HAMSTER 04

AN AOTEAROA REVIEW ANTHOLOGY

2018
JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL
MAY
JUNE
JULY
AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

TĀMAKI-MAKAURAU
AUCKLAND

KIRIKIRIROA
HAMILTON

TE WHANGANUI-A-TARA
WELLINGTON

ŌTAUTAHI
CHRISTCHURCH

ŌTEPOTI
DUNEDIN

WAIHŌPAI
INVERCARGILL

There are 52 weeks in a (Gregorian calendar) year. With 52 reviews, from contributors spread across Te Ika-a-Māui and Te Wai Pounamu, HAMSTER's Aotearoa Review Anthology Issue challenges the lack of representation of contemporary artforms in established mainstream media.

Though short—between 500-600 words—these reviews present nuanced, contextualised opinions on contemporary creative practices and institutional activity from writers active in the local contexts they comment on. There is no desire for objective judgement or distance here, only the constant interaction of friends and strangers, ideas and objects, divergent experiences, and shared practices.

Considering books and zines, visual art, dance, theatre, a symposium, comedy, performance, websites, vandalism, soul records, and punk gigs, the writers in HAMSTER 4 speak to ideas and artists they relate to, and rail against. Readers can also browse the Anthology through the concise 'For Fans Of (FFO)' line to find spaces and artists active in Aotearoa to look out for in 2019.

No more nibbling. We hope you find something to sink your chompers into this year.

JANUARY

Serene Velocity in Practice: MC510/CS183, 2017

Michael Stevenson

Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

12 November 2017 - 6 February 2018

Samantha McKegg
Though a current employee of Auckland Art Gallery, Samantha was not employed by the gallery during the writing of this text.

For his large, multi-part installation exhibition, *Serene Velocity in Practice: MC510/CS183*, Michael Stevenson created an imagined learning facility composed of two classes derived from real world academic courses: MC510 and CS183. The classes are presented as separate rooms, based on prefab school buildings, and are connected by a covered hallway. The rooms are a pair—the same size and delineated with metal framework—but their source material seems to be incongruous.

Exhibition interpretation provided by the gallery explains that MC510, was taught for four years from 1982 at the Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, California by evangelist John Wimber, a famous proponent of miracle-healing. CS183 was taught at Stanford University in 2012 by Silicon Valley billionaire Peter Thiel, which focussed on tech start-ups and was imbued with theological discourse; one module titled 'Founders as God.'[1]

Stevenson's installation is based around the intersection of research, speculation, history, and conspiracy. The two classrooms each have a group of objects that have a material resonance with the orginal courses, based on Stevenson's deep research. Airline blankets, large aeroplane tyres, and odd lecture chairs are in MC510; solar panels, quail eggs, and boxes of Soylent meal-replacements are among the items in CS183. Comprehension of the connections between objects, the space and the source material can be elusive, but there is an uncanny synchronicity within the work.

Stevenson's work highlights parallels between Thiel and Wimber's classes. Both courses were taught in California and have a mass following spurred by best-selling books based on the course content and both have reached New Zealand: Wimber bringing the evangelical Vineyard Church to New Zealand, and Thiel controversially acquiring citizenship after spending twelve days in New Zealand.

In the gallery, the classrooms are physically linked by a hallway that references *Serene Velocity* (1970), an experimental film by Ernie Gehr that shows a University hallway. Filmed with a static camera, the viewpoint alternates between focal lengths, at first subtly shifting the focus back and forth within the hallway. The gap between two viewpoints gradually widens until reaching a violent juxtaposition of the complete view of a long hallway and a close-up shot of the doorway at the end.

Stevenson borrows the effect of this gradual dislocation between two points to illustrate a physical connection between rooms, and the conceptual connection he has realised in his research-based practice.

There is enjoyment and humour to be found in the disorientating reason and absurdities of the exhibition. The exhibition resonates with news that Peter Thiel was in Auckland in December 2017.[2] He purportedly visited Simon Denny's exhibition *The Founder's Paradox* at Michael Lett, which also takes Thiel and his work as a central focus. It is unknown whether Thiel visited Auckland Art Gallery on this visit.

FFO: industrial aesthetics, entrepreneurship, conspiracy theories.

1 Wall text, *Serene Velocity in Practice: MC510/CS183*, Micheal Stevenson, 12 November 2017–6 February 2018, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, Auckland, New Zealand.

2 Matt Nippert, "Billionaire Peter Thiel makes rare visit to New Zealand," *NZ Herald*, December 10, 2017, https://www.nzherald.co.nz/business/news/article.cfm?c_id=3&objectid=11956668.

Across the Art/Life Divide: Performance, Subjectivity, and Social Practice in Contemporary Art

Martin Patrick

Intellect, University of Chicago Press

January 2018

Across the Art/Life Divide

Bruce E. Phillips

The separation of art from the everyday is an arbitrary but vital distinction that enables artists to frame or reimagine aspects of life. And yet, artists often intentionally erode this division to actively engage with life's most fractious elements such as identity politics, social networks, and power dynamics. At least, this is one among many conclusions that could be derived from *Across the Art/Life Divide: Performance, Subjectivity, and Social Practice in Contemporary Art*, a recent publication by Wellington-based writer and academic Martin Patrick.

By grouping an unusual array of art practices, ranging from performance art to zines and from stand-up comedy to artist-run initiatives, Patrick assembles an intriguing enquiry that considers art/life tensions through the intersections of performativity, social engagement, collaboration, and individual authorship. Of particular note is Patrick's discussion of the 'self' that unpacks the autobiographical conventions apparent in the work of the American comedian Richard Pryor. Patrick reveals how the personal narratives in Pryor's stand-up routines were a cutting satire of US racial politics while also holding a mirror to the comic's own self-destructive tendencies. This is further teased out through a focus on other famous comedians including Dave Chappelle and Steve Martin and evolves into a consideration of persona creation and celebrity being an act of fiction and camouflage. Also explored in this vein is Wellington-based artist Bryce Galloway's long running zine *Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People.* As a type of self-deprecating post-punk memoir, Galloway's zine chronicles the mundanity of middle-class suburban adult life in contrast to the angsty ideals of the artist's youth fuelled by the worship of rock celebrities.[1]

Tactics of social engagement and collective action, as a way to navigate or subvert life's power imbalances, is another key tangent in Patrick's multifaceted enquiry. Here a selection of Chicago-based artist-run initiatives is discussed at length including artist Theaster Gates' *Dorchester Project* located on the South Side of Chicago. Patrick highlights Gates' ability to perform numerous roles across the art/life spectrum including being an "artist, activist, businessman, manager, motivational speaker and/or minister"[2] to game the system in favour of low-socioeconomic African American communities. This conversation develops to consider artist-run initiatives that function as strategic curatorial entities such as SHOW gallery in Wellington (2004-2006). These artist-curator models, according to Patrick, circumvent art world hierarchies by supporting artists that have been excluded from or overlooked by curators in mainstream public institutions and commercial galleries.

While Patrick's unravelling of art and life leads the reader down many forking paths, he consistently ties all threads back to the Fluxus artists of the 1960s and 1970s. He argues that the Fluxus legacy is very much present in contemporary practice due to its experimental live happenings, its diverse membership, collective ethos and incessant blurring of public/private boundaries. Another consistent strength of the book is it mixes internationally canonised figures, such as Robert Rauschenberg, David Hammons, and Thomas Hirschhorn, alongside those lesser known including a number from Aotearoa. This last point makes Patrick's publication a unique contribution which broadens art world topologies as much as it does our understanding of the art/life divide.

FFO: Fluxus, artist run initiatives, performance art, social engagement, and stand-up comedians who find society's failings within themselves.

1 Martin Patrick, *Across the Art/Life Divide: Performance, Subjectivity, and Social Practice in Contemporary Art* (Chicago: Intellect, The University of Chicago Press, 2017), 83–84.

2 Patrick, 2018, 159.

***Yellow Moon: He Marama Kōwhai,* curated by Ken Hall.**

Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū

October 2017 - October 2018

Shared Snood

Audrey Baldwin and collaborators, facilitated by Ōtautahi Kōrerotia.

January - February 2018, digitally ongoing

In the round: Collaboration and dissonance in contemporary craft practices

Bojana Rimbovska

Centering around the colour yellow, *Yellow Moon: He Marama Kōwhai* explicitly foregrounds the formal aspects of the works on show. The monochromatic theme highlights the range of media being used by contemporary artists, including the craft-based practice of Ani O'Neill. Her participatory project asks the public to crochet small 'craters' that collectively form yellow 'moons' throughout the duration of the exhibition.

O'Neill's work triggers conversations about art and craft, and the division that is often drawn between the two within an institutional setting. Given the influence of Western museological practices, which have historically encouraged a narrow—often strictly optical—way of engaging with objects in these spaces, the performative aspect of craft is usually inferred from the completed object on display. Here, it is performed daily and made more accessible through the free hooks and yarn available for visitors to use as well as O'Neill's instructional video demonstrating crochet techniques.

Public participation remains central to the project as it moves beyond the gallery space, but the way this participatory aspect has been promoted by the gallery appears to stem from its own exclusivity as an established art venue. In an Instagram post, the gallery encourages people to, "come and make a crochet crater in the exhibition 'Yellow Moon: He Marama Kōwhai' - you can brag to your friends that you have a piece of art hanging on the Art Gallery walls!"[1] In using prestige to promote participation the gallery points to its own exclusivity, as well as perhaps predisposing visitors to a particular way of engaging with the work.

Coinciding with *Yellow Moon* throughout February was a craft-based project led by Audrey Baldwin and facilitated by Ōtautahi Kōrerotia. *Shared Snood* used communal macramé sessions as the basis for discussions around craft, feminism(s), their histories, and their relationship to contemporary art practices. *Shared Snood* also resulted in the creation of a physical object, but this was more explicitly connected to a discursive platform that sustained the project and remains active after its production. To say that this element was missing from *Yellow Moon* assumes that these parallel projects are working within the same parameters and disregards the different ways craft practices are being framed, conceptualised, and read by its publics in different institutional contexts.

These two projects—alongside other craft-based projects which may not have access to similar platforms and audiences (be they physical or digital)—demonstrate how contemporary craft practices often position social engagement at their centre. However, the contexts they are encountered in and the methodologies, histories, and values surrounding their manifestation in these spaces influences the extent to which this social potential is enacted. The means and aims of *Yellow Moon* and *Shared Snood* overlap and diverge at points, they both reference, reinforce, or sometimes challenge the expectations people place on craft as a traditionally object-centred and performative practice. Their differences exemplify that approaches to contemporary craft are never singular or complete as both projects have only drawn on some of the strings entangled within the broadening concept of craft. When placed alongside one-another, each project emphasises the necessity of having multiple platforms where people can physically engage with craft practices and interpret their histories and various manifestations within a contemporary context.

FFO: public crafting, participatory art, craft and/as art, online communities and crowdsourcing.

1 Posted on May 14, 2018 by Christchurch Art Gallery. Caption in full reads: "A new moon is rising - come and make a crochet crater in the exhibition 'Yellow Moon: He Marama Kōwhai' - you can brag to your friends that you have a piece of art hanging on the Art Gallery walls!", Accessed June 26, 2018, https://www.instagram.com/p/BiwGLAnjBPM/?hl=en&taken-by=chchartgallery.

New Vision

Gordon Walters

Dunedin Public Art Gallery

11 November 2017 - 8 April 2018

"A horizontal stripe ending in a circle": On colonial smash grabbing and the inability for Pākehā to acknowledge tino rangatiratanga

Fresh and Fruity

PART I of II

Sitting in Peach Pit at 11:15pm on a Friday night I'm tired after a number of wines and whines. I look to the ground and see a Gordon Walters' koru carpet. I want to groan so loud I swallow the entire bar.

It's difficult to write about Gordon Walters' work. It feels unnecessary and yet still urgent for some reason. His work causes me a lot of pain and anger. This anger is palpable and never taken seriously, despite the amount of scholarship by a number of Māori and Pacific historians including Rangihīroa Panoho, Peter Brunt, Ngahuia Te Awekotuku, and Dr Deidre Brown's essay questioning his appropriation of Māori iconography in the accompanying book for *New Vision*. This critique falls on deaf ears. Still, in 2018 a retrospective of Gordon Walters' work toured the country as if it demands attention, thought, or care. Tell me, when was the last time a senior Māori artist was afforded a touring retrospective and a book of commissioned essays?

At 4:00am a Morepork screams 'It won't stop! It won't stop!'

The last time I encountered Walters' work was in Dunedin, in February. I had never seen so many people turn up to an artist talk at the Dunedin Public Art Gallery. One speaker brought up Walters' appropriation and blatant disregard for taonga. The elephant in the room. The response from the almost exclusively Pākehā audience signalled to me the obvious disregard for Māori ever being able to maintain any level of rangatira; the accusations of appropriation felt like a deliberate attack of their whiteness. I started to yell. I can't remember what I said, but I left that room as soon as I could.

Before now, Fresh and Fruity had refrained from writing about the Gordon Walters retrospective *New Vision*. Because, let's be honest, *New Vision* is an exercise in the white colonial nationalist project that is New Zealand.

We are tired of constantly defending our sovereignty.
We are tired of being politicised.
We are tired of being angry.
We are tired of feeling hurt.
We are just so fucking tired of this shit.
We don't want to feel angry, we want to see meaningful change.

New Vision continues the narrative of Walters as a genius who 'refined' Māori tāonga, namely koru, an integral symbol in Māori art and te ao Māori, to create his masterpieces. Under Article 2 of the Treaty of Waitangi, our taonga are meant to be protected. The treaty "... confirmed and guaranteed to the chiefs 'exclusive and undisturbed possession of their lands and estates, forests, fisheries, and other properties'."[1] Walters, along with the rest of NZ, assumed that Māori weren't doing anything important intellectually with these forms and decided to devour them and regurgitate them as whitewashed paintings. Walters' process mimics that of other Western modernist artists who took Black and brown forms and imagery. It's as though, "... through the animalization of Black and brown people as lacking reason that white artists could render non-white lands, aesthetics, and bodies as raw material to modify and deploy in response to Western art history, both conceptually and materially."[2]

Continued in November

FFO: Ana Mendieta, indigenous writers, oysters, Māori art, Deleuze, pilates, and Mariah Carey.

1 Claudia Orange, "Treaty of Waitangi - Interpretations of the Treaty of Waitangi," *Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand online*, http://www.TeAra.govt.nz/en/treaty-of-waitangi/page-2.

2 manuel arturo abreu, "Against the supremacy of thought," *Rhizome online*, January 8, 2018, https://rhizome.org/editorial/2018/jan/08/against-the-supremacy-of-thought/.

FEBRUARY

performers are not practiced or expert at the game. They have set up their own characters, leading to gems such as the diminutive comedian Emma Cusdin playing Belt, the big, dumb, pinot noir swigging leader of the group. They frequently have to query the rules, or ask Bennetts if what they would like to do is possible. It's evident how much care Bennetts puts into the show, and the improvised story lines and twists and turns the players drop on him are consistently handled with aplomb.

Nestled into the tiny Orange Studios, the players sit behind long tables facing the audience. Bennetts holds court, sitting in the centre, his role the ostensible adult in the midst of the players whose giddy sense of fun often takes them to odd places. The space encourages the sense that the audience is a part of this too, and they are, for sustained periods of time. The podcast regularly runs to 80 minutes, and the show holds the rapt fans, who come up for photographs at the end, often dressed as the characters they feel an affinity for.

It feels warm, and kind, in the way that collaborative games should be, and even for audiences like me who are both highly combative and deeply sceptical about whether this is a thing for grown ups, its incredible popularity seems to indicate my scepticism is an outdated hangover from an era when we could afford it.

In our capitalist system, getting ahead at the expense of others has been all too commonplace. To see shows, like *Dungeons and Comedians*, that require teamwork, empathy, and kindness is refreshing and necessary. In a world increasingly in need of cooperation, rather than competition, it is reassuring to see shows that do not win unless everyone does, the audience bystanders included.

FFO: Dungeons and Dragons, comedy, people in silly hats.

Dungeons and Comedians

Brendan Bennetts and Friends

Orange Studios

16 February 2018

Laura Borrowdale

In many ways, 2018 has felt like a year in which the world, for the most part, has collectively woken up. The polarisation of global politics, the urgency of climate change, and the searing heat of the #MeToo movement have called us all into account.

A key feature that runs between these issues is, as Jacinda Ardern has repeatedly said, the need for kindness. The ability to empathise and treat others gently in the pursuit of a common good.

Nowhere is this more evident than in collective roleplay gaming, where players work together to build a story. This is a world I barely understand, my brutal competitiveness has successfully obliterated any game that I've been invited into, but it is one that I love the sound of.

It's a kind of high geekery. And while pop culture has relegated it to the spotty unpopular kids in teen movies, its rising popularity brings to comedy what Ardern is determined to bring to politics.

Often part of a fairly hidden subculture, shows such as *Dungeons and Comedians*, a D&D game hosted by Court Jester Brendan Bennetts, are refreshing the format of the classic Dungeons and Dragons for a new era. I've occasionally been involved in one of Bennetts' other shows, *The Nerd Degree*, but it is *Dungeons and Comedians* that shines. It has spawned a podcast and fan art, and performers are now regularly greeted by people dressed as them when they arrive at the venue. It isn't high art, but it invariably sells out, indicating the value of shows that can bring in audiences who may otherwise feel alienated by a formal theatre experience.

Part of the joy of the show is its generosity to the players. Set up in a way that very few performances ever are, the

Awa HQ

Angela Lyon, Aroha Novak, and Charlotte Parallel

Dunedin Town Belt and Lower Rattray St, Dunedin

November 2017 - March 2018

Bridie Lonie

The implications of climate change have generated much dystopian art. Timothy Morton suggests that our responses can only be lame, weak, and hypocritical.[1] Yet when biodiversity is threatened, intimate encounters may drive political engagement. In their historical work on climate change and estuarial food sources *The Lagoon Project* (1974-84), Helen Mayer Harrison and Newton Harrison, in dialogue, asked each other to "pay attention".[2] That call was made in 2017 when Environment Envoy, through Te Ao Tūroa–The Natural World, Dunedin's Environment Strategy 2016-2026, adopted the arts and culture strategy's vehicle Urban Dream Brokerage to forge more intimate relations between people and their urban biodiversity.

Awa HQ was one such project, with lead artists including photographer Angela Lyon, sculptor and community artist Aroha Novak, and sound artist and sculptor Charlotte Parallel.[3]

The awa in question is the stream Toitū, whose estuarine flows were appropriated by the first colonists of Ōtepoti/Dunedin from the Kai Tahu people for whom they were a source of life. Toitū runs down a narrow gully through the Town Belt, to its enclosure in a culvert at the city's lowest point. Toitū's waters return to their historic flows when the city floods, as it now does frequently. The artists' research involved Kai Tahu histories, geographical and civic data, and records of the Scottish settlers' appropriation of the land as their first commercial centre. Avoiding what Lyon called "the screen of representation" and thinking of the recognition of the personhood of the river Whanganui, they set up situations where Toitū might play an active role.[4]

The first event, held on November 25, 2017, was a hikoi to the source of the stream. Parallel's practice focuses on transduction and the project used the tradition of water divining, asking viewers to experience the presence of the stream through their bodies. While some were sceptical, and others were surprised to feel a tug on the wire, the experiment generated a situated connection. The hikoi included performances on Māori musical instruments by Jennifer Cattermole and Jessica Layton.

The second event, *Murky Waters*, on December 9, 2017, was a small carnival, with art, music and film, and generous hospitality. Here Toitū once met the foreshore but now can be heard running through a culvert built in the first days of European settlement. The demolition site's depleted soil fosters a struggling biodiversity. Adjacent to the Dunedin Casino, it was once next door to Varley's Arcade, where people spent their goldrush findings, resisting Presbyterian disapproval. This was a different event, a communal sharing of the irony of the rapid colonisation of the people and the land, and the works chosen suggested different kinds of political action.

The closing event on March 10, 2018 returned to the stream's source. Participants learned and then sang a waiata with Māori words set to a Scottish tune written for the addition of the name Toitū to the title "Otago Settler's Museum". The event spoke to the personhood of the awa and its centrality to the histories recorded in the museum. Built lightly but logically around carefully researched systemic connections, *Awa HQ* generated a tactile and conceptual understanding of Toitū as an active player in the past, the present, and in what is to come.

FFO: participatory art, climate change, ecological art, local histories.

1 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World.* (Minneapolis and London: University of Minnesota Press, 2013), 27.

2 "The Lagoon Cycle," The Harrison Studio online, http://theharrisonstudio.net/the-lagoon-cycle-1974-1984-2

3 "Awa HQ," Urban Dream Brokerage, http://urbandreambrokerage.org.nz/awa-hq

4 Personal communication with Angela Lyon, September 11, 2018.

Dance, Danced, Dancing

Josie Archer and Kosta Bogoievski

MOTAT Aviation Display Hangar

23 February 2018

Sophie Bannan

You have to slap yourself in the face with a mohair glove
You have to challenge yourself to a mini-duel

You have to rub your hand on your thighs and think about pain
A little pain comes on and you get tiresome again[1]

In the Museum of Transport and Technology's (MOTAT) aviation display hangar, pink lit, J and K jog idly. To the swishing of their matching red utility jumpsuits, they wind their propeller bodies and make airplane arms. The routine is punctuated by body stillness and precipitous swellings of tempo.

In an effort to refrain from contriving 'meaning' of this movement, or injecting worldly connotations, I find the only way forward might be to construe these bodies.
The womb-ish light has lifted to white; cleared throats expel a sustained meditational birthing hum that escalates, bringing K to his knees. K performs inverted marching and J a solo of macho poses and squidgy balletics. Then alternately, thinking, into a microphone: iPhone 8, giraffe, cognac snifter,

1 Hera Lindsay Bird, "Pain Imperatives, After Chelsey Minnis", in *Hera Lindsay Bird*, (Wellington: University of Victoria Press, 2016), 83.

tibia, Keanu Reeves, Vietnamese salads. K formally thanks the MOTAT staff and acknowledges each aircraft present; Adams Ornithopter, ZK MPF Aerospace CT-4A Airtrainer Auster J/1B Aiglet NZ1708 ZK-BBY, ZK-BWH Avro 683 Lancaster Bomber B Mk VII, NX665 … J zooms around.

After performing a series of distinct actions, independently but sometimes addressing the floor, the scoring mechanism is demystified by J speaking the 'name' of each action, accompanied by K's demonstration; head-bang-sideways, one-hand-crab-backwards, Josie-click-move, golf-swing, possum-jump …

So my spectation shifts because now I have something to call it! But then apparently not because the score escalates and disintegrates and they're wrestling and touching and lifting each other and in this heated putrefaction they are tearing off one another's jumpsuits!

They are testing bodies, repeating scored actions that are new in their nudity, like freshly birthed creatures impersonating something marginally human. Baby MJ serenades with 'I wonder who's lovin' you.' I feel in on something absurd, like, I know this movement language now and also, you're nude and wriggling around in the shadow of aircraft fuselage. These bodies screech and slap the floor, then come together, side by side, for the grand finale—a spoken duet culminating with a suspensefully climactic and utterly hypothetical spinning jump in the air:

Kosta skips to the front left corner of the room and touches the wall with his left knee.
Josie flails her arms in an incomprehensible manner.
Kosta uses his hands to push himself away from the wall. He suspends a balance on one foot, his body aligning diagonally with the room, before falling to the ground.
Josie slides her right hand across the floor, away from her body, creating distance between her fingers and feet.
Kosta notices his mother, Jennifer, in the audience and decides to try harder.
Josie rolls onto her back then lifts her head to look at me.
Josie developé's her right leg up to the heavens, foot pointed and body perfectly poised.
Josie looks overhead and experiences slight dizziness and nausea. She sits down to relieve discomfort.
Josie immediately stands up again, clenches her jaw, and begins to run around the room cultivating the energy and adrenaline to perform a spinning jump in the air.
Josie performs a spinning jump in the air.[2]

FFO: The Body Cartography Project, Judson Dance Theatre, Zahra Killeen-Chance.

---

2 Josie Archer and Kosta Bogoievski, "Spoken Duet," transcript supplied by the authors, 2018.

LRZ (Lupus Recovery Zone). Mafutaga #1

A project by OLGA

LRZ, 27 Albert Street, Hamilton East, Kirikiriroa

16 February 2018

Naa Leafa Wilson

Dear reader: for ease of understanding, OLGA is me, Leafa Wilson, I am writing about OLGA in the third person.

Two years ago, OLGA opened up as a democratic and decolonial art-testing space in Kirikiriroa, in a small space above Trek 'n' Travel, Victoria Street. It is now the current gallery space of [tacit] gallery. Olga Krause (that's actually me, Leafa Wilson) decided to embark upon an experiment that would test art's ability to see outside of its largely institutionalised and Western modes of operation; modes which render her brown body invisible in a contemporary art setting. It was as much a place of shelter for others like OLGA as it was a place for art to be tested.

