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Cover designed by Billy Apple, 2016.

Previous spread: Reuben Paterson *The End* 2016. Cotton fabric with metallic particles. Courtesy of the artist and Milford Galleries, commissioned by Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu

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Photo: John Collie

Director's Foreword

JENNY HARPER

May 2016

Another season, another *Bulletin*. Initiated by former Robert McDougall Art Gallery education staff as long ago as 1979, *Bulletin* began as a simple folded A3 sheet, posted to schools and Friends to inform of forthcoming events. Still evolving, it now fulfils a larger role as an active part of the record of our individual and collective thinking about art—a communication tool, but also a place for reflecting on the events of the moment and what seems important to us and those we ask to contribute.

Last year I wrote in *B.181* about how much our collections really matter; how integral they are to who we are and to how we reflect Christchurch within New Zealand and in wider art circles. In *B.182* I and others looked back on the previous five years as the Gallery edged towards reopening and we celebrated the installation of Martin Creed's *Work no. 2314* on the Worcester Boulevard frontage. *B.183* overflowed with joy about reopening after all this time.

In this edition Fiona Farrell is responding to our *Above Ground* exhibition. I've read her remarkable *The Villa at the Edge of the Empire: 100 ways to read a city*, and I heard her speak recently at the launch of Katie Pickles's new book *Christchurch Ruptures* at Scorpio Books. Her text for this edition is as eloquent and thoughtful as all she does and says.

Also in this issue, young Christchurch writer and Gallery guide Simon Palenski explores the residential Red Zone through the work of Daegan Wells and Holly Best, and graphic designer Luke Wood talks to Billy Apple about motor racing, motorbikes and John Britten. Gallery curator Felicity Milburn looks at the career of Doris Lusk, an artist who is worthy of fresh

consideration. And we offer a number of alternative 'blueprints' for Christchurch—solicited from artists as diverse as Julia Morison, John Coley and Gaby Montejo, they are snippets of a vision for the city, different from the current government-approved version.

Bulletin has become an important vehicle for us to assert our presence in this city, and our commitment to art, artists and the creativity which inspires us all. As well as maintaining a connection with collections hidden from view while we were closed, it's been a way to document and share the transient nature of many of the projects we've been involved with over the last while.

Our *Outer Spaces* projects were a key way to contribute to keeping the art fires burning in this profoundly affected, and indeed ruptured, city across almost five years of closure. I have spoken about *Outer Spaces* to many community groups here and further afield. One of the questions I am asked most often, sometimes insistently and expectantly, is whether we will continue with these projects now the Gallery has reopened. For now, the answer has to be no, as it would take increased funding and we need all the exhibitions funding we presently receive for our primary purpose. I remind enquirers of how damaged the city really is and how many post-earthquake priorities have emerged.

When the *Outer Spaces* were initiated, well before the 2010-11 earthquakes, they were part of a period of renewal and reinvigoration and the term referred simply to spaces outside our 'normal' gallery spaces. We began to show work in the foyer (think back to Sara Hughes's colourful *United We Fall* in 2008/9); we acknowledged rather than ignored the ugly 'bunker' on the forecourt

and asked artists to clad it imaginatively, to make a positive out of a negative. We began to show work in a backlit billboard on the Worcester Boulevard frontage in 2008, and we installed André Hemer's *Things to do with paint that won't dry* on the expanse of the water feature, also on that side. With tongue in cheek a little later, Peter Stichbury's *NDE* kept a watchful eye on CERA when they were housed over the road.

So it made good sense to move further afield when we were closed. Here and there we gained external support for what we were doing. If we thought a building or wall might be good for a 'face from the collection' or another work, we would ask permission to use it and, in general, it was granted. Occasionally we did a phantom job. We cooperated with Gap Filler on a couple of sites (with artists Wayne Youle in 2011 and Ash Keating in 2012) and sequentially opened three spaces around the city, to show art and present a public programme beyond the walls of our building.

However, now that the Gallery is open, this building must again be the key site for our activities. We don't need to gain the consent of others to use our building and the footprint of land which surrounds it; we are empowered and accountable for what we do here.

Looking around our building now is a reminder of differing phases in our recent past. Kay Rosen's *Here are the people and there is the steeple* is still there, albeit with a freshly painted yellow band along its base (which was damaged during our repairs). An artist who had previously clad the bunker and was showing another work in our short-lived exhibition *De-Building* (11–22 February 2011), Rosen's work remains a hopeful comment on the cathedral saga until someone builds on the neighbouring site. Our billboard, now relocated to the Gloucester Street end of the back of our building, bears a hauntingly simple image of three children by photographer Laurence Aberhart. I wonder, as I look up at their young faces, whether or not they'll stay looking long enough to see a Convention Centre built along the road?

Tony de Lautour's *Silent Patterns*, a marvellous visual pun inspired by the work of English artists during the First World War, almost manages to camouflage the bunker. We have commissioned works of art in each of three public lifts by artists Séraphine Pick, Marie Shannon and Reuben Paterson. And watch out for a new work on the roof of the building this winter.

Within the foyer there are now two major pieces. Michael Parekowhai's *Chapman's Homer* and Bill Culbert's *Bebop* are reminders of the Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation's support for our ambition to establish an endowment fund of \$5 million for collection development *and* to purchase five significant works to mark our time of closure. They are purchases one and two, Martin Creed's is number three, and a fourth work will be announced at our next Foundation gala dinner in October 2016. Together we can do it—and, thanks to last year's wonderful gift from Grumps—we know that 'everything is going to be alright'.

It has been good to see repair work begin on the first of two sculptures commissioned before my tenure here, both on the forecourt. Graham Bennett's *Reasons for Voyaging* was selected to complement the building and, along with Morgan Jones's *Scissor* on our Montreal Street frontage, remained frustratingly outside the scope of our building repair. But, like other aspects of our earthquake damage, both needed some loving attention. Our issues about what is not yet done and how much remains unfixed are undoubtedly mirrored across this city. And, after all, we're open!

So there's plenty to celebrate and it's good to see work continuing. We look forward to the day when our building and our immediate surrounds are no longer considered works in progress, but it's a long road to recovery. I don't think I had imagined when we commissioned it how utterly relevant Martin Creed's message would be for all of us who work in the Gallery as well as the Council and the wider city.



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Holly Best *Untitled* 2015. Photograph

The Lines That Are Left

Simon Palenski

Of landscape itself as artefact and artifice; as the ground for the inscribing hand of culture and technology; as no clean slate.

— Joanna Paul¹

The residential Red Zone is mostly green. After each house is demolished, contractors sweep up what is left, cover the section with a layer of soil and plant grass seed. Almost overnight, driveway, yard, porch, garage, shed and house become a little paddock; the border of plants and trees outlining it the only remaining sign that there was once a house there.

This action has been repeated thousands of times, house by house, across the Red Zone, and has turned a large portion of east Christchurch into a de-urbanised, semi-wild green belt—an area that includes my old family home on New Brighton Road.

The nature of the Red Zone can only be grasped by a walk through it. Broken streets and signs mark empty suburban blocks, disused power poles lean in wonky directions, flocks of birds (korimako, bellbird, silvereye, Canada geese) noisily erupt from trees and riverbanks. On foot, it goes on for hours. From the Avon Loop and south Richmond near the city, along the banks of the Ōtākaro Avon, to Bexley and the wetlands on the shore of the Ihutai Avon/Heathcote Estuary, it is a quasi-urban/natural environment unlike much else.

Nobody yet seems to know what will happen with the Red Zone. Nature reserves, urban farms and water parks have been suggested by community groups. Some residents already see the area as a park, taking their dogs for walks along the bumpy, overgrown footpaths. Keen foragers make trips into it in search of fruit trees and vegetable patches. Other residents stay away.

And of course local artists have found themselves drawn to the Red Zone and making artwork in response to it. Here, I want to look at two of them, Holly Best and Daegan Wells, who have been making artwork within the Red Zone for the past few years.

Best is a photographer and Wells works with found materials and installations, typically in site-specific locations. Although they use very different methods, there



Top: Daegan Wells *Untitled* (Extract from 'Lodgings', Residential Red Zone, 302 Avonside Drive) 2014. Fabric
Bottom: Daegan Wells *Untitled* (Extract from 'Lodgings', Residential Red Zone, 57 Banks Ave) 2015. Concrete, slate

are links between Best's and Wells's practice beyond the Red Zone environment they both, at times, work within. Their artwork uncovers traces of culture and memory, and they touch on themes of relocation, absence and continuity. Subdued observation and collection inform their practices; their subject is given room to speak for itself.

These notions echo Walter Benjamin's idea of history as emerging from flashes of memory and everyday objects, an 'endless series of facts congealed in the form of things.'² Benjamin's opus, *Das Passagen-Werk* or *The Arcades Project*, a massive, incomplete collection of writings on Paris's shopping arcades, was obsessively worked on for decades, seemingly without hope of forming an end. He saw in the arcades of Paris dramatic (Marxist) themes on the nineteenth century's economic and technological changes. But these ideas are only gestured at in *The Arcades Project*. He is more content to dwell in fragments and glimpses, leaving behind a work as sprawling and labyrinthine as Paris itself.

Within the Red Zone, Wells has been steadily drawn to the former home and studio of artist W.A. Sutton, one of the few houses that still stands in the area. The Sutton house was a central point for Christchurch's arts community from the early sixties. Wells came across the house in early 2014, and realised its significance, by chance, when he found the Historic Places Trust plaque on the ivy-covered, cinder block wall outside. Since then, he has visited regularly, taking an approach similar to Benjamin's. Wells takes photographs of objects such as garden pots, writes notes and collects plant cuttings to mush into pigments; he stays within the garden, and does not remove any objects from the section. More recently, he has done research in the Gallery's Sutton archive, finding further, overlooked pieces related to the arts community around the Sutton house. These kinds of sources lie outside established narratives and their everydayness often says more about the people who moved through the places he documents.

For the past few years Best has also been a witness to the Red Zone. Walks through the area are frequent, on the way taking photographs and foraging for fruit; often with her daughter Claudia alongside in a pram. In this way, the area is not an exceptional environment, but an everyday one. To Best, what could be seen as disorientating or unnervingly dystopian in the landscape is not unusual. In a series published in Enjoy Public Art Gallery's journal,³ she studies trees in the Red Zone. Her approach is playful, sometimes with slight abstraction; trees awkwardly wrapped in a tarpaulin or DANGER DO NOT ENTER tape, thriving triffidesque weeds, contorted hedges unsure of where to grow. Because the



Holly Best *Untitled* 2013. Photograph

Red Zone is a normal part of Best's life, as a subject it fits with her photographs taken at home, like those of a song thrush that regularly visits to be fed or her family in the garden. These photographs are a kind of reimagining of domesticity; scenes and memories from the homes that have since moved on from the Red Zone, leaving only fence lines in the short grass.

The Sutton house was one of several residential locations Wells initially worked from, a part of a larger project titled *Lodgings*.⁴ Several installations emerged from *Lodgings*; a joint exhibition *Kissing the Wall* with Michael Lee at North Projects artist-run space, and installations in Wells's studio and the Red Zone itself. These installations emphasise absence, and advance a critique around the upheaval of residents from their former homes. By collecting found objects (and afterwards returning them to where they came from), Wells acts as curator, archivist and a kind of caretaker; carefully selecting each object and placing it in the empty space of a gallery, studio or house. These objects are sensitive material, and this could explain why Wells stays within the garden of the Sutton house, and does not take objects from it. He notes that in the time he has been visiting, the front gate and the guttering have been stolen, and the doors screwed shut.

