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MANIFESTO 87

By
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STATEMENT

This volume is presented as a record of the work undertaken for the degree of Master of Fine Arts
at Sydney College of the Arts, University of Sydney.

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ABSTRACT

As we wizz through Space-time, aboard this tiny and fragile little rock called Earth, we often look up into the Universe and speculate to ourselves as to what may be out there, why we are here and quite literally, what on Earth we are doing here. Sometimes the answer doesn't really matter, we are here, and one just simply has to deal with it. Above us are the sky and the stars, planets and galaxies. Under foot lies the earth, rock, soil and clay. And in between there's everything else - natural, man-made or otherwise. As humans, we experience this phenomenon of existence through the senses.

Aldous Huxley said "that which comes closest to expressing the inexpressible, is music." Music and the appreciation of are fundamental to this paper. This paper is not in classic form but as its title suggests is a Manifesto and should be consumed with this in mind. I therefore have not included illustrations in the body of the text but have chosen to have them at the back of the paper so as not to disrupt the flow as is intended. To further this cause I have not included footnotes, there is however an extensive bibliography.

My creative output in the past two years has been joyful, experimental and purposeful. The works I have for examination are all large paintings, each one measuring 2 metres by 2.4 metres. All are connected to each other in some way but each has its own story to tell. I hope you enjoy viewing them as much as I enjoyed creating them.

Introduction

Since the Renaissance, painting had followed a trusted convention, that of the single point perspective. It was however an abstract view of reality in truth, a system of perceiving the world, an illusion of reality, a bringing of order to anarchy. Perspective was a long held maxim, trusted and expected over all. It was a construct that was the very bedrock of a Renaissance artist's practice. What begins to take shape in the latter part of the nineteenth century is a deconstructing of the "truth" of perspective, into something more attuned to seeing the multidimensionality of reality. Reality in essence is an untruth, what our human eye "sees" is not the whole picture, but the ability of sight is what we were given and therefore it is one's own imagination, depending on how dextrous it is, that can go some ways to seeing reality differently and perhaps more "truthfully."

Claude Monet, Vincent Van Gogh, Paul Cezanne and others began a new way of "seeing" the world around them, a new way of recording Nature, but unlike a scientist or engineer, with their own visions of reality, they recorded their truth by putting paint onto canvas. However simple and subtle their intent may have been, few would deny how revolutionary, revelatory and magical their results were to be. For example, Claude Monet's *Waterlilies*, c. 1920, are exceptional paintings; they speak to me of the Void or of a dreamscape imagined, the illuminated brilliance of water, and the energy of Nature. *Waterlilies* is the precursor to Pollock's grand visions almost fifty years later, which gave rise to artists such as Barnett Newman, Willem De Kooning, Bridget Riley and Katharina Grosses' *Shadowbox* some time later. *Waterlilies* is not only an exercise in colour, form and size, but a slice of time and space recorded onto canvas. The technique Monet employs is a simple one, for there is no

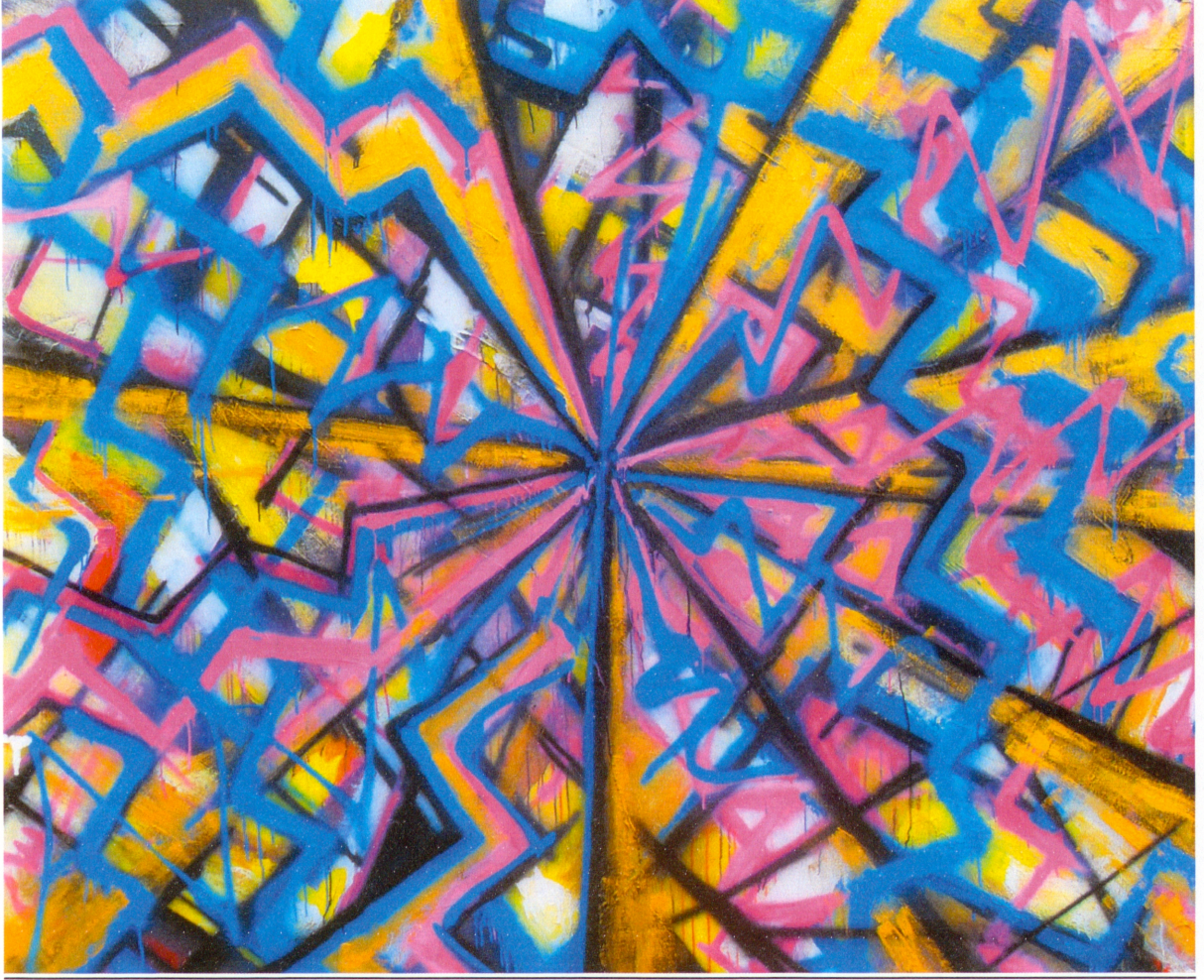
need to complicate the picture. His marks for the lilies floating on the water are side to side, little dashes of movement. He constructs the reflections of the trees on the water by up and down movements, contrasting the mark making with the lilies and creating movement by this simple but dynamic technique. The marks are wavy and loose, undulating and vibrating.

Waterlilies is incredibly beautiful. The abject and sublime are not present here, it is a simple, serene picture which is hypnotic and meditative. Perhaps inspired by Japanese prints, *Waterlilies* is a masterful application of dazzling colour and perfection in form and balance. Much like viewing a Jackson Pollock in the flesh, or an Yves Klein, Mark Rothko, or a Japanese silk screen, Claude Monet's *Waterlilies* when viewed for real and not just as a reproduction in a book, creates for me a Zen-like, calming, blissful, dreamy and important experience. And it is this *experience* of an artwork, or *feeling* of a work that I find imperative when reviewing a work's success or failure, in my own work as in others. Perhaps I am more seeking of this in my own work. I am my harshest critic. I will broaden my scope on this important subject later.

