

GALLIPOLI



PRIZE 2017

Foreword by John Robertson

This is my 4th year as Chairperson of the Gallipoli Art Prize Committee and member of the Judging Panel. In 2015 I had the unique honour of representing the Gallipoli Memorial Club in Turkey to open the Gallipoli Art Prize there and present the prize for the winning entry. It was fascinating to see the different and yet similar approach taken by the Turkish and by the Australian and New Zealand artists. I had the rare privilege of inspecting both the allied and Ottoman sites on the peninsular over 2 days, giving me a personal insight into both sides of the conflict few are able to experience or share. The unique feeling of standing where my Grandfather was wounded 100 years earlier will stay with me for the rest of my days.

This year the judges selected 39 finalists for the exhibition out of 110 entries. We had some trouble in reducing the number to be hung as there were many other entries that were worthy of display. The standard was especially high and those artists not chosen should not be discouraged and we thank all the artists for contributing.

The values of loyalty, respect, love of country, courage and comradeship were interpreted skilfully and innovatively by the artists using a variety of mediums and techniques and we hope this is reflected in the works chosen for display. The works vary greatly in subject matter and the emotions they evoke. For many of the artists the connection is deeply personal, with some of them choosing to depict relatives, others separation, landscapes and animals.

I strongly encourage you to read the accompanying statements for each works contained in this catalogue, as they reveal poignant insights, incredible stories and a wealth of information that adds an extra dimension to the collection of works that will be on display.

The judges have awarded the 2017 Prize to "The Sphinx, Perpetual Peace" by Amanda Penrose Hart. It depicts ANZAC Cove from the water and truly evokes the emotions I felt when I was there. Her style, almost sculptural, reflects her feelings as the medium absorbs her experience whilst painting. Amanda is a highly respected and awarded contemporary Australian Artist. She has had over 25 solo exhibitions, 150 group exhibitions, and is displayed in numerous collections. She was chosen to be part of the 16 artists to revisit Gallipoli in 2014 and the subsequent "Your Friend the Enemy" Centenary Catalogue and Exhibitions.

John Robertson

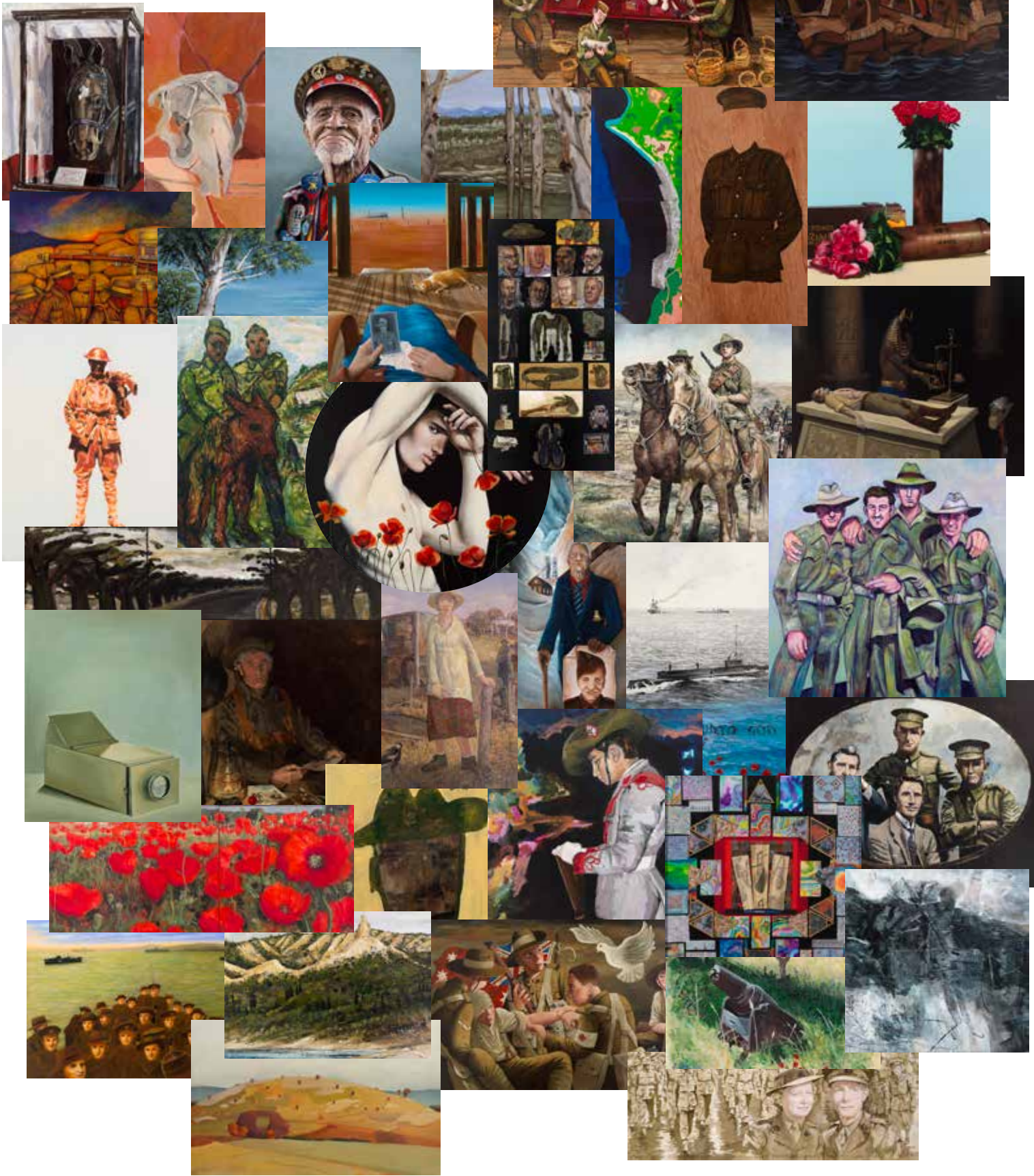
Chairperson, Gallipoli Art Prize Committee

(On behalf of the judges)

GALLIPOLI

Art

PRIZE 2017



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Our Creed

We Believe...

