

Gallipoli 2022

art Prize



Gallipoli Memorial Club Museum Fund Inc



GALLIPOLI

Art

PRIZE 2022



On 25 April 1915, the ANZACs landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula in the Ottoman Empire. The aim was to break the stalemate of the Western Front by capturing the strategic port of Constantinople. The campaign ended in failure on 19 January 1916, with the evacuation of the ANZACs.

The Gallipoli Campaign is remembered as a significant event in Australian military history. It was the first time Australian soldiers fought overseas and it resulted in the birth of the Australian War Memorial in Canberra.

The Gallipoli Campaign was a major military operation during the First World War. It was a failure for the Allies, but it was a success for the ANZACs. The ANZACs showed great courage and bravery during the campaign, and their actions are remembered by the Australian War Memorial.

The Gallipoli Campaign was a turning point in the war. It showed that the ANZACs were capable of fighting a conventional war, and it established them as a fighting force. The Gallipoli Campaign is remembered as a significant event in Australian military history.

The Gallipoli Campaign was a major military operation during the First World War. It was a failure for the Allies, but it was a success for the ANZACs. The ANZACs showed great courage and bravery during the campaign, and their actions are remembered by the Australian War Memorial.

The Gallipoli Campaign was a turning point in the war. It showed that the ANZACs were capable of fighting a conventional war, and it established them as a fighting force. The Gallipoli Campaign is remembered as a significant event in Australian military history.

GALLIPOLI

PRIZE 2022

Judges' Report

One year later and we are still getting 20,000 Covid cases and double figure deaths per day. Looks like we are still a long way from getting out of this wood. We were unable to have our exhibition at Merrylands again this year, but thanks to the generosity of Property NSW and the International Convention Centre Sydney we have been able to receive, store and judge entries and to use a very suitable space not dissimilar to our own sandstone building, a former bond store to mount the exhibition. We will be proceeding with our virtual exhibition again so that those Club members, artists and general public unable to physically visit the historic Rocks District (Tallawoladah) will still be able to enjoy the art works online.

Entries were down some 10% on last year but comparable or higher than previous years. The standard was also exceptionally high, again with many very good works not making the final cut. I was impressed with the use of unique mediums including 2 in glass. I encourage artists thinking of entering in the future to think more broadly and consider the special qualities contained in the Club's Creed outside of military themes.

This year's winner is DEIDRE BEAN "Along the ride to Damascus". Oil on Canvas in her usual style of meticulous detail, it depicts a "O8 Pattern" sword, its scabbard and leather bound riding crop as used by the Australian Light Horse. The charge of the 4th Australian Light Horse at Beersheba late in the afternoon of 31 October 1917 is remembered as the last great cavalry charge. This was the first time that the Battalion were to be used purely as cavalry. What is not well known is that they rode with their bayonets drawn. The Turks who faced the long bayonets held by the Australians did not consider there was much difference between a charge by cavalry and a charge by mounted infantry.

Following this decisive victory, at their own request, nine regiments were armed with swords and rushed through cavalry training. In the subsequent 11 months they were used to great success at various battles including, Samakh, Quneitra, Megiddo, and contrary to T.E. Lawrence's claim, it was indeed the 8th, 9th and 10th Australian Light Horse Regiments who were the first to ride into Damascus in the early hours of 1 October 1918.

Deidre Bean (PhD) is a highly awarded and widely exhibited artist. She is best known for her intricate detailing and subtle graduation of tones in botanical specimens. Her works have been shown in galleries all over Australia, New Zealand, England, Taiwan and America. She has even been commissioned by Australia Post for a series of postage stamps. Since visiting Gallipoli in 2013 she has included found objects and military subjects in her repertoire, much to our benefit. She was highly commended in our competition in 2020 and was chosen for the catalogue cover last year.

Highly commended is GEOFF HARVEY "Lest we forget (4 seasons)" Acrylic on board on 4 panels. It depicts the memorial in Rawson Park, with Stockton Beach as the backdrop. The work shows the passing of seasons and coal ships. The memorial was un-veiled in 1922 and is inscribed with the names of 272 local men who enlisted in WWI some of the same men also in WWII. (A big effort from such a small community.) The Memorial has been updated to include WWII, Korea, Malaya and Vietnam.

The Committee would like to thank Property NSW and the International Convention Centre Sydney, especially Natalie Gedeon, Research and Curatorial Officer, Major Venues and Steve Singles, Senior Asset Manager, Major Venues and all the staff who have assisted and supported us in the preparation and conduct of this year's competition.

