



# B 188

**Christchurch Art Gallery  
Te Puna o Waiwhetu  
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**Len Lye Works**

Sally Blundell on the challenges  
of realising new, larger and  
louder works by Len Lye.

**The Art of the Heist**

Nick Spill tells the story of a  
little-known heist from the  
Robert McDougall Art Gallery.

**Observing Rituals**

Balamohan Shingade speaks  
with artist Kushana Bush.

**In the Studio**

Bridget Riley in conversation  
with Paul Moorhouse at the  
artist's studio.

**Bringing the Soul**

Rau Hoskins looks at the  
expression of Ngāi Tahuwhiri /  
Ngāi Tahu cultural identity in  
the Christchurch rebuild.

**B.188**

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Please see the back cover for more details.

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Shannon Te Ao  
tēnei ao kawa nei





# Art Makes Me Fly

Take yourself on a flight of fancy with Wayne Youle's latest exhibition *Look Mum No Hands*. Be in to win flights and accommodation for you and three mates to Singapore, thanks to Christchurch Art Gallery's product partner, Singapore Airlines.

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**#artmakesmefly**

Promotion runs until 31 July 2017. Terms and conditions apply.



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Cover: Kushana Bush *Other People* (detail) 2016. Gouache and pencil on paper. Private collection, Wellington

Previous spread: Shannon Te Ao *Untitled (malady)* (installation view) 2016. HD video, single-channel, 13:16min, colour. Courtesy of the artist and Robert Heald Gallery, Wellington

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# Director's Foreword

JENNY HARPER

May 2017

Sometimes I feel inordinately proud of this gallery and especially of my colleagues. I wonder if it's unreasonable or otherwise questionable. However, as I write, I don't think so.

At a memorable supporters' evening in April we brought our level two TOGETHER partners behind the scenes where most of us work: to the loading bay and collection handling; to the photography studio, the library and our education suite. Not to mention the workshop where the best crates in this part of the world are made!

Throughout the visit our staff demonstrated professional enthusiasm and communicated a palpable sense of collective expertise—as well as a real love of working here. As we looked through the storerooms connections were made between early donors and more recent donors; there were happy people all around. It was a Foundation event organised by Brown Bread and went very smoothly. The next morning we were delighted to receive this email from a supporter who joined us: 'just a quick thank you for last night. Nice to be able to feel like a kid in a lolly shop, big smiles all round.'

As we approach the end of the financial year, I've been reflecting on the fact we're been reopened a mere year and five months (six by the time you read this). Exhibitions, always well-designed and displayed, have turned over amazingly smoothly. As I write this, we've welcomed more than 470,000 visitors. They report that their experience was 'mind-blowing'; that they've stayed a good while; that they've seen more than they anticipated.

In short, we are delighted to be open again and optimistic about the future. How many other public buildings can offer an artist-rendered experience in all of their public lifts or such a brightly-painted car park beneath? We love offering suggestions for what to look at, even if time is limited. We love thinking through the future programme; about what we're charged with collecting as the main gallery in this part of the world, and about how best to stretch out and embrace the wider world of art.

We recognise our visitor numbers are not yet at as amazing as they were pre-earthquake, and look forward to when they bounce back—as they will in due course. We know that a range of local people remain reluctant to face the central city and negotiate streets which are taking forever to repair and redesign. To an extent we've become used to living locally.

However, a vibrant inner-city for Christchurch is on its way—and the Gallery is a central pivot for this. It has taken time to get the Design Store and car park opened; they are now, and we promise the café will also be open before too long.

We're also excited as we approach the on-site painting and public unveiling of the fourth significant work to mark our five years of closure, *Cosmos* by renowned English artist Bridget Riley. It will be accompanied by an exhibition featuring a number of works which she is lending Christchurch as a 'welcome' for the painting. In the lead up to this, we feature a new interview with the artist, who talks with Paul Moorhouse, senior curator at the National Portrait Gallery, London. Moorhouse visited Riley in her East

London studio earlier this year, and discussed the development of her new work for Christchurch.

And prior to the installation of *Len Lye: Stopped Short By Wonder* in August, Sally Blundell investigates the University of Canterbury's relationship with the Len Lye Foundation and the development of a ten-metre version of Lye's *Blade* from the early 1970s. Charged with fulfilling Lye's plans for new, larger and louder versions of his works, as well as attempting to deliver previously unrealised pieces, the Foundation works within a highly charged field. Blundell takes a look at some of the issues they face.

Accompanying our beautiful exhibition *Sydow: Tomorrow Never Knows*, curator Peter Vangioni talks to UK-based artist Stephen Furlonger, who was a friend and contemporary of Carl Sydow's. Sydow, Furlonger and John Panting all went through the University of Canterbury School of Art together before travelling to London in the 1960s. Here, Furlonger discusses the London expatriate art scene, and the sense of potential that drew artists there.

Also looking at a sense of potential, architect and educator Rau Hoskins investigates the Christchurch rebuild, seeking a Māori presence in our new built landscape, and finds the expression of iwi and hapū cultural identity across the city in some very successful signature projects.

We look forward to the opening of *Kushana Bush: The Burning Hours*, which comes to us from the Dunedin Public Art Gallery. Here, artist and curator Balamohan Shingade talks to Bush about religion, spirituality, and the rituals she observes from her Dunedin studio. And Nick Spill, formerly a curator at the National Art Gallery and latterly a bodyguard and private investigator in Miami, lifts the lid on a little-known art heist here in Christchurch.

My Favourite comes from Murray Horton, who remembers Tony Fomison the political man; and this quarter's Postcard is from photographer Ben Cauchi in Berlin. Mark Braunias provides the thirty-third

instalment in our Pagework series.

In conclusion, there are three noteworthy matters I'd like to draw your attention to. Firstly, Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu has relationships with various professional organisations, including the Art Association of Australia and New Zealand, which had its last conference in Canberra. For the first time a prize supported by us was awarded to a publication by a Māori or Pasifika writer (matching a longer-standing award to an Aboriginal writer). So along with this year's judges, we congratulate Dr Rangihiroa Panoho for his recent publication *Māori Art: History, Architecture, Landscape and Theory*.

Secondly, I want to pay tribute to Ann Betts, whose recent death saddens us all. Ann was the education officer at the former Robert McDougall Art Gallery from 1979 until 2007. She trained many of our longer-serving guides and became a guide herself on her retirement. As Gallery guide Bella Boyd said of her:

*She was a natural teacher with many years' experience... she was such a rich source of information, she didn't look it up in a book; it just came out of the pores of her skin.*

It's also notable that Ann established the precursor to this magazine as an informative two-pager sent to Friends of the Gallery and schools to remind of all that was on offer. What a legacy.

And finally, I'm so delighted to let all our readers know that we have purchased Shannon Te Ao's *Untitled (Malady)* 2016. This beautiful work of video art by the recent Walters Prize winner has mesmerised audiences since the exhibition *Tēnei Ao Kawa Nei* opened in March.

As many of you know our city-supported budget for collection acquisitions has been dramatically reduced over the last three years as Christchurch re-balances its priorities. However, in this case we have been helped by the generosity of Sheelagh Thompson, who saw fit to give us a wonderful cheque on her 86th birthday! Thank you, Sheelagh, for another gift that will go on giving.





# Len Lye Works

The glancing body of a hooked swordfish; the shivering skin of a panicky horse; a shiny tin kicked in rage by a young boy outside the Cape Campbell lighthouse. This triptych of memories was the inspiration for avant-garde New Zealand sculptor, painter and film-maker Len Lye's *Blade* (1972–4)—a vertical band of steel that curves, flexes, arches then hammers frenetically against a cork ball in a fury of light, sound and movement.

‘I see the sculpture *Blade* as three evocative sensory moments of past experience which have sunk down into my thighs,’ he wrote. ‘[T]hat’s how *Blade* shines and quivers when it is doing its stuff—flashing light, shimmering fish and taut quivering horse.’<sup>1</sup>

In its frenzied motion and escalating action, the sexual connotations of *Blade* are unmistakable, but there is also a kind of formality, an expression of rhythm, which the artist associated with dance and body movement, says Len Lye Foundation director Even Webb. ‘For me it is one

of the works where we can see him courting with chaos. It is possible to make *Blade* so it is straight drumming, but when it is interrupted unexpectedly, when the blade starts driving the motor or the ball gets out of sync or something unpredictable happens in its performance—that is when it comes alive.’

*Blade* was first shown in this country forty years ago, in Lye’s inaugural New Zealand exhibition at the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, where it was seen alongside the newly completed *Fountain III* and the alarmingly dynamic *Trilogy (A Flip and Two Twisters)*. As a result of this exhibition, and the skill and enthusiasm of engineer John Matthews—since chair of the Len Lye Foundation—and other supporters and artists, Lye decided to leave his entire collection to the people of New Zealand, to be held at the Govett-Brewster.

As well as preserving and promoting the artist’s work and ideas, the Foundation was charged with fulfilling his plans for new, larger and

louder versions of his existing ‘tangible motion sculptures’—as seen in the forty-five-metre *Wind Wand* currently bending and glowing on New Plymouth’s foreshore. Lye also left the Foundation the task of realising new works that, because of lack of materials, expertise or money, he was unable to achieve before his death in 1980.

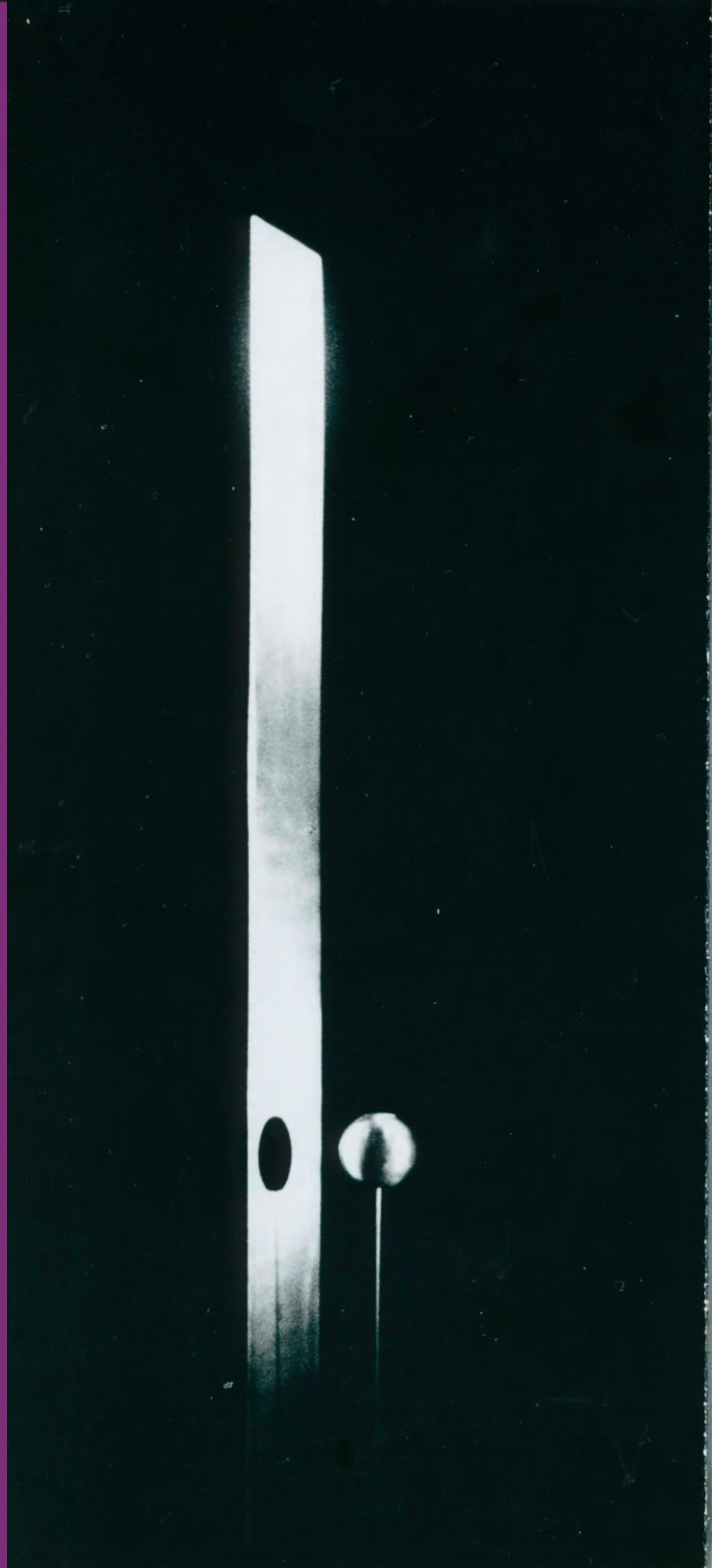
A twenty-five-year collaboration with the engineering department at the University of Canterbury has resulted in a list of at least ten new Len Lye projects. Research has already begun on a larger version of *Rotating Harmonic*, a simple rod that oscillates backwards and forwards to create a three-dimensional virtual volume in space; an enlarged version of *Witch Dance*, a circle of motorised, twelve-metre high, shimmying and shaking wind wands; and *Snake God and Snake Goddess*, a ten-metre long sculpture completed by former engineering student Alex O’Keefe featuring a large stainless steel strip that rucks and undulates before rearing into the air and shooting a bolt of lightning into a sun-like sphere.


