# Sketches from an unscripted journey

Michael Carroll

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Publisher Michael Carroll PO Box 96, Molong, NSW, 2866, Australia www.michaelcarroll.com.au michaelcarroll@lookaround.com.au

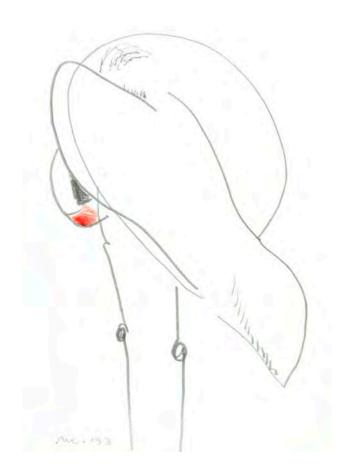
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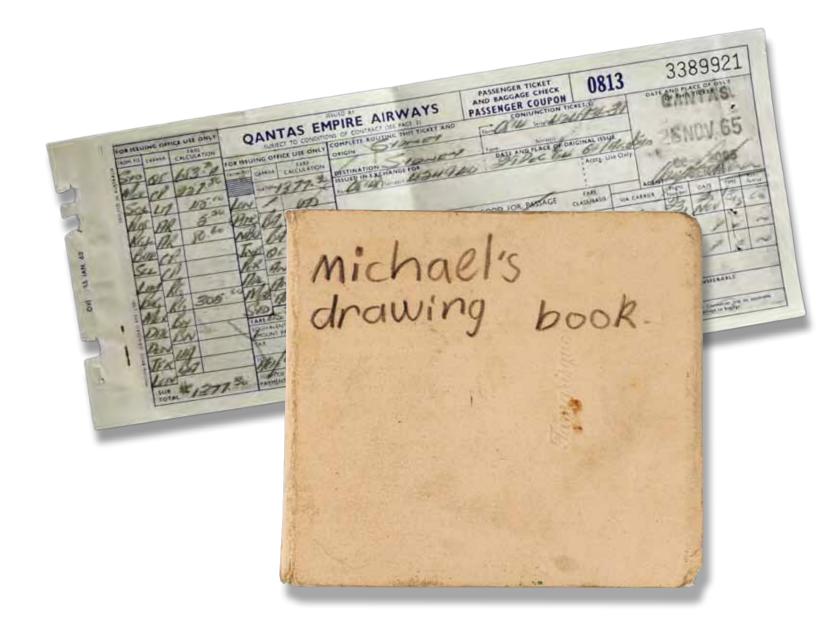
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## Contents

Introduction	2 - 7
Australia	8 - 29
Asia, Europe and North America	30 - 72
Mexico and South America	73 - 103
Conclusion	104 - 110
Map and Notes	2 -   7
Acknowledgements	118









Leopard Man - Kenya.

In 1965 his pride, in fatally spearing an errant leopard, did not seem out of place.

This studio pastel study originated from seeing, in the highlands in Kenya, a wild or native gladioli of orange colouring. I was told that it is the original or base plant of now unlimited variations.

orange regional gallery collection - pastel on paper



canoe tree wiradjuri country (western n.s.w.) - photograph





just south of alice springs n.t. - acrylic on beercan base in florentine frame



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'southern cross' eucalypt - pencil on paper

