



IMAGE: RYLLTON VINEY'S 'LOSS AND DESTRUCTION 2016' 180X122CM

# RYLLTON VINEY

THE SORROW OF BLACK THE SILENCE OF WHITE

1970 - 2020

12 FEBRUARY - 4 MARCH 2021

**POIMENA GALLERY**  
36 BUTTON ST MOWBRAY HEIGHTS  
LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA  
OPEN ON SCHOOL DAYS 9AM - 4PM  
ENQUIRIES 03 6336 6000



**Launceston  
Grammar**  
EST. 1848

CELEBRATING  
**175**  
YEARS  
1846 - 2021

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## Acknowledgements

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Deb Malor: Catalogue essay.

Richard Butler: Catalogue essay.

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I reserve a special mention for Angela Casey, curator, without whose time, care, wisdom and expertise this exhibition would not have come to fruition.

Ryllton Viney.  
January, 2021.

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## A Poetics of Pilgrimage

Deborah Malor

Stand before each work: listen as the soft scratching, brushing, burnishing that is the making of a mark abrades the air; only as contemplation quiets emotion is sorrow settled on a silent surface, is written in that variety of blacks and whites that become, by degrees, dark and light. ‘One shade the more, one ray the less’, as Byron put it, but about something else entirely.

The writing of words and the writing of the image are united in the spaces of each work. Ryllton Viney writes images as he once learned to ‘write’ the icons of an Orthodox church. This concept is not derived simply from religious belief or practice, but because in Russian, as in Greek, the verb ‘to paint’ is the same as that signifying ‘to write’. Writing is both the way to painting and the act itself. So the viewer ‘reads’ the image.

Gaston Bachelard observed, ‘To give unreality to an image attached to a strong reality is in the spirit of poetry.’ The simple, elegant, visual language used in each work in this collection comes together with its inherent histories as poetics (derived from the Greek, *poiesis*, to make), a way of writing a work of art as a destining of elements that in combination presents certain information to the viewer. The artist does not depend on a stable grammar for an image to be ‘parsed’ but draws on whatever external and diverse rules of form can usefully be brought to the work. So references to the realities of myth, fable, legend, their literature and landscapes haunt the make-up of each composition.

In the work of Ryllton Viney, poetry as an expression of emotion and ideas is given intensity by a distinctive style, rhythm, vocabulary. Its form is inseparable from the measured working of the medium on ground, paint on paper, the addition and erasure of matter, until the essence of what is required shows itself. Like the artist, we learn to look to learn. Even the notation of materials and processes evokes poetics: Florentine medium, bitumen, ink, oil, graphite, acrylic, charcoal, enamel, chalk, canvas, paper, cotton duck, wood; print, drawing, painting, collage and the mystery of ‘mixed media’. Each carries its weight of historical practice and affinities with white and with black.

Romantic and powerful, black can be as all-encompassing as deep cloud descending on a Cumbrian moor or the binding together of bible-black belief. The blackness of sorrow is all around, a shade, a wrapping of forms, human and human-made. But the destination for the making of this work, writing these images, is only reached intentionally, through deep contemplation, by a taking up of the black, unafraid. The blacks of Goya, Manet, Renoir, even McCahon, are symbols of excruciating tortures, physical and mental; of oppression; of love, sex and decadence (the lush contours of a black-striped bodice). To this archive Dylan Thomas contributes a, ‘...sloeblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboatbobbing sea’, and the soft blindness of moles in ‘snouting, velvet dingles.’ Lorna Goodison calls up the ‘several kinds of black colours’ from Cennini’s 15<sup>th</sup> century ‘Il Libro dell’Arte’, including, ‘...the black that is the source of light/from a lamp fill of oil such as any thoughtful guest/waiting for the bride and groom who cometh will have.’ and so conjures up the dialectical relationship of black to white in both symbolic form and a human materiality but also, later, the making of pigment from the oil’s residue. Lamp black.

Like Cennini, Bachelard recognised that white exists within black (as silence can be the crucible of sorrow). He quotes Pierre-Jean Jouve’s *Les Noces*: ‘The cell of myself fills with wonder/ The white-washed wall of my secret’. Bachelard understands that, ‘The whiteness of the walls, alone, protects the dreamer’s cell.’ White does not simply push black aside but acts as a protective membrane, seemingly more thoroughly hermetic than any cover of darkness. Wedded to its defining yet contiguous shadow, white retains its own integrity. The duality that is black and white brings together science and religion, the dark bondage of belief and white antithetical free-thinking propelled by consistent doubts and a striving towards a destination.

