



TRANS  
FORMER



FIELDS OF  
CHANGE



ARTHUR  
WICKS  
1989



**TRANSFORMER -  
FIELDS  
OF  
CHANGE**

**ARTHUR  
WICKS  
1989**

Travelling exhibition  
1989-90

First showing and host:  
Albury Art Centre  
546 Dean Street  
ALBURY NSW 2640  
(060) 23 8187





## INTRODUCTION

Arthur Wicks is a phenomenon in Australia. His work and his identity are inseparable. This is not a unique state of affairs in art. Since the thirties, surrealism and Dada provided an historical precedent for the kind of life project that Wicks has undertaken. Duchamp and Dali are two people who are as well known for their total contribution to contemporary culture as they are for specific works. In more recent time, some artists have made an issue out of denying any separation of their art and their life. Good examples of this are Gilbert and George who have made themselves into "living sculptures" since 1965. Body art and Performance in the 1960s and 1970s have institutionalised this attitude to art practice.

The performance aspect of Wicks' work also relates to theatrical and poetic experimentation by artists such as Antonin Artaud who pioneered the theatre of the absurd. Artaud threw himself so deeply into the problems of language and communication between human psyches that he ultimately became virtually autistic himself.

Although I have referred to theatricality and to absurdity it is important to emphasise that for all the artists involved, including Wicks, the real project is extremely serious. In the case of Wicks, he has been drawn to examine and expose the alienation of contemporary man. He has acted the "outsider" but through his entrepreneurship as an artist he has made his appearance firmly within the arena of contemporary critical discourse and in full public view.

We may be tempted to laugh at the sight of Arthur Wicks rowing a skeletal boat down a disused railway track, his evening dress saturated in the pouring rain and the boat creakingly collapsing around him, but something holds us back. Although the sight is deliciously absurd, its tragedy rises above that of the sad clown to echo something essentially human. This comes not only from the dedicated seriousness with which Wicks himself preserves in this impossible bizarre ritual, but also from the tenacity of the soaking wet audience of art lovers gathered in the downpour in that unlovely railway siding. Oddly enough there is somehow a message of hope for humanity in the experience of such a

performance. Most of his work combines these elements of absurdity and hope, impossible aspiration, and the conviction of the attempt. Not only that but the way the event looks is profoundly memorable. Wicks is a conjuror of psychologically significant images. They may be ephemeral but that is in itself an essential ingredient. The exhibits of relics from these rituals evoke our memories of the performance but they also stand in their own right as a metaphor for the way we come to know our own culture, that is through the debris that it leaves in its track rather than through its official institutional self-description.

Wicks often links his work into the major rhythms of the planet; solstice, tide, night and day are elements he has used to put human effort into a greater perspective. He began life as a scientist and statistician but today he has opted for a more ancient role, that of Oracle, Seer, Shaman, Fool. When we have none of these we will be less than human and partially blind.