OLGA began with the offering of a manifesto (see image in centrefold) that would propose, in its entirety, how this space would operate. OLGA was ultimately a person, an animated space that bore the soul of OLGA the person and all her utopic notions of how she could offer herself as a free platform for artists, limited only by the parameters of space and her own budget.

Notably, since OLGA opened, three or four independent art spaces opened up and were duly noted by the likes of the local Eyecontact correspondent, Peter Dornauf; yet, unsurprisingly perhaps, the efforts of OLGA went totally unreviewed. It would appear that OLGA, the brown space, was invisible and remains so. Refusing to be eroded, despite her erasure from the hegemonic art press, OLGA hosted the *Lupus Recovery Zone (LRZ)* in February of 2018. This space is OLGA's back lawn and began after their spouse, Craig Wilson, built a small covering for a deck at the back of their home on Albert Street. He dubbed it the Lupus Recovery Zone as a small gift to OLGA –a photosensitive sufferer of lupus. This new small space acted as a new catalytical action to spark new curatorial ideas: to offer the yard as a free exhibition space for painting, sculptural, and performative works.

At LRZ, instead of individual titles for exhibitions, there is a standard, sequentially numbered, and freeing title for each event: Mafutaga, a Samoan word meaning 'gathering'. Each Mafutaga at LRZ invites a selection of makers and performers to make work for an afternoon, and to share a free vegan meal made by OLGA. There is no inducement other than to 'gather' disparate groups of people from the community (art and otherwise). What resulted was a mass feast whilst exhibiting the works and performances of Teuila Fatupaito, Stuart Bridson, The New Millennial Beatniks (Richard Selinkoff, Martin Fisher, and Laurie Hayes), Nik Krause, Ephraim Wilson, Ahsin Ahsin & Gaye Jurisich (a collaboration), and an installation by Yonel Watene. In fact, it was a desire to assist Yonel in establishing a new home in Kirikiriroa that spurred the LRZ to happen when it did.

As a concept and a space, *Mafutaga #1* fostered an unusually relaxed experience within which to view art. Elders from the local Pacific community dined with renowned, alternative fringe artists, who sat alongside the city's newest gallerists and artists craving a landing strip for art and community. In this sense, it succeeded in opening up a new kind of conversation that ventured beyond art, where new relationships were forged. Peter Dornauf even visited and told us how lovely the house was and OLGA, a brown space, was contented.

The triumph of OLGA and the LRZ is that the curatorial premise of connecting real non-art connected folx to art was achieved, and that people didn't leave hungry or feeling out of place.

FFO: socially engaged art, alterity of the curator, OLGA is a manifestation of TA-VAist theory of reality, TA-VAist not Marxist, all-embracing curatorial performance, art as love.

Shake That Skinny Ass All The Way to Zygertron Album release Show

Troy Kingi and the Galactic Chiropractors

Meow, Te Whanganui-a-Tara

9 February 2018

Tongpop Souvenirs

Telly Tuita

Precinct 35

11 - 24 December 2018

Out of Orbit, Not Alone

Tamara Tulitua

Telly Tuita's *Tongpop Souvenirs* was a kaleidoscope of vision and memory. Standing in the centre of the small space, it was intimate like a lounge but outward looking.

Instinctively starting left, *Tongpop Souvenir 1* and *Tongpop Souvenir 2* greet me. Poppin' indeed. Bright ula coming at me on brilliant mounts. I was in mum's — or any Island family's — lounge: all-ula-everything. Colour drippin'. I was about to start smelling sapasui and taro when the adjacent wall jolted my eyes' nostrils. *Tongpop Composition* 1 through to 5: a series of abstract acrylics on canvas. Each a variation of Tongan ngatu motifs overlaid with geometric strokes. No stroke was to be outdone by the other, a conservative eye would call them clashing. Mine admired their battling: they all own the floor.

The *Tongpop Composition* series was a splendid telescope to the right where a sign should be hung: 'Fasten Seatbelts please'. We're off to space baby.

Here the much larger pieces *God Creating Man* and *Summoning the Gods* command you into cosmic realms. *Venus of Tongpop* and *Club Janus* posed roman gods amongst collected paraphernalia and myriad symbols. The pieces manipulate time: were these creation stories or futuristic prophecies? Vivid colours tackle you on all sides, with pulsating ideography. I was teleported to an alternate universe where celestial gods mingled with common folk. These four pieces straddled ages, planets, civilisations, memory, myth. This was a familiar journey. Like seeing your ex and hearing the soundtrack of your Summer roadie, Troy Kingi's *Shake That Skinny Ass All The Way to Zygertron* arrived in my mind's ear…

I was back at the album release gig for *Zygertron* at Meow in February 2018 by Kingi and his band The Galactic Chiropractors: muso heavyweights Mara TK, Mark Vanilau, Ed Zuccollo, and Cory Champion. The opening bars of Zygertron instantly connect me to my first musical language. Buzzy voiceovers. Funk riffs with all the swag. Soul rhythms that make your heart swoon and head nod. Topped with vocals dripping like honey.

Zygertron tells a cosmic tale of interplanetary lovers who bear a special golden footed child. Kingi's inimitable songwriting is matched by his nous in recruiting Mara TK and Mark Vanilau. There are harmonies, then there are the charismatic combinations of reo and chords these three elicit. I was front and centre in the swaying crowd; we followed Kingi and his Chiropractor crew on our cosmic journey future and past; across a universe parallel to that Welly summer night. Suspended there, asteroids whizzed by, propelled by Zuccollo's synth drives ("woah see/hear that!?!"); heeded *Grandma's Rocket Poem* wisdom ("You're nothing but an electron child / Just waiting for release"). Melodies flowed between creation stories, fulfilled prophecies, and endless futuristic possibilities. Full blown otherworldliness opened up as Kingi and TK's extended *Golden Taurus* acapella segment took us on the "intergalactic solstice highway". I doubt there was a dry soul in the place.

Tuita's pieces summoned these musical ministrations all pointing upwards and beyond to *Planet Zygertron* and *Planet Tongpop*. These two works strike the same chord: psychedelic pondering of roots, belonging, and identity beyond our traditional communities. Our Othered communities have strong collective identifiers. The challenge is when your search calls for individuation … an alien pursuit. Many assume your satellite will land on Planet Hegemony ('fia palagi' 'bounty bar' etc). But we can't stay. Our journeys lead us out of orbit, beyond the Other into Galaxy Othered Otheredness: I happily planet hop from Tongpop to Zygertron to my own. Luna Steppas for life.

FFO: Space travel, identity polytrix, Bootsy Collins, mythology, soul grooves, and POC life and loves.

MARCH

Fuck Rant
Nisha Madhan
The Basement Theatre
20-24 February and 21 March 2018

A Recipe for Fruit Flies

Vanessa Crofskey

Fake blood has a substantive history. It's been part of productions since at least the 1960s, with more representation on screen or stage than most women of colour. The film *Carrie* required 300-400 gallons of it, made from sloshed up food colouring and corn syrup.[1] *Fuck Rant,* by artist Nisha Madhan, requires at least five litres.

Fuck Rant is an exploratory live art piece that examines the limits of representation on stage. The work was presented at Basement Theatre as part of Auckland Fringe Festival in February, then restaged in March 2018. The show is based on a devising game which reduces subject matter to its core: a performer must improvise a monologue about a subject in ten minutes, then nine, then eight, like a high school beep test. The repetitive structure highlights usually invisible modes of address by stripping language of its hiding places. Through the clever adaptation of this game, Madhan analyses broad themes of power in shorter and shorter time frames. Her attempt at reckoning with these issues is scored by ludicrous reenactments of dying to the theme song of *2001: A Space Odyssey.* Each time Madhan enacts dying; the clock resets, blood gets poured, white outlines are taped.

Death is challenging to represent onstage in that it can only be real insofar as we know it is not really happening. "When an actor dies, no one's fooled for a minute" writes Tim Etchells in his *Spectacular* programme notes, which Madhan cites in her own.[2] Although we experience grief toward convincing portrayals of dying, we know that the body present on stage is still breathing. Blood spilled on the floor is not a sign of direct injury, although Health and Safety might rule it as a cause. In this, death and diversity are similar: while they may appear to be real, their presentation is usually performative. Diverse bodies are most commonly evidenced in their absence on stage and in key positions of power—the surface diorama of lily white programmers, funders and directors.

Madhan plays a heightened and bloody version of composite identities: brown woman, broke artist, foreign migrant, citizen, solo performer, angry educator. Through her constant renegotiating of identity, the audience are made to examine structural positions from within and beyond the room. Within the industry, fruitful conversations around intersectionality are beginning to occur around access and privilege. Deeper systemic power relations are trickier to speak about however, and Madhan swiftly calls our attention to the following: Who is being viewed here? Who dictates the programme, who oversees the organisation? Whose identity has been framed for them? Who feels safe walking into this room?

Death, in Madhan's scenario, is not a cursive ending but an ongoing possibility. Each looping monologue cracks open a space to query the way things should be. Weeks after her season finishes, there are still fruit flies roving the perimeters of the black box. They feed from the fake blood, the residual sugar left behind, the spectacle of a recipe. At one point the building's structural integrity is called into question, and it feels exciting.

FFO: Blood baths, live performance, and playful critiques on representation.

1 Forrest Wickman, "A Brief History of Fake Blood," *Slate,* Updated Oct 31, 2017. www.slate.com/blogs/browbeat/2013/10/22/movie_blood_recipe_and_history_from_hershey_s_to_corn_syrup_and_beyond.html.

2 Tim Etchells, "'Spectacular' Programme Note by Tim Etchells", Forced Entertainment, 2008, https://www.forcedentertainment.com/spectacular-programme-note-by-tim-etchells/.

Walking to Jutland Street
Michael Steven
Otago University Press
March 2018

To Make Good — A partial inventory of Michael Steven's *Walking to Jutland Street*

Lynley Edmeades

Featuring *Amy and August,* Matt Klee, god, Mr. Brower, a list MP, drivers, intermediate kids, his mother, his father, his younger sister, a sinister acquaintance, the famous Seattle grunge musician, the baker and the baker's wife, Emily Remler, a kabuki ghost, nobody, a double amputee, the famous spiritualist, the Peace Frog, nervous bank tellers, Fairburn, an old timer, the author of *San Quentin's Stranger,* the acclaimed photographer, Krishna and friends, the famous war poet, some neo-Dadaists, the avant-garde musician and aspirant Sinologist, a group of silent people, smugglers, wok master Hing, a country of holy lovers, Mary Magdalene and the bogus Marxist. Peggy Bundy.

There is a dog, rust blooms, mosquitoes, yellow earthmovers, a blue Walkman, sea-ward leaning clover, shoes, a wooden ruler, a white Holden Torana, nasturtiums, tiny hands, feet, crumbling teeth, brick and tile houses, blue firmament, pine branches, silver cylindrical parcels, a Wises map book, flies, red candles on tables, mixing jars, screwdrivers, a creek, old comics, porn magazines, pigeon shit, skylights, meat pies, a Stratocaster, mugs of instant coffee, a tiny coffin, a C-60 tape, grass, a loaded rifle, a Picador paperback of Mailer's *Ancient Evenings,* the southern sun, his pale skin, a late song by Thin Lizzy, dust, a Celtic duende, soil, a bladder of Chasseur, the Oxford edition of *Ulysses,* Nag Champa, pints of Lion Red, Nikau palms, windows boarded-over with sheets of plywood, junk, plastic clipboards, a butterfly, nanny goats, past lives, and love and jazz and heroin.

It was at the Panel Shop, beside a creek on Jollie Street, in Opahi Bay, near Avondale, or on a rugby field, on the Peninsula, or on Sherie Place, at the top of the dark cliff, or in Engineering class, in a prefab classroom, at the school, near three suburbs, on Jutland Street, in a motel beside a gladed front yard, or in a supermarket car park, at the tinnie house, on a two-lane bridge, in the hole, in the yard on Neilson Street, in the smoko room, in scenic places in Whenuapai, on the black concrete at the foot of a mountain, on the hospice lawn by the front door of a two-room cottage, in office blocks in the far corner of the Telstra car park at 239 Hereford Street, in a rundown villa, in Latimer Square, above the solar plexus, in London, or in rural China, or in the Eastern Bloc, or in Port Chalmers, or in Vasco Da Gama's bedroom, in a bamboo hut beside the river, or at Keepers Park in the bardo close to the docklands, in the shacks and cookhouse below the urupā, near Britomart, or in a stolen Subaru above the phosphorescence at either end of Stafford Street, or in a field hospital near Pusan, behind the counter at the Night 'n Day, or alone at his kitchen table.

It happened: In December. Once. At Night. Last Term. On Fridays. Until dawn. All day and night. Weekly. In 1991. When their love was brand new. On Christmas day. During the hour. In 1348. Tonight. During roll-call. On a mild Sunday morning, in early May. At the day's end. Right now.

Dressed in school uniform, in handcuffs, he saved up his lunch and pocket money, and then, solemnly poised—wearing sandshoes and yellow overalls—he nailed the coffin shut, with forces feuding in his body, with the drug and the sun inside him singing together, by stuffing it down his trousers, becoming estranged from it, trying to relax, screaming louder and louder, feeling heartbroken, floating down a river on a small boat, going to bed with Cortés, swimming on mescaline, looking closely, studying the text of another man's face. That's how he plays it: *to make good.*

FFO: Poetry, Dunedin, Denis Johnson, Robert Lowell, culture as read in the margins.

Rushes

Malia Johnston, Rowan Pierce, Eden Mulholland (Movement of the Human)

Circa Theatre

23 February - 5 March 2018

Cassandra Tse

As a child, my mother took me to the ballet once or twice a year. I enjoyed the experience, even if I didn't fully appreciate it, but in every show there would come an inevitable segment that the programme synopsis coyly entitled 'A wedding banquet,' or 'A country dance'; the part of the show where the plot stopped and the dancers would just dance, for no reason. I dreaded these sequences, which I always found incredibly boring—dancing-for-dancing's-sake, dance without a story. Even as an adult, I've always been more drawn to dance works that use the form to tell a narrative than more conceptual pieces.

Given all this, Malia Johnston, Rowan Pierce and Eden Mulholland's *Rushes*—a contemporary dance piece exploring the interplay between light, sound, space and the body—should have been anathema to me. But somehow, despite being an abstract work featuring anonymous characters and no real story, I found the experience of seeing *Rushes* intriguing and genuinely compelling.

The element that sets *Rushes* apart from similar contemporary dance shows is its unconventional form. The Circa Theatre building is transformed into a maze of white paper—long corridors, small and large rooms, stairwells, peepholes, nooks, and crannies. The audience are free to wander through the space at will as a cast of around thirty dancers perform, moving from location to location, and a live band underscores the performance. This open promenade form transforms the audience experience from passive observation to active discovery and encounter. We unearth new spaces and find new vantage points to re-contextualise spaces we have already seen. We see the same dancers again and again—perhaps brushing past them as they stand frozen in a hallway, then encountering them diving in and out of a beam of light in a small, haze-filled room, then spotting them rolling around with some other dancers in a feverish tussle with a white balloon.

All of the dancers are charismatic and athletic, and Eden Mulholland's subtle soundtrack creates a pulsating, hypnotic atmosphere, but it is the promenade form of the piece that feels like the most essential aspect of *Rushes*. By allowing the audience members to choose their own path through the performance, the show invites us to create our own narrative understanding of what we are witnessing. It's only human to read narrative meaning into places where it is only implied, or even accidental, and we soon find ourselves linking the discrete 'scenes' we encounter into an overarching story. Maybe these two dancers are in love—or this one is afraid of the other—or this one is trying to keep very still but keeps getting caught up in the music ... it is up to each audience member's individual interpretation.

Perhaps because of this, I felt that the show faltered when it came to providing a conclusion to the 'story'. As in most open promenade pieces, the audience were ushered into a single, shared space for the final scene. The dancers began a movement sequence, spinning and eventually colliding with other dancers or collapsing—the sequence was drawn-out and seemed to move along without building in tempo or urgency. I was reminded of those more conventional contemporary dance pieces without the drive of narrative tension to keep me entertained.

However, this final stumble only serves to illustrate why the rest of the show was so successful. Perhaps the open promenade form suited this abstract dance work so well because each dance encounter was not designed to hold our attention forever—just until we decided to walk away and seek out something new.

FFO: Black Grace, experimental music, balloons, and perambulating.

Daegan Wells

A Gathering Distrust

Ilam SOFA Campus Gallery

21 February - 22 March 2018

distrust, disorientation, disintegration

Hamish Petersen

eleven ceramic pots are lined up like a narrow jetty, risking itself the further it extends. they are made of clay Daegan dug from the shores of Moturau, near a memorial for the 'Save Lake Manapōuri' Campaign.

"Moturau is the correct Māori name for Lake Manapōuri. […] The name Moturau is sometimes said to have been given by the northern rangatira Tamatea, who travelled through the area with his travelling party after their waka, Takitimu, capsized at Te Waewae Bay."[1]

Daegan dug the clay not far from where they remember having fallen over on a childhood trip. this was familiar ground at the time. their family had relocated nearby after finding employment in the second hydroelectric project at the lake in the mid nineties. it's always a strange sensation to fall over on familiar ground, to ram your hip into the kitchen bench while absent-mindedly refilling your water glass. Sara Ahmed reminds me that disorientation, "can shatter one's sense of confidence in the ground, or one's belief that the ground on which we reside can support the actions that make a life feel liveable."[2] for the 'Save Lake Manapōuri' campaigners it was the threat of topographical disorientation that motivated a call to action (for inaction) in a rising euro-american awareness of mass extinction, deforestation, and climate crisis. you'll have to rearrange your week if the water rises and an isthmus becomes a channel.

"This pass or ford, Te Kauranga, was where waka entered Circle Cove."[3]

attempting to retain the orientation to the world they had sketched around them, the locals took to public protest action in order to have their lived topography legitimated by the commercial and governmental bodies that threatened to submerge them. the campaigners' story was somehow written in a script that achieved legibility for those in power, whereas other stories entwined in that whenua at different times were illegible (read: unintelligible (read: unreal (read: illegitimate))). who gets heard when successive acts of speech are speaking over one-another? over the land. over the silvered macrocarpa of hay barns. over the seasonal tracks to a southern kainga, or the best places to cook in the rain.

in some sense this work subverts the typical reading of craft practices like pottery through these stories. the red, bisque-fired pots on the floor fit readily into a negotiation of binaries and hierarchies of usefulness / decoration, femininity / masculinity, and particularity between functionality / formalist history in the vein of the pākehā potters and image-makers lauded for their 'capture' of an essence of Te Wai Pounamu. however, the way Daegan articulated the space using a projection of pensive, frothing waters onto crisp aluminium in one corner, casting spears and flutters of light across the room, called me into my body. i felt myself small and my movements calculated in order to orient myself to the row of pots in the appropriate way. in this environment the clay forms were language through which land, many peoples' histories, and Daegan's relationships with Manapōuri locals were articulated through an embodied process—Daegan and the clay. some stories get through that somehow, not that I need to know all the details. they are not always for everyone to know.

FFO: Ceramics, environmentalism, queer phenomenology, swimming in space, activism, layered histories.

1 Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu, "Popup Panel: Moturau", *Kā Huru Manu, Atlas—A Cultural Mapping Project*, 2018, http://www.kahurumanu.co.nz/atlas.

2 Sara Ahmed, *Queer Phenomenology,* (Durham; Duke University Press, 2006), 175.

3 Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu, "Popup Panel: Pakererū", *Kā Huru Manu, Atlas—A Cultural Mapping Project*, 2018, http://www.kahurumanu.co.nz/atlas.

APRIL

From Permanent to PopUp

Invercargill, Southland

April 2018

Kathryn McCully

The decline of arts and cultural institutions in Invercargill has left a community in shock, particularly after the closure of the Southland Museum and Art Gallery (SMAG) in April this year. Preceding the SMAG closure was, in late 2017, the closure of Southland Art Society's City Gallery, and in early 2014 the closure of Anderson Park Art Gallery which has since pushed these institutions into developing pop-up models within the CBD. The William Hodges Fellowship, administered by the Southland Art Foundation, ceased offering the artist in residence in late 2015. Invercargill has become a city confronting the stark reality of the significant expenditure required to resuscitate its cultural institutions.

Alongside the proposed construction of an inner city art centre, and the redevelopment of SMAG, is a regional storage facility planned to accommodate overflowing or inadequately stored collections from the wider region's more than 30 museums. Discussion of the three proposals appear, at this time, to be progressing through very different forums, and therefore debate ensues as to whether an inner city art centre should, in consideration of the cost of property in the CBD, store collections. As a solution to SMAG's lack of adequate collection space it was suggested that its collection be divided into two distinct categories: 'art' which would include William Hodges acquisitions and be housed in the proposed new art centre, and 'history' which would be retained and form the focus of a redeveloped SMAG. The problem of implementing such a division received little evaluation and, although recently dismissed via a consultancy process, proposals that address the art centre, Southland Museum & Art Gallery, and regional storage facility as separate capital developments persist.

The often uncontrolled or uninterrogated growth of collections and the rhetoric surrounding collecting as an impetus to drive capital redevelopment and increase operational funding may be waning in an environment where researcher Robert R. Janes suggests, "the enormous cost of keeping collections forever in accordance with rigorous professional standards" is becoming financially unsustainable for councils and ratepayers.[1] Janes paints a rather bleak picture of the traditional museum model suggesting that the inability to address the museum's "most sacred cow"—out of control collecting practices—thrusts museums into an untenable situation.[2] Janes is by no means advocating for museums without objects, rather he proposes the desire to expand storage for collections and the traditional resources, processes and practices associated with collections have become all-encompassing, undermining the core value of public museums to focus on meaningful connections with communities.
In 2015 after a number of failed attempts at a 'bricks and mortar' museum development the city of Toronto unveiled the Myseum of Toronto concept. As an alternative to a new facility the Myseum model focuses on embedding the performance of the museum's actions in the community, utilising collaboration, and capitalizing on the ability to pop-up anywhere around the greater Toronto area. Given the proposed expenditure on the art centre, Southland Museum and Art Gallery and regional storage facility, and the fact that 2019 is a local body election year, a solution to the city's lack of public arts/cultural facilities could perhaps be addressed by reassessing, as Toronto did, what a museum should be and do in a community.

FFO: Museums, art galleries, social capital, local-body politics, collections, and new ways of performing rather than building a museum.

1 Robert R. Janes, *Museums in a Troubled World: Renewal, Irrelevance or Collapse?* (London & New York: Routledge, 2009), 88.

2 Janes, 2009, 88.

Sleeping Arrangements

Michael McCabe, Grant Lingard, Zac Langdon-Pole, Malcolm Harrison. Curated by Simon Gennard

The Dowse Art Museum

21 April - 19 August 2018

Resurfacing

Jordana Bragg

I am at the opening of *Sleeping Arrangements*, curated by the 2017 Blumhardt Foundation/Creative New Zealand Curatorial Intern at the Dowse, Simon Gennard. Or rather, I am sitting at my kitchen table seven months later trying to recollect my initial responses. I can only account for superfluous detail; smiles during the welcoming speech and the sound of wine glasses clinking in every direction. It strikes me that to look back without a clear point of reference is an exercise in futility.

This difficulty in recollecting refined details of a specific event exposes the relevance of *Sleeping Arrangements* and each work selected; the exhibition's graceful navigation of a very specific moment in time: the second decade of the AIDS epidemic in the early 1990s.

The works of Grant Lingard (1961–1995), Zac Langdon-Pole (b.1988), and Michael McCabe (b.1994) propose a liminal space between the playfully coy and overtly political, forming a clear vantage point from which to encounter a series of textile works by Malcolm Harrison (1941–2007).

The diving board for this intergenerational consideration of the AIDS epidemic and its broader implications upon queer histories, future narratives, desires, and identities in Aotearoa emerges from within the Dowse Museum's collection; I am trying to recall the sensation of staring at Harrison's *AIDS Quilt Dedicated to Simon Morley* (1991).
I read and re-read the expertly stitched words "*Simon bids you farewell xx*", and all I have now is a sinking feeling.

Absence and disappearances are everywhere. *Sleeping Arrangements* makes apparent the lived experiences of queer bodies and the power of transferring these states of becoming onto objects. It highlights the importance of sharing; with family, friends, lovers, and strangers alike.

I am reminded that *AIDS Quilt Dedicated to Simon Morley* was constructed using incorrect dimensions and was therefore not able to be included as part of the *Aotearoa AIDS Memorial Quilt*, and so, absence of material occurs again, elsewhere.[1]

The presence of absence housed by *Sleeping Arrangements* negotiates the constant slippages that continue to occur in archiving queer lived experiences, signalling an important aspect of its continued operation: the innuendo. Expressions of queer identity during the AIDS epidemic and beyond, often for reasons of personal safety due to stigmatisation, were forced further underground.

