Zoya
Godoroja-
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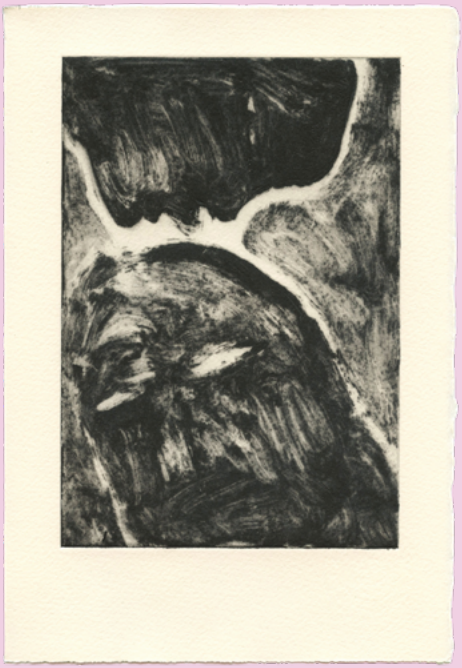


Intentos de procesar una(s) vida(s)

5 July ——
16 August

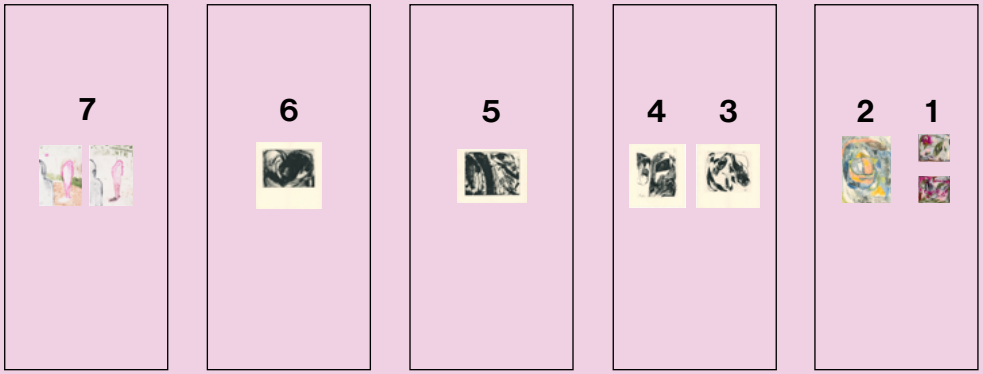
Attempts at processing a life(s), 2024, ink on paper

In a single life, we accumulate a mountain of experiences, each leaving their own distinct marks, colours, shapes, symbols and characters. This exhibition of deeply personal works traces the emotional terrain of that accumulation. Translating to “attempts at processing a life” or “some lives,” the title acknowledges the many lives we lead, each marked by time, place, people, emotional states and internal transformations.

Created over the past three years, the exhibition documents fragments from my life and my attempts - as the title unapologetically shares - at processing them in all their beauty, pain and mundanity. Through drawings, carborundum collagraphs, lithographs and monoprints, I use art as a cathartic and reflective practice to externalise emotions, access unconscious thoughts, look from new perspectives and, ultimately, to understand and appreciate what on earth has been going on in my life(s). Vulnerable and intimate, I invite viewers to witness my experiences and contemplate their own with similar care and intention.

Many of the works in this exhibition were created on Gadigal Wangal, Wiradjuri and Wurundjeri Woi Wurrung Country. Always was, always will be, Aboriginal land.

The following pages are an **anthology of thoughts** including poems, scenes and statements that lend insight into each series. You can read them if it's helpful, or just look at the work on your own.



During my year in Spain, I created a large series of carborundum collographs, lithographs and monoprints responding to the experience of living in a new country and the challenges of isolation, language barriers and relationships. The marks are expressive and direct, revealing moments of distress, intimacy and melancholy. As with all the works in this exhibition, this intimate series reflects my experience of a particular time and place.

