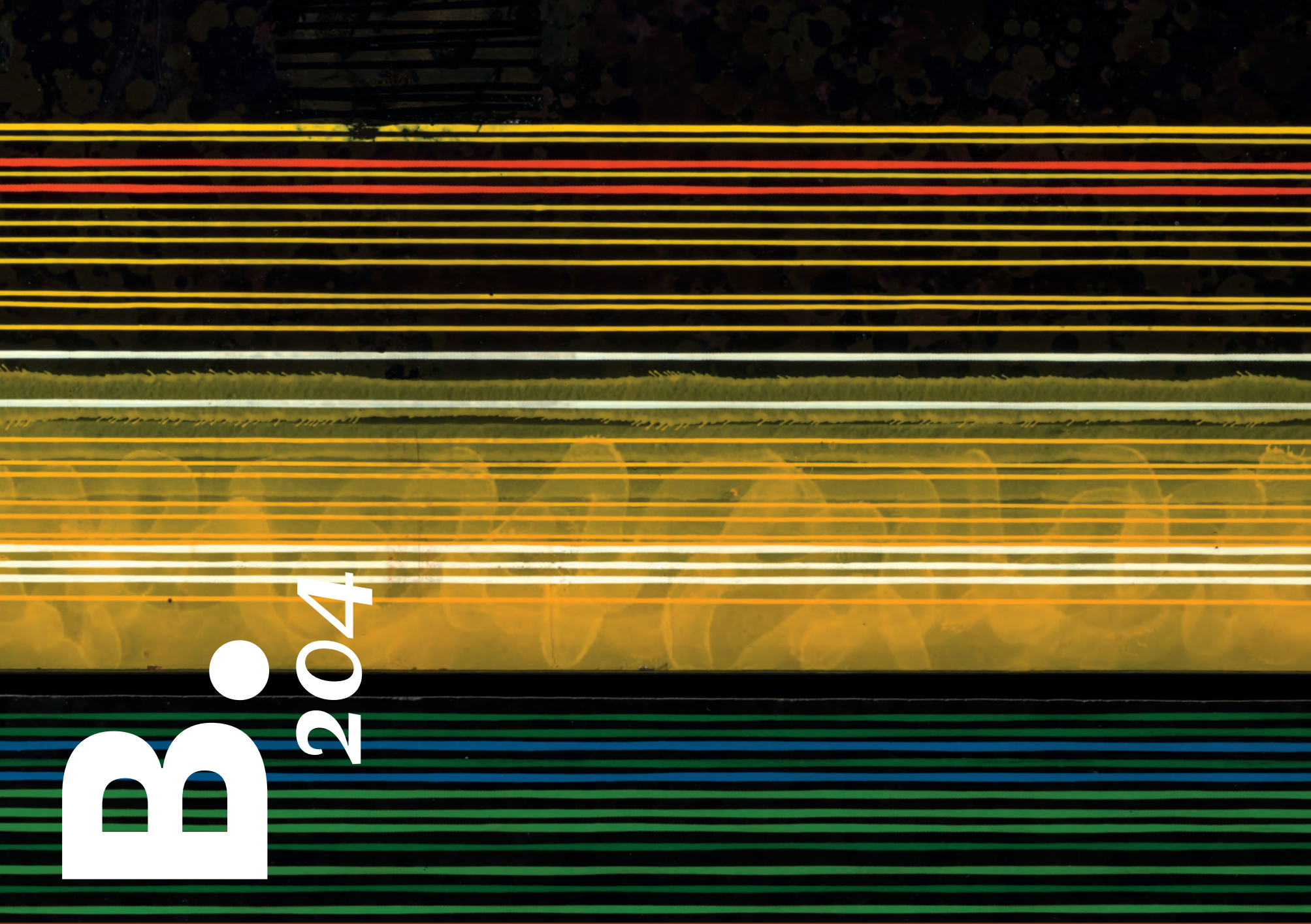

B.204

Christchurch Art Gallery
Te Puna o Waiwhetū
***Bulletin* Issue no.204**
Winter 2021

B.204

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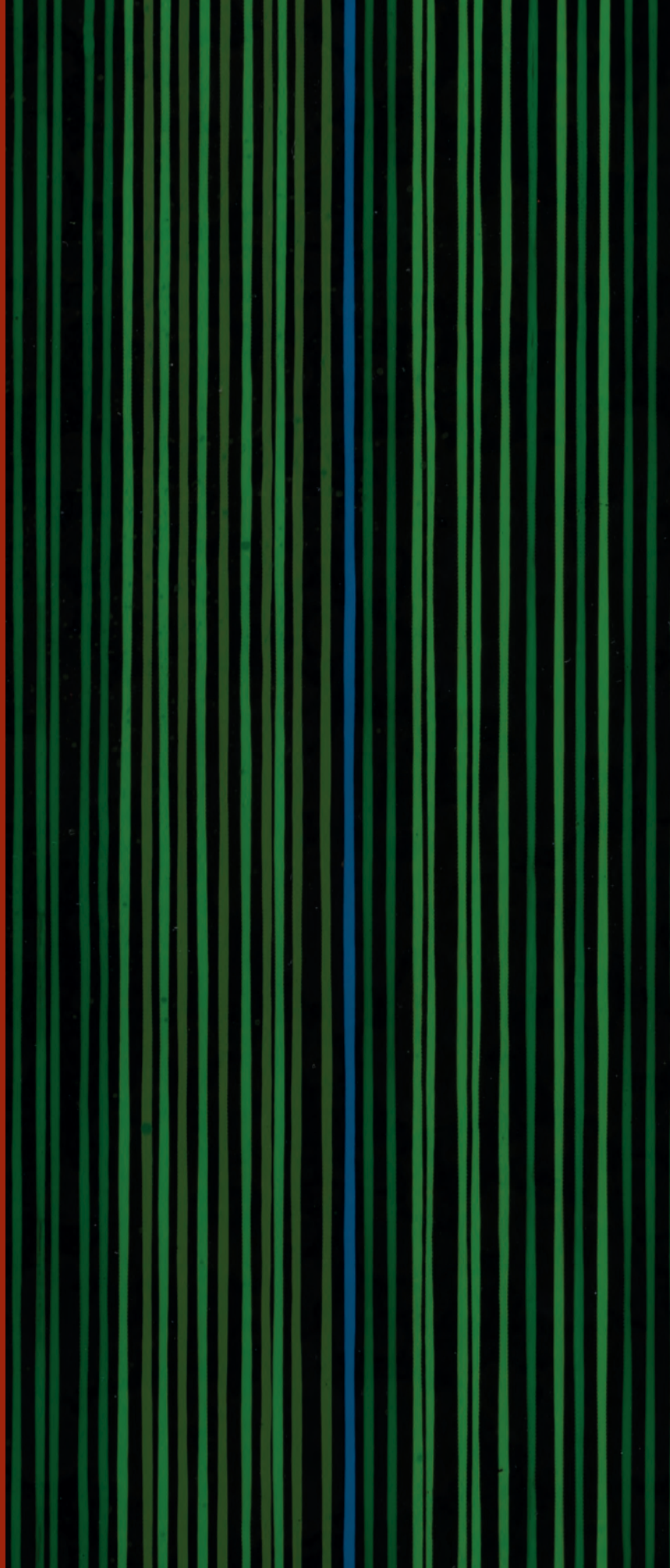

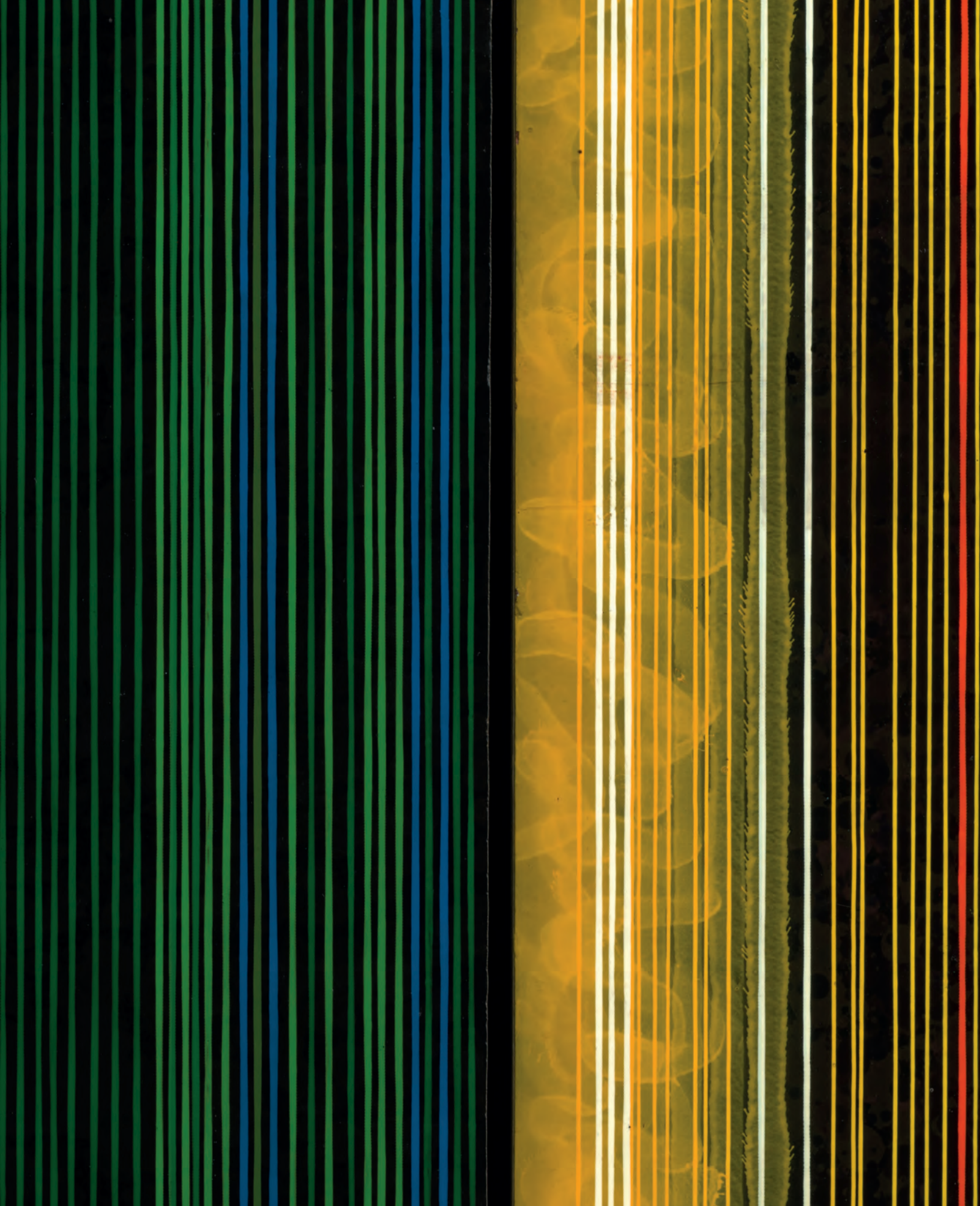

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Cover and previous spread: Ralph Hotere *Godwit/Kuaka* (detail) 1977. Enamel on board. Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of Auckland International Airport Ltd, 1997

Director's Foreword

BLAIR JACKSON
May 2021

Welcome to the winter edition of *Bulletin*. In this issue of the magazine we hear from writer and rongoā practitioner Arihia Latham (Kāi Tahu), who looks at celebrated Kāi Tahu artist Lonnie Hutchinson's new project for our gallery spaces and forecourt. Rongoā is the traditional form of plant-based medicine practiced by Māori, and *Ahu Tīmataka / Trace Elements* brings together rongoā plantings on the Gallery's forecourt and cut-out works in an exhibition space upstairs. Foremost amongst the plants featured in the exhibition is kawakawa—the most important herb in Māori traditional healing. Latham finds a project that questions our construction of spaces, and the exterior versus the interior presentation of ourselves.

Hutchinson has also created the pagework for this issue, repurposing what would otherwise be waste materials from the construction of her project. Building her image from the negative spaces she cuts from wallpaper sheets, she bakes her ideas of manaakitanga into the pages of this magazine.

Matariki Williams (Tūhoe, Taranaki, Ngāti Whakaue, Ngāti Hauiti) responds to Ralph Hotere's magnificent *Godwit/Kuaka*, which is currently on display in *Ātete (to resist)*. Her poetic response is a beautiful lens through which to view the work—if you can, I recommend you take this *Bulletin* into the exhibition and read her piece with the immensity of Hotere's painting in front of you. And Reuben Woods explores a form of street art that is under-represented in recent discussions around Ōtautahi Christchurch, and other cities, as a street art destination. We've seen paste-ups appear in this magazine before, but only incidentally. Easy to make, often collaborative in nature, and frequently irreverent in tone, they can add moments of levity or unexpected engagement to the urban environment.

