

**SIGNS < OF < THE < TIMES**  
SAMPLING NEW DIRECTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND ART

CITY GALLERY, WELLINGTON, 1997

**Exhibition Director**

Paula Savage

**Exhibition Concept**

Lara Strongman

**Exhibition Research**

Robin Neate

**Organisation and Installation**

Jenny Bornholdt, Delwyn Carter, Josie McNaught, Mary-Jane Duffy, Justine McLisky, Robin Neate, Jill Ramsden, Phillip Robertson, Annette Scullion, Neil Semple, Lara Strongman, Michelle Tayler.

**Publication Editor**

Lara Strongman

**Colour Photography**

Michael Roth

**Publication Design**

Eyework Design and Production Ltd

**Lithography and Printing**

GP Print Ltd

The City Gallery gratefully acknowledges the generosity of exhibition lenders.  
Jim Speers also acknowledges the support of Tag Signs in the production of his work.

Published on the occasion of the exhibition SIGNS OF THE TIMES: SAMPLING NEW DIRECTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND ART  
at the City Gallery, Wellington from 10 October – 7 December 1997

© City Gallery, Wellington, New Zealand and contributors

First published October 1997

ISBN 0-9583554-6-0

Apart from fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the  
Copyright Act, no part of this publication may be reproduced by any process without prior permission.

## CONTENTS

- 4 Director's Foreword**  
Paula Savage
- 5 Signs of the Times**  
Lara Strongman
- 8 Abstraction after Appropriation**  
David Cross on Simon Morris
- 10 The Colour of Dream-Scenery**  
Robin Neate on Anton Parsons
- 12 Every song on the radio is about us**  
Jonathan Bywater on Michael Harrison
- 14 Days turn to weeks and months and years**  
Gwynneth Porter on Kirsty Gregg
- Illustrations**
- 16** Simon Morris  
**17** Anton Parsons  
**18** Michael Harrison  
**19** Kirsty Gregg  
**20** Gavin Hipkins  
**21** Denise Kum  
**22** Jim Speers  
**23** Saskia Leek
- 24 Photogenic**  
Giovanni Intra on Gavin Hipkins
- 26 Inside the Retail Temple**  
Anna Miles on Denise Kum
- 28 Ambience and Utopia**  
Simon Cuming on Jim Speers
- 30 Bogie Wonderland**  
Tessa Laird on Saskia Leek
- 32 Artists' Biographies**



"Yessir, going to stick with the youngsters," said jazz drummer and band leader Art Blakey in 1954, "keeps the mind active. And when these get too old, I'm going to get some younger ones."

Blakey, like trumpeter Miles Davis, knew the advantages – not to mention the exhilaration – of hiring young, relatively inexperienced musicians to play in his bands. He knew that the 'youngsters' were where the ideas were freshest and where the energy was.

The exhibition, SIGNS OF THE TIMES: SAMPLING NEW DIRECTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND ART, is of a similar disposition. The show comprises eight arresting young artists in New Zealand: Anton Parsons, Kirsty Gregg, Denise Kum, Jim Speers, Saskia Leek, Michael Harrison, Simon Morris and Gavin Hipkins. Ranging in age from 26 to 36, they work across the fields of painting, sculpture, photography, installation and various points between these genre.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES is, the words of curator Lara Strongman, "a snapshot of the new and innovative in New Zealand art-making among a younger generation of artists." It is a sequel to the much-discussed 1992 exhibition SHADOW OF STYLE: EIGHT NEW ARTISTS, curated by the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery and the City Gallery, Wellington. (Among the eight new writers who have contributed to this catalogue, we are delighted to include Anna Miles and Giovanni Intra, both of whom had artworks in SHADOW OF STYLE.) Since that project, the City Gallery has continued its commitment to younger artists and writers, including them in such exhibition projects as CULTURAL SAFETY and A VERY PECULIAR PRACTICE. It is envisaged that SIGNS OF THE TIMES will be the first of a series of biennial projects involving emerging artists.

Like the drummer Art Blakey, the City Gallery is committed to recognising new talent. Not out of any sense of the civic good, but because these young artists are capable of coming up with the goods.

There is a sense in which this exhibition is about time. It seeks to capture the qualities of the uneasy moment, a snapshot that fixes the here and now with a date stamp. Like any snapshot, the picture taken by this exhibition is necessarily incomplete: the edges of the frame restrict the view, cropping potentially significant detail from the scene, providing instead a single pictured incident staged within a larger narrative, playing out of shot. Sampling new directions in the works of a younger generation of New Zealand artists, this exhibition is intended not so much a survey as a vantage point.

Although its inception is of recent genesis, SIGNS OF THE TIMES has been five years in the making. The exhibition is in part a follow-up to 1992's influential SHADOW OF STYLE exhibition. Constructed around a similar format, SIGNS is designed to introduce the ideas and practices of a new generation of New Zealand artists to a public audience, and to engage with an ongoing critical debate about the place and function of art in the modern world.

Eight artists, born between 1961 and 1971, who have developed coherent and exciting bodies of work, are included in the exhibition. Each has been in the art business long enough to manifest a signature style. Unlike the earlier SHADOW project, the participants in SIGNS are not styled as 'new artists'. Instead it is the 'new directions' pointed to in their works that provide the focus for this exhibition. Like their earlier counterparts, the artists themselves exhibit various degrees of 'emergence'. While researching the exhibition, it became swiftly apparent that no one measure could be applied to an artist's career to define the notion of emergence. Twenty or thirty years ago, a first solo exhibition or the receipt of a government grant may have been a defining factor: more recently, the inclusion of a significant body of work in a curated public gallery exhibition might have been the cut-off point. The current situation is much more complex.

Instead of waiting for institutions to catch up with their practice, today artists are doing it for themselves. The traditional definitions of stages in an artistic career and measures of professional success are being broken down amid a welter of fresh possibilities for a new generation of media-savvy artists. The recent national proliferation of artist-run spaces, and artist-initiated projects and publications, testify to a new cultural spirit in which the artists themselves are taking an increasingly active role in the marketing and distribution of their works and professional image.

Perspectives on the current situation have been provided by the eight peer writers who have contributed to this catalogue. Various compelling strategies have emerged from their loose brief to look at the 'real world reading' of their assigned artist. Several of their pieces function as parallel texts to the works they describe, similarly focusing on the vaguely surreal persistence of memory in everyday objects. The texts provide an intuitive and subjective approach to thinking about contemporary art, in a style that frequently incorporates the first person viewpoint. These texts are characteristic of a new genre of art-writing, a kind of creative non-fiction not so much concerned with unpacking the theoretical concerns of the work as with gauging its effect in the world. The writers spin complex webs of private



significance, where the art object or its real world counterpart is an aid to memory, moving the reader through time and space. In these texts, the works function as signs in an ongoing personal narrative.

Although SIGNS is not a thematic exhibition, its artists may be seen to share a concern for the complex contemporary relationship between art and everyday life. Visual art's greatest challenge today is competition from the 'real' world. The forest of signs and vast rolling tracts of words and pictures that make up our contemporary cultural landscape have a prior claim on our attention. Growing up with TV as a pervasive cultural force, children of the 1970s are the first generation of the brief attention span. Channel-grazers, anthologists, collectors of popular trivia; an adolescence scored by a hastily-deregulating economy has resulted in a constant familiarity with change.

As the strategic role of the avant-garde as a force for social movement, previously spearheaded by the visual arts, is gradually usurped by the world of advertising, stripped of its shock-of-the-new-value art starts to look like an increasingly outmoded concept. Why bother to invent and distribute a single sign or image, when new reproductive technologies can ensure its world-wide proliferation? Removing market imperatives from the equation, the answer, to paraphrase Marcel Duchamp, is that there's no solution because there's no problem.

While the need to capture attention, to arrest the gaze, may be common both to art and to advertising, the Duchampian notion of 'delay' is a property belonging only to successful art. Ironically, it is this delay which signals art's survival in a fast-paced world, its essential brand differentiation from advertising. While adverts give up their message quickly, art only releases its content slowly, by degrees. The enigmatic heart of art, its ambiguities, its uncertainties, its multiple readings ensure its continued value in our lives. Art seems to function today in terms of open-ended points of departure, as a signpost for comprehending new directions.

The artists in this exhibition present a variety of strategies for dealing with the effects of media culture on contemporary art. They realise that, removed from the need to be 'novel', a contemporary history of art is less concerned with common movements than with the achievements of individuals. Saskia Leek and Michael Harrison underline art's status as 'old technology'. Their paintings combine image and text to create quirky personal narratives in which the hand and history of the artist is strongly visible. Their works seem to embody a nostalgia for a lost age of innocence, a feeling for art as a way of remembering and forgetting the significant events of past lives.

Gavin Hipkins is similarly concerned with the imaginative power of the past. The sweep of his work takes in private and public histories, from the family snapshot to the official photographs of international newscasts. THE TRACK is inspired simultaneously by the slot-car sets of his childhood and the photographically-constructed architecture of sporting spectacle he encountered on a recent visit to Germany. Writer Giovanni Intra suggests that Hipkins's mission is both to contribute to and explore the notion of photography proliferating out of control, as a medium so ubiquitous in daily life that it seems well on track to developing artificial intelligence of its own.

