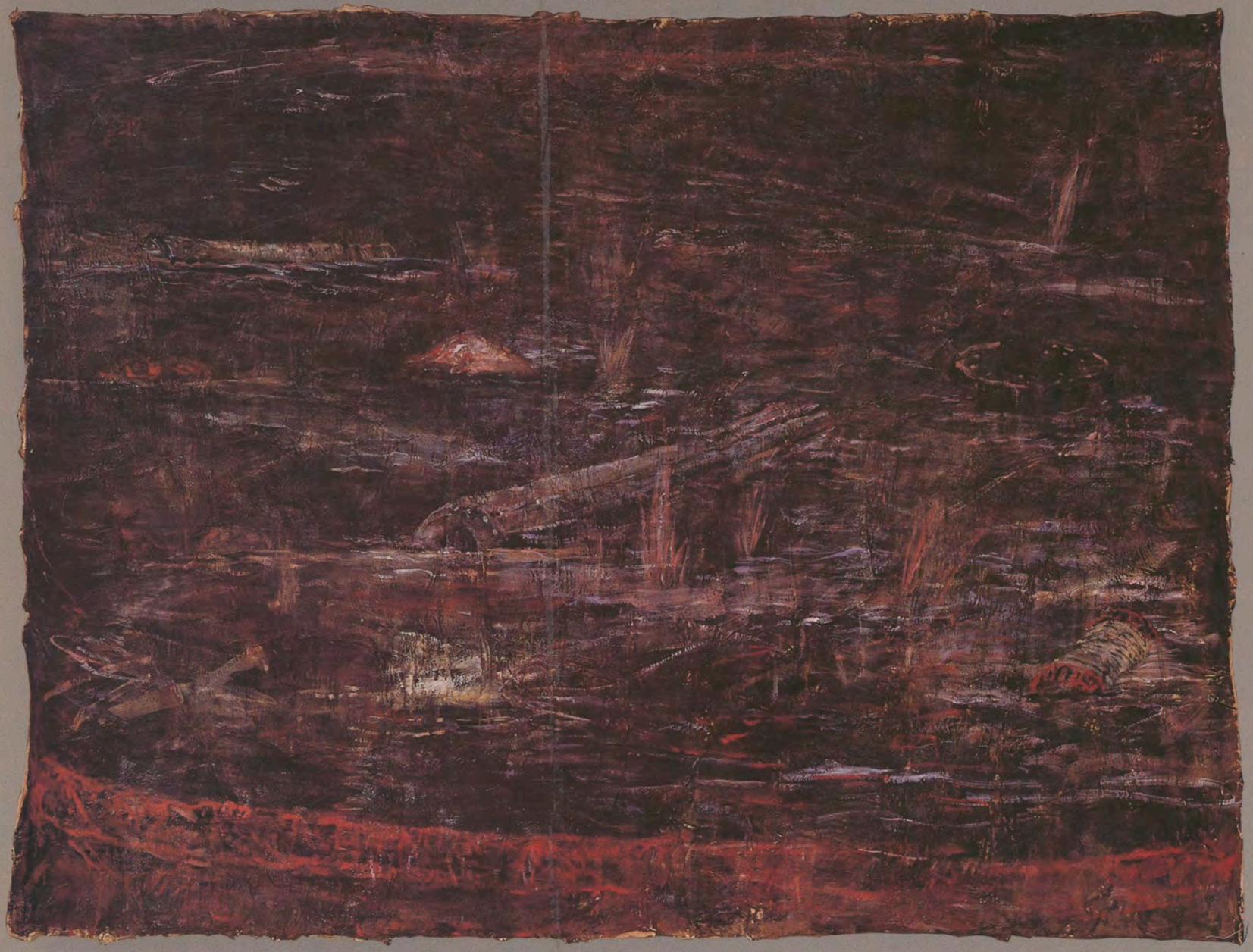

NZ XI

Auckland City Art Gallery

1988

NZ XI

BILL CULBERT

NEIL DAWSON

JACQUELINE FRASER

JEFFREY HARRIS

CHRISTINE HELLYAR

MEGAN JENKINSON

RICHARD KILLEEN

DENIS O'CONNOR

MARIA OLSEN

JAMES ROSS

BOYD WEBB

by
ALEXA JOHNSTON
FRANCIS POUND

AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY
ART GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES
MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART BRISBANE

This exhibition is sponsored by the Auckland City Council, the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council of New Zealand and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs

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Contents

Foreword	5
Introduction: NZ XI	7
Bill Culbert	13
Neil Dawson	19
Jacqueline Fraser	27
Jeffrey Harris	35
Christine Hellyar	41
Megan Jenkinson	48
Richard Killeen	55
Denis O'Connor	63
Maria Olsen	70
James Ross	77
Boyd Webb	84
Artists' biographies and exhibition history	90

FOREWORD

NZ XI is the exhibition with which we have chosen to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Auckland City Art Gallery's opening on February 17, 1888.

It is an exhibition of eleven New Zealand artists, eleven of the most vigorous and compelling artists working in this country, or born and raised in this country and working abroad.

When, in New Zealand's days as a dominion, we first opened our doors, it would have seemed odd to do so with an exhibition that celebrated current local art. Now, in celebrating one hundred years of activity as a public art museum, it would seem no less odd not to.

This exhibition seeks to do no more than bring together a provocative sampling of the current work of the eleven chosen artists, and, in so doing, to reveal the vitality, the sophistication and the internationalism of contemporary New Zealand art. The curators who have assembled this show — Alexa Johnston, our own Curator of Contemporary New Zealand Art; Francis Pound, an independent Auckland curator, critic and writer; and William Wright, Associate Director of the Art Gallery of New South Wales in Sydney — are to be thanked for producing such a coherent and articulate show. The artists, the owners of works on loan, and the artists' dealers must of course also be thanked for their invaluable support.

But on this particular occasion, the occasion of our birthday and the occasion of an exhibition taking New Zealand art to other shores (the exhibition will tour internationally), particular thanks must be paid to the citizens of Auckland, and the successive Councils they have elected who have administered Auckland's fine art gallery, and produced such an enlightened policy of development and support for it.

T.L. Rodney Wilson
Director

NZ XI

We do not hope with this show to define some essence of New Zealandness, as though New Zealand were an individual and isolate being, with a soul, body and mind all of its own, which might then be caught by artist or critic, or simply expressed — squeezed out like milk, as if from a motherland's breast.

Our intention is no more than to present a lively sample of current New Zealand work. That each of the eleven artists shown was born in New Zealand, that all but two of them live and work in New Zealand, is here regarded as a biographical fact, not as an aesthetic vocation.

Some generalities have emerged in the essays: conditions, doubtless, as much of contemporary art making in general, as of a particular New Zealandness.

A certain erosion of the boundaries of genre, for instance. Christina Barton speaks in her essay of 'Olsen's blurring of the distinctions between painting and sculpture'. I speak of Webb's 'not photography, quite', of his 'Painting? Writing? Theatre? Tableau?'. Something the same might be said of Jenkinson's collage. Ross's art, I say, is 'a metamorphosis or grafting from one genre to another, from painting to sculpture and back.' Dawson's sculpture is a kind of 'drawing in three dimensional space'; Fraser's a kind of 'scribbling'; while Hellyar's may move up the wall, as if it aspired to the condition of painting. Nor, even, if painting is that which speaks through a kind of 'square mouth', can Killeen's cut-outs in entire confidence be called 'painting'.

There is a tendency, too, to fragmentation, to a collage effect, to an undoing of presence by absence.

Conditions all, no doubt, of the post-modern...

We set out to prove nothing, or no more than the vitality of New Zealand art, or so we might have thought. Yet the occasional commonality of theme appeared. What kind of accident is it, for instance, that two of the chosen works should have as their title, or part title, the word 'Island'?

Killeen's *Floating Islands*, whose title is a reference as much to the form of all his cut-outs, as to this particular cut-out's content. Culbert's *Island*, whose reference is to European fantasies of the Pacific, to a dream lasting from the travelogues of the eighteenth century, right through to today's.

'How much in our poets,' so the New Zealand poet and anthologist Allen Curnow was once moved to exclaim, 'is sea coast stuff. The islands are not content with themselves; their coasts are crowded with images of arrival and departure.'[1] Or, it is as if, as in the often quoted line from Charles Brasch's 'The Islands', only 'distance looks our way', across an intervening vastness of sea.

So, in accord with this latter claim, from the 1930s through to the 1960s, in a long meditation on distance, New Zealand art was often made *insular*, in several senses of the word: in a descriptive, geographical way, where the facts of New Zealand geography are, as it were, taken to heart, turned into an emotional and prescriptive truth; and in the sense too, sometimes, of an indifference or hostility to — or an ignorance of — contemporary culture in the rest of the world. There was, in the perhaps faintly perjorative words of another Killeen cut-out title, an *Island Mentality*.

But how appropriate to indulge that old topos of distance, on the occasion of a travelling show such as this!

Remindingly beside the quays, the white
Ships lie smoking; and from their haunted bay
The godwits vanish towards another summer.
Everywhere in light and calm the murmuring
Shadow of departure; distance looks our way.
(Charles Brasch, 'The Islands')

...here in this far-pitched perilous hostile place
this solitary hard-assaulted spot
fixed at the friendless outer edge of space...
(R.A.K. Mason, 'Sonnet of Brotherhood')

Oh I could go down to the harbours
And mourn with a hundred years
of hunger, what slips away there.
(Allen Curnow, 'A Letter to Sub-Lieutenant D.J.M. Glover')

2. Bill Culbert
Island 1986

2.

New Zealand is isolated from South America, its nearest neighbour to the east, by some 4,500 miles of ocean, while to the south there are 1,600 miles of sea to the Antarctic continent; Australia lies 1,230 miles to the west and 2,500 miles to the north-west is New Guinea.

(E.J. Godley, 'Fauna and Flora')

If you turn the globe until you see the largest possible area of ocean — what is sometimes called the water hemisphere — you will see that New Zealand is not far from the middle.

(Keith Sinclair, 'Life in the Provinces')

The above bouquet of quotations is all plucked from a marvellous 1961 collection of essays, *Distance Looks Our Way: the Effects of Remoteness on New Zealand*.[2] That there should be a whole book devoted to the proclaimed remoteness of New Zealand is at once a tribute to the island topos, and a proof of the mythic power it had attained in New Zealand culture.

Had attained, I say...

By the 1960s, the long held and once so richly productive island myth was starting to seem to some less real, less true to what was now felt to be New Zealand's actual condition. The Island Mentality as an empowering force was, in the 1960s, nearing its end; those endless seas were starting to shrink. The island myth, at first a cause for complaint (we are cut off from European intellectual culture); later a cause for pride (we have made our own culture, free of the foreign); and which was also, from the beginning, the cause of prescription (it is not licit to look beyond these shores), came to seem to a new generation of artists and writers at once an unreality, and an unnecessary constraint. The island myth had become for this new generation — the generation represented in this show — *only a text:* a context or a conning text, a pre-text or pretext, merely.

Doubtless, an increased ease and speed of travel might be adduced to explain how it was that the sea, blue and polished with the innumerable gaze of painter and poet, should so suddenly recede. If, once, New Zealand had invariably been seen against a background of sea, 'enshrining it in a glittering, unbreakable casket' when that casket was in the end broken, or its glittering, implacable web undone, the whole world might seem suddenly — as in some Killeen cut-out — to be simultaneously present.

There might be camels, cats, Mycaenian goddesses, atomic bombs,

triangles, Japanese electric drills, Egyptian tombs, boomerangs and kangaroos, French Romanesque stone carvings, or classical urns, as well as New Zealand birds and ferns.

What Proust says of the coming of the car is still more dramatically so of the advent of the passenger plane. 'Distances are only the relation of space to time and vary with it. We express the difficulty we have in getting to a place in a system of miles or kilometres which becomes false as soon as that difficulty decreases.' So, with the advent of the aeroplane, and of telecommunications, countries which once seemed in a different world to New Zealand become its neighbours in a world whose dimensions have shrunk. New Zealand, once it is no longer segregated by the notion of sailing time, or by the spatial notion of the sea's 'great, unrelenting mesh', is no longer one of those places 'which we see always in isolation', and 'which seem to us to have no common measure with the rest, to be almost outside the world'...

It is not that the local is now entirely abandoned. There is still, as Alexa Johnston remarks in her essay on Culbert, some continuing debate about 'the relevence of regional associations in today's international world.' And this despite the fact that regional realism, the major power and the major period truth in New Zealand art from c.1930 to c.1970, has now come almost entirely undone.

It is just that the 'local' is now known to be fissured through by an 'elsewhere', pierced, always , as if to its very heart. There *is* a regional reference in some of the works in this show, but it bespeaks a more complex sense of region than that old one: a regionalism aware of the complicity of its 'local' with its 'foreign' — of its inseparability from what it has defined as its 'other', in order to constitute its own place. Where you are, it shows — and, unlike the old regionalism, *it knows* — is also defined by where you are not.

FNP

1. Curnow, Allen. Introduction to *A Book of New Zealand Verse*. Caxton Press, 1951, p.39.

2. Sinclair, Keith, ed. *Distance Looks Our Way: The Effects of Remoteness on New Zealand*. Pauls Book Arcade, for the University of Auckland, 1961, 1962.

Bill Culbert

Reefton, Blackwater, Moonlight Creek, Blackball, Roa, Hokitika; you can find all these places on a map of the South Island of New Zealand.

You can also find them in catalogue lists of sculptures Bill Culbert made in 1978 during his last stay in the country, when he was Visiting Fellow at the University of Canterbury in Christchurch.

On that South Island map, follow the course of the Grey River (named after Sir George Grey, but grey in colour too) which begins just south of Reefton and Blackwater. The river runs alongside the Paparoa Range, past Moonlight Creek, Blackball and Roa, all partially abandoned settlements, to Greymouth on the west coast. Then go south to Hokitika and on to the Franz Josef and Fox glaciers which slide slowly down from the mountains. This is Westland, a narrow strip squeezed between the Southern Alps and the Tasman Sea. Twelve large rivers and innumerable tiny streams corrugate the coast. Along the beaches lie tumbled grey driftwood and stones, and wind-whipped lumps of foam.

In the catalogue of Culbert's 1978 New Zealand exhibition there are two groups of works: seven of his celebrated light pieces — *Outline, Bulb Reflection, Celeste, Five Cubes to Black* — and ten New Zealand works with the above landscape titles. As far as I can discover this was the first time Culbert had called sculptures after places. They seem to be traces of a journey; a sculptural response to a rediscovered landscape — remote, wild and deserted, yet scattered with the remnants of human activities.

It is remnants like these that Culbert had begun incorporating into his sculptures in the early 1970s. Living in Provence, he made works combining discarded domestic/industrial objects — an asparagus bundler, a coffee tin, a box used to harvest melons — with fluorescent tubes and light bulbs. If those French works are also about place and landscape, this New Zealand viewer cannot recognise the references, but I do recognise the landscape meaning in works which reflect my own surroundings.

Although Culbert's New Zealand works are landscape sculptures, they are not in the landscape, nor exclusively of it; as a result he does not fit with that group of sculptors whose works exist only in the wild places

where they were made. In New Zealand he did begin to use 'natural' found objects as well as manufactured ones — a stone precision-split by frost, the two halves now separated by a fragile, clear light bulb. But in most of the works he selects manufactured objects which resonate with the history of places — a kerosene tin, sheets of the corrugated iron that has been a favoured building material in New Zealand. Corrugated iron also evokes backblocks pride in the cheerful self-sufficiency that uses and reuses anything that comes to hand.

In Westland and across the island at Murdering Beach, near Dunedin, Culbert found many locally relevant objects. Westland's rivers washed gold down from the mountains, and small towns sprang up the 1860s during the goldrush. The only gold in the region now comes from tourism and forestry — and the destruction of native trees. Many of the towns barely exist as communities, and Culbert collected there relics of earlier, busier times.

In *Reefton Long White Cloud* Culbert placed a fluorescent tube on a piece of charred wood, inside a perspex box. The glow from the crisp tube of light illuminates every crack and fissure in the velvety carbonised wood, and creates a cloud of condensation in the box. There are echoes here of destroyed forests, of brilliantly white snowy mountains, of the misty damp west coast weather. Great rainforests once flourished there close to the foot of the mountains and Reefton also claims to be the first town in the Southern Hemisphere to have electric light.[1]

1. Bill Culbert
Long White Cloud 1985

Culbert's *Hokitika Return Journey* was made from and for an old suitcase. He apparently saw the case in Hokitika, didn't buy it, then later returned especially for it. Through the case a fluorescent tube passes at an angle. So light appears out of each side, and the inside of the case must be lit too, though we can't see it. Culbert has often concealed light in boxes — entirely trapped, leaking out, or released by the action of the viewer. He has also continued to use suitcases — those unequivocal symbols of travel, though the suitcase covered with labels from foreign countries and scenic places is now a rarity.

A sticker proclaims that the former owner of this Hokitika suitcase had stayed at the Franz Josef Glacier Hotel, and Culbert's experience of seeing the glaciers again after so many years away seems caught up in the work. A guide book to the Westland National Park describes the area:

> The Franz Josef Glacier, a great river of ice which descends from the Alps to 300 metres above sea level. It can no longer be seen from the

1

> road or village, but on a dull day there is no mistaking where it lies, for a pale light seems to shine from its deep valley... in the valley the Glacier comes into view with dramatic suddenness, a white and turquoise stretch of ice flowing down 11 kilometres from its neve.[2]

New Zealand has never been modest about the splendour of its wild regions.

So why this discussion of works Culbert made years ago? They seem to me to bear strongly on some sculptures he is making now, and if so they fulfil the hopes that Rodney Wilson expressed in a review of Culbert's 1978 exhibition. Comparing the New Zealand and British works, he wrote:

> But the significance of the New Zealand works...may yet be greater than we expect, for they may contain the germ of a new idea capable of generating works that will find their final realisation in Britain. If that is so, the Fellowship may have been as profitable for Culbert as it has for us.[3]

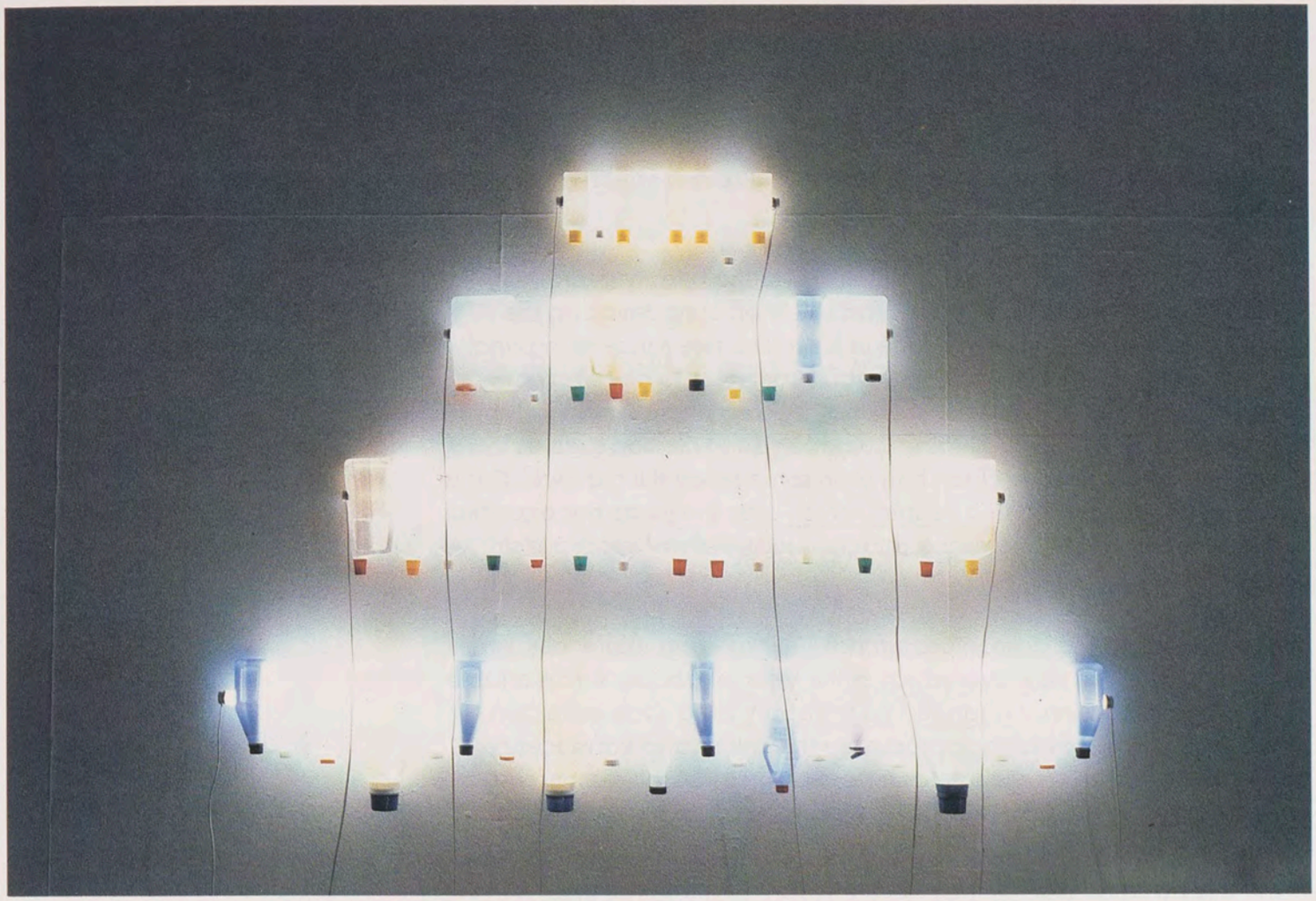
If those works were a response to landscape, a crystallising of memories of place, Culbert has continued to explore those memories. In the wide range of sculpture that he makes there is still a scattering of pieces which seem to point south to his past, to the Pacific, to New Zealand. Yet they no longer include objects found here; the references now are often through words; titles to which we antipodeans respond.

3. Bill Culbert
Cascade 1986

Long White Cloud is a row of empty plastic detergent bottles, clear, white and translucent, and held together by the fluorescent tube threaded through them. On a detailed drawing of the work Culbert wrote 'Aotearoa, Long White Cloud. The Shining Bright Land. The Land of the Long White Cloud.' These are Maori names for New Zealand, familiar to all New Zealanders, and the shape of that row of bottles can conjure up the jagged line of the Southern Alps.

Then turn the bottles upside down, so that their liquid contents might flow out, place four rows together, each one increasing in length, and you have a *Cascade*. A waterfall of light in which the bottles' brightly coloured caps are like rainbows in the sunlight, or rocks beneath the torrent.

For a classically witty piece of Pacific nostalgia look at *Island*. An absurd red raffia lampshade sheds a warm sunset glow over the prow of a wooden canoe, and completes the photograph behind it with a red



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sun sinking into the sea. In the foreground stands a palm tree: another story emerges from the collective memory. The Maori settled in New Zealand from Hawaiki to the north, where red feathers were rare symbols of kingship and where palm trees grew in abundance. On their arrival in the new land, the Tainui chief Hapopo threw away his red feathers when he saw the spiky red flowers of the pohutukawa which grows along the coast.[4]

Bill Culbert's ability to direct our attention to the beauty in ordinary useful things does not however depend solely on our position on the globe, or our awareness of his place of birth. The relevance of regional associations in today's international world continues to be debated, especially in countries like New Zealand, far away from American and European art centres. By including Culbert in an exhibition such as this we are obviously keen to claim him as in some sense still our own. This is not a new phenomenon in a country which over the years has exported many of its best artists. The mana attached to 'overseas' success is still considerable.

