



ROSSLYND PIGGOTT

REALM – PERIPHERAL SCENES

Sutton Gallery
March 3 – April 1, 2023

SONNTAG

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REALM – PERIPHERAL SCENES

Transcribed writings from notebook
18 January 2023, Venezia, 3:53pm
La Scuola Dalmata dei Santi Giorgio e Trifone

Sutton Gallery
March 3–April 1, 2023

SONNTAG



For Michelle – always in starlight.



- Is it possible to write about my recent paintings whilst sitting in the *Scuola dei Dalmata* surrounded by a cycle of paintings by Vittore Carpaccio depicting Saint George and the Dragon?
- To set up a situation of observation, imagination and projection that physically and cerebrally crosses the planet?

I take a breath.

- The *Scuola* is a small room 'chapel', it is about twice the size of my studio and only a little higher.¹ Therefore the scale is not grand, it is human-size. It is not intended to impress, rather to accommodate and contain a group of multi-faith attendees.
- I take the English guide notes, but it tells me only so much – notes are perfunctory. Looking must be done and quietly. *Silenzio*.
- Paintings must breathe until they speak and give signs in their own language – ways of uncovering the world and experience, yet also positioning it elsewhere.

Panel one of nine panels.

- San Giorgio kills the trifone saving Princess Sabra – the remains of young male victims of Silene lay scattered across the ground.
- I fixate on the space beneath the arched body of San Giorgio's valliant horse. There lies a magnificent shell, de-fleshed bones of various devoured animals and the mutilated corpse of a young naked man, now missing limbs. The tip of the beautifully painted and poised shell is aligned on an angle to the spur on determined San Giorgio's shiny boot.² The graceful horse, forced into action is turning away from the trifone. Thus the horse's glance is forming a spatial outward circle back towards the shell and the maiden, Sabra painted above the sweep of the horse's tail. And now the path is towards a space of peace in the scene. Sabra's head is surrounded by a leaning rock. The rock is almost a geological halo. Pencil thin trees tilt forward forming a compositional canopy over an archway of rock emerging from the distant ocean. A sailing ship settles on the ocean, framed by the rocky arch, sails fully billowing. A second ship tilts on the sea, it's sails withdrawn.

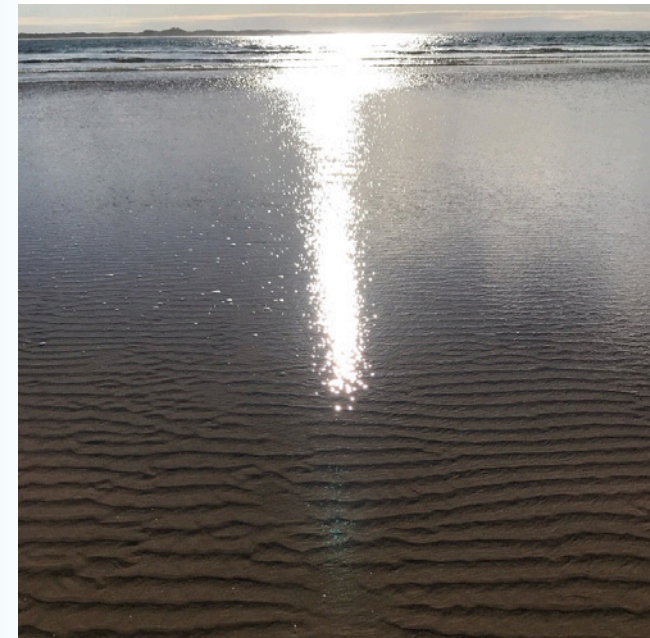
1. My studio in Fitzroy, Melbourne.
2. The anterior end of the siphonal canal of the shell.

And now I pause.

- My focus is back into the *Scuola*.
- A small plastic pot of white cyclamens sits on the altar area. It is cold and the flowers are struggling to survive. I wonder if anyone gives them daily light or water?
- Paintings are a world – in this case the world is flat and generally contained within a square or a rectangle. The nine panels positioned high here in an almost square room are a construction – worlds depicting stories that are both fiction and based on human qualities – fear, destruction, valor, courage, victory, belief, united purpose, loss, a hope for peace and restoration. Paintings are vessels for such – a well for our human psychologies, observations, hopes, inventions. A constructed world that exists in a window.

Pause.

- How can I think of my almost invisible paintings as I sit here? The almost invisible is not invisible. That 'invisible' holds everything that I have seen so far with my open eyes in my lifetime. It is inevitable, that in the moment/s of making the painted space, that one carries all of one's lived experience. In times of terror, I may not depict a victorious Saint George plunging a long wooden sword into the throat of an approaching dragon. I seek space in the realms of a winter ocean, the subtlest shades of a dawn sky and let flicker optical apparitions of the periphery of my vision.
- OK – the guard is closing the door now and I must go to meet my guests. *Arrivederci*. Space/time travel is fun.