*That within the community there exists an obligation
for all to preserve the special qualities of loyalty,
respect, love of country, courage and comradeship
which were personified by the heroes of the Gallipoli
Campaign and bequeathed to all humanity as a
foundation of perpetual peace and universal freedom.*

Acknowledgements

The Gallipoli Memorial Club wishes to acknowledge the wonderful efforts so tirelessly given by the following people in contributing towards another successful year of the Gallipoli Art Prize.

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ALISON CHIAM

Tied, Aussie Digger; Wombat skull and string

A Tie: (verb) to connect, join, restrain; a stalemate

Oil paint on board
38 x 30cm

In 2013 I travelled to Gallipoli with a group of artists to paint. I was inspired by artist and friend, Idris Murphy who had recently found over 100 love letters written by his grandfather from the trenches of Gallipoli.

At Gallipoli I painted En Plein air in a trench at 'The Nek', the site of one of the most horrendous battles. I sat and painted in one of the eight Turkish trenches, only 5metres away from the single trench the ANZACS sheltered in. The trenches were so close the men could speak to each other.

In the letters, I was astonished by the respect, love and loyalty the men showed to each other and even to their enemy, when under the most incomprehensible of situations. The Turks and ANZACS exchanged notes and goods with one letter detailing the life and "a bit of fun" in the trenches of Gallipoli:

"Our Friends the Enemy. We received your preserved meat, and send in return tobacco—would be pleased if you could send souvenir, and we will do the same, could you spare a good knife we would be pleased. Your soldier Friends the Turks."

"Thank you for your gifts of paper and tobacco ... this amnesty will cease when we throw a grenade in around 15 minutes."

Throughout my works, skulls are a feature, suspended using string and other tethers to explore ideas about connection and division. I have used the skull of a wombat, emblematic, not only for their unique Australian-ess but also as representations of one of our other Australian 'diggers' (sharing trenches for protection). This fused representation with Gallipoli helps me to explore the complexity of 'Gallipoli'.



ALISON MACKAY

136,000 to 1

Oil on canvas
70 x 50cm

At least 136,000 Australian horses – known as Walers – were used during World War I, including in the Gallipoli campaign. Walers were a sturdy and capable breed that could survive on minimal food and water. Under the extreme conditions of conflict, strong bonds formed between these horses and their handlers.

At the end of the war, it was announced that none of these 136,000 horses would be brought home. The logistics and cost of shipping them back to Australia were considered impractical. Soldiers were ordered to leave their horses to be sold into an unknown fate. It was such a devastating blow that some shot their own horses rather than abandon them.

Just one horse, a 10 year old bay gelding called Sandy, made it home. He was the mount of General Bridges who was killed at Gallipoli. It was Bridges' dying wish that Sandy – his favourite horse - should return to Australia at the end of the war.

Sandy saw out his days at pasture in Canberra and, after his death, his head was mounted and displayed in a glass box at the Australian War Memorial for many years.

A reminder of the 135,999 other horses that were left behind.



AMANDA PENROSE HART

The Sphinx, Perpetual Peace

Oil on linen
153 x 214cm

My painting is of the extreme landscape that faced our soldiers who landed by boat on the morning of April 25th 1915. The extreme height of the hills and sharp barbed wire like vegetation slashed the men trying to advance over the hills. I walked this hill on two trips to Gallipoli and while in good shoes and good clothing I struggled to reach even half way. To some the land is now a mere tourist site, but to others it is a sacred burial ground. The trees have rejuvenated and the grasses spread like wildfire – they camouflage the thousands of body parts within.



AMELIA WILLMAR

Murrumbidgee Flowing

Oil on canvas
90 x 75cm

Murrumbidgee Flowing was inspired by the lyrics of Jack O'Hagan's iconic 1922 song The Road to Gundagai where a young Digger, ravaged by the horror of the battlefield, yearns "to be a kid again" with no "thought of grief or pain" as he envisages his return along a bush track to his family's humble shack "where the blue gums are growing, the Murrumbidgee's flowing, beneath a sunny sky".

The mighty Murrumbidgee has a place in many military hearts.

The scene in this painting derives from sketches en plein air on a cloudless, peaceful Monday near Shanty Beach, Wagga Wagga, where, for decades, an impromptu swimming race across the swift-flowing Murrumbidgee has been a daring summer weekend picnic activity for so many fit young defence force mates from the nearby RAAF base at Forest Hill and the Kapooka Army Recruit Training Centre.

The composition allows the massive twined gum trees to dominate in the foreground as a symbol of Australian strength, dignity and guardianship.

The large knots in the trees ooze a dark red resin, evoking the blood that was sacrificed for our freedom in the Gallipoli Campaign.



