

Barbara Tassell – Photographic Printmaker

'The March of Covid 19'

'Threads of Time'

My home is Bruny Island and my Covid 19 saviour began with Nebraska Beach at Dennes Point. Each day it changes as waters swirl, birds play catch along the beach and rock platforms dance in different colours as tide and time ebb and flow. Nebraska Beach was my source for 'The March of Covid 19' in the early days of the pandemic. As Tasmania opened up I travelled further afield - to Tasmania's East Coast and Irapuna (Eddystone Point) where I took the photographs for the print 'Threads of Time' and some words came to mind as I sat on the beach.

On Water's Edge

A place of speckled eggs
and hollowed scrapes
of wind and sand
and births and deaths

A place for survivors
palawa people and
birds of rufous crown

Although based on photography my work is not like the work of the great Tasmanian wilderness photographers but is exploratory – I rarely know where it will take me but it would always begin in the wilder areas of Tasmania that I appreciate so much. Collecting images from Tasmania's natural environment, whether on the coast or in the mountains, takes me to places I love and respect – places of sublime beauty and sometimes challenging weather and terrain, places to be preserved for future generations.

Many of my prints stem from kunanyi, Bruny and bushwalks with my husband. They begin when we immerse ourselves in the beauty of these places that have been a special part of our lives since our teenage years. To capture their essence on camera, particularly the colours, shapes and textures is my purpose. Often it is smaller things that get my attention. I like to touch my subjects, to feel the years of weathering, to wonder at the scars left by fire or drought or changed by human activity. I love the fall of the leaves on the ground, the wetness and iridescent greens of moss and the beautiful shapes and patterns of lichen. I love the reflections that alter our perceptions and plants, some tiny and others that loom above us as we tread. I wonder, 'Who laid the stones on the paths we tread?', 'Who trod the paths beneath our feet' and questions beyond my comprehension

I take my gathered imprints home and become lost in a timeless world of exploration until a final print emerges. Each print comes from many photographs I have layered, blended, twisted and turned until I find a point of resolution—a process that allows me to explore and create within a space of calm.