "The Massacre of the Innocents" in settings of such homely innocence and beauty: or it may seem strange that the man who painted "The Wedding Feast" should also have painted "The Triumph of Death", a prophetic emblem for the first half of this century: or that so human and affectionate a painter should be so close in his origins to Bosch. But we know these to be facts. The backgrounds to his warm, sweet world of peasant life and industry, are dark stormy seas with tiny precarious ships, or high sheer mountains of barren rock and ice. We appreciate the necessity of shelter. Icarus is a warning to us all. Outside this small circle of civilization the forces of darkness in Man and Nature rage with the power of the hurricane.

Later, it is not accidental that Rembrandt should have been such a powerful influence on Arthur Boyd. He is far from expressionism, but he is the most expressive of all painters. No man has ever painted the face, the eyes, and the hands, as he has done. No one achieves compassion like his, and of all painters he comes closest to his subjects: his secret weapon is—love of humanity. Now it is not true to say that Arthur Boyd has virtues like this, but one can see how the expressionism of his earlier work would lead him closer and closer to Rembrandt. In my opinion as this has happened expressiveness and compassion have replaced expressionism and a sense of torment; though he has always been a sympathetic painter, and of course one could not attribute this development simply to the influence of Rembrandt.

### III. THE RECENT WORK

(i) The Half-caste Bride series are among the most important work that Boyd has carried out. They are well known to the English public by now, and do not need any baptism from me.

The aboriginal in these pictures lives on his own in the loneliest part of the bush, a single member of a stricken people inhabiting a solitary and ancient setting. He calls up in our mind,

because of his race and solitude and also through his eventual death, the lost early history of the land he lives in. He *is* that haunted, sad, ancient, and mysterious feeling that comes through to us from some of these settings. For such a feeling is a form of awareness or a revelation, and he is the sad spirit we feel in this completely uninhabited and unseen landscape, and sometimes it is as if the very trees and the land itself are mourning for him. Somehow he is the *loser*, and has been inundated by the oceans of time.

Wherever he goes his dream of a small and young half-white bride floats above or below or to the side of him, but his sad large eyes never see her and are always looking through or beyond her, for she is a dream. She is there as he is gazing into the fire he is making, or she merges into the horse he is riding, or her fearful image is seen in the flowers which herald his destruction. For as one could, perhaps, read from his eyes all along, he is doomed. He is hunted down and shot, or drowned, and at the moment of his death the landscape is suddenly lost to view and his body, meeting its own image in water, is set in a nameless blank room. At this crucial moment the always present landscape is dramatically absent.

Later, in some of the most tender of these paintings, in which gloom and tragedy give way to tears and a sadness that is lyrical, the bride is almost at one with the moon that he sees reflected in and whitening the small stream at night amongst the trees. Then, as if she, too, were a spirit in the countryside, she begins to metamorphose. She turns in the end into the fallen trees and the still pools, and eventually she is one with the standing scene. Not, of course, in death, but like those multifarious transitions that happen to the most everyday objects as we glide calmly down the smooth wide avenues into sleep, from the familiar stages of half day-dreaming into the first and outer suburbs of that mysterious city. Occasionally we start out of that state, suddenly, as if we have put a foot in the wrong direction, and already at that moment the landscape had begun to change, to look like a language, a legend or story rather than a scene, so that it was as if the objects had become actors in a play; and like the memories from the dim years of infancy it seems that all we can remember is a picture, a phrase.

(ii) In the bridal series the aboriginal never *saw* his bride and therefore she is unreal—is how I should like to express it, rather than the other way around. She is dreamed. If that penultimate series of paintings is the representation of the aboriginal and his dream, of that dream which is always “there” but which is never seen, then those that follow depict the moment of confrontation of the dream—of the perilous instant in which it is born and made flesh, in which the dreamer turns and actually looks at the dream which, as I should say, strikes back at that very moment to kill.

We see peril in the turbulence and violence of some of these paintings; and the act of looking is indicated by the eye which is sometimes there, sometimes only as the eye in a butterfly's wing, sometimes only as a circle, or by the presence of the watcher, or by the upsurge of sensuality which accompanies the transition from the gossamer of the dream to the silken hymeneal veil, and thence to the flesh itself.

The darkness of the later paintings is the darkness of sensuous and beautiful night, a night flaring with luminous sights and the colour of flowers and of autumnal sunsets. As we know from Titian, it is the colours of autumn and sunset that most readily evoke the ripeness and langour of extreme sensuality: purples for example, or a yellow that has gone dusky and gold in its ripeness, or a cherry red heat that is losing some of its "fire" and has gone back into the heart of the object. The sensuality which we meet in these paintings of Arthur Boyd is the true sensuality of the flesh and is enshrined in the iridescence and luminosity and calm of autumn and sunset, those times of peace and fruition and harvest. This quality, an actual distinct smell or savour, pervades the whole of an opera like "Così fan tutte".

