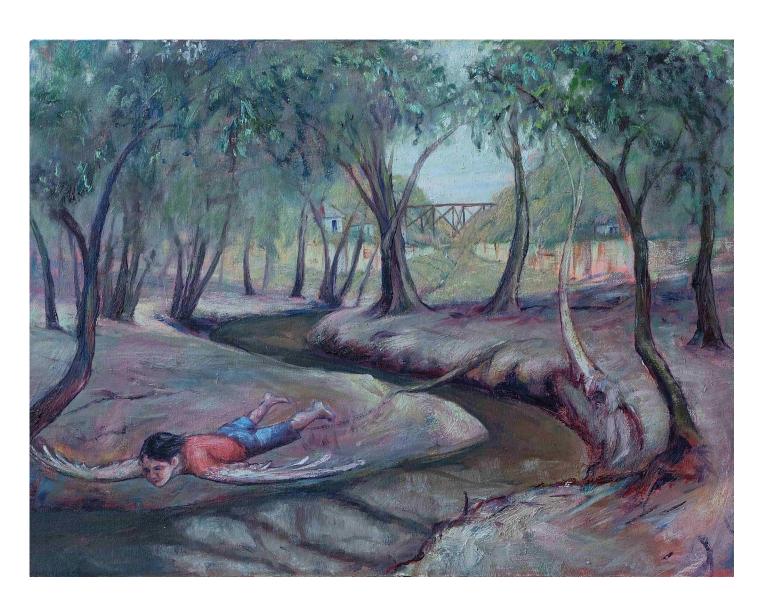
SEARCHING FOR HOME ROBERT STEMP

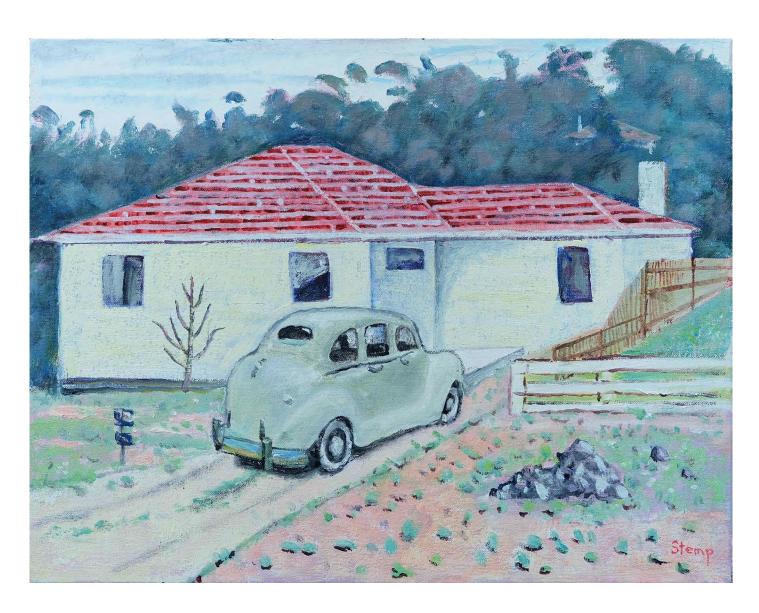
OPENING: Fri 21 March 6-8pm

DATES: 20 March - 3 April 2025



Flying Home by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 61x46cm \$900





