The Refugee

Her father now is gone, the wind has blown.
While the blossom clutched its heart of darkness,
The fire wound quickly from its hearth of bone,
And beat as silent upwards as the owl.

Now her father has done. He was as cute
In virtue as the christmas pig is pink
And primped with fruited mouth and sweetened gut,
With brain as tiny and with heart as mute.

Now her father is gone. There is strange peace
In the children's garden—when he loomed there
Uncertain charades would flutter, then cease,
In leaflike terror of those moral gusts.

But he has done. Only after darkness
When the low morning light glistens like bone
Do ghosts return, and sleeping children moan
As harsh commandments thunder down again.

He has done now, but in his girl the pain
He sowed is cuckoo-bloated on her grace,
And sits an evil face behind her face,
Poisoning her wine, and rotting her grain.

Her father done, she fled to me. He had
Tilled her humble brow with a pious plough
And laid ditches in her cheek. These were now
The emblems of her service, toll and tithe.

The sins (that love extols) in her did shrive
The virtues of her father's hidden guest.
She took my hand and laid it on her breast:
Her father now is dust, and man is flesh.

M. LEVENE
Warning

Beware of the past;
Within it lie
Dark haunted pools
That lure the eye
To drown in grief and madness.
Things that are gone,
Or never were,
The Adversary
Weaves to a snare,
The mystery of sadness.

Fear to recall
Those terrible dreams
That sickened the heart
Or tore with screams
The shocked affrighted air;
Nor let your mind
Turn back to feel
The cold remorse
Nothing can heal,
Whose wisdom is despair.

Abandon the past;
Whoever gropes
For comfort there
Will lose his hopes
The cruel memories stand
Like stone-faced gods
Watchful and grim,
Row upon row—
But raise them no hymn
Or sacrificing hand.

JAMES McAULEY
Merry-Go-Round

Bright-coloured, mirror-plated, strung with lights,
With swan-shaped cars and prancing wooden horses,
The silent waiting merry-go-round invites
A swarm of eager riders for its courses.

It moves: a painted miniature cosmos, turning
With planetary music blaring loud.
The riders lean intent, lips parted, faces burning;
Brief smiles float out towards the watching crowd.

On their brass poles the horses ride and fall
In undulant flight; the children ride through dreams.
How faery-bright to them, how magical,
The crude and gaudy mechanism seems!

Almost I see the marvel that they see,
And hear like them the music of the spheres;
They smile out of the enchanted whirl to me.
The lights and colours suddenly dim with tears.

But now their turning world is slowing, slowing;
Horses and music stop: how brief the ride!
Newcomers clamber on as these are going
Reluctantly to join the crowd outside.

JAMES McAULEY
Nagasaki

She dropped an ivory comb:
Let her hair down over her shoulders,
And the tears ran like wine.
Now she is barren, struck
In her womb by the bitter seed
The night has harvested.
Hands folded in prayer
She kneels and cries down there.

Over the field they come,
Her children, ten years older
And deader than the twisting vine.
They had no share of luck,
When someone did that deed
And stripped hair from each head.
Bald in the wind they come.
And their mouths are dumb.

Watch them now in the morning.
Each limb twisted like a root
Each head lolling on a neck
Where the muscles have rotted.
It began that night she lay
Clasped by his arms in a bed
And cried once to the sky.
At that moment it came, the thing
Like an evil flower breaking
In a black spring.
Under the cracking boot
Of sky they struggled back
Kicked, to the vicious, knotted
Remnant of the long day.
Their progeny has bled
Ten years, and silently.
Watch them, fate, with some care,
For they are everywhere,

Scattered on earth like grain
When the locusts ate the husks.
On sea and land and air
Their voices mesh and tangle,
In a bitter skein;
Shall we try to expunge
The measure of their permanence,
With the slow tread of a prayer?
But we cannot still them there.

CHARLES HIGHAM
Two Funerals

I

Now that he's in his second home,
Their tongues are freed to talk of death.
That is their comfort and their right:
Their hands clapped him out of the womb,
His lungs grew mansize with their breath,
Their praise gave him living-room.
Now they'll praise him through the night.

For once, they're gathered as a clan:
Faces exchanging words of smoke,
Bodies in out-of-date dark suits
Moving in guarded unison;
Debaters all, yet none disputes
The facts, and no-one points the joke:
It's death that straightens out a man.

I think, we have all donned the mask
Of his dead face; what seems an age
Under the few birdless trees
We're like a chorus at its task,
Treading the graveyard as our stage,
Half-sharers in those litanies
Which promise what we dare not ask.
It's one of those funerals where the relatives
Rather pointedly decline to mourn.
At such times the staring will can turn
Flesh to stone. The chief mourners
Move with gallantry, not grief: the brother
Managing his feelings like the family business,
The mother grey with whisky and
Late hours of savoir-faire.
In the pinched field the gravestones look
Modelled in clay. The firing-party,
Pimply before a brisk W.O.,
Adjust their eyes, thinking about their rifles.
I let myself, as usual, be the victim
Of my neighbour's fascination with the bizarre:
"As though he were an Irishman he managed
To prang in the flattest landscape in England.
He made a hole in his motherland
Thirty feet deep.
They say there's not an ounce of him in that box,
Just clods, pebbles, God knows what,
Scraped together. They couldn't find a scrap
Except, of all things, his great
Pukka moustache".
The Union Jack with its stretched colours
Guards the brave deception;
Over clods the flying of the bugles,
Barely competing with such knowledge.

VINCENT BUCKLEY
Inheritances

I've bought some fine young trees that we must plant for future's shade and some years' flowering.
Mind that has raped and torn each element to sire an Oedipus, a greedy thing of ash, now listens at the cross-roads for betrayal and his consort to prove whore.

Green leaves already cast a little shade— we dream these saplings to maturity enough for children to climb in and hide.
Flesh that supports and friends its enemy waits, waits for the tension to create the hurt to split into its furthest night.

O we must holy tend the living trees to make them green, so easily anyone can snap them yet and turn their promises to firewood.

Blind Oedipus, my son, turn back from the dead land your mother's thighs before the crossroads purchase all our eyes.

THOMAS W. SHAPCOTT
The Cock on Saint Oswald's Spire

Plumbly proud the iron cock
Swings spire and belfry about his feet
And shakes shock into the dodging birds
That hawk their frail frames
Into his Aeolian cage.

From his cold height he turns
Unseeing eye and maps
A sea of air, a land of water
On his lonely, rusting perch
With winter's drumming hitting him
To the heart.

Spring turns his head:
Draughts hug the steeple in delicious whimsy
And O for a pair of wings to flap
And burst the lazy clouds
Loitering over the town.

Spring makes him restless:
He turns all night,
Catching the moon upon his comb,
Sliding her down his beak's sharp mould
To gild his rusted wattles gold.

GRiffith Watkins
The Raindrops Cannot Mingle

The raindrops cannot mingle suspended in the air, so the widowed and the single pass greeting on the stair,

don't trespass on their neighbour nor call on the upstairs's flat, but they hear another's footstep and the clicking on of light.

The lids of their love are shut in distance that is masonry, for feeling hand they cannot see, nor lip upon another's cup.

They care and do not care for walls that hold a story, for living they can't dare, the joy that takes in mystery.

Sweet kernels in a nut, intent on their own book they won't hear silence speak nor query who's so late.

Cushioned in routine they can hide their waste, conventioned by their past they can forget what's green.

Fruit's conserved to eat, but what a taste to choose love that's cold to heat, that will not risk to lose.

In skulls of countless rooms no chance love blooms, but come the storm of need and the dry pods seed.

OLIVE PELL
The Ceiling

Green sweater a little rubbed,
thin hair uncut and yellow.
Poised as it seems,
observing carefully,

'Loathe him,' she says. But almost every night
after the evening lecture, drinking, talking
in the Town House bistro with boys
her own age, still she leaves with him
or, if he works at home, will steal away
to tap on the door of the downstairs flat.

Always he condescends, demonstrating
again the things he's taught her. Lastly his back
curves like a shell beneath the bedclothes, breath
wheezing asthmatically in sleep. But she,
lying too long awake, stares at an unlit lighthouse:

it's upside-down in a gently undulating
gray ceiling. Bewilderment
could easily bring tears, but frowning
she reaches up into the rippled shadow
for nothing she knows.
That girl is not all there.

ALEXANDER CRAIG
A Twentieth Century Man

He is lonely in his death of care.
He sees no saviour, friend.
He is his own man, bent to bear
A weightlessness, an end.

For who shall find him but they seek
Unwilled, and lost as freed,
In servitude to nothing, too weak
To master, love or need?

And knowing this, he would not dare
Say by word or soul
That any man should meet him there
(None ever meet in whole).

He whispers Eli; disbelieves—
For so the name out-stands
Extremities where no one grieves
Or folds or holds up hands.

Walled in, he hears the wind toll bells
And the night nail stars;
He would not cry for grace in cells
Or press against the bars.

He was the man who, living, tries
To seize (before they slip)
Fidelities from under lies,
From jargon, fellowship;
To strike a sabbath from the rock
And slake the thirst of dreams;
To let no beauty's answer mock
The miracle it seems;

To found and be a memory's fact,
Too prized to doubt or mourn
(What could he in creation's act
Promise the unborn?);

To learn, living, what voice grows
Angels in dying eyes,
And arch the dark where absence flows
With gleams of paradise—

Till the last surviving day when truth
Shatters and is complete:
The way for hope is heedless youth,
For discovery, defeat.