The remains of fence lines around each section in the Red Zone are noted by Best. Left-behind trees are often markers of these lines, and in Best's words 'they suit a corner or make a line; construct fine barricades.'⁵ They dot the landscape, solo or in clumps, with no sense of endemic normality; cypress, tī kōuka cabbage tree and magnolia settle as odd neighbours. The area has become a sanctuary for the gardening whims of former residents. Along with these fence lines, in the time Best has spent in the Red Zone, new fences and roadblocks (albeit easy to climb over or walk around) have been erected around it. Best sees these lines as traces of the segmentation that continues to form and re-form Christchurch city life. The sociologist Zygmunt Bauman believes that one main feature that defines all cities over time is that they are spaces where strangers stay and move close to one another.⁶ That this is despite a common insecurity of strangers. Best's photographs are a reminder that, despite the gradual regrowth of nature in the Red Zone and the upswell of community-led projects in Christchurch over the past few years, these fence lines are deeply ingrained.

Before writing this, I visited the street where my family home used to be. My dad came along—he wanted to see how the trees he planted were doing. We climbed over the fence and walked up the remains of our old driveway. Standing out in the open, where our yard



Holly Best *Untitled* 2013. Photograph

used to be, he gave me a rundown of each tree and when he had planted it: paperbark maple, tarata lemonwood, houhere lacebark (his pride and joy). I told him about the places to forage nearby. Our neighbour's walnut tree, a giant pear tree a few sections north, scattered apple trees, a feijoa and lime tree right next to each other further north-east. How, quite often, I would see kārearea, New Zealand falcon, flying overhead. When my parents left this house, they took from their garden whatever they could dig up and replant at the new one. His trees had to stay.

Why artists such as Holly Best and Daegan Wells are drawn to the Red Zone is difficult to answer satisfactorily. Put bluntly, the Red Zone is considered because it is here in Christchurch, there is a lot of it, and it is strange. Historically, New Zealand has been continually interpreted through depictions of place: Pākehā's uprooting of Māori from their land, the isolation of rural life faced by vast landscapes on every horizon. But the Red Zone is something else. It is an urban environment taken apart, made bare. In the Red Zone, Best and Wells observe and find traces of the suburban, habitual ways of life that remain in this cleared, post-urban landscape. Their artwork suggests the streets, houses and rooms we move between every day; the new places we find our feet.

Simon Palenski was born in Christchurch and is living here for now. He has studied at the University of Canterbury and (briefly) the International Institute of Modern Letters, Victoria University.

Notes

1. Joanna Paul, 'Landscape as Text: The Literacy of Wayne Barrar', *Now See Hear! Art, language and translation*, Ian Wedde and Gregory Burke (eds.), Wellington: Victoria University, 1990, p.80.
2. Walter Benjamin, 'Paris, Capital of the Nineteenth Century', *The Arcades Project*, Cambridge: Belknap Harvard University, 2002, p.14.
3. Holly Best, 'Garden City', *The Dendromaniac: The Enjoy Occasional Journal*, Wellington: Enjoy Public Art Gallery, 2014. <http://journal.enjoy.org.nz/the-dendromaniac/garden-city>.
4. Daegan Wells, *Lodgings*, Christchurch: Ilam School of Arts, 2015.
5. Best, 'Garden City'.
6. Zygmunt Bauman, *Liquid Times: Living in an Age of Uncertainty*, Cambridge: Polity, 2011, pp.84-5.



Daegan Wells *Untitled* (Extract from *'Private Lodgings' William Sutton's Garden*) 2016.
Silver gelatin print. Jonathan Smart Gallery



Above

I go into the Gallery. Haven't been there in a while. Building closed. It was open to begin with. Civil Defence HQ in the weeks following the shock that laid the city low and who knew glass could be so strong, so resilient? Then the Gallery closed. It was cordoned off, behind wire netting. Something was going on in there. Someone said something had cracked in the basement. Someone said they needed to insert a layer of bouncy forgiving rubber beneath glass and concrete, ready for any future slapdown.

It feels good, going into the Gallery. Feels like civilisation when, outside, the swamp has bubbled back and the frail fabric has been torn away and we're back to river bed. Feels like a layer of civilisation. Bouncy forgiving civilisation, our cushion against cyclical slapdown.

There's an exhibition. *Above Ground*. About cities. Buildings.

Panoramic photographs of old Christchurch, people walking about or riding their bicycles between sturdy Edwardian masonry. How safe they seem, in their long skirts, in their lumpy jackets and cocky hats. Unaware of cracks, of faults. Alive and well in the Workers' Paradise. All dead now. Rot. Bone. A thin layer of dust in France or the Dardanelles. Or over in the cemetery by Barbadoes Street. Eighteenth-century engravings of classical temples, classical façade, perfect rational geometry to be pasted over cities constructed on the proceeds of imperial rapine, invasion, genocide. A layer of ash.

Paintings. So amazing, I always think, who cannot draw. How do artists do that? Suggest three dimensions on a flat plane? How do they see those colours, the hectic flush on a rumpty boarding house? How do they see the pallid cubes, the geometry of an industrial cityscape? How do they see the layers?

And on one wall, a web-like structure, several metres long. Low and horizontal, made up of interlocking triangles constructed from lead, the thin lead that's found in a propelling pencil. Lead that snaps at the slightest pressure.

Ground

A little note attached. Peter Trevelyan. *survey #4*. Hung at eyelevel. Black and white, like those seventeenth-century engravings of Haarlem or London, where each building is individually identified, their steep gables and steeples making fretwork of the city skyline. Or closer to home, one of those trigonometrical maps of this country created from the deck of a bouncy sailing ship. The spine of mountains. Foothills. Coastal plains. Harbour inlets. River mouths. Swamps. Cliffs.

The preliminary survey. Preparation for what came after. Harbours measured in fathoms so ships might anchor. Load up with timber, gold, flax, coal. The country's beauty as yet unsullied. In silhouette. In geometry.

And beneath the work, on the wall, is its shadow. Cast by the gallery lighting through the structure onto white plaster. Its pallid twin. The deeper layer. The subtext that lies, has always lain, beneath our feet. The web that can pull the whole geometry askew, snap all those frail interlocking shapes. Dust.

I walk out of the Gallery. The image is pinned to the memory. Not foremost. That layer is taken up with the drive home and should I pick up some avocados, another 500gm of coffee on the way, or will that mean I'll be late, get caught up in the traffic down Lincoln Road?

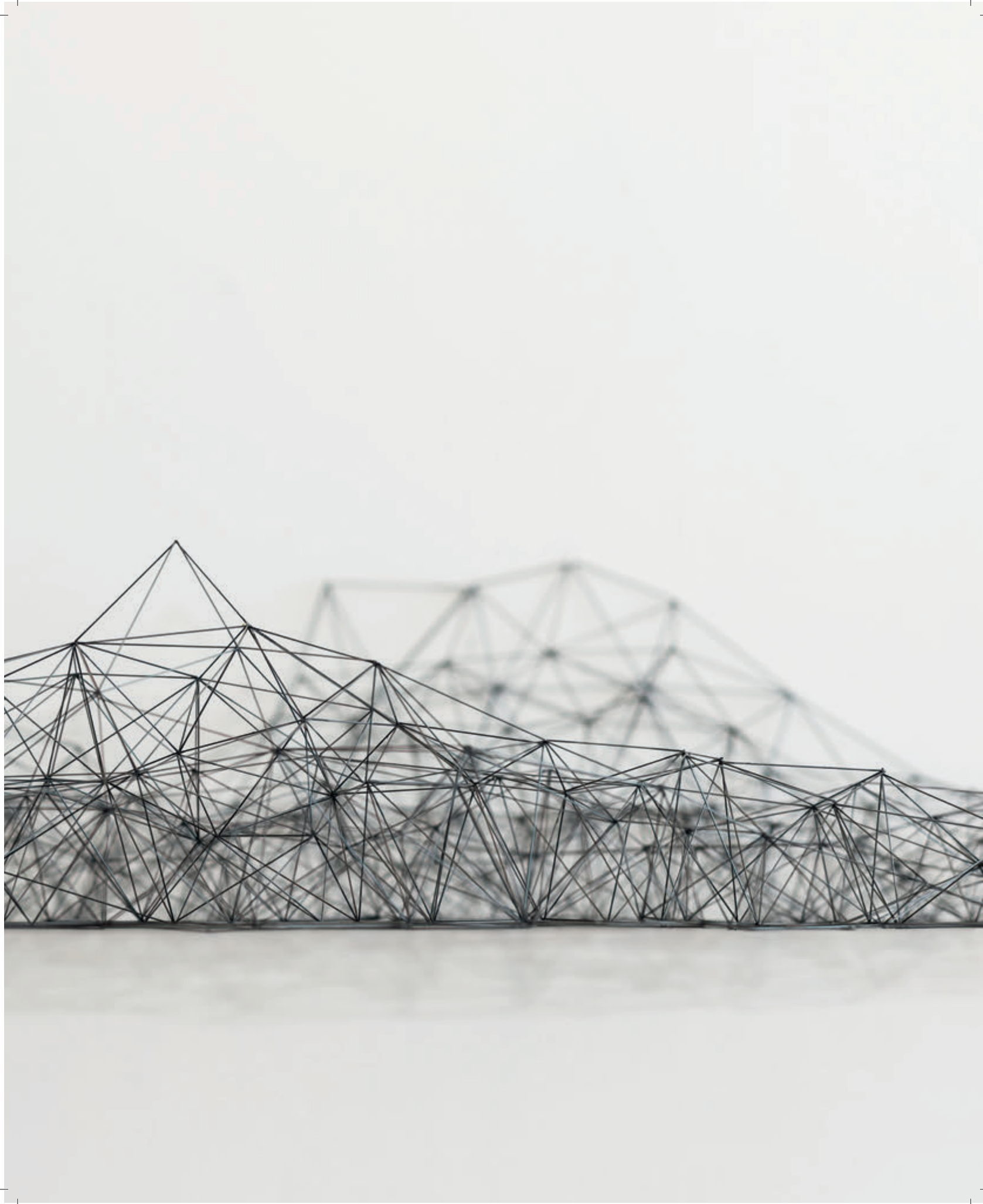
But Trevelyan's work is there nevertheless. Something to think about as I drive through the city and out along the straight darkening roads to the peninsula.

Fiona Farrell has published novels, short fiction, poetry and non-fiction, and currently holds the Creative New Zealand Michael King Fellowship. She lives and works at Otanerito on Banks Peninsula.

Above Ground is on display in the Contemporary Collection Gallery.



Peter Trevelyan *survey #4* 2013–14.
0.5 mm mechanical pencil leads. Collection of
Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu,
purchased 2014



**FLY
SHIT
ON**

THE WIND- SCREEN

In February 2016, *Bulletin* sent graphic designer and motorbike enthusiast Luke Wood to sit down with artist Billy Apple to discuss bikes, and in particular the Britten V1000. Designed and built in Christchurch by John Britten, the V1000 is the star of Apple's new exhibition, *Great Britten! A Work by Billy Apple*. The following extracts were taken from the conversation.

On The Britten

Luke Wood: Can you tell me about the exhibition you've got coming up at the Gallery?

Billy Apple: The *Great Britten!* show. We're going to treat it like a race—doing all the promotional material as well, like posters and t-shirts. I've got the original Britten that won the World Championship in 1995. My friend Kevin Grant owns it, and Andrew Stroud is coming down to ride it.¹ We're going to warm it up outside the Gallery...

