

to speak another language

POETRY

Lloyd Godman

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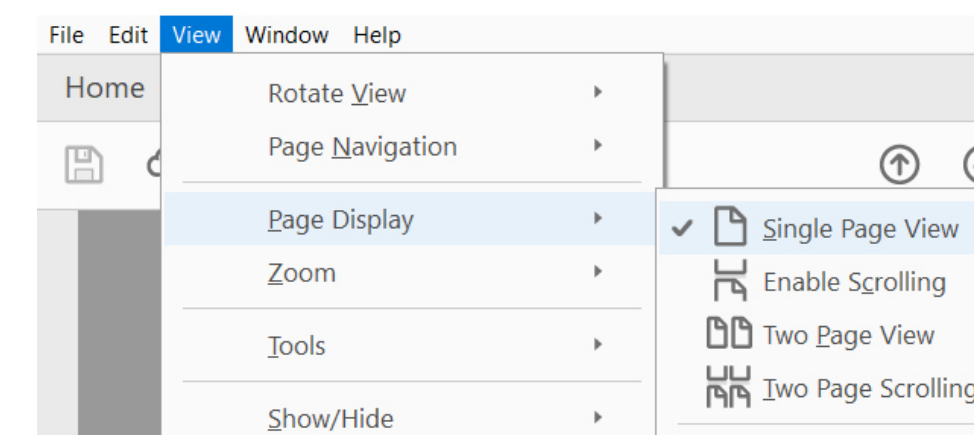
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To speak another language

I remember at the age of seventeen going to a movie that featured *The Doors* at Otago University hosted by the Students Union. Although I was not a student at the time I surfed with many who were. At the entry door if you were with a group of students who had their IDs and you dressed and looked the same, paid \$1, then you were as good as in. Jim Morrison's words and lyrics had a power that stayed with me, he used words in a language I had not experienced before. It was not necessarily the individual words but the juxtaposition of word and phrases one to the other that had what seemed like relevant intensity. Off course there was also Morrison's potent delivery that super charged the evening. This was not English literature as I had been taught at school, some of the lyrics were eccentric and offered no literal sense, but they left one thinking and questioning if there was a meaning, and this is what appealed. Like a sleeping volcano, the experience lay latent for a decade or more.

I also heard and experienced New Zealand poet Sam Hunt at Otago University and then giving a powerful reading at the [Great Ngaruawahia Music Festival](#) which I attended and photographed. Sam is especially known for his public performances of his and others poetry. His is performance at the festival was no exception



Dunedin is an extreme student town, and for decades is infamous for a range of crazy happenings. This photograph was taken at a student party. I remember climbing onto the roof of a shed to take this photograph of a student party Harbour Terrace near Dundas St, Dunedin, New Zealand early 1970s. These were called courtyard parties and the band was probably Pussyfoot. The photograph has become an iconic images of this era. It has been described as "a marvellous time capsule" and recently I discovered it has been published many times without credit.

I began writing poetry with a few lines to accompany [The Last Rivers Song](#) book published by John McIndoe in 1989. A few other poems followed until I worked on the [Mythology of Place](#) project with Lawrence Jones in 1994, based on the poems of James K Baxter. For this project I needed to take time to deeply study the poems Baxter wrote and how he was informed by the landscape around him. Lawrence and I dissected his poems line by line searching for references to real places in the Otago landscape we both knew well. We located many of the places and I photographed them to accompany an essay that Lawrence wrote for a conference on Baxter. But I was always searching for more than photographs to illustrate the poems.

Something else that I should have anticipated but did not was what happened in the process of taking the pictures. For soon it became evident to me that these were not going to be mere 'illustrations'. In searching out Baxter's places and symbols, Lloyd was finding his own symbols in the landscape, complementary to Baxter's. The images that emerged were not illustrations but rather were works of art inspired by Baxter's works of art, as so much art is in part a response to other art. Lawrence Jones

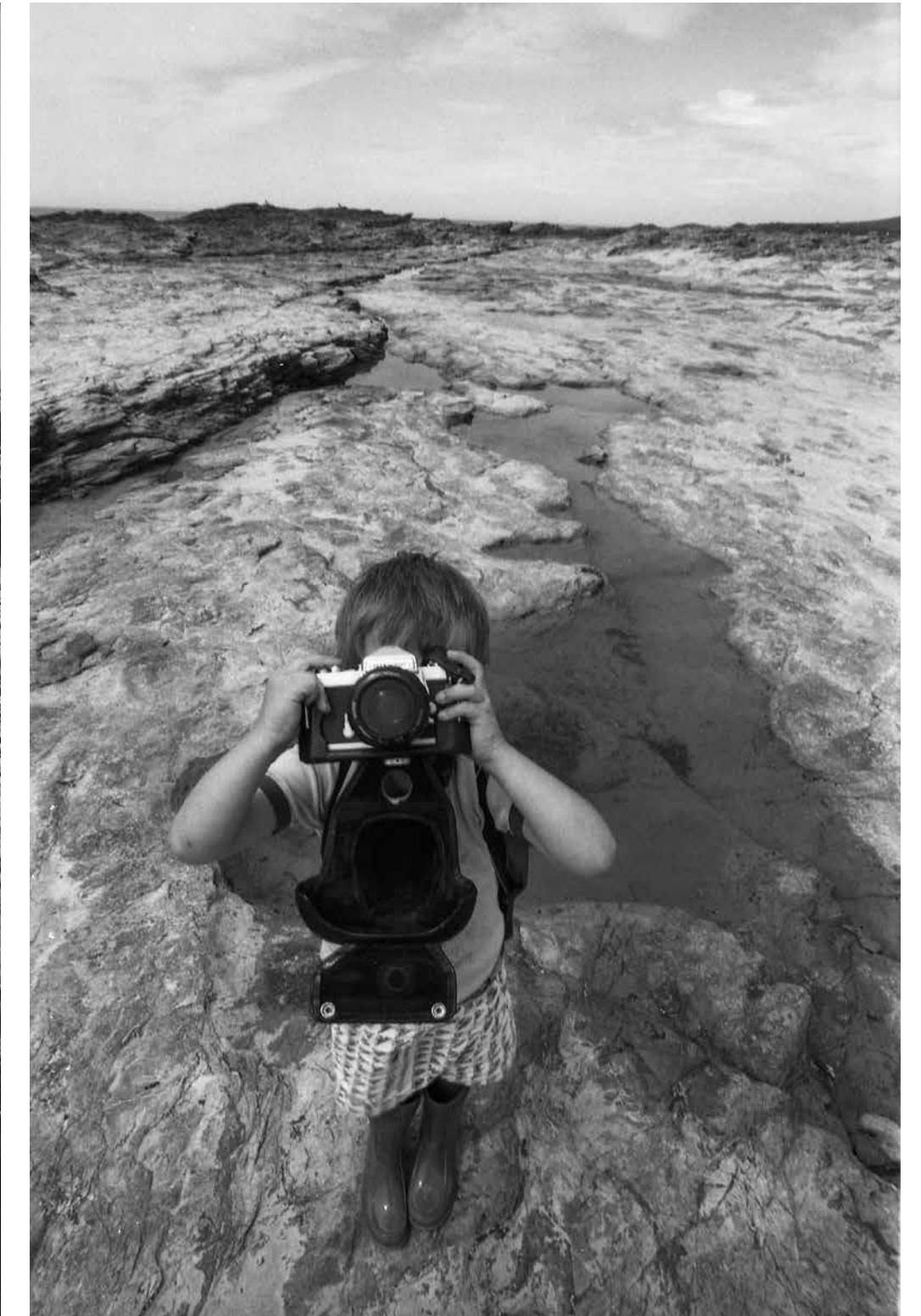
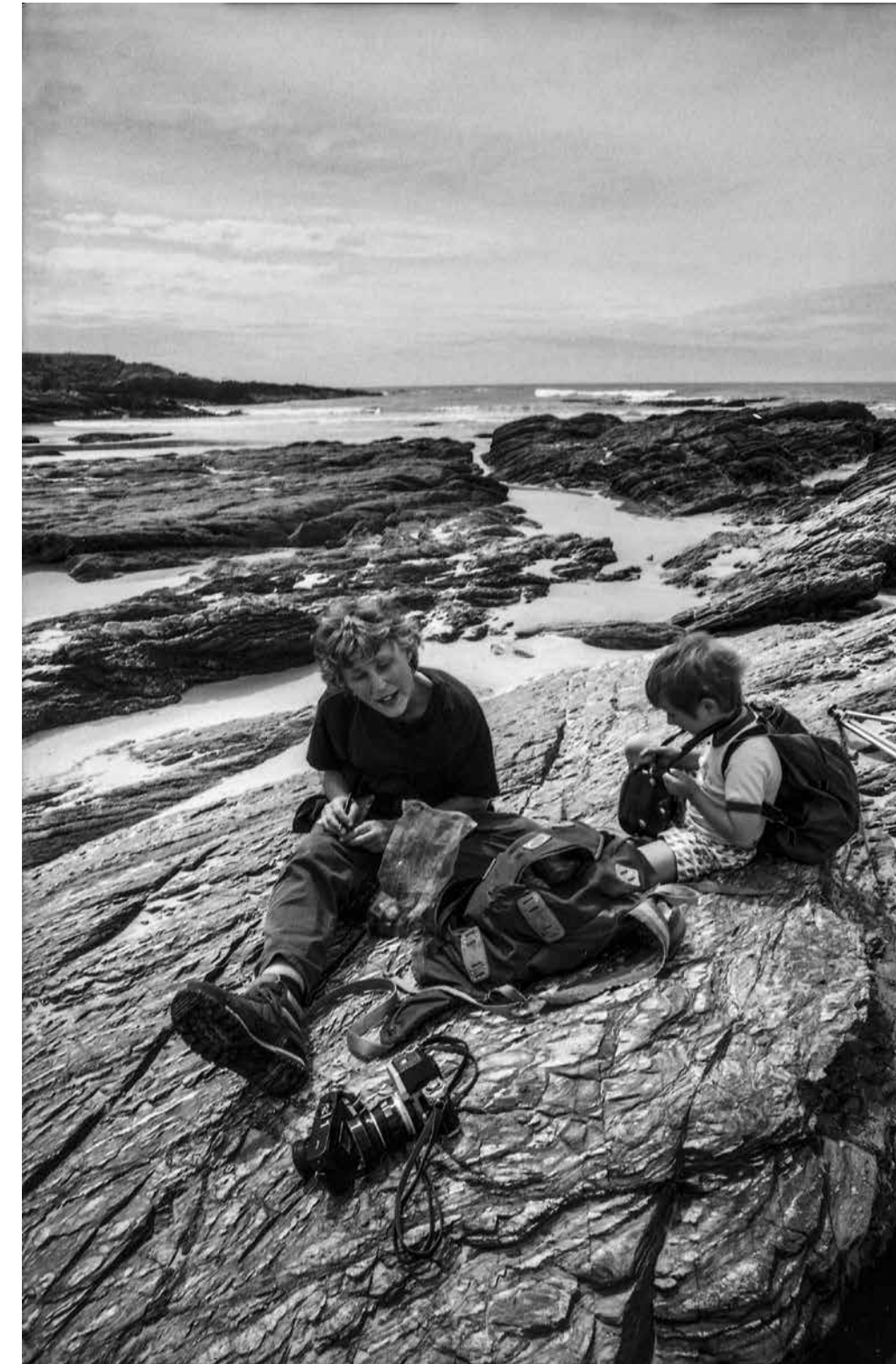
Through Lawrence I got to hear the poems and met Hone Tuwhare. As a surfer when surfing Roaring Bay, I would often drive past his modest place at Kaka Point, and after the surf I would call in to see him. I got to spend some time with him and was fortunate to have Hone read some of his poems at the opening of my [Aporian Emulsions](#) exhibition, Eastern Southland Gallery Gore, 1998.



New Zealand poet, Hone Tuwhare reading his powerful poems at the opening of [Aporian Emulsions](#) exhibition, Eastern Southland Gallery Gore, 1998

Collaborations between poets and photographers became increasingly common in the late twentieth century. Among the most successful was *Remains of Elmet* (1979), by photographer Fay Godwin and poet Ted Hughes. Fay was a highly acclaimed black and white landscape photographer. (she past away in 2005) Fifteen years after the first publication of *Remains of Elmet*, Godwin and Hughes published the revised edition *Elmet* (1994), which incorporated more than a third as many new poems and photographs into an entirely new arrangement. I was fortunate to have Fay Godwin visit and speak at the Dunedin Art School in 1990. She also stayed with me and together we went on several photographic day trips. In 1994 I visited London and Fay arranged for me to speak at both Sir John Cass School of Art, and St Martins School of Art, London, England. She took me to an exhibition of her photographs and she excitedly showed me the revised edition *Elmet*. We had several discussions on combining text and photographs and in particular the poetry of Ted Hughes. The power of words and her photographs also remained with me.

Having complete an English paper at Otago University in 1996, in 1997 I enrolled in a paper titled *Writing Poetry (Eng 127)*, supervised by American writer an poet John Dolan. Besides studying various ways poems are constructed, the course was structured around writing a poem every week. The poems were printed out and brought to the tutorial where enough was photo-copied for each student and the supervisor to have a copy. The printouts were numbered and a copy of all the poems was given to each student. The sheets of paper contained only the poem and were unidentified. Each student was given a number an they were enlisted to read that particular poem. In turn each poem was read to the class, most often by student other than the poet. The poem was then critiqued by fellow students and the lecturer, before the next poem was read out. While the strategy worked well, it did not allow for the personal expression of the poet in the reading. Just to be clear, none of the poems written by fellow students on the course are in this compilation; all the poems are written by me. I don not have a copy of the other students work, nor permission to use them.



My son Stefan with Fay Godwin at Akatore Creek on a field trip; each working on their respective photography. 1990 Not surprisingly Stefan still works as a photographer.

I taught photography at art school for 30 years, 20 years at Dunedin School of Art and 10 years at RMIT. In the last few years I was at Dunedin Art School, as a final comment on the graduating for the graduating students we would write a report on their work; which was most often a compilation of what we had already offered them during the year of research. During the last years at the Dunedin Art School I became motivated to write a poetic reading of their visual work. Words inspired from their photographs.

Later in 2006 - 2008 when in Melbourne, I was called in to be an independent assessor for Photographic Studies Collage by a colleague Carolyn Lewens, and again I would write poetic comments on the body of work the students presented. While the process was a scramble where I might have to write up to 15 short poems in less than a week, the students loved the poems that would often open their work in new and intriguing ways. These poems sequence from [Human Saturation](#) - 2006 to [Conversation in Deep Blue Space](#) - 2008.

Just to be clear, none of the images taken by the students are in this compilation. I don't not have a copy their photographs, nor permission to use them. As I do not have access to the student's photographs, that relate to the poems, for the publication I have included images from my own archive that speak to the words and also no included a reference to any of the students. For the poems inspired from the student's photographs, the words in turn become a language that inspire a search of my photographic archive to associate a photographs to the specific passage. The only exception are the two poems, [Hemispheres](#) and [Indicia](#) that relate to Tess Edward's images where I have used here images, to juxtapose with the text.

The strategy of the combination and images in this is compilation is like Jim Morrison's, lyrics. In some poems there may be direct visual references, however the references are sometimes esoteric and quite obscure. One may be left thinking and questioning the connection and meaning; one may create their own associations from words to text.

For me, the document is a means to compile the various poems and juxtapose them with a range of intriguing photographs I have taken that would other wise remain hidden.

The Last River's Song 1984

Gone ! the swirling vortexes, the fly of spray, the suck and the spit!

Gone! the rapids' roar, the ever-changing eddies and the crash of foam!

Gone ! the gentle lap of a river at her bank and the violence of her flood!

Gone! A River's Song!

The short piece was written for [The Last Rivers Song](#) book based on the photographs I took before the filling of Lake Dunstan, including this photograph. The wild flow of the river is now lost to a hydro lake.



I need to return 1991 - (from [Drawing from Nature](#))

I lie on a hill, this mound of earth
I feel the sky vaulted above me
below I sense growth and flux
the stillness vibrates a relaxed silence
I am no-where and everywhere at once
Recharging, absorbing, purifying
My heart is synchronized with a larger pulse
the vortex of the earth in space
an unfolding universe, a grain of sand
the intoxication of infinite spin
how am I above this organic growth
yet below its understanding

I NEED TO RETURN AGAIN



The photograph is from the meditative Chrystalls Beach 2000 Summer Solstice Journey which is part of the [Summer Solstice](#) series.

THE TRIG - 1992

Black, white.

Steel deep in stone
Black, white, black.

Solitary,
Black white, black, white, black,
Amid the eternal storms, a marker.

One straight vertical line straight to the sky,
Drenched in wetness of rain,
Ringing with the stony bite of flying hail,
Shivering, unsheltered, ignored.

Alone, atop the fell field.
Wide the vista, stretching out beneath
Far to the oceans of two coasts,
Where the waves gnaw at the black rocks
And a gull cries unheard above the chaos.

Isolated, lost in the glut of mist,
Black white, black white, the stake
Driven strong into an earth heart,
Held with a tight fisted grip of cement, and stones
One steel pole, a gesture left behind
A mark in time, a mark of place.

Great howling, whistling, sirens
Chanting songs of the wild swirl of winds.
Gales, blasting squalls,
Whipping strands of snow tussock
Lashing thin tongues
Shrill laughs in the pitch of the night.
Resonant, but unheard,

Licking flames of a gathering dawn
Embers of an evenings final glow,
The penetration of drizzle, greyness, total.
The pulse of australis lights.
The death of any light,
Cold night black.

