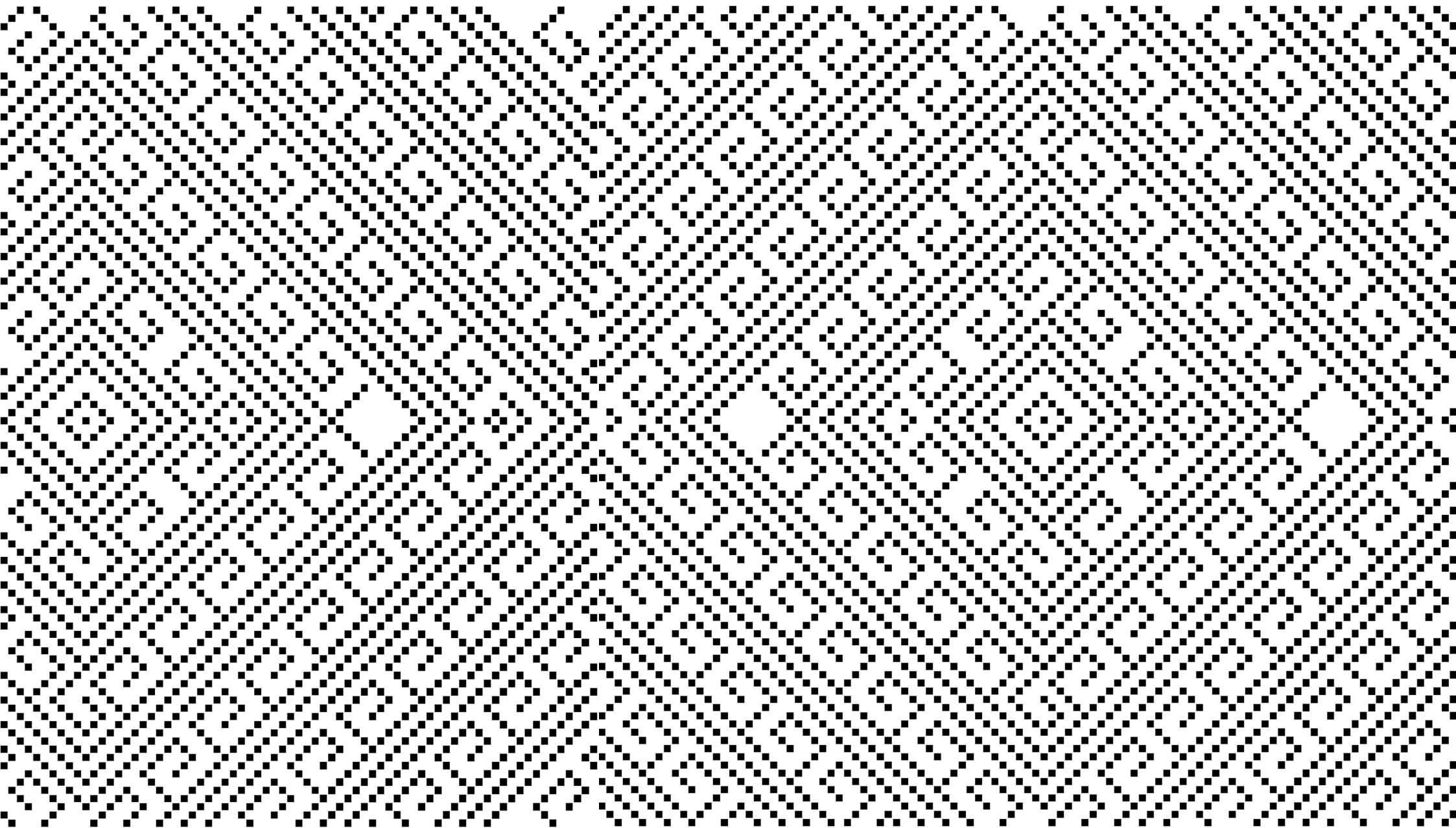
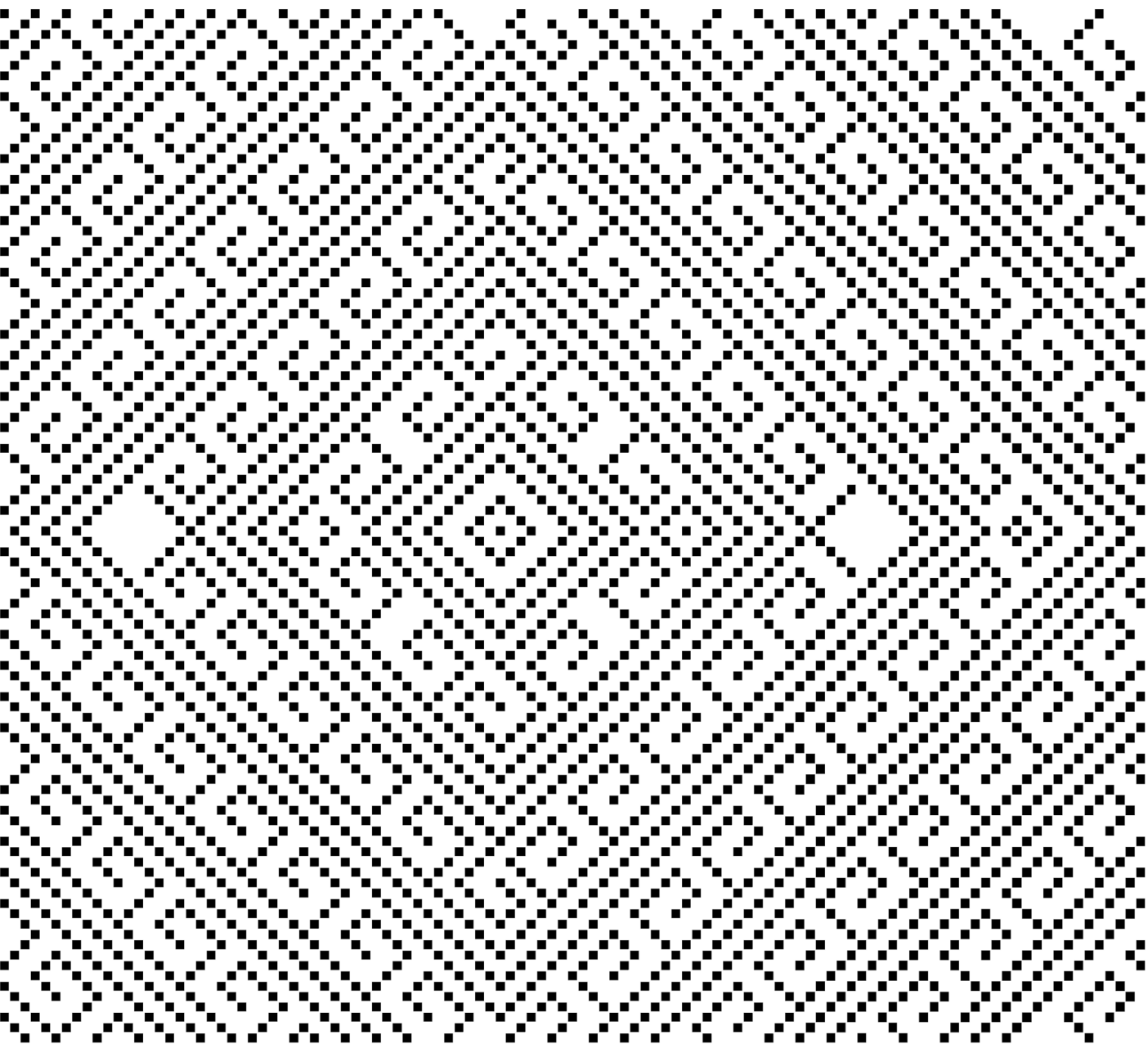


This Joyous, Chaotic Place



He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu



This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu

Celebrating the life and work of
Heather McPherson (1942–2017)

Mokopōpaki





Anna Keir
Women's Gallery Collective, 1980
Graphite on paper
15 x 22cm
Photo: Adrienne Martyn

Back, L-R: Marian Evans, Allie Eagle, Nancy Peterson, Juliet Batten, Anna Keir, Heather McPherson, Bridie Lonie, Keri Hulme; front, L-R: Brigid Eyley, Claudia Eyley

Heather Avis McPherson (1942–2017) was a poet, publisher, single mother and lesbian–feminist, whose influential literary and visual arts activism was inspired by an all–male poets' evening at the 1973 Christchurch Festival.

Here, the 'twenty young men getting up on the stage one after another'* she observed back then have to wait. At Mokopopaki, women are never an afterthought; in our space, the speaking order gives girls a go first.

*

Interview with Tilly Lloyd, A Women's Picture Book: 25 Women Artists of Aotearoa New Zealand, compiled and edited by Bridie Lonie, Marian Evans and Tilly Lloyd, Wellington: Government Print, 1988: 38.

Tiffany Thornley
Heather, 1978/2018
Archival print on paper
12.5 x 18cm
Edition of three



Ka nui te mihi ki a:

A.A.M. Bos

Lucy Evans

Adrienne Martyn

Lynne Ciochetto

Annie Mein

Pam Doidge

Anton Blank

Peter Burger

Arekahānara

Pirimia Burger

Benjamin Hiramā

Rangitauninihi

Carrick McPherson & Jenny McPherson

Rev. Stan Pilbrow

Diana Byrami

Struan Hamilton

Eva Morunga

Te Eagle

Jan Eastwick

Te Whānau o Kohine Ponika

Janet Charman

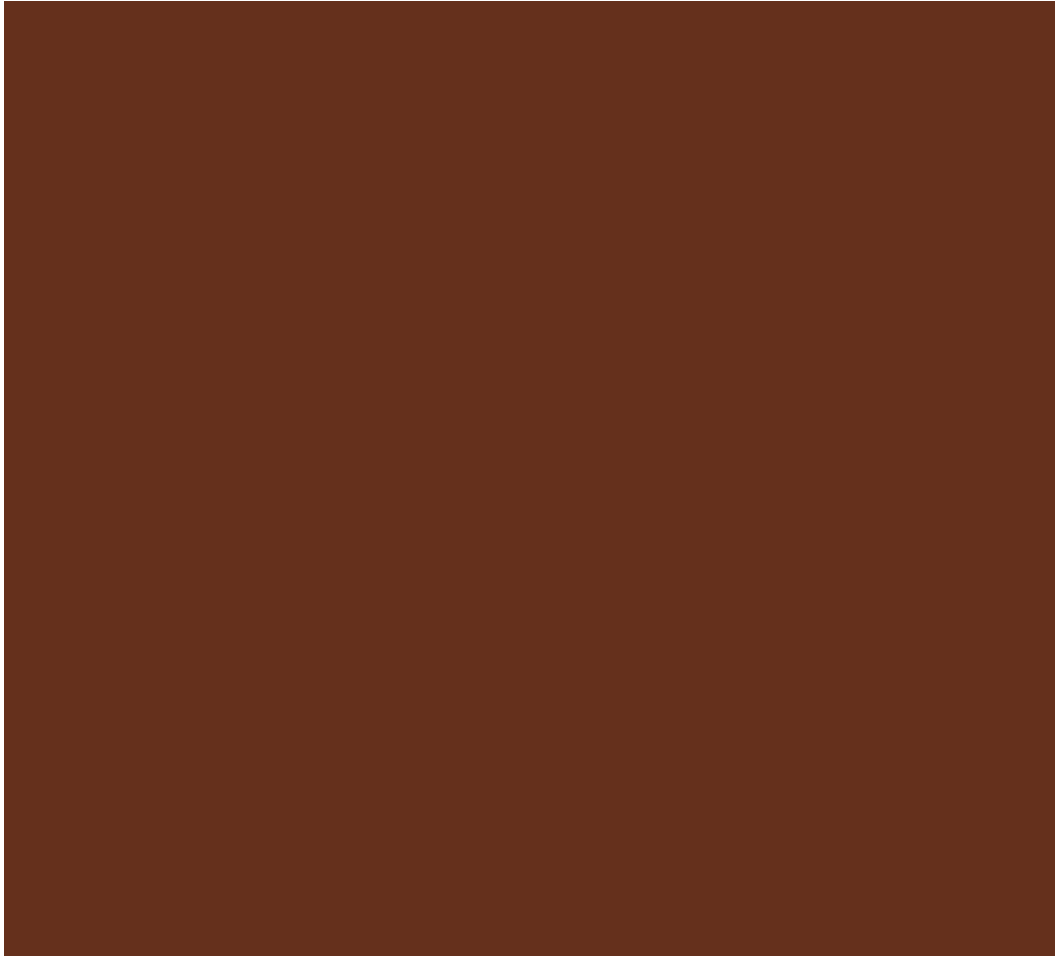
Tilly Lloyd

Whaea Lilla Te Tai

James Mack (Galvan Macnamara) (1941–2004)

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Opening Show, 1980
 Poster designed by Helen Wilson, Women's Gallery
 Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
 (Eph-C-Women's Gallery-1980)
 Photo: Adrienne Martyn



He Pānui

Karanga mai!
Karanga mai!
Karanga mai rā!

Mokopōpaki warmly invite you to join them 6–8pm Thursday 1 March 2018 to celebrate **This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu**, the life and work of poet, lesbian feminist and activist **Heather McPherson** (1942–2017).

Works by women **Heather** lived and worked with — or would be delighted by — keep her company in **Mokopōpaki**, some of them unseen for decades:

Adrienne Martyn, Allie Eagle, Alex McPherson, Anna Keir, Annie Mein, Bridie Lonie, Cushla Parekowhai, Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade, Fran Marno, Helen Wilson, Irihapeti Ramsden, Jane Zusters, Joanna Margaret Paul, Juanita Ketchel, Keri Hulme,

Margery Blackman & Gary Blackman, Maria Mackay, Marian Evans, Minerva Betts, PĀNiA!, Saj Gurney, Sarah Jane Moon, Sharon Alston, Te Maari, Tiffany Thornley, Tilly Lloyd

Screening in our small—but—perfectly—formed **Shop Window Cinema** will be short films from:

Auckland Women’s Community Video; Gaylene Preston; Joanna Margaret Paul; John Irwin (Juanita Ketchel); Peter Burger & Piriimia Burger; with archival footage of **Sharon Alston** and of the **Women’s Gallery Opening Show** (1980), also from **Auckland Women’s Community Video.**

Tea will be served with poached chicken sandwiches. Vegetarian option available on request. **Heather’s** new book,

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: Garden Poems (published by **Spiral**), will be launched by **Tilly Lloyd** at the opening and available to purchase for \$20. Cash or bank transfer only.

Whakarongo mai Whānau!

Mokopōpaki also invite you to hear poems from **This Joyous, Chaotic Place: Garden Poems**, read by **Aorewa McLeod; Cushla Parekowhai for Miriama Evans; Ila Selwyn; Mary Paul; Michele Leggott; Miriam Saphira; Nicky Taylor for Saj Gurney; Riemke Ensing; Sue Fitchett;** and **Tatai Hinekura Rangi** for **Kohine Ponika**, MC’d by **Janet Charman**, at **Pioneer Women’s Hall**, Ellen Melville Centre, 1 Freyberg Place, Auckland, Saturday 3 March 2–4pm, followed by afternoon tea.

Nau mai, Haere mai!

Ka nui te mihi ki a:

A.A.M. Bos, Adrienne Martyn, Allie Eagle, Anna Keir, Annie Mein, Carole Prentice, Hilary King, Janet Charman, Judith Ackroyd, Ken Duncum, Lydia Wevers, Lynne Ciochetto, Mandy Hager, Mary Miller, Mereana Pitman, Rangitauninihi, Robin Swanney-McPherson, Robbie Champaloup, Struan Hamilton, Tilly Lloyd, Tina Barton, Vicki Ormond

Alexander Turnbull Library: Jenni Chrisstoffels, Linda Evans, Linda McGregor, Oliver Stead
Artspace
Brett McDowell Gallery
Circuit Artist Film and Video Aotearoa New Zealand: Mark Williams
The Estate of Heather McPherson
The Estate of Joanna Margaret Paul
Ngā Taonga Sound & Vision: Gareth Seymour, Jane Paul, Steve Russell
Robert Heald Gallery
Starkwhite
Te Whānau o Irihapeti Ramsden
Te Whānau o Kohine Ponika

Tāniko cartoon by Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade

Supported by Creative New Zealand and a Suffrage 125 project

 creative nz
ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW ZEALAND TOI AOTEAROA



He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu

accepted the challenge of how to consider **Heather's** legacy within a dealer gallery that has Māori values at its centre.

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu celebrates beloved and influential poet and activist **Heather McPherson** (1942–2017). Accompanying her new book, **This Joyous Chaotic Place: Garden Poems**,¹ it covers the years from 1974 when **Heather** resolved to make women's voices heard more widely and to explore her own identity as a writer.

Heather, then a single mother on the DPB within vibrant, activist lesbian and feminist communities, decided to start a women artists group, a women's art journal and a women's art centre.² First, in 1974, she founded the **Christchurch Women Artists** group that later organised the legendary **Women's Art Environment** associated with 1977's **United Women's Convention**. In 1975, she started work on the

Spiral arts and literary journal and in 1980 she became a core participant at the **Women's Gallery** in Wellington, where she co-ordinated **Women & Violence**.³

Heather also contributed to **A Season's Diaries** (1977), initiated by **Joanna Paul**; was one of five writers and performers included in the proposed **Matariki tour** (1981), and was a participant in the **Spiral** visit to an 18th century kaitaka in Stockholm in 1986. **Tilly Lloyd** interviewed her for **A Women's Picture Book**.⁴

Heather published four collections of poetry and was widely anthologised.⁵

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu also celebrates women writers and artists who were connected to projects **Heather** engaged with

or inspired and have now passed on. It pays particular tribute to **Kohine Ponika** (1920–1989) as the whaea of the **Matariki tour**; **Sharon Alston** (1948–1995), with whom **Heather** worked at the **Women's Gallery**; **Joanna Paul** (1945–2003), one of only four women at the inaugural **Christchurch Women Artists** group meeting and now known as **Joanna Margaret Paul**; and **Juanita Ketchel** (1946–2012), who worked on a **Spiral** audio oral history project 30 years after **Heather** established the journal.

This catalogue brings together some documents and references associated with **This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu**. Each section is self-contained. Read in sequence, they also contribute to a single narrative developed by **Dr P** and **M**, whose own lives and work at times intersected with **Heather's** and who



This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu, 2018
Exhibition view, Mokopopaki, Auckland
Photo: Adrienne Martyn

1

Spiral (2018). Available at Mokopōpaki for \$25 (includes postage). Please email umere@mokopopaki.co.nz.

2

Heather McPherson, 1974 Letter to Marcia Russell. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington N.Z. (ATL 84-072A-1/03). Marcia Russell was then editor of Thursday women's magazine.

3

In an Auckland Women's Community Video interview, at the Women's Gallery opening in 1980, Heather says that the gallery was what she'd dreamed of: Auckland Women's Community Video (1980/2018). Heather McPherson Interview and Reading, Women's Gallery (1980), 'tidied up' by Annie Mein from material preserved and made available by Ngā Taonga Sound & Vision (F264387).

4

'A Women's Picture Book: 25 Women Artists of Aotearoa New Zealand,' compiled and edited by Bridie Lonie, Marian Evans and Tilly Lloyd, Wellington: Government Print, 1988: 38–40.

5

MiriLB, 'Heather McPherson,' Wikipedia (2018). [wikipedia.org/wiki/Heather_McPherson](https://www.wikipedia.org/wiki/Heather_McPherson), has a comprehensive bibliography.



He tohu aroha
ki TE WHAEA O MATARIKI
AND for all women poets/all women
who have flown up against a patriarchal wall
and been bruised or broken
nā koutou i tangi nā tatou
mihi mai
mihi mai
mihi mai

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu, 2018

Exhibition opening, Mokopopaki, Auckland

Back, L-R: Jane Zusters, Dr P, Jacob Tere, Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade,
Marian Evans; middle, L-R: Allie Eagle, Adrienne Martyn, Tilly Lloyd;

front, L-R: Annie Mein, Bridie Lonie

Photo: Sriwhana Spong, courtesy Jane Zusters

Word Games

One Sunday after lunch, **Koro**, eyes closed, legs elevated slightly by an old but accommodating cushion, was stretched out on the daybed, digesting.

'You awake e'a?' we wondered.

No response.

'Could we ask a question?'

No response.

'Only a little question.'

Still no response.

'About a word.'

Koro opened one eye, 'What word?' he said.

'**Tangi**,' we said, '**tangi-ātahu**.'

Koro opened the other eye. 'Why?' he said.

'As an idea,' we said, 'one that will speak about women and the voices of women.'

'Ah,' he said, head resting on a pillow he had provided for himself, 'like the call of birds that karanga to the forest. In darkness and in light.'

'Yes,' we said, 'exactly. Women and songs they sing. Of lamentation and loss, love and longing. Image and absence, poetry and painting. All this and more.'

'Hmm,' **Koro** said, both eyes fluttering to a close, 'I see.'

'What do you see?' we said, concerned that he might decide to sleep.

'A word,' he said.

'What word?'

'Your word. **Tangi-ā-Tahu**.'

'You mean **tangi-ātahu**,' we said, 'as in love spell. Right?'

'Nope,' **Koro** said, 'Not as I am feeling it.'

'And how are you feeling it?' we said.

'Well,' **Koro** said, 'it might be something like this.'

Heels together and without straining the hip, he slowly lifted his legs, flexed his feet and began to explain an example of elegant Māori word

play, entirely dependent on the subtlety of text. 'If **Tangi-ā-Tahu** is written down as a word to be read,' he said, 'then the meaning of this word, apparent to the eye but inaudible to the ear, will change.' **Koro** exhaled gently and lowered his legs. 'It's tricky but amusing.'

He took a deep breath and did another set of super concentrated leg raises. '**He Waiata Tangi-Ātahu** could be taken to mean love spells or poems to bewitch and beguile but I prefer to imagine them as songs of the heart.' He sighed. 'The deeply felt, cryings-out of women, sad or otherwise, for all the **tahu** that might be concerned.'

'And who are the **tahu** concerned?' we asked, wanting to be clear.