John Robertson

President, Gallipoli Memorial Club

Chairperson, Gallipoli Art Prize Committee

(on behalf of the Judges)

Contributing artists

NAME	TITLE OF PAINTING	
Andrew Tomkins	Tarakan 45	1
Anthony Swan	And the Earth shall have it all	2
Christine Wrest-Smith	The Messenger	3
Clare Llewelyn	The Night Quilt	4
Deirdre Bean	Along the ride to Damascus WINNER	5
Frankie Morgan	Wild Clefing, you I Sing	6
Geoff Harvey	Lest we Forget HIGHLY COMMENDED	7
Ian Morton	Life and Limb	8
James Powditch	Empire	9
John Klein	Jack Klein	10
Jon Field	Toby's Diary - letters to my Mother	11
Julie Hutchings	The Anzac Spirit Shines	12
Kally Arnold	Who Dares Wins	13
Karl Romandi	Show and Tell 1952	14
Kevser Ugurlu	Restless Hope Syndrome	15
Lara Balog	Digger	16
Lee Porter	Aboriginal Soldier	17
Lori Pensini	The White Feather - Coward or Courage	18
Michael Ryan	Price of War	19
Penelope Oates	A way through	20
Philip Meatchem	The Frontline Worker portrait of a Fuzzy Wuzzy Angel	21
Robert Hammill	Coming Home	22
Rodney Forbes	Able Seaman John Henry Jarrett, RAN	23
Rosalind Friday	Cricket on Shell Green	24
Ross Townsend	Wars End	25
Shirin Amirbeaggi	There is no Difference	26
Shirley Jenkins	The Walers	27
Sylvia Leech	Embracing the Dawn	28
Sylvie Carter	Surveyors of Merauke, PNG	29
Trenna Austin	Thundered Through & I Saw Them Coming but not as a Trot	30

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

Elizabeth Fortescue

Jane Watters

Barry Pearce

John Robertson

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sowerby Smith

VIRTUAL GALLERY

Luke Banfield of Balderdash Films

SPONSOR

The Gallipoli Memorial Club Museum Fund Incorporated

HOST

International Convention Centre Sydney
Property NSW

PRESIDENT

John Robertson

The Gallipoli Memorial Club Limited, 12-14 Loftus Street, Sydney NSW 2000, Australia

For further information: www.gallipoli.com.au

This exhibition is available on line at

www.gallipoliartprize.org.au



ANDREW TOMKINS

Tarakan 45

120 x 120cm

Ink, enamel, crayon on polyester

My memory of a story as told.

I choose to document real comments conveyed to me by past service people.

It is these simple recollections, never recorded, that with the passing of time are lost forever.

Ross Smith 2/3rd Pioneers, spoke one day about the difficulty of sleeping in the forests of Tarakan “no sooner had you nodded off than the darn monkeys would wake us up”

In this work the monkeys represent the horrors, the daily nightmare of not just surviving but trying to lead a normal existence in a war zone.

Sadly Ross is no longer with us, but I can only hope that this work helps to memorialise his service to us all.



ANTHONY SWAN

And the earth shall have it all

Oil on canvas
90 x 121cm

The idea for this painting was inspired by the Italian poet Cesare Pavese.
The earth does not see a uniform, or hear a soldier's dying words.
It does not feel a mother's grief or sense a family's despair.
"Victory", "Defeat" and "Country", are muffled sounds scattered by the winds.
In the end, the earth will welcome us all.



CHRISTINE WREST-SMITH

The Messenger

Oil on linen
112 x 112cm

The Purple poppy was introduced some years ago, to signify the contribution of animals great and small during the Great wars.

It is a symbol of remembrance of the animals that number in their millions, whose sacrifices and deeds played such an important part during the conflicts. 16 million animals alone were used in WW1.

