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Dominic White

REPORT
PRESENTED IN FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE
GRADUATE DIPLOMA OF ART

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Canberra School of Art

THE NECESSITY
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The first thing I want to state is in this report is that I am looking back, back at a year of study which has had many different paths and tracks to follow. My recollection of those distant paths is influenced by what has gone before and after each step I have taken. This report is the amalgamation of many ideas and drawings, prints and conversations all centred around what for me is the joy of making and is presented accordingly.

The constant process of looking and learning can be done in many diverse ways. The arts not least explore, collate and present information in a desire to disrupt the usual patterns, giving greater insight into a given subject. My subject is the Australian landscape and my and humanities place within it. The site chosen is fairly specific. The hill Mt Ainslie which is a 5 minute walk from the centre of Canberra is the place where I have explored and ventured to know what it is to walk, print and draw a particular place. This hill has led me to a sheer love and enjoyment of a place that is amazingly diverse considering its closeness to its city and its populace.

The learning that has occurred happened by ways of absorption. Research in books and journals, studies with pen and paper, sitting quietly in or before a drawing or Mt Ainslie, all have slowly been woven into a pattern of knowledge that cannot be broken apart into theory or methodologies or creative pursuits without betraying the hill. The layout of this report is intended to meet the academic rituals of presentation and yet accommodate both hill and institution so that a feeling for what has become known, as well as a structured report on my year can emerge.
First comes the bag, stripped sixties browns, a gift. Deposited is the sketch book, the search through other bags for the fountain pen, some water colour pencils and perhaps a .5 mm art-liner and a 2b pencil, these all join the bag. All are arranged so as not to make noise or bump uncomfortably against my back. My dead hat and an old friendly stick (cut from the pines around my family’s dam when I was 14) and I’m ready. ‘Shit have I got my keys’? The door shuts behind me.

Our front yard stands in contrast to those around it, the grass plays percussion against my knees. I walk onto the pavement and feel the change from the long seed heavy grass to the concrete. Across a road, another verge of grass, turn right (the flowers are familiar, their smell and shape are commonplace, the deep greens of Europe and flowers breed for eyes) another in the line of drive ways to cross, and the next road greets me as I start to acknowledge the birds and insects with their sounds and darting. The ground surface I want to write out some of my ideas about tracks and roads and perhaps identity. There will be some contradictions and false arguments within this short paper. However, these I see as being a part of the track making process. I do not believe that roads are the best way to travel.

A track what is it. I define a track as something that marks the passing of something. A track links and entwines its way to a place. The track maker leaves to a place where it has been and is going. This also implies a concept of time, relating to how long ago something was there to leave the marks of its function and direction down. The tracks I’m talking about link cultures to the land, a conversation to a play and a motor race or erosion to a government. They are the
John Wolseley’s work was part of my research paper and informed the structure of gathering information. In his work the marks and gestures used to describe the landscape are traditional and straightforward with exception of the placement of some pictorial elements. While his mark making can be read as two things simultaneously (A hill may be read as a bird’s wing “Forty eight days in Tnorula-Gosse’s Bluff” 1980, Art Gallery of New South Wales), the rhythm of the landscape is absent in his markmaking. The most important aspects of Wolseley’s work for me is his approach to absorbing information in the landscape. He gave me a licence just to sit and be with a place without the need to rigorously draw. “I realise I haven’t thought about anything much - say for several hours - but my consciousness has been ‘out there’ sensing the shape of rocks, waiting for phrases of bird song, or following the filaments of spiders silk as tall as sailing ships as they float slowly past” (J. Hawley (199-)John Wolseley, Brush with Nature: The Sydney Morning Herald).

Our work parts ways in the way we render and what we find; however his approach was inspirational and admirable because it allowed direct interaction with the land.

changes again to the bitumen, I am starting to change. Here’s the beginning of the path. Red soil denotes the way others have been between the green grass. A child in sneakers with some one bigger, plus their dog, have been documented when the soil was last wet, there are also newer scrapes and scratches, bikes, joggers, kids have past before and after. Now I pass and add my distinct tread.

