

A black and white photograph of a classical building facade, featuring two prominent fluted columns supporting a pediment. The building appears to be made of stone or concrete, with some weathering visible. The sky is overcast.

Oct 14 – Nov 12

PERMANENCE

Linsey Gosper

Permanence

The words of a poet are heavier than the blood he bleeds:

Bruised upon paper pink, visions. Blossoming, latent images become talismans. Stars shall tremble before the coming Dawn, for the rose has teeth in the mouth of the beast.

Before she sleeps, may her ships overflow with flowers so that labours of her dreams bloom upon the vastness of her sheets. Hers is the pilgrimage to Cythera, alone, across oceans burning, with desire to discover the concrete lover dreamt so many years ago. The wilderness of time is a faceless emperor's effigy, rolled rocks of Sisyphean neglect, the temple for forgetting, the king's toppled crown, the serpent's endless O, the orator's echo at a roman forum, and the kiss on a lover's tomb.

Only the lion's now ruddy eyes, with tears of gold, remembers her songs of innocence. Her burgeoning ship transcends old waves of mysticism, with sirens singing new songs of experience, heralding anthems of Pan. The land of mysteries is a map of the mind, a blossoming trajectory for the dreamy realm of the psyche. Flowers wash ashore the garden state, staining the horizon of consciousness, in an amorous parade to birth bucolic ceremony. The Idols of Arcadia inhabit Byzantine conduits, rivers of milk and honey carry dormant memory into ever-green glades.

In her garden of dreams she unearths chthonic relics, vessels and urns, coffins crammed with psycho-mythical projections of light, refracting a history of goddesses, dead lovers and doomed youth. The continent shows her centuries, she blinks her eyes.

Focusing upon the darkness of the abyss, the saturnalia of lovely-haired nymphs, and imps, and elephants in eastern dressage parade the sacred grove; in the darkness of the wood the procession of the magi brings phosphorene gifts; the abandoned Ariadne throws her resplendent crown of stars upon the night, a sparkling corona to light the path; Dionysus is here too, wine cups overfilled, and from his prophetic cigarettes ribbons of smoke dance before the her lens.

With the oracular eyes of the poppy she can see all. The flower-picking Persephone is here, carried upon the wings of lyrical sirens. Death and his Half-Brother Sleep are here too, medicated and heavy spectres of this fallen scene. Forgotten oracles meander like wander stars; leopards and tigers play about the tombs; the angel, her guardian, champions her victory wreaths on gallery walls. In the mortarium, the blonde youth's head floats aloft a warmed zephyr.

She then went to the garden of love, and saw what she never had seen before; a chapel was built in the midst, where she used to play on the green. In every dappled grotto, grotesques doze two by two at the gateway of sleep and wakefulness - gargoyle sisters against the evil eye, pearly eternal protectors, shining like gold as they guard over the fold. Each offers her a talisman, a photographic object to be used against the enemy, to be nailed above her bead-head, to protect the fortress of her slumbering crown.

And the Sphinx, intoxicated with her own divine mutterances, spews forth the sageness of hysterical alchemists:

Darkness will appear on the face of the Abyss; Night, Saturn and the Antimony of the Sages will appear; blackness, and the raven's head of the alchemists, and all the colours of the world, will appear at the hour of conjunction; the rainbow also, and the peacock's tail.

Behind the blue and the dim and the dark cloths of night and light and the half-light does reside an Orphic doorway. This mirror is a glassy lake, beneath which she descends into the depths of the unconscious, alive with closed eyes. A silver chain girdles the unknown, is a threshold to leap across, to dash against darkness, accompanied only by the electric images of archetypes. And through shards of light they gallop forth, apparitions bleating in the night. She is far from home here. Apollo's pale kiss is now a carriage upon the evening breeze.

From a luminous cloud emerges a beguiling hand, bejewelled with heaven's eyes, does lift the holy veil, inwrought of golden and silver light. A procession of ghosts unfolds. Here, within the darkened chamber, her fingers trace the sleeping curves of their bodies, toned with the pinkness of such flesh, washed in black baths of oracular currents.

She casts her circles, invites the entities. Levitates their reveries. Draws an impression of their likeness in light. Celluloid pin-ups of winged women upon the backs of turtles, sirens posed on-point with the Queen of Hades, monsters and giants, and in a momentous *tableau vivant* a dragon attacked by two lions. These are the *carte de visite* from the underworld, supernatural postcards, and the *Greetings!-wish-you-were-here from hell*.

Now, kiss the tattooed lips of the hell mouth, for all thoughts fly at the door to the unknown. The blacken veil shall fall to reveal the face of death. *Et in Arcadia Ego!* And as did the dreamy boy Orpheus, so she shall enter, psyche first, into the void, to lyrically meditate the other world. A crystallised palace to dive into, where Daphne descends, where Persephone slumbers, into the darkness to unearth a golden light so resplendent the sun wouldn't even cut it. Within the haze interior, behind the black revolving door, visions appear, bruised upon wet paper.

Her tongue is silver and salt, speaks the language of shadows and light. With the sun in her mouth and the moon in her teeth, she leaps into the ripe air, a thousand flaming tongues above her head. She is betwixt and between; flumes yonder in the east of Eden, wandering, a dawning apparition upon the dusk. She is Venus, She is Mars, and every boy is a snake is a lily, and every pearl is a lynx is a girl. And in the gardens of permanence, her tongue rouses the marble lips of statues, warms the flesh of concrete beauties, inflates the lungs of the long-stoned youth. Her tongue awakens long-latent gods with blushing modernity, lapping ichor from unholy stones. Hers is the ritual of transmutation, for she is the highest hierophant. Hark, the red light flickers to the dawning chorus of the lark.

Dive into the watery realms of the psyche, where psychopomps bemoan wilted flowers and doth cry drops of silver halides onto the dusty earth. And in their twilight hour, each and every flower, upon the utterance of their vespers, shall suffuse in renewed silver dew. And as Apollo's chariot crashes beneath the waves of the day, there appears upon the rosy horizon a pink cloud, a sole prophet to dream again. Every end is a beginning, said the poet of the wastelands; and the serpent encircles its tail. For her tongue is silver and salt, and this dawn will greet her with new stars.

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photograph, 30 x 40cm

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