

BONNY CASSIDY

Fautrier's Birds

The spa village of Zaō Onsen perches in a cleft of Zaō-san, northern Japan. An adjacent fold has slipped, skinned to raw pink earth that burns in the early morning and again in late afternoon. The way we habitually set out to describe this topography – “rise, suspense, conclusion” – is the way that Roland Barthes describes the Western interpretation of *haiku* lines.¹ The same gaze, suggests his observation, correlates an aesthetic pattern with a way of seeing place in terms of human narrative, specifically dramatic climax.

I watch hikers drifting down the slope in cable cars, and how the carriages pause, then lull – swinging quite high – before they drift into the station. Any sense of triumphant conclusion at either base or summit is ironed out by this pause, which delivers its passengers into a state of unbroken suspension. Wafting down the mountain myself, I found that – rather than scaling the peak, then being hoisted down the *other* side of it – the experience of repeating the route on return created a similar effect of flatness.

It's precisely that horizontal line which skewers Naka Tarō's extraordinary poem, “Fautrier's Birds”. The line possesses a flat continuity at the same time as the poem describes subjects in torrid movement:

Fautrier's picture of four birds

One purple

One green

The two remaining ones,

transparent,

skim through space in a magnetic storm

scud through the gouache as

amazing amethyst

troubled emerald

Sharply

evade the steely
windowframe of twilight

Unseen tracks of streaks,
of frozen clawmarks

Ether of unheard flutes

The sky done in clay

A cloud of waves

The purple of these waves

these waves

these waves

these waves

is all the blaze of nothing

The green

is a fresh bud at daybreak

Each bird

flies through transparency –

the shadow of a shape where no birds are

Climbing world

Hurled time

Each bird flies in eternity

no stasis, no arrival

A solid wind

Their whirling song

The heavy music of fear

The birds unceasingly

are flying from themselves

Their violence is green

Their wake

is dawngleam

violet

Birds, sea and wind are literally sent flying all over the page; and even the scene's changing light adds ground that shifts through the poem's duration.² And there is yet another plane, as it were – the painting by French *tachiste* (of the French school of abstract expressionism) and contemporary of Naka, Jean Fautrier, from which the poem takes its subject.

How can a Western reader explain “Fautrier's Birds”? We've become accustomed to the idea that there is no physical necessity to literature. The visual and performing arts, on the other hand, produce an object or event that is formed by a definitive and material medium. Even in speech, we are less surprised by the physical delivery of language. Things appear this way to us because verbal, visual and physical disciplines must transfer an experience of consciousness sideways, into a secondary form. Literature expresses the experience in the primary form of experience and consciousness themselves – language. The body appears to be absent from poetry.

But Naka's is a poem of muscle and motion. It ignores the distinction of language from other expressive forms, exerting a pressure that razes some kind of level ground between sensation, language and perceptual knowledge. Its appeal to Fautrier's painting contorts a Western reader's expectations of writing. For, taking non-linguistic art as the source of its subject matter, the poem as *ekphrasis* can't help but recognise the material qualities of the artwork. Even when *ekphrasis* focuses on an image within a painting, for instance, it is an act of “reviving” the fixed material form into sequence, narrative, and so on. Inevitably, the *ekphrastic* poem comes to imitate the art object itself – suddenly, language has assumed more than the expression of conscious thought – and, as deftly as a wing or a wave, the poetic line touches the body.

And sinks into it. The *ekphrasis* of “Fautrier's Birds” is a crude form of its more elemental transferral of experience into language: the line of painterly immediacy. Naka's poetic space of distance, breath and optical movement opens behind a plane onto and into which images and lines are mapped. In Japanese poetic tradition, this conversation has been taking place for one thousand years, at least since the influ-

ence of Song dynasty China. *Haiku* master Matsuo Bashō purportedly remarked that, “if the object and yourself are separate – then your poetry is not true poetry but merely your subjective counterfeit”.³ Rather than a classical aesthetic façade of verisimilitude, Bashō suggests the continuity between world and language is like bone beneath flesh, or a warm current. It has weathered Japanese poetry into truncated forms of word, line and space. Kyoto poet Keiji Minato tells me how the syllabic concentration of *tanka* and *haiku*, and the use of the kanji ideogram mark internal rhyme, assonance, repetition and emphasis, rather than metre and end rhyme. When Japanese poetry of any form is read aloud without written accompaniment, says Keiji, pause must emulate the visual composition of the poem. As the poet reads, she shapes sound into gesture; as her audience hears the poem, they see it occurring on the field of the page.