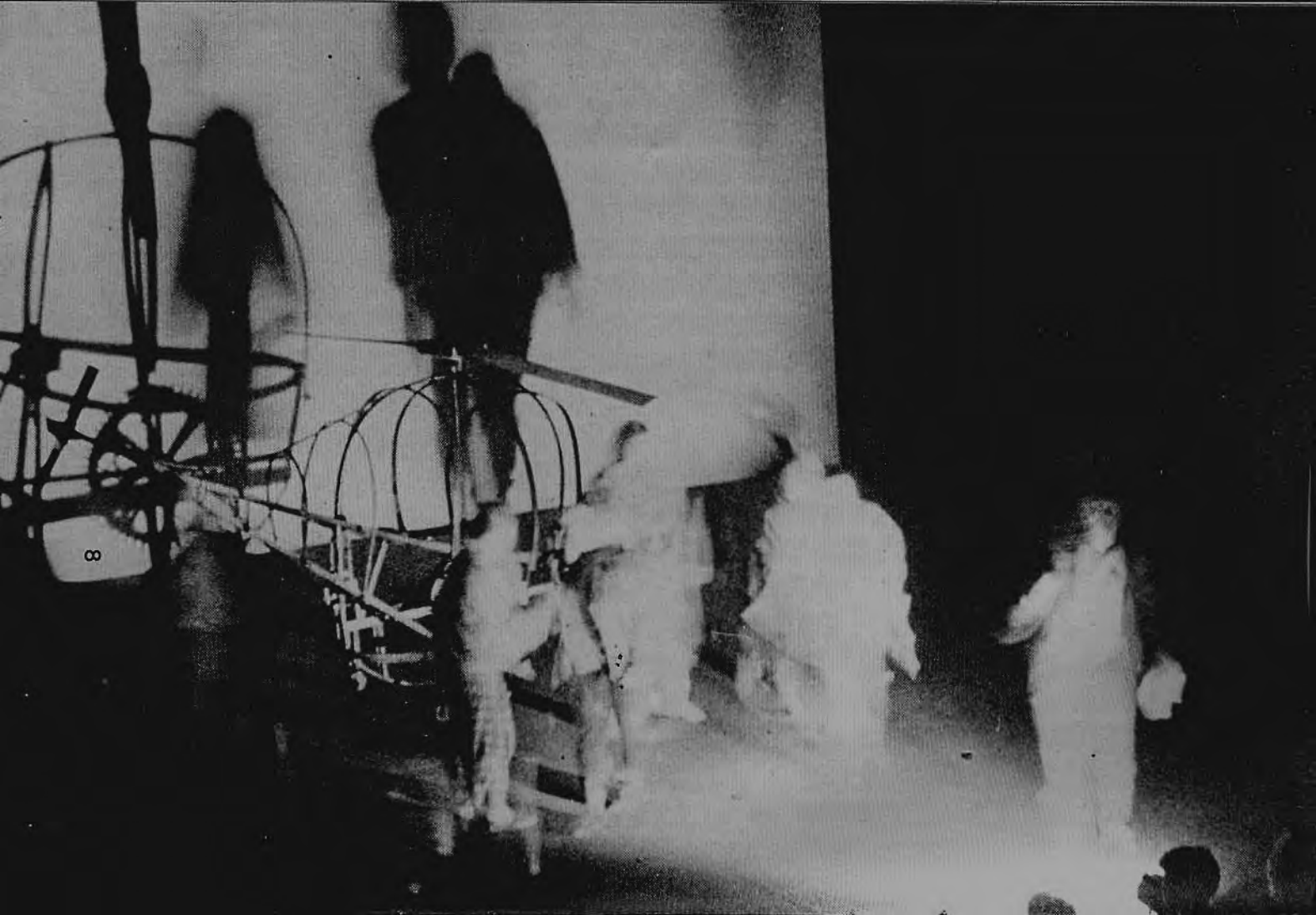
Tony Bond  
Art Gallery of NSW, 1988







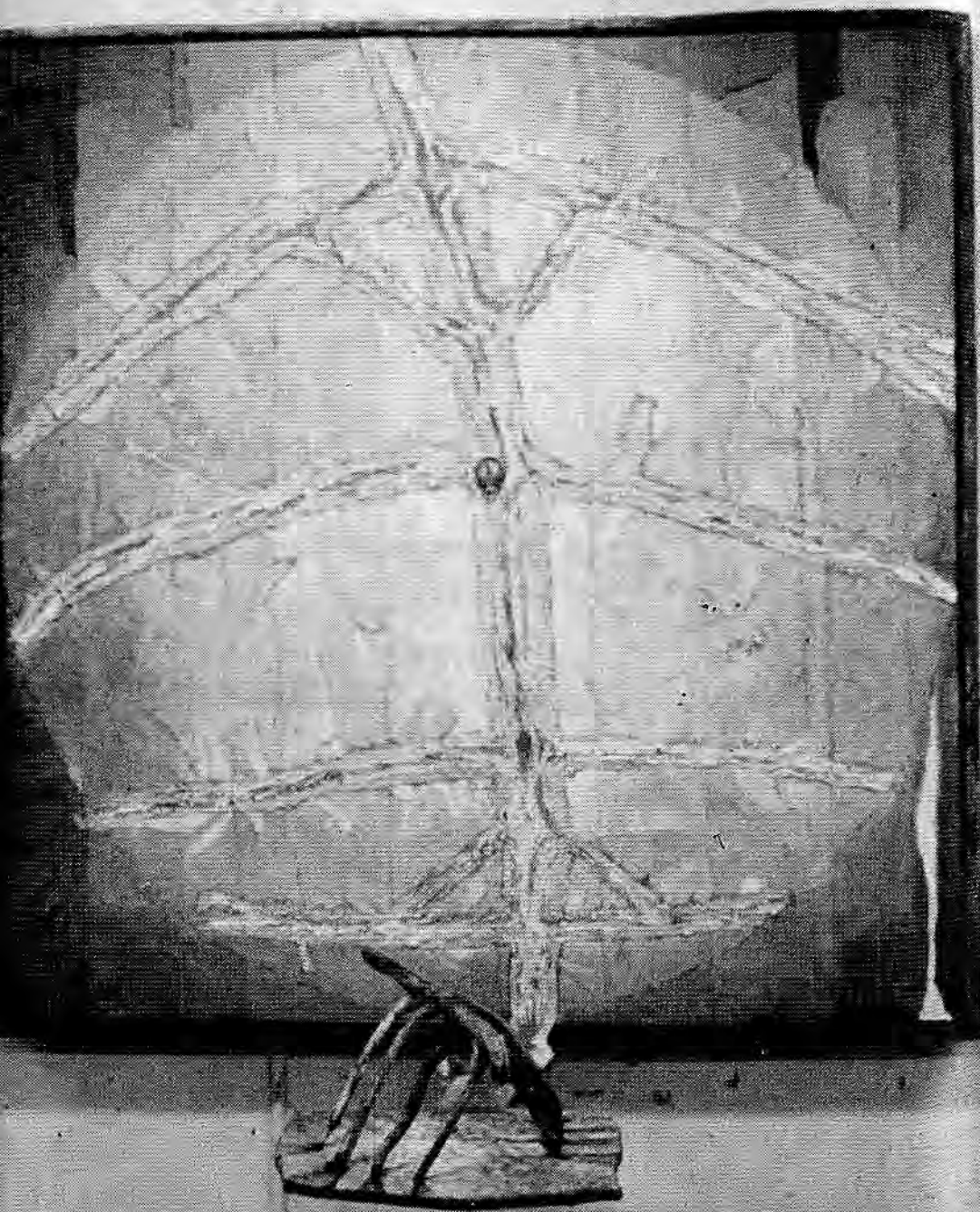


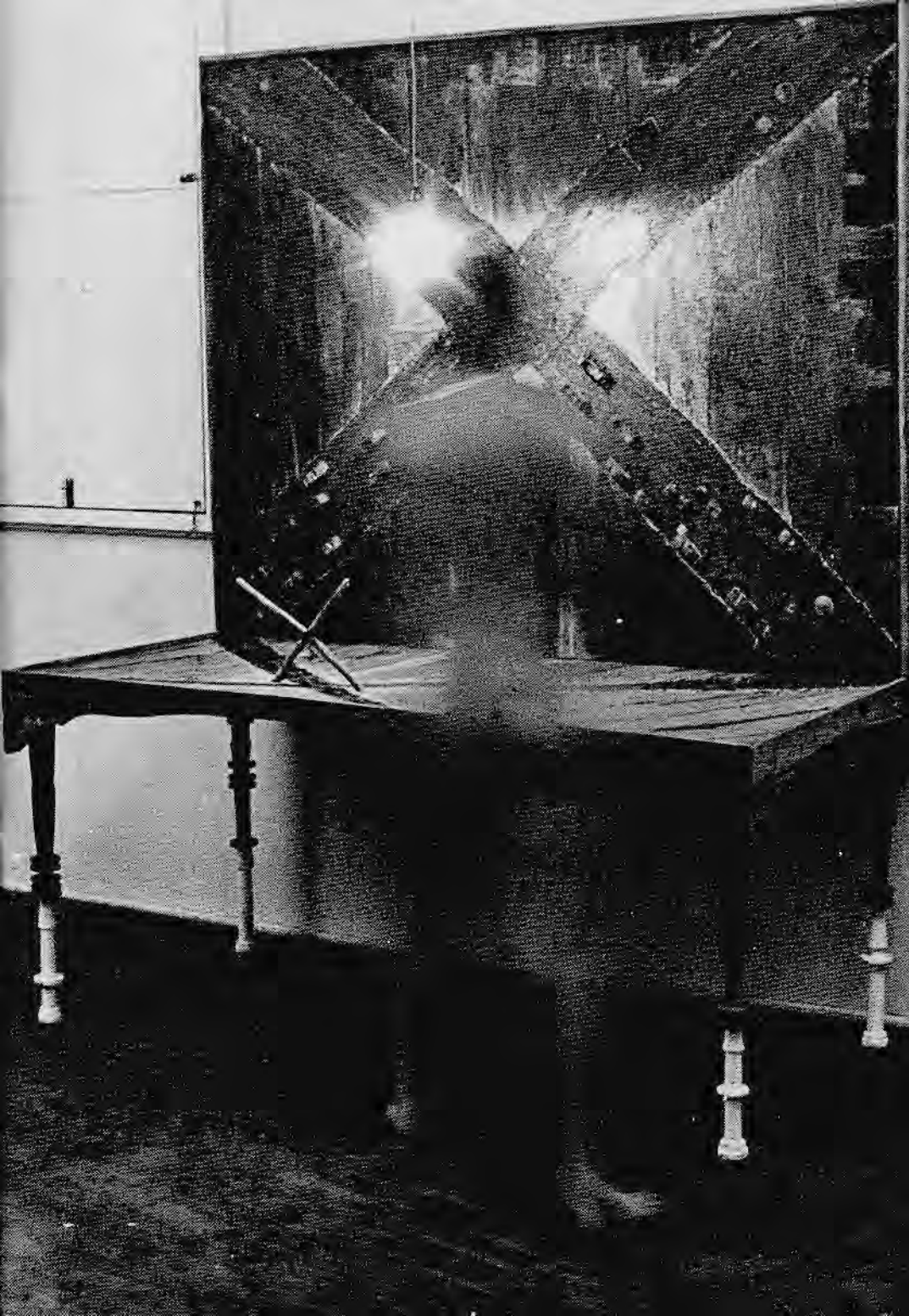


**"THE ESCAPE OF THE SOLSTICE VOYEUR"**

Section	Approx Timing	Slides	Lighting Directions	Action in the Theatre		Sound	General Comments
				On Stage	Off Stage		
A	10-15 mins until every one is seated		Lights 1 2 3 4 especially combination sulphur yellow ↓ pale sky blue (very slow change) ↓ orange ↓ deep red	Microphone A	Setting up - 2 black dissolve projectors. Set up microphones B & C	Introduction to the whole work (like an overture). Primarily voices - play with the anticipated sounds & reactions of the audience.	Sound - Use these elements  - murmur - crescendo - scream - silence - olée type sound (from bullfight) - angry murmur sounds (bee sounds?) - laughter - (single shrill) - (group chuckle)
			1 2 3 4 fade at the same time 20 & 21 light and build in intensity.				
B	30 secs.		20 & 21 full 13 follows	Enter Solstice Voyeur assisted by 2 white-cloaked assistants. Entrance of S.V. illuminated by light 13 who follows S.V. & assistants		Canned applause applause ↓ fade to total <u>silence</u>	These 2 assistants remain more or less visible helping the S.V. from time to time bring on the copter and test it (See # F). Help the S.V. into copter & then depart from the stage.
	5 mins.		20 & 21 off suddenly replaced by 6 which casts large shadow behind S.V.	<u>Solstice Voyeur's "lecture"</u> "Thankyou, thankyou" etc (a) introduction (b) apologies (c) summary of activities of the S.V.		Canned laughter	