I see a direct link between Monet to Cezanne to Pollock to Grosse. Duchamp's importance was that he extended the idea of what Art *could* be. Monet and Cezanne especially, their influence is perhaps even greater than that, for they preceded Duchamp by some years. Monet and Cezanne's influence is so great that they were to extend the idea of what Art *would* be. Thus, Duchamp is the result of an evolution started by Cezanne and Monet *seeing* the world differently. Cezanne's influence was not just on modern abstract painting, but in essence, his importance flows well beyond just painting. Cezanne was to *invent* a new way of *seeing* the world, of experiencing reality differently, of viewing Nature with "fresh" eyes. Cezanne was not a cubist but how he viewed reality was similar to that of Picasso and Braque's in the sense that he wanted to view and record an object not from stasis but

from different angles and apply that to a singular flat surface. This was revolutionary. And more than one hundred years later, Grosse, whom I think extends and executes this expansive nature of painting better than most, is the direct result of Cezanne's "playing" with paint and perspective.

The end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth was a period of unheralded growth of scientific and technical discovery, the Steam Age was being superseded by the age of electricity, the Future was here and getting faster. Much, much faster. This period saw the explosion of the most dynamic and revolutionary age the world had ever seen, the age of The Machine. More and more people were beginning to see the world differently. No one except for a few balloonists had ever seen the world from a bird's eye view, The Eiffel Tower finished in 1889 saw the end to that. Suddenly you were able to see Paris from on high, having never before seen the world higher than from a fourth story building. Electric trains and automobiles were speeding up the world and this was to have an enormous effect on society at large and for artists, for whom "seeing" the world is imperative. The Futurists maxim - "We affirm that the worlds magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty; the beauty of speed". Indeed, the great problem for Marinetti and Co. was how to translate this new kind of vision into paint.



BANG, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres

Part One

In Hermann Hesse's Magnum Opus, *The Glass Bead Game*, the players of the game can only attempt to play after years of learning in the fields of music, mathematics and cultural learning. The game is an abstract synthesis of all arts and sciences. With the games rules only alluded to, the boundaries and potentiality of the game is left solely to the reader. The same cues and possibilities are inherent in my work, I don't tell you exactly how to view my paintings, I leave a set of clues and portent footsteps, but ultimately, the work is yours and find in it what you will. As Hesse's main protagonist Joseph Knecht becomes more learned in the ways of the Game, he eventually advances to that of Master Ludi, the executive officer of the Castalian Orders game administrators. As Knecht becomes more and more wise to the ways of the game, more and more he makes subtle and specific his moves in the Game, however the links become more deep and interwoven with each other. The same interweaving can be found in a Tchaikovsky or Beethoven composition or a modern equivalent, a virtuoso like Jimi Hendrix. The role of music in my work cannot be over- stated, it is inherent in every painting of mine. As the riff is imperative to rock 'n' roll, so too it is in my oeuvre. Each of my paintings should be viewed as a synthesis of music and materiality, music (which is inherently mathematical), Mathematics itself, the use of colour and shape to create balance and harmony, and Nature. Jimi Hendrix when recorded in the studio was a brilliant musician and technically without equal, but it is only when you see him perform live that he becomes Master Ludi. It is the "imperfections" of a Hendrix live performance that makes the sound and sonic extrapolations so momentous and perhaps counterintuitive, perfect. When he performed live, a truer sense of freedom and demonstration of "Flow" is rarely experienced, for him and the audience. A "genius" of rock and roll, he painted and weaved sounds to make them almost tangible, with an unequalled energy – a synergy of all things - so you could quite literally, *feel* the music.



CRUNCH, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres

Part Two

When people say “The world is an amazing and beautiful place” you know, I couldn’t agree more; unfortunately it’s the people on it that ruin it for me. Nature with its simple but eloquent design, and I use the word “design” reservedly, is perfect. Mathematics is inherent in Nature - patterns, spirals and molecular structures dominate the natural world. Indeed you don’t have to be in the Himalayas or The Yosemite to fully comprehend nature’s bounty, one need only look up at the sky, view the moon, smell a Gardenia from the garden or water a flower, and forever take part in the process of Life, earth, water, sunlight, birth and re-birth that has propelled and permeated Terra Firma for billions of years. You and I are literally the last in a long line of Life. Historically humans on the other hand, are more like Gustave Dores’ *The Hypocrites*, 1856, for just like the line of hooded men descending over the hill, we as a species continue to lurk in the shadows of truth and justice preferring to remain hidden with our abject intransigence and boorish macabre nature. Of course, not all of human history is riddled with the negative. Humans have achieved much and there have been many “good” people. But with Progress and Civilisation, universally chartered as positives, the true experience is always a double edged sword. The Romans gave Europe their first paved roads, but this was done so they could move their soldiers more quickly and effectively to subdue other peoples. The internet would seem to us as the most important invention of all ages, yet it was invented by the military simply so they could communicate better, and of course - perhaps the most important events in all of human history have taken place in the last half century - the landing of man on the moon and landing craft on Mars. NASA, that beacon of Hope, Truth and Discovery is of course just a small fraction of Americas military budget spending. There are many other such examples, perhaps none more so than the automobile, that vision of freedom, which simply allows you to become just another ant and get gridlocked with all the other freedom searching ants.

Art is the escape! Fauvism is great! Long live Impressionism!

I recently viewed Georges Seurats' *Port of Gravelines Channel*, 1890 for the first time in a long while and I experienced what some describe when they see a Mark Rothko in the flesh. It was a physical sensation. With its serene dreaminess and intoxicating calmness, I so very much wanted to be transported into Seurats scene of tranquillity. There is so much power and skill in Seurats positioning of the boardwalk which almost allows you to do so. It was a reaction to a work I would not have looked at for over fifteen years ago, a time when I first started really "looking" at Art. The first artists I really started researching were mainly impressionists, but also Chagall, Derain, Picasso, Matisse and Cezanne. I was drawn more to their use of colour than to the shapes in the paintings. I was not aware how revolutionary the shape shifting had been, I was to learn of this a bit later on. This attraction to the use of colour was most true with my love of Marc Chagall and his contemporaries, the Fauvists. Bold, explicit and dynamic were their use of colour and form that I think you can easily see that connection with my own work.

Beauty, especially natural beauty is imperative to ones sense of wellbeing that I think we need to be reminded of it as often as we can in this ever increasingly fast paced world, where modern man will increasingly be switched on and sedate with his hand-held device. Monet's *waterlilies* real genius is to remind us of the beauty and perfection of Nature, as it is with Seurats meditative bay of sleepy noises and fresh seaside air. Mankind needs to be reminded over and over of this simple truism, for our inner city living, one of no direction or purpose other than to accrue and gain material wealth is truly brought to dust when marvelling in Natures true and marvellous splendour.

Part Three

There is a madness I encounter everywhere I turn. The notion that we are all insane is a valid one but I think that it just so happens that some of us are simply better equipped to deal with this “reality” better than others. However and I believe this wholly, we are all mad, insane, crazy and potential lunatics at the slightest provocation. This is manifestly clear when societies break down and law and order ceases and the more biological base instincts take over. This can be seen in many African nations right now, also in the trouble spots in the Middle East but it is by no means a modern exercise. Iraq is still a shambles, as is Afghanistan. Syria, Egypt, Lebanon and Libya too - all shambles. The idea that peace can be achieved by violence is an absurd one; unfortunately it is a maxim that has been a part of the human story since time immemorial. With the advent of the Machine Age, that truism was extrapolated to its zenith. The twentieth century was the bloodiest of them all with literally hundreds of millions of humans being murdered, massacred, raped, killed, ripped apart, tortured, bloodied, dumped in nameless graves and so on and ad infinitum. Yet for some, Mankind is the clarion call, the lamp in the night piercing the darkness with its reverence and sagacity leading us into the wondrous and bountiful futuristic Utopia. One need only be a rudimentary student of history to know this is not the case, unfortunately, the opposite is true. Where God is in all of this is beyond me but to some if they pray hard enough for a parking spot at the supermarket on a busy day and they find one, that is a miracle. Expand this thought to if one survives a landslide or earthquake, it is given the same reverence, so what of the hundred thousand who died in the same earthquake? Where is their miracle? This would all be hilarious if it wasn't so goddamn serious.