Beyond ‘black’ and ‘white’, more words: the titles of works and of earlier exhibitions, the combined annals, 1970-2020. Many are composed of two elements (dialectics rather than binary opposites), some as simple as *Here and There*; others as closely felt as sorrow and silence (*Hope and Memory; Loss and Destruction*). Yet others act more obviously as guides: meet the first word and then get directed to the second (*In Ruins: Corridors of Silence*), sometimes with a playful ambiguity. In this directing, the works may seem didactic – but these signs are more than a literary flourish, rather another particular grammar bringing a moment of clarity while continuing to push the boundaries. The spaces of sorrow and stillness signified in each title are not uninhabited. Other artists appear, carrying their own baggage, put to work or drawn into long discussion. Friedrich, of course, Romantic, Nordic, embedded in the land

yet adrift in its atmospheres. Giorgio Morandi's pastel-pale forms becoming rattled as the light of objects escapes into blackness; and Cy Twombly, caught between the ruins of Arcadia and an ancient yet simultaneously high-modernist calligraphy. (Through the silence, you might hear the urgent incising of stone). From histories and myth other apparitions arrive, in defence of the natural world and its foundational stories: the martyr, Saint Dorothea of Cappadocia; Saint Fiacre; Flora. Their attributes are flowers, fields, crops, plants, and the tools of cultivation. The ancient land becomes contemporary environment in Diana's pre-Greek origins as earth goddess and protector of forests.

Even the oldest landscape encountered here is one altered by humans, each documentation of the past a predictor of a future. The work lets place speak as landscape, as body, as any materialised abstraction of thought (stilled rather than *morte*). The natural world is almost simultaneously about what is in front of us and what might be revealed: a disclosure of the enclosed, set against the endlessness of darkness and of light, the peculiar sulphurous luminosity of fogs, the eye-stretching uplands of Cumbria (or Tasmania) and the contours of Arthurian Britain. The spirit of primeval place is delineated through evidence of this human intervention: the construction of mounds, circles, dykes, ley lines; and their gradual erosion. In the silence it seems something is always imminent, a threatening disturbance of air within the image's frame: the sheepfold of dark stone-piled walls rises against the wolf; Byron's Sennacherib strikes as a shaft of light.

On Bodmin Moor earthworks act as astral cartography, generating an ongoing land-shaping that sustains a sense of age so great as to be ancient, perpetual, yet frail and threatened. The process of conforming its image is a continuum of negotiations with the world, and that which symbolises the world and its workings. In this catalogue of work are the traces of a pilgrimage not just across the Celtic and Nordic worlds, but through Greece and Rome to the edge of Europe. A more earthy evocation of Bunyan's Christian is on a quest, seeking a particular yet beguilingly amorphous grail in a concentrated pathfinding across spaces continually reconfigured through a poetic grammar.

Ryllton Viney 'writes' in a manner that recalls Friedrich Hölderlin's intriguing assertion that, 'Full of merit, yet poetically, man/ Dwells on this earth'. The writing of the natural and human world appears before us as *poiesis*, a capturing of *the sorrow of black* and *the silence of white*. Here the artist-as-pilgrim, whose 'first avowed intent' is a purposeful travel/ travail, warns against the loss of history and its lessons. Yet here also he encourages us to look searchingly for what the fall of each shade or ray may reveal. Collected together this is the work of constancy, without end, but with a sense of direction that continues to open up to others the possibilities already in this world. We have work to do: not just to look, but to excavate the depths of sorrow and to listen intently to the silence.

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Catalogue essay  
Richard Butler

It was a little school in a little town, set upon a little hill. Some of the buildings were condemned decades before I arrived. It boasted Rhodes Scholars on its honour roll. It listed the fallen from the world's great wars. It opened doors to its first students in 1846.

It was proud of itself and its self-identified traditions. It had an educational product at a time when "leadership" was a word often used and not defined. Where principles were present but not explained and where those in the first 18 football team, or the first eight rowing team or the best athletes across the one hundred and four hundred meters were celebrated as heroes.

I didn't like it much.