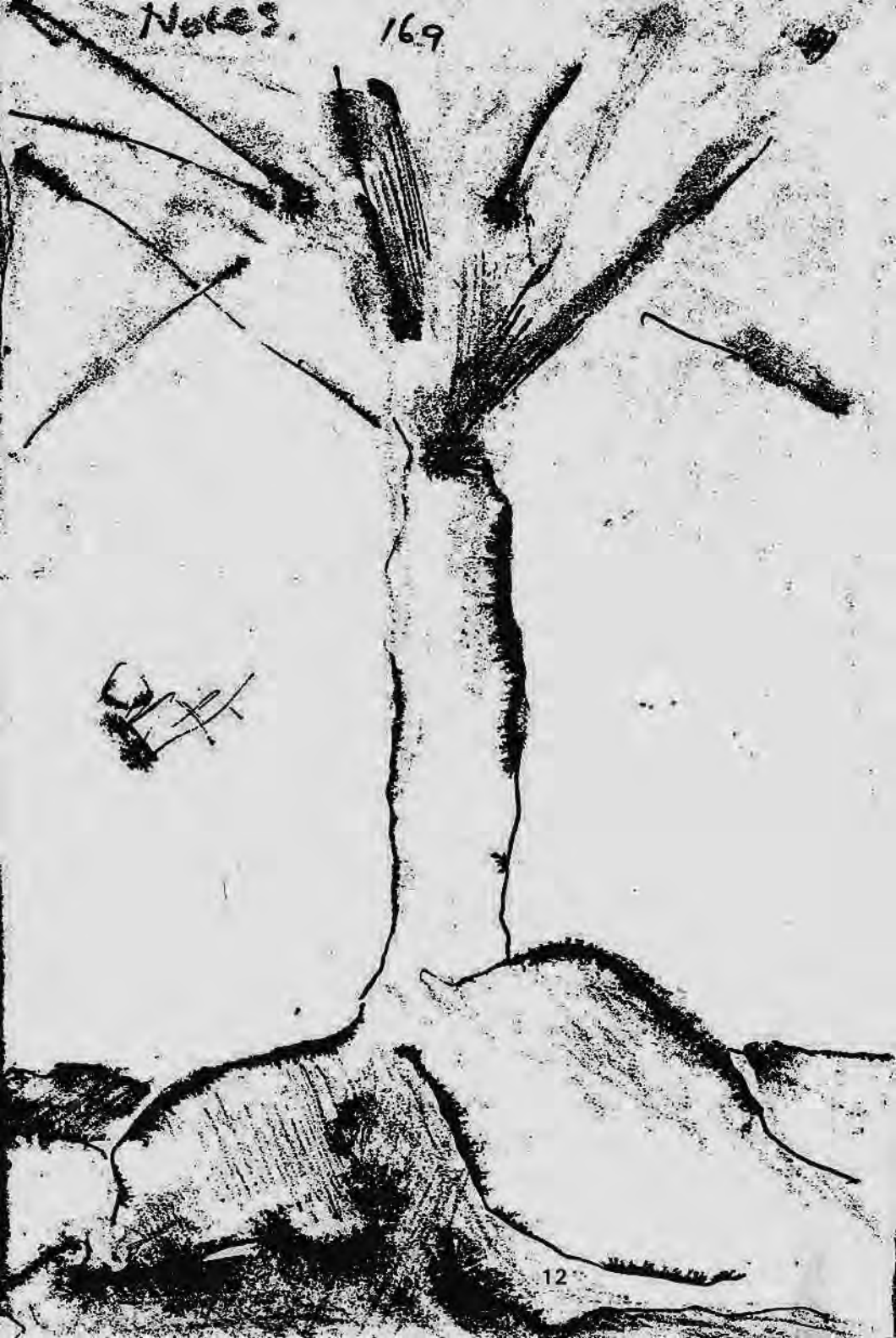


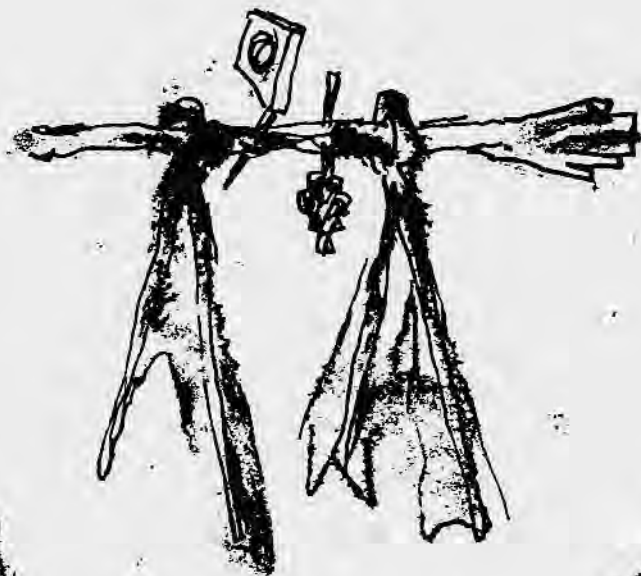




Notes.

169













## GESTURE IS ALL

*I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet experience is an arch wherethro',  
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.'*

- Tennyson, *Ulysses*


Arthur Wicks's is a total art. The structures and works on paper assembled here are an extension of previous works and performances which constitute both a personal odyssey and a quixotic tilting at society's windmills. There is sensed a romantic longing to embrace the world, to be an explorer like Columbus, or build a beacon on the seashore against his return (*Cone for Almada, Portugal 1983*).

The drawings, in clay and charcoal, represent imaginary contraptions in various stages of disintegration, loosely related to the sculptures. These are human-scale assemblages fashioned from decayed, split wattle, carved pine, found objects and epoxy resin, partially stained with oil paint to seaside tints of marine blue, yellow, scarlet and faded pink. There are immediate analogies between natural forms and artefacts: fins, vertebrae, wings, arrows, sails, tents, coracles, markers, totem-poles. Wicks calls his creations **Transformers**, a name that suggests both electrical energy and shape-shifting. With patient viewing and experiment (some are mobile), the enigmatic objects can set off poetic associations and visions of 'a dreamtime space' in which anything is possible.

As J.R.R. Tolkien once said, it is necessary to suspend disbelief in order to cross the boundary 'between the natural and supernatural worlds. The shoreline, like the twilight, is such a zone. Here the skeletons of birds, boats and fish mingle with broken shells and driftwood: sea-wrack left by the tide and slowly metamorphosed. The artist as shaman speeds up the process by means of an energizing ritual: he aims to harness elemental forces - water, air, fire or earth - through 'transformers' that may be faulty, or obsolete, or grounded. Like Daedalus and Icarus, and the mad scientist, he risks *hubris*, the sin of pride



which brings down the retribution of the gods. So the absurd machines go round in circles getting nowhere, or lean crazily askew, like the mournful detritus on an abandoned nuclear test-site.

But transformation is also entertainment, a pantomime - trick not to be taken too seriously. With one stroke of Harlequin's magic wand, the knockabout comedy begins: that spiral shell becomes a witch's hat, another, a dunce's cap for the artist (**Transformer 2 - Obsolete machine; Transformer 5 - Self-Portrait and Target**). The dead albatross flaps its wings again (**Transformer 1 - with Payload**) and the air  boat (**Transformer 3**) goes into orbit. When the spell is broken, everything returns to its former shape.

Arthur Wicks's structures are lightly moored to earth. If they symbolize the vanity of human endeavour, they also reflect a puckish sense of humour. The hero's quest is timeless, but the vehicles themselves are ephemeral: gesture is all.

Rosemary Adam,  
Art Centre, RMIHE, 1989.









## WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

### TRANSFORMER - FIELDS OF CHANGE

#### 2D Works (mixed media on paper)

- |     |   |      |
|-----|---|------|
| 1.  | <b>Skeleton for Tent (Berlin)</b>                 | 1983 |
| 2.  | <b>Cone for Almada (Portugal)</b>                 | 1983 |
| 3.  | <b>Falling Figure</b>                             | 1983 |
| 4.  | <b>Tent and Compass</b>                           | 1986 |
| 5.  | <b>Organic Machine</b>                            | 1987 |
| 6.  | <b>Destroyed Machine</b>                          | 1987 |
| 7.  | <b>Mobile Landscape</b>                           | 1988 |
| 8.  | <b>Three Galaxies in Rectangular Space</b>        | 1988 |
| 9.  | <b>Self-Destructing Machine (with oil washes)</b> | 1989 |
| 10. | <b>Paddock Full of Machines (with oil washes)</b> | 1989 |

#### 3D Works (mostly painted constructed wood with fibre-glass)

- |     |   |      |
|-----|---|------|
| 11. | <b>Grounded Figure</b>                                    | 1987 |
| 12. | <b>Flying Figure</b>                                      | 1987 |
| 13. | <b>Transformer 1 - with Payload</b>                       | 1988 |
| 14. | <b>Transformer 2 - Obsolete Machine</b>                   | 1988 |
| 15. | <b>Transformer 3 - air ⇌ boat</b>                         | 1988 |
| 16. | <b>Transformer 4 - De-stabilizer with<br/>Fixed Point</b> | 1988 |
| 17. | <b>Transformer 5 - Self-portrait and Target</b>           | 1988 |













24



























## ESSAY ON THREE LEGS

How do we take a fix on Wicks? Where do we locate his objects and performances?

