

Australian Centre for Contemporary Art

JON CATTAPAN



Journal Entries

4 MARCH - 4 APRIL
1993

DRAWING ON... JON CATTAPAN'S WORKS ON PAPER

F I R S T In the opening shot of Billy Wilder's film *Sunset Boulevard*, a man floats spreadeagled in a swimming-pool. From his posture, he could equally be sky-diving or climbing up a sheer rock-face, arms and legs stretched out to take in the extremities of the situation. But his actual situation is more passive. He is floating in chlorine and in the script. The only available role in the film for the drowned hero, literally kept in suspense, is the narrator's. He takes it, recapitulating the story of his demise at the hands of a woman who is herself living out the past. In the course of the story, the man reaches for the thread running through the chaotic sequence of recent events, trying to pull out a clue to help him understand. The tone is urbane. William Holden's conversational voice-over suggests that, even in the retrospective indifference of death, he is firmly in command.

This is a fiction of course. Gloria Swanson, who shot him, was the real star of *Sunset Boulevard*, playing out her own history. Or perhaps the script-writer is the key figure in the film, though on second thoughts, William Holden's character was a script-writer and he got shot before the first scene. Maybe the story properly belongs to the fictional director, Erich von Stroheim, standing in for the real director, Wilder himself? Who can say? So forget the smooth Californian delivery, the stratagems of the set dressers, the whole edifice of the movie, indeed of all movies. Despite the compelling certainty of the filmic form, and the actors' flawless confidence, *Sunset Boulevard* is, after all, about the necessary provisionality of fiction. It is about pretending, about teasing out an idea, about spinning a line as far as it can be cast. From the very beginning, the subject, our hero, floats free of definitive reference points; sometimes a lover, sometimes a cad, now philosophising, always self-conscious, he plays his parts to the hilt. Each entrance is important, each scene equally significant. But don't ask the sum of the parts to make sense.

S E C O N D Drawing is contradictory. It seems to set down certainties, representing evidence about the world to which the eyes attest, through the skill of the hand. But more importantly, drawing explores the unknown. In a sense it always has, from the post-Renaissance moments of its greatest authority in the West to the present. Even Ingres, the doyen of traditional drawing whose delicate lines miraculously mark the boundaries of certainty, was conjuring something out of nothing. Paradoxically, the necessarily experimental character of drawing was the pathway to the seeming solidarity, the apparent incontrovertibility, of classical drawing. By the late nineteenth century this authority seemed to have entrenched one particular style: crisp, detailed, magisterial, scientific in its assumptions, superbly skilled.

But this was not the end of the matter, merely a moment before the re-invention of drawing in other hands. In the last decade of this

century, neither classical nor modernist academies hold sway in the practice of drawing. Artists work through multiple vocabularies, sometimes compatible but often contradictory. The old dicta, whether decorum, grace, verisimilitude, expressiveness, authenticity or correctness (political or otherwise), have lost their powers to direct, leaving each artist to find their own thread in the labyrinth. In such an open theatre of action, any of the modes of drawing implied by an artistic philosophy may be adopted at will, within one oeuvre or within a single work. This view of drawing is not traditional, but a decidedly late twentieth century one shaped by

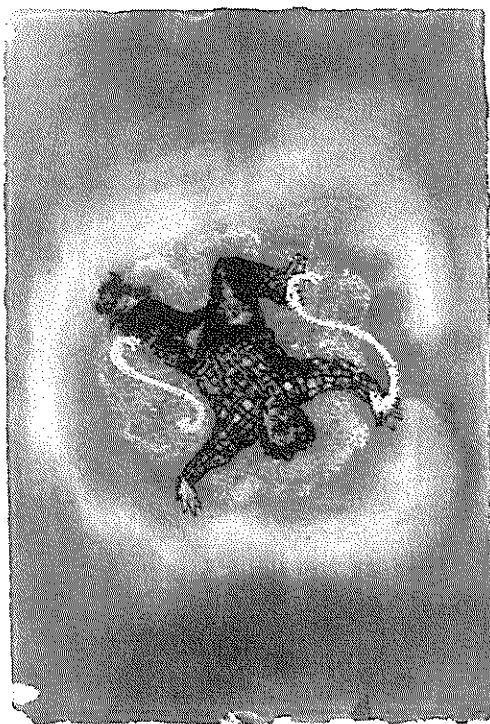
the Surrealist tradition of experimentation and by the notoriously personal idiosyncrasies of Abstract Expressionist mark-making. Reframed by the stringent disavowals of unified authority in Postmodern cultural theory, drawing is now a remarkably open field.