Human beings are indeed delusional, wilfully ignorant, shallow, superficial and just not very intelligent overall, this I pose to you is actually the most powerful tool humans have for not giving

up, for continuing on. It is the most glaringly robust aspect of the survival instinct at work. Homo Sapiens Sapiens means *Wise man* – I hardly think so. Gustave Doré's masterful prints such as *The Hypocrites* were to illustrate Dante's *The Divine Comedy*. Man is the most hypocritical of "Gods" creatures. The West speaks of Peace but nation states are still built upon the premise of the military industrial complex, nation states still invade other nation states, humans still torture other humans, It would seem wholly true that we learn nothing from history, I however propose that we learn exactly what to do *from* history, again and again, it's not that no one learns what not to do, we do exactly as our biology tells us to do!?!?!

Part Four

Grunge was a musical movement of the late eighties and early nineties that saw it move into the aesthetic arts later, but ostensibly it was a musical movement that encapsulated the mood of young people who felt like screaming against a wall powerfully and demonstrably at, in part, the lunacy of existence. Kurt Cobain became the archetypal anti-hero picking up from the pioneers of the hardcore punk scene of the early eighties and taking that energy and connecting it with a large audience -that sense of frustration and the madness of Humanity. The feeling of abject existential angst that so drew people to Cobain can be seen in works by Damien Hirst, Max Ernst, Albert Tucker, Otto Dix, Mike Parr, Adam Cullen, Ron Mueck, Nancy and Edward Kienholz and most notably in Edvard Munch's *The Scream*, 1893. Sartre spoke of it in his novel *Nausea*; Tears for Fears sing about it in their song *Mad World* and Jack Nicholson portrayed it in the film *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. It's the shocking realization and subsequent horror of feeling like you are the only sane one in the asylum.

Evolutionary biologist Richard Dawkins has spoken that before 1859, the year that Charles Darwin published *On the Origin of Species*, he too would have been a Christian. Before this time there apparently was no evidence to the contrary - there was one God, Jesus his Son, born of Virgin Birth and subsequently died on the Cross and arose thirty two years later. The German term *Das Narrenschiff* or *Ship of Fools* is a concept that goes back centuries, and appears more recently with The Doors song of the same name. Originally *Das Narrenschiff* was a book of satire published in 1494 in Basel, Switzerland, by Sebastian Brant, a conservative German theologian. In a prologue, 112 brief satires, and an epilogue, all illustrated with woodcuts, the book is notable for including the first commissioned work by the great Renaissance artist-engraver Albrecht Dürer. Much of the work was

critical of the current state of the Church. Brant here lashes with unsparing vigour the weaknesses and vices of his time. Here he conceives Saint Grobian, whom he imagines to be the patron saint of vulgar and coarse people.

The *Ship of Fools* was inspired by a frequent motif in medieval art and Literature, and particularly in religious satire, due to a pun on the Latin word "navis", which means a boat and also the nave of a church. That was then and this is now. Are we as a species any more sagacious, any less reliant on being told what to do and what the truth is by our religious overlords who bequeath their holy teachings from their Ivory Towers? Are we any less vulgar or coarse a people? The concept of foolishness in the modern day, akin to the only way to save the village is by destroying the village is evident all over the world.

Unlike the band of Merry Pranksters in Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test*, in their overloaded bus hurtling across America, powered by LSD and visions of freedom, the overloaded bus of Mankind is heading straight towards oblivion, careening down the Road of Life blind into the Great Unknown. Having learnt nothing from history, ignoring science, playing with people's lives through petty politicking, religious hypocrisy still rampant and Nation States building ever increasing more powerful military hardware, Homo Sapiens Sapiens is the most boorish, hypocritical, inept, power hungry, drunk, ludicrously destructive sex crazed Captain aboard this godforsaken Earthly Ship of Fools. If humans were the CEO of a company, we would have been fired long ago, minus the gold watch or large severance package. We would have been shown the door and told to never come back.

Part Five

If you happen to be standing down on the leafy beauty of Sydney's Cremorne Point, you can look back over the Harbour towards the City and swear you are viewing the dream of Utopia. The afternoon Sydney Sun hits the glass and giant edifices and creates a blissful sense of Modernity and peaceful man-made tranquillity. They are structures that literally glow with promise fulfilled of Man's greatness and overall benevolence and of futuristic dreams made reality. In Aldous Huxley's *The Island*, the birds squawk out the word "Attention" relentlessly. Attention to what? Mindfulness is the central tenet to Buddhism; mindfulness means to make every moment count as if it were your last - to be in The Now. One need only to experience a half hour amongst the sparkling vision of Utopia of Sydney's CBD to realise what the human animal is truly concentrated on and what he determines to be most important. Sydney like most big cities, is a very corporate one, capitalist and consumerist, a vision that brings with it one of homogeneity, simplicity and surrender. It is in other words, all pervasive. There is very little either side of this "mainstream" in which to prosper, for by its very nature, the corporate world wants and needs you to surrender to its holistic vision of consumerism, thus being in the main of the stream. Artists have always had a subversive view of this, John Brack's *Collins Street 5 p.m.*, 1955 is one such example, as indeed is the film *The Matrix*, Neo played by Keanu Reeves finds a small group of outsiders who know the truth. Jim Morrison of The Doors would scream "Wake Up!" in concert. Alas it is a hollow cause, a pissing into the wind, but an exercise the "outsiders" will continue to pursue, for the alternative - a life of wilful ignorance - is too awful a concept to bear - From *Against the Grain* by Bad Religion -

"There's a common consensus and an uncomfortable cheer,
A reverberating chorus that anyone can hear,
It sings "leave your cares behind you, just grab tenaciously"
This lulling sense of purpose will destroy us rapidly,
Against the grain
Against the grain, that's where I'll stay, swimming upstream,
I maintain against the grain."

You see this will to “grab tenaciously” everywhere; to buy more, to want more, to want the things you wholly don’t need. The whole structure of Capitalism is built on want, to build the economy, thus the people must keep buying what they don’t need so the economy can continue to grow so we the people can continue to buy what we don’t need! Utter madness. This insane society, society of the product less than of the spectacle will “destroy us rapidly” for the earth’s resources are finite, societies all around the world are broken, yet we still want more, and this I shudder to think will never end. To step outside of this process as much as possible and thus be an “outsider”, or an artist, is a very difficult stance to take. I scream against the grain by producing large paintings. For all the issues I have with mankind and especially the superficial West, the world is indeed an amazing place, Nature is wholly and truly beautiful, animals still entrance me and I am forever attracted to Science and the Natural World. There is too much doom and gloom, too much waste, partly in response to that I seek to produce eye popping paintings, deemed unnecessary by the proletariat, economic rationalists and the ignorant middle class - but it’s the only way I can exist and, however trite this might sound, make it through the day. I connect with many artists for whom possess a similar world view as I, Australian artists such as Mike Parr, David Griggs, Ron Mueck, Albert Tucker, Adam Cullen and Dale Frank , indeed I share with Frank the impetus to look beyond the Earth, to look beyond the mortal coil or the tragedy of human existence and try and find a respite amongst the cosmos, in the stars, into the blackness of the Void but also into the human spirit, where good does dwell but that is forever being tried and tested by the forces of greed, want and power.



