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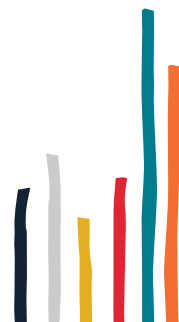
DIRECTOR'S FOREWORD

Mervyn Napier Waller was a young 22-year-old Victorian art student when he enlisted with the Australian Imperial Force on 31 August 1915. Deployed to France with the 11th Field Artillery Brigade, in May 1917 Waller was seriously wounded in the right shoulder during the fighting at Bullecourt, and one month later his arm was amputated. During his convalescence in England and France, Waller learned to draw with his left hand, saying “an artist draws with his head, not his hands”. In 1937 he was chosen to create the decorative elements in the Australian War Memorial’s Hall of Memory, and despite having only one arm was actively involved in the entire process.

As part of the Memorial’s ongoing dedication to supporting the healing and recovery of returned service personnel, the Napier Waller Art Prize is the first prize offered to former and current Defence personnel at a national level. Aimed at celebrating artistic excellence, promoting the healing potential of art, and raising a broader awareness of the impact of service on the individual, the prize attracted over 100 entries in its inaugural year.

Conceived as a collaborative project between the Memorial and Thales Australia, the University of Canberra, and the Road Home, this year’s prize has been co-curated by Memorial art curators Toni Bailey and Erin Vink into an online exhibition of 35 shortlisted entries, and a physical exhibition presenting the winning work alongside highly commended entries. The artists on display represent more than 170 years of military service, from the Vietnam War to the present.

Reflecting the extraordinary quality of the works submitted, a number will be acquired by the Memorial and brought into our collection.



I am grateful to the judging panel, Chairman of the Australian War Memorial Council Mr Kerry Stokes AC, and Mrs Christine Simpson Stokes; Mr Ben Quilty; Dr Gerard Vaughan AM; Distinguished Professor Jen Webb, Director of the Centre for Creative and Cultural Practice, Faculty of Arts and Design, University of Canberra; General Angus Campbell AO DSC, Chief of the Australian Defence Force; Mr Gary Dawson, Vice President Strategy, Thales Australia; and Ms Laura Webster, Head of Art, Australian War Memorial, for supporting this prize.

I would particularly like to thank the artists who entered this year's prize for their service and for producing thought-provoking works that present what they have seen and experienced. Your work continues to provide powerful and meaningful insights into the Australian experience of war.

The Honourable Dr Brendan Nelson AO
Director, Australian War Memorial

WINNER NAPIER WALLER ART PRIZE 2018





WINNER
NAPIER WALLER ART PRIZE 2018

ROB DOUMA

ARTIST STATEMENT

On 29 October 2011, in Kandahar province, an Afghan soldier calmly began firing his machine-gun at 12 Australian soldiers who had been tasked with mentoring the Afghan Army. Three Australian soldiers and an Afghan interpreter were killed, another nine wounded.

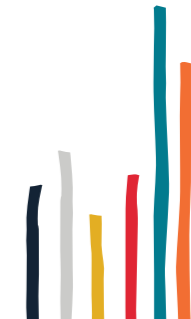
My friend and former colleague Sergeant Robert Althofer recalled the confusion. It was a holiday period, during which Afghans would commonly fire into the sky. Althofer, who was shot in the leg, knows he cheated death that day and wonders if he had trained the betrayer. These attacks are known as “green on blue” and occur regularly, most often due to Taliban infiltration or defection. The threat of attacks within secure areas increases the already inherent danger of deployment.

My work references Caravaggio’s *The Taking of Christ* to invoke the treachery and complexity of these attacks. Althofer’s lack of body armour and interlocked fingers symbolise vulnerability and unpreparedness. Afghan soldiers, frustrated and disapproving of the attack, attempt to provide aid; Althofer’s life was saved by a tourniquet. The chaos of the scene is captured in frenetic, expressive strokes of charcoal on paper – the medium itself becoming a metaphor for the ephemeral nature of life.

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Green on Blue: The betrayal of trust 2018, charcoal on paper, 161 x 195 x 3 cm

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HIGHLY COMMENDED ENTRIES

JAMES FARQUHARSON

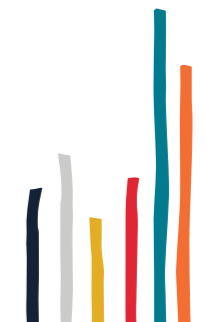
ARTIST STATEMENT

Eyes of the damned is a self-portrait and an attempt to visualise my 15 year struggle with PTSD and depression after operations in East Timor. It was produced during my third major breakdown as a result of this condition. It attempts to externalise, by the colour and compositional choice, the thoughts and feeling of the subject in the dark places of the "black dog". If the eyes are the window to the soul (Matthew 6, 22-23, or Cicero) then these are the eyes of the damned: damned by the conditions of PTSD, depression, the willingness and desire to take another person's life. How none of these things fit in civilised places. PTSD and depression don't fit in the military or civilian worlds. Damned to journey isolated from the norms of life, and burdened by service; a life understood only by those brothers by choice who I served with.

