

UNSTUCK IN TIME

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UNSTUCK IN TIME

THE OTOLITH GROUP
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Edited by Rebecca Lal
Designed by Kalee Jackson

Exhibition organised in collaboration
with Andrew Kennedy, James McCarthy
and with consultation from Phil Dadson

UNSTUCK IN TIME is an exhibition comprising three parts: a group show, a series of process-led commissions and a publication project. The publication project is considered an equal component of the exhibition as a whole and is divided into three volumes titled *Before*, *Accompaniment* and *After*. All three volumes are included in this publication.

Exhibition catalogues often have a functional purpose and usually take form either before or after the fact of the exhibition. Due to this, such publications can be out of kilter to what actually eventuated or can selectively edit the memory of a show. The *Unstuck in Time* publication project attempts to address these issues by declaring curatorial motivation, recognising outside influence, and emphasising the importance of process and the unpredictability of outcome.

AFTER, published several months following the conclusion of *Unstuck in Time*, gathers together memories of the exhibition's disparate parts with particular focus on the process-led commissions. It features writing by Paula Booker, Brenda Chappell, Amy Howden Chapman, Eu Jin Chua, Andrew Kennedy, Melissa Laing, Martin Patrick, Bruce E. Phillips, Peter Shand, Andy Thomson, and Anna-Marie White.

ACCOMPANIMENT features a series of works by artists who have previously exhibited at Te Tuhi and whose practice has had some influence on the premise of the exhibition. Not unlike the musical convention of an accompanist, the inclusion of these artists is an opportunity to recognise their prior contributions to Te Tuhi's programme and their possible osmotic effect on the exhibition concept.

BEFORE features a foreword by former Executive Director James McCarthy and a contextual essay by Senior Curator Bruce E. Phillips. Through their writing, McCarthy and Phillips lay out the institutional and curatorial motivations that instigated *Unstuck in Time* prior to the exhibition's realisation. Published in tandem with the exhibition opening, these self-reflexive statements provide the public with a type of incomplete prologue to compare intent with outcome.

7	
11	FOREWORD Brenda Chappell
19	RESPONSES TO PROCESS-LED COMMISSIONS:
29	On Merry Men and Memory Paula Booker
39	Open Compass Eu Jin Chua
49	Being here, with you Melissa Laing
	Shannon Te Ao's A torch and a light (cover) Martin Patrick
59	Friend or Enemy Freeness
61	Andy Thomson
66	LIST OF WORKS
69	CONTRIBUTORS' BIOGRAPHIES
	ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
	Unstuck in Type Kalee Jackson

FOREWORD

Brenda Chappell

Chair, Contemporary Art Foundation

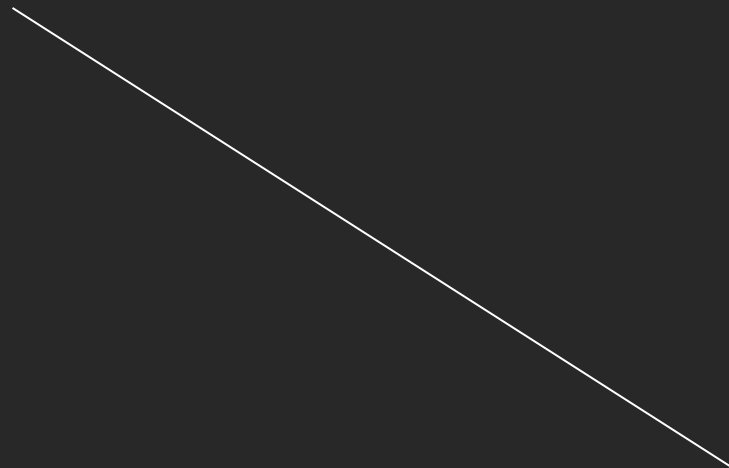
The Otolith Group's *Medium Earth* soundtrack still reverberates in the back of my mind when I recall this powerful film included in the exhibition *Unstuck in Time*. Set to images of the massive earth formations of the San Andreas Fault incised deeply by the thundering LA freeway whose noise fractures the silence, with cars and trucks running like ants on its surface, it makes us mindful of just how miniscule we are on earth, how huge the effect our rampant development upon the Earth's crust has been and how fragile the ecosystem is.

Also compelling the viewer to slow down and observe were notions inherent within Tehching Hsieh's work, *One Year Performance 1981–1982, (26 September 1981–26 September 1982)*. Played out on the streets of Manhattan, his self-imposed restriction of staying outdoors made us consider our freedom of movement and the fierce determination of the artist to place limitations on himself over a sustained duration, to set his own pace in time.

Te Tuhi has always had a very special way of nurturing artists to develop innovative directions in their practice. I wish to take this opportunity to celebrate the influence of James McCarthy, immediate past Director of Te Tuhi, whose exemplary mentoring and leadership established the environment for undertaking highly ambitious projects. James was a key collaborator with Senior Curator Bruce E. Phillips and the exhibition team, and brought an open-minded approach to curatorial concepts that had a major influence on the institution's artistic achievements during his tenure.

Taking risks and working collaboratively with artist and curator is a hallmark of Te Tuhi's success and has enabled the production and exhibition of work that speaks to time and place and which has initiated prescient conversations that examine our social condition. I would like to acknowledge Bruce for his mindful curation of this very stimulating exhibition.

My thanks go to the Contemporary Art Foundation and Te Tuhi Contemporary Art Trust for their support of exhibition projects such as *Unstuck in Time*. Thank you to Auckland Council for the annual funding grant which assists Te Tuhi in providing outstanding arts, culture and education to the Auckland region. Many thanks to the Office for Contemporary Art Norway for their contribution towards the participation of artist Toril Johannessen. This publication is significantly funded by Creative New Zealand and would not be possible without their support. Finally to all the artists and in particular to those who created new works for the show – this publication is dedicated to you and to the memory of your artwork.



1. *The terminalia of funny-land* was both exhibited as a digital version transferred from 16mm and displayed on a flat-screen monitor and also projected on 16mm film as part of a one-week event at Silo Park, Wynyard

Quater, downtown Auckland, from 11-19 October 2014. This one-week screening of the film also coincided with a live beating the bounds performance; this time tracing the site of the Silo Park venue (an old concrete silo).

ON MERRY MEN AND MEMORY

Paula Booker

Tāmaki-Makaurau. Tāmaki desired by many lovers. In *The terminalia of funny-land* the artist Matthew Cowan acts the fool, lover, active rememberer and participant-proprietor of Luna Park, Auckland's own short-lived Coney Island, an early twentieth century fun park sited where the commercial part of town meets the sparkling blue Waitematā Harbour.

In this work, Cowan enacts an Anglo-Saxon folk ritual to remember and demarcate the bounds of the fun park. With colourful smocks and top hats and carrying be-ribboned wands, he and his band of merry men are captured on nostalgic 16mm film 'beating the bounds', physically marking out the space of imagination and entertainment. In Welsh and English local tradition, beating the bounds was a formal perambulation of the parish boundaries made by the priest and officials of the parish leading a crowd of boys who, armed with birch or willow branches, physically beat upon the boundary markers. Knowledge of the limits of each parish needed to be handed down to successive generations, thus the inclusion of younger parishioners. This geographic recall was required for successful maintenance of estates and incomes and burial rights within the bounds.

