



LOSS REVERENCE AND LONGING

ANZAC stories from the Home Front





Cover Image: Chris Orchard. *Making Place/Making Peace 1*, 2015

Previous Page: *Mrs Passant's Log Cabin Quilt*. c. 1913. PWH Collection #2381
Photograph: Tim Cruchett

FOREWORD

The City of Wagga Wagga has a long and proud history of support for the Australian Defence Forces. For over a century the servicemen and women of the Australian Army, the Royal Australian Air Force and the Royal Australian Navy have been valued and cherished members of our community.

In 2015, Wagga Wagga remembers and commemorates our nation's ANZAC heritage, and the impact of the First World War and its aftermath on our city, our region and our nation.

In conjunction with this anniversary, we are proud to present the exhibition *Loss, reverence and longing: ANZAC stories from the Home Front*, in partnership with the Pioneer Women's Hut, Tumbarumba, and Charles Sturt University. This exhibition draws upon the unique collections of the Pioneer Women's Hut, brought together with responses from contemporary regional artists to artworks and artefacts of the ANZAC era.

On behalf of the City of Wagga Wagga, I extend my thanks to our partners in this project, which holds such significance for all of our community, as we remember the sacrifices of our families and our servicemen and women.

Councillor Rod Kendall
Mayor of the City of Wagga Wagga

REAL PURPOSE, REAL ENGAGEMENT

LINDA ELLIOTT

The year 2015 holds a special place in the hearts and history of the Australian people as the centennial commemoration of ANZAC. The many and varied meanings of ANZAC will be fully explored through commemorative media events, publications, historians' explorations of the times and exhibitions and events arranged by different cultural institutions. While many of these will be formal and government focused, it is also important to realise that the war was a time when ordinary people played extraordinary roles in what they were prepared to sacrifice for the sake of their country. This includes not just the men and boys who went to war, but also the people they left behind, their families, their friends and their communities.

Recognising the importance of ordinary people in the war effort provided the perfect focus for Wagga Wagga Art Gallery to initiate this exhibition, *Loss, reverence and longing: ANZAC stories from the Home Front*. This project has explored the discourse of the ANZAC legacy through artifacts of the ANZAC era and contemporary responses. Specifically, this project was developed in partnership with the Pioneer Women's Hut, Glenroy and the School of Communications and Creative Industries, Charles Sturt University, Wagga Wagga. From this a series of community programs were devised, with the goal of presenting a major exhibition at the Gallery in conjunction with the centenary of ANZAC in April 2015. While this exhibition showcases archival quilts, textiles and everyday

items from the Pioneer Women's Hut, it is enhanced through the addition of creative responses to these items from regional artists and community groups in a range of media.

Loss, reverence and longing has provided a focus for real community engagement by having Gallery and University staff work alongside community groups to produce artifacts inspired by personal feelings relating to this time, as they are played out in contemporary society.

The project specifically required engagement with two separate and different community groups; *WEave100* for any interested member of the community and the Wagga Wagga chapter of the Embroiderers' Guild NSW. Each of these groups had their own artifacts to work on, with the Embroiderers' Guild being commissioned by the Gallery to work on specially designed pieces.

WEave100 Communities is an international weaving project envisaged and facilitated by Maryann Talia Pau, that aims to end violence by bringing people together to weave. A number of workshops were held with an open invitation to the local community to create eight pointed folded stars. For our ANZAC commemoration, these stars represent the struggle for peace those at the Home Front were longing for. Wagga's *WEave100* will ultimately contribute one thousand stars to the larger project *1 million stars to end violence* to conclude at the end of 2017.

The Embroiderers' Guild has worked on a major project centred on the 1915 Mary Card crochet pattern 'Our Boy'. Utilising handkerchiefs as a base, each embroiderer stitched a section that when combined, creates the motif of the soldier standing side on in full uniform. There are two sets of handkerchiefs – one male, one female – and each of these has been treated quite differently to create two very diverse interpretations of the one pattern. The handkerchiefs have been used as a metaphor for the women that stayed behind and the men that went to serve.

The Guild opened the project to the community and many who came to the sessions told stories of a Great Uncle, Great Grandfather or a Grandfather who fought, returned, or died. Some stitched the initials of those that had fought as an act of remembering. One embroiderer found during her research that the first things listed of the items returned upon her ancestor's death were five handkerchiefs. This list is replicated on the soldier's uniform in the men's handkerchief panel.

A significant part of this exhibition was the artistic responses to the artifacts from the Pioneer Women's Hut. Artists were approached to respond to a selection of items from the Pioneer Women's Hut. Quite a few also chose to visit and interact with the museum in its entirety. Others chose to reflect on the broader issues of what the ANZAC legacy is in contemporary Australia culture. All chose to challenge the belief that there is one single mythology.

A fundamental principle underpinning this exhibition was the priority of community engagement in a meaningful creative manner. This provided the curators with the opportunity to fulfil their role as custodians of collections by enabling reinterpretation, re-examination and refocusing. The premise of working with the ANZAC legacy was

a perfect occasion for the community of the Riverina region to come together and explore this significant part of our Australian history. The work that has culminated in this exhibition provides us with a contemporary view but also an intimate examination of personal stories. As one of the curators, and as an educator at Wagga Wagga Art Gallery, I am truly grateful for the trust of the participants in the process and their willingness to share these stories through their collective creative endeavours.

Linda Elliott

**Co-curator, Loss, reverence and longing:
ANZAC Stories from the Home Front**



*Mrs Toose's Bush Rug/Wagga,
c. 1930. Moss Vale, PWH # 86-425
Photograph: Tim Cruchett*

NEVER DONE:

REMEMBRANCE HAS NEVER BEEN ENOUGH

JULIE MONTGARRETT

The sign on the wall in the Pioneer Women's Hut says 'Never Done', a reference of course to the adage that 'a woman's work is never done.' This small Museum celebrates the lives of rural working women and their families and brings the hard work, ingenuity, resourcefulness and character of past generations of working class Australian families vividly to life through the substance of their lives – the objects and humble rituals performed daily. More particularly, this Museum's collection conjures the resilience of the generations who lived through the Great War that unleashed the first horrors of industrial scale warfare. Less apparent, 'Never Done' can also refer to the grief and trauma endured by these 'others' who remained on the Home Front. It is there in small objects – a shrapnel brooch and a chocolate box, that the loss of sons, brothers, fathers and uncles, becomes tangible; a grief often 'owned' too many times in the one family. A collective anguish that arose from the obscenities of duty wrought by the old lie - *Dulce et decorum est pro patriamori* - that it is sweet and proper to fight and die for your country.¹ Or according to the artist, David Green:

"The tea table is set, pull aside the tablecloth like the theatre curtain and reveal the world of Passchendaele woods, the trenches, the

formality of official war cemeteries, whilst overarching the whole is a rose patchwork."²

The Pioneer Women's Hut collection has shaped this problematic ANZAC commemoration exhibition in many subtle ways. The quilts as centrepiece, both glorious and humble, emphasise the lives of the Home Front and refuse a predictable Remembrance of this Great War. Lives, that seem familiar yet are so different to our own, distant in time and place, one hundred years on. The horizontal visual 'weight' of the quilts is the restful plane of the bed, the kitchen table and the chair in an ordered domestic realm. It is also the distant rural horizon, the thunderstorm approaching, the eye-line expanse of the landscape and the common plane of the dead. More than half the artists' works use this subliminal perception of a levelled, ever-present stillness, an absence without repose. Other artists have noted the tenuous life-line that words and small intimate objects like letters, books and handkerchiefs played in sustaining fragile hopes across impossible distances. Objects which held too much anguish and tears. One piece of jewellery, a strangely enigmatic emblem of cruelty - a shrapnel brooch - has triggered a suite of poems. A 'hussif' or mending kit, made by an anonymous Aboriginal domestic servant relates to

a recent interpretation of an Aboriginal widow's mourning basket. A mother-and-son made rug using skins from hunting and road-kill shapes a cloak-like emblem of heritage and protection. Together with a black Union Jack and artists' book both speak of the many indigenous men who served with honour but whose service was unrecognised on their return. The selected artists' statements tell of all the ways the Museum collection has shaped their new works. These artists have responded, through close connections to the Riverina, both directly and tangentially, to this year's ANZAC centenary creating significant new works that reflect the often denied, overlooked yet profound experiences of those on both the Home Front and those who left home because of the old lie.

The Great War released a new scale of brutality and grief upon the optimistic, largely Anglo-Celtic settler descendants' 'white Australia policy' communities. An unthinkable future a few short 'Glorious Days'³ before the war. In the many decades that followed, the First World War claimed the strongest hold on our popular collective memory framed as 'martial myths by male historians and poets as a "baptism of blood" (that would cleanse Australia of its convict past) or as 'the lost generation'.⁴ This hold has grown stronger each year, dramatized as it was in the past by the press and most recently further enlarged by increasing patriotic tourism, despite the fact as Robert Bollard states, 'we are a nation with little regard for its own history'.⁵

This year's ANZAC commemoration brings a complex and problematic mythology and like all myths hides many truths. In terms of a dramatic loss of life, the First World War was not the first brutal warfare to re-define the communities of our country. The earlier frontier wars of colonial Australia were also a call to arms. Indigenous first Australian⁶ warriors defended their country against wave



Ada Perry b. 1874, stitched quilt c. 1902,
Photograph: Tim Cruchett

upon wave of colonists desperate to reinvent themselves and escape the class-bound, disenfranchised poverty of Britain through the acquisition of land, status and wealth in the name of God, King and Country.⁷ The agonies of those earlier brutal wars remain unacknowledged, the death toll unknown, hidden in the shadows of the myth of Gallipoli, as are most of the conflicts since.

The popular perception of the Home Front during the Great War, is of a united Australia - a people loyal to Australia and the British Empire valiantly supporting the war effort. While the crowds who cheered the heroic Anzacs of World War One on their departure and return, waved Union Jacks rather than the 'new' Australian flag, they were not a consistently patriotic population. Robert Bollard, asserts, the majority of the Australian population were working class and stark divisions and deep intolerances existed between the classes - the patriotic Anglo-Protestant ruling elites and middle-class against the majority descended from Irish Catholic stock.⁸ Amongst the soldiers who enlisted many were underemployed or impoverished young rural men with poor

prospects for whom the idea of the War was appealing. It is no accident that the first enlistment marches started in regional New South Wales. Bollard further argues that the prospect of adventure offered by the War might have propelled more men into the trenches than pure patriotic fervour. At home they endured a six day working week and enlisted out of 'boredom if they were lucky and poverty if they were not.'⁹ Walter Benjamin wrote of the experiences of those who lived through the first world war as, 'a generation who had gone to school in a horse-drawn street-car now stood under an open sky in a countryside in which nothing remained unchanged but the clouds, and beneath those clouds, in a field of force of destructive torrents and explosions was the tiny fragile human body.'¹⁰

For those at home, the return of these transformed and damaged soldiers must have been equally fraught and fearful. Harry Matthews, my grandfather, was one of those frail bodies. He served with the Light Horse in Palestine, and was among the first landed at Gallipoli and later endured



Detail of Julia Jeffries quilt, p.55

France. I recall him as a kind yet irascible, impatient man with a clear hatred of British authority, conservative politics and 'Pig-Iron Bob'. Yet he re-enlisted for the Second World War. I believe he would be disdainful of our Centenary Remembrance celebrations. Resolutely, like most, he rarely spoke of that First War except to tell of smaller details, of abject sea-sickness en route to the Middle East; the anguish of having his horse shot when leaving Palestine and one day's training in first-aid before becoming a stretcher-bearer at Gallipoli. And I think of him especially, when standing in front of the Royal Doulton Memorial Fountain in Narrandera.¹¹ One of only two in the world, the fountain was donated by a civic-minded citizen in Remembrance and gratitude for the patriotic duty of the local Riverina 'Boys' who heroically served and died in the Great War. Not far away, on The Commons, out of sight and hard to find, was a makeshift camp of War veterans who lived out their days away from the town with their ghosts and demons, broken by both the War and a community unable or unwilling to welcome them back to the comfort and solace they more than deserved.¹²

Perhaps in the commitment of these soldiers' refusal to bring the truth of the War home to their families is a better kind of duty and remembering. Their silence is a different obligation that refuses the embellished, glossy Remembrance agendas that aim to inculcate collective solidarity to nation and cause; that sustain belief in that 'old lie'. As the official ANZAC memorial site claims, 'The Anzac Centenary is a milestone of special significance to all Australians. The First World War helped define us as a people and as a nation.'¹³ However as the war correspondent David Rieff, reminds us, 'the great nineteenth-century French historian of nationalism Ernest Renan named Remembrance the creation of "large-scale solidarity." It aims to reaffirm group loyalty instead of historical accuracy, it avoids

presenting an event in all its moral and political complexity.¹⁴ Remembrance hides a dark side.

