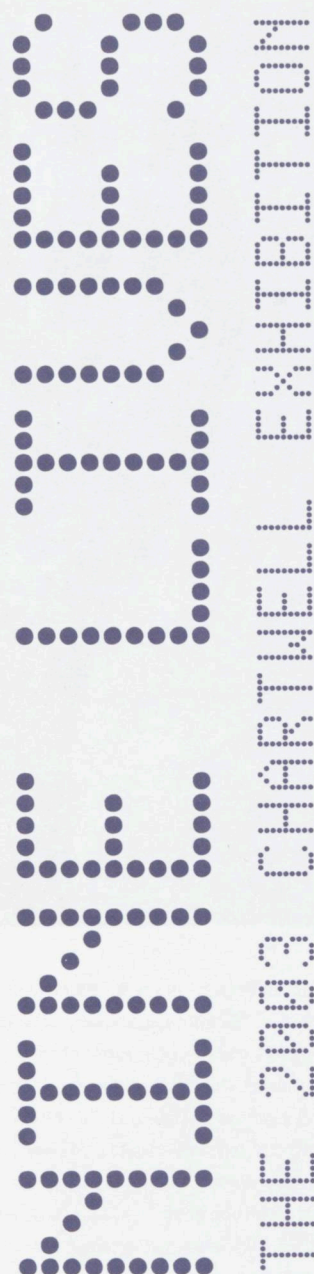


NEW





ET AL. 4/9
JULIAN DASHPER 10/15
JACQUELINE FRASER 16/21
BILL HAMMOND 22/27
GIOVANNI INTRA 28/37
MICHAEL PAREKOWHAI 38/43
PETER PERYER 44/49
JOHN REYNOLDS 50/55
MICHAEL STEVENSON 56/61

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DIRECTOR

NINE LIVES is the latest instalment in a series of new acquisition, survey and theme exhibitions based on the Chartwell Collection. Indeed it is the seventh presented since 1997, when responsibility for the Collection transferred to the Gallery. NINE LIVES is by far the most ambitious of these projects since 1999's HOME AND AWAY. Where that show core-sampled Chartwell's Australian and New Zealand holdings – with almost 50 artists represented by a work each – NINE LIVES focuses down on nine artists who have shaped New Zealand contemporary art in the last 20 years. This fresh account reveals again how Chartwell's audacious and proactive collecting programme – begun in 1974 – has created a lively domain for contemporary art. Central to the Chartwell project is Rob Gardiner's conviction that art plays a critical role within our culture. As the pivotal figure behind the Chartwell Trust, he has worked tirelessly to elaborate that intersection.

I am delighted that Deutsche Bank – the world's largest corporate contemporary art collector – has joined so wholeheartedly with this enterprise. My thanks and those of the Chartwell Trust go to Scott Perkins and Brett Shepherd of Deutsche Bank in New Zealand for not being risk averse to contemporary art – an uncommon thing in the world of corporate sponsorship. Deutsche Bank's generous patronage and that of the Trust itself have been instrumental in the making of this major exhibition and publication. I am delighted too that NINE LIVES could coincide with Auckland Festival AK03, with which the Gallery is proud to be associated through this project and the presentation of two instalments of Matthew Barney's fabulous five film cycle CREMASTER.

For both initiatives I must acknowledge curator Robert Leonard. Robert had barely begun work here when the challenge to mount this project was upon us, and he has turned it into a hugely energetic barnstorm through New Zealand art. The fact he has done so with such certainty and élan is no less a tribute to the artists with whom he has worked and the writers who have added so much to these pages. I thank them all for giving us such an immensely engaging account of these nine lives.

Chris Saines
Director, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

CURATOR

Collecting New Zealand and Australian contemporary art is a labour of love for Rob Gardiner. Started in 1974, his Chartwell Collection now includes almost 700 works and continues to grow. It is a major collection, arguably the broadest and most contemporary private collection in New Zealand. The Chartwell Collection has become a key resource in our work since it came to the Gallery on long-term loan in 1997. It is neither exactly a private collection, nor a public one, but a bit of both. Administered by a charitable trust, its missionary objective is to make contemporary art developments more widely known and appreciated. But the Collection also reflects Gardiner's personal odyssey. On the one hand, it betrays his distinctive calls about the directions in which art is moving; his preference for this over that. On the other, it finds him moving with the times, swept along by new developments. The Collection has really co-evolved with developments in contemporary art. Gardiner has long enjoyed a private collector's freedom to pursue the work of individual artists; a route many art museums have not had the liberty or foresight to take. Consequently the Collection is remarkable for the depth of its holdings of particular and now canonical figures. You can track developments across their careers through the works it holds.

I started work at the Gallery in March and my first task has been to assemble a major exhibition based on the Chartwell Collection. Our last – and first – major Chartwell show, 1999's HOME AND AWAY, sampled the Collection, presenting almost 50 artists with a work each. Artists with a single work in the Collection were represented on a similar scale to artists with a dozen. By contrast, I thought it would be interesting to focus on a smaller number of artists that Gardiner has collected and continues to collect in depth. (This necessarily makes the show a bit retrospective.) I decided to focus on New Zealand artists of the 1980s and 1990s – my generation. In the show et al., Julian Dashper, Jacqueline Fraser, Bill Hammond, Michael Parekowhai, Peter Peryer, John Reynolds and Michael Stevenson are represented, each in their own room, with works drawn from both Chartwell and Gallery collections. NINE LIVES shows our collections operating in dialogue. Into this mix I have inserted a special exhibition-within-the-exhibition looking at the work of a ninth artist, Giovanni Intra, who died last year, at the too-young age of 34. While key Intra works from Chartwell and Gallery collections are included (notably a new joint acquisition, Intra's 1990 studded suit), most of the works in this section have been borrowed in. Although Intra is a contemporary of the other artists, he remains something of a fringe figure. By putting him in the context of household names I seek to both assert his centrality in the art of the period and raise a question about how artistic status is accorded. I hope Intra's work will act as an "intercept" for the rest of the show.

While it tracks across many of the significant developments in New Zealand art in the last 20 years, and while the artists' paths have crossed at many points, I would like NINE LIVES to be read essentially as a show of individuals.

Robert Leonard
Curator of Contemporary Art, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki



4 VIEW 1993
 AUCKLAND ART GALLERY TOI O TĀMAKI

6 UNTITLED 1993
 AUCKLAND ART GALLERY TOI O TĀMAKI

7 THE CREATIVE ACT 2003
 CHARTWELL COLLECTION, AUCKLAND ART GALLERY TOI O TĀMAKI

8/9 THE STORY OF 1991-8
 AUCKLAND ART GALLERY TOI O TĀMAKI



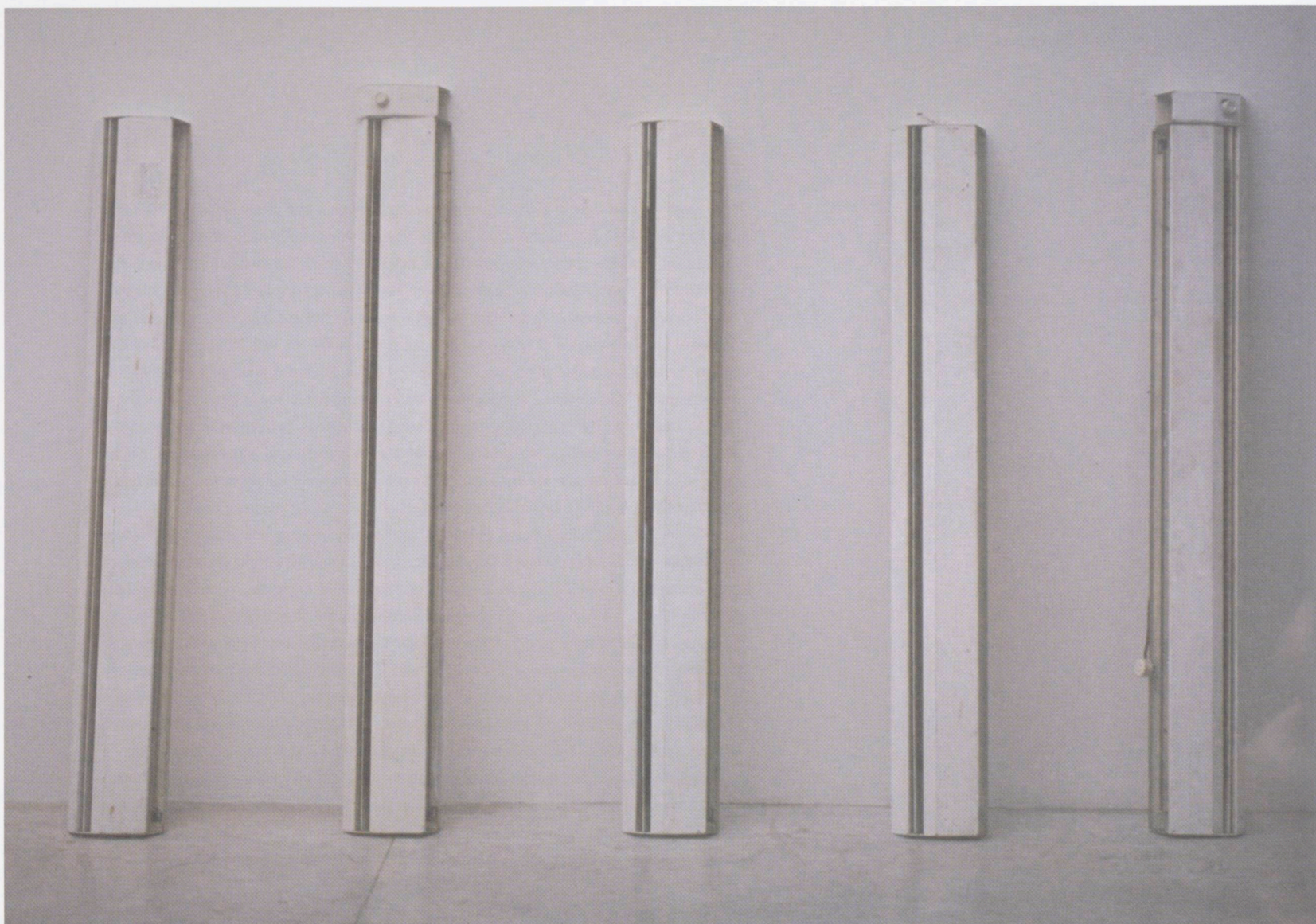
et al. covers a multitude of artistic personae listed elsewhere and often. Affiliated titles and identities are not about alternative personality types or strategically social disguises so much as optional positions within an informational system. p. mule for instance represents the artists through the explanatory academic “voice”, but the use of borrowed phrases, a radio play formality and occasional epigrammatic discontinuity means discussions with this agent can resemble an arrangement of conversational set-pieces. Over the last 20 years, works and events by et al. and associates have consistently been produced according to a logic of intermittence, incompleteness and shifting register that deflects any attempt to track them back to the unity of an underlying creative mind. The artists operate as interchangeable algebraic functions configuring propositions of artistic agency and artist-function, not as creative sources. They operate as abstract units within a communication network, a circuitry of communicative effects. Dedicated speleologists of intention and meaning beware.

The et al. project has always existed in both implicit and explicit relation to modern information media and technology. The artefacts, installations and various documentations to date amount to a rambling, but generically inclusive archive of media, mapping significant historical shifts in information technology. The displacement of writing, reading and books from centre stage by the emergent cultures of sound storage, film, keyboards and digital transmission is variously staged within the et al. project. The materials of this media archaeology have incorporated handwritten words and phrases, typewritten texts, photocopied pages of text, rolled paper scrolls of unknown data stored in long archival boxes, sections of walls painted with brushes or rollers and masked with borders of plastic packing tape, 16 mm film, video screens and wall-projected video, recorded television, recorded speech, old battered boxes wired up for a telepathic exchange, grey furniture connected to pseudo power-boxes aiding in state-funded research into mind-control, portable record players, painted LPs and newly cut vinyl, CD players, personal computers, electronically and digitally manipulated sound.

VIEW, a 1993 work by lionel b. for et al., is a blonded Remington typewriter with a piece of black card inserted between platen and paper table. The word “view” is hand-written on the card. VIEW demonstrates the separation of the senses, the separation of the data stream ushered in by modernity and still underwriting contemporary technology. The typewriter, a type of discrete machine, effected a mechanisation of inscription and the body; it separated out the eyes, which followed the words, from the fingers, which punched the keys, and the keys dislocated the hands from the touch of a pen. As the first philosopher to use a typewriter, Nietzsche speculated that typescript is “no longer a natural extension of humans who bring forth their voice, soul, individuality through their handwriting. On the contrary... they turn from the agency of writing to become an inscription surface”, becoming appendages of the machines they use. And as German media theorist Friedrich A. Kittler, the most apt exegete of et al.’s practice, explains: “Typewriters do not store an individual, their letters do not transmit a beyond which could be hallucinated by perfect alphabets as meaning... The dream of a real, visible, or audible world arising from the world is over. The historical synchronicity of cinema, phonography, and typewriter separated the data flows of optics, acoustics, and writing and rendered them autonomous. The fact of this differentiation is not altered by the recent ability of electric or electronic media to bring them back together and combine them.”

Hallucinations and dreams, acoustic, optical and textual, however, still haunt the et al. universe. The artists are attracted to media technics and as we know “media are always flight apparatuses into the great beyond.” et al. selects, cuts and edits text, optical effects, film sequences and found articles of furniture to materially demonstrate media’s capacity to generate the hallucinations of subjectivity and voice. The artists rehearse stagey experiments to summon the spectral continuities of vision and sense from a juxtaposition of incompatible objects and machines; part magic, part crummy effects. Textual scraps from philosophers, from procedural registers for metaphysical reflection, or from brainwashing programmes appear on blackboards and clipboards like partial communications from “the other side”, recalling the not-so-distant experiments of the pioneers in telegraphy who listened to disturbances in the earth’s magnetic field as if to faint calls from the beyond, and Edison and others who hoped to trap the speech of the deceased on magnetic tape. Are we listening to the unconscious of contemporary technology? Are we hearing the static from the invisible webs of power hidden from us by the spectres of sense on which we habitually depend? Or do the artists deign to give us brief glimpses into the random noise and clouds of energy on which we write our dreams of consciousness?

Allan Smith



ALLAN SMITH TALKS TO P. MULE FOR ET AL.

ALLAN SMITH: Perhaps I could start by asking a few questions about the current et al. installation at the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery. It is operatic in terms of scale, complexity and orchestration of affect. I felt I could actually inhabit the work. Do you think the scale of it allowed things which were inherent in the work earlier to become more visible?

P. MULE: A lot of debris certainly arrived at the Gallery door.

It seems very important to acknowledge the look of abject incompleteness and the dissonance produced by the sound component for instance. You've talked about the unity of the installation – there is a consistency right through the work – but in another way it's all about disruptive behaviour and breaking any unity affect. It seems classical aesthetics are very much with us still, as we attribute unity and coherence even to anti-aesthetic projects.

Consonance in dissonance? Obviously the nature of the installation is very specific to the extent that the idea is defined by necessity through its precise relationship to the architectural site, in this case an adapted movie theatre.

The work has both a persistent anti-aesthetic cast and a high degree of formal knowingness. How do you deal with issues of aesthetics so they still remain an open proposition?

An adaptable aesthetic? It can be ruptured and shifted. There's a sense of interchangeable disparate parts conceptually coded and linking in the grey-painted areas of the Gallery. We make things to be experienced and thought about.

So what determined placement within the grey zones?

The group was working with a numerical ordering system, at the time.

So the greyness on one level connotes a certain dreariness. This is quite a traditional way of interpreting colour.

Colourless... drab? A suggestion of a power structure that might not necessarily be visible?

The term "battleship grey" comes to mind and thoughts about corporate society.

Certainly.

You've played with oppositions between black and white, word and image, materiality and text, and the grey in some ways breaks these oppositions with a numbing blur of indifference.

We see it as creating an even field, a detached condition. The artists then bring in the objects which can exist within their own conceptual parameters, although within this exhibition there were shifts within production methodologies. It's low key, like a neutrality which allows us to impose a semblance of meaning.

In a way I'm surprised it works as well as it does. Yes it's neutral and low key and yes it connotes so much, like the dullness of office culture, pedagogical scenarios, a décor of incarceration and coercion. It's also evocative, with other components in your work, of a void-like state.

Nothing et al.

Adding yet another reading to the equation, the grey is like a painted wall equivalent of TV or video static, the blur of rubbed-out chalk writing, and this relates to the fuzzy droning of your sonic textures.

Yes, noise invariably formally defines a space or a place which is different than that made by language or text. We see the work as creating a potential moment of engagement, be it external or internal dialogue. These moments of subjectivity and reaction are what creates social discourse.

What you describe is consistent with the modernist notion of the derangement or separation of the senses; the fragmentation of the human sensorium and the discreteness of media. And your work inherits this legacy. We're always seeing a combination of discordant elements, which don't make a whole.

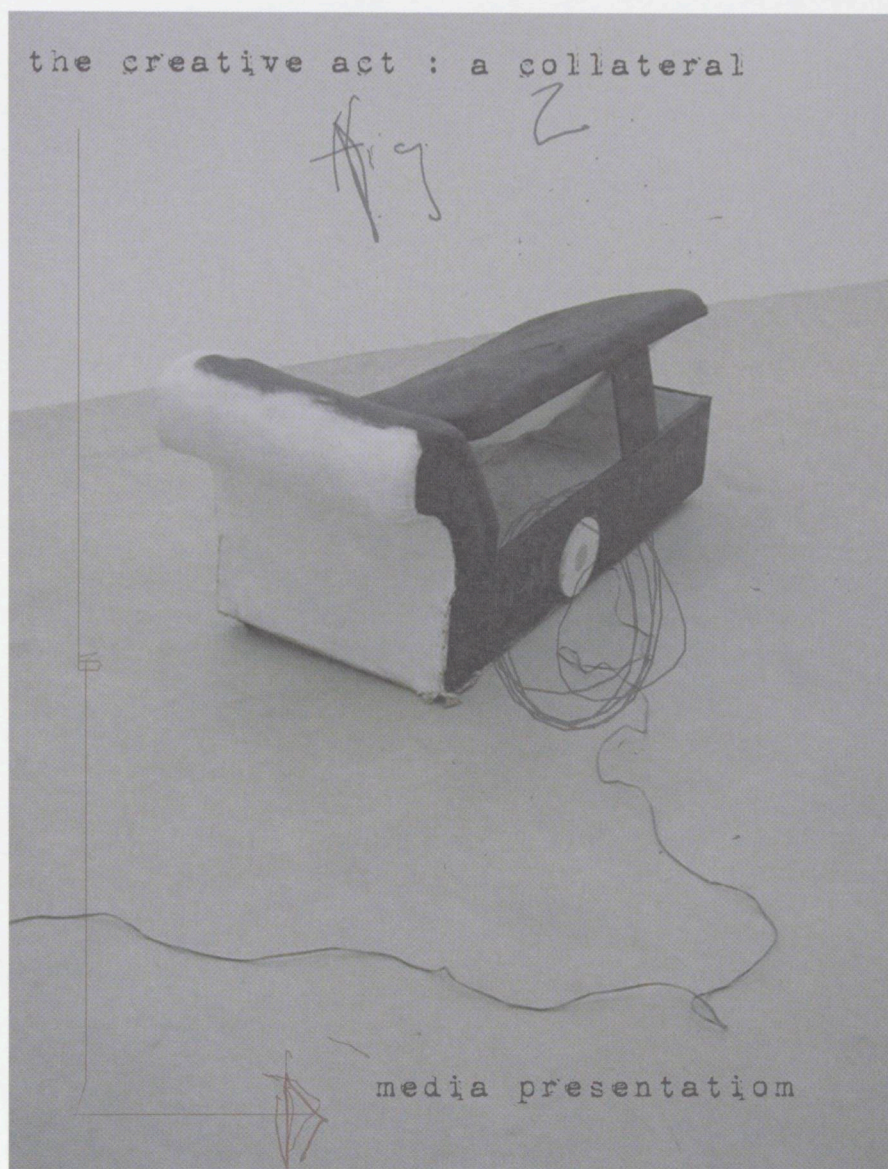
Sometimes the material is the starting point and other times it is the idea agreed upon by the group mind so to speak. But ultimately our ongoing investigations are the guiding factor, discord or otherwise.

The current plurality of contemporary art, in both medium and conceptual approach, seems to allow the group great freedom to consciously draw on a broad array of philosophies, and not just from art. What precedents would you cite for the work?

Popular Productions has always been interested for example in the cinematic aspect of how we collectively see and think; more particularly how narrative can both displace yet make cohesive, seemingly random events

So in one way you were setting us up, assuming these expectations, in your 1992 film A QUIET TEAR FOR SPAIN for instance, providing clues for a possible narrative but also denying us.

We think it's an important aspect of any work generally, be it filmic or sculptural, that there are discords and oppositions. This discord exists within the worlds of computer information and intelligence systems too. These levels of discord and control we are talking about also manifest within each individual. From a psychological point of view this is about how we structure our selves. So the et al. project moves between such internal and external parameters, as we've already mentioned.



Are you still an adherent of the Duchampian notion that a large part of the work's meaning is given over to the viewer?

Certainly Marcel didn't believe in explanations, to the point where it has to be the decision of the viewer to engage in the parameters of the work. You can't rely on being liked as the basis of a practice, so disdain is equally valued.

Does the disdain go both ways? Because there's a passive-aggressive aspect to some of the work isn't there? Do you see this as a strategy that has its uses, this breaking of the empathy effect?

Art like theology – a packaged fraud. The artists are always grappling with the concept of the viewer in some way, and the work, and with themselves. Sometimes there has to be adjustment. But if there is tension there's empathy too.

There's a philosophical implication here. The work has that desire to communicate, even if in a fairly obtuse way. I was wondering if you think the collective of artists could be seen as a microcosm or model of societal conversation, a community talking amongst themselves.