Bill Culbert's work, despite occasional New Zealand references, sits easily in Europe. He now lives much of the year in France. Yet on a table in his house in London is arranged his ironically titled *Jade* collection — green plastic objects which approximate the colour and translucence of jade, if not its enduring strength and hardness. The Maori discovered jade — pounamu — in Westland and made weapons and ornaments of great beauty where the Pakeha later found gold. In a 1985 work called *Jade*, Culbert threaded a green (shampoo?) bottle onto a fluorescent tube between two square blue plastic containers. The shape of that shampoo bottle is that of a Maori club or mere, the most treasured of which were made from jade.

Opinions will no doubt differ about the aptness of the appropriation of Bill Culbert for this exhibition. Yet many of his works do read differently in the Pacific. They arouse associations, they resonate in a common vision and a common memory; they ring true.

AMJ

1. All the works referred to are illustrated in the ICA publication *Bill Culbert Selected Works 1968-1986*, printed to coincide with an exhibition of his recent works; or in the 1978 catalogue *Bill Culbert*, University of Canterbury Publications.

2. *Wild New Zealand*. Readers Digest. Sydney, 1982.

3. Wilson, Rodney T.L., *NZ Listener*, 23 September 1978, p.28.

4. Kelly, Leslie G. (Te Putu), *Tainui*, Wellington, 1949.

Neil Dawson

Double Take... A mountain reflects in a lake...

Or, two identical postcards in which a mountain is reflected in a lake...

Or...

Nature here pictures itself. And, Nature's self-depiction, in being pictured by an artist, becomes an allegory of artistic depiction. That allegory comes in the structure of the double take:

$$\frac{\textit{Nature pictures itself}}{\textit{Picturing pictures itself}}$$

Or, to put it another way:

$$\frac{\textit{Depicting reflects on itself}}{\textit{Nature reflects on itself}}$$

And this allegory of depiction appears with an exemplary clarity here, even in its very ambiguities of effect, because it is not only the mountain which is reflected: the postcard in which the mountain is, as it were, mirrored, is *itself* reflected.

Or, a postcard is reflected, as if in a lake...

A mountain doubled, a postcard doubled — a double take. A take with such ambiguous effect that we might be made unsure which is the reflected, and which reflection.

In Dawson's double reflection, Nature mirrors Nature. But art, here, does not mirror Nature, as it should according to all classical claims of it. Here art is the mirror only of art; the picture mirrors the picture only.

Nature, in the classical claims of it, invariably comes first; art is but its reflection. But what if this priority were reordered? If this hierarchy were reversed? Or put into disarray? Such are the questions Dawson's pictured picturing poses.

What if art were, so Dawson's *Double Take* might suggest, a copy without an original in Nature? What if Nature were already infected by our seeing of it, already made over to art, even before the act of depiction? What if the mountain invariably comes to us *already* in the artistic form of the Sublime or the picturesque?

If the mountain *itself* were, in that sense, a copy?

And worse. What if the mountain should come to us only — as here — *in the form of the postcard*: in the codes of the eighteenth and nineteenth century Sublime and picturesque, as they have been attenuated or debased in our day? What if the mountain should come to us only in the mass-cultural form of the touristic?

The mountain, seen through such frame of mind, will no longer be even the conventional occasion of the full Sublime, of a melancholy or terrifying grandeur, of Solitude and Silence, a place where God speaks: it will be simply a good spot for consuming a 'view'. For such a consumption, the postcard or the holiday snap will be sufficient certification.

Dawson's *Double Take* postcards represent Lake Matheson. According to the chapter entitled 'The Mirror of the Mountains' in *Wild New Zealand*, a 'beautiful New Zealand' book published by Readers Digest in 1982, 'Lake Matheson is perhaps the most photographed water in New Zealand.' And this is the specialty of its show: '...on a reasonably calm day, photos of the reflections of the great Alpine Peaks can be so perfect that one is uncertain which is the right way up'.

We go to Nature today, so *Double Take* might remind us, on visits; we go to 'take it in', as though to a performance: there are signs, seats, and a programme — *as for a theatre*. Nature is organised, and consumed, as spectacle. We photograph ourselves there, make spectacles of ourselves at the site of the spectacular, or we buy postcards of it — we require no more than a momentary pleasure, and proof of ourselves having been there.

And what we like in the landscape is the already painted: *the picturesque* — that which is already a picture — 'a real oil painting', as the saying goes. It is 'scenery' we like. And scenery, so the dictionary has it, is painted stage scenes: *or,* a natural section of landscape which pleases the eye. As the order of this definition suggests, scenery is *the already painted*, the already made over to art...

7. Neil Dawson
Double Take 1987

7

The scenery is (already) a double take...

The 'natural' scene is indulgent already to our spectatorial requirements. Nature is like Pliny's Tuscan villa, where 'everything is offered to the eye'; it is like Palladio's Villa Rotunda, the 'theatre of views'. Nature has become a kind of stage scenery — a scene painting, merely.

It is no coincidence that it was on the stage that pictorial perspective — the central figure of Dawson's *oeuvre* — was born. Pictorial perspective — or, as it is more suggestively called, *artificial* perspective — began life as a Roman theatrical aid, as a rhetorical device for making stage scenery persuasive. (Nor is it accident, given the theatrically compelling aspect of the perspectival code, that *Persuasion* should be a Dawson title.)

Perspective is as it was born to be — a theatricalisation of experience. And this because:

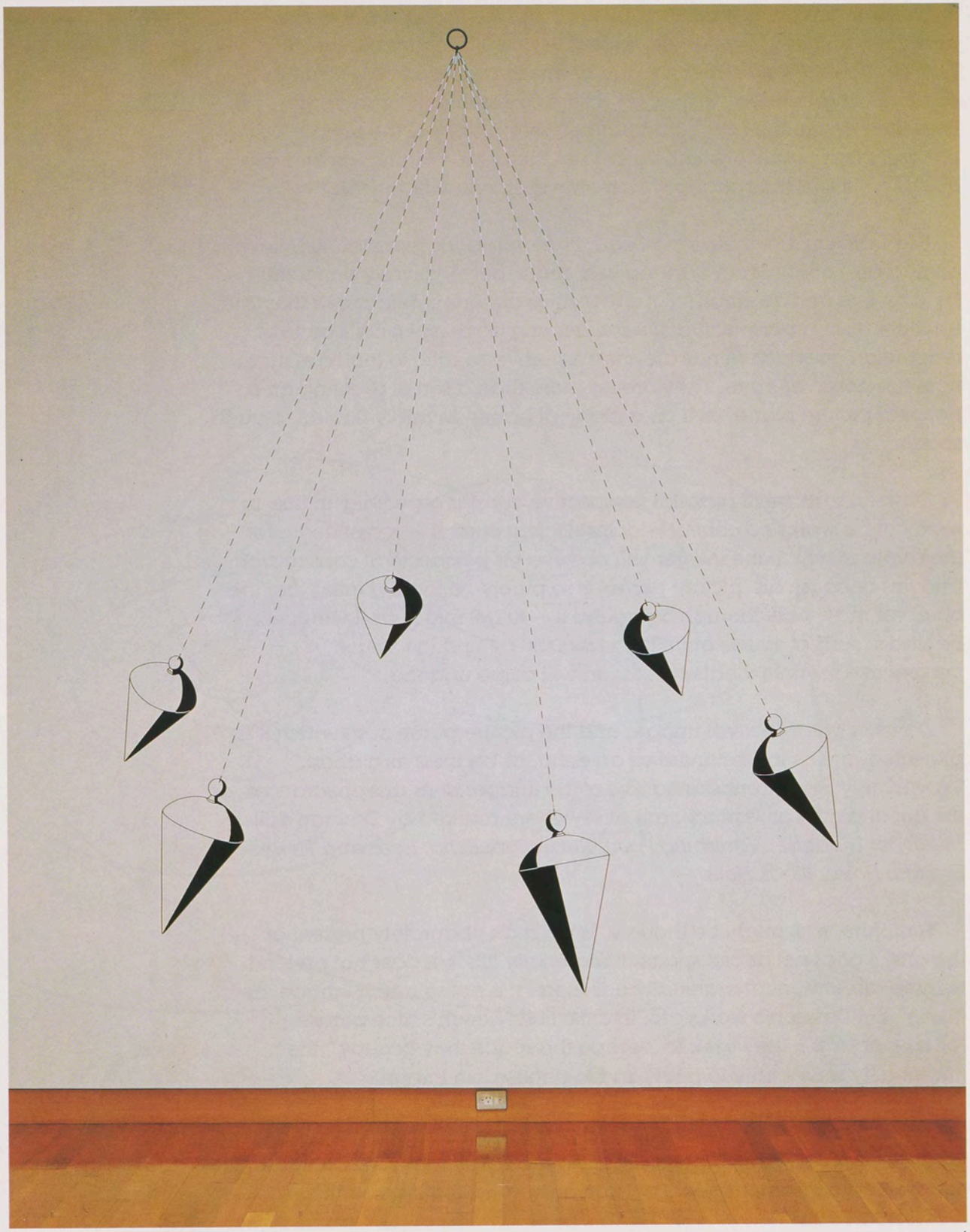
> The theatre is precisely that practice which calculates the place of things as *they are observed*: if I set the spectacle there, the spectator will see this: if I put it elsewhere he will not, and I can avail myself of this masking effect and play on the illusion it provides.[1]

Or, in a kind of double take, I can unmask this masking effect, and the illusion it provides — as so often in Dawson's work, where illusion is at once made and unmade, posed and deposed.

The most spectacularly instructive instance of such deposition is perhaps Dawson's installation *Echo* (1981). *Echo* was a linear structure three metres high, suspended eight metres above the centre of the north quadrangle of the Christchurch Arts Centre., As the viewer entered the quadrangle, *Echo* perspectivally formed an image — an echo — of the Arts Centre itself. The art historically knowledgeable viewer might be reminded of Brunelleschi's famous 'proof' of perspective, his image of the Florentine Baptistry placed in front of the real Baptistry: but here, as the viewer moved further into the quad, the image deconstructed itself into various shifting perspectives, and then into a non-figurative chaos of lines.

If Brunelleschi's was the first experimental demonstration of pictorial perspective, Alberti's *de Pictura* (1434) is perspective's first theoretical account. Throughout *de Pictura*, the viewer's role, as literally the measure of all things, is shown to be essential: hence, *the viewer's position must be controlled*.

6. Neil Dawson
Swinging the lead 1986



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'I determine the distance I want between the eye of the spectator and the painting,' says Alberti. Alberti's system also dictates that the picture should be seen directly and centrally from the front — and not, as say in anamorphic perspective, at an extremely oblique angle, from the side. Perspective, as in Barthes' formulation of the theatre, 'is precisely that practice which calculates the place of things *as they are observed*: if I set the spectacle there, the spectator will see this.'

See Dawson's *Swinging the Lead*. Its plumb-bobs (significantly, devices of measure) might seem to swing in a circle, perspectivally projected by your eye into an ellipse. But a few steps are enough to prove they are no more than a perspectival illusion, relying on perspective's code of diminution, in which things are shrunk in inverse ratio to their distance from the observer's eye. They are no more than a sort of drawing on a notional picture plane, as if on a plane of paper, invisibly floated through space.

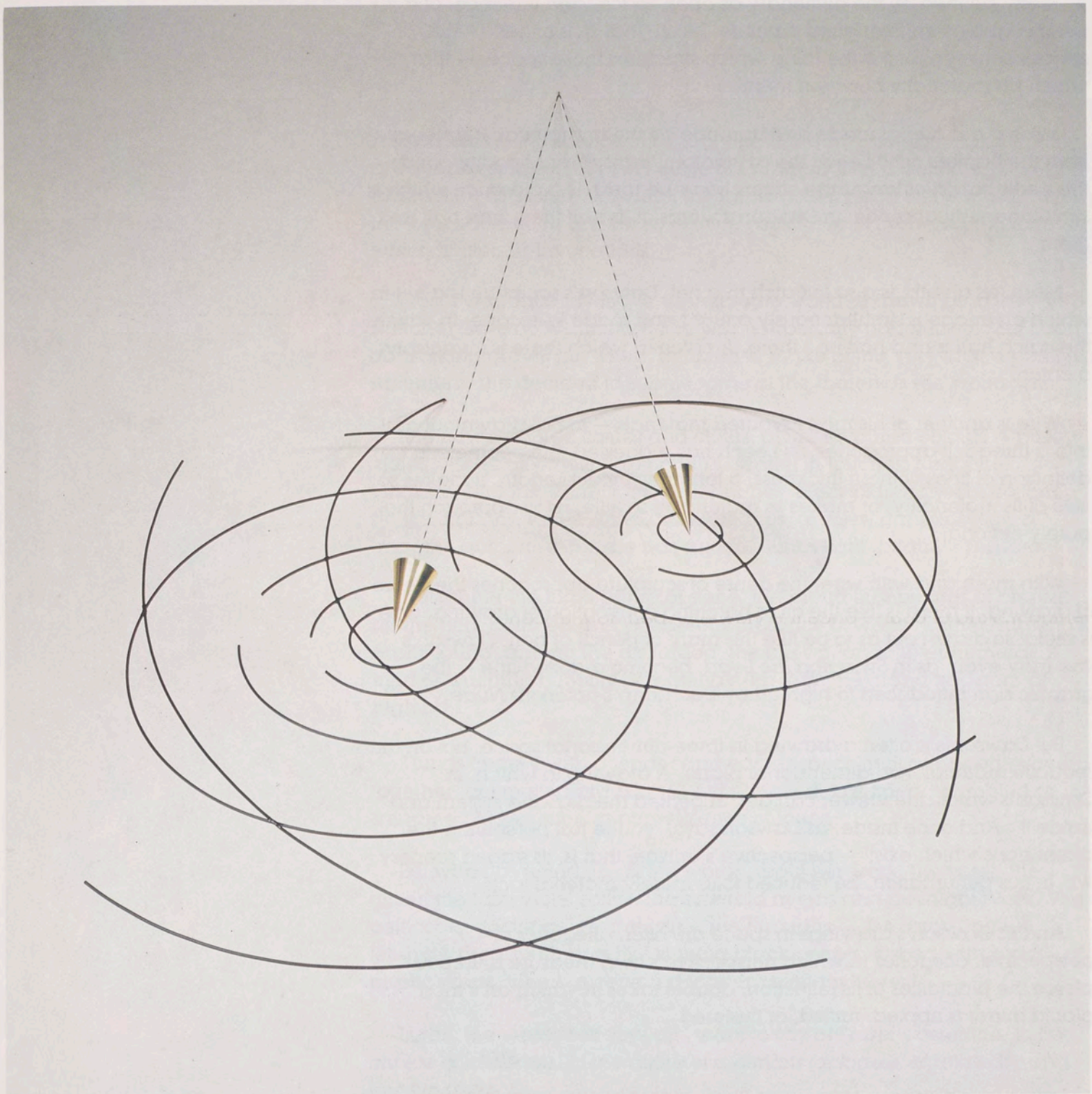
Dawson's abuse of pictorial perspective consists especially in this: in many of his works *no control* — or insufficient control — is asserted over the angle at which the viewer will observe his perspectival construction: and this because his 'picture plane' is so purely notional a thing that the observer may walk thorugh or around it — to get *into it*, as it were, or *behind it*. And of course once the viewer is 'behind the scene', perspective's whole theatre of illusion will come undone.

Dawson's perspectival image, and the picture plane from which it is projected, are as insubstantial as an echo, as bodiless as a ghost. Significantly, such insubstantialities of the image, or its disappearances, or the uncertainties of its place, are everywhere marked by Dawson's titles: *Mirror*, for instance, *Vanishing Point; Reflection; Echo; Here and There; Escape; Holes; Black Hole*.

Sculpture, so it might be thought, is the most obdurately *present* of the arts: it does not depict space, it materially fills it; it does not pretend to three dimensions, it materially has them; it is not so much 'image' as 'thing'. But Dawson's works are, in critic Peter Leech's nice phrase, 'elusive objects'[2]: they seek to 'escape the space they occupy'; their materiality serves only to pose, and to depose, an image.

Nor is it only Dawson's image and picture plane which are made so insubstantial. The very materiality of his materials is in question. Mesh, for instance. A constant material of Dawson's work, a quintessentially Dawsonian stuff.

5. Neil Dawson
Cause and effect 1984–1985



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Mesh: defined by the dictionary as open space, and interstice, of a net. But also as an interlaced structure. Mesh, that is, is either a series of spaces between, or it is the thing which structures those spaces — that which sits materially between them.

Mesh is a material made and unmade by the immaterial; it squeezes from the hapless critic Leech the oxymoron, 'transparent opacity'; and this perturbation of language occurs because mesh is a presence which is simultaneously absence: in Dawson's words, it 'is half there and half isn't there'.

Mesh, as a verb, is also to catch in a net. Dawson's sculpture is a net in which an image is simultaneously caught and made to escape; in which the catch half is and half isn't there. A catch in which there is invariably a catch.

Wire is another of his most favoured materials — metal drawn out as if into a thread. It approaches, as Leech has suggested, the geometer's definition of lines without thickness, a length without breadth; it makes so little of its materiality, or makes its materiality so little, as to approach the purely notional.

With mesh and with wire, the genre of sculpture approaches the genre of drawing. If mesh is like the cross hatching convention of drawing, wire is metal so drawn out as to be like the mark of pencil or pen. Dawson's line may even, as in *Swinging the Lead*, become a dotted line — the graphic sign introduced to high art by Duchamp's notorious *Nude*.

But Dawson's is often a drawing in three-dimensional space, not on the requisite material, two-dimensional plane. A drawing in which, in Dawson's words, the viewer can get 'in behind the drawing system and inside it'. And once inside, as Dawson says, 'you're just perceiving the dimensions which exist' — perspective's artifice, that is, its staged scenery, will in this perturbation, be reduced to its merely material facts.

And so Dawson's drawings in space are often allegories of perspective: allegories in which perspective's own measure is used to pierce the placidities of its reflection; double takes in which art's most placid mirror is rippled, ruffled, or flustered...

FNP

1. Barthes, Roland. *Image — Music — Text: Essays Selected and Translated by Stephen Heath*, Fontana Paperbacks, 1982, p.69.

2. Leech, Peter. 'Elusive Objects: Recent Works by Neil Dawson', *Art New Zealand* 25, pp.24-29. My own text owes a considerable debt to Leech's essay.

Jacqueline Fraser

A vivid frailty; a presence invariably haunted by absence; a materiality always hovering on the very edge of immateriality; a delicate abstraction of gesture, in which the improvisatory acts of the hand have left their trace: such are the evocative conditions of her work, the forms in which it utters its invocations.

Fraser was once invited to submit some working drawings to the National Gallery, Wellington. She was temporarily nonplussed. 'But I don't *do* working drawings.' Then, thinking to make of this very lack a positive statement, she decided to submit some of the materials she works with...

See now coloured tissues and cloths, of her favoured colours — pink, violet, (especially violet), ming blue, scarlet in touches, turquoises, viridians, lemons, vermilions: cellophanes, clear plastic sheets, cottons, strings, ribbons, tapes, wires, husks, leaves, grasses, gauzes, twigs; a 'magpie gathering', as she has said, of things light, bright, transparent.

Not for her the frigid pomp of stone, the proud trumpetings of bronze, or the rich, polished and ponderous presence of wood. Rather, materials easily found, among the discarded, the cheap, and the ephemeral. A kind of touching humility of materials, far from the grand traditions of high art.

Things treated with a tender and easy respect: tied, wrapped, woven together, not melted at 1,000 °C, not chiselled, kneaded, scumbled or smeared. A discretion, a non-violence of touch...

But who has noted, in all the words about her work, the tinsel, the glitter, the tatty violet satins, the emerald nylons and midnight blues? The petticoats, stockings, gauzes, silks, see-throughs — like some lingerie fetishist's dream? Shapes like shining black corsets, ribbed with black plastic straps, where a certain decadence might hover?

Lurex: the word itself says all I want to say of Fraser's assertion, in her choice of materials, of the allure of a certain *tackiness*, of a tawdry and low-life glamour.

Most of the stuff of Fraser's recent work comes, in fact, from Jeff's Emporium, Auckland, the cheap heaven of a working or lower middle

class taste: a vast treasurehouse of plastic flowers, plastic fruit, plastic doilies, plastic earrings, bangles and brooches, plastic raffia, plastic fringing, pink nylon shag, bra cups, 3-D religious and sailing ship pictures — the home of a synthetic splendour. Home also of the brightness of a modern practicality — of colour-coded electric wires, for instance, variously and marvellously striped.

Her work is not a form of nostalgia, then, for an irrecoverable past, for an unattainable Nature, for some pre-colonial and sacred rurality. And this remains true, even though the work appears in the midst of what is often called today the 'renaissance' of Maori culture. From what might be called the 'lowest depths' of the twentieth century capitalist city, from the detritus of a present-day European culture, from the very 'worst' of its taste, she manages to mark in her installations a reverence for place, a ceremonial attention, which may be thought of as 'Maori'. Or she constructs a poetic object out of today's lurid cast-offs, in which a Maori past (string games; tukutuku and taniko; handweaving; feather and flax fibre cloak making — traditional Maori women's work) might be made anew for the present.

An invocation, a calling up of the dead...

The story is told, incidentally, that:

Her approach to making her installations is a Maori one: she meditates before beginning, asking her ancestors for assistance, and, at the work's close, thanks them.[1]

Of course, to show or even to allude to traditional Maori forms in such European institutions as museums or galleries, is to make them no longer what they were, to turn them into something quite other. To wish to insert a traditional Maori discourse into the discourse of contemporary western high art is already to view the Maori tradition from 'outside', from the position of an ineradicable historical and cultural distance.

8. Jacqueline Fraser
Raffia 1987

This irreparable distance, this difference, this very doubleness of voice, is marked by Fraser, in an art clearly signified as based in the twentieth century city, and not in some pre-urban, and pre-capitalist, agricultural and hunting and gathering economy. Her materials alone are clear sign enough — plastics and synthetics, as well as wood, grasses and leaves. ('Nature today is the city', as Roland Barthes has memorably said.) Furthermore, the basis of her art is clearly in a 1970s installation aesthetic, and in that acceptance of the found which begins with Duchamp.

8

It is only *in* or *through* such an established distance that a certain Maoriness of voice is enabled to sound...

'Maoriness', as Fraser's work shows, is not something which can simply be taken from the past, now so irreparably distanced: it is something which, in a sense, already exists as a socially experienced fact, and which is also something yet to be made, to be constructed, to be produced. What would it be to work as a Maori woman artist today? That is one question posed and enacted here. For Fraser, to work as a Maori woman artist is not to rehearse a given role, to fill out its pre-written contours, but to discover that role, to work out its lineaments as she goes...

Fraser is, in any case, part Maori, if parts of blood may still be said to count today, when to assert one's Maoriness has become less a matter of counting fractions of blood than a politically and culturally conscious act of affiliation. She is a descendent of some thirteen generations of Ngai Tahu — and of the first European settlers of Otago. When she lived in Dunedin, she was an active member of the Otakou marae; in Auckland she has been a member of the Maori Women's Welfare League, and is a participant in the Kohanga Reo movement, which seeks through its children's pre-school centres to keep the Maori language alive.

In 1987, Fraser exhibited in *Contemporary Maori Art*, a *Te Maori* satellite show at the Auckland War Memorial Museum, in a room adjoining the exhibition *Te Aho Tapu: the Sacred Thread: traditional Maori weaving*. It was a juxtaposition which encouraged such comparisons as those I am trying here to trace through.

8. Jacqueline Fraser
Raffia 1987 (detail)

Occasionally, there have been direct signs of 'the Maori' in her work, as in *Fern*, an installation at the National Gallery, Wellington, in 1982. Amidst suspended ferns, palms and leaves, op. shop leaf-printed curtains, and napkins and pieces of lace with a fern motif, she collaged some yellowing postcard photographs of a Maori meeting house and Maori traditional dress — combining a directly signified 'Maoriness' with her junk shop aesthetic.