ANDREA MALONE

Thommo

Oil paint on ARCHES OIL PAPER
56 x 76cm

Thommo was conscripted for Vietnam. As a proud young Australian he saw himself upholding the long tradition of war service. Fifty years on he is part of a PTSD veteran's self-support group. Their bravery in acknowledging their condition when many remain disparaging is exemplary; three of them were in the Battle of Coral and Balmoral. They talk about their humorous stories from war and it is the group's courage, comradeship and loyalty which sustain them now, even as it did in Vietnam. When they are together they relax in trust. Support is there when needed but often laughter and taking the Mickey helps and reveals their mutual empathy. On parting their very strong veteran's handshake conveys unspoken emotion. They did not meet for three months some years ago and noted they went downhill...fast.

Thommo was a machine gunner whose personal view of love and courage is never to burden his caring family with any of his war experiences. In repose his eyes display the thousand yard stare and sadness, yet his strength, courage and determination are also palpable. He is the one who cracks the most jokes, keeping the group spirit high. The ANZACS would relate to Thommo.



BERNADETTE HARRIGAN

A Mother's Lament

Oil
60 x 50cm

She who was faithful 'til the final post.

This painting was completed in memory of a story (details long forgotten) I heard of an outback Mum who, after her son went missing in WW1, waited in hope he would be on the next train which passed through their small township. He never returned home. She never ceased to wait for the next train and hope that he would return, until she died, an old woman.

We rightly remember and pay tribute to our servicemen and women, recognising their traits & actions of courage, valour, selflessness, comradeship & love of country to name but a few.

Yet for me this woman's story is iconic of those mums and dads, those wives/partners and children, those siblings, family and friends' years of enduring love and relentless grief etched deep in the dark hours of night and masked, with a smile, in the light of daily routine. This is sacrifice borne for love of country. This is courage endured without cessation, casting a companion shadow for every moment of the rest of their journeys so that even celebrations of living were & are tinged with loss and absence.

Let us remember them.



BOB MARCHANT

The rifle designed by William Scurry that saved lives at Gallipoli

Oil on canvas
122 x 153cm

I was born in 1938 in the Wimmera town of Dimboola just before the Second World War began. By the time I could walk and talk my mother told me her 5 brothers were away fighting in France and also in the desert. She would read me their letters. I remember those in the desert were called "the rats of Tobruk."

When my uncles returned home they seldom talked about the war but I could see they had suffered badly, two had major health problems and couldn't work.

I did my first oil painting at the age of 40. Painting has been a major part of my life ever since. Most days you will find me with a brush in my hand.

For the last couple of years I have done a lot of research to find a good news story to enter in the "The Gallipoli Art Prize"

I knew I'd found it the minute I read about the part that William Scurry played when he designed his drip rifle device that saved Anzac lives during the evacuation from the trenches at Gallipoli.

Because the drip rifles kept firing as the last diggers moved out the Turks were unaware they were leaving. Not one Anzac died.

Lance Corporal Scurry you are a hero.

My painting is to honour him and all who survived and those brave men who lost their lives fighting for freedom.



CARMEL COSGROVE

The Reconnaissance

Mixed media
2 x panels 40 x 50cm

Major Charles Villiers-Stuart an Anzac intelligence Officer, flew over the cove 11 days before the Anzacs landed. The Turkish position of defences were photographed and drawn from above. His courage, bravery and aerial intelligence helped the Australians to cleverly plan the landing at Anzac cove, avoiding more deaths.



CHRISTIAN MORROW

Malcolm

Mixed media on board
46 x 39cm

MALCOLM, my grandfather served as a signaler in the Australian Light-horse in what was then known as Palestine from 1917-1919. In the photos I have of him from that time, his face is always deep in shadow, and its difficult to get the measure of the man. He lost most his hearing due to an infection caught during his time in the Jordan Valley in 1918. He was at the charge on Beersheba but he was also one of the many soldiers that contracted Venereal Disease spending 74 days in hospital undergoing the hideous treatments available at that time. He was an unknowable presence in my life and I have painted him as such in this portrait.



CRAIG HANDLEY

Lewis

Oil on linen
41 x 41cm

There is a certain foreshadowing present, events are yet to occur. Part of a plot has already played out but yes, unfortunately, there is more to come. Lewis will perform his soliloquy about catastrophic themes and a familiar theatre. He is the narrator, the actor, the auto biographer and alone with his gun.



CRAIG ROACH

The Hidden French Gun of Cape Helles

Acrylic
32 x 42cm

Just a few years ago a farmer was clearing his land across the road from the Cape Helles Memorial. To his surprise and that of the local authorities he uncovered a long lost French gun emplacement. He cleared the old gun pits and it became a source of fascination for historians bringing people to the spot,

But that wasn't the end of the story. Later on the farmer uncovered two more guns and last year he finally cleared them of the blackberry bushes that had kept them hidden.

I chose one of the later discoveries. This gun lay in a shady pit surrounded by grasses and flowers and a shady tree. The moment I saw it I could imagine the French 'Artilleurs', with their colourful blue and red pom pom hats, resting in the shade of the tree and smoking their 'megot' cigarettes waiting for their orders for the next salvo across the Dardanelles to the Turkish guns on the Asiatic shore.

I've wandered the Gallipoli battlefield for thirty years and know every trench, gully and ridge. My art is my legacy of this place, where nature is winning the war.