He closed his own cell door and wept,
Caring, yet, to be;
Then turned and killed the care he kept
In mercy's dignity.

The century's Judas minutes roar;
He waits, an unreached loss:
What prophet spoke to make him more
Once he out-racked the cross?

DAVID ROWBOTHAM
The Scholar

There are harboured in the hollows of that skull
The fleets and squabbling hordes of Greece;
Sacked Troy lies smouldering behind those dull
Apologetic eyes and Odysseus will never cease,
Among the twists and convolutions of that brain,
His hungry wanderings to see his island-home again.

Scanned to the stress of fireflecked feet and fears,
Assonant, deep barbarian songs are hung
Within the caverns of those red, ridiculous ears;
Though just beyond re-sounding by his tongue.
He footnotes, in small print, another’s themes
And wryly annotates his lonely mocking dreams.

Andromache, mothering, for him weeps
And holds him up his only frightened child.
Helen, for him alone, her beauty keeps
Forever flowering beside the blue and mild
Aegean, which washes the floods and ebbings of his heart
Upon the island beauties of another’s art.

J. M. S. O’Brien
Note On Images

But do not simplify these passing years
to what you will, since life is not a game;
there is a sense of pattern though design
remains invisible. Don't fear to name
what can be named; but do not yet reduce
all that is changing to a plain disorder,
impose one pattern on uncertain youth
as though a garden simply stressed its border.

It can't be done: the lines we try to rule,
the simple image like a set of shelves;
we try to lasso life into a phrase
and in the end we merely snare ourselves.

And that is what I praise: how life won't let
a single image carry all its load—
or if it does it's as a catherine wheel
that means the moment that its lights explode . . .

So wait and watch, attentive and alert;
do not impose, but tenderly discover:
till all your images are tried by life
and they reward you as a constant lover.

VIVIAN SMITH
In Hospital

Morning. I dare not stir. I think of pain, of what pain may wake. My daughter yesterday unwillingly for my sake brought here, carried with her this jar full of odd things, stones, shells, glass, scavengings from our last holiday,

sea-toys, child’s jewels, rolled to smooth anonymous shapes. She filled the jar with water to bring a gleam back from their chilled and speechless world. They hold salt air, soft stone, clear light and a swallow’s ragged flight, wings closed, continuing in air between wave and wave. Arrogant on that shore I raced with my child. Pain splinters me. I am cracked like glass. I taste, salt, my own fear, can save nothing, am ground, degraded on my own fragments, abraded featureless.

And am free of pain for a brief space. A firetalented tongue will choose its truth. I do not bear what’s gone, do not refuse what’s yet to come. The grace of water rinsed, re-made these stones. My tongue’s betrayed by pain. They speak my prayer.

GWEN HARWOOD
The Wound

The tenth day, and they give
my mirror back. Who knows
how to drink pain, and live?
I look, and the glass shows
the truth, fine as a hair,
of the scalpel’s wounding care.

A round reproach to all
that’s warped, uncertain, clouded,
the sun climbs. On the wall,
by the racked body shrouded
in pain, is a shadow thrown;
simple, unchanged, my own.

Body, on whom the claims
of spirit fall to inspire
and terrify, there flames
at your least breath a fire
of anguish, not for this pain,
but that scars will remain.

You will be loved no less.
Spirit can build, make shift
with what there is, and press
pain to its mould; will lift
from your crucible of night
a form dripping with light.

Felix culpa. The sun
lights in my flesh the great
wound of the world. What’s done
is done. In man’s estate
let my flawed wholeness prove
the art and scope of love.

Gwen Harwood
Twentieth Anniversary of my Father's Death

You had a haemorrhage that night
And in a hospital, and in a dream,
You asked me for your slippers and your gown,
But as you propped compulsively to speak
I saw the true complexion for a clown.

Somehow I learnt my uselessness,
Yet would have put you back within our house
And in a bed without the rising froth
Upon your lips, the white and certitude,
And imbecility with every breath.

I know your ghost is real.
Tonight a figure on your bicycle
Comes riding down a hill; and so you last
Though you might still mistrust the tracery
That holds a man and arrogates the past.

R. A. SIMPSON

For Alexander Craig

I look at my lettered room,
The rows of books and names,
And walls become a tomb
From which I'd rise and wake.
Now that the thought declaims,
I write here for your sake
And wonder how we might atone
For isolation, years of stone.

The little we have learnt
Through discipline and words,
Tells how the soul is burnt
Here on this earth; and birds
Die with their flames and never rise,
Though myths may argue otherwise.

R. A. SIMPSON
Twelve Artists

GUY GREY-SMITH

1
Torbay
Oil: 24" x 36" : On loan to Tate Gallery Exhibition

2
Land's End
(Cliffs of Fall)
Oil: 13" x 30"
Possession of the Artist

TOM GIBBONS
3. Memorial
Fibre glass with copper & bronze powder on metal armature.
King's Park.

4. Crucifix (Detail)
Bronze.

5. Crucifix
Bronze: 6 ft.
St. Louis College, Claremont.

6. Madonna and Child (Detail)
Bronze over terre cuite: 7 ft.
St. Thomas More College, Crawley.
KATHLEEN O'CONNOR

Waterlilies

Oil on canvas 26" x 31" Lady Lee-Steere
The Pink Nurse  Oil on cardboard  16" x 20"  Mrs. McKellar-Hall

L'heure du thé  Tempera  31" x 38½"  Parliament House, Perth.
GEOFFREY ALLEN
Burning Off
Oil : 24" x 36"
University of W.A.

CYRIL LANDER
The Rock
Water Colour : 14½" x 21½"
Art Gallery of W.A.

ERNEST PHILPOT
Sleeping Bridge
Oil : 27½" x 33½"
Art Gallery of W.A.
JAN McKay
Gondine Hill
35 1/2" x 42"
Gallery of W.A.

BERT JUNIPER
Landscape: Merredin
30" x 39"
Gallery of W.A.
ELIZABETH DURACK

Leitmotif
Water Colour: 22" x 30"  
Possession of the Artist
RHODA BOISSEVAIN
Daisy Boissevain
Oil : 20” x 18”
G. W. Heathcote, Esq.

WILLIAM BOISSEVAIN
Robert Juniper
Oil : 40” x 32”
Possession of the Artist.
1 Windy Plains (Cape York Peninsula) Ripolin on Masonite : 35½" x 47½" : University of W.A.

SYDNEY NOLAN: Paintings bought under the Tom Collins Bequest

2 The Perish Ripolin on Masonite : 35½" x 47½" : University of W.A.
Terribilis est locus iste: hic domus Dei est, et porta caeli . . .

The Hawes Churches
1. Geraldton Cathedral; South-West view.
2. Utakara Cemetery Chapel; West end.
3. The High Altar; Mullewa.
4. St. Mary’s Mullewa; North-West view.
5. St. Mary’s Northampton; West end.

Photographs by Cyril Brown & Patrick Hutchings.
Plate 3.

Barramundi, who made the East Alligator River in mythical times, being speared by a hunter.

Artist: Nipper Maragar.
Plate 1.
Ceremonial scene: songman with clapping sticks, didjeridoo player, and two men and a woman dancing. 
Artist: Midjaumidjaun,
Gunwinggu tribe.

Plate 2.
Fresh water tortoises, whose spirit increase centre is a white rock near the Adelaide River. 
Artist: Nipper Maragar, 
Mangeri tribe.
Plate 4.

Scene from the sacred Wawalag (Wauwalak) myth: the waterhole where the two Sisters were swallowed by the monstrous python, the Lightning Snake. The Snake himself is shown among pieces of the stringy bark tree which he split; other designs represent rocks, kangaroo tracks, spring water running, cabbage palms with nuts, and stone spear blades.

Artist: Mawulan (Mauwulan), Biradjingunu linguistic unit.

Plate 5.

Conventionalized post figure of the elder Wawalag Sister. From top: design of small Wawalag stones; i.e., stone spear blades; fringe to represent hair, with feathers attached; edible red berries and (bottom) leaves of an unidentified bush.

Artist: Galagalba, Djambadbingu linguistic unit.
ART in Western Australia is not all West Australian art. And this is as it should be.

One legitimate concern of art in a new country is to record the unfamiliar landscape; but “record” is a rationalisation. No matter how much the artist intends ‘to paint exactly what he sees’ something more will come over, and what comes over in all Colonial art, in the early periods at least, is the effort to assimilate the new country. On the technical side one can explain away the symptoms of this effort, by treating them simply as matters of technique: new shapes can not be represented by the old technical devices, but once a new shorthand has been devised, or patched up out of the old one, then the unfamiliar is assimilated. This is all true in its way, but the matter is deeper than that, and the technical problems are all on the surface. Landscape painting in a new country is a kind of introjection, in the psycho-analytic sense, of the unfamiliar. What threatens, or what merely cannot be dealt with in terms of the habits and expectations of the Old World, must be taken in.

The images of a landscape allow us to assert ourselves in relation to it: we have its magic name when we have made its image. We have the word of power.

The image is an internalisable, intellectually and emotionally comestible substitute for the exterior ‘incredible’ reality. Imaging and naming are primitive psychological processes of the greatest importance to us, and it is not fanciful but, I think, literally true to give an account of landscape art in Australia in terms of this process. Of course the account is true, if at all, on one level only, and there are other levels to which it is simply not relevant. But it may help sometimes.

The concern on the part of both artists and the public with landscape in Australia is, it can be argued, part of a process of psychological assimilation. From Buvelot or before to Nolan, the painters have been interiorising the Continent for us. The more innocent of us thought simply that they had been painting pictures of scenes.