3. MOSE (Modulo Sperimentale Elettromeccanico, Experimental Electromechanical Module) is a project intended to protect the city of Venice, Italy, and the Venetian Lagoon from flooding.
 4. English guide notes, 2023 - Scuola Dalmata del San Giorgio e Trifone, Castello, Venice.

- I meet you again Vittore Carparccio, always in the afternoon, it seems.
- The tides coming into the Venetian lagoons are unseasonally very high. MOSE keeps the city safe and our feet dry.³
- Your constructed spaces tell of terror and taming. Prospering through travel and trade, bringing exotic animals into a foreign land, the rotten acts of the powerful, the reigning clergy and merchants. There are fictitious creatures conjured by imagination. ‘The Saints rid the daughter of Emperor Giordiano of the Devil who was possessing her’ – the only guide note available for panel four.⁴
- I enter the sea – our oceans are joined – I am in another land, upside-down.
- As the saltwater surrounds me, entering the pores of my skin – inner fluid and outer are only separated by a thin skin. My eyes above the surface of the sea receive the shifting shimmer. I swallow the sea – float, weightless – am I sea or sky – both in particle and particle-less. These too, are scenes – sceneless.

*Now my retractible pencil breaks.
 I write only with a fine lead – it is barely visible.*

- Less depictions as infusions, atmospheres, both nano and cosmic exchanges. The subject of my paintings are a matter of being in this ‘without’ space – yet the space of all of us. What flickers here – such brilliance – the light of us all and with it memories, substance, illusions, a sense of our momentary space.

Breathe.

- Is that barely a rainbow? Suspended water refracted with light.
- What flickers here for Vittore, the dragon’s last breath, long blonde maiden’s hair, a red parrot pecking at a flower, a greyhound turning sideways (the form of the dog is now perceptively see-through, I can see the steps through the dog), the prayer of Saint Matthew, a lion being led into a square by Saint Jerome to have a thorn removed from it’s paw, tawt gowns of some frightened monks? What flickers here?

- Outside the *scuola* only a few steps to a lagoon not so far from the *riva*.
- Our oceans are connected. In your other paintings housed in *L'Accademia* the lagoon is depicted as quite clear in your time, Vittore.⁵
- The skies still glows pink and clear views to snow-capped *Dolomiti*. The icy air is sharp.
- Our oceans are connected – pink light becomes broader.
- Sparkle strikes my retina again – the word too evaporates.

Irridescence.

- Sailing ships depart and peonies fall from the sky.

5- Vittore Carpaccio, *Miracolo della reliquia della Croce al ponte di Rialto*, c. 1496, tempera on canvas, 371 x 392cm





La Scuola Dalmata dei Santi Giorgio e Trifoni (date unknown)
before the construction of the bridge, Ponte De La Comenda, on its left side.

LA SCUOLA DALMATA DEI SANTI GIORGIO E TRIFONE



Vittore Carpaccio
Saint George and the Dragon, c. 1501-1502
panel one of nine
tempera and oil on canvas
141 x 360cm



Saint George and the Dragon (detail), c. 1501-1502
panel one of nine
tempera and oil on canvas
141 x 360cm



Saint George and the Dragon (detail), c. 1501-1502
panel one of nine
tempera and oil on canvas
141 x 360cm



Saint George and the Dragon (detail), c. 1501-1502
panel one of nine
tempera and oil on canvas
141 x 360cm

i. g. anti *

— agnelle

— autunno mureto

— Roma / Spand. Maps. / Eredi di Cora

— Maison Fabre

18/01/2023

Venezia

3.53 pm

Scuola dei Dalmati / S. Giorgio e
Trifoni

- Is it possible to write about my recent paintings whilst sitting in the Scuola dei Dalmati surrounded by a cycle of paintings by Carpaccio depicting Saint George & the Dragon.
- to set up a situation of observation, imagination & projection that physically & cerebrally crosses the point
- I take a breathe.
- The Scuola is a small room "duped" it is about twice the size of my studio & only a little higher. ^{Trifoni} The scale is not grand, it is human-size. It is not intended to impress, rather accommodate & contain — a group of multi-faith attendees.
- I take the English guide notes, but it tells me only so much — notes are perfunctory. Looking must be done & quietly. Silenzio.
- Paintings must breathe, whilst they speak & give signs in their own language — ways of uncovering the world & experience, yet also positioning it elsewhere. →

Panel 1 of one part -

- San Giorgio kills the traitor saving Princess Sabra - the remains of young male victims of Silene lay scattered across the ground.

