

P O S T

Tales Untold

SOUTH ISLAND **ART PROJECTS**

EDITORIAL

The recovery position - or thereabouts - has been the norm in the SIAP office over the last month. In the aftermath of Tales Untold our major project for 1994, we begin to turn our attention to effective ways of evaluating Tales Untold and future SIAP projects. Something that needs no analysis whatsoever is that myself, Belinda Drum and the SIAP Board could not have installed the artworks 'singlehandedly'. On behalf of us all I'd like to warmly thank the thirty odd volunteers who worked long and hard for SIAP prior to, and throughout Tales Untold.

By Invitation Only, our other 1994 project, is launched on 15 August. Inside this issue is information on the artists, the opening, and an article provoking ideas and thoughts around art and design. Ground on which By Invitation Only treads.

Throughout the year we have tried to use the newsletter as an opportunity for writers on the visual arts and popular culture to scribe and opine. Newsletter 13 includes a feature article by Dunedin writer David Eggleton on the current MONZ show - ART NOW. Publicised as the most happening showcase of recent contemporary art, ART NOW will become a biennial event. If you are unable to get to Wellington to see the show, David Eggleton's article gives a comprehensive overview of the artworks.

Emerging from its somnabulist state of the last 2 years is the Arts Council, kitted out with a new name and list of legislation. As of 1 July 1994 operating under the title Arts Council of New Zealand Toi Aotearoa, the legislation includes a new super-structure and set of principles by which to deliver the arts to all New Zealanders. Of immediate note is the move towards reflecting the cultural diversity of Aotearoa, and the desire for slicker and more accountable management of the arts. Participation, Access, Excellence, Professionalism, and Advocacy are the governing principles of the new Council. The policy and criteria by which these principles will be interpreted is currently being developed by the incoming Arts Council of New Zealand Toi Aotearoa Board Members. As is the function of the regional and community arts councils. Obviously anybody considering applying for funding to the Arts Council should check out the New Act. Copies of the Act are available from the SIAP office.

SIAP's next newsletter will be printed in September, deadline for copy 19 September. We welcome articles, letters etc for consideration.

Vivienne Stone - Director

Cover: Denise Kum - installation for Tales Untold 1994

OBITUARY

TOM TAYLOR
1925 - 7/7/1994

Tom Taylor thrived on ideas. He found expression for these as a sculptor and architect but most particularly in teaching sculpture to which he was devoted. As a teacher he encouraged, developed and challenged the ideas of his students. In this he was most effective as Senior Lecturer in sculpture at the Canterbury School of Fine Arts, a position he held for almost 30 years. It is principally through his teaching efforts at Ilam that New Zealand sculpture was catapulted into the 20th century.

In the late 80's, a small group of us began discussing the idea of an alternative art organisation for Christchurch. Tom contributed to those early ideas which provided the catalyst for South Island Art Projects. In 1992 Tom agreed to Chair our first Trust Board while we were becoming established. These were exciting but uncertain times requiring knowledge, experience and protocol all of which Tom gave freely and generously. We thank him for his focus, enthusiasm and leadership during that period.

He died at 69 and that is too soon for a formidable mind still willing and able to contribute.

Evan Webb.

Hester Joyce as April in 'Sure To Rise', director, Niki Caro



SIAP NEWS

TALES UNTOLD: unearthing christchurch histories THE BOOK, THE EDUCATION KIT, the undies ...

Following the recent Tales Untold project, documentation of the artists projects and ideas and issues that the project sought to address is underway. Consisting of full colour documentation of the artists projects and written articles by Temarie Tau, Giovanni Intra, Stevan Eldred-Grigg, Jenny May and Dorle Pauli. This book will be available from the beginning of December through the SIAP office, and nationally through museums, galleries, and bookstores.

SIAP is currently developing an Education and Slide Kit on the artists, artworks, and main ideas of Tales Untold for contemporary art courses. This Kit will be available to secondary and tertiary organisations by the end of the year.

Under Stated ... Tattooed with a Tales Untold logo this fine piece of contemporary art memorabilia, Klein style Y Fronts will shortly be available from the SIAP office. Phone 379 5583 to place your orders.

NEW DIRECTOR
Due to the impending resignation of the current Director, South Island Art Projects is looking for another person to fill the Director's position. If you are interested please contact the office for a copy of the job description. Phone 379 5583

PUBLIC PRACTICES - the book
Documentation of S.I.A.P.'s major 1993 project will be available from the beginning of August 1994. Featuring images and text of the artists projects by Jacqueline Fraser, Siegfried Koeglmeier, Vivian Lynn, Di Ffrench, Russell Moses, and Kaoru Hirabayashi; the book also includes papers from the public practices forum by Gerard O'Regan, John Barrett-Lennard, Rob Garrett, and Ian Hunter. The public practices book will be distributed nationally throughout museums and galleries, and interested bookstores. It will also be available through the office at \$24.95, phone S.I.A.P. 03-379 5583 to order a copy.

LITTORAL - NEW ZONES FOR CRITICAL ART PRACTICE
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. SEPTEMBER 8 - 11 1994

SIAP HAS BEEN INVITED TO PRESENT A PAPER AT LITTORAL, AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE FOR NEW KINDS OF ARTIST-LED ORGANISATIONS AND INITIATIVES WHICH AIM AT MORE DIRECT ENGAGEMENT WITHIN REAL-LIFE ISSUES AND PROCESSES THROUGH EXTENDED COLLABORATIONS, INTERDISCIPLINARY WAYS OF WORKING, AND IMPROVISATION OF NEW STRATEGIES FOR ART PRACTICE IN LIFE WORLD CONTEXTS.

THE SIAP DIRECTOR, VIVIENNE STONE, HAS BEEN FUNDED BY THE ARTS COUNCIL OF NZ TOI AOTEAROA, TO ATTEND LITTORAL AND PRESENT A PAPER AT THE SYMPOSIUM.



Grant Lingard, for Tales Untold, CHCH 1994.

FILM

CANNES FILMS TO TOUR SOUTH ISLAND
In association with the NZ Film Commission, SIAP will tour a selection of NZ Short Films that went to this years Cannes Film Festival in October and November. The films will be screened in Nelson, Christchurch, Invercargill, Queenstown and Dunedin. Dates and Times of screening will be confirmed in the next newsletter.

THE NZ CANNES SELECTION ARE:

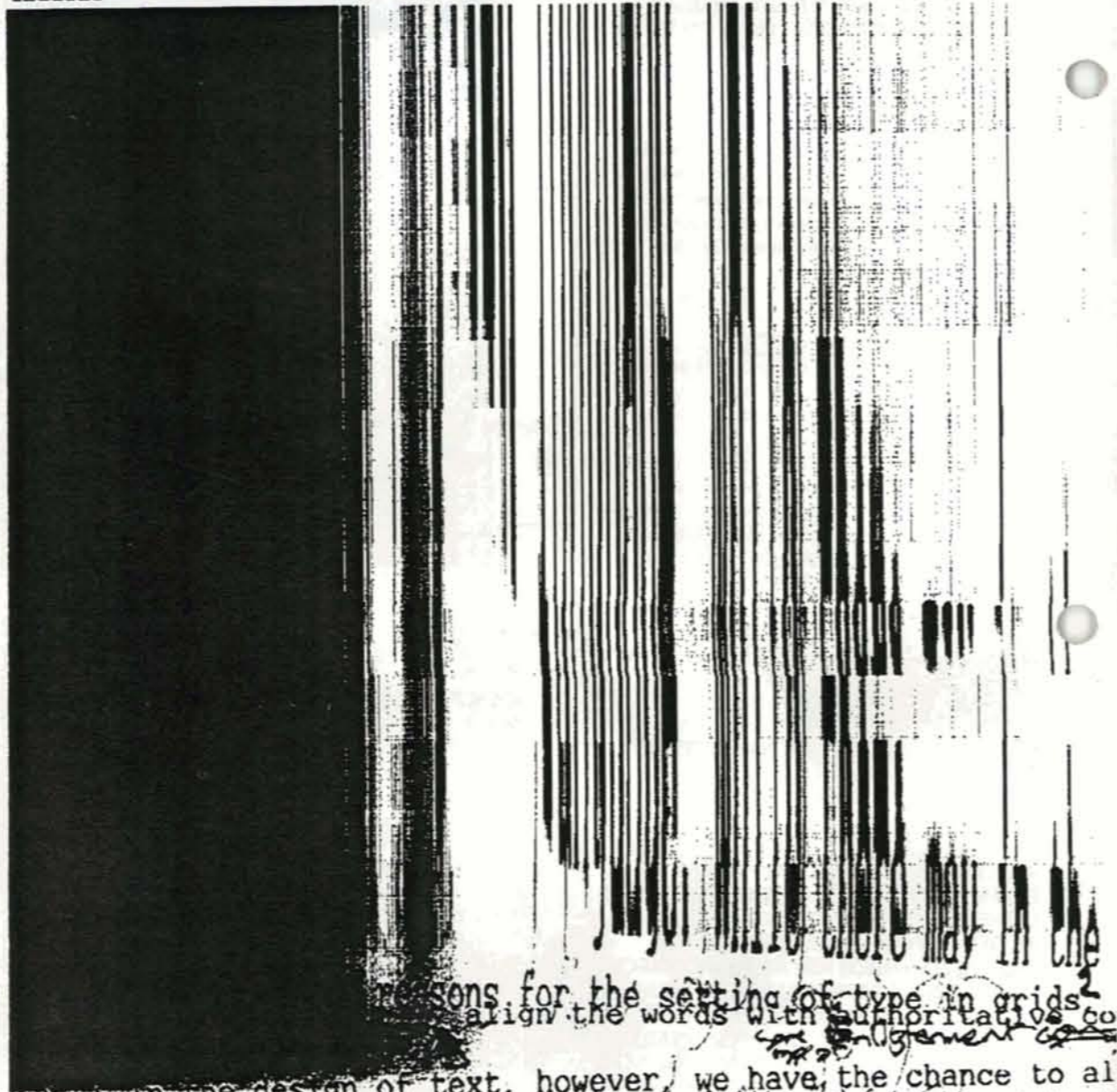
- EAU DE LA VIE - SIMON BARÉ
- SURE TO RISE - NIKI CARO
- LEMMING AID - GRANT LAHOOD
- STROKE - CHRISTINE JEFFS
- A GAME WITH NO RULES - SCOTT REYNOLDS
- THE DIG - NEIL PARDINGTON
- THE MODEL - JONATHON BROUGH
- I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY - MICHAEL HURST

COME TO: BY INVITATION ONLY - THE SHOW THAT COMES TO YOU

Over the last few months several emerging artists have been working towards a [mail art] show. These artists -

Belinda Drum, John Malcolmson, Carolyn Menzies, Phil Fickling, Kristy Gorman, Karin van Roosmalen, and Kirsty Gregg - have each designed a work to be reproduced as a postcard. By Invitation Only will be sent out to everybody on the SIAP mailing list. The launch of By Invitation Only will be held at Cafe de la Postie (the old Sydenham Post Office) on the 15 August 5.30pm.