The day is hot, the trees hang like wet moths. The many different forms of silver green and blue greys hang towards my eyes. My pace is tempered by the heat and for the moment I travel along a path made by other creatures like me. My mind is catching up with the hum and rhythm of the hill. I can make out the top of Mt Ainslie through the arms held above me, these trees are molting in the heat. Blue grey bark is shedded to the ground revealing the peach skin and apricot flakes. Swirls of skin lie at the feet of the gums, Ainslie’s slopes peer down at me in the orange and green dry sea.

Ants are everywhere. This hill and its furniture were made for ants. presence of an identity’s mark of placement and purpose that leave behind an understanding for those who can decipher it. Existence of these marks are found in computer systems and in mud and dust. They prove the enmeshment of all things, they are a record that is innate to the thing that left it.

To contrast this is the road. The road is the means of going from one state into another with little idea of who has been before you. Roads are a non-innate way of moving, a road has no depth that is commonly perceivable. It exists on the surface, as a result movement is restricted to this surface. A road is a form of
The holes erupted in the spring with anxious flowers of winged breeders. To my left in among the spindly grass is a raised mound, it is made up of small pebbles arranged in an amazing display. Colours vibrate, hiding the inhabitants in a colour field, eyes are dazzled. The darker of these rocks move, industriously carrying twigs, small rocks and food to the tyrannical co-op. Among this ant work in one side is another taller more rounded hill, mimicking Mt Ainslie. Darker and more earthy this is the quiet mound. Its top is eroded by the rain into minute pinnacles which flute their way down to the smoother sides. Patrolling this of course is the ants. However the small white creatures who built this silent home are locked behind secret doors. The termites, distant kin to the ants, gain the ants’ protection yet don’t seem to give anything other than company in return. I heard that there are more species of ants on Mt Ainslie and Black Mountain that there are in the whole of the United Kingdom.

The track leads on, over another broader path and under the power lines segregation and ignorant based privacy, linking you to your starting point and your goal. The space in between becomes the road and not the rocks trees and places of importance. The road defines what is important and facilitates ignorance of other things. The road is impervious to living innate movement of an object or creature. A road may wear thin or out, yet the marks made are the contour of time not the immediacy pertaining to one object or the movement of that particular thing.
that surround the base of Mt Ainslie into the climbing trees. Another smart termite nest. The furrows on the track talk about the recent rain. Gatherings of leaves and twigs meet at the flatter ground while the steeper parts leave raceways and gullies on which my feet tread.

Further on I come to a big path, here the tracks become more merged. Individual marks have melted into general indications, not all is expressed, not all is hidden. The path disappears around a bend a blaze of red soil following it. Here and there are open mouthed birds trying to keep cool in glades of dust at the feet of subtle trails. Black birds with red eyes dive and frolic in these dancing bowls, ruffling feathers and cooling the beak. Sweat drips off my chin.

I leave the slender track I’ve been following and take a roo track. Disturbing the birds and walk past there dust bowl and upwards. Sawn down stumps in their greyness dot the undergrowth. Brown tanned leaves and seed cases crunch and crack when a foot strays off the roo road. My movement is

The road goes ever on and on
Down from the door Where it begun
Now far ahead the road has gone
And I must follow if I can

pursuing it with weary feet
Until it joins some larger way
Where many paths and errands meet
And wither then, I cannot say.
J.R.R. Tolkien

The wish and weariness of the road behaves like a vortex. The road, suck ideas and direction into a predetermined horizon.

Be careful leaving a door, for it leads into a road and from there you never know where you may be swept off to.
J.R.R. Tolkien

As I travel along a highway I get the impression that the end of the road I’m pursing rockets ahead of me. The stop or the distance
slower, there is so much more to take in. I duck under a web of slender saplings, bowing to fit roo style. A spider web catches me and suppressing the panic I remove the slender lines. I can’t feel anything large and hairy playing jockey. Further up further up and it is still hot. Dark eyes and a grey face is watching me. Ears twist, nose sniffs and the small male grey kangaroo shifts his weight. I’m talking soft and gentle words. I don’t interest him much, he hops in a loop to where I’ve come from.

The ground has become steep to travel increases as I’m stopped. A reached goal disappears like the end of a rainbow. There is always somewhere else to travel. The road is a metaphor for the unobtainable goal.

I keep going.

