B.180

Bulletin
Christchurch Art Gallery
Te Puna o Waiwhetu

Winter
June — August 2015

EDITOR
DAVID SIMPSON

GALLERY CONTRIBUTORS
DIRECTOR: JENNY HARPER
CURATORIAL TEAM: KEN HALL,
FELICITY MILBURN, LARA STRONGMAN,
PETER VANGIONI
PUBLIC PROGRAMMES: LANA COLES
PHOTOGRAPHER: JOHN COLLIE

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE
AARON BEEHRE, JOHN COLLIE, BARBARA GARRIE,
BLAIR JACKSON, PHILIP MATTHEWS, SARAH PEPPERLE,
DAVID SIMPSON, LARA STRONGMAN, LUKE WOOD

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS
EMMA BUGDEN, BARRY CLEAVIN, SHANE COTTON,
SOPHIE DAVIS, FIONA FARRELL, BRYCE GALLOWAY,
DYLAN HORROCKS, ROGER HORROCKS, HAMISH KEITH,
JULIA MORISON, MELANIE OLIVER, BRUCE RUSSELL,
PETER SIMPSON, TAO WELLS

TEL: (+64 3) 941 7300
FAX: (+64 3) 941 7301
EMAIL: BULLETIN@CCC.GOVT.NZ,
INFO@CHRISTCHURCHARTGALLERY.ORG.NZ

PLEASE SEE THE BACK COVER FOR MORE DETAILS. WE WELCOME YOUR FEEDBACK AND SUGGESTIONS FOR FUTURE ARTICLES.

LEVEL ONE FOUNDATION PARTNERS
GRANT AND SANDRA CLOSE
GABRIELLE TASMAN
KEVIN AND JOANNA HICKMAN

LEVEL TWO FOUNDATION PARTNERS
ANDREW AND JENNY SMITH
JUNE GOLDSTEIN
MIKE AND SUE STENHOUSE
CHARLOTTE AND MARCEL GRAY
MICHAEL FLATMAN AND ANNA FOX
DAME JENNY GIBBS
LYNETTE AND JOHN MCFADDEN
SHEELAGH THOMPSON
CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY STAFF AND FAMILIES
GARTH AND LISA GALLAWAY

SMALL BUSINESS FOUNDATION PARTNERS
MODS HAIR
CAKES BY ANNA

CORPORATE SPONSOR
WESTPAC – BACKING THE BULL

DESIGN AND PRODUCTION
ART DIRECTION: AARON BEEHRE
EDITORIAL DESIGN: GEMMA BANKS, ALICE BUSH,
JESSY ERCEG, MATT FENNELL, SOPHIE GODDARD,
GEORGIA GUILFORD, SARAH JONES, KLAUDIA KRUPA,
LISA MALONEY, JOSE SANCHEZ, TONY SU

PRINTING: PMP LIMITED
ISSN 1176-0540 (PRINT)
ISSN 1179-6715 (ONLINE)


COSMO
Michael Parekowhai
Michael Parekowhai's Cosmo is an inflatable sculpture from Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu's collection.
It was given to the Gallery in 2013 by Wellington art collectors Jim Barr and Mary Barr, who wanted to contribute something 'big and joyous' to our post-earthquake reopening celebrations.
Cosmo encourages multiple and contradictory points of view about local history. Is he a cute bunny or a noxious pest? A kindly character or a symbol of colonial expansion? Predator or prey? Friend or foe? His ears are cocked as if he's listening for something; alert both to danger and to opportunity.
Parekowhai's giant rabbits have been shown all over the world, from Canada to Korea, Lithuania to Australia. This one's just popping up here for a few weeks as part of our Outer Spaces programme, but you'll be able to see him again this summer when the Gallery reopens.
The Gallery is increasingly reliant on its community, and the generosity of supporters like Jim Barr and Mary Barr. Last year our Foundation launched the TOGETHER campaign to help build a nationally significant art collection for the city – a collection that tells the world a little about Christchurch through this time.
reopen this summer, we'd like you there from the start.
of the stores along New Regent Street to find out
how to get TOGETHER with us.
HURCH
ERY
ON
ery.org.nz
Christchurch City Council
cactus

Friends

Joining the Friends of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu is a great way to support the arts in Christchurch, extend your knowledge of art and meet like-minded people.

The Gallery is reopening at the end of the year and we would love you to join us. Join the Friends before 31 August 2015 and enjoy a $10 discount on membership.*

To find out how to join visit christchurchartgallery.org.nz/friends

*Please use *Bulletin* as the discount code when making your purchase.

Contents

B.180

Please note: The opinions put forward in this magazine are not necessarily those of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu. All images reproduced courtesy of the artist or copyright holder unless otherwise stated.

Cover: Detail of *Printed Matter Inc.: Books by Artists*, New York: Printed Matter, 1981

Inside cover: Michael Parekowhai **Cosmo McMurtry** 2006. Woven nylon substrate, pigment, electrical components. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, the Jim Barr and Mary Barr Gift 2011. Reproduced with permission

Director's Foreword

This is the winter issue of *Bulletin*, but spring is just around the corner. It's hard not to feel optimistic when we're only three or four months away from beginning our phased return to the Gallery building. It's exciting, even from this distance, to imagine our reopening and the start of what we are billing as a Summer of Art. As you read this, the glass façade (arguably less 'iconic' with every new building that arrives in Christchurch) is being repaired; the base isolation project is continuing apace; and the interior spaces are being refitted. From this September a few staff will be able to return to the building, with the exhibitions team the first back to begin prepping for the rehanging of the collection.

While the Gallery has been closed, we've used this magazine and publications like David Cook's wonderful *Meet me in the Square: Christchurch 1983–1987* to engage with and expand our audience. That experience has prompted us to think about the value systems that can be applied to publishing and its role in building or bonding communities. So, this issue of *Bulletin* is focused primarily on aspects of the relationship between artists and the printed word; from low-budget photocopied zines to high-end letterpress titles, from dealer catalogues to academic monographs, the worlds of publishing and the visual arts (and their scholarship) are deeply intertwined.

We hear from Bryce Galloway on the immediacy, introversion and rough-as-guts aesthetic of the New Zealand zine scene. And, at the other end of the spectrum, Peter Simpson explores relationships between poet, printer, publisher and pugilist Denis Glover, the Caxton Press and the artists of The Group in Christchurch during the late 1930s and 1940s. Meanwhile, Sophie Davis looks at some of the alternative economies and distribution strategies that spring up around the fringes of publishing.

Sparked by the tone of the debate around Eleanor Catton's position as a recipient of public funding and the expectations that can become aligned to this, we've posed a question to a range of artists and commentators—when, how and in what ways should artists exercise their individual freedom to question or criticise society? The responses are interesting, and diverse.

Certainly artistic director Okwui Enwezor's Biennale of Art in Venice this year, *All the World's Futures*, is highly politicised. The imagination and commitment displayed by artists to commenting on issues of importance takes many forms, from extended readings of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*, to torn Syrian flags presented on the floor, to films imagining increasing individual regulation and roboticism, to New Zealand's own Simon Denny. Denny's much-acclaimed presentations in the Venice airport arrivals hall and in the Biblioteca Nazionale Marciana use the techniques and investigations of NSA to return the spotlight to

their activities. *Secret Power* is dense and needs careful attention to unlock its meanings, but certainly Denny is one of many artists at this biennale who provides what Enwezor describes as a series of metaphorical filters through which we can view the forces that keep artists awake, that become evidence of current oppositional thinking and statement.

This is because contemporary art and the commentaries of creative people which survive become part of how our history is told. Picasso's great painting *Guernica* (1937, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía), a complete knockout whenever you see it, remains the key twentieth-century example of an artist as critic—in line with the artist's wishes, this painting could not be returned to Spain while Franco lived.

During my own career I've seen how potent politicised art can be—from US artist Barbara Kruger's wonderfully taut, hard-hitting, wry statements about money and power (I organised an exhibition of her work at the former National Art Gallery's Shed 11 in 1988 and recently saw again some early works in London) to a single work by Peter Robinson, *Pakeha have rights too!* which I bought in 1996 for my office in the art history department at Victoria University of Wellington.

A striking piece with several layers of meaning, it was made on the artist's return from a period of time in Berlin. Back in Christchurch, the artist was dismayed by the activities and slogans of racist gangs (from which the title of the painting is drawn), as well as the exclusionary politics of Pauline Hanson in Queensland and Winston Peters in New Zealand. Robinson reports finding it really difficult to deploy the featured swastika, since whichever way around, it's so powerfully associated with Nazism. The controversies which ensued at Victoria taught me a good deal about the potency of the visual and how important it is to discuss and negotiate the terms on which artists or writers exercise their freedom—as well as the terms on which we show it. Because of course, for art galleries and museums, there's a parallel set of questions about when and how we show, publish and otherwise provide access to, work that is critical, questioning and exposes us to new angles. To what degree are our galleries and museums really 'safe places for dangerous ideas'? And how well do we manage public expectations as well as push boundaries?

Our Pagework in this edition is supplied by award-winning Wellington-based cartoonist Dylan Horrocks, whose *Sam Zabel and the Magic Pen* graphic novel has recently been published by AUP. Here Horrocks chooses to continue our theme by focusing our attention on the diverse list of cartoonists worldwide who have been punished for 'drawing pictures'.

My Favourite this quarter is provided by Banks Peninsula-based author Fiona Farrell, who picks Lonnie Hutchinson's *sista7*, and looks forward to seeing it installed once again in the reopened Gallery. I'm certain that's a sentiment we can all share in this, the final winter of the Gallery's post-earthquake closure.

Jenny Harper
Director
May 2015

The Book as Alternative Economy and Alternative Space

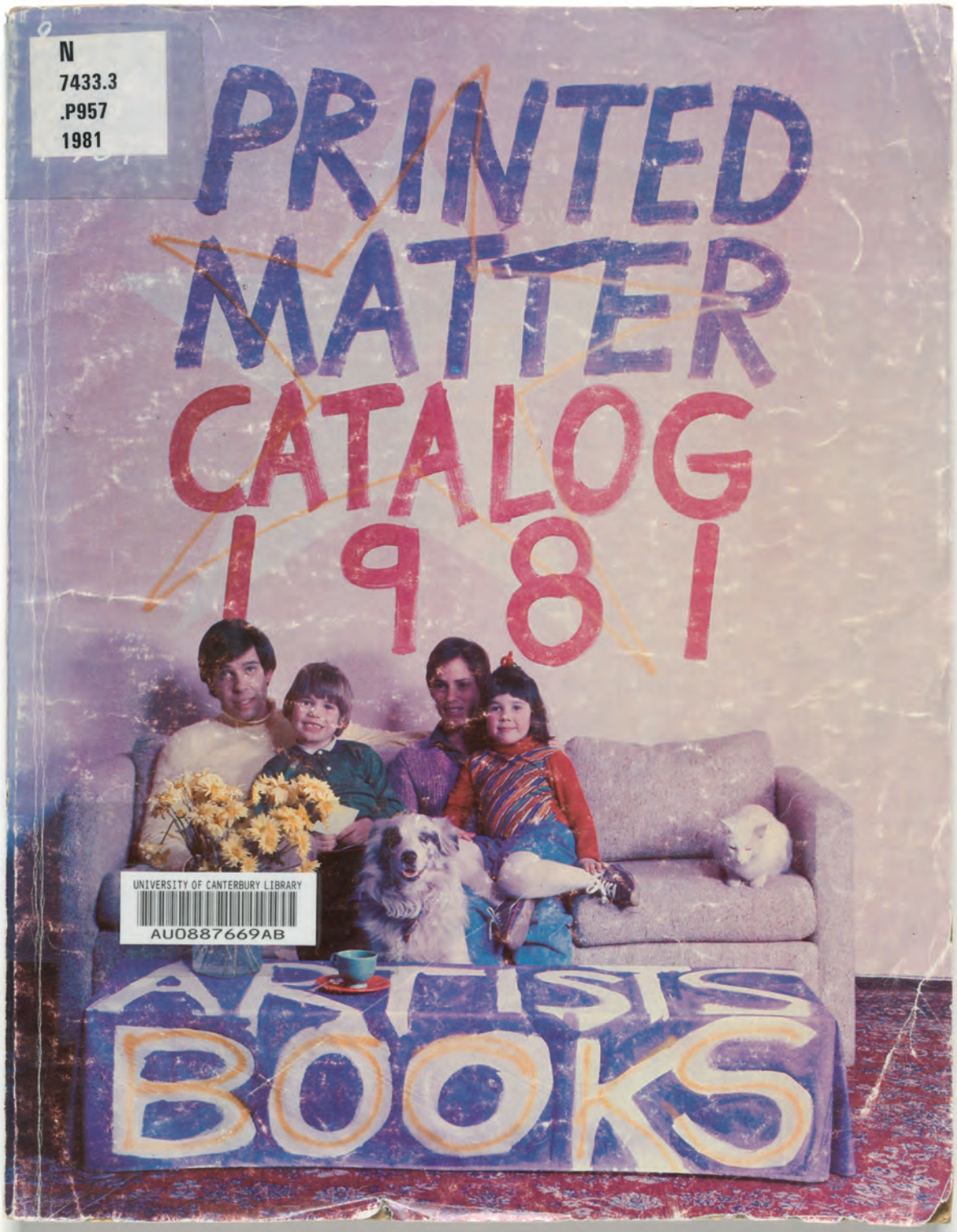
Sophie Davis

Louis Lüthi, *Infant A, The Social Life of the Book #03*, Paris: castillo/corrales, 2012, and Avigail Moss, *Kinesics of the Page, The Social Life of the Book # 04*, Paris: castillo/corrales, 2013

In Printed Matter's 1981 mail-order catalogue, artist Edit deAk enthusiastically described the 'many hands at work in the process of making and marketing the book'.[1] Turning the spotlight on individuals and groups involved in the production, distribution and sale of books by artists, deAk likened independent art publishing to activities 'like filmmaking or rock 'n' roll music.' While such comparisons with filmmaking have been relatively scarce over the past few decades, artists, publishers, designers and critics have continued to draw parallels between art publishing and independent music. In his introduction to *KIOSK Modes of Multiplication: A Sourcebook on Independent Art Publishing 1999–2009*, Moritz Wullen, deputy director of the Kunstbibliothek in Berlin, describes a 'scene … aptly named "independent publishing"—following the model of the musical avant-garde—which, since New Wave and Punk, has distinguished between the major labels and eccentric labels with religious zeal.'[2] And Paraguay Press, an imprint of Parisian bookshop castillo/corrales, is currently publishing a parallel series of small booklets exploring the ways books and records engage in social situations. Entitled *The Social Life of the Record* and *The Social Life of the Book*, each limited-edition booklet includes contributions by writers, artists, designers and booksellers or musicians, fans, critics, collectors, dealers and record-label owners respectively, who trace the relationships between making and distributing independent books and records today.

As disparate as these examples are, each emphasises the spirit of collectivity, counterculture and resistance that continues to drive independent music and artists' publishing. Moreover, they point towards the almost idiosyncratic manner by which books and music spark collaboration and connectivity through their production and distribution, generating similar relationships between artists and producers, distributors, stores, fans or audiences. Existing at the intersection of disciplines and creative practices such as graphic design and literature, publications by artists provide opportunities to exploit and expand such networks.

Art publisher and designer Christoph Keller explored the egalitarian qualities of the book medium in an open letter to a colleague in 2008, proposing that 'books make friends'—a line that has since been quoted frequently within discussions of independent art publishing, and positions friendship and connection as its own form of currency.[3] Though this sentiment has been prevalent in the field of independent publications for quite some time, it is particularly relevant within the current digital and global context of contemporary art and exhibition culture, where publishing communities have been mobilised by international distribution networks as



Printed Matter Inc.: Books by Artists, New York: Printed Matter, 1981

well as partnerships between institutions, websites and online bookstores.

Comparison between books and music also points towards the underlying desire to generate alternative economies outside of established traditions and institutions within the cultural sphere. The very labels 'independent publishing' or 'independent music' denote some form of emancipation from the compromises or value-systems of their mainstream counterparts—an idea that formed a large part of the impetus for the historical development of artists' publishing. During the 1970s and early 1980s, many artists and critics exploited different types of printed matter in order to try and circumvent the art market and gallery system. Lucy Lippard described books produced by artists around this time as 'a declaration of independence by artists who speak, publish and at least try to distribute themselves.'[4]

The term 'democratic multiple' emerged in the 1970s to encompass inexpensive, multiple-edition booklets, postcards, artists' books and pamphlets exploiting commercial production methods. The label originally celebrated books and other printed multiples for their affordability, accessibility, and their ability to be multiplied and distributed on a larger scale, qualities that related back to an underlying hope that these objects would reach and enchant a broader public. Yet critics such as Lippard, a founder of Printed Matter and one of the chief proponents of the democratic multiple, began to critique some of these ideas as early as 1983. In her essay 'Conspicuous Consumption: New Artists' Books', Lippard noted that during this time, 'despite sincere avowals of populist intent, there was still little understanding of the fact that the accessibility of the cheap, portable [book] form did not carry over to that of the contents.'[5] While the publications may be cheap and readily accessible, the ability to engage with these works frequently requires institutional framing or inside knowledge of the art world and art history.