STOPPED



reasons for the setting of type in grids align the words with authoritative...
 in the design of text, however, we have the chance to attempt to pry open the prescriptive medium of visual communication to pry open pretensions to being the most effective form of representation. Do we really attempt to think the post-hermeneutic gaps in systems of knowledge? Explain? Why would anybody want to explain?"

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Explain (designer as post-hermeneuticist)
 I suppose as part of my brief for writing about "By Invitation Only" I'd be expected to gush forth eloquently about the distinctions between art and design and how the artists/designers collaborating on this project (Belinda Drum, Phil Fickling, Kristy Gorman, Kirsty Gregg, John Malcolmson, Carolyn Menzies and Karin van Roosmalen) are ushering forth a new and better world where all visual communications

writers about art and design and their inability to shake off their desire for authoritative control, an authority which design is well placed to subvert. One can't help but notice that for all their fondness about polyvalency, contextuality and the need to allow for multiple readings, writers about art are constantly in the process of explanation, taking sensual experiences and stuffing them violently into the overfull baggage of words, then sitting smugly atop this bulging suitcase, unable to leave their text for fear that it will burst open. To continue this metaphor (if you can bear it), the designer of text can be seen as the person who points out the buckling hinges, splitting seams and the metal fatigue in the 10-point-fully-justified Times Roman version of events.

Thus the designer has the (rarely used) opportunity to critically explore a text in a reversal of how the writer critically explores an artwork. Yet listen to the writers howl (!) if someone questions the sanctity and authority of "their" text in a visual language, a language they are scared of because it is more open to interpretation. In this light, these critics reveal themselves to be the real conservatives, demanding their right for "their meaning" to remain "untouched" in the medium most inextricably intertwined with the Modernist prescriptions they subconsciously want to preserve.

So just as art critics may sneer (justifiably) at the artists who ignore the political implications of visual representation, it's amusing to see them consistently ignore the politics of visual representation of text (and as an aside, it's hilarious how many writers who place themselves within a vaguely "post-modern" context are such sticklers for spelling and syntax). They pretend that there is something value neutral about text set in boxes mostly because they would like us to think in their box, the "baroque straitjacket" (s) of the English language.

While in the past there may have been technological reasons for the setting of type in grids(s), to do so today is to conceptually align the words of the Enlightenment singularities of meaning, and to engage in the same type of authoritative condescension as the mass media. In the design of text, however, we have a chance to allow the less prescriptive medium of visual communication to pry open language's pretensions to being the most effective form of representation; to seriously (or even unironically) attempt to think the gaps in our systems of knowledge. Perhaps the sedulousness of the art writing has in a roundabout way reinvigorated visual practitioners as the most effectively positioned to offset the way we think (or is this hopelessly delusional?). Do any of the participants in "By Invitation Only" care? Maybe if I put it to them in terms of revenge...

1...From a piece by Gavin Shaw in "Welcome to Dunedinland - The Happiest Place on Earth", a collection of Dunedin works published by Amelia Scone Press, box 5822 Dunedin.

2...Taken out of the context in which it was used by B.R. Russell in logopandoo: The Journal of Vain Erudition Vol.1 No.1. Published by Eskubalainon Press - P.O.Box 85 Port Chalmers, Otago.

3...From a conversation with D. Carson, Wanganui 23/5/94

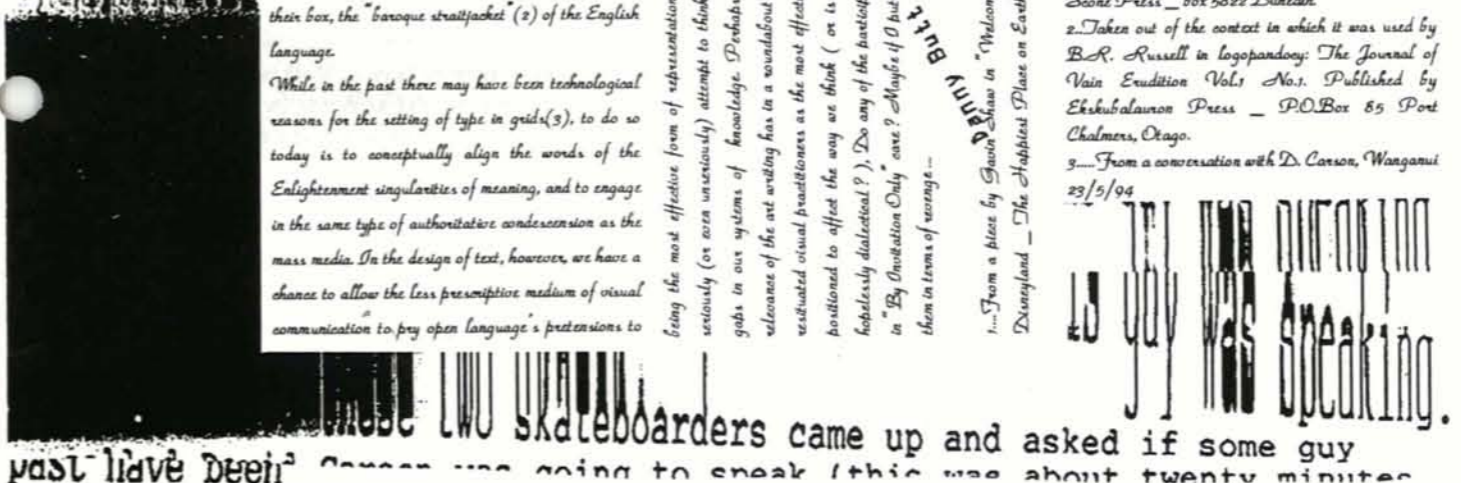
which equates intertextuality with a desire to treat social context as valueless; or the ineluctability of transactive modes of exchange with the strategic value of having conversist aspirations as long as you acknowledge them, right.

What this suggests to me is that the whole issue is a semantic one - that the "art/design issue" is largely created by a group of writers for their own purposes. I'd like to explore this from the somewhat oblique angle of the relationship between design and writing/ers about art, and to suggest the possibility that any problem is not with art and design but with

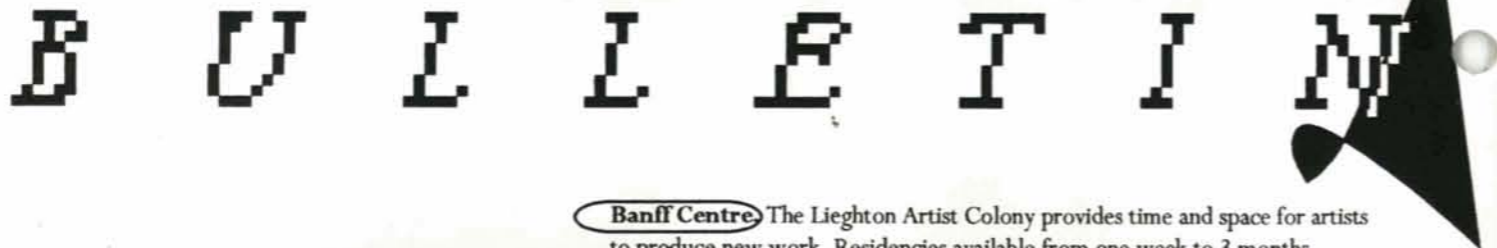
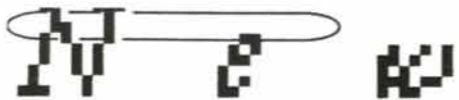
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really how many - we steps out



language's pretensions, to systems of knowledge. on Vol.1 No.1



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Lion Breweries Art Awards organisers Cambridge Society of Arts. SUBJECT: The NZ scene (may include any aspects of the NZ scene, its lifestyle or its people). Several awards \$1500-\$300. Entries close 5 October. Entry forms from Joan Willers, Secretary, PO Box 160, Cambridge Ph (07) 827 6372

49th International Ceramic Art Competition Franza September - October 1995. Application forms are due in no later than 26 November 1994, accompanied by a curriculum vitae of the artist, critical dossiers and 3 slides per works maximum, major prizes. Call Artists Alliance Ph. (09) 376 7285 for details.