We are also really pleased to be able to include an interview with retired potter and former president of the Canterbury Potters' Association, Rex Valentine. Rex has been a pivotal figure in the development of ceramics as an artform in Canterbury since the late 1960s, and is currently working with Gallery staff and local writer and curator Grant Banbury to shed some light on our ceramic holdings. This is an area of our collection that we are keen focus on more, so it's wonderful to finally be able to appropriately contextualise these important pieces of art.

We also feature a look at artist Francis Upritchard's recent stay as the inaugural artist in residence at the Sutton House. Now fully restored and overseen by the Sutton Heritage House and Garden Trust, artist Bill Sutton's former home stands in Christchurch's residential red zone. Designed for the artist by architect and artist Tom Taylor, the preservation and repurposing of this house is an exciting development for the city and the Ōtākaro

Avon River Corridor. The house has great potential as a community resource and, importantly for us, the site of a new residency programme.

The Gallery is committed to developing a residency programme which will see invited artists spend time working and living in the house. It's early days yet, but I'm really excited about the long-term possibilities. We're very much looking forward to working with the Ilam School of Fine Arts on this project too.

Our Foundation's annual dinner this year will focus on our ambitions to develop this into an outstanding residency programme for the city. The dinner will be a celebration of the ongoing opportunities that the Sutton House residency presents us for the future. Tickets to this event are available from the Foundation—for more information please see page 62 of this magazine.

And finally, in late April we launched a pre-sales fundraising campaign to finance the production of our new book on the art of Flying Nun Records, *Hellzapoppin'!* Featuring a limited edition of 200 hand-screenprinted dustjackets and 200 posters, it's been wonderful to work with artist Ronnie van Hout to produce these highly collectible items, which are based on an absolute classic—Van Hout's flying saucer cover for the Pin Group's 1982 *Go To Town* EP.

It was 1984 when I first came to Christchurch to study at the School of Fine Arts, and that was also the year that Flying Nun entered my record bins (where it still holds a special place). I no longer remember what bands actually played at the University of Canterbury orientation week that year but it was the moment that New Zealand music became very much part of my life—late-night live gigs in sifty bars, waiting for bursary cheques to arrive to spend in record stores (and at gigs) and exploring Christchurch streets filled with incredible band posters, paste-ups and graffiti. *Hellzapoppin'!* is a great opportunity to revisit this important time in New Zealand's art and music history, and I'd like to thank all those who bought books and posters in the pre-sale offer and made it happen.

The Place Our Shadow is Cast

Arihia Latham

Above and previous spread: Lonnie Hutchinson *Fresh Cut* (detail) 2021. Wallpaper, bitumen paper, raffia, pins. Courtesy of the artist

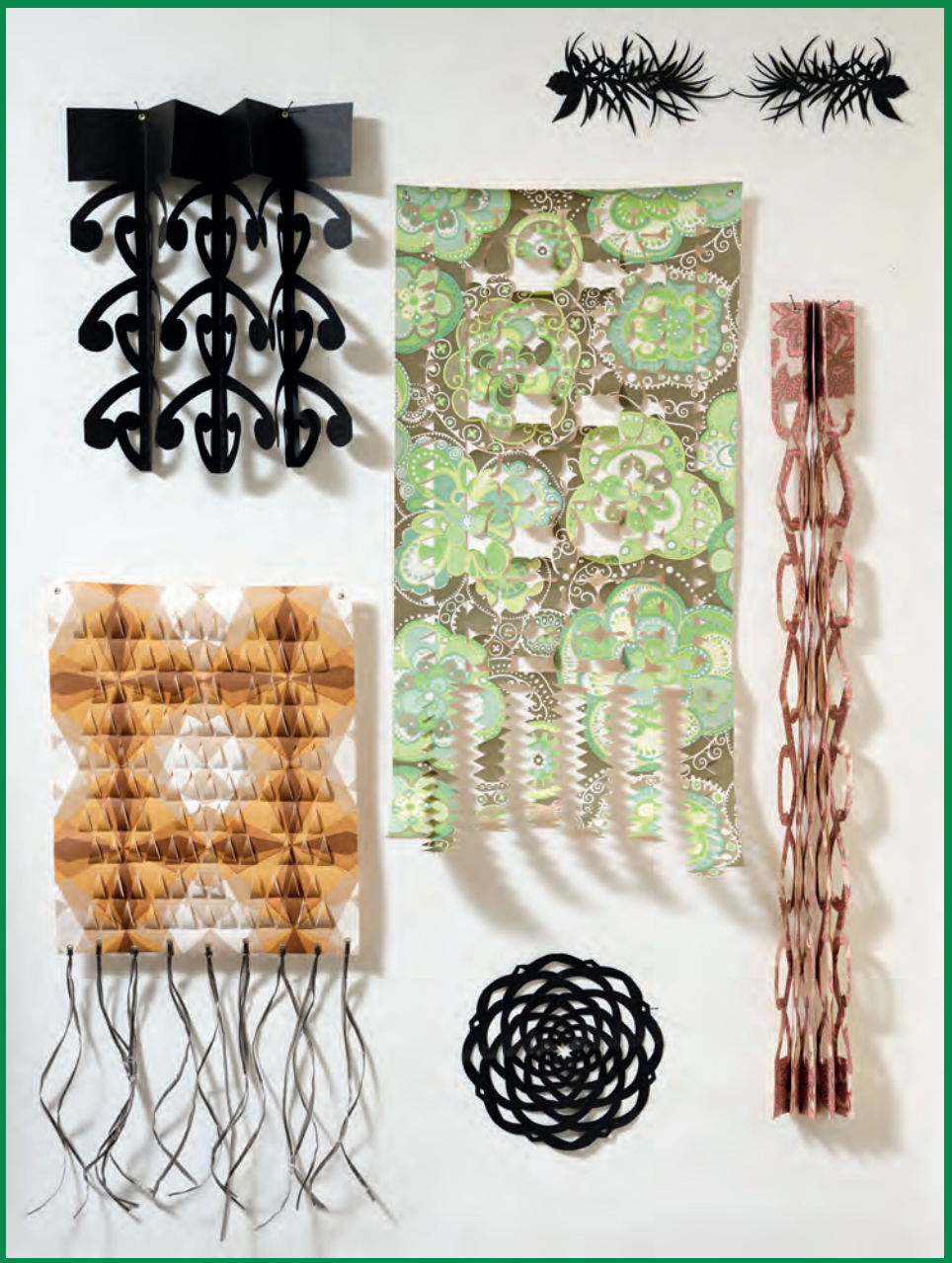
Lonnie Hutchinson's new exhibition at Te Puna o Waiwhetū Christchurch Art Gallery is a calling—between living rākau rongoā planted on the forecourt of the Gallery and imprints of their leaves cut into wallpaper and metal inside. It questions our construction of spaces, the exterior versus the interior presentation of ourselves, inevitably exposing our own health and that of our taiao. Lonnie talks about rongoā, medicinal plant extracts, as being human-made, in as much as paper is human-made from plants, or aluminium cladding from bauxite in the earth. She carves the shapes of leaves into paper and aluminium and we are asked to step with her into te whare tapa wha—the house of healing. Sir Mason Durie designed this whare with a pillar for our tinana, our hinengaro, our wairua and our whānau and it is these things that I feel Hutchinson is asking us to notice in her deconstructed rongoā built of the elements, extracted from the earth, intrinsic to our whakapapa.

When we talk about this tension of human-made things, it is a fine line, because we as humans like to take credit for a lot of things. Rongoā is really just something we discovered we could utilise, that already exists, because of whakapapa. Our tīpuna were resourceful, making use of the natural elements around them, but they were also considerate, mostly knowing when to protect or cease. As time has gone on, we have become less connected to the resources of nature and our impact and it is this tension I can sense Hutchinson is unpacking in her work.

One of the most beneficial ego busters is the knowledge of your ancestral lines of whakapapa. Knowing who you come after helps to make sense of why we still suck so hungrily from our environment, and ultimately don't have much to offer back. We are the pōtiki, the youngest of creation. When Papatūānuku was clothed with the forest, the trees in turn oxygenated the atmosphere. Then Hineahuone, the first woman, was formed from clay by Tāne Mahuta. Her breath was the first to draw in that new element, the first to exhale her koha back. Her lineage went back to the heavens: Rehua, Urutengangana and Puanga are all relatives that present as stars. From her, our bodies were crafted from the elements of earth, water and space. Hydrogen, oxygen, carbon and nitrogen fill every cell. Our whare basically houses the table of elements. It begs the question "Why aren't we better descendants?"

I was told that the reason the trees can heal us is because they were sent to heal our earth mother Papatūānuku. The intelligence of the trees meant that in turn they responded to their environment, and therefore the creatures that began to inhabit the world. A tree can stop a person haemorrhaging, can numb the pain of their nervous system, can stimulate hydrochloric acid production and reduce spasms in the lungs. Trees are the tīpuna,

Kawakawa (*Piper excelsum*). Photo: John Collie



Lonnie Hutchinson *Fresh Cut* (detail) 2021. Wallpaper, bitumen paper, raffia, pins. Courtesy of the artist

Harakeke (*Phormium tenax*). Photo: John Collie

ancestors to ngā tangata. They know things. Kawakawa (*Piper excelsum)* was said to have been sent from Io, the highest consciousness, to heal Papatūānuku's broken heart. Its heart-shaped leaves, despite being ravaged by anuhe, become stronger in our bodies. They fortify our hearts, stimulating our blood flow and our immunity, soothing our puku and calming our minds. Lonnie uses the shapes of kawakawa to leave heart-sized chasms in the fabric of our buildings. Asking for the hearts of people to fill the whare and meet their negative forms, to replenish the symmetry in the hearth.

When I go home to my marae at Waihao, my heart thuds nervously like it is waiting for a shape cut in the walls of the whare to nestle back into. It thuds its doubts loudly: I wasn't raised here, do I belong? I wasn't raised here, will you remember me? I wasn't raised here but I have my Nan's nose. There on the deforested east coast of the South Island of Aotearoa, rongoā has been carefully planted at the gate of the marae. Tōtara, horopito, mānuka, koromiko and harakeke. The latter's big silvery tails whip in the wind, the dark kōrari glint from their belly. The gel I collect from the leaves is the most anti-inflammatory, soothing and toning ingredient I know. It quells the cries from grazes and stings, burns and lacerations; it is also the material we use to plait muka ties for our babies' pito, to weave whāriki for whanau to sit on, kono for our kai to be served in. Sitting to weave makes us slow down—no wonder it is mostly the role of the tāua because all of us have ants in our pants, as my Nan used to say. Not that Nan ever taught me to weave, or even talked of home. She just pinched my nose a bit and sighed, saying I had "gone and got her nose, poor thing". I wished I was brave enough to tell her that I liked my nose and wanted her to take me home. The gel of harakeke, the ropes and mats and kete, they are binding us across time, pulling us home. They tie our pito, while returning our whenua to the earth, reminding us where we are from. The silver leaves dry golden and warm. They form places to hold things, places to store our hearts.

The grass by the marae is dried to a gold rust at this time of year. Like a cursory dusting of rouge over Nan's parched cheeks. Below the sandy soil, the huge jawbones of a humpback whale are buried to cure and harden in the elements of the earth. When ready they will form the waharoa to stand beside the stone carving of Paikea that greets us as we arrive home. Reminding us that we come through Kahungunu and Porou and are of Paikea. Whakapapa is important.

Bones are made of calcium, and we need vitamin D to absorb that calcium into our skeleton. We need the sunshine to strengthen our bones. When the sunshine catches on the metal of Hutchinson's work it casts shadows of leaves onto the building. The metal forms push rongoā into the bones of the house and whisper stories of whakapapa from the jaws of their skeleton. No gallery or whare wall

will be the same once the stories of these negative spaces have been cast with light. Hine-Tītama, the dawn, was the daughter of Hineahuone, and became the night in the form of Hine-nui-te-pō. We come from her in life and we go to her in death. So before the first light of dawn breathes on the human-made creations of our natural world, we bless their passing from te ao, the light, to te pō, the darkness. When a new whare is blessed, because the materials came from ngā atua, such as wood and paper from Tāne or metal from Papa, the tapu is lifted with karakia. Kawakawa leaves are used to communicate between the two spaces of tapu, sacred and noa, neutral, as they are a gift from Io, the Supreme Being, to Papatūānuku, Earth Mother. The shapes of our hearts are the leaves, the gateway they create is to traverse to te taha wairua, clearing the path.

When the tapu is lifted from Lonnie Hutchinson's new works at the Gallery, the marama will be in Ōkoro, the first quarter of the moon. It is a good time for planting all the way to Tamatea-āio, the perfect balance of a half moon. When the light of Ōturu the full moon is here, the shapes of plants will be etched into the walls of the building with the karakia of the atua they whakapapa to. The mauri of the line of ancestors, the atua and the stars will be reflected in the strength of the moon's glow and our harvest.

