

GALLIPOLI

Chart

PRIZE 2021



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Judges' Report

With the gradual lifting of restrictions (and the reintroduction of others) I hope that we are approaching some semblance of normality (whatever that is). Failing some disaster between now and when you get to read this, we will have had an official opening of the exhibition and announcement of the winner of the 2021 Gallipoli Art Competition. Following the resounding success of our Virtual Exhibition last year, we have decided to repeat the exercise and have another 360° Exhibition. This is due to the Board, taking into consideration that many of our members are advancing in years, others are distant from Sydney and many may not be able to see the actual exhibition. Also many of our contributing artists reside interstate or overseas and again are not able to attend in person.

Entries were up some 14% on last year which indicates that we continue to go from strength to strength. What was surprising this year was the number of large entries. The judges initially thought that the number of entries would have been considerably higher due to the lockdown. While this is partly true, what many artists did do was make bigger works. The quality was extremely high and many pieces that in other years would have been finalists could not be displayed. Themes relating to the Corona Virus were common. I was personally disappointed that many otherwise very good paintings did not obviously demonstrate the conditions of the competition and the themes of the creed.

This year's winner is GEOFF HARVEY with his work "Forgotten Heroes". It honours the Walers, their bravery and loyalty, and the vital service that they performed during WWI. The horses are portrayed at a remembrance march, their riders displaying flags symbolically representing the Light Horse Cavalry, the Medical Corps and the Veterinary Services. Geoff is a multi-award winning artist and sculptor based in Sydney. His work has appeared in numerous group and solo exhibitions in Australia, England and the USA including Sculpture by the Sea, Sydney. Geoff is a regular finalist and also a previous winner of the Gallipoli Art Competition in 2012 for his work "Trench Interment".

According to Army veterinary records there were 161,821 horses exported to assist in the many campaigns of the First World War. Most were Walers although some were Clydesdales and other heavy pack type horses. Only one horse returned. "Sandy" the favourite of Major General Sir William Bridges, Commander of the first Australian Division at Gallipoli. By way of strange coincidence, M.G. Bridges, fatally shot at Gallipoli, is the only one of 62,000 Australian service men and women who died overseas in WWI, whose remains were returned home.

Highly commended is ANDREW TOMKINS "The Guns Fell Silent". It is an innovative use of enamel and ink on clear polyester. It is dedicated to his mother and her memories of the early morning, 6th June 1944. As an anti-aircraft gunner based at Lowestoft, overlooking the English Channel, Britain's eastern most point she recalled an unimaginable sight. The sky was black with aircraft and the Channel was filled with every craft imaginable, all heading in one direction – East. The Guns Fell Silent on that morning.

Also highly commended is PHILIP MEATCHEM "A Different Dawn". It is an impression of his experience of the Dawn Service, Anzac Day 2020. It depicts the eerie first light in his street, with individuals and small family groups commemorating, significant, poignant, separately but united.

I would also like to briefly mention DIERDRE BEAN "... And you'll know him by the feathers in his hat".

First adopted by the Queensland Mounted Infantry in the 1890s, the wearing of Emu Plumes on their Slouch Hats was granted to all units of the Australian Light Horse in 1915, which they refer to as "Kangaroo Feathers". This was extended to all personnel serving in the Royal Australian Armoured Corps Regiment in 2000.

The Committee would like to thank Merrylands RSL Club, in particular Bryn Miller, Chief Executive Officer, Jane Smith, Group Marketing Manager and the staff for their assistance & enthusiastic support.

John Robertson

President, Gallipoli Memorial Club

Chairperson, Gallipoli Art Prize Committee

(on behalf of the Judges)

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Our Creed

We Believe...

*That within the community there exists an obligation
for all to preserve the special qualities of loyalty,
respect, love of country, courage and comradeship
which were personified by the heroes of the Gallipoli
Campaign and bequeathed to all humanity as a
foundation of perpetual peace and universal freedom.*

Acknowledgements

The Gallipoli Memorial Club wishes to acknowledge the wonderful efforts so tirelessly given by the following people in contributing towards another successful year of the Gallipoli Art Prize.

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John Robertson

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For further information: www.gallipoli.com.au

This exhibition is available on line at

www.gallipoliartprize.org.au



ANDREW TOMKINS

The Guns Fell Silent

Enamel and ink on polyester
121 x 121cm

This is my mother's story.