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***Eyes of the damned* 2017, oil on canvas, 91.5 x 91 x 2.5 cm**

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BENJAMIN PRONK

ARTIST STATEMENT

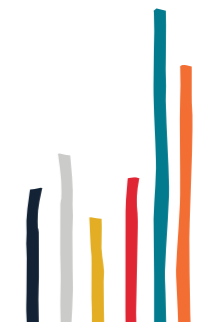
My brother was a special forces doctor who completed multiple combat tours to Afghanistan. I captured the reference image for this work at the end of a long night reflecting on our shared experiences downrange. I'd found it fascinating hearing him talk about administering trauma medicine and participating in combat – sometimes simultaneously – and wanted to include the hand that had both applied tourniquets and pulled triggers. My brother saved a lot of lives in Afghanistan, but he was haunted by the few that he couldn't. He recalls performing CPR on one of his mates in the back of a helicopter for 45 minutes as they sped towards a surgical facility. Upon arrival, he collapsed out of the aircraft, exhausted and locked into the foetal position with back spasms and cramps. It was in this position – in a ball on the flightline – that the surgical team found him to tell him that his mate had died on the operating table.

Since then, he has used his experiences to grow and to help others. This work is a tribute to his strength and positivity; it's my way of telling him how incredibly proud I am of him.

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Heal thyself 2018, watercolour on paper (four panels), 76 x 56 cm

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CRAIG ROHSE

ARTIST STATEMENT

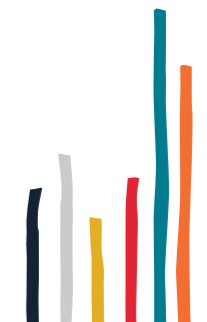
My self-portrait takes a critical view of four stages of a very challenging transition from defence to civilian life, set in an almost brutalist backdrop.

Separating from a close-knit, highly-trained team focused on engaging enemies at close quarters was always going to be hard. Trying to leave a regimented life as an infantry sergeant and become a free-spirited photographic artist involved a loss of identity and purpose. This experience was intensified by the difficulties of managing pain and injuries, and not being able to perform to the physical and mental standards I had maintained during my military career. The empty portrait frame is symbolic for the uncertainty of the way ahead.

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***Transition* 2018, inkjet print, 50 x 40 cm**

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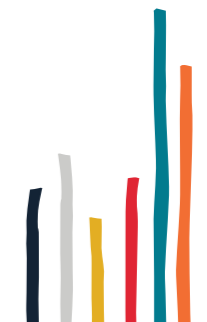


MELANIE KILBY

ARTIST STATEMENT

Military life to most is about order, compliance, getting the job done, and serving one's country with pride in a controlled and demanding environment. My work is an expression of what art brings into my life: a release from that world of control, into the spontaneous space of creativity. It encapsulates how living in the moment can bring about sheer joy, beauty, and the unexpected with a simple photograph; moments of life that can so easily be missed in today's world if we are not careful, a world of constant busyness. This spontaneity in my life often is hidden in the shadow of me as "the sailor".

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Shadow 2018, photograph, 61 x 41 cm
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NATALIE DUNCAN

ARTIST STATEMENT

Women in Afghanistan weave their memories into war rugs. I don't weave; I make ceramics, so this is my memory jug and these are some memories: Watching them go outside the wire for days and knowing there are a hundred ways an IED could be hidden beneath their feet. Seeing them return filthy and exhausted, and being grateful and ashamed of how much experiences vary in Afghanistan. Hearing Maximus fire for the first time and thinking we were under attack; sunrise Islamic prayer songs; getting rocketed and sleeping through it. Drinking horrible Turkish coffee and watching helicopter sunsets; freezing on Piquet; being able to pick the ones on their third or more rotation; helicopter rides in between old mountains. Missing Christmas at home. The only woman I saw, floating in a sea of blue material on the back of a motorbike; watching the Americans in their bandanas with mini-guns and loud music at the range; little ones with half melted faces; giggling at the Dutch men in their tights. Trying not to stare at the regiment boys; studying my fingerprinted hands, and Ben the sniper goes, "Don't worry, Nat, we'd find you and bring you home". And knowing they would.

