



VOLUME 5, NUMBER 3

MAY 1982

AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND: on the road with jah

Editor's Note: I was invited by Art Network, the magazine that covers the art scene in Australia and New Zealand, as well as the Art Libraries Society of Australia and New Zealand to come to both those countries to lecture on artists' books, artists' periodicals, Los Angeles, and many other subjects during the month of April and most of May. For that reason this issue of Umbrella is late, but with good results.. I have learned a great deal about two countries I knew very little about, made many friends, and hope to impart some of my enthusiasm and joy for friends who make up an enlarged art family. This will be a series of articles, since it is impossible to relate all that I learned and saw in one issue. I will, in fact, discuss the first two weeks I spent in Australia before leaving for New Zealand for two weeks. I gave 28 lectures and interpreted for an Italian art critic in the course of the Biennale in Sydney. It was not a tourist-like trip, but a working trip, so forgive me for not describing the scenery. Much of it I saw from an airplane, and in fact, I could very well call this "Airports I have Known." Thank goodness it was more than that, and I do hope I can relate some of the warmth, generosity and hospitality that was shown me during the 6½ weeks I spent in another hemisphere, one which speaks of dreamtime, of silences, yet of action and opportunity.

part I

The trip always seems endless, for you fly into the sun, and lose a day. I lost 5 April 1982 forever, never to be retrieved again. It does not upset me, but I am sure it anguishes anyone who loses it if it is his or her birthday! At any rate, one watched them play soccer in Tahiti at 6 a.m., because it gets so hot by 7 a.m. The plane had been 3 hours on the ground in Los Angeles, and you never thought we'd really leave, but we did, making up one hour. Customs was easy and when I heard my name called out, I knew I was home. Ross Wolfe, editor of *Art Network*, and Frances Love, art librarian at the City Art Institute, whizzed me off right away to the Art Gallery of New South Wales, with schedule for the next 10 days in hand. It looked somewhat easy, but little did I know.

Arriving late for the press conference for the Sydney Biennale, we hobnobbed with Bill Wright, the director of the Biennale and other artists. I met Billy Apple, watching his Harbor Bridge wallpaper rolled on the ground after he had applied it in his installation as part of the exhibition. I had also missed the performance by the Aborigines, included for the first time in the Biennale, having installed 13 tons of red sand from the desert, and performing for the first 3 days of the Exhibition. I did, however, receive a copy of the catalog hot off the press, and then proceeded to learn names and look at people with new zest.



The sky was so very blue. In fact, Fuji could never simulate the blue of the sky of Australia or New Zealand and Kodak would hardly define the green I shall always remember in New Zealand. The clean, fresh air was almost too much for my smog-filled lungs, but I learned to enjoy it and relish it and now cherish those 6½ weeks while sitting in this smoggy world of L.A. The joggers were out, defying gravity by running up hills, taking their exercise very seriously, and the weather was sailing and beach weather, not Biennale weather. This was the beginning of autumn, but you could have fooled me. I called it "Aboriginal Summer" and I felt so much at home.

After my first taste of Australian beer, I was sure I was home, for wine and beer are excellent and not expensive. In fact, wine, beer and seafood are so delectable, I knew Sydney and I were meant to be. The headquarters of *Art Network* is an artist's loft, for the magazine is made by artists for artists and other art-oriented people.

We prepared for the opening of the Biennale that night, which was attended by hundreds. I met all my New Zealand friends and many more Australian friends, who had become so through correspondence. How good it is to match faces with names and reality comes into focus. One of the first people I met was Vicki Palmerston, who is the major distributor of art books, bookworks, and artists' postcards throughout Australia, proprietor of Lamella Distributors. Miriam Schapiro and Irving Sandler were also there as guests

of the Biennale. After the formalities, a quick look through the exhibition revealed to me that pluralism reigns even in the Sydney Biennale, and there was something for everyone from many countries of the world.