As a 19 year old, Mary Duff, a Scot from Ayr, enlisted in the British Army, serving in the Auxillary Territorial Service, the women's branch of the British Army.

She was based on the anti-aircraft guns of Lowestoft, overlooking the English Channel, Britain's eastern most point.

One of her many stories from this time was of the early morning of D Day, 6th June 1944.

Mary spoke of "the crew feeling something was afoot the night before. Sunrise greeted us with an unimaginable sight and sound, where the sky was black with aircraft and the Channel was filled with every craft imaginable, all heading in one direction – East" They could only sit and watch as history unfolded.

Soon after the end of the war, Mary emigrated, starting a family life in Sydney.

After all this time, the mental images from her stories remain with me.

Sadly, as with many from this time, Mary is no longer with us and all that remains of her experience that morning are the chronicles of history and the memories passed onto her young family.

The Guns Fell Silent on that morning of 6th June 1944.



BELINDA LEIGH SIMS

Blue Water Boy: Poppy was a Navy man.

Oil on canvas
40 x 30cm

I am drawn to the subject of memory, loss and connection. My nephew is the grandson of a navy veteran from the Vietnam War. Dexter is as connected to the navy as his grandfather was, despite having never met Colin. His mother explains: "Dad didn't talk about the navy much. We actually didn't know the role his unit played in Vietnam until very recently. I think he found it hard to be proud of his medals and his involvement in Vietnam but he was proud of his son wearing them and proud of us being respectful of service men and women. Dad loved the water, all water, and water for me has a connection to dad. Every "lesson" I give Dex is a lesson I got from dad. Most of my memories of dad are near water and it always amazed me that someone that grew up in the desert knew so much about boats and fishing! We scattered Dad's ashes in a little cove down where he was stationed next to the ocean."

This artwork explores the deep family connections and loyalty, love and respect that can be forged through the lived experience of a war hero.



