

hanna kay undertow







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cover: *causeway* (detail), 2008, mixed media on linen, 66 x 270cm.

title page: *hayscape b*, 2008, digital photograph, oil and tempera on linen, 105 x 125m.



Exhibition commissioned by the Maitland Regional Art Gallery NSW.  
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In 2007 I was approached by the Director of the Maitland Regional Art Gallery suggesting that I consider a project which explored Jewish Migration to the Hunter Valley in the 19th century. My first reaction was to refuse. My artistic interest did not extend to religious or cultural imagery. The subject was intriguing – as far as I was aware 200 years ago Jewish people lived in cities. In Europe they were not allowed to own land. So a community living and dying in the Hunter Valley in the 1800s sounded interesting historically, but I did not think the subject would interest me as artworks go.

However I was interested enough to visit the old Jewish cemetery in Maitland, just to see the gravestones and their inscriptions. The scenery was bizarre. A fenced block of land with about fifty weathered gravestones, surrounded by paddocks extending to the horizon. Horses were reaching over the fence to get to the long grass that was covering most of the tombstones. And sure enough the names of the dead were in Hebrew. The whole experience moved me and my curiosity was tickled.

I agreed to the project, hopeful that I would be able to create artworks that transcended the associations we usually have with cemeteries and Judaism. I wanted to go away as far as possible from the forces that would motivate Jewish people to migrate, wander, or relocate. From the pain associated with leaving behind a home, and the pain associated with adjusting to a new place and culture. I wished not to be inspired by the dark forces that have been following Jewish people since Biblical times. Instead I was looking for the light and the positive forces in our tradition for inspiration.

At that time I was making paintings that explored the ethereal qualities of water, and I believed it would be a natural continuum if I were to incorporate this interest in the Jewish project. It took several more visits to the cemetery and some understanding of the Lower Hunter Valley to realise that water, or the lack of water, was going to become the undercurrent narrative of the exhibition.

Having found the thread to weave through the paintings, I started looking closer into the notions of migration and displacement. As a migrant to this country myself, I could just imagine the reaction those people would have had when they first saw the Australian landscape. So

my next task was to find a way to depict a sense of a journey and the contradictions.

The gravestones in themselves did not attract me as a painterly subject matter, and yet I wanted to make the cemetery the focus of the project. That's when I decided to use photographs and incorporate them into the paintings. I photographed the various gravestones, individually and in groups, in black and white. I had them printed on a canvas and painted over them – mostly to create an illusion that they were reflected in a flooded or wet surface.

In hindsight, working on this body of work was a most rewarding process, both as an insight into my roots and into what makes me the person I am – my ideals, my ethics, beliefs or lack of them – and as an artistic exploration of new horizons.

hanna kay 2009









Jewish Cemetery, Maitland

## introduction

*[A cemetery]...is not a mere field in which the dead are stowed away unknown; it is a touching and beautiful history, written in family burial plots...in sculptured and inscribed monuments. It tells the story of the past, not of institutions, or its wars, or its ideas but of its individual lives – of its men and women and children, and of its households. It is silent but eloquent... we find no such history anywhere.* Joseph Anderson

Soon after my arrival in Maitland in mid-2004, I was told about the Jewish Cemetery in a rural corner of Louth Park. And, not long after, I went searching for the cemetery, to pay respects to my unrelated ancestors who, like me, called Maitland home. I got lost a number of times as passers-by and residents standing beside their fences offered different directions. Then I found it.

The grass was over long and needed a good cut. Nevertheless it was possible to view the small location where a group of Jewish immigrants were laid to remain forever. Quite a number of gravestones were standing (and still do) erect and proud while others were leaning at precarious angles looking as though they might drop at any moment and still others were prostrate and lying flat in any number of positions. Most were close to where they had been originally sited. On some the Hebrew names and Jewish calendar dates were still visible as were the English names and Roman calendar dates.

This was an unusual cemetery for an Australian regional centre. There are many cemeteries in the bush with Jewish sections or grave stones (when only few) in the section reserved for 'General' or 'Other'. The one in Maitland is different because it is a standalone consecrated Jewish-only graveyard which is no longer used to bury the dead.

