

JULIAN

DASHPER //

TO THE

UNKNOWN

NEW

ZEALANDER

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND THANKS TO // Adam Art Gallery, Wellington / Bill Angus / Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki / Jennifer Bacon / Jim Barr / Mary Barr / Hannah Beehre / Ron Brownson / Lynn Campbell / The Chartwell Trust / Christopher Cook / Sue Crockford / Dunedin Public Art Gallery / Scott Flanagan / Filippo Fossati / Rob Gardiner / Sue Gardiner / Judith Gifford / Ian Glennie / Stuart and George Gray of Pic Pac in Auckland / Jenny Harper / Fredericka Hunter / Gina Irish / Blair Jackson / Scott Jackson / Vasili Kaliman / Hamish Kilgour / Peter King / Mark Kirby / Jonathan Koea / Simon Lawrence / Hamish McKay / Dane Mitchell / Tana Mitchell / Sarah Pepperle / Nathan Pohio / Francis Pound / David Raskin / Neil Semple / Marie Shannon / Adam Sims / Lara Strongman / Natane Takeda / Peter Vangioni / Emma Vial / Isha Welsh / Carey Young / The artist would like to make a special and heartfelt thanks to the Chartwell Trust for their ongoing and tireless support of contemporary art in New Zealand, Australia and further abroad.

LENDERS TO THE EXHIBITION // Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki / Julian Dashper / Jim Barr and Mary Barr Collection, Dunedin Public Art Gallery / Esso Gallery, New York / Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington / Kaliman Gallery, Sydney / Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland / Texas Gallery, Houston

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PHOTOGRAPHY // The Anguses by Peter Bannan / Untitled (The Warriors) by Mark Adams / Exhibition view, Sydney, by Ashley Barber / The Drivers by Bryan James

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The exhibition JULIAN DASHPER // TO THE UNKNOWN NEW ZEALANDER was organised by Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu (10 August – 14 October 2007).

Dashper is one of New Zealand's most significant contemporary artists. He regularly exhibits his work in Australia, Europe and the United States of America, as well as in New Zealand.

I am delighted to be welcoming him to Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu on this occasion, the first time he has shown here since 1992, when Slideshow was at the Art Annex of the Robert McDougall Art Gallery.

To the Unknown New Zealander provides a unique opportunity for Christchurch and South Island audiences to view a wide selection of Dashper's work, including one of his pivotal pieces – The Big Bang Theory of 1992–3. This 'hit parade' of five drum kits, each of which names a major figure in New Zealand art, is displayed throughout our collection galleries next to paintings by the related artists – including Ralph Hotere, Don Driver, Toss Woollaston and Colin McCahon.

Central to the exhibition's concept, however, is the Rita Angus drum kit, which will be shown next to Cass, one of the public's favourite works in Christchurch Art Gallery's collection. Indeed, the unknown New Zealander of the title of Dashper's project is the solitary figure in Angus's painting of the deserted railway station at Cass, 110 kilometres west of Christchurch – a place Angus visited to paint in 1936 with her close friend and fellow artist Louise Henderson.

To the Unknown New Zealander is a true multimedia show with records and sound recordings, paintings and photographs. We are proud to be hosting it.

Heartfelt thanks to Blair Jackson for his expert guidance in the development of this show. In this accompanying catalogue, Auckland-based writer and educator Mark Kirby has provided an insightful essay on Dashper's work and Christchurch Art Gallery curator Peter Vangioni recalls his response to The Anguses when it was first installed at Smiths Bookshop in Christchurch in 1992. Our thanks also to Tana Mitchell for the catalogue's design, and the Gallery team for their hard work on the project.

The show incorporates crucial loans from the Jim Barr and Mary Barr Collection, Dunedin Public Art Gallery; the Chartwell Collection at Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki; Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland; Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington; Esso Gallery, New York; Kaliman Gallery, Sydney; and Texas Gallery, Houston. We are grateful for these, especially in view of the shorter than usual lead time for the exhibition.