What each of us harvest from the imprints Hutchinson creates will be different. What detail we notice, what sounds we hear alongside the visual imagery will be only ours. The aligning marama above us will cast a different horoscope on our experience and the line of whakapapa behind us will determine what stories come through to remind us to go home. The muka fibres of harakeke will whip around our waists reminding us that we are soothed and bound in a long line of birth and death. The wind of Tāwhirimatea will blow the leaves that made the ropes and the soil will start to soften into something more inhabitable. The whāriki will be laid down inside the whare beside the table of elements and we will be invited to come inside and breathe oxygen and release carbon and remember our hinengaro is just as, and no more, important than our wairua. The tāua will sit weaving and remind us we are always rushing and that keeping quiet wouldn't hurt. The jawbones of whales take years to cure in the cool earth of Papatūānuku. Bones that needed the sunlight, now need the darkness. The cycle of birth and death to remind us that we came from whales and there is no rush—and this is perhaps the real rongoā. Taking time to slow down and listen to the sounds that come with the images cast in shadows, weaving the connections that were always there; the ones we are too busy to listen to most days. The trees just planted out front may outlive us all and they know things. Like how to heal our broken hearts and trace broken lines home.

Trees that have been sitting for hundreds of years, slowly absorbing our carbon and releasing oxygen for us to breathe and falling to become waka and wharenui. They've grown from the nutrients of bones in the soil that once needed sunlight. They've grown in miniscule incremental millimetres and bloomed and fruited and scattered seed. A tree can stop a person haemorrhaging, can numb the pain of their nervous system, can stimulate hydrochloric acid production and reduce spasms in the lungs. Trees are the tīpuna to ngā tangata. They know things. We are their descendants and so no wonder we feel like they did all the hard work. One day though, we'll have to be good tīpuna too. We'll need to find the place our shadow is cast, the place our heart is cut out for, a place where we could scatter seed.

***Arihia Latham** (Kāi Tahu) is a writer, rongoā practitioner, facilitator and māmā. Her work has been published widely including in* Huia, Landfall, The Spinoff *and* Pantograph Punch. *She writes a regular arts column for Stuff and has presented for RNZ, Verb Festival, NZ Festival of the Arts, Te Hā and Auckland Writers Festival.*

Lonnie Hutchinson: Ahu Tīmataka / Trace Elements *is on display until 31 October 2021.*

Glossary

anuhe-kūmara moth caterpillars

atua-deity, ancestor with continuing influence

hinengaro-intellect, mind, consciousness

karakia-incantation, prayer

koha-gift

kono-small basket

kōrari-flower stem of harakeke (flax)

marama-moon

mauri-life force

muka-prepared central fibres of harakeke (flax)

ngā tangata-all people

noa-neutral

Papatūānuku-the land

pito-bellybutton

pōtiki-youngest child

Puanga-Rigel, seventh brightest star in the night sky, recognised by some Iwi in the far north as the harbinger of Matariki, the Māori New Year

puku-stomach, instinct

Rehua-Antares, the brightest star in the constellation Scorpius and associated with summer

rongoā-medicinal plant extract

tapu-sacred, restiricted, or reserved

tāua-grandmother (Ngāi Tahu dialect)

POST MORE BILLS

Reuben Woods

Perhaps no other art movement has undergone the expansive shift that urban art has experienced since the turn of the millennium. Today the subversive, disruptive and anti-institutional origins of graffiti and street art sit alongside, perhaps even behind, contemporary muralism, street art festivals, blockbuster museum exhibitions and urban art auctions. When considering this evolution from rebellious outsider forms with strong do-it-yourself ethics to an increasingly nebulous contemporary identity, aspects of Ōtautahi Christchurch's recent and somewhat unexpected urban art profile provide the chance for reflection.

Sprouting, as it does in most cities, from graffiti culture, Christchurch's small and relatively youthful urban art scene extends back beyond the earthquake cluster, but the post-disaster terrain and its subsequent reincarnations have provided a fascinating setting for the performances of urban art. Graffiti writers, already entrenched in the city's peripheral and liminal spaces, were the first to take advantage of the broken landscape, adding existential layers to the city's empty buildings. Their example was followed by the diverse interventions of guerrilla street artists, who played off the city's social, physical and political landscape. Finally, the rise of commissioned muralism cast its enveloping shadow over those more reckless roots, gaining plaudits and garnering an international reputation.

While all three strands still coexist within the shifting local environment, muralism and graffiti have maintained the greatest prominence: muralism as a celebrated form of public art, graffiti as an enduring and vilified subculture. Yet post-graffiti street art, while less conspicuous and less grandiose, remains engaging for its diversity and revealing relationships with the urban environment. Bypassing permission to disrupt the daily experience with unexpected, intimate moments of engagement, guerrilla street art affords unshackled creative freedom.

Graffiti adheres to its signature-based roots, and outside of more avant-garde approaches, largely stays true to its traditional tools: spray cans and marker pens.[1] Although more wide-ranging thematically, muralism is also largely consistent as an image-making process.[2] Not constrained, however, by the same rigidity of approach, street artists have embraced a wider materiality that is often inspired by details of the urban setting. From Invader's pixelated mosaics to Olek's camouflaged yarn-bombings and Slinkachu's tiny sculptures, the spectrum is as broad as the imagination allows. By embracing material, stylistic and thematic possibilities, artists can engage with their surroundings—hiding in plain sight, creating juxtapositions, highlighting absurdities, and raising questions about the relationship between art, artist, setting and audience.

In Christchurch, one form of street art in particular has allowed artists to engage with the changing environment. Paste-ups, from giant Band-Aids to strips of bacon, have populated a layered cityscape where change has been constant and forms of visual communication omnipresent. A specific, yet broadly defined element of street art, paste-ups are works on paper applied to urban surfaces using a variety of adhesives—traditionally homemade wheat paste. Paste-ups range widely in size and methods of production, and are accessible and inviting. They echo historical instances of public posters and other urban ephemera, and draw on aesthetic, physical and social cues from the urban sphere for their meaning.[3] From political campaign posters and advertising billboards to the protest posters of the Paris student revolt of 1968 and the street visuals of subcultures such as punk and hip-hop, varied influences imbue paste-ups with echoes of familiarity, often subverted by an anarchic sense of humour and DIY aesthetic.

The litany of artists who have pasted their work to public walls throughout the world is lengthy. From Jenny Holzer and The Guerrilla Girls, whose text-based works critiqued social and institutional norms, to Robbie Conal, whose gnarled caricatures of Ronald Reagan emphasised the political lineage, and Blek le Rat, who transferred his stencils to paper to avoid harsher punishments,[4] street posters and paste-ups have been adopted by artists for decades. Revs and Cost, whose nineties fly-poster campaigns blurred the distinction between graffiti and street art, inspired Shepard Fairey's now iconic OBEY paste-ups, a copy-shop exercise in Heideggerian phenomenology. More recently, Swoon's woodcut portraits have illustrated the beauty in deterioration, Faile's pop-inspired posters have combined comic book and advertising aesthetics, while JR's black and white photographs have made overlooked communities visible.[5] Such performances are intimately tied to their specific settings, and here in Ōtautahi, paste-ups have drawn not only on these precedents and associations, but also the local environment and experience.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While concert posters, political and protest fly-posters and advertising provide instances of the local lineage of urban postering, Inkest's larger-than-life burlesque figures, serving as urban caryatids on the pillars of the Colombo Street underpass, provide pre-quake paste-up examples. Slowly deteriorating over time, the figures made use of both the specific physical forms on which they were pasted, and a liminal space that sat outside the city's normal economy of use. Their presence offered an edgy alternative to the crowds in the city's more active zones.

The post-quake landscape further highlighted the potential performances of paste-ups. In mid-2011, following a significant aftershock, Dr Suits and Jenna Ingram's oversized paper Band-Aids began to appear around the city – touching but ultimately futile gestures of healing applied over cracked and crumbling walls. Writer Justin Paton noted that as a public intervention it was both tender and ironic:

> *On one hand it feels like an expression of genuine care, with the artist as a kind of urban physician... But you can also see it as an expression of anxiety and frustration, as if the artist is wondering, in the face of all this damage, what anyone can actually do.*[6]

Indeed, the inability of the paper plasters to repair broken buildings hinted at the size of the task confronting the city. In one instance brickwork fell through a Band-Aid, highlighting the futility. Pasting rather than painting the Band-Aids was a telling decision, the literal act of applying a caring veneer would not have been as apparent in paint. Similarly, the deterioration of the paper tracked the passage of time and reinforced the slow process of healing; part of the urban patina, they reflected the wear and tear of the urban setting like dissipating surgical stitches.

While the Band-Aids were an earnest response to the broken city, the 'Band-Aid Bandits' also illustrated a playful sense of humour in other paste-ups, such as the 'Best Demo' rosette awarded to the crowd-pleasing demolition of the Hotel Grand Chancellor. Like the Band-Aids, the rosette benefitted from its paper form, the DIY quality and large size highlighted the absurdity, while its application to the surrounding hurricane fencing created a visible juxtaposition with the exposed demolition site. Lasting only as long as the fencing stayed erect, the joke never outlived its reference.

If the Bandits' illustrative paste-ups borrowed from street art's iconographic tendencies, working on paper also allows alternative image-making approaches. Applying large-scale photographs to the wooden window insets of the vacated Normal School in Cranmer Square, Mike Hewson evoked our connection to lost spaces. On the doomed heritage building, the photographs of the artist's time in the studio spaces of the also quake-damaged Government Life building both depicted a lived-experience for Hewson and reactivated a much-loved building. This latter quality was emphasised by comments from the passing audience, who recalled music lessons or other experiences inside the building. Either way, the images, originally installed anonymously, evoked memories of place and recognised the impact of the quakes on such relationships. By using photographs, Hewson was depicting real people with real stories; even if identities were obscured by their guerrilla installation and lack of explanation, the reality was clear, touching and shared.[7]

Mark Catley's sentimental paste-ups also took advantage of the wooden hoardings around the city, his stylised images of *Star Wars* figurines applied to the temporary surfaces. Recognising the transitional quality of the plywood fixtures in combination with the less invasive nature of the paper applications, Catley's installations sidestepped the anger drawn by more direct interventions. Nostalgia for the heroes and villains of a generations-spanning pop culture phenomenon added to this warm reception. Drawing on the visual noise of the urban city, yet without the manipulation of advertising, Catley's geek-powered paste-ups subverted expectations of the cityscape, the life-sized scale of what for many were childhood companions adding a playful, whimsical quality to a landscape that at times felt like a galaxy far, far away.

The recent emergence of the Slap City crew, distanced from the overbearing influence of the earthquakes, has provided a different body of work to consider. The Slap City collective is a disparate and amorphous group of artists pasting their work across the city, reinforcing the freedom and diversity in post-graffiti, but also suggesting a communal potential. Established by Lyttelton-based artist Teeth Like Screwdrivers, Slap City began as a monthly sticker workshop but has since become something more adventurous, its members taking to the streets with buckets of paste, filling brick walls and wooden hoardings with conglomerations of work.[8]

The various members of the collective range from graffiti writers and street artists to découpage, collage

Opposite: A collection of paste-ups amongst the cacophony of interventions in a popular Hereford Street location.

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1 Princess Leia in Lyttelton, another of Mark Catley's *Star Wars* paste-ups.

2 The Best Demo rosette was awarded to the site of the Hotel Grand Chancellor demolition in 2012.

3 A line up of Teeth Like Screwdrivers' playful gnomes in central Christchurch.

4 An overloaded door in the central city featuring work by the Slap City collective and their international networks.

5 The wooden partition of a damaged building hosts a range of Slap City paste-ups.

6 Detail from Mike Hewson's *Homage to Lost Spaces*, central Christchurch, 2012.

7 Paste-ups by Bexie Lady and Cape of Storms.

8 One of Mark Catley's *Star Wars* paste-ups, this time of the droid BB-8 from the latest trilogy.

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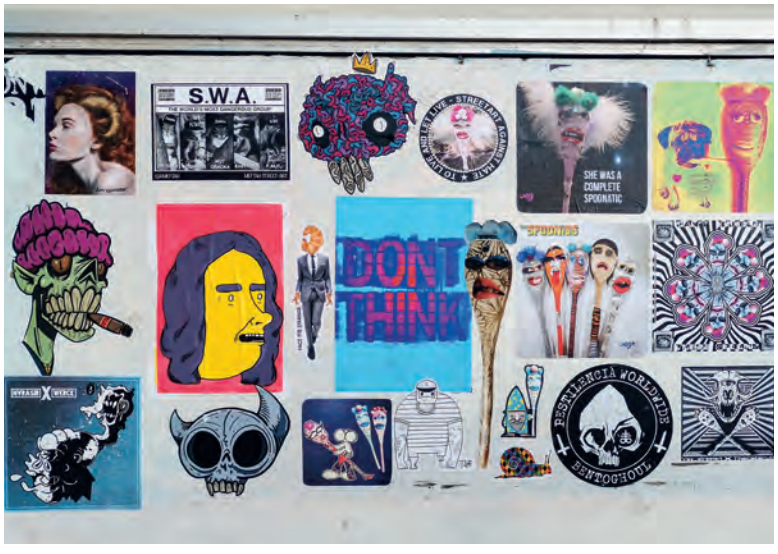

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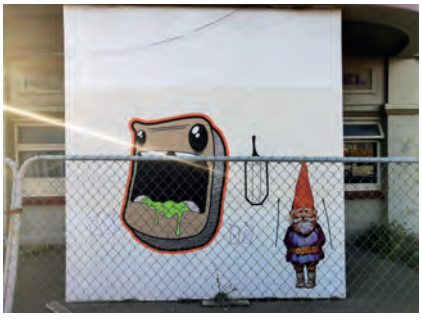
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9 Dr Suits: Urban Contemporary Artist in Cathedral Square.