Well maybe they are a model of an ideal situation where the exchange of ideas is not defined by just one person. It's also a framework for the process because there's a lot of external reading of the work that can be quite limiting, reducing the work down to a very small idea-base, so it's also about side-stepping that type of situation.

So it's a way of providing your own arena of discussion.

Arena, yes, and a public profile as well. Various et al. members are put forward to represent different aspects of the overall project, and this changes on a regular basis, though I have a pretty constant visibility. People tend to relate to one artist more than another and what they stand for but there's no hard-and-fast ruling from our point of view on an individual's premise. Take p. mule for instance. As an

historian of the group, I can actually expand the parameters of an installation and suggest new meanings, not that there was ever a meaning anyway as the critical texts were often "lifted" from somewhere else, they were staged texts. The nature of et al. is not time-specific, it's across time and it acknowledges plagiarism as a useful polemic.

Plagiarism amongst yourselves?

Cross-reference and self-reference are essential to our current plurality as a group.

Do you think your lifting of these readymade critical texts, which often seem so extraordinarily apt, supports the notion of a cut-and-paste subjectivity as opposed to the traditional notion of the unique artist genius? The group literally used to do cut-and-paste collage works in the 1980s.

The cut-and-paste thing also applies to how the group stretch and reconfigure sometimes very small excerpts of found data for example. These days we talk generally about knowledge being reduced down to components and digital information – it's always reconfigured. Hypertext is never linear either; it's what cut-and-paste has become. There's the whole interest in interweaving texts and the way society is compelled forward by differing levels of information and the paranoia that surrounds this. This relates to theories implicit in SERIAL_REFORM_713L (2003) for example, and the current questioning of the reasons behind societal controls, and how much information is fabrication. Karl Popper became important for me in working through some of these issues, as part of his philosophy was that the freedom of information is determined by the ability to discuss ideas outside a subjective position, outside one person, or a group's or government's position. An open society is one founded on the possibility of being able to discuss, argue and disagree. To recognise different conceptual parameters, to seek and work through such difference.

So the group was looking around for an appropriate model for what it was doing.

Or inappropriate...


The artists quote different metaphysical positions on the nature of the self. Is this a case of the oppositional play the artists are interested in?

Certainly the group are all quite intrigued about why we are here... not to mention the nature of the self. But this is only a small fraction of the group's purview! I read only recently that human beings, including artists, still die with alarming frequency.

And by this opposition do you want to create a third position through melding ideas or are you more interested in keeping that oppositional difference, that friction, in play?

A third position happens. It is there – whether we take it up or how it's used is another matter. But it is really only the probability that we're interested in, that friction. Otherwise things become one-sided all over again. Conjecture and pragmatism is perhaps the essence of et al. mind.

Allan Smith teaches at Elam School of Fine Art at the University of Auckland. He was previously Curator of Contemporary Art at Auckland Art Gallery, where his exhibitions included THE CRYSTAL CHAIN GANG, BRIGHT PARADISE and GREER TWISS: THEATRE WORKSHOP.



The Story of



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EXIT

Gallerv

the
ANGUSES

- 10 THE ANGUSES 1992-3
PHOTO: PETER BAMMAN
- 12 CASS ALTARPIECE 1986
- 13 THE DRIVERS 1992-3
PHOTO: BRYAN JAMES
- 13 THE COLIN MCCAHONS 1992-3
PHOTO: GEOFFREY H. SHORT
- 14 UNTITLED (TARGET) 1993
- 15 UNTITLED 1996

JULIAN DASHPER

Wystan Curnow once described Julian Dashper as a "champion of the underprivileged signifier, himself included." Since the early 1980s Dashper has persistently turned our attention to apparently contingent or incidental aspects of art practice, the art world and art history. He has made art's supports, supplements and technicalities – everything normally considered beside the point – the heart of his practice. He has made works about art's institutions; its catalogues, labels, documentation and advertising; its hanging and packing systems. He has gone on to present his CV as a work in exhibitions. Working with the legends surrounding art, Dashper riffs obliquely on artworld apocrypha. For instance, one painting with masking tape lines doubtless referred to McCahon, but only because McCahon said he wanted "not more 'masking tape', more involvement in the human situation". Similarly CASS ALTARPIECE (1986), a bravura painterly abstract, implied a homage to Rita Angus, and yet, besides its title, made no reference to her work.

Dashper confounds expectations, exposing and dislocating the registers through which art is transmitted and received. In order to appreciate how he does this, it's useful to consider the art of a previous generation, when those registers were formed. Dashper makes many references to New Zealand art of the late 1960s and 1970s. In this moment a canon of "contemporary New Zealand painting", a mainstream for New Zealand art, was established. Elders like Angus, Woollaston and McCahon, and younger artists like Hanly, Hotere, Illingworth, Binney and Clairmont, became household names, buoyed along by a popular-romantic idea of art as personal vision. This mainstream came under attack from two sides, from formal abstract painting and from post-object art, both claiming the intellectual high ground. Broadly speaking, the abstract painters affirmed INTRINSIC formal qualities – line, colour and shape... – as the proper domain of art. They favoured quiet professional white-walled galleries, insulating art from the distracting flux of the wider world. On the other hand, post-object artists – working in installation, performance and new media – were typically open to this flux. They emphasised the EXTRINSIC, the temporal, the site-specific; they engaged in art-political explorations. In addressing context, they downplayed the autonomy and preciousness of the art object. While both factions took issue with the national painting mainstream, they were diametrically opposed to one another.

Dashper has exploited and collapsed the battle lines drawn between the mainstream canon and the competing idioms of formal abstraction and post-object art. Take his stripe paintings of 1991, made of readymade printed canvas. While they initially cue us to read them as formal, they ultimately operate more like post-object art. They are so generic, so classic, that it seems irrelevant to comment on their formal features. Banal in themselves, they operate like algebraic placeholders, there to demonstrate more general functions, drawing attention instead to the context in which they are shown, their place in the system. Alongside or instead of the stripe paintings, Dashper often exhibits sheets of slides reproducing them, as if to make the point that artworks mostly make their presence felt through reproduction. He called the stripe paintings "camera-ready abstraction".

A telling series of shifts was demonstrated with the body of works now collectively known as THE BIG BANG THEORY. From 1992 to 1993, Dashper created five installations named after historic heroes of mainstream New Zealand art: THE WOOLLASTONS, THE HOTERES, THE DRIVERS, THE ANGUSES, THE COLIN MCCAHONS. Each installation featured a drumkit, its bass drum emblazoned with the name of the artist pluralised as if it referred to a band of followers, a personality cult. However the kits themselves were not really the point. What was significant was how their insertion into particular spaces – mostly public galleries – activated latent histories. The installations were absolutely site-specific, in a way that almost parodied the post-object art idiom of an earlier decade. Presented at the Auckland City Art Gallery auditorium, THE COLIN MCCAHONS was up for less than two hours, attended by the artist, the photographer and a critic. Like many post-object works of the 1970s, these installations became known primarily through documentation. Posing as celebrations of key figures in mainstream New Zealand art, they were created in a completely different and implicitly hostile register. They were like a country music tribute to heavy metal. Dashper completed the process by turning his own idea inside-out. In a sixth and final exhibition at Auckland's Artspace, Dashper mustered the five drum kits, presenting them in a line, showroom style. At first this seemed a curious thing to do, because the drum kits in themselves were not what had made the previous five installations so compelling. Dashper left explaining the significance of the kits' past lives to a catalogue and its team of critics. Rather than summing up the project, the exhibition decontextualised and fetishised the drumkits as autonomous artworks, as if they were to be read formally, in themselves. Cutting them free of their original contexts, Dashper made an issue of how they signified in this new environment.

Dashper tweaks the terms of spectatorship this way and that. His work is always about context, even – especially – when it appears not to be.

Robert Leonard



ART HISTORIAN TONY GREEN TALKS TO JULIAN DASHPER

TONY GREEN: Tina Barton recently called you a post-conceptualist. How do you see yourself in relation to successive generations of New Zealand conceptual artists, being after Jim Allen's group and before Teststrip, for instance?

JULIAN DASHPER: Two of the artists from the Teststrip collective are actually older than me. I think of "successive generations" meaning that you are old enough to be someone's parent or child. There is an interesting lineage today between Billy Apple, myself and Dane Mitchell for instance. Billy taught me and I taught Dane. There is a clear successive generation between us.

Let me refine the question. Daniel Malone and Giovanni Intra are not much younger than you, but they got very aggressive with the art system. Do you think you did?

No, not really. Interestingly, you are only just now finding a newer generation again to Daniel and Giovanni in the private gallery circuit. They're in the 20 to 30 age bracket. Issues about nationalism-versus-internationalism that struck my generation don't even hit their radar screens. There's been an ongoing shift in the polemics of conceptualism in this country. Jim Allen's generation wasn't in opposition to the institutions. They were allowed to work inside them. I didn't feel the need to reject the institution for different reasons, because I came out of an established artist-run space network before I got mainstream attention. As a result I have always felt a sense of

cohabitation with private and public galleries. I feel quite at home in them as I come to them on my own terms. They were something that was always there, in the same way that Colin McCahon was. I didn't have to take over my father's business so to speak. My work has often been written about as if it was a critique of the institution. Anna Miles wrote recently that I was like a personal trainer for institutions. I don't agree with that, but it is certainly a popular reading of my work.

People are bound to write these things about you. You have an attitude about what counts as art, and it goes way back, doesn't it?

I know my own mind. And I think that often commentators expect an artist not to know their own mind. People tend to misread me. In the beginning it was all about my being a "professional artist", a "careerist". But I don't get this anymore, because all artists behave like this now. They are organised and empowered.

You have operated outside New Zealand a lot, in the States and Europe?

Since 1993 more so than in New Zealand actually. I had an intuition early on that there would be a limited number of people here who would be interested in what I was doing. Many of the first people interested in my work were Australians. I got into a network in Australia. Then I got into a network in the Netherlands and Italy. Then America. It just happened naturally. It was not a strategy.

You have frequently worked off other people's art.

If Imants Tillers appropriates visually, I appropriate spiritually; working with art's cultural profile and mana for instance. Mine is not just art-about-art, but also art about art history, the collective vision, the canon. The works I work off are all very loaded and I choose them carefully. Recently I made a recording at Walter De Maria's LIGHTNING FIELD. Not at the poles themselves, but in the bathroom of the cabin I stayed in.

You didn't get any lightning, or flushing?

You'll have to listen to the record. There's only one copy and it's on vinyl for a forthcoming show of mine in Houston, Texas.

When did you begin to reckon that what you wanted was something that could be called conceptual? Does Marcel Duchamp come into this early on?

I have no interest at all in Duchamp. I've got no Duchamp in my library.

What about Andy Warhol?

I changed my mind about Warhol, the day he died.

For or against?

For. Totally against until then. According to Wystan Curnow, you only get to change your mind in a big way three times in a lifetime, so I've got two more changes left. I want to go back to your question, when did I decide I was a conceptualist? The bad news is I'm not a conceptualist. I don't use the term at all. I use the term "Artist". To answer your question though, it



was 1980, I was sitting in 100m², an artist-run space. I was in my third year of art school, majoring in painting. Frank Stark, the director of the gallery, said, "You can do anything you want to here, Julian." So I thought I'd book the Gallery for two weeks and in the first week I'd just sit there and work out what to do. I quickly decided that the idea of showing paintings there was largely irrelevant to me. The logic of the space seemed to create its own work for me. I took photographs, recorded sound, and I had a work – MOTORWAY SCHOOLS – in time for the opening. Later, in the early 1990s, when I started to show in Europe, the physical nature of my situation meant I again couldn't show paintings. It was as if I was asked to be a "conceptualist" because of the physical circumstances in my life.

Are you a painter?

No, never have been, never will be. Just like I'm not a writer. I was actually suspended from secondary school, for not doing a figurative drawing of the school for the cover of the school magazine. I said, "I don't think I can." I tried, but I can't draw realistically.

So you couldn't draw a picture of the school, and they suspended you? That's a bit harsh.

That's what I thought, but also because I scribbled all over my first and last attempt at realism.

You were really aggressive about this, in relation to the institution?

Aggressive? I'd prefer to say expressive! I scribbled all over it, so I didn't get university entrance accredited, but I did get a very high art history mark sitting the exam which got me into university. I wrote a passionate paper about the Bauhaus. The Bauhaus saved me, looking back on it. And there's Tony Green at my first university lecture, deciding whether to take his clothes off on a beach, and whether he should skinny dip, and the whole lecture went on like this for an hour. And I remember walking out of that lecture thinking, "There's a place for me in this world".

You were looking for a place? You were short of one? You were displaced, misplaced or decentered?

Tony, I was 17 years old and had just shifted to Auckland. If I needed to find my home it was only literally.

You're not a sculptor – you're an artist.

With that capital A. Maybe even a sculpture in some people's minds these days, but not a conceptualist, not a neo-minimalist. I am interested in all those things, interested in art history, interested in art historians. [Laughter] I remember wanting to be in the Sculpture Department at Elam. It was the most radical thing to do at the time. I quizzed Greer Twiss, "I can do anything I want in the Sculpture Department, right?" And he looked at me and said, "What is it you want to do?" I said, "I'm not actually sure, but I think I want to do something with canvas and paint." Greer said, "That sounds like painting and that's the only thing you can't do in Sculpture." In my peripheral vision I saw a big finger beckoning like the Father Christmas on the outside of Whitcoulls. It was Don Binney.

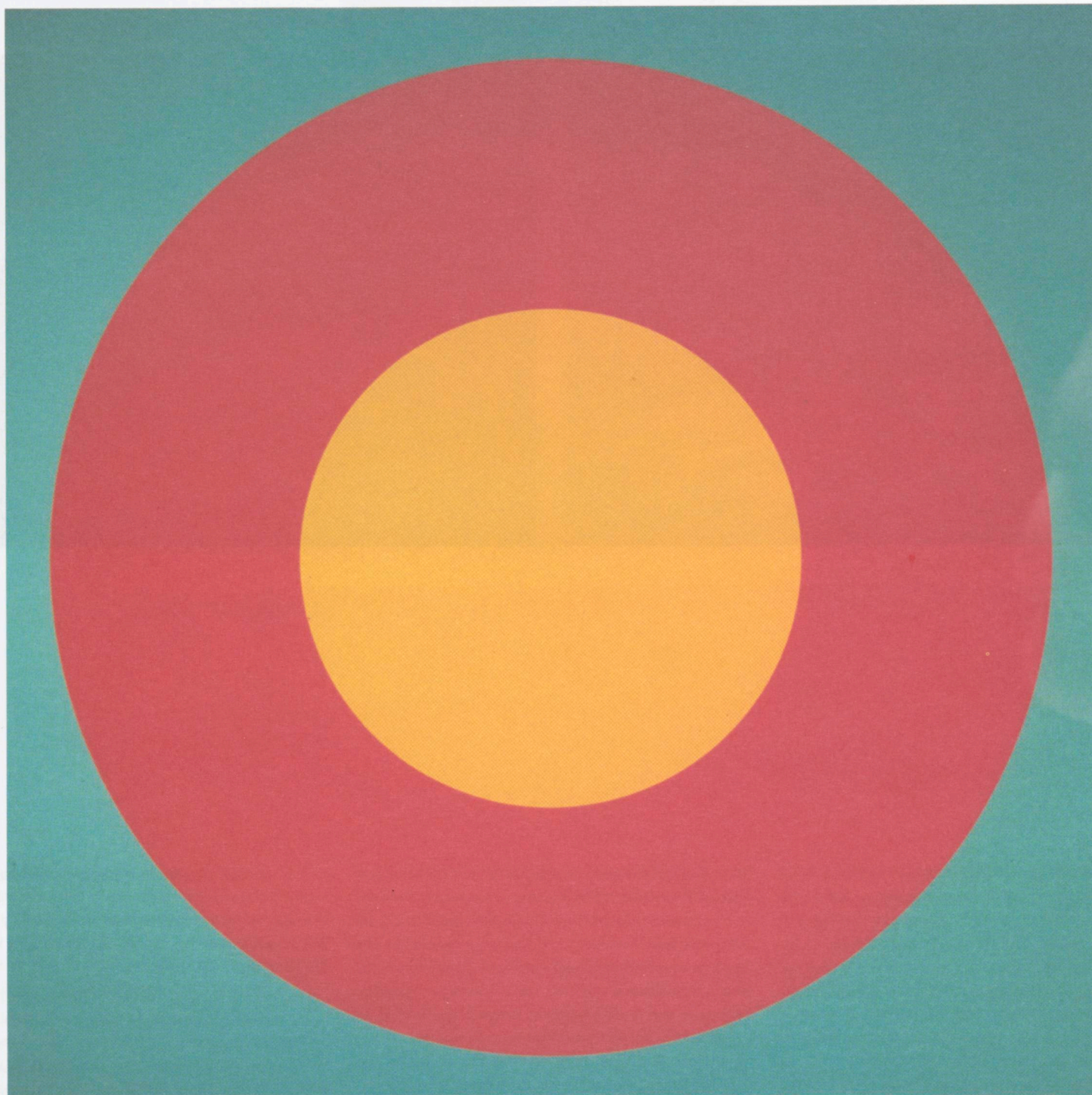
He said, "Julian, you can do anything you want in Painting, plus we'll give you a nice big studio." I fell in love with painting over the next three years. My tutors included Billy Apple and Philip Clairmont. If you want to look for my early influences, consider Apple and Clairmont.

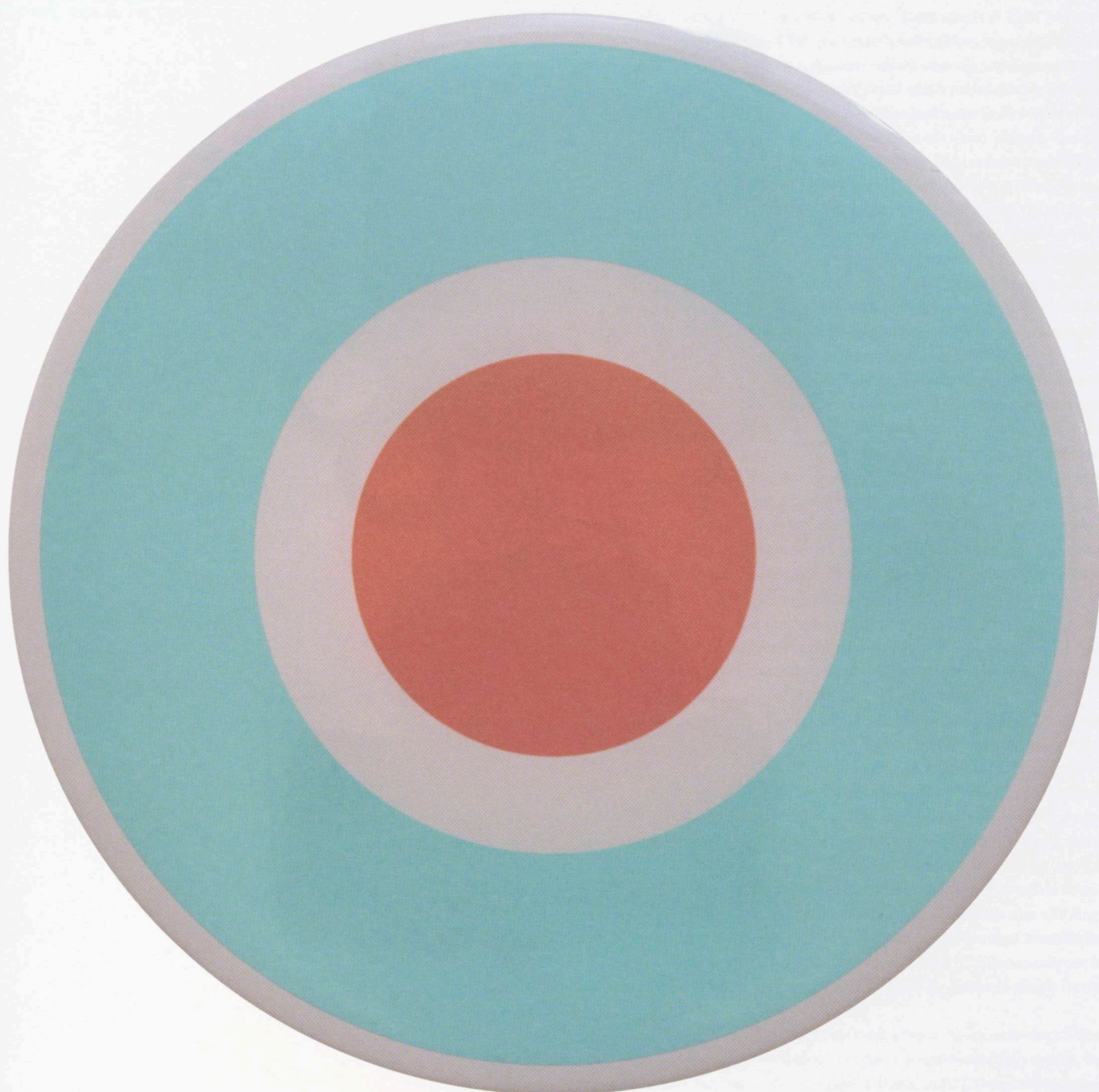
Did you ask me when I felt at home? It was when I arrived at Marfa, Texas, the remarkable project of Donald Judd, the anti-institution. Judd's genius was to invent another system. When he arrived there in 1971, he had had enough of the entertainment-type culture of museums. He took a little town and he said, "We're going to install work like it should be done." The artist is in charge. As soon as I walked through the gates I felt at home.