The idea of emancipation continues to conflict with some of the social and economic realities of producing and distributing books and printed matter. In today's climate of art publishing, individual projects often exist within complex networks of artists, designers, publishers, booksellers, distributors, curators, museums, galleries and funding bodies. As each of these parties hold their own ideals and agendas, a certain amount of bargaining must take place to get publications off the ground. Moreover, while independent art publishing projects may not be commercially driven, or sometimes even commercially viable, they may be deeply embedded within other economies, such as education and public arts funding, where they act as forms of currency. As collectable, fetishised objects that require a certain level of cultural capital to engage with, independent publications are certainly part of the mass-market of cultural commodities. Indeed, perhaps one of the unique characteristics of artists' publications is the way they tread the line between elitism and exclusivity, collectivity and popular values.

The tensions and political possibilities of distributed media have long provided fertile ground for artistic enquiry. From the manifestos of the Modernist avant-garde, to mail art and artists' books, to new-media works that engage with communication technologies, distribution and circulation are definitive paradigms of twentieth-century art history. While a larger print run or wider distribution circle did not necessarily allow artists and publishers to achieve the goals of the 1960s and 1970s, the possibilities of multiplication and distribution continue to drive independent art publishing in

the post-internet era. A new generation of artists, designers and writers is producing publications that are democratically available, free or inexpensive and sometimes produced both online and in print. Contemporary artists are exploring distribution strategies in order to meet or resist some of the common goals, demands and preoccupations of artistic production in the twenty-first century.

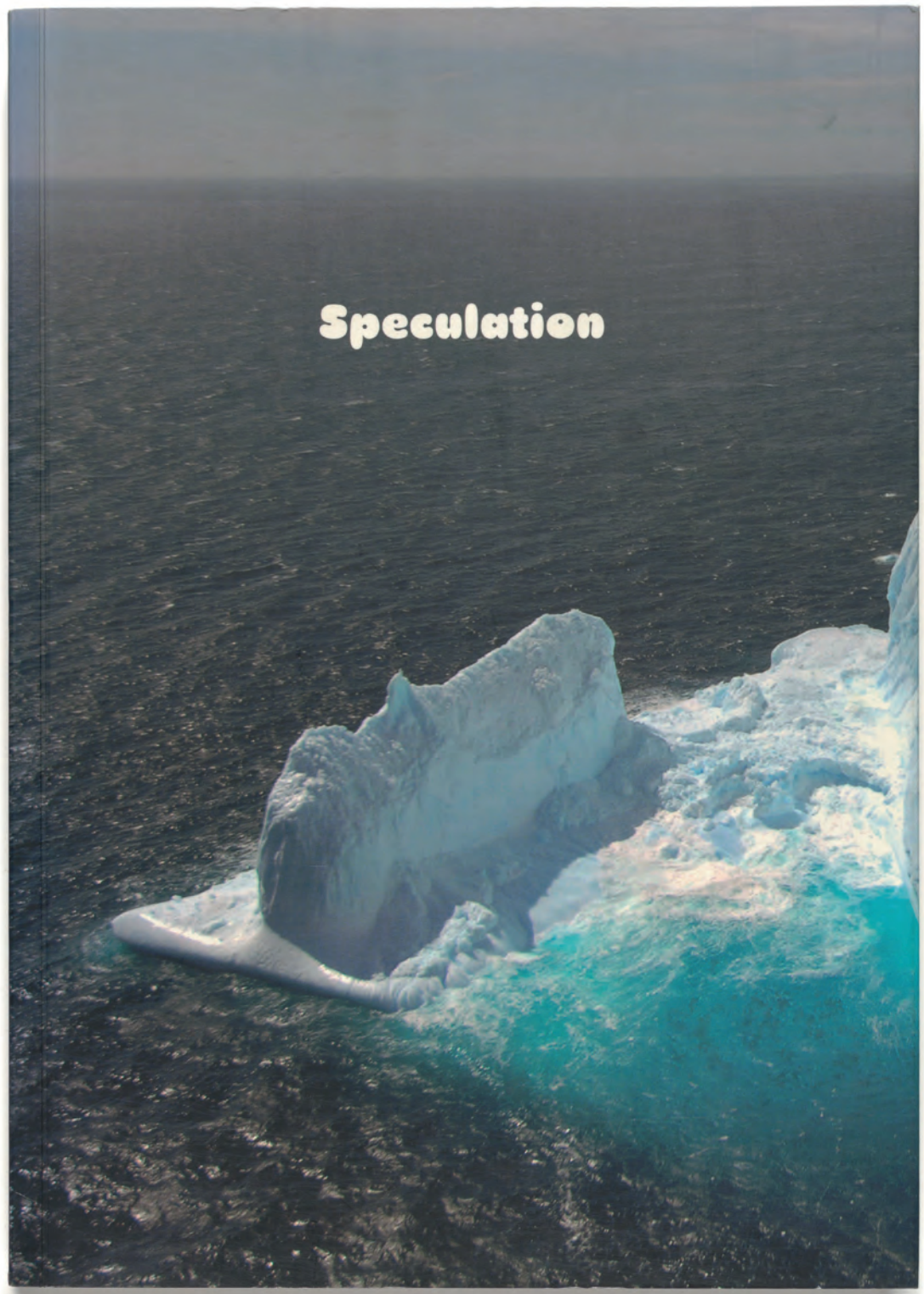
Some of these strategies are explored by artist Seth Price in his well-known essay *Dispersion* (2002). Price considers how artists engage with 'the material and discursive technologies' of distributed media in order to interrogate 'the circuits of money and power that regulate the flow of culture'.[6] He argues that in order to think about the dispersal and circulation of art in the post-internet era, we must re-think the idea of what is public: 'publicness today has as much to do with sites of production and reproduction as any supposed physical commons, so a popular album could be regarded as a more successful instance of public art than a monument tucked away in an urban plaza.'[7] While it is important to recognise the new means and mediums of communication being used by artists to circulate their work, we must also consider how new media influences the formation of publics.

As a medium that challenges conventional art-world boundaries between production and distribution, books provide opportunities for artists and publishers to create their own rules of engagement with audiences. Artist and educator Maria Fusco explored this idea in 2008, when she characterised her own print-based projects as employing similar methodologies of dissemination and distribution to 'folksonomic tagging—the little blue tags on Wikipedia pages where you can link to other sections', allowing developers to create more intuitive pathways through the website.[8] She argued:

> There is something interesting … in how you interest people in your work, how you create an audience for your work and how you sustain an audience for your work. Here's a quote from Michel de Certeau from *The Practice of Everyday Life*: 'The means of diffusion are now dominating the ideas they diffuse'. That is a very interesting quote, certainly for the practice of artists' books, where you are looking at something that by its very nature is metacritical, or is reflecting, or looking, or pointing back at its own conventions of form. [9]

Rather than imagining their books somehow finding their way into the hands of a general public (the ultimate goal of a previous generation of artists), independent publishers and artists now tend to address curious, like-minded readers, who work, study or socialise within similar circles. Los Angeles-based artist and writer Frances Stark goes as far as describing herself as the ideal audience member for her own limited-edition publication, *The Unspeakable Compromise of the Portable Work of Art: #16 in a Series of 16, THIS WHOLE THING, or, A Bird's Eye View* (2002).[10] She compares her publication to a letter to her audience, noting that 'letter writing is a lot about how well you know who you're writing a letter to'. She writes:

> When putting together this book … I was really trying to think about the immediate, receptive audience for my work; dealers, curators, other artists that I interact with. Sometimes you don't even know whether your closest friends are in your audience or not. That is what has always bugged me about this so-called art world. Unless you're a Type-A omnivore and/or a high energy sycophant, the 'art world' (probably a bad habit word to begin with) can easily be stripped of your most sympathetic patrons and morph into a hateable panel of semi-anonymous pseudo experts against whom you feel forced to rebel. I would much



Brian Butler (ed.), *Speculation*, Zurich: JRP Ringier and the Venice Project, Aotearoa New Zealand, 2007

‘The ability of books to travel and to act as an alternative space for art holds particular significance for New Zealand artists, curators and writers, who continue to use publishing as a way to generate an international presence, and as a resourceful way to participate in social networks of production and presentation beyond our immediate geographical surroundings.’

rather get to know, understand and communicate with the audience I have built as these are the meaningful relationships which shape my world.[11]

Stark uses her publication to draw our attention to the various social and professional networks that support her artistic practice. Furthermore, she suggests that the knowledge of such networks is necessary for a reflexive and critically engaged art practice as the audience becomes a focus of her writing.

Yet audiences for publishing projects are also generated through strategic partnerships with institutions, funders and other publishing houses. Within the international ecologies of the art market, public funding channels and the gallery and education systems, different actors create distribution channels, new audiences and financial support for independent art-publishing projects. Currently, one of the priorities of New Zealand’s own arts-funding agency Creative New Zealand is to support initiatives that build relationships with communities overseas—a goal which encompasses international residencies, touring exhibitions and postgraduate study in overseas institutions, as well as publications. Within this context, books are often employed as economic vehicles to ‘export’ the work of New Zealand artists, or to relay a new body of work from expat artists to audiences back home (recent examples include publications by Simon Denny, Ruth Buchanan and Michael Stevenson).[12] The ability of books to travel and to act as an alternative space for art holds particular significance for New Zealand artists, curators and writers, who continue to use publishing as a way to generate an international presence, and as a resourceful way to participate in social networks of production and presentation beyond our immediate geographical surroundings.

The book *Speculation* (2007), edited by Brian Butler, is perhaps the best-known example of this phenomenon in recent New Zealand art history. *Speculation* was produced in place of a New Zealand Pavillion at the 52nd Venice Biennale, while government funding was under review and its future uncertain. Rather than have no representation from New Zealand at Venice, eight curators each selected a group of artists they believed could be sent to future biennales, pointing towards a series of potential projects which could take place if funding and support was allocated. The book’s cover includes an aerial photograph of icebergs that appeared off the coast of Dunedin in November 2006. Evocative of air travel and geographical remoteness, it illustrates our fixed location at the ‘edge of the world’—a familiar preoccupation of New Zealand artists such as Julian Dashper—in juxtaposition with the portability of the book itself. A quote from Ernest Rutherford on the first page reads ‘we don’t have the money, so we have to think’, emphasising the possibilities

of critically engaging with the pragmatics or limitations of presenting and circulating artwork.[13]

By inviting us to consider various tensions and possibilities within this global, digital and increasingly professionalised sphere, independent publishing is playing a new role within a contemporary art landscape. Books developed in collaboration with designers, writers, publishers and institutions often establish their own economies of exchange that also determine how audiences are generated. Although these works embody a certain spirit of resistance, they are also aware of their own complicity within systems of cultural currency. And by merging sites of production and distribution, practitioners are able to engage independent publishing in its most dynamic form—a generative and collaborative activity that develops a public.

Sophie Davis *is currently studying towards an MA in Art History at the University of Canterbury. She is co-founder of North Projects, an artist-run space in Christchurch.*

Notes

1. Printed Matter is a non-profit organisation dedicated to the dissemination, understanding and appreciation of artists' books. Printed Matter distributes over 20,000 publications annually through a store in Chelsea, an online catalogue and other distribution channels. DeAk's quote is from 'According to the Book' in *Printed Matter Inc.: Books by Artists*, New York: Printed Matter, 1981, p.5.
2. Moritz Wullen, 'Preface' in Christoph Keller and Michael Lailach (eds.), *KIOSK Modes of Multiplication: A Sourcebook on Independent Art Publishing 1999-2009*, Zurich: JRP Ringier and Kunstbibliothek Staatliche Museen zu Berlin, 2009, p.6.
3. Christoph Keller, 'Re: A Place Where Things Cannot Come to Their End', in *Books Make Friends*, Culturgest: Roma Publications, 2006, p.9.
4. Lucy Lippard, 'Conspicuous Consumption' in Joan Lyons (ed.), *Artists' Books: A Critical Anthology and Sourcebook*, New York: Peregrine Smith Books in association with Visual Studies Workshop Press, 1985, pp.49–50.
5. Ibid., p.50.
6. Seth Price, *Dispersion, 2002*, http://www.distributedhistory.com/Dispersion08.pdf.
7. Ibid.
8. Maria Fusco, 'Alternative Methods of Distribution for Artist's Books and 1982, Doom Knots', in *What Will Be the Canon for the Artist's Book in the 21st Century*, Bristol, University of West England, 2010, http://www.bookarts.uwe.ac.uk/cases_canon/fusco.pdf.
9. Ibid.
10. Frances Stark 'The Unspeakable Compromise of the Portable Work of Art: #16 in a Series of 16, THIS WHOLE THING, or A Bird's Eye View' (2002) reproduced in Frances Stark, *Collected Writing 1993–2003*, London, Bookworks, 2003, p.130.
11. Ibid.
12. For instance, Creative New Zealand has four strategic goals, one of which is 'New Zealand artists gain international success': http://www.creativenz.govt.nz/en/results-of-our-work/funding-statistics/our-goals.
13. Brian Butler (ed.), *Speculation*, Zurich: JRP Ringier and the Venice Project, Aotearoa New Zealand, 2007.

An Invitation to Participate

Zine-making in New Zealand

You might be well aware of fanzines as a form of analogue self-publishing in and around your own arts community. Or they might be somewhat peripheral to the particularity of your engagement with the arts.

For the uninitiated, the word fanzine is often shortened to zine, and is pronounced 'zeen', as in 'magazine'. This abbreviation doesn't merely signal a growing ubiquity, or an economy of syllables for those (like myself) who say or write the word a lot, it also speaks to the shift away from fandom to a growing eclecticism—bringing the lie to anyone attempting to describe zines as a genre.

Zines are now comics, fictions, facts, lists, taxonomies, collages, homages, instructional narratives, travel diaries, letterpress *objets*, poems, musings, interviews, illustrations and many many things besides. Some are direct; more are oblique. They are defined almost solely by their small print runs, which enable their indulgent and idiosyncratic nature. However, what today's zines still share with the fandom suggested by their long-form name is obsessiveness, even if this is more likely to be a contrary obsessiveness of process, particularity or voice, than a besotted obsession with a renowned entity (rock god) or field (science fiction).

Jenny Crowther's *Exercises in Futility* obsesses over the minutiae of her autobiographical everyday, using copier-tone textures, photographs and writing; Beth Ducklingmonster trawls through the ephemera generated by her own garage-rock activities; and James Lainchbury persistently usurps the legacy of Sigmund Freud and his nephew Edward Bernays in his photo-comics.

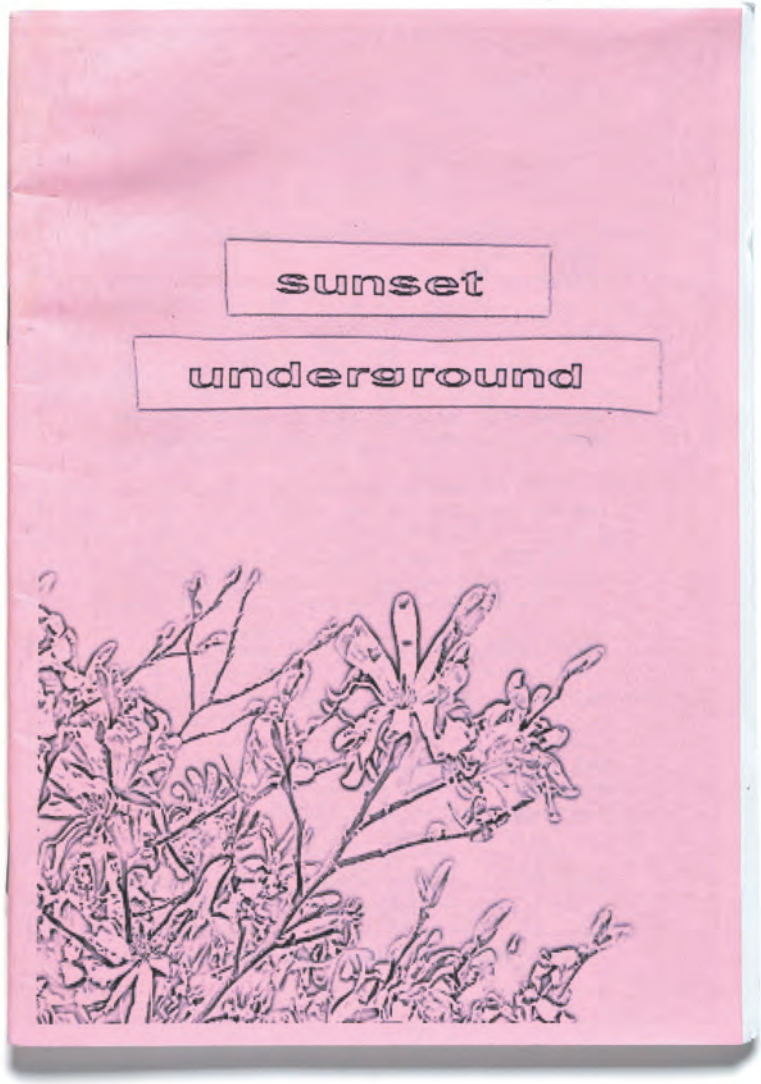
Science-fiction fans birthed the word 'fanzine' in the 1940s, employing it to describe the amateur science-fiction fan magazines already in existence. These fanzines were often produced on mimeograph machines—an accessible stencil-based technology that was eventually outmoded by the photocopier. Sci-fi fanzines published the letters of their readership, establishing a cycle of free exchange, with the reader becoming contributor.