For a start, his work is clearly rooted in artistic tradition. The recent works on paper call to mind Leonardo's flying machine and deluge drawings while the title of **Self-Destructing Machine**, provides a direct link to Jean Tinguely. There are also softer resonances, mere suggestions of stylistic or conceptual relationship: the skeletal attenuation of his 1987-88 "flying machines" parallels that in the sculpture of Alberto Giacometti, while the distorted fibreglass body of **Grounded Figure** seems to carry an (ironic) echo of Stelarc's suspension series, the "Events for stretched skin."

Despite occasional appearances in mainstream media "check out this nut!" stories, Wicks' performance work is likewise firmly grounded in historical precedent. From early this century, the dada and surrealist movements promoted a blurring of the line between art and life, and the Arthur Wicks who wanders through shopping malls with his face caked in mud, who spends solstice nights camping on the roofs of art buildings, who labours in a pedal-powered wooden helicopter is an inheritor of, and a participant in, this stance.

The other important device Wicks has absorbed from surrealist tradition is the notion of the familiar made unfamiliar. The commonplace can become monstrous by a small but fundamental alteration of material, function or behaviour; witness respectively Meret Oppenheim's fur cup, saucer and spoon, Marcel Duchamp's urinal-as-art, Salvador Dali's melting watches. This brings us to a second taproot, a second source of Wicks' inspiration. He lives and works "in the sticks", in the New South Wales country town of Wagga Wagga, and his recent sculpture in particular is strongly evocative of his familiar environment, regional Australia.

The metropolis is protected from entropy by a sheath of concrete, plastic and continuous redevelopment, but in the country organic and climatic forces are visibly at work: haybales sprout green, dead logs grow fungus, wooden buildings silver and splinter,

fenceposts split and sag. The decay which is ever-present in country life is countered by the inhabitants by the famous "she'll be right" attitude and by a host of "making-do" repairs and recyclings.

In his many animal and vegetable forms, in his use of found materials and in his shonky construction, Wicks shows great sensitivity and allegiance to his surroundings. His thin, rickety constructions can even stand (shakily) as metaphors for the predicaments of rural Australia, for the fragile ecology of the Murray-Darling basin, for the precarious economics of primary production.

There are of course simpler (less obtrusive) readings: the machines derive from familiar country things, however mutated. They are ring-barked trees, or the carcasses and scattered bones of dead animals. **Transformer 4 - Destabilizer with Fixed Point** is a television aerial.

It should be noted that country television usually means the A.B.C. and one commercial channel. But while we cannot receive SBS, almost every country pub has a satellite dish for Sky Channel. We are connected to the stars, and what do we receive? Mud wrestling. Such bathos brings us to the third root, the final, balancing leg of the tripod: Wicks' delight in the bad craziness of the universe.

The paradoxes of physics, especially the really tricky bits beyond Newton and Einstein, serve the artist as symbols for the great existential conundrum, the conditional and absurd situation of our lives. His machines do not work, or rather they are inefficient to the point of apparent pointlessness. **Transformer 5 - Self-Portrait with Target** and **Transformer 1 - with Payload** have non-aligned wheels on their three legs; arms technology is going nowhere.

There is an even more obvious mechanical flaw in all of these recent "flying machines". The artist could easily have suspended their apexed, focal "capsules". Instead, he visibly acknowledges the sculptor's old enemy, gravity, and has them connected to the floor through their leg-roots. They are not shiny, speeding







satellites, but (un)natural growths, or to use the title of a 1988 painting, **Organic Machines**.

In this lies some sense of the artist's self-proclaimed mission as late twentieth century alchemist; Wicks works as an illustrator of and a mediator between organic and inorganic processes. He humanises the space between us and our technology (in the recent machines), between us and the earth (as when he buried himself in a geological fault line in the **San Andreas** series of 1982) and between us and the heavens (by mapping the sky in his role of "Solstice Voyeur".)

Thus connected, can we rise above it all? Can we fly? Arthur Wicks/Everyman furiously works the pedals of his helicopter.

David Hansen

Riddoch Art Gallery, Mt. Gambier, 1989



37



## THOUGHTS FROM WILGIE MIA

For you people it's Wednesday morning; for me it's Tuesday (14 September 1987). I'd thought to give a straight talk; one where I stand up and talk about my work over the past years and show some slides but it seemed out of the question. Once you get on the roller-coaster; once a set of ideas start to unfold it's very hard to jump off. There are advantages in this. For you, the advantage is that this talk will take only half an hour; no more. In half an hour I have to return to Cue. The advantage for me is that I can talk about what has happened today and relate it to some of the things that I have done in the past.

Here I am sitting at the entrance to a cave at Wilgie Mia, some 80 km out of Cue. It is late afternoon and in half an hour I must return to Cue. I don't want to drive back at night, in the dark. So here I am sitting on the edge of a vast plain on a little knoll- they call it a mountain here - perhaps 100 feet above the plain. Everywhere I look there is a huge vast flatness. On the horizon there are small mountain ranges - probably also no more than 100 feet high. This morning as I drove out they were etched in a blue that I had never seen before in a landscape. Here I am on the edge of nothing, but around me are the signs of extraordinary fertile life. I approached this morning with a sense of enormous expectation. As I drove I had to keep getting directions exactly where Wilgie Mia was. Roads spun off every half mile or so and I was not sure that I would be able to get back again if I took the wrong turning. There are many mining roads here that lead off across this plain. The excitement this morning was partly the realisation that here was the place where Aboriginals came to collect their ochre for their drawings. Nearby there are cave drawings. I sense a feeling of enormous energy as I walk through the entrance into this huge cave where the reds, yellows and whites are veined down through the walls of the cavern. Even at this point I discover the entrance to be guarded by two bats. Each time I go in and out they swoop around my head. Are they warning me that I am entering and treading on territory that I have no right to enter?