Of many of the artists I first saw, Richard Killeen of New Zealand, Billy Apple of New York and New Zealand, Vivienne Binns of Australia and Christine Hellyar of New Zealand stood out for their freshness, at first glance. We converged with other artists and proceeded to another gallery for still another opening. In fact, the Biennale (this was the Fourth) was held from 7 April - 23 May in the Art Gallery of New South Wales, the Power Gallery of Contemporary Art at the University of Sydney, the Ivan Dougherty Gallery of the City Art Institute; the Australian Centre for Photography; and the Gallery A Courtyard space, as well as the Roslyn Oxley Gallery. The Performance, Film & Video and Sound were held in yet three more places, so using all of Sydney was part of the Biennale's programming and intentions.



THE ARTWORKERS UNION CAMPAIGN

During the opening, many artists were wearing T-shirts with the words "Why no Contract?" as the message. The Union, formed in 1979 to represent the interests of people working in the visual arts, has an active and growing membership in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia. Their desire to be paid as participants in the Sydney Biennale led to this concession. But they want a negotiated contract, not just fees. So they feel that without a contract, there is no guarantee that Australian artists will be paid in future exhibitions of this kind. Some of my best friends in Australia are members of the Union and thus campaigned when hundreds of people were about.

The theme of the Fourth Sydney Biennale is "Vision in Disbelief" which is beautifully portrayed on posters, on the catalog, and in a clay pin in red, white and blue that had been given me by Chris Downey, an Australian artist, who relented and gave me his pin, fashioned and designed by Dian Lloyd.

The next two days brought forth William Furlong of Audio Arts, London, who organized the sound section of the Biennale, which was to be broadcast every Wednesday night on a local FM station (a novelty in Australia to have

FM stations, by the way), and Terry Allen, who was an American participant in the Biennale with an installation and who was performing the next night and what a performance it was!

During the next 10 days I was to have 40 minutes to myself largely due to a heavy schedule of Biennale events, Easter Weekend events and lectures. At any rate, I was ready and did not have time for jet lag, and that is a fact! I was given a quick tour of the Rocks, the Harbor Bridge, and part of Paddington through the windows of an automobile (by the way, you must buckle into your seatbelts as part of the law of the land, or you are subject to a fine). In Paddington, I felt at home, with this old section of Sydney proving to be "trendy" but human-scaled with older buildings now boutiques, with graffiti everywhere but humanly oriented graffiti, where the Australian Centre for Photography in its pink and orange stripes greets anyone off the street.

In Paddington, I found many of the same items sold in shops in California. In fact, the radio was playing music made in America, and I pinched myself, asking myself where I really was. Seeing the blue sky, I knew I was in Sydney.

During the opening of the Biennale, the unique characteristic of the Art Gallery of New South Wales were projections on its facade of an ear, an eye and hands clasped, part of the art work of Krzysztof Wodiczko, a Polish artist now living in Halifax and Toronto. The quality of projection was so clear, and the building became alive with art even before you entered. (I also noticed that all the equipment used in Australia and New Zealand was German Kodak, so that the projectors were of metal and the slide trays were the German plastic covered carousels).

BONITO-OLIVA, FULLER AND FUCHS

The opening of Mary Kelly's work (she's an English feminist artist) at the Ivan Dougherty Gallery led me to meet Franco Belgiorno-Nettis, a great patron of the arts in Sydney and one of the major supporters of funding for this event. Also saw Miriam Schapiro again, and then Achille Bonito-Oliva upon his arrival from Italy. We spoke in Italian, and little did I know that we would be working together in two days.

Everyone was already talking about Peter Fuller, the English critic, who had already given his Power Lecture, an honor bestowed upon a critic each year in Australia. At the first Symposium called Regionalism and Cultural Dependency, Wystan Curnow, an old friend from New Zealand, critic and poet, participated in the session with a brilliant presentation defending New Zealand and its importance in the art world. Rudi Fuchs, recently arrived from Germany and as director of documenta 7 this year a guest of the Biennale, hit everyone below the belt with the statement that Europe was the center of the art world, after everyone had defended the pluralistic nature of the Biennale and of the art scene in general. Discussion continued all the way to the Power Gallery, where a good many foreign artists were being shown, including the English and German, and where I met Paula Latos-Valier, assistant director of the Biennale, and her husband, artist Byron Valier, who both had been in the Artwords & Bookworks exhibition which I co-curated in 1978. What a small world it was!