The unusual Jewish Cemetery, somehow a part of my cultural heritage, has become a destination when I have visitors who come to Maitland to take a tour of the city. It, along with the 1879 synagogue building in Pender Place, the remaining façade of the bottom storey of David Cohen and Company in High Street right next to MRAG, the impressive residence 'Cintra' in Regent Street, and Cohen Street in Horseshoe Bend

all act as tangible reminders of what was a small but vibrant Jewish presence in colonial Maitland.

Here was a story to be told – and to be painted. Here was a part of Maitland’s history and a part of a much wider migration stor

Hanna Kay, a migrant artist, living in Blandford – not far from Maitland – with her evocative style of painting figurative images of land, its grasses, low growth and influences of nature made her an ideal choice when I decided to do an art project on the cemetery. She is an artist who has travelled widely, speaks Hebrew, understands the fabric of the Jewish faith and was painting close by and indeed travelled through Maitland at least twice a week on her trips to teach Hebrew at the University of Sydney. If only she would agree to a commissioned project...

When I first saw the paintings for the exhibition in her studio, not only did I realize that her selection as project artist was the appropriate one but that her skill and ability to react to nature’s effects were translated onto canvas in a way that rang of the dramatic and also of the ordinary. Her paintings were like a song or a spiritual cadence ensuring the public could enjoy the exhibition at its most simplistic level of images, but also to its most elevated ethereal and psychological relationship to nature, to the past, to death, and indeed to the stories of the cemetery.

The paintings took me to the cemetery at Maitland but also took me to the unknown world of memory and recall of other cemeteries, of Jewish High Holydays, and of the living and dying and how, in the end, death is inevitable and yet, in Hanna’s hands, this topic was not morbid or sad but was more like a light-filled eulogy for those Jews who had lived in Maitland and found their final resting place in the cemetery.

The techniques which Hanna employs and which are unique to her art have brush strokes passing fleetingly over canvases, creating movement and a sense of air and atmosphere surrounding what initially were photographic images of the gravestones. In her hands these have become pictorial monuments skillfully coloured and shaped to change the photographs from simple reproductions to canvases which are carefully painted and which display an ability to make the transformation into a new visual image.

Joseph Eisenberg OAM  
Cultural Director  
Maitland City Council



Jewish Cemetery, Maitland



study for shifting ground 1, digital photographs and ink.



## journal notes

august 2007

In 2000, not long after I had moved to live in the Upper Hunter, I came across a Jewish gravestone among the mainly Christian monuments in the town's cemetery. The lone grave, dated 1916, inscribed with both English and Hebrew inscriptions, was somewhat bizarre in its remote rural setting. As far as I knew, Jews outside Israel, especially 150 years ago, lived mainly in urban communities. Thus when I was approached

by the director of the Maitland Regional Art Gallery to consider a project involving Jewish migration to the Hunter Valley in the beginning of the 19th century, I was intrigued

Migration and immigration have been embedded within Jewish tradition since God told Abraham to 'get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house to the land that I will show thee...' Born in Israel, the notion of Jewish people scattered around the globe is not strange to me; my parents immigrated to Israel from Lithuania and Poland, and I lived in Europe and New York before settling in Australia. I was born Jewish and even though I am not a practicing Jew, the history and the tradition has been bred into me and etched into my memory.

While I am interested in mythologies and legends that are indispensable to my Jewish heritage, in themselves they do not interest me as subject matters for artworks. Neither do I want to engage with a narrative that considers the morbid causes that have impelled Jewish people to move from one place to another. Yet, since mobility has provided a context for my artworks, I am interested in the tension between memories and experiences. When one needs or is forced to move, images take shape in our minds and we search for them in the new place we call home. These images don't always correspond to reality. The friction between fantasy and what is tangible fascinates me.



*causeway*, 2008, mixed media on linen, 66 x 270cm





These were my thoughts when I looked around the Jewish cemetery in Maitland. The fenced block of land, in the midst of rural paddocks, stand abandoned and neglected - about 40 graves, dating from the 1850s through to the 1930s, all of which are inscribed in Hebrew and English. As I negotiated the tall grass, conscious of snakes, spacious vista and history, I knew that somehow I would like to find a visual expression for the experience.

