

Cool and Temperate

From The Calligraphy Society of Tasmania

Additional Notes from the Artists

Robyn Colman *Postcards from the South*

The text for these four 'postcards' comes from poems written by the Tasmanian poet Margaret Scott. The photographs are of places in southern Tasmania that I love. In compiling these pieces I tried to keep things as natural as possible, hence the cotton-based paper, watercolour inks, silk threads and organic materials.

Robyn Colman *Looking at the Mountain*

While I can't see kunanyi/Mt Wellington from my house, I love to walk on it, and look at it every day from somewhere. Most southern Tasmanians do, I think, perhaps to check the weather that's coming from the west, to enjoy the rosy sunrise light on the organ pipes, to see the snow in winter and spring, to be amazed by sunsets behind it. The mountain is only a short drive from town but a world away when you're walking on it. Finding words for the paper in between the photographs taught me how much this monumental geological feature is loved by other people too.

Jo-Ann Cromack *Tasmania's Giant Kelp Forest. Going, gone, gone.*

In some areas off Bruny Island and the Tasman Peninsula 60 -80 metre high kelp forests are completely gone and there is a dismal prognosis for what remains elsewhere. I came across an article in my partner's 'Fishing' magazine by Karen Gowlett-Holmes on the severe depletion of our native kelp forests. As a Marine biologist, award winning photographer and the Marine Invertebrate Collection Manager at CSIRO, she can see the direct impact the loss of habitat has on marine life. She laments that on land, a loss of native forest on this scale would cause an outcry of protest, but underwater and unseen, it goes on largely unnoticed. The kelp thrived in our cold, nutrient rich water but our East coast waters are warming at a rapid rate, among the world's top 20 fastest.

*'There is one marine production, which from its importance is worthy of a particular history. It is the kelp, *Macrocystis pyrifera*. This plant grows on every rock, from low-water mark to a great depth, both on the outer coast and within the channels... The number of living creatures of all Orders, whose existence depends on the kelp is wonderful.*

A great volume might be written, describing the inhabitants of one of these beds of seaweed...I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the southern hemisphere, with the terrestrial ones in the inter-tropical regions'

Charles Darwin 1845

Jo-Ann Cromack *Four Seasons in one day*

That is how it is in Tasmania and I like it.

'Even when you're feeling warm, the temperature could drop away, like four seasons in one day'

Thank you Neil and Tim Finn from the band Crowded House.

Ailsa Fergusson *'Abel Tasmans Passagie'*

Translation of text from Abel Tasman's 1642 Journal

'A view of Antony van Diemens Landt, as you sail along it from the Maetsuicker Islands, far as the Boereels Islands or Storm Bay'

Lyndall Mason *Forest Colours*

Words by Ellen Miller from "The Quiet Land" by Peter Dombrovskis and Ellen Miller
I was originally inspired by a photo of the autumn colours of deciduous beech in the book "A Time to Care" by Bell and Sanders.
My first visit to Cradle Mountain was in Autumn 1980 and it was almost overwhelmingly beautiful bathed in its Autumn colours.

Lyndall Mason *Upon the Stones*

Author 'R' 2014.

My inspiration for this piece began with images of the lichen covered rocks at Bay of Fires. It evolved to include general information about lichen in Tasmania (depicted illegibly in the background). I only used the second verse of the following poem for the main body of my artwork.

Upon the Stones

Upon the stones the lichen grows
For those asleep in earth below
And those awake who tears do weep
To green the grass with sorrow's seep
To honour love their hearts bestow

The lichen sleeps beneath the snow
Through cold and ice of winter woe
Awaits the warmth and summer's creep
Upon the stones the lichen grows

In shadow rain or summer glow
It hears the words of belle or beau
It fears not time or grounds man's sweep
The lichen guards eternal sleep
For here in each and every row
Upon the stones the lichen grows

Lyndall Mason *Kunanyi*

Poem author Greg Lehman https://www.wellingtonpark.org.au/assets/wellingtonpark_poetry.pdf
I'm inspired by the many street artists/calligraphers I follow on Facebook and Instagram. The mountain is part of my life - it is part of my daily landscape and has a huge influence on our weather. Despite being on the edge of the city, it is still, for the most part, a wild, untouched wilderness.

kunanyi – the mountain – mount wellington by Greg Lehman

muwinina. mumirimina. nununi.