The track embodies movement, place and time all at once. The mark of a kangaroo leaves the characteristics of that animal, the time it passed through and what was before it and what came after it. The track is a goalless expression of innate movement. Yet Because of its transience and it’s inferred meaning of direction a track can tell a story or suggest possibilities which the dogmatic road cannot replicate. The footprint was made by a size seven Reebok basketball boot at a jog, by a heavy person with flat feet. These stories are unobtainable without a constant awareness of the place you are in. That awareness extends to, as stated before, the present, future and past. Without these concepts existing all at once the track becomes a road, it has no meaning within the place it is found.

Moreover if the track is read within its context the knowledge gained is translatable
and small boulders now grow from the earth, dead trees, cracked and split, provide a support for grasses. A wallaby darts from beneath one of these wooden hollows. It moves low and flat, shadow-like, blinking it vanishes merging immaculately with the shrubs and trees. I follow but go right instead of left and park myself on one of the rocks.

I’m high up now I can see over to Black Mountain and away to Belconnen and to the Mountains beyond. It seems as if the hill I’m on is surrounded by roads and European green gardens. A line of green pines runs along an axis that links Mt Ainslie to Black Mountain. Sounds escape the hill’s city, cars, motor bikes, trucks and planes ooze their sounds up and onto the hill. The contrast between the city and the bush is very apparent. The rock I’m sitting on feels old, on it the rain has spilt its blood, the frost has griped, the sun has worshiped, and the lichen has fused its growth into the skin of its host. Still it isn’t a comfortable stool. The dry dust smells shimmers to my nose, the dampness and heat confuse smell and eyes alike.

and implicit in other places and time. The pattern of a bicycle tyre and its direction gives of a certain pattern or rhythms, to understand these patterns means a comprehension of what a bike is. That knowledge can then help tell the story of a motor bike or a horse or a lizard. Rhythms and patterns also belong to that place and help elaborate the story embellishing it with added meanings and depth.
My mind is of now racing past
the distant mountains, it finds memories
and futures all around and distant.
Voices and faces are talking, and a lapping
hand tells me I’m touching rock,
thoughts vale the texture of were I sit.
Ants about me scratch and walk, the
sound is deafening but I can’t hear. I’m
too high up and they are very small. I
become aware that the flighty shadowed
wallaby is close and watching me. I
watch him.

He (for it is a he) has spent generations on hillsides like this. His lin-
eage has changed to become part of the
hill, he is sniffing. I am unusual. I am
not of the hill the way I fit in is via a
side door 200 years old, my thoughts
race on as I am watched.

The area around me has become
alive everything is growing and reach-
ing my senses, I’ve notice a small hollow tube made of very small twigs,
probably a wasps nest or hatching hole.
Small red mites, birds, plants seeding
and flowering creepers creeping, rot
growing, branches that have fallen and
cracked and are making the homes for
dust and birds alike. The dry baked area

land, tiered indifference
consuming vision
root tying and knotting
centring and balancing
leaking vessel
racked
two places coiled

long grey hills where clutter is infinite and ordered.
Wetness is taken for granted, moss scents the air and the
ground, damp and pungent.
Earth screeches at you, swimming.
Rubber slips or squelches when ever you step.
Openly smouthing your eyes the world glows in growth and
grey overcast green.
Change is always.
Channels of fields ordered by fences and Ti Tree.
The sea blows new and conjuring across Melbourne’s proud boot.

A welt.
A rubber stamp of smooth
Chinese design, plaguing some mountains and their valley.
Cut with jazz precision, old hills watch, crumbling.
Orange, Purple, Crimson and stark grey rule here.
Foots crumble the stones, parted by thin clumped grass blue
grey against it’s mothers orange.
Cold dry air,
eyes vibrate in there skull.
is so alive, there is a vortex of depth, that is total and unending. Calmly I sit but inside swirls and stripes, marks and connections, structure crystallise and fade. my breathing is heard acknowledged and explored as I just let the heat and the soul of the place creep into my being.

The wallaby is still looking at me, I don’t feel such a stranger. The student in me is full of questions and humbled by what I feel and see. I start to know what I am by looking around me for references. The place where I put my foot and what I draw and do talk to me of themselves and there history and future. I am in a place of no time. The city’s sounds are still here the tantalising smells are still there the voices from my past and future are still with me.

The drawings that have been plaguing me are solid and whole. The wallaby moves away. It is time to leave. The bag and stick are placed in there ritual position and my feet seem now to know where to take me and how to tread.