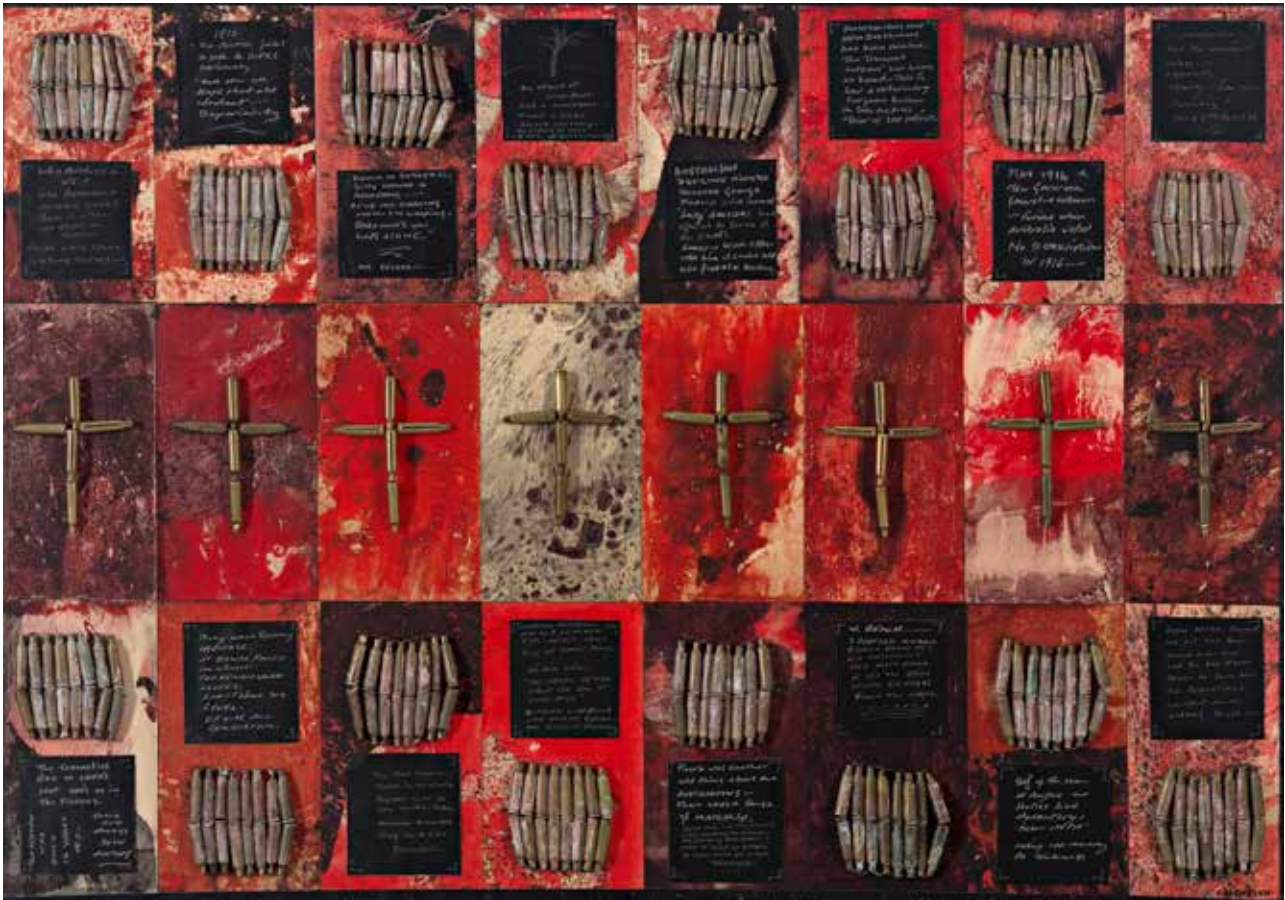
Horses, Camels, Donkeys and Mules were used in transport and carrying supplies as well as Medivac for the wounded.

Dogs were trained for search and rescue, and used as ammunition guards and scouts for land mines.

Cats and Dogs were used in trenches and on ships to protect food stores from vermin, Mice and Canaries for detecting poison gas.

A range of animals were present as pets and mascots, for much needed morale of their human comrades. The unconditional loyalty of a pet must have been an enormous comfort during the dreadful hardships of war.

Pigeons were imperative for communication during the war, as messengers. It is for this reason that I chose the pigeon in the form of a harbinger of peace as the subject of this work.



CLARE LLEWELYN

The Night Quilt

Mixed media canvas base
96 x 131cm

Quilts have historically been memory diaries, sewn in geometric patterns.

This quilt also conforms to the geometric features of a quilt, but here the evocatively painted rectangles have superimposed platoons of stitched together bullet cases and engraved lead squares.

Lead is already identified as deadly.

Lead is imbued with death.

The central motif is a row of bullet case crosses reaching out in a seemingly infinite line.

The lead squares are sewn and engraved with factual information about the Gallipoli Campaign.

