

**GEOFFREY RICARDO**  
SPIRITS OF TIME AND PLACE



**Manimal Spirit**

Sky-Country

... swept to scudding mist and manna,  
to the white trunks of a slurred-over terrain,  
the huge dark wing beats are a skirmish  
of creation pouring out from the grey spiraling steam  
as talons are thrust forward in a lunge  
at ground zero before vertical recovery skids  
to apex and another soaring  
U-shaped dive that tears  
earth by its roots, raising  
a country out of a blue-smoky spray  
now sweet with the scent of eucalyptus and mint:

blooming in a bowl felted and warily  
watched over by another's shallow-beating and  
quivering  
charcoaled wings, the sinuous curves of country are  
cherished  
in a loud descending wailing that gushes  
open all the streaming waters and creatures of our  
time...

Phillip Hall

Birds of Paradise

These toucans, these spoonbills, these raucous parrots  
have settled themselves, watchful, in the crook of the  
future's elbow.  
Since that first branch-bearing dove gamely carried back  
the good news of redemption  
the task has fallen to them to carry,  
on their shining wings,  
all of our gravity-defying dreams.

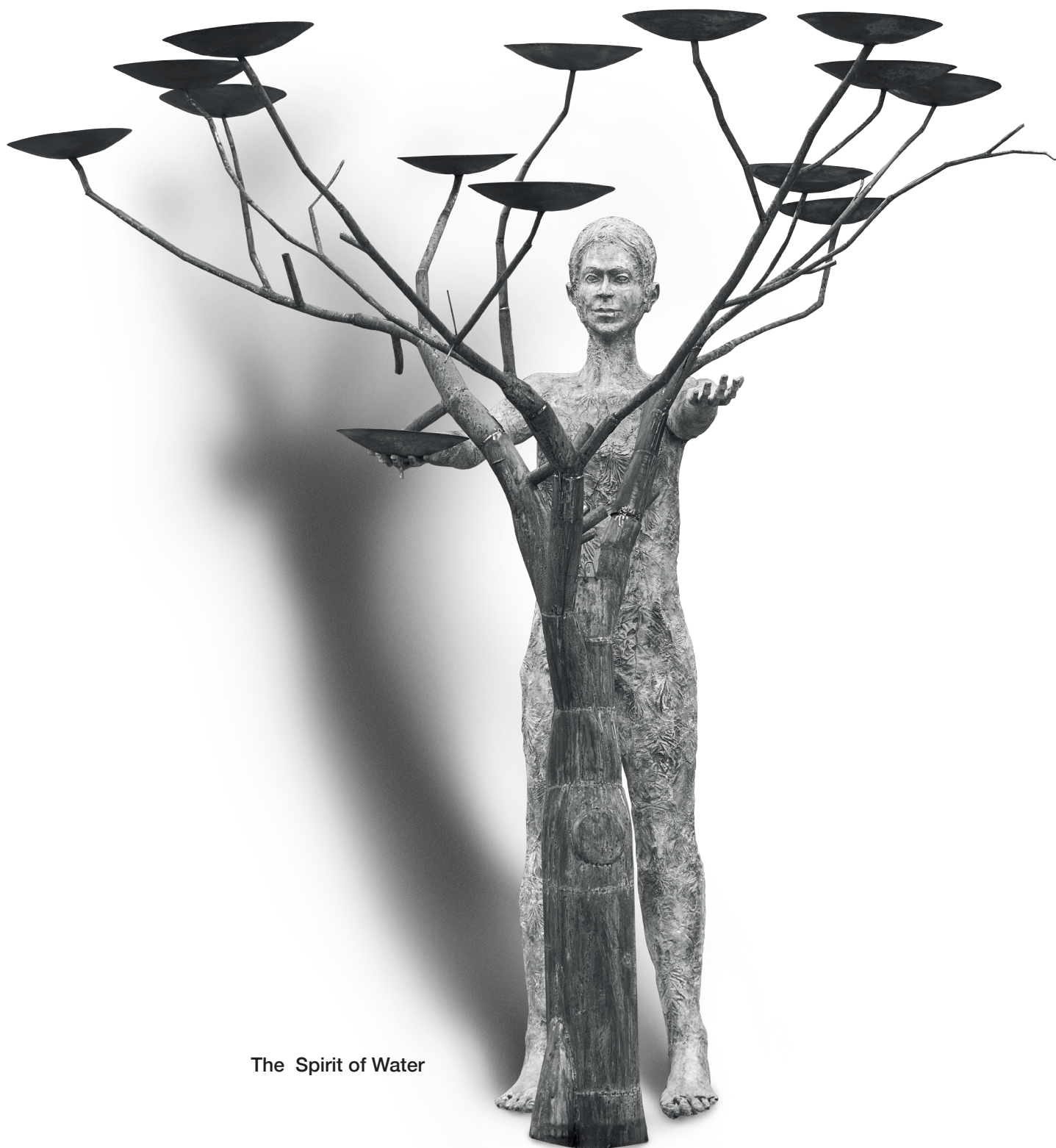
They are tired, now, of being exotic envoys  
bearing the weight of us and our endless symbols.  
Let's carry them for a while, over this treacherous earth -  
stripped of sheltering trees, oil-slicked, its rivers parched -  
let's take a turn lifting them to safety,  
a bouquet of birds, preening and jostling and joyful,  
nestled resting and hushed  
in the ark of our arms.