I descend, the mesh of the hill, covering and holding me upright and guiding me. These lines have formed clean colours flow in, contrast surrounds, and sounds are sharp. Smells are bleached by the light. Green is by coincidence.

The land knows it’s own pertencial but is lost by its city. Brooding, sitting, change takes time. The stare on the Valley is old and reeks of coldness. No wind never reaches anywhere.

Twins contrast and applaud. 

Dominic White
Lin Onus’s influence on my work was not direct. He was a link between my discourse with the land and an indigenous perspective. Lin Onus’s work is not trying to get into the skin of the land; he is trying to get underneath the skin of his audiences’ cultures. His focus appears as the discourse between the two cultures within which he exists. The twin representations of the aboriginal and western perception of this place serve as a reminder of the inaccessibility of the two cultures. However, at the same time I would argue that his work helped me understand the difference and strengths of the indigenous people’s connection and approach to the land. Onus’s visual language, in serving both aboriginal and non aboriginal audiences, walks a line of commentary, education, discourse, criticism and self exploration with seductive mysterious imagery.

My personal experience of learning about aboriginal culture has been one of revelation. I audited the Aboriginal visual culture course and learnt of the ways of living with Australia that had taken thousands of years of culture to develop. Details became apparent as well as ideas. I learnt how the indigenous cultures had painfully reconstructed their culture to respond to the white invasion. This information made me aware of how important the need of a cultural identity associated in a close relationship with the land is for any culture. The indigenous inhabitants and their metaphysics have served, though via default, as mentors and examples of how to be intimately involved in Australia’s nature. However I do not believe that an answer lies in a plagiarism of our indigenous cultures. Non-indigenous culture has to learn to find its own way in to our land and develop the maturity to listen and to develop according to our own learning.

Lin Onus, *Ginger and my third wife aproach a round-about*, 1994, 200x250cm, Acrrilicon Belgium linen. Gabrielle Pizzi Gallery
themselves, in me they are made from what I know and feel. They are felt patterns and rhythms of perception. The heat is apart of my sweat. My eyes feel accustomed to the breadth of my other senses. Birds feet land on bark and peering, both me and the bird see each other. Downward I can see the orange sweep of a trail, the heikies and gums brighten the orange and link the thin disjointed line to the blue green around it.

The crunch of gravel greets me once I step onto the tracks familiar surface but it doesn’t feel real. My feet fall heavier apon it. The threads of Mt Ainslie are starting to stretch as I make my way home. Along them, over the path through another door left by a local creature. I pass a fallen tree that has become the home of a dero. A musty blanket and a plastic bag with vitamins in it, accompany a snail eaten half book of Shakespear and a copy of government economic policy. I believe the later is used for the necessities of nature. These places I have seen all over the hill, peoples weekenders of bark and a lucky tree. The hills connective lines

Do I cherish only the high places
To look only at the height of the fall
Views around & valleys & plains call

Yet my eyes are ever upwards
& take little heed from the view and gaps
Patterns of movement & vision conclude up
Horizon & distance once seen at hight plunges downward
Neck bent to the heavens
steps topple steep and fall

no eyes in my shoes

I wear shoes
Feets’ ears only hear the muffled shriek’s of ground
I conveniently trip a lot
William Robinson was mentioned early on in the course as an artist who might interest me. I looked at his book and thought nothing more about it until Nigel suggested at my last review, that the similarity between our work needed to be explored and noted if only for the panel at the end of the year. The similarities were clear and quite confronting. His work is strong and the way he deals with the changing perspective of the land is remarkable and fascinating. The narrative element that runs through some of his work infers his story and context in relationship with the landscape. Yet I think our work is different and distinctly so. Robinson’s work is perhaps more personal in its narrative. In “William by Lamplight“ (1990 oil on canvas, 147 x 193 cm; collection of the artist) the artists story is being told. He and his cows are woven into the paintings discourse. His relationship to the land as an individual is told within the paintings narrative, reminiscent of the interiors of the English painter Anthony Greens and his interiors. The intent for my work is to talk more about the culture’s relationship with the land rather than my personal reasons for being at that place at that time. The references to a power line or roads and where the beacons are sign posts to where a cultural influence is exerted on the landscape. If Robinson’s work is a personal map utilising the view point of his home, mine is a cultural one of Canberra and Mt Ainslie of a less personal emphasis. My journey lines that are in the works propose an alternative to the roads and less subtle tracks available on the hill.