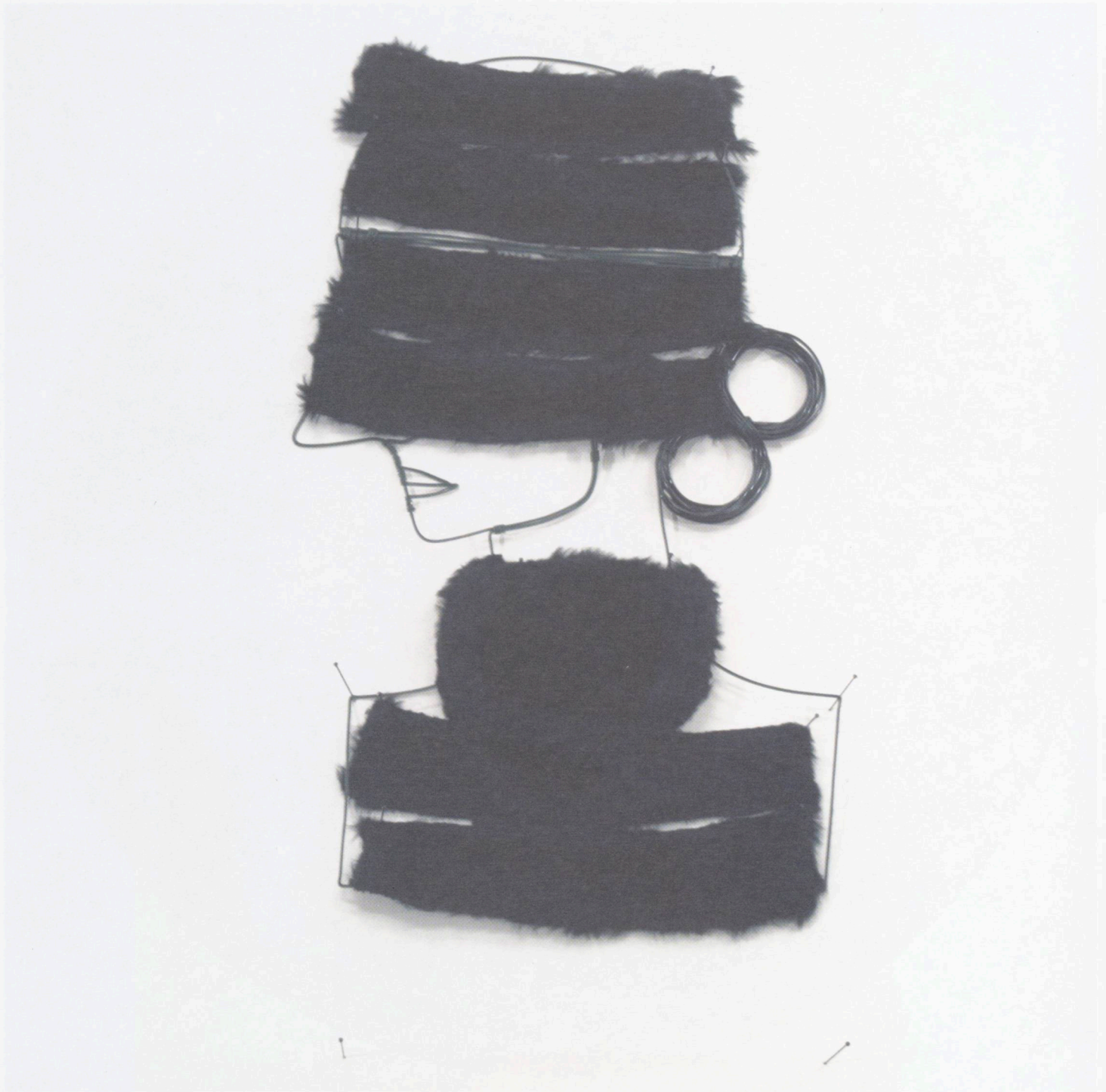
Would you like to end up like McCahon with an industry around you?

Funnily enough, there already is one of sorts, but I expect it will always be a cult industry rather than a mainstream one. For me today, McCahon has pretty much become a noun. Just like minimalism should always be understood, I hope to remain a verb.

Tony Green is a freelance curator, art writer and poet. He was founding Head of the Art History Department at the University of Auckland, where he taught from 1969 until 1998.







An obscure portrait extracted

<<daisy chopper accelerated>>.

16 AN OBSCURE PORTRAIT EXTRACTED <<DAISY CHOPPER ACCELERATED>> 2003
 18/19 THE NEW ZEALAND ROOM 1986
 AUCKLAND ART GALLERY TOI O TĀMAKI
 20/21 <<YOU DON'T BELIEVE I'M RICH>> <<FENTANYL & HALOTHANE COCKTAIL>> 2003
 CHARTWELL COLLECTION, AUCKLAND ART GALLERY TOI O TĀMAKI

JACQUELINE FRASER

In the late 1970s, having recently graduated from Elam's Sculpture Department, Jacqueline Fraser was making impromptu-looking installations in galleries and parks. She used an assortment of easily sourced natural and thrift-store materials: yarrow and willow sticks, glossy raffia hat braid, satin-covered milliner's wire, ribbon, bright scraps of cloth, hairnets, stockings, metal foil, electrical wire, shells, driftwood. Fraser's work had an apparently modest programme – decorating spaces. Her sculptural language involved weaving, lashing, scattering; compression and expansion; tension and slackness. She made ample use of handicraft skills, some of them picked up during several years living on a Dunedin marae. Critics like Francis Pound read the work formally, as abstract, an exploration of lines, shapes, spaces, volumes and colours; but the work also hinted at environmentalist and feminist concerns.

By the mid 1980s Fraser's installations had become more geometrically ordered, formal, symmetrical, like ritual spaces. In *THE NEW ZEALAND ROOM* (1986) suspended figures were arranged in a symmetrical power-formation, as if holding court. Fraser played with liveries: a big central form was surrounded by smaller attendants. Works like this ran interference patterns with their gender politics. They had fetishistic overtones: Fraser's wiring suggesting crinolines; her lashings, corsets; her fringing, flapper dresses. The works may have been "feminine" – slight, dainty, barely there materially – but their totemic appearance was anything but. They linked feminine display to power. *THE NEW ZEALAND ROOM* was like a diaphanous Stonehenge.

A turning point came with Fraser's 1992 artist's residency in Avize. She fell in love with France's historical decorative arts, seeing an affinity between them and traditional Maori arts. Both played out aristocratic imperatives through strict formal structures, and their decorative strategies rhymed. Seeking to make an art that spoke to her new environment while acknowledging where she had come from, Fraser brought Maori imagery into her work explicitly, but accompanied by historical European motifs. Increasingly wall-oriented, she drew figures and forms in wire and ribbon, mixing ancestors and taniwha with European motifs like vases, crowns and fleurs-de-lis, overlaying the language of court and church art and the art of the whareniui. She conflated two traditions in which art put viewers in their place. At the same time Fraser's work revelled in its cut-loose hybrid status, its mobility, its ability to draw from here and there. She seemed as much concerned for endangered Maori values as nostalgic about obsolete European ones: church and state. There was a curious perversity in Fraser's memorials, given that Maori were dealt to by Christianity and are still fighting with the Crown.

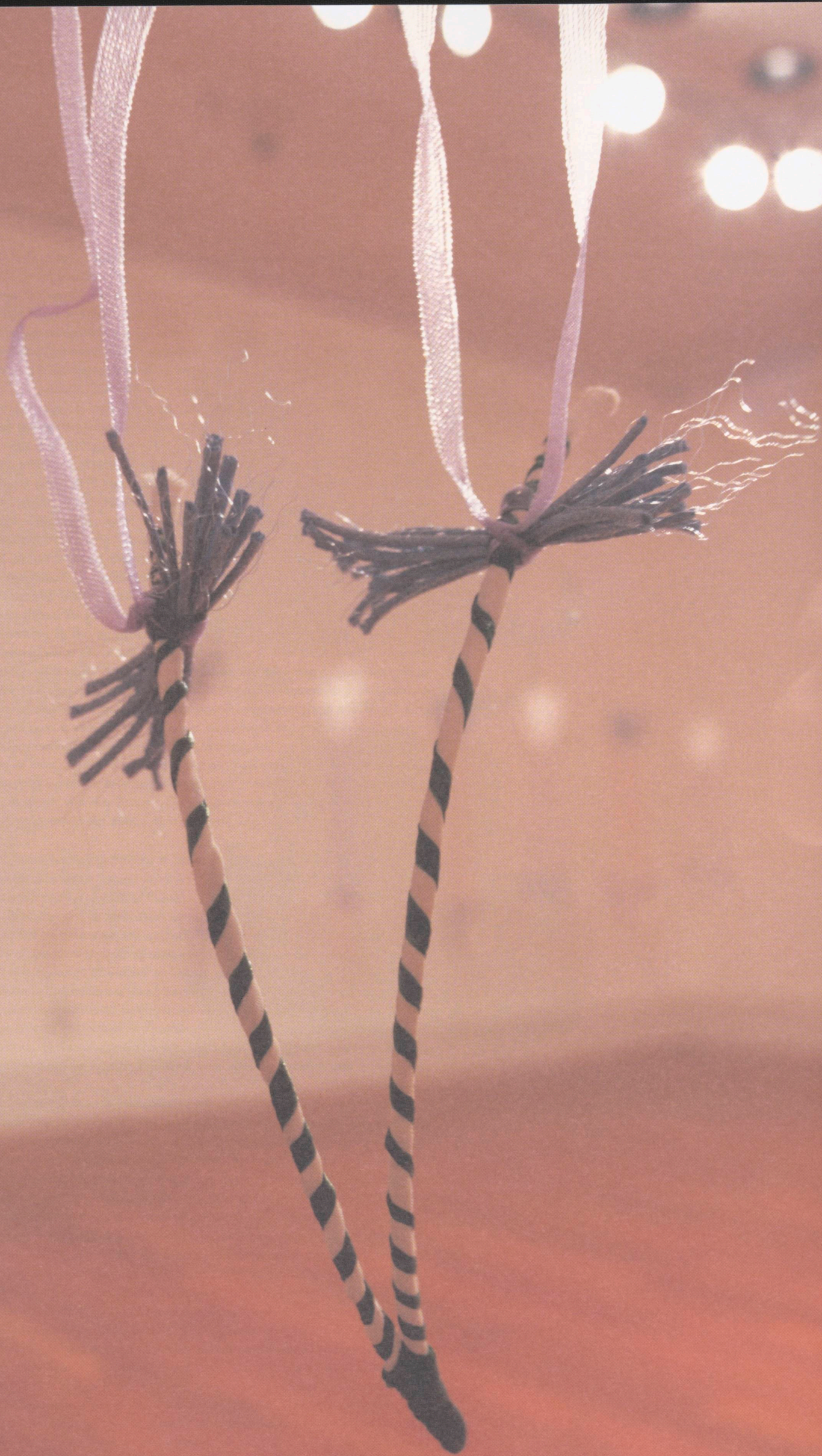
Anna Miles has called Fraser's work "an art of marvellous cultural joining." In *TE WAI POUNAMU: THE BURIAL OF OUR PEOPLE* (1996), eleven wire figures representing the generations of Maori people buried in the South Island are flanked by shrines featuring European, mostly Scottish, motifs: crowns, thistles, Celtic crosses, lilies, deer antlers and birds. The work reflects Fraser's dual Scots/Maori heritage. Fraser said she wanted the work to celebrate the treasures brought by the Europeans, but also acknowledge the costs of contact. In its hybridity, such work references "early Maori figurative art" of the late 19th century, when European imagery, techniques and materials were incorporated into the painted decorations of Te Kooti's new East Coast houses. Images of flowers and potted plants, flags, ships and trains, and kings and queens, appeared alongside naturalistic variants of traditionally abstract kowhaiwhai patterns. The extent to which early Maori figurative art represented a tradition in collapse or was freighted with resistance remains moot. And it is productive for Fraser to simply let the question hang.

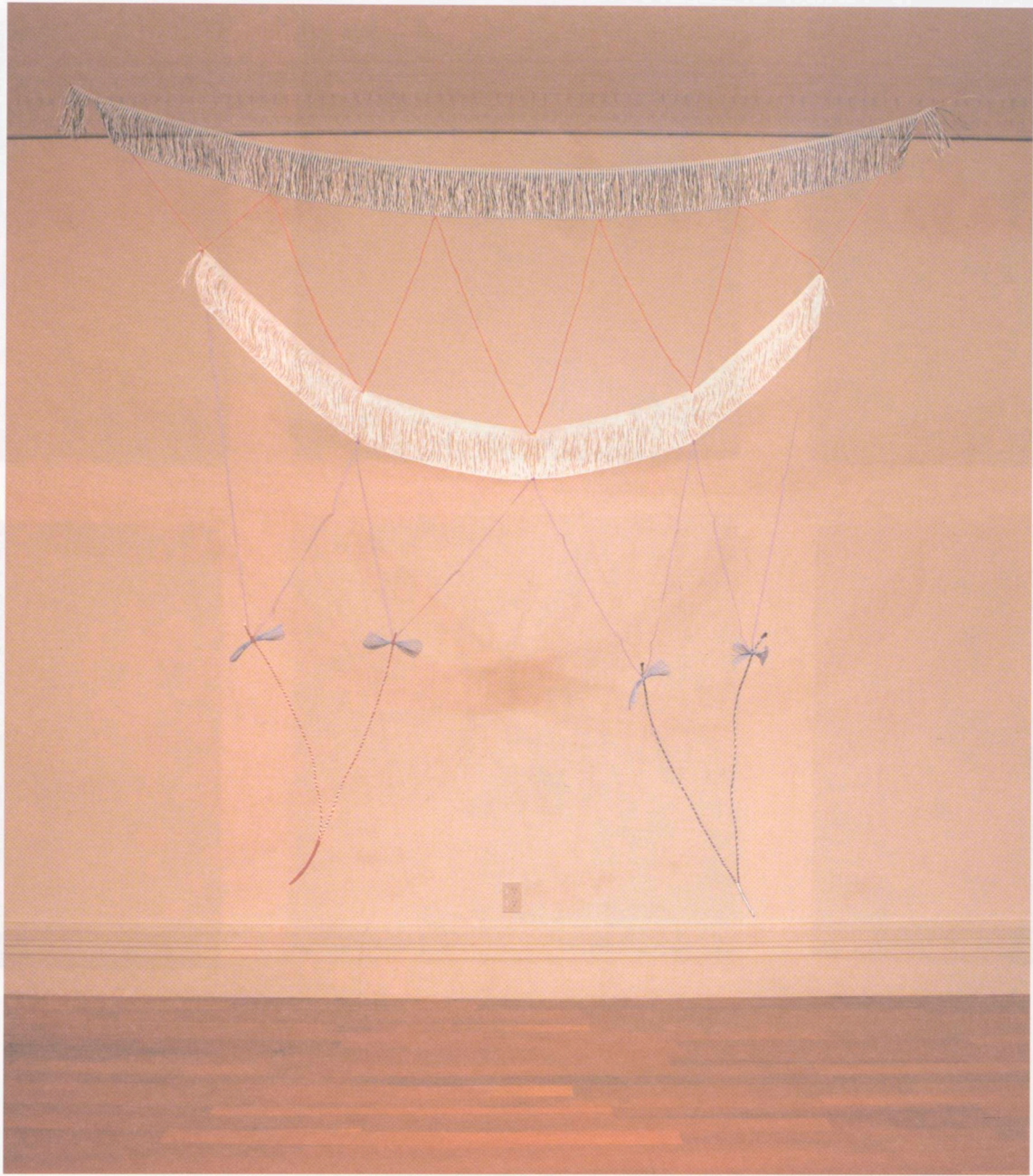
Fraser is diplomatic. Her exhibitions often address their sites and occasions, negotiating between places and histories by analogy. For a show in Kassel, home of the Brothers Grimm, she made a work about an imagined meeting of a Grimm giant with the Maori giant who formed and named the South Island. A project for Copenhagen hooked up Pania of the Reef and the Little Mermaid. Fraser's work values propriety and civility, presenting good manners as a marker of self-respect in the face of economic or cultural disenfranchisement... holding your head high. It parodies, but also aligns itself with, conduct books; linking aesthetic formalism with etiquette ("good form"). Fraser's work couldn't be further from the righteous anger of an Emily Karaka. Not that Fraser doesn't have issues. In *A DEMURE PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST STRIP SEARCHED* (2001), an autobiographical figure bears the kawakawa leaf, suggesting a remedy for psychological trauma, an antidote to colonial invasion. This image is set against a text referring to invasive surgical and drug treatments for mental illness. But heavy implications are constantly postponed by Fraser's cartoon treatments. Her protagonist is typically a princess, formally attired, maybe in a Dior dress, fashionable hat and elegant shoes, perhaps recalling immaculately coiffured kuia in their marae best. The sweetness of Fraser's recent work owes much to her virtuosity in drawing in wire.

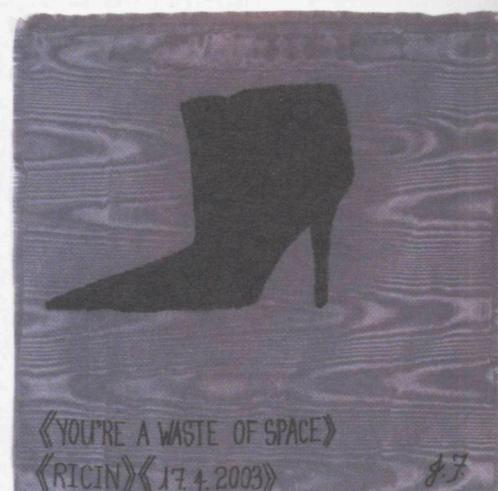
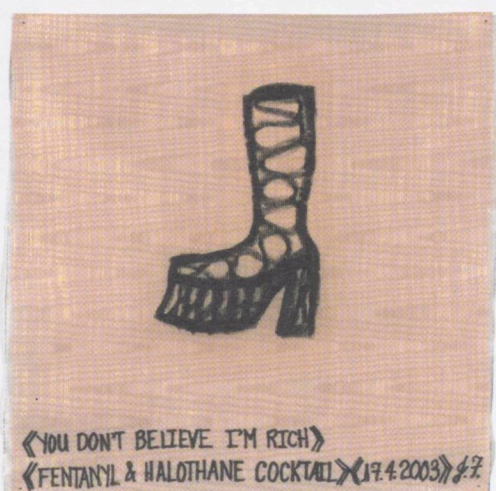
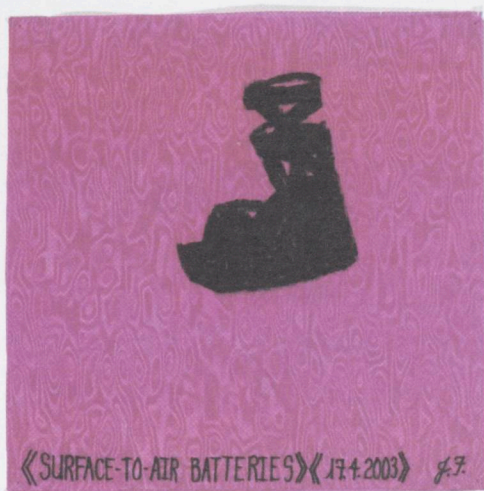
Fraser's dandified work is strategically camp. Camp, Susan Sontag explains, involves a dislocation in the registers of serious and not-serious; being trivial about the serious, serious about the trivial. If Fraser is known for making charming works about heavy subjects, her recent crayon drawings of women's shoes on squares of fine fabric do the opposite. With inscriptions like *YOU'RE A WASTE OF SPACE*, *SURFACE TO AIR BATTERIES* and *ANTHRAX*, stylish women's shoes are repositioned as accusations, insults and bombs: as "fuck you" boots. Female allure and civility are implicated in a fantasised terrorist plot.

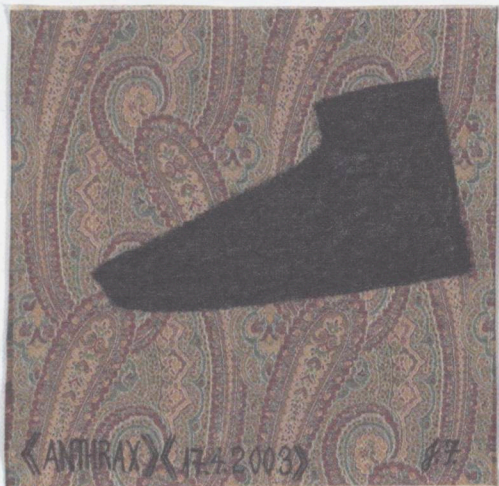
Robert Leonard

Jacqueline Fraser declined to be interviewed.