The realisation of Cowan's full installation at Te Tuhi included many of the props used in the performance of the bounds procession in his film. The beating sticks, bamboo rather than young sapling rods, lean against one wall, the fringed silk banner bearing the Luna Park insignia, ceremonial hats and golden smocks are hung about and the 1920s

MATTHEW COWAN





4. *Luna Park*, 1928, by the Coubray Brothers is available to view through Ngā Taonga Sound & Vision. A preview is available at

<http://www.ngataonga.org.nz/catalogues/moving-image-catalogue/media/luna-park-fb101>
(accessed 6 March 2015)

5. *ibid*

description of the city's boundaries, being that it was land reclaimed from the harbour itself.³

Duly the authorities determined the jurisdiction over the newly reclaimed land and the construction and opening of the park took place in 1926. The sometimes perilous Scenic Railway roller coaster afforded fantastic views over the city – from its creaky heights fun-seekers could enjoy views of coastal North Shore settlements, volcanic cones North Head, Mt Victoria, bushclad Rangitoto and around to the low-rise urban settlement backed by Maungawhau/Mt Eden. An incredibly affective film record from this time has survived.⁴ New Zealand filmmaking pioneer Edwin Coubray spoke about the difficulty of making the short promotional film, shot by his brother Fred: 'The interesting thing is that it was shot with a hand cranked camera. How Fred managed to keep his camera firm during the ups and downs on the Big Dipper is beyond me.'⁵ The lens-based technology of the Coubrays' film transports a viewer momentarily into its 1920s reality, for all the giddy detail is there, and while watching the 1928 film *Luna Park* the magic of cinema helps to suspend disbelief, fleetingly.

Fast-forward to 2014. Over four generations of Auckland lovers later, at the same waterfront location commercial activity has won out over fun. The bounds of the quay are now very well defined; barbed red wrought-iron fences bearing the Harbour Board insignia heavily limit public access to the foreshore. Where the Funny-land and Scenic Railway attractions once dominated the skyline, great concrete walls proscribe the path of the band of merry men, as they attempt to walk the former boundaries of the park on their procession. Many park boundary edges are now bisected by the red Harbour Board fence, while others are lapped by the harbour, and the band's beating sticks splash and crack down on the rocky seawall. Cowan observed that in the course of the performance, it became apparent

that the physical act of hitting the ground is itself an act of connection to the land and the place whereupon we were standing. To me as an artist, this had an immediate resonance in a

2. 'Luna Park - Auckland's "Coney Island"', *Timespanner: A journey through Avondale, Auckland and New Zealand History*. August 2013. <http://timespanner.blogspot.co.nz/2013/08/luna-park-aucklands-coney-island.html>

(accessed 6 March 2015)

3. *ibid*

Scenic Railway conductor's uniform, worn by a bell-ringing Cowan in the film, is fitted on a mannequin. One wall features a large archival copy of the blueprint for the fun park from the city archives.

Luna Park: a place, object, memory, public event of the 1920s that is itself an historical occurrence and location so enigmatic and curious that it has become its own Auckland folk-story. By beating the bounds, Cowan physically and performatively inscribes a memory of a specific site onto a particular place and the minds of the active and passive participants. In doing so time and timelessness collide. The act unseats the initial displacement of forgetting and sets some imagined markers among the clean sweep of contemporary urban development. While the performance disappears from the streets, having been enacted, and also from the screen or projection once watched,¹ the fun park does not again disappear. Instead, now that it has been enacted and witnessed, it is reintroduced into local consciousness. Enacting memory is performative and is research in action.

Luna Park was established on nearly 3 acres of land in downtown Auckland in 1926, on the Eastern Reclamation, between Quay Street and Haig Street (now Tooley Street) and the railway sidings at The Strand. The park's operators had purchased and freighted north the dismantled bones of the attractions from 1925's *New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition* held in Dunedin. After eventually winning local body support to establish the park there, the proprietors made a building consent application for the structures of

a switchback railway [described as a Scenic Railway around the entire block], caterpillar, river cave with Fun Factory and tea terrace, Whip, dodgem, Merry Mix Up, band stand, cabaret and entrance.²

Curiously, the founders were initially unable to obtain building permission as the bounds of the park-to-be were outside the parish/ fiefdom/colonial outpost/young city of Auckland. The land on which the amusement park was to be sited was not officially within the legal

New Zealand context relating directly to issues of access to land, and to water.⁶

The act of memorising and passing on knowledge of place and site before they disappear out of collective living memory has long been important to maintaining a connection to the land for Māori and Pākehā in Aotearoa New Zealand.

Perhaps too easily simplified to slapstick, the performance of beating the bounds is an absurd disruption of banal midweek industrial activity on the waterfront. While the element of humour in the film is one of its joys, the procession is conducted as a very serious affair and Cowan seems to have been fastidious in his artistic appropriation of the ancient ceremonies of far-off parishes. The ritualistic striking of the earth with rods, Cowan's bell-ringing throughout the performance and this public marking of space all engage a timeless narrative about public access to public land. This work also became about a claiming of place within contemporary urban Auckland, Tāmaki-Makaurau.

b. Personal communication with the artist
10 March 2015



MATTHEW COWAN



PHIL DADSON

OPEN COMPASS

Eu Jin Chua

Compass of Frailty does all the things that Phil Dadson's video-based installations are often said to do. The video element of this installation – consisting of three flat-screen television monitors mounted on a kind of metal scaffold – constitutes a defamiliarisation of the conventions of landscape. The footage was taken from cameras attached to the oar of a kayak as it made its way, in the very early hours of the morning, around the shoreline of Rangitoto Island. One camera was strapped onto the left side of the oar and one on the right. This little trick makes for some disorienting video imagery – the landscape we see rotates and swivels every which way in accordance with the twist of the kayaker's wrist; the line of horizon tilts and, at one point, is completely upturned. The effect is similar to that of Michael Snow's *La Region Centrale*, though achieved with more efficient, everyday means – it is as if Dadson were showing us that *La Region Centrale* could easily have been done with number-8 fencing wire, or in this case, a kayak oar.

Given that Dadson is a distinguished pioneer of New Zealand sound art, note the carefully edited sound here as well: the splish-splash of the oars, the breathing of the kayaker, plus the trudging and crunching of boots during a tramp on Rangitoto (we see footage from this tramping expedition on the topmost monitor on the scaffolding).

The whole thing is, in addition, a typically outdoorsy work that feels very specific to Auckland, that expresses something of the experience of living in a city where there is a kayak in every garage and opportunity for fresh air and exercise around every corner. Dadson is to the

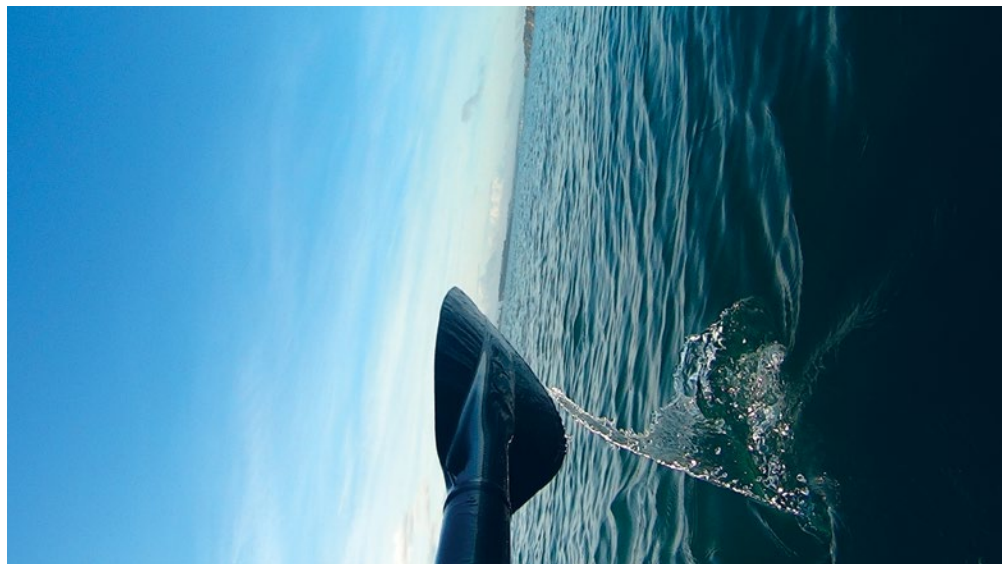
Waitematā Harbour (and its recreational pleasures) as Richard Long is to Dartmoor, or Robert Smithson to Utah.