History rebukes certainty, but the multiple forms of drawing today offer exploration at the tip of a pencil (or with charcoal, or with a computer programme). Contemporary artists speak, as previous generations did, about drawing every day, about striving for a certain flexibility and fluidity in their practice. Indeed, Jon Cattapan's practice acknowledges the quotidian centrality of drawing. But this is not a matter of merely manual skill, nor even of hand-eye co-ordination. To draw is to explore, to pretend, to venture out into unknown waters in the hope of finding something, anything, who knows what? To draw is to commit oneself to the

daily dangerous business of possibly finding nothing, or, for better or for worse, finding what one would rather leave unfound. Such psychic doodling may bring to light troubling dark and violence, or ambiguities in the self; it may even question the stability of identity. In the process of discovery, forgetting may be achieved or foregone. In this sense of exploration, and without wishing to sentimentalise, drawing stands as one metaphor for the practice of the artist.

T H I R D Of all places on earth, Venice is the most astonishing. Not so much because the city is surrounded and traversed by water, but because it is made out of stone, like any other city. Every particle of belief in the laws of the material world is threatened by Venice. Stretching credulity is its special magic, allowing contradictions its particular gift. A stone city floating on water, defying through the works of man, the awful powers of the elements. Splendidly solid, each edifice is stretching and flexing on its great sunken pylons. The great palazzi speak as they shift. ('The buildings creak,' I said. 'Worry when they do not,' said the architect.)

F O U R T H Grief is an uncharted sea with no sight of shore. One floats unpredictably, blimp-like, occasionally bumping into edges and others. No sense of time, nor of day and night, and no notion of the final destination. One never sails the same sea twice, nor has one command of one's passage in this



Untitled from *Figures on Red*

darkened, soporific void. One might be one of Cook's press-ganged sailors, sailing over the apparent edge of the world, off the known limits of collective experience onto the margins of the paper, and, eventually, out into floating, limitless, terrifying space. Oh, for the merely familiar terrors of solid ground. Between a sure sense of one's place in the old world, and the threatened chaos of unknowing in the new, exists only a chart in someone else's hands, nothing more than a purely speculative drawing, a flimsy paper, its notions patently inadequate for navigating the flux of heavens, winds and waters of strangeness.

Yet there are ways out of grief's strange suspension of time, of place and of all the customary notations of daily life. One needs markers, landmarks, way-stations, reference points, which re-establish that sense of location bringing relief from arbitrary storms of desolation and the fear of loneliness. At the beginning, it was as if *The Sister Drawings* were drawn in the dark, with no sense of the purpose they served. Yet they functioned as other maps do, sketches of emotional as much as physical events, drawing the artist out of the confusion of grief, just as words on paper, sounds or movements will pull the writer, the musician or the dancer into recognising where they are, once again. And indeed who: for in the throes of grief the very sense of self, and the security of identity, are threatened.

F I F T H The artist's work is public. Eventually it is committed to being shown to those distant from the personal sources of the art. This is happening with the works shown in *Journal Entries*. Thus a diary, a set of notations made originally as tools for private exploration, will come to light for others to experience in situations far distant from their origins. But I see no contradiction in this transposition; or none, at any rate, that compromises possible relationships between the work and its viewers. On the contrary. If work arises from a pressing personal need, whether particular or more nebulous, the role it plays in leading the artist to understanding and acceptance may be felt by another. Not in a relationship of direct correspondence, admittedly, but an analogical one. The evidence of effort is what counts. Thus a drawing stands for the attempt to understand, and for the aspiration to learn and to love in these most curious of circumstances, daily life. We must make of it what we will.