ISEA 94 seeks proposals. The 5th International Symposium of Electronic Art is happening in Helsinki from the 23 - 27 August 1994. For more information contact: Kritina Andersson, ISEA 94, University of Art and Design, Helsinki UIAH Centre for Advanced Studies, Hameentie 135C, 00560, Helsinki, Finland. Ph. 365 0 756 3344, Fax 358 0 756 3537

Pollock-Krasner Foundation. Financial assistance to artists of recognised merit working in paint, sculpture, craft or mixed media. No age or geographic limitations. Grants awarded throughout the year, vary in size and length according to each artists circumstances. Contact: The Pollock-Krasner Foundation, 725 Park Ave, New York, NY 10021 USA. Ph. (212) 517 5400.

Banff Centre. The Lieghton Artist Colony provides time and space for artists to produce new work. Residencies available from one week to 3 months. Applicants accepted on the basis of resume, reviews and samples of recent work. Info: Office of the Registrar, Banff Centre, Box 1020 Station 22, Banff, Alberta TOL OCO 403/762 6180 Also NETWORKING - A NEW RESIDENCY PROGRAM: The Art Studio at The Banff Centre for the Arts now offers three 10-week residencies each year. There will be 20 artists in each residency who will come from across Canada and from many other countries, Info: Lorne Falk, Art Studio (above address)

Can Serrat. Artists studios available at the 17th century vineyard outside Barcelona. Also offers courses and seminars. Contact: Masia Can Serrat, 08194 El Bruc, Provincia de Barcelona. Tel 095 343 7710037

European Ceramics Work Centre Offers artists working in Fine art, crafts, design and architecture an opportunity to work in clay. Work periods are 3 months. Acceptance based on previous work (slides/photos, cv, catalogues), quality of proposed project, suitability of Centre to proposed activity. Accepted artist are provided with rent free studio and Dfl 500 a month of materials and firings. Expenses approx Dfl 500/700. Contact : Zuid Willemsvaart 251, 5211 SG's Hertogenbosch, The Netherlands, Tel 037 124500.

Fuente Studios. Studio and living accomodation available in the village of Competa in Southern Spain. Periods from 3 - 12 months from approx \$200 to \$280 per month. For details: Victoria Brooke, Apt 72, Fuente Studios, Competa 29754, Magala Provincia Espana.

Iceland. Studio apartments for visual artists, authors, musicians etc. in Reykjavik Municipal Art Museum, Breska Sendiraioio, Laufasvegi 49 101 Geykjavik, Iceland.

Rome Scholarships and Awards. The British School at Rome is accepting applications for scholarships and awards. "Rome Scholarships" in painting, printmaking and sculpture and "Abbey Scholarship" in painting enable artists to spend 9 months at the School in Rome, including studio, board, lodging and 4500 pounds. No age limit. All British and Commonwealth artists are eligible. For details /entry forms: Rome Scholarships and Awards, The British School at Rome, Via Gramsci 61, 00197 Rome, Italy.

Rockerfeller Foundation Scholars and Artists in Residence Program. At Bellagio Study and Conference Centre, Lake Como, Italy. 4 to 5 week residencies available to scholars and artists of significant achievement in any discipline and from any country. Preference to candidates whose work at the centre will result in publications or exhibits. No financial assistance available but once at the Centre participants are guests of the Foundation. Applications are considered 4 times per year but artists should apply a year in advance of desired residency period. Info: Bellagio Center Office, Rockerfeller Foundation, 1133 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036 USA, deadlines: Mar 1, June 1, Sept 1, and December 1.

United States Information Agency. Offers grants to cover travel expenses for foreign artists going to the US for residencies. Grants are by nomination only. For information: Kathleen Johnson, Fund for Artists Colonies, 6 East 43rd St, New York NY 10017 USA Ph. (212) 661 8680.

Women's Studio Workshop Grants. For book artists. Stipend \$1200 / month for up to 2 months. Grant includes: access to studios, generous materials budget, free technical assistance, distribution, royalties and more. To apply: send 1 page description of proposed project, medium(s) used to print the book, number of pages size, edition number, a dummy, materials budget, resume, 6 - 10 slides, preferred time of residency and SASE to: Women's Studio Workshop, PO Box 489 Rosendale, NY 12472, (914) 658 9133.

Artpark Sponsors residencies for professional artists upstate New York colony, a retreat for artists working in a variety of media. Artists are paid \$450 per week, receive a living allowance of \$200 and can stay up to 6 weeks. No application fee. For info: Joan McDonough, Artpark, Box371, Lewiston, NY 14092 USA (716) 745 3377.

Atelier de Seguret. Provides studios for painters, sculptors, printmakers as well as furnished rooms, kitchen and meals. Open to artists from April 1 - Oct 31. Fee approx 5,300FF per month. Located in Provence (Southern France) near Avignon. For info: Arthur and Bridgette Langlet, Atelier de Seguret, F 84110, Vaison Lz Romanie, France.

Deep South News

Anthony Stone, Sculptor living in Britain, is visiting and will give a lecture, on 16 August at 5:30, in the Art History and Art Theory departments of Otago University. For details Ph. 479 8549
Marian O'Donnell, Otago Polytech Artist in residence, Lecture 'Site Specific Sculpture', 26 July, 5:30 at 99 Albany Street.
Bridie Lonie, Visiting Scholar at the University of Otago until the end of August, she is currently researching Frances Hodgkins.
Rob Garrett, Lecture, 'Making facile gestures, difficult Artists, criticality and the politics of public myths'.
James K Baxter Conference, Saturday 27 & Sunday 28 August, Ph. Jocelyn Harris English Dept. University of Otago (03) 479 1100
19th Century Conference, University of Otago, 'Provincialism, Prosterity and Patronage' 1836-1914.

Monstrous Gorgeous

Monstrous Gorgeous is an exhibition / event held by the Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia, celebrating 100 years of women's suffrage. It is curated by Sydney based artist Virginia Barratt.

Montrous Gorgeous is a sexualised zone of creative expression, displaying the full and active extent of women's sexuality, and exploring the results of a sexuality that has evolved secrets, silence and prohibition. Monstrous Gorgeous intends to exhibit a fetishised and polymorphous sexuality which is displayed in ways both shocking and banal...

The artists, writers and performers invovled in Monstrous Gorgeous include Maude Davis, Bridget Haire, Bronia Iwanczak, Deborah Kelly, Leonie Knight, Anna Munster, Juilianne Pierce, Francesca da Rimini, Lisa Salmon (aka Licketty Slitt), Linda Sproul, Jyanni Steffensen, Jay Younger and Monstrous Gorgeous herself.

