HUARERE

Weather Eye,

Weather Ear

EDITED BY JANINE RANDERSON,
FELIXE LAING AND ALENA KAVKA

Huarere, the weather, conjures rere, flying, and immersion in the fullness, hua, of our saturated atmosphere. Over a year of too much weather, writers and artist-collectives radiate outward weather signals and inward presentiments, solar heat, wind energies, grief and salt rain. Artists, poets and essayists give us means to radically imagine and feel meteorological elements and more-than-human entities inside and outside us; from the midst of human struggles with the 'one-in-one-hundred-year' weather events that happen, contrary to the former science, every few months.

Our weather ear attunes to sounds of birds and thunder – agitated, flying away – while our weather eye alerts our senses, along with scientific instruments of weather observation. When 'atmospheric river' entered our common lexicon, with each successive cyclone or deluge our bodies hooked into aches and scents of rain on the one hand, and the pulsing electronic blobs that creep across rain radars on screens on the other.

The artworks and writings here respond to weather ceaselessly roiling us along, rendering us sometimes helpless and sometimes hopeful.

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Nō ngā āinga mai o te huarere i roanga o tētahi tau, e whakaatu atu ana ēnei mahinga toi i ngā tohu huarere me ngā matakitenga o te ngākau tangata – te wera, te hau, te pōuri me te totetote o te ua. Ko te huarere – ko te rere, ko te huahua, ko te kōhauhau o Papa. Nā ngā ringatoi nei, kei te kite anō tātou i te wehi o Tāwhirimātea me ētahi atu momo tipua, i a tātou e kaupare atu ana i ngā karawhiuwhiu kino o te huarere – e kīia ana 'me he kōtuku rerenga tahi', heoi, kāore i roa, kua puta mai anō.

E whakarongo ana tō tātou 'taringa huarere' kl te tangi o ngā manu me te whaititiri – e papā ana, e rere atu ana. Otirā, e whakaohooho ana tō tātou 'mata huarere' i ō tātou tairongo me ngā taputapu mātai huarere a te ao pūtaiao. Nō te putanga mai o te kupu 'awa kōhauhau' ki te iwi whānui, ka pā mai te āwhā, ka rongo ō tātou tinana ki ngā mamae me te hā o te ua ki tētahi taha, me te kapanga o ngā ngaru ā-hiko e ngāoki haere ana i te mata o te pūrere ua ki tētahi atu taha.

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TeTuhi

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ARTWORKS

JANINE RANDERSON

CURATOR, *Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear*

How does an eddy begin? In the Earth's atmosphere, small eddies occur on days when the air on the ground is warmed and rises; a tussle of air spirals leaves, dust and small feathers, then dissipates as quickly as first formed. When a writer replies to an artwork one idea picks up another idea and swirls around with it for a while. Movements of words gather energy and release. Cyclones and tornados are eddies at high-pressure scale that whip up the skies and earthly matter. In scientific terms, they are anomalies that perturb the general system of atmospheric circulation. Our experience on the ground is another story.

I look out from our family home on the bush-thick hillside at Karekare where branches are caught in the wrong trees. Cones of green rimu trees have turned rust brown on their western side, burned by the salt spray that Gabrielle forced up the valley. I switch on the radio.

7:46am, 11th April 2023. Radio New Zealand: "Treasury Report Underestimates Climate Cost, Expert says." Corin Dann is interviewing Professor Ilan Noy about the rising costs of extreme weather. Every year for the past five years the number of catastrophic weather events has risen in Aotearoa. The natural disaster fund is running dry.

7:53am, 11th April 2023. Radio New Zealand: "Paraparaumu Tornado." Breaking news interrupts Corin Dann's interview. A tornado has ripped through the Nikau valley near Paraparaumu.

I txt Julieanna who lives on the Kāpiti coast: are you ok? As the winds spiralled and fenceposts flew, she sheltered with her dog Geo under her desk all night. She joked about changing our exhibition title: *when weather comes inside*.

This spate of tornados in April also caught homes in Whakatū Nelson in 200-metre-wide swathes, while in East Tāmaki in Auckland metal roofs were torn to shards and scattered across the suburb. As I write flooding has again cut off roads in Tai Rāwhiti, where the turmoil caused by the rains of Cyclones Hale and Gabrielle in January and February is still raw.

When Te Tuhi was invited to participate in the World Weather Network to respond to weather now and I was invited to curate a series of artworks, I felt both the honour and the weight of the task.

While the wind and rain are transient, the after-effects of storms are heavy with the muddy path of landslips, uprooted trees, water-sodden homes, exhaustion, the collapse of infrastructure, and the loss of livelihoods and human and more-than-human lives. The clean-up begins, and then the next storm hits. All of us writers, artists, colleagues at Te Tuhi eddying around this exhibition and publication have been personally affected by weather and taken to our own extremities. Longing for a gentle summer breeze. What can art do?

A weather station

Te Tuhi is one 'weather station' in the World Weather Network (WWN), an online platform connecting 28 arts organisations across the Earth to document and express artists' and writers' experiences of the new weathers. The network is a generative archive and creative mapping of the weather: not just what is happening to us, but how humans (specifically the humans driving the neocolonial-capitalist complex), are changing the weather. The WWN foregounds voices of resistance.

Creative 'weather reports', writing and artworks from 28 arts organisations, or 'weather stations', in the World Weather Network are available here: https://worldweathernetwork.org

Te Tuhi's programme for the WWN, *Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear,* began with six 'weather reports', exhibited online and following the seasonal phases of the Maramataka. We began during Matariki in 2022 with the collaborative writing event *Word Weathers,* devised by Andy Lock, Julieanna Preston, Mick Douglas and Layne Waerea, and with the participation of 50 other writers around the planet. At the same time, Breath of Weather began a season of aeolian harp recordings in *Kōea o Tāwhirimātea: Weather Choir.*

At the kōanga, spring, equinox, we launched *Haupapa: The Chilled Breath of Rakamaomao* with a live weather stream from Aoraki Mount Cook National Park. This work developed into *MĀKŪ, te hā o Haupapa: Moisture, the breath of Haupapa,* a sound, underwater video and livestreamed generative installation tracing the changing state of Haupapa Tasman glacier and awa.

On the raumati, summer, solstice in late 2022, the first Paul Cullen Archive *Digital r/p/m proposition* was released online. At monthly intervals, three further propositions, using LiDAR and photogrammetry imaging of international observatories where the artist had proposed installations, were launched.

When the days and nights became of equal length on the ngahuru, autumn, equinox in 2023, performance artist Kalisolaite 'Uhila

livestreamed *Sun Gate: Haʻamonga a Maui* from the site of an ancient coral limestone trilithon in Tonga.

As te ihu o Hinetakurua, the winter solstice, approached again in 2023, Denise Batchelor and Maureen Lander released online a series of the videos and photographs of *Hukatai ~ Sea Foam,* observations of ocean foams from the Hokianga. Short accompanying electronic compositions by Stìobhan Lothian were released on social media at the phases of the moon. These three artists then collaborated on an installation, *Ngaru Paewhenua* (the wave that comes ashore), combining suspended harakeke, video, sound and wavery light, that featured in the exhibition *Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear* at Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, from 4 June to 30 July 2023.

The exhibition at Te Tuhi also included fragments of weather conversation in *FORECAST* (a further development of *Word Weathers*) on the digital billboard and Reeves Road billboards, and a new iteration of Paul Cullen's 2009 work *Weather Stations.* The large aeolian harps *Tamanui* by James McCarthy and *Ngā-hau-e-whā* by Phil Dadson were planted on the roof of Te Tuhi and the amplified voices of the wind tunnel through the speaker space at the entrance to the gallery. The World Weather Network platform will continue with new artist commissions until July 2024.

This volume

This volume contains images of the artworks developed for the online WWN platform outlined above and included in the June–July exhibition at Te Tuhi. The short descriptions of the artworks that follow draw on the words of the participating artists. We also include responses from seven poets and essayists to selected artworks from the two phases of *Huarere,* online and installed at Te Tuhi. The writers' words hover near these works, circling around the same meteorological subjects, but differently. The pelting rain collides with personal stories of floods, dawn at sea – a social, everyday meteorology.

In the poem *Taken In,* CASSANDRA BARNETT begins with a host of weather atua, benign and wrathful, to reflect all the works in the exhibition. Yet her experience of weather is less transcendent and instead an interior perspective of mother and son, protected from storms only by a metal skin of their brimful van. The weather blew her back to her ancestral river, the Waikato.

Artworks in the online programme for *Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear* are available to view on Te Tuhi's website: https://tetuhi.art/huarere-weather-eye-weather-ear/

From another enclosed, this time water-borne, craft, ELEANOR COOPER writes a diaristic shipping log of six dawns. She takes an instruction from the collective artwork ***Word Weathers,*** the collaborative event held over an attenuated dawn on the winter solstice in 2022. Cooper's writing from a small boat is sensorial – we hear and smell the scents of the sea, yet she also makes connections to many stories and songs of the sea past and present. ***Six Dawns*** also notes the eddying of ocean currents, from wind blowing over the water's surface and upwelling along coasts: *Winds chase their tails … waves percolate water in tumbling rolls.*

Coastal inundation and the ascending cyclonic conditions are foregrounded in the Breath of Weather Collective's ***Kōea o Tāwhirimātea: Weather Choir,*** for which harps were installed in Niue, Rarotonga, Tonga, Samoa and in several eroding coastlines of Aotearoa. GABI LARDIES' essay captures the delicate sensitivities and unsettling screams of home-made aeolian harps that sound a climate alarm. The artwork and text both create conditions of feeling; they generate weathers in words and the sky spaces between them. (Onomatopoeia or windy phonetics appear in more than one written piece here to sound out the voice of the weather.)

In circling ***MĀKŪ, te hā o Haupapa: Moisture, the breath of Haupapa*** – a collaborative, weather-driven artwork by Kāi Tahu orator Ron Bull, glaciologist Heather Purdie, sound artist Rachel Shearer, creative technologist Stefan Marks and me – LIAM JACOBSON writes from the close-up place of their own Kāi Tahu whakapapa to connect to our weather worlding. When I read Jacobson recalling their Nana's posture and breath while watching Haupapa, I remember Ron Bull pressing his nose in hongi against the ancient fragments of calved-off ice at Haupapa awa during the making of the work in the wet spring of 2022. While our third consecutive La Niña summer unleashed monsoons on the north and west coasts of Aotearoa, in central Te Wai Pounamu, the south, the effect spun out sunny settled weather, accelerating the melt rates in our glacial regions. The glacier's body is changing state to water.

AMMON NGAKURU offers an intimate view of Paul Cullen's ***Weather Stations,*** a quasi-scientific sculpture of pipes, tanks and pavers placed in Te Tuhi's courtyard in June 2023. Ngakuru and J.A. Kennedy were invited by the Paul Cullen Archive to install this new iteration of Cullen's 2009 work. A former student of Cullen's, Ngakuru writes

with the careful eye and sensitivity of a collaborating artist. He notes Cullen's approach of "gentle intervention" in the courtyard and he reflects on and (with Kennedy) restages his work with the same indeterminism of convention in the removal of courtyard tiles.

TALIA SMITH reflects on the waiting inherent in Kalisolaite 'Uhila's 10-hour durational performance *Sun Gate: Haʻamonga a Maui* in Tonga and the common experience of increasing cyclonic conditions in the islands of their ancestors across Te Moana Nui a Kiwa. The climate debt created by colonial-capitalist industrialisation unevenly effects our sea of islands, and these isles will be among the first to be swallowed by the sea as it warms and rises. A photographer as well a writer, Smith also provides an image of her family home in Aitutaki, Cook Islands, in a state of disrepair following cyclone damage. Back in Tonga, the ancient limestones of Haʻamonga a Maui have withstood the eruptions of volcanoes and the wrath of cyclones – an anchor and marker of Tongan courage.

In *Seafoam Serenade,* MAIRĀTEA MOHI brings her whakapapa and a sense of activist purpose to *Ngaru Paewhenua (the wave that comes ashore)* by Maureen Lander, Denise Batchelor and Stìobhan Lothian. The three artists observed the messages in sea foams over many months in the Hokianga in the Far North, and Batchelor recorded them in video and photographs. For Indigenous artists, the actual material of te taiao – in sounds, harakeke and projected images – carries an implicit climate politics; as Mohi says: "art holds history, art holds story and art holds accountability". She connects the origins of sea foam, the ocean's rainbow clouds, to the fluid and buoyant origins of life in many cultures.

These artworks, essays and poems each condense the longitudinal rhythm of seasons, punctuated by weather 'events', into intensified moments. While the winds and rains are carriers of both harsh and kindly weather, the inseparability of Earth's warming climate from the ocean circulation of Te Moana Nui a Kiwa appears in a heating feedback loop. Melted freshwater slows the oceanic movements: another message that climate is reshaping our lives along with our weather, and much faster than we imagined.

Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear gathers artists, writers, ecologists, scientists, programmers, composers, archivists, astronomers and coastal dwellers, as tangata whenua, tangata o le Moana, tauiwi or

tangata Tiriti, together with live weather. This expansive meteorology calls for imaginative collaboration rather than striking out alone. The publication invites you to be in a place with the weather, to feel the textures of things, and hear the harmonies and dissonances – *Huarere* – with your whole body.

CASSANDRA BARNETT

PROLOGUE

Now

Tāwhirimātea is not the only climate god. Where would he be without us – his many relations?

