

Idris Murphy

Drawing Breath
Works on Paper



21 June - 16 July 2016

King Street Gallery
on William

Works on paper by Idris Murphy and a suite of nine Heliographs published by Makar Press.



Above: Idris Murphy en plein air

Front cover image: 2014 *Gallipoli series 1* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,250

King Street Gallery

on William

10am – 6pm Tuesday – Saturday

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Gallipoli Series

In 2013 & 2014 Idris Murphy travelled with a group of artists to paint and draw in and around Anzac Cove, Gallipoli. The resulting exhibition *Your Friend the Enemy* coincided with the Anzac Centenary in 2015 and travelled to several venues in NSW & Queensland as well as to the Pataka Museum in New Zealand.

The Gallipoli images in Idris Murphy's - Works on Paper exhibition were made during his travels in Gallipoli and have not previously been shown.



Idris painting in Gallipoli 2014



2014 *Gallipoli Series 2* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 *Gallipoli Series 3* acrylic & pencil on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 Gallipoli Series 5 Hill Sixty acrylic & pencil on paper 21x30cm \$950

Forests Scotland Series

In 2014 Idris Murphy traveled Europe and exhibited at the Warburton Gallery in Edinburgh, Scotland.



Forests, Scotland



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 1* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 2* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 3* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,500



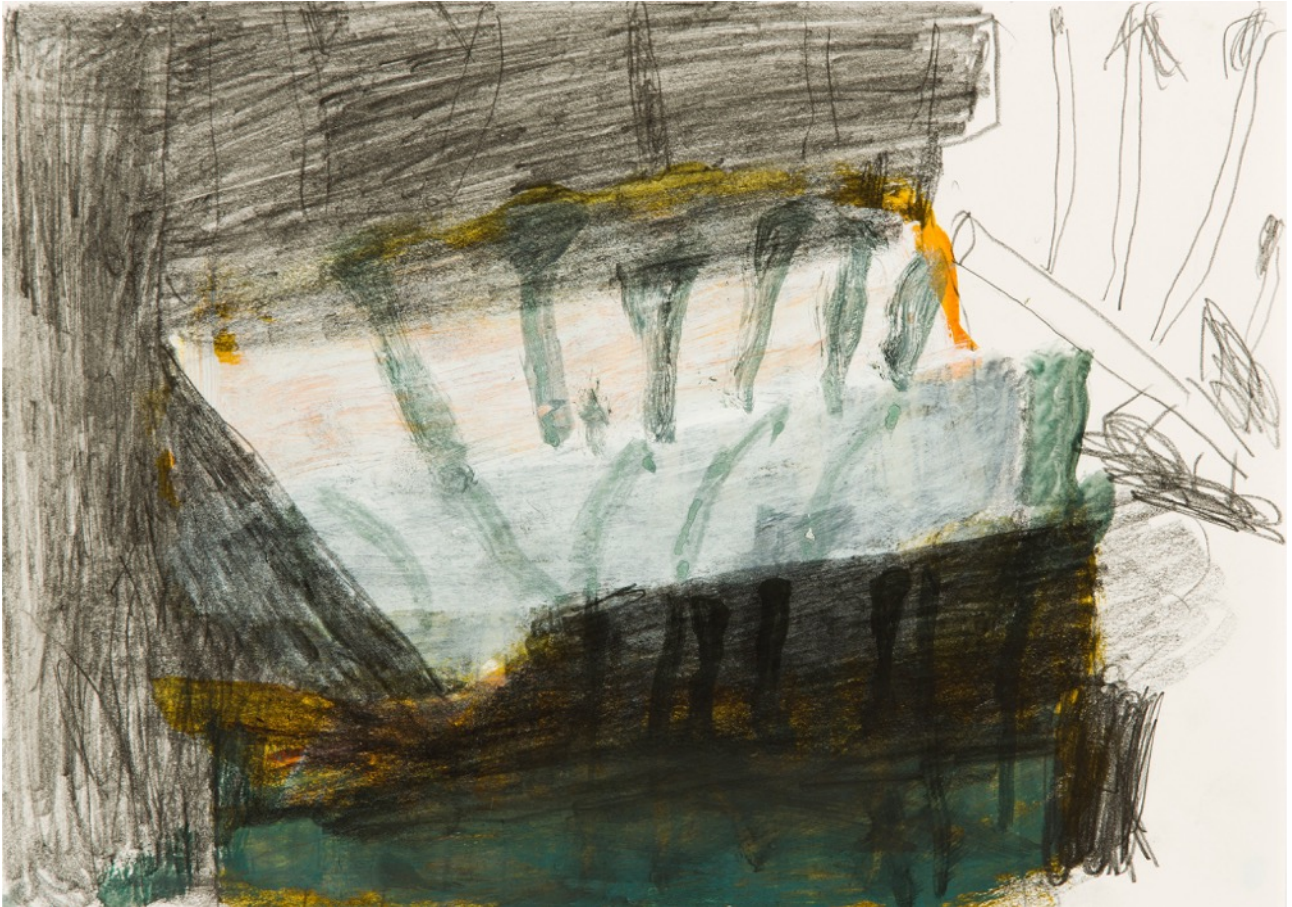
2014 *Forests Scotland Series 4* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,500



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 5* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,500



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 6* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 7* acrylic & pencil on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 8* acrylic & pencil on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 9* acrylic & pencil on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 10* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 11* pencil on paper 21x30cm \$950



2014 *Forests Scotland Series 12* acrylic on paper 21x30cm \$1,250



The English Garden Series

In 2014 during his trip to Europe Idris spent time drawing from a friend's garden in an area of Suffolk, known as Constable Country.