A sentinel of gravest isolation
Black, white, black white.
Scant cloaks of flaking paint
Marked protection, forgotten
Fading in the meekest sun.

At a distance
Watching, waiting for when?
Wondering why?
Unmoved by wind or logic.

Black, white,
Remaining, atop steady,
The sentinel.

Enduring the wait,
Suffering the winds, the clouds.

Black, white, black, white



The photograph was taken on Mount Cargill, Dunedin New Zealand. The peak known in Māori as Kapukataumahaka, is a volcanic outcrop which dominates the skyline of northern Dunedin, New Zealand.

Aporian Emulsions - 1996 From [Aporian Emulsions project](#)

the manufactured photo surface is urbane
it covers the entire surface
it offers immense image facility
But selective coating creates marks
where the emulsion is not even
motifs, symbols, appear
where it pools deeper or thinner as
the brush curves across the surface
where the pressure from the hand changes
the bristles separate
the brush runs dry - then thick again
where the stroke curves in elegance
or breaks sharp in a bend
or stops dead
where it creates an aporian emulsion

Between the surface Between the surface



From [Aporian Emulsions](#) - *Southern Convergence I* - Photogram Cyanotype

Homonymous Love Song 1997

See across the burnt summer hills, the rocks, the carpet of thyme
the time goes fast in the late autumn sun, though it is ours
many hours we spent months earlier, when in springs scent
we sent a message that our bodies, our minds were one
and won what we could not believe, the game of new love
knew there was fate in the warmer days, magic in the dew
over due for both of us was the revelation of love's chord
a chord of passion we lay fastened to, absorbing the nights peace
a piece of experience, forever those sounds echo; our feet on the sandy beach
beech leaves rustling when we walked in lowland forests coated in rime
enticing rhyme as we gazed at a water's fall, harmonies only we could hear
and here we are forty years on in autumns dusk no year spent in vain
the vein of water wears the rock smooth and carries our memory to the sea

see across the burnt summer hills, the rocks, the carpet of thyme



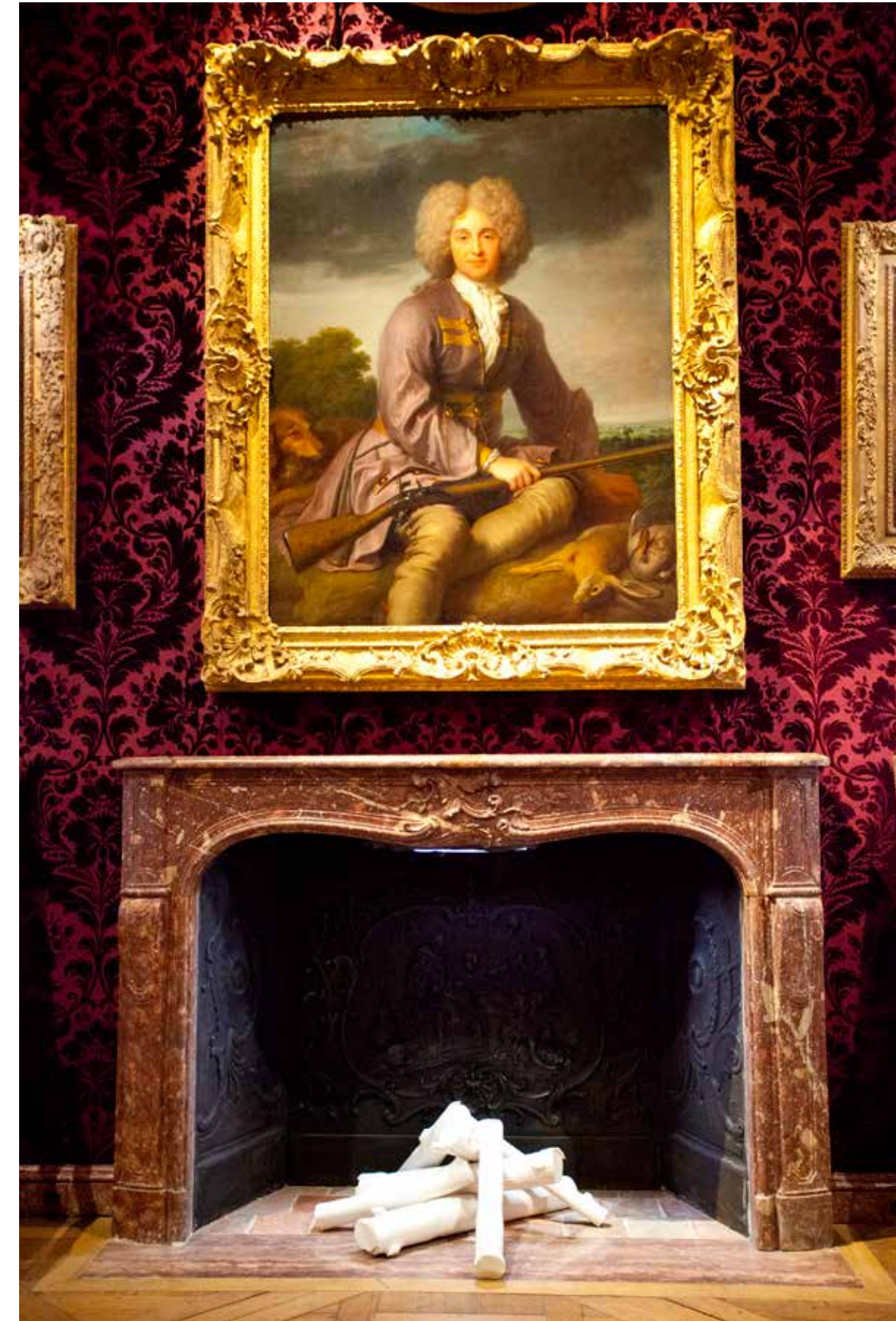
The imagined landscape was based on the hills of Central Otago like this image from the [ROTAX](#) series. taken in 1983.

The Hummingbird 1997

the cumming\bird
keep\safe around her peck
sat on the mental\peace
flew down past the dish\wisher
and into the said\room

into the love\net where
she spell\bound her partner
in a pass\I\on\ate embrace
an efect\I\on\ate intercourse
a tem\pest of love\baking

consum\mate exhausted
they lay breath\lost
before time sign\I\ied
her evacuation
and she fmuttered off
leaving him with but another or\chasm



The photograph was taken on a visit to the Musée de la Chasse et de la Nature is a private museum of hunting and nature 2010

transcendence (Micro soft Windows) 1997

compact flickering screens
replaced
great translucent painted windows
beeping electronic tones
displaced
the resounding lost notes of a forgotten choir

immense reaching spires of stone
dissolved
to joysticks of plastic

devoted shadows that crossed arch portals
were vanquished
by a flickering glass shield

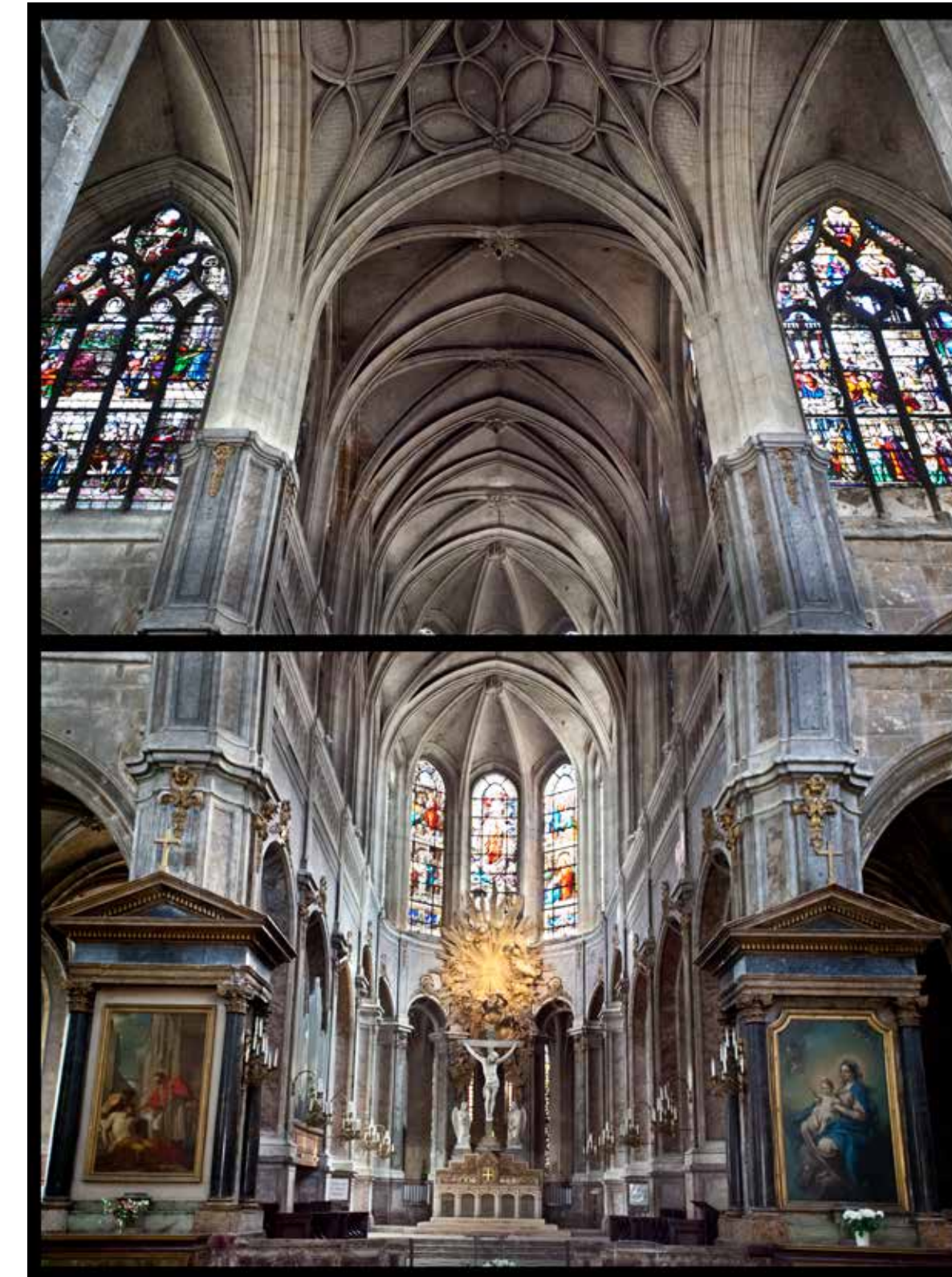
when the machine began to talk
Latin chants died in the crypt
organ pipes withered
key-boards melted, ergonomically bent

and although the Book remains open
it gathers dust
current info's on disks
all you need is access to read

there's no divine message
just worn out circles of rosary beads

now there's a mouse in the palm of your hand
and an over-load on the net

rust locks the church gates closed
but Bill has made enough to erect his own holy Gates



The photograph is from the [di/VISION Interior](#) series.
Interior, Church of Saint-Nicholas-des-Champs, Paris, France - diptych - 2013

abandon

hate love

open your emotions close your cerebrality

to vibrations to inertia

that ties that cuts

your spirit your being

Disk Failure - 1997

send commands, save

Enter.....

resume in depths obscure
against electro winds

searching

searching.....

dark souvenirs decaying
dwindling magnetic flux
ignored, toxic dust, breeding
now large as obsessional sand

feeling,
feeling for logic
losing,
losing space and junctions

desolate beaches
washed by oceans jumbled data
lost between indeterminate fields

grasping

grasping for lost reason
please wait
please wait

silicon fingers

save
save
shaving

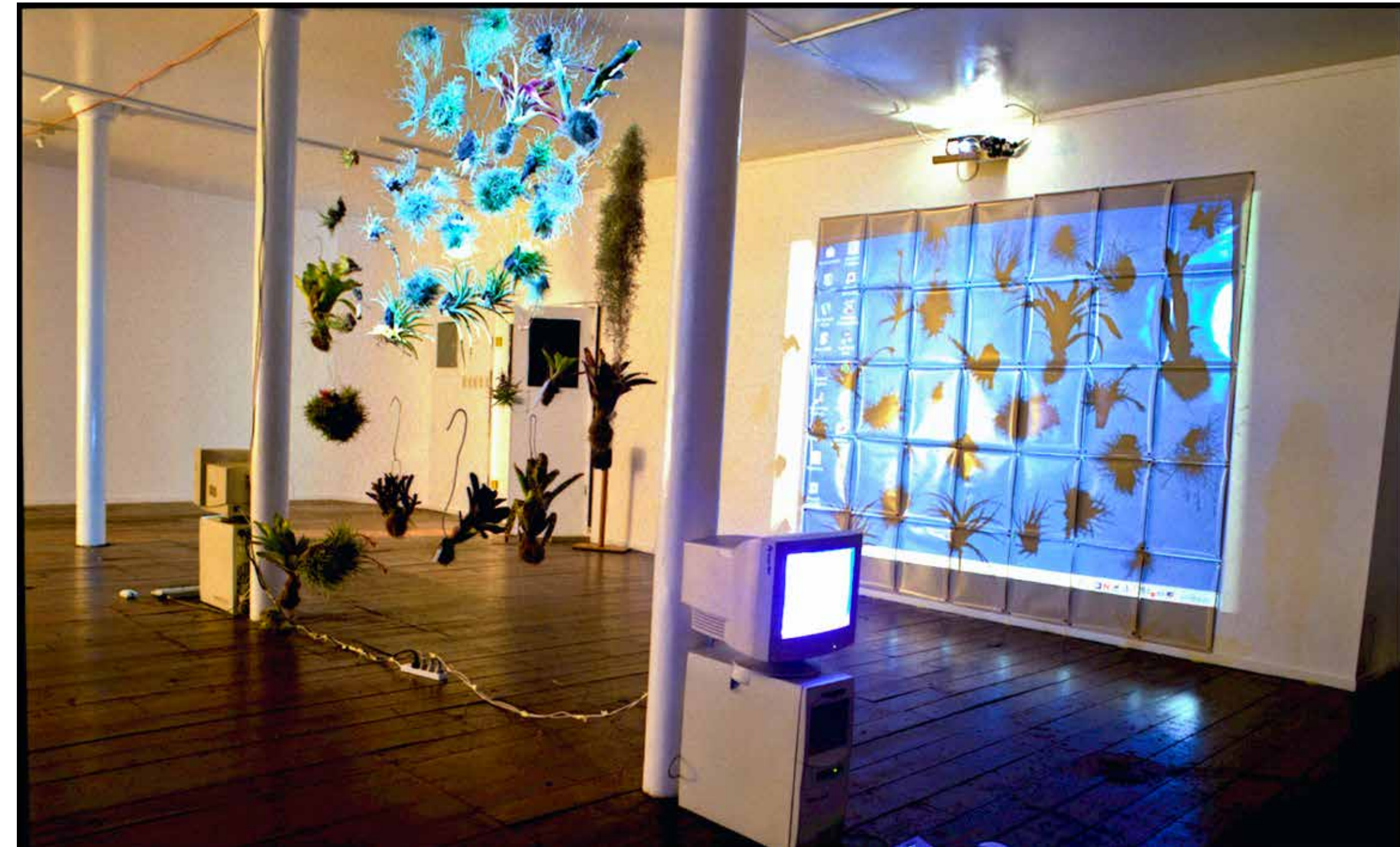
resume in debts absurd
against sensitive retro wings
drab savannas delacing
dwindling magnetic flux
toxic dretig nored brt brest in g
frig e 0 pr8* immxm
1*}{%~T???

Please wait

Please wait

You have preformed an illegal

operation



From [@ the Speed of Light](#) which played with analogue and digital light.