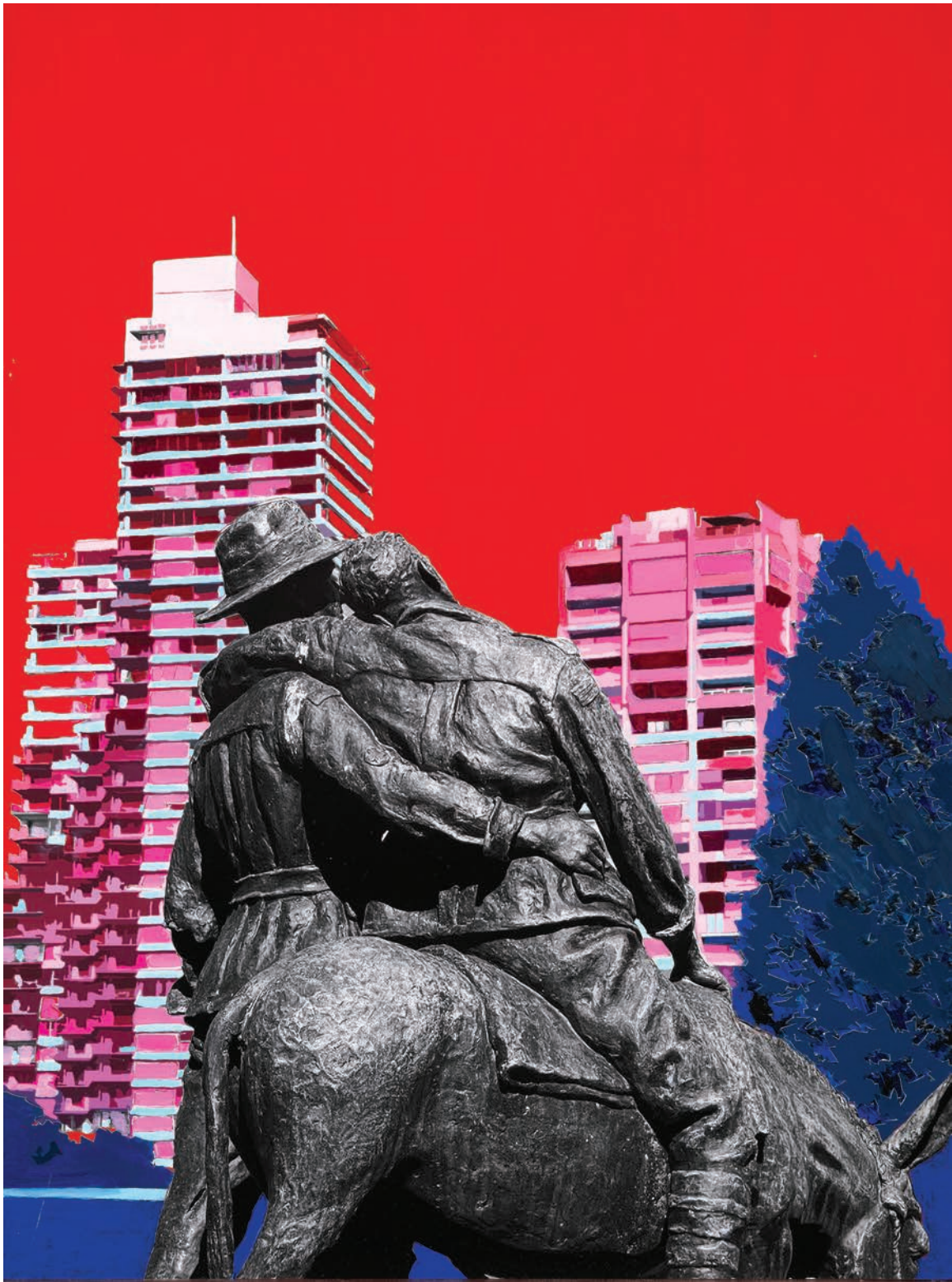
BRIGITTE DAWSON

Last Goodbye

Oil on canvas
120 x 180cm

This painting is a tribute to the circumstances of war and the unspoken bond between a soldier and his horse. Our war history is full of patriotism, courage and pride. Comradeship between man and beast is in each and everyone of us. 10 Million fighting men died in world war one along with 8 million horses donkeys and ponies. Only one horse returned from the 136,000 Walers that we sent over for use by the Australian Imperial Force. Man and animal found an emotional companionship that we as humans crave, drawing strength, love and fierce mateship to continue the fight for peace and freedom of this country. How traumatic and heart-wrenching it was for the soldiers leaving their horses behind.

I don't think I could stand the thought of my old fancy hack
Just crawling round old Cairo with a 'Gypo on his back
Perhaps some English tourist out in Palestine may find
My broken hearted Waler with a wooden plough behind
No I think I'd better shoot him and tell a little lie:
"He floundered in a wombat hole and the lay down to die."
Maybe I'll get court martialled; but I'm damned if I'm inclined
To go back to Australia and leave my horse behind.
By Major Oliver Hogue.



CARMEL COSGROVE

Future Cobbers

Mixed media
54 x 72cm

The sculpture 'The Man with the Donkey' located at the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne, is a symbolic reference to all the Anzacs in Gallipoli who through courage, compassion and comradeship sacrificed their own lives to help save others.

'Future cobbers' depicts two brave soldiers looking out into an unknown bright future that lies ahead of them.



CRAIG HANDLEY

Composite 2021

Oil on board
35 x 40cm

This is primarily a painting about PTSD and veteran mental health. It is a composite image of various modern combat soldiers placed in a field of pixelated digital camouflage. I wanted the picture to portray a sense of isolation and emotional detachment, a key requirement needed to operate in difficult and stressful situations, but one that has long term and far reaching consequences.

(Head Space and Timing is a website that inspired this picture.)



DALE BURKE

Found Photograph

Oil on canvas
60 x 76cm

With this painting "Found Photograph" I wanted to highlight the use of photography during the first world war and in particular the amazing discovery of the 3,000 plus photographic plates in a farmhouse attic at Vignacourt near the city of Amiens in the Somme valley. The photographs were taken by the husband, and wife duo, Louis and Antoinette Thuillier as a memento for the Australian soldiers to keep or send back to their families, these also included photographs of British, Canadian, Nepalese, and Indian Sikh soldiers serving at that time. They were photographed onto plate glass negatives coated in a silver emulsion that allowed for a very high quality of reproduction, as seen in the folio book "The Lost Diggers" by Ross Coulthart.

The portrait I chose was of Lieutenant Cecil Chapman who served on the frontline at Pozieres, he also served as a Major in the second world war, he married and died at the age of 69 in 1965. I was taken by the decomposition of the emulsion on the glass plate and how it created a layer of metaphor for the decomposition of man.



DANIEL HE WANG

Trail

Oil on canvas
105 x 105cm

A conclusion depicting an aftermath, these items each contain past memories of a journey through thick and thin, the wear and tear of each object symbolizes persistence and advancing, also conveying hardship which is the Trail.