With one exception. I loved Ryllton Viney.  
I still do, 48 years later.

The passing parade and the passage of time have not reduced that love.  
Quite the opposite. The significance of his contribution to my life increases in clarity as the years fall away.

I remember most every conversation, the temperature of the day and my delight in bursting through a nondescript art room door, hinged and locked next to a grubby set of toilets built in the 1930's and knowing for the next 2 hours I had glimpses of what it was to feel bliss.

Consider this. A school that had for generations educated the children of the self-appointed gentry. In the 1950's Tasmanian wool was a pound for a pound. Wealth and the stratification of society was well entrenched. Those who had been granted land in the previous century were not recognised for their progressive thought, for their creativity and the expression of their collective imagination.

Change, and the notion of 'the idea' or 'expression of concept' was as distant as the green mountains of England. We sang about England in ancient times in Chapel. Twice a week.

But there was a space for the exploration of change and identity. And it was provided to us by Ryllton Viney. One student made plaster casts of her face and fixed them to panels with mirrors behind the eyes, so that when you stared at them you saw yourself. Notions of identity.

Another fixed the carcass of a cat to a canvas and painted lines from a poem across the work. Notions of death and the transience of the lives we all have.

Another produced blue and white abstract paintings both as biography of an early adult relationship – much more than Smells like Teen Spirit.

The art room provided by Ryllton Viney had a heart and a huge pulse, and for the last two or three years of each student's life those who allowed themselves were more than awakened.

I remember a troupe of student teachers visited one day and my hero Ryllton holding court, explaining with great intensity "this is place where the idea is primary, and there is freedom to express and make mistakes".

What vision. There was a declaration of leadership. An alternative universe.  
We all mattered.

I would like you to know he was thin. He had long black hair with a few stray greys. He dressed in black stove-pipe trousers and a black jacket or a black shirt. He wore a purple finely knitted woollen tie. He smoked thin tailor made cigarettes.

He took my year 8 class to see the Surrealist Exhibition in Melbourne, when Melbourne seemed as far away as Berlin. He let us explore. He gave us freedom. He smelt like a camp fire. We gazed at Dali and went bowling at The Southern Cross. I had never known what it felt to be free and trusted to seize the opportunity. So sweet, so special was that freedom.

When he raised his voice in order to settle us he spoke with a slight nasal twang, never once omitting rounded vowels. Above the hum of the metal work, the enamelling, and the clang of the lino press falling over – he could shout perfectly and when he did, we listened.

The other classes were steeped in tradition. Teachers who were decades beyond their use-by date referred reverentially to the Old Boys Association, and with even more deference to the established family businesses in the little town down the road where we might end up working if everything worked out.

Ryllton pointed to a place beyond a distant horizon and dared us to ask “what if” and “why not”.

Through Ryllton and because of Ryllton, we went to places that lay beyond the influence of the parental back-cloth.

I am the first son in seven generations that didn't do law. I found art transformational, and once I knew that it might transform me – I never considered anything else.

And here you are now, standing in the presence of immeasurable life-commitment and insight and the quiet deliberation of an Australian Treasure.

“How do we” I wondered as I wrote this “how do we begin to contextualise Rylltons' gift to us all.”

Title is important but only so far.

I understand Hemingway may have searched the Bible for titles to his work.

In the early works Ryllton references himself.

“In wonder”. “No escape”. “Disaster - before and after the event” provide insight into the monuments to be created as the artist finds in the exterior world a resonance within.

I see parallels.

Perhaps the first is the artists love with Russian miniature Religious Icons. The devotion meditation and love required to make them. Their ancient durability. The slow layering of paint. Revealing of the light within, no matter how thin or dark that light may be.

The preserving of time by the use of encaustic. The physicality of rubbing and reducing surface to reveal other surface – as if in search to explain a place and condition that the artist already knows but for which there are no words.

His study both in Australia and Russia enabled the artist to self-inform on how to reveal truth in his work, as opposed – like so many others – to constructing it.

Ryllton informs and guides us. “That is to say layering, scraping back, adding again then erasure.” The process of making needs patience. It involves the giving of self in order that the work stands on its own. Just like his teaching.

And then there is the influence of the Spanish and in particular the darkness of Goya.

Always there is the landscape. Not the landscape seen. But the landscape felt. The point where time, life and light begin. Where they intersect and end.