DRENCH, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres

Part Six

As we disappear and reappear in the vastness of the Universe and try to make sense of it all, in the end, it doesn't really matter. We are star stuff, the same as the far flung regions of the furthest galaxy, carbon based wastage and empty vesselled atoms. Complex structures to be sure, but in an infinite Universe, the chances were good that an amoeba like organism would evolve into what we consider to be intelligent life; Us. Yet we feel no connection to each other let alone realising the fact that everything is connected, plants and animals have DNA like us and indeed we are all related to each other, no matter how impossible this might seem. My work focuses on this incongruity using highly charged paints and using the human experience as a canvas to depict the real beauty of the Universe, bridging the gap between atoms, humans, animals, energies, solar systems and galaxies.

As a Homo Sapien Sapien like you, I am the last in a long line of evolutionary exploration culminating in existing within the confines of my mortal frame. We are born, not asking to be or knowing why, but we are. Some choose to offset this inconvenience by suicide, Antonin Artaud claiming this is to be the most rebellious of acts. We live, filling our lives with whatever it is that seems appropriate and then as surely as the Sun sets over the horizon, we die. Without question or motive we return to the soil and become one with the Earth again. Our distant relatives the cave man and woman no doubt were in some way aware of their own mortality as we are. Looking out over the savannahs, watching the beasts frolic and play and live and partake in exactly the same processes as we do, the cave man would have seen the great turning of the existential coil that afflicts all living creatures. Birth, Life and Death. And just like their modern equivalent, the caveman was an artist. He saw the natural world and wished to record it, much in the same fashion as I do, with a mark making device like a stick, using a substance to draw with, like dirt and then connecting these two things to a

surface. This process has barely changed for many thousands of years. Much like the caveman's motives, who wanted to record what he saw, I feel compelled to pick up a can of spray paint, see the world and make my mark. The urge for Man to make his mark is so strong that one could even say it is the basis to all creative pursuits and connects all the arts, civilisations past and present and all humans to each other living and dead. My mark making is a combination of a modern method of making marks, I predominantly use a spray can which is a twentieth century invention and that most classic of artistic implements, the paintbrush.

If we use evolution as the template again, then stylistically I am also the last in a long line of artists that can be traced back to the caveman. Hopefully one takes what has come before him, combines all those disparate and eclectic influences and produces something new. Like the very slow process of evolution - chance, randomness and mutation will inherently continue the process of newness. Apropos all living creatures, painting is subject to evolution, just as language is or fashion, or anything for that matter. With this in mind, an artist must know where he has come from and the question of where he is going is left to the eternity of the Future, and should be experienced and worried about little. Much like a musician, an artist has his influences, heroes and inspirations. They don't all need to be other artists, for example, much of my influences come from many other sources other than painting. George Orwell's *1984*, Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and Kafka's *Metamorphosis* all still resonate with me and helped me perceive the world differently to if I hadn't read these books. Indeed, music was and still is wholly imperative to my very existence. Being a teenager in the early nineties, I was perfectly placed to enjoy the movement called Grunge and I think you can clearly see its aesthetic influence in my work. Bands like Nirvana, Alice in Chains, Pearl Jam were central to my waking life and they still resonate with me now, probably always will. Listening to these bands then evolved into, (there's that word again), listening to punk bands like the Dead Kennedys, Minor Threat, Bad Brains, Bad Religion, Black Flag, bands that took political and

social critique to a new level for me, and always with a wicked riff underneath! These bands are in my heart and in my work too. Much of the shapes in my work are due to the quick, purposeful pulsating drumbeat and guitar and bass sounds inherent in punk rock. They screamed with their lungs and instruments whereas I scream with my heavy shapes and action painting. My paintings are huge, 2 by 2.4 metres - they're loud, abrasive, grungy, ugly, pretty, psychedelic, and they are meant to be almost too much for you to take. A huge slap in the face, a wake up reminding you of the beauty of existence like the bird in Aldous Huxley's *The Island*, that squawks relentlessly "Attention!" I am that bird. Squawking and whistling for all to hear. I don't think I would be the same person if I hadn't heard The Doors' *The End* when I was kid. These moments are transformative. Whether it's a song, a book, a play like Becketts *Waiting for Godot* or feeling the Void at your first rave, what's important is to not lose these moments in the dark vestiges of one's memory. For the danger is to gain a sort of anhedonia where no experience can ever be as exhilarating as those first ones were, where you literally felt something new and exciting and it was dangerous to teeter on the edge. Those days are long gone. But transgressing and trying to relive the past is not an option, it leaves you disillusioned and distorted, with a tragic sense of a time that simply can never be experienced again. With this in mind, one must never stop evolving, Johnny Rotten put it best when he said, "If you accept the forms that be, you're doomed to your own ultimate blandness."

Part Seven

What are we and what are we doing here? What is this generative force that is existential energy? I don't know exactly but it is real. It binds the Universe and everything within it. It's in the swirling emptiness of a Persian rug, it's apparent in Mike Parr's phantom arm, Satre spoke of it in *Being and Nothingness*, It's in the love of my life's eyes, big and green, stars from galaxies unknown, a brilliant cool fire, a hidden truth, whispered and golden, half muttered, never giving itself away, but there, always there, existing, heavy and real, it's in the trees song as they dispense truth a prophet could only dream of doing. It is in the fluid on my brain, made from the same molecules and atoms that made Washington or a galaxy no one knows is there, Lucio Fontana's ripped paintings revealing there's more questions *through* the canvas than on it, Pink Floyd's darkness and light flying the heights of pure ecstasy to reveal it's in the wail of an orgasmic supernova, the Human Condition, the tumult and the frustration, *A thousand Years* by Damien Hirst or the telling distress of Munch's *Scream*, the heavy Germanness of Jonathan Meese, the purposeful stupidity of Paul McCarthy, the *Fuck Armageddon, this is Hell*, Bad Religion's diatribe against American suburban wastage, it waits in Gregor Schneider's darkened rooms, turning saints into murderers, the excruciating timelessness of a Giacometti statue, the buoyant triumphalism of Mondrian or the insanely beautiful beat poem twisting and morphing in a sea of possibility. It's in the exquisite sound of the bagpipes in Edinburgh and the whale's song as it traverses through water, the ultimate life giver. It's in the spiral of a flower and the spiral of a spiral jetty. It's in a leaf and its present at a massacre. It is Existence. And it's all just one big who knows? The enormity, the passion, the misery, the madness, its Life, it's big, it's really BIG! it's pronounced, shocking and beautifully meaningless. Freddie told us "nothing really matters, nothing really matters", and it's true, but painting is the tonic, it is the way to the Void, the way to the Flow, it is Tao, the Way, it is spiritual and necessary, it is a caveman and it is modern man peering up at the stars wishing to know why. We're born, we paint, we die.

Part Eight

To paraphrase the existentialist sculptor Alberto Giacometti, I adore women and put them on a pedestal, but I find them completely incomprehensible. I find myself agreeing with this statement more often than not but I also think that whatever God is, it resides in her eyes. It is often said that the ground we walk on is Mother Earth, an allusion to the inherent femininity of the planet we inhabit. Yet like all things natural, it is feminine *and* masculine, positive and negative, and so on. There is sex in Nature in all its forms - homosexuality, transgender, harems, and pair bonding for life, Alpha males, alpha females and so on. No wonder there is such a spectrum of sexuality in human beings. Everything is completely natural. Even rape exists in the natural world with that most loved animal the dolphin being witnessed to perform the abhorrent act. Unfortunately I pertain to the view that humans are simply animals, more evolved to be sure but sharing over ninety nine per cent of our DNA with Chimpanzees and half the same DNA with worms it is of no surprise to me that humans can still be capable of the most awful and base instincts. Our violent and sexual nature can easily be seen in the behaviour of our closest relatives, the chimpanzee and Bonobo. Chimps are highly intelligent and also incredibly violent. They go on gang beatings of other chimps and sadistically torture and fatally wound chimpanzees from other tribes. Bonobos on the other hand, settle disputes by sex, hetero and homosexual sex alike. They are hardly violent at all. Sexual and violent urges are not just the domain of human mortality - it is rife throughout the animal world.