There is a refined discreteness and sensitivity to the works selected and their way of relating, which signals towards the prevailing usefulness of queer 'coding'.[2] Expressing deep hurt and the deeply personal without ever seeming overly exposed.

FFO: The Dowse Art Museum, 1990, Textiles, Malcolm Harrison, and Queer identity in Aotearoa.

1 Inspired by the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt displayed in 1987 at the National Mall in Washington D.C, the *Aotearoa AIDS Memorial Quilt* commemorates individuals who lost their lives in Aotearoa during the AIDS pandemic. First unveiled in Auckland in 1991, now permanently stored at Te Papa Tongarewea, Wellington. Select panels are available to view by specific request.

2 See: Simon Gennard, "Interview with Simon Gennard," Artists Alliance Blog, retrieved March 20, 2018, https://artistsallianceblog.com/2018/03/20/interview-simon-gennard/. Simon is quoted, describing how, "the works are united not only materially, but also by a certain quality of "coded-ness".

The Freedom of the Migrant

Matthew Galloway

Dunedin Public Art Gallery

21 April - 12 August 2018

Lydie Schmidt

In 2016 Fran O'Sullivan wrote an article for the New Zealand Herald reporting on comments made by then Prime Minister John Key about terrorism's inevitable destabilisation of Europe and New Zealand's position as an escape for wealthy consumers. In the last ten years such articles on terrorism and its effects have invaded the media in New Zealand making Matthew Galloway's exhibition *The Freedom of the Migrant* a timely addition to artistic dialogue in 2018. Galloway intertwined elements of graphic design with the language of differing discourses on terrorism in order to critically engage with O'Sullivan's article and articles like it.

Within the gallery stand two architectural structures made of metal bars; one in the simple outline of a house and the other forming a partial roof. On the bars of each structure are phrases such as "Right of Refusal" and "Right to have Rights". These structures connote notions of home and shelter and their inability to provide any comfort speaks to the migrant situation of instability and lack of sanctuary. On an opposite wall are the words "Hospitality", "Obligation" and "Legacy" printed vertically in an elegant font. Because the words are difficult to decipher, the viewer is coaxed into spending some time with them, leading to a slower, more thoughtful interaction. The fluid script font gives the impression of sophistication and here Galloway points to how typography can give words a sense of legitimacy and currency. The connotative power of the text and design resonates, increasing the viewer's awareness of the affective nature of language and its ability to structure

our thinking. This element reveals the fact that borders between nations are often more psychological than they are physical.

The newspaper article the exhibition uses as its starting point is attached to the wall with a fun clip-art image of a dancer digitally placed over its surface. Such a light-hearted image superimposed onto an apparently truth-telling piece of media suggests the article is a construction that can be dissected. On another wall a gridded red planet signifies a warning sign and is then smashed onto the opposite wall with red lines flung across the space seeming to call for a dismantling of strict borders. Nearby a flag hangs with the words 'a dragging weight' written down its side suggesting that the proud narrative of nationhood, which a flag represents, can lead to viewing other human beings as merely a burden.

A newspaper accompanies the exhibition and consists of interviews with a professor of peace studies, a reporter, and a political theorist. It begins with an academic perspective on terrorist narratives and discusses how Key uses a fantasy-based mode of thinking. The reader is then faced with articles about potential terrorist attacks and is given a chance to apply this analysis. Whilst critical of how the conversation is currently structured, the exhibition appeals to the viewer's humanity and is ultimately hopeful in its title acting as a positive counterpoint to the media stories pushing for reactions of terror and suspicion.

FFO: Graphic design, critical terrorist studies, journalism, refugee crisis, and typography.

Best New Zealand Poems of 2017
Edited by Selina Tusitala Marsh
International Institute of Modern Letters
April 2018

A bus trip review of the *Best New Zealand Poems of 2017*

Danielle O'Halloran

The guy on the bus behind me blares hyper-sexualised rap like protest anthems. The woman at the front of the bus, sitting next to the driver, intermittently tics shushes over her shoulder, then takes out her earplugs and turns her phone volume up loud. Battle stations, public warriors for air space. She plays offensively emotional Christian pop over top of his bass-arse gangster rap—I can kind of relate to them both.

I plug my ears up with places to go and poems. This *Best New Zealand Poems 2017* anthology, published in April 2018, is available for free, in print and audio. Thrice now, I've listened to Hannah Mettner's *All Tall Women,* surprised by my pleasure in book launches and a secret glam-rock fight club, joyous in the same room of a poem. But I have not read in an orderly fashion, I have dived in and out, like a book I keep picking up and opening on the same page for years, spine broken from being spread face down, pages 58 and 59 kept apart with no promise of reunion.

My bus journeys have been a river stone engraved with a Louise Wallace poem, a taonga too precious but too small to mention in the elevator when I get to work each day. A bus ride home listening to poems is better than music, it makes me want to poet back. I can count on those I know … a poem written by my dear friend's sister, another by that woman with the red lipstick and the legend who perhaps fathered us all, and did I mention, the poet laureate, our common-wealth, Selina Tusitala Marsh, editor and chiefly ethical collator of this collection—who brings a piece of the fast talking PI wherever she goes so even poems are fairly digested, multiple appetites are catered for and increased.

Others I have only just met: for those who need eternity in a grain of sand check out Tru Paraha's *A moanan theory of reality television.* Can anyone tell me if Annelyse Gelman is playing in a found lexicon of Lorde's Melodrama interviews? It's like I am hearing other lyrics playing louder and I'm not trying to make myself listen politely, *I don't care, I love it.*

Because *I want to go where you go, And be loved by you there.* Oh, Gregory Kan, you may have written this line, but I want to live inside it. I want to pull all of these words around me like new furniture, and sit on them, or if I am self-controlled, maybe just lean in. There is mana there, in each poem belonging to and of itself. But I still need Karlo Mila to write the full glossary of our moanan lexicon now, NOW, please Karlo! Self-referential, yes, but only in the best way, in that each poem, references us, collectively, you can find a New Zealand to meet your needs here, if you are listening.

FFO: Pasifika, Pacific, Oceania, Polynesia, Aotearoa, New Zealand, Poetry, Poet Laureate, Selina Tusitala Marsh.

POWER PLAY
Jessica Lim
Window Gallery Online
April 2018

Hope Wilson

Lim's online project for Window gallery, *POWER PLAY,* poses the question "Why is it easier to imagine the end of the world than to imagine changing the world?".[1] Lim's project lays out a compelling examination of the layered violences and violations we experience at the hands of our dominant power structures.

POWER PLAY adopts a essayistic format to present a work which combines personal recollections and fictional references with critical texts. Throughout, they pose questions which cut through the poetic or meandering pace of the text to deliver moments of pause and sharp shifts of tone. With a simple interface, powdery light green text, an intuitive, scrolling navigation system, and a great bibliography (some of which is hyperlinked) *POWER PLAY* invites open engagement with the text.

Lim integrates discussion of an intangible violence in abstraction with violences articulated in concrete specificity. The abstracted violence of capitalism and the datasphere's attempts to "extract our accrued lives" alongside the physical, real world violence of targeted attacks and the daily indignities of imprisonment: "to have a body and be a member of some groups is a death sentence".[2]

There is a constant textual pairing of clinical capitalist concepts with real world outcomes or situations which engender a sense of connection between the supposedly 'neutral' power structures that surround us and their real, damaging social impact. Lim's *POWER PLAY* frames this relationship in real terms—drawing on texts by Sara Ahmed, Chris Kraus, Tiqqun, Jasmine Gibson, and LIES Collective to highlight power structures as powerplay.

The final section of Lim's text takes a solutions-based approach to this overwhelming systemic inequality—and the inertia and paranoia it can create—by outlining some steps we can take to address and fight these issues. Lim names collectivisation and the power of self expression—sharing lived experiences and realities in order to counter the narratives of heteronormativity, colonialism, capitalism, and patriarchal structures—as key in this political process.

Although Lim foregrounds a cynical awareness of the cycle of production and consumption, there is a poignancy and optimism to their use of Window's online exhibition space to explore these ideas. This online platform is outside physical exhibition space and in its most idealistic or utopian conception it recalls the possibility of creating "a civilisation of the Mind in Cyberspace" as explored in John Perry Barlow's 1996 work, 'A Declaration of the Independence of Cyberspace'.[3] Lim's text, though it begins by posing a question beset with defeatism, seems an appeal for a space that is, as Barlow declared in 1996, "more humane and fair than the world your governments have made before"—be it online or off.[4]

FFO: Chris Kraus, Tiqqun, collective action, online project spaces.

1 Jessica Lim, "POWER PLAY," Window Online, April 2018, accessed 8 April, 2019

2 Lim, 2018.

3 John Perry Barlow, "A Declaration of the Independence of Cyberspace," Electronic Frontier Foundation, 8 February, 1996, accessed 8 April, 2019, https://www.eff.org/cyberspace-independence.

4 Barlow, 1996.

MAY

Love you to the wrist and back

Robbie Handcock

play_station

18 May - 9 July 2018

Dilohana Lekamge

The room has one door to enter and exit the space via a narrow set of stairs. The underground location of play_station is reminiscent of out-of-the-way, hidden spaces for nightlife that queer communities occupy—momentarily separated from the discrimination and unsafety of the heteronormative outside or upstairs. The windowless gallery space is transformed into a fantasy room enclosed by pastel homoeroticism. A repeated motif of abstracted powder-pink penises arranged in an argyle pattern printed onto wallpaper with a light lavender undertone covers the exhibition walls.

The wallpaper is simultaneously a work in itself and serves as a background to several canvas paintings hanging on the walls. Each painting of pink bodies on either a green or yellow background depicts various forms of penetration or sex. Though it is a gallery context, setting the paintings on wallpapered walls invites us to consider these paintings in relation to interior design and how they could be used to accent a more 'everyday' space. They create an interesting dialogue between the aesthetics of the underground space (both the physical space of play_station and a lot of queer nightlife spots), and what could be the patterned walls of a family living room or bathroom.

The upfront portrayal of queer sex presented through the traditional painting techniques of abstraction and pastel oil paint demonstrates a unapologetic queerness that is uninterested in heterosexual narratives being imposed onto it, but instead interrogates aesthetic qualities that indicate queerness and campness and why those qualities are coded as such.

Handcock's colour choices reflect a kind of romanticism that could mirror colours coded 'feminine' or 'girly', but have historically been used in the colour palettes of his predecessors—artists who were gay men and created work about homosexuality, such as David Hockney and Keith Haring. Many of the positions the characters are in within the frames are representations of scenes from the pornographic films of filmmaker and photographer, Bob Mizer. These historical references in combination with the overt imagery of gay sex create an installation that is not interested in pandering to a heterosexual viewer, or even a prudish viewer.

Handcock's interest lies in how visual cues can communicate to a gay viewer, while speaking to a queer art history. He seamlessly merges the history of gay male painting, queer sexuality, and homosexual aesthetics, with interior design and a playful campness. The contrast of soft pastel colours and the explicit nature of the abstracted figures in combination with the almost subtle, stylized, yet phallic wallpaper shows the artist's ability to present an installation that is at once rich with history, and cleverly tongue in cheek.

FFO: Queerness, pastels, interior design, humour, gay movies, gay history, and a fun time.

Bat

Tessa Laird

Reaktion Books, London

May 2018

Gilbert May

From natural history to myth, superstition, anecdote, literature, philosophy, anthropology and art, from the belfries of Europe to the 'Freedom trees' of Albert Wendt's Samoa, from the symbolism of luck in China and Japan to the membranous wings of Satan in medieval Christianity, Tessa Laird's latest book *Bat* is as bizarre and kaleidoscopic a literary hybrid as is the animal it's about. It is a "veritable carnival of bats,"[1] or better, a carnival of bat-facts, flying out of the page, "wave after furry, flickering, fluttering wave,"[2] vision tessellated and confused at dusk by the exodus of 20 million flying mammals from caves in Texas or Thailand.

I confess I found *Bat* a hard book to place. Is it journalistic or diaristic? Is it cultural history? Art history? Conservation polemic? Animal studies? It doesn't really fit into any pre-existing genre classification. Though now based at the Victorian College of the Arts in Melbourne, Laird has a long history of art writing here in Aotearoa, including several years editing and writing for *LOG Illustrated.* Although there are plenty of artistic reflections and examples in the book, it doesn't easily count as art writing either. There are, however, some linkages to her 2009 book *A Rainbow Reader.* That too, was a strange book, an admixture of reflections on colour in art history, cultural studies, personal anecdote, and philosophy, but it was given a sensitive treatment by Warren Olds and Gwynneth Porter at Clouds. Coloured paperstock matched each section of the book's form in a way that created a logical physical separation / relationship between the colours with the overall design giving the impression of an artist edition rather than trade paperback. Had the designers at Reaktion given *Bat* a similar treatment, letting its richly illustrated text sit less rigidly inside academicised non-fiction, bending it toward a layout you could dip in and out of, toward a book that did something performative rather than simply sitting there to be read in an off-the-rack fashion, *Bat* would have been a much more interesting production.

There are enough indications in the text which point us toward Laird's conscious, if playful, formal reflexivity in this regard: in a passage discussing anthropologist Roy Wagner's work on the bat as totem amongst the Daribi people of Papua New Guinea, for example, she maintains that we "echolocate" ourselves against bats and other animals to build up a picture of our own humanity.[3] It was only when I began to entertain the idea that the confusing proliferation of facts in her book functioned like the seemingly random ultrasonic chirps of a bat bouncing sounds off objects in order to 'see' that I began to understand that Laird's text would have had more to contribute if only the publishers had seen the possibilities demonstrated in *A Rainbow Reader* and given it a presentation which allowed it to be as strange and fascinating as the bats themselves.

FFO: Chiropterology, animals in art and literature, mythopoetics, anthropocene, Pacific and Australasian art.

1 Tessa Laird, *Bat,* (Reaktion: London, 2018), 19. This phrase is itself a quotation from Diane Ackerman's essay "In praise of Bats".

2 Laird, 2018, 168.

3 Laird, 2018, 153.

Hard Feelings

Katherine Botten, Rea Burton, Anastasia Klose, Saskia Leek, Natasha Matila-Smith, Jenny Watson, and Kaylene Whiskey. Curated by Serena Bentley.

The Honeymoon Suite

3 May - 2 June 2018

Between Me and You

Natasha Matila Smith, Louisa Afoa and Molly Rangiwai-McHale

ST PAUL St. Gallery Two

19 Apr - 1 Jun 2018

Eating Spaghetti Alone: A fangirl letter to Natasha Matila-Smith

Faith Wilson

Dear Natasha,

I wish I could fangirl about every artwork you have made, but I'll focus on some recent works that have featured in both *Hard Feelings* at The Honeymoon Suite in Melbourne and *Between You and Me* at ST PAUL St Gallery, Auckland.

As I'm based in Canada, I've only seen them online, which is actually kinda perfect because I think some of these artworks are based on real life crushes that are given life through social media access to a person's life, or snippets of it at least. Although these works appear as big and imposing sheets or sails, with spray painted or hand painted acrylic text—the details the text gives away are small, ephemeral; evocative memories concerning your subject that mean something only to you.

you always wear the same t-shirt[1]
hair limp falls over his cheek[2]
you went back to your room to eat spaghetti alone[3]
It's like when you have a crush on someone and certain things they do or say, insignificant to them, imprint on you. A smell, a glance, an item of clothing they wear. And you build up this image in your mind of them, constructed from snippets, and you fall in love or like or whatever it is, and allow yourself to slip into this dreamland where their personality consists mostly of images you've clung to, and it's a kind of safe place, but also sad, but also fun because you get to imagine things, but in real life it often doesn't happen the way you want it to.

The vastness of your artworks seem striking. As if they would envelop a person, tell them a secret, smother them. Intimate. Too close. I feel slightly intrusive reading the texts, like I am reading your diary, or stalking your Facebook page. I have access to it. It's there. I feel a little dirty, but I can't stop myself. Because you are intriguing. The text placement, at angles and haphazard lines reminds me of the scribbles on toilet stall walls or on the back of school books. Where people spill secrets. Crushes. Enemies. We don't normally see this in a gallery, but you are always pushing the bricks out of the wall.

I think there can be a lot of doom and gloom when people think about romance nowadays, and I feel confident enough to say there are probably elements of this in your work. But I also think that you are funny. You're actually a hilarious person. You make me laugh when we hang out. And so to me, there's fun and humour in these works too.

They are hopelessly romantic, and neurotic and the observations you make,
Musky sweaty thinning[4]
His lips pink and swollen[5]
He wants me to dance with him[6]

... might say lots about you as a person, or maybe not much at all. It all depends how you read into it I guess …

Thanks Natasha for making art. I really admire you as an artist and as a person. You are a quiet rebel and your art practice, to me, challenges institutional curating and paves the way for Pacific art practitioners who don't necessarily conform to accepted forms of Pacific practice.

Yours truly,

Faith Wilson

An admiring fan

FFO: Fan art, internet art, text art, textile art, romance.

1 Natasha Matila-Smith, *The Scent of You Stays With Me*, poly-velvet blend banner, spray paint, 2018

2 Natasha Matila-Smith, *Internet Boyfriend*, poly-velvet blend banner, spray paint, 2018

3 Natasha Matila-Smith, *Spaghetti, Alone*, poly-velvet blend banner, spray paint, 2018

4 Natasha Matila-Smith, *The Scent of You Stays With Me*, poly-velvet blend banner, spray paint, 2018

5 Natasha Matila-Smith, *His Lips Pink and Swollen*, poly-velvet blend banner, spray paint, 2018

6 Natasha Matila-Smith, *Internet Boyfriend*, poly-velvet blend banner, spray paint, 2018

Artefacts of the Future

Jen Bowmast

The National

10 April - 5 May 2018

Priscilla Howe

Jen Bowmast's *Artefacts of the Future* was a show that caught my attention this year due to its enquiry into the space between subject and object, and between the spiritual world and logical, pragmatic worlds. Bowmast recently completed their MFA at the University of Canterbury and the works for this show were made during this study. The National is a commercial contemporary art, jewellery, and object gallery in Ōtautahi.

Bowmast's process is fascinating. They seek encounters with psychics, clairvoyants, soothsayers, and oracles to aid and inform their art-making. Through this contact they open a portal: the spiritual world communicating through physical objects, bridging the tangible and the intangible through this contact. This process opens up a new ontology through making: the spiritual, metaphysical realm is revealed to us through this exchange; the intangible encased within a material manifestation.

Bowmast's responsive mark-making is evidence of a high level of respect and care. Each material, whether it be clay, the colour yellow, bronze, or perspex is crafted with intuition as Bowmast responds to the guidance delivered from another realm. The agency is in the object, not in the maker, nor the audience. Each work is inherently powerful and I could feel it upon entering the room. The otherworldly presence of the works gave me chills and I felt my body physically and spiritually navigating each work. Words aren't doing me justice here; it was so haptic and bodily.

Each of Bowmast's artefacts emanate a rich energy. The first piece I saw was *Psychopomp*. The large scale and the slick surface of the object commanded attention; I felt the sensory nature of the work and felt encouraged to feel the material's inherent spiritual energy, rather than to focus on the technical formal qualities. The smaller artefacts each radiated this spiritual knowledge also.

During these encounters, the participant is in a new physical space where the body must adjust to negotiate between the various scales, textures, and colours. Through this physical navigation, the audience is encouraged to rethink object-body relationships in a way that is spiritual and haptic.

Within a dominant Western narrative there is great importance placed on logic and reason, right and wrong. Bowmast's work is subversive in this sense. Through its emphasis on the unknown and use of psychics as inspiration rather than academics or philosophers, *Artefacts of the Future* challenges dominant knowledge structures. The rational lacks importance, the fluid and the tactile are leading the discussion here.

In the object-obsessed climate we currently live, Bowmast's practice is of particular significance. They describe the work as "learning to walk in the dark". Directing the viewer into the space between object and subject seamlessly, Bowmast gently guides us into this strange new world; spiritual, embodied, and sensory. This provides an important contrast to the dominant narratives surrounding body/object interrelations within Western culture to which we have become accustomed. This seems particularly valuable for Christchurch, a predominantly conservative city that values a very binary, logical ideology. Bowmast's work does not read as rebellious however, it is much more considered, offering a new way of seeing to their audience.

FFO: Jen Bowmast, sculpture, intuition, metaphysics, psychics, tactility.

JUNE

I can't nail the days down

Kate Newby

Kuntshalle Wien Karlsplatz

16 May - 9 September 2018

Simon Palenski

I can't nail the days down sums up to me how it feels to be in Christchurch now writing this and trying to remember as much as I can about the three days in June we spent in Vienna. I can remember certain things about how the city felt like walking through the Augarten and the cigarette butts that were left everywhere on its paths, the dim lamp posts along the Donaukanal at night, Leopoldstadt and its maze-like footprint of streets.

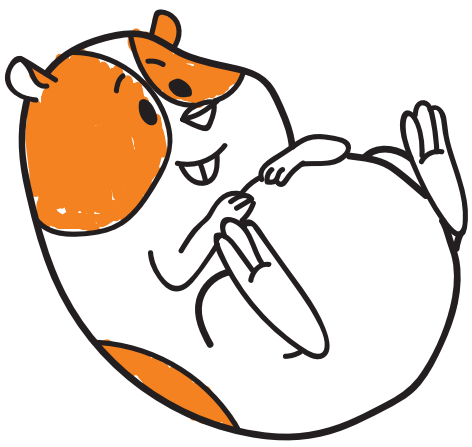
We visited Kate Newby's exhibition at Kunsthalle Wien Karlsplatz on our last afternoon in Vienna. It was an airy and slightly cautious place to first walk into, we were the only people there—apart from the host at the desk. All the walls were gone and the room opened out to the surrounding floor-to-ceiling windows and a view of an overcast sky, the gallery's ample community garden, and a nearby thoroughfare road. To enter the room we had to step directly onto the work.

Over almost the entire floor, Newby's bricks—about 6000 all up—were laid out, resembling a kind of pavement, and either placed on these bricks or fitted into moulds in them were ceramic and bronze sticks and stones, coins, pieces of clay, and shards and pools of glass, as well as spots of shaped impressions and holes carved into the bricks. Some of these objects placed around the room would have been made by Newby, and others she would have found and picked up off the ground around the city. Our heads down, it took us a while to notice the glinting, glass sculptures suspended by rope at the north-east corner of the room, or, through the window, the ceramic gutter running down a low slope to the garden.

Newby sourced materials and expertise from around Vienna for *I can't nail the days down*. A Viennese glass artist named Peter Kuchler helped her make the hanging sculptures, the bricks are from Ziegelwerk Lizzi (their slogan: "Brick is not just a product, Brick is a philosophy") and were modified by Newby before being fired, and the clay for the ceramic gutter was dug up near the gallery when the Karlsplatz metro was built in the 1970s.

We spent a long time poring over *I can't nail the days down.* I could not help thinking, while in the gallery, of how in Michaelerplatz we were able to lean over a low fence and peer down at the remains of a Roman house made of brick excavated beneath the square's surface. The Roman bricks there appeared as newly made and functional as the ones Newby shaped and placed here, let alone all the cobbles, pavement, and urban debris we had been kicking around the last three days. By the time we had to leave and catch our train out of Vienna, I don't think we managed to really notice half of what Newby had laid out. But to see and comprehend everything may be missing the point.

FFO: Beachcombing, James Schuyler and Frank O'Hara, situations or incidents that seem simple, desire paths.



untitled (d21.281 galari bargan)

Jonathan Jones

Dunedin Public Art Gallery

2 June - 31 December 2018

let there be

Waveney Russ

During Dunedin's winter, I wear the atmosphere around my neck. My spine groans as the frost enters my blood and teeth, my lungs and bones. Our minds grow heavy. We can't even bask in the moonlight. Rays of soft light prick our skin, leaving it purple and contused.

In the 1920s, the Australian Museum in Sydney presented a collection of Papua New Guinean and Aboriginal material in exchange for Ngāi Tahu taonga from the Otago Museum. Sydney received two amo from the Tamatea wharenui, while Dunedin acquired a Galari bargan (Wiradjuri boomerang) from the Galari River.[1] The river is central to the Wiradjuri identity, as is the Tamatea wharenui to the identity of Ngāi Tahu. Tamatea was commissioned in the 1870s by Chief Karatiana Takamoana of Ngāti Te Whatuiāpiti and Ngāti Kahungunu, but was never completed. In the 1940s, a government-funding requirement specified that all wharenui must be carved. Moulds of Takamoana's amo were constructed to fashion a concrete church and wharenui for the Ōtākou community, which continues to stand on the Ōtākou peninsula to this day. Other concrete components were exchanged around the world, and what little remains is displayed at the Otago Museum. The lingering industrial connotations of the narrative are echoed in Jonathan Jones' (Wiradjuri and Kamilaroi nations) fluorescent rods of light, paired with the symmetrics of a boomerang pattern that extend across the Dunedin Public Art Gallery's feature wall.