The sun is starting to drop behind this range of "mountains". I am covered all over with the fine red ochre dust. My whole appearance seems to have changed. White I arrived, red I will

return. It is as if I have been transformed during the day from a European who had dared to collect some of this ochre into another sort of being: a being as old as the earth. As I walked back and forwards from the car to the cave, small lizards race on all fours out of my way. Perhaps in a few hundred years time they will have grown up to be dinosaurs returning to this continent.

(I have already drunk nearly 2 litres of water. I don't think it's been a hot day and I certainly wouldn't like to be here mid-summer). I find myself on the edge of a huge zero. Edges and lines have always interested me. Ten years ago I sited myself on the edge of the water and the land in a series of works; on a huge X shape. This work began outside and then was remade in a gallery space; from exterior to interior. "X" is the unknown. Covering my face with clay seemed a logical step to question and remove my identify, and to become once again the unknown. It strikes me now as an act of anarchy. I don't enjoy having this role but I still need to pursue it. Even if I stand here and scream the deepest scream that I can muster, it would simply be picked up by the wind and blown across this plain that I am now standing on. On the other hand, this anarchy requires an element of humility. As one eliminates his/her identity it is an act of humility; an act of obliteration. Yes I enjoy this double role covering my head with clay as a mask; shrinking back into a point of reference that no-one else can reach into. Physicists tell us that the point of origin of the universe is one which they can pin-point in time; a reference point so small that no-one can comprehend it. They refer to it as a singularity. The act of putting the clay on my head is returning me to that point. My friends don't recognised me; no-one can communicate with me.

I was told as I drove here this morning that according to the Aborigines this little mountain, with its veins of ochre, was formed when a giant red kangaroo died and its blood soaked down through the earth to form the layers of red ochre. What I have been collecting is the dried blood of this great animal. There are other explanations for the existence of the iron ore and ochres but I like this explanation best of all. It best describes my feelings, sitting here looking at these stunted bushes. On the ground among these bushes are the wild flowers that provide, in patches, bright swatches of colour. These flowers seed before the hot sun blasts them back into oblivion. So you can see that today

has been very special for me; a day loaded with signs. As each sign has confronted me I've had to realign my intentions and my understanding of myself. Even now I am very conscious of my tenuous and frail position in this landscape. My coming to terms as an act of anarchy and humility is edged with an element of anxiety. It is this anxiety that I have sensed strongly today.

So one of the advantages of my pre-taping this talk - just sitting here - is that I can be very frank, unlike the situation in which I am confronted with a sea of faces. Right now I am looking at nobody; no-one at all.

In these last few minutes I am going to take you with me into the cave. I am walking back up the hill. You may even meet the bats. Behind me is the plain. The sun is starting to set. It is a quarter to five. The setting sun sharpens the features of the landscape. This track on which I must return is now clearly marked out by the shadows. I had to borrow a torch from the nearby homestead to come in here. Now I am walking down the little track into the cave with the torch on. It is quite dark except for the torch light. Now I can see the bats high up above me. There are one, two..eight, nine bats hanging there. They let me pass now without troubling me. Ahead of me the entrance of the cave with the sunlight shining from above glows a vivid red. It is difficult to think clearly and keep the thread of my discussion going, because right now at my feet in the light of this torch is the carcass of a dead kangaroo. It has been here so long that its head and body have been dried up and entirely mummified. Perhaps this is one of the descendants of the kangaroo whose blood had made this ochre. Above me is a seam of yellow ochre which twists like a snake right above my head. I'm coming back outside now past the space where the bats are congregated.

I'm sitting back at the entrance of the tunnel again and looking at the plain. I'm reminded of some of the pieces that I've made on rooftops. This is like a rooftop; one with no edge. I feel that I am sitting at the centre of the universe. Looking down from such a privileged position there is nothing there! It's empty! I imagine myself with clay on my head moving through the crowd and they





move away from me. Perhaps this is what the scientists mean by the Big Bang theory of the universe. We are flying away from one another at ever increasing speeds. And yet as I look across this plain now everything is so still.