In this age where even Benjamin's sky is no longer the same, when global warming, unprecedented environmental degradation and collapse advance unabated, what sense can we make of the agendas of Remembrance, as idealised, politicised manoeuvres of highly mediated and narrowed memory? Remembrance of unrepresentative or even false collective memory only risks bigotry or the reviving of ancient prejudice. What sense might we make of the resilient lives of those left on the Home Front and those fragile bodies lucky to return? Perhaps these objects and art works can remind us of who we once were and who we might soon again need to be - resourceful, resilient, tolerant and frugal. Hopefully this exhibition of objects and artists' works can present an open subversive honesty of quiet alternatives to stand against narrow Remembrance to challenge our closed patriotic assumptions of commemoration. Art works should evoke all human experiences, speak to difficult things as much as they recall joy. Seeking shared memories that can be true for all humanity - the universal loss and grief of cruel separations; of self-inflicted wounds; of home sickness; failed 'returns' and the unpretentious patterns of ordinary lives everywhere made more fragile behind the table cloths and flag-shroud-curtains of all the vicious theatres of War. For when Remembrance is all said and done yet again, there will still be no words of comfort; no weapons for mourning and never any arms for the grief of War no matter how many decades pass.¹⁵

Remembrance will never be enough.

Julie Montgarrett

Co-curator, *Loss, reverence and longing: ANZAC Stories from the Home Front*

1. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori are the first words of a Latin saying, from Horace's Odes (III.2.13) - "It is sweet and proper to die for your country." The words were often quoted at the start of the First World War and are both a part title and the last lines of the best known poem of that War written by Wilfred Owen. Owen added 'the old lie that it is sweet and right to die for your country.'
2. Loss, Reverence and Longing Exhibition, Artist's statement – David Green, 'Sorry I couldn't get home for tea Ma', 2015
3. Michelle Hetherington, (2013) *Glorious Days: Australia 1913*. National Museum Australia. Catalogue
4. Laurie Duggan (2001) *Ghost Nation: Imagined Space and Australian Visual Culture 1901-1939* UQP p xvi.
5. Robert Bollard, (2013) *In The Shadow of Gallipoli: The Hidden History of Australia in World War One*, New South Publishing, Sydney. p. 29
6. Inga Clendinnen, (2005) *Dancing With Strangers: Europeans and Australians At First Contact*. Cambridge University Press. p.4
7. Henry Reynolds, (2013) *The Forgotten War: New South UNSW*. p. 1 -7
8. Bollard, op.cit., p. 29
9. ibid
10. Walter Benjamin, (1968) *Illuminations 1968*; New Schocken p. 94
11. The Hankinson Fountain Narrandera <https://www.warmemorialsregister.nsw.gov.au/content/hankinson-memorial-fountain-narrandera>
12. I am indebted to Julie Thompson-Briggs of Narrandera for this information given to me in conversation in September 2014.
13. Australian Government: 100 years of ANZAC 'Anzac Centenary', accessed March 15, 2015 http://www.anzaccentenary.gov.au/anzac_centenary/index.htm accessed 15.3.15
14. David Rieff, 9/11, *The Limits of Remembrance*, <http://harpers.org/archive/2011/08/after-911/> accessed 15.3.15
15. I have borrowed and adapted this expression, 'No weapons for mourning, no arms for grief' from Impact Theatre Co-operative's production – *No Weapons For Mourning*, 1983.

CASEY ANKERS

AND SCOTT HOWIE

*'It was the reasoned crisis of his soul.
Against the fires that would not burn him whole.'*
Wilfred Owen, *S.I.W. (Self-Inflicted Wound)*

It's hard to find the exact number of ANZACs who wounded themselves deliberately during World War I, but we know it escalated rapidly as the war continued. For the number of soldiers who no longer believed in the great adventure they had been sold, were driven mad by the horrors they had seen, or were simply scared to die, a self-inflicted wound appears to us as a desperate, yet somehow logical act of self-preservation. Self-inflicted wounding was not only a serious crime but a dishonour to your Country, your comrades and your family.

Whether a bullet in the foot or hand, a pick rammed into a leg, or deliberate exposure to gas attack or diseased frontline prostitutes, these self-inflicted wounds were a badge of shame; a different kind of souvenir. The embroidered, silk handkerchiefs from the Pioneer Women's Hut collection are referenced within the work and provide a tangible link to 'that which the soldiers brought back with them'.

There will never be a memorial to these cowards and shirkers on ANZAC Parade. It would undermine the mythology of the ANZAC, the fierce bravery, the stoicism, the mateship. Let's not talk about the trauma of war and the damage it inflicts. Let's not talk about a war machine unequipped to deal with the humans fed into it. Let's not talk.

Wound (self-inflicted) offers a silent space.

1. http://www.gutenberg.org/files/1034/1034-h/1034-h.htm#link2H_4_0021



Wound (self-inflicted) 2015 (detail)
Acrylic, LEDs, cotton/polyester, MDF. Photograph: Jacob Raupach

DAVID BURRASTON

Spring Thunderstorm

Recorded 18th September 2012 using two stereo 2 track field recorders, placed in two different locations on our farm, without any synchronisation. The piece was then manually aligned as a 4 track recording and mixed down to stereo.

Audio recording of a Spring season thunderstorm on the South West Slopes of the Riverina region (NSW) captures the acoustic phenomena of a meteorological drama. The magnitude of this event created ethereal, atmospheric and choral like tones which rolled across hills 650 metres above sea level.

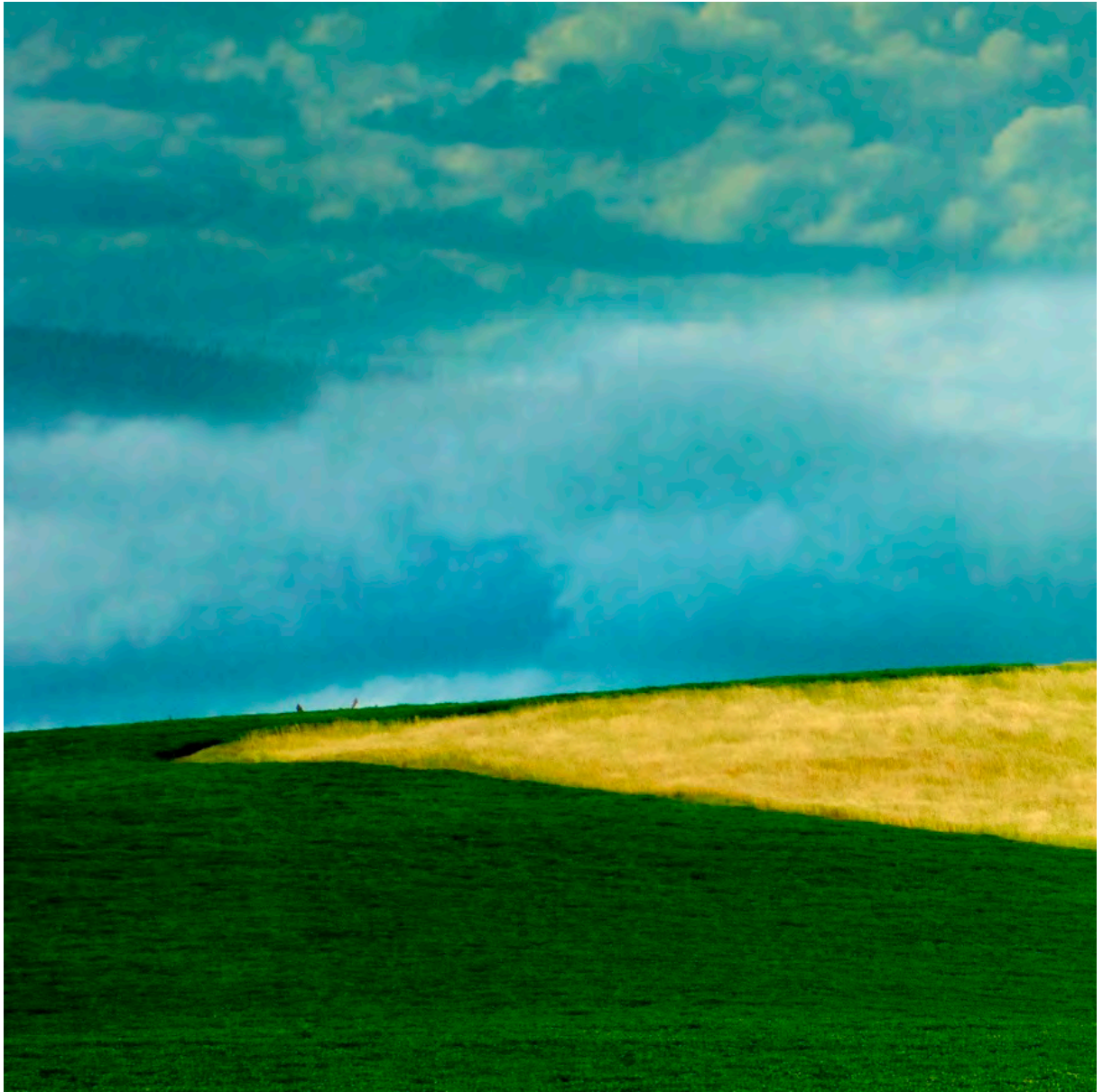
The sounds simultaneously come from the immediate location (present), approaching (future) and departing (past) rumbles from thunder further away. When one thinks of the sound of thunder, we have a very definite sound in mind, but somehow the rolling, high ranges have their own effect.

There is great duality to storms, they invite pause and contemplation, yet they are a point of immense dynamism, power and change. They incite in us memories of past events, the nowness of the present, and the unknown/uncertainty of the future.

David is an artist and scientist who has been involved in audio-visual technology and electronic arts of sound since the late 70s. From the early 80s on he has investigated cellular automata, chaos, fractals and other mathematical systems for his artistic ends using digital and analogue technologies. Since these early experiments he has worked with collaborators as diverse as British Telecom and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) Media Lab research laboratories in areas such as Artificial Life and Virtual Reality. Of particular note the ALIVE (Artificial Life Interactive Video Environment) project from MIT Media Lab.

David has also collaborated with many artists including Aphex Twin, Garry Bradbury, Alan Lamb, Chris Watson and Chris Mann. David has given a number of guest lectures at universities and international conferences. In 2008 he became a member of the ARC funded initiative COSNET (Complex Open Systems Research Network). He is a founding member of the Electronic Music Foundation Institute.

In 2007 David's PhD abstract was voted 'best' in 2007 by international peer-reviewed Leonardo Abstracts Service due to its special relevance in art/science. This resulted in an invitation to write a paper about the thesis for Leonardo Journal and have the thesis abstract published in Leonardo Electronic Almanac. David also serves as a reviewer for Leonardo Journal.