Anton Parsons's tactic is to exhibit a beautiful nonchalance amid pressure for interpretation. His doorway sculpture brings the functional aesthetic of the cooling floor or supermarket dockway to

the gallery. Like Simon Morris's monumental wall painting, Parsons's work also engages with the recent interest in minimalist architectural intervention. Both artists insert nuances of the everyday world into an artistic style previously regarded as embodying notions of high-minded purity. The resulting works are not so much a corruption of this chapter of art history as a revival of its relevance.

Another artist to experiment with the new minimalism is Jim Speers. The clean lines of his light-boxes are contrasted with colourful vinyl veneers and decals of surfaces that flaunt the retro chic of mid-seventies style. Speers's wall sculptures can be read as analogies of the urban landscape, variously recalling cigarette machines in dingy bars or low-grade light-industrial signage. These works offer the seedy dejected glamour of Vegas in the daytime, the dubious charm of the downtown pleasure palace. Likewise, Kirsty Gregg's wisecrack one-liners are at home in the public bar: while her guides to dating are embroidered on bloke-ish pool-table green felt, the girly-pastel satin cushions of SOFTENING THE BLOW suggest sarcastic rejoinders to tragic bar room chat-up lines. This is serious work with a wicked sense of fun, where the viewpoint of the artist is hidden behind layers of double-entendre and ironic deadpan humour.

The minimalist grid provides the framework for Denise Kum's works VIVA and STYPTIC, included in this exhibition. Here the formalist device is transformed into its everyday equivalent, retail display shelving. Arranged in each pigeonhole are 'products' that Kum has cast from the real world – cast-off objects including bottles, ashtrays, and bulbous 1970s lampshades. The chemical persistence of the EVA material Kum has used means that in their second life as art objects, these products will not be reabsorbed by the world. Without built-in obsolescence, these items will be with us at the next millennium.

Kum's real world traces could be described as 'unreadymades'. Like her contemporaries in this exhibition, Kum has actually fabricated the art products that appear to have been abstracted from everyday life. These artists are only too aware that today visiting the gallery competes directly with shopping as a leisure activity, and that the rampant visual spectacle of consumerism presents a challenge to the place of art in our society. Their strategy is to use the lessons of the past to anticipate the demands of the future. Their tactics involve reprising the conceptual strategies of Marcel Duchamp and the consumerist romances of Pop Art, conflating these with the layered histories and ironic notions of novelty lifted from Post-modernist theory; and in the final count, perhaps looking back to an earlier time when, as the doyen of modernist painting in New Zealand Colin McCahon reminisced in the 1940s, "artists made signs and symbols for people to live by."

Many people have assisted with the development of this project. The City Gallery acknowledges the exhibition lenders who have willingly spared their very recently acquired works for the exhibition, and also the artists' dealers throughout the country who have made works available for loan. The contributions of the writers, dealing with uncertain new territory, are gratefully received. And lastly, the generosity, insights, and good humour of the contributing artists, many of whom have created new works for the project, is very gratefully recognised. Like the cover of the catalogue, this project has been characterised by signs that you can't quite read until you really begin looking.



>DAVID CROSS ON SIMON MORRIS  
**ABSTRACTION AFTER APPROPRIATION**

What is there left to do with abstract painting? The recipe of colour, shape, and flatness has, since the 1950s, seen artists squeeze almost every drop of visual trickery from pigments on canvas. Even before Post-modern abstractionists set about reinventing geometric painting, a litany of artists sprouting existential and perceptualist rhetoric had crafted compositions with only the subtlest variations to distinguish them. In the halcyon days of the 1960s, a slightly lighter hue or larger dots may have been just the thing to crack the highly competitive market wide open. Hundreds were left to ponder why their dots did not cut the mustard; too large, too small, not round enough? Needless to say the parameters of abstract art were comprehensively chartered by the time artists of Simon Morris's generation put their paintbrushes in the turps.

Or so it was thought by the late 1970s. Yet a number of clever (and banal) exit points were subsequently grafted in the 1980s that opened up new possibilities for geometric painting after modernism. You could subvert visual languages by appropriating road signs and attempt to pass them off as heavy aesthetic content. Paint dysfunctional formalist paintings in offensive beige and candy tones. Or pretend it never happened and paint expressionist angst from the upper trouser region. In fact there has been no shortage of strategies by smart young post-modern artists to disable the idealist program of modernist painting. However, dousing formalist abstraction in copious amounts of irony, deadpan humour, and semiotic shifting has itself run the risk of becoming a convention in its own right. Modern formalist painting had become reactionary and heavily academic. Point taken. Yet for how long can we continue to put our collective boot into the already staggering sacred cow?

Simon Morris is only too aware of the shortcomings of modernist painting. His art is cool and aloof, displaying few of the characteristics of traditional colour field canvases. There are no energetic zips or vast expanses of chroma to wash over the viewer and no pretensions to absolute purity. Instead we have carefully pared mathematical orders laid out directly on the gallery wall. The artist wilfully collapses the self referential logic of abstraction, yet he does so not by ridicule, but by quietly smuggling into his images a number of 'impure' sources. Meanings open up in this work through very small shifts that allow for traditionally non-art sources and ways of looking to impact on the art experience.

The most corrupting is an everyday domestic sensibility that suggests the compositions are derived from a fascination with mundane interior patterning. Kitchen tiles, the repetition of venetian blinds, or chance glances at architectural details may be the sources for the forms. They are however subtly camouflaged by Morris's use of the 'pure' language of high abstraction. A measure of the sophistication of this approach is the careful incorporation of the architecture of the gallery. Morris's images hug the contour of the wall forcing the pattern to resonate in and out of crevices and around corners. It follows the terrain of the walls deftly coaxing the

viewer through the space in an almost seamless movement. Such fluidity of passage is the result of the artist's repeated pattern, yet it also quietly invokes certain properties of wallpaper. Like this previously favoured apparatus of household opulence, the artist's design acts as a skin to veil the stark walls of the gallery. The painting thus becomes a series of transferred membranes that conflates surface and structure to animate a breathing space between.

Such an overlaying of different codes gets us to the heart of Morris's approach. For him, art exists within a complex array of systems that go far beyond the simple logic of what lies on the picture plane. The painting is but one component in an expanded field of artistic meanings that includes the interplay between painting as surface and painting as object, the spatial dimensions of the gallery, and the role of the spectator. All of these issues highlight Morris's interest in the possibilities of installation art; to push painting into new experiential areas whereby its two dimensional surface cannot be grasped in one coherent experience. Rather than parody painting, Morris has sought to find ways for this genre to proceed. He asks us to look in the cracks that separate artistic mediums and visual sources to find filaments of beauty, however ephemeral and slight they might be.

Abstraction can still look fantastic. Even if you don't get the size of the dots just right.

David Cross is a performance artist and writer. He teaches Art History and Theory in the Fine Art Department at RMIT University, Melbourne.

**Simon Morris**

**Window Wall**, 1997

ink, acrylic and aluminium  
1800 x 10000 mm (dimensions variable)  
Courtesy of the artist and the New Work Studio

detail from **Window Wall** page 16

When the lights go out in the cinema, the dream begins...<sup>1</sup>

From that day on everything seemed to be a view on to something else. Driving out of the city as dusk fell through an orange sky and the depth of night grew around dimming headlights that dreamily lit the road ahead. The darkened winter scenery a Hollywood backdrop they would easily pass through together. Occasional lights of passing cars catching the sparkler glims of scattered rain that shifted across the wind-screen. The highway's white line gliding past on its way to some lost horizon. The car stereo a soundtrack for every twist and turn of the road and every look between them. They talked about everything and every favourite song and when they arrived it seemed too soon.

>>

There are things known and things unknown and in between are The Doors.<sup>2</sup>

He pushed across the ranch-slider door and pulled aside the curtains as they entered the warm light of the motel room. It looked like a sad photograph from some tourist brochure but they were too tired to care and besides the TV would soon provide another view. After a while she slept while he watched her and a film on the TV. The film was EVERYBODY'S FINE<sup>3</sup>, and they were, but he was too weary to watch it all and besides he had seen it before.

>>

And the curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom.<sup>4</sup>

He can't remember if he dreamed that night or not. Everything had seemed so dream-like and between worlds anyway. Where does one thing begin and another end? Sleep was only a soft veil to pass through from one day to the next, like a doorway from one room into another. Somehow it all seemed like his favorite moment at the movies which is always just before it begins. That moment of expectation in the darkness before the film starts. Followed by a slow second where the cinema screen becomes a void, a blank field, an open door of perception. A moment where you suspend belief and prepare to disappear into a world of projected light. These days that flickering instant is rarely anticipated by the opening of curtains but he could recall a time when that event was combined with an elaborate show of colored light. Saturated reds and blues drowned with hues of gold light thrown upward into the curtains folds awash with the sound of The Shadows' guitar solos.

