



*Celebrating National Tree Day
Handmark Artists*

Three can never be too many trees
in the world —

They bring us inspiration and joy,
protection and indeed life.

A huge thankyou to all the artists
who have taken the tree to heart and
produced this thought-provoking
exhibition.

Allanah Dopson,
Director, Handmark
July 2024

cover:

faridah cameron, *eucalyptus*

connection

bruce thurrowgood

2024

acrylic and gold leaf on kozo

paper on linen

153 x 102 cm

I grew up on a dairy farm where I would mostly play alone outdoors.

One of my favourite things to do was to climb our many tall trees, often sitting at the top. where I would feel and be part of the swaying in the wind, and the tree's response to sunshine and rain.

My experience was one of 'connection' and of being a part of the environment. It was a feeling of being at one with my world.

A tree, to me, was human like, alive and responsive, with its body rising from the ground with outstretched arms.





the gathering

nick glade-wright

2024

oil on canvas

122 x 138 cm

I see the boab tree as a metaphor for our own lives, and like a barometer for the health of the land, surviving for millennia with its unique characteristics like the storage of water, its medicinal properties and even a spiritual significance for many indigenous Australians, a snake often carved into its bark indicating the rainbow serpent, the giver and supporter of life in the desert.

Its quirky physical appearance, sometimes called the upside-down tree, appeals to me as an artist, its branches resembling human veins or the tributaries of a river. 'The gathering' depicts the tree, personified, communicating its secrets of survival to the surrounding audience.



the lake

max mueller

2024

oil on linen

110 x 125 cm

The willow in my backyard stood in rotten nobility for many years.

It stood with a presence that made the yard feel infinite as you laid your head sideways against the grass

With a dark stubborn trunk and flimsy dripping limbs and the holes in the roots where I thought gnomes once lived. Bees moved in halfway between when I first knew it and when it dropped; the tree hummed like a begging old soul after that.

But its beauty carried me as a child, swinging from its branches like great mysterious vines. As it lay dead on the grass my dad set alight the sodden mulch within, throwing pale smoke into the cold night sky.

the survivor

clifford how

2024

oil on linen

185 x 155 cm

I remember finding out that the Cider Gums on Tasmania's Central Plateau are a unique endemic species and are only found in this elevated country. A large number have died over recent years, and the few remaining survivors seem to be clinging to life despite the adverse weather conditions and the threat of global warming changing the way they react to the seasons.

Despite their tough iron like exterior, they possess a fragility that cannot be ignored.

In this work entitled "The Survivor", a lone Cider Gum silently stands firmly in the wintery ground at first light hoping for a small amount of sunlight to sustain it.

This tree is testimony to the ability of a vulnerable species to endure and continue. It can truly be labelled "The Survivor".





up in the branches

michael mcwilliams

2024

acrylic on cedar panel

22 x 25 cm

It is disheartening to see an ever increasing number of log trucks rushing our wonderful chopped down forests to the wood-chippers or the mills owned in Victoria. Climate scientists have been warning us “we must stop deforestation if we are serious about climate change”; yet Sustainable Timber Tasmania has done the opposite and ramped up the destruction. The government owned industry has had many, many years to transition into plantation timber but it just hasn't happened.

Our native forests are an incredible asset. Eucalyptus Regnans for example is the tallest flowering tree in the world and second only to the Californian redwood as the tallest tree in the world. Trees help create habitat for many wonderful animals, birds, insects, reptiles and the list goes on. Why do we chop them down?