In the vail/veil/vale/fail 1997



Writing poetry

Eng 217 - 1997

Writing poetry Eng 217

righting poetry Eng 217

right ten poetry Eng 217

right ten poe ate try Eng 217

right ten poe ate tree Eng 217

right **10** poe ate  Eng 217

right **10**  **8**  Eng 217

 **10**  **8**  Eng 217

 **10**  **8**  Eng two17

 **10**  **8**  Eng two 1 seven

 **10**  **8**  Eng two one seven

Charlie's Tree - 1997

Charlie's Tree version two

no saw blade cuts deep grooves
no planks separate from the trunk
silence has replaced a razor scream
saw-blades, wheels, gears,
lie across the grass
derelict in decay

rust steps over the court yard
with foot prints that stain the earth
saw dust heaps have rotted to humus
and now young seedlings reclaim their own

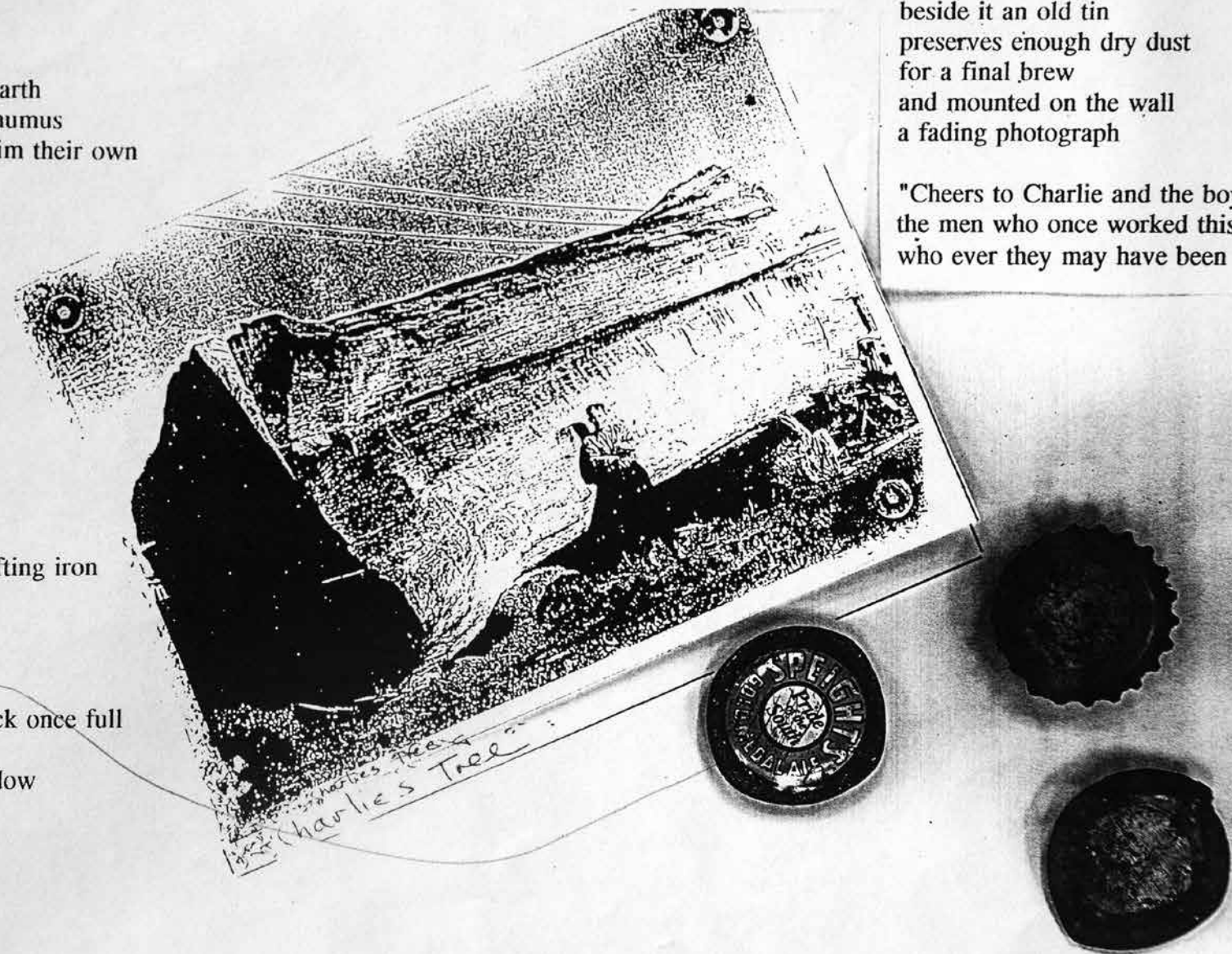
where an etched ash tray
a match box
a bottle opener lie abandoned
there waits
one cup stained cracked chipped

beside it an old tin
preserves enough dry dust
for a final brew
and mounted on the wall
a fading photograph

"Cheers to Charlie and the boys"
the men who once worked this mill
who ever they may have been

inside the tilting mill shed of lifting iron
a table stands isolated
speckled with cigarette burns
scattered across the top are
three bent beer bottle tops
five cards, survivors from a pack once full

on the sill of a cobwebbed window
a freezer knife sits on edge
nearly falling
to the dilapidated bench below



Black Lines - 1997

Black Lines 1996

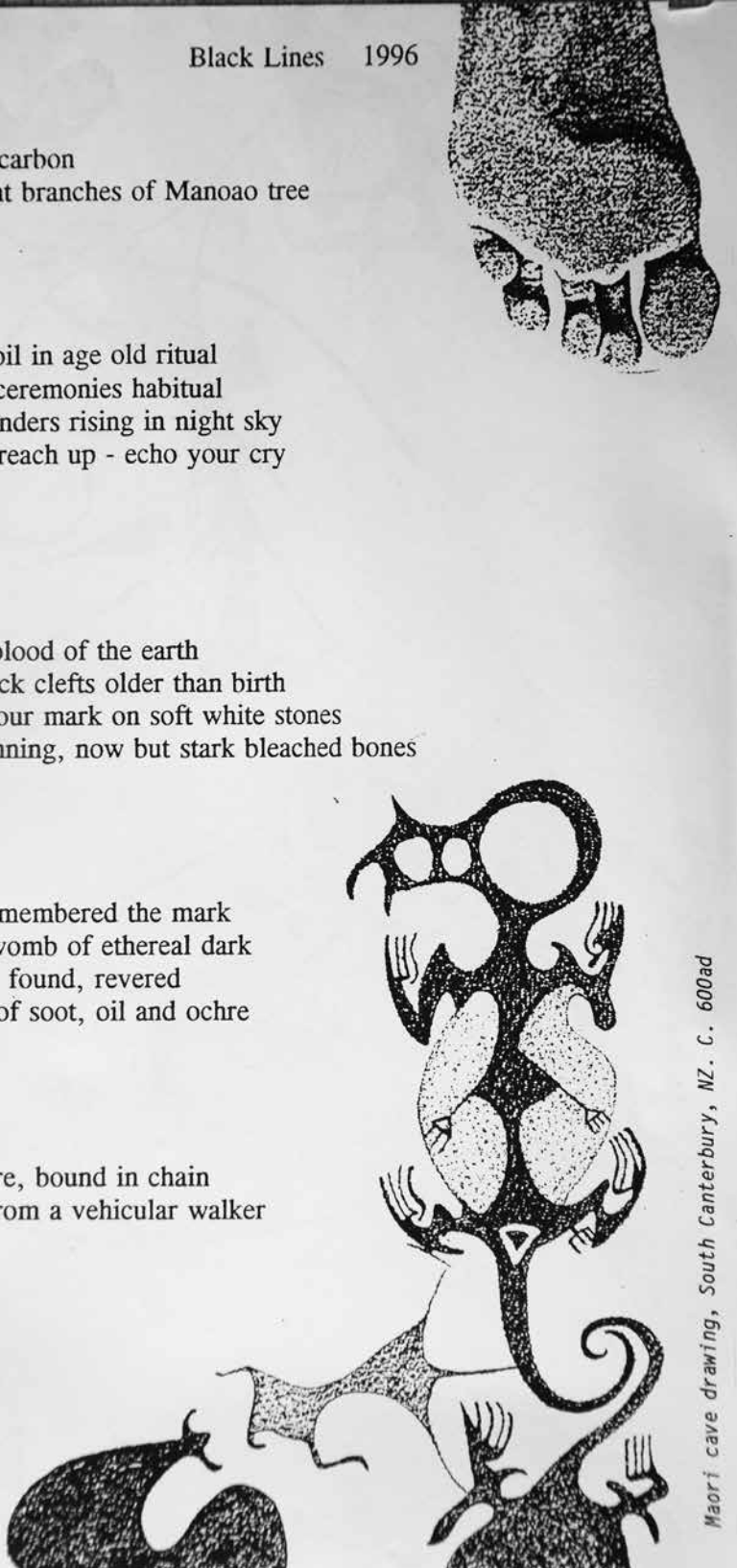
Soot....fine black carbon
collected from burnt branches of Manoa tree

mixed with Weka oil in age old ritual
Grotto deep dark, ceremonies habitual
fires....glowing cinders rising in night sky
Spirits of the land reach up - echo your cry

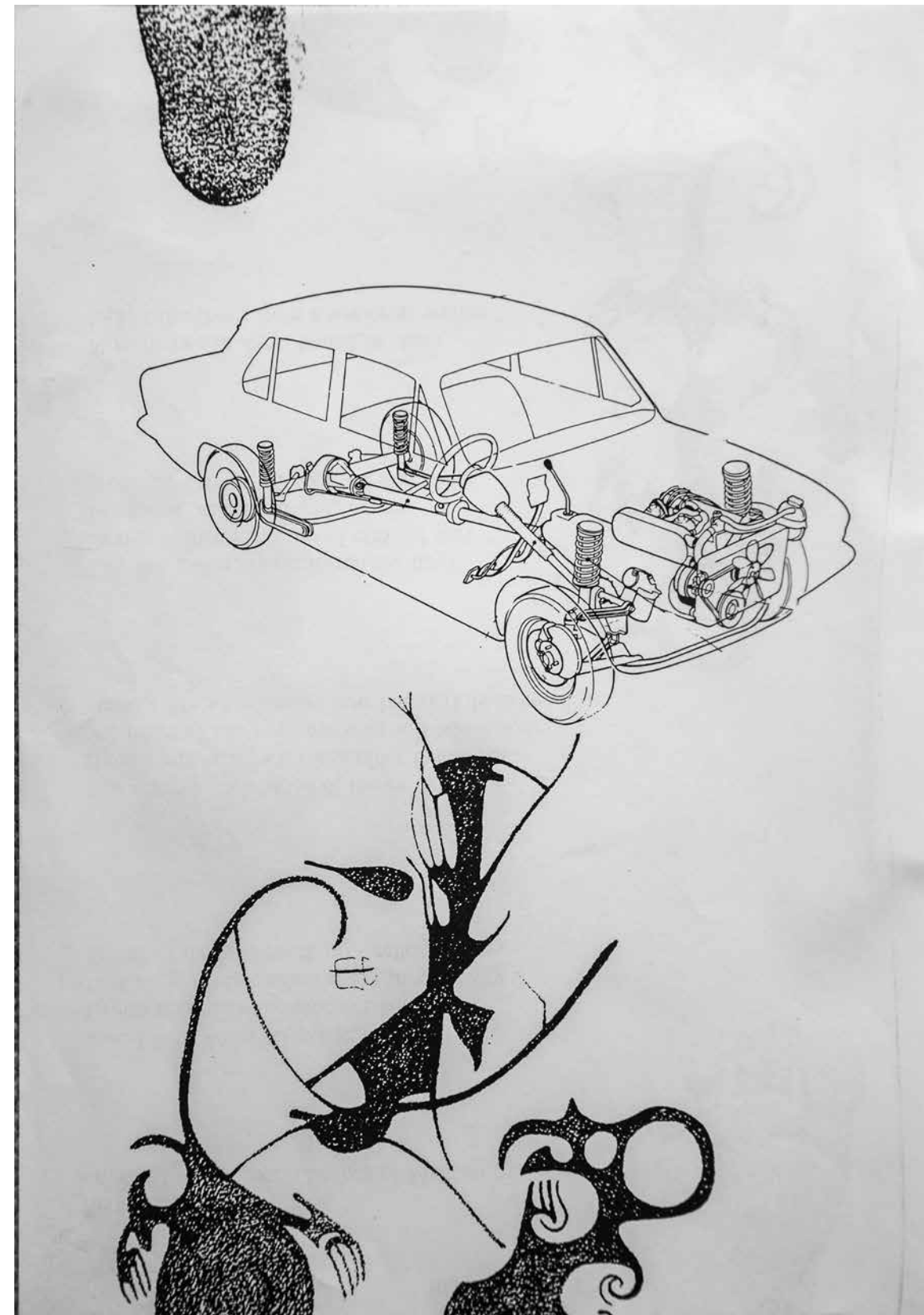
Red ochre....rich blood of the earth
figures embrace rock clefts older than birth
left the sound of your mark on soft white stones
shadow life's beginning, now but stark bleached bones

Lost the maker, remembered the mark
though hidden in womb of ethereal dark
Forgotten, abused, found, revered
protected patterns of soot, oil and ochre

Now barbed in wire, bound in chain
locked the doors from a vehicular walker



Maori cave drawing, South Canterbury, NZ. C. 600ad



The Welsh Surfer - 1997

The Welsh Surfer

the leeks in the garden like the cool autumn rains
i am by the fire
watching hell burn down last year's forest

the ocean's ebb breathes great wind torn waves at the wet glassed window
the roar drowns any sound of dry burning wood
i move closer to the fire

fury grows louder through grey mists and engulfs both fingers of coast line
until there is chaos

waves crash through the door and sweep me away
there is hurried confusion
helpless i drift this way and that
washed in turmoil
swept along the coast to Murdering Bay
where the off-shore winds hollow the building swells
that peak and then peel endlessly down the rocky point
where is the fire?

and on the largest wave i feel myself falling the drop is abrupt
there is the sensation of speed driving the long feathered walls
here and there the open hollows of a tube

and on the largest wave i feel myself falling the drop is abrupt
there is the sensation of speed driving the long feathered walls
here and there the open hollows of a tube
before the cold ocean finally bites deep
but i am the fire

and the leeks continue to grow

As we discussed yesterday, the world
is better w/o leek life.

Ocean Poem - 1997

Ocean Poem version two

thick leathers clench at the body
whip at its own flesh
flail
smack
lash
ineffectively
with the surge of each wave

from a grip once lost
in a storm's rage
lie black rotting corpses
dry
hard with rigor mortis
tossed
across the tide line

the ocean's flux is arcane
it moves sand over night
entombs the dead
uncovers the concealed
or water lifts them away
like bleached memories
purified
gone
forgotten

YOU YOU - 1997 (a poem for Bill Manhire)

You Leave me quite speechless.
I can't trust you.....Ever since we met
You..... you use words, You twist them, You always have.
I can't trust you. You constantly deceive me.
YOU, YOU

bend any meaning i might take

any assumption I might form

and when I think I understand

You break off at some
eccentric angle

From that first

seductive glance at me

in the Book Shop

You slowly curved

the street

I thought

it was

Then Suddenly

I found that you had turned me

N **M** **O** **D** **S!** **U**
D **E** **P**

Many Bromeliads - 2001

Many Bromeliad plants are epiphytic, **THE** use of other PLANTS and TREES as supports but take no nourishment from *the* m. **B**ecause they have evolved in a manner that *allows* them to absorb moisture through special cells in their leaves, they are able to **INHABIT A HUGE RANGE** of climates. **FOR** instance the Tillandsia or air plants grow in **THE** extremely dry and hot climates of deserts but can also withstand cold and even frosts. On the other hand; for Viresia **it is** the *more* **STABLE** warm humid jungles of *the* Amazon that provide the *ideal* **CLIMATE**. Bromeliads are members of a great family of **PLANTS**, the best known to humans being the edible Pineapple. **BROMELIADS** usually consist of a rosette of strap-shaped leaves **that often** form a reservoir, which holds water from the centre of which a **column** of flowers emerges during the flowering phase of **their existence**.

Texts within text, codes within codes, messages within messages, intricacy within intricacy, meaning within meaning. Each colour and font within the text, creates an embedded message, for instance following the first word, Any we decipher the text as "any plant supports nourishment for humans".

the fizz point - 2001

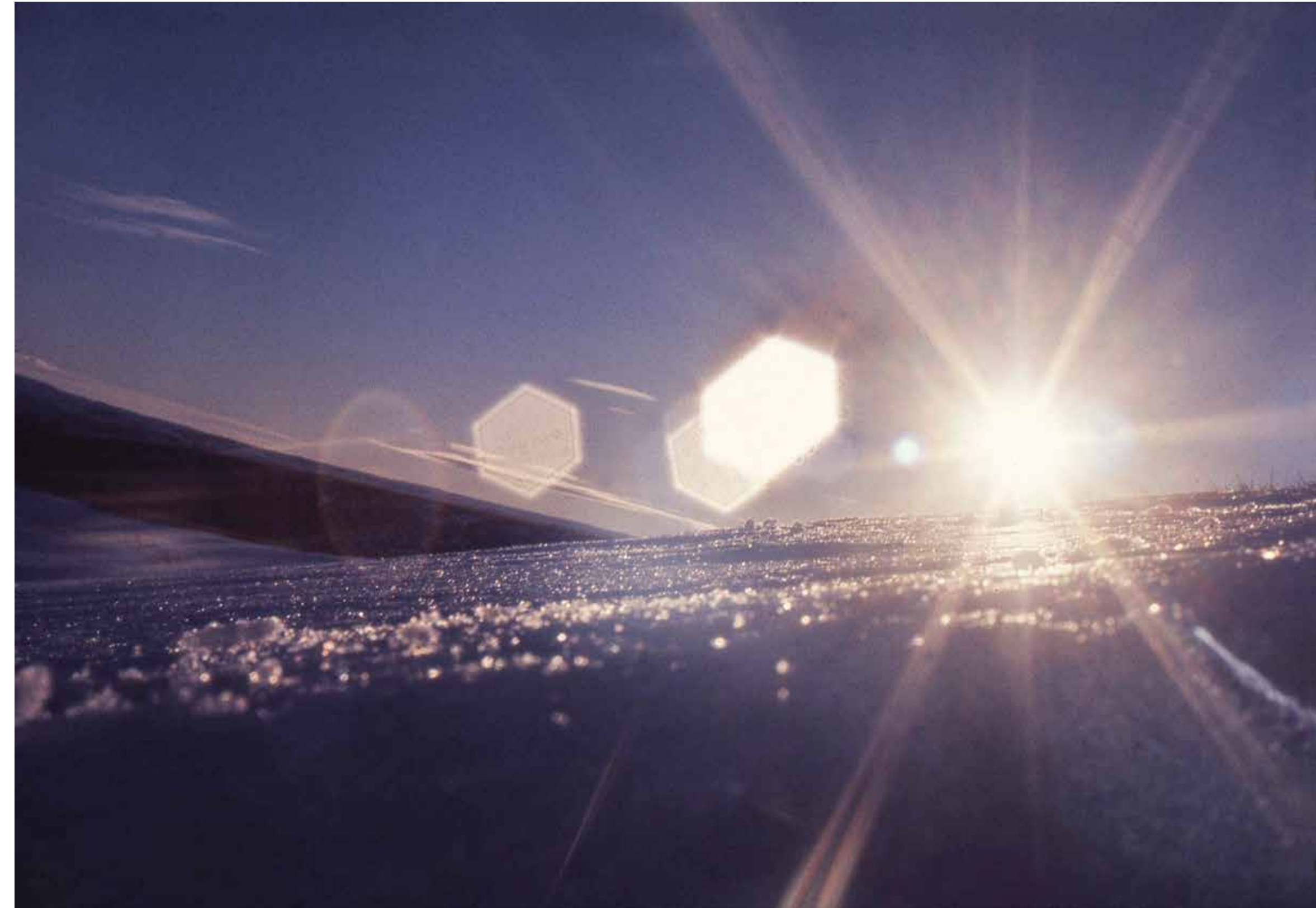
Within the place of culture lies a deeper space,
Compressed to fizz point, maxed in a fusion of adrenalines
Mixed in a passionate cocktail of life blood
An alien heat, a deep space mission with no code name
(Nassa never sanctioned this one baby,)
Where the ethos draws away from the old rules
Ignores the predetermined manners of past men
And minor maggots
Where culture invents itself