Ranginui, Waipunārangi,

Hinepūkōhurangi, Uenuku

Ihorangi, Tangaroa,

Ururangi, Rakamaomao

Parawhenuamea, Taawhaki

Te Uira, Whaitiri

Ruuaaumoko, Mahuika…

Atua of the Great Heavens, of Waters that Pool in the Sky, of Mists, of Rainbows, of Oceans, of Floods … All the waters in all their forms and all their places. Pooling, misting, drizzling, falling, clouding, pounding. Every one a god. Gods of Sky Winds, of Everyday Winds, of Lightnings, of Thunders, of Avalanches and Tsunamis, of Earthquakes, of Volcanoes. An atua for every climate. A new one born every minute. Atmospherics. Kinetics. Electrics. We'll give you gods.

Fakakonaatua, Fao and Huanaki, Makapoelagi, Liavaha.[1]

Names, words, kupu. Old, old kupu. Kupu, 'upu, rōko. Familiar names, family names. Unfamiliar sounds, glossed over, to save the tongue the trouble of uttering.

1. Some climate gods of Niue (Meteors and Thunder, Make the Tides go Out, Sky, Quietens the Sea).

Tangaloa ʻEiki, Tamapoʻuliʻalamafoa, Kau Tangaloa.[2]

Names yours, names not yours. Names so well known, it's almost funny to watch tongues dodge, eyes skate by. Before singing with us, *utter our names*.

Mafuiʻe, Tagaloa-Lagi, Faʻatiu.[3]

When the tongue escapes its binders, ears open too.

Who are you?

Tangaroa, Raka.[4] Who are *you*? What are your instruments? Sea, Wind. Sea wind. Seawind. Seawindseawindseawindsea …

We'll give you tongues.

✶

And yet

all translations, all spellings are wrong. Any words, any marks you see are just Ipurangi – internet god, our ol' interventionist – having a laugh. New covers for old old names. New subs for our thousand known relations, our sprawling atua of climactic variables and atmospheric conditions. New/old is the current of this flood.

✶

And

the atua and their relations slap their thighs.

Those humans and their slapstick!

Don't look away.

They roar, full and fickle of emotion.

2. Some climate gods of Tonga (Sky, Heavens, Skies).
3. Some gods of Samoa (Earthquakes, Sun and Sky, Winds and Storms).
4. Some climate gods of Rarotonga (Seas, Winds).

But watch! Tāwhiri of the wind and Tūmatauenga of the humans are turning. They are at each other's throats, deadly. Ranginui shouts at Tāwhiri, begging his overprotective son to calm tf down. Begging his mokopuna, the humans, to quit provoking him. When the show gets serious, the atua fight. When the atua fight, the show unravels.

From up here in the gods, all can be seen. Nations pooling, clouding. Falling.

✶

And

your body drives and crouches, tight in its space, closer than your son wants you to be, always huddling, always crouching, always elbowing, kicking, hunting for room. Which is better, before or after the separation?

CHAPTER 1

on the thai massage table, things – hand things, finger things – are
being done to your
body

but you are away with the hā, the masseur's soundtrack
someone else's
breath

lick-spiralling long down distant flute innards
as distant
fingers

flicker on-off, on-off-on the holes
running along flute's
skin

✶

You've been living in a van. Five months on and off. You're reduced, and sometimes you do bad things that van dwellers do. Bad bad things. Write bad tanka in the moon-gouged wee small hours. *3am, two loo / trips later, fallen low now / treasonous tourist- / berm-pisser, eyelids leaden / brain bulletholing the door /*

The van is the size of a tiny bathroom with a very low ceiling, but you are trying to pretend 't's a whole house. It has kitchen stuff, bedroom stuff, lounge stuff, studio stuff, toilet and shower and bathroom stuff, kids' stuff … Not to mention car stuff and driving stuff. Every little thing is some crouching, squeezed, distorted version of itself. Then fold in two fizzy, frothy humans. Each grappling with this new measure of luck meets fantasy meets struggle meets delusion.

The van has altered your entire climate.

And then the rains come.

Rains, meaning when you open the side door a bunch of stuff will get rained on. There's no way not to have a bunch of stuff hanging around the side door. Shipshape or not, bunches of stuff hang everywhere.

Rains, meaning you have to get soaked to go to the toilet. Or to turn the gas on. Or to turn it off again. Or to get into the driver's seat. And once the bunch of stuff by the side door plus the clothes you're wearing plus your other change of clothes are all soaked, you're living wet for days, the many dripping things draped around you never drying, while still you strive not to wet your bedding.

Tropical.

This is your climate.

Koe, kōea, koekoe, koekoeāaaaaa.

CHAPTER 2

someone's breath, long since digitised, disseminated
over zig-zag
oceans

bringing someone's hā, the lick, the tap-finger-touch of it
close, organal
aortal

✶

And you drive, looking for somewhere to park in this chosen, uneasy city. The best place you found only yesterday, after a month of slogging it out through every app-recommended freedom camping spot in town, one by one by one. The app camping spots are asphalt squares, the lot of them. The app camping spots are lined neat and thick with expensive, gargantuan white motorhomes; or they're bedraggled, with visible belongings teetering on car roofs and spilling from doors territorially – dogs first out for a drink, a tyre short of the full wagon. It turns out that while you are afraid of the rich, your son is afraid of the poor. Class/race warfare chases you down the road, muddying fragile fortunes. To whom do you belong? The unlisted best place was down by the river. No one there but incognito lovers. A godsend. Today, devil-taken.

You idle on the road above the best river carpark, watching with your son as the water seeps up, past the riverbank, filling the boat ramp – until people start bombing into it. Past the bollards, past the parallel carpark lines till they're all invisible. Slowly it creeps across the asphalt where you parked and slept last night, up, up, making of your awa itself a taniwha come to eat us all.

You watch and watch and your son wants to keep watching, but something snaps in you saying *get out now* though it's hypnotic and lulling and you want to keep watching, too. You resume the roving driving that has stalked your life these last months, *Where can we park, where can we park, where can we safely sleep?*

✶

Yet secretly, without knowing it, you've arrived. Let the rebirthing begin. The separation. Here, where the winds seldom reach though the waters rise. This is where you will live now. Kirikiriroa. This town that your awa runs through, bringing new sense. A new sense every minute. This will be your climate now. But it never settles, least of all when you do.

You force coincidences, tohu, resonances. Meanings between here and there and here. Things you can settle on. Signs that you should stay, practise the new/old names, new/old kupu, new/old atua of this place in your mouth, on your tongue, with your breath. If the place isn't quite yours, at least your awa flows through it. Are you river or land? Kupu floating through, or the mouth that speaks them? Are these kupu yours? Who or what are you calling forth? If you speak them well enough, will they come?

You ask your son, *Am I your climate? Am I your weathervane? Your atua? Or just a windblown location you never asked to be born into?*

Koe, kōea, koekoe, koekoeāaaaaa.

CHAPTER 3

& it could be you, pūoro dilettante of bedtimes
testing your cute
nguru hue

for your boy drifting off, on-off-on, cleaving back, saying
Once more Māmā, falling off
how he plays you

✶

At night your son can't stop talking – staving off the life-vertigo you're both feeling. That's when you pull it out, little baby gourd of a nose flute (gift from a friend in the left-behind place, the windy cold place). You push your breath through it. Ineptly. Just breath finding its path, barely a tone amidst feeble puffs. It's soothing anyway. A whistle, a sigh, a squee, a someone else. A dance with insects, a dance with the tiny beings. A dance with hau, hā ki roto, hā ki waho, till something is right again.

So you go on, acquainting nose and finger and hā and tūpuna, on-off-on, till you're both settled. A breath dance, a mist song for Rangi and Papa and Ihorangi. Sing with. With them. With. Koeāaaaaaaaaa.

Stop running into the wind.

✶

Running stops. Your boy sleeps.

Dreaming starts. You mind never sleeps.

Imagining the climate and what's happening to it – in it – of it – you become large. Mind tendrils extend towards the outer reaches of te ao mārama, te ao tūroa, te toi o ngā rangi, weaving and coiling tight with every other mind tendril to have ever reached yours from those farthest shores. Millions upon millions of tendrils. Sciencey ones,

mythy ones, splainy ones, graphy ones, ancient ones, futurist ones, poemy ones, song ones, breath ones, body ones, dark ones, light ones, all coiling tight, making a great plaited web of understandings, filling the vastness. For mercurial seconds you think you've grasped it and at the same time seen it and at the same time know what to do …

… before that moment of perfect ineffable tangibility swallows itself.

Disappears.

Just a Kantian mathematical-sublime booby trap. Brains explode from trying. Fool. Thought you could play god? Oh my dear foolish one. Nothing returns. In blessed relief you snap back to your small simple present. This moment. This place. This land. This moment. This place. Ko tēnei te wā. In the dark, 3am, above a tide.

✶

Grab what's near. Grip it tight. You can, at least, know *this*. Ko tēnei te wā. Hold it, your all-weather anchor.

Plant your aeolian harp. Find one atua, one atmospheric variable to sing with you. Listen without bias, find the choir in its cochlear cove. Better yet, let it find you. Stand still. To be played is the play. Hum your harp your messenger your channel your pipe your nguru your blade of grass your aorta

Don't be afraid. Stand still.

Koe, kōea, koekoe, koekoeāaaaaa.

CHAPTER 4

how so, this hā shadow rides high-tech prowess, moves lossless through transfigurations
unhanded

how so, this hā sighs, criss-crosses solar-lunar space to whisper in your lonely middle
ear

✶

Not running but remember your feet. Remember you are in dreams.

Then forget.

You find, like all who blow, you want a chamber. Even the harps have a vaulted sky, a clearing or a shore. Where is your chamber? The van won't do. You dig, below this surface where airs still coil and uncoil snakelike. You hunt on for something solid – an echo chamber for one. Though the atua laugh at you: How about noise cancellation, ill that do? Perhaps some anaerobic coal bed.

All the world's amnesia is of whakapapa. Yet everything under the sun, every bauble of every market, every Kmart, Warewhare, eBay or Alibaba has whakapapa. This is far from being only a Pākehā amnesia.

So you dig. There are atua below too. Their shoulders shake, but they welcome you. You're dreaming. Nowhere can hold your voice apart. You're remembering. It wasn't a bunker you needed but a chamber, large enough for all of this. But safe. But true. Something solid. Some cavern – emptied of rock or salt or oil or water, yet firmly encased. Can't be that hard to come by, given the times. But amnesia strikes again and again. Where are you going, what are you doing? You work to remember the ways of tracing back, of following unseen puffs and threads and silver trails, of sniffing out the ghostly indexical genealogy of seams and rifts and faults and depositions. They're leading you to the secret, right? They're leading you home, right?

And it's not just pickaxe upon clod, then rock, then substrate. Not just the ochre rainbow of strata. Not just the skeleton-jumbling rebound when greywacke or rhyolite or andesite is struck. Not just the ear-ringing gong of metal upon stone – but something else. A fall-through of abyssal underearth cavities. A melt of oil, seep and slush of carbon deposits, fuzz of gases, muddle of midden and fossil cave and bone … Sure. So many energies.

Then something else again. You strike primary-coloured test-pattern Mondrians built of layered plastic Cuisenaire rods. You strike crackling static. You strike the way amnesia itself is held in the earth, as matters you don't recall, can't explain, can't Tetris into any chemical table of elements. You strike lines that aren't clean, aren't following the rules, aren't logical, aren't this-worldly. You follow red threads back through so many Dead Seas of bits and bytes, so many Mike Teavee breakdowns and breakups. You strike pyres and swamps and rebuilds and holographs and beam me ups or downs and barystpheric wormholes and black holes that you know, deep down, are just more analogue stuff but you *can't grasp it*. So many energies. You want them all. The more you sink the more you want.

Flummoxed, you swim. Down earth-dark, post-mercurial, dredged and pipelined and backfilled seas. Was this the dream you wanted? Are you the reason the winds and floods came? You are so unprepared for this. Is he still asleep?

Koe, kōea, koekoe, koekoeāaaaaa.

CHAPTER 5

how so, hā? a human life, a tender air, reaching – beyond skin & bone &
kneading hand & moana –
inside

to
open
you

✶

Here you lie. Sung out. Breathed out. Named out. You said atua are AI and you meant it. You dreamt them into being and you unleashed them – free of you now, of your paltry belief/disbelief. Free to wash over you with their own lives, rampant. Things are being done to Papa's body. You did that, you can claim it, but you can't undo it.

What cost, to call them up, to wrap your jaws around their names? To feel how they love and hate you. But soft with the tension and trick of it. Settle down at last on the breeze, on your whenua, your waters. You've decided. You will let them all flow through you. Storms, like any energy, transfer from one medium to another. You will conduct.

Your son wakes, you both stumble outside. Uncrouching. Turning north and south to check the tides. Your son makes for the river's edge, testing wai with fingers. You stretch, thinking maybe today you'll book that massage you've been needing. Your son meanders back up as you wander down to test the river too. And the waters open their jaws like a clam shell. Like a choir, like a crocodile, they take you in and tumble you. But gently, like a spider capturing a fly. The waters anaesthetise and spin you. They roar, they churn, they ripple, they sing, they take you in. And you allow yourself to be taken in.

Koe, kōea, koekoe, koekoeāaaaa.[5]

5. ***Koe*** – you. ***Koekoe*** – to squeak, scream, squawk, cry (of birds and animals). Koea (1) – to be brilliant, beautiful (used in karakia). ***Koea*** (2) – long wooden trumpet, 1 to 2 metres in length, made of wood and bound with vine. The mouthpiece was a finely carved human figure, and about 8 centimeters inside the cylinder was a tongue or valve of wood called tohetohe. ***Kōea*** – choir, choral group.