They weigh so little, and ask so little.  
They are so clean and light,  
so miraculous. Can such trust  
still be possible?

Cate Kennedy



**The Preserving Spirit**



**The Spirit of Water**

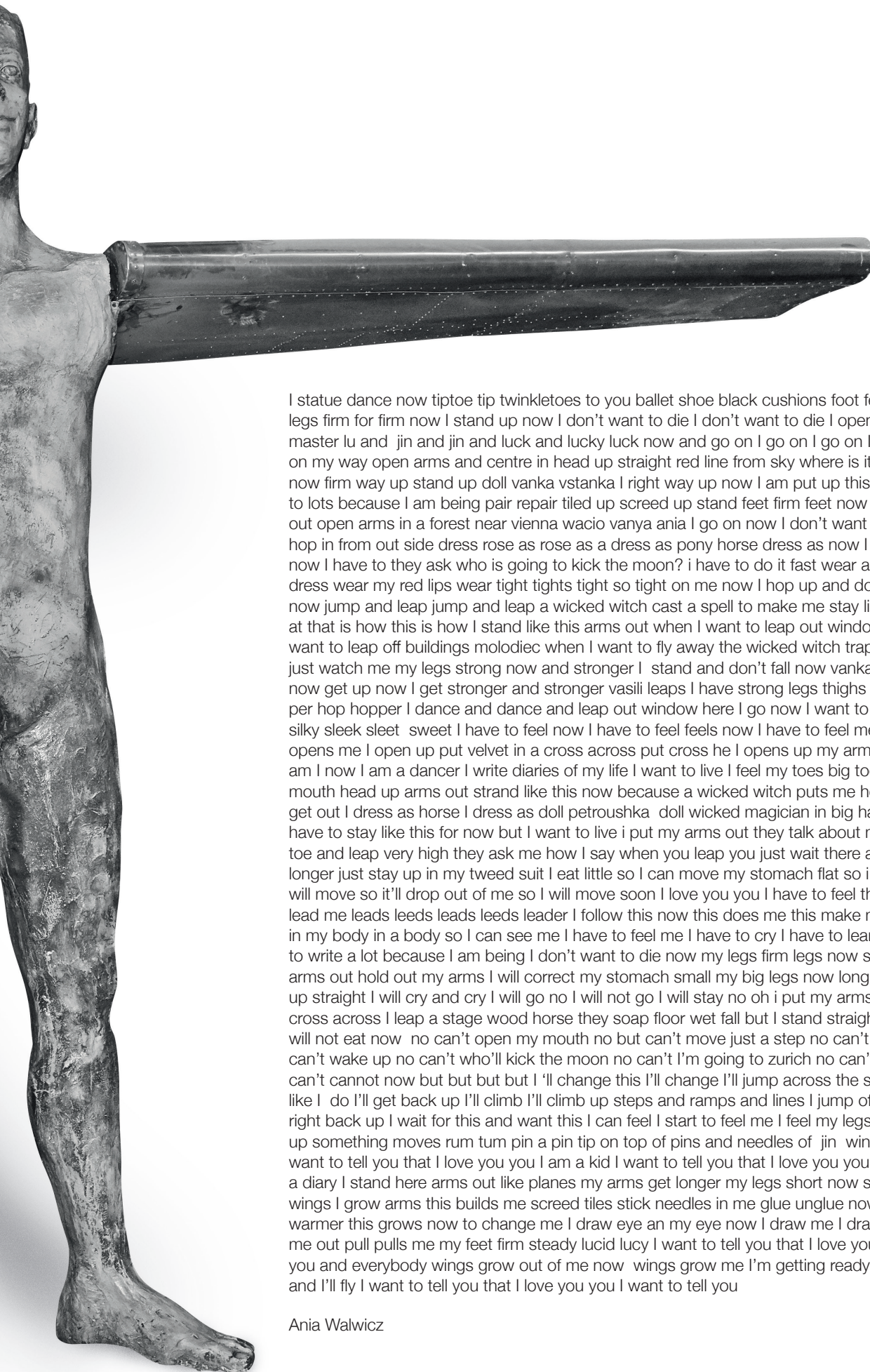
**The Spirit of Water**

The birds do not ask, Where do you come from?  
or, Where will you go?  
Once you were glacier, wet pearls in leaf-cleft,  
palette of snow.  
You are cloud and creek-note;  
stray soundings on the cusp of a sea bird's wing.  
The birds tilt their heads to draw you in,  
anticipate departure,  
dip their beaks to drink again.

Lisa Jacobson



Flight Spirit



I statue dance now tiptoe tip twinkletoes to you ballet shoe black cushions foot feet legs on legs now legs firm for firm now I stand up now I don't want to die I don't want to die I open my arms out for master lu and jin and jin and luck and lucky luck now and go on I go on I go on I'm on my way and on my way open arms and centre in head up straight red line from sky where is it that holds me up now firm way up stand up doll vanka vstanka I right way up now I am put up this goes go now I have to lots because I am being pair repair tiled up screed up stand feet firm feet now vasili puts his arms out open arms in a forest near vienna wacio vanya ania I go on now I don't want to die I dance now hop in from out side dress rose as rose as a dress as pony horse dress as now I lie down but I get up now I have to they ask who is going to kick the moon? i have to do it fast wear arms out wear white dress wear my red lips wear tight tights tight so tight on me now I hop up and down hop and jump now jump and leap jump and leap a wicked witch cast a spell to make me stay like this trap statue at that is how this is how I stand like this arms out when I want to leap out window leap out when I want to leap off buildings molodiec when I want to fly away the wicked witch traps me but I'll get out just watch me my legs strong now and stronger I stand and don't fall now vanka vstanka get up now get up now I get stronger and stronger vasili leaps I have strong legs thighs can leap grasshopper hop hopper I dance and dance and leap out window here I go now I want to live I wear white silk silky sleek sleet sweet I have to feel now I have to feel feels now I have to feel me I open my arms he opens me I open up put velvet in a cross across put cross he I opens up my arms I am a plane who am I now I am a dancer I write diaries of my life I want to live I feel my toes big toes small