Sex, Religion and Death. From prehistoric man to the present day these three subjects have formed the basis to almost all societies. With varying degrees of sophistication, scope and sagacity, Sex – the revelling in or suppression of; Religion – from the primitive shaman’s visions to the grandness of the Roman Catholic Church; and Death, the Great Unknown or path to the next life. Sex, Religion and

Death have been prevalent from eons before the story of Adam and Eve. Native tribesmen throughout the world practised religious ceremonies and believed in the Afterlife. Sex was applauded with ritualistic orgies and drug taking. From Pharaoh Egypt, to Ancient Greece and Pluralist Rome, each of these great civilizations built vast monuments and erected pyramids to ensure their safe journey into the next life. They also built these enormous structures to appease their Gods. They also shared, at least for the powerful few, a disregard for coquettishness and were incredibly sexually liberated. In fact, In Ancient Greece, it was the norm for the young boys to be taken away to be with the older men and only see the woman for fornication. Sex, Religion and Death are rife throughout all Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's bloody Middle Ages saw religiosity, War and Death become the stuff of legend and indeed a lot of it was ultimately true. Sex was seen as animalistic and base to Victorian prudishness. Through to the hedonistic sixties of flower power and free love right down to the present day with Pussy Riot and the seemingly endless streaming of Porn. Sex, Religion and Death are inherently intertwined. That most Christ like Messiah of the blues Jim Morrison wrote "I touched her thigh and Death smiled." *La petit mort* or "the little death" refers to the sense of transcendence one can feel when experiencing an orgasm. Obviously sex is imperative to the species succeeding and proliferating into the future. This is an irrefutable maxim for all living things, including plants. Death is inescapable and Religion is simply the human impulse to try and explain the inexplicable.

Part Nine

Many male and female artists alike have used the female body as their artistic subject matter. On a simple aesthetic level, this is for the curves and bumps of the female form are supposedly more beautiful than that of the more utilitarian male form, either that or there have just been far more male artists in history. On a grander level, artists have tried through their depiction of the female form to encapsulate and convey the magic and the mysteries of the Universe. One need only look to the erotic works of Gustav Klimt or Botticelli's *The Birth of Venus*, 1486, for this statement to have any credence. The male form has been used in a beautiful fashion too let's not forget, Michelangelo's *David*, 1504, is one of the most famous examples of this, but one needs only to look to Florence or indeed Hyde Park in Sydney to see the male form sculpted in all its masculine beauty. I choose not to use the human body in my own work. I try and perceive and thus portray the world in my painting through an "Automatic" and Dadaist perspective - a sense of chance, feeling, sensory exaltation, governed by action and reaction to one's atmospheric environment. Or, as Buddhism would dictate, the whole Universe is existent at the end of my brush and I am the whole Universe. It is a surrealist perspective as well as it is illusory and wordless - new and old at the same time. The past, present and future exists right now, at this time - all the time. This is a central tenet of Buddhist teachings, as is The Flow, and my action paintings are a testament to these principles. You can't explain each mark or line with a definitive answer, other than to say, it simply happened - you can however be sure as to the holistic aims of the painting in its entirety. Much in the same way, each individual leaf on a tree can be annexed and dissected from the whole, the tree however needs each leaf to perform its function perfectly, much in the same way each line or shape, each block of colour in a painting is equally as important to the whole of the work. This sort of visionary and holistic view of painting is inherent in the works of Wassily Kandinsky, Arshile Gorky and Jackson Pollock. The same approach though extended upon, can be seen in the collages of Australian artist Martin Sharp

and in the swirling patterns of American Fred Tomaselli, in the myriad of lights of Yayoi Kusama or in the utter insanity of assume vivid astro focus.



BEAM, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres

Part Ten

The path to abstraction in painting was a long but interesting one. With many twists and turns, varied different points of view and a myriad of perspectives on how one can view and experience reality. The path to Australian cultural maturity however is a seemingly endless and infuriating process. Our national character can be viewed through a simple prism containing three major archetypes. They are - The Sports hero, The Anzac and the Anglo-Celtic "Aussie." The last one alludes to the idea of the larrikin but in reality that archetype has all but died off, with it the iconoclastic rebel personified in the native folklore of anti-heroes such as Ned Kelly and Mad Max. All are predominantly male visions of Australianness and all are simple notions of masculinity. This is an incredibly constrictive view of a Nation that has over two hundred nationalities living within it, most of the time harmoniously. Indeed on so many levels Australia can claim to be an inclusive, pro female and a country full of decent hard working people. It can also claim to be "The Lucky Country." "The Lucky Country" was coined by social critic Donald Horne as the title of his 1964 book and was also meant as a slander. (*"Australia is a lucky country, run by second-rate people who share its luck"*). "The Lucky Country" was later turned into "The Clever Country" as an even more pertinent swipe at our distorted self-analysis and has since morphed into claiming it as a reality. Australia was indeed "The Lucky Country" for at a time when wool was wanted by many parts of the world we were lucky enough to be able to provide for that, we were lucky before that with abundant resources like gold and copper and yet again it is the luck of being in this continent that again we are lucky for the latest resources boom. What this does is snuff out any real innovation or want or need to try and sophisticate and multi facet our economy and indeed ourselves. This adolescence or seeming unwillingness to fully mature filters down into all aspects of Australian society. It renders us a people, unadventurous, lacking in imagination and small minded, lacking in daring. The talent is here, but until someone is afforded the same luxuries as someone like Anselm Kiefer is in Europe

well then Australian artists will continue to play on open mic night to Damien Hirst's *Zooropa* World Tour. In other words, we need a culture more like the US and Europe where business and wealth are encouraged to employ and enhance the artistic world. We have enough wealth here to do it, what *are* lacking is the vision and the passion to do it. In the small fish art world of Sydney of which I am a member, it makes us parochial and conservative. There is an inherent lack of imagination in Australian mainstream society that affects all aspects of its artistic and innovative community. It is no lie that Australian inventors almost always have to go overseas to accrue the funds they need to see their vision realised. If you just switch the word inventors for creators, (creating is a form of inventing), then there are many Australians throughout the world for whom Australia as a collective was just unwilling to perceive and harness the creative energies of their visions. We do not need to continually bring in outsiders to run our art centres, there is a Christo already here just waiting and wanting an opportunity like the one afforded them in the sixties, Ron Mueck became a part of the Young British artist movement that saw success because of the British advertising guru Saatchi; Robert Hughes, Germaine Greer, Phillip Adams, Clive James all left Australia to find not only fame, but to just simply find a market for their ideas that did not exist here, and I would garner to you that unfortunately not much has changed. To add further insult to injury, the majority of Australians have no problem with the Queen of another country as our Head of State. I wonder if this will remain once Prince Dopey is seen on the hundred dollar bill.