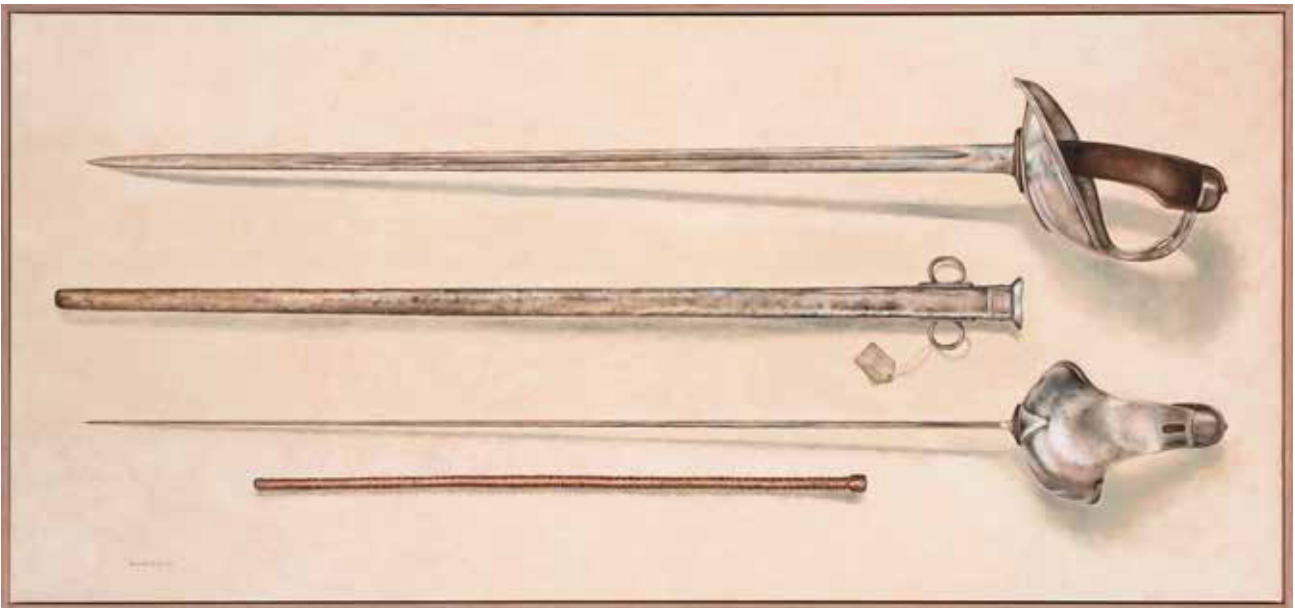
The quilt is edged with an engraved lead ribbon.

Such a quilt is a painful companion after all wars.

Sleep torments with images best forgotten; but they surface unbidden anyway.

It takes courage to sleep...

It takes, companionship and sharing to bear the burden of this quilt.



DEIRDRE BEAN

Along the ride to Damascus

Oil on canvas
58 x 120cm

In 1918 following the battle at Beersheba, allied forces including Australian Light Horse battalions advanced towards Damascus, the last stronghold of the Turks. At this time, the Light Horse, at their request, were issued with swords requiring weeks of intensive cavalry training adding to their existing impressive skills. Historians have written of the battle at Quneitra on 28th September where The Australian Light Horse, with swords drawn, attacked the Circassian cavalry, killing, wounding and taking prisoners. Two days later, the Light Horse charged the Ottomans 'with the sword' causing the terrified enemy to turn and run.

Today, this Light Horse sword, scabbard and leather-bound whale bone whip are stored safely and securely, and presented only on occasion. It has been my art practice in recent years to rediscover items such as these: precious, meaningful items that are locked away and in danger of being forgotten. My ambition is to 'relove' them by bringing them briefly into the light and, with careful handling, reimagine them in paint on canvas. This sword now has a new alternative life. The stories it evokes are retold, conversations are had, and information shared. We remember, lest we forget.



FRANKIE MORGAN

Wild Clefting, You I Sing.

Acrylic on linen
91 x 110cm

The first line from “Night” by Georg Trakl about World War One “Wild clefting, you I sing.” Expresses the personal fissures serving in war creates. I ask the question, are these indelible marks handed down to the children and grandchildren?

In this painting, Janet Sutherland tells me her family story. Both of her maternal grandparents served in World War I. John Murray and Kit Dawson met in England while they were serving. They had one child, June. They stayed married but only spent holidays together. Their combined war experience had a profound effect on June, and then on her and John Sutherland’s nine children.

In this painting I seek to use colour and compositional choices to describe how a family tells the story of war service and sieve through its effects. Commemorating war service can cut out the fuller picture, of how the effects continue to play out upon their loved ones. The areas of epigenetics and psychology explore this scientifically.

I seek to poetically render Janet Sutherland grappling with her legacy, as a descendent of a soldier and nurse who served in war.

Silkin, Jon (ed.). First World War Poetry, “Night” p227



GEOFF HARVEY

Lest we forget (4 seasons)

Acrylic on board
160 x 120cm

The lists of brave men who have paid the ultimate sacrifice are inscribed on the bollards of all War Memorials throughout Australia.

With soldiers above standing sombre, silent & respectful as they reflect on the passages of time and the years of life they were denied.

Deeply etched on their faces are the ravages of this time.

These stone warriors are fading & their memories are becoming distant in the shadows of grief forgotten.

The seasons come & the seasons go, as the years pass but these statues continue to hold their posts steadfast & reliable as silent sentinels of remembrance in an ever-changing landscape.