Photograph: Mattias M. Morelos

Since 2007 he has been collaborating with Sarah Last as a core member of The Wired Lab and its associated projects such as its workshop series, the 'Rolling Stock' and 'Southern Encounter' projects. In 2013 his 'Rainwire' project received a highly competitive Creative Australia grant.

David has been operating an independent art/science music studio called Noyzelab since 1981. <http://www.noyzelab.com>

VERONICA CAY

Recently I happened to meet and talk with someone who had worked for my father at the Bribie Island Post Office in 1960. It was one of those strange coincidental occasions when one isn't expecting to be transported to another time and place but in the course of the conversation she said she remembered my father being 'very particular; tidy, organized and precise'. For me this was a revelation; as these were characteristics that I had never associated with my father; my memory from this period is clinging wildly to his shoulders and crash surfing through the waves.

A child's memory of events will be coloured by the language available to them and the images they carry in their mind of an event; and they will differ significantly from an adult's recall. Time, distance and point of view can provide alternative readings; myth and memory will become intertwined with the stories of other participants and the accounts that have been left behind.

When I was first invited to participate in this exhibition I was initially reluctant. However the suggestion that we develop our ideas around our responses to the Pioneer Women's Hut Collection provided a point of difference and absence became the focus of my narrative.

Perhaps I could provide visual clues to unfinished experiences, unfinished collections and empty spaces. My father's absence shaped my family; and the absence of so many young men and women after WW1 had a profound and lasting effect on those who remained at home. Sadly absence is not only a physical manifestation, many who returned were scarred and battered in untold silent ways.

The sandwiching of cigarette cards between transparent layers of a vintage field bandage is similar to the practice of quilt making. How many 'wedding quilts' were left unfinished packed away in a bottom drawer?

all the kings men and... represents an absence - experiences lost, collections unfinished, and lives interrupted; the transparency of the gauze doesn't quite obliterate but also doesn't fully reveal the true state of what lies beneath. As a quilt there is no warmth or comfort just a trigger for a memory of...



all the king's horses and... 2015

Hand built terracotta, engobe, underglaze, stains and encaustic;
war field bandage, cigarette cards and threads

LINDA ELLIOTT

In contemporary Aboriginal practices of other groups, feather-appendage is extended in meaning to string tassel, sacred string marking a journey, connecting landscapes, people, family lineages, and, importantly, the embryo cord linking child and mother.

Djon Mundine, Michael Riley: Sights Unseen

Dear Uncle George,

It has been a long time since you have gone. I think of you every time the magpies nest and the feathers fall, gifts of light and dark hidden amongst the red dust. Times of joy and stories that I now understand. Visions of metal that pierced the flesh, that now remain as markers. Fragments that scribe the story; of a struggle, of fear and of acceptance. Hidden from view and shielded by the fragile trappings of cloth. Of a life lived but shielded by the shell. That took, that gave.

Of the men I never knew, but who stood strong and proud, as the black bird took you away. Each placed with tenderness the bloom of remembrance on your final shell as you returned to the place of your birth. I bend and pick up the feathers and in that act think of you.

Miss you,

Your loving niece



Letters of others 2015,
paper, feathers, inkwell, writing desk
Interactive installation



Shrapnel Brooch: Gift of Leslie (Clarence) Brissenden to his Mother Amy c. 1917



Children's Peace or Victory Medals. Issued to AIF Families 1919



Souvenir WW1 Flags
Photographs: Jacob Raupach



Matchbox Cover and Red Cross Issue Lighter

DAVID GILBEY

I have no direct connection with World War 1 and Gallipoli. As a migrant from Britain, I found Australian history and geography puzzling. They were remote subjects I needed to study to know about. I had brought my English 'lenses' with me and have, in a sense, been reshaping, readjusting them ever since, feeling and creeping my way into my fragmented, hybrid 'Australian' identity. My father was in the British Army and served in India, North Africa and Italy, where he was wounded by shrapnel. This became one of my touchstones.

Other perspectives in my 'meaning making' include living in Wagga for forty years; teaching Australian and English literature to undergraduates at Charles Sturt University; becoming a poet at the end of the twentieth century.

So I'm thinking of my poems as 'Shrapnel': exploring the pitting of memory and experience by shards from World War 1, by focusing on the objects garnered from the Tumbarumba Pioneer Women's Hut. Each of the objects is shrapnel of a kind – part of a military, industrial, agrarian, cultural 'force' directed at a target or projected scatteringly. Sometimes the 'wounding' is palpably physical – and able to be healed, eg. by surgery, nursing – but more often it is collateral: pervasively emotional, social and even generational. These legacies affected partners, families and the warp and woof of ordinary Australian life. In a sense, selecting objects from the Pioneer Women's Hut has been to create a new set of icons to interrogate the prevailing grand heroic narratives and inevitably, since meaning is inferential, my explorations instantiate a contemporary consciousness onto my sense of the past.

Poetry 'slows things down...', 'is inevitably fetishist...' by focussing on particular details, nuances, insights. Poems invite us to think and feel ourselves outside our usual circles of reference into new areas of experience and understanding – vicariously. Poems are often meditative, exploratory, interrogative. So these objects, together with other pictures, texts and even absences from the Hut provide centrifugal launching pads and invitations to imagining that take aspects and legacies of the ANZAC legend, via a Tumbarumba/Southern New South Wales lens, as touchstones to think of the contemporary world's debts and aspirations.

DAVID GREEN

I wanted to weave a story, a story that wrapped together those who went to war and those whose job it was to stay at home and wait for news. There are dwindling numbers who have shared experiences of the "Great War" and the aftermath and I would be foolish to believe that despite all of the research that I can do anything but scratch the surface of the pain and suffering of those who went away and the women who stayed at home. Research can only recount and interpret the horrors of the soldier drowning in mud or the opening of official notification listing a son missing or killed in action. *Sorry I couldn't get home for tea Ma* is a loving apology from a son in a faraway place who is never to come home. The tea table is set, pull aside the tablecloth like the theatre curtain and reveal the world of Passchendaele woods, the trenches, the formality of official war cemeteries, whilst overarching the whole is a rose patchwork. There is no humour or lightness of spirit only sadness of things lost but not forgotten.

All that I can hope to achieve is to ask the spectator to stop for a while and think about a time when women and men were great heroes.

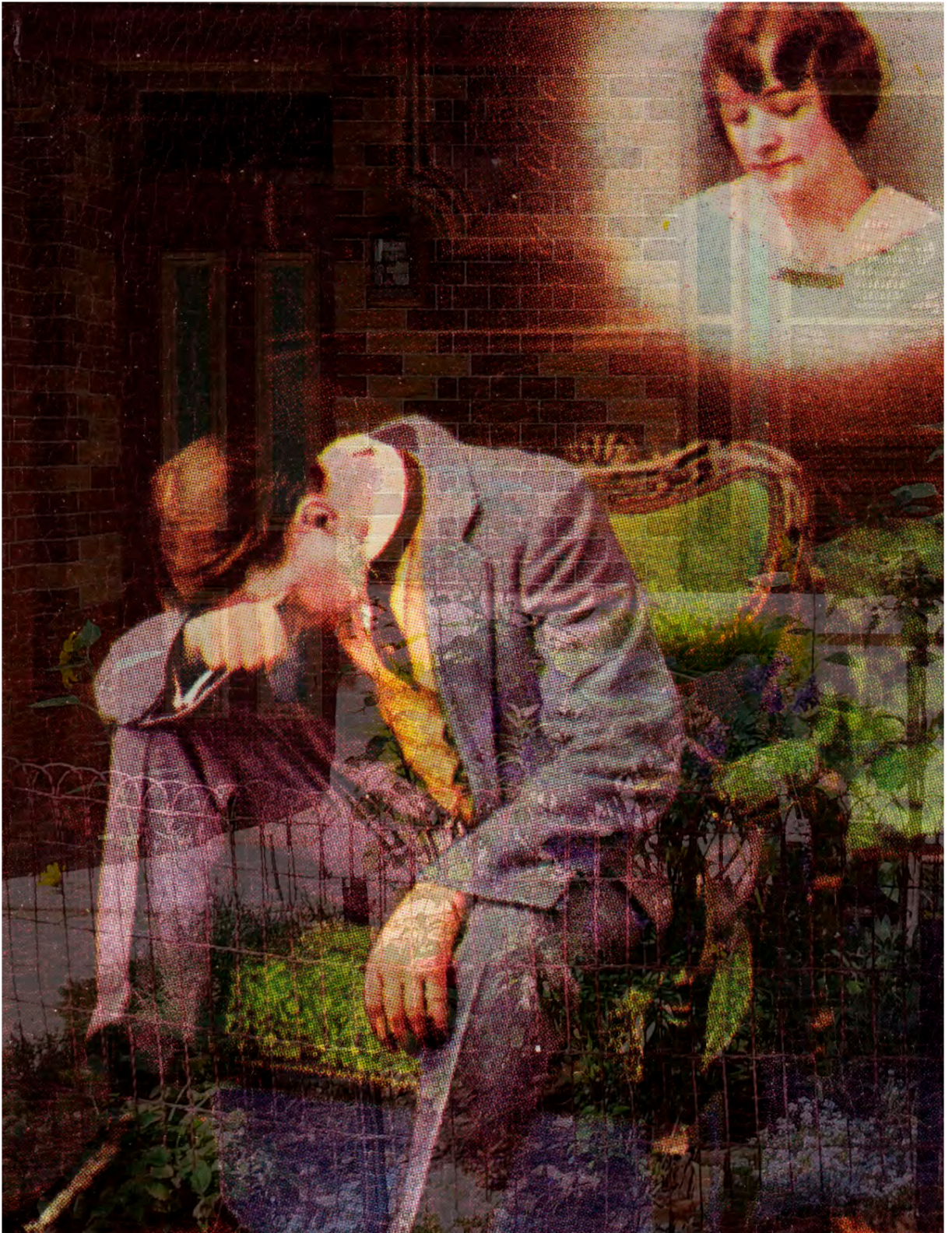


Sorry I couldn't get home for tea Ma 2015 (detail)

Indian ink and watercolour on Arches 300gsm



Sorry I couldn't get home for tea Ma, 2015 (detail)
Indian ink and watercolour on Arches 300gsm



When I Lost You 2015

Found objects, sound.

THE CAD FACTORY

SARAH AND VIC MCEWAN

'When I Lost You' is inspired by a series of three postcards that "Tom" sent to Miss Marie Stanfield of Fitzroy, Victoria on 24 November 1915, 7 December 1915 and 11 December 1915. On the front of each postcard is a verse from the Irving Berlin song, 'When I Lost You', on the back, a short handwritten message from Tom, telling Marie when he will arrive to see her.

The Irving Berlin song, having been written after the passing of Berlin's wife of five months, is about longing, as much as the handwritten messages are about Tom's longing for Marie. We don't know much about Tom and Marie except as the story goes, that Tom once "walked" from his training barracks in Tasmania to Marie's home in Victoria.

We wanted to create a connection to this longing, the essence of the postcards, and the repetitive motion of walking long distances in this installation.



Postcard sent to Marie Stanfield, 1915

Photograph: Jacob Raupach

JULIE MONTGARRETT

This work refers to the silence, the stillness of absence and all the wreaths-flags-shrouds-flags-table laid cloths of the many Home Front rooms that filled with the 'ownership' of far too much anguish and grief. The cost of paper during this period often meant that for some, letters were over-written in multiple directions to save paper. Bereavement cards were often edged in black – that dreaded sign of mourning and loss. Making embroidered and crocheted items for the home was once an expected part of a woman's expertise but the black, word-like lines over these ghosted, older textiles are another kind of embroidery. Like illegible repetitive lost words that might also, for some, recall the shattering dangers of cross-fire webs and fear. Perhaps that is one aim that should go astray lest it cause more pain.