The evolution of new culture lays a deep base of hard pack
From experiences hard earned
amid the empty Speights tinnies,
Deep tracks,
blood stained snow,
infinite rotation of CDS,
the swipe of credit cards,
the jagged edges of man, plastic and rock

where big air means more than a deep breath on a hospital bed

A solid base where the powder can build deeper and deeper
For years after and those who continue and those who follow

Sick man real sick
Its like carvin tracks on moon dust in springtime



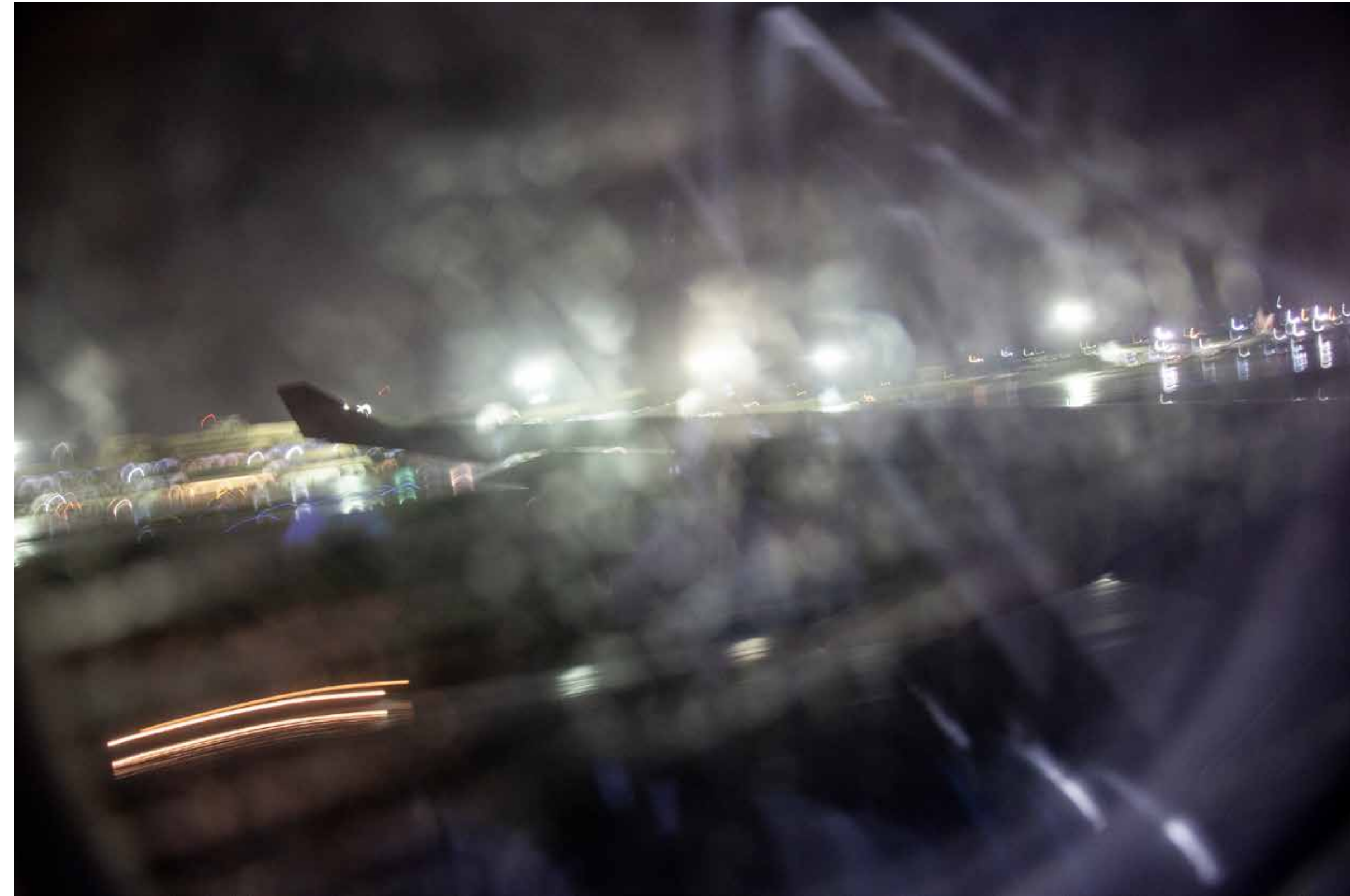
Maungatua, known also by its Māori name Maukaatua is a prominent ridge in the Taieri Plains in Otago, New Zealand 1986

Metamorphic fuzz - 2001

Layers of memory a mere neutron thick
Charged, changed, enhanced, decayed by time
edges chewed by the time clock of biology
fretted with each clock in and clock out of daily existence
Metamorphic fuzz hovering like day-flies, gathering at the edge,
balls of light dissolving into the darkness of lost memory
forgotten a fragment of this layer, lost a sliver of that time,
hidden a piece of that image, claimed by an unknown world,
emerging into another time and place that can never be found, ever
A curtain pulled across the vividness of a moment, unrecoverable

but occasionally something is left to burn holes in the darkness,
to cut through the void that lays claim to the edge of memory
to reconstruct another version
something less than a whole surface
Future events, places, times; triggers in the memory gun.
And the memory reappears in another guise.

Fragments with tide marks from slippage over time.



Tropical rain storm Manila airport, Philippines , 2016

The brat science -2001

As light expands outward in a diminishing manner,
(Science calls it the inverse square law)
it draws an intensity of being along with it,
pulls out something else
but, being does not diminish in its travel as light does
no it intensifies at a point, focuses at a place where the viewer confronts it
headlong in a meeting and the "someone" in the image does not end
and here an experience takes place,
it becomes a space of inexhaustible persuasion
intimate revealing
there is an altercation between factions
between the death of daylight and the incandescent moment
blurred in rotation through space the as the subject moves
the eye is lost in the vagaries of travel while the I is discovered

But it is supported by the flick of a switch and the electromagnetic force

at this point wonder steps forward unclaimed by the brat science



Saw dust fire, Tokora, North island, New Zealand 1972

Regarding your location - 2001

empty without an invaders presence,
Waiting, waiting, waiting, set like an inevitable trap

Finally.....

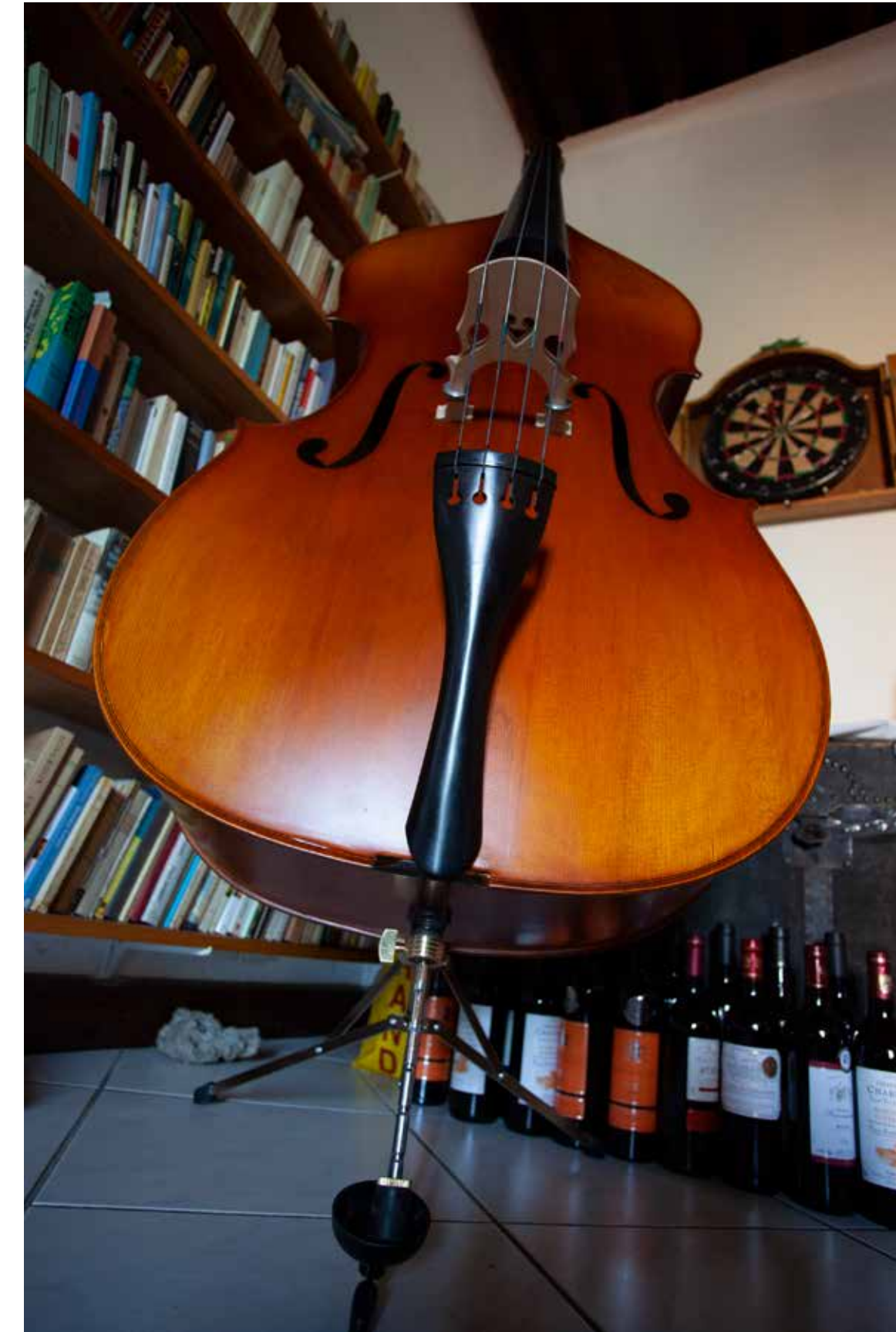
The invasion of space, a push through the thin invisible lines of privacy,
The barriers of persona
like waves on the stillest of seas, a breeze in a still forest, a pungent smell in the airs, the sock of a touch in the darkness,
an activator, a switch, a trigger, reaction

But the intervention the presence is monitored,
viewed, recorded displayed, assimilated into the whole context

It creates an enigma, a impasse,
once the viewer steps forward to leave there is a history of the space as part of them, and them as part of the space,

vacated the space sits
empty without an invaders presence,
Waiting, waiting, waiting, set like an inevitable trap

Who is caught and who caught them



Lyon, France 2010

Doors that fall nearly open - 2001

Insignificant structural details that:

hold a window together, stop it from turning to grains of sand,
fix the pain in so it can not escape as a kite in the night wind when the sun sleeps
that glue the walls on, halt the separation of physical planes needed to
hold the ceiling from falling down, where the decoration would be destroyed in white dust

Elements grow beyond themselves

Form a scale beyond the realistic proportions of normal life and daily events

Become Greek gods monumental against the break of distant sky's

As yet they are intact, resolute, useful

Lights divide the space and times apart

A drama plays when the transition of day light fades and the incandescent steps forward to beam out a different authority

A blush, the glow in dimpled glass falls to yellows of a night light and blues at the death of day

They transform to internal Stars in a sea of the outside, distant larger world

Doors that fall nearly open from one room to the next

inviting an entry, or suggesting a hurried exit

The transparency of glass like this is as simple as the outside world but as hard to understand as the security of the interior.



Gallery, Crest, France 2006

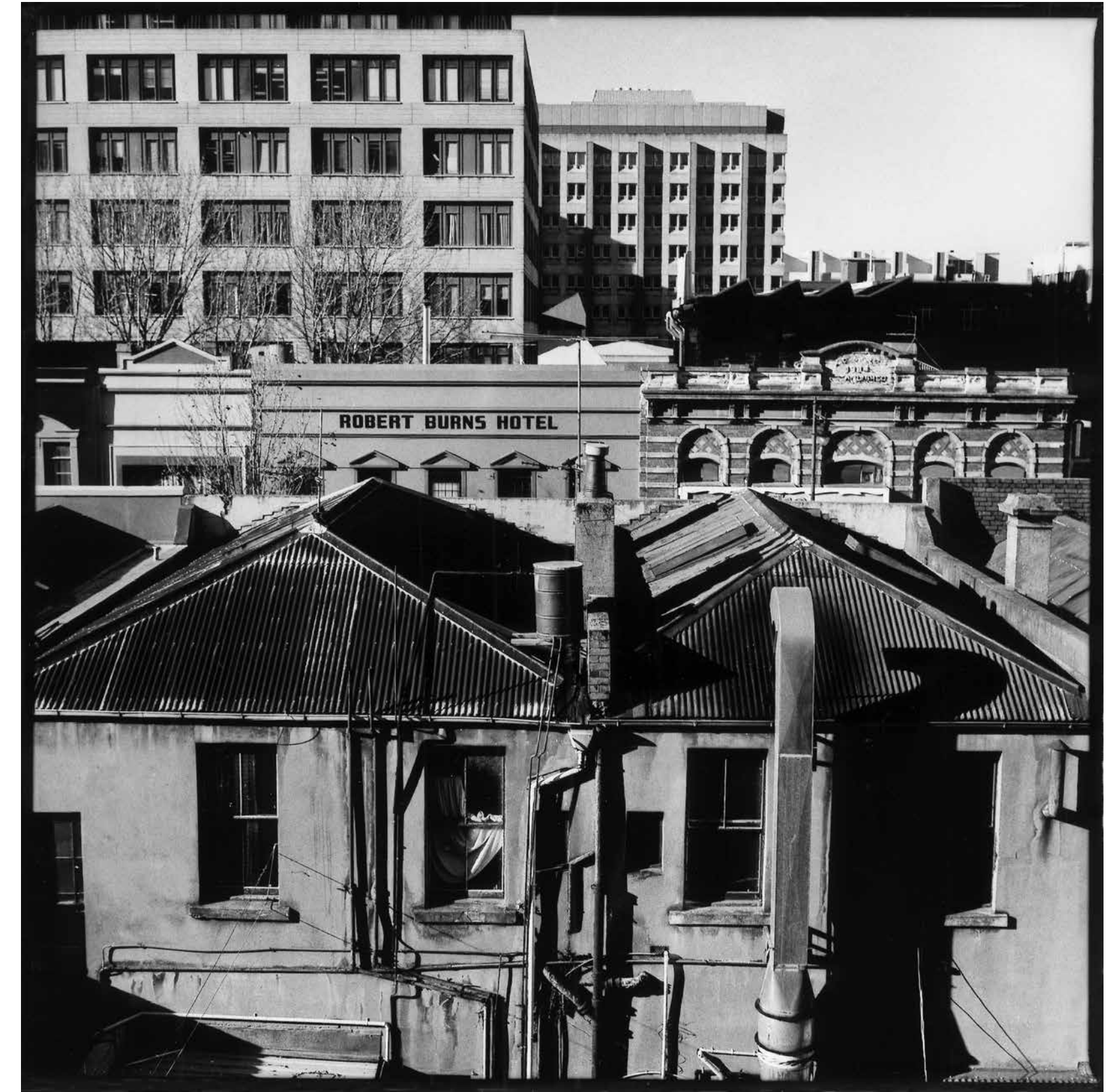
The Ordinary City - 2001

The ordinary city walked past in a flash
lost in the mundane context of itself
Insignificant

The intensity of the urbane
Coopted for another purpose
A regulated endorsement of the entanglement of free space
Used for constructions
Acknowledgment of the spatial position reflects backwards
Draws lines in regular patterns to make familiar shapes

Repetitive
Crowded desolation of the syncopation tangled into a rectangle
Compressed, like sardines until it fits into a tight square
where the tone compresses through lack of light in deep space and all that is left is BLACK
until the play of space in the structure is separated, sieved restructured

Optical compression dictates the visuality of
Space divided restructured in the photographic sense
To form a personal vision.



The photograph is from [Mythology of Place](#) a project on the poetry of James K Baxter
Homage to Baxter, *Resonance XXV - Robert Burns Hotel* - 2000

entwined and obscure - 2001

Stepping through a new dance, the intricate lace of life

A spin in this direction, a step in that,

Suddenly the delicacy of fine work normally hidden secrets,
entwined and obscure

is exposed, placed in full view.