TAKURUA

CONCEIVED BY

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Word Weathers

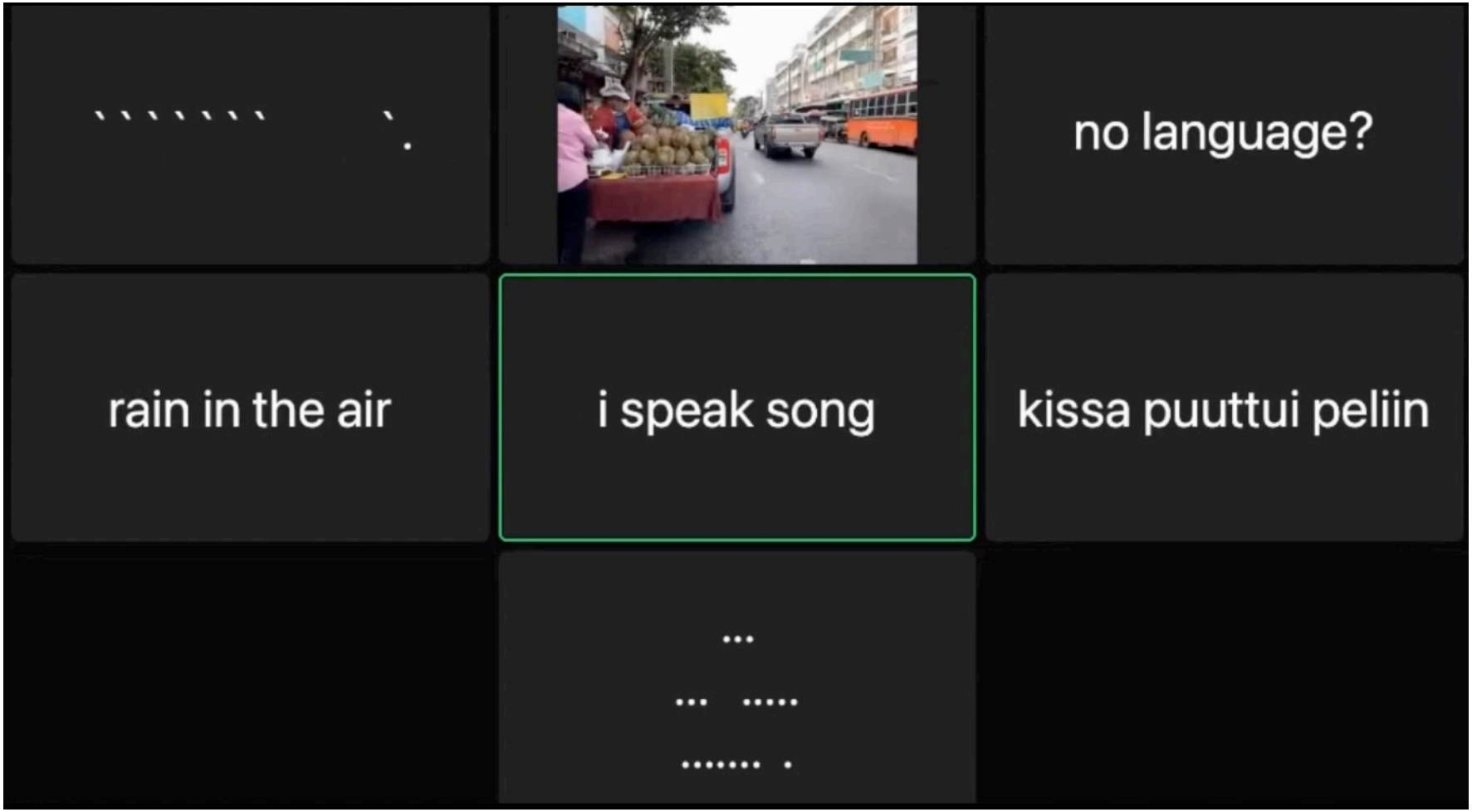
Te Ihu o Hinetakurua, Winter Solstice, 2022

Word Weathers was a collaborative, durational writing performance that considered the radical nature of now-ness as a temporal state of atmospheric contingency bound by location, observation and critical reflection on the state of a biosphere in crisis. It took place on Zoom over the course of 17 hours on our winter solstice in 2022 and involved 53 writers from across the globe. Marking the shortest day of the year in the southern hemisphere and the longest day in the north, each writer beamed in at the time of their dawn, forming a sequence of daybreak as the Earth rotated that was marked by a continuous text, mark-making and incidental sonic performance, as well as momentary windows to weathers outside. Collaborating, writing, reading, imaging, sounding, editing, augmenting and supplementing one another's contributions, their collective efforts were to become weather: to mark the moment of transition from navigational, geographical and meteorological thought and the emergence of an extended dawn around the globe.

HOST ARTIST-WRITERS:
JULIEANNA PRESTON (Ōtaki)
LAYNE WAEREA (Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland)
MICK DOUGLAS (Naarm Melbourne)
ANDY LOCK (Bergen)

PARTICIPATING ARTIST-WRITERS:
TRU PARAHA (Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland)
ANA ITI (Ōtautahi Christchurch)
AZZA ZEIN (Naarm Melbourne)
JORDAN LACEY (Naarm Melbourne)
MELODY WOODNUTT (Naarm Melbourne)
JO POLLITT (Boorloo Perth)
MOZA ALMATROOSHI (Sharjah)
SREE (Abu Dhabi)
ALINA TIPHAGNE (New Delhi)
INDRAJAN BANERJEE (New Delhi)
MUAY PARIVUDHIPHONGS (Bangkok)
ANNA KAZUMI-STAHL (Buenos Aires)
FELIPE CERVERA (Singapore)
MARY ANN JOSETTE PERNIA
(Mandaluyong City, Metro Manila)
YSABELLE CHEUNG (Hong Kong)
YANG YEUNG (Hong Kong)
PETER GOCHE (Ames)
KLARA DU PLESSIS (Montreal)
EMMA TELARO (Montreal)
VIÊT LÊ (San Francisco)
IWONKA PIOTROWSKA (Bar Harbour, Maine)
LIN SNELLING (Toronto)
MOLLY SAMSELL (Sante Fe)
SANS SOLEIL (Lima)
JANINE EISENÄCHER (Berlin)
ANTHONY KROYTOR AND JIA QIAN YU (Vienna)
P. A. SKANTZE (Italy)
KATJA HILEVAARA (London)
DAPHNE DRAGONA (Athens)
KRIS PINT (Diest)
MARIA GIL ULLDEMOLINS (Brussels)
EMMA COCKER (Sheffield)
POLLY GOULD (Newcastle)
FELICIA KONRAD (Mälmo)
PAULA TOPPILA (Helsinki)

Julieanna Preston, Layne Waerea, Mick Douglas, Andy Lock & international collaborators, *Word Weathers,* 2022 (still). Live-streamed performance. 17 hours 36 mins 52 secs. WWN and Te Tuhi online programme. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau.



JULIEANNA PRESTON
LAYNE WAEREA
MICK DOUGLAS

FORECAST

Te Ihu o Hinetakurua, Winter Solstice, 2023

Word Weathers formed the basis for *FORECAST*, featured on Te Tuhi's Reeves Road and Digital Billboards for the duration of the *Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear* physical exhibition. Using Google Spreadsheet instead of Zoom as the writing space, *FORECAST* adopts the same pared-back keyboard aesthetic of the first performance to collectively predict, anticipate and wilfully imagine what the future of our climate might be. As the digital billboard rehearses the collaborative practice over time, the Reeves Road billboards posts three moments in that practice as static images, aiming to provoke the curiosity, concern and bemusement of gallery visitors and road users.

Julieanna Preston, Layne Waerea & Mick Douglas, *FORECAST*, 2023 (installation view, Reeves Road, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). Inkjet billboard prints. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Photo by Andrew Kennedy.

ELEANOR COOPER

This text borrows an instruction from the *Word Weathers* performance in 2022 to “notice and be attentive to the phenomena of first light” and applies it to a six-day sailing passage around the coast of Te Ika a Māui in March–April 2023.

30th March

An apricot dawn over a silver sea. There's a following wind and a benign swell that fizzes against the hull. It is easy to believe the weather has acknowledged our humble passage and gently admitted us into its swirling folds; that some form of permission has been granted.

I like to fan this flame lit by ancient mariners, that the wind and waves are wilful and that ships may be treated kindly as they make their passage. Stories of the sea have always figured weather as foe – terrifying gales and towering waves bringing calamity and despair. To please the temper of this enemy, seafarers have prayed, stowed tokens of good luck and developed elaborate rituals to ensure safety. Some such practices survive in the maritime industry today. On a fishing boat on which a friend works whistling is forbidden, lest one 'whistle up a storm'; another boat bans bananas. It's best not to think of the countless talismans and charms uncovered in shipwrecks around the world.

Stories of the sea must be taken with a grain of salt. Maritime events are often witnessed by just a handful of people, making storms and encounters with creatures ripe for exaggeration and embellishment. The sea has always been synonymous with the incomprehensible, the incalculable and the unfathomable and, as such, it is steeped in myth and superstition.

Our small craft is well equipped, but I'm still a little afraid of our passage. Our route will take us almost 100 nautical miles away from the west coast of Te Ika a Māui; we will be unlikely to see land for three days or more.

No one goes to sea without tales of shipwrecks shelved like a little library in the corner of their mind.

31 March

Moonless. The only illumination comes from a navigation lamp at the top of the mast, which bathes the wings of the windvane in pale light against the swaying stars. In the hours before dawn the stars mist up and the sea dissolves – it is easy to imagine we are moving through the heavens.

As the sky gains colour, a humpback whale breaches in the middle distance and an albatross glides impossibly low over its reflection. They're postcard scenes, but with the chance of making eye contact. You get a glimpse of what biologist Andreas Weber describes as "the ineffable embodied in the tissue of life".[1]

I indulge thoughts about how our black belly, fin keel and pair of splayed white sails makes us part whale, part bird. Such vanity will not keep us afloat, but the competency and grace of animals out here is reassuring and seems to offer a lesson: that there is no need to be spooked by the depth of the sea or distance from land. Simple adjustments to one's wings or fins or sails are all that is needed to handle whatever weather may arrive.

By evening the land is low and blue, fading out of sight on the eastern horizon under a fleecy sky.

1. Andreas Weber, *The Biology of Wonder,* (Gabriola Island: New Society Publishers, 2016), 45.

1st April

Thick molten cloud. It's a warm and impatient wind and the yaw makes it impossible to sleep. Before dawn it rains while the hull is streaming phosphorescence. The sea and stars are inverted, as in Björk's song 'Oceania' written from the perspective of the ocean: *Hawks and sparrows race in my waters / Stingrays are floating across the sky*.

Conditions at sea are endlessly novel and rapidly changing. Even sitting in the cockpit staring at the horizon it's easy to get caught unaware as the wind shifts or strengthens. Weather wisdom, as forecasting was once known, involved careful observation of the sea and skies, but also the behaviour of animals. Sailors noted the quality of light, the hue of the horizon and the texture of clouds. The habits of seabirds, particularly their willingness to fly seaward or inland, were considered good indications of fair weather or storms to come.

In 1858 British rear-admiral Robert FitzRoy published a pamphlet instructing sailors on the forecasting of weather at sea. His instructions reveal the richness with which the sky can appear to a frequent and careful observer: "More than usual twinkling of the stars; indistinctness or apparent multiplication of the moon's horns; haloes; 'wind-dogs'; and the rainbow; are more or less significant of increasing wind, if not approaching rain."[2]

Māori navigators, too, give special attention to the night sky when foretelling weather. The direction of certain stars' rays, the apparent shape of constellations and the brightness of planets are noted. Bird calls and behaviour, along with changes to plants, have long been known to signal coming rains and wind direction. In the prelude to Cyclone Gabrielle, astronomer Rangi Mātāmua noted the "huge kurahaupō" (lunar halo) and the "twinkling in and out" of the stars – which from a Māori perspective

2. Robert FitzRoy, *Barometer and Weather Guide* (London: Board of Trade, 1858).

means “prepare yourself, get ready, because it’s about to get a little bit gnarly”.[3]

Possessing little weather wisdom of old, our route for the next three days is based on a day-old forecast from MetService and Windy.com, received when we last had cellphone and VHF radio coverage. According to the rainbow-coloured weather map on my screen, it’s going to be a race for us to get down the coast before the wind turns in a few days’ time.

3. Rangi Mātāmua, ‘How does Cyclone Gabrielle relate to Mātauranga Māori?’, interview by Scotty Morrison, *Te Karere*, TVNZ, 15 February 2023, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u8NDK_Zl5D4

2nd April

Today's dawn is cordial green with chubby cumulus strung out along the horizon and a giant clear dome above. I'm overdressed in the cockpit with a thermal, polar fleece and raincoat. There's no land in sight and the sea is stretched flat. You can sense the curvature of its salty surface.

There is very little that does not move in circles out here. Winds chase their tails clockwise and anticlockwise around nuclei of low and high pressure; waves percolate water in tumbling rolls; seabirds diving for fish or the sloughed skin of whales reveal the often surprising and intertwined loops of food chains. Dawn belongs to celestial spheres and their elliptical paths, but also to those who stand watching, at the precise spot, in the moments before their glow peeks over the horizon.

The grand scale of things is on show. Less romantic narratives, too, are apparent: the exchange of gases and liquids causing ocean acidification, the collapse of marine biodiversity, the melting of ice and rising of water. Watching first light unfurl across the sea is infused with an awareness of our hand in changing the very workings of these cycles.