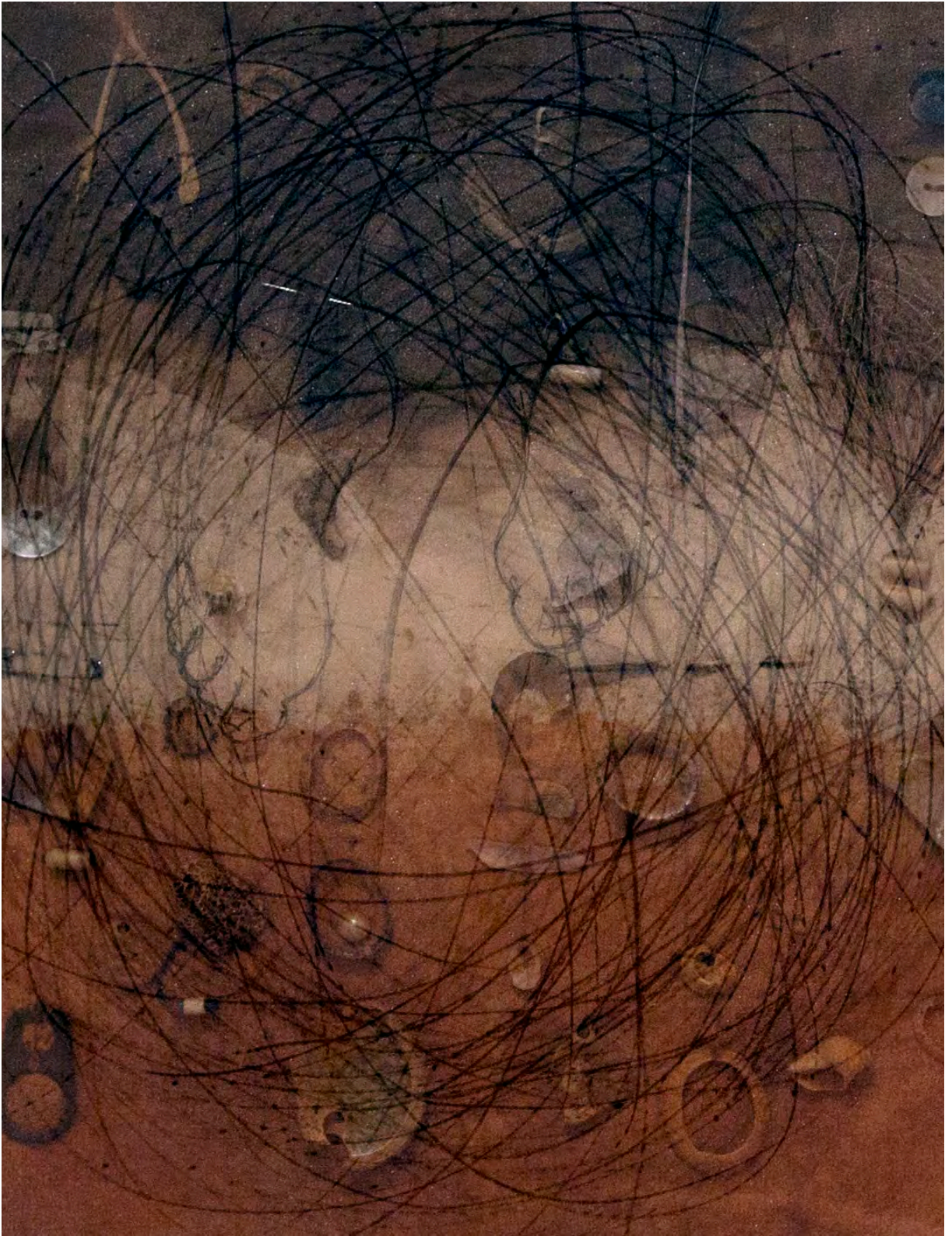
This cloth wishes to be many things – to refer to the impossibility for mending this time; to honour the thousands of women and girls who dutifully, desperately embroidered and mended, knitted and crafted by hand, thousands of items for both their homes and to warm and comfort the many frail bodies at the Front. What significance the making had for them can't be known but perhaps in that circle of hands, heart and the object's making, was another invisible wreath of hope for a return in a future that resembled the glorious days before the War. But we know too well there are never any arms for that grief and no weapons for those mourning.

I hope in borrowing Conrad's words they will suffice in light of this year's ANZAC Remembrance of the 'remorseless process' industrialised warfare wrought upon too many frail bodies and minds -

"There is a – let us say – a machine. It evolved itself out of a chaos of scraps of iron and behold! – it knits. I am horrified at the horrible work and stand appalled. I feel it ought to embroider – but it goes on knitting. You come and say: "this is all right; it's only a question of the right kind of oil. Let us use this – for instance – celestial oil and the machine shall embroider a most beautiful design in purple and gold". Will it? Alas no. You cannot by any special lubrication make embroidery with a knitting machine. And the most withering thought is that the infamous thing has made itself; made itself without thought, without conscience, without foresight, without eyes, without heart. It is a tragic accident – and it has happened. You can't interfere with it. The last drop of bitterness is in the suspicion that you can't even smash it. In virtue of that truth one and immortal which lurks in the force that made it spring into existence it is what it is – and it is indestructible! It knits us in and it knits us out. It has knitted time space, pain, death, corruption, despair and all the illusions – and nothing matters. I'll admit however that to look at the remorseless process is sometimes amusing."

Joseph Conrad

Zdzislaw Najder, (2007) *Joseph Conrad: A Life*, Camden House. p.253



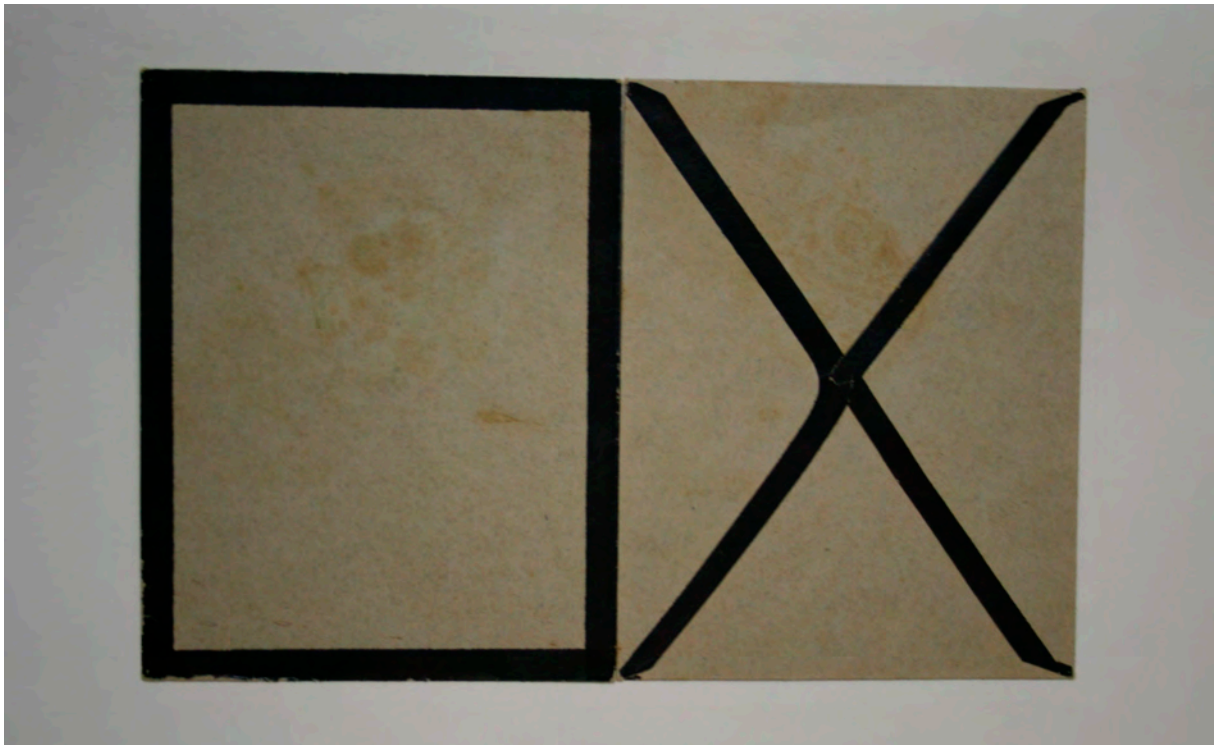
Lost for words - remembrance has never been enough, 2015 (detail)
Silk organza overlay with indelible drawing. Photograph: Chris Orchard

CHRIS MULLINS

The inspiration for the work produced for this exhibition stems from the consideration of those who stayed at home, the mothers and fathers, wives and girlfriends, children. Often these people saw a family member go off to war and never saw them again. They received letters from the front or a telegram informing them that their family member was missing in action or killed in action. Sometimes the telegram is all the family has to remember their loved one.

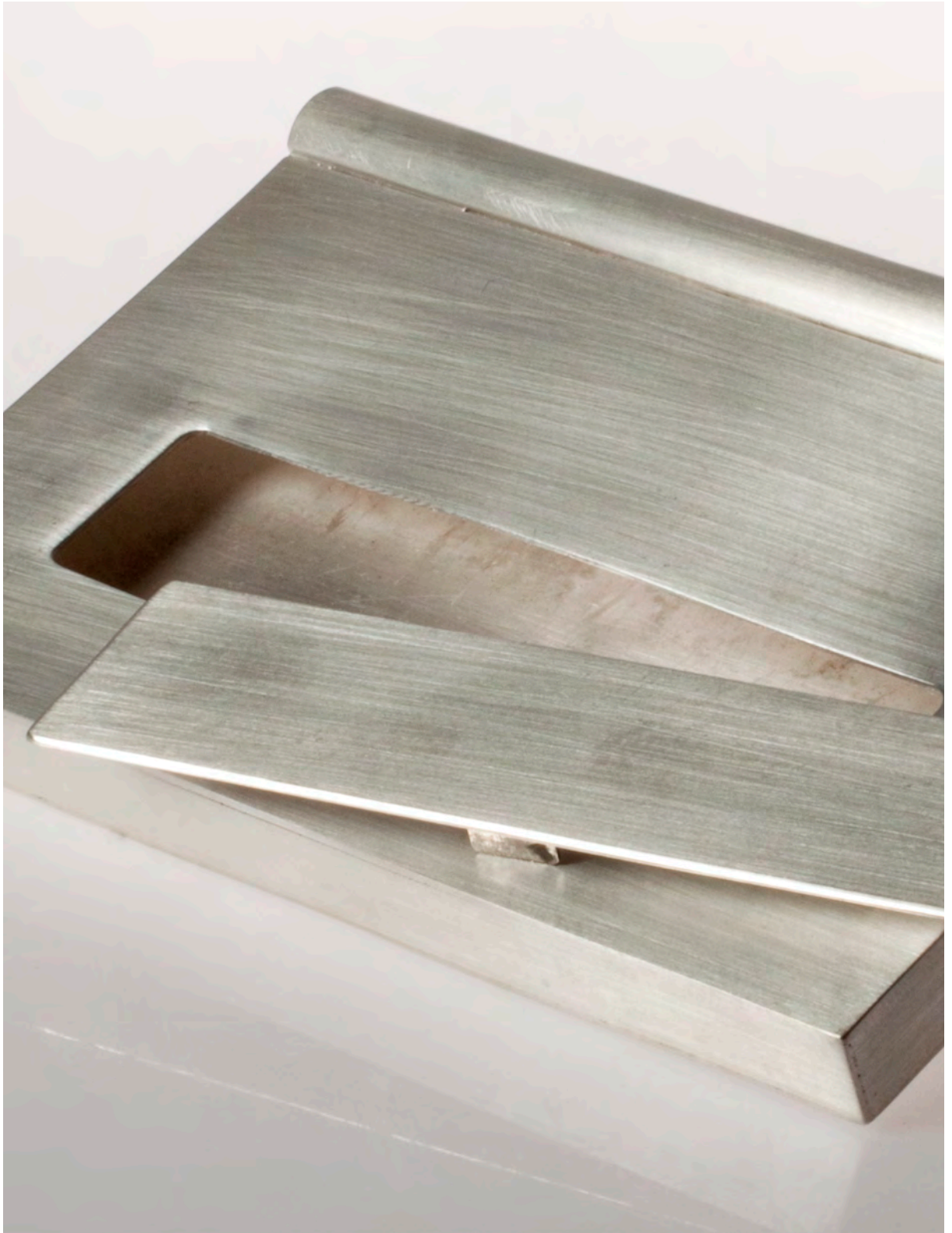
The pieces here are reminiscent of reliquaries, containers, in which the telegram, or letters are kept and sometimes displayed as a personal and possibly private memorial to a fallen soldier.