The neon rods explicitly resemble the shape of the bargan, implicitly speaking to the form of the wharenui roofline. They act as a beacon, not only towards the physical manifestation of harmonious relationships and ancestral forms, but to the idealistic, decolonised future our nations head towards through the expression of indigenous agency. Jones allows indigenous interpretation and navigation of new global networks, a liberty central to the self-determination experienced within the decolonisation process. By sharing the form of the Galari bargan and wharenui, he expands the cultural conversation between indigenous groups within the borders of Australia and New Zealand, highlighting the collective strength of indigenous agency across our national boundaries. As both cultures seek to regain lost knowledge, Jones challenges the contemporary context the boomerang is situated in, acting as a point of connection between Wiradjuri and Ngāi Tahu people.

The Galari bargan can now be identified within the Otago Museum collection by the registration number, D21.281. It is undecorated, constructed purely for functionality, and a hidden utility lies within Jones' recontextualisation of the bargan form. Dunedin's dark season begins in early June, and therein follows a shadow. A black dog born from leaden skies, from days becoming uncomfortably familiar to night. This year, mimicked sunlight streams from the Public Art Gallery windows. Resting in a bed of illumination, the city centre is set alight by this precious taonga.

The mornings no longer seem so torpid, the nights more penetrable. A boomerang and two amo, exchanged, displaced, returned.

let there be liberation
let there be lullabies
let there be lumens and lumens

let there be light

FFO: Indigenous narratives, cultural exchange, ostentatious lighting, art as an impetus for positive mental health.

1 Also known as the Lachlan River.

For a discussion between the author and artist on this work see: https://www.r1.co.nz/files/1529299591652.mp3.

Manifesto

Julian Rosefeldt

Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

24 February - 15 July 2018

I am for an art: On Julian Rosefeldt's *Manifesto*.

Natasha Matila Smith

1. The first time I visited *Manifesto* (2015), an impressive 13 channel installation by German artist and filmmaker Julian Rosefeldt, I found the number of people in the room a huge distraction. This was compounded by the 13 screens in close proximity and their overlapping audiovisuals. Intentional or otherwise, it was far too much competing external stimuli for me.

2. I spent the duration of my first visit talking to a friend about bureaucratic movements within the Auckland art scene and then I swiftly left to go shopping for face masks at a Korean beauty store.

3. I returned to view *Manifesto* a second time and there were considerably less people present. I managed to get in for free again.

4. *Manifesto (2): Situationism*, located just right of the exhibition entrance, features Cate Blanchett in character as a homeless man, walking through a derelict landscape. The man shuffles slowly to his destination and starts ranting atop an abandoned building. He pontificates on the role of the artist, implying them to be the antithesis of capitalism. This is the first film I'd watched of the series. I felt a crushing sense of guilt at my complicity and at times conscious involvement in the capitalist crisis. Am I supposed to feel guilty?

5. Bureaucracy in the arts is just as rampant as it is in other industries. Art is not exempt from reprieve. Arts-educated people possess enough creative skill to self-organise and protest. Should artists have to make bold political declarations in their artworks?

6. I think to the parallels between this work and the proposed restructure of the creative sectors at the University of Auckland. I think of the closure of specialist research libraries like the Elam Fine Arts Library and consequent library sit-in by art students. I think of the numerous job losses that result from these restructures. I wonder if we (artists) are losing some kind of invisible war, where creativity is no longer valued unless it is profitable.

7. *Manifesto (13): Film / Epilogue*, portrays a teacher in a school, again performed by Cate Blanchett, trying to instruct students on how best to make art which denies the notion of plagiarism because no ideas are original. I didn't realise until we'd finished watching this segment that all the *Manifesto* films *(1-13)* depict distinct (though at times overlapping) ideologies. I didn't have to feel inadequate after all.

8. Manifestos seem more like poems, creative writing, a series of context-less rules that require constant revision. Essentially they are a series of impossible expectations that can't possibly be met by a human, flawed and imperfect. Guides rather than Bibles.

9. I struggle with the liberty of being an artist—presumably creating from a pool of never-ending inspiration. This is juxtaposed with the hefty expectations placed upon artists to enact 'real' change in order to be rendered useful and needed.

10. Rosefeldt's *Manifesto* posits that the manifesto is all at once pre-destined to fail, and designed with the best of intentions. The manifesto is romantic and representative of a hope that is lacking in recent times. In this exhibition, through the exploration of social and political performativity within manifestos, at its core, this work asks about the value of the artist in today's politically tumultuous world.

FFO: Meta awareness, Mike Nelson, parallel politics, pop-culture, dystopic futures.

This is New Zealand (book)

City Gallery Wellington
Te Whare Toi

3 March - 15 July 2018

Disclaimer: This is also not New Zealand

Jamie Hanton

"*This is New Zealand* emerged out of our thinking about New Zealand's participation in the Venice Biennale."[1] So begins the exhibition's accompanying publication. The introduction goes on to link the Biennale to the tradition of World Fairs / Expos and other official diplomatic contexts, thus providing the rationale for the inclusion of pretty much anything created by a New Zealander to represent the country overseas. To "round out the show there are research based-projects exploring national iconography from Simon Denny, Gavin Hipkins, Bronwyn Holloway Smith, and Emil McAvoy." [2]

There are a number of additional framing devices that seem to function as disclaimers in the introductory text: "And to further fudge the distinction between art and culture…" , "This is New Zealand scratches the surface…", "All our exhibits are skewed views that exclude more than they include."[3] Somehow this all-encompassing remit makes more sense in publication form, where the narrative, however tenuous, can be navigated quite simply. The book starts with a chronological account of the works in the exhibition, with roughly one page given to each. The didactic interpretations are well-accompanied by detail shots, film stills, and contextual photographs—in fact, the images outweigh the text in this part of the book giving a satisfyingly hectic, scrapbook-like feel.

The sprawling exhibition, which occupied every corner of City Gallery, suffered from what seemed to be a spatially haphazard narrative structure; on the ground floor, Hipkins' *The Homely II* simultaneously greeted visitors and connected Stevenson's Trekka project to the gallery dedicated to the Expos and diplomatic gathering of works, while upstairs Fiona Pardington's *Quai Branlay* suite sat nearby Simon Denny's *Modded Server,* and Michael Parekowhai's two inclusions were forced together into one uneasy room.

The chapter entitled 'Thinkpieces' provides some interesting tangential reading with topics ranging from New Zealand's sneaking neoliberal agenda to craft as soft diplomacy. However, the introductory double-page spread for this chapter features a black and white photograph of the Erebus disaster wreckage strewn across the mountain. The word 'Thinkpieces' is superimposed over the scattered *pieces* of the broken plane in a blood red font. This appears to be careless at best, and an incredibly sick pun at worst.

The chronology included at the conclusion of the book reflects the broad church / scattergun approach taken in the development of both the exhibition and the publication. A number of NZ exhibitions of art in Germany are included, but the important *Contact* from 2012 is not. We have some dates around national politics and art, but nothing around the momentous shift towards an adequately valued and state-funded arts sector under Helen Clarke.

" … you could also say that these works, collectively, in their very exclusions and distortions speak of the tensions that define our place. Perhaps this bumpy warts-and-all compilation of mixed messages really is New Zealand."[4] When this kind of disclaimer is presented as a thesis it creates a situation where criticism can easily be deflected. For every puncture there is an easy cover-all. Perhaps one of the most blatant exclusions is in the list of exhibition artists, which features only two female artists, a situation which improves in the publication, but not to a material extent. If this is truly the state of representation, rather than some form of astigmatism then at least one disclaimer could have addressed it.

FFO: Te Papa Tongarewa, Nostalgia, Cultural Cringe, Dave Dobbyn.

1 Robert Leonard and Aaron Lister, *This is New Zealand*, (Wellington: City Gallery, 2018), 5.

2 Leonard and Lister, *This is New Zealand*, 6.

3 Leonard and Lister, *This is New Zealand*, 6.

4 Leonard and Lister, *This is New Zealand*, 6.

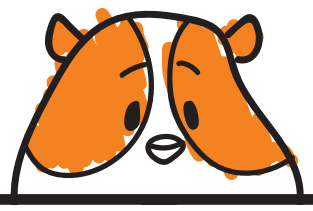
JANUARY

Samantha McKegg is an Auckland-based art writer and communications professional. She works at Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki.

Bruce E. Phillips is a Wellington-based creative practitioner who has curated many exhibitions including artists such as Tania Bruguera, Tehching Hsieh, Santiago Sierra, Maddie Leach, Shannon Te Ao, and Luke Willis Thompson.

Bojana is a Masters candidate in Art History at the University of Canterbury. Her interest in craft developed into a body of work examining craftivism and its intersections with cultural institutions.

Fresh and Fruity (Mya Morrison Middleton (Ngāi tahu), Hana Pera Aoake (Tainui, Ngāti raukawa, Ngāti Wehi Wehi)) is a collective based in Aotearoa. Hobbies include: sharks, yoga, and disengaging with Pākehā vampires.



FEBRUARY

Sophie Bannan is an artist, writer, and Doctoral candidate at the University of Auckland, Tāmaki Makaurau.

Leafa Wilson / Olga Krause b. 1966. Multimedia performance-based artist, curator and art writer. Based in Kirikiriroa Hamilton. Co-curator of the Morni Hills International Performance Art Biennale II in Haryana India along with Harpreet Singh (India), Guillaume Du Four, (Quebec, Canada) and Pinar Derin Gencer (Istanbul).

Tamara Tulitua lives in Te-Whanganui-a-tara. She is Samoan (Sāfa'ato'a, Matā'utu/Gagaifo, Vailima, Tanugamanono, Sapapāli'i), born and raised in Te-Papa-I-Oea. She writes from between the margins to explore boundless galaxies beyond cultural/ethnic li(n)es.

Laura Borrowdale is a Christchurch writer and teacher. Her work appears regularly in New Zealand and she is the founding editor of *Aotearotica*.

Bridie Lonie, PhD is a lecturer in Art History and Theory at the Dunedin School of Art. Her current interests lie in the impacts of the subjects of climate change and the Anthropocene on contemporary art practice.

MARCH

Vanessa Crofskey is an interdisciplinary artist and writer based in Tāmaki Makaurau. She studied sculpture at AUT, has exhibited with RM, Window and The Performance Arcade and has published with Depot Artspace, Gloria Books, *Hainamana*, *The Pantograph Punch* and *SCUM Mag*.

Cassandra Tse is a playwright and director based in Wellington. She is the artistic director of Red Scare Theatre Company, and the producer of theatre reviewing webseries *Was It Good?*.

Hamish Petersen writes and organises projects with artists, often with Ōtautahi Kōrerotia in unceded Ngāi Tahu and Ngāi Tūāhuriri whenua. They were born in Amiskwaciy, (in Tsuu T'ina, Nêhiyawek, Niitsítapi, and Métis territories on Turtle Island) and descends from colonisers in Turtle Island, Scotland, 'so-called Australia', and Denmark.

Lynley Edmeades is the 2018 Ursula Bethell Writer in Residence at the University of Canterbury. Her poetry, scholarship and essays have been published widely, and she holds a PhD in avant-garde poetics from the University of Otago.

APRIL

Hope Wilson is a writer and curator based in Murihiku, Southland. From September 2016 to April 2019 she was Assistant Curator at The Physics Room in Ōtautahi and later this year will take up a position at Eastern Southland Gallery in Gore.

Jordana Bragg. Concentrating on the metaphysics of love and loss; Bragg's multi-disciplinary practice spans writing, curation, live performance, still and moving image.

Contact - jordanabragg94@gmail.com

Danielle O'Halloran, Ōtautahi based performance poet, of Aotearoa, Samoa and an Irish sea of Pākehā homelands. Co-founder of FIKA Writers collective, Danielle led their activation at CoCA in 2017 as part of *Making Space*. Previous finalist at the National NZ Poetry Slam, Winner of the Hagley Writers National Poetry Day Competition 2016 and professional aunty / mentor to Rising Voices Chch poets since 2014 - these days you can find Danielle @ FIKA Writers on facebook.

Lydie Schmidt has an LLB and BA (Hons) in Art History. She works in the field of intellectual disability research and in 2018 co-curated the exhibition *Intersectional Feminism* in Dunedin.

Kathryn McCully is currently Programme Manager for film, animation and game design at SIT's Centre for the Creative Industries in Invercargill. McCully's PhD research explores regional museum development and the implementation of a responsive approach to museum practice – the DIY Museum.

MAY

Faith Wilson is a Samoan and Pākehā artist and writer from Aotearoa/New Zealand, currently living in Fernie, Canada, on the land of the Ktunaxa people.

Dilohana Lekamge is an artist and writer based in Te Whanganui-a-tara. She is a facilitator at MEANWHILE and recently participated in the Extended Conversations writing programme for emerging art writers.

Priscilla Howe is an Artist, Designer and Writer currently based in Melbourne, Australia. She is heavily interested in ideas around phenomenology, Romance, post-humanism, and queerness.

Gilbert May detests the bio as genre.

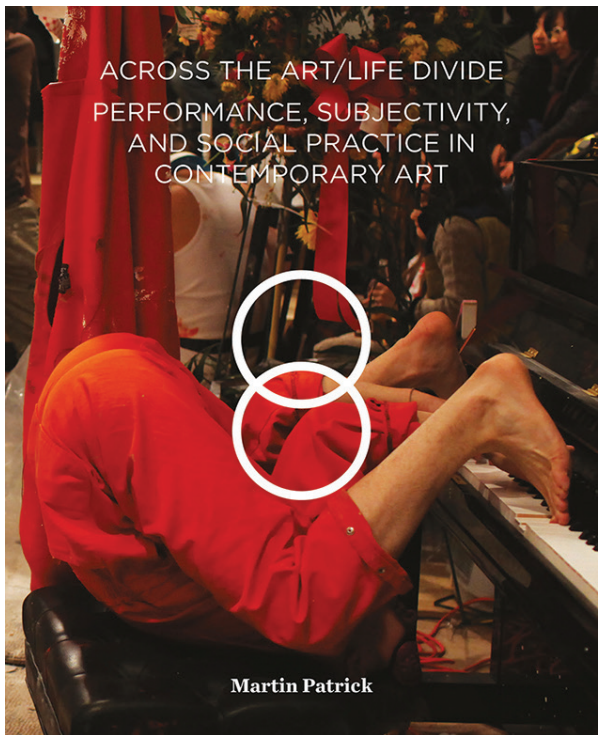
JUNE

Natasha Matila-Smith is an artist and writer based in Tāmaki Makaurau. She graduated in 2014 with a Master of Fine Arts degree from the University of Auckland. Her practice predominantly centres around social exchanges through installation and digital contexts.

Jamie Hanton has been Director of The Physics Room since June 2016. Before that he was Kaitiaki Taonga Toi, Curator of Art Collections at the University of Canterbury. Prior to this he was Director of the Blue Oyster Art Project Space (2011–14). He has also worked as an independent writer and curator.

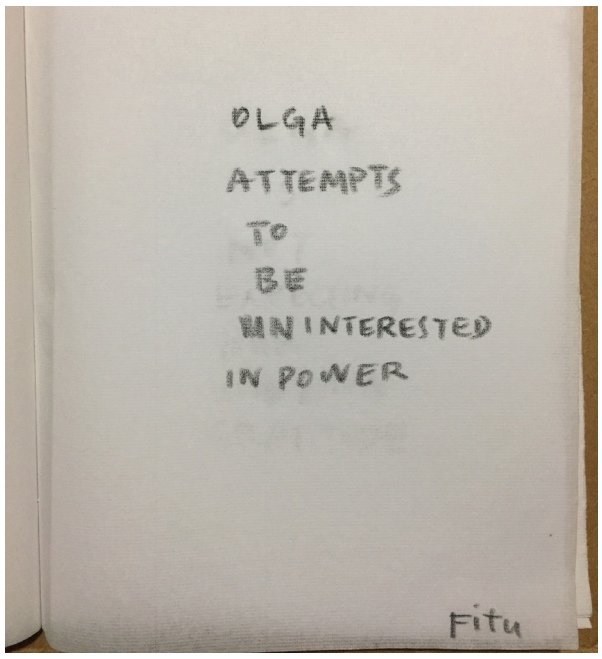
Simon Palenski lives in Christchurch and has written for a few places including Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, Enjoy Public Art Gallery, and *The Pantograph Punch*.

Waveney Russ is an undergraduate Bachelor of Arts student studying Politics, Indigenous Development and Art History. She has worked as the Visual Arts Editor for Student Magazine Critic, and is a Critic in Residence at *The Pantograph Punch.*



Martin Patrick, *Across the Art/Life Divide: Performance, Subjectivity, and Social Practice in Contemporary Art,* Intellect, 2018. Image: Gelitin, "Blind Sculpture" (2010). Photo copyright Paula Court. Courtesy of the artists and Greene Naftali, New York.

Kosta Bogoievski and Josie Archer, *Dance, Danced, Dancing*, Motat Aviation Display Hangar, 2018. Image: Kosta Bogoievski and Josie Archer.



Olga Krause, *OLGA a manifesto,* 2015. Image: Leafa Wilson.

Dungeons and Comedians, Orange Studios, 2018. Image: Andrew Kepple.

Gordon Walters: New Vision (installation view), Curated by Lucy Hammonds, Laurence Simmons, and Julia Waite, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 2017. Image: Iain Frengley. Courtesy of the Walters Estate.

Michael Stevenson, *Serene Velocity in Practice: MC510/CS183* (installation view), 2017, Commissioned by Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki with commissioning partners the Biennale of Sydney 2018 and Monash University Museum of Art | MUMA. Image: Jennifer French.

Telly Tuita, *God Creating Man,* Precinct 35, 2018. Image: John Chen.

Movement of the Human, *RUSHES* (performance still), 2018. Image: Vanessa Rushton.

Daegan Wells, *A Gathering Distrust* (installation view), Ilam Campus Gallery, 2018. Image: Daegan Wells.

Audrey Baldwin, *Shared Snood* (in action), Ōtautahi Kōrerotia, January 2018. Image: Janneth Gil.

Charlotte Parallel, Angela Lyon and Aroha Novak, *AWA HQ,* an Urban Dream Brokerage Project, 2018. An Environment Envoy commission as part of Te Ao Tūroa - Dunedin's Environment Strategy. Image: Ted Whittaker.

Michael Steven, *Walking to Jutland Street* (Cover), 2018. Image: Steve Lovett. Courtesy Otago University Press.

Nisha Madhan, *Fuck Rant* (performance still), Basement Theatre, 2018. Image: Andi Crown.

Selina Tusitala Marsh, Editor of *Best New Zealand Poems 2017*. Image: Emma Hughes.

Matthew Galloway, *The Freedom of the Migrant* (installation view), Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 2018. Image: Iain Frengley. Courtesy of the Artist.

Jen Bowmast, *Swami Krishna at the Watkins Esoteric centre, Tuesday 1pm 2017*, in *Artefacts of the Future*, The National, 2018. Image: Oliver Webster.

Jonathan Jones, *UNTITLED (D21.281 GALARI BARGAN)* (detail), Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 2018. Image: Iain Frengley. Courtesy the artist and Tim Melville Gallery, Auckland.

Kate Newby, *I can't nail the days down* (installation view), Kunsthalle Wien, 2018, Image: Jorit Aust. Courtesy of the artist.

Jessica Lim, *POWER PLAY*, Window Gallery Online, 2018. Image: Jessica Lim.

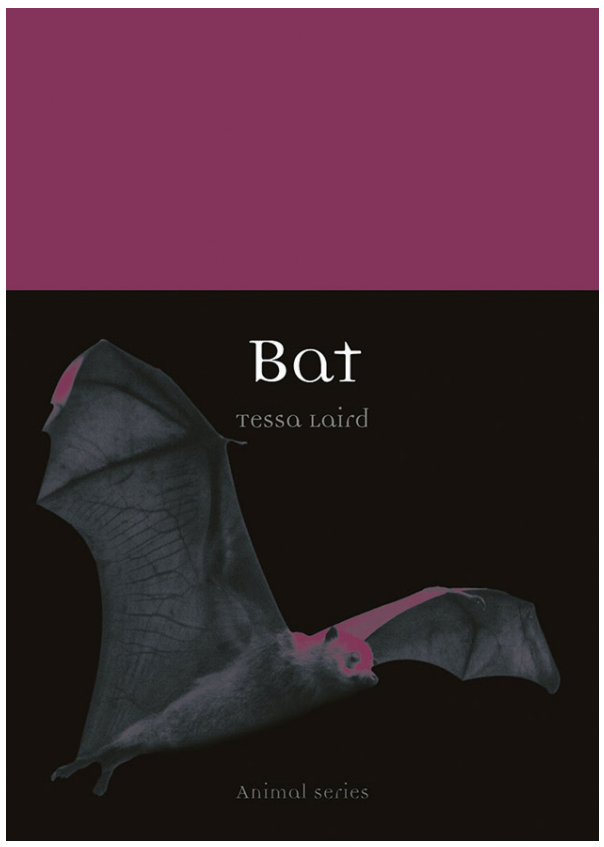
Malcolm Harrison, *The Letter* (1990), quilted fabric, collection of Kim Brice, Nelson, in *Sleeping Arrangements*, Dowse Art Museum, 2018. Image: John Lake.

Robbie Handcock, *Love you to the wrist and back* (installation view), 2018, play_station. Image: Pippy McClenaghan. Courtesy of play_station and Robbie Handcock.

Natasha Matila-Smith, *Spaghetti, Alone,* 2018 in *Between you and me* (installation view), ST PAUL St Gallery Two, 2018. Courtesy of ST PAUL St Gallery. Image: Sam Hartnett.

Southland Museum & Art Gallery Niho o te Taniwha, 2018. Image: Lindsay Hazley. Courtesy of Southland Museum & Art Gallery Niho o te Taniwha.

Julian Rosefeldt, *Manifesto* (installation view) 2015, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, 2018. Image: John McIver.



Tessa Laird, *Bat* (cover) Reaktion Books, 2018. Image: Reaktion Books.

Robert Leonard and Aaron Lister with Moya Lawson, *This is New Zealand* (cover), City Gallery Wellington Te Whare Toi, 2018.

Julia Holden, *Bunch of Asparagus (after Manet)*, in *fanfiction* at PG gallery192, 2018. Image: PG gallery192. Courtesy of the Artist.

No Common Ground Symposium, co-organised by Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi, The Dowse Art Museum and Enjoy Public Art Gallery, hosted at Victoria University of Wellington, 7 July 2018. Image: Eva Charlton.

Melissa and Geoff Martyn, *Eggoscopes,* in *Not standing still*, curated by Raewyn Martyn, Blue Oyster Art Project Space, 2018. Image: Grace Ryder.

Leilani Kake, *I WAS HERE*, in *HAU*, Papakura Art Gallery, 2018. Image: Leilani Kake.

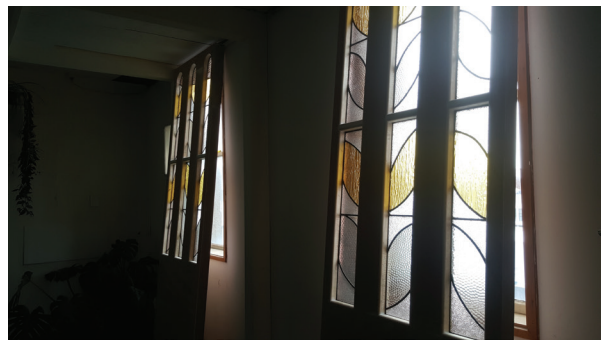
Wellness Analysis Techniques Limited™, *Daily Exposure* (installation view), 2018, Window Gallery. Image: Vanessa Crofskey.

Hannah Salmon, *Unsanitary Napkin – Orgasmic Capitalism* album cover art featuring *Peter Thiel: Literal Fucking Vampire* (2018). Image courtesy of the artist.

Martin Sagadin, *Oko Na Roki* (film still), 2018. Image: Martin Sagadin.

Kosta Bogoievski, Josie Archer, and David Huggins, *Once More with Feeling!*, The Exchange Cafe, 2018. Image: Charlie Rose.