How perfect perhaps that the artist weathers with age as the world turns slowly round and round. The darkening in decline and decay. All of us and all about us become fragments of what we once were. We become something more towards the end.

Again he instructs “.. the ruins and the fragments.. the half erased story.. a meditation on the inevitability of decay...provides a deeper meaning.”

Rather than see the work with sadness or a sense of artistic melancholy, the artist is attendant and present. He is committed to recording the state of play and showing us ‘the way’, reaching to us, taking us there and showing us the view. The places where we all exist.

When I look at the quiet darkness of Rylltons work, I am certain that what I feel is not a projection from the artist – but it is mine alone. Ryllton has successfully produced a universal truth. Both from within himself and that which is

about me. It does not surprise me that some of the work seems familiar, even though I have not before set eyes on it.

The work is not prophetic. It is not seek to communicate a sense of foreboding. He does not signal to the future – but as intelligent people I suspect we must all look, and feel and form our views on what lies ahead.

Perhaps he is a spell-maker. Perhaps an alchemist. Witness to the half-light and the quiet unsettling mist. Like Merlin seeing the secrets and having love enough for us all to devote his life to explaining.

The sorrow of Black. The Silence of White.  
The sorrow of Black. The Silence of White.  
The sorrow of Black. The Silence of White.

The works are prayers. You can not speak these works in a casual sense. You can not say their names quickly. You must stop and pause and in doing so reflect on the significance.  
Like the way the Benedictine monks in Rabanal Spain eat their meals in silence.

I was provided with a pack of photocopies and still the images and words made me weep.

You are standing in the presence of something very special.

Immerse yourself in this work in silence. In your quiet consider the significance of Rylltons contribution to you, and to us all.

We are privileged to have been touched by his eyes and his heart. His selflessness and the generosity of his spirit.

You see. I was just a little boy in awe of this man who came from another world. The places he visited and then brought back and showed me. Nothing has changed.

I am now just 62. He formed me and he continues to inform me.

How privileged. How privileged we are. Thank you.

With love, admiration and respect.

Richard Butler.

*“Ut Pictura Poesis”.*  
*or*  
*“As in Poetry, So in Painting”.*

- Horace (65-8 B.C.)

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*Works by Ryllton Viney.*

*For D.W.*

For D.W., a friend and mentor who taught me the rewards of struggle and deep reverence for all living things, especially our Tasmanian forests.

*No Consolation*

What blundering hands of error  
disrobed the forest of her best attire,  
threw grapplings round her growth?

Only the night owl it seems  
thrusts its vision  
into the curtain of nature  
and laden with nocturnal voice,  
invites the messenger of Morpheus  
to soften the presence of man.

*Abandoned Site with Invasive Species*  
(for Rose Macauley 1881 – 1958)

All that is left  
of this once manicured lawn  
are obstacles of broken stone.  
An assembly of fragments  
from various sources,  
Neglected for some ten years now  
or more.  
Unattended, abandoned, forlorn  
and covered  
with murmuring weeds  
and a precocious display  
of invasive shrubs  
and imperfect trees.

All the elegance  
of this imposing house  
could not obscure  
the tragic implication  
of these ruins  
after years of darkness.

I look down now  
on this silent garden  
and think of Rose Macauley.  
Raised a child of nature  
in a villa  
on an Italian shore  
and later  
searching the rubble of her London home  
where no treasures  
or mementos  
had survived.

*For Peter Lanyon*  
(1918 – 1964)

Who opened my eyes to my west country origins and to the value of ruins and ancient sites, especially the standing stones on Bodmin Moor, Cornwall.

*St. Ives*

Fishing boats drawn up on sand or,  
rocking gently,  
in pine-shadowed waters.  
This closed harbour  
that shelters the bays inner curve.  
Town, sea, sky, land  
became rearranged  
with Lanyon's transforming eye.

*On Thinking of Goya's Black Paintings*

The darker side of human nature.  
With paint handled ferociously  
onto the walls of Quinta Del Sordo,  
the house of the deaf man,  
you painted your soul.

Your work is the core of life,  
the unalterable, tragic destiny of man.  
Aware of the great passages of time  
the late black works standing  
outside any specific school.

*The Dream*  
(For Manet)

Faces float in a bygone sea  
staring at another time.  
I close my eyes  
and a voice comes,  
rhythmic,  
like a diligent chronicler  
sitting in my brain.

