





## **The inaugural Drawing from the Line exhibition 5 March - 5 May 2019**

### **Opening 2pm Saturday 9 March 2019**

Officially opened by Rosemary Sorensen, Director of Bendigo Writers Festival

Drawing from the line - a printmaking response to poetry, quotation and the words that shape us.

This exhibition brings together an eclectic collection of imaginative and talented Printmakers. Each print reveals a curious interest in the poetics of language and image making.

Thirty-three Artists have contributed a small exclusive edition of prints for this select exhibition. Drawing from the line is in the tradition of previous Cascade Printmaking Projects such as the highly acclaimed Tree Show 2013 and Biting Issues 2011 which were also part of former Castlemaine State Festivals.

The history of illustration and artworks inspired by literature run deep into the Artist's psyche. Literature is about thinking and developing one's own thinking and imaginative possibilities and there is no better way to express a thought than through words and pictures together.

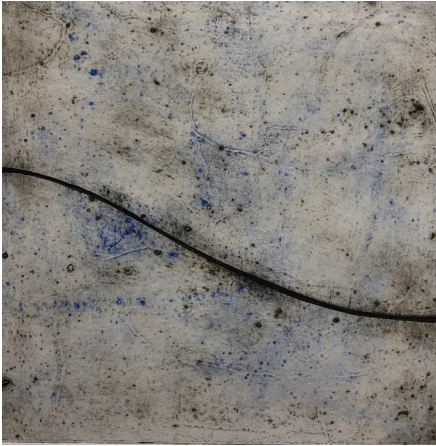
We hope you continue to enjoy reading pictures.

Kareen Anchen  
Gallery Director  
Cascade Art

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# ANNE-MAREE TAYLOR



**Title:** The Everlasting Stars

**Medium:** Collagraph

**Price:** Framed \$260 | Unframed \$120



**Title:** The Vision Splendid

**Medium:** Etching and Collagraph

**Price:** Framed \$260 | Unframed \$120

## Reference/ Artist Statement

The Man from Snowy River, by A.B Paterson, is a classic of Australian Bush poetry. It was often recited by my late Father, and became very well known within the family. Various lines have become favourite family expressions.

In my view, this poem summaries the idealized European perception and feeling of the bush.

Growing up in the country, and now as one who is trapped in the "...dusty dirty city..." this poem encapsulates the emotional yearning and longing for a perceived life of simplicity, freedom and beauty within the landscape.



# ANN BAXTER



**Title:** Penny Letters

**Medium:** Collagraph, relief and chine collé

**Price:** Framed \$290 | Unframed \$150



**Title:** Variations on a Line

**Medium:** Relief, chine collé (gold leaf),  
intaglio. It also uses asemic writing

**Price:** Framed \$290 | Unframed \$150

## Reference/ Artist Statement

REFERENCE: Using the elegiac poem 'Hamnavoe' by George McKay Brown which is a tribute to his father, a postman in the 1930's. Hamnavoe is the old Norse name for Stromness, the capital of the island of Orkney.

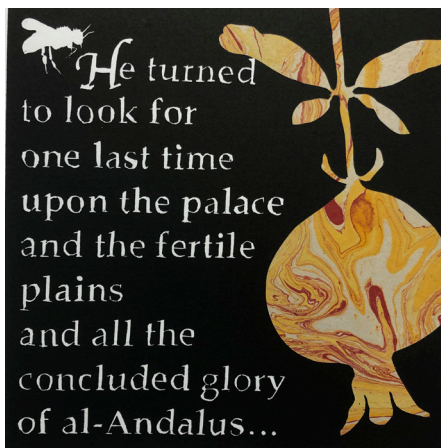
HAMNAVOE (first verse)

My father passed with his penny letters  
Through closes opening and shutting like legends  
When barbarous with gulls  
Hamnavoe's morning broke

REFERENCE: Using the quote by Lao Tzu, a Chinese philosopher and writer from the 6th C BC, purported to have written the text for Taoism - but who is also said to be mythical.

"Life and death are one thread, the same line viewed from different sides." The word 'variations' also references the music composition term 'variations on a theme of .....'

# LORIS BUTTON



**Title:** Suspiro: the Granada Goodbye, 2019

**Medium:** Linoprint and collage

**Price:** Framed \$360 | Unframed \$220

## Reference/ Artist Statement

"He departed into exile with his mother and retainers, bringing to a close the centuries of Moorish Spain; and reigning in his horse upon the Hill of Tears

he turned to look for one last time upon his loss, upon the palace

and the fertile plains and all the concluded glory of al-Andalus . . . at which sight the Sultan sighed, and hotly wept."