10 A large Teeth Like Screwdrivers pencil and a Vez spoon are surrounded by other paste-ups in the central city.

11 Obscured by construction signage, Mark Catley's *Star Wars* paste-ups can still be found around the city.

12 A stop sign is altered with the presence of a paste-up of a 1980s professional wrestler.

13 Cape of Storms' paste-ups combine vintage advertising with humour.

14 A collection of paste-ups featuring Vez, Cape of Storms, Vermin, Your Alright You Are and Diva Dog.

15 A selection of paste-ups, featuring Fuzzy Logic, Cape of Storms, Vermin, Vez, RMEFTAH, Your Alright You Are, Eraquario, Snail Gang and Usurp the Streets.

16 A collection of paste-ups in New Brighton featuring local and international artists.

17 Bongo and Teeth Like Screwdrivers in Lyttelton.


NISSE
RIKTIG
STØRRELSE

and cross-stitch makers. This diversity is mirrored in the evident thematic interests, and paste-ups deal with social issues, personal politics, absurd humour and seemingly meaningless iconography. Teeth Like Screwdrivers' pencils, sitting between instant identification and recurring mystery, add moments of levity to the urban experience. Vez's anthropomorphic spoons follow a similar path, each unique character forming part of a larger cutlery collective. Alternatively, by combining images from vintage publications with humorous text, Cape of Storms provides a hint of commentary around human relationships, and Bexie Lady's female forms both break the expected decorum of official visuals and reinforce body positivity. This scope reflects the fact that paste-up street art, imbued with the associations of urban postering, does not require explicit messaging for meaning. The lineage of political, protest and advertising posters empower pasted interventions with potential readings, even the absurd or seemingly nonsensical.

Notably, paste-ups enable a network of sharing and collaboration. Not only does the application process at times necessitate teamwork, but works on paper and digital files can be easily shared, printed and even added to as a collaboration, allowing an artist's work to span continents. In Christchurch, paste-ups by international artists such as Your Alright You Are, Vision Ox, Fuzzy Logic and countless more, have been pasted by local artists. Adding a cosmopolitan element to the local setting and highlighting the adaptability of the form, these examples also raise questions about authorship, execution, location and transference.

Over the last decade, paste-ups have engaged with the local cityscape in numerous ways, from direct references to the impact of the earthquakes, to exercises in phenomenology where apparently meaningless images challenge our expectations. As a strand of post-graffiti street art, paste-ups can draw on a particular lineage of influence, the material and tactical qualities of postering, and the potential relationship with both setting and audience in their performances. Perhaps a final local example highlights these myriad concerns. On an inner-city hoarding surrounding a construction site, Dr Suits' paste-up explorations were condensed into one poster. Appearing like an advertisement for an as-yet-unpublished book, the peeling paste-up echoed sanctioned commercial imagery, yet it technically only advertised the presence of an urban artist, echoing official channels of promotion with a DIY gusto. The photo, accompanied with text identifying the artist as an 'urban contemporary artist', featured Dr Suits pasting a large collage, highlighting the evolution of his style from illustrative to abstract.[9] In encapsulating these ideas in a singular work, Dr Suits was able to draw on the multi-faceted potential of post-graffiti paste-ups, a reminder that perhaps, existing in the shadows of urban art's more prominent forms might just illuminate their performance.

***Dr Reuben Woods** is an Ōtautahi Christchurch-based writer and curator. His interests lie in the field of graffiti, street art and urban art practices.*

1 Additional methods include stickers, paint rollers, paint-filled fire extinguishers and drones.

2 While styles increasingly vary, muralism is fundamentally the creation of a two-dimensional painted image on a wall or surface.

3 Claudia Walde draws this lineage back to the 1950s, suggesting it is "intertwined with the growth of the advertising industry", and noting that many urban artists have "cited the fight against ubiquitous consumer manipulation as their primary motivation for choosing to work so publicly in the streets." Walde, *Sticker City: Paper Graffiti Art*, Thames & Hudson, London, 2007, p.12.

4 Blek reasoned that "if the police caught him in the act, he could just rip down the work and avoid arrest." Simon Armstrong, *Street Art*, Thames & Hudson, London, 2019, p.52.

5 In his *Inside Out* project, JR eventually ceded control, enabling contributors to upload photographs and receive printed versions to paste themselves. Nato Thomson noted this evolution: "No longer limited by JR actually having to be at each site, and instead acting as a facilitator of mass participation, the project appeared across the globe simultaneously. A global network emerged, with participants able to both act locally and share an international platform." Nato Thomson, 'If a smile is a weapon: The art of JR', in *JR: Can Art Change The World?*, Phaidon, London, 2015, p.39.

6 Justin Paton, 'Perimeter Notes: A Day Around the Red Zone', in *Bulletin B.167*, autumn 2012, p.19.

7 The originally anonymous project became sanctioned when Hewson was granted permission and funding to complete a final piece. Further commissions then explored the potential of large-scale adhesive projects, including an illusionistic reflection of the Government Life building. Barnaby Bennett, Eugenio Boidi and Irene Boles (eds.), *Christchurch: The Transitional City, Pt. IV*, Freerange Press, Christchurch, 2012, p.30.

8 Teeth Like Screwdrivers has explained the reality behind the collective: "Slap City is about the people who turn up, nothing else. One week we all get into making big paste-ups, or collaborating on some new labels someone brought along, cranking out piles of slaps, or just hanging out and talking shop about paint markers or how sticky a particular NZ Post label is. There is no agenda, just a bunch of people who hang out and enjoy adding their own glitter to the city." Interview with the artist, January 2021.

9 The image also suggested the development of Dr Suits' eponymous character who had been pasted around the post-quake city as a cultured alternative to the pervasive construction crews, transformed into a real presence. Bennett, Boidi and Boles (eds.), 2012, p.80.

Opposite: A Teeth Like Screwdrivers' gnome paste-up sits alongside the wear and tear of the urban environment.
Following spread: The futility of the paper Band-Aids was revealed when brick work crumbled from underneath this version on Manchester Street.


I'LL KISS
IT BETTER

LAST HOUSE STANDING

The living legacy of W. A. Sutton

Sally Blundell

Behind a high-walled garden on the city edge of the red zone, a crooked fig tree peers through the window into what was once the studio-living room of leading Canterbury School artist Bill Sutton.

"I am obsessed with that tree," says London-based New Zealand artist Francis Upritchard. "I love it—it has such a personality. I've done a lot of paintings of that tree."

Upritchard is the inaugural W. A. Sutton House artist in residence, an initiative set up by Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū and the Ilam School of Fine Arts at the University of Canterbury in conjunction with the Sutton Heritage House and Garden Charitable Trust. Already, two months after moving into the Templar Street property, two sculpted figures—bodies draped in a farrago of refashioned fabrics, shrunken gloves and strange headwear—stand poised on their table plinths in the large, light-filled studio. Outside, below the wheelchair ramp, the figure of Sisyphus, the death-defying trickster of Greek mythology, lies newly formed in a configuration of natural rubber that has been heated, softened, shaped then cooled in large tubs on the driveway under the fig tree.

Upritchard is familiar with her environment. She grew up in Christchurch; she knows many of the Gallery staff now helping her with this exhibition. "It could have been a horrible feeling—parochial and small—but it just feels kind and supportive. The house is cold but it has a warm feeling—it is beautiful, it is quiet, it is of an era I adore, and the light is good, especially the afternoon light. And I love that it was made for art."

But this house made for art nearly didn't survive. Following the 2011 earthquake the modernist house, designed for Sutton by his friend and University of Canterbury colleague, sculptor Tom Taylor, and built in 1963, was one of the 5,000 houses slated for demolition as part of the residential red zone along the Ōtākaro Avon River Corridor.

However, the house's then owner Neil Roberts had other plans. Not only did he want to save the house and garden; he also wanted to give it back to the city as an artist residency and community venue.

This vision dates back to the late 1970s when Roberts, then senior curator at the Robert McDougall Art Gallery, began to promote the idea of a permanent artist in residence programme linked to the gallery. When Olivia Spencer Bower died in 1984, he suggested using her Merivale house and studio as a residency, but the Olivia Spencer Bower Foundation didn't want to own property and the artist hadn't gifted the house in her will. Following Sutton's death in 2000, Roberts suggested the W. A. Sutton Trust give that house to the art gallery. It seemed ideal. The house was one of the few buildings designed by Taylor; it was designed specifically for an artist; and it said much about Sutton himself—his art, his aesthetic and his famous sociability (Taylor's daughter, Bridget Cassels, recalls helping her parents clean up the aftermath of Sutton's 50th birthday toga party). As former Christchurch Art Gallery curator Lara Strongman wrote, the small two-storey house reveals the tension "between modernism and the colonial, which was such a pivotal dynamic in the development of New Zealand twentieth-century culture, and which was a major aspect of Bill's own work."[1]

But again, there was nothing in Sutton's will to support such a venture and the Trust needed the money from the sale of the property. In 2006, Roberts decided to buy the newly covenanted property himself with a long-term goal to leave it to the city.

The 2011 earthquake fast-tracked that goal. By 2014 the house stood alone in a 'ghost street' of empty

Sutton Heritage House and Garden, 2021. Photo: John Collie

red-zoned land—uninsured, almost valueless and vulnerable to burglaries. Eventually he sold the house to the Government but, with the backing of Dame Ann Hercus, efforts to retain the house and garden continued to grow. They finally won through in 2018, when Land Information New Zealand (LINZ) spent $650,000 from its red zone maintenance budget to restore and upgrade the house before transferring ownership to the Council. The newly formed Sutton Heritage House and Garden Charitable Trust would be responsible for the day-to-day operations and maintenance of the house and property while the artist residency would be managed jointly by Christchurch Art Gallery and the Ilam School of Fine Arts at the University of Canterbury.

The timing was fortuitous. Christchurch Art Gallery director Blair Jackson had lined up an exhibition with Francis Upritchard for late 2021. The artist needed a place to live and work. The Sutton house stood newly restored and empty on the park-like fringe of the red zone. "If ever there was a time to launch the planned artist in residency programme," he reasoned, "it was now."

Jackson had long supported the idea of using the Sutton house as an artist residency. In managing the Dunedin Public Art Gallery residency programme during his time there, he had seen at first hand the benefits such residencies bring to cities.

"It is an opportunity for an artist to have time and space but you also see the effect of that injection of new people, energy and ideas. And you end up with a team of international ambassadors talking about your gallery and making recommendations for other artists they think they would be great in this situation. So it is international marketing, a way of spreading the word." In this instance, it is also about activating "a really great house."

"I love the light, the space, the garden, the environment of the Sutton house."

While Upritchard is using her residency to make work for her forthcoming exhibition at the Gallery, this is not a prerequisite for future residencies. "From our point of view there may be exhibition outcomes but it is more about working with the artist to see what opportunities they would like and what opportunities the house gives the Gallery and the art school."

Aaron Kreisler, head of the Ilam School of Fine Arts, knows all too well the value of such residencies. His father, Tom Kreisler, helped set up the Govett Brewster artist in residency programme after being the inaugural recipient of the Trust Bank Canterbury artist in residence at the Christchurch Arts Centre in 1989. "He thought it was a great way for artists to spend time in the community."

The benefits of the Sutton house residency, he says, are myriad. The visiting artist is able to make new work and access studio facilities at the school; the university is celebrating the work of two alumni; and students will be able to engage with resident artists through presentations and in assisting them realise new projects, "so there is some real-world knowledge being passed on, which you can't put a price on."

The residency will also put Sutton's legacy within a more contemporary context, outside the Canterbury School category that has defined his career to date.

"When artists are dealing with history it doesn't have to operate within the same boundaries as other forms of academia—it can be more tangential, more speculative. On another level, it still keeps a level of mystique in terms of the history of the house."

As trustees of the Sutton Heritage House and Garden Trust, Jackson and Kreisler are both keen to avoid the

Artist Francis Upritchard working on a sculpted figure in natural rubber, 2021. Photo: John Collie

Sutton Heritage House and Garden, 2021. Photo: John Collie

Interior of the Sutton Heritage House, showing Sutton's easel. Photo: John Collie

Artist Francis Upritchard working on a sculpted figure with a student from the Ilam School of Fine Arts, 2021. Photo: John Collie

pitfalls that can beset artist residences. While three to six months to spend a sustained period on your practice sounds a dream gig, says Kreisler, the success of a residency can hang or fall on the level of pastoral care given to the visiting artist.