You could probably also say that *Compass of Frailty* is a work about technological mediation: the videos give us an aestheticised version of what must originally have been a bracing, invigorating, sporty experience – kayaking from the North Shore to Rangitoto, and then taking a long walk on that island. A concern with mediated experience may be the purport of the armchair which is placed oddly on the outskirts of the installation – perhaps a pun on the idea of armchair travel, armchair kayaking?

What strikes me most about *Compass of Frailty*, however, is the way in which, at first glance, it seems self-enclosed, self-contained – yet is constantly breaking itself open to refer to the expansiveness of a larger world. I think it's very much a work in the vein of Robert Smithson's concept of non-site – it's an assemblage in the gallery of a certain number of elements originating from specific sites in the outside world, elements displaced from a wider landscape, which therefore refer virtually (in spirit, rather than in resemblance) to the state of the universe beyond the confines of the art gallery or art world.¹ The paradox, as Smithson implied, is that this is possible only because the gallery imprisons these elements within its white cube space. The gallery encloses objects from another landscape such that these objects can transport us into more expansive elsewhere. The hermetic space of the gallery is thus broken open, re-connected in non-literal or non-trivial ways to the outside world (a novel thing in the 1960s when Smithson coined this concept of non-site).

It's true, as I said, that Dadson's piece initially presents itself as something quite self-enclosed and self-contained. This is mostly because of the main, intriguing, aspect of the installation, namely that it is a mock-up of a giant compass measuring several metres across (hence the title). The shape of this giant compass is outlined by a chalk circle inscribed on the carpet of the Te Tuhi foyer space where it was installed, and by the metal scaffold that overarches it like the sight-vanes of a real compass (this is the scaffold on which the monitors are

J. Robert Smithson, 'A Provisional Theory of Non-Sites' (1968), in *The Collected Writings*, ed. Jack Flam, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996, p. 364



2. The term 'open systems' comes from the concept of systems theory, a field of study pioneered in the middle of the previous century by scientists such as Ludwig von Bertalanffy. See Bertalanffy's *General Systems Theory*. New York: George Braziller, 1968. Luke Skrebowski has suggested, in a series of art-historically innovative essays, that systems theory constitutes an important way of understanding post-war developments in contemporary art – many artists of the 1960s and 1970s were in fact heavily influenced by systems theory, and this is a fact that has tended to be forgotten (or deliberately ignored). This turn to systems theory was an important catalyst for the decisive shift, in the late 1960s, from formalist to post-formalist art: artists of the time found in systems theory an account of the workings of the world that corresponded to their attempts to break apart the tyranny of the autonomous art object (the artwork as a closed system), and thus inspired, were able to create works in which relations and process – rather than objecthood – were primary (the artwork as an open-ended system). See Skrebowski's essays 'All Systems Go: Recovering Jack Burnham's "Systems Aesthetics"', *Tate Papers* 5 (2006); and 'All Systems Go: Recovering Hans Haacke's Systems Art'. *Grey Room* 30 (2008). pp. 54–83.

Though it would be precipitate to lump Dadson into the category of 'systems art' or 'systems aesthetics', we can nonetheless acknowledge that he is from the generation of

artists who set up the legitimising conditions for contemporary post-formalist art. These artists legitimised (or re-legitimised) the act of going outdoors to make art, for example, or of bringing aspects of the uncontrollable outdoors into the gallery and calling it art, or indeed of letting the artwork unfold processually in, for example, live performance, sound, film, or video feeds. Any history of contemporary New Zealand art would have to take into account Dadson's role as one of the pioneers of many of these methods. Mainly I am just thinking of how the general openness or open-endedness inherent in *Compass of Frailty* is a legacy of that ur-moment in the genealogy of contemporary post-formalist art – the moment of systems theory, but also the expansive moment of land art.

Appropos Dadson's many recent works that feature kayaks, I should also note that, in the systems theory literature, one of the paradigmatic examples of an open-ended system in which the human body interacts in a feedback loop with the physical environment is indeed that of boating. The word 'cybernetics' – a term closely related to systems theory – is derived from the Greek word *kybernetes*, meaning 'steersman', and was given currency by the systems thinker Norbert Wiener from the 1940s onwards.

installed). The compass needle is represented by the long narrow kayak that sits in the middle of the circle. The swivelling video imagery is the equivalent of gyroscopes. This whole Claes-Oldenburg-like conceit – a giant compass! – pushes Dadson's piece towards autonomous sculptural form. This is an impression emphasised by the fact that the installation initially seems to block all our attempts to enter it. (An installation, by crude definition, is something that you 'enter', walk into. In contrast, a sculpture is an autonomous entity that you admire from the 'outside'.) You initially feel disinclined to enter *Compass of Frailty* – you don't feel like overstepping the chalk circle, and anyway, the kayak is filled with water, which rules out trying to sit in it. Maybe you could sit instead in that armchair? But, no, the oar of the kayak has been clamped across the chair like a barrier. Indeed many other elements of the work are literally barriers: traffic cones, striped guardrails, and sandbags. (What are these cones, rails, and bags, after all, but devices for tracing out a circumscribed space?) The consistency of the colour scheme – rhyming blues, yellows, and reds – also gives the sense of something self-contained, sculptural, object-like.

Yet the videos compel us to cross the chalk-circle boundary to try to get a better look. As does the loveliness of the camellias floating inside the flooded kayak. The curator tells me that the chalk circle had to be retraced every week or two as it became smudged by the footfalls of gallery-goers, who were constantly stepping into this supposedly autonomous space, and thus breaking open its hermeticism. Though the assembled elements are meant to frame up a distinct, carefully composed gestalt – a giant compass – the whole thing also has a kind of airy, indistinct, cage-like, cobbled-together openness into which you tentatively intrude your body. And this openness is not just an issue of whether you can step into the space of the work or not (nor do I just mean open-endedness of meaning). By openness, I mean that the work is full of open-ended processes, full of so-called 'open systems' (the flowers die and have to be replaced regularly; the chalk circle has to be drawn and redrawn). I also mean that the work has a certain expansiveness (it is 'outdoorsy' in the broadest, most metaphysical sense), an expansiveness best encapsulated for me in the idea of 'open systems'.² The open system to which the work most strongly refers is of



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PHIL DADSON

3. *Compass of Frailty* is also an explicitly environmentalist work. Dadson notes, in a private email, that the video of the tramping expedition is intended to be symbolic. The distinctive thing about this video is that the walker films his own shadow as he walks – the shadow of human activity falls darkly across the landscape.

4. See chapter 2 of Deleuze's *Cinema 1: The Movement-Image*. London: Continuum, 2005; and chapter 7 of Deleuze and Félix Guattari. *What is Philosophy?* New York: Columbia University Press, 1994.

