

Kobie Bosch



Tails and Fables

Gallery catalogue

Purple Noon Gallery | June 4 - June 27



Opening Night

193 cm x 125 cm

Oil on Canvas, framed

\$4,700

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Opening Night

It was opening night for “Song of the Lyrebirds” and the air was buzzing with excitement. The two tenors had just arrived for the rehearsals. They were spreading out their lyre-like feathers, warming up their voices in preparation for the repertoire of melodies. They stretched their legs and pranced about, warming up their leg muscles for the rhythmic dancing that added a flamboyant twist to their performance.

Ringtail Possum, the theatre usher, lay fast asleep on the yellow velvet chair. Ushering duties only started after dusk and suited her nocturnal nature perfectly.

Peacock, the theatre manager, had very high standards. Everything had to be spick and span. Strutting up the staircase, he was checking everything: from the gleaming banister to the freshly vacuumed carpet leading up the staircase. The white cockatoos eyed him warily as he made his way to inspect the dress circle upstairs. He was a difficult fellow, notorious for his pugnacious temperament. Even the loud squawks of the cockatoos paled in comparison with the peacock’s furious screams. Peacock’s ascend was slow and his gaze meticulous. From the breathtaking flower arrangements to the gleaming grand piano, nothing escaped his eyes. He nodded approvingly with a content glint in the eye.

They all sighed a breath of relief. Now at last the show could begin!



These Trying Times

80 cm x 104 cm

Oil on linen, framed

\$3200

These trying times

The birds were gathered in the lounge room, splattered and perched on the wall and chair. The topic of discussion was the state of the world.

“Doom and gloom!” shrieked Willy Wagtail. Willy was a gossip per excellence, a renowned eavesdropper and teller of tales. The Red-Backed Wrens eyed him suspiciously. They knew very well that Wagtail’s sources could be dubious.

The stoic Scarlet Honey-Eater, usually quiet in conversations, spoke up, “Throughout history there have always been troubling times. We can not escape them. The only control we have, lies in our reaction to these challenges.”

There were a few minutes of silent contemplation.

The Red-Tailed Black Cockatoo couple snuggled closer, “We have found great solace and comfort in our companionship - sharing the burdens”, they squawked.

The Red Chat blushed and chirped, “Just looking at my crimson chest often makes me brave.” The birds nodded in agreement. The chat had a glorious red chest and just by staring at it now, they could feel their courage being strengthened.

On the table lay scattered delicious bush tucker. The fruit had been listening in on the conversation and now pitched in, speaking from experience, “These tough times, just like seasons, do not last forever. Eventually they too shall pass.” The birds all murmured their approval.

The banksias, grevilleas, and gum blossoms turned their flowered heads and spoke in sweet aromas, “Being able to provide others with food, nectar, beauty and sweet aromas during bleak times, help us to feel better ourselves and to have more hope for a better tomorrow.”

The woman in the painting leaned forward, looked carefully into the colourful lounge room, filled with flowers, fruit and birds. Her fluttering heart quietened, her worried soul softened.

“I am not alone”, she realised. “There is beauty to behold, people to love, things to take care of.” She got up from her chair and started the new day.



Doris Remembers

73 cm x 94 cm

Oil on canvas, framed

\$2800

Enquiries to Robyn 0409661662

Doris remembers

Doris examined the room where her portrait was hanging. On the table nearby stood a single crimson Waratah in a turquoise vase. She enjoyed looking at the iconic Australian flower, appreciating its bold design. Sometimes the brilliant red colour of the flower brought back memories of the war when she worked as a nurse in hospitals and camps. She could recall how, when there was the brief opportunity in between dressing wounds and administering medicines, she painted her patients, with the morning light streaming in from the windows behind, framing their figures in a bright halo. And then of course the harrowing images that confronted her as she entered the Belgen Belsen camp in 1945 after it had been liberated. She was the first artist to witness the horror of so many dead, diseased and starved bodies in that camp. How could one convey the terror and brutality, the sorrow and courage, with a pencil or brush?

A loud squawk brought her back into the room. The colourful menagerie of Australian birds in the mural to her left were having a raucous dispute. Their loud chatters, chirps, screeches, and calls blended into a colourful hullabaloo. But despite the noise, she adored them. They were funny, wise, obnoxious, and opinionated, and their antics and banter provided her with wonderful companionship.

The mural reminded her of the panels she painted for the Grill Room in the famous Queen Mary ocean liner. Oh, that room was wonderful! More happy memories filled her: the set and costumes designs she created for plays - Noel Coward was her favourite director.