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**Memory Jug - Afghanistan 2018, ceramic,
turquoise, glass beads, 60 x 40 x 40 cm**
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MICHAEL ARMSTRONG

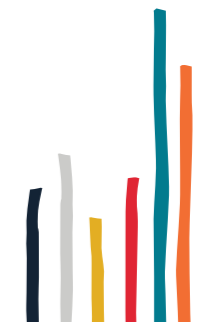
ARTIST STATEMENT

Relics of Decay was created in response to my increasing despair at the rate of veteran suicide. On a disturbingly regular basis friends were notifying me that another veteran had taken their life. Using the blade form of the knife I carried in Afghanistan, I created files of blades, suspended in formations of equal ranks. The blade had become a metaphor for both soldier and soldiering; a relic of service that struggles to find a useful purpose in a postwar environment. The suspended blades sit over a large drum plinth with watercolour paper draped across its surface. Spray bottles are placed around the artwork, and the audience invited to participate in spraying the blades with water, becoming complicit in the act of destroying the blades as they slowly rust and decay. Dragged by water and gravity, the rust falls to the paper beneath, staining the surface with its passing and creating a relic of that destruction.

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***Relics of Decay* 2018, steel, wire, wood,
paper, rust, 200 x 200 x 180 cm**

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NICHOLAS DAWSON

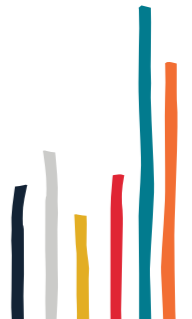
ARTIST STATEMENT

I enjoy the process of forging, moving, and creating form in the medium of iron; the intense heat and force required to make the metal take shape; displacing the metal through upsetting, splitting, drifting, twisting, and hammering. The finished product displays the effort in its texture, hammer marks and imperfections imparted on the surface of the work. I like to forge functional objects, but a sculpture gives me the opportunity to forge an idea. The spine represents my service in the Australian Army – upright, flexibility, holdfast, load carriage, distortion, injury, and mortality. Whilst forging, the focus needed to move and shape the iron, all distracting thoughts are gone.

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***Self Portrait* 2018, steel, brass, Australian hardwood,
tung and olive oils, 155 x 47.5 x 48.5 cm**

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ANONYMOUS ARTIST

ARTIST STATEMENT

Last year I spent a few weeks doing portraits of my family before I joined the military. Drawing someone gives space for a conversation with no agenda — to capture someone beyond the physical, in the moment. Fast forward a year and I had managed to ask my CO if I could paint his portrait. The pink slips of paper are the questions I asked him during the sitting. I hope the work gives some insight into the person behind the face of a role. A person with over 20 years' military experience, having a conversation with a trainee SMN, not yet rated.

Questions:

Do you believe in the concept of retiring?

Do you meditate?

What's the worst advice you hear people give to new sailors/aircrew/men/women/soldiers?

What books have you read that have been good enough to share with other people?

What do you think about before a public speaking gig? Has this changed over the years?

How has a failure, or apparent failure, led you to a later success?

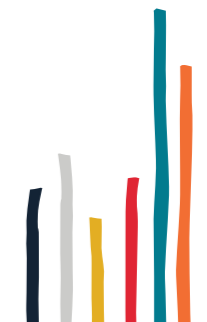
Do you think you are good at reading people?

In the last five years what habit or belief has most improved your daily life?

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***Portrait of a CO, painted by a SMN 2018, oil on board,
2 boards, 25 x 20 x 2 cm***

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CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON

ARTIST STATEMENT

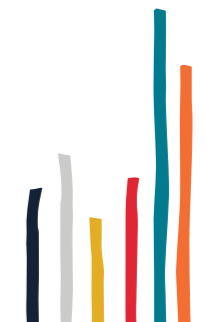
Mirabad is a notorious and ancient river valley in Afghanistan's Uruzgan province. The Tiri River carves through the valley at the base of the Hindu Kush, where melting snows nourish fields of crimson opium poppies. The Taliban, aided by impoverished farmers, would bury IEDs on the raised paths between irrigated rows. In the local Pashtun these devices were called "little flowers". This leadlight window has been faithfully created using broken shards of cathedral glass. The glass has been shattered, not cut; the window is imperfect, still sharp to the touch, but stronger and more beautiful in the broken places.