5. Dadson cites 'triads' as one of his key areas of artistic investigation. See Circuit: Artist Film and Video Aotearoa New Zealand. Phil Dadson. <http://www.circuit.org.nz/artist/phil-dadson> (accessed 26 January 2015)

6. John Hurrell. 'Beach Haven Cosmology'.

eyecontact, 18 February 2011. [http://](http://eyecontactsite.com/2011/02/beachhaven-cosmology)

eyecontactsite.com/2011/02/beachhaven-cosmology (accessed 26 January 2015)

course the action of kayaking – boatsmanship as a process in which the human body senses the nature of the water and responds accordingly, adjusting the strength of the oar stroke, calibrating and recalibrating the steering of the vessel. Walking (the action we see in the topmost monitor) is itself another example of an open feedback system in which the body is constantly recomposing itself – with the assistance of the natural gyroscopes in our ears – in relation to its environment. It is in this sense that *Compass of Frailty* could be said to be an ecological work – in an open system, there is little distinction between human and non-human agents; all are caught up in a larger ecology or system of relations.³

The philosopher Gilles Deleuze once said that the more tightly you enframe or enclose an art object, the more you open it out to larger cosmic forces.⁴ An artwork that is discrete or claustrophobic or tightly composed – shut in – can paradoxically make us think or feel the most enormous things. Dadson's works of late indeed seem to have become ever more tightly and interestingly composed – ever more hermetic – even as their concerns and their effects have become ever more cosmic. I'm thinking not just of *Compass of Frailty*, but also of another recent video installation, *Deep Water* (2011), in which images of sky and sea are splintered into triangular shards by means of mirrors – these triangles apparently referring to triadic chords that make up harmonies in the sonic universe,⁵ or, perhaps, as art critic John Hurrell has suggested, to 'the Taoist view of heaven and earth reflecting each other'⁶ (at any rate, a whole alternative cosmology).

Here are lines and planes and colours and objects, images of sea and sky, which, when arranged and set in motion in particular ways, make us think of the deep structures of sound and music, and of invisible forces at work in the world – such as the globe-spanning magnetic forces that make the needle of a compass dance.



SALLY J. MORGAN

BEING HERE, WITH YOU

Melissa Laing

The fish was strange to my tongue, the texture subtly different to what I was expecting. I did wonder if my mouth had been conditioned by years of buying fish, this being the first time I ate a fish caught and cooked immediately. But then again, perhaps my expectations of the fish were too high, the imbuing of the morsel with performative and ritualistic significance having turned my ingestion of it into a necessary and formal act of consummation. Or maybe it was just this kind of fish, a wrasse, aggressive and easily caught with a handline, yet not commonly sold at my local fishmongers.

I travelled to see Sally J. Morgan's work *How long have I been here?* three times over the course of *Unstuck in Time*. Three qualitatively different encounters, the first with the components that made up the work, second as a witness to Morgan's performance, and the third to perform an event score myself. Knowing I am going to write about a work changes the nature of the attention I give it. The intentionality you bring to an art context, an understanding that what you encounter is art and that significance is derived from that, is heightened for me by the process of transposing the work to text, and the knowledge that the

J. Redas Dirzys with Martin Zet and Yuri Leiderman, *Between the Bridge (carrying of the rope)*, 1999, for the exhibition *Fairy-Tales*, Centre for Meta Media, Plasy Monastery, Czech Republic.

In 1999 I stood on the bank of the river Střela in the town of Plasy and watched three Eastern European artists enact a heroic traversal of a stretch of river between two bridges. Working their way upstream carrying a rope, their 'pitting of man against nature' performed and punctured the twin heroic figures of the explorer and artist.¹ The river was long tamed, rendering their action seemingly absurd, yet the work as art depended on this mismatch of action and environment to make the absurdity perceivable and give it critical force. A similar mobilisation and puncturing of tropes occurred here. Fishing, like exploring and art, is an act whose telling borrows freely from the narrative structure of the epic: battles won and lost, lives changed, moments lived in the now, the interaction of humans with nature as other. These narratives are undercut by the nature of the infrastructure – we're fishing in a barrel filled with aggressive fast-biting fish, we're fishing in an overtly human-created ecosystem. We gut and cook like we're camping but we're in the middle of an urban area, right beside a kitchen. We are enacting rituals of sustenance, sport and contemporary art simultaneously, each capable of providing a critique on the others (and all of them a critique on society as it stands).

The folding together of sustenance, recreation and art to elucidate the degree to which our physical environment has been mediated, the heroic constructed, and our relationship to food and sociality formed by urbanisation is one reading of the performative interaction Morgan and we others undertake – a reading that is at first glance reinforced by one of the significant differences between the event score Morgan uses and the one I do. She begins by forcing a fish hook through her inside forearm, impaling herself in the same way that she will shortly impale the fish. It's a sobering, slightly shocking action, mainly because it's not easy. Her struggle to get the hook all the way through the meat of her underarm and the pain that accompanies this action is both visible and audible to us, the audience. Likewise our reaction to this act, a bodily cringe as we imagine the hook biting into our own arm, is visible and audible to her. And as the fish bites down on the bait a three-way affective bonding is created connecting Morgan, the audience and the fish through the hook.

text will co-create, change and betray the very work it discusses. With this intentionality in hand I came to the work for the first time only to be rebuffed.

At rest, the components of the work presented themselves to me as infrastructure. A large green 5000 litre tub filled with rocks, coral still in its bag, a water filter and fish, a light industrial movable stairway and platform, a water heating unit, and cinder blocks occupied the small square-ish brick and stone patio between the galleries, the education and storage rooms, and the kitchen. The courtyard, already a hybrid space, open to the outside while still fully enclosed by the gallery structure, is intermittently used for artworks, but often empty. This spatial hybridity served to blur the framing effect of the gallery, enabling the objects in it to support an artwork without comprising the artwork. Emphasising their structural nature the utilitarian objects assembled to support the live action were not artfully arranged to draw attention to their thingness, nor were any remnants of the opening performance left for later audiences to pick over and sift meaning out of. In fact after each activation the components were pulled back and packed away behind a safety rope. Looking at these objects the viewer was met by a refusal, they would not perform as art for our gaze without a co-performing human agent.

Morgan undertook her performative action twice, and seven other people responded to the invitation to also enact the work in the final week. The event score revolved around the process of fishing, killing what was caught and consuming it. Morgan and I both fished, me and six others in an echo of her, but from different places. Morgan fished up high, from an attic platform built into the side of the building. I fished from the lower platform stairs. She had a red handline, with hooks at both ends and a medical kit. Mine was green. We both used an Ikigun to kill our fish, then filleted them and cooked them in a mess tin over a gas burner. That was my first time fishing; Morgan has fished ever since she moved to New Zealand. At the end we all ate our fish: I shared mine with the curator Bruce, who'd talked me through the gutting and filleting process; Morgan's hand shook as she offered hers to us.





SALLY J. MORGAN

Interestingly the reviewer for the local paper responded by denying the full extent of the wound, substituting a cut for the act of embedding, redistancing himself from the wound by minimising it.² Art historian and critic Amelia Jones argues that

[T]he wound affects us if and only if we interpret and experience it as 'real', that is, on some level as a violation of bodily coherence that we feel could happen to us. . . . If we view the wound as 'fake', then, the act of wounding becomes a predominantly conceptual gesture devoid of the full potential for affective bonding.³

A fake wound is theatre, entertainment not connection. Or as Morgan herself put it 'one of the definitions of performance art as opposed to theatre is that in performance art it's real blood. It's your blood, it's real blood, and in theatre it's pretend blood'.⁴ A real wound, an excess, a sacrifice beyond what is comfortable, a greater recognition than what we, in our current worldview, consider due.

