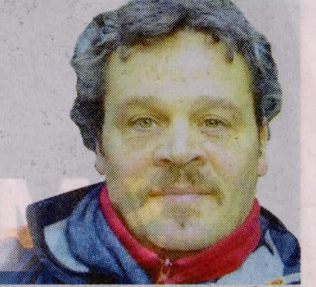


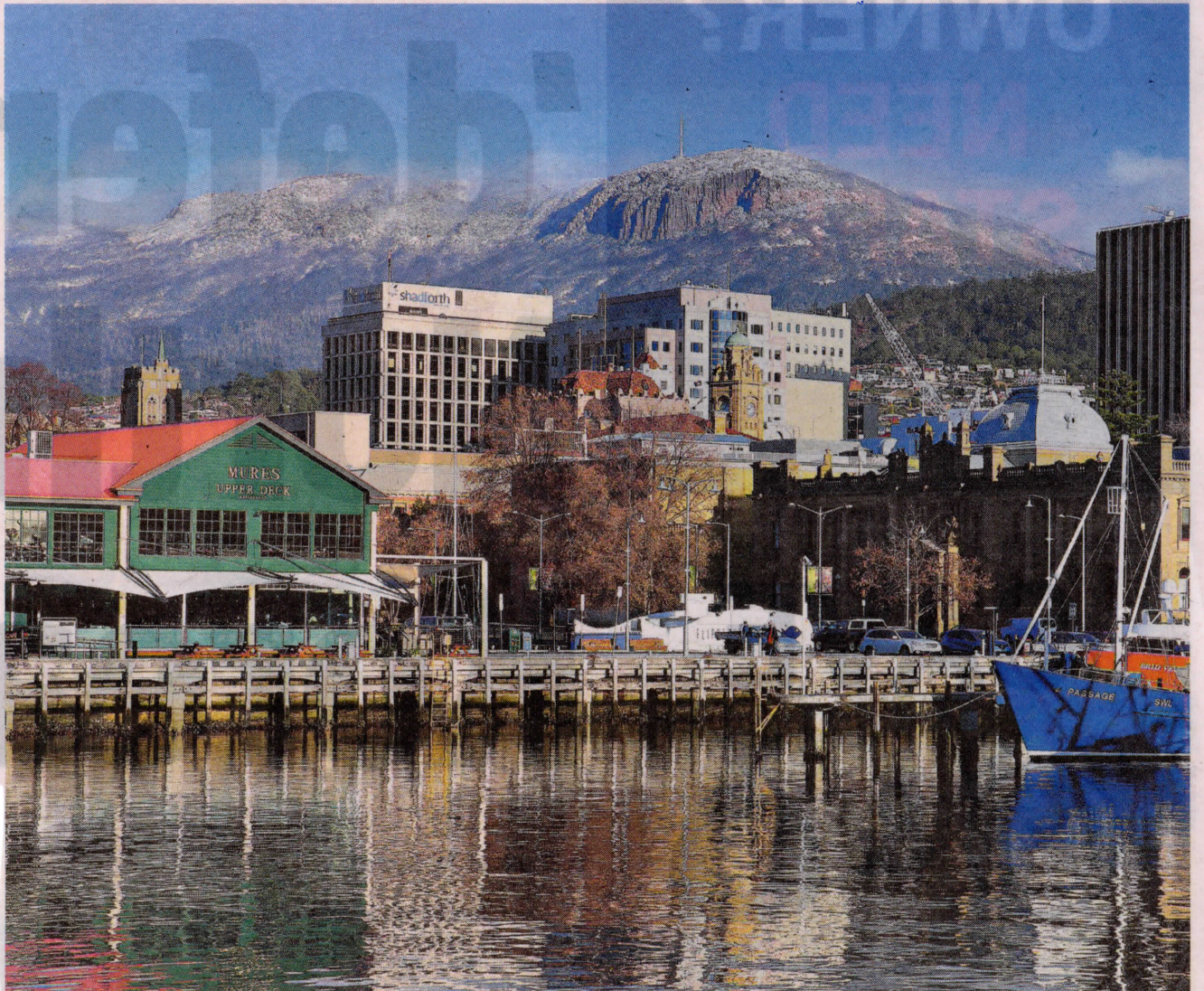
SIMON BEVILACQUA

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Architects involved in the design of Hobart must never forget to:

**Build
on our
city's
beauty**



DESIGN: The Hobart waterfront with a snow-covered Mt Wellington.