Of course our heavy psychological thesis ignores the frequent outbursts of portrait painting, and the waves of classical and home-brewed myth which have swept Australian painting from time to time; Bunny’s classical, and the Lindsays’ “vitalistic” extravagances will not fit into the thesis. But nor do they count against it. It is a special not a general hypothesis, and is not meant to fit everything.

The present collection of plates is heavily inclined towards the landscape motif, and this is not especially by design. With the exception of a sculptor, and of Kathleen O’Connor whose artistic preoccupations are almost exclusively those of an European, nearly all the artists deal with the landscape theme. Lander re-creates the primal scene of confrontation with the bush; Guy Grey-Smith and Juniper look out on the landscape, fortified; inoculated by the familiarity of several generations, and further sophisticated by certain artistic modes and idioms which derive from the Old World, they see their world in formal terms. It is no longer primarily a thing that needs to be taken in, and they use it as a glossary for almost pure compositions in paint, in styles that owe a great deal to Europe: to Cézanne ultimately in one case, and possibly to Klee in the other.

The most abstract of the painters, Gibbons, an intellectual symbolist, offers us an externalisation of an inner landscape, and so reverses the original process: but his externalisation is this landscape, the West. Like Juniper’s ‘film-strip’ paintings with the sea-on-the-left, it is here, and what is externalised takes a local habitation, just as the local had to be taken in before it became an habitation.

Elizabeth Durack and Cyril Lander provide the strongest “pure” examples for our psychiatric thesis; they are dealing with the place; and it is further confirmation of the hypotheses to notice that Elizabeth Durack is both closest to the pioneers in the circumstances of her life—or was, since she spent her childhood in the north-west—and furthest from the preoccupations of the art of Europe, being quite self-taught. The chance that Gibbons should paint a “Western Landscape” is its final “confirmation.” At any rate, the thesis holds these and a lot of other, otherwise disparate phenomena together; and that is perhaps all that can be expected of it. And it helps us to relate to one another the various kinds of artistic statement which the plates make.

It is necessary to offer a final word on the
principle of selection that produced our present 'gallery': there was none. None of the names included, of course, will occasion any surprise; but omissions will, inevitably.

There are various explanations for these omissions. Some artists who were sent questionnaires did not reply. Some artists who should have been sent them were not—for various reasons, good, bad or unforgivable; but space was one of the good ones. It is hoped, however, that this 'gallery' will become an occasional feature of the new Westerly. There are many more artists in Perth than the twelve reproduced here; some of them have not exhibited recently and have been left out for that reason. We hope, however, to publish further articles on the local artistic scene, and to make up present omissions.

The chief, and positive, reason for the present type of selection was this: we wished to present a group of paintings by Western Australian artists which would illustrate as well as might be the breadth and variety of artistic activity in the West, and which would combine the autochthonous and the exotic in such a way as to illustrate both the extremes, and the middle points on the range between them. We think that the present selection does this.

Art, if you want an analogy, is not atomic but organic in its economy, and our plates show the process of cross-fertilisation which goes on, even in a small community, between the 'local' strains and the seminal influences that are blown from the remotest places. Local concerns are related to wider ones, and one is enabled to look outwards towards a larger world.

Art in the West if uniformly "autochthonous" would intensify our isolation quite unbearably: art as it is in the West not only relieves our isolation, but tries gallantly to cancel it.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR, the doyenne of West Australian painters, was born in New Zealand and has spent most of her life in Europe, and her connections with the State are familial rather than artistic. She is the daughter of the engineer C. Y. O'Connor, whose statue overlooks the Fremantle wharves which he designed at the end of the last century.

Miss O'Connor left Australia in the early 1900's after a short period of study with James Linton at the Perth Technical College. She went first to London and spent some time at the Bushey School, where she came under the influence of its founder Sir Hubert von Herkomer, and incidentally of Sir Frank Brangwyn; then she moved to Paris. From 1907 until the 1950's Miss O'Connor painted in Paris, Belgium and the South of France. Her work was interrupted by the two World Wars, and she visited Australia several times, both before the First War, and in the years entre deux guerres.

The paintings of Kathleen O'Connor are in the tradition of French Impressionism, and among the most important influences on her work was the encouragement and example of Vuillard: Vuillard, "réfléchi et attentif à couleur du silence ou au ton de la pénombre".3

Kathleen O'Connor catches 'the colours of silence, and of shadows' in The Pink Nurse (Plate 8: painted about 1925), and the bright pink uniform serves to emphasise the repose of the whole design; a design in which one finds something of the emotional quality which a French critic noted in her pre-1914 paintings, "une mélancolique douce, infiniment prenante",4 and one, stylistically, in which, "le motif est suggéré furtivement beaucoup plus qui dépêint".5

It is interesting to contrast Kathleen O'Connor's essentially French impressionism with the work of the Australian impressionists; the grey light of Paris and the hard luminosity of the Australian sky give rise, within the one tradition, to quite different styles of painting.

In Plate 7, Waterlilies (painted about 1920-5), we can see the luminosity of receding planes which goes back to Monet, and which characterises many of Kathleen O'Connor's flower pieces.

Besides the two genres represented in the plates, flower pieces, and figures and groups in parks—mostly the Luxembourg gardens in Paris—Kathleen O'Connor has painted portraits, which range from the compact-textured Portrait of a Belgian Girl (1920-5) to the gros-pointilliste impressionism of the recent Portrait of Sir Russell Dumas (1961).

There is a further group of Kathleen O'Connor's paintings which is represented in the Western Australian State Collection by a still-life in tempera, of a pot of flowers and a French novel against a bright horizontally striped blanket,6 this group we have illustrated here with a half tone block, Plate 9.

These still-life paintings are harder than the figure groups and flower pieces, post-impressionist rather than impressionist, and the forms are unequivocally defined. The pictures have, as one critic put it, "les mérites d'une exécution vigoureuse".7 These works of her 'middle period' Miss O'Connor considers to be as important as her more "atmospheric" paintings, and the picture illustrated here, L'heure du thé, and exhibited in Paris in the middle 1930's, was praised very highly by French critics for its clarity and luminosity, and for the freshness of its colours. The paintings of Kathleen O'Connor's fourth period, the large still-lifes painted since her return to Australia, go back
in style to her earlier impressionist period, and the outlines of objects are again softer.

Reviewing a retrospective exhibition of Kathleen O'Connor's painting at the Galerie J. Allard in Paris in 1937, M. Hessel9 commented on the 'unquestionable harmony' which her work as a whole presents despite the divergence of idioms which characterise its several periods: but perhaps the best summary of Kathleen O'Connor's work is Barnett Colan's:

"She has been called an Impressionist and a post-impressionist, and there are certain qualities in her work which would suggest this. She seems to me, however, to have absorbed and made her own all the really French tendencies which stem from Monet and Cézanne, and to have avoided the more intellectual elements of Cubism, Surrealism and Abstract art which have never been essentially French."

Exhibitions:
Miss O'Connor exhibited in the Salon D'Automne regularly from 1911 on (and once had four canvasses accepted for a single Salon); in the Independants: with the British Society of Portraitists (before 1914); in the Salon Francaise and in the Exhibition of the Société des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs, and with the "Artistes Britanniques sur la côté D'Azur", Nice (1948); at the Galeries J. Allard (1937), and Marseille, Paris (1953); at the Perth Art Gallery (a retrospective) 1948, the Claude Hotchin Gallery (1949), and in the Perth Prize 1956 and 1958 (winning the W.A. Section in 1958). Her latest exhibition was at the Hotchin in 1961 (Notices of the Perth exhibitions by "C.G."—C. C. Hamilton, M.B.E.—can be found in The West Australian for December 8th, 1948, June 8th, 1949 and February 7th, 1961: a notice of the 1961 exhibition can be found in The Critic Vol. 1 No. 3 1961).

Collections:
Miss O'Connor is represented in Australian State Collections, the Australian Government Collection, and in many private collections in Europe, England and Australia.

Studio:
37a Mount Street, Perth. By previous appointment only.

ELIZABETH DURACK was born in Perth and has spent a great deal of her life in the North-West: she is self-trained and is a full time painter, illustrator and print-maker.

While this article was in press it was announced that Miss O'Connor has won the B.P. Prize, Commonwealth Games Exhibition.
and in Broome. Her work was represented in the Whitechapel exhibition in London in 1961.

Collections:

All State Galleries, the collections of Dr. H. V. Evatt, Dr. Coombs, Mr. Claude Hotchin, Mr. Ambassador Peasley, Dr. and Mrs. Ariens, and in many other private collections; The University of Western Australia collection. Sixteen decorative panels, 13ft. x 4ft., illustrating The Legend of the Black Swans can be seen in the Perth Chest Hospital, Hollywood, W.A. The series of paintings on aboriginal motifs Cord to Alcheringa may be seen on the staircase of Winthrop Hall, in the University of W.A.: these are executed in oil and natural ochres.

Studio:

47 Browne Avenue, Dalkeith, W.A. (By appointment; phone 86 3910.)

MARGARET PRIEST was born in Scotland; sculpts, teaches and is a housewife and mother. She studied in Glasgow (1939-43) with the sculptor Benno Schotz, and with the painters W. O. Hutchinson and Hugh Crawford; she held the Guthrie Award of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1944, together with a post-graduate scholarship, and in 1947 studied in Paris on the Keppie Scholarship.