When we consider Morgan's self-wounding in the greater context of performance practice it isn't simply about a comparable sacrifice for a death, a reaching back to an earlier sympathetic ritual in which like is given to call forth like. It is also about this history of the real wound in performance practice, and how it has enacted a particular discourse of desire and eroticism, an exploration of gender, sexuality and the intersections of object and subjecthood through the permeability and fragility of the body. In *The Tears of Eros*, the last book he wrote before he died, Georges Bataille explored the history of death, ritual pain and eroticism in art. He begins with Lascaux, and the half-human half-animal cave paintings, describing a well-hidden 'man with a bird's face, who asserts his being with an erect penis, but who is falling down. This man is lying in front of a wounded bison. The bison is about to die, but, facing the man, it spills its entrails horrifically'.⁵ For Bataille, the figure of the bird/man ties desiring, surviving, dying and killing together in a way that we can easily transfer to Morgan's ritualistic harming of self and fish, the wound an assertion of being, and in that moment, of becoming animal. He ends the book by describing two instances of the live performance of sacrifice and torture, drawing from anthropological images, through

2. T. J. McNamara, 'First, the fish was killed', *New Zealand Herald*, 16 August 2014, <http://www.nzherald.co.nz/entertainment/news/article.cfm?id=501198&objectid=11307922> (accessed 26 January 2014)

3. Amelia Jones, 'Performing the Wounded Body: Pain, affect and the radical relationality of meaning', *Parallax*, 2009, 15:4, pp. 50-1

them arguing for a connection between ritual sacrifice and the erotic ecstasy of pain. If Bataille had lived 10 more years he might have concluded *The Tears of Eros* with examples of early body art involving practices of self-harm.

The body Morgan harms, her own body, ageing, female, post-menopausal, ordinary, throws into relief the dominance of the young (often male) performing body in live art and disturbs our easy understandings of the correlation between (self) harm, youth and (our) desire. The invisibility of the ageing female, as body and subject, is refused through the continuation of this particular performative action, the embedding of hook in arm, and the way it builds an affective connection, from my body to the performer's to the fish. This connection viscerally confronts us with mortality as something that is incrementally imminent rather than ritually warded off.

The fish was strange to my tongue, the texture subtly different to what I expected. I had caught it, dragging the fish out only moments after I lowered the bait in, knelt on the ground and gutted and filleted it on the cinder blocks, cooked it in soy, ginger, sesame oil, and coriander, and shared it. I thought about performative intentionality and the transformation of infrastructure through action.

4. Sally J. Morgan interviewed by the Performance Ethics Working Group. Episode 3: reviewing performance art and ethics historically, podcast audio, 11 April 2014. http://universitywithoutconditions.ac.nz/?page_id=559 (accessed 26 January 2014)

5. Georges Bataille. *The Tears of Eros* (1961), trans. Peter Connor. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1987. p. 35



SALLY J. MORGAN



SHANNON TE AO

SHANNON TE AO: A TORCH AND A LIGHT (COVER)

Martin Patrick

A 24/7 world produces an apparent equivalence between what is immediately available, accessible, or utilizable and what exists. The spectral is, in some way, the intrusion or disruption of the present by something out of time and by the ghosts of what has not been deleted by modernity, of victims who will not be forgotten, of unfulfilled emancipation.¹

– Jonathan Crary

Life is no way to treat an animal.²

– Kurt Vonnegut

At the start of Shannon Te Ao's video work *A torch and a light (cover)* one encounters darkness, and an accompanying spoken narration of a poetic verse:

Sparkling brightly on high
Are a hundred stars of early morn;
Would ye' together were my spouse
I would then enclasp ye all in close embrace.
I would savour unto satiety
This woman's longing within,
Rather than the fleeting caress
Of thee, O thou chilling breeze.³

1. Jonathan Crary. *24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep*. London: Verso, 2014, pp. 19–20.
2. Kurt Vonnegut. *A Man Without A Country*. New York: Seven Stories Press, 2005, p. 88.

Frengley, himself a filmmaker and camera operator) than speculative and ruminative, even hallucinatory. What is the place of an artist faced with the chaotic entanglements of past and present, then and now, Pākehā and Māori, bi-cultural nation-state and indigenous traditions, belief systems, and protocols? Te Ao has been making works that incorporate sites, incidents, and the poetry of Aotearoa New Zealand for the past several years, building an intriguing emergent practice, characterised by a precarious balance between ambiguity and specificity. This precarious balance, or even a brittle quality to the work, is found most captivatingly in the third segment of the video, subsequent to the introductory narration of the waiata which overlaps and folds into the slow camera-eye tour of the abattoir.

Here we see an assortment of towels, wet, slippery, bodily, a pair of man's hands folding them, shaping them, almost caressing them. Not sluggishly, but certainly not in an accelerated or frantic manner; deliberate, but strange to call such seemingly absurd actions methodical. Although in turn they also become highly reminiscent of more straightforward, practical actions, such as kneading bread, plaiting hair, modelling clay. And there is the building of an eerie landscape or a body, in the manner of optical illusions: do you see a vase or profiles? Duck or rabbit? But this shaping, this activity, occurs in the formal mode of Baroque chiaroscuro, as if in some echo of Caravaggio, but rather than religious iconography we encounter a more homely, concrete action. In Te Ao's video, I particularly note, as it progresses, the decisive shift from spoken text to muted performance, as the central activity of interest moves from narration and camera work to the protagonist/artist manipulating his unwieldy choice of materials – the soggy serviettes – which allude to the ways we wrap and comfort bodies: small children wrapped with towels on exiting the bath; perhaps at the other end of the timeline an elderly parent needing assistance with the same; perhaps swaddling babies for comfort.

Slaughterhouse-Five bears the subtitle *Or The Children's Crusade*. The author recounts in the first (magnificent) chapter of the book how he is verbally confronted by Mary, the wife of his friend and war comrade Bernard V. O'Hare, who states:

3. Āpirana Ngata (ed.) and Pei Te Hurinui Jones (trans.). *Ngā Mōteatea: The Songs, Part II*. Auckland: Auckland University Press, 2005, p. 79

4. For more extended discussions of Te Ao's previous video works, see Shannon Te Ao. *I can press my face up against the glass*. Christchurch: The Physics Room/Ilam Press, 2014

This evocative text summons a broad, lyric expanse; an open reach of the senses, yet rooted in the physicality of romantic love. The origin of this particular waiata remains unclear in terms of its attribution, but its poetic beauty is crystal sharp.

Much as is the visual information revealed by a slowly panning camera once we emerge from the initial darkness: a grey, industrial locale, almost as if a painterly conjuring of a once busy site, now more notable for its quietude as we examine its pipes, seams, pores. This specific place happens to be a now-disused meat-processing and distribution plant located in the city of Auckland. The fact that it's a former abattoir relates peripherally to the premise of the exhibition for which Te Ao's video was initially commissioned. *Unstuck in Time* is a grouping of contemporary artworks linked to discourses around time, labour, history, its title referring back to *Slaughterhouse-Five* by the late American novelist Kurt Vonnegut, in which the author recounted a science-fiction inflected narrative based on his very real experiences of the bombing of Dresden during World War II.

While Vonnegut's 1969 novel has sold millions of copies and become a classic anti-war text, what's particularly innovative and still influential about the book is the manner in which Vonnegut overcame his struggle to write a World War II novel by taking stylistic liberties, including with his protagonist Billy Pilgrim who becomes a temporal voyager, 'unstuck in time'. (Vonnegut himself was a fortunate 'non-witness' of the bombing itself, being sheltered in a slaughterhouse, ironically assisting his own survival.) That said, Te Ao has done a fair bit of virtual time-travelling himself in his own artworks, which often speak towards unresolved dilemmas, confounding problematics, and historical traumas.