Tonight we will pass a cluster of offshore natural-gas production wells, which appear as castles of light in the blackness crowned with flame.

3rd April

The wind has changed direction and strengthened, sweeping the sea into mounds that approach us side on. The boat rises on each swell, offering a glimpse of the horizon, then descends into a trough, cupped in a liquid bowl. We are moving very fast – a little too fast – and sometimes a wave sloshes into the cockpit or cracks against the side of the hull. The sounds of rushing water, lashing ropes and cups trying to leap off the shelf crowd my senses.

Sliding back and forth across my bunk, nauseous and a bit spooked, I attribute my sickly stupor to a flaw of character. Every so often one of the three of us climbs out to scan the horizon. In the dark of early morning it's my turn on watch and I pull on wet weather gear, crawl into the cockpit and stand facing into the wind gripping the spray dodger. The comfort of dawn after a fretful night must be a feeling known to all creatures who have waited through the dark for a morning they were not certain would arrive.

The grey light that finally appears is disinterested that the night got the better of me. It scolds: you misused your imagination, dreaming giant waves and sinking ships, benthic horrors of billowing hair and bubbles. A better sailor would have summoned the calm strength of albatrosses and whales. Seaman and author Hal Roth suggests that "the cure for dread and fear [at sea] is to shine a clear, bright light across the cobwebs in your head".[4]

As the sky gains colour the swell subsides, or appears to. I am learning, not for the first time, how the combined effects of wind and waves can bring a person to their knees. By mid-morning I've been awake for 29 hours and am dehydrated from seasickness. The wind says my name and I see a person who is not there. I'm as much disappointed by the banality of these fits of mind as I am startled to experience them.

4. Hal Roth, *Handling Storms at Sea* (Camden: McGraw Hill, 2009): 202.

And it may have been born of sleeplessness, or renewed sensitivity to the scent of land after six days at sea, but the whole morning, the air into which we point smells inexplicably and unmistakably of the vanilla-scented flowers of *Heliotropium arborescens*.

4th April

First light reveals forested banks reproduced meticulously: an undersea forest.

Wind offers a means of propulsion but also coaxes waves into being, pressing the backs of ripples until they grow into dense, green masses. When it departs, the sea falls slack and accepts reflections intact. Without the wind, the sea becomes hills, birds, sky.

Putting pen to paper in a small boat in rough conditions is nearly impossible. To jot down notes I've been wedging a waterproof book onto the ledge under the spray dodger and scrawling with a pencil in one hand, clutching something stable with the other. At night you have to feel for the edge of the page, and when you're sick, scribble blindly while staring at the horizon. Just as tricky is describing the play of light, liquid and atmosphere that coalesce at dawn.

Yet still, the ocean for me is drenched in words. When I think of the sea I picture scenes from stories written by others just as vividly as anything I have experienced firsthand. Words and weather are nebulous companions, swirling, courting mid-air like terns, giving form to one another. Words and weather grasp each other like hands cupping phosphorescence: for a moment you hold the stars, then just as quickly they drain away.

BREATH OF WEATHER COLLECTIVE

Kōea o Tāwhirimātea: Weather Choir

Te Ihu o Hinetakurua, Winter Solstice, 2022–2023

In early 2022, the Breath of Weather Collective was formed by Phil Dadson to activate a distributed weather choir. Collaborators from eight coastal locations connected by the ocean Te Moana Nui a Kiwa – in Tonga, Samoa, Aotearoa, Rarotonga and Niue – constructed free-standing outdoor aeolian harp instruments from local materials and DIY harp basics mailed by Dadson. Each of the hosts captured harmonic, wind-song records of changing daily and seasonal conditions with video and audio by mobile phone over one year: solstice to solstice. The work embraces coastal communities affected by climate change within a poetic, present-time capsule of intensifying winds and inundating shorelines.

COLLABORATING PARTICIPANTS AND TE MOANA NUI A KIWA LOCATIONS:

UILI LOUSI & KASIMEA SIKA
(Tongatapu, Kingdom of Tonga)

MAINA VAI & WHĀNAU
(Upolu, Samoa)

PASHA CLOTHIER
(Parihaka, Taranaki, Aotearoa)

JAMES MCCARTHY
(Whakatane, Aotearoa)

PHIL DADSON
(Tāmaki Makaurau, Aotearoa)

DIANNE REEFMAN & RICKS TERSTAPPEN
(Haumoana, Aotearoa)

KELVIN PASSFIELD & PARIS TUTTY
(Rarotonga, Cook Islands)

MARK & AHI CROSS
(Liku, Island of Niue)

Harp assembly, Fasito'outa village, Samoa. As part of *Kōea o Tāwhirimātea: Weather Choir,* 2022. WWN and Te Tuhi online programme. Image courtesy of the artists.

Phil Dadson, installed harp with Covid-19 vaccine refrigerator boxes as resonators, Tāmaki Makaurau, as part of *Kōea o Tāwhirimātea: Weather Choir,* 2022–2023. WWN and Te Tuhi online programme. Image courtesy of the artist.

JAMES MCCARTHY

Tamanui

PHIL DADSON

Ngā-hau-e-whā

Te Ihu o Hinetakurua, Winter Solstice, 2023

For the *Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear* exhibition at Te Tuhi, Dadson devised a video/sound installation, *Kōea o Tāwhirimātea – Weather Choir: Voicing the Wind*, drawing from the original digital artwork to represent the collective voices of Kōea o Tāwhirimātea. Two aeolian harps, *Tamanui* and *Ngā-hau-e-whā*, also perform continuously from the rooftop of the gallery, creating their own chorus of harmonics from winds circulating across the Tāmaki estuary – silent when still, harmonious when calm, dissonant when wild.

James McCarthy, *Tamanui*, 2022 (installation view, Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). Tripod-style aeolian harp. Pinus radiata poles, one galvanised bin resonator, galvanised bolts, nylon wires, matai bridges, acrylic paint, contact microphone and cables. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Photo by Sam Hartnett.

Aeolian harps are sensitive. Even a light wind can set off a complex and shifting series of notes and harmonies. The pitch, volume and timbre of their songs change in response to changes in wind direction, speed and intensity. Here the wind is not media which is wielded, but is instead positioned as a collaborator with its own force.

The harps were invented in the ancient world and are named after Aeolus, the Greek god of the winds. In essence, they are resonating boxes with strings tensioned over two bridges. When the wind blows, the strings translate its movement into long, haunting tones.

In calm conditions, the sounds are soft and soothing – long sustained drones, with overtones and harmonics that create complex and evolving soundscapes. They are often compared to the sound of a human voice, or a choir. Stronger winds vibrate the strings vigorously, creating a greater range of overtones and harmonics, which can be dramatic and dissonant. The affect from the sound of the aeolian harps moves from soothing and meditative, to eerie and unsettling. As the weather intensifies, the musicality of the harp falls apart, creating instead a troubling soundscape. The rapid, chaotic and dissonant sounds are somewhat like screams.

mmm--ooo°°°°°----eeeeee--aaaahhhhhh—ooo~~~~~mmmmm....`````ooooo—

Across Te Moana Nui a Kiwa, eight aeolian harps are suspended from makeshift tripods. Their six strings are held taut by hanging weights. Though assembled by human hands, it is the wind that plays these harps.

Kōea o Tāwhirimātea: Weather Choir sings from a network of places which are challenged by the changing climate: the Cook Islands, Niue, Samoa, Kingdom of Tonga and four places in Aotearoa New Zealand – Whakatāne, Haumoana,

Taranaki and Tāmaki Makaurau. All are experiencing rapid anthropogenic-induced change: severe weather events, flooding, destruction, and the creeping forward of the sea. The new, more turbulent, climate is here.

Each harp is tended by members of the Breath of Weather Collective, a group initiated by Phil Dadson in early 2022 in order to realise the distributed choir of harps. Phil Dadson likes making instruments from things which usually aren't. The beginning of his artistic career was marked by membership of the performance art group *From Scratch*. From the 1970s, the group was best known for its "plosive aerophones" – long racks of PVC drainpipes struck with rubber paddles (sometimes confused for jandals by the audience), making intricate rhythms, haunting harmonies and endless beats.

In 2022, Dadson, after some trial and error, put together eight kitset aeolian harps. These contained six nylon strings, each about three metres long and attached on one end to a simple hook and on the other to a hook with a wooden bridge. There were two wooden bridges, shaped like triangular prisms, with two planes forming V shapes; a large empty tin, like an empty bulk-sized tin of baked beans; and a set of assembly instructions. The kits were packaged in polystyrene (Covid serum) boxes – an alternative resonator – and sent to the scattered members of the Breath of Weather Collective. The rest of the harps, tripodic legs and weights were to be put together from local materials.

Across the sites the details of the harps vary. In Niue, artists Mark and Ahi Cross have painted a polystyrene box yellow and use it as a resonator. In the Cook Islands, Te Ipukarea Society, an environmental group, has used the tin as the resonator. The tin is also used in Tonga by artist Uili Lousi, and in Parihaka by artist Pasha Clothier. James McCarthy has opted for a larger tin bucket in Whakatāne. In Haumoana, artists Dianne Reefman and Ricks Terstappen use a weathered wooden box with "Ceylon Tea" stamped on its side. The bridge is pressed onto an old wooden plank laid over the open top of the box. There, instead of a tripod, it hangs from an iron ladder-like structure, and a round

iron cage with grey stones which acts as a weight. In Samoa, journalist Maina Vai and her whānau have made a tripod from bamboo and used a car battery as the weight.

The most unusual constructions are perhaps Dadson's. On Motutapu Island, he used an inflated red balloon as a resonator, weighed the strings with scoria in a reusable Countdown bag, and made a tripod from wooden boat oars.

With their differences, the harps stand as makeshift constructions in and of their particular locations. They tread lightly on the Earth; once disassembled, the only remaining trace of each will be three depressions in the ground. There is a portability to their design, one that Dadson has made the most of, constructing and reconstructing harps around the city. He has set up harps in several coastal locations including Rangitoto, Motutapu, Karekare and his home in North Auckland. Now two harps, *Tamanui* constructed by James McCarthy and *Ngā-hau-e-whā* by Dadson are on the rooftop of Te Tuhi. They sing the duet of winds lifting from the Tāmaki estuary. Their proportions are human – one large and tripodic, the other tall and narrow – and both are audible and visible from the inside and outside of the gallery.

To Dadson, the structures are bodies. *The Oxford Dictionary of English* defines a body as the physical structure, including the bones, flesh and organs, of a person or animal. More than anything, a body is alive. It is not an object or a thing, but a being. Bodies are vessels of life, the physical materialisation of energy. These are bodies that feel and respond to their surroundings.

AAAAAAEEE`````---aaaahhhhhh— -ooo°°°°°----EEEeeeooo~~~~~mmmmm...ooooo—

The harps are sensors which simultaneously transmit. Subtle nuances and fluctuations of the weather are

captured and amplified. Due to their responsiveness, aeolian harps can capture and reflect a particular time and place, acting as conduits. As the harps respond to the wind, they serve as barometers of the weather. Dadson thinks of them as translators which give voice to the constant breath of the world and attune us to what we take for granted. Their physical and aural forms capture our attention and tease our imagination. They are instruments which make the presence of wind and weather perceptible. With the harps, he has facilitated the weather to speak or, rather, us to listen.

The bodies are alarming us.

AAA!!AAhhHHHH---OO°°OOOOOOOo°°°°°----EEEAAAAEEEE~~~~~oooAAA—

Alarms alert people to potential danger or call for attention and action. Usually, they are jarring, unexpected and loud. Repetitive beeps, sirens, wailing = emergency, evacuate, call the authorities, take shelter. Their sounds are designed to create a sense of urgency and tension. When the emergency is as complex, global and imminent as climate change, alarms change form. They come in reports, created from scientific accounts of nature, where it is measured, recorded and ordered into charts, figures and tables. The sensory, physical nature of weather is turned into neat diagrams, complicated paragraphs and detached data. It's a view of the world characterised as rationalist, objective and immaterial.

Ultimately, we encounter *Kōea o* Tāwhirimātea: Weather Choir through video and audio recordings, made with the ubiquitous technology of the smartphone. Their particular locations seep directly into these recordings. In the audio we hear birds call, palms whip in the wind and rain drops drum on resonators. Videos pan out from the harps to their environment – banana trees in Samoa, pōhutukawa on

Motutapu and turquoise waves on Tonga's shore.
In Whakatāne rain warps the camera's view as it beats against a window.

Catalogued online, the recordings act as alternative weather reports. The sites are weather stations, both monitoring and broadcasting. Here the weather is measured and communicated in sound rather than the silent and abstracted language of scientific meteorological representation. These dispatches from Te Moana Nui a Kiwa amplify sensory information. Rather than utilitarian or scientific functions, they aim to uncover poetic and sensorial qualities of the climate. Through the sound of the harps, we can imagine how the weather might feel. They are bodies that feel for us, in places we can't be. They are alarms which aren't directly instrumentalised, but instead evoke a sense of wonder, mystery and transcendence. They ask us to feel and open up a place for reflection and thinking. They have the capacity to develop our sensitivity to, and awareness of, the world.

Kōea o Tāwhirimātea: Weather Choir employs the open-ended production of meaning. In contrast to deluges of climate reports drenched in empirical data and facts, here is an affective reprieve from the conventional flows of information we are flooded by. In our daily information landscapes, the world's weather is measured, recorded and segmented into imposed, understandable structures. Listening to the harps provides moments of escape from technologically determined regimes. How different these songs are to the little icons of wind on our weather apps. There are no neat little lines or perfectly puffed clouds. No number of layers to wear to keep us warm. Instead of the neat language usually used to describe weather, the bodies are screaming their broken songs.