Margaret Priest’s work is varied in style and in material; she is represented in the State collection by a highly formalised wood carving “Young Girl” (1954). Her most notable contribution to the State is, however, her public sculpture, and she has executed three commissions for churches, and one war memorial.

Her Crucifix in bronze at St. Louis College, Claremont, recalls Gothic expressionism though it is executed in an extremely “modern” style, and it is powerful and moving work. (Plates 4 and 5.) Her statue Our Lady of Crawley (Plate 6, detail) in the Chapel of St. Thomas More College in The University of Western Australia is perhaps her most sensitive devotional work: the elongation of the figure of the Virgin removes the mother and child at once from the commonplace to the transcendent plane, while the treatment of the faces is reassuringly human. The notion of the Word made flesh is splendidly represented in this statue, in which otherness and humanity are so perfectly fused.

Margaret Priest’s latest work is characterised by an increase in stylization; her War Memorial to the 2/28 Battalion in King’s Park, executed in bronzed fibreglass over an armature of expanded metal, is an angular flame-like construction having no representational function at all, but great expressive force. It is essentially sculptural, presenting equally satisfactory views from all angles: Plate 3. Its complex vertical composition draws the eye inexorably upward, and makes the work profoundly expressive of human aspiration and endeavour: the flame still burns, this is not a Roman, inverted and quenched torch.

Her latest commission for Church sculpture was for Trinity College Chapel, and besides a large Crucifix behind the altar Margaret Priest has designed and executed fourteen Stations of the Cross in white plaster. The material and the design are both stark, and this set of stations represents a highly original approach to the problem of providing devotional art in a contemporary idiom.

Exhibitions:


Collections:

The Crucifix at St. Louis may be seen by appointment. Trinity College Chapel is open to the public during the day. St. Thomas More College Chapel is open to the public every day from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m. The War Memorial is on the Thomas Street side of King’s Park at the southern intersection of Lovekin Drive and Forrest Drive (i.e., from the big War Memorial and the Statue of Lord Forrest, drive towards the University end of the Park). Illustrations of Margaret Priest’s work are to be found in The Architect, December 1961 (from which the present illustrations are taken), the Monthly Feature Bulletin of the W.A. Gallery No. 47, 1962, in The Arts in Australia by Lenton Farr (Longmans 1961), and in the Catalogues of the Mildura Sculpture Prize 1961 and the “New Influences” Exhibition of the Newcastle Art Gallery.

Studio:

8 Parker Street, South Perth. (By appointment; phone 67 3897.)

GUY GREY-SMITH was born at Wagin, W.A. in 1916, and is a full time painter, he teaches art therapy at a Perth hospital and works in ceramics at home. Grey-Smith studied at the Chelsea School of Art (1945-48) and at the Central School, London (1952-53), where he came under the influences of Ceri Richards, Robert Medly and Henry More, and of Louis le Brocky and Hans Tischall.

The painting reproduced here, Torbay, Plate 1, shows Grey-Smith’s landscape technique; ultimately deriving from the cubisme of Cézanne, this style interprets the local landscape in formal...
terms, conceding to local colour only a hot palette. Many of Grey-Smith's pictures have landscape-titles but are, nevertheless, absolutely abstract, and he says of his own work that, "in painting, the form of experience should be fully realised in terms of the medium itself. One should not rely on subject-matter; paintings are not a kind of literary expression". Grey-Smith is reiterating one of the central tenets of post-impressionism: that artists can express in line and colour an emotion about a reality which reveals itself only through line and colour.

The painterly qualities of Grey-Smith's works are outstanding, and his handling of texture is robust and eminently satisfying. His use of the post-impressionist technique on the Australian landscape is of the first importance to contemporary Australian art. His work is characterised by directness and restraint, and his style is always distinguished and elegant. He is one of Australia's deepest living painters.

Exhibitions:

Guy Grey-Smith has exhibited in the Australian contemporary Art exhibitions, Canada 1954, and London 1960 (the Whitechapel exhibition); and has had one-man shows in Melbourne ('54, '56, '58, '61), Adelaide ('61), Sydney ('59) and Perth (every year since '49). The picture illustrated here is at present on the way to the Tate exhibition in London.

Collections:

All State collections, The University of Western Australia Collection, and many private collections in Australia and overseas. The mural decorations in the Dolphin Theatre at the University of W.A. are by Grey-Smith.

Studio:

Stone Crescent, Darlington, W.A. (Phone 746-370.)

HELEN GREY-SMITH was born in India, and is a full-time designer and teacher of design. She studied at the London School of Interior Decoration (1937-39), and the Hammersmith Art School (1952-53) and was a pupil of John Drummond.

Mrs. Grey-Smith is well-known for her textile designs, which are characterised by an elegant severity and restraint. Her dress and furnishing fabrics are for the most part hand-blocked, and they are always eminently practical. She believes in the importance of handicrafts in the modern world, but maintains that, "They should not be 'arty-crafty' or precious; they should be as well made as machine made goods, and within the purse of most people."

Helen Grey-Smith feels that "the warmth and idiosyncracy of hand-made things should not be lost", and approaches design from a realistic point of view; the machine for her is not something to supplant, but is something to provide a contrast to.

Exhibitions:

Yearly in Perth since 1954; and in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide.

Collections:

National Gallery, Sydney; the Perth and Brisbane Galleries; The curtains in the New Town Hall, and in University House are being designed by Mrs. Grey-Smith.

Studio:

Stone Crescent, Darlington, W.A. (Phone 746-370.)

WILLIAM BOISSEVAIN was born in New York in 1927, the son of a Nederlands diplomat, and is a full time painter and teacher. He studied at L'Academie des Beaux Arts and with Conrad Kickert in Paris, and at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, London.

William Boissevain's work is traditional in style, though he shows and acknowledges certain marked Impressionist influences—especially in his brushwork. He paints landscapes and figure studies, but is best known for his portraits. These are always skilful and urbane. Boissevain has a remarkable flair for capturing a likeness, and he works with amazing rapidity. The best of his portraits achieve a psychological as well as a visual representation of the sitter, and Boissevain makes great use of the pose of a figure to suggest the character of his subject; a long loose diagonal, pointed by a drooping hand which threatens to come out of the bottom of the frame, for a languid sitter; and a four-square, but nervous, composition for an energetic one. His pencil sketches of children are outstanding for their fidelity, freshness and charm.

The portrait, Plate 18, of fellow artist Robert Juniper is extremely handsome, and conveys the impression that the sitter, who knows all about this kind of thing himself, is neither impressed nor flattered at being painted, but is inducing an amiable immobility: "Right, if you want to paint me, will this do?" This work is more "impressionistic" in brushwork than many of Boissevain's portraits and marks a recent development in his work. It won the Helena Rubinstein Prize in 1961.

In an interview after the Helena Rubinstein Exhibition of 1961, Robert Campbell, Director of the S.A. Art Gallery, said to a local journalist: "A couple of your local boys are potential Archi-
bald prize winners”—Boissevain was one of the ones he meant.

Exhibitions:

Hotchin Gallery 1959; The Loft '60; Sydney '61; and other group shows. As well as taking the Helena Rubinstein prize in '61, Boissevain also secured the popular prize by vote for his Marianne in the Supreme Court Gardens Open Air Exhibition in 1956.

Collections:

Collections of C. C. D. Mears, Q.C., G. W. Parbury, and numerous private collections in Holland, England and America. Mural at the Osborne Park Hospital, W.A.; Mosaic Mural Design on the lecture theatres of the W.A. University Engineering School; and Stations of the Cross at the Carmelite Church, Dalkeith, W.A.

Studio:

Greenmount, W.A. (Phone 73 9211.) Works for sale can also be seen at the Adelphi Hotel, St. George's Terrace, Perth.

RHODA BOISSEVAIN (Rhoda Heathcote) was born in England, and studied art in Melbourne with A. D. and Amalie Colquhoun.

Rhoda Boissevain's work is, like her husband's, characterised by the most exact and beautiful drawing. Her most successful pictures are, again, portraits, mainly of children and girls, and the charm as well as the superficial prettiness of her sitters comes over remarkably in her best work. Her Portrait of Pamela Geroff in the '61 Rubinstein was one of the finest pieces of traditional, illusionistic drawing seen in Perth for a long time.

Plate 17 shows Rhoda Boissevain's more impressionistic style; in this oil sketch she has caught a mood beautifully. The child is bored, she does not want to be painted, she pouts. The result is a charming and lively painting, full of character and sensibility.

Exhibitions:


Collections:

In private collections in England, America, Germany, India, and Australia.

Studio:

Greenmount, W.A. (Phone 73 9211.) Works for sale can also be seen at the Adelphi Hotel, St. George's Terrace, Perth.

CYRIL LANDER was born in Melbourne in 1892 and paints part of the time only; by profession he is a restorer of antiques and works of art, and he also teaches. He studied art at Gordon Technical College, Geelong; received personal help with his painting from Sir Arthur Streeton, Harold Herbert, Louis McCubbin, Sir Lionel Lindsay, Will Rowell and Ernest Newbury. He came to Western Australia in 1943 as a Camouflage Officer in the R.A.A.F.

Cyril Lander works mainly in water-colours, and is represented here by The Rock, Plate 11, which hangs in the Western Australian Art Gallery. This painting illustrates his realistic style, and, further, shows the way in which he can use realism to express something beyond the mere appearance of objects. Here we have a feeling about the rock, as well as a picture of it: it sits, immemorial, brooding in the clearing. It seems to be waiting—for what? This kind of expressionistic topography recalls the early, Colonial, period of Australian painting when the feelings of surprise and uneasiness showed through the realistic "record-pictures" of the surveyors, explorers and naturalists. Lander is an excellent craftsman, always; and sometimes, as here, he goes beyond the straightforward craft-work of painting to direct expression of feeling through representation.