Finally, our great thanks to artist Julian Dashper – a circle is an excellent place to start, and is indeed every bit as good as a railway station.

to have talks about the notion of my making an exhibition in their gallery. After a plane trip nearly the length of New Zealand, followed by fresh salmon for lunch, the conversation extended to the idea of my somehow using Rita Angus's 1936 Cass painting in that same show. You see, I'd made works around this particular painting as a subject twenty years prior, and although contemporary art moves fast the idea still seemed as fresh as a summer peach to me. Furthermore, for an exhibition at the Robert McDougall Art Gallery (the former Christchurch Art Gallery) in 1992 I had wished to install one of my drum kit works — namely The Anguses — in front of Cass as a tribute to the artist's life and work. For a raft of reasons that particular idea was never realised, which subsequently left me with a totally different show to make. While I remain proud of the exhibition that was eventually shown, I was left with more than a slight sense of unfinished business.

Given that the McDougall in Christchurch was the first art museum anywhere to ever buy a Rita Angus work, and Cass was that very work, I thought more about looking again at her life. I well know that we live in an age of constant reunion tours, be it the Dudes or the Spice Girls, so at first I said to myself, 'No'. But when it comes to New Zealand art history Rita Angus did still mean a whole bunch to me, and not only that — when, after dessert, I climbed the stairs at Christchurch Art Gallery to see Cass again in the flesh I was suddenly struck, as if for the first time, by the small blank-faced figure patiently sitting at the railway station in this painting. Who was this person? Rita Angus herself in some sort of back-blocks 'Mona Lisa' self-portrait? Or that ordinary Kiwi bloke that Sir Edmund Hillary always describes himself as? Or was it me and all my New Zealand artist colleagues who had ever waited somewhere to go somewhere else? Be it Barbara Strathdee or Dane Mitchell, Philippa Blair or Neil Dawson, we'd all felt that collective weight of the severely stuffed suitcase as we slowly left these shores to show off abroad. You see, that little anonymous-faced person holding up what looked like a ticket to get punched was me, and at the same time it was all of us.

But watch the donut and not the hole. With this exhibition I have assembled, for reasons mostly personal and sometimes quirky, a collection of my works from the last few years that have a general sense, as some might say, of visual or physical emptiness about them. The actual middle of things are not there in many. They contain a hole. A survey of sorts. A survey of symbols of nothing. Simple as that. An artist can do such things, you see. Just like when they paint an empty face.

This show, this one, is for you Rita. Welcome back, it's as if you never went away.

came across Julian Dashper's artwork in August 1992 when his drum kit The Anguses was installed at Smiths Bookshop on Manchester Street, Christchurch. At the time I was playing drums in an obscure Christchurch band called Amnesia, which rented a practice room in the same building several doors down from Smiths. I didn't really go to art galleries at the time, and had never even heard of Julian Dashper, but I was and still am passionate about drum kits and found myself responding immediately to The Anguses.

I literally stumbled across the work in Smiths' New Zealand Room. This room remains a regular haunt of mine. It's a great spot, two rooms and a hallway jammed floor to ceiling with books and pamphlets relating to every imaginable subject of New Zealand. On the far side of the art section there is a chair by a window overlooking Manchester Street. North-facing, this chair is a book browser's haven, particularly on those frosty winter days when a spot in the sun provides a welcome respite from the chill. Amongst the chaos of this room you never know what you might come across, what may have turned up since a previous visit – new arrivals are stacked randomly on the tables before being shelved. Dashper's drum kit installation was one of the more interesting additions of the period.

When I first saw the drum kit, my immediate thought was that Ross Humphries, Smiths' proprietor, who also happens to be a musician, was using the space as a practice room, perhaps for an AC/DC tribute band. A quick chat with Ross informed me that the kit was in fact an artwork by Julian Dashper, referencing the New Zealand artist Rita Angus.

The Anguses left an impression on me. At that time I was just beginning my studies in art history at the University of Canterbury. Art history wasn't taught at my high school in Palmerston North, but I'd read parts of An Introduction to New Zealand Painting, 1839–1980 by Gordon Brown and Hamish Keith. I'd heard of Rita Angus, but the big hitters for me at the time were the drummers Maureen Tucker, Hamish Kilgour, Peter Jefferies, Ralph Molina and Ringo.

What I liked about Dashper's installation at Smiths Bookshop was the collision of popular and high cultures, the melding of one of New Zealand's most respected artists with one of the most visible components of popular culture, the kick-drumhead. An enduring image of 1960s popular culture remains Ringo's Beatles kick-drumhead with the famous drop T logo.

