In commemorating the centenary of the end of the First World War, as a Nation we have often been reflecting on the bravery of the men and women involved in the conflict. The pivotal role of animals in the war is somewhat overlooked. The quality of entrants this year was especially high. This is not only the opinion of the judges. The packers, the photographers and the hangers all commented on the quality of the art works. We have another new venue this year, and we hope that you enjoy a different experience with this exhibition. We have selected an interesting variety of subjects, formats, artistic styles and mediums that the artists have used to interpret those values of loyalty, respect, love of country, courage and comradeship reflected in the Club’s creed. In some cases this spirit has been depicted in quite unique ways.

The Judges have chosen Melbourne artist Martin King with his mixed media work ‘War Pigeon Diaries’ consisting of seven open notebooks containing beautifully intricate prints of carrier pigeons that were used during WWI and WWII to carry vital messages behind enemy lines and for aerial surveillance. I will elaborate on our decision at the presentation.

Martin is widely acknowledged and highly awarded as one of the leading printmakers in the country. He has had over 50 solo exhibitions throughout Australia and has exhibited in many group exhibitions both in Australia and internationally. His work is held in major public and private collections including British Museum London, National Gallery of Australia, National Gallery of Victoria, Art Gallery of NSW and Parliament House, Canberra. He has a particular fascination with birds and flight. He has worked in such varied location as Antarctica and outback Australia. This is the first time Martin has entered a work in the Gallipoli Art Prize Competition.

The judges also highly commended ‘Sunrise Service Richmond NSW’ by Michael Lodge whose father was a POW in Burma and ‘Under Cover of Darkness’ by Geoff Harvey who won the Gallipoli Art Prize in 2012 with his work ‘Trench Interment’.

The committee would like to especially thank Brian Perry and the staff at the Harbour View Hotel for their generosity, patience and all their help without which the exhibition would not have been the success that it is.

John Robertson
Chairperson, Gallipoli Art Prize Committee
(On behalf of the judges)
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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.

JUDGES
Jane Watters
Barry Pearce
John Robertson
John McDonald

PHOTOGRAPHY
Sowerby Smith

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The Gallipoli Memorial Club Limited, 12-14 Loftus Street, Sydney NSW 2000, Australia
For further information: www.gallipoli.com.au
The ‘bloom of youth’ is a phrase that is often used to describe those who answer the call to arms in times of war. Many soldiers have been very young when they have fought and sometimes made the ultimate sacrifice. This painting associates that ‘bloom’ with the floral emblems of each State, Territory and the Commonwealth of Australia – symbols of the localities from all over this country that soldiers have called home. These are the places - and the nation - that they have loved and sought to protect.

Floral Emblems:
- Commonwealth: Golden Wattle
- NSW: Waratah
- Tasmania: Tasmanian Blue Gum
- Victoria: Common Heath
- Queensland: Cooktown Orchid
- NT: Sturt’s Desert Rose
- WA: Kangaroo Paw
- ACT: Royal Bluebell
- SA: Sturt’s Desert Pea
Belinda Bathgate

“Awas Tintola” Our Loving Hearts

Mixed media

180 x 190 cm

“Awas Tintola” began to evolve when found in a bible belonging to my Grandmother late last year there was a War Comforts Post Card of 1917 placed at Psalm 144, a ‘Soldiers Prayer’. Written at the front of the bible, ‘Francis Hore’ ‘1912’. Hore, my Grandmother’s adopted name.

Following this find, my research located records of a Major Leslie Francis Standish Hore, who served at Gallipoli, and whose Gallipoli watercolours are now held in the State Library of NSW.

“Awas Tintola” (in N’flk language) came as a response to my initial finds, honouring the service heart of individuals, relationships, family, community.

My colour palette: Influenced by Hore’s Gallipoli images.

The view: Imagined, with combined perspectives inclusive of cliffs, valleys, barren earth, beach.

The 151,126 circles: Represent one approximated total of all deaths at Gallipoli.

Backstitching: The names of the honoured Norfuk Alien men who served at Gallipoli with Australian and New Zealand Imperial Forces, and the song still sung when an Islander passes.

Dedicated to all those who create to escape PTSD, something without which I could not live.