So the sensuality in this work is seen in colour. But it is equally visible in the soft blurred outlines of the shapes, which is a quality we have already met in such painters of the flesh as Titian or Renoir whose women are as softly drawn as clouds. The objects do not cling to their identity with austere ferocity as in the paintings of Mantegna where the power of hard linearity is so marked, composing an identity that is armour-clad or sculptural. In these paintings the meeting of body and space is not one in which both parties suddenly confront each other with a stark and unadorned pride; instead there is an area or period of time over which by mutual agreement the matter is left undecided. In these new paintings, as indeed in the earlier work, Arthur Boyd is fully revealed as one of the truly major figures in contemporary painting.

**BRIAN O'SHAUGHNESSY**

*May, 1962*

## CATALOGUE

### OILS

- 1 SHEOKE REFLECTED IN CREEK 1936-37  
oil on canvas 36×24"  
Lent by the artist
- 2 ROSEBUD LANDSCAPE 1936-37 Plate II  
oil on canvas 32×28"  
Lent by the artist
- 3 LANDSCAPE WITH SHEEP AND TREE 1936-37  
oil on canvas 32×28"  
Lent by the artist
- 4 LANDSCAPE WITH BIRD AND SHEEP 1936-37  
oil on canvas 32½×28"  
Lent by the artist
- 5 SELF PORTRAIT 1937  
oil on canvas 20×18"  
Lent by the artist
- 6 LANDSCAPE 1937  
oil on canvas 12×14"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Hattam Beck
- 7 TREE AND HILL WITH SHEEP 1937  
oil on canvas 27×32"  
Collection: Geoffrey Dutton, Mt. Lofty, South Australia
- 8 CREEK AT ROSEBUD 1937-38  
oil on canvas 21×24"  
Collection: St. George's College, Crawley,  
Western Australia
- 9 LANDSCAPE 1938  
oil on board 20×24"  
Lent by the artist
- 10 HEADS I 1938  
oil on canvas 28½×27"  
Lent by the artist
- 11 HEADS II 1938  
oil on canvas 28×29"  
Lent by the artist
- 12 ROSEBUD LANDSCAPE 1938  
oil on canvas 20×24"  
Lent by the artist
- 13 THE SEASONS 1943-44  
oil on board 25×30"  
Collection: David Wynn, Melbourne
- 14 SOUTH MELBOURNE 1943-44  
oil on board 24×26"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. John Reed, Melbourne
- 15 SET OF FOUR PAINTINGS 1943-44  
oil on muslin on board each 25×29¾"  
The Beach The Orchard The Cemetery The Hammock  
Lent by the artist
- 16 SET OF TWO PAINTINGS 1943-44  
oil on muslin on board each 25×29½"  
The Tent Plate IV The Brown Room  
Lent by the artist
- 17 SET OF TWO PAINTINGS 1944  
oil on muslin on board each 20½×25"  
Lovers in a Boat The Gargoyles  
Lent by the artist
- 18 THE CEMETERY 1944  
oil on muslin on board 23×26½"  
Lent by the artist
- 19 LADY WITH A BLACK SWAN 1944  
oil on muslin on board 19×23"  
Lent by the artist
- 20 LADY IN A CUP 1944  
watercolour 13¾×17½"  
Lent by the artist
- 21 THE HUNTER 1944  
oil on board 24×29"  
Lent by the artist
- 22 PORTRAIT OF BETTY BURSTALL 1945  
oil on canvas 33×24"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. T. Burstall, Melbourne





overleaf: plate I not exhibited  
Self Portrait: 1938 oil 28×24"  
Collection: the artist

above: plate II cat. 2



plate III not exhibited  
Figures in a Creek II 1944-5  
oil on board 32×38"  
Collection: Dorian Le Gallien, Melbourne





plate IV cat. 16

plate V not exhibited  
The Hunter III 1944  
oil on canvas 32×48"  
Private collection: Australia





plate VI not exhibited  
*Man with a Sunflower* 1943-4  
oil on board 25×32"  
Collection: the artist

plate VII not exhibited  
The Disrobement 1950  
ceramic tile 18×18"  
Collection: Robert Dickerson, Sydney





plate VIII cat. 27





plate X cat. 48



plate XI not exhibited  
Man with a Horse 1948  
tempera on board 24 x 32"  
Collection: Mrs. Wann, Benalla, Victoria