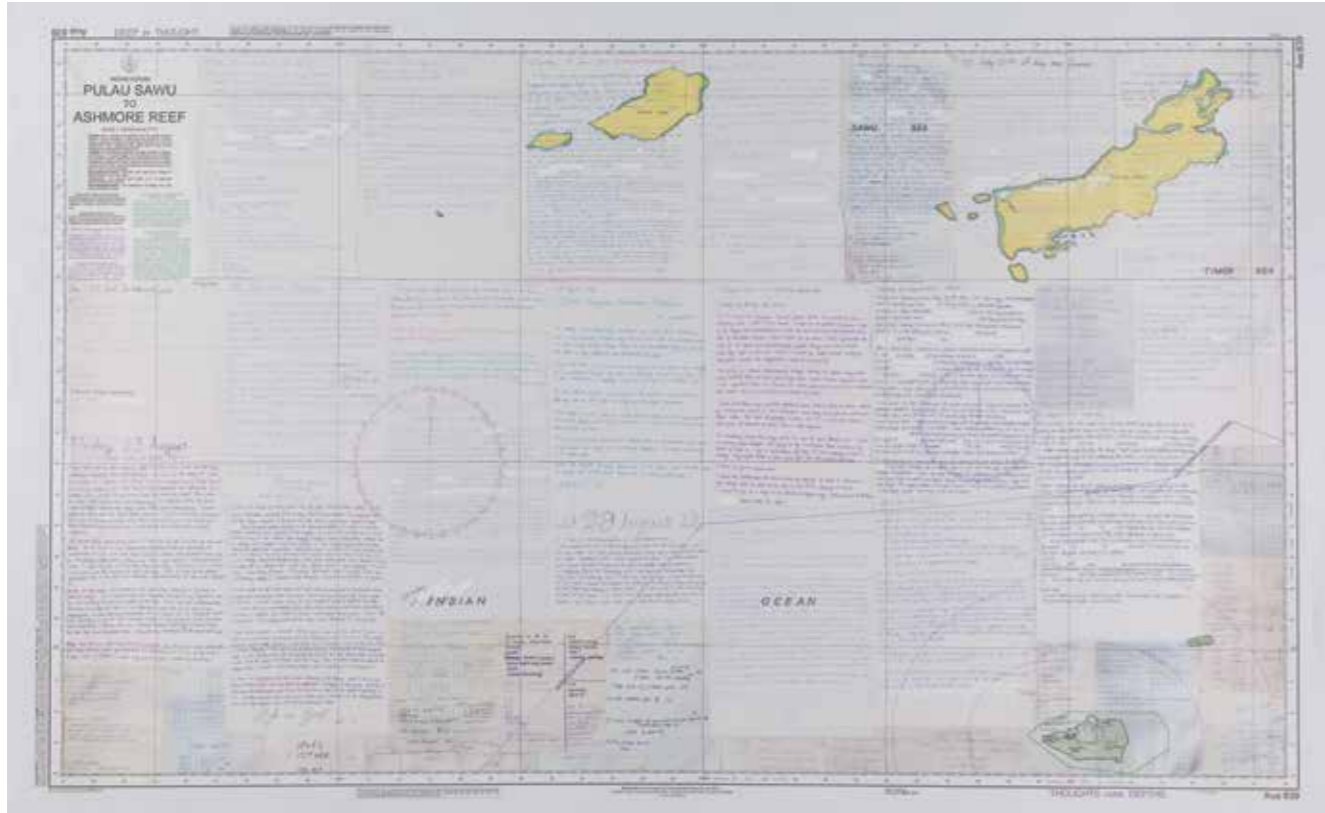
The window is intended for display with a video: <https://vimeo.com/279362164>

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Mirabad 2018, leadlight window with video, 34 x 43 x 15 cm

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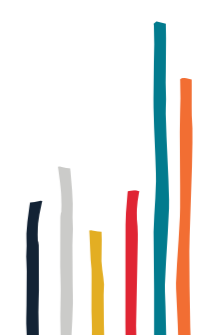
GEORGIE HICKS

ARTIST STATEMENT

Information overload; not sure where to look; organised chaos. These were my first impressions of border protection operations, and are the initial effect I hope this work conveys. But the longer you look, the more it makes sense. It's not just a mess of words and colours and a few stray lines — it's a nautical chart made from my diaries and scribbled notes from April to September 2013. This was the peak period for Australia's irregular maritime arrivals, during which I embarked in patrol boats assigned to Operation RESOLUTE.

My artistic process was simple: remove the interior from the real "Pulau Sawu to Ashmore Reef" chart, collage copies of my diaries and notes in the centre, and redraw the most relevant chart elements by hand. I then altered the printed chart details to provide further insight, and redacted some parts with white paint. The clusters of white stand out from a distance, and lay on the chart like boats making their way towards Ashmore Reef — mostly from the north, some from the north-west. I chose white over the typical redaction-black because it was less jarring, and because I have made peace with my experiences.

