

Issue 5

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When all this happened
You lived at the bottom of the hills the dark clouds
The colour of ash of bruises
Rolled violently over
Propelled by the Southerly wind your eyes
Always reminded me of

One day soon after Christmas you met me at the bottom of the stairs
I'd been jingling down wearing a dress like a candy cane
And a necklace of bells
You dark with hushed tones needed to tell me something
"But not here can we meet later?"
You kept me waiting for two hours in a deserted faculty bar

*Trying to figure out what I'd done wrong
Remembering the last time when you
Asked me out for lunch and then
Reduced me to tears at the table
With a recital of my failures
While people around us surreptitiously looked
And looked away*

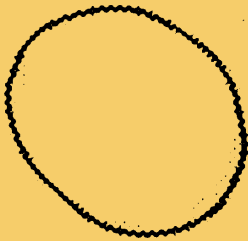
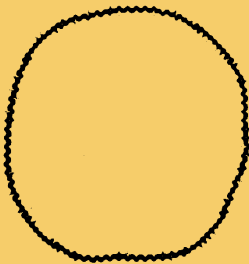
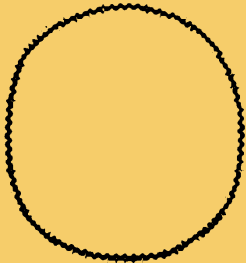
To tell me that I was one of the things that made you feel good
About returning after the break
"You can see why I couldn't tell you this at the office."
I couldn't.

My father was injured falling off a ladder on a building site
Sally was volunteering at the emergency room when we arrived to see him
She told me that when there's a Nor'wester or a full moon
They're inundated with accidents and incidents
People who are thrown off course in a hot bluster
Or who lose their way at the mercy of gravitational pull

Your father responded to disaster to a once in a lifetime flood
With aggressive artistic ingenuity
Your desire for lineage for legacy is clear
This shaken ground providing a stage for your contribution
To the dynasty

I don't know where you live now
Just that it is by the sea and that daily you must face off with the
Frigid mercurial Easterly wind at your front as you
Take this new step
For eight years I have been speechless
Tonight I come to bear witness to stand
As a silent dissenter beneath the glory and
Deceit of your crosswinds
To collate a catalogue of your conquests and your crimes
To quietly declare lies lies lies
As you take everyone's praise and wipe away false tears

Light enough to read by
Fiona Connor, Lucy Skaer,
Rachel Shearer and Cathy Livermore
Curated by Abby Cunnane,
Hamish Petersen, and Michelle Wang
The Physics Room
11 June – 25 July, 2021





The Physics Room’s library collection has returned
elemental to *Light enough to read by*, 11 June – 25 July

an ‘unboxing’ of collected artistic essence
la bibliothèque de lumière
an architectural venting of the gallery
space to capture this light
and a puzzle door
Light enough wafts into every nook
at once touchable then fleeting
even at first glimpse the material works extract
a promise to return
and two weeks later I do return
a bright July 3 Saturday afternoon

for a talk by Gwynneth Porter
In the new library space
to consider
concepts from her recent PhD

“libraries as openings to a multiplicity of subject positions
delinquent subjectivities on the run
writing themselves as open structures
and the institution as a site of minor revolt by adolescents *of any age*.”

TPR’s new library is small
a shoe box book sanctuary
for ideas and theories
manifest in print
of many kinds — collected

Christchurch is between
lockdowns and distancing
today
people are happily jammed
passing chairs overhead
to squeeze more in

Gwyn’s words and ideas
inhaled by a hovering audience
synthesising filing relating