Often this has been in the mode of performative actions responding to charged sites, such as in *Untitled (Andersons Bay)* (2012) and *Follow the Party of the Whale* (2013),⁴ bringing us also to a not unrelated notion of whether one can offer meaningful commentary on historical events one has not witnessed. (Of course one could say this is the historian's task.) But Te Ao's work is less documentary based (although he has often collaborated with and been assisted by videographer Iain



You were just babies in the war – like the ones upstairs! . . . You'll pretend you were men instead of babies, and you'll be played in the movies by Frank Sinatra and John Wayne or some of those other glamorous, war-loving, dirty old men. And war will look just wonderful, so we'll have a lot more of them. And they'll be fought by babies like the babies upstairs.⁵

Perhaps much as Vonnegut was reprimanded, all we can do is hope our children respect the darkness of dreams and possibilities but not to continue to induce and hasten calamities. Vonnegut also writes, 'I have told my sons that they are not under any circumstances to take part in massacres, and that the news of massacres of enemies is not to fill them with satisfaction or glee.'⁶

Theorist Jonathan Crary in his fervent manifesto *24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep* decries our current near-blind acceptance of seeming non-stop activity, which has steadily eroded cycles of 'down time' and rest since modern industrialisation. For Crary, the imagination is inevitably impoverished with the disruption of our sleep/wake patterns. Relinquishing the state of dreaming is a manifestly political matter:

A 24/7 world is a disenchanted one in its eradication of shadows and obscurity and of alternate temporalities. It is a world identical to itself, a world with the shallowest of pasts, and thus in principle without specters.⁷

The urgency of Crary's lament has an undeniable power and a particular relevance to artists such as Te Ao and his summoning of spectres. There is much that is unseen that is extremely important to reinscribe, revisit, muse over. The critic Mark Fisher has written of 'hauntology' initially in relation to contemporary music, another 'flipping' of linear time structures. As he states:

What haunts the digital cul-de-sacs of the twenty-first century is not so much the past as all the lost futures that the twentieth-century taught us to anticipate . . . More broadly, and more troublingly, the disappearance of the future meant

5. Kurt Vonnegut. *Slaughterhouse-Five, Or The Children's Crusade*. New York: Delacorte Press, 1994, p. 14

6. *ibid.* p. 18
7. Crary. *24/7*. pp. 19-20



SHANNON TE AO

the deterioration of a whole mode of social imagination: the capacity to conceive of a world radically different from the one in which we currently live. It meant the acceptance of a situation in which culture would continue without really changing, and where politics was reduced to the administration of an already established (capitalist) system.⁸

And in an era of near-absolute acceleration of all things, Te Ao's video work exemplifies an uncharacteristic slowness: how might we better linger upon things in order to reflect upon and recognise them, see them for what they are, and could potentially be. Piercing the darkness is the glimmer of shiny, moist surfaces, highly ambiguous but leaving things up to the viewer. Make your own decisions, Te Ao seems to say, your own sculpture, your own song. The video has conjured and thrown us into a residual child's play. Sometimes via memory, song, interactions, we travel back in time or in interconnected, non-linear time to encounter evocative glimpses of love, boundless and unpredictable, until it catches us by surprise. And whether reciting a poetry which responds to emotional intimacy, visiting a site charged by intense labour, or enacting a performance that remains open ended, Te Ao has delivered a visually rendered ode, spanning heart, earth and sky.

B. Mark Fisher, 'What is Hauntology?' *Film Quarterly*, vol. 66, no. 1 (Fall 2012), p. 16



LAYNE WAEREA

FRIEND OR ENEMY FREENESS

Andy Thomson

Walking the line between being political and in-correct and politically correct, Layne Waerea performs a sleight of hand and mind in order to lay out a field of discussion and free thought for the person who happens upon the frame of her discourse.

Her thoughtful actions are not an end in themselves, but a beginning, a dislocation of thoughtfulness that occurs between actions whose operations are directed on the one hand by Waerea, and on the other by the spectator who establishes a reality for the work, or not; a resolution is suspended by the nature of presentation and multiple contexts.

Waerea makes artistic operations.¹ Her images, featured on the blog fairweatherblog.com, look like fictions but they have an authentic ring too. They ask a question: can we be free to participate in their interpretation? What do we understand about washing lines, buckets and water? Can we the interlocutors have something for nothing, something for free?

In her work Waerea asserts the underlying hegemony of the political and social situation, while at the same time subverts the tendency of democracy to fix identities and establish, as a rule, the borders of its own defining. Its own treaties and power structures play off the political and politics. The political being the dangerous part of politics,² she takes an 'agonistic'³ approach which defines the real nature of its boundaries and the types of repression that establishing them requires, all the while pointing up the unconscious tendency to cover things over with a



5. See Henri Lefebvre. *The Production of Space*, trans. Donald Nicholson Smith. Oxford: Blackwell Publishing, 1974, and Layne Waerea's blog fairweatherblog.com

Waerea makes significant points about how the Treaty of Waitangi can be used to move on from the focus of property ownership to propose how to use this land, looking to the more noble Treaty principles of partnership, social and political protection, and participation in the creative development of social and cultural values, the very fabric of the public.

As an artist and woman of Māori and Pākehā descent, with experience practising and lecturing in law, Waerea has personal and professional knowledge of the systems that regulate behaviour in the public social. She uses this knowledge to conceive, frame and design her art/performance/interventions, which, while acted out within the socio-political and legal fabric, seek to challenge, question and even benefit from those same rules that govern orderly behaviour in the public realm. As an art that gives voice to some of those who are silenced within the framework of the existing hegemony, she asks what is a public social space?

Possibly before Henri Lefebvre, the philosopher and sociologist, knew about the Internet and the prospect of a *Fair Weather* blog,⁵ he had some pretty good ideas about what was going to happen soon vis-à-vis space. He said without a blush that social space is a (social) product. He also surmised that people would find it hard to accept the idea that space would assume, as a contemporary style of production within society, a kind of reality of its own; a distinct reality, removed and yet similar to that taken on in global societies by the commodities of money and capital. Which is still pretty true. He also thought, and perhaps this is still true, that the production of this space would also serve as a place of thought and of action, and it would be also a means of control, and hence of domination, and of power. Yet that fact, as such, would escape, in part, those who would make use of it in such a way.

It is uncanny to think that the Internet is a manifestation of the very space he spoke of. Perhaps he knew of the US Department of Defence's project Arpanet, which by 1972 was being used by several universities as an Internet prototype. His book *The Production of Space* was first published in 1974. Even so, his perspicacity around the future is amazing

2. Chantal Mouffe. 'Deliberative democracy or agonistic pluralism'. *Political Science Series* 72. Vienna: Institute for Advanced Studies, 2000

3. Chantal Mouffe. *The Democratic Paradox*. London: Verso, 2000, chapter 4.

4. Carl Schmitt. *The Concept of the Political*, trans. George Schwab. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2007, p.28

cloak of morality and legal rationalisations, which in turn obscures her underlying intentions.

She does this by exploring (deploying) practices and language plays, offering an alternative to a logical structure. In doing so she signals the ever present reality that power is a major component of social discourse and relations. What makes this project difficult or contentious is that the existing model of social democracy is never able to acknowledge or accept the scale and scope of antagonism required to produce the true pluralism that it apparently admires or aspires to. Nor is it able to accept that the political will never be removed from politics or that individuals will always object to the status quo. As the philosopher Carl Schmitt says:

The Political is the most intense and extreme form of antagonism, and every concrete antagonism becomes that much more political the closer it approaches the most extreme point, that of the friend-enemy grouping.⁴

In New Zealand, ironically and by an accident of history, these two polarised potentials of art and politics are found manifest in the Treaty of Waitangi. The Treaty is both an instrument of dominance and, latterly, a retrospective tool for undermining current dominance. The Treaty of Waitangi is a point of cultural tension, with Māori requiring that its provisions must be honoured through a compensation process which is countered by a popularist Pākehā understanding of the Treaty as a thing of the past: an agreement through which some strange twist of law has Māori gaining perceived 'special privileges' to compensate for former acts of hegemony visited upon them by Pākehā.