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***Deep in thought, thoughts over depths* 2018, mixed media
(canvas, paper, ink, pencil, paint, glue), 76 x 121.5 x 2 cm**
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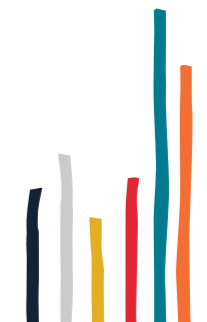


ALLY LOMBARDO

ARTIST STATEMENT

I joined the Army Reserves in 2002 and still serve today. Six years after I returned from a 2009 deployment, I was diagnosed with PTSD and sent to the University of Canberra's ADF Arts for Recovery, Resilience, Teamwork and Skills Program. I joined the creative writing stream, but was attracted to the work being done in the visual arts. Back home I joined the Military Arts Program and found a new avenue to express my grief and happiness, through art. This work is an expression of my own dealings with PTSD, anxiety, depression, and personal confusion associated with all such struggles. They are not self-portraits of my own face, but rather I have used the faces of other soldiers I've met enduring the same struggles, and incorporated my own feelings, into a corroborated painting about all of us.

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***Between light and dark* 2016, ink, acrylic and
liquid graphite on paper, 85 x 65 x 2.5 cm**
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THE NAPIER WALLER ART PRIZE 2018

SHORTLISTED ENTRIES

JORDAN PENDER

ARTIST STATEMENT

I drew this image while working night shifts in the field hospital during Exercise Talisman Sabre 2017. It represents the mission of the fully operational field hospital and the mindset of medical staff within it: always ready, and always waiting for the next person in need. I am currently a serving ADF Medic. During this exercise, I witnessed hundreds of soldiers and officers work tirelessly for those who were unwell. This particular picture means a lot to me; drawing it helped me through the long cold nights away from my son and missing his first birthday.



Waiting 2017, paper and pencil, 17.5 x 22.5 cm

KADE ROGERS

ARTIST STATEMENT

It was common for coalition troops in Iraq to interact with the local population, particularly children. We would hand out toys and lollies, and occasionally engage in a friendly game of soccer. I had a bag of small toy koalas that I would give out on patrols. On one occasion I was chatting with children in a village and handing out koalas when a group of angry teenagers began pelting our patrol with rocks. I was isolated from the group, and quickly moved back to the vehicles under the cover of two co-axial machine-guns. It was surmised that insurgents had visited the village and harassed the locals for fraternizing with us, which explained their hostile behaviour on this occasion. During my tour to Afghanistan, I learned just how dire the consequences could be. A group of Afghan children had been playing with glow sticks given to them by British troops. The Taliban rounded them up and singled out the eldest boy. He was 11 years old. He was beheaded as the others were forced to watch.



Overwatch 2016, graphite on paper, 57 x 47 cm

PHILIP LAWRENCE

ARTIST STATEMENT

Trooper Colin Griffith Rewell was a national serviceman who served in the 3rd Cavalry Regiment during the Vietnam War. He was one of the last 62 Australian combat troops to leave Vung Tau aboard the HMAS Sydney (II) on 29th February 1972. Rewell is typical of many Australian servicemen who served their country with professionalism and loyalty, often without praise or fanfare. When they returned to Australia their service was largely unrecognised. They were expected to re-align themselves with family and friends whose lives had not been changed by war. Assimilation into civilian life was difficult, and Vietnam veterans were not officially welcomed back to Australia for 15 years. As a Vietnam veteran who was among the last to leave, I wanted to commemorate their service, sacrifice, and selflessness. In 2011 I began a project to trace those veterans of the 3rd Cavalry Regiment and photograph them.



Now and then 2018, digital print on chromaloy aluminium sheet, 51 x 63 x 0.3 cm

TIM HENRY

ARTIST STATEMENT

This image of a *Falco peregrinus* (peregrine falcon) was taken from a cliff top above the falcons nest. After driving up and down the coastline looking for indicators of their presence I climbed to the cliff top and spent the afternoon being swooped while trying to capture them on the attack. As they are incredibly fast this took me many shots to achieve. I really like this particular image as the falcon is looking directly into the camera.

When I photograph animals, particularly birds, I show the upmost respect to them, ensuring I distance myself from a nesting site.



