



KONRAD WINKLER  
/ MOMENTS OF MY LIFE

EDMUND  
PEARCE

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This is an exhibition about photos; about why we take them and what they mean to us.

It is about the photographs that we use to confirm and validate our existence; that help us remember both the significant as well as the insignificant events of our lives. We often remember things, not because they are important, but because we have a photo that we like and that makes us happy. What these images will mean to us in the long run, time will decide and many will be discarded.

The text explores this connection, and is as important as the image, even when it slightly misrepresents it.

Konrad Winkler lives in Melbourne and has been exhibiting for the last 15 years in solo and group exhibitions in Australia and Japan. His work is held in a number of public collections, including The Cunningham Dax Collection, Horsham Regional Art Gallery, Warrnambool Art Gallery and the Maroondah City Council Art Collection and the University of Canberra and Victorian country galleries.



Nov 95 Manjimup W.A.

My daughter Jane with her new husband  
on the day after their wedding.

The marriage didn't last as long as the  
bucket suggested it might, but they are  
still good friends.

Her subsequent partners have all been  
women and things seem to be working  
out fine.



May 1995 Melbourne Vic.

Annelies came round one morning to do some photos in our bedroom. She was having a period and had the string of her tampon hanging out, which didn't seem to bother her.

To take this photo I moved round with the camera till I could no longer see it.

I now wish I hadn't. I really like the photo but it seems almost too nice. Too sweet.



*May 1995 Melbourne Vic. - 1995 / 2013*  
Archival Inkjet print, 72 x 90 cm, edition of 3 + AP

Jan 1989 Spout Creek Vic.

A family holiday in Lorne where Ros's  
parents bought a house many years ago.

We went to the Spout Creek beach one  
morning. Tony's first wife Teena liked to  
read a lot whenever she went on holidays.



*Jan 1989 Spout Creek Vic. - 1989 / 2013*  
Archival Inkjet print, 72 x 90 cm, edition of 3 + AP

August 2001 Melbourne Vic.

My daughter Jane, with her first wife Julie when they came to Melbourne for a visit. Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude Stein.

They were hit by the Nigerian scam and ended up breaking up as a result.

They seemed to be happy enough when they were poor. The hope of a million dollars and a better life just buggared things up.



*Jan 1989 Spout Creek Vic. - 1989 / 2013*  
Archival Inkjet print, 72 x 90 cm, edition of 3 + AP

Late 1960s Ballarat Vic.

A party in someone's garage when cask wine was cool and we still drank big bottles of Ballarat Bitter.

Even though she had her boyfriend at the party, I was totally nuts about this woman for a number of reasons that may or may not be obvious.

I met her again a few days later. We were somehow in the same car. I was in the back seat and reached over.

I was never quite sure if she didn't like me or pretended not to because of her husband. I think she was actually married.



22 Sept 2009 Melbourne Vic.

Our second son Jake was hit by a car and went over the handlebars of his pushbike.

I went straight in to see him when his girlfriend rang. The first thing he asked was, did I have my camera? He was pleased when I said that I had the Mamiya.

Ros was in Paris so the biggest drama was the long distance worry for her. She has always worried about Jake.

I don't really, but I'm just his father.





1960s Ballarat Vic.

I don't remember anything about this,  
But I remembered the photo when I  
was reading some Philip Larkin poems  
yesterday.

This is obviously the Overland to  
Adelaide, a train I always loved. And  
I'm sure the person in the open doorway  
is my youngest brother. I can still smell  
the diesel fumes and feel the waiting  
for the train to leave.

It was always a pleasant and somewhat  
romantic feeling.

Who the old woman is, I don't know.  
We don't have people like that any  
more, except in Philip Larkin poems.

And photographs.



1960s Ballarat Vic. - c. 1967 / 2013  
Archival Inkjet print, 72 x 90 cm, edition of 3 + AP

Mid 70s Darwin N.T.

From an old print of a photo I took for a series about apprentices and apprenticeships.

I can remember taking this photo and thinking that it was a good example of the section you find in this sort of old fashioned workplace.

But I also remember thinking that I wanted to take the photo so I could keep a picture of the blonde with the nice breasts. Guilt free as it were.



1974 Areyonga N.T.

School starting in the morning.

I taught here for a year and loved everything about it. It was a valley in the middle of nowhere. A world of its own.

I shared a house with the principal who was a nut. He tried to shoot someone's dog in our lounge room one day when he was having one of his frequent sickles.

The aborigines asked him to leave because he hit one of the elders with a baseball bat.



June 97 Timaru N.Z.

To me this photo is like the end of the world. Not just because both of my parents were now dead, but because it's Timaru. It's one of those end of the world places.

We were all walking to the funeral parlour to see Dad in his coffin. I wished I hadn't seen him. They got his neck all wrong.

He died at 88 of not having Mum.

I rang my sister who was at the hospital in N.Z. to ask how he was. She turned to look and said, 'Shit, he just died'.



May 2008 Warrnambool Vic.

Tony, my brother in law and his wife, Dieu Anh at the motel we all stayed at for a great aunt's 100th birthday party. Ros's cousin owned the motel so we all stayed together and got mate's rates.

When we arrived in the morning I went in to their room to say hello and hang out. But Tony was sound asleep so I took this photo instead.

He works too hard and has cutnaps all over the place. He reckons he doesn't.



1979 Adelaide Hills S.A.

My negs all got wet in my brother's darkroom and most were ruined. Now I only have the proofsheets of these images.

I wish I still had the negs so I could reprint this typical 70s 'girlfriend' photo properly.

Some might say that the 70s are best left behind. But not me.



1976 Adelaide S.A.

I took this when Ros and I were still split up. I stayed with her one night on my way back to Darwin.

Ros was shocked when I got up in the middle of the night for a piss and came back to bed with a can of beer. I told her it was OK because I was on holidays.

We were going to get back together later that year but she got another boyfriend in the meantime. Someone who didn't drink in bed I guess.



1976 Adelaide S.A. - 1976 / 2013  
Archival Inkjet print, 72 x 90 cm, edition of 3 + AP

1976 near Ballarat Vic.

Mairi, my brother's girlfriend.

I was sitting on the bonnet as we were driving along.

Seeing this photo again makes me wish it was now and that we were still there together. I loved doing this stuff and this whole era of photography.

I never really wondered what I would do with it. I just did it.





Nov 2012 Lorne Vic.



*Nov 2012 Lorne Vic. - 2012 / 2013*  
Archival Inkjet print, 72 x 90 cm, edition of 3 + AP

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Konrad Winkler is represented by M.33

**M.33**