CAPTAIN DARLENE LAVETT (Retd)

The King's Letter

Oil on canvas
75 x 100cm

While this piece depicts the story of my great grandfather Arthur Lavett returning home from WWI, the eucalypt Ghost Gum, often called the Widow Maker due to its large falling limbs - is the dominant figure in this work. Its symbolism is threefold; ancestry, place and death.

It connotes my ancestral tree. Four generations (including me) have served in the military since WWI (Arthur with 16th Reinforcements in France, 1916).

The gum tree denotes both our heritage and home, Australia.

This painting represents Arthur's experience in war. He was one of the fortunate ones who did return home after being gravely injured and left with 'no chance of survival'. My great grandmother Maude had indeed been informed of his death by telegram.

The long winding road represents both Arthur's long road to recovery and his journey from war in France to Bowen, Queensland. The grey rolling skies are the memories of war. Head bowed, hat in hand, Arthur holds the hand-written letter he received from King George V, wishing him a safe return home and thanking him for faithful service to 'his mother country'.

The Shadow of the Widow Maker looms large over Arthur. But he defied death. He came home.



DARRELL MILLER

The Gaffer

Oil/Enamel
120 x 60cm

Most people know the Gaffer as Bert, I call him Gaffer because it means the Boss or in charge. He is a likeable character with a hidden silent importance.

In 1945 he was enlisted in The Royal Artillery Regiment, when basic training was completed, he was sent to France to join in the repelling of the German War Machine. After many near scrapes he received sad news that his father was terminally ill and was needed back home.

Returning to civvy street he worked various jobs ending in the coal mines as a Deputy (Underground Foreman).

Gaffer never forgot his Military service and being 1 of only 4 remaining veterans in a community of approximately 250,000 is still active in giving talks to schools about his Military memories.

In June 2016 his services not forgotten by the French, awarded him the Chevalier D'Honneur (Legion of Honour). France never forgot the sacrifices made by men/women of all nations including the Anzacs.

Gaffer wears his medals with pride at every opportunity (even lunching with the local Mayor). My son Paul, Gaffers grandson, has served in the Australian Defence Force for 13 years and on Gaffers passing he requests that Paul wears his medals alongside his own at every opportunity.

The Gaffer - Hubert Clifford Miller 1924 - still standing, refuses to pass until he has had his 100 years letter from the Queen.



DAVID HAYES

Man Down

Acrylic and resin on board
120 x 120cm

My artistic practice utilises metaphorical representations to illustrate concepts of masculinity.

This painting is intended as a haunting and poignant depiction of the enduring memory of the men of Gallipoli.

The sounds of gunfire have long since dissipated in the air, and the colour of the spilled blood has faded into the soil, but far from forgotten is the character, the spirit and the courage of these young men.

I don't know each man's name, I don't know what each man's struggle was, and I don't know what they thought in those moments on their own. But I can feel that they have helped shape me through our common heritage of never letting a mate down.

My collected thoughts rest on the tangible nature of the surviving ephemera of an ethereal time and place. My composition considers the survivors, the fallen, the symbols of bravery and love, and centrally the eternal flame of remembrance – lest we forget.



DAVID PORTER

The Avenue of Honour at Mortlake (2016)

Oil on canvas
34 (H) x 122(W) cm

The Avenue of Honour at Mortlake in western Victoria commemorates the service of 689 men of the district who went to both world wars including 149 who did not return. We remember them.

I am a Melbourne based landscape painter. I may be unusual in that I am not much interested in nature. What interests me are the ways in which we have changed the world around us ... the marks made by civilization.

As I see it, in this corner of the world, there are no more significant marks that we have made upon the landscape than the Avenues of Honour. There are hundreds of such roadside plantations around Victoria. Most were planted after World War 1.

It was my great honour to put together an exhibition of my paintings of these monuments at Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance. That was 2006. Another version of the show later went to Ballarat Art Gallery.

The research I put into the project took me deep into the history and the tragic stories they commemorate and more particularly, to those who were left at home to grieve. I was very moved to find that for many of the descendants the pain is still palpable.

I am still painting Avenues of Honour. There are many sites I have yet to see. This one is at Mortlake in Western Victoria. It commemorates the service of 689 men from the district who went to both world wars including 149 who did not return.



DEBORAH WALKER

Le Grande-Père (My Grandfather remembers 1915)

Oil on linen
60 x 50cm

The camera has shaped not only my memories of my grandfather but has been also a prism within which to view the history and experiences of his time in WW1. Despite the shattering effect this time had upon his health and memories, he was the most generous and compassionate man in my family. Whenever I see the photo of the young and innocent eighteen-year old in uniform and know what the following three years held I feel very moved.

My painting is a felt memory of another time, of a young man leaving his known world and his capacity for transcendence, despite all the adversity faced. The iconic symbol of a camera is like a magic box for me, mixing all these ingredients and feelings into one moment.



FLEUR MACDONALD

The Unknown Soldier

Gouache and lacquer on marine ply
61 x 122cm

Images of faces fading into the ground of the lost soldiers of battle. Missing casualties from all sides, sons, brothers and fathers while contingencies trampled the battlegrounds back and forth burying deep the fallen ones.

The many unmarked graves resulting from man's weaponry devastated the contingency, unable to identify thousands of soldiers decimated beyond recognition, compacts the loss of which is brought to light... Commemorate the unknown soldier!