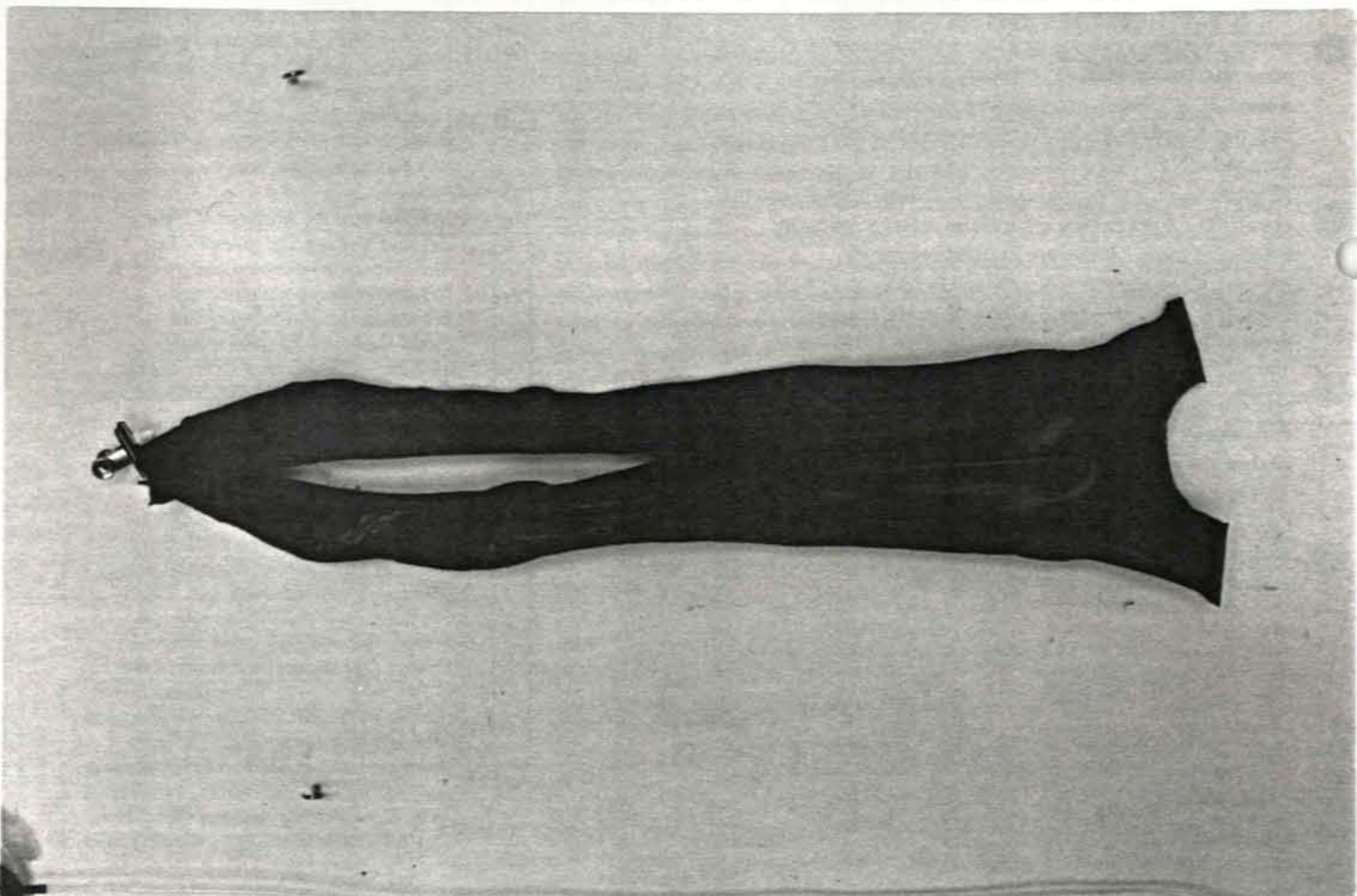
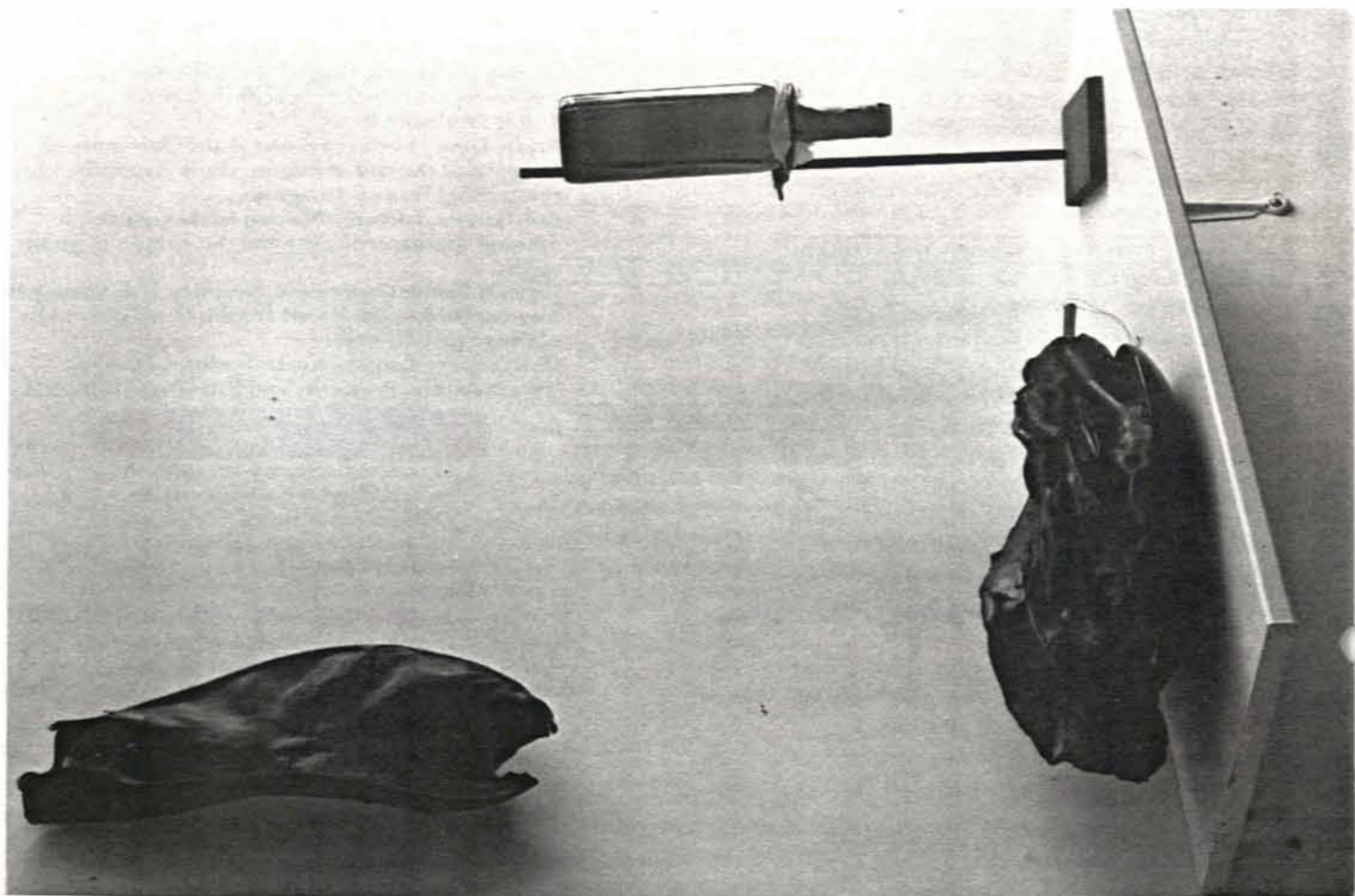
The exhibition opens at the Contemporary Art Centre on Thursday July 8th, at 6.00pm.

art now is the Musuem of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa's first biennial review of contemporary art. It focuses on recent sculpture and installation by 31 emerging and established New Zealand artists.

11 June - 18 September 1994, Buckle Street Wellington PH 385 9609 special events

Sunday 30 July 1.00-4.00pm: In association with the Wellingtons Young People's Festival, an afternoon of artmaking in the Museum theatre for families. There will be a small charge for this event. For further information and bookings phone 3859609 ext. 776.
Sunday 7 August 2.00pm Floor talk - artists Michael Parekōwhai and Andrew Drummond discuss their work in Art Now

Sunday 21 August 2.00pm: An afternoon of musi in the Museum by The Judder Barsmusic with speed bumps for electric guitar, marimba, euphonium, and drums. With Steve Roche, Anthony Donaldson, David Donaldson and Greg Malcolm.



An interview with Fiona Gunn, recently appointed Lecturer in Drawing and Critical Studies at Canterbury University, Department of Fine Arts. This interview was constructed by Fiona providing written replies to written questions asked by John Hurrell.



John Hurrell Fiona, I'm interested in those aspects of your practice commonly referred to as the 'experiential' and the 'theoretical' and the interaction between the two. And of the theoretical, your interest in the writing of Luce Irigaray - how does that connect with the installations that you make, like for example the igloo you built out of plaster blocks in the State Library of Victoria? Perhaps you could elaborate on those aspects of the installation that guide the movements of the viewer's body and how they relate to the reading material that interests you.

Fiona Gunn: The relationship between Irigaray and the 'experiential' aspect of my work is a complex one because the concept of experience is problematical. The categories with which we define our experiences are derived from a collective and shared discourse which is inherited. You could say that Irigaray is interested in understanding that inheritance critically. Our basic understandings of space and time may be masculine in their construction since categories construct the symbolic division between male and female. Liz Grosz speaks about it in her article 'Space, Time and Bodies': *'Those disillusioned with conventional forms of philosophy and with contemporary norms within the arts have recently turned their attention towards long neglected conceptions of corporeality and embodiment. This has characterised recent work within feminist as well as other radical forms of political and social theory. Given the overwhelming emphasis on Mind within classical thought, and consciousness in political and social theory, this growing interest in the corporeal is largely motivated by an attempt to devise an ethics and a politics adequate for anti-humanist and nondualist accounts of subjectivity'* 1.

My interest in Irigaray comes out of this area of enquiry. She is not the only writer I'm concerned with. However, her approach is pivotal to my own more physical manifestations. She is primarily concerned with revealing the masculine ideology implicit in psychoanalytic theory and in western discourse in general. But it is her method that is important. Many of her texts, like *Speculum* for example, are largely poetic in nature, they are not dry analytic texts but conversations with Freud, for example, that seduce and play with his original text in order to reveal a subtext. She has said about *Speculum*: *'It is not a matter of toppling that order so as to replace it - that amounts to the same thing in the end - but of disrupting and modifying it, starting from an "outside" that is exempt, in part, from phallogocentric law.'* 2.

I can't say that I have always worked with this kind of theory because I haven't. In fact, I came to it from a completely different angle originally. I studied at Sydney College of the Arts which for various reasons has managed to procure a whole generation of installation artists. Largely because it has never been housed in permanent buildings but instead it has always occupied what many would take to be rabbit warrens within old disused industrial complexes. There is something about these places, in the way that they have been divided up, their structure and the fact that the walls and floors are not precious that precludes any other kind of investigation and play with space. When I did my degree we had at least four spaces to install our work in. They acted as a private space other than the studio situation where ideas could be tested out, changed and perhaps eventually opened for comment. Given this opportunity it became impossible to separate the work from how it might be seen from its various contexts; from the architecture and the viewer's body. The space became an area of formal enquiry for me. Working as an installation artist one has to spend time with the work in a physical sense. You can't work beyond it unless you allow that time to happen, that is, to relate to it physically rather than as an idea.

J.H. Could you elaborate further on this practice of which you speak? In what ways would this 'Irigarayan' version of the experiential be distinctive? How would it differ in say its conception of corporeality from that elucidated in traditional humanist space for example, and would a viewer familiar with Irigaray's texts be able to recognise certain spacial qualities that perhaps another viewer might miss? If it is a question of certain symbolic or poetic references, and not 'spacial qualities', then perhaps 'experiential' is the wrong word for this discussion, or am I using the language of dualism, separating bodily experiences from the mental?

F.G. Let me begin by rephrasing what I have just spoken about. By revealing particular structures and ideologies one questions or sets up a critique in reference to them. When it comes to critiquing a masculine ideology one mustn't fall into the trap of forgetting (a very significant word I think) that the masculine is the status quo and so becomes invisible in some respects. Both there and not there at once (unquestioned). So one has to be aware that constructions such as the symbolic are also perhaps part of that status quo. One only has to examine what is symbolised for example; how the feminine is symbolised, to realise this. In her book *'Speculum'* Irigaray reveals the ways in which Freud has relied on these conventional definitions of the feminine, as a negative value, to assess the behaviour of his female patients, Dora being a classic case.