I was then introduced to David Kerr, director of the Experimental Art Foundation in Adelaide, who was to be my host later in the month. Achille had rested up after his

long trip from Italy, and we chatted some more about the Biennale and his stay. Terry Allen's performance at the Conservatorium was the best yet, and he gave so much of himself, singing so many of the songs he has written and playing a mean piano! The Australians there got off on the music, and cheers met everyone of the songs. Since Terry was staying with Robert Jacks, the painter and rubber-stamp artist, I finally got to meet the artist whose praises I have been singing for several years. We had a fine Chinese dinner washed down with some more great Australian beer and then went over to Roslyn Oxley Gallery to watch Leopoldo Maler's ice sculpture of his own body melt away over a period of 11 hours.

SYDNEY

One of the beautiful things about Sydney is that it is surrounded by water. In fact, in both Australia and New Zealand, sky and water are an essential of one's everyday landscape. One cannot imagine an Australian or New Zealander in New York without getting an impression of great withdrawal pains from not seeing enough of the sky to matter! Two-thirds of the landscape is sky, clear, beautiful and ever-changing with cloud formations that make for long stories.

A visit to the Crafts Council library in an old building that once served as a jail was on the schedule. I saw Joan Burns, the director of the Crafts Council, and we talked information and networking. I was then introduced to Sheila Hicks, the American artist, who had been invited to participate in the Biennale with an installation at the Gallery of the Crafts Council.

I finally got to walk down some streets and see a part of The Rocks, the oldest part of Sydney where it all began, built up by convicts, and now restored to become a central focus for tourists with shops, galleries, pubs, walking tours, and a quick view of the Harbor Bridge, an essential part of the Sydney skyline. That first peak of the Harbor Bridge and the Sydney Opera House almost made me play hookey from the next Symposium. I wanted to go sailing or swimming, but not attend a session on figurative painting, but duty called and I arrived at the University of Sydney ready to listen. Little did I know what was in store for me, because there was no Italian interpreter available for Achille Bonito-Oliva, so when Virginia Spate requested anyone from the audience fluent in Italian, I was nudged by David Kerr and urged on by Frances Love to raise my hand, and so I became the official voice of Bonito-Oliva for the afternoon session. It went well, since he is very used to being translated and my claim to fame after that was "the woman who knows Italian." The Italian is the author of the book on the Transavanguard explaining the new phenomenon of painting among the young Italians, and now in a new book out this month on the international Transavanguard.

We all converged at the Art Network loft for a well-earned beer, and then off for Seafood Pizza (an amazing recipe with rock oysters and fresh seafood) before rushing back to a symposium on a Ten-Year review of Feminist Art with Lisa Tickner and Mary Kelly from England, Miriam Schapiro from the U.S., Jude Adams from Adelaide, Julie Etherington from Australia and moderated by Suzanne Davies, editor of the Feminist Art annual *Lip*. My impression was that the session was not as successful as it could have been largely due

to the Australian tradition of having papers prepared beforehand and read rather than actual dialogue. I learned that night that the Feminist Art Festival would be held in Sydney in October, and that Lucy Lippard was going to spend 6 months in Australia. I was in fact invited to stay on until October to speak at the Festival, but I was freshly arrived and being an "illegal immigrant" sounded exciting at that time. I was, in fact, considering. Intrigue seemed so right.



EASTER WEEKEND

Good Friday produced a party at the villa of Franco Belgioioso-Nettis with food and drink in abundance, the villa a stunning concrete feat of engineering along the harbor with private boats tied up. General Idea was in town, the group from Toronto that publishes *File*, runs Art Metropole, and always seems to be everywhere in the world except Canada. We always seem to meet in faraway places, but never in North America! Already I was getting used to beautiful birds, birds I had never seen before, and fruit I had never eaten before, such as "custard apples." I was to taste that first later in Canberra.

A picnic in my honor was held in Paddington where Southern California/Australia-inclined artist Michael McMillen, Robert Jacks, Tony Twigg, Robert McFarlane, photographer, Richard Tipping, Australian artist of the weird and wonderful, David Humphries muralist, and many more came to talk and eat. The drizzles in the morning dissipated and made for a very beautiful "dejeuner sur l'herbe" for the rest of the afternoon. The wine in Australia is a highly developed industry, and the costs are so low that drinking wine is part of everyone's daily life. That doesn't mean trying to find your local liquor store, but in fact means that you run down to the pub and buy some and bring it home or into the restaurant that usually doesn't have a license to serve beer or wine. This makes eating out much less expensive, and your choice of wine your own at a reasonable cost.