### The Moor's Last Sigh, Salman Rushdie

Granada is the Spanish word for pomegranate and the fruit is the symbol of that ancient city; suspiro translates as sigh. I first read the Moor's last Sigh many years ago – however Rushdie's poetic evocation of Sultan Boabdil's departure from Granada as the final act in the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, has continued throughout the intervening years to hold an enduring place in my imagination.

A recent visit to the sublime Alhambra Palace, the old city of Granada itself and the surrounding landscape, brought Rushdie's extraordinary novel and it's poetic description strongly to mind.

# MARTE NEWCOMBE



**Title:** Lines of my Father

**Medium:** Screenprint

**Price:** Framed \$320 | Unframed \$180



**Title:** Old Man

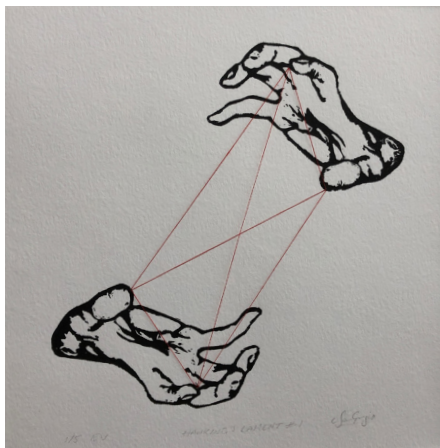
**Medium:** Screenprint

**Price:** Framed \$320 | Unframed \$180

## Reference/ Artist Statement

"Lines of my Father" is a homage to my late father, a refugee who came to Australia with his small family after World War 2. When he passed away he left a small satchel of worldly goods which included an address book, a book of expenses and a few letters. I have used some of these written pages in the print alongside a sculpture I made. He was a great hoarder of junk metal which I like to think subliminally inspired my own work.

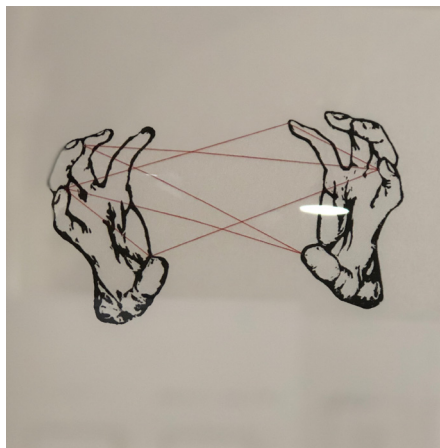
# CARLO SAN GIORGIO



**Title:** Hawking's Lament #1

**Medium:** Lino Print with Poly Thread Cotton

**Price:** Framed \$360 | Unframed \$220



**Title:** Hawking's Lament #2

**Medium:** Lino Print with Poly Thread Cotton

**Price:** Framed \$360 | Unframed \$220

## Reference/ Artist Statement

"Stephen Hawking bet Gordon Kane (internationally recognised scientific leader in theoretical and phenomenological particle physics) \$100 that physicists would not discover the Higgs Boson (also referred to as the 'God Particle'). After losing that bet when physicists detected the particle in 2012, Hawking lamented the discovery, saying it made physics less interesting. Later in the preface to a collection of essays and lectures called "Starmus," the famous theoretical physicist is warning that the particle could one day be responsible for the destruction of the known universe."

In addition to the article on Hawking, here is also a list of conspiracy theories, song lyrics and poetry

that aided my inspiration for "Hawking's Lament"



## **Conspiracy Theory:**

Large Hadron Collider could accidentally SUMMON GOD, warn conspiracy theorists

THE Large Hadron Collider (LHC) could accidentally summon God if experiments at the particle accelerator go wrong, according to conspiracy theorists.

By SEAN MARTIN

PUBLISHED: Oct 5, 2018

Researchers use the LHC to smash particles into each other in a bid to discover new particles – such as the Higgs Boson, or God particle, which was found in 2012 at LHC.

However, the consequences could be far more severe and potentially summon a God or evil presence, according to conspiracy theorists.

Professor Irina Arefeva and Doctor Igor Volovich from the Steklov Mathematical Institute in Moscow stated that when two particles collide in LHC, they could tear a hole in the fabric of spacetime.

