

Wilma Tabacco



Cycladic

Langford120, 120 Langford St. North Melbourne
Nov 21 - Dec 19 2015, Opening Saturday November 21st, 2-4pm

CYCLADIC

Displace
Shatter

Excavate
Deliquescent

Core
Piceus

Planar
Dry

Assemble
Aggregate

This was a shapeless ill coordinated mass, nothing but a weight of lifeless matter, whose ill-assorted elements were indiscriminately heaped together in one place...Nothing had any lasting shape, but everything got in the way of everything else; for, within that one body, cold warred with hot, moist with dry, soft with hard, and light with heavy.

Ovid *Metamorphoses* (8)

Creation being change, every change is a creative act.

Sean Keilen *Shakespeare and Ovid* (2014)

The flowing lines, the symmetrical arrangement of the ashlar, and the gradual gradation of the courses combined to produce a wonderful effect. Owing to the absence of mortar, there were no ugly spaces between the rocks. They might have grown together.

Hiram Bingham (1911)

But below the foundation of the later building, and covering the whole hill, are the remains of a primitive settlement of still greater antiquity. In parts this deposit was twenty four feet thick, everywhere full of stone axes, knives of volcanic glass, dark polished and incised pottery, and primitive images.

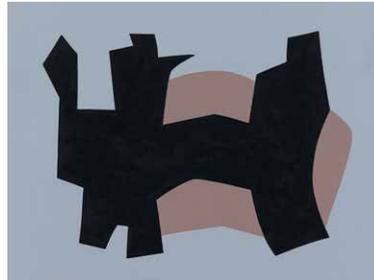
Arthur Evans (1901)

He would think that he saw in front of him the great Tower which reached almost out of sight, so loftily it grew up and then always tottered and swayed and began in horrible silence to fall apart, but never quite apart. It was made of hands which, from within the rising walls, came climbing over, building themselves into a tower, thrusting those below them into place, fists hammering them down, so that the whole Tower was made of hands... The years grew into centuries. He was no longer looking at anything; sight also had departed. Very slowly the Tower had moved right up against him; he could see it no more, for he was one with it.

Charles Williams – *The Greater Trumps* (1932)

We wonder,—and some Hunter may express
Wonder like ours, when thro' the wilderness
Where London stood, holding the Wolf in chace,
He meets some fragment huge, and stops to guess
What powerful but unrecorded race
Once dwelt in that annihilated place.

Horace Smith *Ozymandias* (1818)