Part Eleven

There is no doubt that contemporary humanists such as Richard Dawkins, Christopher Hitchens, Noam Chomsky, Phillip Adams and the lead singer of Bad Religion and Professor of Life Sciences at UCLA Greg Graffin, have influenced my worldview enormously. Most choosing to be called either “Humanist” or “Naturalist” over the more commonly used title “Atheist” - Atheism meaning just anti theism. Though I am anti theist I prefer to call myself, if indeed I need to call myself anything at all, the far more descriptive and positive word Naturalist. This worldview has influenced how I perceive the world and therefore my art practice. In subject matter I am true to the position of a naturalist where the natural world and their inherent laws are the rules that govern the structure and “mind” of the Universe, it states there is nothing existent beyond the natural universe. In other words, there are no spirits, ghosts or Gods. Indeed as philosopher Paul Kurtz argues, nature is best accounted for by reference to its materiality - not in the facile sense of Madonna’s *Material Girl*, but materiality or in its most recent form, Physicalism - by way of mass, energy and matter. Energy binds the Universe, as it binds my paintings with vibrant colour, shape and form. The Universal truths of physicalism are inherent in my work, by way of philosophy and subject matter - or how I paint and what I paint.

Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Bridget Riley, Lee Krasner, Wyndham Lewis, Wassily Kandinsky and Piet Mondrian amongst other were trying in their own ways for a *wholeness*, an action, an energy in their work, to energise a flat plane with purposeful and painterly mathematical zeal. In some cases these artists subject matter were vastly different as indeed were the ideas behind their work but in their use of mass, energy and matter in paint, they are one and the same. They were able to holistically and abstractly represent the universal principles of physicalism through their use of colour, shape and form. And this is exactly what I try to do also. These artists are the key links between my interests in geometric abstractionist painting, abstract expressionist ideals, the scientific principles of energy, action, reaction, the experience of flow and holistic processes of art

making, and the imperative importance of listening to and being inspired by the mathematics of sound - music.

The influence of the band Bad Religion on my world view cannot be overstated. It is immense! Lyrically they are by far in my opinion the most sagacious, intelligent, brave and exciting bands of the last fifty years. Indeed no other band except perhaps Propagandhi comes close to the complexity and spectrum of ideas that has been so inherent in Bad Religions oeuvre in the bands thirty year career. From their first release, *Fuck Armageddon, this is Hell*, to their latest album, *The Dissent of Man* (playing on Darwin's *The Descent of Man*); they have been at the forefront of what I like to call "Intelligent punk". Musically, they have a unique sound that is instantly recognizable to anyone who shares or has an interest in the genre. Their guitarist Brian Baker has been a guitarist with leading lights such as Minor Threat, punk luminaries Dag Nasty and has been with BR for over fifteen years. His influence on a particular certain type of punk is unfortunately hardly recognised in punk circles, let alone outside of it. His "sound" weaves its way through Bad Religions songs like a minstrel blowing on his merry fife. It can be joyous in one song, only to be replaced by a sense of dread in the next. I see this with my own work. *BANG* is an explosion of joyous colour only to be replaced by the menacing pink and red in *CRUNCH*.

There certainly is a time and place for Nietzsche and Baudelaire, Baudrillard, Rousseau etc., but what I often encounter with such philosophical "Gods" as it were is a complete and total love of word porn. What could be said in a few succinct passages can often take a whole book. Thus my respect for someone like Greg Graffin, for in spite of the complexity and vastness of subjects, he succinctly and lucidly surmises a valid treatise and delivers it in word accompanied with an awesome drumbeat, bass and guitar riff to boot. Bad Religion live is a special experience, a relationship

between audience and performer, mass movement, felicitous soundscape, ordered chaos. Perhaps only Zizek, with his flailing arms and wild metaphors comes close in performance value for a modern philosopher, but he too often could say what he does in a much shorter amount of time and space.

For example *Modern Man* by Bad Religion, words by Greg Graffin –

"I've got nothing to say
I've got nothing to do
All of my neurons are functioning smoothly
Yet still I'm a cyborg just like you

I'm one big myoma that thinks
My planet supports only me
I've got this one problem
Will I live forever? I've got just a short time to see

Modern man, evolutionary betrayer
Modern man, ecosystem destroyer
Modern man destroy yourself in shame
Modern man, pathetic example
Of Earth's organic heritage

Oh when I look back and think
When I ponder and ask, "Why?"
I see my ancestors spend with careless abandon
Assuming eternal supply

Modern man, evolutionary betrayer
Modern man, ecosystem destroyer
Modern man destroy yourself in shame
Modern man, pathetic example
Of Earth's organic heritage
Just a sample of carbon based wastage
Just a fucking tragic epic of you and I."

Indeed.



DEEP, 2010. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres

Part Twelve

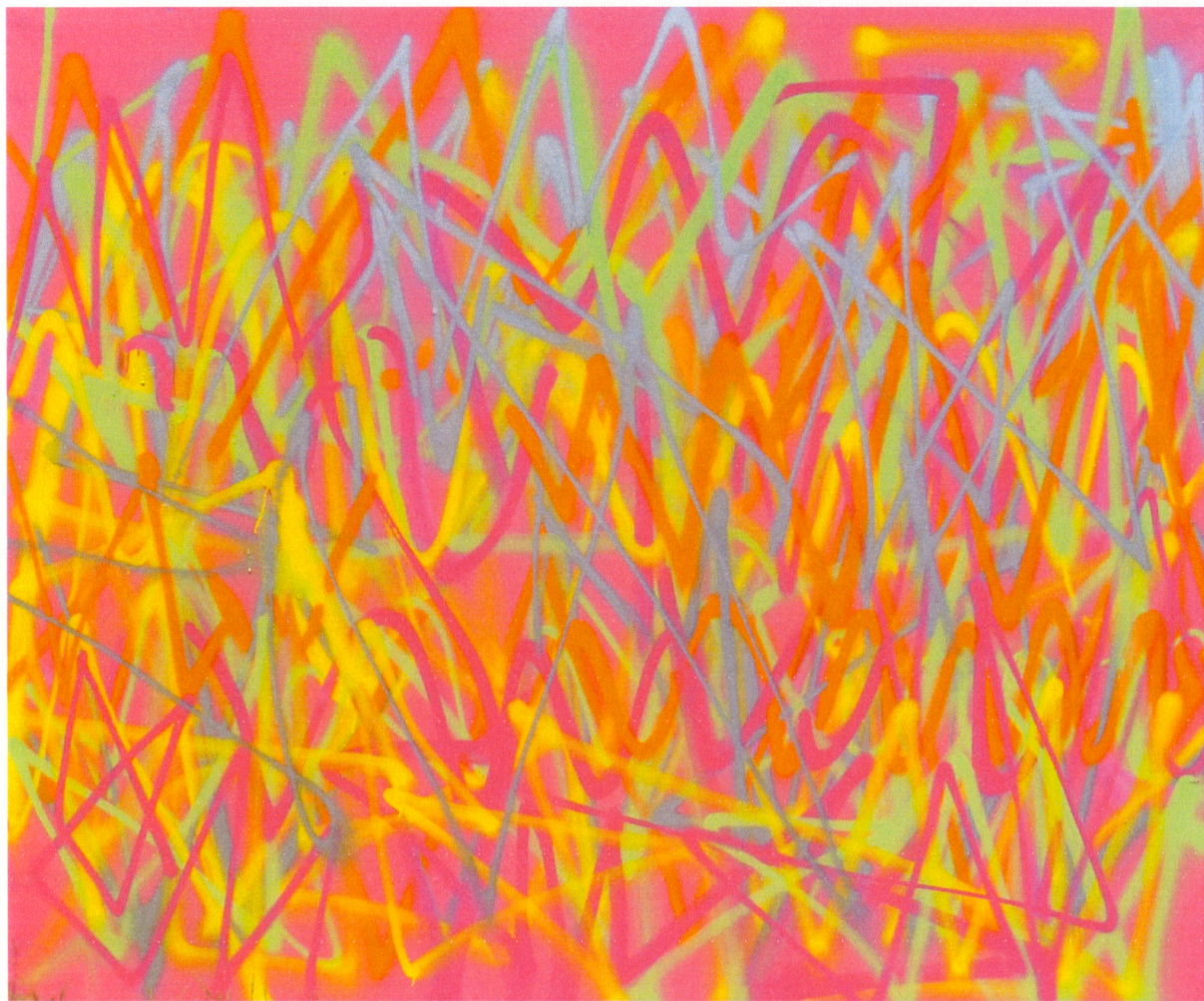
I am an Australian artist with a Universal perspective. I connect readily and easily with international artists but I know I am among the most recent in a long line of Australian artists who have tried and often succeeded in portraying and elucidating the light of this unique landscape. Australian light can have an expansive and meditative quality like the dreamy tranquil serenity of a Sydney Long painting but it can also reveal a brusque, harsh, uninhabitable surreal sense of scale like a Fred Williams or Russell Drysdale's *Western Landscape*, 1945. It is in this capturing of Australian light that connects me to these artists as well as to Brett Whiteley, John Olsen, Euan Macleod and Jeffrey Smart. There can also be powerful allusions to contemporary Australian aboriginal art in my work too. An art form I would contest as being one of the most exciting forms in the current zeitgeist. My most recent works were all painted outside in a Sydney summer. The paints I used were quality acrylics and high pigment spray paints which give my works a psychedelic and expansive quality. My *en plein air* endeavours allowed me to see colours more vividly and then try and enact those visions onto canvas. Before this series, I worked mostly indoors and used a lot of black. I have since almost totally discontinued using black at all. *BEAM* portrays the light spectrum that exists all around us at all times. *DRENCH* is me literally being drenched in light and *HEAT* pushes the idea of light to its maximum for it is a painting in reverence to that giver of Life, imperative to all life on Earth, its own star, the Sun.