DIERDRE BEAN

... And you'll know him by the feathers in his hat.

Watercolour on arches 300gsm paper
40 x 57cm

Banjo Paterson's poem, *Queensland Mounted Infantry* (1900) describes the quintessential Australian soldier as tough, athletic and irrepressible; an expert horseman and loyal soldier. The last line of the poem, '...And you'll know him by the feathers in his hat', is referring to emu feathers tucked into the folded brim of their slouch hats, a tradition the Queenslanders began in 1897. It was a proud display of their riding skills.

Since that time, the slouch hat decorated with emu feathers has become a national emblem.

I realized the significance of this hat on the day I put the final touches to the painting. It was the absence that struck me: the absence of an Australian soldier: one who may have worn it had they returned home.

It has taken many hours to execute this painting and throughout the process, I reflected on those who served. Having visited Gallipoli and the Western Front battlefields, I recalled war historians' accounts of bravery against overwhelming odds that has left me with a deep enduring sadness we must never forget the sacrifice, loss and suffering.

May each slouch hat, replete with emu feathers, forever have a proud Australian soldier to wear it.



ELIZABETH MCCARTHY (nee Jess)

From all the wounded, badly or otherwise hit,
not a murmur or a groan.

Graphite on paper
71 x 92cm

On the first day the Anzac's landed at Ari Burnu, now known as Anzac Cove, in Gallipoli. HMAT Seang Choon (A49) moored offshore near Ari Burnu Point. 16,000 Anzacs were landed, and 2000 were killed or injured within 24 hours. What I wanted to emphasise in this drawing, is that as the rowing boats landed, others were ferrying the wounded back to Seang Choon, as it had become, through necessity, a hospital.

My grandfather, Captain Carl Jess, was one of the officers working on the gangway of Seang-Choon, bringing the 500 wounded on board and assisting in the hospital; "A sight I shall never forget in the whole of my life...but from all the wounded, badly or otherwise hit, not a murmur or a groan."

On that first day at Anzac on the beaches, Bean the War Historian wrote "that strongly marked and definite entity, the Anzac tradition, had, from the first morning, been partly created here.'

The Anzac spirit-courage, humour, and tenacity should be taught about in every school in this country, so children can find examples of it in daily life, aspire to it themselves, so that it may always live on.

References:

Captain Carl Jess war diary Gallipoli 1915 www.anzacportal.dva.gov.au www.awm.gov.au www.environment.gov.au



FU YAN

Proud of Medal

Mixed media
60 x 50 cm

ANZAC DAY is a Memorial Day for soldiers who died in the BATTLE OF GALLILPOLI in the First World War. On this day of each year, the veterans who won prizes in the First and Second World Wars wear their treasured medals on their chests and walk in the parade with a proud look. Each medal shows its glorious history to friends.

A medal for bravery and wounded for the country.

A medal for a lifetime to be proud of.

I wish the veterans' health and happiness.



GEOFF HARVEY

Forgotten Heroes

Acrylic on canvas
97 x 158cm

My painting was created to honor the vital rolls the Australian Waler horses performed during WW1.

According to Army veterinary records there were 161,821 horses exported to assist in the many campaigns of this war.

These trusty steeds did everything expected of them and more. Their bravery on the battlefields was legendary and their loyalty unsurpassed. Because of these qualities they earn a worldwide reputation as the “horse without an equal.”

So special and deep was the bond between rider and horse that many of the soldiers were traumatized by the realization that their faithful “mate” was not coming home with them. By the end of the war in 1918 those horses that survived the battlefields and the cull stayed in Egypt, France and India where they faced an uncertain future. No official records were kept of these brave horses.

My painting “Forgotten Heroes” acknowledges these noble animals and gives them the recognition they so justly deserve.

Less we forget - the original Australian stock horse – the Waler.



GUY WARREN

Weeping soldier

Oil on canvas
64 x 86cm

At the risk of offending good friends and colleagues I must confess that I have little sympathy for those who have used old battlegrounds for the purpose of producing good landscape paintings. It has nothing to do with the poor devils under the ground and indeed is rather like using them for the sake of a good painting.

My painting is a protest against that. Soldiers do weep for their mates certainly, but mainly, also for the complete idiocy of war.