As a drummer rather than an art historian, my appreciation of The Anguses was also assisted with the work being shown in a bookstore and not within the context of an art gallery. There were no labels, didactics or the reverent hush found in many art galleries. The installation was very low key with promotion being made by word of mouth instead of the local arts guide.

The Anguses was originally proposed as a gallery installation. In April 1992 Dashper had wanted to display the work alongside Rita Angus's oil painting Cass at the Art Annex of the Robert

10 McDougall Art Gallery. This proposal was declined in favour of his exhibition [Slideshow](#). Similarly, he intended to display [The Anguses](#) at the Brooke-Gifford Gallery, his Christchurch dealer, but this also failed to reach fruition. In the end Dashper settled on installing the work at Smiths Bookshop – which incidentally is directly across the street from the Brooke-Gifford Gallery, and in fact you can see part of their sign through the window in the photograph of the installation. Both Cass and Smiths Bookshop appeared as subjects in earlier works by Dashper in the mid 1980s, subjects which he brought together with [The Anguses](#) installation.

[The Anguses](#) is part of Dashper's [The Big Bang Theory](#), a collection of five drum kits that recognise the achievements of some of New Zealand's major modernist artists – Ralph Hotere, Don Driver, Toss Woollaston, Colin McCahon and Rita Angus. Through representing these artist's names on kick-drumheads, Dashper acknowledges them as being worthy of rock band status. [The Big Bang Theory](#) is Dashper's hit parade of New Zealand artists.

It is interesting to note that there were no cymbals accompanying [The Anguses](#) in its original display at Smiths Bookshop, unlike the other four kits in [The Big Bang Theory](#). This is an unusual set up and one favoured by Maureen Tucker of the Velvet Underground, one of the few female drummers performing in the 1960s and who is today widely regarded as one of the most influential drummers from the period. Playing a kit without cymbals lends a drummer to become a basic time-keeper without the flashy fill-ins of drum rolls and crashing cymbals. The drums don't take over songs but are rather there in the background holding the structure of a song together. For me, Dashper's [The Anguses](#) draws strong parallels between Angus and Tucker, two highly regarded women artists who have both excelled in the very male-dominated fields of painting and rock music.

TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR // MARK KIRBY / Julian Dashper and I have been talking recently about the connections between his work Untitled (The Warriors) (1998) and Rita Angus's painting Cass (1936), particularly the solitary and faceless figure within Cass who can be seen sitting on a railway platform back-dropped by the majestic Black and Cragieburn Ranges of Canterbury. We are not certain who this person is, or where they have been, or even if they are going anywhere at all; however, we do know that they sit in an isolated part of New Zealand, one of the most geographically isolated countries in the world. To us, this figure personifies New Zealand's relationship and its connectivity (or lack of) to the rest of the world, and suggests the value of isolation and the related theme of travel to New Zealanders. In so doing it provides a snapshot of some of the accepted notions of local identity, and has given Dashper an opportunity to retrace and reconstruct some of the recurring themes of New Zealand art.<sup>1</sup>

Dashper first exhibited Untitled (The Warriors) at the legendary CBD Gallery, an artist-run space in Sydney, during September 1998. The exhibition was covertly timed to coincide with the opening week of the 11th Biennale of Sydney.<sup>2</sup> The show consisted of one work, a small assembled drum kit backed into a corner facing the front door and window, somewhat like a sentry. This set-up was also not unlike the positioning of a drummer during a pop concert, with the band in front. Designed for a child, the instrument is a miniaturised version of an actual kit and is perfectly playable. On each of the kit's six drumheads were target-shaped vinyl artworks resembling abstract paintings. The kit was used in a recorded performance on the last day of this show, and subsequently marked by various drummers.<sup>3</sup> This performance developed into something of a United Nations assembly, as the audience and performers consisted of artists from around the world who were visiting Sydney for the Biennale, and in this way predicted the future international travels of Dashper and his artwork.

Untitled (The Warriors) is an international extension of The Big Bang Theory, a series of work that began in 1991.<sup>4</sup> In these works Dashper exhibited full-scale drum kits that carried the names of five canonical artists from New Zealand art history. The artists' names were sign-written on the front of the bass drum of each kit. In this series the artist expressed a personal homage and explored ideas about the nature of New Zealand's modernist heritage. Untitled (The Warriors) is small partly to allow its exportation to Australia in the artist's luggage, a strategy which the artist frequently uses to overcome the logistical demands of being an international artist working out of New Zealand.<sup>5</sup> The work's small stature also made explicit reference to the sibling-type relationship between Australia and New Zealand, the latter being perceived as the younger and smaller relative by both countries. Since this exhibition, The Warriors has extended its 'OE' and travelled to the United States and Europe, as well as other Australian and New Zealand venues. This is in line with the artist's burgeoning international career.