Belinda Bathgate

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“Distant Inheritance” is about the increasing difficult task of reconciling the experiences of young Australians with the values we imbue in our historical narratives. As each subsequent generation layers its own meaning onto the events of the Gallipoli Campaign, the relationship between the real soldiers and the values we wish them to represent becomes blurred. As the distance between our lived experience and that of the ANZACs’ widens, it becomes vital that commonalities are celebrated.

I want this painting to represent a generation struggling to see beyond historical clutter and into the timeless pursuit of comradeship, courage and peace.
Inspiration for my work came through the words ‘love of country’ in conjunction with lines from Henry Lawson’s poem On the Night Train:-

“Have you heard the grey Bush calling from the pine ridge overhead?”

I have imagined a very young soldier, who, during any quiet time on the battlefield, is engulfed by thoughts of his home and family. Filled with homesickness, he is enveloped by impressions of the familiar bushland which he loves. The image of a favourite tree by a local bush track, the smell of damp leaf litter, the drone of cicadas – he experiences all these and more, while in that desolate and alien war zone.
This is a passage from the poem ‘Dulce et Decorum Est’ by Wilfred Owen. It flawlessly captures the birth and horror of this particularly brutal and indiscriminate form of warfare and was the inspiration for this painting. The tendrils of Owen’s poetry are so far reaching, so important that I hope this image acts as the spark to explore more of his work. Wilfred died on the Western Front a few days before the end of the war.
David Hayes

Eternity

Synthetic polymer & resin on aluminium
120 x 120 cm

A shot to the heart
The beauty of release
Everyone he every loved
Every soldier since deceased

The hum of summer
The blood red heat
The clumps of poincianas
Hover on Brisbane streets

The clarity of impending pain
To those who know him well
Replaces his fading senses
As his chest begins to swell

Courage and fear is euphoric
In the moments before you die
The scarlet fronds of blood unfurl
Under a clear blue sky

He took one for the team
And this will be his legacy
Weighing on our memory
Forever in Eternity
Serving Australia in the armed forces is never without cost. The consequences may not be glorious. They may make us uncomfortable. The experience of Corporal Tevita Ba Daunibau is one such example.

Tevita served for 12 years, including deployments to Timor and Afghanistan. He was wounded many times, but the greatest blow was a roadside bombing which killed his close friend and comrade. Te's Grandmother says 'He was never the same.'

Tevita was discharged in June, 2015. Profoundly traumatised and adrift, he joined the Rebels bikie gang. Within six months he had killed another gang member and shot himself.

PTSD and the end of service left a profoundly negative legacy. Like many before him, Tevita sought comradeship in the wrong places.

I will still remember and honour the loving warrior who served others. Thank you, Tevita, for your service.

Let's pay attention to the ravages of PTSD on Australian veterans. Because not all casualties of war are on the battlefield. 1

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1 8.3% of ADF members will have suffered PTSD in the last 12 months (compared with 5.2% in gen pop)

Nearly half (46%) of Vets who left within 5 years experience a mental disorder. (According to a government report in April 2008). The suicide rate of veterans is 13% higher than the general population. (www.defence.gov.au)
I saw this bagpiper in the ANZAC DAY parade a few years ago. His white hair and beard, sturdy body, and a little grief in the eyes left a deep impression. I tried to mix the charcoal, colour pencil and acrylic on the canvas to present the image of the Bagpiper in my work.
Deeply anchored in the maritime history of WW1 my painting depicts Mudros Harbour (Lemos Island) at night. Here a large naval fleet is preparing for their departure to the Dardanelles & eminent landings on the Gallipoli peninsula. Battle ships, transport vessels, mine swipper & hospital ships are ready & waiting for the orders to leave. With the ANZAC soldiers onboard preparing for the first stage of their ill-fated deployment. Officers & men were informed that “they were soon to undertake one of the most difficult tasks any soldier can be called upon to perform” by Lieutenant General Birdwood and that they were warned “to expect shelling, but that was part of the game of war & we must stick to it no matter what”. Chilling advice for a young inexperienced army about to embark on their first campaign. Words, I’m sure, stirred deep emotions as these brave ANZAC’s prepared to sail into history.
Glen Preece
The End of War
Oil on canvas
51 x 61 cm