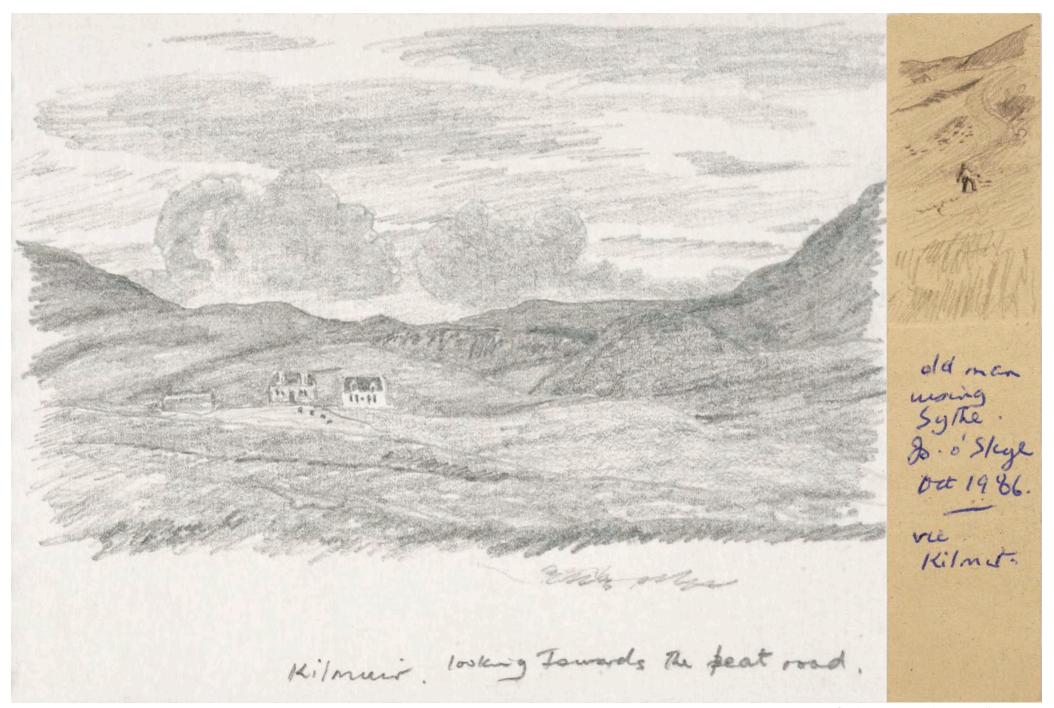
#### Homestay, 30km out from Novosibirsk

Academagodorok, (Academia t' you and me, the nearest l'll ever get)... a weird place in the bush, which is accessible via potholed road. Free mosquitoes, head veil works. Write seven page letter to all family in OZ. Did three small pencil sketches this am. This place hardly comfortable but people good and have a computer.

Now Monday. Independence Day, who from whom a useful debate, full blue sky... mushrooming yesterday, plenty mushrooms, big walking, cuckoo calls aplenty, birds, flowers, awful rubbish – wrecked machinery, pipe lagging - good company, beautiful countryside, ski lift, dacha gardens, ex collective farm, now a dairy and an extraordinary mess. I, we, found body ticks, a real worry (as in potentially fatal); vaccine after two hours wait in a hospital till midnight, clean new needles.

Next morning, Marsha takes me to open air museum – site for timber churches and pagan ancient stones. So neglected, really interesting. Take photos, do quick sketch and then I see a tick in the car. Blimey – check body again.

Young Marsha is an exceptional girl, sociology degree but for money works at a boring job with softgoods company of a relative. Will study law... difficult, she says, 'cause law changing all the time. She studied two months to get her driver's licence; Grecia, Marsha's boyfriend, bought his.Yesterday he was fined 250 roubles for speeding.

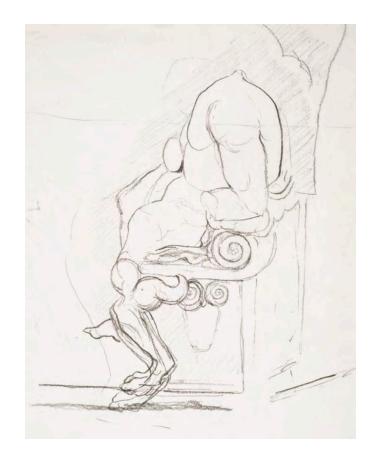


forebears connection - pencil on paper





pencil and biro on paper







London, September 2000

After gluttoning in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. The best blue, late summer sky with lineal dappled clouds...maybe a jet stream? The n'paper said traffic is to be banned in Traf. Square... lead the way, London. Mind you, the pigeons and the people have both overbred; what will keep the numbers down, if not pollution?

The sun shines as the plane reaches the end of the runway. How about that! I can hear hydraulic pumps – I'm over the wing, out left, the clouds below are like buttered snow, levelled with a bit of wispy cloud above them. The sun is behind us, sure is, we are going west, sure are. How cosmopolitan London seems nowadays.