14 No matter what his art looks like, Dashper will always argue that it's about painting. His work intrinsically links into the histories, theories and contexts of painting, fitting within the conceptual definition of the medium. In this way, Dashper would also suggest that Untitled (The Warriors) fits rather neatly within traditional New Zealand painting, and is, in many ways, entirely analogous to iconic New Zealand artworks such as Angus's Cass. Cass and similar regionalist work from that time fed into emerging regional and nationalist sentiments by providing a point of differentiation for New Zealand, in particular its non-indigenous or Pākehā inhabitants. The interconnection between the clear, crisp aesthetic of such work, which was seen to capture the 'true' nature of New Zealand light for the first time, and emergent notions of nationhood within Pākehā are well noted within art history. Indeed, the search for identity is a clearly defined and ongoing theme within New Zealand culture, and usually orientates toward identifying and amplifying difference, as seen in Māori and the landscape becoming nationalist focal points. Dashper's approach is to make links with this custom, and then to enter into an analysis of it.

As the first Untitled (The Warriors) exhibition suggested, many New Zealanders from all walks of life have travelled to Sydney to contest their status. Dashper's intention, though, was not so much to make another 'big bang' at Biennale time but to play out a subtle hypothesis about nationhood and what this means within an international context today. The first reading from the work is that a big splash in the quiet solitude of New Zealand almost becomes silent in the cultural hustle and bustle of Sydney. Indeed, for some, the experience of the Sydney Biennale and other international cultural extravaganzas is somewhat sublime. A second reading might be that as New Zealanders we make a habit of such acts: we try to make noise, a big splash, as if it is a part of our national psyche to clamour for international attention. Claudia Bell in her book Inventing New Zealand, Everyday Myths of Pakeha Identity, has pointed out that 'New Zealand has a history of seeking external validation'. She suggests that governments in New Zealand exploit this, as when we once described ourselves as the social laboratory of the world, while many years later we were nuclear-free. According to Bell, 'The promotion of internal policies has to show other nations things to impress them', to the point that in New Zealand 'power and prestige are validated from elsewhere'.<sup>16</sup> This is perhaps partly due to a post-colonial neurosis, as Pākehā, reluctantly or not, let go of mother's apron strings. This acts in strong contrast to the internationally perceived strength of our indigenous Māori culture. Leonard Wilcox, in his essay 'Postmodernism or Anti-modernism', referred to this when he wrote of New Zealand's 'adolescent identity crisis', as it struggled from 'the bonds of an oedipal relationship – with all the attendant guilt, hostility, and sense of inferiority – with the master culture overseas'.<sup>17</sup> In this way Dashper suggests that we are a little bit like Flick the Fire Engine, or Toot the Tug Boat, who struggle for the respect of their parents so that they can go on to fight the big fights.

The suggestion of this work's first showing at CBD Gallery, is that psychologically New Zealand is very much the child, in that we have traditionally perceived our own cultural material as being artistically 'developing', only considering ourselves 'developed' when validation is received from the Old World (America and Europe), or the New Old World (Australia).<sup>8</sup>

While Dashper's baby drum kit was resident in Sydney it was role-playing this psychological model as well as acting out the familial relationship between New Zealand and Australia, its colonial brother. Like any rival siblings, the two countries support each other one moment and fight like cats and dogs the next. However, over time Australia has been able to transcend the bickering with New Zealand, acting at times very much like the elder. The Sydney Biennale is an example of this – an Australian cultural bonanza that New Zealanders have been invited to attend. What is of interest here is that some New Zealanders see this and other similar events as an international competition and as an opportunity to express patriotic sentiments. John Daly-Peoples' review of the 1998 Biennale in the National Business Review is an example of this. In an article titled 'New Zealanders beat the world at everyday art in Sydney fest' he wrote: 'The six artists representing New Zealand are ambassadors who can show the rest of the world a thing or two'.<sup>9</sup>