22 JAPAN 3,4,5 1992

24/25 WHISTLERS MOTHERS 2000

26/27 BULLER'S TABLE CLOTH 1994

27 PASS OVER 1989



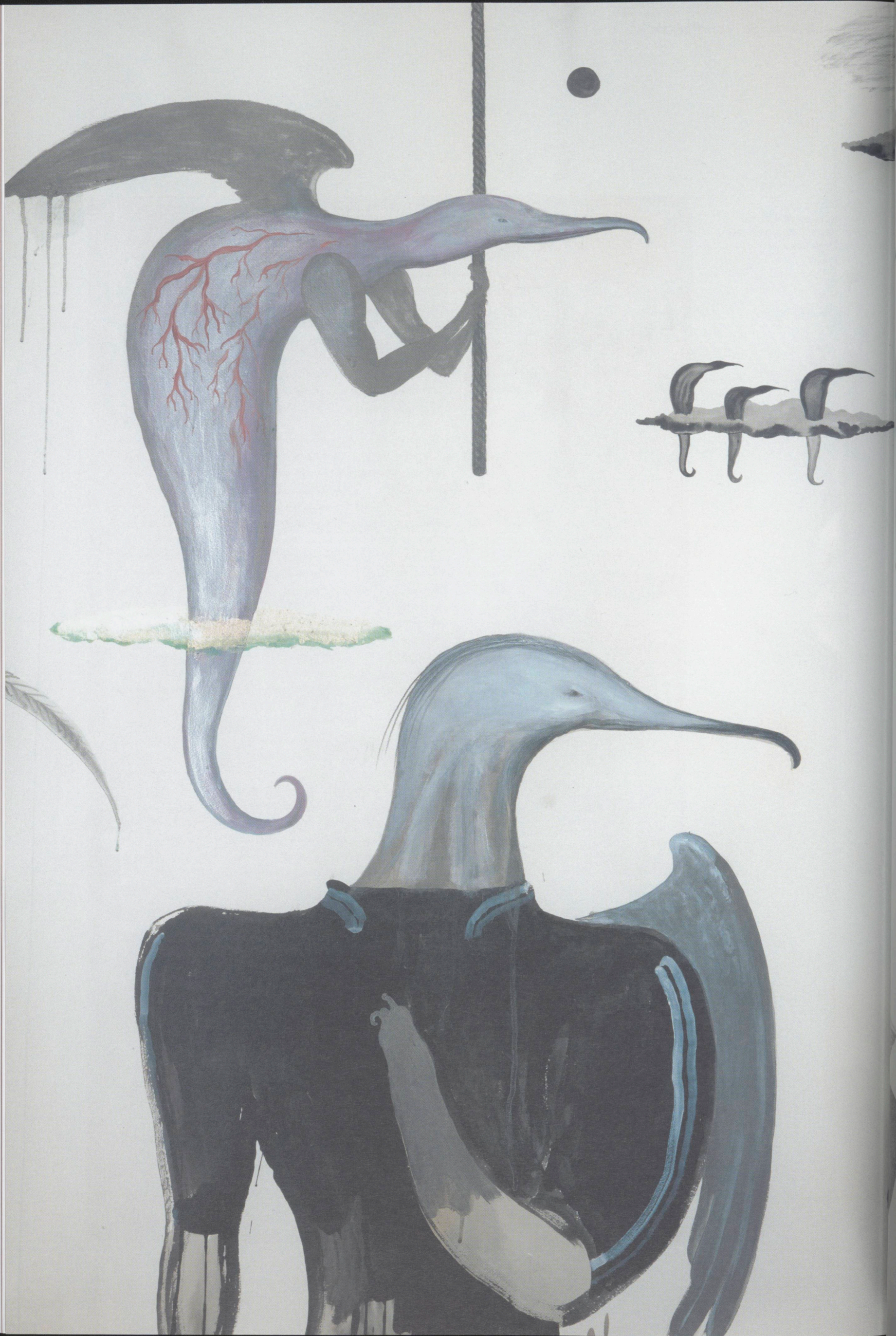
Bill Hammond's work has been described as "pencil case art". This expression deftly recalls the way naughty boys decorate (or deface) their school pencil cases, exercise books and bags, proceeding without plan, accumulating noxious motifs, rather than attending to their lessons. In his paintings of the late 1980s, Hammond routinely filled every available cranny of picture-space, jumbling perspectives and clashing codes. Extreme and contradictory perspectives and registers displaced the sovereign viewer: finding a stable interpretative frame was impossible. Wired, paranoid, hyped-up, his paintings were junky, punky and dystopian – juiced up with sadistic speed-freak cartoon violence. Ecstatic, tortured, figures morphed into one another and into their environment, into buildings and chattels, mutating with rhyme but without reason. The paintings offered no pastoral idyll or redemptive promised land, but a deregulated incubator-world superheated with a hyperactivity of information; a surreal world where categories melted, coagulated and clotted, and the centre would not hold. Hammond imagined his world as a mixing desk (MIXING DESK 1987), as video game shoot-em-up (CHANNEL ZERO 1988) and as an exotic land (JAPAN 3, 4, 5 1992).

A major shift came in the early 1990s when Hammond travelled to the remote Auckland Islands, where there were no people and birds still ruled the roost. Inspired, Hammond imagined himself in Old New Zealand, before even the Maori had arrived, when birds were still on top. Returning home, he developed a bizarre series of paintings of bird-people, with echoes of ornithological illustration, colonial topological landscape painting, comics, children's books, history painting, Hieronymous Bosch, Grandville, Max Ernst's Lolop and, crucially, Buller. Walter Lawry Buller was a 19th century Pakeha lawyer-magistrate-ornithologist. As his perennial 1873 bestseller A HISTORY OF THE BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND still provides the standard renderings of our native birds, Buller is popularly linked with a love of things native. However, he believed that the native plants, birds and people of New Zealand would invariably be displaced by the superior European stock, making New Zealand an antipodean repository of English country life. According to Buller, the Maori were "dying out and nothing can save them. Our plain duty as good and compassionate colonists, is to smooth down their dying pillow." Buller certainly helped speed the decline of the native bird population, sponsoring an avian Armageddon, "preserving" birds on a semi-industrial scale: commissioning their collection and delivery to Europe by the crateload to be stuffed. In revisiting Buller in works like BULLER'S TABLE CLOTH (1994), Hammond puts considerable spin on the postcolonial thing.

But while they got everyone talking, it's hard to pin down the moral upshot of Hammond's bird paintings. His birds-becoming-people gaze out across the water as though anticipating invasion, or while away hours in the pub drinking, smoking and playing pool in print shirts. Even in their dark state of nature, they are inscribed with musical notation and copperplate script and play cellos, as if fatalistically looking forward to what will overwhelm them. They are floating signifiers, referring at once to the birds there before the Maori, to the Maori who decimated the bird population, and to the Pakeha who later dealt to the Maori. They can be shown as pathetic holocaust victims or as a brooding, hankering, conspiring criminal gang, just as the paintings lurch from being bent and sadistic to being whimsically pastel. The bird-people are everyone at once: us and them; villains and victims rolled into one. Hammond's trick is brainstorming all the possibilities, but then refusing to be our moral guide.

Robert Leonard

Bill Hammond doesn't do interviews.





W.D. Hammond

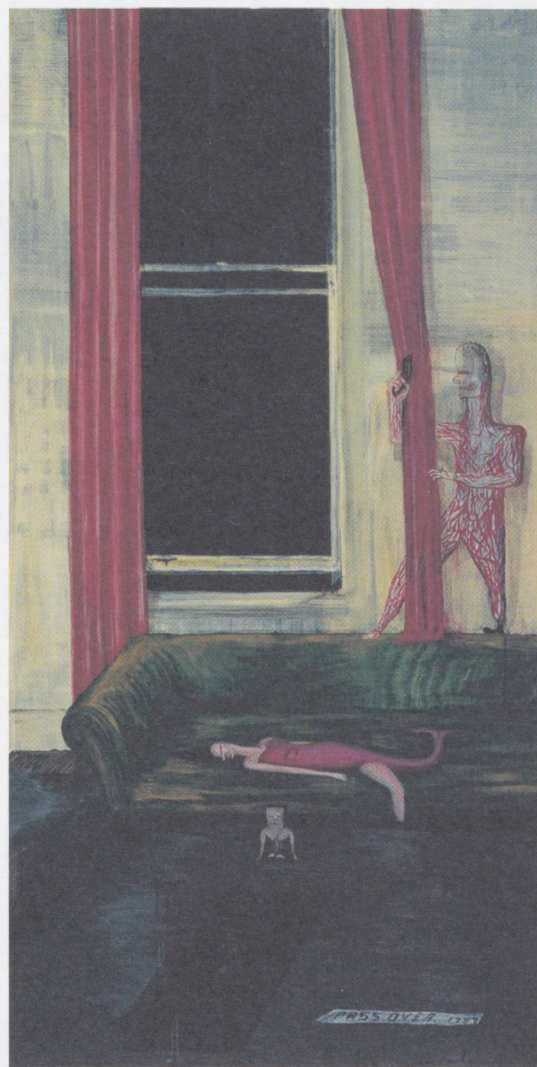
Whistlers Mother

2



Buller's TABLE CLOTH

W. P. Hammond 1994





- 28 NATURE MORTE 1990
GOUETT-BREWSTER ART GALLERY COLLECTION
- 30 365 DAYS 1991
- 32 XIU: SURE TO RISE 1993
- 32 IIX: CROSS HIM OFF YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD LIST 1993
- 33 IU: MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB 1993
- 33 XII: BEST AFTER 33AD 1993
- 34 WAITING ROOM 1993
TESTSTRIP, AUCKLAND. PHOTO: ANN SHELTON
- 34 THE ENCHANTED GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD 1995
TESTSTRIP, AUCKLAND. PHOTO: ANN SHELTON
- 34 HOSPITALS 1995
MANAWATU ART GALLERY, PALMERSTON NORTH
- 35 CLINIC OF PHANTASMS 1993
- 36 UNTITLED c.1995
- 37 UNTITLED 1995-6

Daniel Malone once described Giovanni Intra's work as being haunted by a spectre: "the spectre is a kind of scholarship; a force of inquiry and obsession, it is a sickness that desires to know too much." From 1990, when he completed his BFA at Elam, to 1996, when he left the country to study in the States, Intra's precocious, intellectually and artistically ambitious practice brought a new nexus of concerns and strategies into play in New Zealand art. His contribution was at once timely and unique.

It started with religion. In 1989 Intra, an Elam sculpture student, visited India and became fascinated by wayside shrines. On his return he started producing votive objects. Made by pinning, snipping, tearing, stapling, pinning, moulding... his obscure power-objects hinted at superstition and ritual. Intra would show his talismans in accumulations, pinned to the wall in clusters like primitivist Killeens or scattered across the floor. Part order, part chaos, they were intended as pseudo-mystical celebrations of religion's dark side: destruction, annihilation and fetishism. Some were dedicated to individuals, including American punk novelist Kathy Acker. In *STAMP* magazine Intra explained, "My favourite materials are tinfoil, wax, paper, copper shim, and various coloured pigments; the reflective materials represent desire, while the dark ones represent destruction and dissolution."

It's no surprise that these highly ephemeral installations have not survived. One, however, *NATURE MORTE* (1990), was built to last. This wall-mounted glass case contains an archive of votive gestures alluding to various cults, Hindu, Christian and punk. *NATURE MORTE* was a turning point. Intra's previous installations could be read as "straight", as quasi-religious. But by bringing in the vitrine – the museum's own tool for fetishising fetishes – Intra put everything, including the vitrine itself, in inverted commas, making an issue of the conflict between container and contained. The work's title was etched into the glass in a script face, borrowed from Magritte, whose civility and elegance was pointedly at odds with what it framed. This suggested contrary possibilities: either Intra's fetishes were museum pieces, overtaken by their frame, or they still demanded insulation, like toxic waste or holy relics.

Here, in a nutshell, was much of Intra's thinking: western institutional rationality (represented here by the museum case) locking horns with subculture's transgressive possibility.

Intra linked the dark side of religion and punk. He created a series of works about punk style, its attire and gestures. His relation to punk was complex. Born in an auspicious year – 1968 – he had missed the boat with situationism. And, by the time he formed punk band The Negative Creeps with school friends, punk was already over. That he later described his interest in cultures of disregard as "voyeuristic" speaks of this belatedness. For *LIFESTYLE MORTE* (1990), a sister piece to *NATURE MORTE*, he displayed classic objects of punk tribal membership – Doc Martens boots, a studded bracelet and a razor – in a glass case, suggesting a memorial to punk's passing. It deftly expressed the way punk's ethos had been analysed and codified, transformed from something transgressive into a university paper – a dead lifestyle. Intra indulged his nostalgia for punk. He decorated a shirt with the slogan "can't read, can't write". He made big photographs of hands giving the fingers. He photographed stuck-out tongues supporting pins and pills. He photographed spit on glass.

Intra's view of the artist was aptly expressed in his *UNTITLED (STUDED SUIT)* (1990). Needing an outfit for the Elam graduation ball, he took an op shop suit and decorated it with metal studs. According to Kelly Carmichael, "The outfit was a huge success – even if the fastenings did leave the bare chested Intra lacerated and bleeding by the end of the evening." He included the suit in his end-of-year submission, hung on the wall to recall the way Beuys displayed his felt suits. The contrast with Beuys was telling. Where Beuys had cut himself a dour grey felt suit to exemplify his job of artist-as-healer, Intra's uniform was part punk, part S&M, part Liberace, and very K Road. Dazzling, like the night sky, it suggested some kind of shamanistic transfiguration. As Bridget Sutherland imagined it, Intra's "suited yet absent figure presides over some debased ritual – a science-fiction priest who wallows in the glamour of a low and aggressively vulgar materialism. Like a devilish performer, he conjures for us the breakdown of reality into dream, object into fetish."

Intra's anti-institutionalism could be subtle. *365 DAYS* (1991) featured 365 photos of the artist's hand pinned to the wall in an array. The image of the upraised hand was ambiguous. It had political and religious associations; it suggested defiance (halting), authority (benediction) and vulnerability. Logically, one might have assumed that the photos had been shot on successive days, and scrutinised them for evidence of aging. Actually, they were shot in one evening, as a joke at the expense of conceptual art, reiterating its pseudo-scientific rhetoric as sham. Intra said: "The work was a kind of satire of the documentary style of conceptual art... The rigorous morality of this kind of conceptual work, the ethic of its truthfulness, its scientific feel. All of it is so easy to manipulate, and quite manipulative in itself. I faked it."



Intra was a voracious reader. He gobbled up Dick Hebdige's classic *SUBCULTURE: THE MEANING OF STYLE* (a Marxist reading of subcultural aesthetics) and Greil Marcus's *LIPSTICK TRACES* (a "secret history of the 20th century" which tracked punk's roots back to situationism, and further to dada and surrealism). But he ended up spitting both out. He objected to their academic distance. Intra turned instead to Georges Bataille, the dissident surrealist writer, librarian and pornographer, whose writings were only recently available in English. Surrealism's high-minded "Pope" Andre Breton presented surrealism as poetic, idealist, ennobling. Countering this party line with his base materialism, Bataille burrowed into reality rather than rising above it. He celebrated big toes, excrement, spiders and spit; courting the "formless", that which corrodes categories, those "mathematical frock coats". He farted in Breton's church. Intra explained it all in his 1993 M.F.A. thesis *SUBCULTURE: BATAILLE, BIG TOE, DEAD DOLL*: "In Bataille the SUB is not so much a 'culture' but an area of philosophical aggression: the field of 'excremental philosophy', heterogeneity, and transgression. This is what I term subculture, thus relating Bataille's idea to contemporary manifestations, in particular punk... Bataille's low can be found in the abject manifestations of culture; pornography, unlimited proletarian revolution, automutilation, madness, excess and extreme ecstasy (eroticism, religion, spillage): what opens onto the unthinkable, in short, the impossible. Subculture then is a kind of offal, a waste product of the homogeneous system, a commodity produced but unaccounted for, an unplugged abyss in culture. It sets these terms because it has nothing at all to lose, in fact it is based on pure loss. It is an unlimited, unproductive, subversive expenditure: Bataille's *DEPENSE*."

Intra drew constantly. His love of drawing found grand expression in a cycle of seven paintings on paper produced in 1993. They were originally hung edge-to-edge as a massive mural. Each was dominated a key word or phrase – "Corps Humain", "Twin Intoxicant", "Corps Humain", "L'écriture Automatic". These handmade billboards found Intra mapping his key concerns onto one another wildly and impressionistically, stretching for analogies, affinities, patterns. Their random "pencil case" aesthetic was energised by anarchic code-crashing, high rubbing against low, scholarly against vulgar. Intra may have been inspired by the surrealist game of exquisite corpses, where many voices speak through a single image. Diverse in style and content, these paintings were like a notice board, a reading list still in the process of shaking down. One of the best of them, *CLINIC OF PHANTASMS*, offered a shimmering constellation of floating distorted drug capsules, suggesting a Clairmontesque conflation of internal and external realities. Inscribed "A Medical Report", it could have been a book cover design (a deviant doctor's autobiography perhaps). It was peppered with footnotes including a key word, "Pharmakon", which Plato used to mean poison and cure interchangeably. It also nodded to Michel Foucault, author of *THE BIRTH OF THE CLINIC*, whose work addressed repressive modern institutions: prisons and asylums, the very idea of madness, the technocratic gaze. *CLINIC OF PHANTASMS* was a shameless celebration of recreational drug use as a gateway to jouissance.

Intra was obsessed with medicine. In his 1995 *MIDWEST* article "Discourse on the Paucity of Clinical Reality", he traced the origins of surrealism back to a World War I hospital, and Dr Andre Breton's chance encounter with a deluded soldier who believed the war to be a theatrical put-on. He was also fascinated by Bataille-collaborator, photographer Jacques-Andre Boiffard, later a radiographer by trade. Seemingly informed by medical photography, Boiffard's surrealist photographs of big toes and gaping mouths were hugely influential on Intra. Following Boiffard, Intra wanted to make "medical use-value glisten with the perverse thrill of ulterior motive", finding some excess, some unaccounted for pleasure in it. He wrote, "We begin where the epistemological figures 'disease', 'trauma' and 'malady' lose their technical specificity; where medical textbooks are nothing but recipes for perversion and atlases of anatomy are all the better as collage material."

Playing off the thought that medical science had replaced the Church as the source of hope and miracles and Truth, Intra turned his

attention to the Stations of the Cross. In *UNREQUITED PASSION CYCLE* (1993), a collaboration with writer Stuart McKenzie, Intra based 14 photographs on McKenzie's alternative slogans for the Stations. Intra represented the slogans with medical supplies: a catheter, a scalpel blade, band aids, sterile gloves. Photographed on glass before a transcendental blue background the objects appeared to float in pristine space, a sterile sublime, aping the style of medical trade-journal ads. The Stations of the Cross subject was heavy – McCahon territory. But for McKenzie it was an opportunity to indulge in flippant lines – *MALE PIN UP, CROSS DRESSER*; and, for Intra, in dubious taste – *FORGIVE HIM HE WAS AN ONLY CHILD* presented a tube of spermicide, *BEST AFTER 33AD* a toe tag on a fetid foot. Intra suggested medical procedures were somehow analogous to religious ones: the crushing of No-Doz resembling the breaking of the host.

Intra was fascinated by medical procedures. For *WAITING ROOM* (1993), a collaborative project with Vicki Kerr, they remodelled Teststrip gallery, curving walls, ceiling and floor together, in the manner of hygienic hospital operating theatres. Painting it white and dousing it with antiseptic for good measure, they turned Teststrip into a whited-out cyclorama, a germfree infinite, a sterile sublime recalling the prison-without-walls in the 1971 George Lucas movie *THX 1138*. For *N+1 CULTURES*, the 1994 Artspace art-and-science theme show, Intra continued with the thought of medicine and incarceration. He sequestered a caged rat on loan from the med school behind an epidermal wall of pink fibreglass batts. Nigel Clark wrote: "The rat, demonised as a vector of infectious disease, has also become indispensable as a human surrogate in pathological investigations. Making a spectacle of this repressed symbiosis, Intra presents the natural violation of human and rat bodies as a chain of reduplications." In *SCOPOPHILLIA: JACQUES-ANDRE BOIFFARD* (1993), a video monitor screened a computer tomographic scan of a human pelvis rotating in darkness. Viewed through a security peephole, it made an analogy between pervy-voyeurism, security and the medical gaze. The work begged the question: whose security is at stake here?

In 1995 Intra went on to terrorise the authoritative technocratic gaze literally, smashing up cameras, describing the resulting works as "disarticulated readymades". These pieces could be read as Luddite vandalism plain and simple, or as a metaphor for the very processes of investigation, where things are pulled apart in order to be understood. Perhaps he was giving medicine a bit of its own medicine, "murdering-to-dissect". *THE WAY DOCTORS SEE* – the remains of some 30 trashed cameras spread across the floor of Christchurch's McDougall Art Annex – recalled Intra's earlier fetishistic scatter installations. Expanding his rage beyond the camera, he vandalised watches and computers. His installation *HOSPITALS*, at Palmerston North's Manawatu Art Gallery, looked like a ransacked clinic. Perversely he went on to create x-rays of cameras, smashed cameras, smashed watches and computers, turning technocracy's gaze back on its own demise, as if he could see-through its ideology.

Just before leaving New Zealand to study, Intra generated what would prove to be his last works, a major series of paintings. With their white inscriptions on black grounds, these works played off McCahon's late text paintings. But instead of conveying religious sentiment, they were littered with Artaudisms, schizophrenic footnotes, cryptic druggy neologisms, paranoid in-jokes and anarchist slogans: "Columbianisation", "Panodology" and "Hollyweird". Intra gathered small panels together in massive ensembles, regimented on base lines like city skylines, bar graphs, or books on shelves, as if to mock the very semblance of order and closure. Recalling *CLINIC OF PHANTASMS*, they looked like night skies with fabulous turns of phrase flying through the air. Like so much of what Intra did, they courted a peculiar beauty; scruffy, distainful, yet marvellous. Approximating a hallucination, they had viewers lost in space. These inane art brut nocturnes were typical Intra, a mix of the anarchic and the piss-elegant.

Robert Leonard



CRITIC BARBARA BLAKE TALKED TO GIOVANNI INTRA IN 1994

BARBARA BLAKE: Was 365 DAYS a year-long project for you?

GIOVANNI INTRA: Actually it was shot in an evening. The work was a kind of satire of the documentary style of conceptual art – works like Billy Apple's series from 1970 which involved six months of nasal and anal wipings exhibited on tissues around a gallery space at appropriate heights. And he did the same with earwax and semen. In that type of work the high serious, ontological tone is absurd when you consider the banality of the act itself. The rigorous morality of this kind of conceptual work, the ethic of its truthfulness, its scientific feel, all of it is so easy to manipulate, and quite manipulative in itself. I faked it.

In 365 DAYS the repeated hand is compelling, but also banal. Was that your intention?

365 DAYS refers to a whole mix of images and practices, but it doesn't convey any one of them simplistically. The work refers to the hand as an image in a number of religions, but it's not a religious work; it's nihilistic. The idea of being blessed simply by touching a sacred object or by being touched by the hand of God interests me as obsessional practices. 365 DAYS relates to ritual and to devotion through repetition – manic prayer, senseless prayer which becomes, via absurdity, a highly nihilistic act. The work borrows from religion without believing in it. Conceptualism and prayer – what's the difference?