Sentinel 2018, photograph, dimensions variable

DONNA SAUNDERS

ARTIST STATEMENT

My figurative images explore the behavioural and psychological state of people; reflecting on the behaviours and emotions that challenge our reality. We surrender judgement and appreciate moments in time where contentment prevails, subsequently creating a more positive outlook on life. This work explores the burden of emotional overload. A minimal colour pallet and the direction of paint expresses weight in the body; a neutral background adds to this weight and holds the figure in place; frustrated and in a constant state of alertness, stress on the body and mind affects the ability to remain positive and move forward.



Residence in disorder 2018, acrylic on canvas, 91 x 61 x 3.5 cm

JULIAN THOMPSON

ARTIST STATEMENT

This self-portrait was made following chemical, biological, radiological and nuclear hazard training for deployment to Task Group Taji IV, Iraq, in 2016-17. The stance is a deliberate aspect of the drill; its resemblance to crucifixion bolsters the association between military service and personal danger, although this danger is distributed unevenly among those who deploy. In an Army-issue chemical suit a soldier may survive amid the hideous vapours conjured by the unscrupulous. Its camouflage pattern is incongruous in the Australian landscape, remote from bloody schisms of trauma in far-away lands. A cocoon of inward refuge and an outward signifier, the suit is a visual foil for the two constituents of identity.

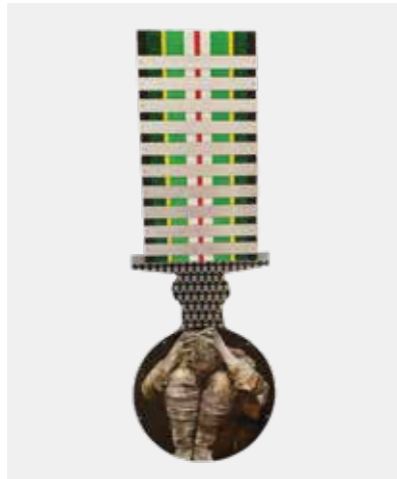


The Rhythm of Bloodshed Echoes the Pulse of my Beating Heart 2017, oil on linen, 137 x 112 x 4 cm

BRENTON BAILEY

ARTIST STATEMENT

I conceptualised my artwork in a safe and familiar environment but it is the product of inconceivable brutality and inhumanity against innocent men, women, and children. It explores the tenuous line between the sacrifices of service to your country and the personal sacrifices of physical and mental wellbeing. There's a heart-wrenching dichotomy exhibited in this piece: the recognition of self-sacrifice and bravery portrayed by the carefully selected and vivid colours, and the private torment of too many of our young servicemen and servicewomen. Lest we forget those that fell and lest we forget those that remain.



AASM 2018, acrylic paint and coloured pencil, 175 x 56 cm

MARTIN HURLEY

ARTIST STATEMENT

When I was working with the Thai army as a translator for Australian Army Skill at Arms at Puckapunyal, I kept my camera close. During a part of the competition in which soldiers shoot at an electronic simulated range, there were three or four hours of waiting time. A group of Thais relaxing captured my eye, so I manoeuvred myself into position and captured a few shots in silence. I later pushed the image into a sepia tone to bring out the dynamics of the shapes.



The secret stuff of legends (Thai soldiers taking rest at Puckapunyal, Australia) 2017, inkjet print, 30 x 30 x 3 cm

JEFFREY WHARTON

ARTIST STATEMENT

This pencil sketch depicts a RAAF officer in field uniform tethered to an albatross — a large solitary bird that spends the majority of its time alone, a bird of sorrow far from family — which represents the Air Force. The scene represents the time servicemen and servicewomen spend away from their families: a solitary life of service. The officer is beaten to his knees, held down by thick ropes, anchored to the earth with large immovable spikes, held fast with impending dark storm skies looming in the background, giving the impression that there is more heartache to come. Not being able to hold his wife and children, his eyes



Tethered to a bird of sorrow 2016 pencil on paper 50.5 x 37 cm

are melancholy and his arms are crossed and tethered in position. The observer may wonder why he cannot slip the bonds of service, or ask if he is consoling himself in sorrow, unable to protect himself or his family.

BRUCE FERGUSON

ARTIST STATEMENT

I drew this while on deployment in the Middle East in February and March 2018. It is a basic dot point drawing which has helped me cope with adjustment issues after coming home from Afghanistan in 2012. It is the second drawing I have done while on a deployment. It is also poignant that it is 100 years since the original picture this was drawn from was taken on the Western Front.