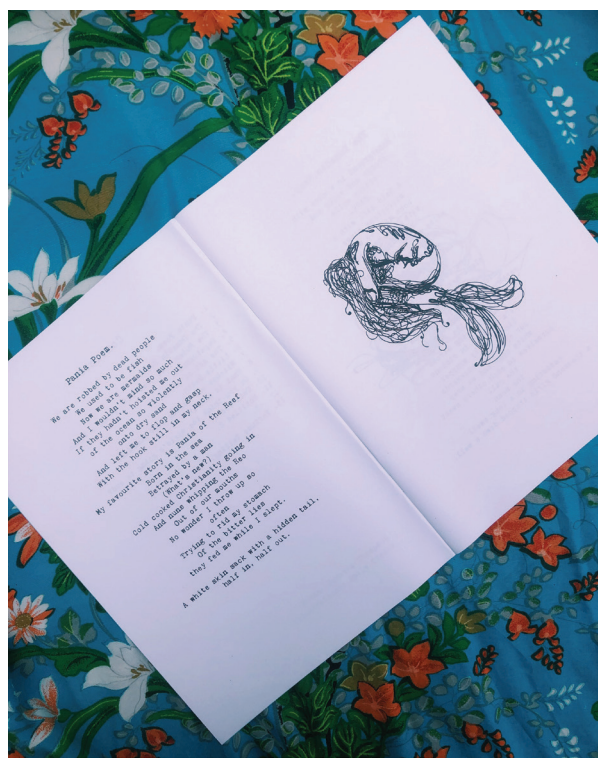
Nova Paul, *This is not Dying* (installation view), 2010 in *The earth looks upon us / Kō Papatūānuku te matua o te tangata,* Curated by Christina Barton, Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi, Victoria University of Wellington, 2018. Image: Shaun Matthews. Courtesy of the artist and Ngā Taonga Sound & Vision, Wellington.



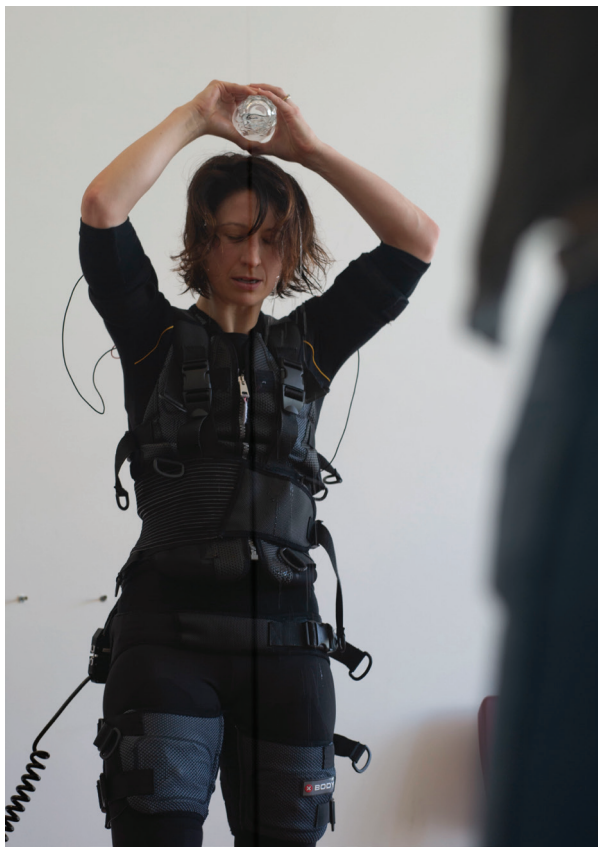
Alison Beck and John Ward Knox, *three colour windows,* xxx, 2018. Image: John Ward Knox.

Pati Solomona Tyrell, *Nikolai* (2018) in *Returning Home* at RAMP Gallery, 2018. Image: Pati Solomona Tyrell.

Fafine Niutao I Aotearoa, *To Weave Again*, Objectspace, 2018. Image: Haru Sameshima. Courtesy of Objectspace.



Jessica Thompson Carr, *The Māori Mermaid Sings,* self published by Jessica Thompson Carr, 2018. Illustration: Emily Crooks.

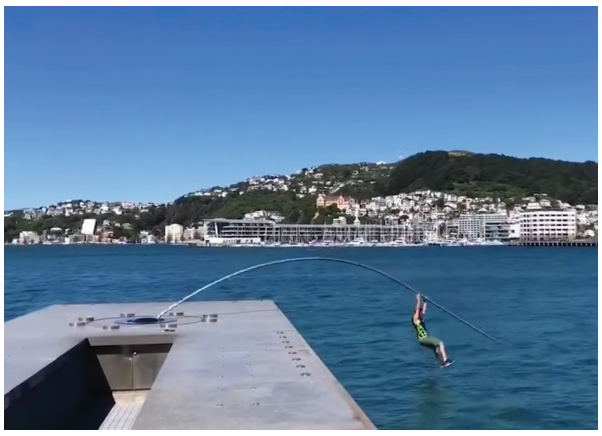


Julia Harvie, *Living Pulse*, in response to *Synthetic Baby* by Biljana Popovic at The Physics Room, 2018. Image: Hamish Petersen.

Robyn Kahukiwa, *Honor the Treaty,* 1990 in *Mareikura: Wāhine beyond Suffrage* (installation view), PĀTAKA Art + Museum, 2018. Image: Mark Tantrum.

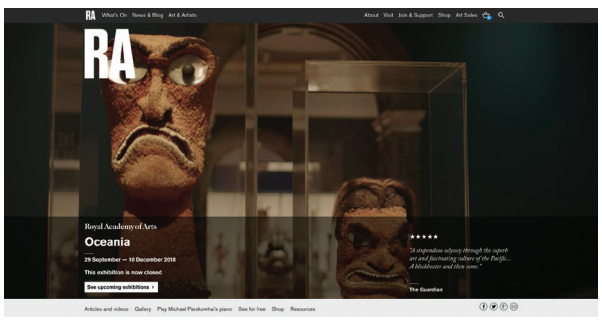
Aroha Novak, *Cascade* (installation view), in *FOUR*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 2018. Image: Iain Frengley. Courtesy of the Artist.

Ayesha Green, *For Morrie*, in *Māori Girl,* Blue Oyster Art Project Space, 2018. Pounamu Courtesy of Otago Museum. Image: Grace Ryder.



"Man scales and snaps $300,000 sculpture on waterfront" (still) , YouTube, 2018. Image: *Storyful Rights Management* YouTube Channel.

Metiria Turei, *Whakaniwha,* in *wā o mua*, curated by Māia Abraham and Grace Ryder, Blue Oyster Art Project Space, 2018. Image: Grace Ryder.

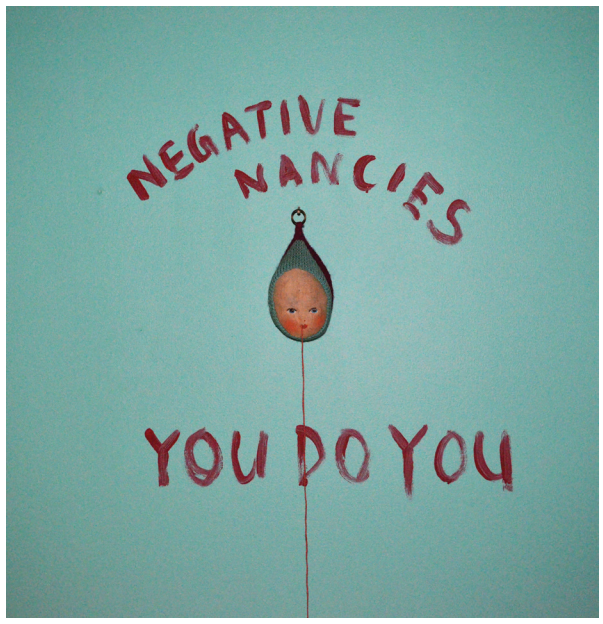


Oceania (webpage screenshot), Royal Academy of Arts, 2018. Image: Royal Academy of Arts.

Eating Fried Chicken in the Shower – a podcast by James Nokise and Charlie Bleakley for RNZ National, 2018. Image: Copyright RNZ.

Kazu Nakagawa, *Carving Water, Painting Voice* (installation view), Hui Te Ananui A Tangaroa The New Zealand Maritime Museum, 2018. Image: Ben Journee, Side Project.

Salome Tanuvasa, *Drawing reflections of journey*, in *To Uphold Your Name*, Māngere Arts Centre — Ngā Tohu o Uenuku, 2018, Image: Māngere Arts Centre — Ngā Tohu o Uenuku.



Negative Nancies, *You do You* (EP cover), CocoMuse Releases, 2018. Image: Negative Nancies.

Gordon Walters: New Vision (installation view), Curated by Lucy Hammonds, Laurence Simmons, and Julia Waite, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, 2018. Image: Jennifer French. Courtesy of the Walters Estate.

Tūranga, North Elevation, 2018. Image: Christchurch City Council / Newsline.

JULY

Rachel Ashby is an artist from Ōtautahi interested in exploring ideas of community and rupture through sound as a medium. Based in Tāmaki Makaurau, she finished her Honours degree in Fine Arts at Elam School of Fine Arts in 2017. She is currently completing her history degree at the University of Auckland and is the host of 95bFM's contemporary arts show *Artbank*.

Rachel O'Neill is a filmmaker, writer and artist based in Te Whanganui-a-tara, Aotearoa. Her debut book, *One Human in Height* (Hue & Cry Press), was published in 2013. She is developing a range of book and film projects, and received a 2018 SEED Grant (NZWG/NZFC) to develop a feature film.

Georgy Tarren-Sweeney has a BA in Art History and Performance from the University of Canterbury. Based in Ōtautahi Christchurch, she is working on a Water Cantata.

Andrea Bell is a writer and curator based in Ōtepoti where she works as the Curator of Art at the Hocken Collections, Uare Taoka o Hākena.

AUGUST

Andre Hopping is a Christchurch fixture and a perennial student of law, political science and art history at the University of Canterbury Te Whare Wānanga O Waitaha.

Brendan Jon Philip is an artist, writer, and musician based in Dunedin. Drawing these distinct practices into a syncretic whole, he has exhibited, published and performed throughout New Zealand. He studied at Whitecliffe College of Art and Design and Elam School of Fine Arts, as well as receiving distinction in Film and Media Studies at the University of Otago.

Art writer and artist **Ellie Lee-Duncan** lives in Hamilton, where they also act as director of Tacit gallery. They recently completed their MA in Art History through the University of Auckland.

Ema Tavola is an independent artist-curator who lives and works between South Auckland, Aotearoa New Zealand, and Suva, Fiji.

Kerry Ann Lee is an artist, designer, and publisher based in Pōneke, Wellington as a senior lecturer at the School of Design at CoCA Massey. She co-founded *Up The Punks!* with John Lake, runs the occasional zine distro, Red Letter (est. 2001) and works and exhibits in New Zealand and overseas.

SEPTEMBER

Cora-Allan Wickliffe is a multidisciplinary artist of Māori and Niue descent, originally from Waitakere. She is the Curator and Exhibitions Manager at the Corban Estate Arts Centre, is a founding member of BC Collective, and is a maker of Hiapo (Niuean Barkcloth).

Matariki Williams (Ngāi Tūhoe, Ngāti Whakaue, Ngāti Hauiti, Taranaki) is a Curator Mātauranga Māori at Te Papa. She is Editor – Kaupapa Māori at the *Pantograph Punch,* and writer on art and te ao Māori.

Kosta likes dancing, writing, and drawing. He likes collaborating. He makes performances in the vicinity of dance.

Genevieve Scanlan is an MA graduate of the University of Otago, and has reviewed poetry for *Landfall.* Her own writing has appeared in the *ODT*, *London Grip*, *The Rise Up Review* and *Poetry New Zealand*.

OCTOBER

Matilda Fraser (BFA Hons, 2012, Massey University; MFA 2016, Elam) is an artist and writer based in Wellington.

Bronte Perry is an artist based in Tāmaki Makaurau. Born 'n' bred in South Auckland, Perry is interested in utilising the ideas of whakapapa, whanaungatanga, and lived experiences to explore socio-political contexts.

Khye Hitchcock is an independent curator based in Ōtautahi. Their practice is informed by queer and intersectional feminisms. They are interested in collaborative and experimental modes of practice which disrupt or unsettle hegemonic systems.

Robyn Maree Pickens is a writer, curator, and text-based practitioner. Her critical and creative work is centred on the relationship between aesthetic practices and ecological reparation.

NOVEMBER

Jon Bywater has spent 2018 in Otago, parenting, writing and reading more than he usually gets to, on leave from his teaching job in Tāmaki Makaurau.

Kia ora, I'm **Māia Abraham** (Ngāi te Rangi, Ngāi Tūhoe) and I am an artist and curator living in Ōtautahi.

Salome Tanuvasa is an Auckland based artist, she completed her Masters in Fine Arts at Elam in 2014. Salome's art practice looks at visual forms in drawing.

Hanahiva Rose comes from the islands of Ra'iātea and Huahine and the people of Te Atiawa, Ngāi Tahu, and Ngāti Toa Rangatira. She lives and works in Wellington.

Jessica Maclean is a seedling of Ngāti Kahu, Ngāti Hine, Clan MacGill-Eain and Clan Ó Eaghra. Borne along by various winds and tides, she came to rest in Ōtautahi, where she has remained since.

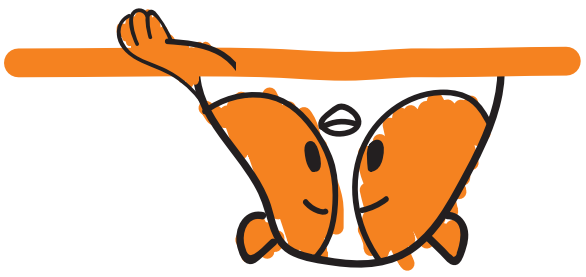
DECEMBER

Fresh and Fruity (Mya Morrison Middleton (Ngāi tahu), Hana Pera Aoake (Tainui, Ngāti raukawa, Ngāti Wehi Wehi)) is a collective based in Aotearoa. Hobbies include: sharks, yoga, and disengaging with Pākehā vampires.

Writer and theatre-maker **Jo Randerson** is the founder and artistic director of Barbarian Productions www.barbarian.co.nz. She is part of a team who have re-purposed a disused bowling club in Vogelmorn, Wellington as a creative community space: www.vogelmorn.nz.

Ray Shipley worked as a youth librarian in Tūranga, and is now based in Auckland. Ray is also a Billy T Award nominated comedian, and the current Ōtautahi Poetry Slam Champion.

Tia belongs to the people of Rongowhakaata and Ngāi Tāmanuhiri, raised in Rotorua. Māori Historian and researcher.



JULY

Julia Holden: *fanfiction*

Doc Ross: *The uncontrollable chaos of life*

PG gallery192

18 June - 13 July 2018

Georgina Tarren-Sweeney

5:30pm and it is peak hour on Bealey Avenue: rain spikes in headlights seeking parking spaces. Matariki rises in the Ōtautahi sky, one week away from winter solstice. Art lovers hedge against the elements and crowd into the villa, PG gallery192, for the opening of Julia Holden: *fanfiction* and Doc Ross: *The uncontrolled chaos of life.* Inside, loud festive warmth builds as offerings from Julia and Doc catch glimpses of each other across the hallway.

Julia's framed depictions of Manet and Morandi (the exact dimensions of the original works) seemingly return them safely to their art historical time. But her process, alchemy of sculpture, paint and photography, is the ghost in the machine. Starting with clay, Julia coaxes each object into form, to be painted, photographed and returned to clay to become the next work; each one an essence of its predecessor. There is also *fanfiction*, a conceptual overlay; Julia 'minxing' it up as she did in the live performance event, *Draped Nude (after Matisse)* with Audrey Baldwin. Now, *Bunch of Asparagus (after Manet)*, realised as part of a shiny summer harvest, evokes a somewhat wilted collection of phalli, bound in twine and framed never to escape. Manet's original, painted three years before his death, followed 21 years of conflict with the Salon Jury over continual refusals. The work appears to jeer at the Jury gentlemen, just as Julia's slights #metoo perpetrators; both artists playing with art's inherent opacity, to know and to speak out.
Julia and Doc twist art historical modes; tactile sculpture, painterly representation, photographic capture. They wring them out looking for clues; raison d'etre of the relentless observer and I flick to the words of a photographer. Calling to speak to his absent girlfriend, I asked, ' … could I leave a message?' His answer, 'I only promised to love her'. I wondered about her agency in that relationship, would she ever get the message. But here at the PG I have no doubt where the agency resides. Photography owns it.

Across the hall, Doc's works are cinematic unframed narratives stretching beyond the edges, abstracting their photographic nascence. At human scale, they draw darkness into space; a space for conversation: humanity, eternity, and you. *The uncontrollable chaos of life* exists in stark contrast to his previous work: 17,000 city images of anonymous Christchurch quake dwellers, caught in his frame that became "a four year snapshot of the people as their city changes".[1] Grim, high contrast black and white; glare of buildingless skies; futuristic realism of lives stranded in a bureaucratic desert-land-sky-scape. They are camera glimpses; reflexively photographic. Now, in this exhibition, he is in a very different place, on top of the world, London, a Thames River flat; not searching Christchurch streets for meaning. It is a hot summer's day. Far below his flat he can see crowds of Londoners as they seek coolness near the river. Their relief is from the heat and his from making art in a fallen city. Doc is out to play.

FFO: Korean soap sculptor Meekyoung Shin, new genres of performance art (Billy T nominee Ray Shipley springs to mind), the morphing of cinematography around documentary around photography as seen on CIRCUIT Artist Film and Video.

1 Christchurch Dilemmas, "A Snapshot of the Christchurch Rebuild," Radio New Zealand National, 25 August, 2017, https://www.radionz.co.nz/programmes/christchurch-dilemmas/story/2018561397/a-snapshot-of-the-chrsitchurch-rebuild

Wellness Analysis Techniques Limited™: *Daily Exposure* and *Strange Islands Online*

Kimmi Rindel and Vanessa Crofskey

Window Gallery

18 July - 8 August 2018

Hard times for soft spaces: Wellness Analysis Techniques Limited™ at Window Gallery, Auckland.

Rachel Ashby

Tucked in the foyer of the University of Auckland's general library is a window. Behind the glass a woman sits on a stool reading. Two tables with chairs face a white wall, a small green pot-plant and a pair of bright blueish lights rest on either table. A sign tells us that this is *Daily Exposure*, a free Light Therapy Concept Clinic developed by Wellness Analysis Techniques Limited™. We are most welcome to come inside.

Window Gallery has played host to many projects across its 16-year existence, but very rarely are viewers invited into the window space itself. Artists Kimmi Rindel and Vanessa Crofskey, the duo behind Wellness Analysis Techniques Limited™ (WATL), are breaking with this assumed practice and opening the gallery space as a platform for public use. Participants are invited to enter *Daily Exposure* for a fifteen-minute light therapy session designed to alleviate weather-induced low moods, poor sleep and stress. *Daily Exposure* is complemented by *Strange Islands Online*, another WATL project which explores wellbeing knowledge and myth through a collaging of text, image and sound in collaboration with the artist James Risbey. The adoption of a 'brand' moniker has provided Rindel and Crofskey with a knowingly false space of anonymity from which to explore these ideas beyond their own personal identities. While performativity and satire are strong themes underpinning WATL there is a resolute rejection of cynicism in the execution of work. Instead, an earnest friendliness is offered to viewers. We are welcomed into *Daily Exposure* by Light Therapy Support Assistant Mya Maree Cole who sets us comfortably before a 'Happy Light' and warmly explains to us the benefits of the session. Any sense of foolishness we might have on entering the space, taking off our shoes and shuffling across the carpet is quickly quashed in the face of Cole's genuine and affable attention. Likewise, the comical truisms of *Strange Islands Online* ("Drink almond milk if you're assimilating into the middle class" / "sunshine makes you happier") aim to include the reader; get them onside and suggest an alliance. Indeed, while WATL is a sharp jab at the commodification of wellness culture it is ultimately a project laden with a commitment to improving the wellbeing of those passing through.

Situated in the locus of the University of Auckland, WATL's commitment to caring feels like a quiet but profound gesture. In an institution where libraries are closed, jobs cut, and student protest stifled forcefully; WATL has provided a space that is soft and restful. It acknowledges the strain of living in both student and arts communities while unpaid internships, debt, and mental health crises are shockingly normalised. Rindel and Crofskey have made a point of paying Cole for her role as Light Therapy Assistant, treating it as a job and consequently adding another layer of earnest resolution. The apparent radicalness of this action in itself indicates a broader issue at hand. As a pseudo-corporation WATL effectively exposes the violence and hypocrisies of our fundamental institutions. A generous project with an edge, WATL are asking for our vulnerability, they are asking us to trust them. To sit down and face a wall, stare at a light with your back exposed. They say: listen to us and we will look after you. I feel inclined to believe them.

FFO: astrology memes, institutional critique, alternative healthcare, The White Pube, and being nice.

three colour windows

Allison Beck and John Ward Knox

xxx, Dunedin

1 - 29 July 2018

Andrea Bell

A few years ago I came across a small gouache painting by Rob McHaffie titled *The Conversation (after Matisse)*, which he created in Malaysia while reading a biography of Henri Matisse. McHaffie exercised a degree of artistic licence in his rendition: painting out the deep blue background a vibrant red, and adding a view of lush tropical plants outside the window—citing the gardens at Rimbun Dahan near Kuala Lumpur where he was living at the time.

The associative qualities of colour are abundant in the work of Matisse. In *Conversation* (c.1908-1912) blue describes not only the colour of the carpet or wall, but also soaks up the emotions of a room. Green transcends beyond a literal representation of exterior foliage, to symbolise immortality and the tree of life. Likewise, Matisse uses the window as a common motif, introducing a new view or perspective—a painting within a painting.

Allison Beck and John Ward Knox's *three colour windows* transformed Matisse's window/painting metaphor into a reality—saturating the room with colour and filtered light. Here, the window becomes both the medium and the subject. Their dual leadlight window installation presented a replica of the nave windows at La Chapelle du Rosaire de Vence, a small Dominican chapel in the south of France, built and decorated by Matisse (in collaboration with Sister Jacques-Marie) between 1949 and 1951.

Matisse's original stained glass windows comprise of a series of repeated patterns, typically abstract though drawing inspiration from the natural world. But whereas Matisse's windows are coloured yellow, green, and blue (signifying the sun, vegetation, sea, sky and Madonna), Beck and Ward Knox opted for a revised colour scheme of amber, rose, and white—dictated by the availability of local recycled glass, in their translation of the work.

three colour windows was part of a counterfeit-themed exhibition programme envisaged by xxx co-founders Gilbert May and John Ward Knox, to "challenge the status of artwork as capital (cultural, economic etc) and to position it within a context of use-value."[1] Despite Matisse's reputation as an artistic genius, he never signed the windows at Vence. The windows were regarded as integral elements of a religious building, as opposed to collectible works of art. Though without religious faith himself, Matisse insisted that the chapel should forever exist as a place of worship and "never become a museum."[2] At xxx, the 'use-value' of *three colour windows* was somewhat less clear. In today's rapidly secularising society, galleries and museums are said to have replaced the church. This irony was not lost on Beck and Ward Knox, who opened their exhibition on a Sunday morning.

By appropriating the work of a canonical artist, Beck and Ward Knox demonstrated that a copy has the ability to take on new meaning, enhanced by local materials and surroundings. Through replication, art has the opportunity to undergo a process of transformation, transcending its original interpretation—opening up a window of colourful possibilities.

FFO: Matisse, stained glass and leadlight windows.

1 John Ward Knox, email correspondence with the author, 26 August, 2018.

2 Sister Marie-Pierre, quoted in Holly Williams, "Henri Matisse and the nun: Why did the artist create a masterpiece for Sister Jacques-Marie?" *Independent online*, accessed 6 September, 2018, https://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/art/features/henri-matisse-and-the-nun-why-did-the-artist-create-a-masterpiece-for-sister-jacques-marie-9217486.html.

No Common Ground; a symposium addressing histories of feminist art, mana wāhine and queer practice.

Co-convened by Adam Art Gallery Te Pātaka Toi, The Dowse Art Museum and Enjoy Public Art Gallery.

Victoria University of Wellington

7 July 2018

With the Pacific Sisters: Where and who is art?

Rachel O'Neill

Inequitable power dynamics, vertical hierarchies and a mono-cultural purveyance of taste hamper the visual arts in Aotearoa. How do we challenge this when insight is personal, collective, and contextual, when there are myriad ways to shape decolonising and intersectional practices? Opportunities to meet and kōrero are vital in our context, and careful preparation and a clear kaupapa is key when we get together. This symposium lacked a clear kaupapa. What were event leaders specifically signalling by the 'minority' mosh-pit grouping of "feminist art, mana wāhine and queer practice"? Was I welcome at this event and were those I am in solidarity with and care about welcome? A clear agenda would have enabled connections and disconnections to be respectfully and playfully heard and debated.