S I X T H I am drawn to floating, to flying, slipping, sliding, falling, anything suspending discrimination between past and future. I want to be inside any of these bodily ambivalences, a creature of the moment, existing as nearly as I can for the struggle of finding the boundaries, the distinctions, the difference between this and that moment, location, perception or another. In this effort to see, to hear, to understand, in this painful coming to grips with what is around one, lies the business of life. This moment never ends. Water is its medium. Perfectly featureless, yet specific, great seas and little tributaries are identical in one respect: each flows into the other. Watch at the edge of the sea. Watch forever. Continuity, flux. All water is one. The waters move relentlessly back and forward with the tides, each moment is marked precisely in an unchanging environment. The conundrum is soothing and meditative. And strenuous, always.

JULIE EWINGTON

R.N. In any exhibition there is the sense that it's been organised, structured perhaps, to encounter works in a particular way. Here we have three opus numbers and this presupposes some rationale, either historical or biographical. I'm wondering what inspired this?

J.C. The rationale for this show was to present drawings that take a diaristic view, you know, the private investigations. Part of my work involves making one drawing per day, although I never quite manage that, but that's the intent – to create a visual diary, a journal – hence the title of the show. This kind of work is generally fed more by the subconscious, but then that is tempered by daily events of course. I thought it might be of interest to an audience to see how certain forms, symbols, signs, whatever, take form and develop through these notes.

R.N. And what of the choice of the works themselves?

J.C. I've chosen mainly with a view to showing stylistic and psychological shifts, plus a certain variety of media. Firstly there's *The Sister Drawings*. These I made in Melbourne in 1984 over a three week period after the death of my sister, Adriana.

Then there's a grouping of works I made whilst living in New York in 1990. These are basically responses to new sights and sounds – they are also, I think, about carrying my cultural baggage with me. I've chosen a selection to put up as an installation – a dream palette of sorts.

And then there are twenty little red ones – these are very sequential. This *Figures on Red* group were made in Canberra last year over a three week period – I look at them now and they seem quite a self-contained piece. They deal with the frustration of dislocation and the anxiety of trying to make work in quite an alien environment.

R.N. Within many of the works in the exhibition there is some sort of theme of mapping, but you could also say that between the works, between the opus numbers, there is the mapping of at least two factors, the first is of course biographical – your experiences at that time. The second is historical, to do with influences. The way that age acts upon you and causes certain sympathies for this influence or that. And going over all of this like a grid to our map is an exploration on your part of the means. That is your exploration of formal devices, particularly a language of symbols and an exploration of atmosphere and expression.

J.C. I love that idea! I'd like to think that in parallel to the imagery runs an investigation of how aesthetic devices operate. For example, no matter how mysterious a symbol may be (and I'm loathe to dig too deep lest I destroy it) it is possible that the symbol will end up as nothing more than a compositional device. And you know, it is abundantly clear to me now as we look around the works in the studio that repetition of forms allows for some decorative scope. That kind of emphasis reveals itself more fully once you see the works up in a block – I guess that's partly the point of the exhibition.

But getting back to your idea of a superimposed grid – on it would also have to rest the exploration of media. Paper is reasonably cheap after all and that seems to allow a great fluidity in terms of material approach. But that possibility of trying stuff out applies to imagery as well.

R.N. Well looking around your studio I'm fascinated with the way these works cohere. The ultimate expression of that is, I take it, a book. We would then be encouraged to read them in sequence.

And now we have them on the wall as an installation. This is a big part of your project isn't it?

J.C. I think one needs to keep in mind why these works get made. The idea of them being like diary notes is their primary function and in that sense they are like barometric readings of events, circumstances, journeys. And I actually think it's possible to view the single works and enjoy their mystery or process or whatever, in an one-on-one kind of situation. But their tentative meanings could only be enriched by seeing them elaborated upon or developed or pushed into other possibilities through their brothers and sisters. Now that I've said that I'm thinking of *The Sister Drawings* which, taken as a whole, are like a testament to my sister and the idea of the family. I wanted to display them in ordered rows – cemetery rows – but they are not in chronological order – grief is very disorienting.