Lest We Forget



IAN MORTON

Life and limb

Acrylic on canvas
123 x 91cm

My Pop passed away when I was nine years old. Pop fought in the WW1 battle of Bullecourt In France, where he lay wounded for days in the snow. Due to the serious nature of his wounds and frost bite, his leg was amputated.

I have many wonderful memories of this gentle, six-foot-tall man who never spoke about his time spent at war. The most vivid image that lingers in my mind, is that of his wooden legs, (In later years they were made of fibreglass). These prosthetic legs would be found perched in a corner or leaning against an old cupboard.

Having only one leg didn't slow my Pop down one bit, he was always doing something: on the roof repairing tiles or mowing the lawn. After his wife passed away, he didn't wear the wooden leg so often, preferring to scoot around with his crutches.

Miss you pop.



JAMES POWDITCH

Empire

Acrylic on board
105 x 184cm

All Empires rise and fall, and for a while there Australia's fate was tied to that of the British. Whilst Federation gave us our independence it was beyond question that we would follow the British lead into WWI, such was her stamp and sway on our national identity. In this work a faded stamp or watermark of the Union Jack is overlaid over old Australian butter box panels, a Hans Heysen Australian landscape print and a fragmented idyllic beach scene, all representing that historic connection, and one, that though fading, is still a part of who we are.



JOHN KLEIN

Jack Klein

Oil on canvas
40 x 50cm

This portrait is of my son Jack, a platoon commander in the Royal Australian Army Medical Corps. He had just become a commissioned officer as a part of the “COVID cohort”; soldiers who had been rushed through their training to take part in Operation COVID-19. This training involved long hours learning the intricacies of leadership and orders, punctuated by extended stays “out-bush” in the rain and cold of Holsworthy Barracks in Western Sydney. I painted Jack staring resolutely but optimistically, capturing the determination he demonstrated in his military training and willingness to assist his nation as it needs him. Proudly emblazoned across his chest are two “pips”, denoting his recently acquired rank of Lieutenant. The intricate, hard-edged detail of his uniform is contrasted against the billowy softness of the clouds in the background, hinting at a brighter future for Jack and the nation.

Jack follows in the footsteps of his pop, Eric Klein, who was a Lance Corporal in the 2/18th Australian Infantry Battalion who fought in World War Two in The Pacific Campaign. Eric was captured and held by the Japanese in the notorious Changi prison camp in Singapore. He survived this ordeal and lived to the age of 90.



JON FIELD

Toby's Diary – Letters to Mother

Acrylic and paper on hardboard
180 x 122cm

This work is devoted to all the Men and Women who did not come home from the Great War.

Back in 1975 I found a diary in the rubbish in Chatswood.

This artwork follows the path of a young 22 year old man, as he goes to fight for his country in the Great War in 1916.

His letters sent back to his mother were carefully bound into a small gold edged book. Precious memories of a mothers only child:

“My dearest Mother we are at present in the front-line trench. I will not be a coward. Goodbye my own Mother your devoted son Toby”

On the night of 16, August 1916 the young man Pte Arnold Drysdale Savage, no. 3255 was in the front line when a piece of shell cut off this left arm above the elbow and at the same time broke his leg near the thigh.

Reading his pocket bible, he passed away in the knowledge of a glorious death for a righteous cause.



JULIE HUTCHINGS

The Anzac Spirit shines

Mixed media on canvas
76 x 60cm

The slouch hat and rising sun badge are the epitome of the Anzac spirit...it is very much part of my family history. My father wore one when he served in WW2 and my son in the reserves.

In 2018 I travelled to the battlefields of WW1 to France & Belgium as an art project. My two great uncles both indigenous never returned from the war. Christopher Gage is buried in Belgium and now after being identified 103 years later his brother Charles has a proper grave with headstone instead of his name on the memorial wall at Villers-Bretonneux.

For this art prize, I glued extracts from a book titled "Walking with the Anzacs" to primed canvas. I wanted the hat to stand out as weathering the horrors of war, however I wanted the Rising Sun badge to stay shiny & bright as if representing new beginnings and hope for the future.



KALLY ARNOLD

Who Dares Wins

Acrylic on canvas
120 x 80cm

As she waited for her turn to lay the wreath, she looked across at Poppy. She hoped he would be as proud of her as she was of him.

He looked across at his granddaughter and knew that what he dared to do meant this is ultimately the prize he won.



KARL ROMANDI

Show and tell 1952

Acrylic on board
30 x 38cm

The story is passed on.

Anzac Day eve seventy years ago Miss Baxter's 4B class was told the Anzac story of bravery and sacrifice and how Australian and New Zealand brothers went to help England's war a long way away.

Understanding the world and freedom by a nine year old is unclear but battles and war seem so exiting.