Floating the figures from that iconic photograph of a sailor kissing a young woman at the end of WW2 creating an almost Chagall feel, I wanted this painting to show joy and hope for the future. No particular place and no particular war.
I have given the sailor an Australian uniform but the kiss remains universal. One hundred years since the end of WW1, the war to end all wars, I felt this message is as important today as it ever was.
While writing this I hear on the news that George Mendonsa, the sailor in the photograph had just died.
Wykeham Henry Kobe Freame (1885?-1941), adventurer, soldier, orchardist and interpreter, is believed to have been born on 28 February 1885 at Osaka, Japan, though on his enlistment in the Australian Imperial Force he gave his birthplace as Kitscoty, Canada. He was the son of Henry Freame, sometime teacher of English at the Kai-sei Gakko in Japan, and a Japanese woman, Shizu, née Kitagawa. As he was fluent in Japanese and spoke English with an accent it is likely that he was brought up in Japan.

Freame probably came to Australia in 1911 and enlisted in the A.I.F. on 28 August 1914. He was posted to the 1st Battalion as a private, he embarked for Egypt.

On 25 April he landed at Anzac Cove. He was awarded one of the A.I.F.’s first Distinguished Conduct Medals for ‘displaying the utmost gallantry in taking water to the firing-line although twice hit by snipers’. He was mentioned in dispatches for his work at Monash Valley when Charles Bean described him as ‘probably the most trusted scout at Anzac’.

On 15 August he was wounded during operations at Lone Pine and was evacuated to Australia. He was discharged as medically unfit on 20 November 1916.

Freame settled on the Kentucky estate in New England, New South Wales, when the estate was subdivided for a soldier settlement scheme. With the outbreak of World War II he offered his services to the Australian Military Forces and in December 1939 was planted among the Japanese community in Sydney as an agent by military intelligence. In September 1940 he was appointed as an interpreter on the staff of the first Australian legation to Tokyo.

Early in April 1941, however, Freame returned to Australia because of ill health and was admitted to North Sydney Hospital suffering from a severe throat condition which greatly impaired his speech. He died on 27 May and was buried in Northern Suburbs cemetery with Anglican rites.
The title of the painting is ‘Lest we Forget’ and the rationale behind why I painted the solitary soldier was to show him as a representative of those who fought for our country and, in the brevity of time on the warfront, met their demise and never came home.

I used the second verse of Flanders Fields to emote the concept:

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
Scarcely 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.
Binyon’s poem, ‘For the Fallen’ contains that familiar passage speaking of the endurance and sacrifice of war, itself referenced in the memorial sculptures of C.S. Jagger, an artist who served at Gallipoli and on the Western Front.

An interpretation of Jagger’s sculpture ‘The Driver’, from the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne, seeks to evoke several symbolic virtues, from the angel, to the crucifix, to the Vitruvian man. This immortal, powerful presence of the driver is tempered by the integration of his ageing, reflective, perhaps contemporary counterpart.
Egypt played an important role in the World War I effort for Australian and New Zealand forces. It was a place where the First Imperial Camel Corps Brigade (ICCB) was formed and trained. From a small beginning the unit eventually grew to a brigade of four battalions. Many Australian light horsemen joined this brigade, familiar with horses they easily adapted these skills to working with camels. Camels worked well with soldiers and the diggers admired their stamina and adaptability.
War can be envisioned from two sides: the ones who fight and the ones protected by the fighters. This painting illustrates the multifaceted nature of war through its contrasting shades, opposing items and influential positioning. The subtle background of colours of greys and green allude to the common colours of warfare camouflage, furthering the eye to be drawn to the focal mid-front objects and instilling a sense of discovery to the viewer. However, upon closer examination of the background, a shard of an army fighter jet emerges. This shard depicts the way in which war can cause death and damage to people and contrasts the vibrant red and yellow fruits that are seen as whole and full of life, exposing the light side of war, the side that signifies protection of its people. This motif of people is continued through the tilted hat: indicating a head bowed in honour of a fallen comrade who was once dedicated to serving their country. Hence, the hat is encased in dark green to provide a greater disparity towards the vivid shades of the fruits.