"If we invite an artist we would ensure they were warm and welcome and looked after," says Jackson. "It is that whole manaakitanga of hosting and looking after somebody."

They are also determined that the house itself is seen not as a staged memorial to its original owner—a common pitfall for heritage house museums—but rather as a space that is lived in and activated. The most successful house museums, writes public policy professional Sebastian Clarke, are those that maintain a changing programme of exhibitions and events involving artists, audiences and new curatorial approaches to interpretation. To be frozen in time, he writes, "is a curious fate for any place."[2]

"In my mind, the house and the garden are such a statement about who Bill was," agrees Jackson. "The house doesn't need to be filled with paintings and the history of Bill Sutton as such. It can at times tell that story but it does not need to be permanent. The last thing an artist wants to come into is a place where another artist exists."

The ghost of Sutton does not crowd these rooms. There's an easel and a chair which belonged to the artist; the garden he planted still fruits and blooms, a portrait photograph hangs in the kitchen. But for now, the rooms give space to Upritchard's own art and aesthetic—her painting of the fig tree hangs above the sofa, ceramics bought from the op shop around the corner line the shelves, the work and found objects of fellow artists and collaborators line the studio.

By the end of April, these had gone. Upritchard and her husband, Italian furniture designer Martino Gamper, had left for their home in East London.

Roberts is still hoping his original plan for a new building to be built on the adjoining site will transpire. As with the McCahon House artist residency in Titirangi, this would allow for residencies throughout the year, leaving the original house open for other community events or temporary exhibitions.

In the meantime, on the other side of winter, a new artist in residence, Melbourne-based performance and installation artist Alicia Frankovich, will be carving out a temporary home and working space within the large light-filled living spaces and the small bedrooms upstairs looking out over the curiously crooked fig tree.

***Sally Blundell** is a Christchurch-based journalist and writer, including recent contributions to* Once in a Lifetime *(Freerange Press)*, Extraordinary Anywhere *(VUP) and* Future Perfect *(Goethe-Institut)*.

1 Lara Strongman, 'Please Gerry Brownlee: save this house!', *Homes to Love*, https://www.homestolove.co.nz/real-homes/home-tours/bill-suttons-mid-century-christchurch-gem, accessed 26 March 2021.

2 Sebastian Clarke, 'From Dwelling to Destination: On New Zealand's House Museums', *Pantograph Punch*, 15 May 2019, https://www.pantograph-punch.com/posts/house-museums, accessed 15 January 2021.

A Passion for Clay and Pots

In recent months, retired potter and former president of the Canterbury Potters' Association, Rex Valentine—a man passionate about clay—and art consultant Grant Banbury have been working behind-the-scenes in the Gallery alongside registration, curatorial and conservation staff. They've been assisting with an audit of a part of the collection that we're excited to be working with more—the Gallery's ceramics holdings.

Here Banbury and Valentine discuss the latter's own production and involvement in pottery circles in Canterbury from the late 1960s to the 1980s; his time spent in studying pottery in Japan, and his involvement with pottery acquisitions during Brian Muir's directorship of the Robert McDougall Art Gallery. The edited extracts that follow are from an interview recorded at Valentine's home in Christchurch on 10 April 2021.

Rex Valentine *Jug*, *tin glaze* 1976. Rex Valentine collection. Photo: Keith Nicholson

Grant Banbury: Tell us about your background, Rex.

Rex Valentine: I was born in Christchurch and brought up in the Beckenham loop. I attended Beckenham Primary then Cashmere High School, where young art teachers Quentin MacFarlane and Alan Pearson had a big influence on me. I wasn't good at drawing, but I was good at mobiles...

GB: What got you connected with clay?

RV: I was around twenty, and had a girlfriend who lived near Nelson, in Moutere, and when out one day we stopped at Jack Laird's pottery... I was very new to pottery myself, so I hadn't really taken notice of the whole process—kneading clay, throwing a pot and forming it sort of sparked me a little bit. We also went up to Crewenna Pottery and looked at their pots—I could see the difference—and we visited potter Mirek Smíšek. He was charismatic and we struck up a relationship which lasted a good few years.

GB: Looking back at New Zealand's studio pottery movement, the 1970s were the heyday. Many potters moved to the country, made kilns, developed a rural lifestyle, often with young families.

RV: True, true—it was definitely a lifestyle! Inspired, I came back to Christchurch and started to draw pottery shapes. I designed several pots, a coffee pot and a wine pot. Marie Tothill was teaching pottery at Christ's College but she was too busy to help, so she put me in touch with Denise Welsford who gave me private lessons. Well, I had good throwing ability—I had the strength in my arms and shoulders, I could centre the clay [on the wheel] and do all the basics and if you're one-on-one you can focus. I was able to fire pots in her small electric kiln, and she introduced me to potter Michael Trumic who took me under his wing. He built a kiln for Denise and I picked up the whys and wherefores of it, which was good for me because I liked that technical side... making sure the kiln works correctly; making sure the soot from it didn't settle on the neighbour's washing. Denise has now been my partner for over forty years.

GB: Have you ever built a kiln yourself?

RV: I bought my first property out at Halswell, a little farm cottage of English design, and I built my own kiln. I had a friend who worked for McSkimmings [pottery works], and we got the fire bricks from there.

GB: What scale was the kiln—how big relative to the height of a person?

RV: Oh, a bit lower than the height of a person, the inside would be about a metre by a metre and just over a metre tall.

GB: How long were firings and what temperatures did it reach?

RV: It ran on diesel... firings were about 12 to 18 hours and 1,320°c, which turned the clay into stoneware.

GB: You recently gave the Gallery a beautiful stately jug made in the 1970s; where did you get the inspiration for this form?

RV: I found a book on English Medieval jugs by Rackman and adapted the shapes to my own form. You can't really copy... you always end up doing your own version.

GB: The jug is a gutsy statement I think.

RV: Oh, definitely. What I had in mind was turning it into a piece with a sculptural presence.

GB: What domestic ware did you make?

RV: I really enjoyed making bowls, teapots and vases; I made a lot. And I find it amazing that people who bought bowls from me fifty years ago still count them as favourites, using them on a daily basis for muesli, porridge or soup or whatever. That brings me joy. I used to make a lot of dinner sets, with a main meal plate, side plates, soup and dessert bowls, maybe some mugs, whatever, to go with them.

GB: Was that earning you anything? And where were your outlets?

RV: Well, it definitely wasn't earning enough to live on, so we [Denise and I] augmented our income with teaching. We were both members of Canterbury Potters and we taught pottery at Shirley Intermediate and other places. Our outlets included Several Arts in Christchurch, Décor in Timaru, Alicat in Auckland... we sent work to other centres too.

GB: Looking back through a 1975 *New Zealand Potter* magazine, it lists numerous local teaching facilities: Risingholme Community Centre, Springfield Road craft centre, Shirley activities club, Mt Pleasant pottery club, Bishopdale pottery class. And the schools; Riccarton High and Shirley Intermediate... it sounds like a lot of activity. I remember visiting Several Arts in Colombo Street—an important craft outlet that held exhibitions upstairs.

RV: That was started by Michael and Victoria Trumic and others.

GB: Yes. Can you tell me about your involvement in Studio 393?

RV: We found an old flour-loft upstairs at 393 Montreal Street. Denise, Michael Trumic, Margaret Higgs (later Ryley), Frederika Ernsten and myself started it... later, Lawrence Ewing joined... it opened in 1975.

GB: I have clear memories of it as a schoolboy, and I still have pots bought there made by Margaret and Lawrence. Studio 393 got me hooked and was the beginning of my ceramics collecting, which continues today. Were classes held there?

RV: We did have classes and we held schools too. It wasn't just a gallery, it was a melding of minds and we all learned off each other and interacted. That's unusual for a shop, but we looked at it from another way. Philip Trusttum showed with us reasonably regularly—he was a good friend of Michael's and was in The Group at that stage, and sort of starting off. Doris Lusk, fabric artist Robyn Royds and Pamela Maling; woodturners, weavers and others... you showed there too.

GB: What people don't realise about The Group is how much pottery and craft were shown. You know; weaver Ida Lough, pottery by Len Castle, Juliet Peter and Roy Cowan, and works from these shows went into the McDougall collection.

RV: Well, this is it. Several artists moved equally and happily between pottery, drawing, painting, sculpture. They were multi-faceted people who took on pottery, which has always been a bit of a poor relation to other arts. You can see from the 1970s and 1980s things were really moving on.

GB: The other day you showed me a photograph of an Akaroa exhibition you were included in, with an incredible 150 pieces!

RV: They used to be very well organised in Akaroa! They put you up, fed you, watered you and wined you, and you brought your pots over, you were there at the opening and you talked to people, you gave schools there. We probably sold a good fifty per cent of that show.

GB: And from the late 1960s the Robert McDougall Art Gallery started acquiring pots...

From left: Tom Gordon, Rex Valentine, Peter Lusk, Brian Muir, Michael Hamblett and Annella MacDougall on the steps of Robert McDougall Art Gallery in around 1973. Rex Valentine collection. Photo: Peter Lusk

RV: Well, it was all very new. When Brian Muir came along to 393 and bought the odd pot, he asked for help. There wasn't a clear structure to their pottery acquisitions. But by that stage we knew the other potters intimately. We used to travel New Zealand to national pottery shows, we used to go en masse really. We'd all discuss and see each other's pots. I selected Alan Caiger-Smith works for the gallery.

GB: Let's talk about Barry Brickell's wonderful terracotta train, *Loco Boiler (with alternative stacks for warming the hands)*. It's a fantastic work—I understand you were involved in selecting it for the collection.

RV: Brian asked Denise and myself to look for a good piece by Barry, who had sent two or three pieces down for a national exhibition here at the CSA. Barry was totally besotted with steam trains, they ruled his life, and he'd made a large boiler with three interchangeable stacks on it so you could change the visual look. And when Barry makes a train in clay every little rivet is visible. It's made like a railway enthusiast would make a train and it's a most wonderful colour... craft-wise it's beautifully made, food for the eye.

GB: Can you tell me about the time you spent in Japan in the late 1970s?

RV: Zenji Uragami was invited to Christchurch in 1973 through the sister-city connection, and he exhibited in Ballantynes. He wanted to meet local potters, so Canterbury Potters had a lunch out at Roger Chaplain's place at Coalgate. Before he left, he invited me out for dinner and asked if I'd like to go and work with him in Japan. I said yes, that would be amazing. Sir Hamish Hay, then mayor, encouraged me to apply for a Kurashiki sister-city travel grant, even though in theory Uragami was in Okayama-ken in Bizen, and they did a deal with Air New Zealand. Well, going to Uragami first was good, because that set me up in an apprentice studio. I stayed there for six months during which time we did three firings. Those firings were tremendous. They were done in those big climbing Anagama kilns, which fired over five days and nights, and you were rostered on in shifts to man the kiln.

GB: It must have been exciting! What sort of pots did you make?