One piece is a silver container in the form and image of a telegram with replica post mark and dates, in which the actual telegram can be kept. The other piece is a box in which letters received from the serviceman can be kept. This second piece is similar in form and structure to a shoe box, a most common container for keeping mementos, keepsakes, collections. The lid of the box is in the image of an envelope with postmark and dates.



Bereavement Card Envelopes: Front and back

Photograph: Jacob Raupach



Telegram Container 2015
Silver, folded, formed and engraved (detail of work in progress). Photograph: Jacob Raupach



Untitled (104 portraits) 2015
Paper, ink, brass screws

ADELE PACKER

AND JACOB RAUPACH

'The Past' is often seen as belonging to 'important' people, often famous and rich, often from cities, often men, but it is through an understanding of the everyday lives of ordinary people that we will learn more about what it is to be Australian.

It is difficult to respond to something that is both so far removed historically and personally - World War 1 has no bearing on either of us. However, the stories that we have read and experienced within the Pioneer Women's Hut have been the complete opposite - a real and tangible experience. The quote above came from the Pioneer Women's Hut and has become extremely important in thinking about our responses for this exhibition. The Pioneer Women's Hut exists as a real experience in which we all can see how ordinary, yet extraordinary, people lived during a terrible time, But it also functions as a much more important place, a new monument to experience the ways in which history itself has the ability to be re-written over and over, a place that weaves together multiple co-existing narratives to form a more complete story.

The works within *Loss, reverence and longing* are in many ways new markers; small, contemporary monuments. In the same way that the objects from the Pioneer Women's Hut exist as vestiges of the past, our artist's book and flag exist as ephemera; re-imagined objects of remembrance for those that 'The Past' so often forgets.

SHONA PRATT

AND CHRISTOPHER ORCHARD

From Greek origins *nostos* (to return home) and *algos* (pain) and the German *heimweh* (homesickness) came the 18th Century English term: nostalgia (acute homesickness). In modern dictionary definitions nostalgia is explained as 'a sentimental longing or wistful affection for a period in the past'. This contemporary interpretation does not embody the fullness or traditions of the word, and does little to represent the experience of being removed from one's home. Reading nostalgia in a contemporary way places the term outside its known and felt psychological implications, it says home is something to see as being only romanticised about, a thing understood as mere sentimentality. In our installation work *Making Place – Making Peace for Loss, reverence and longing: ANZAC stories from the Home Front* we are asking to re-take the word back to its origins. We want to assert that home and homesickness are central not just to the lives of those touched by World War One, but, instead still to our present lived realities. We want to contend that home should carry with it a true weight of a person's or people's geographic, spiritual and cultural connectivity to place.

In the First World War acute homesickness was a lived experience, a reality that saw Australian soldiers returned home diagnosed with (then, but not now) a clinically diagnosable psychological illness: nostalgia. Through exploring the term nostalgia by tracing both life on the frontlines and life on the home front a rich history of shared symbolism emerges. Of the greatest interest to us is the use of natural elements (soil/water/seeds) to embody cultural experience. Our installation work is engineered to serve a dual purpose, to provide an avenue to explore the rich symbolism of War (poppy/rosemary/land), and to juxtapose these as symbols of domesticity (gardening/cooking/home): each tied to a real desire for connection to, or understanding of (a) place.

In exploring stories from the home front, we wanted to explore concepts of 'home and land', not 'homeland'. The deliberate separation of these two words uncouples nationalistic attachment and sentiment and returns us to a specific place, an identifiable geographical area of interacting life systems, our home habitat. Here nostalgia and a new psychoterratic (earth related mental health) term solastalgia (a home sickness you feel while still at home) show principal similarities in alternate spaces (the battle front and the home front) when a great cultural and spiritual trauma, one that disturbs our sense of residence takes place upon our collected lives. Soldiers want for home (*nostalgia*), but if returned, home it doesn't feel like home anymore (*solastalgia*). Families at home feel a pronounced psychic numbing as if from the very start, what once was home, will never be again. In every choice of the work we have created, these places of loss, reverence and specific types of longing play out. None of the loss, reverence or longing is ever reconciled and this, is deliberate.



Making Place / Making Peace II, 2015
Flanders poppy seeds

LORRAINE TYE

I have two *wurrumany* (sons). I have one son who collects skins for me. Some are road kills, others are from hunting. I wanted to make something that would comfort him when he went hunting. I also wanted to protect him. I made a sleeping mat from kangaroo skins. I used the fur that was shed during the cutting to create a felted pouch. I see this pouch as a talisman; it contains a rock that is from his *galingabangbur* (kids). I see the pouch as a way of grounding him to Country he is from – Wiradjuri. Always was, always will be. The string is significant. I am a *gaalmaldhaany* (stringmaker); it is what binds everything together - mother to son, son to children.

My son would have been of age to go to war. I could only imagine the devastation if he had not returned. The skins in traditional times would have protected from the elements and can be slung over the shoulder and worn as a cloak. My role as a mother is to protect both sons, with these objects even though I can't always be with them I can still do that. In time I will make another skin and pouch.

The rock is shaped like a traditional hammer stone although somewhat smaller! The rock is like an alien and that is no doubt how Aboriginal soldiers felt during the war. When they returned it was even worse. They fought for god, king and country and were not permitted to even set foot in an RSL Club or receive entitlements for injuries.



Possum Skin Rug (Detail). Maker and user unknown. PWH #1635.

Photograph: Tim Crutchett



Sleeping mat, 2015
Kangaroo skins, linen thread

Pouch, 2015
Kangaroo fur, rock, hand twined thread.
Photograph: Jacob Raupach



Mourning Basket, 2014

Raffia, kangaroo skin, paper core. Photograph: Jacob Raupach

KATH WITHERS

Kath Withers known to many as Aunty Kath is a Wiradjuri Elder. One of nine children was raised on the banks of the Murrumbidgee River on Wiradjuri Reserve (known as Tin Town). Aunty Kath never went to school is self educated and never started to paint until the age of 60 years. Her many works on display tell her stories of her life's journey and dreaming.

She has shown in numerous exhibitions and her weaving (sista basket) has been selected to be on permanent display in Bunjilka Gallery in the First Peoples' exhibition. Her work is also in the Australian Museum, Museum Victoria, private collections nationally and internationally. Kath is passionate about sharing her culture and helping her community.

She is in her fourth year of teaching art to inmates and their children in the Colourful Dreaming Program at June Correctional Centre. She won the TAFE Riverina Art Institute Art and Design Excellence Award in 2012, and has exhibited in many exhibitions. She is currently studying Art and Design at Deakin University, Melbourne.

Aunty Kath's weaving is part of arts practice but also of her community practice. She often uses the technique of weaving in her cultural practice and utilises skins, commercially made and collected fibre and other materials. The forms of her artwork reference traditional artefacts and some works that have evolved through conversations with other Aboriginal people. Her practice is always evolving and currently she is exploring mark making and image creation through printmaking, painting, pyrography and screenprinting.

The artwork *Mourning Basket* 2011/12 was created to tell people about a part of Wiradjuri ancestral history. Aunty Kath says:

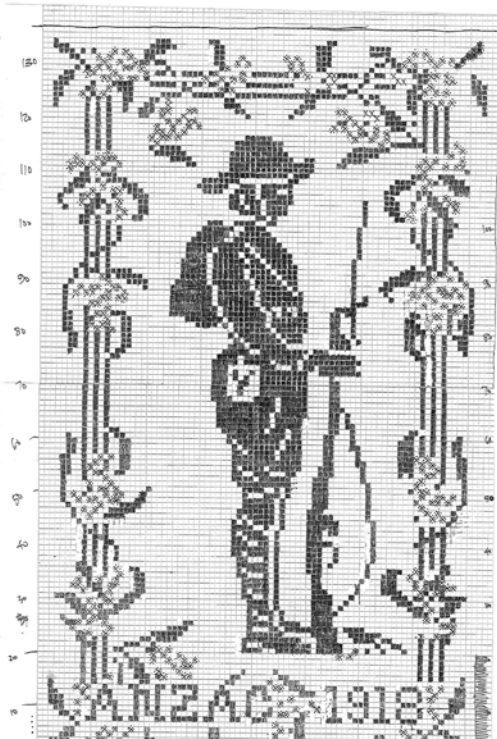
'A mourning basket is a very significant basket. It was used to hold the bones of a loved one who has passed. They were wrapped tightly in a skin and carried in the basket for 6 seasons. They were then placed back with the remains and the period of mourning was over. If it was a husband or wife they could then remarry.'

Traditional Aboriginal Calendar 2014 is responding to Aboriginal ways of marking time. The six seasons sometimes overlapped. Changes in the surrounds signified the gathering time for food, skins, eggs, seeds. Living was by the seasons and marked also the time for movement of people around the country.

HELEN WOOD

This wall hanging is based on a pattern designed by Mary Card, an Australian handicraft designer in the early part of the twentieth century. The pattern was included in her fourth book of crochet patterns which was published in the early days of World War 1. Mary Card suggested that it would make a suitable adornment for the cover of an album in which a soldier's photograph would be displayed, along with his postcards and letters back home and newspaper cuttings related to his service overseas. Mothers, wives and sisters would have crocheted their own versions to recognise the service of their male relatives in the time of war.

After the end of World War 1, versions of the original pattern were produced with the date changed to 1918. These were fashioned into doilies, tray cloths and other decorative items. The ANZAC soldier remains one of Mary Card's most popular patterns.



Mary Card Pattern Graph. 2014
Copied from original crochet.



Our Boy 2015
Crochet recreation from original pattern (work in progress)

STAN BOWKER AND THE LIMITS OF WAR ART

SAM BOWKER

War art is a public art form for national audiences. When we find individual narratives in the Australian official war art of WWI, they are typically framed by the context of how that person's actions benefited Australia by contributing to the war as an active event. Through factors such as generational change and immigration, Australians are becoming distant from the direct impact of the First World War. The limitations of such 'national' commemoration are increasingly evident.

Russell Drysdale's *War Memorial* (1950) provides an early recognition of this sentiment.¹ His depiction of a white concrete sculpture is isolated and incongruous, detached from its dusty landscape, facing nothing worth noting and commemorating no-one in particular. Its bugle resembles a liquor bottle gulped as it saunters off the plinth, parched by the Australian desert, where no-one is watching him. Drysdale's painting evokes a nation unfamiliar with the nuances of 'official' war memorials, as well as solitary post-war traumas.