Because Marion Hardman, the photographer, was at the picnic, I was to change my itinerary thanks to an invitation to Hobart, Tasmania, which was fitted into the schedule and then I decided to stay on for three more days due to the change. What a golden opportunity to see the most beautiful beaches in the world!

My first telly in Australia was in living color, talking about umbrella weather in the United States, and the war between Great Britain and Argentina. There are not many channels in Australia, most of them having commercials although they are state-owned. Many shows from the U.S. are purchased for Australian consumption, such as Dallas, Kojak and the like.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

To get me out of the city, Art Network hired a car and took me to the Blue Mountains, a short drive away and full of gorgeous landscape, great skies, weeping willows, parks, mountains and cliffs. We passed some recycling centers, and I felt good about the consciousness of the Australians. We visited the Penrith Regional Art Gallery, the former home of Mr. & Mrs. Lewers in Emu Plains, where a show of Australian Sculptors was fascinating. Walnut trees, strangely sculptural drain pipes, and good Australian art inside. A Tea-Room with Devonshire Tea, including scones and whipped cream became a standard during the trip especially in New Zealand.

In Katoomba, a honeymoon heaven and a traditional place for celebrating such an event, we visited the Three Sisters and rock formations reminiscent of the Grand Canyon on a much smaller scale. The Paragon Cafe famous for its home-made chocolate and Victorian bar exhibited bundles of dark chocolate eggs, and other sweets for Easter. Picking up friends, we went to the Hydro Majestic Hotel, an amazing 1920s hotel reminiscent of an ocean steamer, with beautiful appointments, fine murals, and a view of the Megalong Valley. I became conscious of the Aboriginal names which were to haunt me throughout the trip.

Arriving in Sydney, we went to the Oxley Gallery for cocktails and by this time met old friends, i.e. artists and critics who had come for the Biennale. It was now a foregone conclusion that I would leave Sydney on 19 May for home, thereby having two birthdays, one in Sydney and one in Pasadena. I thought it only right to do this, having lost 5 April in the doing.

Learned from Bill Furlong of Audio Arts that he was curating a show at the Tate Gallery which was to open on 17 August this year, so tapes at the Tate would be a summer event! That night, 17 people converged at this Indian restaurant to join me for curry, then on to the Whorehouse of Art for a wild Fellini-like event organized by none other than Terry Reid, American now 12 years in Australia. The surrealist pleasures involved wild visuals, performances and many strange, loud sounds. We left for the Departure Lounge, a very high-tech coffee shop in Darlington, another suburb of Sydney infested with artists.

Easter Sunday was clear and hot, a marvelous time to drive down to Avalon Bay to the home of Sue and Craig Boaden for an Easter barbecue, there among the umbrella trees with my first view of the kookaburra bird, whose sepulchral laughs have earned it the name of "laughing jackass." Under some of 450 species of gum or eucalyptus trees, we sat and talked about many things in a very hot sun. (Sue happens to be the librarian of the Australian Council [the equivalent of our NEA] and a longtime friend who has been trying to get me to Australia for many years). She and Craig the next day took me to the West Heads to see my first Aboriginal rock carvings in situ, a look at Palm Beach, and then back to Sydney via the Manly Ferry with a beautiful view of the harbor, the Opera House, and a Sydney which was still shimmering, although not in sunlight this day.. There on the ferry I saw a button with B.U.G.A. on it, a group called Billboard Utilising Graffitiists Against Unhealthy Promotions, who use a spray can and campaign against billboards which advertise cigarettes, booze, etc. They have launched this campaign, issue a catalog, and now have announced a

campaign against MacDonald's. For more information, write



to B.U.G.A. U.P., Box 78, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney Union, Sydney 2006, Australia. The gentleman who was wearing the button gave it to me, and his wife, an artist, told me that if I wanted to do graffiti, to be sure to sign my work so that I would not be arrested but protected by the law.