A slice through the abject viewed as the exquisite

Like a magical box it is opened up, the contents revealed,

laid flat to the light for the eye to read through deeper and deeper details.

To worlds and layers below

With the larger context gone

diminished to the extent where the abstract emerges

Its easy to be seduced by the colour the texture

Natural forces prevail, a delicate fabric marcoed for an examination,
a reaction

vibrations of form, light, colour, structure, tactility reduced to a single plane

placements bounced across for each other now remain

the beauty of the organic structure before decay

the linking of lines adrift in space, tying the knot on a range of levels....

here a common point, a touch, a grip, a firm hold on tight to life's line before the distance throws it out of
focus and its lost like it once used to be

cells peeled apart in the honesty of daylight, droplets perch spheres to a larger outside world.

The organic world reigns supreme



Photographic light workshop, Wilsons Prom, Victoria, Australia. From [Gathering Falling Light](#) 2009

biological time - 2001

The presence of type, words on the page brought forward by sharp focus
given prominence among other words of equal beauty
which are left for another day where the experience relates

But for now they are left to die in the dissolving distance as the page bends in infinite psyche,
Where, where does it end, what, what does it mean? Can I choose a pink one? Softness please always.
Isolated words like moments in a great play some stick and filter down, penetrate the core,
hit the heart others drift away lost. I could never catch them all.

The familiar softness of skin, my own skin, a lovers skin, a mothers skin, a strangers skin?

The interplay of sensory stimuli text, image, text, image, text as image
Does image become a text, a word in this?

Of grass in summer, perhaps a field waiting for the hungry sock or bare feet, hey fever

Leaves in autumn the flame of summer dieing in reds and yellows, perhaps a life inevitably passing,

biological time ticking like words on the page

The rich freshness of flowers, the colour of a deep fire perhaps the fullness of maturity

But where were the snow images did the thought of winter chill you, drive you insane

I like it I like it



Victoria, Australia 2010

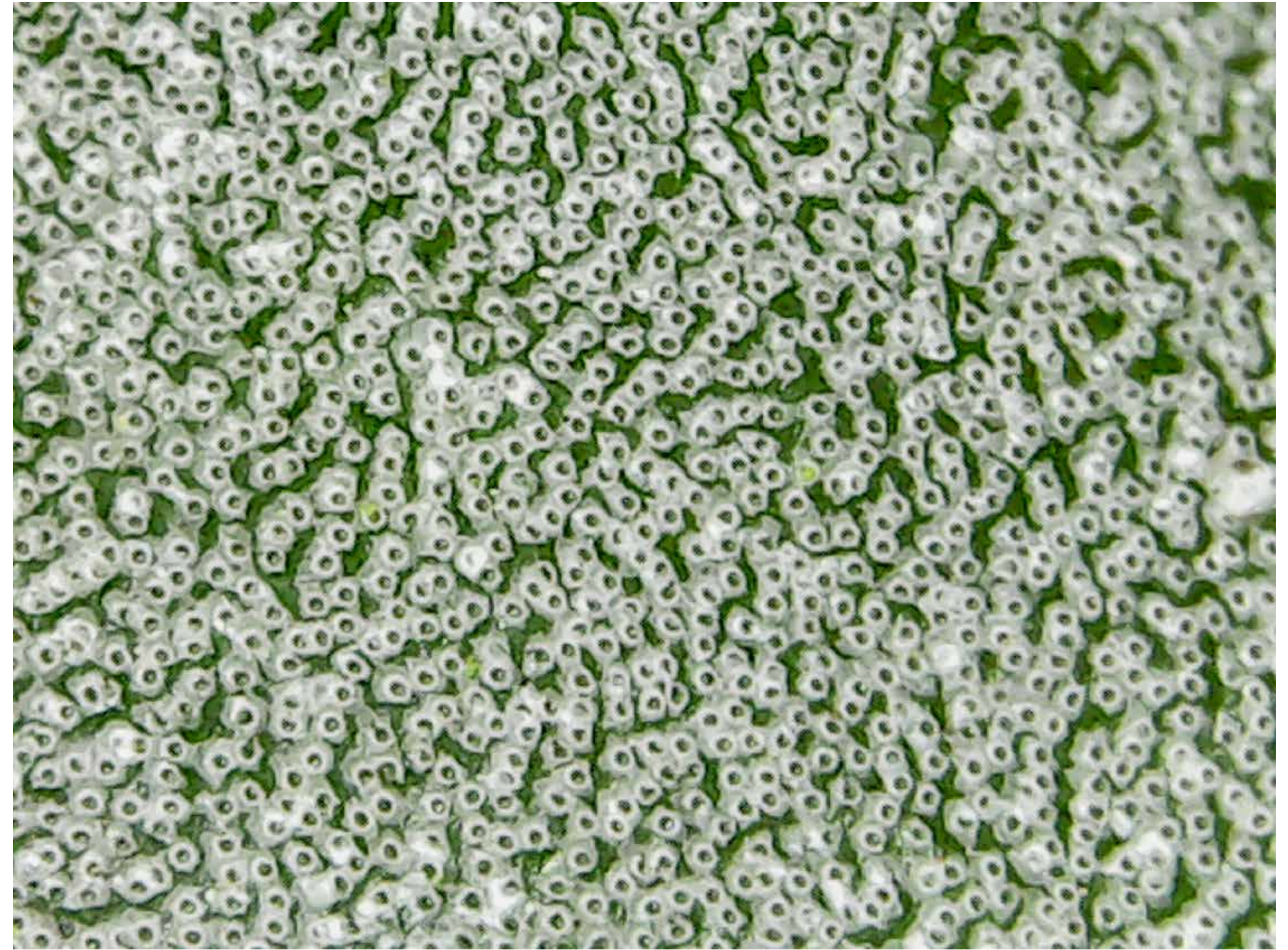
Sieven - 2002

Stepping through a new dance, the intricate lace of life
A spin in this direction, a step in that,
Suddenly the delicacy of fine work normally hidden secrets,
entwined and obscure
is exposed, placed in full view.
A slice through the object viewed as the exquisite
Like a magical box it is opened up, the contents revealed,
laid flat to the light for the eye to read through deeper and deeper details.
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focus and its lost like it once used to be

cells peeled apart in the honesty of daylight, droplets perch spheres to a larger outside world.
The organic world reigns supreme



Trichome cell detail, Tillandsia 2018

Landscape discovered - 2002

Landscape discovered, claimed, processed, lost
Collected over and over with the desperation of a threatened species until eventually they are...exactly Extinct
they exist but are something else,
another species modified, altered
"place HM" something other than the original discovery exists

they are photographed optically
Mapped
scanned,
printed,
boxed
and sold. Sold to a buyer

they become the momento the souvenir
the photographic replica
the memory trigger
proof of experiencing the location

then they are laid out neatly for dinner,
the full three course meal
a cup of tea, with
coffee, ops, a stain
next week a burn,
or slowly worn off with the washing of time
as a rust oxidized



Road to Lake Mungo, NSW, Australia 2006

The Nest - 2002

Once contained, complete orbs of virtue
Seemingly invincible
Implosion, pressure from within
Whichever force
Consequence lies as
Irreparable damage, a death, a reluctant birth-rebirth
or a long sort freedom where the bird escapes
flies free, escapes the blissful nest

Domestic bliss- domestic blitz
Where tendrils entwine in thinner fibres of pastel colour
splintered to powder dryness
Contained in pink twisted blue and back to pink
double sided strands in random weave
inherent colours or reflections from outside the nest
escaped the shell but never the frame.

Domestic bliss- domestic blitz
Fragments
thin fibres twisted in washing,
thinner in freezing,
thinnest in sleeping
contained in pastel colours inter-scatterings of merger
pink-blue, blue-pink
or reflections of surroundings beyond the decay of nest



Crow leaving the nest, Harmers Haven, Victoria, Australia 2015

indeterminate - 2002

Cloudy moments
drift indeterminate
search for substance
float upwards, collect as ether
condense on cerebral dust
into an essence of who we might be
or who others perceive us to be
gather heavy as cool rain drops
perhaps even freeze
and finally at the push of a button
fall to earth as precious images
stored in digital files

and then, at the click of a mouse change,
transform, fuse
overlap, clear-cut, darken, lighten
into something else, harder edged than vapor

A face, a hand, a foot, a location
A gesture, a smile
Interactions
Personal objects
objects of identity
signifiers of self

collections of images gravitate as
molecules around a nucleus of subjectivity
a pointer as to who we are
who we are suspected to be
until it breaks the frame into the wild flaming man



Pat and Linda Fitzgerald's place, Buttermans Track, St Andrews 31/12/2009

In the process of play - 2003

Casualties of games we play
lie like enactment scenes from a dramatized movie
there is no going back,
these games are for real boy
there is no ordinary doll

You boy, you in black
You with the spectacles that looks, but can't see
Why does your hair stand on end?
Is there a cold chill down your spine
When you meet the face of death
Or an adrenaline thrill that spurs you on?

Don't you understand?
the pink frilly wrappers and bows
of the birthday gift
that hid the new doll
thrown out in the rubbish heap
long ago
innocence lost
there is Never going back
Virginity can never be reclaimed
Least of all your own
Precious life never rekindled

Newness is soiled in the games you play
Blown up in fiery shards of spinning shrapnel
That can take a hand off in a blink
Imagine the pain of that for as long as you might live
The blood in the sand, the tears, the anguish
Never being able to hold another hot grenade
Pull the pin and throw it at some poor shit

This is a black evil dirty game with a final result
No chance of re-enactment
You boy, you in black with destruction in your hand
Don't you understand, Mad Old Alice is dead
We buried her at sunset



Merry Go Round, Paris 2006

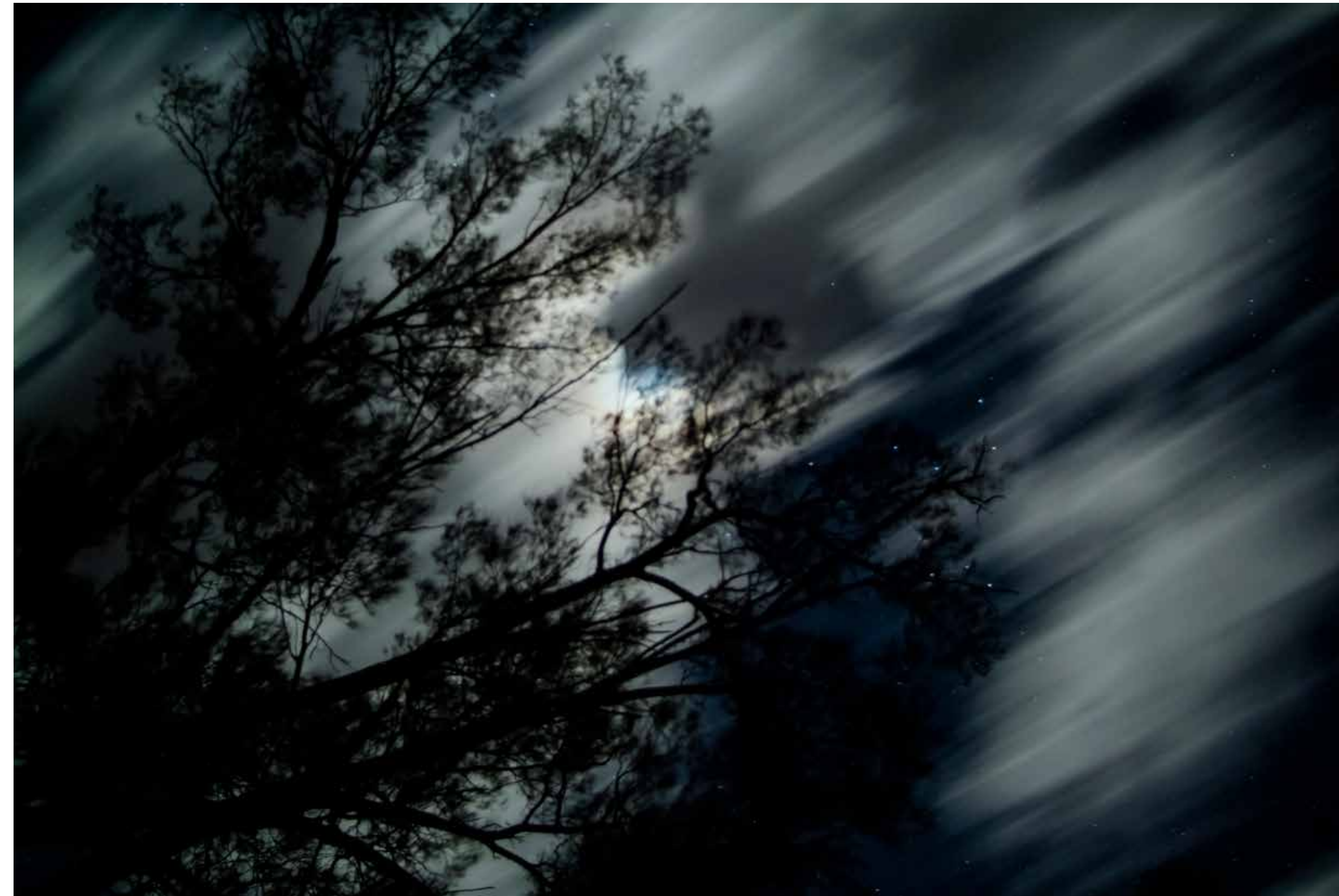
Dark moon - 2003

Dark moon turn the tides gently, gently, away
turn mists, veils of ethereality
into substance
turn whispering vapors, translucent shadows
into structure
turn gas to liquid, liquids
into solid granite Granite

that stood the eons of age
turn hard rock, strata
into the stony architecture of Institutions
echoes in halls that
turn diverse delicate nature
into the fodder for obsessive collections
turn tides of collecting into undying specimens
washed up on the lonely dark beaches of museums
lying, labelled, but ever drying
Brittle in the meniscus of timeless envelopes

Moon turn the tides gently, gently, away
erode the rock the sands of classified information
into lost rivers of ocean time
turn a storm through forests which echo lost sounds

erode the bastions of the authoritarian classifying
erode the shell, hatch ghosts of creatures past from con-
cretions of time
let them escape to the environs they once belonged



Visit to Lake Mungo, NSW, 2015

Light in the Shadows 2003

Crafted with the gravity of stone yet with the expectation of ethereal flight,

it seems the most irreconcilable of tasks,

to stand with poise for eternity above the decaying dead.

to stand in the dark left alone among the death of light

Treasured guardian, a protector of a loved one

Abandoned sentinel remembered only on occasion,

perhaps on a visit to lay flowers,

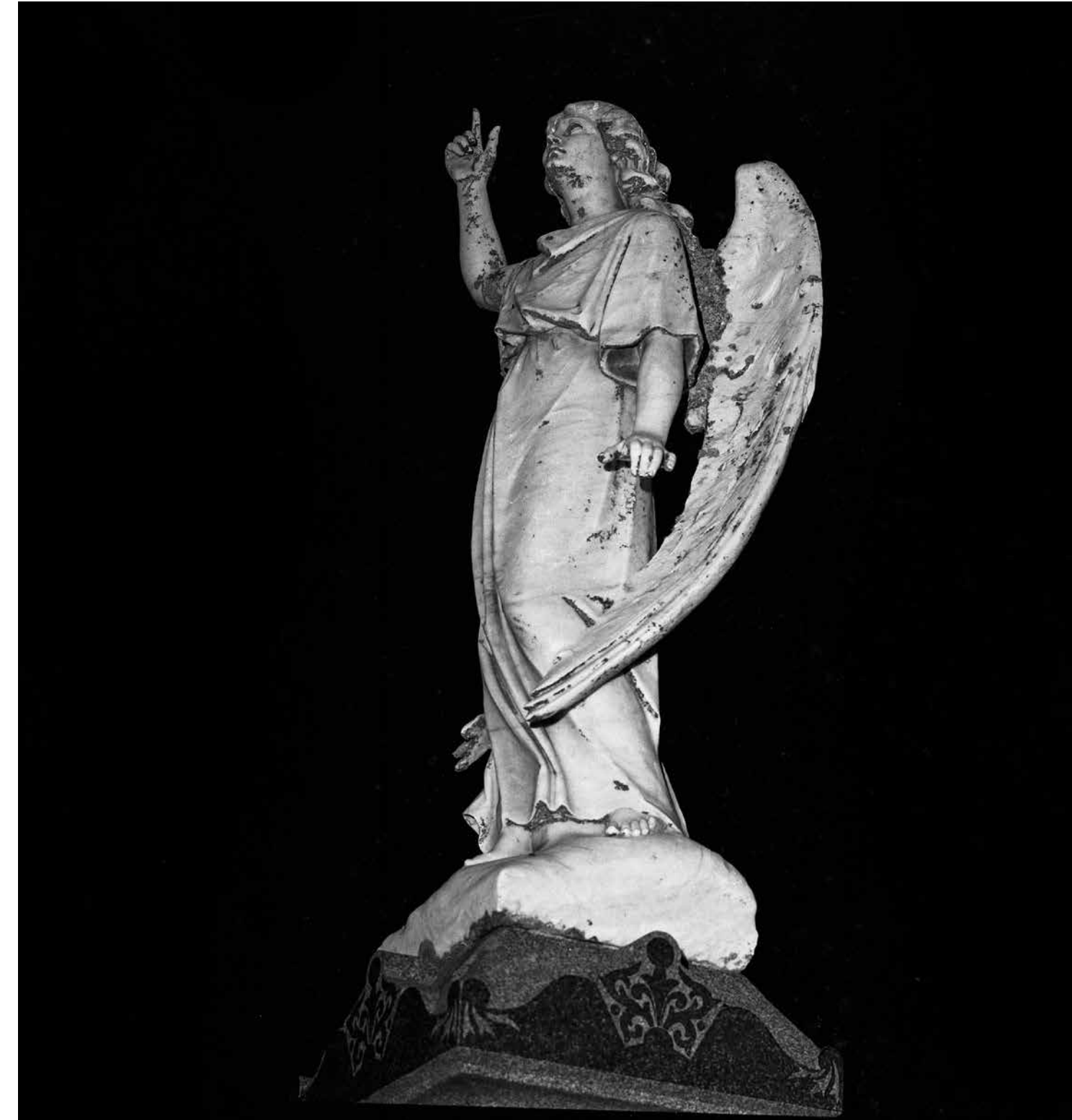
And in all this eternity, never, never to lose concentration, or sight of a purpose.