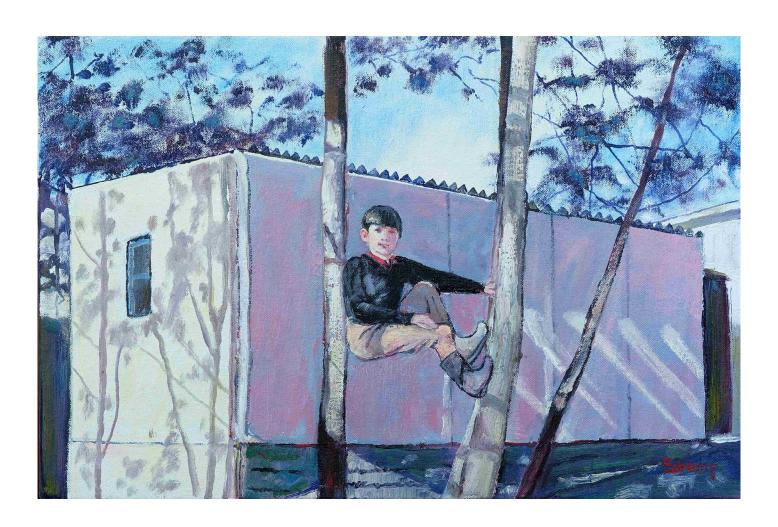
New House 1960 by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 46x36cm \$850



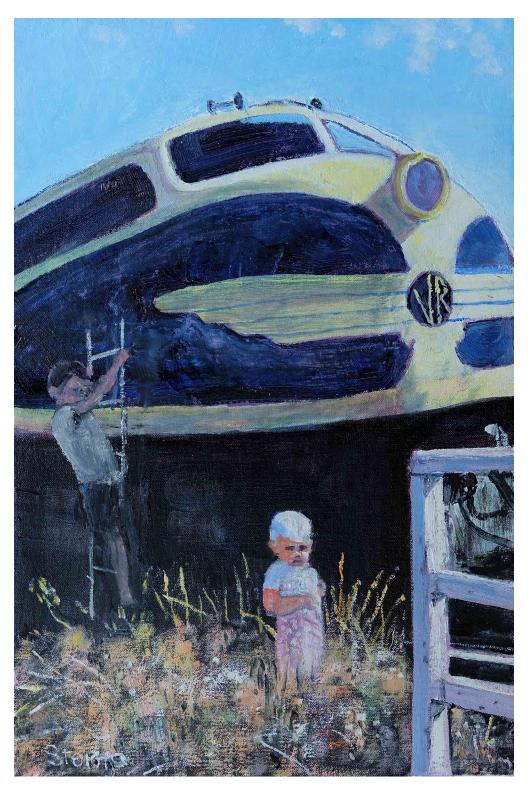
Meet the Marshal and his Deputy by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 46x36cm \$850 SOLD



The stage rolls into Dodge by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 46x36cm \$850



Perched by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 46x31cm \$850 SOLD



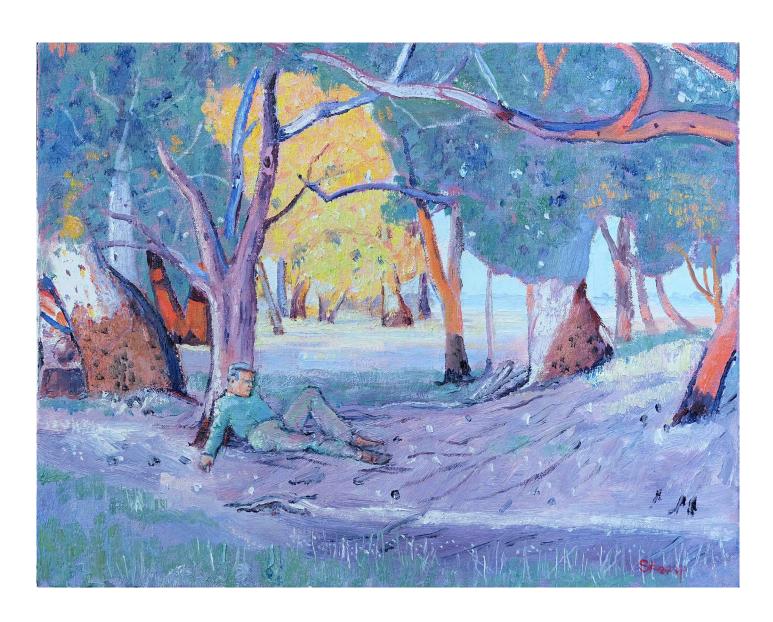
Our Friend the Diesel by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 46x31cm \$850