GEOFF HARVEY

Margaret Preston helps the shell-shocked service men

Acrylic on board
90 x 130cm

During the Great War the medical fraternity knew little about the condition of “shell-shock”. As the sufferers of this condition began arriving back in the UK one doctor Rupert Reynell a pioneer neurological brain specialist at Seale-Hayne Neurological Military hospital thought that they could be helped by doing craft activities. So he asked his artist sister Glady & her good friend Margaret Preston if they could help.

The woman agreed & began taking classes in pottery & basket weaving. William Preston Margaret’s husband later commented, “She taught the wounded men craft to enable them to work with their fingers & help their nerves”.

At the hospital the women provided a safe haven & a comfortable atmosphere where the service men began to slowly recover from the ordeals of war. Using their hands & imaginations helped ease the trauma.



GLEN PREECE

The Soldiers Wife

Oil on canvas
122 x 92cm

I wanted to paint a woman in rural Australia left to manage the farm as her husband is away at war. She, like many other women during WW2 belonged to the Land Army, filling positions that would normally be done by men. Just like her husband she is tired but strong, scared yet brave, lonely and hopeful that they will soon be together again trading the nightmare sounds of war for the sweet song of a magpie.



HUGH RAMAGE

The Goodsir Boys (Portrait of my grandfather and his brothers)

Oil on canvas
100 x 120cm

The painting "The Goodsir Boys- (Portrait of my grandfather and his brothers)" is based on a family photograph. It shows my grandfather Arnie Goodsir on the right, with his brothers Wilfred, George and Albert, prior to his embarkation for the Great War. Like so many young men of his generation, his life was irrevocably changed by his participation in the conflict. He spent the duration of his overseas service in Britain training troops for the war in France, a job that he was apparently very good at. He never made it to the front lines. He returned a changed man however - taciturn, withdrawn and somewhat ashamed. He felt robbed of the opportunity for glory and adventure that he imagined fighting in battle offered.



IAN CHAPMAN

Buried where they fell

Acrylic on canvas
60 x 60cm

I recently spent a week in the Somme with a long time friend following the movements of his grandfather in the 2nd Batt., 1st AIF. From a narrow farm track we looked across an undulation of poppies to cropped land beyond. The flux of mortal combat was defined by numerous clusters of crosses, allied white and German black. One hundred years ago young enemies in a deadly conflict across these fields. Now peaceful in death, 'buried where they fell'.



JAMES JIAN SHU HU

The first day, Gallipoli 1915

Acrylic on canvas
76 x 61cm

On 25 April 1915 Australian and New Zealand troops landed at Gallipoli. It is a significant national day and the key element in the Anzac legend. I watch the parade on Anzac Day every year, and I like to share the memories of Gallipoli with my family, my friends and everyone on that special day.

My painting was inspired by Gallipoli photographs, I based it on a landing photo and other photos of portraits. I painted faces with smiles as I wanted to represent the spirits of Australian soldier's courage and optimism.

Born in Shanghai, China, I arrived in Sydney in 1987 and obtained my Australian citizenship in 1997. I studied a Fine Arts course at TAFE, St George, Sydney Institute and obtained my Diploma in 2009.



JOHN COLET SCHOOL YR 6 STUDENTS

Interwoven Cultures

Mixed media
79 x 79cm framed

The Focus of this year's work was the Vietnam War. The children looked at the textures, patterns and colours found in Vietnamese textiles, the patterns and colours of the rice paddies, and the symbol of the chinook, the most common mode of transport for troops during the war. The Vietnam War was a time of great upheaval, not only in Vietnam but also in Australia with the peace protests and influence of the hippie movement. The children studied the fashion and music of the day dressing up and recreating the dances popular at the time.

Many refugees fled Vietnam at this time becoming part of Australia's vibrant multicultural society. One of these was Thuy Ngyen, our framer, from Strathfield Framers who was in tears when he saw the work as it reminded him of his childhood and the country he had fled.



JUDITH WHITE

Mortarium

Acrylic + mixed media on canvas
86.5 x 86.5cm

The work is a visual elegy on war, a lament for the dead, and a commemorative composition of human sacrifice. The title 'Mortarium' refers to a place where substances are pounded to powder or dust.

The idea evolved from memories of photos of the dead in trenches in apocalyptic landscapes. These images brought home powerfully how young men gave their bodies and lives and what level of bravery and courage were required in such sacrifice



KAREN MACDONALD

ANZAC Centenary Reflection

Oil on canvas
60 x 60cm

My son was a student at The Kings School in 2015 when they held a very moving ceremony for the ANZAC Centenary Anniversary.

The entire school community gathered, at dusk one evening in April to pay respects to 98 Old boys and 2 staff members who gave their lives during WW1.

As we listened to the ceremony unfold, I was struck by the reverence and solemnity of all the boys around me as they followed the proceedings (an unusual occurrence for a gathering of over 1500 boys!)

The TKS Corp had stationed several boys around the grounds, and they stood in repose throughout the ceremony, like the statues on the ANZAC bridge.

And as the sun went down 100 red LED poppies were planted in the lawn behind the stage by a student to represent the fallen.

I was so moved by all I experienced that evening, in particular the young men who stood stock still in repose throughout the proceedings, that I was compelled to paint one of these boys.

I couldn't help but think that but for the Grace of God and the Trick of Time, any one of these young men, along with my 17 year old son, could have been going off Gallipoli 100 years ago.