Lastly, the central positioning of the camera draws the eye to wonder what is seen through its lens.
In response to the soldiers fighting in war I have painted a Labrador as a symbol of calm. My painting called “A home away from home” indicates that before the soldiers went to go and fight they would have the dogs by their side to make the experience less stressful. I have used a range of colours the reds and the browns symbolise what is going on in the battle ground and the yellows and the bright colours symbolise happiness. The medium that I have used is acrylic paint and my painting is not meant to be surreal but rather to be a bit more abstract. My canvas size is 50cm by 40cm as I didn’t want this image to be overpowering.
There have been 100 VC winners from the Boar War through to Afghanistan. I could have depicted any of them because they all displayed unprecedented bravery in the face of an enemy, winning our highest decoration of valour. I chose to honour our very first VC recipient in WW1 and our 100th. I have appropriated the service portraits of Albert Jacka and Cameron Baird into their war zones to humanise how ordinary but exceptional these men were. They resisted and controlled their fears in most extraordinary ways.

Albert Jacka had minimal training before landing in Gallipoli. During trench fighting Jacka skirted the enemy trench attacking them from the rear. He shot 5, bayonetted 2, and caused the rest to retreat.

98 years later Cameron Baird’s commando company was assigned for search and clearance of a Taliban stronghold in Afghanistan. Baird drew the enemy fire away from his team 3 times neutralising the enemy which allowed his team to gain an advantage. Baird was killed in the effort but he saved the lives of his team through his actions. He was awarded his VC posthumously.
This image and its making are somewhat representative of current work. This work in particular is a coalescing of a wide range of influences; from murals of Marabout (holy men) in Mali to key Early Buddhist and Zen Texts. The early texts are the major force in my work where they describe our human condition as like being on fire.

The figure is deliberately representational in terms of its weight and implied movement. This is a body that the viewer can readily recognise and in some way relate to. It is hopefully not a romanticised or valourised image, even as it is gilded. The interpretation of its physiognomy is vitally important as a contrast to the gilt. ‘Soldier’ is an attempt to represent a figure after the hell of conflict, in a paradoxical field of gold.

The painting started as a trace of a figure that was sketched using a data projector. The sketch is transferred onto corrugated cardboard that was then gilded and shellacked. The surfaces were then painted with flame, using several accelerants as well as phosphorus and sulphur compounds, and of course, blowtorches.
Although the legal age for conscription in Australia was 18 with parental guidance, there were many boys that gave false ages in order to join as soldiers. As a result it was impossible to gauge the numbers of underage enlisted.

Jack Harris, 15, the youngest Australian soldier to be 'killed in action' arrived at Gallipoli on the morning of a Turkish assault that would come to be known as the 'Battle of Lone Pine'. His rifle and bayonet was taller than he was, he would not return.

This painting of a boy soldier seeks to reflect the innocence and naivety of many boys that set off for 'the excitement and adventure of the war to end all wars'. An innocence soon stripped by the brutal reality of war, that they were there to kill or be killed, and quickly.

I have painted the boy soldier’s face with sunlit accents, golden, as if he was squinting into a setting sun - the setting sun a metaphor foretelling of the fading light of lives soon to be lost.
Lynne Mullane

Enjoying the Sunshine

Acrylic on linen
80 x 80 cm

My grandfather, Charles Leslie Webster (Les), served in the First Australian Imperial Force as a Light Horseman in World War I in the Middle East. My father, Lorne Leslie Webster served in the Second Imperial Force in World War II as did two of his brothers Charles James Webster and Roy John Webster. My painting ‘Enjoying the sunshine’, is based on an old photo from Les’ photo album which depicts him (left) and a friend relaxing in the sunshine. I do not know where the photo was taken (possibly in Cairo) but I like the fact that even in war, soldiers could enjoy simple pleasures and camaraderie. Les was wounded in battle and did suffer throughout his life as a result of his injuries. On return to Australia after the war he married and raised five sons. I often wonder what he thought when three of them were sent to fight in WW II. I’m sure he and my grandmother, Cecelia, would have been deeply concerned and certainly relieved when all three safely returned home.

In the painting, I wanted to capture a joyful moment where the young soldiers were at ease with their mates. Through mateship, our soldiers were able to endure.
On the 10th of June 1916, the men set out from their defensive line on the Suez Canal, to destroy water supplies in the Wadi um Mukashib.

Taken from a very pixilated black and white photo of the event.