- I breathe on the space beneath the arched body of San Giorgio's valiant horse. There lies a magnificent shell, ^{de-heralded} bones of various ^{various} animals & the ^{mutilated} corpse of a naked young man, missing limbs. The tip* of the beautifully painted & posed shell is aligned on angle to the spur on ^{detached} San Giorgio's shiny boot. The ^{graceful} horse forced into action ^{is} turning away from the traitor, thus the creature's glance is forming a spatial outward circle back towards the shell & the maiden Sabra painted above the sweep of the horse's tail. And now the path is towards a space of peace in this scene.

Sabra's head is surrounded by a leaning rock. ^{The rock is always like a geological halo.}

Penial trees tilt forward forming a compositional canopy over an archway of rock emerging from the distant ocean.

A Sailing ship settles on the ocean, ^{brand} ^{traced} by the ^{rocks} arch, sails billowing. A second ship tilts ^{on} the sea, its sails withdrawn.

- And now a pause -

- ~~as~~ my being broke into the Scudra - a small plastic pot of ~~to~~ white cyclanias sits on the altar area. It is old and the flowers are struggling to survive. I wonder if anyone gives them daily light? or water?

- ~~and~~ ~~should~~ Paintings are a world - in this case, the world is flat & ^{generally} ^{confined} within a square or rectangle. The one parts positioned high here in a square room are a communion - worlds - depicting ^{to} stories that are both fiction & based on human ^{human} ^{quest} ^{for} fear, destruction, valor, ^{conquest} ^{truth}, victory, defeat, united purpose, loss, a hope for peace & narration. Paintings are always vessels for such - a well for our human ^{psychology} ^{obsession}, hopes, ^{inaction}. A ^{confined} world that exists in a window.

- Pause -

How can I think of my almost invisible paintings, as I sit here? The almost invisible is not invisible. That "invisible" ^{A.58} ^{is} holds everything that I have seen so ^{far} ^{to} ^{use} my open eyes in my lifetime. It is inevitable, that in the moments of making the painted space, that one carries all of one's ~~to~~ lived experience. In times of terror, I may not depict a victorious Saint George with a (long sword) into the throat of an approaching dragon. I seek space, the values of a winter ocean.

the subtlest shades of a dawn sky & let flicker spectral apparitions at the periphery of my vision.

— OK — the goal in closing the door now & I must go to meet my quest. Arrivederci. Space/Time travel is fun

— January 23, 2023 3:49 pm

— I met you again Vittore Carpaccio, always in the afternoon, it seems.

— The ~~best~~ tide coming into the Venetian lagoon and unusually very high. More keeps the city safe and our feet dry.

Your constructed spaces tell of terror & staming. Proseping through trade & trade, bringing exotic animals into a foreign land, the rotten acts of the powerful, the reigning clergy — and merchants. There are heterotopia everywhere conquered by imagination. "The Swiss did the daughter of Emperor Guardian of the Devil who was possessing her" * is the only guide note available for part 4.

I enter the sea. — our oceans are joined — I am in another land, upside-down.

* English guide notes

Venice
— skew
— space
— Japan
— clown
— silence

— As the saltwater surrounds me, oxygen pores of my skin — inner fluid and outer are only separated by a thin skin. My eyes above the surface of the sea receive the shifting shimmer. I swallow the sea — float, weightless — am I sea or sky — both in particle and particle-less. These too, are scenes — sceneless. ^(having relative point taken into only with the land — it is only visual) Last depictions as infusions, atmospheres, both nano and cosmic exchanges. The subject of my paintings ^{are} is a matter of being in this "without" space — yet the space of all us. What flickers here — with brilliance — the light of us all and with it meridian, substance, illusions, a sense of our momentary space; Breeze. ^{It has a shimmer? Expanded with black and white.}

What flickers here for Vittore, the dragon's last breeze, long ^{blonde} hair, a parrot pecking at a clown, a gopher's trip sideways, the pages of St. Matthew, dog a lion's head led into a space by St. Jerome to have a throne removed for his page, hawk's gaze at some by-lined notes. What flickers here.

Outside the Scuola only a few steps to a lagoon not so far to the Riva. ~~low~~

Our Ocean are connected.