The ever-present wall painting of the Gallipoli landing, the globe and Alan's grandfather's medals, souvenir artillery shell casing, together with the background sounds of the cadet parade nearby at the Intermediate Boys' High School, an atmosphere of immense awareness joined into the story telling.

For me, homespun memories and stories of war torn and troubled Europe a second time especially of family loss and displacement sadly suggested the inevitability of war conflict will continue yet with another generation.

So it is that despite huge war time human loss and destruction of property there remains the need to be ever vigilant and to be prepared to defend freedom in the brave spirit of Gallipoli.

Miss Baxter's lesson is passed on.





KEVSER UGURLU

Restless Hope Syndrome

Mixed media (watercolor, gouache) on paper
73 x 70cm

This painting drew inspiration from an Anzac soldier who survived and found himself in a particular village at the battle of Gallipoli.

The work is abstracted as the feelings associated with his story are not visually tangible and using symbolism of line, colour, shape and texture I capture the complexity of a moment of confusion, displacement, anxiety, and chaos.

Upon visiting the 'War Museum' in Canberra I found myself for the first time on the side of the 'enemy' as a Turkish citizen.

I felt deeply the grief, and broken lives on both sides of war as a commonality that traverses across borders and continues in ongoing conflicts that create displacement. Using imagery of soldiers combined with bright and dark colour and tone, I reflect on the past and look to the future. Hope becomes the key to survival.



LARA BALOG

Digger

Acrylic on canvas
91 x 91cm

A hero like no other.

Digger, a brown and white bulldog, was once a stray. Many years later, he became a recognised hero and was awarded Australia's first Blue Cross Award for his service on the front.

Wandering the streets of Broadmeadows, Digger came across the Australian troops who were undergoing their training. Deciding to befriend the soldiers and his future owner Sergeant James Harold Martin, Digger accompanied the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) to both Gallipoli and the Western front where he served three and a half years. It is estimated that Digger went over No Man's Land 16 times to deliver food to the wounded soldiers. He was a carrier of written messages and throughout his service, Digger was shot in the jaw, wounded and gassed at Pozieres, blinded in his right eye and deaf in the left ear. At the sound of a gas alarm, Digger would go to the nearest Australian soldier to have his gas mask fitted. In 1918, digger returned home as the last war dog allowed back in Australia.

I will never forget Digger's story. For as long as I live his bravery will inspire me.

Thank you Digger for your loyalty and service.



LEE PORTER

Aboriginal Soldier

Acrylic and emu feathers on canvas
67 x 77cm

My painting is a tribute to the young Aboriginal soldiers from Cherbourg Aboriginal Community, who fought in WW1. Many young men joined up to help defend their country even though they were not recognized as Australian citizens back then. They came from squalid conditions in detainment camps but still had a strong sense of 'country'. These young men fought along side our Australian soldiers and allies, and some carried pieces of bark in their tobacco tins as a reminder of home.

Many Aboriginal men and women serve in our armed forces now but the soldiers from WW1 were ground breakers, proving that this was their homeland, and they were going to fight, even with post-colonial views and conditions placed upon them.

Lest we forget - Aboriginal Soldiers



LORI PENSINI

The White Feather - Coward or Courage

Oil on linen

59 x 54cm framed, 40 x 35cm unframed

The divisiveness caused by the first world war went well beyond the front line. The able bodied men left behind who did not volunteer for service were looked down upon as cowards and women were advised to 'not grant your affections to stay at home men, but to save a warm place in your hearts for the boys fighting for the future honour and freedom'. The men were sent white feathers as a symbol of their cowardice, to scorn their failure to be 'real men'. A number of feathers were sent to young men in my great grandparent's shire of Woondanilling, a small wheat and sheep community in rural Western Australia, with the committee president saying 'the Empire was better served by the growing of wheat than by the handling of rifles'. Many women endured years of hardship when left to tend the farmlands and feed their young families singlehandedly without hardy men. It would of taken a gallant measure of courage to choose land over country against the glamourised war propoganda campaigns of the times.



MICHAEL RYAN

Price of War

Acrylic & mixed media on paper
48 x 61cm

The 'Price of War' is inspired by the broken fighting spirit of returned soldiers. The image depicts a forlorn soldier who has lost his left ear with partial loss of vision in his right eye. In some respects, it is difficult to know whether he is looking at you or through you. These injuries are a lifelong haunting reminder of the physical and mental trauma he suffered. Whilst he is revered as a hero, at what cost the price of war? The artwork was inspired by the mental trauma suffered by soldiers such as my grandfather, Captain Peter Aloysius Ryan who served with the Australian Imperial Force during WW1. Whilst the physical battle may have ended, the mental battle was just beginning. The artwork incorporates a photograph of my grandfather's commemorative medal.



