



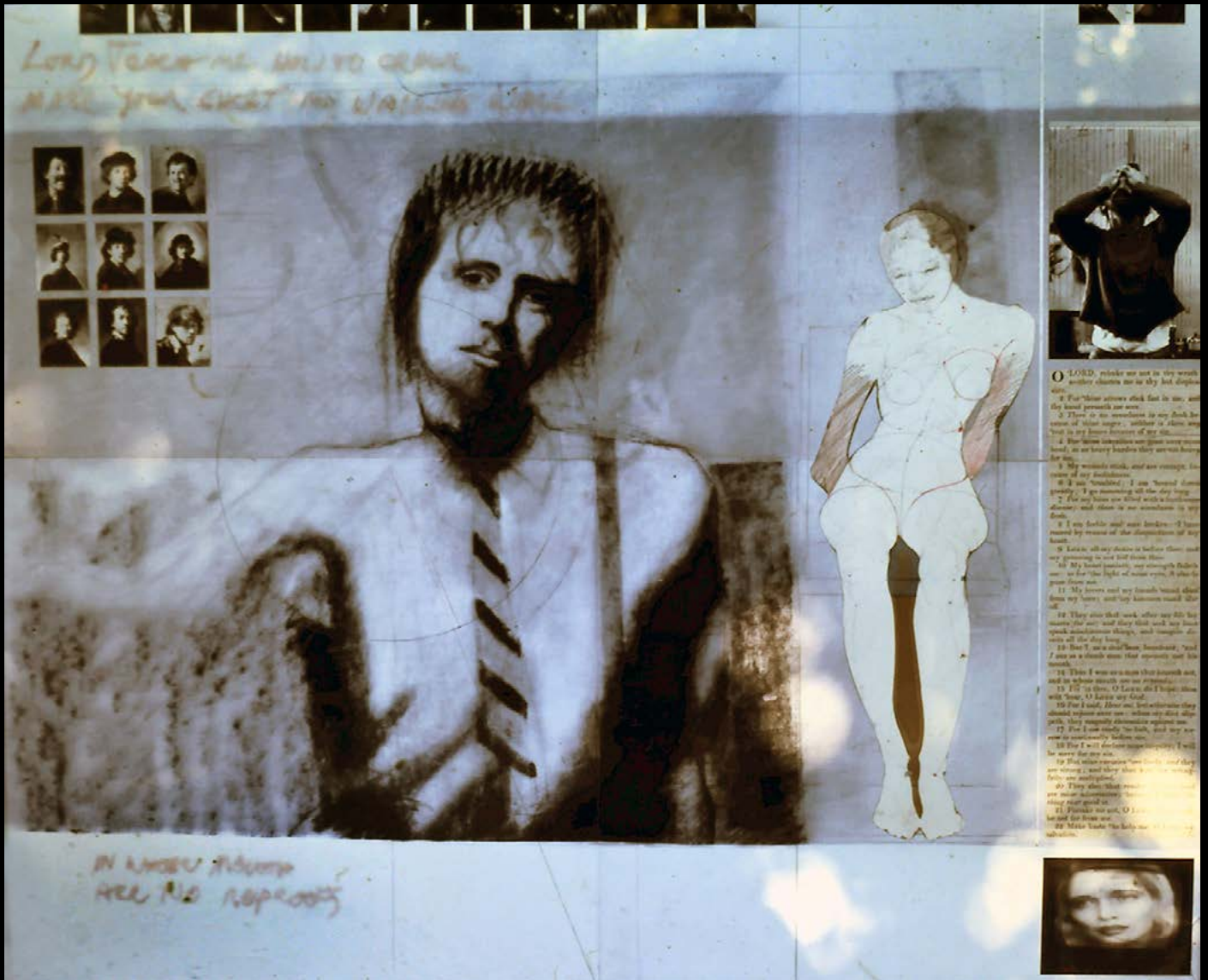
Text and Image Works 1980-85
Bearded Virgin in Australian Art

1975-83
 mixed media on etching
 56cm x 105cm



Text and Image Works 1980-85
Died (for Hadassah Gropmann)