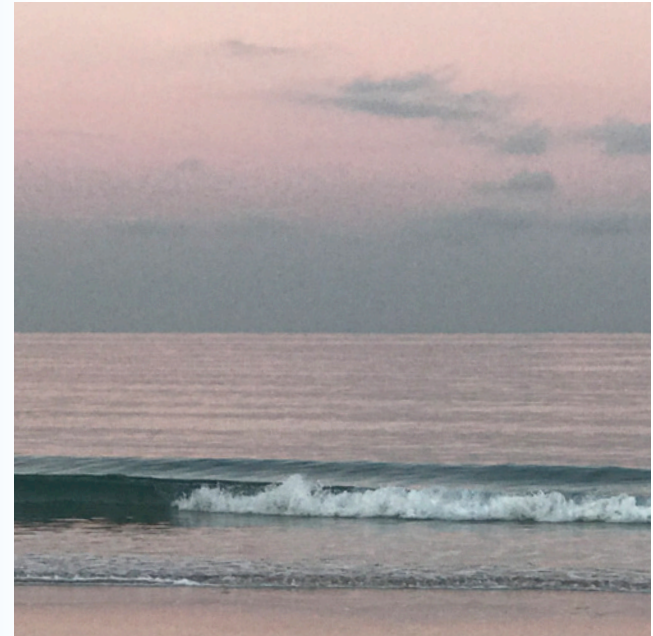
* broad — L'Accademia
• In other paintings the lagoon is depicted as quite clear in your time. The water may still glow pink and clear view to snow-capped Dolomites. The icy air is sharp.

Our Ocean are connected = pink light becomes broader.

Sparkle strikes my vision again — the word too evaporates. (Vannini in Indiscipline). Sailing ships & depart and Beating full from the sky.

In memory of my dear sister, Michelle.

LIST OF WORKS



Sutton Gallery
March 3–April 1, 2023



Angel eyes – prismatic cornea, descending blossom bubbles, 2022
oil on linen
75 x 150cm

PAINTINGS

1.

Pink wave, prism flicker, descending peonies, 2021-2022
oil on linen
100 x 600cm, three panels each 100 x 200cm

2.

Broken rainbow and pretend cumulonimbus clouds, 2021-2022
oil on linen
75 x 150cm

3.

Rose, violet edge and descending bubbles, 2021-2022
oil on linen
75 x 150cm

4.

Prism veil and multiplied window, 2021-2022
oil on linen
50 x 100cm

5.

Long flower light and cumulonimbus edge, 2022
oil on linen
27 x 306cm

6.

Angel eyes – prismatic cornea, descending blossom bubbles, 2022
oil on linen
75 x 150cm

7.

Tonal day and graduated cloud veil, 2022-2023
oil on linen
50 x 100cm

DRAWINGS

8.

Garden fracture – peony clouds, 2022
pencil on layered handmade Japanese washi paper
69 x 127cm (irregular)

9.

Garden fracture – sakura field, wisteria, broken peonies, 2022
pencil on layered handmade Japanese washi paper
65 x 115cm (irregular)

10.

Garden fracture – sakura field, upside down wisteria, shifting clouds, 2022
pencil on layered handmade Japanese washi paper
65 x 115cm (irregular)

ROSSLYND PIGGOTT

Realm – peripheral scenes

March 3 – April 1, 2023

Sutton Gallery
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Artist notes written during a residency in Venice supported by VeniceArtFactory during January and February 2023. The residency was further supported by the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I wish to acknowledge and pay my respects to all First Nations people of Country, to their Elders past, present and emerging – to the Wurundjeri Woi-Wurrung peoples upon whose land I live and work and to the Wadawurrung peoples whose land and waters I frequently visit, where my family resides, where my sister left this realm and where I recall her in spirit and light.

In doing so, I wish to acknowledge and offer deep respect to a more than 60,000 year social and cultural connection to Country that is ongoing, the immense and living legacy of the unceded territories across Country.

From my own roots of first generation European descent, I acknowledge that I descend from an empire that enacted systems of colonization of unbelievable cruelty, ignorance and injustice. The lineage of which is still so clearly evident and perpetrated in present times. I wish to express my own place in a determination to participate in a re-addressing of a brutal colonised history.

I am deeply grateful for the privilege of a lifetime of living and making works in the spaces of Country.

I wish to gratefully acknowledge the resilience and remarkable grace of First Nations peoples who continue to offer space for ongoing healing and learning on their lands and waters upon which we all live.

IMAGES

Photography: Rosslynd Piggott

Cover *Vaporetto wave between Fondamenta Nove and Murano, Venice, January 2023*
p.2 *Double rainbow*
p.4 *Sparkle morning*
p.7 *Light flare, low tide*
p.8 *New Year's Eve*
p.11 *Rainbow and distant storm*
p.27 *Pink sea*
p.28 *Angel eyes – prismatic cornea, descending blossom bubbles, 2022*
Photography: Christian Capurro

A diary of additional source imagery:
[instagram.com/rosslyndpiggott](https://www.instagram.com/rosslyndpiggott)