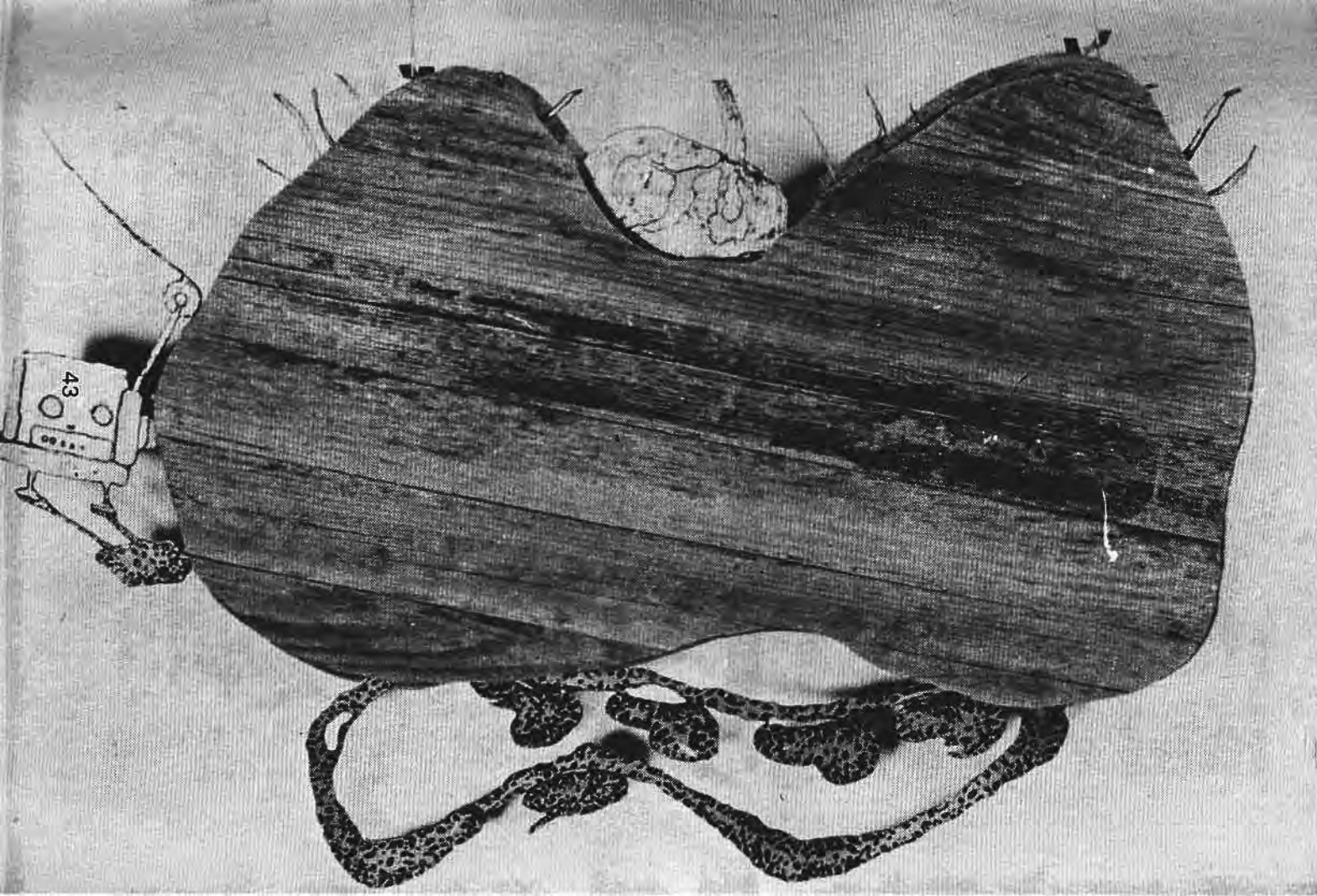
Dare I stay on this rooftop as the sun sets? The times that I have sat on rooftops have been special ritual times; the period of the Solstice. I feel plugged back into those ritual events. In collecting the ochre I have shared a ritual. I wonder, if I walked out far enough on this rooftop plain would I fall over the edge? The horizon out there looks like an edge. But then if I look behind me I realise that I may already have fallen over the edge and this is where I've landed! I enjoy puzzles like that; setting up questions and letting other people make their own answers. We all need to be forced into a position of thinking about what we're doing. We need to make our own way. In the end that's what it's all about.

As we come to the close of this millennium I sense an element of futility. Despite the energy we've put into our progress of the past several hundred years we've created an immense amount of havoc. I enjoy making machines that remind us of this havoc. I like making objects that remind us of rituals that we've lost; that are anarchic.

In these last minutes I have walked to the top of this hill and am now looking down into the cave where I have gathered the ochre. It is a cavernous space some 50 metres across and 50 metres deep. Now the sun is making the walls scream with a redness that is overwhelming. The redness of the soil and the ochre is making the grey-green of the vegetation jump with a frenzy. I just wanted to share these moments with you. Thank you for your patience.

Arthur Wicks

(From a 30 min. tape made at Wilgie Mia, Western Australia for the "Artist's Talk" for ARX87, Perth).





## **BIOGRAPHY**

- 1937 - Born in Sydney
- 1959 - Bachelor of Science and Diploma of Education Sydney University
- 1966 - Bachelor of Arts, Australian National University, Canberra
- 1967 - Preliminary Master of Arts, A.N.U., Canberra
- 1967-68 French Government scholarship to study printmaking at Hayter's Studio 17, Paris
- 1967 - First occupant of the Sydney University Power Institute Studio, Cite Internationale des Arts, Paris
- Dyason bequest, N.S.W. Art Gallery
- 1977 - Lived and worked in New York
- 1980 - Visual Arts Board project grant to execute work for "Operation Equinox '80"
- 1981 - Series of actions and installations along the San Andreas faultline, California
- 1983 - Visual Arts Board grant and DAAD assistance to work at the Kunsterhaus Bethanien, Berlin

## **GROUP EXHIBITIONS - selected**

- 1967, 71, 76, 78, 80, 82
  - Print Council of Australia (PCA) touring exhibitions within Australia
- 1981 - Participation in "Equinox '80", a world-wide collaborative event using the tide, Pompidou Centre, Paris.
  - "Land Rites" exhibition organised by the Vic. College of Arts
- 1982 - Arteder 82, Bilbao
  - Week of performance art, Donguy Galleries, Paris
  - "Australian Screenprints" PCA show touring Australia
- 1983 - Hamburg Performance Woche as part of the Art Week, Hamburg
  - DAAD Berlin Performance Weekend, Kunsterhaus, Berlin
  - Alternativa 3, Almada, Portugal
  - A.U.S.T.R.A.L.I.A. show, Zona Gallery, Florence
  - "Im Theatre" 24 hours of performance in the Hebbel Theatre, Berlin
  - Frechen International Graphic exhibition
- 1985 - Sculpture 85, Melbourne
  - "Singular & Plural" (A look at Aust. Sculpture S.A. School of Art - (Incl. in videotape) 1975-85).
  - "Print as Object" (PCA show touring Aust.).
  - Anzart 85, Auckland
  - Perspecta 85, Sydney
- 1986 - Inaugural Show, Warrnambool City Gallery
- 1987 - "Site Specific" show, CCAS, Canberra
  - ARX 87, Perth
  - "Escape of the Solstice Voyeur" National Performance Event, Adelaide

1989 - "The Quarry: An Archaeology" Site-Specific show, Mt. Gambier

### SOLO EXHIBITIONS AND ACTIONS - selected

- 1966 - Nundah Gallery, Canberra - first solo exhibition  
1967 - 1979 Nine solo exhibitions; Paris, New York, Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra  
1980 - Stuart Gerstman Galleries, Melbourne  
1981 - University of Illinois  
1983 - Sonnenwende (Solstice) Project, Kunstverein, Hamburg  
- Donguy Galleries, Paris  
1984 - Kunsterhaus Bethanien, Berlin  
1986 - "Relics from Semi-Private Performances" Performance Space, Sydney  
1987 - "Machines and Like-Objects" Performance Space, Sydney  
1988 - "Happy New Year Australia", Sydney Square (with friends) on 1st Jan.  
- "Project show - Transformer", Wagga Wagga City Art Gallery and "Escape of the Solstice Voyeur". Riverina Playhouse.  
1989 - "Transformer: Fields of Change" travelling exhibition. Venues Albury, Canberra, Penrith, Mildura, Benalla.  
Gallerie Dusseldorf, Perth.  
Roz macAllan Gallery, Brisbane.