These days, while working from a studio situated in a middle of the paddock, I reflect on my wandering. I map out journeys made over decades, on other continents, in different cultures and languages. I try to find links; to find visual expressions which will connect personal biography with geographical landscape. Arguably, perhaps one of the most important consequences of displacement and migration is the engagement with a foreign landscape. Upon arriving in a new place, the first encounter is with the environment: the vista, the light, the sky, the clouds, the smells. This usually triggers a conscious or an unconscious urge to reflect on the significance of the natural environment to our wellbeing.

When I arrived in Sydney (some 20 years ago) more than anything I was struck by the light. It was just a touch brighter, clearer, and sharper than the light I had left behind in the northern hemisphere.

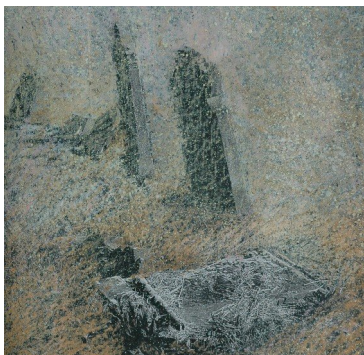
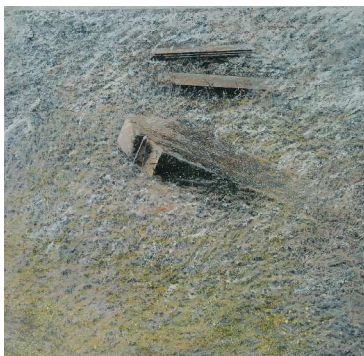
In the past, when people moved around the world on foot, by horses or ships, the duration of the journey would allow them to accustom themselves to climatic and environmental changes. By the time they had arrived at the other side of the world, they would have not been so struck, as I was, by the different quality of the atmosphere.

Then there was the new smell - an unidentified dry smell, which now I can ascribe to dry gum leaves that permeates the air, buildings, the bush and even the beaches.

Australian smell is light and evasive.

And of course I was impressed by the way people fit into the texture of this new environment. We are shaped by the terrain in which we live, and when we feel comfortable enough in it, we shape it according to our needs.





studies for shifting ground and ebb and flow, digital photographs and oil pastels.



september 2007

As much as I believe I have detached myself from the events that make my history, I cannot be free from interacting with them. Jewish people are called the People of the Book. Over 4000 tumultuous years they have held on to The Words and to the hermeneutics, critique and discourse that have been added over the years. I have been trying to remember millennia of cultural narrative that flow in my blood and had been imprinted in me while growing up. I am sifting through stories, legends, mythologies, historical facts, contradictions, and poetry that have oozed into my psyche and shaped my identity. This exhibition attempts to address the connections between this mythical storyline and my biography, creating a broader narrative which resonates with other peoples and cultures.

Standing by the Hunter River in Maitland. The gentle waves and the clear horizon a picture of tranquility and wholesomeness, shattered only by soiled yellow foam along the waterline. Once this waterway carried people strange to this environment and culture. Now, not even a kilometer away is a plot of land documenting their lives and their incongruous tradition.



*undercurrent*, 2008, oil and tempera on linen, 180 x 350cm.



*ebb & flow 1*, 2008, digital photograph, oil and tempera on linen (triptych) 66x198cm





My third visit to the Jewish cemetery in Maitland.

A cemetery is a place of rest. It is a place that matters. It is also a place where the cultural meets the natural. This particular one is a surreal site. The wind carries the smell of horse manure from nearby paddocks. Tall grass overtakes the weather-worn tombstones. The yellow grass sways in the gentle wind, turning silvery-green where the field meets the blue horizon. A wire fence defines the block of land where the gravestones are arranged in skewed rows. Behind the fence, in a paddock that stretches behind the horizon, a horse eyes the overgrown grass in the cemetery. Hidden in the grass is an alphabet spelling unthinkable stories.

I was hoping to get a breakthrough. I was hoping that in the graveyard surrounded by the vast sky, fences, and farm machinery I would find a way into the artwork. But all I could see was Hebrew letters racing towards me from the headstone. Telling stories of hope and pain. Stories of assimilation and segregation. Almost 200 years ago, a craftsman had engraved the letters into the hard stones in memory of fathers, mothers, sons and daughters. Most likely that craftsman did not even understand the words he/she had been asked to carve.