The Sun, like all stars - is one giant continuously burning combustible engine. It is pure energy. Eventually it will run out of juice one day - in about a billion years - but for now, it is the very source of all Earth's vital light and heat, which are actually one and the same. The Sun has been portrayed in Art since time immemorial and unfortunately through the subjugation of earlier religious sects is

now the central tenet of Christianity. For before the Christian cult, there were hundreds if not thousands of similar sects that had the Sun as their principle focus of worship. Indeed, Christmas and Easter were and still are one could argue, Pagan festivals of the Sun. What we now know as Christmas is the Northern Hemispheres winter solstice, a time when earlier religions recognised the turning of the seasons far more intrinsically than we do. The Christmas tree has nothing to do with Jesus Christ and everything to do with pagan ritual, the very band of goat sacrificing 'heathens', the Church was trying to bring into their fold. Christ, if he ever existed, was born much earlier in the year. Easter was also a pagan festival augmented and bastardised by the Christians of the time. Easter or Eastre – where we get the word oestrogen from – falls on, not surprisingly, the northern hemispheres Spring equinox, a time of rebirth, regrowth, life reblooming after so much winter, you get my drift. The bunny rabbit holding a Dali egg, that perfect allegory for life itself is another pagan image and again alludes to the word oestrogen, that female biological imperative that is the source of all Mankind. And yes indeed, the resurrection of Christ, the Son, or if we are going to be historically accurate, (which unfortunately theists rarely are), The Sun, that imperative that is the source of, in biblical parlance, all Creation. For as I spoke of earlier, Jesus is just the last in a long line of historical and reverential depictions of the Sun, that big ball of energy. It is exactly why in many religious paintings there is a golden disc behind the heads of Mary, Christ and so on. It is not that Christians choose to pray to their deity that annoys me so much; it is that they are actually praying more like the heathens did more so than they will ever either recognise or if they did, admit it to be so. Pyramids, Stonehenge, human sacrifices, whole cities have been erected to pay tribute to this incredible life source and I am included in this tribe of Sun worshippers, as indeed are most Australians. But I prefer to revere it by way of painting it and its truly trippy effects. If we were able to see all the things sunlight was doing all around us all the time, then madness would be on the up and up, fortunately evolution has only allowed us to see a particular amount of the light spectrum, and really it's not very much of it. There are literally rainbows everywhere, and thus why I painted

BEAM. HEAT is also a representation of the Sun and a direct nod and a wink to Giacoma Ballas' *Street Light*, 1909.

Solar energy is just one form; there are many other examples of energy. Nuclear, thermal, sub atomic particles have energy. That chair or table that you are using is not static, atoms are milling around inside it, through it, constantly. It is why you literally have atoms whizzing through you that did the same to Shakespeare, Plato, the moon and any number of entities that have existed before you.



STRING, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres

Part Thirteen

Johnny Rotten in PIL sang that “Anger is an energy”, and indeed it is. If anger is in the wrong head or not channelled correctly it certainly can have destructive consequences, but anger need not be viewed as always being a negative force. Quite the opposite, for if it wasn’t for lots of people getting angry about the Vietnam War as just one example, it surely would have been even longer catastrophe and an even greater disastrous exercise in futile Imperialism than it turned out to be. Punk often has a lot of anger associated with it. If you look back at the lineage of modern music, anger has been at its source. I think you can easily persuade yourself to the opinion that if there had been no American slave trade, there would be no slave songs, no gospel, no blues, jazz, rock and roll and thus, no punk. Or any other form of popular music as we know it today. The slave trade and music as we know it are inextricably linked. The blues is moody, angry, instinctive and heartfelt music for the aggrieved. Rock and roll is the immediate descendant of the blues. Punk came out of rock and roll and so and so on. Many painters have used the ideas of musical energy for inspiration, Kandinsky and Mondrian being the obvious two. I may have a different source of musical inspiration but essentially I adhere to the same idea as trying to paint musically. And as you look at a Mondrian painting such as *Broadway Boogie Woogie*, 1943, the energy of the painting is apparent; it is quite literally a jazz tune in physical form. This is the prism in which my paintings should be viewed from. They are spankingly massive rock and punk riffages. I think there is an inherent truth to the statement that essentially we all just “do” self-portraits, no matter what the subject matter or how abstract the work, I wholeheartedly agree, I am my paintings and my paintings are me. so my paintings are very much akin the music I listen to, one album may be the trippiness of Hendrix or MC5, thus why many of my paintings are psychedelic, like *WHOA* or *DEEP* and then the next painting like *CRUNCH* or *BREAK* is a fast and furious hardcore tune which doesn’t let up, if it were a song it would be almost too hard to listen to and this is what I try to do visually. A painting like *STRING* is

more subtle, perhaps sonically more atmospheric and multi layered like Swans or Mogwai and stylistically more resembling a Chuck Close or Bridget Riley. In fact as I sit here now about to wrap up this paper, I am listening to Scottish bagpipes and watching my paintings go through my mind's eye and it all makes sense. The synchronicity of images, music and motion, of energy and love and sonic sequences, of Earth and the unseen but intrinsic laws like gravity and magnetism that allows the Universe to exist, I am heartened to think it will all be alright, you only live once right? Well I won't know until I die, maybe there's more, this existence is crazy enough now - dark matter, a pancake shaped Universe, human beings, Evolution or God or both, it's all absolutely bonkers, why not an infinite number of Universes?, a layered, interweaving, interconnected Multiverse - time travel, man on mars and the outer limits of the Cosmos, why not, it's already crazy. As I am a direct descendent of Welsh, Irish, Scottish, Cornish and Germanic forebears, I intrinsically understand the notions and beliefs of the Savage, Druid, Heathen, Pagan and Celtic connection to the Earth, Moon and Sun. My paintings are all fragments, fractals of the much grander picture. We are all One.