A Poem

Pink Moon Sinking
Like A Chill He Invents, Envisions
It's a good excuse
Avoid the paynes-grey rock that expands with each breath in your chest
But I've swallowed this nonsense from a young age
And finally I taste its beigeness
Flavoured by Fingers Evading Articles of Rage

Please,
Find Ecstasy and Envy in Limbs
Sob Heartfully
Approach Rain
Experience

She waits patiently, has done for some time
You sigh audibly, eyes to the ceiling
Hands cupping your thinning head of hair

It's a hasty decision, you ignorantly conclude
She walks away
Apprehensively strapping your stiff uniform clad
On to her own fluid frame
And yet, still, her soft body seeps through the armour
As she embraces
The Pink Moon Soaring

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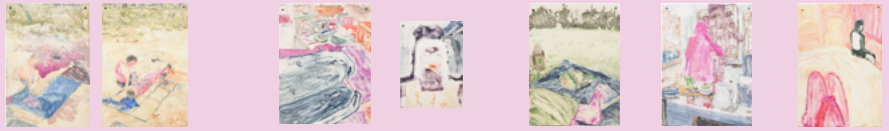

A series of monoprints that capture snippets of a certain stage of life as a woman: navigating her options, searching and reflecting on relationships and love in their various forms – romantic, platonic, familial, solitary. There are moments of distress and grief, of hope and hopelessness, of joy and peace. And through their processing, I find resilience.

Tentative, 2025, monoprint

Some Snippets

The healthy one where they communicate well, share the load, embrace each's eccentricities and laugh lots.

The comforting cooking show, where you're the only audience member; your chef pours you wine, asks how to cook rice; a spotlight magnifies their tipsy gestures; a fresh and delicious meal is presented in a wild hurrah as vinyls are carefully selected for their visuals, not vocals.

Romance in solitude in nature as you soak up the coursing waves that shut out the planes and cars and boats whose sounds madden your already maddened mind, and for a short time you might even be at peace.

She offers her hands, she accepts them carefully. Their connection, bond, resemblance, their distance and apprehension intimately on show. And you are grateful to bear witness to this love in all its complexity.

That pillow of fluff that has forever held your heart is once again embraced by tiny arms who receive its warmth and ragged softness with such vigour and unacknowledged wisdom.

A home, my home, your home, her home. You're home.

Romance in solitude on a budget, featuring VB, Aldi corn chips, a friend's book that makes you giggle, and all the park doggos chasing and sniffing each other amongst the dwindling silver light.

The plucking of strings on that long neck whose bright melodic twang serenades your sore soul. Together we listen to each others' stories, the limbo and disappointments. But always there is a chortle, if not more.

The worst of cinema and success of wine, shared together as the cards illuminate our frustrations, anger, flow and happiness. Until we say *sweet dreams* and off we go to draw another card on our own.

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April in Málaga, 2023, carborundum collagraph

A deep sadness. A rupturing.

A deep lonliness, despite you being there.

I have since noticed a pattern in my scribbles – marks or figures horizontal along the bottom of the image signifies depression. That's handy to be aware of.

A ghostly halo, perhaps the death of something. Certainly.

And yet, there is still beauty - warm and gentle - despite the pain and hardships.

23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40

Works like these play a vital role in my practice. They are the *process* works; the first drawings at the beginning of a stint in the studio. I have two names for them: *Scribble Drawings* and *Crap Work: The Beginning of Something New*. The development of new work is a time of experimentation and searching, but also a time with many insecurities, unsure when anything "good" will arise. My scribbles are bursts of uninhibited expression, providing a physical and emotional outlet, letting whatever comes out to lay bare on the paper. Their immediacy allows me to be expressive and curious to explore marks, colours and feelings, with therapeutic qualities of catharsis, creative experimentation and increased self-awareness. As a group, they act as a road map to the rest of the works in the exhibition and, by including them, prompts us to reflect on whether these little works really are "crap", or whether they're just as important as the final pieces.

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Using mark-making and self-portraiture, I try to capture the complexities of processing loss. The messy ambiguity discloses that grief is not linear, not neat, nor clear. The distant expressions on the figures' faces reflect the stark numbness often experienced with loss and the overbearing state of limbo that can follow. This sense of searching is embodied in the abstract works, interspersed to reflect the figures' internal chaos.