Koro repeated the focused but steady movement of his lower limbs. 'In this instance I would say **tahu** would be husband, spouse, lover and darling.' He paused for a moment 'or indeed any other near relative of whom we are

fond.' He relaxed then exhaled again, 'and we all have a number of these.'

'More so in our whānau,' we said, 'If like us, you owe them money.'

We laughed. **Koro** did not.

The old boy became stern. 'Remember, if the joke is to work **Tangi-ā-Tahu** must be spelled correctly.'

'Yes, **Koro**,' we said, composed and serious.

'Lower case **ā** for the lower case possessive — **ā tahu** or those lovers and darlings belonging to you.'

'Yes **Koro**,' we said, taking note.

Koro swung his arthritic legs over the edge of the daybed, searching for his slippers. 'You know,' he said, massaging his knees, '**tahu** also rather usefully refers to the process of *setting on fire*. He leaned to the left a little and smiled. 'The best art and writing by women will cause creative sparks. Guaranteed to light a fire in the **Heather**.'

Late Koro.

He Waiata Tangi ki Ngā Kuia, ki Ngā Whaea, ki Ngā Wāhine Toa o Te Motu Nei:

Janet Paul 1919–2004	Jean Watson 1933–2014	Juanita Ketchel 1946–2012
Kohine Te Whakarua Ponika 1920–1989	Meg Campbell 1937–2007	Juliet Raven 1946–2019
Lorna Mitchell 1923–2009	Wai Turoa-Morgan 1941–2017	Barbara McDonald 1948–1991
Lauris Edmond 1924–2000	Heather McPherson 1942–2017	Sharon Alston 1948–1995
Janet Frame 1924–2004	Merata Mita 1942–2010	Hilary Baxter 1949–2012
Jacquié Baxter (J.C. Sturm) 1927–2009	Pauline Thompson 1942–2012	Shirley Grace 1949–2000
Mary Miller 1928–2019	Rosemary Johnson 1942–1982	Louisa Jane Paul (Jane Paul) 1958–2018
Jean Lonie 1930–1999	Miriama Evans 1944–2018	Agnes Katarina McGhee 1961–2001
Arapera Hineira Kaa Blank 1932–2002	Joanna Margaret Paul 1945–2003	Michele Amas 1961–2016
Kohine (Kushla) Putiputi Hakaria-Parekowhai 1932–1996	Di ffrench 1946–1999	Stephanie Baxter 1968–2009
	Irihapeti Ramsden 1946–2003	

M

Domestic #1: He Tīmatatanga

In late 2016 I visit **Heather** at her flat in **Aorewa** and **Fran**'s garden, to discuss what to do with her (voluminous) journals and correspondence and (also voluminous) unpublished manuscripts. Then, before she leaves Auckland to go to a rest home in Hamilton, she and her son **Rick** create a system for and sort some of the papers. When they leave I spend about a week in the almost-empty flat, sorting and packing the rest.

I don't pause to read any document in detail unless I'm unsure about where to put it. Even so, sometimes I read things I'd like to burn. But there's no fireplace. And they're **Heather**'s documents, not mine. So I keep going. When it's difficult, I focus on the seasoned purple leather boots **Heather**'s left behind for me, take them on brisk walks to find local sources for easy-to-prepare hyper-nourishing food.

Sometimes I phone friends after I find their ancient letters loose in **Heather**'s filing cabinet, or amongst her university essays.

Then it's time to go. Ever-staunch in her manaakitanga, **Dr P** helps me fill her car with the boxes, with **Heather**'s stool, her drying rack, her computer; and arranges for secure disposal of a single large black rubbish sackful of old folders and boxes and duplicates. And we drive to Wellington via Hamilton.

At the rest home, **Dr P** pays her respects and disappears to sun herself in the garden.

Sitting together on her bed, **Heather** and I discuss levels of access to her papers; I reassure her about the box that's sealed for 50 years. She asks me to help her die; she's had enough. 'I'm disappointed that my cancer journal's compromised by pain

and painkillers,' she says. We discuss her contribution to **Joanna's A Season's Diaries**; we're both mildly troubled that I haven't found it. She reminisces about **Joanna** and their friendship. I meet another resident in the nursing home, her beautiful long-time friend and sometime lover. Then, I stand up and **Heather** smiles for a photograph.

Dr P and I spend the night at a motor camp in Tokaanu. In the *miserably appointed* (according to **Dr P**) campground communal kitchen, she cooks a delicious dinner, in a tin plate hand-held over half an electric burner. And I am **Eeyore**. Drooping on the nearby fence, gazing at the horses in the adjoining thistly paddock, without enough stuffing to leap over and join them.

We eat at a picnic table under a

tree. The *perfectly steamed new-season asparagus, finished with black pepper and an excessive amount of melting butter*, is the best asparagus I've ever eaten. I watch the horses again, listen to the birds, almost until night falls. Then we lie back in the hot pools.

In the morning we explore a nearby thermal walk.

In Wellington, one of my lovely sons carries the boxes down the steep **Oriental Terrace Zigzag**.

A beloved friend dies. Two weeks later **Heather** dies. **Dr P** represents **Spiral** at the funeral.

Then, for the **Alexander Turnbull Library**, I fill a big spreadsheet with details about **Heather**'s papers. Move on to the contents of her computer, then copy them to a thumb drive. I'm not used to a PC; and



Heather McPherson
Passport, 1964
Heather McPherson Archive

Heather smiles for a photograph.
Radius St Joan's Rest Home, Fairfield, Hamilton, November 2016
Photo: M





miserably appointed

Disgruntled Dr P framed by a horse float for polo ponies, considers the culinary possibilities of new-season asparagus, November 2016

Photo: M

And I am Eeyore. Drooping on a nearby fence.

M. State Highway 1, eastern shore, Lake Taupo, heading south, November 2016

Photo: Dr P

making sense of her pathways is somehow deeply unsettling. Towards the very end I find an email programme that is kind of hidden. It has useful info and I wonder what else I've missed.

The boxes and the thumb drive are still in the back room.

Dr P remembers who suggested the exhibition. I remember only that after those boxes were sorted **Mokopōpaki** issued an invitation. I'm touched by it, as **Heather** would have been. I'm keen to help. But how?

Women's voices and work are historically lost and forgotten, something **Heather** wrote about in **Have You Heard of Artemisia?**, her hymn to the ever-present task of bringing the work of women artists and writers into public spaces. We discussed this again and again over decades, referring regularly to **Joanna Russ' How to Suppress Women's Writing** and to **Tillie Olsen's Silences**. And when **Heather's** health

deteriorated, I started a **Spiral** publication to revisit **Heather's** and **Spiral's** stories, returned to **Spiral** and **Women's Gallery** files deposited in the **Alexander Turnbull Library** in clumps over almost forty years.⁶ **Heather** and I read **Kirsty Baker's** fine thesis **Inhabiting the threshold: the Women's Gallery as liminal space in New Zealand's feminist art history**⁷ and discussed with each other and then with **Kirsty** how **Spiral** and the **Women's Gallery** were established according to a philosophy similar to the one that filmmaker **Ava DuVernay (Selma, 13th, Queen Sugar, Wrinkle in Time)** has articulated about her work:

*'It's not about knocking on closed doors [or placing ourselves at the threshold of someone else's doorway]. It's about building our own house and having our own door.'*⁸

Did the **Mokopōpaki** invitation mean we could somehow rework the 'own house' concept,

to embrace — safely — aspects of **Heather's** inspiring life and practice that might be lost or are painful to remember?

Would it be possible, in another space? And given our historical vulnerability, noted in our collective statement for the **Women's Gallery Opening Show?**—

'Art must express the whole person, but all too often women, in suppressing their femaleness, fail to express their wholeness.

When we undertake the task of breaking out of the images men have presented to us and exploring our exclusively female experience, then we become vulnerable. We uncover private and previously unexpressed areas of ourselves. We lack a positive tradition to encourage and confirm us in what we see. There are few women artists to endorse our new vision. The only tradition we have to draw on is one where women have been suppressed by a predominantly

male culture.

This means that we need to withdraw and gain confirmation from each other before we are ready to announce our insights to the 'outside world', i.e. our culture, which, despite the changes that have taken place, is still undoubtedly male dominated. Hence at certain key moments men may be excluded from some event... because we need to draw on the special advantages of being exclusively among women. An all women gathering makes the audience participants and includes everyone in our event. This separatism is not an end in itself, it is simply part of a process. The process is one of self-discovery, of building our traditions by going back to the roots of our experience.

*In the end we hope to redefine not only what is female but also what is the human experience.'*⁹

When I read about **Mokopōpaki's** kaupapa, I'm

reassured that their where is also a safe place, a welcoming shelter where artists can take risks and where the door is wide open. And its kaupapa also feels lighter, more fun than the **Women's Gallery's** was—

*'As a space, **Mokopōpaki** asks questions. Lots of them... **Mokopōpaki** is an inclusive place with Māori ideas and values at its centre. We are a critical co-operative or Whānau who want to make 'art for people' accessible. We apply Māori approaches to exhibition making and the production of artwork. We work together to encourage and support emergent and established artists from across the generations. Although we argue and often disagree, we are able to get over ourselves and problem-solve best as a group. At **Mokopōpaki** we laugh and have fun but we also look after each other and find ways to keep the creative fire going no matter what. Nevertheless, we know that in this day and age, for us to succeed, our project has to*

*be commercially viable.'*¹⁰

We settle into discussion about dates and selection, what we can manage among us. My share is to plunge back into the archives and feed possibilities to **Mokopōpaki**, who will approach artists for new and old work that speaks to what I find. **Mokopōpaki** will build, hang and host the show.

At first I'm tentative, because we could make, others could make, so many exhibitions that would delight **Heather**.

Read **Tiffany Thornley's** tribute to **Heather** for instance, and imagine what she might do. Read **Allie Eagle's** and imagine the same.

Come in, **Tiffany!** Come in, **Allie!** Haere mai, haere mai rawa! Noho mai rā, e tahu mā!

6

Spiral Collectives (2016). medium.com/spiral-collectives, nzhistory.govt.nz/women-together/spiral, nzhistory.govt.nz/women-together/womens-gallery.

7

Kirsty Baker, 'Inhabiting the Threshold: the Women's Gallery as Liminal Space in New Zealand's Feminist Art History,' Wellington: Victoria University of Wellington (2016). researcharchive.vuw.ac.nz/handle/10063/5129.

8

Kirsty Baker and Marian Evans, 'Kirsty Baker's Inhabiting the Threshold,' Spiral Collectives (2016). medium.com/spiral-collectives/kirsty-bakers-inhabiting-the-threshold-5d13c103212c.

9

Extract from womens gallery [sic] Opening Show Jan. 21st–Feb. 29th 1980 [catalogue], Wellington, 1980: [1].

10

Mokopōpaki original document (2017).



Tiffany Thornley
From the scraps of the
patriarchy I made myself anew,
2016
Embroidery, stitching on textile
99 x 110cm
Photo: Arekahanara

Tiffany Thornley

‘From the scraps of the patriarchy I made myself anew’

I got to know **Heather** when I joined the **Spiral Collective** around 1977. It must have been when we were all involved with the **Women’s Art Environment** at the **Canterbury Society of Arts**, for the **United Women’s Convention** held in Christchurch.¹¹ I was in my final year at art school.

Heather encouraged and supported me in the art I was doing. She was warm, funny and creative. We spent time together and worked on **Spiral 3**. I’m not sure when she left Christchurch but I know she left before **Spiral 4** was finished because suddenly **Lynne Ciochetto** and I were finishing the journal.

When we came to do **Herstory Diary 1980** we contacted **Heather** and used her wonderful poem **Have You Heard of Artemisia?** for the flyer to send out to booksellers etc.

She also featured in the diary as an individual, along with many Canterbury feminist artists and writers. She was just such a strong influence in the Christchurch feminist scene.

Several years ago, when I realised how influential the Christchurch feminist art movement in the 70s was to the whole women’s movement, I rang **Heather** to talk about it. She encouraged me to write about that time, sent me some of what she had written and wrote about her influences.

I wish I’d been able to meet up with her after that. We kept in touch. I asked her permission to use her statement from the **Women’s Art Environment**.

This is what she wrote about her contribution there, in **Spiral 3**—

***Gladys** helped bring the timber*

*in; she and **Ellie** helped nail, saw and balance the A-frame. Satisfying work. On the front I painted **From the scraps of the patriarchy I made myself anew**.*¹²

I embroidered that on this patchwork quilt. **Heather** said ‘I’m sure it came from the collective whole.’

She was kind and loving till the end.

11

Also known as the Christchurch Women Artists group exhibition, 3–8 June 1977, see ‘United Women’s Convention,’ CSA News 73, 1977: [10]. christchurchartgallery.org.nz/media/uploads/2010_08/1977-05-73.pdf; Spiral 3, 1978: 24-40.

12

Spiral 3, 1978: 36.



Allie Eagle
Heather's Seat @ Mokopopaki, 2018
Watercolour, graphite on Fabriano Artistica paper
55.8 x 38cm
Photo: Arekahanara

Allie Eagle

Gardening Today

Heather was grocery shopping when **Morrigan** and I bumped into her at the Edgcombe Road supermarket in St Albans, Christchurch. This is the first time I remember meeting her. She was pregnant with **Carrick**. Winter, 1973.

She lived just around the corner in Dover Street. We became friends as mothers in an extended household and as artists, the poet and the painter who closely worked together.

For both of us, what we were able to achieve with **Spiral**, **Circle** and within the women's art movement was intimately connected to our relationships and the domestic comings and goings of people like **Paulette** and **Anna**, **Kath** and **Joanne**, not to mention the **Chippenham** women and dear **Gladys (Saj)**, and **Jane** and a small host of others who moved between

the old blue house opposite **Heather's** and the place where I lived with **Morrigan** at 54 Trafalgar Street.

In those days we were lesbian gardeners and travellers, wiccan gurus and goddesses. We critiqued problematic patriarchies and emerged as publicists, gallerists, activists and polemicists. We picnicked and protested, drank tea and smoked cigarettes and, in our kitchens and our living rooms, incubated our own revolution.

I am not exactly sure when **Heather** moved North but by 1978 I was living at Te Henga. Nevertheless **Heather** and I stayed connected. Well kind of — mostly through letters and visits, and poems and paintings and our love affairs, with their endings and beginnings.

Around then I experienced an

unalterable spiritual change and although I felt compelled to leave the bosom of patriarchy, over the next 37 years **Heather** and I remained friends.

Despite deep, deep, differences we talked and sparred: exchanged poetry and painting and discussed religion and relationships.

In **This Joyous Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu**, the suite of paintings I present refers to an earlier image **Old Chair Getting Older: On Dreaming of Going to Mexico**, painted in 1977 while living near **Heather**.

Years later when **Heather** came out to Te Henga to visit me, and walked on the beach and smelled the salted sea and sought sunshine and privacy in the bush garden outside my whare, she would often stay down in my sleep out bus to

work, tucked away in her writer's retreat.

Sometimes she would send me a sheaf of poems written late into the night. Dark poems, raw poems, hard-to-read poems. Poems to goad. Poems to foil. Poems resonant of the existential wedge between us.

These new watercolours celebrate all the conversations I had with **Heather** and the words she wrote and the pictures I made and the enduring friendship we shared.

*'I have been gardening today, pruning the dead peach twigs, shaping the elder, plum tree, fig — and thinking of you, friend — our cut-off views...'*¹³

Haere Rā, **Heather**. Farewell and Goodbye.

Arohanui Always, **Allie**

13

Heather McPherson, extract from unpublished poem in a letter to Allie Eagle (c.1980).



Allie Eagle
Heather McPherson, 1979
Watercolour, charcoal, crayon on paper
73 x 54cm
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(D-008-030)
Photo: Adrienne Martyn

Dr P

The Littlest Chickpea

M calls me **Dr P** (I'm not, but I'd like to be, a PhD, preferably from a flash Harry American university or a solid red-brick British one). But although I cannot claim to be a Doctor, of Philosophy or otherwise, I can claim that I'm a former student of **Aorewa McLeod**. Back in the day I spectacularly failed her **Women's Studies** paper at Auckland University. I might have achieved a satisfactory grade if I'd made at least a random appearance at one of **Aorewa's** lectures, or paid more attention to her tutorial programme than I did to the poster on the door of her study, featuring an instructional ballroom dance diagram with the slogan, *Ginger Rogers could do this — backwards AND in heels!*

I can also claim that as a young, inexperienced tertiary teacher in the School of Art & Design at Manukau Institute of Technology I was a junior associate

assigned to **Allie Eagle**. Since then **Allie** and I have worked together on and off mostly in the classroom or learning situation but sometimes in the studio, where over the years I have been co-opted and cajoled to act as her model. On these occasions, when I'm obliged to 'behave' for the artist and stand-in for all those indolent-but-adorable Māori girls you got to love, I assume the otherwise unremembered traditional identity of the deceased Aunt after whom I am named.

Allie introduced me to the formidable **M** who, at that time, was screenwriting. We collaborated on a project that I was convinced would take us all the way to **Cannes**. **M** was much more circumspect. She thought the closest we'd get might be a ride out to Miramar on the No. 24 bus, on the off-chance that between takes **Peter Jackson**

could pop across the road to the good old Kiwi-style home cookery for a decent mince-and-cheese pie.

In a vain attempt to save my part-time but only secure and regularly paying job, I had to pursue another course of postgraduate research. This compulsory return to continuing education became a thesis on the **invisible girls of New Zealand art** and was an honest attempt on behalf of the generation that came after the women's art movement to address **M's** earlier inquiry, **They Might Have Completely Forgotten Us**.¹⁴

M asked why the 'intellectual and artistic achievements' of women disappear from the public record, and suggested this happens because the work of women is 'often entirely ignored, or framed in a way that obscures our contributions,' and perpetuates

a 'long art history' where women artists are rendered less visible and 'less valued than men.'

My project attempted to critique the prevailing institutional attitude where women get left out of the narrative; to find better ways to 'remember' us by putting our contribution on record. I played with a fairly crusty literary form known as annotated bibliography, gave the convention a makeover, then used this to tell the almost-forgotten story of the women connected to a well-known contemporary New Zealand artwork.¹⁵

I set to work. When all was done **Allie** asked **M** and **Heather** to read the first complete draft of my project, to offer editorial comment. **Heather** gave me sixteen A4 pages of scribbled notes. Her craggy remarks began, 'This is not a book... this is the beginning of a book.' Hoping for something more encouraging, I cried. Without shame. I really wanted a book.

My book. Stuff **Heather** and her oblique, poetic nod to the uptight Belgian painter, **Magritte**. Put that in your 'picture of a pipe' and smoke it. But eventually, I did as **Heather** suggested and diligently answered all her questions.

Aware that **Heather** was unwell I wanted to thank her for the huge effort she had made on my behalf. Perhaps, I thought, by offering a gift, maybe one of the watercolours **Allie** had conjured up the previous winter, as a contra for her well-upholstered and nearly always agreeable, but chronically cash-strapped Māori model.

And there we are, just the two of us, upstairs in the studio. Spring has almost arrived. It's way past afternoon tea-time but the light is still good. Benign even. **Allie** is standing at her long table with open bottle of black ink and steel nib pen at the ready.

'What's this called?' she asks, studying the page where a drop-

dead gorgeous but notoriously surly, doe-eyed Māori Miss, in oversized straw hat with bright blue forget-me-nots stuck to the brim, curls a petulant lip.

'Don't know.'

'Think of something.'

So I did. Given that the picture was intended as a present for **Heather**, I knew the best sort of title should in some pleasing and complimentary but unexpected way reference her work. I tried really, really hard to remember at least one line of **Heather's** verse but all that would come to mind was the title of her poem **Have You Heard of Artemisia?**

I could recall these words only because my cousin **Agnes** from Tūrangānui, who years before had come to Auckland to go to the university, decided to reinvent herself as a feminist and Māori vegetarian. In her damp, little, over-priced student flat in Arch Hill, **Ag** had a copy of **A Women's Picture Book**

and the classic San Francisco, Moosewood Café cookbook, **The Enchanted Broccoli Forest**.¹⁶ Ignorant of the difference, I mistook **Heather's** hand-written, self-illustrated poem about **Artemisia** the warrior queen for a scarily healthy, hippie, whole food recipe for hummus with squiggly drawings of chickpeas in the margins.

I was overwhelmed and ashamed. **Have You Heard of Artemisia?** was all I knew about **Heather**, her work and the words that she wrote. How could this be? As 20-somethings, stropky Māori girls like me and my whanaunga had no interest in Pākehā goddesses, witches and warrior princesses. For us these figures belonged somewhere else. They were remote, rather alien and somewhat quaint. Not that we were worried. Right under our ihu, we had role models of our own, all drawn from a living history and myth. No reminder necessary.

However, in Art History 101, I had

just learned about **Artemisia Gentileschi** the talented baby-girl painter, working away in her Dad's shop, surrounded by needy and ambitious boys who totally held her back. As the eldest and only daughter in a family of five, I so understood that...

Submission date for post-grad research projects at Victoria University of Wellington was 2 November 2015. It is likely my writing on the **invisible girls of New Zealand art** was one of the final hardcore academic gigs **Heather** was well enough to work on before she died in January 2017. This I suspect was why I ended up on the 'order of service' at her funeral, shoulder-tapped by **M** to represent, as she put it, 'the younger generations of women writers and researchers who have been influenced by **Heather**.'

And so it was, as the last, and probably littlest, literary chick in **Heather's** chickpea pod, I put a drawing pin through a half kilo bag of **Bin Inn Certified Organic Chickpeas** and hung it on the back wall of the **Brown Room** at **Mokopōpaki**.

Looks good there I reckon.



Looks good there I reckon.
Bin Inn Certified Organic Chickpeas 500g
Photo: Arekahanara

14

'They Might Have Completely Forgotten Us,' Spiral Collectives. medium.com/spiral-collectives/they-might-have-completely-forgotten-us-26b55cd68e69 (2013/2016).

15

Cushla Parekowhai, 'The Story of the Story of The Story of a New Zealand River: An Annotated Bibliography of Resources Informing Interpretation of The Artwork He Kōrero Pūrakau mo Te Awanui o Te Motu (2011) by Michael Parekowhai,' Wellington: Victoria University of Wellington (2013). hdl.handle.net/10063/4919.