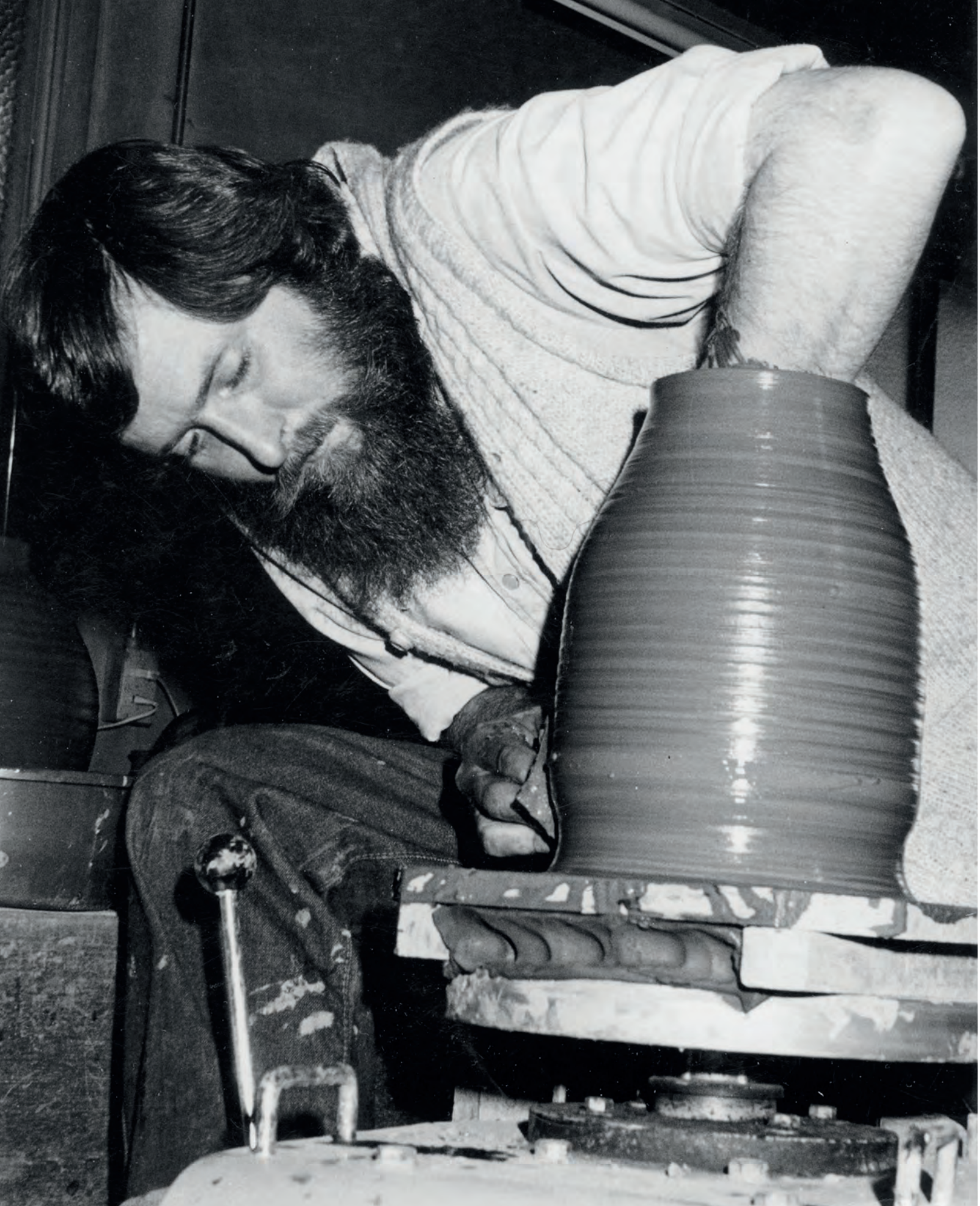
RV: It was! I left for Japan in late 1976 and was away for fourteen months in total. I worked on tea storage jars or little vases, bowls and things like that. I'd go walking in the mountains every morning and I'd go up to these old kiln sites and dig clay and bring it back down to the pottery—they really thought I was from another planet I think. I was going back in time and they were sort of 'now'. I like to see what drives things. Everything is driven by outer experiences... Uragami couldn't speak English but selected work of mine for exhibition back in Christchurch. After that six months in Bizen I went on to Kurashiki and worked with Haruki Okishio for the rest of my trip. I bought back Japanese mingei craft-ware [folk art] which was shown at the McDougall.

GB: What's happed to the work you made there?

RV: The pieces I consider the best are in my collection still, but I used to take Bizen pots I didn't need and swap them for old antique pots. I'm an unapologetic hoarder and trader [both laughing]. And while I was over there I got a really good collection of very early tea ceremony bowls which I'm passionate about—those tea bowls have driven my life since then... and they helped in my pottery life.

GB: What sort of pots did you make in Kurashiki?

RV: When I arrived, they put me straight to work as one of the



pottery production workers. I had things I had to make, glazed domestic ware. We travelled extensively, went to lots of places and visited museums. We had time where we could make our own things and we were encouraged to do so, because Okishio said before I go we're going to have an exhibition of all the apprentices' work, and you'll be able to sell it and keep all the money.

GB: At home you have a number of vases with one strong vertical indentation—what is this mark about?

RV: It's a focus mark I think. It breaks the surface and shows the plasticity of clay. It was made with bamboo—that was another thing I learned from Uragami, how to make bamboo tools...

GB: In June 1973 you curated a show of pots by the world-renowned Japanese potter Shōji Hamada at the McDougall. How did this come about?

RV: I had run across Hamada's works in various collections around Canterbury and knew what had happened when he visited in 1965. He brought a whole collection of his pots out which were shown at the museum. And they were all for sale. There was such demand for them that they had this lottery—you put your name in the hat for whatever pot you wanted. Some people put in for everything and some got two. So that distributed the pots out reasonably evenly and they went to a lot of private people. I'd seen one or two and I had an interest so I read up on him. I talked to Brian Muir and he asked if I'd like to curate an exhibition. When Hamada was here that was the early days of pottery, and since he'd left a lot of people had become interested. The number of potters in Canterbury had trebled. So I got to go around all these collections and found out where his pots were. It took quite a bit of sleuthing, and then I travelled around and picked all these pieces up and we set up an exhibition in the McDougall. Michael Hamblett worked on the letterpress catalogue.

GB: You have a great photograph taken at the time on the McDougall steps; there is director Brian Muir with a feather duster, the custodian, Michael Hamblett and Annella MacDougall, the director's secretary, with a classic Electrolux.

RV: Brian Muir created a great atmosphere amongst the staff and in that photo we were having a bit of fun—look at him with the feather duster! And note the kids peeking from inside.

GB: It's clear to see that the passion to produce pottery was growing quickly during the 1970s. They could do it for a period of time, but things changed, didn't they, due to cheap imported china and suddenly there was a shift away from the handmade.

RV: Yes. It's a natural attrition. Something new starts and then it drifts off... My pottery career was quite short, it was maybe twenty years or something like that, which isn't a long time. But I've never lost my love for pottery, it's always stayed there. And through that time, I've always bought pottery and been interested in pottery, gone to exhibitions and educated myself.

Grant Banbury *is an Ōtautahi Christchurch-based art consultant, art writer and collector of Aotearoa New Zealand studio ceramics.*

Rex Valentine potting in Bizen, Japan, 1977. Photographer unknown. Rex Valentine collection


TRYIN
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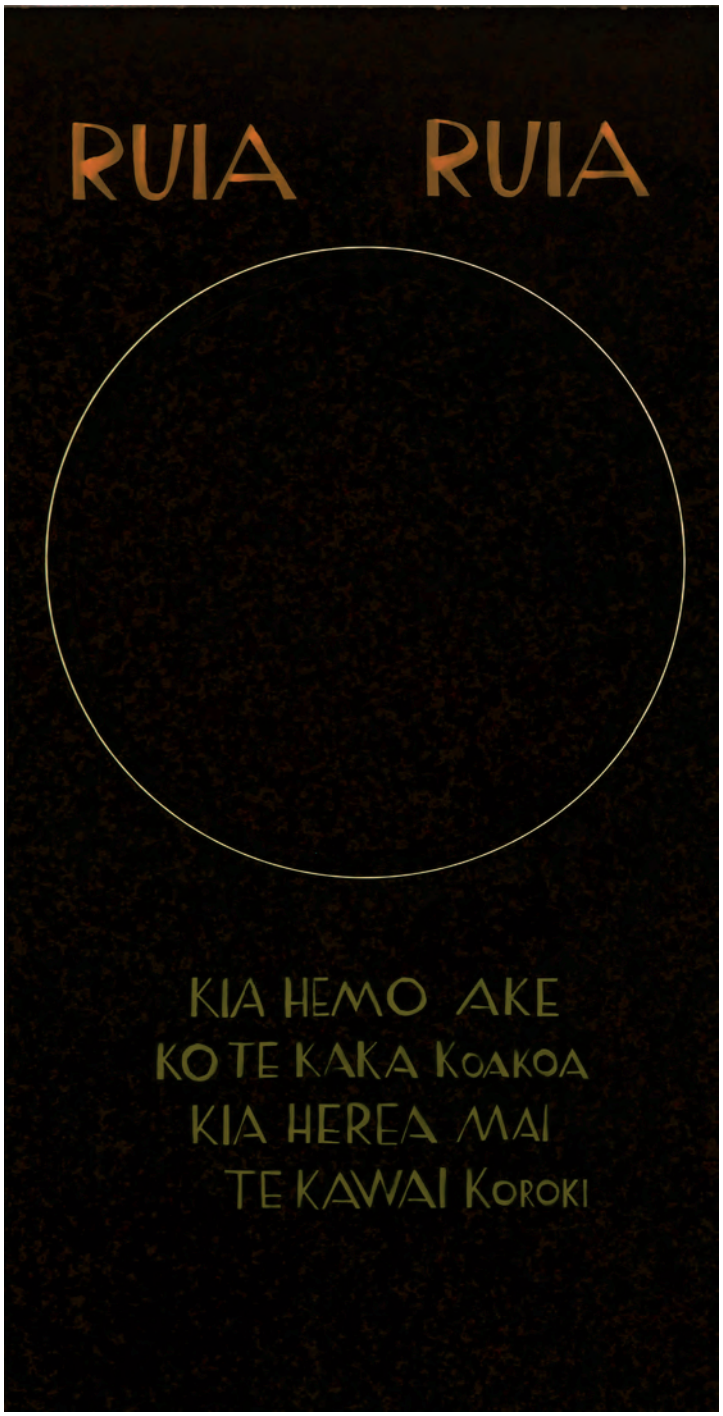
Matariki Williams responds to Ralph Hotere's *Godwit/Kuaka*.



Ralph Hotere *Godwit/Kuaka* (detail) 1977. Enamel on board.
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of Auckland International Airport Ltd, 1997

Ruia Ruia

It is the refrain of the living, to never want to leave.
Yet we take flight, always.

The flight of the bereaved,
tracing hill and mountain top.

To make it home for a brother's tangi.

A memory of small hands
curling in your hair
as he falls
asleep.

It is a story passed to your mokos,
who have grown up and older
than the brother
you loved.

Your kōrero is a rope,
twining your past to ours,
bringing your brother to this future.

Godwit/Kuaka advances, recedes and shimmers, like wings it beats and stills. *Hau mai, tau mai, nau mai,* Ralph Hotere likens us to the bird that is returning home from its own long journey.

His painting greets its viewers, and settles them like the fleeing tīpuna who were to become Te Aupōuri, seeking leave from the surety of death. The eyes calm before momentum builds again and we take off, off the edge of the hardboard.

Ralph Hotere *Godwit/Kuaka* (detail) 1977. Enamel on board.
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of Auckland International Airport Ltd, 1997

Opea Opea

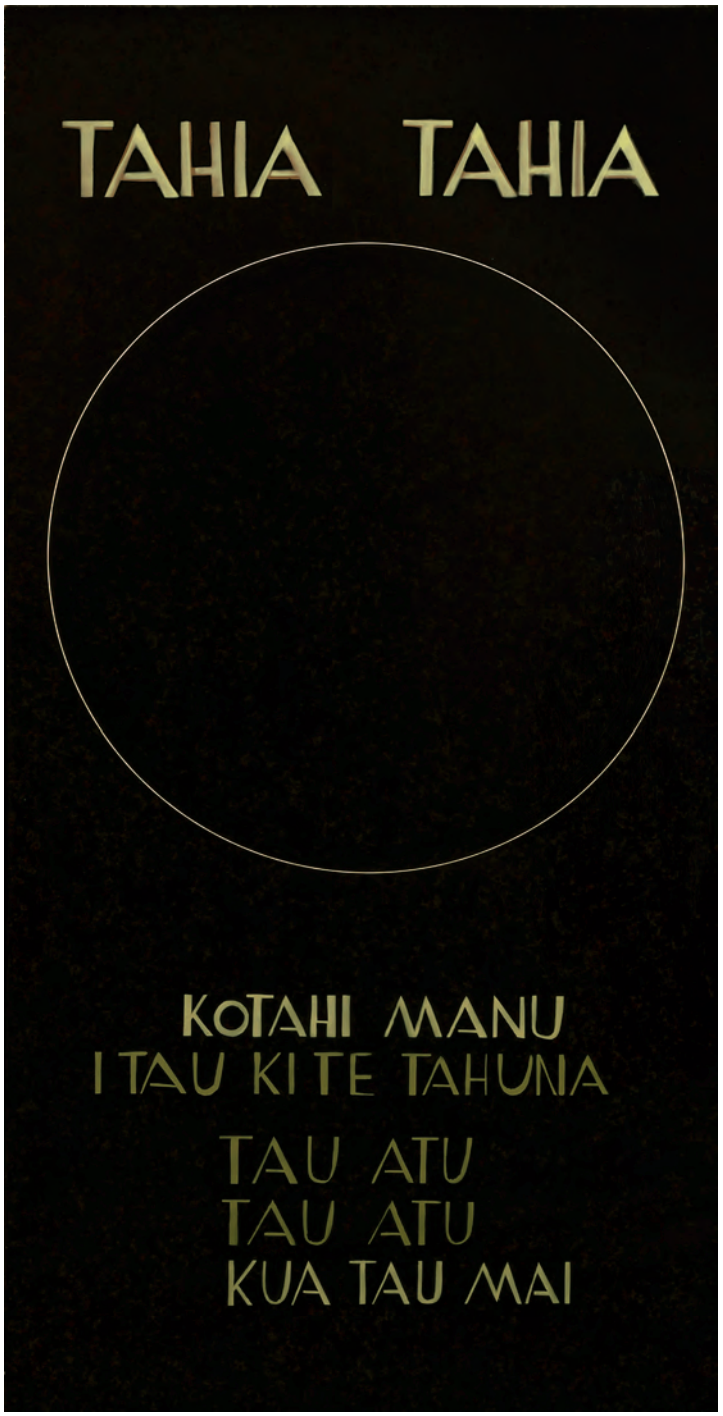
The place
I will look.
One last time.