LW: Oh really, you're going to run it?

BA: He'll ride it inside—do a wheelie! But only for television though. No TV, no wheelie! It's got to be done that way. The bike will come straight from the Netherlands to Christchurch because the two Brittens that won first and second in that 95 series will be in Assen at the end of May to race. Stroud will be back there, and hopefully Steven Briggs—he rode four out of the six races and got second overall to Stroud.

LW: You know they did a thing here last year at Ruapuna, the Sound of Thunder, and they had a whole line up of Brittens from the very first one, you know the one with the funny beaky looking front?

BA: That's right, the Aero-D-Zero.

LW: How many were made?

BA: Ten—of the blue and pink Brittens. Recently at the Barber racetrack in Alabama they brought nine together. But the plum is the one we're bringing to Christchurch, F002-92—it's the works bike. There's only three works bikes. Kirsteen [Britten] owns the very first one in the classic colours, the blue and pink—that's the bike that Stroud rode at John's funeral. Kevin has the second one, and there's one other. Te Papa's bike would certainly run, but it would need a major going over first. But it's not the World Championship bike, and not the one that Stroud rode. That bike is the one we're bringing back from the



Billy Apple and Luke Wood in conversation, Smash Palace, Christchurch, 4 February, 2016

Netherlands. I said to Kevin last Friday, 'don't clean it, I want all the fly shit on the windscreen!'

On Bikes

LW: When did you get interested in motorcycles? Because you were saying earlier that you don't actually ride.

BA: As a kid I was always fascinated by the 7R AJS and the Manx Norton. I used to go and watch them race at the Mangere circuit, road racing round where the airport is now. The five-mile circuit, riders flat on the tank, guys who had just come back from the Isle of Man TT.

LW: The smell of Castrol R...

BA: And the smell of fresh cut grass in the paddock used for the pits and other things in the air—it was heady stuff you know. It was a big grid, guys on 7Rs, G45s, Manxs and KTT Velocettes, loads of that stuff. The Junior race for 350s, then a Senior race for the 500s. They'd have Clubmans races in those days. If you were good enough on a Clubmans bike you could probably even ride it in the other factory categories, but that very rarely happened.

LW: When did you get your first bike?

BA: I bought my Manx Norton in 84. That was the first Norton that Ken [McIntosh] restored.²

LW: It's the first McIntosh Norton?

BA: It was a 350 Manx, a Ray Petty bike. Ray was one of the great engine-tuners in England and he made a lot of special modifications, like the big disc on the front wheel, which was not a brake but a cooling ring. Ray was very clever like that. He prepared bikes for Derek Minter (the 'King of Brands' [Hatch]). I used to go to London from New York. I'd go to where Ray lived down by Farnborough. There'd always be the smell of coal burning in the air because he had a pot belly

stove going in his workshop to keep warm. I'd stay for lunch and I'd walk away with parts for my Manx—a tank or whatever. But in the end we didn't actually use much because it wasn't good enough, so Ken turned around and started remaking all the stuff. My 350 Manx was owned by Peter Pawson in 1961, and I got to know Peter very well. He's a deer farmer in the foothills of the Kaimai Ranges. I asked him to ride the bike for me, but he didn't want to race it. He was happy to just parade—his racing days were over. Unlike Hugh Anderson, ex-world champion, who still likes a good race!

On Racing

BA: I think it's the right time to say that it began as my hobby, but now I use my GP bikes and racing cars in sound works like *The Art Circuit* at the Auckland Art Gallery last year. It's no different to Nick Mason, the drummer from Pink Floyd; he has an incredible Grand Prix car collection which he recorded and released on CD, *In the Red*. I feel the same way—it's all about culture. I'm a collector. I do not ride or drive, I don't know how to ride.

LW: You never wanted to jump on and go for a hoon?

BA: No. But I'm very competitive as an owner when we race. I'm not interested in second.

LW: My grandad used to say 'second is just a fancy name for loser'...

BA: When they had this big international (NZCMRR) meet at Pukekohe Raceway in 2002 Ken cleverly converted the gear change over from right to left and he put Jason McEwan on the bike—a current Superbike rider. I was so enthralled with the meeting and smell of Elf oxygenated fuel in the air. Anyhow, Jason put the bike on pole in the first race of the series and was coming over the hill for the last time, one lap to go, weaving his way through the pack; he went into

the S-bend and came out of the back corner first, so I'm thinking they'll never catch him, and holy fuck, he puts his hand up and he's missed a gear and blown up my engine!

LW: Yeah, I was going to ask if any of your bikes have been crashed?

BA: Ken has certainly dumped my bike once or twice—not always his fault, like you get someone else who can't hold his line on a corner. But he dumped the bike once and walked back with the tank in his hands! I wasn't too upset, I knew very well he could put it all back together like brand new, because he makes it all anyway. But the bill was expensive.

On John Britten

BA: John rode my 500 Manx at Pukekohe back in early 95. He brought a Britten up to Pukekohe and Bob Brookland came up with him.³ Ken had said to John 'You can ride any of my bikes', so John had a chance to ride some pre-war racing bikes, including the 500 Manx Norton, which I owned. I talked to John as he was going to get on the bike. I told him he should take a quiet run down the pit lane just to get used to it, because the gears had a different setup. He didn't know it was my bike at that point. After the race, he came back with a huge grin on his face and I said 'How did you enjoy that?' He said 'Is it your bike?' and I said 'Yes, that's why I wanted you to get the gears right!' So I got to know John. Anyhow, he wanted a Manx and Ken said, 'Billy, if you give him the Manx with a bit of a top up you can have this Britten.'

LW: Oh wow. You didn't go for that?

BA: Well, in life you end up doing silly things, don't you, and years later you think bugger...

LW: So did you get to know John through race meetings after that?

BA: The link between John Britten and myself is this Manx Norton. When John died, it was terribly sad. The *New Zealand Herald* published a picture of John sitting on the Manx at the circuit—my motorbike, not his own. It should have been his bike—the Britten!

LW: Why didn't they use a Britten?

BA: I have no idea why it happened. It was a great shot of John on the Manx. It's just that it should have been his bike...

LW: All the stories I've heard about John make him seem super resourceful. I remember one story about when they took a bike to America once—one of the piston sleeves in the cylinder split and they couldn't get another sleeve in time (this was maybe 12 hours till the race), so they pulled the engine apart, they pulled the sleeve out, and they re-welded the same sleeve. They weren't even sure it would work, but John was like, we've got to do something, we've come all this way.

BA: But that was him. He was a real renaissance man. That wouldn't worry John. A problem always had a solution.

LW: So would you say your passion is for engineering as much as motorcycles? Because you're into cars too...

BA: Well it's also about technology. I'm very fussy about accuracy and authenticity. I have gone to endless lengths to get parts and information during the restorations on my collection of race vehicles.
...

BA: We always assumed that the BEARS trophy was broken in the earthquake, the crystal trophy, but Felicity [Milburn, Gallery curator] told me today that it's totally intact. It was made in Czechoslovakia and it has Andrew Stroud's name engraved on it for winning



Andrew Stroud racing the Britten V1000 to victory in the inaugural World BEARS Championship at the Assen Circuit in August 1995, just weeks before John Britten's death.



Installation view of *The Bruce and Denny Show* at Two Rooms, Auckland 10 April – 10 May 2008. In the exhibition, Billy Apple pays tribute to the 1967/8 achievements of the legendary New Zealand motorsport drivers Bruce McLaren and Denny Hulme. Photo: Jennifer French

the World Champs.⁴ Absolutely fantastic, so we're getting that to exhibit too. It's gonna be exhibited as a little side piece. There's a photo of the podium with Stroud holding it up after the final race at Assen at the end of the six rounds. Stroud only rode five and still won it. He missed Monza because he was riding Team Max's Yamaha in the Malaysia round of the FIM World 500 GP Championship. When he was riding that Britten it wasn't the only thing he did—he rode GP and long-distance races—eight hours at Suzuka and that sort of thing. He just fucking rode the Britten whenever he could.

LW: I remember seeing footage of that Daytona race, you know when he was winning and he was popping wheelies next to the Ducati, but then it crapped out at the end.

BA: I've seen Andrew come over the hill at Pukekohe on the back wheel of the Britten, go down the main straight and around the corner, all on the back wheel!

LW: That reminds me of another story about Daytona, how when they got there—I think Daytona was the first race where they performed very well, and it was the second time at Daytona...

BA: It took a while.

LW: But apparently they pulled used tyres out of rubbish bins. They were using other people's throw-away tyres!

On Painting

BA: Bob Brookland is making the paintings for me. In the Britten's colours and paints.

LW: I remember hearing somewhere that the blue—I know you're into your colours—was from a bit of blue glass John had brought back from Australia? That's the blue the Brittens were based on. Is that true?

BA: I don't know. But John was a very great friend of Bob's. Bob describes him as one of his best friends, and I can understand that. They worked it out together, and Bob, being from the graphics side of things, painted all the bikes, produced all the t-shirts, did all the graphic design. I had a meeting here today with him. He came to the Gallery and I'm thrilled that he's painting the canvases for me. So I have the painter of the Brittens painting my artwork's designs using automotive paints—the same PPG paints the bikes are painted with. So I'm happy with that, and it's lovely to bring Bob into it.

LW: I think that would be nice too, because John Britten has become such a legend, people don't necessarily appreciate how many other people worked on that bike.

Great Britten! A Work by Billy Apple is on display from 16 July until 6 November 2016

Notes

1. An international champion motorcycle racer, New Zealander Andrew Stroud rode the Britten V1000 to victory four times at Daytona, USA, and won the 1995 World BEARS (British European and American Racing Series) Championship.
2. Auckland-based McIntosh is a legendary bike-builder. Celebrated for the quality of the frames he designs and fabricates, he is regularly sought out by international riders and collectors and is renowned for his Manx Norton replicas.
3. Sign-writer and BEARS enthusiast Bob Brookland was commissioned by John Britten to re-paint his red Ducati SS black early on, and he soon became a key member of the Britten production team. He painted all the Britten bikes, including the arresting hot pink/electric blue bodywork for the Britten V1000, complete with the signature Britten logo surrounded by the four red stars of the Southern Cross.
4. The 1995 World BEARS Championship trophy was handed to John Britten shortly before his death by rider Andrew Stroud.



John Britten on Billy Apple's 500 Manx Norton at the 1995 annual NZCMRR (New Zealand Classic Motorcycle Racing Register) meeting, Pukekohe Park Raceway, 28 January 1995. Apple is standing behind the bike on the left. Photo: Steve Green

Doris Lusk: An Inventive Eye



Doris Lusk *Landscape, Overlooking Kaitawa, Waikaremoana* 1948. Oil on board. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, purchased 1955

In the strange, stunned afterlife that ticked slowly by in the first few years following Christchurch's February 2011 earthquake, a curious note of recognition sounded through the shock and loss. As a massive programme of demolitions relentlessly hollowed out the city, many buildings were incompletely removed and lingered on for months as melancholy remains—stumps abandoned in a forlorn urban forest. Hideous, sculptural, beautiful; they bore compelling resemblance to a body of paintings created in the city more than three decades earlier. 'Have you seen the new Doris Lusk on Armagh Street?' some of us asked each other. Our forays into the decimated city brought to mind Lusk's *Demolition* series, made between 1979 and 1982 in response to an earlier wave of destruction, when old buildings—including heritage structures—were razed to make room for modern office blocks and apartments. The paintings mark one of several high points in a career defined by invention and exploration, and their unnerving visual precognition is reason enough to revisit an artist whose work is as underrated as it is interesting.