At that moment, the crested shriketit hanging to her left shook its black crest disapprovingly at the cacophony of the wallpapered birds and pleaded: "Pipe down you boisterous lot- inside voices please!" Doris laughed out loud.

What a crazy world we live in, where cruelty and beauty coexist simultaneously... she would never be able to understand this.

-In remembrance of Doris Zinkeisen



Love Song

63 cm x 93 cm

Oil on linen, framed

\$2500

Love song

The lyrebird was up early, cleaning the handwoven rug near the breakfast table. He raked carefully with his long toes to find any hidden insects trapped between the fine golden threads. Oh, how he missed Sylvia on this morning! He could see her everywhere in the house. Over there on the green wall hung the tapestry of native flowers she was so fond of: eucalypt blossoms and banksias. And then the artwork! They loved going to galleries, collecting art that spoke to them. He still remembered the day when they acquired the two small pieces by Thea Proctor and Roy de Maistre.

Then there were the two seascapes that they purchased whilst holidaying near Avoca. What a fabulous time they had sitting on the beach gazing at the horizon... His gaze travelled over the cabinet with all the nicknacks, the porcelain urn from their first overseas trip to see the Great Wall of China.

As his gaze settled on the flamboyant gouldian finch wallpaper she so adored, he was overwhelmed by his longing for her. With tears streaming from his big beady eyes, he stretched his neck upwards, pouted his lips, and started to sing his love song for her. His repertoire was impressive. There was the kookaburra's call, the whip crack of the shy whip bird, the roar of the ocean, and every other single sound that he mimicked to woo her, adore her, and proclaim his undying love for her....



Doris and Whip Bird
63 cm x 93 cm
Oil on linen, framed
\$2500

Enquiries to Robyn 0409661662

Doris and Whip bird

It was a marvellously mild autumn morning in March. Outside the window, the Pacific was a glittering lake of azure.

Doris and Whip bird were engaged in a lively discussion/rapture about beauty found in everyday objects around the home. Scatter cushions, rugs, a wicker chair, glass bowls, potted plants, the balustrade, parquet flooring, fresh fruit (lemons, in this case) and a single, elegant grevillea in a translucent blue vase - everything was weighed and observed. Even the glorious Margaret Preston print hanging on the left below Whip bird was scrutinised.

“This world can never be saturated with beauty!” declared Whip bird. “Everything has the potential to serve as a source of inspiration: from the decorative shadows twirling across the polished floor boards to the delightful blue wrens flitting about in the lemon tree.”

“Quite right my dear Whip Bird,” Doris agreed with a side nod, “And the beauty we create in our homes, invariably brightens our everyday lives.”



Know your Name

78 cm x 78 cm

Oil on canvas, framed

\$2500

Know your name

The Gouldian finches were all gathered around the table, balancing on the magnolia tree branches. Crimson-Head pecked at the lemon wedge on the green tablecloth, peering up at the antique flower vase: on the porcelain there were painted two beautiful Lady Amberst pheasants.

“Oh I wish I could also have an important title like the Lady Amberst pheasants”, they quietly thought.

The milk jug was standing close enough to Crimson-Head to hear their musings.

“Dear Crimson-Head,” she softly whispered, “don’t you know the origin of your name? It is a true love story - of a man’s love for birds, a woman’s love for plates, and the love that bound them together to the end of their days.”

(in remembrance of John and Elizabeth Gould)



The Tales of Boorins and the
Bookish Magpie

78 cm x 78 cm

Oil on canvas, framed

\$2500

The tale of the Boorins and the Bookish Magpie

Once upon a time, in the Manjimup shire of Western Australia, there lived a small flock of Red-eared firetails, also known as Boorins. Their home was a 500 year old Jarrah - a giant over 50 meters tall and 3 meters wide, with a blossom filled canopy that stretched wide into the blue Australian sky.

On this particular morning, the Boorins were very excited as they were on their way to visit their bookish friend, the Magpie who lived on the truffle farm just up the Seven Day Road. The magpie always had interesting bits of wisdom to share. This, of course, you would expect from a magpie, as most magpies of note deeply value curiosity.

The Magpie was eagerly waiting for them on the table under the marmelade orange tree. "Three words I have found to be indispensable for most conversations." Magpie announced.

"Only three words - what could they be?" the Boorins shrieked.

Magpie cleared its throat, lifted its beak and in a clear voice warbled, "Tell me more!"



The Don Juans and Lady Banks

78 cm x 78 cm

Oil on canvas, framed

\$2500

The Don Juans and Lady Banks

The Red-backed fairy wrens were smitten. Never before had they seen such an exquisite creature.

From the top of her glossy black head, speckled with gold, right down to the cadmium and crimson reds of her tail feathers, she dazzled them with her exotic beauty.