my garden - summer 2024 #1

luke wagner

2024

oil on linen

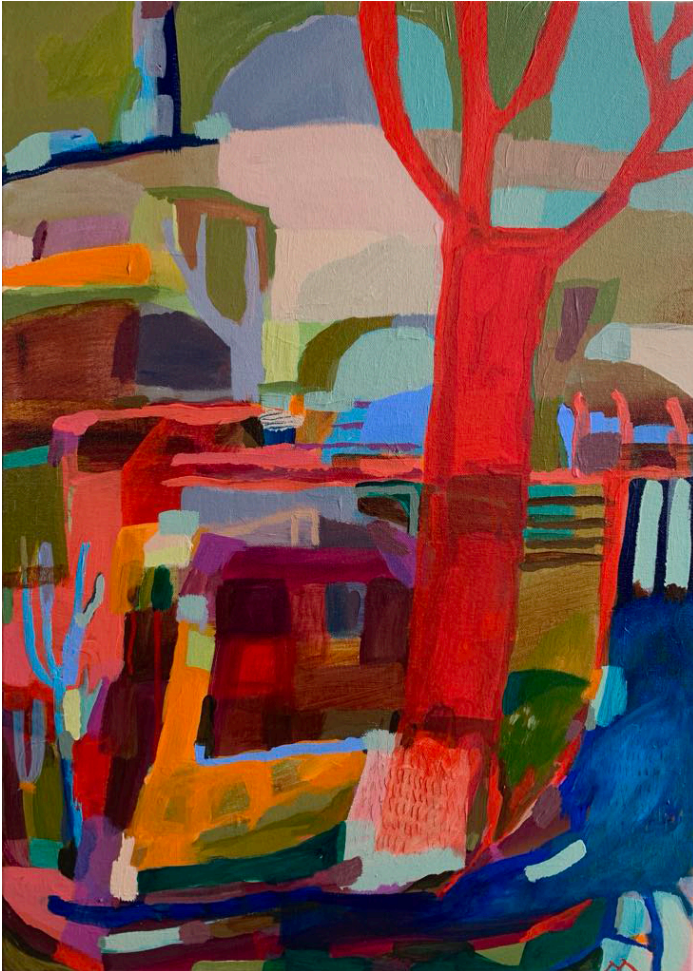
61 x 41 cm

In the tradition of an artist painting their own garden.

I see from my studio two elderly Golden Elm trees.

I decide to paint them on a warm clear morning with honey dappled light and inviting shade.

My memory of the last of summer.



*look for the red tree and
i'll be waiting there*

mel aliendi

2024

acrylic on canvas

73 x 53 cm

I have a deep affection for all trees, but the gum tree holds a special place in my heart.

Growing up in the small country towns of regional New South Wales, these iconic trees were the constant backdrop to my childhood memories.

The gum tree, with its peeling bark and silhouette of reaching limbs, has become a familiar motif that continues to make its appearance in my paintings.

As a child, I remember playing in and around the trees, sticking my finger into the oozing sap and crafting bookmarks from their leaves.

Driving between those country towns, from Coolamon to Toppo Town and the back of Barmedman... the straight, cornerless roads felt endless. What holds firm in my memory is looking out the car window at the gum trees; clustered along the road or standing solitary in a paddock.



striving for light

alex white

2024

linocut

edition of 10

40 x 40 cm

Plants, trees and fungi find their way to adapt amongst the undergrowth below. They grow in unusual places and make the most of their environment, wherever that may be. Bending and twisting as they grow towards patches of sunlight shining through the vast canopy above.

Their pursuit causes them to morph into a stunning variety of forms, each a testament to the unique strategy for survival within the ecosystem.

This work is inspired by a Man Fern (*Dixonia*) I encountered while bushwalking through Mount Field National Park. Its slow, patient growth is evident in its graceful lean, proof of an unwavering pursuit of light over time.



lemon scented gum

anna fitzpatrick

2024

oil on linen

156 x 156 cm

This Lemon Scented Gum is a tree I have known for a long time. I have read entire books under it, napped under it. Used its scent as a guiding light while walking home in the dark. Taken refuge beneath its shaded canopy on hot days. Closed my eyes and breathed in its glorious lemony aroma and let the sunlight dance behind my eyelids.

I would often view this tree looking upwards into the canopy while scrunching up a fallen leaf and holding it to my nose. The depiction here is a remembrance of these moments. I want to capture that feeling of gazing up, having your entire field of vision filled with leaves and canopy, a perspective shift which leaves you reeling with the grandeur and improbability of nature. The wonderful interconnectedness of it all.

fallen for february

david edgar

2024

charcoal on paper

134 x 100 cm



I have memories of being very young and climbing trees as high as I could. The vista from above of the whole neighborhood was unlike any type of grounded experience.

However, strangely, the first thing that comes to mind when I think of a tree is German philosopher Husserl. He wrote of the conscious phenomena of experiencing a tree. When we do this, he suggested, we think of the essence of a tree rather than the exactitude, or first-person study of a tree that we would view when using our eyes to look or with our other senses to interpret when in the world.