Guy Warren

Born: April 16, 1921

War service: 1941-46 Australia & Papua New Guinea, WWII



HOLLY MAHONEY

Then and Now, Anzac Spirit, 2021

Mixed media: Acrylic paint and charcoal on canvas
101 x 76cm

Holly Mahoney is a Sydney-based visual artist known for figurative and landscape works on paper and canvas. Holly holds a BA in Visual Art (Painting & Drawing) from the University of Ballarat. Her work often creates an emotive response to the movement and light captured in her gestural marks that take the viewer on a journey as to how she interprets the world.

This artwork draws from her own experience, exploring the shores of Anzac Cove, walking in the footsteps of soldiers past - to present-day mateship of the Turkish people at the Lone Pine Memorial, and playing 2-up at local RSLs across the nation.

Working from personal photographs and historical depictions of soldiers, this work is centred around ethereal figures past and present set against a dramatic landscape illuminated by the sunset, reflective of the ongoing human spirit, hope, and freedom of a new dawn.



JOHN BUTLER

... and now we lie, in Flanders fields.

Acrylic on Board
120 x 119cm

The title of this artwork borrows from the much loved poem “In Flanders fields” written on the Western Front in May 1915 by Canadian soldier, physician and poet John McCrae in response to the death and burial ritual of a close friend. The landscape depicted is of one of the Commonwealth War Graves cemeteries in Ploegsteert Wood in Western Flanders, granted in perpetuity by the Belgian monarch in gratitude for the Commonwealth Forces coming to Belgium’s aid.

“We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields”.
Finally, but too early, at peace.



JOHN SKILLINGTON

My dearest Frederick, love Florence

Oil on board
43 x 76cm

Communication in the form of letters between loved ones was a huge boost to morale between those on the front lines and those left to wonder on the other side of the globe.

In those letters the deeply personal experiences of conflict from both sides write a powerful history that could never be fully matched in the official accounts of war.

Fred and Fluff (Florence) were my great Aunt and Uncle.



JULIANNE ROSS ALLCORN

Poppies and Pinecones... always remembered

Charcoal, pencil, watercolour
and chalk pastel on board
62 x 92cm

I was born in Rabaul, PNG and grew up surrounded by war relics and stories of WW1 and WW2 and the battles fought in the Pacific.

My piece is inspired by the photograph of Private First Class Frank Pomroy. Who fought in the Pacific in 1942 at Guadalcanal/Tenaru Creek and at Cape Gloucester, New Britain.

The background shows the Air-Force, the Paratroopers and the Navy tying the Forces together in remembrance with fields of wild and falling poppies and the Lone Pine Tree and pinecone representing Gallipoli.



Private First Class Frank Pomroy



KRISTIN HARDIMAN

Age Shall Not Weary Them

Oil on canvas
77 x 77cm

I have appropriated the image known as 'We want our Mumie' because it is a good representation of the transient nature of life, especially during war times.

These soldiers were amongst many who died. Some were unable to be identified and have been buried in unnamed graves.

This photograph, amongst others, was only discovered recently. These give another insight into the lives of our young soldiers and how much they sacrificed.

These photographs aren't the typical wartime images, but show the soldiers in an informal way, having a bit of fun. It shows mateship and an attempt to enjoy life during hard times.

I have added a hint of colour to indicate that these men existed and were once real and alive. But I have faded them out to show through time the physical reality fades and without intervention will crumble to dust, but our memories need to remain clear and strong.



LARA BALOG

Sisters of War

Acrylic on canvas
91 x 122cm

Sister Catherine (Kitty) McNaughton. A World War I nurse from the town of Little River in Victoria. In a time when it was considered appropriate, for the feminine gender, to tether a woman to home - Kitty embraced active service on the battlefield. Standing alongside 24 of her fellow nurses, battling diseases, horrid living conditions and a lack of food and professional equipment, she nursed the Gallipoli' sick and wounded soldiers. Kitty was an incredibly skilled and patient nurse, but she was more than that. She was a friend and sister to the soldiers, being there to listen to their harsh tales from the front and to read their letters she received as they spent months serving at Gallipoli. It was this endless support that proved to be invaluable to any friend that crossed Kitty's path.

As a young woman myself- reading the biography and diary of Catherine McNaughton (entitled "Kitty's War" by Janet Butler) left me deeply inspired and moved to tears as I finished both book and artwork. It is through her diary entries that the reader can see her beautiful qualities of loyalty, bravery and comradeship. I will forever be inspired by this woman. I hope to be as strong as her and to never stop fighting for what I love.