Then to leap
into the surging waters at Cape Rēinga
having left my home to begin walking Te Ara Wairua.

I do not want to leave this land, not to stand at
Manawatawhi and look back at
this place in the Far North,
spoken of in awed tones by Nan's uncles,
"Make friends with girls from the Far North.
They have the old reo."

The central panels of *Godwit/Kuaka* feature three large circles, their precision incised onto a black-lacquered infinity. J.C. Sturm wrote of Hotere's infinity as such, "How he darkens dark with more dark." His is a depth that keeps us guessing, we plunge into it and resurface with our own revelations.

Gathered around his work, the reality is that I learn more about myself than I do about him. In an accompanying soundscape, he chants the tauparapara that is repeated in the centre of the painting and the wall label, breathing into the words a meaning that cannot be read.



Ralph Hotere *Godwit/Kuaka* (detail) 1977. Enamel on board.
Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of Auckland International Airport Ltd, 1997

Tahia Tahia

We are trying to capture smoke.

It swirls away,
eluding us,
leaving an indelible mark.

Recitations carry this kōrero,
and bring us back together.

In one waka
navigating the choppy seas,
to all arrive safely.

Kua tau mai.

This story of a journey, requires an end, an end that does not always close with a return. Just as death carries life and life carries death, the rope that brought us here can be broken, deliberately cut, frayed over time, unravel.

Yet, if one kuaka makes it, we all make it. In the footsteps of another, we walk. In the infinities of Hotere, his magic luminosities indeed make us real.

He mihi mutunga kore ki ngā kupu ō J.C. Sturm, Hone Tuwhare, Anahera Gildea, Ranea Aperahama.

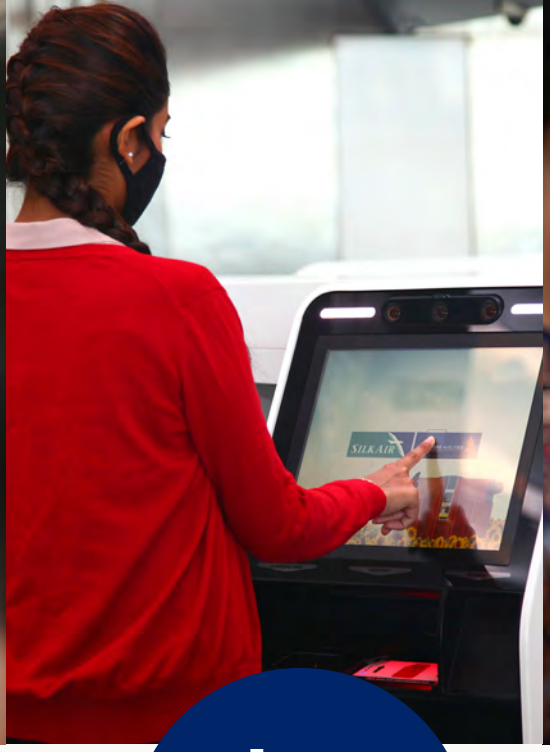
E kore e mīmiti hoki ōku mihi ki te pō nui, te pō roa, te pō uriuri, te pō kerekere, te pō tē kitea, te pō tangotango, i roto i ngā mahi o Ralph Hotere.

Ralph Hotere *Godwit/Kuaka* 1977. Enamel on board. Installed at Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū. Chartwell Collection, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, gift of Auckland International Airport Ltd, 1997

Robin Morrison *Ralph Hotere* 1992. Photograph. Courtesy of the Robin Morrison Estate and Tāmaki Paenga Hira Auckland Museum

Matariki Williams *(Tūhoe, Taranaki, Ngāti Whakaue, Ngāti Hauiti) is curator mātauranga Māori at the Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa.*

Ralph Hotere Ātete (to resist) *is on display until 25 July 2021.*



Home

Airport

Flight

A safe and seamless travel experience

We work to create the highest standards of hygiene and safety not only in the skies, but throughout the entire journey – from check-in, right through to arrival.

SMART CONTACTLESS

Generate your mobile boarding pass, access the e-library, navigate the KrisWorld inflight entertainment system, all from the SingaporeAir mobile app.

HEPA-FILTERED CABIN AIR

All our aircraft are equipped with HEPA filters, which remove over 99.9% of airborne particles. Cabin air is also refreshed every two to three minutes.

COMPLIMENTARY CARE KITS

Receive a complimentary kit containing a face mask, hand sanitiser and disinfectant surface wipe for your well-being.

Singapore Airlines are currently flying 4 times a week between Christchurch and Singapore for your essential travel and allowing New Zealanders to return home.

singaporeair.com

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A great way to fly

HELL ZA POP PIN'!

The Art of Flying Nun

21 AUG – 28 NOV

OPENING PARTY

Friday 20 August, 7pm until late
Bayleys Knight Frank Foyer

Put winter in the rear-view mirror and celebrate our brand new Flying Nun exhibition. Featuring some of Aotearoa's best musical acts! Immerse yourself in art and music at one hell of a party.

Supported by

CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY FOUNDATION

Foundation Partner ANZ PRIVATE

$39

NEW BOOK

Published to mark the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Flying Nun Records in Ōtautahi Christchurch, *Hellzapoppin'!* brings together original artwork and design, film, record covers, posters and photography from the label's early years. From rare collectible records and vintage posters to original artworks and paste-up designs, this book explores the art and artists behind some of New Zealand's favourite bands.

Entertaining essays from Peter Vangioni, Kath Webster, Russell Brown and Flying Nun founder Roger Shepherd will be interspersed with brief interview-style contributions from some of the people responsible for creating the art of the label. Heavily illustrated, it will feature original artwork for the records and posters, photography and rarely seen vinyl releases and posters. The Flying Nun aesthetic was foundational to a generation of impressionable young creators and agitators. By talking to the people responsible, this book will burst a few enduring myths, and maybe start some new ones.

Available 21 August from the Design Store.

Auction Event 2021

One night. One opportunity. Let's get together for great art in Ōtautahi Christchurch.

Friday 11 June 2021, 6.30–10.30pm
Bayleys Knight Frank Foyer
Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū
Tickets $60, christchurchartgallery.org.nz/auction-event-2021

Join us for an evening of spectacular art, great eats by Lizzie's Cuisine and an open bar from Greystone Wines and Three Boys Brewery.

Artists: Hannah Beehre, Graham Bennett, Holly Best, Phil Brooks, Saskia Bunce-Rath, Conor Clarke, Crystal Chain Gang, Tony de Lautour, Max Gimblett, Darryn George, Kristy Gorman, Jason Greig, Rebecca Harris, Peter Hawkesby, Julia Holden, Gavin Hurley, Emma Fitts, Neil Frazer, Areez Katki, Peata Larkin, Kim Lowe, Cheryl Lucas, Melissa Macleod, Kathryn Madill, Marian Maguire, Kazu Nakagawa, Nina Oberg Humphries, Miranda Parkes, Reuben Paterson, Lisa Patterson, John Pule, Ben Reid, Doc Ross, Nichola Shanley, Elfi Spiewack, Philip Trusttum, Wayne Youle, Shaun Waugh, Shannon Williamson, Areta Wilkinson

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CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY
TE PUNA O WAIWHETŪ

Images: Marian Maguire *Runner (Adapted from a figure on the interior of a cup by the Painter of Athens, 575–555BC)* 2020. Acrylic and polyurethane on plywood. Courtesy of the artist and PG gallery192, Christchurch. Julia Holden *Still Life VI (after Morandi)* 2018. Archival pigment print. Courtesy of the artist and PG gallery192, Christchurch. Philip Trusttum *Bucket Fire* 2006. Acrylic on unstretched canvas. Courtesy of the artist. Reuben Paterson *Te Ika Whenua o te Rangi* 2021. Glitter on canvas. Courtesy of the artist. Peter Hawkesby *Blunted Devil Cup #II* 2001. Ceramic. Courtesy of the artist and Anna Miles Gallery, Auckland

Pagework no.49

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.*

For nearly thirty years artist Lonnie Hutchinson (Ngāi Tahu, Samoa) has been incorporating customary Māori and Pasifika ideas of care, healing and protection into her practice. Rongoā Māori is the traditional form of plant-based medicine practiced by Māori, and these medicinal plants are developed into motifs that have constancy throughout her practice—*Sista7* (2003) in the collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, includes this imagery in the form of the kawakawa leaf. Kawakawa is the most important rongoā plant for the diversity of its healing and soothing qualities. It aids internal wellbeing, maintaining a clean and healthy digestive system, and reduces bloating and indigestion. Used externally, it relieves pain from toothache, bruises, rheumatism and rashes. The gently rejuvenating and stimulating qualities of kawakawa make for an excellent tonic and early Europeans in Aotearoa substituted the plant for tea.

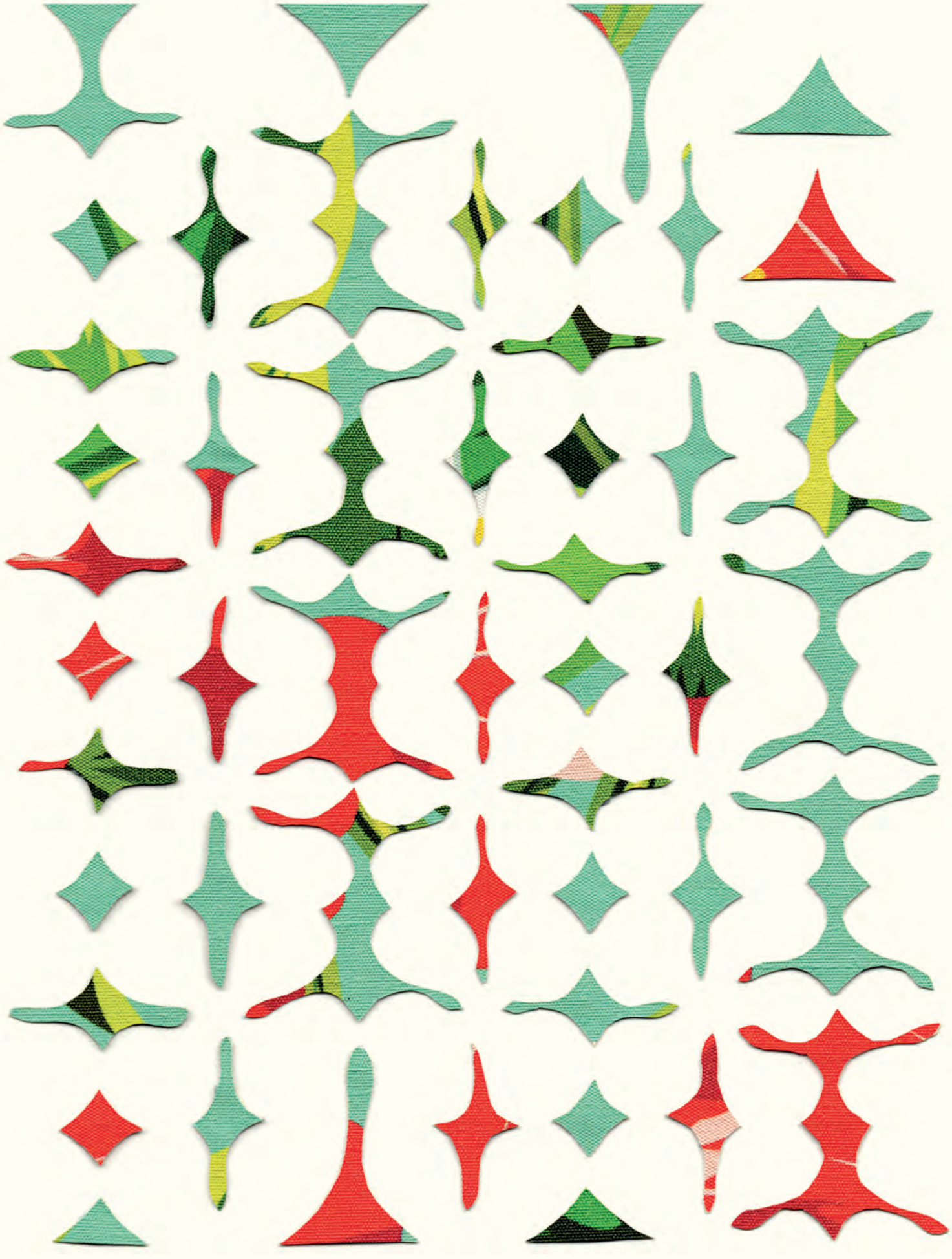
With several major public art commissions under her belt, Hutchinson has been locating works that express manaakitanga, respect, hospitality, generosity and care for others throughout Aotearoa. A particularly powerful work encapsulates the south face of Ōtautahi's Te Omeka / Christchurch Justice and Emergency Services Precinct building.