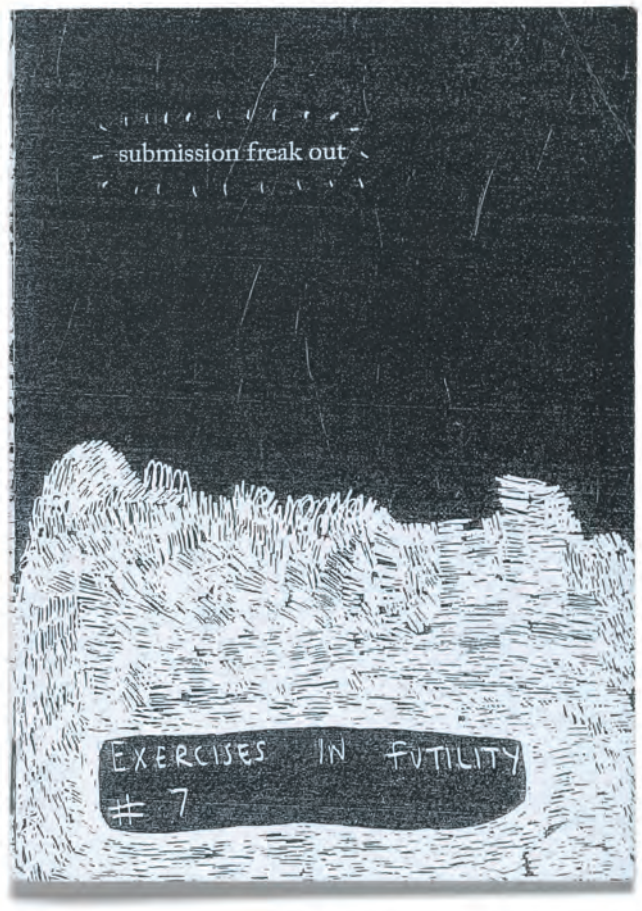
More tangible to many 'zinesters' (zine-makers) is the medium's links to punk rock. Seminal zines *Punk* and *Sniffin' Glue* defined their respective scenes in New York and London—the twin birthplaces of punk rock. *Punk*'s John Holmstrom hand-lettered articles on the bands of the CBGB scene. Mark Perry bashed *Sniffin' Glue* out on a typewriter, reserving his cack-handed lettering for titles. Zine-making spread through punk rock's subsequent mutations—US hardcore and the politicised anarcho-punk exemplified by the Essex-based band Crass.

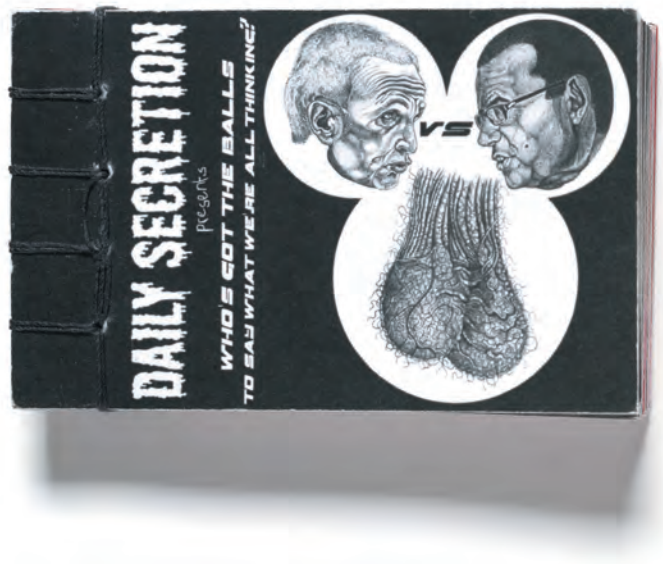
By the mid 1980s New Zealand had its own zines. Richard Langston's *Garage* covered the Flying Nun stable and its ilk (a real New Zealand translation of the punk urge); a more recognisably anarcho-punk mix of local punk and politics was identified by Simon Cottle's *Anarcho-Pacifist*, *Anti-System* and *Social Dis-ease*.

The US zine scene was revitalised by grunge and Riot Grrrl feminism, while US post-punk and Riot Grrrl informed the catalogues of all three New Zealand zine 'distros' (distributors) opening shop online and offline from 2000: Moira Clunie's Moonrocket, Kerry Ann Lee's Red Letter Zine Distro, and Cherry Bomb Comics, run by Melissa Steiner and Tui Gordon.

Clunie also organised New Zealand's first 'zinefest' (zine festival). small print took place in Auckland in 2003 and 2005, and was attended by the young women who went on to instigate Wellington and Auckland zinefests, former pen-pals Kylie Buck and Tessa Stubbing. The influence of Wellington and Auckland zinefests brings us up to the present day and the array of zine forums currently operating across New Zealand.







Top left:
Author not credited, *Sunset Underground #1*, Plimmerton

Top right:
Author not credited, *Exercises in Futility #7*, Christchurch

Right:
Author not credited, *Daily Secretion Presents: Who's Got The Balls (To Say What We're All Thinking)?*, Wellington

As if to assert the analogue manifestation of fanzines, the zinefest has come to replace the distro as the place to find fanzines in New Zealand. There are now annual zinefests in Auckland, Hamilton, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin. Orbiting these events is a scattershot of retailers. On-loan zine collections can be found in the municipal public libraries of Auckland and Wellington; the Hocken Library has a reference collection, and Hamilton Library launched theirs in conjunction with the city's second zinefest in May. Zines have become a vehicle for visual, textual and political expression at various high schools and tertiary institutions, both inside and outside of the curriculum. And newzealandzinereview.org posts a weekly zine review.

That zinefests have replaced the distros speaks to the increasing self-consciousness with which one might choose to create an analogue publication in a world gone online. In his seminal book *Subculture: The Meaning of Style* (1979), Dick Hebdige described the sense of urgency with which 'typing errors and grammatical mistakes, misspellings and jumbled pagination were left uncorrected in the [zines'] final proof'. But the urgency that engendered the 'rough as guts' aesthetic of yer average punk zine is undone in a world of immediate online posting.

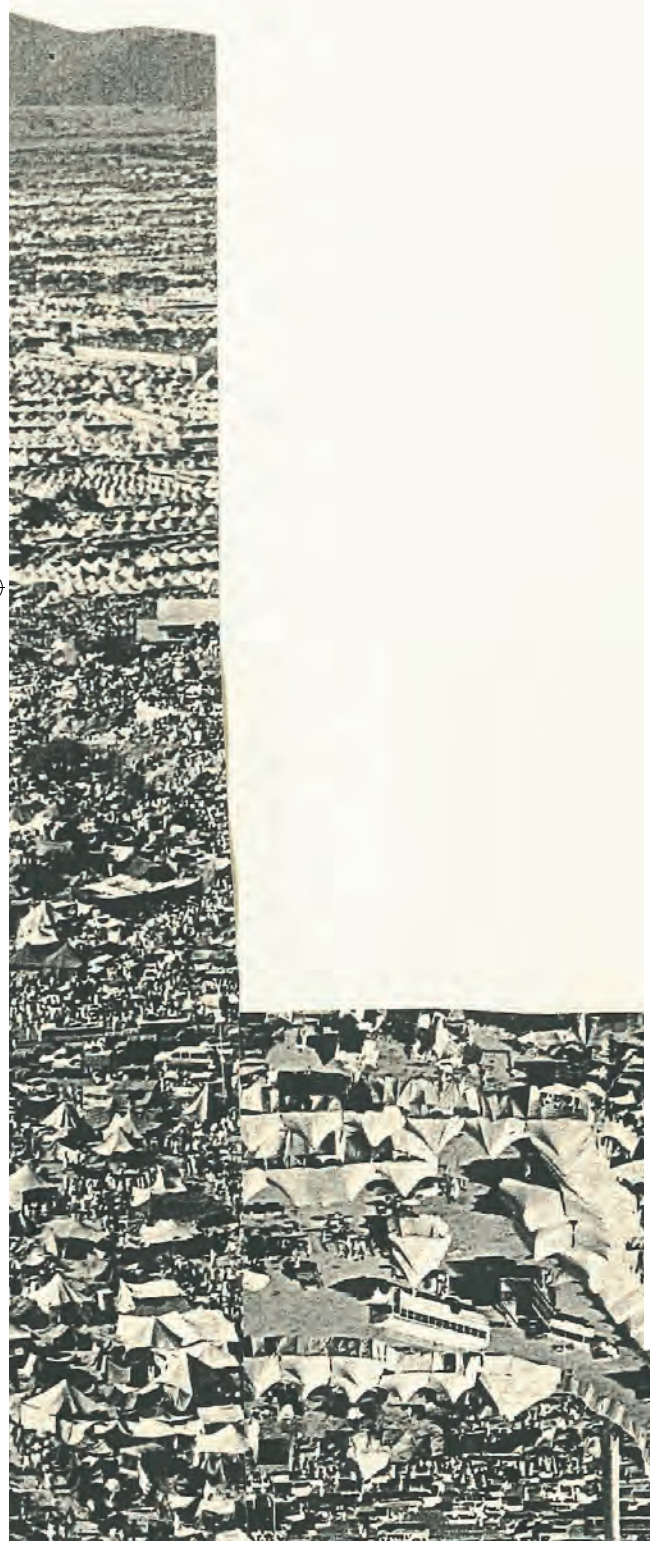
In a 1996 essay for the *JPSC: Journal for the Psychoanalysis of Culture & Society*, Fred Wright tries to make sense of zines amidst their post-grunge/Riot Grrrl resurgence. Wright decides these barely-formed objects 'assuage the publisher's body-ego desires or vulnerabilities' through their addition to the mediascape, where they might smile their gappy smiles back at the zinester. But perhaps Wright missed something by pathologising the mass of zine-makers as individuals suffering pre-millennial alienation, without acknowledging their knowing counter-cultural allegiances. Towards the essay's close—almost as an aside—Wright offers that the zinester 'may also publish [...] to antagonise the Symbolic Other'. With this Wright gets closer to the reflexivity with which many zinesters decide to make zines. Projected onto our contemporary online mediascape, one can imagine the attraction of the zine as barely-formed textual object; its misaligned staples and toner dropout ever more antagonistic to the slickness with which identities parade their PR shots or construct their charming Facebook selves for the shiny screen. However, this depiction of the zinester as revelling in the abjection of the form describes only one zone.

In another zone, there are those who might describe their zines as *objets*. This is a place where very small print runs are individually numbered to announce their exclusivity. Uncommon paper stock will be resized, colour-copied and hand-stitched to craft beautiful artefacts.

As an old punk, I was horrified to realise there were self-identifying zinesters carrying on like this. But an acknowledgement of the online migration of more informational texts has made me realise that all zines are now more or less defined by their thingness.

Zinefest patrons lovingly turn such papery objects in their hands, appreciating the time invested in their particularity. Ten or twenty dollars will be handed over before the object is delicately placed, with care not to dog-ear any page-corners, in the buyer's satchel. Back in the other camp, a single dollar is exchanged for a four-page black-and-white pamphlet that is folded-up and shoved into the arse pocket of a pair of jeans.

Hawthorne Fuller, with drawings by
Mark Braunias, *John Dory Report #35*,
Christchurch / Wellington



At New Zealand's various zinefests, these seemingly at-odds zinesters make common ground as self-publishers. Whether they think of themselves as artisans, political-animals, aesthetes or punks, self-publishing within such zine forums is still a 'pay no dues' activity, as it was for those punk rock originals. No art dealer, no editor, no publishing house, no proposal panel or patron has decided that you may participate in greeting the public with your cultural product.

Sure, this is a modest version of 'going public', but it is going public nevertheless. Hundreds of bodies squish through the venues for Auckland and Wellington zinefests, where amassed patrons peruse zines directly across trestle tables from their creators.

Zinefests around the country regularly charge stall-holders as much as five dollars to pitch their wares. These events have also shown an incredible capacity to grow with the demand placed on them by increasing stall-holder applications. All are run by an unpaid committee working with modest local arts funding, or almost as often, with no budget at all (as was the case with the inaugural Christchurch Zinefest in 2011).

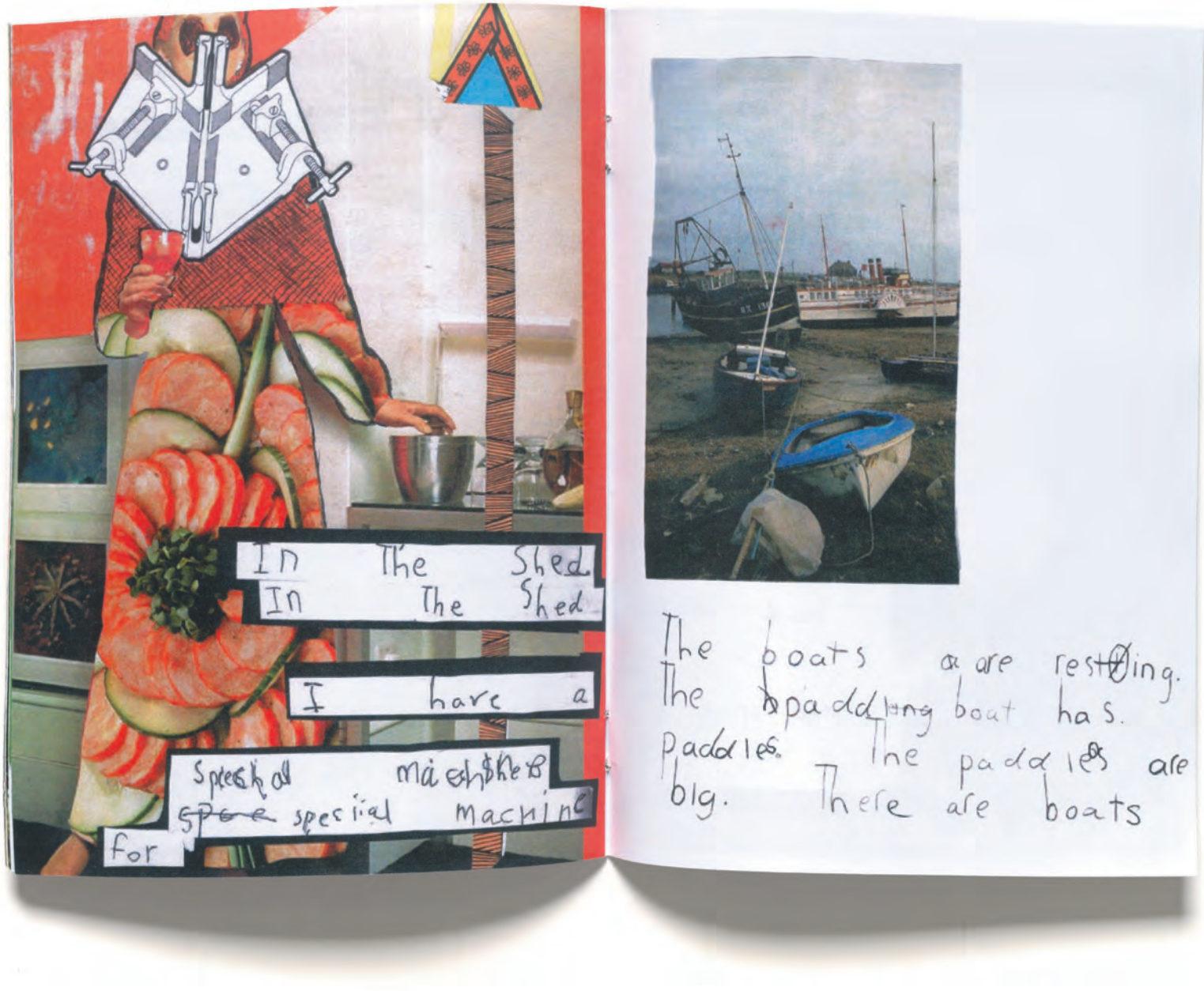
Orbiting the central zine market, New Zealand zinefests may also include free talks and workshops, best-of-fest zine awards, a zine library, make-a-page collaborative zine tables, a 24-hour zine challenge, and/or an after party.