Conclusion

When I was a small child I, like most young children, loved to draw. Nothing remarkable, just the same universal motifs- the sun, rainbows, mummy, daddy etc. - but when I got to primary school something changed. In "Art class" we were asked to draw from a well-known image and make it as close to the original as possible. One of them I remember distinctly was Russell Drysdale's *Western Landscape*. My rendition was the best and this ability to draw the original as similarly as possible continued with other famous works of Australian Art. It is about the only time I ever have won a prize for anything, of which I did for being the best "at Art" for that particular year. However my most important accolade in primary school was that I came second to a boy the year above me in the schools handball competition, handball being the main determinant of masculinity in primary schools across Australia at that time. It was a close match and finishing second to an older boy saw me gain much kudos. My life has never again reached those dizzying heights of success. And perhaps never will. It really is unfair to have such overwhelming fame at such an early age. Oh well, "Such is life" or as Kurt Vonnegut would often write, *and so it goes*.

But seriously, Academia or being studious has never been one of my strongest suits. Which leads me to think about what talent actually is - perhaps it is what one is able to do well almost instinctively and for one whom possesses the innate ability to do something at an early age without having to practice, or that which is "God given." Of course talent for anything is meaningless if it is not nurtured and directed, which fortunately for me it has been. Hard work still accounts for almost all of any ones success in any chosen field. (Is that chosen *by* or *for* is a good question, bringing into question the idea of free will or lack thereof) I am also the ultimate flaneur which has resulted in me not only gaining lovely calves but visually experiencing a lot that Sydney has to offer. My fluoro,

expressionist, psychedelic sonic boom grungy grittiness style is the direct result of my surroundings, my upbringing and my love of walking. Much like Anselm Kiefer but owing more to Fred Williams or John Olsen, due to their understanding of Australian light, the immense and harshly weathered natural sea and landscape of Sydney is inherent in much of my work so too the sandstone and grit of the City and The Rocks is also apparent. Connecting back to my childhood I am still painting the Sun and rainbows but now with an overwhelming intensity and energy much like Martin Sharp still expresses or a 70's trip rock poster or the swirling intricacy of a gigantic spiral galaxy. It took Picasso a lifetime to see the world as a child again through his weathered old eyes, a vision that is the most innocent, true and free of cultural, institutional and economic bias. I hope I never grow up.

The End

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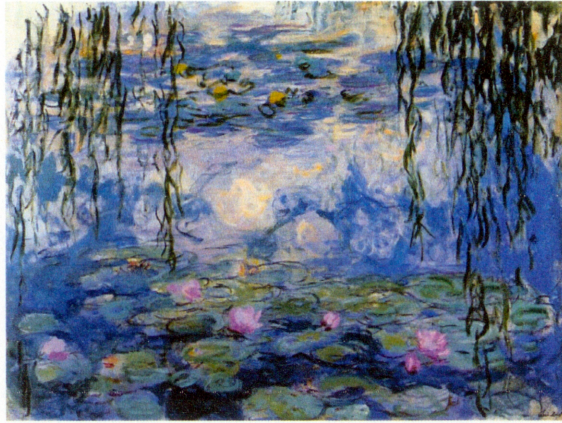
CATALOGUE OF WORK PRESENTED FOR EXAMINATION

1. *DEEP*, 2010. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres
2. *BANG*, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres
3. *CRUNCH*, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres
4. *STRING*, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres
5. *BEAM*, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres
6. *DRENCH*, 2011. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres
7. *HEAT*, 2012. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres
8. *WHOA*, 2012. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres
9. *BREAK*, 2012. Luke Strevens. Acrylic and enamel on canvas. 2 metres x 2.4 metres

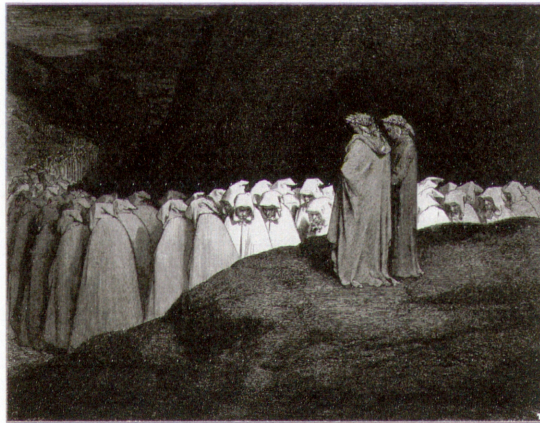
All works can be viewed at

www.enemiesofeverything.com/luke_strevens

ILLUSTRATIONS



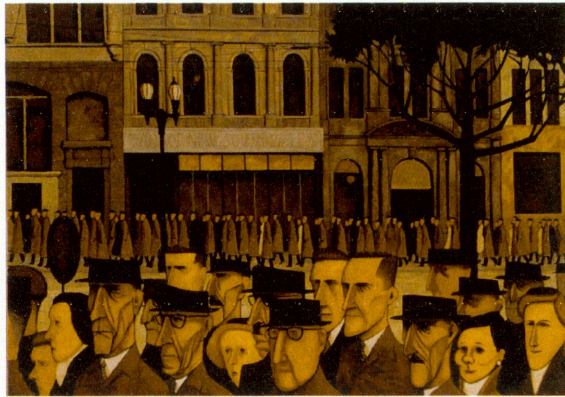
Claude Monet, *Waterlilies*, 1919



Gustave Dore, *The Hypocrites*, 1856



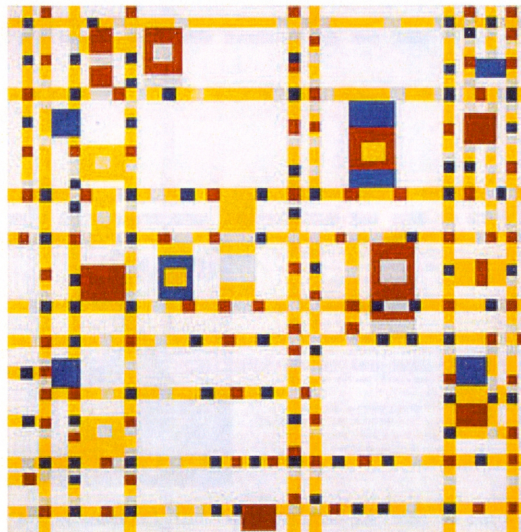
Georges Seurat, *Port of Gravelines Channel*, 1890



John Brack, *Collins Street 5 p.m.*, 1955



Russell Drysdale, *Western Landscape*, 1945



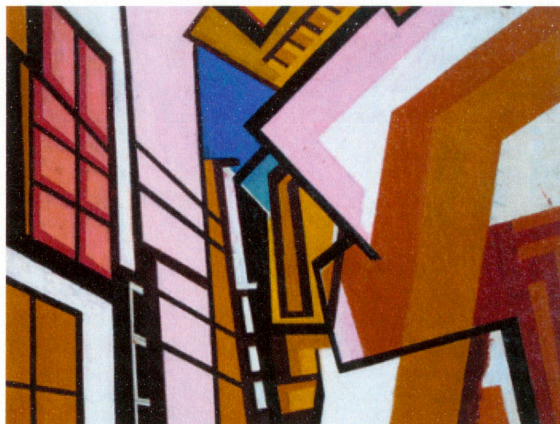
Piet Mondrian, *Broadway Boogie Woogie*, 1943



Giacoma Balla, *Street Lamp*, 1909



Martin Sharp, *Jimi Hendrix*, 1971



Wyndham Lewis, *Workshop*, 1915