## **RELATED ARTICLES**

Mind blown: Large Hadron Collider discovery breaks all known physics

Large Hadron Collider could create BLACK HOLE and DESTROY EARTH

Website All Time Conspiracies said: "CERN's claim it was looking for the God Particle was a blind, to deflect attention away from it's true purpose: to create a wormhole underground, and open a gateway through which God could arrive on Earth.

# MARYSIA JAROSINSKA



**Title:** Round Table

**Medium:** Linocut

**Framed \$290 | Unframed \$150**

## Reference/ Artist Statement

### At the round table

By Polish Poet Julian Tuwim

Fragment

In this white house, in this room,  
Where other people's furniture has been put,  
We must finish our old  
conversation sadly unfinished.

### Przy okrągłym stole

Julian Tuwim

A może byśmy tak, jedyna,  
Wpadli na dzień do Tomaszowa?  
Może tam jeszcze zmierzchem złotym  
Ta sama cisza trwa wrześniowa...

W tym białym domu, w tym pokoju,  
Gdzie cudze meble postawiono,  
Musimy skończyć naszą dawną  
Rozmowę smutnie nie skończoną.

Do dzisiaj przy okrągłym stole  
Siedzimy martwo jak zakłęci!  
Kto odczaruje nas? Kto wyrwie  
Z niebłaganej niepamięci?

Jeszcze mi ciągle z jasnych oczu  
Spływa do warg kropelka słońca,  
A ty mi nic nie odpowiadasz  
I jesz zielone winogrona.

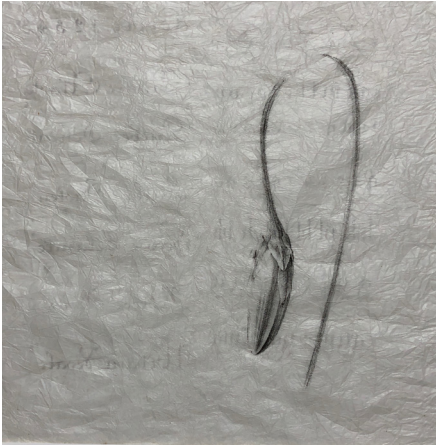
Jeszcze ci wciąż spojrzeniem śpiewam:  
"Du holde Kunst"... i serce pęka!  
I muszę jechać... więc mnie żegnasz,  
Lecz nie drży w dłoni mej twa ręka.

I wyjechałem, zostawiłem,  
Jek sen urwała się rozmowa,  
Błogosławiłem, przeklinałem:  
"Du holde Kunst! Więc tak? Bez słowa?"

Ten biały dom, ten pokój martwy  
Do dziś się dziwi, nie rozumie...  
Wstawili ludzie cudze meble  
I wychodzili stąd w zadumie...

A przecież wszystko - tam zostało!  
Nawet ta cisza trwa wrześniowa...  
Więc może byśmy tak najmiłsza,  
Wpadli na dzień do Tomaszowa?...

# CATHERINE PILGRIM



**Title:** The Past is Another Country

**Medium:** Stone lithograph from two stones including one found image

**Framed \$440 | Unframed \$300**

## Reference/ Artist Statement

'The past is another country'

This work is named after a quote from LP Hartley's book 'The Go-Between' where the past is something that is impossible to access yet continues to influence the central character's life. History is not a place we can visit, nor even fully understand, yet is essential to an understanding of now.

The Murnong is represented in a hopeful pose - just about to flower. It is this 'nodding' of the plant that distinguishes this important Indigenous plant from the common daisy weed and it is my nod of acknowledgement to the local Indigenous people of Dja Dja Wurrung Country.

I have layered the Murnong image over an indecipherable European text that was found on a disused lithographic stone.

# RICHARD SULLIVAN



**Title:** The Bottom Line

**Medium:** Collagraph with chine collé

**Price:** Framed \$390 | Unframed \$250



**Title:** A Tree is a River

**Medium:** Etching with chine collé

**Price:** Framed \$390 | Unframed \$250

## Reference/ Artist Statement

On the fifth day the scientists who studied the rivers were forbidden to speak or to study the rivers. The scientists who studied the air were told not to speak of the air, and the ones who worked for the farmers were silenced, and the ones who worked for the bees. Someone, from deep in the Badlands, began posting facts. The facts were told not to speak and were taken away. The facts, surprised to be taken, were silent. Now it was only the rivers that spoke of the rivers, and only the wind that spoke of its bees, while the unpausing factual buds of the fruit trees continued to move toward their fruit. The silence spoke loudly of silence, and the rivers kept speaking, of rivers, of boulders and air. In gravity, earless and tongueless, the untested rivers kept speaking. Bus drivers, shelf stockers, code writers, machinists, accountants, lab techs, cellists kept speaking. They spoke, the fifth day, of silence.