Tell me about your photographs of wide open mouths, with protruding tongues.

Those photos were based on two other photos of mouths: one by Boiffard from 1929, and an image of a punk rocker sticking her tongue out. I made them for a show called MEDICAL REPORT (1992). I was interested in emulating the techniques of medical photography, something I've been thinking about a lot recently. That interest came out of 365 DAYS or more specifically from a clinical text called SURGERY OF THE HAND which I bought the day that we hung 365 DAYS at the Govett-Brewster. What was immediately striking was the similarity between the medical images and surrealist photography. Both take the body as their subject, but with seemingly contrary intentions, and yet the imagery is incredibly similar. Boiffard for example got a sense of uncanniness through his use of the close up; medical photographs also operate on the principle of isolation and magnification. Did you know that Boiffard was a medical student prior to Surrealism, and a radiographer at St Louis hospital after his Bataille years? In my Masters dissertation on Bataille and subculture I make a closer reading of Boiffard's work in relation to medical imaging. Boiffard photographed the body from both a surreal and a scientific point of view. Was there any difference? This leads on to questions about the relationship between early medical photography and pornography, whether a surrealist reading of CT and X-ray is possible, whether this technology can be considered in terms of the unconsciousness of the gaze...

So how did you become interested in Surrealism?

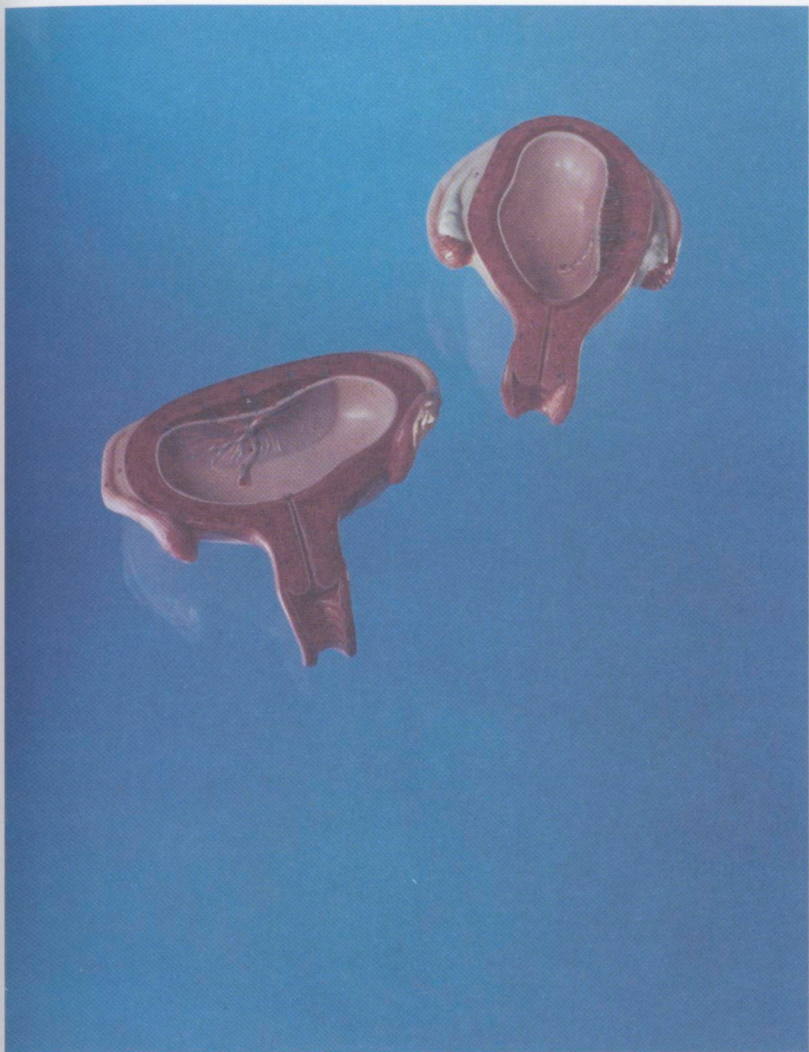
It's interesting to look at avant-garde art now that it doesn't exist any more. I don't look at Surrealism as it was – I'm interpreting certain pictures, using them for contemporary ends. I'm particularly interested in their subversiveness. And above all Surrealism dealt with the production of uncanniness, and critical discourse should, I think, incorporate some notion of that. I also like the nerve of some of their work, and its absurdity.

What of the work you're doing with Stuart McKenzie?

It's a series called The UNREQUITED PASSION CYCLE and it's another take on medical photography – a series of stainless photographic still lifes featuring medical plastic. Stuart's text which I work from is an elasticised version of the story of Christ and the Passion.

Elasticised?

With Stuart's text, it's really the baseness and the mundane aspect of the crucifixion that's stressed. It brings the crucifixion back to the commonplace, as well as to the kinky. It's sort of a perverse pop version, presenting 14 slogans for the stations of the cross, like "Male Pin-Up" for the crucifixion and "Best After 33AD" for the moment of Christ's death. I responded to the Passion cycle like a mad doctor, putting a contemporary medical perspective on it – if Christ turned up at Auckland Hospital on a Saturday night what would happen to him? I used disposable medical instruments, like blood transfusion kits; things used on the body but which are also very figurative, connected tubes and arms, almost anatomical, fetishistic even. I got the technique from a medical photographer



in a hospital. To photograph specimens and samples, medical photographers put them on a piece of glass with a blue light underneath so they appear to float quite miraculously in space.

Can you give me an example of your interpretation of a station in the UNREQUITED PASSION CYCLE?

For the 14th station, "Sure to Rise", I presented a spilled pack of No-Doz pills, some of them crushed by surgical scissors. For "Free Barabas", the station where Pilate washes his hands and condemns Jesus, I gave Pilate the trappings of a surgeon: sterilised gloves and a little yellow kidney basin. All these products by the way are sterilised with gamma irradiation, so Pilate's rubber gloves are especially clean. He is absolved, effectively, by nuclear means.

Do your surgical objects relate to the instruments of the Passion or are they devices to repair the damage?

They're more to do with drainage.

How does WAITING ROOM extend your interest in medical imagery?

WAITING ROOM is a piece I'm doing in collaboration with Vicki Kerr. Part of Teststrip has been sealed off, completely relined and all the angles in the room have been made into curves. We call it a "surgical remodelling of space" so the idea of remodelling also relates to alterations of the body. The curved surfaces follow the design of operating theatres where they prevent the accumulation of dirt and germs. We're also sterilising the room following a medical procedure outlined to us by a nurse. We wanted a germ-free environment, and although that's logistically impossible, we're trying to

suggest it conceptually as much as possible. It's a completely empty space but it took a lot of work to create emptiness. To walk into the work is a spatial experience, eerily clean, smelling of antiseptic. We're offering two things: the space and the title, and we hope that'll be evocative enough. People may go in and wait for something to happen, for something to jump out of the wall. People will walk in and be slightly taken aback and they'll think "well, where's the work", and between that moment and the time they realise that this is the work, that's the moment we're trying to achieve, a sensation of a very unusual kind.

Is LIFESTYLE MORTE a cultural relic or a time capsule of your own life?

The boots, razor and studded cuff were once all personally owned objects, handed down among friends. There is an aspect of them that is like a relic – encapsulated, powerless, cut off from the world. It's also to an extent, "that was my life, and that was the end of it". I spent my teenage years being involved in things like punk rock. And now my dissertation looks at the sub-culture of punk. It's an area of culture which has been sold out by intellectuals. It's been academicised in a totally inadequate way by people like Greil Marcus because they haven't really taken on board the fact that disorder is so significant. Disorder is the fundamental thing about the punk movement, as the uncanny is to Surrealism.

Isn't your own interest in the "dark side" somewhat academic?

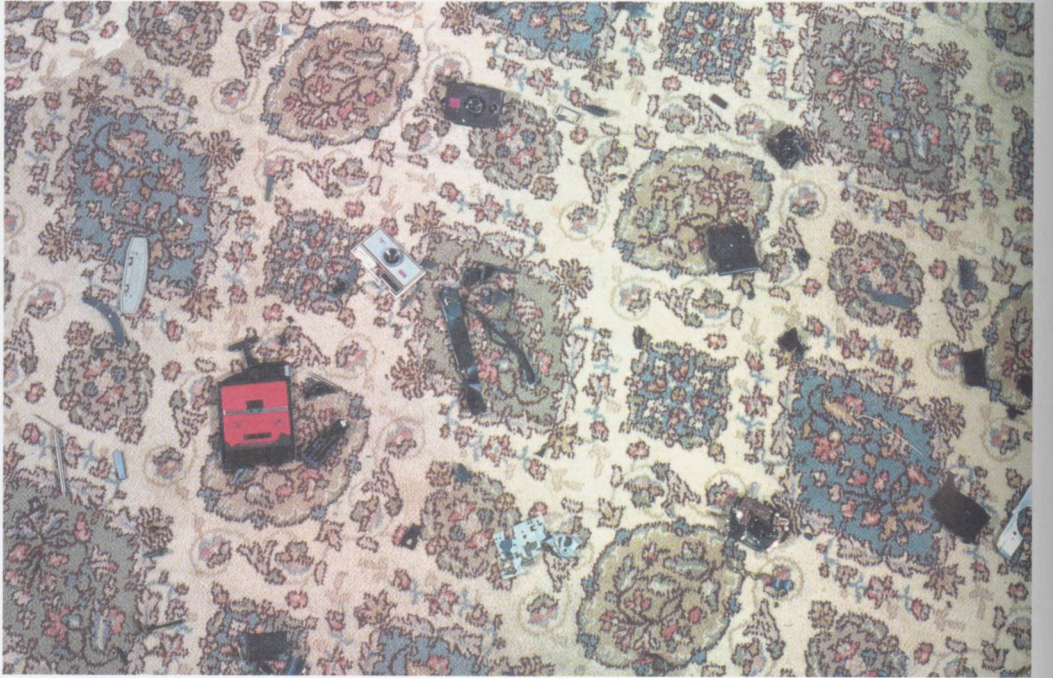
It's all appropriated language, deliberately so. A ransacking of "subversive" or transgressive acts. I'm interested in gestures like "the fingers", and how they work in culture. But I hope

my interest isn't contaminated too much either by revivalism, fetishism or historical pedagogy, although I admit it has elements of all of the above. It does come down to a kind of voyeuristic interest I have in the culture of disregard. Even though I'm interested in a kind of transgressive model, I also believe in drawing the line somewhere. A lot of the work is coming from a conceptual point of view. Acknowledging a split between representation and real life, but perhaps negotiating that tension.

I wasn't suggesting that you have to live your art.

But that's an interesting issue. Everyone who makes work has to live out the production of their own fantasy, it's an undeniable condition of practice. I do live the work but on my own terms. There are aspects of my life where I do participate in areas which may be regarded by some as transgressive. But really what is transgression? It has to rely on a concept of boundary, but culture isn't a wall and transgression isn't just the act of breaking it. What's to say the boundary isn't a fantasy in itself. What it does imply though, at least in Bataille's sense, isn't just misbehaviour, it's going beyond the bounds of signification, and not many people are going to achieve that in their personal lives!

Barbara Blake was an art writer in Wellington in the early 1990s. This interview, "Germ-Free Adolescence", was first published in ART NEW ZEALAND 70 Autumn 1994.



PHARMAKON
phantagm

Clinic:

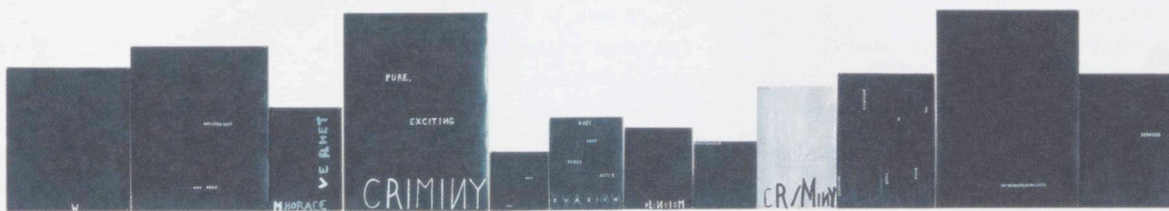
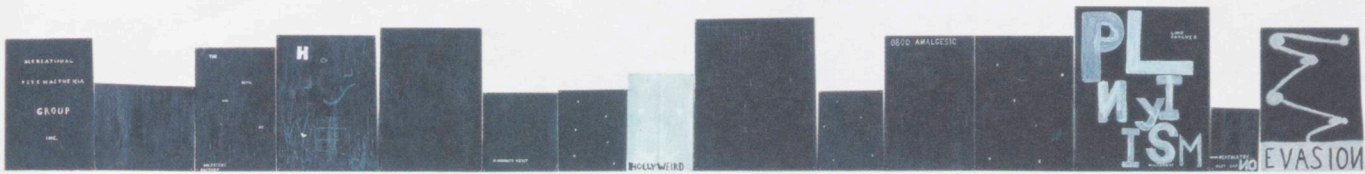
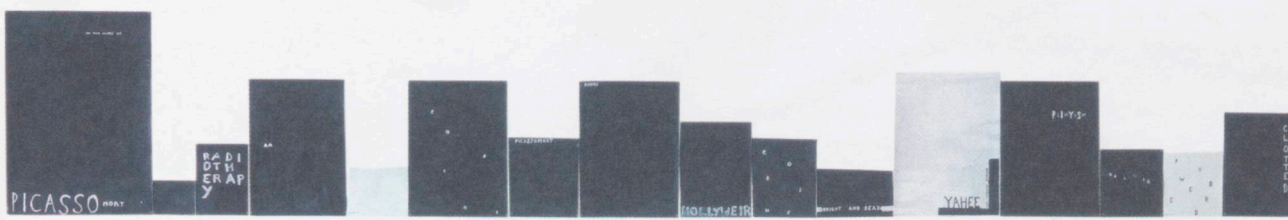
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(phantasms)

STAREATER

A medical report







- 38 ACTS (10:34-38) "HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD" 1993
 40 ROEBUCK JONES AND THE CUNICULUS KID 2001
 41 PASCHENDAELE 2001
 42 NEIL KELLER 2000
 43 CRAIG KELLER 2000

Unveiled in CHOICE!, 1990's alternative contemporary Maori art show, Michael Parekowhai's work was a shock to the system. His witty hospitable sculptures seemed to come from out of the blue. Slick, conceptual and "unexpressionist", they didn't feature traditional Maori images, techniques or methods. There was nothing distinctly or overtly Maori about them at all; in fact they looked suspiciously international. They did not hail the genius of tradition or wail for the land, and yet they opened up a world of Maori implications. Rather than wearing Maoriness on his sleeve, Parekowhai appropriated images from the dominant Pakeha culture, subtly recoding them to speak of Maori concerns. In this they recalled the way Maori had long drawn on the colonising culture for their own needs, for instance taking the Old Testament as a blueprint for resistance. And Parekowhai did this at a time when there was huge anxiety over Pakeha appropriating things Maori; when there was a desire for a clear distinction between what was us and what was them. Part of a paradigm shift, Parekowhai's work radically exceeded prevailing expectations about how contemporary Maori art could be.

Much of Parekowhai's work refers to childhood generally, and his own childhood specifically. Parekowhai monumentalised children's toys, games and models. Adding titles, often biblical ones, he presented them on adult scale as adult conundrums. Letter blocks, Cuisenaire rods, pick-up-sticks and shape blocks were allegorised as spiritual manuals and history books. With ACTS (10: 34-38) "HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD" (1993), Parekowhai asked us to reread the game of Jack Straws through his own concerns. The Jack Straws set includes a gun, a saw, a sword, a ladder, a crutch and a walking stick, strongly implying a colonial past, a time of oppression and healing. In the book of ACTS, the apostles were provided with means to do good, to heal, and yet colonial period missionaries did not always live up to this promise. "They came to do good, and did very well", said Selwyn Muru. Similarly many of the items in the Jack Straws set can be used for good or evil. In Parekowhai's installation we don't know if they have been cast off like walking sticks and crutches following healings, or if they are there waiting to be picked up and used. The piece almost asks what WE might do with them. It invites us to consider all the possibilities.

Throughout his work Parekowhai has paid homage to Marcel Duchamp, who originated the notion that it is the viewer who completes the work of art by assembling it conceptually. In 1994 he created a suite of monumental sculptures which looked like moulded plastic kitsets, the kind you have for model airplanes. He created giant do-it-yourself versions of his earlier works, other artists' works (including Duchamp's notorious FOUNTAIN), toys and games, and sculpture tools (a welder's gas tanks). The works drew an analogy between the way we physically assemble a kitset and the way we conceptually make something of art. The biggest of them, KISS THE BABY GOODBYE, was based on a classic Gordon Walters painting KAHUKURA. At the time there was much criticism of Walters' appropriation of Maori motifs. The scale of Parekowhai's kitset-Walters implied authority – it became a massive gate; but the format also implied play. Exploiting the fact that Walters' paintings already resembled kitsets – koru pieces in a frame – KISS asked us to imagine, not constructing a Walters, but deconstructing one; empowering us to unframe his work and make something new of it. Of course, gates are meant to be opened.

In recent years Parekowhai's childhood nostalgia has transmuted into memorialism, death becoming a key theme. He got into taxidermy. NEIL KELLER and CRAIG KELLER (2000) are big photographs: extreme close-ups of a stuffed rabbit's glass eye. The images are horrific. It's like being eyeballed by a monster rodent, except, of course, the eyes are blind. Included in his show THE BEVERLEY HILLS GUN CLUB, these portraits were titled after gunsmiths, conflating the shooters and the shot, hunters and quarry, predators and prey. Parekowhai extended this dialectic of fear and pity in ROEBUCK JONES AND THE CUNICULUS KID (2001). Two stuffed rabbits decked out in kids' cowboy regalia are caught in a high noon showdown. The piece represents an imminent duel, yet – fatalistically – the protagonists are already dead. In New Zealand rabbits are imported pests which are being exterminated, and yet we've inherited sympathetic images of bunnies as lovable and cute through English folklore. (Parekowhai grew up on Beatrix Potter, for whom the farmer was always bad.) This work draws on our conflicted identifications, rabbits potentially representing both sides of the colonial conflict: villain and victim rolled into one.

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY (2001) finds Parekowhai at his most sombre. It's a series of photographs of floral arrangements, scrupulous Koonsian bouquets of silk and plastic blooms. The individual images are titled after World War I battlefields in France and Flanders where the volunteers of the Pioneer Maori Battalions fought and died. Fighting in the Great War was considered a "just price" that would secure Maori the same privileges and recognition at home that Pakeha already enjoyed. The cruel irony is that they went to fight to preserve an empire that had made them second class citizens in their own land. Exploiting the distance between the horrors of bloody conflict and the language of official commemoration, the series also enfolds the artist's personal history: he trained to be a florist before going to art school. THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY is odd in Parekowhai's oeuvre for being completely unambiguous. It invites remembrance without irony and conceits. But that seems fitting: it's an appropriate subject not to find amusing.

Robert Leonard



CURATOR ROBERT LEONARD TALKS TO MICHAEL PAREKOWHAI

ROBERT LEONARD: Michael, your work is consistently read through notions of us and them. I've always liked the way your work plays on the fact there's no us without them.

MICHAEL PAREKOWHAI: Yeah, it's all about us and them, Robert. But I like to mix it up a little. I remember really clearly when I was first made to feel like "one of them".

I was six years old, and starting my second year at Windy Ridge Primary School in Glenfield. My Mum – who is Pakeha – was a teacher there. We were being sorted into classes and Mum came over and whipped me out of another teacher's group and into hers. She never explained why. Maybe she knew that I wasn't particularly well adjusted at the time. It was too soon after the accident and she could see I needed extra support. Although I was surprised at being plucked out of the crowd, I was never really concerned. It was just a case of "Mum knows best", so I didn't complain.

One day after break, we were waiting outside ready to go back to class. I was quite flushed from running around enjoying myself and eating chocolate chippie biscuits for playlunch. As usual we lined up in rows – one for boys and one for girls. But that morning, standing at the head of the class, was a strange woman. She began to walk down the lines, inspecting us. Sometimes she'd stop and ask one of us a question or look at someone's fingernails. We weren't sure who she was but we could see she had authority because the teacher stood there and did nothing.

The woman, probably a district nurse, singled out a few kids for a closer look. Among this group was Eugene Tangiora, Kathryn Edmonds and me. At the time I happened to be sporting a very distinctive short-back-and-sides. I had a thatch of hair on top and blood-encrusted nicks over the rest of my scalp. In those days Dad still practised backyard barbering and it was a particularly close shave. Although his haircuts weren't all that predictable they were character-building, he said.

The nurse started to examine the children she'd separated out, looking closely at our scalps. When she got to me she also noticed the scabs all over my legs. As a child I had very sensitive skin. I was allergic to all kinds of new season fruit and as a result suffered from hives, which I used to itch and scratch. Often the sores bled and became infected. When the nurse approached me I remember feeling uncomfortable. She asked, "Who cut your hair?" I said, "My Dad did." Then she asked what I had for dinner, and when I went to bed. I tried to make the correct response but I didn't do a very good job because soon after Mum spoke up and ended the interrogation. "Back off. Leave this boy alone. He is my son and I know exactly what he had for dinner and when he went to bed." Then I realised that the nurse wouldn't have treated me that way if she'd known it was my mother standing there.

Although she had an intimidating manner, I can't blame the nurse for making the kind of assessment she did. I displayed the classic physical signs of neglect and abuse, exhibiting abundant evidence of poor personal hygiene, nutrition and health. On the surface I was an "at risk" Maori child. However, like most 6 year olds, I didn't understand what it meant to be different. It wasn't until I was picked out by an adult who looked critically at my body that I realised that I belonged to an "other" not very desirable group. I remember feeling alienated, sad. Looking back, Mum didn't manage the situation particularly well. Now I recognise the whole incident was as much about Mum's and my relationship as it was about the nurse's attitude.