More usually, though, 'Maoriness' exists only as one connotation of Fraser's methods of making — binding, knotting, plaiting, weaving and wrapping — and of the materials she favours: three-plied, three-coloured raffia; fern fronds, flaxes and leaves; the variously striped, plastic-skinned wires, reminiscent of the stripes scored and stained into the rolled flax of the piupiu or traditional Maori flax skirts. Or the woven matting she uses, whether organic or synthetic, recalling the Maori flax kit or Polynesian

8

mat. The criss-cross or horizontal or diagonal stripe of her binding, is akin to tukutuku or Maori decorative panelling, formed by various bindings round sticks. Her translucent raffia tags recall the maize husk tags of some nineteenth century Maori capes. More precisely, such things might connote Maori *women's* work, that half of Maori culture left out of the *Te Maori* show.

And now, in the work made for this exhibition (and after the completion of this essay, whose claims it thus renders prophetic), there is the skeletal form of a Maori meeting house, with its post, lintel and gable structure, and with the colours in which it was traditionally painted (red, black, white) together with tapes and translucent tags of Fraser's characteristic violet.

There are also in Fraser's use of materials — as New Zealand feminist critics have lately come to point out — connotations of a European domesticity, of women's crafts, of woman as home decorator. They might have mentioned, too, children's ribbons, or ribbon-twined plaits, or skipping ropes. Polynesian cleaners at the National Gallery are said to have asked Fraser if she was decorating the hall for a dance. 'Yes, yes,' she might well have answered.

But she does not turn, as a less complex feminism might do, to celebrate or to deplore the tedium of women's traditionally assigned tasks, re-uttering the stereotype, to make of it a sacrament or complaint. She transforms such materials and methods as are often thought feminine into an object quite other, into a bliss quite other, to which nevertheless connotations of the 'feminine' may still adhere.

And this 'adherence' because her materials will connote themselves, be experienced as themselves, as well as what they become in her work. A fragment of native kauri board, for instance, a piece of demolition timber, banded with the decayed remnants of cream enamel paint. Though it is decoratively bound by Fraser, and fringed with ribbons and bows, it remains resonant still of the grammar of the colonial weatherboard house (*Kauri Installation*, Sue Crockford Gallery, 1986). Materials may be chosen by the artist, and a new reference granted them, but the meaning they once had in the world clings to them still, like a fine and pervasive dust.

There is posed throughout her work the pathos of the transient, a transience marked with an especial clarity in her works before 1987: ephemeral installations in galleries, or outdoors. Such installations, or

8. Jacqueline Fraser
Rattia 1987 (detail)

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'environments' as Fraser preferred to call them, were made only in the celebration of an occasion and place, with their dismantling or destruction already in mind, their disappearance already present as a pre-echoing trace in the very moment of their appearance.

A Fraser installation in Queens Garden, Dunedin, was composted by City Council gardeners. Another installation, in the Market Reserve, Dunedin, had its hardest elements, those which might most resist decomposition — slender sticks — removed by an old woman fossicking for firewood.

For these environments, things were so twined together, and so strung out, as to become events as much as entities, rituals of making as much as things made, improvisations scribbled through spaces not so much structured by them as traversed and interspersed. What the viewers gained was the brief, the impermanent trace of an event.

And yet, even in these fragile environments, in these spaces so barely imposed upon, in these works so 'solicitous of the given', in critic Wystan Curnow's nice phrase, so 'attentive to the places they take',[2] there were forms which acted as foci, clusters of detail and elaboration which, by their very intricacy, had implicit the possibility that they might be removed from the whole, to be hung — to be kept — in some other place. Which, in a sense, is what has now happened.

Fraser now makes some works, as in the work for this travelling show, which are separable from their initial site. They are thus at once possessable by an individual or institutional buyer, as the early environments were not, and more widely available. Paradoxically, now that they are free to move, they are able to offer us a more permanent access, a longer intimacy — a repeatable pleasure. Yet by their very delicacy, that pathos of impermanence so important to Fraser's installation aesthetic is still invoked: there is in these works too, a visible fragility, a fragile joy.

FNP

1. Pitts, Priscilla. In *Sculpture 2: Aspects of Recent New Zealand Art*, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1986.

2. Curnow, Wystan. In *NZ Sculptors at Mildura*, 1978.

Jeffrey Harris

In 1974 Jeffrey Harris painted two pictures which he called *Day after Day* and *Another Day*. In both works he divided up the picture surface into an irregular grid, and in each rectangular space he painted a small, usually self-contained image. These included calm landscapes, interiors, stiffly posed family groups with featureless faces, patterned gardens, advertising images, details from the paintings of other artists: grids, crucifixions, lyrical abstractions, the 'frozen flame' dead tree from New Zealand's art history, an empty speech balloon borrowed from comics via Colin McCahon.

The composition looks at first like the structure of a comic strip, to be read carefully, left to right, top to bottom, following a clear narrative thread. But there is no immediately obvious narrative in either of these paintings. The connections we make between the images will be as varied as the questions we ask of them.

The small vignettes bring to mind the careful recording of seasonal activities in medieval Books of Hours; a resemblance which is deepened by their bright, clear colours and titles which indicate the regular repetition of daily routines. They connect also with the painted or photographed diaries made by women artists in the 1970s and often presented in the grid form of calendars. Harris's small images can be read as diary-like records of his emotions and experiences — a personal record of events rather than a world view. In their apparent confusion, especially evident in *Day after Day*, they reflect the way human lives can seem to comprise bafflingly unconnected fragments of experience, emotion and behaviour. The operation of memory, which replays events from our past on the inside of our closed eyelids like sequences from old movies, can line up images in absurd juxtapositions. Harris plays with his narrative form, going against its grain, piling up one enigmatic image on another, leaving the viewer to contribute a story, or to deny the importance of any story at all.

Until recently Jeffrey Harris was located in the New Zealand art world's picture of itself as epitomising the southern end of the largely imaginary, but astonishingly persistent 'deep South/shallow North' dichotomy. He seemed a withdrawn loner, non-communicative, living in Dunedin surrounded by his family and a library of art books. It was generally

10

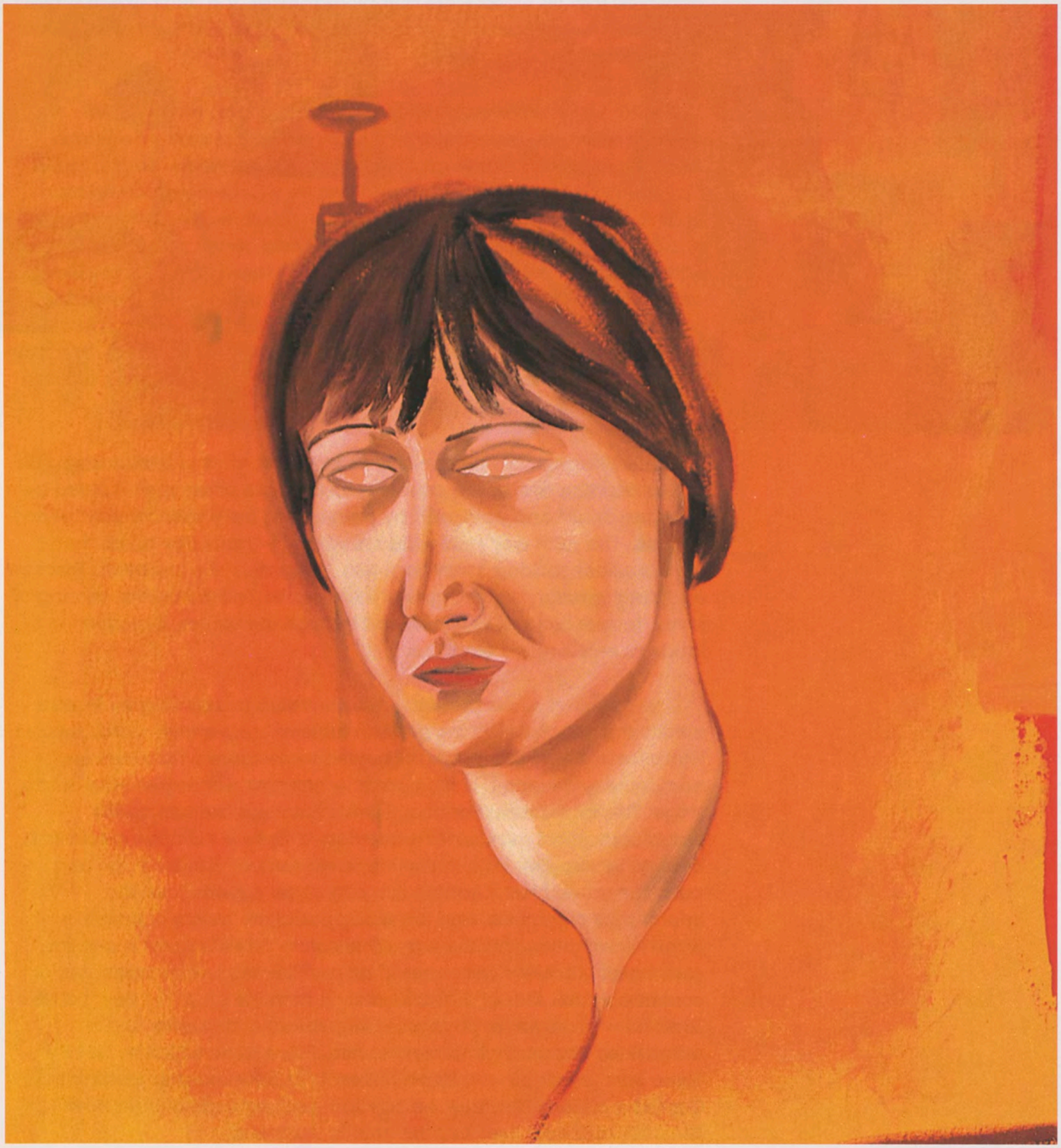
accepted that his works were autobiographical and diary-like in subject; he made whole series which apparently documented the vicissitudes of his relationships.

Yet the works were puzzling, though memorable, and definitely out of synch with most other painters working here. The content of strong emotion, religious subjects and the landscape seemed to tie him to Colin McCahon, and at times it appeared that he was being groomed by institutions to accept the mantle McCahon would leave. By the early 1980s Harris was making large pictures in dense and glistening oil paint in which a single 'story' dominated the image. These paintings are like enlargements of the events he depicted in the earlier, multiple image works. Their most insistent theme is one of anguish, despair and isolation. A distraught, distanced couple, a variety of enigmatic symbols, areas of strong and beautiful colour, an almost hysterical line swooping around connecting and separating the protagonists.

10. Jeffrey Harris
Chance 1985 (triptych)

Harris demonstrates a generally misogynistic view of relationships. His stiff, unbending figures are unable to touch each other: men tortured by love and doubt and pain, and by pain-ridden but somehow pain-giving women. The man is often blood-scarred and wearily downcast, the woman aloof, looking away from him, not giving him her heart. Fracture and disintegration is at the core of these works. Brilliant colour, searing or joyful, moves around, between and through the figures, indicating a landscape of tangled emotions.

The paintings in the present exhibition seem to demonstrate Harris's continuing concern with the general subjects of his earlier works, though Harris himself — or that persistent bowed male figure which viewers had come to accept as a self-portrait — has now withdrawn from centre stage. The tacit assumption that Harris's paintings are principally autobiographical must now be questioned. But we still have colour and beauty, landscape, isolation within relationships, human anger and pain, the unresolved meaning of many of our experiences, the importance of symbols, and the strong pull of the history of painting — Harris's fascination with the way others have done it. There is also an awareness of present discourses in art and the work of his international contemporaries, though Harris's isolation from the art world beyond New Zealand was only ever physical — that library of art books and magazines was vitally important to him. Since his selection in 1982 by Gene Baro to exhibit with Milan Mrkusich as New Zealand artists at the Carnegie Institute Biennale, he has travelled regularly outside New Zealand, and now lives half the year in Australia.



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10. Jeffrey Harris
Chance 1985 (detail)

9. Jeffrey Harris
Untitled 1983 (triptych)

In both the present works shapes and objects float, barely tethered, against areas of strong colour — harsh yellows, reds and oranges, deep blues and greens, solid and flat, stippled and brushy, or mere veils of colour through which painted drawings are visible. The pictures' surfaces are densely filled and complicated, the general grid-like structure of the early pictures has returned, but now a narrative is even less discernible. There is no 'centre' in either of the works — despite their triptych structure, the central panel doesn't dominate. All parts carry an equal visual weight, though their emotional impact will vary with the viewer. Truncated female torsos and hypodermic syringes are highly charged images in the 1980s. And as our gaze moves across the paintings we recognise 'quotes' again — from Harris's own work, from the work of other New Zealand artists, and from international art.

In an essay on the work of David Salle, Robert Rosenblum writes:

> This constant assertion and denial of every kind of priority — the murkily erotic versus the flatly decorative, the figurative versus the abstract, the opaque versus the transparent — end in a dream-like stalemate that destroys all hierarchies and leaves us in a state of suspension.[1]

Salle is fairly clearly one of Harris's quoted sources — that odd narrow shape, bulbous at each end, connecting across different parts of the picture image; the division of the painted surface into separate segments — though we've seen that this is something Harris has done in the past, as he has also used thin colour to veil but not obliterate earlier marks.

Yet suspension is a good word to use in describing the mood of these two pictures, with their floating, apparently weightless isolated objects. In an exploration of the theoretical concerns of the 80s, Harris seems to play with our visual memories, to tease us into recognising his references, and the game is to keep the work from being easily closed off, its puzzles laid to rest.

So let's investigate what Harris does give us; bring to bear those processes of language which participate in our perception of the work of art.

Firstly there are many disembodied heads in these pictures, no longer just two protagonists. None of the heads looks at another — their isolation is absolute. They appear either contemplative or in pain. A dangling disconnected telephone receiver, a mockery of communication, appears in both works.

The women's bodies we've noted; from one issues a ghostly outline:

what does it describe? Certainly not a new life. From the other a strange tube — like a root or a vein — reaches down into or grows up from an area of scumbled blue paint.

There are objects which have become symbols of dissolution in Western society — bottles for alcohol or pills, a half-empty glass beside a stretched-out, headless, naked body (male or female?), hypodermic syringes. No comforting cups of tea.

A shape which has appeared in an earlier painting is now a drawbridge form in the central panel of *Untitled*. The two halves don't meet in the centre; between them, into a green void, descends a line which issues from one of the heads. Harris plays with perceptions of depth and flatness. Those very three-dimensional heads don't protrude from the canvas, are no more 'real' than the clumsily outlined body beneath them, or the groups of outlined heads at the bottom of each work — barely outlined, veiled with paint, piled on one another as though in a charnel-house vault. They seem to indicate Harris's concern with history, and with mortality: the short span of time we have for human endeavours. Facing one of these heaps of heads is the profile of Harris himself. In the right-hand panel of both works there is a pedestal form, which appeared as a toppling column in earlier paintings and now has taken a shape which for this viewer evokes memories of the central panel of Colin McCahon's *Elias Triptych*, and shapes in his large *Days and Nights in the Wilderness* paintings. Beside it in both works is the curving outline of McCahon's waterfalls and Canterbury hills.

For McCahon, this was the shape of light, pouring through the gap between two headlands — hope in the darkness, the promise of salvation, the importance of love. For Harris there's been a similar, almost Gothic concern with the hopefulness of angels, and the pain of loss of hope and faith.

Below Harris's pedestal in *Chance* there's a table with glasses of wine; in *Untitled* a similar table carries a loaf of bread. Symbols of survival, and of dissolution, of sacrifice and of salvation — of hope reborn.

Even with the character of the artist embarked on a personal journey removed, Harris's works are still involved with personal choice, with human confusion. These paintings are neither expressionist outpourings of personal distress, nor distanced assertions of the ultimate meaningless of images. Harris continues to state, or to evoke, questions of moral choice and the apparent banality of human endeavour does not deter him.

1. Rosenblum, Robert. 'Notes on David Salle' in *David Salle*. Edition Bischofberger, 1986.

Christine Hellyar

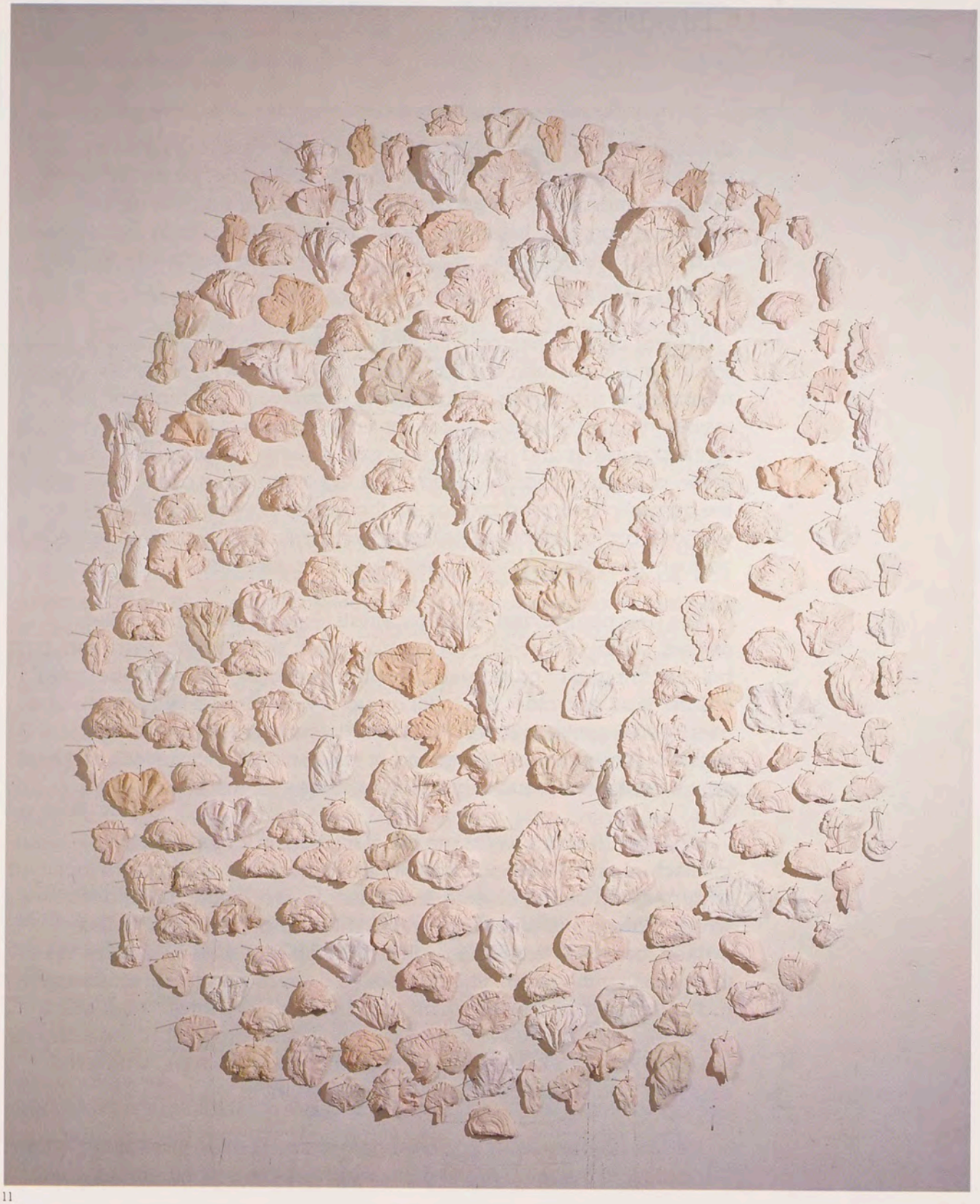
Christine Hellyar is one of New Zealand's most consistently innovative sculptors. She explores the large theme of landscape, particularly New Zealand landscape — its geography, plant and animal life and the human responses to these. Her materials are diverse, but in use all take on a distinctive Hellyar imprint which is sometimes the literal imprint of another object.

Hellyar began working with rubber latex in 1968 when she was at art school, and since then she has sought out materials for sculpture which mimic living substances, redolent with suggestions of mutability. She makes visual and tactile references to the process of time, to the distance that separates us and our concerns from those of our ancestors, and to the speed of organic change, decay and regrowth. Some of her objects echo the domestic tools used by women thousands of years ago in processes we have almost forgotten. Hellyar's works are often humorous, sometimes vaguely menacing, poking gentle fun at the squeamish.

She uses natural and found materials — stone, bark, barnacles, grasses, shells, driftwood, supplejack, bones, wool, cotton, seaweed, flax; but also imprints or casts these into other materials such as rubber latex, bronze, lead and clay. The latter group are also based in the earth and offer her the contrasts of weight, scale, colour and texture that she requires. A nikau palm flower cast in latex and in bronze looks and feels very different and bears a different message.

Christine Hellyar's works are full of messages: tactile, visual, intellectual and emotional, sometimes visceral. A number have included wrapped and bound objects, 'creatures' of wood, bark, fur and feathers which seem to lurk and scurry within small ceramic 'caves' or flax baskets, or muslin tents. These echo the shapes of spiders' webs or the eel traps used by the Maori. She has looked often at the idea of entrapment, making nests and shelters which could be traps or snares. These small creatures have the power of fetishes — obviously unreal, but unsettling all the same. She is a close observer of insect and animal life, where the capacity to lull and lure victims is vital for survival.

Hellyar has frequently enclosed her works in boxes, trays or cupboards — a practical means of holding the sculptural parts together and



11

physically isolating them from surrounding objects. The containers contribute to the meaning of the works. *Tool Trays* 1982 were like the storage drawers in which museum artifacts are held and labelled. Her glass-fronted cupboards (bought from second-hand shops) also have connotations of the sometimes questionable timelessness of museum displays. Hellyar's cupboards hold implements, adornments, musical instruments from other times and places, and remind us of the collections of treasured odds and ends in china cabinets at home.