Exhibitions:

Has held many exhibitions in Perth, and has won the Hotchin Prize for water colour twice, and the Bunbury Prize for water colour once. Was one of six painters represented in an Exhibition of Oils and Water Colours, in London in 1959. Has exhibited in The Helena Rubinstein.

Collections:

Western Australian and South Australian Art Galleries, and many country galleries in Australia. Many private collections.

Studio:

329 Murray St., Perth. Phone 30 2920)

ROBERT JUNIPER was born at Merredin, Western Australia, in 1929; paints full time and teaches. He studied at Beckenham School of Art, Kent, 1943-47, specializing in commercial art and industrial design.

Juniper is rapidly being recognised as an outstanding artist, both in Australia and abroad: Joseph Pringle, writing in the London Observer last year said of his work, "These are abstractions that would be noticed in an international exhibition anywhere". Juniper has two paintings in the forthcoming Tate exhibition; one of these, Street of Leaves, is most remarkable for its combination of strength, and joyousness of feeling—and it represents the exuberance of his artistic vision in a design of mozartian clarity.
It is unfortunate that we were unable to reproduce Juniper’s work in colour; the illustration, Plate 14, *Landscape, Merredin* gives a fair idea of the design of the painting, but the sophisticated complexity which underlies the deceptive simplicity of Juniper’s works can hardly be appreciated without reference to their colour. As a colourist Juniper is unexcelled, and he is not afraid of pretty shades; this is perhaps his key to his work. Abstract expressionism is often severe, often violent, and sometimes disturbingly infantile-regressive, but Juniper contrives, by the use of luminous colours—golds, saturated blues, lolly pink and powdery pastels—to evoke a mood of pure lyricism; he produces a child’s vision of a dazzling world, but not the childish idioms of representation, the mock-innocent devices of much contemporary painting.

If philosophy begins, as Aristotle said, in wonder, then there is a sense in which Juniper can be called a philosophical painter.

At times Juniper’s work can be strong without harshness, as in his sack collages, and quasi-relief paintings which represent the eroded surface of the Australian Continent, but even in these severe works one finds allusions to the more lyrical style.

In the landscape illustrated there is bareness, a little scrub and a great deal of dust, but no bareness. This note of joy in the world is rare in modern painting, and it is of great value: the unconscious is already a pessimist, and the paintings of doom which we see so often do not always strengthen us against the world, often they merely reduce angst to ennui. The best of Juniper’s paintings affirm the hope that there is for all of us.

**Exhibitions:**


**Collections:**

Juniper is represented in the N.S.W. and Perth Art Gallery collections, the University of Western Australia Collection, the collections of Dr. H. V. Evatt and Mr. Patrick White, the Museum of Modern Art, and various collections in the U.S.A., England and Australia.

The ceramic fountain on the porch of the Perth A.B.C. building is by Juniper; also a mural decoration in the quadrangle of St. Thomas More College in the University of Western Australia.

**Studio:**

Darlington, Western Australia. (Phone 746-233.)

**GEOFFREY ALLEN** was born at Mt. Barker, Western Australia, in 1924; is a teacher of Art, and studied at the East Sydney Technical College (1947-51) where he came in contact with Coburn, Molvig, Stubbs, Doutney and John Rigby.

Geoffrey Allen’s style is difficult to characterise, because he is an experimentalist. *Burning Off*, Plate 10, from the University Collection, represents a conscious cultivation of naïveté: the painter has set himself to see and represent the scene as someone might who had ‘an innocent eye’. The result is an interesting design, and the artist has generated—by means of it—a strong emotional force. The claustrophobic sky works on our sensibilities in such a way that we feel the monotony and narrowness of the life of the figure, whose fate it is to inhabit a great wide vacuum partially filled by the dead trunks of trees which accentuate rather than relieve its emptiness.

Allen says of his own works and *a propos* of this painting: “I have been less and less concerned with realism since *Burning Off* (1957), but know that this recognisable image will always be important to me. The image is very dear to the human eye, and so bound up with existence and experience that it can never be out of fashion. King size Abstract Formalism does not attract me very much, nor for very long.”

**Exhibitions:**


**Collections:**

University of Western Australia Collection, and various private collections in U.S.A. and Australia.

**Studio:**

Mr. Allen is present President of the Perth Society of Artists. The P.S.A. headquarters are above the Skinner Gallery, Malcolm Street, Perth.

**BRIAN McKAY**, born Meckering 1926, is a part-time painter, and is self-taught. McKay’s works are highly sophisticated, and display a strong sense of design: as a colourist he is first rate. He paints landscapes for the most part, highly formal-
ised, and with a remarkable feeling for the texture of paint.

The picture illustrated, Moondine Hill, Plate 13, represents McKay’s technique of reduction of a landscape to pigment; he does not represent, he makes a model, a kind of relief of nature in paint. His art is almost as much kinaesthetic as visual and the contrast of smooth waxed textures with almost crystalline surfaces gives great character and force to many of his paintings.

Exhibitions:
With the Perth Group 1958, ’59, ’60.

Collections:
Represented in the Art Galleries of Western Australia and Sydney; Vancouver; and in collections in America.

Studio:
Darlington, Western Australia.

ERNEST PHILPOT was born in London in 1906, but has lived in Western Australia for fifty years. He is a full time painter and teacher, and is art critic for the Perth Sunday Times. He studied for a year with W. B. McInnes at the National Gallery School in Melbourne (1937), but is otherwise self-trained.

The illustration, Plate 12, The Sleeping Bridge represents Philpots’s realist idiom and the formalisation of shapes recalls the ‘modernistic’ styles developed in Europe between the Wars. The latest work by Philpot is totally abstract, and much of it is action painting: the critic of The Studio wrote of Philpot’s London exhibition, 1960: “... the artist has become involved in the free patterning of pigment by pouring and dripping, much in the manner of Jackson Pollock, but with an expressive force and synthesis of composition that is personal and in its genre tremendously suggestive of primaeval impulses, transcribed in terms of colour and texture.” The “philosophical” intentions behind Philpot’s work may be inferred from his critical comments on the present state of painting: see the Sunday Times and The Critic.

Exhibitions:

Collections:
W.A. Art Gallery and private collectors.

Studio:
21 Fourth Avenue, Mount Lawley, Perth, Western Australia.

TOM GIBBONS was born in England in 1928, and is an occasional painter: he describes himself as “self-untrained”. He is Lecturer in English at the University of Western Australia, and contributor to the art columns of The Critic. The chief artistic influence which he acknowledges is the work of William Scott (see cover picture).

Tom Gibbons is an intellectual painter—perhaps one ought to say an intellectual’s painter. Technically, he is concerned with the exploration of certain basic relations of proportion: emotionally his work expresses certain of the angsts and preoccupations which beset people who think for a living. The surface of his paintings is almost inevitably two-dimensional: their depth lies, if one may so put it, in a kind of intellectual vertigo, a trembling on the brink of ---. We do not quite know: wit covers up, and reticence is preserved.

The illustration, Plate 2, shows an untitled painting, dubbed informally by a critic, Cliffs of Fall (The Critic Vol. I No. 11, August 4, 1961.) Here we have subtle, tense, exploitation of the emotional possibilities that lie in the arrangement of a few simple forms, and the conjunction of a few primary colours. The result is a landscape: of the mind.

Exhibitions:

Collections:
“None”; Gibbons is however represented in the University Collection, in the collection of Dr. Salek Minc, and in a number of private collections in Australia and England.

Studio:
(A few paintings of decorated objects by Tom Gibbons are offered for sale at the Studio of Mr. David Foulkes-Taylor, Crawley Avenue.)

(1) See: “The Australian Landscape” The Critic Vol. 1, No. 11a, September 1961. “Albert Tucker” by Salek Minc The Critic Vol. 1, No. 6, April 1961, “Elizabeth Durack, pictorial tachist”, Meanjin (forthcoming issue), and the remark by Allan Edwards in his “Paradise Regained” The Critic, Vol. 3, No. 4, October, 1962, p. 26, cols. 1 and 2, on ‘images which represent an effort to accommodate to what we fear’: his example is starker, but the principle is the same. The image as introjection or injection has analogues both in our basic psychological development and in curative psychological processes: “The process of healing is similar to that of immunisation by repeated small infections”, Karl Stern The Third Revolution, London 1955, Michael Joseph: p. 220. Australia and New Zealand are still to some degree new countries, even to those of us who are fourth or fifth generation born:
literature splits our sensibilities for us, it deals so much with Europe, and even our seasons are wrong. Eileen Duggan’s “A New Zealand Christmas” expresses the full sense of being an Antipodean: “We have shepherds too now, and stables and a manger. / Had we but one imprint of His little feet. / For my heart goes crying through these days of summer...” New Zealand Poems by Eileen Duggan, London, Allen and Unwin, 1940. This kind of thing has been said often, if not always so well: but truisms are familiar truths, and no less true for being familiar.

Coming to Australia from New Zealand I found it difficult to adjust to the flat burnt landscape, and only the University collection of Nolans enabled me to see the flat Continent: the first reaction was one of simple dislike, and an inability to look. In 1953-54 the Rex Nan Kivell Collection of early New Zealand pictures was shown in Wellington, and there I recognised, for the first time, certain unverbalised feelings that I had about my own country: the first settlers had had them too, and more intensely: the process of adjustment was not complete in three or four generations, and the feelings had merely fallen further to the back of the mind of each succeeding generation. I added these personal notes simply as an earnest that my thesis, oversimplified as it is here, has even so, certain existential grounds to give it authenticity, even if they cannot guarantee its truth.