In everything that I attempt to draw I am aiming for a faithful and yet expressive essence of the thing and my experience of it interpreted through a piece of charcoal or eraser in my hand when drawing.

Going back to the question and response, there are so many trees that hold special memories for me, but no individual one. Perhaps the special memory of a tree for me is this essence or reflection, which encompasses all of my memories of trees, good, bad, ugly and everything in between.



waltz: the turning of the fagus

julie payne

2024

pianola roll, ink, coloured pencil, paint

35 x 66 x 10 cm

My favourite tree was the one that my friend Lynette and I would build treehouses in next to the milking shed. The tree was a long suffering old fir tree in a remote part of north-east Tasmania, and we were nine years old.

On reflection, not much planning ever went into the construction but it seemed to occupy all of our imagination for days on end. How would we build the ladder, what could be used for a floor and walls, how creative can you be with bailing twine, where would the swing be, would dad miss the hammer and nails?

What we loved most though is that this occupied space became ours, we considered the beautiful old sweep of the branches, the sticky sap if we wounded it, the strong pine smell of our clothes and the ability to be much taller and braver than we really were. And laugh and laugh with transferred stories from books and telly into our own fortress.

Over time the milking shed and our home were demolished but the tree still remains and when out that way, I sometimes stop and remember the joy of friendship and the possibility of anything.



the gatekeeper

kaye green

2024

mixed media collage

60 x 100 cm

I have known this tree all my life. It is in the street where I grew up in Ulverstone and it was a huge mature tree then so it must be over 100 years old. I saw it recently and was in awe of the way it was still standing there with a constant enduring presence.

photosynthesis

jeewan suwal
2024
acrylic on canvas
51 x 41 cm

For me, tree stands as a pure life. Standing alone, giving shelter to other creatures, and serving humans in many ways. It is a teacher, that teaches to be rooted, be steady and keep growing in all situations like it does in all seasons. Literally, trees give us food, shelter in need and consciousness to mind.

As a child, I remember, resting and relaxing under the tree in summer, picking fruits and filling stomach while I was hungry.

Being close to tree calms me. It rejuvenates me. So, tree is a source of energy as a 'mother'. In my culture, tree represents universe.

We worship it as mother. I was taught that the tree's root associated with Lord Brahma, the creator; trunk to Lord Vishnu, the Protector and leaves to Lord Shiva, destroyer. For me tree is a symbol of life.

As an artist, tree is obvious Green. It is my natural inspiration that reflects time and space, a combination of yellow sun and blue sky on the ground.





the tree

jeff gatt

2024

oil on canvas

180 x 80 cm

On a recent trip to the Peninsula on the East coast I passed this eucalyptus tree which is a feature along the path to the Tessellated Pavement.

The textured bark and twisted branches are a testament to it's resilience and strength.

I see it as a guardian of the pavement, overseeing the tourists and sightseers along that rugged shoreline.



weeping medusa

katina gavalas

2024

collagraph and relief print

70 x 100 cm

My favourite tree is a Weeping Cherry Blossom. We planted one thirty five years ago in our front garden and watched it grow and flower each Spring. It holds sentimental value and offers me a warm sense of place and serene peace.



eucalyptus

faridah cameron

2024

acrylic on canvas

164 x 110 cm

In the school yard one tree stood sentinel in a sea of bitumen, a very old peppercorn with a circle of benches underneath it. We loved the little bunches of red berries, the feathery leaves, the smell of it, the shade. When I visited the school thirty years later it was no longer there. Gone but not forgotten.



adrift

linda keough

2024

oil on canvas

41 x 51 cm

From an avenue of oak trees,
splendid in their summer glory
Rich with childhood memories
To the wild lemon tree, waiting with
its forbidden fruit
eager to blossom, to be chosen.
These, with their melancholy, their
lingering recollection
of time past, time unclaimed
Beyond conscious thought, lie these
memories re-lived
and yet to be lived.



adrift II

martin rek

2024

carbon pencil, watercolour

40 x 30 cm

The abundance of native flora and fauna in Tasmanian has been my biggest inspiration while living in Tasmania.

Having recently moved to Edinburgh and seeing vast areas of land cleared over centuries for grazing, made a striking contrast to the Tasmanian landscape.

This fragile, adrift vessel with the native forest abundantly outgrowing its boundaries, symbolises the hope, resilience and ability to recover in the context of Tasmania's unique environment and challenges.

