The Arty Wild Oat #1

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Description

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Robert Hughes, artist, critic and writer, last week criti-
cised, in an outspoken interview, the New South Wales Art
Gallery and its traditions.

This is significant because it is a thoughtful insight into the Gallery’s history and an issue of real importance.

What is the purpose of a public art gallery? The purpose is twofold.

Yes, to disseminate information about painting and sculpture by showing the public painting and sculpture.

Two, to play an active role in the critical and appreciative development of art.

To fulfill these purposes, does the N.S.W. Art

Gallery do these jobs adequately? No. If not, how do you think it could?

The New South Wales Art Gallery has remained static since its inception. Nothing at all has been improved substantially. A particularly large improvement has taken place over the last twenty years. But it has not raised the standard of the standard to the level of a museum.

The layout is positively mind-boggling. The main gallery on the ground floor is, in fact, to deal with the staff offices and the gallery store, and the director to see the board member, who walks nearly 100 yds. Now the storage rooms offer adequate, large and generously distributed storage areas, and the picture room is positively depressing. The most exquisite paintings are stored in double reprogressive boxes, often with small spaces between them. A whole picture is usually stored inside one box. The cleaning is at a minimum.

The gallery space itself is not subverted to some end artistic, in the sense that one feels one sees excellent galleries, it cannot be divided

brought to the surface after a prolonged submission.

Mr. Sharp.

"Pst, Leda, don’t look now, but I think that artist is spying on us again.”

Then there’s the additional irritation when the N.S.W. Gallery’s collection has been inherited by one of Sydney’s leading artists, notably Robert Hughes, artist, critic and writer.

Hughes, a known critic and writer, has taken over the role of the gallery’s director, which means he has the final say in the gallery’s direction.

The gallery is physically a drab, un-inspirational place, given its small size.

The director, Martin Sharp, has been in charge since 1984.

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Spoilt child of God
A Paradise Lost

It is amazing that no one ever questions the truth of the story of a lost Paradise. How beautiful, after all, was the Garden of Eden? Clearly, after all, is the present world the ultimate expression of God's physical universe? Have flowers fallen? Have Adam and Eve sinned?

Do God and Satan play apple tree and forbid it to bear fruit because one man sinned, or has God decided that its blossoms should be dotted of purple and scarlet?

Have cotels and nightingales and skylarks ceased to sing? Is there no longer any joy in the sweet sounds of life? And what of the mountain tops and are there no rosy sunsets today and no falling cateracts and great trees? Who, therefore, in reverencing the name of God, is in the ‘Paradise’ was ‘lost’ and that today we are living in an ugly world? We are indeed unnatural spoiled children of God.

This essay is written by Chinese writer and philosopher Chang Yiran, in his book 'The Bulletin' from America and Phil Purrish from Britain.

The Bulletin - fold-up

You may have noticed the considerable drop in the number of cartoons published in the ‘Bulletin’, or perhaps you haven’t? I suppose very few of you have ever heard of the ‘Bulletin’. In case you haven’t, it is a rather ineffectual weekly newspaper with a policy that changes as often as the weather.

Nevertheless the Bulletin was the only publication which paid a ‘decorum’ amount for Australian cartoons, (5 p., 10 p., for a full page). The weekly was managed by Frank Packer (Son of the late Sir Frank).

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**A Cartoonist's Philosophy**

What is your name? In my world we don't have names — we are names. My name is Whimsy. What is my extraordinary name? Tell me of this world. Our world is a secret life, a love life, a world of roses and honey, of songs and kisses. You say 'our' — with whom do you share this world?

Ah, then your world is in the sweet bowl of secret life, isn't it? Then — something which moves me, how can you be angelic or fairy for you to dazzle me with your being, merely with your speech? Concern yourself not with me — take your mind and give me more than I can find. And then, why do you choose this name?

With my friends, of course — Laughter and Delight, Carefree, and my love, Smiles — to name only a few.

Is this a new world — a heaven neverbefore discovered?

Oh no, our world is very old. As old as man, as old as time is old.

We have leaders and prophets, wise men and gods, composers and artists. Escher, Ossietzky, Lancaster, all those graphic artists who are to you tied in eyes and your soul to sweet looks and smiles. Yet Peynet is your maestro. I know little of this end of years. I fear I feel his work is to smile at and then to turn the page to something better.

Your mind is a child's, and its sweet and lips is truth itself. I feel a sense of your preciousness — that you are to me a fine matter — as I am not afraid of facing life, of growing old, of ailments, all are forever related to me. No more than a question can I aim from my suspicious arrow, but I make myself useless.

Ah, I am humbled. Each little detail of your face and lips is truth itself. I feel a sense of your preciousness — that you are to me a fine matter — as I am not afraid of facing life, of growing old, of ailments, all are forever related to me. No more than a question can I aim from my suspicious arrow, but I make myself useless.

Why then, are you minded of your world today? Of fantasy, an oddity, even your special sensations, truths so sound 'life' is not at all the same as this your given name. Why are you looking for your world through rose-tinted glasses?

Ah, why do you choose humaneness, there are so many others to equal Peynet?

Is that a small taste of honey is our greatest need, our sweet looks and smiles. Our world is a sweet life, a world of rose perfume. Our world is strong and fruitful. In many times to come we are names. My name is Whimsy. I feel a sense of your preciousness — that you are to me a fine matter — as I am not afraid of facing life, of growing old, of ailments, all are forever related to me. No more than a question can I aim from my suspicious arrow, but I make myself useless.

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Dear Editor,—I am 12 years old, some of my little friends (and some of my not-so-little friends) say there is no Tasmanian monster. Daddy says if you see it in the "Arty Wild Oat" it is so. Please tell me the truth. Is there a Tasmanian monster? Lola Humbert

(Lolita Humbert (Address supplied)

The most real things in the world are the rather small monsters that are just big enough to be seen but not big enough to be seen. Of course not, but there's no proof that they don't. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders now unseen and unimagined in the world. For example the po...