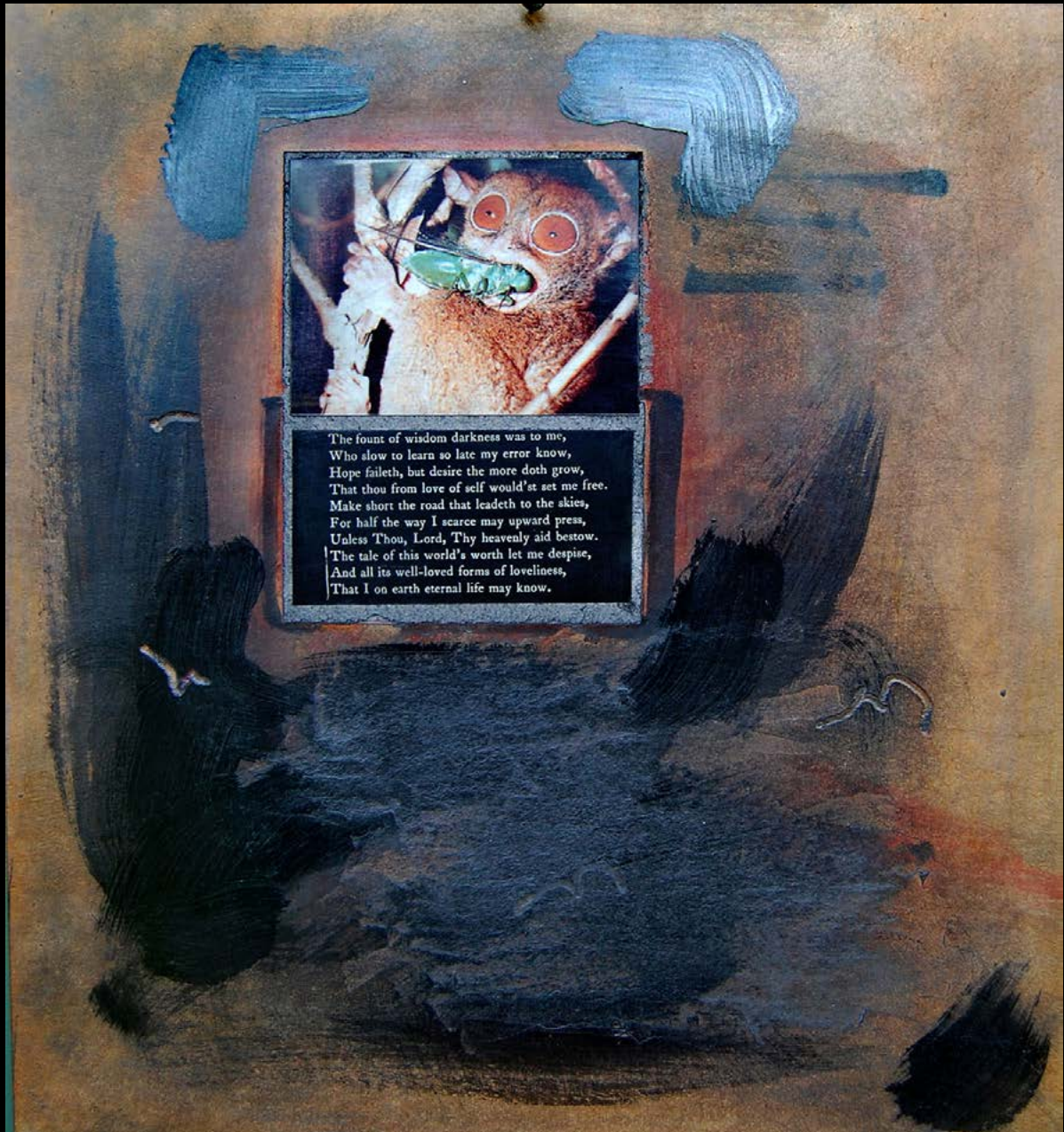
1981
mixed media
40cm x 55cm



Text and Image Works 1980-85
Self-Portrait Beside Ghost of Quadraplegic

O LORD, think me not in thy wrath
 neither change me in thy hot displeas-
 ure.
 6 For mine enemies think fast in me, and
 thy hand persecuteth me sore.
 7 There is an uncleaness in my flesh,
 because of thine anger; without is thine un-
 cleanness, and thou art in my lower bowels of my sin.
 8 Thy bones compass me about, and mine
 heart is not heavy because they are so long
 for me.
 9 My wounds stink, and are unclean, be-
 cause of my foolishness.
 10 I am unclean; I am bowed down
 sorely; I am muzzled all the day long.
 11 For my bones are dried with a feverish
 desire, and mine is no succour in my
 flesh.
 12 I am feeble and sore broken; I have
 roared by reason of the destruction of my
 heart.
 13 Lament all my desire in before thee, and
 my sighing is not hid from thee.
 14 My heart fainteth, my strength faileth
 me: for the light of mine eyes, O show
 them from me.
 15 My tears and my flesh have shed
 from my bones; and my knees knock
 upon the stones.
 16 They also that seek after my life, the
 words of mine ear; and they that seek my
 soul speak untruths, and imagine
 death all the day long.
 17 But I, as a deaf man, hearken not,
 and I am as a dumb man that answereth not
 the word.
 18 Thus I was as dumb that brought not
 and in whose mouth was no answer.
 19 For I said, O Lord, do I hope thou
 wilt hear, O Lord, my God.
 20 For I said, Hear me, lest otherwise they
 should rejoice over me: when I shall speak
 with them, they will say I am mad.
 21 For I am ready to fall, and my sor-
 row is continually before me.
 22 For I will do thee magnifying; I will
 be sure that my voice.
 23 For mine enemies have said, and they
 say among themselves, he is dumb, and
 he is not answering.
 24 They also that reprove me shall say,
 he is mad, and he is gone out of his
 mind.
 25 Praise thee, O Lord, my Lord, O Lord,
 and for ever.
 26 Make thee the Lord, O Lord, my
 God.

1982
 mixed media
 64cm x 68cm



The fount of wisdom darkness was to me,
Who slow to learn so late my error know,
Hope faileth, but desire the more doth grow,
That thou from love of self would'st set me free.
Make short the road that leadeth to the skies,
For half the way I scarce may upward press,
Unless Thou, Lord, Thy heavenly aid bestow.
The tale of this world's worth let me despise,
And all its well-loved forms of loveliness,
That I on earth eternal life may know.

Text and Image Works 1980-85
Self-Portrait Feeding My Face

1983
mixed media
45cm x 45cm