(4) Review of: Exposition de la Société Internationale des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs, in Les Feuillets de Madame, No. 23 (Date uncertain: sometime after 1933).

(5) I-AC, in a note on Kathleen O’Connor’s exhibition at the Galerie Marseille, in, Combat: le journal de Paris, 22 juin, 1953.

(6) Reproduced on the leaflet “Kathleen O’Connor”, W.A. Art Gallery Monthly Feature, No. 32, January 1961. The W.A. Art Gallery possesses, unfortunately, only one painting by Miss O’Connor.

(7) An anonymous critic in Les Artistes d’Aujourd’hui, No. 1, December 1928: this article contains two reproductions and a portrait of the artist.


(10) A complete list of the books illustrated by Elizabeth Durack is given in the W.A. Art Gallery Monthly Feature Leaflet on the artist: No. 18, 1959.

(11) None of these paintings are in public collections, nor to our knowledge have any reproductions of them been published.

CRUSADERS,
a design for fabric by Helen Grey-Smith.
Original in black, white, terra-cotta and buff. Greatly reduced.
Towards the end of 1949 the late Mr. Samuel Furphy decided that he would like to commemorate his father, Joseph Furphy, the author of Such is Life. Mr. Samuel Furphy had settled in Western Australia in the early years of this century, establishing a foundry with his brother in Fremantle. It was because his two sons had emigrated to W.A. that Joseph Furphy also left his native Victoria and settled down for the last years of his life at Swanbourne, half-way between Perth and Fremantle. Here he built his own house and made most of his own furniture. Mr. Samuel Furphy mentioned his project to Mrs. Henrietta Drake-Brockman (at this time President of the West Australian Branch of the Fellowship of Australian Writers) and she in turn introduced him to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Western Australia, Dr. Currie.

After a good deal of informal discussion in which Mr. J. K. Ewers took an active part, Mr. Furphy gave the University £1,000, and willed the rest of his property to the University except for his father’s house in Servetus Street, Swanbourne, which was to become the property of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, and the furnishings, which were to go to the women's college.

The £1,000 gift was administered as the Tom Collins Memorial Fund by three trustees, the Vice-Chancellor, the Professor of English, and the President of the Fellowship of Australian Writers (W.A.). After Mr. Samuel Furphy’s death in 1951 a further sum of £1,536 and the royalties from Such is Life came to the University. To administer these new funds the Tom Collins Bequest was established under the direction of the same three trustees.

With Mr. Samuel Furphy’s concurrence, the trustees decided to devote £500 of the Tom Collins Memorial Fund to the establishment of a Tom Collins Annual Essay Prize open to all members of the University of W.A. The remaining £500 they decided to spend on the acquisition of some outstandingly good contemporary Australian painting or paintings.

The Tom Collins Essay Prize has now been offered thirteen times. Its value over the years has risen from £15 to £30. Amongst the titles set have been the following:—

- The Novels of Katharine Susannah Prichard
- The Novels of Eleanor Dark
- The Poetry of Christopher Brennan

Vance Palmer’s Golconda Trilogy
Louis Esson’s Contribution to Australian Drama
Rigby’s Romances
The Poetry of Judith Wright
Henry Lawson’s Short Stories
The Poetry of A. D. Hope
The Novels of Patrick White
The Drama of Douglas Stewart
The Poetry of Christopher Brennan
The Poems of Ern Malley

For the painting the trustees sought the advice and the help of the late James Cook, Director of the Art Gallery of W.A. from 1950-1952, and then of his successor, Mr. Laurence Thomas. During 1950-1953 several unsuccessful attempts were made to acquire a Dobell or a Drysdale; then in 1953 we were fortunate enough to find Sidney Nolan willing to part with no less than a dozen of his paintings for our £500.

It should be remarked that Nolan’s offer of these paintings was not altogether fortuitous. When, in 1951, he was returning to Australia from his first visit overseas, he passed through Fremantle and spent five or six hours ashore, during which he was entertained by Ruth and Jimmy Cook. I was invited to join them, and during the course of conversation mentioned that though I had only seen reproductions of them in the magazine Life, I was very much taken by the Ned Kelly series of paintings and thought it would be interesting and amusing to have a similar series painted on themes taken from Such is Life. The idea was to have this series designed for permanent exhibition in the Winthrop Hall. Nolan received this suggestion with great enthusiasm; it turned out that Such is Life was one of his favourite books, and the idea of having an unbroken series exhibited in a hall big enough and handsome enough to house them worthily seemed particularly attractive. As he left he promised to get to work on the panels as soon as he got home to Sydney.

For two years we heard nothing from him: then he wrote saying that he was making preparations to leave Australia for an extended period, that he had abandoned the idea of a series of paintings on Such is Life, but that he had a number of paintings left from the series of paintings of the Queensland outback which was first exhibited in Brisbane and Sydney in...
1949. Most of these paintings, he said, were executed in 1948 as part of a project to publish a book about the old colonial days in Queensland; accordingly they depict a variety of up-country scenes: desert landscapes, deserted mines, ghost towns, dilapidated pubs, and so on—which in spirit, he felt, came very close to the world of Such is Life. After seeing slides of these paintings, we asked to see four of the paintings themselves; and for a couple of months my own room housed The Poker Players, On the Murray, The Perish, and Huggard’s Store. Despite the fact that scarcely anybody who saw the paintings liked them, the trustees, helped by Laurie Thomas’s enthusiasm, took the risk of buying them, and they finally came over to Western Australia towards the end of 1953—unluckily a few months after the death of Mr. Samuel Furphy.

The new acquisitions were first shown for a month in the W.A. Art Gallery. Admirers could be numbered on the fingers of one hand; mockers, scoffers, the puzzled, the indignant, and the shocked were as usual both numerous and vocal; few months after the death of Mr. Samuel Furphy.

The collection made through the two funds now includes fifty-two paintings and a piece of ceramic sculpture by Arthur Boyd. A sum of £200 has also been contributed by the Bequest towards the cost of the mural by Margo Lewers commissioned for the new Engineering School. As the catalogue of a recent exhibition in the University’s Dolphin Theatre indicates, almost all the paintings represented were well under forty years of age. Amongst the paintings and lithographs in the collection are several painting by West Australians (their names are underlined in the list which follows).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Painter</th>
<th>Painted</th>
<th>Painter’s Age at Time of Painting</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Geoffrey Allen</td>
<td>1957</td>
<td>34</td>
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<td>Charles Blackman</td>
<td>1957</td>
<td>34</td>
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<td>Charles Bush</td>
<td>1959</td>
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<td>Lawrence Daws</td>
<td>1959</td>
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<td>Leonard French</td>
<td>1954</td>
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<td>Sam Fulbrook</td>
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<td>Tom Gibbons</td>
<td>1960</td>
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<tr>
<td>Guy Grey-Smith</td>
<td>1962</td>
<td>28</td>
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<td>Robert Juniper</td>
<td>1960</td>
<td>32</td>
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<td>Brian McKay</td>
<td>1956</td>
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<td>Sidney Nolan</td>
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<td>John Passmore</td>
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<td>Arthur Russell</td>
<td>1959</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Williams</td>
<td>1957</td>
<td>29</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Durack</td>
<td>1955</td>
<td></td>
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A series of paintings on aboriginal themes...
The most recent acquisitions have been the set of eight lithographs by Nolan on the theme of *Leda and the Swan*, and Fullbrook's *Girl with Orange*.

The exhibition of thirty of the paintings in the Dolphin Theatre last August as part of the Arts Festival allowed the general public to see for the first time the range and the quality of the collection and to form some idea of the aims of the trustees in so far as these are revealed by their choice of paintings. As yet, unfortunately, the University has no gallery to house and display a permanent collection. Paintings hang in lecture-rooms, seminar-rooms, the Library, the corridors, the students' coffee-lounge, Staff House, and some of the studies of the staff. Whilst there is something to be said for meeting paintings in one's day-to-day working conditions, it is also true and regrettable that the interested student has to be very persistent to discover where all the paintings are, and the visitor with only a short time at his disposal will find the task still more baffling. Until it is possible to assemble most of the paintings in one easily accessible gallery it will also be difficult to provide any critical introduction to them in the form of lectures or discussions, which might form for some of our students the starting-point for a more active and intelligent exploration of art generally. In our rapidly expanding University we expect to see the early establishment of a Department of Architecture, and from this we may hope it will be only a short step to the beginnings of a Faculty of Fine Arts in which the Departments of Music and Architecture might join forces with a School of Theatre Arts, all of them well provided for in new buildings that will include a permanent theatre with galleries for the plastic arts attached to it.

Cyril Brown & Patrick Hutchings

Architectural Challenge

The Churches of Mgr. J. C. Hawes

THE pleasures of architecture cannot be had in new countries; antiquity is denied us, our own architectural greatness lies somewhere in the uncertain future, and we live among buildings which imitate other times or other places, or both.

We must become connoisseurs of modern architecture if we can; or of pastiche and imitation. This second, Betjemanite, discipline affords its own kind of pleasure to its adepts. Australia has a little eighteenth-century or Regency architecture, a lot of nineteenth-century gothic revival, a great deal of anonymous building, and a few good pieces of contemporary architecture. The eighteenth century and the modern styles are self-authenticating, and so to a degree is the gothic revival: the rest stands or falls on its chance merits—if we can find any criteria by which to judge them.