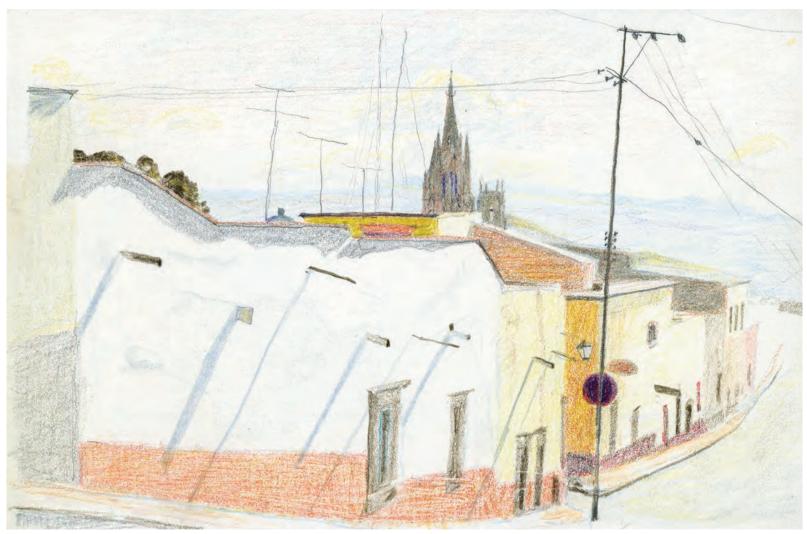




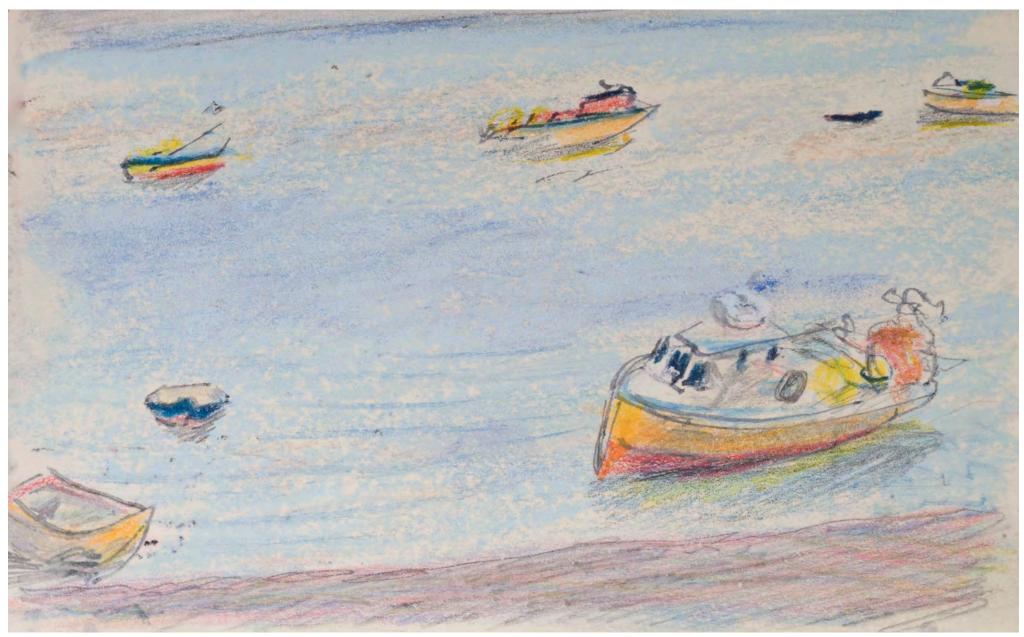




william bligh at lambeth (london) - pencil on paper



at morellia (mexico 1979) - mixed media on paper



low tide (chiloe island) - pastel on paper

### Easter/ Rapa Nui Island



quarry for moai - mixed media on paper



To a Chilean it is Isla de Pascua, but its truer, original name is Rapa Nui. Like New Zealand, it is one of the last places of human migration, yet it depicts the full circle of human behaviour: development, achievement, exploitation, decay, destruction. Then, re-direction, all about 1100 years worth.

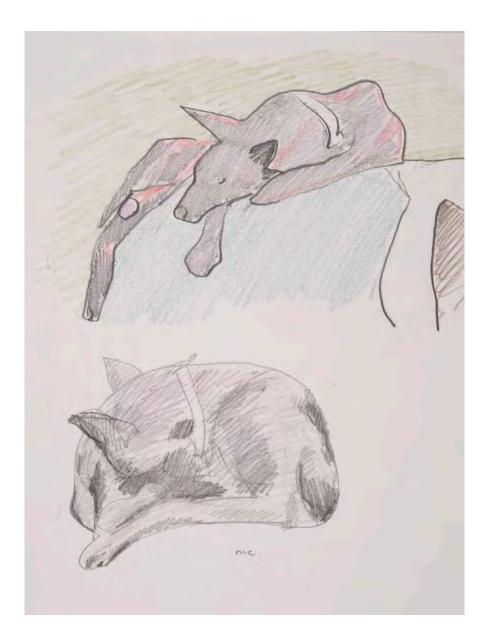
Those famous images, Moai, on first appearance laughable yet story rich, volcanic, rock solid figures. Intense in presence, whether standing, lying face down or part buried in their time - stopped workshop. There's a thousand in all, one hundred & twenty five of which are between the quarry area and their prospective site. A trail of abandonment ... they never made it and never will.