Rosanna Raymond, one of the day's panelists, is a member of Pacific Sisters collective who recently exhibited at Te Papa in *Pacific Sisters: Fashion Activists* curated by Nina Tonga. Raymond reflected on collective process and practice, interested in, 'Where is art? Who is art?' rather than 'What is art?' Art makers, their collective and collaborative networks and sites of creative occupation or 'accessification', to use a Pacific Sisters term, are privileged and valued.[1] Artist and academic Maureen Lander, in discussion with Matariki Williams and Mata Aho Collective, reflected on her participation in collectives, where contemporary art whānau gather and disperse while continuing to collaborate and communicate even from afar i.e. via Instagram. Ngahuia Harrison, one of the four artists in *Ko Papatūānuku te matua o te tangata/The earth looks upon us* at Adam Art Gallery, also spoke. Harrison has contributed a compelling text to the show, *That is to say:* which leaves the reader to ponder the image of builders with 'the weight of five dogs on each shoulder.'

This image lingered with me throughout the symposium. What I wanted from the day was to feel welcome and grounded in participation, to listen, to respond, to challenge and be challenged, and feel encouraged to carry this on after the event. However, I felt a weight settled on our collective shoulders, one that wasn't unsettled even by moments where our distinct cultural positions, unique privileges, learning curves, and skills were acknowledged and visible. For example, an audience member asked why Robyn Kahukiwa, whose painting *Tangata Whenua* (1986) is installed in the Adam Art Gallery's window gallery to coincide with *Ko Papatūānuku te matua o te tangata*, is not included in the list of artists in the show. While the exhibiting artists Ngahuia Harrison, Ana Iti, Nova Paul, Raukura Turei and curator Tina Barton gave brief responses alongside a few audience members, there was room for robust kōrero as a group/collective/whānau on this excellent question.

A clear symposium kaupapa would have made a significant difference here. A kaupapa built over time by people who not only have a strong understanding of the shared and distinct issues, motivations and potential futures that we carry, but who can also shape a forum that is empowered by those in attendance, who bring their places with them and who have alternate inspirations to 125 years of Suffrage and more. Keenly understanding the diversity of responses required to become a thriving art whānau—a big fat whānau of interest—to catalyse the kind of culture our best mahi can arrive from, offers a chance to better shape, resource, and activate contexts for change together. To do this we must honestly ask at the given point in time where and who can best shape an art gathering that enables debate, play, and connection. Where and who is art? Where and who is art.

FFO: art whānau, questioning minority mosh-pits, difficult conversations, working conclusions, complicating feminisms.

1 See: Ioana Gordon-Smith, "From the Margins to the Mainstream: The Pacific Sisters at Te Papa" *The Pantograph Punch*, published April 18, 2018, https://www.pantograph-punch.com/post/pacific-sisters.

AUGUST

Returning Home

Jermaine Dean and Pati Solomona Tyrell

Ramp Gallery

6 August - 7 September 2018

Ellie Lee Duncan

Rich jewel-like colours picked out slick bodies in the works of Jermaine Dean and Pati Solomona Tyrell. Their works at Ramp spanned both photography and moving image in the exhibition *Returning Home*, alongside Angela Tiatia's work *Interference*. Both artists are members of FAFSWAG, an artistic collective in South Auckland who promote the visibility of Polynesian LGBTQI+ individuals.

Dean's series *Femslick*, shows different members of FAFSWAG against the backstage of a theatre with signature saturated colours. The collective operates highly collaboratively; these images were advertising for Akashi Fisiinaua's theatre and dance performance *Femslick*.

Tyrell's *Masculine me tender* shows their face and torso, shifting between various gendered identity expressions, from makeup and a blonde wig to cropped hair and stubbled face. One image shows their muscular form flicking blonde tresses, encompassing the dynamism of movement but also the power of embracing both staunch masculinity and tender femininity. Another image shows them neatly divided down the centre linking Tyrell to a queer genealogy of other artists like Del LaGrace Volcano and Rebecca Swan who also used this technique to undo gender.

Historically, the production of photography of Pacific individuals has been under the control of European image creators. Visual sovereignty, where indigenous makers "fight against appropriated and romanticized imagery that misrepresents Native communities"disrupts this.[1] Transgender individuals historically have also been subject to a fetishising gaze by European cisgender individuals. FAFSWAG not only exert visual sovereignty in self-determined imagery of their brown bodies, but also as queer individuals.

FAFSWAG broke ground in the past few years in Aotearoa by holding a series of vogue balls—creating spaces of queer disruption—and Tyrell's moving image work *Aitu Vogue Ball* was created to raise awareness for one such event. It shows a series of overlapping figures from FAFSWAG dancing to music that is at once punchy and ethereal. Each shot is reflected over the centre vertical line, with transparent layers of individuals appearing kaleidoscopic and mesmerizing. The brightly coloured costumes create their own arcs in response to the momentum of each dancer, with swirls of fabric pooling out like ink.

The vā is a spiritual realm which coexists with physical reality, outside of the boundaries of time (tā-vā can roughly translate to time-space). Hūfanga 'Okusitino Māhina, the foremost academic of this concept, writes: "Art can be freshly defined as a sustained time-space transformation from a condition of crisis to a state of stasis, involving the rhythmic production of symmetry and harmony."[2] In *Aitu Vogue Ball*, 'aitu' refers to spirits, and the transparency of the figures and the trance-like motions strike out of the physical realm into the metaphysical space of the vā. There is a subsuming of the singularity of any figure in favour of spiritual co-habitance, repetition, multivalency, and iteration. *Returning home* is a powerful assertion of the blurring of boundaries and borders.

FFO: voguing, photography, visual sovereignty, queer disruption.

1 Nicole Blalock, Jameson D. Lopez, and Elyssa Figari, "Acts of visual sovereignty," *American Indian Culture and Research Journal 39*, no. 3 (2015): 85.

2 Hūfanga 'Okusitino Māhina, *Maau Filifili: selected poems* (Auckland: Lo'au Research Society, 2010), 18.

Oka na Roki or *The Eye in My Hand*

Martin Sagadin

Hoyts Northlands, Christchurch

11 - 12 August 2018

Andre Hopping

All told, ninety-one films played in the 2018 New Zealand International Film Festival. Of these, only one was publicised as "experimental": *Oka na Roki*, or *The Eye in My Hand*, by Ōtautahi-based filmmaker Martin Sagadin. With the video camera on his iPhone, Sagadin has collected the most visually interesting or personally significant moments of his day-to-day life. Over four years, these brief moments have accumulated into dozens of hours, which have been edited down to 83 minutes of footage.

As a non-narrative, visually scintillating documentary, *Oka na Roki* could trace a lineage to Dziga Vertov's pivotal *Man with a Movie Camera*, a quick-cut cavalcade of glimpses into Soviet life at the end of the 1920s. But while Vertov was driven by Leninism and adored industrialisation, Sagadin's feature is contemplatively personal, and nature is everywhere. The intimacy of *Oka na Roki* is, in part, because Sagadin has in his possession a marvel unimagined by Vertov and his contemporaries: a discreet and omnipresent video camera in his iPhone.

Sagadin could have easily recused himself from a direct presence in the film. However, we are intermittently reminded of his existence: a lingering shot of a bearded face and lanky frame in a mirror; or a glimpse of his hand reaching out towards the sun, stretching his fingers to bend around crepuscular rays. The film's dreamlike, ephemeral scenes kindle a near-universal nostalgia, but these gentle reminders tell us the memories are firmly his.
When assembling hundreds of hours of iPhone footage for *Oka na Roki*, Sagadin set himself a cut-off date after which no further editing would take place. As a result, the memories we see are products not of Sagadin's present feelings towards the memories but rather are reflective of his proclivity at the time of the final edit. This curatorial decision recognises the pliability and vulnerability inherent in every canon of memory, as our changing emotional and mental states struggle to shape the past in their own transitory image.

Throughout the film, Christchurch musician Anita Clark lends her spectral violin to Sagadin's own instrumentation on piano and guitar. Their score, like the footage, was largely unscripted and improvised, and weaves a vital thread into the fabric of the film. If a transcendent score can separate a great film from a good one, *Oka na Roki* is elevated from poignant video diary to sublime of memory by virtue of its music.

Oka na Roki is a lustrous, ruminant, unhurried exercise of memory and reflection. It resounds with a pervasive calmness and a quiet appreciation for the fleeting beauty in every Canterbury riverbed or dusty domestic sunbeam. It is a rushing stream of memory, a bulwark against the relentlessness of entropy, and an exploration of the traditions and limits of recollection.

FFO: abstract biographical film, family photo albums, the Christchurch experience circa 2014-2018, non-narrative experimental cinema, atmospheric soundtracks.

Orgasmic Capitalism 7" Release

Unsanitary Napkin

Newtown Bowls Club

17 August 2018

Unsanitary Napkin's *Orgasmic Capitalism* & *The Modern Alpha* – the Indecent Propaganda of Hannah Salmon a.k.a. Daily Secretion

Kerry Ann Lee

Orgasmic Capitalism is the soundtrack to the current apocalypse by Wellington anarcho-punk band, Unsanitary Napkin. Members Ben Knight, Hannah Salmon and Rupert Pirie-Hunter, combine super powers to augment realities, activate art for social change and bring good times. With satire evoking the Dead Kennedys, Crass and Subhumans and the velocity of bands like G.L.O.S.S., their smash hit LP, *Patriotic Grooves* (2016) features Salmon's iconic artwork of Donald Trump getting destroyed by a rainbow-blasting winged vagina.

A packed-out Newtown Bowling Club welcomed the release of this 6-track 7" EP (on slime green vinyl!) in August 2018. *Orgasmic Capitalism* calls out inequality, bigotry, corruption and chaos. Album opener *Peter Thiel* lambasts the US multi-billionaire who bought his New Zealand citizenship while *State Psychopathy* recounts public vitriol towards Green Party co-leader Metiria Turei when outed as a 'dole cheat' by news media.

Lightness and gravity are here in the music. After all, the most articulate and memorable punk records have this. *Good Night White Pride* is a buoyant anti-fascist anthem referencing the alt-right car attack in Charlottesville: "You say there's violence on both sides, but only one wants genocide!" Equal parts love and rage, solidarity in times of fucked-up-ness.

These ideas underpin Hannah Salmon's long-awaited first solo exhibition, *The Modern Alpha* at Toi Pōneke Arts Centre (February 2019). The show presents illustrations and sculptural works created over several years for albums, posters and her zine with Ben Knight, *Daily Secretion.* According to the door signage, *The Modern Alpha* is an "exhibition containing depictions of genitalia and protest. Viewer discretion is advised."

Salmon uses language and liberties of illustration, political cartooning, horror and protest graphics to critique the inefficiencies of the dominant mainstream. Her meticulous ink drawings elicit comedic and vile sensations through familiar metaphors: the metastasizing corpse of late-capitalism, doomsday scenarios like Trump and his cronies as poker-playing dogs beneath a Confederate flag and Thiel as 'New Zealander of the Year' with a vampire's shadow.

The Modern Alpha is a set of close-ups of Donald Trump, Alex Jones, and Brett Kavanaugh. These are the hysterical, unstable offspring of US guerrilla artist Robbie Conal's *Men With No Lips* (1982). The strain of power is apparent in their hyper-real likenesses. Rendered with grey poxy faces and vehement expressions, these men are on the edge of total meltdown.

The portraits are accompanied by a golden 'man-body' containing the 'Masculine Odour for the Dominant Man'. This fragrance collaboration with Nathan Taare (E N T) and Ben Knight (UN, Rogernomix, All Seeing Hand), is reminiscent of John Water's *Odorama* released with his film *Polyester* in 1982. 'Toxic masculinity' is much more insidious here. *The Modern Alpha* smells musky, gross, yet compelling. It permeates to sully and cause a stink. Literally.

Remember Dildo Baggins (A Tribute To Josie Butler) immortalizes the Waitangi Day penis toss incident. Twee folk might mistake the contents of a bell jar for a stack of pastel kitten cupcakes but upon closer inspection, would clutch their pearls when they discover that it's (gasp), a veiny cock n' balls featuring Michael Laws and Paul Henry's faces—with pubes (The Balls to Say What We're All Thinking). Oh those punk pranksters!

Patriarchal Boner jams the patriarchy with defiantly 'nasty' women—with pussy hats, brandishing penises, amidst a fiery inferno and a giant phallus pulled to topple. The artist deploys humour and hyperbole yet is sincere in her activism, dedicating 20% of sales and hosting a benefit gig for Wellington Women's Refuge (15 March 2019 at Newtown Community Centre). Salmon imbues paper, ink, words and music with care and purpose, and 'the balls' to offer sense to senseless times.

HAU

Pascal Atiga-Bridger Wharepapa, Anita Jacobson-Drissi, Maaka Potini, Leone Samu-Tui and Dr. Haare Williams, with text contributions from Te Aoatea Alternative Education Trust. Curated by Leilani Kake

Papakura Art Gallery

27 August - 13 October 2018

Ema Tavola

In its naming—*HAU*—artist-curator Leilani Kake, referenced the grounding connection many indigenous people have with their innate positionality, a concept that in Te Reo Māori translates as the vital essence.

In South Auckland, Auckland Council's arts delivery in recent years has become renowned for its hits and misses, but mostly its tone-deaf programming misses. *HAU* was an exhibition I'd been waiting to see; a group show in an Auckland Council facility that exemplified a consciousness of site and history, engaged artists from the area, and offered a space for engagement and participation from local audiences.

HAU was the latest outcome of a partnership between Papakura Art Gallery and Tautai Trust. In the past, curators have produced exhibitions that respond to the site of Papakura, working exclusively with artists who identify as Pacific Islanders in line with Tautai's culturally specific funding from Creative New Zealand. For most of 2018, Tautai was embroiled in a leadership crisis with the former General Manager stepping down in February and a complete Board of Trustees re-shuffle in September. The dark cloud of accusations of workplace bullying, preferentialism, and neglect of cultural safety had presumably affected the organisation as their annual open call for curatorial proposals for the paid opportunity received no applications.

Out of necessity, Kake took on the task. As Gallery Coordinator for Papakura Art Gallery, she had an intimate knowledge of the gallery's audience, its position in relation to perceptions from the community, and its function and potential for local artists as part of Papakura's creative ecology. For this reason, *HAU* was perhaps the most nuanced, conversational response to the gallery's environment I've ever seen staged in the space.
In an expansive and multidisciplinary offering, Kake engaged artists whose backgrounds ranged from carving and aerosol painting, poetry, advocacy and activism, jewellery and photography. They were invited to consider how one's vital essence is memorialised, through trauma, death and history, particularly in relation to the urban memorials that exist in Papakura, ranging from the site of slain victims of gang violence to markers of the New Zealand Land Wars.

Kake's curatorial approach was also grounded in an agenda to create visibility for the position of cultural mixedness; those who, like herself exist as both Pacific Islander tauiwi and Māori tangata whenua. In a gentle side-eye at Tautai's often problematic delineation of Pacific Islander artists from their Māori peers and their shared indigenous experience, Kake created a rich narrative that articulated the importance of acknowledging land, presence, and shared history. In exploring the tangible and intangible connections the artists and Papakura's community hold with sites of memory, *HAU* offered audiences the opportunity to see themselves as part of the social histories that memorialisation relies on.

In the exhibition's public programme, along with practical making workshops, Kake presented talks about death and dying, mourning and tragedy, about suicide, and grieving through art. The somewhat macabre topics linked the practice of art and exhibition making, to lived human experience, a vitally important area of connection for community galleries in South Auckland.

HAU quietly acknowledged the power of memory and authorship, the power of placemaking, and where that power can be subverted as interventions on formalised space. As a result, Tautai can take credit for one of the most critically relevant and meaningful offerings to South Auckland's recent contemporary art history.

FFO: Community arts, South Auckland, Leilani Kake, Pacific art, institutional critique, Pascal Atiga-Bridger Wharepapa, Anita Jacobson-Drissi, Maaka Potini, Leone Samu-Tui.

Not standing still

Katie Breckon, Dana Carter, Scott Flanagan, Jenny Gillam, Hope Ginsburg, Eugene Hansen, Motoko Kikkawa, Geoff Martyn, Melissa Martyn, Raewyn Martyn, William Henry Meung, Murdabike, Anet Neutze, Aroha Novak, Maria O'Toole, Charlotte Parallel, Kim Pieters, Deano Shirriffs, and Jemma Woolmore.

Curated by Raewyn Martyn.

Blue Oyster Art Project Space

8 August 2018 - 1 September 2018

Brendan Jon Philip

Not Standing Still is a moderately ambitious and tightly curated group exhibition attempting in some way to momentarily schematise the irregularly dynamic processes of creative practice. From initial statement through an accompanying digital publication, Raewyn Martyn draws equivalences between the peculiar processes of cultural production involved in art-making with those of developing or emergent biological systems. This loose rubric—drawing in a roster of seventeen artists, two poets, and three musicians—seems like a broad net to cast. However, this investigation proves to be as deep as it is wide with serious consideration as to how the works included are representative of each artist's practice and how that practice is itself representative of an inherent generative, systemic process.

Explicitly referencing Edward O Wilson's notion of biophilia—our innate love of natural living systems—Martyn also argues for an agitation of energy as a resistance to entropy in these systems. This agitation, just enough instability to keep things interesting, is the animating force that separates the living from the dead. Given this animation of the larger processes involved in art production, each work is a discrete segment, representative of incomplete data inviting further enquiry; a plotting of position not velocity. Here, curator appears in the guise of a field biologist, selecting her samples with a scientific rigour like placing slivers of the rhizome on glass slides.

The presentation flows discreetly from artist to artist, the selected pieces conversing easily through juxtaposition and association. Aroha Novak's decolonising work around the local Toitū Stream invokes notions of the personhood of natural systems, from which one can begin to consider process as entity. It is perhaps this external agency that has congealed William Henry Meung's assemblages into their curious accreted forms.

Kim Pieters' drawing practice is an emergent conversation of mark-making. Their negotiation-as-process provides an approach to improvisation that is both dynamic and systematic. The creative impulse to an ordering set of rules, a code for the procedural generation of some kind of poetic meaning is explicit in Scott Flanagan's woven works. Here mats of audio and video tape are layered with woolen blankets and a visual encoding of Pi to many decimal places. Charlotte Parallel's homegrown piezo crystals engage in a quiet transduction, mining unseen fields for the underlying structural information Flanagan hints at.

Anet Neutze's *Encyclopaedia Somnambulus* deftly occupies the liminal space of the surrealist object; emblematic of the fluxing meta-systems the exhibition proposes. Martyn's own work hangs loosely in the corner, it's own sense of biological presence as the once-living shed skin of the room. Hanging like a discarded garment of Neutze's sleepwalker, it is a sample specimen of the ongoing dynamic systems embodied by the gallery as institution made manifest.

In addition to the main installation, three video works are presented in the gallery's second space. These durational and procedural works by Hope Ginsburg, Dana Carter, and Pieters again, encapsulate the sample-segment approach to Martyn's curation. Each is a bracketed experience-observation suggesting a wider context and, in such, recapitulates a show that is as much cross-section as assortment.

FFO: Junk shops, jumble sales, untended gardens, and Surrealist parlour games.

SEPTEMBER

The Māori Mermaid Sings

Jessica Thompson Carr & Emily Crooks

Self Published

6 September 2018

Genevieve Scanlan

The Māori Mermaid Sings is the first chapbook from Ōtepoti writer and artist Jessica Thompson Carr, who posts on Instagram under the handle @maori_mermaid. Released at the 2018 Dunedin Zinefest on September 6th, the chapbook features illustrations from artist Emily Crooks and is presented in a slim, pale blue volume. It is a powerful evocation of personal and political feeling entwined. The dedication on the first page sets the tone perfectly for what's ahead: "For the wahine in my Whānau, by both blood and bond".

Thompson Carr (Ngāpuhi and Ngati Ruanui) explores and questions the intersecting facets of her identity, including her Māori and Pākehā heritage. *'What is Māori?'* begins: "As I grow up still I ask my mother / What percentage I am / As though it will affirm my existence". The image of the mermaid is a central symbol throughout, symbolising a painful in-between-ness and displacement: "maybe I am the mermaid / hooked out of my other world / thrown onto dry land / maybe I cannot breathe / properly."
'Pania Poem' is especially powerful–an unflinching portrayal of the trauma that colonisation inflicts:
"Cold cooked Christianity going in / And nuns whipping the Reo / Out of our mouths / No wonder I throw up so / often / Trying to rid my stomach / Of the bitter lies / they fed me while I slept. / A white skin sack with a hidden tail, / half in, half out."

While fully, powerfully acknowledging pain, these poems are also songs of triumph–revelling in female power and community. *'Witches are taking over Dunedin'* is subversively utopian:
"The star of elements has been drawn / on the Hospital door in / blood / faces appear in the walls / drains are busting / with green and / yellow / flowers / Robbie Burns has been / beheaded…"
Natural, organic imagery is employed throughout to signify young women's power and potentiality–as in *'The Dunedin Sway'*: "under layers of concrete and / earth we're hidden keen to blossom / pleased in the dim storm / and throbbing strobe."
And, as in *'The Art of Alone'*, connection to the natural world provides solace, when solace is sorely needed: "She stops talking by the end of the month. / She desires dirt and leaves / She wants to find a river or a / Mountain and shed her clothes." The mix of natural and urban imagery in these poems reflects the aesthetic of Thompson Carr's Instagram–a world of blossom and concrete that we might recognise as Dunedin even without the namechecks.

Thompson Carr has drawn on deeply personal, deeply felt experience for this early work. Her next book or chapbook will likely turn in a different direction–when she has finished her Masters, focused on ekphrastic Māori poetry. But *The Māori Mermaid Sings* crystallises a particular moment in Thompson Carr's career, and in her youth–and for that it is invaluable.

FFO: Confessional poetry, mermaids, myth, Tayi Tibble.

Fafetu and *To weave again*

Lakiloko Keakea and Fafine Niutao

Objectspace

30 September - 11 November 2018

Stars of Tuvalu

Cora-Allan Wickliffe

In the heart of Ponsonby, Auckland two exhibitions opened at Objectspace gallery in September 2018. Not a typical venue for the Tuvalu community, however *Fafetu* by Lakiloko Keakea and *To weave again* by Tuvalu collective Fafine Niutao have been placed in an award-winning exhibition space, assisting to elevate and celebrate Tuvalu arts and crafts.

I had been following the development of this exhibition and was interested in the highlighting of senior artist Lakiloko Keakea who comes from the Fafine Niutao collective. In 2012 Lakiloko was asked to participate in the first major exhibition of contemporary Pacific art at the Auckland Art Gallery, where her work was purchased and is currently showing alongside other prolific Pacific artists such as Lonnie Hutchinson, Janet Lilo, and Joanna Monolagi and last year she won the 2017 Pacific Heritage Art Award from Creative New Zealand. Her talents as an individual are being highlighted by prolific institutions in the contemporary art world; however, how does this affect her position in the collective?

Pacific art forms tend to have laborious processes and in this case the fafetu created within the exhibition reflect a communal effort. To create work on such a scale as an individual is almost impossible as the intricate fafetu are created in a collective setting with each set of hands contributing to the overall work.

For *Fafetu,* the concrete floor is buried under a mass of handwoven pandanus mats which create a beautiful platform for the Tuvalu crocheted fafetu to float above. Each piece of the installation varies in closeness to the wall, creating slight movement which allow the colours and shapes to be considered individually. The largest fafetu, which was crafted on a large frame, is not something that stands out amongst the multiple small fafetu, but is a reminder of the capabilities of Lakiloko. Even though the *Fafetu* exhibition points towards highlighting the individual practice of Lakiloko, the elements within the space sing the praises of Tuvalu craftsmanship on a scale that only a community of hands could have produced. The exhibition *To weave again* was a highlight of the gallery space for me, presented on a coloured wall it took risks moving the traditional mats from the floor to the wall, which stood out in relation to the exhibition of heritage art forms.

The execution and accessibility of this show is also to be praised with the gallery organising buses for visitors to view the exhibition and having assistance from outside of their regular staff to help with communication, relationship building, and creating a comfortable environment for the artists and community. Heritage artists are the backbone of contemporary Pacific art practices and how we platform them as individuals or collectives needs to be considered in a way that is harmonious for the artists and the community they come from. Highlighting Lakiloko's individual practice is an amazing gesture of admiration; on the other hand the biggest gesture in the show for me was showing her alongside the collective she works with as both of their successes go hand in hand.

FFO: Tuvalu, Pacific heritage arts, Fafine Niutao, Traditional crafts, Lakiloko Keakea.

The earth looks upon us / Ko Papatūānuku te matua o te tangata

Raukura Turei, Nova Paul, Ngahuia Harrison, and Ana Iti. Curated by Christina Barton

Adam Art Gallery

7 July - 23 September 2018

Whakaarahia ake tō poupou: A review of *The earth looks upon us | Ko Papatūānuku te matua o te tangata*

Matariki Williams

E tū e hine mā, e tama mā
Whakaarahia ake ngā poupou
O tō whare
O Te Herenga Waka…
Excerpt from *Kaore taku raru* by Ruka Broughton.