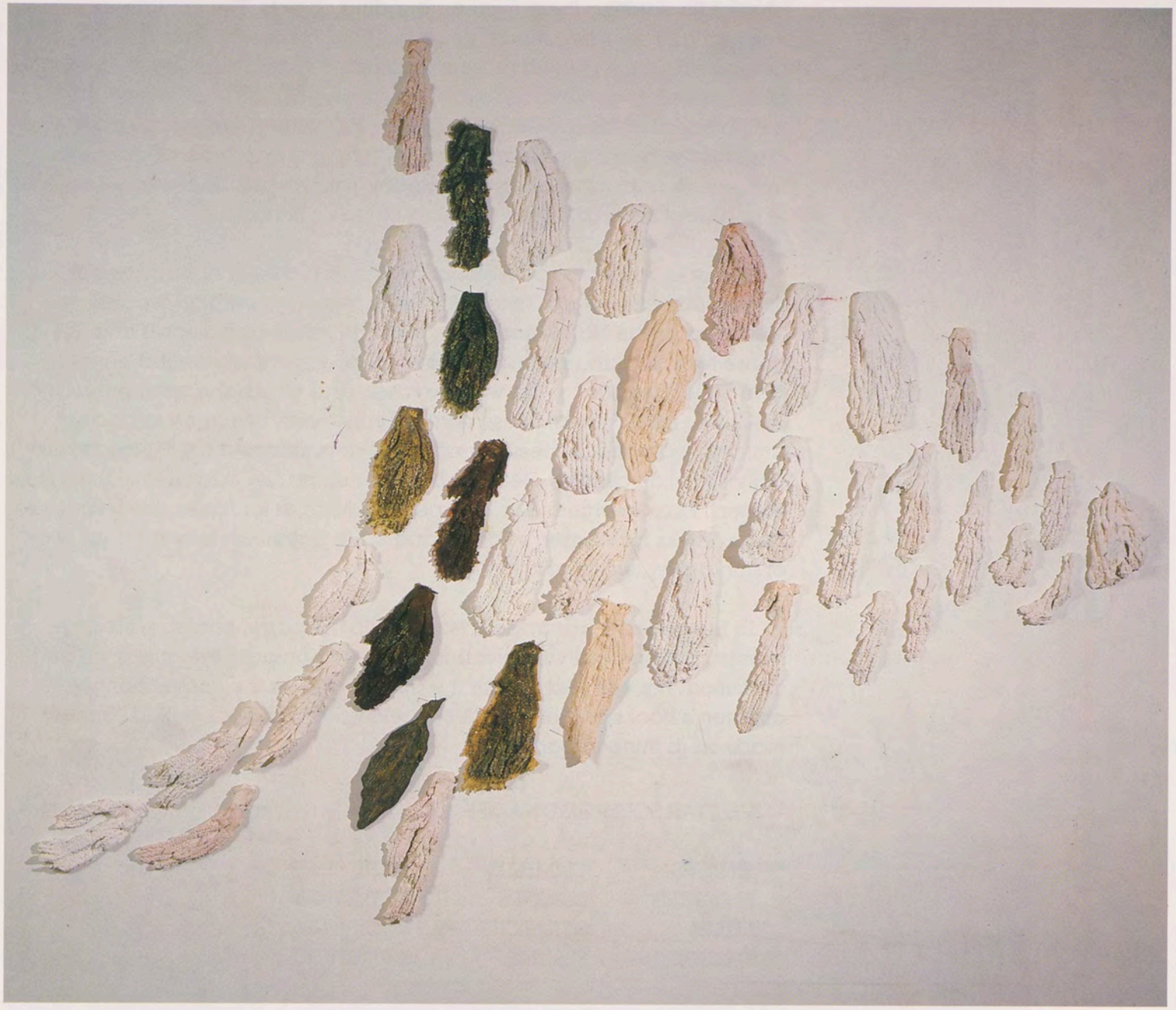
The artist is an avid collector of odds and ends — flint arrowheads, flotsam from the beach, (she grew up in New Plymouth on the stormy west coast of the North Island), and a wide range of materials from the dense New Zealand bush. She is also a collector of words and phrases from which the titles of her works evolve, and which she often prints and binds into small books. These reveal her network of interest in ancient artifacts, tools and processes, and in the domestic and ritual objects and activities of all cultures. Her *Tool Trays*, for example, had titles such as Flax Beaters, Flax Pounders, Skin Scrapers, Bird Stones for Brides, Moth Rocks on Sticks, Rocks for Women's Roads, and each tray held Hellyar's own 'tools' of stone, clay, wood and leather.

In her books words appear isolated on the page, printed with large stamps, interspersed with pictures which demonstrate the artist's wit and invention, her ear and eye for the absurd and for the conventions of children's books and of scientific labelling. A 1985 book called *Names* reads on its thirteen pages:

HELLYAR SCULPTURE NAMES 1985

SINKERS	CLIMBERS	BRIDE BIRDS	
FLOATERS	DIGGERS	BIRD BRIDES	
FLIERS	SCRATCHERS	STICK BIRDS	
CREEPERS	FEELERS	BIRD STICKS	
ROCK BRIDES	BIRD TRAPS	BONE PINS	
BIRD ROCKS	BIRD TRAPPERS	BONE COMBS	
MOTH ROCKS	BONE PICKS	STONE POUNDERS	
ROCK MOTHS	BONE PICKERS	STONE BEATERS	
RAKES	WHISK WHIP		
BROOMS	POT PAN	RUBBER FISH	POTATO MAN
DUSTERS	SPEAR SPIKE		
LOOMS	FLAIL FAN		

11. Christine Hellyar
Skin 1987



12

Her ear for the changing shades of meaning in the arrangements of words is matched by her eye for nuances of surface texture and scale shifts in the work *Skin*.

Here is Hellyar using repetition rather than enclosure to create the structure of the work. The work is concerned principally with plants and trees; the skin and hair of the earth, whose roots are her veins and bones. It echoes the endless repetitions of like forms in the plant world, and their endless and minute differences.

The plant skin of New Zealand has two distinct 'layers' — firstly, the great variety of native plants made particularly interesting by the country's isolation, then the next layer of exotic, introduced species. Hellyar has printed into porcelain clay the impressions of many plants, their veins clearly outlined like the veins under our own skin. In some, growth lines appear — as in the casts of the small fan-shaped shelf fungus which grows on many trees in the bush. There are also lichens, fungi, and the bark of a tree fern which clearly shows its growth pattern — scars left on the trunk where old leaves have fallen away as the tree expands. These small fragments are like scales, scabs, dried bits of skin picked off in a continuing process of change, healing, regrowth: discarding the old to make way for the new.

There is also one of Hellyar's favourite shifts of scale at work here. These imprints could be even more minute fragments seen under a microscope; cells growing and dividing, spreading out from the centre. The growth processes of large and microscopic life forms are very similar. In an essay on landscape sculpture in Britain, David Reason writes:

> Landscapes change; and change is itself an intrinsic aspect of our experience of landscape. The landscape is a polyrhythmic composition of processes whose pulse varies from the erratic flutters of leaves to the measured drift and clash of tectonic plates.[1]

12. Christine Hellyar
Flesh and Blood and Bone 1987

Hellyar's *Skin* forms drift and float on the wall, quivering with the possibility of change, of death and regrowth, the constant renewal of the skin.

An impression of movement and flow is built into *Flesh and Blood and Bone* — a cascade of castings in latex, clay and bronze of the dead seedheads of the nikau palm. This is the only palm in New Zealand and the southernmost in the world.[2] The flowers burst from the trunk of the palm, pushing off old leaf fronds in a sloughing process. At first the flowers

are erect, then gradually droop as the berries form. When the berries drop the stems are hard and brown like dried seaweed. Cast in latex they seem almost squid-like, and the movement of the parts across the wall implies both a wriggling slither upwards and a watery cascade down. Walk through the bush in the rain and you'll know what she means.

This fish-like quality is apparent also in *Soft Buried Bones* — large latex casts of nikau fronds which have the translucence and flexibility of the soft bones of a squid, but on a huge scale, and meshed together to form a flesh-coloured mat. They are new soft growths which in time perhaps will harden to resemble the parent forms from which they were made; and these casts are here too, leaning discarded against the wall. There is a fusion of plant and animal associations, together with echoes of the waters from which we all emerged.

Christine Hellyar's works are both solemn and celebratory, communicating delight in the world. Her keen observations result in sculptures which point to those often ignored or unnoticed yet complex processes which go on round us, and to the continuity of life.

> The life-cycle of creation is endless. We watch the seasons come and go, life into life forever. The child becomes parent, who then becomes respected elder. Life, so sacred, it is good to be a part of it all.[3]

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13. Christine Hellyar
Soft Buried Bones 1987

1. Reason, David. 'A Hard Singing of Country', essay in the catalogue *The Unpainted Landscape*. Coracle Press, Scottish Arts Council and Graeme Murray Gallery, 1987, p.40.

2. The nikau palm has a straight trunk up to ten metres high with circular leaf scars, and bears beautiful pink flowers followed by green berries which turn red as they ripen. The nikau has been prized by the Maori, who came to Aotearoa from the islands to the north where palms grew in abundance. The leaves can be used as an emergency thatch for a shelter, and the dead leaf bases are wonderful sleds for children. The immature flowers and berries are edible, as is the heart.

3. Anonymous American Indian quoted by David Reason in 'A Hard Singing of Country'. Ibid, p.34.

13

Megan Jenkinson

In 1982 and 1986 Megan Jenkinson had two exhibitions of photo-collages in Auckland. The general theme of both exhibitions was what she terms the man-nature-civilisation relationship; a relationship marked by conflicts — in particular, ongoing battles between order and chaos. To help explore and expose these conflicts, Jenkinson uses the traditional tool of allegory — indispensable for centuries in literature and the visual arts and recently fallen from favour, but now reappearing.

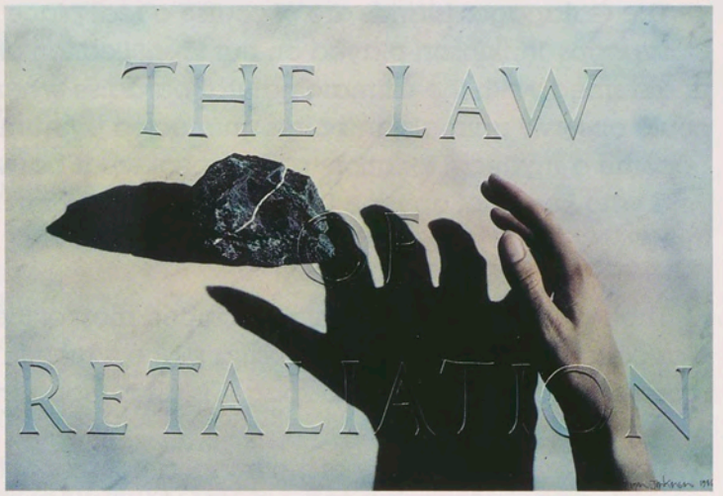
> Allegorical imagery is appropriated imagery; the allegorist does not invent images but confiscates them. (She) lays claim to the culturally significant, poses as its interpreter. And in her hands the image becomes something other. She does not restore an original meaning that may have been lost or obscured... Rather she adds another meaning to the image.[1]

Jenkinson's appropriations are wide ranging; she uses and re-uses photographs taken in New Zealand and during her travels in Europe in 1984. These provide the raw materials for her collages: classical urns, fragments of sculpture and architecture, the landscape of cities, stones, fossils, plants, birds, butterflies — and she invests them with meanings of her own devising.

Jenkinson's intention in both her exhibitions was to locate the works in a particular place, then to cause the viewer to believe in the existence of that place. The works are records of her visits and of what she found (she must have been there — she took the photographs). These records are counterfeit, of course; witty photographic pretences bringing together images collected from many sources.

Her first exhibition, *Rediscovering Galapagos*, documented her 'scientific' findings on those remote islands. One of her works was a letter rack, with photographic letters addressed to her at hotels there. She also made boxes of photographed butterflies, which she pinned with a lepidopterist's skill. They were set against backgrounds which displayed their mastery of camouflage — a form of self-defence observable in living things of every order, including human beings. In her *Coats of Deception* series Jenkinson created new forms of human urban and rural camouflage with witty insight into our need to fit into our surroundings.

21. Megan Jenkinson
Lex Talionis — the Law of Retaliation 1986



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The Galapagos Islands are of course a real place but in *Rediscovering Galapagos* Jenkinson played on our identification of them with nature undisturbed, with the ultimate natural paradise where Charles Darwin could observe animals and birds unaffected by humans. They have become a mythical location, a symbol of what Darwin observed there. And who knows of anyone but Darwin (and Megan Jenkinson) visiting there?

The second exhibition, which included most of the works shown here, was called *Disarray in Aequilibria*, a place which in Jenkinson's schema represents culture, as the Galapagos Islands represent nature.

Aequilibria is a country of the mind, a country of the past and of the present. Jenkinson's meticulous and beautiful collages imply that we can find its traces, its artifacts, if we look carefully — or if we work hard at creating Aequilibria today. And as suggested by its name, it is a place where classical forms of language abound. Jenkinson plays on a recurrent Western tendency to see Ancient Greece and Rome as the ultimate nostalgic embodiment of the highest forms of culture.

25. Megan Jenkinson
Before the Fall 1987

26. Megan Jenkinson
The Romantic Rebellion 1987

27. Megan Jenkinson
Nature Morte 1987

28. Megan Jenkinson
Cinerarium 1987

This association of ancient civilisations with order, and our own times with chaos, is found in her 1985 work *The Unswept floor*. It comprises four adjacent images of which the first is a photograph of the famous Herculanean mosaic floor, scattered in an orderly fashion with the debris of a good meal. In the three following photographs Jenkinson's floor becomes progressively less ordered. Collaged elements from the original photograph are overlapped by a buildup of other detritus — rusty nails, decorative fragments from ancient buildings — against a background which is no longer smooth mosiac, but peeling, crumbling masonry and plaster.

Jenkinson's observations of disturbing events in Aequilibria are particularly acute in a series of works called *Virtus Moralis*. Here is the old unresolvable conflict of good and evil, order and chaos, virtue and vice. To explore it Jenkinson turns to the antique language of personification, and here she reinterprets ideas of cultural significance, using the power of classical language and myth to rewrite the old allegories in a new way and for new ends.

In a recent book Marina Warner has explored the artistic convention of female figures, often armed, representing and upholding abstract concepts such as liberty, justice, prudence or fortitude. She notes that despite this longstanding, seldom challenged convention, few people

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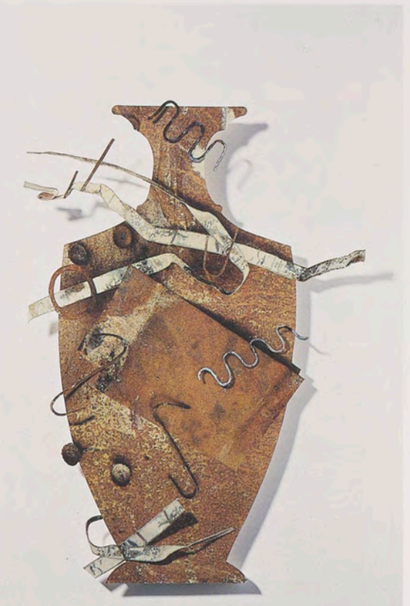

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think that women have special claims on liberty or justice.

> No visitor, looking up at the Statue of Liberty, imagines her appearance is a sign that women have enjoyed privileged access to freedom in the U.S., then or now, or that society ever believed that to be the case.[2]

Yet there remain around us in Western cities today, even in New Zealand, Victorian remnants of the neoclassical taste for elaborate public statements in the allegorical mode. There is irony in the fact that the events so celebrated were often disasters masquerading as glories. In 1981 in Auckland a group of activists beheaded, and later tarred and feathered, a bronze statue of a young woman who stood trailing a flag on the steps of a memorial to those 'friendly Maoris' who fought with the Pakeha in the Land Wars of the 1860s. The defacing of the statues of deposed tyrants is common throughout history but it seems that the allegorical mode also has the power to offend.

The first work in the series *Virtus Moralis* is not a traditional virtue, but Aequilibria herself, and her house is in chaos. A patchwork quilt, that woman-made ordered assembly of fragments, is crumpled and pushed aside. Through the air fly classical vases, about to smash on the floor. Agitation, upheaval and imminent disaster indicate the other scenes of struggle and disorder which are to follow. In the remainder of the series we meet many of the traditional virtues facing contemporary problems — Prudentia, Justitia, Fortitudo, Philosophia. *Fortitudo battling with the Winds of the Furies* shows her in the midst of the current distressing storm of demolition in Auckland. Masonry, steel rods and corrugated iron crash around her into a desolate urban landscape. She appears calm and determined, but scarcely triumphant.

Meanwhile Prudentia tries to make sense of the building boom which follows demolition. She erects a precarious structure using building blocks which bear the names of the mega-businesses which are profiting in New Zealand's present economy. There is a nice ambiguity here: will the structure grow or fall? It has none of the solidity of the pyramids on which it is modelled, despite the heroic titles which these 'corporate giants' and 'captains of industry' use to describe themselves. And of course the only inhabitants of pyramids or monuments are the dead.

In this work, as in the rest of the series shown here, the hand of the allegorical virtue stands metonymically for her presence. She is active, but unable to be fully observed. This is an overturning of traditional

representations which Jenkinson continues in the disturbing and puzzling work *Justitia wounded by the Sword of Liberty au-dessus de la mêlée*. There are casualties in these struggles, it seems. The sword and scales are usually the attributes of Justice, but here Liberty has a sword and Justice is wounded, though in truly monumental fashion, she does not bleed. This work refers perhaps to one of the most difficult balancing acts in any state ancient or modern: the weighing up of the demands for individual freedom (greed?) and the need for social justice. In a discussion of this work, Priscilla Pitts suggests that the broken wing belongs to the dove of peace, traditional companion of Justice, here dashed into pieces.[3]

Megan Jenkinson has said that in many of her works the titles come before the images; they are an integral part of the way the picture is developed. This process is particularly evident in two works which are a compound of image and words. Letters are cut from the image and reapplied to it, so that the words of the titles are both subject and background. The object and its name merge into a single entity.

Lex Talionis — the Law of Retaliation shows an acceleration rather than a stabilising of violent forces; the 'balance of power' never reaches equilibrium — both sides add to it constantly. And in *Creation and the Modern Western Illusion of Power* hands are at work using stone building blocks, this time to create a structure which echoes the shape of a nuclear mushroom cloud — symbol of our power to destroy.

15. Megan Jenkinson
The House of AEQUILIBRIA in Disarray 1986

19 Megan Jenkinson
FORTITUDO Battling with the Winds of the Furies 1986

17. Megan Jenkinson
JUSTITIA Wounded by the Sword of Liberty au-dessus de la mêlée 1986

18. Megan Jenkinson
PRUDENTIA Endeavours to Construct a Model of Plato's Ideal State with the Building Blocks of Tombs of the Dead Kings 1986

Language appears again in the complex work *Conversation*, in which Jenkinson explores the idea that the possibilities for communication, which may once have existed been animal and human, between nature and culture, are diminishing. Jenkinson comments:

> In his dialogue Culture talks about Art, where it is housed (in cities) and conflict (in the amphora that shows Achilles slaying Penthesilea).
>
> Nature talks about flora and fauna, infinity, and tries to interpret the augury of birds in the sky.[4]

Penthesilea was Queen of the Amazons, and her slaying by Achilles makes another reference to that perennial discourse of patriarchal culture — the domination of women.

The often lengthy titles of Jenkinson's works echo those of allegorical paintings in the past. It seems that classical references have always needed explanation for the viewer, so great is the power of symbol to

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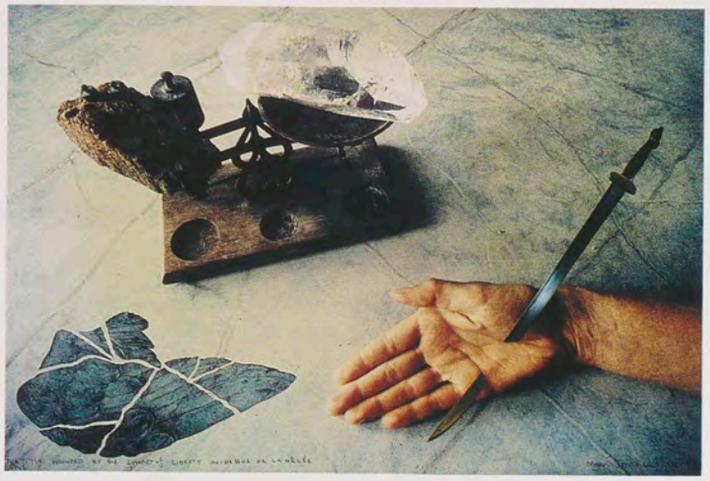

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slide between contrasting meanings. Megan Jenkinson's works are seldom closed, and her equivocal titles ensure a continual shifting of meaning.

AMJ

1. Owens, Craig. *The Allegorical Impulse: Toward a Theory of Post Modernism*. *OCTOBER* 12, Spring 1980.

2. Warner, Marina. *Monuments and Maidens: the Allegory of the Female Form*. Atheneum, New York, 1985, p.17.

3. Pitts, Priscilla. *Megan Jenkinson: the Cult of Self Defence*. Unpublished essay.

4. Jenkinson, Megan. Notes for a lecture at Real Pictures Gallery, Auckland, 1987.

Richard Killeen

The separate parts of Killeen's paintings come uncomposed. They come to their buyer, and to gallery or museum, in a box. What composition may be made of these pieces (of which none is more important than another) is left to the person who hangs them.

So the vistas of certain freedoms are opened...

A certain freedom within: no image within the work is finally fixed above or below any other, none honoured by centrality, none relegated to the side: no hierarchy, no transcendence, no privilege within the work.

A certain freedom without: the viewer may enter freely from without to compose the work — insofar as it *can* be composed: no hierarchy, no transcendence, no privilege of artist over *mere* spectator.

It's an enactment of the truth that we, the spectators, paint as we view. An allegory whose truth is that the *viewer* makes meaning. That the viewer *makes* meaning.

And an allegory, too, of the contrary truth: that the meaning is also — and at the same time — always already given, provided there in the work, in the forms given us by the artist, and in that mode of structuring them which the work peremptorily demands.

The cut-outs are an allegory, then, of this essential doubleness in every act of viewing, of reading.

Killeen is not, in any case, expressing *himself*, but visual language in operation: his signs come from without, and he shows it, not from within. Killeen's cut-outs, in their various ways and times, act to refuse those conventional requirements of the artist: expressivity and interiority — the expression as if of some individual, unified, and deep inner being.

How does this show in the cut-outs? Facts, facts, facts. There is the very matter-of-factness of mark, the very lack of assertive stroke — that stock sign of expressivity. There is the fact that Killeen offers composition to the viewer, who will arrange the pieces as he or she pleases, making of them what he or she will. There is the fact, too, that many of Killeen's images

31

are not 'invented', as though from some inner resource, but are *collected* from elsewhere — and collected well prior to the painting.

The images used in the earlier cut-outs (1978-1986) were gathered by drawing; those in the recent cut-outs are gathered by photocopying. In either case, Killeen's images are garnered, not as if from the recesses of the heart, but from various public compendia of images: from bookplates of tools, of insects, of plants, of weapons, of dwellings, of gods, of goddesses, of machine parts — as if from the world's whole vast encyclopaedia of signs. They are hardly the appurtenances of an impassioned moment.

There has seldom been in the cut-outs any fervid agitation of paint. But Killeen's use of a photocopier and a computer to draw the images of the recent cutouts serves to refuse, with an especially dramatic clarity, the self-constituting mark of the artist's hand. The use of the computer and the photocopier is the mark, rather, of a certain disavowal of personality. (I think here of those engaging computer characters, or programme names, MacDraw and MacPaint — might we ascribe the drawing of the cutouts to *them*?) And such a marked refusal of expressivity and interiority remains visible, even if Killeen does reserve the right variously to scribble over the photocopied image, to wash over it, or to colour it in.

The brushstroke, at least since the expressionists, has come often to serve as an intensifier, as the conventional mark of an invested passion, miming that passion which purports to have caused it: it is now conventionally taken as the spontaneous impulse of a powerfully moved soul. It serves, at the same moment as it asserts its own evocativeness, to constitute, and to dramatise, an impassioned artistic self: it is the self-constructing act of an artistic persona.

31. Richard Killeen
Monkey's Revenge December 1986

Killeen's work, it seems, was always after something quite other. From 1970 on, it had recourse to images made by the stencil and the stamp, so disallowing any too perfervid disturbance of paint. Neither stencil nor stamp were likely to leave the impression of a passionately impelled marking: both connote a certain separability of mark from self.

Such signatures as there were in Killeen's works of 1972 were put on with a linocut stamp — a practice he was intermittently to continue until 1978, when the cut-outs began. A *counterfeiting* of his own signature, if such a thing can be... the signature, the very mark of individuality, that which determines authorship, intention, responsibility and value — the whole bourgeois function of individuality and commodity in all its

30

inextricability — is here reduced to a stamp: a derisory practice.

In Killeen's *Chance* series of 1970, the images were chosen and placed by the dicings and dealings of change — another mode of relinquishing the artistic persona, for which chance became the stand-in, or the simulacrum. In his first cut-outs, those of 1978, Killeen used a spray gun and lacquer, allowing one immaculately flat colour per piece — a technique not so much of the artist as of the car painter.