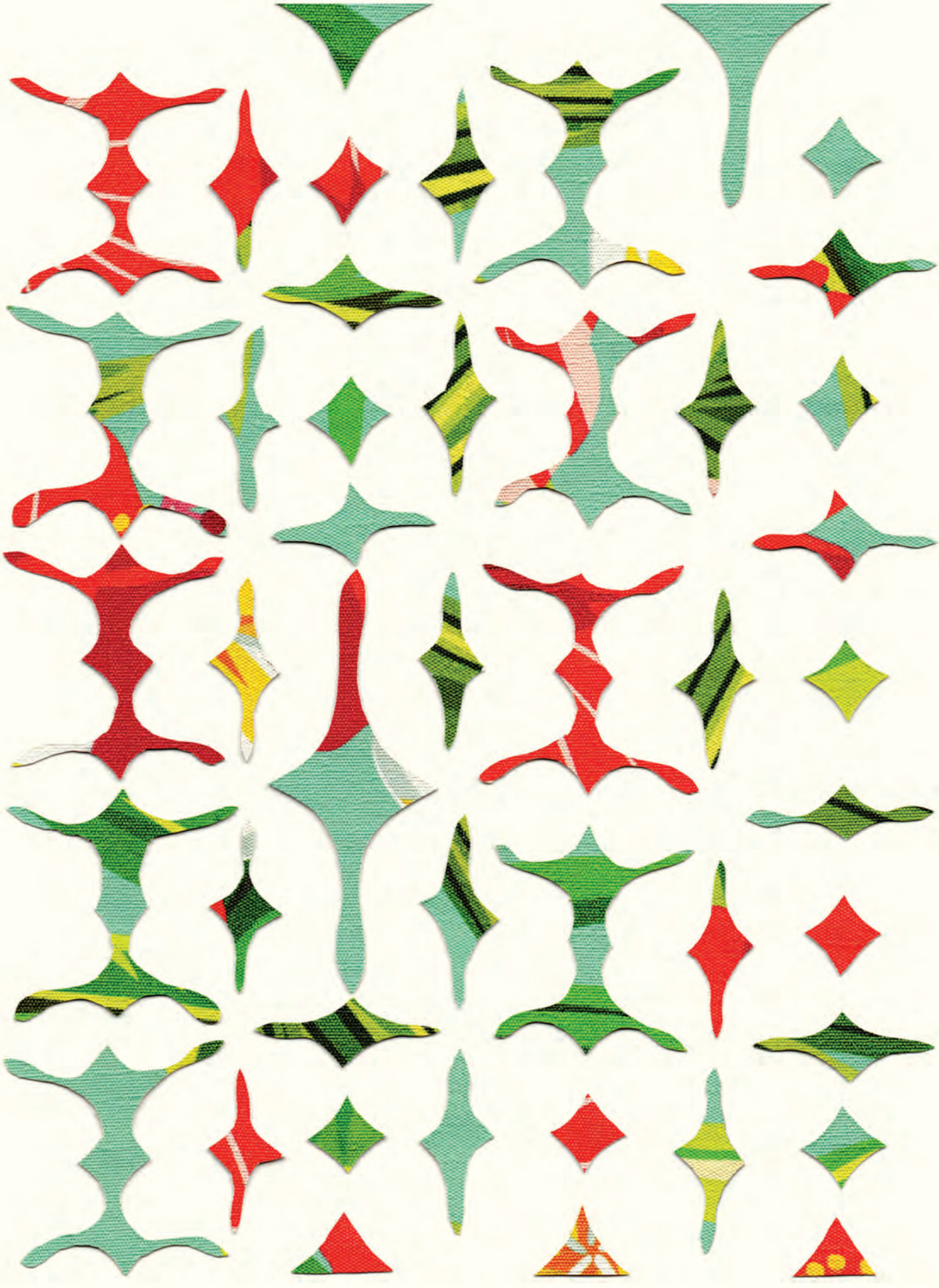
Artforms such as tukutuku panels are customarily the aesthetic agency of women and remain mostly, although no longer exclusively, produced by women. Hutchinson's approach to art-making sits within the customary practises of her tūpuna wahine (women ancestors) of both her Māori and Samoan ancestry. As it was with raranga (weaving) in Aotearoa, so it was also with tapa in Samoa—centred on the free creative agency of women. The men were involved with preparing the tapa in Samoa, as they were with harvesting and preparing harakeke and kiekie and other chores to support the weavers in Aotearoa. Hutchinson's agency calls upon the customary roles of her ancestors while also contributing to ongoing twentieth-century concerns for mana wahine.

For this pagework, Hutchinson has employed the negative spaces left over from her signature cutting technique—repurposing waste materials to create new work. This sits well within her existing concerns around wellbeing. As forms, these remains of plant and flower cut-outs take on another interesting dimension, some appearing as very near approximations of figures drawn by her ancestors at Takiroa and Maerewhenua, which she visited in 2018 to experience the works of her tūpuna.

Nathan Pōhio
Curator

Lonnie Hutchinson *You love me, you don't love me* 2021. Wallpaper






CASS
CASS
RITA COOK

My Favourite

***Nic Low** (Ngāi Tahu) is an author and the programme co-director of WORD Christchurch. His new book* Uprising*, detailing a series of walking and climbing journeys to unearth Māori history in the Southern Alps, is out in July.*

A few years ago, I walked the old Ngāi Tahu trails through Kā Tiritiri-o-te-moana The Southern Alps. I was hunting for traces of our pre-European history in the mountains. I encountered a lot of Pākehā mountain history as well. In the upper Waimakariri Basin, on my way to Tarahaka Arthur's Pass, I wandered into New Zealand's greatest painting—as seen on TV.

Rita Angus's *Cass* depicts the tiny settlement's red railway station dwarfed by high-country peaks. It's a hopeful vision of our high country in 1936: piles of sawn lumber, power pylons and train tracks overseen by purple-shadowed mountains and sky. The light is clear, the shadows crisp. An everyman in suit, overcoat and hat dangles his legs from the platform, awaiting his train. I sat where he sat, and ate morning tea in a punishing wind, completing the scene.

John Pascoe photographed shepherds at work beneath the Alps from the 1930s onwards. His radio show brought their camp-fire yarns into city living-rooms. Generations of artists painted dry hills and jagged ranges onto our minds. Here were the hostile Alps humanised through industry, and the more urban our lives, the more alluring the high country became. Today any bookshop will sell you a half-dozen hardcover books full of sheep dogs and acute morning light. There are few close-ups of algal bloom.

I soon gave up on completing the scene. The nor'wester was like a toddler shoving me in the face with each gust, and kept winnowing sunflower seeds from my scroggin before I could jam them into my mouth. In Māori that wind is Te Mauru, 'te hau kai takata': the wind that devours people.

At Cass, there were no people. The peak in the background of the painting is Mount Misery, with Mount Horrible immediately to the north. Trains don't stop at Cass anymore. Pigeons had shat all over the interior of the station, which was strangely womb-like, painted floor-to-ceiling in the same orangey-red as the outside, except for a big, black Bakelite telephone stark on the wall. It'd long since been disconnected from the outside world. I put the receiver to my ear and took a selfie of me talking to myself.

That morning I'd camped at Ōpōreaiti, the mahika kai known in English as Lake Grasmere. In 1880, Arowhenua's Hoani Kāhu noted that the lake was "he hāpua mahi. Ko te wai kai anō." I'd spent the last few days trespassing across high country farms in an effort to capture some small sense of our ancestor's experience of being unwelcome on land you know and love. From first light I'd been climbing barbed wire fences and wading swamps, sneaking across Grasmere Station with curious cows sniffing at my heels. Their owners had spent untold thousands in court trying to gain permission to pivot-irrigate the surrounding land. The judgement spent some time discussing scenic landscape values when refusing their initial consent.

Inside the station, free from the wind, someone had defaced Angus's painting by scratching onto the wall in crude letters: 'Kiss the ground you walk on'. I did love the land I was walking across. Though I might come away with a bitter aftertaste, I would still kiss that ground.

Rita Angus *Cass* 1936. Oil on canvas on board. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 1955

HOME *Dinner*

Join us for an evening of warmth, hospitality and friendship as we open our home to 120 special guests.

This year, we're supporting local. Local chefs, local produce, raising money to make great art right here in our own Ōtautahi Christchurch.

Saturday 7 August 2021
6pm til late
Christchurch Art Gallery
Te Puna o Waiwhetū
Dress code: Tom Ford (google it)

Proceeds from the dinner and auction will go to the Christchurch Art Gallery Residency at Sutton House, Aotearoa New Zealand's newest artist in residency programme.

To secure your tickets, contact Jacq Mehrtens on jacq@christchurchartgallery.org.nz.

Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation Annual Fundraising Dinner

CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY FOUNDATION

Foundation Partner ANZ PRIVATE

WHITE TIE CATERING

Greystone

three boys brewery

Bill Sutton *Grass in Flower* (detail) 1942. Print. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, William A. Sutton bequest, 2000

Exhibitions

Opening this Quarter

Things That Shape Us
24 July to 7 November 2021
Art, democracy and collective action in the aftermath of trauma.

Lonnie Hutchinson: Ahu Tīmataka / Trace Elements.
19 June to 31 October 2021
An exciting new project by celebrated Ngāi Tahu artist Lonnie Hutchinson.

Hellzapoppin'! The Art of Flying Nun
21 August to
28 November 2021
Unruly art and design from the early years of Aotearoa New Zealand's maverick record label.

Kulimoe'anga Stone Maka: Toga mo Bota'ane
21 August to
19 September 2021
Monumental contemporary ngatu tā'uli by local Tongan artist Kulimoe'anga Stone Maka.

Closing this Quarter

Larence Shustak: air gun?
Until 7 June 2021
The anti-establishment photographer who shot from the hip and recorded the extraordinary.

Olivia Webb: Anthems of Belonging
Until 11 July 2021
Songs about belonging, struggle and unconditional love in Aotearoa New Zealand.

Ralph Hotere: Ātete (to resist)
Until 25 July 2021
Celebrating the artistic vision of one of Aotearoa's most significant artists. A partnership project between Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū and Dunedin Public Art Gallery.

Persistent Encounters
Until 29 August 2021
From the real to the ideal, from the everyday to the impossible.

Ongoing

Te Wheke: Pathways Across Oceania
See, experience and rethink Aotearoa's art history from a Pacific perspective.

Jess Johnson and Simon Ward: Genetekker Archaic
A collaboration based on an old-school platform video game.

Lonnie Hutchinson: Hoa Kōhine (Girlfriend)
An intricately cut-out billboard celebrating supportive friendships between women.

Martin Creed: Everything is Going to be Alright
A completely unequivocal, but also pretty darn ambiguous, work for Christchurch.

Reuben Paterson: The End
A sparkling elevator installation providing an unexpected space for contemplation and connection.

Séraphine Pick: Untitled (Bathers)
Pick's lush watercolour offers a utopian vision in the carpark elevator.

Tomorrow Still Comes: Natalia Saegusa
A fragmented, poetic temporary wall painting by Natalia Saegusa.

Kelcy Taratoa: Te Tāhū o ngā Maunga Tūmatakahuki
A vast painting about how we are bound together.

See the Gallery website and What's On guide for our events listings.


IPR
Loud records save lives.
New records coming soon from Ilam Press Records by No Exit, Greg Malcolm, Luke Shaw and Tuha Tuimaka, and Opawa 45s.
Ilam Press Records is a subsidiary of The Ilam Press, at the Ilam School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury.
ilampressrecords.bandcamp.com
Atlas
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www.fina.canterbury.ac.nz

Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation
The Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation is committed to building an endowment and a collection that reflects a truly significant period in the history of our city. We have the chance to shape the culture of Christchurch by developing a collection which honours the past, reveals the present and helps us imagine the future. We began the TOGETHER programme in 2014 and are continuing to offer opportunities for businesses and individuals to help us realise our mission.

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Level Three Partners (100) and Hospitality Partners (5)
Please see christchurchartgallery.org.nz/support/foundation for a full list.

Thank you to the generous partners of our five great works:

Michael Parekowhai *Chapman's Homer*
1,093 generous donations from Christchurch and beyond, along with proceeds from the first annual gala dinner.

Bill Culbert *Bebop*
Purchased with assistance from Gabrielle Tasman and proceeds from the second annual gala dinner.

Martin Creed *Work No. 2314 [Everything is going to be alright]*
Purchased with the generous support of Grumps, and installed with proceeds from the third annual gala dinner.

Bridget Riley *Cosmos*
Purchased with the generous help of: Heather Boock; Ros Burdon; Kate Burtt; Dame Jenny Gibbs; Ann de Lambert and daughters, Sarah, Elizabeth, Diana, and Rachel; Barbara, Lady Stewart; Gabrielle Tasman; Jenny Todd; Nicky Wagner; Wellington Women's Group (est. 1984); and installed with proceeds from the fourth annual gala dinner.

Ron Mueck *chicken / man*
Purchased with the generous help of: Catherine and David Boyer; Friends of Christchurch Art Gallery; Ben Gough Family Foundation; Charlotte and Marcel Gray; Christchurch Art Gallery's London Club; Jenny and Andrew Smith; Gabrielle Tasman and Ken Lawn; proceeds from the fifth annual gala dinner; and 514 big-hearted individuals and companies.

Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū

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