Work is also underway on a massive ten-metre version of *Blade*. Shayne Gooch, head of mechanical engineering at the University of Canterbury, says it’s a project with its own sizeable challenges.

‘It isn’t simply a matter of getting the same material and making it ten times as big. But Len Lye knew this. He didn’t drive a car, but he had a very good feel for movement and metals and how they move—he knew that if you change the size of something it moves differently.’

Gooch quotes Lye’s analogy of a three-foot shrub falling in the forest, compared to the accelerating rush of a 100-foot redwood tree tumbling to the ground.

For his PhD in 1997 Gooch made a 3.3 metre version of *Blade*, over twice the size of Lye’s original work, which was shown in the Botanic Gardens as part of the Robert McDougall Art Gallery’s





*Sculpture in the Gardens* exhibition. Where Lye relied on cold-rolled steel, commonly used in bandsaw blades, Gooch used a stronger, lighter and more resilient titanium alloy.

The new, even larger version will be constructed using the ‘largest piece of titanium alloy available on the planet’, sourced by Gooch from an aircraft manufacturer supplier in Shanghai, and a clamping device and variable stroke mechanism designed by engineering student Tim Spencer. The resulting movement is expected to be able to negotiate the required path between apparent unpredictability and regulated shape and movement.

‘When we first looked at the behaviour of *Blade* we didn’t think we would be able to model it because it looks chaotic at times,’ says Gooch. ‘Lye liked aspects of unpredictability but what we found with the different mode shapes—if you are vibrating at one mode there are elements of other modes. So you end up with a shape that looks chaotic but is actually something you can calculate.’

Mastering the design for the ten-metre version of *Blade* will be an essential first step to fulfilling Lye’s dream for *Steel Henge* (or *Timehenge*): a series of twelve different sized blades, of which this will be the largest, arranged in a circle like numbers on the face of a clock and reflecting light, as Lye posited, ‘like an Aztec monument to the sun’.

But, as with so many of Len Lye’s works, the seemingly chaotic yet predictable movements of such monuments rely on a level of flexibility and vibration at odds with standard engineering practice.

‘Engineers are taught to steer clear of vibration,’ says Webb. ‘A vibrating propeller shaft in a ship or a wheel bearing in a car is antithetical to good engineering design. Similarly, architectural designs are aimed at minimal structural flexibility.’

In the University of Canterbury’s engineering department, students involved in Len Lye projects

are learning to predict exactly what happens when you do get vibration in machines.

‘Normally you would avoid it but making something that shows vibration is good from an educational perspective,’ says Gooch. ‘It is basically Newton’s law—force equals mass times acceleration—then you can work out how something moves and with a flexible movement like *Blade* you can predict what shape it will go into.’

The realisation and serialisation of Lye’s sculptural work has been made possible by the advent of new materials and technologies. But again, the challenges are immense. Too much control and the works tend to lose their shining sense of chaotic unpredictability. Too little and the machinery can fail, movement can go awry. With some works, such as *Trilogy*, Lye pushed the control mechanism to the edge of its capacity, until the motion itself was driving the machinery—what Webb calls ‘the tail wagging the dog’.

Duplicating this movement, often the result of antiquated control mechanisms, requires a clear understanding of what the artist intended.

‘Lye was over-driving his original motors so they were doing something that was imperfect but that was inherent in the art work,’ says the Govett-Brewster’s Len Lye curator Paul Brobbel. ‘So how do you replicate something that is perhaps not well designed in an engineering sense but well executed in an art sense?’

To ensure the movement remains paramount, the Foundation tries to limit any sound that would distract from the overall quality of the performance of reconstructed works, often replacing old analogue motors made by Lye or his colleagues, who were not necessarily engineers, with digital systems.

Did the sound of the old machines driving his work bother Lye? We don’t know, says Brobbel, ‘but he saw the motors and the bases as subordinate to the figure of motion. The question is whether you go back to replicating exactly the original materials or is there any leeway to achieve the same work or the same experience using the benefits of modern science and technology?’

The challenge, says Brobbel, is to work out what the machinery he used was meant to do and what he did to it that perhaps wasn’t perfect, ‘and how we simulate that with the exact motion but with a purer experience.’

The posthumous realisation of such ambitions—indeed the posthumous realisation of any artist’s work—comes with its own set of ethical considerations. Is it right to give form to an artist’s unrealised idea? Or to make copies of existing works without the final approval of

the artist? If new sites are selected, new materials used, different scales designed and a ‘purer experience’ defined and developed, are we not imposing a different aesthetic on the final object?

‘We’ve been challenged on this for many years and I think it is a worthwhile challenge,’ says Webb. ‘The simple truth is we don’t know what Len would want if he was around today. Artists do change their minds—we all change our minds—but Len did see the possibilities in technologies that weren’t available to him then.’

Although lacking the certainty of Lye’s final approval, for each new work the Foundation undertakes thorough research, drawing on Lye’s notes, sketches, even audio and video recordings, and enlisting a robust auditing process. ‘The trustees bring all their knowledge to bear on it, including their understanding of Len’s intentions and other works it might be similar to,’ says Webb. ‘And Len gave the Foundation authority to do this.’

Back at the University of Canterbury, work is continuing on Lye’s rugby-pitch sized *Sun, Land and Sea*, for which *Snake God and the Snake Goddess* is a smaller prototype. The idea behind the work is archaic—a creation myth retold in new technologies, engineering perspicacity, and the volatile movement of pulsating strips of highly polished steel representing seven sea serpents, a cave goddess and a sun god. It is also the sort of vision that ensures Len Lye a unique yet persistent place in the story of avant-garde twentieth-century art.

‘Len Lye is an exciting proposition to a lot of people around the world,’ says Brobbel. ‘As a fringe figure he is always kind of cool, he is always attractive, and there will always be a new generation discovering him and thinking they are on to this guy who hasn’t had his dues. And Christchurch has a stake in Len Lye—he was born there and now the engineering happens there. It is nice to recognise the relationship.’

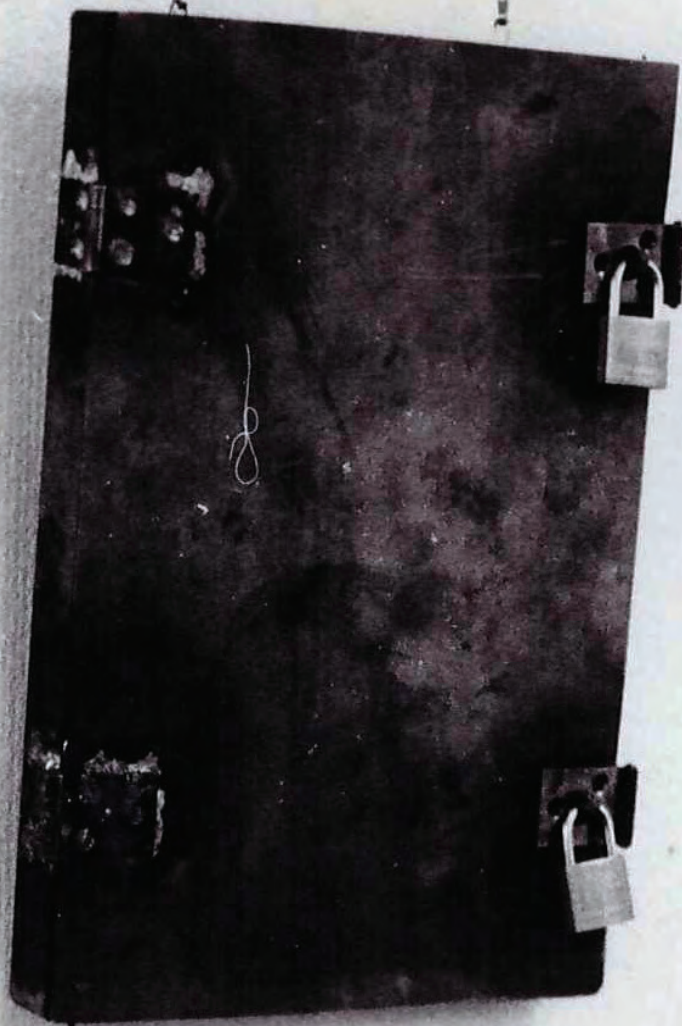
**Sally Blundell** is a Christchurch-based journalist and writer, including recent contributions to *Once in a Lifetime* (Freerange Press), *Extraordinary Anywhere* (VUP) and *Future Perfect* (Goethe-Institut). Len Lye: Stopped Short by Wonder is on display from 5 August until 26 November 2017. In partnership with the Len Lye Foundation, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery/Len Lye Centre and Nga Taonga Sound & Vision.

Note:

1. From Roger Horrocks, *Zizz! The Life and Art of Len Lye, in his own words*, Awa Press, 2015.



Shayne Gooch and Evan Webb setting up *Blade* in the Botanic Gardens, 1998.



# the ART of the HEIIST

In early August of 1977, two students from the University of Canterbury School of Art walked into the Robert McDougall Art Gallery, took a painting off the wall, and walked out the front door. After lunch, the director Brian Muir noticed a 7 by 9 inch painting was missing.

Shortly afterwards, at the National Art Gallery (NAG) in Wellington where I was the exhibitions curator, I received a phone call from Muir informing me that Raymond McIntyre's painting *Suzette* had been stolen and asking me to be on the lookout for it. The theft had not been made public. Two days later, I received a small wooden crate in the mail. Inside was a custom-made, 8 by 10 metal box. There was a note on the box with instructions—the artists who had constructed the box would reveal its contents at the opening of the *A4 Show* in a gallery on Willis Street.

## **The 1977 Students Arts Festival**

John Davis was the director of the 1977 Students Arts Festival. He had invited Andrew Drummond, then education curator at NAG, and me to run the visual arts programme for the festival. John was the quintessentially charismatic student leader and he gave us enough money and freedom to do what we wanted. Andrew and I approached our director Melvin (Pat) Day, who readily agreed to loan us out. Pat always stood by us and encouraged our non-traditional approach to the arts. A graduate of the Courtauld Institute of Art at the University of London, Pat was old school; he wore perfectly hand-tied bow ties, told charming and witty anecdotes and was a sound art history scholar. He died last year at the age of 92, doing what he loved most, painting.

The organisers;

This is a padlocked box and is to be displayed as such for those exhibition days preceding the 25th of August.

Keys for the locks will be sent to this same address on Thursday the 25th.

Unlocking of the box is to be undertaken with due care and while still in its exhibition space ie. the wall, with an audience, at 12 noon on the aforementioned day.

The success of this work rests with you the organisers.