>>

...suddenly someone is there at the turnstile, the girl with kaleidoscope eyes.<sup>5</sup>

He awoke the next morning to her voice and something about snow. He looked up and out past the curtains she had drawn back and on through the glass door. Outside, like a scene from some-half-forgotten-movie, soft-focus snowflakes drifted lazily through a postcard view. For the rest of the day they took this view with them and everything they saw appeared as if it had been filtered through that moment. It coloured their vision and how they saw each other. Later in the day they drove back through the landscape they had travelled into the night before knowing somehow that something had changed.

>>

Lets pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It'll be easy enough to get through.<sup>6</sup>

Robin Neate is a writer and artist currently living in Wellington.

1 Rainer Werner Fassbinder, quoted on the back cover of RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER, Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1997.

2 Jim Morrison as quoted on the cover of the video copy of THE DOORS (1991 - U.S.A.) d. Oliver Stone.

3 STANNO TUTTI BENE (1990 - Italian) d. Giuseppe Tornatore.

4 Mark 15, v.38, New English Bible, Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press, 1961.

5 LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS. Lennon/McCartney, 1967.

6 THE ANNOTATED ALICE, ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS BY LEWIS CARROLL, (ed.) Martin Gardner, Penguin Books, U.K., 1984.

#### Anton Parsons

**Jamb**, 1997

p.v.c and steel

2860 x 3252 x 280 mm

Courtesy of the artist and the Hamish McKay Gallery

detail from **Jamb** page 17



Looking back, I can remember myself as if I were watching it happen to me, as though I were not really an actor in the proceedings. It is not as if I were passive. The awareness was rather like this: I could not do this, and nothing would happen. And so I acted, feeling the choice through an omission of restraint.

I notice for the first time premature spring flowers. Jonquils, freesias, crocuses. Here and there, house by house, cats sit in the morning sun, on steps or under bushes. I greet each with my eyes, holding their gaze. Often if I blink slowly at them, they blink back.

Creasing back another leaf to make a blank opening, every night I turn a page in the exercise book I keep amongst my bedside reading. Simply handling the book seems to ensure that my first waking thought will be to rehearse elements of my dreams, to begin to frame a description of them to write them in. I think of this as akin to the way I have found I can sometimes get up when I need to if I check the clock and think of the time before sleeping, waking to turn on the light to see the alarm clock a minute or two before it is set to sound.

Several times I am startled as I see you – an expression characteristically yours, the fall of your hair – in someone I pass on the street. At a glimpse of you I start, and I turn and see a stranger. Your voice, too, emerges out of the chatter of a shop, in the airport lounge – who are you talking with? – and, again, the intonation comes into relief with a small shock of disappointment, recognisably strange.

I find myself playing a tune in my head, singing it under my breath. Its rhythm emerges out of walking. When I try to pick it, the words to the song won't always come to mind. Later, when they do, I can see how an applicable word or phrase has selected the record from the jukebox of memory: "...shining, shining...."

I slice away the hard disc of roots at the base and the papery top of the onion and then halve it lengthways before removing the skin. Even in such things I find myself taking extra care, making my slicing precise, keeping the knife straight, guiding it with my left hand over the blade, feeling myself watched by you, against possibility wanting you to see how well I look, how excited I am.

My new morning route takes me past two pomegranate trees. Partly for the fact that they are paired, they are more visible to me than the surrounding shrubs and hedge plants. The glow of the fruit against the bare twigs melds with buried memory of the recognition of the same in paintings and poems from all sorts of books. Something so over-observed stands out despite and because of this quality. The faintly absurd thought occurs to me that all the instances of the pomegranate's use as a symbol are well chosen, that it somehow has the look of an iconic plant.

I write your name over and over on the page, sounding it out to myself, silently

repeating the syllables as I trace the letters, making a spell of it, somehow willing a connection between us. The name becomes a rigmarole, a tongue twister. Where your first name ends and your surname starts, or where your surname ends and your first name starts, the gap closes and disappears. Written on the page the larger shapes of the capital letters align and the name becomes a sloping motif, the look and sound of it now strange, as when you question the spelling of some simple word and catch memory off guard.

It passes through my mind that this slight action is a point of no return – although of course it needn't be. I look down to the photographs spread on the floor like cards, to our hands touching, still as if by accident, in a way charged with unspoken intent. The stroke of a finger, eyes down, just catching a smile that stirs your cheek.

I try to write, but every phrase seems foolish. The formality of writing makes finding a tone, expressing one, endlessly unsure. Paper is too deliberate, too physical. What if someone were to see? What if you were to laugh? Of course you would never, but I can't trust myself, and I cross out my first sentence, cross hatching, obscuring even the shapes of words.

Jonathan Bywater writes about art and music. This year he is living between Auckland and Hamilton, teaching at the Waikato Polytechnic.

**Michael Harrison**

**She's the One (I Don't Know), 1997**

acrylic on paper

22 works each 297 x 210 mm

Courtesy of the artist and the Hamish McKay Gallery

detail from **She's the One (I Don't Know)** page 18



Everybody had gone from the bar. This was her favourite part of the night. It was late enough for her to have got her second wind, so fatigue was not the problem it had been at around two. Here to clean in the air still warm from punters' breath, cigarettes and talk, there was none of the melancholy others assumed barmaids suffered. To her, it was a parallel universe experience, a time out of time, being there alone after her risen drinkers had floated away. Cigarette in hand, she looked around her at the small slips of curled paper like out of fortune cookies that had fallen from people's mouths to the floor where they had lain unnoticed. She always made a careful pile of these on the bar before luxing the stray ash. But first things first. What will I have to drink?

Later, she would sit at the bar and play out the life of her drink in her empty stomach and pick through the pile. She likened it to holding the shell of the bar to her ear to hear the sea of her drinkers talk of love. This ritual gave her a strong feeling of immunity. She would catch up on things she'd missed out on and be reminded of talk she'd forgotten: "I really don't want to talk to you. I mean we were quite happy until you got here / Can you tell your friend to stop leaning on me / Don't flatter yourself / He hasn't rung. Have you seen him? Was she with him? Did they leave together / He has truly awful shoes / She's started to dress like him, it's really sad. I mean he dumped her a full month ago and they were never really going out in the first place. She is completely deluded. He has a new girlfriend now anyway / There are people waiting here. Will you just please just take your shot / He's definitely sending me mixed messages / You will never find the loving caring husband of your future in a bar." Very true, she said to herself as she slipped this fortune into her pocket. Her voice came out sounding strange as though she had cotton in her ears.

>>

Kirsty Gregg's work, too, comes from the courting practices of the drinking classes. (Or is that the drinking practices of the courting classes?). *SOFTENING THE BLOW* is a stack of cushions embroidered with everyday rejections and the nothing moments of nobodies. Like the way words can spontaneously appear on the skins of neurotics, on her satin cushions appear the shadows of taunts, failures, efforts and ill-delivered rejections. The talk rises like bubbles from the work and tells a story of the persistence, banality and cruelty of memory. Together the small phrases can slot in and out together into strange chemical haiku.

Here, in her words, "Bar room talk mixes with childhood dreams of beautiful bed linen feelings and fabrics. They look so pretty and inoffensive from a distance, all shiny and inviting. This could have easily looked like a Barbara Cartland love scene, except the text has nothing to do with any form of romance – there is too much dignity, not to mention disgust. It could also be a junk pile – discarded remains of carrying on with hope – a production line's reject pile."

"Every self-help book has a soft, New Age feel. They say be persistent when it comes to love. They never say: 'If you're ugly don't bother you retard.' Or, for that matter, I could never be that drunk / I'm sorry I'm not that drunk / It's not you it's me / Lose 30 pounds and I'll think about it / Short people got no reason to live / Sorry you look ugly / I would but I can't stand you / I'll tell you now before you spend \$20 on drinks / Get lost freak / I feel sick / I'd rather be lonely."

The pile speaks of an accumulation of things to be endured, of free-floating anxiety, of struggling day in day out against a prevailing sense of futility (your make-up was perfect, but it ended up all over your face and your beautiful white pillowcase in the morning because you were too drunk to wash your face). Her colours come from the ordered sterile decor of the mid-range hotel room and the colour schemes favoured by therapists. And from the sunny, baby smell nursery, from those sickly-sweet BE MINE lollies and other pastel tablets. Things to make the brain go all tight and shiny.

Satin borrows its emotionally bankrupt allure from the wedding dress, that international symbol for feminine success – one lucky lady will be plucked from love's conveyor belt as a prize while others wait! Days turn into weeks and months and years! Her slippery cold satin relates to senior dance dresses, and the hollow dreams of pony club beauty queen satin sashes. Hollow because they aren't really your dreams anyway – all of them only received ideas embedded in childhood. Proof of this exists in how emotional pain cuts out instantly at the sight of how great your new earrings look on you through the tears in the bathroom mirror.

Gwynneth Porter is a curator at the Dunedin Public Art Gallery, and contributing editor of *LOG ILLUSTRATED*.