Libraries offer a more sedate environment for the perusal of zine titles. Ironically, contrasting genres might be sandwiched together in all their skinniness, displaying less discrete identification than offered at a zinefest, where a gander down an aisle might take one past a stall of feminist narratives, a stall where the zines function like contemporary art objects, then to a stall selling X-rated comics and on past some letter-pressed volumes of poetry (I'd like to declare otherwise, but the sellers of these wares might also impart beclothed clues as to their genre of choice).

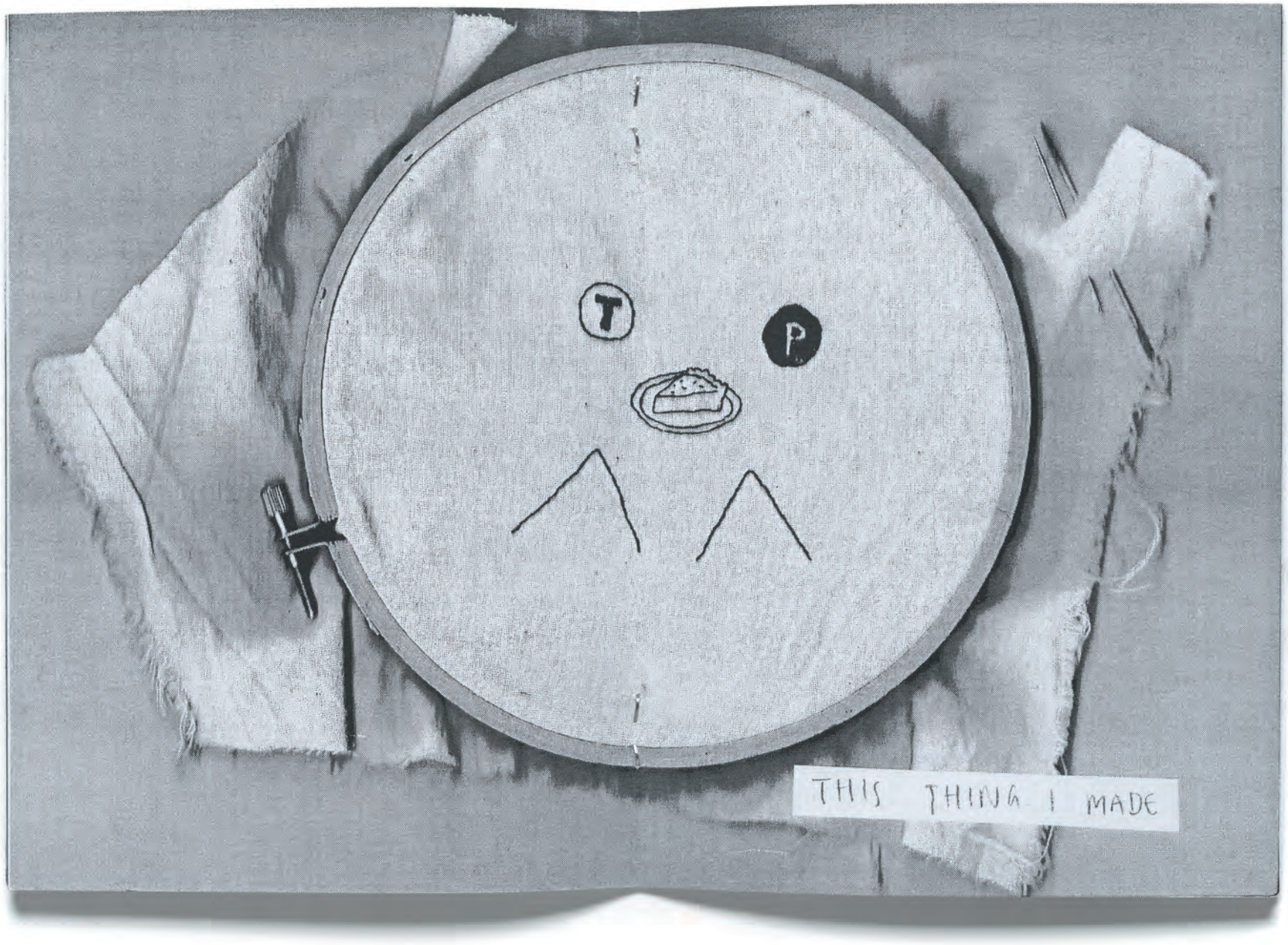
Outlets selling fanzines do of course wear their particularity of interest up front. Auckland's Audio Foundation Hub would probably prefer titles that intersect with their mission to support fringe New Zealand music, but their awareness of the historical significance of zines to the likes of punk and Riot Grrrl means they support the form in a more holistic manner. A comics shop like Wellington's Graphic would prefer comics, but again, they'd probably indulge zines in acknowledgement of recent conflation of local indie comics and zine networks. And despite the anarchist leanings of Black Star Books Ōtepoti, they are probably prepared to acknowledge the egalitarianism of zines per se, and open their shelves to all-comers. Then there's the occasional free-of-charge title that can be found nestled amongst the cafe flyers.

As an art school lecturer at Massey's Wellington campus, I was ambivalent about the opportunity to offer zine-making electives within the undergraduate programme. Should this all-comers medium meet the qualifying gaze of academic scrutiny? In the end, one of the factors that persuaded me to do so was the opportunity to insist that students truly 'go public'. I'd had students present me with pseudo-zines of which there were two copies in existence (one for the student, and one for me). Running a zine-making elective enabled me to insist upon greater multiples and considered distribution strategies.

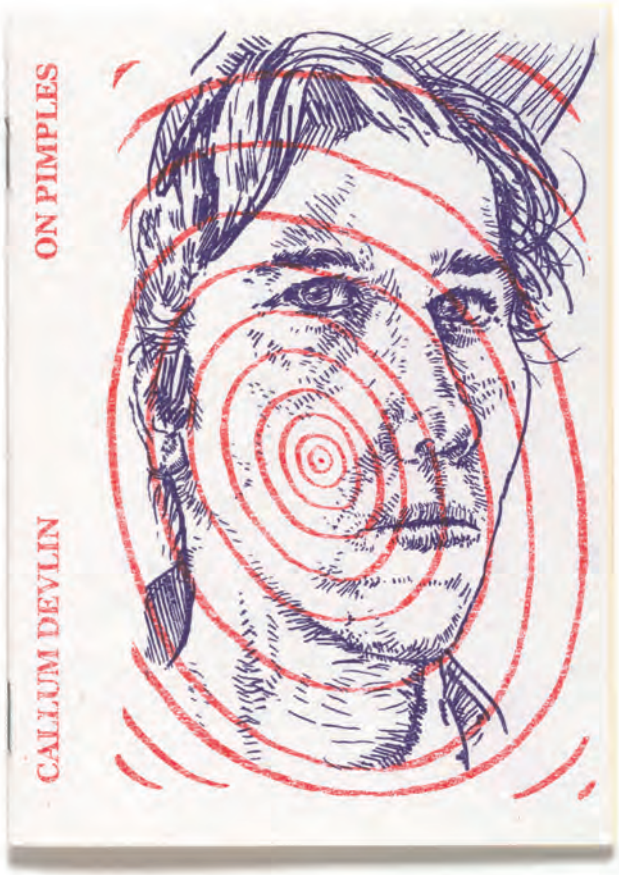
Zines were strung from trees, left in alleyways, handed out at heavy metal gigs, and posted to high-school teachers.



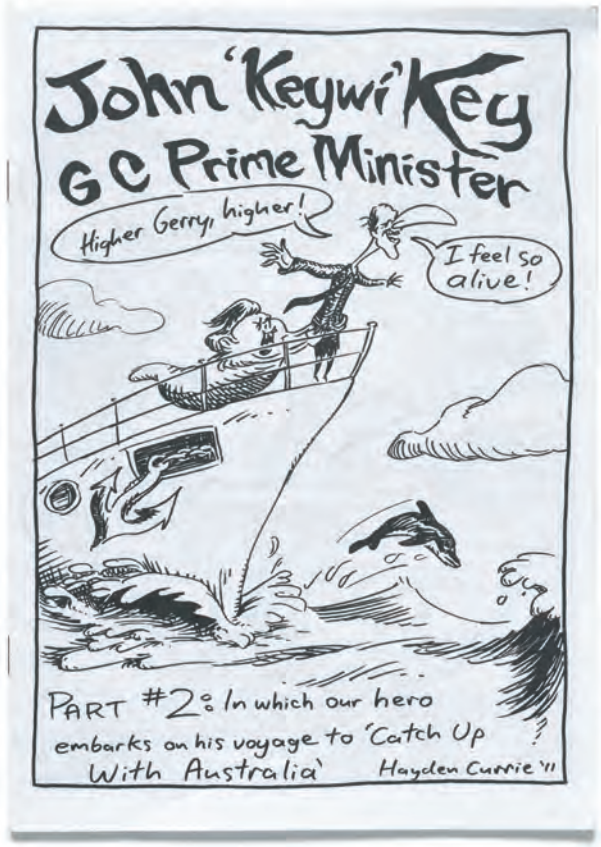
Author not credited, *Health, Wealth And Happiness #2*, Auckland



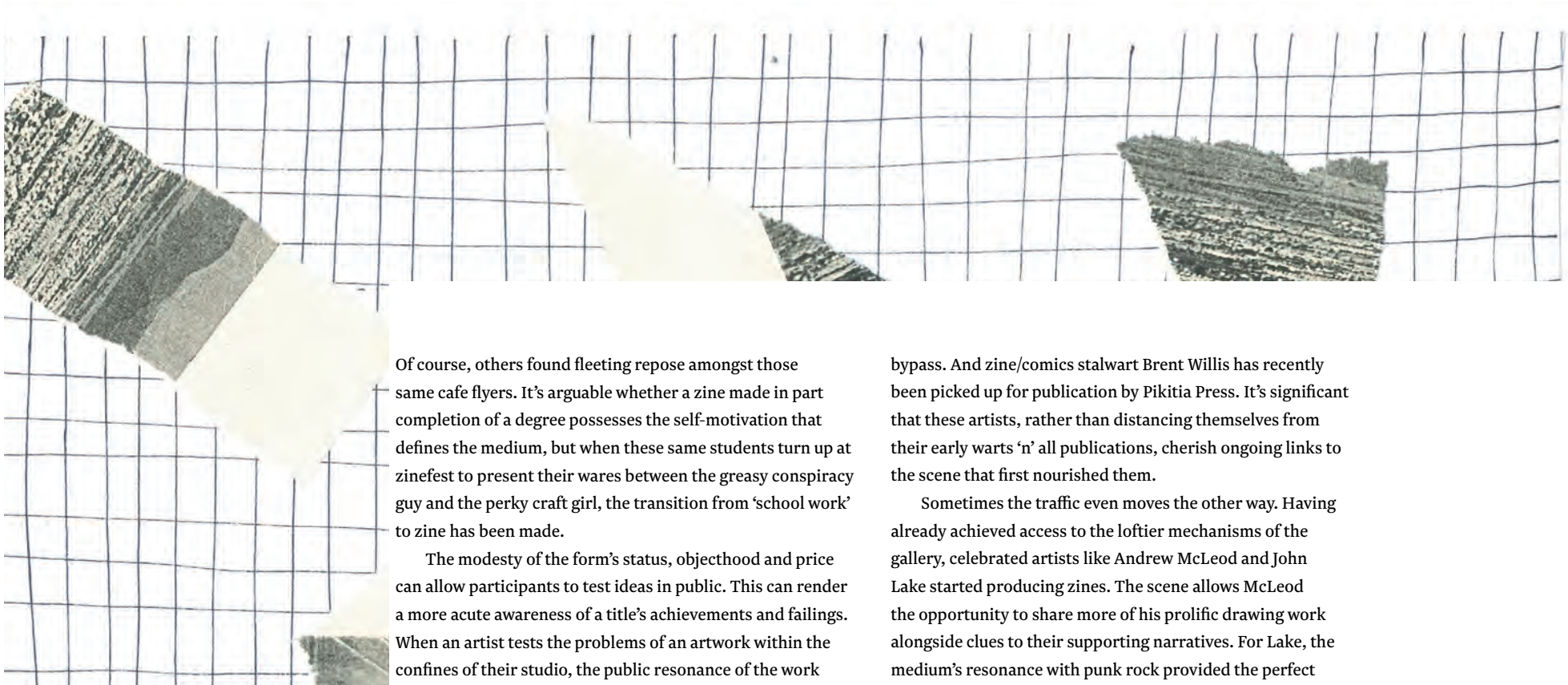
Author not credited, *Exercises in Futility #5*,
Christchurch



Callum Devlin, *On Pimples*, Wellington



Hayden Currie, *John 'Keywi' Key—G C Prime Minister #2*, Wellington



Of course, others found fleeting repose amongst those same cafe flyers. It's arguable whether a zine made in part completion of a degree possesses the self-motivation that defines the medium, but when these same students turn up at zinefest to present their wares between the greasy conspiracy guy and the perky craft girl, the transition from 'school work' to zine has been made.

The modesty of the form's status, objecthood and price can allow participants to test ideas in public. This can render a more acute awareness of a title's achievements and failings. When an artist tests the problems of an artwork within the confines of their studio, the public resonance of the work often remains unknown until it is unveiled as finished and finite within the venerating machine that is the white cube/gallery. That sounds like a pretty scary existence for an artist. The modesty of zines suggests they are forever processual. The seminal 1998 book *Zine Scene* (by Francesca Lia Block and Hillary Carlip) promoted the idea that making zines was a case of doing it, publishing it, regretting it and moving on. Of course, this invitation to the processual playground of zine-making, can, conversely, be used as an excuse to publish any old crap. The audience definitely have to keep their critical faculties engaged while looking for the best of zines, including those needed to find 'rough-diamonds' that aren't merely rough. But don't we filter the exhibitions and books we give our time to in just the same way?

Sometimes zinesters use this processual playground to develop skills that they then apply to professional platforms, as artists, designers, magazine publishers or other. The cut 'n' paste tilt of punk collage has informed the public or gallery art of zinester Kerry Ann Lee. New Zealand/Taiwan magazine *White Fungus* started life as a photocopied text of protest, hurled anonymously through the doors of local businesses during the period of protest against Wellington's inner-city bypass. And zine/comics stalwart Brent Willis has recently been picked up for publication by Pikitia Press. It's significant that these artists, rather than distancing themselves from their early warts 'n' all publications, cherish ongoing links to the scene that first nourished them.

Sometimes the traffic even moves the other way. Having already achieved access to the loftier mechanisms of the gallery, celebrated artists like Andrew McLeod and John Lake started producing zines. The scene allows McLeod the opportunity to share more of his prolific drawing work alongside clues to their supporting narratives. For Lake, the medium's resonance with punk rock provided the perfect vehicle for discoveries about the Beijing punk scene made during his Asia New Zealand Foundation residency, resulting in the zine *Up The Punks #1: China Syndrome*.

The modesty of zines acts as a wonderful invitation to participate, whether you're an untrained artist frustrated by your IT job, a recent art/design graduate or an established artist looking to breathe amongst the zine scene's processual playground.

I may personally feel like championing the scene's next inclination, or I may feel like criticising it. Either way, this zinester will remain an engaged participant within, and a curious observer without. Future inclinations seem destined to happen within a growing eclecticism that will surely foster the creation of some diverse and unmissable titles. Get ye to zinefest.

Bryce Galloway *is a zine-maker/artist and senior lecturer in Fine Arts at Massey University, Wellington.*

Grant Banbury
A Different Light

***Grant Banbury** has been involved in the Christchurch art world since the early 1970s in many different roles: as artist, critic, writer, educator, curator and gallerist. In March 2015 he stepped down as president of the Friends of Christchurch Art Gallery: he has been a member of the Friends' Executive Committee since 1998. He spoke to senior curator Lara Strongman in February.*

'I always had a strong desire to be part of the Christchurch art scene; to play different roles and immerse myself in it, rather than simply being an artist. My involvement in the art scene began before I went to art school, when the Brooke-Gifford opened [in 1975]. It was a successful gallery from the start, mainly due to the dynamic nature of Barbara Brooke, and then the great style of Judith Gifford, who was a quieter person. These were formative years for me. As a student I collected catalogues from exhibitions, and bought work when I could. Maybe this is rare for a fine arts student: do they have the same interest today? I'm not sure.'

Graduating from the University of Canterbury's School of Fine Arts in 1979, Banbury worked for the next decade as exhibitions officer at the CSA Gallery in Gloucester Street. He curated several exhibitions, including *Doris Lusk: Paintings from Canterbury Collections 1936–1986*. 'I worked at the CSA for years. My experience there was always of putting up six shows at once. Very busy! I'm not certain that the quality was always there, but it taught me a lot of things.'

Banbury describes his relationship with Lusk as a 'dynamic foundation' for his life in the art world.

'I first met Doris Lusk in 1972 at an extension studies course in Kurow, a wonderful little Otago township. I was about seventeen. I watched her paint. Then later in Christchurch, Doris invited me to her home in Linwood. We had life-drawing evenings in her tiny little studio, me and a group of women artists of an older generation. … I was in awe of her. And out of that grew a personal friendship. I'd go once a week to have a meal with her.