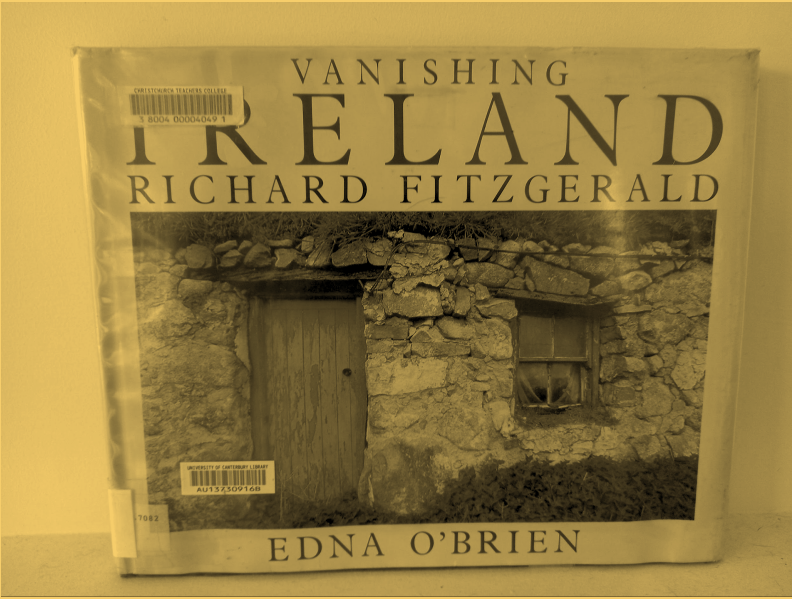
While this little library swirls with
Alumni of the Canterbury Varsity,
its great library has been brutalised
its books scattered ... by decree.

ordinary titles appear on tables outside elevators
in disused tutorial rooms
on window ledges

those of an Ascribed Value gain a place in
an announced monthly Book Dump
a scramble in the Undercroft

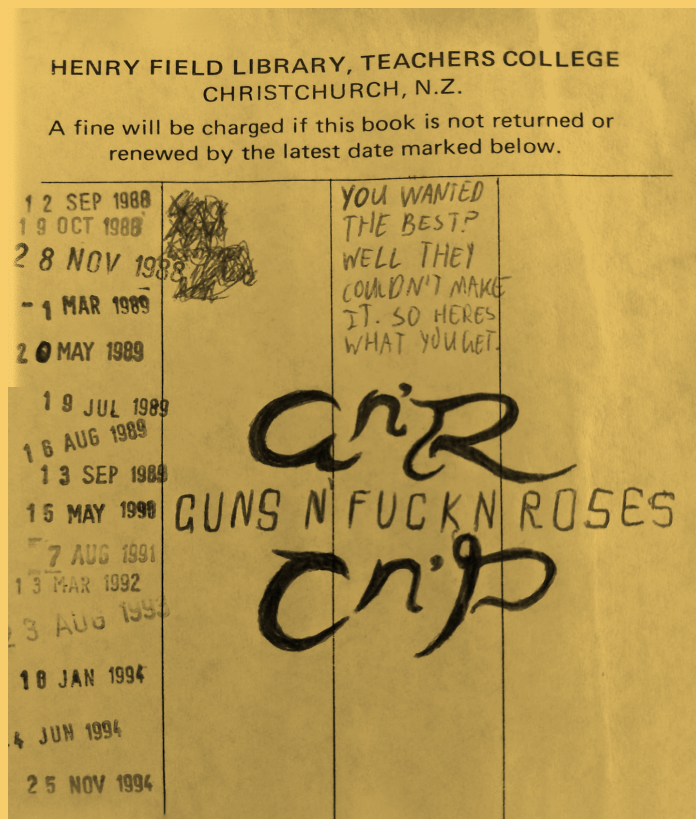
on the day of the Art Book Dump
Michael and Tilaye rescue
three boxes of delicious art books
three versions of building plans
for the Versailles Palace
and

Vanishing Ireland ... a photographic longing
by Richard Fitzgerald and Edna O’Brien



O’Brien’s love of Ireland is held close
 depictions of a state under siege
 patriarchy religion war
 saved for fiction
 her words for pictorial Ireland twirl
 away from deep deprivation
 and as they do
 the lending record of *Vanishing*
 provides a home, one of Gwynneth’s
 “sites of minor revolt by adolescents of *any* age”
 ... a student perfecting taglines
 sometime between 1988–1994
 G n’ R writer where are you now ... who couldn’t come? Who is C n’ P?

27.9.21 1pm
 The Dunedin Guns N’ Roses tour has just been postponed.