William Robinson, Creation Landscape-Darkness and Light, 1988. oil on linen, 151x197cm Ray Hughes Gallery, Brisbane and Sydney
My admiration of this artist started before my undergraduate studies. In 1988 I read in an ‘AGE’ supplementary of his death and work. The small reproduction spoke of long studied strength in drawing the landscape as a living thing. Then in 1990 I was stunned by ‘Omega Pastoral’ 1950 at the NGV. This year of study has enabled me to look far deeper into his work and life. I have chased his work from Melbourne to Sydney and read widely.

I was able to follow the roots of Australian landscape painting thought his art and learn of what had come before. The spirit and soul he could place within a structure of colours and tones, gave me a benchmark and a goal for my own compositions. His methodologies were based on pure observation and tight drawing principles and it was within this struggle that he found the marks necessary to convey the feeling of the landscape he drew. It was this struggle to convey what I saw and knew into the right mark, that dominated all my work this year. I saw him as a mentor, someone who has found their own voice of observation and followed it to its end.

are here also.

I keep walking home, past the power lines of white man's magic and the change in the patterns and rhythms is dramatic. The web that wraps me is fraying leaving me strewn in threads and weaving as I walk I bundle these threads up and start thinking of what they are and how they will infusse in me The growth is showing the old litter of soft drinks and plastic bags. The barking of dogs is near. Bike tracks show another way of following. The fence line and the empty block, the bitumen and green plants in gardens are alive with the black and yellow bees. The smells are strong and hot and my key slides into my front door and the dishes greet me.
In this part of my paper I will to deal with my I approach to materials; the other section of the report discusses my way of approaching my subject and learning. These approaches are communicative when interpreted into visual medium. Interpretation of any kind is ungainly and difficult and needs foundations and guidelines within which to operate.

I am an artist and a printmaker. I define that as some one who makes printing plates, which are the tools that create a certain kind of visual imagery. I make tools. First and foremost these tools have to serve their purpose, to make an image. Second to this are the traditions history and rituals involved. One is informed and totally linked to the other. The plates job is the most important consideration. When I make a plate I approach the copper, zinc, or three ply with total respect and total disrespect. I have no problems with employing all sorts of techniques to get the desired results, bitumen and acid or angle grinder and hammer. The disrespect imparts time and process into the marks of the plate by accidents and the thin veil of control. The respect imparts the considered structure available only through deep thought and design.. Between these two seemingly opposite lines is the harmony which means the tools job can be done well. When using an traditional acid resist like bitumen and a brush the marks and energy is defined buy those qualities inherent in those tools and substances. The flow of bitumen based grounds(being the acid resistant mask for the etching plate) needs a particular patients which is derived from the slow drying and viscous nature inherent in bitumen. I mix and variety a range of traditional grounds made from bees wax, bitumen and vaseline. The fluidity and vigour available from liquid paper gives a whole new range of marks and structures. These are able to show a different mark and
therefore a different thinking or feeling. One of my favourite tools is the angle grinder; the flexibility of the sanding discs and brushes give the ability to clean, lighten or gouge and a range of very energetic marks that increase and enhance the more traditional form of printmaking. The large wood dry point plates would not be possible without such methods and tools. There is also the sheer enjoyment of mixing different techniques and marks, with very energetic implements. The scale of the work perceivable is increased and this suits my nature.

However, I do not want to use these approaches as a gimmick. The ability to use the tools to draw and make an image is of the utmost importance to me. I have found the energy and structures created by this way of working both ungainly and seductive. The energy must be justified with structure. I had to work hard to maintain structure within the energy and content of the work. Through these marks I have created a language that lends its self to my exploration of the landscape. The prints I produce are a structure of marks. These marks are defined by the many different textures available to the printmaker. Hence my exploration into many extreme forms of texture making.