Never to flinch a mussel, twitch an eye

Carved from the most ironic of materials,
masculine rock stand upright.

feminine in features, quite breast less beyond the loss of virginity and the light of time

there is no desire to pursue



Hemispheres 2004

as if for a brush - when she laid paint on paper in 93

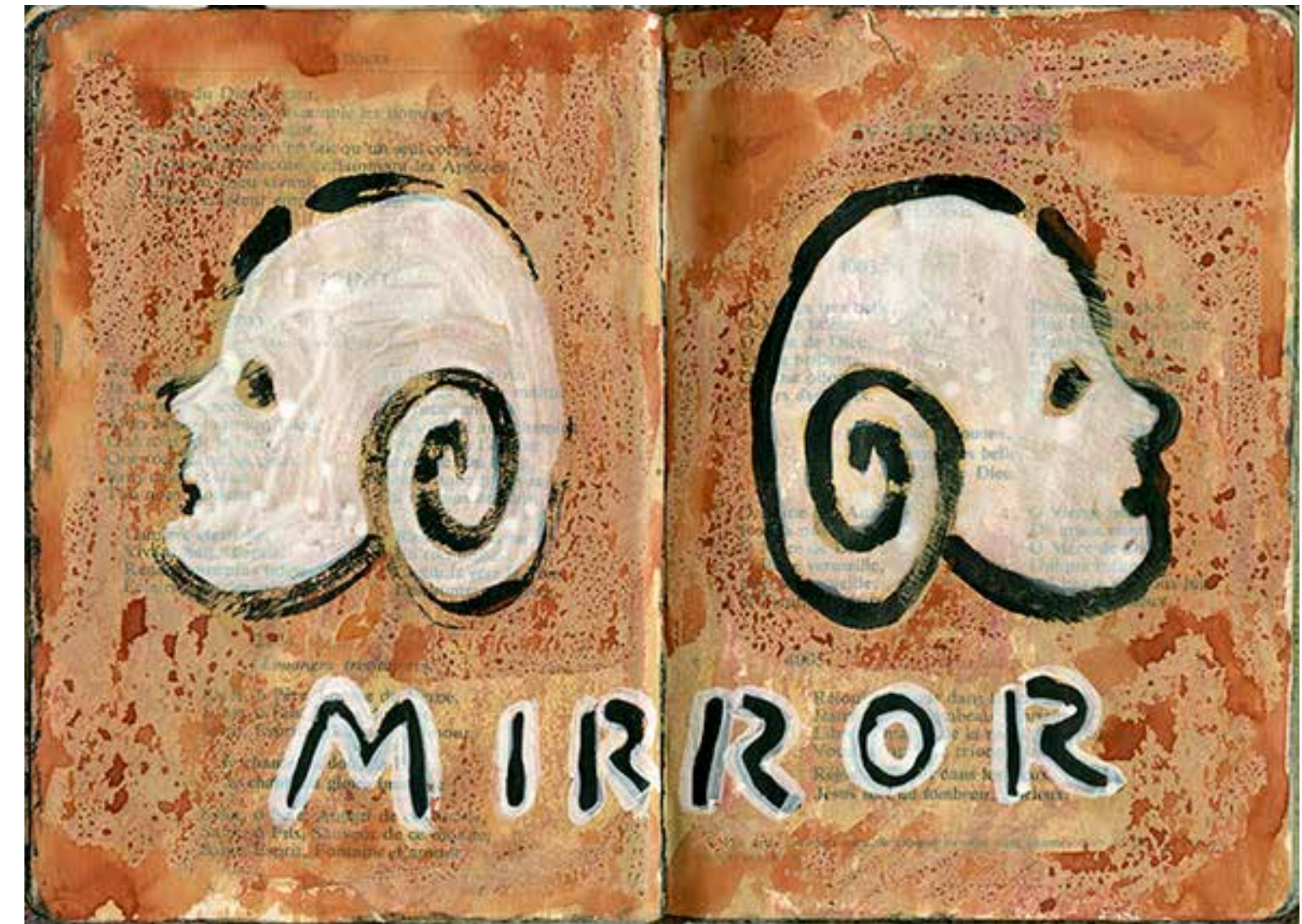
open the oxy hand reaches.....

then the delicacy of paint washed over the surface with a tangible patina
soft her consummate touch where one layer separated from the others
to create a rich texture
a reference to life's experiences
numb to the inquiring mind but open to a sensitive heart
where the image floated in a defined dark background
where she engaged the creative force within
and the Tao without
where the hand held the brush like a dear one's heart
and paint flowed as if from a sacred spring

now

an age on in a new hemisphere - one hand on her heart
the other open reaches in nights dark veil of near subconscious
expectant of a touch across the distance of one sphere to the distant other
a touch from a from a speeding spirit
missed her hand touched her brow
she did feel it

for just a second - the hemispheres collided



Mirror Tess Edwards

Indicia -: with assistance from Tess Edwards 1997-98

(When you read this piece, imagine the italic liturgical text, the fragments Tess Edwards did not obscure with her marks, sung as a rhythmical echoed chant behind the piece.)

-envers.. moi .. non Dieu -
once sounds echoed back from the ceiling
bounced off the walls, the naïve faces

-pauvre enfant de tout malheur-
as the next sound issued forth the last ringing note
ricocheted from surface to surface in death

-ma force, mon Dieu,-
whose hand last held this tiny book?
and the hands before that back to the bright new page?

-donc suis triste et inquiet-
whose voice once reached for a heaven?
whose voice reaches for it now?

has song rejoicing - covered with the texture of dust -
vanished in the anguish of silence?
- ila lumier et al foi -
are there still traces between the layers of time
embedded past codes in the camouflage of crease, folds and tears

wet tears once spun like mirrors hidden from prying eyes
falling with the ancient sounds of past hymns

-m'attirent vers vous -
absorbing into dry open pages, thick with uncertain sweat
what suffering has sang this song before

-Vous chanter, o mon -
the trauma of a sadness, a sickness, a death
stains now part covered with a makers mark

-donc suis-je triste et inquiet-
surface holds the imprint of affliction the watermark of life
I am beyond the obscuring clouds,

I have past this troubled rain I have left my marks and past on.



A poster I created for Tess Edwards

Human Saturation - 2006

The dusts of being human hang in paper thin valleys
lace the rising hills with fine coatings of filth we refuse to see
grains of contemporary existence fall from a heavy sky
create layers that separate one crest from another
the landscape is shifting

solarized heat burns the atmosphere we breath
the colour extends beyond our sensitivity
we cant feel it - see it - touch it - hear it

but nature hears - feels - sees - touches us



the image sequence is from frame shots from a movie I shot as part of the Carbon Obscura work

Encased - 2006

Hey you in the suit - you with the brief case
what business do you hold in this place
what commerce do you propose
when you sit in waiting while others rush about
flaneur projects ineptness in this place of purpose
what combination does your case hold
what key holds your secret
let your surreptitious rationale escape through any hole it can
Materialize for all to see
time will expose your intent



The poem was a response to a student who converted a brief case into a pin hole camera. He would enter restricted security buildings like a bank, sit the case down and remove the opaque tape over the pinhole, then take a very long exposure photograph of the interior while he either sat or looked at banking brochures.

Unknowns - 2006

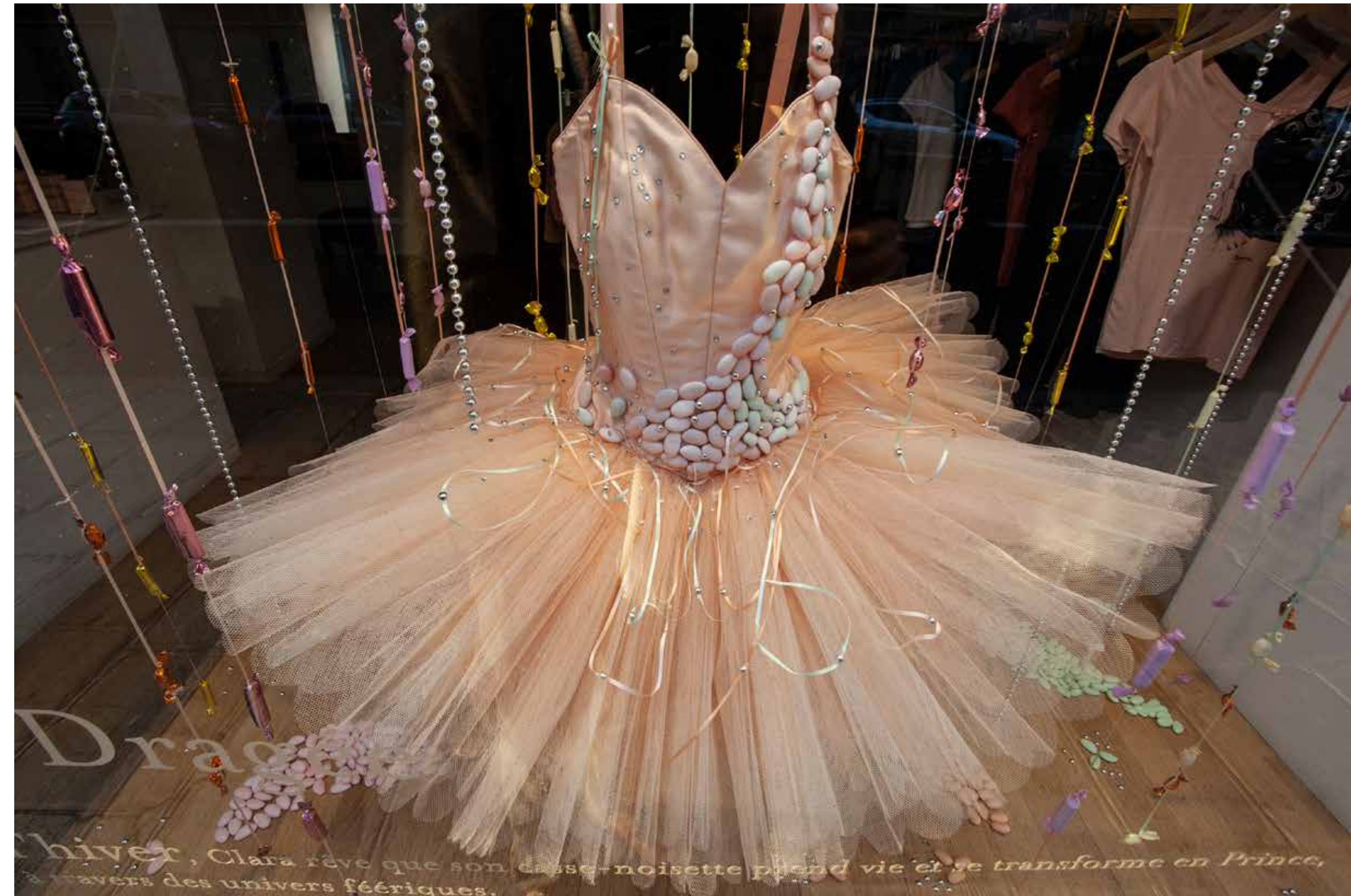
among the tension of being
between the surface of stability
below the accrue of reason
the veil and lace of conflict falls
released by anguish
against the tempest of distress
watery blood emerges outward
saturation bled from the veins of a kodachrome world
leaves a fragile pallet
repulsion pushes open eyes away from sight
decapitation prevails
a pair of dark clasping hands block sacred vision
innocence is lost in both darkness and light
vision denied
transparent head in blood stained cloth
pulls at the winds of expectation



Paris, France 2013

pas de bourree - 2006

dance energy swings outward from a centre
form blurs creating dimension
metamorphoses like Duchampian stair cases
passion enters movement
eloquent strings of colour twist in space
cut the air against whiteness
Poise holds balance against weight
in a dance with light - with life
elegance fluidity combine
a body moves through space time
grace adorns this universe



Shop window Paris, France 2013

Turbulent Terrains - 2006

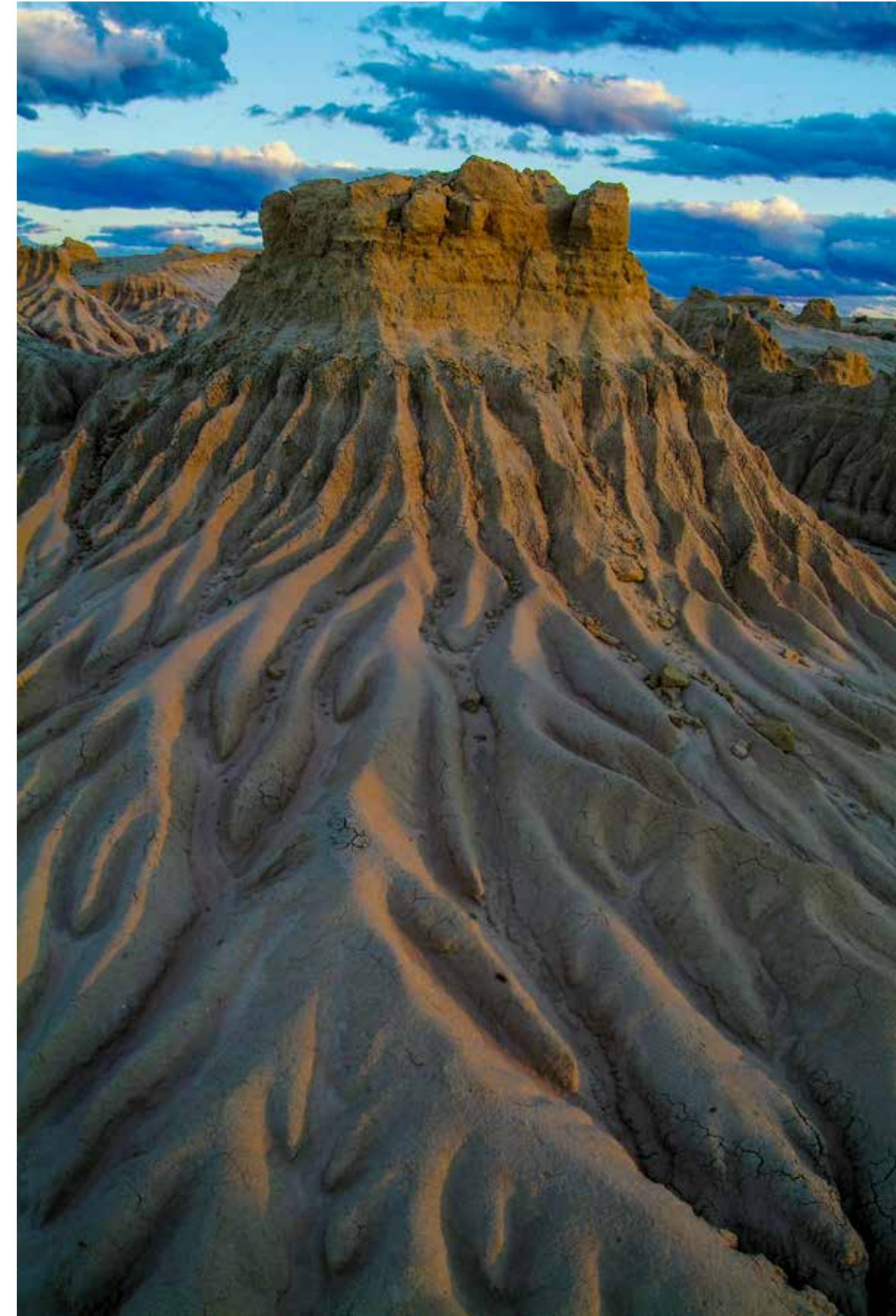
peak load offerings
to the celestial illumination of civilization
galaxies - each a universe of toasters, washing machines, fridges
worlds – each a civilization of TVs, computers, radios,
pinpoints of light - markers to heaters, dryers, cookers, i-pods
like a fuse to the detonation of our destruction
trails of energy burn up before us
from an unsustainable source
wisps evaporate in diminishing trails



From the Freeway, Paris, France 2013

Moebius Variance - 2006

in the trajectory of space and time
cycles isolate
images and sound
intersect each other at random
through self generative orbits
collide like atoms with infrequency
reality consumed in reduced dimensions
fragments of memory survive
coheres the viewer
the lamp turns on off on
or was that off on off
ones own heart beat offers another cycle to the axis