Like C n’P my delinquencies are varied
 one finds me at Morley College
 Edna O’Brien is presenting
 I am studying syncopation with Andras Ranki
 we are chatting with a dissident South
 American rockstar
 about Gramsci
 he has left his country to write an opera
 : theme hegemony
 As he enjoys his London anonymity, we all
 dance in the light of Andras Ranki

Light enough to read by
 Fiona Connor, Lucy Skaer,
 Rachel Shearer and Cathy Livermore
 Curated by Abby Cunnane,
 Hamish Petersen, and Michelle Wang
 The Physics Room
 11 June – 25 July, 2021

Cut flower (midnight)
Cut flower (cinnamon)
Leaf shape (aqua)
Leaf shape (aqua)
Multi-strand object (caramel)
Cut wallpaper (mustard)

I meet the installation just after the super flower blood moon total lunar eclipse. In this dreamlike season, bounded by winter's edges, the cut works feel tethered to long, deep nights. I hover above the floor in the exhibition space, drawn by this bright array which sweeps across the long white wall ahead of me. The forms take my dream hand and pass me between them, cut cream, peach corner, floral tumble.

Floral shape (aqua)
Floral shape (black)
Cut wallpaper (blush)
Cut wallpaper with raffia (mustard)
Cut wallpaper (caramel)
Cut flower (midnight)

On the far left of the installation, one work seems to act as a gathering of breath, or a punctuation. Vertical bolts of verdant energy traverse its vertical form, each line flanked by crisp cream channels. This piece is pricked across its surface, curved tendrils surging outwards. Set formations suggest a posture, a readiness. Hypnotic rows of midnight tips give fleeting shape to mysterious presence. I become attuned to the ways in which the work curls towards me and flattens away from me. Vibrating on the edge of my senses, it communes with its many paper tongues, calling me forward, moving me into stillness.

Cut flower (cinnamon)
Cut wallpaper (teal)
Cut wallpaper (mustard)
Cut wallpaper with raffia (caramel)
Cut pleats (blush)
Cut form (midnight)

Thick like a sage leaf, picked under moonlight. Thick like the air, before a rainstorm. Thick like a spring shadow, on hot concrete. These sensual works appear as a gathering, a maternal coalition of forms, linked, intersected, intervalled. As I meet each one, I recall the many mothers of our childhood: the mother, pale and disciplined as a winter's morning; the mother, with laughter as broad as her stove pots; the mother, setting out mattresses with her duvet gentleness; the mother, cucumber-scented hands bearing us to bed. The works channel and hold a similar familial presence, their paper forms bearing up the weight of the gallery wall.

Cut leaf (midnight)
Cut leaf (midnight)
Cut wallpaper with raffia (aqua)
Cut wallpaper (lilac)
Leaf shape (aqua)
Leaf shape (aqua)

On a lockdown day amidst low light and fresh wind, the works appear again in my mind. They take on a singular aspect, translucent yet temporal; each fold and cut a precious singularity marking a moment in time. They seem to tell me to slow down and absorb the freshness of sponge streaks across the kitchen bench, the illumination of an apricot dawn around the curtain edges. They are like timekeeping devices in which you feel each incision pass like a grain of sand through the narrowed glass channel of the present.