Drysdale's image also foreshadows Joan Beaumont's remarks from 2008:

"Public memory of war – that is, the memorializing of war in the public and national domain – cannot be effective if it is simply orchestrated from 'the top down'. To be dynamic, public memory must resonate with the private, or individual memories of

war, in a way that is complex and inherently difficult to document. In Australia, it is clear that the explosion of war commemoration occurred, in part, because of a growing interest in remembering war at the individual level."²

The official art of the Australian First World War, and many of our public memorials, are characterised by such 'top-down' approaches. This contradicts how we actually remember loved ones, and the ways in which we experience loss across families and generations.

My great grand-uncle, Alwynne Stanley ('Stan') Bowker (b. 1890 - 7 August 1915), was a Victorian dairy farmer who operated a property at Johanna near Colac. He was a Corporal in the 8th Light Horse Regiment, and 35 years old when he was killed at The Nek amongst the second line of those who charged that morning against the Turkish forces in Gallipoli. His grave is unknown, and his name is inscribed at the Lone Pine Memorial, which most of my family have visited.

The remainder of his family never recovered from this tragic loss. Following the news of Stan's death, his father's health rapidly deteriorated. Stan's two younger brothers, each suffering poor eyesight, and his sister remained on the farm, but they were unable to run it without their elder brother's

considerable energy. The business fell into debt and their mortgage was foreclosed, although the family was eventually able to buy the ailing property back from the bank.

The consequences were felt further than the ownership and operation of property. Stan's elder brother, Percy ('PJ') Bowker was a wool classer and shearing manager. He traveled widely across Western Victoria and the Riverina, and was known at sheep stations around The Rock. As he suffered from chronic emphysema, he should never have been allowed to enlist in the First World War, but he did so following Stan's death. Once deployed, he was twice hospitalized. In the emotional context of the war, innuendoes regarding his absence from the front line contributed to the failure of his marriage with Etta Bowker. The other Bowker siblings' lives were redirected following the loss of their elder brother. Harold Bowker organized local picnic races, but not much else. Will Bowker had aspired to a career as a concert pianist, but was called back to work on the farm. He never married, and spent the remainder of his life coping with his very poor vision, dairying and raising turkeys.

Stories like these feature in many Australian families' histories. They are oral histories of wasted talent and a loss purpose that do not translate to the earnest language of cenotaphs, official art, or public war memorials. The *Memorial to a Thwarted Career as a Musician*, or the *Tomb of the Inexorably Damaged Marriage*, and *The Graveyard of Broken Boundary Fences* would demean the memory of those who enlisted to fight. Until quite recently, these implications of war were not overtly represented in our national histories. They were personal problems, not national agendas. Family history and informal memory provides an important means of locating individuals within this lingering loss. We have raised no cenotaphs or private memorials for Stan, yet he has been



Stan Bowker rides behind the horseman in the foreground of this photograph from 1915.

remembered by my family as 'our ANZAC'. Three generations since his death, his memory is partly reinforced by the position of the ANZACs in Australian national mythology. Luckily, these are assisted by a treasured 'informal portrait' now in the Australian War Memorial.³ In this surprisingly playful snapshot, Stan is seated with his legs around a small campfire, boiling a billy and smiling back at the camera.

The portrait contrasts with the somber portrayal of the ANZACs as earnest and stoic young men posing in century-old studio photographs. This visual shorthand has been appropriated in recent Australian art, such as the *Roller Girl* portraits (since 2011) by the photographer Nikki Toole, through which she catalogues her Roller Derby 'warriors' in all their vibrant variations.⁴ The desire to play with the formal commemoration of these

soldiers is another example of our difficulty in drawing meaning from the 'official' art of the First World War.

Official war art operates within a series of largely unspoken cultural expectations and institutional obligations.⁵ For this reason, it has been dismissed as a blend of objective historical account with flattering propaganda catering for its patrons.⁶ However, this over-simplifies the First World War's official art into a field of large history paintings depicting partly mythologized events, collectively emphasizing gendered narratives of bravado, battles, suffering, and mateship. The widely distributed prints of Will Longstaff's *Menin Gate at Midnight* (1927) or books such as Will Dyson's *Australia at War: Drawings from the Front* (1918) and Elias Silas's *Crusading at ANZAC* (1915) represent the diversity of official and private accounts of war, and highlight the differences between post-war commemoration and narrative immediacy.⁷ Within the latter, we find individuals to empathize with. It is noteworthy that the Australian War Memorial, Imperial War Museum, and Canadian War Museum began commissioning official artists during the First World War.⁸ These are distinct today for being very well-established, centralized as authoritative 'national' collections, substantial in scope, and linked as respected public institutions designed for the commemoration and remembrance of war. One of their challenges is convincing new visitors that a century-old war still matters.

War art is made to address future generations; hence the imploring reminder 'Lest we forget'. For this reason, our First World War memorials cannot function through formal commemoration alone. They must build new relationships with each generation on the intensity of intimate and informal memories.

Dr. Sam Bowker

1. Image reference: <http://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/drysdale-war-memorial-n05986/text-catalogue-entry> (Accessed May 2014)
2. Joan Beaumont, "War and Memory" *Oxford Companion to Australian Military History* (second edition) London: Oxford University Press 2008: 564
3. Image reference: AWM ID H13636 – "Informal portrait of 233 Corporal (Cpl) Alwynne Stanley Bowker, 8th Light Horse Regiment, of Camperdown, Vic." <https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/H13636/> (Accessed March 2015)
4. Lucy Quinn, 'Elle on wheels', *Portrait*, 1 October 2013 - <http://www.portrait.gov.au/magazines/46/elle-on-wheels> (Accessed March 2015)
5. The history of the official war art programs of the UK is covered by Susie and Meiron Hayes, *The War Artists* (IWM and Michael Joseph, 1983), Nigel Viney, *Images of wartime* (Newton Abbot 1991), Sue Malvern, *Modern Art, Britain, and the Great War* (Yale, 2004), and Brian Foss, *War Paint* (Yale, 2007). For their Australian counterparts, key texts include Lola Wilkins (ed), *Artists in Action* (AWM, 2003: xiii – xx), Gavin Fry and Anne Gray's *Masterpieces of the Australian War Memorial* (AWM 1982: 9-17), John Reid's two-volume *Australian Artists at War* (Sun, 1977), and Anne Gray's articles 'War Art' and 'War Artists' from *The Oxford Companion to Australian Military History* (Oxford University Press, Melbourne, 1995: 628-638).

For alternative approaches to 'national' war art, I recommend Jennifer Haworth. *The Art of War: New Zealand War Artists in the field, 1939-1945*, Hazard Press, Christchurch 2007, and John Paul Weber, *The German War Artists*, Cerberus, Columbia 1977. For the main themes in war art of the United States, see Robert Henkes, *World War II in American Art*, McFarland 2001, Huebner, Andrew J. *The Warrior Image: soldiers in American culture from the Second World War to the Vietnam Era*, University of North Carolina Press, 2008. Barbara McCloskey, *Artists of WWII*. Greenwood Press, 2005 and Frederick Voss, *Reporting the War: The journalistic coverage of World War II*, National Portrait Gallery 1994: 135-171.

6. Jennifer Phipps, "Power and Art in East Timor" *Artlink* Vol 28, Number 1 2008: 56-59, and Lucy Lippard *A Different Kind of War: Vietnam in Art*. Seattle: Real Comet Press 1990: 10, and Jason Oddy, "Beyond

Photography: Can art ever capture the horrors of war?" *Artreview* Issue 13, July 2007: 63-66.

7. It was not until the Vietnam War that the Australian War Memorial actively sought private artworks independently created after the war. These now serve as formal commemorations of the war and its longer-term consequences.
8. This commissioning process has not always run smoothly. Eric Newton describes the foundation of the War Artists' Advisory Committee (or WAAC, the organization in charge of British official war artists) "for the specific purpose of prodding the artist and deciding which artist to prod." (Eric Newton, *War through artists' eyes: paintings and drawings by British war artists*. London: J. Murray, 1945: 8). Australian artists who represented the First World War for the collection of the Australian War Memorial include Ellis Silas, Will Dyson, George Coates, George Lambert, Napier Waller, Henry Fullwood, and John Longstaff.



Plates:

Top: Princess Mary's Christmas Gift 1914 - for the troops of the British, Colonial and Indian Armed forces. The boxes contained tobacco, chocolate, spices, pencils, a Christmas card and a picture of the Princess.
PWH Collection # T112

Centre: One of many Wagga quilts made during the Depression from upholstery scraps by Mrs Florence Tilling (nee Wilkinson) b. 1913 c. 1930.
PWH Collection #2067

Lower: Souvenir embroidered postcard from France c. 1915-19. PWH Collection #PC28

Photos Jacob Raupach



NO COMMUNITY UNTOUCHED:

STORIES OF WWI IN THE RIVERINA

ANNETTE BROWN

These narratives from WWI recount the trauma facing civilians coping with loss of family, allegations of unpatriotic behaviour and the impact of political decisions. These stories are bound together by the common thread of the experiences of ordinary people dealing with extraordinary events during WWI.

The Sorrow of Mabel Lewis

Grief impacted heavily on family members during and immediately after WWI. There had been great loss of life:

For Australia, as for many nations, the First World War remains the most costly conflict in terms of deaths and casualties. From a population of fewer than five million, 416,809 men enlisted, of which over 60,000 were killed and 156,000 wounded, gassed, or taken prisoner.¹

'Ten million mothers weeping like Rachel for their children! What an ocean of tears! The grief of motherhood is a thing apart',² declared a journalist in 1915 and Mabel Lewis (nee Pearce) was among the 'millions' who grieved for her older brothers, Private Wilfred Ernest Pearce and Private Alfred Edmund Pearce, who were both killed in action.



Bruce Scates and Raelene Frances proposed:

... that [if] each man had 10 people he was very close to – father, mother, sibling, fiancée, lover, wife, mates – then the war brought bereavement to 600,000 people; about one in every six Australians knew what it was like to experience such loss.³

Women responded differently to their 'bereavement' and sense of loss. Fund raising for the Australian Red Cross or for the construction of war memorials, and

attending the annual Anzac Day celebrations, became a public outlet for their grief.

For other women, grief was dealt with privately and the creation of handcrafted objects became a practical and therapeutic pastime. Scrapbooks, photo albums and crocheted and embroidered mementos were among the most prolific and popular items created as reminders of family and friends who had served, or were currently serving, in the military forces. These handcrafted items included table runners, tablecloths, d'oyleys, jug covers and album covers. Handcrafted objects gained even greater symbolism and importance, when they commemorated the death of a family member.

Patterns depicting patriotic themes were published in women's magazines during the period of WWI (1914-1918) and into the early 1920s. Australian women's magazines including the *Woman's Budget* played an invaluable role as a public forum for women and girls to express their anxiety and grief during and immediately after WWI.

Hand crafting played a key role in the grieving process for Mabel Lewis, who worked a filet crochet album cover in memory of her two older brothers. Pat Jackson and Amy Lewis recalled their mother taking a regular supplement of the *Everylady's Journal*. Crochet work was always Mabel's forte, and they recalled that, 'mother would refer to a crochet pattern just once and then memorise the pattern'.⁴

The ANZAC filet crochet pattern worked by Mabel Lewis was first published in the March 1916 edition of the *Everylady's Journal*. Designed in Australia by Mary Card, this particular motif was produced as a tribute to the Australian and New Zealand troops who were killed or wounded at Gallipoli. Card suggested that the pattern could be used as a cover for a scrapbook, which could then be filled with newspaper clippings.

Card observed that the soldier 'would probably be rather pictured in something else [other] than lace'⁵ and also proposed that the crochet should be 'worked in khaki'⁶ to give the piece a more military look.