This box  
will be opened  
at 1.30 pm  
TODAY

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We organised several events around the Arts Festival. A video store on Lambton Quay was rented and crammed with borrowed video equipment that students could take on location to explore new technology with big clunky cameras and tape recorders. They then presented their grainy black and white videotape at the store. A performance space in a gallery on Willis Street showcased student artists and their installations; Bruce Barber, Brian McNeil and Arthur Baysting's persona Neville Purvis performed there. The Elva Bett Gallery on Cuba Street hosted a photo/documentary exhibition called *Closed Coal Camp Island* by Yuji Saiga and there were other exhibits around Wellington, including a show of Jos Carlin's dance photography at the Memorial Theatre.

Then there was a national student open invitational called the *A4 Show*. Any student could submit anything the size of an A4 sheet—210 x 297mm, or about 8 by 10 inches.

In 1976, I had organised an exhibition called *Art in the Mail* that was launched at the Manawatu Art Gallery by Luit Bieringa. The show toured ten major galleries in New Zealand with Arts Council funding, then went on tour in Australia. For all I know, it is still touring somewhere. The show upset an extraordinary number of people and generated record crowds. The idea was to remove the curator from the art show and allow artists the freedom to show their work, uncensored. Long before the internet, *Art in the Mail* allowed for open unfiltered communication through the postal system. The *A4 Show* worked on a similar principle.

So, the day before the deadline for submissions, we received this mysterious metal box at the NAG. We had to show the work as it fulfilled the requirements for entry. The box had special padlocks but no key. The submitting students would be present at the opening of the show and unlock the box.

### **The Curator's Dilemma**

I had my suspicions about the contents of the box. Could it be the painting? I had to find out. I called a locksmith to come to the NAG after hours, and in one minute he had picked the two locks.

When he left, Andrew and I lifted the lid and there, encased in bubble wrap, was a beautiful little oil by a leading expatriate New Zealand artist. Painted around 1914, *Suzette* captured a young woman in a black hat, leaning on a table, her pinkie between her sensual lips, her eyes gazing into the distance, pensive but evocative. If you had seen her at a bar in London or Paris you would have known she was both alluring and trouble, but now, sixty-three years later at the National Art Gallery, she was our trouble.

What to do with the stolen painting? Would we respect the wishes of the artists or the ethics of a curator? Should we help a director who could lose his job over the theft or further the careers of two art students?

And what would the painter have thought? Raymond McIntyre (1879–1933) had travelled to England in 1909. He was from Christchurch and had taught at the Canterbury College School of Art. Would he have been amused? Maybe he would think this a kick in the pants to the conservative art scene? At least he would have admired the craftsmanship of the metal box and the daring of the heist.

Behind the hardwood painting was an envelope. A series of Polaroids showed the painting on the gallery wall; the painting being lifted off the wall by a student dressed in a trench coat, dark glasses and fedora; and the empty space on the wall where the painting once hung. The last shot was of the student walking out of the gallery, the painting under his coat.

I picked up the phone and called Brian Muir in Christchurch. It was an understatement to say he was relieved. I then called our gallery photographer who was instructed to produce an exact copy of the painting and mount it on similar board. Muir arrived the next day and took possession of the painting. He admired the photographic reproduction compared to the real

painting. He agreed not to prosecute the two students, and not to display the painting until after the *A4 Show* had closed.

### **The Opening of the A4 Show**

The two students from Christchurch arrived at the opening. I took the key from them and walked to the back of the gallery where the padlocked metal box was displayed on an easel. The gallery was packed, standing room only, and the two art thieves were forced to remain at a distance. Andrew operated a large video camera (on loan from our video store) to document the proceedings.

I don't think the audience was as interested in my 'curator as art rat speech' as they were in what was in the metal box. When I finally unlocked it and held up the colour reproduction, the two students at the back did not realise they had been victims of a switch. Suzette gazed out into the crowd, nonchalant at being a reproduction. She still looked original. The metal box with the reproduction inside and the Polaroids remained on display and attracted a lot of interest and debate.

Later Andrew and I talked to the two 'art thieves', who finally understood they had themselves been victims of a heist and that we had, in fact, protected them. They had planned to return the painting to the Gallery after the show; the fact that we would have displayed a known stolen painting, that the painting would have been recovered, and that they would have been prosecuted for theft, were details they had not thought through.

The entire heist was part of their graduate submission and their lecturer at Ilam, Tom Taylor, was in possession of a sealed letter to be opened in case of their arrest. The presiding magistrate would not have appreciated their attempt to involve an early twentieth-century New Zealand masterpiece in an extended performance piece. The colour reproduction and the metal box were given back to the students, who needed it for their submission. They graduated with honours.

*Nick Spill was born in 1950 and attended the University of Auckland. He was exhibitions curator at the National Art Gallery, worked as an independent government contractor and a conceptual artist. He arrived in the US in 1980. He formed his own private investigation agency in Miami and was later recruited to become chief investigator for a state agency. He has written *The Way of the Bodyguard* about his years as a bodyguard and investigator, and recently published *The Jaded Kiwi*, a dark crime novel set in 1976 New Zealand.*







# Observing Rituals

Kushana Bush is a Dunedin-based artist, whose meticulously detailed and stage-like worlds blend religious themes with secular narratives, often manifesting in ritualistic violence. Her paintings examine what spirituality, ritual and community might mean in a contemporary world. She spoke with Balamohan Shingade of ST PAUL St Gallery in February 2017.

**Balamohan Shingade:** There is a religious atmosphere to your artworks in *The Burning Hours*, and the title makes reference to books of hours—Christian prayer books found, most commonly, in the form of medieval illuminated manuscripts. Could you explain the connection?

**Kushana Bush:** A medieval book of hours is a lavishly illustrated

collection of prayers in gouache and gold, used at hourly intervals for private devotional purposes. Illuminated manuscripts (commonly owned by women) were used the same way people fumble for their smartphones today, in a *pawing* kind of manner for guidance and comfort.

The finest European manuscript illuminators, to my mind, were

the Limbourg Brothers. They were responsible for two exquisite books of hours: *Très Riches Heures* (Very Rich Hours) and the *Belles Heures* (Beautiful Hours). It was from this starting point that the show was titled. For me, *The Burning Hours* conjures up the image of a religious book burning, a concept all too relevant to our ‘us and them’ times. What acts of cultural vandalism

might my artworks be subjected to over the next five hundred years?

In order to conquer these larger scale miniatures (and they really did need conquering) I was forced to adopt a kind of ascetic discipline; *The Burning Hours* inadvertently came to reflect those hours devoted to making. This complete detachment from socialising, Facebooking, Instagramming, smartphoning and net-flicking swims against the tide of modern life. (Is this the artist's job? And if not, then whose is it?) This renouncing of the 'real-world' into my millimetre-by-millimetre world, meant that when I did have small interactions with the outside world, I really *felt* them. On the way to my studio, I saw a tree on fire with flowers; I watched a young boy at the pool dive into the water with a kind of hallucinatory precision. The once ignorable, became shrill and miraculous. I think this miraculous outlook is in the atmosphere of the 2016 works.

**BS:** It must be to achieve this more exacting, miraculous and spiritual view of the world with 'hallucinatory precision', that ascetics from all traditions renounce the modern world—from the sky-clad Hindu disciples of Śiva to the sufi sages of Islam, the Buddhist forest monks to the Christian desert fathers. You describe your visit to the Chester Beatty Library, Dublin, in 2014 as the closest thing to a spiritual event

that you have experienced. What was spiritual about it?

**KB:** Well I have to be honest... it was the closest thing to a spiritual experience I have had since I visited Giotto's frescoes. To describe the Chester Beatty experience more accurately: My heart was pounding, my mouth dry; I undid my top button because I was hot and clammy; I had that urgent desire to turn away in fear of its blinding beauty... now how would you diagnose that? Would you describe that as spiritual or just great art doing its job?

The Chester Beatty Library is packed with beautifully illuminated copies of the Qur'an as well as Turkish, Persian, Mughal and European miniature paintings of the highest order. I caught myself in the act of reverently bowing down to these cabinets of miniature paintings (these private artworks can only be worshipped by one person at a time) and I felt the warm glow of gold leaf bouncing off my face like a buttercup flower held under my chin. Take that experience of awe you felt as a child at really seeing nature's buttercup in all its fluorescence for the first time—that is what I mean by that word spiritual. A kind of transcendence, taking you out of the humdrum and into that place where the world is divine. Exquisite miniatures have this same ability to transport you.

**BS:** I'm reminded of being ushered through hundreds of sweaty people

in the bottlenecking corridors of Indian temples. It's an experience that's too much for one's senses. Life in all directions. But who are the people in your paintings, and what mysterious rituals are they engaged in?

**KB:** The depicted rituals include a blend of what I imagine going on outside my studio window in the streets of Dunedin and what I hear reported on the radio. A trade (or unequal sacrifice?) between two tribes, a modern-day circumcision (or some Children's Day?), a Holy Festival/Santa Parade/Crucifixion, a twenty-first birthday party complete with a hose-pipe-beer-bong, a public immolation, a flogging, a passion play, a haruspex, a high-school hazing ritual and a no-life-lost beheading.

The who is a much harder question to answer. In all of the paintings I'm depicting the 'you' and 'I', and then in some I attempt to depict an 'other'. I would come back to that 'other' weeks or months later and come to recognise some aspect of myself in them... perhaps it was a figure participating in the act of humiliating somebody else. There are parts of our humanity that a painting can make us face up to; some people find that mirror very disturbing.

**BS:** This exhibition marks an extraordinary shift in the style of your paintings. Previously, seductively gross bodies floated in the middle of a page, sometimes

patterned, like in *Pimp Squeaks* (2010), and at other times with props, as in *All Things to All Men* (2011). What inspired you to spill your compositions over the edge of the page?

**KB:** Sometimes, the biggest developments happen once you forget the all rules you made for yourself in the first place. In 2011 it dawned on me that I never let my people wear clothes—what kind of dictator had I become? I became captivated by Giotto’s use of cloth as an emotional tool, the way a firm tug or a delicate drape could signal grief or humility. I wanted to use cloth as a tool for expression, so I tentatively introduced my people to a little flannel on my return from Italy in the *Tender Paintings* and from then on my people shunned nudity.

My new paintings with backgrounds came about because it simply no longer made sense to carry on painting the way I had. The artwork I loved most in all my books went to the edge as a carnival of beauty contained in a rectangle. In making this technical shift I had to confront the terrifying possibility that perhaps I wouldn’t have the slightest clue about how to create a convincing setting. Because I grew up in a house of Indian miniatures and ukiyo-e, most of my art heroes are pre-perspective, so I’ve never really understood how to create the illusion of depth. I had to resort



Above: Kushana Bush *Flogging* 2014. Gouache and pencil on paper. The Michael Buxton Collection, Melbourne

Following spread: Kushana Bush *Us Lucky Observers* (detail) 2016. Gouache and pencil on paper. Collection of Dunedin Public Art Gallery







to the primitive tricks they used to get by on, like Giotto's hammy stage sets, Bellini's use of a big curtain (to hide that fiddly landscape) or the way some Mughal miniaturists filled the composition up with figures (like pouring out a jug of juice until you reach the sky) thus avoiding depth altogether.

**BS:** Your parents named you after the Kushan Empire, because at the time of your birth, your father was involved with the local numismatic society and enjoyed learning about the old world through his own collection of Kushan coins. What's wonderful about the legacy of the Kushan people (fl. 30–375 AD) is their appetite for syncretism, their impulse to bring together various schools of thought, diverse practices and traditions into a whole. Do you share this impulse with your namesakes?

**KB:** What compelled the Kushans to steal their imagery from other cultures? I think it was that empty feeling of starting from scratch; they had to use what was at-hand to form something powerful and mysterious for themselves (and perhaps for those floundering around them). Who could blame them? I was born unmoored to a place, a people or a religion but moored to a magpie name. The Kushans blended Hindu, Zoroastrian, Hellenistic and Buddhist imagery to achieve something gloriously new and their own. The likeness of the Buddha image to the Greek god Apollo is

all thanks to the Kushan Empire's misadventure with art history.

This misadventure isn't unique to the Kushans, it is the story of art history. Find me an artwork where a kind of cannibalism has taken place and I am strangely there, eager to know more. I'm very attracted to the idea of wilfully getting things wrong, it somehow cracks open more meaning.