When I look at the work of Australian poet Charles Buckmaster, I find that it’s cued to this experience. Naka’s rounded and sinuous line reaches into the links of Buckmaster’s poem, “winter sun in the morning”:

winter sun in the morning—
and i feel less alone.

fresh floating air and cigarette
smoke —
drifts about.

wind on the water on the rainbarrel.

a breeze begins:
wet washing on the line
flaps heavy.
tossed about.

clouds fly.
the wind is making them move.
pine trees:
needles wet

and gleaming.
 so far from the clouds —
 thin and fast above them.

cherry trees:
 gaunt and black without their leaves.
 stunted.
 knarled.
 and wet and dripping.

the sun's covered.

dark clouds drifting
 over.⁴

So much depends upon Buckmaster's lower case, which dissolves the frame of the poem; on the sharp, snagging effect of his (intentional or not) misspelling of "gnarled"; and on the poem's only, carefully chosen indent, with its metonymic measurement of unfathomable distance. And so much of "winter sun in the morning" uses the materials of Naka's lapping sets of waves. The long, single line of "wind on the water on the rainbarrel" carries its opening word right through to the full stop. We see the elements laid "on" one another as we hear the repetition; just as we see how assonance regards wind and water as a single element — a relationship that Buckmaster reiterates in the phrase "wet washing".

This is, to an extent, a concrete poem; but that doesn't convey the full affect of the poem's underlying dynamic: wind. It permeates the poem's images in protean forms — from the washing, into the "thin and fast" clouds, the leafless trees, and the sun that is covered within two overlapping moments. The wind is an under-painting, or a wash from which a few shifts of tone have been drawn. Its presence is peripheral, yet constant. Rise, suspense and conclusion are replaced by an element in perpetual motion; narrative, by perceptual knowledge; and thus, *alla prima*, the human comes into line with the more-than-human.

In his "Phenomenology of the Act of Painting", Georges Mathieu lays down three "acts" that might be read as tenets of abstract

expressionism, but which also resemble the process of what I call the painterly, an aesthetic dynamic that transverses art forms and movements:

1. First and foremost, speed in execution.
2. Absence of premeditation, either in form or movement.
3. The necessity for a subliminal state of concentration.

As a process, immediacy is the open transferral from an artist's consciousness to their medium. For a painter, for instance, this means that their materials become a language, that is, the form in which they sense and perceive. When my mother, a painter, passes a field of luminous canola, she will comment on the particular play of cloud shadow on the field's surface. She is not seeing soil type, topography or even colour, but qualities of light. By sensing light, she is turning it solid. For Buckmaster, language, too, becomes a mode of sensation as well as perception. His words wrap around the initial instant of body consciousness, as well as the moment of response. Whilst immediacy has long been an object of aesthetic praise, criticism and popular consumption of art in the West often continues to question speed of execution – no more so than in poetry. That contemporaries like Buckmaster, Jennifer Rankin and Michael Dransfield composed their initial poems quickly and without producing more than one or two subsequent drafts might be considered “untrained”, in the words of poet and editor John Tranter.⁵ Yet Buckmaster's poem clearly invokes a “subliminal” state of awareness which, writes Mathieu, is “a concentration of psychic energies at the same time as a state of utter vacuity”, akin to Zen *karayo* calligraphy in that it “improvises... on given symbols, but goes in full freedom and the full play of individual inspiration”.⁶

Cy Twombly's fast execution of works like the “Poems to the Sea” (1959) and “Green Paintings” (1998) series in no way compromises the depth of their ground.* The choice of white, and its repeated predo-

* [Editor's note] While *Southerly* has been able to acquire rights to reproduce the Fairweather and Rankin images referred to later in this essay, this has not proved possible for the Twombly. Images from the “Poems to the Sea” and “Green Paintings” series can be viewed on the World Wide Web.

minance in the fields beneath his gestural layers, does not have the effect of a *tabula rasa* that recedes beneath some more important linear utterance. On the contrary, it is part of the works' complexity and a space of deep impurity. Tinted with pink or green or yellow, and mixed with colours that are applied over the top of it, Twombly's unmarked space is involved with the speed, motion and energy of his lines and strokes. His "awkward" hand, often described as "stuttering" and "grasping", is a metonymic form of his presence; a positive trace that rolls the viewer into the painter's gestures. His interaction with Charles Olson at Black Mountain underlines the sense of purposive communication in Twombly's marks; Olson's Projective "breath", a line of energy sent from the poet over to the reader, opens a poetic space behind the plane of the page. From within Twombly's reflective surfaces, writes Claire Daigle, "writing comes in waves".⁷

Inevitably, the poetic line that draws with calligraphic subliminality is also one that draws the calligraphic line itself. The aesthetic interests of painter David Rankin shaped his wife Jennifer Rankin's treatment of poetic space, and became hers. In his own early poetry and later in his painting, David was preoccupied with Taoism, Zen philosophy, and the T'ang dynasty poetry of Li Po and Tu Fu. As Jennifer developed her poetry, he says, they shared "Taoist thoughts about the animistic power of the landscape and the intense spiritual power of special places". The Taoist "vocabulary" of Chinese landscape painting, particularly "bird's eye perspective" and the concept of "dragon veins", was apt and guided her construction of poems.⁸ From there David introduced her to knowledge of complementary Zen practices such as the *koan* riddle form.

A later fire in David's New York studio meant that few works of that period from the late sixties through the seventies have survived. Those that have, however, reveal his and Jennifer's mutual desire for "such a comfort and familiarity with our landscape that it was as simple as our skin. The ideal was that we were at home in all senses".⁹ "Willow Eyebrows II" (1973-74), for instance, uses broader possibilities of tone than his later work. What at first appears to be a density of colour is in fact a sputtered field of several brown tones, which contain a spectrum of other colours like purple and green.

The complexity of this field and its matte, chalky texture are accumulated through layers of transparency. A forest of long, white ellipses amplifies its optical play, however the reiteration of lines controls their jostling movement. A similar sense of evenness permeates “Untitled” (1970), which, although it predates the development of Indigenous work on canvas, shares the meditative quality of dot and *rarrk* patterning. Multiple and deferred, the work’s strings of undulating but regulated dark spots have no centre. They flare within haloes of blue, and follow horizontal salt lines across a field of Sidney Nolan’s “universal red”.¹⁰

It’s in “River Flats” (1967) and “Rocks and Gully” (1975), however, that the painterly quality of David’s work enjoys a moment of deep correlation with Jennifer’s poetics. The line that defines this moment comes running out of Ian Fairweather’s painting, with its own attention to Indigenous and East Asian compositional traditions. David’s superimposition of a large, repeated graphic motif, and his ochre-toned palette of brown, grey, white and black bring this double influence to the surface. Almost monochromatic, these works are reduced to a stark play between depth and flatness in which a penumbra of grey is countered by bold foreground line. Like the Taoist “dragon vein” that imagines earth line as psychic line, and vice versa, David’s gestures in these works are less to do with Fred Williams’ grammatical marks than with records of the artist’s movement across the canvas – gestures that, in later work, thicken into an obsession with texture. Jennifer’s fixation on “the line” and its seemingly infinite possibilities within poetry loops over the page with the same dynamic. It forms her private research of Fairweather – about the time of “Rocks and Gully” – into an exploration of the magnetic forces between pattern and spontaneity:

On the track to the beach
there is the skeleton of a fish.
Picked clean it whitens daily.

Yet still the nights numb into morning.



© David Rankin (Australia, b. 1946) *Willow eyebrows II*, 1973–1974. Synthetic polymer paint on canvas. Gift of Patrick White 1974. Collection: Art Gallery of New South Wales. Photograph: Chillin Gieng.



Ian Fairweather, Scotland/Australia 1891–1974. *Kite flying* 1958. Synthetic polymer paint and gouache on cardboard laid down on composition board 129.4 x 194cm. Purchased 1985 with the assistance of funds raised through a special Queensland Art Gallery Foundation appeal and with a contribution from the Queensland Art Gallery Society.
Collection: Queensland Art Gallery. © Ian Fairweather, 1958/DACS. Licensed by Viscopy, Sydney 2009.





“Kangaroo Paws” from the series “Meat Hole” by Teja

And then a line blows off the sea.
 Black birds. Shadowing in.
 A soft slow winging is working the air above my head.

On this hot north beach I watch the line break up,
 re-form, dip, and then it's into the cliff.¹¹

In “White earth poem”, the expansive lacunae between prosodic lines emulate the transparent, watery ground of Fairweather’s painting, “Kite flying” (1958). This possible blankness also surrounds the linear events in John Olsen’s paintings, and in the etchings with which he illustrated Jennifer Rankin’s *Earth Hold*. The lettered lines of her poem, too, share the rhythm of Fairweather’s closed borders and measured delineation of the canvas. They blow into the poem as easily as they dissolve out of its range. The poem, then, is impermanent and inconclusive; it catches at this line of place but, as with Buckmaster’s breeze, cannot hold it.

“White earth poem” reaches for more than itself, toward something like the glaring light of Olsen’s polished plates, something beyond the scarce ink that stands in relief against the blinding ground of the page. Here, immediacy as process meets immediacy as affect. The poet’s private experience is carried over to the page through the trace of physical gesture; but it must also collude with the immediacy of impact upon the reader — where language touches rather than represents the sensation of wind.

The speed of Jean Fautrier’s “Le Bleu du Noir” (1959) is not in its execution as a whole. The work contains a revolution; it has to be established before being decomposed. Over board washed with white, a central trowelling of oil and medium has dried before being powdered with blue and black pigment. Finally, it is slashed with both a brush (blue and yellow) and a blade. It does not, however, resolve itself or anything else. The rise out of its centre is deflated by the painter’s scores and, rather than coming to a peak or even a plateau, the heavy dusting of dry colour creates an effect of depth that recedes below the white rim.

The motion of Fautrier's gestures generates a cyclone that behaves centrifugally, cutting diagonally – resisting either horizontal or vertical orientation – and crossing out into the white ground. Streaks of colour exit as well as enter the eye: instead of being a void it is a dynamic driven by calligraphic vacuity, or the “blandness”, as François Jullien has put it, of Song dynasty composition in which the artist travels evenly across the work.¹² This quality is manifest in the poetic line that not only marks subliminal sensation, but which also speaks *away* from one body, *across* place and time. That line, as Barthes writes, “gives the West certain rights which its own literature denies it”. Once a reader breaks away from the impulse to invest the poem with the narrative tenses of rise, suspense and conclusion, they resist a commentary role for language. In doing so, they resist a deductive role for themselves, “for the work of reading” that is invited by *haiku* and the painterly “is to suspend language, not to provoke it”.¹³

Passing out of language, suggests Barthes, such a “literally ‘un-tenable’ moment” collapses awareness and description into one another, that is, it links sensation and perception into the same instant:

...the thing as event and not as substance, attaining to that anterior shore of language, contiguous to the (altogether retrospective) reconstituted matteness of the adventure (what happens to language, rather than to the subject).¹⁴

Barthes does not come around to the view that, upon this formalist surface, the event is substance and language happens to the subject. He ignores the idea of paint as paint, colour as solid, and that this focus on substance does not have to divide a work's medium from its subject, but can actually approach paint, board, paper, ink, eyes, hands, birds and dreams as having the same material currency as one another. In his own analogy, this painterly poetics isn't mimetic but, truly like a mirror, it neither holds nor repels. It achieves “exemption from meaning within a perfectly readerly discourse”.¹⁵ Translated as “So”, the title of his essay refers not only to the English expression of apprehension-without-conclusion, equivalent to the French *alors*, but also to the Japanese *sō*, which is to concur without elaborating on a

mutual understanding. “So” is perpetual suspension: the moment before the denouement that never comes.

Thus, the reader of the painterly line makes a simple act of concurrence or collusion that signifies only an agreement of signs. This is language as a line passed between two points, “spoken twice, in echo”.¹⁶ Like the *Zen koan*, the painterly poem requires its reader to laterally observe language, whereby observation is devoid of any sense of dualism. For a poet, it spells a kind of self-effacement that can be likened to the traditional distinction of painting from drawing:

writing “*alla prima*”, in which sketch and regret, calculation and correction are equally impossible, because the line, the tracing... does not express but simply *causes to exist*.

By vacating her own voice, the poet finds that:

the wake of the sign which seems to have been traced is erased: nothing has been acquired, the word’s stone has been cast for nothing: neither waves nor flow of meaning.¹⁷

Beneath the surface of the page, though, an environment is carved out by the trajectory of the falling stone. The legacy of the Song dynasty landscapes, writes Jullien, was a brush passed over “the monotonous, monochromatic landscape that encompasses all landscapes – where all landscapes blend together and assimilate each other”.¹⁸ Rankin’s “White earth poem” drifts in just this way, from the stark beach into the rock of a cliff – which speaks of land’s expanse instead of littoral coast – whilst “nights numb into morning” with a certain Taoist anaesthetic to temporal changes. The line of this poem respects positionality as little as topography. From where it first suggests a narrative line, “On the track to the beach”, the poem cuts ahead, through temporal orientation (daily-nights-morning) to a serial beat (“and then”, “and then”); from an individual, grounded and human perspective, to the height of “Black birds”; and from a cranial centre (“above my head”), to a telluric pivot within the cliff. As the line of earth and the last line of the poem itself shoot away they embody, in

Jullien's words, the "leftover sound" of blandness, which fades into silence.¹⁹

If Song and T'ang painting became unconcerned with technical exhibition, so the "untrained" immediacy of the painterly poetic is so far within the possibilities of language that the substance and event of the poem flow into one another. Frank O'Hara praised Jackson Pollock for this ability to treat paint dispassionately, even detachedly. To renounce knowledge of a medium is to enliven – or preserve – it as substance. The monochromatic medium of the printed page deals in tones and penumbra. The space around its marks is akin to the transparency of diluted ink. There, the unwritten and unspoken emerge from deep in the poetic space, like the calligraphic text that hovers over Chinese landscape images. This is a space of echo; there is potential where, in Jullien's words, nothing "strives to incite or seduce".²⁰ The line animates the reader, and they follow its current to the shores they know.

As I circle Lake Sakazuki at Zaō-Onsen, light rain drops over the alpine ground cover, and its pointed leaves begin to wink alternately, dipping here and there, off into the forest. This lake, like Lake Okama in the crater of Zaō-san, is tinted teal blue. Rather than reflecting images, it solidifies them. Trees lean down close to the water, like a breath on skin, and something falls in with a glonk, sending out a radar of concentric circles. A dead trunk points at the lake's bed; and the liquid sifts it all, in this long, glacial draw. Barthes' "anterior shore" is coloured by sulphur and lined with florid, bubbled rocks that can't grip but slip down into gravel. It's collared by shafts of black hail, and by stripes that seem to be shooting upward as well as sliding in. It's redrawn by a sharp cut that is forever on the edge of waning and cementing. All it says, with its blue ellipsis, is *so*.

When Bashō writes that, "A cicada's voice alone / Penetrates the rocks", the poem enacts what it recognises. Neither an impression nor an expression, it is a point of contact that sings something more than itself: the element that grinds at the cliffs of an island and settles in the peak of a mountain. With its trough and groove, the poem's voiceless line can run through matter to the flinch of the audience.

Wood or stone contain the very elements that might weather them: so a reader's eye and ear provide for their imaginings of touch and movement. Poetic space condenses then expands the temporal presence associated with the art object. And because it is able to reach across time, its potential for touching countless locations matches the motion within carved solidity. In his famous living Land artwork, "Spiral Jetty" (1970), Robert Smithson spanned perspectives that aren't always available to forward-facing human optics. (Indeed, Smithson's use of flight to explore his work's more-than-human dimensions proved to be fatal.) As well as close-range observations made in James Benning's 2007 film "Casting A Glance", the work requires aerial, flattened views or what Smithson called the "'curved' reality of sense perception":

A withering light swallowed the rocky particles of the spiral, as the helicopter gained altitude. All existence seemed tentative and stagnant. The sound of the helicopter motor became a primal scream echoing into tenuous aerial views.²¹

A poem's line extends the shimmering complexity of carved dimensions, against the "curved" resistance of earth. Think of Naka's flight alongside Fautrier's birds; or of Buckmaster's "sunday night poem" — an echo to his own "winter sun in the morning" — which follows the stepped sinking of wind from on high, "rippling the moonlight on the water on the rain / barrel. / frost coming down on the lawn".²² Think of Jennifer Rankin's weathered beach, and the way that its black birds can suddenly drag the line upward into the ether. For her, too, grounding must, in a Taoist sense, be experienced by suspension:

going into the blueness, in a tiny helicopter with the other people and not being able to see where the sea merged into the sky, and this complete sense of being one speck and just going off into an eternity and then dropping down on this tiny island and into a whole life cycle of the earth²³

In both poem and carving, perspectives are not only experienced but also projected by bodily memory: we imagine ourselves into locations we have forgotten to inhabit, positions that we don't recall having visited. But as well as imagining places and placement, carved material draws on form-memory that turns the glimpsed potential of a shape outward, into a possibility. The rounded stone invites a head or belly; the aerated stretch of wax becomes skin or sand. How many times have we picked up a knot of driftwood, only to find that it has already carved itself into a flying fish or a running man?

When speaking of the immediacy of this memory, need we differentiate between linguistic and physical acts? Writing in 1968 on "The Dying Language", Smithson argues that the "fissures" defining all material forms inevitably follow into human articulations. "Words and rocks contain a language that follows a syntax of splits and ruptures", he writes. The poem, therefore, asks its audience to prepare for the same bodily imagination as the contortions of a trough in the earth:

Look at any word long enough and you will see it open up into a series of faults, into a terrain of particles each containing its own void. This discomfoting language of fragmentation offers no easy Gestalt solution; the certainties of didactic discourse are hurled into the erosion of the poetic principle. Poetry being forever lost must submit to its own vacuity; it is somehow a product of exhaustion rather than creation. Poetry is always a dying language but never a dead language.²⁴

East from Zaō Onsen, in the bay of Matsushima, Bashō must have recognised a face like a poem. At the highest point of O-jima, whose name signifies nothing but a respectful "island", one of many weathered Buddha stands toward the bay with staff, robe and uncarved face. The blank ovoid has been unmarked by centuries; its deeply vacant presence grows, instead, under the hand or the gaze. Wrapped by wind and salt and moss, it makes an eternal repetition of the stone. Its line opens another cave.

NOTES

- 1 Roland Barthes, *Empire of Signs*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1982), 71.
- 2 Tarō Naka, “Fautrier’s Birds”, *Post-War Japanese Poetry*, ed. and trans. Harry Guest, Lyn Guest and Kajima Shōzō (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972), 88–89.
- 3 Bashō, Matsuo. *The Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches*, trans. Nobuyuki Yuasa (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1966), 33.
- 4 Charles Buckmaster, *Collected Poems*, ed. Simon Macdonald (St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1989), 16.
- 5 John Tranter, personal interview with Bonny Cassidy, 26 February 2007. Permission to quote from this material kindly granted by John Tranter.
- 6 Georges Mathieu, *From the Abstract to the Possible* (Paris: Editions du Cercle d’Art Contemporain, 1960), 20.
- 7 Claire Daigle, “Lingering At The Threshold Between Word and Image”, *Tate Etc.* 13 (2008): 62–69 (65).
- 8 As David Rankin explains, dragon veins are the calligraphic lines by which a Chinese painter would follow the fundamental form of a dragon dormant “under the landscape”. Quoted in Jennifer Rankin, *Collected Poems*, ed. Judith Rodriguez (St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1990), xvii.
- 9 David Rankin, written interview with Bonny Cassidy, 14 April 2008. Permission to quote from this material kindly granted by David Rankin.
- 10 Sidney Nolan, letter dated 28/06/49, Sidney Nolan: A Retrospective, Art Gallery of New South Wales, November 2007.
- 11 Jennifer J. Rankin and John Olsen, *Earth Hold* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1978), 56.
- 12 François Jullien, *In Praise of Blandness*, trans. Paula M. Varsano (New York: Zone Books, 2004).
- 13 Barthes, 70–72.
- 14 Ibid., 77–79.
- 15 Ibid., 82.
- 16 Ibid., 76.
- 17 Ibid., 80–84.
- 18 Jullien, 37.
- 19 Ibid., 70.
- 20 Ibid., 37.
- 21 Robert Smithson, “The Spiral Jetty”, *Land and Environmental Art*, eds. Jeffrey Kastner and Brian Wallis (London: Phaidon, 2005), 215–218 (216)
- 22 Buckmaster, 23.

- 23 Jennifer Rankin, interviewed by Hazel DeBerg, 2 March 1978, Oral Collection, National Library of Australia, Canberra. Permission to quote from this material kindly granted by David Rankin.
- 24 Robert Smithson, "A Sedimentation of the Mind: Earth Projects", *Land and Environmental Art*, 213.

IMAGES AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

David Rankin, "Willow Eyebrows II", 1973–74, Art Gallery of New South Wales, www.agnsw.com

Ian Fairweather, "Kite flying", 1958, Queensland Art Gallery, www.qag.qld.gov.au

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