EEEA!-EEEAA!!AAAAO---eeeeOO°°OOO~~~~~AAA!!eAAHHH---EEEaaAAA!!!AEEEE~~~~~

KOANGA

Haupapa: The Chilled Breath of Rakamaomao

Kōanga, Spring, Equinox, 2022

MĀKŪ, te hā o Haupapa: Moisture, the breath of Haupapa

Te Ihu o Hinetakurua, Winter Solstice, 2023

Haupapa: The Chilled Breath of Rakamaomao (released online in 2022) and *MĀKŪ, te hā o Haupapa: Moisture, the breath of Haupapa* (installed at Te Tuhi in 2023) and are both creative 'weather reports' from Haupapa glacier, a body of ice formed from a deep exhalation of Aoraki, the ancestor-maunga, as he readied to speak. It is now Aotearoa's fastest-growing body of wai, water. The artists respond to an urgent environmental tipping point, in which we face water scarcity in some parts of our isles and flooding and rising seas in others, by attuning to the glacier as ancestor and collaborator.

Live weather data recorded by NIWA Taihoro Nukurangi instruments near the Haupapa glacier are streamed continuously to form a live artwork based on physical data of local weather conditions, combined with underwater images of glacial fragments and live hydrophone and atmospheric recordings, and woven together with Ron Bull's voice to gift and acknowledge Kāi Tahu mātauraka, words and names of the elemental ancestors. The artists relinquish the ordering and qualities of sound and video to the weather conditions of Aoraki. On days of high solar radiation, bright, clear ice and sun predominate and move the images on screen accordingly; on cloudy days, the image darkens.

COLLABORATING ARTISTS:

RON BULL
(voice)

STEFAN MARKS
(programming)

JANINE RANDERSON
(video)

RACHEL SHEARER
(sound)

HEATHER PURDIE
(glaciologist and scientific advisor, University of Canterbury)

LIVE DATA STREAM COURTESY OF
NIWA | CLIMATE, FRESHWATER & OCEAN SCIENCE

Ron Bull, Stefan Marks, Janine Randerson, Rachel Shearer & Heather Purdie, *Haupapa: The Chilled Breath of Rakamaomao,* 2022. Online artwork. WWN and Te Tuhi online programme. Image courtesy of the artists.

Ron Bull, Stefan Marks, Janine Randerson, Rachel Shearer & Heather Purdie, *MĀKŪ, te hā o Haupapa: Moisture, the breath of Haupapa,* 2023 (installation view, Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). Software, video and sound. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Photo by Stefan Marks.

LIAM JACOBSON

Haupapa

1.

tides of wind flowering
from your lip in sweet hisses,

the sky is caught among you
and thickened to stone.

its stars in sharp huddles and
from small rifts in your skin,

carry the faces carved into
your shadows, to light.

and mine among them
remembering your body

easing to a whisper in the
cold light of a late dawn,

softens your long breath
to a lake at your tongue.

2.
the night is pale in this electric light. i've salvaged a dark corner to remember
my tūpuna living with the long shadows of our Mauka. there's a face (mine?)
that shivers in the hollows of my Memory. there's a moth climbing my skin.
i'm thinking of Aoraki, and of watching him melt into the horizon when i leave
for the city, again. i'm thinking of what thins shadows, and of breath becoming
water. i feel mine, which was theirs and will be again, pour over my chin to
calm what has been clawing at my throat.

through thin halls of glass, i'm watching Haupapa nurture every angle of an old
world. stars of pollen and ash roused brutally from an ancient dream.
i'm thinking of my Nana's posture softening with age, and of her breath
slow and warm. i remember when talking about weather meant easy.
the night thickens and Rakamaomao is carrying to my cheek, a soft chill.

RAUMATI

PAUL CULLEN ARCHIVE

Digital r/p/m proposition: four virtual installations

Raumati, Summer, Solstice,
22 December 2022–31 March 2023

In 2011, artist Paul Cullen (1949–2017) made a speculative proposal to install works from his *r/p/m* (*revolutions per minute*) series around the world at sites of scientific observation of planetary and atmospheric forces. He proposed situating works at five locations, including the Eise Eisinga Planetarium in Franeker, the Netherlands; the Octagon Room in the Royal Observatory in Greenwich, England; the Musick Memorial Radio Station in Naupata Reserve, Tāmaki Makaurau, Aotearoa; Linnaeus Garden in Uppsala, Sweden; and the Alhambra in Granada, Spain. For *Digital r/p/m proposition,* the Paul Cullen Archive drew on the instructional notes and diagrams provided by the artist on the *r/p/m* publication book covers (split/fountain, 2011) to realise four virtual installations using LiDAR and photogrammetry, starting on the summer solstice in 2022 and congregating in the open-source platform Mozilla Hubs.

Digital model of Musick Point Radio Communications Building, Auckland, New Zealand placed on the Paul Cullen: *r/p/m* publication cover *Proposition #3,* 2023. WWN and Te Tuhi online programme. Image courtesy of Paul Cullen Archive.

PAUL CULLEN

Weather stations

2009; 2023

The Paul Cullen Archive also invited two artists, J.A. Kennedy and Ammon Ngakuru, a former artist assistant of Paul Cullen, to reconfigure Cullen's installation *Weather Stations* for Te Tuhi. Cullen had initially presented the site-related work as part of Headland Sculpture on the Gulf on Waiheke Island in 2009. The artist created a series of para-functional structures, reminiscent of meteorological rain gauges, made of galvanised steel framing and concrete, hosing, pipes and glass vitrines, sited on paved sections on a sloping bank. In this reassembled and updated version, the concrete tiles that functioned as the base in the original installation guide the dimensions of a new support structure within Te Tuhi's courtyard. There, steel frames are mounted on modified bases to closely mirror the original Waiheke Island layout, with the exception of some steel frames that no longer exist. This plein air artwork is accompanied by three of Cullen's ink drawings (1977; 2008–2009).

Paul Cullen, *Untitled,* part of a series of drawings towards *Weather Stations,* 2008–09 (installation view, Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). Watercolour. 210 x 297 mm. Courtesy of Paul Cullen Archive. Photo by Andrew Kennedy.

Paul Cullen, *Weather Stations,* 2009; 2023 (installation view, Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). Galvanised steel framing and concrete, hosing, pipes and glass vitrines. Dimensions variable. Courtesy of Paul Cullen Archive. Reassembled by Ammon Ngakuru and J. A Kennedy. Photo by Sam Hartnett.

AMMON NGAKURU

Paul Cullen:
Recent discoveries and Weather Stations

I was recently sent a link to an article in *The Guardian* titled '"Last nail in the coffin": Utah's Great Salt Lake on verge of collapse'.[1] This text describes how Utah's Great Salt Lake has lost 73 per cent of its water and a considerable amount of its surface area because this resource has been diverted to supply farms and homes. I intended to use the article to reference entropy and Robert Smithson's 1970 earthwork sculpture *Spiral Jetty*, sited on the edge of the Great Salt Lake – an artwork I learned about from Paul Cullen as a student. The text was suggesting, I thought, a possible end to the rise and fall of the tidal waters and weather conditions that make Smithson's *Spiral Jetty* functional.

Since I first had this idea, a new article has been published by *The Guardian*: 'Utah's Great Salt Lake risked disappearing. Unprecedented weather is bringing it back'.[2] This second article describes record high levels of water in the snowpack surrounding the lake that will eventually melt. The article reads, "it was too early to tell if the recent snow melt would result in flooding and the transportation department was already stockpiling more than a million sandbags and working with the state's emergency management division".

I'm bringing this up less to frame these two articles as contradictory or even to bring attention to the quickly increasing rate of change in the lake environment or the climate generally. Instead, I'm interested in the difficulty of modelling or measuring future events that a comparison between these two texts enables us to consider. The articles provide a fitting background of uncertainty that may be useful in staging a discussion of the work of Paul Cullen.

Reflecting on Paul Cullen's practice, I am struck by the immense ground it covered between the time of his first solo exhibition at Christchurch's Centre Gallery in the mid-1970s[3] and his death in 2017. His range of ideas is so immense – notions of categorisation and measurement, the question of scientific analysis, the meaning of

1. Maanvi Singh, '"Last nail in the coffin": Utah's Great Salt Lake on verge of collapse', *The Guardian,* 10 January 2023, https://www.theguardian.com/environment/2023/jan/10/utah-great-salt-lake-collapse-imminent
2. Mackenzie Ryan, 'Utah's Great Salt Lake risked disappearing. Unprecedented weather is bringing it back', *The Guardian,* 15 April 2023, https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2023/apr/15/utah-great-salt-lake-drought-snowfall
3. 'Paul Cullen Archive – About', Paul Cullen Archive, https://paulcullenarchive.org/about/ (accessed 30 April 2023).

objects and materiality – that in order to begin I almost need to write a list of ideas to avoid. I've realised the difficulty of outlining precisely what Paul's work responds to and what the atmospheric conditions or environment that surrounded his practice were and still are. Yet it is important to attempt to define this ground in some way, as Paul's work often began with careful observation and consideration of and response to site.

Observation: While in second year at art school I was thirsty but had no cup or bottle, so when I thought no one was looking, I used my cupped hands to drink from a tap at the very dirty and paint-splattered studio sink. I then noticed Paul watching in an amused way; he mimicked me by drinking from the sink in the same way. This wasn't a mocking gesture – I got the sense that he appreciated my pragmatic approach and was also thirsty. In a sideways fashion, I think this anecdote describes Paul's approach to subject matter.

Removal as a Sculptural Act (Provisional Arrangements)

It is important to mention that I didn't get to see in person the first iteration of either of the works by Paul Cullen that I intend to discuss here, so my understanding of each is informed by retelling and documentation. I have chosen to focus on these artworks because *Weather Stations*, originally made on Waiheke Island in 2009, is currently installed in the Te Tuhi courtyard as part of the exhibition *Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear*. This iteration of the work was planned by J.A. Kennedy and me with help from the Paul Cullen Archive. We intended to take cues such as scale and dimension from the original work, while also responding to the conditions of the new site. In 1994 the Te Tuhi courtyard was also the site of Paul's work *Recent Discoveries*. With both artworks, I am drawn to consider how the work touches the ground, how it physically interacts with and intervenes in its site. This attention to how the work meets its ground is a consistent question posed by Paul. Often the point of connection is constructed as gentle intervention and in a way that implies a temporary positioning of the artwork.

With *Recent Discoveries*, I am particularly interested in the concrete pavers that were removed from the ground of the outdoor courtyard, revealing sand that was presumably placed there to even out the site. The displaced pavers were then used as supports for other sculptural additions to the space. Eight of these tiles act as a support for a glass container that holds water. The space made by the displacement of these tiles frames a few small plants held in black plastic bags, the type used only temporarily in order to ensure a plant's safe transport from the nursery to a more permanent home.

The outdoor space also features the frame of a defunct folding chair that might ordinarily be used when camping, another chair that has had its back support removed and a desk that looks as if

Paul Cullen, *Recent Discoveries,* 1994 (installation view). Photo by Paul Cullen. Courtesy of Paul Cullen Archive.

it came out of an abandoned classroom. The work in the courtyard space is connected to artworks installed inside Te Tuhi by clear plastic tubing that carries water and runs through holes cut in the bottom of the doors delineating the two areas. Water flows through this tubing between glass containers in the courtyard, which presumably have the potential to be filled by rainfall. There are resin-lined cardboard boxes in the inside space, which I speculate are at risk of overflowing if the rain is heavy. This embrace of negative space through the cutting of holes and the removal of pavers and supports for the body from furniture reads as an inverse sculptural act. These removals pull an audience in different directions and away from any monumental aspect of the work and toward a consideration of all the components and how they operate together.[4]

While I was researching for this text, the word 'contingent' kept appearing in things that I was reading, and although the contingent event isn't something I had thought about much in relation to Paul's work, it is relevant in relation to the weather. A lot of Paul's work, through its suggestion of measurement and observational analysis, feels like it is arranged as a response to a contingent event.

In Élie Ayache's text *The Medium of Contingency*, the author says: "We think of the contingent thing as the superposition of two thoughts: the thought of the thing as it actually is and the thought of the other thing that it could have been, or that it could be .... Contingency has a sense; it is an arrow, something alive and vibrant and not petrified in actuality. It is an event, a happening, an upheaval of matter and we can hardly resist making sense of it or trying to exchange it."[5]

The materials and objects Paul used, rather than providing an answer, instead enable us to question our desire to make sense of the event.

4. "In a very simple sense I want everything to be there for the reason that it's needed. It's not an ornamentation. It's not there because I thought it looked nice but because it has to be there. It's a matter of reducing the work to its very simplest possible state, eliminating all of the things that lead away from the guts of the work, the thing the work is really about. Anything that's there must build towards its over-all organization and meaning." Paul Cullen quoted in Rhondda Bosworth, 'Paul Cullen', *Art New Zealand* (Winter 1981), https://paulcullenarchive.org/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/Art-New-Zealand.pdf (accessed 2 July 2023).
5. Élie Ayache, *The Medium of Contingency* (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2015).