Born in Dunedin in 1916, Lusk's early artistic inclinations were encouraged by her architect father. His work took the family to Hamilton, where they lived in a house near the Waikato River, with Lusk enjoying occasional visits to the nearby studio of a local female artist. They returned to Dunedin in 1928, where Lusk attended primary and secondary school, infuriating her parents by leaving Otago Girls' High School before her matriculation exam in order to enrol in the Dunedin School of Art at King Edward Technical College. The five-year course did not offer a diploma, but Lusk received a valuable education nevertheless. Through R.N. Field, she was exposed to progressive developments in European and British art (including the work of Picasso, Cézanne and expatriate New Zealander Frances Hodgkins) and learned how to model clay—in addition to her painting career, Lusk was a gifted potter, who later taught hundreds of pupils at Christchurch's

Risingholme Community Centre. Charlton Edgar provided technical advice on all aspects of the painting process and also encouraged his students to paint outdoors, direct from nature, introducing Lusk to the demanding Central Otago landscape. She attended Friday night life-drawing classes, and the occasional party, at the studio of Russell Clark.

Lusk made friendships amongst her fellow art students and undertook painting expeditions with them throughout Central Otago and around Nelson. Some connections—such as that shared with Anne Hamblett and Colin McCahon—proved lifelong and artistically productive. McCahon and Lusk sometimes painted together, and a comparison of the works they made in response to similar landscapes reveals both a shared interest in the structure of the land and distinctly different motivations. Tackling a valley scene at Pangatotara (near Motueka) on one expedition together in the summer of 1942/3, McCahon cropped and condensed the view to reveal an imposing, monumental landscape, empty of human presence except for an abstracted building in the foreground.¹ Lusk's eye, in contrast, was drawn to the complexity of the scene; the sharply angled rows of the tobacco fields, the hop houses, trees and river beyond.² Aside from their location, the one feature common to the two paintings was the inclusion of stylised, folded mountain forms; a motif that would become characteristic in both artists' work. In McCahon's painting they dominate the picture plane, lending it a timeless grandeur; in Lusk's they are the final structural element that locks her intricate, tightly balanced composition into place. Both artists were moving steadily away from the established formulas of landscape painting, manipulating content, perspective and colour to suit their own purposes, but it was already clear they were heading in very different directions.

When Lusk married Dermot Holland in late December 1942 and moved to Christchurch, she knew few people there. However, she was fortunate to meet the painter and potter Margaret Frankel, one of the key figures in *The Group*,



Doris Lusk *Towards Omakau* 1942. Oil on board. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, William A. Sutton bequest 2000

an alliance of independently-minded artists who rejected the conservative policies of the Canterbury Society of Arts.³ As Lusk later recalled 'She made me a member almost at once, which was a really big deal, and I joined the arts society—and as soon as I could get a painting done I was getting into the arts life of Christchurch.' One of the few female artists at that time to sustain a career while raising a family, Lusk fitted her artmaking around domestic life, using outings and holidays as opportunities for painting. Her daughter, Jancis Meharry, remembers family walks up to the Sign of the Bellbird on the Port Hills during which her mother, 'who always carried a roll of pencils and a sketchbook',⁴ would send the children off on a hunt 'for a cowpat to put under the primroses' while she drew the landscape. At home, Lusk set up her easel inside the playpen while the children played outside it: 'she always had something propped up on the dining table, next to the bottling.'⁵ The Group provided both artistic

stimulation and a schedule of combined exhibitions that suited her necessarily reduced output better than a solo exhibition: 'I did not paint in a continual professional manner. I painted when I could, and I would produce about six paintings a year, which was pretty good going in the circumstances.'⁶

One of those works was *Towards Omakau*, a taut, yet exhilaratingly expansive view of a landscape near Alexandra, in Central Otago. Painted in 1942, it was owned by artist Bill Sutton and came to the Gallery upon his death in 2000. What a painting it is. With a sharply elevated perspective, the view falls rapidly away, rolling back across the plains to the hills and mountains beyond. Perhaps most striking are the numerous lines that stretch over its surface; curving round the plaited hills and eroded gullies, extending in darting tangents as rivers and roads, forming regimented shelterbelt verticals. Sheep trails crisscross gently rounded hills, echoing the enigmatic swirling



Doris Lusk *Onekaka Estuary* 1966. Watercolour. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Lawrence Baigent/Robert Erwin bequest 2003. Reproduced with permission

patterns of the clouds overhead. It's undeniably modern—a far cry from the sublime or topographical archetypes that once dominated depictions of the New Zealand landscape—and although its rural subject might lead some to brand it as simple, straightforward regionalism, you soon see how carefully Lusk has stripped back and orchestrated the original view. As she revealed in a 1987 *Kaleidoscope* interview: 'I don't think that I ever approached landscape from just a sort of total realism. [It] had to be controlled and restricted, composed into pictorial space.'⁷ Lusk readily altered what she encountered, but, unlike McCahon, didn't empty out her landscapes to increase their impact, instead focusing on the structures that bound them, invisibly, together. Reflecting on her work in later years, she stated: '[I] have tried to get to the heart of the matter, involved with the complexity rather than simplicity in describing the nature of our land.'⁸

Lusk's eyes were always keenly attuned to structure.

As Anne Hamblett recalled of their art school days: 'Doris always did a different sort of thing. Buildings and water stations. [...] She liked doing big water pipes and machines.'⁹ Another work in the Gallery's collection, *Landscape, Overlooking Kaitawa, Waikaremoana* (1948) records Lusk's fascination with a newly built hydroelectric complex she visited while staying with close friends Adelaide and Ian McCubbin (Ian was a construction engineer on the project). Even now, it's a strangely mutable work, as the pipeline in the foreground seems to continually shift in scale; looming hugely over the construction workers' miniature houses, but then dwarfed by the mountain ranges that tower in the distance.

Lusk's friendship with the McCubbins eventually led to her discovery of a subject that would captivate her for more than twenty-five years. Built in the 1920s to load pig iron from the nearby ironworks, the Onekaka wharf in Golden Bay had fallen into disrepair long



Doris Lusk *Acropolis, Onekaka (The wharf)* 1966. Watercolour. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Lawrence Baigent/Robert Erwin bequest 2003. Reproduced with permission

before Lusk first saw it in 1965. By then, it was no longer connected to the sea (it has continued to decay and is now little more than a grouping of black posts), and she found its dramatic break at the low tide mark irresistible. Years later, she recalled how she had set out that first day, determined not to paint it, only to return with a sketchbook full of little else. For the next five years, she would paint it almost exclusively, fascinated by the interplay between light and shadow, structure and fluidity, strength and decay. Lusk's developing interest in watercolour gave her the tools she needed to capture the estuary's luminous light and changing tides. Justifiably proud of her ability to adapt to, and master, new techniques and materials, she enjoyed the challenges posed by this unstable medium, soon learning to exploit a combination of fluid washes, calligraphic slashes and frothy splashes to convey the unique and complex environment of the wharf. At this key moment in her creative development, Lusk was

appointed to the position of drawing lecturer at the University of Canterbury, a role she held for more than fifteen years. She found the environment stimulating and the stability it provided allowed her to expand her practice further, working her way through an expanding range of techniques and subject matter.

One afternoon in 1979, two years before her retirement from the art school, Lusk chanced upon the sight of a half-demolished building. It was, she recalled later, a moment of revelation. She immediately realised the possibilities of 'that extraordinary drama of texture and lighting...'¹⁰ Looking at what now appear as oddly prescient views of demolitions on Tuam Street and in the Arts Centre complex, it is easy to see why these broken structures, with their tangled spatial ambiguities, varied textures and complex lighting, challenged and captivated Lusk. Collaging together her own photographs and those clipped from newspapers to create imaginary compositions, she then translated



Doris Lusk *Finale* 1982. Acrylic on canvas. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, purchased 1982

these into an expressive mix of watercolour, acrylic and coloured pencil. Throughout her career, Lusk had firmly resisted attempts to assign psychological motivations to her paintings (her 'desolate', 'claustrophobic' compositions, those 'disturbing' juxtapositions between the natural and industrial worlds). Accordingly, she gave short shrift to any who saw in her *Demolitions* an elegiac commentary on the human condition:

*My work is really very practical, and it would be quite dishonest if I tried to put in psychological meanings [...] The Demolition works were a little misunderstood. [People thought] that I became very fascinated with the factual destruction of buildings as a sort of sociological thing. But that was not true [...] It was a visual image to hang my media painting on, that's all.*¹¹

In a typically deft summation of this artist who combined practicality with acute investigation, her friend and teaching colleague Don Peebles wrote of Lusk after her death: 'She had little patience for posturing, but observed the world with a penetrating eye and set about the exacting process of bringing it to account in her painting.'¹²

Felicity Milburn

Curator

Doris Lusk: Practical Visionary, an exhibition marking the centenary of the artist's birth, will be on display at the Gallery from 4 June until 30 October 2016.