Picture: SAM ROSEWARNE

I WILL never forget visiting Hobart for the first time.

I was a primary student on a school excursion from Somerset, a tiny town of a few thousand people, near Wynyard on the North-West Coast.

Life at Somerset as a boy was bliss.

I remember fishing with Dad on the sand at the mouth of the Cam River, catching cocky salmon, while listening to the Test cricket on a crackly old radio.

I recall scraping oysters off the rocks further upriver, and swimming and surfing at the beach.

A friend and I once caught blue tongues among the wild fennel and blackberries along the railway tracks.

We put the docile lizards on our shoulders and walked up the main street of town to the amusement of shoppers.

I recall diving for beach flags at the surf club and snorkelling around the rocks, trying to spear parroties with a Hawaiian sling, and kicking the footy on Langley Park.

I remember dodging broken beer bottles strewn through the boobyalla and banksias behind the sandy shoreline and seeing my sister's horse bolt frantically, riderless and free, down the beach.

Somerset Primary School was a quaint little weatherboard building painted the traditional mustardy yellow with dun-red trim and roof.

Not many more than 100 students were enrolled there.

Mrs Bottle and Mrs Jones kept the students happy and orderly.

One day, all the Grade 5s piled into a bus and travelled to Hobart for an excursion.

We did not arrive in the Tasmanian capital until just before dusk and the bus pulled over on the side of the road somewhere 'on the Eastern Shore and let us all out to stretch our legs and to look across the River Derwent to the city lights.

I still feel the excitement of that moment. A naïve 11-year-old, I instantly loved Hobart. It astonished me. I had never seen anywhere as beautiful. It seemed so exciting and big.

It was winter and the mountain was covered in snow. I'd never seen snow before. The city at the mountain's feet looked huge compared with the shops in Somerset's main street. The still Derwent waters looked deep and, being

Organ Pipes. Looking back over the city while departing on the Mona ferry gives a sublime view and brings into frame the Tasman Bridge, which is hardly pretty, but shapely and perfectly proportioned with the mountain, the city and its harbour.

There is a bowl shape carved out of the natural fall-away of the mountain to the Derwent.

Considering the global challenges we face today, we almost have a moral obligation to our fellow humans to build into our city a higher density population.

enclosed by land, had a very different feel to the Bass Strait off the North-West that seemed to go forever into a cold, empty nowhere.

Hobart was composed and defined.

All these years later, I still have moments when the beauty of this city touches me deeply. Hobart has a natural proportion about it. The mountain is so much more than just a hill, but still small enough to be the perfect backdrop to a homely, safe harbour.

I marvel at the view from the masts at the docks up over the suburban foothills to the

Whatever we do when developing the city, the architects involved should be familiar with this beauty because there is a natural shape and proportion that lends itself to exquisite design.

Considering the global challenges we face today, we almost have a moral obligation to our fellow humans to build into our city a higher density population.

What we need is clever design. Local, caring, green, clean design. Design that is a flagship for the state, for the economy, for our community.

We need design that repre-

sents our aspirations as much as who we are as Tasmanians today.

It must incorporate transport and community and lifestyle and homes and workspaces.

There are many incredible Tasmanian designers, architects, scientists, artists and thinkers. We need to incorporate their homegrown ideas and, where we can, use design that is not only sympathetic to the landscape but born from it.

How can we get another 10,000, or more, people living in the city without destroying it? How can we do this while improving the environmental quality of the harbour, the river and the rivulets?

If we can do these things, we will minimise the urban sprawl that is destined to arrive on our shores if the rest of the world is our template.

If we do not drive this ourselves — residents, local businesses and all three tiers of government — we will repeatedly have to fend off alien designs that have no relation to our way of life and our home.

If we do not speak up, get involved and lead the way, eventually one of these transplanted eyesores will take root and its kind will spread like the boneseed that we can all see rapidly invading our coastal bush and changing the very nature of our homescape.