Dark Goya drifts past,  
followed by a precise Vermeer.  
A Rubens of soft flesh  
and an aqueous Turner;  
then Rembrandt of rich steak browns  
followed by Manet  
the reluctant prophet,  
bearer of a new message;  
Olympia,  
a black ribbon about her neck,  
a red orchid in her hair.

I recognise and absorb them all.  
This night I won't open my eyes.

*Lament for Cy Twombly*  
(1928 – 2011)

(Whose work teased me to look closely at Roman ruins).

Klee took a line for a walk  
and Twombly, moving to Rome,  
took these same lines  
racing across the surface  
as wayward lines of energy,  
seemingly unpredictable.  
Lines which both veil and disclose.  
Yet all is based on  
classical antiquity,  
somehow formal  
in origin and style.

*Becoming Sanguine*

Colour comes like a night visitor  
alternately feared as a thief  
and welcomed as a friend.

To set aside black and white  
and explore the choice of colour  
is like a spiritual detour  
on a path to the unknown.

Black, from deepest intensity  
to gentle watery greys

placed in dramatic repetition  
suggest a plotted history.

White recalls silence  
preparing a ground  
to illuminate the  
inner substance of the work.

So, nothing moves  
on the surface of things  
but a more sanguine stance  
began to assert itself.

## Catalogue of Works

1. *When Day Leaps the Hurdle of Night, no. 1-2.* 2014  
Acrylic, sand and pencil on canvas.  
25H x 25W cm each
2. *Italia Suite, no.1-4.* 2006  
Acrylic and ink and paper on canvas, mounted on composition board.  
44H x 34W cm each
3. *The Last Supper Rejuvenated.* 1977  
Pencil drawing on paper.  
37H x 61W cm  
(Kindly on loan from the Permanent Collection, Devonport Regional Gallery).
4. *This Puppet Speaks No More.* 1975  
Pencil drawing and collage on paper.  
20H x 59W cm  
(Kindly on loan from the Permanent Collection, Devonport Regional Gallery).
5. *Studies for Alpine Flora, no. 1-2.* 2007  
(2 of a suite of 8)  
Acrylic and charcoal on sized newspaper on board.  
29.5H x 23W cm each  
(Kindly on loan from the collection of Angela Casey and Ashley Bird).
6. *Cornwall - Where Land Meets the Sea.* 2014  
Acrylic, charcoal and ink on canvas, mounted on wooden panel.  
105H x 128W cm
7. *Three Studies in Black.* 2018  
Hessian, lace, charcoal and acrylic.  
20H x 20W cm each
8. *Three Studies in White.* 2018  
Wool and cloth on canvas.  
20H x 20W cm each
9. *Exposed.* 2018  
Sand, acrylic and cardboard on composition board.  
120H x 100W x 35D cm
10. *Nordic North, no. 1-2.* 2016  
Acrylic on canvas.  
40H x 30W cm each
11. *Central Highlands Lakes, no. 1-2.* 2004  
Oil on canvas.  
40H x 40W cm each
12. *Farewell to Reggio Emilia, no. 1-6.* 2016  
Acrylic and sand on canvas.  
15H x 15W cm each
13. *Cumbrian Landscape, no. 1-6. A/P* 2002  
Etching on paper.  
4.2H x 4.2W cm each\* check measurements  
(Kindly on loan from the Collection of the Burnie Regional Art Gallery).