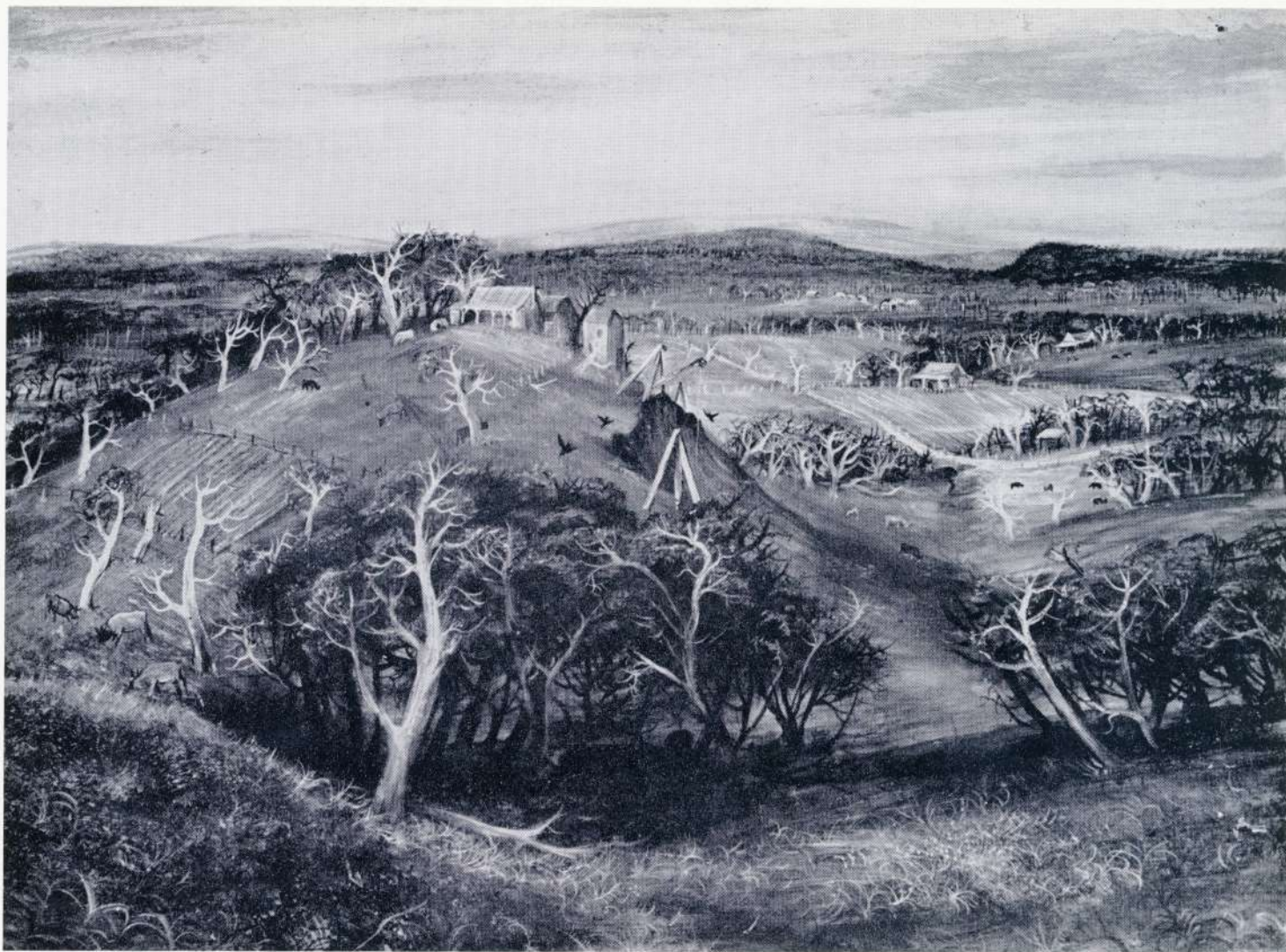


plate XII cat. 40





plate XIV not exhibited  
The Expulsion 1950  
ceramic tile 18×18"  
Collection: A. Huck, Melbourne



plate XV cat. 167



plate XVI not exhibited  
Judas Kissing Christ 1950  
ceramic tile 16×18"  
Collection: John Reed,  
Melbourne



plate XV cat. 167



plate XVI not exhibited  
Judas Kissing Christ 1950  
ceramic tile 16×18"  
Collection: John Reed,  
Melbourne



right: plate XIX  
not exhibited  
Matthew Perceval 1948  
oil on canvas 24×22"  
Collection: the artist