They had a romantic setting prepared for her, hoping it would improve their chances to win her affections. On the table lay scattered fragrant gum blossoms around a lapis lazuli bowl, filled with her favourite seeds. Inside the olive vase stood a regally red waratah flower - a fiery explosion of their romantic intent.

The two King parrots eyed the spectacle warily. The Red-backed fairy wrens were renowned players, always looking for new love interests, but surely they could see the folly in this fanciful escapade?

One of the King parrots could hold his peace no longer and piped up: "Think again chaps! This is no casual affair - the Lady Banks is a monogamous beauty, not suitable for Don Juans like yourselves!"



The Love Birds
63 cm x 78 cm
Oil on linen, framed
\$2000

Enquiries to Robyn 0409661662

The Love Birds

Most of the finches were gathered just outside the room where the love birds were seated. The ordeal had been dragging on for days now, and the suffocating heat did not help. The air flowing in from the Gulf of Carpetaria was saturated, heavy, and slow.

“What can you see from your vantage point over there on the teacup?” enquired one of the impatient flock hanging from the Sturt rose vine.

“She is still giving him a cold shoulder,” the onlooker replied.

The finch dangling from the ceiling piped up, “This is so tedious! I miss the good old days of MAFS, and swiping left or right!”

Just then a slight breeze danced down the jolly yellow staircase, and carried with it an old familiar tune, “You can’t hurry love, you just have to wait. Love don’t come easy, it’s a game of give and take...”



Belonging

53 cm x 79 cm

Oil on linen, framed

\$1600

Belonging

The King Protea, reclining in the dusty pink vase, was pondering her ancestry. Millions of years ago, when Australia and Southern Africa were still joined as part of the Gondwana supercontinent, the Proteaceae family had all lived together on the same slab of Earth. Oh, what wonderful times they had been! She remembered what a blessing it had been to see her cousins daily: the ruby red Waratah (even though she secretly had always been jealous of the Waratah's twirly comma-like petals), the proud - and somewhat bristly - Banksia, and the delicate, but complicated Grevillea.

She was proud of her ancestry. They had been, and still were, a strong family, able to diversify and bloom even though the plates of Earth had separated them.

She remembered a quote from one of her favourite Pooh Bear books, when Winnie the Pooh told Piglet, "If ever there is a tomorrow when we're not together... there is something you must always remember. You are braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think. But the most important thing is, even if we're apart...I'll always be with you."



Tips on Migration
53 cm x 78 cm
Oil on linen, framed
\$1600

Tips on migration

The Silvereyes were dangling from the branches, hungrily eyeing the ripe figs that were meant for morning tea. It was the annual conference for migrating birds, and the Silvereyes were perched around the table with the magnificent protea arrangement. The last session of the morning was just wrapping up and they were eager to nibble on those deliciously juicy figs lying on the table.

“Right”, the emcee (MC) warbled, ”last tips for a safe migration!”

“Be wary of changed weather conditions. Our ancestors were on their way when a mighty storm swept them so far east they ended up in New Zealand. They were welcomed as new arrivals by the friendly Maori people who aptly named them ‘Tauhou’,” one silvereye chirped.

The Tasmanian representative chattered, “Make sure you are well prepared and fit for the strenuous flight -our Tassie flock annually trek 1600km across the Bass Strait often as far north as Queensland! The physical strain can be murderous!”

Another one piped up, “Don’t be fussy eaters: be adaptable and remain grateful for every morsel that can be used as fuel for the journey ahead”

The advice was now coming in thick and fast.

“Do not get distracted - fix your eyes firmly on the compass of sun and stars. Pay close attention to the magnetic fields of Mother Earth. Hold onto your bearings.”

The shy one in the corner spoke up, “Lastly, but oh so very importantly, be kind. Cultivate a confiding attitude and SING! Sing all your characteristic songs that you carry within your heart and throat!”



The Art of Living
53 cm x 63 cm
Oil on linen, framed
\$1500

Enquiries to Robyn 0409661662

The Art of Living

Once upon a time, not so long ago, in one of the neighbourly terraces in Leichardt, there was a most elegant room. The walls were covered in exquisite wallpaper featuring Australian birds and plants. Crimson rosellas, eucalypt, and grevilleas were painted in bold crimson, ultramarine, olive, and gold.

The furniture in this room was out of this world: an intriguing and exotic piece of Chinoiserie, telling the story of a faraway landscape in East Asian design, an armchair upholstered in rich mustard velvet stood on its shapely legs in the corner - very French and therefore very chic.

The Chinoiserie was the wisest of them all, its drawers filled with secrets of ancient worlds. It was often consulted for advice, and this day was no different.