Irigaray does not specify a new definition of the feminine and therefore there is no such thing as Irigarayan space except perhaps in a symbolic sense. However, a nondualist and anti-humanist position are slightly easier to define. A classical notion of the corporeal involves both a division of the body into mind/consciousness over body/instinct and a general assumption that the masculine is standard. Neither of these definitions allows for an acknowledgement of difference between the masculine and the feminine, or an wholistic understanding of the body. So one would not recognise or associate any particular spacial qualities in relation to these concerns, because space already exists. It is the strategies used to define and utilise space that might be challenged and that may reveal your own preconceptions. This theory does not contain answers in the form that I suspect you may desire. This would be as I have suggested earlier the same thing in the end. Perhaps what she is suggesting is a 'constantly becoming state' always fluid and not fixed (unclosed).

J.H. Fiona, it is not that you are giving me answers in the wrong form, for outside of language, what other form do we have? You and I have agreed to converse, and with such activity it is possible to articulate say a critique of Freud's use of the 'feminine', as Irigaray has done. So despite its inherent problematic, language is capable of critiquing itself. The question is why can language that is conscious of it's own politic not be used to discuss a new definition of the feminine or feminine space? After all you claim that "space already exists" as if it is there to be encountered unmediated by language or within it, and you ably demonstrate you believe in the efficacy of articulated discussion as well, albeit steeped in masculine ideology. So with those points in mind, why cannot a positive description of the 'feminine' be elucidated by yourself, and with that discussion an attempt account of it's associated space? Even "a constantly becoming state always fluid and not fixed (unclosed)" can be of great use to an inventive artist and a receptive audience. There is a lot of information there but you deny it.

You seem to think you have no language suitable and no possible articulation, but you do. Forgive my rudeness, but perhaps the real problem is that you cannot identify the connection between theory and the palpably experiential aspects of your practice, so you make a smokescreen, one that is "fluid and not fixed". You cannot actually elucidate on how Irigarayan strategies utilise space itself, the space around and within your installations.

E.G. Firstly, John, Irigaray is a psychoanalyst and a theoretician. When she writes about space it is in a symbolic sense. Any discussion of space or spatial relations within her work operates on an Imaginary or Symbolic level. This is the whole point of her position - she is not concerned with defining the feminine but with revealing existing definitions so as to free up within our own collective and personal unconscious a space in which to renegotiate the feminine. A multiplicity of feminines. If you like, even the acknowledgment of space is a shift in emphasis, a freeing-up of what is 'seen'. To consider our own cultural conventions of space seems to me to be a worthwhile activity. Perhaps as an example I could mention a text by Brian O'Doherty called 'Inside the White Cube - the Ideology of the Gallery Space'. This text analyses the relationship between the gallery, the viewer and in most instances painting. It sites a variety of examples from different historical contexts in their relation to the gallery and the eye of the perceiver. There are a great many conventions with regard to the use of space in galleries that we blindly comply with. Sometimes it makes sense to me to play with those conventions.

I'd like to bring this conversation around to my own practice and I speak about a work titled 'Fill-between-and in the Middle' made for the 1991 Australian Perspecta exhibition at the Art Gallery of N.S.W. I will describe the piece on a material and an experiential level because photographs have a lot to answer for when it comes to this type of work. The piece consisted of two elements: a large concrete wall (4m x 1.8m x .3m) and a mirror (4m x .5m x 6mm). The wall was cast in situ. I imagined it as billions of tiny particles stuck together. Cement is a metastable substance in the sense that it possesses potential energy that is capable of effecting a transformation. The wooden formwork limited the expanding form of the concrete. The mould did not passively form the wall but altered the cement's molecular organisation in the process. So the wall contained the tension of that transformation. In the centre of the wall there was a small rectangular hole.

The mirror was suspended diagonally in the space. It looked as though a collision was imminent. It was hung to deny you a comfortable view of your own reflection. Instead you saw the ceiling of the gallery. The work contained a sense of resistance both between its elements and for the audience. It denied you access on many conventional levels. For example the hole, at chest height, in the middle of the wall revealed nothing but the blank white wall of the gallery beyond it. The mirror was another instance. At each point of resistance one had to reassess one's relationship to the work. For some it became an extremely frustrating experience.

A text by Irigaray that I have often related to this work (copy on artist's page) is written from the position of a daughter speaking to her mother. She is requesting a relationship in which they remain individuated. The text is about a symbolic relationship that is largely invisible within our own culture. I am interested in the action of affirmation - in a constant state of flux between ourselves and others.

The installation of the work in the gallery was an attempt to partly block the usual pathway through to the next space, forcing people to encounter the work. I was interested in revealing a vulnerability inherent in the position of the viewer. This is really just a very brief description of the work. There are other aspects of the work that we do not have the time nor the space to discuss. I hope that this gives you more of an understanding of that relationship between the physical and the ideational within the work and my practice.

1. On the Beach, April 1988, Liz Grosz - Space Time and Bodies P.14
2. This Sex which is not One, L. Irigaray, The Power of discourse and the subordination of the Feminine, P 68.



Fiona Gunn, detail from: 'Fill - between - and in the Middle'. Australian Perspecta, Art Gallery of New South Wales, 1991. (Hand measuring breathing hole in concrete wall).

"You have made me something to eat. You bring me something to eat. But you give yourself too much as if you want to fill me up with what you bring me. You put yourself into my mouth and I suffocate. Put less of yourself in me and let me look at you. I'd like to see you while you are feeding me. Not to lose my/your sight when I open my mouth to you. And that you should still remain close to me while I am drinking you. But to continue to be on the outside as well. Keep yourself, and keep me just as outside too. Do not swallow yourself up, do not swallow me down in that which flows from you to me. I'd like it so much if we could be there, both of us. So that one does not disappear into the other, or the other into the one"

Luce Irigaray, And One Does Not Stir Without The Other

DELIVERY SYSTEMS *for a consumer paradise*

The first Art Now, curated by Tina Barton is not an exhaustive encyclopaedia of current sculptural practice. Instead, this ambitious round up of what's happening is admirably constructed as a democratic enterprise, with one or two representatives from some of the current styles available. Professionally brought together, contextualised by juxtaposition or proximity, absorbed into a curatorial matrix via programme and catalogue, the works begin to sprout significant interconnections. This show emphasises younger sculptors, and they introduce a strong element of subversive comedy. This is the MONZ as art factory, a mock department store, containing ritzy one-of-a-kind takes on consumerism. It's as if these technicians of the sacred have acceded to the semiology of the dollar sign: they don't critique Capitalism so much, as simply get on with using it.

From marginal materials to suburban fetishism, to landscape fetishism, to invented mythologies (sublimated eroticism, sublimated homoeroticism) to dematerialised content, these artists demonstrate that now, anything can be art. Art is just another competing ideology, its operators corralled by curatorial sheriffs, or gallery referees.

To walk down nearby Cuba Street towards Terry Urbahn's installation (an outlying sculptural node) is to see everywhere the raw material that these artists draw from: the blinking sign of the Able Electronics store, the stoves and fridges of The Appliance Centre, the students of aerobics hurrying into the Les Mills World of Fitness. Orthodox aesthetic experience is no longer hierarchical and compartmentalised, if it ever was. However, we still need artists to interpret it for us, hence the 31 sculptors in Art Now.

Downhill from the Museum, positioned either side of the War Mausoleum, Matt Pine's two cruciform sculptures, open to the air, are stark pieces of pounded down, rusted steel. Set in tree groves and embedded in the hillside, they function as formal monuments, played off against the tall tower of the War Memorial. Both dedicated to the Maori Battalion, one is a spindly, empty form made of rusted steel hoops and mesh and elevated like a funeral platform. The other consists of welded plates of sheet steel, the weld marks looking like old scars. Its cruciform arrangement makes it seem tomb-like, part of an earth vault. Though bulky it is rendered shrunken by its proximity to the War Memorial, weightless as a handful of autumn leaves. Marginal yet quietly eloquent, land-centred, it seems to possess an indisputable Maori otherness, connecting strongly with the work inside the Museum of Peter Robinson.

On the Museum's front facade, Jacqueline Fraser has placed diamond-shaped panels decorated with Maori paddle and canoe-prow motifs. The gold-painted plaques and plastic-coated electric wire used in Nga waka turn the entrance pillars into part of a festive occasion. The wire loops and twists into spirals, into a tongue - two pink strands set into a black, tattooed face. The brightly-coloured plastic, held onto the wooden plaques by small rusty nails, is spidery Alexander Calder-like. The Museum suddenly seems to glow, like a big circus tent.

Inside and up the stairs, Richard Reddaway's ensemble of eight figures (food and drink) looks like ephemeral scraps of cardboard blown together into generic human shapes. These are cardboard people for a cardboard city, contingent, temporary, the disposable underside of the consumer paradise. But they also suggest virtuoso articulation, they revolve gracefully, swirling along the wall like souls ascending in the search of Grace, alternately male and female, two decorative helixes of humanity on either side of the busy foyer's glass window.

Below them, Charlotte Fisher has positioned her Endless Column, a Brancusi knock-off papered with an adulatory review of John Ashbery's soporific art criticism. Much more tantalising is her Pour, in the alcove between the

David Eggleton

carved from wood, Pour is essentially a collection of curves and crescents, where the concave sets the agenda for the convex. Chipped out with a chisel, its shape appears squeezed out of wood so that it "pours", its flow interrupted by a series of splits and tiny holes bored into it. Self-contained but nervously bristling, it is a female deity. It ripples.