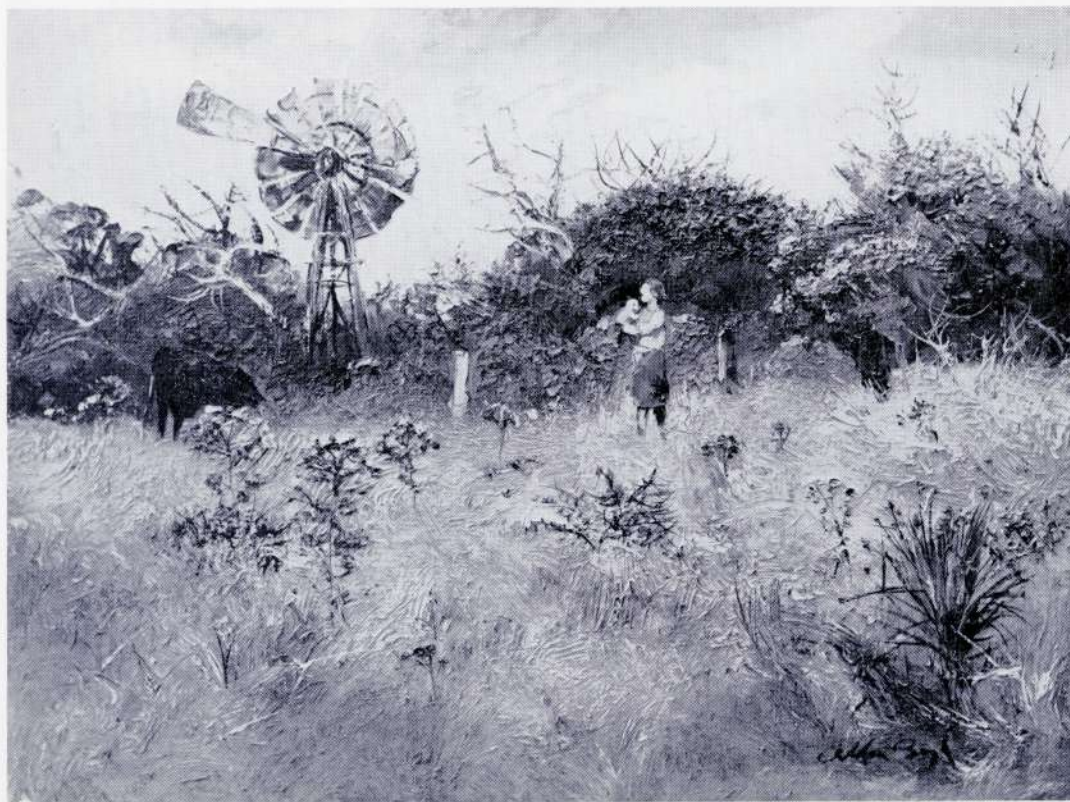


plate XVIII not exhibited  
Autumn Landscape 1959  
oil on board 31½×41"  
Private Collection:  
Melbourne







plate XX not exhibited  
*Europa and the Bull II* 1950  
ceramic tile 17×18"  
Collection: David Wynn, Melbourne



plate XXII not exhibited  
Shearers Playing Cards for a Bride 1957-8  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Collection: National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne





plate XXIII cat. 66



plate XXIV cat. 85

plate XXV cat. 101



plate XXVI cat. 139





plate XXVII cat. 140





plate XXVIII cat. 97

plate XXIX cat. III



plate XXIX cat. III





plate XXX cat. 130

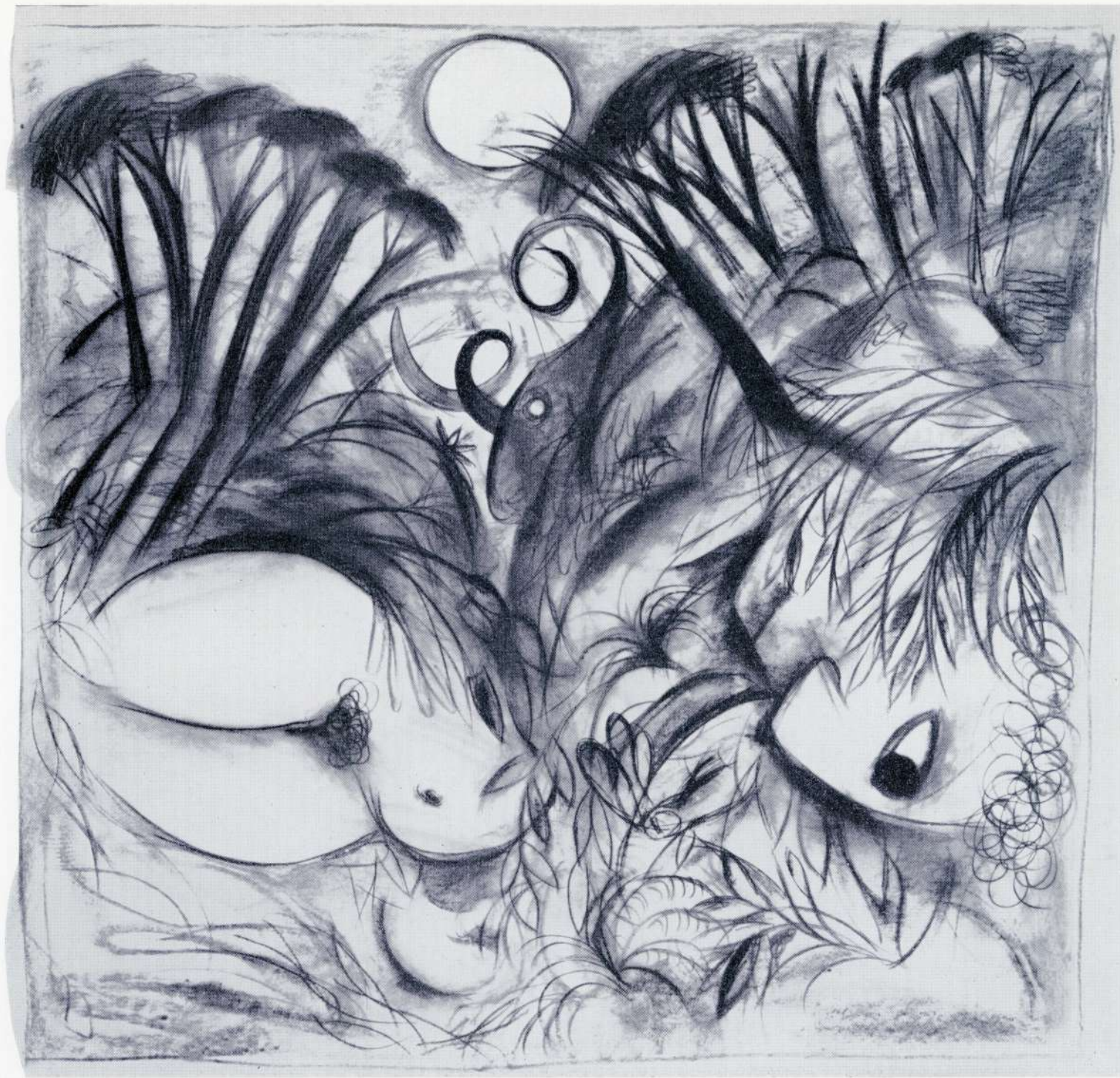
plate XXXI cat. 147





plate XXXII not exhibited  
Woman Peeling Potatoes 1950  
ceramic tile 18x18"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Melbourne

right: plate XXXIII cat. 157











left: plate XXXVI cat. 148

plate XXXVII cat. 124





plate XXXVIII cat. 91

- 23 THE MOURNERS 1945  
oil on board 33×39"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Gerd Buchdahl, Cambridge
- 24 DAVID AND SAUL 1945-46  
oil on canvas 35×37"  
Collection: Dr. A. McBriar, Melbourne
- 25 ABRAHAM AND THE ANGELS 1946  
oil on canvas 35×48"  
Collection: Franz Philipp, Melbourne
- 26 THE GOLDEN CALF 1946  
oil and tempera on board 33×35"  
Collection: The Rev. Leigh Cook, Launceston, Tasmania
- 27 JACOB'S DREAM 1946-47 Plate VIII  
tempera on board 40×48"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Gerd Buchdahl, Cambridge
- 28 THE MOCKERS 1946-47  
oil on canvas 33½×40½"  
Lent by the artist
- 29 MINING TOWN 1946-47 Plate XIII  
tempera on board 33×43"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Tristan Buesst, Melbourne
- 30 MOSES THROWING DOWN THE TABLETS 1946-47  
oil on canvas 60×72"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Gerd Buchdahl, Cambridge
- 31 MOSES LEADING THE PEOPLE 1947  
oil and tempera on board 40×48"  
Collection: John Perceval, Melbourne
- 32 THE EXPULSION 1948  
oil and tempera on board 40×48"  
Lent by the artist
- 33 ANGEL SPYING ON ADAM AND EVE 1948 Plate IX  
oil and tempera on board 34×48"  
Collection: Bryan Robertson, London
- 34 HEIDELBERG LANDSCAPE 1948  
tempera on board 28½×37½"  
Collection: Kym Bonython, Adelaide
- 35 LANDSCAPE 1948  
tempera on board 23½×34"  
Collection: R. Bills, Melbourne
- 36 MAN PLOUGHING A FIELD 1948  
tempera on board 23½×30½"  
Collection: Martin Boyd, Rome
- 37 BOAT BUILDERS EDEN, NEW SOUTH WALES 1948  
tempera on board 33½×40"  
Collection: Ross Grey Smith, Melbourne
- 38 BURNT WHEAT STUBBLE 1949  
tempera on board 29×48"  
Collection: Ross Grey Smith, Melbourne
- 39 A'BECKETT ROAD, HARKAWAY 1949  
oil and tempera on board 18×22"  
Collection: National Gallery of Tasmania, Hobart
- 40 BERWICK LANDSCAPE 1949 Plate XII  
tempera on board 27½×34½"  
Collection: Geoffrey Craig, London
- 41 CORNFIELD, BERWICK 1949  
tempera on board 36×48"  
Collection: Rhodes House Trust, Oxford
- 42 CAMEL BACK MOUNTAIN 1949-50  
tempera on board 36×48"  
Collection: Martin Boyd, Rome
- 43 SANTA GERTRUDIS BULL 1950  
oil and tempera on board 33×48"  
Collection: Robin Boyd, Melbourne
- 44 IRRIGATION LAKE, WIMMERA 1950  
oil and tempera on board 36×48"  
Collection: National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne

- 45 WIMMERA LANDSCAPE 1950  
tempera on board 34×48"  
Collection: Mrs. Douglas Carnegie, Holbrook,  
New South Wales
- 46 CHILD IN DUST STORM 1950  
tempera and resin on board 36×44"  
Collection: Eliot Aldridge, South Australia
- 47 THE LITTLE TRAIN 1950  
tempera on board 28½×41½"  
Collection: L. Voss Smith, Melbourne
- 48 WIMMERA LANDSCAPE I 1950-51 Plate X  
tempera on board 32×48"  
Collection: Kym Bonython, Adelaide
- 49 WIMMERA LANDSCAPE II 1950-51  
tempera on board 28×37½"  
Collection: Kym Bonython, Adelaide
- 50 MARKET GARDEN 1950-51  
tempera on board 35×47"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sanders, Melbourne
- 51 SHEEP AND SHED 1951  
tempera on board 34×45"  
Collection: Guy Boyd, Melbourne
- 52 OLD MINING COUNTRY 1952  
tempera on board 33×43"  
Collection: Ross Grey Smith, Melbourne
- 53 VICTORIAN LANDSCAPE 1952  
tempera on board 34×47"  
Collection: National University, Canberra
- 54 WIMMERA LANDSCAPE 1952  
resin and tempera on board 34×47"  
Collection: Geoffrey Dutton, Mt. Lofty, South Australia
- 55 HALF-CASTE WEDDING 1955  
lacquer on board 48×63"  
Collection: Peter Burns, Melbourne
- 56 NIGHT 1955-56  
oil on board 35½×47½"  
Collection: Desmond Digby, New South Wales
- 57 HALF-CASTE CHILD 1957  
oil and tempera on canvas 60×72"  
Collection: Kym Bonython, Adelaide
- 58 COTTLES BRIDGE 1957  
oil on canvas 33×42"  
Collection: Kym Bonython, Adelaide
- 59 MOURNING BRIDE I 1957-58  
oil and tempera on board 48×66"  
Lent by the artist
- 60 MOURNING BRIDE II 1957-58  
oil and tempera on muslin on board 52×66"  
Lent by the artist
- 61 PHANTOM BRIDE 1957-58  
oil and tempera on board 63×54"  
Collection: Guy Boyd, Melbourne
- 62 OCEAN BEACH, RYE 1957-58  
oil on canvas on masonite 30×42"  
Collection: Bruce Wenzel, Melbourne
- 63 REFLECTED BRIDE 1957-58  
oil and tempera on board 24×22"  
Collection: Pat Ryan, Melbourne
- 64 MENTONE PIER 1957-58  
oil on canvas 28×44"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Melbourne
- 65 BRIDEGROOM GOING TO HIS WEDDING 1957-58  
oil and tempera on canvas 48×55"  
Collection: Professor Peter Herbst, Canberra
- 66 PERSECUTED LOVERS 1957-58 Plate XXIII  
oil and tempera on board 54×72"  
Lent by the Zwemmer Gallery, London

- 67 BRIDEGROOM WAITING FOR HIS BRIDE TO GROW UP 1957-58  
oil and tempera on board 55×72"  
Collection: Mrs. Edward Gage, London
- 68 FRIGHTENED BRIDEGROOM 1958  
oil and tempera on muslin on board 60×72"  
Collection: Dr. Gerald Moore, London
- 69 SWAN FLYING THROUGH AN ORCHARD 1958  
Plate XVII  
oil on board 31½×41"  
Collection: Drs. S. and T. Rose, Melbourne
- 70 OLD MINE SHAFT 1958  
oil on masonite panel 27×36"  
Collection: A. N. Davison, Melbourne
- 71 THE BUSH POND 1958  
oil on masonite panel 24×33"  
Collection: A. N. Davison, Melbourne
- 72 SHEEP ON MOUND 1958  
oil on canvas on board 27×35"  
Collection: Mrs. Neville Fraser, Melbourne
- 73 EAGLEHAWK LANDSCAPE 1958  
tempera on board 24×32"  
Collection: Imperial Chemical Industries of Australia and New Zealand Limited, Melbourne
- 74 LANDSCAPE WITH WINDMILL 1958  
oil on canvas on masonite 24×36"  
Collection: Geoffrey Hillas, Melbourne
- 75 DAM AND SHELTER 1958  
tempera on board 20×30"  
Collection: Mrs. Douglas Carnegie, Holbrook, New South Wales
- 76 THE WATERHOLE 1958  
tempera on board 24×36"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Kimpton, Melbourne
- 77 BERWICK LANDSCAPE 1958  
oil on canvas on board 33×41"  
Collection: Peter Williams, Melbourne
- 78 TIDAL CREEK 1958  
oil on canvas on board 42×34"  
Collection: Mrs. F. H. Lonie, Melbourne
- 79 THE CABLE LAYER 1958  
oil on canvas on board 29×36"  
Collection: L. Gordon Darling, Melbourne
- 80 WILD FLOWERS 1958  
oil on canvas on board 33×44"  
Collection: Bruce Wenzel, Melbourne
- 81 THE FRIGHTENED BRIDEGROOM 1958  
oil on canvas on masonite 24×25"  
Collection: Bruce Wenzel, Melbourne
- 82 THE GRASS HAY GATHERER 1958  
oil on canvas on masonite 30×40"  
Collection: Burdett Laycock, Melbourne
- 83 THE OLD HULK 1958  
oil on canvas on masonite 33×41"  
Collection: The Australian Galleries, Melbourne
- 84 OUTBACK 1958  
tempera on board 30×41"  
Collection: Andrew Grimwade, Melbourne
- 85 BRIDE REFLECTED IN A WATERHOLE 1958  
Plate XXIV  
oil and tempera on canvas 36×48"  
Lent by the artist
- 86 BRIDEGROOM DRINKING FROM A CREEK 1959  
oil and tempera on board 23×31"  
Collection: Lady Elisabeth Oldfield, London
- 87 BRIDE WALKING IN A CREEK 1959  
oil and tempera on board 48×60"  
Collection: Mrs. Erwin Fabian, London
- 88 BRIDE WALKING IN A CREEK 1960  
oil and tempera on board 24×32"  
Collection: Mrs. Michel Strauss, London