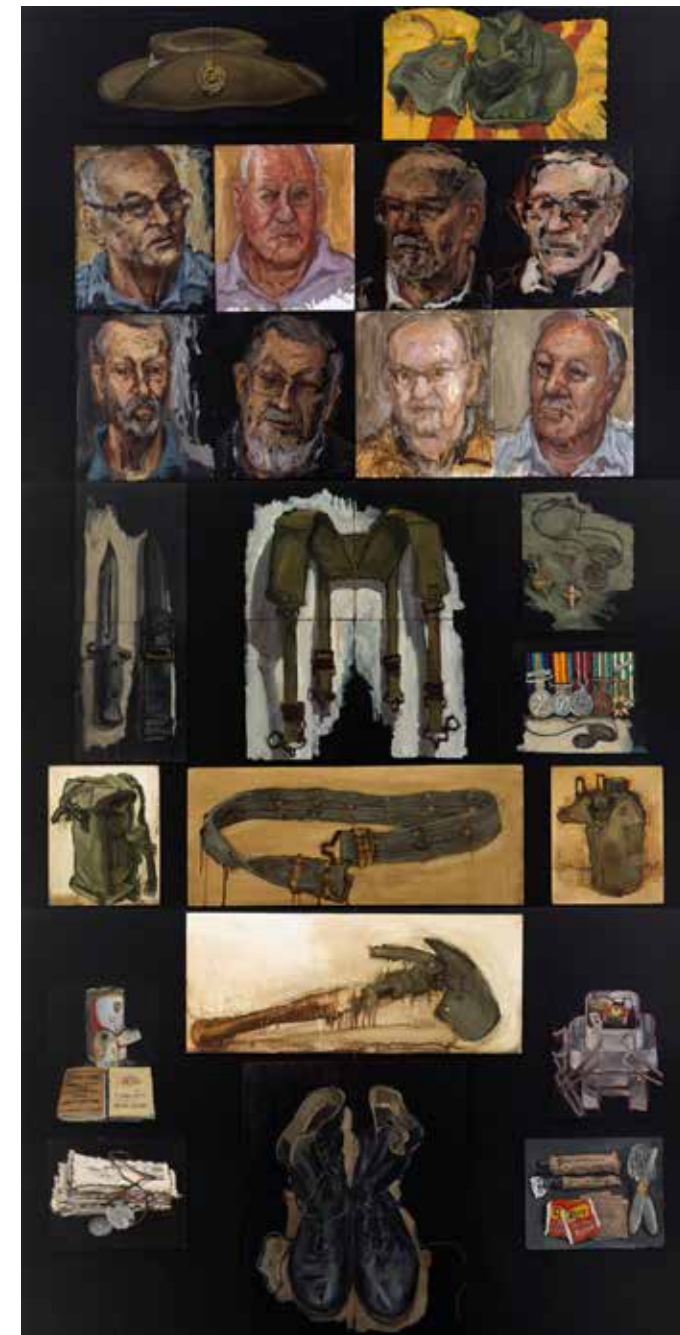
KENT MCCORMACK

Hope Rallies Courage

Oil on canvas
183 x 122cm

Let's embrace the legacy of those young blokes who demonstrated such courage beneath the hail of fire, unimaginable to us.

They lived - they died. They laughed, lamented and suffered, yet they had the stuff to recognise hope always endures – that's courage!



KIM SHANNON

Boots on the Ground

Oil on board
244 x 122cm

This work is some of the paintings completed as a series for the 50th Anniversary Commemoration of the Vietnam conflict, celebrated last August, 2016.

A collaboration with my colleague, Robyn Kinsela, produced portraits of some Southern Highlands Vietnam Veterans, and much work based on the memories and memorabilia of the veterans. It came together as an exhibition at the Mittagong RSL. The process of being involved in this was enlightening, moving and inspiring.

By piecing together some of these paintings I found that the pictures seemed to tell the story of all those men who served, most of them National Servicemen, who were the 'boots on the ground' in the controversial Vietnam war. This was my generation's war!

The men came home, a lot of them feeling alienated from their communities and families but with a very strong bond between each other, which they maintain today.



KRISTIN HARDIMAN

The Great Adventure

Oil on canvas
91 x 91cm

My painting is based on a very iconic WW1 image of 3 new Light Horse recruits travelling to Sydney to join their Light Horse Regiment for their 'Great Adventure'.

These were country boys ... young, naive, excellent horsemen and often great riflemen. They also felt a love for King and Country and felt it was a duty and an honour to serve. Their horses were mainly Walers- a strong, hardy horse that was used to dry and arid conditions.

The original photo was taken prior to their departure in November 1914. I have transferred my young men into the reality of their 'Great Adventure', the war zone.

Light Horse troopers were often the first troopers to enter a conflict and suffered many casualties. They were very brave men and if they were lucky enough to survive and return to Australia, they returned as very changed men.

The soldier on the right in my painting is Trooper William Harry Woods (Wylie). He was born in Mudgee NSW in 1873. He was the first Light Horseman to die of wounds on 15th May 1915 during the Battle of Gallipoli. He is buried in the Lone Pine cemetery, Gallipoli Peninsula, Turkey.