16

Molly Katzen, 'The Enchanted Broccoli Forest,' Birmingham: Ten.8 Ltd (1982).



Have you heard of Artemisia?

Have you heard of Artemisia of Halicarnassus,
or Cartismandua? or Camilla?

Have you heard of Hiera of Mysia? Or Julia
Mammaea who ruled Rome? Or Tomyris the Celtic
queen who killed great Cyrus of the invading
Medes and Persians?

Have you heard of Boadicea who fought
an attacking empire – who would not be a Roman
Triumph and died by her own hand?

Have you heard of Martia Proba, Martia the Just?
Her Martian Statute after a thousand years
was the source of Alfred's code . . .

And what of Hypatia of Alexandria? head of
the School of Philosophy, logician, astronomer,
mathematician, torn to pieces by a Christian
bishop's flock . . .

Have you heard of Thecla the Apostle, or Aspasia,
or Nausicaa? and if you know passionate Sappho
what of Corinna, St Bridget, or the Lady Uallach?
and since you know Joan of Arc, should I
mention the Papess Joan or good Queen Maud,
or Philippa the beloved queen whose merchants
bought her pawned crown back . . .

I did not learn them at school, these queens
and scholars . . . but scan names such as Mary,
Elizabeth, Shulamith, for their story – vivid
women who lived as the Celts did, with audacia,
and loved their sisters . . .

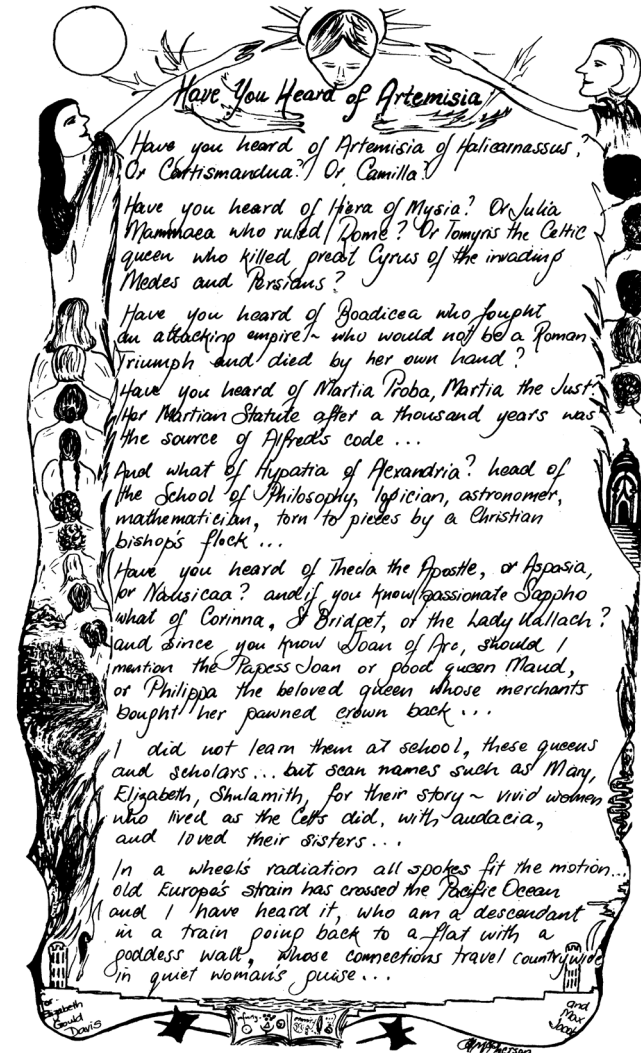
In a wheel's radiation all spokes fit the motion . . .
old Europe's strain has crossed the Pacific Ocean
and I have heard it, who am a descendant
in a train, going back to a flat with a goddess
wall, whose connections travel countrywide
in quiet woman's guise . . .

dedicated to Elizabeth Gould Davis and Max Jacob

Heather McPherson

Have you heard of Artemisia?, 1979

From A Figurehead: A Face, 1982



Heather McPherson

Have you heard of Artemisia?, 1979

From A Women's Picture Book: 25 Women Artists of Aotearoa New Zealand, 1988

Allie Eagle
have you heard of Artemisia?: portrait of Kohine in straw
hat with forget-me-nots, 2015
Watercolour, pastel on paper
29.7 x 21cm
Photo: A.A.M. Bos





Women painting Have you heard of Artemisia? on
Matariki Mural, Wellington, 1981
L-R, T-B: Anna Keir, Marian Evans, Marg Leniston,
Fiona Lovatt, Susie Jungersen, Bridie Lonie
Photo: A Women's Picture Book: 25 Women
Artists of Aotearoa New Zealand, Wellington:
Government Print, 1988: 39

Heather McPherson

Spiral

- Initially, the most profound influence on my feminist consciousness-raising was **The First Sex** by **Elizabeth Gould Davis**; and a little later, **How to Suppress Women's Writing** by **Joanna Russ**. The latter I reread alongside mainstream reviews. It's still apposite, still applicable.

- Early seventies: I'd had poems published in **Landfall** and other small magazines. I approached Caxton Press and **Landfall** editor, **Leo Bensemann**, with a collection. During our conversation I said I'd become a feminist. He said that (painter) **Rita Cook** — **Rita Angus** — had been a feminist "but it didn't do her any good either." He said yes, my poems were publishable but to "go away and get a grant." I didn't know how to do this. The book languished unpublished. At the 1973 Christchurch Arts Festival I was

invited to participate with three other poets in a women poets' reading. This was followed by a Young Poets reading. Twenty or so young men got up on stage; not one woman among them. Their voices seemed indistinguishable; I remember only one as being outstanding, and as I've said elsewhere "he was a bit mad too."

- **Where were the women?** Local women's liberation initiatives already operated e.g. **The Christchurch Women's Centre** which initially doubled as **The Christchurch Women's Refuge** and was begun as a community venture jointly by women from **Gay Liberation**, by **Sisters for Homophile Equality (SHE)** — a lesbian feminist group in Christchurch — and **Radical Feminists** (a Christchurch feminist group based at Chippenham urban commune).

- **Circle**. A collective of Christchurch women took turns with Wellington and Auckland

Circle collectives to put together the national lesbian magazine: **Circle**. Of course, earlier, also nationally and perhaps most noticeably had been **Broadsheet** feminist magazine in Auckland, which many lesbians felt had a heterosexual slant. A little later **Herstory Press** was started in Wellington, originally by **Robyn Sivewright** and **Jill Hannah**, later **Robyn Sivewright** and **Jill Livestre** and were printing **Women's Liberation** material and posters, pamphlets, political papers, flyers, etc.

- In the seventies, connections and overseas literature — magazines, books, posters, broadsheets, reports, photographs, poems, polemics etc — came back with 'travelling women' (e.g. **Morrigan Severs**) from international **Women's Liberation** and **Women's Art Movement** groups, particularly from the United Kingdom, the United States and Canada. These publications included arts magazines, e.g. **Hecate**, **Heresies**. With growing

confidence in our various consciousness-raising groups we women/artists applied the theory, including **Women Artists' Movement** theory, to New Zealand conditions; and modified it.

- A short time (and a child) later, I took part in the **SHE** meetings whose members were working on a **Homosexual Law Reform** submission. It was a large capable group and my input appeared to be negligible. But the experience spurred me into thinking about what I'd prefer to be doing. With the excitement of **Women's** and **Gay Liberation** in the air, with a number of talented artists in the law reform group, with their stories of being turned down for publication by editors or by art gallery owners for being too *different*, or more enragingly *not up to standard* I thought I'd rather be working with/for women artists ('artists' in its inclusive sense of visual, written and multi-media arts).

- I talked with feminist women,



Jane Zusters
Feminist picnic, Hagley Park, Christchurch, 1978
Giclée print
51 × 68cm
Edition of 10

It's spring. A fun girls' activity with hidden clues leading to the picnic. Although there are a number of lesbian couples like Heather and Paulette, the common bond is feminist politics; challenging the patriarchy and coming together to enjoy the daffodils. Tiffany is there and so is Gladys (Saj) and Lee Hatherly. I was hanging out with my mates and had my camera when someone, probably Heather, proposed the toast.

Jane Zusters
Heather McPherson, Christchurch, 1975
Giclée print
23.5 × 20cm
Edition of five



particularly those involved with **Circle**. I advertised, got keen replies, and a women artists group began meetings. Later **Allie Eagle** brought her network of women artists together with the group, and we all worked on an initiative which became the 1977 United Women's Convention **Women's Art Environment** and gathering-place, sited in the Christchurch Society of Arts.

- The women artists group soon agreed that a magazine was needed. The vision was of all arts and artists communicating, equally valued, democratising the process of art-making itself, so that it would not be under male dominance. All women are artists, we said. Our main focus was to publish New Zealand women, to build connections between artists working in different media, to get New Zealand women's art and voices heard and make overseas connections.

- "A spirit of defiance strode

abroad." Some of our ideas were:

- Art is not made in a vacuum but out of our lives.
- Women's and men's lives are different because of our different experiences of socialisation, and because of child-birth, child-rearing, work, shibboleths of niceness and cultural expectations.
- Thus women and men artists have and express different values as well as content.
- Sexism both causes and effects women's marginalisation in the arts by overt and covert censorship of women's experiences as unacceptable art content.
- In the same way, homophobia censors the expression of lesbian and gay experiences in the arts, especially sexuality.
- Women artists — some great — have been overlooked, under-rated and/or dismissed by male gatekeepers of the literary and artistic canon.
- Publishing and art selection, in New Zealand as elsewhere being male-dominated, gave little support to women writers and artists and passively or actively discouraged us.

- **Spiral** advertised for women only — even so, a few men sent work — and printed only what we received. As I said in **A Women's Picture Book** re feminist content and/or work, the intent was more radical than the content. But there was and is a process in definitions, especially defining what is meant by 'feminist' and what is meant by 'feminist artist'; our ideas changed over time. Sixties women artists had seen 'the suicide syndrome': the brilliant woman artist as depressive and/or self-destructive (e.g. **Plath, Arbus**). As feminists in the early seventies, we at first wanted positive portraits of strong women, we wanted celebrations of being woman/lesbian/gay, we wanted to erase the images of sex symbol or victim. I once did not publish some good work because it was too 'depressing'; I now regret that decision. (The writer became very successful in mainstream publishing.)

- I was familiar with the story of **Walt Whitman's** self-

publication; also, increasingly, of various small magazines and their founders. Notable was **Margaret Anderson's Little Review**; she, editor, with **Jane Heap**, first published **Joyce's Ulysses**. I had primary school experience of making/collating a magazine. I made contact with **Don Long** and **Alan Loney** who had contacts with American small press associations. Both, with **Robert Brett**, were helpful and supportive. I printed off flyers on one of their elderly printing presses. The physical work was tiring and time-consuming; I realised my priority was not beautiful and/or old-style printing, but getting the printed work out.

- For the first issue of **Spiral**, because of lack of communal working experience, I had been quite role-bound with designated jobs; later we managed more collective job and responsibility-sharing.

- For printing that first issue, we negotiated with **Herstory Press**.

The Christchurch group sent material, the Wellington group printed and returned the issue, and the Christchurch group collated it. Hard work... the physical putting together of the magazine was a glorious shared task done by over a dozen women in The **Blue House**, loose pages laid out in **Saj** and her friends' living room and stapled together by the **Spiral Collective** and house occupants in the only space big enough, a space of regular lesbian dance parties. Good spirits, good co-operation, fun, laughter, a few howls of frustration, a huge satisfaction.

- We gave the authors a token payment (\$2)(!) to 'acknowledge' their work; this was to be augmented but we never made enough money to fully recover expenses.

- Later — the magazine typeset and laid-out to printing quality — we used local printers. Distribution was always a problem. The women's/lesbian

communities in Christchurch helped; Women's bookstores and **Broadsheet** (in Auckland), were helpful; individual members of each collective did wonderful continuous work to get **Spiral** through the country.

- The first four **Spiral** issues, apart from sales, subscriptions and donations, were funded by the Christchurch women's/lesbian community, particularly women's dances in a community which might or might not share feminist beliefs. I remember, for example, the argument over whether or not to use men's music at dances; this led to a feminist-non-feminist community split. But gay, non-feminist and heterosexual women's presences supported the feminist and lesbian-feminist activists in **Women's Refuge**, **Women's Centre**, **Spiral**; all came to shows, readings and exhibitions, bought books, paintings, photos, etc and not least, came to the dances which paid our printers' bills. A cash box disappeared at the **Waikato**

Women's Studies conference, and the **Spiral Collective** held a special dance to replace the money. Distributing and fundraising were communal; **Spiral** could not have existed without the wonderful emotional and financial support of friends, partner(s) and the lesbian and gay women's community.

- Costs included extra life-stress. I was a solo mum doing a part-time job and paying a babysitter to be able to do that; I rarely had spare cash for luxuries for my son and myself, let alone the ability to subsidise a magazine, except in giving time/labour and incidental costs towards it. That meant less quality time for relationships or my writing; eventually I relinquished involvement with the magazine so that I could write more.

- Rewards — were to have been part of a heady exciting venture in a heady exciting time, to have made life-long friendships, met talented women — artists in all media, concepts, crafts

— writers, painters, weavers, photographers, sculptors, printers etc... to have worked, played, argued with wonderful women, good at their jobs — to see the inspiration continue, so that later women's collectives published under the name/imprint e.g. **the bone people**...

From an unpublished draft (2013).





PANiA!

The True Artist Helps the World by Asking for Trust (After Bruce Nauman), 2019

LED neon, acrylic, fixings

125.6 x 119.4 x 4cm

From the exhibition The True Artist Helps the World by Asking for Trust;
a collaboration between Te Tuhi and Mokopopaki (23 March–19 May 2019)

Photo: A.A.M. Bos

M

Close-up

So. We could have celebrated **Heather** with work from her mates. And from her lesbian, queer, feminist communities, from those early Christchurch days until the end. Or focussed on her legacy through **Spiral**. We could have celebrated her new book with garden images. And there are garden images, works about **Spiral** and work from mates here. But no single option seemed quite enough for either the **Brown Room** or the **Grey Room** at **Mokopōpaki**, or for its **Shop Window**, or on its threshold.

In Auckland and Wellington, we get to work, exploring complexity and multiple meanings.

Mokopōpaki conveys excitement (**Allie's** working on some watercolours!) and surprises (**Jacob**: Yes! Let's make a **Shop Window Cinema**; **Dr P**: **Sarah Jane Moon's** over

from London. Can you get to Rotorua so she can paint you?). I'm overwhelmed by the quantity of the archives and grieve about some of the gaps. Collectively we tried, with all those deposits to public institutions. **Heather** and others wanted to be sure that their projects and the women who worked on them didn't disappear. But we weren't entirely successful. The **Auckland Women's Community Video** archive, carefully placed in several institutions, cannot be found in some and is not digitised in others.¹⁷ I find very few artworks by **Sharon Alston**; her original cartoons seem to have all gone; some of her posters within institutions are unattributed or misattributed. **Juanita Ketchel's** writing is mostly unavailable for now, anywhere.

BUT yay, the **Women's Gallery** photographs in the

Alexander Turnbull Library ('Partly restricted — Additional processing required') will be processed and unrestricted soonish.¹⁸ And YAY I find the book **Heather** made for **A Season's Diaries**.¹⁹ And, a big treat, I share **Dr P's** satisfaction when she first views **Allie's** beautiful 1979 watercolour of **Heather**.²⁰ And, among other inspiring treats, I watch **Adrienne Martyn** meticulously photograph items from the **Turnbull Library** in challenging conditions and **Annie Mein** 'tidy up' some remnants of **Auckland Community Women's Video** tapes.

Let's forget the disappointments. And the raruraru. They happened at the **Women's Gallery**, at **Spiral**, everywhere. They happen again, in a fine variety. So.

For a long time, we don't know how we'll make sense of it all. But again and again we return to what might be forgotten. We return to **Heather's** empty stool,

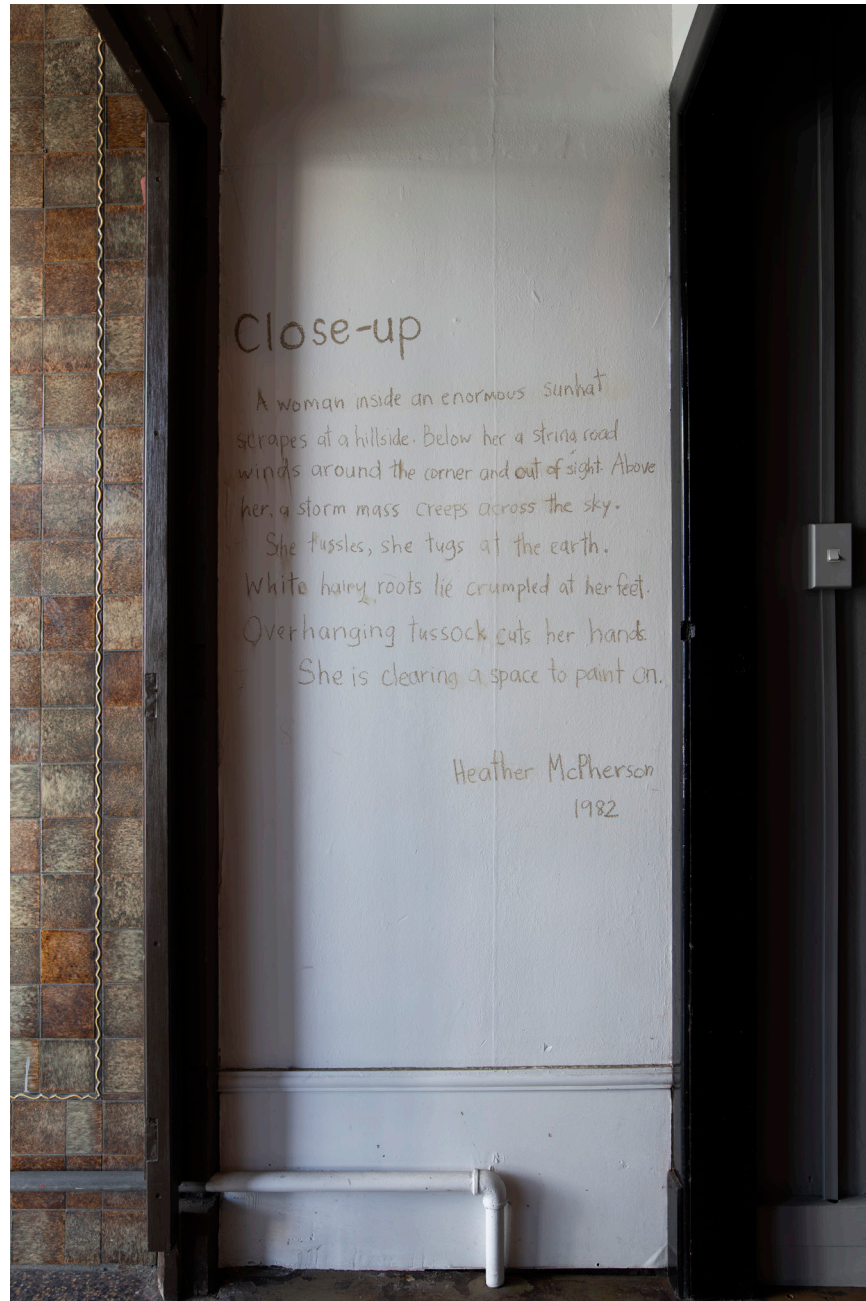
to its statement about absence. We return to the image of women on a scaffolding, painting **Have You Heard of Artemisia?** on the **Women's Gallery** wall, a reminder of the various scaffoldings **Heather** created. When we select and install the work, our go-to question is *Where's **Heather** here?*

Late in the afternoon before the show opens, **Jacob** puts away the vacuum cleaner and presses 'play' in the **Shop Window Cinema**. Chalking **Heather's Close-up** — the first poem in her first book — on the **Grey Room's** nearby threshold, I hear **Heather** on the soundtrack of the **Auckland Women's Community Video** footage from the **Women's Gallery Opening Show**, back in 1980. She's reading **Making a Goddess**. I hear **Rick's** young voice interjecting: 'Mum, Mum, Muuuuum!'

The loop moves on. **Keri Hulme** reads **King Bait**. Then introduces her **Pāua Shell Gods**.

And I'm done with the chalk, step back to take a look. 'HmMMM....' I hear **Heather** say. 'Nice.' And as I walk round the show, I hear her again and again. 'HmMMM.... Nice.' And see her back home in Mountain View Road, saying a whole lot more to **Fran** and **Aorewa**, writing about the work in her journal, emailing loved ones.

She isn't gone. Not really.



17

Marian Evans, 'Auckland Women's Community Video,' Spiral Collectives/ Auckland-womens-community-video-2beebdf6da09.

18

The Women's Gallery: (Wellington): Photographs, various dates (ATL: ATL-Group-00221).

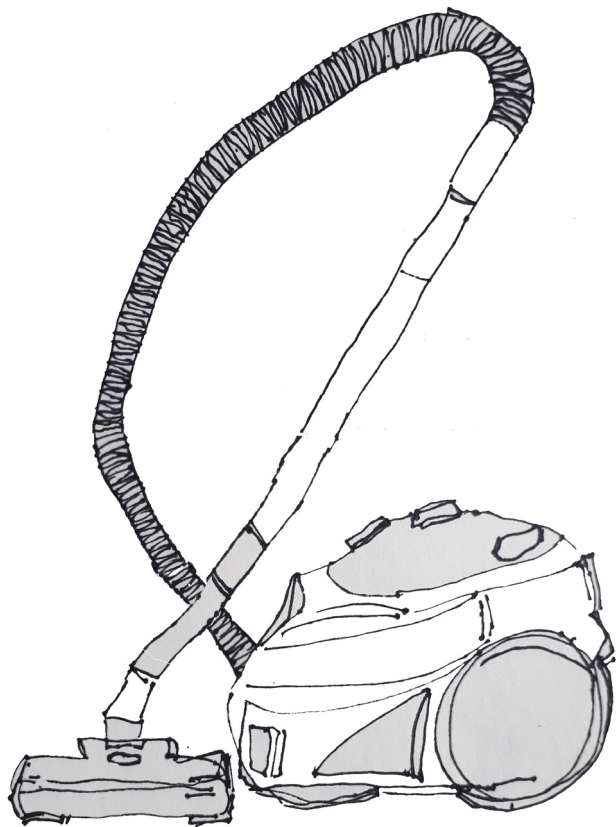
19

Heather McPherson, Extracts of a Journal (1977) (ATL: fMS-Papers-6435).