Materiality

In the first iteration of *Weather Stations* the levelling of the ground was emphasised in the installation. Concrete pavers set out in one large square and one large rectangular platform sit level, cutting into the sloping terrain of a hill on Waiheke Island. These platforms themselves act a little like islands and support a series of steel frames. The steel frames, while similar at first glance, are all at a slightly different scale and most include components that are particular, as if to suggest that each serves a separate function. A few of the steel frames are topped by rectangular concrete forms similar to the pavers that act as support and are in some instances cut through with rectangular holes; attached to other concrete forms are functionless blue or yellow flexible pipes. Two of the steel frames hold segmented glass containers and others have lengths of copper pipe attached.

Real weather stations, the kind that Paul's *Weather Stations* mimic, often include instruments for measuring temperature, windspeed, precipitation, evaporation and so on. These instruments function to make our climate legible; this is a serious job and the outward physical appearance of these instruments often reflects this seriousness. Even to outsiders without any knowledge of meteorological study it is clear the instruments function to measure something meaningful. Usually they are arranged in a separate but connected way, each performing on their own but contributing to an informed but speculative forecast of the weather to come.

A question that I have found myself returning to in Paul's work is the way materiality or the objects in the work often suggest meaning or a path forward but also work to undermine our expectation of where the work is taking us. Much like the cut-off coloured tubing in *Weather Stations*, our expectation and ability to infer meaning coils in on itself, taking us on a course that leads back to the thing at hand. In the end, I think what Paul's work does is to ask the audience to pay attention to the questions that exist in the material and atmospheric world that surrounds us. It also allows us to consider the inherent difficulty in answering these questions (at least by our current methods of measurement and classification) and by extension gently tugs at our understanding of empirical truth. In a sense, the work redirects us to material itself being the thing worth reading.

NGAHURU

KALISOLAITE ‘UHILA

Sun Gate: Ha‘amonga a Maui

Ngahuru, Autumn, Equinox, 21 March 2023

On 21 March 2023, the sun moved north across the celestial equator and day and night were of exactly equal length. This event was marked by the sun piercing through a notch on the limestone-coral trilithon Ha‘amonga a Maui in Eastern Tonga and Kalisolaite ‘Uhila’s body at solar zenith. He sat by the ancient 13th-century gateway from dawn through intense sun, heavy rain and overcast weather for over 10 hours, accompanied by a continuous livestream that radiated around the Earth. ‘Uhila’s body binds the path of the sun to our warming atmosphere; the livecast mends digital flows between Aotearoa and Tonga after the violent eruption of the submarine volcano Hunga Tonga-Hunga Ha‘apai on 15 January 2022. The documentation was exhibited in a double-sided projection in Te Tuhi’s atrium to become part of daily life for passers-by, with both livestream from a camera worn by ‘Uhila and a long shot of the durational performance.

TECHNICAL CREW:
JAMES TAPSELL-KURURANGI (camera)
JOSH SAVIETI (camera)
NONGA TUTU (camera)
ANDREW KENNEDY (live-stream operator)

Kalisolaite ‘Uhila, *Sun Gate: Ha‘amonga a Maui*, 2023 (installation view, Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). 10 hours 6 mins 17 secs. With support from James Tapsell-Kururangi, Josh Savieti, Nonga Tutu and Andrew Kennedy. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Photo by Sam Hartnett.

Kalisolaite ʻUhila, *Sun Gate: Haʻamonga a Maui,* 2023. Live-streamed performance. 10 hours 6 mins 17 secs. WWN and Te Tuhi online programme. With support from James Tapsell-Kururangi, Josh Savieti, Nonga Tutu and Andrew Kennedy. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Photo by James Tapsell-Kururangi.

Waiting for the world to end

i.

I feel like I spend a lot of my life *waiting* – sitting in airports looking at the departures board, on my way back to Aotearoa; waking up before my alarm, blinking drowsy eyes, knowing the alarm will go soon; looking at my phone constantly, hoping for a reply message; standing at the train platform; watching the clock of the microwave count down – it's never-ending. My own name *Talia* comes from the Samoan word 'fa'atali' which means to wait.

This feeling of waiting or anticipation is also felt on a macro scale: it seems the world is waiting for its end. On 20 March 2023 the final instalment of the Sixth Assessment Report from the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change was released – this has been a years-long project led by the world's leading authoritative scientific body on climate change.[1] The final synthesis report is, of course, not a light read as it outlines the consequences of humankind's failure to tackle growing greenhouse-gas emissions and their knock-on effects. We have already seen some of the impact this has had on our climate – the unprecedented flooding in Tāmaki Makaurau in early 2023; the bushfires that ravaged many parts of New South Wales in 2020 and left the Western Sydney suburb of Penrith as the hottest place on Earth, with a temperature of 48.9 degrees Celsius.

There are delegates, conferences and think pieces that all speak to the harm that we are causing the climate which will in turn affect our existence greatly. And yet … governments around the world have either denied climate change even exists or are still in the pocket of the fossil fuel industries. And yet … the islands of my ancestors in Te Moana Nui a Kiwa will be some of the first to be swallowed by the sea. What is most frustrating is that, at a personal level, it all feels out of our control, especially when we know that there is a small percentage of companies that hold the power to assist in ensuring a steady and strong future if they act now.[2]

1. Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, *AR6 Synthesis Report: Climate Change 2023* (Geneva: IPCC, 2023).
2. Tess Riley, 'Just 100 companies responsible for 71% of global emissions, study says', *The Guardian,* 10 July 2017, https://www.theguardian.com/sustainable-business/2017/jul/10/100-fossil-fuel-companies-investors-responsible-71-global-emissions-cdp-study-climate-change (accessed 2 July 2023).

ii.

And yet. And yet. And yet.

I close my eyes and count to five.

Five because I was born on the 5th of July.

I count because I have forgotten how to breathe.

iii.

On 21 March 2023, it is raining in Sydney. I click the link to Kalisolaite (‘Ite) ‘Uhila’s livestream of his performance *Sun Gate: Ha‘amonga a Maui*. As I slowly connect and the image comes into view, I see that it is also raining in Tonga. ‘Ite’s face fills the bottom-left corner of my screen; behind him is a grey overcast sky and large pocked slabs of stone. During the recording at times the rain pelts and ‘Ite wears a bucket hat. At other times I see what I think is a bit of blue sky, but what remains the same is ‘Ite standing or sitting in place. In a production photograph on the Te Tuhi website he is wearing black, with a tupenu wrapped around his waist, and what looks like a version of a ta‘ovala, a woven mat securing it. This kind of attire is usually reserved for special events or occasions, often including funerals – which seems fitting, as his expression is sombre yet determined. There is a sense of *waiting* but what could he be waiting for?

iv.

The location where the writer’s family marae was, Rarotonga, Cook Islands, 2019.

v.

The structure where ‘Ite waits is called Ha‘amonga a Maui (the burden of Maui), a coral limestone monument, or gateway, or astrological marker, located on the eastern part of the island of Tonga. It was built in the 13th century by King Tu‘itatui in honour of his two sons; naturally, with its trilithon shape, it is sometimes referred to as the ‘Stonehenge of the Pacific’.

Maui is a figure well known in Polynesian mythology. A demigod hero, he is sometimes referred to by different names across the islands. He is the centre of various tales such as battling the sun to stay in the sky longer, fishing up an island and bringing fire to the world.

Although he can be also thought of as a trickster, his feats were generally in the service and, in this case, for the betterment of the Tongan people. The word 'ha'amonga' means "a stick with loads on both ends, carried over the shoulder",[3] and so it is thought that Maui himself carried the stones of the structure to the shores of Tonga as they would have been too heavy for a mere human.

Therefore, if the creation of the triathlon combined with Maui's role as a demigod or protector of people was his 'burden', perhaps the idea of the burden can extend even further, and it is not just the heaviness of the stones but also the weight of humankind. Every day that the cost of living rises, borders become tighter, climate change worsens, the burden of humankind's existence becomes heavier. It is hard to coexist in a world that can be harsh but also generous. If Maui was celebrated for how he attempted to better the lives of his people, then what happens if even the superpowers of Maui can no longer help us? What if that burden has now become too much even for him alone?

vi.

And yet. And yet. And yet.

My breath comes out in short, sharp bursts.

Counting to five isn't working any more.

There is a burning in my chest and belly – I wonder if Maui could fish around in my insides and take out this pain. Create a new island and make something good of it.

Maybe now I will count to 10.

To 20.

To 30.

Is it working yet?

3. 'Ha'amonga 'a Maui', *Wikipedia,* https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ha%CA%BBamonga_%CA%BBa_Maui (accessed 2 July 2023).

vii.

In December 2021 an eruption began in a subterranean volcano in the Tongan archipelago. Four weeks later, shockwaves from a huge explosion triggered a tsunami of up-to-15-metre waves which surged and crashed onto Tonga's western shores. The damage from the water and ash of the volcano severed communication and so the extent of the damage was not discovered by those outside of Tonga until a few days later. Haʻamonga a Maui was covered in ash but as it is placed on the eastern side it was relatively unaffected by the destruction.

It has been a long journey for those in Tonga: lives were lost and often-insurmountable damage was caused to infrastructures and buildings. And in addition to all these volcanic harms, as the climate continues to warm and sea levels rise, Tonga and other Moana nations are very much at the forefront of the impacts of climate change.

viii.

The writer's family home in Aitutaki, Cook Islands, still in disrepair from cyclone damage. Photograph by the writer's father, 2019.

ix.

As I watch the livestream of ʻIte's performance, I think about the act of waiting.

In a *New York Times* article about durational performance art, Andrew Russeth notes: "Another way to think of it is as waiting art: work that addresses what it means to live with uncertainty and to keep going, often with no clear end in sight."[4] In ʻIte's performance, there are certain parameters, however – such as Haʻamonga a Maui's probable use as a sun dial, with a notch marked where the sun shines through at its zenith. The work was staged from sunrise to sunset to record the shadows as they grew over and overlapped both the monument and ʻIte's body. Even with these known elements, ʻIte was still very much at the mercy of meteorological uncertainty, the rain, and the heat that he endured.

4. Andrew Russeth, 'Art About Waiting – and What It Takes to Endure', *New York Times*, 17 September 2020, https://www.nytimes.com/2020/09/17/t-magazine/Tehching-Hsieh-endurance-art.html (accessed 2 July 2023).

The relationship of waiting and power is explored in French architect and educator Joanne Pouzenc's essay 'The Act of Waiting'. For Pouzenc: "the act of waiting implies by definition a clear separation and relation of power between the one waiting and the one able to end the wait."[5] If we consider *Sun Gate: Haʻamonga a Maui* in light of the anthropogenic causes of the climate crisis, the power dynamic is imbalanced and remains ever so. The people and entities who have the economic power to assist, those who can truly 'end the wait' are seemingly disinterested in doing so.

What moves me about this performance is that despite the overwhelming feeling of apathy and hopelessness that one may feel in the current time, 'Ite stays steadfast throughout. He stares ahead as he sits on the ground of his homelands, literally connected to the dirt that raised his ancestors. The history and the spirit of his people are within him in that moment. 'Ite asks us all to take a moment to reflect upon the way we interact with the gift that our ancestors have given us – the gift being the land we are on, the air we breathe, the food we eat.

I see 'Ite's performance as an attempt to take some of the burden from Maui; to shoulder some of the emotional and physical toll. His work shows us that the way to really make change is to share this load, to no longer wait for the overarching powers to finally own up to the parts they play in this climatic destruction. We need to act collectively, to acknowledge that leaning into uncertainty or merely waiting for change to come is not the way forward.

Instead, we need to come together, to share, to restore and to act.

5. Joanne Pouzenc, 'The Act of Waiting', in *The Funambulist Papers, Volume 2,* curated and edited by Léopold Lambert (Santa Barbara, California: Punctum Books, 2015), https://www.jstor.org/stable/jj.2353973.23?seq=1 (accessed 2 July 2023): 184–90.

X.

This time I only have to count to three. I can remember how to breathe.

I suck in as much air as I can, I fill my belly with it, my chest, my breasts, my thighs, even my toes.

I take big gulps.

I want to be filled with the air that others have also breathed in and then out and in turn they will also take my air in. Perhaps I am even breathing in the air that Maui once breathed out; I like to think that is how he got his true strength.

One. Two. Three.

I almost forgot the most important part. When you are ready, you expel the air out of your mouth – when it leaves, it comes out in a loud wooooooooooooooooosh

Denise Batchelor, *Waimamaku,* from the series *Hukatai ~ Sea Foam,* 2022–2023 (installation view, Parnell Station, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). WWN and Te Tuhi online programme. Part of a collaboration towards an installation with Maureen Lander. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Photo by Andrew Kennedy.