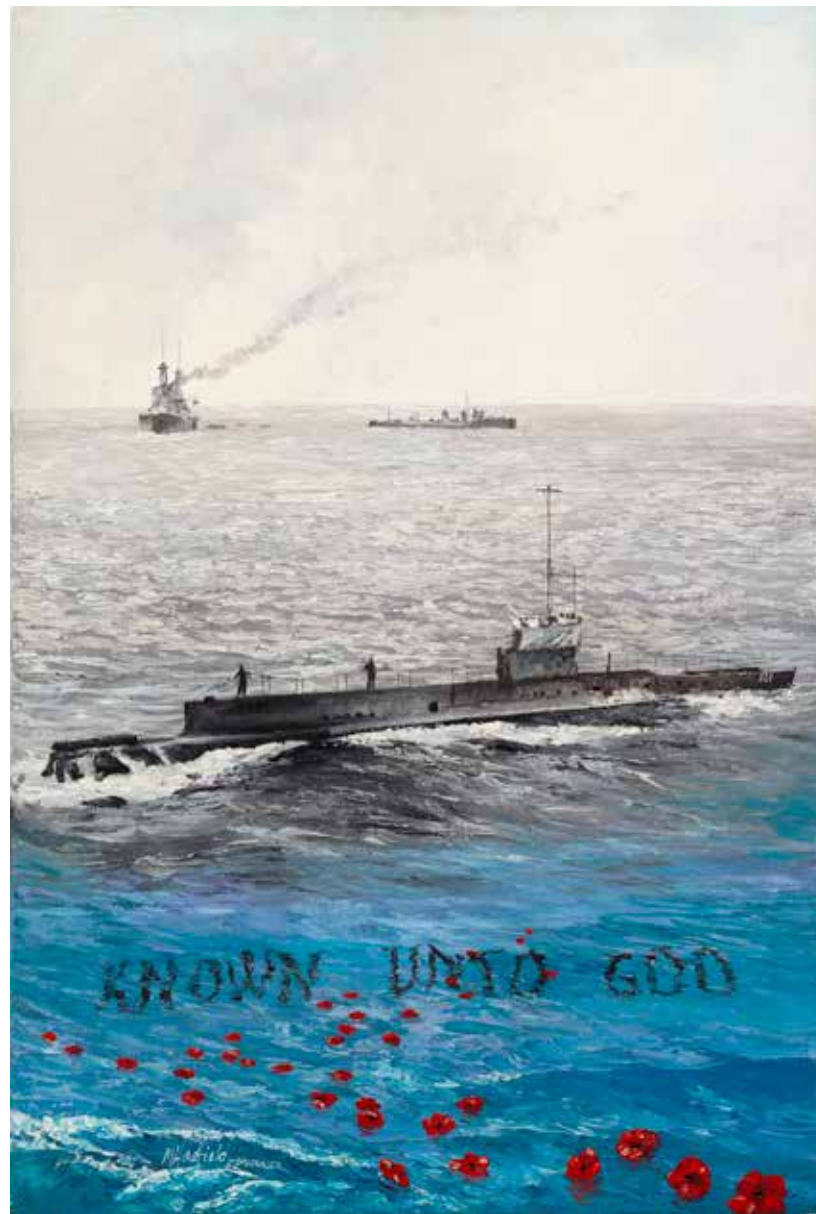


LYNNE MULLANE

Les and his boys

Acrylic on linen
100 x 100cm

My painting depicts an imagined encounter between my grandfather, Charles Leslie Webster (Les), a Light Horseman who served in World War I and three of his five sons, who were part of the Second Australian Imperial Force in World War II. Les is the tall proud figure at the back embracing his sons (from the left) Roy John Webster, Charles James Webster (Jim) and my father Lorne Leslie Webster. I don't know if the brothers trained together or met up during their war years because my father was part of the generation who didn't talk about their war experiences. Jim, although now very frail is still a proud veteran. I like to imagine Les and his boys as young courageous men, happy to be in uniform and ready to serve.



MARGARET HADFIELD

Known Unto God-AE1

Oil
75 x 50cm

Australia's first submarines AE1 and AE2 entered Sydney harbor after a remarkable journey from England of 83 days, 60 of which were at sea. Not long after Britain declared war on Germany 4 August 1914, the British Admiralty dispatched the Australian fleet to capture German New Guinea and destroy the German Pacific fleet. On September 14, AE1 submarine left Rabaul harbour, with orders to patrol east of Cape Gazelle, and was seen off Duke of York Island in St George's Channel.

Then AE1 disappeared. This was the first loss of a military unit during World War I and the beginning of a terrible war for Australians. An ensuing search found no trace, and for the families of the 35 officers and men on board AE1 life would never be the same.

I have visited Rabaul on the Centenary of the beginning of WWI and also the Commemorations for the loss of AE1. With Dr Kathryn Spurling, we threw 35 poppies into the waters off Duke of York Islands where the submarine may lay. If AE1 was hit by enemy fire that would change history as we know it, and it would be the first military unit lost in action, before Gallipoli.

Either way, these 35 RAN and RN sailors must be remembered as extraordinary heroes.



MARYANNE WICK

Sons

Mixed media
78 x 83cm

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

From 'Anthem for Doomed Youth', Wilfred Owen

As I made this work, these lines reminded me of my mother's stories about her three brothers going to war and how their families yearned for their safe return. Unlike many others, all three brothers came home safe and sound, but they were not untouched by their experience.