'With hindsight, I'd like to have asked her a whole lot more things about her work and her career. Her visual language was crucial. She once said to me that it's very hard to say anything new about the landscape. But I was always fascinated by her ability to create memorable imagery from it; and her strength as an artist in contrast to the modest grandmother she was when you met her—I loved that dichotomy. She'd peer at you with her dark glasses, and say 'Is that you, dear?' I also admired the way that she never chose between her work and her family. She balanced them both.

'I think there's still a lot of work to be done in unravelling the later part of Doris's career, in contrast with the works of the 1940s and 1950s for which she is best known. I hope that I can help to do that.'

In 1992, following the death of his partner and his own recovery from a severe fall, Banbury decided to stop making art. 'Some people were surprised … but I felt my work was not original enough. There's a lot of pressure on you after art school. A lot of pressure to

Doris Lusk and Grant Banbury, CSA Gallery, 1987. Photo: Gail Wright

organise your career.' This period of reflection resulted in a year in Melbourne studying for a post-graduate diploma in curatorship. 'It opened things up for me. I believe in the art system, the art community. And I'm fascinated by the experiences of people who look at art. It's an endlessly challenging area for people who work in galleries.'

On his return to Christchurch, he opened a dealer gallery, Campbell Grant Galleries. 'I took great pleasure in hanging works in my own gallery. I think if I hadn't gone into art, it would have been architecture. The way people move through physical space is of great interest to me. At best, [well-designed] space changes the way that people feel and react. It's very funny, you quickly learn that some artists are great at hanging works and some are bloody hopeless.'

As well as emerging artists, Banbury represented senior New Zealand artists including Greer Twiss, Rob McLeod and Christine Hellyar. 'I showed Gordon Crook, whom I'd first met when I was about fifteen. Such an underrated artist; I always think if he hadn't chosen to live in New Zealand he would have been a major international figure. And he was a superb writer.' Banbury also exhibited decorative arts, including ceramics. 'The highlights of my years as an art dealer were to sell works to a public institution. That sense of achievement for artists. Because I'd been a practising artist, my empathy was always with the artists. But I would never bother the public gallery if the work wasn't up to it.'

Banbury enjoyed the relative anonymity of life in Melbourne. 'In Christchurch, there are a lot of dynamics at play. People were shocked, I remember, when I used to go to other dealer galleries' openings. But why wouldn't I be interested in what artists were doing?'

'As you get older, you view things in a different light. When you pass fifty, you think about what's ahead, and what's behind, in a different way.'

His interest in contemporary practice has led Banbury to regularly connect with Olivia Spencer Bower Award recipients. 'I'm thinking of Emma Fitts this year; and Cat Auburn and James Cousins in earlier years, for example. You see, I could tell them about the person who set up the award, because I knew her. The sharing of these histories is important. I'm often talking to people who are half my age. But that's interesting. As you get older, you view things in a different light. When you pass fifty, you think about what's ahead, and what's behind, in a different way.'

Asked why he thinks young artists leave Christchurch, Banbury suggests that 'the conservative aspect encourages people to go. Forces them out. In Dunedin, the Frances Hodgkins Fellowship encourages people to go there, to live somewhere they may not have considered. And many of them grow to enjoy the relative isolation as well as the community.' The Christchurch art scene, he feels, is in a period of considerable change following the earthquakes 'which have turned so many worlds upside down'.

His early experiences at the Brooke-Gifford taught him to look, Banbury reflects. 'I'm interested in the experience of learning to look. The key thing is to get people engaged with the art. The challenge for Christchurch Art Gallery is how it re-engages with all its audiences. How does an institution see itself relative to its communities, its audiences? That's what's important to think about now.'

Tomorrow, Book, Caxton Press, Landfall

Publishing and the Visual Arts in Christchurch, 1934–51

Peter Simpson

In the decades before and after the Second World War, Christchurch experienced a remarkable artistic efflorescence that encompassed the visual arts, literature, music, theatre and the publishing of books and journals. And the phenomenon was noticed beyond these islands. For instance, in his 1955 autobiography, English publisher and editor of *Penguin New Writing* and *London Magazine*, John Lehmann, wrote (with a measure of exaggeration, perhaps) that of all the world's cities only Christchurch at that time acted 'as a focus of creative literature of more than local significance'.[1]

Not all the writers Lehmann had in mind (who included Ursula Bethell, Denis Glover, Allen Curnow, Frank Sargeson, A.R.D. Fairburn, R.A.K. Mason, Charles Brasch and James K. Baxter) lived in the city—several were Aucklanders, Baxter lived in Dunedin, Brasch in England. But importantly, all were *published* in Christchurch, by Glover's and Leo Bensemann's Caxton Press.

Lehmann's comments refer to literature (and particularly poetry), but they can be applied equally to what was being achieved in composition by Douglas Lilburn, in Shakespearian production by Ngaio Marsh, and in painting by artists of The Group.[2] Founded in 1927, The Group, like Caxton Press, was a focal point for artists around the country, and especially, but not exclusively, South Islanders. The flowering of the arts in Christchurch had a local habitation through these institutions but was essentially a national phenomenon.

The above assertions require more space than is available here to explain and fully justify. Suffice to say in the present context that the situation involved a combination of talent, luck, accident, mutual stimulation, a sense of shared circumstances and opportunities, the pressure of history both national and international, and an element of the always inexplicable.[3] In this article I focus on a few points of crossover between publishing and the visual arts, because it is at these intersections (and others like them involving theatre, poetry and music) that the phenomenon of a collective irruption, transcending specific genres, is most evident.

Tomorrow, 1934–40

In the 1930s literature and the visual arts followed separate but parallel tracks; it was only at the end of the decade and in the 1940s that significant crossovers occurred. The two most significant venues for literary output in the 1930s were the journal *Tomorrow* (1934–40) and the Caxton Press, which was founded in 1935. A crucial link between the two was the poet and printer, Denis Glover (1912–1981). Glover (and John Drew) founded the Caxton Press as an independent printer and publisher after two years as a university club; he was also on the editorial board (with Frederick Sinclaire and H. Winston Rhodes) of *Tomorrow*, contributing prolifically to its pages with poems, stories, essays and reviews.

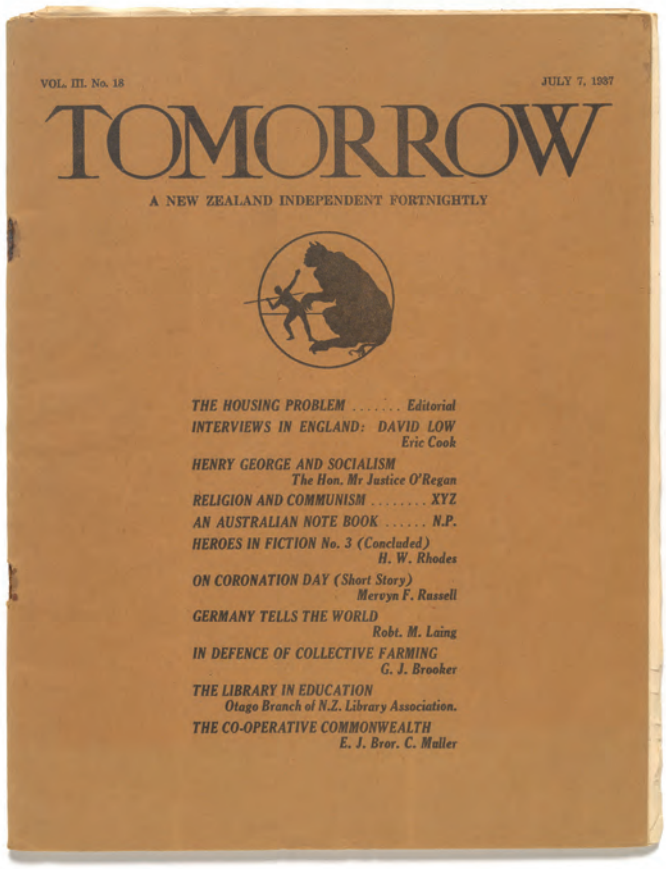
Not surprisingly, a close relationship developed between the Caxton Press and *Tomorrow*. Many writers published by Caxton also wrote for the journal;[4] *Tomorrow* regularly reviewed Caxton publications. The closeness of the two outlets is most explicit in the Caxton anthologies *Verse Alive I* and *II* (1936 and 1937), edited by Glover and Rhodes, which collected satirical verses first published in *Tomorrow*.

Nevertheless, there was a difference in approach. *Tomorrow* was indisputably left-wing and internationalist in outlook; its main preoccupations were the crisis of capitalism, as reflected in the Great Depression, and the rise of fascism in

1. John Lehmann, *The Whispering Gallery*, London, Longmans Green and Co., 1955, p.263.
2. Group artists included Evelyn Page, Olivia Spencer Bower, Louise Henderson, Rita Angus, Leo Bensemann, Toss Woollaston, Colin McCahon, Doris Lusk, Bill Sutton. Again, not all were locals; some, such as Angus, Lusk, Henderson and Lilburn, moved to the city from other places, while others (including Woollaston and McCahon) lived elsewhere but exhibited their work in Christchurch.
3. I have written at length on this subject in *Bloomsbury South: The Arts in Christchurch 1933–53*, to be published in 2016 by Auckland University Press.
4. These included Glover, Curnow, Mason, Fairburn, Sargeson, Brasch, J.C. Beaglehole, D'Arcy Cresswell and M.H. Holcroft.

Left:
Kennaway Henderson (ed.), *Tomorrow: A New Zealand Independent Fortnightly*, vol.III, no.18, 7 July 1937. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives

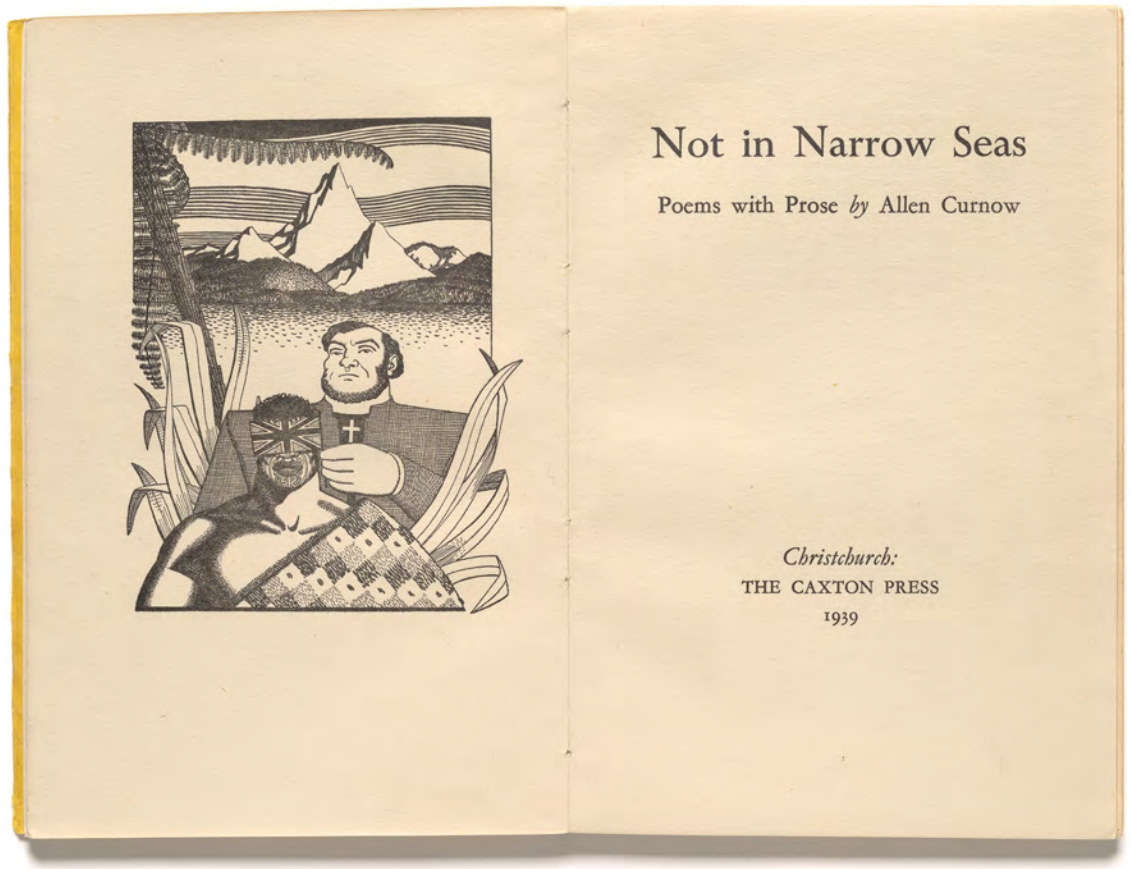
Right:
Allen Curnow, *Not in Narrow Seas: Poems with Prose*, Caxton Press, 1939. Frontispiece by Leo Bensemann. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives, Peter Dunbar Collection


VOL. III. No. 18 JULY 7, 1937

TOMORROW

A NEW ZEALAND INDEPENDENT FORTNIGHTLY

THE HOUSING PROBLEM ..... Editorial
INTERVIEWS IN ENGLAND: DAVID LOW
Eric Cook
HENRY GEORGE AND SOCIALISM
The Hon. Mr Justice O'Regan
RELIGION AND COMMUNISM ..... XYZ
AN AUSTRALIAN NOTE BOOK ..... N.P.
HEROES IN FICTION No. 3 (Concluded)
H. W. Rhodes
ON CORONATION DAY (Short Story)
Mervyn F. Russell
GERMANY TELLS THE WORLD
Robt. M. Laing
IN DEFENCE OF COLLECTIVE FARMING
G. J. Brooker
THE LIBRARY IN EDUCATION
Otago Branch of N.Z. Library Association.
THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH
E. J. Bror. C. Maller



Europe. Caxton, on the other hand, while sympathetic to left-wing concerns, was more focused on cultural nationalism, and the establishment of a native literature written by New Zealanders, for New Zealanders and about New Zealand.

Tomorrow's nominal editor was Kennaway Henderson, who contributed pointed, if rather crude, full-page cartoons on political subjects to each issue, but otherwise left the running largely to the young radicals on his editorial board. Despite Henderson's vocation as illustrator, *Tomorrow* manifested relatively little interest in the visual arts—the few exceptions included articles by Brasch (visiting from England) on a touring exhibition of British art, by Margaret Anderson on a Wellington exhibition of children's art, and occasional columns of comment by Fairburn.[5] Sometimes an artist would contribute to debate about an art-related topic. The sculptor Francis Shurrock and the painter Toss Woollaston had an extended exchange in which they rather talked past each other about the relationship of life and art. Shurrock advocated a collective view of the arts including government assistance,[6] while Woollaston argued for the inevitable opposition between the individual and bourgeois culture, which were necessarily 'at war'.[7]

But the presence in Christchurch of The Group as a lively alternative to the conservative establishment of the Canterbury Society of Arts passed entirely without comment in *Tomorrow*, as did the sudden emergence and disappearance of the New Zealand Society of Artists, which briefly subsumed The Group in 1933–4.

The absence of art commentary in *Tomorrow* presumably reflected the predilections of Sinclaire, Rhodes and Glover, who were all more directly concerned with literature, politics and international affairs.

Caxton, Book and The Group

In the beginning, Caxton largely reflected Glover's commitment to poetry. Most early books were small volumes of verse by Curnow, Glover, Bethell, Mason, Brasch, J.C. Beaglehole and Fairburn. But in 1937 Caxton broadened its range into visual art with the publication of Leo Bensemann's startlingly original *Fantastica: Thirteen Drawings*. Helping out, Bensemann demonstrated such natural aptitude for printing that Glover and Drew offered him a third partnership in the Press. Concurrent with joining Caxton in 1938, Bensemann also joined The Group, thus forging a crucial connection between the leading progressive institutions for literature and the visual arts.