Today, I read the marking on the stones and translate them into possible images on a canvas - thus transcending their meaning yet again.

I am carried away by the excitement the concept generates. But I am also overwhelmed by the unknown journey toward resolving the almost impossible challenge I put in front of my artistic self. Migration, displacement, immigration, alienation, hopes, shattered dreams, dark secrets, shadows, past, heritage, uncompromising tradition, are all narratives which I do not want to embark upon. Neither do I care for symbols of religion and race. Also, I do not wish for the angst generated by such a subject to come through the images. Instead I would like to find the light and the lightness in the threads that are woven throughout our Jewish heritage.





Jewish Cemetery, Maitland

january 2008

I was born into an ordinary Jewish family, to decent parents with no extraordinary philosophies of life. By living in Israel in the first half of the 20th century, they had to have a sense of their place in Jewish history in general, and in Israel in particular. Otherwise they were just two people adrift who happened to migrate to a place where history was unfolding. Thus they had to have some convictions, but none about their own personal significance.

My father and mother kept alive their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters through the stories they told us. They were not such good raconteurs but we excused them. The stories they told carried them along. They were memories of lost geographies which they both coloured with things for effect. Each excused the other because the actual story was unbearable. It was their way of holding to tradition. To their past.





watercourse 10, 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 66cm.

In the artworks I wish to filter the past of my Jewish heritage as if I was a pump - sucking up murky water and releasing it clear, but not sterile. I wish the objects in the painting to hint at the possibility of metamorphosing into something else.

I am reaching a point of excitement. But to be excited by the prospect of an adventure is one thing, to act is another. To begin with, I had to discard the comfort of my technical painterly achievements, and to establish a dialogue with my imagination which will lead to a new way of working. The idea of using photographs of the gravestones and incorporating them in the paintings came directly out of this dialogue.

This way of working is both new and familiar.

Instead of using my conventional method (a pencil or a brush) to annotate my thinking I use the camera. Photographing the graves and the inscriptions has been a way of finding out what I'd like the paintings to be. I have to go slowly. For the purpose of this body of work, the stark black and white photographs do not support a vibrant range of colours. Instead I need to use a delicate gamut of greys to bridge over the photographs' sharp contrast.





*watercourse 9*, 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 66cm





Jewish Cemetery, Maitland





*watercourse 5*, 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 66cm.



I go slowly. Watchful and not knowing or even guessing what the elements that form the image would do in a given picture. Yet, I begin to feel more confidence. The images are looking increasingly balanced.

While drawing on my Jewish upbringing, the subject matter of the artworks is nature and the landscape. When people move or are displaced, the landscape changes. Yet, when people move, in particular Jewish people, despite drastic environmental changes they still bring with them their rigid traditions, customs and myths.

A desert looms high in Jewish consciousness. The mythology tells of 40 years of wandering in an arid wilderness all for an arid Promised Land. On one hand, violent campaigns and tribal feuds were fought over a minute expanse of dunes; on the other hand the association is with a serene desert, a place of meditative quiet nature.

The first time I went to the desert I was surprised by the lack of sweeping sand dunes. The parched desert that surrounded the Dead Sea was more like fossilized sand ridges and mounds. They formed a maze of ravines and valleys that framed the basin of the salty lake. An awesome place where only a scorpion could hear you sing, and only an eagle's cry might disturb the silence.

The first time I went to the Australian desert I was surprised by the



*watercourse 12*, 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 66cm.

lushness of the country. However it was neither the unusual flora nor the exotic fauna; neither the dramatic rugged cliffs nor the scrub lands that took hold of me. It was the colours and the texture. Stones the shades of reds, yellows, whites and purples carried primordial memories. And the light was different. It washed over stones baking for eons in the unrelenting sun. It squeezed into nooks and crannies, swept shadows and distorted perspective. It altered space and transformed time.

Having grown up in one landscape and migrated to live in several others before ending up in rural Australia, I make images of experienced landscapes - a personal memory of migration. In the paintings I juxtapose landscapes which would have shaped the lives of the migrants who settled in Maitland. Europe, Israel, and Australia offer different palates of colours, lights and sensibilities, with which I engage. Also I intend to look at traces that natural forces leave upon the landscape, and the way they work to shape relationships with the environment. The working title, 'undercurrent' suggests water is a major natural force in the project - a metaphor for movement and change. And the paintings themselves follow landscape motifs, creating sequences of images which suggest the passage of time.