8" howitzer WWI 2018, pen and ink on ivory board, 55 x 49 cm

GORDON TRAILL

ARTIST STATEMENT

My photography, with the residual effects of my war service in Baghdad, is like peering into a mind which harbours more than just PTSD. My images are a re-discovery of the small and large things, relationships and gestures; a passage through moments informed by new beginnings and old loves. This photograph tells the story of one mans' journey, from growing up with a disability to fending for himself selling *The Big Issue*. This image of Caleb resonates with me as there seems to be more veterans living on the streets in Australia. My images reveals what lies hidden, and in portraits can be found fragility, vulnerability, and resilience.



The Big Issue 2016, photograph, 150 x 100 cm

YIKANG FENG

ARTIST STATEMENT

We arrived in Iraq in April. Romadi fell in May. There was a thick air of panic and desperation amongst the population. Overnight, we received the remnant of an ISF battalion out of Romadi; out of 600 personnel, 40 survived. The man on the left was the signaller for the battalion commander, who was looking for the brigade HQ after communications were cut, only to find out his battalion was left behind, with its commanding officer killed on the way back. The last 40 men ran out of food, water, and ammunition. They



Iraqi Soldiers after Battle of Romadi 2018, watercolour on paper, 24 x 40 cm

huddled together and decided to walk back after dark. With absolutely no idea where to go apart from the general direction of Baghdad, they stepped off. Daesh started to press forward behind their heels. Coalition aircraft overhead mistook them for Daesh fighters and conducted several gun-runs against them. Forty men lined up in single file dodging bullets all night. Finally, they reached an Iraqi federal police checkpoint early in the morning, but were again mistaken for Daesh and the police fired upon them. One of them yelled, "Stop shooting. We are Iraqi soldiers!" One of the policemen recognised his voice and yelled "Stop! That was my cousin!"



Mates, for life 2018, digital print, 50 x 150 cm

IAN COOK

ARTIST STATEMENT

I am not an artist; I am a soldier. I bleed green.
I served with pride.
I fought and I thought.
What did I see? What did I do?
I tried alone. I cried alone. I died inside.
Why won't that black dog stop barking at me?
They don't get it. No-one will miss me. I'm sick of pain
He was there with me but how could he help now?
He knows my pain. That first step is the biggest.
We can do this ... you must do this ... I will do this.
My mates are still with me. I'm more at ease.
I can serve with pride again; with my mates.
My mates, my life, for life.
Mates for life.
Mates, for life.

CHRISTOPHER RIGG

ARTIST STATEMENT

After graduating from Newcastle Art School, I joined the Royal Australian Navy as a shipwright, a job which saw timber become a major part of my arts practice. My current works are inspired by my time at sea: the lines of an ocean wave against the horizon, the fore-castle of a destroyer; the space of an empty vessel. This freestanding work in Huon Pine shows the stylised elongated head and shoulders of a seemingly ordinary individual. The highly polished timber indicates normalcy. It is only when you look at him front on that there is the suggestion that this person has lost himself within. Caught up in emptiness, in the feeling you get when the past catches up with you. Hits you like a tonne of bricks.



All That Remains 2018, Huon pine, 73 x 28 x 19 cm

When you're unable to move. From the darkness in your mind to the emptiness in your soul. When you have no time for yourself let alone the ones you love. All that remains is a man that is there and at the same time is not.

Life in the blue suit is tough, life out of it is tougher.

BRENTON BAILEY

ARTIST STATEMENT

My art work is as much a mental exercise as it is a physical one. It helps me cope with life in a civilian environment as well as reconnects me to my military experience.



War games 2018, charcoal pencil and acrylic paint, 90 x 120 cm

CASSANDRA BROOKER

ARTIST STATEMENT

This painting reflects my friendship with three strong, courageous Army officers - Sarah Watson (née Hingston), Stacey Harvey, and Tegan Davey - who I deployed alongside at various times. The eyes right represents us as I imagined we may have been marching together in solidarity during the "By the Left" initiative at this year's ANZAC Day marches. However, we were separated by the distances separating Canberra, Darwin, and Aix-en-Provence (France). I included the quote from the movie *The Testament of youth* to represent the losses we have suffered in our lives, including my father - a RNZIR Vietnam veteran who died of cancer at the age of 56 - and military colleagues and friends killed on operations or lost through suicide. I was trying to channel Dali's surrealist style with the ghostly images, which are derived from photos from my operational deployments and my father's slides from his deployment with W3 Coy in Vietnam.



By the left, eyes right 2018, oil on canvas, 60.96 x 91.44 x 3.81 cm

RYAN DIX

ARTIST STATEMENT

Wet, dirty, and tired, with no immediate prospect of being dry, the soldier strides through the rain, sinking into the sucking mud and sliding his boot heel off wet rock. At a certain point all the soldier can do is stand, wet as a duck, and smile. Regardless of season, weather, or terrain.