PENELOPE OATES

A Way Through

Soldering iron and acrylic on board
92 x 92cm

The beauty of the Burma jungle seen from afar or even from above belied its treacherous nature for those that were unfamiliar with its terrain as Brigadier Orde Wingate and his men the 'Chindits' were.

I tried to imagine how Wingate's men must have felt when they were finally able to look up at the small patches of sky and see the white parachutes with supplies attached coming down through the canopy of the jungle. A sight to behold that would ultimately save them from a most formidable non-human enemy-the diseases that the jungle offered up such as malaria, dysentery, septic jungle and starvation.

The Chindit narrative can be viewed as a universal reminder of the strength of the human spirit in overcoming hardships and being able to find 'a way through'.



PHILIP MEATCHEM

“The Frontline Worker.” Portrait of a Fuzzy Wuzzy Angel

Charcoal and acrylic on paper
120 x 183cm

Where would we be without the frontline workers and first responders?. Even today these brave and compassionate people put themselves at risk in order to help others in need.

The New Guinea tribesmen and women played a huge part in assisting our diggers on the Kokoda Track and other campaigns during the Second World War.

This is a portrait of just one of so many, from a photograph taken in 1944. He’s around 20 years old and it was said that in ten years’ time, through tireless work, he’ll look like an old man of eighty.

*“May the mothers of Australia
when they offer up a prayer
mention those impromptu angels
with their fuzzy wuzzy hair.”*

Excerpt from a poem by Sapper Bert Beros, A.I.F.



ROBERT HAMMILL

Coming Home

Oil on canvas
65 x 76cm

The TSMV Manunda was requisitioned and converted to a hospital ship being commissioned on May 25, 1940, after which she operated four voyages to the Middle East to bring back wounded troops to Australia. On February 19, 1942, during a bombing raid whilst she was anchored in Darwin Harbour, and despite her highly prominent red cross markings on a white background, she was hit by a bomb which exploded down on C deck killing 12 and injuring 157 others. After the Japanese surrendered HMAS Manunda was dispatched to Singapore to repatriate POW's [Prisoners of War] from the infamous Changi Prison, of which my wife's uncle was one who like many others, endured the hell of Changi. My painting depicts Manunda arriving in Sydney harbour on October 27, 1945 with those POW's coming home.



RODNEY FORBES

Able Seaman John Henry Jarrett, RAN, 2022

Oil on canvas, text panel
 30 x 60cm

John Henry ('Jack') Jarrett joined up at the outbreak of World War 2, aged 18. His ship, HMAS Perth fought with honours in the Mediterranean and the Far East before going down fighting, beside USS Houston, against a huge Japanese invasion fleet off Java.

Interned at Changi prison, Singapore, then brutally enslaved for years on the Thai-Burma 'Death Railway', he was transferred by ship, running the gauntlet of US submarine attacks, to Fukuoka, Japan. There he survived further slavery in a coal mine and intensive US bombing. At length freed, he was trans shipped through the radio-active ruins of Nagasaki to Melbourne, where he recuperated and was demobbed, aged 25.

The loyalty, respect, love of country, courage, comradeship and sacrifice of the Thai-Burma Railway prisoners of war is legendary. Jack exemplified them as the unassuming and courteous man I remember for his sense of humour and generosity. He overcame massive trauma to live a useful and full life and to me, he was a model for the best a man could be.



ROSALIND FRIDAY

Cricket on Shell Green

Acrylic on canvas
90 x 70cm

The Australian Lighthorsemen were pictured playing cricket at Gallipoli on one of the few areas of level ground held by the Anzacs on the Turkish Peninsula, Shell Green. In what was possibly the first match of Twenty20, the game was organized as a diversion while preparations were being made to evacuate 105,000 men from the battlefield in December 1915.

The area was under constant surveillance from higher Turkish positions, and the game was eventually abandoned when players came under attack from shell fire.

This show of bravado, along with other diversions to convince the Turks that the full complement of Anzacs were still in their trenches, allowed the Allies to slowly retreat with minimal casualties. Certainly the best planned operation of the tragic eight month campaign.

Today the area contains the Shell Green Cemetery, which includes the graves of 408 Australians. It's a peaceful place today.



ROSS TOWNSEND

Wars end

Oil

87 x 54cm

My painting 'Wars End' depicts life in Australia in 1947 just after WW11. The scene is a morning in Market Street, Sydney and the hustle and bustle of people walking the street on their way to work. The general mood is very happy and positive as life is recovering from war. I was inspired to paint this scene as my father Allan Townsend at the age of 22 years is one of the main figures on the right carrying his paper in his hand and smiling while listening to his friend Ray McGrath. My father served with the RAAF during WW11 and went on to a very successful career achieving the rank of Wing Commander. I enjoyed painting this subject and the challenge of only using four colours to mix a sepia colour to create a black and white appearance for the overall painting.