I spoke these words in my mihi at the symposium hosted in conjunction with Adam Art Gallery's exhibition *The earth looks upon us / Ko Papatūānuku te matua o te tangata.* As an alumni of Victoria University's Te Kawa a Maui, History, and Museum and Heritage Studies programmes, it was important for me to mihi Te Herenga Waka marae. As a student, I spent a lot of time at Te Herenga Waka and none at the Adam. It is within this taiāwhio of context that I sit, and that I view this exhibition.

There are many aspects that can't find space in this review, the most pertinent for me being the use of te reo, curatorial framework, the kōrero around the display of Robyn Kahukiwa's *Tangata Whenua*, and the exhibiting history of the Adam. However, as a historic non-visitor, this exhibition called me to it in an altogether unexpected way. Before visiting, I'd seen a friend post on Instagram that they wanted to mush their face into Raukura Turei's (Ngāi Tai ki Tāmaki, Ngā Rauru Kītahi) work so anticipated a welcoming, textural work. I didn't expect the scale of her works and that, regardless of size, they were all intimate. Squinting my eyes, I attempted to decipher them only to find that they shifted out of any shape I tried to force them into.

During my twist with Hine-ruhi, the steel drums of Ngā Puawai o Ngāpuhi pervaded my consciousness, drawing me to Nova Paul's (Te Uriroroi, Te Parawhau, Ngāpuhi) *This Is Not Dying.* The song lyrics, similar to those of *Kaore taku raru,* encourage Ngāpuhi to hold fast to their culture. Paul's film is a work of layers, the familiarity of marae life elucidated through a technique that appeals not due to innovation, but because it denotes that each vignette is a scene that has been played out by many more generations than those on-screen.

Heading into the Kirk Gallery—featuring nine digital prints from Ngahuia Harrison (Ngātiwai, Ngāpuhi)—I had tears before I realised. Could it be that the wāhine present, the 'paepae' of the titles, evoked not the fallacy that wāhine Māori acquiesce to tāne Māori, but that they are equals in a holistic whole? Could it be this depiction of the unwavering mana o te wāhine? Either way, Harrison's work shows both the immeasurable power of women, and the wonder of our tamariki.

On the gallery's lowest level, is Ana Iti's (Te Rarawa) *Only fools are lonely*, a work in which labour is present. Prefaced by *Does the brick recall Pukeahu?*, it was imperative to view the work through the imprisonment and forced labour that is synonymous with Pukeahu. The impossibility of walking the ramp reinforces the irreversibility of the histories referenced, their unreachable pain. Conversely, does the whenua remember the people who removed it, who were imprisoned upon it—does Pukeahu recall them?

It has been celebrated that this is the first time an exhibition of all wāhine Māori artists has shown at the Adam and yet, I couldn't help noticing that all but one of the works shown is 'courtesy of the artist', shorthand for the works not being in an institution's collection or the artists not being represented by a gallery. In this sense, 'firsts' are not enough—artists need to have their work collected, or be otherwise financially supported, to maintain a sustainable career. To echo Ruka Broughton's ōhākī, artists raise the pou of our galleries. His stirring words, which have become the anthem of the university's Māori Studies department, remind us that it is the younger generations that raise these pou with the support of visionary leaders like him. What better way to honour artists' work than to collect it?

FFO: mana wāhine, contemporary Māori art, sculpture, installation art, photography, moving image, art that makes you cry, collect Māori art!

Once more with feeling

Kosta Bogoievski, Josie Archer and David Huggins

Exchange Café

September - October 2018

Kosta Bogoievski

In September Josie Archer and I worked with dance artist David Huggins in *Once more with feeling*, advertised as 'a dance experiment in 4D'. It was a work in development that ended with a public showing at the Exchange Café.

We improvise with props, written prompts, and other choreographed events we've prepared. We perform in front of a macbook camera. We perform again, this time with the playback of the audio recorded from the first performance. Then the footage of the two performances is layered on top of each other in iMovie with the opacity of both shots reduced to fifty percent. The audience watch the resulting video projected on the screen revealing half-transparent ghost characters traversing and interacting within the two captured timelines.

For the audience, I imagine this is not unlike watching three friends gleefully making a home video—because it essentially is—and then watching that video. One of us said, 'we've only got the one thing, the show, so what do we want to share with people? Is it a feeling, a punchline, choreography, process?'

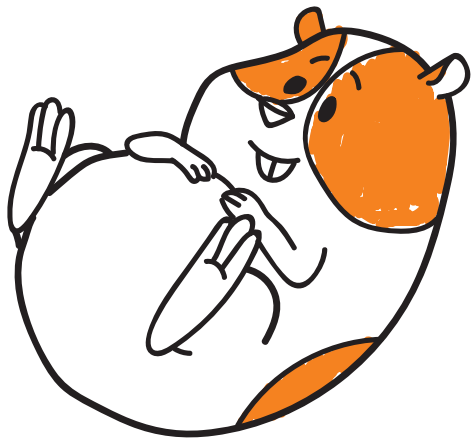
The project was a development of a performance practice that combined dance improvisation techniques with amateur sci-fi camera tricks. Towards the end of our two week process we worried that we were getting too good. We questioned whether it is worth the audience's time watching us be clever. We had reserved a bigger concern for the spectacle, which could be described as the conspicuous display of rehearsed-but-nevertheless-seemingly-unbridled talent. We tuned down our dancer tendencies towards technical proficiency by holding back on visual, audio, and memory cues that would otherwise have nicely synchronized the first performance with the second on camera, to draw out the clairvoyant aspects of the work.

We assumed the role of time travel enthusiasts sometimes naïvely messing with space-time continuum. Our performance practice was serving our desire to create enough friction within the fabric of time to cause a cosmic abrasion.

Enter Fox: our mascot, metaphor, and poltergeist. At moments where we felt particularly dimensionally disruptive one of us would become the Fox by putting the mask on. Summoned and forlorn, the Fox would wander through our world, inspecting and policing the fractured space. David fantasised about an intervention midway through the final video presentation with a re-entry of the Fox. The clean composition of the show in three distinct acts would be thwarted, pushing the theatrical aspect of the show to the front of discourse. The Fox didn't make a last appearance. I see our decision to keep the Fox strictly bound to the 'performance' part of the work as indicative of our preference for conceptual clarity. This kept the sci-fi genre at bay, buried within the material. A Fox re-entry would have enveloped the overall composition of the show with a sense of genre. Then, *Once more with feeling* would have thematically become 'a dance experiment in 4D'. The sudden introduction of fiction would have been an interesting departure from what is in essence a new conceptual dance framework using sci-fi tropes.
I reckon we—calling all performers of interplanetary craft—can work beyond offering performance anomaly and concepts; a nominal experience for audiences. If we embrace the supernatural phenomena (including its ambiguity, myth, and wonder) inherent to this kind of work and of dance we might deflect concerns of spectacle with new conversations of choreography and the creative potential of its temporality.

David's car along with the fox mask went missing after the performance.

FFO: Science fiction, supernatural performance, post internet dance, reviewing your own work.



OCTOBER

wā o mua

Erin Broughton, Caitlin Clarke, Nina Oberg Humphries, Metiria Turei, and Nadai Wilson. Curated by Māia Abraham and Grace Ryder

Blue Oyster Art Project Space

5 September - 13 October 2018

Robyn Maree Pickens

wā o mua worked with time on multiple registers; the exhibition held time, engaged with time, and was an invocation of time as it intersected with particular histories to bring their trajectories into the present. This sustained engagement with time was contingent on a remembrance (125 years since women in Aotearoa gained the vote), and a curatorial strategy (invoking the archive). The remembrance and the strategy worked together. To coincide with Suffrage 125 Whakatū Wāhine, Māia Abraham and Grace Ryder approached curators Robyn Notman and Andrea Bell at Uare Taoka o Hākena and created a framework whereby artists had the opportunity to respond to the extensive holdings at Hākena. Of the five emerging artists based in Te Waipounamu, Erin Broughton and Metiria Turei each responded to an artefact/taoka that made the final cut in Notman and Bell's own suffrage focused exhibition at Hākena *(Sisters Communing)*. Abraham and Ryder conceived *wā o mua* as a karanga to *Sisters Communing* and in some respects the fullest experience of *wā o mua* is gained by moving between the two exhibitions.

At Hākena visitors could see the silver gelatin photograph of Whetu Tirikatene-Sullivan (1932-2011) of Ngāi Tahu and Ngāti Kahungunu taken in 1973. Tirikatene-Sullivan represented Labour between 1967-1996, was the first woman in Aotearoa to give birth as an MP in 1970, and became the first Māori woman cabinet minister in 1972. Metiria Turei translated this photograph of Tirikatene-Sullivan into a horizontal band on her long scroll-like taniko work *Whakaniwha,* which was suspended from the ceiling. The long slender weaving embodies the form of a lengthy governmental document. It presents a history; it is a whakapapa of Māori women in the parliamentary history of Aotearoa. The top two-thirds of the taniko were sparse with only two horizontal bands breaking the white/thread. The first woven band represents Iriaka Rātana of Te Ati Haunui-a-Paparangi (1905-1981) who was the first Māori woman MP (elected in 1949). The second band stands in for Whetu Tirikatene-Sullivan, who is followed by an even longer stretch of white than the one preceding Iriaka Rātana. Turei herself is present as two black crosses in an abbreviated horizontal band.

Where Turei's work connected the personal with parliamentary history by way of the museological archive, Ōtautahi artist Caitlin Clarke invoked their own familial archive to examine whenua and whanau as they intersect in their own family. Clarke's film of their grandmother Linda Farrell (named as a collaborator) talking about their whakapapa was projected onto a small linen tablecloth made and embroidered by Clarke's great-great-grandmother Kitty Burton, which held light and time in synergistic balance.

In these works by Clarke and Turei time and history are held in textile fibres. Erin Broughton by contrast captured iterations of suffrage celebrations in origami-like paper works, while Nina Oberg-Humphries and Nadai Wilson worked effectively in mediums that themselves press time and histories in different directions: photography and film. *wā o mua* slowed down time to honour those who had gone before, and their labour that has brought us into the present.

FFO: History and politics in Aotearoa, Suffrage 125 Whakatū Wāhine, emerging practitioners, kōrero between taoka, whanau.

Water Whirler

Len Lye

Wellington waterfront

7 October 2018

Matilda Fraser

In October 2018, a "bored" member of the public climbed out along Len Lye's *Water Whirler* on the Wellington waterfront, snapping and breaking it with his body weight.[1] The *Water Whirler,* installed in 2006, is a 12-metre tall kinetic sculpture which performs choreographed sequences of water streams to create patterns in the air and on the sea. Estimated to cost $300,000 to repair or replace, the work has been out of commission for at least the last two years undergoing repairs, and was weeks away from coming back into service.[2]

"If *I* did that, I would definitely fall and die," said a nearby child.[3] "There's people in the community that have no understanding that sculptures are valuable and need loving care," said Roger Horrocks, Lye's former assistant.[4] "You break it, you buy it," said the mayor. "I think you're a dick!" said Lye expert Terry Parkes.[5] Public outrage overflowed on social media – much of it, perversely, directed towards the cost of the work. The sculpture slapped the perpetrator in the head as they both descended into the water, making its own comment on the state of things.

Given the vehemence of certain sectors of public opinion, maybe some would have been more inclined to defend a flagpole from defacement? Is this performance art, or just a mess? Must we always ask permission before throwing a brick through the gallery window?

Don't mistake this for a call to vandalism—more a recognition that it's not only physical violence that public art must be occasionally defended from, but more usually the constant and banal pressure of indifference that occasionally boils over into indignation. It's hard to avoid, at times like this, the impulse to defend public art, all public art, as if a single work must take the responsibility of justification for an entire practice. Are we ever expected to justify public architecture in the same way? Do we as individuals expect to have any control over the buildings we must look at? Is this the discourse we must always be reduced to—the waste of *public money* (even when a work is funded by other means)? In the media, we see this again and again, the flattening-out of value reducing any work of art to a dollar amount and so rarely to whether the same work is *worthwhile.*

It's true that we often ask public artworks to do too much—to satisfy everyone's taste, and be all things to all viewers—but sometimes we don't ask *enough.* How else do we justify the absolute dumpster fire of a sculpture of rugby players mud-wrestling (without even a shred of camp to redeem itself), just across the City to Sea bridge, gifted to the city by Weta Workshop? Are we so culturally impoverished here in Wellington that we can never turn down a gift, no matter how incommensurate, awkward, or difficult to bear, like carrying around an inappropriately large corsage at a high school formal? Come to that—and this is a particular vexation of mine, and it should make you angry too—why are we still stuck with the sculptures on the City to Sea Bridge itself, produced by a convicted child sex offender?[6] Maybe I'm wrong, and vandalism is the answer. Maybe the *Water Whirler* idiot had the right attitude and the wrong target—I've got a list of public sculptures that should be next to go.

FFO: under-resourced public art authorities doing their best, antisocial behavior, amateur acrobatics, permanence and impermanence, walking down the banquet table and stepping on all the cakes.

---

1 I've chosen not to repeat the man's name here, to avoid perpetuating the ego-trip of someone who would undergo a tell-all interview with the media and speak about himself in the third person. Quite likely, at this point, is that he has punished himself enough.

2 Amber-Leigh Woolf, "Len Lye sculpture needs completely new pole, and two spares could be ordered", Stuff online 5 November, 2018, https://www.stuff.co.nz/national/108357398/len-lye-sculpture-needs-completely-new-pole-and-two-spares-could-be-ordered.

3 "Man scales and snaps $300,000 sculpture on waterfront" Storyful Rights Management YouTube Channel, October 2018, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=54sdegDOic8.

4 Amber-Leigh Woolf and Julie Iles, "Len Lye's former assistant says artist would have been 'deeply hurt' by broken sculpture", Stuff online, 9 October, 2018, https://www.stuff.co.nz/dominion-post/news/107696059/man-involved-in-stunt-that-damaged-wellington-water-whirler-sculpture-discharged-from-hospital.

5 Alex Baird, "'You break it, you buy it' - Wellington Mayor to sculpture breaker", Newshub online, 9 October, 2018, https://www.newshub.co.nz/home/new-zealand/2018/10/you-break-it-you-buy-it-wellington-mayor-to-sculpture-breaker.html.

6 Leah Haines, " Artist struggles to put troubles behind him", 25 June, 2006, https://www.nzherald.co.nz/nz/news/article.cfm?c_id=1&objectid=10388260.

To Uphold Your Name

Quishile Charan and Salome Tanuvasa

Ngā Tohu o Uenuku, Mangere.

18 August - 6 October 2018

We are the fruit that wakes the earth when we land

Bronte Perry

For many, it is taken for granted the ability to know the names of their ancestors, whilst others have the simplicity of ease in letting them be forgotten. I have been searching for the names of my dead for many years, lost to me through heartache, evangelism, and the pathology of settlerism. It was their presence, their stories, that I carried with me into Quishile Charan and Salome Tanuvasa's exhibition *To Uphold Your Name* at Mangere's Ngā Tohu o Uenuku.

As you entered the space, an immigration pass printed on naturally dyed fabric was the first of five textiles that hung from a makeshift bamboo washing line. On its bottom right hand corner is a singular thumbprint in the place of a name. It's a small detail easily lost among the other textiles in the space but an integral contextualising moment among Charan's pieces. The artist stated that the thumbprint is a physical embodiment of the beginning of a colonially enforced silence of those indentured labourers' who were unknowingly shipped to Fiji—it is the violent theft of a name, of connection. Charan utilises her maternally inherited textile knowledge to place her ancestors' voices back into a reclaimed narrative and to begin to unravel that history of silencing. Through an arduous engagement with the colonial archives in Fiji, Charan seeks to release them from those sterile storage facilities by embedding their images into her handworked fabrics. She adorns and cares for her ancestors within each textile by returning them to the hands of her community, for eventually they will travel home, back to Fiji.

Tanuvasa cherishes those grounding moments of exchange between her mother and herself, stitching together fragments of shared conversations into large textile works. Like Charan, Tanuvasa reminds us of the active role our ancestors and elders play in our present. Listening to her mother speak of the islands, of her migration and her early experiences here in New Zealand, Tanuvasa weaves a visual reflection of an intergenerational knowledge exchange, a vital method of maintaining a sense of grounding through our connections, through whanaungatanga. "Storytelling is something me and siblings keep with us to gain a sense of who we are."[1] She continues this exchange by learning aspects of her mother's trade, replicating her mother's labour as a seamstress, her hands becoming stiff and sore with the process. She spoke of a humbled appreciation for the ways in which her mother was a central force in her family's survival here in New Zealand. Tanuvasa recenters the importance and largely unrecognised labour of her matriarchs.

Charan and Tanuvasa make no attempt to translate generational and collective trauma for the fetishitic vouyerism of pākehā art audiences. They instead prioritise the engagement of their communities through a consensual collective dialogue. Respect, love, and communication become integral to their processes of migrating through complex positionings. Underneath Tanuvasa's textile works ran a yellow painted strip, along which the audience were encouraged to contribute thoughts and responses to the exhibition. A gesture that reflects inability for conversation to be conveniently wrapped up and gifted to the viewer. It must be reciprocal with the potential to evolve. Thus the materiality born out the artist duo's conversations stand as navigational points rather than a completed dissertation. But more importantly these works operate as an entryway, for those disconnected and young members of their communities, into wider socio-political discourses. In this way, Charan and Tanuvasa encourage those who are lost or questioning back into the fold, as Tanuvasa says, to "be a part of a collective journey".[2]

FFO: Ancestral love, textiles, prioritising community health over the currency of trauma, collective healing.

1 Salome Tanuvasa, *To Uphold Your Name (artist talk)*, Mangere Arts Centre, August 18, 2018.

2 Salome Tanuvasa, *To Uphold Your Name (artist talk)*, Mangere Arts Centre, August 18, 2018.

Living Pulse

Julia Harvie in response to Biljana Popovic's *Synthetic Baby*

The Physics Room

27 October 2018

Khye Hitchcock

Damp hair and activewear in a contemporary art space always appears a little jarring, and more so when it's accompanied by a full body harness with an obvious plug-in point. Yet Julia Harvie seemed relaxed as the small crowd milled around The Physics Room gallery waiting for her performance *Living Pulse* to begin. Some engaged with the exhibition, Biljana Popovic's *Synthetic Baby*—a conceptual offering exploring "cyberfeminism, pop phenomenology, and theories of embodiment".[1] Others inspected the control panel of the EMS (Electronic Muscle Stimulator).

The Physics Room's Access Coordinator, Audrey Baldwin opened the performance by welcoming us and describing the function of the EMS, which sends electric shocks into specific muscle groups primarily for physiotherapy. She then explained that Julia was a choreographer, that her unorthodox use of the machine was being supervised by an attending expert, and that they'd done a test run. We were warned that Julia may appear to be in pain during parts of the performance and that if we needed to leave during, we could. Thus carefully scaffolded, it began.

Julia plugged in to the EMS' coiled extension cord. Without ceremony, she pulled out her phone and started playing an underwater soundtrack through a small speaker. Leaving it propped between a chair and a glass of water, she moved to the console and pushed play. The machine, targeting her thighs and biceps most visibly, started pulsing. The effect was an involuntary rhythmic twitch. Slowly reaching for the glass of water, Julia retrieved it and took a jerky sip then replaced it on the floor with some difficulty. In an improvised series of movements, she mimicked a gym training circuit: awkwardly traversing the chair, climbing over, around, and across it, before shifting to the floor. Amping up the machine at regular intervals, she repeated the loop with increasing difficulty as the pulses intensified.

As a trained dancer, Julia usually has precise control over her body; it was uncomfortable seeing her manipulated like this. She gave the audience nothing, avoiding eye contact and pushing through as if she were on her own. Wired up but disconnected. The machine ran such interference that toward the end it seemed she might chip her teeth as she tried to gulp from the jolting glass. The pain of controlling her movements was evident, yet she continued to increase the intensity. Even once the machine had finished its cycle, she programmed it for a further set. Her movements got more explicit—at one point she dipped her fingers in the water then thrust them into her mouth as her arm vibrated at the machine's highest frequency. The audience shifted awkwardly, but held on. It felt necessary to stay, to witness the entirety.

This was a strong performance to curate alongside *Synthetic Baby*. As taxing as the work appeared, Julia and Audrey facilitated a Q&A immediately after, assuaging the audience's concerns. This created a space to explore the discourse of the exhibition, from the incentivisation of 'quick-fix' solutions to our complex symbiosis with technology. Further, it demonstrated the pressure—particularly for femme identifying people—to present ourselves in line with society's ideals, whatever the cost.

FFO: Performance Art, Masochism, The Body and Technology, Feminisms.

1 Bilijana Popovic, *Synthetic Baby* Catalogue, The Physics Room, September 27, 2018, http://www.physicsroom.org.nz/media/uploads/2018_10/Biljana_publication_for_web.pdf

NOVEMBER

Oceania

Royal Academy of Arts

Burlington House, London / Internet

29 September - 10 December 2018

Oceania: De- or Re-Colonising Material Culture?

Jessica Maclean

At the end of 2018 the Royal Academy of Arts (RAA), exhibited *Oceania*, which displayed "around 200 exceptional works from public collections worldwide, and spans over 500 years", featuring objects from around the Pacific.[1] Prominent contemporary Māori and Pasifika artists were also represented, including John Pule, Lisa Reihana, Michael Parekowhai, and the Mata Aho collective. Whatever these individual works may contribute to cultural discourse aside, I argue that the exhibition itself is an act of cultural production: specifically, one that collapses the cultural and linguistic variations of Pasifika peoples into a single, homogenous, known and knowable Other. Further, this act serves to reinforce colonial notions of progress and superiority. Therefore this review will not examine individual works, but the exhibition itself, using the RAA's own online description of it.

"The year is 1768, and Britain is in the throes of the Age of Enlightenment. As a group of artists agrees to found the Royal Academy, Captain James Cook sets sail on a voyage of discovery to track the transit of Venus and search for *terra australis incognita*… This spectacular exhibition reveals these narratives—celebrating the original, raw and powerful art that in time would resonate across the European artistic sphere."[2]

From the first lines, the context is firmly established: Britain at the zenith of its colonial power. The Enlightenment invokes the rationality of the European mind, reinforced by association with the observation of the transit of Venus, itself dovetailed with the contemporaneous establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts. High Art and Science, the fruits of a mature civilisation. Indigenous material culture is described instead as "raw".[3]

"The exhibition draws from rich historic *ethnographic collections dating from the 18th century to the present*…"[4] (emphasis added)

This line presents the image of an unbroken tradition of the observation and categorisation of Other peoples, always in contradistinction to the European norm. Such activities were not restricted to the Pacific: as the description notes, "*Oceania* continues the Royal Academy's tradition of hosting outstanding exhibitions exploring world cultures", including Africa and China (other regions incorporating a huge range of languages and cultures). Thus the RAA implicates itself in the colonial predilection for both homogenising distinct Other cultures, and re-presenting their material culture in ways which serve the colonial purpose. Museums have always served as agents of the empire, and it's worth noting that the RAA was assisted by the Cambridge Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology in staging *Oceania*. At the end of the description is a small postscript:

"Please note: This exhibition includes many objects that Pacific Islanders consider living treasures. Some may pay their respects and make offerings through the duration of the exhibition. Please be aware that this exhibition contains human remains."[5]

The display of *parts of our ancestors' bodies* is extremely problematic. I shouldn't need to explain why, so I'll simply say that it's not culturally appropriate and indeed, is incredibly offensive. Yet, the display of such taonga along with other items of dubious provenance and ethicality continues. Describing New Zealand's fledgling practice of exhibiting Māori taonga internationally during the 1800s, Paora Tapsell writes that "generally Pākehā exhibited Māori taonga to illustrate European colonisation and progress."[6] By contrasting the 'primitivity' of Polynesian material culture with that of their own, Eurocentric notions of superiority were reinforced. The discursive framing of *Oceania* some 150-odd years later begs the question: has anything changed?

FFO: Pasifika and Māori art and culture, ethnography, and contemporary New Zealand artists.

1 "Oceania", Royal Academy of Arts online, accessed January, 2019, https://www.royalacademy.org.uk/exhibition/oceania.

2 Ibid.

3 Ibid.

4 Ibid.

5 Ibid.

6 Paora Tapsell, "Māori and museums – ngā whare taonga", Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand online, http://www.TeAra.govt.nz/en/maori-and-museums-nga-whare-taonga/print.

Cascade

Aroha Novak

in *FOUR,* Dunedin Public Art Gallery

25 August - 18 November 2018

Māia Abraham

At the entrance of the gallery I am not only greeted by the gallery staff, but also the quiet whispering of water. I am here to see the work of Aroha Novak; which is part of the exhibition *FOUR*, a biennial exhibition exploring contemporary art practice in Dunedin. Her work accompanies that of Kim Pieters, Charlotte Parallel, and Megan Brady. I met Aroha because of her close relationship with Blue Oyster Art Project Space while I completed an internship there. We shared many kōrero during my time in Ōtepoti. It was on this foundation that deeper connections were formed and strengthened. These interactions stay with me and enable a sense of clarity in this white walled environment.