14. *The Sorrow of Black, no.1.* 2012  
Acrylic, sand and charcoal on canvas.  
137H x 121W cm
15. *Enclosure - Sheepfold, Cumbria.* 2020  
Acrylic, sand, sawdust and charcoal on canvas.  
137H x 122W cm
16. *The Sorrow of Black, no.2.* 2012  
Acrylic, sand and charcoal on canvas.  
137H x 121W cm
17. *Excavations and the Spirit of Place - White as Silence.* 2016  
Charcoal and wash on handmade paper, mounted on canvas.  
137H x 122W cm
18. *Man on the Run.* A/P 1970  
Drypoint etching on paper from a celluloid plate.  
18H x 14W cm
19. *Three Figures.* A/P 1970  
Dry point etching on paper from a celluloid plate.  
18H x 14W cm
20. *Enclosure Studies, 1-4.* 2016  
(*The Enclosure Suite*)  
Acrylic and sand on scored composition board and plywood.  
20H x 20W cm each
21. *Almost Protected* 2020  
Aluminium, copper and brass nails, sand and acrylic on wood.
22. *At Risk.* 2018  
Acrylic, sand and cardboard on composition board.  
120H x 100W x 6D cm
23. *After the Fire - Traces of Regrowth.* 2021  
Sand and acrylic on cardboard.  
40H x 25W x 9D cm
24. *Dark Night, no.2.* 2020  
(*The Night Landscape Series*)  
20H x 9W cm  
Acrylic and charcoal on canvas.
25. *Courtyard - Provence, no.1.* 2012  
Collagraph printed on Magnani paper.  
19H x 13W cm
26. *Dark Hills* 2020  
Collage, aqueous pastel and pencil on paper.  
18H x 15W cm
27. *View from the Garden, 1-2.* 2008  
Pencil and collagraph on Magnani paper.  
7H x 7W cm each
28. *From the Pillars of Hercules.* 2016  
Acrylic, sand and charcoal on canvas.  
183H x 136W cm

29. *Chamber.* 2012-13  
(*The Enclosure Suite*)  
Acrylic and water based paint stick on Magnani paper.  
17H x 14W cm
30. *Blue Enclosure.* 2012-13  
(*The Enclosure Suite*).  
Acrylic on perforated Magnani paper.  
16H x 12W cm
31. *Solving a Problem.* 2012  
Acrylic and tissue paper on canvas.  
16H x 13W cm
32. *The Cross on the Hill.* 2015  
Unique state etching from zinc plate printed on Magnani paper.  
8H x 11W cm
33. *Passage Grave, no.1.* 2013  
Aqueous pastel and collage on paper.  
11H x 12W cm
34. *Mapping the Great Divide - The Cow Pasture Road.* 2010  
Collagraph on Magnani paper.  
30H x 30W cm
35. *Mapping the Great Divide - Where Magpies Fly.* 2010  
Collagraph on Magnani paper.  
30H x 30W cm
36. *Dry Stone Wall, no.2.* 2002  
Etching and mixed with a photograph.  
8H x 13W cm\* check measurements  
(Kindly on loan from the Collection of the Burnie Regional Art Gallery).
37. *Pier - Rivers Edge, no.1-2.* 2003  
Collagraph, pencil, wash and collaged paper on a sepia toned photograph.  
18H x 17.6W cm each\* check measurements  
(Kindly on loan from the Collection of the Burnie Regional Art Gallery).

Artworks on Slideshow (38-49):

38. *Aftermath.* 2006  
Mixed media on canvas.  
120H x 100W cm
39. *Enclosure, Judgement and Remembrance.* 2016  
Mixed media on canvas.  
137H x 122Wcm
40. *Excavations - Chalk Cliffs.* 2016  
Mixed media on canvas.  
137H x 122W cm
41. *Goodbye to the Shores of Asia Minor.* 2016  
Mixed media on canvas.  
120H x 100W cm
42. *History Lessons - The Sorrow of Black, Cape Grim.* 2012  
Mixed media on canvas.  
137H x 122W cm

43. *On Silbury Hill.* 2015  
Mixed media on composition board.  
123H x 100W cm
44. *Pages From a Notebook - a Secret History of the Cow Pasture Road.* 2012  
Mixed media on canvas.  
137H x 122W cm
45. *Ruins and Fragments - Loss and Destruction.* 2016  
Mixed media on canvas.  
183H x 122W cm
46. *Sanctuary.*  
Acrylic, sand, chalk and cardboard on calico, mounted on board.  
120H x 90W x 10D cm
47. *The Scarp was Dark Against a Greening Sky, no. 1-2.* 2012  
Mixed media on hardwood.  
13H x 23W cm each
48. *The Trees of Egerton.* 2005  
Mixed media on canvas.  
123H x 100W cm
49. *To the Edge of Europe - A Memory.* 2016  
Mixed media on canvas.  
183H x 122W cm
50. *In Ruins - Corridors of Silence, no. 1-3.* 2012  
(*The Roman Ruins - Provence Suite*)  
Charcoal, chalk and acrylic on canvas.  
40H x 30W cm each
51. *Impenetrable Wall, no. 1-3.* 2011  
Oil on canvas mounted on composition board.  
12H x 22W cm each
52. *One Tree Hill.* 2015  
Watercolour wash, pencil and pen on Magnani paper.  
7.5H x 10W cm  
(Kindly on loan from the collection of Angela Casey and Ashley Bird).
53. *Six Studies for an Alpine Landscape.* 2007  
(numbered left to right).  
Oil on canvas mounted on composition board.  
8H x 11.5W cm each
54. *Drystone Wall - Cumbria, no.1.* 1996  
Ink and wash on paper.  
6H x 8W cm
55. *Drystone Wall - Cumbria, no.2.* 1996  
Ink and wash on paper.  
6H x 8W cm
56. *Visiting Ruins, no.1 and 3.* 2012  
(*Caesar's Vast Ghost Suite*)  
Acrylic and pencil on silk over Magnani paper.  
15H x 13W cm