#### Kirsty Gregg

**Make Satan work for you**, 1996

embroidery on velvet and felt

**Increasing the odds**, 1996

embroidery on velvet and felt

**Self-promotion campaign**, 1996

embroidery on velvet and felt

each 1350 x 760mm

Courtesy of the artist and the Jonathan Smart Gallery

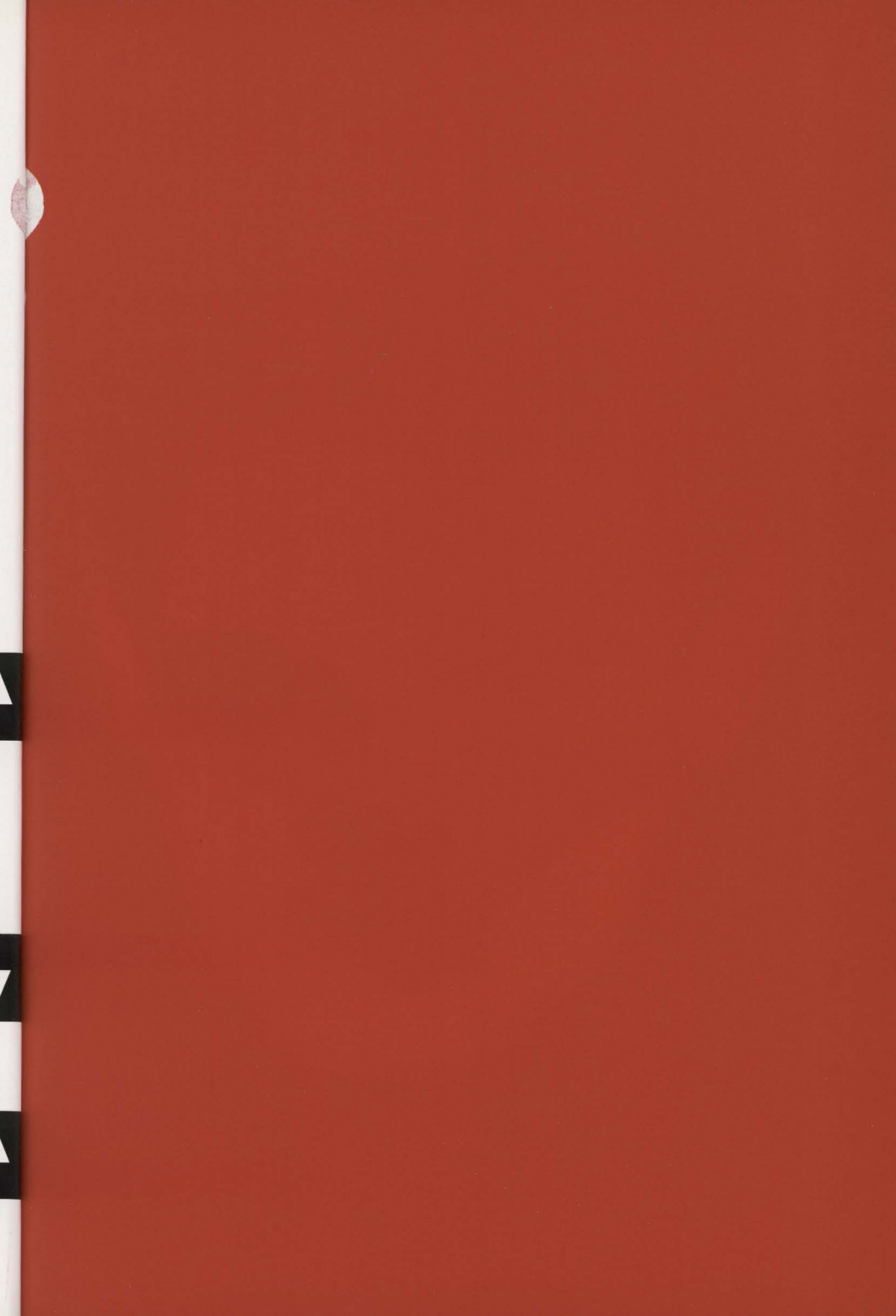
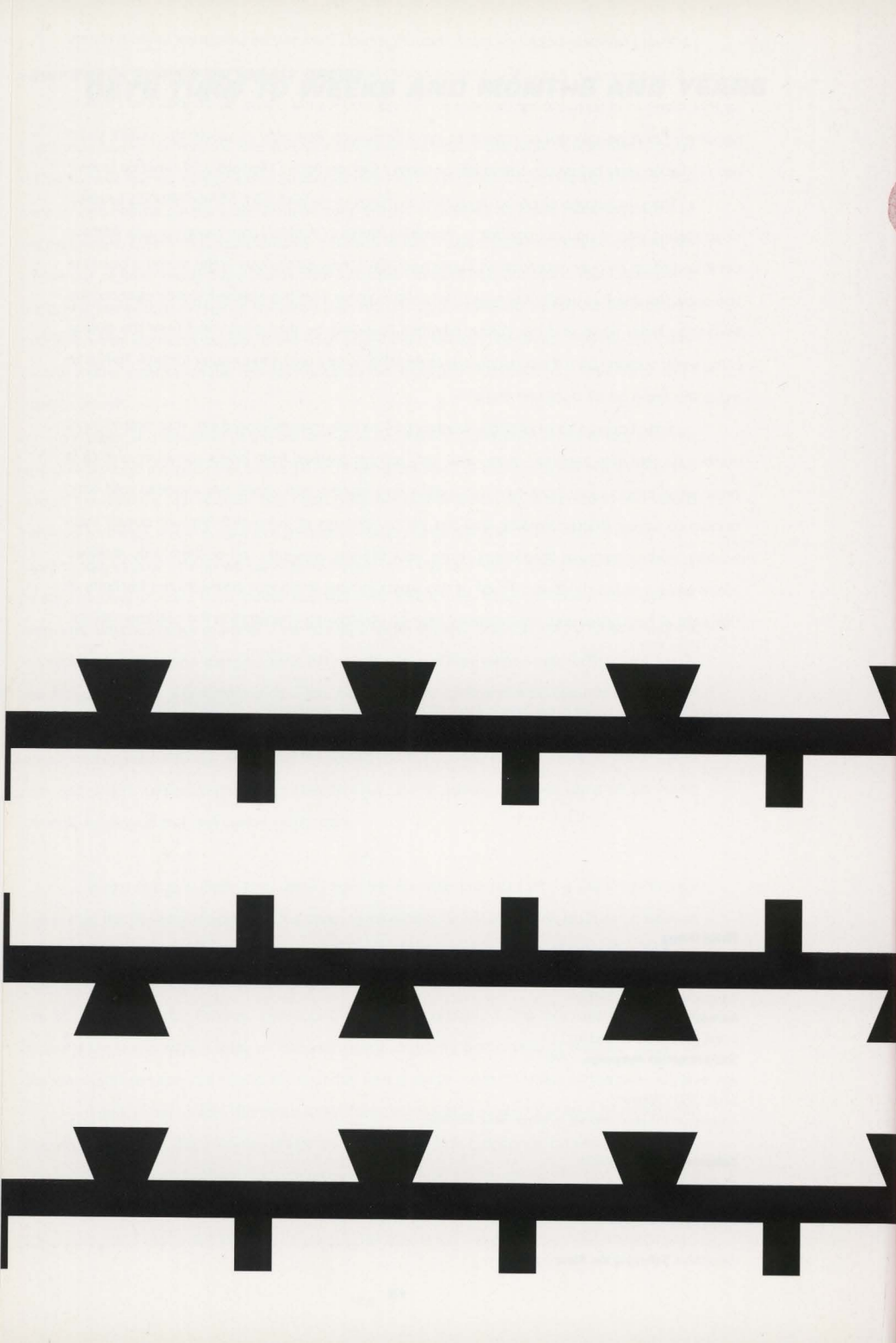
**Softening the Blow**, 1997