SHIRIN AMIRBEAGGI

There is no difference

Watercolor and oil pastels on fine art paper
50 x 70cm

My artwork pays tribute to the Club's Creed but I also wanted to capture one of Gallipoli campaign's significant speeches made by Ataturk who became the first President of Republic of Turkey on the 29th October 1923, extract of his speech;

“Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives....

You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehments to us where they lie side by side here in this country of ours.

You, the mothers, who sent their sons from far away countries wipe away your tears; your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace, after having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons as well”

The Club's 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 for perpetual peace and universal freedom”



SHIRLEY JENKINS

The Walers

Acrylic & mixed media on canvas
35 x 35cm

This work is dedicated to courage and devotion to their rider. The “Walers” were a mixed breed horse used by The Australian Light Horse. Their name derived mainly from horses bred and sold in New South Wales. They were sturdy, hardy horses, able to travel long distances in hot weather with little water.

Most horses need 30lts of water per day but the Walers had the ability to go without water for up to 60 hours while carrying almost 130 kilograms, comprising rider, saddle, equipment, food, and water.

Out of the 136,000 Walers that went overseas only one came back, a horse named Sandy. They were either sold off to farmers, sent to India, used by the remaining British forces or they were shot. Bringing them home was costly and they could have brought home diseases.

The artists' grandfather was a Light Horseman in the Parramatta Light Horse a Militia Regiment. He joined when he was 16 in 1916 while serving his apprenticeship as a Blacksmith/ Farrier (a maker of horseshoes) but was too young to go overseas, but who loved his horses and was a great horseman.

Source:

The Australian Light Horse Association

National Archives of Australia



SYLVIA LEECH

Embracing the dawn

Acrylic on canvas
76 x 102cm

I wanted to express the significance of the Dawn service and what it means to me. The first appearance of light in the morning followed by the sunrise. A time to reflect and remember. And so, it evolved into a painting full of historical symbolism expressed in a contemporary manner with a vibrant palette.

The kookaburra, a metaphor for the Anzac hero. Common in animal totem symbolism the kookaburra is a symbol for teamwork, unity, family and healing. Surrounded by a garden of poppies, a symbol of war remembrance. The pink hue of an emerging sunrise signifying hope and melding into a backdrop of a handwoven Turkish rug. Whos' motifs and pattern designs historically are specifically arranged to tell a weaver's personal story. Here, the 'arrow' motif is a general protective symbol. Finally, the Dove, a universal symbol of peace. Remembering the past and how it is woven into our present.



SYLVIE CARTER

Surveyors of Merauke, PNG

Oil on board
81.5 x 65cm

“This portrait is of my late father, Harry Judge with his team of surveyors Sergeant Jim Cavill, Sergeant Tom Sullivan and Warrant Officer Class 2 Rick Haas standing in a swamp in Merauke, PNG during WWII. I aimed to capture the essence of their spirit of loyalty, courage and comradeship during a difficult time. Although not charged with fighting the enemy they had to survey the jungle and prepare the areas for our fighting soldiers. This small band of men assisted the Australian and allied corps during the war in establishing the crucial air strips and necessary land-based infrastructure to support the troops throughout the pacific. They lived in harsh conditions and suffered in their own way.

There are only a few displays of the survey teams during WWII. This spurred me on, not only to remember my much loved dad, but also to importantly remember his and his team’s contribution for what they went through for their love of their country, their loyalty, respect, courage and comradeship and duty as soldiers. I enjoyed capturing their likeness and in my own way, bringing them all back to life.”



TRENNNA AUSTIN

Thundered through and I saw them coming, but not as a trot

Oil on canvas
304 x 120cm

My painting practice swings precariously from improvisation to more conscious control, from figuration to abstraction, avoiding closure, revelling in ambiguity and surprise. I like to show subtlety and clarity in the midst of apparent chaos. My canvas becomes a “battlefield” full of swirly brushstrokes, blotches and dabs that flicker and flow. I paint on multiple canvases simultaneously and prefer larger-scale. My process ignites from pictorial beginnings through to abstracted endings, expressing “movement” when using oil paint.

As a keen equestrian eventer in dressage, showjumping and cross-country I have been inspired by Australian history, Australian stories and horses in art and in particular the 1933 official war paintings of the Australian Light Horse Brigade during WW1.

I aim to reveal a sense of visual urgency and vitality that involves an aesthetic fascination allowing the viewer to sense the negotiation, engagement and tension without the cacophony and violence that characterised Abstract Expressionism and War.

Gallipoli Memorial Club Museum Fund Inc