Jane Hirshfield is a chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. The Beauty, her eighth book of poems, was long-listed for the National Book Award.

## Optimism - Jane Hirshfield

More and more I have come to admire resilience. Not the simple resistance of a pillow, whose foam returns over and over to the same shape, but the sinuous tenacity of a tree: finding the light newly blocked on one side, it turns in another. A blind intelligence, true. But out of such persistence arose turtles, rivers, mitochondria, figs—all this resinous, unretractable earth.



# JANET NEILSON



**Title:** The fig cutting is thriving; parsley has germinated  
**Medium:** Linocut multiplate  
**Price:** Framed \$260 | Unframed \$120



**Title:** Walking home I stumble across a wild fig...I take a slip from it...  
**Medium:** Linocut multiplate  
**Price:** Framed \$260 | Unframed \$120

## Reference/ Artist Statement

My chosen text is a book I love, the inspirational *Modern Nature* by writer, artist and film maker Derek Jarman.

Derek started this diary in the late 80's after he was diagnosed with HIV. He spent much of his time at Prospect Cottage, his home in Dungeness Kent, where he created a beautiful garden carved out of a harsh coastal landscape. He gathered and scattered seeds, he took cuttings from local plants and scoured the shore for objects that gave shape and texture to the garden.

The title of my print is a snippet from the diary; it is indicative of his gardening style and it reflects some of my own gardening experiences.

# JAN PALETHORPE



**Title:** Quinquireme of Ninevah

**Medium:** Etching, chine collé, frottage, stamps

**Price:** Framed \$390 | Unframed \$250

## Reference/ Artist Statement

**Cargoes** - John Masefield.

I studied this poem in 6th Grade at Coatesville Primary School, East Bentleigh, in 1967 with a fantastic teacher Mr. Liddicoat. I think he was English. He introduced us to Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Milton and countless other literary fantastiques, among whom one of my favourites at the age of 11, was John Masefield and his poem 'Cargoes'. The poet travels beautifully throughout sailing history and indirectly alludes to the bounty of ivory, apes, peacocks, sandalwood, cedarwood and sweet white wine frequently received by King Solomon at his palace in Palestine.

As a child 'Cargoes' came alive to me through the portal of a biscuit tin, the golden canister was used for salty biscuits; it had an island sea scene with a big palm tree painted in the foreground and enchanting seas in the distance.

I loved dreaming about the different ships and exotic things they were carrying to such far, far away places. I do remember also loving the irresistible rhythm of certain lines in the poem.

## Cargoes

Quinquireme of Ninevah from distant Ophir  
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory,  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet, white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack  
Butting through the channel in the mad March days,  
With a cargo of Tyne coal,  
Road-rail, pig-lead,  
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield was born in Ledbury, England. After attending King's School in Warwick, he went to sea at age fifteen on a large sailing ship, then worked for a time in New York City before returning to England in 1897. His experiences aboard the ship provided him the raw material that made him famous as a sea poet. In 1902, he published a collection of sea poems entitled *Salt-Water Ballads*, in which "Cargoes" appeared.

# NICKY CAREY



**Title:** Shhhhhh, Bottletop Stroll, Shush

**Medium:** Drypoint

**Price:** Framed \$380 | Unframed \$240

## Reference/ Artist Statement

In my artwork I attempt to gain visual musical qualities that embody the lilts and rhythms of my birth country Ireland. The works are the centre part of my imaginations, the landscapes, seascapes, the myths, legends and folklore, music, poetry, traditional sayings and songs, which transcend all cultural collectiveness. They are visual poetries that sing in the artworks. My current studio practice is in the Sunshine Coast Hinterland, Queensland, Australia

### “Shhhhhh, Bottletop Stroll, Shush”

Shhhhhhh - over there  
Wendy's bowerbird, a garden retreat.  
I'd only ere seen its nest before  
All Black, White collared lavishly laced  
In Blue Sparkling Gems.  
When peeping  
In pairs of Shush eye's  
Ogled my moon faced surprize.