All the work is essentially intaglio based, predominantly etchings, predominantly on copper, though some zinc and steel were use for the early exploration work. The wood drypoints are on three ply that previously had a life as a freight box. The paper used is a 270 gsm Tamarisque Australian made paper of archival quality. All the inks used are Charbonnel. All the inks have been mixed and changed in colour, tone and consistency to suit the effect required. I do not think an elaborate explanation of the techniques involved is necessary, but I do wish to affirm that I value and learn all the technical information I can. I have explored each technique before and here in Canberra, and while I still have a lot to learn, this exploration was necessary to have a clear knowledge of my trade. However I believe a deep technical descriptions of paper, acids, plate qualities, inks and the choices involved with printing would distract from the central focus of this report.
When I first arrived in Canberra I was confronted with a new city, a new studio layout, and the academic and bureaucratic hoops that are necessary in any complex institution. I willingly struggled to come to terms with all these new demands and build a foundation from which my work could begin. This settling in period lasted for longer than I expected and proved frustrating and disconcerting.

The prints I produced at this time were as varied in their approach as my drawings. The scale was a lot smaller than I was used to and the techniques used gave many different effects denoting the many moods and responses involved with my exploration. I flirted with colour, I used dry point and etching on copper, steel and zinc. The results still didn’t break the essay barrier and the ideas for books and maps to draw them all together didn’t come through the mock up stage. At the end of five months I’d produced 14-15 prints and a large stack of drawings, all of which were important as research information, though few had the strength to convey the ideas I wanted to impart.

I see this work as very much a quest for the right language of expression. Within the sketches and poems I produced there was no consistent style or approach. Each time I was out in the landscape the environment seemed to demand a different response. I could never reach the soul of the place I was in. One moment something had a sense and the next I would experience a change that would make more sense but explain little. I was constantly changing from something small to something very large in one fluid thought or drawing. Detail was in three hundred and sixty degrees and the decision to concentrate on one aspect of what I studied betrayed that one aspect and all that was around it.

The review I had was difficult; the impression I remember was that my lecturers didn’t believe my work. Because of the inconsistency of style and focus there seemed no solid ground for them to talk to, or for me to stand on. I believe that the fragmentation and inconsistency were correct for my response, so I went on the
defensive and explained that the many different views and responses were a part of
the hill I was studying. I also talked to the idea that the books in my proposal was a
collection of these fragments to be combined as a whole. The hill was supposed to
come together as a meeting of my walks and the map books I had planned. I had
experimented with printing on cloth, and Japanese papers, the layout of the book
format and the conceptual ideas in regards to the fragmenting and gathering of
process and subject. The ideas were growing but the crystallisation hadn’t come
about yet. The soul searching I had after the review was long and hard. There
seemed no way to draw the ideas of directly responding to Mt Ainslie into one thing.

The talks that followed with my lecturers and friends concerned themselves
with what I could do with the images I already had. It was suggested and accepted
that I should concentrate purely on the studio practice and stop the research
paper which was taking up a lot of
time. My supervisor Robert Mendham
dropped a note that struck a chord in
me which was scale. I was working on
a scale that didn’t allow my thoughts
freedom. The previous year’s work I
had done consisted of large woodcuts
printed with very simple technology. I
started drawing again with scale in
mind, this time with the idea of draw-
ing everything together with the
rhythms and deeper structure of the
land. Nine different views of the one
journey to the one place and back
again. This was moderately successful,
and another drawing soon followed.
The fragments seemed at last to want to
come together.

Markmaking. What does it mean? For me the question was more where do
marks come from. I have always held the opinion that it is the way you travel
through the land that generally dictates what you see. For example the view you get
from a pushbike or horseback are very different. The motion involved in riding a
horse dictates the angle of your head and back, the amount of time you have to
observe the space around you and the interaction with another creature all alters
what you see and how you digest that information. Walking is no exception. If you
are travelling along a human path it is doubtful whether you have to duck the trees;
if you are following an animal trail you have to move in similar ways to that animal to stop getting scratched, slipping or losing the trail. After a while this movement becomes a learnt thing, those movements belong to that track and that place you end up. If you jump high playing basketball, you associate high jumping with a basketball court. If you have to drive a long way to get to play basketball, a long drive is also associated with the court. So the way you get somewhere affects the way you see it. The movements involved are a part of the place. Therefore a drawing of a place should indicate the movement involved in getting there. This finally gets back to markmaking; applying the marks should draw out the movements involved with the place and getting there. This could be via a direct translation or by contrasting the movements involved. I think marks are a track formed the way things are thought or evolved. Walking for me becomes thinking and evolution, therefore the movement involved becomes part of the work via the marks.