Kintsugi, the Japanese art of repair demonstrates that the broken can be made beautiful again. Just as this Island, if nurtured, has the potential to thrive.



*by the edge of the wood
where i waited for you*

louise davidson

2024

acrylic paint, pastel on paper

75 x 55 cm

I've often felt a special intimacy with trees. I think this began with the large fig tree I would climb as a child growing up in Cairns in Far North Queensland. Reaching high into its branches I would find a comfortable spot and settle in and read my book. I loved the quietness and privacy this provided and the fact that nobody knew where I was. It was often a wrench to come down to earth and rejoin society.



hand hold

diane allison

2020

collage, hand cut collected
fashion magazines

102 x 80 cm

Most mornings there is a game of "Capture the Castle" at the top of our Norfolk Island Pine, near our front window, played seemingly without rules. The reigning champions, at the end of Summer, were the unflinching, elegantly angry-looking Dusky Woodswallows.

Last Spring was the Duskie's' first visit to our garden and we were instantly mesmerised and charmed by their comings and goings. Amongst the branches of the pine and surrounding eucalypts their world unfolded before us, until they heeded the call of warmer climes. Their stoic host waits quietly for their return, reminding us of the connections between all things.



a sanctuary in the forest

katy woodroffe

2024

acrylic and ground pigment
on paper

134 x 91 cm

I vividly recall my childhood in Derby where I could wander at will through the untouched forests surrounding the town. Many of the trees are now under threat from logging. The sense of peace, tranquility and sanctuary I experienced in these sacred places inspired this piece of work.

To really feel a forest canopy, we must use different senses. And often the most useful one is the sense of imagination.



matsu in the mountains

olivia moroney

2024

graphite on paper

100 x 70 cm

The Japanese pine trees or matsu are found all over Japan, they feature in botanical gardens, rural areas, and outside homes. They form part of every day. During my travels there, I spent time in the mountains with a group of artists. Our accommodation was a training camp. We were high up in the mountains, surrounded by trees, bears and monkeys. On clear days you could see down through the clouds to the city below and out to the Ocean. In this alpine environment was a watch tower and at every hour from 7am to 7pm we would hear music, as an alarm, rising us in the morning and setting us to sleep in the evening, creating rhythm during our days there.

These wonderful Japanese pine trees, known as matsu represent courage, longevity, and endurance in Japanese culture. Each morning I would wake, eat breakfast and just as the studio opened, I would take a walk and get set for the day. Each morning I would walk past and contemplate these trees, drawing then during the day and rendering them in artworks during my time there. On returning to Australia, they have stayed with me, much like the trees of the midlands do when I leave Tasmania. At our camp site, there were many of these trees, and as I long to be back amongst them I will pay homage to them through drawing.



bark

peter goldthorpe

2024

acrylic on canvas

71 x 56 cm

It seems as if everywhere I have lived has had a tree that was somewhat of a centrepiece to the garden. The house where I grew up had a giant spotted gum where koalas used to visit and the house we are currently in has an old magnolia that faithfully marks off the seasons but the one that has the strongest memory for me was a mature Kowhai (NZ native) in an old farmhouse garden near Deloraine.

In winter, when the rest of the garden was bare, it kept its graceful branches in leaf. Then it announced the spring with generous racemes of pendulous, Indian Yellow flowers that gave everything a golden glow in the afternoon light. Then it would change its leaves and grow seed pods that rattled gently as our young daughter swung in its gentle shade through the summer.



spinning gum

emily snadden

2024

necklace

sterling silver, 9ct yellow gold, australian parti sapphires

My beautiful Eucalyptus perriniana (Spinning Gum) which my sister gave to me 2 years ago, I think of her every time I see it happily 'waving' at me. It has pride of place in our young native garden - it is a beautiful, precious monument to her memory.