fabric, embroidery

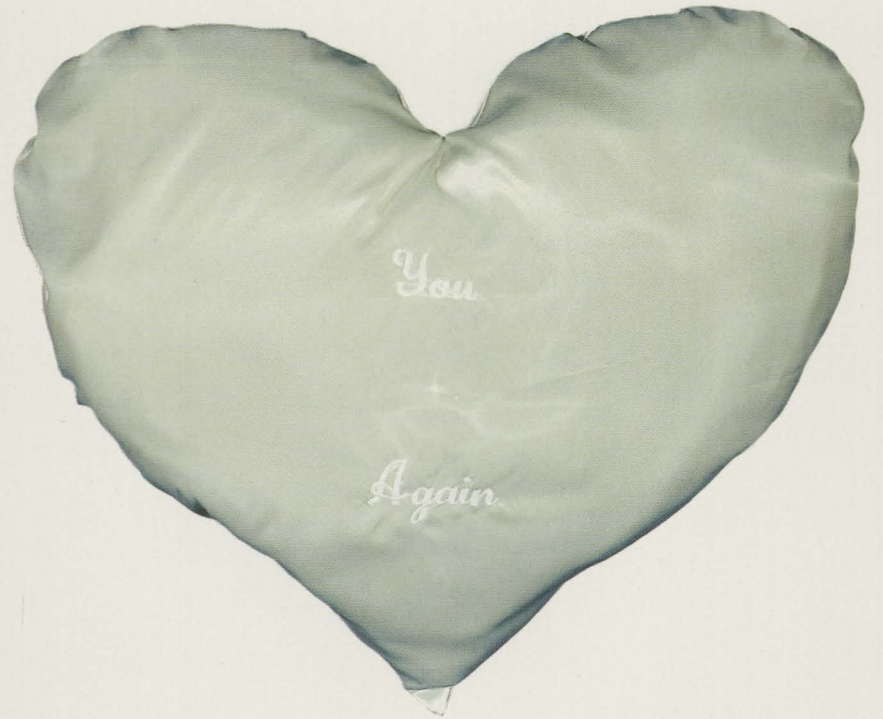
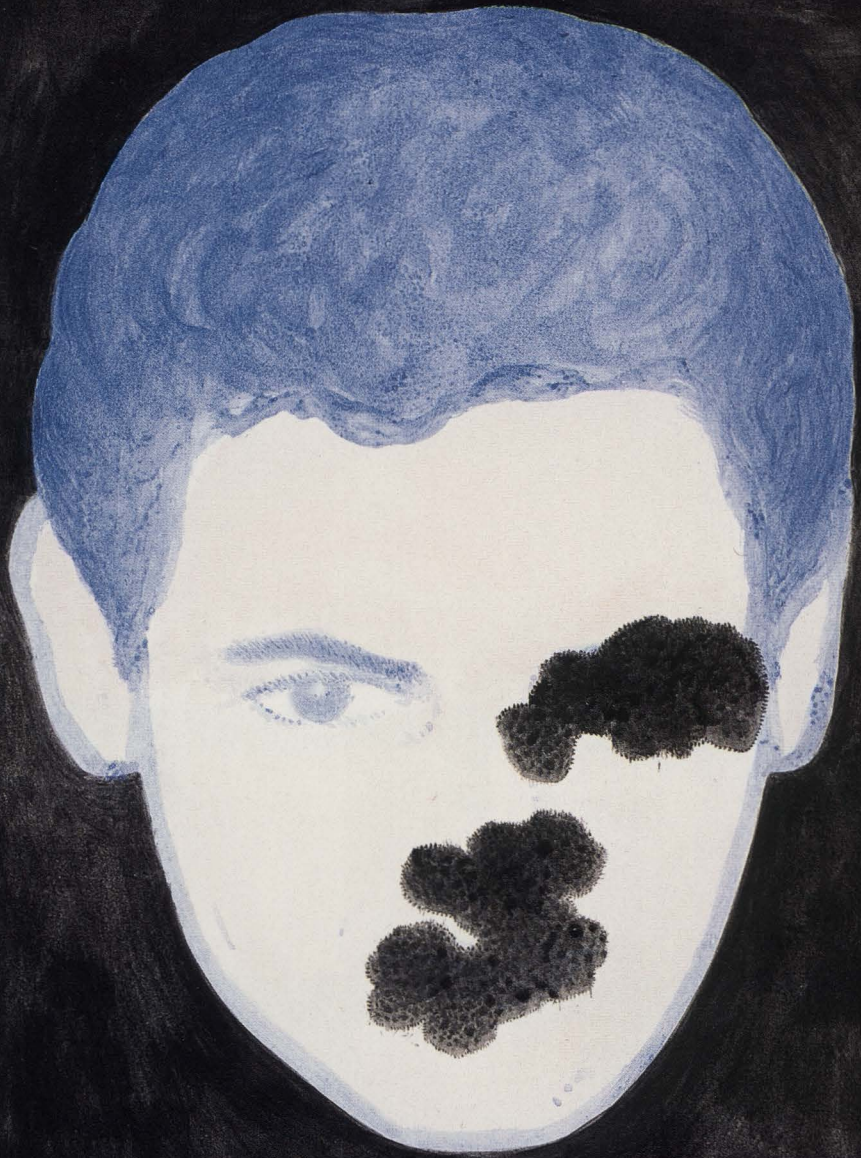
dimensions variable (individual pieces approx. 800 x 800 x 300 mm)

Courtesy of the artist

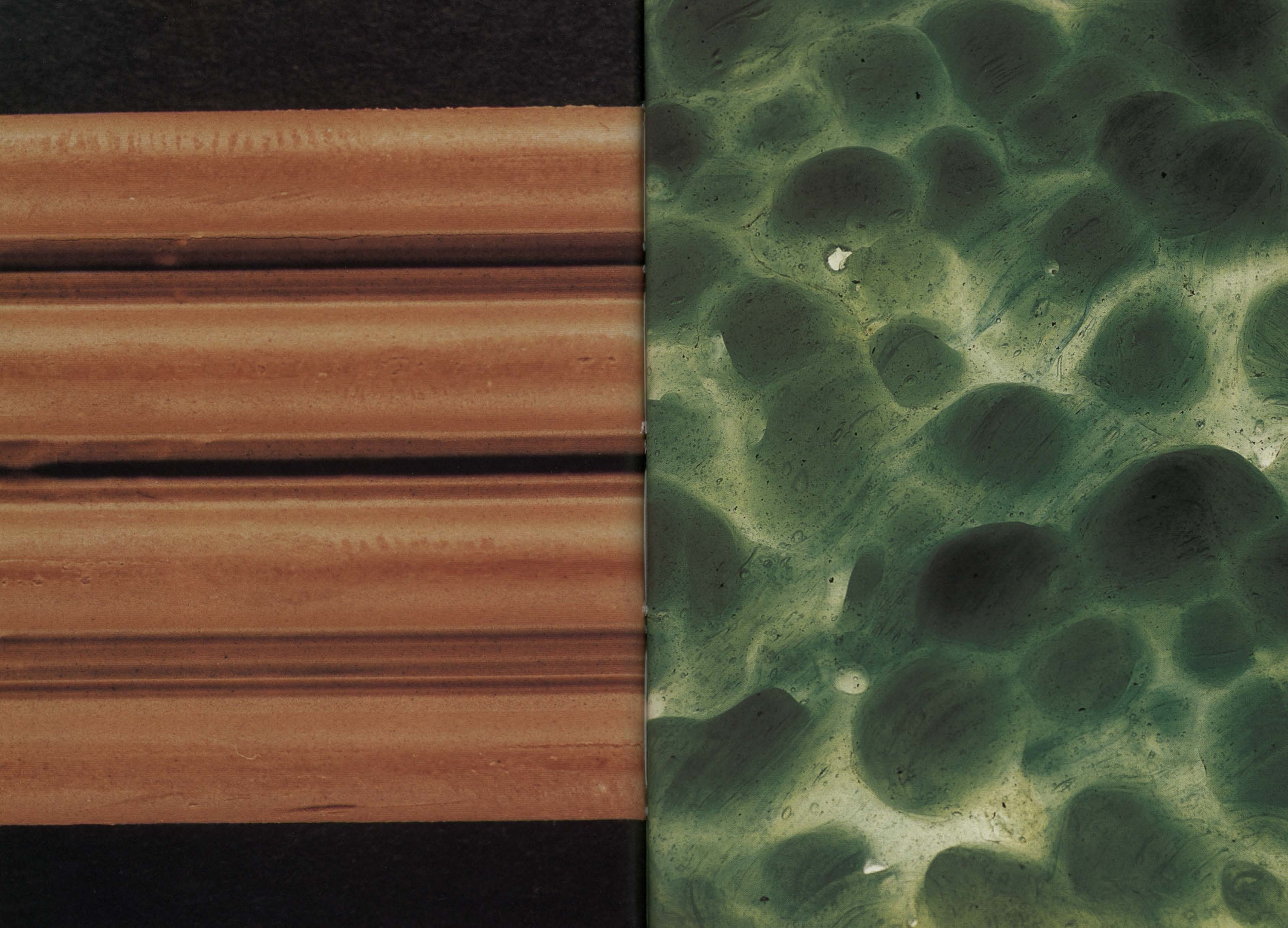
detail from **Softening the Blow** page 19