*watercourse 3*, 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 90







*woodlands*, 2008, digital photograph, oil and tempera on linen (4 panels) 66x284cm





*hayscape A*, 2008, oil and tempera on linen, 130 x 140cm.

march 2008

Before me lay a wilderness of graves neglected for years, crumbling, and gradually sinking into the ground overgrown with vegetation, amidst paddocks stretching into the far horizon. There were no stones placed on top of graves, witnessing that somebody had visited the dead. It was not possible to decipher all the chiseled inscriptions, but the names I could read - different in Hebrew than in English - made me think how their names were so intimately bound up with the country they lived in and with its language.

I stayed in the cemetery for a while taking photographs and trying to come to terms with the incongruity of the place. I walked up and down the uneven rows of graves, reading the names of the dead. When I was about to leave I discovered the children's gravestones. I stood before them for a while, not knowing why I was so surprised and saddened. Children did not live long at that period. Headstones in loving memory of David who died aged 7 and Jane who died age 11, both children of Lewis Cohen, of Murrurundi. On other graves I read of more stories of parents' sorrow. Each inscription tells a story of pain and hopes.

I am seeking for a way to think about people's wanderings. My response to the subject is intuitive. I have been following associations and personal references to both migration and Judaism. Mapping geography of tradition.

Before I left I placed a stone on a grave, according to custom.









ebb & flow 1, 2008, digital photograph, oil and tempera on linen (triptych) 66x268cm

As the artworks develop, 'light' and 'water' have become the aesthetic concerns.

About light: on one hand, there is the belief that light is the giver of substance in the world. On the other hand, there is the belief that the world is engulfed by darkness. These two aspects have been the thread by which changes and transformations of Jewish consciousness are held together.

About water: in the Jewish tradition water symbolizes the beginning of creation. Yet it can be viewed from two contrary points of views - as both a giver and a taker of life; a creator and a destroyer.

\*

I am seeking for a way to think about people's wanderings. My response to the subject is intuitive. I have been following associations and personal references to both migration and Judaism. Mapping geography of tradition.











The paintings focus on natural elements. Water is prominent in the consciousness of the communities along the Hunter River, and would have been especially so in the psyche of the Jewish people who had arrived by sea to Australia about 150 years ago. I have used water as a main subject in the artworks to express movement and rigidity, change and tradition, oppositions and contradictions all of which have accompanied Jewish people throughout history. In addition, the water surface in which tombstones are reflected suggests a separation between past, present and future, and may imply layers of memories that are evoked by encounter with cemeteries.

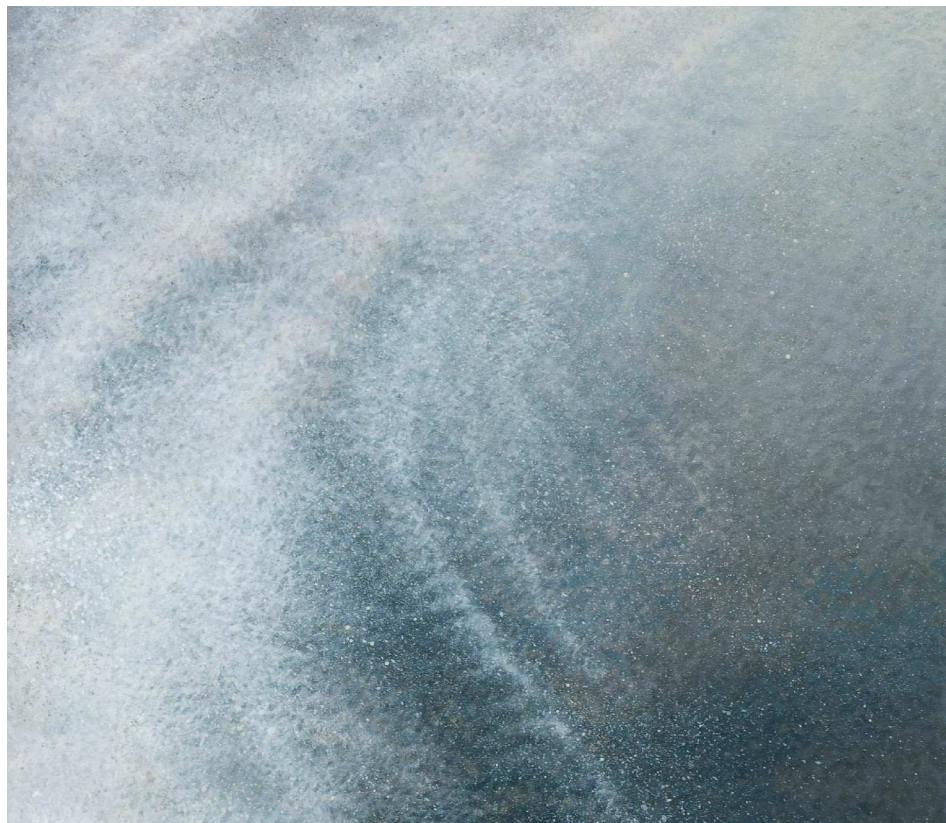
For me making marks on paper or a canvas is an inquiry. It is a way of thinking through glimpses of ideas. Sometimes the first thing I discover is that I don't really know what these marks mean. Four decades of doubts prevent me from panic, and reassure me that this lack of knowledge is my own doing. I also know that if I continue some rewards may follow. I trail behind the brush, which seems to be, quite independently of me, attempting to break through an opaque curtain. I know that the information I am looking for is there, on the tip of my brush. But at times it is impossible to put it on the blank surface so that I will see what I have just imagined.