### MAJOR COLLECTIONS WHERE WORK IS INCLUDED

Australian National Gallery, Canberra      New South Wales Art Gallery, Sydney  
Regional Art Galleries in Australia: Manly, Wagga Wagga, Albury, Tamworth, Warrambool  
Australian National University Collection, Canberra  
Deakin University Collection      PCA Collection  
Foreign Affairs Collection      La Trobe University Collection  
Preston Institute of Technology Collection      Flinders University Collection  
National Film (lending) Library, Canberra      Victorian Education Department

### PUBLICATIONS WHERE WORK IS FEATURED

"Directory of Australian Printmakers" Melbourne 1978, 1982 & 1989.  
"Artists and Galleries of Aust & New Zealand", Lansdowne Press 1979, 84  
High Performance (Los Angeles) August 1981, Issue 28, 1984.  
"Arthur Wicks - 17 years, 1965-81", Wagga City Art Gallery catalogue  
"Was macht der Mann dort auf dem Dach?", Berndt Lubowski, Hamburger Abendblatt, 22 JUN 1983  
Reference to Berlin Philharmonia performance, Sonnabend, 10 DEC 1984  
"Berliner Notizen", Arthur Wicks and Kunsterhaus Bethanien, FEB 1984  
"Aus Zeichen eine Vorstellung", Jutta Lauterbach, Volksblatt, Berlin 14 FEB 1984  
"Is the Gallery really Necessary?", C. Winter-Irving, Perspecta 85 catalogue, pp 133, 140  
"Art Court Jester seeks to Taunt and Tantalise", Chris Ashton, SMH, 5 NOV 1985  
"The Spaces between the Myth", Rob la Frenais, Performance (London), JUL/AUG 1986, No. 42, p 9.  
"Art & Australia", Autumn '84, Autumn '88.

### COMMISSIONS

Print Council of Australia Member's print  
Kunsterhaus Bethanien Edition '83

# CONTENTS

	Page
<b>Survival Boat</b> in Swanston St., Melbourne, Jan 1985	2
<b>Survival Boat</b> at St. Leonards Goodsyard, (filming for "Billboard", ABC TV June 1987)*	3
<b>Introduction</b> by Tony Bond	4
<b>Mobile Observatory</b> 450cm diam; painted wood; at the War Memorial, Canberra June 1987*	6
<b>Tankscape</b> - proposed new series 1989*	7
<b>Escape of the Solstice Voyeur</b> , performed at National Performance Event, Adelaide Oct. 1987*	8
<b>Escape of the Solstice Voyeur</b> - instructions*	9
<b>Solstice Observatory</b> - mixed media on linen 1985 (120 x 120 x 50)	10
<b>Solstice Altarpiece</b> - mixed media on linen 1986 (230 x 160 x 100)	11
<b>Page 169</b> , notepage drawing 1989	12
<b>Page 136</b> , notepage drawing 1988.	13
<b>Muscular Machine</b> - silkscreen 1966 (45 x 62)*	14
<b>Mobile Landscape</b> - mixed media on paper 1988 (78 x 108)*	15
<b>Gesture is all</b> text by Rosemary Adams	16
<b>Destroyed Machine</b> , mixed media on paper 1988 (78 x 108)*	18
<b>Transformer 1 - with Payload</b> , painted wood, fibreglass, birdshead, 1988 (200 x 80 x 80)	19
List of Works in the <b>Transformer - Fields of Change</b> Exhibition	20
<b>Transformer 2 - Obsolete Machine</b> , painted wood and fibreglass, 1988 (200 x 45 x 45)	21
<b>Transformer 4 - Destabiliser with Fixed Point</b> , painted wood, 1988 (300 x 170 x 60)	22
<b>Self-Destructing Machine</b> , mixed media on paper, 1989 (78 x 108)*	23
Two transformers in (natural) situ*	24
<b>Grounded Figure</b> , painted wood, fibreglass and sand, 1987 ( 80 x 60 x 60)	25
<b>Flying Figure</b> , painted wood and fibreglass, 1987 (180 x 55 x 55)	26



<b>Paddock full of Machines</b> , mixed media on paper, 1989 (78 x 108)*	27
<b>Transformer 3 - air ↗ boat</b> , painted wood, 1988 (200 x 40 x 75)	28
<b>Tent and Compass</b> , mixed media on paper (100 x 90)*	29
<b>Skeleton for Tent (Berlin)</b> , mixed media on paper, 1983 (48 x 67)*	30
<b>Organic Machine</b> , mixed media on paper 1988 (65 x 108)*	31
<b>Essay on Three Legs</b> by David Hansen	32
<b>Transformer 5 - Self Portrait and Target</b> , painted wood and fibreglass, 1988 (200 x 90 x 90)	34
<b>Interview</b> , performance in Berlin, 1984	35
<b>Dialogue</b> , performance in Hay St Mall, Perth for ARX 87 (7.30 Report, ABC TV, Oct. 1987)*	37
<b>Thoughts from Wilgie Mia</b> , WA for ARX 87	38
<b>Happy New Year, Australia</b> , performance with friends, Sydney Square 1-1-1988*	41
<b>Closed box, Eye of the Witness</b> , mixed media, 1985 (70 x 98 x 7)*	43
<b>Biography</b>	44
<b>Contents of the Catalogue</b>	46

NB \*Horizontal images - (twist the book!)

Heights, width and depth (in cm) are indicated by the figures in brackets.

Thanks to:

Regional Galleries Association of N.S.W.

Publisher: Albury Art Centre and Arthur Wicks

Photographs: Peter van der Veer  
Kevin Miller  
Gerrit Fokkema  
Ineke Kolder-Wicks

Printing: Chambers-Whyte & Co.

Cover Printing: Manni Redlich

ISBN 0 949364 10 X

By the same author:

"Berliner Notizen ... und anderes" 1983  
"Views for Binocular Vision" 1977

© copyright, Albury Art Centre and Arthur Wicks

500 copies  
Printed in Wagga Wagga, Australia