average moai 12 feet long and weigh 10 ton - pen on paper

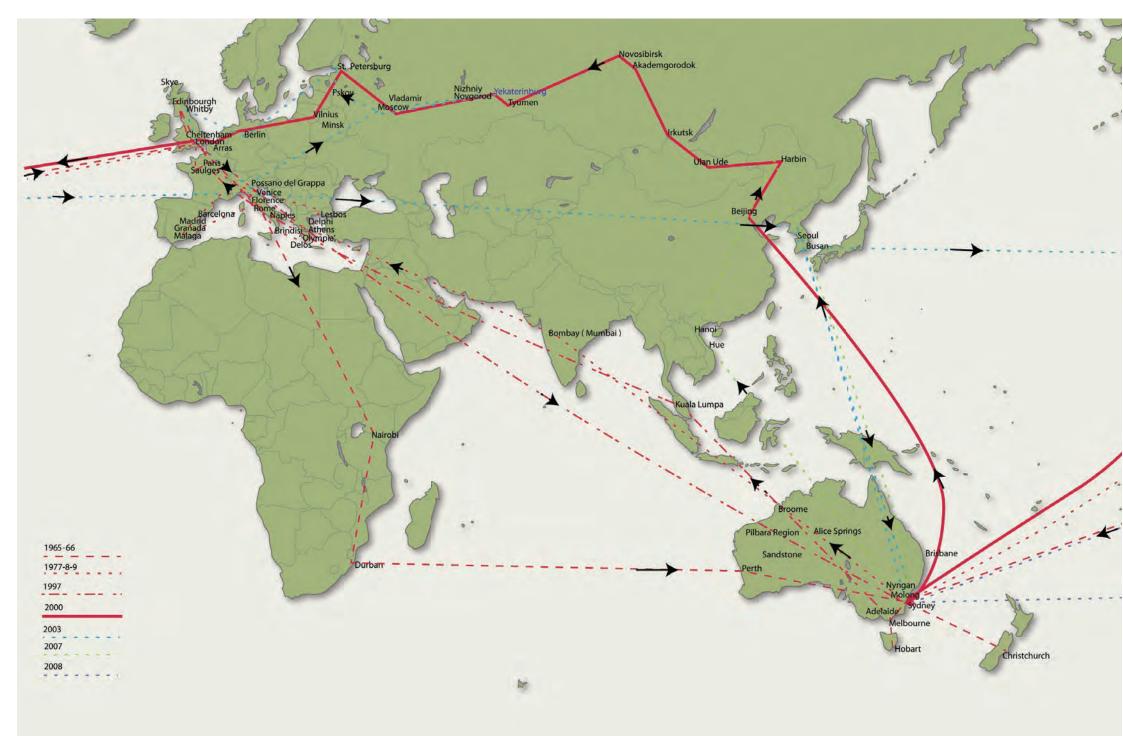
I hired a bicycle to go drawing yesterday, with load of full backpack, two wide plastic buckets and straw hat – forty years since on a pushbike – pre gears. Was I wobbly, and nervous! Maybe half an hour it took, with headwind and slight upgrade slope, to trek beside the longest runway in South America (its extension courtesy of NASA, as a backup runway for the spaceshuttle). Thought I had a drastic tube air loss, but t'was large reverse engine braking jet; cars whipping past one side, then full gallop horse 'n' rider on the other side. It took me a while to settle to some sketching of very still Moai.