LISA ELLEN HUGHES

Standing guard, Anzac Bridge

Acrylic and glaze on canvas
76 x 91cm

Standing Guard, Anzac Bridge is a combined aerial and frontal point-of-view perspective leading into Black Wattle Bay and the Sydney Fish Markets. My composite images create a narrative that embodies and reinforces the solid-preservation and respect to the Anzac soldiers who fought at Gallipoli. Red poppies adorn the side of my work as a remembrance of the memory of fallen soldiers and their unique courage on the battlefields of Northern France and Belgium. The Anzacs faced a devastating battle to provide future generations with peace and freedom. The solidarity and mateship of Australian diggers and the New Zealand army corps created a bond and loyalty to each other fighting, an unbeatable battle on the shores of Gallipoli.

The contemporary gestural representation of the Anzac bridge positioned next to my pop art recreation of the historic Diggers sculptured by Alan Somerville, which stands at the west end of Anzac bridge. The intention to represent the soldier as pop art dots seen in print creates an essence of faded memories. The Anzac statue silently stands guard, demanding respect, while life continues to move forward around as aquatic and sub-aquatic images of fish and boats.



LORI PENSINI

The Hand Knitted Socks

Oil on hand primed linen
60 x 45cm

War mobilized women. With the Australian economy hamstrung from the loss of its workforce and diversion of funds to the military to fight the war, women played a vital role in homeland production on both home front and front line. They invested invaluable emotional and physical labour caring for troops and sending comforts to the war front through charitable work and fundraising: baking, writing letters and the knitting of clothing & camouflage nets. This painting tells the story of Fay Howe, 15, daughter of the Breaksea Island lighthouse keeper, King George Sound, Albany Western Australia. Although her mother died before she could teach her to knit properly, she heeded the Country Women's Association call to duty, and knitted socks with her CWA's war relief wool donations.



MARGARET HADFIELD

Duty done

Acrylic on canvas
100 x 125cm

Anthony John joined the Australian Army Reserve at 18 and three years later the Australian Army as an Officer Cadet through Portsea. He finished top of his year and was posted to IRAR, Townsville. He became an officer in the SAS.

Anthony came from generations of Australian Army men. His grandfather, Harold John, served in WWI. His father, Marcus John, was awarded an Afghanistan Military Cross during the Vietnam War. Operations with the SAS, which included service in Afghanistan, took a huge toll on body and soul. Injuries and exposure to toxins have weakened the man who only ever wished to serve his country. Medically discharged, Anthony John is a shell of the man he used to be. At 58 he is suffering from Parkinson's Disease and carries physical and emotional wounds.

Australians should pause to reflect on the service and sacrifice of soldiers like Anthony John and their duty done.



MATT JONES

There is nothing here but potential

Ink on cotton
60 x 80cm

When I joined the Army, I was issued two unmarked white t-shirts to be worn at PT.

Together with all my mates, we passed around a stencil and marker pens to write our names on the front of the shirts. Mine read "JONES M.D."

They were, much like myself at that time, a blank canvas. And like myself, they would become marked by training, experience and a culture sharply echoing the courage, comradeship and candour that emerged from the Gallipoli campaign.

Upon leaving the Army, I was surprised at how denuding I found the experience. Much of my identity was that of a soldier.

This Gallipoli Prize exhibition called for a canvas to be painted. I realised that I am that blank canvas, in fact so too is everyone after they hang up the khaki.

I found a new blank white t-shirt as a reminder to myself that it is never too late to turn that blank canvas into a masterpiece after you march out that final time. Soldier on.



MICHELLE HISCOCK

The Menin Gate

Oil on linen
61 x 76cm

Throughout history certain structures, such as the Colosseum or the Milvian Bridge in Rome, have drawn generations of artists to try to capture something of the spirit of the place and its poetic resonance, each new depiction adding a layer of meaning and significance.

This is how the Menin gate struck me when I was fortunate enough to attend the Last Post Ceremony and make sketches of it from the same angle as Longstaff's famously haunting picture.

It was very moving to witness such dedication to remembrance.

There are more than 55 000 names of British and Commonwealth soldiers engraved on the monument, including 6 000 Australians, young men who crossed this threshold to face the ultimate test whose remains were never found.

As it stands above the dark water reminiscent of the river Styx, the gate gives the impression of a portal to another realm both for the thousands of soldiers who marched out to the Salient, never to return, and for the generations of pilgrims who continue to honour their sacrifice.