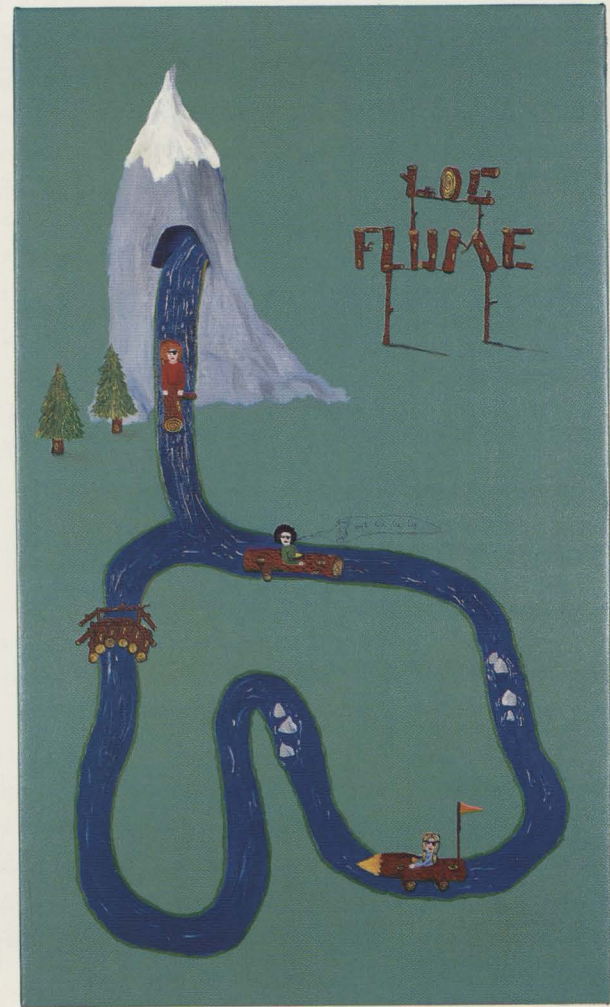
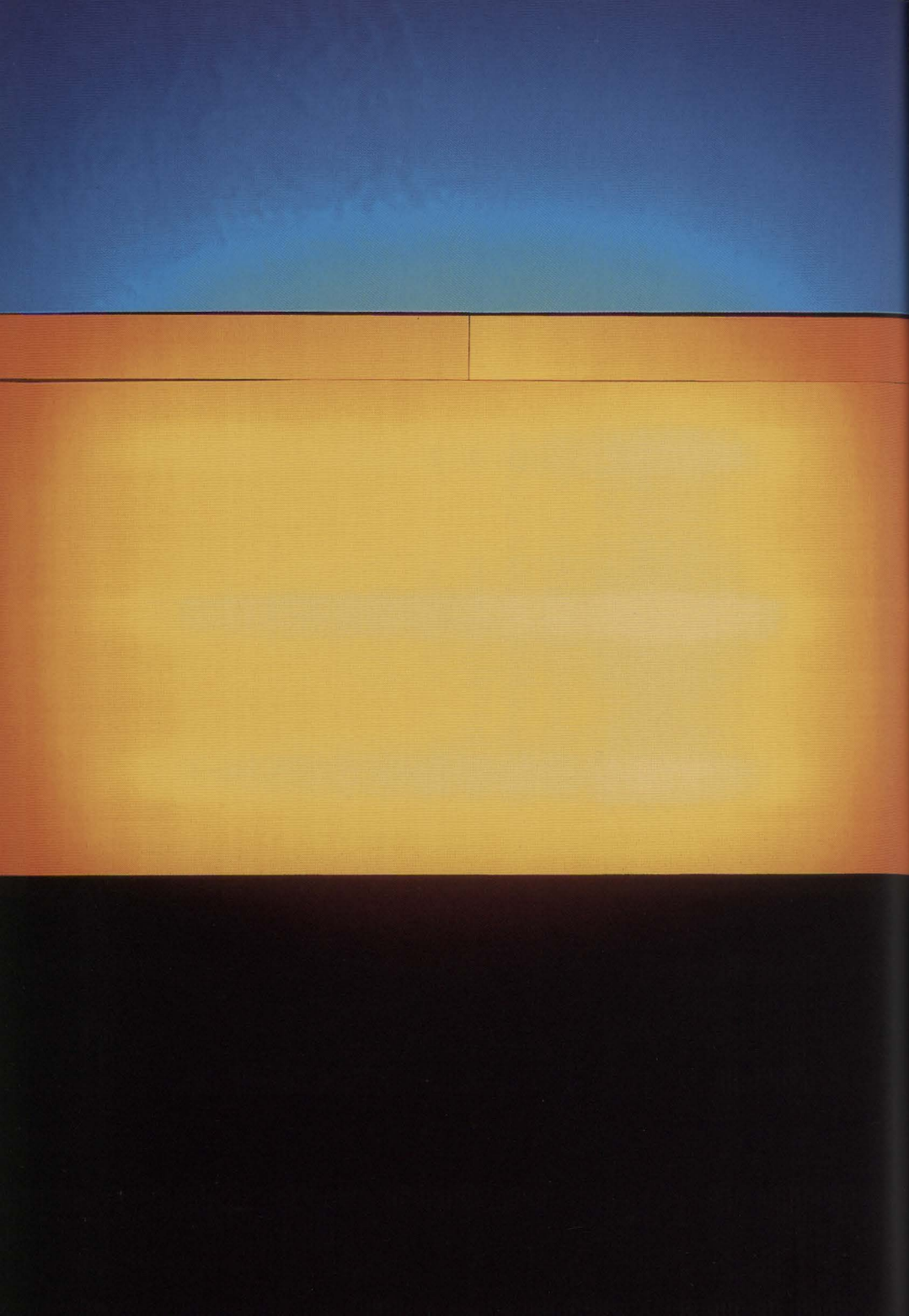














Although it designates an object which generates its own light source, or one which is produced or precipitated by light, the term 'photogenic' was famously used by W.H. Fox Talbot in 1839 to describe his earliest photographic experiments "by which natural objects may be made to delineate themselves without the aid of an artist's pencil." 158 years later, photography is a field comparable in scale to nature itself. Perhaps it's even more significant than the human species. This isn't merely to invoke the idea of technology as a second or third nature, eclipsing an original nature. It is simply to say that, like biological life, photography is now so vast that it absorbs light and proliferates on its own accord: photogenesis. In the present tense of the medium, there is virtually no object which is not photogenic.

There was once such a thing as a tourist photographer who could retrieve images of nature. Now there are only tourists within photography. There's no point anymore in being a photographer, at least in the sense of a photographer who attempts to distinguish themselves by producing a certain 'type' or 'style' of photograph. That's hopeless because the more photographs there are in existence — and there are millions added every day — the less chance there is for any individual image to detach itself from the photographic mass. The specialist-photographer today is like someone trying to chop down a forest of trees with an blunt axe: they'll eventually die of exhaustion.

Gavin Hipkins is someone unfortunate enough to be struck dumb by photography — not by a photography, but by photography itself and all of its malicious scale. Since the inception of his project, Hipkins has concurrently practiced what are assumed to be antithetical sub-genres of photography — documentary, pictorialist, postmodernist, even regionalist. He has done so with an occult wonder for what the medium can and has produced.

Hipkins's *THE TRACK* (1995-97) is a multi-part photographic work which resembles a slot-car or athletic track. It was inspired by his visits to the Berlin '36 and Munich '72 Olympic Games stadiums. Being constitutionally spectatorial, stadiums are intrinsically photographic. Catwalks, portrait studios, viewfinders and backdrops are all akin to the stadium, the stadium being a bowl for vision to happen within, an architecturally elaborate although essentially blank field for the bizarre and pointless narcissism of sport to take place upon — so audiences can watch, from a distance of 1,000 yards, the ultra-fast spasms of an athlete's muscle.

International sports competitions such as the Olympics, being completely spurious temporal diplomacies, are first and foremost exercises in political fraud and pictorial transmission: the same thing. The athletes themselves are afterthoughts to such events. Subtract the athletes and the crowds, what is left? The track and the cameras. In recent years, stadiums have been built exclusively for cameras, a fact which is demonstrated by television broadcast sports events which often have no one in the stands. The sex of sport is actually the copulation of the camera.

Hipkins has previously likened photography to a plague, suggesting that it is virulent and indiscriminate in its spread, possibly fatal in its inflection. Indeed, it is easier to conceive of photography creating an environmental crisis for human life than to imagine anything seriously threatening the ecosystem of photography. The photographic apparatus is definitely increasing in scale. Hipkins's *TRACK* points to the fact that photography, a medium out of control, has not only the potential to make the earth into an archival document, but to put its inhabitants out of commission altogether. Sooner or later, all the snapshots will join up and there will be no world left. Photography will delineate itself without photographers.

This already happened in 1970 in as much as the earth, a giant photo-booth, ejected the un-manned Voyager satellite into deep space carrying 116 images — 100 of them photographs. This Group Show of the earth was offered to alien races who might intercept the satellite in the future as a kind of sampler of our civilisation. We were, in fact, sending photography into space, not civilisation — there once was a difference. "Peoples of all creeds and colours," architecture, landscape, sunsets, crafts, arts and sciences — for the purposes of this mission, all had been reduced to the status of photography. Luckily, photographs don't suffocate, because if the Voyager is discovered after the earth has ceased to exist (Voyager is expected to last one billion years) that would be all that remained to tell our tale. The whole planet would have been nothing but a photo opportunity.

Giovanni Intra is an artist represented by the Hamish McKay Gallery.