In *The Ascent of Muhammad to Heaven* (or *Mi'raj*) the Persian artist Sultan Muhammad has hidden Muhammad's face with a little white sheet in order to avoid idolatry. In my painting *The Covered Hours* (2016) figures congregate, enacting an un-pin-down-able ceremony. The extended sleeves and covered face have been borrowed here, but the original symbolic potency is stripped away. The figures now parade their once meaningful garments like some shallow fashion statement. Our modern world is filled with gestures that were once filled with meaning. Just think of the way air hostesses perform for us in the cramped aisles, summoning that tired old safety dance about what to do when we fall from the sky. I can't help but see it as a hollowed-out death ritual.

**BS:** There was an official function and title for such clairvoyant travellers and observers of rituals in the time of the Ancient Greeks. They were called *theoroi*, or observers. *Theoroi* were sacred envoys sent by city-states to consult oracles,

to give offerings at famous shrines and festivals. A city celebrating a festival would send word to other Greek city-states inviting *theoroi* to attend and to accept the terms of a truce covering the festival. *Theoria* was the word for their duties, which came to mean any act of observing, and was used by Greek philosophers, generally, to mean contemplation. And so, pilgrimage and the contemplation of rituals can be seen as the beginning of 'theorising'. It is for this reason that I think of you as a *theoroi* for our times. What is the importance of ritual, do you think? Are there any similarly mysterious rituals you busy yourself with in your daily life?

**KB:** Fortunately for me my obsessions can be channelled rather neatly into my vocation. Rather than partakers of mysterious rituals, I think my family and I are compulsive ritual observers. My father has African dolls with human hair attached to them, where parts of their wooden bodies have been ritually rubbed. Collectors look for this worn patina as it means they've found one imbued with the magic. Some dolls are treated as if they were alive and ritualistically fed until their mouths and chins are completely worn away. In a similar, but less voodoo, vein, I have discovered smeary little marks (I think children's fingers because of the height they reach) on the glass over the lovingly painted genitals and buttocks in my current show.

I think there might be something ritualistic about this, the way people are so compelled to reach out and touch the forbidden.

**BS:** There is a tenderness in the way you depict the characters who busy themselves with, what looks like, a ceremonial kind of violence: the stoning of someone, the flogging of another, the potential beheadings, stranglings and immolation of people. To which god do these people offer their sacrifices? Are these characters imagined and their events fictitious or do they bear some resemblance to real world events?

**KB:** The facts of the world are more startling than anything my imagination could conjure up. In 2014 I saw a sixteenth-century stained-glass window from Flanders depicting St Nicholas saving three men from execution at the Burrell Collection in Glasgow; three blindfolded men lined up with hands bound in prayer as another man casually swings his sword. What strange relevance this image has to our times. This image formed the basis for my two beheading scenes, *Plumes, Arrows* (2015) and *Us Lucky Observers* (2016).

The most challenging painting I've completed to date was *Other People* (2016), which was started during the media spotlight on the refugee crisis. The image depicts a Hokusai wave of humanity surging into a flimsy cardboard blockade. The mental weight of this painting

dragged me under. The turning point for the work came late, with the accidental dropping of a small figure drawing into the sky. I re-dreamed that it could be transformed into a painting with light, the sky opened up with William Blake inspired angels-turned-acrobats and I found a new exit route in the roof of the painting. All of a sudden these languishing figures were vacuum-sucked up and out of the work in the style of an ascension.

When I am debating with myself if I should really go through with creating an image that makes me as uncomfortable as *Other People* does, I just think of Goya.

**BS:** We both share a love of short stories. Do you consider your paintings stories? Would you say that you're a storyteller?

**KB:** Steven Polansky's *Leg* I've had on continual loop in my head for a year, circling around and around. I'm in the street and I think leg... that leg, how's that leg? It's fiction but I've attached so much meaning to it. It's astounding that a storyteller can cause so much mischief with my psyche. Good storytelling, whether in art or literature, has a mysterious cycle of collapsing interpretations; it keeps you yearning and yearning.

We live in strange times. I am perched in position, ready to paint my quasi-historical accounts of this new world order.

**Balamohan Shingade** is a writer and curator. He is currently assistant director of ST PAUL St Gallery at Auckland University of Technology.

Kushana Bush: *The Burning Hours* is on display from 10 June until 15 October 2017. The exhibition has been curated by Lauren Gutsell for Dunedin Public Art Gallery.

# IN THE STUDIO

**Bridget Riley** in conversation  
with **Paul Moorhouse**

**Paul Moorhouse:** We are standing in front of a full-size cartoon for *Cosmos*, the new wall painting that will be installed at Christchurch Art Gallery. How does the cartoon relate to the final wall painting?

**Bridget Riley:** The cartoon is painted in gouache on paper, but it gives me a good idea of the full-scale image that will be recreated on the wall in Christchurch. I have also made a smaller painting in acrylic directly onto the wall here in the studio. This is complete in itself, and provides the information I need to give me confidence in the appearance of the discs when the larger image is created on the gallery wall.

**PM:** So, the cartoon enables you to foresee the complete image, and the smaller painting provides a sense of its physical presence?

**BR:** Yes, that's right. I often work this way. My recent commission for a window at the Gemeentemuseum in Holland grew out of an earlier wall painting I did for Siegen, Germany, called *Quiver 1* (2013). As part of my preparatory work I made same-size cartoons in both cases. I find this allows me to develop an image and anticipates many problems.

**PM:** How did the process of making *Cosmos* begin?

**BR:** In all my work—right from the beginning—each step I take develops out of what went before. For example, if I look now at a painting like *Tremor*, I see it very differently from the way in which I saw it in 1962. I see new possibilities and have hopes for some fresh insight. When I found the line of thought that led me to *Cosmos*, I was looking for a way out of *Cascando* (2015). I wanted to find some aspect of that earlier painting, its dynamic, which I could take further and for which I could find other formal terms.

**PM:** How do you go about reformulating the structure of a previous work?

**BR:** I can't do this without reliving it, as it were. I have to reach a certain level of re-engagement with an earlier work—and I should add that this is not always possible. But with *Cascando*, I was able to penetrate its dynamic—the movement—and this in turn enabled me to continue and to take another step. I changed the unit, a triangle, to a disc. It followed that the organisation or structure

also had to change. In *Cascando*, the triangles are tessellated, connected to one another. In *Cosmos*, the discs are discrete, separate.

**PM:** How would you describe the movement in both these works?

**BR:** It is primarily visual. The movement is created through looking. A painting like *Cosmos* may appear static at first glance, but the viewer's engagement will bring it to life. Our powers of sight respond so astonishingly to exercise.

**PM:** This is why I see your art as truly democratic. The viewer is not passive but actively involved in a dialogue with the painting.

**BR:** Yes, I am glad you said that.

**PM:** In that respect, there are also parallels with music. A musical score requires a performer to bring it to life, and in a similar way the viewer animates your painting. Looking at *Cascando* and *Cosmos* in that active way, what do you see?

**BR:** The two paintings have certain pictorial factors in common, one being their long, horizontal format. This is very important, because as the eye moves across the image the length of the structure gives rise to successive, even contradictory, readings. Various diagonals contrast and switch, emerge, disappear and recreate themselves. They exist simply and solely through perceived relationships.

**PM:** Eventually the entire painting becomes a dynamic field. A static organisation of discs is activated, and even the flat surface seems plastic.

**BR:** All these factors endorse one another. As your eye moves through the space, it gathers information and this generates new perceptions, each of which is stated and then denied. Occasionally there will be a strong diagonal, acting like a chord in music, modified by a long horizontal movement.

**PM:** What I find remarkable about *Cosmos* is the way that all this perceptual activity is generated by three colours and their formal relationships: how can something so apparently simple can yield such visual richness?

**BR:** Both *Cosmos* and *Cascando* enjoy strictly limited means. *Cosmos* uses only three colours unified by their



mid tonal pitch, while *Cascando* comprises just three forms: an equilateral triangle and two variations. Also, in each painting, whether I use a triangle or a disc, the unit is spaced regularly across the field. The means will be limited, but that only serves to open resources.

**PM:** *Vapour 2* (2009) is one of the group of works being shown with *Cosmos*. The three colours in that work seem closely connected with the wall painting. Is that an antecedent also?

**BR:** *Cosmos* uses three closely related greys like *Vapour*. That is its connection with the earlier painting.

**PM:** But unlike *Cosmos*, which is organised in regular rows of discs, *Vapour* is structured as vertical stripes.

**BR:** That's right, and consequently the viewer looks at them in totally different ways.

**PM:** *Vapour* is slower. The twisted stripe formation yields a perception of movement that builds very gradually, until it reaches a subtle tipping point.

**BR:** Then there is a fleeting spray or flash of light.

**PM:** Having begun the line of thought that led to *Cosmos*, how did this lead to the installation for Christchurch?

**BR:** Looking back now at the start of the work that became *Cosmos*, the steps I took seem quite inevitable, so clear and logical do they seem. But at the time, nearly two years ago, it was a leap, the outcome of which was far from sure. I tested out the terrain with collage, small discs painted in three greys. This enabled me to move things around, to find correspondences with *Cascando*. I made small studies, then a cartoon, and so arrived at the full-size image you can see here in the studio.

**PM:** How did you determine its proportions?

**BR:** The size is the scale that the movement demands, and everything is subordinate to my perception, to what I see, as the work unfolds. I always felt that *Cosmos* should be a wall painting, but the wall did not determine the size of the image. A long and open viewing distance would be needed. I had to find a wall able to take it and that came about when Jenny Harper visited my studio. She chose *Cosmos*, and that gave me the chance to develop the image for a large wall in a big space. It was a wonderful opportunity.

**PM:** Apart from the contrast in size, do you think the

cartoon and the small painting are different in other ways? The cartoon provides a preview of the proportions of the installation, but, being on paper, it behaves very differently from the way it will appear when painted directly on the wall. The cartoon occupies its own, discrete space but the wall painting has a more direct and immediate relationship with the architecture and with the viewer. The discs seem to dissolve the surface on which they sit, and this makes their relationship with the wall very ambiguous and plastic.

**BR:** As with my other wall paintings, such as *Rajasthan* (2015), the surrounding wall space enters and becomes involved with the image. In *Cosmos*, the colour of the discs is also freed. They release light into the surrounding areas.

**PM:** Do you think that this is a key difference between the paintings on canvas and the wall paintings? The paintings are essentially objects: they inhabit physical space and the image advances into that space. By contrast, the wall paintings become part of the context they occupy.

**BR:** The two certainly behave in different ways. In *Cosmos* the particular colour-forms and passages enter into different relationships with the surrounding situation, and this generates tensions. There are pulls between them which seem to be almost gravitational. The title of the work alludes to this: a sense of enormous space and depth.