20

Allie Eagle, Heather McPherson (1979) (ATL: D-008-030).

And I'm done with the chalk
Threshold inscription by M, Mokopopaki,
Auckland, 2018
Photo: Adrienne Martyn



The washing machine has ended its cycle.
Travellers Laundromat, 456 Karangahape Road, Auckland, September 2019
Photo: Arekahanara

Mokopopaki
Edgar, 2019
Ink on paper

M

Domestic #2

One cold wet evening I visit the laundrette next door to **Mokopōpaki**. Fill a machine with clothes from the plastic bag in my back-pack. Curl up on the long slatted bench in the window, my back against a large drainpipe. Wait for the washing. Wait for **Dr P** to arrive with dinner for everyone, as she so often does. Doze a little.

And I perch on the edge of **Heather's** deck. She sits behind me on her stool, one shoulder propped against the weatherboards. My feet — in my (our) purple boots — rest at the top of the steps down to the garden. My legs bend towards my chest, my arms circle them and my head rests on my knees. I hear the rustle of a cigarette paper. **Heather's** preparing a rollie.

'**Heather,**' I say, without lifting my head, 'talk to me.'

A match sparks.

Then silence.

'Did you see **Dr P** in her chef's apron at the launch? Did you see the trays of poached chicken club sandwiches? Inspired by your passion for boiled fowl? The vego option: *vegetable nudités, home-made pita bread crisps with hippie chickpea hummus (see the art-and-eat-it-too!)?*²¹ *The glistening platters of fresh fruit?* Did you see everyone's enjoyment?'

Silence.

'And did you love how **Tilly** launched your book? So graceful. So warm. So sharp and generous. Wasn't that special?'

I lift my head, turn to look at her. She's writing in one of her journals. A Warwick 2B8 lecture book. Thick, hard-backed, lined.

She glances up. She's listening. But not with pleasure.

'Are you disappointed? Did you want a photo of **Morrigan**? Did you want us to follow your foundation philosophy at **Spiral**?'²²

She looks at me over the top of her spectacles. Neutrally. Takes another drag on her ciggie. Goes back to her journal, writes steadily.

'Some of it was easy. Images of you by **Jane** and **Tiffany**, paintings by **Alex** and **Allie**, drawings by **Anna** and **Fran**. And works that refer to you, some of them only just made: **PĀNiA!**'s flower-filled medicine cabinet with brown glass pill bottle containing the handwritten manuscript for one of your previously unseen poems; **Allie's** evocative suite of watercolour interiors. I love it that **Mokopōpaki's** commissioned new work speaks to the old.

Tiffany's quilt, at last. **Saj's**

contribution to **A Season's Diaries**. **Anna's** contribution, in conversation with your own diary, which speaks to **Allie's Cup** watercolour, too.

Your arts activism, through the **Christchurch Women Artists group, Spiral** and the **Women's Gallery**; your writer/artist peers who participated in one or other of those groups from various decades after 1974. Especially the others who've left us. You missed **Barb McDonald** if you blinked, but you saw **Adrienne Martyn's** portraits of **Joanna, Juanita** and **Sharon**? And the themes closest to your heart: women and violence, women loving women, self image and the body, self-representation, community?'

Heather continues to self-represent, in her journal. Pissed off, I turn my face to the garden, think about what might most interest her.

'What d'you think about the links between **Joanna's** two self



Joanna Margaret Paul

Self Portrait, 1999

Graphite, coloured pencil, pastel on paper

40 x 29cm

Photo: Arekahanara

image drawings from 1999 and her **Unpacking the Body** for the **Women's Art Environment** back in 1977? And to her associated book, **Unwrapping the Body**?²³

Did you think of them when you saw that sieve in one drawing and those vessels in both of them? And did you think about **Joanna** perceiving herself — in 1999 — as a drying vessel, *sucking tears from the wind*?²⁴

Nothing. Nothing. Does she want to talk about her new book?

Or, because **Joanna's** ideas about art and life seem to seep into your new book, did you think back to those classic sentences within her classic artist statement?—

I don't wish to separate the significant and everyday actions but to bring them to close as possible together. It is natural for women to do this; their exercise and their training and their artistry is in daily living. Painting

*for me as a woman is an ordinary act — about the great meaning in ordinary things.*²⁵

Hah. That should grab her. I lift my head again, turn round, see her disappearing through the glass door into the flat. I shout after her.

'And what about her statement in that letter, back in 1979?'—

*I feel mixed about womans spaces now; because I think so much was realised for me in Xch & later — & now Im out on my own, & having been working & living very much in my own back yard — I feel supportive of women & interested — but at a distance, & thru the wall.*²⁶

Heather returns, with a small, battered, soft-covered exercise book. Where she records her notes and lists for daily living. She gives me a tiny smile, as she reaches, again, for her tobacco.

A little encouraged, I continue.

'And we remembered spirituality for you. So there's **Keri's** work for the **Women's Gallery Spirituality** show, alongside her **Mothers** work about spiritual mothers. And ephemera about **the bone people**. That reminds us, among other things, of how systemic racism wounds the spirit.'

Heather fiddles with a little white filter, presses it hard into the tobacco, wraps both in the cigarette paper, licks it. Seals the rollie, smoothes the paper, tucks in some loose ends. Seems about to speak. But no, not to me: she's asking herself where she put the matches. They're on the other side of her stool, on the journal, now closed.

'And to show your influence's reach, sometimes in unexpected ways, there's **Maria MacKay's The Whole Realm of Greater Divas**; she operated the camera on a **Spiral** trip to **France** with matakite **Wai Turoa Morgan**. That wouldn't have happened without you.'

She looks over at me, match in one hand, smoke in the other. Almost responds. Looks fondly at me. But absently. Strikes the match on the match box.

A car pulls up, out on the street.

I'm running at the mouth now, talking to myself.

'And we knew you'd enjoy **Sharon's** Swannndri.'

A car door opens and shuts.

'The current owner said **Sharon** always wore her swannie on **Waiheke** in the late 70s, walking **Basil** her dog. And, she told us, *Many lesbians bought swannies as protective clothing during the Springbok Tour in 1981*. As you know.'

A car boot slams shut.

'And what about that great gift, that only **Mokopōpaki** could offer, the record of that other 1981 event, the abandoned **Matariki tour**? The pou tuarongo, the

uplifting assertion, on the back wall of the **Brown Room?**'

The gate opens. And clicks shut. The washing machine has ended its cycle.

Outside the window **Dr P** struggles across the pedestrian crossing, carrying a large box. I jerk almost-awake, look over my shoulder at **Heather**. She's focused beyond me. Intently. And I get it. She's been waiting for her littlest chickpea.

She wants to hear about the Māori lens at **Mokopōpaki**. She wants to hear **Dr P**'s take on the **Kaitaka** story, **Spiral**'s journey to the **Banks Cloak** in Stockholm, back in 1986. And she wants the updates.

I jump up.

Heather's on her feet too, stubbing out her ciggie.

'See ya!' I say.

She turns towards me briefly,

gestures: Yes, fine. With a tiny smile.

Dr P leans on the laundrette door. Puffing a bit. It's a really big box.

'You talking to a ghost? C'mon **M!** This weighs a ton.'

She raises her bundle of keys, dangling from her little finger, shakes them at me. She wants me to open up **Mokopōpaki**, work at that tricky lock in the front door.

I take the box from her. 'You open the door,' I say.

She does, efficiently. And **Heather**'s already there, on the **Mokopōpaki** threshold.

'Come in, **Dr P**,' she says. 'Nice, nice, nice.'

Has **Dr P** seen **Heather**? Heard her? I don't know.

But I leave them to it.

Run upstairs with the heavy box. Drop it off. Run back down, out to the laundrette. Put the clothes in the drier.

Anna Keir
Self Image, 1980
Screenprint on cotton
58.5 × 45.5cm
Photo: Arekahanara



21

Bridie took the remnants of the vego platters back to her sick brother's place to whizz up some healing chunky-cut soup. Just the tonic after an evening of intense feminist art she thought — Dr P.

22

I worked with the material we received — that it didn't reflect our own reality didn't bother me too much, it was the idea of women working together for women's voices to be heard, positively, that was the aim, and the amalgam of arts... Not so much the content as the fact of presence and capability, in my head at least.' — Heather McPherson and Tilly Lloyd, 'A Women's Picture Book': 40.

23

Joanna Paul, 'Unwrapping the Body,' Dunedin: Progress Print (1979).

24

Keri Hulme, 'He Hōhā,' in 'Strands,' Auckland: Auckland University Press, 1992: 41–43, 42: 'What shall I do when I dry, when there is no more turning with the circling moon?/Ah, suck tears from the wind, close the world's eye;/Papatūānuku still hums. From womens gallery [sic] Opening Show Jan. 21st–Feb. 29th 1980 [catalogue] Wellington, 1980: 10 — 'I'm a solitary person, but, being human, love people. A loner, because I dwell in my head and dream a lot: companionable, because tribe and community are sanity. I don't often

think of myself as a woman — usually as a sort of neuter observer on the fringe of the fire — because I don't live in a way, do much in a way, that is considered womanly by our society — Māori or Pākehā. It's sweet to be part of woman power again — because there's no way I can ignore my gender — I get a reminder every tide, every moon, every month. What do I offer this exhibition?... Something growing — "HE HŌHĀ" Me as a woman versus my dreams. "He Hōhā" can mean either a bitterness, a nuisance, or a bore. I work to communicate mainly in words, but find colour, structure, line, sound, light, movement and form necessary adjuncts. However, "He Hōhā" is only a poem, partly sung, partly chanted, partly said... All I can give to this gallery, this exhibition, this sudden tribe, is bits of myself... Kia ora, kia koa, kia manawanui. Nā Keri Hulme.'

25

Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Woman's Art: organised by Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch, in conjunction with International Women's Year/ [essay and research, collation of work: Alison Mitchell] Christchurch, 1975: 12; Spiral 1, 1976: 41.

26

Joanna Paul, Letter to Women's Gallery re Opening Show (1979) (ATL: 84-072-01/2). Joanna's contribution to that show, alone in a little room at the back of the Women's Gallery in

Harris Street, was Poem 'interior and coloured paper'; her biographical note read: 'Married with two children, a painter who sometimes writes poems, makes small films, photographs, has made books; and in working in various forms is interested continuously in the way the language affects/effects the thing said,' womens gallery [sic] Opening Show Jan. 21st–Feb. 29th 1980 [catalogue] Wellington, 1980: 9.

PANiA!

Medicine Cabinet: Art as a Political Statement, 2018

Medicine cabinet, mirror, spray paint, vinyl sticker, fake flowers, ANZAC poppy, pill bottles, autographed, unpublished, hand-written original poem (c. 2011) by Heather McPherson, modified Lego Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum model, band-aids

Photos: Arekahanara



The artist's monster
flower hanging
off the art gallery's ceiling
opens its petals oddly
and surprisingly
like wings...

and I remember how post-war reconstruction taught
us to grow-your-own veges and pick dandelions
and daisies and look down on fake
and turn up our noses at silk
roses or plastic and paper anemones

except ANZAC Day poppies or Wilde's trellis
of pink roses to stage *The Importance of Being Earnest*
but some years ago in a small main street I passed
a two dollar shop whose proprietor gazing
at the hot footpath's trodden asterisk
blooms of spit and chewing gum
catches my accidental eye
and flashes a shy smile

and I falter by a bucket
of coloured blooms and almost without thought
pluck a red cotton poppy
and now as a droopy orange-streaked specimen
fading on my dashboard in the searing summer
it floats below straw-blonde paddocks
and flat provincial miles

like a delighted coloured grin I don't
have to bite back under a monster
red bloom hung over
the art gallery
entrance slowly prevailing
and lifting its wings...

Heather McPherson
Art as a Political Statement, c. 2011
Unpublished, original poem, reproduced by PANiA!, 2018

Te Pou Tuarongo: Kohine's Lament

He oha na te whaea²⁷

E tipu te whakareanga nei, e tipu e—
Naaku ra koe, i rauhi—
 i here ki taku pito
Naaku ano koe, i peehi, rutu ake
 i maunu mai ai to matihe!
Tihe! i mauri-ora
I nganga ai to waha areare ki te ao marama e—ia

A Mother's Gift

Grow, young generation, grow
It was I who nurtured the seed that
 was tied to my navel
It was I again, who laboured for
its rude awakening, exhorting the
sneeze of life, the loud burst of the
lungs to herald entry into this world

—Kohine Te Whakarua Ponika (1920–1989)

In a small, bright yellow picture frame, with no glass, but protected by a thin, transparent film, there is a modest, black and white A5 photograph. Although the portrait is not as crisp or as in focus as it could be, the image is of a kuia with wise eyes; this is an old soul. Hers is a forgiving and compassionate heart. She is a woman who has lived. The kuia wears an Adidas tracksuit top. The strong contemporary lines about her person sing with stylish edge. She seems a little camera shy and smiles cautiously. The name of this woman is **Kohine Te Whakarua Ponika**. She is from Ngāi Tūhoe and Ngāti Porou, an esteemed songwriter and poet, teacher of Māori performance and recording artist.

In 1981, the **Women's Gallery** invited **Kohine** to join a group of women poets and composers, to tour a nationwide programme

of traditional and non-traditional performances to tertiary institutions, secondary schools, art galleries, community halls, prisons and marae, supported by the New Zealand Students' Arts Council. **Kohine** accepted the invitation with much 'interest' because she felt she did indeed have 'a little something to offer our young people.'²⁸ **Adrienne Dudley**, **Heather McPherson**, **Keri Hulme** and **Mereana Pitman** were the others in the group.

Kohine called the touring party **Matariki**, after the star cluster that appears in the June night sky and signals the beginning of the Māori New Year. Greatly admired by Māori, **Matariki** is also known as **Pleiades** or the **Seven Sisters**, where among astronomers all the stars that belong to the group are understood as having the same 'proper motion,' moving

collectively through space,
together as one.

State-funded 'poets tours' were then quite common, but at that time only one woman had ever been included, on a single tour. The **Matariki** tour intended to give the group an opportunity to build confidence as artists in their own right, share women's work with a much wider and more diverse audience, and encourage the creativity of others. Media releases were written, itineraries planned and newspaper interviews given. But at the last minute, the tour had to be abandoned because the 'Literary Fund refused to match Arts Council funding,' partly on the grounds that some contributors, including **Kohine Ponika**, were unknown to them.²⁹

**This Joyous Chaotic Place:
He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu**
celebrates your continued
inspiring presence, **Kohine**. E
Kui, this was for you and is again
for you—

He tohu aroha

ki **TE WHAEA O MATARIKI**

and for all women poets/all women
who have flown up against a patriarchal wall
and been bruised or broken
nā koutou i tangi nā tātou

mihi mai

mihi mai

mihi mai³⁰



27

Kohine Ponika, 'He oha nā te whaea,'
typescript (1980) (ATL: 84-072-09/07).

28

Kohine Ponika, Letter to Marian
Evans, 19 February (1981) (ATL: 84-
072-09/07).

29

Marian Evans, email to Mokopōpaki,
21 February (2018).

30

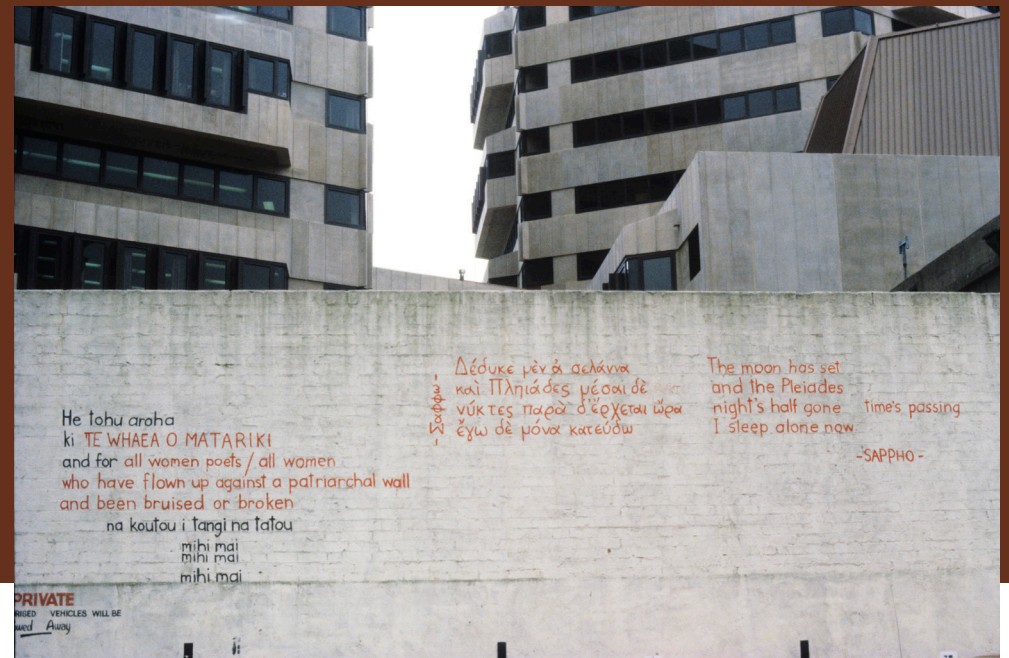
Marian Evans, 'Matariki Mural 1,'
1981: Dedication painted on an
exterior white wall of the Women's
Gallery, 26 Harris Street, Wellington
and reproduced by the artist in chalk
as pou tuarongo on the interior brown
wall at Mokopōpaki, 22 February
(2018).

Kohine Ponika, 1981
Photographer unknown
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(Box 1 ATL-Group-0221
Women's Gallery)



This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu, 2018
 Exhibition view, Mokopopaki, Auckland
 Photo: Adrienne Martyn

Marian Evans
Matariki Mural, 26 Harris Street, 1981
 Slide
 Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
 (ATL-Group-00221)



M

He Aho — Weft: From Matariki Tour to He Kaitaka

As a ‘consolation prize’ for the **Matariki tour’s** cancellation, **Keri Hulme** sent me the manuscript of her much-rejected novel, **the bone people**. I was working at a women’s refuge and responded strongly to the book’s depiction of violence towards a child; I read it all-in-one-go, through a single night. When I passed it on to **Irihapeti Ramsden** and **Miriama Evans**, they responded equally strongly (see **Peter Burger** and **Pirimia Burger’s** short film in the **Shop Window Cinema** at **Mokopōpaki**).

Together, the three of us formed a **Spiral** collective to publish the book, and very quickly sold two printings. We then auctioned the rights, so that it could go further into the world. **the bone people** went on to win various awards including the Booker Prize and its success made it possible for **Spiral** to organise participation

in the 2d International Feminist Book Fair in Oslo and the 3d International Feminist Book Fair in Barcelona.

When **Keri** travelled to the United States in 1985, to accompany her, **Spiral** published **Wāhine Kaituhi**,³¹ a catalogue of local women writers, with an essay by **Miriama Evans**.

Irihapeti Ramsden had read an article by expert Dunedin-based tapestry weaver **Margery Blackman** about the **Banks Cloak**, a **kaitaka** held in the Etnografiska Museet in Stockholm,³² and drew part of the **kaitaka’s** border as the **Wāhine Kaituhi** cover image.

And in 1986, when a **Spiral** group: **Arapera Blank**, **Heather McPherson**, **Irihapeti Ramsden**, **Jacquie Baxter** (**J.C. Sturm**), **Marian Evans**, **Patricia Grace** and **Stephanie**

Baxter, went to Oslo for the book fair, **Irihapeti** said she wanted to visit the **kaitaka**. So off to Stockholm went the group, on the train.

More than three decades later, **Mokopōpaki** invites **Margery** to contribute to **This Joyous Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu**. She generously offers text with photographs by **Gary Blackman**.

31

‘Wāhine Kaituhi: Women Writers of Aotearoa (New Zealand),’ Wellington: **Spiral** (1985). Among correspondence with writers who contributed is a lovely, hand-written, letter from Janet Frame offering Keri assistance in New York; she had also supported publication of J.C. Sturm’s ‘The House of the Talking Cat’ (ATL: 91-023-1/04).

32

Margery Blackman, ‘Two Early Māori Cloaks,’ **New Zealand Crafts**, Autumn 1985: 15.

Kia ora Margery, kia ora Gary. Ka nui te mihi ki a kōrua, i awahi mai, i tautoko mai, i ō tātou mahi.

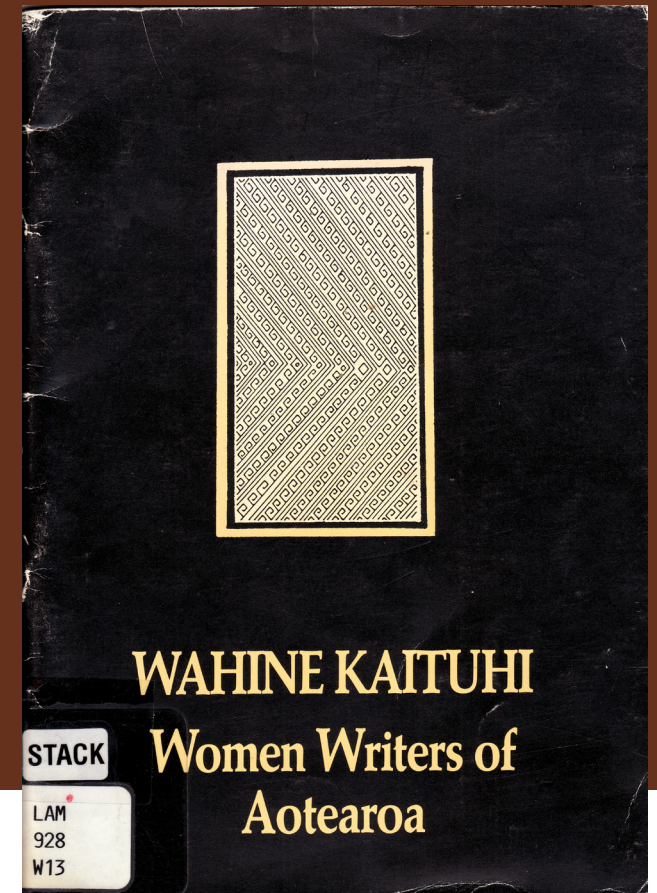
Mauri ora!