R.N. It may be an idea to talk about those *Sister Drawings*. They are so much to do with interaction. The sense of loss is not suggested by loneliness or emptiness. They are busy works where so much of them is related to holding. There are symbols like hearts to suggest the pulse of relationships. There is a tenderness. But all the while in their making, you seem to have relished your aesthetic interest in creating balanced works. The lights and darks for example have a strong graphic quality. When you were making them were you thinking also about what goes on in the right hand corner? The left-hand corner?

J.C. Yes, I think there is a desire to set up a harmony in these works. I made them about three months after my sister's death over a period of three weeks. I had just wanted to use up some loose sheets of Arches paper I had lying around. Very quickly however, I began to realise I was inventing a cast of characters that would stand in for my family. My interest in primitivism and animism comes through fairly strongly. Although they are expressive there is a level of control, an exploration of composition which is totally important to the way they operate. And of course there's the question of the invention of the imagery – that automatic doodling that goes back to Surrealism.

R.N. It strikes me that there's something curious about the Surrealist exploration of the unconscious which so frequently resulted in beautifully crafted works. Where the work is supposedly being dictated by the subconscious, let's say by an automatic process, it's just the sort of strategy that's likely to result in a naturally balanced work, because you are addressing yourself, putting out all this unconscious impulse onto a flat surface without a kind of plot. So, in an ironic way it serves the formalism of the work. You know the attention wanders to this corner, to that corner, it's going to put something everywhere.

J.C. Well these works could have taken a number of different forms, because yes, as you say, there was no advance plot, no particular course of action and so too with the narrative. Yet I have a sense that as the suite progresses so does my knowledge of what

I'm up to. It makes me wonder at what point a conscious desire to communicate grief starts to take hold. I've often thought that as much as the idea of automatism is a fantastic one to work with, ultimately there is the need for me to communicate legibly.

R.N. One of the differences between *The Sister Drawings* as opposed to your later works, is that when there is architecture, a sense of space created, it is the interior. Sometimes we can see to an exterior, a car for example, but by and large it is a close perspective. Is this part of the language of intimacy that is being explored?

J.C. There's that frontality isn't there? And a very confined space – it's definitely an interior landscape – a crowded topsy-turvy space. I've come to understand this as a representation of my

sister's schizophrenia – that jumble of visual and aural messages that she often spoke about. I think that once I recognised that these works were about my sister, a bit of her terrible history was bound to kick in.

R.N. In the later works you are much more given to synthesising. We've spoken of your time in Italy and of studying the Giotto's in the Scrovegni Chapel. After the rupture of a death in the family and also the theme of schizophrenia, what did Giotto instigate for you?

J.C. I spent the last half of 1985

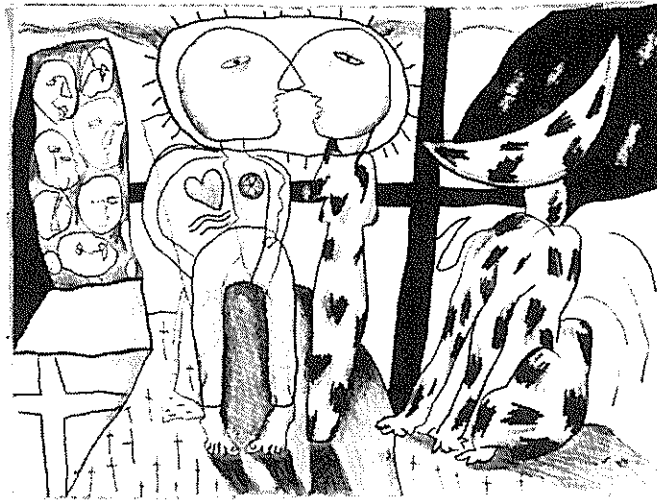
living in my parents' home town – Castelfranco Veneto. I was going to Padua once a week to see the Giotto's. It was an absorbing visual lesson. So calm, so unified, so resolved...

R.N. Yes, in effect, the opposite condition to schizophrenia. It is narrative coherence. But *you* don't then "become" Giotto. You don't then jettison your work's cryptic language, you don't jettison ideas of rupture, accident, and the unforeseen being registered spontaneously in the artwork. With you that theme of accident seems necessary to the rediscovery of narrative.

J.C. Well these later notations, I'm thinking of the New York drawings now, are not about a slow accrual of fact, they are not about an ordering of ideas. They are quick, they are about juggling and the happy accident of a certain randomness. Out of all that automatic response and tentative staring points *must* come a synthesis. All those shifting viewpoints are bound to lock together sometime in the future. But in these works it's just a system of clues that is in operation. You know, pinned but floating, like a bizarre butterfly collection – as one of my illustrious critics wrote.

R.N. The connections between this installation of the New York drawings and *The Sister Drawings* are clear, they are all saturated in the symbolic. It's interesting that while we were talking about missing narrative order we are here, in some sense, going about restoring that by creating a *symbolic* order. In these later works the language has found a different subsidiary ground, which is much more lyrical.

J.C. Well, for a start *The Sister Drawings* had their roots in a traumatic and finite event. These works which actually go by the title *Under New York* are a selection, so yes, I've highlighted certain recurring forms as they slip in and out of focus. Sometimes for a



Untitled from *The Sister Drawings*

week or two there would be drawings of a bridge structure and then back to a house-plan or the female curlicue. And you know, snippets of conversation, seeing shows, sights, sounds, smells, fear, trying things out, breathing in and out. In fact getting to know the place. This is the greatest thing about a visual diary – as one's knowledge of a place or an event becomes more intimate, so too do the intimate works become more telling. They present a state of flux.

R.N. And in all of this – the diary, the *Under New York* project, not many of the parts look like another. How does one conceive this? How autonomous is each object? The more autonomous because different, but in a sense, this is the project. Would you say that the whole is greater than the sum of the parts?

J.C. I see your point. Is it simply a collection of drawings or a drawing project? This I think is related to how one tries to communicate what is essentially private. What we have is simply a project made up of a collection and put together in such a way that hopefully a synthesis of the fragments *may* be possible. In an installation like this there is a random narrative and symbols, drawing techniques, space between the works, colour... all of these things vie for attention simultaneously, we've moved a long way from the act of keeping notes sequentially in a book... And *that's* the project, that act of viewing and entertaining multiple reference points. That, I think would have to be larger than however many disjointed little fragments seen individually.

R.N. Your works, while maintaining a certain individual language of symbols and so on, clearly desist from establishing a clear perspective. You use the idea of narrative, but not as a way of going from A to B. Your works are trying to accommodate some notion of multiplicity.

J.C. We used to get very hung up as art students on the idea that our work had to be *our* work. It was problematic if it went through too many shifts, we had to have a vision, we were told. I've come to temper all of that, over years, with the assumption that one point of view, one operating system may not be enough any more. I'm obsessed with the idea of the world being in rapid change so the work is bound to be a bit jumbled – pluralistic, whatever. In attempting to keep a journal – in my case it's a bit like a day-runner, you are able to pick up on a theme and drop it very quickly. which is as close as I get to coming to terms with rapid transmission of information from the world at large. That's not to say I don't sometimes *try* for a certain continuity. The *Figures in Red* suite is an example I think. On one level it's a book about being in Canberra, the frustration of living away from a big city, trying to re-establish identity, establishing the impulse to make work. And on another level, we simply have twenty red fragments that form a continuous colour essay. The thing is, it looks quite coherent as a sequence, there's a symmetry. The saturation of red in particular, to create these abstract fields hold my attention for a good two weeks!

R.N. Speaking of this suite, what would you say if some deeply unsympathetic critic said that in some of these red works the decorous balance is displaced in favour of the numinous. There is a "cosmic swirling". Here is the amoeba in the void or the holy ghost in magenta. Almost to the point where these symmetries evoke something like a psychological test... Are you playing, perhaps with ideas of the mystical?