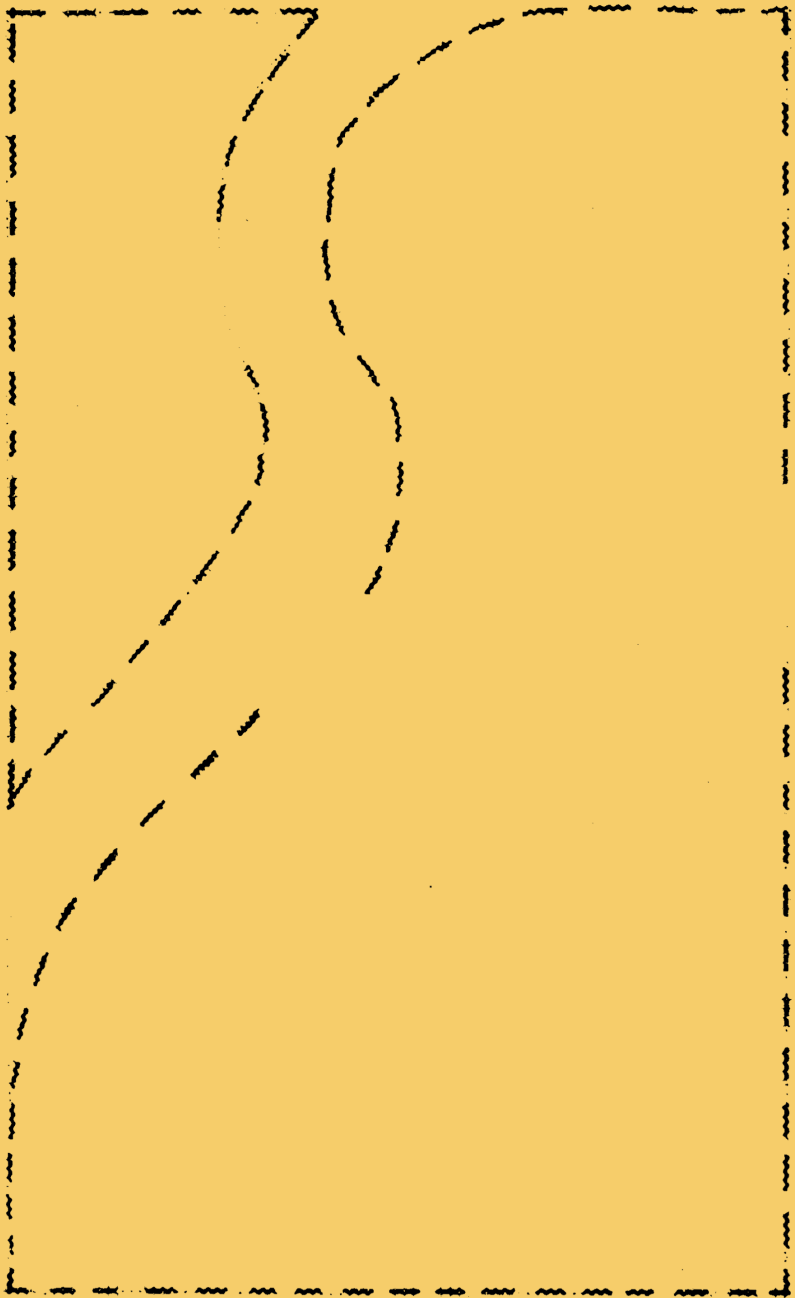
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Leaf shape (aqua)
Leaf shape (aqua)
Cut wallpaper with raffia (mustard)
Cut wallpaper (lilac, tangerine)
Multi-strand object (caramel)
Cut flower (midnight)
Cut wallpaper (olive)