David Humphries, in charge of Community Arts in Sydney and a muralist, then gave me a mural tour to see what children and artists have been doing around Sydney to enhance their walls, some on utility tanks and others at Bondi Beach. After a picnic of fish (fresh) and chips on Bondi Beach, we proceeded to the Australian Photography Center for a session on education and criticism of photography. Although the ACP is small, the center was packed full of photographers and artists, and the session was very good. Australian photography is very exciting, not only from a technical point of view but especially from the subject matter stance. Photographers like other artists are keenly aware of social issues and much of their work has to do with political and social commentary, and the work is keen. The ACP has workshops, a study center, and exhibition space besides being an outlet for books and postcards.

That evening General Idea put on an installation in the courtyard, commemorating 10 years of activity, and then we all went to Anne Lewis' house for a party, with a view of the harbor, bats flying above (those famous bats of Sydney who love to eat figs), warm evening on the patio, great food and drink, and the walls of the house lined with contemporary art of great note, including a photo-realist kangaroo by my old friend, American painter Don Nice.

Sydney is a place where you can run down to the beach for a swim before going to work, where you can have a boat and enjoy the harbor, where you have a choice of taking the ferry or the train, where wind surfing abounds, and where opera, music and art commingle in a harmonious setting.

A visit to the Royal Easter Show was almost as important as attending the Biennale. Now in its 100th year, the Royal Easter Show is not like anything I had seen before. It is an exhibition of food, of cakes, of crafts, of "art", of sheep-shearing, of horses, and many more animals as well. For example, in the Arts & Crafts Pavilion, marzipan reigns supreme, where a salute to Australia's produce is done in marzipan, with a miniature vegetable market, boxes of marzipan asparagus, miniature marzipan cauliflowers, marzipan grapes, corn on the cob, etc. Then there are giant panorama

of foods dedicated to each state of Australia, done with fruit, vegetables, grains, and jars of vegetable preserves done in geometric and linear designs as nothing I had ever seen before. 6 different designs in jars for carrots, for instance, with plaid, checks and round geometrical forms done by patient women in their kitchens. All this set in football-field sized panorama!

In the Cake Icing sections, while I opted for the Royal Easter Show rather than a symposium on Social Context in Art, I was really watching social context in icing, since a woman, Mrs. L.C. McGlenn, had done an Emancipation Cake, depicting a black man with his curly hair (in icing), and above his worn and wrinkled face appeared shackles that had been broken asunder, and all this on a background of Old Glory done in the time of 1865, as the date in icing appeared below the portrait. Here was cake as a vehicle for social and political statements!

I took my Australian friends on a tour of the Opera House, one of those great works of art created under stress, only from a sketch, which eventually was built with an Australian architect and not the Norwegian who devised it—the symbol of Sydney to millions around the world. At the cafe of the Opera House, there is a sign near the cash register saying "Not responsible for food taken by seagulls". They must be the best fed seagulls in the world!

That night I had dinner with Eva Schramm and Gary Willis, video artists from Melbourne—and then off to the Art Workers' Union Party where Ian de Gruchy from Adelaide put on projections which were outstanding at a new wave music presentation. I was later to see Ian in Adelaide.

Because of all the activities of the Sydney Biennale, I never had time to be a tourist, or even see downtown Sydney until a week after my arrival. There were grand old buildings mingled with those concrete buildings that characterize all contemporary city centers, but there seemed to be more harmony. There are malls, many arcades, a system which abounds in both Australia and New Zealand, creating mini-gallerias with shops mostly on one level, but some new malls such have three floors of shops, like the Strand Arcade in central Sydney.

I gave lectures on bookworks and Los Angeles at the City Art Institute and at the Sydney College of the Arts. In the meantime, I had a good look at Metro TV, a non-profit company with studios and video production facilities, located in the old Town Hall of Paddington. Eric Gidney and Stephen Wall showed me around the independent television station, which is the introduction of public TV to Sydney. It was an exciting tour using the facilities of the old Town Hall for full studio capabilities and then we talked computers over an Indonesian dinner. Stephen also allowed me to see the first videotext in Australia, which he is going to develop as a calendar of events or what's going on in Sydney and Melbourne, to begin with restaurants, theaters, cinema and art galleries. The videotext, much like Prestel in England, is in four colors too, with the opportunity for visual advertising.