MICHELLE ZUCCOLO

Recalling my grandfather

Oil on canvas
50 x 40cm

This painting amalgamates reflections on the experiences of my grandfather, Private Roy Ashby who served with the Australian Imperial Force during WW1. I have assembled a collection of eclectic still life objects alluding to his journey. The kerosene lamp is a beacon which symbolises hope through the passage of time. Referencing strength and endurance, the donkey assisted tirelessly throughout WW1, transporting food, ammunition and medical supplies. Donkeys also carried wounded soldiers back to the shore for medical treatment and evacuation. The soft yellow background in the painting references the sandy coastline of the European continent. I have incorporated a portrait of my grandfather in uniform – sourced from a rare original photograph and have highlighted his row of commemorative medals.



NICOLE KELLY

Softly tread the brave

Oil on polyester
150 x 120cm

Gallipoli is etched deeply into the Australian psyche. Annually, we commemorate those who fought and died in Gallipoli, and pay tribute to contemporary Australians who continue to show remarkable resilience and bravery when faced with the incomprehensible challenges of warfare.

'Softly tread the brave' reflects on my friendship with Paul Wheeler, a returned veteran who served as a Combat Engineer Explosive Ordnance Disposal Technician in the Australian Army for 22 years. The painting reflects on the strength, bravery and sacrifice of Australian veterans and explores the remnants of service. The layered and intersecting imagery incorporates text, symbols, landscape and figurative elements to create a blurred and timeless visual experience and explore the rupture between internal and external realities. Imagery is layered on top of one another in a referential encoding of earlier histories. An image of Paul in his military uniform overlaps and intersects with the living room interior of his home where Paul sits. The non-descript and partially transparent figures reflects on the repository of history and memory, etched into and shaping our shared present. Within the seductive use of colour and application of paint, I want to invite viewers to stand in overlapping times and spaces and to see beneath a surface image, beneath a surface or single layer. The latin text included in the painting bears the battle Honour UBIQUE, as well as the original motto of the Royal Australian Engineers, FACIMUS ET FRANGIMUS as appeared up until 1947 when it was replaced by HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE. The painting takes its name from the unofficial Explosive Ordnance Disposal (EOD) motto 'Softly Tread the Brave'



NYULLA SAFI

F4-Sang Froid

Acrylic on cardboard
31 x 32cm

Tell me dear memories, have you ever wondered about the many victims you seem to have befriended?. You can capsize and leave us shipwrecked as you can uplift and enthrall. Each time you change your wind direction one heart loses its navigation course. Have you ever wondered how many others will be thrown into chaos? And the nights, how much sorrow and despair have you brought on?. I wonder if you know or simply choose not to care. How many have raised their white flag and given in to your turmoil? Have you ever thought to tell them it will pass? I for one will fight your turmoil.



PETER SMEETH

Cry Havoc! and let slip the Dogs of War

Oil on canvas
120 x 90cm

This painting was based on a photograph depicting Australian soldiers in the Western Desert in WW2.

A large dark area (explosion cloud) on the right in the photograph challenges the imagination as to what lies beyond? enemy soldiers, machine gun posts, armored tanks, Gods of War, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, the Jaws of Hell, or total destruction with all life extinguished.

I have chosen to represent the dogs of war spurred on by the God of War. (the Greek, Ares or Roman, Mars).

Shakespeare in his play, Julius Caesar, was the first to mention the term, "Dogs of War" and to my mind, these few lines provide a graphic, succinct description of the effect of war.

"Cry Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war,
that this foul deed shall smell above the earth with carrion men,
groaning for burial."



PHILIP MEACHEM

A Different Dawn

Acrylic on canvas
102 x 76cm

Anzac Day 2020, an impression of my experience.
It was a dawn service with a difference that year.
In the silent, still darkness I walked out.
Down the street I could vaguely see small gatherings.
Some brought candles.
The child awkwardly waves a plastic national flag.
An old man holds a candle to his chest illuminating a row of medals pinned to his coat.
I could hear the Last Post in the distance, adding to the significance of this eerie, poignant moment.
A good turnout I thought.
Lest we forget.