*through trees to the
derwent*

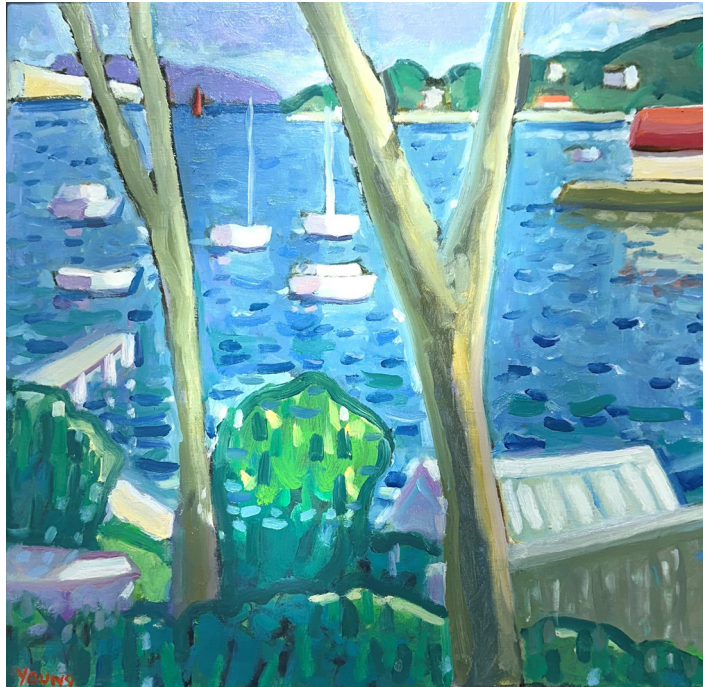
jock young

2024

oil on linen

48 x 49 cm

There is a copse of what I assume are original gum trees along Napoleon Street that look out over the Derwent. I introduced myself to the owners and they were kind enough to let me paint there. They had lots of stories including a sighting of a Tasmanian devil on the land.





half a cup

vika fifita

2024

acrylic, ink on canvas

61 x 50 cm

The Traditional Tongan tapa mat, derived from the bark of the Mulberry tree and its patterns holds profound significance in my artwork as it embodies aspects of my cultural heritage. As a Tongan-Australian artist, I explore the duality of my Identity, grappling with questions of belonging and cultural identity. The patterns symbolizes not only the artistry of my ancestors but also serves as a bridge to my contemporary artistic expression.

Through my art, I navigate the complexities of blending Tongan traditions, with the influences of my Australian upbringing, reflecting on the journey of embracing and understanding my identity in a multicultural context, conveyed in my painting in a bright, lighthearted way.



aurora at the gardens

chantale delrue

2024

pastel and charcoal on paper

82 x 99 cm

Having grown up in Europe, I have special memories of the linden tree. Linden trees have strong symbolic and sacred meanings and its seeds and flowers are used medicinally.

Traditionally planted at crossroads in the fields, linden trees were revered and dedicated to the goddess Freya. When Christianity took over pagan beliefs people were forbidden to revere trees. The trees were cut down but often the wood was used to sculpt a statue of the Virgin Mary and a shrine was erected on the site where the tree was cut down.

I have fond memories of dad making linden tea for us.



urns for a lost forest

helen mueller

2024

cast woodcut prints on paper

dimensions variable

A stand of Melaleuca clinging to the edge of a coastal cliff in Northern NSW caught my attention. Judging by its size, it had been there for a long time, though exposed and twisted from the unrelenting wind and storms, it had not survived. These urns are in their memory, and the memory of other forests in other places that are succumbing to the change in conditions a climate in crisis is bringing us.



forest heart with golden clouds

linda van niekerk

2024

huon pine, 22ct gold plated over sterling silver silk, silk32

The tree which has had the greatest impact on my psyche was long deceased when I first saw it in 2001 - four years before relocating to Tasmania.

This was a slice through a magnificent Huon Pine log salvaged in 1975 from the area now drowned by Lake Gordon. On display by the Forestry Commission, the girth of the piece is 8 metres and estimated to be 2200 years old when it was salvaged. As the signs on the displayed log show, this obviously predates the birth of Christ.

Found only in Tasmania, I have been privileged to work with talented wood turners to use this beautiful wood in my jewellery for several years.



finch

stuart williams

2024

miniritchie (desert acacia),
stained tasmanian eucalyptus,
copper, powder coated steel,
led lighting

Old ancient weathered, wise and majestic? There are a few species like this here on our humble isle... Fast growing colonizers that protect and provide sustenance for those slow time takers?

For me I see the tree as shelter, provider of oxygen and above all a place for reflection. It is a dichotomy, as I see the tree as a living standing wonder and as wood, timber, a resource to be honored and used.