MAUREEN LANDER
(installation)

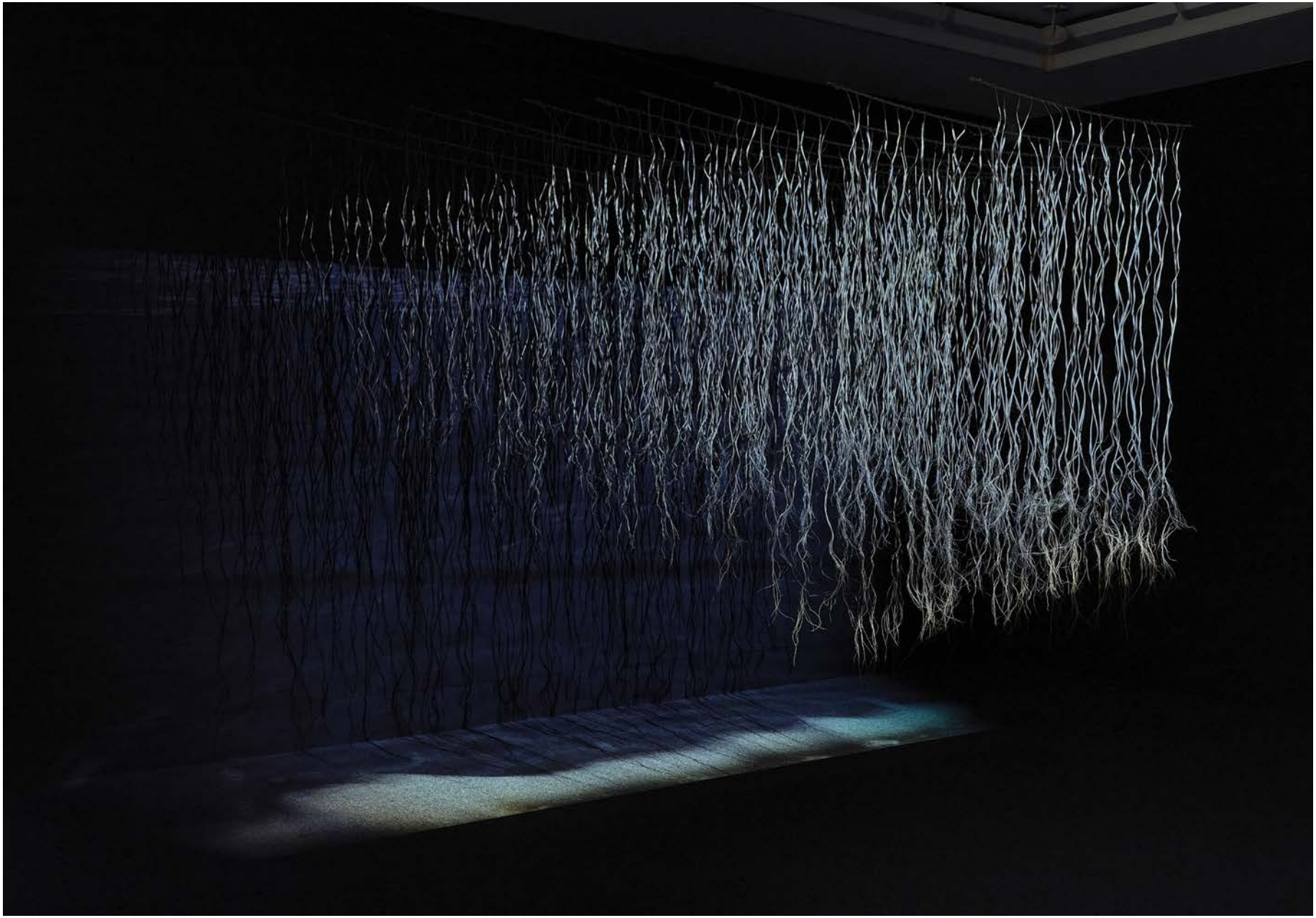
DENISE BATCHELOR
(video projection)

STÌOBHAN LOTHIAN
(sound)

Ngaru Paewhenua

Te Ihu o Hinetakurua, Winter Solstice, 2023

In Ngāpuhi whakapapa the ancestors arrived in Hokianga by sea, their migrating waka assisted on the journey by three great waves: Ngaru nui, Ngaru roa and Ngaru paewhenua. This installation remembers the third great wave that carried the waka ashore but is also concerned with the myriad impending effects of climate change on today's oceans, in particular the threat of inundation and coastal erosion caused by increasingly severe storms, rising seas and big waves. *Ngaru Paewhenua* (the wave that comes ashore) includes a projected video loop of the incoming wave fringed with the foam of Te Hokianga nui a Kupe, a cyclical electronic score composed by Stìobhan Lothian and a suspended wave of harakeke strands created by Maureen Lander with assistance from Kerry Lander. The work builds on *Hukatai ~ Sea Foam* (6 April 2023–10 June 2023), a series of lens-based observations taken over the course of a year, whereby Denise Batchelor photographed and filmed the rhythms of different foams in Hokianga Harbour. Batchelor monitored their weather and tidal appearances and followed the light of their rainbow textures and their seasonal shifts, sometimes accompanied by Lander. These short videos and images, along with sound compositions by Stìobhan Lothian, were released on Instagram from 6 April 2023 at the full moon and at other points of the lunar cycle.



Denise Batchelor, Maureen Lander & Stìobhan Lothian, *Ngaru Paewhenua,* 2023 (installation view, Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). Dried harakeke strips, single-channel video and sound. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Photo by Sam Hartnett.

MAUREEN LANDER

Wave Skirt

Te Ihu o Hinetakurua, Winter Solstice, 2023

Wave Skirt is a suspended maro, apron, of harakeke tags, muka and laser-cut acrylic 'foam', a relic from a previous installation by Lander. The sculpture echoes the scalloped formation of waves as they come ashore with their frothy skirts of foam.

Maureen Lander, *Wave Skirt,* 2023 (installation view, Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland). Harakeke tags, muka and laser-cut acrylic. Commissioned by Te Tuhi, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Photo by Sam Hartnett.

Seafoam Serenade

In the realm where waves collide and waters merge, the ocean expands to unveil a tapestry of diverse ecosystems. Pacific communities have always shared ancestral connections across and within the expanse of Te Moana Nui a Kiwa.

Responsible for serene swells and tumultuous terrains, the ocean serves as a force shaping both human and weather patterns. The complex relationship between the ocean, climate and human behaviour has caused 'once-in-a-lifetime' weather extremes to play out in manifold. Our generation has experienced enough climate disasters to last many lifetimes. Over time, this experience of extreme weather leads us to develop our very own weather eye and weather ear. Genesis for our communities is characterised by the acute awareness of this new type of weather.

Weaving culture and meaning through nature made lace:

Cloaked in the boundless embrace of Kiwa, the great connector, water blankets Earth, nurturing life and facilitating migration long before humanity's arrival. When we finally entered the stage of existence, the sea had already woven its narrative, assuming roles as heroic saviour, treacherous antagonist and wise teacher in the grand tales of our collective consciousness.

In the eternal embrace of sea and land, an age-old fascination takes place. Born from the union of the ocean's waves and the wind's gusts, sea foam emerges, delicate as lace. Tailored through nature's fine eye, stitched intricacies of sand clothe coast and shoreline. Like lace, sea foam finds its reflection in its fragility upon the water's edge, a veil floating along the shore. Throughout time, we have attempted to establish meaning within the brief beachy bubbles. From spiritual awakening to renewal and ephemerality, sea foam has played in our understanding of the liminal space between sea and land.

In Hindu creation stories, the churning of the ocean of milk created sea foam and the elixir of immortality.[1] The Greek goddess Aphrodite was formed from the bubbles of sea foam,[2] and the demigod Maui was carried onto the shore by sea foam and jellyfish.[3] Known to disappear, with no intention of repeating itself, sea foam has often been associated with the concept of 'mujo', or impermanence, a central tenet of Japanese philosophy.[4] Wrapped in refracting panels of light, the ocean mirrors not only the sunlight's radiance but society's greatest hopes and fears.

The shorelines represent a meeting of the kindred:

Aotearoa has a long tradition of environmental protest, with artists proudly at the forefront. Shoreline-centred artistic responses include those associated with the Save Aramoana campaign of 1974;[5] individual responses to the Foreshore and Seabed Act 2004, such as Brett Graham's *Foreshore Defender*;[6] and the sprawling exhibition *Te Wheke: Pathways across Oceania* of 2020.[7] The call for belonging, stewardship and future faith is ever-present in the art of the Pacific.

1. The editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica, 'churning of the ocean of milk', *Encyclopedia Britannica,* 1 November 2022, https://www.britannica.com/topic/churning-of-the-ocean-of-milk (accessed 2 July 2023).
2. William Hansen, 'Foam-Born Aphrodite and the Mythology of Transformation', *The American Journal of Philology* 121, no. 1 (2000): 1–19.
3. Francis Dart Fenton, *The Legend of Maui – The Pamphlet Collection of Sir Robert Stout: Volume 52* (Wellington: Victoria University of Wellington Library, n.d.): 126.
4. Monte S. Hull, Mujo: *The Japanese Understanding of and Engagement with Impermanence* (ProQuest Dissertations Publishing, 1984): 287.
5. Marilynn Webb, *Aramoana Soup,* 1982, monotype, 400 x 300mm, collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, https://christchurchartgallery.org.nz/collection/83-448-22/marilynn-webb/aramoana-soup
6. Brett Graham, *Foreshore Defender,* 2004, cast iron, 1980 x 864 mm, collection of Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, https://collections.tepapa.govt.nz/object/851506
7. Ken Hall, Felicity Milburn, Nathan Pohio, Lara Strongman and P.J. Vangioni, with Stephanie Oberg, *Te Wheke: Pathways across Oceania* (Christchurch: Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, 2020).

Hawaiki, the true homeland, serves as the origin for all Pacific nations and the source of the artists' mātauranga, their ancestral knowledge. As artists from the oceanic region, they frequently reflect on the past to progress, acknowledging their ties to ancestors and seeking their own position within a narrative as profound as the ocean. Across Te Moana Nui a Kiwa, art holds history, art holds story and art holds accountability. Art and activism have always had close ties but for Pacific creatives, our very being is political; there is no luxury in distinguishing the two. Our existence itself is activism.

The whakatauakī "He toka tū moana" speaks of a rock that stands firmly in the ocean.[8] It is used to describe a person steadfast and strong in their culture, beliefs or position; they are likened to a rock that stands strong against all elements. For installation artist Maureen Lander and lens-based artist Denise Batchelor, this rock of faith is their stewardship over land and sea.

Batchelor and Lander first shared space in 2020 in the Mokopōpaki exhibition *Ebb*. There they presented a wellspring of marine life – a collaborative response to jellyfish and seaweed washed up along the shore. As coast-based observers, the artists have recently come together again to study ocean-carried messages, brought by way of sea foam, in Te Hokianga. Beginning their lens-based observations at te kei o Hineraumati, summer 2022, they continued them until te ihu o Hinetakurua, the winter solstice, in 2023. Batchelor photographed and filmed the rhythms of different foams in the Hokianga Harbour, sometimes accompanied by Lander. Through beach walks and conversation, ever-present parts of their daily life, Lander and Batchelor looked to once-thriving sites along the coast now made vulnerable by climate change and erosion.

8. Whakataukī and whakatauākī are proverbial expressions of thought or tribal sayings. Often formulaic, their meanings differ in terms of whether the identity of the originator is known (whakatauākī) or not (whakataukī). Whakataukī may be specific to a particular ancestor, hapū or iwi.

Sea foam takes on various forms, depending on the season. These forms are determined by the strength of wind and waves as well as its organic makeup. The foam can be a thin and delicate layer or a thick and robust mass. It can also indicate the presence of toxins, microplastics and other human-made interferences. These weather-borne carriers from afar soon became both messenger and muse for Lander and Batchelor in their series *Hukatai ~ Sea Foam* (2022–23).[9]

Weather collides inside the interior gallery spaces of Te Tuhi. Inspired by the beach of Ōmāpere, Lander's *Wave Skirt* calls to you first; its braided harakeke, muka fibre and laser-cut acrylic form the triangular shape of a maro, an apron or kilt. Rāranga or weaving is a visual language that binds people and places together. It speaks of the natural world and whakapapa – in this instance the whakapapa of plastic in our environment. In *Wave Skirt*, harakeke binds recycled acrylic from a previous installation of Lander's, referencing the plastics littering our beaches and oceans. Sea foam should serve as a messenger from the unspoiled corners of the planet, but to have foam filled with microplastics is a source of shame. Plastics have now traversed more of the Earth than humans have, despite our grand claims of exploration and discovery. The presence of acrylic is both whimsically ironic and a sombre expression of grief for the way harms can transfer through the interconnectedness of our world's ecosystems.

In *Huarere: Weather Eye, Weather Ear* at Te Tuhi, *Wave Skirt* sits in a commanding position, acting as a landing pad before entering the marae of *Ngaru Paewhenua (the wave that comes ashore)* in the Bev Smaill Gallery. The frothy skirt of foam greets viewers like tangata whenua at a pōhiri or, in the context of our environment, at a tangihanga for land lost by inundation.

9. Huka – foam. Tai – tide. Hukātai – a white stone used in the ceremonies of the whare wānanga.

Ngaru Paewhenua is named after the third great wave that carried the waka of Ngātokimatawhaorua to Te Hokianga. The symbolism of threes is auspicious within te ahurea Māori. Challengers in the wero of a pōhiri come in three; periods of mourning are held over three days; and whaikōrero, speeches, follow the protocol of homeland, then guest, then the returning mauri to the hau kāinga, securing the succession of three. Visually, the familiar motif of Te Raukura is a collection of three feathers representing the values of honour, peace and goodwill – the same symbol used at Parihaka.

Ngaru Paewhenua brings together the trio of Lander, Batchelor and sound artist and composer Stìobhan Lothian. In this stereopticon of light, Batchelor captures the essence of the shore-bound wave, gracefully swaying amidst a tide of projected light. This washing light is accompanied by Lothian's all-encompassing electronic sound of otherworldly nature. Stacked octaves of noise loop themselves, reflecting the celestial cycle of the Maramataka from the shores of the Hokianga awa. The composition of sound and the projection of light slide to the floor, washing over hanging tendrils of plaited, then unfurled, raw harakeke as well as the feet of audience members. The dried harakeke strands resemble kelp, and gently sway to fill the intimate proportions of the gallery.

The artworks and narratives presented here raise awareness about the detrimental effects of human activities on the environment. For Lander, inspiration was thrust upon her as a call to action. She has been directly affected by the erosion of local coastlines, and has moved on from her Hokianga home. The concept of inundation is particularly pertinent in the present time, as many Pacific nations are at risk of losing their homes to rising sea levels. In this case, the sea foam carries tohu, warning signs, from atua and taiao, gods and environment.