- 89 BRIDEGROOM DRINKING FROM A CREEK 1960  
oil and tempera on board 42×54"  
Lent by the Zwemmer Gallery, London
- 90 BRIDE DRINKING FROM A CREEK 1960  
oil on board 24×32"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Forsdyke, London
- 91 BRIDE DRINKING FROM A POOL 1960  
Colour plate XXXVIII  
tempera on board 51×60"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neurath, London
- 92 LOVERS BY A CREEK 1960  
oil and tempera on board 48×36"  
Collection: F. J. Lyons, London
- 93 BRIDEGROOM IN A BLACK CREEK 1960  
oil and tempera on board 30×54"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Nolan, London
- 94 BRIDE WITH LOVER 1960  
oil and tempera on board 48×60"  
Collection: Dr. Alan Wynn, Melbourne
- 95 GIRL ASLEEP IN A STREAM 1960  
oil and tempera on board 48×60"  
Lent by the Zwemmer Gallery, London
- 96 BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM BY A STREAM 1960  
oil and tempera on board 43×55"  
Collection: Dr. P. D. Bennett, London
- 97 EXPULSION 1960 Plate XXVIII  
oil and tempera on board 48×60"  
Collection: David Wilkie, London
- 98 WOMAN IN THE TREES 1961  
oil and tempera on board 48×60"  
Collection: Richard Arnell, London
- 99 GIRL BY A POOL WITH BIRDS AND RED DOG 1961  
oil and tempera on board 48×54"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Roncoroni, London
- 100 NUDE AND TENT BY A BLACK POOL 1961  
oil and tempera on board 54×45"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neurath, London
- 101 LOVERS IN A BOAT 1961 Plate XXV  
oil and tempera on board 48×60"  
Collection: Bryan Robertson, London
- 102 FROG, NUDE AND DOG 1961  
oil on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 103 NUDE TURNING INTO A DRAGONFLY 1961  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 104 LOVERS IN A LANDSCAPE 1961  
oil on board 48×54"  
Collection: Mrs. O. Albrecht, London
- 105 NUDE WITH WHITE DOG 1961  
oil on board 36×48"  
Lent by the artist
- 106 DOG AND NUDE'S HEAD 1961  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 107 FIGURE AND BUTTERFLY 1961  
oil on board 63×78"  
Lent by the artist
- 108 WINGED FIGURE 1961  
oil on board 63×66"  
Lent by the artist
- 109 WHITE DOG IN A FOREST 1961  
oil and tempera on board 48×54"  
Lent by the artist
- 110 NUDE WASHING IN A CREEK I 1961  
oil and tempera on board 48×54"  
Lent by the artist



- 111 NUDE WASHING IN A CREEK II 1961 Plate XXIX  
oil and tempera on board 48×54"  
Collection: The Contemporary Art Society, London
- 112 RED DOG WITH GIRL 1961  
oil and tempera on board 48×54"  
Collection: John Sainsbury, London
- 113 DOG ON A NUDE'S BACK 1961  
oil and tempera on board 26×26"  
Collection: T. G. Rosenthal, London
- 114 LOVERS IN A CREEK 1961  
oil and tempera on board 48×60"  
Collection: Quentin Borthwick, London
- 115 POOL, RED DOG AND WOMAN 1961  
oil and tempera on board 36×48"  
Collection: Mrs. P. Branford, London
- 116 NUDE IN CREEK 1961  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 117 RED DOG, BLACK POND AND NUDE 1961  
oil and tempera on board 54×78"  
Lent by the artist
- 118 NUDE RUNNING IN A RIVER 1961-62  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 119 FLOATING NUDES 1961-62  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 120 NUDE REFLECTED IN A BLACK POND 1962  
oil on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 121 NUDE WADING 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 122 NUDE BY A FOUNTAIN 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×66"  
Lent by the artist
- 123 NUDE CARRYING A RAM 1962 Plate XXXIV  
oil and tempera on board 63×66"  
Lent by the artist
- 124 FIGURE CROSSING A RIVER 1962 Plate XXXVII  
oil and tempera on board 48×60"  
Lent by the artist
- 125 LOVERS AND DOG 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 126 BROKEN NUDE AND RAM 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 127 FIGURE AND BEAST'S HEAD 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 128 NUDE AND STARRY NIGHT 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×66"  
Lent by the artist
- 129 NUDE FALLING INTO A RIVER 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 130 VEILED FIGURE 1962 Plate XXX  
oil on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 131 LOVERS AND STOCKMAN 1962  
oil on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 132 NUDE WITH BEAST I 1962  
oil and tempera on board 72×63"  
Lent by the artist