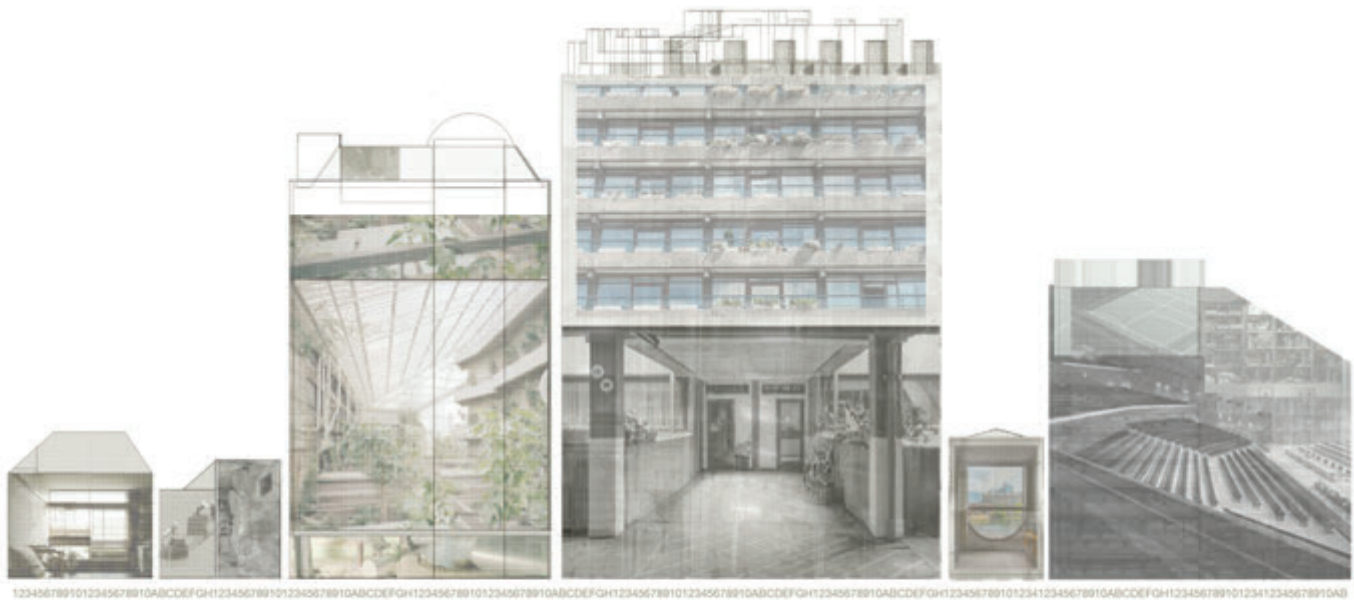
Notes

1. Colin McCahon, *Landscape, Pangatotara, The Crusader. No.1* 1942. Oil on hardboard. Private collection.
2. Lusk's *Tobacco Fields, Pangatotara, Nelson* is in the collection of Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of Colin McCahon, 1966.
3. Margaret Frankel led the campaign to purchase *Pleasure Garden* by Frances Hodgkins for the city of Christchurch. Initially rejected, the work was eventually bought by a group of private subscribers and given to the Robert McDougall Art Gallery in 1951.
4. Conversation with the author, March 2016.
5. Ibid.
6. Doris Lusk, Robert McDougall Art Gallery audio interview, 21 March 1983. Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives, Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu.
7. Doris Lusk, 'Attitudes to Landscape', *Kaleidoscope*, 1987. Available at: <http://www.nzonscreen.com/title/kaleidoscope--attitudes-towards-landscape-1987/credits>.
8. Doris Lusk, 'Nov. 13-20 Paintings', *C.S.A. News* 46, November/December 1972, unpaginated.
9. Anne Hamblett (later McCahon), interview with Lisa Beaven, 12 February 1987. Quoted in *Landmarks: The Landscape paintings of Doris Lusk*, Lisa Beaven and Grant Banbury, Robert McDougall Art Gallery/Hazard Press, 1996, p.18.
10. Doris Lusk, interview with Lisa Beaven, 22 October 1987, in *Landmarks*, p.46.
11. Doris Lusk, Robert McDougall Art Gallery audio interview, 1983.
12. Don Peebles, 'Doris Lusk (1916-1990)', *Art New Zealand* 55, winter 1990, p.48.

U R B A N F E A S T

In early 2016 *Bulletin* invited a number of artists to share their own 'blueprint' for Christchurch. We've heard from the urban planners; we wanted to invite visual artists to consider alternative plans for the city.

We asked what sort of place would you like Christchurch to be? What do you think Christchurch will become? And what relationship do you think there is between the plans and what will be built? By asking for written contributions, drawings, paintings, photographs or graphics we deliberately kept the field open. We invited utopian visions, critiques, art projects, pet fantasies and rants.



Tessa Peach 59-82. An imagined Christchurch streetscape evoking the Barbican Estate—a residential complex developed over two decades for post-war London.

Tessa Peach is a spatial designer and shopkeeper currently based in London.

The Cathedral: The Spiritual Heart of the City

The gridded plan of Christchurch City had at its centre a public square designated for spiritual purposes. It was the heart of the city.

There has been considerable debate about the restoration of the ChristChurch Cathedral as a significant historical building, but little debate as to the significance of this central site. Curiously, this building remains the symbol of Christchurch and is still used on all its civic communication, even though it has been deconsecrated, broken, unsafe, and inaccessible to the public for five years.

Perhaps it is not the building that is the major issue but the very significant site it stands upon.

The spiritual and cultural heart of our city and the symbol of our city must be inclusive. If we are to love it, if it is to mean anything to us—we, each and every one of us, despite cultural, religious or socio-economic differences—should feel as comfortable on this site as we do in our beloved Hagley Park. And have reasons to be there.

If a decision is made to restore the Cathedral, it probably won't come soon. In the interim we need a solution that is affordable and connects the site back to the people. This needs to be done as soon as possible, for the sake of both social and economic regeneration.

Why not entertain a transitional phase where the Cathedral is partially deconstructed to a state where it is safe. We could remove and store all the materials offsite for a number of possible future outcomes. The decision may be made to reconstruct it, build onto it or, repurpose the building—possibly utilising the same materials.

The partial deconstruction could be roofed, partially roofed or made roofless. If necessary, the remaining walls could be reinforced with an exoskeletal structure, as used by the Arts Centre. The aim would be for the remains of the building to function as the city's central living room or urban marae. It could be beautifully planted. It might not please the eye of our architectural historians, but it

would be interesting, retain some of the architectural memory and be public friendly.

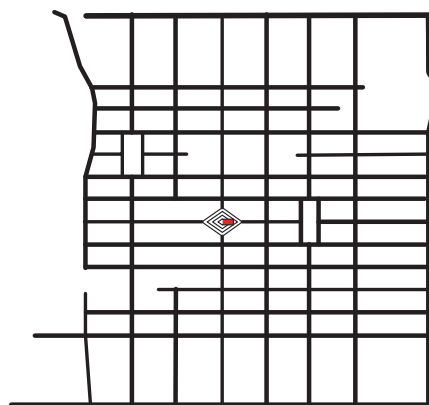
And it could become a place for religious ceremonies of all faiths, with public lectures, musical and theatrical performances, festivals of all kinds and shelter and food distribution for the homeless. Anything appropriate that the people want to do—but whatever the programme, it should be inclusive and free.

In this manner, the materials of the Cathedral would be preserved and the architecture approximately retained. More importantly its function as a genuine social hub for the city would be regained.

We could use the site for the next five to ten years, experimenting with possibilities to then decide if we need a central building.

In the interests of coherency, the two outpost buildings, the souvenir shop and the police kiosk should be demolished. The former is redundant and the later could be housed within the Cathedral floorplan.

The forecourt and the former Cathedral could be integrated. Over time, the 'Square' has become a misnomer. There is an existing central diamond shape defined by the streets which could be dramatically accentuated with strong paving patterns, seating and planting; a central gem set in the grid. Perhaps this is the new city logo.



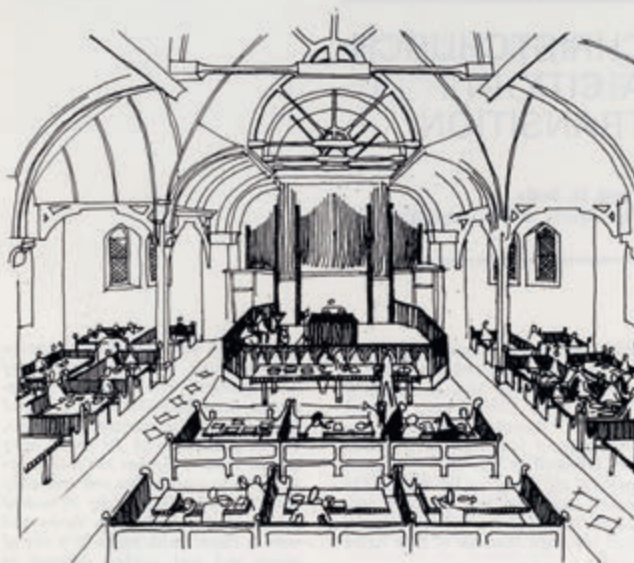
Julia Morison is a senior artist based in Christchurch. She was a New Zealand Art Foundation recipient in 2006 and inducted into the Massey University Hall of Fame for services to art and design in 2012.

Sophie Bannan. Image courtesy of the New Zealand Institute of Architects

NZIA Journal, April 1973

DISAPPEARING CHRISTCHURCH THREE BUILDINGS SAVED

D. Donnithorne (F)



Christchurch is not greatly endowed with interesting old buildings. These have been whittled down in number over the years until the stage has been reached where many are apprehensive at what may come about for those which still exist. Currently three buildings, viz. The Theatre Royal, the Normal School, and the old Post Office are faced with demolition to make way for the redevelopment of their sites. In the case of the Normal School the well known method of neglect seems to be present so that subsequently the cost of restoration is excessive and the case for preservation more difficult.

In all instances it is necessary to find a compatible use as well as the cost of purchase and renewal. The Canterbury Branch of the NZIA has been involved in varying ways in recent proposals which have successfully ensured the preservation and re-use of three buildings.

The Canterbury Provincial Council Buildings

The buildings consist of three portions, the timber section designed as administration offices and opened in 1859, the stone Council Chambers and Bellamys, all designed by B. W. Mountfort, at that time Provincial Architect, and opened in 1865, and an indifferent office group

built in 1915 and added to in 1924.

To many the greatest charm is the old timber section with its low beamed corridor paved with stone slabs.

It is suggested by some that the timber section was to be of a temporary nature only. However, to the writer the finest portion of the buildings is the old timber chamber, an interior of very great warmth and beauty. The buildings are administered by the Canterbury Provincial Buildings Board, made up of the Minister of Lands and Members of Parliament representing Canterbury and Westland.

In the 1960s restoration proposals by the Ministry of Works finally led to the acceptance of a plan whereby local authorities and the government each provided \$50,000.00 towards the cost of the work.

This work has now been under way for three years under the guidance of Ministry of Works Architect, Tony Harper.

Proposals for the building include a conference centre around the Bellamys section, exhibition space to be supervised by the Canterbury Branch of the N.Z.I.A., whose rooms will be located on the north-eastern corner, some commercial offices, and even one exciting proposal includes a restaurant and tavern.

Trinity Pacific Church

Originally Trinity Congregational Church, this building opened in 1873 was again the work of the Provincial Architect, B. W. Mountfort.

It has much appeal and is important mainly for two reasons. Firstly, the plan shape of the nave is very compact and almost an octagon in outline, emphasising the meeting house tradition of Congregational worship. This is in direct contrast with other Anglican work being carried out at that time by Mountfort, who as an earnest churchman designed in the fashion of lengthy naves and chancels in keeping with Anglican thinking of the times. Trinity Church is disarmingly modern in plan with today's emphasis on congregational participation in all Christian traditions.

Its second claim to importance is the part it plays in the Christchurch scene, a small strongly articulated building nestled in against tall office buildings, in a major corner of the city.

And so when in recent years the church became redundant strong efforts were made to save the building by a City Council Committee specially constituted for this purpose.

One of the proposals which initially found favour was the conversion of the church into a restaurant which entailed very carefully preserving every aspect of the building and even restoring it back to its original condition. Subsequently, the building has been purchased by the State Insurance Office alongside, who currently have plans for converting it for intimate theatre.

The Old University Buildings

With the move of Canterbury University to the Ilam campus finally concluding in 1974, the use of the town site and buildings has for some time been a subject of continuing debate in the city. The buildings form an important part in what has become known as the River Precinct, an area which encompasses the Town Hall and the Canterbury Provincial Buildings. This area has had some commercial intrusion but at least a portion is now designated Residential 5A for medium density residential development.

In the main the buildings were designed by the forerunners of the present practice of Collins, Hunt and Loveridge, with some work by B. W. Mountfort, and consist of a variety of interesting architectural spaces ranging from the grandeur of the University Hall to a variety of intriguing attic areas.

The original proposal for the disposal of the 5½ acre site announced by the Government envisaged severing the site and selling the eastern half in order to support the long term restoration and retention of the older buildings at the west.

Previous to this the Christchurch City Council had convened the Arts Centre

The Piazzas of Christchurch

When asked for a contribution by *Bulletin*, I thought I had no right to a view on the rebuild, having relocated to Auckland in 2007.

But I've lived in the hearts of cities most of my life, including over fifty wonderful years in Christchurch. Cities and towns have been my visual texts—the theme in much of my painting. Over many years my wife Fay and I spent time in cities and towns in many countries, often with sketching companion and connoisseur of the built environment, architect Sir Miles Warren. We would try to analyse the characteristics of many of the communities we discovered—what were the magic ingredients?

At the risk of seeming ridiculously antiquarian, I suggest neighbourhood piazzas—in English, local squares—to enhance the liveability of the rebuilt twenty-first century Christchurch. I'll use the term 'piazza' to split the concept from the larger, grassed, tree-lined, drive-through areas familiar to us as Latimer, Cranmer and Cathedral squares.