For Dashper, an interesting sporting analogy in the art internationalism/nationalism debate is the New Zealand Warriors rugby league team. Dashper had already toyed with the sport/art congruence, obtaining Warriors sponsorship to use their logo in an exhibition in Europe in 1998. Adding to this, Dashper is a Warriors fan and held a season ticket for many years. As with the artists in the Biennale, the Warriors are also invitees to Australia, competing in an environment that could be compared to the Sydney art scene. The Australian rugby league competition (or NRL) and the Biennale are useful to contrast, as both are recognised as being the premier events of their type in this part of the world. As such, Dashper is acknowledging that today professional sport and art belong to cultural groupings which are often presented in nationalistic terms, inside a global context. The jingoism that was around at the time of the Warriors' entry into this competition in 1995 shows this.<sup>10</sup>

However, the Warriors' players and supporters present us with a strategic model that is perhaps very much less workable than what Dashper does in Untitled (The Warriors). Dashper *abstracts*, as in his performance on the final day of the CBD exhibition when he assimilated himself into a multicultural milieu, whereas the Warriors chase and tackle their opposition in an effort to score points. Dashper's identity as an artist remains in an international flux, whereas the Warriors exist only because they are a team from New Zealand competing internationally. Thus the Warriors team and perhaps John Daly-Peoples' review present a form of internationalism formed out of nationalism, based in a latent and lingering regionalism.

Dashper's baby kit will never be big. While New Zealand is growing it will never be bigger than



16 Australia; in many things it will always be international small-fry by comparison. Are we then doomed to an eternal childhood, like the central character Oscar from Gunter Grass's book The Tin Drum, who never grows up; or are we like Peter Pan, the child who never *wants* to grow up? Have we developed an identity centred on our perceived insignificance, with all of the patterns of behaviour that this entails? Has size, in the new globalised environment, replaced distance as the prevailing 'tyranny' of the New Zealand condition? Dashper provides a way out by self-consciously dissolving into a worldly discourse where the artist 'accepts that he belongs to the new world and is undismayed by its condition.'<sup>11</sup> That is, he has abstracted himself and his drum kits into a cosmopolitan whole. Thus, during the performance in 1998 the show's title The Warriors proved something of a misnomer, as artists from several nations collaborated rather than combated to produce a record in front of a group of seventy or so artists from several countries. It was as if the aggressiveness of the drumbeat, so often a call to war or a warning of impending danger (at least in the jungle drums of Phantom comics or Tarzan movies), had become quietly pacified and calmed by its gentle absorption into the multicultural melee of Sydney at that point in time.

For the inexperienced, the combined clamour of Sydney and its Biennale could be like facing a bomb on your goal line in a game of league.<sup>12</sup> To position oneself within the critical space that develops at Biennale time can be risky and traumatic, and downright dangerous. Dashper was never traumatised, as he is an international artist who exhibits more outside New Zealand than in it. As such he is something of a new breed, a defacto expatriate. He prefers to domicile in New Zealand but his intellectual and stylistic nationhood is truly international. In fact, today it is not unusual for him to be mistaken for an Australian in Europe.<sup>13</sup> Even so, in this work he suggests a hypothesis that is specific to a New Zealand condition, a dialectic version of nationhood based on New Zealand's relationship with its international others. This supplements essentialist versions, as happens perhaps in Angus's Cass, that present 'New Zealandness' as a series of indigenous 'othernesses' that focus on ethnic and or geographic uniqueness. In so doing, and by playing out his version internationally, Dashper collapses the historical regionalist/internationalist binary of New Zealand art to the extent that in his work they become coterminous. Or, as Francis Pound has suggested: 'So New Zealand has often been made *insular*, in several senses of the word: in a descriptive, geographical way, where the facts of New Zealand geography are, as it were, taken to heart, turned into an emotional and prescriptive truth, and in the sense, too, often enough, of an indifference or hostility to – or ignorance of – contemporary culture in the rest of the world. Dashper will have no truck with this provincialism which would make of ignorance a bliss.'<sup>14</sup>