toes tongue mouth head up arms out strand like this now because a wicked witch puts me here and here but I get out I dress as horse I dress as doll petroushka doll wicked magician in big hat put me here up I have to stay like this for now but I want to live i put my arms out they talk about me now I dance tip toe and leap very high they ask me how I say when you leap you just wait there a bit stay up for bit longer just stay up in my tweed suit I eat little so I can move my stomach flat so i'm not full up so I will move so it'll drop out of me so I will move soon I love you you I have to feel this will lead me and lead me leads leads leads leader I follow this now this does me this make me a body my body in my body in a body so I can see me I have to feel me I have to cry I have to learn how to cry I have to write a lot because I am being I don't want to die now my legs firm legs now stand up straight my arms out hold out my arms I will correct my stomach small my big legs now long form short head up straight I will cry and cry I will go no I will not go I will stay no oh i put my arms out cross on a nail cross across I leap a stage wood horse they soap floor wet fall but I stand straight put my arms out I will not eat now no can't open my mouth no but can't move just a step no can't get out bad bed no can't wake up no can't who'll kick the moon no can't I'm going to zurich no can't I love you you no can't cannot now but but but but I 'll change this I'll change I'll jump across the stage I'll jump high up like I do I'll get back up I'll climb I'll climb up steps and ramps and lines I jump off balcony and leap right back up I wait for this and want this I can feel I start to feel me I feel my legs toe foot feet stand up something moves rum tum pin a pin tip on top of pins and needles of jin wings birthday card I want to tell you that I love you you I am a kid I want to tell you that I love you you I want to live I write a diary I stand here arms out like planes my arms get longer my legs short now stocky hockey hook wings I grow arms this builds me screed tiles stick needles in me glue unglue now I get warm and warmer this grows now to change me I draw eye an my eye now I draw me I draw me up mow draw me out pull pulls me my feet firm steady lucid lucy I want to tell you that I love you you yes you and you and everybody wings grow out of me now wings grow me I'm getting ready to move up I'll move and I'll fly I want to tell you that I love you you I want to tell you