The wet has generated inspiration for this piece a few too many times.



Another wet day 2018, ceramic,
50 x 18 x 18 cm

IAIN MCGRATH

ARTIST STATEMENT

This painting reflects a mundane element of life on base. Many views of the countryside were blocked by blast walls. These bastions of security were occasionally adorned with humorous graffiti which faded under a blanket of dust as time passed, or were adjusted by those who found them offensive. Another fundament of our defences was the balloon which was consistently there every time you looked up, keeping a protective eye over the base and its surrounds. When the balloon was down due to high winds or maintenance, everyone seemed more on edge; aware of the possibilities and feeling a little more exposed as we went about our daily business.



Everyone was more on edge when the balloon was down. Kandahar 14 2018, acrylic on canvas, 39.5 x 50 x 1.5

MARIE-LOUISE JONES

ARTIST STATEMENT

I have chosen rope and knots as a metaphor to visually depict my emotional struggle with PTSD. I was diagnosed with PTSD 20 years ago. On my second sea deployment I served for two years on a warship, and spent a lot of time around ropes and hawsers for jobs such as replenishments at sea, boarding party and fast roping, ships diver – in which you were connected in half necklaces by an arm band that had a 3 mm line – finger splicing ropes, etc. I want to start a conversation and bring awareness that PTSD is neither gender- nor service-specific, that it can affect anybody, and I believe that my images are approachable enough to do that.



Anchor Bend 2017 gesso, acrylic, charcoal on paper, 120 x 80 x 10 cm

GARRY DOLAN

ARTIST STATEMENT

There was a sense of relief and fear as I stepped off the base for the last time. I threw my hat in the air and waved it all goodbye and headed for the closest pub. I remember sitting at the bar thinking, "Shit... now what?" I had been deployed, the details aren't important. It was a different world when I got back – at least it was in my eyes. I see everyone getting hyped up over the type of things that I used to get hyped up about, like some garbage reality TV, a petty issue in the office, or even the State of Origin. Old friends from my previous life and even my family don't really appreciate what happens outside of their own lives and the bigger problems of the world. I do. I have seen the best and the worst of humanity. I trudge on. Isolated, finding it hard to relate to people that have not experienced what I have experienced, always feeling alone, even in a crowd.



Alone in a crowd 2018, oil on canvas,
50 x 70 cm

NANCYE PRINCE

ARTIST STATEMENT

There have been countless moments when I have found myself sitting at a phone, hundreds, sometimes thousands of kilometres from home, thinking, I wish I could be there with you (my family); see you through hard times (my friend); hear your voice for longer (my partner); tell (you) how many times I have said this. I have worked with parents that have gone through a similar thing. I wish I could be there for my child's first day of school; have a successful career and still be the best parent I can; tell my family where I am and where I'm going. It's hard. The phone becomes the point of joy and frustration. I wanted to capture the feeling of helplessness. To do so I've decided to use acrylic paints on hard canvas, simple and soft. The feeling of being so far away from home is the biggest impact service life has had on me. I'd avoid it if I could, or, at least, I wish I could.



I wish I could 2018, acrylic paint,
45.5 x 38 x 0.4 cm

ANDREW HODGE

ARTIST STATEMENT

During deployment in Afghanistan, the shape of mountains reminded me of large sets of waves. I have a strong link to the ocean, having grown up on the far north coast of New South Wales spending every spare moment during my school days in the water. Deploying as a sniper and overwatching targets as the field engineer moved onto target gave me time to look at the landscape and its often bizarre features.



**WatchOver 2018, oil on canvas,
90 x 120 cm**

PETER DALY

ARTIST STATEMENT

This painting is an ongoing commentary on my experiences of war and its aftermath.

This painting is about memorising, with focus on how Australian society commemorates the contribution of military personnel who have made sacrifices.

In this narrative, those who have put their life on the line are aware that personal stories are, through time, often lost in translation or forgotten. Three years after my medical discharge, I visited the Dachau concentration camp in Germany and saw the onsite sculpture by Nandor Glid, which exposed me to another way of representing memory.

That image has re-occurred in my memory during time when I'm making art, it reminds me to be considerate and inclusive of circumstances. I have drawn these two feminine figures that could be seen as maquettes — models for larger sculptures, created to visualise how they might look and to work out approaches and materials — that remind the viewer of the suffering inflicted on women in war and its limited representation in memorials. I have included an iconography, metaphors for agent orange, candles, and crosses that are all too familiar reminders of the horrors of war.



**Maquettes of War 2018 acrylic on paper,
35 x 50 cm**



Project partners:



THALES