2014 *English Garden Series 1* pencil on paper 21x30cm \$950



2014 *English Garden Series 2* pencil on paper 21x30cm \$950



2014 *English Garden Series 3* pencil on paper 21x30cm \$950

A walk at low tide reprinted from the Idris Murphy 2014 catalogue Tide-Lands

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.

Tim Winton

HELIOGRAPHS

Heliographs
IDRIS MURPHY
MAKAR PRESS PORTFOLIOS

Nothing is Nothing: Idris Murphy,
Heliographs, & the Landscape

Cliche seems an ambivalent thing, an irony, the zero point in the graphic arts of the second half of the 19th century, or the epitome of Richard Hartley's nature itself — in the form of light — access to nature's control, uncontrolled, the application of any technique.

Michel Foucault characterized the exposed image as a

produced

The Heliographs

A suite of nine heliographic prints, published by Makar Press. The suite comprises nine images taken from the perspex and glass plate originals printed on Arches Velin Museum Rag 315 gsm and presented in a Solander box, hand bound in Bamberger Calico Lino cloth. Introductory price \$5,940 incl gst

The Heliograph suite is published in an edition of 41 copies.

Each print measures 17x17cm image size, 33x48.5cm sheet size



MAKAR PRESS



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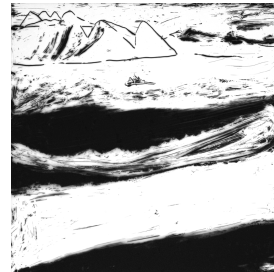
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Heliographs

IDRIS MURPHY

1. Tree Shadows
2. Track & Cloud
3. Moonlight, Fowlers Gap
4. Mutawintji Trees (State 1.)
5. Ant Hills Savanna
6. Dry Desert Bed
7. Hillside Formation
8. View of Islands
9. Mutawintji Trees (State 2.) Hand coloured.



Tree Shadows



Track & Cloud



Moonlight Fowlers Gap



Mutawintji Trees (State 1)



Ant Hills Savanna



Dry Desert Bed



Hillside Formation



View of Islands

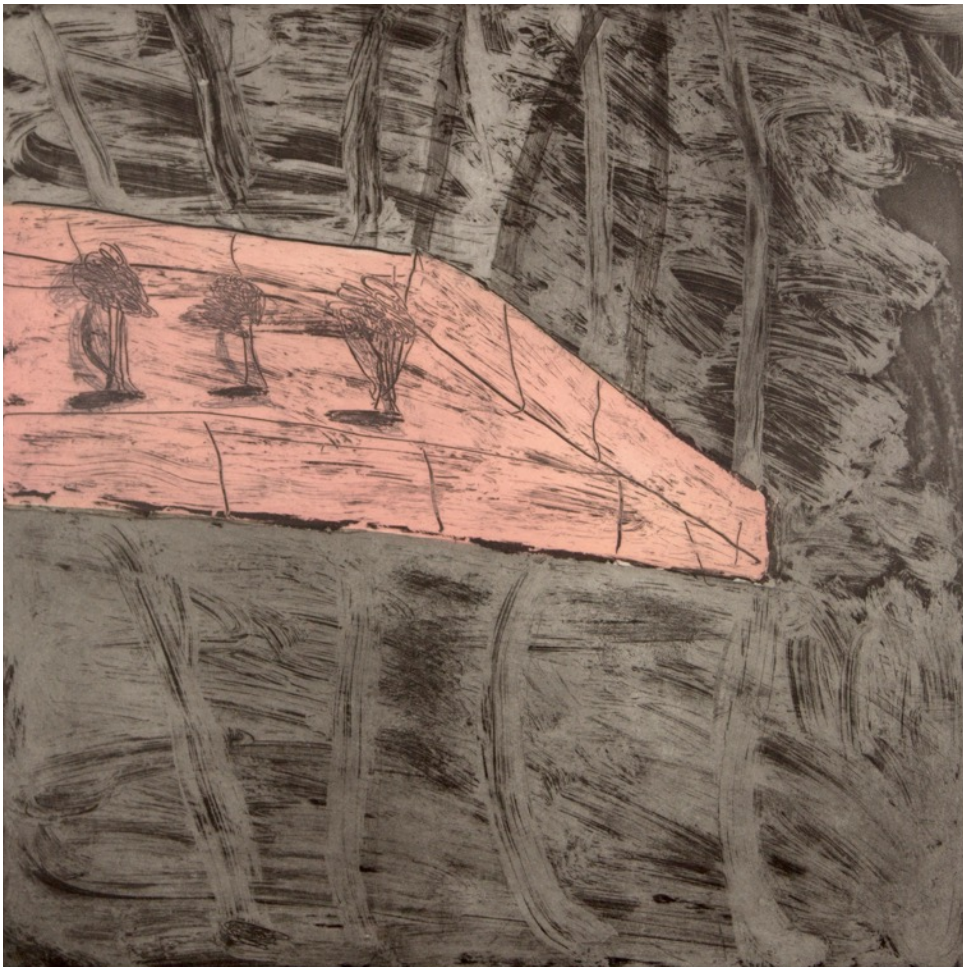


Mutawintji Trees (State 2) Hand Coloured



Etchings Series

Idris has been printmaking for over 40 years. Primarily working in monotype and the etching process, Idris has recently returned to printmaking, experimenting with new techniques using previously unavailable technologies.



2016 *Yard&Two Shadows* etching 50x50cm (plate), 70x66cm (sheet)



2016 *Fenced Reflection* etching 50x50cm (plate), 81x67 (sheet) \$1,350



2014 *Shifting Shadows Pink Clouds* etching 33x33cm (plate) 62x56cm (sheet) \$1,150



2014 *Desert Light* etching 33x33cm (plate), 62x56cm (sheet) \$1,150

Full CV available at <http://kingstreetgallery.com.au/artists/idris-murphy/cv/>