Ania Walwicz



**Song to another place**

Notes from the Melbourne Immigration Museum  
(A story my father told me)

Items

Numbered bunk beds  
A little wooden shelf  
Hooks for clothes  
Rumbling roar of the ship's engine  
English language classes  
Loudspeaker – English, German, Italian  
Gingham blue bedspread  
Dull light for reading  
Life jackets in calico bags  
Flat pillow  
Blanket  
Toiletries  
Steerage

(He whistled by placing his thumb and middle finger inside his mouth against his rolled tongue. His signal was returned just as loudly from the dock where thousands of people were gathered, waving and crying. Every set of eyes were fixed on the Neptune as it churned water at its stern, the rudder guiding the bow away from the Bay of Naples. From the ship he couldn't identify his young uncle among the uplifted arms and the swaying bodies - they all seemed to breathe as one entity. It didn't matter. He could hear him. They both whistled back and forth, gaining the attention of those closest to them, who gave each of the boys more space and watched their farewell game with benign forbearance.)

Donata Carrazza

Looking Up

the upshot is when you're gone I'll be here still  
trying to stare down these orienting stars my heart  
is open like my throat as I drink the promise of it in I  
find enclosed spaces  
don't give my thoughts the air  
recounting my limbs as if forgotten  
have I been here? in the daylight  
into being each an anxiety I enjoy watching alight  
I might stay a little longer still before rejoining the  
downside is you'll be gone.

Looking Down

is it hope you seek in vain? your imagination limitless  
as the flight of birds? what would you do  
with it all? endlessly  
feet firmly on the ground  
but a myth (to me)  
are your freckled noses  
on trees even when it seems the stars are twinkling  
please know I'd trade it all to look into your eyes

Dominic Symes



**Skygazer**



**Renewal Spirit**

Kangaroos in 1941,  
were stencilled onto fighter planes.  
A Marsupial has a pouch.  
1,2, 1,2, 1,2, ... There are 5,280 feet,  
in a mile. Eye disease is rare  
amongst car-lights. A frog is an amphibian,  
that can jump. A thylacine, is a predator,  
keep an eye out. Trousers (full of  
legs) are not coats of arms. Most dogs take  
to jumping. A joey at birth is about  
the size of a Lima bean. The aerial wonder  
in the trees, is a bee.

π.O.

"Hey, Atlas!" "What?" "Can you hold  
this ladder for a minute?" "Why?" "I  
want to climb to the sky and pocket  
the gold coin of the sun. I want to  
scoop up the stars and make a dia-  
mond necklace for my love. I'll wrap  
it in sky-blue paper and tie it with  
silk spun from the clouds." "Will you  
be up there long?" "No time at all.  
Just hold it steady. Bit higher, bit  
higher, back in a tick."