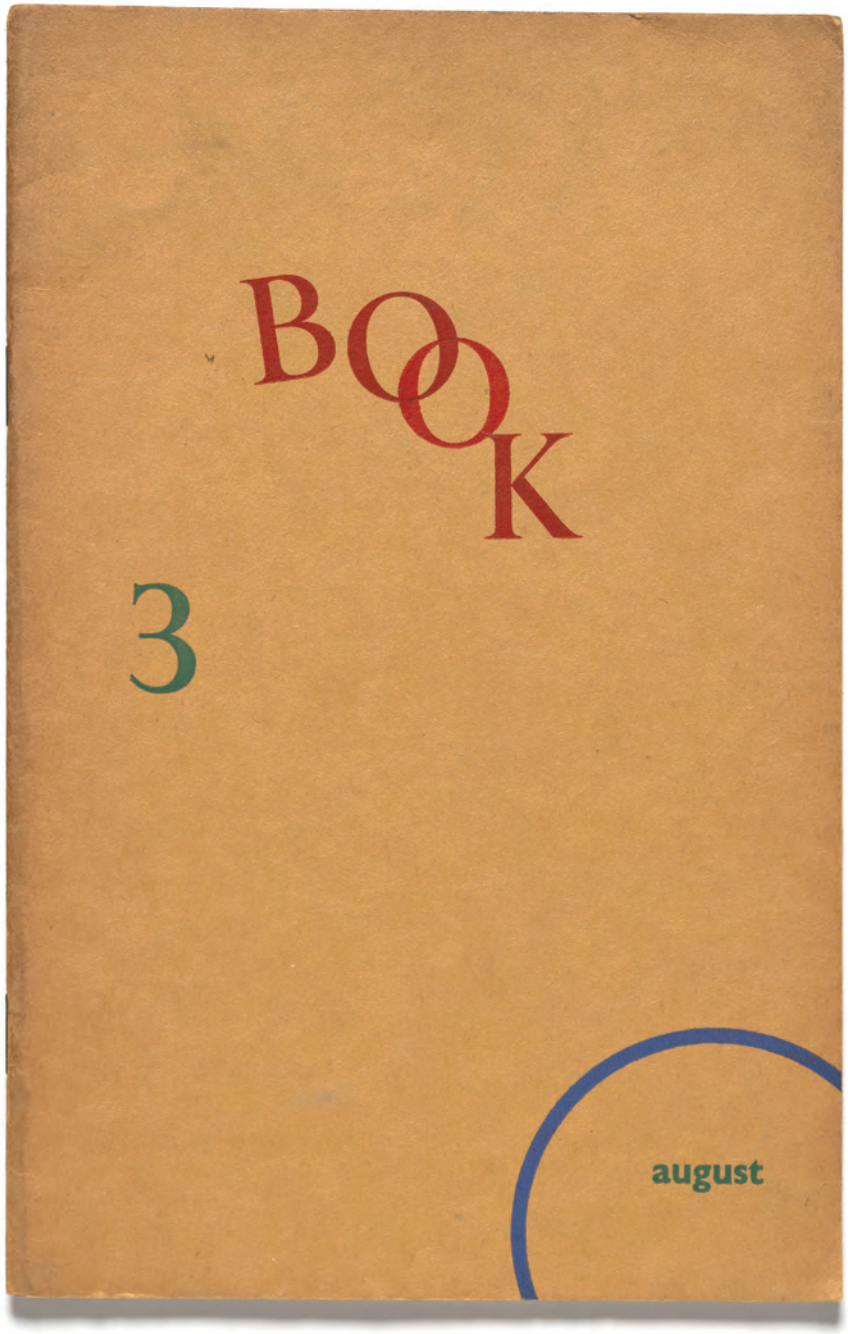
With Bensemann on board, Caxton showed more interest than previously in the visual content of their books. A case in point is Curnow's *Not in Narrow Seas* (1939), a demythologising history of Canterbury in prose and verse. As well as a strikingly modern three-colour typographical cover (vertical lettering, sans serif types), it included a clever frontispiece drawing by Bensemann in keeping with the anti-colonial theme of the text. He also contributed drawings and engravings to other Caxton publications including the innovative *A Specimen Book of Printing Types* (1940), in which Caxton first staked its claim for excellence and innovation in typography (there was a second such specimen book in 1948).

The alliance between Caxton and The Group was reinforced from 1940, with all subsequent Group catalogues being designed and printed at Caxton and becoming—especially after Bensemann arrived at his distinctive tall and narrow format from 1945—what Spencer Bower called 'a definite feature … they showed all the skill of the printer-artist.'[8] Furthermore, in the 1940 Group Show, as if to confirm typography as a legitimate member of the team, Caxton appeared as an exhibitor alongside Group regulars Woollaston, Angus, Bensemann, Spencer Bower, Colin McCahon and others.

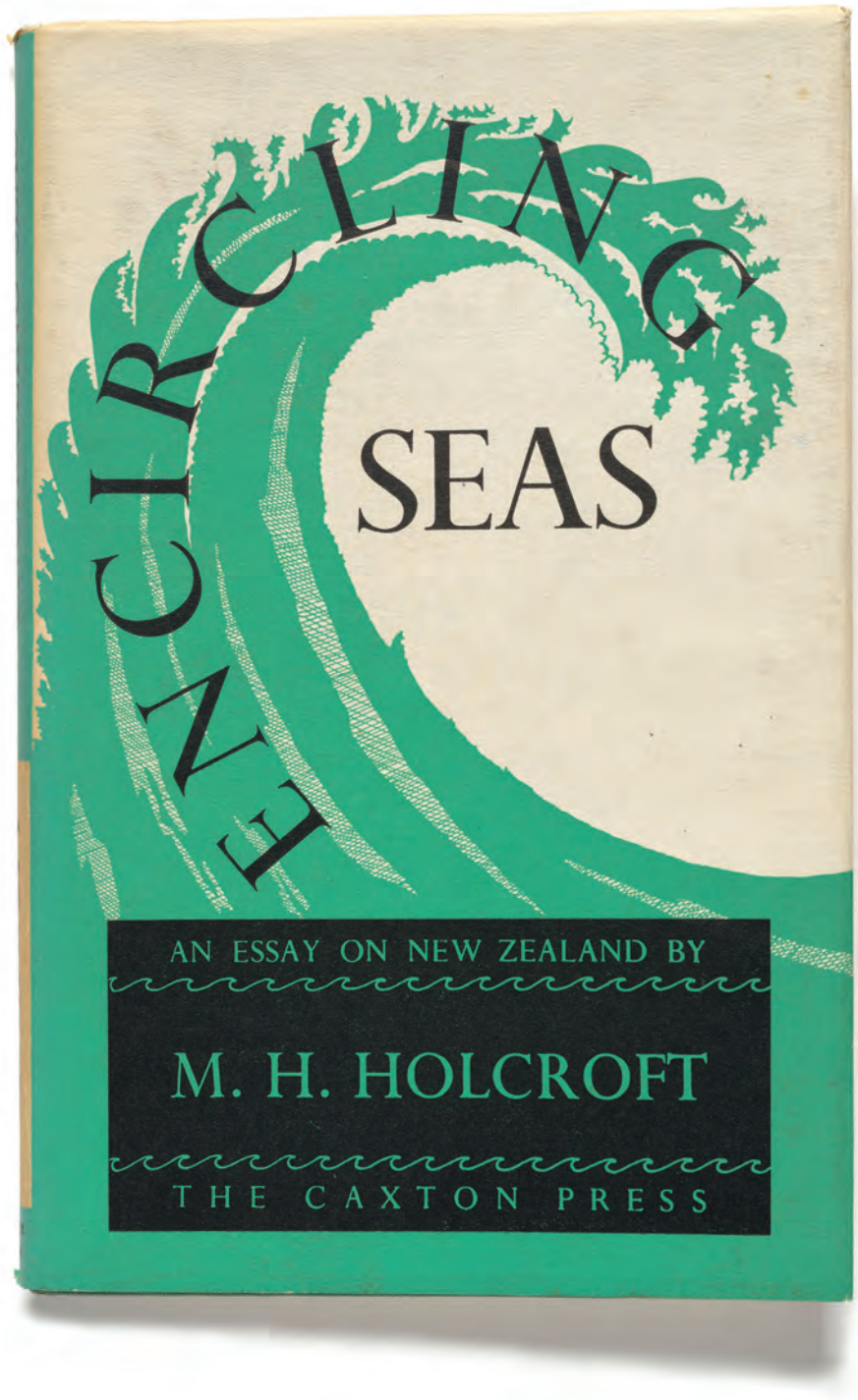
In 1941 Caxton created an opportunity for further exposure of visual material in *Book: A Miscellany*, of which six lively numbers appeared in 1941–2, and a further three in 1946–7 after Glover's return from the war: '*BOOK* will contain stories, articles, criticism, poems, art, typography—in fact, anything we can find that is likely to be of interest.'[9] *Book* was something of an in-house journal for Caxton's core writers, so it is hardly surprising that Bensemann's work figures prominently with illustrations, engravings or bookplate drawings by him in almost every number. Other artists were also represented, however: there were drawings by Jean Angus, Rita Angus and Graham Kemble Welch, and wood engravings by W.H. Allen, S.B. McLennan, Shurrock and E. Mervyn Taylor. In *Book 5*, Rita Angus contributed superb full-length portrait drawings of Curnow and Glover.

Caxton's book covers were predominantly typographical, but occasionally more pictorial covers were adopted such as Vernon Brown's fern-frond design for Sargeson's *A Man and His Wife* (1940), Bensemann's Japanese-influenced cover for Holcroft's *Encircling Seas* (1946), and the fantail cover for Mervyn Taylor's *Wood Engravings* (1946), for which the engravings were printed from the artist's original blocks.

5. Charles Brasch, 'British Art in New Zealand', *Tomorrow IV*, 12, 13 April 1938, pp.373–4; Margaret Anderson, 'The Children's Art Exhibition', *Tomorrow IV*, 22, 31 August 1938, pp.700–1; A.R.D. Fairburn, 'Notes by the Way', *Tomorrow V*, 9, 1 March 1939, pp.277–80.
6. Francis Shurrock, 'Life: art', *Tomorrow II*, 18, 18 March 1936, pp.29–30.
7. Toss Woollaston, 'Life: Art and the Bourgeois Manifesto', *Tomorrow II*, 21, 29 April 1936, p.22.
8. Olivia Spencer Bower, in *The Group 1927–1977*, Christchurch, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, p.6.
9. *A Catalogue of Publications* …, Christchurch, Caxton Press, 1941, p.6.



Denis Glover (ed.), *Book 3: A Miscellany from the Caxton Press*, Christchurch, Caxton Press, August 1941. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives, Peter Dunbar Collection



M.H. Holcroft, *Encircling Seas: An Essay*, Christchurch, Caxton Press, 1946. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives, Leo Bensemann Collection

didn't talk the rest of the dance. I deposited her back with her friend and joined the gang at the door. The place was filling up, so I'd best get to her quick the next time. No sooner had a waltz been announced than I had her on her feet and got a good grip on her. A waltz, eh? Well, I've got a few cute specialities here that'll make her forget I'm hard to follow. We got going and had a swell dance. The waltz was slow and I didn't kick or slip, made some lovely spins.

When she sat down again, I saw an empty seat and said: 'Mind if I sit?'

'Might as well,' she said, and turned and started talking to her girl friend. I decided not to turn on any patter, but keep the quiet sober front.

After a minute or so, she said: 'Have a Scotch chocolate?'

'Sure,' I said and held out my hand. She squeezed out a piece of gum, and I kept holding out my hand waiting for the chocolate. She gave me a look and I suddenly caught on. That was a bad break. So I gave a goofy laugh, as if I was a bit slow, and said: 'Well, that's a new one.'

To show I was a considerate guy I had a dance with her girl friend, then at the next interval we got back to a little conversation.

'What's your name?' she said. 'We may as well get to know each other.'

Don't worry about that, sister, I'll soon get to work on it.

'Joe Rome,' I said.

'I'm Madge Sinclair and my friend is Joyce Clarke.'

'Hello Madge! Hello Joyce!' I verved in a burst of subtle humour. They looked a bit perplexed. Another bad break. All that waiting at the beginning had taken the edge off my tongue. They were quite right. I'd have to make these occasional flashes of humour flashier.

'You been here before?' she asked.

'No, I'm new to the town. I come down here a couple of weeks back and the band was so good I thought I'd try it again. But I don't know anybody round.'

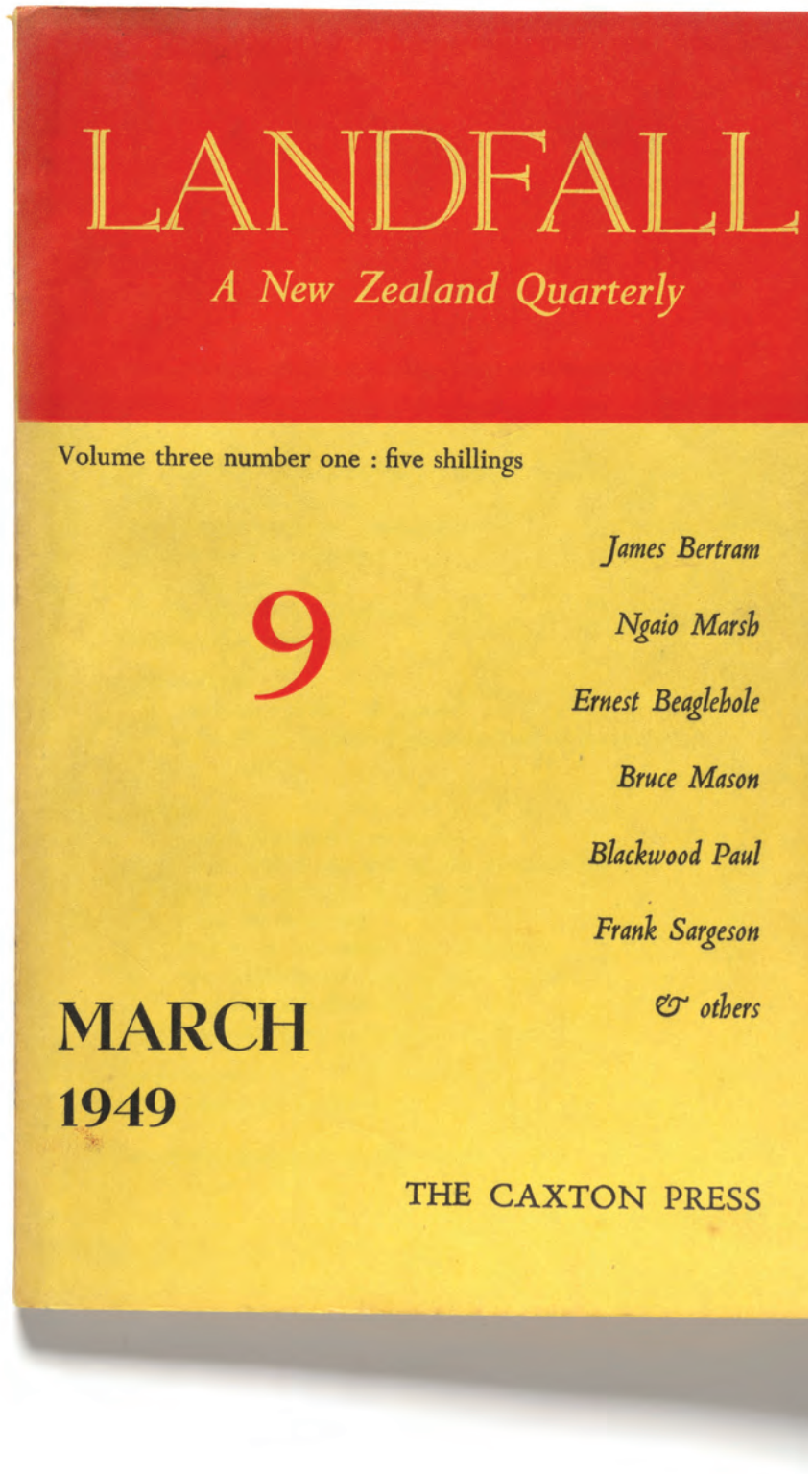
Now there were two good touches. The 'come' would show I was no intellectual, and not knowing anybody might get me a bit of sympathy.

'Yes,' she murmured, 'the band's good all right. And the singer's got a good voice. They should play in a lot bigger place than this.'

The conversation rattled and we started dancing again. There was a big crowd on the floor now and we got jammed badly. I gave birth to a bright observation.

DENIS GLOVER drawing by Rita Cook

Rita Cook **Denis Glover** in Leo Bensemann (ed.), *Book 5: A Miscellany from the Caxton Press*, Christchurch, Caxton Press, February 1942.
Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives, Peter Dunbar Collection.
Rita Cook resumed her given name, Rita Angus, from 1947.



Charles Brasch (ed.), *Landfall* 9, Christchurch, Caxton Press, March 1949. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives

Landfall: A New Zealand Quarterly, 1947–51

In London during the war, Glover stayed with Brasch when on leave from the Navy; together they planned a new arts quarterly to be published by Caxton, which Brasch would edit. Eventually named *Landfall* after much canvassing of opinions, the new journal was launched in March 1947. It was a substantial quarterly of some eighty pages, well-designed and meticulously edited, which deliberately took the whole sphere of the country's artistic and intellectual life as its catchment. Each issue typically contained an editorial by Brasch, plus several poems, stories, essays, commentaries on cultural life, reviews of recent books, and—in a four-page insert—photographs and reproductions of works of art. A poet by vocation, Brasch was highly literate visually, had viewed art exhaustively in the galleries and churches of Europe, numbered visual artists among his close friends and was himself a discriminating critic and collector (with a private income). Under his editorship *Landfall* gave the visual arts much more attention than either *Tomorrow* or *Book*.