**PM:** I also read the disposition of the discs as creating an atmosphere or diffusion, almost like a visual fragrance.

**BR:** That is a delightful thought.

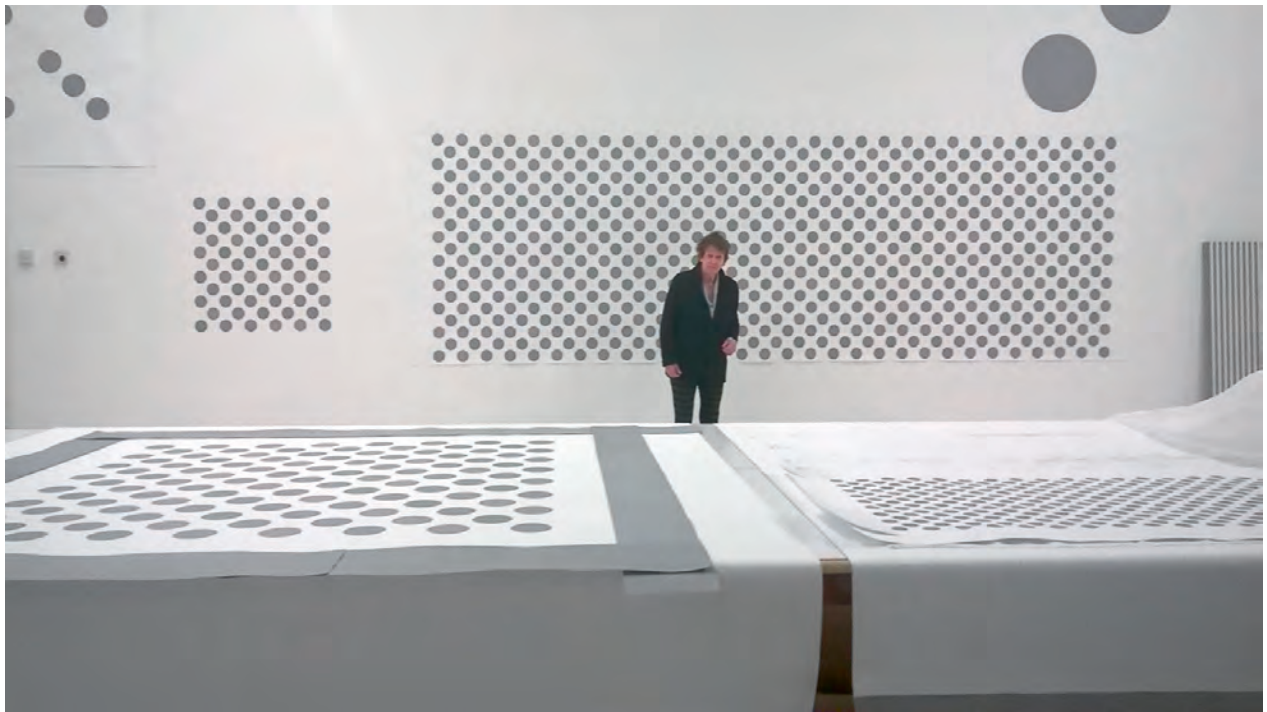
**PM:** You have chosen to accompany *Cosmos* with a particular selection of earlier works, beginning with your 1959 copy after Seurat's *Le Pont de Courbevoie* (1886–7). Your paintings are almost sixty years apart; yet, both being comprised of individual colour particles, they seem connected. Can you comment on that?

**BR:** Jenny very much wanted to show the copy I made of *Le Pont de Courbevoie*. I copied it from a reproduction. But actually, it's rather more of a transcription than a copy. My painting is in many respects quite different: in scale, in the proportion of the format and even in the choice of colours. It was pivotal in my change from a figurative to an abstract approach. The other paintings









are chosen to try to make this clear. There is a connection across these sixty odd years and it seems to lie in the touches of colour used in both the Seurat copy and *Cosmos*. It is the separate, discrete nature of these touches that generates spatial movement and depth.

**PM:** What impressed you most about Seurat's treatment of space?

**BR:** In Seurat's painting the spatial movement is recessional, the tip of his paint brush conveying separate notes of colour. Nevertheless, he is beginning to move away from descriptive representation and towards a formal equivalence in painting. He passes his own response to nature on to the viewer. Sensations, however elusive and fleeting, become the building blocks of his picture-making.

**PM:** I would suggest that by engaging with purely pictorial elements—simple shapes and colours—your work takes this a step further. Your painting has an autonomy, and its relationship with nature is very much one of equivalence rather than description. It stands on its own, but the sensations it generates exist parallel to nature.

**BR:** Yes, that is my intention, as best I can.

**PM:** What lessons did you learn as a result of making your copy from Seurat?

**BR:** I followed his mind—not his method. I felt like a detective trying to solve a mystery.

**PM:** Were you able to come to any firm conclusions?

**BR:** In essence his work remains mysterious, and so it should. It's part of Seurat's vocabulary: a veil deliberately drawn. But by managing to penetrate some areas of his thought I felt able to try to make a painting like *Pink Landscape* (1960). The copy had given me a way into thinking about colour. It was a fundamental lesson. The other major principle Seurat demonstrates is his use of contrast. Altogether, my involvement with his work gave me a sense of the viewer's importance as an active participant. Perception became the medium.

**PM:** Through looking at Seurat, you were of course connecting with painters who form an even longer tradition.

**BR:** That is true, and crucial. Painters have always looked at and learnt from one another. It is, in fact, a compliment and a time-honoured way of passing on insights. There

are significant lines of thought that extend from earlier artists. For example, Monet looked at Titian, whose famous sunsets would have caught his eye. With Seurat you look at *how* he saw.

**PM:** Your relationship with Seurat is particularly close, and arises from a shared concern with the role of perception. Can you say why perception is so important in your work?

**BR:** One has to remember that perception is not a state of mind that can be just picked up and adopted at will, but is a fact of life.

**PM:** Our experience of reality is constituted in perception. The way we interpret sensation constitutes our model of the world.

**BR:** Perception has an intellectual tail and is closely linked to insight. We are all sometimes surprised by what we perceive, and this faculty can be trained, cultivated and developed to high levels. One lives to understand. I do not start my work with a destination in mind. The working process is one of discovery, and it is worth remembering that through discovery one uncovers that which is hidden.

**PM:** Do you think that recognition forms part of that process?

**BR:** Yes, I do.

**PM:** I would say that your work certainly returns the observer to a heightened awareness of perception, and at a fundamental level it is a celebration of visual experience. You have referred in the past to the importance of the pleasures of sight.

**BR:** The pleasures gained from looking at works of art and the world around us are inexhaustible. As Delacroix said, painting should be a 'feast for the eyes'. That is a view to which I attach great importance. Looking is, I feel, a vital aspect of existence. Perception constitutes our awareness of what it is to be human, indeed what it is to be alive.

**Paul Moorhouse** is senior curator and head of displays at the National Portrait Gallery, London. He curated the major Bridget Riley retrospective exhibition at Tate Britain in 2003. The exhibition *Bridget Riley: Cosmos* is on display from 3 June until 12 November 2017.

# Bringing the Soul

## The expression of Ngāi Tūāhuriri / Ngāi Tahu cultural identity in the Christchurch rebuild

As an eleven-year-old boy from Whāngarei, sent to live in Yaldhurst with my aunt in the late seventies, Christchurch was a culture shock. Arriving in New Zealand's quintessential 'English city', I remember well the wide landscapes and manicured colonial built environment. It was very pretty but also very monocultural, with no physical evidence of current or former Māori occupation or cultural presence, or at least none that I could appreciate at that time.

I confess to arriving back earlier this year to check in on the Christchurch rebuild to find the culture shock not quite so stark. In fact, while the presence of Māori and Pacific people remains much less obvious (with the exception of the hi-vis fraternity), there are many parallels between the urban design work I am involved in with mana whenua in Auckland and the work that Ngāi Tūāhuriri / Ngāi Tahu are currently engaged in as they seek to progressively reinscribe their cultural identities into the urban fabric of the city.

While the Canterbury earthquakes have literally peeled away huge chunks of the inner-city colonial architectural overlay and been the catalyst for iwi and hapū influenced urban renewal, the 'seismic shift' for

Auckland happened at about the same time in 2010 with the creation of the Super City and seven (now six) CCOs, or council controlled organisations.

While for mana whenua in both cities the goal is to see their cultural identities reflected positively in the built and natural environments, a key difference is the nineteen acknowledged iwi organisations in Tāmaki as opposed to the single iwi (Ngāi Tahu) and hapū (Ngāi Tūāhuriri) mana whenua landscape in Ōtautahi. Added to the simplicity and, I would argue, success of this Treaty-based working arrangement has been the creation of Matapopore as the mana whenua organisation 'responsible for ensuring Ngāi Tūāhuriri / Ngāi Tahu values, aspirations and narratives are realised within the recovery of Christchurch'.<sup>1</sup>

Matapopore is led by Aroha Reriti-Crofts, taua of the Tūāhiwi Marae; her role has reportedly not been an easy one, with competing interests both inside the tribe and within the Pākehā community.

However, a meeting with Matapopore Charitable Trust general manager Debbie Tikao reveals, despite some early difficulties, a growing optimism and satisfaction with both the core relationships being



Morehu Flutey-Henare and Reihana Parata's Ngā Whāriki Manaaki 'woven mat of welcome', *Maumahara*, sits in front of the Bridge of Remembrance. Photo: John Collie



Native wildlife and mahinga kai species are referenced in artworks at the Tākaro ā Poi Margaret Mahy Family Playground. Photo: John Collie

forged in the recovery process and the physical results on the ground. This process has seen a range of Ngāi Tūāhuriri / Ngāi Tahu natural heritage, mahinga kai, te reo Māori, whakapapa, urban design, art, architecture, landscape architecture, weaving and traditional arts exponents engaged individually and in teams to work alongside central and local government to meet the hapū and iwi cultural objectives of the recovery plan.

A particularly significant resource for Matapopore and the hapū are the set of tribal 'grand narratives' for the rohe developed by Te Maire Tau, which are utilised as the overarching structure to inform particular place-based cultural design responses.

From Tau's perspective the narratives were a reference point to the tribe's traditions and whakapapa. How those narratives would be reflected was the challenge; he was not comfortable they could be without the assistance of the tribe's principal architect, Huia Reriti, who has at least two whare-nui under his belt.

Tikao freely states that with some key projects Matapopore were late to the table and perhaps weren't able to maximise hapū / iwi urban design, architectural and artistic inputs. However, she says that processes have become progressively streamlined and that good, trust-based relationships with the Council and development communities have now been created with 'less fear and less scepticism.' An external affirmation of this reality came recently with a key player publicly proclaiming that Matapopore had 'brought the soul to the project'.

A walking tour of the inner city confirmed much of Tikao's current optimism, as I visited some key recent developments and tried to discern the various ways that iwi / hapū cultural imperatives were being expressed along the way.

Tākaro ā Poi—The Margaret Mahy Family Playground—was certainly a highlight, with its proximity to the Ōtākaro / Avon giving renewed meaning to the name of the river—a reference to the place where the children played while the adults gathered kai. Opened

in December 2015 as the largest playground in the Southern Hemisphere, its sheer size allows for and actually delivers a large number of opportunities for Ngāi Tūāhuriri to express their cultural presence, particularly in the range of native wildlife / mahinga kai species referenced in the hard landscaping. Here it has been particularly significant for mana whenua to have their tamariki be able to trace their own cultural narratives, and have them reinforced, within a visually stimulating and physically challenging park environment.

Tākaro ā Poi also includes one of the Ngā Whāriki Manaaki 'woven mats of welcome'. This is a particularly successful project delivered by Matapopore that focuses on thirteen mosaic whāriki, which are being progressively installed within Te Papa Ōtākaro (the Avon River precinct). These whāriki are complemented by large-scale ecological interventions throughout Te Papa Ōtākaro where the hapū (via Matapopore) have been able to provide design leadership roles, including the selection of appropriate native tree and plant species.

The involvement of local master weavers Morehu Flutey-Henare and Reihana Parata as designers of the whāriki has been central to the project and has allowed the women the opportunity to apply their traditional skills to a new and very public set of canvases. In so doing they are continuing the wider process of taking Māori art and design out of the marae (where whāriki or traditional harakeke mats almost exclusively reside) and providing a new and culturally appropriate artistic typology for the city. The scale of these ground-plane artworks (up to five metres square), prominent locations, cultural significance and artistic sensitivity all help to ensure a significant cultural contribution to Te Papa Ōtākaro, enhancing its role as the flowing life force of the city.

While the Hine-Pāka Bus Interchange was a project where Matapopore involvement came late, I was generally impressed with the architecture and the integration of hapū historical narratives through







artistic inputs, in particular to the ground plane, ceilings and columns. *Te Kāpehu*, the ten-metre diameter compass etched into the bluestone pavers is particularly prominent at the main entrance and records local and distant culturally significant tohu, or landmarks, which are interwoven into a stylised Western compass. The inclusion of significant star constellations such as Māhutonga (Southern Cross) and Atutahi (Canopus) in the ceiling treatments is also quite successful, building as it does, on the renewed interest in Māori and Pacific star navigation in recent years and referencing the Interchange as a contemporary voyaging facility.