CANBERRA

This man-made capital city of Australia has Black Mountain looming in the distance. Margaret Shaw, the librarian at the

new Australian National Gallery, was my hostess for the three days. She showed me her home, and then served me New Zealand epicure cheese (just divine) along with my first custard apple, an exquisite taste delight, an apple that is old and withered on the outside, but something indescribable within.

Her library is in the new ANG, which will open in October officially with a visit by the Queen. I met Michael Desmond, curator of artists' books and video, and had a full-fledged tour of the new building conducted by Michael Lloyd, with Peter Fuller in town and in tow for the tour. The building was designed over 15 years ago without the input or counsel of the people who now are employed by the Gallery. In fact, 40-foot ceilings, concrete walls which had to be sandblasted twice to secure and seal them without flaking, an eventual garden of native plants of Australia were impressive, along with the famous group of "dummy paintings" created by the carpenters on the staff, for a more secure feeling for placement of the works of art by October. Among these were a dummy "Blue Poles" by Jackson Pollock, a very good fake Leger's "Trapeze", Aboriginal tomb sculptures which had been made of styrofoam and painted—all giving the curators an opportunity to assess placement in the final analysis. The Tiepolo ceiling in facsimile had been collaged in a Dada manner by the carpenters, who finally let go in fun!

I then had a tour of the Canberra College of Art, a converted high school campus, where leather, sculpture, silversmithing, painting and photography were taught. The librarian, Lyn Farkas, is an American and has been doing a fine job in developing a collection for an art school.

After my lecture on artists' periodicals, Margaret and I went for drinks at John McPhee's, the curator of decorative arts, where I met Martin Terry, curator of drawings and Daniel Thomas, the renowned curator of Australian Art. Peter Fuller that night killed all art after the Renaissance, for the most part, with a few exceptions, but also denigrated photography as an art form. Having dinner with him, therefore, was a trial until I realized there was no use in arguing with the critic, so instead we made light conversation and forgot about the pithy statements he had used to make his point.

After a visit the next day at the National Library with the curator of the Picture Collection, Barbara Perry, who explained the philosophy of collecting paintings for information rather than aesthetic quality, we all had lunch on Black Mountain at the Telecom Tower, where we spun around the mountain while eating an elegant luncheon. I met Alan Dodge, another American, who was Head of Publications at the museum.

The afternoon was taken up with a ride into the bush, to Tidbinbilla, a nature reserve where I photographed emus and 'roos and saw my first crimson rosellas. We visited the Hanging Rock, which must have been sacred to the Aboriginals centuries ago. The air was so clear, the silence so profound. I remember saying that "I could listen to the silence forever." and the mountains really were blue. Such profound silence, such peace.

ADELAIDE

From Canberra, I flew to Adelaide and was whisked right away to hear Felix Partz, one of the members of General Idea, who gave a talk and showed tapes of the group. Ade-

elaide is a city in South Australia that looks like a Wild West frontier town—compact, warm, full of sunshine, with a time zone a mere one-half hour different from Sydney. I thought it odd to change the watch merely for a half-hour, so I did not but read time correctly adjusting for the difference.

Adelaide is now the Festival City with one of the world's best multi-purpose performing arts complexes. Buses are free and there is a green-belt surrounding the city with parks and in the hills are Italian market gardens, small villages with German traditions, farmlets reminding one of the English countryside, magnificent old villas, cheese factories, and the like.

But what is more interesting is the sense of community artists have in Adelaide. The Experimental Art Foundation, Roundspace, South Australia Workshop and the Women's Art Movement gallery all work together. There is a meshing of purposes and of minds, and this unusual circumstance makes for a harmonious art activity in Adelaide.

The Experimental Art Foundation, started by Noel Sheridan, is an alternative art space with a strong program of exhibitions, performances and installations by Australian and visiting artists. Headed by David Kerr, the EAF also has a publishing program which has been printing books by artists for several years. (A detailed profile will occur in a later issue of this newsletter). The mural program in Adelaide works hand-in-hand with EAF and the famous History of Australia mural known as the Prospect mural is being finished right now. At the EAF, there is a library, a magazine collection, and a video and audio collection of great note. There is also a computerized cataloging system for the videotapes and periodicals, thanks to cooperation with the University.