Lake Mungo National Park NSW 2009

Metropolitan Moments - 2006

in a shadow dance with real figures on the way to nowhere
texture speaks as a twisted blackness moves by
cement and stone bite at their heels
nip at their ears
people lost in living fight the encasement of walled canyons
bricks and mortar of existence
force them to shy a reflective window above



Factory, Crest France 2006

Looking into the dark - 2006

I encounter ambiguity
nothing is incisive
defined by sharpness of edge
shadows dance in synchronism from the light
a black figure alternates with white faces about to kiss
or - scream Munch like at each other
grain falls like shrapnel to fill the vacant spaces
texture flickers
fingers of light fight the rods of darkness
a ghost steps from the doorway
what is real in this strange world
light falls light fails
tangibility is consumed in a dark digital journey



Eiffel Tower, Paris, France 2006

When the night mists rise - 2006

Mysterious in the dark depths of imagination
hunt the shadows of darkness
wolf of the night has open eyes
wide enough to swallow the days hot sun
in the zone of nocturne noir
an echo of light – the moon - a street lamp –
casts no shade of illumination
only enough to merge deep shadow with darkness
create dark spectres with cloaks of velvet black
fearful figures without substance

Achluophobia steps forward to greet you

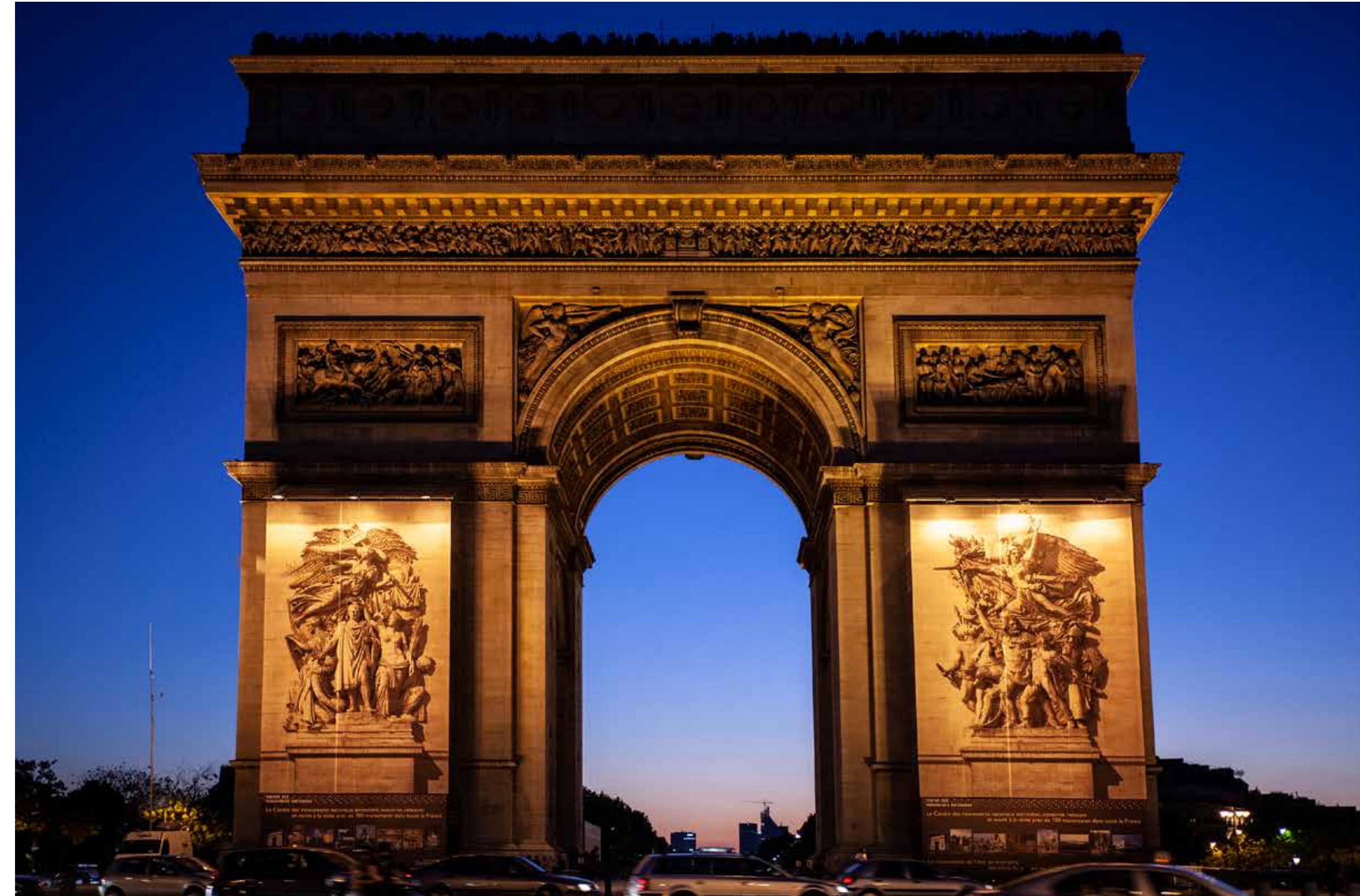


Lancemore Mansion Hotel Werribee Park, Victoria Australia 2005

Metamorphosis - 2006

Absent in camouflage the day slips past
crushed velvet dusk is here

then the flicker of wings against the dusty warm air
in search of light
eccentric paths eventually cross
against the light a delicate texture of veins
Burned in unison fragments of wings
antenna searching dragging the frenulum behind



The Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile is one of the most famous monuments in Paris, France, standing at the western end of the Champs-Élysées at the center of Place Charles de Gaulle, formerly named Place de l'Étoile — the star or "star" of the juncture formed by its twelve radiating avenues. Paris 2010

Trajectory Gazing - 2006

only in light speed manifests
the rush of photons greets us with an axis
our own momentum
the drag of inertia over come
drawn along in the vacuum
the acceleration of life
there forces act - we lose control
points become streaks –
tangibility blurs
colour loses edge - vibrates beyond its boundary
melts with the other
luminosity reflects our speed of living
under the eye of light
the trajectory has no silence



sacre coeur, Paris, France 2006

4 degrees - 2006

Cold is not a feeling it is much more
the air has a smell a taste a sound
it bites at the bone chills the heart
tingles the ears with blue vibrations
like water it seeps in through any hole
dulls the body the mind
wets the last warmth of the heart



Heater, Paris, France 2006

Under one blue Sky - 2006

embedded in language
encrypted sounds - signs -
fight to be heard

a message lost in language
a language lost in message
communication can fail
technology reduced to irrelevancy
artefact - too far behind today
artefiction – too far ahead of its time

where static prevails there is no replacement
incomprehensible indiscernible
codes remain unciphered by another

diversity struggles to survive
yet there is one blue sky



La Géode Paris, France 2017

Secrets Eluded - 2006

born in emotion and thought -secrets
imprisoned in the heart with strong bindings – fears
walls of self-doubt surround me
growing to insurmountable heights
the towers of delusion keep watch
I am a prisoner in the dungeon of the self

personal to the self but revealed to others the walls of a secret fall away
the rocks of doubt lose their weight
tumble to the ground
the incarceration becomes a useless ruin
sacked by confronting the mirror lens of true self

I am who I am no more no less



Dumster, Paris 2010

Flippantomime - 2006

anchored in utopian impositions of destiny and economic growth
what silly games we play to fool ourselves the world is stable
there is an infinite resource to exploit
and our games just get more alien
cause has no effect
is no belief system
there is laughter in the chaos
if we look the jesters tricks
the world turns upside down
gravity dissolved
weightlessness prevails
reality is removed



Rock formation, Blanket Bay Cape Otway, Victoria, Australia 2008

The Awakening - 2006

solid form dissolves in waters blue
the hard salt rock melts - unifies with oceans larger than persona
the goddess within escapes the sealed box
melts away a heart tainted by impositions
expectation - predetermined footsteps heavy on land
embryonic state washes over in each waves foam
the liquid ecstasy of the feminine returns



La Drome river, Crest, France2006

Pins and Needles - 2006

Washed with an archetypal emulsion, a blue print from generations before
- Grandmother, mother, daughter, the child not yet conceived –
the threads of blood fasten
lay a plan that conforms - regiments the next generation
continues a culture,
a pattern to weave the finest Maltese lace -
one elusive thread linked to another and another

as a symmetry of fine threads hold this crafted lace together
the delicate tracts of thought, memory of experience, upbringing embedded in the
brain construct a gendered cultural identity of who we are.
Pull the corset cord tighter with all the power you have -
so the pain bites - wells inside -
binds hardened blue against the pink within and leaves a white tracery against the skin forever.



Bruges, northwest Belgium, 2006

Slide on the choker - 2007

Sit while I pamper you lovie dove
As I would my son, my daughter my, brother, sister
Where are your cute little boots for walkies
We can leave the tiara behind
could be nice to wear your sunny
let me slide your ears through
slide on the choker
what a pretty boy
Your tie is not straight, what would others think
We must remember your handy drink bottle too

After walkies yummm yumms
Your special food from your favourite plate
Now remember to use your new toothbrush, clean your teeth
Look I'll do it for you
Is this for real?

There's a good dog
Is there anything else you need
From my puppy pamper pack



Stair case, Paris, France 2010

Subversive expression - 2007

Raw lines flow in adrenalin staccato
stagger across hard concrete walls
nervous zigzags avoid the law
colour twist joins, flow as one
identity remains concealed

the hand of anonymous artists
strikes with the power of a spray can
an image grows larger
subversive expression in the late dark hours

a wall is covered
sprayed over again and again
fortuitous images emerge
as a pleasure - a pain - a question - an answer
as raw material for another
camera wielding artist

who works in the light of day against no law



Abandoned print studio, Atelier Lacourière et Frélaud Paris 2010

Light falls silent at the edge - 2007

Pulsating light
on black grounds of infinite night
manifestation of electric magnetic radiation
the cycles of electrons stimulated
dancing free
vibrations emanate
in the germination of spatial conscience
glow lines speak to each other
the dialogue of colour
humming yellow floats higher
blue falls down to a subterranean thickness
the waves are different the spectrum separates
green bands radiate from black walls
surround the iron bars with humming

light falls silent at the edge
where obscurity lives



Crest, France 2006

Stone deafness - 2007

Stone deafness holds fast

Stone deafness holds fast the bright blossom of paint
concrete is unforgiving in a soulless town
destitute flowers fight back from corners unseen
take root on lost elapsed walls
dampness trickles downward without even a drip

Artefacts cast by another derelict soul
speak in a whisper against the texture of age
of a nomadic crawl to exist
through the mysterious dingy corridor

for the explorer
resonance remains
an explanation to the underbelly
the dark sphere of desperation
the veil of necessity



Lancemore Mansion Hotel Werribee Park, Victoria Australia 2008

The effort of moving into a shared relationship - 2007

Hard edged like black and white
The projection strikes a loud note on the thick bell of reality
He who was once here is gone
in the last pull of the bell cord, the dog we once shared
has left too
he walked from the confines of the frame

the wall is plain white again
no decoration adorns the surface
no possessions or clutter
there is silence, a soft zen
less to clean, to care for or worry about
only the empty wall a small table to dust
to converse with

ruptured relationships die hard



Lancemore Mansion Hotel Werribee Park, Victoria Australia 2005

Obscurity is wearing me away - 2007

Obscurity is wearing me away
like the wheels of an old clock
that ticks slower by the year
indefinable causes, my nerves ache
Something in the flesh the bones or the psyche
imbues me with unexplained blue depression
a cocoon surrounds me
Strange this fine web of encasement
comes from inside the body
while I long to live outside

Defining symptoms with a name is some solace
Making tangible the unseen as an image offers respite
Imagine -

Here are my brittle bones, embedded
in the fine fibres of flesh and hair
Entwined with emotions and an ever present ear
Materialized - X ray bones I have to live with
Skeleton implanted in tender flesh
Bones that abrade soft tissue with pain
order - disorder

my body exposed to a intricate lace of time
a shoal of mysterious fish turn and dart to safety

a blue metallic flash scale like of a larger more menacing creature
I feel in flux, solid, liquid gas all at once
the experience is now validated



Lancemore Mansion Hotel Werribee Park, Victoria Australia 2005

No one lives alone - 2007

No one lives alone
no rock lies on the land without another
splintered from a source
the rhizome connects all
A mother, a father, sister or friend
No one lives in isolation

no rock remains the same
Every drop of water wears it away
every fragment of ice creates a fissure
every pound of pressure crushes
every rock changes

nothing remains perfect
have no expectations of the other
you will never be disappointed

We all need someone else to draw
the line of light like a ring of fire
that pulls us close or pushes us apart
the eyes glance in tension
attention pans
the scene shifts
the focus falls off
once we were close
once we used to care about each other



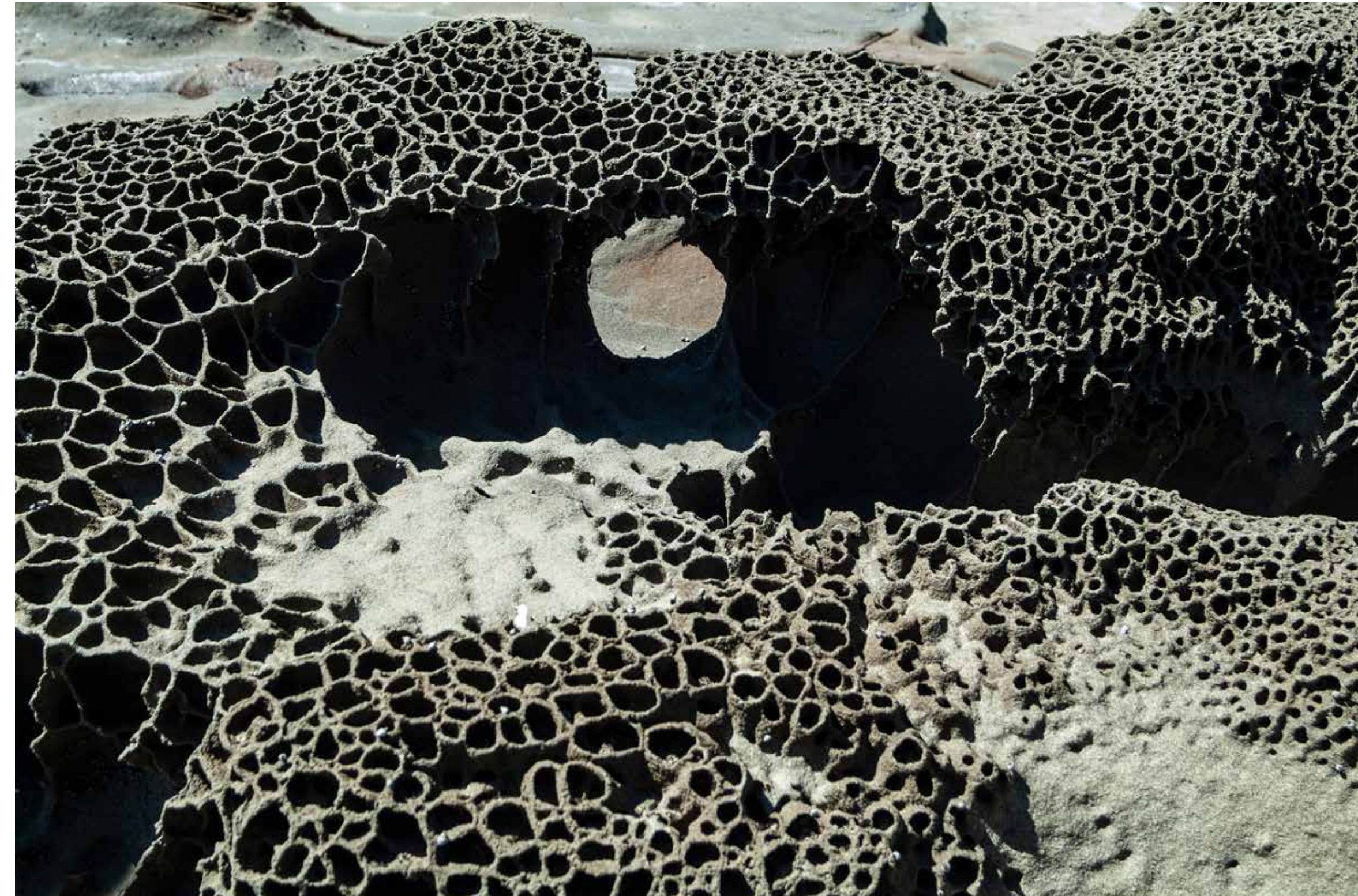
The photograph is from [Mythology of Place](#) a project on the poetry of James K Baxter
Homage to Baxter, *Resonance XIX - Panorama of West Matukituki Valley with the Raspberry Hut* - 1994

The final cut frees the figure - 2007

the remaining paper – rubbish discarded
falls to the floor

Now fixed to a larger fine textured paper there is space
for drawing, painting - more collage
light falls back in a blue print as young faces project forward
children who have expectations of a better more human world
but the legacy of thick ooze creeps downward
a heavy hand of consequence drips
a sad melting gunge
an undesirable legacy of inattention
ignoring will not work anymore

Sticky leachate holds fast the pieces
Feel the scorcher burn the edge
The heat too much and growing
fire is too close for safety
the bright blue crab's claws of imminent disaster
shifts the time scale forward
we have to deal with this now
take responsibility
ignoring will not work anymore



Blanket Bay, Cape Otway, Victoria, Australia 2008

Photo-booth identity - 2007

A dark curtain vibrates, moves
parts in a silver, sliver then closes
from the throng two figures pushed inside
a tardis of time capture

the giggle softens

Who has come to claim their identity?
Celebrate a moment?

inserted coins clunk through the machine
the stage is set –
clothing removed bodies positioned
an elegant hand set with sensual fingers pointing
Click – shot one - in a flash of light the moment is dead
Move to the side, look up let your body be fatally cut by the frame
dissected in graphic gestalt
maybe the hand down in a last gesture, fingers relaxed
Click – shot two - the flash again - the serial killer of time
no being is aware of the secret death within

Two heads face each other, the lips move slowly closer,
join - a long passionate kiss
a private performance adjacent a bustling public space
hold the pose – longer
Click - shot three dead again frozen in the act of love
locked tight in cold black and white

Move slightly closer to the lens this will darken the light
Imagine only white skin, arms and hands against a dark dress
the head too high, decapitation - identity removed
click - last shot – the gun is empty

In a whirr, the processed results – moist warm paper
Locks a vestige of time passed

Ephemerality casts a soft veiled hand
Later- over years, bleached the memory fades
Dies at the hands of another killer;

exhausted fixer.