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- <sup>1</sup> In 2007 both Angus and Dashper were anointed by prominent New Zealand critics and curators as each having produced one of New Zealand's ten greatest paintings of all time. New Zealand Listener, 7–13 April 2007
  - <sup>2</sup> This exhibition was an unofficial adjunct to the 'real' Biennale, a strategic ambush by the artist. Dashper's work has never been officially included in any biennale anywhere in the world. When asked why not, Dashper proudly points out that he doesn't make 'biennale art'.
  - <sup>3</sup> This was in fact Dashper's fourth recording in this space. The others were in Milkstar (1996), Untitled (1996) and John Nixon Julian Dashper (1997). See Pop's Art (Tidsrum Maleri, Copenhagen, 1997), Luxus (Luxus, Den Haag, 1997) and Will the Circle be Unbroken? (Sarah Cottier Gallery, Sydney, 1996) for further discussion of Dashper's investigation of the relationship between art and pop music.
  - <sup>4</sup> See The Big Bang Theory, Artspace, Auckland, 1993.
  - <sup>5</sup> The issues of transporting artwork internationally for exhibitions has been a recurring subject in Dashper's work. See Francis Pound, 'Dashper and Distance', Julian Dashper New Zealand, Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland, 1991 (unpaginated).
  - <sup>6</sup> Claudia Bell, Inventing New Zealand, Everyday Myths of Pakeha Identity, Penguin, Auckland, 1996, p19. Bell also points out how fragile our 'identity' is: 'American self-identity is never challenged. In contrast, in New Zealand we have to construct on a daily basis a self-identity that is quite fragile and fights to compete against a daily bombardment from American, British and Australian news and popular culture. This is the context in which New Zealand identity has to be forged.'
  - <sup>7</sup> Leonard Wilcox, 'Postmodernism or Anti-modernism', Landfall, 155, September 1995, p344-364. This, according to Wilcox, went on to shape the development of post-modernism in New Zealand in the 1980s, which he sees more as 'post-provincialism' and 'anti-modernism' than post-modernism per se. That is, according to Wilcox, the apparent decentring of modernism by postmodernism was taken up by some as a way of validating marginal cultural activity, such as art from New Zealand.
  - <sup>8</sup> A relevant psychological model is provided by the Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget (1896 – 1980), who specialised in child mental development. Piaget argued that a child develops into a healthy adult through a series of stages, in a process that sees a shift from egocentricity to an ability to empathise and self-analyse. Where this process is interrupted the adult is likely to be prone to insecurity and aggression. See Herbert Ginsbury and Sylvia Brandt, Piaget's Theory of Intellectual Development: An Introduction, Prentice Hall, Englewood Cliff, 1969.
  - <sup>9</sup> John Daly-Peoples, 'New Zealanders beat the world at everyday art in Sydney fest', National Business Review, 25 September 1998.

18 <sup>10</sup> The Warriors had generated phenomenal media hype leading up to this match: to win against traditional archrival Australia was roughly like winning a major war, in terms of what it might generate for national pride. Bell, p159.