Anne Marsh and Jane Kent, friends of mine from Adelaide who came to visit in California, took me to all the alternative spaces in Adelaide where sculptors, photographers, and painters have studio spaces before we visited Angus Street and Germano Capaldo, an Italian who has been residing in Adelaide for the past 55 years. During those years, he has enhanced his house externally with planters made from rubber tires making a sculptural and symmetrical design in front of his house, with windmills that bring water from the earth, with wind sculptures, flying sculptures, and a Ford Fairlane 500 in his garage with only 50,000 miles on it. He has a collection of birds which he feeds mechanically by a device which he invented himself. He is called "Gerald" to his friends, and he has toured the world with his Super 8 camera. He is charming, reminding me of Simon Rodia and his Watts Towers.

While I was sorting slides for a lecture on women artists' books, I was being interviewed for a radio broadcast that night. After the lecture, I had a half-hour free to walk around Adelaide, and turning the corner I walked into a Charm Shop, where I purchased an umbrella charm. A visit to Ian de Gruchy's studio revealed how inventive this artist is with the projection of slides, printing of postcards, design of posters, and an insight into making new art. That evening I attended a Women's Artist Movement meeting, which was held in a part of the University which is a Women's Switchboard and Women's Resource Center.

Besides Jane and Anne, I met Jenny Boulton, who has just won the award for the best small press book of the year. She

is a poet, an artist and an ardent feminist, and she and Heather Ellyard, a painter and bookmaker and member of Roundspace, both moved me deeply. The warmth and friendship of these women in a foreign country that appeared "home" to me was quite moving—sometimes even to tears because of shared experiences. Heather is a once-removed Bostonian, who now creates art and delights in life in Adelaide. The feminist movement in Australia is strong, and the artists through publication, spaces, performances and articles in national magazines have grown stronger. Lucy Lippard is coming for six months to Australia, which should be stimulating for the women in Australia and in New Zealand.

In the short time I had the opportunity to walk through the centers of Australia and New Zealand, I noticed a great deal of public art in malls, in front of public buildings, and in patios and arcades. Street singers were everywhere, and people everywhere smiled, generously and warmly, but they smiled in person, and even on the phone. A true sense of humanity superseded everything.

Upon approach, the Adelaide College of the Arts looks like the University of California in La Jolla—a concrete campus, one of several colleges of a major university. There *Art-Link*, edited by Stephanie Britton, is published, an alternative space for art news in the center of Adelaide for all parts of the art community, from the established Art Gallery of South Australia to what's going on in the alternative spaces. It serves truly as a bridge for all the groups in Adelaide and more about that in the resource section in the September issue.

The stay in Adelaide was too short to see the Developed Image gallery space for photography and its bookshop, but that will be for another time.

MELBOURNE

And now for the other big city, Melbourne, with a population of almost 3 million, and a beautiful beach area around St. Kilda. I stayed with Paul Taylor, editor of *Art & Text*, who lives in an apartment complex from the 1920s called *Beverley Hills*, even with broad panoramic view of the city and a heated swimming pool!

A visit to the Art Gallery of Victoria was revelation. Not only does it look like a massive warehouse in bluestone, but there is a constant flow of water pouring down its windowed entrance. It also has the world's largest stained glass ceiling, by local artist Leonard French. School children seemed to abound, for the gallery is used as an extended classroom for the school system. The collection is rich from 19th century painting to fashion, from the history of glass to decorative arts. The exhibitions are comprehensive and rich. Rowena Clark, curator of fashion, took me behind the scenes and showed me the fashion collection, including some high-buttoned shoes with 22k gold which Barbara Streisand had bid on. There are even embroidered jeans on display. Curator Jenny Boddington's Portrait Show in the Photography Department was a good look at the rich collection in photography which she has single-handedly developed for the Art Gallery, including many new Australian photographers whom I had never seen before. (By the way, "art gallery" means "museum" in American terms, and "museum" means those collections other than art, such as anthropology, natural history, technology and the like.)

Exhibitions Officer Pat Sabine, who made a film about Michael McMillen, took me through the Edward Hopper exhibition, a vignette of the original Whitney show. After lunch with the librarian Pat Forster and with Jenny Boddington, I explored the Arts Bookshop, a very fine center for art publications in Melbourne, after which I discovered a shop across the street which sold umbrellas and swimwear, called **Splash!** I walked through South Yarra, a trendy suburb of Melbourne where I was staying. The scale was much like Paddington, with bookstores and high fashion.