While not set to be fully revealed until the middle of this year, Lonnie Hutchinson's korowai kākāpō façade to the Justice and Emergency Precinct carpark already provides a particularly striking addition to the cultural fabric of the city. The korowai is made up of 1,400 anodised aluminium panels suspended on the thirty-five-metre long Tuam Street façade and has provided an important opportunity for the established Ngāi Tahu artist to contribute her skills to the rebuild. Already much admired, the artwork has provided perhaps the first opportunity (hopefully of many) for iwi and hapū cultural expression to be boldly represented in the vertical plane of the city.

Perhaps the highest profile and oldest post-quake cultural statement remains Chris Heaphy's planted cathedral waharoa, which appears to exist as a beacon of hope for the Cathedral rebuild as well as acting as an affirmation of Māori, iwi and hapū cultural identity in the heart of the old city.

So, while looking at the rebuild as a whole, the expression of iwi and hapū cultural identity across the city to date appears sporadic (somewhat like the rebuild) and sometimes relatively subtle, some very successful signature projects have been completed. And there are several more significant projects in the pipeline which will have benefited from ground-level Matapopore design collaboration.

Ngāi Tahu and Ngāi Tūāhuriri have justifiably expected that the Christchurch rebuild would allow for their cultural identity to be strongly represented again within a post-colonial Ōtautahi. On the present trajectory, their aspirations appear well founded.

*Kia hoe kotahi!*

**Rau Hoskins** lectures at the Unitec School of Architecture and is director of design TRIBE architects. He works closely with Auckland mana whenua on large-scale urban design projects. He visited Christchurch on 20 February 2017.

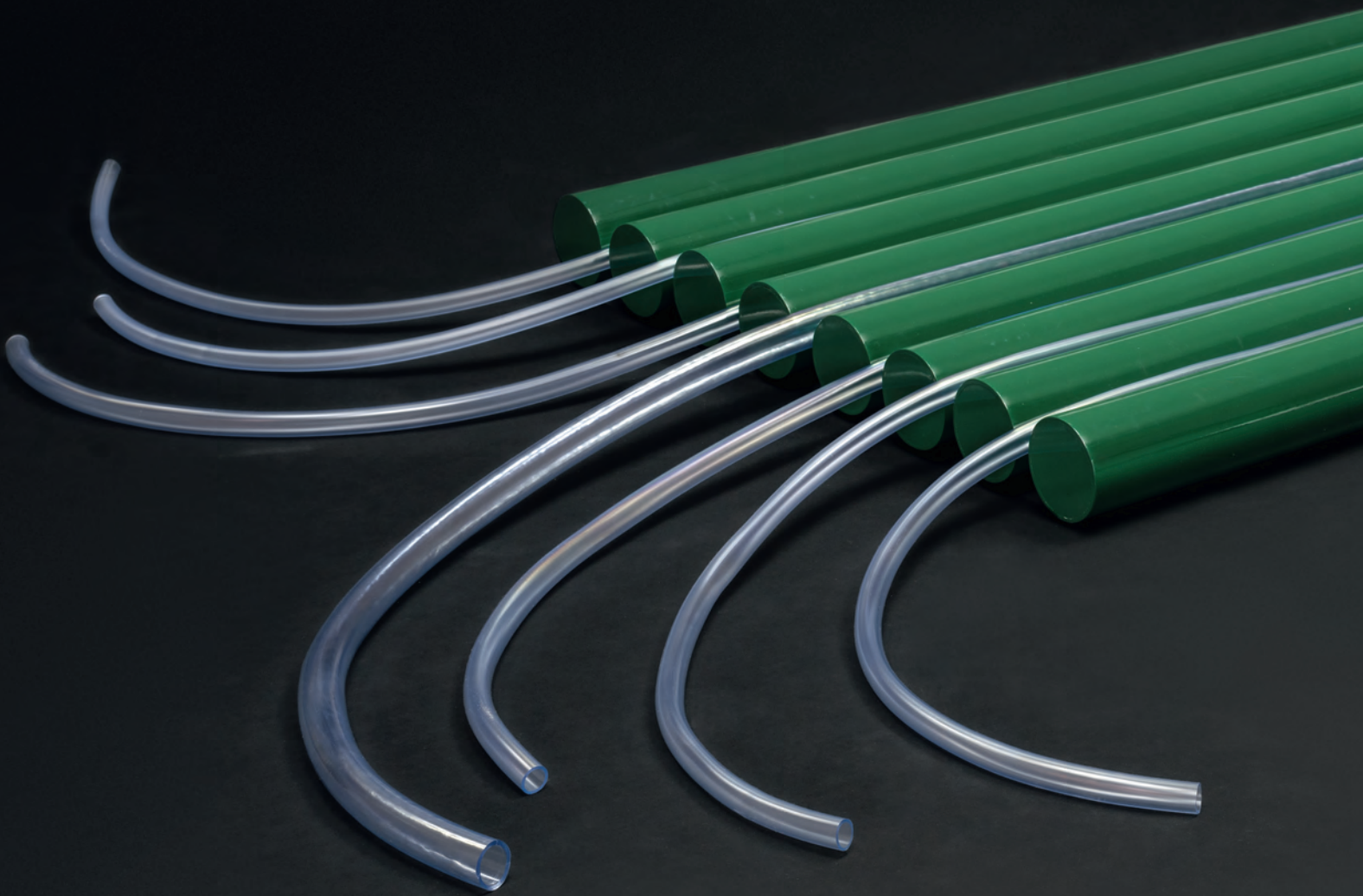
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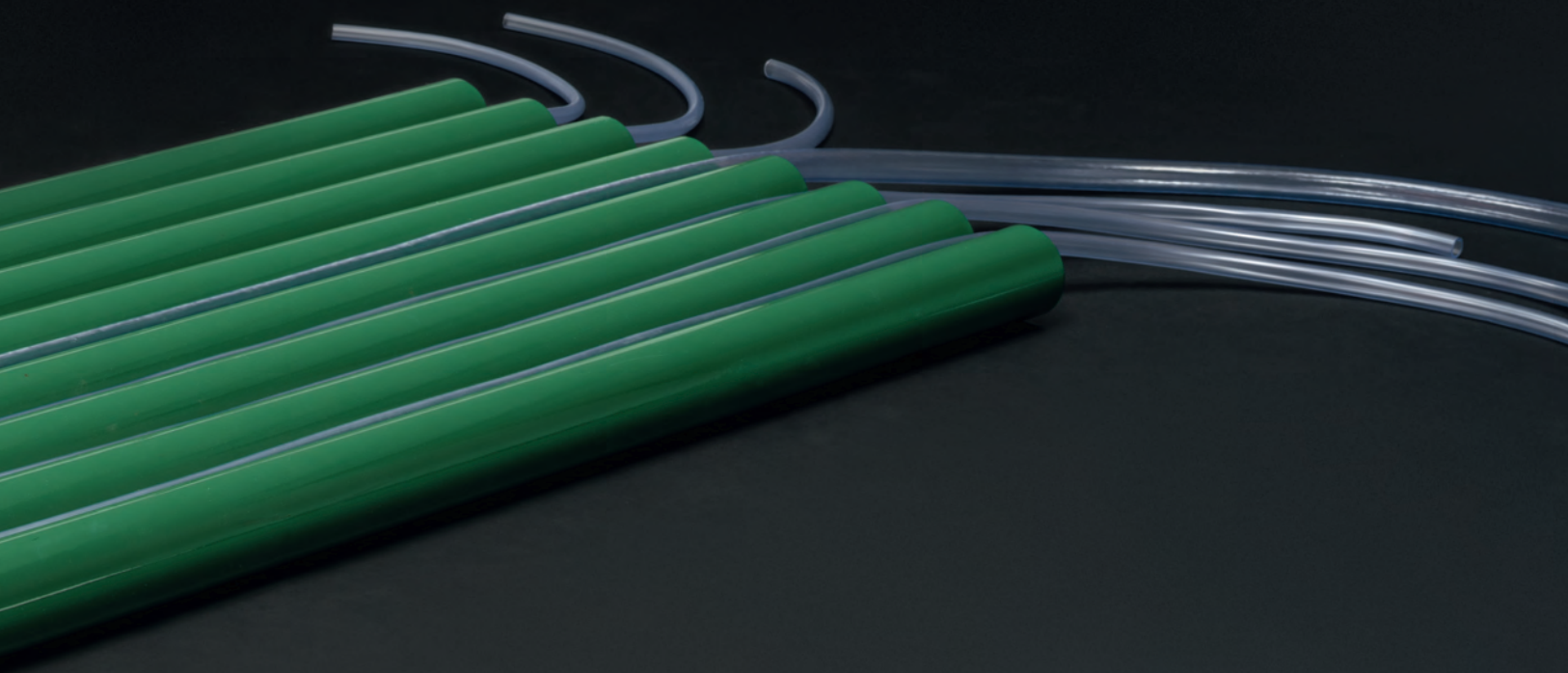
1 [www.matapopore.co.nz](http://www.matapopore.co.nz)



Above: *Te Kapehu*, designed by Arapata Reuben and Hori Matakī, outside the entrance to the Hine-Pāka Bus Interchange. Photo: John Collie

Previous spread: Lonnie Hutchinson's *Kahu Matarau* forms the façade to the Christchurch Justice and Emergency Services Precinct. Photo: John Collie





# SIDESLIP

An interview with

Stephen Furlonger

**Sydow: *Tomorrow Never Knows* recently opened at Gallery and the exhibition's curator, Peter Vangioni, took the opportunity to interview UK-based sculptor Stephen Furlonger. Furlonger was a contemporary of Carl Sydow and mutual friend and fellow sculptor John Panting, both at art school in Christchurch and in London during the heady days of the mid 1960s. His path as an artist during the late 1950s and 1960s in many ways mirrored that of Sydow and Panting.**

**Peter Vangioni:** How did you come to study sculpture at Ilam?

**Stephen Furlonger:** I was born in England the day after World War II was declared and my mother brought me up on her own in Dorset on the south coast until the age of thirteen, when we set sail for New Zealand—eventually fetching up at Marton in the Manawatu. When I was a pupil at the local district high school I was fortunate to have a remarkable art teacher, Bruce Rennie. It was Bruce who in 1958 recommended that I apply to Ilam, where I spent the next four years.

**PV:** Your tutors were artists Russell Clark and Tom Taylor—what do you remember of them?

**SF:** Eric John Doudney was head of sculpture and he and Clark formed the ethos of the department. They were joined by Taylor a year or so later. The emphasis was on the craft and procedures of modelling, casting, carving and, to a lesser extent, fabrication. We modelled and drew from life and drapery and Ilam's selection of plaster casts. All of which seems extraordinarily recondite now but it was incredibly useful and worthwhile. Focusing closely on detailed study of any kind is a rare occurrence for any of us these days but it dramatised so much about oneself that seems to me to be a necessary part of making art. Things like perseverance, attention to detail and patience emerge naturally when one is dwelling closely with deceptively simple 'descriptions' of this order. While I can't say that such issues formed any part of the formal teaching at Ilam they were all present and part of the general discourse, between students and between students and staff.

**PV:** This is where you met Sydow and Panting? Who else was studying with you?

**SF:** Carl and John both came to Ilam the year after I did. Although they were both from Palmerston North, which is only a few miles from Marton, I'd never met them before. Other students at the time included Alan Pearson, Tom Field, Neil Grant, Tony Fomison, Elizabeth Eames, Diana Wilson, Peter Nicholls, Matt Pine, Margaret Gorton, Claire Boocock, Anne Robson, Murray Grimsdale, Gary Baigent, Pamela North and Lyndon Smith.

**PV:** As a student studying in Christchurch during the 1950s and 60s what do you recall about the art scene at the time?

**SF:** There was precious little of an art scene as far as I can tell. The Robert McDougall Art Gallery and its permanent collection were yet to receive the 'kiss of life' from the appointment of professional directors including John Coley in 1980. But Coley, along with Quentin MacFarlane, was making waves in the cultural scene when I was at art school.

As far as we were concerned the 'scene' resided amongst recent alumni—most of whom seemed to have lived, or still lived, at 22 Armagh Street during the early 1960s. This is where the best parties were reputed to take place and where rumours of a bohemian lifestyle captured the imagination.

Practising artists like Bill Sutton, Russell Clark and Rudi Gopas also carried something of an aura and gave us some sense of the possibility, at least, of life after Ilam.