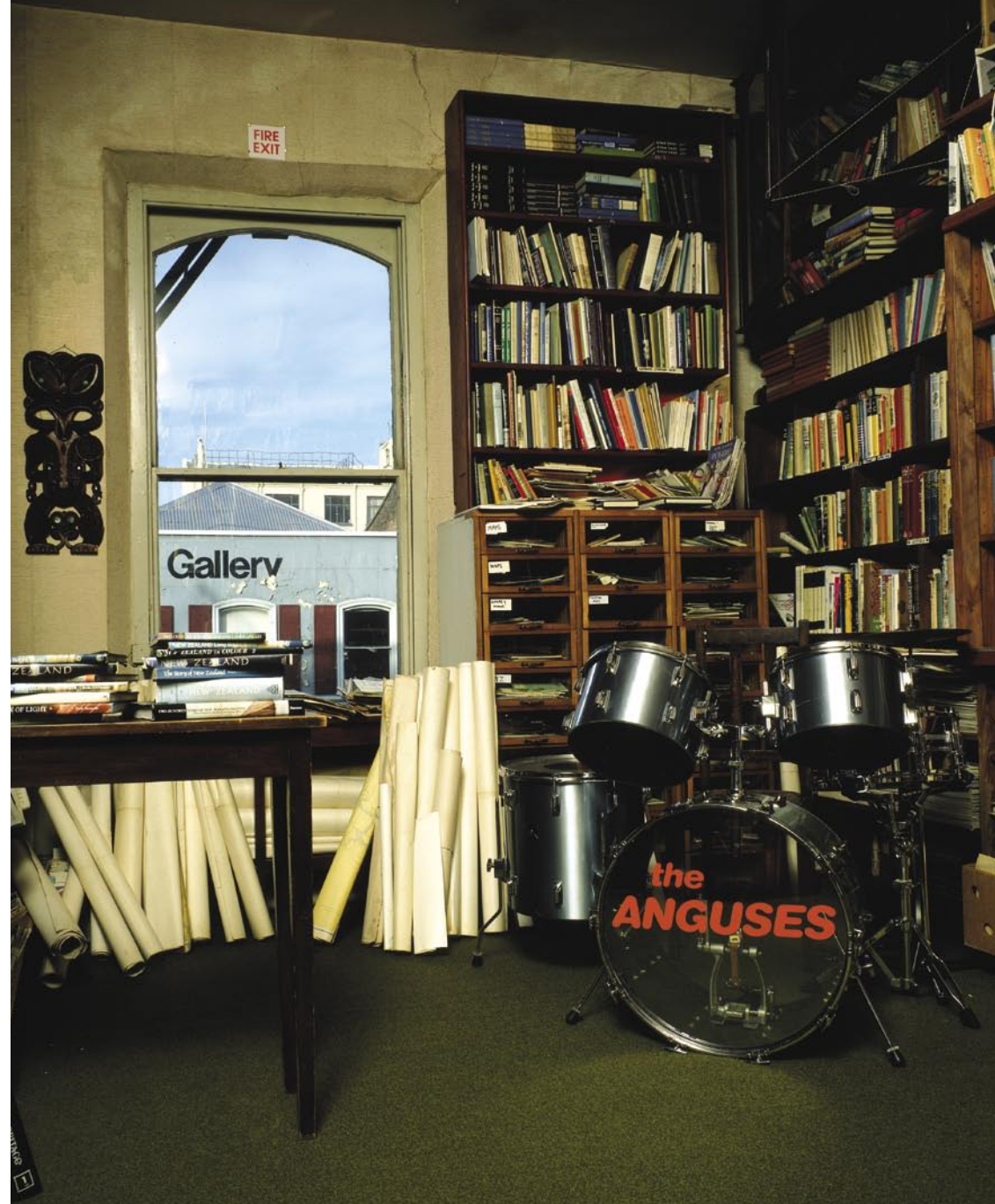
<sup>11</sup> Peter Simpson, quoted in Wilcox, p355.

<sup>12</sup> A 'bomb' is a technical rugby league term that refers to a strategy where an attacking team kicks a ball high in the air when it is near the oppositions goal line. The objective is to force the defending side to make an error, thereby conceding points.

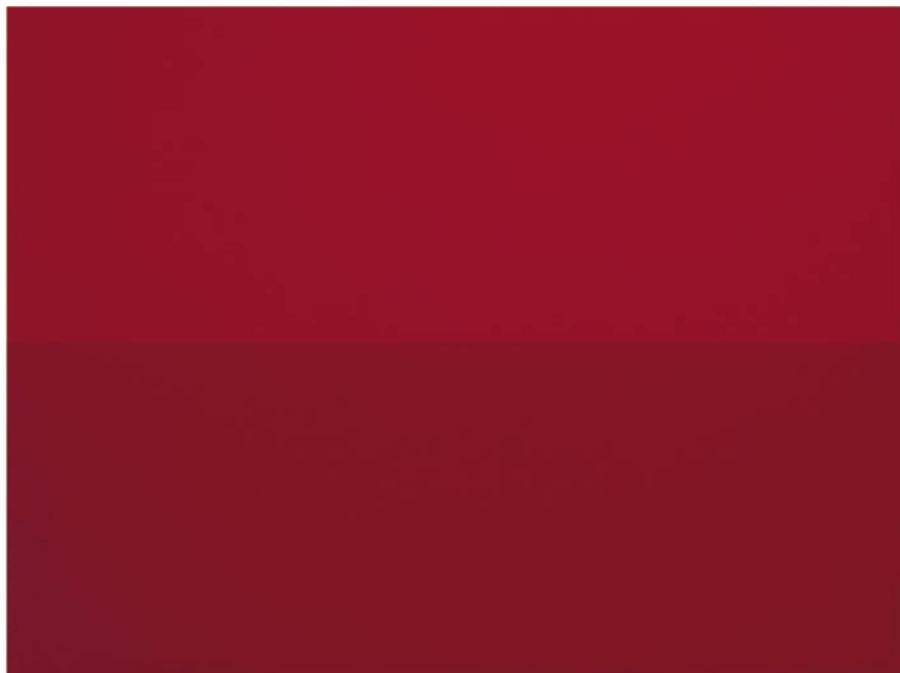
<sup>13</sup> See Elle Decoration (June 1997, p52), Flash Art (no 195, Summer, 1997, p86), and Artforum, (Summer, 1997, p36).

