BATTERY POINT SCULPTURE TRAIL

The Hobart City Council’s Public Art Strategy has a stated policy to ‘maximise the interpretation, promotion and celebration of Hobart’s cultural heritage and unique built and natural environment.’

No part of Hobart has more significant cultural heritage than the Battery Point precinct. It’s the location of some of the city’s oldest surviving residences, the site of Hobart’s largest suite of historic buildings and the place where many of Tasmania’s first industries and commercial enterprises were established. Nowhere else in the city is there such an important conjunction of Hobart’s built and natural environment.

Battery Point is a blunt promontory that shelters Hobart’s port to the north and looks south towards Storm Bay, so it has intimate links to the harbour and shorelines of the River Derwent.

The Battery Point Sculpture Trail celebrates this heritage and reinforces the link to the shoreline through installations of public artwork, following the theme ‘sculpture by numbers’.

At nine sites along a walking trail between Salamanca Place and Marieville Esplanade, numerical sculptures interpret some of the stories of Battery Point – from the building of the New Wharf, now the scene of the city’s famous Salamanca Market; to the maritime industries of today, working at slipyard sites on the river’s edge, where ships have been built and launched for 150 years and more.

As you walk from site to site, the sculpture trail makes clear the connection between the suburb and the sea – sections of the trail take you down to the water, then up into the streets of Battery Point and back to the shore again.

The sculpture trail takes about an hour to walk in one direction. If you start at the 1833 sculpture at the southern end of Salamanca Place, you’ll reach the end at the 1909 sculpture on Marieville Esplanade. On the return walk, detour through the Battery Point village precinct and return to Salamanca Place via Arthur Circus, passing some of the city’s oldest houses. You’ll find maps and directions along the way.

A POINT WITH A BATTERY

Fortified artillery emplacements, a labyrinth of underground tunnels, stores of ammunition for big guns – that’s why Battery Point is so named.

In the early days of the colony, threats of a French invasion led to the establishment of a gun battery on the point south of Sullivan’s Cove. A few decades later, amid fears of an attack by Russia, the battery was extended.

Those invaders never came.

Today, Princes Park is a quiet haven of green turf and shady trees – but the tunnels still stretch back beneath the point to Anglesea Barracks, on the crest of the hill.

Hobart in the 19th century was a rough and rollicking place – a whaling town, a sailors’ town, rum-fuelled, grubby and dangerous, a long way from the civilised cities of Europe.

Workers lived in slums around the reeking tanneries of Wapping, on the banks of the open sewer that was the Hobart Rivulet – the entry built their Georgian mansions on land granted to them by the Crown.

Battery Point was a mixture of it all. There were fine homes – Lenna, Narryna, Secheron House – there was a dairy farm and a church, both greatly outnumbered by pubs – and there were terraces of confined workers’ cottages in South Street, Kelly Street and Waterloo Crescent.

In a town where a ticket-of-leave convict could make his fortune miling grain or distilling grog, where American whalers rubbed shoulders with British marines, where boats were built, beer was brewed and brothels were busy, Battery Point echoed every aspect of the young society.

It was a place of energy and industry. A blast furnace once smelted iron on the foreshore. A fruit cannery and jam factory sent sweet cooking smells over the houses of factory workers. Slipways, ships’ chandlers and boat-builders piled their trades on the shores of the Derwent.

Through most of the 20th century, Battery Point was a mixture of shabby and chic – and it’s much the same today. University students still house-share in cheap rental accommodation, a few doors from gentrified colonial cottages, expensively renovated in the latest style. Friendly old pubs where seatkeepers drank are just around the corner from trendy cafes and restaurants with 21st century degustation menus.

That’s Battery Point – eclectic and prestigious, neighbourly and eccentric, classy and rough around the edges – a place of cool sea breezes and sun-warmed sandstone, looking west to Hobart’s guardian mountain and south to the city’s sparkling harbour.

As you walk from site to site, the sculpture trail makes clear the connection between the suburb and the sea.
SCULPTURE BY NUMBERS

Numerals are not words. But when numerals stand together, the numbers they make can become sculptural forms – physical shapes that symbolise an idea, suggest a thought or create an image in the mind.

There are nine different numbers in the Battery Point Sculpture Trail – weights and measures, times and quantities, dates and distances.

Each number is a unique sculpture – each one opens dates and distances.

Sculpture Trail – weights and measures, times and quantities, an idea, suggest a thought or create an image in the mind.