J.C. Let me describe my process in these works, and see what you think. I begin by mixing up four or five different red watercolours. Once the paper has been wet down I begin laying on washes at random, often building borders. I then run the paper under a tap and wash out the colour. I repeat those stages until I have a saturated red ground. Now this part of the process is quite automatic and in this particular suite and I'm doing three or four wash drawings per day. If I was going for a kind of cosmic abstraction I'd have to say yes, this approach is all to do with being centred with the flow and energy of the brush, it *could* be a mystical thing. And in a sense the drawings would be finished then. But for me that would not be enough, I like to disrupt those lovely colourful grounds. The next step, making the image, is like a debunking procedure. This comes much later.

R.N. So you're not content with the cosmos then?

J.C. Well, Cattapan's not in it at that point. Where's St.Kilda? The sense of place? The identity? No, no, once the fields have dried I come back to them and like, don't read into them but override them. I'm thinking about entirely different ways of drawing... and images. The drip forms are a bit of a dig at that idea of "the power of the brush," you know, the drip school of little watercolours. And the images of falling men are all taken from a book on Joe Bonomo, a famous Hollywood stuntman. These were photographs that were at first glance violent – figures being thrown pushed, cut and so on. But of course they were "stunts", those men look terribly choreographed and dislocated. I thought I'd dislocate them further by introducing them into my saturated fields. Now at this point it's like I'm stamping or collaging on the image and a range of other media issues become involved – you see I've overridden the automatic with a set of conscious choices. Now it's a question of playing off the two poles, the two layers.

R.N. It seems to me that you are challenging the notion of drawing itself. In no tradition of drawing does one have this degree of layering that you describe in your technique. The way you let something happen, let it dry, come back over it, the reds at your disposal, glazing washing – this process of layering almost cuts right across the popular understanding of drawing as the spontaneous act, which takes place with line or gesture in one layer.

J.C. Well drawing's pretty loosely defined these days. Perhaps one test that comes to mind is that if the idea is forming itself with the work, then it might be drawing. Sometimes there's just no accounting for the way these more private things take shape. They are sometimes way off on a tangent from what might be considered my established vocabulary. I like to cast a wide net.

R.N. What emerges then, in your exhibition is that your drawings are not drawings by virtue of the fact that they can become paintings. Nor are they drawings because they are particularly spontaneous or expressive. They are drawings because they narrate the day to day, the transitory thought – they are diurnal. *This* makes them drawings, they narrate the artistic process.

J.C. I think you've pinned it. And there's the need to communicate, to point to the pages, to give people a glimpse. The story-telling is all of a private order but I seem to return to it again and again to the elasticity that's involved in making the stuff. I'm glad you haven't seen it all as just idiosyncratic imagery. ●

JON CATTAPAN

Born 1956, Melbourne

- 1975-77 Bachelor of Fine Arts (Painting), Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology
- 1979 Travelled to U.S.A., Europe, England, lived and worked in London
- 1981 Artist in Residence Ivanhoe Girls' Grammar, Melbourne (Artists in Schools Programme)
- 1982 Artist in Residence Fintona Girls' School, Melbourne (Artists in Schools Programme)
- 1985 Travelled for six months to Europe, New York and Los Angeles, lived and worked in Italy (Castelfranco, Veneto)
- 1986 Study tour to Tokyo and Hakone district, Japan
- 1986-89 Lecturer in Painting, R.M.I.T., Melbourne
- 1989 Awarded Greene Street Studio Residency, New York Australia Council, Visual Arts/Crafts Board
- 1990 Lived and worked in New York City, Visiting Artist, Department of Art, Ohio State University, Columbus, U.S.A.
- 1991 Lived and worked in New York City Artist in Residence, Canberra School of Art, A.N.U. Canberra
- 1992 Awarded Australia Council Creative Fellowship
- 1993 Presently living and working in Canberra, Lecturer at the Canberra School of Art, Australian National University.