Waerea, through her artistic operations, intends to explore this tension as a site and space for cultural disagreement, where voices of dissent would promulgate discussion on any function of the Treaty of Waitangi. A function that for example rightly deals with issues of so-called apology and compensation. However, the attempt at political correction (in the form of the Treaty settlements) has arguably created its own internal discussion and dissent among Māori in Aotearoa.

and Waerea's project addresses many of his speculations about the space of the social. He suggested that this space must necessitate the introduction of new ideas and particularly the idea of a diversity or multiplicity of spaces.

This new space would exist, he thought, between mental activity (invention) and social activity (realisation) and it would be initially deployed in real space. This would create an illusion of transparency synonymous with a view of space as innocent, as free of traps or secret places. Paraphrasing Lefebvre, anything hidden or disguised – and hence dangerous – is antagonistic to transparency, under whose dominion all things can be taken in by the cursory glimpse of a single glance from that intellectual eye which throws light on whatever it contemplates.

A coincidence of sorts is presumed by the Internet user to exist between social space and their own mental space – the space of thoughts and speech. Lefebvre speculates in *The Production of Space* on what trajectory, and by what means of which magic,⁶ will this thought and speech exist? He recognises that it will be an encrypted reality, which becomes readily decipherable thanks to the intervention, first of free speech and then of writing. Perhaps now, this encrypted reality he spoke of could be revealed through the illumination of the transparency of photography or video, but of course he didn't actually then mention the World Wide Web as its primary space of encryption.

Waerea plays with all the elements in the ubiquitous transparency of the web. When you visit her blog, fairweatherblog.com, and click on the apparently unremarkable photographs you will see, with the aid of the magnifying app, the rain perhaps. Or free colour. Then you might navigate to find a multiplicity of the written word, video and documentary photography taken for (social) practice. Here in this space it is assumed that absurdity (humour) and obscurity, which are treated as aspects of the same thing, may be diluted without any corresponding disappearance of the red bucket object. Thus communication brings the non-communicated into the realm of the communicated – the incommunicable having no apparent existences beyond the *free rein* of this blog.

b. Lefebvre. *The Production of Space*. p. 26

LAYNE WAEREA





LAYNE WAEREA

Waerea in her line walking establishes a link between the theoretical discussion of hegemony in the political field and the field of art. She achieves, this effortlessly, as art practice can easily be seen to play a role in challenging a cultural and symbolic order, and perhaps even in the rule of law or in fighting for the maintenance of it. She also achieves, in the careful footfall of her practice the more difficult task of developing a critical art, which can deal with political dominance and the instruments of its maintenance and critique. Waerea fronts those things that are veneered in a legalese, which covers and uncovers a furious and unsynchronised attempt to negotiate the current state, both political and social. Law, language, humour, and an overriding desire for a freeness that begs to differ, shapes her approach. But in reality, she cannot resist nor can she avoid the hegemonic handholds or floating devices of her cultural upbringing. Freeness is a bounded reality worth crossing.

LIST OF WORKS

pages: 10, 17 (16mm film stills), 12–13
(performance documentation)

MATTHEW COWAN

The terminalia of funny-land, 2014

16mm transferred to digital, 8:12 min looped
performance objects: 'beating the bounds'
sticks, hand bell, Replica 1920s Luna Park
attendant's uniform
proposed funny-land: framed digital giclee print
(original held at the Auckland Council Archives)
performed by Matthew Cowan, Chris Berthelsen,
Justin Jade Morgan, Andrew McCulley, Luis
Prichard-Jones, Andy Smith, Justin Tregenza,
Ben Whitmore, filmed by Ian Powell
this work also involved a live performance that
commenced at sunset at Silo Park, Wynyard
Quarter, Auckland on 14 October 2014
commissioned by Te Tuhi

pages: 18, 24–25 (Te Tuhi installation view),
21 (video stills)

PHIL DADSON

Compass of Frailty, 2014

multimedia installation
3 channel HD video, 9:20 min looped, purpose-
built steel frame, chair and paddle, road cones and
barriers, sandbags, shells, beer can tabs, chalk-drawn
circle with scribed compass points, painted kayak,
water and camellia flowers replaced weekly
commissioned by Te Tuhi

pages: 28, 32–33, 35, 37
(performance documentation)

SALLY J. MORGAN

How long have I been here?, 2014

interactive performance project
5000-litre water tank, fish (wrasse), aquaculture
system, movable platform, fishing and cooking
equipment
performances by Sally J. Morgan occurred at
Te Tuhi on Saturday, 2 August, 2 p.m. and Saturday,
6 September, 2 p.m., 2014
commissioned by Te Tuhi

pages: 38, 42–43, 45 (video stills)

SHANNON TE AO

A torch and a light (cover), 2015

video and sound, 7:33 min looped
cinematography by Iain Frengley
featuring text from 'He waiata aroha' (A song
of love), author unknown, trans. Heni Turei and
Materoa Ngarimu
commissioned by Te Tuhi

pages: 48, 50–51, 55, 56

LAYNE WAEREA

Fair Weather, 2014

fairweatherblog.com
free access to air, water and black humour
commissioned by Te Tuhi

CONTRIBUTORS' BIOGRAPHIES

PAULA BOOKER

Paula Booker is an art writer and curator who brings her training as an artist to her cultural production. In 2004 Booker was a founding director of artist-run space Canary Gallery in Auckland. She curated the video art survey *The Artist's Film Festival* across several venues (2004-8) and Kah Bee Chow's project *Golden Slumbers* (2008) for One Day Sculpture in Wellington. She managed the publications at Enjoy (2006-9) and then was a migrant to and student in Berlin for three years. She is currently the Curator and Programme Developer for Ngā Taonga Sound & Vision in Auckland.

BRENDA CHAPPELL

Trustee of Contemporary Art Foundation since 2009 and Chair since 2011. Trustee of Te Tuhi Contemporary Arts Trust since 2005. Director of Matrix Publishing Ltd since 1997 and co-publisher of *Art News New Zealand* since 2000. Docent at Te Tuhi since 2003.

MATTHEW COWAN

Matthew Cowan is a New Zealand artist working in the realm of traditional European customs. His works often consist of photographs, videos, installations and performances which play with the inherent strangeness and the continued popularity of long-established folk customs in a modern world. These works can be viewed as mock folk performances in themselves, playing with the elements of folk rituals that give people a link to the past. Cowan has exhibited, performed and held residencies

extensively throughout the UK and New Zealand. He has also shown in the US, Japan, France and Poland. Selected exhibitions include: *Terminalia*, Charlie Smith Gallery, London, UK (2014); *Travelling Art*, 500m Gallery, Sapporo, Japan (2013); *Cultural Transference*, Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts, New York (2012).

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EU JIN CHUA

Eu Jin Chua is a writer, curator, and educator. He has worked on exhibitions and screening programmes for various galleries in New Zealand and the UK, notably the New Zealand Film Archive and Artsway Hampshire / Tate Modern London, and most recently *Other Waters* at Te Tuhi (2014). He is an associate founding editor of the *Moving Image Review & Art Journal*, the first scholarly peer-reviewed journal of artist-created moving image. He has published in various exhibition catalogues and scholarly periodicals, including *Postmodern Culture* and *Screening the Past*. One major strand of his current research is on landscape, ecological thought and film theory. He is currently Senior Lecturer in art and design at AUT University.