On reflection then, I would have to say that the Blackwood tree (Acacia Melanoxydon) would be my pick. Mostly because of it's properties. It grows relatively fast, harvesting after 50 years, has a beautiful golden hue and is relatively stable as a furniture timber. But the overall shape is what gets me. Beautiful to sit under and escape the sun or rain and it's leaves provide a soft cushion for you to sit on.



warm air through the pines

justin mcshane

2024

giclee print from retouched copperplate photographic

etching, chine colle

edition of 25

81 x 173 cm

One tree that has remained in my memory is a huge Monterey cypress which around forty years ago became a frequent hangout for the local kids (and the odd blow-in). Halfway up at around ten metres was built an impressive cubby house, complete with carpet, a dining setting and a wood heater.

A few metres into the well-worn ascent a climber's courage could be tested with the use of a very long rope swing. Due to the close proximity of an equally large pine tree, launch velocity and direction could be adjusted to create varying levels of danger.

Already growing high on a large hill, climbing further to the characteristically flattened top of the macrocarpa revealed sweeping views of a nearby town, coast and sea. Each day container ships would depart, then slowly turn and eventually drop behind a shimmering blue Bass Strait horizon.

*simple landscape/island/
mountain/lake*

john lendis
2024
oil on canvas
100 x 120 cm

Once upon a time
In a land not so far away
In the days of Untitled, anonymous
and free
I planted a Japanese maple tree
On a friends' land
clear felled
Land she had bought to let it rest
and recover
I built a small wooden studio there
Surrounding and protecting this
small tree
I used the studio only occasionally
over the years
But increasingly my visits to this tiny
studio
Became like viewing a self portrait
On the inside
A beautiful glowing ghost
from a land I once knew
On the outside
The bush
Growing more beautiful and
powerful
Sublime
Just a dream now
Taken by fire
Not required by nature





shattered I

jennifer marshall

2024

oil on linen

137 x 120 cm

Is the Angophora of the Sydney region....This large tree has an amazingly smooth trunk with limbs and twisted branches almost flesh-like in colour from pale pinks to orange

Sometimes, the base of the tree seems to ooze out of the sandstone

Coming from Adelaide, I had never seen anything like this before and they still seem marvellous and strange to me.



surrender

jonathan partridge

2023

oil on linen

106 x 182 cm

My favourite tree is not a tree. My favourite tree, is letting go of my conceptual thoughts while walking through old forests. My favourite tree is the feeling of boundary-less connection between all life forms. My favourite tree is an experience that no tree lives in isolation. My favourite tree is when I sit in deep time, prehistoric trees and organisms surrounding me. All one, all connected, all the supreme perfection of timeless evolution in that moment. My favourite tree is when I lose myself in perfect knowing of selfless dependant arising. My favourite tree does not know anthropomorphic concepts of existence. My favourite tree is the lungs that breaths life in to me, into the planet.