After a visit through the State Library with all its richness and wealth in the Art, Museum and Performing Arts section, headed by Joyce McGrath, I met with other librarians, visiting the Picture Collections which I found to be highly developed and well on its way to making accessible its collections of photos, paintings, postcards and posters. Sher Jones and Christine Downer are as excited about what they are doing and the progress of preservation techniques for their materials as any two librarians could be. It was refreshing and exciting to see!

I learned to my dismay that Melbourne has 8 art schools and 4 universities that offer fine arts degrees. It is almost impossible to believe how many sets of Thieme-Becker exist in one city largely due to duplication of effort!

The University, galleries, bookstores, and restaurants all make Melbourne a highly civilized place to live. Its 1840s post-Gold Rush homes are still to be explored by architectural historians, its terraced houses much like Sydney's are all distinctive, and its great open places make Melbourne a very pleasant city by the sea. The Botanical Gardens were the setting for my last few hours in Melbourne with a group of friends, in about 85-degree weather with black swans in the pond, and a pleasant little picnic by the pond. The stay was much too short, since I never did see the alternative spaces of Art Project, as well as experimental performance spaces and the fine Photography Gallery. But there was New Zealand to visit, and they worked me hard, as you will see in the September issue.

There will be a resource list of publications and other data available for further research and information about Australia and New Zealand in the September issue.

—jah

UMBRELLA is a bimonthly newsletter of art news, reviews and art information concerning artists' publications and artists' books. **UMBRELLA** is published by Umbrella Associates, P.O. Box 3692, Glendale, CA 91201 USA and is issued in January, March, May, September and November. Phone Number: (213) 797-0514. All editorial, advertising and subscription correspondence should be sent to the Glendale address. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$15.00 a year, individuals, USA; \$20.00 for institutions, USA; Foreign individuals, including Canada, \$17.00 surface, \$20.00 airmail; Foreign institutions, \$22.00 surface, \$25.00 airmail. American currency is advised.

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AURORA, Journal of Lightography, is calling for Artist/Printmakers to submit an edition of five prints by 20 July. Three prints of each edition received will be pooled to create a print exchange involving all contributors. The remaining pair of prints will be held by Aurora for possible inclusion in two exhibits this summer. The first will be in mid-June, the second exhibit will run the entire month of August at the Honeywell Corporate Gallery in Minneapolis, MN. Aurora will co-produce the second display with Forecast Public Artspace, of Minneapolis. As of this note, possibility for a traveling exhibit looks good. Notice of acceptance will be sent to all contributors along with three prints from the exchange pool. An individual whose work is elected for exhibition will receive all notices and announcements, along with the list of all the contributors selected to show. Additional information is available in the June issue of Aurora, c/o W. Mark Feyereisen, 16.650 Marystown Road, San Creek, Shakopee, MN 55379.

CENSORSHIP EXHIBITION, sometime in 1983, by Jeanette Ingberman of Exit Art, curator of Illegal America. If any publishers have been censored or know about cases of censorship, documentation and information should be sent to Jeanette Ingberman, Exit Art, 336 Canal St., New York, NY 10013. (212)966-7745. There will be a catalog published about this exhibition. If anyone has themselves been censored in their own activities, book or otherwise art-related, or knows of some censored material, contact Exit Art. Send SASE if you wish material back.

PERFORMANCE EXHIBITION: THE AMAZING DECADE OF WOMEN'S PERFORMANCE ART WITH OVER 143 PHOTOGRAPHS, RANGING IN SIZE FROM 8 X 10 TO 30 X 40 INCHES TO OCCUPY 150 TO 250 LINEAR FEET OF WALL SPACE. CATALOG TO ACCOMPANY SHOW. RENTAL FEE OF \$500. PERFORMANCES, WORKSHOPS & LECTURES TO ACCOMPANY INSTALLATION. Contact Umbrella Associates, P.O. Box 3692, Glendale, CA 91201 or call (213) 797-0514.

HAVE A HAPPY SUMMER!

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE:

10 September 1982