An example of how Brasch's taste and editorial firmness proved decisive was *Landfall*'s treatment of McCahon. Brasch met McCahon soon after returning and, after some initial resistance (he preferred landscapes), warmed to his new biblical paintings, which caused a sensation at the 1947 Group Show. Ignoring vigorous protests from Glover, who called the paintings 'poodle-faking of the worst order',[10] and Fairburn who strongly advised him not to include his work in *Landfall*, Brasch (who was no push-over as an editor) devoted the whole pictorial insert in *Landfall 4* to McCahon—the first artist to be so recognised. Reviewing the exhibition in *Landfall 5*, Fairburn notoriously attacked McCahon's contribution,

calling it 'pretentious hocus'.[11] Unapologetic, Brasch printed a warm letter defending McCahon in the next issue.[12] In December 1950 (*Landfall 16*) Brasch unprecedentedly gave the pictorial section to McCahon for a second time, accompanying the pictures with the modestly titled 'A Note on the Work of Colin McCahon',[13] which was in fact the most thorough and informative essay on his work yet published. Brasch's advocacy in *Landfall* was possibly more responsible for establishing McCahon's status as a leading artist than any other single factor.

The treatment of McCahon is symptomatic of Brasch's handling of the visual arts in *Landfall*. He published thoughtful reviews of Group Shows, exhibitions in Auckland and Wellington and the *Yearbook of the Arts*. He often commented on visual arts matters in his editorial notes; he commissioned articles on noteworthy events, such as the 1949 opening of the Helen Hitchings Gallery in Wellington, and the protracted fracas in Christchurch over the so-called *Pleasure Garden* affair, which pitched progressives against reactionaries in a fight to get a Frances Hodgkins painting accepted by the McDougall Gallery. W.A. Sutton's famous *Homage to Frances Hodgkins* (1951)—unfortunately since destroyed—which memorialised those most involved in that spirited campaign, was published in *Landfall 20* (December 1951).

Among those Brasch commissioned to write on the visual arts were Janet Paul, E.H. McCormick, Beaglehole, John Summers, R.N. O'Reilly, T.H. Scott and Fairburn—a talented line-up, contributing to the vigorous discourse around the arts that was developing for the first time in New Zealand. Above all, he used *Landfall*'s pictorial pages to reproduce work by the best contemporary artists. Other artists to be given four-page spreads during the journal's first five years were Woollaston, Lusk, E. Mervyn Taylor, Eric Lee-Johnson and Hodgkins. And, at a time when few took photography seriously as art, he published spreads of photographs by Hester Carsten (Māori portraits) and Theo Schoon (landscapes), both Dutch immigrants. Sometimes, too, he published miscellanies of work by artists such as Bensemann, Page, John Drawbridge, Graham Kemble Welch and Ines Russell. Not all his choices have been endorsed by time but his strike rate was impressive.

I have confined my remarks on *Landfall* to the five years up to 1951 (the year that Glover left Caxton), but after the *Yearbook of the Arts in New Zealand* stopped publication that year, *Landfall* became even more important as virtually the only publication in the country where contemporary art could be seen and discussed.

The relationship between publishing and the visual arts outlined here is an example of the kind of mutually supportive interest and activity between individuals and institutions and across genres which helped to make the Christchurch art scene so collectively vibrant in the middle decades of last century.

Peter Simpson *is a writer, editor and curator who lives in Auckland; current projects include a book on the arts in Christchurch 1933–53 (to be published in 2016) and a two-volume edition of Charles Brasch's journals, 1946–73.*

10. Quoted in Gordon Ogilvie, *Denis Glover: His Life*, Auckland, Godwit, 1999, p.239.
11. A.R.D. Fairburn, 'Painting in Canterbury', *Landfall 5*, March 1948, p.50.
12. Hubert Witheford, letter to the editor, *Landfall 6*, June 1948, pp.160–1.
13. Charles Brasch, 'A Note on the Work of Colin McCahon', *Landfall 16*, December 1950, pp.337–9.

RAD-
ICAL
FREE-
DOM

The recent furore around Eleanor Catton's comments in the wake of the NZ Post Book Awards, and the tone of the subsequent debate that ensued, has prompted us to think again about the role of the public intellectual in New Zealand. In our role as visual archivists of this city, and this country, critical reflections on the contemporary are something we frequently expect of artists. But to what degree do artists exercise their individual freedom to radically question community values? And who claims this role for artists and in what situations?

T
IS.

Bruce Russell
Artist and writer

Like anyone else, artists have the absolute right to question shared values in society. But more than that, if they are worth the designation; artists also have the obligation to speak truth to power.

They may do this (when they have the chance) through the media, or through the content of their work, or through the way that they make their work in society. To me the first is the most risky and likely to be unsuccessful or even dangerous to the speaker, the second is most likely to make a wide (if shallow) impression on society, and the last of the three is the one most likely to bring about change.

Artists themselves must claim this role, particularly once they are publicly consecrated as deserving of the name 'artist'; and it is beholden on everyone who values art (and in particular those who make their living through the art of others) to vigorously defend it through public discourse.

Emma Bugden
Curator

What would Lord Reith, the first director-general of the BBC, have thought of the recent furore over Eleanor Catton's comments? Reith is best remembered for the doctrine of 'arm's-length' funding, designed to insulate public broadcasting from political pressure. Without this, he declared, the Beeb would 'play for safety; prosecute the obviously popular lines; count its clients; study and meet their reactions; curry favour; subordinate itself to the vote.'

Familiar? The rise of neo-liberal public policy in New Zealand has brought a dogma of financial accountability. It might seem reasonable to expect pipers to play the tunes which are bought and paid for, but in practice the new orthodoxy has an increasingly paralysing effect on public discourse. The body politic can be punitive to those who dissent.

When so much cultural-sector funding comes directly or indirectly from central government it becomes harder and harder for artists to make political statements without the kind of backlash witnessed in Catton-gate. The moral certainty of user-pays requires a kind of obsequious gratitude from recipients of public funding, a certain amount of forelock tugging. We need artists to say what needs to be said.

‘What interests me most … is artists who search for a new way to be political that is intrinsic to their art…’

‘Artists shift our perceptions, open us up to expanded experiences and ultimately affect our behaviour. Art is a powerful agency for political change.’

Roger Horrocks
Film-maker and biographer

In the thirty years since neo-liberalism arrived in New Zealand in the form of Rogernomics, it has re-scripted our lives, re-jigged our country in the interests of corporate capital, imposed a vocabulary of branding and consumerism, deafened us with advertising, dumbed down our media and our universities, insulted the landscape, enveloped us in Big Brother surveillance, reduced the arts to ‘creative industries’ and bad-mouthed artists as bludgers with snouts in the trough.

How to challenge so pervasive a change of climate? Granted, being a good artist is no guarantee of becoming a reliable social commentator—think of Ezra Pound’s pro-Fascist broadcasts or A.R.D. Fairburn’s anti-feminist, anti-Semitic writings. But it’s always gratifying to hear verbal protests when they’re well aimed. What interests me most, however, is artists who search for a new way to be political that is intrinsic to their art—say, by isolating an aspect of the New Normal, cooking and concentrating it, not telling us explicitly what to think of it but provoking us into smelling and tasting its strangeness. For example, certain works by Simon Denny, et al., Michael Parekowhai, Peter Robinson, Michael Shepherd, Michael Stevenson and Billy Apple. It’s not the only form of good art, but we need more of it.

Julia Morison
Artist

Radical behaviour is regularly permitted by qualified and skilled participants of public institutions. Certain appointed people, for instance, can cut up our flesh, mutate our genes, determine our ethical rights and have the right to incarcerate us and not be rewarded in turn with free state board. The judiciary and the health and science fraternities are examples of such institutions, which protect and condone the appropriateness of these legitimated professional actions.

The cultural institutions are no different. These are the kinds of institutions that enable our artists to function. Be they writers, visual artists, film-makers, musicians or artists, they enjoy the protection of particular kinds of defined spaces to operate in. This understanding demands firstly that we pay attention, while also permitting them privileges; the freedom to represent the unimagined, to utter the unmentionable, contemplate the sublime, experience intolerable things, appraise alternative systems, critique social norms, expose social injustices—all are expressed through artifice and fiction. These are our cultural institutions, even if more fuzzily and subtly defined.

Artists shift our perceptions, open us up to expanded experiences and ultimately affect our behaviour. Art is a powerful agency for political change. Whether these institutions should entitle their appointees to privileged protection of freedoms outside and beyond their specific contexts is the question. I cannot think why this would be the case, nor why it should be.

Melanie Oliver
Curator

While we hope and expect that contemporary artists have the opportunity and desire to critically engage with contemporary politics, the Eleanor Catton case reveals how poor our public discourse is at engaging with challenging issues. The media furore and political response focused on dramatising personal conflict rather than seriously considering her comments. With the ongoing replacement of appropriate platforms for investigative journalism and current affairs by entertainment-focused media our political transparency and public discourse is being eroded to a point where we're struggling to know what decisions are being made, such as with the TPPA.

In the arts we are increasingly being asked to find private and corporate sponsorship and this further complicates the ability of artists to be politically active or to question societal values.

Contemporary artists may seek links between the arts and other areas of cultural production, to involve art as a contributing voice in wider public debate, but there are little in the way of public forums for them to participate in. As audiences and citizens, it is our responsibility to continue trying to make this conversation happen, and to maintain hope that a public appetite for meaningful engagement still exists, even if it is currently going unfulfilled.

Tao Wells
Community conceptualist

Catton's call of a polluted mainstream challenged 100% Pure New Zealand. She received $50,000 of government money via CNZ that, in an important way, represents the New Zealand government's ability to support free speech. Evidence that the government doesn't in fact do this is in the way you and I probably didn't know she received this money until after she criticised the government.

When I received $3,500 of CNZ money to also test the government's commitment to free speech, I too was national news. I actively promoted my sponsorship and its ties with my highly visible and loudly hated 'welfare for the poor', exposing a relationship between the two. Catton and I received the same invisible—yet worshipped—'welfare for the rich' that was meant to make us silent. Silent as a Koru lounge.

Under the Education Act of 1989, universities are also charged in law to accept a role as critics and consciences of society, a dangerous and important job at any time. But what if that role is invisible, silent to the public? What if our academic government-sponsored artists are not recognised as such, by an uninitiated public at first glance? The government's commitment to free speech goes untested. Have we sponsored twenty-six years of silence?

'...public discourse is being eroded to a point where we're struggling to know what decisions are being made...'

'Catton and I received the same invisible—yet worshipped—'welfare for the rich' that was meant to make us silent. Silent as a Koru lounge.'

Hamish Keith
Writer, curator and commentator

When Eleanor Catton ventured a criticism of the New Zealand government at a writers' festival in India last year, she was treated to an uproar of public sledging that would have made an Australian wicketkeeper blush. We need to be reminded of what she actually said: 'At the moment, New Zealand, like Australia and Canada, is dominated by these neo-liberal, profit-obsessed, very shallow, very money-hungry politicians who do not care about culture. They care about short-term gains. They would destroy the planet in order to be able to have the life they want. I feel very angry with my government.'

Her comment was in the context of her being regarded as an ambassador for New Zealand. She clearly rejected that. In fact, as the recent by-election in Northland proved, many ordinary citizens would agree with her. We have a prime minister who believes, in his own words, that no author could achieve 'the glory and status of an All Black'. As Catton also said 'New Zealand has the misfortune in not having a lot of confidence in the brains of its citizens'—the outrage proved her right about that too.

Honest public scrutiny is one of the reasons why any civilised society needs its writers—and its painters. We should remember Colin McCahon's magnificent anti-nuclear *Gate* series and Ralph Hotere's sustained blast against the smelter planned for Aramoana. In New Zealand the tradition goes back further than that. Some eighty years ago a young Christchurch writer, D'Arcy Cresswell, was on his way to literary success in London. He had published the first part of an autobiography, *The Poet's Progress*, as a series in the Christchurch *Press*. It had then been published in England by Faber & Faber along with two small books of poetry.

He returned home in 1932 and published part two, *Present Without Leave*, also in the *Press*. The resulting uproar made Catton's look like a tea-party tiff and he fled back to England where the whole work was published by Cassels; it remains to this day one of the most elegant and trenchant criticisms ever penned of this land and its people. Much of it is still relevant.

What is significant about the Cresswell affair today, is the warning which concludes the dedication. It was to the parliamentarian Ormond Wilson, a close friend of Cresswell's and the youngest member of the newly elected Labour government. Congratulating Wilson on what Labour had achieved he went on to say: 'I see you are honest within that framework in which you believe; and while it endures I wish you well although it is my job to smash it to bits if I can.' Cresswell was pointing out that those who assume power are always on notice from those on whose behalf they exercise it.

'...those who assume power are always on notice from those on whose behalf they exercise it.'

Peter Simpson
Writer, editor and curator

I was one of five judges who awarded Eleanor Catton's *The Luminaries* the prize for best work of fiction in 2014, and who evidently aroused her ire by awarding the Book of the Year to Jill Trevelyan's *Peter McLeavey: The Life and Times of a New Zealand Art Dealer*. Much was made of our ignoring a Man Booker Prize winner as Book of the Year, but we *did* award Catton's brilliant novel the local equivalent of the Booker—that is, for the best work of *fiction*. Who's to say if *The Luminaries* would have won if the Booker was open to books of all categories, including poetry, non-fiction and illustrated as in New Zealand? I completely reject the notion that *The Luminaries* was overlooked through 'tall poppy' prejudice. We awarded the book we collectively considered the best of the four category winners.

Catton was on firmer ground when she defended her right to speak out anywhere without being called a 'traitor'. All citizens, including artists, must be free to express themselves on whatever issues concern them. Our country benefits from the free, bold and vigorous expression and exchange of ideas.

Barry Cleavin
Artist

From personal experience I have found that social commentary is an animal of many parts. The events that propagate such a beast have more recently expanded and mutated to fill white holes that desire to be darkly padded, so creating black holes of toxic media conjecture. This has little to do with 'freedom of speech' or 'freedom to question community values'. It is generally nowadays driven by media expediencies. Ratings. Then the matter of claiming or defending the space lies within the conscience and integrity of the artist, who must take mindful responsibility at least for his or her actions related to what they make.

If somebody desperately needs to say something and is able to project and present an alternative view of the world as it seems to them, the right to express that opinion should be upheld as long as their sally is delivered with 'sufficient art'. Artistic license or freedom of speech does not mean freedom from criticism though.

Even as I pen this I am aware that I am indulging in media white-hole filling. I would uphold that the 'artist' has no greater right to expect any greater preferential treatment than does the 'bricklayer'—that is called democracy.

Shane Cotton
Artist

Political and social commentary has always been fertile ground for artists in New Zealand, and it will remain so for as long as artists continue to create work. Tame Iti, Ralph Hotere, Diane Prince, Para Matchitt and Peter Robinson, to name but a few, have all presented works that test our values and social beliefs. When Prince's 1995 work *Please walk on me* featured a New Zealand flag installed on the ground for patrons to walk over, a debate ensued as to the appropriateness of treating the flag this way. This was Prince's MO; now she could raise the issue of historic and ongoing land grievance faced by many Māori, still waiting for redress after 150 years of inaction and injustice and generations of suffering. It took the power of our flag in a compromised position to bite at the heels of our nationalism and allow us to have a serious think about the issue. It stirred the pot, and at times the pot needs stirring. We all know the benefits of this. And so it is with Catton, who made direct statements regarding the value and position of the arts in New Zealand. She is critical of those that control and direct these endeavours, and I believe she has every right to express these views. It is time to stir the pot and I am thankful for the likes of Catton, who bravely and intelligently put such thoughts into motion.

'Artistic license or freedom of speech does not mean freedom from criticism...'

'It stirred the pot, and at times the pot needs stirring.'

What do a lawyer, a hotelier and a cake-baking entrepreneur have in common?

They are all supporters of TOGETHER, the Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation's campaign to support the purchase of great works of art for everyone who visits Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu.

On a recent early winter evening, Gallery director Jenny Harper and Charlotte Gray and Mike Stenhouse, trustees of the Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation, shared a drink with Michael Flatman, Julianne Liebeck, Anna Worthington and Alistair Blair— all partners of TOGETHER. As a hospitality partner of TOGETHER, Lily and George Cooper hosted the group at the fabulous Hotel Montreal bar, where polo paraphernalia and paintings of ponies adorn the walls, creating the comfort of a clubhouse.

We invite you to join us. If you also believe that art makes a difference— let's get TOGETHER.

CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY FOUNDATION

Be part of TOGETHER in time for the Gallery's reopening in late 2015. Visit www.christchurchartgallery.org.nz/together or email together@christchurchartgallery.org.nz for more information.