These marks form a texture which informs the structure of my work. The structure is created by the shapes created out of texture. In the drawings, a constant redefining of a line with a rubber, and the contrasts of the tones are involved. It is the constant reworking of different areas on a durable paper that enables the forms and fluctuations between recognition to take place.

The large drawings have their own rhythms and scale of mark. These differences come from the site and the journey involved with that place. Each side of Mt Ainslie has its own ecosystem and inhabitants. I can probably tell you where to find the small black tailed wallaby at this time of the day, (which side of the mountain, how to get there and within which foliage to look). Each thing has its place in relationship to what is happening around it. I drew a creek bed. The drawing from the place gave me the idea for a drawing three months later. I found trying to literally find this site again, from a different starting point, was a tricky process. I relied on memory of the particulars of the site, sun direction, foliage and general terrain, a knowledge of the patterns and order generally found on that side of Mt Ainslie and the belief that my feet had a reasonable idea of where to head. It is the patterns and
rhythms that bring the essence or knowledge of a place together.

These rhythms were present in the prints and drawings of Mt Ainslie which were contrasted to the rhythms of the very close city and its metropolis of roads and nice houses. The complementary story that is part of this report describes metaphorically how the relationship between the hill and the city exists. The different places threaten and compliment each other, defining the bush and the suburbs and their merging by the absences or presences of each other. These meetings and my human story are where my work was forged. It is in that place where I, the work, the city and bush, exist where the expansion and real joy is reached.
The communication between an artist, an idea and the culture/viewer is a slim chance at best. As an artist I have access only to what I see learn, study and make. The first and foremost tool I have to imbue ideas into a tangible thing is contrast of one thing against another and the patterns they create. My time at ITA has been one of constant contrast. Home, ideas, places, academic environment, and culture have had a concentrating effect on me. The contrast between what I know and what I had not experienced is emulated in the methods of reaching the techniques in printing, exploring the paths of identity, walking the landscape as a metonym and spiritual conception and the lives of other artists via the research and resources. One thing lead to a track that track I explored and followed until I found that a pattern, a gesture, a mark was established. These patterns wove themselves around me and my environment, following new tracks and ways of travelling. This concentration nurtured me, and the work which followed is a product of the patterns of contrast. I believe this kind of immersion creates a strong foundation for communication.
of identity, and what I call later to be open physical space for me to feel.

The process of continuous marking rhythmically relates the marks in a way which I’ve described as their co-existence and co-form. Part of this relationship will be studied by exploring the precious, the revealed, the enclosed, and the secret and sacred inherent in the book format. Story telling, the words connected with personal journeys and art making also will be part of the work. The work connects with poetry, short stories,
The work I intend to do this year follows and explores the theme of identity and my own personal connections with land, landscape painting and what I call landgathering. Landgathering being what you found in the environment, trying to be open to the land, without your cultural “baggage” or prejudice, also what you physically bring out, be it drawings or objects. The landscape has always presented for me a connection with who I am, where I have been, what I’ve seen and what I’ve felt.

The base for my work has always been drawing I intend that relationship to continue in exploring these ideas in a variety of scales. Central to my drawing style is markmaking, incorporating the incidental marks and lines generated by mistakes, rhythms, and deliberate random influences. Also the size and scale of the marks in relationship with the whole images important in this exploration. I hope to experiment with jigsawing different scales and marks together. Colour is an area which I’ve deliberately avoided in previous works, because of its inherent emotional qualities. Now for this reason I intend to explore colours, technical and emotional qualities and also colour connection with place and light. Words and images and their co-existence, the humour and irony they can create together, and the way they can form a story or dialogue between different layers of meaning or metonyms, will provide separate insight into the landscape. Part of this relationship will be studied by exploring the precious, the revealed, the enclosed, and the secret and sacred inherent in the book format. Story telling, the words connected with personal journeys and art making also will be part of the work. The work connects with poetry, short stories,
 literal and non-literal narratives and encompasses areas of science, and personal myth making in short landgathering.

I envisage a body of work that collects and is collected from the environment through which I’ve travelled. Metaphorically this may be described as a patterned ground cover which is part many intimate and diverse layers that work as a whole and is the collected basis of “landgathering”.

THE OUTCOME;

50 working drawings and sketches. These will be images and text based on Mt Ainslie, as a precursor to the books and following work. This will consist of 5-6 weeks work and approximately 30 x 30cm in size.