The piazza is in the human DNA. The need to congregate is universal. In New Zealand, before Europeans arrived, there were marae. In the close packed populations that will characterise larger twenty-first century New Zealand cities, intimate neighbourhood piazzas would serve as communal living rooms, where those in family apartments would mingle with neighbours. In these unobstructed, paved spaces, two to six tennis courts in size, children would run free watched by parents while teenagers socialised and older residents met to catch up on the day's gossip.

Piazzas dotted through the city's high-density residential zones would be neighbourly, communal rather than commercial. Small businesses—a convenience store, a bar, a cafe, a pharmacy—would serve local residents. There would be no car parking, with servicing vehicle access limited to permitted times.

To encourage landowners and developers to collaborate in providing new socially desirable public spaces, the city authorities would adopt policies rewarding those who sacrificed space or otherwise cooperated to create attractive piazzas.

In a future when many will work from home, the need for communal areas will become vital. To escape the tyranny of traffic, planners must find ways to create off-highway recreation zones within neighbourhoods.

Today's planners, looking at a city struggling to recover its celebrated charm and character, may be tempted to have their Haussmann moments, laying out sweeping boulevard projects, industrial and entertainment zones in tidy array, neglecting the need to think not only macro but also, most importantly, micro; human scale.

For centuries piazzas graced with distinctive architecture have charmed travellers. Cherished by locals, they remain memorable to all who stop to absorb their powerful sense of place, ambiance and social amenity. Weekly produce, book, collectible and craft markets; buskers and chess players; kids playing, friends enjoying a coffee or a beer together; the solitary crossword addict. All would have a place in the piazzas.

Make the spaces. People will do the rest.

Gaby Montejo
West is North 2016.
Mixed media on
paper. Photo by
the artist



Gaby Montejo is a Christchurch-based artist working with actions, temporary installation and collaborative intervention.

Pagework no.30

Each quarter the Gallery commissions an artist to create a new work of art especially for Bulletin. It's about actively supporting the generation of new work.

Although Liv Worsnop's work of recent years could loosely be described as focused on the regeneration of post-quake Christchurch, her subtle gestures and modest interventions are a world away from the authoritarian dominance of the official response, as symbolised by the CCDU's 100-day blueprint. Together with members of the 'Plant Gang', a volunteer guerrilla gardening coalition she founded, Worsnop has paid small, but meaningful, attentions to sites left vacant and barren by earthquake demolition, using this practice as a way to connect with and make sense of an irrevocably changed environment. Encouraging the 'rewilding' of the CBD through cataloguing and seed collection projects, she has celebrated the persistence and diversity of the weeds that have returned to the city, taking tenuous hold amongst the dirt and rubble.

The multiple refracted and layered views of *after Zen Walks*—many captured while Worsnop was scouting locations for her *Zen Garden* project of 2013—echo the intentions of her wider practice; highlighting how new perspectives and discreet manipulations

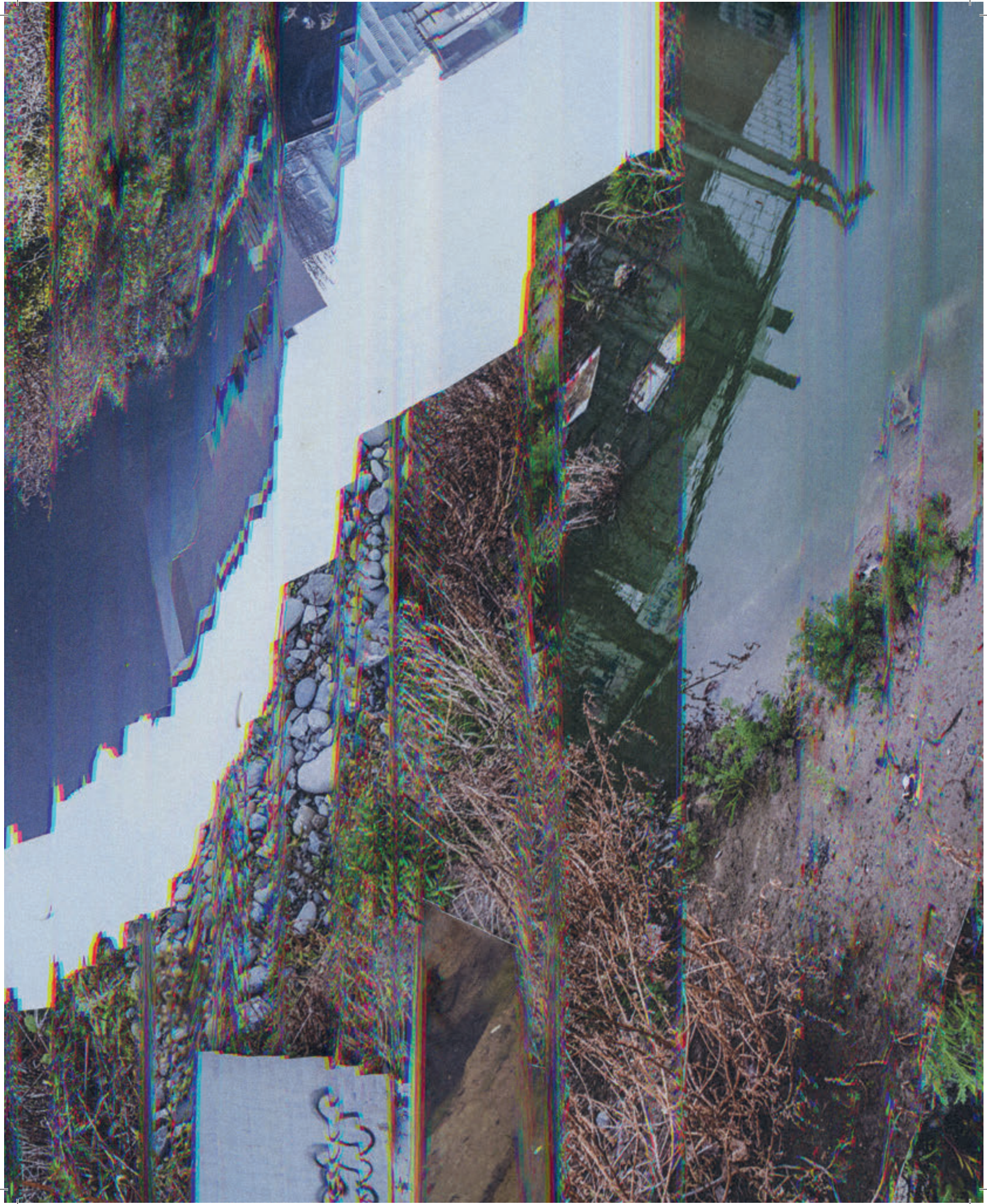
can subtly adjust the experience of our surroundings. There's something appealingly ambiguous about that word 'minute' in her series title too, which suggests alterations modest in both time and scale. Like so much of Worsnop's work, it's about notice paid and care taken and about finding beauty and strength in unexpected places.

Felicity Milburn

Curator

'Pagework' has been generously supported by an anonymous donor.

Liv Worsnop *after Zen Walks* 2016 (from the *Minute Magnitudes* series)







Tony Fomison's *No!* (1971) installed as part of *Faces from the Collection* in May 2013

My Favourite

Barnaby Bennett is a designer, publisher and writer. He is currently completing a PhD at the University of Technology Sydney.

I've been continually fascinated by the plethora of creative interventions inserted into the wasted post-quake city. A number of works have offered sharp reminders that what we have been witnessing in the past five years *is not normal*.

Of course, many of the things that do this are not art works; seeing a favourite building opened up, the delicate savagery of a crane nibbling on concrete, or just the simple domestic item laying unnoticed for years in an empty building. But many creative works have illustrated one of art's magical powers: to arrest attention, to demand a double take from the viewer. A number of works have forced me to stop and reposition my body, to take note of when and where I am, to give presence to a new thing in my midst, to acknowledge the presence of an alien being.

We each have our own collection of experiences: the Dance-O-Mat at night in its first setting on St Asaph Street; *Chapman's Homer* on Madras Street; the sunset down Gloucester Street as crowds surged in for the first FESTA in 2012; Bruce Russell shredding with the dangling Angel on the corner of Worcester and Oxford streets at Canterbury Tales in 2013. Of such memories cities are made.

And then, of course, possibly the greatest public art intervention the city has seen.

This story started when the Gallery created a programme (*Faces from the Collection*) of portraits mounted on the side of buildings. A large work by Tony Fomison was placed on the back of the Old Post Office building, under the towering pointed finger of Ronnie van Hout's *Comin' Down*—and over a graffiti work by the artist Slepá.

Fomison's portrait is of a figure he copied from a newspaper clipping in England during a stay there in the 1960s. The work, titled *No!*, is an image largely occupied by a giant hand and a face of considered

rejection. The tones are unmistakable Fomison, emerging from that wonderfully dark and richly engaging part of New Zealand history that captures McCahon, Baxter, Maddox, Clairmont and others. The romance of a time before I was born—of men doing important things.

It recalls a time of dark, damp flats late at night with cheap red wine, joints and record players. The placement of the work here recalls the wonderful small, forgotten, uneconomic spaces destroyed by the earthquakes. The almost subterranean history of the city that was removed with little recognition to make way for the great 'clean slate' in the sky.

It was arresting enough already, but then Slepá delivered the punchline, breaking in behind the barrier restoring his original work and tagging a kind of footnote: 'Keep your shit 4 the gallerys'.

What I liked so much about this act of self-conservation was how it made the obvious claim that no person, group, or discipline has ownership over the weird state of the city, its walls and public spaces. I was happily surprised when the Gallery resisted the temptation to remove the work, implying acceptance of its claim. Suitably the Slepá work was subsequently tagged over and the public argument continued on the wall. One of the great ironies of this series of actions is that Fomison himself was imprisoned at one point for making art on the streets of Paris.

A territorial dispute between an anonymous citizen and a city institution over the placement of an oversized blown-up pasted facsimile of an image of a man that looks eerily like the Prime Minister stolen from a forgotten newspaper from the centre of the Empire. A more concise metaphor for the rebuild I'm yet to find.

To Colin McCahon

James K. Baxter's 1952 poem 'To Colin McCahon' is an important marker in the long and sometimes tempestuous artistic relationship the two men shared. On an immediate level, the poem is a response to McCahon's painting *There is only one direction* (1952), which he presented to Jim and Jacqui Baxter to mark the birth of their daughter Hilary after they had named McCahon her godfather. But the painting is also part of a sporadic 'conversation in art' between McCahon and Baxter over the next two decades about the importance and purpose of art, and the role of the artist in society. This conversation, which kicked off in various Christchurch pubs when both lived there in 1948, first took to print when Baxter used a column in *Canta*, the university student magazine, to defend McCahon's work from criticism by those who didn't appreciate his cultural influences and, often religious, symbolism. In many ways *There is only one direction* is McCahon's affirmation of Baxter's reading, as well as the catalyst for the poem 'To Colin McCahon'. Baxter begins the poem by noting the concern with human suffering that McCahon shared with the French artist Rouault, but recognises the unique translation of that suffering to a New Zealand frame in McCahon's work, before discovering in the promise symbolised by the Virgin and child the possibility of salvation through 'the bruised herb', forgiveness. Baxter and McCahon's conversation in art stuttered to its nadir just weeks before Baxter died in 1972, when in the poem 'Ode to Auckland' he castigated the Auckland Art School for admiring 'the worst of McCahon'. Thankfully for New Zealand art, Baxter didn't have the last word, which went instead to McCahon's magnificent series of works exploring and trying to understand Baxter's literal and metaphorical journeys through the sacred spaces and cultural consciousness of Aotearoa.