Stencils, stamps, chance, the counterfeit signature, an industrial technique: all modes of estrangement from the artist's hand.

Killeen in 1969 had already written of his work: 'My identity must not be cause and must not be present.'[1] The refusal of an asserted and dramatised self, the estrangement of mark from self, must be for Killeen one of the photocopier's and the computer's finest amenities.

Killeen, in the persona of painter, might seem often a homeless multitude, not one person only, but an intermittent advance in which there appears — *and simultaneously* — the hard-edge painter, the brushworky painter, the photocopier, the draftsman, the regionalist, the internationalist, the figurationist, the abstractionist, the organicist, the geometer, not one of whom shares with another even the same kind of realism, or abstraction, or whatever.

A multitude in advance *in the single work*...

It's a collage effect...

30. Richard Killeen
Time to change Male Institutionalised War June 1986

To *collage* has been defined as:

> To lift a certain number of elements from works, objects, pre-existing messages, and to integrate them into a new creation in order to produce an original totality manifesting ruptures of diverse sorts.[2]

Collage, as the reader will well know, comes from modernism. The distinguishing feature of *post*-modern collage is that there is no longer any unifying ground — as there was, say, in Picasso's famous *Still Life with Chair Caning* — to which the collage fragment might be attached: there is nothing but the fragmented quotation; there is nothing but the fissure, there is nothing but the hyphen between.

Of such groundlessness, Killeen's cut-outs provide a perfect — and

29

even a literal — example.

And so:

> The fiction of the creating subject gives way to frank confiscation, quotation, excerptation, accumulation and repetition of already existing images. Notions of originality, authenticity and presence are undermined.[3]

How *can* there be found in collage the unified, original, stable voice of the singular individual? Where *is* Killeen in this originless triangle, or this cut-out encyclopaedic image of the insect? In this photocopied bust of Darwin? In this computer-distended face?

The self can be nothing but a broken bundle of mirrors. The self, the 'I', can be nothing but a product, a shifting effect of language; this I who seems to paint, to view, to write, to read, is in Barthes' lovely phrase, nothing but a 'vast dissolve', nothing but a mirrored mirage, a tissue of citations.

The self is a collage effect...

As Derrida says of the collage:

> Its heterogeneity...imposes itself on the reading as a stimulation to produce a reading which could be neither univocal or stable...[4]

In Killeen's cut-outs there is an extraordinary diversity of voices, of parts, an exhilarating heterogeneity of image, and a corresponding heterogeneity of styles. A heterogeneity too of historical perspectives: a multiple temporality, a veritable archaeology: Egypt of the pharoahs, China of the emperors, the Maya, the Aztec, the Polynesian.

29. Richard Killeen
Floating Islands March 1986

But an archaeology, or museum, whose taxonomies have come all undone.

The cut-outs are an allegory of disjunction, disassociation, discontinuity. A disjunction without pain. Or pathos. Disjunction presented, perhaps, as if it were just a matter of fact — simply how the world comes. Unclouded by regret; made, rather, in no consciousness of any possibility, in the past or the future, of some unified or unfragmented order; no possibility, then, of the pathos of its loss, or its unattainedness.

There is an affirmation, rather, of *difference*, of the differences of things, creatures, cultures, sexes... of difference without hierarchy and without opposition. There is a marking of difference, a *letting differences be*.

The concern is always, as in the words of several cut-out titles, *The Politics of Difference*. If opposition there is in the cut-outs it is to the oppressive orders which the cut-outs might seem to pose themselves against. Consider Killeen's only two really buttonholing titles: *Time to Change Male Institutionalised War* and *Time to Change the Greek Hero*. They pose the works against the unities of patriarchal power, and the unities of the classic; they point to this material fact of all the cut-outs — that they must thwart any eye too avid of order. Time, that is, to get rid of these aspects of what the classic has come to mean: order, hierarchy, privilege, permanence, governing power.

Killeen's cut-outs offer, rather, an allegory, a celebration and a bliss of difference. A dispersion of power, certainly, but a dispersion in which all policy of assimilation is rendered impossible. A policy, say, of *multiculturalism*: a dispersion in which all the pungency of the parts is preserved, all the pang of their difference.

Floating Islands, as one title has it, *With Strange Birds and People*. Differences, floating free in the white.

Or, as in the examples here, which come with the instruction that their pieces be hung touching, rather than, as more usually in his work, floating apart: differences colliding, all jostled together — a tense co-existence — *a simultaneity of irreconcilable difference*...

FNP

1. Killeen, R. *The Green Notebook*. Unpublished artist's notebook, *c*. June 1969 — March 1971.

2. Group Mu editors. *Collages*. Union Générale, Paris, 1978. pp 13-14. Cited in 'The Object of Post-Criticism' in *The Anti-Aesthetic: Essays in Postmodern Culture*. Ed. Hal Foster. Bay Press, Washington, 1983. p.84

3. Crimp, Douglas. 'On the Museum's Ruins' in *The Anti-Aesthetic*. p.43

4. Derrida, Jacques. *Positions*. Trans. Allan Bass. University of Chicago, 1981. p.26

Denis O'Connor

O'Connor writes to the writer: 'I went through my notebooks recently and organised the many fragments into the enclosed information relating to the carved stone tableau, *The Birdman and the Engineer*...to provide some approaches and reference points.'

The elaboration and richness of detail in these notes, their 'timely meeting', as they nicely have it, of Irish myth, of twelfth century French stone carving, of local gardening décor, and of New Zealand historical and geographical particulars: I shall quote them in full, adding only a telling remark from the accompanying letter.

> For some time now my work has been concerned with the interlacing of local and regional references with cultural antecedents and traditions. A form of 'historicising reverie' that is more common in literature than in the visual arts.[1]

And if O'Connor's *The Birdman and the Engineer* is, as he says, 'a series of fragmented wall carvings from some imagined facade of South Island limestone', might not the motto of his memorialised engineer, Mr Ernest Hayes, be stolen for an imagined O'CONNOR STONECARVING COMPANY: *Durability Before Cheapness*?

And how bizarre it is, I cannot resist adding, when travelling through the hardly populous South Island of New Zealand, a place where, in the endless complaint of New Zealand poets, 'all human history has lapsed'[2], where 'a century ago no man of white skin had been seen', where 'the very foundations of the house were built on solitude, a soil lacking the humus of history'[3], where 'the stones are bare for us to write upon'[4], where, so it is claimed, 'There is no work here for the archaeologist'[5], to come, in Oamaru, upon a whole neoclassic city of stone.

FNP

Mr Kerver and Mr Hayes
an introduction

> During the winter of 1986, while looking for an iced-over lake to skate, I came across the dilapidated remains of Hayes Engineering Works at Oturehua, in the barren hinterland of Central Otago. Now

32

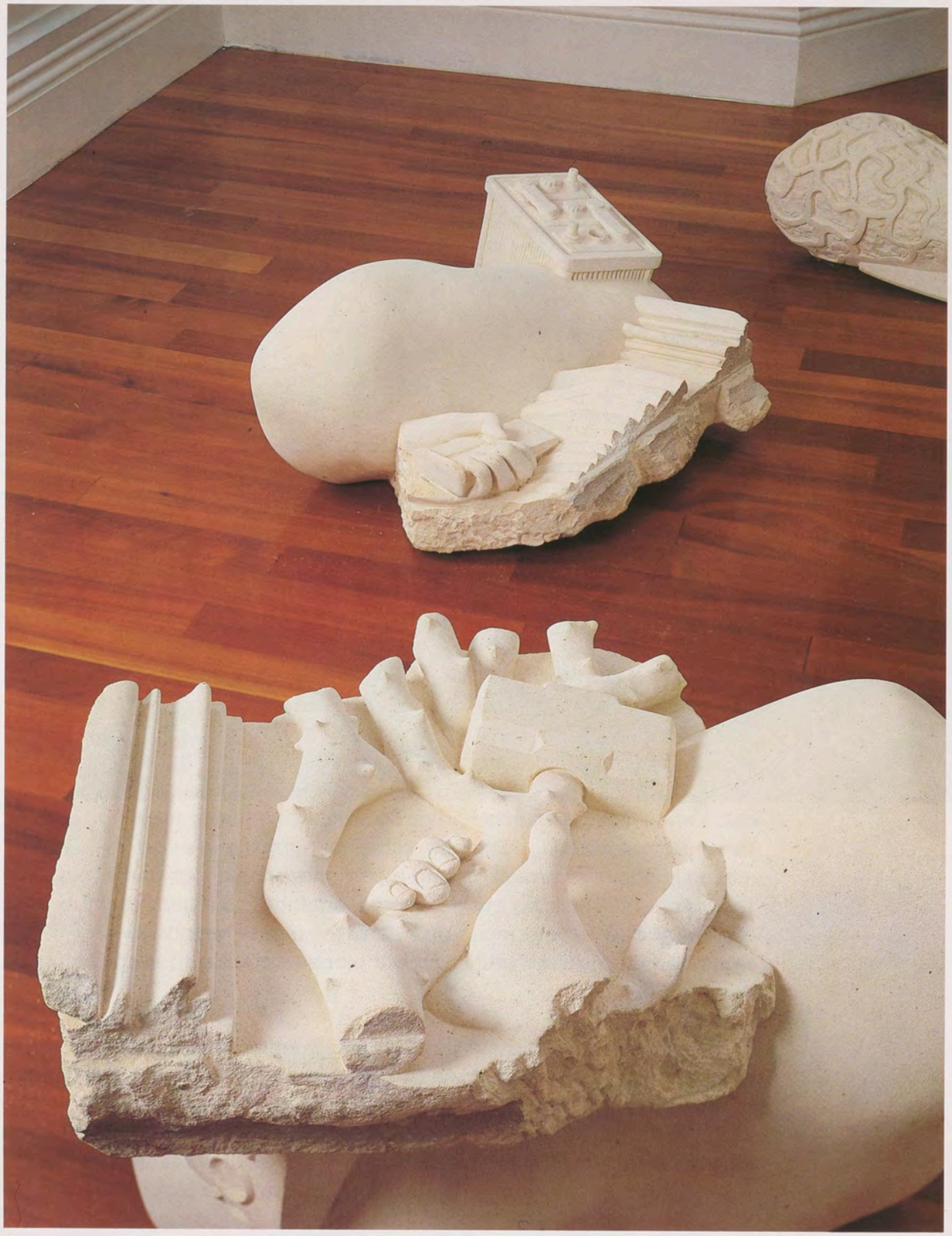
administered by the Historic Places Trust, this enterprise was established by Mr Ernest Hayes, a flour miller, on a part-time basis in 1895, at a period of extraordinary industrial development and invention in Otago and elsewhere in colonial New Zealand. Within ten years this earth floor, waterpowered operation was manufacturing an ingenious range of 'farm labour-saving appliances', from revolving and tower windmills to wire strainers and reels, motor gates, hinges and fasteners all patented under the Hayes business motto *Durability before Cheapness* (*First Cost — Last Cost*). Many of these devices remain on the market today, a testament to their pragmatic originality of design.

Coincidently I was reading at that time the recently translated version of the medieval Gaelic literary classic *Buile Suibhne* (Sweeney Astray), the tale of an heroic Birdking and his visionary utterances whilst exiled to the mountain slopes, treetops and riverbanks, for the apparently unforgiveable crime of blaspheming against a high-ranking cleric. In a commentary on this manuscript, Seamus Heaney, the translator, remarked that 'in so far as the Birdman Sweeney is also a figure of the artist, displaced, guilty, assuaging himself by his utterance, it is possible to read the work (*Buile Suibhne*) as an aspect of the quarrel between free creative imagination and the constraints of religous, political and domestic obligation.'

These two synchronising events became inexplicably related for me, and the mythic plains and mountain ranges of Central Otago a more than worthy locale for a revelation. My Voice (an itinerant stonemason) became one with that of the Birdman Sweeney's. In medieval times a member of the Guild of Stonemasons was known as a Kerver, Imager or Imaginator. So here was a timely meeting. The Imaginator and the Engineer all set for a reverie or even a reconciliation of some sort around a campfire of pine logs and cones. The visionary's 'burning bush' became that thorny indigenous shrub of the region, the matagourie bush, and the ring of hearthstones contained the fossilised artifacts of our pioneer practicalman's working day.

32. Denis O'Connor
The Birdman and the Engineer 1987

To portray the Birdman in a series of fragmented wall carvings from some imagined facade of South Island limestone architecture took me by surprise, but it proved eventually to be a way of also calling up many of my cultural antecedents and artistic ancestors. I'm thinking here about our western European tradition of wall decoration; those arcane dramas, pagan and Christian, particularly the expressive and formal conventions of the Romanesque lineage still talking to us from



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cathedrals and provincial churches.

An example here being the setting of my hand grasping the quarryman's wedge against the feathered line of a wing section (itself an aerial wedge) in *Treatystone* or appropriating the vermiculated ornamentation synonymous with the limestone building tradition on *Oarstone*. 'Giselbertus' inscribed on the oarblade edge was the first European master-kerver to inscribe his name on a cathedral tympanum way back in the twelfth century. That act of defiant individualism is remembered here too.

Ernest Hayes is only one of many brilliant unsung pioneer inventors in this country's colonial past. His wife too, was one of our first sales representatives, cycling the schist tracks of Otago and Southland with the company's illustrated brochure. A fitting protagonist in this allegory of the antipodean imagination and psyche.

Denis O'Connor
July 1987

Five Hearthstones

1. OARSTONE
Vermiculated stump-fragment from a trumeau or a pillar. Cobbing ornamentation is strongly associated with the tradition of limestone architecture. It's my guess it was developed as a technique of suggesting that the soft limestone was in fact a harder stone such as granite, that has more aesthetic status. From a distance the crystal-like patterning and the dramatic chiaroscuro intensifies this illusion. The large oarblade has a talismanic emblem carved on it. A Hooftower — a horse's hoof supporting a conical steeple, continuing the thematic interest of the horse with the sea explored in earlier work from *Songs of the Gulf* such as *Estuarine Eyes* and *East/West Lintel* — (the horse motif was an auspicious symbol painted on the hulls of fishing boats in older cultures of Europe).

2. VICESTONE
Engineer's vice containing an architectural fragment, possibly a section of door-jamb. The shard features fingers holding an egg. A reference here to earlier symbols of hand-held orbs (the search for unity and wholeness). This egg may very well be the native Central Otago falcon's (I found a dead specimen on the roadside). The tempting suggestion also, of the appeal falconry may have for an engineer in this locale. Oturehua, the place, incised on the reverse side.

32. Denis O'Connor
The Birdman and the Engineer 1987 (detail)

32

3. TREATYSTONE
Fossilised twelve volt battery. (Ian Wedde once remarked in a review that there were 'no power tools amongst O'Connor's iconography'.) Fragment of bas-relief wall carving featuring scenes from the exile of the Birdking from the medieval gaelic literary text, *Buile Suibhne* (Sweeney Astray, pub. Faber and Faber). Incised in Roman on the top edge of (3) and (5). Its hero undergoes a series of purgatorial adventures after being turned into a bird and exiled to the wilderness. I have taken Seamus Heaney's interpretation of this story as being an allegory on the role of the artist and particularly the workings of the imagination. My birdman has consequently become a stonemason... his left hand holds a quarryman's wedge against the feathering of his wing. The juxtaposition of hand and wing is a common Romanesque convention seen in ecclesiastic wall-carving. Fingers/feathers.

4. CURBSTONE
Burying worn vehicle tyres half in the ground to indicate a pathway or track circuit (even more elaborate experiments yield swans and other birds from the origami-rubber) has long been a vernacular idiom identified with the New Zealand rural scene. Frequently these markers or pathstones are painted white too! An allusion is intended here to the great curbstones of Gaelic prehistory at sites like Newgrange in Eire where the huge patterned stones are though to *protect* entrance passages.

5. LODESTONE
Gripped by an engineer's magnet bearing the partly obscured manufacturer's stamp, E. Hayes & Sons (in raised and mitred sans-serif) is the second wall-relief fragment featuring the right hand grasping a branch of the thorny matagourie (tumatakuru), one of the few trees to thrive in this region of New Zealand. Impaled on this bough is the head of a quarryman's sledgehammer.

Denis O'Connor

32. Denis O'Connor
The Birdman and the Engineer 1987 (detail)

1. O'Connor, Denis. Letter to the writer, 7 July, 1987.
2. Curnow, Allen. Introduction to *Penguin Book of New Zealand Verse*. Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1960. p.37.
3. Courage, James. *The Call Home*. 1956.
4. Brasch, Charles. 'The Islands' in *Disputed Ground*. 1948.
5. Holcroft, M.H. *The Waiting Hills*, Progressive Publishing Society, Wellington. 1943.

Maria Olsen

Maria Olsen is an artist whose privacy has been described as unassailable. She works in an almost subterranean studio at the back of a warehouse, curtained off from the general workings of small business by a simple sheet of cloth. Here, despite the sounds of the world that filter in, she seems quite isolated. With no natural light, not even a window, she makes her large paintings and sculptures which, in their visceral meatiness, somehow suit the rough plasterwork and heavy concrete columns that surround her. Olsen's paradoxical isolation is symptomatic of her ability to create a world within a world in which to work. She draws almost exclusively from imagination and from memory, deriving a wealth of imagery from an extensive interest in and study of Jungian psychology, religious thought and literature from both East and West.

Writers about Olsen's work have variously attempted to locate her in a wider artistic milieu, citing the influence of Kiefer, Cucchi, Guston, Morandi and McCahon. While this is inevitable and to some degree necessary it does, however, blur the specific nature of her content which distinguishes her work from that of her contemporaries.

Take for example the huge profiles Olsen has depicted in *Headlands*, strikingly reminiscent of those bulbous heads painted by Philip Guston. Both are less 'decapitated' than rooted to the horizontal; both seem slightly ridiculous in their disembodiment. But look at Guston's; his are vehicles for seeing, the huge eye a metaphor for the artist's prime function, staring unblinkingly *out*, at the world. Olsen's, by contrast, are sightless. Their empty sockets are testament to her inward-looking intent; the objects and images to which they are witness, manifestations of the inner, not the outer eye.

But the products of Olsen's imagination are not intangible miasmas, nor are they encoded signs from some system of representation. To borrow Robert Storr's characterisation of Guston's late paintings, Olsen seems to be painting 'as if speaking directly in the language of ''things'' '.[1] Her paintings and sculptures function as the visualisation of ideas, their 'thing-ness' a result of both their physical materiality and their imaginary 'presence'.

For one is struck at once by the sheer physicality of Olsen's work: the

weighty tumescence of her sculptures, the dense tactility of her somewhat sombre paintings. But simultaneously, the images she depicts and the objects she makes, though near-recognisable as evidence of a human presence, evoke a sense of immensity, an immensity which Gaston Bachelard describes as the 'philosophical category of daydream'.[2] Her *Headlands* may be human heads, but they are also geological formations; her cauldrons may have handles, but who could lift them, rooted as they are in a landscape without end? Thus Olsen's work oscillates between the known, the tangible physicality of their making; and the felt, the intangible presence of what has been made.

Close to, the image retreats and the painted surface declares its autonomy. Layers of pigment mesh beneath the shiny tactility of the surface. Pigment mixed with rhoplex — a pliable medium that gives the work its gelatinous finish — is laid on in thick, semi-transparent glazes which build from a gesso base, each layer all but obliterating what lies beneath. Such an insistent interaction between translucency and opacity ensures that much remains hidden. Yet surprisingly, perhaps, flashes of luminous colour — reds, blue, pinks and creamy whites — accent the surface or appear to emerge from somewhere within the work.

Conterminous with the worked-over surface, the layers of gesso-soaked cotton, the wrapped and moulded forms, is the notion that each work exists as the record of a certain labour. Working for Olsen is both an erasive and an additive process, an intuitive use of the materials at hand. Olsen calls the result 'past words', as if the key to their meaning is locked within the painted trace, contained as memory in the gesture of their making.

Looking closely at the visceral hulk of *Headlands*, the viewer is captured at once by the glister of its gluey surface. At the same time, one cannot help but notice the creases and folds of the subcutaneous cloth — its open-weave texture serving as a net to catch the glazes of pigment. But one can look deeper too, into the cracks and fissures of its shadowy contours. Soon one realises that this is a landscape upon a landscape with its own private histories. These are at once both revealed and concealed, to be traversed in time: both the instant perception of the simultaneity of surface and depth, and the gradual tracking of a vista which momentarily gives way to the startling sensual lip of a coral-pink shell, embedded like a fossil in time-worn rock. The act of seeing becomes a process in sympathy with that of making.

Working in three dimensions or two, Olsen draws on a small stock of

34

images which she compiles as rough working drawings and stores in a number of notebooks. These are the basic elements of her language which she combines and recombines in various ways in the finished work. The worked-over quality of Olsen's paintings and sculptures is clearly recognisable; but this same quality characterises her constant manipulation of her store of images. If *Ripple* and *Night Vessel* are representative of a series in which a single element — the cauldron — is obsessively repeated, *Headlands* is a veritable museum of her forms. In the total syntax of her work, *Headlands* stands as a seminal sentence that encapsulates many of its basic ideas. The bandaged and drilled bones, the truncated tree branches, the arch shapes and stacks of bone or straw and the threshold shape or 'linga-yoni' of Indian ritual; these are the forms that function as the building blocks for her architecture of the mind.

34. Maria Olsen
Night Vessel 1986–1987

Olsen's blurring of the distinctions between painting and sculpture, so clearly evident in her work, is as much a function of her response to a contemporary artistic climate — one which rejects the notion that art resides solely in a reductive search for and manipulation of each medium's essential and discrete ingredients — as it can be attributed to her primary intention: to picture. While both her paintings and sculptures seem to inhabit space — hung low to the ground or leaning against the wall, they have a rooted-ness that drags them floor-wards — they nevertheless are wall-bound. They function thus, as tableaux to be looked at, thereby asserting the primacy of their content, despite their bulky physicality and the sensuous tactility of their surfaces.

By placing primary emphasis on the content of her work, Olsen shifts the burden of meaning from the resonances contained in each brushstroke to the images and objects she depicts. For Olsen is not interested in 'self'-expression, despite an obvious fascination with technique. Instead, she confers on her work a metaphorical intent which locates meaning in the associations and memories that the images generate. Their function therefore, is connotative rather than denotative; and as such, Olsen's role is mediumistic rather than originary.

Thus Olsen's work can be differentiated from the neo-expressionist art strategies currently receiving international exposure. Rather than using her paintings and sculpture as sites for the working out of some psychodrama of the self, ironically or otherwise, Olsen sees them as providing opportunities for psychological 'projection', whereby the objects and images, because of their autonomy, can be invested with whatever meaning a viewer wants to give them. This seems closer to the deconstructive strategies of feminist and post-structuralist theorists than the

33

work's conventional form might suggest. For Olsen's language appears to derive from a source located deep in the unconscious, or perhaps, preconscious; in the world of the imaginary in which the metaphor — because of its open-ness, its potential for multiple readings — becomes a tool to prise open a crack through which the unconscious might speak. It seems appropriate, therefore, to use the analogy of the daydream to which Bachelard alludes, as a way into the content of her work; to 'drift', as Stuart Morgan suggests,[3] in order to understand the levels of meaning and quotation in her work.

I love the dark hours of my being
in which my senses drop into the deep.
(Rilke)

Night Vessel transports the viewer into the realm of dreams. A massive, squat cauldron tips out from the picture plane, declaring its irreality by being painted across two separate stretchers which conjoined, make up the picture. A seething flow of water silently spills over its lip, miraculously dissipating into the amorphous ground on which the vessel sits. More cauldrons are arranged in two retreating lines behind the first, their surfaces opaque and impenetrable, catching and reflecting patches of eerie light. Set in a dark landscape, these mighty ponds rise from the horizontal, but seem rooted to it. There is an intermingling of fluid and vessel and earth in the stuff of paint; brushstrokes momentarily become birds and fish; the colours are those of earth, moonlight, blood and foam.