Western Australia has a collection of buildings by Monsignor J. C. Hawes which present what may very well be a unique exercise in Colonial connoisseurship. To dismiss them as mere oddities would be pusillanimous. To extol them as great architecture would be absurd. To praise them simply because they are part of the little best we have would be to shirk the issue of judging their merits; and, even if this is to pre-judge the matter, we think that these merits are considerable.

In this article we are concerned to introduce the buildings, and the problem, to a wider public.

The Collection comprises Geraldton Catholic Cathedral, the Catholic churches at Carnarvon, Northampton, Nanson, Bluff Point, Morawa, Perenjori, and Carnamah, Utakara Cemetery Chapel, and a miscellaneous collection of buildings, including two hermitages in the Geraldton...
These buildings range from the “antique” pastiche of Mullewa (see photograph) to the simplicity and essential functionalism of Perenjori, with its high nave, steeply roofed aisles and shallow clerestory lit by four circular windows on each side.

It is clear from the buildings which he left us that Mgr. Hawes was unashamedly an eclectic. It is also clear that he had, besides his undoubted enthusiasm, religious and architectural, a spark of the originality, the flair, that separates out the artists from the mere practitioners of architecture. His cemetery chapel at Utakara is conceived in a modernistic idiom, which fits its period (1936), and it is perhaps the most distinguished exercise in this style in the State. There also exists in the Geraldton Cathedral archives a scale model of a church by Hawes in what was, in the ‘thirties, the fashionable and up-to-date mode. The church was to have been a great flat-topped shoe-box (of brick and plaster?), buttressed between flat-topped aisles which present rounded ends to the façade, itself austere and pierced by plain, massive full-height ‘lancets’ of a modernistic shape, and surmounted with a Crucifixion group (with the B.V.M. and St. John) placed, eccentrically, on the right-hand side of the central mass. Considerable imagination would be needed for an architect to conceive this, and Mullewa, both. And Hawes must have been an extraordinary man to design these two buildings with equal sincerity.

His sincerity is, we think, vindicated by Mullewa, a pastiche which ought, a priori, to be no better than an oddity—an ecclesiastical London Court!—but which somehow justifies itself, with its complex, unexpected shape, romantically sprawled like the Reluctant Dragon on a great flat slope of red clay, in a small, prosaic country town. In moments of enthusiasm one is tempted to compare Hawes with Gaudi: of course he cannot bear the weight of the comparison—who could? But there is in Hawes at least something of the spirit which animated the great Catalan who asserted the Organic and Romantic principles in architecture in the face of Rectangular orthodoxy.

The romanticism and the modernism of Hawes fuse in a remarkable way in his Cemetery Chapel. The box-like shape of the building was intended to suggest a coffin, and the four gargoyles at the corners to represent poles for the pall-bearers to carry it on. This romantic, emblematic conception resulted in a very successful formal design, and the decorative use of rainspouts predates by twenty years the famous spout of Ronchamp.

In the pictures of the Cat Island Hermitage which Hawes built in the Bahamas (1940-41), there is a little of the “feel” of Arthur Bailey’s design for the Cathedral of Christ the King, Liverpool which secured third place in the recent competition. Such eminently respectable parallels tend to reassure one in one’s conviction that this strange, rather lonely, rather eccentric priest-architect had in him more than mere wilfulness or oddity, and that he was indeed animated with the authentic fire of the creative artist. And Geraldton Cathedral is a more moving building than almost any other ‘imitative’ cathedral we have seen: we can pray in it.

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JOHN C. Hawes was born in 1876,8 at Richmond (near London), to pious Evangelical Anglican parents, but seems early in life to have been attracted by ritual, Anglo- and Roman Catholic, and by the ideal of Franciscan poverty. He was educated at The King’s School, Canterbury, and studied architecture at the R.I.B.A. Schools in London. In 1898 he submitted his first work to the Royal Academy, and in the same year became attached to the Anglo-Catholic persuasion in the Church of England. He entered Lincoln Theological College in 1901, and was later ordained; in 1908 he joined Abbot Aedred Carlyle’s Community at Caldey, adopting the religious name of Brother Jerome. In 1908 he went to the Bahamas as assistant and architect to Bishop Hornby, but in 1911 he underwent a second religious conversion, this time to the Roman Church, which forced him to relinquish his cure under Bishop Hornby, though the two remained on the most friendly terms. After a short period in Canada, as a labourer on the Canadian Pacific Railways, John Hawes went to the Beda College in Rome in 1912, to prepare for the Roman Catholic priesthood. In 1912 he became a member of the Third Order of Francis, and in 1915 was ordained priest, in the Lateran Basilica. In 1915, also, he met Bishop Kelly of Geraldton, and became a priest of his diocese. Although he came to Australia to be simple Parish priest, Hawes’ talent and training soon added to his duties the job of diocesan architect.

From 1915 till 1920 Fr. Hawes was a ‘bush priest’ (Mount Magnet parish), visiting his widely dispersed flock on horseback and sleeping each night in a different settlement. In 1920 he went on a visit to England, returning to Geraldton later in the same year to resume his priestly and architectural labours in the diocese. He became a great breeder of horses, and once jockeyed his own mount to win the Geraldton Cup: his parishioners at Yalgoo used the cup for taking up the church collection on Sundays.4

Fr. Hawes continued his strenuous parochial duties, going his rounds on horseback accompanied by his dog Domini, and he attended to
the architectural work of the diocese for a further nineteen years, with a break in 1933 for another trip to Europe. For part of his Australian period Fr. Hawes was parish priest of Mullewa, and he built most of the Church and the Priests’ House with his own hands.5

In 1937 Fr. Hawes was made a domestic prelate, and assumed the style of Monsignor. By 1939 the certainty had grown upon Mgr. Hawes that God willed him to return to the Bahamas, to the work which he had begun in his Anglican days, and to the hermit life which he had always believed to be his vocation; his two hermitages in Western Australia, at Geraldton and at Morawa, bear testimony to the intensity of his conviction that his vocation was eremitical. In 1939, October 16, Mgr. Hawes left Geraldton for the Bahamas, and ended his Australian sojourn.

From 1939 until his death on June 26, 1953, Mgr. Hawes, who resumed the style Fra Jerome, lived mainly on Cat Island in the Bahamas, where he built his own hermitage and his own tomb, and evangelized and ministered to the local people. To this period belongs the friendship with the Duke of Windsor—with whom he appears to have had long conversations on the subject of dogs.

The whole of Fra Jerome’s life was devoted to a practical service of God, to the arduous and unromantic duties of the priesthood, Anglican and Catholic, and to the building of churches. He was, as one can see from his biography, a man with a share of the greatness of spirit which marks out some men for the special service of God, and in his buildings one can see evidences of his conviction and sincerity. Whether these are buildings of the first rank is another thing: the aesthetic and the spiritual categories are separate. But there is both in the man and in his works, something that demands our respect, and that shames mere curiosity and idle regard.

THE following is a descriptive list of the West Australian buildings of Mgr. Hawes. They have been arranged in order of importance, a dangerously subjective procedure; the sketch map shows their geographical locations, and should enable anyone who wishes to see these buildings for himself to plan an itinerary. Visitors to the State are advised to consult the R.A.C. or the Tourist Bureau for information on the state of the roads: the roads to Yalgoo and Tardun, for instance, are not easily negotiated by light cars. However the main churches can be visited quite easily in a three- or four-day visit—if one omits Carnarvon—and without leaving the bitumen road. There is at present, as far as we know, no hotel at Mullewa, the old one having been burnt down.

## CHURCHES

### Mullewa (1920-3)

The church at Mullewa is mentioned first because it is the one most deeply imbued with the spirit of the architect, summing up his ideals, and bearing witness to his thorough eclecticism. He not only designed it but built it with his own hands (1920-3) and was its parish priest for over fifteen years. Little wonder that one feels that one breathes his spirit just as surely as in Assisi one does that of St. Francis. One of the only two books which Monsignor Hawes wrote is a small descriptive guide to this church which concludes, “If a church carries an atmosphere of prayer and induces . . . an uplifting of the soul, so that merely to enter within its portals helps people to pray—if everything around seems to emphasise the fact of the Divine Presence . . . then, and then only, can the building be said to fulfil its purpose”.7 And to this standard the Church of St. Mary, Mullewa, lives up.

Secondly, this church is the one in which Hawes uses light and shade best (especially in the sanctuary and the baptism) making it the most successful of all his interiors. Thirdly, it is the church which Monseigneur Hawes described as signifying “Antiquity”, an effect achieved partly through his use of rough unplastered stone walls (and which the recent necessary introduction of a wooden ceiling has not been able to destroy), and partly through the massive sweep of great “Romanesque” Arches, and partly through an overwhelming mixture of styles and furnishings. Of the five altars, that of the Holy Rood, with its flamboyant gothic reredos, was the most beautiful until its effect was lessened by the introduction of a large mass-produced madonna. Note also the large paschal candlestick, a permanent crib, and a “squinch” through the thick wall to enable the
bell-ringer to see the Elevation of the Host at the high altar. Perhaps the greatest beauty of the exterior is the West Front with its seven massive pillars of wisdom, surmounted by eleven beautifully carved panels portraying the seven sacraments.