Nicky Carey



# JAMES PASAKOS



**Title:** Icon

**Medium:** Silkscreen

**Price:** Framed \$ 330 | Unframed \$ 190

## Reference/ Artist Statement

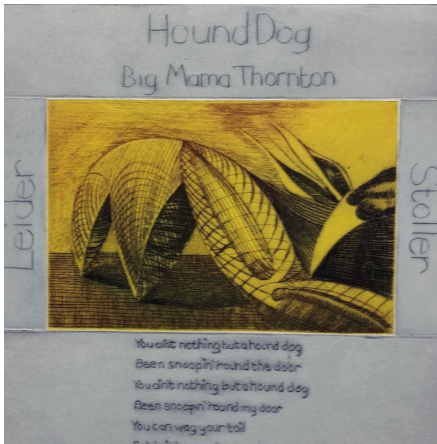
**"Many admire, few know"**

Hippocrates, Kos, BC

Part of an ongoing series portraying the Docklands, Pasakos continues the narrative of travel and discovery in new works. During recent travels overseas he has often considered the valuable migrant stories of travel. These new works reflect these powerful experiences as they act as reminders of the fragility of our sense of self in the world, and the way in which that sense of identity may develop and spawn new cultural identities that change or shape values of other cultural frameworks.

New and ongoing works that have developed explore travel, memory, identity and belonging for Pasakos. Greek landscape images appear dreamlike, surreal and mythic. Iconic landscapes are depicted from the island of Kos, Greece where his parents were born, they serve as a metaphor for a mysterious journey and a portal of a sense of place.

# BILL YOUNG



**Title:** Hound Dog

**Medium:** Drypoint

**Price:** Framed \$515 | Unframed \$375

## Reference/ Artist Statement

### You ain't nothing but a hound dog

Big Mama Thornton - Lyrics

You ain't nothing but a hound dog  
Been snoopin' 'round the door  
You ain't nothing but a hound dog  
Been snoopin' 'round my door  
You can wag your tail  
But I ain't gonna feed you no more

You told me you was high-class  
But I could see through that  
Yes, you told me you was high-class  
But I could see through that  
And daddy, I know  
You ain't no real cool cat

You ain't nothing but a hound dog  
Been snoopin' 'round the door  
You're just an old hound dog  
Been snoopin' 'round my door  
You can wag your tail  
But I ain't gonna feed you no more, oh play  
it on Sam, oh!

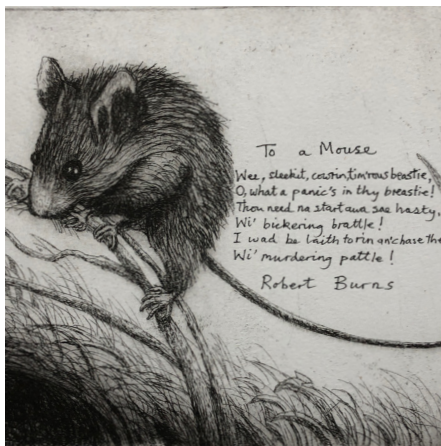
Aw, listen to that there old hound dog  
Oh, play it, it s'all right in here  
Oh, listen to that there old hound dog holler  
Oh, play it boy, play it  
Oh, you make me feel good  
Oh, do the mess around right now, yeah  
Now wag your tail  
Oh, get it now  
Oh, get it now, get it, get it, get it  
Oh, go, holler boy

You made me feel so blue  
You made me weep and moan  
You made me feel so blue  
Well you made me weep and moan  
'Cause you ain't looking for a woman  
All you lookin' is for a home

You ain't nothing but a hound dog  
Quit snoopin' 'round the door  
You ain't nothing but a hound dog  
Quit snoopin' 'round my door  
You can wag your tail  
But I ain't gonna feed you no more, oh!

**Songwriters:** Jerry Leiber / Mike Stoller

# ROBERT MACLAURIN



**Title:** To a Mouse

**Medium:** Etching

**Framed:** \$490 | **Unframed:** \$350

## Reference/ Artist Statement

**To a Mouse** - By Robert Burns

On Turning up in Her Nest with the Plough,  
November, 1785

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickerin brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle,  
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen-icker in a thrave  
'S a sma' request:  
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,  
An' never miss 't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!  
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
Baith snell an' keen!

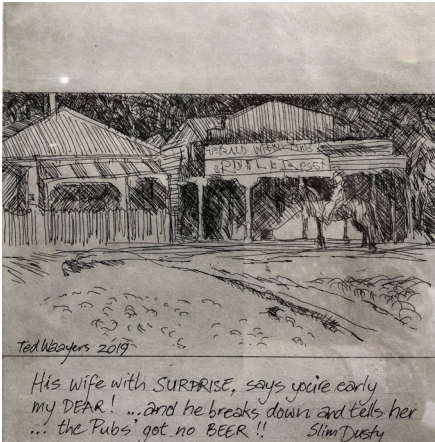
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary Winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till crash! the cruel coulter past  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain:  
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men  
Gang aft agley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear!