33. Maria Olsen
Headlands 1986

...this is the shoreless sea
here swimming ends
always in drowning.
(Rumi, Sufi poet and mystic)

The manifold associations these strange vessels generate are testament to their manifest ability to tap a store of memories and allusions that are mythic in dimension. Water is the fluid of life and, since primordial times, has been seen as the vehicle of transformation. As unquenchable source and medium of perpetual renewal, the cauldron can be the wellspring, the melting pot, the witches' brewing, the oft-sought Holy Grail. At another level of signification, in the language of the archetype, water together with earth are the elements associated with the feminine. The vessel or container has an equally long and central assocation, for, as Erich Neumann states, woman, 'in her body...is the cauldron of incarnation'.[4] The cauldron therefore, is a symbolic womb; the liquid the essence from which all life emerges and to which all life inevitably

returns. Its implied depth is tacitly juxtaposed against its troubled surface, in which the world, or the self, might be mirrored, if ever it stilled sufficiently for a reflection to coalesce. Its myriad permutations seem almost limitless. In this light, the image transcends the personal, the self is unseated and the seeing-I is dislodged from its single fixed perspective.

By dividing the canvas in two, Olsen implies a multiplicity of opposites — whole/half, full/emptying, light/dark, earth/water, surface/depth — which, like the male and female halves of the 'linga-yoni', remain at once reconciled and distinct. This is symptomatic of that intrinsic conjunction in Olsen's work between the known and the felt, between the inner and the outer: what the work looks like, how it has been made and the various levels on which it can be read. It is this conjunction which impels the viewer to explore the rich and various layers of meaning, and which is both testament to and signifier of a psychic wholeness which lies at the heart of Olsen's work.

Christina Barton

1. Storr, R., *Philip Guston*. Abbeville Press, New York, 1986, p.66.
2. Bachelard, G., *The Poetics of Space*. Beacon Press, Boston, 1969, p.183.
3. Morgan, S., 'Drift'. Catalogue essay, *Fifth Biennale of Sydney*, Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, 1984.
4. Neumann, E., *The Great Mother: An Analysis of the Archetype*. Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1955, p.288.

James Ross

Ross's *Graft* is made of four panels, each inserted (grafted) one into the other: prior to the painting comes what Jacques Derrida calls 'the sustained, discrete violence of an incision'.[1] In *Graft*, all but literally, you can see the shoot or scion inserted in the slit of a stock, which is itself inserted in the slit of another: a kind of grafting *en abyme*...

A Ross painting, invariably, is a work as much of grafting, as it might be done by a gardener, or of jointing, as by a carpenter, as it is of a brush's marking with paint. The graft and slit in the wood precedes the paint, which acts then something like grafting wax, covering the joined parts of graft and stock.

Ross's painting is a grafting, then; but it is grafting in which it is often impossible to say which part is the stock and which the graft, which the insert and which the prior presence. An ambiguity, or undecidability, which is there too, as it conveniently happens, in the *word* 'graft', which may mean either the shoot inserted in the slit of a stock, or the place in the stock where the graft is inserted.

Hence the polymorphous sexuality of Ross's work, which is something more than a certain stickiness of glaze, or fleshiness of tint; something more than its colours of blood, or of living tissue; and something more than the organicism of its forms. Its diffuse genitality emerges from this material fact: its parts come in shapes which cannot be assigned clearly, according to traditional codes of sexuality, to 'male' or to 'female', to penetrator or to penetrated, to active or passive.

And yet there *is* this coition...

It is not as, say, in a mortice or tenon joint, where there is a projecting piece of wood (the tenon) made for insertion into a corresponding cavity (the mortice). Rather, it might seem, and is sometimes literally the fact, that the cavity, or orifice, *precedes* the positive form, which seems to have been cut or traced from it, and so whose emanation it is: this is a sexuality where the phallus is granted no priority or privilege. It is an eros of which only an oxymoronic phrase, quite ludicrous on the face of it, might make any descriptive sense: that of a kind of *labial phallus*.

The graft is a kind of inscription, a writing or drawing with forms, as the

39

etymology of the word makes clear: *graft* — from the Greek *graphion* or stylus (*grapho*, write). Ross's grafting is a kind of inscription in wood. And then the brush writes its swirl — grafts itself onto the already grafted grounds...

Ross's labour is to undo (to attempt to undo) the stock opposition of *figure* and *ground*. It is to make the ground tell as figure and the figure as ground. Ross does not draw a figure on the blank ground (as in the old classical painting): he abuts two or more separate shaped grounds, so as to make one readable as figure.

Figure and ground, then, are granted a formal equality. Doubtless the ground of all this hard graft, the reason for going to all this trouble, is the immense and prestigious weight of a modernism lying behind: the modernist attempt, for instance, with the shaped canvas, to make a painting all ground (Ellsworth Kelly, Frank Stella, etc.), with no figure at all on ground, and so, no illusory space.

In the incessant webs of the paint, in the multiple swirl of its contours, Ross is also something like a *grainer* — one who imitates the grain of wood. Here, in *Graft*, it's literally so; the real grain of the two side panels has been traced with the brush, doubled, and made doubly emphatic, in being traced with clashing viridian and crimson.

A history might be written of graining in twentieth century art. It might include, as its centrepiece, Picasso's and Braque's fake woodgraining (learned from Braque's housepainter father); it would speak of the actual grain imprinted on the German expressionist woodcut, and on Munch's; it would know the actual grain of Judd's industrial ply; and recall the actual grain of Ellsworth Kelly's sculpted wood, and might find it difficult to resist talking of the intensity of its scent, filling a gallery room; it might tell of the grain's revival in Kiefer's paintings and prints. It would now know Sherrie Levine's gold plugged ply, 'under the spreading plywood tree'.[3] And all this is part of the pattern or ply in which Ross's grain inserts itself.

In Ross's *Echo*, or in his *Graft*, where a grain is traced, there is a souvenir or memorial, and an announcement of the grain — a pre-echo and an after-effect.

And there is another kind of echoing or grafting here. The swirls, the echoing twists of Ross's brush, are already something like citations, are echoes already. The very title, *Echo*, echoes the echoing forms of Munch's *Cry*. Again, the subtitle *On the Bridge* echoes all those Munch figures on

39. James Ross
Graft June/July 1986

36

37

38

bridges, most notably that one of the *Cry*.

The very grain of Ross's strokes might recall the howling grain of a Munch, in which each stroke is a correlate of the echoing cry, of the repeated reflection of sound waves, of the projection of a mental state into the mute forms of the natural world. *Echo*'s endeavour is, perhaps, to graft into the minimalist carpentry of the cross such an expressionism as Munch's, to transplant the Munchean tissue — to make such an expression anew.

Such a painting over, such a making anew, is a graft too in this sense — a 'calculated insemination', through which two works, a Munch and a Ross, each receiving sap from the other, 'are transformed, deform each other's content, tend at times to reject each other, or pass elliptically one into the other, and become regenerated in the repetition.'[4]

We come now to *The Birth of Adonis* as told in Ovid: Adonis was Myrrha's child by her father, who she had tricked into sleeping with her. The pregnant and penitent Myrrha was mercifully metamorphosed into a tree.

36. James Ross
Head and tree (for Old Jack) November 1985

37. James Ross
Hand to head (after the antique) November 1985

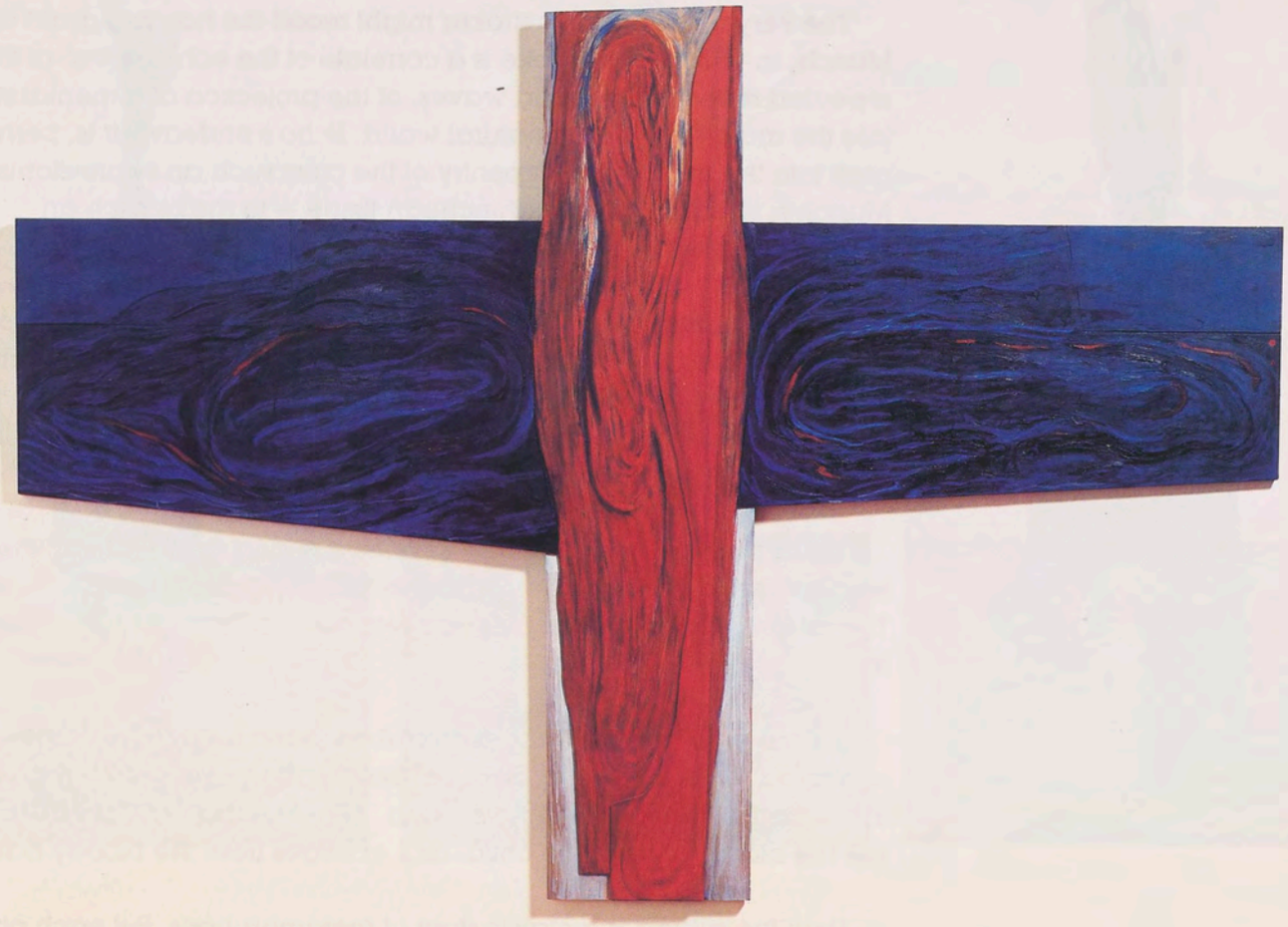
38. James Ross
Birth of Adonis November 1985

But this is the moment *The Birth of Adonis* recalls, when, in the agony of Myrrha's labour: 'the trunk of her body split open, and through a fissure in the bark, gave up its living burden.'[5] So, in Ross's *Birth of Adonis* we see the bloody face of the child, as it emerges from the bloody bark.

Here the *subject* is a classic story of metamorphosis. But each of Ross's sculptures is the story of a metamorphosis: of a diversity of things, each grafted one to another, each transmuted to bronze. Branches, their bark unstripped, planks, carved and cut, plaster, dribbled or modelled, a plastic icecream container, steel screws . . . all metamorphosed into the fluid and frozen metal.

The parts *are* in a sense indissolubly unified, and yet there is a certain (engaging) ungainliness, in the still traceable disjunction of the grafted parts. There is a *cleavage* of parts (since cleave means both to divide asunder and to adhere); a motley of objects brought together in bronze.

It's something like the effect of Ross's transmutation to paint of an actual grain beneath, where the bronze offers a souvenir of an actual branch, a memorial and after-effect: from branch to bronze, from branch to plank, there is throughout a transplanting and transmuting of the living tissue.



40

And too a metamorphosis or grafting from one genre to another: from painting to sculpture and back. For if Ross's paintings 'proper', his most customary genre, might plausibly be called thin sculpture, his sculpture, distressed as it is by patina and paint, might be called painting made thick.

After the Antique, so part of a Ross title goes...

Ross's art partakes of a post-modern classicism. Take titles as clues: *Herm*, say, *The Source*, *Birth of Adonis*, or *Hand to Head (after the Antique)*. A pose too may connote the classic — Head to Hand, the classic gesture of thought, or of melancholy.

After modernism, with its radical refusal of memory, its forgetting of the past, its radical amnesia, as Derrida has called it, there is commonly today a return to classic reference. It is a neoclassicism of the fragment, of the shard. It is a classicism formed, not of the radiance of the classically unified body, but of a tissue of fragments.

Ross's bronze, bronze itself, in all its pomp, connotes the classic. And this remains true, even if those things whose likeness Ross's bronze is obliged to perpetuate are hardly antique. The terrazzo Ross sometimes uses for his pedestals might seem to mime granite, or serpentine, or porphory — the classical stones. You might be reminded by Ross sculptures of Roman portrait busts on pedestals. His paintings, sometimes in their forms as much as in their titles, might remind you of classic hermes (*herm*: head only (of Hermes) on rectilinear boundary marker); or they might remind you of torsos (*torso*: trunk of human statue, apart from head and limbs). Ross's works are human stalks, limbless, or they are heads, or genitals, or ears, or head and hand only; fragments, signs, shards, grafted together. Through these fragmentary remains of a past, through these dreams of a Source, Ross presents not that past, but the time which imagines or nostalgically dreams it: our own...

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40. James Ross
Echo (on a bridge) December 1986

1. Derrida, Jacques. *Dissemination*. Trans. with an introduction and additional notes by Barbara Johnson, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1981, p.355.

2. ibid. p.355.

3. Barthelme, Donald. 'On the Level of Desire' in *Sherrie Levine*, Mary Boone Gallery, New York, 1987, p.8.

4. Derrida, Jacques, op cit., p.355.

5. Ovid. *Metamorphosis*. Trans. with an introduction by Mary M. Innes, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, 1980, p.238.

Boyd Webb

Yes, I hear the objection, the querulous voice. Yes, we all know that photography is to some degree mired in convention. That in its flatness, its framedness, its shrinkage of things, in its pathetic imitation of Renaissance perspective, in its lack of the sun's absolute brightness, a photo does not include all the truth of the world.

But, almost everyone seems to agree, 'The important thing is that the photograph possesses an evidential force.' [1]

> i think i can satisfy you on that score suppose a man is accused of adultery with a certain woman and the court is provided with a photo of the two of them sitting on a bed it will probably be admitted as evidence whereas a drawing will not and i think you will agree that there is something of value in the agreement of society to the high value of the photo as testimony that places the photo somewhat in the position of an absolute validation principle [2]

> I call 'photographic referent' not the *optionally* real thing to which an image or sign refers but the *necessarily* real thing which has been placed before the lens without which there would be no photograph. Painting can feign reality without ever having seen it... In Photography I can never deny that *the thing has been there*. And since this constraint exists only for Photography, we must consider it, by reduction, as the very essence, the *noeme* of photography. [3]

'The necessarily real thing,' says Barthes, 'placed before the lens'. *Placed* before the lens? Doesn't this, or mightn't this, give the game away? As though the evidence has been *planted*, *brought* to the camera. As though the camera *preceded* the world, as though it were anterior to the reality it purports to record.

With Webb one question must be: was the thing placed there before the lens quite what it now feigns to be? Was it not rather a thing with the photo *already in mind*? Posed only for it? Whose essence on that occasion was precisely this: *to be photographable*?

Born to be photographed, you might say. Product of the most perfect

42. Boyd Webb
Codicil 1986

42

photogenia. Born posing for the camera which has conceived it and given it birth. The photo, that is, comes in a sense *before* the photographed; 'the necessarily real thing' comes into being only at the camera's behest.

The pendulous sag of a carpet, say, which is there precisely because *it will be photographed*, posed only for the camera, under such and such a condition of light, in such and such a condition of framing, to be born as a floriate globe. The necessarily real thing comes into being only because the camera *conceives* it.

And mightn't this be so, not only in the perverse oddity of a Webb photo, but in every photo: its secret scandal?

But the fact remains, the photograph is everywhere held to possess an evidential force: such is photography's myth. And it is that of which Webb takes advantage: the alleged special credibility of the photo, its mythical principle of absolute validation.

'I like,' says Webb, 'the inherent honesty of the photograph...'

And so a world is proved where a periscope obtrudes from the sea to examine some floating sheet music; or where a man sucks at the breast of a barnacled whale; or a toaster and knitting hang from the belly of a spacecraft, into a vertiginous space (the toast is burning); where a naked man tosses worlds into the abyss (to 'toss' is also to masturbate); or the white gloved hands of god wind up toys for a global game. Because these things come to us in a photograph, what we are offered is, as Barthes would say, 'the stupifying evidence of *this is how it was*': and this because '*the photographer had to be there*'.

43. Boyd Webb
Tosser 1986

Webb is not a photographer. He cannot be, since in his work what is held to be 'the very essence of photography' is refused. At most he works in *collusion* with photography, makes it part of his plot.

I say Webb takes advantage of photography's reputation for truth. Takes *unfair* advantage I might almost have said, but the fact is that Webb is almost invariably frank in his fakery. What he offers is not so much a world as it must have been, but as it *might* have been, or might now be, or might yet be, a world prefaced by an 'if', its verifiability upset from within by an 'image if'.

The sea is a carpet; that floriate sphere is a carpet, that starry sky is

43

also flagrantly a spattering of paint, like toothpaste flicked from a toothbrush, over some infinite bathroom's blue. That egg white whose yolk is replaced by a drowned rat is white polythene, merely; that ice through which vegetables sink is foam rubbér; that rock, that elephant leg crushing a man's head is a rather shabby carpet underlay, and it is, in any case, blatantly held up in its air as if by the strings of some puppeteer.

If Webb's work is not photography, quite, what is it? Painting? Genre painting, perhaps — of the Victorian type of *No Walk for Baby Today?* Writing? Theatre? Tableau? (He has exhibited as a sculptor.) And if theatre, comedy or tragedy?

> The arts lie safe now, each within its 'legitimate' boundaries, and free trade has been replaced by autarchy. Purity in each art consists in the acceptance, willing acceptance, of the limitations of the medium of the specific art... It is by virtue of its medium that each art is unique and strictly itself.[4]

> Each art had to determine through operations peculiar to itself the effects peculiar and exclusive to itself. By doing this, each art would, to be sure, narrow its area of competence, but at the same time it would make its possession of this area all the more secure.[5]

With Webb, the genres, the separations of arts, or kinds, are made uncertain. As is so often the case today, when the general sense seems to be: 'If severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful' (Philip Sydney's remark on the Renaissance play's mixture of 'Kings and Clownes' — of tragedy and comedy).

Webb's works, if they do partake of a play, are indeed 'comical-tragical-historical-pastoral'. They partake of the *genera mista*, the mixed genre, in which an experience of the world might be subsumed, and which aspires, as Rosalie L. Colie has nicely said of such mixtures, to a *genus universum*, in which all experiences might be played. Nature, in the words of *Flaubert's Parrot*, is always a mixture of genres. [6]

And that world to which Webb's camera gives birth — that Nature of mixed genre: it is a world where none may lie safe, where purity is an impossible dream, where nothing is strictly itself, and nothing may be securely possessed. If testimony and evidence *is* what Webb's delirious photography gives, it is testament to a perilous or violated world, and evidence, often, of life under threat. But not, perhaps, a life quite without

hope — here the drowning man *may* be rescued by an accordion (the pathos of a certain adaptability). Not, certainly, a life without humour (ludicrous or poignant — jaunts and painful jollities). Webb is not among those who look on the dark side of life, finding it less trying to the eyes. His is the comedy of consciousness, rather, of a consciousness which knowingly, or unknowingly, is poised on the edge of an absolute, and final, extinction.

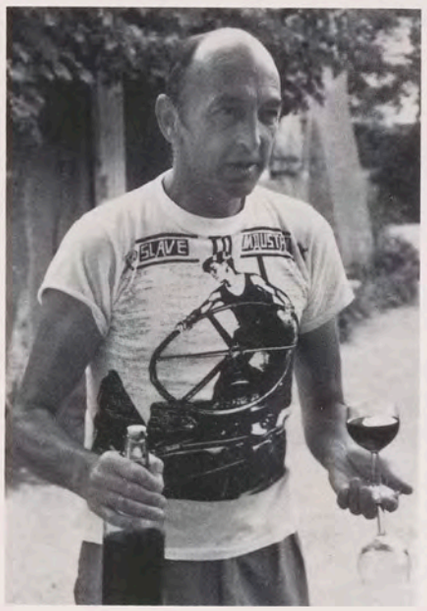
FNP

1. Barthes, Roland. *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*. Trans. Richard Howard. Jonathan Cape, London, 1982, p.76.
2. Antin, David. *Talking at the Boundaries*. New Directions, New York, 1976. p.97.
3. Barthes, Roland, op.cit, p.76.
4. Greenberg, Clement. 'Towards a Newer Laocoon', *Partisan Review*, July-August 1940.
4. Greenberg, Clement. 'Modernist Painting', *Art and Literature* 4, Spring 1965.
6. Barnes, Julian. *Flaubert's Parrot*. Picador, 1984.

