



28

'Happy Salami'

Turner 1962

51 x 75 cm

DAVID TURNER – SCREENPRINTS

9 APRIL to 8 MAY

Gallery: Saturday 9 – 3
Sunday 1 – 5
Wed. to Fri. 10 – 6



Director : Kevin Parratt
(03) 690 4249

THE FIELD WORKSHOP

REAR 338 CLARENDON ST., SOUTH MELBOURNE 3205 (ACCESS FROM LANE VIA BANK ST.)

Worth putting in print

IN the post-war period great strides were made in convincing the collecting public that prints had a quality and value equal to paintings, sculptures and drawings.

Most artists have extended their ideas into autographic processes of one kind or another.

In Australia, the etching process, with its quality of line, has been exploited with great vigor.

At the Field Gallery David Turner is showing a suite of silk-screen prints interspersed with his hard-edged geometric structured gouaches.

The contrast is of particular interest because the paintings have the precision and incisiveness more associated with the print-process.

The prints are more directly related, by subject and technique, to painting.

His theme is the marketplace, small-goods' counter and the butcher's display and his masterly use of flat brilliant hues evokes the magical quality of sausages, hams and chickens, suspended in theatrical loops and drapes by design-conscious butchers.

Because Turner clearly uses the complexity of silk-screen printing as his main area of expression, it has a total integrity often missing from artists who regard print as an adjunct to their major interests in painting or construction.

The Chinese ducks, garrotted for your pleasure, is a touching image and the seething savalloys are like a corner of someone's summer garden.

The print, entitled "chops," is one of the finest achievements, in the medium, by an Australian artist, a triumphant synthesis of subject and medium, rendering flesh into patterns of disconcerting beauty.

While the Field Gallery itself is half workshop and thus places the exhibits in a sympathetic ambit, the new Stuart Gerstman Galleries, with their artful use of space, gleaming floors and arched cellars, totally dominate the exhibits in the opening mixed show.

It is a fact that some galleries make extraordinary demands on the art that they display.

The Coventry Gallery in Sydney is something of a graveyard for aspirations and it may be that the Gerstman space shares that characteristic.

Certainly it seems to have opened with a whimper rather than a bang and, with the extraordinary high standards being set in today's Melbourne artscene anything less than first-rate is not likely to be well-received.

I will be merciful and not name the artists but this brave new gallery deserves better and I am sure it will attract it.

It is a good week to be reminded of Richard Attenborough's early innovative film "Oh What A Lovely War."

At the Banyule Gallery an unusual and neglected aspect of the late Sir Arthur Streeton's work, his impressions as a war artist in France in 1918, support the view that he was an unwitting extension of the propaganda machine.

Here, you will not find any of that agony that made Wilfred Owens or Victor Sassoons' poetry almost too painful to read.

This is the war of the rear echelons, headquarters and rest areas. The actual killing ground of that bloody conflict was

ARTSCENE

with ROD CARMICHAEL



only a mile wide, and a world away.

Streeton was never in the trenches, and his is a distant landscape, little disturbed by events too frightful to contemplate. It is sad to say that the work is all quite lovely.

At Realities, Gareth Sansom has tastefully arranged his doodles and footlings from his adventures in Amsterdam.

If he was a war artist he could not be accused of failing to find conflict in that placid Dutch city.

These private jottings are as interesting as reading someone's diary and their public display is premature and needs the support of developed works.

At Roar Studios, David Marsden and Rod Withers contest like David and

Goliath for supremacy on the walls.

Marsden, with his small scale and muted limpid color, picks off the rumbustious Withers who has confused vulgarity with vigor.

He seems to have taken the titles of the gallery quite literally and paints at the top of his voice.

David Turner, Field Galleries, South Melbourne.

Gareth Sansom, Realities, Jackson St., Toorak.
Sir Arthur Streeton, Banyule Gallery, Buckingham Dve., Heidelberg

David Marsden & Rod Withers, Roar Studios, 115 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy.