



Hill 60 Gallipoli 2014



Four trees Walcha 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 65 x 70cm



Sand dunes south coast 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 30 x 30cm

King Street Gallery on William

10am – 6pm Tuesday – Saturday
177 William St Darlinghurst NSW 2010 Australia
T: 61 2 9360 9727 art@kingstreetgallery.com
www.kingstreetgallery.com.au
Directors: Robert Linnegar and Randi Linnegar

member of
acga australian commercial
galleries association

Member of the Australian Commercial Galleries Association
Registered Valuer with the Australian Government Taxations Incentives for the Arts Scheme

Published by King Street Studios P/L 2015
ISBN: 978-0-9875540-8-6

Essay: Tim Winton
Design: Sam Woods
Photography: Paul Wright Photography

Full CV on Idris Murphy
available on: kingstreetgallery.com.au
www.idrismurphy.com

Idris Murphy Tide-Lands

[Lands alternately exposed and covered by
the ordinary ebb and flow of the tide]

'Objects no longer confront us...
Rather relationships surround us'

John Berger



Flying into The Kimberley 2013 Acrylic on board 120 x 130cm



Evening dam reflections 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 46 x 46cm



The park Port Hacking 2014 Acrylic and collage on board 46 x 46cm

The paintings and drawings that I completed covered an extensive and diverse range of landscapes, images of the arid lands of north western New South Wales, the ancient Kimberley coast of Western Australia, to the Gallipoli peninsular and the wilderness 'wild-dear-ness' of Scotland.

'Edgelands' the title of a joint exhibition in Edinburgh with Scottish artist Paul Martin at the Warburton Gallery in 2014 was part of an ongoing dialogue 'of ' land and of our perceptions.

Idris Murphy 2015

A Walk at Low Tide Tim Winton 2014

Just before dawn I take the narrow track from the house to the beach and walk the shoreline once more to see the familiar stretch and all its daily surprises. Past the high band of coarse sand at the foot of the dune and the littoral field of gooseflesh the pebbles become on the long decline, the tidal flats are almost bare, ribbed and fluted with the sea's nightlong retreat.

On the face of it there's nothing to see here. Unless a whale suddenly rises like a suppressed thought out there in the channel, it's an empty beach, unremarkable, event-free. And yet it holds me captive, has me returning morning and evening, high tide and low, because it is never the same place and it holds its secret life close. Every day here are ephemeral stipples and scratches in the sand, divots where euros have stood and tiny tractor-treads where gilberts dragons have come down to cool off. There are tumbled heads of coral, mangrove trunks, an osprey feather, a scorpion in an oyster shell. With every step there is another pattern, a fresh texture, a new curving flourish, and when the sun butts up from the sea the palate changes moment-by-moment, roiling, restless as a spillage. Behind me the spinifex turns gold like baking bread and the stony ranges beyond are

washed purple and pink until darkness only abides in the realm of pathless canyons.

Every day I come and most days I learn something new, but only occasionally do I really see because while I'm always looking I'm not necessarily paying serious attention. Half the time in the manner of my kind and my era, I'm looking at shells and stones and stranded jellyfish as though they are objects, rather than subjects. A subject has a life. In its wake and even in its form it trails a back-story, a journey that can be as brief as that of the cuttlefish that leaves only the foamy hull of its backbone to memory and whose death can be read in the neat curve of toothmarks left by the dolphin that claimed it. The bones of the turtle scattered along the house-track suggest a longer story, probably longer than my own, a life of oceanic questing and feats of navigation still beyond human ken. And the pink and yellow boulders pressed up against the coral reef; they are only new in the narrowest sense. The flash floods of autumn ripped them from the canyons a mile away and rolled them to the sea, but they were ancient and storied long before this, ground smooth and marbled before the world even saw a human.

When you pay attention you see the presence of the past, you witness the ongoing struggle and the yearning of all things seen and unseen. For the moment, the bleached head of coral that lies facedown in the rockpool is shelter to the tiny and deadly blue-ringed octopus, but before this it was host to half a million lives: each hole in its aerated cauliflower surface was wrought by an organism straining to thrive, build, reproduce, a miniscule part of what it takes to keep the deeps alive and therefore all life on Earth.

That, I realize, is what lies beneath the surface of every sleepy step I take before breakfast: the resonance of a trillion lives, finished or only just begun, that ach to be fed, seek the light and tilt toward increase in a creation that has been burning and lapping and gnawing and withering and rotting and flowering since there was nothing in the cosmos but shivering potential. To tread here and never pay tribute, to look and just see objects, is to be spiritually impoverished. Things are not what they look like, not even the people and creatures and forms most familiar to us. Looking deeply, humbly, reverently exposes the viewer to what lingers beneath hue and form and texture – the faint tracks of story that suggest relationships,

alliances, consequences, yearning. If you can ever know something you'll understand it by what it has given, what it owes, what it needs. It has never existed in isolation, and ghosting forever behind its mere appearance is its holy purpose, its billion meetings with the life urge in which it has swum or tumbled or flowered however long or however briefly. When you look long enough, the subject of your gaze seems, eventually, to respond. Or perhaps it's you, the viewer, who is changed; something has stuck, something's going on.

This is what I think of when presented with new work by Paul Martin and Idris Murphy. Here are two painters who've learnt to look at natural forms so keenly and humbly that theirs has become, each in their own way, and in separate hemispheres, a listening gaze. Their reverent attention seems to have left them open to the steady returning stare of a creation that groans in travail even as it feeds us. The world we see in their recent work has been transformed and illuminated through their loving attention and in turn, over the decades, as artists, they have clearly been changed.



View to the monument 2014 Acrylic on board 35 x 40cm



Ghost tress Suvla 2014 Acrylic on board 35 x 40cm



Black tea tree 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 35 x 41cm



Hill 60 Gallipoli 2014 Acrylic on board 35 x 40cm



Three times of night dam 2013 Acrylic on board 120 x 130cm



Late Light South Coast Australia 2013 Acrylic on board 30 x 30cm



Black waters Kimberleys 2013 Acrylic on board 30 x 30cm



Bendalong Beach 2015 Oil and collage on board 30 x 30cm



Evening light view from the beach 2014 Acrylic on board 30 x 30cm



Evening with fast cloud 2013 Acrylic on board 130 x 120cm



Influences The Kimberley 2014 Acrylic and collage on aluminium 150 x 150cm



Half moon at The Nek Gallipoli 2014 Acrylic on aluminium 153 x 153cm



Views walking Killcare 2013 Acrylic on board 45 x 45cm



Low tide Booderee National Park 2015 Acrylic and collage on aluminium 153 x 153cm



On the road Wilcannia 2014



The kit Wilcannia 2014



The distance 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 130 x 140cm



Memorial Anzac Cove 2014 Acrylic and collage on board 100 x 100cm



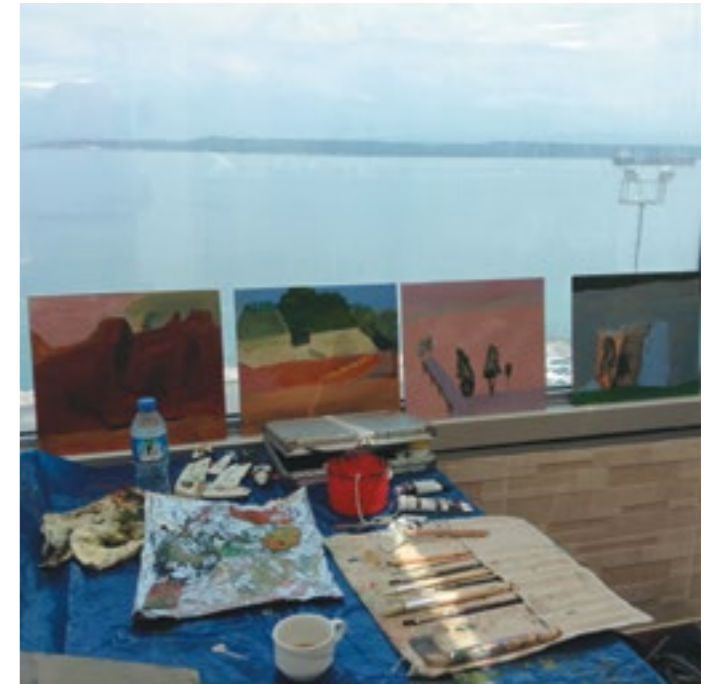
Clothes shopping Istanbul 2013



Filming at Gallipoli 2014



Gallipoli 2013



Make-shift studio Escabat Gallipoli 2014



Blue clouds 2014 Acrylic on board 35 x 40cm



Searching for Samothrace 2014 Acrylic on board 35 x 40cm



Land clouds 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 35 x 41cm



Shadows at the Nek 2014 Acrylic on board 36 x 35cm



Still evening light The Nek 2014 Acrylic on aluminium 153 x 153cm



Idris with Elisabeth Cummings New Zealand 2014



Waiheke boat trip New Zealand 2014



Fishing New Zealand 2014





Tree in red 2014 Acrylic on board 30 x 30cm



Half moon at The Nek 2014 Acrylic on aluminium 153 x 153cm



Green waters Willcannia 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 65 x 70cm



A walk at low tide Man O' War 2015
Acrylic and collage on board 35 x 41cm



Green trees out to sea 2015
Acrylic and collage on board 35 x 41cm



Just evening Fowlers Gap 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 46 x 46cm



Kimberley ridge light 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 46 x 46cm



The dam outback 2013 Acrylic on board 122 x 130cm



Black clouds and native pines 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 46 x 46cm



Kapook tree and cliff Kimberley 2014 Acrylic on board 46 x 46cm



Man O' War New Zealand 2015 Acrylic and collage on board 65 x 70cm



Flood tide reflections Jervis Bay 2015 Acrylic on board 130 x 140cm



Gallipoli 2014



King Street Gallery on William

10am – 6pm Tuesday – Saturday
177 William St Darlinghurst NSW 2010 Australia
T: 61 2 9360 9727 art@kingstreetgallery.com
www.kingstreetgallery.com.au
Directors: Robert Linnegar and Randi Linnegar



member of
acga australian commercial galleries association

Member of the Australian Commercial Galleries Association
Registered Valuer with the Australian Government Taxations Incentives for the Arts Scheme

Published by King Street Studios P/L 2015
ISBN: 978-0-9875540-8-6