

# placespace



anne mc caughey





Irish Australian artist, Anne Marie McCaughey studied in Brighton Art College and became a full-time illustrator, working with Vogue and Cosmopolitan before deciding that her interest in unearthing the complexity of human experience was more meaningful. She has had thirty solo exhibitions over the last years and her work is in public and private collections world-wide. Her practice remains paint based, and her subjects are chosen to evoke an elegy of liminal space and notions of belonging. Temporality with all its aspects of presence and absence, its reflection of the nature of the individual human duration has long been a subject of fascination, whether the obvious subject is landscape, portraiture or decaying machinery.

- 2024 Salon des Refusés, Sydney
- 2024 Finalist Minnawarra Prize WA
- 2023 Finalist Minnawarra Art Prize WA
- 2023 Finalist Rockingham Art Prize WA
- 2022 Finalist Perth Royal Show WA
- 2022 Finalist Lethebridge 20000 NSW
- 2022 Finalist Mandorla Award WA
- 2021 Finalist The Lester Prize, Perth WA
- 2021 Finalist National Capital Art Prize, Canberra ACT
- 2020 Finalist Portia Geach Memorial Award, Sydney
- 2019 Finalist Minnawarra Award, WA
- 2018 Finalist Stanthorpe prize, Queensland
- 2018 Finalist Collie Art Prize, WA
- 2018 Semi-Finalist BP National Portrait Awards, London
- 2017 Finalist Perth Royal Show WA
- 2015 Online finalist Lethbridge awards
- 2014 Invited artist Minnawarra Award, WA
- 2013 Invited artist Stations of the Cross exhibition, WA
- 2012 Highly Commended in Black Swan Portrait Prize,
- 2012 Finalist in the Mandorla Award, WA
- 2012 Finalist in the Minnawarra Award, WA
- 2011 Finalist in the Heysen Prize SA
- 2010 Finalist in the Gallipoli Award, NSW
- 2010 Finalist in the Mandorla Award, WA
- 2009 Finalist in the Black Swan Prize, WA
- 2009 Finalist in the Cossack Prize, WA



A Momentary Missing | Pastel on watercolour | 30 x 42cm | 2024

Coming from a little rural corner of Northern Ireland, the landscape I walked was gently hilled and scraggy fielded. Hedges and ferns bordered the heathered horizontal line of bogland. There was no monumental landscape. People toured the Glens of Antrim and the wilds of Donegal, but our scape was much more intimate in its scale.

Our father walked the legs of us, naming plants, identifying seasonal lore through sun and muchly rain, and so, the mantra of movement through land, embedded in me a love of the very specifically unspecific.

Shout In The Wind | Pastel on watercolour | 30 x 42cm | 2024







Waves West | Oil on canvas | 100 x 150cm | 2025

As a two-lander with near two thirds of my life in my native Northern Ireland and now twenty-four years in the highlighted world of West Australia, my reconciliation and adoption has required much active readjustment. As an artist, I'm now evolving to paint the in-between, my overlaid world. It's a quirk, but the sole/soul of my feet is in the walking, walking, walking. The legacy of my family immersion in our own particular landscape, has left me able to gaze at the magnificence of the Rockies or Alps but feel no twinge in my heart. To live for twenty-five years in Australia, it's taken that time to

consider this scape home.....as well. The flat horizontals of the Nullarbor, the high poke of South West trees, the relentless roll of an uneasy ocean are now seen and familiar...without full knowing. In the last show with Nyisztor, I paired landscapes together, one Australian, one Irish, and in this exhibition, I go a step further. I am really pushing to fuse, amalgamate, intersperse, so the viewer may actively search for the familiar. In the end, I feel the beauty or otherwise of landscape is only an eye thing unless overlaid with the redolence of memories and ancestral footsteps.



The World Is Not The Same | Oil on canvas | 92 x 121cm | 2024

In landscape, many people like veracity or authenticity, places to look like their memories of those places. What if you're not looking at the same things, don't see the same colours? You're not the same height, not in the same exact locational topography? What if you want to abandon all that making of reputable records? What if you're interested in the fusion of places plural? A commonality of memory. You want to make them inter-seamed with recall, or turned upside-down but still redolent. I seek to move away in this exhibition of paintings from the actual, to the partial. I wish place to have the potential to be multiple, confused, intriguing, split, infinite, interchangeable, unrecognisable but familiar somehow. Not generic or lip-synched. Glitch, interference, morphing, switchabout, hiccup. All to reconvene a definition of actual.