Aftermath

Quoin

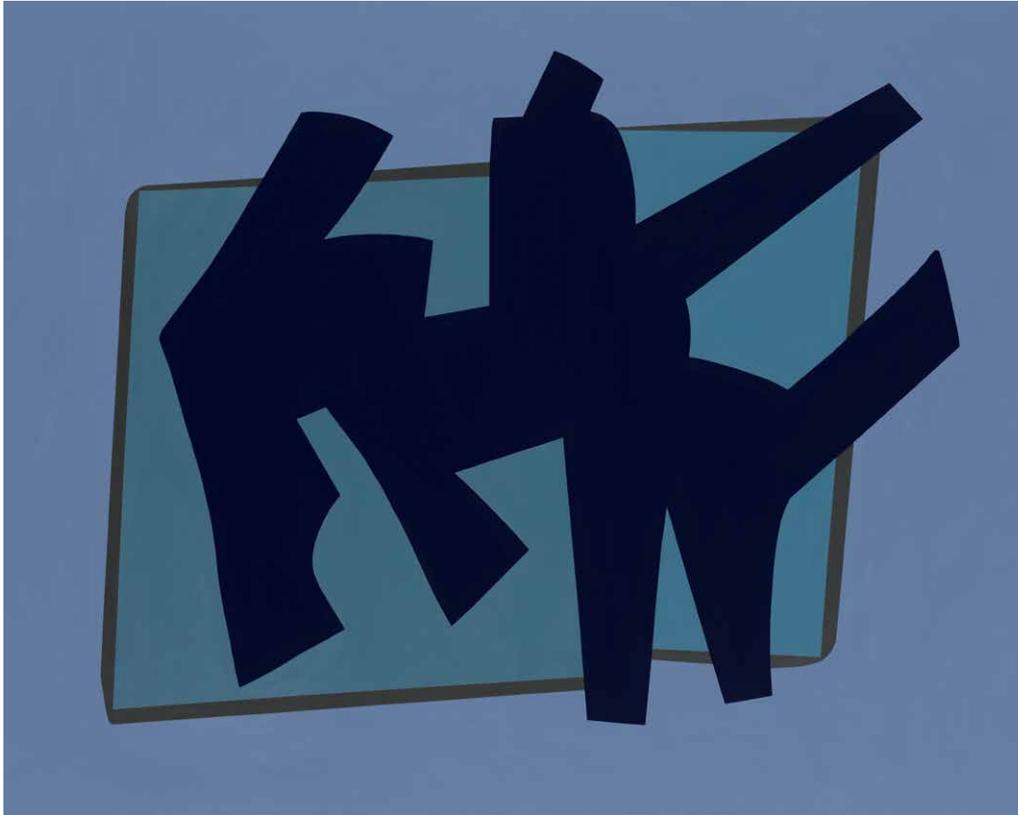
Reconstitution

Plinth

Replicate

By now it was dawn, but the light was still dim and faint. The buildings round us were already tottering, and the open space we were in was too small for us not to be in real and imminent danger if the house collapsed. This finally decided us to leave the town... Once beyond the buildings we stopped, and there we had some extraordinary experiences which thoroughly alarmed us. The carriages we had ordered to be brought out began to run in different directions though the ground was quite level, and would not remain stationary even when wedged with stones. We also saw the sea sucked away and apparently forced back by the earthquake: at any rate it receded from the shore so that quantities of sea creatures were left stranded on dry sand. On the landward side a fearful black cloud was rent by forked and quivering bursts of flame, and parted to reveal great tongues of fire, like flashes of lightning magnified in size.

Pliny the Younger *Letter 6.16: To Cornelius Tacitus* (c 85)



Now let us make the fantastic supposition that Rome were not a human dwelling-place, but a mental entity with just as long and varied a past history: that is, in which nothing once constructed had perished, and all the earlier stages of development had survived alongside the latest... on the Piazza of the Pantheon we should find not only the Pantheon of today as bequeathed to us by Hadrian, but on the same site also Agrippa's original edifice; indeed, the same ground would support the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva and the old temple over which it was built. And the observer would need merely to shift the focus of his eyes, perhaps, or change his position, in order to call up a view of either the one or the other.

There is clearly no object in spinning this fantasy further; it leads to the inconceivable, or even to absurdities. If we try to represent historical sequence in spatial terms, it can only be done by juxtaposition in space; the same space will not hold two contents.

Sigmund Freud *Civilization and its Discontents* (1930)

This city would be anything but still. In the process of its perpetual and simultaneous construction and decay, buildings would appear and disappear; they would be built up on top of one another, or inside one another. They would do battle, and then they would mate and produce monstrous offspring.

Edward Hollis *The Secret Life of Buildings* (2009)

**Reconstruct
Place**

**Solid
Stratified**

**Oscuro
Margins**

**Fluid
Uncover**

**Breakdown
Disperse**

Nulli sua forma manebat

Sophia Errey and Wilma Tabacco 2015

This page: *Remnants of August: Reconstruction No. 2*, 2015, oil on linen, 122 x 152.5cm
Opposite page: *Excavation #1 & #2*, 2015, oil on linen, 41.5 x 61 cm



Sesame, 2015, oil on linen, 183 x 152.5 cm

Photography: Mark Ashkanasy
www.wilmatabacco.com.au

Langford120
p: +613 9328 8658
e: langford120@gmail.com
www.langford120.com.au