- 133 NUDE WITH BEAST II 1962  
oil and tempera on board 72×63"  
Lent by the artist
- 134 NUDE WITH BEAST III 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 135 NUDE WITH FROG 1962  
oil on board 54×78"  
Lent by the artist
- 136 NUDE CATCHING GOLDFISH 1962 Colour plate XXXV  
oil on board 63×72"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Gilchrist, Leeds
- 137 NUDE FLOATING OVER A DARK POND I 1962  
oil on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 138 LOVERS WITH A BLUE BIRD 1962 Colour frontispiece  
oil on board 63×72"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Gilchrist, Leeds
- 139 NUDE FLOATING OVER A DARK POND II 1962  
Plate XXVI  
oil on board 48×60"  
Lent by the Zwemmer Gallery, London
- 140 NUDE FLOATING OVER A DARK POND III 1962  
Plate XXVII  
oil on board 48×60"  
Lent by the Zwemmer Gallery, London
- 141 SLEEPING HEAD 1962  
oil on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 142 DOUBLE NUDE I 1962  
oil on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 143 DOUBLE NUDE II 1962  
oil on board 48×60"  
Lent by the artist
- 144 THE FALLEN HUNTRESS 1962  
oil on board 36×42"  
Collection: Mrs. Dorisce Rich, London
- 145 THE HUNTER II 1962  
oil on board 45×54"  
Lent by the artist
- 146 SLEEPING NUDE 1962  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 147 NUDE WITH BEAST IV 1962 Plate XXXI  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 148 NUDE WITH BEAST V 1962 Plate XXXVI  
oil and tempera on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 149 CROSSED LOVERS IN A LANDSCAPE 1962  
oil on board 63×72"  
Lent by the artist
- 150 NUDES UNDER LAMP 1962  
oil on board 60×48"  
Lent by the artist

## DRAWINGS

- 151 SET OF SIXTEEN DRAWINGS 1943  
quill pen and ink on paper 44½×57"  
Lent by the artist
- 152 DISROBEMENT 1961  
charcoal under polyvinyl on board 50×52"  
Lent by the artist
- 153 EUROPA 1961 Plate XXI  
charcoal under polyvinyl on board 50×52"  
Lent by the artist

154 WOMAN AND HOUSE 1961  
charcoal under polyvinyl on board 60×72"  
Lent by the artist

155 WOMAN IN CORNFIELD 1961  
charcoal under polyvinyl on board 60×72"  
Lent by the artist

156 LOVERS ON A BENCH 1961  
charcoal under polyvinyl on board 50×52"  
Lent by the artist

157 DIVIDED NUDE 1961 Plate XXXIII  
charcoal under polyvinyl on board 50×52"  
Lent by the Zwemmer Gallery, London

158 SET OF TWELVE DRAWINGS 1962 Cover plate  
reed pen and ink on paper 30×50"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neurath, London

#### CERAMICS

159 VENUS AND ADONIS 1950  
ceramic tile 13×17"  
Collection: Douglas Cairns, Melbourne

160 THE FALL OF ICARUS 1950  
ceramic tile 24×24"  
Collection: Douglas Cairns, Melbourne

161 EUROPA AND THE BULL 1950  
ceramic tile 17¼×13½"  
Collection: Douglas Cairns, Melbourne

162 THE AIRMAN 1950  
ceramic tile 15×17"  
Collection: R. Greenaway, Melbourne

163 BLACK MAN TEACHING A WHITE LADY TO RIDE A  
BIKE 1950  
ceramic 15×17"  
Collection: P. C. Allan, Brisbane

164 TOBIT AND THE GOAT 1950  
ceramic tile 16½×15½"  
Collection: Professor Peter Herbst, Canberra

165 DON QUIXOTE 1950  
ceramic tile 17×15"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Shillam, Queensland

166 LOVERS 1950  
ceramic tile 14×17½"  
Collection: John Yule, Melbourne

167 TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTONY 1950 Plate XV  
panel of nine ceramic tiles 43×30"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. David Boyd, Rome

168 CARD PLAYERS 1950  
ceramic tile 10×16"  
Collection: William a'Beckett, Melbourne

169 THE GOOD SAMARITAN 1950  
ceramic tile 17×16¼"  
Lent by the artist

170 BULL JUMPING 1950  
ceramic tile 13×17"  
Collection: Harold Hattam, Melbourne

171 THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA 1950  
ceramic tile 16×17"  
Lent by the artist

172 BAPTISM IN THE SEA 1950  
ceramic tile 17×16"  
Collection: Mr. and Mrs. W. Forster, Melbourne

173 THE BAPTISM 1950  
ceramic tile 16×17"  
Collection: The National Gallery of Queensland,  
Brisbane

174 MAN CARRYING A CARCASE 1956  
ceramic tile 15½×17"  
Lent by the artist

#### ADDENDUM

175 WOMAN DRINKING FROM A STREAM AND RED  
DOG 1961  
oil and tempera on board 36×48"  
Collection: Dr. B. Richards, London