Pushing beyond topographical record into reinvention. Familiar-unfamiliarity. Ineluctably immersive, the suspension of relationship between dark and light, between colour and mark can hint at a timelessness where we are forever waiting for that moment of clarity, of recall, not geography.

My works do take shape around a precise event, an encounter with both times and locations, but I have decided to relocate that precision, to recall emotion not in tranquillity but 'in obscuris'. I lose and find pauses, suspensions, and intervals, with decreasing and increasing density, all rendered possible by a flickering and changeable colour that appears to be in continual transformation. Remaining interested not simply in the appearance of the thing but in a residual experience where melting into nothingness or re-fusing in another light entirely allows for a new awareness.





What Will Not Be | Oil on canvas | 100 x 150cm | 2024

Flux, metamorphosis, mutability. We move and yet seek stasis; ask of our surroundings that they remind us of what they were. We were. The vanished shadows of our heart's eye.

In 'What Will Not Be' I am caught between recording and simultaneously imagining states of iteration. Construction and destruction.



There is No Return | Oil on canvas | 100 x 150cm | 2024

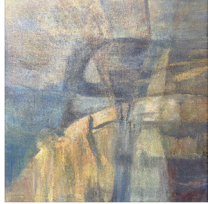
That There Was, Still Is | Mixed media | 49 x 66cm | 2024







**Restless West**  
90 x 90cm  
Oil on Canvas | 2024  
\$3600



**Secret Edge Of A Laugh**  
90 x 90cm  
Mixed Media on Canvas | 2025  
\$3600



**Waves West**  
100 x 150cm  
Oil on Canvas | 2035  
\$6300



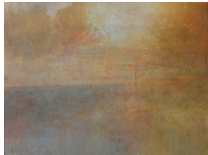
**The World Is Not The Same**  
92 x 121cm  
Oil on canvas  
\$3600



**What Will Not Be**  
100 x 150cm  
Oil and pencil on Canvas | 2024  
\$6300



**The Doorway Here or There**  
30 x 42cm  
Pastel On Watercolour  
\$750



**Between Here and Somewhere**  
30 x 42cm  
Pastel on Watercolour  
\$750



**The Wanderlost**  
30 x 42cm  
Pastel on watercolour  
\$750



**A Momentary Missing**  
30 x 42cm  
Pastel on Watercolour  
\$750



**Avon Sometimes**  
30 x 42cm  
Pastel on Watercolour  
\$750



**Remains Of The Day**  
30 x 42cm  
Pastel on Watercolour  
\$750



**That There Was. Still Is**  
30 x 42cm  
Pastel on Watercolour  
\$750



**(L) Our Waking thoughts**  
150 x 35cm  
Oil on Canvas  
\$2500

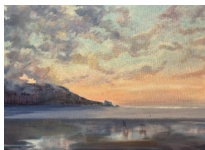


**R) Sea Shuffle**  
150 x 35cm  
Oil on Canvas  
\$2500

*Pair \$4000*



**Where We Are Not**  
75 x 100cm  
Pastel on Watercolour  
\$3600



**There Is No Return**  
76 x 100cm  
Oil on Canvas  
\$2250



**Shout Against The Wind**  
30 x 42cm  
Pastel on Watercolour  
\$750

Where we  
are not.....



My history with landscape painting goes back to my first year at Brighton Art College, where in a woebegone home-hankering state, the countryside of Tyrone was recalled to me in great festering sweeps of memory and missing. Even then I was conscious of the non-trendiness of landscape as subject, relegated to just above 'Still Life' in Eighteenth Century academia, it is sometimes still assumed to be the territory of the chocolate boxes, mined beyond its expiry date for meaning or metaphor.

And yet.

Throughout my life as an artist, I have continued to return every few years like a homing pigeon to contemplate the connectivity I feel with topography and surroundings, because as time passes, this seems to increase in complexity and become even more central to an understanding of the human condition. A vestige of an indelibly hesitant doorway between intuition and reflection, filtered through memory and feeling.

Secret Edge | Mixed media on canvas | 90 x 90cm | 2024







# Nyisztor Studio

1/17 essex st, fremantle  
open daily 9-23 march