Paul Millar is deputy pro-vice-chancellor of the College of Arts and head of the School of Humanities and Creative Arts. He is also professor of English, with extensive publications on New Zealand literature, particularly the poetry of James K. Baxter.

James K. Baxter *To Colin McCahon* 1952. From Book XVI, James Keir Baxter literary papers, MS-0704/016. Image courtesy of Hocken Collections – Uare Taoka o Hākena and reproduced with kind permission of the James K. Baxter Trust.

Listen to Dr Peter Simpson read 'To Colin McCahon' at
christchurchartgallery.org.nz/multimedia/audiotour/colin-mccahon-there-is-only-one-direction

To Colin McCahon

Ronald has seen, better indeed than most,
The face of suffering in the dirty slum
Transfigured; against a sky of arson, black
As man's disgrace, hanging, the mortal Christ
Abandoned by men. Thence all revivals come,
At the hie quick of time: our crimes wrench on the rack.

And you too, in this ruinous country, have guessed
There is no otherwise — the birth left by a thunder-
bolt, those queer gaunt women strong like hyenas
To suffer with him. You know the rock under
The anxiety, under the smiling breast;
That all things travail on a bed of fires.

The impure heart rebels and aches for death.
Chiefly I am contented with that peasant face
You painted, the brooding natural tenderness
Of Mother and Child. He draws his milk and breath
From love's deep equipage. Is time and place
Give ground for hope, for the bruised herb, for quivers.



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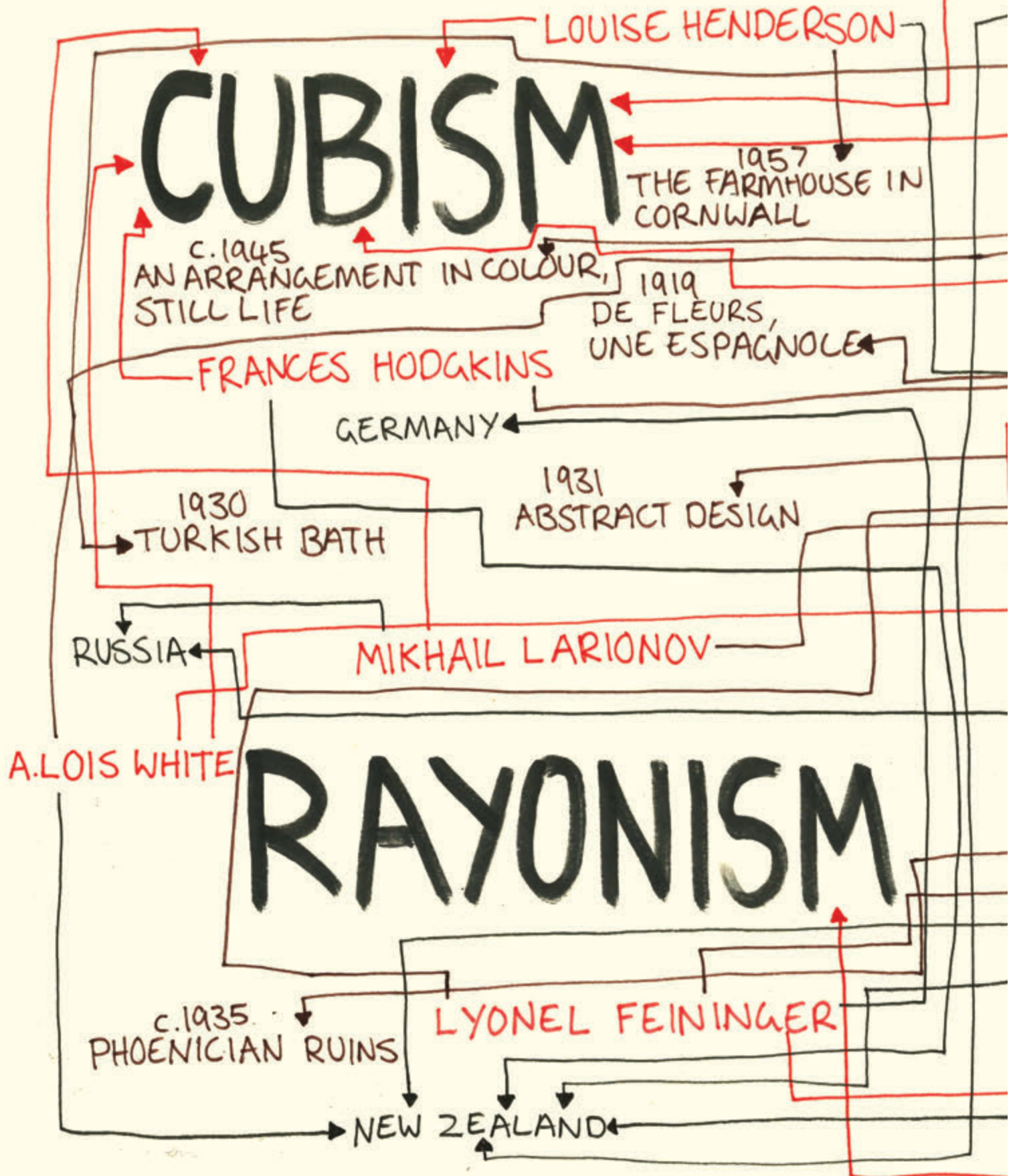
In Modern Times is an exhibition of collection works in which Cubism is highlighted as a major innovation and influence in early twentieth-century art. This Europe-based phenomenon was, for a significant period, a magnet to artists from around the globe. Most of the artists featured in this show were mobile, relocating from Moscow, Berlin, London, Sydney, Auckland or Dunedin to study or live in Paris. Some chose to stay in Europe; others returned home to impart their new discoveries.

Preparing this show showed me how many links existed between Paris in 1908, Cubism's central starting-point, and the artistic advances made in this city, Christchurch, New Zealand, some fifty years later. The number and complexity of the interactions and repeated chain reactions within this story became fascinating. I began to see the exhibition as a complex picture in which stories overlapped and particular names reappeared; a cohesive, connected diagram with arrows pointed in every direction. And the New Zealand aspect of the story more porous and fluid than art history usually tells.

The following spread is a visual response to *In Modern Times* by Lee Richardson, a graphic design student at the Ilam School of Fine Arts. Lee's playful yet complex network diagram draws on many of the connections developed in the show. The opportunity to publish this response has come about through the Gallery's unique partnership with the graphic design department at Ilam, and lecturer Aaron Beehre. We would like to thank Lee and the other students for their continued involvement with the production of *Bulletin*.

Ken Hall
Curator





c.1945
GROUP STUDY

TED BRACEY

ENGLAND

EILEEN MAYO

c.1939
EXPULSION

ARTDECO

1959
CITY WITHIN

1931

GELBE DORFKIRCHE, 3

FRANK WEITZEL

1919

'UN GRIME', MUSIQUE DE
RAVEL

AUSTRALIA

1920
WALD KIRCHE, 2

FRANCE

NATALIA
GONCHAROVA

c.1929
DUTCH HOUSES

JOHN WEEKS

FUTURISM

DORRIT
BLACK

Postcard From...

MIKE HEWSON

New York, USA

When I arrived in New York in late 2014 I was told it'd be ten years before I'd qualify as a New Yorker and two years before I'd feel comfortable and start to enjoy the city. That sounds far-fetched but as my two-year anniversary approaches I'm tending to agree. It is a very special city, a lot of fun, but it can be difficult to pace oneself for the long game.

I'm currently finishing my MFA at Columbia University in Manhattan, which has been an institutional baptism-of-fire. It was all very new to me. To keep up in conversation I frequently had to subtly Google an artist's name or scroll a theorist's Wikipedia page. It'd be preposterous for me not have heard of this or that seminal work, this 1968 essay or that cancelled show at the Guggenheim. I realise I'm probably articulating my lack of a basic art education (I have an engineering background) but often I feel that perhaps I couldn't have prepared for this very specific experience; I'm required to throw myself into a New York-centric history that has the rhetoric of breadth but at times feels quite narrow.

The two-year programme accepts twenty-six artists per year and is structured around regular studio visits from faculty and visiting critics, group critiques (not cruel ones like Yale), and we're also encouraged to take other Columbia classes. I've studied feminism with Rosalyn Deutsche, modern visual culture with Jonathan Crary and Rosalind Krauss, architecture with Mark Wigley and Bernard Tschumi. Over one week last month I had individual studio visits with Sarah Oppenheimer, Alfredo Jaar, Sarah Sze and Chrissie Iles. Last year I organised lunches at Gavin Brown's house for Rirkrit Tiravanija (my supervisor) with Mark Leckey, Martin Creed and others. Last week a group from our class spent seven days exploring obscure museums with Mark Dion, gallery tours with Josiah McElheny were a few weeks prior, and this reflects only a fraction of the programme. Although I was first unaware who

many of these people were, the importance of their work or their position in the art world, I now strangely consider many of them my peers.

At times I find it difficult to quantify the actual value of the programme, and question if it is worth the immense cost or whether it is even a productive environment for making work. I wanted to be dropped into this incredible world based on the assumption that it would give sufficient spotlight and access to the channels of power (alongside developing my art making) to amass the clout needed to have a sustainable and successful art practice in the future. Ever since the February 2011 earthquake pushed me out of the studio I've found myself working at a large scale and for now, outside of the gallery system. Manhattan is a wild beast, impossibly difficult to negotiate with, especially in public spaces. I'm excited to see what unfolds here. Who knows, I might even tip past the ten-year mark and graduate as an official New Yorker (or maybe I'll be back in Christchurch working to the scale I began with).

My thesis show opened Sunday 24 April at the Fisher Landau Center for Art in Queens so keep an eye out for that. The work is based on research into the current housing crisis in the city (sound familiar?) and creating some visibility around its inherent inequalities.

If any of you reading this are visiting here then please get in touch—I'd love to catch up for a coffee or beer. Also shout out to CNZ for supporting my final semester here. It has been a really amazing experience, I hope I can do Aotearoa proud in the future.

Mike Hewson received a Bachelor of Engineering with First Class Honours from University of Canterbury and is currently a Visual Arts MFA candidate at Columbia University. He lives and works in New York.



Mike Hewson *Dim Mirror* 2015. Digital print on various vinyl materials. Pushkin Square, Moscow



Mike Hewson *125th Broadway* 2015. Digital print on adhesive vinyl, existing sign structure. McDonald's parking lot, 125th Street and Broadway, Harlem

Exhibition Programme

Hotere

Until 19 June 2016

The Gallery marks the passing of Ralph Hotere with paintings selected from the collection.

Pip & Pop: The Newest New World

Until 19 June 2016

Discover a tiny, spellbinding world made out of rainbow-coloured sugar.

Op + Pop

Until 19 June 2016

The influence of two major twentieth-century art movements on New Zealand art.

Unseen: The Changing Collection

Until 19 June 2016

A selection of exciting recent additions to Christchurch's public art collection.

John Gibb

Until 28 August 2016

A selection of Canterbury landscape paintings by Victorian artist John Gibb.

Kā Honoka

Until 28 August 2016

Cross-cultural encounter in the Pacific shows whaling as central to the local story.