# TED WAAYERS



**Title:** Pubs Got no Beer

**Medium:** Etching

**Price:** Framed \$290 | Unframed \$150

## Reference/ Artist Statement

### A pub with no beer

Slim Dusty - Lyrics

It's lonesome away, from your kindred and all  
By the campfire at night, where the wild dingoes call  
But there's nothing so lonesome, so morbid or drear  
Than to stand in a bar, of a pub with no beer  
Now the publicans anxious, for the quota to come  
There's a faraway look, on the face of the bum  
The maids gone all cranky, and the cooks acting queer  
What a terrible place, is a pub with no beer  
Then the stockman rides up, with his dry dusty throat  
He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat  
But the smile on his face, quickly turns to a sneer  
When the barman said sadly, the pubs got no beer  
There's a dog on the vrandah, for his master he waits  
But the boss is inside, drinking wine with his mates  
He hurries for cover, and cringes with fear  
It's no place for a dog, round a pub with no beer  
Old Billy the blacksmith, first time in his life  
Has gone home cold sober, to his darling wife  
He walks in the kitchen, she says your early my dear  
But he breaks down and tells her, the pubs got no beer

**Songwriters:** Gordon Noel Parsons



# STEPHEN TESTER



**Title:** Owl and the Pussy-Cat

**Medium:** Mezzotint

**Price:** Framed \$590 | Unframed \$450

## Reference/ Artist Statement

### The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

Edward Lear

I

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II

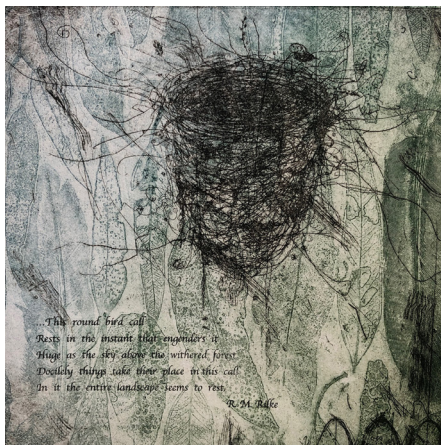
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! too long we have  
tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
vThey sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one  
shilling  
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married next  
day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

**Source:** The Random House Book of Poetry  
for Children (1983)

# CHRISANNE BLENNERHASSETT



**Title:** Untitled

**Medium:** Multiplate copper plate etching

**Price:** Framed \$360 | Unframed \$220

## Reference/ Artist Statement

...This round bird - call  
Rests in the instant that engenders it  
Huge as the sky above the withered forest  
Docilely things take their place in this cal  
In it the entire landscape seems to rest.

R. M. Rilke

From 'The poetics of Space' by Gaston  
Bachelard

# KEVIN FOLEY



**Title:** Twilight

**Medium:** Etching & Aquatint

**Price:** Framed \$ 415 | Unframed \$275

## Reference/ Artist Statement

It is the hour  
...And in the sky the stars are met,  
And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,  
And in the Heaven that clear obscure  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
That follows the decline of day  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Byron.

# ANNE LANGDON



**Title:** Broken Wing

**Medium:** Drypoint

**Price:** Framed \$305 | Unframed \$165

## Reference/ Artist Statement

**Love Minus Zero/No Limit** - Bob Dylan, Lyrics

My love, she speaks like silence  
Without ideals or violence  
She doesn't have to say she's faithful  
Yet she's true like ice, like fire  
People carry roses  
And make promises by the hour  
My love she laughs like the flowers  
Valentines can't buy her

In the dime stores and bus stations  
People talk of situations  
Read books, repeat quotations  
Draw conclusions on the wall  
Some speak of the future  
My love, she speaks softly  
She knows there's no success like failure  
And that failure's no success at all

The cloak and dagger dangles  
Madams light the candles  
In ceremonies of the horsemen  
Even the pawn must hold a grudge  
Statues made of matchsticks  
Crumble into one another  
My love winks she does not bother  
She knows too much to argue or to judge

The bridge at midnight trembles  
The country doctor rambles  
Bankers' nieces seek perfection  
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring  
The wind howls like a hammer  
The night wind blows cold n' rainy  
My love, she's like some raven

# BARBARA SEMLER



**Title:** Untitled

**Medium:** Collagraph

**Price:** Framed \$220 | Unframed \$80

## Reference/ Artist Statement

Title of artwork - I haven't created a title I have used the quote under the print.