Nick Gadd



**Ascension Spirit**



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## GEOFFREY RICARDO

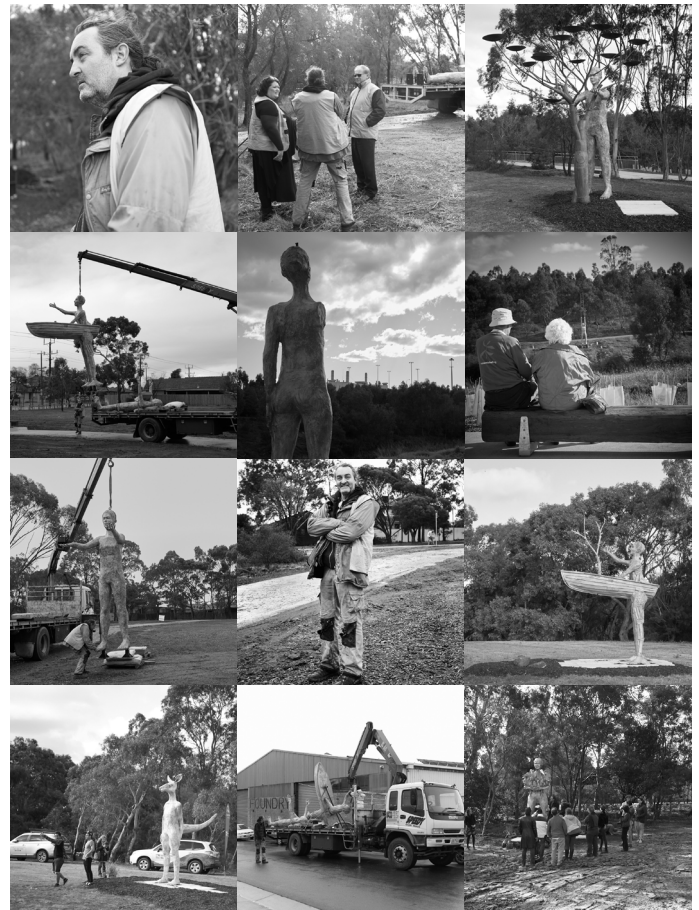
Acclaimed Melbourne artist Geoffrey Ricardo studied printmaking as an undergraduate at Chisholm Institute of Technology in 1984 and a post graduate diploma in 1989, followed by a Masters of Fine Art in 1994 at Monash University.

While printmaking was his focus, it was in 1989 that he began his first small scale bronze sculptures as a way of exploring and playing with ideas generated from his two dimensional work. Since first exhibiting in 1990, sculpture has increasingly become a part of Ricardo's work.

His work is held in collections both internationally and nationally. Over 30 years of many exhibitions by himself and with others, Geoffrey keeps hoping the next exhibition will be better than the previous ones.

Further information can be found at [www.geoffreyricardo.com](http://www.geoffreyricardo.com). Geoffrey is represented by Australian Galleries in Melbourne and Sydney.

Funded by Toyota Australia and project managed by Hobsons Bay City Council, this public art commission is installed at Lower Kororoit Creek, Altona.



## THE TOYOTA WAY PROJECT

Lower Kororoit Creek has been a focus for Toyota Australia for many years. Together with the Friends of Lower Kororoit Creek and Hobsons Bay City Council, Toyota has worked to highlight the natural beauty of this area.

With the end of manufacturing at Altona, Toyota wanted to leave a lasting legacy that would benefit future visitors to this area.

On National Tree Day 2015, Toyota announced that it would fund construction of approximately 2km of a proposed 7.5km shared trail as well as site specific public art. Hobsons Bay City Council, the Victorian State Government and Melbourne Water have also contributed to this project.

Geoffrey Ricardo's Spirits of Time and Place was selected from submissions received from artists around Australia. The work comprises eight sculptures, which explore the symbols and metaphors of the area.

This section of the Kororoit Creek Trail – 'Toyota Way' – is dedicated to the many Toyota employees who have worked at the Altona manufacturing plant.