<sup>14</sup> Pound, 'Dashper and Distance' (unpaginated).

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24 CASS, (WITH DETAIL), 1936, RITA ANGUS, OIL ON CANVAS, COLLECTION OF CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY TE PUNA O WAIWHETU, REPRODUCED COURTESY OF THE ESTATE OF RITA ANGUS

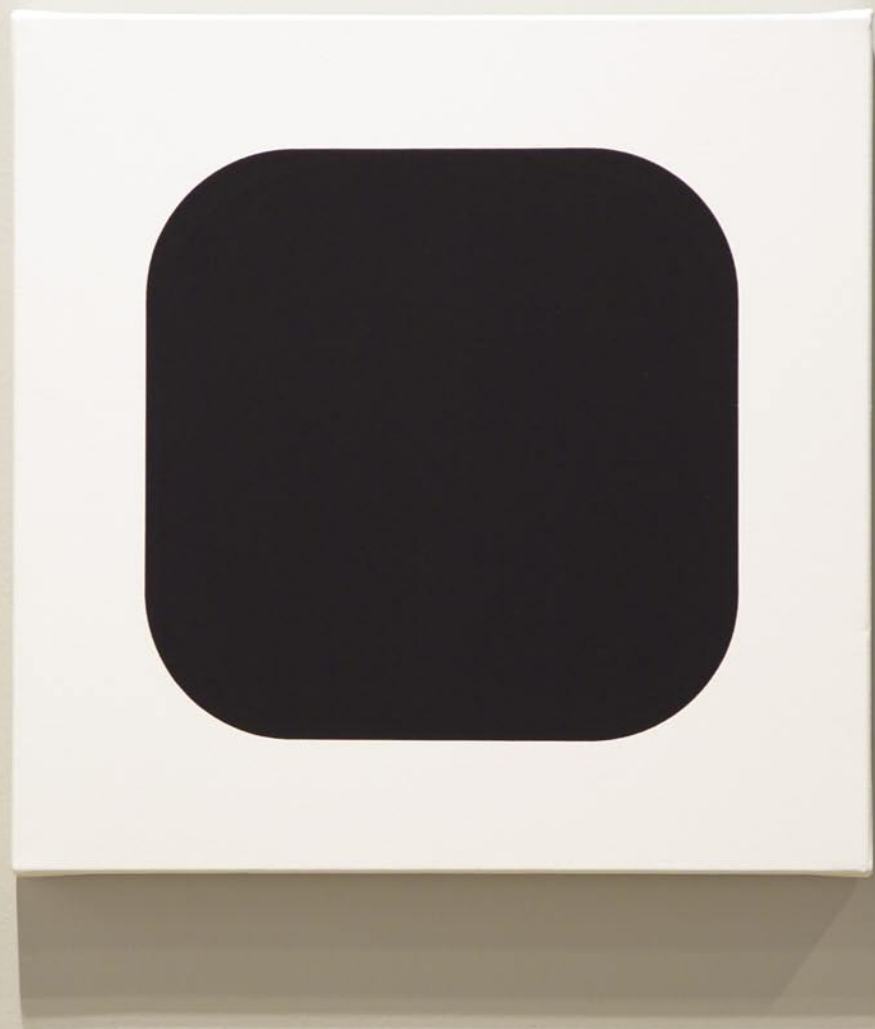




26 EXHIBITION VIEW, SYDNEY, 2002 / UNTITLED (2002), ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, EDITION OF FOUR / UNTITLED (2001-02), CUT CEDAR STRETCHER, COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND SUE CROCKFORD GALLERY, AUCKLAND



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28 THE DRIVERS (DETAIL), 1992-3, UNIQUE SILVER GELATIN PRINT, CHARTWELL  
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