Bill Culbert

Biography

1935	Born Port Chalmers, New Zealand
1948-52	Secondary education, Hutt Valley High School
1950-52	Studied painting under James Coe
1953-56	School of Art, University of Canterbury. Graduated Dip.FA (Hons)
1957	Auckland Teachers Training College. Post Primary Teaching Certificate Awarded National Art Gallery travelling scholarship
1957-60	Studied at Royal College of Art, London. In 1960 was awarded silver medal in painting from the Royal College. Graduated ARCA with First Class Honours. Also painted in London, and taught at the Hornsey College of Art
1961-64	Lived and worked in France. Also part-time Lecturer at Hornsey College of Art, with Maurice Sansmarez
1963-65	Resident Artist at Nottingham University. Appointed Fellow in Fine Art, 1962
1964	Awarded first prize in Arts Council of Northern Ireland Open Painting Competition, and was a prizewinner in the same competition in 1968
1966-72	Senior Lecturer, Nottingham School of Art, Nottingham University
1970	Designed stage set/light sculpture of Royal Ballet performance *Lament of the Waves*, Covent Garden, London
1977	Arts Council of Great Britain Award
1973-78	Part-time lecturer, various schools of art
1978	Returned to School of Fine Art, University of Canterbury for three months. Was awarded the Canterbury Fellowship
1978-	Part-time lecturer at University of Reading, Goldsmiths College (Textiles/Fine Art), Slade School of Fine Art and UCL (Graduate and Postgraduate Schools)
1981	Greater London Arts Association Award to Artists
1982	Arts Council of Great Britain Holographic Bursary
1985	Visiting Artist, Concordia University, Montreal, Canada Artist in Residence, Museum of Holography, New York
1986-87	Visiting Lecturer, Royal College of Art, School of Painting, School of Holography



Pip Culbert

Exhibitions

1960-61	*Young Commonwealth Artists*, London
1961	Solo exhibition, Commonwealth Institute Gallery, London Group exhibition, Zwemmer Gallery, London Solo exhibition, Edinburgh Festival
1962	Group exhibition, Piccadilly Gallery, London
1963	Solo exhibition, Nottingham University Gallery *The Commonwealth Vision Group*, London *Towards Art*, Royal College of Art, London Solo exhibition, Hatton Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne Solo exhibition, Piccadilly Gallery, London
1964	Solo exhibition, Nottingham University Gallery *Commonwealth Biennale Abstract Painting*, London Group exhibition, McRoberts & Tunnard Gallery, London
1965	Solo exhibition, Nottingham University Gallery
1967	Group exhibition *K4*, Brighton Festival and Museum of Modern Art, Oxford
1968	*Light in Movement*, Birmingham, Coventry, Dublin and Bristol *Multiple Cubic Projections*, Lisson Gallery, London *Abstract Sculpture*, Camden Arts Theatre *Survey '68*, Camden Arts Centre
1969	*Five Light Artists*, Greenwich Theatre Gallery, London *British Movements*, Onnasch Nachtgalerie, Berlin Paraphrase of Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp* (with original), Rembrandt Tri-centenary, Utrecht, Holland
1970	*Light Field*, Arts Festival, Bristol University
1971	*Multiples — the First Decade*, Museum of Modern Art, Philadelphia, USA
1972	*Multiples*, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London *Multiples*, Electric Gallery, Toronto, Canada *Multiples*, ICA, London
1973	Group exhibition, Lucy Milton Gallery, London
1976	Solo exhibition, Forum Kunst, Rottweil, Germany
1977	Solo exhibition, Serpentine Gallery, London, followed by Arts Council tour of Britain — Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, Bradford City Gallery, D.L.I. Gallery, Durham, Mappin Gallery, Sheffield (exh. title *Beyond Light*)
1979	Solo exhibition, Acme Gallery, London Group exhibition, Forum Kunst, Rottweil, Germany
1980	Solo exhibition, Ceofrith Gallery, Sunderland Arts Centre *Licht in Westphalen*, Ludenscheid, Germany
1981	Tolly Colbold Eastern Arts Third National, touring Cambridge, East Anglia and London

1982 GLAA Exhibition of Artist's Awards
The South Bank Show, London
The Holography Show, London
Goldsmiths College Workshop, touring exhibition
Solo exhibition, Coracle Press Gallery, London

1983 *The Sculpture Show*, Serpentine & Hayward Galleries, London
Drawing in Air, Sunderland Arts Centre
Schaufelbayger and Muldenkipper, Coracle Press Gallery, London
Eight English Sculptors, Puck Building, New York
Electra, Musée de l'art Modern de la Ville de Paris

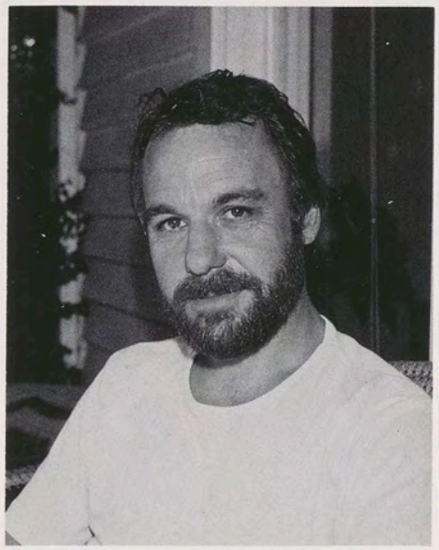
1984 Solo exhibition *Night Passage*, Staircase Project, ICA, London
Solo exhibition, Auckland City Art Gallery, New Zealand
Group exhibition, Galerie Eric Fabre, Paris
Artists from the Coracle Press, Serpentine Gallery, London
Low Tech, Rees Martin Warehouse, London
Masks, Cafe Gallery, London
Extant Work and Sources, Coracle Press Gallery, London

1985 Solo exhibition, Coracle Press Gallery, London
Window, Wall, Ceiling, Floor, Interim Art Gallery, London
Landscape Interior, Coracle Press Gallery, London
Artists from the Coracle Press, Serpentine Gallery, London
Three Sculptors, Barbara Toll Gallery, New York
One Person — 2 CV's, Coracle Press Gallery, London

1986 *Incidentally*, Winchester Art Gallery
TimeSpring, University Art Gallery, Reading
Late Summer, Victoria Miro Gallery, London
Furniture — Sculpture, Victoria Miro Gallery, London
Serpentine Window, Victoria Miro Gallery, London
The Illuminations, Camerawork Gallery, London
Solo exhibition, Atheneum, Campus Universitaire, Dijon
Solo exhibition, *Selected Works 1968-8*, Institute of Contemporary Art, London

1987 *Incidently*, Goldsmiths Gallery, London
150th Anniversary of Royal College of Art *Printmaking*, Barbican, London
Work for Shelves: a system of Support, Kettles Yard Gallery, Cambridge
Six New Zealand Artists, NZ House, London
Solo exhibition, Orchard Gallery, Londonderry, Northern Ireland
Solo exhibition, Barbara Toll Gallery, New York

Neil Dawson



Gillian Chaplin

Biography

1948	Born Christchurch, New Zealand
1960-65	Secondary education, Hastings Boys High School
1966-70	Studied sculpture , School of Art, University of Canterbury, Christchurch Graduated Dip.FA(Hons)
1972-73	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand grant. Studied sculpture at Victorian College of Art, Melbourne, Australia
1974-75	Part-time demonstrator in Sculpture , School of Art, University of Canterbury, Christchurch
1978	Guthrie travel award, Canterbury Society of Arts
1980	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand travel grant
1975-82	Tutor in three-dimensional design and drawing, Graphic Design Section, Christchurch Polytechnic
1986	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand award
1983-	Full-time sculptor, resident in Christchurch

Exhibitions

1972	Pinocotheca Gallery, Melbourne, Australia
1975	*3 Black Holes*, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch
1978	*House Alterations*, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
1979	*Seascape* installation/documentation, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch *Interiors*, Elva Bett Gallery, Wellington *Order/Chaos*, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
1980	*Here and There*, 11th Annual Sculpture Conference, NZ Embassy, Washington DC, USA *Recent Series*, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland
1981	*Echo* installation, Christchurch Arts Centre, North Quadrangle Solo Exhibition, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland *Escapes*, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *Vanishing Points*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Reflections* installation, National Art Gallery, Wellington *Boundaries*, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
1982	*Holes*, Robinson/Brooker Gallery, Christchurch *Land Escapes*, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland
1984	*Sunset Constructions*, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland *Rock Constructions*, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
1985	*5 Large Works*, Graduate Centre Mall, New York City University, New York, USA *Sculpture '85*, Bosshard Galleries Dunedin *New Wall Works*, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland *Six New Zealand Artists Perspecta '85*, Steve Mori Gallery, Sydney, Australia
1986	*Aspects of Recent NZ Art: Sculpture 1*, Auckland City Art Gallery *New Walls Works*, Janne Land Gallery, Wellington *Overhead Hardware*, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
1987	Solo exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland

Jacqueline Fraser

John McIver

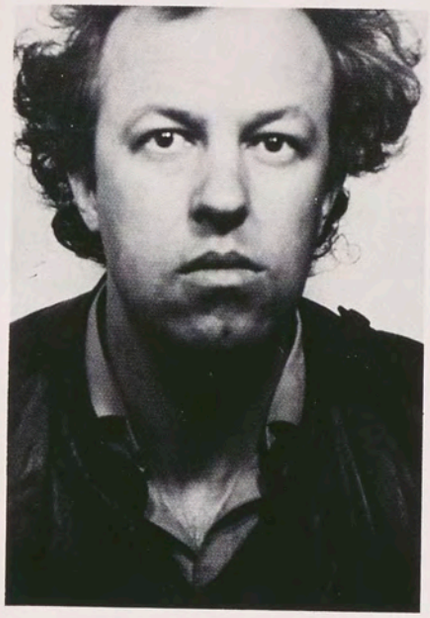
Biography

1956	Born Dunedin, New Zealand
1974-77	Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland Graduated 1977 BFA (Sculpture)
1977-86	Group and solo exhibitions, New Zealand and Australia
1980	Daughter born, Lillian
1982	Son born, Ratanui

Exhibitions

1977	NZ Arts Students, Lambton Quay, Wellington *Young Contemporaries*, Auckland City Art Gallery
1978	*Mildura Sculpture Triennial*, Mildura, Australia Solo exhibition, *Lunar Eclipse*, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
1978-79	*NZ Sculptors at Mildura*, QE II Arts Council of New Zealand, National Tour
1979	Group exhibition, *Flight Fancies*, Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North Outdoor installation, *Market Reserve is Sprung*, Dunedin *Hovering Balcony*, Otago Art Society Balcony, Dunedin Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington Installation, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin Group exhibition, *Sculptural Propositions*, National Art Gallery, Wellington Installation, Sydney Biennale, Sydney, Australia
1980	Installation, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *Rank Xerox Experiment*, National Mutual Arcade, Dunedin *Hansells Sculpture Award*, park installation, Masterton *Aramoana — NZ Artists Against the Smelter*, City Art Gallery, Wellington Installation, *Untitled 1980*, National Art Gallery, Wellington
1981	*Untitled 1980*, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *ANZART in Christchurch* Installation, Phoenix Palm Park Exhibition, Auckland *Aramoana*, Hocken Library, Dunedin
1981-2	*3 Women Sculptors*, (with Christine Hellyar and Pauline Rhodes), National Art Gallery, Wellington
1982	*'22/4'* installation, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *Hansells Sculpture Exhibition*, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton *New Zealand Drawing 1982*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery
1983	*F1 Sculpture Project*, Warehouse, Tory Street, Wellington
1984	*Poi Poi* installation, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *1984 Arts in Dunedin* installation, Brasserie Restaurant, Ponsonby, Auckland
1985	Perspecta '85, Steve Mori Gallery, Sydney, Australia Solo Exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *ANZART*, Alexandra Tavern Courtyard, Auckland Installation, National Art Gallery, Wellington. *Willow* Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland *Sculpture Project 1985-1986, Untitled 1981*, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth.
1986	Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland *Auckland Sculptors*, Fisher Gallery, Pakuranga Arts Centre. *Waikato - installation of willow and cloth*, Centre for Contemporary Art, Hamilton Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *Aspects of Recent NZ Art: Sculpture 2*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Shed 11*, National Art Gallery, Wellington *Contemporary Maori Art Show*, Dunedin
1987	Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

Jeffrey Harris



Biography

1949	Born Akaroa, New Zealand
1963-66	Attended Rangiora High School, winning school art prize, 1965
1967-69	Worked for McLeod Fabrics in Christchurch
1970	Moved to Dunedin, to paint full-time
1971	Moved to Seacliff, Otago
1972	Studied part-time at Otago Polytechnic, and worked with Walden Tucker
1973	Worked as attendant at National Art Gallery, Wellington
1974	Moved to Barrys Bay, Banks Peninsula QE II Arts Council of New Zealand grant
1977	Moved to Dunedin Awarded Frances Hodgkins Fellowship
1979	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand grant
1985	Artist-in-residence, Victoria College, Melbourne Full-time artist, resides in Dunedin and Melbourne

Selected exhibitions

1969 Solo exhibition, Otago Museum Foyer, Dunedin

1970 *Manawatu Prize for Contemporary Art*, Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North
Solo exhibition, Dunedin Public Library Lecture Hall

1971 *New Zealand Young Contemporaries*, Auckland City Art Gallery
Solo exhibition, Dawsons Gallery, Dunedin
Solo exhibition, Graphic Gallery, Christchurch
Solo exhibition, Rue Pompallier Gallery, Akaroa

1972 Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Solo exhibition, Otago Museum Foyer, Dunedin
Solo exhibition, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch

1973 *Eight Young Artists*, NZ Academy of Fine Arts, Wellington
Dawsons Gallery, Dunedin (with Joanna Harris)
Homage to Van Gogh, Bosshard Galleries, Akaroa

1974 *Paintings and Drawings on Paper*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

1975 *Recent Paintings & Drawings*, Bosshard Galleries, Akaroa
Solo exhibition, Otago Museum Foyer, Dunedin
Environmental Sculpture, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch

1976 *New Zealand Drawing*, Auckland City Art Gallery
Opening exhibition from Bosshards' private collection, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin

1977 Guest artist annual exhibition, Otago Art Society, Dunedin
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Harris-Trusttum, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin

1978 Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Jeffrey Harris — Paintings 1969-78, Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt, Sarjeant Art Gallery, Wanganui, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth and Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch
Six Figurative Painters, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland
Seven Paintings 1975-78, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
Drawings and Etchings 1973-78, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
Lovers & other works on paper, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland

1979 *Judith*, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Coloured works on paper, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
Artists on Artists, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland

1980	*Dunedin Drawing Show*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery *Recent Work 1980*, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland Solo exhibition, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
1981	*Stations of the Cross*, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth *Drawings 1971-1981*, Denis Cohn Gallery, Auckland *Jeffrey Harris — Paintings 1969-1981*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery Solo exhibition, Rotorua Art Gallery
1982	*Six Paintings on canvas*, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin *Seven Paintings 1973-82*, Denis Cohn Gallery, Auckland *Harris — Mrkusich Paintings for Carnegie International*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery *Carnegie International Exhibition*, Museum of Art, Pittsburgh (toured to Seattle)
1983	*Artists' Self-Portraits*, Marshall Seifert Gallery, Dunedin *Harris & Mrkusich Carnegie Paintings*, Centre Gallery, Hamilton
1984	Solo exhibition, Editions Gallery, Auckland *Paintings & Etchings 1980-84*, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin *Jeffrey Harris 1969-70*, John Leech Gallery, Auckland *Anxious Images*, Auckland City Art Gallery (followed by national tour)
1985	*NZ/NY*, Wooster Street Gallery, New York Solo exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin Solo exhibition, Denis Cohn Gallery, Auckland *Prints by Contemporary New Zealand Artists*, World Print Council, San Francisco *New Paintings*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Jeffrey Harris 1979-85*, Centre for Contemporary Art, Hamilton
1986	*NY Art Expo*, Jacob Javits Convention Centre, New York *New Work*, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne *The Heart's Key*, National Art Gallery, Wellington *The Self*, Bishop Suter Art Gallery, Nelson Solo exhibition, Ray Hughes Gallery, Sydney *Oedipus and other Works*, Christopher Moore Gallery, Wellington *Content/Context*, Shed 11, National Art Gallery, Wellington Solo exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
1987	Solo exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland

Christine Hellyar

Biography

1947	Born New Plymouth, New Zealand
1966-69	Elam School of Fine Art, University of Auckland. Graduated Dip.FA (Hons) in Sculpture
1970	Teachers Training College, Christchurch
1973	Secretary, NZ Society of Sculptors and Painters
1974	Lived and travelled in UK and Europe
1976	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand grant
1977/78	Lived in Scotland, and travelled in Europe and North America
1980	Travelled in Australia. Guest Lecturer at Gippsland Institute of Higher Education.
1982	Lecturer at Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland
1985	Co-curator (with Carole Shepheard) for *ANZART* in Auckland — exhibition of artists' books, Auckland City Art Gallery

John McIver

Exhibitions

1969	*Sculpture 5*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland
1971	*Young Contemporaries*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Hansells Sculpture Award*, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton
1972	*Hansells Sculpture Award*, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton
1973	Solo exhibition, Osborne Galleries, Auckland *Hansells Sculpture Award*, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton
1974	Solo exhibition, Mollers Gallery, Auckland
1975	Solo exhibition, Bett-Duncan Gallery, Wellington *Hansells Sculpture Award*, Auckland City Art Gallery
1976	Solo exhibition, New Vision Gallery, Auckland Solo exhibition, Northland Society of Arts, Whangarei Solo exhibition, Settlement Gallery, Wellington Solo exhibition, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth *Young Artists*, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch *New Zealand Drawing*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Hansells Sculpture Award*, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton
1977	Solo exhibition, New Vision Gallery, Auckland Solo exhibition, Stonemasons, Auckland *Young Contemporaries*, Auckland City Art Gallery
1979	Solo exhibition, New Vision Gallery, Auckland Solo exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
1980	Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington Solo exhibition, Northland Society of Arts, Whangarei Solo exhibition, Hogarth Galleries, Sydney, Australia *Hansells Sculpture Award*, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton
1981	Solo exhibition, New Vision Gallery, Auckland *Three Women Sculptors*, National Art Gallery, Wellington *1st Australian Sculpture Triennial*, Preston Institute of Technology and La Trobe University, Melbourne, Australia *5th Small Sculpture Biennial International*, Budapest, Hungary Solo exhibition, National Art Gallery, Wellington *ANZART* in Christchurch
1982	*Shelter* installation, Auckland City Art Gallery Solo exhibition, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland *New Zealand Drawing*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery *Hansells Sculpture Award*, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton Installation, *Sydney Biennale*, Sydney, Australia *Hellyar, Webb & Twiss*, Govett Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth

1983 Solo exhibition, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch
Solo exhibition, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch
Solo exhibition, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland

1984 Solo exhibition, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland

1985 Solo exhibition, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Janne Land Gallery, Wellington
ANZART 85 Artists' Book Show, Auckland City Art Gallery
International Experimental Art, Budapest, Hungary

1986 Solo exhibition, *Cloaks*, Janne Land Gallery, Wellington
Solo exhibition, *People & the Land*, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt
Solo exhibition, *Drawings*, Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North
Arts of Today, FMK Galleria, Budapest, Hungary
7th International Impact Art Festival, Kyoto, Japan
Aspects of Recent NZ Art: Sculpture 2, Auckland City Art Gallery
Content/Context, National Art Gallery, Wellington

1987 Solo exhibition, *People & the Land*, Centre for Contemporary Art, Hamilton
Solo exhibition, *Nest & Post*, Wellington City Art Gallery and Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North
Solo exhibitions, *People & the Land* and *Aprons*, Govett Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth

Megan Jenkinson

Anna Sturgess

Biography

1958	Born Hamilton, New Zealand
1966-75	Secondary education, Baradene College, Auckland
1976-79	Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland
1970	Awarded Senior Prize in Fine Arts
1980	Graduated BFA in Photography
1980-81	Self-employed — silk painting, lecturing and writing
1981	Began work at Real Pictures in Auckland, primarily as a photographic technician
1983	Taught basic colour photography at a Photoforum workshop in Auckland
1983-84	Employed part-time at Real Pictures, and part-time lecturing at Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland
1984-85	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand grant. Attended workshops in the USA and Mois de la Photographe in Paris Taught advanced colour photography for Continuing Education in Auckland
1986	Curated exhibition *Someone's Scheming*, Real Pictures, Auckland
1985	Full-time lecturer in Photography at Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland Resident in Auckland

Exhibitions

1978 *Campus Arts North Photographic Exhibition*, Maidment Theatre, University of Auckland
Photo-Art '78, touring exhibition, New Zealand
After Dark, Snaps Gallery, Auckland
About Photographers, Society of Arts, Auckland
Photoforum 1978, Auckland Institute and Museum

1979 Solo exhibition, *Photographs by Megan Jenkinson*, Elam School of Fine Arts Library, University of Auckland
Photoforum 1979, Auckland Institute and Museum, and 26 Harris St, Wellington
The New Image: 12 Contemporary Photographers, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
The Child in the World, Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North

1980 *Kolorplaten — An Exhibition of Colour Xerography*, Real Pictures, Auckland
Seasons Greetings Exhibition, Real Pictures, Auckland

1981 *Furniture*, 100m², Federal St, Auckland
Come Elephant Riding, Real Pictures, Auckland

1982 *Real Pictures House Show*, Real Pictures, Auckland
Time Release: the Private Collection of John B. Turner, Auckland Institute and Museum
The Nude Exposed in Contemporary New Zealand Photography, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch
NZ Landscape Exhibition, Real Pictures, Auckland
Group exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Solo exhibition, *Rediscovering Galapagos*, Real Pictures, Auckland
The Pohutukawa Show, Real Pictures, Auckland

1983 *Elam in Focus*, University of Auckland
Members Exhibiting, Friends of Photography, Carmel, California, USA
Real Pictures House Show, Real Pictures, Auckland
Solo exhibition, *Photographs*, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton
Elam 1950-1983, Centenary Exhibition, University of Auckland, Auckland City Art Gallery
Three Artists, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

1984 *Real Pictures House Show*, Real Pictures, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Photokina, Cologne, West Germany

1985 *Elam Staff Exhibition*, Elam School of Fine Arts Library, University of Auckland
Solo exhibition, Photographers' Gallery, London, England
Group exhibition, Red Metro Gallery, Auckland

1986 *Someone's Scheming*, Real Pictures, Auckland
Visual Diaries (Flying Kiwi Arts '86 Exhibition), Wellington
The Self, Bishop Suter Art Gallery, Nelson (touring exhibition)
Solo exhibition *Disarray in Aequilibria*, Real Pictures, Auckland
Selections 3, Photokina, Cologne, West Germany
Five Photographers, Artis Gallery, Auckland

As well as the America's Cup Show, Real Pictures, Auckland
Selections 3, (from the Polaroid Collection, Offenbach, West Germany), Photokina, Cologne, West Germany
Auckland/Halifax (Cultural Exhange Project), Eye Level Gallery, Halifax, Nova Scotia

1987 *Auckland/Halifax Exchange*, Artspace, Auckland
The Power of the Word, National Library of New Zealand, Wellington
Solo exhibition, Real Pictures, Auckland

Richard Killeen

Biography

1946	Born Auckland, New Zealand
1966	Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland. Graduated Dip.FA
1967	Began work as part-time signwriter
1975	Winner, Tokoroa Art Award Travelled to Sydney and Melbourne
1976	Winner, Benson & Hedges Art Award QE II Arts Concil of New Zealand travel grant for Europe and USA
1981	Began working as full-time artist
1984	Travelled to Edinburgh Festival, Italy, Morocco, New York and Brisbane
1986	Travelled to Sydney Biennale (also in 1982)
1987	Travelled to New York Lives in Auckland, New Zealand

Gilda Chance

Exhibitions

1967	*The Group Show*, Durham St Art Gallery, Christchurch
1968	*This Land*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland
1969	(with Ian Scott) Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland *Manawatu Prize for Contemporary Art*, Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North.
1969	*Benson & Hedges Art Award*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland *NZ Art of the Sixties: a Royal Visit exhibition*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Paintings 1969-70*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland
1971	Opening Exhibition, Osborne Galleries, Auckland *Young Auckland Painters*, Manawatu Gallery, Palmerston North Solo exhibition, Petar James Gallery, Auckland *First Exhibition*, Petar James Gallery, Auckland *An Expressionist Impulse*, Petar James Gallery, Auckland
1973	*Drawing Invitational*, Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North Solo exhibition, Petar James Gallery, Auckland
1974	*Art 74*, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch Solo exhibition, Petar James Gallery, Auckland Solo exhibition, Victoria University, Wellington Solo exhibition, University of Canterbury, Christchurch *NZ on Paper*, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington Group exhibition, Petar James Gallery, Auckland
1975	Group exhibition, Rosehill College, Auckland Group exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
1976	*NZ Drawings*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Abstract Attitudes*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Benson & Hedges Art Award*, Barrington Gallery, Auckland Opening Exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Auckland Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
1977	*Young Contemporaries*, Auckland City Art Gallery Group exhibition, Data Gallery, Auckland
1978	*Auckland Artists*, Auckland City Art Gallery Group exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *Benson & Hedges Art Award*, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt Group exhibition, Data Gallery, Auckland Group exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin Solo exhibition, Data Gallery, Auckland Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *Rangitoto Special*, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland *Christmas Crackers and Toys for Children*, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland

1979 *Flight Fancies*, Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North
Group exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Drawing on the Line, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt
A Chair is a Chair, Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui
Indoor Indoor, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch
Air New Zelaand Rotorua Civic Art Award, Rotorua City Art Gallery
Solo exhibition, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
8 NZ Printmakers, Peter Webb Galleries, at University of Auckland

1980 *Work for a New Decade, 6 Painters*, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
Group exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Solo exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
Solo exhibition, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Carnival of the Animals, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth
Benson & Hedges Art Award, Christchurch

1981 Solo exhibition, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Solo exhibition, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland
Eight New Works, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland
Group exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

1982 *4th Sydney Biennale*, Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia
NZ Drawing 1982, Dunedin Public Art Gallery
Seven Painters/The Eighties, Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui (followed by national tour)
F1 Sculpture Project, Warehouse, Tory St., Wellington
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Artist's Project no.1: Chance and Inevitability, Auckland City Art Gallery

1983 *Aspects of Recent NZ Art: New Image*, Auckland City Art Gallery (followed by national tour)
Muestra Internacional de Arte Grafico Artenda, Bilbao, Spain
Group exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
Aspects of Recent NZ Art: The Grid, Auckland City Art Gallery (followed by national tour)
University of Auckland Art Collection, Society of Arts, Auckland
Chance and Inevitability, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington and Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

1984 *ANZART*, Edinburgh International Festival
Solo exhibition, Ray Hughes Gallery, Brisbane, Australia
Solo exhibition, New Vision Gallery, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington
Drawings, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
Solo exhibition, Bertha Urdang Gallery, New York
Contemporary New Zealand Prints, National Art Gallery, Wellington (followed by tour to Japan)
Animals Animals, Wellington City Art Gallery

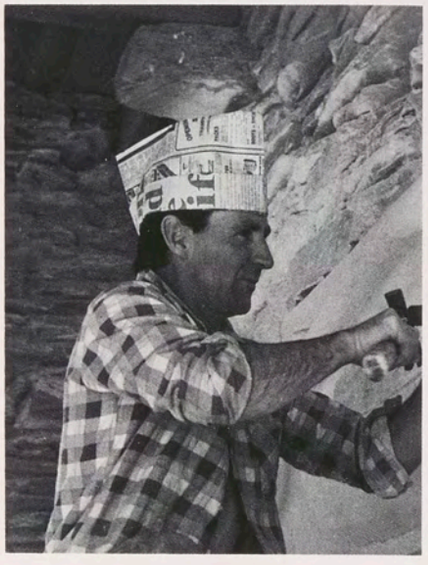
1985 *NZ/NY* (New Zealand/New York), Wooster Gallery, New York
Opening exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
Selections from the Edinburgh Festival, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
Drawings, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
ANZART 85 Artist's Book Show, Auckland City Art Gallery
Group exhibition, Ray Hughes Gallery, Sydney, Australia
Chartwell Collection Viewing, Centre for Contemporary Art, Hamilton
Solo exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

1986 Solo exhibition, Ray Hughes Gallery, Sydney, Australia
Solo exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Auckland
6th Sydney Biennale, Sydney, Australia
New Zealand Art Today, Marianne Deson Gallery, Chicago, USA
Content/Context, National Art Gallery, Wellington
40 Ans: Une Génération Mondiale, Palais de l'UNESCO, Paris, France

1987 Solo exhibition, Bertha Urdang Gallery, New York, USA
Solo exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

Denis O'Connor

Biography



1947	Born Auckland, New Zealand
1966	School of Design, Wellington
1970	Moved to Putiki Point, Waiheke Island. Established a pioneer ceramics workshop
1978	Lived in California, USA
1982	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand travel grant. Studied in Japan, and attended Biennale of Sydney, Australia
1983	Artist-in-residence, Department of Education, Auckland
1984	Attended Biennale of Sydney, Australia QE II Arts Council of New Zealand project grant
1985	Frances Hodgkins Fellowship, University of Otago, Dunedin
1985-86	Lived in Dunedin
1986-87	Commissions in progress: Waikato Museum of Art & History University of Auckland Music School University of Otago Arts Complex Schist House, Arrowtown Limestone House, Queenstown Wellington City Council Mainzeal Corporation, Auckland

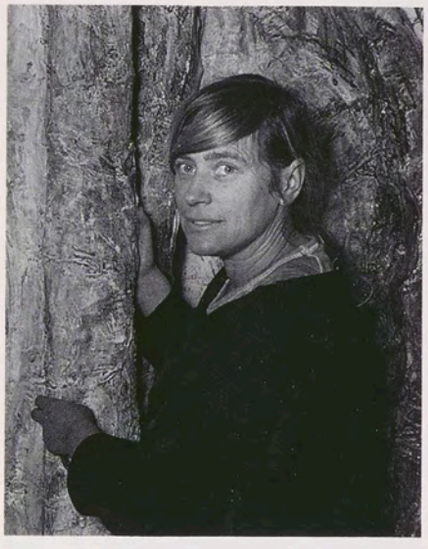
Exhibitions

1969	Solo exhibition, Vulcan Gallery, Auckland
1975	*Work in Progress*, Alicat, Auckland
1976	*Four Salt-Glaze Potters*, Alicat, Auckland
1977	*Auckland Studio Potters*, Auckland Institute and Museum
1979	Solo exhibition, *Porcelain Ceramics*, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland *Fletcher-Brownbuilt Award Exhibition*, Auckland Institute and Museum
1980	*Five by Five: ceramic sculpture*, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland Guest exhibitor, Auckland Institute and Museum *Fletcher-Brownbuilt Award Exhibition*, Auckland Institute and Museum
1981	*New Directions in New Zealand Ceramics*, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt, Waikato Museum of Art & History, Hamilton Solo exhibition, *New Ceramics*, Denis Cohn Galleries, Auckland
1982	Travelling exhibition, *Contemporary New Zealand Treasures to Japan*, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt
1983	*New Zealand Ceramics Now*, Bishop Suter Art Gallery, Nelson *Invited Auckland Ceramicists*, Fisher Gallery, Pakuranga Arts Centre, Manukau
1984	Solo exhibition, *Songs of the Gulf*, Auckland City Art Gallery Shop window installation, *The Measure of Opinion*, Auckland
1985	Solo exhibition, *Songs of the Gulf*, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt *Treasures from the Land*, tour of USA, curated and organised by the Smithsonian Institute, Washington *Four Artists*, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
1986	Solo exhibition, *Branches from the Wishing Tree*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt, and Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth *New Acquisitions: eleven drawings*, Hocken Library, University of Otago, Dunedin *Aspects of Recent NZ Art: Sculpture 2*, Auckland City Art Gallery
1987	*Four Ceramic Sculptors*, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt

Maria Olsen

Biography

1947	Born Christchurch, New Zealand
1958-61	Secondary education, St. Mary's College, Christchurch
1962-64	Studied at Ilam School of Fine Art, University of Canterbury, Christchurch Graduated 1964, Dip.FA
1967-69	Lived in Australia
1977 & 81	Travelled to India
1983	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand grant
1984	Travelled in America, France and England Has worked as a nurse, art teacher, full-time artist and in family framing business Lives in Auckland



John McIver

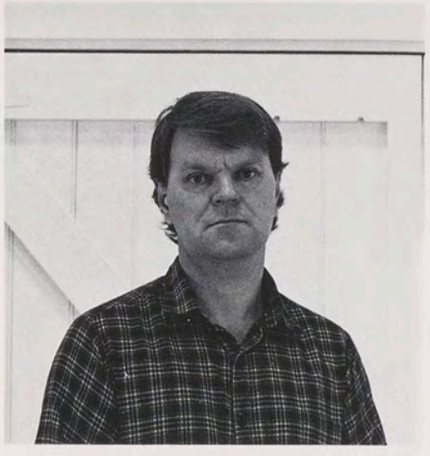
Exhibitions

1976	Group exhibition, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland
1978	*Works on Paper* (with Barbara Tuck), Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland
1979	*New Year/New Work*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland *Figurative Artists*, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland
1980	*Pastels, Paintings and Constructions*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland *15th Anniversary*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland Group exhibition, Outreach, Auckland *Domestic Scale*, RKS Art, Auckland
1982	*Women on Women*, Outreach, Auckland *Summer Show*, RKS Art, Auckland Solo exhibition, *Hanging Constructions*, RKS Art, Auckland Group exhibition, RKS Art, Auckland
1983	*Painted Sculpture*, RKS Art, Auckland
1984	Group exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *Pastels 1982*, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin *ANZART at Edinburgh*, Edinburgh College of Art *New Vision sees Red*, New Vision Gallery, Auckland Group exhibition, Pakuranga Arts Centre, Auckland
1985	Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington *Perspecta '85*, Steve Mori Gallery, Sydney, Australia Group exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland *10th Anniversary Exhibition*, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
1986	*New Work*, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland *Pastels*, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch
1987	*New Work*, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland Solo exhibition, Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

James Ross

Biography

1948	Born Gillingham, England
1959	Family emigrated to Auckland, New Zealand
1966-69	Auckland University School of Fine Arts, graduated BFA
1970-79	Lived and painted in Auckland
1974-75	Art critic for the *Sunday Herald*
1979	Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council award towards travel and study in USA, England and Europe
1980	Nola Holmwood prize, A.S.A.
1981	Lived and painted in Dunedin
1982-83	Painted in New York for a six-month period
1984	Artist-in-Residence, Victoria College, Melbourne (Prahan)
1984	Facilitator/Curator *NZ/NY*, a group exhibition of six NZ artists at 22 Wooster Street, New York
1986	Work selected for purchase prize by National Art Gallery from the Goodman Suter Bienniale, Nelson Currently resident in Auckland, New Zealand
1987	Travel and study in U.S.A., England and Europe



Adrienne Martyn

Exhibitions

1969	*New Graduates*, Society of Arts, Auckland
1974	Solo exhibition, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland
1975	Solo exhibition, Elva Bett Gallery, Wellington
1976	Solo exhibition, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland *New Year/New Works*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland *Land 1976*, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch New Artists, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch *Centennial Art Award Exhibition*, Otago Art Society, Dunedin *Screens*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland
1977	*Industrial Chemicals Award*, Auckland (finalist) *Young Contemporaries*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Director's Choice*, Elva Bett Gallery, Wellington *New Year/New Work*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland June group exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin Solo exhibition, Elva Bett Gallery, Wellington
1978	*New Year/New Work*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland *Small Works*, Auckland City Art Gallery *Six Figurative Painters*, Barry Lett Galleries, Auckland Solo exhibition, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland Solo exhibition, Galerie Legard, Wellington
1979	*Artists on Artists*, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland
1980	Solo exhibition, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland Solo exhibition, Elva Bett Gallery, Wellington
1981	*PAINT*, Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt *Opening Exhibition*, Janne Land Gallery, Wellington *Gallery Artists*, Peter Webb Galleries, Auckland *Director's Choice*, Elva Bett Gallery, Wellington Solo exhibition, Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton Solo exhibition, Janne Land Gallery, Wellington Solo exhibition, Bosshard Galleries, Dunedin
1982	*Seven Painters/The Eighties*, Sarjeant Art Gallery, Wanganui (followed by national tour) *NZ Drawing*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery *Me by Myself: the Self-portrait*, National Art Gallery, Wellington
1983	Solo exhibition, NZ Consulate-General, New York, USA Solo exhibition, Janne Land Gallery, Wellington Group exhibition, Centre for Contemporary Art, Hamilton
1984	Solo exhibition, *5 Tall Paintings*, Last & First Cafe, Auckland Solo exhibition, New Vision Gallery, Auckland Solo exhibition, Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch Solo exhibition, C.S.A. Gallery, Christchurch *Small Paintings*, New Vision Gallery, Auckland

1985 Solo exhibition, Gracie Mansion Gallery, New York, USA
Solo exhibition, Realities Gallery, Melbourne, Australia
Solo exhibiton, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
NZ/NY (New Zealand/New York), Wooster Gallery, New York, USA
Opening Exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland

1986 Goodman Suter Biennale, Nelson
Content/Context, National Art Gallery, Wellington
Group exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
Solo exhibition, *Sculpture, Drawings & Small Paintings*, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland

1987 *James Ross/Robert Jesson*, Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington
Solo exhibition, *New Paintings*, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland
Solo exhibition, *Small Paintings*, Realities Gallery, Melbourne, Australia

Boyd Webb

Alistair Thain

Biography

1947	Born Christchurch, New Zealand
1968-71	Ilam School of Art, University of Canterbury
1971	School of Fine Art, London
1972	QE II Arts Council of New Zealand grant
1972-75	Studied at Royal College of Art, London
1972 -	Resident in London
1984	Co-Director (with Philip Haas) of film *Scenes and Songs From Boyd Webb*, Arts Council of Great Britain
1986	Guest speaker, Artists' Week, Adelaide Festival of the Arts, Australia

Exhibitions

1971 Sculptor's Group open-air exhibition on banks of River Avon, Christchurch, NZ

1973 *Six NZ Artists*, NZ House, The Haymarket, London

1974 *Six NZ Artists*, Auckland City Art Gallery

1975 Group exhibition, Robert Self Gallery, London

1976 *Pan Pacific Biennale*, Auckland
Solo exhibition, Robert Self Gallery, London

1977 *Time, Words and the Camera*, Graz, Innsbruck, Vienna, Bochum
Solo exhibition, Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield
Solo exhibition, Robert Self Gallery, Newcastle

1978 Solo exhibition, Gray Art Gallery and Museum, Hartlepool, Cleveland
Solo exhibition, Graeme Murray Gallery, Edinburgh
Solo exhibition, Konrad Fischer Gallery, Dusseldorf
Solo exhibition, Jean and Karen Bernier Gallery, Athens
Solo exhibition, *Tableaux*, Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol
Solo exhibition, Chapter Art Centre, Cardiff
Solo exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London

1979 *Europa 79*, Stuttgart
With a certain smile, Ink, Zurich
Solo exhibition, New 57 Gallery, Edinburgh
Solo exhibition, Arts Council Gallery, Edinburgh
Solo exhibition, Sonnabend Gallery, New York
Solo exhibition, Sonnabend Gallery, Paris

1980 *Artist and Camera*, Arts Council touring exhibition
About 7 Photographs, touring exhibition
Photography and the Medium, British Council touring exhibition
Group exhibition, Sonnabend Gallery, New York
Group exhibition, Lisson Gallery, London
Photographic Contrivances, University of California, Santa Barbara
Group exhibition, Fitzwilliam, Cambridge
Solo exhibition, Galerie t'Venster, Rotterdam
Solo exhibition, Museum Haus Lange, Krefeld

1981 *Fabricated to be Photographed*, Wright State University, Dayton, Ohio
Group exhibition, P.S.I., New York
New Works of Contemporary Art and Music, Fruitmarket Gallery, Edinburgh
New Directions, Sidney Janis Gallery, New York
The New Colour, Everson Museum of Art, Syracuse, New York
Art and the Sea, Glasgow, Liverpool, Llandudno, Southampton
Group exhibition, Sonnabend, New York
Group exhibition, Anthony d'Offay Gallery, London
Group exhibition, *Marines*, Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris
Erweiterte Fotografie, Neue Secession, Vienna
Das Portrait in der Fotografie, Rheinisches Landersmuseum, Bonn

1981
Solo exhibition, Loyse Oppenheim Galerie, Geneva
Solo exhibition, Anthony d'Offay Gallery, London
Solo exhibition, John Hansard Gallery, Southampton
Solo exhibition, *Photographic Work 1976-81*, Auckland City Art Gallery (followed by national tour)
Solo exhibition, Sonnabend Gallery, New York

1982
Biennale of Sydney, Australia
Staged Photo Events, Rotterdam
Documenta 7, Kassel
Solo exhibition, Badischer Kunstverein, Karlsruhe
Solo exhibition, Westfalischer Kunstverein, Munster
Solo exhibition, Jean and Karen Bernier, Athens

1983
The Sculpture Show, Haywood Gallery, London
Images Fabriquées, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris
Solo exhibition, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris
Solo exhibition, Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris
Solo exhibition, Stedelijk van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven — followed by tour: Leeds City Art Gallery, Kunsthalle, Bern, Le Nouveau Musée, Lyon and Musée Municipale, La-Roche-sur-Yon

1984
Solo exhibition, *New Work*, Anthony d'Offay Gallery, London
Histoires de Sculpture, Château des Ducs d'Epernon, Cadillac-Gironde
Anxious Interiors, Laguna Beach Museum of Art
The British Art Show, Arts Council of Great Britain touring exhibition

1985
L'Indifférent, John Hansard Gallery, The University, Southampton
Paris Biennale, Grande Halle de la Villette, Paris
Alles und noch viel Mehr, Kunsthalle, Bern
The Irresistible Object: Still-life 1945-1985, Leeds City Art Gallery
Atelier Polaroid, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris
Solo exhibition, University of Southern Illinois, Chicago
Solo exhibition, Sonnabend Gallery, New York
Solo exhibition, Chapter Art Centre, Cardiff
Solo exhibition, University of Massachusetts, Amhurst
Photographs from the Australian National Gallery, National Art Gallery, Wellington

1986
Forty Years of Modern Art 1945-85, Tate Gallery, London
Sculpture: 9 Artists from England, Louisiana Museum, Humlebaek
Solo exhibition, University of Tennessee, Knoxville
Solo exhibition, University Art Museum, Long Beach, California
Solo exhibition, Adelaide Festival of the Arts (followed by Australian tour)
Solo exhibition, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland, New Zealand
Solo exhibition, Jean Bernier Gallery, Athens

1986
The Real Big Picture, Queens Museum, New York
Collection Souvenir, Le Nouveau Musée, Lyon, France
Aperto, Venice Biennale
Prospect '86, Frankfurter Kunstverien and Schirn Kunsthalle, Frankfurt
Contrariwise: Surrealism and Britain 1930-1986, Glynn Vivian Art Gallery, Swansea (followed by Bath, Newcastle and Llandudno)
Signs of the Real, White Columns, New York

1987 *Blow Up Zeitgeschichte*, Wurttembergischer Kunstverien, Stuttgart (followed by Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Lucerne and Bonn)
Contemporary British Photography, British Council touring exhibition — Belgium, Luxembourg and Italy)
True stories and Photofictions, Ffotogallery, Cardiff
Solo exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London

Catalogue

BILL CULBERT

1 *Long White Cloud* 1985
plastic bottles & fluorescent tubes
length of tube: 1524 mm

2 *Island* 1986
timber, lamp, photograph
610 x 610 x 610 mm

3 *Cascade* 1986
plastic bottles & fluorescent tubes
1524 x 2438 mm

4 *Sandstill* 1987
plastic bottles, lampshades & fluorescent tubes
1829 x 1524 x 254 mm

NEIL DAWSON

5 *Cause and effect* 1984/85
no.8 wire, steel, brass & cord
870 x 1120 x 1250 mm (installed)

6 *Swinging the Lead* 1986
cord, stainless steel wire & plate
3000 x 3000 x 10 mm
Collection of the Auckland City Art Gallery

7 *Double Take* 1987
enamel on steel mesh & polyester resin
1800 x 1400 x 350 mm
Collection of the Auckland City Art Gallery

JACQUELINE FRASER

8 *Raffia*
raffia, knitting wool & plastic wire
2300 x 4000 x 3000 mm

JEFFREY HARRIS

9 *Untitled* 1983 (triptych)
oil on canvas
1838 x 4578 mm
Collection of the National Art Gallery, Wellington

10 *Chance* 1985 (triptych)
oil on canvas
1838 x 4578 mm
The Chartwell Collection, Hamilton

CHRISTINE HELLYAR

11 *Skin* 1987
clay
1850 x 1450 mm
Collection of the Auckland City Art Gallery

12 *Flesh and Blood and Bone* 1987
latex, bronze & clay
2000 x 2500 mm

13 *Soft Buried Bones* 1987
latex & plaster
2500 x 4000 mm

MEGAN JENKINSON

from the VIRTUS MORALIS series

14 *The Unswept Floor* 1986
photo collage
165 x 972 mm

15 *The House of AEQUILIBRIA in Disarray* 1986
photo collage
200 x 280 mm

16 *LOGICA struggling with the Science of Decipherment* 1986
photo collage
205 x 280 mm

17 *JUSTITIA wounded by the Sword of Liberty au-dessus de la mêlée* 1986
photo collage
187 x 283 mm

18 *PRUDENTIA Endeavours to Construct a Model of Plato's Ideal State with the Building Blocks of Tombs of the Dead Kings* 1986
photo collage
187 x 283 mm

19 *FORTITUDO Battling with the Winds of the Furies* 1986
photo collage
190 x 280 mm

20 *PHILOSOPHIA Attempts to find the Reason in the Codex-Naturae* 1986
photo collage
205 x 305 mm

21 *Lex Talionis — the Law of Retaliation* 1986
photo collage
165 x 480 mm

22 *Creation and the Modern Western Illusion of Power* 1986
photo collage
165 x 480 mm

23 *Conversation* 1985/86
photo collage
380 x 480 mm
Collection of the Art Gallery of New South Wales

24 *Standard Bearers* 1987
photo collage
380 x 480 mm

from the URNS series

25 *Before the Fall* 1987
photo collage
492 x 280 mm

26 *The Romantic Rebellion* 1987
photo collage
492 x 280 mm

27 *Nature Morte* 1987
photo collage
492 x 280 mm

28 *Cinerarium* 1987
photo collage
492 x 280 mm

RICHARD KILLEEN

29 *Floating Islands* March 1986
alkyd on aluminium (74 pieces)
1820 x 2680 mm (installed)
Collection of the Auckland City Art Gallery

30 *Time to change Male Institutionalised War* June 1986
alkyd on aluminium (84 pieces)
1625 x 2483 mm
Collection of Peter Webb, Auckland

31 *Monkey's Revenge* December 1985
pencil, acrylic & collage on aluminium (79 pieces)
1710 x 1930 mm (installed)
Collection of the Auckland Art Gallery

DENIS O'CONNOR

32 *The Birdman and the Engineer* 1987
South Island limestone (23 pieces)
490 x 2620 x 2720 mm (installed)
Collection of the Auckland City Art Gallery

MARIA OLSEN

33 *Headlands* 1986
gesso, plaster, pigment, cotton, muslin & fibreglass (12 pieces)
2000 x 5470 x 360 mm (installed)
Collection of the Auckland City Art Gallery

34 *Night Vessel* 1986/87
pigment & emulsion on canvas (diptych)
1220 x 3657 mm
Collection of the Auckland City Art Gallery

35 *Ripple* 1987
acrylic on gesso on muslin on canvas
1640 x 2190 mm

JAMES ROSS

36 *Head and tree (for Old Jack)* November 1985
painted bronze on painted wooden base
1843 x 307 x 312 mm (including base)

37 *Hand to head (after the antique)* November 1985
painted bronze on painted wooden base
1720 x 401 x 298 mm (including base)

38 *Birth of Adonis* November 1985
painted bronze on painted wooden base
1780 x 407 x 403 mm (including base)

39 *Graft* June/July 1986
oil on 4 wooden panels, joined
1750 x 1290 mm
Private collection, Auckland

40 *Echo (on a bridge)* December 1986
oil on 6 wooden panels, joined
1520 x 2150 mm
Private collection, Auckland

BOYD WEBB

41 *Blessed* 1986
cibachrome photograph
1525 x 1220 mm
Collection of the Auckland City Art Gallery

42 *Codicil* 1986
cibachrome photograph
1525 x 1220 mm
Collection of the National Art Gallery,
Wellington

43 *Tosser* 1986
cibachrome photograph
1525 x 1220 mm
Private collection, Auckland

* all collection of the Artist, unless otherwise designated

Front Cover: Maria Olsen *Ripple* 1987
Photograph: Grant Sheehan

Back Cover: Boyd Webb *Blessed* 1987
Photograph: John McIver


Obsessed