Private Wilfred Ernest Pearce

Wilfred Ernest Pearce enlisted in the 3rd Battalion of the 1st AIF (Australian Imperial Force) at Coolamon on 15th January 1915. He landed at Gallipoli on 25th April 1915, and was listed as missing in action at Lone Pine on 12th August 1915. Officially listed as killed in action between 7th and 12th August 1915, the last official report was from an eyewitness stating that:

He belonged to the 6th Reinf. [Reinforcement] of the 3rd Batt. [Battalion]. He was wounded slightly at Lone Pine early in August. He stayed with the Batt. until the end of August when we left for Rest Camp at Lemnos. He went into hospital there for an operation. I think it was to have a piece of shrapnel removed from his head. I saw him in camp before he went into hospital. He was bright and cheery. He was a man of about 5 ft. 6 ins., dark and a gay sort of lad. He acted as cook at Lemnos before leaving for hospital. I have not seen him since, nor heard of him.⁷

Private Wilfred Ernest Pearce is listed on the Lone Pine Memorial at Gallipoli.

Private Alfred Edmond Pearce

Alfred Edmond Pearce enlisted in the 2nd Battalion of the 1st AIF at Juneee on 3rd May 1916. Private Alfred Pearce, who was previously wounded at Bullecourt, was killed in action at Passchendaele, Belgium on 7th November 1917. Lance Corporal B.T. Pettit left behind an account of Alfred Pearce's death:

I left Australia with him on the ship Ceramic on 7th 10th [19]16 and was in the same Section. He was killed instantly on

the night [of] 7th 11th [19]17 by shell and buried next day with two other lads on the battle field at Passchendaele. He was a short fair complexion chap and worked on Rockview Station Junee and his father lived at Murrumburrah. I was left out of the line at the time of that stunt my mate C.H. Harris buried him poor fellow.⁸

Private W.J. Bateman also wrote of Private Alfred Pearce's death:

Pearce was killed alongside me about Nov. 8th. He got the top of his head blown off by a shell which lobbed in the front trench at about 4 p.m. His name was Alfie.⁹

German Families in the Riverina

The hardworking lifestyle of German settlers was seen to be 'a model of Anglo-Saxon industry and frugality',¹⁰ according to Riverina historian G. L. Buxton. During WWI, however, praise for the tireless work ethic, community spirit and steadfast religious practice of these same German settlers was to all but disappear. As official correspondence of the time pointed out:

In all these districts [of the Riverina] the German residents were regarded, before the present war, as good colonists, but since the beginning of hostilities the fact is not overlooked that these people are now their enemies, and much bitterness is felt towards them.¹¹

'Industrious and Well Behaved' - The Heinecke Family of Tumbarumba

Because he was of German origin, George Thomas Heinecke and his family were subjected to unrelenting community pressure during WWI, even though it was well known that he was an enthusiastic supporter of the war effort. Like many other families of German descent in the Riverina, they were also under the scrutiny of both the police and military authorities. The Heinecke family however, was one of the few spared the

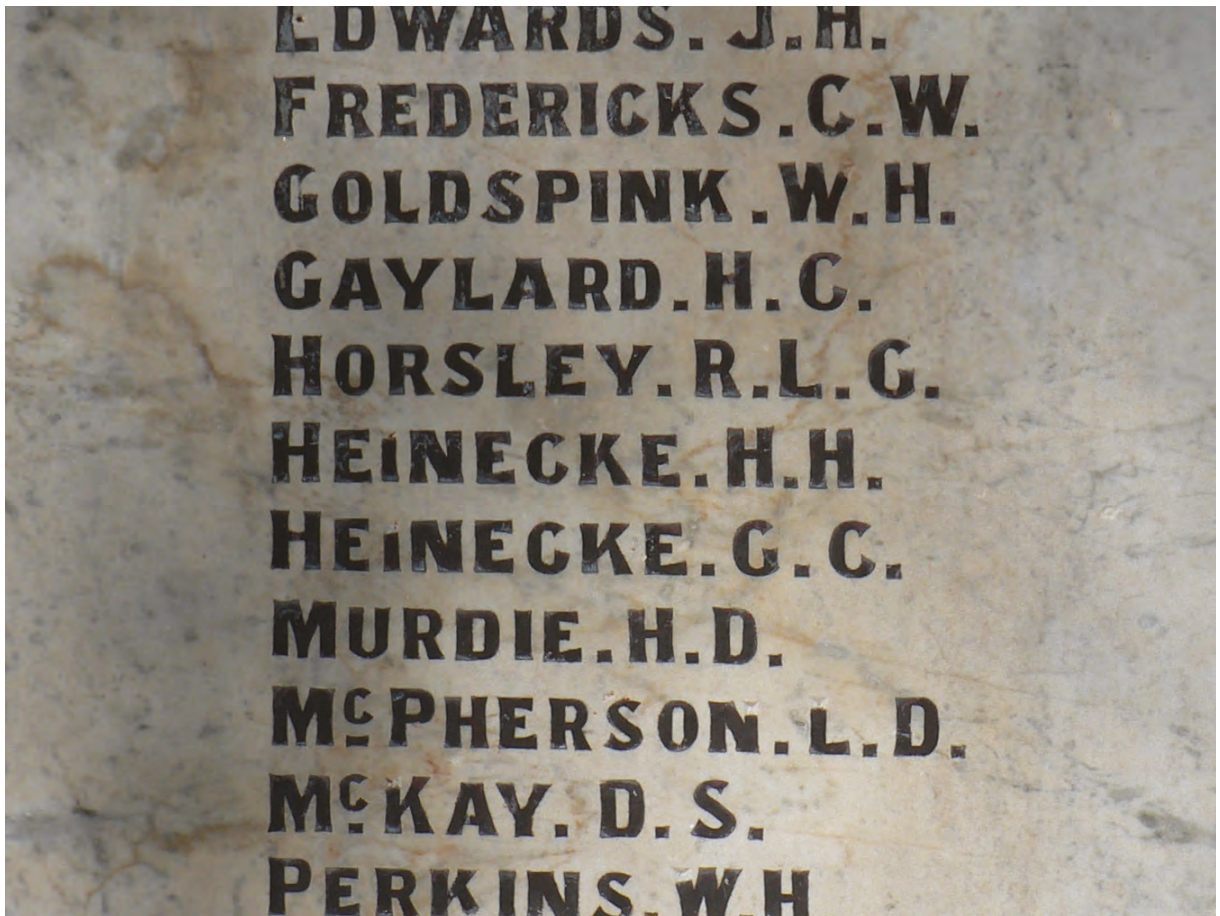
indignity of an official interview, by virtue of the geographical isolation of Tumbarumba. Official correspondence from Captain Longfield Lloyd of the Intelligence Section to his superiors, outlined the involvement of members of the public and local authorities in what appeared to be a purely vindictive persecution of Heinecke, naming two local men who had acted as character witnesses against him, as well as the local Police Magistrate, who stated that, 'Heinecke is extremely untrustworthy' in his business dealings. Lloyd then went on to say:

I do not consider a visit to Tumbarumba necessary as it is over 70 miles away – the railway is only partly completed and as there is only one family of German origin there, the expense of a car there and back would not be justified. The family in question is that of Heinecke ...¹²

Heinecke was chairman of many social functions to farewell recruits and to welcome soldiers home during WWI, chairman of the local anti-conscription committee prior to the first referendum, and involved in discussions on voluntary enlistment. This was seen by many Tumbarumba locals as being highly suspicious, given his German background.

Heinecke's sons in particular, were singled out for attention by members of the local community, and he was forced to defend their civilian status in the pages of the Tumbarumba Times in 1916, stating that, 'Mr. G.T. Heinecke asserts that two of his sons have, for some time, intended to enlist when at liberty to do so.'¹³

George Christmas and Herbert Henry Heinecke enlisted together in 1916, and sailed together on the troopship Port Sydney on 4th September 1916. They served together in a mining company attached to the 56th Battalion and were both killed in action in France during 1917.



On 7th March 1917, George Christmas Heinecke wrote a letter home reporting the death of his brother, Herbert:

Dear Father ... Just a few lines to let you know about poor Herb being killed last night. It was a terrible shock to me. We were just starting to work when a shell lobbed right among us. A piece of it hit Herb in the small of the back ... he lost consciousness and he never came again and died about five minutes after he was hit ... There are hundreds of poor fellows laying about here not even buried. Well Dad, this is all I can write about tonight, as I don't feel too good on it ... From your loving son, George. P.S. It is a good job that Ossie did not pass to come to this hole of a place.¹⁴

Private George Christmas Heinecke is buried at Grevillers British Cemetery, and Private Herbert Henry Heinecke is buried at Bancourt Cemetery, both in France.

The pain and loss of the Heinecke family is encapsulated in a letter written by George Thomas Heinecke to the Tumberumba Times in 1918, in reply to further community criticism directed at him by a person writing under the pseudonym of 'Peaceful'. George Thomas Heinecke stated bluntly that:

"Peaceful" is a nice class of man to try and advise people who have sent their loving sons to the battlefield to fight and lay down their lives for the likes of him ... If his right name is British, mine is still German but is still cleaner than his so far as a loyal British citizen is concerned. I am not ashamed of my name, but "Peaceful" seems to be ashamed of his.¹⁵

May Woodland Autograph Book

Entries in the May Woodland autograph book span the years 1910 to 1914. These were both exciting and turbulent years in Australian history. The Australian Navy was founded in 1911, the foundation stone for the future Federal capital, Canberra, was laid in 1913 and in 1914, Australia sent her young men to fight in WWI.

A verse which highlights attitudes of the time deals with the conscription issue of 1916. After a close run referendum result on 28 October, it was disclosed that the Australian nation had voted "NO" to the conscription of men into the armed forces.

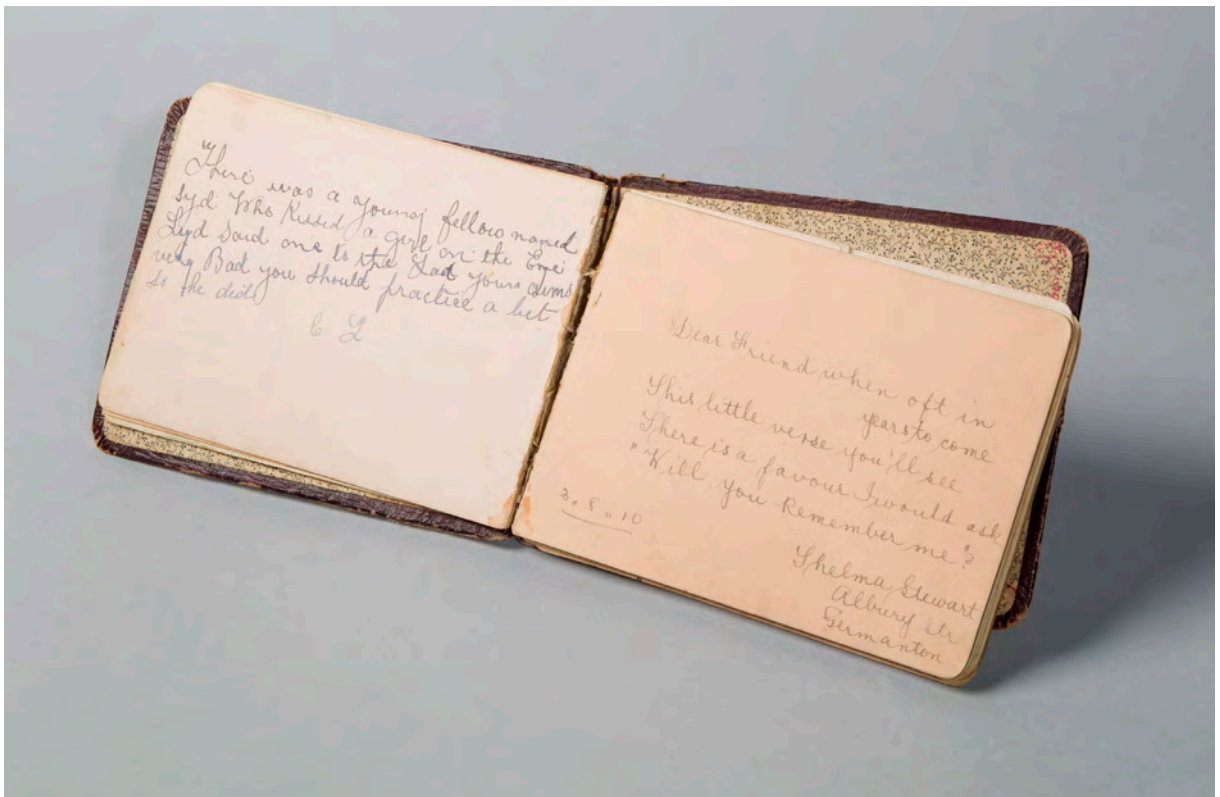
For families such as the Burrowes of Lankeys Creek, close friends of May Woodland, who had lost their son and brother, Albert,

at Pozieres in August of 1916, this was a devastating result. Penned on the opposite page from an inscription written by a member of the Burrowes family in 1913, this conscription focused verse still resonates with pain and bitterness after nearly 100 years:

'What is it that awful din
Of loud cheering throughout Berlin
And on every Teutons face a grin
Australia voted No.