The process of sea foam creation happens far away from human sight and sound – in liminal space. Liminal space is a place of transition, typically devoid of human beings, and distinctly surreal. Often described as dreamlike or nostalgic, it walks the tightrope of familiar and indistinguishable. The 20th-century concept of 'liminality' commonly refers to the psychological condition of being on the threshold of a new life stage. In terms of the current pulse, liminal spaces have a particular salience: they represent the peculiar position we find ourselves on the shores of monumental change.

Like the constant churning hours of the sea, liminal spaces seem to acknowledge that the world is in a shifting state. Sea foam, too, is dynamic, taking on a constant state of metamorphosis.

A whakataukī of Ngātiwai is apt here: "Ahakoa e tū ana ki te whenua, e noho ana ahau ki te moana" (although you stand on the land, you sit also in the sea).[10] The notion of standing in two places at once speaks to the complexity of straddling a new movement. With *Hukatai ~ Sea Foam*, the viewer is asked to consider their position as we all hover on the cusp of change.

10. Ngātiwai are a coastal tribe in the Northland region and this whakataukī is in reference to the nuanced relationship tangata whenua (people of the land) have with their environment.

BIOGRAPHIES

WRITERS

AMMON NGAKURU

Ammon Ngakuru (b. 1993) lives in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland and makes work that is concerned with the way that history, categorisation and value operate within the 'post'-colonial context. Working primarily in painting and sculpture, Ngakuru employs familiar motifs, materials and images to expose the undercurrents of meaning that help construct the colonial narrative through everyday objects. Ngakuru holds a Bachelor of Visual Arts from Auckland University of Technology and a Master of Fine Arts from Elam School of Fine Arts. His recent exhibitions include *Uncomfortable Silence*, Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, Ōtautahi Christchurch (2020); *Cutouts*, Enjoy, Pōneke Wellington (2020); and *Pumice*, Coastal Signs, Tāmaki Makaurau (2021). Ngakuru worked with Paul Cullen as an artist assistant in 2016 and 2017, participating in the installation of Cullen's *Tidal* series (c. 2015–16) and his installation *Things From Geology (Underworld)* in 2017 as part of Headland Sculpture on the Gulf on Waiheke Island.

CASSANDRA BARNETT

Cassandra Barnett (Raukawa, Ngāti Huri) is a writer across worlds, language unlearner, avid weeder, reo dreamer. In 2021 she published her chapbook *How | Hao*. Cassandra was Auckland Regional Parks Artist in Residence in 2022, and has had poetry and fiction in *No Other Place to Stand*, *Action Spectacle*, *Cordite*, *Brief*, *OraNui*, *Tupuranga*, *Te Whē ki Tukorehe*, *Landfall* and *Black Marks on the White Page*. Cassandra exhibited her paintings in the exhibition *Flat Earthers* (The Engine Room) in 2021. Her art writing has been published in *Something is Happening Here* (on Robin White), *Animism in Art and Performance*, *Counterfutures*, *The Spinoff*, *The Pantograph Punch*, *Dark Matter* (on Ann Shelton), *World Art*, *Eyeline* and others. A co-edited anthology about Toioho ki Āpiti school of Māori visual arts, *Ki Mua, Ki Muri*, is forthcoming in 2023. Cassandra is also a founding member of the publishing collective Taraheke.

ELEANOR COOPER

Eleanor Cooper is an artist interested in ecology, natural history and our connection with the living world. She has worked as a biodiversity ranger in a number of remote nature reserves and currently lives

aboard a small yacht in Pari-ā-rua. In 2019 she received a Master of Fine Arts from the University of Auckland, where she previously gained a Bachelor of Arts in philosophy. Recent exhibitions include *Nova,* Sumer (2023); *They covered the house in stories,* Te Tuhi, (2021); *The rustling wind reminds me of life on Earth,* Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū (2021); *Greywater,* Mokopōpaki (20200; *Flows According to Rocks,* Paludal (2020); and *Bouquet,* Blue Oyster (2020).

GABI LARDIES

Gabi Lardies is a writer focused on long-form journalism, but who has also had poetry, fiction and personal essays published. She is based in Tāmaki Makaurau, Aotearoa, where she moved to from Buenos Aires when she was seven. Her Master of Fine Arts was acquired through a book publishing project, and she also has a background in sociology and graphic design.

LIAM JACOBSON

Liam Jacobson (Kāi Tahu) is a poet, writer and artist from Manurewa, South Auckland. They've shared poems in galleries, pubs and alleys across Aotearoa and overseas. Liam's poetry collection *Neither* will be published by Dead Bird Books in August 2023.

MAIRĀTEA MOHI

Mairātea Mohi is a journalist, writer and current editor of the University of Auckland student magazine, *Craccum*. Working through an Indigenous youth lens, she speaks on the topics of culture, arts and fashion. Having worked in the businesses of adornment for the last three years she thinks a diet of local music, art and food is good for body, mind and soul.

TALIA SMITH

Talia Smith is an artist, curator and writer from Aotearoa, now based in Sydney, Australia. She is of Samoan, Cook Islands and Pākehā heritage. Her curatorial practice explores concepts of time, memory, the archive and familial histories with a particular focus on lens-based practices. In September 2023 she will curate *Primavera* at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney. She currently works as the curator at Granville Centre Art Gallery in Western Sydney.

ARTISTS

ANDY LOCK

Andy Lock is an artist, researcher and educator. His work utilises spoken word, installation, photography, performance and situated writing to create speculative spaces which explore the experience of inhabiting sites and disclosing the presences repressed or denied therein. Andy's work has been exhibited internationally, and published in several collections.

BREATH OF WEATHER COLLECTIVE

The Breath of Weather Collective is a collaborative group from across Te Moana Nui a Kiwa. Its collaborating participants and Te Moana Nui a Kiwa locations: Uili Lousi & Kasimea Sika (Kingdom of Tonga); Maina Vai & whānau (Samoa); Pasha Clothier (Parihaka and Taranaki, Aotearoa); James McCarthy (Whakatāne, Aotearoa); Phil Dadson (Tāmaki Makaurau, Aotearoa); Dianne Reefman & Ricks Terstappen (Haumoana, Aotearoa); Kelvin Passfield & Paris Tutty (Rarotonga); Mark & Ahi Cross (Liku, Niue). The collective also thanks John Cousins for sharing aeolian insights; and Hamish Carter as project intern.

DENISE BATCHELOR

Denise Batchelor is a visual artist based in Hokianga, Aotearoa New Zealand. Working primarily in photography and video, her practice predominantly focuses on her engagement with the natural environment, capturing fleeting moments that are often overlooked or unseen. She frequently photographs and videos changing weather patterns on sky, sea and sandhills from her home, and on her beach walks. A recipient of artist residencies and awards, Batchelor has exhibited in galleries, museums and festivals in New Zealand and internationally.

HEATHER PURDIE

Heather Purdie is a glaciologist at the University of Canterbury, with research expertise in glacier mass balance, dynamics and climate change in mountain glaciers. Most recently, she has been exploring rapid change at lake-calving glaciers, and she makes regular trips to Haupapa glacier and pro-glacial lake with a team of researchers.

JANINE RANDERSON

Janine Randerson is an artmaker of video installations, 16mm films, sound and online artworks, and often practises in collaboration with environmental scientists and community groups. Janine's book *Weather as Medium: Toward a Meteorological Art* (MIT Press, 2018) focuses on modern and contemporary artworks that engage with our present and future weathers. Janine also facilitates art exhibitions, events and screening programmes.

JULIEANNA PRESTON

Julieanna Preston speculates on the vitality of materials through durational site-situated live art, installations, videos and performance writing. Recent works include *breath-taking* (2019, Denmark), *RPM Hums* (2018, New Zealand), *Being Under Symphony* (2019, United States), 'You are embued with tolerance …' (2019, in *Architecture and Culture*), 'Road Care' (with Jen Archer-Martin, 2020, in *Performance Care*), 'motor-mouthing' (2020, in *Voice and New Materialism*), *HARK* (2021, Wellington).

KALISOLAITE 'UHILA

Kalisolaite 'Uhila was born in 1981 in the Kingdom of Tonga. He lives and works in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. 'Uhila's practice revolves around performance. He has made many durational performance works, which are often informed by his Tongan heritage. Tradition, masculinity and cultural bias are ideas that 'Uhila explores. Through his performance works he often seeks to promote a sense of understanding and togetherness. In 2020, 'Uhila was awarded the Harriet Friedlander Residency by the Arts Foundation of New Zealand.

LAYNE WAEREA

Layne Waerea (Ngāti Wāhiao, Ngāti Kahungunu, Pākehā) is an artist and educator interested in site-specific, socio-legal performance to video and photograph, and related performance writing and presentation. Recent work includes *Māori Love Hotel* (2020, Auckland), *But what if someone wanted to sue a river?* (2019, panel presentation AAANZ) and an ongoing participatory project, *the chasing fog club* (est. 2014).

MAUREEN LANDER

Maureen Lander MNZM (Ngāpuhi, Te Hikutū) is a multi-media installation artist whose work has contributed significantly to the recognition of weaving in a contemporary art context. Her artwork draws inspiration from woven fibre taonga in museum collections,

as well as from installation art practices. As an artist, Maureen is committed to innovation in a way that is deeply collaborative. Over recent years she has worked with or mentored a number of contemporary artists and weaving groups in the wider community. She has received wide recognition for her work including an Arts Laureate award in 2022.

MICK DOUGLAS

Mick Douglas is an artist and academic working across performance, art, social practice and performative writing. Recent work includes performance installations at MONA and The Performance Arcade, Wellington; establishing 'untitled station', a residential arts research place in the Australian Wimmera; and writings in journals *Performance Research* and *JAR*.

PAUL CULLEN

Paul Cullen (1949–2017) studied various disciplines, all of which informed his artistic practice and methodology. He graduated from the University of Auckland with a Bachelor of Science in 1971, a Diploma of Fine Arts (Hons) in 1975, a Master of Arts in 2000 and a PhD in Fine Arts in 2007. Cullen was a sculptor and installation artist. His celebrated career saw his work exhibited nationally and internationally and he was the recipient of several awards and residencies including a Moët et Chandon Artist Fellowship, France (1996), and a Senior Fulbright Award at Auburn University, Alabama (2012). Cullen's career spanned 40 years and he exhibited across Australasia. In the last two decades of his career, he pursued exhibition and itinerant projects in numerous international centres including Manchester, London, Halifax, Stockholm, Sydney, Melbourne, Seoul, Chung-Buk, São Paolo, Cheongu, Alabama, Los Angeles, Marfa, Munich and Berlin.

PAUL CULLEN ARCHIVE

The Paul Cullen Archive was established in 2017 to continue an archival process of artworks started by the artist in 2016. The archive also explores alternative archival modes to generate explorative methods and categories for structuring content, including the creation of 3D models of artworks and speculative publications. Since 2021, J.A. Kennedy has worked with the archive, assisting with archiving and the reinstallation of Cullen's *Discovery of Oxygen* series.

PHIL DADSON

Phil Dadson is a transdisciplinary artist, musician/composer with a practice spanning some 50 years across video, sound, performance, drawing, building and performing with experimental musical instruments. He is the founder of the acclaimed music/performance collective From Scratch. A lecturer in intermedia at Elam School of Fine Arts from 1977, he left in 2001 to take up full-time art practice. Dadson's awards include a New Zealand Arts Foundation Laureate, an ONZM, an Antarctic Artist Fellowship and the Fulbright-Wallace Headlands residency. Dadson lives in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland and is represented by Trish Clark Gallery and Circuit.org.nz.

RACHEL SHEARER

Rachel Shearer investigates sound as a medium through a range of practices: public urban/site-specific and gallery-based installations; studio-based composing of experimental sound experiences/music; collaborating as a sound designer or composer for moving image and live performance events; and writing. A focus in Shearer's work is thinking through Māori and Western philosophies and technologies about the materiality of sound and how we listen to the whenua.

RON BULL

Ron Bull is a Kāi Tahu mātauraka knowledge-holder and a linguist. He is part of the Kaihaukai Art Collective and together with Simon Kaan has produced social exchanges based around food nationally and internationally, including at the International Symposium of Electronic Arts (ISEA) and Te Papa Tongarewa the Museum of New Zealand. He has worked on collaborative art projects with artists such as Alex Monteith. Bull is a researcher on cross-cultural collaboration and engagement with place-based narratives through social art practice.

STEFAN MARKS

Stefan Marks is a creative technologist in the School of Future Environments at Auckland University of Technology. His main areas of research are collaborative extended reality (XR) and data visualisation or, as he prefers to call it, "data-driven, immersive storytelling". Stefan creates tools to turn complex or abstract information into visual, audible and other sensory forms to allow the human brain to perceive, discover and understand patterns and relations. Some of his projects have dealt with earthquake data, the human nasal cavity anatomy and artificial neural network connectivity.

STÌOBHAN LOTHIAN

Stìobhan Lothian is a sound artist/composer based in Aotearoa. His sound resume extends from near – collaborating on performance soundscapes at Unitec's School of Contemporary Dance – to far, working with sound artist/musician Alexei Borisov while living in Moscow. Other highlights include working with choreographers Alyx Duncan and Alexa Wilson; creating a sound installation for Cat Ruka's *Skulduggery*; and collaborating with composer Claire Cowan on Alys Longley's *Suture* production.

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