Above: Sculpture department at the University of Canterbury School of Art, 1961. Left to right: Claire Boocock, Stephen Furlonger or Neil Grant, John Panting and Carl Sydow. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives, Carl Sydow Archive

**PV:** In terms of international practice at this time, what was your main means of accessing the ideas of contemporary international sculptural movements here in Christchurch in 1960?

**SF:** The international art scene was relayed via a few contemporary art magazines and a number of dog-eared copies of *Studio* that lived in the library. *Art International* was, I think, the only regular periodical and was certainly the one most sought after. That, and the very occasional catalogues. I do remember seeing a catalogue for the 1956 *Venice Biennale*. Moore, Hepworth, Armitage, Chadwick, Meadows, Butler and Paolozzi were all British gods at the time, along

with Giacometti, Richier, Marini, Martini and Manzù from Europe.

**PV:** Why did you make the decision to relocate to London?

**SF:** The New Zealand Arts Council had recently instituted the QEII Awards for the visual and performing arts. These allowed a lucky few to pursue post-graduate studies abroad, and I was fortunate enough to be awarded one. Three years earlier, I think, Bill Culbert and Pat Hanly had benefited in the same way and had voyaged to London—so that was a kind of precedent. At that time the cheap transport was by ship and so I set sail on the *Fairsea*—disembarking in Naples





and hitchhiking on to London, where I arrived around June. This was too late for post graduate applications to either the Royal College of Art or the Slade. Very disappointed, I visited the Royal College to enquire about due dates for the following year and was referred to the sculpture department. I met Professor Bernard Meadows, who gave me an informal interview and said, in effect, ‘the studios are empty till the start of the new year in September. Find a corner and do some work, if we like you in September you can stay.’

Naturally enough I seized the chance and, come September, I was allowed to enrol on the four-year course. It’s not the way that things are done these days. The RCA sculpture department had an intake of about a dozen people a year and there was a strict signing in policy—as well as the requirement to inform the Professor if you proposed to get married during the course! Aside from the mandatory six-week sessions in ‘life modelling’ and the weekly life-drawing class we were pretty much left to our own devices. Meadows barked occasionally and the regular part-time staff—Ralph Brown, Bob Clatworthy, Hubert Dalwood and Bryan Kneale—struck up conversations from time to time.

The cultural studies department ran a brilliant series of lectures and confronted me for the first time with the history of ideas and with luminaries who set short courses or lectured. I recall Iris Murdoch, Hans Keller, George Steiner and Jonathan Miller—amazing!

**PV:** You arrived in London just as a new wave of young British sculptors were coming to the fore—compared to Christchurch this must have been incredibly stimulating.

**SF:** The overriding thing was the excitement and incipient competitiveness of the sculpture cohort. There was too, a sense of optimism in London in the 1960s. Roland Piché, a couple of years above us in the department, had already been taken on by the Marlborough Gallery and featured in *Time* magazine. David Hockney graduated in his gold lamé jacket the year that I enrolled. Pop and Op Art were spread across

the newspapers and on the (black and white) TV along with the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. Ian Dury was putting together his pre-punk group and studying in the painting department... I could go on.

Linked to this was the hugely innovative revolution that had recently taken place in the UK art schools. Following a report by William Coldstream, art school education was transformed from one of individual craft-based schools (upon which Ilam and Elam were modelled) into a system in which a reduced administrative full-time staff employed practising artists on a part-time basis to generate the teaching programme and conduct tutorials. As a result there was a big increase in part-time teaching posts... and a revitalising of art education at this level.

A concomitant was, of course, an increase in the number of young artists enabled to build their practice by underwriting it with a day or two’s teaching and a consequent upsurge in the number of small commercial galleries. Without questioning it we were all carried along by the energy and euphoria that prevailed.

John and then Carl came to the UK a year after me. John followed the same path that I had; Carl spent less time at the RCA but was very involved with the ethos and certainly was deeply aware of the general excitement that prevailed.

Derrick Woodham, a contemporary at the time, was picked up by the Richard Feigen Gallery in New York and took part with Piché in an exhibition curated by Bryan Robertson at the Whitechapel Gallery. It was called *The New Generation* and was the standout exhibition of the time. Ten or twelve young(ish) British sculptors showing brightly coloured works in the newly refurbished and perfectly white environs of the Whitechapel. Nothing on plinths and utilising a host of materials new to sculpture.

You ask about the impact that this had on me and upon John and Carl and I think there are a couple of things worth mentioning.

The first was the arrival of new materials, fibreglass in particular, upon the scene. This was unprecedented—

it had no history of use and consequently none of the provenance of more traditional materials. Furthermore it smelt toxic and no one knew anything about it. John and Derrick and I were the first to engage with it and so Meadows allocated us all to the same studio and allowed us to get on with it. We muddled along making all sorts of errors but discovering along the way a means of handling it that lay outside the methods we'd all been brought up with. Put crudely, the prescribed way of making sculpture had been 1) draw incessantly 2) model in clay 3) mould in plaster 4) cast into 'permanent' form using plaster or cement—or, if Meadows gave the nod, bronze.

But using fibreglass we were able to generate shapes in another way. Bending and inflecting sheet-material, casting sections and building up more complex and permanent forms without the need to go through the 1 2 3-step process.

The other thing to mention at this point is that this was going hand-in-hand with an apprehension of what was happening in America at the time. Minimalism and its attendant theorising was heavily trailed in the art magazines—*Art Forum* and *Art International*—and so there was a fairly continuous debate taking place. This and the rivalry between the St Martins Advanced Course (run by Anthony Caro) and the RCA made for a vital and sometimes exciting climate.

**PV:** Images of the works I've seen by your contemporaries such as Derrick Woodham, Roland Piché, David Annesley, Michael Bolus and Philip King seem such a departure from the likes of Armitage and Moore—they're bold, abstract and often brightly coloured, a new attitude to sculpture. Did these artists have an impact on your own work?

**SF:** When you're making sculpture alongside others there is an inevitable impact—but I think that it works more as a way of locating yourself through difference rather than shared aims. I had more to do with John and Carl than anyone else and I think that this may have been a little to do with a shared background in New Zealand and particularly Ilam. Socially I saw

John more often than Carl—our families were very close and we spent part of most weekends together. I also shared a workspace with John for some years so we were working together through the week as well. The main thing though was that we were all seeking to identify ourselves amid the changing world of sculpture at the time. Whilst the use of colour and gloss paint or the removal of sculpture from the plinth and the painting of bronze with emulsion all felt radical, I feel that they were the extreme gestures that accompanied us as we felt our way towards a different understanding of making sculpture.

*Stephen Furlonger was interviewed by Peter Vangioni in March 2017. Sydow: Tomorrow Never Knows is on display until 23 July 2017.*

# THINK OF THEM AS LAWNMOWERS YOU CAN PAT.

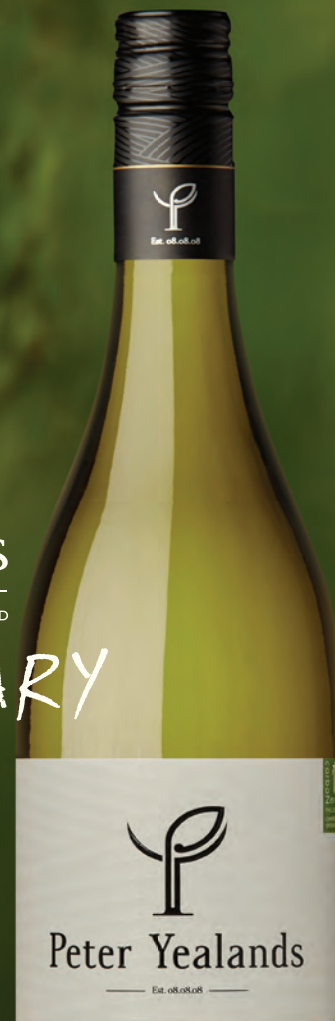
WHEN SHEEP CAN REACH YOUR  
GRAPES YOU HAVE A PROBLEM.  
WHEN YOUR MINIATURE BABYDOLL  
SHEEP ARE ONLY THE HEIGHT OF  
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WHAT ARE TRACTORS FOR AGAIN?



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## EVERY BIT EXTRAORDINARY

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# My Favourite

*Murray Horton has been a political activist since 1969 and is the organiser for the Campaign Against Foreign Control of Aotearoa.*

I've chosen this because it's probably Tony's best-known painting (it's the one that the Gallery chose to upsize onto an inner-city wall) and because it's emblematic of his art, which was confrontational and definitely not user-friendly. In a long profile I wrote of him in the 1970s he said of his middle-class patrons: 'I've got a bee in my bonnet about them. They're the swine I rely on to buy my paintings. I hope these paintings fester on their walls and they have to take them down and put them behind the piano. I hope the paintings get up and chase them round the house.'

I also chose it because it reminds me of Tony, who was a good friend for years (precisely because we lived in different worlds). For a brief period, I was a near neighbour at his Linwood family home and I kept in touch with his mother for decades.

I knew Tony the artist—I had some fun with him and his partners-in-crime, Phil Clairmont and Allen Maddox (all three of them dead long before their time; Tony only made it to fifty). I attended one of the painful Auckland sessions where Tony got his full-body traditional Samoan tattoo, turning himself into a living Pacific artwork (the tattooist described the process to me as feeling like 'a hot iron up the arse').

I've kept the letters he wrote me in his unique spidery hand, and they form the most vivid record of the 'life of the artist'. My favourite is his description of the events which led to him being stripped of the residency at the Rita Angus Cottage in Wellington in the 1980s. And I was there at the end—Llew Summers and I were among the pallbearers at his extraordinary three-day Auckland funeral.

But mainly, I knew Tony the political man (up until his 1990 death he was a member of the organisation that I have fronted for many decades). The man who got his ribs broken in a 1981 Springbok Tour protest in Auckland. The man who came on a 1970s Christchurch protest against US bases with a homemade placard that read 'Gay Liberation Front supports this march—so look out, us camps say 'No' to US camps'. Tony brought his own unique style to everything he did. 'I decided my best way to protest was through my painting.'

I chose *No!* because it symbolises so much of what Tony rejected in art, politics and life. He was a one-off and he expressed that with his art. And I end with a plea to the Gallery. Tony Fomison was a major New Zealand artist who came from Christchurch—the Christchurch Art Gallery needs to have more of his work.

Tony Fomison *No!* 1971. Oil on canvas. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu, purchased 1973

# Neil Dawson

20 July –  
20 August



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Neil Dawson, *Murmuration 17*, 2017

# Pagework no.33

*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.*

Mark Braunias is perhaps best known as a prolific painter of biomorphic forms which are high in energy, space and colour. He graduated with a BFA from the University of Canterbury School of Fine Arts in 1987 and was the inaugural James Wallace Art Award recipient in 1992.

Braunias's biomorphic forms occupy space in many ways—often they inhabit large sheets of paper that hold space and tension, but architectural spaces or sites also come into play in commissioned works and more recently *Homegrown* (2017). To Braunias, the work suggests a parallel universe from which the 3D-forms may have sprouted:

*The drips on the wall and carpet are the site (home) from where this growth has occurred. The objects are essentially my domestic items (salad bowl, thermos flask, tin cans, tables and knick-knacks) transformed into semi-figurative shapes.*

In conversation, Braunias expands on his use of media and location in the installation:

*Shifting to a new medium invigorates some of the ideas I am working with. And working with new materials pushes something forward in order for it to turn back in to the original premise. I have worked with objects before, attached things to the*

*wall or leaned stuff against and on top of paintings, but these are more singular.*

*In response to the large drawing behind the two readymade assemblages, I had the intention of hybridising these everyday objects, mindful of my existing imagery and motifs. In a way I am drawing a visible 3D-form with materials around me... I've had that on my mind for a few years.*

*I couldn't stop myself. I put some paint on them, so they are not exactly as they were; I damaged them a bit, to make them fit as a form. So it's not just a thermos flask presented as an artwork—I turned it into a biomorphic form of my own.*

*My attitude to the work is that I have to do the 'wrong' thing right. I loved putting them on the tables, I just thought 'this is just totally bent'. And they are such crappy beaten-up tables—they always looked good on the carpet in the room just as they were but now they are an art piece. I changed their function. I'm normally eating off of them and I really like that.*

**Nathan Pohio**  
Assistant curator

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

Mark Braunias *Homegrown* 2017. Ink on paper and manipulated found objects in studio/domestic environment









Ben Cauchi *Untitled* 2017. Collodion on glass

# Postcard From...

**BEN CAUCHI**

Berlin, Germany

From a European perspective, Berlin is a young city. Indeed, as a nation state, Germany itself only dates back pretty much as far as New Zealand does. In terms of history, age is of course no measure of weight or substance... no one would ever argue Berlin in any way lacks historical clout. It's one of the things that drew me here and remains one of the aspects of the city I draw so much enrichment from. There's a permanent awareness of the past here, living on as a daily reality in ways I've never encountered elsewhere; a melding of past and present which at times, and especially recently, seems particularly relevant and impacts inevitably on how you see the world around you.