**Gavin Hipkins**

**The Track**, 1995-97

c-type prints  
10 prints each strip 150 x 3000mm  
Courtesy of the artist and the Hamish McKay Gallery

detail from **The Track** page 20



Denise Kum's work reminds me of my early fascination for the fountain-like vitrines of violent coloured liquid that used to advertise orange juice in the few eating places that I entered in the 1970s. Kum's work encourages nostalgia, and writers describing it have often listed her exotic repertoire of materials and luxuriated in the endless chains of analogy they inspire. It seems unnecessary to add an orange vitrine to the 'Rothko painting', 'glistening science fiction movie prop' or 'blue toxic margarine' that have already accumulated. However the orange vitrine is a memory and as such, suggests Kum does not reflect on actual consumerism so much as imagined and remembered consumerism. She presents not just materials and objects, but the drama of display. Kum recycles the aesthetic organisation of consumer fantasy for contemplation.

Kum's recent work such as the installation RICH that comprised part of the New Zealand/Hong Kong Artist exchange project, FUSION, indicates a greater concentration on processes of shopping, selection and arrangement than her earlier work which was dominated by the more explicitly transformative processes of heating and handling. The unstable organic foodstuffs and chemicals Kum previously favoured are being superseded by non-biodegradable products and a less romantic view of creativity than her extravagant alchemy suggested. The materials of VIVA and STYPTIC include ethylene vinyl acetate which is easily manufactured but never effectively disposed of. The melancholic disintegration of her earlier work may have had toxic connotations but the stubborn persistence of the recent work seems altogether more malevolent.

One aspect of Kum's work that remains unchanged is her fascination for the lurid and spectacular life of commodities. The fetish of unique fermenting substances in her earlier work has been overtaken by the aura of the multiple. Rid of some of its messier materials the work is more effectively commodified than ever. However it is not commodities but their installation that Kum manages with the precision of an ad campaign. Her environments present the marketing strategies of mass production as far more captivating than the experience of an individual consumer.

The integration of familiar Kum installation products like lightbulbs, with Rich's purple holographic acetate and mirror tiles suggests a fashion designer's refreshing of trademark forms. As writer Anna Sanderson has pointed out, the bulbs are no longer heat catalysts used for curdling substances. Kum has reconstructed her signature spectacle from non-porous products and severed aesthetic effect from functional value. The aesthetic arrangement of NEW WAVE, shown at Sue Crockford Gallery in 1996, took the shine off materiality even further. Cast from muffin pans, ring tins and ice-block trays, the components were ordinarily domestic and exuded none of Kum's usual spirit of transformation. Despite a chic acid palette, the 'exotic' appeal of industrial chemicals or chinese takeaways was missing. Unlike the glossy relics of Kum's Hong Kong shopping trip, these kitchen cast-offs emphasised the troubling ineffability of glamour which is never contained by a single object but only an elusive effect of presentation.

The elaborate spectacles Kum constructs draw on visual techniques of retailing, decor and art history without distinguishing between them. Her revelling in materiality results in an aesthetic as international as the duty free store. Kum cultivates the air of the restrained retail temple which does not reflect on conspicuous consumption. Her works retain the intricately wrought inscrutability of a press release and render interpretation ponderous. The most accurate analogy for the combination of emotive effect and understated point of view are contemporary ad campaigns which present explosive imagery with unswerving passivity. Telecom's long running 'animals' and recent 'new-born baby' campaign capture some of the generic warmth those subjects invoke for the corporate brand, but of greater relevance are ads like Benetton's infamous dying aids patient, which fashion a self-congratulatory consciousness from difficult emotional material. While Benetton's photo of the dying patient and family is cloyingly hand-coloured, the sentimentality is negligible in the face of such nonchalant appropriation.

Ultimately, it is the ambiguity of Benetton's position that secures its notoriety. The indefinability of Kum's work might be regarded as similar; its smooth trajectory through the institutions of the contemporary artworld an indication of how recuperable it has proven within various curatorial schemes, including the one of this exhibition. Like the Benetton ads which have replaced harmonious scenarios of beautiful multi-racial friendship with blanker portrayals of scenes like the patient on his deathbed, Kum has rid her work of many traces that were readily identified with discourses of cultural identity, gender or ecological critique. While the openness of her work can be read as deflecting the reduction of these interpretations, it always accommodates further legitimation by them.

Kum's work has often been discussed in terms of cultural identity, it might also be understood in the terms of corporate identity. If the Benetton story reveals anything, perhaps it is the irony of an amorphous perspective that is as irreducible as the indestructible products Kum makes her art from.

Anna Miles was a founding editor of MONICA magazine. She lectures in Design History and Theory at Unitec Institute of Technology and frequently writes on contemporary art.

#### Denise Kum

##### Viva 1997

ethylene vinyl acetate, acrylic tint, perspex, light panel, detergent, disinfectant and custom board, 1690 x 1690 x 400 mm

##### Styptic 1997

ethylene vinyl acetate, acrylic tint, light panels, 3 parts each 600 x 600 x 150 mm  
Courtesy of the artist and the Hamish McKay Gallery

detail from Viva page 21



fade in...

.....It's 6.55 a.m. you have just been disturbed from that repetitive dream sequence; the one where you can remember the faces in the room but you can't quite get what they're saying...

....."you can't sleep here, buddy!"

.....You peel open your crust-caked eyelids but all you can see is some blurred, hulking figure moving across a bluish rectangular light source...

....."wha..?" you ask the ethereal blob: it mutates into the janitor and you realise the celestial light is just the cigarette machine.....that bus never showed and you're going to have to head back to the Come & Go Motel, because the next bus through "these here parts ain't comin' till Tuesday".....

>>

This is, or at least could be, Jim's world: not quite sober, but sombre and a touch surreal. Street lights and advertising signage crackle and pop in the fading light, hotel fixtures lose their details and transmogrify into rococo/geometric hallucinations, at once exposing both form and structure within. Jim sits quietly in his motel room, staring; transfixed by his appearance in the mirror. He waits, finishes his single malt and smokes his last cigarette.

>>

An effective marketing ploy, used by tobacco companies: the large luminous, last-ditch mecca for nicotine addicts; the bar-room cigarette machine transgresses all social boundaries. (As) seen in the seediest 24hr watering-hole through to the most plush uptown winebar; it glows seductively, from across the hazy, smoke-filled room, tempting those who partake, and are 'all out', to make the perilous journey. Past learning, boisterous beer-swillers and teetering, chenin-blanc socialites twittering their alcohol-induced philosophies, towards that beacon of 'smooth and long-lasting flavour.' Is it here that Jim Speers feels at his most comfortable, Does he spend his time plying his muse with whiskey and Winfields or maybe he is more at ease watching science fiction videos within the confines of his three-star motel room?

>>

.....cut to:

Unit THX 1138(Robert Duvall) feels uneasy. In order that he might quell his unrestful thoughts he visits the nearest auto-confessional. Upon entering the cubicle the projected image of the Protector lights up and enquires:

....."what is wrong? how may I help?"

Rubbing his brow, THX1138 doesn't quite know what's going on but the confined ambience and light box comfort him somewhat. Again...

....."what is wrong? how may I help?"

Should he confess? The Protector does not approve of intimacies between humanoid units; the silver automatons may be required...

>>

As THX, the deviant drone in George Lucas's futuro film, Jim Speers bathes momentarily in the static solace of over-exposure; considering the possibilities, then becoming lucid, only to encounter a nightmare of hollow white solitude upon later entering the seamless prison. Travelling through this vastness his filmic dream dissolves, the temperature increases in minute increments, as the source of the intense light is becoming apparent. For THX 1138 it is the sun, for Speers the captured landscape within his techno-primitive trap; warmth exuding from the incandescence.

A common metaphor of science fiction, the zone is often presented as an ambient abundance of light. Becoming engulfed in light represents a form of transition across some trans-dimensional portal as in the carousel event of LOGAN'S RUN. In an age, not so long past, when a small room was needed to house a computer that would now have less memory or capabilities than your pocketbook-sized powerbook, the sci-fi dramas of the time featured the electronic/human interface of these neolithic machines, often represented by a light emitant personification, sporting an acronym for a name. No doubt fictional cognomen like T.I.M. (featured in THE TOMORROW PEOPLE) mirrored factual entities of existing scientific organisations.

Speers acts as the Stalker in Tarkovskiy's film of the same name; guiding us through the dilapidation of the post-holocaust urbanity, pointing out shonky makeshift structures posing as beacons of refuge. As we move through the landscape we succumb to a feeling of unease. Without voicing our ills, Jim in some uncanny way, senses the uncomfortable and calmly asks of us:

....."what is wrong? how may I help?"

Simon Cuming is an artist and enjoys fishing for trout.