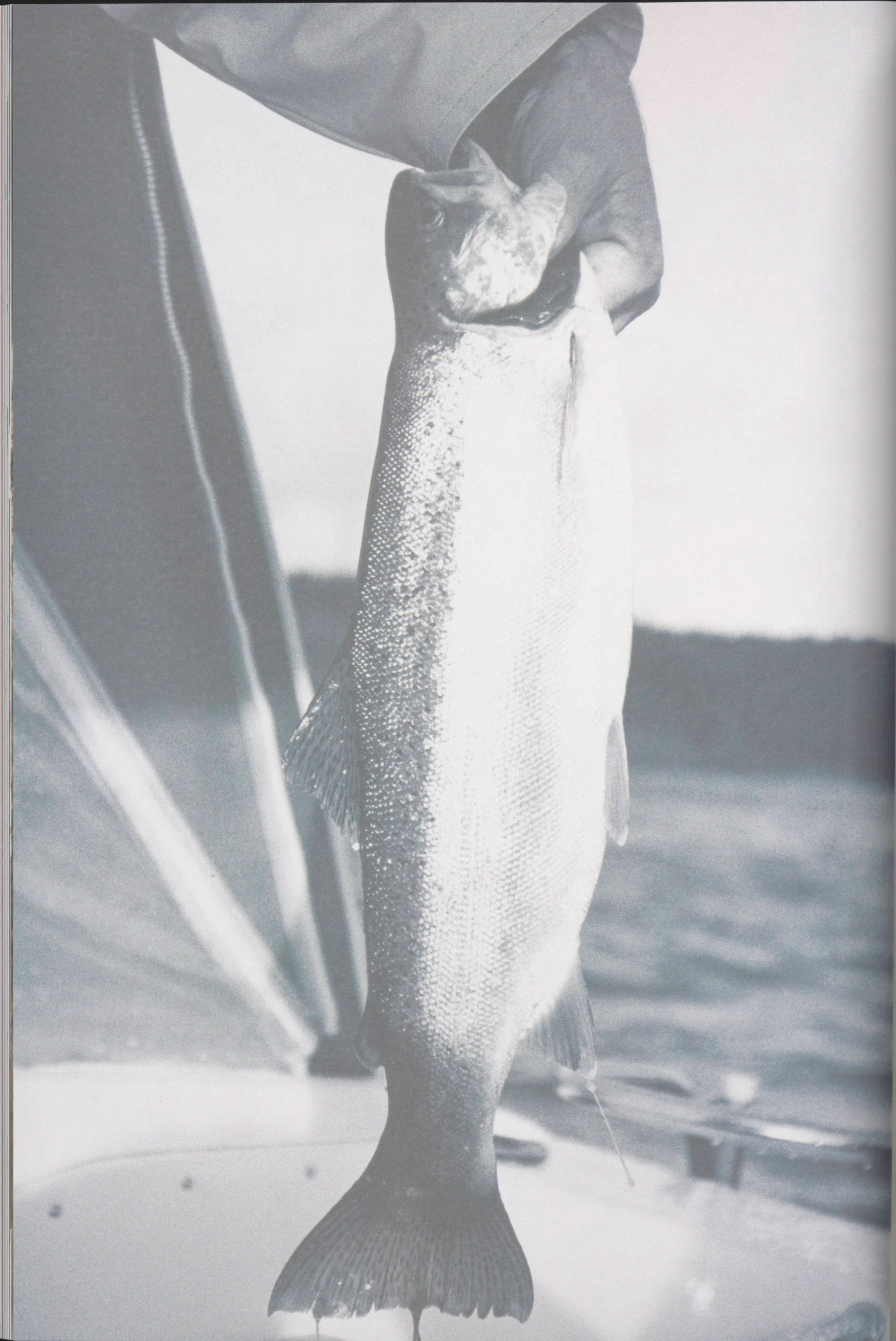
I guess it was my first experience of how one could be defined through other people's views, in this case both people trying to protect me, trying to "do the right thing". I guess them-and-us seems simple, but it's not really.

TO MICHAEL
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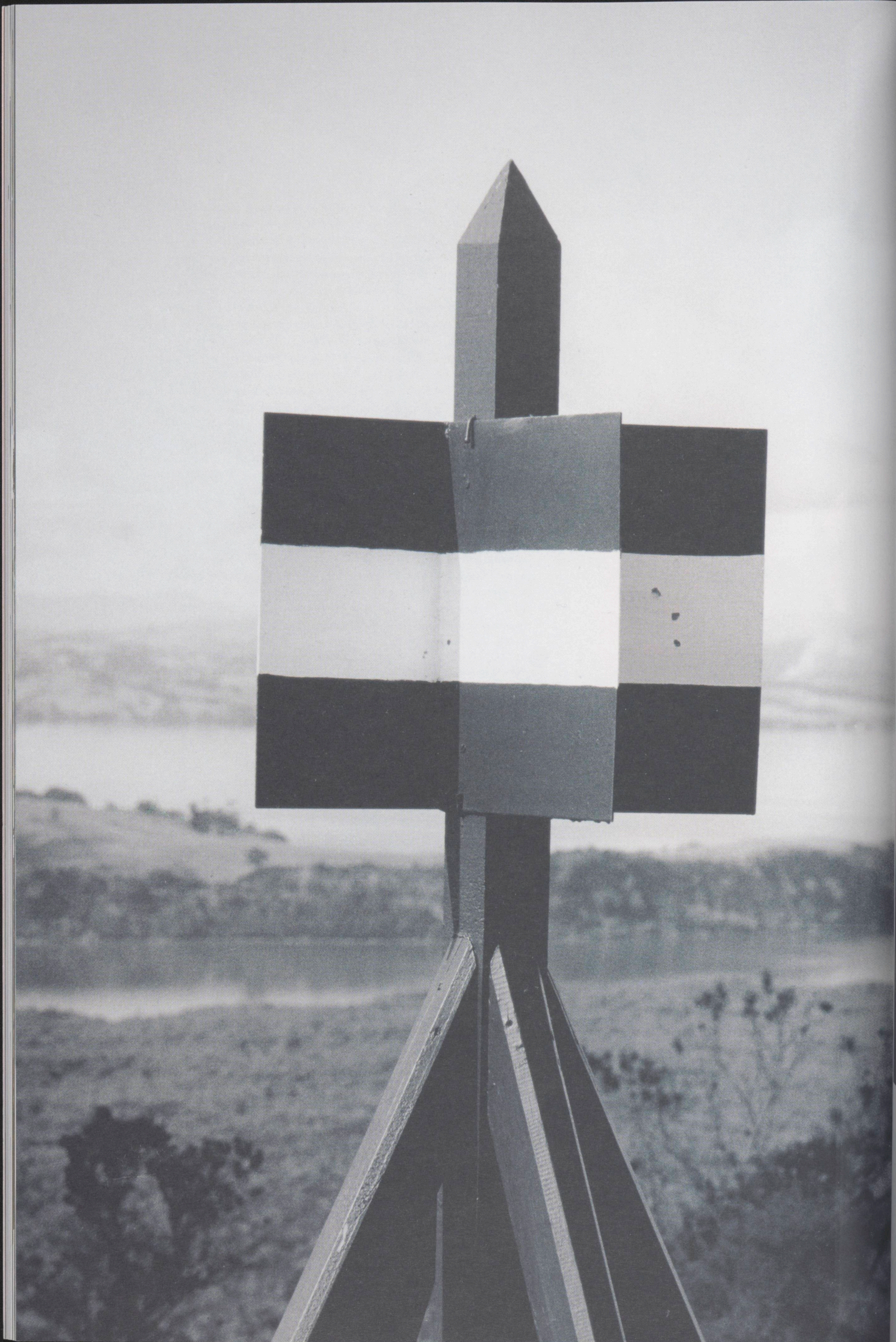


2 FORK AND SPOON 2003
 44 TROUT, LAKE TAUPU 1987
 46 TRIG, RANGITOTO ISLAND 1993
 47 BILLY 1986
 48 SEEING 1989
 49 ONE TREE HILL 1992

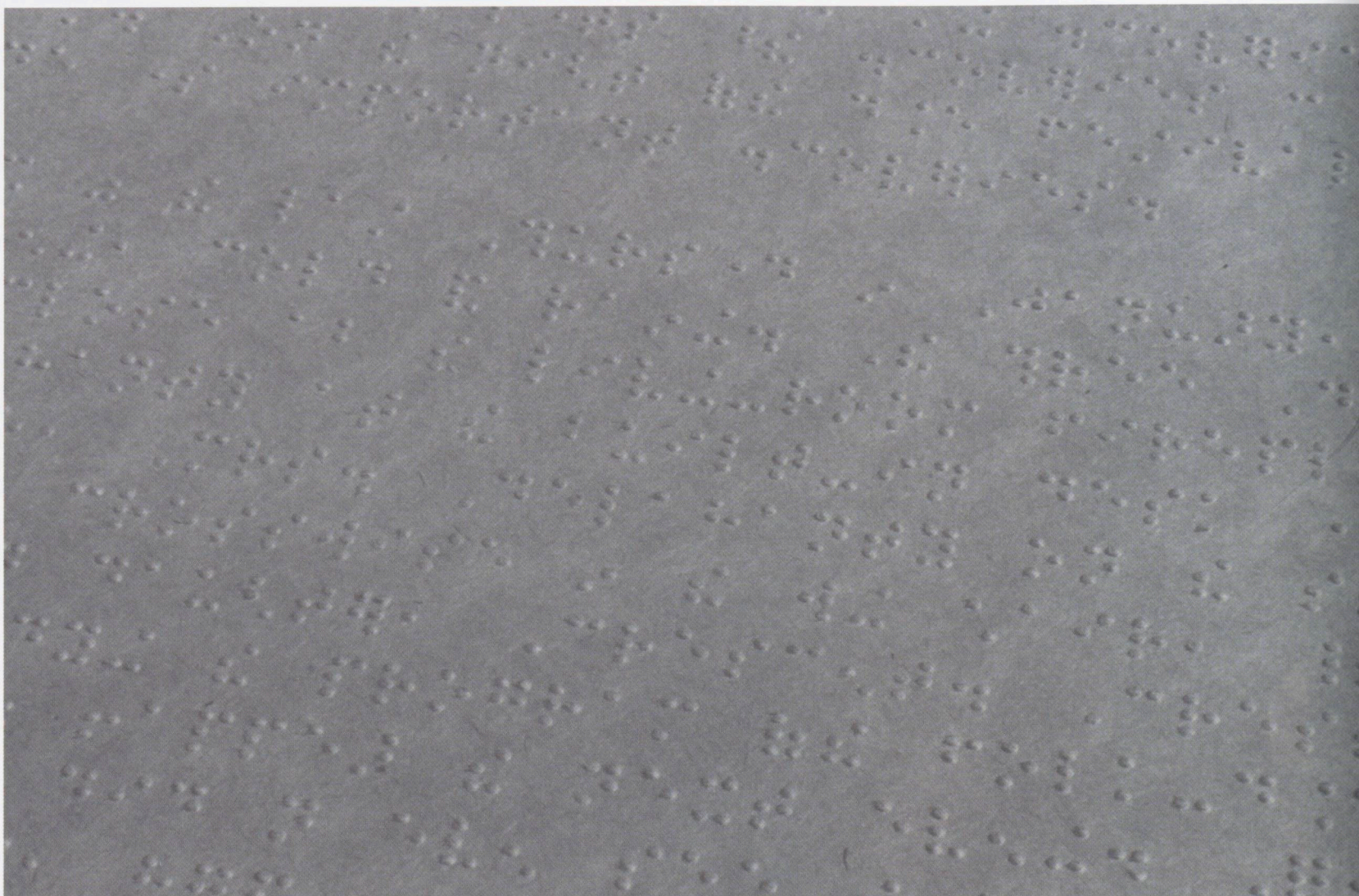
PETER PERYER

Peter Peryer made his name in the mid-1970s as an expressive photographer, producing angst-ridden portraits, brooding morbid interiors and wind-swept haunting landscapes. However a change of heart in the early 1980s found him adopting a cooler, more detached style, approaching the world in a documentary yet quirky way. At first glance Peryer appears to be a conservative, even old-fashioned photographer. He works almost exclusively in black and white, and smallish. He makes relatively few images, and seldom works in series. Each image is highly specific in subject matter and treatment – an individual. It is the result of a grail quest to capture his personal image of his chosen subject, be it animal (a favourite), vegetable or mineral; person or place. Peryer's modest, subtly anachronistic images contain few tell-tale contemporary references. Stylistically, they look like they could have been made 30 years ago, some much earlier. They offer an understated sense of quotation devoid of clear or pointed irony: Pictorialism and New Objectivity, Blossfeldt and Moholy-Nagy are clearly reference points, but so too are various non-art vernaculars, like botanical and catalogue photography, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC and scenic postcards. Nothing is ever casual in a Peryer photo. Belying their found documentary appearance, his images often required intense research and elaborate preparation. For instance, to create THE MECCANO BUS (1994), Peryer engaged someone to fabricate the model from an old catalogue illustration. Peryer regularly returns to places or things he saw first in other people's images. The quintessential photo-tourist, his oeuvre is like an album of odd images collected along the way. Not only does he photograph here, there and everywhere, his work navigates the territory of photography's own history, its modes and manners. Peryer rarely stages full-scale exhibitions, preferring instead to drip-feed his curiously loaded images into the art scene. His irregular and limited output demands that each new image be closely scrutinised for its oblique affinities with its predecessors. Peryer fans closely follow the development of his work almost in real time, as a curious unfolding autobiography; first intrigued by each new image, then reconciling it with their knowledge of his oeuvre. Peryer offers his photography as mind-mapping, speaking at once of what is behind and what is before the camera.

Robert Leonard







PHOTOGRAPHER GAVIN HIPKINS TALKS TO PETER PERYER

GAVIN HIPKINS: How has your recent move from Auckland to New Plymouth affected your photography?

PETER PERYER: New surroundings often find their way into my photos. If I lived in the Chatham Islands I'd probably take Chatham Island photos. At present Taranaki scenes are a big part of my work although the first one took six months to appear. The mountain, I'm glad to say.

Landscape is playing a significant role in your recent work. The new scenes appear far more inclusive, more panoramic, than some of your earlier tighter-cropped landscapes. There's a 19th century feeling to some of the new work. Are you consciously referencing early New Zealand landscape images?

When I look at my work now I see that I'm quoting some early New Zealand photographers, such as Denton and Chance. I'm not doing it intentionally. It just seems to be happening. I like standing on the shoulders of my predecessors. When I first took up photography I studied its history quite extensively, so my knowledge of it is reasonable. One of the highlights of my education was a week at the University of Arizona in Tucson, which has one of the biggest collections of photographic material in the world. The Ansel Adams, Edward Weston and Eugene Smith archives are there. Eugene Smith died at a supermarket checkout in Tucson, a fact which intrigues me for some reason. I do see having a knowledge of one's craft as being very important. What I don't seem to be so interested in is the theory.

I have an historical connection with Taranaki; some of my forebears have been here for 150 years. It's a good feeling but whether that is having any impact on the content of my work I don't know. If there is any connection between my emotional state and the images I make, or, if it is possible to deduce anything about my emotional state from my work, I'm not sure. However, my mood certainly influences the quantity of work I am able to produce.

Your output has always been measured; on occasion, minimal. So, are you producing more work at the moment? Is it true what they say about fresh air, productivity, and the quality of rural life in New Zealand?

Yes, it's true that I used to be quite spare in my output. I thought that was how it was for me, how I worked. It's been a surprise for me to see such an increase in new work, especially over the last 18 months. Some of that increase is due to the ease of living in a city of this size. It's more efficient for me, especially as I have to buzz around quite a bit. Of course, if you're going to live in a smaller New Zealand city and you're interested in the arts, New Plymouth is a good one to choose. There's a steady supply of visitors drawn by the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery – my art social life is well nourished. My new output is also a result of being better organised, which is largely the result of having had a full-time PA for the last two years. Computers, the internet and mobile phones boost things along as well. The internet especially makes it possible for me to maintain a career while living here. Perhaps never before has where you live mattered so little. It's almost an age of post-provincialism.

Now in the digital age, photographers today are faced with significant technological changes, and, with these developments, we have inevitably struck a (contested) shifting photographic ontology. There seems to be something wonderfully paradoxical in your reverence for traditional photographic print processes given your eager embrace of digital technologies.

I believe that great photographs have been made with all kinds of cameras, and printed using all kinds of processes. Ease of use and speed of production is what interests me, and that is what the digital darkroom offers over any previous system, hence my enthusiastic uptake. Working digitally is another reason for my increased output. Sometimes, when I was working exclusively in film, and faced with the prospect of days in a darkroom, a new photograph was almost a sentence. Photography is more fun now. Mind you, I never liked getting too bogged down in process. It's the idea, the end result, I've always been most interested in. My personal emphasis has never been f stops and shutter speeds. It's the religion I'm interested in, not the rituals. A surprise to me, along with the increased volume of work, has been how many of the prints I've made over the last three years or so look like photos made in much earlier times, in content and style. Yes, it's true that I hold these earlier milestones in the history of photography with reverence. Reverence is a quality I try to foster.

An artist-friend visiting from Vienna must have picked up on this. He asked if your DATURA (2002) was by German modernist Albert Renger-Patzsch. Like many New Zealand artists of my generation, you have had an ongoing relationship with Germany, and in particular, its avant-garde.



It's true, I would have fitted very easily into the New Objectivity movement in Germany in the 1920s and early 1930s. I'm not sure that I would describe myself as being influenced by them though. That sounds rather superficial. I think my images look like theirs more because we share a way of viewing our environment. We share the concept that there are "no ideas but in things". When Albert Renger-Patzsch published his seminal book *THE WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL* his original and preferred title was *THINGS*. I relate to that interest in "thingness" and in beauty. Another element is the scientific flavour of much photography of this time. I've always been interested in science, even to the point of having studied it at university for a while. My images often remind me of nature study. Renger-Patzsch himself studied chemistry at one stage in his career. *DATURA* though reminds me, in particular, of the work of another German, Karl Blossfeldt. I see photography as being a gift of science to the arts. I use the camera as if I was using a microscope, as an instrument to improve my observation. Someone said that photography has a science father and an art mother.

From this Platonic relationship a beautiful baby is nurtured and called photography. Yet within the art world, is not this infant raised during the Enlightenment, still interested in fucking its art-mother and killing its science-father? What role does desire play in your practice?

In my case the marriage of art and science is an extremely happy and fruitful one, devoid of contradiction of any kind. Once in Germany, like legions before me, I made the pilgrimage to Goethe's house in Weimar, solely because of my admiration

for his mind, which could encompass all knowledge, without division, all seen as part of the whole. He was capable of conducting experiments in colour theory, writing a treatise on philosophy, then writing a novel. It was very different for me at secondary school. It was commonly believed then that one was either interested in science, or the arts, not both. It was as if Leonardo da Vinci had never existed. This caused constant problems for me when trying to choose courses and careers, especially as I believed that the finest science was also art. In mathematics there is a concept of elegance, the presence of which in a calculation is an indicator of a greater likelihood of correctness. Yes, I burn with desire; a longing to make new work. I suspect desire of some variety propels the creative process of every artist, regardless of their medium. It may simply be an ingredient of the creative process. For example, in a book, I saw Einstein's last calculations, made just days before he died. They were poorly reproduced, and I had no idea what they were about, but they instantly felt to me like art. I wanted to visit those archives and photograph those pages, and after several years that feeling has not diminished. That is desire.

Given such admiration for Renaissance men with their pluralistic approaches to life and study, why have you limited yourself to one particular medium?

I don't know whether I have the talent to work in other media, although that doesn't seem to stop me occasionally making some sculpture. I have a piece in the pipeline at present, a cow horn filled with lead so that it stands up on a table. Generally, as in this case, my sculptures look like my photo-

graphs, and vice versa. Some years ago I exhibited a wall work at Hamish McKay's. One of my favourites though was the front few segments of an earthworm made large and carved out of stone. Unfortunately it was stolen, but one day I will make it again as I miss it. My ideal would be to have it in marble. I am also keen on needlework, and have a commission to make a tapestry seat cover for a piano stool. It will begin life as a colour photograph. Currently I am seeing if a big juicy steak would be a good subject for this project. I don't have the hand skills to make the tapestries myself. My daughter says that my stitching looks tormented, I can't keep the tension even. Keep in mind that I didn't have a lot of opportunity to study other media as I didn't follow the normal art school route. I think that it is true to say that I have wide interests, many of which funnel into my subject matter. Biology is one of these – you can see how many of my photos feature animals or plants. I try to keep my photography about my life, not my life about photography. But really, I think that one of the main reasons that I have, by and large, limited myself to photography, is that I have a great great love for it.

Gavin Hipkins represented New Zealand at the 25th Sao Paulo Bienal. He teaches in the College of Design, Fine Arts and Music at Massey University, Wellington.



Figure 1: 图 1. 左侧为红底黑线树，右侧为紫底黑线树。 (Left: Red background with black line tree, Right: Purple background with black line tree.)

50 SUN.TREE.BEGINNING 1993
 52/53 PROTOCOL FOR AN ODALISQUE 1983
 54/55 THE WESTERN DREAM 1993
 64/65 THE COASTAL CLASSIC 2001

JOHN REYNOLDS

John Reynolds' practice was forged in the crucible of early 1980s postmodernism, drawing on two of its opposing tendencies. Appropriation art recognised the source of all meaning in language, conventions, "difference", the "forest of signs"; while neo-expressionism still wanted to argue for originality, personal vision, genius – the "hand of the artist". Elsewhere this opposition might have represented a deadlock or endgame, but in Reynolds' work it became productive, a motor.