This time, I have been searching for a way that would allow me to depict a form (gravestones) that does not have the familiar pull (like, for instance, waterways, grasses or stones). I have found what I was looking for in the combination of photography and paint. This juxtaposition of the digital and the manual is new for me. A new realm of relationships has opened up. I have come upon this new way of working by confronting what seemed to be an impassable obstacle. Usually when an artist succeeds in such a task, it means giving up a comfort zone. It means letting go of reliable ways of working, a vital course in an artist's struggle to endure.

Such self imposed restrictions can be tempting, as Stravinsky said in Poetics of Music: 'My freedom will be so much the greater and more meaningful the more narrowly I limit my field of action and the more I surround myself with obstacles. Whatever diminishes constraint, diminishes strength. The more constraints one imposes, the more one frees one's self of the chains that shackle the spirit.'

Hanna kay, 2008







*wake*, 2008, digital photograph, oil and tempera on linen (triptych) 66x268cm



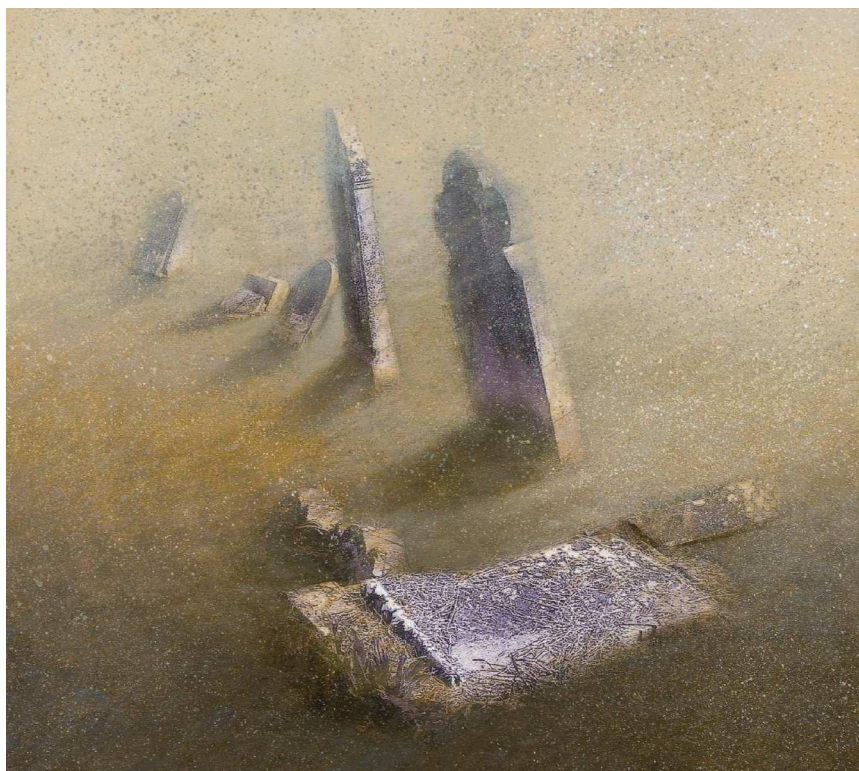


Jewish Cemetery, Maitland



watercourse 1 , 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 120 cm.