Prelude to [Body Symbols](#) - 1986

Cities without a wheel - 2007

Centrifugal forces shift our position
move us from place to place
one position to another
bring goods - services - people to distant places
change our attitudes, our thoughts

Power too strong to fight
prevailing force wins
let your body and mind flow with the spin
be seduced by the whirl as the wheels turn
on the highway of the mind

drowse the urban dilemma
project into the future
where would cities be without the wheel?
where will cities be when we no longer need spin?



Geneva, Switzerland 2017

The universe here is complete - 2007

Strange, such a sharp
detailed resolution offers
no reference to level
the eye is drawn to the line
a string that assures a horizon
and ends where it began

the universe here is complete
there is no up - no down
only an eternal circle
an inwards spiral

Tall buildings
steel and glass constructions surround each other
lean inward in support
like a key brick to a larger puzzle
to a rotating convex microcosm of hope



Manila, Philippines 2016

Landscapes of soft facial flesh - 2007

The face larger than life
open to detailed inspection
no flinch or twitch
eyes wide open with no blink
doors to another dimension
that will not look away
will not dart around the room
there are no moments of inattention
a vision that could cut steel plate
or invite us inwards

fixed they look straight out
there is no escaping the pinpoint direction
they look at you that ask what do you see?

Landscapes of soft facial flesh
stretched fields of brown skin
foliage of soft hair, stubble grey twinned with black
fine blood vessels - braided rivers rising to the surface
wrinkles, crevices, pits pores, freckles

blemishes, divots, small signs of life's erosion

Now turn around what do you see
The eyes are closed



Allan Pearson - painter 1986 from [Creatives](#)

Soft descend - 2007

Soft descend the moments of dusk
blown onto salt surface as fine silk pollen
time falls short of movement
stops for an instant
Light looses its hold from the tightening night grip
blurs in equanimity - neither day nor night

Caught wordless in an ocean of harmony
vibrations of light and water are song enough
My own breath, velvet texture in life's moving ocean
Reflection of my dreams morph into liquid
There is only one moment –
it is now

the speed of the surfing arrow darts past
a white fuzz incision across the deepening blues
the sense of exhilaration is heightened
time meets its nemesis
the timeless moment
another dimension is born



Ron Loton, Blue Tops, Otago, New Zealand 2003

instinctive footsteps 2007

Hush, breath of instinctive footsteps
tread through forests of wonder
dark fields of hidden colour
twisted luminous limbs of lost forgotten trees
that held a canopy of dreams high to the sun

innate seduction brings forth the inner animal
the hidden the forbidden the
the secluded inner child
lured to tooth and claw of the wild

returning is perilous
requires exertion, resolve
collapse in the damp humus
The under-story of life exhausted
where melodrama is reality

Dirt clings on wet exhausted skin
A strenuous poise
sensuous, sinuous, legs support
red garments of blood fire

move in the velvet darkness
pull life from the hands of death
He was nearly dead bound in red left to pass
She rescued the inner animal, the inner child
before maturity killed the last cell of fearless flight



From [Entropy](#) - Ninks Road, St Andrews, Victoria, Australia 15 Aug 2009

Passage - 2008

change modulates difference
no cell stays the same
in the droplets of time, we change our self
reinvent a lost past as future
an imagined past as present
as water against a rock, time modifies us
runs through the oceans of life as in insistent stream
a constant falling, or a sudden dive over the abyss
vulnerability relaxed the shield is down
and the bricks of the wall lie in tatters
recycling begins
the passage of transition is ever present
the journey holds some constants
perhaps a truth



South of France 2008

Light Collage - 2008

A collage of shadows slice the contrasts of reality
where one might glimpse veracity
black shapes disguise the lower zones of light
the ground swells intensify – saturate
while the softer ripples of light dissolve

cut with the precision of the surgeon
from the gobo's scalpel
the sharp blade of architecture's form
reconstructs projections that enter the lens
slithers of light remain
erratic geometry offers the foundation of structure
the fragments are stuck down others fall away
disjunctive associations emerge
juxtaposition is dramatic



Lancemore Mansion Hotel Werribee Park, Victoria Australia 2005

Ipodology - 2008

In the grid of confinement twist and tangle lines of communication
xrays of Ipodology scroll in curving motions across a space of interaction
this arabesque knot needs deciphering
one foot jammed in contemporary cultures doorway
the other locked in a the past
enables limited surveillance
a sense of adaptation emerges
evolution of electronic species beyond the dolls of boredom
whose bodies defy the gravity of real life
float in the dream of cyber space
like Titanic life boats in icy waters
with thin lines still attached to a sinking hulk
where the currents of culture
tear at the safety lines of history
the dream is mysterious and crazy
the reality crazier



Forest, Healesville, 2006

Waters of self culture - 2008

In the antithesis of the Daguerreian dream,
all people are photographers and
all photographers now publishers
intrigue lies in the ever-growing democratic digital archive
the waves of social media turned tsunami
where the waters of self culture refuses to drain away
is the art in fine-art artless, the fine is now findless?

A searching cyber eye halts –
Identifies - selects a certain face
a individual pose found on "Face Book"
then - a search to book the face for a
rendezvous in real space
for a re-enactment a reinterpretation
in a format larger than life
life exists beyond the pixelized electric children



Blanket Bay, Cape Otway, Victoria, Australia 2008

intervention of play - 2008

In the soft dough of childhood
and sticky moulding of puberty
lie potentially paralysing ingredients
like a yeast it rises with heat and sets the mix
now solid the subversion manifests in the seriousness of codified life and living
subterfuges the self-validation of an inner creative spirit
imprisons the primeval impulse of play
ingredients that can set the dough like concrete
and anesthetize the art of plastic thought

playfulness intervenes in the form of white stuff
seriousness falls backward
our daily bread is a licence to once again play



Stair Case, Paris, France 2013

Robots of light - 2008

Without touching the pavement,
time steps through vacant streets of darkness
it descends corners and flat surfaces like paint
fresh from the brush, already liquid hard and dry
there is substance in the thick diffuse silence
disorientation manifests an obscure sensation of uncertainty

robots of light - silent - waiting - rob darkness of its velvet cloak
primary colour intercedes the impermanency of the nothing
lumen warriors advance against the dark force of night void
project light through walls of silence in the ether of space
objects glow from within - illuminate outwards
here the darkness of occupancy falls away
like toys in a transformers battle
presence lies in the vacant urban-scape



Cannel Paris, France 2010

The unhomely Place - 2008

Against backgrounds of familiarity the unhomely emerges
Uncomfortable - like grains of fine red desert sand
embedded in both people and place
like a sunburnt arm, a Sanraysian snake bite, it stings
the image maker searches for an eluding essence
the defining sign of capitulation that holds people and place together
here, the substance of bricks, particle board, pavement,
has no real adhesion - molecular erosion is rampant
as an attempt to contain
dark shadows push from the edge
while ribbons of blue and red vibrate in the centre



A photograph Campbell Bay, South Island New Zealand with false colour infrared film 1972 while flying from Dunedin to the North Island.

The eye in all this - 2008

the preparation, halts - the camera angle frames the self
more of this angle, the neck twisted - eyes up towards the camera
with the inception of image, the make up - make over - is frozen in time
with the definitive moment of release comes a question
Lips: puckered - taught- tentative - moist - rounded - sensual- anxious - open - dry
Hair: dark - straight - silky - scruffy - flat - high -
Clothes: formal blue - racy red - black and white to match the glasses
Neck: twist- tension - stretched - relaxed
Nose: shorter with this angle - longer with that
Ear: hidden - revealed
Eyes:
Where is the I in all this?

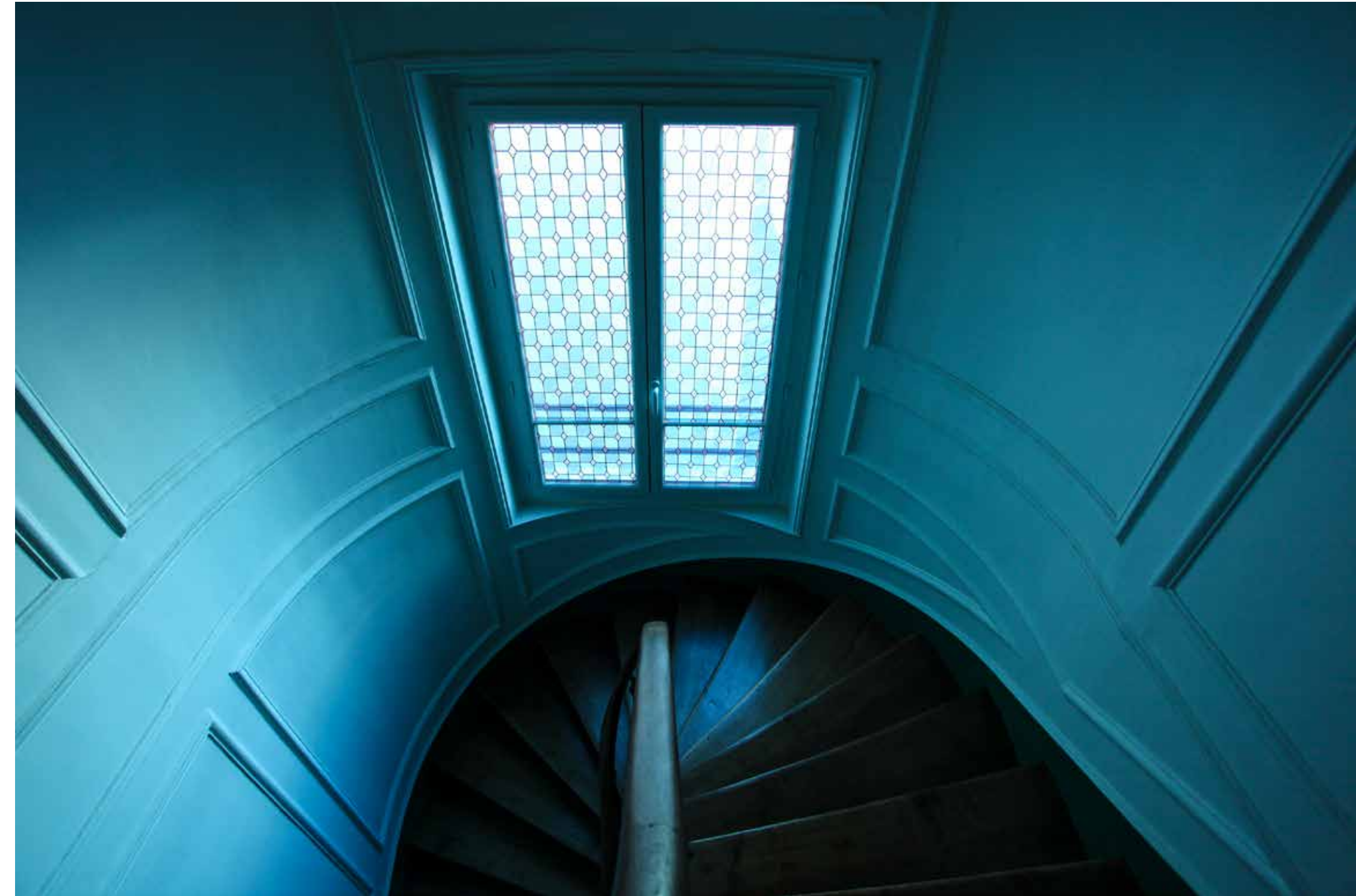


La Balme-les-Grottes, France, 2006

Conversation in Deep Blue Space - 2008

where clouds suspend against soft grounds of blue,
electromagnetic fields defy space
vibrate as a single black line
or - hover as lines of a musical stave with as yet unwritten notes
dangling with imaginary rain drops

energy radiates outward to living bodies
diminishing beyond the frame
cells tingle with unheard conversation in a strange language
the pulse is near - unseen heart-felt but never acknowledged
the head of private dialogue in the public space remains unheard
stimulation buys nature a new mask
the division of space broken by line, shape, texture
the branch, the twig, the leaf
offer organic reference
there is still life in the urban



Stair Case and window, Paris, France 2013

Light on Sound Archive offers an insight into the photographs taken by Lloyd Godman of bands and musicians from 1969 to the present. The ebooks are offered as a series of Volumes at a rate of \$7 per volume. When you purchase a copy, you become a valued supporter of the project which allows further Volumes to be completed.

Please tell others about the project and encourage them to also purchase a copy.

Please respect copyright and do not copy and pass on the file, is it really worth breaking the copy right laws for less than less than 2 coffees?

Godman established and ran the photographic section at the Dunedin school of Art for 20 years, and the taught at RMIT University in Melbourne for another 9 years. While he now works as an ecological artist with Tillandsia plants, he is still passionate about photographing live performances.

when magic is happening in the music, a musician might want to pick up their instrument and join in, the jam, but the energy drives me to pick up the camera and play it like a guitar. I am always searching for the unusual, the peculiar that steps beyond the generic image.



A recent photograph taken by Lloyd of Angelique Kidjo and Fatoumata Diawara, Womadelaide 2019

Ebook selection

Explore the [full selection of Ebooks](#) by Lloyd Godman



Fine Art prints

With an extensive background in fine arts (over 40 solo exhibitions and 200 group exhibitions) Lloyd is able to offer limited edition fine art prints of many of the photographs in this publication. You can check out other art projects by Lloyd Godman [here](#)

Edition number: The archival prints are limited to an edition of three signed and numbered - once the edition is complete **NO** other prints are available. There is also one artist copy for exhibition purposes.

Paper: All prints are printed on high quality archival rag paper

Pigments: The finest Epson pigments are used for all prints

Size: The image is printed on A2 paper (420 x 594 mm 16.5 x 23.4 in) with a suitable paper boarder to allow for framing

Framing: While framing for wall mounting can be arranged it is easier to transport the print unframed and offer instructions on framing at your locality

Cost: The prints are offered at **\$390 Au per print unframed** plus postage and handling

Time: Depending upon demand, your location and the availability of the expert printer, expect 2-3 weeks for delivery.

CONTACT: inquires to lloydgodman@gmail.com

Lloyd has works in the following collections

Tate Modern, London, England 2019
The Friends School, Hobart, Australia 2016
Deakin University Art Gallery - Melbourne, Victoria, Australia - 2014
Albury Art Gallery, NSW Australia - 2010
Nillumbik Art Collection, Victoria, Australia - 2010
Glenbow Museum. Gift of Chuck Stake Enterprises (A.K.A. Don Mabie), 1999
MOCA, Ga Atlanta, USA 2005
Te Papa Tongarewa - Museum of New Zealand
Auckland City Art Gallery, Auckland NZ
Robert McDougal Art Gallery Christchurch NZ
Dunedin public Art Gallery, N.Z.
Southland Museum and Art Gallery, Invercargill, NZ
Forrester Gallery, Oamaru, N.Z.
Manawatu Art gallery, Palmerston North, N.Z.
School of Art Otago Polytechnic, Dunedin, N.Z.
Nomad Museum, Lisboa Portugal.
Versorgungsamt, Heilbronn, Germany.
Armstrong Collection, College of Education, Dunedin, N.Z.
Brusque Art Museum, Brusque, Brazil.
The Museum of Instant Images, Chaam Netherlands.
Elam School of Fine Arts, Auckland, N.Z.
Nepean Western Sydney University, Australia
Tafe School of Art, Eastern Sydney, Australia
Canberra School of Art, Canberra, Australia
RMIT Melbourne, Australia
Hocken Library, Dunedin New Zealand
Federiciana Library of Fano Italy
Dunedin Public Library, Dunedin, N.Z.

E publications



Tillandsimania **\$30 Aust**

This is a series of interactive PDFs and a work in progress which is updated annually. This means key words are linked to relevant information on other pages, so the document is easy to navigate and find information.

The 2020 version offers extensive information on Tillandsias or air plants and includes:

- 6 documents
- Contents includes: Over 1500 pages Over 390 plant entries Over 1600 photographs Over 140 illustrations and renders Over 50 maps Over 100 sound files And 35- charts

It is rich in photographs and illustrations. The resolution of the images is high which allows enlargements to 300-400%, while the text can be enlarged even higher.

Email for more information. lloydgodman@gmail.com.



Lloyd GODMAN projects

More than 30 of Lloyd Godman's art projects are now available as high resolution interactive PDFs. (over 6,000 pages. The complete package can be downloaded. The cost for the complete PROJECTS package is \$30 Aust

Email for more information. lloydgodman@gmail.com.