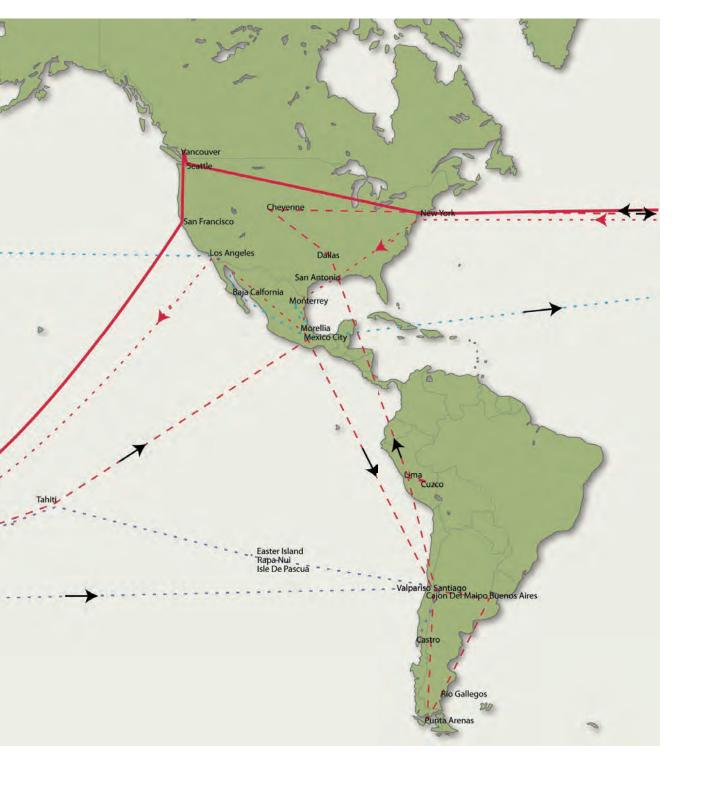




I went, I saw, I painted – hopefully to convey the exotic and the 'universal' familiar of other places and other lives, to share the experience. Is this just a travel documentary? Luck, planning, curiosity – what conjures the images that combine to build a story? My work is fairly literal, but there are many and diverse conditions which 'trigger' what you really see and how it's expressed.