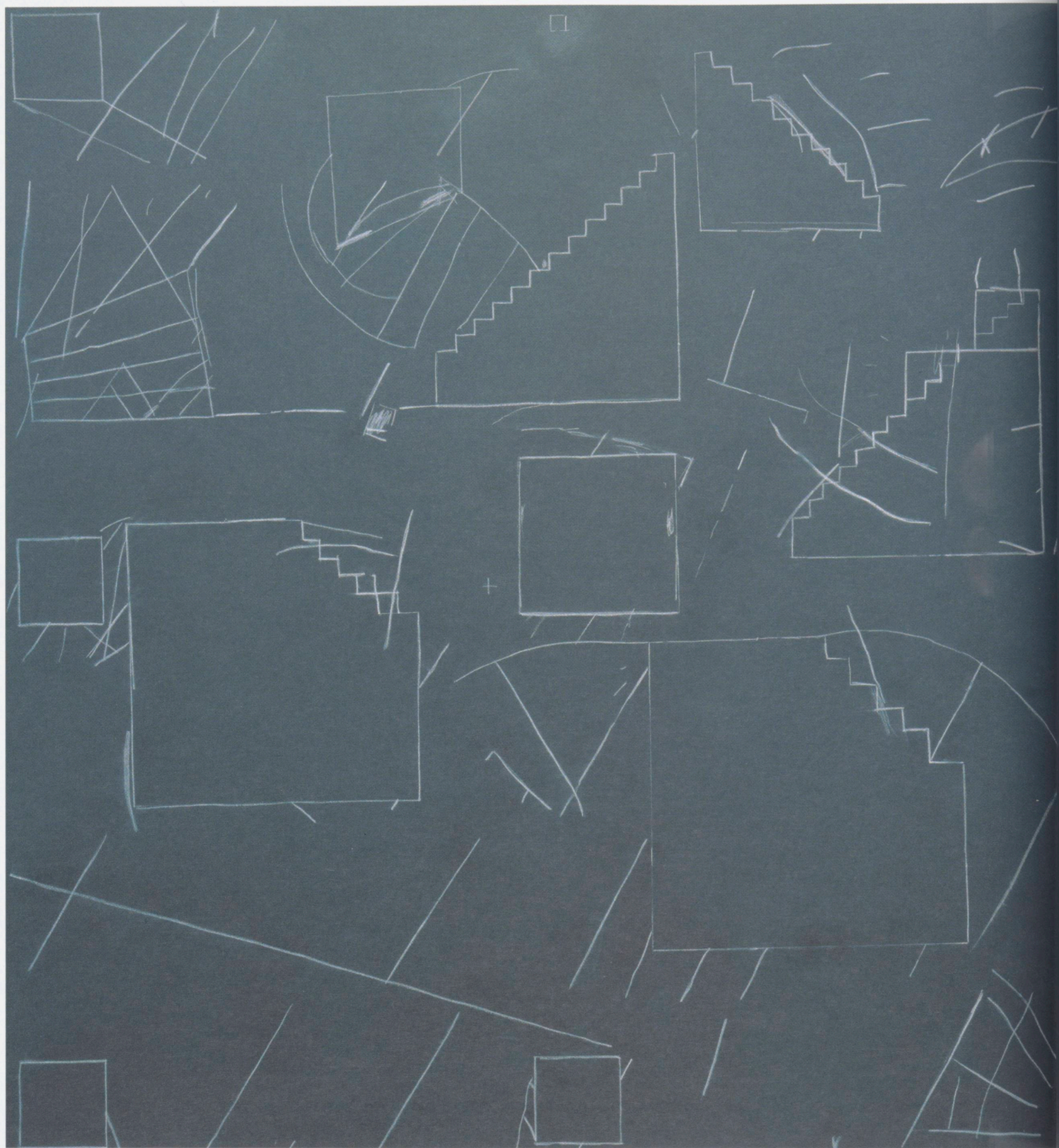
From the outset Reynolds' painting was grounded in drawing. He usually works in oil stick (oil paint in crayon form) rather than with paints-and-brushes, allowing him to draw on a painting scale. His works engage different logics of drawing: sketches, plans, charts, doodles; collaging different orders of representation: expressive marks, symbols, patterns, writing. While American painter Cy Twombly – who updated abstract expressionism by filling its field-formats with writing, drawing and scribble – was a major early influence, Reynolds' seminal blackboard-like work PROTOCOL FOR AN ODALISQUE (1983) owes as much to Duchamp. In THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE BY HER BACHELORS, EVEN (1915-23), Duchamp mismatched subject and treatment, updating the perennial theme of the female nude by rendering the sex act as a machine. Similarly Reynolds' title invites us to read his cryptic graphics as rude: as part nude, part battle-plan. Again, an erotic subtext is imputed, hidden behind chaste tech-drawing. PROTOCOL's repetitions of forms suggest a process, workings, a series of attempts to analyse a subject. In retrospect, this operative early work seems prophetic of the directions Reynolds would explore over the next 20 years.

Reynolds has always exploited that old chestnut: the idea that drawing is direct and expressive, that it reveals the artist's creative thought processes. When Keith Stewart characterised Reynolds' work, heroically, as "... a mess of inconclusiveness and momentary achievement washed away by the next wave of struggle", he could have been writing up Woollaston, 30 years earlier. Reynolds really comes close to Woollaston in scribbly landscapes like ARMATURE FOR A HEADLAND (1985). Drawn on black seamless paper – the kind photographers use for backdrops – Reynolds' forms are skeletal, chimeral. Like a Woollaston, ARMATURE feels provisional, like the record of a performance, an index of the artist's existential struggle with his subject, a drama of representation in which the logic of the artist's subjectivity (the armature) and the logic of the landscape's objectivity (the headland) are perpetually under negotiation. Certainly by the early 1980s the Woollaston-idea was out: regionalist landscape and artist-heroes were disreputable. And Reynolds does lay on the irony. Where Woollaston spoke plainly, Reynolds' is showy, his clumsiness affected, even campy, and his struggle all show. But irony is a complex thing. If Reynolds dealt with the likes of Woollaston at arm's length, it was still ONLY at an arm's length. A touch of irony was like the levy he paid back then to explore those retrograde big-themes. Behind it Reynolds remained a romantic.

Reynolds' works were classically postmodern, exemplifying "quotation", "bricolage", "the palimpsest", "code-clashing". He layered images belonging to different registers, disciplines and epochs for poetic effect. His favourite signs – crosses, scaffolds, gallows, veils, webs, knots, floorplans, roadsigns, grids and miasmas – declared, simultaneously, a fascination with pointers (guidance) and a love of fragments and complexity (chaos). His works were disfunctional, like ruins begging to be excavated, reconstructed; they were about failure, hubris. Ian Wedde once said: "Reynolds makes art out of vanishing, out of signs whose lives are ending as we begin to look at them, out of texts that have already fallen silent or been dismembered, out of history that is being erased at the very moment we are invited to ponder its significance." Analogy and allegory were key devices. The diptych SUN. TREE. BEGINNING (1993), for instance, juxtaposes a tree of life, lifted from a 12th century Spanish fresco in the Prado, with a timber structure suggesting scaffolding, a cross or gallows, making a symbolic analogy between these branching wooden structures, one natural, the other cultural. Behind these main-event images are washes of eye-popping fluoro-colour inscribed with decorative patterns, like tracteries or veils. Foreground and background play tug-of-war; the lurid gimmicky ground pulls the carpet on the moral enquiry invited by the imagery. Reynolds is routinely criticised for being BOTH decorative and literary (his work makes constant references to mythology, the Bible and literature – Joyce, Beckett, Lorca); that's a key to his enterprise. His work is a play of pretences.

The most recent Reynolds work in NINE LIVES jettisons the drawing style he has become synonymous with, but only to underscore and reinvigorate other key themes and strategies in his work. THE COASTAL CLASSIC (2001) is a flight of hard-edge chevron-signs in reflective vinyl on aluminium, different colour variations, all pointing right – a one-way street. The piece is a response to Leigh Davis's poem THE OFFICE OF THE DEAD, where letter forms scattered across the page suggest yachts under sail during the annual Auckland yacht race, the Coastal Classic; some close, others far away. Davis's poem is a meditation on the passage of time, and ultimately death; conflating ideas heavy and medieval with something flighty and contemporary. Reynolds' individual panels are named after boats – MUSTANG SALLY, FUZZI DUCK, SILVERAIDER. While he does not stipulate the hanging order, Reynolds is less interested in the individual particles than in exploring the gearing of the spaces between them. Taking mundane roadside signage, vernacular language, and investing it with moral import... it's a McCahon thing.

Robert Leonard





CRITIC WYSTAN CURNOW TALKS TO JOHN REYNOLDS

JOHN REYNOLDS: The point you made earlier is a really keen one – I am described as a painter. And sometimes I hear it and it is almost like, “You ARE a painter, aren’t you? For God’s sake, THAT’S what you are. We want to be certain.” The time I grew up in meant you were working in the aftermath of painting. Minimalism had swept through – we had had the RECENT AMERICAN ART show at Auckland Art Gallery. Artists were looking elsewhere. Later we had the AFTER MCCAHOON exhibition, all those “afters”.

WYSTAN CURNOW: That was a very rich and challenging situation. The question of what comes after the “death of painting” was a metaphysical as well as a formal question. That’s right.

This rupture is one that somehow has got to be folded back into the practice, and to always be there in it. The fact is you aren’t a painter, but an artist who draws.

That’s critical, thinking through drawing, the dynamics of drawing, revelling in its poverty. And there are all these bodies of work we can wheel in: there’s Cy Twombly, there’s Sol LeWitt, even Jonathan Borofsky and Joseph Beuys. Even Mondrian. I’ve always had a great attraction to Mondrian. In the crispness in his separation of mass and line and incident I still see a map, I still see the drawn thing, so that his paintings almost seem like worked up plans. I am particularly attracted to his cartoon-like drawings, such as those late New York sketches he drew in a taxi on the backs of unfolded cigarette packs.

So the degree to which you can reread painting as drawing is the degree to which you can assemble a genealogy for your own work?

Yep. That’s right, absolutely. I even entertain myself with an affection for the way the chevron in THE COASTAL CLASSIC, the bleeding edge of it, is drawing. It is so ardently emblematic and lacking in painting’s repose.

So from out of the art genealogy you have derived a genealogy of signs, which includes the road sign, the map, and takes your work out into the object world of signage.

And that edge and that arc, they all rotate on that desire to exceed painting. That’s why with a Dan Flavin installation, for instance, you can’t help but walk towards it because it ratchets in all that painting can offer and more and with a great economy.

I imagine you keep notebooks or journals. Do you collect images, make lists?

I saw this wonderful Basquiat at the Whitney years ago. It was a little wooden box, a shonky little bit of found street junk, and it was on a wooden pallet, badly painted white. And on one side of the box was written “The Brain”. It was a notebook. Perfect. Then on the other side was a list of black jazz greats of all time or something. It was like a list out of Homer. It had tremendous trawl, it seemed like a truth. This was some street junk. Notebooks are like an epicentre, a nervous system. The work tracks the journal, runs alongside. It isn’t a matter of the journal preceding or causing the work, but a tracking that in effect both engages and disengages.

My journals tend to be more notational than say a series of workings through of visual ideas. They’re like a pre-visual sketching. They are written, they are diagrammatic. So, it’s direct quotes, grabbed fragments of songs, floor plans, thumbnail prototypes and the like. The current book I’m working in – the big ones last anything from six months to a year – become like the file when I walk into the studio. I just need to open it at the current page, flip backwards and forwards, and there is a series of semi-remembered events that, on the way to finding, I discover the thing I forgot I’d discovered and therein lies the opening to the task at hand. It’s absolutely the core of the activity.

From my collecting activity, I’ve found I have to carry smaller notebooks that operate like Saturn’s moons, notebooks you can put in a pocket. There’s an orbiting of these little ones that is more or less diaristic. And now, I have become, as my brother rightly says, more and more tramp-like, with scatological bits of paper hastily stuffed here and there on my person. So you end up with a hierarchy of notational opportunities.

The paintings remain identifiably linked to a process like that. They can look like pages of studies, sometimes over-worked sketchbook pages. PROTOCOL FOR AN ODALISQUE does, ARMATURE FOR A HEADLAND even more so.

One of the simplest formal recognitions we could make is of the happy “given” of the painting’s conventional flat field, its edges, its lightness on the wall, and, like a journal or a notebook, the vehicle is specific yet disappears somewhat as a support for content.



THE WESTERN DREAM for example.

It strikes me often when I meet my works that they have a curious temperature. One way to talk about the seductiveness of Dan Flavin's work is to reflect on their heat. What I mean by this in my work is that even when there's hot colour, like in *THE WESTERN DREAM*, it seems to be quoted rather than felt or declared. And I think it is the same with the more recent metallic works – they are palpably physical material, they are worked with some concern for finish but there is a blandness that connects to that journal process again. There doesn't seem to be a desire to ratchet in the heightened object, the distilled moment from these sources, these notebooks.

THE WESTERN DREAM comprises a large number of sheets or pages. Was this a way to make a large work out of small units? Did you lay it all out on the studio floor?

On the floor, then on the wall, tile by tile. Each panel has an internal independent construction which is subsumed in the larger design. The work came from a trip I made to Spain, and the huge attraction I had to the Moorish tiles, that Islamic decorative principle of reference to vegetative forms but rigorous non-figuration and the determination to create an environment for people that would orientate them towards the essentials. I was attracted to the entire spiritual physics of the tiles in Mosques. Although *THE WESTERN DREAM* reads more as a Moroccan version of Islamic patterning, slightly wonky, handmade.

The whole work is built up as a series of tiles. This two-dimensional space gave me the opportunity to set up layers which emerge and recede: the colour ground, the drawn lines, and the painted, somewhat globbed, knot shapes.

The rigging-like lines and the knots appear to be references to sailing, voyages of Western discovery.

The lines traverse, the knots loom, it's a work of diagrammatic tensions. There's a sense of binding or holding fast, the process of ravelling or unravelling.

The different colours make the sheets pop backwards and forward, opening up a space.

Interestingly enough the works that I'm doing at the moment are difficult to photograph; they're silver paint on metallic paints on white canvas. They open up a comparable space. You must move physically as a viewer to "read" the work. It's a wilful shoving around of anyone that wants to look at them. They have to come and see the thing. And then, literal proximity becomes critical to the experience.

An insistence on presence and materiality?

We are back to that sense of working in the aftermath of painting's primacy. The conventions of painting seem to offer some interesting vacuities... formal diversions.

Ephemerality might be one word for that. It is not a reifying of presence, so much as an aspect of it that is unstable, of the moment...

Or, it's The Big Dipper effect. You see titles like *THE WESTERN DREAM* are trying to get big picture gearing. Some desire, within a narrow field of play, to try and make a big arc.

And employing fairly modest means.

The two are totally linked: the modest means and the big subject. That is the only way. Thinking of Flavin again, he observed, "I really believe in some of the simplest materials being the best to think through."

But there's nothing simple about your titles – *PROTOCOL FOR AN ODALISQUE*, *ARMATURE FOR A HEADLAND*, *SUN. TREE. BEGINNING*, and *THE COASTAL CLASSIC* – on their own, let alone in their relation to the works.

We could think of Duchamp's remarks to the effect that the title of an artwork is an invisible colour. Certainly I see the titling process as crucial – as key ontological framing. So with a depleted visual vocabulary, the operation of the title functions almost to the point of driving the formal economy of the work. The "Coastal Classic", for example, the name of a local sporting fixture, makes very ambitious claims on the significance of the chevrons that make up the series that carries its name.

Wystan Curnow is a writer and curator. His next exhibition is a Max Gimblett survey for the New Gallery next year. He is also writing a critical introduction to the work of Colin McCahon.

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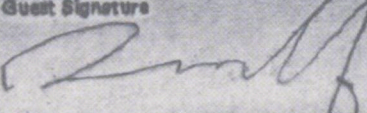
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 60/61 SLAVE PIANOS (OF THE ART CULT) 1998-9

MICHAEL STEVENSON

Michael Stevenson's work has followed a bizarre trajectory. In the late 1980s he was based in Palmerston North making folksy paintings of small-town bible-belt New Zealand – its church halls, stacked hymn books and caravan parks, its glum evangelism. Today he is a multi-media installation artist living in Berlin and representing New Zealand at the Venice Biennale. As much as the work has changed, one thing has remained constant; Stevenson's insistent outsider point-of-view, his off-centre provincial perspective. Mimicry is at the heart of his practice, as subject and strategy.

In the early 1990s Stevenson's work took a major turn, pulling focus from heartland New Zealand to frontier America. Fuelled by background reading, Stevenson became a conspiracy theorist, illustrating bizarre connections he saw between American earth art of the late 1960s and covert interests: cigarette advertisers, the military, Hell's Angels, the DIA. Reproducing classic documentary photographs of major earthworks by hand, he inserted details, as if to suggest things had been doctored out of the originals: Marlboro men invaded earthworks, "Lynard Skynard" was graffitied onto Heizer's DOUBLE NEGATIVE, UFOs visited De Maria's LIGHTNING FIELD. Stevenson's alternative map of the art world expanded to take in a bewildering range of possibilities. Hostages crawled across gallery floors using Judd boxes for cover. Nauman and Kosuth neons were remade as right-wing political slogans. Classic art images were imbedded with crypto-fascist messages, only visible under black light. Rewiring his source images with paranoid linkages masquerading as WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, Stevenson linked contemporary art to other forms of extremism, exposing the heart of darkness behind art's humanistic press release. His ultimate subject was provincialism: the way art is experienced on the peripheries, as a covert plot to ensure our marginality. The work reflected Stevenson's Pentecostal upbringing, where art was suspected of being in bed with the devil.

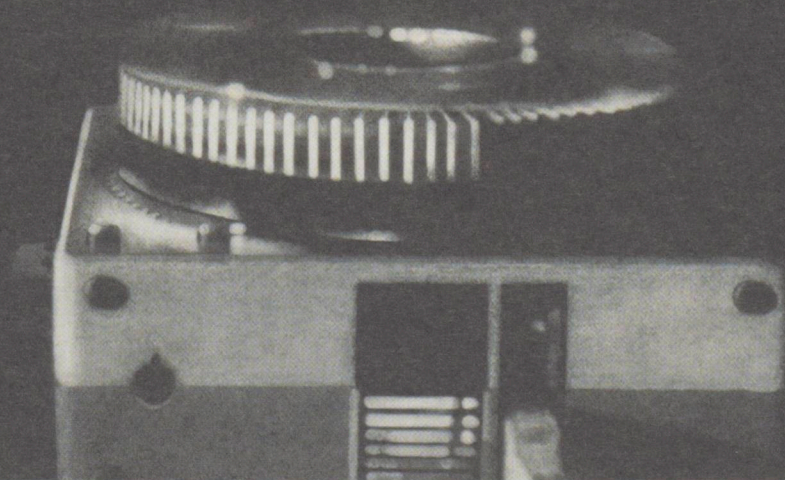
Chris McAuliffe cast Stevenson as a voice in the wilderness, an antidote to postmodernism: "If postmodern thought sees power as a complex web of performance and discourse, the conspiracy theorist sees it as a straightforward series of covert acts. If postmodernism has abandoned linear historical narrative, the conspiracy theorist returns to a notion of direct, even mechanical, causation... If postmodernism is sceptical of claims to truth, conspiracy theory clings to the belief that Truth (albeit the Awful Truth) can still be found beneath veils of dissimulation."

Moving to Melbourne in 1994, Stevenson met a like mind. With Danius Kesminas he founded an on-going collaborative project. Slave Pianos has been described as "an organisation dedicated to the collection, analysis, performance and recomposition of sound works by visual artists." "Music and works in sound by visual artists have been recomposed, arranged and transcribed for a range of new instrumentation, beginning with the piano." Slave Pianos first presented their cover versions entertainment-style, using a Playola, a mechanical piano player directly descended from the Pianola, which popularised the automatic playback of musical compositions on the piano in the 1920s. The repertoire ranged from New Zealand locals (like Daniel Malone, L. Budd and Ronnie Van Hout), to 1980s Australian art stars (John Nixon and Peter Tyndall), to major world art figures (Jean Tinguely, Louise Bourgeois, Joseph Beuys, George Brecht, Mike Kelley and Katharina Fritsch). Like obsessive fans who love but don't understand their subject, Stevenson and Kesminas decontextualised, hollowed out and transformed their sources in the process of their otherwise fastidious reconstructions. What had been spontaneous, intuitive and against music, became perversely jukebox fodder. If Fluxus artists attacked the piano as a symbol of both bourgeois values and populism, Stevenson and Kesminas reinstated it, trumping the avant-garde.

The possibilities opened up in Slave Pianos informed Stevenson's subsequent "archival projects", which uncover bizarre links between art history and social history, between micro and macro-histories. Created for Berlin's Kapinos Gallery in 2000, CALL ME IMMENDORFF tracked media response to German painter Jorg Immendorff's 1987-8 Auckland artist's residency against the concurrent stock market crash and the subsequent fall of the Berlin Wall. A suite of facsimile drawings meticulously reproduced sensational newspaper clippings about Immendorff's visit, detailing his heavy partying and the subsequent death threat. Recreating the ensuing media circus, Stevenson's exposé addressed provincial misrecognition: New Zealand's desire to experience an overseas art star was matched by Immendorff's willingness to play along. Such archival projects involve another major move for Stevenson, from creating obvious fictions to exploring genuine historical realities. Another archival project, CAN DIALECTICS BREAK BRICKS? for the 2002 Sydney Biennale, uncovered the role the New York contemporary art scene played in a previous Islamic revolution – the 1979 Iran Hostage Crisis. Truth had indeed become stranger than fiction.

Stevenson is currently representing New Zealand at the Venice Biennale. THIS IS THE TREKKA centres on New Zealand's supposedly indigenous car, made in the late 1960s, early 1970s. While the Trekka was promoted as indigenous, its guts – the engine and chassis – were imported from communist Czechoslovakia. Suggesting at once a belated Eastern Bloc trade display and a deconstructed social history exhibit, THIS IS THE TREKKA probes economic, political and cultural contradictions in Cold War New Zealand. Combining indexes and artifacts, restorations, reconstructions and representations, it plunges viewers into an oddly inflected interpretive space. In Venice someone said, "It's so provincial". Someone else said, "You know, it's a very European story". Both were right.

the nation's greatest conspiracy
is being quietly conducted from
behind white gallery walls



CURATOR ROBERT LEONARD TALKS TO MICHAEL STEVENSON

ROBERT LEONARD: How did you come to do *Slave Pianos*?