*shifting ground II 1*, 2008, digital photograph, oil and tempera on linen (triptych) 66x198cm







*watercourse 11*, 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 66cm.





watercourse 6 , 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 66cm.











*watercourse 8* , 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 66cm.





*watercourse 4* , 2008, digital photograph and oil paint on canvas, 66 x 66cm.



## ‘jews’ burial ground’

...this cemetery sitting on the edge of Maitland. One of only two separate and consecrated Jewish burial grounds established in regional New South Wales during the nineteenth century...The cemetery was acquired by the small but significant Jewish community in Maitland in the late 1840s. In September 1846, the community was raising money for the cemetery and by November the following year tenders were called for fencing the site and building a cottage on it. The first recorded burials occurred three years later.

The apparent isolation of the site, the Hebrew inscriptions, the use of specifically Jewish ornamentation on some of the gravestones - the open hands, for example, indicate that the person was descended from priests, the burial of people from outside the immediate locality, the number of people from the same families, and the last burials dating from the 1930s. These are markers of the shape and tone of life for this particular group of Maitland’s early European settlers.

At the core of the community were a number of extended families who established businesses in the town – shops, hotels, tailors – in the late 1830s and into the 1840s, tended to intermarry with each other, and

became involved in local and sometimes colonial public affairs. Family members, a number of them infants and children, are buried in the cemetery. They are Cohens, Harts, Leviens, Levys, Marks and Reubens.

Members of these – and other – families also spread north and west from Maitland, creating small business enterprises and becoming notable figures in other localities: Lewis and Sarah Cohen in Murrurundi, George and Rose Cohen in Gunnedah, Nathan and Esther Cohen (a different family) in Tamworth, Joseph and Isabella Friedman in Wingen, Henry and Emma Reuben in Mudgee. Members of these families are also buried in the Maitland Jewish Cemetery. It was the only consecrated Jewish burial ground to the north of Sydney

The backgrounds of these core families of the community stretched through Sydney to England, mainly London, and their business, community and religious networks saw them as active participants in enterprises and developments in Sydney, Newcastle and beyond. Indeed, these networks coupled with the emergence of Newcastle as the dominant business centre in the lower Hunter from the late nineteenth century, resulted in the re-location of a number of the major business enterprises from Maitland to Newcastle, as well as the re-location of the Hebrew congregation itself. The focus of activity shifted to the mouth of the Hunter.





The other shift was to Sydney. The attractions of city life, business ventures, education and other opportunities had their effects on regional communities generally in the late nineteenth century, and Jewish communities were no exception. And the lure of the city for these Jewish settlers had an extra element: Jewish community life. To be a practicing Jew in a small colonial town was to be fairly isolated, dependent on what became a decreasing number of fellow Jews, and distant from the central hub of community and religious life in Sydney.

The isolation was perhaps even greater for those members of the community who came from different backgrounds and family networks: born in central or eastern Europe, having a first language that was not English, settling initially in other colonies before moving to Maitland, perhaps coming from different traditions within Judaism and perhaps confronting more overtly the pressures not to be different. These possibilities are hinted at by the edges of stories emerging about some of the people buried in the Maitland Jewish Cemetery.

There is Samuel Lewis whose death notice in the local newspaper describes him as 'a native of London' but whose entry in the local courthouse register records it as 'near Warsaw Poland'. Samuel and his wife, Rachel (who is also buried in the cemetery), spent the first two decades of their Australian lives in Bendigo. There is Daniel Frisch whose gravestone states 'from Szanto, Austrian Hungary' and who lived

in Morpeth for about thirty years where he worked as a shoemaker. And there is Myer Illfield whose courthouse records note that he was born in Battenburg, Germany; married in London; and had been in New South Wales for 38 years at the time of his death in 1924.