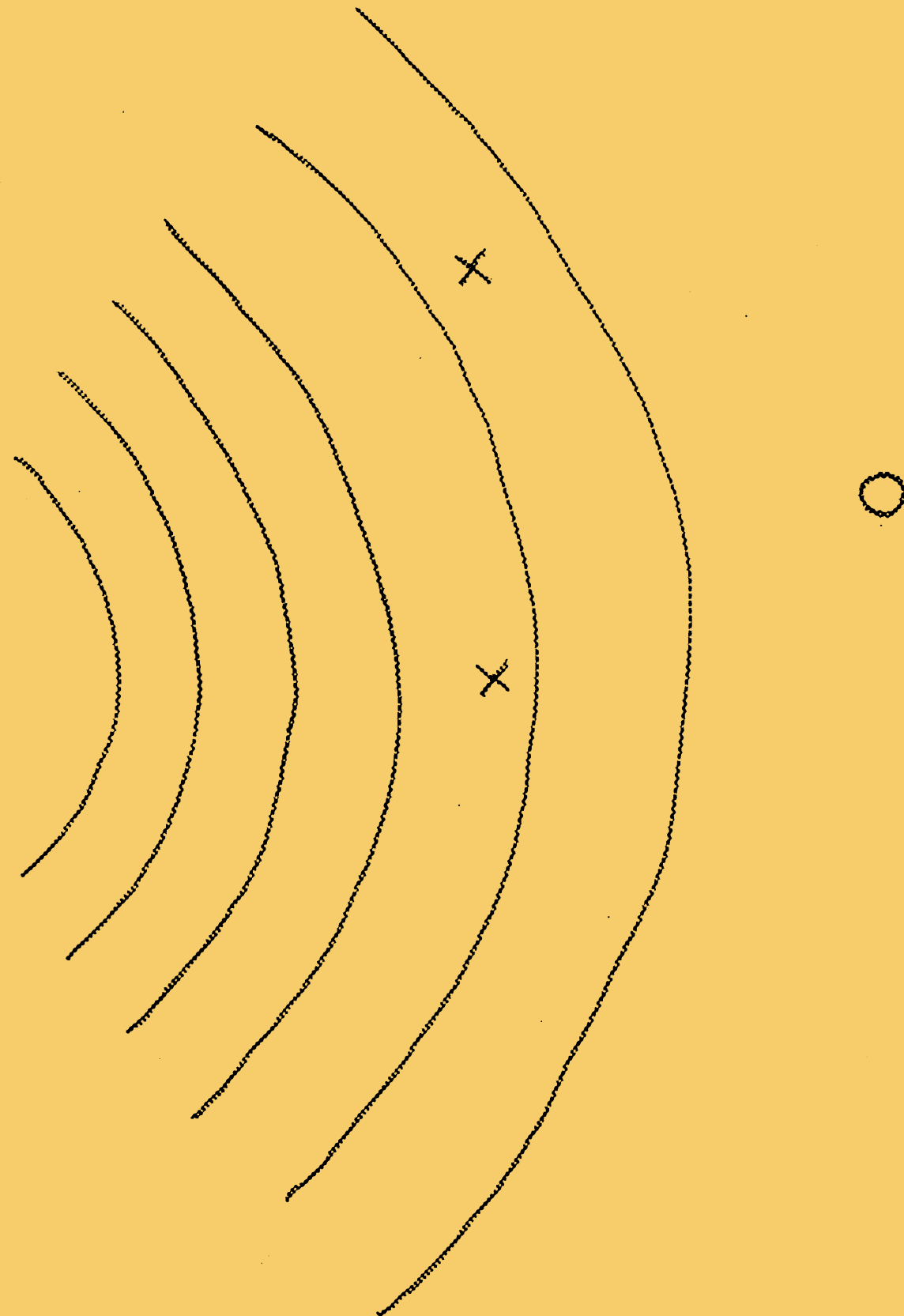
Back in the quiet gallery space, I find myself alone with the work, its fullness evading me. The installation is now roped off, and a new distance exists between the work, and the receiving of the work. With this boundary in place, there is a need to reach more intently (but not too closely), lean into the intensity and care in the work, notice each part resonating with its counterparts, the forming and reforming of materials, the delicate suspension of pinned corners, the gentle cadence of an internal language, each cut a tender record of its coming into being, as we are.

Lonnie Hutchinson
Fresh Cut
2021
Wallpaper, bitumen paper, raffia, pins

Ahu Tīmataka / Trace Elements
Curated by Nathan Pōhio
Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū
June 19 – October 31, 2021



+



Mind scattered,

listening to ocean waves
relying on my lavender aromatherapy and shakti matt
wondering who I've become
unable to focus on my book before bed
obviously not myself
the tinnitus is back
determined not to let it stress me out
running through the other senses,
I will feel cosy

We're going live,

we start on the floor
it's grounding
I said this was for the group,
but I needed this
breathing in
tuning in to Nicholas' soundscape
waves turns to rain turns to sculptural pings

The words reverb through,

I can just make them out
they're fuzzy
like that feeling in your hands after mowing the lawns
they're carried
floating through the wind, rain, fire

I'm on the floor again,

tired, relaxed
it's holding me
it's shiny, mostly smooth



the nail holes are tacky though,
black putty pushing up
adding texture

Rachel's voices are gentle,

the sounds earthy
I want to slide into it
roll and move through it
be absorbed

In the gallery I'm used to looking,

pulling my gaze from inward to out
objecty objects
Connor's floating
Lucy's run
the draft pours over the Italian granite from the window,
cooling my frame
yet
it's not cool to the touch

A voice returns,

a knock
no
a breath
an exhale
two sharp exhales

I biked in the rain this morning,

and the rabbit leads the way
it's not in front
it drives the narrative

The keys remind me of Ada's,

bargaining for her lifeline
yet
on the day of the storm
she's left dismembered
her body is a dense, black garment.
and her grief
washing into the mud

I can hear the saliva as it cracks,

only briefly
washed away by the rain
I am cool

There were voices behind the rain,

I decide I can see their faces
dripping
misted
things quieten
faces fading into the depths

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