Peter Roche's four giant dials, like skewed timepieces in melodramatic black, turn the Museum foyer staircases into the embryonic Fascist stairwells of Fritz Lang's Metropolis. Blue baby-sized fluorescent tubes are set pod-like into one disc; another disc clacks ceaselessly as a central cog turns. Art Deco circuit board patterns add to the impersonal authority of these machines. Orwell, Huxley, Terry Gilliam, such dystopian visionaries, are the progenitors for these local examples of bureaucratic disaffection.

Siegfried Köglmeier's sculpture, Shelter, has been broken down in separate units. He provides 100 red nylon parka jackets for sale in the Museum Shop at \$20 each, signed and dated by the artist. These lightweight parkas fold out from a zip pouch, ready to be worn. They have a simple logo representing Art Now in black geometric lettering on the back. Designed and made by Eidix Kiwi in Whanganui, with a logo applied in Dunedin, they bring interactive merchandising into the art temple (when worn they advertise the event), making some lurking art equations licit. With their proletarian sympathy and their utility, they are a kind of, Red Wedge, an example of idealised worker art, a throwback to Lenin and Malevich.

Jim Vivieaere has hung two 44 gallon drums over a display of traditional Polynesian craftwork in the Pacific Gallery of the Museum. He calls his piece Two skyrockets (one for adornment). The 44 gallon drum is a totem of the Islands. An object put to its multiple uses, it carries a multitude of associations. Shaped like communication satellites, these barrels are suspended in the air, like cargo being lowered onto a wharf, or into a canoe, as the Gallery's tapes of ethnic music are played. One drum is chrome-plated and shines like jewellery, potent, seductive, silver. The second painted an industrial brown and covered with chemical symbols, marked with the skull and crossbones. It is stencilled with the names of the Pacific Islands, and has the colour xerox of a tropical atoll, a Pacific paradise, slapped on top. About desire, pleasure, corruption, pollution, the work is perhaps a shade didactic, but it introduces into NZ's iconology a Pacific Island visual staple, like a loan word, rich in associations for numerous new migrants.

Stuck away in an alcove, David Clegg's mixed media piece Collection (disorders), deals with the alienation, depersonalisation, with the pathology of the trivial, which is a by-product of the Information Age. His collection of British newspaper clippings - randomly sampled human interest stories - is methodical but meaningless, a neurotic assemblage. The other part of his exhibit is a display of metal culinary and cooking utensils - a kitchen cabinet of curiosities. The sparkling potato peeler, garlic crusher, cheese grater and assorted food tongs, so neatly and lovingly arranged, appear sinister, disturbing, especially when their attached individual tags are examined to reveal single sentences taken at random from newspapers, typed and dated with page references. The whole work is an oblique (perhaps too oblique) comment on anorexia nervosa, on bulimia, on the whole binge-purge cycle of rampant consumerism and the hoarder instinct.

In Towards a hyper-feral art Aotearoa: Picketing the Sublime: Given both a cataract and the prospect of impalement, John Lyall duels with William Hodge's 1775 painting of Dusky Bay, Cascade Cove, shooting down the European ideal of the Sublime Landscape, all the well-mannered wilderness and decorous waterfall, with a broadside cataract of demolition timber. John Lyall's sculpture sprawls across the floor and up

the wall of an entire exhibition hall. As it cascades brokenly, vertiginously, it conveys the sense of a self-involved vista, a turbulent expression of Fiordland in the rainy season. Like flotsam, it's an agglomeration of bits of desks, tables, blackboards, dowelling rods and old window frames. Angled panes of glass glint against the richly evocative harp-shapes of sections of picket fence. Myriad lengths of protruding dowelling spray out everywhere, like tossing manes of water, coursing over rocks and blowing up into mist. This work boils and eddies, a river in flood bearing away, like plundered cargo, a house which is breaking up. Here and there the brute force of the thing is relieved by some surrealist touches - a string of coloured lightbulbs like goblin lamps, a rainbow bobbing in the spray, - and some majestic fake fur robes, zebra - and tiger-striped: stand-ins for the Noble Savage.

Andrew Drummond's near-by piece is a work in two parts: Cob, and Pen, and refers to the introduced black swan upsetting the delicate ecology of Lake Ellesmere. Cob has 4 sections: copper tubing funnels lined with beeswax; a steel springboard, bolted to a wall, from which a stuffed swan is about to launch into flight; a mirror frosted with clouds; and a tin copper shard pointing like an arrow across the gallery at Pen. Pen, a self-contained sculpture, consists of a triangular slab of plate glass, with one scalloped, rococo edge, suspended in the air like a crystal shelf. A hole has been sawn out of the centre, into which is wedged a stuffed swan, paddling about. Behind it dangles a shower of hooked hollow copper tubes. There is a half moon crescent missing out of a corner of both the wall mirror and the plate glass lake. Andrew Drummond's interconnected artifacts are intended to imply the artist is a kind of creative archeologist, excavating a cultural site. He's a shaman, bending and warping frames of reference to bring different kinds of associations together. By testing the temper of materials - steel, copper, glass, feather - he symbolises some of the metaphysical constraints which underpin human interaction. The properties of materials: weak /strong, attraction /repulsion stand for the way we think about things-in-the-world. The artist, Beuys-like, pushing to the edge, is out to harmonise warring elements.

Next door, in Incident, Neil Dawson presents us with a high concept number. You stare through its lattices, as if through a looking glass. Transparent cuboid chairs hang suspended either side of a picture frame. In the centre of the empty frame two chairs appear to merge or split, growing out of each other, each a reflection of the other. Floating dizzily magical and subtly underlit, this work is about perceptions, binary oppositions, objects whirling away in space, presented in the form of a Zen koan, something you can't quite get your head around.

Immediately adjacent to this display, enthusiastic female gallery-goers were shouting: "Wild!", "You've got to shove your face into the paint!" and "Guys in black suits, bending over peepholes!" The source of the commotion was the teasingly immaterial installation by Giovanni Intra (b. 1968), entitled, Golden Evenings (also the title of a recent exhibition of the laboured-over landscape watercolours of the 19th century amateur, Alfred Sharpe). You turn a corner and enter a luminous yellow cube. With a willing suspension of disbelief you stand gazing at the luminosity, until suddenly you feel as disembodied as the inhabitant of a flotation tank. Within the room are 5 security peepholes at different heights. Peering through them, you catch a glimpse of miniaturised radiant sunsets on flickering video screens. This booth has been deodorised with the pine-woody odour of disinfectant. Voyeurism, perversity, heady disorientation. Part fairground attraction, part art-history lesson, it is wholly successful: call it the Giovanni Intra Experience.

Philip Dadson's solo composition, Resonances, a performance piece (on video) for spoken word and mixed media instrumentation is minimal, pure, almost Zen like. The artist weaves together strands of



Joyce Campbell, 'She's Waiting', Art Now 1994

spoken reminiscence over primitive noise textures to create a collage which evokes landscapes as soundscape. His linked tales are mythic fragments, capturing distillations of rare air. He speaks of such found sounds as the draught whistling through the swing doors of a theaterette, the harmonic breathing of a 100 people asleep at 4 a.m. on a marae, as a lone kaumatua chants a karakia. He describes the uncanny quietness that precedes an earthquake, and the sound of shingle as it surges back up the river mouth on the tide, below the Kaikoura mountains. And under all this is the soundbed: the chime of tubular bells, the click of small stones, the rasp of dry hands rubbed together, hands softly smacking a bare belly, the scratch and scrape of magnetic rocks, the whisper of ceramic discs. All the while, black and white shadowplay images are projected on a screen - hands and fingers moving like pictograms of rhythm.

Located in a niche, Dadson's "natural" art is surrounded, on either side, by the artificial "deconstructions" of the new Young Turks of NZ sculpture who, taken together, form a loose confederacy of like-minded talents.

Anton Parson's Guide is a two metre tall upright slab of white braille. Its companion piece is a giant domino, consisting of a series of small circular holes set into black plywood and bound in aluminium. Smart as paint, Parson's two pieces both draw you in and push you away. They set up anxiety in any viewer who reaches out to touch these sacrosanct art objects. That is, they play games (outsized, they are self-contained, self-referential), deconstructing expectations (the holes in the domino cannot be read, except as riddling absences, nor can the too-large braille bumps be deciphered by a blind person). They are pranksters, representing a cultural divide, a splitting of languages.

Julian Dashper, too is the sculptor as provocateur - by questioning he seeks to explain. A conceptualist, interested in the dynamics of the discourse which surround the art object, he can be seen as a shadowboxer, his sparring partner the rituals of the current art practice: the sales patter, the packaging, the exchange mart trade-ins. With his Big Bang Theory watches, he is a mini-curator: Hoteres, Woolastons, Anguses, Drivers, Colin McCahons, all represented by a watch each. The 5 watches, laid out like knickknacks in a jeweller's case, are cheap early Seventies kitsch, with black, brown or white plastic straps. Each watchface is printed with the stylised, cartoonish typeface associated with the printing on children's lolly wrappers of the period. Each watch, therefore, is conceit, a bonbon awarded for ingenious theorising, the tongue-in-cheek flavour 100% artificial. Alongside sits a complete assembled drum-kit, labelled The Drivers. A rock and roll quotation, glamour infused with nostalgia, reductive minimal, it conflates art-history (Don Driver) and social studies (a popular music museum piece) so as to make fun of its own high school pedantry.

Close-by, Derek Cherrie's customised, inflatable coathanger ("Personal Mode"), incongruous ventilation chute, impractical clothes hooks, fence-long toilet chain and other subtly altered department store fittings are anxious objects, speculations about uniformity. He humorously raises the examination of the daily life's quota of trivia to a mania: the way we might twirl a fork in a restaurant, or adjust our trousers after leaving a urinal. These mechanical, unavoidable reflex actions are scrupulously disassembled and re-invoked, re-positioned and re-presented as sculptural evidence. Precise self-awareness and the comedy of manners are the matters of his chrome covered mantras.