57. *Bavarian Forest 1-2.* 2012  
Charcoal on paper  
30H x 12W cm
58. *Neither Here Nor There.* 2013  
Acrylic on Magnani paper and calico.  
25H x 19W cm
59. *East Coast Landscape with Introduced Species.* 2009  
Acrylic and charcoal on canvas mounted on composition board.  
122H x 103W cm
60. *Forlorn and Desolate.* 2003  
Pencil, charcoal, ink and chalk on Magnani Corona paper.  
27.5H x 22W cm
61. *Coast.* 1979  
Charcoal on paper.  
24H x 19W cm
62. *Four Studies for a Painting - Mediterranean.* 2015  
(4 of the original suite of 8. Numbered top – bottom: 5, 7, 2, 4).  
Acrylic on scored Magnani Corona paper.  
30H x 25W cm each
63. *West Kennett Long Barrow, no.1-2.* 2015  
Acrylic and tissue paper on scored three ply panel.  
16H x 13W cm each
64. *Say Goodbye, Catullus, to the Shores of Asia Minor.* 2016  
Acrylic on canvas, mounted on composition board.  
120H x 90W cm
65. *Ordered Landscape Garden, no. 1-4.* 1995  
Mixed media and ink on paper.  
22.4 H x 16.5W cm each  
(Kindly on loan from the Collection of the Burnie Regional Art Gallery).
66. *History Lessons - The Edge of Europe.* 2012  
Oil, charcoal and enamel on hessian and canvas.  
137H x 122W cm
67. *Reflections.* 1975  
Glazed ceramic, brass and felted wool on board.  
(Additional surround added in 2007).  
66H x 30W x 15D cm
68. *Green Mountain.* 2020  
Water based paint stick on paper.  
23H x 17W cm
69. *Saint Catherine of Alexandria.* 2009  
(*The Russian Icon Suite*)  
Watercolour and ink on paper.  
9H x 7W cm  
(On loan from the collection of Bernadine Alting).

70. *Icon in the Byzantine Style*. 2009  
(*The Russian Icon Suite*)  
Watercolour and ink on paper.  
10H x 7W cm  
(On loan from the collection of Bernadine Alting).
71. *Apparition of Andrea del Sartosh Lucrezia*. 2006  
(*The Italia Suite*)  
Photographic etching, negative and collage.  
17H x 8W cm
72. *Apparition of Donatello's David*. 2006  
(*The Italia Suite*)  
Photographic etching, negative and collage.  
18H x 10W cm
73. *Bennett's Cross - West Country*. 1996  
Acrylic on paper.  
11.5H x 11Wcm
74. *Standing Stones, 1-2*. 1996  
Black and white photograph reworked with bleach and dyes.  
7H x 10W cm each
75. *Canal, Welsh Border* 1996  
Aqueous pastel on Canson paper and photograph.  
30H x 26W cm
76. *Nordic Night - Sweden*. 2013  
Acrylic and tissue paper mounted on scored plywood.  
24H x 18W cm
77. *Evening Light*. 2020  
Black and white photograph reworked with bleach and dye.  
20H x 15W cm
78. *Landscape - Nordic North*. 2012  
Etching, collagraph and watercolour wash on Magnani Corona paper.  
24H x 18.5W cm
79. *Icon. Saint Catherine of Alexandria and Saint Margaret of Antioch*. 1986-2021  
(*From the original icon at Saint Catherine's Monastery, Sinai*).  
Egg tempera and metallic paint on gesso primed linen, on hardwood panel.