RICK BARDSLEY-SMITH

Ingrained

Watercolour
95 x 75cm

When I first saw the Gallipoli Sphinx I was struck by the fact that it had been sitting there like a monument for what was to occur long before the Anzac Cove landing; as if in the formation of the earth it was known in advance what was to happen right there in 1915. Countless wars have raged in this part of the world through history, but the Sphinx belonged to Anzac Cove.

We all peruse the images of what it was like at Gallipoli. I find myself pausing when I see men in their trenches burrowing into the embankments for rest, protection, survival, existence. The more I thought about that, the more I thought that both in life and death they had literally become absorbed and ingrained in the landform.

So, I found myself seeing the Sphinx rock formation as symbolic of the trenches. Perhaps if I look carefully I may see some of those who paid the ultimate price and are ingrained there. This painting seeks to do that. I think I found some. Oh....and I also found a slouch hat.



ROBERT HAMMIL

Remembering the Kuttabul

Oil on canvas

76 x 51cm

Sydney ferry the Kuttabul, after service between North and South Sydney was leased to the Royal Australian Navy in 1940 for use as a depot ship. Later in 1941, it was commissioned as sleeping quarters for Naval ratings awaiting their postings. It was painted grey to reflect her new status.

On the night of May 31 — June 1, 1942 a surprise Japanese attack by a midget submarine fired a torpedo, which struck the sea wall alongside the old ferry and exploded, she began to sink immediately with only her wheelhouse, roof decking and funnel above water. It is estimated that 35 to 40 men were on board at the time of the explosion, killing 21 of these men who were asleep in their hammocks. Those who died were victims of a war which had suddenly overtaken them before they had a chance to meet it.



RONELLE REID

Remembrance

Watercolour pencil on mounted paper
45 x 50cm

A few years ago I was moved by the story of a pigeon making a nest from poppies stolen from the Unknown Soldiers monument at the Australian War Memorial. This simple natural behaviour to make do with what was available made me think of the animals that served in wars and how they helped in so many ways.

The idea of animals in war has been around since conflict started. Animals have stood side by side with humans to do their jobs. From transport and communication to rat hunting, gas detection and moral boosting mascots. These animals saved human lives and, in the end only a few of them came home. Their courage and comradeship shouldn't be forgotten.

Heroes come in many shapes and sizes.



SAM DABBOUSSY

Uncle Reg

Watercolor on paper framed
119 x 83cm

'Uncle Reg' depicts Uncle Reginald Walter Saunders (Reg) surrounded by his mates of the 2/7th Australian Infantry Battalion in 1943. It is a story of comradeship, earnest smiles on the faces of each young Australian soldier on route to a military campaign in Wau, New Guinea. Uncle Reg was a Gunditjmara man born on Framlingham Aboriginal Reserve in 1920, the first Aboriginal soldier to reach the rank of officer in the Australian Army. Despite the trial and tribulation of war, the 2/7th Australian Infantry Battalion became a place absent of the racial division felt on home soil. On the battlefield of New Guinea and in the Barracks, Uncle Reg was unreservedly embraced by his fellow soldiers, as false values did not flourish on the front-line.

But this story is not without adversity. The respect gained by Aboriginal soldiers on the battlefield did not return home to Australia when they did. Many black diggers like Uncle Reg suffered racism and discrimination when they arrived home, not granted land in the Soldier Settlement Scheme unlike their non-Aboriginal counterparts. While this piece captures the mateship and comradeship within the 2/7th Australian Infantry Battalion, it illustrates how fleeting this embrace was, and still is.



SUE MACLEOD-BEERE

Sister Ella Tucker and HS Gascon

Oil on board
83 x 63cm

Australian and New Zealand nurses confronted the horrors wrought on the Anzacs evacuated from the Gallipoli Peninsula. Australian Nurse, Ella Tucker, on board the hospital ship Gascon wrote:

“They just poured into the wards all day. My ward holds 96 and I was responsible for 40 on deck.”

The ship itself was in danger: “...we were right up in the firing line several gun boats firing right over us...”

Ella wrote of the hopelessness of tending the wounded: “...we are short of water, the boys are black, and so are the beds, salt water is not at all satisfactory for washing.”

The casualties were transported to military hospitals including Lemnos where appalling conditions awaited - no sanitation or running water.

Ella was on board the Gascon for the whole Gallipoli campaign. She was one of few awarded the Royal Red Cross second-class medal by King George V.

The depiction of ships in the background are based on drawings from the sketchbook of Captain Griggs who was on board the Gascon during the conflict.

Gallipoli Memorial Club Museum Fund Inc