But when numerals stand together, the numbers they make can become sculptural forms – physical shapes that symbolise an idea, suggest a thought or create an image in the mind.

Numerals are not words.

1833

Steel cages of stone chips represent the cuttings that flew from the chisels of convict chain gangs in the early days of the colony. Gouging rock from the cliff-face close to the former shore of Sullivan’s Cove, they created building sites for the Georgian warehouses that line today’s Salamanca Place.

On the cleared space by the water, the rubble was dumped to establish the foundations of a busy wharf – while stonemasons constructed the stern-faced commercial buildings from blocks of solid sandstone, cut from quarries in Shag Bay, across the River Derwent.

In modern roadworks, cages of rock – gabions – are used to stabilise steep slopes. These 1833 gabions echo the hard labour done by men in chains to build the wharf that was the business hub of Hobart in the mid-19th century.

1243

Intricacy of numbering, accuracy of measurements and the Victorian-era spirit of enquiry are the themes behind this sculpture.

The scale intervals on the surveyor’s rule are fixed points in concrete and steel – the numerals are frozen in resin, like ice bobbing on water – while out of sight below the tide-house opposite, Huckson’s metal float moves up and down with the tide, as it has since 1889.

The solidity of the sculptural material reflects the integrity of the surveying datum point at the tide-house. A square socket carved in stone, it is an unyielding reference point – fixed, rigid, immovable through a century and more.

628nm

Images sandwiched within multiple layers of glass – itself a material that recalls ice and water in its clarity, transparency, solidity and fragility – are reminders that people have looked out across the waters of the River Derwent and observed many different scenes through long ages.

If you’d been standing here at the height of the last Ice Age, you would have seen an ancestral river valley, then a broad saltwater estuary as glaciers melted – thousands of years later, you could have watched the first square-rigged sailing vessels enter the harbour.

Today, we can see Sydney-Hobart racing yachts cross the finish line, watch fishing boats come and go and see Antarctic supply ships heading south to the ice – one expansive estuary, many scenes and uses.

2,000

Run your hand across the hard metal wrapped over the concrete retaining wall at this sculpture site and think about the thousands of workers who have laboured in slipyards, furnaces and factories in this location.

Etched in metal are the shadows of some of the generations of Battery Point women who walked to work in the fruit cannery and jam factory here.

All day they chopped, peeled, stirred, labled and labelled – then they strolled back home together, laughing and chatting... about chores and children, purchases and pay packets, husbands and houses.

2,150

Topiary is the art of trimming shrubs into decorative shapes – the natural growth of a plant is clipped and controlled to a form that the gardener chooses. This sculpture is a living and growing reference to the manicured gardens of the first imposing residences on the Sechel Mary Estate, which was subdivided in the 1960s.

If William Faintay had had his way back in 1923, this site would have been open parkland all the way to the river’s edge, a public reserve owned by the people of Hobart.

It didn’t happen – instead, the estate was cut up into 26 lots – fenced in and hedged, to become the site of some of Hobart’s most prestigious real estate.

213

Afloat in the Derwent, like the 313 vessels launched from Battery Point slipyards through the 1800s, this sculpture is constructed from some of the most commonly-used materials of modern-day shipbuilding – aluminium and fibreglass.

Securely anchored, but rising and falling with the tide, the sculpted number is just one craft among the flotilla of working barges, fishing boats, bluewater racers and cruising yachts that anchor off Battery Point.

Beyond the sheltered shore is the widening expanse of the estuary, where the searoads that connect the harbour, quartz-halogen spots in 21st century kitchens and the Iron Pot lighthouse, (flashing its welcome and warning to mariners) and high above, the stary blaze of the Milky Way – the Derwent’s shorelines are never totally dark.

1,923

On a Californian hill, the epicentre of American dreams shouts its name in white-painted steel letters, 14 metres high.

Expatiate Tasmanian, the legendary screen actor Errol Flynn would have been familiar with the original HOLLYWOOD sign – although at the peak of his stardom, through the mid-20th century, the original sign, made of wood and sheet metal, was faded and decrepit. (Flynn probably saw it when it read ‘OLLYWOOD’, after a drunk driver crashed his Model A Ford into the sign, destroying the first letter.)

On a River Derwent beach, not far from Errol Flynn’s childhood home in Sandy Bay, his birth date – 1909 – stands tall in white letters that echo the shape and style of the world’s most famous outdoor sign.