old friends, the midlands

adrian barber

2024

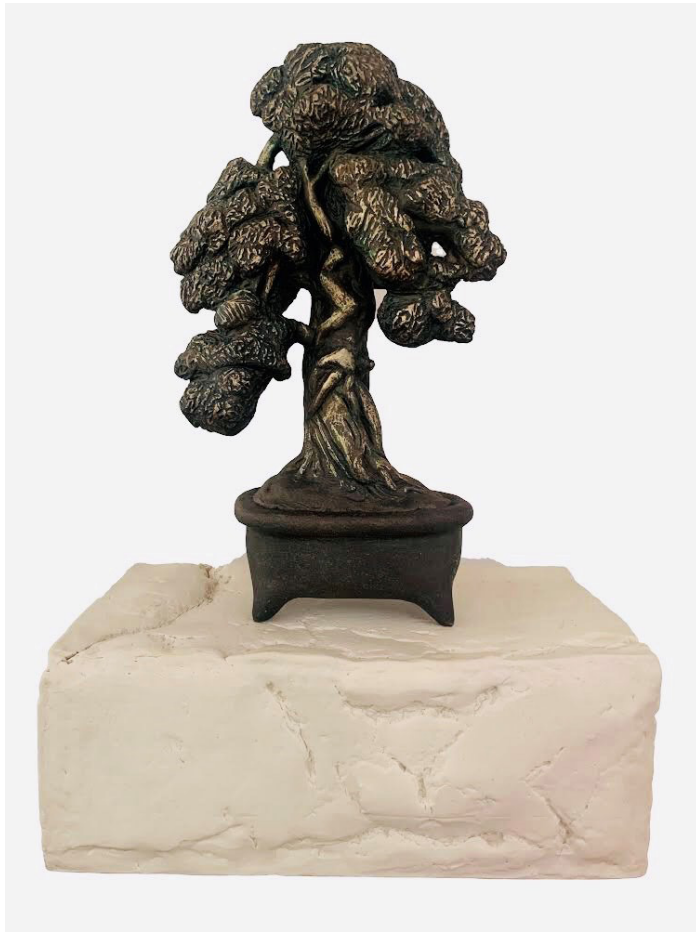
acrylic on canvas

58 x 56 cm

So many trees surround me, so many memories ... Forests explored, trees climbed, sheltered under, used as shade, as timber, as warmth.

Forest communities and lonely outcasts shaped by weather and time.

Here is but one representation – this group stands in pastoral country, emblematic of a region given over to agriculture. The old pines stand heroically amongst grassland and pasture. They are old friends that I pass and way points marking the land.



bronsai

phil gordon

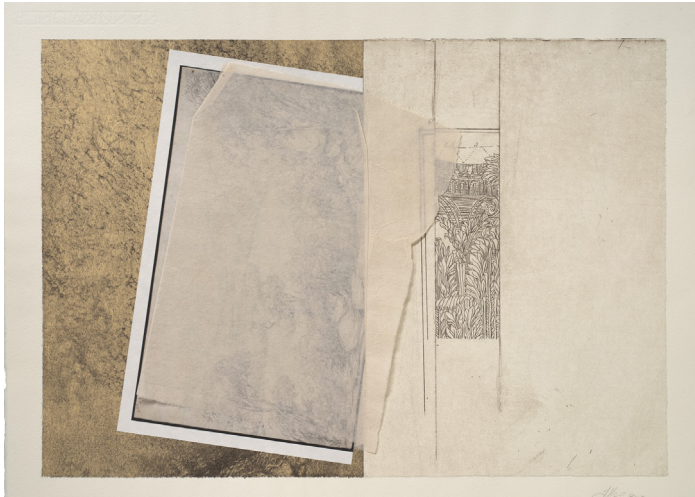
2024

bronze with dark patina,

stoneware base

36 x 20 x 13 cm

My partner Kylie and I purchased 5 acres of rainforest on the Sunshine Coast hinterland in the mid 90s. There are many large eucalypts well over 3 metres in diameter with some over 4 metres but the one that stood out is a giant Blackbutt that measures 6 metres across the base. There is a photo of this tree in the Mapleton Library with the local scout group in 1940 linking hands around the tree. It's always a must see for visitors usually leaving them speechless at the scale of this giant. Unfortunately during a particularly bad storm it blew over and now lies on its side in peace to be slowly devoured by the rainforest.



notebook for a sofa, page h

jan hogan

2024

etching, lithograph, digital print
on hahnemuhle paper

39 x 53 cm

Encountering a paperbark is like being welcomed into a library, with page leaves flutter-ing to tell you a story. The soft bark reveals narratives of place, the traces of floods, tracks of insects and generations of visitors. Small groves reveal watercourses often un-recognisable in dry spells.

Having lived in many places around Australia finding a stand of paperbark helps to ground me. It is a tactile sensitive tree that seems to have a kindred spirit with humans.



passed and heard

melissa smith

2020

intaglio print with stencil,

perforations

edition of 5

97 x 76 cm

The Manna Gum or White Gum (*Eucalyptus viminalis*) is found in the vicinity of Lake Sorell on the Central Plateau of Tasmania. The 'written track' of the scribbly gum moth revealed beneath the bark of the eucalypt cannot be deciphered: rhetorical silence is replaced by a network of communicative noise. Through listening to this landscape, a greater sense of peace and understanding can be found.



trees, flinders island

alex pitt

2022

indian ink on paper

50 x 28 cm

The beautiful, thin windswept trees on Flinders Island capture my imagination.

Shaped by the wind, grouping together, tall enduring sentinels.



tea tree connection 3

diane masters

2023

linocut

edition of 10

30 x 30 cm

I developed an admiration for the strength and tenacity of the humble tea tree as it not only survives but thrives in the extreme weather.