Max Hailstone: Treaty Signatures

Until 28 August 2016

This exhibition presents one of Max Hailstone's most controversial and important series, using the signatures of the rangatira (Māori chiefs) who signed New Zealand's Treaty of Waitangi in 1840.

In Modern Times

Until 11 September 2016

Exploring the expanding impact of cubism through works in the collection.

McCahon / Van der Velden

Until 11 September 2016

An exhibition of two of New Zealand's most respected painters.

Beasts

Until 12 February 2017

A generous, multimedia selection of animal-themed works, both lively and thoughtful.

In the Vast Emptiness

Ongoing

The Canterbury landscape as captured by twentieth-century painters.

Ata Wairere

Ongoing

Contemporary works that create subtle openings for thought and reflection.

Simon Morris: Yellow Ochre Room

Ongoing

A painted room which offers space and time for contemplation.

Treasury: A Generous Legacy

Ongoing

Stunning proof of the impact of generosity on the Christchurch collection.

Above Ground

Ongoing

An exhibition exploring the impact of architecture, imagination and memory.

Tony de Lautour: Silent Patterns

Ongoing

An outdoor painting inspired by wartime Dazzle camouflage.

Reuben Paterson: The End

Ongoing

A sparkling elevator installation offering an unexpected space for contemplation and connection.

Laurence Aberhart: Kamala, Astral and Charlotte, Lyttelton, March 1983

Ongoing

Aberhart's 1983 photograph of Lyttelton children is displayed on our Gloucester Street billboard.

Martin Creed: Everything is going to be alright

Ongoing

Bill Culbert: Bebop

Ongoing

Michael Parekowhai: Chapman's Homer

Ongoing

Doris Lusk: Practical Visionary

4 June – 30 October 2016

Intricate landscapes and imaginative explorations by renowned New Zealand painter Doris Lusk.

Bad Hair Day

4 June – 28 May 2016

The wild and wonderful ways of hair, investigated through painting, printmaking, sculpture, photography and video. Shaped with younger audiences in mind.

No! That's wrong XXXXXX

25 June – November 2016

Three paintings by Tony Fomison, Philip Clairmont and Allen Maddox, to mark the Gallery's acquisition of Maddox's *No Mail Today*.

Fiona Pardington: A Beautiful Hesitation

9 July – 6 November 2016

A survey exhibition by a leading New Zealand photographer explores sex, death and the female gaze.

Great Britten! A Work by Billy Apple

16 July – 6 November 2016

Billy Apple celebrates the record-shattering 1995 campaign of the Christchurch-designed Britten V1000 motorbike.

Events

Special Events

The Mix

Rediscover the Gallery after dark as it comes alive with a vibrant changing calendar of special events combining people and art with live music, great food, beer and wine, pop-up talks and demonstrations, debates, films and live performances. Have a different kind of night out and embark on a new cultural exploration over each the six editions of The Mix in 2016.

The Mix 3: Kiwiana

1 June / 6pm / NZI Foyer / free

Join us for a not-so-serious debate about the role art and culture play in New Zealand's national identity.

The Mix 4: Counterculture

17 August / 6pm / NZI Foyer / free

Come be seen in the coolest of scenes at this evening exploring the history of counterculture, subcultures and alternative scenes in New Zealand.

Talks

Bad Hair Day

5 June / 2pm / meet at the front desk / free

Flowing or cropped, flaxen or raven, hair has long been a focus of attention. Join curator Ken Hall as he walks you through a wide range of hair in art.

Insight 101

8, 15, 22, 29 June / 7.30pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / \$25 per session, \$80 full series (\$70 Friends and Together partners) / see the Gallery website for full details

New Zealand has a dynamic art scene that punches above its weight. Get to know it better with Insight 101. We've handpicked some of our favourite speakers to bring you a series of lively presentations and discussions encouraging curiosity and understanding of our world of art.

A Master of Painted Deception

8 June / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Curator Ken Hall dissects the anatomy of Gerrit Dou's *The Physician*, one of the most significant paintings in the collection, bringing alive its mystery and artful illusion.

She's A Mod: New Zealand Fashion in the 1950s and 1960s

29 June / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Bronwyn Labrum (head of New Zealand and Pacific Cultures at Te Papa) speaks about her new book *Real Modern: Everyday New Zealand in the 1950s and 1960s*, which uses the ordinary objects of the post war years to tell the story of everyday New Zealanders during this fascinating time.

Doris Lusk: Pioneer Potter

3 July / 2pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Potter Tatyanna Meharry remembers her grandmother Doris Lusk, her ceramic practice and her philosophy on life and art.

Fiona Pardington in Conversation with Aaron Lister and Andrew Paul Wood

9 July / 2.30pm / meet at the front desk / free

Artist Fiona Pardington discusses her exhibition *A Beautiful Hesitation* with its curator Aaron Lister (City Gallery Wellington) and Christchurch writer Andrew Paul Wood.

John Britten's Bikes

16 July / 11.30am / meet at the front desk / free

A fascinating discussion about the science, design and history behind John Britten's motorcycles with retired champion motorcycle racer Andrew Stroud.

Te Reo o Te Wiki—Māori Language Awareness Week

6 July / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Popular teacher Regan Stokes has both English and Māori heritage (Ngāi Te Rangi) but first visited a marae when he was nineteen years old. Since then, the Māori world has opened up to him and he is eager to enable others to understand and use te reo. His talk will focus on the importance of te reo Māori and its value to Aotearoa.

Designers Respond to Max Hailstone's Treaty Works

3 August / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Graphic designers and artists Luke Wood, Neil Pardington and Jonty Valentine discuss the importance and significance of Max Hailstone's controversial *Treaty Signatures* series.

Reading the Swell

10 August / 6pm / meet at the front desk / free

Join curator Peter Vangioni on a voyage around his sea-going exhibition and encounter open oceans, shipwrecks and storms.

Billy Apple and Curator Felicity Milburn in Conversation

31 August / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Artist Billy Apple gets candid about his exhibition *Great Britten!*, his work and passion for motor-racing and how a motorcycle can be art.

Gigs at the Gallery

Bruce Russell and Marco Fusinato

26 June / 7pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium

\$15 per person / tickets through the Gallery website

Local artist Bruce Russell (*Dead C*, *A Handful of Dust*) and Australian visual artist and musician Marco Fusinato will perform their unique brand of sonic art live in the Gallery.

J.G. Thirlwell

30 June / 8pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium

\$15 per person / tickets through the Gallery website

Legendary composer, producer and performer J.G. Thirlwell will be at the Gallery for a one-off special performance, the only South Island stop on his first ever New Zealand tour. Thirlwell's work spans orchestrations, big band, cathartic noise-rock to abstract electronics and sound sculpture, chamber music, serial music and imaginary soundtracks. He has worked with a diverse range of artists like Nick Cave, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Zola Jesus and Swans. The Yealands Wine Bar will be open during his performance.

Jason Lescalleet

21 July / 7pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium

\$15 per person / tickets through the Gallery website

Jason Lescalleet is a celebrated experimental electronic music artist whose influence on the contemporary avant-garde cannot be overstated. His work is distinctive, drawing from a wide variety of sonic sources, and often takes formal cues from modern musique concrète, for example in his utilisation of reel-to-reel tape machines in both live and studio settings. For his Christchurch show Jason will be joined by some of the city's most renowned sonic artists.

Global Voices Choir

27 July / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Global Voices is a four-part a capella Christchurch choir. Their repertoire draws from folk, indigenous, spiritual and contemporary traditions, and includes music from Eastern Europe, Africa, the Pacific, Aotearoa New Zealand and more. The 30-person choir is directed by Helen Charlton, a leading Christchurch singing teacher, choral conductor and nationally-recognised soprano.

Ariana Tikao and Mahina-Ina Kaui

28 August / 7pm / meet at the front desk / \$15 per person tickets through the Gallery website

Accomplished performers Ariana Tikao and Mahaina Ina-Kaui present a haunting and ethereal response to Fiona Pardington's *A Beautiful Hesitation* exhibition with taoka pūoro and voice.

Workshop

Wood Print Workshop

6 and 7 August / 10am – 4pm / Education Centre
\$200 including all materials / limited places, bookings through the Gallery website

Expert printer Sheyne Tuffery leads a two-day workshop demonstrating techniques for making contrasting dynamic prints using traditional and experimental methods, as well as handy shortcuts in colour and black and white. You will walk away with a folio of great handmade prints to hang on your wall or give away as gifts. Work at your own pace, from beginner to advanced levels.

Film

20,000 Days on Earth

15 June / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Drama and reality combine in a fictitious 24 hours in the life of musician and international cultural icon Nick Cave. Directed by Iain Forsyth and Jane Pollard, *20,000 Days On Earth* explores the ways myth, memory, love and loss shape our lives, every single day. Fusing drama and documentary to weave a cinematic day-in-the-life with unique verité observations of Cave's full creative cycle, the film is an intimate portrait of the artistic process, celebrating the transformative power of the creative spirit.

98 mins

Big Eyes

22 June / 5pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Tim Burton's 2015 drama about the awakening of the painter Margaret Keane, her phenomenal success in the 1950s, and the subsequent legal difficulties she had with her husband, who claimed credit for her works in the 1960s.

106 mins

Britten: Backyard Visionary

20 July / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

During the late 1980s, Christchurch inventor John Britten developed and built a revolutionary racing motorcycle. He pursued his dream all the way to Daytona International Speedway, where, in 1991, the unlikely underdog came second against the biggest and richest manufacturers in the world. *Britten: Backyard Visionary* documents the maverick motorcycle designer as he and his crew rush to create an even better bike for the next Daytona. But when they get to Florida, another all-nighter is required to fix a problem on an untested vehicle that includes at least ten major innovations.

Fomison and Clairmont

24 August / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

Join us for a 1981 documentary double feature. Hamish Keith interviews Tony Fomison who is an engaging but diffident subject, describing his often dark, brooding works as 'illustrations of dreams'. And explore Philip Clairmont's bohemian abode in Mt Eden, a house filled with found objects and abandoned furniture that would inspire his dense, hallucinatory images.

50 mins

The NeverEnding Story

13 July / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

This 1984 cult classic film, filled with luckdragons, childlike empresses and rock-eaters, is perfect for kids and big kids alike.

90 mins

Kids Fest 9–23 July**Incredible Foam**

10–11am / weekdays / Education Centre / \$10

Incredible Foam is like no other dough you have used! Tiny colourful styrofoam beads are combined with a non-toxic adhesive to create fun textures and shapes that can even float in water. Tested with local children, this is sensory play at its best.

Suitable for 3–5 yrs

Angels or Aliens?

1.30–2.45pm / weekdays / Education Centre / \$10

Use air-dry clay to create a beautiful, whimsical angel keepsake or an extraterrestrial creature to keep people out of your room.

Suitable for 5+ yrs

Family and kids**Sweet Dreams (are made of these)**

5 June / 11 and 11.30am / meet at the front desk / free

Immerse yourself in the fantastical world of Pip & Pop and help create a colourful mosaic on the wall opposite the *Newest New World* using vinyl stickers created by Tanya Schultz, the artist behind the spellbinding magic of Pip & Pop.

Suitable for 4+ yrs

Matariki for Children: Star Light, Star Bright

12 June / 11am / Education Centre / free

Make your very own glowing jar of the Pleiades stars and Milky Way.

Suitable for 5+ yrs

Parachute People

7 August / 11am / under the stairs / free

Art and science combine in this fun activity for children. Each child will make their own superhuman parachute person and see how well they fly.

Suitable for 5+ yrs



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