—Mokopōpaki



This Joyous, Chaotic
Place: He Waiata
Tangi-a-Tahu, 2018
Exhibition view,
Mokopopaki, Auckland
Photo: Arekahanara

Irihapeti Ramsden
Wahine Kaituhi: Women Writers of Aotearoa, 1985
Cover design
Wellington: Spiral



Margery Blackman

Kia Kanoi – Twist: The Banks Cloak

As a tapestry weaver I have been intrigued with the tāniko borders of Māori cloaks. I see their intricate designs as an indigenous form of tapestry though made without a loom by an entirely different technique.

I became aware of the **Banks Cloak** from reading **S.M. Mead's** book **Traditional Māori Clothing**.³³ In it, he had drawn some of the pattern of the tāniko border of the cloak.

In 1983 I had the opportunity to visit the National Ethnographic Museum of Sweden, Stockholm, to see this cloak,³⁴ a part of the **Joseph Banks Collection**. I was able to take photographs which allowed me to analyse the details of the tāniko structure. I confirmed my analysis by constructing a small sample of the unusual pattern and reported my findings in **New Zealand Crafts**.³⁵

Since then I have studied other 18th century and early 19th century cloaks with tāniko borders. My findings form part of my chapter in **Whatu Kākahu, Māori Cloaks**.³⁶

Tāniko is a form of weft twining, a textile constructed with at least two weft threads interacting to enclose successive warp threads. The direction of the twist of the twining of the weft threads can be to the right or to the left. In the **Banks Cloak** the strong pattern of lines is achieved by twisting the weft to right or left as required by the pattern. A large number of such directional changes are needed in each row to build the pattern. This method of tāniko pattern-making is only seen in cloaks collected in the 18th century and is not seen in later cloaks where the patterns are worked with a twist to the right only. This enables creation of blocks of colour, such as

diamonds and triangles.

Some of the **Banks Collection** in Stockholm including this cloak toured New Zealand museums in 1965 and 1966. A very similar early cloak is in the National Museum of Ireland in Dublin.

33

S.M. Mead, 'Traditional Māori Clothing: A Study of Technological and Functional Change,' Wellington: Reed (1969).

34

Museum number 1848.01.0063.

35

Margery Blackman, 'Two Early Māori Cloaks,' *New Zealand Crafts*, Autumn 1985: 15.

36

Margery Blackman, 'Whatu: The Enclosing Threads,' in 'Whatu Kākahu, Māori Cloaks,' edited by Awhina Tamarapa, Wellington: Te Papa Press, 2011: 75.



He Kaitaka, the Banks Cloak (detail)
Etnografiska Museet, Stockholm, Sweden (1848.01.0063)

Dr P

He Kahuki — Warp: He Kaitaka 1986: My Bloodied Hands

‘You want me to do what?’ said **Aunty Dianne**.

‘Whip up some weaving. Well, Māori macramé actually.’

There was a very long silence, almost as if the battery on the mobile phone was about to fail. It didn’t.

‘Come on, Whaea, please? You know, **Tā-niko**, traditional, old school, fiddly finger, knot work. That stuff.’

From the Kāpiti Coast all the way to Auckland, spikey, long distance disinclination crackled between satellite telecommunication towers.

‘Water off a duck’s back for an ace maker like you.’

More profound non-verbal communication.

‘Send me an idea.’

‘Done.’

Lucky I had an idea. A moment of insight that begins with an ageing set of photographs, where the sky is turning pink because the colour

processing is starting to leach.

The year is 1986. In an image taken by **Irihapeti Ramsden**, **Heather** stands, hands cupped in front of her, at the extreme left of a group of mostly Māori women: **Arapera Blank**, **Jacquie Baxter (J.C. Sturm)**, **Stephanie Baxter** and **Patricia Grace**.

Spiral’s taken the train from Oslo to Stockholm, to the Etnografiska Museet/National Ethnographic Museum. Their ‘desire,’ as the super-efficient Swedish programme co-ordinator noted in a museum memorandum,³⁷ was to be introduced to a cloak. Not any old cloak but a precious 18th century **kaitaka** cloak (exhibit no.1848.01.0063 to be precise) collected by **Joseph Banks**, during the Endeavour voyage on the first **Cook** expedition to New Zealand (1768–1771).

When **Margery Blackman** examined the rare

cloak and its **tāniko** edge in 1983, her study increased her admiration for—

‘...the remarkable craftsmanship of the Māori women who with no tools other than a stone pounder, two pegs and their fingers transformed a harsh leaf fibre into a soft warm pliable and often beautifully decorated garment. In the skilled preparation of the flax fibres and sustained regularity of the twist of the yarn, in the evenly controlled twining and designing and working of the magnificent tāniko borders, these unknown women have created objects which are an inspiring example for all craftspeople whatever their medium.’³⁸

Margery concludes that it was—

‘...disappointing that New Zealanders must travel so far to see outstanding examples of

the skills of 18th century Māori craftswomen but we can be thankful that today there are a small number of Māori women who continue to work in the superb craft tradition of their ancestors.’³⁹

And yes, we are thankful that a small number of outstanding and skilled Māori women do keep working in the tradition of our ancestors. Other wāhine read **Margery’s** work and are inspired.

Heather tells us that when she first saw the cloak at the museum, **Arapera** ‘young as she was’ let rip with a spine-tingling karanga, where the emotional charge felt by all those in the ‘smallish, crowded room’ was so intense ‘not a dry eye’ was left in the house.⁴⁰ That karanga was followed by smiles all round, evident in another photograph from **Irihapeti’s** camera, where **Jacquie**, **Patricia**, **Irihapeti** and



Irihapeti Ramsden
Spiral Group at the Etnografiska Museet, Stockholm, 1986
L—R: Heather McPherson, Carl Erik Larsson,
Marian Evans, a Swedish writer, Arapera Blank,
Jacquie Sturm, Stephanie Baxter, Patricia Grace



A.A.M. Bos
Dill *Anethum graveolens*, 2011



Marian Evans
Spiral Group, Etnografiska Museet,
Stockholm, 1986
L—R: Jacquie Sturm, Patricia Grace,
Irihapeti Ramsden, Arapera Blank
with He Kaitaka, the Banks Cloak

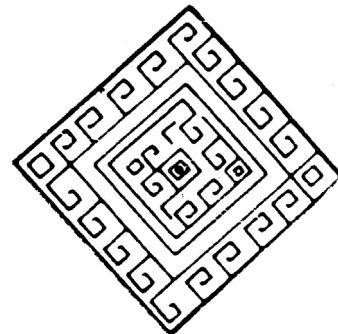
Arapera stand with the **kaitaka**, relaxed and happy, a laugh-out-loud grin apparent on the side. The museum staff wear white gloves when interacting with the **kaitaka** but leave the group from **Spiral** free, with hands bare, to touch it how they wish. They show the women other taonga from the same part of their collection. Offer them a magnificent lunch, with salmon and dill sandwiches made with a complex, nutty, brown bread.

The story of the Stockholm cloak via that fairly prickly summer afternoon telephone call, followed by emails with scanned copies of **Margery**'s research work attached and the link to a clip off YouTube give **Aunty Dianne** all that she needs.

Only weeks later, on the day before the exhibition opens, **Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade** from Ngāti Porou and now resident in Paraparaumu, drives herself up to Auckland, **Heather**'s weather-beaten and rickety four-legged poet's stool in the boot of her car. She walks

into the Gallery with a plastic bag tucked under her arm. Inside is an only-just-finished, *interpretation*, she says, of the square spiral **tāniko**. Against the walls of the **Brown Room**, the tightly-tensioned textile work with long black fringe glows as if illuminated from within. 'Not perfect,' **Aunty Dianne** says, 'but I'm learning. Thanks to you.' Young **Jacob Tere**, Associate Director of **Mokopōpaki** and Keeper of the House, handles the newly made sampler gently and asks her what the **tāniko** is called.

Aunty Dianne considers this question. 'My bloodied hands', she says, looking across the space, directly at me, 'with fingers worked to the bone, are but pitiful stumps.'



Irihapeti Ramsden
Drawing from Wahine Kaituhi: Women Writers of Aotearoa, 1985

37

Swedish Institute Documentation Centre, letter to Spiral, 23 June (1986) (ATL: 91-023-1/04).

38

Margery Blackman, 'Two Early Māori Cloaks,' *New Zealand Crafts*, Autumn 1985: 15.

39

Ibid: 15.

40

Heather McPherson, 'Travelling with Arapera,' *Spiral Collectives* (2016). medium.com/spiral-collectives/travelling-with-arapera-702069d32377.

Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade
My bloodied hands, with fingers worked to the
bone, are but pitiful stumps., 2018
Taniko
37 x 25cm
Photo: Arekahanara

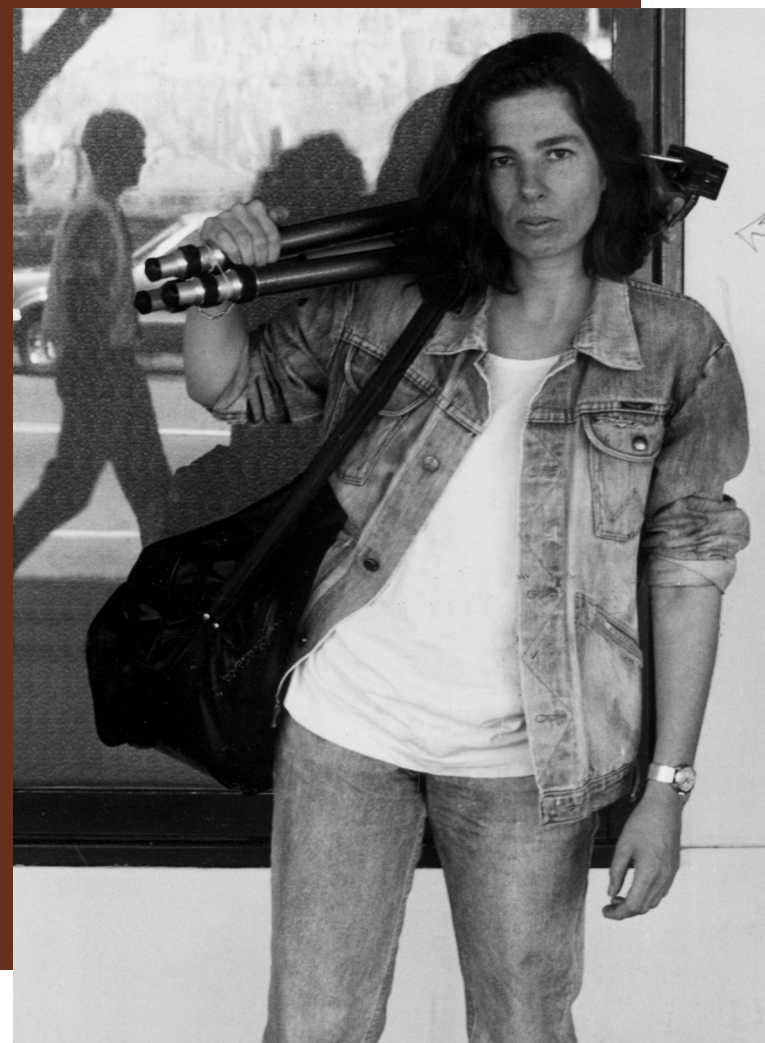
Photo of the artist at work: M





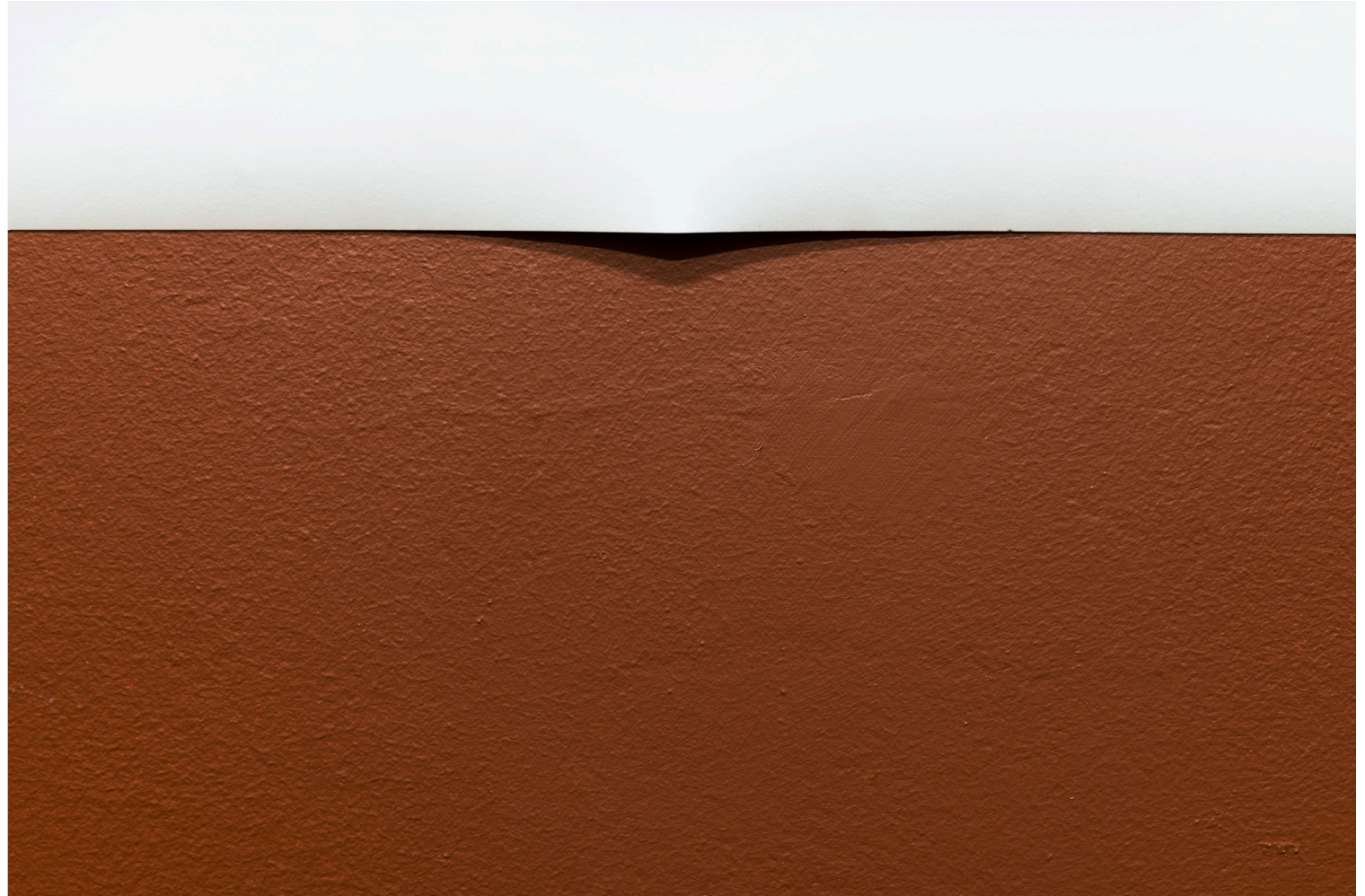
Tilly Lloyd and Marian Evans promoting A Women's Picture Book: 25 Women Artists of Aotearoa New Zealand, c. 1988
Photographer unknown
Sunday Star Times

Marian Evans
Adrienne Martyn, 1987
Agenda magazine
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(91-023-5/9)



Adrienne Martyn
Parergon #1, 2018
Pigment ink on Hahnemuhle Photo
Rag UltraSmooth
56.5 x 79.9cm

Pou tuarongo detail. Photograph
taken during This Joyous, Chaotic
Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu,
Mokopopaki, Auckland, 2018. First
exhibited in Domestic #3: Ahimaru,
Mokopopaki, Auckland, 2019.





Bridie Lonie
Woman in labour, 1985
Bronze
5 x 8 x 14.5cm
Photo: Arekahanara

Women and the Environment, 1981
Flier for exhibition co-ordinated by Bridie Lonie, assisted by Marg Leniston, Women's Gallery
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-B-Women's Gallery)

THE WOMEN'S GALLERY

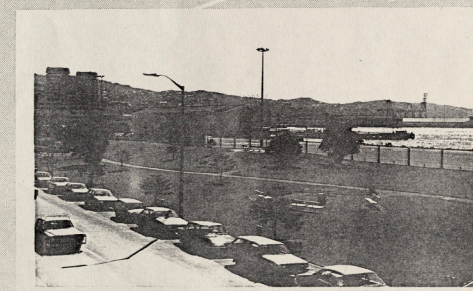
WOMEN AND THE ENVIRONMENT

THE DATES OF THIS EXHIBITION HAVE BEEN CHANGED. IT WILL NOW BE HELD FROM NOVEMBER 3-28

To accompany the exhibition, there will be a weekend of workshops, a fair/street theatre day on the Oriental Bay Band Rotunda, and a concert.

The Wellington City Council has given provisional permission for sculpture to be placed on three parks close to the Gallery. These are: the park outside the Wellington Council Chambers (Civic Square); the space before and behind the Public Library (which is opposite the Gallery); the Sir Frank Kitts Park, a long narrow stretch between the new container wharf and Customhouse Quay.

We would like work involving both the private and public aspects of women in their environment: also accounts (and books, photographs, posters, printed material etc.) of lobbying, reactions to environmental issues, protests...



CONTACT NUMBERS : MARG LENISTON - WORKSHOP CO-ORDINATOR 730060
: BRILLIE LONIE - EXHIBITION CO-ORDINATOR 756992

p.o. box 9600 wellington, new zealand. phone 723257

WOMEN VIOLENCE AND JUSTICE



WHAT SORT OF DEAL
DO N-Z WOMEN
GET FROM THE LAW ?

SATURDAY 29 NOVEMBER 1980
PUBLIC LIBRARY LECTURE HALL ground floor
9:30a.m. to 4:00a.m. bring your own lunch
a public discussion day organised by
the committee on women and the womens gallery.
sponsored by c-o-w phone 722-834 or 723-257

Women, Violence and
Justice Seminar, 1980

Poster designed by
Sharon Alston

Associated programme for
Women and Violence,
co-ordinated by Heather
McPherson, Women's Gallery
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.

(Eph-Women's Gallery-
1981-01)

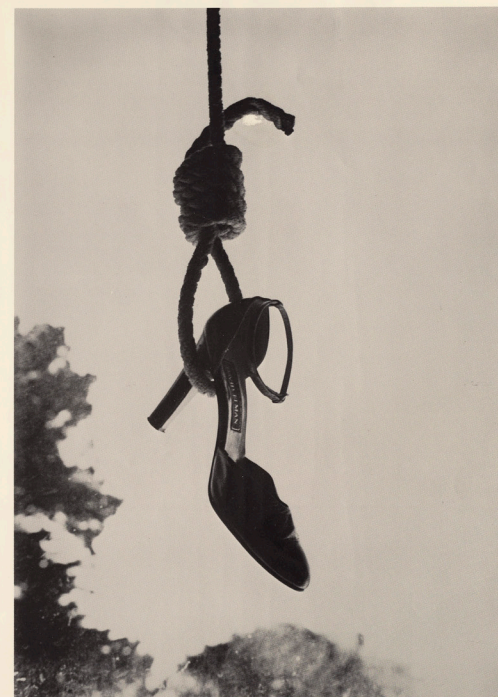
Photo: Adrienne Martyn

Women and Violence, 1980

Poster designed by Sharon
Alston for Women's Gallery
exhibition co-ordinated
by Heather McPherson,
photo by Mary Bailey
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.

(Eph-Women's Gallery-
1981-01)

Photo: Adrienne Martyn



WOMEN AND VIOLENCE

THE WOMEN'S GALLERY
26 HARRIS ST.

28 OCT — 6 DEC



Tilly Lloyd
the surgeon's green sock, 2017

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu, 2018
Exhibition view, Mokoopaki, Auckland
Photo: Adrienne Martyn

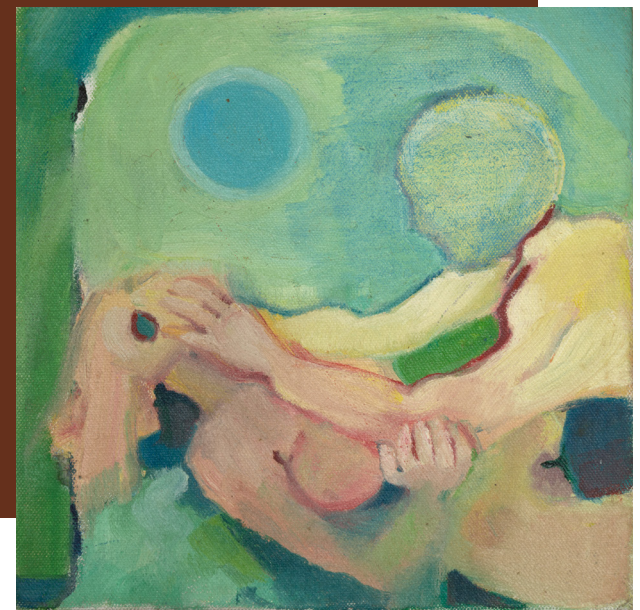




Bridie Lonie
Man with hands around woman's neck, 1981
Clay
11 x 12 x 21cm
Photo: Arekahanara

These works were made to make sense of situations I found myself in. Heather exhibited the clay figure in Women and Violence, along with xerox images of my and my brother's hands (thank you brother) twisting tea-towels.