The bearing and dignity with which the soldiers carry themselves is evident in their posture and facial expressions. They clearly took pride in what they were doing and still are an inspiration to many generations after them, now and in the future.
Pigeons have been used in warfare as far back as the Roman Empire. In WWI and WWII pigeons were frequently used to carry vital messages to, and from behind enemy lines. My work refers to the resourcefulness and spirit of army personnel who with great affection and care, worked with homing pigeons. The birds were never considered expendable. They were considered integral to the war effort and were treated as heroes in many cases. Camaraderie was not only between war personnel but extended to the many animals including the beloved pigeons, that were employed in the service of war. My research led me to discover that pigeons were trialled for aerial reconnaissance and were parachuted behind enemy lines and onto battlefields and used extensively for intelligence and communications. The work is presented as a series of diaries. Diaries can convey a sense of the intimate and the personal. I have found soldier’s personal accounts from the field, in the form of diaries and letters, have always been compelling reading. They can be an insight into the forgotten stories.
Max Berry
Red Poppies
Pil on Poly-cotton
58 x 76 cm

“A field with flowers offers a kind of mental clearing that in some way informs a sense of clarity.”
For me war is a shadow falling across humanity but within each soldier exists a part of that sun still shining far away in a country that they must one day hope to return.

Whenever I read about or see photos of the landing at Gallipoli I am overwhelmed by the enormity of the organisation required for everyone to even just be there that day.

But even greater is the determination, courage, perseverance and comradeship of all those involved that was given honestly and without reservation hugging within a hint of the light for the future.
War is never two-sided and for those who haven’t experienced it firsthand, it is easy to make assumptions. One of the assumptions for me was the climate of military manliness. Fortunately, having had the privilege of hearing personal accounts of war both past and present, it was the extreme loyalty and friendships that provided a buffer in an unfamiliar world, the comfort, companionship and comradery that would be the anchor on which these men would depend in their darkest times that would become pivotal to the context of my work.

Anthropologists say soldiers form substitute kin networks, creating deep bonds that for some are never experienced before or after the war. Losing friends in battle, withdrawing and leaving kin behind, is incomprehensible to me. They suffered horrendous and ongoing losses. I have heard it said that ‘grief is the weight of the one you hold’, if that is so, then what is the weight of all those who have been lost?

The true measure of war is its profound and often dramatic response to it and if friendships are a product of their time and place, then this moment that I wish to share with you is a sacred one.
Michelle Hiscock

Blood and Fire, Caterpillar Crater:
in memory of the Battle of Messines, 7 June 1917

Oil on linen
61 x 46 cm

A year after making a detailed plein-air sketch of the majestic tree guarding over the serene waters of the Caterpillar Crater, I explored the composition further in this painting which began in somber sepia tones and was conceived as preparation for a final work recreating the moody grey Belgian sky and the vivid green shades of spring time I remembered.

The present painting evolved from this near-monochrome stage when I woke up one morning, inspired to add a layer of pure translucent colour, an emotive response to the tremendous carnage that took place here a century ago. Only later I found the following eyewitness account which matches in words my painter’s inspiration to an uncanny degree:

‘There rose out of the dark ridge of Messines ... and that ill-famed Hill 60, enormous volumes of scarlet flame throwing up high towers of earth and smoke all lighted by the flame, spilling over into fountains of fierce colour,’ - Sir Phillip Gibbs