There is a crack in everything -That is how the light gets in ( Leonard Cohen)

# KIM BARTER



**Title:** Climate change is Real

**Medium:** Multiplate etching

**Price:** Framed \$390 | Unframed \$250

# ANITA LAURENCE



**Title:** Affirmation

**Medium:** Linocut

**Price:** Framed \$315 | Unframed \$175

## Reference/ Artist Statement

Inspired by the title of a How to Paint and Draw book by J.Noel Kilgour published in 1977

# JULIE GITTUS



**Title:** The cosmic secrecy of seed

**Medium:** Collagraph - embossed paper with printing plate.

Seeds collected from the local native clematis plant. Over printed with seed heads collected from my old garden in Maldon over six years ago.

**Price:** Framed \$230 | Unframed \$90

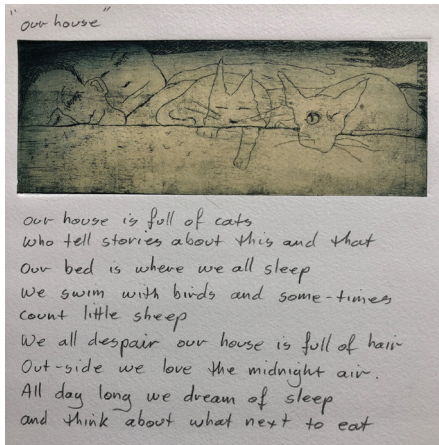
## Reference/ Artist Statement

'Who owns Cross Creek? The red-birds, I think, more than I for they will have their nests even in the face of delinquent mortgages. ... It seems to me the earth may be borrowed, but not bought. It gives itself in response to love and tending; offers its seasonal flowering and fruiting. But we are tenants, not possessors. Cross Creek belongs to the wind and the rain, to the sun and the seasons, to the cosmic secrecy of seed, and beyond all, to time.'

From the writings of the American author, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, 1896 -1953.



# JEFF GARDNER



**Title:** Our House

**Medium:** Etching and chine collé

**Price:** Framed \$260 | Unframed \$120

## Reference/ Artist Statement

### Our House

Our house is full of cats  
Who tell stories about this and that  
Our bed is where we all sleep  
We swim with birds and sometimes  
Count little sheep  
We all despair our house is full of hair  
Outside we love the midnight air  
All day long we dream of sleep  
And think about what next to eat.

Jeff Gardner

# LYDIA POLJAK



**Title:** I dreamt you were a mermaid

**Medium:** Etching and watercolour

**Price:** Framed \$290 | Unframed \$150

## Reference/ Artist Statement

### I dreamt you were a mermaid.

You solicitously kissed my breath.  
I breathed your air bell in, my spoony  
collaborator.  
We swam the night, fingers entwined -  
one breath.  
On my awake you had gone, my bed all a  
shuffle.  
Salty tears on my tongue.  
You desirable fish.

Lydia Poljak



# ANNA HAVIR



**Title:** Pears cannot ripen alone. So we ripened together

**Medium:** Unique state print

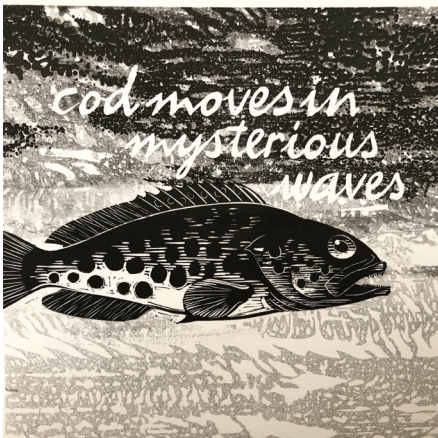
**Price:** Framed \$290 | Unframed \$150

## Reference/ Artist Statement

'Pears cannot ripen alone. So we ripened together' Meridel Le Sueur

Meridel Le Sueur 1990 'Ripening: Selected work' Second edition. Edited by Elaine Hedges, P.290, New York.

# RHYLL PLANT



**Title:** Fishing Line

**Medium:** Relief print and monoprint

**Price:** Framed \$390 | Unframed \$250

## Reference/ Artist Statement

Creating the artwork 'fishing line' allowed not only for my favourite pastime of printmaking laced with humour, but also the satisfactory pursuit and unravelling a tricky technical problem. Inspiration for the text was Divine. Thanks to Kareen for the excuse to indulge my whims.