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PHIL DADSON

Phil Dadson's transdisciplinary practice includes digital video/audio and installation, performances and exhibitions, building experimental sonic objects, graphic scores, drawing, music composition and improvisations on invented instruments. Following membership of the foundation group for Scratch Orchestra (London, 1969, with Cornelius Cardew, Michael Parsons and others), Dadson returned to New Zealand to establish Scratch Orchestra (NZ), and later From Scratch (1974-2004), remembered as New Zealand's most original rhythm/performance group, known internationally for its funky rhythms and compelling performances on original instruments. Appointed to the sculpture department at Auckland University's Elam School of Fine Arts in 1977, Dadson was made head of intermedia/time-based arts in 1986, a position he held and was hugely influential in until 2001 when he left to focus on his personal practice. He has been the recipient of many key awards and commissions including a Fulbright Cultural Travel Award to the US, an Arts Foundation Laureate Award in 2001, Antarctica Artist Fellowship in 2003, ONZM in 2005 and various international research residencies, exhibition and performance grants. He lives in Auckland with his wife Camilla

and loves nothing more than drifting off shore in a kayak. He is represented by Trish Clark Gallery, Auckland.

MELISSA LAING

Dr Melissa Laing is the lead researcher for the Performance Ethics Working Group, an initiative of the University Without Conditions, and she has published a series of podcasts on ethics and performance in early 2014. A theorist, curator and artist, her work focuses on the intersections of ethics, politics and art. In 2012 she was a recipient of a Henry Moore Institute Research Fellowship to undertake research into the archives of the Public Art Development Trust. She is currently making a film on the recently closed Controlled Environment Labs in Palmerston North and works as the Whau Community Arts Broker in West Auckland.

MARTIN AWA CLARKE LANGDON

Martin Awa Clarke Langdon (Tainui, Ngāi Tahu) is an Auckland-based curator and multidisciplinary artist whose work explores the tensions and opportunities of bi-cultural duality and the third space. Selected exhibitions include *Ngaru Rua*, Nathan Homestead,

Auckland (2014); *Mana for Jam*, Toi Pōneke Gallery, Wellington (2013); and *Dysfunctional Harmony*, Papakura Art Gallery, Auckland (2013).

SALLY J. MORGAN

Sally J. Morgan studied at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp and was later European Fellow at the Städel Schule, Frankfurt. She has exhibited widely. Her artwork has been exhibited in France, Belgium, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Germany, Bulgaria, Brazil, Japan, UK, US, and New Zealand. She has had works shown at the ICA in London, the Arnolfini, the National Review of Live Art UK, Belluard Bollwerk, Switzerland, and has been selected for *Deep Anatomies*, the Bahamas (2015), and for the *Chicago In>Time* performance art festival (2016). She has lived and worked in New Zealand since 2002.

MARTIN PATRICK

Martin Patrick, senior lecturer in fine arts at Massey University, Wellington, New Zealand, is an art critic, historian and writer. He is a regular contributor to and reviewer for a variety of publications, including *Afterimage*, *Art Monthly*, *EyeContact*, and the *New*

Zealand Listener. His research specifically involves critical writing on interdisciplinary practices and experimental uses of media in the contemporary visual arts. He received his PhD in the History and Theory of Art from the University of Kent at Canterbury, England, and an MFA in Photography from the University of Texas at Austin. He was a visiting assistant professor at the Department of Visual Arts, University of Chicago (2005-7).

SHANNON TE AO

Shannon Te Ao (Ngāti Tūwharetoa) is an artist, writer and curator whose current research interests include performance and video art practices. The majority of Te Ao's recent artistic enquiry has seen him investigating material drawn from Māori paradigms and also testing the implications of alternative social or linguistic structures. Recent exhibitions include *You Imagine What You Desire*, 19th Biennale of Sydney (2014); *Te Hiko Hou*, New Zealand Film Archive, Auckland (2013); *Moving on Asia*, City Gallery, Wellington (2013); *I made my own Teeth*, Papakura Art Gallery, Auckland (2013); *Follow the Party of the Whale*, Blue Oyster Art Project Space, Dunedin (2013); *New Artist Show*, Artspace, Auckland (2012); and the National

Contemporary Art Awards, Waikato Museum, Hamilton (2012). Te Ao is currently based in Wellington where he lectures at Massey University's College of Creative Arts, Toi Rauwharangi.

ANDY THOMSON

Andy Thomson works almost exclusively in co-operative contexts, and is interested in how (cultural and personal) ideas and artwork can be extended and enriched through a collective process of art production within the social. He is an associate professor of visual arts at AUT University, Auckland. Recent shows include *Leisure and Lifestyle* at Incinerator Gallery Melbourne, curated by Jessie Bullivant (2014/15) and *WeakForce4* at St Paul St Gallery, AUT University (2014).

LAYNE WAEREA

Layne Waerea is an Auckland-based artist whose practice involves carrying out performance art interventions in public spaces. These interventions seek to question, challenge and even exploit social and legal ambiguities in the public social. As a woman of Māori (Te Arawa, Ngāti Kahungunu) and Pākehā descent, with experience practising and

lecturing in law, Waerea relies on this socio-cultural and legal knowledge to reconsider the way she operates in the everyday; and how this information can be used to not only challenge but also benefit from any ambiguities of these social or legal norms. Waerea is a PhD candidate at AUT University where the main focus of her research is to see how these performance art interventions can allow us to consider what role Te Tiriti o Waitangi can play in the future of Aotearoa.

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Te Tuhi Staff: Chief Executive Officer, Hiraani Himona; Manager, Engagement & Growth, Simran Saseve-Dale; Centre Administrator, Cherrie Tawhai; Senior Curator, Bruce E. Phillips; Exhibitions Manager and Curatorial Assistant, Andrew Kennedy; Customer Services and Classes Manager, Jennie McCormick; Manager Education, Jeremy Leatinu'u; Accounts Administrator, Diana Hector-Taylor; Accountant, Paul Tindill; Duty Managers: Alex Kozel, Renisa Maki, Lucy Pierpoint, Amy Potenger, David Sun, Chelsea Vallings, Sarah Walker-Holt. *Unstuck in Time* was partially managed by Brad Knewstubb and was installed by Sam Berkley and Rohan Hartley Mills.

UNSTUCK IN TYPE

Kalee Jackson

Much the same way as the exhibition, the typography for *Unstuck in Time* was inspired by sci-fi novels and film. Looking primarily at *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968) for inspiration, the timeless, modern, yet still sci-fi aesthetic of this film seemed a stylistic approach that could work well in the context of this exhibition. In *2001* Kubrick seems quite fond of Gill Sans; being also a very readable font this made it apt for the publication's typesetting. In an interesting quirk, the film's typographers had customised the font by changing the zeros, setting them in the more circular upper case '0'. This added a more geometric, Zen flavour, and I decided it would be nerdily perfect to make the same substitution in a nod towards *2001*.

OCR-A and Swiss are drawn from the film *Moon* (2009). OCR-A is a font that was released in 1968 and was developed for the purpose of being able to be

recognised by both the computers of the day, and by humans. OCR is an acronym for Optical Character Recognition. It is a font of thick strokes that evolved almost purely out of function and appears both delightfully sci-fi and utilitarian. Sci-fi typography is characterised almost to the point of cliché by heavy-weight fonts (Eurostile Bold Extended, anyone?), so one of these seemed necessary to round out the type selection. *Moon* used Swiss 911 Compressed, which had the right aesthetic, but it felt too dense when used to set blocks of text, so it was substituted for the lighter Swiss 721 bold condensed.

* For a full discussion of all fonts used in *Moon* and *2001: A Space Odyssey* I would highly recommend the blog typesetinthefuture.com

te tuhi

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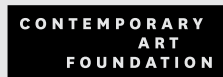
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