PAGEWORK no. 26

Each quarter the Gallery commissions an artist to create a new work of art especially for ***Bulletin****. It's about actively supporting the generation of new work.*

Dylan Horrocks is a graphic artist and writer based in Auckland. His work includes scripts for DC Comics' *Batgirl* series, and *Hunter: The Age of Magic*; as well as his own comic book series *Atlas*, published by Drawn and Quarterly. Horrocks's *Hicksville* (1998), an award-winning and much-loved account of the history of comics through a New Zealand lens, was voted 12th in *Rolling Stone*'s list of 50 Best Non-Superhero Graphic Novels. His work has been shown at Auckland Art Gallery and City Gallery Wellington. He recently published *Sam Zabel* and *The Magic Pen* (Victoria University Press, 2014), a graphic novel concerned with creative block and the magic of storytelling.

In *Je Suis*, Dylan Horrocks has drawn twenty-four portraits of cartoonists who have been persecuted for their work. He states: 'Most of these cartoonists draw (or drew) political cartoons for newspapers, magazines or websites. Some draw comic books and comic strips. The list includes cartoonists working in many different languages, countries and contexts, with diverse backgrounds, politics and religious beliefs. But all have been targeted for drawing pictures.'

Lara Strongman
Senior curator

'Pagework' has been generously supported by an anonymous donor.

Dylan Horrocks **Je Suis** 2015

Naji al-Ali (Palestine): murdered

Jean Cabut "Cabu" (France): murdered

Stéphane Charbonnier "Charb" (France): murdered

Leslie Chew (Singapore): prosecuted, jailed

Philippe Honoré (France): murdered

Abdul Muhiadin "Arts" (Somalia): threatened, forced into exile

Tony Namate (Zimbabwe): threatened, attacked, bombed

Mana Neyestani (Iran): jailed, forced into exile

Muhammad Saba'aneh (Palestine): prosecuted, jailed

Magdy El Shafee (Egypt): arrested, jailed

Majda Shaheen (Palestine): threatened

Laurent Sourisseau "Riss" (France): shot and wounded

Mike Diana (USA):
prosecuted, jailed

Prageeth Eknaligoda (Sri Lanka):
"disappeared"

Ali Farzat (Syria):
attacked, badly beaten

Fadi Abou Hassan (Syria/Palestine):
jailed, tortured

Molly Norris (USA):
threatened, forced into hiding

Paul-Louis Nyemb Notoogué "Popoli"
(Cameroon): attacked, jailed, tortured

Arifur Rahman (Bangladesh):
prosecuted, jailed

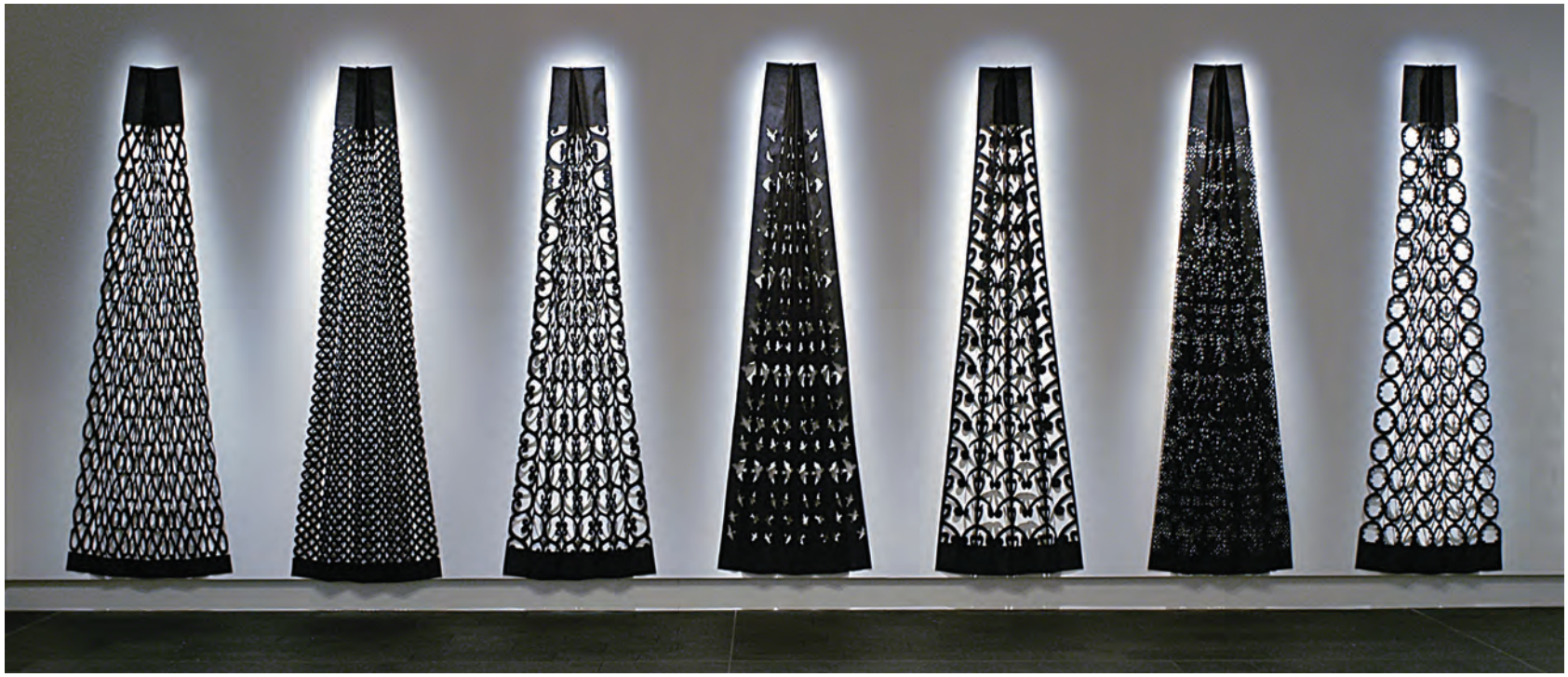
Akram Raslan (Syria):
arrested, "disappeared"

Zulkiflee Anwar Ulhaque "Zunar"
(Malaysia): banned, prosecuted, jailed

Bernard Verlhac "Tignous"
(France): murdered

Kurt Westergaard (Denmark):
threatened, attacked

Georges Wolinski (France):
murdered



Lonnie Hutchinson **sista7** 2003. Black building paper. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, purchased 2003. Reproduced with permission

MY FAVOURITE

I am writing about a favourite piece from the Gallery's collection in autumn 2015, when that collection is in storage and the Gallery is closed at least until Christmas, so I'm prompting memory by consulting the online catalogue. It's brilliant: hundreds of images, 90 percent of the entire 7,000 collection, but to be honest, it feels a bit odd. Like childhood when art was rows of tiny thumbnail prints in grey or faded sepia in a *Children's Encyclopædia*. Everything is the same size, a 950 x 1,980mm canvas by Gordon Crooks has the same weight as the 233 x 146mm Cruikshank cartoon nextdoor, just as online publication imposes the same shiny face and clean font over the Marmite smears and marginal scribblings of actual lived-in books.

So I resort instead to dodgy memory. I close my eyes and there it is: a row of black cones, cut from building paper. It stretches across a good part of the gallery wall, lit so that shadows of the patterns cut in the paper are reflected on white plaster. I remember them linked, like those paper dolls my dad made to amuse us. He'd fold a sheet of paper this way, that way, then cut out a little girl on the front with pigtails and outstretched hands, and flick! The paper unfolded into a whole row of little girls holding hands.

That's how I recalled the cones. I couldn't remember the name of the piece or the artist or their significance. So I Googled 'Christchurch Gallery black building paper' and there it was and it wasn't as I remembered at all. They were seven separate cones, and they were titled *sista7*, which referred to the seven volcanic cones the artist, Lonnie Hutchinson, could see from her studio by Lyttelton Harbour. I don't recall having known that, just that I loved the stark beauty of the cutout patterns and their shadows. I have always loved black and white for the way it makes things serious and for the way it reveals structure.

And now that I know the cones' proper name and their significance, I love them more for their melding of volcanic power with weaving and tattoo and the feminised landscape, created using a technique that retains the childhood enchantment with repeated patterns worked to a grander scale.

Scale is what I miss most online. There's another piece that rises in dodgy memory, the red and black and white transformation of gallery space into a wharenui composed of huge words, in which Ms and Ws and As took on the square-legged stance of the ancestral figures and it was like walking into the very sound of ancient voices. I have to look that up too: it was Darryn George's *Pulse* and it was astonishing. Another favourite.

The quakes have created undeniable limitation, but they have released scale on to the streets where artists have finally had big spaces to work with: Tjalling de Vries's great wall of words, for example, torn from maps and newsprint, shredding in a southerly on the rear wall of CoCA.

That's what I remember from the Gallery collection: scale, pattern and black building paper.

Fiona Farrell *has published novels, short fiction, poetry and non-fiction, and currently holds the Creative New Zealand Michael King Fellowship. She lives and works at Otanerito on Banks Peninsula.*

BACK MATTER

Met You in the Square

During the exhibition **David Cook: Meet Me in the Square**, the Gallery's visitor hosts have had the unusual opportunity to interact with members of the public who either feature in the show themselves or recognise someone else that does.

It has been a fascinating experience hearing the various back stories to the photographs from the subjects themselves, thirty years after they were photographed by Cook. We have talked to visitors who discovered childhood friends, mothers, fathers and grandparents as well as a work colleague, a babysitter and a handful of band members. Their stories, which have given us glimpses into life in central Christchurch back in the eighties, have also provided us with various accounts of how life has continued since then.

We have been thoroughly enjoying these conversations with visitors around the exhibition, and we've posted some of the stories on the Gallery's blog for you to enjoy too. Thanks to all those who have contributed.

David Cook **Christchurch 1984**. Photograph. Reproduced courtesy of the artist

The Bull on New Regent Street

Standing proud on an empty lot in Madras Street for thirty days in 2012, *Chapman's Homer* quickly became symbolic of the extraordinary strength, determination and resilience of this city. The bronze bull captured our hearts, with more than 50,000 people stopping to view and photograph him. In response to calls from the community to 'bring back the bull', Christchurch Art Gallery's Foundation launched a huge crowd-funding effort to secure *Chapman's Homer* for Christchurch. Their generosity was matched by that of Westpac, who got behind the project and provided remarkable support—it wouldn't have happened without them. Our media partners, *The Press*, Radio Live and iSite were with us all the way as well.

Chapman's Homer is now part of our city's collection and will eventually be placed on the Gallery forecourt. In the meantime, fresh from spending the summer in PlaceMakers Riccarton, we were delighted that Westpac helped bring *Chapman's Homer* to New Regent Street. The restoration of this street and its distinctive Spanish mission architecture is another example of this city's resilience and perseverance.

Michael Parekowhai **Chapman's Homer**. Bronze, stainless steel. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery, purchased 2013 with the assistance of Christchurch City Council through the Public Art Advisory Group, Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation and Westpac, IAG, Ben and Penny Gough, Chartwell Trust, Ravenscar Trust, Friends of Christchurch Art Gallery, Grant and Sandra Close, Dame Jenny Gibbs, Kevin and Joanna Hickman, Stewart and Nati Kaa, Tony Kerridge, McFadden family, Andrew and Jenny Smith, Chapman Tripp, Colliers, Meadow Mushrooms, MWH Ltd, Pace Project Management, *The Press*; and with additional thanks for contributions from 1,074 other big-hearted individuals and companies.

Did We Win Big at MAPDA 2015?

We were very pleased to find out in early April that the Gallery had been shortlisted for four awards in the 2015 Museums Australia Publication and Design Awards (MAPDAs)—especially since we only entered in three categories. Apparently the judges were so impressed with the poster included in our *Burster* education resource that they decided it had to be entered in the 'Poster' category too. The awards were held on 22 May, so too late to get results in this magazine before we print. However, by the time you read this the die will be cast. Fingers crossed.

Cosmo Photo Competition

Keeping *Chapman's Homer* company on New Regent Street throughout May was Michael Parekowhai's *Cosmo McMurtry*, installed in an empty shop next to The Last Word. Like many of Parekowhai's works, *Cosmo* encourages multiple and contradictory points of view about local history. Is he a cute bunny or a noxious pest? A kindly character or a symbol of colonial expansion? Predator or prey? Friend or foe? His ears are cocked as if he's listening for something; alert both to danger and to opportunity.

Parekowhai's giant rabbits have been shown all over the world, from Canada to Korea, Lithuania to Australia. This one just popped up for a few weeks as part of the **Outer Spaces** programme, but you'll see him again this summer during the Gallery's reopening exhibitions.

We ran a little competition around *Cosmo*, encouraging the public to get creative and post their photos of him to Instagram, Facebook or Twitter using the hashtag #cagcosmo. The competition was judged on 11 May by Jasper from The Last Word, who also chipped in to our prize. The lucky winner of the goody bag, which included $200 of books and t-shirts as well as a $50 voucher from the Last Word was @guernseyarchitect.

Michael Parekowhai **Cosmo McMurtry** 2006. Woven nylon substrate, pigment, electrical components. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, the Jim Barr and Mary Barr Gift 2011. Reproduced with permission

Public Programmes

Film: The Pottery Industry—20th Century to Today

This documentary looks at milestones in the development of the pottery industry over the past century. There are interviews with pottery managers, workers and ceramic historians as well as filmed sequences of pottery processes from the heyday of coal firing and the many developments since.

6pm / 10 June / WEA, 59 Gloucester Street / free

Film: Judgement Day—Images of Heaven and Hell

Leading art historian and writer Tim Marlow explores the relationship between art and the afterlife—from the ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead to Stanley Spencer's vision of heaven as a small English town.

6pm / 15 July / WEA, 59 Gloucester Street / free
70 mins

Film: Funny Ha Ha

Ngā Taonga Sound and Vision presents a delightful mix of comedy clips and short films from the 1930s to the present. Clips include an early sound-on-film test, wartime propaganda, cooking recipes and spoofs from Country Calendar. Short films include *Walk-Short* and *Careful With that Axe, Eugene!*—ridiculous advertising for petrol, soft drinks and toilet cleaner peppers the programme.

6pm / 5 August / WEA, 59 Gloucester Street / free
70 mins

Matariki: Glitter Masks

Celebrate Matariki by making beautiful glitter masks in a pattern that reflects your personality or heritage. Suitable for ages 5 +. Adults welcome too.

1.30–3pm / 20 and 27 June / WEA, 59 Gloucester Street / free

Hands On

Have you ever wanted to learn a new creative skill? Well now is your chance. Work on a potter's wheel, see the Woodworkers' Guild carve, make a screen print, try lacemaking, marble some paper, or try using theatrical make up.

11–4pm / 21 June / WEA, 59 Gloucester Street / free

Art Crime in New Zealand

Dr Ngarino Gabriel Ellis, senior lecturer in Art History at Auckland University, engages us in the shady side of art history—theft, looting, forgery and vandalism.

6pm / 1 July / WEA, 59 Gloucester Street / free

The Underworld

Curator Peter Vangioni brings Petrus van der Velden's *Dutch Funeral* to life, fatal Victorian fashion is discussed and Elizabeth Knox reads from *The Wake*. There will also be music, Dutch funeral cakes and mulled wine.

6pm / 22 July / WEA, 59 Gloucester Street / free

Imaginary Cities

Taking the Christchurch blueprint as a starting point, the panel chaired by senior curator Lara Strongman and including writers Fiona Farrell, Anna Smaill and Hamish Clayton and urban designer Hugh Nicholson, looks at ways we imagine cities, either in fiction, in history, or in contemporary life, whether as utopias or dystopias... cities imagined or reimagined.

In association with WORD Christchurch

12pm / 30 August / TVNZ Festival Club, The Arts Centre / $20
75 mins

Bookings: ticketek.co.nz or 0800TICKETEK (842 538)

School Holiday Programme: KidsFest

Imagination Playground

Back by popular demand! Unleash your child's imagination in play, with big blue blocks in many shapes and sizes. There are endless fun possibilities for creating and building, from castles to aliens to marble runs and much more. Suitable for ages 2–9.

10am–12pm and 1–3pm / 6–17 July, weekdays only / WEA, 59 Gloucester Street / $5

Bookings: christchurchartgallery.org.nz/kidsfest

UC
UNIVERSITY OF CANTERBURY
Te Whare Wānanga o Waitaha
CHRISTCHURCH NEW ZEALAND

www.arts.canterbury.ac.nz/fina

The Gallery is currently closed to the public.

CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY
TE PUNA O WAIWHETU
PO Box 2626, Christchurch 8140, New Zealand
Tel: (+64 3) 941 7300
Fax: (+64 3) 941 7301
www.christchurchartgallery.org.nz

GALLERY SHOP
Tel: (+64 3) 941 7370
Email: artgalleryshop@ccc.govt.nz

EDUCATION BOOKINGS
Tel: (+64 3) 941 7373
Email: artgallery.schools@ccc.govt.nz

FRIENDS OF CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY
Tel: (+64 3) 941 7356
Email: friends@ccc.govt.nz

CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY FOUNDATION
Tel: (+64 3) 353 4352
Email: together@christchurchgallery.org.nz

CHRISTCHURCH ART GALLERY TE PUNA O WAIWHETU