These tribes of Aboriginal families know the mountain as more than rock. kunanyi, it is called.

Tribal land made in sacred country.

Season of rain and wisdom of stories past,

kunanyi brings forth life.

For two thousand generations past. And forever more.

Songs and dance honour this power. Listen. These words still carry in the wind, so that kangaroo and mountain berry

will always grow

in kunanyi's forest cloak.

Sourced from the mountain...a people's perspective, Emily Stoddard, 2004

Lyndall Mason *The Sea*

Author Rod McKuen from the book "The Sea Around Me...The Hills Above"
The original poem is called The Dutchman from which I've extracted two verses.
My inspiration for this piece came from the beautiful sandy beaches and wild oceans of Tasmania.
Although the words are not specifically about Tasmania or by a Tasmanian writer, I felt that they complemented my artwork.

Lyndall Mason *The Franklin*

Author Paul Brooks from the book "A Time to Care" by Bell and Sanders.
My inspiration for this piece came from a photo by Olegas Truchanas in the book "The World of Olegas Truchanas" by Max Angus.
I tried to imbue the spirit of the protesters by creating what could have been one of their banners against the proposed damming of the Franklin River.

Liz O'Leary *Patchwork of Pleasures*

My patchwork depicts sunrise to sunset.
Starting with the top row; the sky and mountains, the tree tops, leaves and flowers, bark of different trees and the block that has holes burnt into it, represents our bushfires that leave holes in people's lives.
Then there is a row of my favourite things produced by a cool climate; honey, red wine and blue cheese.
That's followed by ferns, the beach and ocean, the best rainbows and sunsets. My poem is self composed and shows what I saw around me while creating my patchwork through winter and spring.

Anne Phillips *Undertones I, II, III, IV*

The eco-prints began as an experiment in using different natural dyes and mordants, together with leaves, grasses, bark and flowers, mainly from Tasmanian natives, in our New Town garden. The resulting four panels, quite serendipitously, evoked different moods and tones seen in the garden throughout the year. The words were chosen to reflect these different times, providing the "undertones" which might "whisper" to me in my patch.

Anne Phillips *That's Cool*

Playing with the rounded shapes of the letters of the word "cool", in Foundational script, was the starting point for this muslin panel. The expanding pattern seemed interesting. The words below, in a free brush script, are just a few of the synonyms for "cool" in its various meanings. I wrote only fifty of the approximately two hundred synonyms which can be found in dictionary and thesaurus. "Cool" is a surprising word!

Jane Stanton *Nothofagus gunnii*

Though the autumn turning of the fagus is an increasingly well publicised feature in the Tasmanian landscape, I'd spent forty six years living locally, never having seen this wonder. The beginning of 2013 brought with it some medical issues, that reminded me that I'm mortal, and with this, a heightened awareness of the beauty of the natural world. A family gathering at Russell Falls for a Mother's day celebration, resulted in my first experience.

I was surprised to realise the connection between our Deciduous Beech and the Antarctic Beech found in southern Queensland. I'd featured the Antarctic Beech in a calligraphic piece in 2009. How uncanny, to realise they're both members of the Nothofagus genus.

Jane Stanton *Fossils*

This beautiful poem is from Adrienne Eberhard's book *Agamemnon's Poppies*.

The *tiny fingers unfurling* reminds me of my own children as new born babes, and, as they grew, of family walks along the Lenah Valley track, with the children testing out their magnifying 'discovery tools', unearthing their own fossils.

Thanks to Ailsa Fergusson, for teaching me the process of eco-dying.