INDIVIDUAL EXHIBITIONS

- 1992 *365 Days*, Realities Gallery, Melbourne; Peter Bellas Gallery, Brisbane
Paintings, Annandale Galleries, Sydney
- 1991 *Reworking the Notes - Photographs*, Peter Bellas Gallery, Brisbane
Recent Works, Photospace Gallery, Canberra School of Art, A.N.U., Canberra
Reworking the Notes - Photographs, Realities Gallery, Melbourne
Paintings, Peter Bellas Gallery, Brisbane
- 1990 *Paintings and Drawings*, Nathalie Karg, New York, U.S.A.
- 1989 *Local Sums - Paintings*, Realities Gallery
Paintings 1986-1989, D.C. Art, Sydney
Working The Notes - Drawings, Galerie Dusseldorf, Perth
Working The Notes (Part 2) - Drawings, Peter Bellas Gallery, Brisbane
- 1987 *Household Names Words On Lips - Paintings*, Realities Gallery, Melbourne
- 1986 *Paintings And Works On Paper*, Rex Irwin Gallery, Sydney
Paintings And Works On Paper, Galleries Dusseldorf, Perth
- 1985 *Recent Paintings And Drawings*, Realities Gallery, Melbourne
- 1984 *Works On Paper*, Rex Irwin Gallery, Sydney
- 1983 *Paintings, Constructions And Works On Paper*, Realities Gallery, Melbourne

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 70 group shows between 1979 -92
- 1992 *Medium Density*, Australian National Gallery, Canberra
Margaret Stewart Endowment, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne
Between the Lines, Australian Embassy, Washington D.C. (two-person show with Michael Narozny)
- 1991 *Works on Paper*, Nathalie Karg, New York City, U.S.A.

- Works On Paper*, Christopher Leonard Gallery, New York City, U.S.A.
- Transitional Times*, curator Sheridan Palmer for Print Council of Australia, exhibition tours nationally
- 20th C. Australian and New Zealand Painting*, Martin Browne Fine Art, Sydney
- The City and Beyond*, touring regional galleries curated by Elizabeth Cross
- Sites*, curator Ann Kirker, Queensland Art Gallery
- 1990 *The City And Beyond*, touring regional galleries, curator Elizabeth Cross
- Visiting Artist Exhibition*, Ohio State University, Columbus, OH U.S.A.
- Nomadic*, Sullivant Hall, Columbus, OH U.S.A.
- 1989 *The Intimate Object*, 200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne, curators Jon Cattapan & Peter Ellis
Irony, Humour And Dissent, Manly Museum and Art Gallery, Sydney, Monash University Gallery, Melbourne, curator Alison Carroll
re:creation/Re-creation: The Art Of Copying, Monash University Gallery, Melbourne, curator Merryn Gates
- The 9" x 5" Commemorative Exhibition*, touring regional galleries
- 1988 *The New Generation 1983-1988*, Australian National Gallery, Canberra
- 1987 *Backlash - The Australian Drawing Revival*, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne curated by Ted Gott
Young Australians, The Budget Collection, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, then touring regional galleries
- 1986 *A First Look - Phillip Morris Collection*, Drill Hall, Canberra
- 1985 *Figure, Fantasy, Fetish*, R.M.I.T. Gallery, Melbourne curated by Peter Clarke
Image Codes: Art About Fashion, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne curator Robert Pearce
- 1984 *Australian Printmakers*, Print Council of Australia Exhibition, Aichi, Japan
Print Council of Australia Exhibition, University of Oregon, U.S.A.
Three Melbourne Artists, Solander Gallery, Canberra (with Peter Ellis & Nia Gabriel)
- 1982 *Forcing Wisdom* (works on paper with Peter Ellis), Art/Empire/Industry Gallery, Sydney
Emerging Painters, R.M.I.T. Faculty Gallery, Melbourne, curator William Ferguson
Australian Printmakers, touring exhibition - University of Bayreuth, Bavaria, Hessisches Landesmuseum, Darmstadt, Germany Oxford University, England, National Gallery, Bangkok, Thailand, curator Jenny Zimmer
- 1980 *What Happened To Me?*, Drummond Street Gallery, Melbourne (two-person show with Peter Ellis)
- 1978 *Crisis Drawings*, R.M.I.T. Faculty Gallery, Melbourne (two-person show with Peter Ellis)

COLLECTIONS

Public, corporate and private collections, including: Australian National Gallery; National Gallery of Victoria; Queensland Art Gallery; N.S.W. Art Gallery; City of St. Kilda; Regional Galleries, etc.

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CATALOGUE

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