Bridie Lonie
"I dreamt I had strangled you",
c. 1990
Oil on canvas-coated board
19.7 x 19cm
Photo: Arekahanara



Dr P

the bone song people

And of course **Aunty Dianne's** bloodied hands connect instantly to another photograph in the **Brown Room**, and to another story and another **Bloody Hand**.⁴¹

In the corner diagonally opposite **He Kaitaka**, there is a glass-fronted floor-to-ceiling vitrine. Inside is a small monochrome image of two naked Pākehā women in a white cube kind of gallery setting, sitting cross-legged on the floor. One of these women is **Bridie Lonie**.

When the show for **Heather** at **Mokopōpaki** opens, **Bridie** tells us that this still is from a performance work made in 1985. It preceded **A Women's Picture Book** and had to do with the grief caused by colonisation visited upon the body of the land. Seen retrospectively, for her it adds a connection *to the grief that*

lies within A Women's Picture Book, the division that led five Māori women artists to withdraw from the publication.

Bridie believes that the strength of **Mokopōpaki** is discovered in the *projection of histories back toward their protagonists for new consideration* in what she calls *the provisional space that art can offer*. This opportunity has been *both moving and troubling* for her because many of the issues apparent in the 1980s remain.

Bridie now sees the split between Pākehā artists as more than an inability to resolve differences of opinion about an image by a lone tauīwi whose watercolour raised some uncomfortable questions. She speculates that the withdrawal was not about censorship or individual artistic freedom, but because Māori women should

attend to our own interests first. Whatever the case, **Bridie** says in our sensitive, layered and re-scaled installation of her work from this period, **Mokopōpaki** not only acknowledges that such separation took place, but within this acknowledgement, returns the project to us all with a new opportunity for dialogue.

Which is where this strand in the story ends, with a return to dialogue and the spoken word. There I am in front of an expectant audience wearing a posh frock. My hair up, gathered in a fashionably sloppy bun, held together by two long fresh green branches of kōwhai that look like feathers (one, amazingly for this time of year, with a little yellow flower peeping from between the leaves). It is Saturday afternoon, 3 March 2018, and an enthusiastic crowd has assembled at the Pioneer Women's Hall just off High

Street in Central Auckland for the event to launch **Heather's** posthumous book of poems.

I am number four on the designated list of contributors, standing in for **Miriama Evans**, member of the **Spiral Collective** who published **the bone people**. **Miriama** has asked me to read **A frosty morning with elated sun and ice crystals prickling the strawberry beds**, one of the shorter poems from **This Joyous, Chaotic Place**. On a crisp winter morning, **Heather** carries a bucket of recently rinsed washing down the garden path to the clothesline and reflects. The poet thinks about the necessary advantages of laundering intimate personal items such as underwear and sundry other *delicates*, by hand. **Miriama's** choice of last words for **Heather** make me smile inside and imagine a more Māori approach to health and



the bone people Spiral Collective at home, c. 1984
 L-R back: Irihapeti Ramsden, Marian Evans
 Front: Miriama Evans
 Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
 (91-023-4/13-11)



Keri Hulme
Spirituality (slide), c. 1981
Spirituality, Women's Gallery, c. 1981
 Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
 (91-023-5/13-01)

hygiene. The irony is apparent. There are some stains no amount of elbow grease or scrubbing with Sunlight soap will ever be able to remove.

Miriama also asked me to read a poem by **Arapera Blank**, from her collection **Ngā Kōkako Huataratara: The Notched Plumes of the Kōkako**, which the **Spiral** group had taken with them to Oslo.

In the poem, **Bone Song**, the poet identifies her ancestral connections to the land that, skeleton-like, extend from one end of the Fish of Māui to the other. She then alludes to the complex system of obligations and responsibilities that give this structure strength. **Arapera** goes on to acknowledge the two significant **Keri** in her life. She first offers a message of congratulations to **Keri Hulme**, prize-winning author of **the bone people**, followed by a shout out to her sister **Keri Kaa**, a loyal supporter and member of **Spiral**. **Arapera** brings

both these ideas together in a cheeky but elegant sign-off. She concludes, with a salute that also refers to **Heather** and her achievement as the publisher-poet who founded **Spiral**, and became the bones of the bones of **the bone people**.

**A frosty morning with elated sun
and ice crystals prickling the
strawberry beds⁴²**

I swing my blue bucket and its steaming
smalls to the clothesline

How old-fashioned, says my young neighbour
pegging up shirts, sheets, knickers, towels
I throw all mine in the washing-machine

Maybe, I say, your smalls are not the sort
that fall apart when agitated & spun
dry

Aahhh she chuckles, maybe, maybe not

June 2009

Bone Song⁴³

Ki tonu au nei he koiwi ke,
Na, roto i enei, koiwi ke,
Huri noa au nei ki hea, ki hea.

Te-hiku-o-te-ika,
Upoko-o-te-ika
Ki-muri-o-te-hiku
Wharekauri-tua-atu

Mahana mai te powhiri a tena
E ara ra! He tangata peka mai!

Te taea te uiui e! Te taea te uiui e!

Tatou ra e noho marara nei
Koia nei ra toku whakapono

Ma Keri me Keri me to whanau
Na Arapera Hineira, kua ngaro
nei tetahi o ona niho tunga.
Runga ngakau koa.

Other bones lie deep in mine,
Within these lie other bones,
It matters not where I turn.

To-the-tail-of-the-fish
to-the-head-of-the-fish
Or curving-behind-to
Wharekauri beyond.

a song of warmth from each one sings
You must rise, for people come!

Who dare ask, deny who comes

for they who sing
are part of me!

Those of us in pieces drifting
Here is my bone-deep song.

For Keri and Keri and the bone people
From Arapera Hineira who has
lost one of her eye teeth.
With love.

41

Sharon Alston and Tilly Lloyd, 'A Women's Picture Book,' 1988: 130–137, [220].

42

Heather McPherson, 'This Joyous, Chaotic Place: Garden Poems,' Wellington: Spiral, 2018: 39.

43

Arapera Blank, 'Ngā Kōkako Huataratara: The Notched Plumes of the Kōkako,' Auckland: Waiata Koa Trust, 1986/1995: 30–31; Arapera Blank, 'For Someone I Love: A Collection of Writing,' Auckland: Anton Blank Ltd, 2016: 28.





Anonymous
Te Pakihiwi o Hirama, 2017
Tahr bone, paper scroll
14 x 2 x 2cm
Gift to Yllwbro and
Mokopopaki
Photo: Arekahanara



Heather's Purple Boots, 2019
Photo: M

Il Cammin di Nostra Vita: The Journey of Our Life

*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
ché la diritta via era smarrita.*

*In the middle of the journey of our life,
I came to myself, in a dark wood,
where the direct way was lost.*

Inferno, Canto I.

—Dante Aligheri (1265–1321)

When **Dr P** sees **Heather** outside, lacing up her big purple boots, she knows challenge is afoot. So she squares her shoulders and cleans her glasses, to seem confident and Ready-for-Anything.

‘We,’ says **Heather**, leaning through the doorway, ‘are going on an Adventure.’

‘What sort of Adventure?’ says **Dr P**.

‘**A Girl’s Own Adventure**,’ replies **Heather**. ‘**The Journey of Our Life**, to

discover something.’

‘Will I be good at discovering things?’ asks **Dr P**, always hopeful and always wanting to know.

‘Of course you will,’ says **Heather**, ‘and so will all the others. That’s what **The Journey of Our Life** is — a long line of **Everybody** Discovering Things.’ She takes out a pencil and licks the end of it.

‘Can I be an **Everybody**?’ asks young **Mr Tere**, hopping up and down. ‘Can I? **Dr P** says I’m very good at Discovering Things.’

‘Hmmm,’ says **Heather** with a smile. She makes a note in her soft-covered exercise book.

Mr T fidgets a bit. ‘I could be a girl, you know. **A Fierce Girl**. I could. I totally could.’ He paws the air and serves a look. ‘**H’TZSHEESSH!**’

Unmoved, **Heather’s** pencil pauses. She looks

up. ‘Young **Mr Tere**,’ she says matter-of-factly, ‘You need pluck.’

Crestfallen, he sniffs slightly. ‘But I’ve got pluck,’ he asserts. ‘I have. I totally have.’ **Heather** returns to her writing. **Mr T** sniffs again. ‘*It’s hard to be brave... when you’re only a Very Small Animal.*’⁴⁴

Heather puts down her pencil. She looks up at **Mr T**. Smiles again. ‘**Mr Tere**,’ she says, ‘*because you are a Very Small Animal you will be very useful in the adventure before us.*’⁴⁵

Young **Mr T** is so excited by the idea of being useful that he gave the biggest **SNNNNIIIIFFF** ever and stops fidgeting. And when **Heather** goes on to say that **Fierce Girls**, like some of her feminist friends, are *only Fierce during the winter months, being at all other times of an Affectionate Disposition*,⁴⁶ he can scarcely contain himself.

Honey Babe joins them and off they go, travelling onward until they come to a divergent ideological stream which twists and turns between high rocky banks. Here, a torrent of hidden agenda swollen by conflicting ambitions *plunges into a tremendous abyss from which the spray rolls up like smoke from a burning house.*⁴⁷

Above the sulfurous roar, **Dr P** clings to a crooked path cut into the crumbling colonial hillside. ‘Steady!’ she reminds herself, only vaguely aware of the unstable and quite political shifts in ground. ‘**Reichenbach Falls** is a walk in the park compared to the **Oriental Terrace Zigzag**.’ She stumbles over a cracked and well-worn step, lunges for the wooden, white-painted handrail, clutches it. ‘Help! Where’s your local funicular or friendly neighbourhood watch when you need them?’



Una selva oscura.
A dark wood. Thermal Walk, Tokaanu, November 2016
Photos: M



‘Here,’ says young **Mr T**, ‘right behind you with my pluck. And **Edgar**, my handy red and grey **Hoover**. I can help.’ **Honey Babe** steps up too, as always.

Dr P is somewhat relieved. ‘*Cue: the Cavalry.*’

Then, for a Very Small Animal, young **Mr T** does a Terribly Useful Thing. Calmly appraising the deceptive unevenness of the territory, he directs the traffic. ‘Keep going,’ urges **Mr T**, waving one hand, holding **Edgar** in the other. ‘Just keep going. I’ve got your back, remember.’

‘Same,’ adds **Honey Babe**.

Encouraged, **Dr P** peeks over the precipitous concrete edge. Appalled by the cavernous drop, she grits her teeth and puts a best foot forward. But wait! Who is that droopy-eared donkey down there?

‘**Eeyore!**’ exclaims young **Mr Tere**.

‘Hush!’ says **Heather**. ‘We’re coming to a **Fearful Place**. It is just the place,’ **Heather** explains, ‘for an

Ambush.’

‘What sort of bush?’ whispers **Dr P** to **Mr T**, ‘A **Kate Bush?**’

They inch on, reaching **Eeyore**, who, it has to be said, is never really one for organised group activity. The irregular little band huddles together, shivering.

‘**Fearful,**’ says **Heather**, ‘understood?’ Understood. **Everybody** nods, even — especially — **Eeyore**. Very cautiously, they make their way upstream, against the current, until they come *to a place where the banks widened out... so that on each side... there was a level strip of grass on which they could sit down and rest.*⁴⁸

They eat, then refresh themselves. Then **Heather** takes out her exercise book and pencil, **Honey Babe** stretches out beside her for a doze, and **Dr P** takes off to make a Discovery. All on her own.

Eeyore ruminates independently as usual, ambles away towards the nearest pool of pānui. And young **Mr Tere**, still

wanting to be Useful, would do some vacuuming if only he could find a power point. He can’t. So he places **Edgar** gently on the grass and fiercely washes his face and paws, **H’TZSHEESSH!**

Sparkly clean and shiny, he glances over his shoulder to see if **Heather** is at all impressed. And, being only a Very Small Animal, crashes into absent-minded **Eeyore**, stuck in a freshly muddied patch.

Mr T slips. Down the grassy slope with an elegant **SWOOSH!** **Mr T** falls. Lands in a big pool of pānui. **KER-SPLASH!**

Eeyore, intent on a stream of unread email, quite enjoys the unexpected shower. But, as the slow, dependable, donkey-on-the-spot, she grasps the danger of the situation and attempts a rescue. She turns round, manoeuvres herself backwards through the mire, braces her front legs, drops her rope-like tail into the water and prepares to take the strain. ‘All this washing and obsessive tumble-drying-behind-the-ears

nonsense,’ she grumbles, ‘is a mystery to me.’ And then raises her woolly voice: ‘Catch on to me little **Mr T** and you’ll be right.’

However, young **Mr Tere** has already been uplifted by the current and is way downstream.

By now, **Heather**, who has of course seen everything out of the corner of her eye, has leapt to her feet. Her exercise book-and-pencil back in her pocket, she races past **Eeyore** and along the bank, calling out, ‘I’m coming! J’arrive!’

Honey Babe startles from a star-filled dream and leaps up too. Takes in the situation at the speed of light, sweeps up **Edgar** and, somewhat hampered by the load, follows **Heather**.

When — bright-eyed and bushy-tailed — **Heather** reaches **Dr P**, **Dr P** is bent over, wrestling with a long galvanised proposition three times her size.

‘Will this help?’ she asks.

‘Yes,’ says **Heather**.

‘Nice.’

She grapples with one end of the assertion — a length of scaffold really. **Dr P** struggles

with the other. Together they steer the unwieldy manifesto into a revised position and hold this home-grown support across an existential gap, as young **Mr T** appears, surprisingly buoyant despite his immersion in myriad templates and successive floods of pānui.

Timing his daring **Ninja**-inspired escape to perfection, young **Mr Tere**, holding his breath, allows himself to be swept into the mainstream briefly. Then he rockets up from under, rafts on board a long overdue celebration of the **Women's Gallery** and clambers out, Safe-and-Sound. **'Hurrah!'**

'What pluck!' says **Heather**. Transporting **Edgar**, **Honey Babe** approaches. And all together they shout **'Hurrah!'** once more. **Eeyore** — with a very wet tail — finally lumbers across the horizon. **Dr P** gives **Mr T** a congratulatory pat, **Heather** gives him a brilliant smile and **Mr T** beams proudly, shakes himself dry and sneezes.

Tihe! i mauri-ora.



44

A.A. Milne, 'Winnie-the-Pooh,' London: Methuen Children's Books, 1973 reprint: 91.

45

Ibid: 91.

46

Ibid: 92.

47

'The Original Illustrated Sherlock Holmes,' Edison, N.J.: Castle Books, 1902. Internet Archive. Contributed by Friends of the San Francisco Public Library, web, 26 October 2014: 337. victorianweb.org/authors/doyle/bio4.html.

48

A.A. Milne, 'Winnie-the-Pooh,' London: Methuen Children's Books, 1973 reprint: 117.

Yllwbro

Te Ara ki Rangihoua: The Way to Rangihoua (detail), 2018

Scallop shells, brown string, moko adhesive
Overall dimensions variable

Photo: Arekahanara

Pilgrim's scallop shell identity tag, drinking vessel and traveller's multi-tool. Carried by those walking faith journeys, such as the Camino de Santiago in Northwestern Spain and Te Hikoi ki Rangihoua, or the pilgrimage way that returns to the site of the first New Zealand Anglican service held on Christmas Day, 1814 in the Bay of Islands.



Alas there is no karanga, only me.
Doorway and Shop Window Cinema,
Mokopopaki, 454 Karangahape Road,
Auckland, April 2018
Photo: Adrienne Martyn

The Last Hurrah!

It is Wednesday, 1 May 2019.⁴⁹ Exactly one year and two months to the day since we opened **This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu**, the exhibition to celebrate **Heather**'s life and work. Almost lunchtime and **M** arrives, in colour co-ordinated flowing orange high-waisted pants, comfortable, soft wash blue plaid shirt and easy-to-wear, non-slip shoes with well travelled, trusty-green rucksack on her back. Standing in the **Mokopōpaki** doorway I see her at the threshold, head on one side, paused but alert, listening forward as always. Alas, there is no karanga, only me. Try as I might, I cannot contain the tears that well up from deep down inside. The grief is unbearable. At that moment, uncertainty and fatigue burdens even the stoutest of hearts. Since we were last in this space together, so many have passed and may yet pass, so much has happened

and most probably will happen, so much work is done and ought to be done, and there is no health in us.

'Lean on me,' says **M**. So I do, and through the warmth and kindness of her embrace, feel the tāhuhu or backbone of what is and was **Spiral** unfurl, giving strength to us both...

Back in the room, **M** is thoughtful. Not gloomy exactly but quiet. Channelling her inner **Eeyore** she cuts straight to the chase. 'Did you know,' **M** says, interested in my response, 'the 100 Acre Wood has burned to the ground?'⁵⁰

A.A.M. Bos
Honey Babe, Dwarf Peach Prunus persica, 2019

49

Opening of 'The Dutch Embassy,' by PĀNiA!, Yllwbro and A.A.M. Bos, Mokopōpaki, Auckland (1 May–22 June 2019).

50

On 27 February 2018, more than 35 hectares of Ashdown Forest in East Sussex, the mythical woodland home of the thistly old donkey Eeyore and all the other toys made famous in the 'Winnie-the-Pooh' stories by A.A. Milne, was destroyed by outbreaks of wildfire due to an unusually warm and dry British winter.



M

Domestic #3: Ahimaru*

In the morning of 16 August 2018, a librarian from the **Alexander Turnbull Library** visits our place, to collect the **Spiral** files that **Miriama Evans** left with me in 2016. Within a single grocery carton, and meticulously ordered, sometimes in arch lever files, from memory they're an articulate mix of the domestic — invitation and shopping lists for the launches of **Keri Hulme's the bone people** and **Jacque Sturm's The House of the Talking Cat** — and the professional: accounts and contracts, including a contract that **Keri** decorated.

Later in the day, just before I let **Miriama** know that her files are now safely with the library, I hear that she has died. At her tangi, my little wilted-from-the-train winter garden posy (borage, lavender, violets, rosemary, calendula, jasmine) safely

delivered, I was reminded that the loving attention she'd given to her **Spiral** files characterised all she did as a wife, a mother and grandmother, a friend, a scholar, a distinguished public servant, a writer and editor, a weaver; and in her iwi.

Like others who've gone now, **Miriama** is there in the little **Judith Binney Meeting Room** at the **Turnbull Library** this year, when **Bridie** and **Tilly** and I explore trolley-loads of **Spiral** and **Women's Gallery** archives, embargoed for thirty years to 2015. What can now go on open access? (Most of it.) What is still problematic because of its capacity to hurt people? (About 27 files.) Once we know that the security camera doesn't record sound, we go for it, with lots of laughter; residual sadness when we recognise our frailties and failures (domestic and professional); and not a little

confusion. For instance, when **Tilly** and I debate my long-ago motivations, I write a file note to clarify them; then, not long afterwards, find evidence of another vital element I've completely forgotten. But can't find the file note to amend it: our **A Women's Picture Book** archive is not meticulously ordered and we're not allowed to tidy it.

(**Heather's** archives, ordered and described, returned to her family back in December, to await the **Turnbull's** call-in for assessment.)

And now it's August again. August 2019. Sunday, the first sunny Sunday for a long time. The many neighbourhood builders are having a day off. There's silence from the plastic where our front door's missing. The early apricot is showing some bright pink. **Dr P** and **Mr T**

are waiting for this last text.

Press the **STOP** button on the vacuum cleaner.

Then press **START/PLAY** on any device, for a new recording.