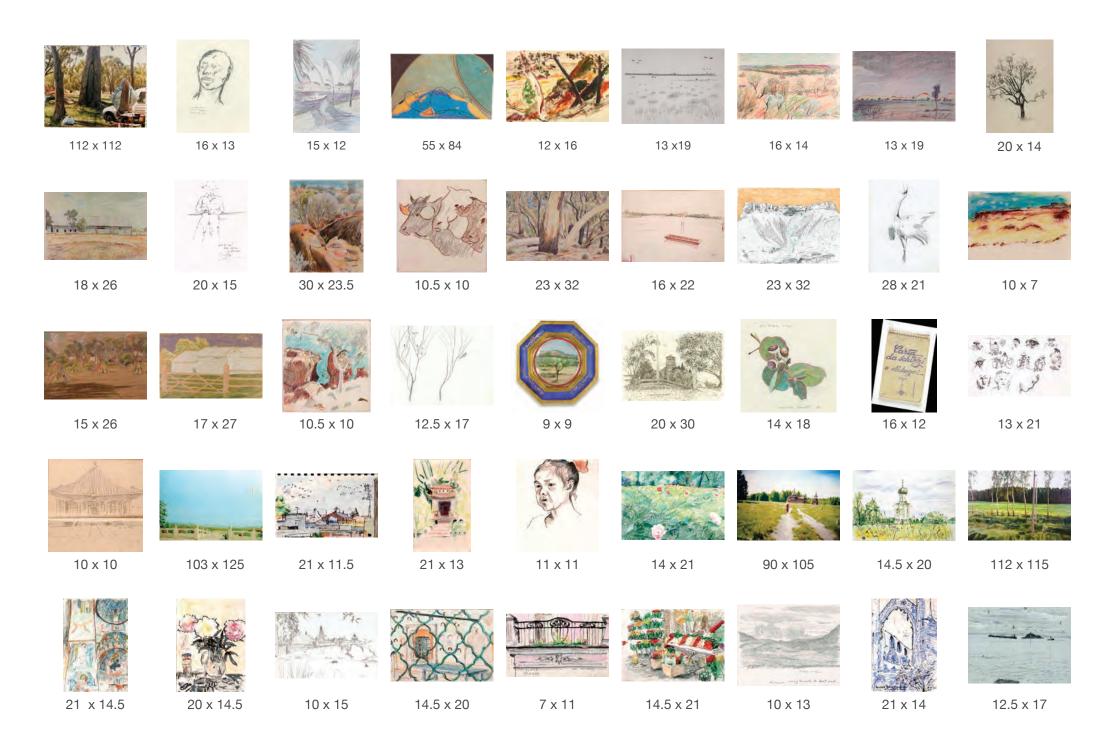


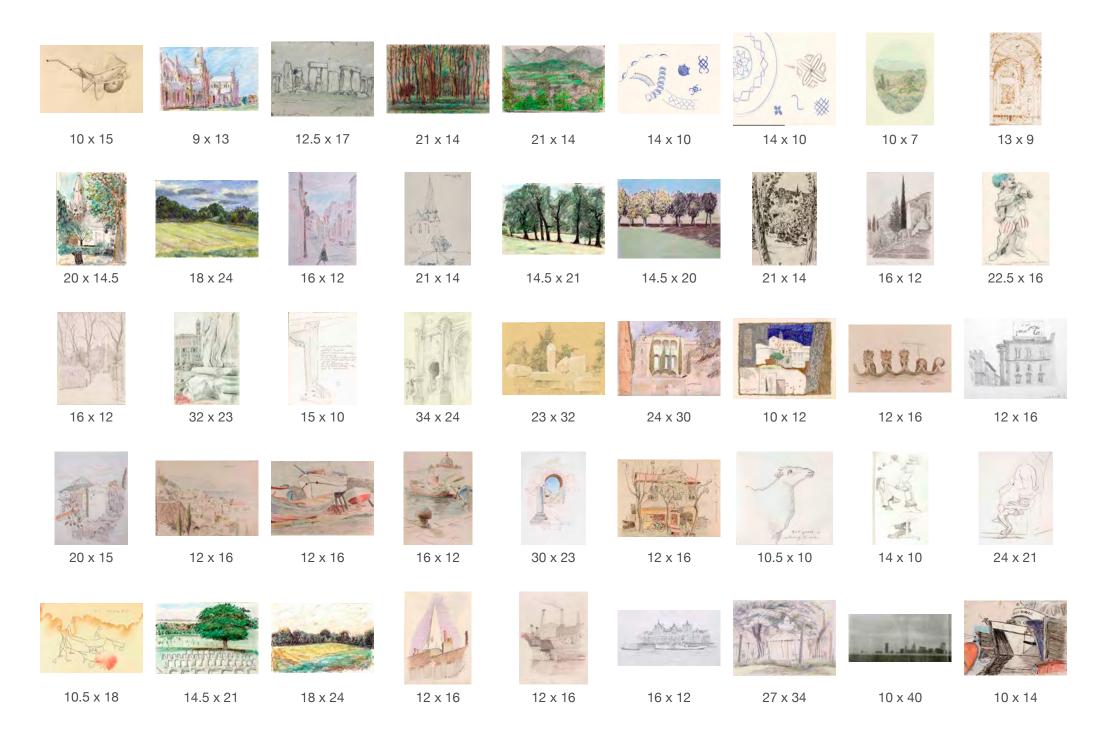


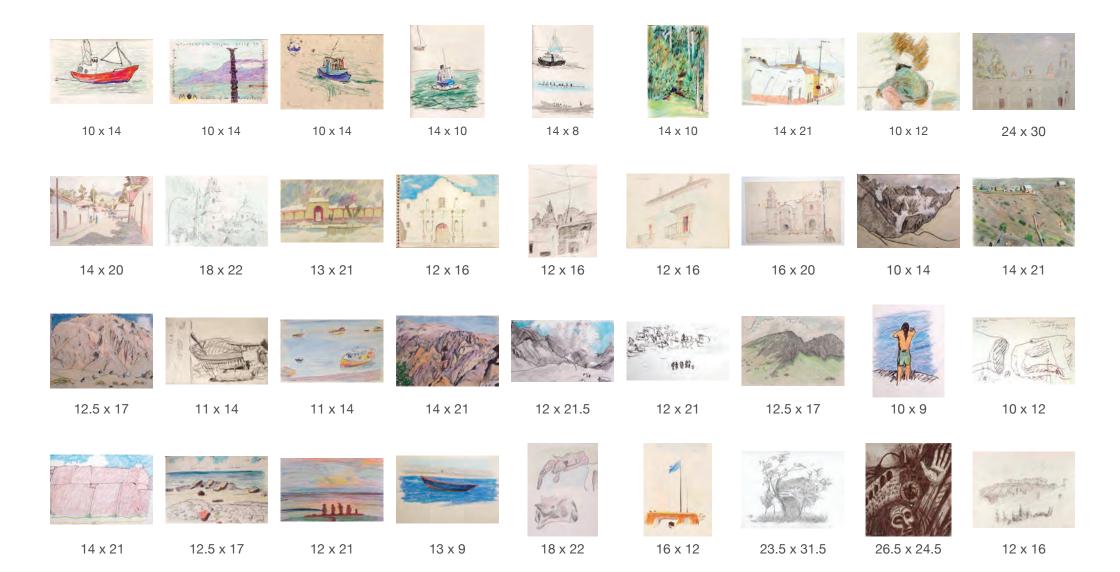




Michael Carroll photo by Ian Percival









18 x 24

14 x 12

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