2 books that will focus on Mt Ainslie, exploring the iconic and intimate nature of the hill, dealing with notions of the high and distant place and the secret and close place. They will consist of about 10 images. The size of the books will be approximately 15 x 30cm. I expect this to take up 10 weeks.

Some large drawing will also become part of the folio, these will be working drawings, yet will be of a more resolved state, helping me to work out problems and ideas associated with the prints their number will be around 5-8

I intend to do two sets of prints: one small, one large. The smaller set will be the result of the seven day printmaking camp at the Flinders Rangers, pursuing similar themes as mentioned before I intend to spend 10 weeks on these prints. The second set will be larger (to be negotiated and confirmed later) and will take up 12 weeks

The time framed proposed will be 35 weeks leaving 6 weeks as flexible time.

This work is to be seen as 80% of my post-graduate program. During this work, my research will play a role as informer and a cross reference to my studies and ideas. Artists that I will refer to are, Lin Onus, John Wolseley, Ray Arnold, Lloyd Rees, Bea Maddock, Caspar David Friedrich, Brett Whiteley, Cy Twombly, Mike Parr, Ross Gibson and Richard Long.

This is going to be a hell of a year.

Dominic White
I would like to thank the A.N.U and the Institute of the Arts for the opportunity to pursue my academic studies. The entire printmaking department for their support, with special thanks to my supervisor Robert Mendham, Jorg Schmeisser and Patsy Payne for in helping, listening and their technical advice through our the year. Together with Nigel Lendon whose academic expertise and advice I’ve appreciated and enjoyed plus Sylvia Kleinert and Bridget Ballard and other people and workshops (notably Sculpture, Paper making and Gold and Silver Smithing for there time and expertise). On a more personal level I want to thank the inhabitants of both 18 Baker Gardens, 7 Coolac Place and the other post graduate crew for their understanding and support. To all the other mad crazy people who have befriended me during my year of study; Thankyou. There remains Nat, Rosalie, Annalise and Ritchy White plus the rest of my family, whose support, encouragement and love has provided the back bone for me as always. Lastly Panayiota Gogos for her phone bills, support and artistic input through out the year.
Thank you
Dominic White
Dominic White
born 1970, Melbourne, Victoria

Education
1995   Candidate for Graduate Diploma of Art
Canberra School of Art, Institute of the Arts, ANU

1989-91  Bachelor of Arts (Fine Arts)
Monash University, Caulfield

1988  HSC VCE STC
St. Paul’s School Woodleigh

Group exhibitions
1996   The Art Shed Opening
       Red Hill, Vic

1995   Approaches to Drawing, Students work from
       Canberra. School of Art. Canberra, Singapore

1994   Print Acquisitive Exhibition
       Mornington Peninsula Arts Centre Biennale, Vic

1994   Art Red Hill
       Red Hill Consolidated Primary School, Vic

1993   Rogues Pavilion
       Red Hill Show Grounds, Vic

1992   Rogues Gallery Co-op
       Red Hill, Vic

1991   3rd year Printmaking Show
       Malthouse Theatre, Sth Melbourne
1991 Graduate Show
Caulfield Arts Complex, Melbourne

**Solo exhibitions**

1995 Three Months Full Time
Main Ridge Estate Winery and Vineyard, Vic

1993 Just a Part Time Job
Time gallery, Richmond, Vic

**Collections**

Ohio State University
Allen, Christopher, “Bill Robinson; Rosalie Gascoigne”, Art Monthly Australia, No. 27, pp. 18-19


AVAD- Australian Visual Arts DataBases. Discoverys Media and Roger Butler. Software by: Narbari Pty Ltd.


Chanin, Eileen, Contemporary Australian painting / edited by Eileen Chanin. Seaforth, N.S.W. : Craftsman House, c1990. 192 p. : ill., some col. ; 34 cm

Chatwin, Bruce, 1940-. The songlines / Bruce Chatwin. London : Cape, 1987. 293 p. ; 23 cm


Onus, Lin, "Language and Laser", Art Monthly Australia, Suppliment "The land, the City- The Emergence of urban Aborigonal art" pp 14-19.


Twombly, Cy, 1928-. Menil Collection (Houston, Tex.). **Cy Twombly.** Houston, TX : Menil Collection : Houston Fine Art Press, 1990. 129 p. (some fold.) : col. ill. ; 27 cm.