*

Ahimaru, the second month of spring, is a time for rejuvenation and continued growth. Ahimaru follows Ahikaea, the first month of spring; a time of anticipation and comes before Ahinui, the third month of spring, a time for flowering and increase. Domestic #3: Ahimaru (16 October–30 November 2019) develops ideas already introduced and follows the preparatory exhibition at Mokopōpaki, Household Hints: Ahikaea (4 September–5 October 2019). In Domestic #3: Ahimaru, it's out with the old and in with the new as across generations the conceptual advantages of an exuberant spring clean are vigorously embraced. Re-energised and freshly aired, Mokopōpaki celebrates the ongoing influence of Heather McPherson, again opens up the space to women and women artists; and launches this publication.



the security camera doesn't record sound

Bridie Lonie, Tilly Lloyd and M explore Spiral and Women's Gallery archives, Judith Binney Meeting Room, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, August 2018

Photo: Bridie Lonie



file note

Tilly Lloyd in the Judith Binney Meeting Room, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, August 2018

Photo: M

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu

Works in the exhibition

1 March — 14 April 2018

Adrienne Martyn
Joanna Paul, 1981
Inkjet on archival paper
29.7 x 21cm

Adrienne Martyn
Juanita Ketchel, 1981
Inkjet on archival paper
29.7 x 21cm

Adrienne Martyn
Sharon Alston, 1986
Inkjet on archival paper
29.7 x 21cm

Adrienne Martyn
Interior, 1992
Inkjet on archival paper
21 x 29.7cm

Alex McPherson
Heather Heroine, 2016
Oil on canvas
60 x 50cm
Private Collection, Hamilton

Allie Eagle
**Sit with me/resisting
foreclosure: to Joanna
Margaret Paul in memoriam**,
2018
Rutu 1: 16
Watercolour, pastel on
Fabriano Artistica paper
38.5 x 55.5cm

Allie Eagle
**recall/in another garden:
to Olivia Spencer-Bower in
memoriam**, 2018
Nga Whakatauki 31: 15–19
Watercolour, pastel on
Fabriano Artistica paper
38.5 x 55.5cm

Allie Eagle
**Haere ra, e noho ra/last
time: to Heather McPherson
in memoriam**, 2018
Te Kaikauwhau 3: 1–11
Watercolour, pastel on
Fabriano Artistica paper
38.5 x 55.5cm

Allie Eagle
**have you heard of
Artemisia?: portrait of
Kohine in straw hat with
forget-me-nots**, 2015
Watercolour, pastel on paper
29.7 x 21cm
Private Collection, Auckland

Allie Eagle
[Cup OCT '77], 1977
Watercolour on paper
51 x 55cm
Private Collection, Wellington

Anna Keir
Women's Gallery Collective,
1980
Graphite on paper
15 x 22cm

Anna Keir
Self Image, 1980
Screenprint on cotton
58.5 x 45.5cm

Anna Keir
**A Season's Diaries
(September)**, 1977
Graphite, coloured pencil on
paper, cotton cloth, shells
65 x 125cm

Anna Keir
**A Season's Diaries
(October)**, 1977
Graphite, coloured pencil on
paper, cotton cloth
60 x 121cm

Annie Mein
Served, 1991
Silver gelatine print, unique
25.5 x 21cm
Bridie Lonie
**"I dreamt I had strangled
you"**, c. 1990
Oil on canvas-coated board
19.7 x 19cm

Bridie Lonie
Woman in labour, 1985
Bronze
5 x 8 x 14.5cm

Bridie Lonie
**Man with hands around
woman's neck**, 1981
Clay
11 x 12 x 21cm

Cushla Parekowhai
#88 Felafel, 2016
Ink on paper
29.7 x 21cm

Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade
**My bloodied hands, with
fingers worked to the bone,
are but pitiful stumps.**,
2018
Taniko
37 x 25cm

Fran Marno
Garden Riot, 2017
Graphite, charcoal on paper
42 x 54cm

Fran Marno
Heather, 2012
Graphite on paper
34 x 29cm

Jane Zusters
**Keri Hulme outside the Black
Bach, Moeraki**, 2016
Giclée print
Edition of five
20 x 30cm

Jane Zusters
**Keri Hulme with her Uncle
Bill's fishing knife, Black
Bach, Moeraki**, 2016
Giclée print
20 x 30cm

Jane Zusters
**Feminist picnic, Hagley Park,
Christchurch**, 1978
Giclée print
Edition of 10
51 x 68cm

Jane Zusters
**Heather McPherson and her
son Carrick, Christchurch**,
1975
Giclée print
Edition of five
31 x 50.5cm

Jane Zusters
Heather McPherson,
Christchurch, 1975
Giclée print
Edition of five
23.5 x 20cm

Joanna Margaret Paul
Self Portrait, 1999
Graphite, coloured pencil on
paper
40 x 29cm
Courtesy The Estate of
Joanna Margaret Paul and
Brett McDowell Gallery,
Dunedin

Joanna Margaret Paul
Still Life, 1999
Graphite, coloured pencil on
paper
40 x 29cm
Courtesy The Estate of
Joanna Margaret Paul and
Brett McDowell Gallery,
Dunedin

Joanna Margaret Paul
Untitled (self-portrait),
1970s
Graphite on paper
29.5 x 23cm
Courtesy The Estate of
Joanna Margaret Paul and
Robert Heald Gallery,
Wellington

Juanita Ketchel and
Donna Demente
Marian As In Aquarian, 1998
Papier maché tray
35 x 41cm
Private Collection, Wellington

Maria Mackay
**The Whole Realm of Greater
Divas,** 2001
Acrylic on paper
64 x 90cm
Private Collection, Wellington

Minerva Betts
Rough Draft, 1983
Metal tray, mixed
media artist book with
photographs, hand-written
text and drawings, rubber
straps
45 x 60 x 3cm
Courtesy MB Archive,
Mokopopaki and Starkwhite,
Auckland

PANiA!
**Medicine Cabinet: Art as a
Political Statement,** 2018
Medicine cabinet, spray
paint, vinyl sticker, fake
flowers, ANZAC poppy, pill
bottles, autographed,
unpublished, hand-written
original poem (c. 2011) by
Heather McPherson, modified
Lego Solomon R. Guggenheim
Museum model, band-aids
56 x 30 x 15cm

Saj (Gladys) Gurney
A Season's Diaries, 1977
12 mixed media entries on
paper
51 x 63.5cm each piece

Sarah Jane Moon
Marian Evans, 2017
80 x 100cm
Oil on canvas

Sharon Alston
Green Waves, 1994
Mixed media on paper
86 x 65cm
Private Collection, Auckland

Te Maari
**Te Maari Brown Goes To
Town,** 2018
Felt, felt with applique and
hand-embroidered detail

Tiffany Thornley
Heather, 1978/2018
Archival print on paper
12.5 x 18cm
Edition of three

REPRODUCTIONS

Adrienne Martyn
**Bridie Lonie and Marian
Evans perform
Signs of Life in Aotearoa at
ANZART,** 1985
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(91-023-4/13-11)

Allie Eagle
Heather McPherson, 1979
Watercolour, charcoal,
crayon on paper
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(D-008-030)

Allie Eagle and Marian Evans
Facebook Chat, 2016

Gary Blackman
Kaitaka 1-8, 2018
Etnografiska Museet,
Stockholm (1848.01.0063)
Colour, black and white
photographs
Collection of the artist

Gil Hanly
**Strike While the Iron is Hot
(1)**
L-R: Juanita Ketchel,
Robin Swanney-Macpherson
at ANZART-in-Auckland
(Investment House, Elliott
Street, Thursday 23 May
1985)

Gil Hanly
**Strike While the Iron is Hot
(2)**
L-R: Juanita Ketchel,
Robin Swanney-Macpherson
at ANZART-in-Auckland
(Investment House, Elliott
Street, Thursday 23 May
1985)

Heather McPherson
Making a Goddess workbook,
1980
14 pages from artist
workbook
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(84-072-07/12)

Heather McPherson
**A Season's Diaries: extracts
of a journal,** October 1977
Six pages from a 21
leaf spiral-bound artist
workbook
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(fMS-papers-6435)

Irihapeti Ramsden
**Spiral Group at the
Etnografiska Museet,
Stockholm,** 1986

**J.C. Sturm Reads at 2d
International Feminist
Book Fair, Oslo,** 1986
Photographer unknown

**Jean Watson and Sharon
Alston at Women's
Gallery, 26 Harris Street,
Wellington,** 1981-82
Photographer unknown
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(Box 1 ATL-Group-0221
Women's Gallery)

Ka Haku Au: A Poet's Lament, 2009

Te Noni Productions
Directed by Ngahua Wade,
Produced by Maramena
Roderick (Best Maori
Language Show, Qantas Film
and Television Awards, 2009)
DVD cover

Keri Hulme

Spirituality (slide), c. 1981
Spirituality, Women's Gallery,
c. 1981
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(91-023-5/13-01)

Keri Hulme

Lullaby for a Stone Doll,
1981
Poem published in **Mothers**,
Wellington: Women's Gallery

Keri Hulme

Lullaby for a Stone Doll
(1-3), 1981
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(Box 1 ATL-Group-0221
Women's Gallery)

Kohine Ponika, 1981

Photographer unknown
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(Box 1 ATL-Group-0221
Women's Gallery)

Kohine Ponika

Letters re Matariki tour,
19 February, 29 April 1981
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(84-072-09/07)

He Kaitaka (detail)

Photographer unknown
Etnografiska Museet,
Stockholm (1848.01.0063)

Marian Evans

Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade
at work on taniko, 2018

Marian Evans

Adrienne Martyn, 1987
Agenda magazine
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(91-023-5/9)

Marian Evans

Spiral Group, Etnografiska
Museet, Stockholm, 1986
L-R: Jacquie Sturm, Patricia
Grace, Irihapeti Ramsden,
Arapera Blank with He
Kaitaka, the Banks Cloak

Marian Evans

Women's Gallery Collective,
1982
L-R: Celia Elizabeth
Thompson, Linda Pearl, Linda
Hardy, Barb McDonald in
front of Debra Bustin's sign
for the Women's Gallery, 323
Willis Street, Wellington

Marian Evans

Matariki Mural 26 Harris
Street (1-5), 1981
Slides
Marian Evans and Sappho;
Mereana Pitman (courtesy
Mereana Pitman); Heather
McPherson; Keri Hulme
(courtesy Keri Hulme);
Eileen Duggan
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(ATL-Group-00221)

Michael O'Leary

Domestic Piece, 1985
Auckland: Inner City News

Sharon Alston

Ironical Journey, c. 1981
Self Image, Women's Gallery,
c. 1981
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(PA12-1596-11)

Sharon Alston

Ironical Journey, c. 1981
Self Image, Women's Gallery,
c. 1981
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(PA12-1597-13)

Sharon Alston

Ironical Journey, c. 1981
Self Image, Women's Gallery,
c. 1981
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(PA12-1596-16)

Stuart Griffiths for

Chippendale House Calendar
Juanita Ketchel (L) and
Robin Swanney-Macpherson,
Stafford Street, Dunedin,
1988

the bone people Spiral

Collective at home, c. 1984
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(91-023-4/13-11)

Tilly Lloyd

the surgeon's green sock,
2017

Tilly Lloyd

the mahau/porch, Kapiti,
2009

Tilly Lloyd

Women's Gallery
co-ordinator group, 323
Willis Street, September
1982 L-R: Bridie Lonie with
Maeve Marama in front pack,
Anna Keir, Barb McDonald,
Marian Evans

Tilly Lloyd and Marian Evans
promoting A Women's Picture
Book: 25 Women Artists of
Aotearoa New Zealand, c.
1988

Photographer unknown
Sunday Star Times

Women's Gallery Collective
23 Harris Street Wellington,
1981

L-R standing: Sharon Alston,
Louise Genet; seated:
Marian Evans, Bridie Lonie,
Isaac Leniston-Howell, Marg
Leniston, Hilary King,
Anna Keir
Courtesy Creative New
Zealand

Women painting Have
you heard of Artemisia?
on Matariki Mural, 1981
Photographer unknown

POSTERS AND DOCUMENTS

26 Harris Street floor plan,
c. 1980

Drawn by Sharon Alston
for Women's Gallery
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library,
Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-B-Women's Gallery)

A Figurehead: A Face, 1982
Spiral poster for Heather
McPherson's first collection
of poems, designed by
Anna Keir and Marian Evans
Includes book cover
designed by Anna Keir
Private Collection, Auckland

A Season's Diaries, 1977
Poster designed and hand-written by Joanna Margaret Paul for her project, **A Season's Diaries**, 'works by women done during spring displayed over summer weekdays'
Reproduction
Courtesy Journingher

Hongoeka Marae group
Art by Maori Women, 1981
Poster for Women's Gallery exhibition in association with Maori Writers Read, co-ordinated by Marian Evans – included Hongoeka group work, other contemporary work from Robyn Kahukiwa, Shona Rapira-Davies and Susie Roiri; and 1920s kete from the National Museum
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-B-Women's Gallery)

Dance Concert, c. 1981
Poster designed by Sharon Alston, Women's Gallery
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-B-Women's Gallery)

Diaries, c. 1981
Poster for Women's Gallery exhibition co-ordinated by Marian Evans, designed by Sharon Alston with Marian and printed by Sharon at Wellington Media Collective
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-C-Women's Gallery-1981-01)

Films by three women, 1980
Poster [designed by Sharon Alston?], handwriting by Gaylene Preston, film evening: **All the Way Up There** by Gaylene Preston, **Old Man's Story** by Yvonne McKay, **Birth with R.D. Laing** by Helen Brew, Women's Gallery
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-C-Women's Gallery-1980)

In Joy, Second Sight, How I Threw Art Out the Window, Witches & Faggots, Dykes & Poofers, c. 1981
Poster designed by Sharon Alston, Women's Gallery film evening
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-B-Women's Gallery)

Life drawing classes; films by Alexis Hunter, Joanna Paul and Gaylene Preston, c. 1980
Poster designed by Anna Keir, Women's Gallery, printed at Wellington Media Collective
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-C-Women's Gallery-1980)

Mothers National Tour, 1981-82
Hinetitama by Robyn Kahukiwa
Poster designed by Sharon Alston, Women's Gallery
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-C-Women's Gallery-1981)

Opening Show, 1980
Poster designed by Helen Wilson, Women's Gallery
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-C-Women's Gallery-1980)

Poetry Evening Women's Gallery, 1980
Poster designed by Sharon Alston, Women's Gallery Reading with Meg Campbell, Lauris Edmond, Rachel McAlpine, Heather McPherson, Jean Watson, printed at Wellington Media Collective
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-C-Poetry-1980-01)

REDUNDANT, Rixen Women: Even Dogs Are Given Bones, 1981
Flier for film by Carole Stewart, Huia Lambie, Mary Hancock
Designer unknown
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-B-Women's Gallery)

Second Sight, 1981
Poster designed by Sharon Alston for film directed by Melanie Read about Deborah Hunt and Sally Rodwell
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-B-Women-1981-01)

Stepping Out, 1980
Poster designed by Helen Wilson for 'an all-woman concert to celebrate the opening of the wellington women's gallery'
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-C-Women's Gallery-1980)

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu, 2018
Screenprint designed by Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade for Mokopopaki
Produced by Struan Hamilton, Auckland

Women and the Environment, 1981
Flier for exhibition co-ordinated by Bridie Lonie, assisted by Marg Leniston, Women's Gallery
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-B-Women's Gallery)

Women and Violence, 1980
Poster designed by Sharon Alston for Women's Gallery exhibition co-ordinated by Heather McPherson, photo by Mary Bailey
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-Women's Gallery-1981-01)

Women artists to visit Whangarei on NZ tour, 1981
Newspaper clipping, Matariki tour interview with and photo of Janet Garford (Roma Potiki)
Unknown photographer and publication
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(84-072-09/09)

Women, Violence and Justice Seminar, 1980
Poster designed by Sharon Alston
Associated programme for **Women and Violence**, co-ordinated by Heather McPherson, Women's Gallery
Reproduction
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(Eph-Women's Gallery-1981-01)

Ka nui te mihi ki a **Adrienne Martyn** for her generous assistance and expertise with many of these reproductions

FILMS

Auckland Women's Community Video
Heather McPherson interview and reading, Women's Gallery, 1980
'Tidied up' by Annie Mein
From material preserved and made available by Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F264387)

Auckland Women's Community Video
J.C. Sturm interview, Women's Gallery, 1980
Divided from next item and 'tidied up' by Annie Mein
From material preserved and made available by Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F59820)

Auckland Women's Community Video
J.C. Sturm reads One Thousand and One Nights, Women's Gallery, 1980
Divided from previous item and 'tidied up' by Annie Mein
From material preserved and made available by Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F59820)

Auckland Women's Community Video
Keri Hulme reads, Women's Gallery story evening, 1980
'Tidied up' by Annie Mein
From material preserved and made available by Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F59888)

Auckland Women's Community Video
Wild and sometimes silent footage, Women's Gallery Opening Show, 1980
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(OHLV-0453; OHLV-0454)

Bobbie Carroll
Sharon [Alston]'s breakfast Bayou Cafe, nd
From material preserved and made available by Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F267898)

Gaylene Preston
How I Threw Art Out the Window, 1981
Originally video, colour, sound
Courtesy Gaylene Preston
From material preserved and made available by Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F29591)

Joanna Margaret Paul
Roses, 1975
Courtesy The Estate of Joanna Margaret Paul, Robert Heald Gallery, Wellington and CIRCUIT Artist Film and Video Aotearoa New Zealand
Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F94738)

Joanna Margaret Paul
Sisterhood, 1975
Courtesy The Estate of Joanna Margaret Paul, Robert Heald Gallery, Wellington and CIRCUIT Artist Film and Video Aotearoa New Zealand
Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F60659)

John Irwin
Interview with Juanita Ketchel about her Getting Free oral history project, nd
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(OHColl-0718)

Peter Burger and Pirimia Burger
[the bone people and Irihapeti Ramsden, Keri Hulme, Miriama Evans and Marian Evans], 2005
Courtesy Peter Burger and Pirimia Burger

Unknown
[Wilds of] **lesbian ball**, 1992
From material preserved and made available by Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F267899)

Unknown
Sharon [Alston]'s anniversary 11 February 1996, art retrospective, 1996
From material preserved and made available by Nga Taonga Sound & Vision (F267897)



Anna Keir
A Season's Diaries (September),
1977
Graphite, coloured pencil on paper,
cotton cloth, shells
65 x 125cm
Photo: Arekahanara

Biographies

A.A.M. Bos

A.A.M. Bos was born in Auckland to Dutch speaking immigrant parents. When they were seven years old, their father Leonardus Johannes Bos (1930–1966) died. Their mother, Hendrica Bos Marcus (1930–2005) decided to take her four children back to the Netherlands.

In 1982 the artist returned to Aotearoa, Nieuw Zeeland and has lived there ever since. A.A.M. Bos wears a euro 10.5 sneaker and likes an old school Oatilicious sandwich for lunch.

Adrienne Martyn

Adrienne Martyn's current art practice investigates light, surfaces and transition in architectural spaces. Her previous work includes a large body of work devoted to portraiture and some seascape and still life projects. Her photographs are represented in major New Zealand collections including Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa and Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamaki. She lives and works in Wellington.

Alex McPherson

My beautiful Aunt Heather. Heroic, inspirational. May your words live forever in our hearts.

Expressing the beauty within and around us is important to me. In Heather Heroine (2016), I hoped to capture Heather's joy and generous spirit. I am a self-employed artist who learned life drawing from Allie Eagle at Elam.

Allie Eagle

I am a studio-based artist living in Te Henga on the West Coast of Auckland. My current project is a series of portraits and installations that interrogate the male gaze.

Anna Keir

Anna Keir was a central participant in the women's art and literature movement, as an artist and an administrator; see: Mothers catalogue (1980) and her chapter in A Women's Picture Book (1988). She started out in Christchurch, then became a co-founder and full-time co-ordinator at the Women's Gallery,

as well as a crucial contributor to the work involved in producing the Spiral journal and then the Spiral monographs: Heather McPherson's A Figurehead: A Face; J.C. Sturm's The House of the Talking Cat; Keri Hulme's the bone people; and Saj's Amazon Songs.

Anna's poster for Self Image is a key image from the women's art movement. It refers to the dresses she wore as a child but can also be read in at least three more ways, as experimentation with using 'women's' material – fabric – for advertising a women's event, by screenprinting a poster on it; ideas about her own self-image as someone who wore floral dresses among those of us who wore overalls, or smarter androgynous wear; and the vexed question of how visual artists who work full-time and under stress in a feminist enterprise can sustain their creative practices. It is also an unusual example of work made at the Wellington Media Collective.

Annie Mein

Annie Mein is an artist, writer, and teacher who does her evening strolling in a Mount Eden/Dominion Road loop. She currently works as a high school teacher after working in the digital online media streaming sector as a Production Co-ordinator. Annie enjoys cycling, has taught photography in New Zealand and the Middle East, and her parents are in

Otago. She recently made a set of drawings based on seven months living on Rakiura.

Served (1991) is inspired by the theatre work Gut Girls (1988), about 19th century women working in slaughterhouses. This work plays with the idea of people as meat as embodied in some colloquial language. I hung a carcass up in our lounge and had a friend pose in the same lighting. It has a slow and surprising visual trickery where the shocking, dehumanising violence appears slowly as if in a Rorschach inkblot.

Arapera Hineira Kaa Blank (1932–2002)

Arapera Hineira Kaa Blank (Ngati Porou, Ngati Kahungunu) was raised in a household where both Maori and English were her mother tongue. As a teacher and a poet, she liked linguistic bling and always enjoyed 'words that sparkle' in whatever language she was using at the time. Arapera was among the first in a new wave of Maori writers writing in English. In 1959, her essay Ko taku kumara hei wai-u mo taku whanau, published in Te Ao Hou, 24 (1958) that reflected on the enduring strength of the extended whanau group, won a special Katherine Mansfield Memorial award for New Zealand writing.

Arapera wrote numerous essays, short stories and poems including the collection of writing, For Someone I Love (2015) and the book

of poetry Nga Kokako Huataratara: The Notched Plumes of the Kokako (1986).

Bridie Lonie

I have worked as an art educator since 1988 in secondary and tertiary institutions and have recently graduated with a PhD on how art has been used to negotiate understandings of climate change. I attended Elam in the early 1970s.

Cushla Parekowhai aka Dr P

Cushla Parekowhai is an Auckland-based t-lady.

Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade

Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade is of Te Ariuru hapu from Ngati Porou. She has four daughters and four grand-daughters. She lives in Paraparaumu on the Kapiti Coast and is self-taught.

Fran Marno

Fran Marno has a Doctorate from Elam School of Fine Arts. She lectured in the Painting Department at The University of Auckland from 1999 to 2005. She exhibits regularly with the lesbian group PulseArt.

Helen Wilson

Helen Wilson taught herself screenprinting in the late 70s. She used these skills to prepare campaign material as an activist with the Women's National Abortion Action Campaign (WONAAC). Most of her work used handcut stencils and printing of posters and t-shirts was usually done on the kitchen table.

She went nursing as an adult student and subsequently moved into public health research. She is now involved with UnionAID as projects evaluator and its Myanmar Young Leaders Programme as a teacher of research and proposal writing.

Irihapeti Ramsden (1946–2003)

Irihapeti Ramsden (Ngai Tahu, Rangitane) was a member of Spiral's the bone people and The House of the Talking Cat collectives; and of the Haeata Collective. She contributed to Karanga Karanga (1986) at the Wellington City Gallery, the first museum show of collaborative works by Maori women artists and – among her many publications – co-authored Toi Wahine: The Worlds of Maori Women (1995) with Kathie Irwin and Robyn Kahukiwa. As a nurse, anthropologist and academic, she is best known for the development of Cultural Safety – an educational framework for the analysis of power relationships between health professionals and

those they serve.

J.C. Sturm (1927–2009)

J.C. Sturm (Jacquie Baxter, Taranaki) was the first Maori woman to complete an MA in philosophy, with a dissertation entitled New Zealand National Character as Exemplified in Three New Zealand Novelists. She began writing fiction in the 1950s and published in small magazines like Te Ao Hou. After her first public reading, at the Women's Gallery in 1980, Spiral published The House of the Talking Cat (1983). It was shortlisted in the New Zealand Book Awards. Jacquie published three further volumes of poetry and short fiction and one of them, Dedications, won the honour award for poetry in the Montana Book Awards. Spiral also published The Other Side of Dawn (1987), by Jacquie's daughter Hilary Baxter; and her grand-daughter Stephanie accompanied her on the Spiral visit to Stockholm in 1986.

Jacob Tere aka Mr T

Mr T is a man of many names usually based in Auckland.