Andrew de Boer's three works, Solar Flare, Psyche, and Fusion II, each an outline in metal, are all arrested motion, all coiled energy, ready to snap, writhe and flare up. Sinuously looping and twisting in space, these arabesques are emblems, remnants of natural forces which have moved on, leaving acrobatic skeletons. Like others of his generation, de

Boer (b.1960) is concerned with dematerialisation, the paradox of the void, the latest revelations about the physical nature of the universe.

James Charlton (b.1961) deals more directly with science and physics. His installation was in some ways too busy, too fussy - 112 solar-powered batteries, each in a capsule decorated with a xerox image of a chin over here, - a display rack of radio crystal set parts in small plastic bags over there, - a line of working radio crystal sets with earpieces tuned into Wellington radio stations, more than enough earplugs for each member of an average nuclear family.

The whole thing seem to express a small boy's fascination with a Popular Mechanics view of science. Only one piece escapes the cloying, sentimental domestication of the ethereal, and that is the witty deconstruction entitled Table: a large white plastic table with a tiny light switch in its centre connected by white electrical flex to a light fitting. Just for a moment this work shatters cosy assumptions, the unthinking reflex action of flicking a light becomes both genuinely comic and genuinely ceremonial. The artist's ironic self-consciousness loses its smirk as he successfully transforms the idea into something tangible.

Peter Robinson's Shady deals (fertilised by his Art Povera borrowings wool, glass, tar, wax, pasta and earth) are bristling, aggressive, grotesque excrescences. His sticky, shiny coagulations of organic matter, which look as if they have been drawn up from deep in the earth via bubbling mud pools, or steaming organic vents, are the powerful art of the Other: some barely-assimilated Polynesian culture, whose pantheistic fetishes and talismans mock the Christian overlay of the coloniser. The sticky teardrop shapes, the pendulous cloacal sacs can be related to the scatological, subversive Catalan folk-art which so influenced the Spanish surrealist, Joan Miro, while the stitched-up, blanketed form, with the single staring glass eye, has the numinous mystery of some impulse released by the subconscious.

Michael Parekowhai is the sculptor as caricaturist. His The Salvation Army is built out of a Forties Meccano set. Thirty tiny porter's trolley's line up in regimented rows, as if ready to rush and offer assistance. Made out of battered steel and with brass wheels, they seem like props from an Ealing comedy, Winston Churchill's little helpers, capable of endless multiplication. Their slogan might be strength through unity. Massed together, they are visually loud, a kind of brass band comic book escapees.

Brett Graham gives us a sawn-out, wooden, tropical flower. Huge, solid, sensuous, it is undeniably part of the great flowering of neo-Maori art. Its title, Te Matariki, is the name originally given to a star cluster in the wide night sky by Polynesian navigators sailing the Pacific Ocean.

Maureen Lander's This is not a kete is the soft-grained eloquence of the hand-woven, asserting its presence in the conceptual maze of mirrors that is contemporary art. She uses the fact the context is a museum housing Maori taonga to affirm the status of her fresh green flax containers as representative of a living culture. Strategically-place green lightbulbs emphasise patterns of light and shadow within the bulbous, organic shapes of the kete, as if to confirm their site-specific contingency.

Lube, by Denise Kum, greasy as its name suggests, is made up of 3 glass display cabinets - aquarium tanks - in which different fluids (courtesy of BP Oil Auckland) swirl and bubble. Always interested in body anxieties - the alienation symbolised by fast food franchises - Kum (b. 1968) presents us with what are essentially big glass food vats. One of these vitrines foams like a soda fountain - the spectator thinks less of blood than of raspberry ripple. Another contains black fluids the fizzes like the original formula for that quack 19th century patent medicine, Coca Cola. This whole pseudo-scientific installation, with its coatings of fatty

residues, which means to imply the acid bath horror of the true human condition, is more noble in intention than in execution. The piped fluids are too saccharine, the theory too cut and dried to accommodate all the sloshing liquid.

Joyce Campbell (b. 1971) has installed a work entitled, *She's waiting*. It's a fractured narrative. Six woman-shaped eel nets hover suspended. On the wall hangs a blown-up photo-image of a half-man, half-eel creature, like a centaur or merman. Beyond is a small room hung with wispy scraps of dried eel skins - pinkish grey. Though the work seeks to be a metaphor for sexual desire it is, perhaps, over-precious. Still, it is also undeniably sensual. The aromatic odour of smoked eel caused a posse of hurrying Japanese businessmen-sightseers to pause and sniff the air appreciatively as they whirled through the exhibition hall.

In a way, Grant Lingard (b. 1961) is one of the most interesting of the sculptors in Art Now, in that he is the most transgressive. He confronts the issue of sexuality and gender, a subtext in almost everyone else's work, head-on. Working as a politicised gay artist he presents, under the general title *Smells like team spirit*, a series of related works about rugby culture, its politics of dominance, conformity and repression. *Mummy's boy* is a pair of yellow rugby boots moulded from bars of Sunlight soap. *Hutch and lure* consists of a circle of 10 pairs of white cotton underpants, with different fruit-shaped soaps concealed in each crotch (thus grapes, a banana, an orange etc. etc.) *Strange bedfellows* is 4 flagons of beer decorated with descriptive epitaphs to mark descending beer levels: brother, angel, idol, god, is one; another reads, slave, playboy, hero, master. The satire in this installation is ingenious rather than revelatory, full of a hurt fury. The truth it registers is a relative one. In the hyperspace of the Nineties no-one can hear you scream. Lingard deftly avoids churning out a predictable sub-set of sexual stereotypes, but his slice of cabaret as Art is just marking time.

Out on the Kaiwharawhara Reclamation, near the Ferry Terminal, Jeff Thompson, the corrugated iron virtuoso, has gone for the site-specific response. Using tin snips, a mangle for bending and shaping, and a welding torch, he tweaks second-hand corrugated galvanised iron around rocks, folding it and moulding it in situ, like a soft toffee, like a licorice strap. These unwound strips of water tank, of roofing iron, have buckled under sweetly, as ordered. Weathered, with a soft blue-grey sheen, *Blue Orb* flows like a song lyric, an example of vernacular poetry.

Another version of the vernacular is provided further out on this reclaimed chunk of Wellington's foreshore. Stuart Griffiths is the practitioner of a virtuous minimalism. He's constructed a low concrete curve, nearly 200 metres long, running alongside the gravel road on the clifftop in a shallow curve. To it he's affixed the computer-generated text of a David Eggleton poem. This piece, *Ruamoko Crescent*, is a seam of language almost buried under the road, you literally stumble across it. It's a displaced word lode, a kind of fault line.

Lesley Kaiser and John Barnett together have submitted a 4-part project based around the slogan: "preserve, renew, invent". This homily appears in a number of locations, including the reverse side of a New World supermarket's check-out receipts. It is also printed on 10,000 give-away self-adhesive stickers - each an instant stick-on, a moment's notice, reflecting the idea that anywhere can be a ready-made site for a ready-made art work. These two artists take a curiously primitive, animistic approach to language. Their clanking mechanical phrase, a Big Brother exhortation, connects with the anonymous, generic slogans of producers everywhere. As a billboard it could be a Building Society slogan, noble sentiments are turned into something mechanistic, manic. On one level it's frivolous entertainment, relentlessly banal in its attention-getting; on another it's a nihilistic footnote to Art Now's entire survey.

At Wellington Airport's Air New Zealand domestic terminal, Ruth Watson has installed 3 cibachrome lightbox transparencies of china ornaments, glowing seductively like perfume advertisements. *Two Dogs*, centrally placed caught people's glances, but their eyes slid off rapidly as they went to catch their planes. In a way, you have to know what you are looking for, in order to know what you are looking at. *Golden Dancer*, opposite the ticketing counter and above a window display of Canterbury of New Zealand rugby jerseys is difficult to spot. The third figurine, entitled *Fawn*, situated above a baggage conveyor belt, requires leisure to observe against the surrounding visual clutter. It draws attention to itself by being more brightly lit than the other panels of advertising. The overlit, overheated brown coat of the animal seems on the point of liquefying, about to flow out of the frame like sweet hot chocolate. All three works are frothy but spiked concoctions. Their deliberate bad taste irradiates the traveller with cheap irony; their knowing illumination and Art Now labels establish them as role-playing for the hothouse world of art market insiders: an in-joke.

Terry Urbahn's project, entitled *Pretty Vacant*, is camouflaged by its context. His work is installed in a derelict hotel building at the bottom of Cuba Street. It consists of two shopfronts next to the empty, boarded-up Golden Phoenix Restaurant. The remnants of the Columbia Hotel sign cling to the facade. One room is painted white. The white letters of the lengthy, pseudo-mystical text on the wall speak of "the incessant and absolute pull of paradise gravity" - the interior of the shopfront is a tableau which illustrates this text. Lower Cuba Street is seen as the hub of the Universe, whose exact centre is made up of layered coils of Seventies op-shop clothing, orange and red, clustered on the floor in a tightly linked series of circles, so as to resemble a whirlpool of interstellar gases. This is surrounded in turn by a circle of small, hotel bathroom sinks, each with its neatly draped rubber plug on a chain. The room is incandescently lit by a huge bulb dangling low in the centre.

The other shopfront is messy, dim, and littered with such art signifiers as a painter's wooden palette. Two surveillance monitors are balanced on leopardskin print wastepaper bins. Two monitors hang from brackets. All show derelict rooms: visually flat, dead space, as sequences of static camera shots flip flip round in a circuit. A big TV screen in the centre of the window reveals the corridors of the Hotel being explored by a restlessly prowling, constantly moving, video-camera eye. The camera operator is an unseen presence.