I don't really think of Berlin in terms of World War II but inevitably it's something that cannot be overlooked. One of the most subtle forms of remembrance I've encountered, and all the more effective for it, are the numerous *Stolpersteine*—small cobblestone-sized brass plaques an artist has, over a number of years, set discreetly into pavements, which quietly record the name of a Jewish person who lived in the building the pavement passes in front of; when they were born and when and in which camp they were murdered. Over time, encountering these on the daily walk to and from the studio imparts an indescribable sense of the past being ever-present.

Before moving here in 2012 the picture I had of the city was mainly the Berlin of old, be it the 1920s and 30s or the 1970s and 80s... and of course the cliché 'don't

mention the war'. I didn't expect to find the war to be a simpler and more relaxed discussion than the merits of Belgian beer. But there you go, life's funny sometimes. It has a habit of turning up unexpected things. Like watching the political goings-on and the strange but real rise of right-wing nationalism across the West from a city that has seen exactly what kind of dead-end road that cause is. Europe seems to be a strange place in a strange time at the moment. Living and working here in Berlin it feels like the city itself provides a particular lens through which to view the current state of things politically—and not so surprisingly politics is all anyone seems to be talking about recently.

It sometimes feels of late that on this side of the rock the order of things is slowly being screwed up into a ball to be cast into the dustbin of history, only to be replaced by the unfolding of another screwed-up ball unwisely excavated from that very same bin. It's something I've been thinking about a lot lately... more so than what art is on show around the place or who's doing good things. Interesting times.

# Exhibition Programme

## Opening this Quarter

**Bridget Riley: Cosmos**

3 June – 12 November 2017

Celebrating a new wall work for Christchurch.

**Kushana Bush:**

**The Burning Hours**

10 June – 15 October 2017

Dazzling paintings that are rich in colour, culture and art history.

**Henri Matisse: Jazz**

5 August – 12 November 2017

One of the most-loved artworks of the twentieth century.

**Len Lye: Stopped Short by Wonder**

5 August – 26 November 2017

An exhibition inspired by a flash of light and a thunderclap.

## Closing this Quarter

**Francis Upritchard:**

**Jealous Saboteurs**

Until 16 July 2017

Exquisitely imagined, startlingly strange works by an internationally acclaimed New Zealand artist.

**Shannon Te Ao:**

**Tēnei Ao Kawa Nei**

Until 23 July 2017

Tenderness and human longing are revealed in Shannon Te Ao's award-winning video installations.

**Sydow: Tomorrow Never Knows**

Until 23 July 2017

1960s London set the scene for Carl Sydow's playful, op-inspired sculptures.

**Don Peebles: Relief Constructions**

Until 3 September 2017

Calm, enigmatic and elegant works of art by Don Peebles.

**Wayne Youle:**

**Look Mum No Hands**

Until 3 September 2017

Full to the brim with high energy, sharp-witted artmaking.

## Ongoing

**Your Hotel Brain**

Energies and anxieties from the threshold of the new millennium.

**He Rau Maharataka Whenua: A Memory of Land**

Canterbury modernist landscape painting poignantly revised from within a Kāi Tahu perspective.

**Martin Creed: Everything is Going to be Alright**

A completely unequivocal, but also pretty darn ambiguous, work for Christchurch.

**Tony de Lautour: Silent Patterns**

An outdoor painting inspired by wartime Dazzle camouflage.

**Reuben Paterson: The End**

A sparkling elevator installation offering an unexpected space for contemplation and connection.

**Laurence Aberhart:**

**Kamala, Astral and Charlotte, Lyttelton, March 1983**

Aberhart's photograph of Lyttelton children is displayed on our Gloucester Street billboard.

**Ronnie Van Hout: Quasi**

A giant sculpture on the Gallery roof.

**S raphine Pick:****Untitled (Bathers)**

Pick's lush watercolour offers a utopian vision in the carpark elevator.

**Marie Shannon:****The Aachen Faxes**

Marie Shannon's sound work contemplates love, loss and longing across distance.

**He Waka Eke Noa**

Colonial-era portraits represent a legacy that illuminates the present.

**Beneath the Ranges**

Mid twentieth-century artists focus on people working in the land.

**Te Tihi o Kahukura:****The Citadel of Kahukura**

A series of works produced by Bill Sutton under the mantle of Te Tihi o Kahukura.

**Tomorrow Still Comes:****Natalia Saegusa**

A fragmented, poetic wall painting by Natalia Saegusa.

**Coming Soon****Aberhart Starts Here**

15 September 2017 –

6 February 2018

Iconic and unseen early photographs of Christchurch by Laurence Aberhart.

**The Weight of Sunlight**

From 16 September 2017

Historical, mainly British artists in pursuit of sunlight, warmth and inspiring rustic subject-matter.

**Yellow Moon**

From 28 October 2017

A primary colour with impact, an exhibition shaped with younger audiences in mind.

# Events

## Talks

### **The Histories Behind He Waka Eke Noa**

7 June / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free  
Join curator Ken Hall as he unpacks the histories of objects brought to life in his exhibition *He Waka Eke Noa*, which looks at the ongoing legacy of colonialism in Aotearoa New Zealand.

### **Artist Floor Talk: Kushana Bush**

10 June / 10.30am / meet at the front desk / free  
Artist Kushana Bush discusses the 'miniature' gouache paintings that make up her exhibition *The Burning Hours* with Dunedin Public Art Gallery curator Lauren Gutsell.

### **Adorned: New Zealand's Jewellery Heritage**

14 June / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free  
Justine Olsen, curator of decorative art at Te Papa, whose expertise lies in decorative arts and design, presents the fascinating history of jewellery making in New Zealand.

### **To the Point: Jenny Harper on Bridget Riley**

2 August / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free  
In celebration of the exhibition *Bridget Riley: Cosmos* and the installation of Riley's new work (the fourth of five significant works to mark our time of extended closure following the Canterbury earthquakes), director Jenny Harper talks about what interests and inspires her about the artist and her practice.

### **One Man Art Movement: Len Lye**

5 August / 2.30pm / meet at the front desk / free  
Senior curator Lara Strongman and Len Lye curator at the Govett-Brewster Paul Brobbel introduce our new Len Lye exhibition, discussing how the Christchurch-born Lye became one of the twentieth century's most original artists, and his pursuit of the 'art of movement'.

### **Reading Photographs: Burton Brothers and the Photographic Narrative**

23 August / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free  
Dr Christine Whybrew (Heritage New Zealand) discusses her research on two of New Zealand's best-known nineteenth-century photographers, Alfred and Walter Burton.

## Special Events

### Workshop: Plump and Co. for World Knit in Public Day

10 June / 11am-1pm / NZI Foyer / \$149

Plump and Co are part of the XXL knitting movement, rekindling the passion of slow craft across the world. Join them at the Gallery for a one-off workshop to celebrate World Knit in Public Day and partake in the amazing and unique experience of giant knitting. This workshop is perfect for beginners and knitting pros, so come and give it a go. Bookings through the Gallery website.

### ECHO: The Glory of the Cathedral Acoustic

17 June / 6.30pm / NZI Foyer / \$25

Come join the Atlas Voices Ensemble for an evening of sublime and emotional choral music. Selections from the great Renaissance composers sit alongside modern masterpieces, and are presented around the evocative and moving masterpiece by global choral rock star Eric Whitacre, 'When David Heard'. An evening of pure choral gold presented in an iconic city setting. Cash bar available. Bookings through the Gallery website

### The Long Night

21 June / 6-9pm / NZI Foyer and other locations / free

We've teamed up with CoCA and the Physics Room to bring some light and colour to the longest night of the year. Explore the local art scene and art institutions from 6 till 9pm with a free hop on/hop off minibus. This event marks the release of the new Christchurch Art Map. More details to be released on our website soon.

### The Mix: Big Adventures

5 July / 6-9pm / NZI Foyer / free

Spend an evening celebrating local landscapes and the incredible individuals who get amongst them in search of big adventures. High-octane films, hands-on workshops, talks from the likes of Hollie Woodhouse (ultramarathon runner and founder/editor/creative of *Say Yes to Adventure*), Liz Carlson (the blogger and travel adventurer behind the website *Young Adventuress*) and much more. Rediscover the Gallery after dark with the Mix—a vibrant changing calendar of special events combining people and art, with music, great food, beer and wine, pop-up talks and demonstrations, debates, film and live performances.

### Move

4 August / 7.30pm / NZI Foyer / free

Move is a one-off, after-hours event celebrating the opening of *Len Lye: Stopped Short by Wonder* with an evening of art, dance, DJs, silent disco, pop-up cocktail bars and all-night indoor beer garden. This is one party you won't want to miss.

### Jazzed: International Youth Day

19 August / all-day event / NZI Foyer / free

Commemorate international youth day with a day-long celebration of jazz, featuring some of Christchurch's best young musicians from high schools and intermediates around the city.

## Films

### A Great Day in Harlem

9 August / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

The story and sounds behind the most famous photo in the history of jazz. Taken in 1958, it was a brilliantly simple idea—gather together the best jazz musicians around at the time, in one New York location, and take a photograph. Almost four decades after the picture was taken, director Jean Bach tracked down the photographer and the surviving musicians to make this lovely documentary.

60 mins.

### Exhibition on Screen: Matisse

30 August / 6pm / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / free

*Henri Matisse: The Cut Outs* was hailed the most successful exhibition in Tate Modern's history. Join us for an intimate, behind-the-scenes documentary about this exhibition with contributions from people who knew Matisse, curators and historians.

97 mins.

## Family Activities

### Matariki Discovery Dome

24–5 June / 11am, 12, 1.30, 2.30 and 3.30pm / NZI Foyer / \$5 per person

Science Alive bring their inflatable Discovery Dome to the Gallery for a weekend of astronomical exploration to celebrate Matariki and traditional Māori starlore. Bookings through the Gallery website.

## KidsFest 10–21 July

### The Court Theatre: The Early Early Late Show

10–22 July / Philip Carter Family Auditorium / \$15

The Court Jesters bring all the chaos and fun of the hugely popular late-night improvised comedy show *Scared Scriptless* to a family-friendly time slot and a new setting here at the Gallery. Songs, scenes and games are all made up on-the-spot by the funniest folks in town. Give them a suggestion and they'll turn it into comedy. Bookings through the Gallery website.

### Harold and the Purple Crayon

11am / weekdays / education centre / \$8

Harold is a curious four-year-old boy who, with his purple crayon, has the power to create a world of his own simply by drawing it. He draws himself a landscape full of wonder and excitement. After listening to the story, create your own fantasy world with purple materials from paint to sequins. Ages 5–8

### Mix it Up!

1.30pm / weekdays / education centre / \$8

Create your own window into another universe! Kids layer paint, paper sand, string and other cool textured 3D objects to create a unique fantasy world on board.

Ages 7+





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McCarthy Design  
Mods Hair Merivale  
Potsticker Dumpling  
Tavendale and Partners

**Level Three Partners (101) and Hospitality Partners (4)**

Please see [christchurchartgallery.org.nz/support/foundation](http://christchurchartgallery.org.nz/support/foundation) for a full list.

**Foundation Partner**



**Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetu**



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