Jane Zusters

Born, raised, and now living in Christchurch, I've had a chequered art career. These days I make site-specific work responding to historical and contemporary events. It juxtaposes the human with the natural world, and creates environmental discourses exploring that uneasy edge where human beings co-opt or entangle with eco-systems.

janezusters.co.nz.

Joanna Margaret Paul (1945–2003)

Joanna Margaret Paul, a prolific and influential poet and visual artist who used text, painting, drawing and film to bring 'significant and everyday actions... to close as possible together,' was a key and beloved participant in Aotearoa New Zealand's women's art movement of the 70s and early 80s.

Juanita Ketchel (1946–2012)

Juanita Ketchel was a visual artist and performance artist and a writer, who lived in Seacliff and then Dunedin for decades. She was a founding member of the Dunedin Women's Refuge Centre, a voluntary roster worker for several years and the first paid co-ordinator/social worker for the centre. Towards the end of her life

she was an assistant research fellow in the Department of Preventative and Social Medicine at the University of Otago.

She contributed strongly to Spiral's Getting Free video project for some time and worked on the audio project until she died, after contributing a chapter to Remembering: Writing Oral History (2004), about documenting 'stories of sixteen real and urban New Zealanders who experienced violence at an age when they could reasonably have expected to be protected and cared for.'

Keri Hulme

My centre is my family. I am also a fisher and writer.

Kohine Te Whakarua Ponika (1920–1989)

Kohine Te Whakarua Ponika (Ngai Tuhoe, Ngati Porou). Singing was her 'first love'; an essential part of her life. When she was nineteen, Kohine began writing her own songs. Among her many compositions are the award winning waiata-a-ringa Toia Mai Ra (1966) and the waiata poi Poi iti Poi e performed by Tongariro, the group Kohine coached in 1983 at one of the first national kapa haka competitions in Hastings. Kohine is also well known for her waiata-a-ringa, Aku Mahi and Karangatia Ra Pohiritia Ra composed

for the Wellington based kapa haka group Ngati Poneke. Aku Mahi was later included in Hei Waiata, Hei Whakakoakoa: Songs to Sing and Enjoy (1992), an accessible Ministry of Education Maori language and music resource kete, still widely used in schools by primary and intermediate teachers.

Kohine wrote extensively in both Maori and English languages. She produced poetry, songs and prose including the bi-lingual children's reader Te Porete (1988) retelling an old Tuhoe story about a mythical, multi-coloured parakeet. Kohine's popular waiata were used as the soundtrack to Ka Haku Au: A Poet's Lament (2009), a documentary film about her life and work.

Margery Blackman & Gary Blackman

Margery Blackman has been a weaver for more than 50 years specialising in woven tapestry. Examples of her work are held in public galleries and private collections. Previously an honorary curator of ethnographic textiles at Otago Museum, she has organised exhibitions of textiles and costumes from many cultures. She has taken a keen interest in the structure and patterns of Maori taniko. In 18th and early 19th century examples, she has identified structures no longer used.

Margery's husband, Gary Blackman, a retired university teacher and scientist, is known for

his expressive photography dating from the 1950s.

Maria Mackay

Maria Mackay lives in Dunedin and has completed her PhD in psychology. She is of Scots-English descent with iwi roots in Tai Rawhiti. In 1999, Maria was the cameraperson who filmed matakite Wai Turoa Morgan (1941–2017) for the Spiral Getting Free team on their Y2K mission to Megalithic France. Maria's work, The Whole Realm of Greater Divas (2001) was inspired by this experience and is a representation of an interconnected, matrilineal creation scheme of her own design.

Marian Evans aka M

As Wellywood Woman, I've worked within a global community of #womeninfilmm activists for twelve years; my other #suffrage125 project was #directedbywomen #aotearoa. Preferred pronoun: ia. medium.com/@devt.

Minerva Betts

Minerva Betts explores the construction of author-artist and is based in New Zealand.

Miriama Evans (1944–2018)

Miriama Evans (Ngati Mutunga, Ngai Tahu) was a member of the Spiral collective that published The House of the Talking Cat (1983) by J.C. Sturm and the bone people (1985) by Keri Hulme. Although Miriama was involved with the Haeata Collective who produced the New Zealand Herstory Diary 1985, she also continued to work on other Spiral projects, including a survey of contemporary Maori women's writing, for Wahine Kaituhi: Women Writers of Aotearoa (1985), which in 1986, was among the publications Spiral took to the second International Feminist Book Fair, in Oslo.

In 1986, Miriama became the first head of Te Ohu Whakatupu, the Maori Secretariat of the Ministry of Women's Affairs, where in association with Anne Horsfield, she co-wrote Maori Women in the Economy: A Preliminary Review of the Economic Position of Maori Women in New Zealand (1988). Miriama was also a co-editor of The Penguin Book of Contemporary New Zealand Poetry: Nga Kupu Titohu o Aotearoa (1989), author of The Art of Maori Weaving: The Eternal Thread/Te Aho Mutunga Kore (2005), with Ranui Ngarimu, and co-author of He Rito, He Ranga: Kiekie, Our Taonga Plant (2009) with Ranui Ngarimu and researcher Patricia Wallace.

Morrigan

Morrigan, like Anna Keir and Saj Gurney, was Heather's beloved comrade until the day she died. 'One of the leading questioners/movers/stimulators of many women in the women's movement of the 70s and still involved through women's refuge work. Morrigan brought back much material from overseas which fed the local women artists and activists. She and Allie Eagle were noted for challenging entrenched ideas in all companies. I am particularly grateful for Morrigan's unswerving support for my work and for her love and help in difficult times.' Heather McPherson in A Women's Picture Book: 25 Women Artists of Aotearoa New Zealand (1988: 279).

PANiA!

PANiA!, the anonymous and enigmatic but always interesting über-cool-girl, artist-about-town, is a country babe at heart.

Saj Gurney

Saj (Gladys) Gurney was a central participant in the Christchurch Women's Art Movement as well as in many projects associated with the flowering of feminism in Christchurch in the 1970s. Of the well-known women's arts and literary projects, she worked on the Spiral journal, Circle

magazine and, as an administrator and contributor, on the ground-breaking Christchurch women's art environment first proposed by Joanna Paul, at the Canterbury Society of Arts gallery in 1977. She also wrote lyrics for an all-women band and poems, some of which Spiral published in a collection, Amazon Songs (1987). She also contributed to the Miriam Saphira-edited Lavender Annual (1989).

Sarah Jane Moon

Sarah Jane Moon is a New Zealand born and UK based painter who specialises in portraiture and figurative painting. Her work explores identity, sexuality, and gender presentation, as well as interrogating formal painterly concerns.

She will continue to teach at The Heatherley School of Arts and The Art Academy in London and has also taught on residential courses abroad, namely in France and Greece (2018).

Sharon Alston (1948–1995)

Sharon Alston was an activist and artist with particular skills as a graphic artist. In A Women's Picture Book, Tilly Lloyd introduced her as 'consistently visible for near on a couple of decades of lesbian feminist activity, and her art has always had a political motivation. Her posters and

cartoon strips heralded the arrival of endless events and the departure of many old hat ideas, and her smashing of His Lordships window was physical corollary of both.'

Sharon worked for a long time at Broadsheet, contributing to its design, its covers and its cartoons. She worked at the Women's Gallery from 1980–1982, co-ordinated Sexuality there, contributed work to Mothers, Self Image and Women and the Environment; and made many gallery posters, often at the Wellington Media Collective.

Sharon's installations and paintings have mostly disappeared and her original cartoons are not in Broadsheet's archive because, according to Linda Hill, 'I don't think we archived any cartoons as originals because those in the files were multiple layers of paper/glue/whiteout stuck on cutout bits of layout paper, not suitable for preserving (e.g. glue stains through), whereas clean copies of cartoons can be made from the magazines.'

Te Maari

Te Maari (Te Arawa) is an artist who makes. She is fascinated by the geometric abstract strengths of a Maori craft work tradition and often explores these qualities in her use of stitchery and knitting. Te Maari is interested in both practical and decorative objects. She describes her work as graphic, textured, and 'a

little bit mysterious.'

Tiffany Thornley

I received my Dip FA (Printmaking) Canterbury in 1978, and have been a working artist ever since. I was active in the Christchurch Spiral collectives and the women's art movement in Christchurch, exhibitor at the Women's Gallery Opening Show etc., and continue to contribute regularly to women's group exhibitions.

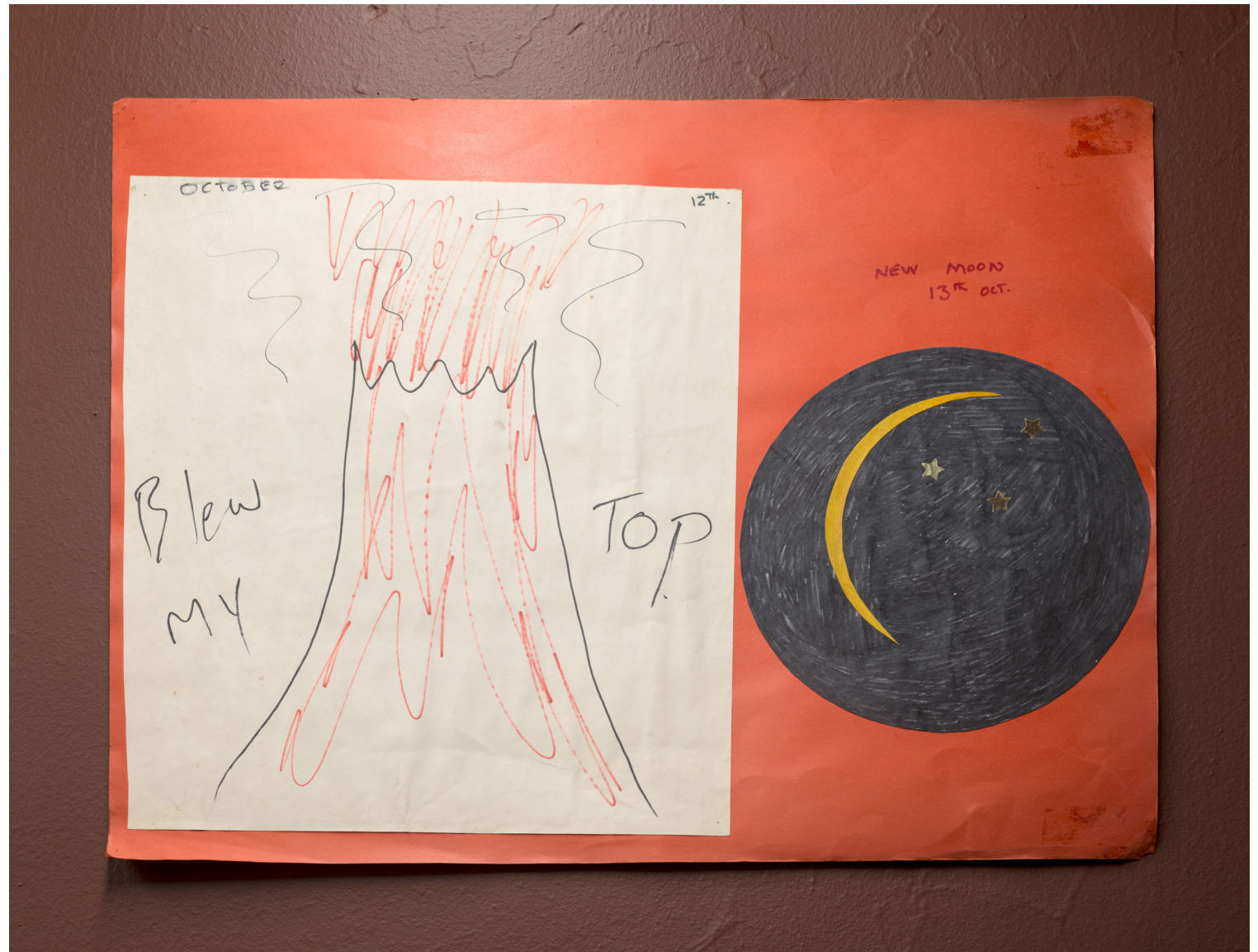
Tilly Lloyd

I am a lesbian bookseller and, with Marian Evans and Bridie Lonie, co-editor of A Women's Picture Book: 25 Women Artists of Aotearoa New Zealand (1988).

Yllwbro

Yllwbro is an anonymous sibling artist collaboration. Big sister and little brother. Weta and Kokako. They are walking along a road often travelled by others having left their tiny studio. Taking with them only good humour and their fondness for each other, a maxed-out credit card, mobile phone and the most serious intentions in the world. Yllwbro's work is represented in collections including Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa and Victoria University of Wellington Art Collection.

Saj (Gladys) Gurney
A Season's Diaries, 1977
12 mixed media entries on paper
51 x 63.5cm each piece
Photo: Arekahanara





Dr P

Natura Abhorret Vacuum: Nature Abhors a Vacuum, 2019
Mixed media installation with Pear *Pyrus communis*, Williams' Bon Chrétien; Grape *Vitis vinifera*, Albany Surprise; Apple *Malus domestica*, Lady in Red; Cherry *Prunus avium*, Lapins; Lemon *Citrus limon*, Meyer; Lime *Citrus aurantiifolia*, Bearss; Orange *Citrus sinensis*, Washington Navel; Fig *Ficus carica*, Mrs Williams; Fig *Ficus carica*, Black Mission; Rose *Rosa*, Dublin Bay; Rose *Rosa*, White Romance; Lavender *Lavandula stoechas*; Parsley *Petroselinum crispum neapolitanum*, Italian Flat Leaf; Sage *Salvia officinalis*; Rosemary *Rosmarinus officinalis*; Thyme *Thymus vulgaris*, Goldair vacuum cleaner, plastic pots and trays, wooden trellis, fixings
Overall dimensions variable

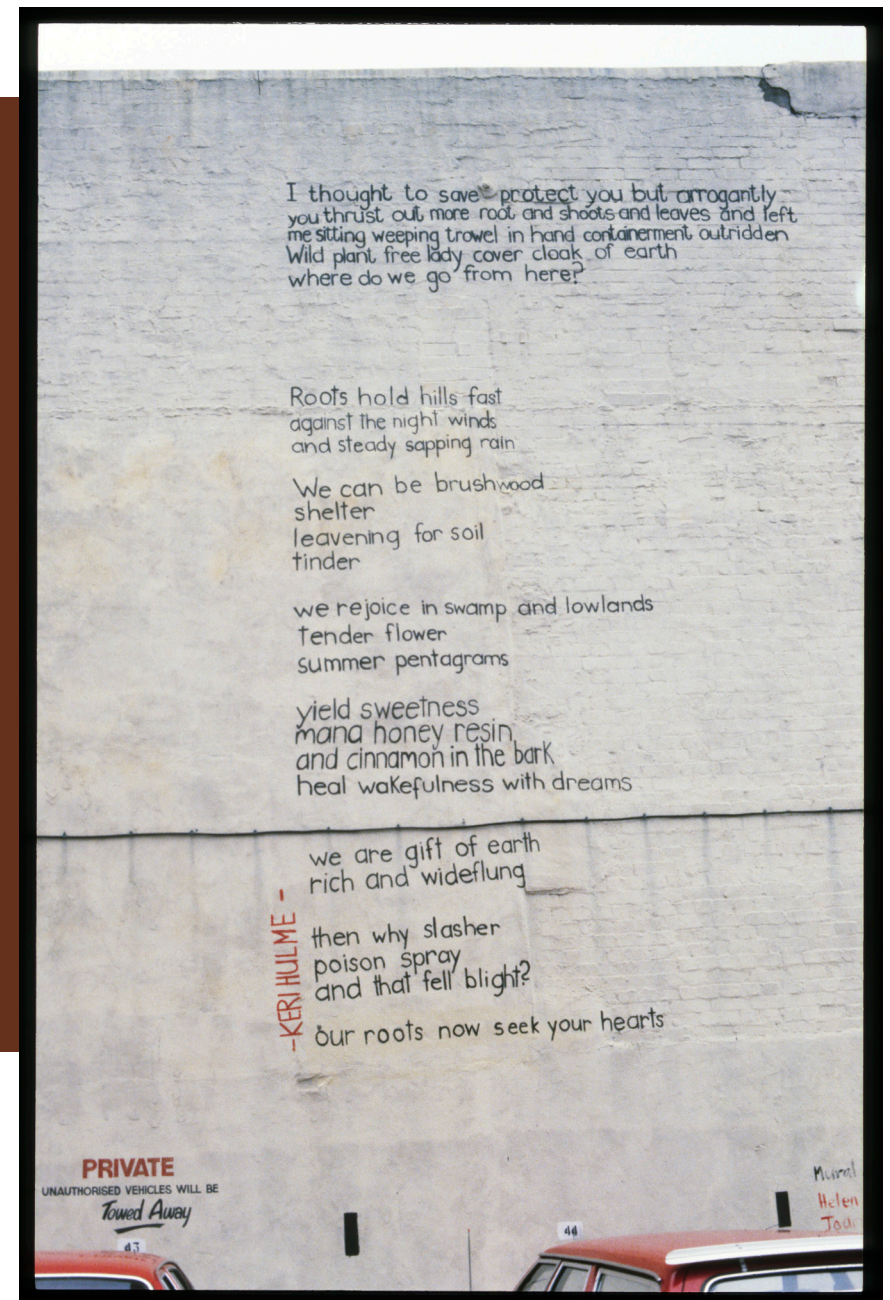
Diana Byrami

Knowing me, Knowing you, 2019
Sound, mixtape compilation

Photo: Arekahanara

In Natura Abhorret Vacuum: Nature Abhors a Vacuum, made especially for Domestic #3: Ahimaru, careful under-planting of a functioning domestic appliance with espaliered fruit trees, flowering roses, edible shrubs and perfumed herbs transforms the Mokopopaki Shop Window. The work creates an enclosed, self-sufficient, colonial kitchen-garden complete with a lo-fi mixtape soundtrack by Diana Byrami.

Keri Hulme [I thought to save...]
Matariki Mural 5, 26 Harris Street, 1981
Slide
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z.
(ATL-Group-00221)



Published in 2019 by Mokopōpaki and Spiral.

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu,
1 March–14 April 2018, Mokopōpaki, Auckland.

Cover: Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade,

This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-ā-Tahu, 2018.

Cartoon for tāniko and screenprint.

Page 25 illustrations: Carole Prentice, **101 Ways With Chickpeas**, 2016.

Page 65 illustration: **Wāhine Kaituhi: Women Writers of Aotearoa**, 1985.

Inside back cover: Sharon Alston, **26 Harris Street floor plan**, c. 1980. Drawing for Women's Gallery, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z. (Eph-B-Women's Gallery).

Typefaces: Courier Sans (no macrons); Helvetica (macrons); Phinney Jenson (macrons).

Anna Keir, **A Season's Diaries (September)**, 1977
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, purchased 2018, accession no 2018/21/2

Anna Keir, **A Season's Diaries (October)**, 1977
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, purchased 2018, accession no 2018/21/3

Anna Keir, **Women's Gallery Collective**, 1980
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, purchased 2018, accession no 2018/21/1

Joanna Margaret Paul, **Self Portrait**, 1999
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, purchased 2018, accession no 2018/21/4

Mokopōpaki

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Spiral

Spiral is a floating imprint. This is her fourth appearance in the t-rooms of Auckland, following **Drawing Together** (1985) by Marina Bachmann, Janet Charman & Sue Fitchett; **Charts and Soundings: Some Small Navigation Aids** (1999) by Sue Fitchett & Jane Zusters; and **This Joyous, Chaotic Place: Garden Poems** (2018) by Heather McPherson, produced by an Auckland/Wellington collective.

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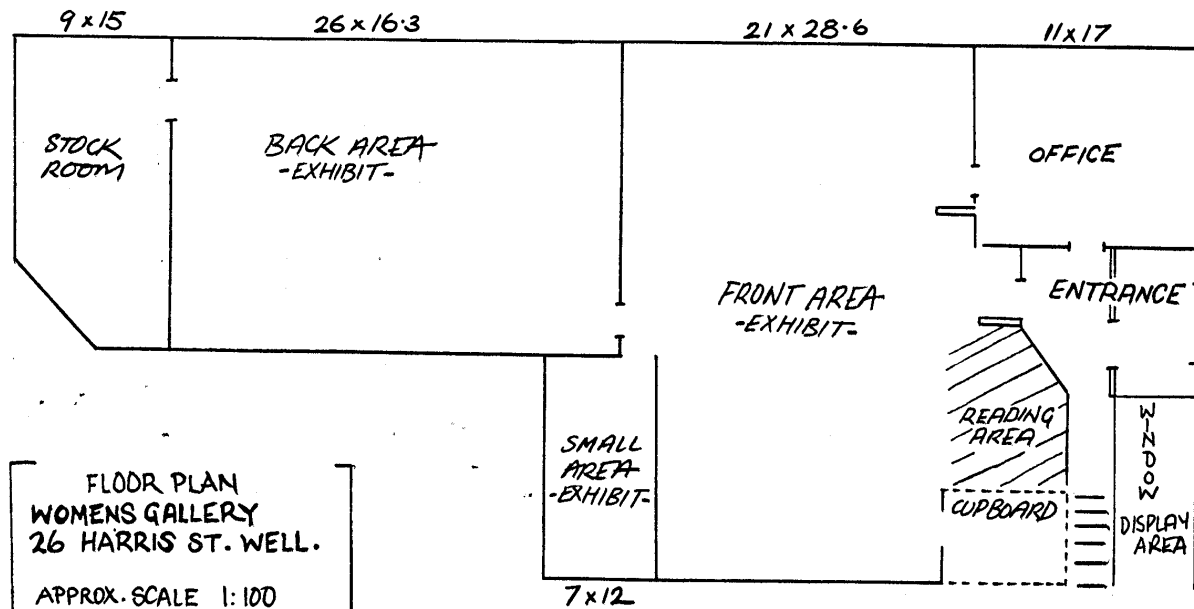
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Mokopōpaki



SPIRAL



FLOOR PLAN
 WOMENS GALLERY
 26 HARRIS ST. WELL.
 APPROX. SCALE 1:100

• SHOWN IN FEET AND INCHES •

STUD : 12 FT. 2 INCH