#### Jim Speers

**Red Square**, 994 x 994 x 250mm, Collection of Tony Chamberlain and Helene Quilter; **Brown, Black and Blue**, 992 x 992 x 250mm, Collection of Helene Hutchison; **Creme**, 592 x 592 x 150mm, Collection of Brian Queenin; **Frosted Box**, 592 x 592 x 150mm, Collection of Ruth Morrish; **Small Red Lattice**, 592 x 592 x 150mm, Paris Family Collection; **Wendy's Box**, 992 x 992 x 250mm, **Mid-sized Blue**, 748 x 745 x 250mm, **Red Window**, 745 x 745 x 250mm, **Christchurch Women's**, 592 x 592 x 150mm, **Cuban Tan**, 1210 x 1176 x 330mm, **Grey Nurse**, 491 x 494 x 123mm, all courtesy of the artist and the Andrew Jensen Gallery.  
all works 1997  
all works vinyl on acrylic with incandescent bulbs or fluorescent tubes

detail of **Brown Black and Blue** page 22



Saskia Leek comes from Christchurch. Now she lives in Auckland. I come from Auckland. Now I live in Christchurch. When I was younger I didn't know about Christchurch but I knew about America and Outer-Space. Me and my girlfriends were going to be astronauts when we grew up plus we were going to beat Walt Disney and have a better theme park than Disneyland right here in New Zealand. There would be a giant turtle made of marshmallow. We were going to be scientists in white lab coats and this is how we'd invent the best rides in the world. We weren't going to be frumpy looking though. We'd be like Lynda Carter before she turned into Wonderwoman, then we'd take off our glasses and unpin our buns and have passionate sex with our scientist husbands.

My best friend got given a Wonderwoman suit. I thought that I would be constructive instead of jealous, so I stripped to my knickers, and put toilet roll cores on my wrists for bullet deflectors. I felt good but no one else in the playground seemed impressed.

I used to eat my bogies until somebody told me they were full of germs. We played at being nurses and our patients were two trees called R2D2 and C3PO. We would cut the bark until it bled then we would wrap the wounds with leaves.

I remember when owning a stick of doublemint was cooler than owning a cigarette. I didn't even know what a cigarette was. I used felt tips for lipstick and nail polish. I drew a space ship with biro on an old tea chest. I made pictures of hamburgers and watermelons with sweat seeping out. I was trying to do airbrush techniques with felt tips and I also did disembodied lips sucking milkshakes.

Eating jelly crystals straight from the packet was even cooler than doublemint. This was wild behaviour. Our gang of three did this over by the swings. Once the jelly crystals went right up my nose and out again. Then one time some new girls were sitting on the swings. We beat them up with sticks.

I used to wear a tight red t-shirt with my name on it. Saskia had one too although I didn't know Saskia and I hadn't heard of Christchurch. But I knew about America. I got some grease on my t-shirt. I don't know how, since I couldn't ride a bike. But because of the grease stains, everytime I put on the t-shirt I thought I was John Travolta. I suffered a relapse in this behaviour when I was fourteen. I was convinced I was an American teenage boy from the 50s. I wore my step-Dad's watch and sneakers and carried a comb in my back pocket. I went to the Christmas family gathering dressed like this, chewing gum furiously.

I smoked teabags under the house and kissed girls (for practice). I masturbated listening to David Bowie, especially the song where he said he was a space invader.

One day I learnt to draw the blue from the sky all the way to the ground. My teacher tried to tell me that the sun is bigger than the moon. I said, "Don't lie!"

My friend Alice and I got married. I was wearing socks down my pants. Then we tried to kill her mother so that Alice could live with me. We felt sure that tea with squashed caterpillar would do the trick. But it didn't and we felt guilty for the rest of the day.

I wanted to have an all-girl Beatles cover band called the Beat-elles. I forced the girl next door who was younger than me to wear pink and play out every Beatles song we could remember in front of her junkie parents.

I used to wake-up every morning singing the theme from STAR WARS. My parents would yell "Shut-up!" through the wall because I woke them every time. I thought if I sung hard enough the characters from the film would come trundling round the neighbourhood in the back of a ute, waving to their loyal fans. Since I was the most loyal, Luke Skywalker would pick me.

I used to work in a hotdog caravan, at the Auckland zoo. I was vegetarian so I just ate the batter. I have never been to America, unlike Saskia. But Saskia's paintings reminded me that America is everywhere and sometimes the moon is bigger than the sun.

Tessa Laird is the general manager of The Physics Room. She also edits LOG ILLUSTRATED, a tri-annual zine for visual art issues. She paints and writes in her spare time.

**Saskia Leek**

**Log Flume**

**Mr. Apple**

**The Princess and the Nurse**

**Let's Go**

**A Private City**

**Hot Tubs**

**Special Kind**

**The Chosen One**

all works 1997

oil on vinyl

individual works 1115 x 660 mm

Courtesy of the artist and the Hamish McKay Gallery

**Log Flume** illustrated page 23

## ARTISTS' BIOGRAPHIES

**Simon Morris** was born in Hamilton in 1963. He graduated with a BFA degree from the University of Canterbury's School of Fine Arts in 1985. His work was included in the Auckland City Art Gallery's PARALLEL LINES: GORDON WALTERS IN CONTEXT (1994), and the City Gallery, Wellington's major survey of contemporary painting A VERY PECULIAR PRACTICE (1995). In 1996 he completed STRUCTURES, an installation conceived as an artist's project for the Waikato Museum of Art and History. He lives in Hamilton where he lectures in the Mediarts Programme at Waikato Polytechnic. He is represented by New Work Studio, Wellington, Anna Bibby Gallery, Auckland and Lesley Kriesler Gallery, New Plymouth.

**Anton Parsons** was born in Palmerston North in 1968 and graduated in 1990 with a BFA degree from the University of Canterbury's School of Fine Arts. He has exhibited in group and solo exhibitions with alternative, dealer and public galleries since 1989 including the Museum of New Zealand's survey of contemporary New Zealand sculpture, ART NOW (1994). As well as public commissions he has been the recipient of three Creative New Zealand grants. Currently living in Auckland he is also represented by the Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington and the Jonathan Smart Gallery, Christchurch.

**Michael Harrison** was born in 1961 in Auckland. He graduated with a BFA degree from the Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland, in 1985, completing an MFA degree with honours in 1996. Exhibiting since 1988 in various alternative spaces, his work has gradually come to the attention of dealer galleries including the Darren Knight Gallery, Sydney, where he held his recent solo exhibition LOVE OF NECESSITY. He is represented by Vavasour Goodkin Gallery, Auckland and the Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington. He lives in Auckland where he is a painting tutor at Elam School of Fine Arts. SIGNS OF THE TIMES is the first significant exhibition of his work in a public gallery.

**Kirsty Gregg** (Ngati Mahuta) was born in Auckland in 1971. On graduating with a BFA degree from the University of Canterbury's School of Fine Arts in 1993, she began to exhibit regularly in alternative and artist-run venues. Her exhibition BOOZE ARTIST (1995) at the High Street Project, Christchurch, led to a Creative New Zealand grant in 1996. She followed this with two solo exhibitions and accompanying publications: GOOD LUXURY at the Centre of Contemporary Art, Christchurch, and HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE at the Jonathan Smart Gallery. She currently lives and works in Christchurch where she is represented by the Jonathan Smart Gallery.

**Govin Hipkins** was born in 1968 in Auckland. He has exhibited throughout New Zealand since completing a BFA degree at the Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland, in 1992. In 1996 he received a Creative New Zealand grant to photograph and study visual art in Germany. He is also a frequent commentator and writer on photography and recently curated his first exhibition, THE UNHOMELY: IMAGES FROM THE ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVE (1997). He lives in Wellington and teaches photographic histories, theory and criticism at Wellington Polytechnic. He is represented by the Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington.

**Denise Hum** was born in 1968 in Auckland. In 1992 she graduated with a BFA degree from Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland. A founding member of the influential artist-run gallery Teststrip she held her first solo exhibition ILLUME there in 1993. In 1996 her work was included in the international exhibitions TRANSUSION (Hong Kong Art Centre and Auckland Art Gallery), and CONTAINERS 96 - ART ACROSS THE OCEANS (Adelaide Arts Festival and the Langelinie Quay, Copenhagen). Recent exhibitions in New Zealand include VOLUME at Sue Crockford Gallery, THINKING ABOUT CONTEMPORARY ART at COCA in Christchurch, and HUM OF SUM YUNG GUY in collaboration with Daniel Malone at Teststrip (1997). Denise is represented by the Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland, and the Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington.

**Jim Speers** was born in 1970 in Kalabo, Zambia. In 1992 he graduated with a BFA degree from the University of Canterbury's School of Fine Arts. His work is currently featured in the nationally touring exhibition NOW SHOWING: ARTISTS GO TO THE MOVIES and, as well as an exhibitor, he was also an organiser of the Creative New Zealand Project CONCRETE DEAF (1996). This year he completed a major solo exhibition, CIGARETTES AND REAL ESTATE at the Manawatu Art Gallery. Recipient of the Olivia Spencer Bower Award for 1998, he presently lives in Wellington where he is represented by the Andrew Jensen Gallery.

**Saskia Leek** was born in Christchurch in 1970 and graduated from the University of Canterbury's School of Fine Arts in 1992 with a BFA degree. She soon began to exhibit her paintings in artist-run and alternative venues. Initial critical recognition of her work was confirmed by her inclusion in the nationally touring exhibitions HANGOVER (1995) and NOW SHOWING: ARTISTS GO TO THE MOVIES (1997). A trip to the USA in 1996 further informed the popular culture basis of her work. She currently lives in Auckland and is represented by the Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington and the Jonathan Smart Gallery, Christchurch.





City Gallery | WELLINGTON

*Te Whare Toi*