MICHAEL STEVENSON: It started in 1998. It was a collaboration with Danus Kesminas, who was also living in Melbourne. I'd worked with Danus before, but we both recognised that this was something different, something major. We had this idea of taking artists' sound and music pieces, usually overtly avant-garde things, and presenting them using a Playola, a modern player-piano. Danus had already done things with music in pop/rock contexts, and he plays in Loin Groin, an Australian pub band. Danus knew Neil Kelly, a lecturer in the Music Department at La Trobe University. Neil and Rohan Drape, a student of his, they did all the transcribing, and subsequently arranged the material, at first for piano and later for other instruments. *Slave Pianos* was all framed up within an established ethnomusicology methodology. You know, people going out and making field recordings of Hungarian folk music or something, then transcribing them into standard Western music notation to study the structures. *Slave Pianos* follows that format quite closely, but instead of it being Hungarian folk music it's contemporary artists' sound and music works. That transcribing process has been held up as being transparent when it comes to documenting folk music, but of course it isn't at all.

And you show it as sheet music.

Sheet music leaves room for how a composition can be performed. When I was a child people still bought sheet music for pop songs. I remember I liked the band Hogsnot Rupert. My mother went into Colliers Music in New Plymouth and bought their sheet music and played it on the piano for me for

my birthday. With *Slave Pianos* we wanted to reference that folksy populist practice too, the transition that happens when a recording made by a pop band is performed on a piano by your mother. *Slave Pianos* has now taken a huge range of forms, including live presentations using singers, string quartets, brass bands and a jazz ensemble. While it proceeded from the history of artists engaging with music and sound, *Slave Pianos* always had the potential to veer off in other directions. We've even talked about architecture. *Slave Pianos* sets up a lot of potential avenues of inquiry that Danus and I can pursue individually or together.

Did you care what the pieces sounded like?

Absolutely. We wanted to arrive at an end point that was musically interesting, not just process-driven. Neil and Rohan were especially interested in producing scores and performances that were musical in their own right.

The artists represented in the *Slave Pianos* repertoire are an odd mix. New Zealand artists who are obscure even in New Zealand are given equal billing alongside major international figures.

It is a regional canon, a provincial canon.

Some pieces are homages to friends, others hostile takeovers. John Nixon and Peter Tyndall wrote letters of complaint.

Like a lot of my work, *Slave Pianos* is incredibly personality-based, though it probably doesn't seem that way at first glance. For years I was involved in making representations of the art world. That involved copying known works by known artists – personalities. I wanted to generate subversive unacceptable readings of works that had been ring-fenced intellectually. The most basic simplistic response was, "Oh, so don't you like Walter de Maria." That's what I mean by "personality-based".

What was *Slave Pianos*' first manifestation?

It was in Kassel in 1999 as part of TOI TOI TOI. That's the version Auckland Art Gallery and Chartwell own now. Danus also took the piece to Scotland for *THE QUEEN IS DEAD*, a Scotland/Melbourne exchange exhibition, where it was played on a Yamaha disclavier, which we nicknamed The Bertrand Lavier. We didn't anticipate the problem of polyphony, with striking many notes simultaneously, and at the opening the disclavier actually caught on fire. There was smoke pouring out of it. That was what inspired us to present a piano enveloped in theatrical smoke at China Art Objects in Los Angeles a little later.

There you used a white piano.

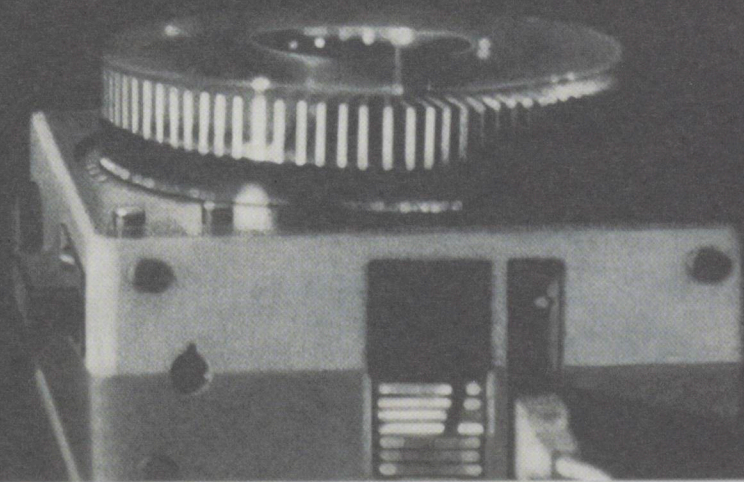
Yes. It was L.A., so we went with a white one. And above the piano we had a cross representing puppeteer's handles hung from chains. It was painted like the Confederate flag. We like playing out all sorts of ideas that have been applied to the piano, here "ebony and ivory". The Confederate flag implied enslavement. Danus and I were talking a lot about Robert Mapplethorpe and miscegenation at the time.

It seems like work you could only make outside of New Zealand.

That's true I think. New Zealand art, like New Zealand generally, is very self-referential without being very self-conscious. It was only after I'd left New Zealand that I realised some aspects of New Zealand social history could be of interest to a wider international audience, but they are not usually the stories recognised within New Zealand. That thought led to *CALL ME IMMENDORFF*, which I made for Kapinos in Berlin.

How did the German audience take it?

multi-culti perversions



Everybody knew Immendorff, but no one knew the story. In fact no one even knew he'd been to New Zealand. They came at it through their own history, their place in the world. Immendorff's appearing in New Zealand in 1987 was part of a pattern. Just before the wall came down, German art was everywhere globally. In New Zealand we expected German artists to be stars – it seemed natural. But many Germans were anxious about German art being out there in such a big brash conquering-the-world way. It was subsequently a huge embarrassment to the German art world. In the earlier 1990s many younger German artists definitely did not identify with that kind of behaviour and kept their distance from painting. They were involved in critical practices, often in collaborative and collective initiatives using marginalised media. That really informed CALL ME IMMENDORFF's reception in Germany.

So was it read differently in Auckland in the Walters Prize?

It was understood as a local story in both places. In Germany the work was about Germany, in New Zealand it was about New Zealand. But in both places it was about the media.

One of the new pieces you made for the Auckland showing was HOTEL BILL, a facsimile of Immendorff's hotel bill, with its room service charges, okayed by the gallery. I'm interested in what it means to hang that on the wall in a gallery where local artists were once paid for talks with book tokens.

HOTEL BILL is really telling. It speaks volumes about New Zealand's isolation, our aspirations to be involved in international art, and what we were prepared to pay to achieve that. It shows New Zealand placing itself in an international context in a very limiting way. It looks like internationalism, but it's really provincialism in reverse. And it's not dissimilar

to the way we bring out an older established European name-curator like Harald Szeemann to judge the Walters, or how we tackle Venice.

You are in Venice right now, representing New Zealand with THIS IS THE TREKKA. Why did you think the Trekka would be interesting to people overseas when it hadn't been interesting to people in New Zealand?

With the Trekka I could play on other ideas about New Zealand already in the European imagination. As far as the Cold War period was concerned a couple of things were key: New Zealand as a survivalist haven, a place to escape to, and its enormous agricultural production. The Trekka could focus a provincial South Pacific twist on the whole Cold War story, in the shadow of a bomb, French testing, whatever. Potentially this was a very interesting story for a European audience. I did the show like some old Motokov trade display. But the relationship between the objects was confused. It was important it remained like that, without any extra labelling. It was up to the viewer to imagine how these things could relate together.

You were at the Venice Biennale the time before last. How did your experience of the way that New Zealand presented itself then inform what you did?

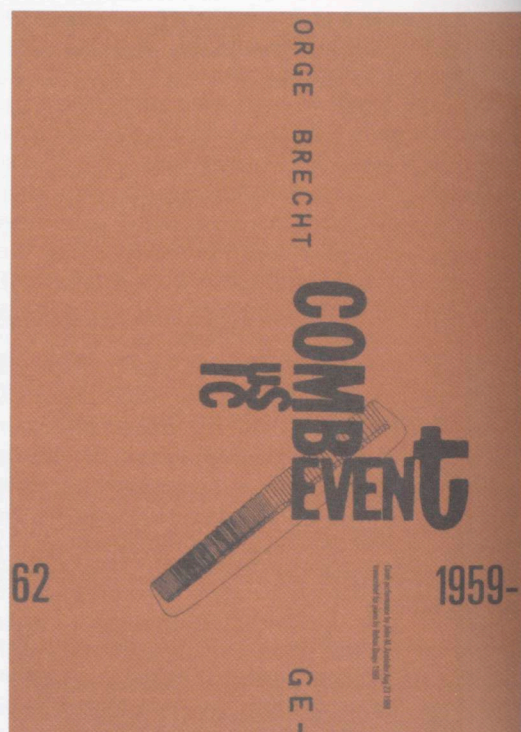
New Zealand obviously has a lot of problems in Venice. When we finally decided to go it had been running for almost a century, so we had a lot of catch-up to do. New Zealand still feels close to countries like Australia, Britain and America. We still look to them for cues, for information. That would psychologically place us in the Giardini. But New Zealand arrives late and the door is barred, the gate is locked. So we end up off-site, more remote than Croatia. The Trekka is a metaphor for

this condition. In the mid 1960s we were going to build cars and be a first world nation. But when we did we actually got involved with countries like Czechoslovakia. And when we exported Trekkas, it was to Indonesia; and then the Pakistanis and Zambians got interested. And that's very much the Venice story for New Zealand. It was great to do a project that had the capacity to engage with all those things. It was also a big change for me. Over the last ten years my work has directly engaged with the art world. The Trekka project is more devolved; it's like the telescope around the other way. I replaced the artworld-as-subject with the Trekka, but the work has implications for the artworld and beyond. A metaphorical reading of it can map New Zealand's general aspirations then onto our art scene's aspirations today. David Craig coined the term "Neo-Trekkaism".

By putting your CNZ desk in the show, you incorporated Creative New Zealand into your show, rather than being framed by them. The attendants sat behind it and it was covered in CNZ pamphlets.

I made the desk like some relic from an Eastern Bloc trade fair. It had that quote from W. B. Sutch behind it. Along with everything else, he was chairman of the Arts Council in the early 1970s. I wanted to link Sutch's thinking to the current wisdom. The way CNZ used the table for their promotional material was serendipity. It wasn't designed for that, but I didn't have the heart to tell them to remove anything. They were doing what they were going to do anyway. It was kind of perfect.

Robert Leonard co-curated THIS IS THE TREKKA for Venice.

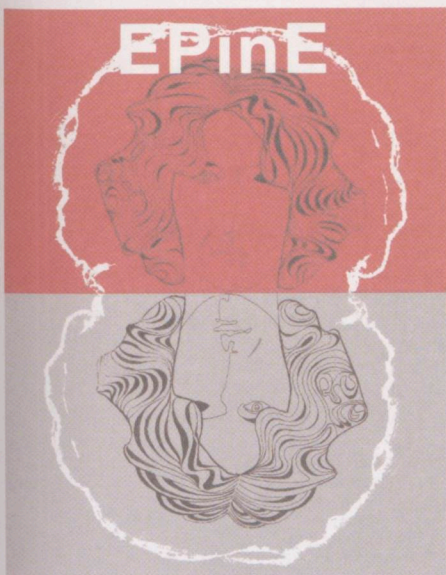




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ALL MEASUREMENTS HEIGHT X WIDTH X DEPTH

ET AL.

SELECTED WORKS 1990-2003
mixed media
a new installation made from works in the Chartwell and
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki Collections

JULIAN DASHPER

CASS ALTARPIECE 1986
oil on canvas
2100 x 4515 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

UNTITLED 1991
acrylic on canvas
1580 x 1580 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

UNTITLED (SLIDES) 1991
20 kodachrome slides in glass mounts, plastic slide sheet
245 x 280 mm
The Artist, Auckland

THE ANGUSES 1992
enamel on drumskin, drumkit
approx. 1250 x 1500 x 1500 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE ANGUSES 1992-3
unique cibachrome print
630 x 510 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE DRIVERS 1992-3
unique gelatin silver print
510 x 630 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE HOTERES 1992-3
unique gelatin silver print
510 x 630 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE COLIN McCAHONS 1992-3
unique gelatin silver print
490 x 630 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE WOOLLASTONS 1992-3
unique gelatin silver print
510 x 630 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

UNTITLED (TARGET) 1993
acrylic on canvas
1220 x 1220 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

UNTITLED 1996
vinyl on drumskin
520 x 520 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

JACQUELINE FRASER

ROOM 202 c.1987
bias piping, wire, plastic raffia and rope
2860 x 260 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE LORD'S RIVER 1997
plastic-coated electrical wire, lace
3000 x 7500 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

AN OBSCURE PORTRAIT EXTRACTED <<DAISY CHOPPER ACCELERATED>>
2003
From AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT REFINED IN ELEVEN PARTS
<<A LOOSE CANON SPEAKS>>
wire, faux fur
850 x 350 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

BILL HAMMOND

MIXING DESK 1987
acrylic on aluminium
600 x 900 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of Mr and Mrs A T Gibbs

CHANNEL ZERO 1988
acrylic on canvas
3050 x 1530 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

PASS OVER 1989
acrylic on aluminium
1200 x 615 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

JAPAN 3, 4, 5 1992
acrylic on steel
2140 x 1220 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of the Patrons of the Gallery

BULLER'S TABLE CLOTH 1994
acrylic on canvas
1680 x 1675 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of the Patrons of the Gallery

WHISTLERS MOTHERS 2000
pencil, ink and acrylic on paper
1400 x 1850 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

GIOVANNI INTRA

AN EXCELLENT FETISH 1990
etched mirror
1600 x 1600 mm
posthumous replica of a lost original
with permission of the Giovanni Intra Estate

UNTITLED (STUDDER SUIT) 1990
wool, polyester, metal studs
approx. 1600 x 560 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki
purchased with the assistance of the Chartwell Trust

365 DAYS 1991
365 gelatin silver prints, pins
2175 x 2600 mm
Jim Barr and Mary Barr loan collection
Dunedin Public Art Gallery

UNTITLED 1992
ink on paper, 4 sheets
each 295 x 205 mm
Giovanni Intra Estate, courtesy Hamish McKay Gallery

CLINIC OF PHANTASMS 1993
mixed media on paper
2120 x 1500 mm
Stuart McKenzie and Miranda Harcourt, Wellington

SCOPOPHILLIA: JACQUES-ANDRE BOIFFARD 1993
video, security peephole
installed dimensions variable
Giovanni Intra Estate, courtesy Hamish McKay Gallery

UNTITLED c.1995
gelatin silver print of an x-ray
425 x 350 mm
Giovanni Intra Estate, courtesy Hamish McKay Gallery

UNTITLED c.1995
gelatin silver print of an x-ray
425 x 350 mm
Hamish McKay, Wellington

HOW DOCTORS SEE 1995
30 broken cameras
installed dimensions variable
posthumous replica of a lost original
with permission of the Giovanni Intra Estate

UNTITLED 1995-6
acrylic on gesso on paper
2800 x 2800 mm overall
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

GIOVANNI INTRA AND STUART MCKENZIE

From UNREQUITED PASSION CYCLE 1993
IV: MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB
IIX: CROSS HIM OFF YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD LIST
X: CROSS DRESSER
XI: MALE PIN UP
XII: BEST AFTER 33AD
XIII: FORGIVE HIM, HE WAS AN ONLY CHILD
XIV: SURE TO RISE
C-type prints
each 490 x 390 mm
Giovanni Intra Estate, courtesy Hamish McKay Gallery

From THE UNREQUITED PASSION CYCLE 1993
XII: BEST AFTER 33AD
C-type print
1400 x 1000 mm
Violet Faigan, Dunedin

GIOVANNI INTRA AND MICHAEL PAREKOWHAI

14 MAY 1968 1994
2 black and white photographs
each 105 x 235 mm
Giovanni Intra Estate, courtesy Ann Shelton, Auckland

MICHAEL PAREKOWHAI

ACTS (10: 34-38) "HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD" 1993
acrylic on wood
installed dimensions variable
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

KISS THE BABY GOODBYE 1994
powder-coated steel
3600 x 4600 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

CRAIG KELLER 2000
NEIL KELLER 2000
C-type photographs
each 1265 x 1035 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

ROEBUCK JONES AND THE CUNICULUS KID 2001
stuffed rabbits and mixed media
installed dimensions variable
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

From THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY 2001
BOULOGNE
ETAPLES
PASSCHENDAELE
C-type photographs
each 1500 x 1200 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

AATARANGI 2003
powder-coated aluminium
installed dimensions variable
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

PETER PERYER

BLUFF 1985
gelatin silver print
360 x 350 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

BILLY 1986
gelatin silver print
145 x 95 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

DEAD STEER 1987
gelatin silver print
180 x 180 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

TROUT, LAKE TAUPŌ 1987
gelatin silver print
460 x 305 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

MOERAKI BOULDER 1988
gelatin silver print
355 x 345 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

SEEING 1989
gelatin silver print
265 x 410 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

NEW ZEALAND 1991
gelatin silver print
405 x 260 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

ONE TREE HILL 1992
gelatin silver print
275 x 410 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

STICK INSECT 1992
gelatin silver print
455 x 295 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

TRIG, RANGITOTO ISLAND 1993
gelatin silver print
535 x 355 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE MECCANO BUS 1994
gelatin silver print
350 x 535 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

AFTER REMBRANDT 1996
gelatin silver print
345 x 520 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

VOYAGER 2002
10 selenium-toned gelatin silver prints
each 180 x 140 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

FORK & SPOON 2003
inkjet print
175 x 240 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

JOHN REYNOLDS

PROTOCOL FOR AN ODALISQUE 1983
chalk and acrylic on canvas
2090 x 4030 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

ARMATURE FOR A HEADLAND 1985
oil pastel on paper
2110 x 2725 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

SUN, TREE, BEGINNING 1993
acrylic, wax crayon and oil stick on board
2400 x 2400 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE WESTERN DREAM 1993
oil stick and oil pastel on paper
2500 x 6500 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE COASTAL CLASSIC 2001
HIGH SPIRITS
SILVERAIDER
MUSTANG SALLY
COALSACK
FUZZI DUCK
WILD DUCK CLUSTER
TIME TO BURN
SMALL MAGELLANIC CLOUD
vinyl on aluminium
each 300 x 210 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

MICHAEL STEVENSON

THE FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS NO. 2 1996
dry pastel on paper
600 x 900 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS NO. 3 1996
dry pastel on paper
600 x 900 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

THE FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS NO. 6 1996
dry pastel on paper
600 x 900 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

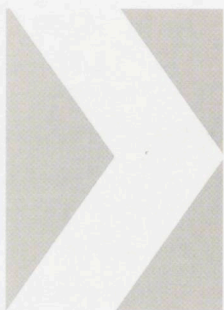
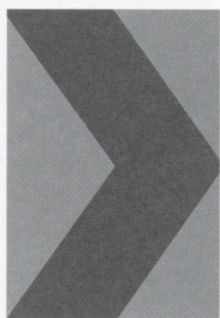
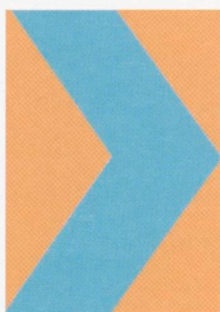
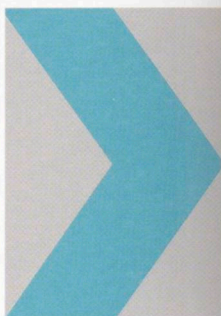
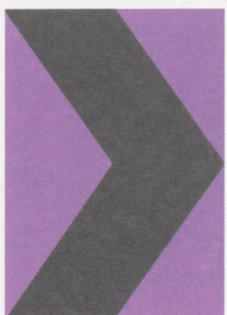
From CALL ME IMMENDORFF 2002
BIGGEST ARTIST SINCE GAUGUIN
COLLAPSE OF MIRROR CITY
CRASH GOES CHASE
DEATH THREAT FOR FOREIGN ARTIST
"I HATE CHEAP CHAMPAGNE"
"I HATE WEAK ARTISTS"
REVOLUTION IN NZ
THREATENED PAINTER SEEKS REFUGE IN NIGHTCLUBS
23 BILLION WIPED FROM NZ SHARE INDEX
WALL FALLS
photocopy, screenprint and dye on paper
each 600 x 420 mm
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

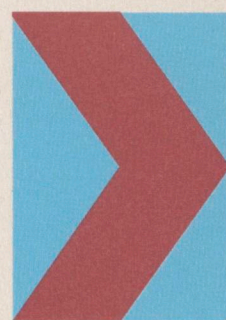
HOTEL BILL 2002
pastel, graphite and charcoal on paper
1040 x 660 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

ART OLD AND NEW 2002
pastel, graphite and charcoal on paper
1040 x 660 mm
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki

MICHAEL STEVENSON, DANIUS KESMINAS, NEIL KELLY AND ROHAN DRAPE

SLAVE PIANOS (OF THE ART CULT) 1998-9
piano, piano player, CD Rom, sheet music
installed dimensions variable
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki,
purchased with the assistance of the Chartwell Trust





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Cover: wearing Giovanni Intra's 1990 studded suit.
Originally shot for PLANET. Photo: Monty Adams, 1994

ET AL. JULIAN DASHPER JACQUELINE FRASER
BILL HAMMOND GIOVANNI INTRA MICHAEL PAREKOWHAI
PETER PERER JOHN REYNOLDS MICHAEL STEVENSON

ARTS

THE 2003 CHARTWELL EXHIBITION



Deutsche Bank