This work is about absences and presences, the human spirit, the spectator's gaze fossicks amongst mysterious detritus. The work is engaged in a discourse with the surrounding street signs: torn Thai language script, Supergroove in red and black with yellow lettering on the cover of shake magazine posters. Bacardi Island Party posters jostle with Clive James posters. There is no semiotic display this installation cannot draw into its orbit. On an adjacent wall is the high-wattage glare of a Once Were Warriors poster, with its succinct jab at the emotional solar plexus of every potential consumer: "Utterly harrowing and almost unbelievably moving", in white print over red and black, with the single large word "Communicado" printed underneath.

After looking at the puzzle of the shopfronts for a while, you begin to notice the faint smell of urine coming from the dingy entrance-way. Another leftover human trace. Here, art is a kind of liberation theology, down amongst the poor, the cast-off, the used-up. Sculpture reaches out to touch the face of the lonely planet.

The McDougall Art Annex 4x2: A Solid Equation

4x2: A Solid Equation is a rapid change sculpture show which spotlights four South Island sculptors, each of whom will have a solo spot of two weeks within the overall show. The exhibition is an opportunity to present a range of sculptors who utilise strikingly different media and explore an array of themes, but whose work remains loosely object-based in its approach.

4x2: A Solid Equation opens in August with Simon Endres who directs his ironic and critical eye at the advertising industry. The whimsical and seemingly delicate metal sculptures of Phillipa Wilson follow Endres' plastic constructions. Trained in Otago and now residing in Christchurch, her recent work focuses on memories evoked by material objects. The third exhibitor will be Martin Sullivan from the Ida Valley, whose sculptures are made from an array of natural and synthetic objects. His meticulously crafted works are both repellent and alluring. Christchurch artist Grant Tackle will complete 4x2 in September with a witty and tactile display of hierarchical forms.

As the Exhibition is made up of four solo spots there will be four openings. They will be held fortnightly on Thursdays at 5:30 on the 11 August, 25 August, 8 September at the McDougall Art Annex.

The dates for 4x2: A Solid Equation; Simon Endres 11-24 August, Phillipa Wilson 25 August - 7 September, Martin Sullivan 8 -21 September, Grant Tackle 22 September - 5 October.

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a r t a n n e x
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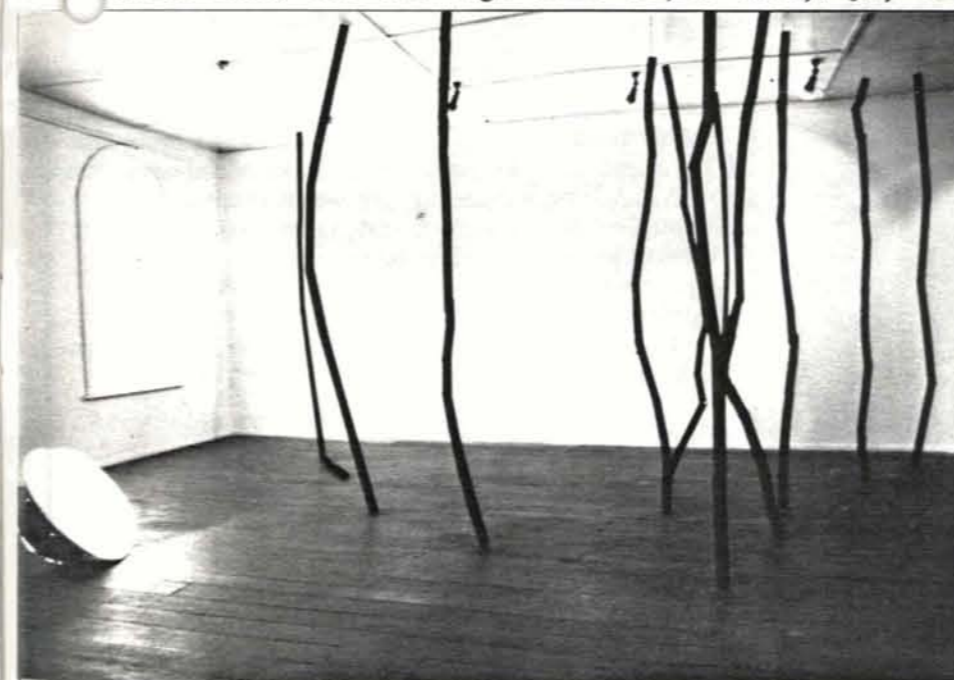
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TESTSTRIP

This Artists' run space in midtown Auckland is self-funded and has been in operation for 2 years. It is run by a board of six artists.

Recent exhibitions include Kirsty Cameron and Ronnie van Hout, Kathy Waghorn and Susan Hillery. The gallery has a full schedule for the remaining part of 1994 and will be exhibiting artists who include; Fear Brampton, Tony De Latour, Judy Darragh, Yuk king Tan and Ani Oneil. Teststrip has recently decided to expand its programme by initiating shows by Sydney artists and working on historical N.Z. art projects.

Maddie Leach, Bad Air, High Street Project Gallery, July 1994



SUGAR LIFT

an exhibition of the 1994 QEII Artists in Residence
GIOVANNI INTRA
GRANT LINGARD
JOHN REYNOLDS
The University of Canterbury School of Fine Arts Gallery
25 July 1994 - 5 August 1994

MEDIOPOLIS

AN International VideoFest associated to the Berlin Film Festival from February 9 to 19, 1995. The VideoFest is open to tapes of all genres and for computer animation produced in 1993 or 1994. Tapes will be considered for selection which are dealing with political, social, cultural or individual topics in a critical way or displaying innovative aspects - or those which aim at furthering the video medium. For further information contact mediopolis Berlin e.V. Potsdamer Str. 96 D-10785 Berlin Tel 49 30 262 87 14, Fax 49 30 262 87 13

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to

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2 - 28 August 1994

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Curated by
John Hurrell

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◀ Deborah Lawler-Dormer, 'Recording Angel' Installation for
Tales Untold, 1994. The Family Planning Assn. Christchurch

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The South Island Art Projects Newsletter is published bi monthly by the South Island Art Projects Trust, a non profit organisation promoting production, exhibition and critical debate in contemporary art.

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Subscriptions: Subscriptions to the South Island Art Projects newsletter are FREE

Please send your name address and phone number to:
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Contributions: Contributions will be accepted for consideration by the Editorial Committee. Typed, double spaced copy or Macintosh formatted discs should be sent to SIAP address as above

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Danny Butt's "Explain? Why would anyone want to explain?" is "Uncopyrighted. Reproduce Freely."

ISSN 1172 - 1383

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South Island Art Projects Trust is supported by the Visual Arts Infrastructure Programme of the QEII Arts Council



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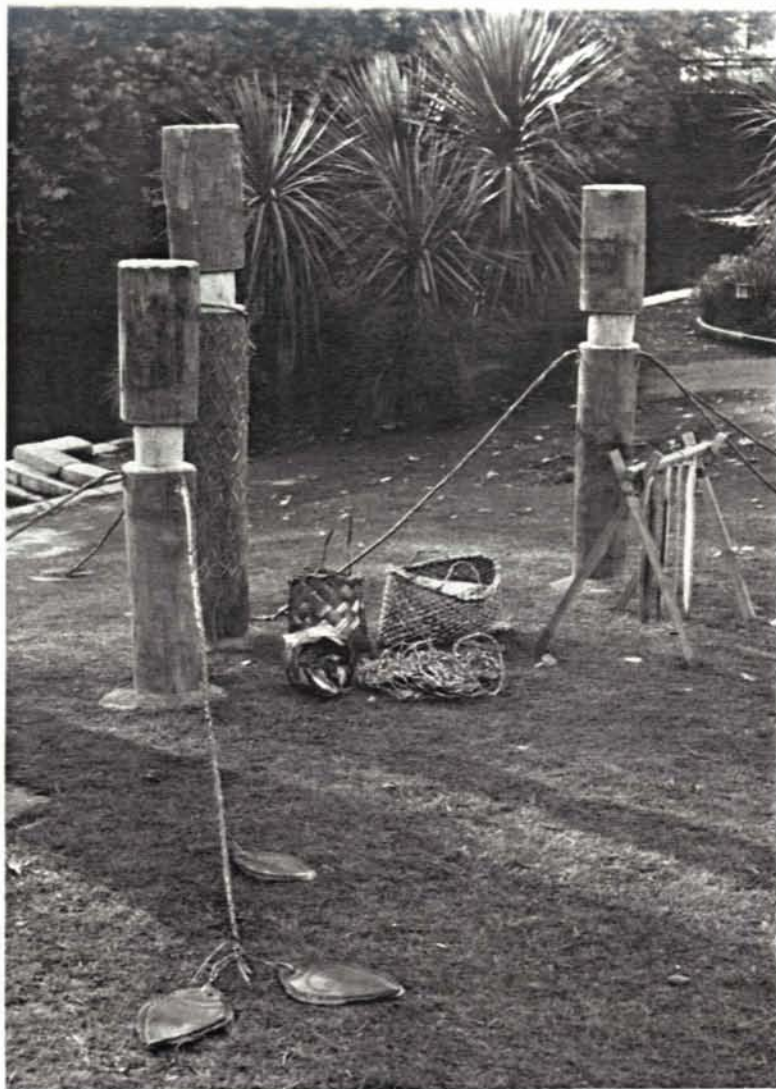


Margaret Dawson,
'Kua Ngaro'
Old Public Library,
Tales Untold 1994



POST
Tales Untold

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