What does it mean the flagging Hun
Who once he felt inclined to run
But now stands to his deadly gun
Australia voted "No".

Annette Brown



May Woodlands Autograph Book, 1910-1920.

Photograph: Jacob Raupach

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Plates:

Top: May Woodland's needlebook made c. 1905, Lankey's Creek; PWH #254

Centre: Souvenir Handkerchief French post card; PWH #PC27

Lower: Hussif - mending kit; Anonymous Aboriginal domestic servant, Cobar c. 1870.

Photographs: Jacob Raupach



PENCIL EPHEMERA

NEILL OVERTON

Pencil tracks, notes and scribbles on paper - whether drawings or writings - are just a snail-trail left there in the night... slightly silvery on a wet brick path, always tenuous and disappearing in the first cold rasp of sunlight. It remains the same "residue of an activity" which British critic Tony Godfrey wrote about drawing in 1989:

rather than seeing drawing as language, we should see it as the residue of an activity, perhaps similar to the footprints that a dancer will leave in the sand, or perhaps similar to the rucks and coruscations left in the beach by the receding sea.¹

Tony Godfrey added that:

Wherever two objects or two materials touch (stick and railing, pencil and paper, liquid and earth, rubber and tarmac) evidence of their meeting is left behind. To examine such drawings is to excavate, to muse over activity in the past. They present us with the archaeology of acts of touching.²

I approach the artefacts of an ANZAC past through this khaki-washed lens of an archaeology, not of pocked landscape, or as a tourist standing in the tendrils of a waspish dawn, clicking their phone-camera across Gallipoli cove... but by reflecting upon the pencil ephemera of notes and postcards made as letters in and out of Palestine and Turkey. These pencil connections stretching between home

and war, and what these tiny trappings may hold firm as acts of touching, or of reaching out to something at the end of upheld fingertips that was never going to return.

For soldiers, huddled in broken clumps together in the rigid mud, they were last thoughts. The pencilled note was an act of hope that it would reach a wife, or a parent, a world away.

Disappearance and reappearance underscore the task of considering why we attach any meaning to artefacts and objects from World War One. Any photograph is a moment that is already in the past; it has already occurred. Any drawing or pencil writing of a note anticipates its own disappearance; it is no more in a form that might be preserved for the ages than an ice sculpture. And yet these pencil thoughts have survived. The battlefield poet Wilfred Owen's unrelenting observations of bodies blown to bits, strung like drying fruit on clotheslines of barbed wire, tend to overshadow his briefer, vernacular sentences. Rather than a panorama of the Great War, he gives us flickering moments of respite and small humanities residing in the gossamer thread of contact home - in the very ordinary tenderness in the poem *The Letter*:

With B.E.F. June 10. Dear Wife,
(Oh blast this pencil. 'Ere, Bill, lend's a knife.)

At poem's end, the soldier, mortally wounded, remembers he needs the letter written:

No, damn your iodine. Jim? 'Ere!
Write my old girl, Jim, there's a dear.³

Through the dark prism of history and memory on screen, types of speculative fictions have been constructed around highly visualised mythologies of Australians at war; in particular the ANZAC mythos emerging from 1915 after Gallipoli in World War One. Speculative screen histories are the imaged realisms of war films and their narratives, which all but supplant any other kinds of histories. Charles Chauvel directed *40,000 Horsemen* (1940), which diarised the last great mounted cavalry charge in history - of the Australian Light Horse Brigade in Palestine - which had been commanded then in 1917 by his Uncle, Sir Harry Chauvel. This was the Battle of Beersheba. Harry Chauvel was the son of a grazier, and the lighthorsemen were principally made up of boys from the bush, jackaroos. The purpose of making the film about the Light Horse in 1940 was as unadulterated propaganda, the resurrection of the ANZAC tradition as supplication to the 1940s generation embroiled in another World War. Chauvel invoked Australia's moment of galvanizing nationhood at both Gallipoli and in the desert of Sinai. None of this is to do with narrative, historical truth alone - we watch history through the rear-vision mirror of chosen moments when we look back.

By the time the lost battle of Gallipoli peninsula in Turkey against the Ottoman Empire was re-presented as a film in 1981, it was against a backdrop of the then-recent Vietnam war, and *Gallipoli* (1981) is a post-modern film where director Peter Weir positions, or teeters, the great national ANZAC myth on the window-ledge of our 1980s distrust of any imperialist wars overseas. Bill Kerr - returning to Australia

after 30 years in Britain - auditioned for the part of Uncle Jack in this film, and director Peter Weir asked him to read a quieter scene:

Weir asked me to read tales from Kipling's *Mowgli*, of the young man-cub ready to leave for the world of men, to a group of children in the work cottage at dusk. It was a story I happened to have read a lot to my own children...⁴

In these early scenes in *Gallipoli*, in a lantern's glow the camera pans across towards an amber doorway where Mark Lee, at 17 all bright and new penny polished, is anxious to run off to fight the good war of World War One for the mother country... Kerr's scene takes on the poignancy of a man no longer reading to the gathered children, but over them to his nephew the man-cub about to disappear to the world of men at Gallipoli cove.

In films we invoked Kipling and Mowgli, derring-do and empire, duty to country, and leap forward to the great adventure... In *The Bulletin* magazine from 1914 onwards, Norman Lindsay drew his ink cartoons of Billjim and the boys from the bush fighting The Hun, encouraging them to enlist - to get into the action overseas before it was over. It was a ticket for country lads out of mustering, and off to exotic Egypt and Palestine to see the world. "ANZAC" is not meaningless to me; my grandfather, whom I grew up with until I was 10, was a veteran gunner of the first AIF. He had been an artillery officer, with the rank of 2nd lieutenant, in WWI. He joined up in 1914, from Brisbane. He lived through two world wars; Sir Reginald Fogarty, he went on to become the Managing Director and Chairman of Carlton and United Breweries, and was knighted in 1966 for his services to the beer industry. That was in the days when you did not get knighted for being related to the Queen - what could be more

Australian than being knighted for your services to the beer industry? In my father's garage, an old brown cardboard suitcase high up on a forgotten shelf, contained parts of my grandfather's uniform, and a curling sepia photograph of him with endless rows of other young men lining up for the official pictures of their regiments before disembarkation... taken at what was then the South Melbourne football ground - in front of the grandstands and four thin white wooden posts liting behind where they stood - early in 1915. None of them appear careworn; quite the reverse - they appear rudely keen. After weeks of training they are eager to go give Johnny Turk a taste of steel, and anyway, it would be all over soon and they would be back by Christmas. You don't want to miss out. The landing on 25th April at Gallipoli peninsula and eight months following of mud and dysentery in a font of blood had yet to change that view.

In successive representations of the First World War, and its re-presentations - in film, theatre, and letters, each generation has re-imaged the ANZAC story, as 'history' is neither fixed nor unalterable. The weighty burgundy-bound tome in a library is an already eclipsed documentary form. A film such as *Gladiator* (2000) may well come to be seen as the authoritative 'history' of the Roman empire, as we prefer the motion narrative it presents as a hyperreal model... The film *Gallipoli* (1981), or the recent 2015 television mini-series of *Gallipoli*, or *ANZAC Girls* (2014) - or the earlier mini-series *ANZAC's* (1985) - will lodge forever as 'history tract' in the virtual white-gloved cloud-museum. The written word as history is as obsolete to the generation in Australia since 1994 (post-internet) of 'digital natives' as a Coolgardie safe... (If you have to Google what that is, then I rest my case.) The French social theorist Baudrillard looked at the impact of the computer on our histories in this manner:

And so it has been said that, in a century or in a millennium, gladiator movies will be watched as if they were authentic Roman movies, dating back to the era of the Roman empire, as real documentaries on Ancient Rome...⁵

One of the first post-WWII tracts in Australian theatre that confronted the ANZAC mythos is the play *The One Day of the Year*, by Alan Seymour in 1962, which attacked the veils of sentimentality which had been layered upon the ANZAC Day televised march by then... the day as an 'institution' prompted father-son arguments over the *meaning* of an event that one generation had participated in, and the next generation had already consigned to the past, viewed only through the media's repackaging of it in newspapers and television as 'ceremony'. Media messaging eroding its meaning - much as the rampant centenary outpouring of jingoism over Gallipoli, and its xenophobic propagandising found summary in the play in the voice of the father, Alf:

I'm a bloody Australian and I'll always stand up for bloody Australia. I seen these jumped-up cows come and go, come and go, they don't mean a bloody thing, what did they ever do for the country, they never did nothing.⁶

Doing for your country was an understanding of men of Alf's lived experience of war and of duty, but not of Alf's son in the baby-boomer University era of the 1960s who saw ANZAC Day as medals and perpetuations of industrialised death-machines. I find the potent meanings of WWI lie in its minor artefacts - its tins, its knitted socks sent from home, and all the scribbled postcards tracing longing for contact, and trying hard to hide any bitterness.

A 1916 letter from home that jarred me most was a single postcard at the Australian War Memorial Museum collection from a brother, which read:

Dear Percy, How are you? The lawn is getting on splendid and in about a month will be fit to play on. Look at our frontispiece and smile to. I will not tell you to give the Germans what for cause I know you will. With love from Eric.⁷

The mention of 'the lawn' must surely have conjured in Percy all that had been placed at a distance to him. Lawn fit to be played on... I presumed cricket. All of which were concepts of empire and absence, wrapped inside the very word 'lawn' which would be the least likely utterance at Gallipoli, resonating of neat hedgerows and manicured gardens, shops, umbrellas and dogs on a lead. Or just a glimpsed portent of a lawn cemetery undulating to every possible horizon dotted with stark white crosses, which would be all that is left.

It remains sobering to read the war poems of Wilfred Owen, who died on a battlefield in France a week before WWI ended in 1918. Although (or because) his poems of rust, baked mud and bodies, often read as a litany of realisms - of visceral dissections - In writing of soldiers at the call of the whistle clambering out of the trenches to charge up

a hill, and who "Breasted the surf of bullets" and as they "plunged and fell away past this world's verge" - he concludes:

Some say God caught them even before they fell.⁸

If there is a line in stone or rock or mud that sums up all the phantom, tumbling thoughts of *Gallipoli* more than that, I have not read it.

Dr. Neill Overton

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Staff of Wagga Wagga Art Gallery

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Julia Jeffries (1846-1919) Ournie, Vic. c. 1900

Photograph: Tim Crutchett

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