There is nothing like actually sketching at the site where history is made but distance and memory also play their part in bringing past and present into a poetic synthesis.
In recent years I have attended Dawn Services at Woy Woy NSW, Richmond NSW, Windsor and last year at Gisborne in VIC. My father was a POW who returned from Burma and I have empathy for “returned” soldiers (servicemen and women). Attending the Dawn services in country towns is a delight to see the goodwill and respect by all ages for our “services” I have tried to capture some in my painting “Sunrise Service Richmond NSW” (with shadows).
This painting is shaped to express something of the structural forces at work surrounding the scene memorably portrayed by the First World War artist, H. S. Power. The original painting depicts officers convening on horseback above the village of EsSalt prior to the raid. I have chosen to float this group of men and horses into a shaped space displaying lines of tension and a folding of the space in an effort to signify both the dignity and pathos in the advance and retreat that took place between the 27th March and the 2nd of April 1918.
I have had no family member fight in the Gallipoli Campaign but have been a regular attendee to Anzac Day Marches from when I was a young boy in the Scouts in Brisbane and my troop used to do the Flag ceremony at our local shrine. On a recent trip back to Brisbane I randomly came across the building “Limbless Soldiers Association Building” in Merthyr. The word limbless made me think about what it could have meant to have been a Soldier in the Gallipoli Campaign.
Since seeing the documentary about the Krait on the ABC the story has stayed with me. I wanted to convey with this painting my impressions and interpretation of the Krait.
The long perilous journey in this small camouflaged vessel is testament to the resilience and bravery of the men in the Z Special Unit. Against all odds, successfully carrying out this daring military raid with basic equipment under the cover of darkness.
Over 12,000 allied prisoners, of which 2,646 were Australian, died building 415km of the infamous Thai-Burma Railway from Ban Pong to Thanbyuzayat from June 1942 to October 1943. Casualties among Asian civilian labourers were worse with approximately 90,000 deaths.

Overall, this equates to around 250 people dying for every kilometre of track & bridge or an average about 200 people per day!

Not many photographs of burials of WW2 Australian prisoners of war exist so this scene has been painted to appear like a black & white photograph, simulating history, showing what would have been a frequent occurrence every day during the building of the railway.

On an artistic level this painting is a representational tonal figure study from the imagination.
This painting depicts Australian soldiers returning home from war, loyal and battle fatigued Diggers who have completed their duty at war for the Commonwealth. The young men face a welcoming homecoming but uncertain future after years of trench warfare.

The men carry a flag with the word “victory”, which is bathed in a hopeful golden light, yet their exhausted composure and the melancholic mood of the scene reflect the emotional toll of their endeavour. Nobody understood in the days after WW1 the harmful impact on returning soldiers of combat fatigue, then referred to as “shell shock” and today known as Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). The young soldiers depicted here may or may not be traumatised, yet they are clearly moved by their experiences. Strengthened by close friendships founded in war, their primary concern is to reunite with loved ones at home.

Recalling a human procession depicted in Goya’s series of Black Paintings, the soldiers here walk as a group, emerging from a dark background towards the viewer. A group of field nurses on the left of the painting suggests a safe homecoming, yet the soldiers’ time abroad has been marked by horror and disillusion.

This is an image of young men who left Australia each with their individual dreams and expectations, and who are returning as one, bonded forever by their shared wartime experience.
When researching a subject for the Gallipoli Art Prize, I was inspired by the Mehmetcik Monument sculpture; its meaning and the story of a Turkish soldier carrying an Australian soldier in the Dardanelles Campaign. The Turkish soldier raised a white flag to carry a wounded Australian soldier to Australian lines and returned to his side before fighting again. The monument depicts loyalty, courage, respect and spirit whilst in battle and its realistic form gives you a feeling of strength. I enjoyed the challenge painting the colours and texture of this solid bronze statue and trying to portray its rustic qualities. A friend visited the location and photographed the statue and supplied me with the photographic reference material to complete the painting. Whilst I have not been fortunate to visit Gallipoli as yet, my wife and I are inspired by the historic stories and hope to visit it in the near future.
Enduring the oppressive heat of summer in the odorous trenches and the infestation of unwashed clothing, soldiers in their hundreds at Gallipoli were often forced to take risks in sight of the enemy for some respite at the beach of Anzac Cove. Through appalling hardships and lack of personal privacy, together soldiers on all levels of command abandoned inhibitions to refresh their bodies and wash some clothes.

In my painting the calm sparkling water belies the dangers, as in these circumstances under occasional shelling and sniper fire many were wounded or lost their lives.
My father passed away last Christmas. Like other veterans his story had been buried with him into the history. Colors on their faces also faded into black and white like those photos we saw in our history books. Who would remember their courage and pain of leaving their loved ones if we did not leave these memories in their portraits.

We also need to be reminded of their spirits, spirits of Anzac in times of crisis or hardship. Those spirits we still can see during cyclones, floods and bushfire. Australians come together “to rescue one another, to ease suffering, to look after one another, and to let the victims know they are not alone”.

My father’s passing urges me to finish portraits of his age. His eyes were hidden in one of the sketches and smiling to me and you now.