# DIANNE LONGLEY



**Title:** The life so short

**Medium:** Intaglio, 5 plate photopolymer

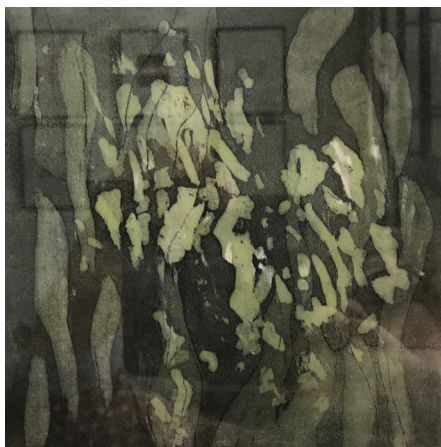
**Price:** Framed \$490 | Unframed \$350

## Reference/ Artist Statement

The life so short, the art so long to learn, the chance soon gone, experience deceptive and judgement difficult.

Hippocrates 460-377 bce

# ERIKA BEILHARZ



**Title:** Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade

**Medium:** Etching on Aluminium

**Price:** Framed \$340 | Unframed \$200

## Reference/ Artist Statement

Opening line of poem by Emily Dickinson.  
The poem deals with the effect of death and loss.

Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade from an aria in the opera Semele by G F Handel, Libretto by Sheridan

# HELEN GILIFILLAN



**Title:** Persecuted, Picked & Stuffed

Medium: Linocut and Chine Collé

Framed \$300 | Unframed \$160

### Reference/ Artist Statement

I recently saw an exhibit devoted to the sad story of thylacine - an animal with a maligned history in Australia. Although the last thylacine passed on in the 1930s, we are still losing species.

The words "Pickled, Preserved And Stuffed" seem a succinct description.

# JANE RUSDEN



Title: Kingdom of the birds

Medium: Jigsaw linocut and rainbow roll up

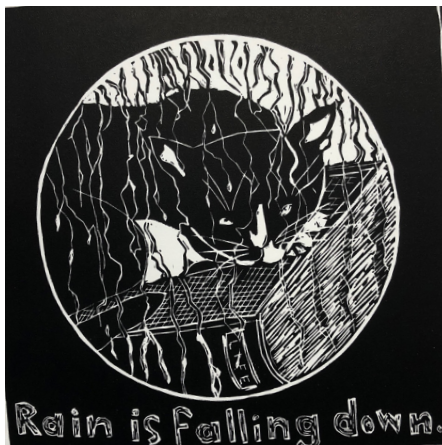
**Price: Framed \$390 | Unframed \$250**

### Reference/ Artist Statement

"...And yet they inhabit a world which is really rather mysterious..."

David Attenborough

# SUSAN CLARKE

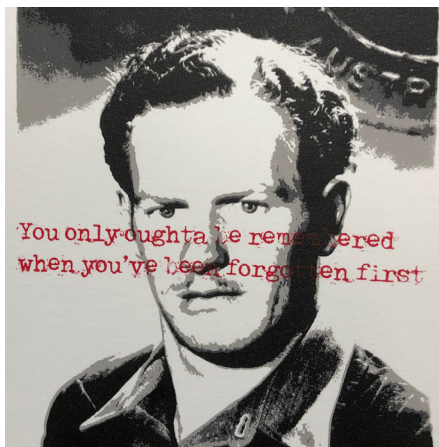


Title: Rain is falling down

Medium: Linoprint

Price: Framed \$260 | Unframed \$120

# CLAYTON TREMLETT



Title: Dead Dad

Medium: Screen-print

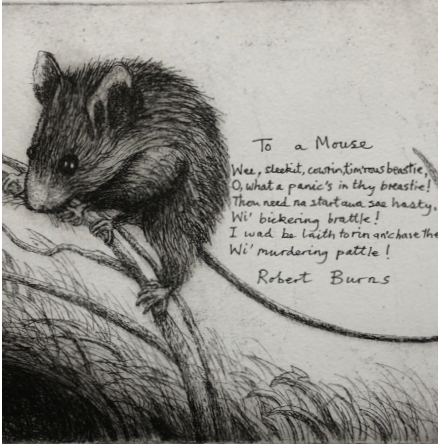
Price: Framed \$430 | Unframed \$290

## Reference/ Artist Statement

Dead Dad is an image of my father taken from his 1952 passport. He was 22 when this photo was taken, well before I was born. He died when I was 27 and for a long time I could not feel his presence in my life. I have been a father for 20 years and I ponder how my children will remember me.







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