The sound of water is one that I have heard many times in art galleries as a part of a soundscape or a recording accompanying another aspect of a work, but this one brings with it the humidity of Te Urewera and the mystery of Lake Waikaremoana. I feel a physical shift in the floorboards as if being guided toward Aroha's installation. I follow that natural pull through the other exhibitions, eventually emerging into *Cascade*. The presence of water is much more than a physical one.

A waterfall is raining into a pond in front of the large floor-to-ceiling windows. The seating around the room provides a moment to take a breath. I feel calm in this space, as if it were made for me. The blue of the walls mimics the sky outside, almost generating their own breeze. Despite the reality of its volume, the water has a subtle presence in here. Our bodies flow through space and time as extensions of our ancestral waters. Ko Tauranga te moana, ko Ohinemataroa te awa, ko Māia ahau. It is our teacher and our elder, carving out our path through the natural world and the human world. I feel a reclaiming happening as the waka-shaped pond plows into the space. The voices of our tīpuna are rowed into the gallery's tiled shores, telling stories of our whakapapa. The flax and grasses bordering the pond sit as memorials to the whānau structures that have built our hapū and iwi. A karakia is spoken to the plants every morning and still lingers in the corners of the room. I feel safe. I can connect to this building now, it is beginning to feel familiar.

FFO: Harakeke, waka shaped ponds, blue walls, and Dunedin's Octagon.

Māreikura: Wāhine Beyond Suffrage

Robyn Kahukiwa, Diane Prince, Ann Shelton, Suzanne Tamaki, Lonnie Hutchinson, Emma Fitts, Darcell Apelu, Louisa Afoa, Pouarii Tanner, and Hannah Brontë.

PĀTAKA Art + Museum

2 September - 2 December 2018

Hanahiva Rose

I visited Tahiti last year, on a trip that I had meant to write about for another issue of *HAMSTER* but in the end didn't, because someone close to me became ill and it became impossible for me to disentangle the two events in the way that was necessary for to write something I felt comfortable sharing. In the months since, I have continued to look at and write about art, and to study and work on art historical research. Over all of it has been cast the shadow of those humid weeks in the place of my grandmother's birth. I wanted to write about *Māreikura: Wāhine Beyond Suffrage* for a number of reasons, pertinent among them my feeling that the show spoke to what I had been unable to put words to. Epeli Hau'ofa said our oral histories are inscribed on our physical landscapes—*Māreikura* seemed to tautoko his assertion, and expand: our whakapapa is embodied in our material heritage.

Māreikura: Wāhine beyond Suffrage, which was timed to coincide with the 125th anniversary of women's suffrage in Aotearoa, made present the history of mana wāhine in the Porirua region over the last 200 years—stretching beyond the simple timeline of suffrage to speak to a wider experience of womanhood that has more of a focus on women's relationship to community than with the state. The stories—and, in some instances, material heritage—of Waitohi, Te Rangitopeora, Kahe Te Rau–o–te–Rangi, Paeroa Wineera, Harata Ria Te Uira (Charlotte) Solomon, Ria Wineera, Charlotte and Sarah Emma Wall, Dorothy Ida Lochore, Helen Smith, Elaine Uluave Annadale and Naureen Palmer were displayed alongside artworks by Robyn Kahukiwa, Diane Prince, Ann Shelton, Suzanne Tamaki, Lonnie Hutchinson, Emma Fitts, Darcell Apelu, Louisa Afoa, Pouarii Tanner, and Hannah Brontë.

There was a lot to take in. Sound leaked gently from Hutchinson's *Fish Eyes* (2007)—a recorded conversation between the artist's mother, Susanna, and nieces, Sinalei and Losana—and more insistently from the percussive rap of Brontë's *Still I Rise* (2016). I was reminded of sitting around the table at my grandmother's house, kept in the shade on a sunny day, while my older cousins played music and smoked on the lawn. Prince's floating veils hung in the centre of the room, ready to leap into motion at the slightest breeze.

Tepaeru Tereora, in *Tīvaevae*: *Stitched with Love*, describes being gifted a tīvevae by her grandmother.

> My grandma, she presented me with a tīvaevae and said, "You remember this. I sewed it with my hands. And all the stitches that I have done, there's thousands of them. That's how much I love you. I stitched it with the love".[1]

I thought of Tereora as I walked around the show. I don't want to romanticise the lives and experiences of the women whose stories were told by the exhibition nor to conflate the circumstances of their lives; the bringing together of these lives and artworks had some stronger stitches than others, but what *Māreikura* spoke to was what we make of what we are given—with love and without—and how, in turn, we pass that on. It unearthed histories that have not always been given prominence by the narrative of suffrage and issued a reminder: there are many left to tell.

FFO: Local histories, Porirua region, mana wāhine, contemporary art, Suffrage 125.

1 "Tīvaevae: Stitched with love" Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa Youtube Channel, Published June 3, 2015, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EjGuCaZatPU.

You Do You
Negative Nancies
CocoMuse Releases
23 November 2018

Jon Bywater

Late November, South Road. With a southerly blowing, spring feels like winter again. Bark chip blends with weathered dog shit under the plantings next to the path up to the motorway bridge.

At their release party the band make moves to make a start. I overhear a man in front of me, fuzzy-stubbled and squinting, say something about "my dog"—or I instantly re-hear the words—because the next moment the Negative Nancies start their song that begins with the unaccompanied spoken phrase "The dogs. The dogs. The dogs…".

The intonation wavers from deadpan in the recording, but doesn't settle as either fixated complaint or statement of fact. We're still left to feel our own sense of the words: What are dogs?

Out walking, noticing the turds, pets level with clothes, cars, and music as signs of everyone's not-so-private fantasies of themselves. A fighting-breed cross woofs me on my way from behind a fence.

Stomping rhythms accelerate, and brake; phrases that quote out of context repeat, making themselves strange; a Polish counting rhyme crops up; feminine singing counterweighs declaiming and chanting with bangs-and-lipstick charm; guitar and keyboard parts waft menace and doodle melody. The basic set of possibilities here—keys, drums, guitar, drama, and pop—is post-punk. Things from another era, recorded with different means, these tracks bring to mind: the Petticoats' sarcasm about 'Normal', bits of Ut records. Candy milk, teeth grinding: treats and worries. Prettiness and squalls. The tension gets at the weather, the small pond, at the way a lifestyle means what it does here.

The school closed under National. Neglected project cars gape under plastic tarps. Every time I've rounded this corner the past two months, I've clocked the broken window stopped with cardboard, and I've come to mention it in conversation, explaining where we're renting for the last months of our year here.

The band name suggests comfort with cynicism. *G.O.S.T.'s* gleeful chant of "we're going to Get Our Shit Together" evokes weakness of the will. *I Wish* spells out a hard truth about wanting to be other than you are ("if only it were so easy … "). Is the title, *You Do You*, an exhortation or a taunt? Perhaps the distinction between caring and sarcasm blurs in the difficulty of helping anyone else with their shit, the loneliness of a culture of compulsory self-reliance.

FFO: Dunedin, YYY, Jutland Street, Emilie Smith, Tess Mackay, and Mick Elborado.

New Vision
Gordon Walters
Auckland Art Gallery
7 July - 4 November 2018

"A horizontal stripe ending in a circle": On colonial smash grabbing and the inability for Pākehā to acknowledge tino rangatiratanga

Fresh and Fruity

PART II of II

When you type 'Māori' into the advanced search on the Auckland Art Gallery's website, the first page displays an image of Theo Schoon's *Maori pattern* (1962). In the book *New Vision*, edited by Dr Zara Stanhope, emphasis is given to Walters belonging to a particular canon of artists, including Schoon, a close friend of Walters. Schoon, however, was more brash in his colonising of the koru. When Walters was accused of appropriation, he defended his use of the symbol, saying he created "a horizontal stripe ending in a circle".[1] The kind of defensive mechanisms Pākehā use to justify celebrating racist, colonising artists like Walters are so transparent, evidenced by the fact that the exhibition's book cover features the work *Painting J* (ca.1974) rather than the koru paintings he was known for. A review for this book stated that, "... the choice of cover making it clear that his art extended beyond what he is best known for."[2] A description for the book attempts to steer us away from the reality of Walters theft, "Although best known for his mesmerising koru paintings, Walters' oeuvre is a much wider collection of connected bodies of work."[3] Watch any interview with Walters and he cannot even say the word 'koru'. It's frustrating that these works were seen as 'innovative'. I can't help but laugh at these defences while thinking about the gallery gift stores full of koru merchandise I saw during *New Vision.* We all know he profited from painting koru. While the exhibition and book give significance to his koru works, they also showcase his colonial smash-grabbing works from other nations through his workbooks which detail the groups he plagiarised from. I imagine this was a further attempt to show how wide his oeuvre was to avoid accusations of appropriating koru, but it only showed how vast his tastes for appropriation were.

This year Ruth Buchanan won the Walters Prize. Buchanan has whakapapa to Te Ātiawa/Taranaki. Other Māori artists to win this prize include, Shannon Te Ao (Ngāti Tūwharetoa) (2016) and Peter Robinson (Ngāi Tahu) (2008). The celebration of these Māori artists, as well as the nomination of many other Māori and Pacific artists, is something we should be proud and supportive of, but the Walters prize still makes me deeply uncomfortable. The prize is, "Named in honour of pioneering modernist painter Gordon Walters (1919–1995), the Prize aims to make contemporary art more widely recognised and debated."[4] By upholding Gordon Walters' name and measuring it as the height of value it represents white New Zealand still celebrating the British colonial project. It's not untrue that Walters was a pioneer: a colonial pioneer traversing and taking from cultures as garishly as Captain Cook surveying Aotearoa in 1769.

New Vision is symptomatic of the ignorant and out of touch exhibition-making still happening in large art institutions across the country. *New Vision* toured to Auckland Art Gallery and is currently showing at Christchurch Art Gallery. This ignorance is nothing new, nor is it being phased out, as evidenced by the same touring of Francis Upritchard's colonial curio show *Jealous Saboteurs* between 2016-2017. It's a bleak cycle. Indigenous artists, curators, writers, and public will continue to speak out about the hurt these shows cause and institutions will continue to be oblivious, writing a pākehā narrative of New Zealand art and masking the violence of art history.

FFO: Ana Mendieta, indigenous writers, oysters, Māori art, Deleuze, pilates and Mariah Carey.

1 Gordon Walters in Anne Kerslake Hendricks, "Book Review: Gordon Walters New Vision," Booksellers New Zealand Blog, https://booksellersnz.wordpress.com/2018/03/05/book-review-gordon-walters-new-vision/.

2 Ibid.

3 "Gordon Walters: New Vision," Auckland Art Gallery Shop, https://shop.aucklandartgallery.com/products/15876-gordon-walters-catalogue-auckland-art-gallery-publication.

4 "Walters Prize," Auckland Art Gallery, https://www.aucklandartgallery.com/about/major-projects/walters-prize.

DECEMBER

Eating Fried Chicken in The Shower

James Nokise and Charlie Bleakley

www.radionz.co.nz

November 2018 onwards

James Nokise: Cultural Provocateur

Jo Randerson

James Nokise is an utterly unique force in our country. When I first saw him perform, I watched in awe as his show slid effortlessly through multiple genres. His work is usually presented as stand-up—he is primarily known as a comedian—but that night he glided in and out of several different characters, accompanied by a small costume change. By the end of the show he was admonishing us for judging people based on the clothes they wear—in a friendly but extremely clear way, not quite a rant, but almost. It was a magnificent theatrical tour de force which blew me away, and when congratulating him afterwards I ventured, "James, it was like you became a preacher there in the last five minutes, you went into full sermon mode." "Yes" he answered swiftly, "after I briefly dropped into lecture mode and before I went back to full entertainment."

It's this kind of deeply considered, cross-genre performance style that characterises Nokise's particular niche. He uses a popular and accessible form (stand-up) to address complex societal issues—homophobia, the legacy of colonialism, and his new show *Talk a Big Game* deals with sexuality and masculinity, which he "does with sports jokes." Another recent performance work *Faovale Imperium* investigates Pacific Imperialism in the medium of poetry, with a live DJ. I find myself wondering if there is any genre that Nokise can't do.

Nokise writes his shows meticulously, and performs to thousands of people around the world, currently travelling between Australia, the UK, and Aotearoa. On his father's side, there's a strong Samoan tradition of priesthood—Nokise jokes that it is hoped he may one day become one. You could see him in a church. But you can just as easily see him delivering a budget in parliament. He also lectures at universities, addresses political rallies, and MCs large events. He's flexible, he's versatile, and conscious of the different contexts he appears in: good politicians and comedians both know how to shift a crowd.

In a new, innovative project, *Eating Fried Chicken in the Shower,* Nokise interviews a range of personalities over fried chicken (or their go-to junk food when they are having a bad day) while sitting in Nokise's shower. Originating from his own experience of depression, sitting in a shower eating fried chicken, Nokise invites others to share their stories of difficult times. This is exactly the kind of genre bending—social commentary/journalism/therapy/education/stand-up—we come to expect from such an artist. Nokise cares how we are doing in this country, and he wants us to talk about what matters.

Our favourite artists are like no other: they are unmistakably who they are and they come from exactly where they come from. Nokise is one such artist, as he described himself recently on a Radio NZ podcast; "he's a mystery wrapped in tin foil served in a bucket." He's one of the most conscientious, intelligent contemporary performance artists in this country. As he blazes off into his category-eluding future, he's worth running to see at any chance you get.

FFO: Trail-blazing art, Fried Chicken, Genre-bending, Politically subversive comedy, Mental health.

Māori Girl

Ayesha Green

Blue Oyster Art Project Space

28 November - 22 December 2018

Tia Pohatu

"She forgot her misery for she thought she could contribute to the controversy and enlighten the Pākehā on her rich cultural heritage. But alas! They asked her point blank, "can you tell us what Māoritanga is?" And she could not answer what it was."[1]

As Arapera Blank's fictional character Marama demonstrates, it is never easy explaining or translating Māori tikanga paradigms, because for most Māori it is part of our taha wairua. It becomes even more challenging to try to unpack these paradigms inside what are traditionally European spaces, which then prompts the question: How do we activate these conversations without making them Eurocentric? The question underpinning Ayesha Green's *Māori Girl* and the accompanying public programme is: *What does whanaungatanga mean in a bi-cultural nation?* It is a tricky question to try and answer and I don't believe there is one answer, but what this question does do is allow a reconfiguration of how we individually engage with these concepts.

Hirini Moko Mead explains, "in the world today it has become important to know who we are, where we come from and what we are born with. There is a felt need to know our roots and to belong to some place that we call home…"[2] The framework in which Mead has explored the idea of self-identity feeds nicely into the work of Green's *Māori Girl.* Through sculptural installation and painting there is a strong sense of Green working through her own dialogue of deconstructing and reconstructing the idea of self and what that means within the context of whanaungatanga. The mirrored work highlights this quite nicely. Green has incorporated fragmented mosaic imagery which frames three mirrors. These fragments suggest a deconstruction of self while the mirrored reflection is the reconstruction. However, the discussion of self appears unresolved for Green because her idea of 'self' doesn't exist within an individualistic notion. Instead Green acknowledges that the idea of self is a creation made up of the many relationships we have throughout life—that we are fragments of these relationships and interactions—which prompts the question, what is 'self' without these tangible and intangible connections?[3]

There are some big philosophical questions within this exhibit and there is a real presence of Green's own whanaungatanga, which is visible within her recreation of the Toitū Museum's portraits gallery. It is within this space that there is an acknowledgment of 'self' through Green's painted portraits of family and friends. We can learn a lot from the question posed *what does whanaungatanga mean in a bi-cultural nation?* It will, however, require some uncomfortable conversations and a deconstruction of self and of who we are collectively as members of communities. It is important to have these conversations and to have non-Māori spaces embrace tikanga not as a by-product but as its own knowledge system and one that doesn't need translation. In the words of tohunga Hohepa Kereopa, "I believe that each person who takes out a leaf of knowledge opens themselves up to receive more knowledge…"[4] Perhaps within this thought the answers to Green's question might be found.

FFO: Te Ao Māori, Māori history and politics, Mana Wahine, and the reevaluation of self within the context of community.

---

1 Arapera Blank, "Yielding to the New," in ed. Margaret Orbell, *Contemporary Māori Writing*, (Wellington: A.H & A.W Reed LTD, 1970), 100.

2 Hirini Moko Mead, *Tikanga Māori: Living by Māori Values*, (Wellington: Huia Publishers, 2003), 35.

3 Ayesha Green, In conversation with the author as part of the Panel Discussion for Māori Girl, 28 November, 2018. In mentioning relationships these include whakapapa and everything that whakapapa encompasses.

4 Hohepa Kereopa cited in: Paul Moon, Tohunga, (Auckland: David Ling Publishing, 2003), 105.

Carving Water, Painting Voice

Installation: Kazu Nakagawa;
Composition: Helen Bowater;
Poetics: Riemke Ensing;
Topologies: Andrew Caldwell

Edmiston Gallery, HUI TE ANANUI A TANGAROA, The New Zealand Maritime Museum

2 November 2018 - 31 March 2019

Salome Tanuvasa

"Our journeys carve water, our languages paint voice" Kazu Nakagawa[1]

I am a daughter of migrants who have travelled from the Pacific Islands of Tonga and Samoa. I am a first generation Aotearoa-born Pacific Islander, brought up in New Zealand to live a better life, to seek opportunities that will help my family's future.

I remember in October 2018, I received an email at work about an exhibition at the New Zealand Maritime Museum Hui Te Ananui a Tangaroa called *Carving Water, Painting Voice.* As I sat at my desk, I noticed the words 'human migration' and 'identity' as the themes of this exhibition and these captured my attention.

As you enter the space you are presented with an installation of a painted wooden canoe and paddles made by artist Kazu Nakagawa. The canoe is painted black at the base with the remaining part of the canoe painted white. The black paddles are hung and displayed in a crisscross pattern beside the canoe with wires strung down from the ceiling. The canoe and paddles are hung floating midway in the gallery as if ready for you to climb on board, and set off to sea.

This canoe originates from Niue, constructed by master vaka builder Tamifai Fihiniu. It was damaged on its journey to Waiheke Island a decade ago by exposure to the elements, it was then gifted to Kazu to give it another life and journey. The sounds of voices, singing, and chanting in different languages is playing from within the canoe. Composed by Helen Bowater and filmmaker Ku Nakagawa, recorded stories and songs from more than 50 individuals from Iraq, Syria, France, Italy, Israel, South Korea, and many more speaking in their native languages, share their experiences of migration. This sound carries you as you wander throughout the space, bringing you to encounter the *Origins and Diaspora* which maps the human journey with visual topologies created by Andrew Caldwell.

These diagrams signify the latest scientific understanding of how migratory experiences have defined us as a species. The diagrams are printed on board and are displayed on the wall. The intricate data is linked to human DNA, food crops, archaeology, palaeontology, oceanography, and navigation. Looking at these topologies indicates how long ago our ancestors travelled out of Africa across the world to Aotearoa. Caldwell also produced DNA charts for people to learn about their own genetic ancestry journey.

Towards the opposite end of the gallery, you are presented with three large white pieces of fabric with printed poems written by Riemke Ensing. These poems pay tribute to the skills and mana of our early Polynesian voyagers bringing together the movements of change across the ocean.

Lastly, along the bottom of the gallery wall displayed behind the canoe are words in different languages presented in vinyl. They are phrases from the sounds playing in the canoe, which signify the water-line for the exhibition and the acknowledgement of the many cultures that have migrated to Aotearoa.

Like water, the waves of ideas and reflection of the past have inspired me to learn more about the histories and stories around human migration and innovation of culture through time. This exhibition has opened up a deeper connection of movement from my ancestors and, like my ancestors, the unknown journey ahead is something I look forward to encountering.

FFO: Human migration, Origins and Diaspora, Navigation, songs of migration, Polynesian voyagers, Kazu Nakagawa, Helen Bowater, Riemke Ensing, Andrew Caldwell.

1 Kazu Nakagawa, *Carving Water, Painting Voice* (wall text), 2018.

Tūranga

Christchurch City Council

Cnr Colombo and Gloucester Street

12 October 2018 - Onwards

Tūranga, so far, in review.

Ray Shipley

It's a Wednesday afternoon, and there's a woman asking me where the million dollar, oversized iPad is. I point her in the direction of the Discovery Wall, ask her if she'd like a demonstration. *It's really great!* I say. And it is. There's a growing social, visual history of the city we live in on there. She sighs and shakes her head. She tells me that in her capacity as a ratepayer she's very disappointed by all this. She waves her hand around. There's a pile of children building rockets out of the biggest heap of Lego they've ever seen. There's an adult reading to a group of wide-eyed five-year-olds in a corner. Yelps of joy are coming from the slide down the end. Teenagers are reading comics in the beanbags. *As a ratepayer, I'm angry that I helped fund this…this playground,* she says, and she walks off, out into the Square, where Christchurch Cathedral sits, quietly crumbling.

Tourists visit Tūranga a lot. They come to photocopy their passports, check their emails, read a book, take a selfie with the city from the fourth floor balconies. They seem to find us and recognize us as a library just fine, despite the countless letters to the editor and *Stuff* comments insisting they wouldn't with a name like 'Tūranga'. One lot of tourists ask me more questions than usual about the space. *Is everyone allowed to visit every floor? Who can use these Playstations? What about these computers? Can everyone send you pictures for this wall?* They are enthusiastic and kind, they comment that the building is beautiful, has character. *They ask me, does the building belong to…* (a pause) *to the people, then?*

Today, there are some drunk guys walking down the stairs with the security guard. They were asked to leave because rules are rules and you just can't drink from a bottle of wine in the library, even if you've hidden it in a bag. They're all laughing about it, security guard included. *See you tomorrow,* she says, and they grin. There's a girl too young to have remembered the earthquakes, holding hands with her grandmother, flicking through photos of the Square. Here's what it looked like ten years ago, and in the 70s, and when the cathedral had just been built. Strangers are working on a puzzle together. Upstairs, some once-self-conscious teenage boys are dancing to an ABBA song via a Playstation game. They draw a small and appreciative crowd. Someone shakes their head, approaches a staff member, says *and you call this a library?*

From the top floor roof garden you can see a lot of the rebuilding going on below. Angular glass accountancy and law firms; a shiny Justice Precinct; the new and glinting cinema and food court; shopping, shopping, shopping. I'm not naïve enough to think it 'belongs to the people', but Tūranga does feel like a point of difference in our growing city—safer, warmer, brighter. Free to use.

Everyone can't be pleased with everything all of the time, but it occurs to me that the people who are most pleased with Tūranga are those who might not see themselves represented so much in the rest of the rebuilding—families, teenagers, folks who are homeless, the elderly.

As a (person who pays rent on a house owned by someone who is a) ratepayer, I'm pretty pleased with all that.

FFO: public spaces, books, local history, buildings with impressive staircases and good balconies.

THE PHYSICS ROOM CONTEMPORARY ART SPACE

HAMSTER

Issue Four, an Aotearoa Review Anthology

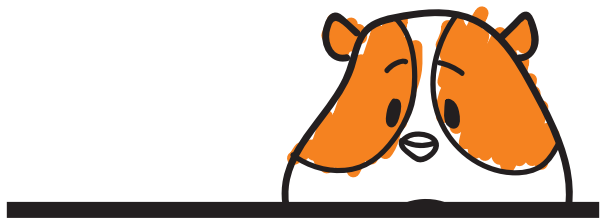
May 2019

ISSN 2538-0087 (Print)
ISSN 2538-0095 (Online)

HAMSTER is an experimental serial publication supporting critical writing and creative approaches to cultural production in Aotearoa.

The Editorial Group is Jamie Hanton, Hamish Petersen, and Hope Wilson with support from Keren Oertly Ryan. The opinions expressed in HAMSTER are not necessarily those held by The Physics Room Trust or the Editorial Group.

The Physics Room operates within the takiwā of Ngāi Tūāhuriri.



The Editorial Group would like to thank all of the Contributors to Issue 4, including those who supplied images, and everyone who has offered their feedback, criticism, and thoughts on previous issues.

Design by Jane Maloney, M/K Press
Printed by Allied Press, Ōtepoti

The Physics Room is a contemporary art space dedicated to developing and promoting contemporary art and critical discourse in Aotearoa New Zealand. The Physics Room is a charitable trust governed by a Board of Trustees.

HAMSTER 4 receives Support from:

PHANTOM BILLSTICKERS

Made possible by Funding from:

creative nz Arts Council of New Zealand Toi Aotearoa
Christchurch City Council