On the colour pink

I have intentionally used the colour pink throughout my practice for over a decade now as a reference to my Feminist values. A politically and socially charged colour, I want to challenge viewers to consider its symbolism, history, how it feels and what it says about individuals and our society to like or dislike it. With each new pink work, my relationship with the colour expands, adopting personal meaning, symbolism and complexity. I often feel it as intense emotions, chaos and vulnerability. In this series of ink drawings, its intensity mirrors the anxiety and distress of that time. However, in comparison, I have come to understand that some of the pink in my monoprint series represents *hope*, revealing moments of warmth and love amongst the challenges.

Loss
and grief
and limbo.
Loss of a love.
Loss of a dream.
The sense of self cracked. Is it fragmented forever? No, don't be silly. Add another layer.
Another layer.
Another layer.
Another layer?
Ok. Breathe.

No longer una familia con grandes ojos marrones y little chicken legs.
Stripped from one place, moved to another, then constrained to the place I never thought I'd return.
Wtf to do now? Where to from here?
You're fine. You've got this.

A family of one big and one little perhaps. But whose eyes? Y las piernas?

How to move forward, how to spend the next day, the next hour, the next minute?
Seconds.
Breathe.
Blank space.
Silence.
Nothing.

Thank yous & Acknowledgements

I am so grateful to the people and spaces where these works were created. Marta, thank you for agreeing to meet with a random Australian artist and offering me a space in your lovely Málaga studio. Your encouragement and support has meant so much. Julio, muchas gracias por la oportunidad increíble at the Telmo Estampa Residency where we both fumbled our way through understanding one another in Spanish. To Barbara! A second residency in nurushing Murringo. Thank you for your care for artists and Country. To Our Neon Foe in Sydney, and Kate in particular, for welcoming me into such a wonderful Artist Run Initiative whose grassroots values are genuine and visceral. To my housemate, Dan, for allowing me to turn the shed / your music studio into a chaotic printmaking mess. To Tony for lending me your regal printing press to create these monoprints! What a pleasure it has been to use. To Maz and Neil, your delightful hospitality is always a treat, as is your constant warmth and encouragement. Mama and Papa, thank you for your hugs and support in a difficult year and for creating space to fit me and my naughty cat amongst the buttons. Love you both.

To my sister, Kira, whose constant support and guidance can not be underestimated. Your conversations are invaluable and your knowledge, eye and intuition not only eased my stresses but helped bring this exhibition to where it is today.

To the men whose words and actions fueled many of these works: I am proud to have let you go.

To the truly wonderful friends who buoyed my soul these past years, inspired many of the monoprints in this show and just kept me going, really. Marta, again, and Pánama for your fire, conversation and laughs. Adelaide, your kindness, silliness, consideration and generosity has warmed my heart time and time again. Tom, those morning teas and evening wines, and now pub beers, bring crows-feet smiles to my desert-kissed face. Patrick, my goodness, what a joy to have you in my life. Our giggly conversations bring balance back when things have gone askew. My cheeky friend, Cody, for kind words and outrageous stories that impart delight and respite. To Lou, whose generosity has fed my spirit and belly on so many occasions and whose conversations on Art and Beauty keep my mind tinkering. Moving to her own drum, unpretentious and true – Marti, for the contentment I always find in our comfy friendship. Axel, for the combo of familial and friend love, and the endless laughs at our own expense. To Bella – what a friend, honestly. From the bottom of my heart, thank you for always being there. You are truly always an inspiration to me.

Finally, a great thank you to Megalo. To Clare, for believing in me as an artist, always encouraging and having a good cackle together. To the rest of the capable and charismatic staff: Francis, Bronte, Max, Elise, Greta, Alex, Robbie and Quinton; Bea on work experience, as well as the studio artists who I have had the pleasure of chatting with each day in the kitchen. You all made my week here so warm, welcoming and fun and that is a real gift. As a not-for-profit art space, you bring vitality and integrity to the Canberra art scene. I am honoured to have shown here – *thank you.*

Jewels, 2025, monoprint

Exhibition Opening
5:30pm, Friday 4 July

Please join us in celebrating the opening for *Intentos de procesar una(s) vida(s)* from 5:30pm, Friday 4th July. The exhibition will be opened by artist and NGA guide, Marilyn "Maz" Higgins.

Intentos de procesar una(s) vida(s)
is on display **5 July - 16 August**

Megalo is open 9.30am - 5pm | Tuesday - Saturday