St. Francis Xavier’s Cathedral, Geraldton (1916-35)

This, the church which Monsignor Hawes designated as signifying “Solidity” is placed second because its exterior is the most striking of all his Australian buildings. Externally, its architecture is predominantly Californian Mission, its twin towers being practically a copy of those at Santa Barbara, though its dome is humbly reminiscent of Brunelleschi’s one for the Cathedral of Florence. The great central doorway is French Romanesque, and the cone-roofed round tower at the N.E. corner could have come from an early Renaissance château: this whole N.E. complex presents a very curious but highly successful blend of traditional form and modernistic treatment. Inside there is almost as much a riot of styles as at Mullewa; but the general effect, though a little disappointing after the exterior, is nevertheless uplifting, with touches of grandeur; notice especially the great unfluted Norman columns of the nave, supporting round arches, and the four great arches beneath the octagonal dome. The zebra striping on walls and arches is reminiscent of Siena cathedral and the use of two tones of grey with pink-buff produces a most harmonious effect. Note the Canons’ stalls in the apse, the altar of the Twelve Apostles in the north transept, the two cribs, one of them specially constructed to use both natural and artificial light, the crypt where the second crib is found, and the unobtrusive stations of faintly tinted bas-relief. The sanctuary and altar have the numinous feeling characteristic of the best of the Catalan churches: the fine timbered ceiling of the sanctuary is so designed that, in the morning light at least, the beams seem to form a crown of thorns over the altar. The polychrome wooden crucifix with the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John, and the splendid gilt-wooden candlesticks are characteristic of Hawes’ designs. Notice the painted baptismy with its little fresco.

Utakarra Cemetery Chapel (1936)

Situated about 1½ miles from Geraldton on the right hand side of the road to Mullewa, the exterior of this Chapel with its plain whitewashed walls of plaster over brick, has partly the effect of Spanish Mission and partly that of a contemporary building. The interior, in which Monsignor Hawes’ use of light is second only to Mullewa, has an arched brick ceiling, many Romanesque cement arches painted red and white (though the colour is peeling off), many wrought iron grills painted black and gold, and a very simple altar. The overall effect is at once homely and majestic combining simplicity and awe. An apt emblem and reminder of death. Notice the fine, flat, painted crucifix in the Eastern or Early Italian manner, painted by Hawes himself. In front of the sanctuary grills, and covered by a mat, is a metal sheet bearing a self-executed brass of the architect—for this sacellum was designed to be his own tomb, and was one of the many renunciations which he had to make when he felt the call of St. Francis to return to the Bahamas and become (he hoped) a full-time hermit there.
Perenjori (1937)

The Church of the Holy Cross at Perenjori is noteworthy for the severe simplicity of its high altar, surmounted by a gigantic stone baldacchino supported on two massive columns, Christ and the Twelve Apostles being carved along its front. The general effect is best described as 'neo-Egyptian'. Note also the massive paschal candlestick with a lectern hewn out of it. The exterior is unlike any other of Hawes' buildings. A corrugated iron or asbestos roof replaces his usual cordoba tiles. The clerestory is lit by porthole-like windows. The west façade, which was completely plain except for a large round window and a Norman portal, has recently been given the dubious addition of a wooden cross in the intervening space.

Northampton (1936)

St. Mary's Church, Northampton, lives up to its designation by the architect as signifying "Simplicity". This is largely due to its neo-Gothic style, and its situation, with the west end on the lower side of a slope. The entrance is above steps, and surmounted by a very long and narrow window. The severity is relieved by a conetopped round tower, a green tiled roof, and the architect's usual green shutters over the full-length of the windows of the side aisles. The best points of the interior are the side "aisles" with their round arches, the clerestory of long windows, and the light shining down on the high altar's throne from two long very narrow windows.

Carnarvon

The Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea at Carnarvon, some 300 miles north of Geraldton, bears the architectural designation of "Simplicity", justified by its plain smoothed stone, its simple lines and its uncorrugated iron roof. The main beauty of the interior is the effect of indirect light from various windows (including two long ones similar to those of Northampton) shining on the altar with white candlesticks and no retables. One can be a little doubtful, however, about the value of a pale blue dado on the stone walls and the recent addition of flowers painted on the front of this simple altar.

Morawa (1933)

The Holy Cross Church, Morawa, uses the local stone (yellow, chocolate, brown and pink), red cordoba tiles (so typical of Spanish mission architecture), green-painted shutters externally, with little wooden double-doors internally to all windows, and wooden doors with iron grills at the west end (for the purpose of allowing visitors at all hours without any danger of sacrilege), all devices repeatedly used by Hawes. The sanctuary has a roof of zinc painted white. The interior, with its walls of blue and white stripes, and stripes on the architraves of doors and the arch over the high altar, is, like Geraldton Cathedral, somewhat reminiscent of the churches of Siena and Pisa.

Bluff Point (1937)

The Church of St. Lawrence, some two miles out of Geraldton on the right hand side of the road to Northampton, is cruciform (as Hawes' churches almost always are), built of the local stone, and dominated by a central octagonal tower with a flat dome. The interior, however, is most disappointing.

On the left of the road the Anglican Church of St. George is by another architect, Eales, but seems to show a little of the influence of Hawes though it is fragile, sweet and light, while the latter's work tends to be sturdy, severe and heavy.

Nanson Convent Chapel

Built of the local stone and recently extended without any jarring note, the exterior is worth a glance—especially for those who have not seen Morawa or Bluff Point. The interior is, however, unimpressive, being used mainly as a schoolroom.

Kojarena

This church is also built of local stone; but it is unimpressive, the interior being poorly furnished and little used.

Yalgoo Convent Chapel

This, which was reputedly beautiful once, is now a shambles, best seen, if at all, by twilight.

Carnamah

The exterior is a second-rate Carnarvon; and the interior so re-modelled that no relic of the original architecture is left.

OTHER BUILDINGS

Nazareth House, Geraldton (1940)

It is the most impressive of Hawes' remaining buildings, its main beauty being the massive, controlled, severity of the design, with four corner towers and four façades of double arches broken by four central gateways. The central courtyard of fine proportions is worth a visit.

C.B.C. Geraldton (1936)

Its west front is a very good example of a public school of the thirties.

St. John of God, Geraldton (1936)

A well, if unexcitingly, designed hospital.

Priests House, Mullewa (1920-23)

Designed and built, like the church, by Hawes.
himself; its chief external beauty the cloisters
with their plain round arches.

The Hermitage, Morawa
Built of local stone like the adjacent parish
church, its main beauty is the interior which, with
its simple domed ceiling, a fireplace surmounted
by a crucifix moulded out of the concrete mantel­
piece, small windows and cupboards, leaves just
room for a table, chair and bed.

The Hermitage, Geraldton
Though a trifle ersatz, being externally like
an English country cottage, and internally boast­
ing the musicians’ gallery of an English baronial
castle, it deserves restoration and would make an
excellent Hawes museum. It was built by the
Monsignor as a place to end his days
as a chaplain to St. John of God Hospital, and
the main post of the gallery stairs once bore an
effigy of his fox terrier, Dominie. Alas, both
Hermitage and dog were to be given up, like the
tomb in Utakara, when he left for the Bahamas.

Melangata Homestead
To the traditional Australian station homestead,
Hawes has merely added a Norman tower, some
dormers used for ventilation, a few archways, a
little gem of a chapel, and the arrangement of
two breeze-ways to give a cruciform effect.

The Convent, Tardun
Another example of Hawes’ adaptation of the
Australian homestead, here a two-storied one, to
his own ideas and objects.

The Farm School, Tardun
The plans that Mgr. Hawes drew up for this
were never quite followed, his great central tower
being omitted, while the building of a chapel at
right angles to his great south front in 1961 has
definitely diminished its effect.

“All illustrated in the booklet Centenary of the
Catholic Church in Western Australia—1846-
1946: Service Printing Co., Perth; presumably
1946. Pages unnumbered.

(1) A local Perth “sight”: somewhat resembles
Liberty’s in London, and has a copy of
Liberty’s clock.

(2) Mgr. Hawes’ own views on architecture can
be found in Liturgical Arts, 1950 (published
by the Liturgical Arts Society Inc., 7 East
42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.) in a long
article entitled “Scratchings of a Cat
Islander”. Quoted in Anson (cf. note 3
below), p. 162. The views are shrewd and
to the point.

(3) Cf. The Hermit of Cat Island by Peter
Anson (London, Burns & Oates, 1958). This
life of Mgr. Hawes includes illustrations of
his Australian buildings (Bluff Point, Mull­
ewa, Geraldton Cathedral, and Northampton)
as well as of buildings by him in England and
the Bahamas. The list of Western
Australian buildings given by Anson in his
Appendix, p. 208, is not quite accurate:
Wiluna (“Willina”) and Three Springs should
both be ‘starred’ as they were not in fact
built. Nanson Convent is probably not
by Hawes, and the church at Carnamah is. See
sketch-map.

(4) Anson, p. 71.

(5) Cf. Anson, p. 67: and for a description of

(6) Utakara Cemetery Chapel had been intend­
ed by its builder to be his own tomb.

(7) Souvenir of the Church of Our Lady of Mt.
Carmel and S.S Peter & Paul, Mullewa, West
Australia. City and Suburban Print, 386-7
Hay St., Perth, Western Australia; undated,
22 pages, unnumbered, illustrated.

Epitaph For A Failed Free-Verse Poet

Hic jacet a poet, Floruit unknown;
Now a universal melody in bone.
The soft rustlings of the worms give out
The harmonies his verses flout,
And, when they’ve analysed their while,
Will leave the pattern of all style:
Austere, rhythmically compact, and neat,
His only narrative at last complete.
Pray for him beneath this stone—

J. M. S. O'BRIEN