And the cemetery provides an introduction to people outside the Jewish community. Engraved on two of the headstones are the surnames of local stone masons - Charles Cobby and Thomas Browne. The challenge for these tradesmen was to carve the Hebrew words into the gravestones. Presumably using stencils, their unfamiliarity with the language meant some mistakes: an accent in the wrong place, words without spaces, and letters which did not exist in the Hebrew alphabet.

The story of the cemetery also extends beyond its use as an active burial ground. Located on a flood plain, like so much of Maitland, the cemetery has been under water during floods: the force and movement of the water working on the surfaces of the sandstone, lifting the black from inside the engravings, causing subsidence, helping to tilt and flatten gravestones, eroding the inscriptions, burying gravesites under silt, and breaking and scattering tiles. Neglect has also played its part. At times, the grass was left to grow, the cemetery unattended and visited infrequently. But it was never a forgotten place.

From the 1930s, there are records of visits, and of visitors transcribing the inscriptions and calling for work to be done. In the late 1970s, a working bee of local residents, members of the Newcastle Hebrew Congregation and from the Australian Jewish Historical Society in Sydney saw the cemetery mown, tidied, fenced. It was also re-consecrated. Then, in the 1980s, ownership, care and maintenance of the cemetery became a responsibility of Maitland City Council. The Cemetery was accepted as a part of the City's heritage: a place that can tell stories about the past and should be conserved for the present and the future.

Janis Wilton OAM  
Historian,  
University of New England





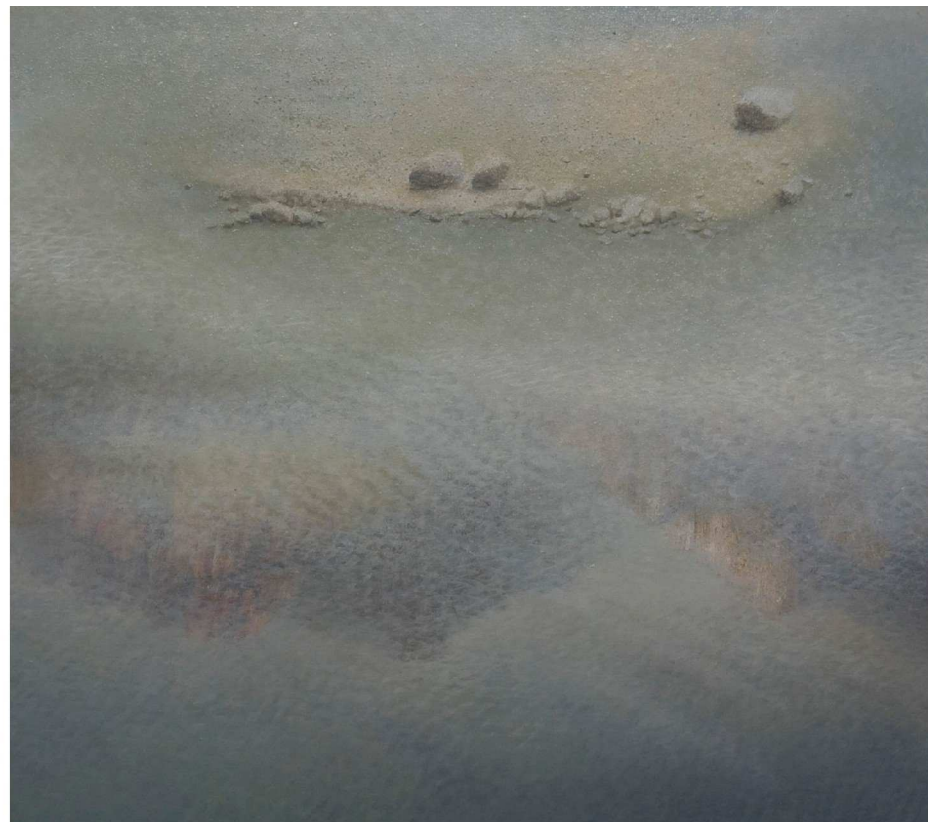






*shifting ground I*, 2008, digital photograph, oil and tempera on linen (triptych) 66x268cm







littoral zone, 2008, oil and tempera on linen (triptych) 66x268cm



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text

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