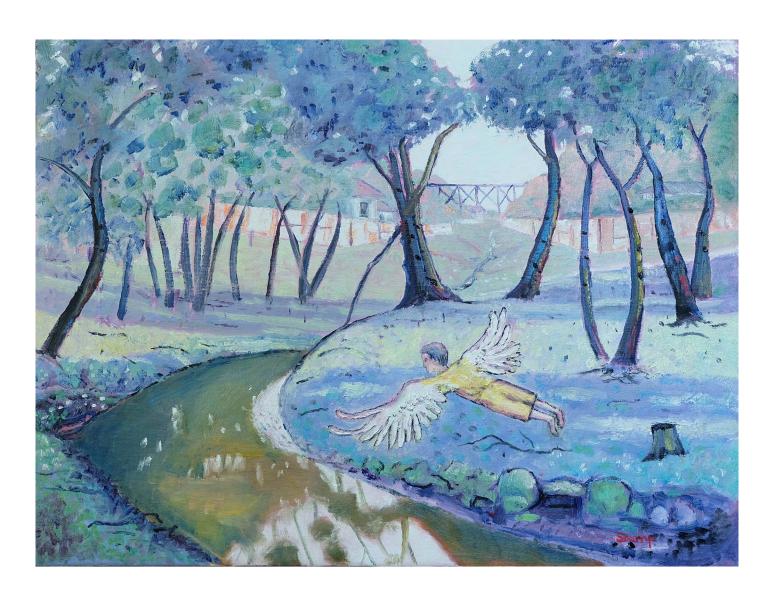
DW20 Grading the Monash Uni Site by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 46x36cm \$850



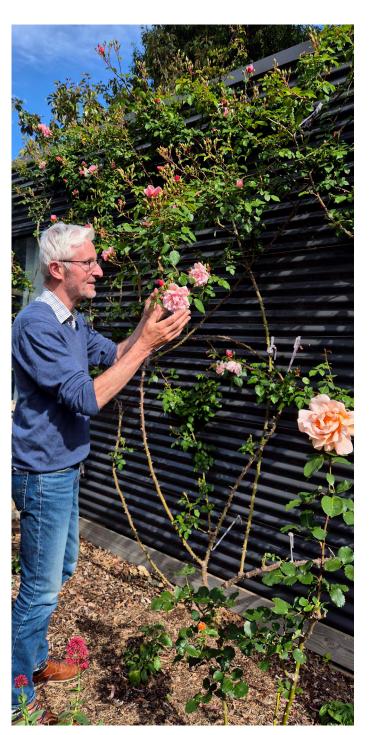
Smile at the Camera by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 46x36cm \$850 SOLD



Asleep by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 46x36cm \$850



Flying up the Creek by Robert Stemp oil on canvas 61x46cm \$900 SOLD



SEARCHING FOR HOME

by Robert Stemp

I was cleaning out the family photos recently and memories of childhood flooded in. My brothers and I grew up in the 60's in rural Glen Waverly. Cowboys were a big thing then and we did our best to rid the world of bad guys. At the bottom of our garden was a creek. The creek was our playground. I often had childhood dreams of flying along the creek. The ability to fly was handy for a small child as the world was full of big monsters. It was good to be able to flap my arms and rise up to the top of a tree to escape. I became less frightened over time and didn't need to flee the monsters. Diesel trains and big earth movers became my friends.

The path beside the creek led to the railway station and we used the old "Red Rattlers" to get to school. As such the path was a point of passage between home and the outside world. Time went by and we left home to pursue our careers. The house was sold and we left behind that solid symbol of our childhood. In recent times I have driven past the site and there is a new house there, barely any trace of our having lived there for 30 years. The only way I can see it is in the old photos and my fading memories. Now that my parents too have passed nothing seems permanent and the old cliché is never more apt: "Home is where the heart is."

(Photo: Robert Stemp in his home garden, Northcote, 2024)

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