“Oh wise Chinoiserie,” the birds whistled, “we want to become REAL, to be able to fly freely. For our hearts’ desires are to no longer be held captive by our flat wallpaper world. We want to live in the real sense of the word!”

The Chinoiserie thought deeply about their question.

“Dear Rosellas, it really is quite simple and also very, very hard. You have to follow the advice that the Skin Horse gave the Velveteen Rabbit. You have to learn how to love unconditionally, whole heartedly, completely, and untiring; until your feathers fall out.

From “The Velveteen Rabbit”, by Margery Williams

“Real isn’t how you are made,” said the Skin Horse. “It’s a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real.”

“Does it hurt?” asked the Rabbit.

“Sometimes,” said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. “When you are Real you don’t mind being hurt.”

“Does it happen all at once, like being wound up,” he asked, “or bit by bit?”

“It doesn’t happen all at once,” said the Skin Horse. “You become. It takes a long time. That’s why it doesn’t happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don’t matter at all, because once you are Real you can’t be ugly, except to people who don’t understand.”



Abundance

60 cm x 60 cm

Gouache on board

\$1500

Enquiries to Robyn 0409661662

Abundance

Once upon a time in a faraway country, in a house, around a table, there stood a pretty white vase painted decoratively with pretty blue flowers. The table was covered with a golden tablecloth printed with bold, colourful flowers in pink, green, aqua, blue, and white. Juicy lemons and limes were generously tossed around the floral surface. Inside the vase was a bouquet of chrysanthemums. Each flower consisted of a multitude of petals, each one of them delicately shaped into a disk or ray floret. The wall behind the vase was covered in wallpaper, littered with more chrysanthemums.

The Gouldian finches were astounded. So many flowers!

The one on the right chirped, "And to think this is only but one table - can you folks imagine all the tables throughout the history of time, all the lush gardens of the world filled with flowers, continents of trees budding with fruit... all of them expressions of grace-laced abundance!"



Fragile Content

53 cm x 53 cm

Oil on linen, framed

\$1125

Fragile content: for display only (handle with care)

“Have you always been for display only?” enquired the charismatic crested shrike-tit of the three vases sitting elegantly on the sideboard.

“Always,” replied the tall one. “We simply are just too fragile to be held and touched. One careless swipe and our curvy glass shapes are smashed...shattered!”

The iconic helmeted honey-eater, looking down at the scene, shared its story:

“I understand your situation well, dear Vases. I too am for display only. My beautiful home in the swamp forests is getting smaller and smaller. My species are nearly wiped out! We are now an endangered flock.”

The black cockatoo on the dresser squawked loudly, “Get me out of here - the fool who painted me into this display with all you sad and sorry lot shrank me down to a pea-sized parrot! And let me tell you, I am not happy about this at all!”

The shrike shrieked with laughter, “Indeed my pompous, aggrieved friend, you look like a tiny tot! Do not let your proud feathers be ruffled - your fragile ego is on display too!”



On Cleaning Brass and Having
Good Manners

53 cm x 53 cm

Oil on linen, framed

\$1125

On cleaning brass and having good manners.

My grandmother was fastidious regarding many things, but two things immediately come to mind: good manners and cleaning brass. Good manners included the following: be polite, do not interrupt others, listen carefully, be thoughtful and respectful, and most importantly, be kind.

Cleaning her brass ornaments involved rubbing the greenish black oxidation with a paste of lemon and baking soda, letting it sit for half an hour or so, then gently rinsing it with warm water and drying off, revealing the shiny beauty of the brass. The whole room would be reflected in the shiny bowls and jugs. I could get lost looking into that magical world.

Quite magically, kindness, too, can work wonders on oxidised hearts.



Gauguin's Studio

30 cm x 40 cm

Oil on linen

\$500

Gauguin's studio

The two Tahitian women on the wall were eyeing the two exotic Waratah flowers on the table with slitted suspicion. Would Paul abandon them, instead painting those two red beauties in the green vase?

The two Waratahs were furious. How dare Paul keep the two Tahitian women hanging on the wall? Surely their own crimson charms could provide the artist with all the inspiration he needed?

The four and a half lemons on the table were shivering with fear. Today may be the day Paul would throw them out. Already, their (not-so-thick) skins were losing its wondrous yellow glow.

The artist, meanwhile, was pleading with the universe, "Please give me a moment of pure and honest expression! A new revelation of colour and line!"

PURPLE NOON GALLERY

Enquiries: Robyn Williams

T: 0245 796579

M: 0409 661662

robyn@purplenoongallery.com.au

www.purplenoongallery.com.au