MAX BERRY

Piebald hill with shrubs

Oil & acrylic on linen
122 x 76cm

Piebald hill with shrubs is a contemplative vista. When stripped of context landscape can call one home or invoke ones' dread, issuing an echo that reverberates under the same skies and stars.



NOEL KELLY

The Last Fuzzy Wuzzy

Oil
50 x 62cm

In 1942, Australian troops fighting in Papua New Guinea in WW2 were assisted by the local tribes people who carried supplies to the forward troops and helped evacuate the wounded back down the Kokoda Trail. The Australian troops gave these people the nickname "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels".

This is a portrait of Ovuru Ndiki who was one of the last Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels. Ovuru lived in Naduri Village, about half way across the Owen Stanley Ranges, east of the Kokoda Trail. In recent years, groups walking the Kokoda Track would visit Naduri Village and Ovuru would talk to them through an interpreter about the war. Some of these groups would present him with their patches or pins which he would collect and display on his tunic. Ovuru passed away on 15 November 2013.

This painting, I think, shows a man with pride in his face and a life time of memories.



PETER SMEETH

Anubis and the Soldier

Oil on canvas
60 x 75cm

When in a foreign country, a person is subject to the laws of that country and I have wondered, if after death, the same rule applied. Does the person undergo the usual burial rites of that country and is any afterlife also dictated by the beliefs of that country?

Considering this, for Australian troops in Egypt in WW1, would a soldier, killed at

Romani, be judged by Anubis? (Ancient Egyptian god of death & embalming, who weighed the heart or soul of the deceased and if found to be lighter than a feather they were granted entry to the afterlife.

I have replaced the feather with a "Deadman's Penny", the medallion issued to the families of soldiers killed in WW1.

Reduced to basics, this is a life for 330gms of bronze!

But of course this doesn't measure the great intangible qualities of love, honour & courage, which are the true indicators of a person's worth.

This painting is about the real value of a human life and I hope it encourages us to think about the 60,000 Australians killed in WW1 and the effect on their families, their communities and the nation.

[Interestingly, 330gm is also the weight of the average male human heart.]



PHIL HAWK

We are in it now

Oil on canvas
40 x 30 inches

This painting is a representation of five young Aussie diggers as they approach the beach at ANZAC Cove before dawn as part of the Gallipoli landing. Orders were to roll up their sleeves to the elbow so that flashes of white skin might give easier recognition during the assault, stow their heavy coats in packs and wear only tunics, they arrived at the beach chilled to the bone.

In this painting these five mates unsure if they will survive the next few minutes share this moment as the bloke at the back says " We are in it now ".



REX TURNBULL FRSA

In Flanders' Fields the poppies blow

Acrylic on board
60cm diameter

The red Flanders' poppy was first described as a flower of remembrance by Colonel John McCrae, who was Professor of Medicine at McGill University of Canada before World War One.

Colonel McCrae had served as a gunner in the Boer War, but went to France in World War One as a medical Officer with the first Canadian Contingent.

At the second battle of Ypres in 1915, when in charge of a small first-aid post, he wrote in pencil on a page torn from his dispatch book:

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow.
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie

In Flanders' fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.



STEVE BOWDEN

The Last Post

ALKYD - fast drying oils including frame
97 x 115cm

The Last Post from home
The words well received
Trenches dug in below
With weary hands the soldier reads
He's one of our boys, you know?
A time to reflect for loved and lost
Those who gave there All
Poppies Red, Blood that's shed
Death lurks beneath the dawn,
Now at peace the soldier rests

The Last post sounds the call.
Forever in debt,
Lest we forget
The turmoil they faced at war
As lanterns they shine
The remembrance shrine
Proud of them all we toast
To Australia's heroes men and women
Stationed at their Last Post



SUSAN SUTTON

Love, loyalty and separation

'I shall keep my tryst with you, some morning when the dawn shall break upon a world where hope is new'

Oil and graphite on linen
45 x 120 cm

VF 346657 and VX 26884 were my parents.

Their 1939 – 1945 story was similar to thousands of young couples at that time.

Committed and loyal to Australia, my parents voluntarily enlisted independently before meeting and falling in love in Melbourne during the Second World War.

Dad was an Officer [2/2 H A A Regiment 2nd A I F] serving in the Middle East and New Guinea, while Mum [AWAS] was a staff car driver in Melbourne.

Lengthy separations made courting difficult.

However love, longing and optimistic hope for the future prevailed in their many existing letters.

Married in an all too brief leave mid 1944, they weren't re-united until the War's end.

I have depicted my parents in the khaki uniformed world of their courting years.

Dad is seen leading his unit in the Melbourne march prior to Embarkation while Mum is seen on the right following his departure ... one of their many separations.

I found a poignant poem of longing written by soldier VX 36684.

Titled '*To one at home*'... the small excerpt in my painting conveys a compassionate glimpse into my parents' lives and into the lives of so many other couples during WW2.



TONY COSTA

Murphy and Kirkpatrick No 2

Mixed media
106 x 75cm

When I heard of the story of Kirkpatrick and his donkey Murphy I was struck and felt compelled to paint the story.

I have always loved donkeys for their extremely affectionate nature and their even temper.

As an Australian of Sicilian decent, donkey stories were popular in my family. During World War II my father was captured by the Germans, I can only imagine the horror. This was the first time I had heard about war as a young boy.

The bond and loyalty that develops under such circumstances between man and man, or man and animal must be strong. It was this bond which I explored in the painting.

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